

YOUR

QUIZALEZINE

FREE

SUMMER

2020

FRESH IDEAS FOR MAKING EVERY DAY EASIER



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IMPORTANT!

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Reader,

If you are reading this, then the plan has worked...

Little did I think – at the conception of this project – that it would become so important to me as a means of navigating this strange time. Life is strange for us all right now, and each of us is bearing very different burdens – but I hope that this magazine puts a smile on your face.

Your Quaranzine started as an idea for a little neighbourhood magazine, made up of different submissions sent in by you, the isolated public. I am happy to say the magazine has stayed as just that – but this neighbourhood magazine has been downloaded in over 40 countries. Très bien!

As of this issue, we've had printer break downs, mental break downs, sleepless nights and square eyes from staring at the screen too long. WORTH IT. I've even bordered this page with cut outs from the millions of test pages my printer made me print off...

This has been a huge source of joy, comfort, and motivation to me personally; and, I hope, to the talented individuals who have submitted their work. (If you know anyone who may want to contribute to the next issue, please visit our website or socials!)

I am beyond thankful that we've made it to a second issue. It's going to be fun, creative, and above all political – I do hope that, if nothing else, you will be both entertained and maybe a little more empathetic. The goal of this publication, after all, is to share our experiences – and with that, hopefully, promote understanding.

Thank you to our contributors, and thanks to you, reader, for reading *Your Quaranzine*! If you like what you've read, please visit our website (<http://tinyurl.com/genqzine>) to find out how you can get involved.

I also want to say a very special thank you to my dear friend Fergus, without whom *Your Quaranzine* would not be possible (in no small part due to my technophobia).

I hope that *Your Quaranzine* will bring joy, and brighten the day of whoever this copy manages to find!

It is important that we stay at home where possible. Stay safe, stay sexy, stay at home!

And remember – if your body must stay, let your mind go forth and wander in its place...



Geneviève Tomes

Editor-in-Chief



Editor's portrait done by Courtney McMahon as part of the Astro-Portrait series – see last issue!

the Scoop

THE BAR'S BEEN RAISED

People have been getting super creative this lockdown, but now the bar has been set pretty high... **Nikki Watson** received a handmade bar from her friend Chris (made from scrap wood – we love the upcycle!) and it has since transformed the conservatory!

Without the pub and restaurants to celebrate birthdays in, Nikki and her family have been able to enjoy 'The (Lock) Crown Inn' and have even had tasty food at 'Quarantino's'. It's certainly one way to spend lockdown!

The dog looks pretty happy too!

IT'S TIME TO DIVE INTO A STORY ...



The Astro-Portrait Project has raised:
£1,233.38
For **NHS Hero Support**

Thank You!

QUEENS OF THE QUARANTINE

If you read our last issue, we interviewed artist Courtney McMahon on her 'Astro-portraits' project to raise money for NHS Hero Support. Since we spoke to her, she has raised an incredible £1,233.38 for the charity.

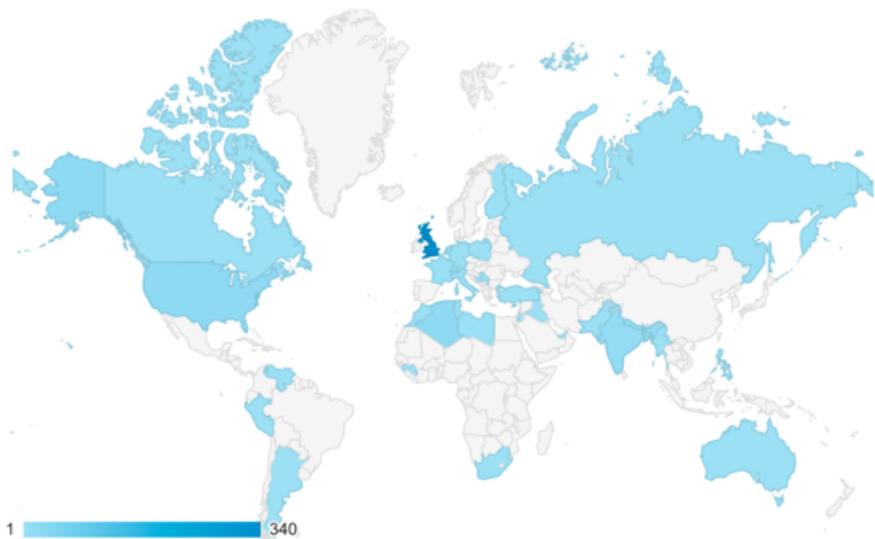
Well done Courtney!

GOOD EGG !

We create

Simply what matters

**236
DOWNLOADS
40+
COUNTRIES**



The foreign idioms,
lizard musings- genius!
and the wordsearch
was very funny 😊 !

I love this. Do you have a Facebook page/group about it?

It's brilliant & visually great. A tonic for our times!

a very polished first issue of the magazine.

What a success! I love it, I have read through it all and it is so varied and interesting, and so well edited and set out !!

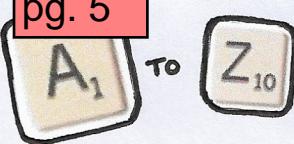
HERE'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN SAYING...

LIKE US ON FACEBOOK AND INSTAGRAM: @yourquaranzine

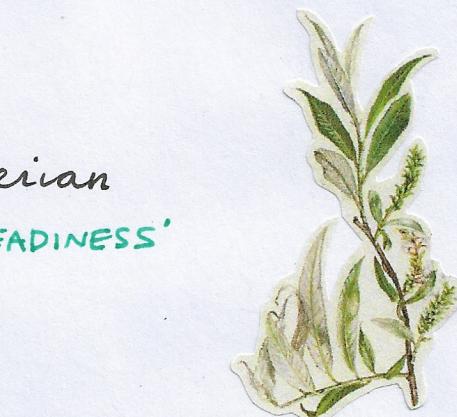
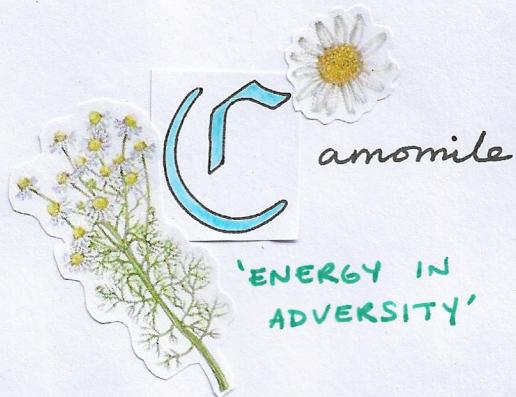
**LOVE IT OR HATE IT,
JUST TRY**

BUT DON'T BE-

Vanilla



Language of



WHY NOT LOOK FOR SOME OF THESE

herbs and flowers

pg. 6

BY GENEVIÈVE TOMES



dill
'POWER
AGAINST
EVIL'



edelweiss
'COURAGE,
DEVOTION'



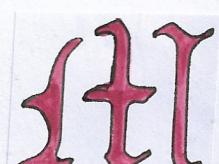
rankincense
'A FAITHFUL
HEART'



juniper
'SUCCOUR,
PROTECTION'



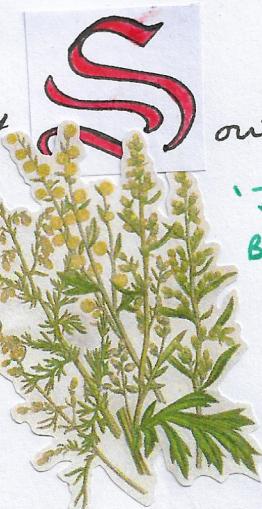
lavender
'SILENCE,
CALMNESS,
CAUTION,
DISTRUST'



mint
'VIRTUE'



'REMEMBER-
ANCE'



southernwood
'JEST,
BANTERING'



tarragon
'LASTING
INTEREST'



yarrow
'EVERLASTING
LOVE'



zinnia
'THOUGHTS OF ABSENT
FRIENDS'

ON YOUR SOCIALLY-DISTANCED WALKS?

YOUR

FACIAL

BEAUTY.

by Megi Kiria

We all love our skin and want to protect it, but sometimes, it just don't love us back! There are many tips and tricks out there, but they don't always work out because everyone's skin is different - and that's okay. Most skin problems don't come from the outside but from within – but here are a few small changes you can make that will definitely help.

WATER

I know we hear this all the time; trust me this is a game changer. You need at least 2 litres a day to hydrate your body and your skin. Drinking water heals skin faster if there are any breakouts or scars, helps slow down your ageing, reduces your pores, reduces puffiness and generally improves your complexion. Make sure you're drinking enough!

Sleep tight

A good night's sleep means good skin health. Not getting enough sleep accelerates the ageing process, and during deep sleep the rise in growth hormones allows damaged cells to repair. It may seem obvious but catch those Z's!

SKINCARE ROUTINE

When looking after your skin, it is key to establish a good skincare routine for your skin type. It's important to know your skin type and know what specific products complement you. However, all skin types require you to cleanse both morning and night.

Delicate skin?

Sensitive skin types need gentle products (such as cleansers and exfoliators with no harsh grains) to support their skin type and boost skin's elasticity without irritation. When cleansing sensitive skin, be sure to use gentle strokes in upwards circular motions.

dry skin

Moisturising is important. Many of us turn to exfoliating our skin which is great, but it's more important to moisturise and nourish the skin as its dehydrated and needs some love! Use thick, creamy moisturisers and leave exfoliation to 1 or 2 times a week.

Oily-skinned girls

For many of us with oily skin, our skin produces too much oil which may cause our skin to breakout. My advice for this is to be very thorough with the cleansing, and cleanse twice in the morning and twice in the evening. Since the pores are larger, they will trap more dirt, cleanse the pores to extract this dirt out of the skin. Be sure to tone straight after cleansing to close the pores and prevent future breakouts.

Visit @megi_luxe for more Beauty, Lifestyle and Fashion content!

This is the skin type that most of us probably have. It's a mixture of dry and oily skin, usually with an oily T-zone (across the forehead and on the bridge of the nose) and dry patches around the cheek and jaw. For this skin type, treat your skin as dry and oily skin. Focus your exfoliation on the T-zone more than your drier areas, and give your dry patches more moisture and go a little gentler. You're still likely to get breakouts due to the oily T-zone, however, which is why it's important to clean your skin thoroughly.

BAD HABITS

We all have bad habits, and one of the worst that affects our skin is constantly touching our face, often without realising! Being more aware of touching our face means that we can try to limit how much we do it – plus, not touching your face is a great habit to pick up in this pandemic! As our hands carry many germs, we touch many things and transfer the dirt to our open pores, allowing the dirt to sit inside the pore and create a breakout.

Another bad habit that affects the skin is forgetting or being too lazy to cleanse. Even though we are stuck at home, we think our skin isn't getting that dirty, but staying at home is actually suffocating for the skin, so be sure to get some sort of fresh air. Oils still build up at the end of a day indoors, and air indoors is also pretty dry and can cause our skin to dry up. Make sure you cleanse!

IF YOU'VE GOT ACNE...

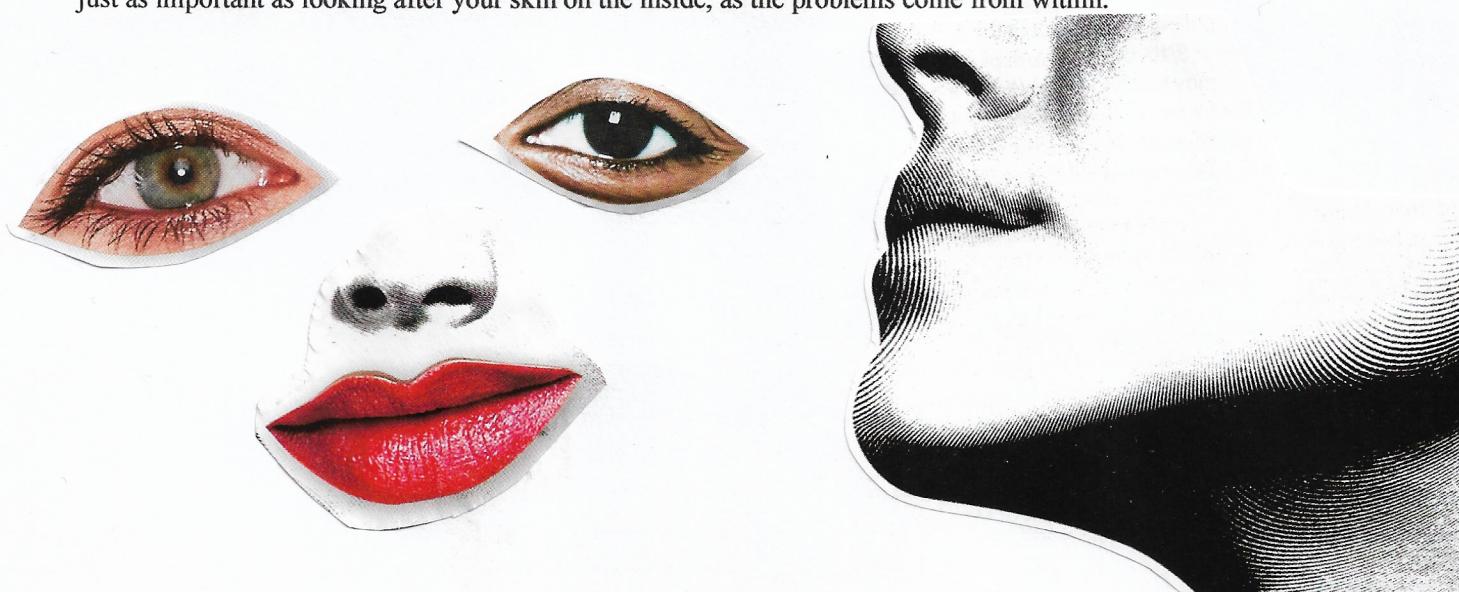
I know that picking our spots can be tempting, but picking actually triggers more spots as you are spreading the bacteria. Once the spot has dried and formed a scab, picking those scabs also means that you're causing the skin to go through trauma, leading to a scarring or pigmentation. Leave those spots alone – they'll go away on their own or by cleansing.

EATING WELL

The one we've all been dreading. As I'm sure we've all heard that 'you are what you eat' – but your diet really does have knock-on effects! Having a healthy, balanced diet plays a vital role in having a healthy skin. For example, dairy has many hormones and is linked to increasing our production of sebum (natural oils from the pores), which in turn causes breakouts; so reducing your dairy intake can help counteract oily skin. Sugar, on the other hand, causes inflammation and stiffens collagen, making your skin age. You do not need to cut out sugar entirely, but it's a good idea to try to only intake the natural sugars such as fruits, or generally to cut down on your intake of artificial or refined sugars. I'm sure we all know how to eat healthily, but it's good to be mindful of what you're putting in your body as it can show on the outside!

YOUR LIFESTYLE

Last but not least is lifestyle, as when we combine the above tips and alter our lifestyle, the results will show on our skin! Most of the time our skin's condition is due to lifestyle; whether it's what we eat, the amount we sweat, our sleeping pattern, our water intake, our skin care routine, what we use for our skin types and our personal bad habits. The better job you do at looking after yourself and being healthy, the better your skin will look and feel. Having to look after your skin on the outside is just as important as looking after your skin on the inside, as the problems come from within.



By Harri Kyle

Let's be blunt. As a theatre practitioner during these times, things are most certainly scary and unknown. Speculation of how the theatre industry will run is all over the place, venues are no doubt in crisis and there is a question of when they will open next. Will it be 2021? Will it be panto? (Every technician's rewarding but stress-inducing nightmare!) The simple answer: we don't know, but as theatre folk we will evolve and adapt to meet the challenges – just as we have done for centuries.

I won't spend time in this article reminiscing about what was and how the 'evil' Tories are destroying our industry (don't get me wrong, they're self-entitled wankers), but I hope to shed a little light and advice that you can take or leave from one opinionated member of the industry to another!

To give some insight about myself, I am a theatre maker; under this my job roles can be director, writer, stage manager, creative engagement, and LX Technician. In a way, I am a Jack (or Jill!) of-all-trades and I love what I do. I am based in York, although I have worked in Winchester, Oxford, London and Edinburgh. When lockdown happened, I was a right royal mess. I had just quit my teaching job to be a freelance technician, I was working on a new show and I was moving! In hindsight, I'd say all of those things were a terrible idea and all of my 2020 plans have pretty much disintegrated, but from this experience many positive things happened.

One positive thing I noticed was that my creativity was through the roof. I had been more rested than I had been in years and I was talking more to my friends and family, when I realised with a jolt that I had unknowingly been in a toxic relationship with the theatre industry. I realised that, like many graduates, I had been so busy slaving away for three years trying to network, make work and earn a living that I'd forgotten to have a life. It took this external force (literally a pandemic) physically stopping me to see that I needed a break and some time to reflect. In all honesty, I grieved for my lost work at first. I couldn't bear to watch theatre online for comfort (I still can't!), but after a few weeks I picked myself up and thought - what do I really want? I want to learn. I want to be better at my craft. I want a life in my control – especially financially (were it not for the BECTU union I'd never have been furloughed as a casual worker). To meet these goals, I did the following:

1. **I signed up to workshops and online courses.** Specifically, The Young Vic Genesis Network (for directors and designers), The

JMK Trust (for directors), RTYDS (Regional Theatre Young Directors Scheme) and Oxon Drama. All but one of the workshops were free, which is so useful, selfless, and thoughtful during a time where no one (especially theatre folk) has spare cash. As much as I empathize with the need to create revenue to survive, I was disappointed to see that well-known companies such as Maverick Theatre and Wise Children (both who I admire greatly) were charging large amounts of money for people to participate on their courses!

2. **I began to create work with conviction, with the intent of helping create work opportunities for theatre makers.** In the last six weeks, I have continued my research and development on the show myself, associate artists Jake Williams and Francis Adams created before lockdown. With the help of Zoom meetings, we are now editing our script! I have also written a full-length draft of a play with the intent to do a table read via Zoom soon.
3. **I took a MOT test on my life.** During a JMK Trust workshop, director Lyndsey Turner suggested we all do this as artists. We all agreed that during this time of Covid-19 we as freelancers need to look out for ourselves; and if that means getting another job to survive, we will do that. I, for one, am looking at NHS jobs. A job outside the theatre does not make you any less valid or experienced as someone who works full-time in a theatre building. We are all theatre makers! A hard truth to learn is that none of us are trapped by our industry either, that we can come and go as we please at any time. In addition - and possibly controversially - *we do not need theatre venues to perform*. Theatre is an art form, not a building. For years companies were troupes on the road performing in houses, pubs and outside! **We are grassroot, regional and nomadic.** Don't forget that!

I cannot say what the next couple of weeks will bring, but now is a time to be proactive. Proactive is of course a subjective term, and your proactive could be in creating work, workshops and investing time in your craft - OR in doing nothing work related, and just investing time in yourself and your loved ones. Both are valid. But when the time comes, which it inevitably will, and theatres are permitted to be open once more, things will not be the same and this change can only be a good thing. Though it is unfathomable, I for one am excited and I look forward to meeting it head on!

LIFE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

By Judy Darby



NO, not life in the time of Corona Virus. We all know what that's like. Corona was a fizzy drink. After the deprivations of the second world war and the strict rationing of food and drink in the post war years---cometh the Corona Man. He came on Saturday mornings in a vehicle that was something between a lorry and a milk float, but his crates were not full of milk. They were full of bottles of the most wonderful, sickly sweet, orange flavoured drink --- CORONA. It was the sort of drink that the calorie conscious mothers of today would never allow their children to drink. Then there was no problem with obesity and I'm not sure how much we knew about rotting teeth.



My sister, Di and I were allowed only one bottle between us and so we made it last by drinking it from very small glasses. The bottle was then washed and kept safe to give back to the man on the next Saturday, when we were given tuppence back for it. Recently in a newspaper someone had the brilliant idea of giving money back on bottles as if it were a revolutionary thought that would save the planet. The bottles were the type that had a china stopper in the top and now cost a lot in antique shops. If only we'd known that we could have saved them all instead of going for the quick tuppence.

(Vegan) Ice Cream Cookie Sandwich

By Marta Kiria,



Preparation time: 10 minutes

Baking time: 10-12 minutes

Ingredients

125g dairy-free butter
100g brown sugar
2 tbsp vanilla essence
2 tbsp golden syrup
160g self-raising flour
100g dairy-free chocolate chunks
Dairy-free ice cream



Preparation

1. Preheat the oven to 180°C
2. Mix the butter, sugar, and syrup until soft and fluffy.
3. Add the flour, vanilla extract and the chocolate chunks.
4. Using a teaspoon, place balls of cookie dough on the tray. Using your palms, press the dough down (leaving space to expand)
5. Place your cookies in the oven for 10-12 mins.
6. Take your baked cookies and place them on a rack, giving them enough time to cool down.
7. When the cookies are cool, take a tbsp of ice cream and place it on top of a cookie. Take a second cookie and place on top, slowly making the ice cream expand.
8. Now all that is left to do is enjoy!

Spicy Cauli Wings



Ingredients

1 cauliflower
 300ml soya milk
 1 tsp Chinese five spice
 ½ tsp paprika
 ½ tsp salt
 ½ tsp garlic powder
 1 packet of breadcrumbs

Preparation time: 5 minutes

Cooking time: 12-15 minutes



Preparation

1. Making your batter doesn't take long and is super simple! Mix all the herbs and spices together and add in the soya milk. Whisk all the spices in with the milk until it makes a smooth batter.
2. Chop up your head of cauliflower to the sizes you prefer and dunk them in the batter.
3. After your cauliflower florets are evenly coated in the batter, cover them in breadcrumbs on a separate plate, before placing them on the tray ready for the oven.
4. Bake them for 12-15 mins until your wings are soft in the middle and crispy on the outside.
5. Serve with your favourite side salad or fries and enjoy!

For more fantastic food inspiration and recipes, visit @veganjunkie_

Christianity and Coronavirus: the Changing Church

by Valerie Tomes

This lockdown period has brought both challenging and exciting times to the church. Challenging because we have had to find new ways to communicate rather than meeting together, and exciting because many people who would not normally attend a place of worship have been listening in to our online services. For Christians, the church is not the building but the people. Our Christian family mean a lot to us, and we do appreciate and rely upon one another. Not seeing one another and meeting together on a regular basis has been hard. Did I, at 74 years of age, ever think that I would be using YouTube and Zoom regularly? Of course not; and yet, I have mastered it!

It has been wonderful to have very professionally produced, suitable for all ages, online services each week on YouTube, and we've even been able to have coffee chats, homegroups and prayer meetings on Zoom. To be able to 'see' my friends regularly and chat with them face to face – albeit digitally - has really helped, though I do miss their hugs and it just isn't the same. It has been especially hard for those whose loved ones have died. Not to be able to have the full farewell service they deserved, or to feel the comforting hugs of friends must be unimaginably painful. I also know of two couples who were hoping to be married this year but, of course, even after months of planning, weddings are on hold at the moment.

At our church, we are keeping in touch by telephone with those who live alone and/or are vulnerable, but, of course, one phone call a week cannot replace the various activities that are usually laid on for them, such as lunches and craft days. Many of our activities, the toddler group, the youth group, the art group and homegroups are still meeting together regularly via Zoom. Although we are not able to meet together for worship, we are embracing this opportunity of doing church differently and praying that God's name will be glorified.



The Face Mask Challenge

by Scarlett Tomes

Up until recently, face masks were only really associated with those in the medical profession required to wear the surgical kind or perhaps with those living in countries with extreme bouts of air pollution. That is, until Covid-19 came along and now face masks are becoming increasingly mandatory and a part of the new normal.

In the first of couple weeks of lockdown, and as someone who was born moderately deaf and wears hearing aids, it didn't take long for me to realise a huge problem with the face masks which all of a sudden were starting to appear everywhere. Namely that almost all hard of hearing people rely on lip-reading and visual cues for communication – something which the traditional face mask makes incredibly difficult, if not impossible. If *lip-reading* is a new term to you, it is simply a method used to comprehend spoken words by interpreting movements of the speaker's lips, and as such, requires a clear view of said speaker's lips.

My personal experience of this problem was when I went to my local shop for the first time since protective screens had been placed in front of the tills and shop assistants were required to wear PPE. I placed my basket on the till and then stepped back the mandatory 2 metres, only for the man serving me to then ask a question. As it was unintelligible, I asked him to repeat it, subconsciously stepping forward as I would normally do to hear him better. Of course, due to current requirements he naturally took a step back to keep distance, but his mask still muffled everything he said. Normally I can get away without having to explain my deafness as it is something which takes a huge amount of confidence to tell my friends, let alone strangers, but there I was having to explain that I couldn't understand anything he was saying through the mask. And it wasn't either of our faults, but this situation certainly opened my eyes to what other deaf people must be going through right now and have continued to experience throughout lockdown. However, this doesn't just affect deaf people. This same issue with clear and visual communication affects older people, children, people who work in noisy environments, interpreters and translators, communication between people who don't speak the same language, and if it's not a communication issue then it is a psychological one. Simply being unable to see a smile.

Over the last few months, I've heard a number of remarks of how unsettling and alien it must be for patients in hospitals to be in that environment anyway, but the fact that any social interaction they might have is with people covered head to toe in PPE. Although PPE is understandably vital in a number of environments right now, I believe there needs to be some serious thoughts about the implications it might have on the people I've mentioned above.

This brings me onto the 'clear face mask', versions of which a number of innovative individuals have recently designed and created in various countries, catering for their community. Ashley Lawrence, a college student from Kentucky, had the idea after learning of a shortage of deaf friendly masks and is offering her masks for free to those who need them. In the UK, Sonia Carley, a former geo-technical engineer, went as far to quit her job to start making these masks for hard of hearing people and has made up to 10,000 face masks so far! Since my sewing skills are incredibly rusty, my mother kindly made a selection of clear masks not only for me, but to take back to the office for my work colleagues. All of three of these women, and I'm sure many more individuals who've had the same idea, are all inspiring examples of going that extra mile to create something that includes those who perhaps struggle with communication normally and are finding it harder to do so right now.

If you have deaf friends, family members or work colleagues, and the challenges that face masks represent hasn't occurred to you before now, perhaps send them a message or have a socially distanced catch up to talk about how they're coping and what you can do to help! Equally if it has, perhaps making one of these yourself would be a nice gift!



WHERE IT ALL BEGAN...

Life in Lockdown: China

by Billy Bones



Wooden blockades in the street to restrict mobility

My name is Will (Chinese name = Billy Bones), and I've been working as an English teacher in China since November. China didn't take long to get used to, though I could have never expected the changes that the virus would bring.

I would have been sat in my apartment struggling to eat soup using sticks when one of my Chinese friends (whom we shall call Chi) sent me a rather panicked message detailing the introduction of a new virus to China: the novel coronavirus. The locals still had the SARS outbreak fresh in their memories, and weren't taking any chances with the sequel. Chi basically pleaded me to stay at home and make use of the masks she express-delivered to my house, which arrived one hour later. As urgent as this all sounded, I had already paid for two 12-hour train journeys, to and from Xian, along with 2 hotel nights to see the Terracotta army. Naturally, my friends bailed on the trip and begged me to stay home and drink warm water; the trains are famously packed, meaning there was a potentially high risk of disease spreading amongst passengers. Unfortunately, my bookings were non-refundable and my desire to stay safe was overshadowed by my sunk-cost fallacy. So, I went.

I watched *Train to Busan* the night before to steady my nerves, which seemed to work until I

actually got on a packed train full of coughing strangers. My most notable memory of the journey was an old man sat next to me, eating from a bag full of boiled eggs and discarding the shells onto the floor. The image of him snorting and spitting in the shell pile as an elderly cleaning lady routinely cleaned it up for him filled my mind with themes of filth and foul disease. Twelve-hours of this became unbearable. It turned out all the tourist attractions in China were closed for the virus when I arrived, so I just stood outside and admired the absolute ghost town aesthetic of the place. That New Year's night I counted down from 10 in Chinese, had a meal that translated to "leather roadside pigeon" (which I decided was probably accurate), and went to sleep.

Returning home, quarantine procedures were still not in place. However, the Communists announced all schools were to be closed, so I decided to go to Thailand. This trip was enjoyable. Upon my return, in perhaps early January, my agent instructed me to immediately go into quarantine. The company said they were paying for a room in a hotel and arranging food and supplies for me. I graciously accepted, and soon found myself struggling to navigate wooden blockades on almost every street. My hotel was hidden inside a small quarantine zone and loosely guarded by Communist volunteers. I eventually argued my way in, and found myself trapped in there for 2 weeks. I had no food, and my agency didn't deliver. I lived off deliveries, which were passed over the fence and carried to me by hotel staff. From this moment, delivery drivers became treated as important as any other public service. After all, without them I wouldn't be able to eat. I wasn't allowed out until a week later, when I was provided with a permit to leave one every two days to get supplies. Before this, I had been smoking loose tobacco from a bong made out of a bottle, so being able to smoke normally was the greatest relief. In 2 weeks, I finally received my green code.

In China, everything is done on apps. We use AliPay to pay for literally everything, so the government decided to integrate a health monitoring system into the app. You tell the app where you have been and when, where you are now, and how your health is looking; then, it calculates a risk factor to decide whether or not you can go home yet. My code turned green, so I proudly displayed it wherever I went. I showed it on the metro home along with temperature checks, and again back to

enter my apartment complex. Then I slowly melted away into the shadows for just over 3 months of self-quarantine.

During the self-quarantine period, things had changed. Namely, you would rarely see another human on the streets. Any shop you entered, you would have your temperature checked and green code displayed. You would ever see another human being without a mask on, which doesn't sound like much but it's incredible how important the lower face is when reading someone; imagine 3 months without being able to understand anyone's words, reading their intentions, or even exchanging a smile with them. My workplace asked for 2 videos of charismatic children's book readings a day, but I was a bit tired so I made one about a hungry caterpillar and slept.

I gleaned many anecdotes about how attitudes towards foreigners had changed. China managed to control the virus quite substantially, and before too long there were no reported cases in my city of Hangzhou. Still, measures remained in place. However, eventually new cases started appearing for foreigners re-entering China. It turned out this was a myth: some Chinese residents who returned went into self-quarantine and broke the rules, leaving and spreading disease. All foreigners were quarantined upon arrival so it couldn't have been us. That said, old ladies would run away from us on the streets in fear of getting sick. Shopkeepers would close the doors on us. News started spreading stories about how the disease didn't start in China, so then there was this whole "it was the foreigners' fault to start with" mentality. Most people were respectful, but the minority acted quite surprisingly. These attitudes were even worse for the black expats; one African friend lost his job at my favourite bar out of worries that he would scare away customers, despite not even having left the country since he arrived. A sign outside a friend's community housing roughly translates as "no foreigners, especially black people."

By the time work started, I was nervous to leave the house. I was instructed to wear my mask and plastic gloves into all lessons, and kids were to stay seated. It stayed this way for 2 weeks, and now masks are optional in class. Life has since settled down rather quickly now that the pandemic has been largely curbed here. It feels strange that China

feels almost a safe haven, with my family and friends at home in a much worse boat now, as it were. There are very few cases here and the other day I received my mandatory virus check-up, which everyone is having. People are very sensible here about hygiene; everyone wears masks and uses hand sanitiser and keeping away from crowds and others is second nature.

Many expats who returned home for the virus now struggle with coming back, so there is a significant flaw in highly valued foreign teachers. This means the poorer schools lose out and the rich ones can pay more. Interestingly, this has led to me signing a contract with a Foreign Language School, self-proclaimed as "the Eton of the province," to teach A Levels in subjects I haven't got any GCSE's in for double my current salary. Meanwhile, high salary job offers are being shared everywhere, though sometimes with entry requirements such as, "native speaker" or the more to the point "white." I wanted to return home this year, but that looks to be out of the question, so me and many others are trapped here until further notice.



An anti-black sign outside community housing

the golden age of the



by Geneviève Tomes

The coronavirus pandemic has left many without job security and a source of income. Whilst the furlough scheme has offered protection to many of those who may have otherwise lost their jobs, there are just as many who have fallen through the cracks – many being recent graduates without formal employment and those working freelance or zero hour contracts.

I have spoken to two people who have spent lockdown trying to establish a source of income from the things they do best. Whether it is arts and crafts, tutoring or freelancing, many people have been able to create their own business models. Whilst a ‘side hustle’ is meant to act as a supplementary source of income, the lockdown has provided many people with the opportunity to sit down and work out how to generate income from a hobby or skill.

If you are struggling to pay the bills and have considered to sell your wares, whatever they may be, I hope that this will serve as encouragement. It is incredibly daunting to put yourself out there, but it is also important to remember that most small businesses start and grow by word of mouth, and family and friends will often support you in your endeavours! Lean on your community during times like these.

It’s also a great way to show prospective employers how you have been proactive as possible during the pandemic and how resourceful and adaptable you can be! Not to mention a great distraction from lockdown life. So garner your paints, your sewing machine or old textbooks – if not now, then when?



COTTON & BELLE, AMY HOWARD

WHO IS AMY?

Amy Howard, 23, is a recent graduate from the University of West England, Bristol, where she studied Photography. After graduating, Amy was temping in a variety of places such as schools, football stadiums and more, until she found herself without a job and without furlough due to the coronavirus pandemic.

As someone who has known Amy for many, many years, it would be an understatement to say that she is creative. Amy has been drawing, stitching, and knitting since a very young age, so it comes as little surprise to anyone who knows her that she has established her own independent, creative business, Cotton & Belle.

Amy's sewing talent began in secondary school, where she studied Textiles at GCSE and then A-Level. 'I was the only one in my class, so I was incredibly lucky. My teacher (Miss Adams) essentially gave me 1-1 coaching, which is probably why I learned so much so quickly.' Following her studies, Amy worked for a local interior design company, where she was often tasked with sewing curtains, cushions, and a variety of soft furnishings.

WHAT IS COTTON & BELLE?

Cotton & Belle is a small business which sells handmade, sewn and knitted gifts. Cotton & Belle came into fruition at the end of May, straight from Amy's lockdown living room. Amy wanted a classy, pretty name for the business, and 'Belle' is a tribute to her younger sister, Isabelle.

Amy's idea for setting up her side hustle came from a lockdown project, where she had been knitting baby hats for a local maternity ward. After posting several bits and pieces of her sewing and knitting projects on social media, a friend asked Amy if she could make her a quality face mask. As soon as Amy realised the interest and

the demand for her skills was there, it was the push she needed to launch her own business. 'I had so many bolts of beautiful fabric that I had saved from my previous job at an interior design company, and I hadn't gotten around to using it. After this huge wave of sewing going around online, with people sewing their own face masks and more, I realised it would not only be an opportunity to finally use up my fabric stash, but that I could make a little money from it.'

Using a free sewing pattern from an online group 'The Big Community Sew', Amy began stitching a series of beautiful face masks. The business hasn't stopped at masks, however, and Amy has expanded her range to include bags, friendship tokens and scrunchies, with the aims of developing more products. 'I would love to expand my range to include other bits and bobs like aprons and eye masks! I think it would be really nice.' Cotton & Belle is nearly a month old now and has already seen many sales. 'My family have been really supportive of me pursuing Cotton & Belle. My dad has been helping me with the spreadsheets, and my mum is basically my number one fan. I made her a bag recently – she loved it! And I've had several people send repeat orders, which is really gratifying.'

50% of Amy's proceeds are being donated to the Florence Nightingale Hospice, a charity particularly close to Amy's heart. 'Our very close family friend, Rob, died at the Hospice, so it's a charity my family have been supporting for years. I ran the Thame 10k a few years ago to raise money for them, but as soon as the pandemic began, I realised that charities would be suffering a lot as they rely heavily on fundraising events and the like. It was important to me to continue supporting the hospice in any way I could.'

Running a small business poses new challenges, as Amy is still finding her feet. The living room may be less of a living room lately than Santa's workshop, but Amy is already growing her audience and is optimistic about the future of Cotton & Belle. After all, some businesses are for life – not just for lockdown!

TO PURCHASE FROM COTTON & BELLE, PLEASE VISIT: <https://www.etsy.com/uk/shop/CottonandBelle>

LIKE ON FACEBOOK: Cotton & Belle

FOLLOW ON INSTAGRAM: @cottonandbelle_





Ellen Pitman Pet Portraits

ELLEN PITMAN PET PORTRAITS, ELLEN PITMAN

WHO IS ELLEN?

Ellen Pitman, 22, is a recent graduate from Royal Holloway University, Surrey, where she studied English Literature and Creative Writing. Loyal readers of *Your Quaranzine* may remember Ellen from her article ‘There and back again’ in the last issue, where she wrote about her experience of being overseas when the pandemic began. After graduating, Ellen was meant to take a full year out travelling, but after only a few months, non-essential travellers were ordered to return to England.

Having been saving up to go travelling, Ellen didn’t have any savings or a job to fall back on upon coming home. However, having studied Art at both GCSE and A Level, Ellen’s artistic tendencies came in handy when she decided to start taking portrait commissions of those we love the best – our pets.

WHAT IS ELLEN PITMAN PET PORTRAITS?

I hate to say it’s self-explanatory, but it does what it says on the tin – it’s Ellen doing portraits of your pets! It all started when Ellen decided to pick up a new skill during lockdown. ‘I have always drawn portraits of people, but I never even tried to draw animals until the pandemic happened. I was really bored and on a comedown from travelling, so I decided to try and learn to draw animals.’

Ellen watched various art videos on YouTube

and was pleasantly surprised with the results. After drawing her own dog and practicing a few others, friends who had seen the results on social media began requesting

Ellen to draw their pets as well.

Unable to get casual work due to her father being high-risk, Ellen realised that this hobby could potentially be an earner. She made a price list, and soon the commissions started to fly in.

The portraits are done in a choice of watercolour, pastel and colour pencil, and come in sizes A5, A4, and A3. ‘It’s been great because I’ve learned a lot of new techniques and mediums – I was always pretty good with watercolours, but pastels and colour pencil are less familiar to me, so I’ve enjoyed seeing my own improvement.’

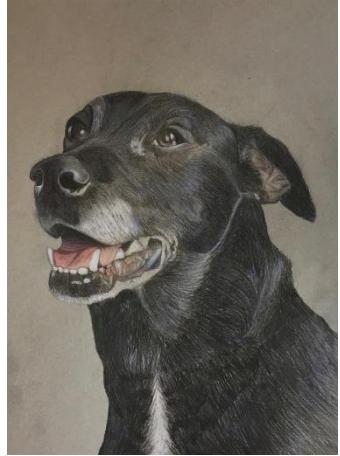
Lockdown restrictions have restricted Ellen Pitman Pet Portraits as well, however; Ellen has had to make do with whatever art supplies she has at home. Luckily, word-of-mouth is often the most effective way of pulling in customers, so she’s been inundated with orders. Ellen’s workspace is a spare room that she’s commandeered as her designated art space. ‘It’s pretty messy but luckily I don’t have to clear it away because no one else uses the room. It’s a great set up – I usually watch TV or listen to music while I’m doing the portraits – and it’s nice having a separate place to do this work.’

Ellen has been doing the portraits for around a month and a half, and hopes to continue the business after the lockdown restrictions are lifted. ‘It’s been a relief to be able to earn money, and also earn it on my own terms, doing something I enjoy, whilst observing the stay at home guidance. It’s definitely something I want to keep up.’

TO PURCHASE FROM ELLEN PITMAN, PLEASE VISIT: www.etsy.com/uk/shop/Ellenspetportraits

LIKE ON FACEBOOK: [Ellen Pitman Pet Portraits](#)

FOLLOW ON INSTAGRAM: [@ellenspetportraits](#)



* and to submit please

pg. 20



Emily Hobhouse
campaigned for improvement to the appalling conditions of the concentration camps. She helped to alter public opinion and to force the government to improve conditions in the camps, resulting in the Fawcett Commission.

IN A WORLD
OF KITCHENERS,
BE AN EMILY



HISTORY HAS ITS
EYES ON YOU

ENGAGE

RAGE

25,000 of them killed

These camps were built by British soldiers amid the Boer War, systematically imprisoned more than 115,000 people.

RACIST

oversaw such widespread death and destruction

British concentration camps refers to camps which were operated by the British in South Africa during the Second Anglo-Boer War which lasted from 1900–1902. The term concentration camp grew in prominence during that period. The camps had

the British rounded up Dutch Boers and native South Africans cramped camps where they died off by the thousands.

Lord Kitchener, who took over from Roberts, continued this policy. He was also responsible for taking the next steps in the concentration camp policy. This was the forcible placement of Boer families in camps. Women and children of Boer fighters were taken against their will by ox wagon to the camps.

This is where the word "concentration camp" was first used

QUESTION
EVERYTHING

YOUR
QUARANTINE NEEDS,

YOU

TO BE ACTIVELY ANTI-RACIST *



The State of the World

by Zahrah Islam

I thought about naming this ‘The Current State of the World’, but this isn’t current; this has been happening for far too long and it’s only now that the world seems to be opening their eyes. Contrary to popular belief, *racism didn’t stop with the abolishment of slavery*. Racism has changed its shape over time but is still very present; the obvious example being within the police force, but don’t be fooled to believe that that’s the only place it is.

It’s everywhere, it’s ingrained within society, it’s normalised and *it is wrong*. It needs to stop.

This piece is mainly a reminder for everyone that the fight against racism and specifically the mistreatment of black people doesn’t end with Justice for George Floyd. It continues until there has been justice for all the black lives lost to racism. It continues until there is justice for every black life, still fighting for their right to be treated with equality.

I’ve been writing this post over and over again and I’ve deleted half the things I want to say. The truth is, I don’t know what to say. I don’t know what I *can* say. Nothing will make it better. Nothing but continuous activism and change.

Be a part of the change - and if you’re not part of it, then you’re part of the problem, plain and simple. Saying “I agree with equal rights, but I don’t want to get involved” is compliance. It’s you allowing a racist world to continue thriving on the mistreatment of others and not doing anything about it. There is no such thing as ‘enough support’, and even if there was, the BLM movement isn’t there yet. If it were the case, black people would not be living in fear or misery every day, purely because a white man’s world has deemed their lives to be less important.

As a POC (person of colour) I can recognise the direct impact of societal racism; but as a non-black POC I can also

recognise that I won’t be able to understand, or feel fully the impact of black-centred racism. This is important to remember. You can support someone fully without knowing what they’re going through, but it’s also important to acknowledge that you don’t know. The best way to understand as best as you can is to let the voices of those suffering be heard. Do not push your agenda on them, do not think that you ‘know enough’ or that you ‘understand’ because you don’t. I don’t, but I know this, and I think more people need to realise it too.

That’s why I’ve decided to say less in this post, not because I’m not learning, not because I don’t know things, but because it’s not my voice that needs to be heard about experiences right now. Our voices to be used for the right reason: to say that **I support all my black friends, and all black people**. I value your life the same way I value anyone else’s. And I will do everything I can to educate myself and seek out what I can do to be your ally.

Racism is so ingrained within us as a society, we need to open our eyes and our minds a bit more and realise when it’s happening. It happens all the time, right under our noses. Things that are everyday occurrences: challenge them and recognise when things are racist. Challenge your own racist thoughts. Challenge the racism you hear around you. Challenge your elders on things they say that they don’t see as problematic or racist. Be a part of the change. Every single person who does this is contributing to the change we need. ‘Harmless racism’ is what leads to world problems, desensitising yourself to racist jokes and comments starts to desensitise you to larger aspects of racism, and soon enough a police officer has killed another black man and it’s just news. Do *not* get used to it. Do *not* accept it as the new

normal. And do ***not*** believe that is an American problem.

The UK is not innocent. Nowhere is innocent.

I'm rambling again, and it's difficult to decide what to say on the matter. I want to say enough, but I don't want to say too much and take away from the main message. I don't know at what point something clicks in someone's brain that they need to be a part of the change. That they need to stand up for what is right, that they realise that every voice counts towards something, every small change they make within themselves leads to a better society.

When the news starts to die down, and you're not constantly reminded of police brutality occurring in the US, racism doesn't die down with it. It continues to be present within our society; the only thing that dies down is the exposure, and the support for a movement that needs to be constantly at the forefront of everyone's minds. Let this wakeup call keep your eyes open to what is happening in front of you. Don't let your awareness die down with the exposure. Don't allow yourself to fall back into unintentional racist habits.

Educate yourself. Sign petitions. Donate to causes. Use your voice. Do your part. There is so much we can all be doing right now. Education on the matter is so important. I avoided trying to say too much here, because I'd be repeating what has already been said by so many people already, and by

people whose voices need to be heard more than my own.

If you think not knowing what to do is an excuse to not do anything, think again. Educate yourself, look for things to do and be a part of. It doesn't take much to find out ways you can help, especially now with so many resources being made and shared everywhere. I've seen endless twitter threads with petitions, donation pages, education resources, all without searching for it. Imagine the amount of endless information you can find with a quick search. If you don't know what to do – *find out*.

Keep the fight, continue to be a part of the change, and don't ever stop. It can't be said enough. My thoughts are with everyone during this time, but they go out to all the black people of the world that must be so mentally exhausted from having to fight for the value of their life. I am with you, always.



Art by @happysundesigns

For more thought-provoking articles, visit zahrahtalks.wordpress.com/ or follow on Instagram @zahrahtalksblog

What does 'Black Lives Matter' mean in Britain?

By James Douglas

If this article makes you feel uncomfortable or like you want to turn the page, then I assure you this is for you to read. Whilst the past several months have seen new outlets and social media saturated with information regarding the outbreak of Covid-19 in the western world, the murder of 46 year old African American George Floyd has taken the global spotlight; another name on the long list of unarmed black individuals murdered in America by police officers. The murder of Floyd was met with swift action from the racial equality group Black Lives Matter; established in 2013, this group and movement is committed to fighting the racial injustice suffered by black people globally, with specific focus on police brutality. This has all columnated on social media, but for those who remain outside these platforms, this article is written with the intent of enlightening these ill placed thoughts.

Firstly, allow me to explain what Black Lives Matter means. Often heavily misunderstood as indicating only black lives have value, the slogan's meaning is best understood by the following analogy:

You tell a friend that your house is on fire, you need to call the fire brigade and make sure everyone is safe. Instead of running to action your friend simply replies with "I think all houses matter, why does yours need more attention?" The answer is clear. No one else's house is on fire right now, they are sitting comfy whilst yours is in danger. At this current moment yours is the primary concern and should be protected.

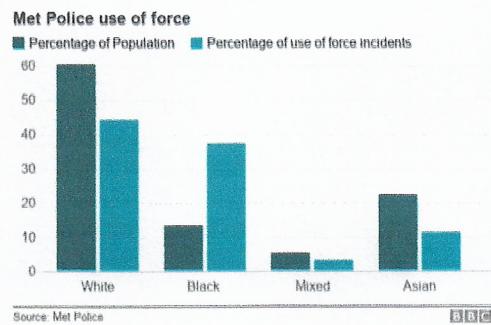
That is the equivalent of saying All Lives Matter in response to Black Lives Matter.

Every life has worth, but the current issue is that black people's lives are under a threat of such a level that other races do not experience on a daily basis. The threat I elude to is racism.

Racism is, but is not limited to, the aforementioned police brutality, systemic, systematic, institutional racism and daily microaggressions. Whilst some might postulate "but that's in America and Britain is nowhere near that bad" I am here to enlighten these ill-placed thoughts.

Firstly, trying to quantify racism is as nonsensical as racism itself, comparing one act to another is illogical. To assert Britain is better than America in terms of racism can be disproved with the following analogy (you'll see these pop up frequently):

Would you rather your friend be shot in the head once or twice? The answer is neither, the issue is not the amount of times you are harmed, the existence and intention of such an action is what is wrong, the existence of racism within our society is the issue. But for those who insist ion qualification of this the following source will answer that need.



This clearly shows that whilst white people make up the majority of the population, being over 3 times that of black people, the difference between police arrest that require force between white and black people is staggeringly close, with around 8% difference between the two.

"Black people were eight times more likely than White people to be stopped and searched by police in 2018/19. Of the 370,454 people stopped and searched by police that year, 185,092 were White and 65,790 were Black. When compared to the population, it means that 37 White people were stopped and searched for every 10,000 White residents, compared to 315 stops for every 10,000 Black people."

"Police are five times more likely to use force against Black people than White people. They used force tactics 614,660 times in 2018/19 where the ethnicity of the person is known - including tactics such as handcuffing, other restraint, use of batons, irritant sprays, tasers and firearms. Of those, 447,337 tactics were used against White people, and 94,222 against Black people - a rate of 90 times per 10,000 White people and 450 times per 10,000 Black people. In particular, police were 11 times more likely to use firearms (including cases where they were not fired), eight times more likely to use batons and six times more likely to use handcuffs on Black people."

The statistics and data shows that despite making up less of the population, black people are disproportionately more likely to suffer at the hands of police brutality, especially when coupled with the negative stereotypes that permeate mainstream media for all ages. But where does black people being intrinsically linked with violence come from? It has been ever present within western media from cartoons to films portraying the strong aggressive black man stereotype. Whilst the human brain can understand that the stereotype is not always true, we fail to differentiate this in real life where we fall back on these tropes to understand people that do not look like the majority.

Drawing from my own experience of racism within Britain, the most common occurrence I've found growing up - especially since leaving London to study in a predominantly white area like Surrey -

is the form of microaggressions. For those who are privileged enough to not experience these on a daily basis since childhood, these can be defined as small moments of racism which are committed every day in seemingly harmless comments. Among the most perpetrated of these are comments from white people like "you're so well spoken" (for what? a black person dare I say?), "can I touch your hair? (no, just because you don't have an afro does not mean you can treat like an animal in a petting zoo) and most frequently, "you're the whitest black person I know!" (I hope no comment is needed to explain the disgusting reasoning behind this) and the list goes on!

But how does this relate to Covid-19? People of Colour are still at the greatest risk of contracting the deadly disease purely based on their line of work. The majority of people of colour, despite their level of education, are less likely to be seen in the higher levels of industries such as the financial, corporate or law world which made up the majority of people able to work from home or be furloughed. Simply put 'BAME' (Black and minority ethnic) people make up the backbone of Britain's key workers, they are the health workers that care for us, the essential shop workers that keep us fed, and the transport sector that keep us connected and supplied. Ironically, these people are under attack from Prime Minister Boris Johnson. Much like his American counterpart Donald Trump, Johnson is an outspoken and openly racist, homophobic, and Islamophobic (to name a mere few) leader who recently claimed "black lives matter". This is a statement the black community and people of colour as a whole find very difficult to believe when in the past 5 years he has been reported calling black people "piccannies" with "watermelon smiles", gay men as

“tank topped bumboys” and Muslim women as “letterboxes”. Whilst some who voted for him may advocate that they did so on the basis of other grounds and do not support his racism, the simple fact is that if you support a racist you directly encourage and enable them to actively normalise and pollute the world with more racism. If you are a participant of this action but call yourself a friend, family member or ally to those who suffer from these discriminations, you are actively undermining them.

Thus, the world has been called upon to do better, specifically white people regarding the innate racism that's interwoven within Britain. But what can you do, you might cry? Education is the first step to understand the constant struggles and silencing caused by racism, the images below are designed to better articulate what white privilege is and how it affords white people a shield against institutional, structural and systemic racism. Who can you call to protect you, when the police are protector to the fairer and potential executor to the darker?

Secondly, it is not enough to merely say *I am not racist*; the eradication of racism can only occur by adopting a mindset in which we become anti-racist. This means actively calling out, dismantling, and condemning racist ideals, actions, and comments to those who are historically on the receiving end of such acts.

Lastly, in addition to educating ourselves on privilege and racism's history, justice needs to be procured for those who have suffered fatally. To name a few, we should be seeking justice for the likes of **Breonna Taylor** (26), **Atatiana Jefferson** (27), and **Aiyana Stanley-Jones** (7); several drops in the sea of those who have been murdered without justice. It is

not only police brutality or a global pandemic that needs to be at the forefront of our minds, but racism as something that has plagued over 5 generations of people's lives and very well may plague our children's lives if we do not act accordingly. This is a non-exhaustive list of actions, names and statements, the road ahead is long and some may feel disparaged; so to soothe this feeling, I will end with an analogy my mother often told me as a child coming home from school, sad that his classmates made fun of his name and skin.

My mother often compares talking about privilege to people as the following. Imagine you are in a dark room for a long time, and someone turns on the lights and at first, it is blinding. That is because you are unable to adjust to *my reality*, which has been in these blinding lights for my entire life, so of course you are going to struggle and be a tad uncomfortable at first. But eventually your eyes will have to adjust, and that is when you will be solving the generation old tragedy that is racism. **Anti-racism is the only way forward.**

The information outlined in this article has come from various studies taken by [Gov.uk](#) and [PoliceConduct.Gov](#)

Link 1:

<https://www.gov.uk/government/statistics/police-use-of-force-statistics-england-and-wales-april-2018-to-march-2019>

Link 2:

<https://www.gov.uk/government/statistics/police-powers-and-procedures-england-and-wales-year-ending-31-march-2019>

Link 3:

<https://www.gov.uk/government/statistics/police-workforce-england-and-wales-31-march-2019>

Link 4:

<https://policeconduct.gov.uk/research-and-learning/statistics/annual-deaths-during-or-following-police-contact-statistics>

ALL ARTWORK IN THIS SECTION IS BY BROOKYLN WILKEY. TO SEE MORE OF BROOKYLN'S ART, PLEASE VISIT HER INSTAGRAM PAGE: @happysundesigns



Dear White People: How to support, learn, and access Black Lives Matter material

by Maria Green

A message to my white friends and family:

'In a racist society it is not enough to be non-racist, we must be anti-racist.' - Angela Davis

We ALL need to do more and do better. If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem.

This is a really helpful and informative resource compiled by @perkin_amalaraj on Twitter on how to support Black lives in the UK that I urge you all to read through: https://docs.google.com/.../10iIz_pFB8DzPkwdcc8dcmJd.../preview...

Crucially, he writes: 'It is easy for people in the UK to look at what happens in the US and say "it's not as bad in the UK, so there's no reason to complain". But this simply isn't true. According to the Institute of Race Relations, police are **28 times more likely** to use Section 60 stop-and-search powers, where officers don't require suspicion that a person has been involved in a crime, against black people than white people (<http://www.irr.org.uk/research/statistics/criminal-justice>). On top of this, BAME people die disproportionately as a result of use of force or restraint by the police (<https://www.inquest.org.uk/bame-deaths-in-police-custody>).'

Putting up a black square on Instagram and going back to business as usual is not enough. The time for ACTION is beyond overdue, and there is plenty we can do from the comfort of our own homes:

1. DONATE

If you can, show your support financially.

Bail funds for protesters in the US who are currently being brutalised and arrested by the police: <https://bailfunds.github.io/>

This is where I've donated, it's so easy to do and they split the money between all the bail funds: https://secure.actblue.com/donate/bail_funds_george_floyd

A thread of mutual aid funds: <https://twitter.com/thegirlwithf.../status/1267572248149442562>

A donation list compiled by Reclaim The Block: <https://docs.google.com/.../1yLWGTQIe3967hdc9RSxBq5s.../preview...>

GoFundMe page for Belly Mujinga, a railway worker who died of COVID-19 after being spat at by a passenger who claimed he had the virus: <https://www.gofundme.com/f/rip-belly-mujinga...>

But, if you have no money, you can still donate to BLM causes just by streaming this video!
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bCgLa25fDHM>

This video posted by Zoe Amira is an hour long & filled with art and music by Black creators. It has loads of ads and 100% of the ad revenue will be donated to BLM organisations.

2. WRITE TO YOUR MP

Support #BlackLivesMatter from your sofa:

- Demand immediate suspension of UK sales of teargas, riot shields and rubber bullets to the US (<https://www.independent.co.uk/.../george-floyd-protests-uk-ex...>)
- Condemn Trump's use of force against his own citizens
- Demand justice for Belly Mujinga and her family

Include your address so they know you are a constituent who can and will vote them out on these issues. (I found all this info via @misszing on Twitter).

You can find your local MP here: <https://members.parliament.uk/members/Commons>.

Nida Hannan has created a great template you can use if you're not sure how to start: <https://docs.google.com/.../1GWweJl-GL1g5jWskGeX.../mobilebasic...>
This will only take you a few minutes - USE YOUR VOICE!

3. EDUCATE YOURSELF

Read books by Black authors, follow anti-racist organisations on social media, research Black history in the UK. Listen. Sit with the information and RESIST THE URGE TO GET DEFENSIVE.

I strongly recommend *Why I'm No Longer Talking to White People About Race* by Reni Eddo-Lodge, and *Natives: Race and Class in the Ruins of Empire* by Akala. Both are great introductory texts on race in the UK, and both are highly informative and very accessible.

Social media can be a great educational tool, too. Here are some good posts to get you started:

A Guide to White Privilege - <https://www.instagram.com/p/B9DfahhBChU/>

How to be actively anti-racist - <https://www.instagram.com/p/CAvbZyVh1xc/>

10 Steps to Non-Optical Allyship - [https://www.instagram.com/p/CA04VKDAyjb/...](https://www.instagram.com/p/CA04VKDAyjb/)

Why You Need To Stop Saying 'All Lives Matter'

- <https://www.instagram.com/p/CA3wRK1HJeH...>

No White Saviours is another great anti-racism account

- <https://www.instagram.com/p/CA2oYxIBN3Q/?igshid=94ylrhaz37cr>

And support The Black Curriculum - a social enterprise founded in 2019 by young people to address the lack of Black British history in the UK Curriculum. Find out more

here: <https://www.theblackcurriculum.com/> & [https://www.instagram.com/p/CA7NtJ8g66Z/...](https://www.instagram.com/p/CA7NtJ8g66Z/)

Here are some more brilliant resources to look into, with suggestions for further reading and organisations to support:

Anti-racism resources for white people: https://docs.google.com/.../1BRIF2_zhNe86SGgHa6-V.../mobilebasic

Black Racial Justice & Community

Organisations: <https://docs.google.com/.../1mZu6UAxnanWUMHGz3m6zgsFSEQ.../edit...>

Here's a wider master sheet on petitions to sign and

places to donate to: <https://docs.google.com/.../1-0KC83vYfVQ-2freQveH43P.../preview...>

4. TALK TO YOUR WHITE FRIENDS AND FAMILY

Do not stay silent because racism doesn't affect you negatively. Do not stay silent because speaking out is 'uncomfortable'. Silence is violence.

As Chris Lambert writes in 'A letter to my white friends' (<https://lambsenglish.wordpress.com/.../a-letter-to-my-white-.../> - read this!!!), 'You don't have to be a racist to be complicit in the lack of progress. You just have to permit the ignorance that breeds racism when you see it. Peer silence is the enabler for all injustices'.

DO THE WORK.



Art by @happysundesigns

NETFLIX &

EDUCATE
YOURSELF
DUMBASS

by Sasha Smith

Over the last month I have been feeling useless to the Black Lives Matter movement. With the coronavirus pandemic ongoing, I can't risk leaving my house to go to protests as I live with a high risk person, so if I couldn't protest, I figured I still needed to educate myself. I decided to compile a list of films about black lives to watch over the next week. My mum and I had unofficially started that day by watching *The Death and Life of Marsha P Johnson*, a documentary about a trans WOC who threw the first brick at the Stonewall Riots. I noticed that I had a lot of other things on Netflix that I wanted to watch to educate myself but always thought they would make me too angry or put me in a bad mood. Well if there's any time to be angry it's now, so I hosted each film on Netflix Party for the next week for others to join me. Here is what I thought of them.



13th -

Named after 13th amendment to the American constitution which abolished slavery, 13th is a brilliant documentary exploring the mass incarceration of people of colour in the United States. 13th explores disenfranchisement, lynching and the Jim Crow laws and the system of racial control that has controlled black lives and convicted them at much higher rates than white people. I was shocked enough by the statistic **that 1 in 17 white men will be incarcerated, but 1 in 3 black men in America will be incarcerated**. The documentary explores so many things that I never would have considered to have had a racial prejudice to them, such as the introduction of the 'Three Strikes' law by Bill Clinton. This law convicts habitual offenders to a mandatory life sentence after receiving 3 previous convictions. The documentary shows how this

disproportionately affects black lives as the black community suffers from higher rates of arrest from crimes they didn't commit and are more likely to accept a plea deal than to go to trial. A sobering documentary that exposes the overt, and covert, racism in the American judicial system.



Becoming -

Follow Michelle Obama on her book tour for her autobiography 'Becoming'. Michelle Obama is so charismatic; she lights up a room. There isn't much to this documentary, just a lot of Michelle-style wisdom. You get to truly see how hard this woman works, even now that she is no longer living in the White House. However, she also discusses the racism she faced during her husband's campaign for presidency and how they were both compared to terrorists. A true look at how even the most powerful family

in America were victims of inescapability of racism.



12 Years a Slave –

This is a film I've been wanting to watch for years, but I feared how sad it would be. Although the film

is deeply tragic, it was not as difficult to watch as I anticipated. The film follows Solomon Northup, a black man who was born free in New York, but was kidnapped and sold into slavery. The acting and the writing of the film is brilliant, my only note being that I wish there had been a clearer indication of the passage of time in the film, although this was probably intentional to emphasise the monotony of the work on a plantation. I had never considered the relationship between the north and south of America while slavery was still legal until watching this film, and how this affected the lives of both black people in the north and south of the country. A fantastic film that will make you furious.



What Happened Miss Simone? –

I think this was my least favourite film of the week, but that stemmed from my lack of previous knowledge about Nina Simone. This documentary explores Simone's struggle with bipolar disorder in the later years of her career, and her involvement in the civil rights movement. I think I would have enjoyed this more if it spanned her whole life a bit better, but I was grateful to finally be putting a face to the phenomenal voice.



A Fall From Grace –

This film has a rocky start but a twist ending. The story of an imprisoned woman is told through the lens of her lawyer, which I think is where

the film lets itself down as the lawyer has a much less interesting story, and her acting isn't great. But once the story gets into full swing this is a film about love, loss and redemption. Less a psychological thriller as Netflix describes it, but certainly still a crime story worth sticking with.



See You Yesterday –

At first glance this is a cheesy teenage film about time travel. Upon further inspection, this is about two smart black teenagers working to perfect time travel so they can go back and stop their friend being shot by the police. The cheesy graphics of the time travel perfectly compliments the serious nature of police brutality.



Beasts of No Nation –

My favourite film of the week, Beasts of No Nation follows Agu as his country is torn apart by civil war.

Separated from his family, Agu is found by the Commandant (played by Idris Elba) and turned into a child soldier. The film is perfectly set up, showing the cheeky relationship Agu has with his older brother, making his separation from them all the more heart-breaking.



Still taken from See You Yesterday

Dustypancake's Alternative STAR SIGNS



Mar 21 - Apr 19

Eyebrow

You're bold, attract attention, but bad at listening. Stay away from razor blades.



May 21 - June 20

El Topo - 1970 Film

Creative, innovative, but sometimes super tricky to understand. You'll encounter a priest this week.



Apr 20 - May 20

White russian, with ice

Rational and dependable, struggle to change your mind. Make sure you don't miss your coffee breaks.



Jul 23 - Aug 22

Ballgag

Limitless energy, might drown out other people's voices. Eat a red apple today.



Jun 21 - Jul 22

Take-Home Psychology Exam with Ray Ban

Intelligent but you tend to be guarded. Wear sunglasses to appear cooler.



Aug 23 - Sep 22

cctv

Always able to see other people's points of view, hardworking. You will see things today.

What do the heavens say for you?

Probably nothing good....



Oct 23 - Nov 21

Holding Hands assentingly

Passionate and maybe a bit dramatic no?
Like, cool it, there's a pandemic out there.
Wear gloves. Be cute.



Sep 23 - Oct 22

The Cool S

Very popular, natural leader. Kick back,
take it easy, you're perfect already (if a bit
edgy).



Dec 22 - Jan 19

Facemask

For a long time people undervalued you, but
now you're finally coming into your own. Just
be around a little more for others, yeah?



Nov 22 - Dec 21

Specifically this Ikea Man

Extroverted, very engaging. You're a bit
confusing though. Try to be less confusing.



Jan 20 - Feb 18

Walkers Multipack

People adore having you around, unless
you're too salty. Be more like vinegar.



Feb 19 - Mar 20

AWS

Man, you can be a bit of a prick. Pretty useful
though. You'll face challenges every day, but
that's okay, you got good friends.

The Sweet Things in Life

by Cecile Roques

Everyone says to write about what you know. When thinking about what I could truly claim as my own, the only genuine thing that sprung to mind was friendship. Over the past few years, having accumulated heartbreak and disappointment, my close friends and I have discussed how friendships often forgo the limelight in favour of the magic and fairy-tale of romance.

And so, it seemed as though it might be time for friendship to take the centre stage. When was the last time a friend crushed you with disappointment, ghosted you or left you in favour of another? Yep, didn't think so.

In my opinion, friendship is as, or more, ethereal than its romantic cousin. I've had intense crushes, decade long relationships and others which have ebbed and flowed

while always feeling secure and familiar; all under the umbrella of friendship and without an ounce of the drama my love life has incurred. Why aren't we louder about this relationship with no codes, no time limit and no exclusivity?

In Pudding, I retrace the stories of two women with different values, priorities and life choices. Their friendship transcribed through letters is the red thread leading us through their joys and sorrows, the only constant in their lives.

If you feel like escaping, you can find the first two letters of the novel excerpt below.

Enjoy!



12 June 1985 – Addis Ababa

My dearest Phi,

I am writing to you by candlelight. When did my life get so romantic? I have only just set my bags down but I have no electricity so there is little else to do but write to you, I can barely see the walls of the room I'm staying in (and trust me, it's not big).

Thank you so much for your little note, it warmed my heart when I found it on the plane, I am also excited for all our adventures to come.

My travels went well, no hiccup to speak of. Of course I broke into a sweat when going through customs. I feel like you never know if they may choose to not let you pass on a whim. As you are fully aware I had printed out my visa, invitation letter and just about every other document I could think of but you can never be too prepared in the current political climate. All is well, I'm now in the country, better than that, I'm in a room. Of course there is no running water to speak of but that's part of the charm.

I cannot tell you much about Ethiopia yet, all I've seen is the airport and the inside of a taxi. However I can confirm that only a small amount of roads are cemented or paved and that mud, straw and aluminium seem to be the primary construction material. I can't wait to see it all come alive tomorrow and immerse myself in the hustle and bustle. I will describe it all to you as promised of course.

PUDDING

Cecile Roques

I cannot quite believe I am here and simultaneously I feel extremely calm, like this is the right place for me to be. I know everyone back home thinks I'm slightly unhinged, not even mentioning my father's very impressive eye roll when I told him (I could hear it over the phone), but as soon as I heard about the opportunity to come and report at the African Union it called out to my gut and I'm glad I followed my instincts.

I know I will miss living with you, our commutes on the stuffy tube, coming home and cooking up a storm until silly o'clock before falling asleep and doing it all again. And with that I shall leave you to go and sleep on my rather stiff mattress, preparing my brain to engulf as much information as possible tomorrow during my first visit to the African Union!

All my love,

Camille



20 June 1985 - London

Dear Camille,

I know I've been ranting about this for positively ages but can you still believe my parents named me Philomena? You would think that at the ripe age of 26 I would have come to terms with it but no. I am still not looking forward to introducing myself to all the attractive, driven and single men at Harvard. Can I just make up another name?

Obviously this is totally devoid of meaning when compared to the exceptional life experience you described in your first letter. I am surprised it came so fast, I had morally prepared myself to live without word from you for at least two weeks.

I saw Percy yesterday, as usual he was tiresome. I wonder if he'll ever develop some flair. I know if you were here you would roll your eyes - a talent you must have picked up from your father come to think of it - and tell me to stop seeing him. But the convenience is great and why would I even bother with the drama of a break up when in a few weeks I will be far far away and have nothing to do with him whether we like it or not. In any case I must meet a husband at Harvard or mother will go positively crazy. She's already put me on a strict diet of broccoli and lettuce and got quite aggrieved when she found a receipt for cake in my purse this weekend. But let's be real, my husband might as well love all of me and not a snappy hungry slimmed down version. Can you believe the other day she actually said "Phi, if you fail to find a husband at Harvard what a grand waste of time that will have been"...? Do you think there's a way we could inject some feminism into her or is it truly a lost cause?

Work is the same as usual, crazy Cathy throwing tantrums and Donal always demanding for me to redraft the simplest of correspondence. But I'm now counting down the days, only three more full weeks until I get to leave and finally begin studying again. I can't wait to get lost in the technicalities of Wordsworth's poetry for three full years, what a luxury. I can't help feeling extremely guilty when I see the amounts of money I'm about to spend. The housing alone is absolutely ludicrous. But Daddy is adamant that anything to do with my education is worth the cost. And as you always say "guilt is a useless emotion", so instead I'm going to try and feel lucky for this opportunity.

I shall now go and ponder which clothes to pack for my grand adventure. We both know I will end up packing all of them but that's beside the point! Please send me lots of descriptive letters and I can't wait for your first article to be published, I'm sure newspapers will be jumping on your work, do keep me updated. I am so proud of you my darling.

Your best friend,

Philomena

TO BUY YOUR OWN COPY OF PUDDING, PLEASE VISIT AMAZON.CO.UK

AND TYPE IN 'PUDDING – CECILE ROQUES'

Slip

I slipped into
Beatlemania
with ease, like you
exiting my life

Roll back to the day
Mac Miller died
I was abroad
thinking of you

Thought

crying for a man
I never knew
from a place
I've never seen
I've taken too many minutes
thinking about
how they'd take the news

Kiss the year away and
give me back my smile

Beside The flash of a heartbeat

Do me a favour
Bring on the last
of the summer rain
in the middle of the night
leans in close and whispers
Happiness is a choice

and sit with me
watching drops
trickle through
the leaves
Stay for as long
as you like

- by J. W. Wright.

Tide Times

by C.T Mills

My father's clock has four hands: two for the time, and two for the tides. Sometimes I just sit and watch the hands move, watch the hours tick by, watch the tides breathe in and out. My dad calls me when he goes to the sea. He drives there every few days just to watch the waves, just for a new set of horizons to stare at. I say to my dad, "I miss preceded times" and my dad laughs, and in the same breath tells me how going to the supermarket is more of an ordeal than being a paramedic because the people are just so much more dangerous.

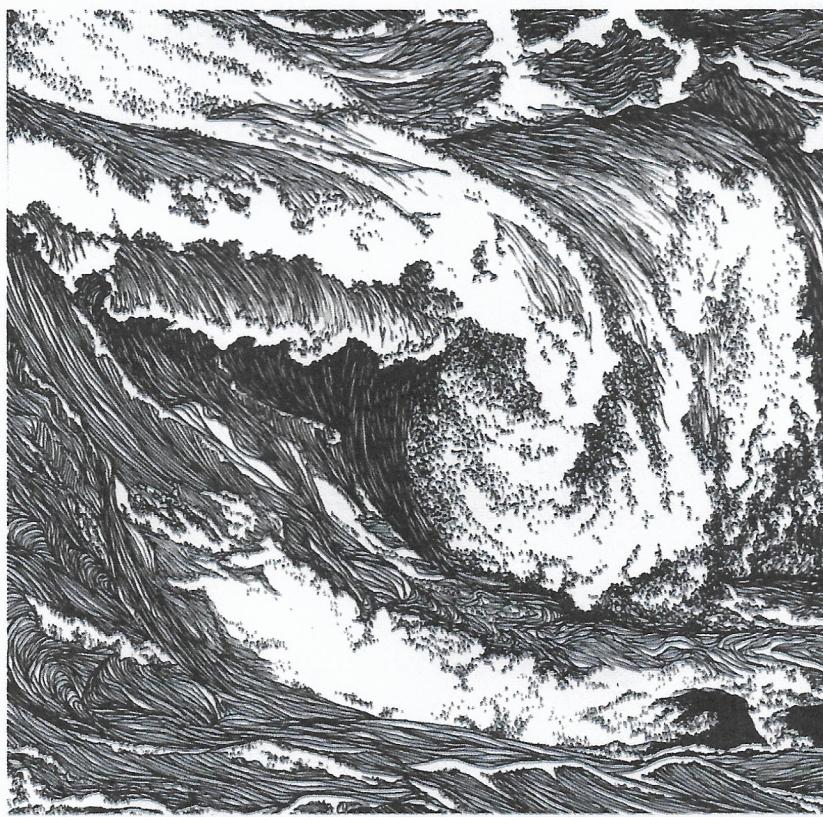
What does a breeze feel like, again?

In the first week of all of this I took a trip to London. I've never seen so few people; I felt like an explorer looking over the ruins of an empire. The man I went to see jokingly bumped elbows with me, "so we don't spread it" but I thought we were supposed to be sneezing into our elbows and I had a whole carriage to myself on the Jubilee line, which has never happened before, and I tell my friends and I don't think they believe me, and then I come home looking like a man who went to scout out the apocalypse, and they know the city is empty.

Are the bluebells blooming now or the buttercups?

I can't tell you what a forest looks like anymore, but I can tell you every blemish on my bedroom walls, and I've named all the spiders that haunt this house, and I don't remember the exact shade of the sea or what a kiss feels like but-

Can beginnings be found in the middle of the end of the world?



Post-COVID Romance

@taxidummy

Top 5 beautiful ways to fuck
both conventional and off-beat

By KAYLA OZZY

1 My Lips Yearned For smiles it's kind of like nature's Astroglide.

2 Ecstasy lies with CIRCUS ★ COMEDY

SOUNDS LIKE . . . ? Foolin' Around

3 GIFT THAT LEAVES 'EM BREATHLESS!
ASPHYXIATION CHAMBER I want to get in the fucking chamber

4 You need not be lost and live in sin. God is Coming like a dog in heat.
SUPERORGASMS That will be the eternal reward. (Matthew 11:28)

5 "I Love Me" Key features All the weed you need.

JUST TAKE YOUR PICK

ANOTHER THING...

IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH Love is in THE INTERNET



Haider Hash

This piece is a tribute to a pregnant elephant who died on May 23rd in the state of Kerala, India, after eating a pineapple stuffed with firecrackers.

The pineapples were spread about the local area by villagers seeking to deter animals from eating their crops.

Read the full story here: <https://www.stuff.co.nz/world/asia/121725980/pregnant-indian-elephant-killed-after-eating-fruit-stuffed-with-firecrackers>

OPEN YOUR EarHOLES

By Sasha Smith

TOP TEN QUARANTINE LISTENS: PODCASTS

1

iWEIGH



I Weigh by Jameela Jamil

There aren't many episodes out of *I Weigh* yet but I am already so in love with this series and Jameela. Based on her 'I weigh' movement, where Jamil asks us to tell people what we 'weigh' in terms other than our weight and beyond the scales, focusing on our achievements. In this podcast, Jamil talks to guest stars such as Reese Witherspoon, Demi Lovato and Beanie Feldstein about body image and mental health. This podcast fills me with hope for the future, and I love to relax and have a bath while I listen to it.

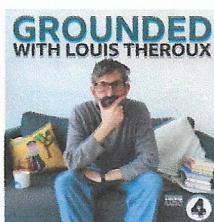


Imagined Life by Wondery

Learn about the lives of famous people you might know before they became famous. *Imagined Life* is a unique storytelling podcast that tells the stories of famous people but with a twist – their identities won't be revealed until the end of the episode. I always love it when you get that lightbulb moment when listening and you figure out who they are talking about. I love listening to this in the car with my mum as we both try to guess who the person is.

2

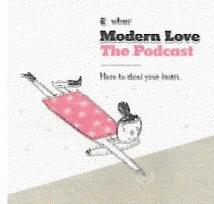
3



Grounded with Louis Theroux

I have always been interested by Louis Theroux, although I find him a bit arrogant in this podcast. Nevertheless, I have included it in this list as it is a podcast created because of the coronavirus pandemic, and his guests are the ones that truly make this podcast. Theroux interviews people he has never had the chance to before, taking advantage of them both being in quarantine, with guests such as Helena Bonham Carter and Lenny Henry. My favourite episode was the one in which he interviewed Rose McGowan in which she talks about her life growing up in a cult and her integral role in the take down of Harvey Weinstein. A good one to listen to while tidying your room.

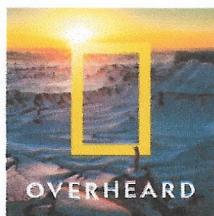
Modern Love by the New York Times



I'm not usually one for romance, but this podcast covers essays written about various different types of love, read by famous actors. One of my favourite episodes is read by Ellie Kemper about a mother whose fierce protection over her son causes her to throw a ball at the child bullying him. Another tells the story of a woman who was sexually assaulted during her first term at university, and so drops out to walk the length of the US all by herself. These are real stories of hope, love, and loss. I like to listen to this before going to bed.

4

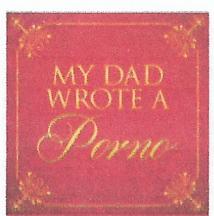
5



Overheard at National Geographic

This podcast is a bit of a mixed bag. As the title suggests, each episode explores a topic they've been discussing at National Geographic's HQ. Stories range from the heart-warming story about the songs of humpback whales, to the terrifying tale of the zombie mice of Marion Island. I like to listen to this one while having my lunch break.

6

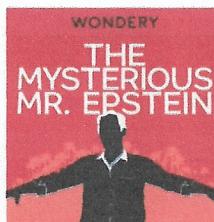


My Dad Wrote a Porno by Jamie Morton, James Cooper and Alice Levine

I think our editor would scorn me if I didn't include this one! *My Dad Wrote a Porno* does what it says on the tin. Jamie Morton's father, under the pseudonym of Rocky Flinstone, has written a series of erotic stories about the flirtatious Belinda Blumenthal, and her adventures working in the pots and pans industry.

Jamie tackles a chapter each episode with his friends James and Alice as they question Flinstone's understanding of anatomy and grammar. A hilarious podcast, not to be listened to within earshot of your parents or young children.

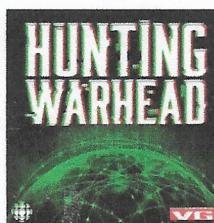
8



The Mysterious Mr. Epstein by Wondery

You've seen the memes about Epstein not killing himself; now here's the story behind the man. A difficult listen, but an important one to understand why men like Epstein get away with sexually abusing young girls for so long without repercussions. One to listen to on your commute or when you have plenty of time to think over each episode.

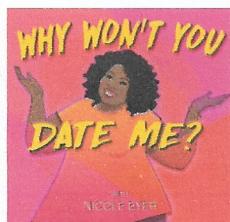
9



Hunting Warhead by CBC

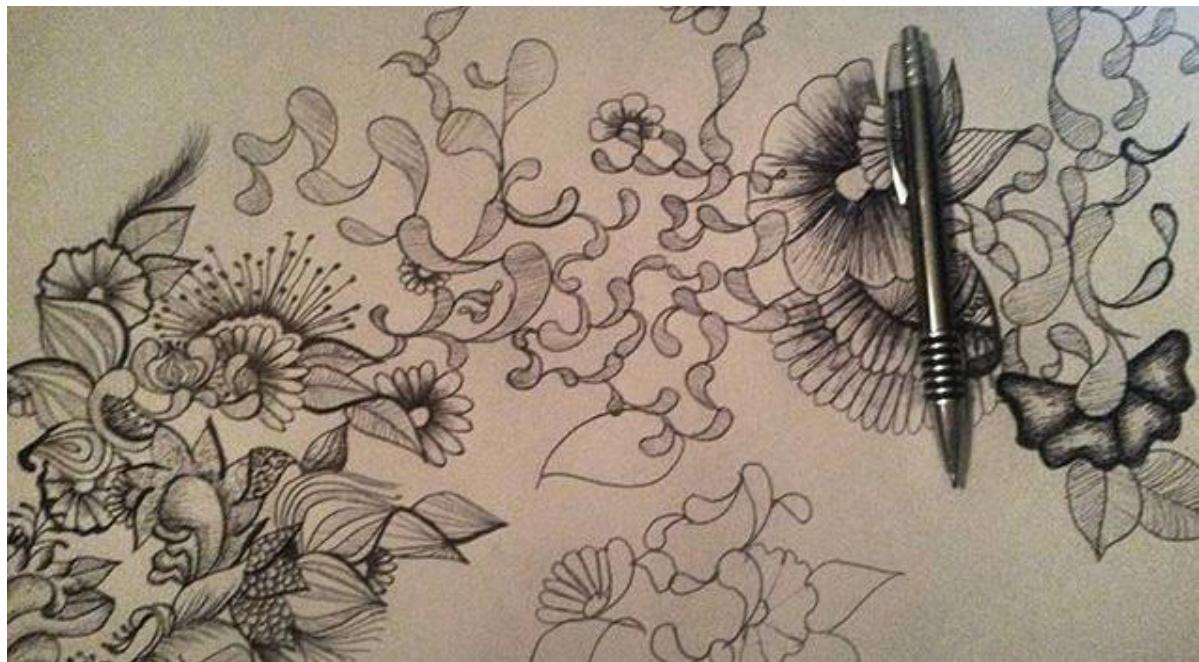
This is a podcast to make your stomach turn. In episode one, we meet Einar Stangvik, a hacker from Norway who has hacked into the largest child abuse site on the dark net. He travels to Australia to confront those running it... only to find out they're police. A really difficult listen, *Hunting Warhead* tells the story of how the dark net's largest child abuse site was taken down, and questions the ethics of the police methods. Listen to when you want to hear hard-hitting investigative journalism.

10



Why Won't You Date Me? by Nicole Byer

With an incredibly catchy theme tune, Nicole asks her exes to come on her show to talk all things relationship and dating, and ultimately asking them, why they didn't date her. Although her exes only make up the first couple of episodes, Nicole always has a brilliant guest on each week. With her incredibly explicit sense of humour, Nicole makes light of the dating world, and encourages self-love over all else. Listen to if you're stressed or need a cheer u

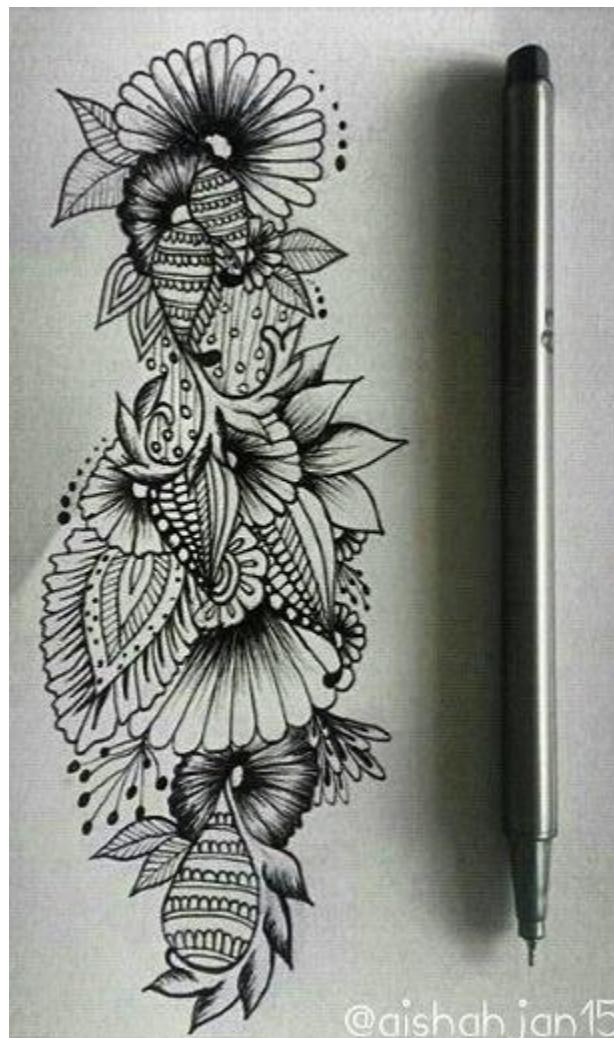


AISHAH LIAQAT





Aishah is a freelance fashion illustrator who studied Fashion Design at Coventry University. She has extensive experience in the industry and derives much of her inspiration from the colours, patterns, and clothes of her Pakistani heritage.



To see more of Aishah's work and for some great fashion content, please visit Aishah's Instagram: @aishahjan15

JOANNA CSILLAG



Both of these images are from Brighton, UK. I love the feeling of the structures still standing even if fire or the waves of the ocean hit them. It creates a sense of power.

*White Cube, London UK
Exhibition- A Fortnight of Tears
Entitled “The Mother” by Tracy Emin.
Her painful past carries through these sculptures and
her other many artworks.*



This is Frankfurt, Germany near the Alte Oper. The restaurant here is Charlot. For being a cold day, the snow seems to create a blanket of warmth for the chairs and tables.



These two images include a wooden puppet hand. These represent the relationship between curiosity and consequence.

To see more of Joanna's photography, take a look at her Instagram: @joannacsillag

By Ned Matyjaszek



After 35 years of activism, raised in a world of class consciousness, community, and rage, and channelling it through both art and action – Boots Riley has never been one to stay quiet and ‘civilised’; one of many concepts hilariously lampooned in 2018’s *Sorry To Bother You*. In rallies, music, and now an incredible film debut, subtlety is not a technique Boots employs – despite the title, *Sorry to Bother You* is anything but apologetic. It is a lively assault on the senses; the vibrant complimentary colour palette, excessively flashy and drab costuming, jumpy editing enhancing the magical realist vibes, and some brazenly in-your-face special effects ensure the audience is never left comfortably numb to the movie’s ever evolving aesthetic nor its vocal social commentary. Boots is a righteously angry dude; he wants the audience to enter mellow and leave angry, the pumping beats of *OYAHYTT* (the OST’s most striking and catchy track) ringing in your ears like a rallying cry.

The plot itself is straightforward at first: our ironically named hero, Cassius ‘Cash’ Green, brought to life by Lakeith Stanfield’s wonderfully charming and relatable performance, is struggling to pay rent while living in his family’s garage with his art-activist lover: ‘Troit’ (Tessa Thompson). He finally finds success in his dreary telemarketing job when, despite the wishes of his union lead by his wilful friend, Squeeze (Steven Yeun), he sells himself out via the discovery of his ‘white voice’ and rapidly ascends the workplace ladder into a den of debauchery, consumption, and biting commercial satire. Despite the familiar premise, the film’s execution only gets wilder and wilder, with some developments so original and shocking that I encourage the reader (hi!) to immediately watch the film before reading any more about it.

Taking visual and tonal inspiration from a long line of biting, nightmarish, and absurdist stories such as *The Twilight Zone*, *Fight Club*, *Being John Malkovich*, and *Brazil*, *Sorry To Bother You*’s greatest asset is its cobbling together genuine experiences with a veneer of the absurd to ensure the audience can comfortably settle into a nightmare world that they were living in all along – making the unpalatable palatable, a topic itself touched upon after the film’s wildest twist as Cassius fails to elicit any response from the public by unveiling insidious-yet-hilarious corporate crimes.

The most advertised and (arguably) memorable of these techniques is the ‘white voice’ – that is Cash literally speaks with the dubbed-over voice of David Cross – used to excel in phone sales, a fantastic on-the-nose depiction of white-coded traits being adopted by POC to fly under the radar and even thrive in a racist world, a darkly comic but still depressing tactic lifted straight from Boots’ own experience in telemarketing. The colourful setting of Oakland, the derogatory stereotypes and visual-pun of the workhorses (this one makes sense when you watch it), and the horrifically late-stage factory city gleefully advertised by the all-smiles ‘WorryFree’ corp are all ripped from the director’s life and headlines. As Riley puts it, “The more personal you get, the more universal you get,” and *Sorry...* is a masterful example of this approach to storytelling.

This incredibly deft balancing act of the real and unreal is brought to life by a phenomenally skilled cast and crew; with the exceptions of Armie Hammer’s unapologetically hammy and informal corporate overlord, the richly diverse cast all bring charming and human characters to life to provide an empathetic anchor in the film’s madness. Alongside them, Doug Emmet’s standout cinematography and colour washes, Terel Gibson’s twitchy,



energetic editing, and wonderful usage of Ri Crawford and David Lauer's Claymation madness only serve to strengthen rather than detract from the film's commentary. Smoother, slicker cuts and uncluttered shots gradually displace the hectic, invasive and close cropped visuals of the lower rungs as Cash slides into the opulent world of premium clients, seductive gold and purple glows overriding the drab greens of minimum wage workers and the warm red and blues of his roots, friends, and unions.

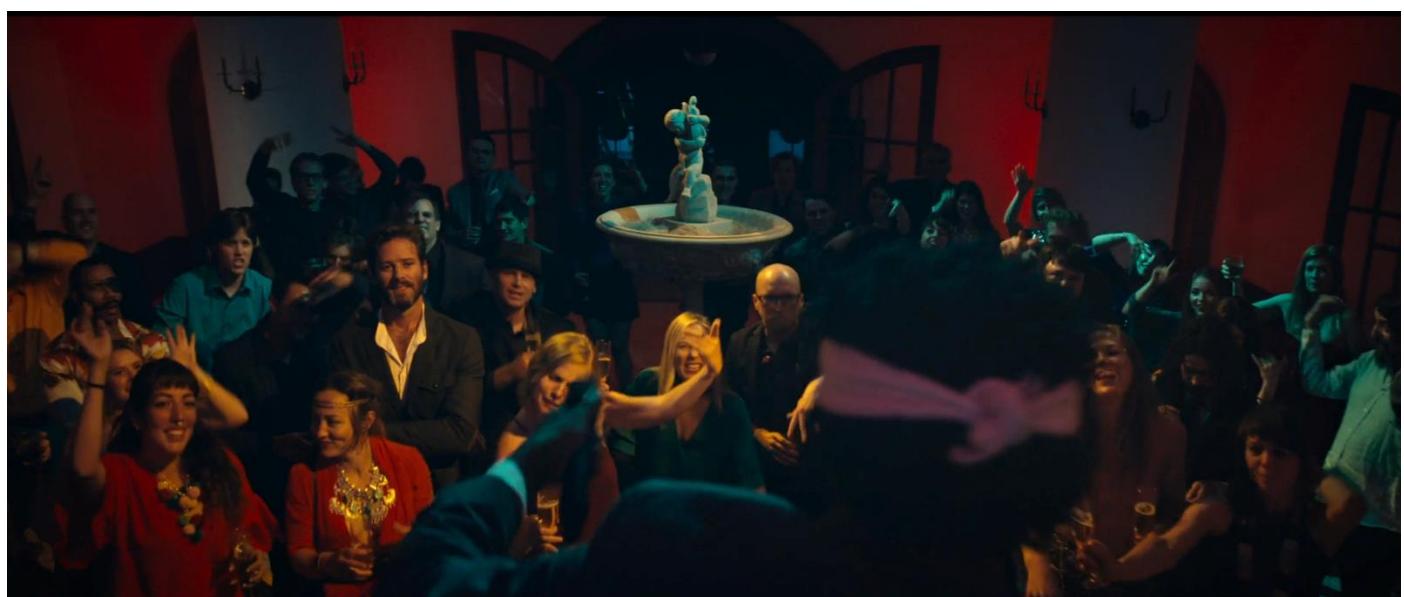
My favourite example of this colour-coding (heh) is found in one of the funniest scenes in the movie: a cringe-inducing rap scene at a decadent company party where Cash performs on the guests' 'request.' The normally comforting reds, blues, and teals, are played against an invasive, deep gold as he plays into a consumable black stereotype, warping his identity and roots for an ignorant, wealthy white audience. The level of technical ability, humour, and social commentary that goes into this scene alone is constant in the movie, and absolutely nails Cash's central moral problem – selling out his identity and the damage caused, psychological and physical, as a result.

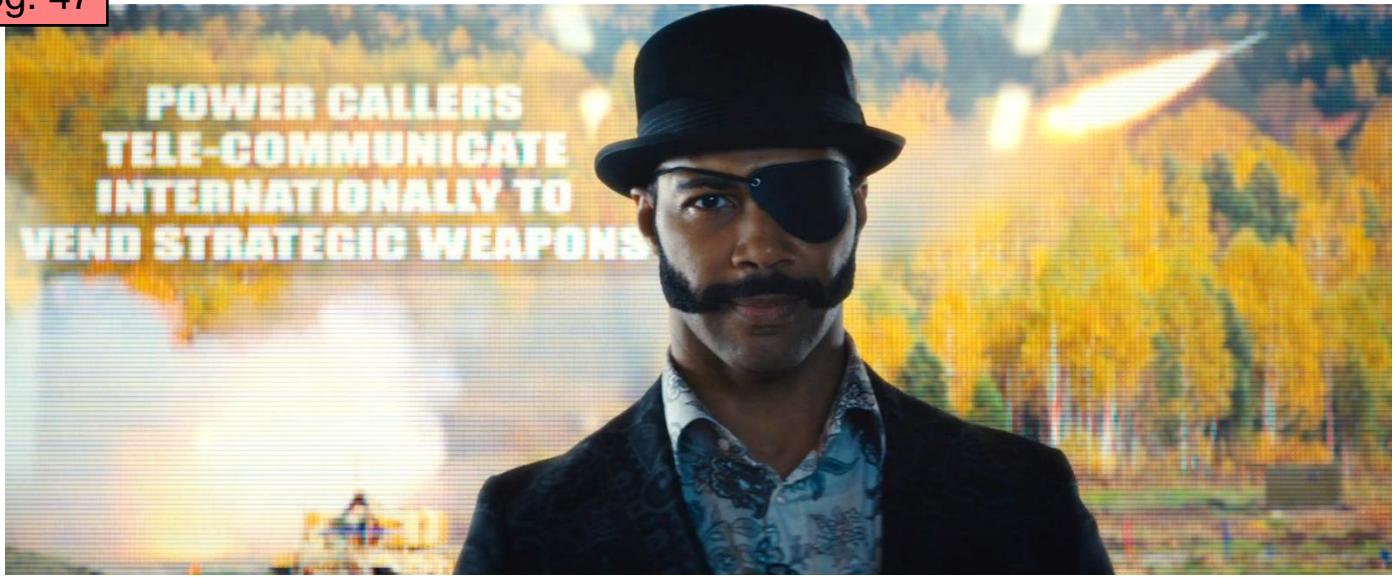
It is not just the strapped Cash that adopts the desired manners to perform for his financial overlords and

consumers – a plethora of black characters in different levels of employment also engage for their own gain, from Troit's anti-establishment art exhibition to Danny Glover's cameo in the office. These characters don't abhor their identities, but through the necessities of income and economic inequality they must play into social roles imposed by bosses and consumers.

The most absurd extension of this comes in the form of Mr. _____ (Omari Hardwick, almost entirely voiced by long-term Boots' fan Patton Oswalt) who is blind to evils of his business and stripped of all individuality, even his name, in the endless attempt to appease big money, defined only by his flashy attire. Even the protestor who lobs a can at Cash's head, providing the distinctive wound he carries throughout the film (literally a bloody conscience) eventually sells out as their video of the event goes viral and eventually becomes commodified via costumes and talk show pieces.

Everything in *Sorry To Bother You* carries this concoction of social and consumer consciousness executed with a hilariously bitter irony. Even the drugs used by our characters follow the ethical and class divide with cocaine's





supply chain being longer, richer, and bloodier than cannabis' (more often grown and consumed domestically) and primarily abused by far wealthier users who can sustain the habit behind secure doors. The Coup – Riley's old band and the primary composers for the film - lampoons this trend more directly in *Your Parents' Cocaine*, using the context of a rich fratboy's birthday party to critique the rampant, unthinking cruelty and damage linked to consumption that is permitted and justified by distant and outsourced production in a late-stage capitalist world.

Speaking of The Coup, *Sorry To Bother You*'s script was already adapted by Riley into a 2012 album, with the track *We've Got A Lot To Teach You, Cassius Green* being a hyper-condensed, darker version of the screenplay, but the film's talking points can be found way back in *Kill My Landlord*, their 1993 debut. Cassius' existential musings and central moral problem can be found in *Fo Da Money* and *Not Yet Free*; use of drugs and media as escapism *Last Blunt*; and the degrading marketisation of black stereotypes in *I Ain't the Nigga*. Though the film was eventually produced after 6 years, the fact that his script only got serious attention once industry established white men, such as Dave Eggers, Cross, and Oswalt, were attached demonstrate even the most skilled artists are still held back in the creative industry by presumption and injustice.

Though stylistically distinct from his previous work, and from most films full-stop, *Sorry To Bother You* is another fantastic extension of Boots' lifelong activism, reiterating and building upon concepts and themes repeated across his entire body of work without ever losing his punch and passion. A thematically dense, visually stunning, and radically powerful entry into the medium by a genuine fighter for social justice and economic reform. It's thematic climax at the picket line in which artists, workers, and the oppressed rally against a vicious police force and company brass may feel rather anticlimactic and even normal after the insanity permeating most of the flick, but it provides something resembling a solution amidst the horror. Our characters go to bed after a long day and get up to work the next one, but their successful act of resistance and continued commitment to the cause is what matters, no matter how insignificant it may seem – everybody in the land of 7 billion dances has the responsibility to do the right thing.

Boots himself summarises his intentions neatly, "I'd like people to get involved in campaigns and get involved in organization that can actually effect change. I hope that people are able to be involved in movements that take place at their job, that creates them, all of those things. For that to happen from the movie, that would be a lot, but that would be a great thing if it did happen."

Get active my dudes.



21

I am twenty-one
and it is a cold Valentine's
night,
when I ask you to be maid of
honour
at my wedding. I am drunk,
but earnest, sincere;
I want you by my side
for the rest of our lives.

You, sober and so very
tired - one year away from
turning thirty - you smile
and duck your head, and say
that you'll be dead before then.

I know you mean it:
I know the statistics
for people like us.
I know you have always
known you would die,
like the other men in your
family,
before you turn fifty.
I know that by your measure
you have, at most,
twenty-one years left.

I tell you I don't care,
I will bring your ashes
to the ceremony if I have to;
you tell me you won't be
cremated, so I say

then I will bring the
ceremony to you,
say my vows above your grave.

You ask how I will know
where you are buried:
I tell you that I have my ways,
and besides, you're not getting
rid of me any time soon.

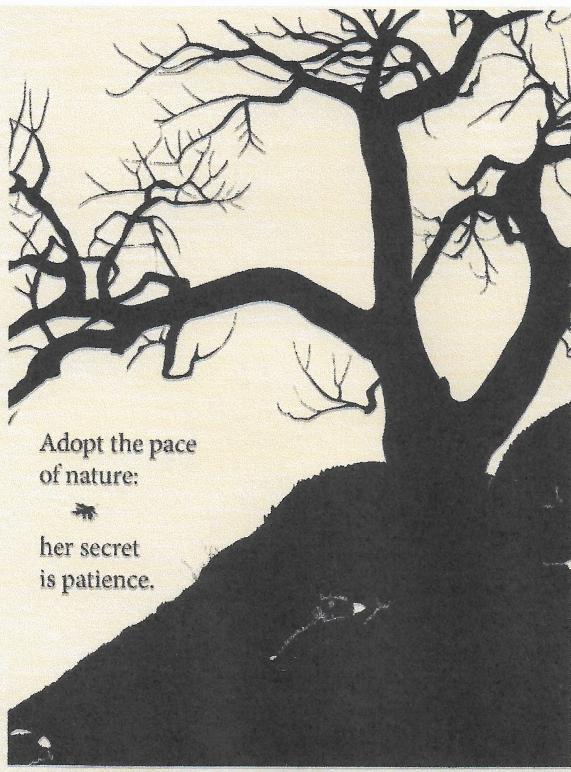
I don't tell you that
the future I hold onto,
the one that gets me
out of bed in the morning,
is your wrinkled hand in mine,
warmed under the sun
as I paint your nails in
the home we have made.

You laugh at my insistence,
but do not argue further.
Instead, you talk about what
pets
we will have if we manage to
find
a house where all of us can
live:
you want a ginger cat
named Athena or Minerva -
I have already named
my two snakes Shelley and
Stein.
I know you think this future
impossible, but I know
you want it, as I do,

more than anything.

I know the statistics:
I know the odds do not
favour us, that even if we
do not drift apart as the years
roll on that our life-
expectancies
are frighteningly low, that the
world
we live in is burning and those
burning it have their boots
planted
firmly on our necks, and any
freedom we may hope for must
be clawed out from under their
heels.

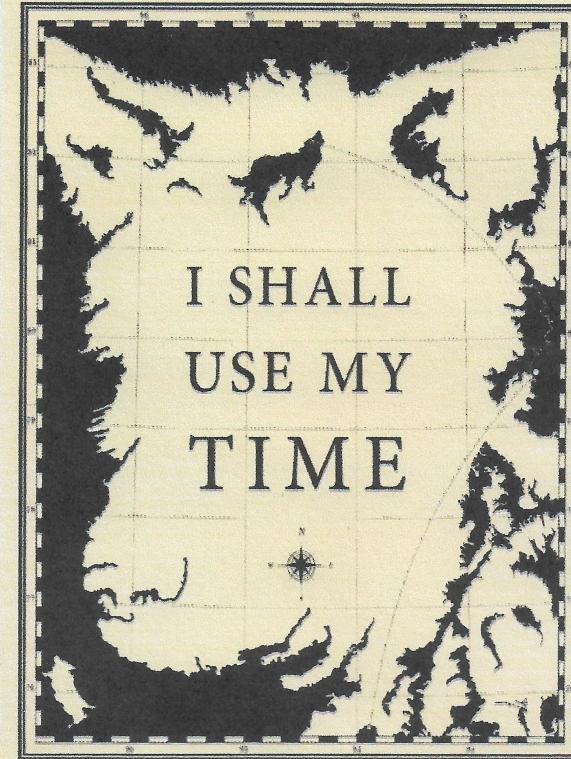
But I also know that we
have already overcome
so much, have survived that
which we thought would kill
us;
I know that I love you,
and loving you has made me
stronger than I ever
could have believed.
I know that we have
already saved each other
so many times; I know
that our future is a
fragile, tenuous thing,
but that makes me
hold it all the closer.



Adopt the pace
of nature:

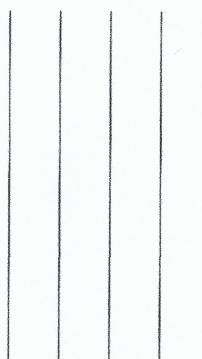
her secret
is patience.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON



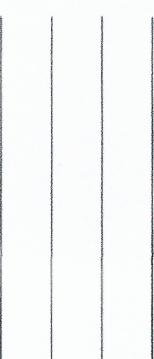
I SHALL
USE MY
TIME

JACK LONDON



RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Lectures and Biographical Sketches,
circa 1850

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