

SlippagePaula Lacey

Her phone weighed down her back pocket as she walked home. She could feel its blue ache at the back of her eyelids, an imprint of the hours spent scrolling as the incidents piled up on her feed. There had been no reports in her city yet.

She had gone out to forget about the news, but it had followed her there– in the dark corners of the bar she saw nothing but perpetrators, and every time a hand brushed her back she flinched. She held onto her friend's arm tightly as they pushed through the crowd to the bathroom.

CONTENTS

A Sea of Tiny Lights Seetha Tan

Cleveland, 1971 Ruari P-A

Dewenati Sophie Marie Niang

A Love Note
Joe Cotton

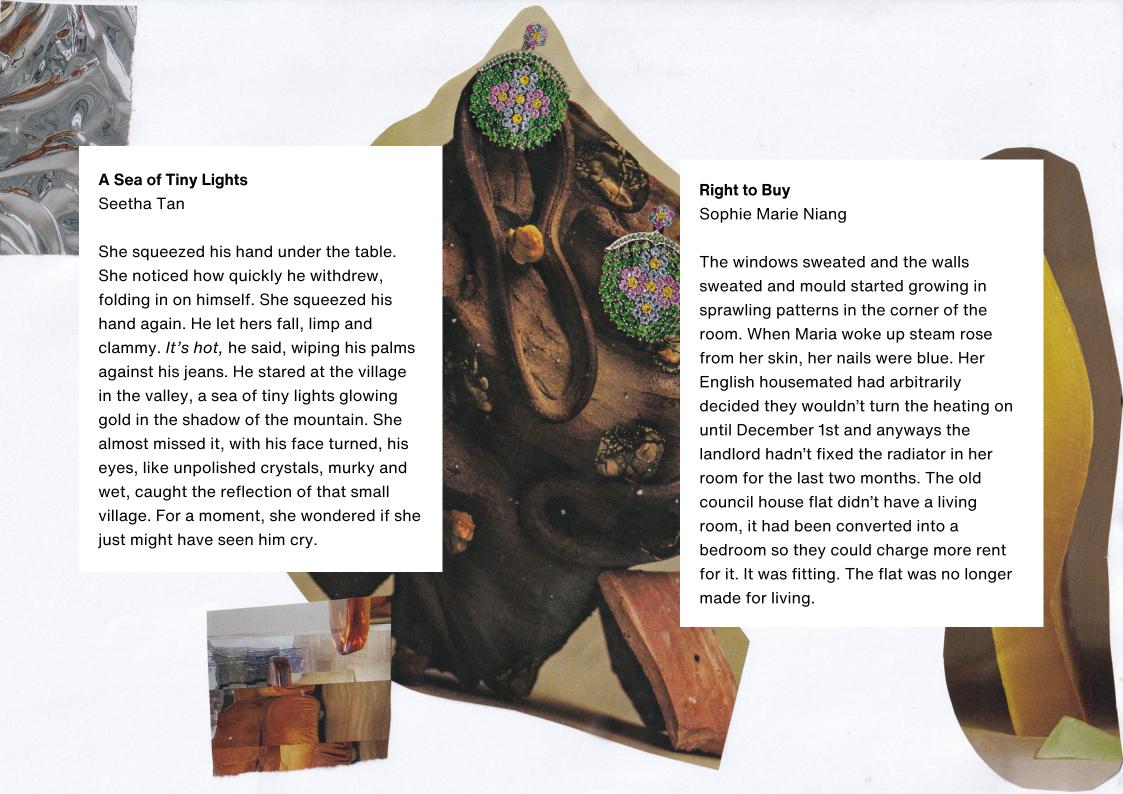
Dumpsters Paradise Marc Ortmann

Right to Buy Sophie Marie Niang

Slippage Paula Lacey

and workshop photos by Joe Cotton

Author bios



Dumpsters Paradise Cleveland, 1971 Marc Ortmann Ruari P-A Is this still participant observation?" Raffi I like to imagine the walls were crying. laughs as we stumble back to the car, They coalesce around a sponge of metallic carrying the red plastic boxes, the fold-out spit. It tastes like the mouths of hundreds, ones. A slippery driveway, the boxes are alive in its deathliness. A universe of heavy, it hurts a bit. Sabrina is calling us. technical interactions begins which "Let's goooooooo!", she yells. The plastic transports a child's singing into my ears. boxes into the boot, we into the car, boxes Not really a child. A teenager? Two pairs on our laps, in our hands. Back to the of twins and their friend. 2 + 2 + 1, a savvy conspiratorial flat. Up the stairs, empty the but unsuccessful marketing move. boxes, back to the car. Red plastic boxes Matching suits run from the fountains. Not everywhere. Sabrina is talkative, she is in her to know their voices would be stolen. Not mood: "That's my song - we spend most of to know a future of poverty, imprisonment. our lives livin' in a dumpster paradise! They sing about another inevitably, a duty of love, screaming for freedom, or something else.

Dewenati

Sophie Marie Niang

Seydou and Ibrahima had gone to the mosque in the morning, draped in golden and silver, all new. In Maguette's house, they changed into neon tracksuits. They stepped out to the courtyard and laid out binbags on the tiled floor. They sharpened their knives, they got to work. Khassaides resonated through the cassette player, children danced, nobody ate until late at night. It started raining slowly slowly, washing away the blood from the white tiles.

The morning headlines read "hundreds of sheep SLAUGHTERED in social housing bathtubs." That was bullshit. No one had done it in a bathtub for years.

A Love Note Joe Cotton

was it homely? It had been. in his memory it was filled with clutter, books, notes, printed readings - all surfaces were covered. And he remembered it in pockets too - enclaves under the eaves where two or more would gather, huddled together on the floor or perched on table corners. Now he was transported back to that very first night, looking across at the bay windows and out onto the balcony. Outside a couple sat smoking on the roof, watched over by the moon. Back in the attic, consternation erupted from the kitchen. The MPhils had drunk all the damn tequila.