

BLAM



FUSE

Editors' Note

Fusion: the process or result of joining two or more things together to form a single entity.

It is no secret that the 2020s have, so far, been thriving off of polarisation. Divisions across cities, nations, and borders are perpetuating the notion of “us” and “them”. It is also no secret that after two years of isolation, we are re-learning how to connect with one another.

GUM's first print issue of the year, Fuse, seeks to celebrate the connections between communities in Glasgow, across the nation, and the world. Before the anticipated opening of Govan Bridge in 2024, Fuse explores how metaphorical bridges between people and communities can be just as sturdy. From finding a home in a new city, to using virtual reality to assist your healing journey, to the political fusion of tragedy and authoritarianism. Fuse teaches us that connections are what dictate life.

But with the climate disaster and the cost of living crisis, we are running out of time. Is our fuse running too short? Are we turning up the heat too high? Fuse is also a nod to the pressures we face to find answers to the perplexities of the 21st century before it's too late...

We'd like to thank our wonderful team, and contributors, for their many hours of hard work and dedication to the launch of Fuse.

Love,

Esther and Nina :p

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Cone-Headed Statues

Words: Zoi Moir (She/Her)
Artwork: Séania Strain (She/Her)

Why do people place traffic cones atop the heads of statues? Why Glaswegians especially? Strolling through the City Centre, one is bound to catch sight of this long-term trend. The Duke of Wellington equestrian statue outside the Gallery of Modern Art (GoMA) is no doubt Glasgow's greatest icon. And, despite various attempts by the City Council to remove it, the plastic headpiece remains firmly planted on Arthur Wellesley's bronze head.

Sculpted by Italian-born French artist Carlo Marochetti, and erected in 1844, the statue—depicting the Duke on his favourite horse Copenhagen—has been subject to one troublesome cone or another since at least the 1980s, a testament to quintessential Glaswegian humour. Yet, in the past decade, the cone has adopted distinctly political undertones. In 2014, the statue was crowned with a 'Yes' cone in support of the Scottish Independence referendum; on Brexit Day in 2020 it was exchanged for one of star-spangled blue by pro-EU supporters. During the COVID-19 pandemic, the Duke wore a blue surgical facemask with his classic orange addition in recognition of global Lockdown measures. Most recently, he donned a makeshift cone of blue and yellow cotton crochet in support of Ukraine. As the individual responsible for this last gesture, Emma Shearer told BBC Radio Scotland it felt like 'a fitting way to show that Glasgow cares'. It is nonetheless interesting to consider the anonymity of those involved in the placement of these various cones. While this is most likely so as to avoid the legal repercussions of vandalism, their continual replacement is telling of the power each cone invokes. In many ways a rejection of authority, The Duke of Wellington's conical crown has fused local culture and public sentiment in reflection of the general mood of the local populace.

These cones are also artistic statements. The famed street artist Banksy referred to the Glasgow landmark as his 'favourite work of art in the UK', and explained it was partly why he had chosen to hold his first exhibition in fourteen years—Cut and Run—at GoMA last August. Himself a pseudonymous artist and political activist, Banksy takes special advantage of his anonymity to fuse street art, political statements, and an acute disrespect for authority, into his work. The most famous example of this would be his *Girl with a Balloon* painting, which tore itself to pieces in 2018 after being sold for a total sum of \$1.4 million. Even so, there are many forms of subversive art now being embraced by the Glasgow Council.

Street art is prevalent throughout the city with a total of 29 murals decorating public spaces, from street artist Smug's modern-day depiction of Saint Mungo on the High Street to Jack Vettriano's Billy Connolly mural off Howard Street. Wider underground artistic movements are also at work in Glasgow's ever-present independent music scene. Glasgow, and Scotland at large, are regarded as critical for the development of House Music, with venues like Sub Club—the longest-running nightlife institution in the world—having 'carved out' an 'important niche' in 'the culture of electronic music'. Not only is it rated a UNESCO City of Music, but Glasgow was also one of the first European capitals of culture, in 1990. 'Known as an industrial city, it has now gained recognition as a creative and cultural centre of European importance', stated a report from the European Commission.



All over the world, statues of historic figures like our Duke have long been ridiculed and reinterpreted as part of what we today term "culture wars". The most famous recent example of this would be the toppling of the Edward Colston statue in Bristol back in June 2020 during a Black Lives Matter protest rally, which was later thrown into the city harbour.

The history of statue defacement stretches far back into the ancient past. Anybody familiar with William Shakespeare's tragedy *Julius Caesar* will know it was a diadem placed on a statue of Caesar which set in motion a series of events culminating in his assassination and the subsequent establishment of the Roman Empire. The jewelled crown was removed by two tribunes (the likes of Flavius and Marullus in Shakespeare's play) and so the troubles began. Though not quite so elegant as diadems, cones have become a popular trend both in the UK and further afield. The statue of Queen Victoria in Leamington Spa has worn one, alongside King Alfred the Great in Wantage near Oxford; the tradition has even reached statues in Auckland, New Zealand.

This ultimately leads us back to the question of how our public spaces engage with history, a history with which statues by their very nature are indelibly fused. Who should be honoured; who ridiculed? And by what means? Also important to consider is the type of authority being rejected. Take the case of the Duke: is Glasgow railing against a history forced upon the city in the form of an Anglo-Irish statesman and British Tory politician who had very little, if no Scottish roots or affiliations whatsoever? In any case, the bizarre cone-headed statue has become synonymous with Glasgow and world-renowned as a political instrument and artistic statement in its own right. Trust the unwavering determination of a couple lads on a night out in Glasgow to unwittingly give something as commonplace as a cone such significance it achieves global recognition.



Words: Adina-Diana Pop (She/Her)
 Artwork: Lucy Park (She/Her)

If I had a digital pin, I'd use it to point out Pecica, Romania. With a population of 11,950, it's a very small town, so small that to see it on the map you'd have to spend a serious amount of time zooming in. Everyone knows everyone. Walking down the street without saying 'hi' to every person I pass by is a crime. The warning not to talk to strangers was considered a light suggestion where I'm from. Obviously, caution was exercised, but people trusted each other.

August 2023 marked three years since I moved out. These three years I spent studying and travelling abroad, always resisting forming roots of any major significance. I liked it that way. I felt invigorated that way. Every time I introduced myself to someone new, I'd mentally tick boxes off my imaginary list and talk to them for as long as it took to collect a myriad of stories - I had a notebook and everything.

I liked talking to people I'd never met. Travelling solo had me searching for individuals with stories that kept me entertained while I looked around for inspiration for the plays that I was writing, or the performances I was composing. I liked talking to folk I'd never met. There were bonus points if the new people came attached to new places which allowed me to exercise new ways of articulating, speaking, gesturing, and thinking. I liked switching between different characters while fusing myself with mystery countries and cities that brought them out. It was exciting. Moving always felt that way. So, picture me: now twenty-one, recently relocated to Scotland, surprised to find myself feeling homesick.

Home?

Acasă?

Dacă aş avea o pioneză digitală, aş folosi-o să-ţi atrag atenția spre Pecica, România. Cu o populație de 11,950 de persoane, e un oraș foarte mic. Atât de mic încât ar trebui să petreci destul de mult timp măbind imaginea de pe hartă ca să îl găsești. Aici toți se cunosc între ei. Ai putea spune că e o crimă să mergi pe stradă fără să saluți fiecare om pe lângă care treci, iar avertizarea de a nu vorbi cu străinii e considerată o sugestie mărunță de unde provin eu. Desigur, e bine să fii precaut, dar oamenii se încred între ei.

În August 2023 s-au făcut trei ani de când m-am mutat de acasă. Acești trei ani i-am petrecut studiind și călătorind peste hotare, veșnic rezistând ideea de a-mi forma rădăcini adânci în locurile prin care treceam. Așa îmi plăcea mie. Așa mă simțeam eu înviorată. De fiecare dată când făceam cunoștință cu cineva, bifam căsuțe din lista mea imaginară și vorbeam cu ei până le colectam nenumăratele povești - aveam până și un carnetel pentru notițe.

Îmi plăcea să vorbesc cu persoane pe care nu le-am cunoscut vreodată. Călătorind singura, căutam oameni care să mă țină amuzată în timp ce îmi găseam inspirație pentru scenariile pe care le scriam, sau spectacolele pe care le compuneam. Îmi plăceau convorbirile cu necunoscuți. Primeau puncte în plus dacă persoanele noi veneau atașate de locuri noi care îmi permiteau să exersiez noi feluri de a articula, vorbi, gestiona, și gândi. Îmi plăcea să mă schimb dintr-un personaj într-altul în timp ce mă contopeam cu diferite orașe care le scoteau la suprafață, și țări misterioase. Era captivant. Mutatul dintr-un loc într-altul tot timpul era captivant. Așa că, imaginează-mă acum la douăzeci și unu de ani, recent restabilă în Scoția, mirată să observ că mi-e dor de casă.

Features

Though not an unfamiliar feeling, as I'm not purely composed of exhilarating emotions, the intensity of the feeling surprised me. On top of that, I seemed to be homesick not just for my birthplace, but also for sites I could've sworn I had left behind with no strings attached.

I found myself weighing up the possibility that I'd been collecting homes and not just stories since I moved out; that my definition of 'home' had been expanding.

I ruminated on this for a few weeks, coming in and out of nostalgia infused memories that made me miss my family and my best friends, the adventures I'd been on, the lecturers who significantly impacted me, grocery shops whose layouts were so organised they brought me inner peace, the list goes on. I felt myself slipping into a daze, daydreaming about the past and the elements of it that shaped me, sometimes without my awareness.

A week later, I decided I'd spent enough time stuck in days of old. My friend was going out to pick up a mandolin she'd bought, and I said I'd come with. The lady who sold it lived about an hour and a half walk away, so we set off nice and early, though, about three wrong turns later, we decided we'd better get the subway. Fun as it can be, getting lost wasn't on either one of our agendas that day.

The train was busy, and I didn't have my headphones with me, so I sat down and took in my environment. I thought the two women that had just sat down across from me were speaking Romanian, but over the voices of other passengers their words became sounds I wasn't sure I had deciphered right. Plus, a part of me blamed this on my recent reminiscing. Still, snippets of their conversation kept flowing towards me. After some consideration, I decided to engage.

Though I'd never met the woman before, I knew what she meant. She looked familiar to me, too. I saw my mother's features in hers, and the way she crossed her arms when she sat down made me think of the people I used to pass at the bus stop when I was 16 and commuting to school. We didn't know each other, but we recognised each other. There was a familiarity floating in the air, visible only to us. Our interaction was brief, and they soon reached their stop. Before she got off, the older woman turned around and told me to take care of myself. I haven't seen her since.

There are 635,130 people in Glasgow.

'De unde sunteți?'

I could see my friend's perplexed face in the corner of my eye.

The two women paused. For a second, I feared I had spoken gibberish to two Scottish women.

'We're from Western Romania', one of them said.

'Oh, me too! Whereabouts?' I responded.

'The city of Arad.'

'No way! I'm from a town just outside it.'

'Really! Where?'

'I don't know if you've heard of it, but it's called Pecica.'

'Heard of it?! That's where we're from too! I thought you looked familiar.' They answered in amazement.

Features

'De unde sunteți?'

Cu coada ochiului observasem expresia perplexată de pe fața prietenei mele, timp în care cele două femei se opriseră din a vorbi.

Pauză.
Pentru o secundă m-am temut că am rostit cuvinte fără sens în fața a două femei scoțiene. 'Suntem din Vestul țării,' spuse una dintre ele.

'Oh, și eu! De unde mai exact?' Am răspuns eu.

'Suntem din Județul Arad.'

'Nu-mi vine să cred! Eu sunt dintr-un orașel din afara Aradului.'

'Serios! Unde?'

'Nu știu dacă ați auzit de el, dar se numește Pecica.'

'Te întrebi dacă am auzit de el?! De acolo suntem și noi! Mi se părea mie că arăți cunoscut.' Spuse femeia uimită.

Deși nu un sentiment necunoscut, căci nu sunt compusă doar din sentimente joviale, intensitatea senzației e ceea ce m-a șocat. Pe lângă asta, se părea că dorul meu nu se oprea la orașul natal, ci se întindea și înspre locuri pe care puteam să jur că le-am lăsat în spate fără alte obligații.

M-am surprins gândindu-mă la posibilitatea că eu colectasem nu doar povești, ci și domiciliu, de când mă mutasem de la părinți; că definiția mea pentru cuvântul 'acasă' s-a extins.

Am rumegat lucrul acesta timp de câteva săptămâni, cutreierându-mi amintirile îmbibate în nostalgii care mă făceau să imi lipsească familia și prietenii cei mai buni, peripețiile în care am fost, profesorii care au avut un impact semnificativ asupra mea, supermarketurile atât de bine organizate încât mă făceau să mă simt împlinită sufletește, lista tot continuând. Simțeam cum alunec într-o dezorientare continuă, visând cu ochii deschiși la trecutul meu și componentele sale care, uneori fără să îmi dau seama, m-au format ca persoană.

O săptămână mai târziu m-am decis ca am petrecut destul timp blocată în momente asfințite. O prietenă avea în plan să își ridice o mandolină pe care și-a cumpărat-o, și am zis ca merg cu ea. Femeia care i-a vândut-o locuia la o distanță de o ora jumătate de mers pe jos, așa că ne-am pornit devreme de dimineață. Deși după vreo trei străzi greșite ne-am decis să luăm metroul. Oricât de distractiv poate fi, nu ne era scris în calendar niciuneia să ne pierdem în ziua respectivă.

Trenul era aglomerat și nu aveam căștile la mine, așa că m-am așezat cuminte pe scaun și mi-am analizat împrejurimile. Mi s-a părut că cele două femei vis-à-vis de mine vorbeau în română, dar cuvintele lor deveneau sunete pe care nu eram sigură că le descifram corect printre vocile celorlalți pasageri. Plus, o parte din mine atribuia lucrul ăsta recentei copleșiri de amintiri. Cu toate acestea, frânturi din conversațiile lor curgeau spre mine. După câteva minute de considerare, m-am decis să pornesc o conversație.

Deși nu ne cunoșteam, și era prima dată când ne-am văzut, știam la ce se referă. Doamna îmi părea cunoscută și mie. Îi recunoșteam trăsăturile mamei mele în ale sale, iar felul în care își ținea mâinile în piept îmi aducea aminte de persoanele din stația de autobuz pe lângă care treceam când aveam 16 ani și făceam naveta la liceu. Noi două nu ne cunoșteam, în schimb ne recunoșteam. În aer plutea un sentiment de familiaritate vizibil doar nouă. Am interacționat scurt, fiindcă trenul deja ajungea în stația lor. Înainte să coboare, femeia mai în vârstă s-a întors înspre mine și mi-a spus să am grijă de mine. Nu am mai văzut-o de atunci.

Sunt 635,130 de oameni în Glasgow.

'Welcome to Hell'- Chef Skinner, Ratatouille

Artwork: Ritu Elizabeth (She/Her)



Words: Tess Hardy (She/Her)
CW : Sexual Assault and suicide

A single cog in a massive machine, paying their dues, perfecting their craft with a pair of tweezers painstakingly applying almond slivers onto a perfectly cooked cod and hand sorting micro herbs. The “chef”, as a concept, prevails throughout the media, even in the childish cartoon series Bob’s Burgers. Bob is an ‘Artist who paints with beef, a Beefartist’. The idea of chefs as belligerent artists using flavour and texture to fuse together an individual experience of excellence has slowly simmered away in film and TV.

The recipe for a great artist calls for:

**2 ½ cup of genius
2/3 cups unhinged
and a dash of hysteria**

Gordon Ramsey has created a whole career around it. Hell’s Kitchen, a show consisting of professionals essentially willingly submitting themselves to abuse - ‘This fish is so raw, he’s still trying to find Nemo’ - has had over 20 seasons. Ramsey himself has claimed,

‘chefs are nutters. They’re all self-obsessed, insecure little souls, and absolute psychopaths. Every last one of them.’

Marco Pierre White, the first “celebrity chef” and mentor to Ramsey, catalysed this phenomenon back in the 1990s. White regularly ejected patrons if he took offence to their comments; a request for chips with his lunch prompted White to personally hand-cut and cook chips at the “low” price of £25 a portion. White would lob cheese plates, cut a chef’s jacket open with a knife, and even assault a chef who had recently broken his leg. Akin to Ramsey, this childish tempura tantrum behaviour was self-aware:

‘I used to go fucking insane.’

During his time working for White, Ramsey was reduced down, like a red wine jus, in the corner of the kitchen, head buried in his hands and sobbing.

**The cycle of abuse in the food industry is inescapable.
The student and the master.
But the question is:
where does this anger come from?**

And why is this disturbing display of toxic masculinity and workplace abuse normalised? It’s undeniable that, like most other industries, the food industry is male dominated. The notion of a chef brings to mind the aforementioned Michelin Hall-of-Famers or the swine Jamie Oliver and the gorgeous Marcus Wareing. According to a survey published in January 2021 by the Social Science Research Solutions, 71% of female workers had been sexually harassed during their time in the industry. An uproar was caused back in 2017 when industry giant Mario Batali was publicly exposed as a serial rapist and having a room in his restaurant building labelled the “rape room.” On Hell’s Kitchen the words ‘bitches’ and ‘cunt’ appear more than ‘chicken’ or ‘delicious’, even though 12 of 18 winners are women. The misogyny that undercuts the restaurant industry is painfully ironic. The simplest misogynist insult ‘get back to the kitchen’ is forgotten in a professional environment, with the kitchen now “a man’s world.” But professional kitchens are confrontational. They are busy. And if you can’t take the heat, then maybe you should...

GET OUT OF THE FUCKING KITCHEN

Ramsey’s, White’s, and many others style of abusive management has arguably damaged an entire generation of chefs. From tears and nervous breakdowns, to depression and suicide. Those who choose to work in the restaurant industry put themselves at the mercy of a high-pressure cooker work environment. Criticism of this infinitely macho culture emerged earlier in 2022 through the show The Bear.

The show follows fine dining chef Carmy Berzatto, and his return to Chicago to take over his brother’s restaurant after he unexpectedly takes his own life. Carmy is forced to face his complicated past relationship with his brother Michael, the grief following his older brother’s death, and his own struggles with his mental health, while resisting morphing into the abuser.

The 2021 film Boiling Point follows this similar narrative. Viewers watch, all in one take, as a talented chef spirals inexorably towards destruction, balancing along a knife’s edge as his life descends into chaos during one dinner service. Both The Bear and Boiling Point experienced a great deal of critical acclaim, winning numerous awards but, most importantly, bringing a self-aware and critical perspective on this potentially destructive industry into focus.

My personal favourite chef and documentarian of all time, however, is Anthony Bourdain. He focused on the exploration of international culture, the restaurant industry, and the human condition. He died of suicide in 2018 after a long mental health battle stemming from his work in the industry. As this tempest of abuse, misogyny, and suffering infects the industry and is hyper fixated on in the media, we lose the heart of it. Food. In Bourdain’s words it ‘brings people together’ and ‘nourishes the soul.’ The abuse and hate surrounding cooking has passed its sell by date and needs to be thrown out of the kitchen along with the trash.

Fusions in Queer Film: A Review of the Scottish Queer International Film Festival

Words: Ella Campbell (She/Her)
Artwork: Josefine Lange (She/Her)

In a world of 'subtle beauty and endless violence,' SQIFF transformed the CCA into a realm of queer connections that invited celebration and reflections upon interpersonal and worldly relations. I was lucky to attend three screenings that incidentally tied into a queer triptych on past, present, and future encounters.

With full force, I was submerged in a multi-sensory, utopian dimension in dir. April Lin's (Tending)(To)(Ta); a beautiful story of two beings, A and B, from different worlds who find solace and unification when writing to one another. The film leans into a journey of envisioning a future that 'gives [you] life' - a deviation from imposed rituals - which is stimulated by the non-gendered, omnipresent entity named Ta. In an interview, Lin explained that 'Ta' refers to the gender-neutral pronoun in Chinese, prompting them to explore what this all-encompassing pronoun may look, sound, and be like. With a meditative, electronic soundtrack and stunning shots of our characters collaborating with their surroundings through touch, taste, and sound, I became aware of the porous relationship between nature and the self. The exploration to define a notion of self for A and B relied upon creating their own portals and bridges to an imagined queer future. The audience is asked to shake off imposed narratives that we feel we must adhere to, especially when our world feels dull and mechanical, and create our own fictions instead. This film is for people who have had very tangible relationships with imagined selves, worlds, and ideas. It is only when we allow ourselves to notice pockets of unconventionality in the world that we can then consider how queer utopias can become realities.

In an ode to past affections, *Fleeting Love* represents a selection of dreamy short films perfect for date night, illustrating various fusions of queer love and/or attraction. After indulging myself in the queer futures from (Tending)(To)(Ta), I felt struck by the reminiscence that many of these stories brought forth. Andrzej Kosma Perlinski's *Dreaming of You* epitomises the tender sapphic love story, set on a misty evening where characters Zuzanna and Astrid meet at a late-night cafe. Communicating through glances, gentle kisses and delicate touch, the characters invoke a warmth of admiration beyond the confines of language as they drift through a hazy Danish city. It's soon revealed that Zuzanna is leaving to visit family with an unknown return date and as we watch them leave, only the memories remain. *Dreaming of You* allows space for loving, queer connections that live on in reminiscence. This conflation of memory is softly mirrored in Pin Ru Chen's *Swimming in the Dark*, a bittersweet recollection of devotion. Two young best friends, Wen and Ann, find trouble communicating with one another whilst training for a swimming competition. Wen struggles with trauma and slowly draws away from Ann who tries desperately to break through these emotional barriers. The film captures the deep urge to protect the ones we care for and admire, an essential asset to queer love. Ann is determined to not leave Wen behind and reflects on this in a future voiceover where she shares no regret for the cherished connection that existed, even though they are no longer in contact. Sometimes all that is there to remember a past lover, friend, or family member are the tangible memories that linger on and remind us of queer love's profundity.

We can only ponder the past or the future through our present state. Vuk Lungulov-Klotz's *Mutt* wonderfully exhibits this through the story of Fena, a young trans man who reconnects with family and friends who haven't seen him since before his transition. We trace a couple of days in Fena's life, wherein he faces hardship and misconceptions in a system that isn't built to consider trans lives. Fena is denied cashing a cheque due to his boss writing his dead name as the recipient, alongside being repeatedly misgendered by the banker in the process. Not only do the trans community suffer with obstacles in everyday tasks, but also frequent criticism and backlash from family or acquaintances because of prejudice or a lack of understanding. *Mutt* makes sure to portray the heartache of rejection from loved ones, whilst also offering the raw vulnerability of communication with those that struggle to understand but mean well. Fena manages to salvage the relationships that mean something to him despite fluctuations in closeness or empathy for one another. *Mutt* portrays the pain, resolve, and pleasure of being trans with the bold understanding that as queer people, we must live as unapologetically as possible.

SQIFF supplied a welcoming space to commemorate our stories, feelings, and imaginations of what life is and could be like. I'll certainly be looking out for SQIFF's next steps - this festival is truly not to be missed!





The Second Great Fire of London: How politicians fused tragedy with authoritarianism

Words: Elohor Efakpokire (She/Her)

Artwork: Iona Townsend (She/Her)

In 2011, onlookers watched as their beloved city burned. Fires engulfing the streets of London, broken shop windows, and the harsh footsteps of people sprinting across the streets. Chaos.

The 2011 riots were triggered by the shooting of Mark Duggan, an unarmed black man, by the Metropolitan police on 4th August. People believed, and many still speculate, that the shooting was unlawful. Conversations surrounding excessive force used by police on people of colour began to emerge, leading to a peaceful protest that would eventually turn into violent disorder.

I remember seeing an image of a car on fire in a newspaper, it had taken over the news feed. I hadn't realised at the time just how much of a long term impact it would have both socially and shaping future domestic policy; becoming the catalyst for some of the most draconian anti-protest policy and harshest criminal conviction of young people in modern Britain.

For five nights, the country was in flames. An estimated 15,000 people were involved in the riots, five people tragically losing their lives. The Courts were given the power to give tougher and longer sentences to anyone involved. First-time offenders received years for petty crimes. Vernal Dolar, 18, was imprisoned for throwing two bottles, the judge gave him a year for every bottle thrown. Twenty-three-year-old Nicholas Robinson went to prison for six months for stealing a bottle of water. Half the rioters who appeared before the courts were under the age of 20. Of those charged, 82% had their first appearance in court. Significantly, prison sentences post-riots for the same offences were longer and harsher than before the riots.

This tough approach to crime led to a significant number of young people with criminal records and insubstantial address to the issues underlying the riots in the first place, such as growing discontent with police treatment. Tim Newburn, criminologist, discusses the role police play in demonstrations shifting from protests to riots. He states 'police conduct, and policing practices are regularly found to be important features in understanding the aetiology of urban disorder. Perceptions and experiences of policing come to play an important role'. There had been growing anti-police sentiment, as well as the people experiencing the brunt of austerity measures and social inequalities. The moral panic surrounding the disorder of the riots drowned

out any meaningful approach to the systemic reasons behind the riots. The response became "let's put more police on the streets" and not "let's address a growing disillusionment and frustrations in the community".

The consensus at the time was that the riots were strictly a Law and Order issue. The death of one man became fused with both social panic and wider political issues. David Cameron reportedly described the riots as 'criminality, pure and simple'. Fuelling a narrative, in the upcoming years that protests needed to be contained, to prevent riots.

Post-Covid Lockdown, there has been a further shift to a more punitive approach to policing protests. Especially with emphasis on the "disruption" and "obstruction" that protests cause, begging the question of what constitutes as such. Are protests not supposed to be disruptive? Their very nature is supposed to be an inconvenience in order to create discourse surrounding issues, and disruption is not synonymous with violence.

Since the passing of the Public Order Act, protesters can be remanded for causing a "nuisance". There is in place a "noise trigger" which means protests can't be "too loud". The Policing Act treats protest marches the same as static demonstrations, meaning they can impose the same conditions on both. Making it near impossible to engage in something that is a democratic right.

The changes in the definition of "disruption" give the police broad and ill-defined powers to silence voices and limit the ability to protest. This is not to diminish just how dangerous riots can be, but to address that this response leads to more harm than good. History has shown that attempts to suppress dissent leads to adverse retaliations. Social psychology professor, Stephen Reicher, highlights that 'if the government thinks that such legislation will do anything to limit protests or stop conflict, they will soon see just how wrong they are'.

The Legacy of the 2011 Riots reminds us of the harm that can be caused when policies fuse short-term solutions with deep-rooted issues. There is a feeling of powerlessness that was present then and is present now. The growing frustrations towards austerity, over-policing, and injustices that are echoed in the demonstrations we've had post 2020. If we are to address rioting head on, we must not fuse unrelated issues. If rioting is the language of the unheard, then it's time to start listening.

Love and Fear in China.

Words: Anonymous

In the winter of 1956, 7 years after the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) emerged victorious in the Chinese Civil War and established the People's Republic of China, chairman Mao Zedong openly invited criticism of his party by launching the Hundred Flowers Campaign. The name was derived from a poem:

'Let a hundred flowers bloom, let a hundred schools of thought contend.'

By the campaign's end, up to 700,000 people, mostly university students and intellectuals, were forced into exile. This marks an early instance of the CCP's intolerance for dissent and free speech that continues today. Mao's motive is debated among historians; some suggest the crackdown was a panicked reaction to unexpectedly harsh criticism, while others believe the campaign was designed to identify and root out opposition.

Regardless of intent, something akin to the Hundred Flowers Campaign simply could not happen today. In a time where anti-party sentiments have reached their most brazen since the 1989 Tiananmen Square Massacre, an open call to question the CCP, and therefore threaten their control, is inconceivable.

When speaking generally about China, people may know two examples of how the Chinese people have their personal freedom restricted: the one child policy, and the internet firewall which blocks sites such as Google. The former was scrapped in 2016. And while the latter is very much in place today, its effectiveness lies beyond merely blocking western sites. It is the cultivation of a separate, controlled internet sphere where information is minutely regulated and anti-government sentiments can be quickly erased.

China is my home. I've spent the majority of my life there and will hold it dear for as long as I live. But I, along with many others, fear China because of the CCP. I have met the loved ones of those who died in captivity for nonviolent resistance - their helplessness and devastation are not something you forget. In the Northwestern region of Xinjiang, 1,000,000 Uyghur Muslims are imprisoned and face treatment that could be considered a crime against humanity. The 10,000,000 Uyghurs not imprisoned have restricted personal freedom much stricter than that of non-Uyghur citizens.

This restriction of freedom sparked a recent, rare moment of resistance to CCP rule. In 2022, a fire broke out in a residential building in Ürümqi, capital of Xinjiang. State media reported 10 people had died, with firefighting efforts hindered by barricades set up to enforce the CCP's strict zero-COVID policy.

In reaction, Chinese citizens took to the streets in protest. As the marches gathered momentum and began happening in many cities across China and the world, there was a growing sense that it was more than the zero-Covid policy being challenged, evidenced by a slogan that began to crop up, though admittedly mostly amongst the international Chinese diaspora:

'Life not zero-Covid policy, freedom not martial-law lockdown, dignity not lies, reform not cultural revolution, votes not dictatorship, citizens not slaves.'

This was the first instance in my lifetime of wide-spread, street-level opposition to the CCP. My respect and fear for those marching was matched by my incredulity at such a protest even taking place. As a result of these protests the zero-Covid policy was relaxed, yet the system of control that created the policy in the first place continues as it had before.

This system has allowed the CCP to maintain control domestically, and an international aversion to challenging a global superpower will allow them to consolidate power internationally. Their Belt and Road initiative is a thinly veiled power play to foster economic dependence in Europe and Africa, and the social credit system which received some international attention barely scratches the surface of the CCP's advanced understanding of AI software.

Some months ago, I was at my local Asian supermarket with a friend, excitedly pointing out snacks I ate as a child when they asked a question I struggled to answer: 'Do you love China?'

**To bring this article to its conclusion,
I will reveal and embellish
what I said then.**

I suppose I do love China. My love is for the people, the no-nonsense culture and glorious food. It is for trips to the Great Wall and Tang dynasty poetry. It is for my friends, my family, my home. I learned to love in this place, but I have realized this love cannot exist on its own. It must instead be fueled by an equal yet opposite feeling of fearful, righteous anger. It breaks my heart to love a place governed like this. The CCP has built a suffocating information prison to ensure any proverbial flowers wilt away. The soil from which these flowers can grow is inhospitable to seeds of doubt; rains of change are unlikely to fall anytime soon.

**"Some months ago,
I was at my local
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'Do you love China?'"**

Miik

A community hub in Glasgow's Southside.



Photos: Amber Charlton (She/Her)

An interview with Angela Ireland

by Nina Halper (She/Her)
and Esther Weisselberg (She/Her)

At the top of Victoria road (Vicky road, to some), a brightly painted cafe front with the word MILK sits nestled amongst the varying street food vendors, local charity shops, and artisan bakeries. As you walk past, its facade is inviting, with a big glass window revealing cosy seating and antique lamps hanging from the ceiling. From the inside, you can see people on the street pause and poke their head in the door to see what's going on. But, unlike the other cafes and bakeries in the area, MILK is a community hub for Glasgow's south side, with a particular focus on dignified support for women refugees and asylum seekers.

One Wednesday morning, we went along to one of the women's support groups where the organisation Greenham Women Everywhere was hosting a workshop. Across the room, as we crafted cardboard bunting, a group of about 10-15 women came and went, all with varying levels of English comprehension, putting their hands on each others shoulders and laughing across the room. One of the women cooked a Syrian lunch; a pot of chicken and potatoes, warmed flatbreads, and a green salad on the side. As she portioned us up full plates, we sat around the table sharing similar sounds of gratitude...

'mmm-mmm' and 'delicious!'

After the support group, we sat down with Angela, one of the founders of MILK, to chat more about why she and her co-founder, Gabby, began the project.

'So I think we are nine years old now. Gabby and I were volunteering with refugee charities across Glasgow and I remember my experience teaching English with one organisation in a warehouse in Tradeston. We used to go down on freezing cold mornings and you had to push mouse poo off the table before you started. It was so cold the students had to learn whilst sitting in their big coats because there was no heating. It was really amazing that we were able to offer a free service to welcome people to the city, but the funding was so limited. It was like, what are you actually telling people that their worth is if this is what you're welcoming them into? So it came from wanting to be able to offer people free service, but in a space that was actually warm and welcoming.'



With our bellies full and a warming drink in our hands, the space felt exactly that. But MILK's model has seen many changes over the last 9 years. Angela and Gabby started it as a social enterprise, functioning as a regular cafe during the day with only 3 or 4 volunteers alongside community activities. Now, they host a range of events and activities during the week and run an off site catering kitchen for events and parties. With their own catering company and funding from The National Lottery, they are able to run the community activities. To name just a few of them; on Mondays they host a conversation club for English practice, Tuesday it opens for computer classes, the women's support group takes place on Wednesday morning, Thursdays are for gentle movement, breathing and meditation and

'Fridays are chaos. We have our conversation group which is super busy and everyone comes in and they bring their babies and their friends.'

One of the women in the support group tells me that the Friday classes are 'just for gossip'. Alongside these activities, they also host music, food, and language classes in the evening. Over summer, they received funding from the refugee festival to give free training sessions.

'The sessions are about educating people on the truth about the asylum process and what it looks like. We work with the women that we support and we ask them what does it actually mean to them? How does it plunge them into poverty and strip them of their dignity compared to the rhetoric that's in the media? Folk are often accommodated in overcrowded hotels at the moment and made to share rooms with strangers, this is incredibly stressful for those who are already dealing with complex trauma. They are given £9.58 a week to live on. Until you get your refugee status granted, when you ask for asylum, the UK government will do these really intrusive interviews and you can wait ages just to get the interview. For one of the women in our group it's been seven years and only now is she getting her substantive interview. So for seven years she hasn't been allowed to work. So she's just been in this limbo of being frustrated.'

Not only does MILK function to help the community with practical things such as language learning and information about the asylum seeking process, it also provides an autonomous space where people can make connections to those who have shared experiences.

'Our chef from today started coming six years ago and would come in once a week and she was so shy. She was living in Maryhill and then after about a year, she moved from Maryhill to Govanhill so she started to come here all the time. Today, she was looking after one of the women who came for the first time today. This kind of interaction is so much better placed because she has lived through similar experiences. It's better than me going 'Hi, are you okay?'

Angela tells us that the vision for the next few years is to hand over the baton to the people who use the space, so that it can be run by a community with lived experience. She tells us 'that kind of connection is exactly what MILK is about. It's about human connection instead of accessing a service and then leaving it.' With its humble cafe facade, MILK is an impressive community hub that should be a benchmark to the kinds of initiatives that offer support for refugees and asylum seekers. It is a dignified, warm and welcoming space that encourages connections between people with shared experiences to flourish.



Instagram: @milk_cafeglasgow
Web: milkcafe glasgow.co.uk





Cursed Gifts

Words: Constance Roisin (She/Her)

Artwork: Eleonora Nitopi (She/Her)

Powerful objects often make their way into our stories. A ring that makes you invisible, a lamp that grants you three wishes, a yellow fish that, when inserted in your ear, translates all languages, the hand of Midas: everything you touch turns to gold. Flying carpets, winged-shoes, talking hats. These objects are the MacGuffin, the thing that everyone is chasing. Even into adulthood, we can't quite let go of this fantasy. Arthur C. Clarke once wrote that 'Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic.' And now we have been gifted with wearable tech. Apple Watch, Oura Ring, Fitbit, AirPods. Smart watches, rings, glasses — Levi's even has a smart jacket. They can measure our heart-rate, sleep quality, sex drive, blood-alcohol content, track our menstrual cycles, our stress and self-esteem levels, count our calories and our steps, even monitor for signs of infection. In the pipeline for development is epidermal electronics, or eSkin. We're entering a new era of proactive healthcare.

However, not all wearable tech products survive. Notably, Google Glass was discontinued this September. The smart glasses allowed you to use all the main functions of an iPhone, hands-free. Among the main reasons for its failure to launch was the creepy image of the user with a camera looking wherever they looked. One reviewer wrote that Glass looked like a 'third-eye' he couldn't stop staring at. If part of the danger of wearable tech comes from the user, the majority of concerns come from the provider. What exactly is happening to all those steps, calories, heartbeats? Now that data has surpassed oil and gold in value, it is perhaps naive to imagine that wearable tech companies won't be selling our information. As legal scholar Julie E. Cohen puts it, our bodies have become 'a source of presumptively raw materials that are there for the taking.'

The development of wearable tech has furthered the popularity of the quantified self, a cultural phenomenon whereby the individual self-tracks with tech, in order to acquire 'self-knowledge through numbers.' Eventually, the device you use gains more knowledge about your body than you possess. And though designed to improve your health, it can in fact exacerbate cyberchondria. When the trend first took off in the 2010s, this quantified self was formed from 'fitness freaks, technology evangelists, personal-development junkies.' But now there is one form of tracking that is near-ubiquitous, and it's not information about the self, but rather about each other.

With Snap Maps, Find My Friends, Life360, location-enabling apps have become a cultural norm, (despite initial worries about their capacity for enabling stalkers). What does location-sharing say about its users? Why do we feel entitled to know where our friends are all the time? Why are our feelings hurt when someone turns off their location? These platforms separate the users into two groups: those that are visible and ghosts. One side needy, the other distant. Online there are numerous accounts of people confessing that whilst they initially used location-sharing to check that their loved ones were safe, they now use it obsessively, convinced that an unmoving dot signals a dead body and not a dead battery. Why not just delete the app? Because you can't put the genie back in the bottle.

There may be other reasons for the expansion of this ubersurveillance. We give away information, but we also take it from others. Maybe we like to be both citizen and Big Brother, the prisoner and the prison guard in the virtual Panopticon. As Katina Michael, a professor who studies location-based technology, puts it: 'It's the most powerful thing, knowing where someone is. It's sacred knowledge. It's God knowledge.' With wearable-tech, we fuse with the machine, and with location-sharing, we fuse with each other. Surely the initial idea was to become more interconnected. However, this comes at the high price of privacy and independence from tech (and by extension private tech companies). According to Sophocles, 'Nothing vast ever enters the life of mortals without a curse.' We see this too in how the stories end. The One Ring drives its owner to madness. The babel fish causes wars. Everything Midas touches turns to gold, and eventually he starves.

"With wearable-tech, we fuse with the machine, and with location-sharing, we fuse with each other."

Robot Rock-Exploring AI's Growing Influence in Music

Words: Cameron Rhodes (he/him)
Artwork: Amber Charlton (She/Her)

Artificial Intelligence (AI) has been weaving its tendrils into media over the past couple of years, ranging from writing to art and now music. Having originated as an experimental tool for humans, AI has gradually advanced to the point where it can replicate human media very closely to the actual product. Earlier in 2023, AI programs like Midjourney and Dall-E were accused of stealing art from artists; this has now progressed into the territory of music, becoming a real issue where artists are having their voices entirely replicated, singing lyrics they have not written themselves.

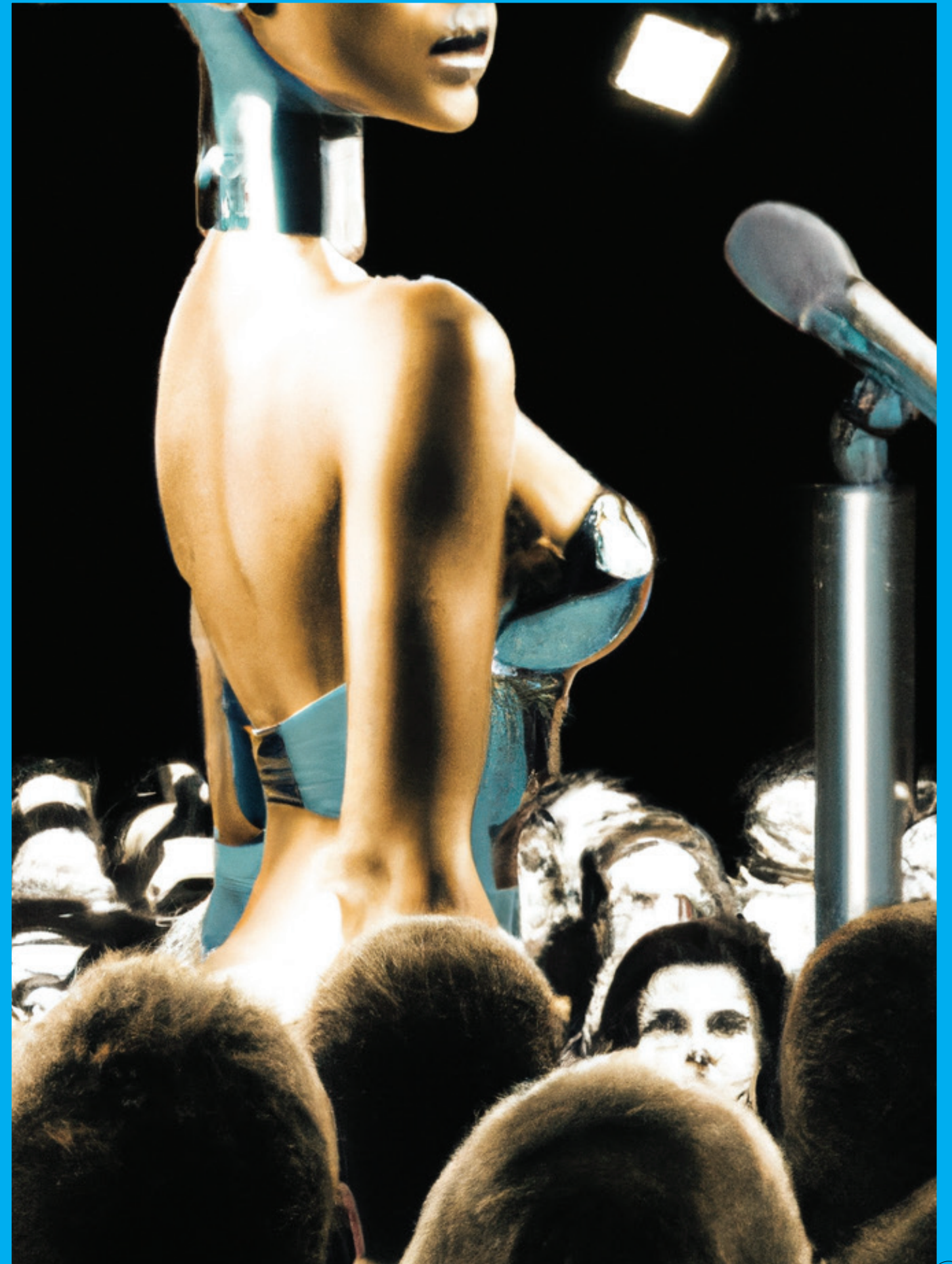
When autotune usage was popularised in the late 2000s from artists such as T-Pain, The Black Eyed Peas, and Kanye West, there was controversy as to whether using this tech phenomenon detracts from other artists who are seen to have more natural talent, without artificially manipulating one's voice. This is interesting as artists have used vocal manipulation consistently in the decades before this; for example, Daft Punk's own vocals are unrecognisable beneath a characteristic layer of robotic tones and synths. However, as time has gone on, autotune has become commonplace in the mainstream, and is viewed more so as a tool that adds another dimension of sound. If one poses this argument, then can a human use AI as an instrument to create music?

Naturally, there are layers to this discourse, as there is a fine line between using AI to assist in music production, and stealing content for financial gain. In September, Grammys CEO, Harvey Mason Jr, stated in an interview that if there is some human contribution in producing a song, then songs made with AI software are eligible for Grammy nomination. Since this interview, the CEO has gone back on these statements but, at the time, the ethics and legality of this recognition were questioned. This statement meant that AI could be utilised as a music production tool, essentially, if a human manipulated another human's voice with AI, then this could still win an award. In an era of music where artists are sued simply for having a similar beat selection to other songs (an example being Ed Sheeran's "Thinking Out Loud", supposedly plagiarising Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get It On"), it seems doubtful that AI manipulation will ever be received positively by the masses.

"The fusion of the inhuman and the human is becoming a reality as technology progresses, but the possibility of this reality becoming socially acceptable seems distant."

The heart of the debate stems from AI's specific uses. Spotify uses AI to curate playlists for users, and its recent AI DJ feature uses a voice constructed from an AI as a radio announcer. Spotify has not outright banned the use of AI in its libraries, but the CEO has specified that replicating artists is unacceptable. However, it was stated that there is some middle ground whereby AI has been used to make a song influenced by other artists, but not directly replicated. It is clear that the underlying issue of AI's place in music is the replication of vocals. This is held as widely unacceptable and it is clear that artists stand firm against this section of debate, with the singer Grimes being an outlier. She stated that she was happy for artists to replicate her voice, as long as they split royalties with her. She even went as far as partnering with software companies to distribute her voice, with the software having specific voice prints to replicate her vocals. This rare fusion happens with consent from the artist, therefore making it a viable route of music creation. However, when this fusion is unsolicited, artistic values and integrity are compromised. When creators pass these AI songs off as their own work instead of as an experiment or a meme, the original artists have every right to pursue legal action.

Although in the very rare occasions where artists, like Grimes, allow their voices to be used by others, the majority of artists rightfully object to the use of their voice. The fusion of the inhuman and the human is becoming a reality as technology progresses, but the possibility of this reality becoming socially acceptable seems distant. It's possible that, at some point, artists could receive a split payment for AI vocals, just as they receive payment for features. But, in an era where basic chord progression can be seen as stolen content, it's much harder for artists to warrant manipulation of their vocals. Autotune differs from AI replication, as it is an artist's own decision to manipulate their voice. T-Pain is known to sing impressive vocals but it was through his own decision to use autotune to refine his music in the way he wanted. Human decisions are the backbone of music production, and when the decision is taken out of their hands, AI poses a threat as a malicious presence rather than a helpful tool.



A Synergetic Reality: The Fusion of VR with Mental Health Therapies

Words: Jessica McKendrick (She/Her)

Artwork: Leon Cadrick (He/Him)

CW: Mental health

You're floating down a river, hearing the water lapping, feeling the gentle breeze against your skin. Focussing your effort on your body, your breathing. It's meditative. It's mindful. But suddenly you're in a dungeon. It's dark and it's cold and the panic creeps in. Your heart is beating faster. Your breaths are getting deeper. Cowering in the shadows, you can just make out an ominous creature in the darkness. The only way to ward it off is to take hold of that panic; controlling your breaths to return to the stillness and tranquillity of the water.

But you remove the headset and you're back in reality, having experienced the sensory immersive virtual reality game by tech company Ninja Theory. The game was developed to understand the body's response to stress and to encourage effective anxiety reducing techniques. As discussion of mental health issues has been destigmatised in recent decades, more and more individuals are turning to therapy and counselling for support and guidance. Regrettably, this destigmatisation comes coupled with a shortfall in support and accessible resources, casting uncertainty into the minds of those needing it most. However, within a society investing heavily in the advancement of technology, patients may soon look no further than the shiny goggles of a VR headset. The reality of mental health support may soon be changed forever with the emergence of scientific studies proposing virtual reality as an aid to support patients suffering with anxiety and other mental health conditions. Patients are being encouraged to, quite literally, "face their demons".

The use of the game to teach and encourage anxiety relief comes as a futuristic concept and a method of delivery which, if successful, could become the new reality of our approach to mental health, and another example of how tech is fusing with wellbeing and healthcare. It's not surprising that technology is advancing rapidly into the realm of mental health support, with meditation and mindfulness apps installed into the phones of millions; this unprecedented fusion is becoming recognised as commonplace. This new initiative of using VR as a mental health therapeutic tool isn't limited to just the anxiety response; the game's success reflects the promise of other studies conducted into VR to support patients suffering with phobias, PTSD, and schizophrenia; the "virtual" aspect of these proposed realities providing scope for future exposure therapies.

This novel direction for mental health support is advantageous for many reasons, perhaps the most significant being its potential to increase accessibility. The prevalence of mental health issues amongst the population is climbing to an all-time high, with an estimated 1 in 4 Scots thought to be affected by mental health problems in any 1 year. But these conditions aren't equally distributed across the population, with socially disadvantaged individuals showing an increased risk of developing mental health disorders but with reduced accessibility to resources and treatment. Where support is out of reach of those needing it most, could VR therapies revolutionise this issue of accessibility? Apps similar to the likes of Headspace may transform the common understanding and practice of mental health support, with VR headsets compatible with the humble smartphone available for a mere £30.

But how far is too far? Would this movement away from personable therapies and counselling counteract the progress made during in-person therapy sessions? VR therapies lacking the human connection of support from a professional may halt or reverse improvement in one's condition. Additionally, this proposed at-home practice of VR therapy requires the incentive and motivation of the patient, which may be lacking in those experiencing severe episodes. Currently, just a handful of the NHS trusts across the UK support this futuristic approach in a hybridised treatment for social anxiety, wearing the headset to work through a series of tasks that reflect everyday triggers of anxious social avoidance. It is yet to be rolled out into practices nationally, but the program's success is gaining traction and showing promise for the future of therapies.

With the emergence of VR harking back to the mid-1960s, it may not be long before this fantasy turns to reality. Sixty years later, we see promise for the future of mental health support, a concept which if suggested at the time of VR inauguration would have been out of the question. Equally this might all sound too good to be true, and it's certainly not a far cry from a Black Mirror episode. While I'm not suggesting that this fusion of tech and mental health treatment will be the downfall of our society (see "Playtest" – Series 3, Ep. 2. TW: Terrifying). This is a movement only heading forward, and it's set to leave those not on board behind to face their less pixelated and more virtual demons via other means.



Haunted Bodies

Stone heart-monster, hunched **gargoyle** arrested
 in ribbed vaults flared against masonry skin
 Doorknobs are silenced with rusted echoes
 through every chamber, a knobbed spine **snakes**
 past vestibules of wasted air, deathly breaths
 mist the vulvar void

Spidering silver **neurons** scuttle
 into every unknown crevice
 stretching stone skin across time
 as fractures web themselves, an
 entanglement of cellulite
 Pointed arches penetrate
 the space above spindled arms
 mummifying the phantom chasm
 Salt tears glaze lime-encrusted eyelids
 unable to blink away stained visions
 of the **Virgin Mother** in vitro
 Women of glass and myth

It's not until you're jointed, bolted
 muscled into recognition, that you see
 every brick cell bone is mere foundation
 to be built upon again
 Walls shed and resurrect
 an incarnadine dawn

You are my creator, but I am your master

But no one can master
 those fruitless branches of barked skin
 reaching in a fallopian arch
 grown from dead soil
 torn by winter winds

Breached gate hinges screech
 like swords unsheathed too late. They release
 ghosts who have left and not returned.
 Their steely voices cannot drown out
 the embryonic emptiness of the vault
 encased by battlements and ramparts
 Agitated limbs thrust inwards –



Words: Orla Davey (She/Her)
 Artwork: Ruby O'Hare (She/Her)

love it or hate it:

The incessant craving
for marmite
was the first sign that the fuse was lit.
a sticky, salty substance
began the countdown on the timebomb
that would soon come to obliterate
my Mother as a person
and give birth to
my Mother herself
along with me –
child. hers. Mother's.

**could she feel herself
ebbing away
as I myself grew stronger?
i would not exist
without my Mother
as much as she does not exist
without me.
no Mother without child.
just a dead identity
forewarned of her demise
as she spread marmite across bread
unable to understand why
she suddenly enjoyed it.
after her fuse blew
in a self-sacrificial
deference to new life,
Mother nurtured child
sticky hands grabbing marmite
sandwiches
lovingly made
and selflessly given up.
a childlike and innocent love
of a controversial snack.**

she is my sun
the spark, the fuse that blew.
to ignite my life.
i am her moon.
illuminated by her,
unable to produce my own light
I live half in her shadow
my own glow casting, but
stolen from her.
New life born from the burning ashes
still, nurtured by the light of
Mother
who, herself, rose from the remains
scorched and dry as the new life pushed out from her
crying, for the first time
– a wet sound
after the flames ripped through
who she was before me.
no Mother
without child
no child
without Mother.

the alchemists knew
the sun burns itself up
to give us life
as my cells grew inside her,
leeching her energy
fuelling the new life
she craved
the identity she knew she would take
like the once hated,
suddenly loved
marmite.
did she know that she was dying?
of course –
motherhood is a sacrifice,
one of flames
blood that could dampen the fire
but instead courses through me
from her.

Mother mourns the fuse burnt out
the person lost
as she mourns the child all grown.

i have killed off the identity
i gave her;
Mother,
child,
forced out of the womb, into adulthood with me
lighting herself for myself
disconnecting the telephone line
i no longer call her on.

no child without Mother,
i make my own marmite sandwiches now.

My Mother and i



Words: Madeleine Alexander (She/They)
Artwork: Amelie Benicio (She/Her)

Solder

Words: Hannah Parkinson (She/Her)

Artwork: by Yixuan Du (She/Her)

come together is this going to
 in the silence of the to kill us?
 noise - suck me into the i swear
 chaos!! (i know my hands are it'll be
 perpetually shaking but i promise
 i'll be, like, so careful) i see the spark
 just light me up! baby we're cosmic! melt
 down into a puddle of hot molten lies
 there's pieces of me all over this
 place, sparks of hot writhing worth
 solid (molten) silver but the waste
 we're golden, mine and we were
 is cosmic, love waiting for this



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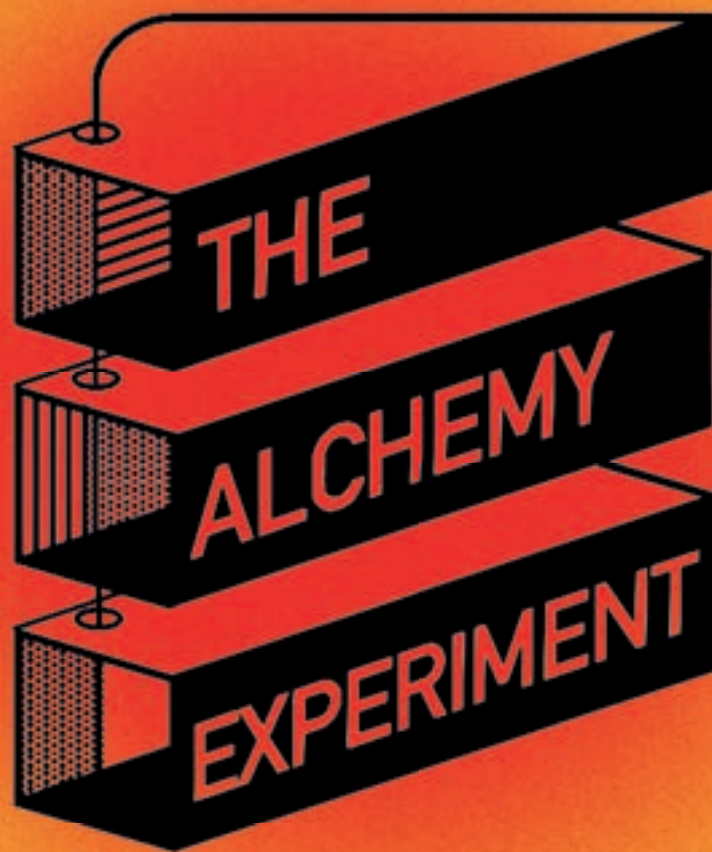
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