

edition 3 | june 2016

# CUS • ZINE

*Black Lives Matter*

EXTINGUISH? RIP NIMBUS.  
NORTHERN WHITE RHINO FROM  
CAMP. CAN SCIENCE SAVE THE  
STRIKE ON SYRIAN REFUGEE  
RICH AND POOR? DEADLY AIR  
LIFE SPAN GAP WIDENING BETWEEN  
SYRIANS ARE TWICE REFUGEES.  
AND JAPANESE PALESTINIAN  
DEVA STATE LIFE IN EQUADOR  
SURVIVE. POWERFUL QUAKES  
HOMELANDS STRUGGLE TO  
HUNGARY'S CRIMINALISED  
SCAVENGE FOR A LIVING  
WAR. IRAQI CHILDREN  
KILLED IN SOUTH SUDAN  
TENS OF THOUSANDS  
POVERTY IN THE UK  
LIVE IN EXTREME  
THAN A MILLION  
IS RACIST. MORE  
BORIS JOHNSON  
BANGLADESH  
DEATH IN  
HACKED TO  
ACTIVISTS  
GAY  
TWO

WE EXIT  
IN THIS  
SO YEARS. WE'RE TRAPPED  
WITH WORST DROUGHT FOR  
ETHIOPIA STRUGGLES  
OF OUR PLASTIC WASTE  
THEIR STOMACHS FULL  
WALS PRESIDENTIAL VOTE  
OF RIGHT TOPS FIRST ROUND  
AUSTRIA ELECTION FAR  
PIG. PANAMA PAPERS  
CAMERON FACE FUCKED A  
WORKED WITH CHILDREN AFTER  
HIGH. PAEDIOPHILE PSYCHIATRIST  
REMOVAL CENTRES AT ALL TIME  
ATTEMPTS AT UK IMMIGRATION  
'EUROPEAN VALUES' SUICIDE  
IMMIGRANTS TO SIGN UP TO  
SLAVERY. BELGIUM TO REQUIRE  
WE ARE TO NEGROES WHO ACCEPTED  
FRENCH MINISTER COMPARES VEIL

REST IN PURPLE,

PRINCE.



**CUS! 'Zine**  
Edition 3 – June 2016

**CUS! 'Zine** is a quarterly collaborative 'zine which combines art and politics.

For more information go to: [tankgreen.com/cus-zine/](http://tankgreen.com/cus-zine/). Twitter: [twitter.com/cuszine](https://twitter.com/cuszine). Email: [cuszine@gmail.com](mailto:cuszine@gmail.com).

**CUS! 'Zine** is always interested in working with new voices. Please email us if you want to get involved.

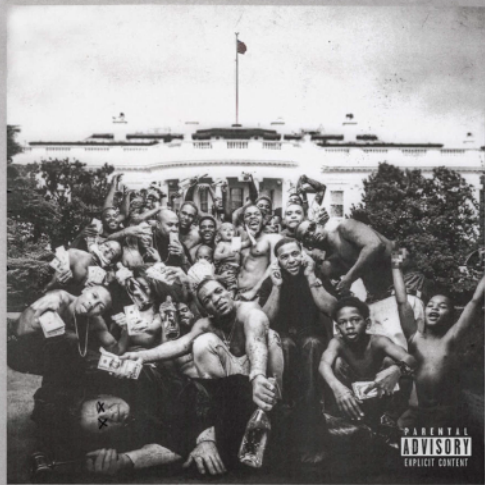
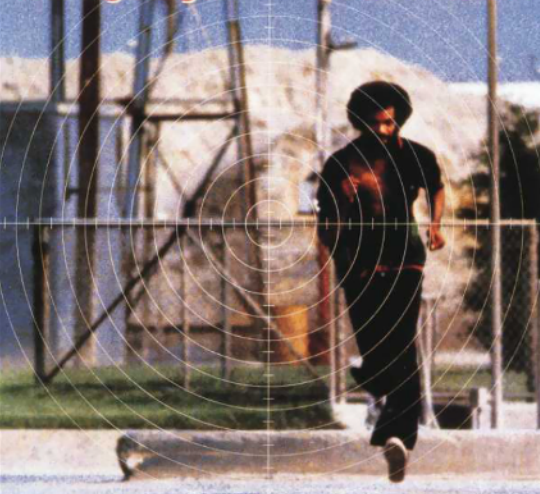
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**Moving Target**

**Gil Scott-Heron**



**cine  
SPEAK**



**DUST DIGNITY**

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**DUST DIGNITY**



**Dust + Dignity** is an educational experience promoting dialogue + advancing social justice through the exploration of the relationship between music and visual art. In March 2016, we curated an exhibit featuring an audio tour with over 100 vinyl albums covers — hand-selected by five of Philadelphia's most prominent DJ-Vinyl Collectors: Cosmo Baker, King Britt, Rich Medina, Skeme Richards, and DJ Junior.

Today, we are experiencing an outing of the racial ignorance that has long existed in our city, country, and surrounding world. Born out this injustice and in response to the ignorance is art. In art, we find sound. Music keeps us together; it heals and connects — it motivates and celebrates. Lyrics give life to our souls, the melodies align our hearts, and the rhythms stoke the fire in our movements. Often-overlooked is the powerful connection between an album's music and the accompanying album visual artwork that binds it all together. From Gil Scott Heron's "*Moving Target*" to Kendrick Lamar's highly-acclaimed 2015 release, "*To Pimp a Butterfly*", the evolution of album artwork has transmitted the dynamism of music and social injustices.

This exhibition was first conceived as a result of a conversation in one of the doctoral courses I teach. The course focused on the opportunity gap in education in the United States. The conversation shifted to what music young people listen to today compared to what we listened to growing up. It was clear at that moment that we were repeating the feeling our own parents had when they would talk about the music we listened to in our youth. Nevertheless, there was something that stood out to all of us that night. Which was today's music is different then what we grew up on. The class agreed that most of the today's mainstream music was lacking substance around social justice and consciousness. I can remember saying that the music I grew up on told the story of what was going on in the world around civil rights, war, politics, etc. These topics have not disappeared. There will always be music about love and relationships but that is the typical.

Along with the message from the music the visual artwork for the album also has a communicates and idea. This is not just the actual album cover art but the packaging of the physical release which include the liner notes. Critics will say that the artwork value is not as high but I think it's because fans have allowed the market to dictate that value. Digital formats of music don't emphasize the artwork and liner notes event though they are part of the digital file. Furthermore, in a society that has a short attention span, the importance of the artwork and artist liner notes has definitely faded. Particularly, for artist and albums you are not familiar with the artwork is the first impression you have of the release.

In recent years, there are few mainstream artists that have released albums where the artwork and music have evoked social justice. In the United States similar to other nations there has been so many events that elicit social justice conversations that I'm just curious why the mainstream artist have not used their platform more to reflect and respond? Likewise, I'm curious if music enthusiast are searching for that dialogue in the music they listen to.

All of these thoughts around music, art and social justice brought me to the following reflective questions:

- *What draws you to music that you listen to?*
- *What influences you to purchase music?*
- *Do you read liner notes?*
- *Do you listen to the same genre and artists now that you listened to when you were younger?*
- *How do you want music to effect you?*

**- Bruce "DJ Junior" Campbell Jr., Ph.D**

For more information on the Dust + Dignity project please check out:

Instagram: [@DustNDignity](#) | Twitter: [@DustNDignity](#) | Facebook: [facebook.com/DustNDignity](#)



# The National Health



I'm a parent now and I love it. That's because becoming a parent is basically like getting a university degree, just without the years of study. It makes you an instant expert on virtually everything. I don't know how it works exactly but parenthood appears to magically bestow on you the authority to form strong opinions and not to be afraid to make them public. The best thing is, you lose all inhibition to make general assumptions based on your individual experience. No prior knowledge or further research needed. It's true – just consult any parents' web forum and you will find a plethora of unsolicited strongly worded opinions, sometimes poorly disguised as well meaning advice, by #parentsofinternet. It's just great.

So let me tell you my totally subjective opinion: I love the NHS. The NHS is brilliant and it's under threat by the current government, by TTIP, Brexit and so on. Disagree? **You** are wrong.

In the last few months I've seen more of the inside of my local hospital than I would have liked to. This pregnancy was my first major encounter with the NHS and, to be honest, it's been a mixed bag in some respects. However, the medical care I received was first class, the NHS staff I encountered were excellent and I felt well looked after at all times. That is what counts, and I couldn't be more grateful.

The day I gave birth coincided with a junior doctors' strike and whereas that didn't fill me with confidence beforehand, in the end it was (spoiler alert!) all fine. There wasn't a hint of chaos and while senior consultants gladly covered for their colleagues, patients found themselves discussing the shortcomings of the health secretary with hospital staff. Everyone I came across was very supportive of the junior doctors, and that speaks for itself. At times like these, when the government seems to do its best to screw over large parts of the population, and more often than not the mainstream media are an unreliable source of information, it is telling that there was 100% support for the strike by the people there who understood what was at stake.

Britain may have a love-hate relationship with its NHS but most people would agree that while it's not perfect it's still bloody amazing and we should be very thankful it exists. I feel humbled by my NHS experience, and it makes me sad to think that the people who work hard to keep the service going on a daily basis and ensure that everyone gets great care, are being defamed and depicted as selfish and greedy. There may be administrative challenges and occasional long waits but overall the NHS is better than its reputation. Facilities may look dated and brochures given out as bad photocopies rather than the glossy originals but real help is available and generously offered equally to anyone who needs it, regardless of status or income. I can see why these cosmetic faults are frowned upon by those who have a stake in our style over substance PR and marketing culture. However, this is a clash of ideologies. The national health relies on good old-fashioned common sense.

Spending cuts and enforced gradual privatisation by the current government are a threat to the core of the NHS, not to mention international trade agreements TTIP and CETA, which cater above all to large multinational companies, and a potential Brexit, which would open the UK to a more ruthless version of neoliberalism. Therefore anyone who prides themselves on their common sense should focus on what really matters and do their damndest to protect the NHS, even if it's only by reading up on facts, creating awareness through talking to friends and family and signing and sharing petitions.

That's my opinion, as a new parent. I insist that both for ourselves and for generations to come, it's worth fighting for the NHS because whatever would replace it would make equal access to healthcare a thing of the past.

Christiane Eck





# Climbing the Ladder(s)

Dawn L. Hollis

**Warning.** On the off-chance that you have been living under a WiFi-deficient rock for the last six months, this contains spoilers for *Star Wars: The Force Awakens*.

George Lucas has always said that as far as he is concerned the *Star Wars* saga is really the story of one family: the Skywalkers.

Read cynically, there's a real and disturbing story of social advantage to be taken from *Star Wars*. Ok, both Anakin and Luke (and Rey Almost-Certainly-Skywalker-of-Some-Sort) grew up in less than ideal conditions on really dusty planets. But, due to an accident of birth – or of midi-chlorian count, as the utterly unromantic prequel trilogy taught us – all three are rapidly flung into positions of intergalactic influence and are hailed as heroes, whether of the Light or Dark Side of the Force. Meanwhile, Leia was raised a princess, and even the Skywalker robots have a voice in top-secret, vitally-important, mission-planning discussions.

Then there is everyone else. There's poor bloody Han Solo, who risks his life every five minutes for a Skywalker, falls in love with a Skywalker, (spoiler!) fathers a Skywalker, but thirty years after *Return of the Jedi* is still a smuggler. And he's not even doing the Kessel Run in less than twelve parsecs, because he lost his precious Millennium Falcon in the meantime. Then, at the end of it all (SPOILER!), he dies by the lightsaber of a fricking Skywalker having an existential crisis.

At least Han got a taste of fame and appreciation, though. What about the Ewoks? The Ewoks saved *the entire galaxy* and all they ever got out of it was being disdained by most fans as a shameless plug for franchised plush toys. But below even the Ewoks are the Stormtroopers, who don't even have faces. They get ordered to fight and to die by the Big Bad (generally a Skywalker or a would-be-mentor of one), and unlike the Ewoks don't even get to live idyllic existences in treehouses, spit-roasting their guests.

There seems to be a myth, in the real world, that there is a single ladder of life, wealth, and power that all people – Ewoks, Skywalkers, robots – climb together, failing and falling or winning and ruling entirely off the back of their own efforts and skills. The people at the top, mostly, were already halfway up when they started. Only a few clawed their way up through the foliage.

Maybe it's time that more Ewoks and Stormtroopers start writing the saga?

## Petition the petition the petition

I'm pretty sure I have emails in my inbox from 38 Degrees numbering the high hundreds, and I can't count the number of times I've signed one of those House of Commons petitions thinking '*fuck yeah, now they have to talk about it, that'll show them!*' and then just getting on with my day. I don't even know what happens to these things after I click - is there a committee in a back room in Downing Street where they print off a list of signatures directly into a shredder?

I don't usually share the signing with followers & friends but plenty folk do or else how would I have heard about it? We're all in a righteous, insulated bubble of *virtue signalling* and mutual back slapping, or so I've read. By 'we' I mean people on the Left, so called SJWs, as described by those outside *our* bubble - *those fuckers over there in their bubble*.

So yeah as I take a look at the world of input I've made for myself it is, for the most part, a carefully curated flow of digital agreement with no-one posting anything to harsh my mellow. It's seeded with a sprinkling of active sniffer dogs for Justice (thank your favoured deity for them - shining the light in the dark dirty areas is difficult vital work), who pass on the latest terrible event or horrific person being horrific. They fight so that I can get a nice little kick of outrage (not too often, maybe once a week please?), I then get worked up and maybe sign another petition.

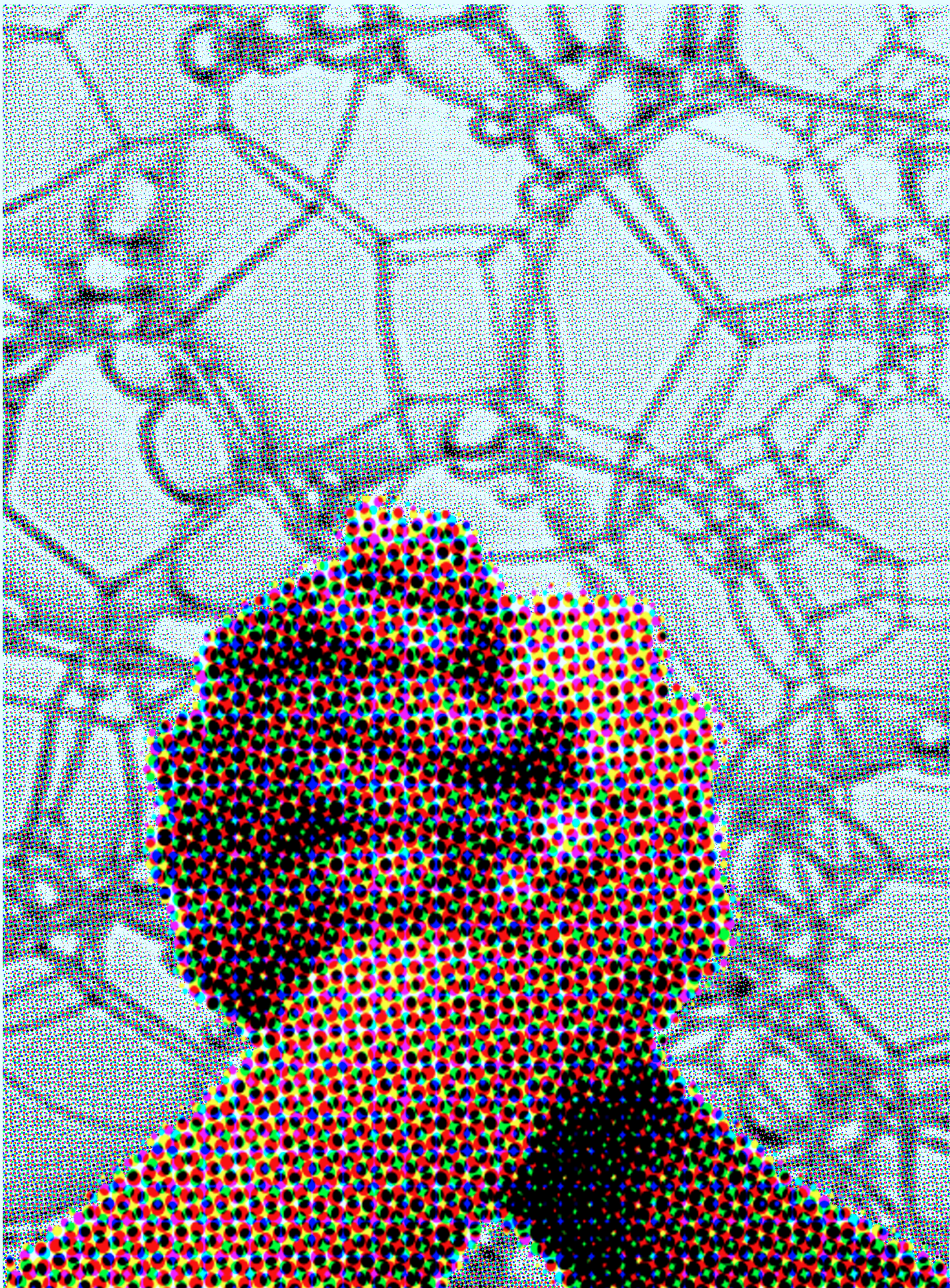
I've somehow ended up doing exactly what I didn't want to be doing, and being a lazy, whiny, ineffective weak voice, preaching to the converted (without *really* getting off my arse to preach). I'm conceding the fight to the *other* fuckers in the *other* bubble - the *brown greasy bubble of Wrong Opinions & Evil*. I'm not trying to be all self-effacing to virtue-signal my modesty, I'm telling you how fucking lame I am so that I can publicly give myself a kick up my own arse - in this day & age, I can do much better than this!

Yes, it's easy to be lazy with the tools and technology we have available today, but what we have is a way to reach out and connect that can be so useful, so powerful, that we shouldn't forget the possibilities - amazing & unprecedented potential for global solidarity! It may seem like hyperbole but it wasn't so long ago that wearing your ally's badge or sending a little cash their way was the only real option in most people's day to day lives. Their enemy is our enemy & now we can join, debate, *support, cajole and pressure like fuck*.

The possibilities for protest and action are huge, and the technology is still so very young! This is uncharted territory & people who are interested in lending their voice are just learning how to be most effective. Justice is not something to be ashamed to work towards, and now we can do it together across the world, hand in hand, and pop their shitty bubbles.

- Garry Freckleton

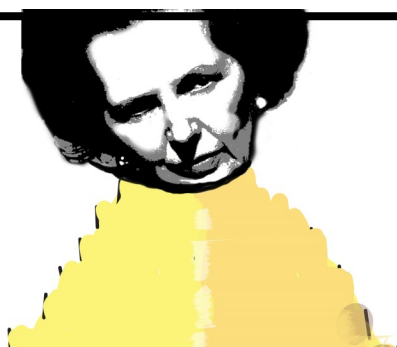




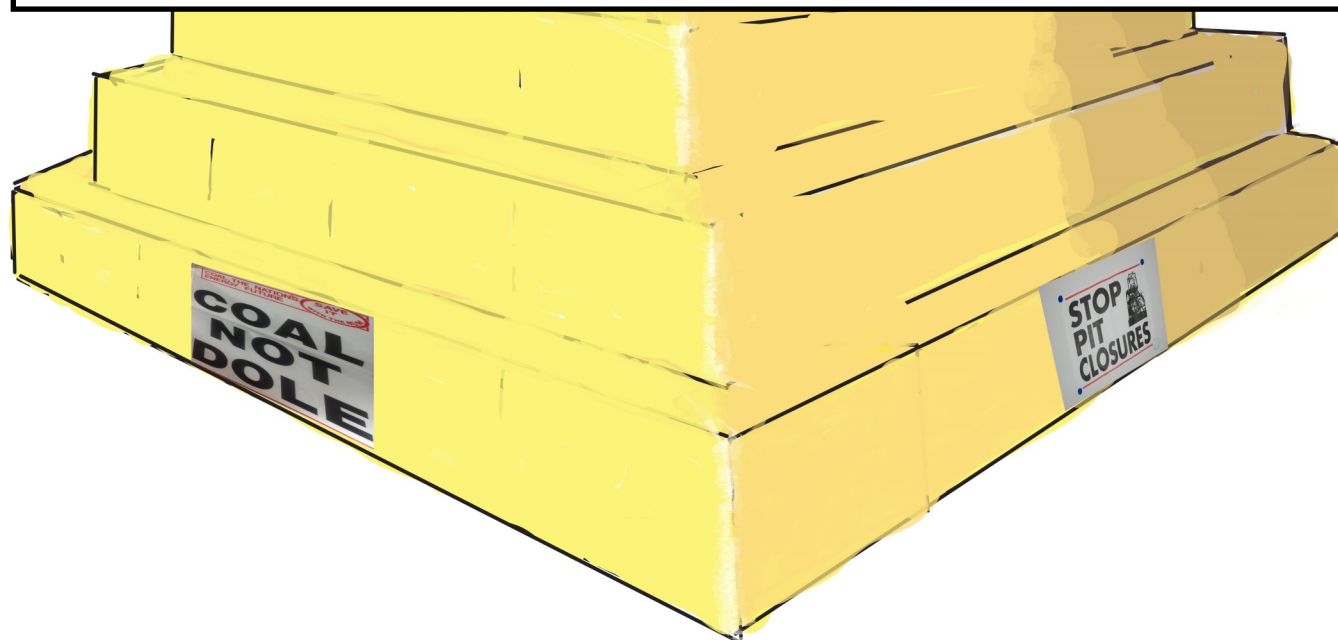


# My Political Appetite, or Food for Thought, or The Tories Take Another Bite

## By Kay Barrett



One of the most abiding memories of my childhood is free dairy products. They called it Butter Mountain, which to my seven year old mind was a magical mound of deliciousness, taller than the eye could see, its frosted peak sheltering in the sun-bright clouds. I can't remember for how often or for how long, but my Mother would take my three sisters and I, the youngest not long out of nappies, to the local Salvation Army, and in exchange for a quick peek at her rent book, we netted armfuls of cheese and butter and sometimes yoghurt. I didn't realise at the time that it was being handed out by the EU because of some confusing law called Common Agricultural Policy. I also didn't realise that we received this wonderful gift because we were below the poverty threshold. It was 1984/5, and my Father worked in a colliery as a miner.





For many years, the miners had been struggling to improve wages and conditions. In 1984 and 85 a crisis point was reached, and there were strikes. It wasn't just Thatcher and Scargill slugging it out. Being so small, I didn't see or hear about the violence, but it wasn't just on the picket line. In my hometown, a striking miner called Michael Fletcher was beaten by a twenty-strong masked gang of men, wielding baseball bats, in his own house, whilst his pregnant wife and children hid upstairs. He later reported that he had recognised one of the men as a miner at the very pit where he worked.

Support for the strikes was varied across the UK. Tempers were high and morale was low. Miners in many regions began to return to work in 1985, defeated. In 1987 Wheldale Colliery was closed, but my Father had left it long before then. He had four children to feed, and although the neighbours and some immediate family were kind enough to search their cupboards for leftover tins from Christmas hampers (I can't eat Angel Delight or Pressed Tongue to this day), their generosity couldn't last forever. The strike action had been declared illegal, so families were unable to claim any state benefits in the meantime.

It took my family, and hundreds of others, quite some time to work themselves out of poverty. Some still haven't. Jobs were hard to come by. Two million manufacturing jobs were lost between 1979-1981. Between the years of 1984-86 there were over three million people unemployed. Prior to the reign of Margaret Thatcher, it had had been consistently half that number. It is said that Thatcher "tamed" the inflation rate and reformed the UK economy by steering away from state-controlled institutions towards privatisation. But at what cost?

When David Cameron led the Conservative government to power in 2010, via Nick Clegg and the Liberal Democrats agreeing to a Lib-Con coalition, many of us who were affected by the strikes in the 80s had serious misgivings. They felt betrayed (it was Nick Clegg in the Rose Garden with 57 seats) and feared a return to those tumultuous, depressing times, when families were in real need.

Fast forward to 2016. The Conservatives now have an outright majority via the 2015 election. Thirteen million people are living below the poverty line in the UK, food banks are in almost every large town, and the fabulous Trussel Trust has given out over a million three-day emergency food supply kits to people in crisis. I felt a bizarre kind of nostalgia when assembling a bag of tinned goods to donate. I was oddly aware of not wanting to pack anything that kids wouldn't like. Imagine being constantly hungry and then being forced to eat pressed bloody tongue.

Anyway, back to the Conservatives, who are assigning contracts to global corporations to assess whether or not our disabled are disabled enough to give financial help to. It was recently reported that thousands of those who were declared "fit for work" died soon afterwards. Oh, and if you do get to claim benefits, then you can be sanctioned for being in hospital or for being five minutes late. This can mean you get zero money for weeks.

The social housing system is being dismantled, and more of us are falling into the clutches of private buy-to-let landlords. Generation Rent is a phrase we now hear often. David Cameron thinks that £450k is "affordable housing", although Shelter advises that this is unaffordable to 58% of people on middle incomes, and completely out of the picture to those on low incomes. Speaking of Shelter, there were about double the number of rough sleepers in the UK in 2015 than there were in 2005.

Also, all schools will soon be controlled directly by the Education Secretary thanks to the new plan to force all schools to become "academies". My old high school is one; the government has already sneaked in 4,000 of these conversions. Statistically, children in "academies" perform less well. So the education system will be two tier, comprised of those children whose parents could afford private school fees, and those whose could not.

Of course, it helps if you have a Father who set up an offshore account to avoid tax on his millions, rather than one who scraped at a coal-face half a mile below the earth.







## **What do we need from the UK parliamentary tradition?**

Parliament is in the process of debating the restoration of the Palace of Westminster. Mainly the restoration project is a pragmatic and technical exercise, with debates mainly focusing on the cost involved and the MPs' potential temporary relocation. A debate about whether London is the best place for the UK parliament, and if the 19<sup>th</sup> century palace should remain the representative building of UK democracy are only discussed on the margins. Those in favour of keeping the old palace invoke the power of historic traditions when making political decisions in the present. They talk about feeling the presence of the past in the building's walls and about how this strengthens the sense of the importance of their work and their responsibility. Some affirm that new buildings are soulless and the connection with great parliamentary history would be lost.

Of course it can help to know the past to make decisions in the present. It can help to know which policies worked and which didn't, and that politicians in the past have struggled in making decisions too. But you don't need a palace to contemplate about historical policies and events. And mainly – a grandiose building such as the palace of Westminster also reflects other British histories. Those of elitism and exclusion.

Do they not just serve to keep newcomers out, like when a fellow MP told Dawn Butler, the member for Brent Central, she couldn't use the members-only elevator – he assumed she was a cleaner, because she is a black woman? Chi Onwurah, the Newcastle Central MP, has said that coming to Westminster was a shock to her, and even though she was used to masculine culture through her previous career as an engineer, Westminster made her more conscious of her working class background. And in a moment of lucidity Russell Brand observed that poshboys feel comfortable in Westminster, because it looks just like the schools and universities they went to. So this “symbol of democracy”, where you get this feeling of grandeur when you walk through the corridors – whose democracy is it?

The building just seems to visualise the disconnection between representatives and the represented. I am not saying that the building should be left to fall into disrepair. It's a nice building and I'm not opposed to spending public money on the safeguarding of built heritage. But when we talk about parliamentary tradition and symbols of democracy, I think it should be clear that not everything this tradition encompasses is worth celebrating and that as much effort should be made to keep certain things as to change others. Exclusion is as much part of the past and present of British democracy as the adversarial nature of parliamentary debate.

# This much I know

(I AM TANK GREEN)

'PARASITES USE THEIR HOSTS TO SIMPLIFY THEIR OWN LIVES. IN ORDER TO DO SO, THEY EVOLVED FEATURES THAT ARE SO EXTREME THAT IT IS OFTEN IMPOSSIBLE TO COMPARE THEM TO OTHER SPECIES'.

'EVOLUTION OF EXTREME PARASITES EXPLAINED BY SCIENTISTS', SCIENCEDAILY, 13 OCTOBER 2014.

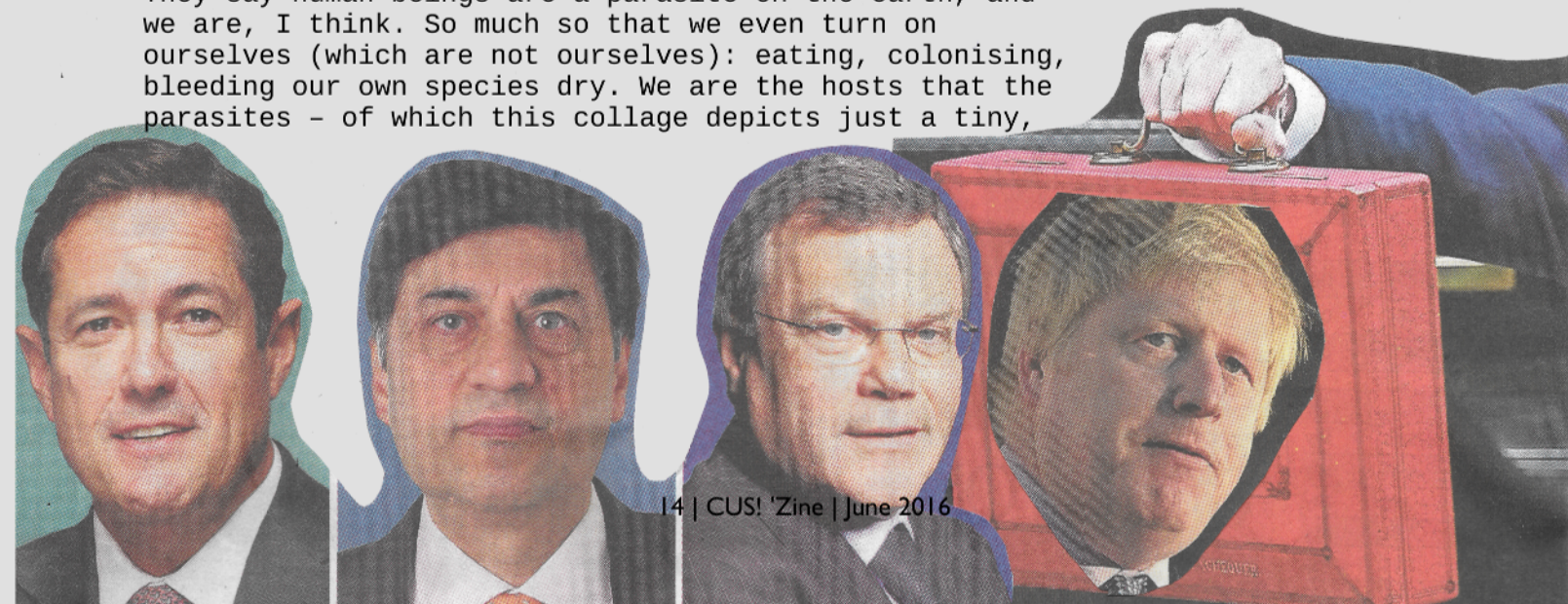
I've just finished writing a chapter on community activism in London in the sixties and in trying to understand the worlds of the people I was writing about, in trying to get to grips with the different groups and ideologies and modes of operation, I kind of found myself transformed through the writing of the chapter. I began by believing that the radical groups which tended to have the politics I identified with more generally were on the right path. That they would have been the groups that I would have joined were I there: forthright, militant, often angry, and generally right and unpopular in equal measure. And then there was this other group, the group that actually represented the true subject of the chapter, which I put into the well-meaning liberal group that I wanted to rescue from obscurity but at the same time, did not really identify with. I'm too oppositional to do compromise: my ethics tend not to allow it.

There was, and is, much scorn from strong and strident activist groups of the left for those middle-ground groups which seek partnership as a basic element of their modus operandi. These groups come under attack as they hold hands with those that someone like me would never touch. Somehow, even through the bodies of others, engaging with these middle-ground groups transmits to more strident groups associations they/I reject: guilt by association. Or something. But too, the positions of the middle-ground groups are never hard enough, never unqualified, always somehow weak and disappointing.

Yet: where are all these community groups of the sixties? Where are the strong, embedded, long-standing, strident, strong activist groups? They are gone. And where is the subject of my chapter? It lives on. Perhaps not as vibrantly as it once did, but it survives and it carries on a version of the work it once did. And how? Why? Precisely because of the way in which it chose to work: through partnerships and coalitions and by not allowing partial achievements to cause giant, fatal splits.

And so I found myself, with the benefit of forty-odd years of hindsight, realising that I was wrong. Realising that we will never get all the things we want if we continue being divisive, being strident, looking up to the militancy of the radical groups of the late-sixties. We need their spirit, we need to continue their arguments because they were right, but we need to find a new way of working. We need to learn to stop bickering and to notice our real enemies, over there, sucking our blood, creeping outwards from the bottom right of the page.

They say human beings are a parasite on the earth, and we are, I think. So much so that we even turn on ourselves (which are not ourselves): eating, colonising, bleeding our own species dry. We are the hosts that the parasites - of which this collage depicts just a tiny,





tiny few - use to simplify their lives. They feast on our labour, growing ever fat and content, while our lives grow harder and more complicated daily.

I said in the first edition of CUS! that it was hard to know what was the right thing to do any more when our actions affect so many others in so many unforeseen ways. And that's true. Unless we're talking about those people who are feasting off of us. Then it's simple: we have to get them off us. We have to get them off us. And you know what, the only way we're going to do that is if we drop the strident, angry, divisive forms of radicalism and join together with people who also suffer under the parasites who, like the locusts they are, are devouring as many of us as they deem efficacious to maintain their status quo.

Now is not the time to cling divisively to the absolute rightness of the morality our own position. Now is the time to grimace, to hold hands with the not-quite-right, and to stand together and kick with all our collective might against the fortress of inequality they sustain through our inability to pause, to take stock, and to see a bigger picture.

Then, and only then - once we have defeated the parasites - only then can we resume the bickering.

If, that is, we must.





The voices in edition 3 of **CUS!** Are:

**Bruce Campbell Jr., Ph.D.** is an Assistant Professor in the School of Education at Arcadia University in suburban Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, USA. Throughout his career, Dr. Campbell has focused on embedding relevant issues of diversity and social justice into his practice, scholarship, and service in the education field. He highlights experiences of underrepresented groups so that professionals and institutions can serve these communities more effectively. Dr. Campbell teaches courses in educational leadership, organizational change, program evaluation, urban education, qualitative research methods, social justice, cultural competency and international musicology. Twitter: @DrBCampbell

**Christiane Eck** is a London-based culture worker who pursues a gallery day job and is also following a newly found passion for graphic design. Informed by an academic background in history of art and architecture and inspired by an eclectic love of music, films and fiction, she occasionally blogs/tweets/instagrams as (@)frankandfloyd.

**Dawn Hollis** is a PhD student and writer currently living and studying in the East Neuk of Fife, Scotland. She can be found in various guises across the internet: muttering about history @HistoriansDesk, musing on writing @The\_WritersDesk, or cartooning gently @The\_PinkNarwhal.

**Garry Freckleton** spends most of his time designing & making Things, Spaces & Places. An Architect based in Scotland, he's eternally curious about almost everything & never stops reading. You can find him contemplating work & life in his studio next to the river, with a cuppa. Twitter: @garry\_architect.

**Kay Barrett** is an IT analyst from Yorkshire, now living and working in Essex and London respectively. She's also a part-time fiction writer (weird fiction, dark fantasy, horror), artist and photographer. She can be found at @vonspacebee.

**Leonie Wieser** is a PhD candidate at Northumbria University, where she researches people's engagement in local history and the different ways histories are made. Her interests are the interactions between the past and the present, and social and political change. Email: leonie.wieser@northumbria.ac.uk.

**Tank Green** is a hoarder and a wanderer and a site of opposition. She very much doubts that any of it will ever make sense, but she'll keep working through things nevertheless. She's always looking for an exit, and in this respect, she thinks ET ruined her life. Her collages are made old skool style: newspapers, glue, and scissors. You can get her at tankgreen.com. She did the front covers for editions 1 and 3. e bond did the cover for edition 2.





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