

CUS! 'Zine

EDITION 6 - MARCH 2017



CUS! 'Zine
Edition 6 – March 2017

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

For more information go to: tankgreen.com/cus-zine/. Twitter: twitter.com/cuszine. Email: cuszine@gmail.com.

CUS! 'Zine is always interested in working with new voices, especially those from outside the UK.

Please email us if you want to get involved.

Table of Contents	
Page 2:	Christiane Eck
Page 3:	Christiane Eck
Page 4:	e bond
Page 5:	e bond
Page 6:	Garry Freckleton
Page 7:	Garry Freckleton
Page 8:	Skarper
Page 9:	Skarper
Page 10:	Tank Green
Page 11:	Tank Green
Page 12:	Who's cussing this edition

All words and images are copyright of the respective authors.



the windmills of my mind

*round like a circle in a spiral
like a wheel within a wheel
never ending or beginning
on an ever spinning reel...*

My thoughts are stuck in a loop. Blind Brexit-induced panic is followed by short periods of calm until I come across the next bad news item. Then it's back to panic mode. And so on. There's just no let up. Worrying reports keep on coming in on an almost daily basis, via social media and broadcast news. Immigration lawyers offer advice on Facebook, anecdotes of helplessness are being shared on Twitter and the government's position is still painfully vague at best. What *do* you have to say, Westminster?

I look around the house I live in with my British family, our home, and I wonder: *will I be forced to leave this behind one day?* My grandparents had to flee their home in what is now Poland during the Second World War, with three young children, and start over from scratch in Southern Germany. Never did I think that my generation would face a similar fate, or even the fear thereof.

Worse, still: *will I be separated from my family?* I've been following Theresa May's track record at the Home Office so I'm well aware of how bad things have become for immigrants from outside the EU in recent years, whether they're spouses or parents of British citizens or not, and particularly if their life choices don't reflect neo-liberal ideals. I can't say this fills me with hope for Brexit, quite the opposite in fact.

I refuse to despair just yet though. When you step away from the internet, things immediately look less dramatic. I need to actively remind myself of that, a lot, but it's true. I like to keep informed but it is very easy to get overwhelmed by half truths – in a Facebook group, for example, where you can't be sure of anyone's agenda.

One day I got so scared that I actually wrote to my MP. Subsequently I was invited to a meeting where local residents were asked to identify our constituency's priorities for the Brexit bill and guess what: guaranteeing the rights of EU citizens living in the UK and UK citizens living in other EU countries turned out to be one of them. I was genuinely, positively surprised. Since then it has emerged that even a majority in the House of Lords appears to be on our side. This may not lead to much but still calms the soul momentarily.

Getting out of the house and going to work is reassuring, too. London still feels exactly the same. People just get on with everyday life, no matter where they were born and what brought them here. Personally, to my face, nobody has ever made me feel unwelcome, although... admittedly... the doubt that hadn't existed before Brexit can be triggered at any time by a subtle glance or tone of voice: *am I still welcome here? Was I ever welcome?* And then the panic sets in once again.



Christiane Eck

(excerpt from the lyrics of *The Windmills of Your Mind* on page 2 by Alan & Marilyn Bergman)

Flint, Michigan has
been without clean
water since April 2014.
As of March 2017,
aid has been cut to
subsidize the water
bills of the affected
communities that still
cannot drink the lead
contaminated water
without a filter.

**FLINT
MICHIGAN
HAS BEEN
CLEAN
SINCE**

**NOT
GAIN
WITHOUT
WATER
2014**

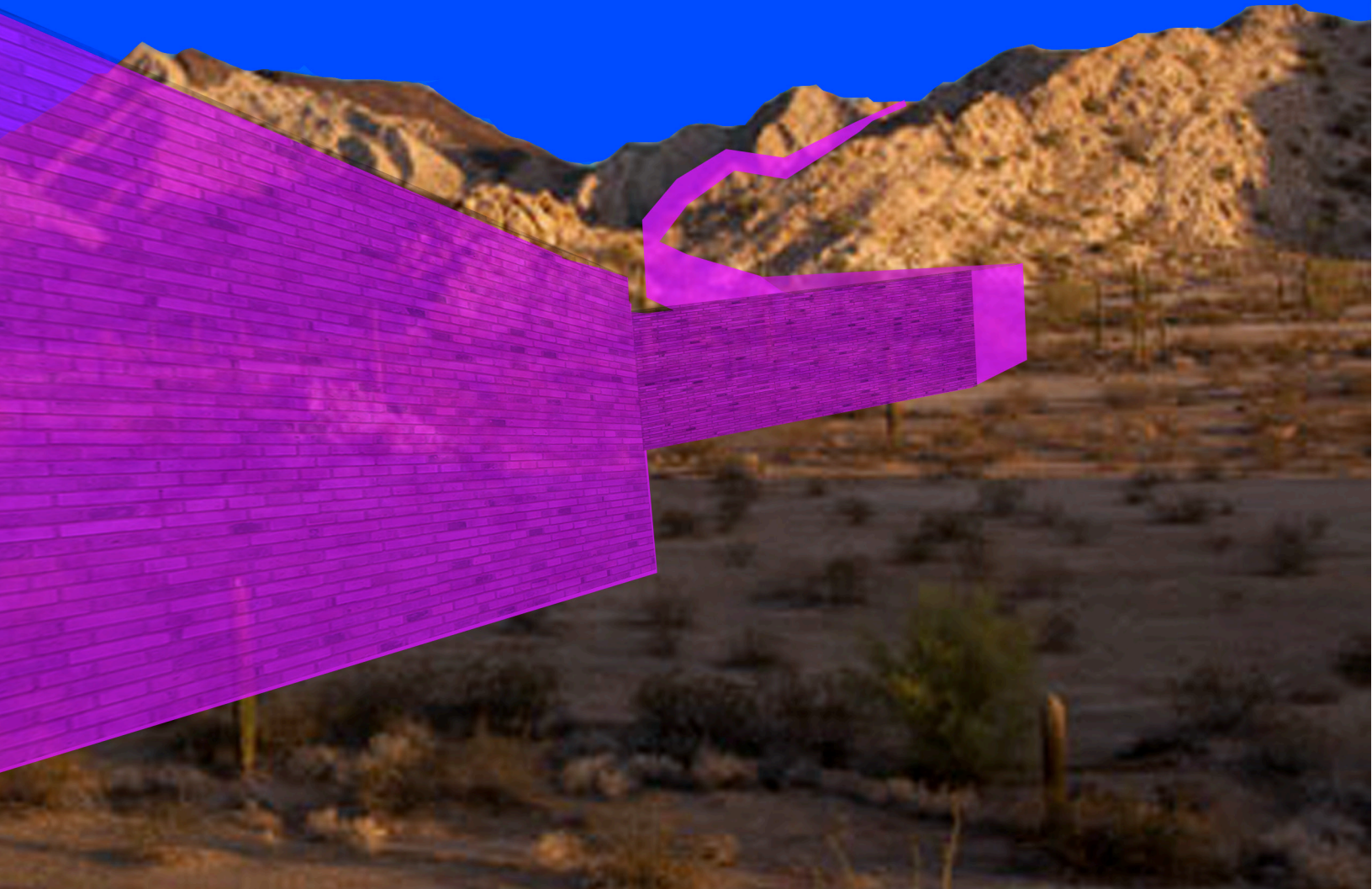
iHola!



**A BIG, BEAUTIFUL WALL, in the hottest of hot pink,
I propose that this wall is not a barrier to entry, but a welcoming gateway...
and not just a narrow line of concrete stretching 1900 miles,
but in parts I propose the wall widens to house outposts of helpful,
neighbourly & progressive institutions:**

**The Department of Homeland Security recently issued
their official call for entries, for architects to
submit their design proposals for The Mexican Border Wall.**

**So here's my contribution
(with apologies to Luis Barragán)**



- The Border Wall Free Hospital**
- The Border Wall Migrant Legal Support Centre**
- The Border Wall Peace Library**
- The Border Wall Human Rights Research Institute**
- & a couple of lovely statues (h/t INDECLINE) in tribute to the man who's idea it was!**

FRIDAY

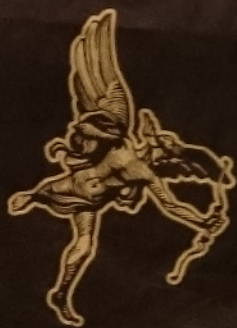
WEST END FINAL

PRINCE

PHILIP

CLUBS

QUEEN



Evening
Standard

www.thisislondon.co.uk

WEST END FINAL

**OVER FED
BABY**

**KILLS
TRUMP**

**London
Evening
Standard**

standard.co.uk

I had a council flat once. I was homeless as a teen after a couple who were subletting me a room kicked me out with no notice: I had which had to be paid in cash – without reporting the income and, in retrospect, I suppose I could have forced a better outcome for case was on board, got me a flat in two months. Seems surreal to think of something like that happening now.

I gave up that council flat some five years later when I moved to the States. It must seem surreal to read that sentence and it's all I can idiot who was grateful for the opportunity she had had and didn't want to take that possibility away from someone else by subletting to fleeing a private renter for that flat like my current landlord is fleecing me for the ex-council house I now live in. Or maybe there's

I'm a historian, so I keep reminding myself how much better the housing situation is now than in the past, but that doesn't really count extortionate rents, lack of access to secure housing, estate agent racketeers, private landlords that drive their tenants into unacceptable



read that right: **there were maggots coming out of my walls.** I thought for sure that my landlord would have to fix something like that,



Some days, when I'm in magical thinking mode, I imagine that I'll get a new council flat and all the insecurity and stress over housing people and my rent won't be 50% of my income. Then I catch myself and start laughing because, as we've already established, I'm a



been made redundant and they didn't want me signing on from their address. Almost certainly they were pocketing my rent money – myself. But what did I know? I was a kid. Eventually I got rehoused by the council because I had a brilliant social worker, who, once my

do to not slam my head against a wall every time I think about the decision, but what did I know then? I was a fucking idiot. An ethical a (less needy) friend. I wonder if the next person to live there bought that flat and then sold it for a fortune. I wonder if someone else is someone there, grateful like I was...

for much because it should be. Yet, whilst the state of repair of houses may be, in the main, inordinately better, much remains the same: poverty. A couple of years ago I got evicted again, this time for complaining that there were maggots coming out of my walls. Yes, you



but what did I know? Certainly, I didn't know about Section 21 and this time I was too old for the council to want to help me.



will be over. I'll finally stop living hand-to-mouth and I will paint my walls any colour I want. I'll not have to share with three other fucking idiot and late capitalism isn't made for people like me, let alone those less fortunate than I.



... dr tank green

The voices in this edition of **CUS!** are:

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.

e bond makes digital spaces by day, handmade books by night, hangs out with trees on weekends and writes something close to poems in the spaces between. Under her studio roughdraftbooks, created in 2003, she makes one-of-a-kind artists books, forms, journals and art pieces that fuse and blur mediums, blending art, design and poetry. You can find her online here roughdraftbooks.com/blog & here 365daysofwork.com or on instagram @eisroughdraft.

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.

Skarper says welcome to the politics of the absurd! What he sets out to do is to take the absurd in politics and news, and to cut and paste his take on the quite worrying times by inserting much needed humour. He uses Evening Standard news stand posters to put this across as they have been known to contain rather shrill and eye catching statements. He then puts them back where he took them from with his own configuration.

Tank Green is currently disappointed by how little she gets asked the question 'is that Miss, Ms, or Mrs?', as she feels deprived of the opportunity to reply, 'Dr.'. She's also dismayed by how utterly useless a History PhD is in the job market. She doesn't regret any of it in the slightest, but is wondering if you'll fund another vocational course of training? Pretty please? She took the cover photo at the Kadifekale walls in Izmir on New Year's Day.

© CUS! 'Zine
March 2017
tankgreen.com/cus-zine/
twitter.com/cuszine