

£

EAT AS MUCH
AS YOU LIKE!

per person

INDIAN VEG is the pioneer
in the campaign to
promote vegetarian diet...

For centuries, millions of people in the
Indian sub-continent have lived
and evolved on a vegetarian diet.
They not just ate it, they enjoyed it and
gave it up for any other cuisine.

RIPENING

Indian housewives, over
the years have perfected the art of
vegetarian food by presenting
vegetable in varieties

Like the housewives, but we
have some of their recipes and
used their skills in India and
invite you to try their food,
which is healthy and wholesome
and satisfying.

WELCOME TO THE
INDIAN VEG
BUT HOW
DO RELISH

Thank you for picking up our third issue. It's great to have you!

A lot has happened in the Peach-Seedz-Sphere since the last one... we've welcomed some lovely new team members!

Welcome Vani, Ella and Karina! What wonderful women and friends you all are. I'm really lucky to know you.

CAST AS:

Vani - Graphic Designer

Ella - Layout Design

Karina - Copy Editor

So, what should I tell you about this issue before you dive in? Honestly, I may have been a little casual about my precious theme: **RIPENING**. But I've found throughout the process... the collection we're presenting reflects how fluctulant experiences of growth are. Like it was almost magic, we've been lucky enough to receive a variety of artworks, poems, prose, photography, words, feelings and thoughts. I am so grateful for all of our incredible collaborators and friends.

Its a heartbroken and in love, dystopian, silly, 90-ish page, recycled, hopefully widely inspirational or at least relatable magazine.

Love, Jenny Funnell
Founder and Editor in Chief

3 is our lucky number! I'm so excited about this one!

Thank you for your continued support, <3 WE'D LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU!

SUBMIT FOR OUR 4TH OPEN CALL - keep your eyes peeled for its release:

@PEACHSEEDZMAG



INDIAN VEG is the pioneer in the campaign promote vegetarian

*For centuries, millions of
India-... sub-... ed
wholly... ive
They do*

'THE CHAPEL MARKET HERO: MR SAFA'S INDIAN VEG'

CREATIVE DIRECTION: JENNIFER FUNNELL

PHOTOGRAPHY AND WORDS BY AMINAH ASIF

MODELS: VANI KUMAR, LASMINA VIRGOE, JADE
BAKER, ROLI NANNA

CREATIVE ASSISTANCE: SCARLETT O'CALLAGHAN

ARTISTS FEATURED:

LARA KAZUMI MANGANO,
MARTINA CAMPAGNOLLI



Before Jenny and I had the chance to introduce ourselves, Mr. Safa, the owner of Indian Veg, leapt out of his chair to greet a returning customer at the door, embracing him in a firm hug and leading him and his companions to a free table. This short but sweet interaction pretty much sums up the family atmosphere at Indian Veg.

After pouring a hot drink into a mug embellished with an image of a cucumber and the words 'research suggests vegetarian food can be really orgasmic' plastered on the front in bold lettering,


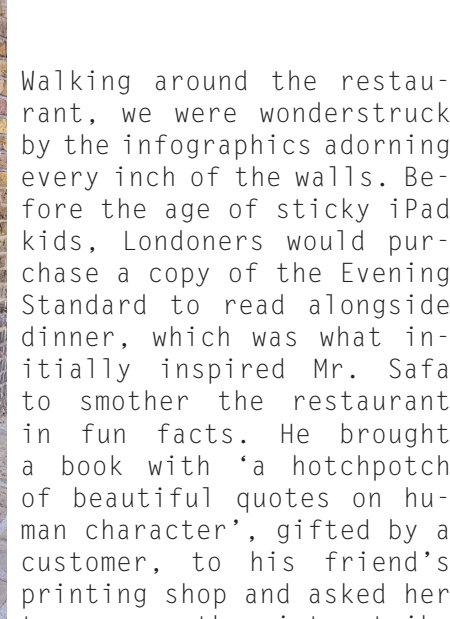
Mr. Safa transported us back to the summer of 1986, when he first opened his restaurant. Prior to this, he had been working in an accounting firm for eight years, where he would collect paperwork from small businesses by hand and handle their VAT accounts. After noticing that a vegetarian restaurant had achieved a 75% net profit one year, he devised a cunning plan to escape the rat race.

At the same time, Mr. Safa would frequent a vegetarian restaurant near Euston Station. He would usually 'sit outside to watch passers-by', until one day the owner, a Mr. Patel, offered him a weekend job inside the restaurant.




Desperate to gain experience in the industry, and eager to save up some extra money, Mr. Safa readily accepted the offer, despite still working at his full-time office job. Once he had saved up enough money, he was able to purchase his current premises, and has since expanded it, presumably due to the flood of customers at rush hour which we had the chance to witness firsthand.

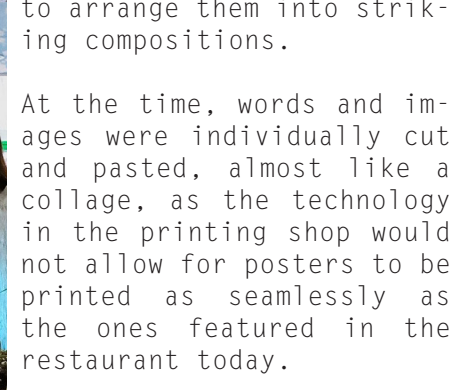
Mr. Safa struggled in his first two years as a restaurant owner, but an enlightening trip to America altered the trajectory of his business. The restaurant originally operated through a fixed menu system, but after visiting an all-you-can-eat Mexican buffet in Los Angeles, where 'you only paid \$99 for your entire meal', Mr. Safa switched the restaurant to a self-service system, with a single meal originally priced at £2.95 and gradually increasing over the years to match the rate of inflation. This simple restructuring changed Indian Veg for the better, and the restaurant was soon branded as a hotspot for vegetarian food. However, with competition increasing in Chapel Market and the rise of hybrid working as a result of the COVID-19 pandemic, Mr. Safa has found it overwhelmingly difficult to retain regular customers, but he chuckled and stated that he 'would be happy to retire at £13 if possible'.



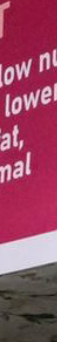
Nowadays, Mr. Safa's information from sources, from the tens to, to Your book. One poster, Safa's favourite. Giving never makes shared that customer him how he can away food to the nity for free, t sponds that he br homelessness as a sympathises with a permanent place. As a God-fearing m the expression 'G when bestowed upon



gift that money o
he lives by the o
you get your mo
will spend it wr
proclaimed that h
simply by 'the r
head', 'the food
ach', and, of co
hard-working dau
both doctors' (a
for-word Asian da
the way).



If Mr. Safa did not seem endearing enough, he adamantly refused to let us pay for our food. So, if you ever find yourself in Chapel Market, look out for Mr. Safa and tell him the Peach Seedz team sent you.



When asked about his vision for the future of food, Mr. Safa emphasised that he believes 'vegetarian food will be the food of the future'. He told us that in the future, people will visit museums to learn about how eating meat was 'a thing of the past'. This left Jenny and me questioning why humans have pointed canines, to which Mr. Safa humorously replied that 'humans are meant to be vegetarian, but God doesn't want people in Siberia to suffer just because they can't grow plants'.



Lara Kazumi Mangano

Martina Campagnoli



Bead Embroidered Shirt by
Martina Campagnoli

Baroque Pearl Necklace by
Lara Kazumi Mangano





THANK YOU INDIAN VEG AND MR SAFA FOR HAVING US AND ALLOWING US TO SHARE YOUR WONDERFUL FOOD AND ATMOSPHERE WITH OUR COMMUNITY!

Peach seedz readers, get to chapel market for a delicious and affordable all you can eat buffet! I honestly can't recommend any other restaurant in london more than this one. -Jenny

MÉLINA BENYOUB WITH HER FIRST COLLECTION OF SEA GLASS RINGS

Mélina is a Spatial Practices and Architecture student at Central Saint Martins in London.

Her practice explores how architecture is not only built but also felt, how walls shape the way we move, gather, and interact. She blurs the lines between architecture, design, and storytelling, treating each project as a living narrative where human interaction and emotional resonance take centre stage.

Jewellery becomes an intimate extension of this philosophy. Where her architectural work considers vast spaces and collective experiences, her jewellery manifests those principles into objects of touch and closeness. Each piece is a miniature architecture crafted to be worn, carried, and cherished.





RING 1



RING 3



RING 4



RING 5



This first collection of rings, hand-crafted in sterling silver in North London, holds within it a fragment of the Atlantic coast, a piece of green sea glass found on Lafitenia beach, near the border of France and Spain. Once discarded, the glass was softened and sculpted by years of waves, currents, and salt, transformed by the patience of the sea into a gem of nature.

The asymmetrical design honours the rawness of the material, allowing its organic form to guide the silver rather than be constrained by it. In wearing it, one carries both the unpredictability of the ocean and the quiet craftsmanship of the hand that set it.

No two pieces in this collection are alike. Each ring celebrates the unique journey of sea glass an object once forgotten, now reimagined as something precious.

Materials:

Sterling silver, green sea glass

Contact:

studiom3lina@gmail.com

Instagram: [m3lina_studio](#)

Website:

<https://m3lina.cargo.site/>

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MÉLINA BENYOUB

Ripening through friendships

Shreya Banerjee

As we move through stages of our lives, we mould and grow and ripen (yes, I took inspiration from this season's Peach Seedz theme, shut up) into the people we are today. It is a slow transformation, laced with nuanced emotions and experiences that belong solely to us. All of the thoughts that took up our brain space five years ago mean very little to us now and feel almost like a fever dream. Sometimes certain memories feel like being hit by a truck, sometimes you remember an old teacher or stalk an old friend on Instagram and realise how much you have quietly grown into the person you are today.

I have found that over the years I think back to my school friends and realise I will never sit in that Chemistry class again with the same people. I realise that all of our paths are diverted so quickly that in three years time some will still be in University, some will be married with kids, some will be travelling and others far up the corporate ladder. It suddenly is very funny that we all really sat in that chemistry class, naively having those big dreams of who we would be in the future. After school, which tends to be the last time everyone is on the same playing field, we lead very self-centered, individualistic lives. In the time that it takes us to mature and find out our likes and dislikes and career aspirations, we forget that everyone else, too, is going through the same experiences; everyone is also growing in tandem with us.

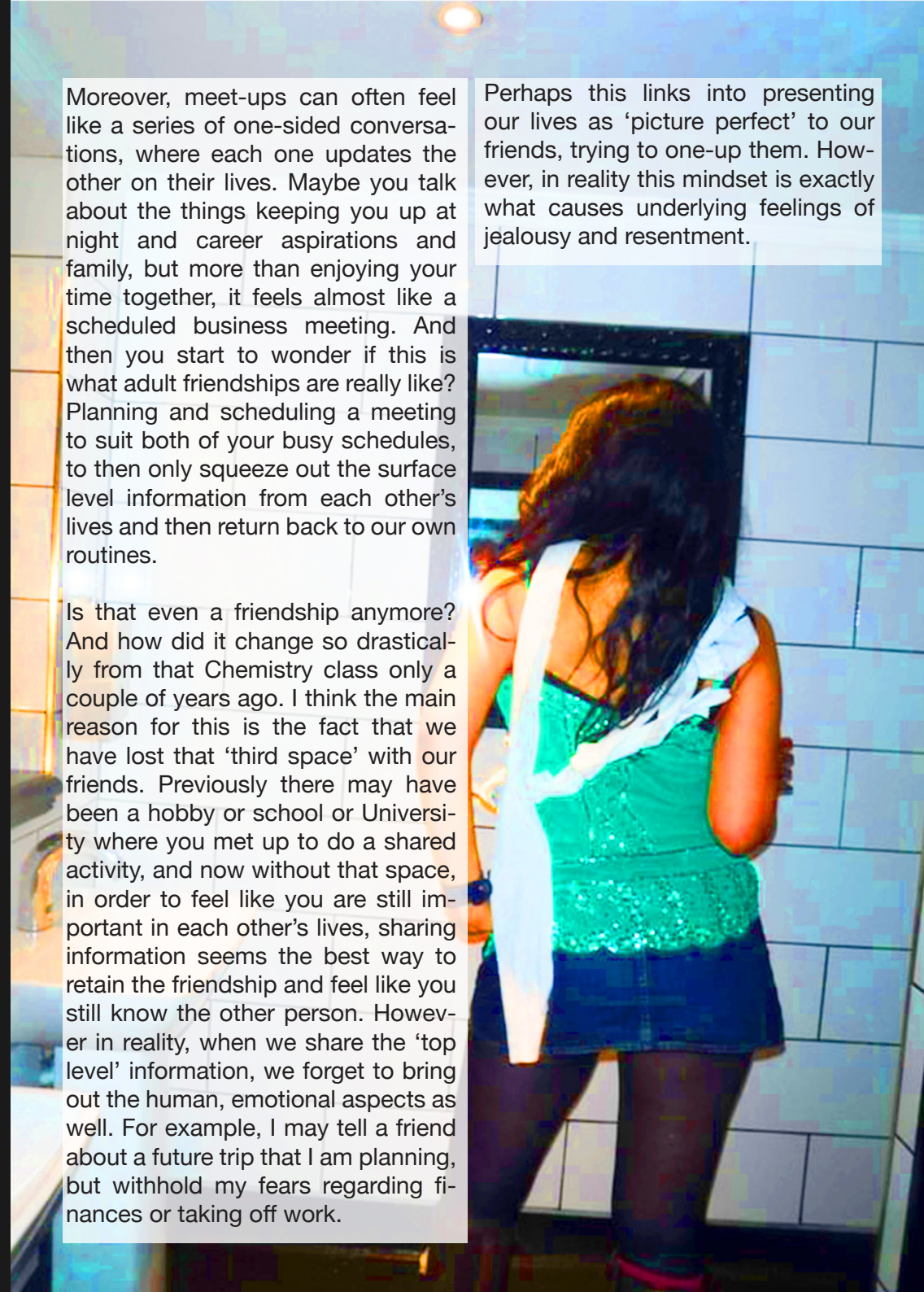
Each person is dealt with a slightly different hand and that starts to show drastically in our twenties. Which is often why it is no wonder that many feel the need to compare ourselves to each other: Should I have found a partner? Should I be interrailing in Europe? Should I be meal planning? Should I be finding my dream company? Should I be getting my driving license (this one is a definite yes, go book your theory test now)? We started off the same, and all ended up in different places in our lives, it is easy to think we may be 'behind'.

And, as we can all relate, through these different stages of our lives, we lose certain friends and make new ones based on the situations we are in. It makes our lives very complicated. Because whilst there is much love and common experiences with our old friends, there are no 'new' experiences to relate to. You sit in different bubbles, trying hard to reach out without it sounding like you are showing off. You also try to listen without trying to compare. It is a delicate balance, and often, too much time between meet-ups can lead to distance and the sentence 'we simply grew apart'.

Moreover, meet-ups can often feel like a series of one-sided conversations, where each one updates the other on their lives. Maybe you talk about the things keeping you up at night and career aspirations and family, but more than enjoying your time together, it feels almost like a scheduled business meeting. And then you start to wonder if this is what adult friendships are really like? Planning and scheduling a meeting to suit both of your busy schedules, to then only squeeze out the surface level information from each other's lives and then return back to our own routines.

Is that even a friendship anymore? And how did it change so drastically from that Chemistry class only a couple of years ago. I think the main reason for this is the fact that we have lost that 'third space' with our friends. Previously there may have been a hobby or school or University where you met up to do a shared activity, and now without that space, in order to feel like you are still important in each other's lives, sharing information seems the best way to retain the friendship and feel like you still know the other person. However in reality, when we share the 'top level' information, we forget to bring out the human, emotional aspects as well. For example, I may tell a friend about a future trip that I am planning, but withhold my fears regarding finances or taking off work.

Perhaps this links into presenting our lives as 'picture perfect' to our friends, trying to one-up them. However, in reality this mindset is exactly what causes underlying feelings of jealousy and resentment.



Funnily enough, a reel I saw really helped me categorise my friendships into three main categories. The idea is based on Aristotle's (yes, we are bringing some philosophy into this) 3 kinds of friendships:

Utility: What can you do for your friend and what can they do for you

Pleasure: Enjoying a shared activity with your friend, and is often the most temporary, ever-changing with your likes and dislikes

Virtue: Friends who like your personality or character, those who impact you in a positive manner and often the most stable of the three

None of these are 'lesser' than the other. In fact, Aristotle argued that all three are required to achieve eudaimonia, which is often loosely translated from Greek as 'well being' or 'happiness'. I recommend going through your friends mentally and making a note of which category they fit into, and of course there will be nuances and grey areas. However, this task helps you realise how you are growing as an individual with certain people and what they offer you and vice versa. Rather than hearing about their lives in hastily planned catch-ups, try and do shared activities together so you have new experiences to build on.

They don't have to be big plans, simply cooking together, playing a sport or going to a museum would be enough.



You will find that this is a very organic way of still hearing about their lives without treating it like a chore. And open up a little, share your inner feelings and emotions relating to events occurring in your life. This vulnerability may just spark a deeper, more meaningful conversation, leaving you more at peace.

In reality, with how busy our lives are and juggling all of our 'spheres' of work, family, relationships and self growth, we often expect the most from friends, whilst simultaneously putting in minimum effort. We cling onto the previous experiences and relationships to prove to ourselves that they still matter to us, without creating new stable foundations for the new people we have grown into.

It is important to note that the world around us keeps changing, and with that so will our relationships. Not all friends will stay and not all will fit into the categories listed above and not all vulnerable conversations will result in stronger friendships. But, hopefully by investing more time, doing more and understanding how we grow with the people around us, we will realise that it is a blessing to have people who started off in similar positions and now are so different from us that we may learn a thing or two from them :) Friendships require work from both sides, sure, but they're also meant to enrich your life and make it easier.

Vital Separation

Fjodors Aleksejevs
@sain_feden





Lonely thugs are crumbling
from the wide-opened chest,
one by another.

Thugs of that soul, which is
being perceived.

Wires feel a magnetic field,
passions are conditioned to
gather.

In wireless minds divine
connection's achieved.





Although in both violent hearts
is the smoothest revenge
to the self and out to
all the things that
pierced through .

Riding softest of wire,
pleasing primal desire for peace,
but it's due to the art
of letting things through.



Bead embroidery inspiration

As summer draws to a close, I wanted to share a recent hobby I've picked up in hopes of inspiring you to try a new craft this autumn. Inspired by current trends like beaded clothing and Staud Tommy bags, I decided to create some patches and key rings that can be used to accessorise bags, clothes and pretty much anything else!

To make beaded embroidery patches you will need:

- white felt/fabric (or an old t-shirt)
- a needle and thread
- an embroidery hoop
- erasable pens
- and most importantly...BEADS!!!

You can find all of these materials at craft stores or use things you already have at home!!

Simply secure your fabric onto an embroidery hoop and attach beads to the front side using stitches, securing the threads with knots at the back.

Experiment with beads of different colours and shapes and have fun with it!!! There really isn't a right or wrong way to create these and they're super fun to make while watching your fav show/movie.

Enjoy - Nina <3

Whilst visiting a town in northern Uganda, the Italian photographer Martina Baci-galupo stumbled upon a collection of identical offcuts from a series of photographic portraits. An empty, rectangular void substitutes the face of each figure, unceremoniously separating body from identity.

As detailed in Roswell Angier's book *Train Your Gaze* (2015), these offcuts were created by Obal Denis, owner of the Gulu Real Art Studio. In Gulu, at the time, it was common practice to have a single photo taken and cut to the size of an ID photo by hand, especially since ID photo machines would unnecessarily produce three additional photos. The offcuts force us to acknowledge and question the missing material from each photograph as the frame has been made visible to the viewer, whereas the missing material from most photographs is often situated outside the frame, and therefore outside the viewer's immediate perception of the image. Angier described this process as 'interior cropping'.

There was one photo that particularly gripped me from this series of a child resting his head in his faceless mother's lap. This simple detail summoned countless assumptions about the figure's identity.

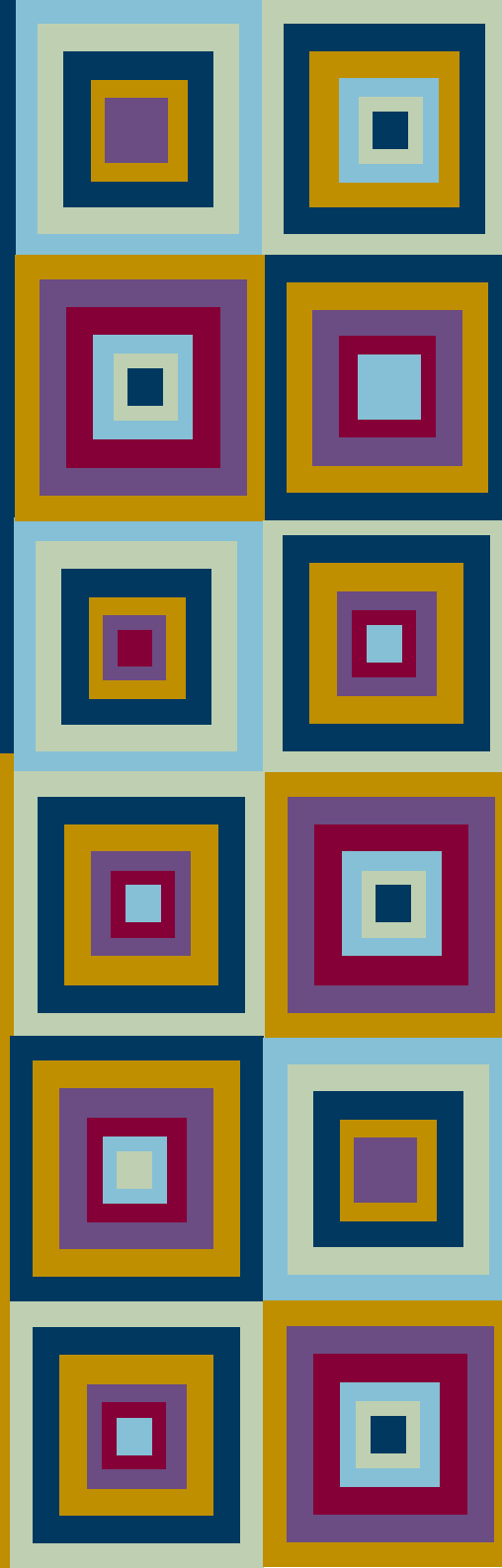
Objects of Affection

My description of the photo itself is an assumption. Angier further revealed that several of the figures present in these offcuts would have been affected by war and conflict in the region, meaning that the missing ID photos were most likely created for identity documents which would have helped these individuals to start afresh, whether that be through some form of resettlement or employment. Although Denis may not have intended for his offcuts to appear so violent, this context gives a completely new meaning to what has been left behind.

According to the Merriam-Webster dictionary, an identity is 'the distinguishing character or personality of an individual', but this definition does not align with the purpose of an identity document. According to every Border Force officer, in every airport, in every country, simply your date of birth, a humbling photograph, and random number can provide sufficient evidence to prove that you are a living, breathing, non-threatening member of society. Obal Denis' offcuts emphasise that it is the personalities, hobbies, interests, and professions hiding behind identity documents that turn pictures into stories and bodies into individuals with distinguishing characters and personalities.

My portraiture project proposes a reversal of the concept of interior cropping by showcasing the unique qualities beyond a person's physicality within the frame. This is achieved by featuring each individual's objects of affection and disregarding the rules of ID photos.

By Aminah Asif, Instagram: minahasif



Corporate Rizz: the Dont's anonymous source

Considering applying for grad jobs? Seen the office? Thinking you can find your Jim or Pam? Well here is some advice (definitely not speaking from experience):

1. Don't mistake 'casual' post work drinks with your boss as platonic.

2. The office seating plan is your best friend - get that seat next to them booked in early.

3. Your lipsing decisions matter. If you want to kiss the team DILF, maybe think twice to avoid the whole office thinking you are dating.

4. No eligible men in your office? Try working in a multi-national company.

5. Tinder? No, Microsoft teams is your new online dating platform. Reacting to a GIF someone sends you on Teams is the equivalent of swiping right.

6. We all know our alcohol limit ~ stick to it before you make some decisions in front of your colleagues that will be questioned at the next 9am team meeting.



7. When faced with a choice of multiple sexy suited and booted colleagues, try choosing one not three. Moderation matters.

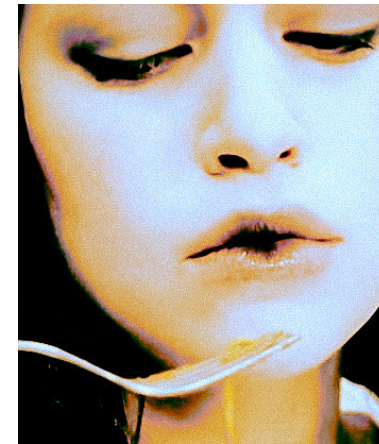
8. Dreaming of a romantic Paris getaway? Try water breaks on the office balcony.

9. Everyone likes the risk involved with a public shag. Just keep in mind, the best place to shag in the office is not the communal shower room.

10. Don't try and hit on the engaged community of the office. Not everyone is in your league, not considering your game anyway.

So thinking of spicing up your corporate love life? Remember the above advice and effort = reward, time is money and colleagues are love prospects.

peach seedz now invites you
into the world of
A BUG IN THE HUMAN CODE



a short film written and directed
by Alexandra Greenfield



What happens when perfection is programmed and the human becomes the flaw?

In a stark white room, Iris, a woman shares a silent dinner with a robot. The table is set with tomato sauce spaghetti. She's dressed in white. She's careful. She's anxious.

But beneath this sterile calm lies something darker: a tension between machine logic and human mess. Between gendered expectations and algorithmic control. Between flawless surfaces... and the red stain that reveals the truth.

In a world where robots have become humanity's educators, *A Bug in the Human Code* explores the absurd pressure of perfectibility, especially placed on women, through haunting visuals, slow ritualistic gestures, and a climactic breakdown that blurs code and chaos.

This is not a story told through words, but through silence, sound, and sensation. A visual scream wrapped in white noise.





This short film came out in September 2025
and is available on the Instagram account @aleexgreen and
YouTube Channel @filmbyalex



Actress, Producer & Poster: Alis Jankelevitsh
Director/Creative Director, Screenwriter/ Writer & Executive Producer: Alexandra Greenfield
Co-Director & Creative Director: Abigail Abosejo
Cinematographer: Deniz Kartal & Darina Babacheva
Editor: Maya Wasserman
Soundtrack: Deniz Kartal
Visual Designer: Zaynab Jaigirdar
HMU Artist: Boudica Callahan

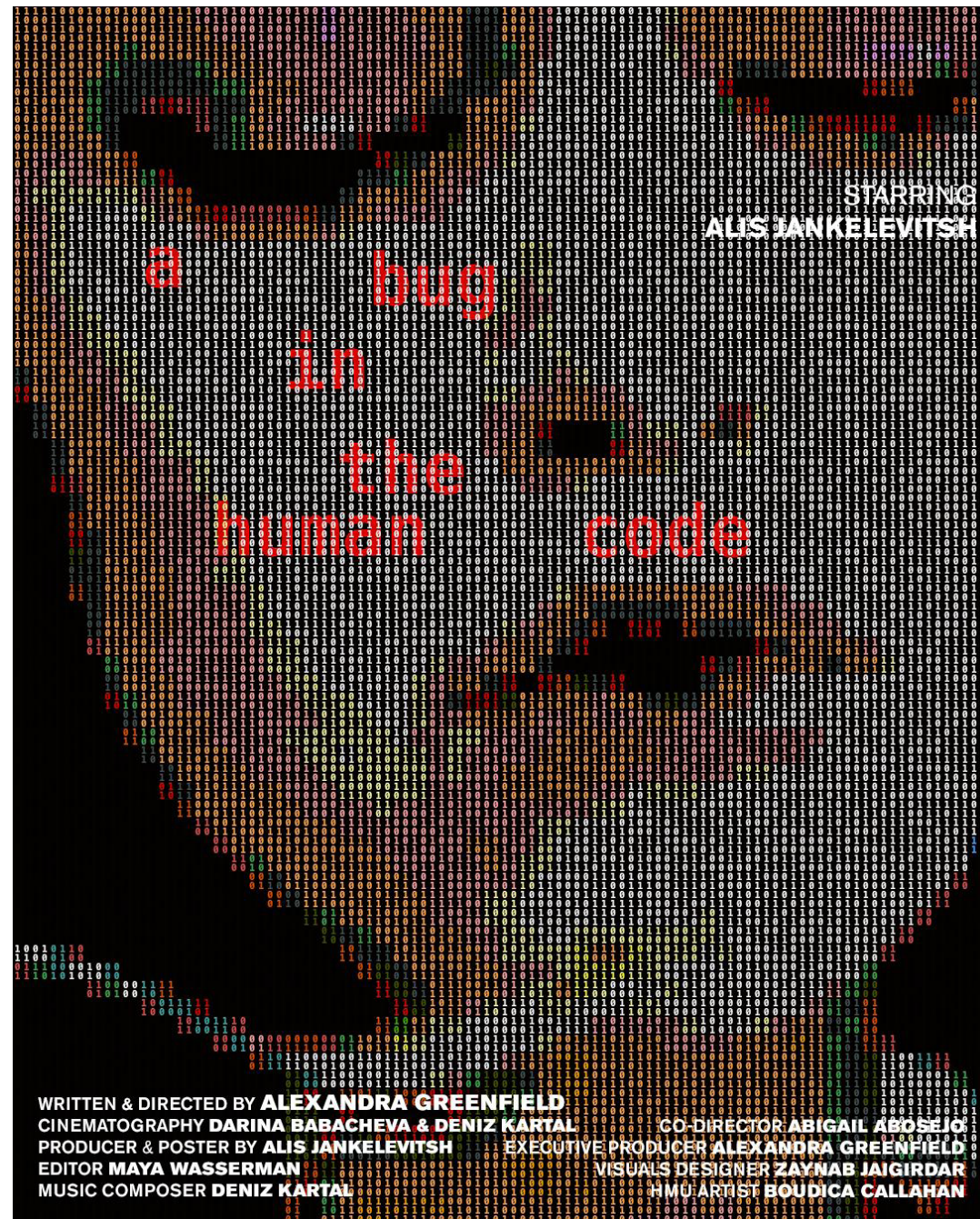




Fig Cake

Figs and figs and figs—
Fat and laden, heavily bottomed
Sagging skins, split by gravel.
Sweating amber resin
from their bosoms.

I carry crescents of you
under my nails,
the softness of your underbelly,
the fillets under your arms.

Saccharine, sanguine figs—
Slugging flesh onto warmed paving
slabs.

They disgust me,
and yet, as they rot
I embrace their juice-stained
womb.

mauve shrivels; I bake them
abhorring sweetened batter,
putting on a show,
splay decayed insides on top.

Heavy hanging, laden with wasps,
burrowing in figs' underbellies—
the sting of staying, baking fig cakes,
washing them down with red
wine.

The idea behind *Fig Cake* stemmed from fig season in late August, baking fig cakes daily to slow their inevitable rot around me. I wanted the poem to capture a cycle of ripening and decay, teasing out the grotesque in my domestic ritual. At first, I drew inspiration from Moniza Alvi's *Blackbird*, where a balance of lineation and intention guided how I shaped the figs' overflow of seeping juices in the form. Later, reading D. H. Lawrence's "*Figs*" led me to replace sensual elements with the grotesque, focusing on decay and centring my line breaks around turns of visceral images. This essay reflects on how these influences shaped my revisions, utilising line breaks and punctuation to mirror the dripping indulgence of decay, while testing the balance between overflow and domestic control.

When first writing about rotting figs, I used visual lineation to suggest their movement and form, drawing on Alvi's spacing. In an early draft, I fragmented the poem's lines to mimic climbing the villa steps, to bake the figs on the roof:

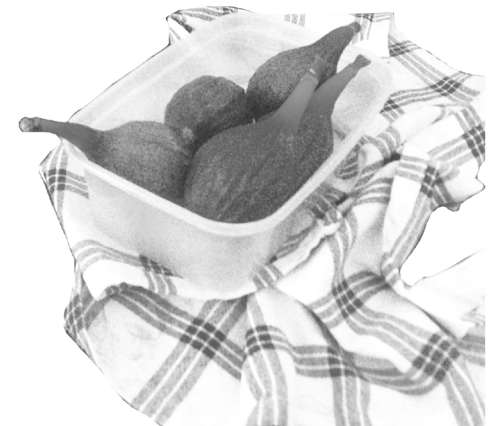
*The villa:
Up
Each Step
To the sunroof*

Although this structure helped construct explicit imagery and stability, I realised it imposed too much restrictive order; the clipped tone distracted from the organic flowing I wanted to evoke. When revising, I cut back architectural references to setting, and leaned into the grotesque textures of the figs, centralising their 'sagging skins, split by gravel'.

As a result, the poem's shape became more fluid, allowing the form to complement the central image of rotting fig juices, rather than attempt to contain it.

Reading Lawrence's *Figs* furthered my shift to isolating images of the grotesque of rot through the turns of lines. His turns of verse isolated each image, as seen in 'Involved, / Inturned, / The flowering all inward and womb-fibrilled', allowing the sensuality of the figs to morph into something embodied and unsettling. Robert Wallace and Michelle Boisseau comment on how verse relies on the poet's conscious choice of where to turn the line (29); I applied this idea to *Fig Cake*, with punctuation creating more breathing room around the visceral imagery. Initially, my first draft detailed:

*I carry crescents of you under
my nails
I long for the softness of your
underbelly,
The fillets hanging under your
arms—*



However, the lines felt compressed, without enough space between the images. Revising this, I reshaped the stanza as:

*I carry crescents of you
under my nails,
the softness of your underbelly,
the fillets under your arms.*

These changes isolated individual images, providing a space for the grotesque to seep into. The repetition of 'the' mirrored Lawrence's layering of 'in'-turned images, whilst the commas balanced the flow between enjambment and pause.

The enjambment of 'you / under my nails' spilling into the following line, is balanced through the commas in 'under my nails, / the softness of your underbelly,'; this let the individual images breathe, in moment-by-moment concentration.

In my revision, I kept returning to how punctuation and spacing could convey excess without feeling forced. In the first draft, I ended the first line with 'and', in 'Figs and figs and figs and / fat', aiming to create a sense of overflow. However, when paired with enjambment and followed by repeated 'f' consonants, it felt overly constructed, prompting me to explore alternative ways to shape the poem's flow. Replacing the 'and' with an em dash created a more natural interruption in 'figs — / fat'. The pause implied a fall, mirroring the sudden dropping of ripened figs. It also allowed the repeated 'f' consonant to turn back on itself, reinforcing a continuous ripening without sounding too constructed.

In the final stanza, I experimented with anaphora to reflect the cyclical relationship between grotesque imagery and the repetitive action of baking fig cakes.

Drawing from Lawrence's 'The year is fallen over-ripe, / The year of our women, / The year of our women has fallen over-ripe', the anaphora of 'the' creates a mantra-like repetition, rolling in sensual waves. This structure of anaphora built a climax in Lawrence's *Figs*; I applied it, beginning each line 'the' in 'the heavy hanging...', 'the burrowing...' and 'the sting of staying'. However, the effect sounded too regulated for the free verse of *Fig Cake*, aiming to reflect the repeated baking of fig cakes in an indoctrinating cycle.

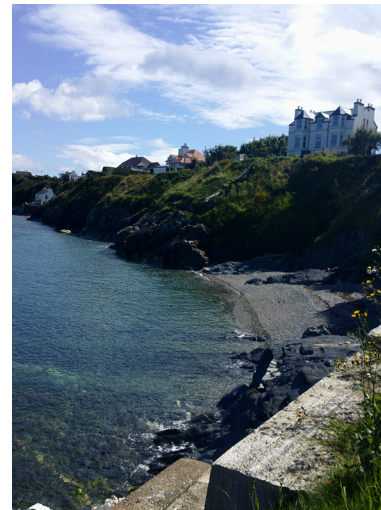
To retain a sense of rhythm but avoid the prescriptive nature of anaphora, I shifted to the present continuous, in the present participles of 'hanging', 'burrowing', and 'staying'. I punctuated the verbs with commas to build the pace, building the tension in the penultimate line without resolution. This resulted in:

*Heavy hanging, laden with wasps,
burrowing in figs'
underbellies—
the sting of staying, baking fig cakes,
washing them down
with red wine.*

Equally, to align with the organic visual structure of my poem, I played with indenting each line off-centre, creating a balance between the domestic control of baking and its overflow. This created a sense of the lines running on, ending the poem on the ambiguous tension between ritual and compulsion.

Concluding on this motion created a stronger rhythm than previous stanzas, leaving the poem at the climax without providing a resolution to the baking task. This echoes the cyclical entrapment of the speaker, baking to combat decay.

Fig Cake ends suspended in the space between decay and ritual, ensnaring the speaker in a saccharine cycle. Through controlling line breaks and punctuation, I found a form that allowed excess and order to coexist, in the ritual act of baking fig cakes. This poem explored the natural drip of fig juices through the turn of lines, whilst not sounding overly clipped or constructed; the balance between lineation and intention mirrors the central tension between ripening and rot.



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GROWTH AND DECAY

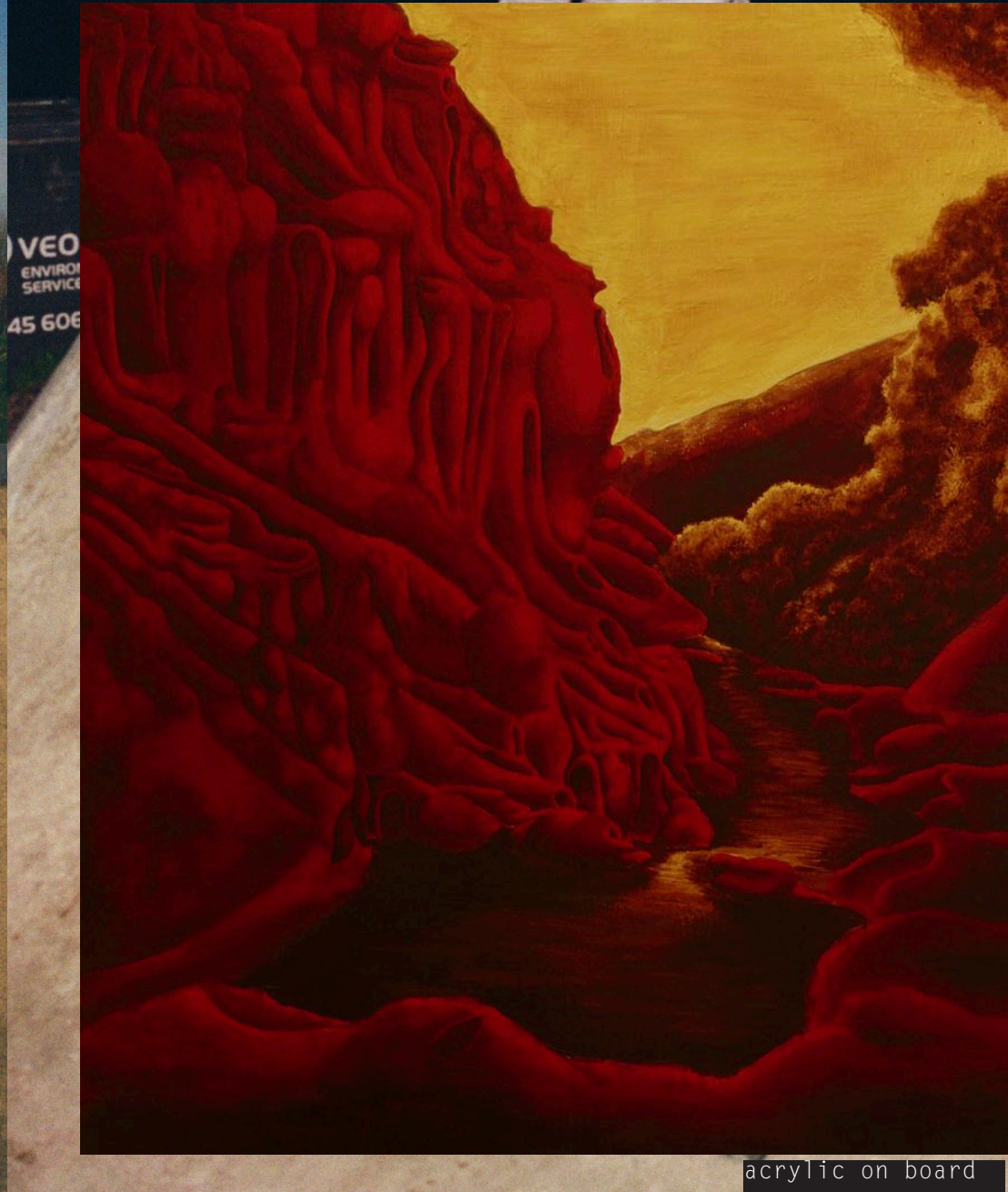
by Marjane Benyoub
@mar.benyoub



peach seedz presents the work and world of @rez_smth:

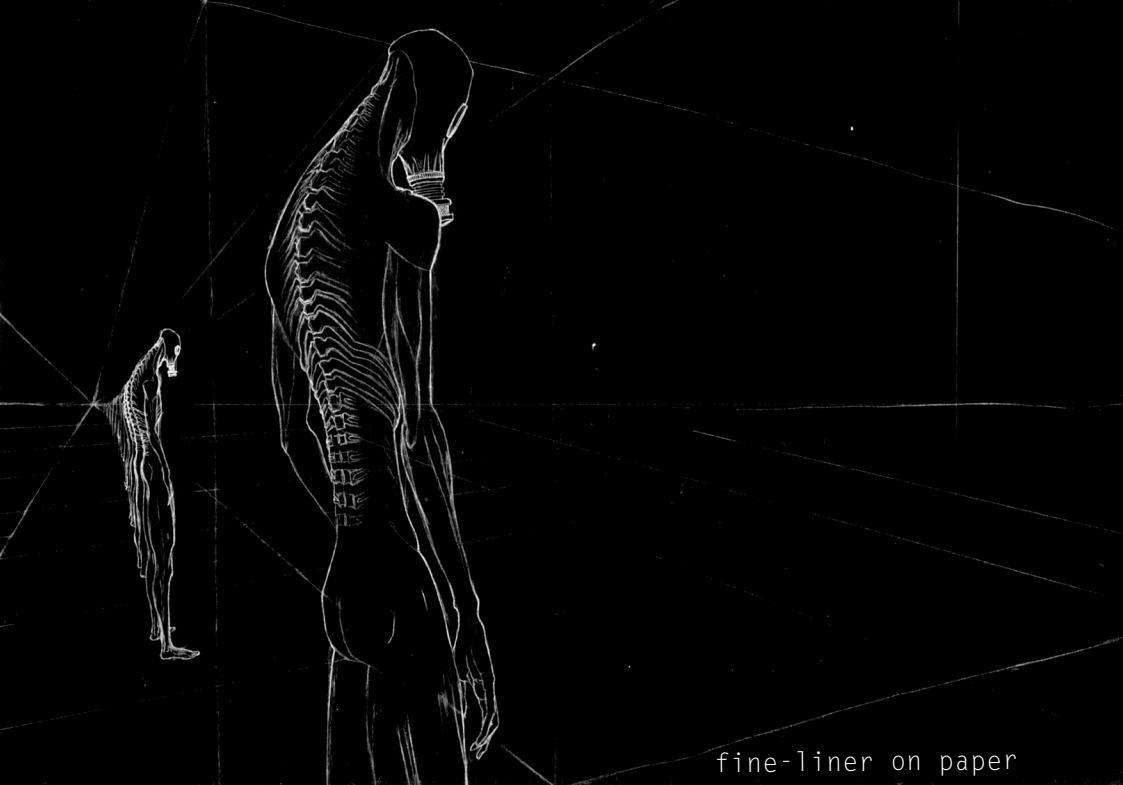


documentation of spray paint work in skate park

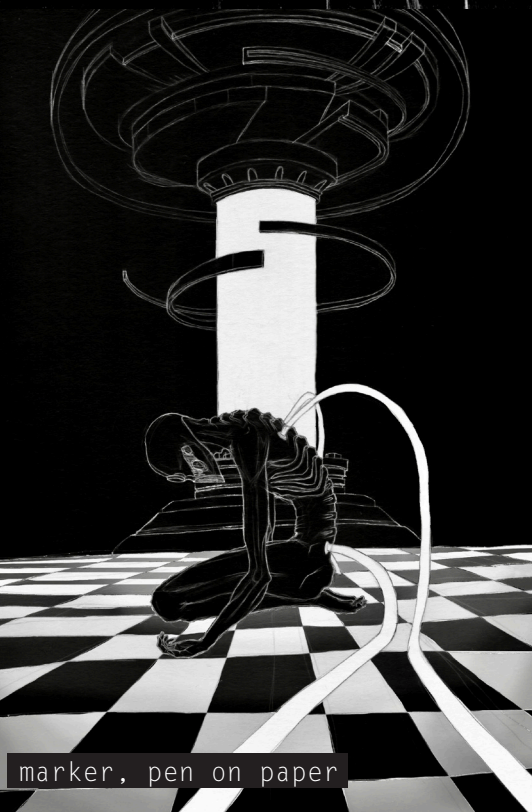


acrylic on board

@rez_smth has always been obsessed with the idea of dystopia and everything it entails. Wires, cables, digital frontier, a warm atmosphere and unnatural being. Something never seen by nature and made only by us. "I'm in awe of evaerything extreme, there is no objective good or bad." A man made hellscape with analogue horrors beyond our understanding. Magic is everywhere, but it's hard to explain.



fine-liner on paper



marker, pen on paper



He sees these places and ideas so vividly, both in the real world and in dreams. Visions of other places, brutal and inhuman, but so beautiful in their own way. "I never saw the difference between something uncomfortable and something subjectively good", he said, "I think they're both great, and I always felt alone in my opinions. I could never express what I saw or how I felt about objects, places, sounds and senses." The things he was drawn to, no one else seemed to be, and he didn't have the means to explain himself. "I've always felt like an idea, covered in bones and electric flesh. I feel like there's a man at the back of this place controlling everything we do, I just don't know how to get there. If you've played Half life you'd understand."

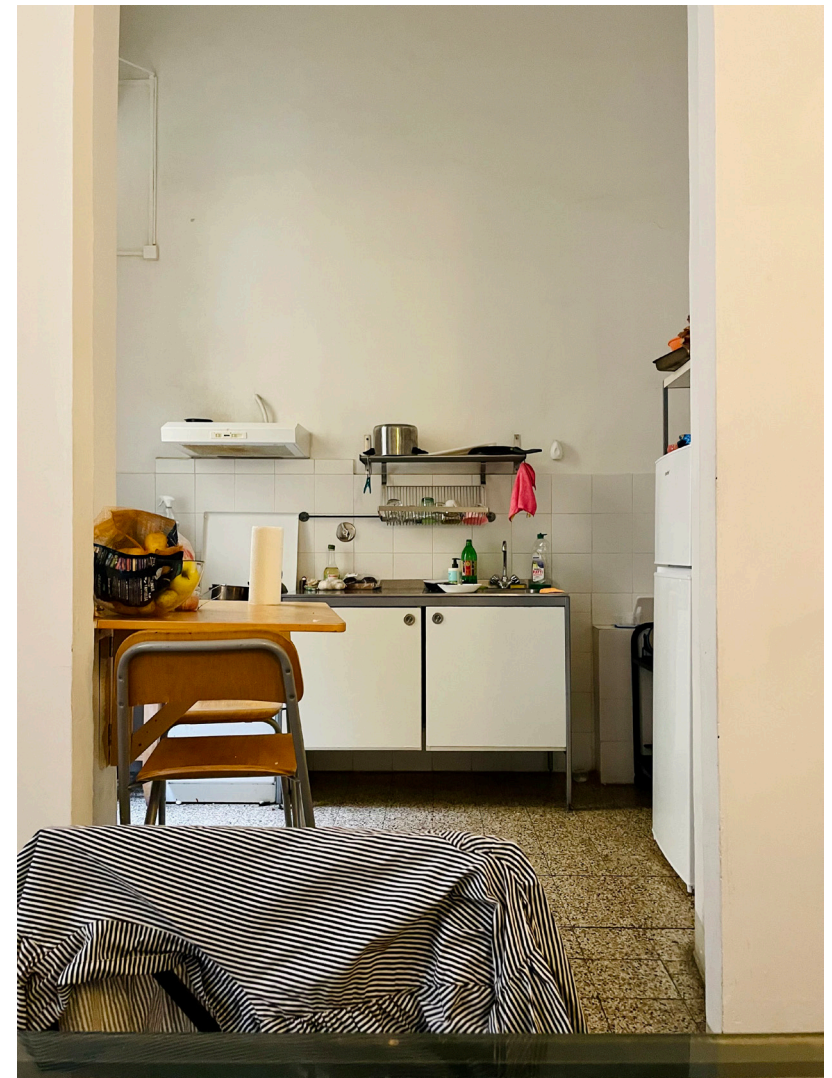


fine-liner on paper




Florentine Snapshots
Liana Lopez

I took these two pictures because they felt like deep breaths, and being still. My travels are endless pursuits, though I am not a machine. I am weak; I grow tired. I try to remember the quieter moments in between. I have to, if there is any chance of myself continuing on. I need to. All moments are fleeting when you are fleeing something, someone. Tiny moments of pause are just as important to ground the mind and the body and the soul, the soul that aches so loudly it could become its own tourist attraction. Look at me, high above the commotion, just out of reach. Snoop Dogg lullabies leaking through my window. I get drunk off their fresh, stumbling drunkenness and sober off their extended obnoxiousness.



I bought a potted bouquet of orange sunsets because sometimes I can't bring myself to go outside. I need fresh air, and a window without a very large gap. The tinier the better, for when things get the best of me. Someone else's camera, someone who reminded me of all the little girl memories I've stowed away. Soon enough I would like to stow away the bushiness of their eyebrows, the feigned meekness of their voice. Let it evaporate like the rising heat of a boiling pot, in the kitchen where they framed a woman for all of their worst insecurities. It was our whole world, then. Just the two of us and a bowl of pasta. Dead bird in the freezer, garlic and rosemary on the counter, a fruit basket ripe with maggots. At the dinner table, to the left of that striped blouse, we dined on steak soaked in the juice of the fattest Florentine lemon. It burned so good on the way down.

A young girl with long blonde hair, wearing a pink jacket and black shorts, is running barefoot on a sandy beach towards the ocean. She is pointing her right hand forward. In the background, other people are visible in the water and on the beach. The sky is overcast.

Della, I remember the last time I saw you. You tried on these beautiful shining shoes. You were about to go on holiday, you had sunshine on your mind.

That must've been a few months ago?

I remember because there was a greyness about the air. Yes, I had this taste in my mouth – sharp and strong, fruit rotting behind its shine. Something had its claws in me. Something on my back that I couldn't shake off.

And there you were, with your little feet and newly-painted toenails. Were they blue? You were very bright. You made it all sweeter – with your dream and glimmer. You were talking about Spain, how you were going to eat giant oranges from the markets. For the rest of that day I felt citrus fresh.

Did you buy those shining shoes? I think you should put them on again. Sometimes we need something outside of us to light us up. Next week I'm going to Greece and I'll eat figs right off the tree. Even the green ones. I have sunshine on my mind.

By Olivia Wright
Instagram: @lives.wright

Olivia told me she wrote this whilst inspired by a conversation she'd overheard in a charity shop a while ago, "It was such a beautiful exchange between two women that I couldn't help but expand on it for this issue"

ARTIST INTERVIEW

Leslie Grollman: What Wants to be on the Canvas

Leslie in her studio space, Berlin taken by Shay Tova Govhary.



To make a mark. To make a *mark*. Make the mark thicker. Shade the mark. Dot the mark. The mark as dot, as water. Palette the mark, sweet-n-sour it, pluck its feathers, alive it, arrive it, metaphor it, feral it, frustrate it, amplify its opposite. Take it against the grain. Gesso half of it just enough to shadow. Let it whisper. *Take the brush*, sweep the arm so the shape of the brush gives the paper something to take a stand on, higher or lower; then destroy that. *To pen the infinity of color*: Possibilities limited only by my willingness to participate in the ridiculousness of limits. Express. Discover. Dig deeper. Listen to the work – the work is the muse. *Slash assumptions*. Surprise in the questions, the endlessness of curiosity.

Triptych: Disembodied Poetics, 2025
Acrylics, graphite, charcoal, acrylic ink
133 x 37 each piece

Right: To Weep is to Wander in Place
Acrylic on canvas, 21x29.5 cm, 2025



"I don't create anything on purpose for someone to specifically feel. I hope that my work is open enough so that each viewer will have their own unique experience. There's no right or wrong reaction or response to anything that I do. The same is true of my poetry. I don't tell anyone what to feel; I present something, and each experience is unique. I love hearing the unique interpretations and experiences. That's such a gift to me."

I met the ever-curious Leslie this June in Berlin. We were studio mates for a month in the northern part of the city. It was a wonderful time with many conversations on womanhood, taking risks, being confident in oneself, and trusting the journey.

When I asked her what painting as a medium meant to her, compared to her relationship with poetry, she paused, and spoke about touch. "With moving and pushing paint around I have a more visceral experience, either with a brush or often I like to use my fingers. The nonverbal cuts through the editor." She told me she doesn't know what is coming from her to the canvas; it's a surprise. There's something that wants to be on the canvas, she said, but comes through her not from her. She told me that language is limiting, painting gives her the ability to express what words can't. "As a poet I have a command of language, but sometimes it feels inadequate." But with colour or texture on a canvas, it seems to look back at her when she looks at it, and the experience is deep.

Leslie told me her inspiration is a spark that wants to come up. She's inspired by so much, often learning openly from the people around her. "You know because you've seen it, that I love painting faces, I love painting my own kinds of expressionist faces."

Her faces focus less on like-ness, more on expression and feeling. They seem to return to the human head as vulnerable expressions of reality, stories, memory and the unmistakable feeling of aliveness. Sometimes those faces come from dark places.

She told me of how real-world events stay with her, and her emotional responses appear in her work. She described watching footage of Israeli hostage Evyatar David, held in a Hamas tunnel and forced to dig his own grave. Leslie saw the video on a Saturday, and ran to the studio.

"I worked for three or four hours, only with my hands. I wasn't thinking. I just knew I needed brown, lots of browns, and dark colours. I needed to move my hands until I got to where it was finished."

It was not to represent what happened, but to become a physical response to it – through her process of touch and paint. She titled the work, *Self Portrait as a Burnt Man/ Upon Seeing Evyatar David Digging His Own Grave*.

"I have a lot of experiences like that," she said. "When something happens, I'm deeply moved, and it comes through in a painting."



Leap of Faith, 2025
Acrylic on paper
42 x 29.5 cm

check out Leslie's website for more of her artistic works:
sites.google.com/view/theartoflesliegrollman
or her instagram @iggaj17

For her work, *The Father Never Really Leaves the Son*: “I really wanted to do just an abstract painting, so I thought okay, I’m gonna use the colours of the sunflower, I’m not going to draw them (during my time with her I witnessed a lot of sunflowers), I’m going to try make just marks.”

Then Leslie told me about a video she’d seen of a young boy who’d seen a member of Hamas murder his father. She told me she saw a possible little face in her painting, she went with it and made his face, and then made another face of the father. Using the colours and shapes of the sunflower as background and mountains.



The Father Never Really Leaves the Son, Acrylic on fabric, 2025

Some of Leslie’s most recent work began not with inspiration, but with what was left over. “At the end of my days, I usually have colour left over. There isn’t enough to save and I can’t put it back in the tube.” Eventually, she set up a large sheet of paper and began adding whatever colour remained, day after day, without any plan for where it might lead. Then she told me that one day it felt finished, and she saw a woman leap from a swing, without the swing being here, so she called it ‘Leap of Faith’.

The process, she told me, felt like a quiet lesson in trust. Not all of them worked. Some paintings failed. But others - created through the same accumulation of colour - revealed themselves only after she stopped trying to control their outcomes.

I remembered her palette; she’d keep it in a sketchbook of colours. And one day she’d said she was going to start putting colours up on the surface and see what happened, this is how ‘How She Ended up 8 stops out of the way in the wrong Direction on the wrong tram’ came to be! During my time as her studio partner, I witnessed her joy with experimenting, and her expertise at ‘letting go’ to reveal beautiful emotional expressions.

That openness extends to how Leslie understands herself. “Self-portrait as graffiti was about her world falling apart on 7Oct2023.” She told me, “I was very new to art, and I worked on small canvases.” She spoke of how she wanted to try something different here and thought of doing a self-portrait as graffiti.



How She Ended up 8 stops out of the way in the wrong Direction on the wrong tram Berlin June 2025
Acrylic, graphite, charcoal on paper
42x30cm
2025

“It’s interesting because I have lots of different thoughts on graffiti; some graffiti I like, some I don’t. And I thought it’s very telling to say ‘I’m doing a self-portrait as graffiti’... What do I think graffiti is? Sometimes I think it’s artsy, sometimes messy. I think the work was on what I was feeling about myself. All those ways we feel about ourselves, they change as we go through life, have different experiences and respond to them. The work is colourful; the shape of the head is very angular, it isn’t pretty, there’s a sharpness to it. The face is deeply sad.”

I asked her about the Aleph which much in her work draws on.

“All the Hebrew letters have mystical meanings. The Aleph has no sound by itself; you have to put a vowel underneath it to bring out the sound. There’s a story in Kabbalah, in Jewish mysticism, that God created the world by sounding the Aleph. It leaves me in awe.”



Aleph, Acrylic on canvas board,
25x25 2025

She told me, “I can’t know the sound, but I want to. I like that I have something that I can never know. I like wanting to know.”

Similar to traditions in Daoism and in the Yoga tradition of Sushumna, where when we are present in the centre, there is no separation, only oneness. The Aleph for Leslie is getting back to that experience of oneness with other human beings.

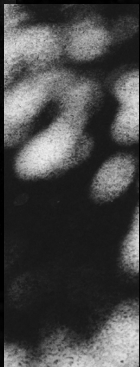
“I’m trying to open up to ‘oneness’, especially with people who piss me off.” Thank you Leslie for taking the time to share your thoughts and practice!

By Jennifer Funnell

a series by Lasmira Virgoe
(@artforspacegirls)







Reminders

You are enough, if any
Thing, remember this.

Roll your shoulders, wiggle
And wriggle them,
Really
Yes, now.

You are mobile, flexible

The
intricate
stacked
bones

Of
your
vertebrae

allow you to dance, arms
Wide and opening,
Curve and curl your
Millipede back,
Stretch your hands to
The sky and sit
Up stand up
Straight.

Don't let inhibition in but
Inhabit,
make habit
all that beauty
All that aliveness

Vote with your feet
Your strong double arched feet
They didn't evolve so you could
Put up and shut up

Rub them any chance you get
Thank them
~~thank you~
For helping us leave
The party
The date
The conversation you don't want to have

Don't forget
You were always meant to
Have nipples
And body hair
And a stomach
And fat keeps you warm
Strong arms help you carry
Groceries for your parents
And dogs and babies and
Give a big, proper hug and
Fucking throw a punch if you ever
~ and I hope you don't but maybe you will ~
Need to.

Be noisy.
Allow yourself those long loud
sighs
Who told you to
Be quiet
Anyway?
And why did
You listen?

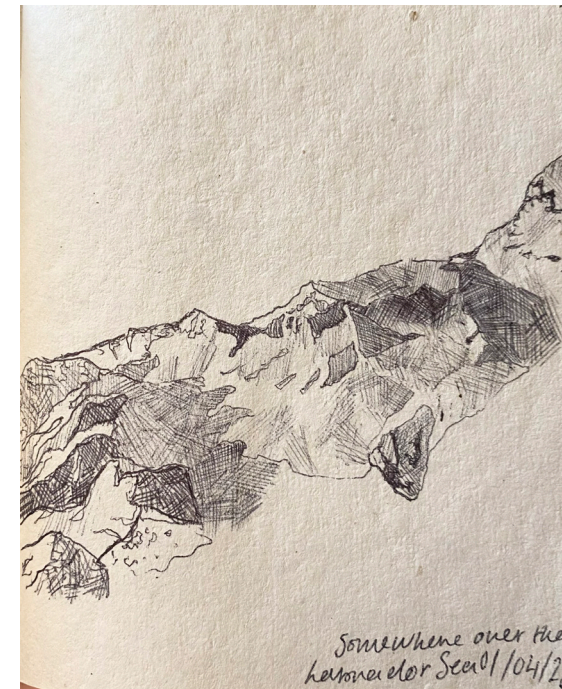
You're (just) another creature
and
Creatures don't
Shrink
Their selves into convenient
Sterile
Packages
No.
Creatures shrink when we're
scared.

Be how you are.
You are
Noisy and creaky and smelly and
silly and sticky
~ probably sometimes, it's okay ~
And you make us smile and cry
and think and listen and angry
and laugh and
Guess what
You are loved.

Look up
Look around
Listen to how you feel
You're never wrong
Your body is a thermometer
A history book
A home
A sister
A reminder to
Be curious
And know that every
-thing
-one
Day
Ends.
And yes that is sad and
That is beautiful and
I'm so glad it
Does because it
Means we can relax and

Savour it.

By Rebecca Funnell

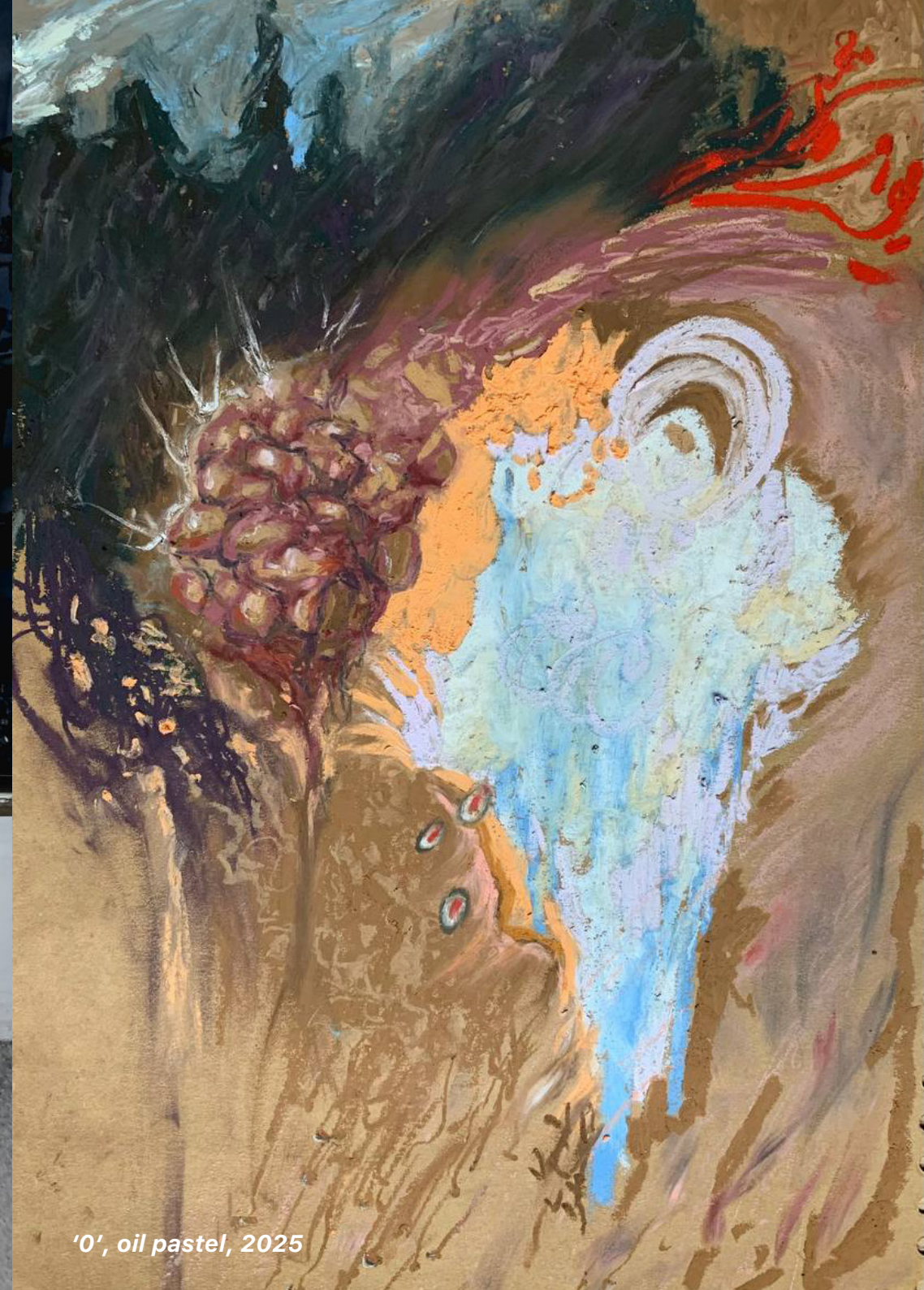


by Emily Palmer
pen on paper
@emilypalm4rt

We're delighted to
present the artwork of
Evgesha Dooms kaya

@screepka

'Passport'
mixed media, 2024



'0', oil pastel, 2025

'Dream in Blue', oil pastel, 2025



*I was ready to play along
But when it comes down to it
I guess I really just don't give a shit*

*You know me a little
But not all that much
There are parts of me that you cannot touch*

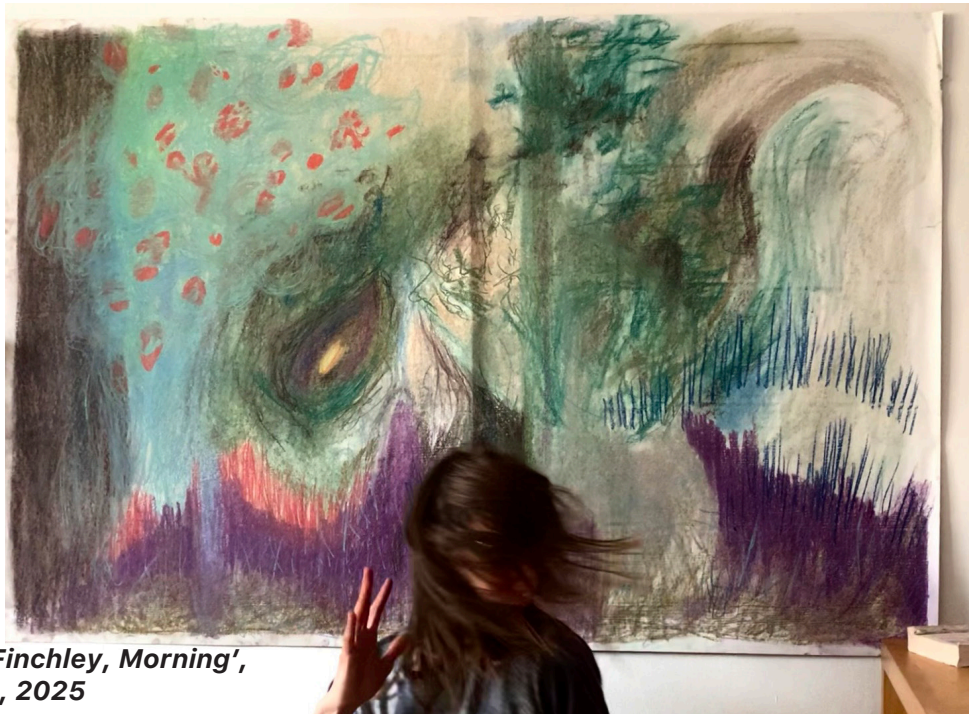
*I'll double text you, girl
Here's one more for good health
Honey I don't mind making a fool of myself*

*I know the rules to this thing,
Acting hard and cool and older
But I'd rather not make my world any colder*

*So stay where you are
Or play dead or go hide
I'll see you down the road some time*

*I'm sure your giant ego
Would be saddened to find
That just writing these words got you out of my mind*

- Alex Vafai



**'East Finchley, Morning',
pastel, 2025**

a love story
of someone i
know:

how cute

the first message:

Hey
02:02

Hiya Matt! if you still wanted
to have a Wander around Milan
i'm probs going to leave about 9:30ish.
if you're up later tho i can always
let you know where i am!

07:35

the latest message:

you replied

(i'll be your banana any day) |

yaaayyy i'm the luckiest fruit
bowl in the world

graphite on paper drawings by Stella Collier:
@imartyfarty



Coke Oven Gas

DN1200

Yixiang Shen







I hear you when you say 'It's a beautiful thing to feel so much'

But my chest is sore from the abrupt release of his tight drawn out clutch.

I've heard the absence of one sense enhances the others and I tightened my own blindfold as I stepped through spring into summer

My naive amount of foresight let maximum feeling settle in, build and simmer

One day my heart will be seen as privilege rather than a perishable

I haven't been present in a conversation since, too busy searching for him in

anyone who's tried distracting me

I've been a nonstop stream of words, writing myself pages explaining, deducing, concluding

It may be the blindfold but I can't quite see what is beautiful about my own heart and head feuding.

I hear but do not believe you when you say 'It's a beautiful thing to feel so much'

Whispered to sweetly but persistently and held softly but stable.

I hear you clearly when you reiterate 'It's a beautiful thing to feel so much'

But you must hear my empty stomach rebuttal as it sings strong disputes as such

I haven't eaten in a week, I can't finish a cup of tea

I haven't been feeling so beautiful and I can't find comfort in anyone else's touch

I miss when bird song rang loudly

Their lyrics perfectly crafted for and about me

I hope when I feel less I hear more

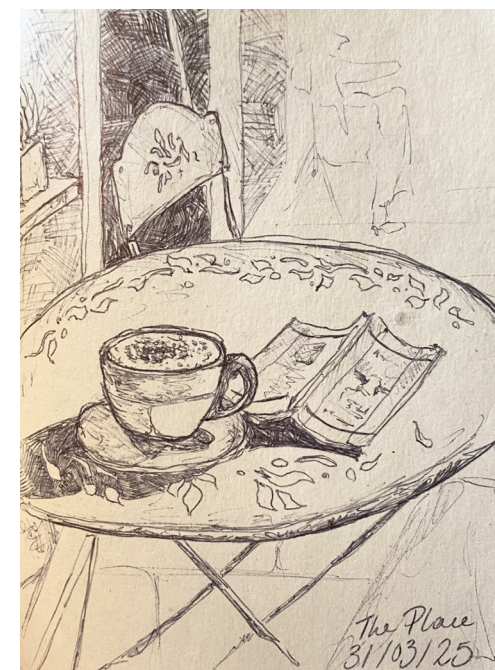
And I hope one day I'll be telling people 'It's a beautiful thing to feel so much'

and I'll only be telling them because I lived it and am sure

'I don't feel so beautiful'
- Stella Collier



drawings by Emily Palmer
pen on paper
@palmerslibrary





EXCERPT, THE FLAVORS OF SUMMMER, LIANA LOPEZ

They greet me “Ciao” and I respond “Buongiorno!” as warmth spreads across my chest. Feels a little something like pride, a little something like gratitude. It mirrors the heat that drew me into this gelateria. As a foreigner it is the least I can do to speak with a local in their native language, though I am finding this courtesy less common throughout the tourist interactions I witness.

I am a foreigner in every city I travel to; I even feel like a foreigner in my hometown. I am like a fish out of water floundering to translate myself to the animals who dominate the land, struggling to come across those patient enough for transparency.

I ordered a new flavor this day, in a new language, spoken with a new accent, and in mistaken instances I prayed my intended meaning could be dissected then understood.

“Un piccolo coppeto con limone, per favore.” The employee nods; I set loose a sigh of relief. They scoop my lemon gelato into a small cup. I prefer cups over cones because I hate having dirty hands, and the way melting ice cream dries into the spaces between my knuckles. It reminds me of myself; becomes a sort of abstract self-portrait. Sometimes I feel like melted ice cream drying into the spaces between my friends, classmates, coworkers, and this employee’s knuckles. I dislike the feeling of being reminded of my own perceived inconvenience; the perception of burden.

The employee punches my order into their system and looks at me expectantly. “Carta,” I tell them. Remnants of last night’s gelato are stained on the back of my hand. I pass them my credit card, blushing as they make eye contact with this gluttonous embarrassment. I always end up with dirty hands. Maybe the cones aren’t the problem.

“Grazie, ciao!” I wander outside and proceed to enjoy this flavor of the summer while the sea breeze fluffs out my curls, my hair sneaks a taste from a wayward spoon dipped in citrus, gelato trickles down my arm, and sticky fingers wave at the gondolas passing by. To be a couple serenaded under the warmth of the sinking venetian sun, fluent in each other’s languages, hands sticky-free, clean, and intertwined.

an ephemeral moment — what I would like
to do now...
my work and photography can work to capture
the fleeting moments that prompt realisation.
the beauty in the space I see and feel
the calm, the melancholy, the fear or wonder,
can a moment be sublime?



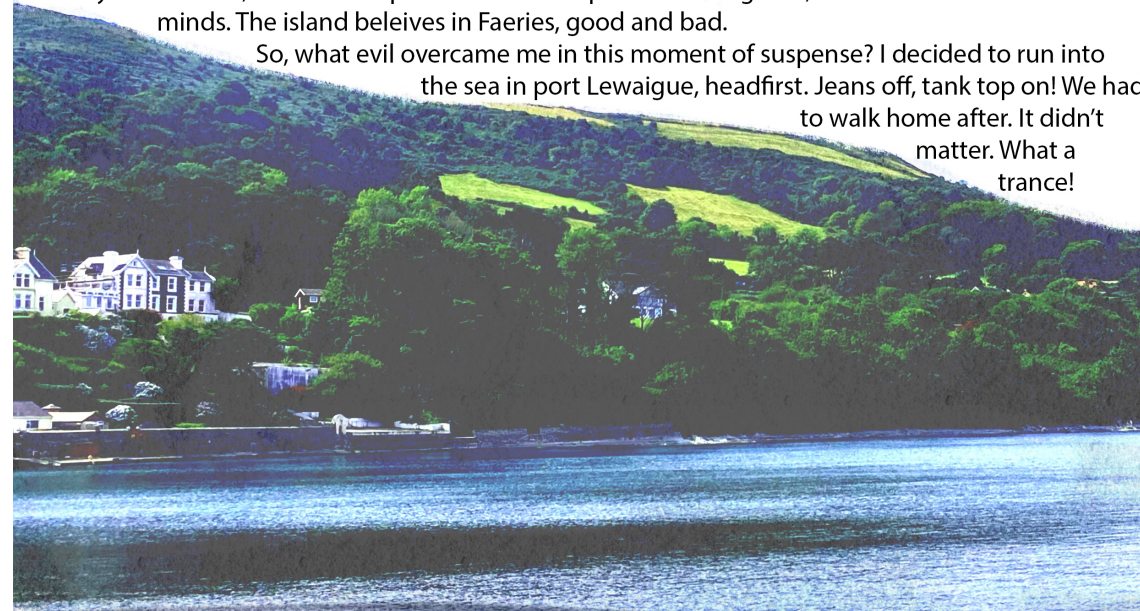
'Look Up, Let Go', Jennifer Funnell,
2025, acrylic on canvas, 40 x 40 cm

The number three dropped us off at the top of Church road. Our sight was abandoned as we talked down the road, we probably sung. Flirting with the stars and the dark road ahead, we never turned on our torches. On Saturday we realised there had been no moon. It was the type of night where you'd hear a 90s trance anthem on the car radio, there'd be some sort of melodic genius who somehow caught exactly what you were feeling. All we could see was the white dotted line and we kept to it.

Why? There's this Manx tale, about this hairy giant ogre called the Buggane. According to folklore the Buggane roams quiet paths, hillsides, churchyards and crossroads after dark. He chases and threatens travellers and shapeshifts to appear human. It's definitely not a casual encounter. I heard a story recently of someone who had been walking down one of the Manx lanes at night, and he'd walked right into another man 'cause it was so dark. Both were terrified to speak because of this tale, so they just kept walking and didn't say a word. They found out about each other later on at the pub and their story has become local lore. The island is a small place, you meet everyone!

So my friend and I, on this dark path down to the parish of Maughold, had this in the back of our minds. The island believes in Faeries, good and bad.

So, what evil overcame me in this moment of suspense? I decided to run into the sea in port Lewaigue, headfirst. Jeans off, tank top on! We had to walk home after. It didn't matter. What a trance!



I wish my eyes could record.

You know when you do a full 360 to try and find the big dipper? Where bloody was it? When we finally found it, we exclaimed with a sort of euphoria you might find yourself feeling at the barriers of a rave, or when you've found treasure or something.

this was a moment of grand transition. Last Friday night! the last Friday of August.
Everything is changing again. it'll get colder.
the fruits will ripen and die.
i don't think this moment will ever rot.
- august 2025

and that's a wrap i think,
thanks for reading!!!

thank you to:

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Aminah Asif @minahasif

Elena Funnell

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Evgesha Dooms kaya @screepka

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Karina Rajan

THANKS FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT!

and thank you to the fab people who got involved with this issue, it's
nothing without you.

Jennifer Funnell <3



happy new year 2026!

JENNY'S NEW YEARS RESOLUTIONS:

- release issue 3 (launch party?)
- graduate
- get a durable woollen jumper
- stop using spotify (CDS?)
- make electronic dance music
- sell a painting or two
- have the best St. Patricks day celebrations yet
- do the coastal path to Santiago de Compostela
- drive to the beach many times
- pass my driving test
- perfect the Guinness Shamrock
- do dry january
- love and live wholeheartedly
- issue 4 - based on something like 'business trip' or 'blind faith'
- perform a comedy set at an open mic



big love for you if you're reading this



THANK YOU FOR READING

Vegetarian diets provide health benefits in
and treatment of certain diseases

TAKE AWAY

HELP YOURSELF

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DAILY EXPRESS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

WEATHER SUNDAY

Vegetarian cuts your risk of heart disease

KEY TO LIVING LONGER

risk of heart disease, say experts

FROM PAGE ONE

DAILY SUN CREAM IS A

See u
Later

UNTIL NEXT TIME!!!!
SUBMIT FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE,
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR
OUR OPEN CALL!

