



Screen ZINE

Artists against boredom and despair

Issue One Summer 2022 free



THE EGO HAS LANDED

AN INTERVIEW WITH OMAR MAJEED

1. WHAT'S THE GREATEST CITY ON EARTH?

① HEREFORD. NO QUESTION

2. WHO WOULD YOU RUN OVER WITH YOUR CAR?

① BORIS JOHNSON. I WOULD TAKE PLEASURE IN IT

3. WOULD YOU RATHER, A HUMAN SKULL ASHTRAY OR AN ELEPHANT LEG UMBRELLA STAND? HUMAN SKULL ASHTRAY THAT WOULD BE WELL METAL. IDEALLY BORIS JOHNSON'S SKULL. IT WOULD ACT AS A MEMENTO MORI

FOR DISCOVERY'S?

4. WHAT IS THE MEANING OF SCREE?

① THE WORD? THERE IS NO MEANING (THOUGH IT'S RUBBLE). WE WANT TO MAKE A CULTURAL ARTEFACT DOCUMENTING AN ARRAY OF CREATIVE RESPONSES TO NOT HAVING A BRIEF

5. DO YOU CONSIDER ZINES TO BE A CULTURAL PYRAMID SCHEME?

① A SNAKE OIL PRODUCT BASED ON LEVELS OF INVESTMENT? I HADN'T PREVIOUSLY BUT WHY NOT? IT'S THE BEST PYRAMID SCHEME.

6. DO YOU OPPOSE SCIENCE?

① OPPOSE SCIENTISM. THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD IS THE BEST THING WE HAVE FOR SEEKING THE TRUTH



OMAR MAJEED

THESE ARE



INTRO

[www.tumblr.com/blog/](http://www.tumblr.com/blog/screezine)**screezine**

WELCOME TO THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP SCREEZINE, BORN OUT OF THE LONG COLD ASHES OF GRAVITY ZINE (RIP). I AM YOUR EDITOR, OMAR MAJEED AND I HAVE PUT THIS ZINE TOGETHER ON INDESIGN OVER THE COURSE OF A COUPLE OF MONTHS. THE REAMS OF PAPER ARE HERE AND IT'S JUST, AT TIME OF WRITING, ABOUT TIME TO PRINT. THE IDEA FOR SCREE CAME ABOUT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER IN CONVERSATION WITH ARTIST JOHN BURRAGE. WE INTENDED A FULL TABLOID SIZE NEWSPRINT EDITION IN COLOUR TO BE PUT TOGETHER BY AN EDITORIAL TEAM WITH CONTENT DRAWN FROM OUR SUBSTANTIAL NETWORK OF ARTISTS, WRITERS, AND CREATIVES OF ALL FLAVOURS. THIS CONCEPT REQUIRED US PROCURING FUNDING FROM SOME CREATIVE POT OR OTHER, SOMETHING NEITHER OF US GOT ROUND TO DOING. THIS FIRST ISSUE AS A RESULT COMES TO YOU IN HUMBLE BLACK AND WHITE, PRINTED ON AN INEXPENSIVE TONER PRINTER IN AN UNNUMBERED EDITION OF 200, TO BE DISTRIBUTED INITIALLY TO CONTRIBUTORS AS THANKS FOR THEIR AMAZING WORK, AND THEN ROUND SYMPATHETIC LOCAL HEREFORD BUSINESSES. THANK YOU TO ALEXANDER'S BARBERS WHO HAD THE FORSIGHT AND KINDNESS TO TAKE OUT AN ADVERT ON A ZINE THEY HADN'T SEEN YET. I NEED TO GO AND SEE KELLY THERE SOON AND GET MY MULLET EXPERTLY TENDED TO. WE'RE LOOKING FOR OTHER ADVERTISERS TO FUND PRINTING AND IF POSSIBLE START TO PAY ARTISTS FOR THEIR WORK, AS IT SHOULD BE. MY HEARTFELT THANKS GO OUT TO ALL THE WONDERFUL CONTRIBUTORS FROM THIS FIRST ISSUE FOR SENDING ME THEIR EXCELLENT WORK FOR NO REWARD OTHER THAN MY GRATITUDE AND A COPY OF THIS ZINE FULL TO THE GILLS WITH ORIGINAL AND INTERESTING ARTWORK. I DEARLY HOPE IF YOU'RE PICKED THIS ZINE UP IT INTERESTS AND ENTERTAINS YOU, AND IS A RAY OF LIGHT IN A TROUBLED WORLD. THANK YOU FOR TAKING A LOOK.

BEST WISHES, OMAR

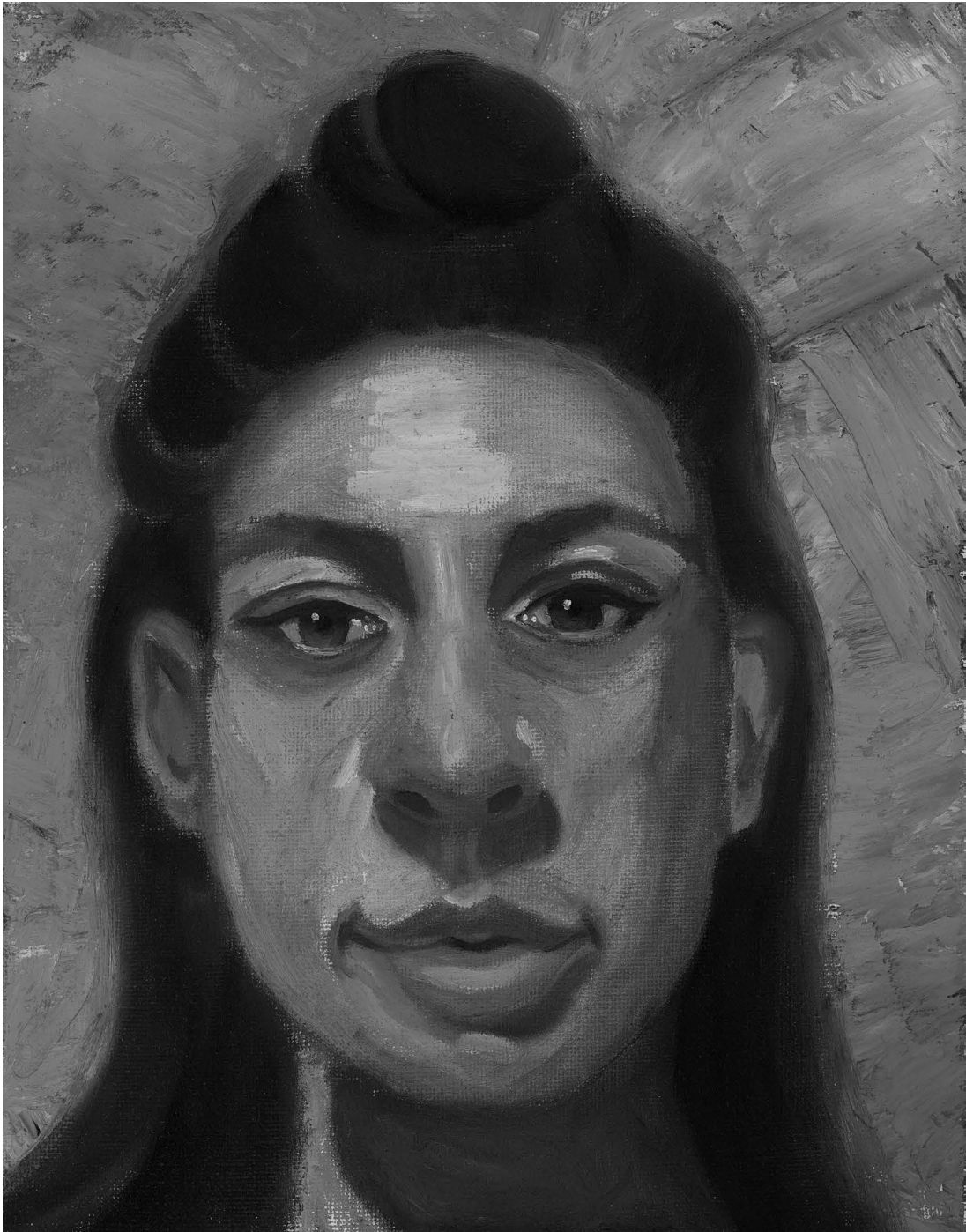
IF YOU'D LIKE TO CONTRIBUTE TO FUTURE ISSUES OF SCREEZINE PLEASE EMAIL OMAR -
SCREEZINE@GMAIL.COM

IF YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE AN ADVERT OUT IT IS THE SAME EMAIL ADDRESS.



Soap, Sanitizer and Vaccine; 2021.

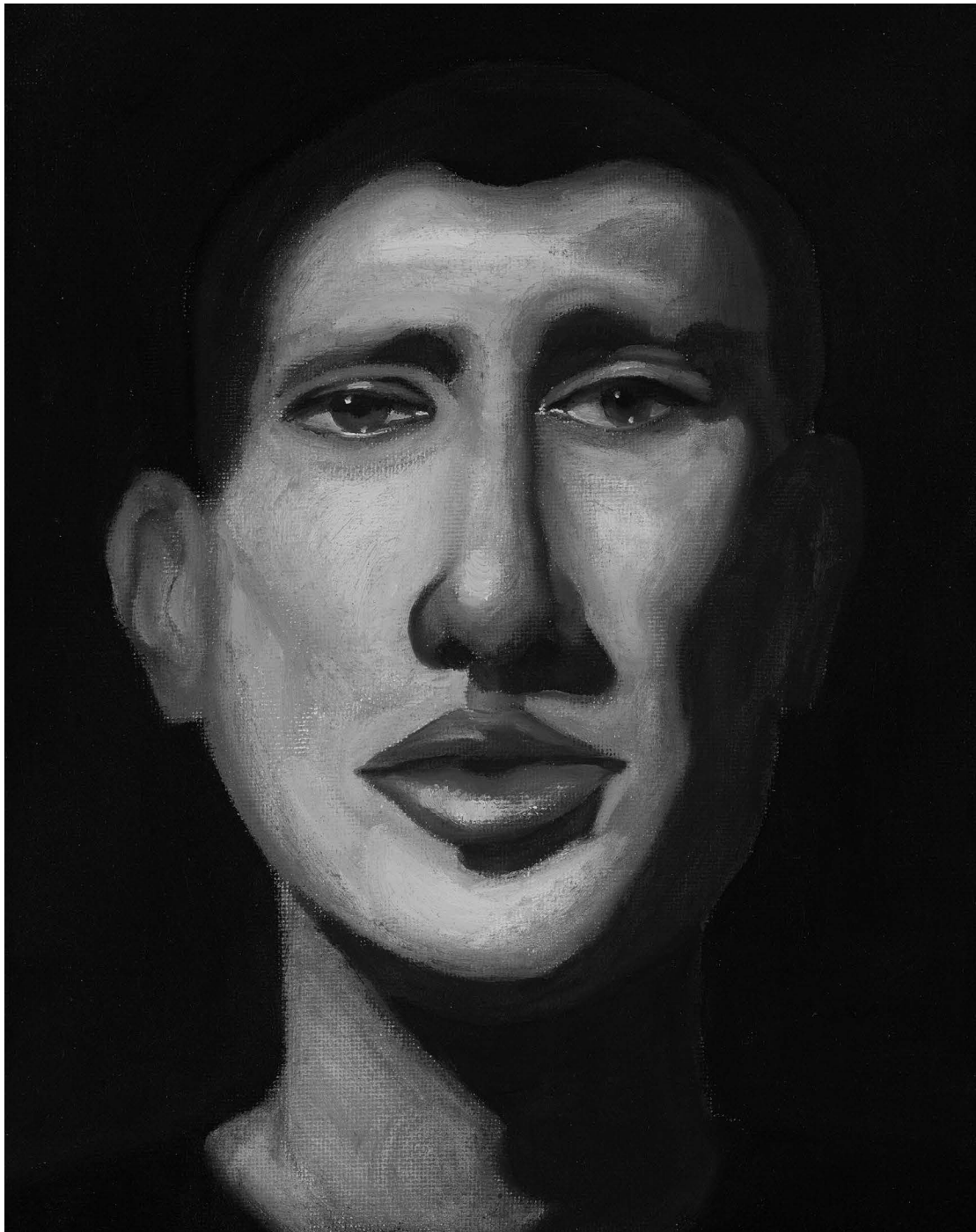




Savannah Roberts

6

insta: @svrartt



insta: @svrartt

7

Savannah Roberts



Claire Perkins

8

insta: @perkily



I'm an extremely infrequent flyer but when I do go, my timing has been questionable. My trip to San Francisco fell just as that city was in the news because a Chinese cruise ship with three dead from Covid had just docked. I was there for the first day of lockdown and my trip was cut short.

Similarly, Warsaw was in the news in the days before my flight. Poland's neighbour, as you will be aware, is currently being invaded by Russia: a War against Ukraine. Millions of displaced people. Poland is accepting the lion's share of the influx. She is proving to be a very generous neighbour.

PSYCHOGE

TOBY GODDEN

WARS

I arrived here at the same time as the first half million refugees. There is a sense of history unfolding, repeating. Warsaw bears the scars of War, and remembers well. If you don't know its history it's worth a reminder. During the last World War, the City of Warsaw, while under occupation by the Nazis, stood up in a doomed resistance known as the Warsaw Uprising of 1944. The Germans' revenge was brutal and chilling. The city was destroyed, totally. 85% rubble. The death toll stood at 800,000; one city with more souls having perished than Britain and American casualties put together. The Old town, a graceful and well proportioned medieval square was lovingly restored from absolute ruin, a clock bearing the date 1953 brings into focus just how alarmingly recent this Old Town is. We walked the bohemian district of Praga, an area that wasn't destroyed, and even there, brick buildings could be found with the tell-tale circular scar of shells. The peo-

ple are naturally anxious given the current events. Civilian buildings being targeted in merciless bombing is bad news in any language, but is made all the worse by proximity and kinship - Ukraine and Poland have, throughout history been the same country, and their peoples feel as one. And so the response is compassion. People are helping. Six million refugees are expected and Poland is taking in the most. I felt disgusted by my own country's contrasting response: the UK's offer of help to 200,000 marred by the expectation that they would work as fruit pickers (and only 300 visas currently issued!) Refugees aren't supposed to be expected to work. This is our government demon-

OGRAPHY:

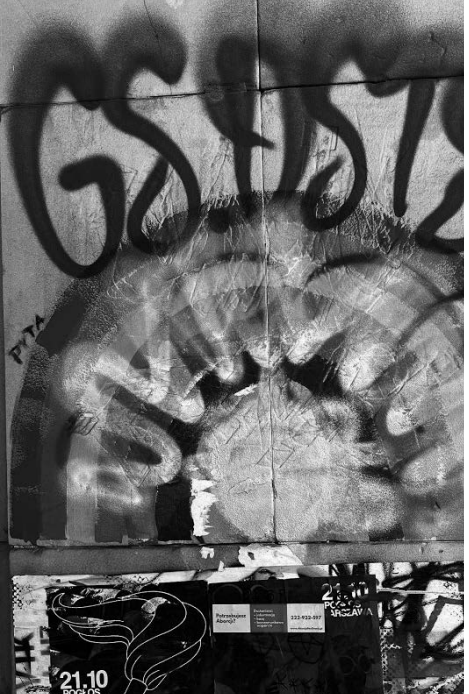
ZAWA

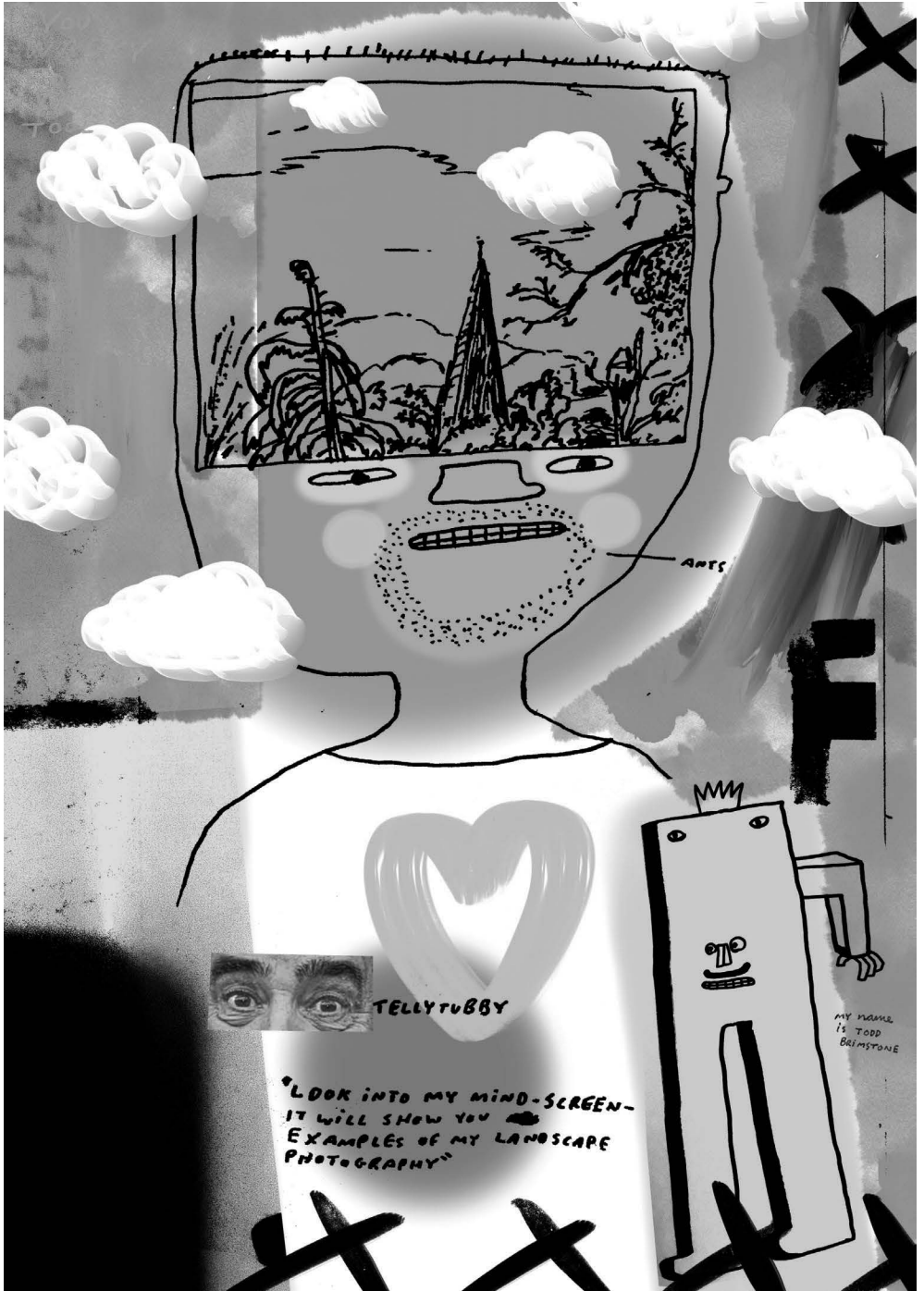
strating on the world stage yet again how tone-deaf and self-serving we can be.

War was supposed to be consigned to history. We got complacent I guess. How to stop a city being bombed? Such thoughts tinged my trip with a melancholy that gave the graffiti on the post-communist architecture an extra dose of inspiration. It's a beautiful city: modern, generous, clean & welcoming. Two people can eat a two course meal in a restaurant for five pounds. There are world class museums. There are very instagrammable statues. The plane only cost a tenner. I don't know why I didn't come earlier. My last attempt, a road trip in my early twenties, came to a stop at Berlin during the 18th anniversary of the Fall of the Wall, due to lack of funds.

I'm glad I came. In short: Visit Warsawa, donate to Ukraine. And let us Stop War.



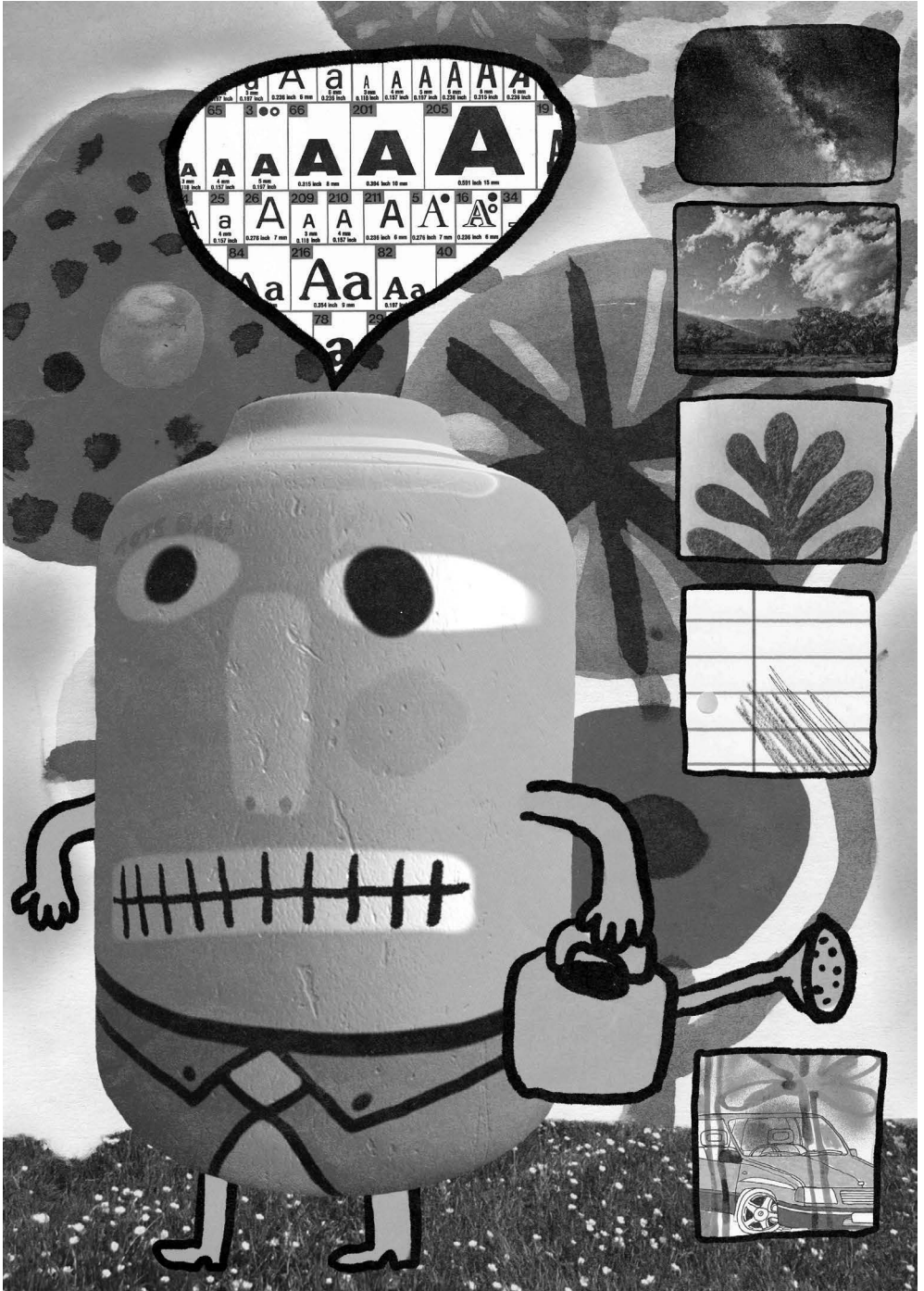




ARGH

here OBSERVE THE REASON
FOR YOUR PETTY EXISTENCE. NO FURTHER
DISOBEDIENCE WILL BE TOLERATED.





“Sonder — noun. the realization that each random passerby is living a life as vivid and complex as your own.”
- The Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows.





insta: @justinhoodphotography 18





L I V E ,

L A U G H ,

L O V E .

We should colour in as adults, and invest in interesting lightbulbs and bold, patterned wallpaper.

We should observe gin o'clock less soberly and

water our identities with and more attainable.

Earl grey tea. We should We should hang up our

get into yoga and craft beer painters' overalls and

and write a round robin take our typewriter to

Christmas email featuring the vintage shop and

our festive family studio spend the money on

portrait. We should watch Prêt sandwiches and

Peaky Blinders on catch flat whites. We should

up. Better late than never. abandon these vain

And binge watch the new visions of contributing to

hot series on Netflix. an artistic conversation

We should read lifestyle with the bold voices of

magazines like we used past and present and

to pour over scripture just blend in. Descend

seeking answers. They the mountain and

may be more forthcoming live in the low village

desiring nothing but a satisfaction which

only slightly eludes enough to keep us

turning up at work and coming home and

sleeping soundly with bad dreams we don't

remember and waking up in a hungover fog

to trace the contours of mundane and common

folly until we meet our grateful final sleep,

perhaps to see the Disney vision of our

bland kindness.

Mordant

Mordere

Bite

Walk - Run - Bark - Bleed

an attempt

to flow memory into fixed form

a spell cast in a tincture of the moment

time cast into fibre

a lifetime of patterns unravel

the weave open, the threads bare

cotton shell drifts like sand from the shore

tangled

feet

don't get complacent yet

Where have all the trees gone?
Malvern to Brecon to Blencathra,
then at Sellafield, a lonely
ragwort – stands tall for the last cinnabar party.

Searching the wild places,
and then back to the Aphis fabae garden.
No lacewing, earwig, hoverfly anymore – sweeping
decomposing biocoenosis gazes eye to hand.

Was it bliss then, sun field scampering
between the onion and potato furrows at the back of the house?
The clouds part to pour on my contented childishness.
I have never seen a swallowtail or hawk moth nor a lark or nightjar.

The hand, the eye

what is real what is imagined

The hand and the eye,

sensations created by relations between the hand and the eye

The hand and the eye and the mind's eye.

the division between the internal and external, senses and objects

The hand and the eye and the mind's eye and the image,

no longer exist, both senses are folded and unfolded onto each other like a plait

The hand and the eye and the mind's eye and the image and the sensation,

the internal becomes the external, the external becomes the internal - they bleed into each other

The division no longer exists.

Nameless but not formless,
drifting within your own is another body -
a screenplay of the body.

Dislodged from the centre
and biopsied.
these bits of the body - whose body? - what is a body?
but a culmination of other organisms.

Gasping back into
stale white disinfected air
on the sacrificial stone,
“Has it all gone?” she shouts, quietly.

As Audry Lorde said, through poetry and dreams,
we can give name to those ideas that were nameless and formless:
back to the black dream.

Today I sit at my computer arranging photos and collating this zine that you hold in your hands. Outside is the first warm day of spring. I am at my parents house and they are out gardening. I sit in the shadows, listening to a playlist I made you some time ago, to cheer you up, or to curry favour, or perhaps a bit of both and something else besides. To communicate something, but what, love? One would imagine. What is love? An easy question but the answer is more difficult. People speak to me about neurotransmitters, brain chemistry, oxytocin, like naming these molecules is some kind of answer. Speaking their names like we know what we are talking about. I don't. But I know this. When I was a young existentialist I liked reducing all that was good and decent and holy to rubble, with the shovel of reductionism. But love is not simply that warm glow that remains in the midst of a daily hug. Nor is it just the frenzied exhaustable exuberance of early courtship, as all the songs on the radio make sense or whatever. It is a story we weave together out of a hundred in jokes and a hundred thousand beautiful moments too easily disregarded, of companionship and consideration. The effort to put the other first and like today give the space I intuit is needed, and take the time I've said I need, and feel the distance keenly considering it is about a mile down the road to our kettle, to your arms. Feel that distance so the closeness can be noticed and appreciated when it comes again godwilling. I feel there is a quantum element, a soul element if you will, beyond the play of biology and chemistry. For sure, there are pheromones at play in attraction. For sure, emotional bonds rely on hormones released by the body in response to connection, but why do I feel when I lie down in a distant bed that I can feel the echo of your body from your room superimposed in space as we are the superimposition of a crystallising possibility - perhaps coded in dna, but perhaps also present in the ever elusive but long imagined ether, between which physical and spiritual planes our astral imagination whispers sweet nothings and sometimes more. I'm sorry to have been contrary and awkward. I'm sorry my mind wavers. I'm sorry I struggle to be glad of all I have, I know I would feel it deeply to lose you. Thank you for your patience. Thank you for giving me the benefit of the doubt on more occasions than is really reasonable. I skip past Echo and the Bunnimen to hear the last track on the playlist: Damien Rice, whose earnestness used to trouble me, but now calms.

The committee in my head

There is a committee in my head
Who meet on a daily basis

There is an army sergeant who bellows and demands I do as he says.

A robust middle aged woman who strongly disapproves .

A wise, prim lady whose motto is “dont be too hard on yourself.

A tired out mum who says ‘fuck this shit’ a lot.

A shadowy figure who doesn’t ever talk but sneaks.

Theres one who always wants to get drunk. When they get drunk,we
all get drunk.

One of them tells me to run away, and has big plans for a solitary life
by the sea,with lots of dogs.

Several of them want me dead.

There is a neurotic one who lives in constant fear of having left the
stove on whilst we’re on a long walk.

A wholesome one who loves me and wants to see me fulfil my poten-
tial. This one is quiet most of the time

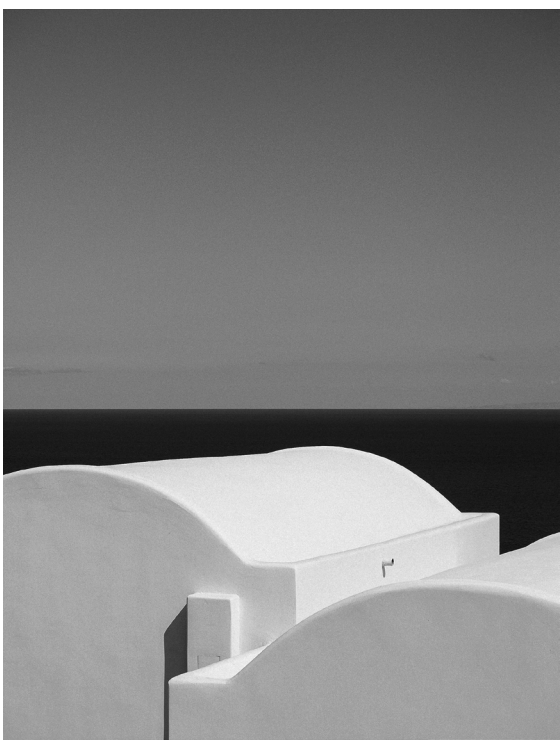
Like most committees there is a lot of bickering and tea drinking
And not a lot gets done.





Θήρα

photos by Lucy Clarke
Insta: @lucyrosecclarke





insta: @lucyrosecclarke



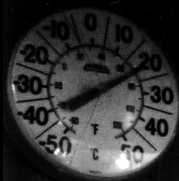
WE'LL LIVE AND DIE HERE -

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NK FARR





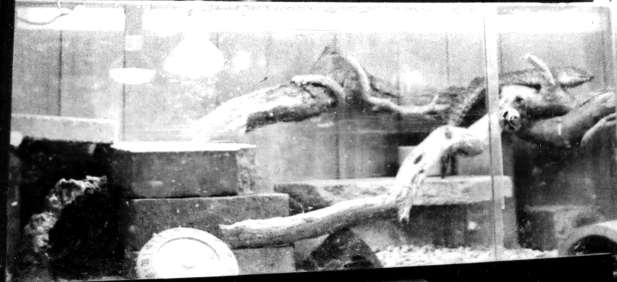




BEWARE OF THE FAN!

LUNNINGHAM SKINK

These skinks are...
£150



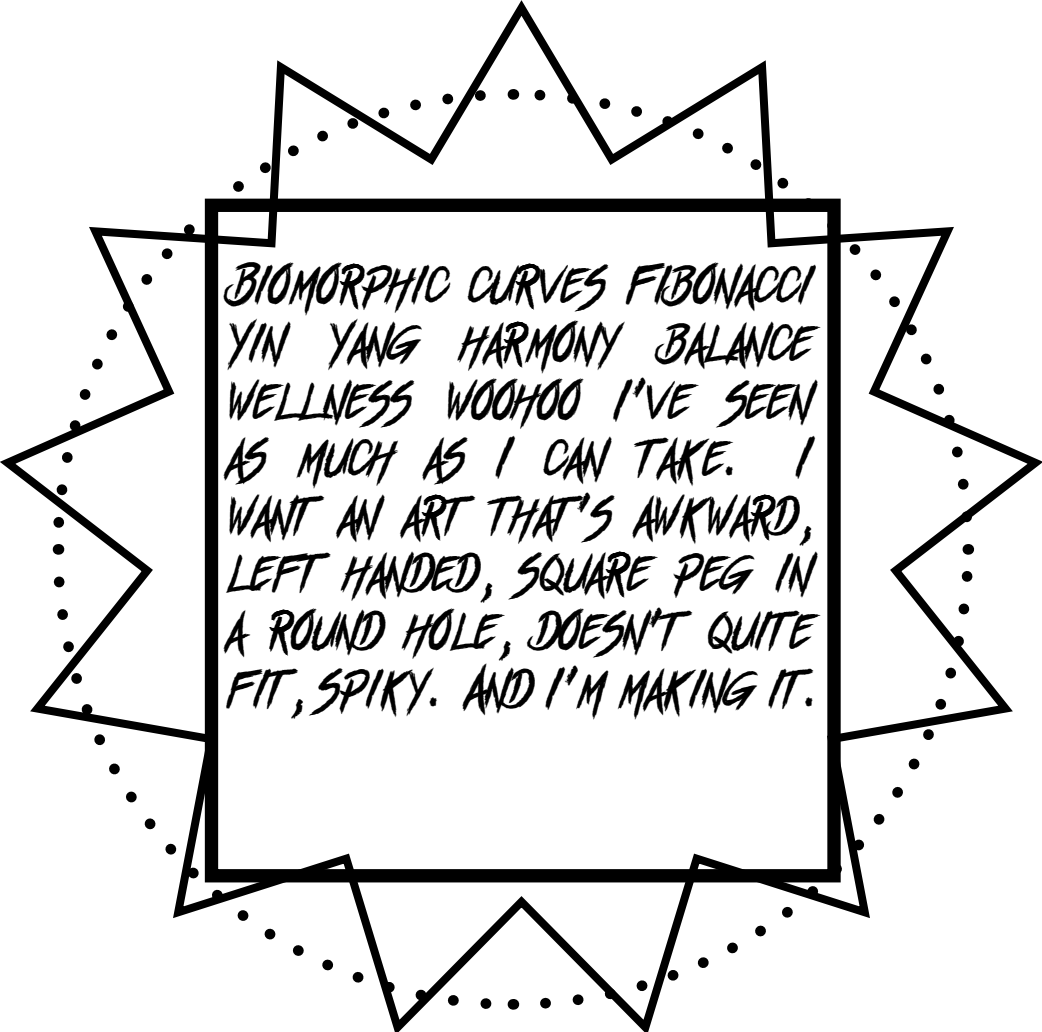
BLUE-TONGUE SKINK

These skinks are...
£125



READY





BIOMORPHIC CURVES FIBONACCI
YIN YANG HARMONY BALANCE
WELLNESS WOOHOO I'VE SEEN
AS MUCH AS I CAN TAKE. I
WANT AN ART THAT'S AWKWARD,
LEFT HANDED, SQUARE PEG IN
A ROUND HOLE, DOESN'T QUITE
FIT, SPIKY. AND I'M MAKING IT.

Bloody Elbow

He ollies with the poise of a ninja,
clearing the bench with air left to spare,
landing feather-light as a cat.
The younger boys puff “jeeeeeeeeze!”
and click their fingers, exhaling pungent smoke.
He tosses his paper-bag brown hair,
worn long to conceal his sparrow-like finches
and the scars from less graceful landings.
His skin is marked with self-inflicted stick-and-poke tattoos:
a faded daisy behind capital letter bars, “THANKS FOR
NOTHING”,
D E A D L O V E across his knuckles.
“How did you get so good at skating?” I ask.
He knocks back a swig of Thatcher’s Gold, and says:
“I didn’t spend too much time at home as a kid”.

Wallpaper Poem

The same wallpaper I had in the house I grew up in -
now these four walls, they know me somehow.
They say: I recognize you,
but will remain professionally detached.

Like the librarian who has been a librarian forever
and knows you return all your books late and unread.

Like the small-town pharmacist who knows
you have taken the morning after pill
twice the past three weeks.

The wallpaper, it smiles blithely and mocks me.

As if so say -
see, I know you.

As if to say -
see; how small your life is.

In The Garden

The bickering of sparrows annoys me,
even though I try to be mindful.

Television arguments whine and curdle
in dim living rooms.

But every time I hear an areoplane,
I am seven again —
watching white popcorn rip across the sky,

the jet a scissor blade
to an overstuffed blue cushion.

The neighbor plays piano —
a faded gameshow host

with melancholic brogues,
laments ice-cream vans and cats

and never finishes a tune.



insta: @eve.rose.thomas

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Eve Thomas



Eve Thomas

42 insta: @eve.rose.thomas

GRAFFITI AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

Shy polite fields feebly
Give way to ruffian towns.
Stone sleepers sleeping in
Scrapings under concrete spans
Worn out and into shape by
Footfall and calloused hands.

The bridge's tattooed embrace
Offering arms of danger in a safe place.
Graffiti grown genteel, its elbows
Rounded by the circus of seasons.
Yesterday's taggers and braggarts slip
Quietly into armchairs and tax credits.
Decades dissolving the quiet hiss
Of aerosol bliss and silent skyward screams.

Slowly civilized against their will until they
No longer cry out for the old fierce
Feelings felt as footings fail
And spray cans fall. Young lives
Played out against the bleak blank promise
Of empty walls they didn't choose.
Signing the cruel expanse
With angry innocent tags.

I follow the path round, through the
Kissing gate hanging by one hinge,
Into the fields where any remnants of growth
Are ploughed under and harrowed every year
So nothing remains but the path.
Followed by everybody, chosen by nobody.

Raymond Gordon
(@raymondgordonart)
Interviewed by
Omar Majeed

OM How are you Raymond?

RG I'm very well thank you.

OM Thank you for coming today to our palatial garden? Do you like the fountains and hanging baskets?

RG It reminds me of TS Elliot. I won't say which one...

OM You know his name is almost an anagram of toilets?

RG Indeed.

OM So what does your art practice consist of at the moment? I first knew you as a painter...

RG Well mainly at the moment it's been using Instagram as a platform either to put up work that I've done in terms of painting, but most of it's been about photography, and landscape photography in particular.

OM So what got you into photography?

RG Basically I discovered Instagram because one of my daughters said I would enjoy it as a medium, and it would bring me in contact with other artists.

OM It was kind of the social element that was intriguing?

RG It was kind of a mixture of both, to see what work other people have done, to see how my work compared or fitted in to that, and also because in a funny sort of way I feel like I had a flair for it, and it was less labour intensive than painting.

OM Has painting taken a back seat now?

RG Yes and no. I'm still painting, but not as much. I'm being more selective about what I do...

OM I'd say you were pretty selective anyway about your paintings previously ...

RG Sometimes when I look at other people's work they're constantly painting and have a back catalogue of stuff...

OM One thing I'd like to talk to you about is some advice you gave me about letting the paint dry. Could you tell me what that means beyond the obvious literal meaning?

RG Well, I think it's partly to do with slowing down and looking at what you're actually doing. Taking your time a bit more. There's a compulsion to keep overworking something until we obliterate what we intended to depict. Watching paint dry is almost like a meditation, an active engagement in the process. It reminds me a little bit of a book title by William Burroughs...

OM Which one?

RG The Naked Lunch. It was Jack Kerouac who said...

OM ...it's when you realise what's at the end of everyone's fork...

RG Exactly it's a moment of awareness when you realise what you're eating rather than shovelling it down. We do paintings too quickly. You might argue the same with music.

OM So it's something about slowness and consideration. I wondered to what extent your paintings are premeditated?

RG There's always the big idea. That never goes away. In fact, to give it a more humorous spin, a lot of what I do I call "cosmological concerns" – so this is me constantly painting big themes about the origin of the universe and the big bang...

OM ...but with a twinkle in your eye?

RG With a twinkle in my eye, exactly. And I think that that idea is always there, but quite often I don't know what's going to happen

when I attack the canvas with paint!
OM How would the photography relate to your “cosmological concerns”? It has a similar quality in terms of there often being an absence of figures. You’ll look at some monolithic rock or giant landscape. On Instagram it’s small on the screen but there’s a grandeur about it and it’s got something dare I say of peak experience about it, viewing the landscape as eternal in a fashion.
RG I think it’s all of that and more. In a funny sort of way a lot of what I do in Instagram I limit in terms of the sort of app I use with brightness and sharpness...
OM It’s in the editing a lot of the time....
RG A lot of it is about the editing
OM You seem to have a tone of editing that is sort of gloomy but also powerful, like a stormy kind of look.
RG And I think that’s right, and I like that. And though I may depict the impending end of the earth as we know it, it doesn’t match up with who I am as a person...
OM ...or what you hope for for the earth...
RG ...or what I hope for. Actually I’m quite optimistic, quite wry, quite humorous,....
OM Sure...
RG but I have that aspect of me which is quite concerned ...
OM You’re giving voice to ecological concerns
RG I think that’s what it’s about. And what I’ve been doing more recently, when people do appear in the pictures, they’re almost looking on at a possible scene of devastation.
OM Do you think photography can have the same gravitas as painting?
RG Very much so. I think that photography, painting, music, writing etc all have

their own gravitas. They all overlap with one and other. And despite people breaking free in terms of painting, it’s become quite traditional. I don’t think photography will replace it but it’s become quite technical.
OM There’s not much ground to be covered that hasn’t been covered with painting.
RG I don’t think there is.
OM Have you heard the term zombified with painting? That someone said it’s over, it’s dead, but it still continues to move...
RG Well I think it does. But who’s defining it and for who? In the sense that it is ever changing, with an ever changing audience. It’s a bit like people discover specific writers and books, specific painters, artists.
OM Which books and music have been an influence to you?
RG In terms of music, it’s all over the place. I have quite an eclectic taste from very obvious throwaway pop music which is a skill in its own right to fairly out there jazz, the avant garde.
OM Do you actually listen to throwaway pop music ever?
RG I do...
OM Who do you like?
RG In some ways I still hark back to David Bowie... I see part of his canon as quite poppy.
OM He’s been kind of canonized though. Whereas someone like Taylor Swift hasn’t.
RG But I also listen to stuff like Neil Young or Bob Dylan or Leonard Cohen and for me a lot of them do have a pop sensibility about it.
OM This is what I’m getting at. A lot of people will say their taste is eclectic and it will be varyingly true, but usually there’s some musical territory they’d avoid, so it’s maybe more interesting to ask what they don’t listen to. Because it would be hard to imagine you turning on Radio 1 and listening to Tinchy Strider or whatever



RG I wouldn't. I wouldn't. I mean, I quite like Radio 6 music, the eclectic mix on that. I quite like Radio 3 which is a real mixed bag of stuff.

OM What shows do you listen to on Radio 3?

RG There's a show called Late Junction which I really enjoy.

OM That's a good program.

RG I'm drawn of course to the avant garde in terms of Classical.

OM When did you start playing the flute?

RG When I was about seven years of age. By the time I was about fourteen I'd done all my grades.

OM You've got Grade 8?

RG I've done all my grades. But I was always seeking something other than Vivaldi and Mozart and Debussy and that's what led me to the avant garde.

OM You're still playing music?

RG Still play music, but haven't played flute for quite a long time. I play the guitar and banjo. I sometimes think playing flute is more of a group interaction; it works better when you're with other people. I also really like artists like Brian Eno, and American avant garde people like John Cage, as well as a lot of contemporary musicians...

OM With Eno and Cage specifically, they both probably were as interested in their approach as the outcome. Is that something that interests you?

RG I don't know, it's difficult. Perhaps with me, I like any music that makes the hair stand up on the back of my neck.

OM You know the Radio 6 DJ he is now, Steve Lamacq. He called it a neck Mohican and a lot of us cringed at the phrase, but some of us recognised what he meant.

RG It's a very apt description of something that excites or unsettles you.

OM It's hard to put your finger on what ex-



actly it is in music that does that.

RG I suspect most people have a memory of when they first discovered music, possibly separate from their parents. But it was about them and their adventure. And one of the things that did it for me was a song by a band called Jethro Tull who had a song called "Living in the Past" I remember seeing that on Top of the Pops about 1968 and being really floored by it, as a kid that had already started the flute by then, that really fired me up.

OM Did you have friends growing up that you'd say "have you listened to this"?

RG There was the obligatory going to school in your army jacket with an album under your arm. You would swap, you would borrow. It was the same with books. People would come in and say "have you heard of John Paul Sartre?". It was a melting pot. A really powerful time.

OM Those existentialist authors probably had an influence early on.

RG Well I think with a lot of that stuff there's a collective consciousness where although you think you're the only person who discovered it but there's lots of like minded people. On a more cynical level you know that's the power of advertising...

OM How do you mean?

RG Well I think sometimes we're sold ideas, a brand of politics or music...

OM And it's tribal and you get that sold back to you?

RG And it's very quickly commodified and commercialised. You could argue that listening to someone like Bob Dylan now is a bit of a copout. I'm not sure I agree with that...

OM Mark E Smith called those people "look back bores" but it's a hard line to take in a way.

RG It is a hard line to take, and I think it's

always a finely balanced tightrope you're walking in terms of influences.

OM Do you think nowadays maybe in music maybe also in art things are being recycled in new combinations but little actually new is being made. Or is that a mistake that older people make?

RG We're limited by the human experience anyway, so no matter how out there it might appear, there's limited notes on the piano and it's how you play them.

OM People invent microtonal pianos but it's not going to take off is it? There's a reason for the 12 tones and the keys isn't there?

RG Yes

OM Just a wildcard question; have you heard about the 4... 20 Hz is it? That there's a natural frequency for tuning that is in harmony with the Kosmos and this is the conspiracy theory - the Nazis supposedly took concert pitch and standardized it to something that would make us feel detached and alienated from the natural world.

RG Well, I think there's always people who will have a vested interest in distorting certain ideas to their agenda. I think that what we recognise is that wherever we look, everything that we see, hear, taste, touch has a magic of its own right. Music has been around for a long time. Archaeologists have found bone flutes that were made goodness knows how long ago. There's the majesty and beauty of cave art. All these things thread together; music, art... it's all one and the same thing.

OM What is that thing?

RG I think it's humankind's need to be creative. I think we might not like some of what people do, but by and large the creative spirit is in right accord, which means there's an optimism about it, that it's for the good... it's probably political as well



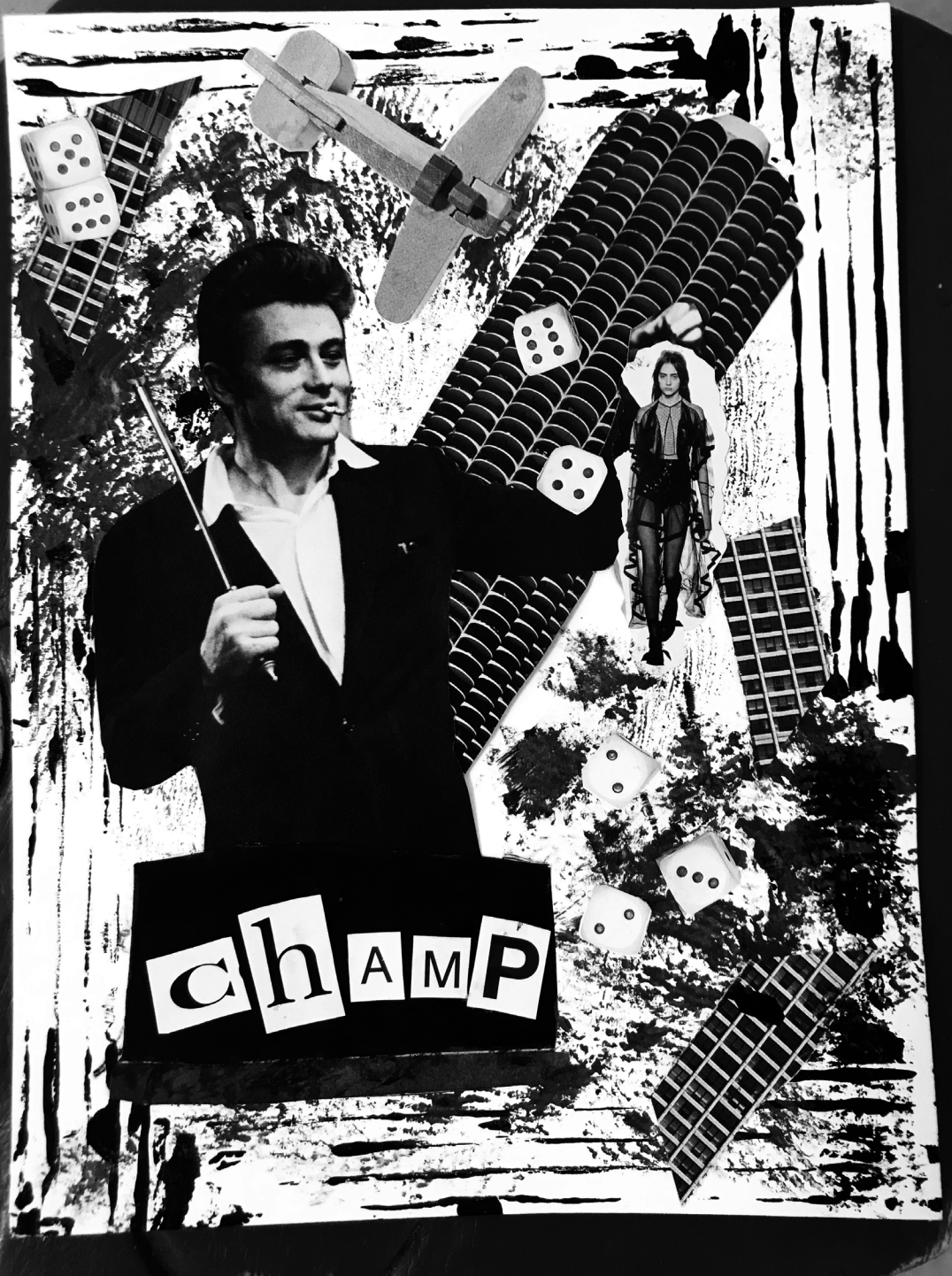
but that's another story.

OM Thanks Raymond. Any final thoughts?

RG No. I have no thoughts whatsoever
about anything.

insta: [@raymondgordonart](https://www.instagram.com/raymondgordonart)





chAMP

Hangover poem

It's a good day to be hungover
Blue skies and vitamin D
A-bit of brain fog and wine mouth for
breakfast.
It's not one of those ones where you vow to
never drink again,
Or even where I really feel sick,
just tired mainly
Sunglasses are on,
I really want a Greggs.
The End

Hangover poem 2

This one's a real one.
Sat in McDonald's window
Watching all the air max and new balance
Wander by on a [Sunday lunchtime](#).
I'm picking at my fries,
And of course the milkshake machine is
broken, they always are when you need them
most

INTERVIEW WITH FORMER “HOW2” PRESENTER GAZ TOP
by GARETH POSTANS (@galedicktorian)



Thank you for your reply. Great to hear from you!

First of all...

(1) How the hell are you and how is life treating you?

Life is very good thank you, Violet & I have I have 2 sons who have matured into fine young adults, one is studying maths in Liverpool University and the other is a fully-fledged pop star. My production company WhizzBang TV is busy making radio documentaries about subjects I am passionate about, and my car podcast Gareth Jones On Speed is still knocking it out the

park after 18 years. Last year I took on one of the greatest challenges of my life, and turned it into a 3-part TV documentary series....but more on that later.

(2) What's the strangest thing you've ever done?

What a great question. I have done many strange things in my time, been fired out of a canon, floated Violet on a squadron of helium balloons, but arguably the strangest or arguably rarest things anyone has ever done is to go for a stroll and a chat with a man who has walked on the lunar surface. Back

in 1994 I was lucky enough to do just that with one of my all-time heroes Apollo 11 moonwalker Buzz Aldrin.

(3) What's this big swimming thing you're up to?

Well, that was actually last year. I turned 60 in July 201 so I decided to mark this ridiculous event by attempting something even more ridiculous, that is to swim from Porthcawl in south Wales across every river, lake and reservoir in my way on a route that took me all the way to Conwy in north Wales. In total it was 63km of swimming that I succeeded in doing in 2 weeks of swimming over 20 days. It was an astonishing thing to attempt and even more astonishing to me that I was successful at this herculean task. I find it truly difficult to believe that I am the first person ever to have swum across Wales. The 3-part documentary series made about it was called Gareth Jones: "Nofio Adre" (Swimming Home) and was broadcast on S4C (Channel 4 Wales) in October 2021. When it gets repeated soon it will appear on the BBC iPlayer.

(4) Obviously, you're a TV legend. Any great memories from the old days? Still speak to the old gang? Yes, I had a lovely chat with my long-time pal Fred Dinenage just recently. Fred retired from regular presenting after an astonishing 40year + career. When Fred and I chatted we agreed that the 17 years we spent making How2 together was a golden age for both of us, some of the best times we have ever enjoyed on television. And obviously my co-presenter from The Big Bang (Violet Berlin) and I see each other all the time, we've lived together for a quarter of a century.

(5) Do you prefer Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables or The Fresh Prince of Bel Air?

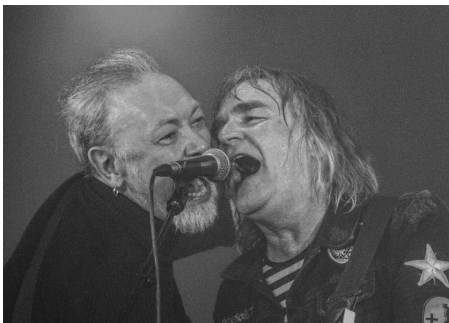
I don't think that I have ever seen either of these programmes, I'm more likely to be found watching Star Trek or Formula 1 or history and science documentaries.

(6) You still rocking out with The Alarm and Mick Jones?

I'm still very much in touch with The Alarm, so much so that in 2019 I joined them on their tour bus for the entire 9 weeks of their

US tour. I was there to produce a podcast series for them about the tour and to act as the MC for the gigs every night, I even joined them on stage to guest on bass during the encore. It was over 35 years since I last toured with them when I was their guitar roadie, but it honestly felt like I had never been away, happy days indeed. I've not bumped into Mick Jones since we last chatted in the backstage bar at a Bob Dylan gig in Brixton Academy a little while back now, but it was great to see him again. The Clash were very important to me as a young music fan and the fact that Mick Jones wrote and performed the theme tune to Get Fresh my 1980s Saturday morning TV show makes me immensely proud.

Thanks!
Gareth



On 18 Mar 2022, at 11:37,xxxxxxxxx wrote:

Gareth,

Hi there (I must compliment you on your name, excellent!) Yes, I would be glad to answer some questions for you. You can email them to this address. Keep it fairly short though 5 or 6 questions should be plenty, as I promise to give you thoroughly comprehensive answers.

Gareth Jones

From: Gareth Postans [mailto:xxxxxxxxx]
Sent: 15 March 2022 16:09
To: xxxxxxxxxxxx Subject: Interview for tiny Hereford based fanzine 'Scree'

Hi there

I was wondering if I could send Gaz some questions please?

Many thanks
Gareth



Still from Film: Union of Trades.
by Jaime Jackson.
with dancer Will Hodson.
www.saltroad.org.uk
www.jaimejackson.org
www.culturedeclares.org



Hereford holga - ten years gone

“I moved to Hereford in 2011 - these are some of the first pictures I made of my new home, recording surfaces before they changed.” martin.cameron/borderlinestraggler.com









Blood Pressure

Pre - op 1ST FEB

First reading $\frac{193}{122}$
Second $\frac{160}{95}$

Yesterday ~~194/120~~
after iron infusion

$\frac{194}{120}$

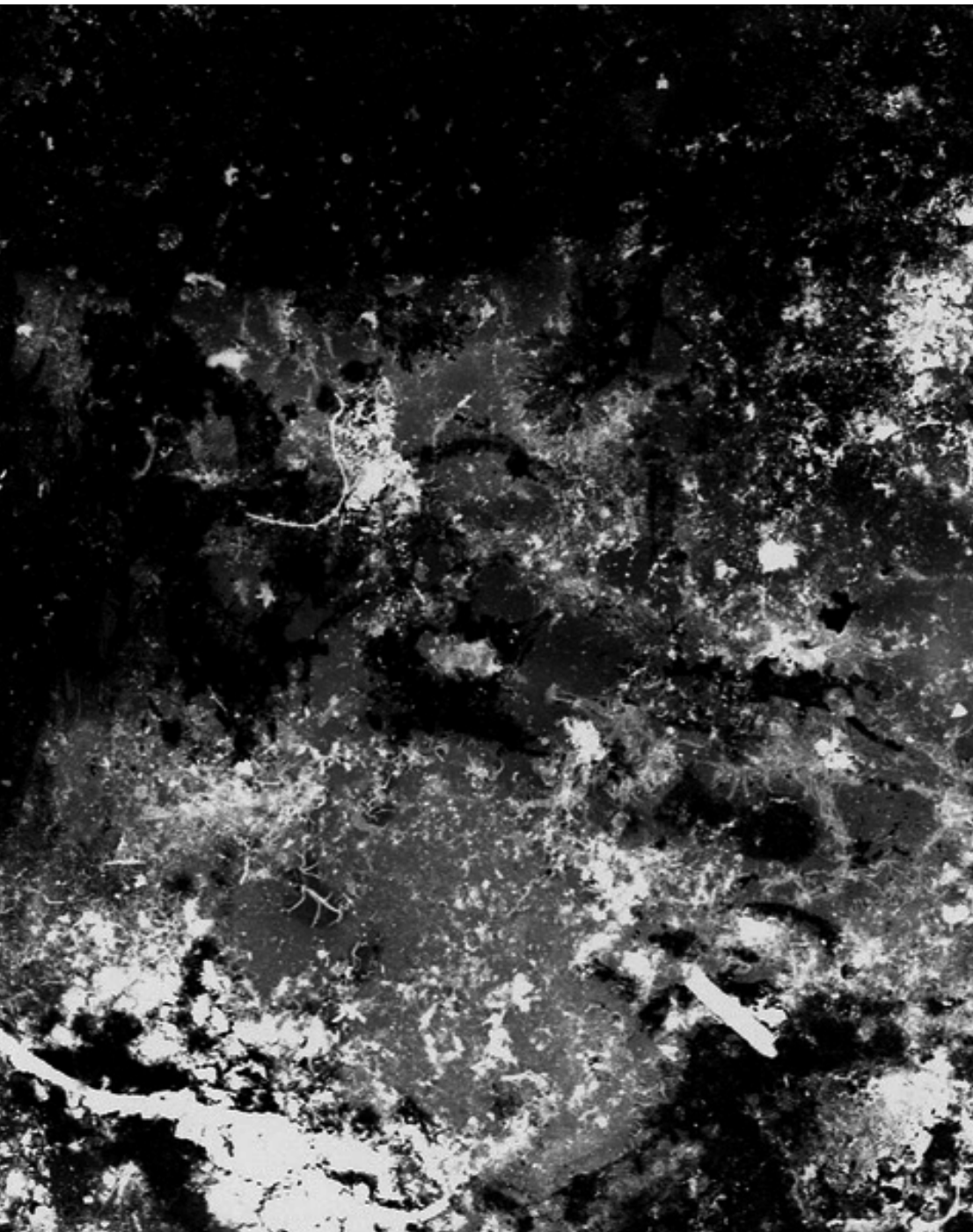
23/2/22

Last Night

$\frac{189}{121}$ $\frac{196}{124}$ $\frac{183}{119}$

Today 24/2/22

$\frac{189}{123}$ $\frac{184}{123}$ $\frac{180}{127}$





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**LE
SHIT**

French for "the shit"