**Echoes In Our Time Zine**

**July 2024**

**Acknowledgements**

It’s been a tough old month. The weather is once again proving climate crisis deniers wrong and now antidepressant users everywhere are desperately seeking shade. But there is good news and hopelessness doesn’t achieve change. Thank you particularly to @TheGarbageQueen for being my source of Good Climate News.

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**Folk Story - The Will-o’-the-Wisp**

Jhanvi strode out of the low door of her cottage adorned in wellies and a long navy raincoat. She’d arrived in Devon two months ago from her life in Bangladesh, on the wings of death. She’d lost her mother, who’d often nursed Jhanvi with stories of her childhood in Dartmoor, the ponies, tors, and gorse her primary companions.

Picking through overgrowth on the barely trodden path, Jhanvi wound a trail detailed to her by her new neighbours in the pub the night before. They had discovered that Mary, who ran the post office, remembered Jhanvi’s mother as children roaming the moors in fear of pixy-lights leading them into inescapable marshland. Jhanvi had told them of the marsh ghost lights from home which, in contrast, were sometimes helping you towards a better place, not trying to drown you.

What Jhanvi hadn’t shared was that inescapable marshland was exactly what she’d come looking for. With no more family and a lifelong difficulty making friends, Jhanvi had little left in her life.

The path opened up by a small forest and poured down a slight incline across vast moorland. Closeby, a shallow valley held the river feeding the forest behind which three huge hills rose out of the ground, Jhanvi could just about make out a tor topping the closest.

She made her way to the river’s edge and set off along the valley in search of soft, boggy marsh. She felt the closest to her mum that she had in months, warm and safe and couched in love. Jhanvi tread on through her tears until she had to sit, breathe, and wipe her face. As she did she could still see strange small circles, orbs. It was the lights. She stood up, ready, and followed the fated lights.

Soon Jhanvi reached higher ground. Confused, she slowed but the lights grew brighter until she rejoined them. Eventually, Jhanvi was thrown out of the moor altogether, on the main road close to The Seven Stars pub. She could hear her mother’s voice as clear as when she was alive, comforting Jhanvi as she had so many times. Sobbing, Jhanvi fell to the ground alerting Mary who left the pub, helped Jhanvi up and they shared stories of the woman who had tied them together across the world.

**Original poem - My Mum is a Macramist**

Tie me tightly, mum.

Prepare me for roasting, sew me up.

Close up my shoes and make them stay on.

Show me how to thread a needle and finish the stitch.

Tie my heartstrings together before I even meet the sky.

Tongue-tie me, mum.

Upset me, infuriate me, demolish me anew.

Then heal my wounds and help me heal yours.

Tell me things in silence and shout what still needs shouting.

Tie me to you, mum.

Tie me so I’ll never be lost, wherever you are.

Tie me so you’ll never be gone, whenever you are.

Tie me so that people can see that we’re tied,

It’s important that I come from you.

And in all this tying, I’ll learn to tie my own knots.

To keep track of where I’ve been,

To the people I want to keep close,

To my ideas and convictions,

To keep memories alive.

You tie me to the world, mum.

To your mum and our mums before her.

To everything that happened to them,

Their history is our bones, mum.

Epigenetics has nothing on us.

I’ll tie you to the future, mum.

I’ll take you there.

Whoever takes me will take you too,

Because you tied us together.

**Spotlight - Bangladesh & Palestine**

Corruption in Bangladesh

Peaceful student protests challenging the reinstatement of a 30% quota of well paying government jobs to descendants of a specific group of independence fighters from 1971 were made violent by the government and police response resulting in considerable death and injury; the protests have now expanded accordingly. The government have enforced a harsh curfew, deployed the military, and established an almost total comms blackout.

Palestine Update

On 19th July the Int. Court of Justice (ICJ) ruled that Israel is an apartheid state and that its occupation of Palestine is illegal and must stop at once. The ICJ also ruled that Israel should pay reparations and that no other state should aid or assist the continuation of the occupation e.g. by providing weapons or political support. Despite this, the next day the UK and US collaborated with Israel to bomb Yemen, and France allowed Israel to compete in the Olympics whilst refusing Russia. Search HEAL Palestine to support disabled Palestinians.

**Recommendations**

This month I bring you some low stress joy.

She Ra and the Princesses of Power - a super cosy animated series available on Netflix about girlhood, love, and freedom. A bit queer and a bit autistic coded.

Mallavora - a rising metal band based in Bristol. The lead singer is disabled and jewish and she writes about this in their songs. They recently won a spot at Download and have booked their entire tour in accessible venues.

**Other thoughts & helpful info**

* Local libraries: vital community spaces of knowledge and support. Use them when you can!
* QueerAF: an online journalism network platforming queer creatives and changing media.
* Jessamyn Stanley: fat, black, and accessible yoga - The Underbelly.
* BreakThrough News: platforming poor, working-class communities and social justice movements.
* Good Law Project: using law to make a fairer and greener UK.
* Disability Rights UK: disabled collective who influence positive national change.

**That’s the end of the zine.**