

Liene eased down into the valley as quietly as she could, on guard today.

Trickery was afoot in her forest to change drastically mid-word. falling tree and the other seemed one sounded like the wind or a Yells in fact. Strangely though, floor as she heard raised voices. Her attention flew to the valley somehow and shuddered again. the forest looked different

From the ridge Liene noted that investigate. returned and she headed off to ridge, this was extraordinary so a wolf running along a distant mycelium. Instead, she glimpsed

"Medeina, really. I'm just having fun."

"Your tricks are not fun Velnias, they're dangerous. I protect the forest and you are not welcome here."

Liene froze, she was witnessing gods.

"Well."

"No Velnias, leave now!"

Just like that, the forest felt familiar and all the creatures vocalised in relief and celebration. Liene breathed out and joined in.

Five strange mounds began to rise up out of the ground in a distorted ring, slower than an animal but much faster than a plant. All at once they were surrounded by

Liene hooked her basket over her arm and tucked her knife into her pocket ready for a day gathering mushrooms. She set off towards the forest she'd picked mushrooms in since she was a child. Today though Liene felt a shudder run through her. Not the joy and anticipation she was used to but an air of trepidation, like all was not as it seemed.

Hailing from Latvia and Lithuania

## Mushroom Picking with Liene

wolves and Medeina, with a cry like stone being torn apart, froze them in place. As quickly as it began, it ended. Liene approached to inspect the now petrified mounds.

She realised they were in the shape of fingers reaching up from underground, just bigger. In fact, they were all around the forest floor. The mounds started to burst in quick succession and there in place of each one was a brilliantly ripe mushroom.

Liene, astounded, whipped out her knife, filled her basket and returned home dreaming up recipes for Velnias flavoured mushrooms.

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### HOW TO FOLD & READ THIS ZINE



This zine is designed to be printed double sided on one sheet of A4.

Start by folding 8 equal rectangles, 2x4, so that all the folds bend happily both ways.

Fold along the middle short fold and cut from the centre, half way down so that you meet the next short folds.

Open this out all the way and bend the 2 end folds and 2 middle folds in the same direction so you are left with a square shaped space.

Squash this square so you have a cross then squash the cross so it folds together like a book with page 1 as the front page. Do the same from the other side to read the rest!

So I'm going to tell you all about Universal Basic Income (UBI) so we can verbalise the world we want to see and make it happen!

In the month that marks a year of ramped up genocide in Palestine and Israel's continued attacks in Lebanon, things have felt bleak.

October 2024

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

RPH PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS...



## ECHOES IN OUR TIME

FOLKTALES & VERSE

A zine by Rowan Prescott Hedley



I am life and death  
My fruit is roulette  
Do you dare explore my  
depths?  
Lose those you hold dear, or  
Discover yourself  
I am choice and nourishment  
Fairytale, fable,  
Not punishment  
I am vast and old  
And new and bold  
I am everything you could  
ever wish to hold  
And when nothing familiar is  
left to see  
I will still be here,  
and you will be in me.

Eat me fresh from my woody  
fold  
Eat me on your own  
Eat me in company  
Eat me in stew, broth, and  
curry  
Eat me on toast, with eggs  
Eat me the way you like best  
My versatility is extraordinary  
Tell stories about me  
Find new realms  
Consume me  
Draw me  
Paint me  
Make art of and with me  
I am dreams and nightmares

I ended oil  
I am the reason it's cycle not  
coil  
I am everything all at once  
Queer's got nothing on me  
I am reproduction, tree  
I am all of me, under the sun  
Commuter highway from  
sapling to trunk  
Information incarnate is my  
body's hum-drum  
I am fascinating  
You are fascinated by me  
Go on, eat me  
Eat me hot,  
Eat me cold.

I am no stem and stamen  
I am scales, spores and teeth  
Admire me  
I am every step you take  
Every breath and every move  
You make on the threads of  
me  
My, my, see me run  
My mycelium connects  
everything  
This world runs on me  
I dominate soil

The Future is Fungus  
ORIGINAL POEM

SPOTLIGHT

**Universal Basic Income** is one way of redistributing wealth and resources so that people have more equal opportunities. Something like a wealth tax on assets e.g. land a shopping centre is built on and whose landlord is paid rent, brings in money which is then paid out to every individual equally, before anything else. People can still work, and in every trial (of many) people do still want to work, but they can already afford their basic needs. Additional income is still taxed appropriately and specific benefits e.g. disability /carers /bereavement, still exist.

RECOMMENDATIONS

**Doughnut Economics** (2017) - this book by Kate Raworth expands on her 2012 paper laying out an economic model for environmental and social sustainability, whereby standards of living and invention stay balanced.

**Turning Red** (2022) - a 13yr old girl starts turning into a giant red panda when having big feelings, as her female relations did before her. This film expresses neurodivergent puberty and mother/daughter relationships magnificently, on the shoulders of Brave (2012).

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.

RPH PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS...

ECHOES IN OUR TIME  
THE B - SIDE

A zine by Rowan Prescott Hedley



6B

7B

8B

1B