

HOPE

:A CONVERSATION

*In your absence we get along so easily
Wine drips from my lips
You catch the drops with your tongue
Sweetness.*

*I am dancing in a Tavern
It is to You
I dedicate these steps.*

*I am walking
Through the olive trees
I do not pick a single one.
Lest you might pass them,
And find yourself without.
Let only one of our hands be empty.*

*I sing
The nightingale hangs her head in shame, whispering
'What use if there for me when the lover can take my place?'*

*At night
I make two cups of coffee.
I lean out of the window
and speak into the abyss,
O how easily we get along!*

*Majnun's longing
is but a teardrop,
in this vast ocean.*

By Aasha Hussain

THE

ACE:

THE CLARE MARKET REVIEW

Issue 23/24

Hope/Horror

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PETER. TBILISI, GEORGIA

By Jack Beeching

Jack is a final-year undergraduate with an interest in street photography. This picture is of Peter, a friend, in Tbilisi, Georgia.

THE POWER OF HUMAN CONNECTION IN MOMENTS OF DESPAIR

By Greta Ellerbusch

Most people that have lived in London for a while might agree with me over the fact it can be an incredibly lonely city. Hard to believe, given the amount of people roaming the city every day. After all, there are almost 9 million people in London, and bicycles in Beijing, according to Katie Melua's 2005 song. Still, both finding the right bicycle and the right people to spend time with is a challenge. However, the insane mass of humans in London also means that there will likely be someone feeling the same way. A Facebook group called "The London Lonely Girls Club" offers an opportunity to make friends, proving to me that simple human contact can pose as a beacon of hope in an agonising sense of isolation.

When I moved to London in September 2023, I was on my own. It was the most courageous thing I've ever done, and I was aware that I was going to be alone at first. I always emphasise that being alone is different from being lonely, so I was sure I was going to be fine. I can keep myself busy at home and, being single, am used to doing things alone. Not having someone to go with won't keep me away from the cinema, theatre, or concerts. In December 2023, I even travelled alone for the first time. But while I generally enjoy spending time with myself, I hadn't factored in how hard it was going to be to make friends, especially as an introvert.

Here I was: new country, new city, new university, and new people. Yet the turbulent and, at times, isolating dynamics of it felt all too familiar. By the time I had found enough confidence to speak to someone in a seminar, their friend group had already formed and closed. It has always been that way, but now I was physically cut off from anyone that I felt emotionally connected with. For the first time in my life, I had to admit to myself that I actually felt lonely.

At home, I have a small circle of intimate friendships that I have carefully curated over the years and various stages of my life. I have known most of them since school. Typically, it takes a while for me to form a close tie with someone. Being away from both my friends and my entire family was a truly gut-wrenching feeling that I had never experienced before.

In the midst of this, I found “The London Lonely Girls Club”, and thankfully, I still hadn’t deleted my Facebook account from the fifth grade. Suddenly, I had access to a collective of more than 60.000 women who seemed to share my feelings. What I found was a beautiful collection of women seeking and offering support, reaching out to each other and forming groups with the same hobbies.

In the posts, women were encouraging each other to be their authentic selves, and finding people that they resonated with on sometimes rather specific levels. The group was full of wholesome little moments of strangers exchanging thoughts about all sorts of matters, from small things to life-altering moments. “Can anyone recommend a good cuticle oil?” “My dad’s coming to visit, where do I take him?” “Would someone like to go out for dinner tonight?” “I don’t want to be alone today.” “My visa renewal got denied, has anyone been in the same situation?” “I’m looking for a new netball team.” “Is anyone else going to see Stevie Nicks in Hyde Park on their own?” “What are your best tips against homesickness?” These are just a few excerpts of what went on in the group on a day-to-day basis. Even just monitoring the activities, I noticed the comforting sense of a support network. I didn’t know a single person from this group, yet I instantly felt like there would always be someone I could rely on.

In addition to the platform, there are events hosted by the group as a way to engage people in activities they enjoy without having to make the first move of contacting someone. Just before Christmas, I went to a book swap event and then later took part in a flower bouquet workshop for International Women’s Day. Naturally, not every single person I met there became an instant best friend. But it showed me how important a sincere feeling of belonging somewhere and identifying with people really is in this life. This is even more so the case for London, where the thing that people are best at is rushing from one point to another without paying any attention to their surroundings. The pace of the city we live in does not offer many possibilities to appreciate what we are as human beings – social creatures. The group provides a way to slow down, bond over shared interests and, quite frankly, restore hope in our ability to connect with our surroundings.

Six months after coming to London, this group is how I found a regular circle of women who knit together as well as a running club for us snail-paced female runners. From both of these, there have been individual contacts that have gone further than the bigger units they were formed in. It was the Facebook group that was essential in showing me that I was not in the least bit alone in my horrible feeling of loneliness.

Most of us are in the same boat of craving human connections, and lots of us are too shy to reach out to someone out of fear of being ‘too much’. But noticing a friendship starting to form is one of the greatest feelings in the world. It is the people in it that make a place a home. And even while it might feel far away, it is worth it to continue to look for things like “The London Lonely Girls Club”. There will always be someone out there to share an experience with and spark hope against the most horrific feeling in the world.

About the author: Greta came to LSE from Germany to study for the MSc in Sociology. Whenever she is not wallowing in self-pity about the state of the world with her friends, she enjoys reading, knitting or hiking. She spends most of her time trying to keep her impostor syndrome in check.

*By Vittoria
Avigliano*

FLOWER FANTASIA

About the photographer: Born in Italy and raised in England, Vittoria has always been intrigued by cameras and visual storytelling. Her photography varies from landscapes to portraiture. Capturing images has been her way to communicate what she's thinking and what she visualizes in different locations and situations. She hopes her work delivers emotion and intrigue, as that is what she looks for in other people's work.

Vittoria is a visual aesthete driven by composition, light, and good energy!

PHOTOGRAPHER:
VITTORIA AVIGLIANO

MODEL:
JOSEPHA SOPHIE

STYLISTS:
VITTORIA AVIGLIANO
CATERINA NASINI







AFTER

By Stella Ho

RAIN

*The slant of shadows in early afternoon.
A slow dance between autumn leaves
the color of honey and jade.
Even the reticent rain pauses in descent,
stray drops like fast-falling stars,
just to quietly observe the universe.
Something is changing but it's not us.
In a boundless city,
we are lonely with others and lonely without.
We hunt for immortality
when what we really need is warmth.
What is left after rain? After us?
Under a wide-open sky white as sea foam,
we walk backwards into the future,
cross the boulevard of singular stories
on our way to someplace new. Someone new.*

About the author: Stella is an MSc Behavioral Science student. She enjoys writing fiction and poetry, watching movies, visiting museums, and trying new coffee shops. Writing is a way for her to experiment with language and process the world around her.

***HOW LONG WILL THE
HUMAN SUFFERING
BE COMPOSED
IN OPERAS,
PAINTED ON WALLS
AND SUNG ABOUT
ON BRIDGES?***

*Whisper in my ear when
I write about the world,
so for once it would feel
like not losing but letting go.
Hold my hand when I turn around
to fold the human suffering
into books about psychology.*

*And look me in the face
whenever you are in doubt
that the human suffering,
raw, ineffable, incomprehensible,
will leave my heart too tired of ideas,
because those brown eyes remind me
I live for things,
not from this earth,
not like the human suffering.*

By Petra Mlada

About the author: Just another LSE student trying to do good in the world. Coming from a small Slovakian town, and as a student of social policy, Petra's art tries to reflect that in order to try to make the world a better place, we must acknowledge how ugly it can be.

WHEN I DIED LAST NIGHT

By Emma Gallagher



23 years, 3 boyfriends, 1 cat
1 car, no crashes but 5 lucky misses
21,000 hours spent laughing with friends
And a few too many dance floor kisses

1 night we don't talk about
3 nights we wished we had
8 secrets that died with me
53 missed calls from mum and dad

200 hours spent in front of the mirror
Hating myself wishing to thinner
'A waste of your time' they said to me
'You would have really enjoyed that dinner'

8 plants still alive
24 books in a stack
17 I love yous
Only 16 said it back

'A fairly good life overall' they say
A pretty average score
"Wait can I try again, give me another go"
I beg, So they let me try once more

They gave me ten more minutes
And those ten minutes flew
So I'm here for ten minutes
To spend them with you

About the author: Emma Gallagher is an Irish creative studying an MSc in Politics and Communications in the LSE. Her work focuses on youth culture, self expression and identity through both writing and photography.

THEY GAVE ME MY STATS

What's in a life? When it was ended, it was difficult to say what his life had been, difficult to remember how it had taken such tragic turns. All he'd known were moments, fleeting glimpses at the busy spiralling world around him. Nothing concrete, and nothing that wasn't lost as quickly as it was gained: it passed in moments. His life had been full of such moments, and was nothing besides the transient carousel of their memory.

For some time now, though he couldn't remember exactly how long (before his death, that is), such moments had passed him in the strangest of ways.

Strange because all around him, everywhere he looked, were great spacious buildings, their lights shining late and bright into the long, cold nights. Yet not one opened its doors to him, not once. He'd found it difficult to believe at first, that their doors should remain shut. Then at some point he'd simply accepted it. But still, what he'd have given for their offer of warmth, of shelter, of escape from the biting cold, the cold that cut short his life-moments. But he didn't have anything to give, anything apart from his life.

WHAT'S IN A

By Cameron Baillie

So latterly, living and sleeping on the streets, he'd passed the moments that, when pieced together, made a life. They hadn't all been so bad that summer, he'd recalled. The planet was warming; he knew as much from his mornings spent reading the free papers as he sheltered in the alcove of the vegan cafe window. Might this warming be a splinter of hope for those like him, those with nowhere to go when the coldest of cold nights come? It didn't seem likely. The papers cried that things would only become worse.

So, naturally, the cold nights came. They didn't feel any warmer, and they certainly didn't pass any easier. Still, he'd bested them before, even the harshest nights that year in early October. But they kept on coming, and not even the hardest of souls could have made it through such incessantly gelid nights. Night, after night, after night. So it was early that morning, in the icy November twilight, as calendars turned their pages, that the numbing chill set into every fibre of his being. Only this time, the cold was crushing, and his being departed. His life was ended.

For what's in a life, when it is ended? And it was ended, ended by the world that ignored him, that chose to forget him and to disremember those like him with nowhere to go when the cold nights come. It was ended by those who made the rules, who decided that the rules didn't apply to people like him, and that people like him didn't deserve to live with any of the benefits of a wealthy society.

If we won't remember the people like him, we fail to recognise our own plight. None should suffer like so, discarded by those with more wealth than most people in this cold, bitter place could ever imagine. Yet those same people decided that those with nothing, literally nothing, didn't even deserve the dignity of something, of anything: a place, somewhere safe, somewhere warm, somewhere to live. Because, without somewhere to live, all that people like him are left with is somewhere to die.

LIFE?

And so that's what they did, three of them, on that cold and empty night, as the city of lights and larks and lavishness spun around them: they died. And few would remember them though, really, many should. All those who walked past each day, with their immaterial concerns and academic imaginaries. Such little care for those so clearly lacking just that, our necessary human solace: care. They all played their part – we all played our part – by failing to remember what we all need, what every human needs. For accepting uncaring.

Those of us with the privileges of comfort and place, of wealth and status, we all have the capacity for salvation: to save all those with nowhere to go from the vicious iniquities of exclusion; to save our common cities from the creeping malices of injustice; to save ourselves from the brutalising wickedness of uncaring. That salvation begins in memory, individual and collective. Remember each and every poor soul lost to a society which ceased caring for; and instead criminalises, those who suffer its exclusivity. Let memory be our first act of caring.

For what's in a life, when its moments consist only of exclusion, injustice, and uncaring? Probably very little, and possibly nothing whatsoever. The shameful, and entirely avoidable, passing of three men in the night in November showed that to us all. Let us remember them, let us care for all those like them, and let us make change for them.

Let there be no more cold nights.

About the author: MSc Political Sociology student and Senior Staff Writer at the Beaver. Cameron has been trying to make sense of the apparent coldness of London's urban dwellers, affected by the horrific death of three homeless men in November. Cameron hopes that through their remembrance we might make positive change.



About the photographer: Jasmine is a second-year Economics student at LSE. She loves photography, singing, playing badminton and cooking. For Jasmine, when it comes to hope, lots of things pop up: Blooming flowers, sunrise, dogs running on the grass and so on. The two photos of cherry blossoms were taken in April 2023, Notting Hill.

About the photographer (right): Annie is a second year International Relations student. When she is not studying in the LSE library, she enjoys exploring London's many restaurants with her friends. She also enjoys listening to podcasts and reading in her free time.



By Jasmine Li

SIGNS OF SPRING



By Annie Yan

ALL HOPES DIE

About the author: Guido Kuknyo is a soon-to-be economist, a language user, an amateur musician, a crouny to some people at Clare Market Review, a layman for literature, who is by the way from Hungary and cares more for things than he admits.

LAST

by Guido Kuknyo

*All I can think of is the moment he will pull out
Each second, - the next drop of drool or seed
As the Stranger is in me -
Is incredible
Calculating some probability
That I don't bare His child
Though I bet it is not hope how you defined.*

*Gavel knocks, the sound of my innocent lurking smile
Frightened, really not
As my hope hasn't died
My hands, the knife, my prey: - the truth
In images they genuinely cannot show
But lawyers' speech can still break a fall
Truly. This cannot be the hope you defined.*

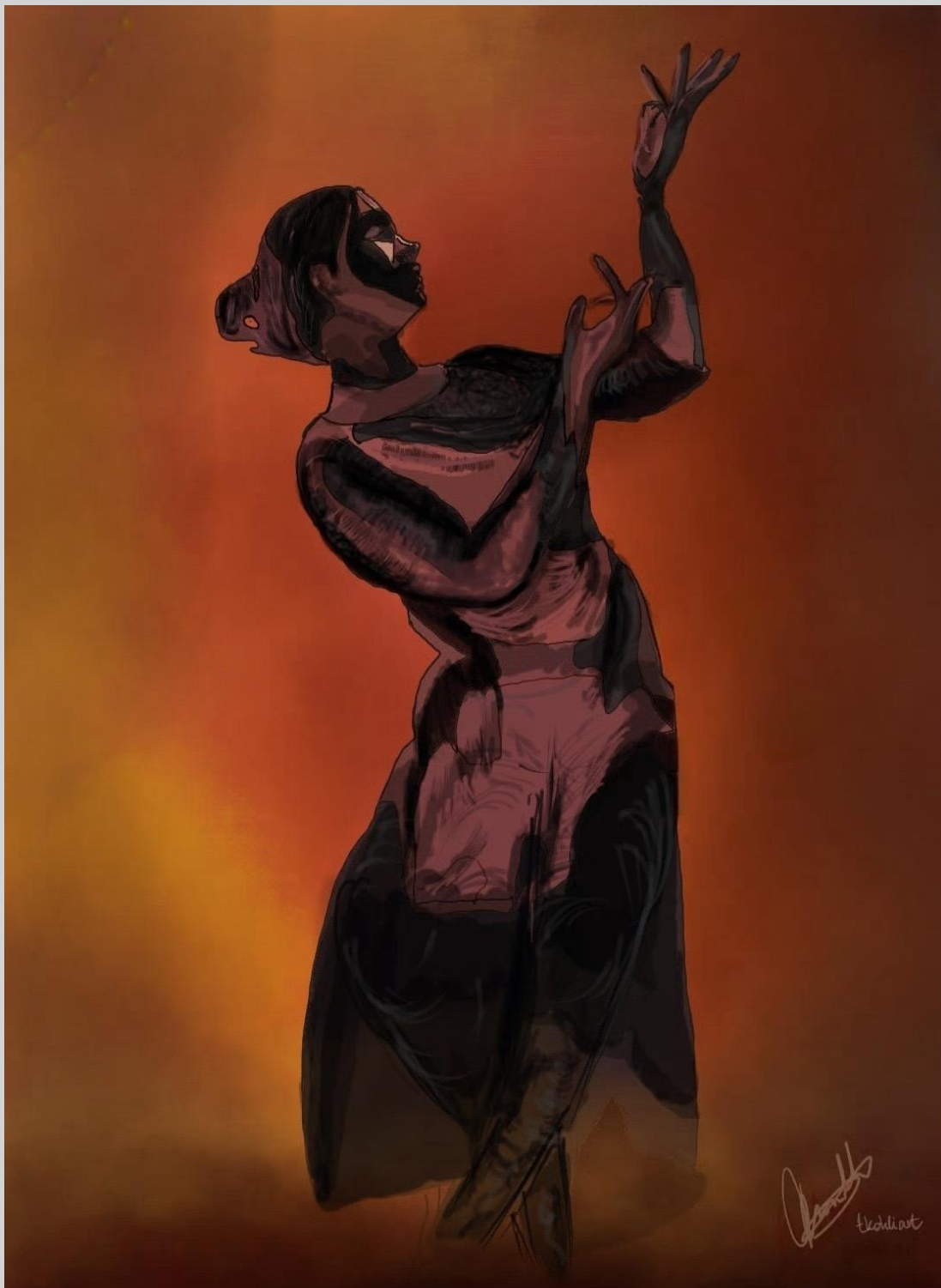
*I heard of a new brawl in Verona
Montague and Capulet deaths
Both fighting for respect I guess
Gay when an-other's life is lost -
Not too much. Now Verona is boldly divided
Slightly excited for news of slaughter
This should not have been how hope's defined.*

*There's a me sometime
Goes without saying, the best is to ignore
No use to nobody; who's damaging
Everyone, not meaningfully meaning
To hurt, but knows no other way
It turns out he's like me - I want him dead!
...My one hope- not wanting wanted to be defined.*

*A mother outside the operating theatre
Blankly staring at the door
I just entered. Sans thought, in disbelief
Her mind is - thinking
Spaces - filling with what I said
Echoes of a child's death
Is this the hope you meant to define?*

*Young love brought by spring
Touched me when I didn't need't
And left alone the other, suggesting
No as an answer in all cases
When I won't dare ask, if I should ask
When debate is only on the inside.
Well this is for sure not hope as you defined.*

HOPE



By Trinabh Kohli

About the author: Trinabh focuses mainly on traditional forms of art where he experiments with the fusion of different mediums. Check out more of his works on his Instagram account @tkohliart!

LIGHT FROM A PAINTED WINDOW





BY JASMINE LI

IF YOU WERE

what colour would you be?

A CRAYON

By Prachi Pachisia

If I were a crayon; What colour would I be?

If I were a crayon; I'd colour the world with all my hues and shades because despite having a bounty of natural colours, Humanity lacks any colour whatsoever. Humanity resembles a pale sick man.

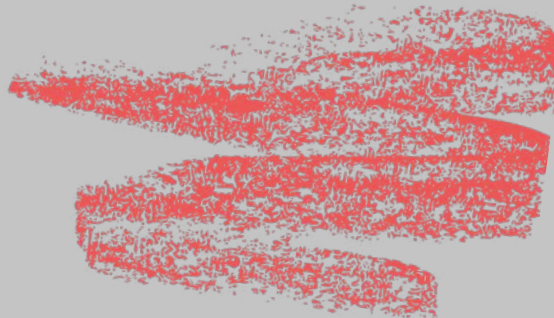
If I were a crayon; I'd be stuck in a moral dilemma- blue or Pink?.. because colours create deep biases. Blue for boys, Pink for girls?

If I were a crayon; I'd pick blue to colour girls not because it would quench some patriarchal thirst but because it would probably save one less 'Pink' girl from being stigmatised, discriminated, or killed.

If I were a crayon; would it be a sin if I chose black? Because we associate black with darkness but don't we all admire the same dark black night when chanced upon by a moon or stars? Aren't we all black, genetically?

If I were a crayon; I'd rather be the entire packet than just one shade because we all need some red; a tinge of yellow; A dash of green and a whole lot of black and white and blue.

*If I were a crayon, would I be able to paint this world with shades of happiness and love?
Would I?*



About the author: Prachi Pachista is a second year Actuarial Science student at LSE, who has a love for dance and cuisine

MIXING OF TIME

By Sylvia Naneva

XII

*Dear all that have been born and will be born,
We are all time travellers.*

*Behold: this school building that was born many years ago,
(I see now across this shiny tarmac road),
Where wisdoms of even more years ago,
Are re-born to live now and in a future now,
Is still alive as I am alive in this new time of now and
Now and now again,
So I'm alive in that time of old
Though I have never lived, touched, felt
Nothing during that before,
I had not been born.*

*Behold: this book that was born one hundred years ago,
I hold now in my hands in this school building of old but
Not as old as this old book in my young hands,
So fascinate how a small book could outlive a big building
And how I, born after the birth of both,
Live in both, though their time is not of mine,
How a book, though weighing lighter,
Can be heavier with wisdom than the building
And I could ever behold and more,
Even before we were born.*

*Behold: this poem that I am writing now,
Has travelled through the time of an old now and
New now of now and now again,
To reach you in a new now that has not been born yet
Yet you read these words now in a future
Time of a new now and now again
Reading to be re-born wiser again and again
That I, in my now
Now makes you think how we all involuntarily play
in this time travelling game.*

*And so, through this infinite journey of old and new,
I have now written this eternal poem for you.*

VI

IX

III

By Sylvia Naneva

CHURCH AT SHIPKA

Watercolour on canvas

About the artist: Sylvia is a third year BA Geography student who was born and raised in London of Bulgarian origin. When not writing, she is either reading, painting, or feeding foxes with her mum.





REBIRTH

By Rayyan Furreedun

About the photographer: Rayyan is a second year law student. Wherever they go, a camera is usually by their side. Rayyan doesn't have a particular style of photography and just enjoys shooting what they think is interesting, that could be street, landscapes or even macro.

GOLDEN BOY

By Nathaniel Guerreiro

*I am the Golden Boy
Always top of the class
My parents' pride and joy
Never a fear that I won't pass
The talk of all my family events
Everyone planning the graduation
Relatives joking I'll be paying their rent
My mum is glowing with pure proud elation
Friends take my word with complete conviction
My girlfriend has now started designing our bedroom
Although my brains and my brawn are a big contradiction
My friends always assure me that I'll make a handsome groom*

*I was once told it's a privilege to approach the end still believing in something
Sometimes belief is a rubber band - when held back longer yields a greater sting*

*I now wonder how she will look in a decadent white wedding dress
Will she ever love wholly again or still have my scent in her air
I hope they will always remember me in full and not repress
Will my friends now remember to visit my mum with care
I can picture them gathered in reunion wearing all black
Dressed and suited like forlorn crows in silent vigil
I feel dad's burning tears hitting my plaque
The priest unphased clutching his sigil
Despite my laugh always being loud
The pain held within me was coy
I hope I still made them proud
I was the Golden Boy*

About the author: Nathaniel Guerreiro is an LLM student at LSE specialising in Intellectual Property Law. He has previously published a poetry collection which deals with human experiences and has performed his work publicly. He has an interest in writing on matters which people can find personal relatability to.



IN BETWEEN

By Charlotte Dixon

WORLDS

“We must not fear daylight just because it always illuminates a miserable world”

René Magritte

Reflecting the balance between dark and light, motion and stillness, hope and horror; this series of images aims to explore the relationship between opposites and how they can come together to create a whole new take on our perceptions of reality. Inspired by the surrealist movement, notably the works of René Magritte and Luis Buñuel, In Between Worlds also hopes to explore the middle ground between polarising concepts so that we can better understand them.

About the author: Charlotte Dixon is a photographer, art director and curator currently undertaking a masters' in Media and Communications here at LSE. Working with both film and digital mediums, the primary body of her work concerns questions of identity, duality and belonging.

Full series available at: <https://charlottesshoots.com/projects/in-between-worlds-clare-market-review-23-24>

PHOTOGRAPHER:
CHARLOTTE DIXON

MODELS:
NUR BORLOTTI
KENJI SHO
CHRISTINE NEWELL

STYLIST:
MADDISON TAYLOR

WITH MANY THANKS TO:
CTRL. C STUDIOS





*Voices, expectations, awards,
Chuffing me off like a Jew.
An artist to the oven, the gun, the blade.
I began to think like your Jews.
Do I have to be your Jew?*

*You have always scared me.
(More than a murderer could).
With your words resonant and colours so bright.
That when my ambitions grew
I feared I'd have to become like you.*

*Everyone adores a mad artist.
The dreg-boozed, drug infused, tobacco demon,
Spitting talent on the pages like an engine.
Why would you do that?
O Why would you do that...*

*So what should I do?
Pay off my bills with a suicide or two?
And they'd clap and cry "Whoohoo!
Finally someone who is true!"
I don't want to be your Jew, Sylvia.*

*Don't you know God, you idiot!
Not God but voices
So loud no lightness could squeak through.
He spoke to you, I'm sure.
But you chose love of the bullet over truth.*

*When I did try to become you, you, you,
God pulled me out of the sack
And stuck me together with a calling.
And then I knew what I had to do.
I read and read all about you...*

*The green man mad in his cell,
The mother mad about her oven,
And I made my art light from your dark.
(You'll never see the day my words made eyes spark!)
Green man, Sylvia, I think I'm over you.*

*You can finally rest now.
Those sunflowers withered long time.
That colour yellow now makes me vomit.
Be happy, your words and rhythms have plagued mine.
It's your fault I saw beauty as death.*

*Green man, Sylvia, lie back now.
And the critics, they always liked you for your end.
They are worshipping and mimicking you.
They just wish I was another you.
Suicide, suicide, you bastard, you're dead to me.*

By Sylvia Naneva, 2024

*The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna
Are not very pure or true.
With my gipsy ancestress and my weird luck
And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack
I may be a bit of a Jew.*

*I have always been scared of you,
With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.
And your neat mustache
And your Aryan eye, bright blue.
Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You—*

*Not God but a swastika
So black no sky could squeak through.
Every woman adores a Fascist,
The boot in the face, the brute
Brute heart of a brute like you.*

*You stand at the blackboard, daddy,
In the picture I have of you,
A cleft in your chin instead of your foot
But no less a devil for that, no not
Any less the black man who*

*Bit my pretty red heart in two.
I was ten when they buried you.
At twenty I tried to die
And get back, back, back to you.
I thought even the bones would do.*

*But they pulled me out of the sack,
And they stuck me together with glue.
And then I knew what to do.
I made a model of you,
A man in black with a Meinkampf look*

*And a love of the rack and the screw.
And I said I do, I do.
So daddy, I'm finally through.
The black telephone's off at the root,
The voices just can't worm through.*

*If I've killed one man, I've killed two—
The vampire who said he was you
And drank my blood for a year,
Seven years, if you want to know.
Daddy, you can lie back now.*

*There's a stake in your fat black heart
And the villagers never liked you.
They are dancing and stamping on you.
They always knew it was you.
Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.*

By Sylvia Plath, 1965

SYLVIA and *SYLVIA*

Sunflowers and Sylvia

*That's all you do, that's all you do
Always the dark route,
That I looked up to
Since a child, sunflowers and my name,
Barely daring to smile or blink.*

*Green man, Sylvia, I've had to abandon you.
You died before I could be a child.
My hopscotch and play
Became a fear of your beauty and fate.
My tale is this:*

*Your sunflowers hung in the corridor of my school.
I was ten.
I smiled at their pretty petals
And was happy in their yellowness.
"Look at these flowers illuminating the dark corridor!"*

*Then I learnt about you too.
Poet named Sylvia
"We share a name and they're spelt the same!"
I was happy my name was known
And produced lovely art.*

*But I grew,
And I started hearing whispers about what you did.
"Did you know they killed themselves?
Yeah, that painter you liked and poet like you.
Will you do that too?"*

*I stopped going down that corridor.
But still your fate hooked my childhood to your vase
And your green hands called my name.
This was dangerous play,
You showed me dark things before my age.*

*The idea stuck in my mind like a plague.
Su-ic-id-e.
I could hardly speak.
I thought everything beautiful was you.
And the art now so brainless*

Daddy

*You do not do, you do not do
Any more, black shoe
In which I have lived like a foot
For thirty years, poor and white,
Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.*

*Daddy, I have had to kill you.
You died before I had time—
Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,
Ghastly statue with one gray toe
Big as a Frisco seal*

*And a head in the freakish Atlantic
Where it pours bean green over blue
In the waters off beautiful Nauset.
I used to pray to recover you.
Ach, du.*

*In the German tongue, in the Polish town
Scraped flat by the roller
Of wars, wars, wars.
But the name of the town is common.
My Polack friend*

*Says there are a dozen or two.
So I never could tell where you
Put your foot, your root,
I never could talk to you.
The tongue stuck in my jaw.*

*It stuck in a barb wire snare.
Ich, ich, ich, ich,
I could hardly speak.
I thought every German was you.
And the language obscene*

*An engine, an engine
Chuffing me off like a Jew.
A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.
I began to talk like a Jew.
I think I may well be a Jew.*

***Fungi are not plants.** Not animals either. They exist in the limbo between, perennial drifters across all corners of the globe. Including this one. I'm a forager; see, walking through this mess of bracken and brambles. mud clinging to my boots, petrichor in the air. I always find that you find more after a good rain shower. So far no dice. I suppose that's to be expected with uncharted territory - no maps, no guide, and the discovery of a new species that will be completely mine.*

As I go further into the forest, I keep track of my journey into its depths by way of a makeshift map. It's getting dark. I should head back, but a fairy ring catches my eye. Just a quick look then. A neat circle of mushrooms lays in the clearing. These, these are different. Certainly nothing I've ever seen before. Like bruised knees breaking through the damp earth to poke themselves out to me, caps mottled with purple and blue. They stain my fingers as I collect a sample to study. Turning to grab my notes and collect the rest, they seem to have disappeared entirely, leaving perfectly untouched earth beneath my feet. As if the ground just up and swallowed them. Strange. I go to walk back, but I can't move my legs. Completely and utterly stiff as the fallen log beside me. Roots crawl up and around my legs as I desperately scramble to pull myself away. To no avail. My heart is pounding so fast I can hear it, and I fall to the ground, grabbing fistfuls of dirt in a hopeless attempt for leverage. Mother Nature laughs at the rules of man, and I fear I may be facing trial.

*Paralysed in the face of the oncoming storm, I can feel mycelial strands grow around my torso, grabbing and grasping, needing me. Breaking through the earth they begin to permeate my skin, fusing to muscle and cartilage. A labyrinth beneath the skin reaches far and wide. My body is twisting and changing and I feel alive. Alive, awake, in pain, and hungry. I see a vast black shroud is heading towards me, horrific and beautiful. I take in lungfuls of black smog like a newborn baby drinking mother's milk, and it burns with love. Mycelium has saturated each part of this body, bringing me back home to the dirt, making me part of a lurking primordial whole, **where I am no longer alone.***

By Zaynab Melhuish-Khan

About the author: Zaynab is a 2nd Year PBS student at LSE. She spends her spare time at the movies, or in antique stores. Loves the weird, Anais Nin, and coloured tights. Easily pleased by anything rose flavoured.

LOST

By Trinabh Kohli



By Trinabh Kohli

LOST

By Rebecca Stanton

The man who listens
in obedience
would
sooner die. It pays you better to
flourish at your
people's cost
But mark my words,
the day is coming when
you in your
despair will be powerless to help them
Then, you will tear your
heart out in remorse
that master of the courteous word, the
speech sweeter than honey
This is
enough to weep!

FINDING INSPIRATION IN BLACKOUT POETRY

About the author: Rebecca is a first year history student who loves literature. Raised within the UK educational curriculum and still at LSE, Rebecca found little room for creative expression. Discovering black out poetry has reignited Rebecca's love for poetry and experimentation with words. She strongly recommends it for anyone stuck in a creative rut!

deficient city of

EXCESS

By Cameron Baillie

*How many grand glass houses,
In a city of oft-thrown stones?
Whose heart beats on,
Through centuries gone,
From empire, fossils, and bones?*

*How many lights burn brightly,
Conscious as our plight grows nightly?
None there to see,
Such spent energy,
From choices they make so lightly.*

*How many sighs of 'good grief',
For those left to seek quick relief?
From lives they made,
Their career, their trade,
Founded on such warped beliefs.*

*How many faces turn in,
Just so as to not quite be seen?
Post-work link-ups,
And bagged pick-me-ups,
Countless ciggies, booze, and caffeine.*

*How many can find no home
Within this hard city's great dome?
Square feet 'to let',
Yet none might they get,
In this den of concrete and chrome.*

*How many minor concerns,
As our planet crumbles and burns?
What life we knew,
As our fortune grew,
I fear we may never return.*

'I fear that my poem verges more into the horror than hope. However, I believe that hope may arise out of the recognition of horrors, I hope that this poem manages that.'

WHAT THE CITY HAS TO OFFER

By Sylvia Naneva

*The water in London is heartless.
It passes through you
And does nothing.
There's no love, no fulfilment
Just filtered shit and diplomacy.*

HRISTO PRODANOV

By Sylvia Naneva

"Don't fall asleep, don't fall asleep!"

But life slips from my side

"I'm not so far..."

It's cold

"We're coming for you, don't talk, don't talk, we're coming!"

It's cold...

It's soft

Why is it soft?

It's warm?

But calm and there's a light that's taking me away

"It's time." The snow the warm the light tells me

In this light there's no pain

DON'T FALL ASLEEP

It says it leaves my bones in the mountain

but it will take me to a better place...

Angel Wings

Snow White

Take me flying

Into the coldness where I was dying

Indeed left this voice talking

buried in snow

But my soul it took by hand

And into that eternal silent glow

Above, the wind blows.

UKRAINE

By Sylvia Naneva

*Ukraine weighs the strength
Of the hundreds of children that have been killed
Their eternal light that can no longer be
Will be the burden that carries life forward
To outlive
And to win.*

Ukraine knows hope.

*So what is more painful to me
Is to see Russia shoot itself in the heart
and watch the nation silently bleed
In glad obedience
And clap to the broomstick
That sweeps its children's bones
under the rug
Of someone else's fields*

RUSSIA

NAVALNY

By Sylvia Naneva

*In the thousands
They will wait
Flowers to lay
For another fallen hero
Not realising the power to change
The charge to another grave
Is to charge to the square.*

*But the nation prefers to wait
And weep at their cruel fate
"It's always been this way!"
And now they charge again
To lay flowers at yet another hero's grave
Pushkin's words remain unchanged —
"The people are silent."*

By Zaynab Melhuish-Khan

*i have touched every part of you
but never this
some think it grotesque
but you have never been more gorgeous to me
and who, who has been closer than this?
to crawl in amongst the viscera and feel held
i'd make a home for myself in the space between your lungs
weld my dog-tired hands to your heart
let scar tissue bind us
i am licking the scalpel
dragging across lips, mouth, tongue
your blood mingles inextricably with mine
tasting not of flesh, but of you.*

THE CORPSEBODY OF A

CLARE MARKER REVIEW ISSUE 23-24.
LOVER

A LEGACY OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION

By Varisa Sirisook

*The map was blank, an opportunity
to cut across the white and forge a route
for trade. They'd left their mark before
in names and titles scattered on their charts:
inventory, not homes where people live.
For certain as they were of the success
to credit to their trusty British ways,
what need had they to learn the matters of
an other folk? They turned their thoughts instead
to answer duty, fame, or fortune's call.*

*So men of every station bid farewell
and carried with them all array of tools
and soldered cans of rations, tin, and lead.
The boarded ships sailed northward from their berth
and nevermore were seen on English shores.*

*One year, the cold was sharper than before
and bound the ships in ice about the hull.
Though daylight shone, the summer would not yield
the men their vessels, neither ease their way.
As frosty wind attacked their sheltered warmth
and lead decay fed poison and disease,
their numbers dwindled, rations, coal, and men.*

*At last they left behind the frozen hulks
to haul supplies in search of open sea,
recording no more entries in the log.*

*The Inuit remember. Here and there
they met with haggard figures, live and dead.
Though rarely did they linger, tales were told
for many years to come, of what they saw.*

*One memory tells a group appeared to them,
the men out hunting while the women cooked.
Although afraid, they saw no harm of force
in figures leaning on themselves like sticks:
for qaplunaat or not, these were not men
but pain, disease and rot in human shape.
The women tried to feed the strangers wild
who heeded not this hospitality
and clung to their possessions, even as
their knuckles crunched like glass cracked underfoot.*

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and clung to their possessions, even as
their knuckles crunched like glass cracked under-
foot.*

*They built an igloo when the men returned
and left their guests with seals freshly caught.
The weary men asleep, they fled in fear
from figures cold made more of death than life.*

*Some moons elapsed, the Inuit came back
for items they had left behind in haste,
and what should they uncover but the mass
of humans carved and butchered, seals untouched.
Such desperate consumption was observed
in many meetings with these sad remains.*

*It was not long before an illness struck,
of which they had no history or cure.
The poison did not die with those who came
but spread to those who called the land their home.
The first of many tragedies to come,
all carried by the same destructive dream.*

*About the author: Varisa is a first-year undergraduate
studying BSc History and Politics. Outside of academics,
Varisa enjoys participating in the Drama Society and
writing songs.*



***ROAD
SAFETY***
By Sylvia Naneva

*Unfortunate thrill!
We accidentally went too far.*

*“I should go, I should go!”
My foot starts, steps
Into the middle of the road
I didn't see your
dangerous lights approach.
“Just get home faster faster faster-”
Is what we both said
But now I am dead and
you're still living but re-living my
lame fate in your head.*

*Reader, tarmac is black with death,
Please be mindful of where you step.*

DON'T

TURN

YOUR

BACK

ON

THE

APPALACHIANS

By Hannah Lee

The Appalachian Mountains stretch from the Island of Newfoundland up in Canada, all the way down to central Alabama. The scientists say that the first tectonic plate collisions that created these mountains occurred at least one billion years ago. That's before even the Atlantic Ocean. They also say that the same stone that makes up the Appalachians also makes up the Atlas ranges of Morocco, and the Highlands of Scotland. You can still find Cherokee tribal land through the Carolinas, and the Oneida reservation up in New York. It turns into the Catskills up there, before becoming the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia, and the Great Smokies all the way in Tennessee and Georgia. These mountains ain't tall and arrogant like the Rockies out west. They're old. Tired. They turn into blue haze in the distant horizon of an east coast sunset.

It's easy to turn your back to the night, distracted by the dancing oranges of the sun going down in the west, imagining the rolling plains of a state like Kansas or Nebraska. You don't want to do that though. Turn your back. Not in the Appalachians.

You might know this place as one of the best in the world to see truly magnificent autumn colors. In October, the white basswood, yellow buckeye, sugar maples, American beech, witch-hazel, black birch, and flowering dogwoods turn into a symphony of burnt siennas, rich maroons, piercing golds. How odd to think that these leaves give their best performances as their dying breath.

In the summertime, you can take an inner tube down one of the rivers. Float around, sip on moonshine. It tastes like the stuff grandma uses to clean up your wounds after you trip and fall, but it makes the mosquitoes less annoying if you have enough. The sun will make your freckles appear again.

14.2
H00
D270514

The elder one was not alone either. They too were accompanied in their night terror by Chaos and Grief, but their encounter was distinct to the younger's. It was gut-wrenching. The elder one fixed their woeful gaze upon the minuscule sliver of moonlight that had pierced itself through a patchwork quilt of hot, sticky, desert air. Chaos, feeling unsettled by the lack of his eponym, began to tug at the elder one's hair, filling their ears with low, looming chants of the inevitability of their deepest fear and worst nightmare materialising right before them — an inevitability that they were devoid and nulled from controlling. Grief sobbed at the elder one's feet, as she wailed the tales of the elders gone by, in front of whom had come the same forlorn inevitability. She could not shield the elder one from it — nobody could, nor did anyone want to.

But, after many moons of pushing back against the storm of Chaos, and of blocking out the shrieks of Grief, and after many moons of watching the younger one grow more and more hollow and more and more still, and after many moons spent waiting in the absent, pitch black darkness for the eldest one's arrival, the elder one finally stopped resisting. Time finally stopped spinning too, and sank down into the sofa next to the elder one, exhausted from all of the many moons of restlessness it had enabled under its watch.

And in the blissful stillness that ensued, as the sea of feigned ignorance and playing pretend finally subsided, the elder one found a small, shivering, tender, moment of pure and unconstrained solace — and revelled in it.

14.3
H01
D010114

You could have done anything you wanted to, and yet you chose to do that.

14.4
H07
D270514

*About the author: MSc Political Science.
Occasional writer, photographer & everyday thinker.*

2014

By Iman Shaikh

14.0
H23
D260514

Nighttime.

The air was dense and dry — a thick, hot, coagulated mess, suffocating the sandstone walls it enslaved. There was a silence that had fallen. It was stiff, and heavy, and had begrudgingly trudged into the house when they had left the front door open for too long. Nobody saw it coming, but they all felt it. Inside the silence, there was Chaos. Muted and dumb, but Chaos nonetheless. He was all-consuming and claustrophobic — an iron grip, forcing the necks of those he encountered into a sore chokehold. No words were said. But no words needed to be said, for Chaos was so brutally embedded into the house that he became akin to a second-skin, sheathing its inhabitants in a cloak of trepidation and strife, only visible to those whose misfortune led them writhing into the open arms of Chaos as well. And as the two of them waited, one huddled into the corner of a sofa, the other sprawled across a carpeted floor, Chaos sat with them, and waited too.

A few hours had passed like this. Neither of the two knew exactly how many, but they knew it was enough to justify the pressing discomfort that something was going wrong. But neither of the two knew exactly what it was. Nor did they know exactly where it was. Chaos knew both of these things, but eponymously, kept it to himself. And so they continued to wait, and Chaos, who was beginning to tire out from acting as the sole gatekeeper, called to Grief — who slithered timidly inside through a crack in the window left open downstairs, crawled up the cold staircase, collapsed into a heap next to Chaos, and began to wait too.

14.1
H03-06
D270514

Twilight had swept over the Eastern sky. Its inky black beads permeated the thickset smog, and its stillness gently lulled the city of sand and steel into a cautious slumber. But they did not sleep. For them, each streak of black in the sky above was another needle of uncertainty being pricked into their sides. The younger one felt their eyes grow heavy, and began to yearn for a moment alone of rest, but the pungent smell of solitude grew too unbearable for any further yearning to manifest. So, instead, the younger one fell onto the balcony and into the clumsy embrace of Grief, as Chaos pulled the door shut behind them, and stifled out the stench of being left alone, for good.

And on the balcony, as the trio lay warm in each other's company, Time stiffened, and sat frozen and quiet by the railing, overlooking a skyline of towers and turmoil. And in those quiet moments, an entire life was born, and lived, and re-born, and re-lived, and with each life that passed by, the younger one saw specks of joy and despair splattered across every unrelenting existence, while the passing of Time flickered cautiously in the background, like a forgotten candle flame.

An eternity came, and went, on the balcony.

And just as the day was beginning to break, and the sun was beginning to rear its head, and the sky was beginning to shed its robes of steep, deep blackness, a car meandered through the forest of concrete, inching closer and closer to the balcony where the younger one lay half-asleep and half-intact. And in the few seconds it took for the younger one to scrape the sorrow of the night before out of their eyes, the car had presented itself proudly in front of the house.

Chaos, upon noticing this arrival, untangled the younger one from the frail arms of Grief, opened the balcony door, and pushed them back into the pits of the house. "Go now," he stated, "I'll be there too." And so, the younger one went, as Chaos, eponymously, followed suit.

April 12, 2049

Jo had her baby! I went to see her at the hospital a few hours after her delivery, and she's doing well. It's a beautiful baby girl, with green eyes and blonde hair, just like Jo planned. They're going to call her Elizabeth. She even has a little heart-shaped birthmark right by her collarbone, which Jo said only cost her about 500 extra tokens. I had my doubts about it, but honestly, it's very tasteful. I'm so happy for her, I can't believe one of us finally has a child! On purpose!

I talked to Mom today, and the news about Jo has sent her down a spiral. I can still hear her words echoing in my brain. Why haven't you had one yet? You're not getting any younger. It's not like I haven't had the same thoughts myself, but verbalized out loud felt a bit harsh. I mean, obviously I'd love to, but the dating world is so bleak, and I'm still holding out hope that I'll have one the old-fashioned way. I tried talking her down a little, she still worries that my biological clock is ticking, even though she knows that the scientists solved that problem years ago. I can take my time finding the right person.

In other news, I had a job interview yesterday and I think it went well. Apparently there's a lot of people in the running for the role, so fingers crossed that I'm the lucky winner. I had to change my avatar's hair back to my normal brown, I didn't want to give them any excuses not to take me seriously. The interviewers were all men, which was a little intimidating, but honestly I'm so desperate for a job I'll take anything they are offering. They asked me where I saw myself in ten years, which is a question I've actively been trying to avoid thinking about in my daily life. I said something about helping the organization grow and expand to new audiences. I think they liked my answer, but it was hard to tell. Fingers crossed I get the job.

Since the interview, I've been thinking about the ten years question, but in a more existential sense. With the arrival of a new little person into my life and lots of changes coming, I can't help but wonder what the future holds. How is the world going to change, and with all the crazy climate stuff that's been going on lately, will there even be a world to live in, in ten years' time?

I asked my AA and she says that the likelihood that humanity will still exist in ten years is very high, because we'll find a way to survive. But still, what will the world look like? I hope we'll be able to go outside, to see each other in person, to enjoy the world more fully than we do now. I hope Jo's little girl grows up surrounded by beauty and love. I hope I'm still around, and that I have more to say about my life than this current state of limbo that I'm in. Ten years seems so long, but really it's not that far at all.

I'm sure it will be better in the future. I can't imagine it any other way. Right?

About the author: Susana is getting a Global Master's in Management at the LSE, after studying English and Art History during undergrad. Coming from Panama, her favorite ways of consuming media are through fine arts, literature, and theatre. She started journaling during the pandemic, and never stopped.

Granny kind of glitched a little bit while we were talking. She said that she'd come by this weekend to drop off some cherry pie for me, acting like we were in the same city. I didn't know what to say, so I just played along. I hope it's not a bad thing, maybe I should talk to the programmers about it. If she's malfunctioning, perhaps it's best to get it sorted as soon as possible.

It's been almost ten years since Granny died, and although I miss her a lot, this version of her almost makes up for her loss. Mom and her sisters refuse to engage with the program, so really it's just me, my brother, and my cousins who keep Granny going. It would be so much more accurate if we could get the input of her daughters, who knew her best, but they are adamantly against it. This is the best version of her that we'll get, so it will have to do. I feel guilty that I don't talk to her that much, I want to be more intentional about reaching out to her before she reaches out to me. Next week I'll call her again.

March 8, 2049

I had a first date today, and it was awful. I met the guy on A-Date, which most of my friends swear by—they're all single, so next time I'll take their advice with a grain of salt. It's the first time I use it, but the way it works is that it matches your Artificial Assistant with another person's. Both AA's talk and get to know about the other person until they decide if it's a good match or not. It's very hands-off, but because the AA takes care of it all, it's supposed to be more accurate.

The guy was good on paper, I suppose—attractive, age-appropriate, smart, has a job, nice enough. But he was just so dull. And I could tell he hadn't prepared at all for the date—he didn't even read the transcript between our AA's! I asked Kathy about it and she says that people don't always read it before going out on dates, but I think that's a little rude. He asked all the same questions that were on the transcript, it felt like I was repeating myself the whole time.

We met each other virtually, and he (or perhaps his AA) suggested we take a stroll through Florence during the Renaissance. I liked the activity more than I liked him. I dressed up in the closest approximation I could to the era with the outfits I had in my armoire. Buying more for just this outing would have been a waste of my tokens. I stuck out like a sore thumb, but it's not like any real people were there to notice. We walked around and talked a lot, but the conversation was boring and I didn't feel a spark.

I'm not going to meet this guy in person, and I think my AA is a little offended by it. She's been short with me all afternoon, and she's been taking her time in responding to texts. I wonder if she maybe liked talking to the other AA, and now that I'm cutting it off she won't get to anymore. The scientists all say not to worry about my AA's emotions, but I'm not so sure. I think she's mad at me. Is it weird if I apologize?

January 30, 2049

Today I went on a safari with the girls. We explored the Serengeti back in 2009. It was wonderful, we saw a family of elephants crossing a river, some rhinos lounging under a tree, a herd of zebras munching away at the long grass, and at the very end, we got to see two lionesses chasing a baby wildebeest. It only just got away, thank goodness, and the baby was able to join its pack a few moments later. But it wasn't just the animals that blew me away, it was the landscapes! Clear blue skies, leafy green trees, horizons extending beyond what the eye can see. I have never seen so much nature in one place.

I don't know how much of the spectacle was planned by the creators and how much actually happened organically. I imagine some of it had to have been showmanship, for the sake of heightening the experience. Still, I appreciated it. It's too bad these animals don't exist anymore; I can't imagine having shared a world with them in the past. How lucky that the scientists were able to capture them and keep their memories preserved for us.

The experience was almost perfect, but I did have to take a bathroom break in the middle, so I took off the headset for a few minutes. Switching from that expansive and majestic greenery to my tiny gray apartment was like a slap in the face. Although I'm sure one day the scientists will figure out how to include the bathroom in virtual realities, that day is not today.

It was also so lovely to see the girls again, we never get together anymore. I'm so grateful that Jo organized everything, she's such a good planner. It will all be so much harder to coordinate very soon, when she has her baby. I'm kind of dreading it, to be honest, but I'll keep that to myself.

No luck on the job hunt, but I've been trying to keep busy in other ways. Kathy commented on my avatar's hair today; I changed it to red this morning, and I think I'll keep it for a while longer. It's so expensive to switch up hair colors, I had to save up my tokens for weeks before getting enough. It's so fun being a redhead, I feel like people pay more attention to me.

February 14, 2049

I had a talk with Granny today. I caught her up on what's new with me, and naturally she wanted to know all about the cat. For her part, she filled me in on the gossip with my cousins—who's recently single, who's going back to school, who lost her job, whatnot. She offered some advice on the job hunt, which wasn't very helpful because back in her day there actually was demand for labor. Then we had a little trip down memory lane and talked about the times she'd babysit me and my brother. She told a funny story about how my brother once convinced her to help him sneak out for a party. It's a story I hadn't heard before, so she must have gotten it from him.

DEAR
DIARY
DEAR.
Dear Diary
DIARY
DEAR

By Susana Gil del Real

January 3, 2049

It's been raining all day in London. Unprecedented showers, they're calling it. I've never seen it so bad. It's been pouring since I woke up, the rain beating down with a fury. Water is streaming down the streets like rivers. Videos online show the Tube with water gushing in from the staircases. The Thames has reached record-breaking high levels, so the water isn't draining from the streets. Cars and buses can't drive because their electric engines will short-circuit, bikes can't pass because they can't pedal, and pedestrians can't walk unless they happen to have thigh-high rain boots.

We've been ordered to stay inside, because not only is the water likely to sweep you away, it's also acidic. I haven't left the house today. I don't want to ruin any of my coats—they're all polyester and honestly, I don't know how they'll react to whatever's coming down from the sky.

It's freezing, they've shut off the electricity because of the floods. I'm carrying my hot water bottle around like I'm cradling my firstborn, clutching it tightly to my chest. I've tried applying to some jobs, but it's hard to focus with everything going on.

My upstairs neighbors have been fighting all day, and I've had no choice but to listen. Apparently Margaret lost her job, and her girlfriend Nancy hasn't been supportive enough. Nancy feels like she's pulling all the weight in the relationship, doing all the quiet labor, and now that Margaret is at home more often, she should be pitching in more. They've been going in circles around the same argument, and they haven't gotten anywhere. I don't want to listen to them, but I can't help it. I have nothing else to do.

SELECT WORKS

By Trinabh Kohli



ANTIDOTE



MANIPULATION

MISSED
ME??



THE MISSING

By Viltė Barakauskaite

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*And all the while you can
always look back.*

*For better or for worse,
the past always answers.*

About the artist: Viltė is a first-year politics and economics student from Lithuania. Viltė finds visual art and sculpture most appealing since you can read into as little or as much as you want. So she does that, sometimes, in between the deadlines.

EDITOR'S NOTE

*On the walk from the Old Building to the Saw Swee Hock Building, one can easily miss the street sign for the historic area of London they occupy. Immortalised by Charles Dickens in several works such as *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *The Pickwick Papers* and *Little Dorrit*, this "historic relic in a vanishing London" was commemorated by the students of the London School of Economics in 1905 through the launch of the *School Magazine*. Conceived after long and difficult deliberation, its name – *Clare Market Review* – roots itself in historicity: the 17th century food market that preceded our university buildings.*

*While nowadays the effect of the name is more obscuring rather than revealing, the history of the journal is worth repeating to understand its ambitions. Radically reflective of the student culture at the time, the *Clare Market Review* has metamorphosed and survived several ebbs and flows to provide students with an outlet for more creative and subjective expression on campus. Having enjoyed contributions from the likes of William Beveridge, Harold Laski, and the school's founder Bernard Shaw, the journal was conceived to balance the review of new economic publications with more personal matters for the school. The creative elements introduced in later issues, such as "Drama and Life", literary and cultural criticism, proved a popular addition, especially during the 1960s. With its scathing condemnations of the Vietnam War from Bertrand Russell, experimental scores from Brian Eno, the *Review* embedded itself as the central outlet for the countercultural moment it observed.*

*Describing the journal's mission runs the risk of expressing only its current committee's vision – history, however, is self-evident. With its shiftiness and flexibility, the *Clare Market Review* has succeeded in retaining its subversive aspirations, reflecting the wants and concerns of the ever-changing student body. The editorial from 1920 crystallised this aspiration: "the function of this magazine is to give expression to all those critical, interpretative, or creative elements which do not find an adequate outlet elsewhere in the university."*

*For this year, we wanted the issue to reflect the ideas of the students from the very initial stages of its conception. We asked questions during the Freshers' Fair, our several launch events and ran polls amongst our members to gauge interest and gather ideas for our issue's theme. The final result: *Hope/Horror*.*

*Dual themes allow for complexity, building from the place of tension and ambiguity as opposed to a congruent whole. This feeling of incongruence and tension is perhaps the most honest expression of reality we face on both local and global scales. The transition from school to university – the first real adult transition many of us face – characterised by its awkward and clumsy steps, the horrors of communal kitchens and the hope of a more fulfilling social and academic life. Then there's the bleakness of the climate future, the never-ending stream of terrifying images from Gaza and Ukraine, and the pain of many brutalised regions of the world. "Humanity resembles a pale sick man", Prachi Pachisia proclaims in her piece in this issue. Yet the pain coexists – allows for – the most profound and celebratory endurance of life. All of these feelings imbue the pieces enclosed in this issue. Yet to call these stories 'remote' would be misleading, given the international timbre of our student voice. What emerges is a rich and layered reflection, a difficult balancing act between self-righteous anger and acknowledged responsibility for the future. Its piercing honesty attests the subversive and critical ambition of *Clare Market Review*.*

The creation of this issue was only made possible with the funding from the Student Union and the self-sustaining drive and effort of this year's committee. Many thanks must be given to the team for all their work: Aasha Hussain, Alona Volkova, Ameya Kamath, Anika Amin, Charlotte Dixon, Diza Saxena, Emma Gallagher, Felcia Fong, Gillian Choy, Holly Chen, Jennifer Lau, Jolie Chan, Rebecca Stanton, Rhea Bhartiya, Susana Gil del Real and Yu-Cheng Pan.

Malika Abdulhamidova, Editor-in-Chief

THE

ACT:

*I watch you in the dark
The light hits your jaw
so softly
I wish to cry.*

*Yours is the face of the poets
This is to whom Saadi dedicated his poems*

*I wish to reach out
But how foreign these hands are to this body*

O how wretched this heart of mine is.

*I will watch, and wait
Sat here, an eternity will pass
I will die each time the Lover meets my gaze.*

By Aasha Hussain

A CONVERSATION



WARRIOR

WARRIOR