

# BOUNDARIES



BARRIO 2

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## Notes from the editor

We all face our own boundaries, limits, restrictons everyday. It is what we choose to do that matters. Do we choose to live on the other side of the fence or do we break it down?

I am constantly learning more and more about myself and my boundaries get broken down as my mind expands. Realisation of that limit is the first step of moving forward.

I hope you enjoy reading what people have to say and show about their own boundaries or the boundaries of which they have experienced.

Putting this Zine together is very impotant to me and I am thankful for the time that all contributors have put into sharing their work as I know for some it was not an easy task.

Many thanks,

Stella Taliadoros

July 2017

## Notes from cover artist

*"Walking through the streets of Berlin and the sun beaming looking around not knowing who is local and who isn't, was satisfying. I blended in, which is what I always hope for. Admiring the art at the East Side Gallery, trying to get an understanding of how such a beautiful wall of meaning would have been a symbol of pain, anger and segregation. The boundaries of one world to another. This was the influence for my art".*



Blonde couple with Dog

I don't know if they're a couple.  
I think they are.

I don't think they will make the distance. Seem old before their years. Too posh, she wants everything and more - to be the boss and the princess. And he is just along for the ride. He had lot's of chances to get off but now the ride is broken and won't stop.

Until she's ready to turn it off. He wants someone to let him be more free - but she has her hands on the saddle and is owning this ride. They are too different. She's all about money and the nice things - he's not as bothered about that.

If only I could see how this plays out - I guess I'll never know, but I know.

Wood St  
Coffee.  
Don't do anything until  
your sure!

When the cities tempo pushes me off beat, thank you for dancing beside me.

When Sunday afternoons leave me with a heavy heart, thank you for the flat white and company.

When I begin to question myself, thank you for your honest answer.

When days seem to be a little too dark, thank you for guiding me home.

Here's to the connections that lead one into the infinite.  
To the conversations worth remembering.  
To embraces worth fighting for.  
To the friendships worth smiling for.  
Beside you I am boundless.

And for that I am thankful.



bi-lingual

last night I dreamt that  
my tongue split in two  
and projected out of my mouth  
into the universe

one half spoke English  
whilst the other spoke Urdu

my tongues were in parallel  
but when I tried to say who I  
was  
I knew the tongues would  
meet

parallel lines only cross once  
never to meet again

I held on to this as my cross  
thinking I would never be able  
to move  
for fear of losing myself

then I remembered  
the Buddhists  
and started to  
think  
vertically

charity mugger

she stands there  
with her clipboard  
and pen  
and a too broad smile

"hey baby,  
I like your style...  
hey,  
I love your style"

it takes me a  
few seconds  
to realize  
she is talking  
to me

"i love your style"  
she repeats

yeah, I say,  
well like it from  
over there.

motions of light on the water

there's no emergency rescue for when  
you breakdown on the internet's high  
seas,  
nobody to guide you, through the mael-  
strom, the dis-ease.  
no lifeboat to throw you a ring and save  
you from the infomania, the datanami,  
the data deluge,  
no guidance on how to get yourself to a  
data refuge.  
no one to say, yes, I see your point and  
maybe you are right,  
so much beauty has been lost to under-  
standing,  
but isn't the future still bright?  
and yes, it's a shame we have let a string  
of zeros and ones become our masters  
but think of the positives, don't dwell on  
the disasters,  
we can make wisdom out of knowledge  
and knowledge out of data  
our intelligence is now contingent on a  
future we imagined later.  
with perfect post-post modern irony, the  
post truth vessel  
navigates us through a turquoise sea of  
mathematical sublimity,  
we should enjoy the views and care  
much less about information inequality.  
I want to jump ship, take my chances  
like Ishmael  
but along with sharks and rotten arks,  
trolls patrol these waters  
and I see ships converge towards a  
future looking frail,  
cyberpunks, futuro-libertarians, reality  
hackers,  
snapchatters, instagrammers,  
all holding up their maps hidden within  
maps hidden within maps,  
through these digital parchments their  
perceptions are dispersed,  
going full fathom five in a fragile fractile  
universe...

on June 16th in 1904 Leopold set out on his  
journey and his pockets contained within:  
sausage, potato, kidney, lemon soap, a pock-  
etwatch,  
bread, a photo of Molly, and a book called  
Sweets of Sin.

today, in a sleek, smooth box weighing less  
than four ounces, I carry clouds,  
the weight of the air, two and a half million  
stars, 10,000 emails,  
the birdsong of every species, the global noetic  
consciousness of billions  
of people, a compass, and access to more  
words than are contained in any given library.  
I'm trying to use the filter of my understanding  
to make some clarity though curation, wrestle  
knowledge from the data  
get off this route for the duration, for every  
new route  
opens another route as part of an endlessly  
feedbacking loop  
in which I make everything in my image and  
then foolishly call it reality.

the difference all this makes to my ordinary  
life?  
it takes my ordinary life away, and I forget how  
to swim.  
so here I am, adrift in a big quiet darkness  
and I try to remember your face and reach you,  
my Molly,  
my message in a bottle fights through the  
waters traction,  
and I spend the weeks inside my head imagin-  
ing your reaction,

"here's where she'll gasp"  
"here's where she'll smile"  
"here's where she'll fall in love"

tonight the wind will turn the sea over a thou-  
sand times,  
and when morning comes, it will settle back in,  
new, once again.



# MEMOIRS OF KITTY

I stare at the skyline from afar,  
gazing as the dog barks.

Although not often, the reason is not  
forgotten, we were saved. A life paved  
to make way for what will be.

As I sit, I dream & believe that one  
day I will leave & be free & once again  
climb a tree.

I'm confined in this palace, though it  
be hell, once I fell but returned to my  
feet without defeat, I ponder what  
lies beneath.

This concrete prison with shaded  
vision of life before, Those that  
come & go, a cliché metaphor  
of the existence we endure.

Hidden inside, trying to escape,  
yet living a life that's fake.



And so she pushed her boundaries to not be so healthy but to indulge on what she wanted the most.. chicken.

# No sleep

As I Lay there, I feel a soft touch and then a grasp.  
I intertwine my fingers with his to let him know it's safe.

This moment I will remember and bring to  
conscious thought everytime I miss him.  
That arm across my face I can't breathe for my  
breath will disturb his sleep.

I move

Grasp lost

Back turnt

Is it over?

A few moments shared, never to be felt again as  
the boundaries we face in our minds will forever  
keep us prisoner.

How far is too far when you want to say  
how you feel, not not ruin the deal you  
got?

That solid unit of soul friend worthy eternity  
to be ruined by a few unrequited words.  
But words that need to be heard none the  
less.

But less is more, therefore do they need to  
be said?

If not said the heard.

I NEVER have the desire to be placed in a  
box of hasbeans, past friends, old lovers.  
So I keep that box at distance.

Dreading the inevitable but then remem-  
bering that one must love oneself before  
one can truly love another.

And all of a sudden my mind becomes  
clear. That reasoning behind the distance  
and the

barrier that they hold.

It's for safety of ones mind until the time  
is right to push down those fences to love  
and re-unite.

The day came and we left Nigeria for Europe. Few hours journey to Togo to load phosphate mineral to Bayonne France. On the arrival they took us under a silo at the end of a pier and started loading the ship. That reminded me my village in Cyprus as there were located two companies exporting copper. One of them used the pier and silo to load the ships and the other one where I used to work as an electrician in one of the plants, they had shifted the copper with barges to the ships in anchored a mile away.

After few hours, on the road (sea) again. On the way a lot of fishing trawlers harvesting on shore of Africa with a support of a refrigerator ship, few wells on the horizon heading south, a school of dolphins on the side of the ship what a beautiful scenery.

We arrived after a few days and they took us on a dock next to a plant in a river to unload the mineral. Next to the plant was a small village close to the town and on the horizon the Biarritz. Bayonne is a beautiful town. Short walk to the village and the bus to the town. One of the officers that we went out with was telling me to buy perfumes as in France they're good quality and cheap. He bought some for his fiancé and I bought some for my sisters. There were nice restaurants and small coffee shops we try them for a change to ships menu, and good wine too.

After two days on the way again few hours travelling to Saint Sebastian. Bilbao Spain for dry docks, repairs to the ship and cleaning under the ship from all the shells stuck during the long stay in Nigeria.

A very large port with lots of repair docks, large oil tankers, commercial ships and

cruise ships under construction or repairs. It was an opportunity to check/ see under the ship,

Another challenge, I had to start learning Spanish words. The good thing was that the Philippine electrician Martin he knew the language and told me few words to change money, and get by. There were the stretchy buses to take us to Bilbao make phone calls home, send some cards, letters to few friends, go to have a nice food and lots of drinks.

By now I made a few good friends with the crew to go out, a good friend from Pakistan working in the engine room. Mohamed the third engineer Papikas, the third officer, Valantasis the nephew of the captain, the radio operator from Greece and few others.



*The cook and I*

After a week we left for Malaga a cement cargo for Casablanca Morocco. Malaga is a beautiful city with lots of sunshine, lots of small restaurants selling sea food, lots of trailers in the streets selling fruits.

Next to Malaga is the Torremolinos, a tourist town, nice beaches and of course the J disco where we used to go.



*The Ship*

Some of the crew changed, the Philipinos had gone and some Spanish replaced them. Some of the officers would bring their wives to stay in the ship for few months.

Casablanca with nice shops for leather, but you have to barter with the shop keeper for lower price as they like it. A nice coffee shops for coffee or nice mint tea, a beautiful fountain and of course the old town. Don't forget there were a lot of crooks trying to sell you watches, jewellery, perfumes, the lot with brand names but of course fake. After a few days our cook went mad, he was running round the ship, looking at the horizon and back, they took him

off the ship to a hospital and then back to Greece.

They replaced him with a Spanish one. Next stop Dakar Senegal to load a phosphate mineral to Avon Mouth England.

We were loading phosphate again but this time for Avonmouth a port next to Bristol. The loading took a few days as they shifted the mineral with lorries from the plant. The people spoke French as they were a French colony.

Dakar was a nice town with lots of shops in the centre of town, I was a bit impressed as it was very different to Lagos Nigeria, a better place, feel more secure, more clean. In some of the shops were displaying ivories for sale, and I was a bit surprised as I thought it was illegal to trade them.

On the way we had sailed through the gulf of Biscay, usually very storm. Luckily this time very calm.

After a few days off to England. On the arrival to Avonmouth they took us to the docks to unload the minerals. Some of the Pakistani crew left and they replaced with new crew from Greece, they promote me, so I can make shifts on my own during the stay in port. More money for me.

One of the new orders on the arrival we had to make sure when the boiler is on there no black smoke from the chimney as there will be a fine. The captain asked me if I wanted to take a few days off to visit my sister in London. Of course I said yes. One of the traders came on the ship selling clothes was Cypriot and he offered me a ride to London as he was from South London.

On the way to London we discovered he knew my uncle who owned the Elise restaurant and Bouzouki music in Central London. He took me up to an underground station on Northern line so I can go to my destination on

North London. I think it was Colliers Wood. I had try to take a taxi for the journey but when I told him I was in North London he didn't want to know . As everything was new to me and I was never used the underground before, didn't have any London map to read, didn't know about mini cabs. It was easier for me to phone my sister, and she came with my brother in law to pick me up.

Next time for my experience in England.

Nick Taliadoros

(Written by a Cypriot man, with very little edited)



*The Crew*

# Mamma's Keftedhes (Meat balls)

## INGREDIENTS

750g Minced Meat (Your choice)  
1 large potato/ peeled and washed  
4 slices white bread  
2 large eggs  
Crushed dry mint  
Chopped Parsley  
2 finely chopped onions (medium)  
Salt and pepper

## METHOD

Put mince in a large bowl  
Grate the potato into the bowl  
Grate the onions into the bowl  
Remove the crusts from the bread and crumble into small pieces into the bowl  
Add one large tbsp of dry mint  
Add a handful of chopped parsley  
Put one egg at a time as you may not need 2  
Add a pinch of salt and pepper  
Mix all ingredients together with your hands and form small balls  
Deep fry the balls in hot oil until brown  
You can then eat hot or cold!



WET  
PAINT

Inga and Jack had been living together for six months now, but they'd known each other for two years. They'd met on flight UB101 to LAX - Jack had been the pilot and Inga, one of the cabin crew. They had hit it off straight away, when Inga had taken Jack in his cup of English Breakfast. Jack and Inga had spent the next day touring LA before having to return to the airport to fly back to England. They'd met up several times after that when they were put on the same plane.

Inga loved her job, but after about a year she suddenly started to fear flying and had to quit her job, but she kept in touch with Jack and they met up whenever he was in England.

Inga had been lost for a short period - flying, seeing the World, being a flight attendant was all she'd ever wanted to do since she was five years old. Jack had been the one who'd found the solution - a quick training course in care and then work as a caterer in a nursing home. It wasn't the best of jobs, it wasn't well paid and at times it was thankless, but she enjoyed looking after the oldies. She often told them about the places she'd flown to in her brief life as a flight attendant.

"D'you fancy trying something a little different?" Jack asked Inga.

It was late afternoon Sunday and they were in bed together.

Inga understood.

"You mean like a threesome?"

"That's an idea. Hadn't thought of that."

'Bet you hadn't,' thought Inga.

"You mean push the boat out a bit further?" she offered.

"Yeah," laughed Jack.

"Okay, but within reason," said Inga looking at Jack with suspicious eyes.

"How d'you fancy being tied up?"

"Bound?" asked Inga grinning.

"Well, technically cuffed. Jack reached under the bed and pulled out a pair of handcuffs with pink fluffy fur around the bracelet parts.

"You've planned everything, haven't you?" said Inga.

"Of course." There was a brief pause. "So, are you game?"

That was the question - Was she game?

They had spoken, or rather Inga had spoken about rules, roles and limits, but that had been a long time ago. It had all started in some sleazy little friend's apartment which they'd borrowed for a few nights in Paris. Jack had fixed Inga with a glass of Bacardi and coke and then disappeared upstairs into the bedroom closing the door behind him. Inga sipped slowly on her drink and waited. Ten minutes, twenty minutes. She grew bored. Worried and a little impatient she went to investigate.

"Are you alright in there?" She asked tapping lightly on the door.

"Come in," replied Jack.

Inga sheepishly opened the door. She found the great pilot on the other side laying there on the bed dressed as a superhero.

Inga burst into laughter.

Had things changed since then? Inga had been great with the passengers onboard the flights, but when it came to the bedroom, she was naive, perhaps even a little shy. Was she prepared to come out of her shell a little more, out of her comfort zone?

"Okay," breathed Inga holding out her arm. Jack didn't say a word. He slipped the fluffy bracelet around Inga's wrist, snapped it carefully shut, pulled her arm up and locked the other bracelet tightly into place around the white wooden bedpost.

"Right, I'm going to the pub," announced Jack.

Inga smiled and waited for Jack to smile back. But he didn't. He wasn't joking. He was serious. She watched silently as he pulled on his clothes.

'Any minute now,' she thought.

But any minute didn't happen.

Jack walked over to the door.

"You can't leave me like this," she spat angrily.

"But you agreed..."

"I agreed to be cuffed while we made out!"

"I won't be long," said Jack ignoring her.

"The Captain returns," said Steve as Jack fought his way to the bar.

"Let ya go, did she? Asked Mark.

Jack didn't answer.

"When we gonna meet this beautiful woman of yours that you keep tellin' us about?" asked Steve.

"Yeah, where is she?" added Mark.

"She's cuffed to the bed at the moment," replied Jack casually.

"More like chained to the cooker!" said Steve before laughing at his own statement.

"No, we did that last week."

"You're so full of shit," laughed Mark.

Jack caught the barmaid's eye. It was Tina.

"'Ello," she said. "Pint of the usual is it Captain?"

"Please."

Three pints later Jack staggered home. The sky was pitch black and the house was in complete darkness. Without turning on the lights, Jack made his way upstairs.

Inga was still there. Her naked flesh was like porcelain in the moonlight breaking through the crack in the curtains. A plain sheet of paper waiting for ink. A white wall in need of a picture or poster. She was waiting. Waiting for him - the great Captain. Her anger had died away. She watched as Jack fought to get his clothes

off.

"Come on!" she said. "Are you gonna fly that thing or not?"

Inga always referred to Jack's manhood as a flag - Jack's Union Jack.

The Captain stabbed away drunkenly.

'Christ,' thought Inga, 'it isn't rocket science.' And this was a man who flew planes for a living, who wanted to be more adventurous in the bedroom.

"Here," she whispered. With some difficulty, because of the handcuffs, she mounted him. The only way she could manage it was with her back to him.

That was different at least. She began to move up and down on him, slowly at first. Then suddenly after two minutes the cork popped and it was all over. Christmas had come early - Christmas and the New Year together.

Inga eased herself off. Jack was somewhere between heaven and a coma.

"Where's the key?" asked Inga before he was completely out of it. "I need a wee and a cigarette!"

"In the drawer," slurred Jack.

Inga reached over and opened the drawer. Sure enough, there was the key.

'Bastard,' she thought. It had been there all along.

She turned the little key and bingo, she was free again.

Inga got up and went into the bathroom to finish off what Jack had started.

'The last of the great lovers,' she thought. 'Break boundaries my ass!'

She'd call Jon the next day. He was young, but he knew a thing or two that Jack didn't. She didn't exactly play around, she just liked her men two at a time - and with Jack being away so often. A woman has her needs, doesn't she? Why the Captain's away...



## You don't buy your meat where you get your potatoes.

You don't buy your meat where you get your potatoes.

It was the one year ago from now that the moons collided and everything stopped: I bought my meat and my potatoes together. Contamination zone became toxic; warning lights went wild; the internal siren became numbed. It was time to run to the nearest comfort zone possible. The only place known for that fuzzy feeling of warmth: the pub.

Little did I know then what I do now. The potatoes, which no matter how hard you try, will never make those creamy (and yet crunchy) roasted tats that you long for. The meat will always be chewy from being hung out for too long or not long enough. The only way to separate your meat from those potatoes is to draw the line. The metaphorical line to get your tats thriving and your meat pukka.

Through multiple diagonal lines that were drawn, I slid down and fell into the black hole of backwardness. The line is starting to tilt less, straighten more and roots have begun to grow.

So, although you don't and should not buy your potatoes and your meat together, ground your potato; root your potato; be that crunchy creamy roasted potato for you.

Peace out

X

## FREEDOM

Freedom, a word we all know, but have you truly felt that feeling? As freedom is more than just existing or being.

It's easy to believe that you are free for we are deceived daily.

Falling into a system of comfort and moral panic.

From the age of 4, institutions taught us not to think for ourselves anymore.

At the age of 16 when we are released into the world, not knowing how to do tax returns or save lives, instead learning of ancient times, Henry VIII and his bloody wives.

Is this knowledge?

Institutionalised and made to believe we need to go and work for someone else. Working our way up that ladder, I can't think of anything sadder.

A brain numbing routine, a 9-5 rat race daily. Have you ever stopped and thought 'I love my life' lately?

We are quick to judge with our ignorant minds, based on what we read or what we see on our telephone screens.

An indoctrination across the nation and you think you are free or is there a boundary between you and that feeling?

Freedom doesn't mean having expensive cars or money, freedom is about being able to sit outside when it's sunny.

Freedom is being able to go for a coffee on a weekday instead of living for your Saturday and Sunday.

Oh and don't let me forget those 28 days off a year, to go on holiday, spend your money and return to work paying your debts, ready for the next. Until the day you wake up and smell the fucking coffee and question, Is this my life? Is this how I want it to be? Am I truly free?

## Aperture

noun

An opening, as a hole, slit, crack, gap, etc.

Optics. an opening, usually circular, that limits the quantity of light that can enter an optical instrument.

1. I'd had a quiet weekend, curled up, closed down, just at home. Tea and fiction. Monday morning: time to connect. Things are happening in the world, people are writing, talking, liking, hating, filming, responding. I open up. I'm reading, watching, ingesting, responding, hurting, cringing, laughing. I'm amused, I'm inspired I'm provoked, I'm titillated, I'm angered, I'm pulled here, pulled there, I'm diluted I am dispersed. I'm open, available.

f/1.4



2. I am interviewing a man from Bosnia about his experiences in the war. He is in his late 50s, round around the middle and wheezes a little when he gets upset. His wife pours me a Slivovitz, and they both nod, yes, yes, they are happy to talk to me, they want English people to understand what happened in their country. They smile, and open their house to me – the coffee table, orange ceramics in solid hardwood, the comfy sofas. Maybe I'm the age of their older daughter. I feel receptive and curious. The aperture slides open. I want to understand what happened in their country; their war. I ask my questions, designed to open up memory, to elicit details. He takes me by the hand through how the war came to his family, his home and how they suffered, prevailed and he guided them to safety. He is sharing, I am listening, really listening. Then he asks if I know about the passports. I falter. "Look my passport. Is new passport." He grabs his passport from a small table beside him and shows me a page. I see the words "Republika Srpska". I shake my head – I don't know what to ask about this. The aperture slide slides a little closed. "What is this?" – His voice is rising now. His wife puts her hand on his, but his pain starts to exude from his large body. He sits up straighter, and I round my back a little. I don't understand. I feel his pain. I feel his anger. His anger enters me – I'm frightened. He is standing now, his voice louder. "How they call me this? I am not Serb!" His wife looks at me pleading. I close my book, my bag, my face, my vulnerability, my openness, my ability to listen, my empathy. I close myself and escape.

f/16



3.

I sit at the cafe table. The aperture opens.

## When is a boundary a border?

My garden has a fence down each side to mark the boundaries.

On one side, the fence is waist high so when I see my neighbour, Jim, we chat for a moment.

On the other side (in a vain attempt to slow down the fox) the fence is high and deep. We can't talk over the fence so I visit my neighbour on that side. Mia and I drink coffee and she offers me cakes from her grandmother's country. I get to know her.

At Mia's I am a welcome guest, but a guest has duties too, niceties. And when she moves away, I don't know if my new neighbour will want to respond to my knock at the door.

Jim cannot keep me from being there next to him when he tends his garden. Sometimes he is not wearing his hearing aids, but I can wave, catch his eye. He only has to be a little aware, and I might be there with a cheery greeting or a problem.

When I go out to tend my garden, I sometimes check first that Jim is not up yet.

'The meeting of two personalities is like the contact of two chemical substances: if there is any reaction, both are transformed.  
C.G.Jung





# NEXT ISSUE

## 'independence'

To submit entries please email

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(All entries submitted by August 31st)

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