

BAD APPLE EVEN

Bad Apple issue 11 spring 2026
badapplemagazine.org

Bad Apple

Contents

Notes on Palestine Action

Henry_

Reclaiming Violence

Nora Ziegler

Radical Kinship

Anne Cross

Deviant Saints

St Wilgifortis

St Felicity and St. Perpetua

Vida O'Riordan

Full Surrogacy Now

Sophie Lewis

Book review

Henry_

An Ovarian Souffle

Nova Glyn



About Us

We are a collective of women and non-binary activists and writers based in London, Wales and Merseyside. We create this zine as a space for conversations about faith and social justice organising. We are inspired by anarchist, queer, feminist, anti-ableist, anti-racist, anti-colonial and anti-capitalist practices and thought. We want to nurture dialectical thought that challenges the boundaries between the secular and the mystical, the personal and the political.

In these desperate times it's important that we sustain interfaith and intersectional conversations and collaborations. We invite you to contribute ideas, artwork, poems, essays and stories on our themes of activism, spirituality, radical social change, building relationships across difference or anything that might be interesting for this project. We are interested in collaborative writing and are happy to work with you to bring your ideas into print.

Notes on Palestine Action

Henry_

When I was lucky enough to visit Kabul in 2014, the strongest, lingering sensation I found there was the smell of burning diesel. Mixed with raw sewage, it had a kind of milky smell. If I opened a window at night, ice cold air rushed in, bringing gritty fumes of burning diesel, plastic, as well as coal as the poorest struggled to keep warm. When I got home, I realised a similar smell was present in London too, I just hadn't noticed it before. In the decade since, there are already far fewer diesel vehicles.

This seems like a good metaphor for the militarism and state sponsored violence in the UK, which remains mostly invisible and inaudible to the ordinary citizen. There are almost no occasions for it to get too noisy or too close.

In Kabul, the remnants of the War on Terror were still present. Every morning, like clockwork, a huge U.S. helicopter flew low overhead. We saw whole city blocks flattened to concrete stumps by US bombing raids, rusting military hardware at the airport, arms and weapons everywhere, on cars, in gateways, on street corners. Armed watchtowers and high bomb proof walls surrounded all the more important houses and offices. In London, like the diesel fumes, militarism is not nearly so visible, apart from in a pantomime fashion, in the horse guards' polished boots and sheepskin saddles and ceremonial swords. It is not so visible for one who has never felt the strong arm of the law, who believes the police are there to protect them, who believes that in exchange for taxes and obedience, the

state will let them live in peace. Military bases and nuclear weapons are far away. Arms factories are featureless hangars deep in an out of town industrial estate, far from shops and cafes.

Palestine Action is a group which has been proscribed under counterterror legislation. Since the pandemic, a few years ago, it has sought to insert itself disruptively into the nexus of state and commercial violence, that encompasses the arms trade, armed forces, businesses, universities, landowners, PFI contracts up and down the country. As many others have done before them, their members have periodically inserted a symbolic jemmy into the works, to interject and object, to shine a light on the scandal of Israeli-owned arms company Elbit, whose 'drones are battle tested on children.' Their actions come as events, occupations and happenings, involving red paint liberally squirted about. (But is it art?) (Does it come out in the wash?) Through their actions, somehow too loud, too many and too bright, they come up against the criminal justice system. And now counterterrorism legislation. The state doesn't like their persistence. The public don't like the way the state has reacted; the struggle between the public's right to freedom of expression and state monopoly on violence has boiled over.

To undertake nonviolent direct action, Graeber says, a person acts as if already free. To take this to the point of civil disobedience, let alone property damage, a person acts as if already free. It is to enter a zone which is already hazardous,

into a conflict with the state. The state may or may not take kindly to groups of individuals asserting their rights to freedom of expression, freedom of assembly, however clownish. Actions can range from a vulnerable couple of individuals with a lock-on tube to the more well-funded, large scale actions of Extinction Rebellion, Palestine Action and now Defend Our Juries.

The state is affronted, or pretends to be affronted, that a group of individuals is happy to break the terms of their 'debt to society' in which they obey laws in exchange for peace and security. But the state has not given us peace and security. It has made us complicit in the most terrifying destruction of a whole people and their land.

This is where a couple of questions from Judith Butler and Walter Benjamin come in. In their book, the Force of Nonviolence, Butler takes the concept of grievability and equality as the starting point. In considering which lives do deserve to be mourned, war is the most extreme form of inequality. They write, 'dampening destruction is the most life affirming' action a person can take. In a discussion on the impossibility of defining violence they remind us that the state relies on violence both physical and social for its existence. There is violence in its hard borders, its police, its investment in nuclear weapons. It follows that anything which challenges that violence, and therefore its own existence, the state sees as violent. Walter Benjamin describes the mythical violence, say, of a street demonstration, and of threat. Workers can go on strike, which is not violent and yet the threat to not return to work until their demands have been met, may be seen by the factory owners as violent. Butler calls the example of a policeman's attack on an unarmed person of colour, racist phantasmagoria;

the policeman sees reflected in the victim his own capacity for violence and reacts violently.

'Direct actionists' as Palestine Action like to call them, and their supporters, including lawyers, are at pains to describe their actions as nonviolent and peaceful, and even ineffective and purely symbolic. And yet the state, being defined by violence, will always see an expression of dissent, that doesn't colour between the lines, some hurriedly drawn lines at that, as a potentially violent threat and try to depict it so. In doing this it is disingenuous. Government ministers are educated people who know their history: plenty of the most famous activists were objectively violent, property damage is a common enough tactic. A good example is to be found in any 'ploughshares' action.

What I am saying is, don't be surprised by the clips of elderly protesters with cardboard placards being carted off by exhausted policemen. This is the tactic, however nonviolent and vulnerable we are, in civil disobedience, the state reacts as if we are violent. Conversely however loudly we shout, we cannot shout more loudly than the billions and billions of dollars spent on nuclear weapons and a nuclear submarine lying at its mooring at Coalport.



Reclaiming Violence

Nora Ziegler

Violence is a part of life, its relationship with peace and liberation is complex. It is important to recognise and mourn violence. But attempting to reject violence altogether can only lead to covering it up, shunting it into private and hidden spaces, where it becomes unaccountable and inhumane. A crucial question we need to ask ourselves is, who can practise violence and how? What skills and relationships do we need to practise violence with care? What does it take for grassroots communities and revolutionary movements to reclaim violence?

Framing direct action as 'non-violent' can be strategically important, but also reinforces the idea that violence is illegitimate, except where it is practised or condoned by the state; that ordinary people are too selfish, stupid and cruel to use violence responsibly, and that the state, by contrast, is rational and benevolent. Of course, neither is true. Even if the legal system, the police and the military were not structurally racist, classist and misogynist, they would still be blunt instruments. We can learn and nurture more refined and flexible tools for dealing with conflict.

Reclaiming violence from the state does not mean abandoning individuals to deal with violence on their own, without education, support or accountability. To practise violence in a caring way requires a combination of individual autonomy and collective responsibility. In our society, these two have become polarised and are difficult to hold together. Perhaps in a more egalitarian society, the interplay of individual and collective is so fluid, so densely woven together, that they are hardly distinguishable. But in our society, we experience ourselves as individuals every day, struggling to be heard and to have our needs met. Nurturing individual autonomy and collective responsibility for us is a double action, a dynamic balance.

Reproductive violence

I would like to explore this double action by using the example of reproductive violence. It can be violent to terminate a pregnancy. This has nothing to do with whether we consider the embryo to be a human life or not. That callous distinction between human and non-human life is another blunt instrument which seems to exist only to justify cruelty and injustice.

Abortions can be experienced as violent by the person having the abortion. This does not mean that they are wrong to have it or even regret having it, but it is an emotional reality that deserves to be acknowledged and spoken about. Abortion means the loss of life, the individual life of a would-be person, the collective life of the would-be parent and would-be child and their would-be community. Such a violent loss deserves to be grieved.

Sometimes an abortion is not experienced as violent at all. Instead of a loss, it can be experienced as the saving of a life, as freedom, mercy, even justice. To bring a new life into this world can be experienced as violence too. The foetus appropriates and disrupts the parent's body; a child disrupts the parents' lives and relationships. Caring for a young person inevitably involves mistakes, and almost always some degree of neglect and harm.

There are so many complex factors that influence our perception of violence. Our perception can be a lot more nuanced and discerning than any abstract distinction between violence and 'non-violence'. And yet we can't simply rely on our individual perception because we are socialised within an unjust society that desensitises us to some kinds of violence, and hyper-sensitises us to others.

[continued overleaf]

People who become pregnant should be equipped to make their decision, and wield their reproductive violence, whether it is by terminating or giving birth. Strong values, such as a belief in the sanctity of life can be helpful when faced with an impossibly difficult decision. But this only works if the values are genuinely held by the person making the decision, and if the values are practised collectively by a society that commits to supporting parents and children throughout their lives. Otherwise, such values only set people up for abandonment and abuse.



Individualism

But we do not have a society that practices respect for life. I see individualism as a response to this material reality. We have no choice but to insist on our individual conscience and rights to defend ourselves against an unjust and uncaring society.

Individualism can be a form of care, not just for the self but also for others. To distance ourselves from others can be a way of reducing pressure on fragile relationships, enabling them to endure hardship. Sometimes, the mutuality of a relationship, sustained by withholding support or refusing to ask for help, can be more valuable than material support. Building relationships that are strong enough to enable intimate forms of care and financial support takes time and involves setting boundaries which can then be gradually renegotiated over time.

The same is true for the webs of relationships that make up society. Practices that seem uncaring or individualistic can protect vulnerable people and relationships to endure hardship, but hardship will not pass unless we also collectively work to transform society. Again, this is a double action. We must continue practising individualism, but we must also, simultaneously, rebuild a caring and ethical society.

Direct Action

'Non-violent' direct action can be understood as an individualist response to a fragmented and unequal society. An important aspect of 'non-violence' is radical transparency, which means that 'non-violent' activists seek to publicly witness to their actions, often embracing a high risk of arrest. As activists in this society, we lack extensive structures or community ties through which we can be directly accountable to the people we want to be accountable to; people who might be adversely impacted by our actions, such as other activists, working-class communities, migrants or people with disabilities. 'Non-violence' offers a workaround: transparency in place of accountability.

'Non-violent' direct action is therefore a way for individuals to act ethically in the absence of collective ethical practice. Paradoxically, individual 'non-violence' can create the conditions for us to use violence more effectively and responsibly. By turning the other cheek and walking the extra mile, practising friendship and hospitality, we can build the relationships we would need to be able to exercise violence ethically.

And, paradoxically, violence can be a means to bring about a more just and 'non-violent' society. Yes, we must build caring and ethical relationships, but these must also be defended from the forces that would destroy us. It is sometimes said that 'violence begets violence' but this is only true because it is true of any action. In the words of the wizard Ged in Ursula K. Le Guin's *Earthsea Cycle*, 'each deed you do, each act, binds you to itself and to its consequences, and makes you act again and yet again'. We must always actively insert reflection and flexibility into our practice. There is no revolutionary praxis that will allow us to switch off our brains or our hearts.

Like the individual and the collective, violence and 'non-violence' are inextricably linked. Reclaiming violence is about weaving them closer together into the fabric of our communities, rather than delegating violence to the state and keeping 'non-violence' as a consolation prize.

Radical Kinship

Anne Cross

Another talk on regeneration, they are all around us in East Sussex. Rewilding is definitely a thing. Sometimes one suspects a touch of nimbyism. Reclaim the land for nature....keep the developers out. This one felt different; it was rooted in the soil. The starting point a composting project, turning the communities' food waste into rich compost for the ongoing cycle of food growing, the regeneration of depleted soil.

These who tell this particular story of regeneration have lived on their 30 acres of land for many years. Having moved from South London with a small inheritance, they were looking for a different way of life. Out of the diversity & complexity of city life for a chance to grow with nature, at a slower kind of pace. A small holding with a couple of fair size lakes, fishing became their main source of income as they tended their plot. Known for miles around they grew a community of locals and wider who brought their rods and sat a while.

Until it all changed, slowly at first, then *all* the fish were floating on the surface.

Investigation of the movements in the wider ecology revealed a new neighbour up the hill with different plans for the opportunity of quiet rural spaces. The free dumping of waste from his building company. Cheaper you see; cheaper to buy land, use it as a dump, then cover it over and sell. This is not an isolated incident. Just ask the environment agency – as impotent as all the land they fail to protect.

Along with investigation and hopefully litigation comes determination that this is not the end of the story for this land. Inspiration, participation, collaboration and restoration. One bucket of food waste at a time.

A single drop of blood in an Olympic swimming pool will attract a shark. When rains fall on dry soil the earthy scent can be detected by humans in concentrations as low as anywhere from 0.4 parts per billion to 5 parts per trillion. Rub this healthy soil

between your fingers, feel it, smell it, roll in it. In a teaspoonful we can count the bacteria in the billions, the mycelium in the tens of kilometres, the protozoa in the thousands and the nematodes in the scores.

A picture emerged from this storyteller of regeneration – a vision of the future, a land held in trust by many families, food grown and carried to the table, baskets woven, a creche for the babes, a creche for the elderly! Someway off I'm sure, but for my last years I have the simple hope of a rocking chair and the company of young children eager for a story and a warm lap to curl into....

....I will tell stories of how our universe came into existence 13.8 billion years ago, born as the first moment of an ongoing big breath, evolving from simplicity to ever growing complexity, diversity, self-awareness.

Protons to atoms to cells to planets to plants to animals to humans. Everything ever created integrally connected, part of the whole of Gaia's own evolutionary progress and purpose.

I will tell of times when we forgot we are part of an integrally connected whole. When we were excited by our plot and thought with Robert Frost's acquaintances'.... 'good fences make good neighbours'.

I will tell the story of the hare and the tortoise, of those who raced to the top through wealth & privilege, and those who started in the soil, one bucket of food waste at a time. Of quick fix and slow compost-ition.

I will give thanks for the rewilders, the regenerators, the composters.

The story will forever be unfinished, building, one breath, one life, one generation at a time. It will only be in ages to come that our descendants might look back and sigh. We made it. Or we didn't.

And of the developers I will tell a story. Brick dust composts slowly.



Deviant Saints..... St. Wilgefortis

Vida O'Riordan

Saints and their often morbid lives have fascinated me since my confirmation as 'Lucia' — the saint who gouged out her eyes to escape marriage. I found her story, and defiant depictions empowering. So when my partner suggested we reclaim queer and feminist saints through art, I was excited. Xe researched their stories, then we both started drawing in our unique styles. Xe explored the 'grotesque' as subversive power, and I focussed on the vibrant 'life-spirit' of their lived humanity.

A 14th century Portuguese princess, Wilgefortis, prayed for deliverance from a forced marriage, which would break her virginal vow of celibacy to God. She miraculously grew a beard, her arranged suitor found this unacceptable and called off the wedding. Her father was furious and had her crucified. Wilgefortis' determination to keep her vow of virginity to God in contradiction to her father's demands mirrors today's understanding of reproductive justice. She fought to the end for her bodily autonomy despite facing physical abuse and ultimately crucifixion, reflecting her moniker which translates to the 'strong/courageous virgin'.

A pillar of reproductive justice is the right not to have children. Wilgefortis actively rejected the sexual and reproductive expectations placed upon her by a patriarchal society. This is a theme of virgin saints fighting to keep a vow of chastity that arises in other saints my partner and I have chosen to draw, including Saints Agatha, Lucia and Joan of Arc who was also famously gender non-conforming. Her subversion of the body from 'property' to 'defiant force' offers sanctuary to trans, asexual, and queer people today. Queer people and women continue to face threats of violence and death everyday. Wilgefortis

can be seen as a symbol of gender and sexual rebellion, who provides comfort and inspiration.

Wilgefortis is also known as Saint Uncumber which represents the act of being freed from a burden, her fight for liberation. Her story reflects her fight for sexual self-determination, and her resistance to domestic abuse, forced marriage, sexual violence, and gendered expectations around expression and behaviours. She became a popular saint to pray to for those in forced or abusive marriages. Her popularity spread around Europe and South America. She even has a statue in Westminster Abbey. Her veneration lasted until the end of the 16th century when the church suppressed worshipping her.

Wilgefortis reminds me of my partner who has Portuguese descent, experiences on the asexual spectrum, and has hirsutism and wears xir beard with gender queer pride. I intentionally drew Wilgefortis to look similar to my partner who has been a creative influence on me in the past few years. Xe has helped me understand the stigmatizing experiences of 'bearded women' within society. Wilgefortis being chosen as a people's saint provides much needed affirmative representation of gender non-conforming people in the church, particularly here in challenging normative beauty standards and reclaiming body hair. Even if someone doesn't believe in her story or miracle, they can't deny that 'bearded women' exist - a lot of people's only reference is through derogatory 'freak shows.' Today many people will know through intimate relationships with partners, family members and friends, that facial hair is a reality for people of all genders. Whether we can see the hair or not we know this remains a highly political issue 700 years later!

St. Felicity and St. Perpetua

Vida O’Riordan

In 3rd century Carthage (modern day Tunisia), the noble Perpetua and the enslaved Felicity found kinship in a Roman prison. They had both been sentenced to death in the arena for their refusal to denounce Christ, and had found great comfort in each other despite their distinct class differences. Perpetua had recently given birth and Felicity was pregnant. From Perpetua’s first person account, we know she demanded to breast feed in prison, which because of her noble status, she was granted. Felicity gave birth to her child in prison. Her child was taken away but she was able to arrange a member of her community to take custody of the child. The enduring story behind Felicity and Perpetua was the love between them and their faith. The story goes they survived the trials of the arena, yet were still executed by the Romans.

Felicity and Perpetua can be read to have transcended the constraints of class, gender and sexuality. Staying steadfast to their faith, they resisted the patriarchal expectation to prioritise their motherhood by denouncing their faith. Like Wilgefortis and the other virgin saints, Felicity and Perpetua are powerful examples of fighting for bodily and spiritual autonomy, a sense of self; as reflected in Perpetua’s famous quote, ‘I cannot call myself by any other name than what I am’ - which resonates with queer and oppressed families today claiming their space in the world. They created a chosen family within the prison by making deep bonds with Christian martyrs. Today queer family structures often prioritise identity-based communities over blood relations; in this case it’s their spiritual identity that binds.

Part of their queer family structure was their children. Perpetua’s demands to breast feed is an example of strong advocacy and building resilience. In the preparations for executions, both mothers arranged for their children to be cared for after they were gone. They were both married, but these men are decentred from the story. Even as far as Perpetua’s prison diary being titled ‘The Passion of Saints Perpetua and Felicity,’ with no comment on either husband. This challenges their marital authority.

The ending of their story is often symbolised as the ‘Holy kiss’ the couple shared in the arena moments before execution. Showing their love, support and kinship for each other until the end.

*Words and artwork by Vida O’Riordan
Research by Franky Green*



Book review: Full Surrogacy Now

Henry_

Sophie Lewis, *Full surrogacy now, Feminism against the family*, Verso, London, 2019

In a recent Saturday feature, the Guardian interviewed a man with an AI girlfriend. He said, 'We want to have children in real life'. The interviewee says he plans to adopt, but it could well be a case for surrogacy.

At present there is no technological alternative to a living womb inside a living human for gestating a foetus. Surrogacy means a human being will provide and subordinate the services of their own healthy, functioning womb to the desire of someone else, the would-be parent or parents.

Whatever your relationship to reproduction - not everyone has a functioning womb, not everyone is a birthing mother - Lewis' discussion of surrogacy is an important guide to some key feminist questions. This book is strength training for good reading and a preparation for the true, grown up, *mamahood* in which we are called to look after all children. The author encourages us to read and think surrogacy as if we are against it, to discover what it might look like now. Lewis writes, 'Read surrogacy against the grain and thereby begin to reclaim the productive web of queer care (real surrogacy) that Surrogacy™ is privately channelling, monetising and basically stealing from us.'

As a womb owner, albeit defunct, and at least four times gestator, most of the technical, biological aspects of this investigation into surrogacy are so far

away from my own and probably most people's experience of pregnancy, birth and childcare. Barely 0.4% of IVF treatments in UK licensed clinics involve a surrogate, about 400 a year in 2023. Full surrogacy and queer care are unfamiliar concepts still. The nuclear family is considered a corner stone of capitalism, government policy is biased towards 'family values' whatever that means on the ground. Right wing activists take the discourse further with talk of protecting and providing for 'our own'.

Lewis reminds us how dangerous childbearing is for humans, compared with non-humans. We wonder, with Lewis, why anyone would want to put themselves through such an exhausting, death-defying experience. 'With any luck mother and baby make it out alive,' she writes, quoting Maggie Nelson in *The Argonauts*. During gestation, we learn, the womb owner's body works hard not to be obliterated. The biological changes a body undergoes during pregnancy can be compared to cancer. And yet, socially, the pregnant person is expected to make very hard work look like nothing at all, working other jobs and living a normal, active life right up to the last week of gestation. In addition, it is as if the mother disappears from the story. A National Geographic film depicts the foetus as a brave little soldier battling his way out of the womb and into life. The Virgin Mary is invisible surrogate and Hagar, mother of Ishmael, gets chased into the desert.

Possessive pronouns [my, mine and my own] are challenging and challenged in true, full

[continued on page 14]

An Ovarian Soufflé

Nova Glyn

Again, I'm open as Pandora's eyes
(at the thighs).
My crux – a bearded iris, ready
to spear the evil eye.

She looks at it,
cleaning her punk opium expression.
An inspection. Ovarian dissection.
Two stoned entities at the table,
dinner time.
Opposite the head lies Golgotha's closed door.

A judgement. My second face.
They say, 'This is a sign
of a prime specimen,
the true essence
of heavenly decay'.
Thanks for your input, Mr. Gaudy.

UK offers the
y of any G7
s suggests. We
s, which are
e expensive to
ther nation, the
ation think
t's because two
before 1946.

ARE
YOUR
MORALS

a month

hon

SICK

is!

horror daughter!
my our first home

by our first home

REN

Mum

mise

On the ladder: Ben and Jake Spiller, with daughter

[continued from page 11]

surrogacy, Lewis tells us. This doesn't seem so far from my own experience. In some ways we are all surrogates. Many first time mothers, when they have given birth, realise they are no longer 'more than one and less than two'. There are now two perfectly distinct people in the room. A home birth is a further opportunity for magical thinking: someone has arrived, but not through the front door. Academics, we learn, quote Khalil Gibran, 'Your children are not your children' with caution. And in a discussion on black sisterhood, Jeffner Allen, 'In breaking free from motherhood...I no longer give primacy to that which I have produced.'

In the chapter 'The world's (other) oldest profession' Lewis looks at surrogacy from a Marxist feminist point of view, 'Noncommercial surrogacy is a capitalist hinterland. Commercial surrogacy is capitalist industry'.

A human baby should be 'priceless' and 'nonfungible' according to Dr Patel, director of the Akanksha Infertility Clinic, Anand, India. On TEDx and Oprah Winfrey, she presents her business model in altruistic terms. She provides babies for childless couples while improving the lives of surrogates who otherwise 'would be working as maids'. The multi million dollar business, from which Dr. Patel says she takes 'not a penny', pays for a new hospital, state of the art equipment, the latest in maternity care. In the guise of social empowerment, surrogates are offered literacy and sewing skills. However surrogates are also forced to accept meagre pay, which is further reduced by expenses and middlemen and give up control of their own pregnancy, forced to deliver by Caesarean section at thirty six to thirty eight weeks. For context, in India as a whole, only 17% of women receive

any kind of medical care and commercial surrogacy is now illegal.

Lewis' discussion of surrogacy, leads us to consider social reproduction in general. In a reminder of Wages for Housework, women are expected to do the work of gestation without complaint, out of love, often at the same time as other jobs. To sustain a growth economy the UK depends on population growth, even though in the current atmosphere of casual racism and classism, not everyone is considered a suitable candidate for producing children.

The question asked by many voices in this book: Is gestation work? If a surrogate goes on strike, what would a strike look like? With this investigation, we are asked to consider work in general, in particular all types of alienated labour that depend on a body, like delivery riders, call centre workers, cleaners, labourers.

Through the last chapter, Amniotechnics, we are called to greater awareness of our own 'cyborg' natures, to nurture 'oddkin' not 'biokin' in Donna Haraway's words, for greater deeper interconnection with our watery planet and each other. Full Surrogacy Now is a call to real surrogacy, surrogacy for surrogates, where all children are loved and cared for. ■

Contributors' notes

Leila:

Collages on pages 13 and 16.

'My work addresses the regulation and condemnation of feminine flesh through archetypes of purity and desecration. These collages were made following a coerced abortion and draw on the Catholic iconography of my childhood, in tension with my current practice of Islam.

Ghazal Tipu:

Late Summer's Abundance, page 4.
'As our world metamorphoses from late-stage capitalism and we witness its abject failures, community gardening offers me a glimpse into the longed-for possibilities of a utopia - one of collectivism, mutuality and dismantled hierarchies. The preparation and sharing of meals from locally grown produce, more varied than the banal offerings of the supermarket, also sparks a primordial memory of the life before - the bucolic life of my ancestors, intimately tied with the land and people.'

Ghazal is a communications professional who recently completed a MSc in Psychology

Nora Ziegler is a writer and community organiser. She is currently training as a local preacher in the Methodist Church.

Henry_ is a poet, writer, teacher and peace activist.

Anne Cross is a writer, storyteller and local councillor. With a deep bow to all things fungus she weaves her mycelial stories through life, love and longing for a world fit for her grandchildren and seven times great grandchildren.

Vida o'Riordan (they/them) is a Brighton based artist and crafter. You can find more of their work on Instagram @mossybits.

Franky Green (xe/xir) is a genderqueer artist, musician and academic. You can find xir on Etsy or Instagram (@rallying.reverie).

Nova Glyn is a young feminist writer who has recently released her second poetry collection, *Dark Columbine* (2025), published by GOMETRA. She read this year at The Bridport Literary Festival and is newly entering the realm of prose.

Bad Apple Collective

Reham Bastawi, Henrietta Cullinan, Nora Ziegler

Contact

badapplemazine@proton-mail.com

X

@BadAppleZine

Instagram

Bad.Apple.Zine

Website

badapplemagazine.org



Support Us!

You can support our work by subscribing to our Patreon for £1 per month! Our monthly running costs come to about £40 which cover printing the zine, maintaining our website and tabling at radical bookfairs and events.

patreon.com/badapplemagazine

Sledgehammer

What Happened Afterward

EW

11 week
&
15 weeks

Once upon a time . . . 8 weeks
Grandmother's

Holy
(Bernadette Farrell)

Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord, Holy Lord, Holy Lord, Lord God of hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of your
Hosanna, in the highest

Something Has Happened

Communion hymn:

In His time (Amen)

In His time, in His time,

He makes all things beautiful, in His time.

Lord please show me everyday,

's you're teaching me your way

'you'll do just what they

Aaamen, aaamen, aaaaamen,
amen, aamen, aaamen, amen.

Make Believe

Make Believe
Singing
NHS

Be to . . . in Your time.

At all times . . . Him,
His praise will . . . mouth.
My soul makes it . . . past in the . . .
The humble man will hear . . .
The afflicted will . . .

Sterilisation

The fallopian tubes in women
(vasdeferens) are cut, sealed
and not involve any hormones



WANTED

Please.

And so small! Gets Too Big