

Bad

APPLE

13



Bad Apple Issue 13
Autumn 2026
badapplemagazine.org

BAD APPLE

Contents

Chronic Rage

Sarah Zad

To Achieve What is Greater

Søren Hough

I Have A Listening Pen

Henry_

The Genesis of Patriarchy

Nora Ziegler

Eve

Reham Bastawi

About Us

We are a collective of women and non-binary writers and activists based in London, Wales and Merseyside.

Through this zine, as well as workshops and community-building, we create space within collective liberation movements for conversations about faith and spirituality.

We are committed to interfaith solidarity, grounded in an anti-colonial, anti-capitalist, queer, feminist politics. We are interested in conversations that challenge the boundaries between the secular and the mystical, the personal and the political, without glossing over differences – those rooted in the beautiful abundance of life or those rooted in interlocking systems of oppression.

We invite contributions to this zine, from anyone interested in social and ecological justice who has a relationship with faith, however strained or tenuous. We are looking for poems, short essays (up to 1000 words), reflections, art, illustrations, sermons, prayers, or anything else you can think of that might work in the zine. Don't worry if you are not an experienced writer – we are happy to collaborate with you, edit, give feedback, or discuss ideas for a potential submission.

Chronic Rage

by Sarah Zad

Hovering in the corner, the doctors' statuesque postures had given way to Maria's X-ray. Hunched over like sad plants, they were either at a loss or hypnotised. This wasn't the first time Maria had witnessed a scrum of doctors hypothesise over her symptoms.

Maria was thirsty. She had just finished reciting her medical history with the precision of a seasoned actor. It was a performance she had perfected over twelve years since the pain first appeared. She had reviewed and updated it periodically, naturally, as her symptoms mutated.

'We've invited a specialist to join us,' one of the doctors poked his head above the rest like an inquisitive mongoose. He requested that Maria return to the waiting room as the specialist was heading over from another department.

Maria collected doctors like lovers. The first doctor Maria saw, she named Dr. Painkiller. The second, Dr. Anti-depressant, and third, Dr. Diazepam to counter Dr. Anti-depressant. Maria couldn't remember the order of the fourth, fifth and sixth — she referred to them as the suggestive triplets: Dr. Suggested-diet, Dr. Suggested-yoga-

and-exercise, and Dr. Suggested-surgery. The specialists had their own taxonomy dictated by their speciality and dress-sense. Dr. Psychologist-powder-blue-suit, Dr. Psychiatrist-all-colours-no-bedside-manner, Dr. Haematologist-neo-noir, to name a few.

Maria started independently experimenting with her treatment after Dr. Hepatologist-forgot-to-zip. She recalled her visit to the witch. Maria left with heavy pockets of rose quartz and a fear of mirrors. The tarot reader said she was divinely protected by 'The Star'. Maria prayed in churches, mosques, synagogues, and with the Quakers. A Quaker suggested turmeric. 'Nutritional gold dust' sounded much more magical than Maria's subsequent stained kitchen.

Maria was called back to the doctor's office whilst internally listing the denominations of the houses of worship where she'd attempted salvation.

'Maria, we do not want to alarm you,' Dr. 'Your-bloods-look-normal' timidly shared.

'We have had to consult a specialist from outside of our remit on your X-ray. This is Dr. Shiraz. She's a fellow of the Marine Biology department here at the university.'

‘It’s nice to meet you, Maria.’ Dr. Shiraz presented her palm to initiate a polite greeting before continuing, ‘I hope you don’t mind my being here. And I must admit your X-ray results are unconventional, but I’d like to assure you that I’m an expert in my field, and I feel that I’m the right person to help with your condition —’

‘And what is going on exactly? I’m assuming you’re out of your depths if you’re consulting a veterinarian?’ Maria interrupted.

‘Oh, I understand your confusion. But I’m not a vet. I’m not actually a doctor in the medical field though I do have my PhD.’ Maria stared blankly.

‘I specialise in hydrothermal vents.’ Dr. Shiraz paused as if for dramatic effect.

‘And how is that relevant to me?’ Maria tried to smile through her questioning to not alienate any potential experimental treatment plans.

Dr. Shiraz took a deep breath before exhaling. ‘It appears you have a hydrothermal vent within your uterus.’

The silence that followed was stifling.

Dr. Shiraz continued, ‘Dr. Rogers recognised the vent from — what was the show you watched?’

‘I don’t remember the title, but there were glowing organisms and it truly was fascinating. I watched it with my wife and she said —’

‘Yes, thank you Dr. Rogers. I think it’s best if you leave Maria and me to discuss this truly strange condition — Maria, I hope you don’t mind my candour.’ Maria didn’t mind. In fact, she found it refreshing. Dr. Shiraz had more conviction than any of her branded doctors.

Maria remained composed. ‘How is this treated? There’s a... hydro-something vent in my uterus? Is there even a name for that?’

Dr. Shiraz gleamed, ‘We can name it after you if you like! I can’t imagine this has ever happened before! And we must go through your symptoms if you don’t mind.’

Maria braced herself in preparation to repeat her medical monologue when Dr. Shiraz continued, ‘Not your physical symptoms — I’ve been through your extensive file. I’d like to hear about how you feel day to day. Hydrothermal vents are examples of how life adapts to extreme conditions in the deepest depths of the ocean, after all. I can only imagine what you’ve been going through.’

'Honestly,' Maria sighed. 'I'm angry. I'm angry when I'm in pain. I'm angry that I have to cancel work or plans because I'm bedridden from pain. I'm angry that I've lost opportunities and relationships which sometimes I think affects me more than my insides feeling like they're splitting and my chest burning up. I'm angry that my loved ones — who are still around — give me unsolicited advice as if I haven't tried every ingredient or remedy under our stars. I'm angry that I'm angry at them when they're only trying to help me. I'm angry that I have passions and things I want to accomplish and no energy to pursue them. I'm angry that I'm constantly exhausted and have to pace myself with any activity — even this conversation! I'm angry that I have to justify my pain during any appointment. I'm angry that I've known something was wrong inside of me and it felt like no one believed me. I'm angry that I was right — and I'm really angry that apparently, I have the condition of an aquatic animal.' Maria blinked back tears and took a deep breath.

'To be precise, hydrothermal vents are not living beings themselves, though I've always imagined them to possess a feisty spirit! I can explain the science to you during our next appointment. But to summarise, you feel,' Dr. Shiraz paused, 'rage.'

'Yes. Deep, debilitating rage. Most days I can't even distinguish between the pain and the rage. They feed each other in a vicious cycle, and I don't know which is worse. How do you get rid of that anger when you're rendered immobile? I can barely walk, let alone exercise. I can't scream because I'm a good neighbour — did I mention that I'm angry that I care so much about being a good neighbour that it stifles my screams? There's nowhere for me to release all of this I just feel like I'm about to...'

'Erupt.'

'Exactly. Do hydrothermal vents... erupt?' Maria whispered as if her innards were eavesdropping.

'They're continuously erupting. That's the nature of them. What we don't want to see happen is a megaplume — sort of a mega eruption.' Dr. Shiraz explained patiently.

'What happens when there's a megaplume?'

'Well. We're not going to let that happen, are we?' Dr. Shiraz smiled.

And for the first time in 12 years, Maria smiled back at a specialist.

To Achieve What is Greater

by Søren Hough

Anarchists are doers first and foremost. We demonstrate the logic of our position through action. Anarchists are squatting buildings and fighting fascism; they're defending forests and fighting Cop City [1] at this very moment. We prefigure the world we want to create by building it now, not later. It is a task made existentially urgent in an era of unprecedented climate sabotage.

Then there are those of us who spend our time just typing away, spinning out chapters, articles and books about anarchist history and theory. Unlike our friends on the front lines, it isn't clear what we're doing to stop ecological collapse or protect the marginalized from violence.

Among those of us who choose a life of writing, there is a temptation — even coming from within ourselves — to dismiss us as radical tourists unwilling to put skin in the game. It is true that there is a privilege associated with choosing not to get involved.

And yet, even in the privilege of that choice, it is still important that we recognize where everyone's strengths lie. For some anarchists, writing is not just a refuge but the

place where they excel. That is the best use of their skills. They are not fighters or builders, but thinkers and communicators. They are recorders of history, promoters of causes and speech givers. They are argument-makers. This has enormous value in anarchism and always has, dating back to its genesis.

Anarchist theory, upon which so much ink is spilled, is important to understand so that we don't rehash the same internecine conflicts ad infinitum. For example, the unity of means and ends is the bread and butter of anarchist thought and praxis: we don't need to reinvent that wheel, and we forget these first principles at our own peril. Crucially, by talking about theory, we can promote its evolution and thus ensure its continued relevance. Essential critiques like those levied by Black anarchists at white-centred anarchism for the past five decades have changed the movement for the better, even if we still have a long way to go. Stagnant anarchism is dead anarchism.

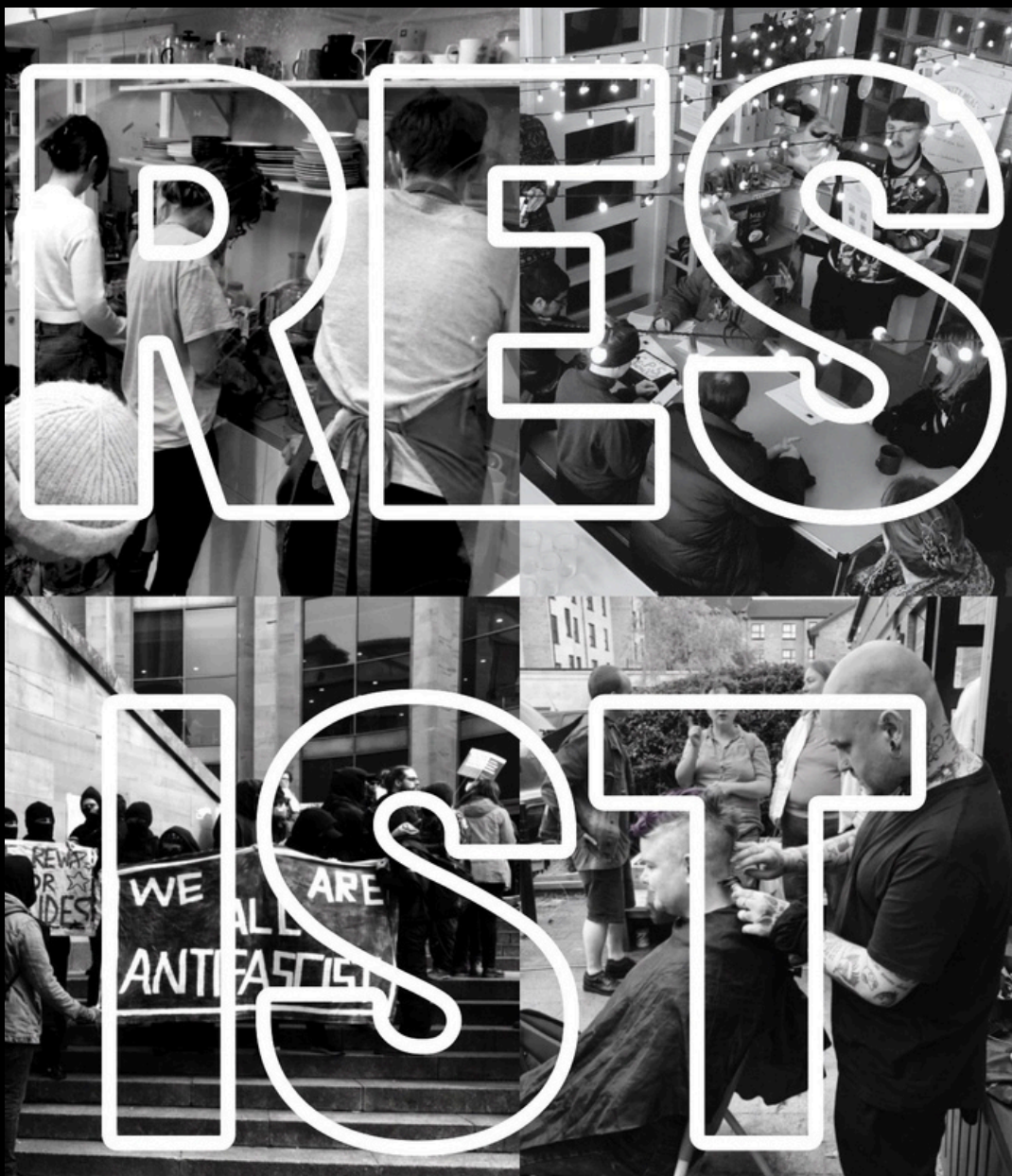
We also benefit from a careful consideration of anarchist history, even with the caveat that every anarchist before us faced unique material conditions. Every historical episode is a body of evidence which we can use to better understand our

path forward. What worked? What didn't? Asking these questions can help us avoid pitfalls in the future. This is where the writers and communicators are invaluable. We share these records with contemporary readers and, simultaneously, keep track of history as it is being made today. Through these services, we can provide future anarchists with the information necessary to work more efficiently toward a world free from domination and exploitation.

And let us not forget that writing itself can be activism, whether it be letter writing in prisoner solidarity campaigns or by providing a platform to revolutionary causes. Through these activities, the line between direct action and writing becomes blurred to the point of meaninglessness. A community organiser might write a piece about challenging the State by providing aid to migrants living in precarity, for example. Capturing their experiences may induce others to join their organisation or inspire others to start similar programs. Internally, the author may find that the process of writing about their work helps articulate certain ideas they had long felt but not taken a step back to evaluate. This could provide them with new tools to ensure that their project remains focused and resilient moving

forward. These interwoven relationships between direct action and support work become not just mutually reinforcing but co-stabilizing. Without one, the other withers away.

Instead of wistfully pining for some romantic notion of what every anarchist should be doing, we should instead think about how we — writers, communicators, thinkers — can provide meaningful assistance to those engaged in direct action. This may take the form of hands-on activism, but what will likely serve us better is to make use of our skills with pen and paper. Consider that in many countries in the heyday of anarchist thought, workers and peasants were often illiterate. To get around this, anarchists would read out articles and the news to these groups in factories and community centres. The anarchists would also tap into existing organising efforts to organically meet these populations where they were. They threw events like dances, picnics, and festivals where anyone was welcome. At these events, live readings and distribution of periodicals and pamphlets were all commonplace. Anarchist communication joined direct action toward a common purpose, both made more effective for the presence of the other.



True resistance is built through community

This paradigm brings to mind a classic Talmudic story. In this tale, two rabbis, Tarfon and Akiva, debate which is more valuable: study or action. Tarfon argues action is more important, while Akiva supports study as the greater good, because it leads to action. My instinct is to support Tarfon; after all, what good is sitting around reading books and writing down your thoughts all day if you never actually do anything? So I was left confused when I learned that, apparently, it was Akiva who ultimately won the argument. It wasn't until my own rabbi elaborated that I came to agree: Akiva says study is greater exclusively on the condition that it leads to action. His revelation was that without follow-through, it is meaningless.

This story reflects my own frustrations over the utility of pamphlet writing. If our written words never lead to action, our work is indeed futile. We cannot merely shout into the wind. Moreover, our theory and our arguments must be based on real-world input, lest they become completely irrelevant. It was Peter Kropotkin who once said, 'If what is posited by theory doesn't work in practice that means that the theory is not complete; it hasn't expressed the conditions under which the principle it has affirmed is true.'

That's why we have to work arm-in-arm with our friends on the front lines growing sustainable gardens, building alternatives to policing, and putting their bodies on the line to stop fossil fuel extraction and nuclear proliferation. It is only in tandem that we can achieve what is truly greater. This is the spirit I would like to bring forward into the new year. I'd love for folks to get involved in local direct action and mutual aid projects, but I don't want to downplay the genuine contribution of writing and editing, either. We are more of a global movement than ever before, with better ideas than at any point in anarchist history. Writing and communicating via the internet allows us to connect and collaborate across continents and oceans, reaching sympathetic parties in unprecedented ways. It's how we sound the alarm about the climate; it's how we drive home the troubling rise of neofascism. It is through study, in conjunction with action, that we help connect the oppressions of State and capital to our increasingly perilous lived realities. Making our ideas accessible to a broad audience isn't some ivory tower lark confined to the lofty whims of the educated elite. On the contrary: it is a critical aspect of the anarchist project without which it is possible we may not survive.

[1] <https://www.theguardian.com/us-news/2026/jun/26/trump-administration-cop-city-protesters-antifa>

I Have A Listening Pen

by Henry_

The pronoun 'we', once fashionable among newspaper columnists, is still to be found in Substack articles on 'nineties' parenting or radio programmes such as the Moral Maze. Which I find irritating and possibly dishonest. 'Speak for yourself mate' I shout at the radio. 'I'll be the judge of that!'

It's not clear who is included or excluded in the favoured pronoun 'we' when 'I' is really the only voice I have, the voice of my own body, and the voice of my brain. Philosophy even has a name for it, the Aristotelian rhetorical 'I', which 'establishes ethos', and conveys authority.

There are countless examples: giving birth, driving a car, singing a song, playing a musical instrument, doing a maths puzzle, reading a philosophy problem. These all require me to use my own brain and check with my own body usually both at once.

This time of year, you might ask me about my holiday. I was there at the beach, on the road, asleep in a tent. I saw stuff I can tell you about. I quickly move from the first person into a description of the heat, the parched fields, the momentous eclipse. But soon I feel awkward as

I am excluding my partner who was also there. It was me alone that had the particular experience of the sand between my toes.

A few generations back, some were brought up with the maxim, 'It's rude to talk about yourself'. Talking about physical symptoms was not permitted, not until it was time to call an ambulance. It would have been hard, too, to be accountable, unless put in front of a judge. It was, and still is, easier to gossip about other people, and make judgements.

Alone with my experience of being a body in the world, I could announce that I have a pain in my heel. My companion immediately points to a pain they have in their heel. Even if the only pain I want to talk about is the one in my heel, the only pain I know, they will try to find congruences. After all, it is understandable to try to find something to share.

If as an activist writer, in describing a visit to a refugee camp, say, I mention the stomach bug I caught there or the time I cracked my head open, readers might remark, 'How inappropriate!' That is not the job. She's centring herself. A fellow

volunteer took a picture of me handing out spoonfuls of sugar from a white paper bag. The recipient of the sugar is anonymous, but there is me easily identifiable in my coat and hat. The shame must be there to teach me something. I, one activist delegate among many others, made notes, recorded what people told me, took photographs and spoke publicly afterwards about the stories. I was the person listening, writing down, making notes, but of my own experience there was nothing to say except that I was there. Whether with or without my actual presence my record loses its credibility. An interesting contradiction.

On a similar delegation, I found myself sitting around a table so crowded there was barely space to lift my fork to my mouth. I couldn't really tell if I had eaten at all or if I was hungry or not. There was no 'I' but there was no 'we' there either. We, the diners, could only agree on the facts: we were all present and we had potatoes and eggs that evening.

Using first person plural to refer to myself is grandiose. There's the 'royal we', the 'we' used by nurses and carers, the 'we' of a couple, the 'we' of a business. The 'we' used by a family to refer to itself can offer

feelings of security. On the other hand, family catch phrases, nicknames, and a particular manner of speaking can make visitors feel awkward and mystified.

Closely aligned with the family 'we' is the nostalgic 'we'. Something that happened once turns into something 'we' always did, a habitual experience that includes some but excludes others who weren't there or who don't remember. This nostalgia extends to slogans used by the far right as in 'take back control'.

Earlier this summer, Andy Burnham gave his first speech on the steps of Downing Street,

'I have just come from Buckingham Palace, where I have accepted His Majesty the King's invitation to form a government.'

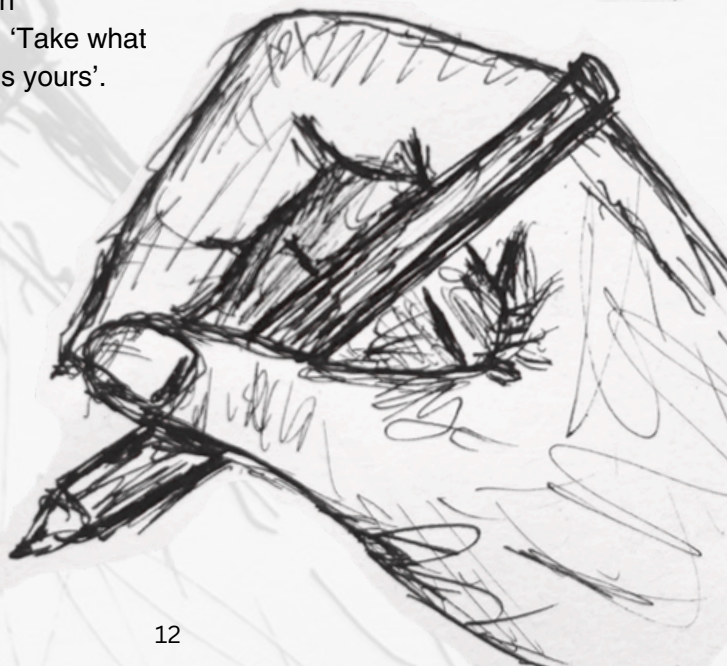
'I will soon go through that door behind me and issue my first instruction: to end rough sleeping in our country.'

That switch from lonely Andy, just been to Buckingham Palace all by himself, to 'we' of 'our country' must be an important speech-maker's device. It's not clear who he includes in the 'our country', whether it's the government,

anyone listening, the rough sleepers themselves.

Andy Burnham's fantasy is that by walking through the door of Number 10, Downing Street he will no longer be a helpless individual 'I' but a great team, a government, a country all pulling together. But who does he include in 'our country' I wonder.

As in speech, writers use all manner of pronouns in one article. It's a confusing mishmash and why not. Are you brave enough to use the authoritative 'I' or the empathetic 'we'? There are plenty of situations where there's no cause to use either in writing or speech, and no possessive pronouns necessary. The anarcho -communist poet Diane Di Prima writes in 'Revolutionary Letters', 'Take what you want: it's free so it's yours'.



The Genesis of Patriarchy

by Nora Ziegler

The social relations described in Genesis are patriarchal, but these relations are not as stable or ancient as we might think.

Patriarchy slowly crept into the region where Genesis unfolds over a period of ca. four thousand years and became entrenched in the Babylonian and Assyrian empires of the second Millennium BCE (i).

These militaristic empires introduced laws that increasingly turned women, children, land and foreigners into property.

The book of Genesis or Bereshit is the first book of the Christian Old Testament and the Hebrew Bible. It comprises a 'patchwork quilt' of different traditions and influences, that began to be composed and collated around 587 BCE during a period of Jewish exile and subsequent diaspora. Most of Genesis is dedicated to the stories of Abraham, Sarah and their descendants, which are probably set around two thousand years earlier. While there is no historical evidence for these narratives, it is believed that they carry some 'authentic memories' of ancient Jewish heritage (ii).

The narratives later collated into the book of Genesis were handed down

as oral tradition over thousands of years during the shift towards patriarchy, and they may well contain traces and memories of a time before patriarchy was firmly established in the region. Knowing that we live in a patriarchal society that has erased and rewritten history to make itself seem natural and eternal, I read Genesis like a detective, looking for clues of resistance and alternative social relations. Parts of Genesis are deeply concerned with hospitality and the treatment of foreigners; there are numerous stories of women and young people turning the tables on the patriarchs, and a mysterious androgynous God who creates both man and woman in Their own image.

Eve (Genesis 2:15 – 3:24)

God creates the first man from clay and puts him in the garden of Eden, where he is free to eat any fruit except for that of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil; God tells him that if he eats this fruit he will die. God then creates the first woman as a companion for the man. The serpent approaches the woman and tells her that she will not die if she eats the forbidden fruit, but her eyes will be opened and she will be like God, knowing good and evil. The woman, desiring

knowledge, eats the fruit and shares it with the man. God banishes them both from the garden and tells the woman, 'I will make your pains in childbearing very severe', 'your desire will be for your husband, and he will rule over you'.

This is a story of the origins of patriarchy that emphasises human responsibility for the entering of evil and suffering into the world. Eve is the protagonist of the story, but unlike centuries of Christian tradition blaming Eve for the 'Fall' of humanity, the story does not blame Eve. Rather, by emphasising Eve's agency, this story points to the agency and responsibility of women in accommodating but also challenging and transforming patriarchal systems. Knowledge of good and evil is simultaneously the source of human conflict and oppression, and of our liberation.

Rebekah (Genesis 24)

Abraham and his wife Sarah had been called by God to leave their country and settle in Canaan.

Abraham now sends his servant back to their homeland to find a wife for their son, Isaac. The servant is concerned that the woman will be unwilling to go with him and asks if he should bring Isaac to her instead.

However, the servant goes and meets Rebekah who confidently offers him hospitality and takes him back to her mother's

household. She does go back with the servant, and Isaac brings her into the tent of his mother Sarah.

All this suggests that Rebekah and Isaac's people may have practised matrilineal marriages, where husbands and children live with the mother's family. This practice was gradually supplanted by patriarchal family structures. There are other clues that Rebekah comes from a more egalitarian culture (iii). She encourages her second-born son Jacob to trick his father into giving him the blessing reserved for the first-born. She despises her local daughters-in-law and sends her favoured son back to her country to find a wife there.

Edith (Genesis 19)

Two angels of God visit the city of Sodom and are welcomed into the home of Lot, Abraham's nephew. In the night, a mob of men from the city threaten to rape Lot's guests and Lot offers them his daughters instead. The angels do not allow the daughters to be taken. They destroy the city and command Lot, his wife and daughters to flee. Lot's wife looks back at the city and is turned into a pillar of salt.

In Medieval Jewish Midrash, Lot's wife is given the name Edith. Some have interpreted her action as a silent protest in the face of divinely ordained genocide (iv). Through the

retelling of Edith's story, God's anger is balanced with grief and compassion. This helps us understand God's violent response to human cruelty and oppression as an expression of love.

The gender of God

The God we get to know in Genesis is identified first as El, the high God of the ancient Canaanite pantheon, and later as YHWH, whose origins are uncertain (v). Throughout the Jewish Bible and Christian Old Testament, both male and female imagery is used to describe God and both man and woman are created in God's image. The ambiguities surrounding the gender and origin of the Jewish and Christian God open the possibility that God also bears traces of ancient goddesses, such as the Sumer Inanna and Babylonian Nintu.

Scholars agree that Genesis was influenced by diverse cultures of the time. There are clear parallels between Genesis and the Babylonian and Sumer creation and flood stories (vi). For example, in the Babylonian Atrahasis epic, the goddess Nintu creates the first humans from clay. The gods send a flood that devastates humanity and, in its aftermath, Nintu introduces death and infertility into the world to

prevent further population growth. This mirrors the story of Eden, where death and dangerous childbirth are introduced in response to humanity's disobedience.

In the Sumer flood story, Eridu Genesis, the gods destroy humanity, and the goddess Inanna wanders through the ruins crying out in bitter lament for her people. Perhaps, traces of the contradictions and conflicts within the Divine survived in monotheistic religions, through the retelling of stories of women like Edith.

If we dismiss Genesis as irredeemably violent and patriarchal, we complete the erasure of women, queer people, children, and the feminine and contradictory aspects of Divinity. However, we also can't reverse this erasure and return to the suffocating innocence of Eden. Instead, we could take the apple offered by Eve, trust in her instinct.

References:

- i Angela Saini. 'How did patriarchy actually begin?'. BBC. 30th May 2023
- ii Terence E Freitheim. 2015. 'Genesis'. The New Interpreter's Bible Commentary Volume VII. Nashville: Abingdon Press
- iii Michael Carden. 2006. 'Genesis'. The Queer Bible Commentary. London: SCM Press
- iv Michael Carden (see above)
- v Terence E Freitheim (see above)
- vi Gordon J Wenham. 1987. Genesis 1-15 (Word Biblical Commentary Volume 1)



Eve

by Reham Bastawi

Her expression confronts - she sees you. There's a question in her look, a serious one, a warring one, a vulnerable one. She leans forward, inviting, welcoming, and gentle. In contradiction with what she is offering you in her hand. There's a sense of security in the way she holds herself, exposed and vulnerable with nothing to hide but, unfortunately, leaving nowhere for you to hide. Your eyes are conflicted between the urge to consume her, make her your own, and the urge to avert your gaze, ignore her, erase her, run away from her. And here you are, still looking, frozen. Is that curiosity? There's an attraction to her, despite the fact she is literally holding a GRENADE!! But the grenade isn't the scary thing, it's her focus that's fatal. The grenade is the saving grace from her questioning.

With the intersectionality of blackness, and womanhood, I learn and believe, on a physiological level, that my body is for the service of others, not me. My service in sex, care, and labour, emotional and physical, is not for me. However, others' hatred of my body and being, and others' guilt for how my body, and bodies like mine, are treated is also my responsibility to relieve. Thus, my foundation is built on the

exclusion of myself from myself. I do not know me and I fear what I do not know.

There's a G A P.... The gap between internalised self-hatred, for not being white and thin, and extreme body positivity and racial pride I must feel being in my body needs noticing. It's there I sit often, battling the strong, embedded patterns of self-hatred that put me in a state where I can connect with neither my needs, my community, nor myself. Then I rely solely on external validation to tell me that I am not wrong for being, and I belong. In direct opposition is the pressure to perform body positivity and pride in myself, where if I were to express discomfort in my own body and what I look like I can be met with other people's guilt. Sometimes awareness of these other people and their guilt forces me to manage their disappointment in me. I'm not being the strong, black woman I have been tokenised to be. Either way, I am left out of the equation.

In this gap, I have a rope around my waist, and the tail of this rope is pulling me back, towards hating myself. I fight with my big, fat, strong legs, scrambling forward to appreciating my body. Its hard work! I am tired of pretending it is not. I'm tired of being brutally

hypersexualised because I am a woman and I have a black body with endless curves. I am tired of eyes wandering over my body and refusing to look me in the eyes and acknowledge I am a person. I am tired of believing my body is incapable because I am fat. I am tired of the meaning of body not being the meaning that I have chosen for MY BODY!

I feel that this gap needs holding, with acknowledgement and love, not just by the individual who resides in the gap, but by the support of others too, in community. There's great honesty, courage and solidarity to be found in this gap; what stories were told to maintain such self-hatred, why do they exist, how they are reinforced and what part do I (or you) play in that reinforcement. Exchanging 'you're not fat' to 'You're fat, and so what? You're squigilicious'. To unlearn and relearn how to be in conversation with the body, communication rooted in compassion and curiosity.

I believe the question she (Eve) is asking is 'Will you acknowledge the gap?' This is to be able to hold many truths and worlds at the same time. There is power in acknowledging the gap which can be radically life-changing. She will not offer you satisfaction or relief from guilt or absolve you from caring. This question is an

opportunity, to join her in doing the work and taking the time to abolish the complex networks of racist and patriarchal narratives and systems that is held within us, against us and each other.

If not, here's a grenade, you could escape by blowing it all up.

Contributors

Sarah Zad is a refugee-support worker and writer living in the UK with her little pug, Ruby. Her writing typically focusses on themes of migration, rights and community, however Zad has ventured into sci-fi for this piece inspired by her experience living with endometriosis.

Søren Hough leads the Marie Goldsmith Project (<https://mariegoldsmith.uk/>), a historical research initiative, and is an editor at The Commoner (<https://www.thecommoner.org.uk/>). In his day job, he works as a science and film journalist across several publications.

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

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

Reham Bastawi is a no borders activist and comes from a Sudanese Muslim background. Currently, based in Pembrokeshire, Wales.

Illustrations

Wen Quek, cover design

Created the cover design and writes:
The defiance of Kahlo's vision;
Kahlo as ninja resisting the confines
of her body injuries.

Reham Bastawi, page 2 & 12

Nora Ziegler, page 5

Ray, page 8

Ray is an anarchist, academic and agitator. They research and teach community-engagement and non-hierarchical approaches to organising, positionality, and anarchist-feminist theory. They live in Glasgow with their young family and run a pay-what-you can barbering service at the Glasgow Autonomous Space.

Sam Garrett, page 16

Sam Garrett is a Brighton based artist with a background in community arts and education. His recent work focuses on the fluidity of identity and collective meaning-making.

Bad Apple Collective

Reham Bastawi, Henrietta Cullinan, Nora Ziegler

Layout: Reham Bastawi

Contact

badapplemagazine@protonmail.com

X

@BadAppleZine

Instagram

Bad.Apple.Zine

Website

badapplemagazine.org

***Bad Apple wish to offer
huge thanks to all the
contributors and
illustrators for this issue.
Thank you for trusting us
with your work!***

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

