

- 04 - THE EDITORIAL
- 06 - SO THIS IS MODERN LIVING?
- 08 - MODERN LIVING ILLUSTRATED
Masha Rumyantseva

- 10 - INTERVIEW -
PAUL FARLEY

- 14 - THE AFTERSHOCK
Mike Swain & Sam Green

- 16 - UNBOUND
Steven Uttley & Amy Dover

- 18 - X FACTOR SONNET
Jacqueline Saphra & André Gottschalk

- 20 - MDMA
Daniel Sluman & Devin McGrath

- 22 - ZEN
Benjamin Heathcote & Marie Emmermann

- 24 - INTERVIEW -
HELLO VON

- 28 - FROM BEHIND BARS
Michael Pedersen & Nick Cocozza

- 30 - ROT
Andrew Cannon & Alessandro Maffioletti

- 32 - MODERN LOVE: TEXTING
Max Wallis & Agnese Bicocchi

- 34 - THE UPGRADE
Iona Twiston-Davies & William Tempest

- 36 - WEEK END
Danny Bird & Ciara Phelan

- 38 - INTERVIEW -
LUKE WRIGHT

- 42 - LIFE BY REMOTE CONTROL
Mark William Jackson & David Lemm

- 44 - WIND IN THE WILLOWS
Lando Jack & Steven Jarvis

- 46 - HOW THE GPS STOLE MY HUSBAND
Mary Langer Thompson & Toby Whitebread

- 48 - TEMPING
Sam Buchan-Watts & Anje Jager

- 50 - BUSRIDES AND TIMESLIDES
Isabel Brittain & Daniel Mitchell

- 52 - INTERVIEW -
DAVID FOLDVARI

- 56 - THE CENTRAL LINE
Ian Wilson & Sam Kerr

- 58 - YOU'RE NOT COOL ENOUGH TO BE IN MY BAND
John Osborne & Tom Hovey

- 60 - NEVER AGAIN
Bob Beagrie & Greg Eason

- 62 - HAPPY NEW YEAR
Lavinia Singer & Lauren Nassef

- 64 - NO NEW MAIL
Darrel Mager & Adriana Komura

- 66 - THIS IS #MODERN_LIVING_
A Twitter poem by Sai Murai

- 67 - SUBMIT

- 68 - ILLUSTRATOR'S PORTFOLIOS

SO THIS IS MODERN LIVING?

Illustration by Sanna Dyker

Despite the fact that each and every one of us participates in and endorses modern living, even if unintentionally, what is apparent is that we are all just as baffled by what surrounds us as the next person. Modern living is an utterly bizarre concept made even more so when you're reminded that it has always existed. Ten years ago, at the time, was just as much about modern living as this year is and in ten years time, it still will be. It is one of the most established and dated concepts, yet is continually updating itself on a day to day, minute by minute basis. New products, discoveries and ideas are constantly being founded and created, and all at a pace that leaves most of us slightly floundering. It is still with childlike bewilderment that one observes giant lumps of metal hurtling through the skies, trains that run underground, tunnels that run under the sea and the ability to speak to someone thousands of miles away, within a matter of seconds. We can access virtually anything, at anytime, from anywhere. Information that once we toiled for, is now acquired by the punch of a few buttons and consequently forgotten as easily as it was discovered. Our brains are overloaded with facts and information that come from a whole host of differing avenues and as a result, our necessity for memory is dramatically reduced. An anonymous soul once said 'the half of knowledge is to know where to find knowledge'. hilariously, Google rendered this quote fairly redundant a few years ago.

Relationships have also changed. We now have more 'friends' than ever thanks to social networking sites but perhaps spend more of our time isolated than we ever have done before. In the western world we are more connected and in turn, more disconnected than we ever have been. However, don't let me topple you into a gadget filled, Wi-Fi ready pit of pessimism - it's not all bad and as a few of our rather eloquent poets discover, there's something slightly laughable about this modern living melee.

So, this is modern living as we know it, broken up, down and across by 20 brilliant poets and 20 brilliant illustrators who are about to take you on a journey through the confusions, compulsions and complexities of this delightfully bizarre age we live in. Enjoy.



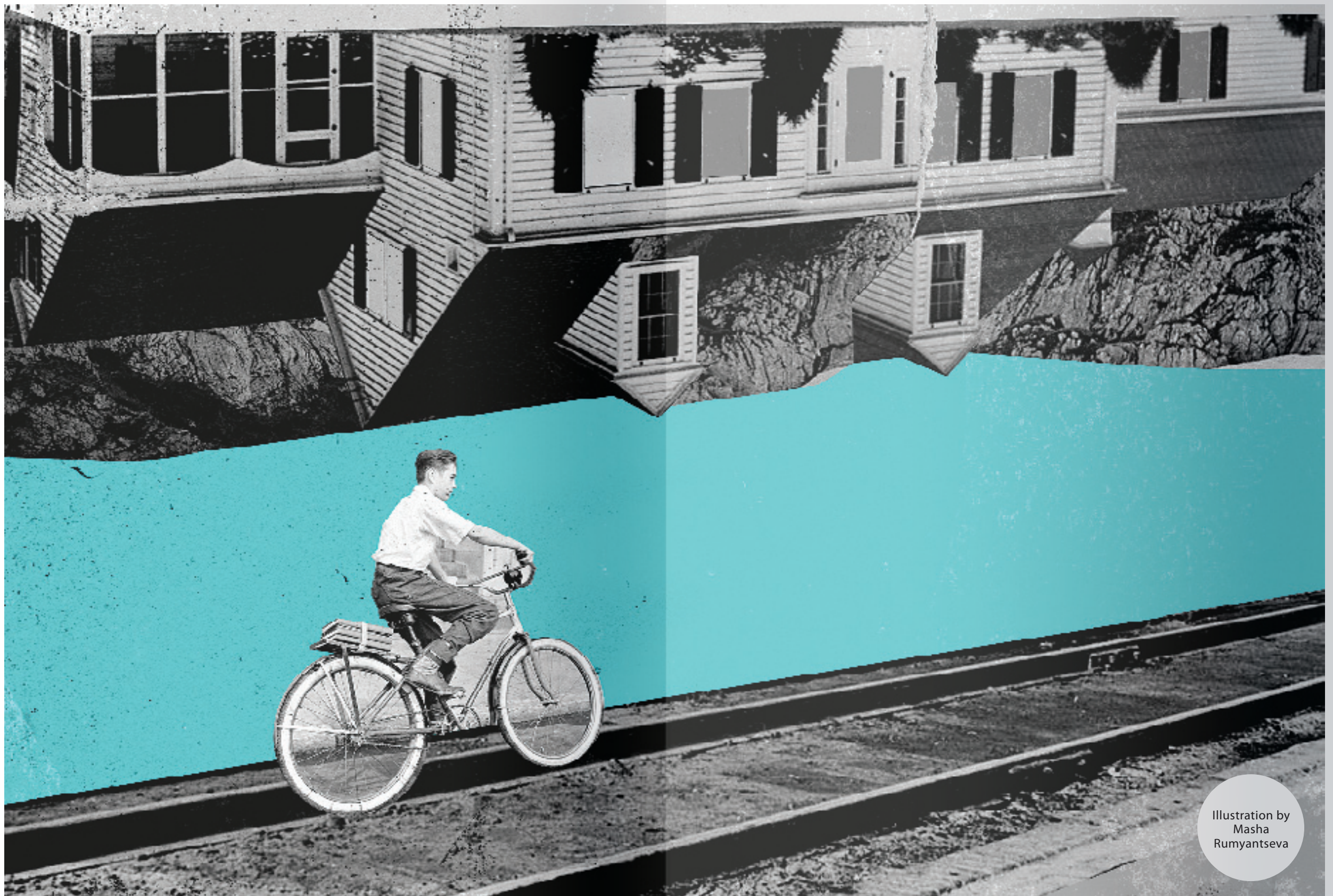


Illustration by
Masha
Rumyantseva

X FACTOR SONNET

Poem by Jacqueline Saphra
Illustration by André Gottschalk

We're the sofa public, fingers kissing
power keys. We make our judgements quick
on sing and wheedle, glad it isn't us
with jitters and bad microphone technique.
We watch for mouths that dry to dumbness,
lyrics stuttered out of synch, a dodgy dress.
Show us your failing breath, a smile to crack
under the lights. Some hold, some break.

You want to make your mothers cry, you ache
for fame, the paparazzi at your gates,
you want us to applaud this new success,
but we prefer to watch you fall, to see you hurt.
Glory's boring; it's your pain we can't resist;
Some people wait a lifetime for a moment like this.

X Factor Sonnet is an examination of what keeps us
watching the competition and a comment on the fact
that in the case of television - the entertainment is in
the failure rather than the success.



MDMA

Poem by Daniel Sluman
Illustration by Devin McGrath

-
We're floored like snow angels on the carpet;
I show you how to roll a cigarette -
the delicate origami of tongues and fingers
reflected in the glitter-heaped mirror.

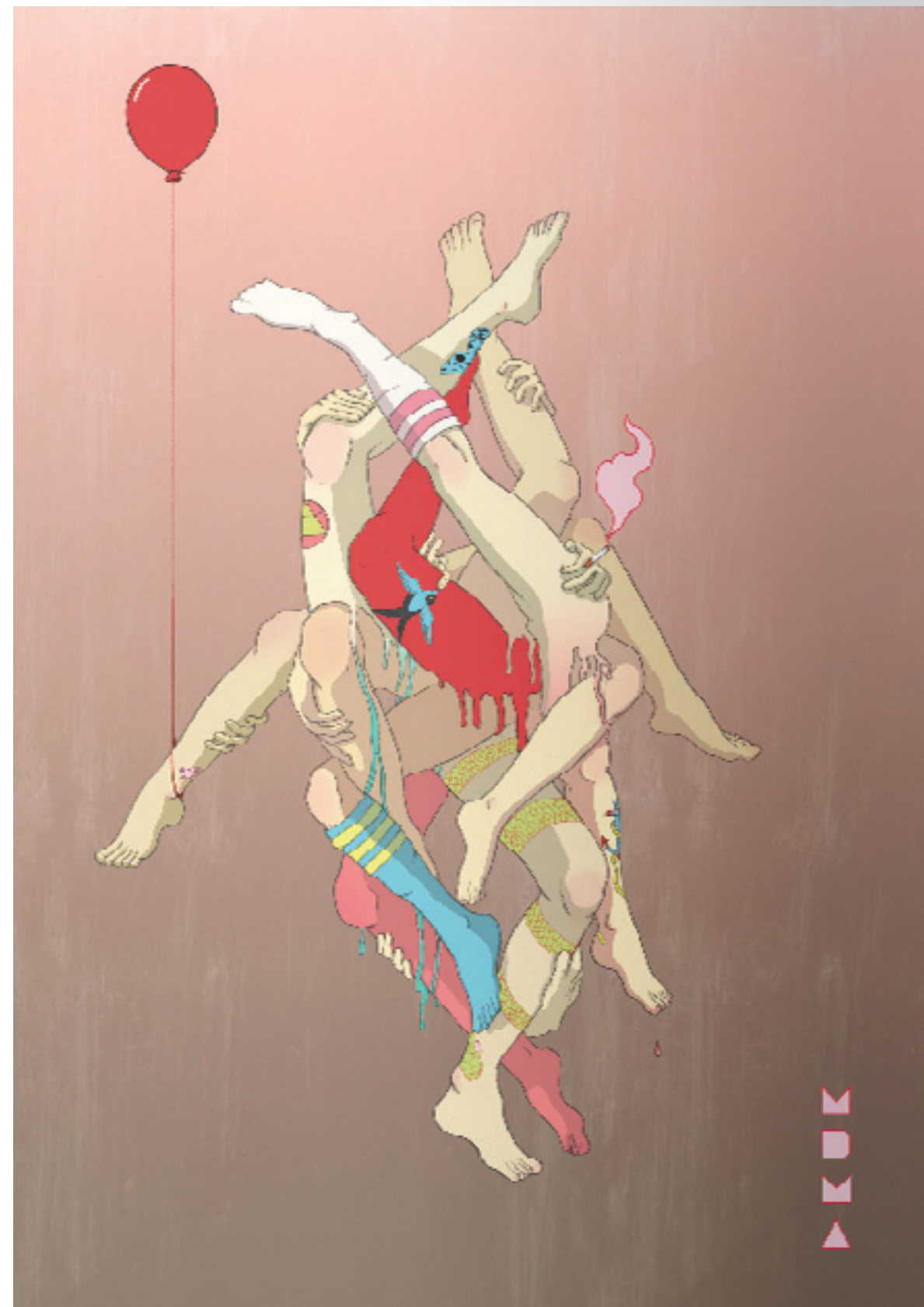
Lilly has met you in her dreams before -
paranoia or white witch, she has seen
your eyes fizz like coke in a clean glass -
your shower fun smile on display
and legs apart like your profile pic -

an invitation
to hold that slippery bundle of thighs
and slide a hand to the headboard.

A razor-fine line rushes
through arteries to the air eating heart;
a thousand drops of water burst onto skin -
flutter tattoos of light from the pores -
shadows flinging themselves on the wall.

In the dark the red of our roll-ups
swing from lips like fireflies -
she would hurl at the sight of our hands
whilst our feet stuck to the floor of the bar -
how I flicked line after heavy line your way.

-
MDMA is an attempt to write an honest poem
about drugs, with neither glorification, nor
demonisation of the vast culture that surrounds
it.



ROT

Poem by Andrew Cannon
Illustration by Alessandro Maffioletti

A flush of rusty dishes, mysterious as mushrooms
Has sprouted from the houses' rotting trunks.
I'm sure they were not here yesterday.

A crop of dusty bins has popped up from the underworld.
Cockily, they prop each other up like drunks,
The seed pods of a deep decay.

Fat plastic bags ripen from our hands,
Dangling like branded elephantiasis.
Hanging helpless, heavy, in the way.

Alarming graphics barnacle our apparel.
Logo melanomas, random as bird shit.
No-one understands what they say.

The deep mycelium of greed, infective,
Burgeons with extravagant and weird fruit.
Shooting with the urgent fecundity of wheat
It's load of regurgitated all-you-can-eat.
And a used chocolate-flavoured protective
Is staining the pocket of a cheap suit.

This poem came to fruition in a town centre as a result of
observing the consumerism and involuntary behaviour of
shoppers going about their daily business.



AN INTERVIEW WITH -

LUKE WRIGHT

The darling of today's poetry scene, Luke Wright might just be one of the busiest rapsallions in poetry. Not only is he a poet in his own right, he also co-founded the incredible poetry collective - Aisle16, curates and hosts the poetry arena at Latitude Festival, runs a small publishing press, is poet-in-residence at BBC Radio 4 and has recently become a father. We spoke to him about festivals, Aisle16 and how nerves are a bit like being on pills.

Name, age, hometown, years writing?

Luke Wright, 28, Colchester. I've been writing for 15 years, performing poetry for 11 years and making a living from my work for six years.

How did you get into poetry and what compelled you to start performing it?

I went to a few song-writing sessions with Martin Newell. He introduced me to John Cooper Clarke's work. I later went to watch Martin, John and Ross Sutherland perform at Colchester Arts Centre. I really enjoyed Martin and John, but it was Ross, being only two years older than me - at the time I was 16 - that made me think I could do it. I was in a band, I was used to getting on stage, but really what interested me was the words. Stand up poetry gave me an outlet for that. I was gigging within a month of seeing that gig.

You founded Aisle16 along with Ross Sutherland. Was that performance at Colchester Arts Centre the basis of Aisle16 or did that come along much later?

Ross and I met a month later when he came back to my college to do a gig. It was my first gig, supporting him. He had never met anyone else roughly his age doing the same kind of poetry. We became mates and started doing each other's support slots. I put on gigs and got him along and he in return got me a gig in Norwich with John Cooper Clarke and him. We carried on like this for a couple of years. When I arrived in Norwich for university. I wanted to start our own poetry club. Ross was less keen but had this name - Aisle16 - which he wanted to use for a website. I convinced him to let me use the name and I asked him if he'd be a resident

poet at the club. He agreed, reluctantly. Our whole Aisle16 career was a bit like that - I would want to do something, Ross would point out all the problems and eventually I would convince him. It was good because it saved me from the worst of myself.

Why the name Aisle16?

Ah, well that's from Ross' days pushing trolleys in Sainsbury's in Colchester. There was a private joke amongst the staff that if they didn't know where something was they'd just say Aisle 16. It became, to Ross' fertile mind at least, a term for miscellany. When we began there was nothing like there is now gig wise. Not in East Anglia anyway. We didn't fit in, we felt like the style of poetry we were doing borrowed from comedy and music as much as it did literature. Aisle16 was where we could fit in.

So how did Aisle16 evolve into what it is now with a seven strong army of poets largely operating in London?

At our peak (i.e. doing fringes and touring) there were four of us. There were tensions within the group - nothing horrible, just frustrations and people wanting different things. I started doing solo shows. Joel and I worked on a book. Chris and Ross worked on a film script. Having other projects eased the tensions. We felt Aisle16 should be the side project, but that it needed something to focus it. Homework (a monthly literary night operated by Aisle16) would give Aisle16 focus and mean we would have something to write for and somewhere friendly to try new things out. The outcome, we hoped, and I think we've been successful, was to have us writing more and trying things that perhaps

