

2019 | ISSUE NO. 1

EPONYM



SOCIAL CHANGE

FROM THE EYES OF THE YOUTH

cover photo by nick marshall

EDITOR'S NOTES

Environmental crises, corrupt governments, rising hate crimes, human rights abuses - there's nothing but disharmony in the news. It's easy to be scared for the state of our planet. But the art in Eponym's first issue lightens that stress. Our future voters and activists and creatives are in these pages, and they care deeply. Young people have the ideals to change the earth, as we saw this past decade in Greta Thunberg, Malala Yousafzai and other young figures. Their care and attention to critical issues make reading the news a little bit less awful. Social change is all about hope and criticism, of which we have an abundance in this issue.

Thank you to our talented submitters, to Eté (who didn't complain once when I stole her digital art gear to create this issue) and to you, our readers, for picking up our first issue of Eponym. We'll see you again next issue.

- Dana Elizabeth Collins, founder and co-editor of Eponym

When Dana first approached me with this project, I really could not have said no. I'm proud to have put Eponym into the world as something bigger than ourselves as editors and creators - it is a testament to the skill and art of our generation.

The ever-changing social and political climates are both a curse and a blessing for us artists: While we often find ourselves drowning in the reality of these issues, we can also pull on them to fuel our writing, art, photography, and so on and so forth. Choosing social change as the theme for the first issue of Eponym feels like a step in the right direction, as a way for us as creators to ground ourselves, to feel a little less adrift, but perhaps most importantly to be heard. Your art has the potential to change people, who in turn have the potential to change the world - and so I hope these pieces leave as much of an impression on our readers as they have on me.

Thank you for being a part of this.

- Carys M.N. Richards, co-editor of Eponym

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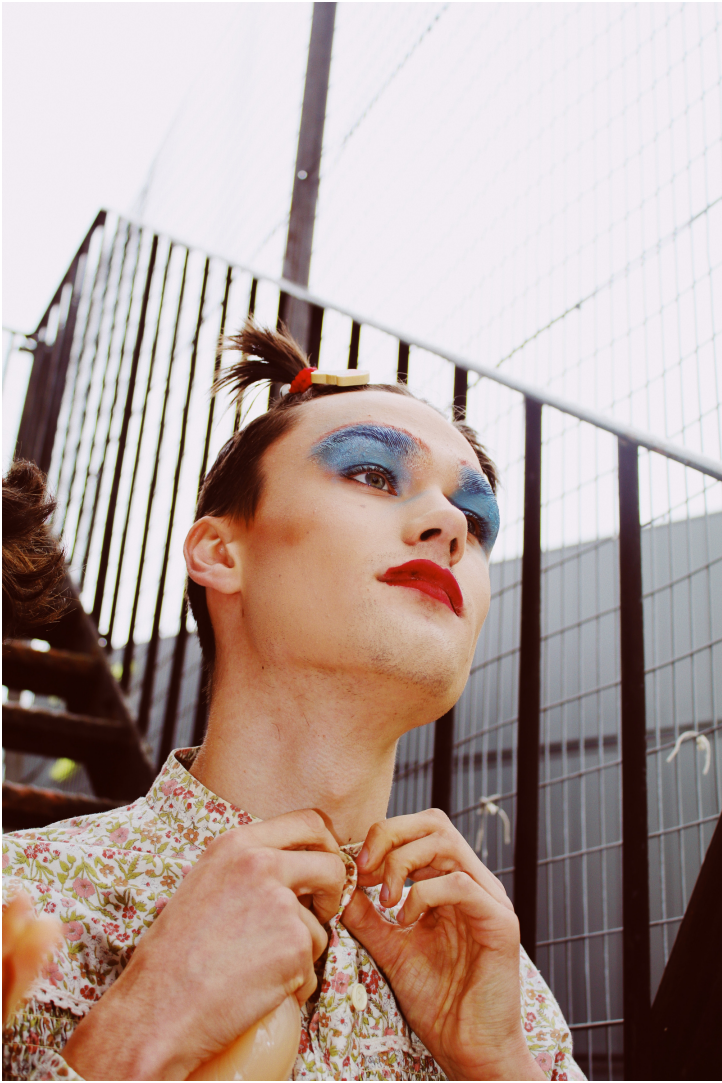
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PHOTOS
BY
LIBBY
COOPER

LAST NIGHT, I WATCHED GET OUT

LUKE BERRIDGE

Last night was my last night of sitting in silence,
Headphones, comedies, CW shows block out the violence,
A humdrum of dumb scum remain tough to scrub;
The NRA remain, a white right-wing Tufty Club.
Green man means go, black man means shoot,
Why's it take a white guy for white guys to listen to the truth?

We don't pick our deck but just picture it:
Best Picture's a bitch though I was still into it
Green Book was good 'til I looked and then heard
It's a white guy fixing racism 'cause he gets called the N-word
Films about racism fill our ears every year,
But it's not hard to argue they haven't worked here;
Racists don't see films with a black guy as the main character,
BlackKlansman on the other hand, "We finally got one" the racists
thought. What a bunch-a fuckin' amateurs.

Last night though, I watched get out...

It's hard enough to get men to enter to entertain the thought
Of change, but them being the problem? No chance of that at all.
I'm no great philosopher, I have no solution.
I'm just another white guy increasing middle-class media pollution,
I'm just another white guy, never faced racial discrimination in my
life,
Maybe homophobia, but I can probably hide that from my future wife.

Last night I watched a horror film, it had a moral message-
Others try their best: Don't get possessed-
Life imitates art but we never listen to the presage.
Don't get haunted by a TV, don't buy a hotel and kill your family, beat
up scary clowns.
Complete transparency, didn't think we had to write some of those
down.
But it's the same with Get Out, why must people pay 8.99 to see a
horror flick
That teaches something that should be inherent within all of us:
Don't be a dick.

AND THE REST OF US JUST LIVE HERE

LUKE BERRIDGE

That guy was in charge,
It just so happened that we lived there.
You might feel bad when Scotland slate him.
But should we love a man whose plan's to love bacon?
He gave power to the people and the people ate shit,
The people now hate the people so our lord rage quit
And thus, we sail away with nowhere for pissin'
And the other side just scares us, with chlorinated chicken.
Then she was in charge,
And we still lived there.
Thee shall compare she to that of iron,
So, on the left they all cried "I WANT HER FIRED!"
No deal is bad, but a bad deal is worse,
So, she murdered relations in a red-white-blue hearse.
Herded us like cattle in a tactical battle,
The lesser of two devils, why do we vote at all?
And apparently, this guy wants to be in charge,
God, why does this guy live here?
Appropriation of negotiations to coax the nation to blame immigration
A bunch of apoplectic apathetics explain inflation written in plain Asian.
We all wanna vote for the losing party without losing, it isn't luck,
Are we gonna sit here and blame the people when the system's fucked?
This Bilderberg nonsense actually stands a chance,
This guy said "Fuck Dunblane" as he shot his stance.
Well that went smooth.
I'll probably just move.
Because now he's in charge.
And the rest of us just live here.

Luke lives for stories. As a stage and screen writer primarily, Luke chose to explore poetry through the medium of storytelling, which allowed his personal voice (the style of the nerdy rap he listened to as a child infused with a strange level of pastiche) reign through. He has never wanted to tell anyone how to think or who to vote for, he just wanted to tell a couple of stories.

WARSHA AHMED

INSPIRED BY HUSSAIN MANAWER





Warsha's series focuses on the topic of masculinity and male expression of emotion. After discovering Hussain Manaver she was in awe about how easily he expressed his raw emotion, especially as a man of Pakistani background. She wonders, 'Why is the world scared of a man's emotions?'. Hussain is an icon for this. One way she felt people can express their identity is clothing, thus the t-shirts allow for everyone to be exposed to his poetry and see that we are all capable of experiencing his hurt and this is something we should wear on our chests.

NO PLANET B

The man, the monster:
Destructive as he can be,
There's some unity.

Now more than ever,
The youth rise like our oceans
Calling for a change.

Together we stand,
A socialist youth movement,
Calling for a change.

**POEM AND PHOTOS
BY NICK MARSHALL**

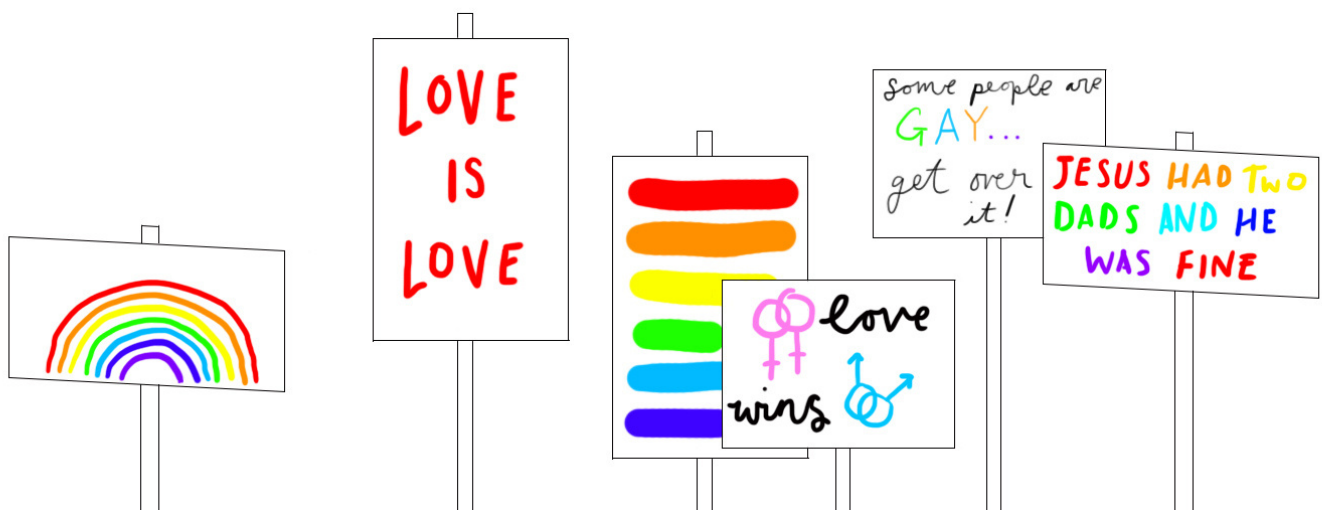


BETTER BLATANT THAN LATENT

MAYA WEEKLEY

matthew is walking down the sidewalk -
his hair is slicked back & his clothes r 2 die 4.
people interpret this as him being easy
but he's a complete a human being who has a need 2 b
recognised -
& while the girls scream @ him
all the relevant blokes r busy busying my eyes...
the goddamn picture's blurred
the audience full of assumptions
he wants a man in his life
to give him satisfaction

so maybe the reason he wears all the leather
is in hope that 1 day everything will get better
4 him -
that people see that he's different
and has different things on his mind
than tits and women's behinds -
they don't spit in his eye
fill him with lies
telling him he's bent/broken/wrong
telling him he's not right
in the foreign country of 1989
this is his life
in his shitty council estate lacking a wife



well hey
matthew wants 2 let u know that he's available
for a push and shove and a riot in his bedroom ;)
(his bedroom is the attic of his best friend's house / he's
been living there ever since his parents kicked him out)
...so give him a call
just don't call him out on the street
cuz he wants 2 keep it on the down-low from
bobbies who think that they're superior
<livin life so superior...
who they callin inferior?
u wanna take this out of the
interior?> u see,
matthew brings tears 2 the eyes of the people who watch him
onstage-
people who pay to see <her>...

yep honey. that's his job.
it's a slowjob giving blowjobs @ the end of his showjob -
a drag whore. heck. what a metaphor; hiding from
his parents & the ears
in the doors / in the walls
& all those gay magazines filled
with people so good looking u ain't never seen b4...
yep honey. i wish it was all a lie
but matthew, though he tried,
just could not turn a blind eye
2 the preaching /the preachings in the london streets-
could not run away from
his sexuality.

Maya Weekley is a sixteen-year-old poet, songwriter and writer of short stories from South London, writing on themes of love and anger in a stream-of-consciousness style. better blatant than latent is inspired by the film Pride, set in a time where social change around queer acceptance was happening; the poem however focusses on the still-clandestine life of a queer man.

WOMAN

DANA ELIZABETH COLLINS

I AM A WOMAN
AND BY WOMAN I MEAN
SMALL
COMPACTABLE
I MEAN EASY
TO PICK UP
TO THROW DOWN
TO TEAR INTO TWO

I AM A WOMAN
AND WOMAN IS A PART OF ME
LIKE THE BODY OR THE SOUL
EXCEPT IT IS THE
WOMAN THE
ESSENCE THE
TATTOO I BEAT ON THE
TABLE THE
PIT AT THE
BOTTOM OF MY STOMACH
I SPENT YEARS WAITING
FOR WOMANHOOD
BUT NOW I SCREAM AT MY BREASTS
BURN THEM FROM MY CHEST
FEEL SAFE ON THE WALK HOME

I AM A WOMAN
DON'T LET THE
FINALITY OF WOMAN
SCARE YOU
I CAN LOP BITS OFF
MOVE FAT AROUND
REARRANGE MYSELF
FOR YOU
I AM A CHINA DOLL
WAITING FOR YOU TO SMASH ME
WOMAN REVERTS TO GIRL SO
IF YOU AREN'T ATTRACTED TO MATURITY
KNOW I CAN PLAY GAMES
CAPTURE THE HAG
TIC-TAC-HOE
WINK MURDER

I AM A WOMAN
WHICH IS THE SAME THING
AS VICTIM
MY FEET ARE
CALLUSED
FROM RUNNING HOME IN
THE DARK

I AM A WOMAN
A WORD WHICH PRECEDES
'MISSING'
TOO NICE TO SAY NO
WOMAN MISSING
THIS BITCH SAID NO
WOMAN MISSING
WON'T MAKE RENT IF I SAY NO
WOMAN MISSING

I AM A WOMAN
AND GOD PLANTED
A DEMON
TO MAKE EVE EAT AN APPLE
SO I HAVE TO SHED
MYSELF FOR A WEEK
EXCEPT THE REST OF THE MONTH
IS BLOOD-STAINED NONETHELESS
I WONDER IF YOU KNOW
THE SHAPE OF MY SKIN
BENEATH ALL OF THE
RED CLOTS
I WONDER IF YOU KNOW
OF THE MEN BENEATH
EACH WOUND ON MY FLESH

I AM A WOMAN
I DON'T KNOW EVERY WOMAN
BUT I KNOW EVERY WOMAN'S STORY
IT WAS DARK
IT WAS DAYLIGHT
IT WAS UNREPORTED
IT WAS OVERTURNED
IT WAS NO BIG DEAL
IT WAS ASKING FOR IT
IT WAS BELLY UP
GUTS OUT
RIBS CRUSHED
THROAT SLIT
BRA RIPPED
HEAD SHOT
BLOOD SPILLED
WOMAN.

TOUR OF THE APOCALYPSE

DAN THOMPSON

Ladies, gents, and all those in between,
Welcome to the apocalypse.
May I show you around?

You see, we let this place go to the dogs. Left it up to god to decide what to do.

Yes, Sir at the back?
Why didn't they try to stop it?
Oh goodness they did!
Didn't you hear about those kids who tried their best?
They stood when the best of them wouldn't and what did they do?
Well yes sir I understand that was your original question, but please wait until the end of the tour before making further noise.

Where was I? Ah yes, the trees!
You see, still have them!
Although, not sure if you can still call it a tree with no leaves.
Oh and Oceans! Still got some... empty though now. Just salt water and poison.

To be honest, I'm not sure why we still run this tour, not much left I'm afraid.

Yes, you in the middle with the waving hand, what do you want? Humans? Yes, yes, of course, how could I forget? I'm sure there's some knocking about here and there. Takes more than an apocalypse to kill off those parasites.

Don't even get me started on society. I think the phrase 'it's time for social change' might have been said over a trillion times in the last decade and not one ape took notice.

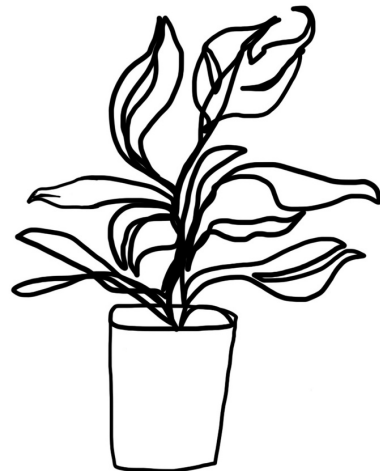
Good for us I suppose... and let this be a lesson to you! When you go home to your own planets, don't let yours end up like old Earth down here... they've really let the place go this century. Maybe come back in a few years and they might've cleaned up.

Doubt it though.

ETONITE

EM POWER

woman wipes the counter
down, stares blankly at the
peeling leaf of an old
plastic house plant. debates
which one of the kids is
going to eat tonight.



Em is a 17 year old writer from West London. She was a Foyle Young Poet in 2018 and 2019 and was recently published in the Arts Richmond Roger Mcgough Anthology. Her poem is about the affects of austerity in the past decade and the UK's ever widening wealth gap.



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DESTROY THE FUTURE / MAKE HISTORY

i stood in the middle of Marble Arch, and i thought
WOW
this is going to be in the history books.

and then i went back to school on Monday
and of course, it wasn't in the history books:
this is happening now.

but then i went home and i saw the news
and it wasn't in the news
and i thought,
why not?
this is happening NOW.

and i thought
wow
we are not a microcosm of the many,
we are the *few*
and while their sign may say we are nature defending itself
we are nature destroying itself too
and not putting it on the *news*
why aren't they putting it on the news?

i want to live
and i want other people to want me to live
i want older people to want me to live
i want older people to love
their own children
and i want them to want their own children
to *live*
i want everyone to see what they're doing
to what lives
i want everyone to stand where i stood and see the love
and see the power
and see the want
to *live*
and see the instinct to survive
kicking in
like a drum -

like a *motherfucking samba band*
they were right when they said we are revolting
this is revolting -
we are *fucking* revolting
we want to live

but God,
there's so much revolting to be done
there's so much time til we have won -
so little time til we have lost -
til you have lost

and mother of God, what was the cost?

it was your children.

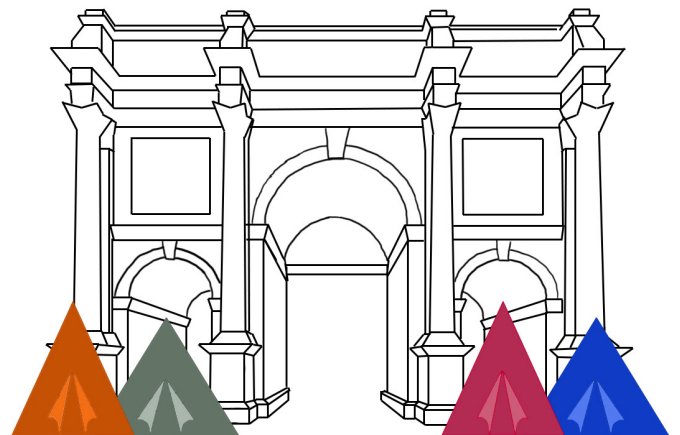
it was your children's children.

it was acres,
it was oceans,
it was air,
it was land.
it was fire,
it was fury,
it was anguish.

it was a good few years of my life,
and a good few lives over the years

this better be in the fucking history books.
there better be a future for this to be in the history books.
actually, save the trees, don't even bother printing the fucking history books:
it's about the future.
just the notion of even *having* a future.
just let there *be* a future
so someone can tell them
"We were saved."

CARYS M.N. RICHARDS



EPONYM

We hope you enjoyed the first issue of Eponym
as much as we enjoyed curating it!

We'll see you on July 10th for our next issue. If
you wish to be involved, check our Instagram
@eponymmag for updates on submission
openings and deadlines.

Treat yourself and the world kindly.

Until next time.

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FROM THE EYES OF THE YOUTH