



the
signal house
edition

#1



woman with fabric
ink and brush on paper 2003

James Kenyon

issue one | june 2020



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issue one | june 2020

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welcome

In her 2019 Nobel Lecture, *The Tender Narrator*, the Polish writer Olga Tokarczuk said:

‘The world is a fabric we weave daily on the great looms of information, discussions, films, books, gossip, little anecdotes. Today the purview of these looms is enormous – thanks to the Internet, almost everyone can take part in the process, taking responsibility and not, lovingly and hatefully, for better and for worse. When this story changes, so does the world.’

The part of a loom that holds aside the warp threads to allow for the passage of the weft is called a heddle. We hope this journal will be a heddle on the world’s loom, where stories small and large can change, and change, and keep changing.

Each issue will contain around six offerings. There’ll be work to hear, read and look at. We hope you enjoy it and keep coming here to meet us.

- The Editors

Kit Brookman, Melissa Chambers, and Henry Martin

the fox man

POETRY
verity laughton

Lovernius lies in the peat-swamp, mud-marrowed bones and mud-licked marbled flesh.

Or half of him.

haunch

gone

There's a leg and a

but you still can see where

the tight garrotte has bedded in his neck and the jugular's been cut for the rush of blood to fill the cup the cup running over after they struck the back and crown of his poor head with a blunted axe.

Then they twisted the wire (they needed a knee in his back to get a purchase on it and thus they broke his ribs). Then they bled him. His blood was the point. That was

the gift.

Then they roped him in a chariot – or was it a cart? – was the blank-eyed goddess propped at his side? – and they drove him through the god-stuffed black enchanted night to the pool by the swamp and they slid him in.

Perhaps there was observance to the god who likes his darlings drowned or perhaps





by then they were tired and they smelt the
Romans on the wind and they wanted
the blood-glut over. So they let him go
and the mud-dark waters closed over him.

And you think. Is there anything – oh, anything?
– in this world or the unlikely vacuum of
the next for which you'd swap three axe blows
to the head, a wire garrote, a knife in the
throat, your body's hog-drained blood and the
cold stink of brown-black muddy water?

*Lovernius lies in the peat-swamp. Lovernius
dances with the golden gods. They stroke
his body, finger the fox-strap on his arm,
cradle the cracked and blackened head.*

*Lovernius dances with the gods. They
fling him – up! – bones, breast, scarred
throat, skin all lightened of the burden
of its blood, the sad hiatus of his ribs.*

*Lovernius lies with the gods, the wild-
eyed goddess shifts her golden body,
nuzzles his torn, peat-shredded lips.*

(Image credit: Photo by Laura Vinck, 2017)

fishing with hemingway

ESSAY

melissa chambers

“Do you read Hemingway?”

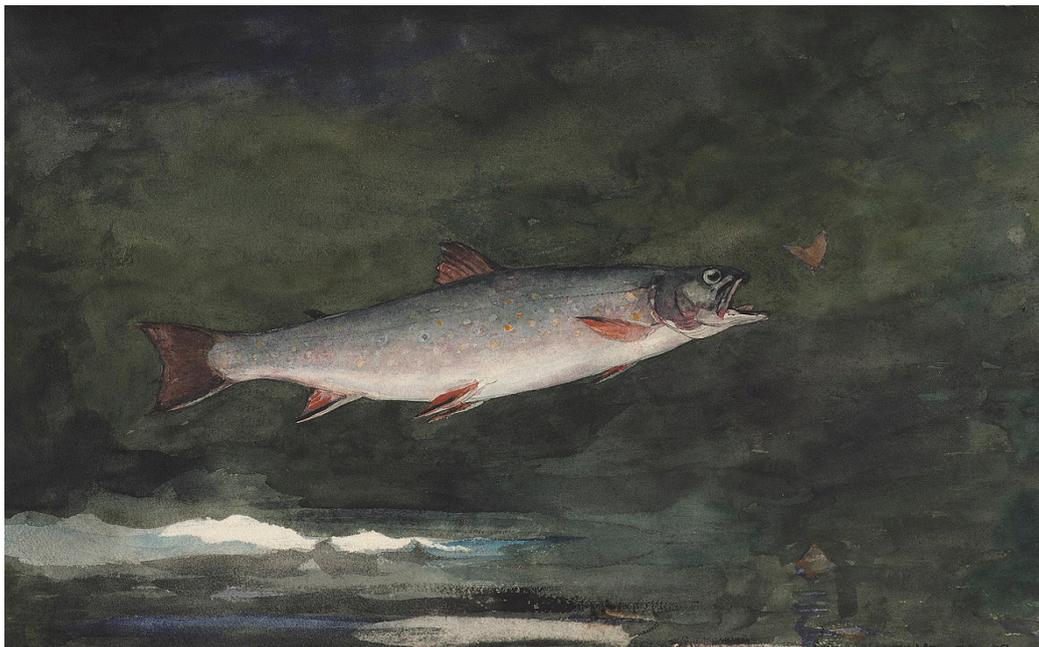
The sound of something striking brass, a bird of prey flees in the distance.

It’s a leathery, loaded question.

And, let’s be honest, a dividing one. For a writer whose work can stand in for the authority of literature itself, like Woolf or Flaubert, maybe you’re asking... do you care about reading?

He’s also one of the writers, like Sartre and Henry Miller, whose specific personality and, specific machismo seem inextricable from the books themselves. So in other cases, what you’re asking is... do you get on board with Hemingway? And if you’re asking a woman, that clarifies to... can you bear to?

In the episodic and autobiographical *A Moveable Feast* (to be fair a collection that was ordered and compiled only after his death, but ironically, by his wife) the main female character is referred to as *wife* a total of 19 times before she is referred to by her name: Hadley. Hadley Richardson was a St Louis



heiress who married Hemingway months before they joined the American diaspora in Paris in the 1920s, Hemingway's most prolific decade. As an aside, Hadley's personal wealth is the first liability to one of the most famous Hemingway myths, much recorded by him in the Paris sketches, that of the starving artist. But the more you read him, the more your personal stake in the intersection of the man and his myths, debunked or otherwise, contains the answer to all of the questions around why you read Hemingway if that's what you do.

And, woman though I am, I know why that is for me: it's because of what happens when he goes fishing.

War, drinking, bullfighting and fishing. These are the fictional motifs that ballast the myth of the man himself. The fact that his works really are architectural in 20th century literature, is partly because the Hemingway tropes, like the Hemingway trout, appear and strike the reader in mysteriously personal ways.

the Hemingway tropes, like the Hemingway trout, appear and strike the reader in mysteriously personal ways.

In May of 1925 Hemingway published *Big Two Hearted River*. It is a story in two parts, and the first Hemingway I ever read. Now, it threads the line for me for every other fishing scene in the whole of his oeuvre, and there are many. I love going fishing with Hemingway, I'll go with him every time.

In the story, the most famous of the Nick Adams saga, a man, Nick, gets off a train, walks for the better part of a day through the American midwest, pitches a tent by a river, eats, sleeps, wakes, and goes fishing.

Turbo-charged by the celebrity of Hemingway himself, and the frequent autobiography in his fiction, the academy has leapt since the story's publication in 1925 to the cause of debating what this simple story is about. In the first full length study of Hemingway's work in 1949, Phillip Young filed *Big Two Hearted River* amongst what are known as the *war wound* works.

Hemingway was himself wounded in 1918 (while volunteering in Italy for the American Red Cross). For Young, the spectacle of a man seeking ritualised solace from a battle-frayed psyche is where the story's value lies. If not a *war wound* work, Young claims, it is 'an otherwise pointless story.' Others have schooled to the *childhood trauma* assessment, a popular overlay to a lot of Hemingway's more watery expositions, because, as we now know, the writer was dressed as a girl by his mother until he was old enough to notice.

But back to the story: Nick actually succeeds in catching fish, so, wound or not, I think it's possible to dispute Young's 'pointless' assertion on those grounds alone, and though it's hard to unbind the Freudian murk of childhood gender disturbance and the silty depths of nature, there's a further more revealing aspect, I think, to Nick's walk to, and activities on the riverbank. And it's how the fishing feels.

The feelings in Hemingway, or rather, as a result of him, are interesting in and of themselves because stylistically, as a writer, that's not what he ever appears to do. It's another point that frequently appears on the gender line drawn through Hemingway readership. Let's be real: more men than women will be drawn into the subject matters of war, drinking, bullfighting and fishing, but when those activities are furthermore imparted in what often reads like a list of things, the question of can you get on board with Hemingway is compounded by his style. Until you stick with it.

One of the recognised marvels of modern writing is how Ernest Hemingway produces the sensorial dimensions he does, from language of such extreme mundanity, which is neither masculine nor feminine.

Nick leaned back against a stump and slipped out of the pack harness. Ahead of him, as far as the eye could see, was the pine plain. The burned country stopped off at the left with the range of hills. On ahead islands of dark pine trees rose out of the plain. Far off to the left was the line of the river. Nick followed it with his eye and caught glints of the water in the sun.

Read it again.

For any man or woman who's ever set off through a landscape, the layered effect of this description, the particular order of its information does every bit of the sensory job needed to absorb

ourselves into Nick's experience. Again, in this phrase from another man's walk to a riverbank in *The Sun Also Rises*:

The path crossed a stream on a foot log. The log was surfaced off, and there was a sapling bent across for a rail. In the flat pool beside the stream tadpoles spotted the sand. We went up a steep bank and across the rolling fields. Looking back we saw Burguete, white houses and red roofs, and the white road with a truck going along it and the dust rising.

Simplicity, monosyllables, the absence of adverbs and adjectives. The relentless, rhythmic compiling effect of 'and.' Pedestrian in execution, yet inescapably vivid. Mysterious in effect, though un-mysterious in stylistic influence, as Hemingway, again, was bombastic in telling us.

In a profile of Hemingway written for the *New Yorker* in 1950, Lillian Ross ends up at the Met Museum with the man. "I can make a landscape like Mr Paul Cézanne" he says, "I learned how to make a landscape from Mr Paul Cézanne by walking through the Luxembourg Museum a thousand times with an empty gut, and I'm pretty sure that if Mr Paul was around, he would like the way I make them..."

And he may be right, if only because Hemingway wrote compositions that, like Cézanne's paintings, rest in a virtuosic order of association.

In the passage from *Big Two Hearted River*, the eye is drawn with precision and economy of palette from the foreground, to the far distance, to the left, then the middle, resting eventually with an evocation of the organising principle: the sun. Hemingway, like Cézanne, composed so that no individual feature fully comprised the image. Left alone, features are blurred and indistinct, together, they are more like the world than the world itself. Or rather, they are our experience of it. The Met Museum with Lillian Ross, was not the only time Hemingway told us about this though. Ever the

autobiographer, he also, as the character Nick Adams, told us in the original ending of *Big Two Hearted River*, which is, in reality, the only extratextual information needed to complete the understanding of what the story is really about. In these unpublished pages, we learn that Nick is actually a writer, and that he has gone fishing to figure that out.

Hemingway, like Cézanne, composed so that no individual feature fully comprised the image.

In October 1924, on the advice of Gertrude Stein, Hemingway cut the last 9 pages of his story. Acquiescing to Stein's comment that "remarks are not literature" he re-wrote the ending and omitted Nick's internal monologue about the challenges he faces with writing well. Specifically *whether* to write like Mr Paul Cézanne paints, and how.

The fishing-ness is, in this light, a figuring out-ness. For me, there is a belligerence to the point made by this lost unfolding of Nick's mind on the riverbank, and it's that through Nick Adams we find Hemingway to be someone who did the things that contained the metaphors he needed to write, and maybe therefore, to live.

Ironic that the original ending of *Big Two Hearted River* was cut because the writing wasn't good. Interesting, that it was Stein, the only woman recorded in Hemingway's oeuvre who is outside his sexual paradigm, whose advice he followed. Nonetheless it's because of these pages that we know the story to be about writing itself, and that, I think, is a lasting gift of both the work of art and of the artist himself. Even if he is someone you can't always get on board with or bear.

I'll go along with Hemingway. I've landed on that side of the line. Appreciation of his stylistic mastery is a part of the joy I extract from reading him, woman or not. Because of *Big Two*

Hearted River though, I'll read him for another reason, a personal one. Because especially, while we are fishing, Hemingway helps me to remember that we do control our own metaphors. That though blurry on their own, the instructions on how to live do make sense if you're patient enough to hang them together.

Big Two Hearted River teaches me about hope, and loss, and patience and persistence. And above all, about pursuit. It teaches me the value of being solitary, the certainty of fear and the range of choices I have of how and when to face it. It reminds me to do a simple thing gently, and to do it all the time.

And it also teaches me, in extreme technical detail, about actual fishing, and in the fullness of time in a changing world, perhaps that's a gift in itself.

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(Image credit: *Leaping Trout*, 1888, Winslow Homer, Metropolitan Museum of Art)

When a man buys a budgerigar for his lonely grandmother, his simple gift has unintended consequences...

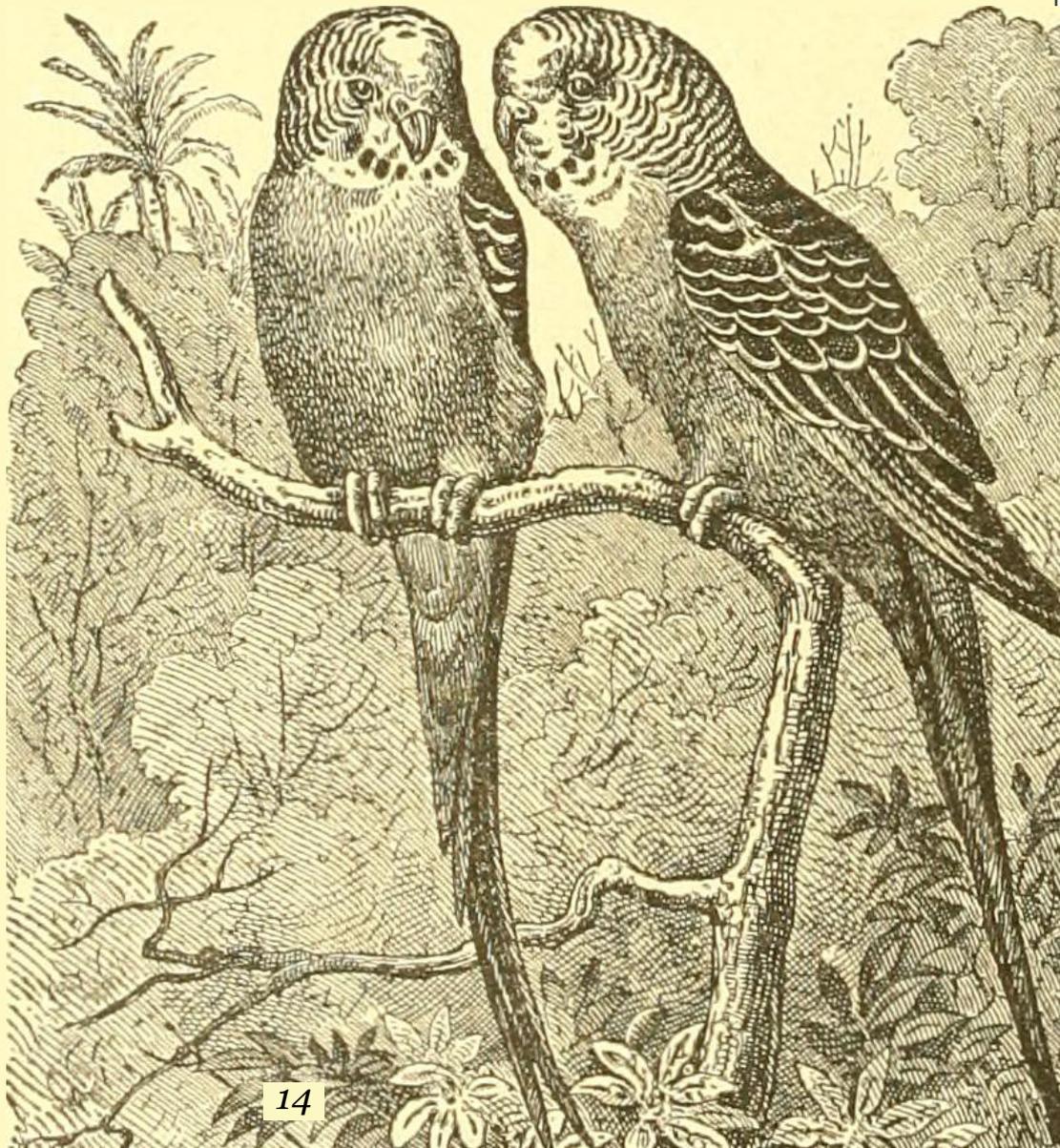
the empty cage

AUDIO DRAMA | episode one
kit brookman | *andré jewson*



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the wanderer

FICTION

henry martin

There are daffodils at the feet of the trees in the garden, which means it's Charlotte's birthday. Every year it's the same: daffodils for Charlotte's birthday, snow for Bobby's, a chocolate egg for Mr. Miller and Christmas for her.

The daffodils are the tall variety that a strong wind can kink, and mixed in with the bright yellow are the pale ghosts that look like they fed on the light of the moon. This morning she cut a selection and put them in a vase for the birthday girl.

Outside in the earth they were small yellow stars dotted here and there, but inside, in the vase, they are the sun toward

which every face turns.

I've lived with the Millers since Charlotte was a baby and they moved to 12 Tacoma Street, the place I think of as home. I watch over the children and keep myself to myself. I'm part of the furniture but also, I suppose, an audience; though it never feels that way. I think of Charlotte and Bobby as family, and I look up to Mr. Miller and her. I've lived with families in the past, the last three: the Pyszkowskis, the Riordans and the Kalkerts. And our arrangement always ended when the children grew up. I know this will happen with the Millers someday, but I don't know the hour, or how, and I don't care to think about it. I don't like to think that I am a wanderer in the lives of other people; hanging on when my time and purpose are up. Although I always remind myself that I'm not family, it's impossible not to care for the people around me and hard not to miss them when they go.

I wake Charlotte up this morning, not that she needs much nudging. She leaps out of bed and runs into the kitchen where her parents are eating breakfast. I can hear her ask about presents while I check in on Bobby—he is dead to the world and all its troubles.

“Tonight, Charlie,” says Mr. Miller in the dining room, as he picks up his daughter, and I can hear her laugh and feel her weight in my arms as if it was I, and not her father, who held her.

“What do you want for Birthday dinner?” she asks, although she already knows the answer.

“Cake.”

“Cake, for dinner?”

“You woke up older and heavier, Charlie.”

“Is Bobby up yet?”

“Can I go to the park after school?”

“What do you think, Andrew?”

“I guess we can't say no to the birthday girl.”

They go on talking like this, while I watch Bobby, his hair styled by the pillow into a shaggy rug.

“It's time to wake up, Bobby,” I say. “Rise and shine, little one.”

~

While the children are in school and Mr. Miller is at work, she and I have our daily tasks to do. Sometimes we sit together in the living room waiting for the sun to arc and drop in the sky, and at other times I am left alone in the silence of the house, waiting until they are home and I will be comforted by their noise. To help time pass I wander around, dusting the top of a picture frame, flicking a light switch on and off, or watching a tiny crack slowly creep down the corner of the living room wall. Sometimes I fill the time rehearsing stories that will make the children smile; silly stories about goblins and greedy children, Irish warriors, Polish dragons; stories I half remember from my days with the Riordans and the Pyszkowskis. Today, as the light cuts through the window in the living room, I think about the birthday of Tommy Riordan when he was ten, and the birthday of Marta Pyszkowski when she turned sixteen and got her ears pierced. I still have the ribbons from the different presents over the years, a small memento of times past. I think of birthdays because I don't know when my birthday is. Every year I pick a date at random, a day when I am sunk in blue and need something to cheer me up, and I say, "Today is my birthday." Immediately I feel I have a place in the world, and with the ribbons tied in a chain around my neck, I look in the mirror and say to myself, you haven't aged a bit. And it's true.

~

I stand next to Charlotte and watch over her shoulder as she blows out the six pink candles on the cake. And I look up at Mr. Miller and her, as they scrunch their noses and smile at their firstborn and lean in to kiss her on the cheek. And then there are the presents. I like presents, but more than presents I like the coloured wrapping paper. I watch it collect at the feet of Charlotte's chair, and I watch where the ribbons fall so I can pick them up later and take them to my room and add them to my collection. The red ribbon belongs to the jigsaw. The green ribbon is Bobby's present (a plastic toad) to his sister. The white ribbon belongs to the tea set: white china with spring

flowers painted on the rims. And the silver ribbon belongs to a small brown bear with large ears sticking out on either side of his face, just like Bobby's.

In the evening we sit around and sing songs, and Charlotte serves us tea in her set, and Victoria sandwich cake on the dishes. The children are allowed to stay up a little later than usual, but it's bedtime at eight, and I retire soon after.

"This is my family," I think, as I lie in bed, going through the day in my head. The thought comforts me briefly, and then makes me feel sad and dark. "Is this my family?" another voice from the past asks. And I fall asleep to stop from answering.

~

It happens on her birthday. It is Christmas, and ice has crawled across the lawn. The living room has a large Christmas tree and I can't help but stare at the lights and the angels near the top: Gabriel with his trumpet, another with a lyre, and another with a tiny candle.

Mr. Miller wakes the children early. He dresses them and they laugh with early-morning excitement. He tells them "Shhh," and puts his finger up to his mouth and smiles. And Charlotte and Bobby smile back and flash their white teeth with gaps. He then puts on his hat, and makes sure they wear the mittens I picked up off the ground the night before, and they close the door gently behind them and they leave the house. "They are gone to buy her a present," I say to myself, and I think forward to the moment she unwraps it and tells them, "It's exactly what I need. How did you know?"

They slide on the footpath and pass the car in the drive. I don't know if she hears them or if she is quietly dreaming. I hear her turn in her bed and I hear the birds outside, and a dog, and the sounds of car doors closing, and voices calling out. They turn the street corner and I hear their voices become low as they walk further and further away.

~

I was in the kitchen when I heard her scream. I hurried out to the hallway and in the blue evening light I saw her in a bundle on the ground. Crouched next to her was her friend Helena, her hair damp with sweat, and above her stood two policemen with their caps in their hands. Her crying woke a memory in me. The situation was different, but the sounds I recognized. The scream. The keening. The silence.

The men took her by the arms and lifted her into the living room. My first thought was to find Mr. Miller and to tell him that something terrible has happened. I turned to go to their room and my eyes caught the light of the Christmas tree, the presents beneath, and the Christmas stockings draped on the couch nearest to me. Then everything went black.

~

Later, I pieced together, from fragments of whispered conversation, what had happened. “A truck...”, “black ice...”, “...crossing the road.”

~

I never knew who I was until I heard her tears. So much time had passed that I had forgotten what happened to me. I had seen so many families come and go and grow up to be strong. They came and went, and I stayed, and I thought: this is a kind of living. This was before she started to wander.

The first day she wandered until she fell to the floor, unable to stand. Then she repeated, and repeated, and repeated. She said their names as she walked. Andrew. Charlotte. Bobby. And I started to remember. First, how my mother called my name, her joy in her saying it: a bubble dancing in the light. And then, when I was quiet, how it fell from her mouth like a heavy, dark stone into my cot. I remember, now. My mother’s grief was snow in the world; beautiful and dangerous and unending, it seemed. It was my mother I thought of first, when she wandered through the house, as mine must have done, looking for me. She made me think of all these things as she wandered from room to room,

taking me against my will into her world of ache and rage, forcing me to circle within, every day, a landscape of loss.

My head was always “up,” my mother said. I was listening. Waiting. Wanting to see. And touch. I remember when I first heard the shift in my mother’s voice. It happened one morning when she came in to check on me and I was lying awake but groggy (I learned this word—in fact, all the words—afterwards), and she said my name in a new way, and she called to my father. My father came in and said “Rise and shine, little one.”

“Esmé?”

That was the last clear thing I remember from that time.

Then, one day I found myself in Tacoma Street again, when it was empty and my parents had left. Eventually, a couple moved in, and they had children, and I watched them grow up, and age, and move on, and then another family moved in, and it went on like this: the De Vries, the Goldmans, the Riordans, the Pyszkowskis, the Kalkerts, the Millers; collecting ribbons from the presents, the only way to count the years since it happened; my passing. But by the time that Charlotte and Bobby were in my life I had forgotten exactly what I was, until I heard her scream. I try to count the seasons now (there are no ribbons anymore), and for the first time I see that the house is old, and so am I.

I follow her, like her shadow, into their room with the books on the shelf, the tea set on the bureau, and the clothes folded in the chest. I float to the ceiling light where I used to watch them sleep. Their eyelids twitched. Their toes peeped out from under the duvet. I watched their cheeks grow hot and pink. Did I feel hot and cold when I was like them? Did my cheeks glow like that? Did my toes peep out?

I want to tell her that they are not here. That she is holding on, and they will not come back. Unless they are here and the afterlife is full of currents of ghosts that pass each other without knowing it. But I don’t believe this is so. I want to tell her this so that she might sleep, and I might sleep, and sever my tie to the invisible thread of her grief. If I could sleep

I could think of happier times, and not everything I lost and never had.

~

Around the table, through the door, on the carpet, against the window, in the dark, with the clock chiming in the hall, her head straight, and the hair on it greying, she wanders. She leans against at the door of their room, sits on their beds, and stands in the sitting room staring into the corner where the Christmas tree was the year it happened. I can still see the presents underneath and the angels on top, deaf to their voices, the birdsong that day, and the snow shifting on the gable. These things, like people, we leave behind, and the contents of our lives—once loved possessions—become lonely objects.

How long more will she make me remember? How long more will she haunt me?

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the beast - iro tsavala

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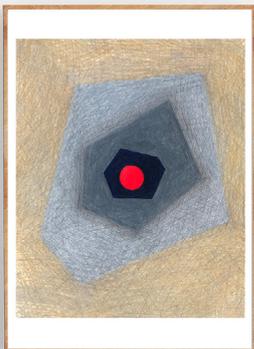
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We encourage submissions from individuals from backgrounds and identities underrepresented in art and writing, particularly with regard to race, gender, sexuality, class, and disability. We welcome works translated from other languages into English where both writer and translator hold rights. Contributors retain copyright of their work. Please note, we are currently unable to pay contributors.

We read all the work sent to us and aim to respond within two months if we feel there is a place for it in the journal. As we are a small team, we do not respond to each individual submission.

submit work

the signal house edition



crown heights, brooklyn 8am

PERSPECTIVE

monica hunken

Monday morning 8am. Hammering and drilling starts up in my building. It's getting gut renovated. My new landlord bought out every other tenant but three of us remain, holding strong onto the rare gem that is a rent stabilized apartment in New York City. And yet, even in a pandemic, he has worked the system to label this construction as "essential" in order to barrel through. I live with workers coming in and out of

the building, some not wearing masks, while I hear them coughing through paper-thin walls (is it dust? Is it the virus? Who knows?) and occasionally my ceiling falls through.

I try to tune it out and prepare to teach my daily warm-up class online, which is the saving grace of my day. About a dozen friends, family and acquaintances pop up in my screen, dancing, stretch-

ing and meditating with me from across the world. I am responsible for something, for someone else. I have to reach in and draw out my best self, sharing some grounding techniques in these most unstable times. When I finish, I squeeze in a little bit of work for a non-profit organizing against fossil fuel infrastructure, and then grab my mask, sanitizer, helmet, hi-viz vest and race out the door for my new frontline job working as a trainer for cargo bike delivery workers in road and pandemic safety.

Biking through Brooklyn to work in midtown Manhattan, I fly past whole neighborhoods that seem to completely ignore health and safety practices. The streets are quieter but not as quiet as you'd expect. Birdsong pierces through car traffic if you listen closely. I glance at local favorite businesses and wonder which ones will survive, remembering that in the wake of the last financial crash, we lost dozens and big banks sprouted up everywhere like, well, like a virus.

In Manhattan the sidewalks are mostly full of homeless people, spreading out as if the city is theirs now. Let them have it. I make it to Bryant Park and walk past security guards at the entrance to Whole Foods, which is now only

operating for delivery. Yes, that means I am now an employee of Amazon, a truly apocalyptic job in the epitome of disaster capitalism.

Yes, that means I am now an employee of Amazon, a truly apocalyptic job in the epitome of disaster capitalism.

First stop is getting my temperature checked from a few feet away by a thermometer that looks like a polaroid camera. If I pass, then I can head in to work setting up the bike trailer and disinfecting everything. I go upstairs to what was the café area, now a resting spot for employees, and deliver my safety speech to the applicant hopefuls who roll in daily. I talk them through safety precautions for the virus and how I don't want any of them to martyr themselves just so that Manhattanites can still get their sushi. And then we go over road safety and I take each one of them out on an individual test to see how they fare in the streets on the heavy electric cargo bike. One of them is a biochemist. The other was a drag club promoter who brags to me about all the stars she knows. Another is

from Corona, Queens and confides in me that he has already lost multiple family members to complications from COVID-19 but he has to keep working and provide for his kids. They are all out of work, desperate and scared. We bike through wind, rain and hail storms.

I clock out and start my journey home, always feeling so much more exhausted on the way back. The ride seems twice as long. I always bike past one of the refrigerator trucks parked outside a hospital that acts as a temporary morgue. I could take another street, but I feel compelled to witness and see the thin plastic strips dividing the living from the dead, to remind myself to take this seriously, to recommit myself to protecting my community.

I could take another street, but I feel compelled to witness and see the thin plastic strips dividing the living from the dead

I sometimes arrive at my block minutes before 7pm and this one guy leaps out on his stoop in pajamas banging a pot valiantly,

shouting and cheering, asking us all to join him. I smile and clap too. Only a few others join us. I live in a mostly poor black neighborhood near a housing project, and I can understand why the working class are reticent to join this global expression of gratitude. It seems to beg a continuance of exploitation. Yes, thank you for risking your lives on the frontlines for us. We can't offer much, but we give you our humble thanks. The intention is good but we need more. As one person said, "We can't eat applause." We need to overhaul the system, a system that is ready for war at the drop of a hat, but is floundering to provide masks for doctors.

And that's just the beginning of the week.

(Image credit: Skeletons (calaveras) riding bicycles, c. 1900, José Guadalupe

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contributors

POETRY | VERITY LAUGHTON is an award-winning playwright and poet. Her more than 30 produced works have been seen in Australia, New Zealand, Korea, Japan, the UK and the USA. They include main-stage adult dramas, adaptations, plays for children and families, radio plays, a promenade community event, and a musical. Most recent productions are *Long Tan* (published by Currency Press), and *The Red Cross Letters*. She has just completed a PhD in political theatre at Flinders University. She is a member of the 7-ON group of playwrights.

[website](#)

ESSAY | **MELISSA CHAMBERS**

is a theatre artist, and co-founder of *The Signal House Edition*. She has created shows for companies in Australia (where she is originally from), New York (where she lived from 2008–2014), and for *The Signal House* in London. She teaches theatre-making at conservatories around London, and her original work has toured to festivals in New York, Amsterdam, Norway and Australia. She has also been published in *Freerange*.

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FICTION | HENRY MARTIN is author of *Agnes Martin: Pioneer, Painter, Icon* (Schaffer Press), *Yappo* (Company Cod) and contributor to *Great Women Artists* (Phaidon). Other publications include *Irish Times*, *Hyperallergic*, and *Journal of Illustration*. Playwriting includes work for *Theatre503*, *Underbelly*, *Lime Tree Theatre*, *Bunker Theatre*, and *Fishamble*. Henry is a 2021 Fulbright scholar at the Archive of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.

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AUDIO DRAMA | ANDRÉ JEWSON [actor]

trained at VCA (Melbourne) and École Philippe Gaulier (Paris).

Currently touring internationally as Zazu in Disney's The Lion King (Michael Cassel Group/Disney Theatrical), his many stage credits include The History Boys (MTC), Heaven, As Told By The Boys Who Fed Me Apples (La Mama), Thérèse Raquin (Critical Stages), East (La Mama/The Seymour Centre), Arabian Night (Griffin Stablemates), Summerfolk (Bob Presents) and Alaska (Under the Wharf). André was a facilitator for the inaugural Kakiseni Arts Exchange in Malaysia and has worked on developments and readings for Sydney Theatre Company and Stuck Pigs Squealing as well as various independent ensembles.

AUDIO DRAMA | KIT BROOKMAN [writer] *is a writer and director based in London. Recent work includes The Stones, Whalesong, and Close. His plays have been performed across Australia, the US, and the UK and his writing has appeared in journals including HEAT, Southerly, Harvest, and Westerly. His plays are published by Currency Press. He is currently developing Mountain, a new solo performance work, with André Jewson. He is the co-founder of The Signal House, a new work company based in London.*

PERSPECTIVE | MONICA DUDÁROV HUNKEN

grew up in Carmel, California and lives in Brooklyn. She is a theater-maker, monologist, activist and teacher. She has toured her shows internationally to the UK, Europe, Australia and the Middle East. As a direct action trainer / activist in environmental and human rights, she has occupied corporate premises, dropped banners from many American structures and stood on countless police lines. She currently works for the organisation Beautiful Trouble and is a singer in brass band. She has ridden a bicycle across more than 20 countries and loves going to Coney Island, jumping in the ocean in winter and then warming up at a Russian bathhouse.

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COVER ART | **JAMES KENYON** was born in South Australia and lives in Melbourne. He studied drawing at the Victorian College of the Arts. James is also a musician and tours extensively throughout Australia and New Zealand. His latest album 'Imagine You are Driving' was released in 2016. [website](#) | [instagram](#)



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