

# X PRESS

Camden Palace Hotel community arts & culture zine

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Issue #2

June 1st 2013

# MEOW

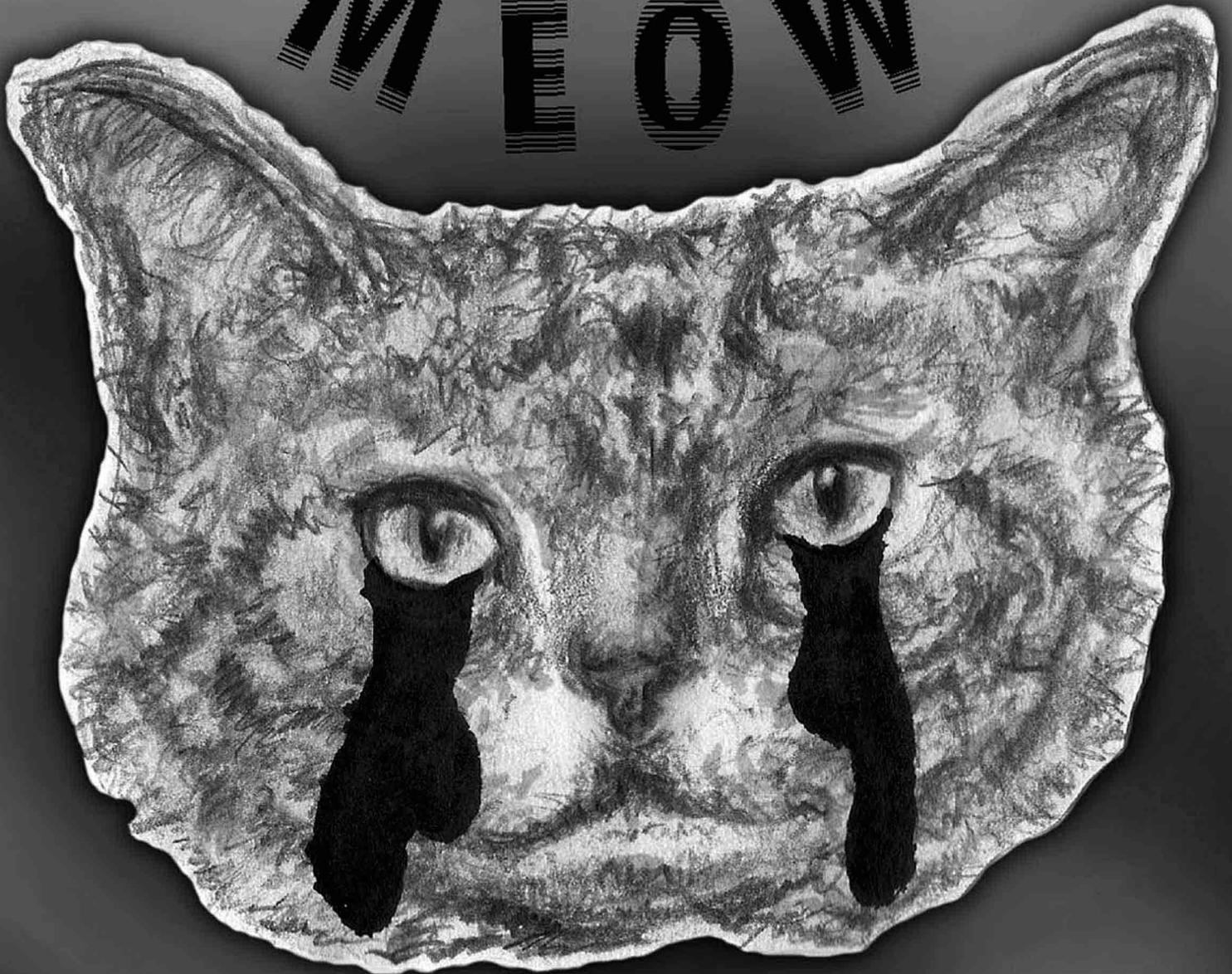


Illustration - ANON

Dear Readers - Welcome to issue #2 'MEOW'

The weather is finally showing signs of improvement! (kind of). This month, there is a fantastic line-up of events here in Camden Palace Hotel to kick off the summer season, so come along and bring your friends. Thank you to all zine contributors and please continue to submit, submit, submit! Details on back cover. Cheers :) Camden Zine Machine - Designer & Editor



**CAMDEN  
PALACE  
HOTEL**

**Saturday 1st June 2pm onwards**

Livestyles Jam as part of the Livestyles Fest.  
Bboys, rappers, D.J.s, Graffiti Artists and Beatboxers.  
Battles, showcases and much more.  
For info [livestylesfest.com](http://livestylesfest.com)  
15euros

**31st May-3rd June**

The Mooche  
Lindy-Hop and Blues Dance Festival  
Live music and workshops with international  
teachers all weekend.  
Social Dance, Sat and Sun nite 8pm 10euros  
For full listings [www.themooche.com](http://www.themooche.com)

**Wed 5th June 10am-4pm**

Dragan Tomas Photography  
DSLR camera workshop  
For details [www.camdenpalacehotel.org](http://www.camdenpalacehotel.org)

**June 8th 11am-5.30pm**

Cork Indian Summer  
Bazaar, Holi, Yoga, Live Acts  
5euros, family ticket 12euros

**June 15th 7.30pm**

'Emigranci'  
Theatre group 'La Tortura' perform  
a piece based on the play of the same  
name by  
Slawomir Mrozek.  
Performance in Polish language.  
Aftershow fun with Polish music.  
10euros

**Thur 13th -Fri 28th June**

St. Johns College Photography  
Exhibition  
Opening 7pm-10pm Thur 13th  
Weekdays 11am-5pm

**Sat 22nd June**

All Ages Gig 1pm-5pm  
5euro ,4euro with flyer

**Friday 7th June 7pm**

Artist Masquerade  
Age of Enlightenment unique  
drawing class  
Anti Art School  
Models in Costume  
15euros

**Ongoing:**

**Thursdays 7pm**

Sacred Harp  
Singing

**Tuesdays 8pm**

Cineastea Screenings  
Camden Palace fb for details  
4 euros

**4th June - The punk syndrome**

**11th June - M**

**18th June - Snowtown**

**25th June - Blow-up**



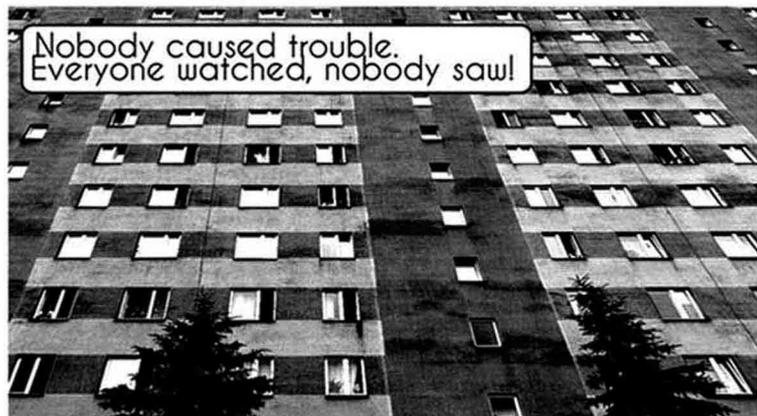
# KAPITAN KOSMOS

BY PANKOLORKO

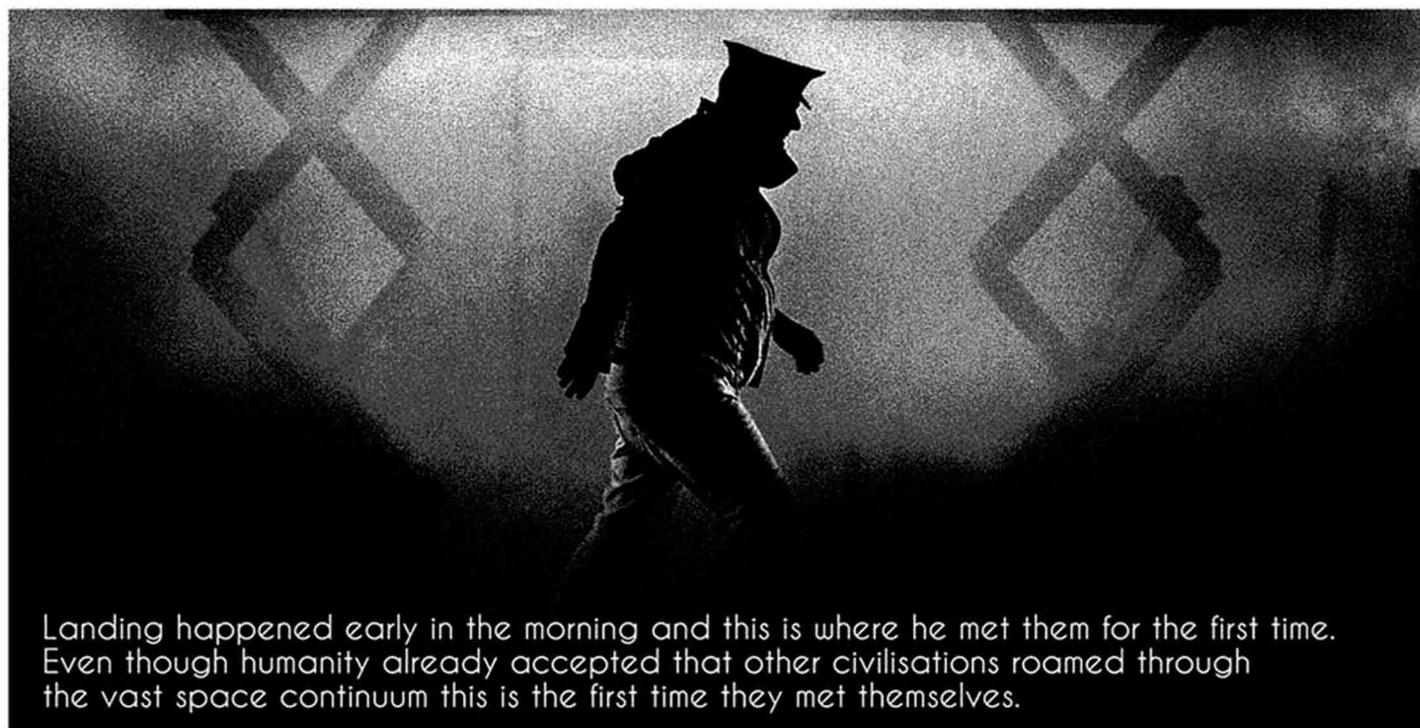
pt2

THE LANDING

Sector h69, 10 years earlier



Nobody caused trouble.  
Everyone watched, nobody saw!



Landing happened early in the morning and this is where he met them for the first time. Even though humanity already accepted that other civilisations roamed through the vast space continuum this is the first time they met themselves.

**They are laughing... sniggering.**

Much too quiet to hear,  
but still loud enough, to shout in my ear.

I have these skills,  
believe it or not.  
A want, to show them.  
A need, to hold them.  
A desire that burns so bright.

They are chained to me and I cannot seem to unlock them,  
unleash them.

“How would YOU be able to do it?  
watch me, as I am right.”

“Ah, see,  
I knew she couldn’t.  
Now go on and dim the light.”

Pressure!, Panic!, Loosen up!!!  
“*I am useless...*”

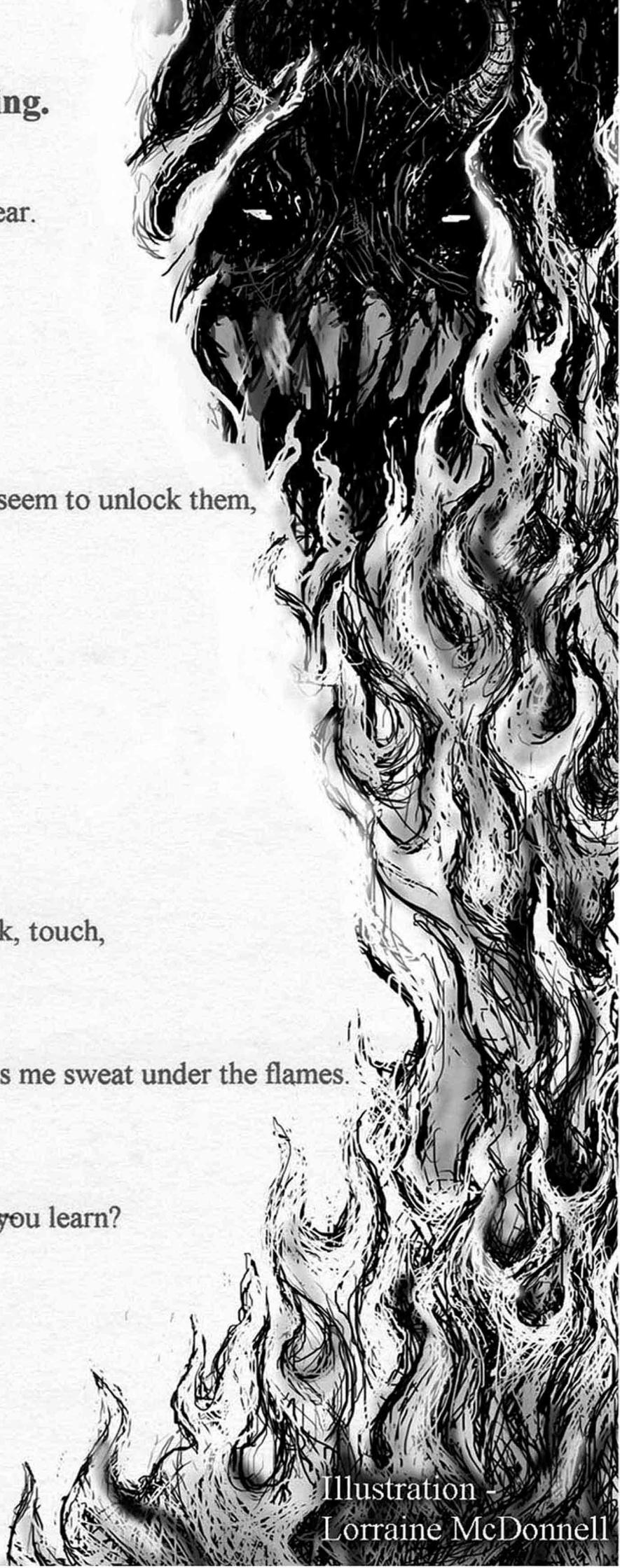
I cannot work, cannot hear, see, speak, touch,  
my only sense left is that of smell  
and what good is that to me in hell?

The devil watches and laughs and sees me sweat under the flames.  
I can’t feel it, but still I burn.

With only a sense of smell, what can you learn?

by *Jayne Doe*

Illustration -  
Lorraine McDonnell



Oh wait that's not the worst one, I'll tell you the worst one. This was maybe the first one I saw so I didn't even know what I was looking at. Some crazy guy I thought at the time, some nut. I told everyone I knew about it, I was getting the word out. Helping people understand. This guy was funny. We were both waiting for the subway. We acknowledged each other, with looks, the train was so late something like that was called for. What I didn't know was he was sizing me up, seeing what a good mark I would be. We were the only people on the platform so it was perfect. He had better hearing than me, he was able to start his piece at just the right time. He drops his subway card, right on the line, it really looked like he dropped it, he knew the whole thing would only work in looking back at it, with hindsight it was brilliant. So I give him a new look like "well shit happens", a brotherly look, so he lets that happen. He shrugs as if in agreement, and then jumps into the pit, into the path of the train, train hasn't come yet. I get quite nervous, I try to hang on to the brotherly moment but it's blown, I get uptight, I point out the sign next to the track, playing right into his hands, what a showman. Anyway I say to him "look at the sign, do not touch live rail, you risk electrocution and death", trying to jog him out of it. "That's really more of a guideline" he says, takes one step forward and starts to fry. Smoke comes out of the top of his head, his hair stands up, his eyes roll into the top of his head, there's a bubbling or boiling sound, his blood I guess and certain materials on his coat catch on fire. Then the train hits him, the piece de resistance, and makes that loud blaring train pulling in noise. Can't see him anymore and what I see now is normal subway stuff, people getting off, doors opening. I don't get on, I'm too shocked for that. "That's really more of a guideline", that was the punchline you see. At the time my thinking was too old hat to get on it, I thought he was grossly stupid or suffering after some chemical. No, it was a joke. He made a joke, a bit, I was the audience and he didn't care about the consequences. He wanted the thing to run smoothly, I know that, but the death part, was less important. And I gotta say it redefined art for me. Now if an artist doesn't put corpse into canvas, well they're just a weekend tourist. And you know what happened next, after a while you couldn't meet a young person with a sense of self-preservation. Staying out of harm's way became like having a house and picket fence was in the old days. It was no longer de rigour. Having a life for life became a thing of the past. And between you and me, I like the world better this way!

Port Bar, Albert Quay  
1st-10th June 2013  
Opening 7th June, 6pm

# Peregrination



(.perigr'i neifən) n.; a journey made to a sacred place, or a religious journey; Origin: 1425–75; late Middle English peregrinacion < Middle French peregrinacion < Latin peregrinātiōn- (stem of peregrinātiō) a traveling abroad.

A series of photos by Simon O'Shea  
Thanks to; Ocean to City Festival, Naomhóga Chorcaí,  
Meitheal Mara, Right Brain, Marcus Framing

**OCEAN  
TOCITY**  
CORK'S MARITIME FESTIVAL





the  
backside

## Horrorscopic by Luno Valetti



ARIES:

Avoid using the phrase 'willy nilly' at the luncheon at the ambassadors house next Tuesday at 3pm. Prognosis otherwise sustainable so long as breathing is regulated.



TAURUS:

Maybe a new pair of shoes?



GEMINI

You need to get laid, it will boost your confidence no end and lord knows you need it. Did I say laid...I meant lathered, love yourself follicly.



CANCER

If you cannot get to the phone before it has rung seven times do NOT answer it, it will be satan making a collect call for your soul and accoutrements.



LEO

meow.



LIBRA

All is well.



SCORPIO

You may or may not become obsessed with Marty Whelan's moustache. If you do, call my 1890 number and I'll guide you through the steps and if nothing else I might be able to talk you off.



SAGITTARIUS

Board games were never your forte. Bored games suit you down to the ground, but not above the knees. Beware!



CAPRICORN

You will mate an inebriated lavatory to the soundtrack of a regular 4/4 beat....Odin forbid you dry hump to a 5/8 beat lest your hips overtake your spinal swerve.



AQUARIUS

On Thursday, between 12 and 3pm you should buy those net curtains that old ladies had in their houses in the 80's. Go home, hang them, peek at the world outside sporadically to make sure its still there. And recoil in your safety as I'm almost sure those curtains are bullet proof.



PISCES

You're not as good a swimmer as you think. Don't risk it.



## LEAVING CERT MATERIAL

*You have collapsed  
Into your comfy coffin  
With one long, last sigh of relief  
That "Oh! Thank fuck  
It's over!"  
So, you have died.  
That much is clear  
From the drool that hits  
An empty page -  
A slow, deliberate splotch  
As static silence fogs up the break  
With echoes of the anticlimax  
Before which your ideal results  
Had been revised over, and over,  
Until your low attention span  
Precluded the final prognosis.  
Your vegetablised corpse,  
Assumes a recovery position -  
A zonked zombie snoozing  
In limbo where  
Judgement Day will come  
And claim its trophy.  
The existential sigh extends  
And suspends its stasis  
As you wait, silently,  
In the Waiting Room  
Of waiters, where the weighing of the souls  
Completes the senior cycle  
With the ritualistic resuscitation of the remains  
After Operation Examination of Indoctrination  
Was successfully executed  
In which the prefrontal lobotomy  
Replaced the creativity  
With information regurgitation,  
Mind moulds and brain pains  
According to how many marks  
Were professionally prescribed  
For each section of the course.  
The final stages of the socialisation process  
Materialises in its positive solidification  
Of a well-rounded, conditioned participant  
After you are discharged  
From the Room of Doom  
Where the meaningless labour of  
Herds of cattle is transplanted,  
Sealed in plastic sheathes,  
Stamped, labelled and dispatched  
Off to some place in Athlone*

by Virginia Good



OWS  
or a

him.

eads

l the

vard



\*BOWS

**Artwork from Pawel Wroblewski**



## The Life and Death of Something Interesting

## Cynical Parrot

I sat there on the bench, the leftovers from yesterdays picnic still scattered upon my lap. Food for tomorrows pigeons or maybe they will fall back into the void whence they came, perhaps to resurface again someday for a moment of quiet nostalgia.

Nothing is truly worthless as long as it means something to someone.....

I laugh to myself. The man beside me frowns disapprovingly. I turn to talk, but he is gone. And the bench with him. Oh well . . .

Looking around, I find myself in a dirty city street, surrounded by road signs, as far as the eye can see. One reads sex, another has the words 'self doubt' in big ominous letters.

A large wall lies in front of me. I walk closer. The wall grows larger with ever step I take, until it reaches beyond the clouds.

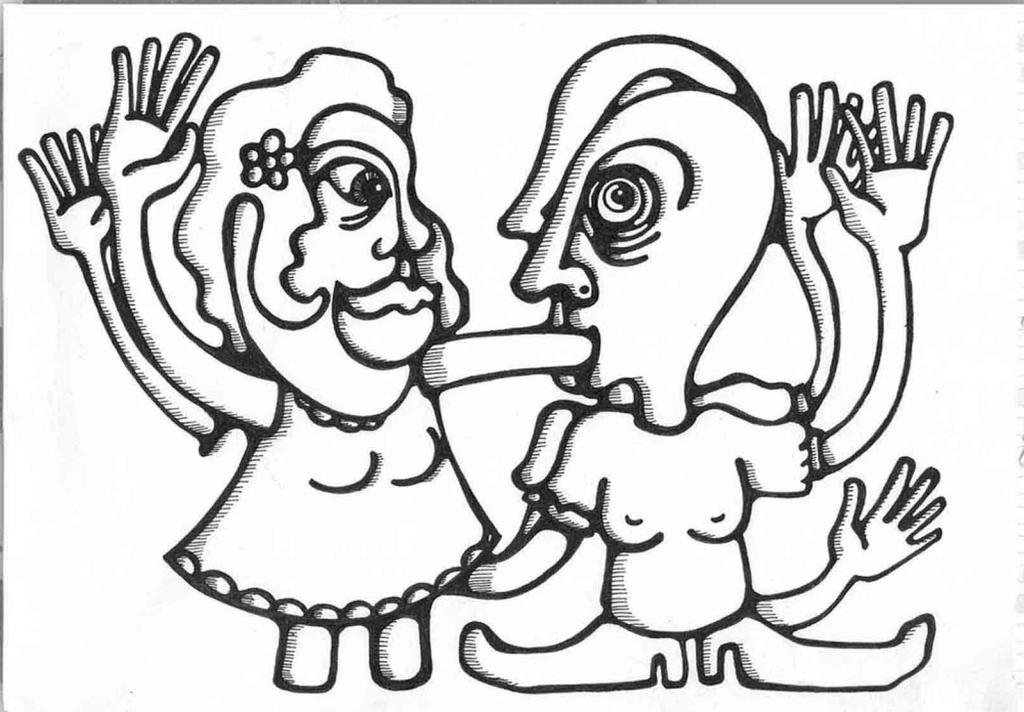
Beyond here lies freedom.....

The darkness drops again, and i see the wall is now gone. In its place is the man from the bench.

He gestures to me. I move closer, his hand darts forward and drops a slip of paper in my hand. I glance downward as he wanders off, slowly fading away with each step he takes.

I look back at the note in in my hand. Written on it, in blue italics are two words.

**TRUST YOURSELF**



Artwork from  
Niamh Leonard

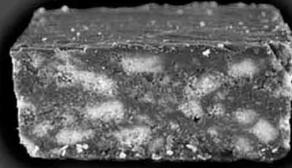


Available in a  
shop near you!

## Chocolate biscuit cake!

### Ingredients

- 250g digestive biscuits
- 150g milk chocolate
- 150g dark chocolate
- 100g butter
- 150g golden syrup
- 75g marshmallows or nuts or maltesers etc.



### Method

1. Break half the biscuits into small pieces. Make the other half into fine crumbs using a blender, or put them in a sandwich bag and bash with a rolling pin.
2. Melt the chocolate, butter and golden syrup in a bowl resting over a saucepan of simmering hot water. Be careful not to burn chocolate
3. Mix the melted mixture with all the biscuits and your chosen extra ingredient. Pour into a cake tin/loaf tin or other large dish lined with clingfilm or greaseproof paper.
4. Leave to set in fridge
5. Leave cake at room temperature half an hour before serving to make it easier to slice
6. EAT!



## The Cult of Done Manifesto

There are three states of being.

**Not knowing, action and completion.**

**Accept that everything is a draft.**

**It helps to get it done.**

**There is no editing stage.**

Pretending you know what you're doing is almost the same as knowing what you're doing, so just accept that you know what you're doing even if you don't and do it.

### Banish Procrastination

If you wait more than a week to get an idea done, abandon it.

**The point of being done is not to finish but to get other things done.**

**Once you're done you can throw it away.**

### Laugh at perfection, it's boring

**and keeps you from being done**

People without dirty hands are wrong

Doing something makes you right

**Failure counts as done so do mistakes.**

**Destruction is a variant of done**

If you have an idea and publish it on the internet, that counts as a ghost of done.

### Done is the engine of more

It's a Kitler! A cat that looks like Hitler, there's a whole website dedicated to these freaky pussies...  
[www.catsthatlooklikehitler.com](http://www.catsthatlooklikehitler.com)



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Weekend by Arrangement

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details of this and other spaces and events at  
Camden Palace Hotel

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FOR THIS ZINE**

For further info go to:

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OR

**see orange & black notice board in Camden Palace Hotel**  
(near bottom of main stairs)

you can email me also: **[camdenzinemachine@gmail.com](mailto:camdenzinemachine@gmail.com)**