



## MANIFESTO

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# Quaranzine

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Cherie Bruce (Squidlykitten Art)

## TALE OF LIFE AT BORDERS - I AM FOUR YEARS OLD

And then I passed through a living street of humans... something like humans... I could see the sun setting in its place. Like dead in its grave, I could see the shadows elongating. Making their presence visible. Here I met a little girl shine in her eyes; sparkling like stars... gleaming as if sun... asked me my age. I said four. Without a goodbye and with an insensitive murmur she ran away. I sat down with my lonely eyes. Soon after my thoughts started scribbling on the pages of memory, the things ...the objects I have seen and possessed. Likes I have kept and dislikes I had believed.

Hello sir. What are you doing here? Don't you have to go home? Can you hear me? What is your age-old man? There I saw a young lad dressed in his best attire, clad with life, holding his head high with dignity...like a bad malfunction of a speaker, I used my vocals saying: I have a home... I have a wife. I have two sons like you...and I can hear u properly ...and I am four years old... hopefully, I have satisfied all the queries ... laughter was all I heard. Many people passed by... asked me who I was? Where I belonged? What is my age? Went away laughing, cursing... thought of me ill ...old man who has lost his senses.

I heard the bugles. The trumpets as if a jungle stampede was about to enter my enclosure. The king arrived. Covered in gold and silk. Gained my attention. He was told by the pupil- by the ignorant creed that I reside here with peace and satisfaction...

Asked me who I was. The two kinds of approaches: Getting up from the ground, I poured my heart out that an optimist or pessimist both have their sides of stories. Nobody wants to give in ...and nobody wants to cross his or her fence and have a little peek at the other side...why should they? The religious are right and the comrades are left, but what is really on their right and what is really on their left? The optimist tries to comfort while telling the goods in the world...and the pessimist wants to inculcate all the pain in the other ...self-pity, anxiety, depression, denial takes their places ad we fall prey to it...

The third kind is interesting rather intriguing to my thought and my belief...the ones who accept happiness ...and embrace pain...celebrate misery...and still get up, still, look for the sky. The ones who know themselves...the ones who are close to the crux of their existence. The ones who live with truth and die honestly, I belong to this specie

King: What do u do?  
I live...I think... I speak ...and I drink  
I hide...I cry... I lie...I sleep...I fight...  
I sing. And paint...I worship ma lord... I read  
I write .....  
I fall and I rise...

King: You look as if u have lived a thousand years... your hair is silver...  
Your skin has many folds ... your eyes have stories, tales...  
Backbone is curved with a load of pain...  
You seem to be the lord of time... the king of rhymes...  
Why do u belittle yourself by saying your four... you say u tell the truth...?  
While you have lied to all my people...about your age...about your sage.  
I had two lives ...one I lived in ignorance and lies...  
And the one in which I opened my soul's eyes...  
I learned myself ...I learned about the human race... I stopped pretending

Began to search myself... who I had lost in culture, religion, and civilization...it's been 72 years... I came out of my mother's womb...but it had been 4 years since I was born.

The old man was asked where did he live. Husk voice, parched lips uttered in a no man's land. Where the lives are small, where the only thing shines is à truth, at the border of your existence.

Erica  
W.  
Rosa



Written March 26, 2020, during Quarantine.

Knowing what to say to make the world heal. At least we still have electricity and the power of the Internet to connect us. Just like when you've caught a cold and you suddenly wish that you'd appreciated the ability to breathe through your nose a little more. How I miss the normalcy of movie theaters and the privilege of widespread travel. How relieved I am to know I made it to Los Angeles when I did last month. A glimpse of how beautiful life could be if I had the courage to start over again.

Mehwish Abid



## MY GIRLFRIEND BROKE UP WITH ME ON ZOOM

and said she wants  
to see other people  
virtually,  
that the problem lies with her  
internet connection  
not mine—  
“but we can still be friends” she said  
her eyes faced her phone  
as she texted some boy,  
her face shined like Egyptian gold  
(the same way she used to shine for me)  
she saw my bottom lip quiver  
and my nostrils flare  
and heard a whispering winging sound,  
she tried to leave the chat  
but was slow moving the cursor:  
she saw my ugly-cry (for the eighth time in our  
five-month relationship)  
“message me ok?” was the last words  
she ever said to me.

**Arun Jeetoo**



**Andrea Lesikar**

## quarantine-contemplation

there were county fairs and musicals,  
there were meals shared with friends,  
there was embracing and card decks and  
holding hands. there was air.  
there were dresses, swimming pools,  
friend's houses and thrift stores.  
there were gyms in the morning  
and June Pride Parades, and  
sometimes even what seemed like balance.

now, there are lit screens,  
bad art, eighteen-hour periods of sleep,  
and too many apps in my phone.  
there are microwave dinners,  
pajama bottoms and the illusion that yesterday  
was three months ago and last year  
was only several minutes long.  
the air is different.  
there was peace and panic all at once.  
a reassortment of obligations.  
a little ease, with a rush of distrust,  
everyone carefully announcing that they  
don't really believe in dying  
and that they would simply not be dying  
if it meant they could not go outside.

it was a three-month conversation between  
ourselves and the world about what  
the outside really is and why we have  
passionately convinced ourselves that  
everything must be external.

you'll laugh with friends and believe in death again  
and know what a week feels like again and maybe  
next year, dinner will still be cold in the middle,  
naps will be shorter and you'll take hugs for granted.  
there will be the outside then.

**Angel Rosen**



**Amalija Vitezović**





Maria Ku (grrrenadine)



## Preparations for the Voyage

Oz Hardwick



One step at a time, I'm getting back to normal. I have hung my shirts in colour order and filled my bag with key texts and cereal bars, peeled the tape from around the windows, and cut a path back out to the road. Life mirrors art, so I'm turning Bosch to face the wall, pressing demons like wildflowers for future generations, and tacking up Claude Lorrain's socially-distanced idylls. I have checked my diary and checked my temperature, checked tide tables and my paperback translation of Nostradamus, and checked my spam folder for anything important that may have gone astray. There was nothing important. It's so long since I wore shoes that I have forgotten how to tie laces, and I am so attuned to Zoom and Skype that my speech is out of time with the movements of my lips. On the garden gate there's a robin, singing a welcome or a warning; from deep in the hedge, a blackbird observes me with its beady yellow eye; and up, up, up, weaving the threads of the first vapour trail I've seen in forever, an albatross ruminates on the sea: *Even though it's beautiful, it says, you should stay away.*



Raoul Berlin



## “Next Year, In Jerusalem”

I’ve been studying to become Jewish for about eight months, and, at the time of writing, three of those have been spent in isolation due to COVID-19. Practicing Judaism in quarantine has been a strange experience. Almost everything about Judaism as a culture is built around doing things with your community. All the religious rituals and festival days are intended to be done with others, so my shul was thrown into uncertainty when we could no longer worship and celebrate together. However, someone made the amusingly apt observation that there are few things more Jewish than hiding at home from a plague and washing your hands a lot. The shul adapted quite well. We hold Shabbat services via video call every week. Trying to sing together through time delays and audio interference is hard but we muddle through. The Hebrew classes and study groups are done online. I attended a Yiddish music concert via Zoom. I watched talks given from people’s homes at the virtual Liberal Judaism Biennial Conference. Holocaust Remembrance Day was conducted solemnly and quietly over hundreds of screens. We had our Passover Seder by video call as well. It was my first Passover since deciding to become Jewish, and while I’m glad we found a way to stay connected during quarantine, I can’t help but feel a bit like I was robbed of the first Passover experience I should have had. For many, the video calls help them feel more connected, but for me, it only emphasises our separation. So, my experience is a conflicted one. Taking part in the community cements my sense of belonging, and the feeling that I am meant to be a Jew, but being confined to remote contact often compounds my feeling of isolation rather than assuages it.

I can only imagine how much greater such a feeling must be for those who have been bereaved during the lockdown. My Rabbi has comforted grieving families remotely, including conducting funerals where almost no-one may be present. We are unable to properly mourn the dead, as well as feeling like our own lives are on hold. So it goes on the list of ‘Things we’ll do when this is over’. It’s the only way some of us can keep functioning, by putting our pain aside for now, to focus on getting through it, with the resolution to deal with the pain in the future, when it feels safer. However, there are ways Jews (and trainee Jews like me) in isolation can take solace. One of them is the principle of pikuach nefesh (Hebrew for “saving a life”). It’s the principle in Jewish law that the preservation of human life overrides virtually any other religious rule. It means that, even if I have to stay in quarantine another three months, or even longer, in order to protect others from harm, then not only must it be done, but it is worth it. The other thing I do to cope may not initially seem related, but it is. I cultivate my island in the game ‘Animal Crossing: New Horizons’. Aside from it being a cute, low stress way to spend time, I built some of my faith into my island by naming it ‘Jerusalem’. At the end of the Passover Seder, it is custom to say “Next year, in Jerusalem.” It finishes the Seder’s journey from reflection on the suffering of the past and present to a wish for wholeness and freedom for all in the future. It is our way of saying that we hope for next year to be better. For justice to triumph over wrongdoing, peace over suffering, and joy over sorrow. So, tending to a virtual island called Jerusalem is my small way of keeping that hope in my mind through quarantine. so that perhaps it can become a reality.

- Ash Alexander (2nd June, 2020)



## Together

Along rural roads,  
at crowded city corners  
and from freshly painted fences,  
we are a poignant striving,  
a panegyric heartbeat of enduring.



## Your Fuckbuddy After Quarantine

Kristan X

You will pick up where you left off on a sunny day in summer, 48 hours after one-on-one contact becomes legal once more. He'll have changed. Gained a little weight, become pale, grown out his hair. He'll have to him a slightly wide-eyed look. When he speaks he'll struggle for words more often than he ever did before.

You'll go to your bedroom. There's traffic on the road outside. You can hear it. There's voices. At first you'll fuss around each other, avoiding the moment of touch. You'll make him a cup of tea. He'll remove his tie. Sit awkwardly on the edge of your bed.

When it does happen everything will feel like it did the first time. Unknown territory. He reacts to your touch, draws up into it, presses close to you. Before, when you saw each other once a week, you rarely kissed. This time you will kiss extensively, extravagantly, silently except for your breathing.

You will be able to smell him. A pleasant scent like whisky. You remember that scent from before, where you would catch it sometimes in the crook of his neck or an armpit or his chest. But it was never so strong. The only person you will have smelled for a hundred days is you.

He'll apologise the first time he puts his hands on you. He'll take them away. You'll both laugh. He'll put them back. One tingling, almost painful charge that travels from your breast, where his palm rests, all the way to the top of your head. You'll put your hands on him too, apologise too. He won't last long. It won't be as effortless and animal as it was before. Breathly, careful movements. A slow, tremulous fuck that lasts only a minute, but that's fine, because you will already have come the moment he put his dick in you.

You'd never normally cuddle. You would roll apart, recover, check phones. Small talk. But this time you will. This time you'll hold one another, and he'll apologise for it being so quick, he'll explain what doesn't need explaining. "I'm sorry," he'll say. "It's been a while."



Raoul Berlin

## Queer Isolation and COVID-19

Corn Stanley Roberts discusses how the queer community is coming together to cope with feelings of isolation during a lockdown.

*I don't feel real.*

It's a thought that would cross my mind every so often even before lockdown, but sitting around the house 24/7 I find it coming up several times a day. And from speaking to friends over the phone about this feeling, it seems it's not just me.

The importance of community for queer people has been understood for some time now; the seminal documentary *Paris Is Burning*, which explores the world of New York City's Ball culture in the 1980s, depicts how for the gay men, transgender women, and drag queens that attended those balls, that world was the only place they could feel 'real'. As Dorian Corey explains in the film;

"In real life you can't get a job as an executive unless you have the educational background and the opportunity. Now, the fact that you are not an executive is merely because of the social standing of life. Black people have a hard time getting anywhere and those that do are usually straight. In a ballroom you can be anything you want. You're not really an executive but you're looking like an executive. You're showing the straight world that I can be an executive if I had the opportunity because can look like one, and that is like a fulfilment." It's no wonder this film resonates with queer audiences now, thirty years after its release; many young queer people will recall the first times they went to a gay bar or to a drag show, and how that environment could feel so much more real than the world outside. *Stone Butch Blues*, Leslie Feinberg's groundbreaking novel on lesbian identity and queer community, also describes this feeling when the novel's narrator, Jess, first visits a gay bar:

"What I saw there released tears I'd held back for years: strong, burly women, wearing ties and suit coats. Their hair was slicked back in perfect DAs. They were the handsomest women I'd ever seen. Some of them were wrapped in slow motion dances with women in tight dresses and high heels who touched them tenderly. Just watching made me ache with need. This was everything I could have hoped for in life."

This too reflects exactly how I felt when I first started going out to gay bars. I grew up in rural Wiltshire with a small, close-knit group of queer friends. There wasn't much of a wider queer community nearby for us to socialise with, so most nights we would get drunk at each other's houses, play video games, and watch RuPaul's Drag Race together. We spent all year looking forward to Pride, when we'd be able to go into the city and actually be around other people like us.

When I turned 18 and moved to Brighton for university, I found I could be around people like me any night I wanted. I started going to gay bars, and suddenly I wasn't the most flamboyantly dressed person in the room by default. Suddenly, I was around people that liked cheesy Eurodance 'school disco classics' as much as I did. Drag was no longer just on my TV screen, pre-recorded from a studio in Los Angeles; it was two feet away from me, reading my awful DIY haircut to filth. When I came out as trans, gay bars were the only places I could go where people would consistently use my pronouns, and the first places I could experiment with my gender presentation without fear of ridicule. These spaces were

everything I had been waiting for as a lonely queer teen, and they quickly became my second home.

It's been a good few months now since I've been able to go out to a queer party. The last time I did go out, though I didn't know it at the time, ended up being the 'last normal thing' I did before the lockdown. With that community and sense of belonging gone all of a sudden, my mental health took a downturn. I had little reason to wear a binder around the house – they're uncomfortable, sweaty and restrictive – so I stopped having those moments where I'd catch a glimpse of my reflection in a shop window and see myself with a flat chest. My hair grew out – I'd seen enough of my friends' 'quarantine haircuts' to put me off having a go at it myself. I found myself no longer surrounded by people that fuelled my feelings of gender-affirmation, and I went through a short phase where I even started to question my gender identity. I stopped feeling real.

There are a few things I do now to try and feel more grounded. Leaving the house (safely and responsibly, with a mask on, socially distancing from others) is one. Taking the time to put on my binder, wear something that gives me gender euphoria, and go out into the world makes me feel a lot more steady and a lot more sure in myself – and I'm aware that it's a privileged to be healthy enough to do this. Listening to queer artists and reading queer books helps me to feel connected to my community when I can't see them in person. And as we always do in a time of crisis, the queer community has come together to support each other through this weird time; almost every weekend now I find myself tuning in to a digital drag show. Seeing local performers, albeit through a screen, eases the agitation of waiting for our world to open up again.

Quarantine seems to make the days merge into one another and it's easy let things like keeping in touch with friends slide. Seeing someone over Zoom is by no means the same as spending time together in real life, but it does take the edge off. The UK Government has recently announced that it's alright to meet up outdoors in small groups, and I have already spent a couple of afternoons in parks talking to friends - two meters apart, of course. The isolation is easing, and I'm still scratching at the walls waiting to be able to go to bars again.

I miss my friends. I miss the drag scene. I miss getting dressed up to go out.

I miss the warm feeling of hearing someone use my pronouns without hesitating.

I don't know what the long-term effects of this lockdown are going to be – not just for me, but for my friends, my community.

What I do know is that our community is strong, and we'll help each other through this.

I'm more sure of my queerness than ever before. I'm starting to feel real.

**Corn Stanley Roberts**







Georgia Hunt





Mary Kramer

## Cerulean Gold Rush

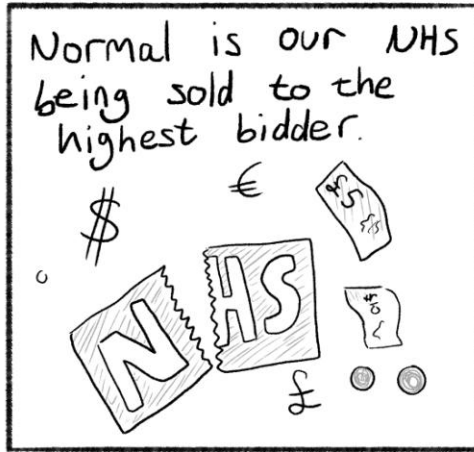
Developing shades of Rubiks hues rearrange me daily  
 I'm just grateful that, I've got Hand sanitiser  
 bubblegum flavoured  
 If I taste it will my words be cleaner?  
 Will the contactless swipes of open mouthed smiles place me in danger.  
 Will dirty scoundrels panic by me in the Tesco queue?  
 These the bubbles upon which I chew.  
 I breathe  
 I smell blue  
 Fresh as skies without planes and cars.  
 The only see side I know now a face on a screen from a far.  
 I smell blue.  
 Sinking sorrows over solemn stories from six degrees of separation.  
 Sweetness soured by selfish sods.  
 I chew on what remains and gums our times.  
 I smell the chance to truly sanitise.



Adrian McKenzie



Amalija Vitezović



© Piper Strange art

## Margaret Are You Grieving

I have painted my nails four times  
since the lockdown started  
I painted them  
silver  
matte black  
five different colours, one for each nail  
(purple, blue, teal, green and yellow)  
and orange  
A bright orange like fire,  
like heat  
between your legs

Margaret is at the store buying bread  
She tried to ask the shop  
attendant where the soy milk is  
even though she doesn't drink  
soy milk she just needed someone  
to look at her  
she feels  
invisible  
touch starved

She feels  
like dirt  
falling through cracks  
almost every day of her life  
her skin like crepe paper  
her mind still razor  
sharp  
she is  
on edge  
at the store

asking for something she doesn't need  
for a simple human  
connection

**Ragna Amling**



But the man jumps back  
making sure to keep a distance  
of two metres  
(or more)  
between them  
He explains  
where to find the soy  
milk with a vague gesture  
behind him but she can't  
hear what he is saying she is  
nodding, blood  
rushing in her ears  
tears  
stinging in her eyes  
she turns away  
pretends to be okay  
with his nonhelp  
making her way to the checkout

she has always been low-  
maintenance  
she can't imagine painting  
her nails five different colours  
like the girl scanning her bread and her  
can of peas

Back home  
(alone)  
She looks at the  
phone  
It hasn't rung since last week  
a telemarketer  
they are still working  
during the pandemic

The supermarket is open  
for another hour  
Maybe next week  
I will paint  
my nails  
blue.

Margaret is staring at the phone,  
waiting.

## Sleeping Softly

Once upon a time in a tiny town called Hertford there lived a wonderous building  
called a theatre who welcomed everyone from near and far with wide open arms;  
but one day a very wicked virus came to visit!

Fortunately the big decision makers in London quickly realized that the wonderous  
building must stay safe and never let the wicked virus enter so they magically put it  
into a deep sleep - just like Sleeping Beauty in the famous fairytale and that is the  
way it must stay dreaming softly in the shadows of the ancient castle park.

But just like every good take this is not the end because way up high between the  
clouds in a gigantic glass building many warrior scientists are waging an epic battle  
against the wicked virus and one day in the not too distant future they will win!

They will win and the evil virus will disappear back where it came from and our  
wonderous theatre will yawn and stretch and welcome every one of us back in with  
wide open arms.X

Stay Safe :-)

**Tricia Waller**



**Jim Tran**



## When kissing you became illegal

I flung envy grenades at all couples  
(however unhappy) under one roof.

Cursing my distance from you  
that I need to haunt these walls,  
drift to gather tins  
and graze grass with just  
my shadow.

We only apparate on screens  
stutter and pixelate longing-  
router bulbs flickering lighthouses  
as a nation strains its soul  
through windows too small  
for the amount of light we need  
to grow in.

My skin had just learnt  
what warmth meant  
and now I need to cool  
un-caressed for weeks.

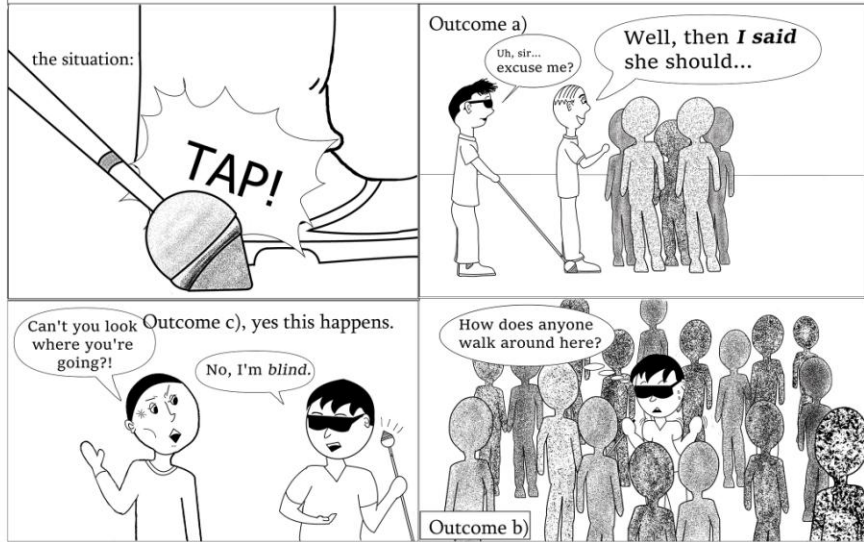
Must whisper the ripples  
of your touches  
back into cells  
that are dimming  
and hunkering down  
for winter.

 **Laila Sumpton**



 **Raoul Berlin**

# How COVID19 effected a Blind Person. (2020) boringgirl



## During lockdown-isolation...



## Craig Henderson

Thank ffff... [insert preferred deity or expletive here] that the film is already shot! Very little film and TV is getting shot at the moment, for obvious reasons, but mercifully my film is in the can. In fact it's already been taken out of the can, snipped up into thousands of pieces and rearranged into a story that makes sense. We're just doing the finishing touches of post-production now. And the unexpected thing I'm finding during lockdown is that it's all going very smoothly! In some ways smoother. There's less to do while in lockdown and fewer distractions. The post-production team is spread miles apart but the internet means that virtually everything we want to achieve is possible: Our composer sends us demos of the music to review and we have video conferences to discuss them. Our editor is working away by himself doing the final few visual effects. Likewise, our Sound Designer is mixing all of the audio. They recently discovered that some of the actors dialogue wasn't recorded perfectly, so we had to get them to do new lines to dub on. That wasn't a problem, even when the isolated actors didn't have proper recording equipment: "Don't worry Craig, the mics on phones are fine these days, just tell them to put a sock on it instead of one of those foam thingies"! Best of all are my meetings with my co-producer in virtual reality. It's hard to worry too much about lack of travel when you can hold a virtual meeting in a chalet in the mountains! I don't take any of this for granted. When I left university in 1997 the internet was still quite embryonic and wasn't really of any importance in our lives yet. If Covid-19 had arrived then, what a different experience this would have been! But as things stand just now, although the pandemic, represents a huge human tragedy, it also represents a time to be creative, reflect upon our lives, and reassess how we want to live. (whisper it quietly: it's not all bad!!)



## Because I'm Four

I don't understand why I can't hold your hand  
Pass a toy to my friend  
Play catch standing at each end of the playground  
We thought you liked it when we share

I don't understand why we can't play with the sand  
Where all the teddies have gone  
Why there are no cushions to sit on in this classroom  
Our school feels empty and cold

I don't understand how we all have to stand  
At the gate in a line  
Come in one at a time when you call us  
And what is that blue thing on your face?  
Where is your smile?

I don't understand why all the grown ups look worried  
Why you don't laugh as much  
Why we are told again and again we absolutely must  
Be "2 metres apart"  
What is a metre?  
What is it part of?  
If there are 2 of them why does it still sound like they need a friend?

In the end  
I'd like all my friends here  
I'd like my own classroom  
With my own teacher  
With their hand on my shoulder if I feel sad  
With our assemblies packed full of singing  
And be able to bring my own bag to school

But  
This is the way it is now  
We are learning how  
Some things are different  
And some things are the same  
We have to play new games  
We still talk about our feelings lots  
But have special plastic wallets instead of pencil pots

One thing is for sure  
I am getting really good at washing my hands

  
**Nell Gilbert**

  
Concept Art  
for Crooked Frames  
by Chloe Henderson





## Recipe: Lockdown Surprise

Cost: considerable

Preparation time: 3 months initially (buying ingredients and equipment), then just try it and see.

Ingredients:

- 400 toilet rolls
- Shiny new bread maker
- 50 lbs bread flour (various types)
- Hundreds of weevils (to be found in split bags of unused flour)
- Other stuff you have hoarded unnecessarily

**Sean McSweeney**

Method:

1. Turn the bread maker on for the first time and start to read the instructions.
2. Abandon the instructions as too complicated.
3. Chuck in some flour (weevils will be included, no need to separate), water, salt and any other food items you have hoarded and not needed to use.
4. Press start.
5. Stand back.
6. Once the machine appears to do something, leave the kitchen.
7. Spend a few hours writing twitter posts criticising scientists and experts.
8. Return to kitchen, turn off bread maker and throw the results of the exercise in the bin. Use some of the toilet rolls to clean up the mess.
9. Repeat until all ingredients are used up.

Final tips:

- Stay optimistic.
- Good luck.



You can't die  
You must study

**Raoul Berlin**



Thank you so much to our fantastic contributors! We could not believe the amazing response we had to our very first call for submissions, and we are so in love with everyone who submitted! Thank you for making Coin-Operated Press' first collaborative zine a huge success!!



**Ragna Amling**  
Glasgow, Scotland

Contact  
Instagram: @cinnagram

Ragna Amling is an Arts Worker from Germany who is trying to be more private on social media but you can follow her cat Cinnamon on Instagram @cinnagram



**Boringgirl**  
Melbourne, Australia

Contact  
twitter.com/boringgirl  
twitch.tv/boringgirl  
instagram.com/that\_boringgirl

I live in Melbourne (Australia) and I'm a carer for my partner who is blind. I've always wanted to bring attention to the issues and discrimination my partner has faced as a blind person, and since the pandemic (and having enough money to get a decent drawing tablet, thanks government stimulus), I'm starting to do just that through learning how to draw and eventually making my own comic zines. I also livestream my digital art practice on twitch (at least once a week).



**Georgia Hunt**  
Letchworth Garden City  
Hertfordshire

Contact  
georgia-hunt@hotmail.co.uk  
Instagram: @weirdtattoomonster

Most of the time I'm tattooing my art onto skin, but you can occasionally find me sucked into the world of digital art.



**Ash Alexander**  
Dundee, Scotland

Contact  
Twitter: @KnightOfCups

Ash is a queer Scottish actor and writer. My experience of being a prospective Jewish convert in quarantine, sharing the particular challenges of studying and practising the Jewish faith and culture in unprecedented circumstances, and how I and my Jewish community have adapted and coped.



**Adrian McKenzie**  
Stoke-on-Trent, UK

Contact  
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Adrian McKenzie is a spoken word artist from Stoke-on-Trent.



**Mary Kramer**  
Florida, USA

Contact  
kramerartservices@gmail.com  
Instagram: @kramer\_cartoons

A native New Yorker and current Miamian, Mary best expresses herself through cartooning (and screaming into a pillow).



**Raoul Berlin**  
Berlin, Germany

Contact  
raoulberlin.wordpress.com

Non-binary & neurodiverse artist, photographer, musician, 44 years old.



**Lewis Cooper**  
Buckinghamshire, UK

Contact  
lewicoop@googlemail.com

34. Husband of one. Father of three. Sometimes poet. Always stressed.



**Jim Tran**  
Montreal, Canada

Contact  
Instagram: @jimtran.official

Jim Tran is a Canadian artist of Vietnamese origin, based in Montreal and his interests are the Asian identity and the Asian culture, in which he generally integrates them into his works.



**Angel Rosen**  
Pennsylvania, USA

Contact  
Twitter.com/Axiopoeticus  
Parapoeticus.wordpress.com

A poet, dog person and heavy sleeper.



**Corn Stanley Roberts**  
Brighton, UK

Corn Stanley Roberts is an English Literature graduate who writes about trans identity and mental health.

My essay explores the effect of social distancing and isolation on myself and the wider queer community.



**Maria Ku (grrrenadine)**  
Moscow, Russia

Contact  
grrrenadine.tumblr.com

Maria Ku is a Russian illustrator and graphic designer with a passion for pop culture and visual metaphors.



**Tricia Waller**  
Hertfordshire, England

She has always loved stories listening to storytellers and writing her own.

Her fairytale is a part of the #HugHertfordTheatre campaign and a way of explaining to children why their 'special place' is closed and they cannot go in.



**Piper Strange Art**  
UK

Contact  
Instagram: @piperstrangeart  
Twitter: @piperstrangeart  
Facebook: @piperstrangeart  
Youtube: @piperstrangeart

Piper Strange is a comic artist and illustrator, creating stories with powerful messages and themes.



**Oz Hardwick**  
York, UK

Contact  
www.ozhardwick.co.uk

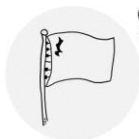
Oz Hardwick is a European prose poet, photographer, and dabbler in a multitude of artforms, whose chapbook Learning to Have Lost (Canberra: IPSI/Recent Work, 2018) won the 2019 Rubery International Book Award for a poetry collection.



**Nell Gilbert**  
UK

Contact  
nellgilbertpoetry@hotmail.com

Teacher, woodland explorer and lover of music to light fires to.



**Connor Orrico**  
Buffalo, New York, USA

Contact  
Twitter: @connororrico

Connor is a student interested in global health, mental health, and the stories of person and place from which we make meaning.



**Laila Sumpton**  
London, UK

Contact  
@lailanadia  
laila.sumpton

Laila Sumpton is a freelance poet, writer and facilitator exploring new ways for us all to tell our stories.



**Sue**  
Italy

Contact  
Instagram: @sue\_artsnstuff  
TikTok: @sue\_artsnstuff

I'm just a self-taught Italian manga artist who has a passion also for illustration and Japan Street fashion and who hopes, one day to cheer up people with her stories and artworks.



**Mehwish Abid**  
Lahore, Pakistan

Contact  
Studio of Architecture  
Research, and Design (SARD)  
186-C Block AWT phase II  
near Adda plot  
Lahore  
Pakistan  
An architect and an academic. Currently teaching at Institute for Art & Culture and have a research and architecture studio SARD (studio of Architecture, research, and design). My work dwells in the complexity of architectural history intertwined with the socio-political and conflicted past of Pakistan. Main areas of research: Decolonization of modernity, conflict, and cultural borders.



**Erica W. Rosa**  
Maryland, USA

Contact  
Instagram: @ravenhitesphoto

Social worker by day, Rocky Horror shadowcaster by night, travel and music give me life.



**Cherie Bruce (Squidlykitten Art)**  
Kansas, USA

Contact  
cheriebruceart@gmail.com  
www.squidlykitten.com

A Kansas-based digital artist who enjoys cats, squids, and antique book illustrations.



**Craig Henderson**  
Edinburgh, Scotland

Contact  
Facebook: @crookedframes  
http://www.thiefofrisco.com/

Film producer and director.



**Kristan X**  
Edinburgh, Scotland

Contact  
www.lascivity.co.uk

Kristan X is writer, nerd, and the (somewhat twisted) mind behind the professionally-filthy sex blog Lascivity.



**Sean McSweeney**  
Ely, England

Contact  
http://www.cutalongstory.com/authors/sean-mcsweeney/1129.html

Short stories, flash fiction, 1-act plays.



**Amalija Vitezović**  
Belgrade, Serbia

Contact  
amalija.vitezovic@gmail.com

Jack-of-all-book trades: translator, proofreader, graphic designer, librarian.



**Arun Jeetoo**  
London, UK

Contact  
Instagram: @Gzpoetry  
Twitter: @Gzpoetry

British Asian poet Arun Jeetoo wants his readers to reflect on what it means to be human in the 21st century.



**Andrea Lesikar**

Contact  
Instagram: whimsyrabbitlc  
Twitter: whimsyrabbitlc  
Website: whimsyrabbit.com

Andrea Lesikar AKA Whimsy Rabbit is an artist and pattern designer working on her first full length graphic novel about two wannabe divas trying to make it in New York.

# What is happening at

A note from Chloe...

This month has been a whirlwind adventure! The launch of Coin-Operated Press has been fantastic, and we are so excited by all of your responses to our little zine thing so far. I want to thank everyone who has shown us love this past month, and I am so humbled by your outstanding support. This enterprise was born out of Lockdown, and even though we are separated by the distance of different cities, together we are a stronger creative team... even if we are currently having to manage everything through the dreaded Skype!!

I want to take a moment to thank my wonderful partner, Stuart, for being gloriously encouraging as I constantly mutter strange zine ramblings at him and he manages to make sense of them and help us out! Love you, Moo x WE DID THE THING!! Onwards and upwards my wonderful zine friends...



**Coin-Operated Press: Established 20th May 2020**  
We launched! Coin-Operated Press is officially a thing! Thank you all so much for your support so far, and we cannot wait to take you on this zine adventure with us!

Happy Launch Party Day!!! Cheers!



Activity Pack  
Issue 001

We launched the **Coin-Operated Shop** with our first **Activity Pack!** Combat the COVID Blues with our first ever Activity Pack! Issue 001 is a 10-page activity pack for everyone to enjoy! Inside this special launch edition you will find an introduction to everything Coin-Operated Press, including: hand-illustrated colouring pages, fun puzzles, and lots of resources to help get you started with zine-making.



Merch sneak peek!!!  
Coming soon...  
Stay tuned...



# Coin-Operated Press?

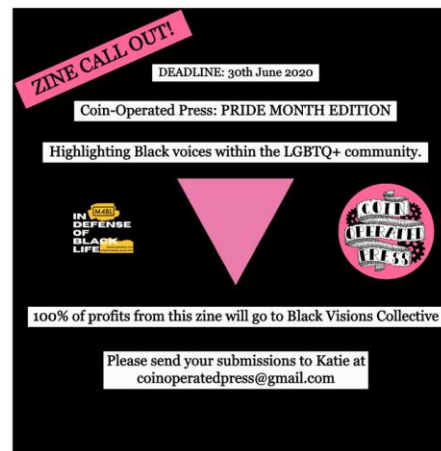
A note from Katie...

We launched our YouTube this month! Katie got to grips with digital filmmaking, and learned on the job to create her A Brief History of Zines video, and Chloe dove into the depths of the sea to bring you a mermaid inspired zine-making session in her tutorial video How To Make A Mini-Zine. Watch them on our YouTube channel now!



Thank you so much to everybody who has supported Coin-Operated Press so far! We started this company in earnest in the middle of lock-down, from our homes in two separate cities, unsure of whether people would even care. It has been really wonderful seeing all the little hearts illuminating on my phone screen!

I don't think we would have finally taken the plunge with Coin-Operated Press, if it wasn't for the support of our partners. I want to take this opportunity to thank my fiancée, Aeryn - for all the tea and love that fuels my days <3



Quaranzine is our first ever collaborative zine! We want to say a special thank you to everybody who submitted work to us, we were completely blown away by your reaction to our call-out! Applications are now open for Coin-Operated Press's LGBT BLACK LIVES MATTER Zine! We are a white-owned and operated company. We are here to listen and hold space for Black voices. We need to speak out while not silencing black voices. This month's theme is for our Black LGBTQ+ community. 100% OF THE PROFITS GENERATED FROM THIS ZINE WILL GO TO BLACK VISIONS COLLECTIVE. As we want to hold space for minority voices, this call out is for Black LGBTQ+ folks only - please do not submit if you fall outside of this community. The deadline is midnight BST on Tuesday 30th June 2020. Please send submissions to [coinoperatedpress@gmail.com](mailto:coinoperatedpress@gmail.com)

