

...fest, ...  
...verschwindend. Sch  
Fels spalt hinein leicht und  
13.02.72  
was dich er  
den Felsen Ziege  
zur Velt  
nach max  
hieser ach  
nt-zu se  
auch u.  
weltliche Werte an die Natur  
en, was  
e sind  
alte Pläne in langen  
der weltverändernden Pläne. Ich dachte beim Andre  
Glatz  
VERGESSE die Geschichten der Länder nicht. DICH  
geprüft, mich aber NIT in der Maße. Menschen unter  
Wird  
lich mehr, mehr Freund. JETZT sind wir beisammen. DEMO  
FAHRER BLEIBEN zu Hause im vorgehen. BITTE menschlich  
berechtigt, einen Stimme kann SCHIEßEN.  
EINGE mit der Fußspitze fiede  
Pansion in  
REVOLUTION und die Zeit vergeht, GEHT  
liar  
die zerbrochene Baccardi flasche 2009

Alles, der GEHT an REVOLUTION. Zule 143  
ENGANG. RHE SCHIEßEN, von BILIE auch, Fehrmörder, sehr bewußter  
JETZT es pokert am BALL-ACH, weiß NIT für DICH alle VERGESSE

Rock! GROSS ist MAX, wie RESERVIER

Zeiten ist  
Gleiche-

ein

the  
spaces  
inbetween

FRISCHTEXTLABOR

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**INTRODUCTION**

Emma Hulme (Writing on the Wall)  
Judith Steinig-Lange (Sommerblut Kulturfestival e.V.)

**LEAD WRITERS PAGE**

Lothar Kittstein And Roy (PJ Smith)

**WAYNE GOLDSTEIN**

My Hometown Liverpool

**JACK PRINCE**

“Oh BIRKENHEAD...”

**MATT OWEN**

To Skem, From Skem

**DAVE PICKERING**

Barnbrugh Tales

**MARK JOHNSON**

Breck Road

**JAMIE MAXFIELD**

Smoothing Myself

**MARK DEVINE**

Where Have All The People Gone?

**ALEXANDER LUDEMANN**

Hadley

**JANNIK WINZENBORG**

There Is A Place

**LOTHAR KITTSTEIN**

King Deal Is Evil

**JAMES BETTS**

Where I Am From

**KAI RALPH**

Nothing Interesting Ever Happens At This Station

**JAMIE MAXFIELD**

Inside The Bag

**LIAM NEWBAND**

Un-Thanked Misery

**JAMES WHITLAM**

Rattled

**ANT CAMPBELL**

Linda

**MATT OWEN**

At Home

**WAYNE GOLDSTEIN**

Lost All Hope

**TOMMY BURNS**

Ironed Out

**PETRA HEYDEN**

Living Healthy

**COLLECTIVE**

My Buddy Roy

**PETRA HEYDEN**

The Leaf Is Still White

**LOTHAR KITTSTEIN**

Driveless

**KLEMENS WIESNER**

Waiting For Red

**JAMES WHITLAM**

Tindernet

**JACK PRINCE**

The 12th

**JAMES BETTS**

My Best Friend

**LOTHAR KITTSTEIN**

In The Tram

**MARYAM AMIRI**

That Is You

**DAMIEN JOHN KELLY**

It’s

**QUOTATIONS**

**EPILOGUE**

*To recover is to regain something lost.*

Recovery is a journey, one we all take at some point in our lives. No longer our past selves but not quite our future ones. Neither here nor there, recovery is an emotional and physical voyage back to a newer version of ourselves.

And are we not all recovering from something? Illness, loss, addiction, injury, trauma, a broken heart? A pandemic? Never a straight line, the journey to recovery forces us to inhabit new places, inbetween spaces, some times exciting and warm, at others uncomfortable and lonely.

Liverpool’s Writing on the Wall (WoW) and Cologne-based festival Sommerblut have partnered to explore addiction, recovery and all the spaces inbetween. In a post Brexit Europe, we’ve been using creative writing as a tool to create and connect, building new bridges between two cities in a world that aims to separate.

Damien John Kelly House, a service for men in recovery in Liverpool, know that connection is key to recovery too. Sharing our stories and experiences humanises us all, allowing our similarities to be valued and our differences celebrated.

The road to recovery is not simple. It’s not necessarily about where we end up or how ‘successful’ we are. But instead about all those little spaces, places and people we find ourselves with along the way. Maybe recovery is to regain something lost, and to find something new. The following zine, and our public installation, asks you to come, sit and be inbetween with us.

Thank you to all of our writers and participants who took part in this project, the world turns for you.

We hope you enjoy!

Emma Hulme & Judith Steinig-Lange  
Writing on the Wall & Sommerblut Kulturfestival e.V.

Lothar Kittstein has been leading writing workshops for many years, especially as part of the “I am worth” series in Bonn and most recently at the Forum Billebrinkhöhe in Essen. Kittstein studied German, history and philosophy in Bonn. After completing his PhD in modern history, he worked for three years as a headhunter in a small management consultancy, then for two years as a dramaturg at Schauspiel Köln. As a freelance playwright since 2005, he works for various theatres and independent theatre groups in German-speaking countries. For Sommerblut Kulturfestival he led 2022 weekly writing workshops at Bürgerhaus Stollwerck for our writers.

Roy (PJ Smith) was born in North Liverpool. His deft, articulate and startlingly observed stories veer from the comic to the calamitous in a breath, cutting to the quick of the broad swathe of people and personalities that comprise his native city. His first publication, Algorithm Party, came out on Rough Trade Editions in 2020. Roy performs live and is resident at Liverpool’s La Violette Società. He has appeared on BBC Radio 6 Music, Soho Radio and lends a vocal narrative to the title track of Paul Heaton’s “Manchester Calling” album. In 2021 he toured as the support act for Paul Heaton and Jacqui Abbott. He is currently preparing to appear at a number of festivals over the summer of 2022.

**PLACES**

**&**

**SPACES**

When I think of Liverpool I think of strength, courage, unity, and creativity. I see this in its landscape, buildings, its people.

It has its own, very unique character. This draws people from all over the world. People come here for visits and stay. People come for education and other reasons and end up living here.

*Whenever I leave Liverpool, there is no better feeling than stepping off the train at Lime Street when you return.*

Liverpool has a very loud voice. In the past we have had to stand alone and fight for what we believe to be fair, i.e., Hillsborough. One thing is for sure though. Once you are part of this great city, you will never walk alone.

*In this picture I have tried to share my view and love of Liverpool.*

*Oh Birkenhead, is wonderful  
Oh Birkenhead is, don’t let it rhyme....*

*This park is based on Central Park,  
the one in the N.Y.C.  
These are the streets I grew up on,  
haven’t I donee well?  
Gautby Road & Corpy Road*

*End to end, yet streets apart  
There’s making money & there’s making ends  
meet*

*Oh Birkenhead, is wonderful....*

*Famous shipyards and places to dock ya boat  
The Cavendish The Bidston & the windmill, too Wool,  
ya a wool, what colour is ya bin?  
It’s green, there’s a Cheshire postcode  
& the view’s better Riverside*

*Oh Birkenhead is wonderful....*

*The Super White Army  
The first tramway in Britain*

*Oh Birkenhead is wonderful...*

*Ferry across the Mersey  
I know who’s side I’m on Twinned with a town in Lazio*

*I know where I’d rather be...  
Oh Birkenhead is wonderful....*



MATT OWEN

To Skem, From Skem

These may come across as a confession  
or the raving of a man  
Which are you? Are you living the dream?  
I'm not working class,  
but I'm still skint  
I'm not from the country but the middle of fucking nowhere  
I've not had many girls, but I'm still a slag.  
Would you be interested in some sexual positions  
and emotional investments?  
Sell yourself to the highest bidder  
Get rich or get high trying  
Can't find what you're looking for  
Maybe you had it the whole time.  
Google the answers to life  
Your search did not find any results  
"Did you mean..."  
Did I fuck!  
Stuck sixties in the architecture, Robbed of ambition  
People live  
work and die here  
blindsided by the dreams of the city.  
Work more  
earn more  
Hard work is happy work  
"How is your work search going?"  
The mantra of postmodernism.  
Count your chickens  
then your teeth  
My grid and my poultry are both found wanting  
I'm just trying to find the balance  
So I blame it on my equilibrium.  
Practice your lines  
Before they hit the back of your skull  
Spark one up, you've earned it  
Any numbers?  
Haze, der.  
What the fuck did you say?  
Don't get any ideas  
above your station  
Don't get any ideas of grandeur  
Don't get ideas.  
Raised Catholic, raise a glass  
From razor blades to blades of glass  
They love the taste of blood  
I dunno what that means but I know I mean it.  
These people do a lot of simple shit to impress us  
Weekend performs  
Weekend gangster  
weekend rock stars  
Weekend friends.  
Weekend parents  
Weekend children  
weekend upstanding citizens Weekend people,  
four on four off.

DAVE PICKERING

Barnbrugh Tales

Barnbrugh,

a countryside village where everyone has a gun dog like a black lab.

Barnbrugh

is a historic village seven miles from Doncaster, Rotherham and Barnsley.

Barnbrugh

it's literally like Emmerdale but without the woolpack.  
Like heartbeat without a police station or a petrol station,  
the nearest is three miles away.

Barnbrugh

is about a two-mile radius, home to two-thousand people, that all think they've  
got money when most got everything on tic.

Barnbrugh

is full of fields and cracking views.

Barnbrugh

has a neighbouring village called Harlington but there tynded together.

Barnbrugh

is an old place where they hid a roman catholic priest,  
a home of a dove coat and St Peter's Church with a cat and man story.

Barnbrugh

St Peter's Church was built around 1330 but,  
strangely, is not the oldest in the village.  
The oldest is Barnbrugh Hall that was home of John Creascare in 1281,  
the Lord of the Manor.

Barnbrugh

it's believed that knight Sir Percival Creascare was attacked and mauled to death  
by a big cat as he travelled home from a neighbouring village.  
He made it to the church porch thinking he would be safe,  
but the cat had been too much and the blood stain on the wall proves this.

Barnbrugh

is a shitty place full of toffee noses and grasses,  
but I'm proud to be from there.  
It's where I grew up playing footie,  
it's my home after all and home is where the heart is.

Breck road,  
a place I call home  
but not many people would go there alone.

Lads outside Bettys  
selling drugs with machetes

Pannies chippy and Stevie Tomos shop,  
he sells anything you need and cut outs of Klopp.

Farmfoods, Iceland and a butchers aswell,  
there's a few moody boozers like the Lutine bell.

Galatasaray say welcome to hell,  
they've clearly never been inside the Brunel.

I'd walk up and down there a paranoid wreck,  
it's not the Gaza Strip,  
but it's as close as you'll get.

A library,  
the Asda and the water tower,  
there's loads of bookies  
but there's not a Paddy Power.

Plenty more stories I could tell you here, like when I got  
filled in outside the Windermere.

It's not very tidy and it's not very clean, but it's all I've  
ever known, do you know what I mean!

*Medical faces crowded the room.  
Business smart brothers,  
side by side.  
He sat, and outwardly he was quite still.*

*Inside, the creature cogs were whirling,  
grinding away all sense of ease,  
leaving a fine panic powder that coated all his meaty  
pipes.*

*From the sans smile faces murmured half words of  
unidentifiable intent.*

*Ill, sick, over.  
His flesh began to leak,  
eyes began to swell, heart  
rapidly reaching a state a full rebellion.  
He lit a cigarette and was asked to leave.*



Walking along Vauxhall Road, taking in the smells, the  
people changing shifts at the Tate ‘n’ Lyle refinery,  
young lads loitering about,  
it’s an image that always comes back to me.  
The tenements either side of Burlington Street,  
Portland Gardens on your left and Burly on the right.

Everyone saying hello. Just thinking how up to a thousand families combined in  
such a confined space, I always wonder how it was.

Back to the present, the refinery has long gone, the tenements too.  
But I still reminisce about the old days.  
No mobile phones, no social media. How people communicated by mouth.  
Fifty years on it feels more desperate now than ever.  
Zero hours contracts, foodbanks.  
Where is the improvement,

I ask, where have all the people gone?

Hadley, I see you. I see from above your peak, your foothills  
and the grey-brown landscape. Magnification allows me to see  
what should be naturally hidden from us. But the lenses seem  
to open the gateway to your dusty, rocky world for me. You  
are so distant, seemingly unreachable, and yet Irwin and Scott  
were there, standing at your foot, Mount Hadley. You are a  
thing. You are an object of stone. And yet you are something  
else: you are a place. You are marked on maps, you can be  
there. I look at the map, squint one eye and look at you again.  
This beautiful place, I see it from above. We are two worlds,  
earth and moon, making our orbits together. Space is vast and  
empty, but we two worlds hold on to each other, not letting go  
of each other so as not to get lost in the great nothingness.

Hadley, you ancient mountain at the end of a mountain range  
are on one world, while I, as a human being, sit on the other  
world and look at you through my telescope. Far to the north  
you stand, and so do I, but on the other side. I am on earth, you  
are on the moon. Your history goes back to the dawn of time,  
you are perhaps older than life itself. The question of what the  
moon is is as old as humanity. At that time, no one knew any-  
thing about you, you were too small, our eyes too weak.

Your existence has only been known for a few centuries, since  
the time of the first telescopes. Apollo 15 was the only visit  
you ever had. A mountain, big and high, that’s what you are.  
Tonight, you are my target. I see you. I see your shadow, I see  
the craters near you and the long groove in the ground. You  
seem so close in the telescope, as if I could touch you, stand on  
your peak, or run my hand through the dust on your surface.  
It is not our first rendezvous, some nights sleep had given way  
to the hunt for the perfect for the perfect image.

Tonight I get you. So familiar is your environment to me, you  
almost feel as if you’ve been there. But no, you are untouchable  
for me. It’s 2:00 in the morning, the sky is cloudless, the air is  
freezing and I’m ready. The telescope is pointed directly at you.  
Tonight I will make you tangible, the sight of you and the area  
around your runs I will capture in a photograph.

Capture you in a photograph, and show you to the people. Day and night, in clouds and  
in clear skies, they shall be able to see you, for this picture will bring you out of hiding.  
This picture will make visible and capture what is hidden. The moonlight enters the  
telescope. I look up at the crescent moon and see a question written in its craters,  
“What are you waiting for?”

There is a place to which  
I am drawn when nothing  
makes sense. My thoughts  
race without pause and make  
high waves in my head. I  
close my eyes and take a  
deep breath to arrive at my  
oasis. The sun giddily casts  
its warming light on the  
calmly shimmering lake and  
the lush green thicket, broken  
only by the drifting ducks.

I follow the clearing in a north-westerly direction because  
after there the mossy path leads with an easy,  
even elegant swing to the small rotten wooden footbridge.  
Here I stand and despair, without any hurry I let my eyes  
wander and feel a thought slowly ripening inside me.

King Deal for Germans is punishable by law.  
We ask for green. We ask for Jesus.  
We ask for God We ask for Germans, not evil. A strong piece of hungry, a strong piece of fighting.  
Grief is the evil one! We fight to return dishes fight for customer centre, we fight for Rhineland, we fight  
for God.

We are hungry for green hungry for fighting hungry for God.  
The grueffelo child is hungry?  
Gravy! The greengage child is hungry in the head.  
Hungry in the throat. King Deal is hungry.  
Hungry for the best indulgence.  
The best coffee pleasure.  
King Deal is watching you!  
Who saw the police flee?  
Who told the suspect not to feed the pigeons?  
The king is trembling.  
The king is trying to observe duty, the King tried to keep the place free, to grill a strong piece of Rhineland.  
The king asks: Do you want to go with us? Do you want to follow Jesus to the Customer Centre?  
Do you want to observe mouth-nose-covering? Do you want to fight?  
  
Come on, barbecue! We're hungry! We're too young for the chicken farm.  
We're too underpaid, too unseen, too overworked for the sausage shack.  
We struggle in sorrow for fries.  
Jesus says: King Deal is the evil one.

God is overworked. Sundae is evil. Chicken farm, evil. God is hungry.  
King Deal is evil. God is goin' out and danglin', is Young hordes for Germans, hungry, Young Hordes for  
Germans harm to health, is evil.

I am from my family,  
My bike and helmet,  
A football and a samba goal,  
My family is where I’m from.

I am from, ‘Brush your teeth!’  
And ‘See you in the morning.’  
From my family  
saying ‘I love you,’ and ‘See you later.’

I am from game night,  
birthday parties & Christmas,  
My Mum’s roast dinners and Dad’s rollies,  
My great Auntie’s bubble and squeak is where I’m from.

I am from non-league football,  
Playing Kirby on the street,  
10 o’clock curfew  
And dog walks is where I’m from.

How the fuck does he know my name?

Shit, has he been following me?

I drive through the quietest parts of town to avoid police  
but all I can hear is sirens.

How did I end up in this situation?

How did this guy end up in my car?

I just wanna pullover and drag this fucker out, but soon as I find the balls to stop, he dove out and ran away, darting for the nearest invisible spot. So I just fucked off quickly but now I’m left holding the bag, literally. Now with the nerves all over me wondering what could possibly be in this bag, I kept driving with this feeling of curiosity nibbling away at me. Fuck it. I went to throw the bag in the back seat to get it away from my curiosity but as I grabbed it, it moved. Fuck was that me or did the bag just move? Still driving, but now the feeling is suffocating me. That feeling that can only be described as **I NEED TO KNOW**. Needing to know what I’m swept up in with all sorts running through my head, thinking what could it be? As I glanced once more at the bag, a very strange but familiar substance oozed out of it. No no no! My heads gone. Panic stations arise quickly, my eyes start suddenly sharp shooting, looking for some where to stop immediately. Somewhere to drown myself and this car in order to take this feeling out of the equation once and for all. Stopping abruptly, not bothered anymore who sees, I just need to know what’s in this bag. With my head thinking only the worst, I go for it and as I start to peel back the bag my eyes are shocked and scarred for life at the scene. My stomach turns and my mouth waters instantly when someone walks past and bangs on the window trying to rip the door open.

You sick bastard is that a ...

**THE**

**ROAD**

**TO**

**RECOVERY**

Inside the bag is the sound of myself crying. This was my first time operating an automobile. I hadn't bathed in years, and the integrity of my skin was failing with the stimulation of my situation. Digits dilate with delight as I plunge, heart first, into the face of the machine, moaning my will into all apparent points of entry. I flail about like a war weary warrior. The crying from the bag grows childishly manic, delight stretches to a thin web of sticky delirium. Not even the bible tract stitchery that binds my ruined flesh can hold back the ruby phlegm desperate to run free. Slightly bewildered, the grey mists of doubt begin to form. With each passing blink, the machine drifts to life with a burning despair. Its laminated limbs lurch, a plastic handshake beckoning me into a raging battle I would surely lose. The way ahead feels daunting, but with the bag of teary tantrums at my side, I decide to trust the vehicle. Who is to say that bliss cannot be brutal? I've lost sight of my hands but send the order to squeeze on tight, and wherever they've found themselves, I feel them obey. In a cooling pool of cruor my body-self fades from this world.

The car swoons into an automatic bliss-state and together the three of us heartbeat a path through roads of retrogenesis to greet death at terminal two.

I fell for  
your profound intoxicating flavour  
Then tasted how you swamped oneself misery  
My engraver  
I fell for your  
profound intoxicating flavour  
The smelly sweet inference of learnt  
behaviour  
My un-thanked saviour  
I fell for  
your profound intoxicating flavour  
When tasted  
how you swamped oneself misery...

It stinks of shit in here,  
All the colours of the spectrum  
Four sheets to the fuckin' wind  
One smelling like a pickled hog's rectum  
It's dark in the room  
barely the light of a candle  
No grip on reality, barely a handle  
Red and black are the sink  
and the bathroom bin  
Clothed in regret,  
spray painted in sin  
Rotting soles sit in the window to dry  
Sounds of the breakfast chef laughing  
nearby  
The black silhouette of a man with no head  
Standing there mocking,  
at the end of the bed.  
Heavy are the bones,  
thoughts the weight of lead  
Not quite alive,  
but still not yet dead.

Linda tried not to cry. She couldn't laugh even if she wanted to. It's been a long time. The train station hasn't changed. What if he's different? She smokes. The voices over the Tannoy appear to absorb into the stone walls. The noise of a kid dragging a plastic suitcase over concrete seem to stab Linda in the head. It's all getting a bit much. A football mob roll through the barriers. They're all wearing the same dark coloured bubble jacket and singing the name of one of their players. A shoplifter legs it out of WHSmith. Linda needs the toilet, but she might miss him. It's a bad idea this. It is. Fuck it. Linda runs off. She doesn't like the look of the pub, so hurries past it and into a cafe. She's about to be ask for directions to the toilet when she sees him sitting there. It's him. It's him alright. 'Alright Linda girl? I thought I'd missed yer.'

Linda froze on the spot; she had been here before. 10th April 2015. She remembers the world was a calmer place then, it was a sunny day, but today was overcast, in more ways than one. She had grown a lot as a person since then, but just one sentence sent her back in time instantaneously. For a split second she contemplated turning and running back into the safety of the known. Tearing through the platform and jumping on the train back home like something out of a Hollywood movie. But all she could muster was 'Hey stranger.' She immediately cringed and thought to herself, Stranger? This man? The one that got away. The man who brought evil and good to her soul in equal measure.

'You look fantastic, remember when we first met over there?' he responded without missing a beat, pointing towards a bollard just outside of the station. Yes, she remembered. That sunny day. The bollard was still there, but it was new then. Now it was covered in stains, and it was chipped, slightly bent out of proportion and uneasy on the eye. Everything inside her was telling her to leave and go back home at this point. The emotions were taking over like an approaching train at a level crossing.

'I'm not ready for this. I'm not ready for you. We had our special moment in time but now it's gone.' Linda remembered that just by being in that old train station, Carlisle. The halfway point between heaven and hell in 2015, but heaven was nowhere to be seen now. The special moment in time HAD passed, but the glass was always half full with Linda, she wanted to find that magic of life again. Don't we all? She took a deep breath and sat down with him again. Was it old ground or a chance for something magical again without the same mistakes?

She wouldn't know unless she tried again.  
One last throw of the dice.  
It's the hope that kills you.



Chris squatted and pulled a few cans of cheap lager from under the sink. He returned to his station in the living room, monitoring the world through his curtains. He sat down and opened a can. They're going to be coming soon, they have to. He didn't know they were. As he drank the lager, a headache which had been building began to subside. What am I doing to myself? No, it's because of them, they cut you off from society just like the water.

This was an argument that regularly took place in Chris's head. There was never a winner. He had been living in such conditions for several months now. Once the constrictions of work released him, Chris found he had more time to drink and gesticulate about his misfortunes. I loved that job, why can't I go – You hated that job. It was that which made you drink in the first place. This happened when I lost my last job, why can't I hold – You keep being punished!

Our protagonist was sitting in the chair of his front room. He seemed to be looking out of the small window in front of him, the curtains drawn so only a sliver of light came through. In reality he had a thousand-yard stare and was observing the middle distance with intent. He was simply sitting and thinking. The room was in a hopeless state. Newspapers littered the ground for makeshift flooring, most were soaked, either with bodily fluids or whatever he had been drinking. I need a drink.

He stood up and fastened his dressing gown. Carefully avoiding objects strewn about by one of his rages, he went into the kitchen through a door behind where he had been sitting. The kitchen was in disarray. Pots were left on a gas hob that had been cut off weeks ago. The floor was bare tiles like you find under proper flooring. A few cupboard doors were hanging off or missing entirely. He shuffled to the sink and turned the tap, nothing. They've cut your water off now as well, Chris.

Chris finished his first can and tossed it onto the pile accumulating next to his seat. Opening another, he put his feet up on a plastic crate in front of him. He thought he could hear the scurrying of mice somewhere in the room. They are only here when I let my drinking get on – No! Someone has been feeding them in. But the place is disgusting. Because you can't afford my cleaner anymore. You can't afford much anymore.

Chris took his feet off the crate almost straight away, leant forward and downed his can. As he finished the second of that morning... that night... that hour, he began to feel more assured in his convictions. They're not gonna come, Chris. They promised and they're going to abandon you. Why does everyone leave me? What is wrong with me? I don't understand. It's not you, Chris, it's them. You, Chris, are a good guy, you're just having a hard time. Starting his third can of whatever period of time, Chris felt unwell.

Lost all hope I ended up hanging from a rope.  
Found in time my guardian angels cut the line.  
I ended up there because I could not cope.  
Lost all hope I ended up hanging from a rope.  
I had reached the bottom of my slope.  
Lost all hope I ended up hanging from a rope.  
Found in time my guardian angels cut the line.

AMEN!

I was sitting in my room enjoying my day off when I was a serving soldier in this great country’s armed forces. Suddenly the door opens, it’s the guard commander Kenny Mac, AKA the singing policeman.  
‘Bursy, Sergeant Major wants ye.’ Here we go again, I think whenever I heard them words. It normally cost me money in fines. But this time was different on halting one two as I stood to attention.  
He said, ‘you need to take an iron to Buke House.’ This was short for Buckingham Palace. ‘They forgot the iron this morning and they need it for the dismount tomorrow. Go and put ye suit on regimental tie get ye travel warrant and go straight away.’ So much for a day off. I was in Middlesex and now I’ve got to get to the middle of London and all for a shitty iron. I manage to get there without any mishaps. There were hundreds of tourists outside. I had to go to a policeman and tell him I had an iron for the guard room. I walked up to the policeman, everyone started staring at me. He said go and put it in the guard room and I felt like James Bond. No one gets in Buckingham Palace, but if they only knew what I was there for they would’ve laughed.

There I was on the way back, nice afternoon, cutting through the park when who do I bump in to minding his own business, having what looked to be a 3-skinner joint and the smell of it, I knew straight away it was rocky. You’ll never believe it because I couldn’t, Jon Pertwee, just sitting in a tweed jacket, brown pants and what looked to be polyvelts he’d got from the Pound Bakery. I couldn’t just walk past him so I asked him, ‘Sorry to bother you but did you used to be Worzel Gummidge?’ He took a big wiff of his joint, laughed and said, ‘yes.’ So I sat down next to him and said, ‘I’m Tommy by the way,’ laughin’ as I said it. He said, ‘well you know who I am don’t you, Jon.’ I laughed and said, ‘ye, but only knew him as Worzel Gummidge, I didn’t know his first name.’ He asked was I going home? I said yes and then told him, ‘still pissed off really.’ ‘Ye have just had to take an iron to Buckingham Palace for the lads.’  
He looked at me really funny and then took a big wiff of his joint. He must’ve been thinking he must’ve been on more than me! I had to explain it all to him, so he knew I wasn’t stoned. Next minute, Jon jumps up and says, ‘Come with me.’

We both walk through the park and down the train station stairs...

In a gallery on the square I was magically attracted by a huge painting! A sky in various shades of blue.

A sky in various shades of blue, from deep blue to light blue on the horizon.

A few seagulls sat on the sign “To take home” I smiled.

It was so peaceful to look at and it awakened the longing of peace in me.

A child called out in amazement. Look mummy, a photo from our holiday.

She winked at me, asked her child and what was forbidden on the beach?

After a moment’s thought, the little one said,

‘No feeding, Mummy. They can’t eat the bread.’

The mother fetched a bag with little things from the Easter candy and held it out to her daughter.

Have something, dear.

I also remembered a holiday in Spain where I fell asleep on a beach in the midday sun and got badly burnt.

Thank God, that was an exception.

To stay healthy you need knowledge and perseverance.

Doing good, activating others.

To create a piece of healthy life. and don’t forget, always thank, think, say, live, stay healthy and relaxed.

MY BUDDY ROY.  
HE HASN'T DIED YET.  
PATRICK, HE IS NO, HE IS.

SO MANY PEOPLE I KNOW,  
SO MANY PEOPLE.  
WATCH OUT, THIS GAME,  
YOU'RE GOING TO GO WATCH OUT.

I'LL EXPLAIN TO YOU HOW IT WORKS, YOU HAVE FIVE TRIES NOW.  
W A I T  
W A I T  
WAIT. ALREADY A SHIELD,  
DAT ARE PROTECTIVE BARRIERS WAIT NOW,  
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

WAIT NOW.  
NOW YOU HAVE 522.000 POINTS.

SUCK LIFE! BERLIN!  
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SAY,  
MY SISTER WAS ALSO IN BERLIN.  
DUDE.I WAS HERE.  
YESTERDAY.

WHO ARE YOU WAITING FOR?  
NOT ME.  
NOT ME.

IT'S COLD, THE EAST WIND, HERE IN THE SQUARE, COLD AS SHIT, IT  
BUT WE'RE IN COLOGNE, IT IS BEAUTIFUL!  
BLOWS AND BLOWS AND BLOWS. UGH!

THE LEAF IS STILL WHITE, BUT NOT FOR MUCH LONGER.  
BECAUSE SOMETHING NEEDS  
ATTENTION.

ANGER THAT I CAN'T CONTAIN, THAT I CAN'T LIVE OUT, BECAUSE I'VE  
BECOME AFRAID, LIKE WHEN IT'S ACTIVELY THERE, IN MY STOMACH  
AND IN MY BELLY THERE'S A LOT OF PRESSURE.

SOMETIMES I CRY SO MUCH THAT I ALMOST DROWN IN MY TEARS.  
LUCKILY I CAN SWIM. AS BAD AS IT FEELS AFTER THE STORM OF TEARS,  
THE ANGER HAS TRANSFORMED INTO GRATITUDE.

NOW THERE IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ME TO USE THE ANGER POSI-  
TIVELY, AS ENERGY FOR CREATIVE WORK.  
GIVING TIME AND SPACE TO ANGER ALLOWS ME TO SEE CLEARLY  
AGAIN AND MY PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED. MY FAITH IS THAT  
NO MATTER WHERE...

I WILL ARRIVE AT THE GOOD AND THAT I CAN LIVE MYSELF AND MY  
GREAT ASSETS  
AGAIN.

Driveless is the sloshing Rhine,  
your lack lustre,  
your watery stable,  
petrified courage.

When will something finally appear in the city again  
after all these dreary millennia  
that loudly proclaims:

*DREAM!*

That looks at you and says:  
let's do that again, which lets us experience that,  
which lets us do something together, which lets us act without  
constantly needing a fucking motivation coach,  
no matter whether your name is Tatjana or Egon Müller.  
No rip through the now, through the here.  
But giving us peace and joy.

**ALL**

**YOU NEED**

**IS LOVE?**

Red is love.  
Blue are the thieves. Horny are the urges. Painful are the blows.  
So, waiting for red.  
Wearily and heavily I come along. But what more do I want?  
Have reached my goal, with great sacrifice,  
and slightly soaked in the rain.  
White sky filled with snow, icy time already hurts.

Not easy  
to wrest something from her, let alone win it.  
The time of waiting for small steps,  
the golden mean is still being sought, but the help of third parties is necessary.  
Worries are problems, rising above head, nothing or little in the pot.  
Life is like time, it cannot be stopped, so on and on,  
one way or another, here or somewhere.

Deep black and clanging the nights,  
on the mountain are only the old powers.  
They bring sickness and death, persistently I wait for red.  
And already spring is here, colourful flowers, green bushes and trees,  
everything is new and alive, even in people new things are stirring.  
That's how you have to set things in motion, so set out for our latitudes.  
Freedom is power, and always with caution one is ready to approach someone,  
or someone is approaching, for both have waited for red.  
There is no need.

Quickly they are together, united, friendship and love is meant.  
For Red has come and love has won.  
The moment of the happy ending.  
We are in intimate embrace, surrounded by red flowers and red wine.  
Oh how wonderful, that's how it should be.

Pictures of tits and over pronounced cleavage  
How to make a decision there's not much leverage  
Please swipe left or please swipe right  
Only one bloody picture now that's a bit tight  
No time wasters, no ONS. What's that mean, I'll have to guess.  
Good sense of humour, no smokers please  
How is a guy to get a simple squeeze? How do I message?  
Got to sign up, £29 a month what the actual fuck?  
Find me on hump £140 for four hours.  
What happened to giving a simple bunch of flowers.  
Fake sparkles on pictures and added bunny ears  
Who you kidding love? It's not gonna hide the years.  
Desperation on screen, agendas unseen.  
I just wanna fumble do you know what I mean?  
Many wasted hours my right fingers spent, £29 a month get fuckin bent!



BUSHDOG SCAMPI  
NORTHERN SOUL NIGHTS  
THE EYES  
THE 12TH  
THE MOVEMENTS  
THE MANNERISMS  
THE SMILE  
THE COAST

SPARKLY SOCKS & SPARKLY WATERS TOO LAMBS & FLUFFY HOODIES

NATURAL BEAUTY  
INTERNAL & EXTERNAL  
THAT SMILE  
MARK HORTON & HORTON HOUSE  
VEGGIE CHILLI AND,  
CINNAMON SWIRLS,  
GREEN TEA & YORKSHIRE, TOO.  
CHAPTERS OF BOOKS, CHAPTERS OF US.  
THE BORO  
THE TOFFEES & VIVID DREAMS  
THE 12TH.  
A MOVIE IN REAL LIFE  
A MEAN CURRY  
NOOKS & BLANKETS  
TAP & ZUMBA.  
YOUR HANDS  
YOUR HIPS  
THE HUMOUR  
THAT LAUGH  
THAT SMILE  
THE 12TH.

You are not just my son

You are the glow on my face  
All the mistakes I've made cannot be undone

You are not just my son

You are my best friend and my only one  
You came into this world full of grace

You are not just my son  
You are the glow on my face

It is windy outside.  
I am wearing a green scarf.  
I am cold.

I pull the scarf tighter around my neck. The scarf pushes my mask up. The mask smells funny. I want to take the mask off, but I am not allowed to because I am sitting in the tram. The seat under me is cold. The seat has an ugly pattern of red, blue and white. The colours of the tricolour. The door opens, the wind comes into the tram from outside, like a big, angry, cold hand stroking all of our foreheads. Like a dead hand stroking the city. The hand of winter strokes over the city. Over my face. Next to me sits my little son. The wind also brushes his hair from his pale forehead. I put my hand around his shoulders.

He is wearing a blue windbreaker. He is so petite, his shoulders are so narrow. He leans against me. The fabric of his jacket is cold. He looks up at me and smiles. The doors close.  
The light is cold. The neon lights look down on us. My feet are cold. I have to buy new shoes.

The train is leaving.

Something that fills me through and through. Exactly that, which does not drill me by constraints, holds me back. From being. What lets me be me, not pressed into too tight jeans, because I stand there. On my two legs. I do not cry because of shitty cunning words and do not find myself in the end.

WHAT IS SACRED TO ME?

How am I supposed to answer that when I don’t know what’s sacred to you. When you’re so truly happy. When I see you excluded, left without a chance, unable to laugh from the heart for a long time. The things they do to you. Joke about you, make you bite your teeth on your lips before you move again, get off the floor and recover. Not knowing the difference between right and wrong because they’ve gone guiltlessly blind.

Sitting. On the train. But you sit there.  
Arms folded, eyes wounded. Glistening tears that leave a wet river. Who must hate you so much that you’re hardly recognisable. No one, not even those you trust, ask how you are, see someone sitting there not eating a bit because you, you and I have spoiled your appetite.

WHY HAVE YOU BEEN CRYING?

It tears, tears me apart, because I know that feeling the same way. Not necessarily blackness, darkness, bondage. Rather that there is no ray of light to help me and you leave the empty place that once taught us to hate. And why don’t you laugh any more? When can you find yourself in this world, time and solitude. Not to leave things like this, especially not to imitate. Like waiting awake to judge the variety, something very special.

YOU.

Those who twisted you and then disregarded you, even despised you, for wanting to be you. So: what is sacred to me? When I no longer wipe away the tears on your cheeks. Extinguished your blazing inner fire and did not turn to you to at least shake your hand. Instead taking everything that once belonged to others and only bothered them because they envied you for it. You must go on and not stop or look back. It is clear. Words can hurt, rush and don’t even learn to appreciate you.

You remain yourself, twisting yourself doesn’t make you happy. That I don’t become and think like that and limit myself to the opinion of the media just to insult others? Quite the opposite. Also trust in your own legs, look forward. Not allowing someone to walk backwards, lie down and cry. What I see in you and yet understand your fears. Your dull, deep-set eyes that say more than you could. Spare your reputation so the rest of the world will let you go.

CLOSE YOUR TIRED EYES.

Savour the moment by getting what others have spent their lives searching for. Booking hotel rooms on the beach to escape it all. They feared that when they returned, everything would be the same. When all they did was talk and live according to their dreams.

ISN’T IT EASY TO MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY?

That feeling, the tingling in the stomach, the joyful sparkling eyes of the others. To not let time pass by because of bad memories. To leave places and find others who give you that which brings back your flames. Not giving anyone the chance to ever put it out again. You have to find yourself, you see. Because I never want to see you crying from sadness again, but completely happy. That you have everything so that you can finally laugh with all your heart again.

SO WHAT IS SACRED TO ME?

That is you.

IT'S THE SOUND OF BELLY LAUGHTER PROJECTING FROM MY SON'S MOUTH  
IT'S THE NIGHT SKY, THE STARS, THE PLANETS – LIKE AN OPEN WINDOW TO YOUR SOUL  
IT'S BEING TOLD I'M LOVED

LIKE A WARM OCEAN, STRAWBERRY LIPGLOSS – ?  
I CAN'T BREATHE

IT'S A MUSTARD CORD SUIT & YELLOW WELLINGTON BOOTS, BLUE BOWTIE AND PINK  
RIBBONED SOCKS  
LIKE BITTER LEMONS, AS ROUGH AS SANDPAPER ON YOUR TONGUE  
THE SICKLY FEELING IN YOUR STOMACH WAITING TO RAGE LIKE A BULL OUT OF A CAGE  
A SOLILOQUY OF EMPTY PLATITUDES  
A VANILLA SLICE, SWEET, WHISKS ME OFF MY FEET  
THE TASTE OF RAINY TRANQUIL CLARITY, AS IF NO THOUGHT CAN INTERVENE

IT'S A KISS FROM A BROKEN HEART  
THE FEELING OF TOGETHERNESS, SO WHOLE IT FILLS THE SOUL  
ANFIELD FROM A DISTANCE ON A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT

AN OPIATE ORGY SIMMERING BENEATH WARM PRICKLY SKIN  
A BEACON OF LIGHT GUIDING ME BACK TO SHORE  
LIFE ON MARS, THE SUN AND THE MOON AND THE SKY TOGETHER

A SPACE ODYSSEY.

QUOTATIONS

*It's a kiss from a broken heart*

*I want to thank you for  
always proving to be the  
right choice, the right soil to  
grow, my stones to build on.*

*Love to yourself and to your  
beloved environment.*

*I'm trying my best like*

*Can't wait to show my  
family that my poem is  
in a magazine*

*Good health and  
keep on writing!*

*Strength, perseverance,  
permeability*

*Health, gigantic words and texts*

*I wish for you that through  
the workshop you found fun in  
writing and therefore a good and  
constructive way to deal with  
hard things.*

*Thank you for your trust*

*Always just have a go!*

*I've been in recovery for  
seven years and there is  
no place like Damien John  
Kelly House. It saved my life*

*Peace, love, peace*

*Stay so wonderful and creative!  
Stay clean, stay strong, stay creative!*

*Spring, sunrise and teddy bear*

*Evening red  
cheek red  
battered bread*

*Just looking around and seeing other  
fellas like me, talking like me, with  
similar experiences. It meant the  
world and I got it. I'm not really  
alone but I have to do the work*

*It's been magical. Proper boss!*

*We do lots throughout the week,  
arts and footy, but the writing is  
my favourite part of the week.*

## Writing on the Wall

Writing on the Wall is a dynamic, Liverpool-based community organisation, founded in 2000, which delivers an annual festival and creative projects with diverse communities across the Liverpool City region.

WoW celebrates writing in all its forms and works with a broad and inclusive definition of writing that embraces literature, creative writing, journalism and nonfiction, poetry, song-writing and storytelling.

We work with local, national, and international writers whose work provokes controversy and debate, and with all of Liverpool's communities to promote and celebrate individual and collective creativity. WoW's creative writing projects support health, wellbeing, and personal development.

If you have a story to tell or would like to take part in or work with WoW to develop a writing project, please get in touch we'd love to hear from you.

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## Sommerblut Kulturfestival e.V.

Founded in 2006 the Sommerblut Festival is a registered association dedicated to alternative cultural projects in Cologne and Europe. With our festival we want to provide a stage for political and cultural themes and promote discussion and development within society. For this reason we strive each year to create a cultural program which is open, alternative, international, diverse and multi-faceted.

Our projects are intended to be inclusive and professional, evocative and political, empathetic and peaceful. We move along the boundaries of conventional viewing habits and also go beyond these boundaries.

Let's go!

With us the stage is set for creatively breaking taboos. With us the impetus is given for social discussion. With us the audience is shown a new horizon and a different perspective.

Come closer!

In order to achieve our goals, we choose to work together with people who have handicaps, with socially disadvantaged people, with experts from various walks of life and with professional artists to create our performances and our programs. We hope to provide a platform for the artistic work of people who experience different realities of life. Creative work which draws its value and its appeal from the particular experience of each individual. To this end we foster the development of in-house productions in the areas of theatre, music and dance, addressing cultural change and current questions within society.

Would you like to help? Sommerblut is always in need of volunteers willing to lend a hand: help out at events, distribute informational material, greet guests, accompany artists — just a few examples of how you could help out at Sommerblut.

Different in a good way.  
+49 (221) 29 49 91 – 34  
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# Sommerblut Kulturfestival





KALLAKK

To recover is to regain something lost.

Writing on the Wall collaborated with Damien John Kelly House, a house for men in recovery from addiction, and Cologne based festival Sommerblut, to create a soundscape, interactive installation and a Zine that transports us to a portable, communal space to slow down, reflect and connect.

Using creativity to build new bridges between two cities in a world that aims to separate, The Space Inbetween explores recovery, addiction and how we inhabit the spaces around us.

RESERVIERE

zu erfahren  
morgen ist Samstag - doch  
heute, bald halt mit

solidaritätsasyl in Kirchen

- Lese an der

ine spontane 10 tägige Reise an die Küste  
mit einer Arbeitskollegin.

Wir mieteten uns eine kleine Pension in  
Münster ein. Gleich zu Anfang musste ich  
mummeln, die Pension war



bei ist es Tag

Alte gute Kunde,

Alte gute Kunde, wie ich selber

am 1. Lebensjahr

zu auf der

blühendes Ants. / Hotel

LICHT durch da



an 14

Seine Geschichte in aller  
um Leben, doch manchmal so

den Kern der Welt. Ich versuche st  
oben, aber mehr wie alles zerfällt, das

aber allzeit vorhanden

Wir mieteten

