

A (POETRY) Zine
A (OIL) Zine
A (TINY) Zine
A (LOCKDOWN) Zine
A (ISSUE-ONE) Zine
A (SAVANNAH) Zine
A (JARVIS) Zine
A (MYLES) Zine
A (MCGUIRE) Zine
A (BRISBANE) Zine

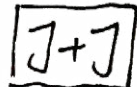
A () *Zine*, issue one, featuring art by Savannah Jarvis and words by Myles McGuire, put together by Jerath Head & Jonathan O'Brien, and published by pseudonaja.group.

When we first sat down with the idea to make a zine during quarantine, the whole country was in roughly the same boat. Quarantine meant staying home, and we figured staying home meant we'd all be missing each other, and we'd all be looking for things to do. And then we thought—just because we can't see people doesn't mean we can't make something together.

We reached out to some of our favourite Brisbane creatives, who are also some of our favourite people. We said—we don't have any money or particularly coherent ideas, but it'd sure be nice to work with you and put some of your work in front of the public during this time, and to maybe pair you up with someone else to make something that is each of you, and also its own thing, and also uniquely Brisbane.

As it turned out, the coronavirus lockdown meant different things to different people. In Queensland we were fortunate, many of the people involved in this zine particularly so—some found themselves busier than they thought they would, and others ended up busier than when lockdown began.

So this zine became a slow process. This was almost exclusively our fault. But everyone was patient, and didn't complain, and gave freely of their time and energy. Savannah and Myles didn't know of each other prior to this, which was a risk that in the end paid off: Myles's poems here bounce off Savannah's paintings, amplifying their playfulness with an insistent wit. Together their works are pure colour and joy; deceptively simple yet bold and enticing—a nice summary as it stands of this parenthetical zine, this quaranzine, this one-of-eight zine. We enjoyed making it.





*a clown that is bad at juggling but it is still waiting
for the 10,000 hour rule to kick in*
Oil on board
20 x 20cm

Routine

Stir, fondle, rise, stretch;
Remember I'm alive and retch.

Reflection

I have my father's kindly eyes,
my mother's brittle grace.
I'd rather cause my own demise
than have an ugly face.

I just don't think about mine
Oil on board
30 x 40cm





We can only pray that the house will not let such things carry on
Oil on board
20 x 25cm

Apartment

Down on the wet street—
The dog barks, the man barks back
Dad please come upstairs!

Happiness

I want a man my voice annoys
Who can't resist a fight
Who fucks around and can't be found
At last! Alone to write.



like when you twist a towel to make a whip
Oil on board
50 x 70cm



(a p s e u d o n a j a p r o j e c t)

Savannah Jarvis is a painter interested in using allegorical expression and metaphor to construct narratives around sensations of the body. It is her belief that discursive imagery, cultural reference and humour are effective strategies in representation of intimate and sensorial affects. Her works for this project reflect her time spent painting in 2020, notably the imagery and patterning of the house and home creeping in. Savannah is currently an artist in residence at Outer Space.

Myles McGuire is a writer and library assistant. In 2020 he was nominated for the Peter Carey and Newcastle Short Story Prizes, for having a naturally tight rig and a mind like a diamond. Though advised by his fiancé to write more of a 'poet bio' than a 'writer bio,' it was conceded that poets are writers too. A year of regularly disassociating has not improved his ability to write about himself in third person.

Pseudonaja is a small independent literary group based in Brisbane. A () Zine is their first project. More details, including financial breakdowns and digital versions of this publication, can be found online at pseudonaja.group. You can reach out to the collective at pseudonaja.group@gmail.com.

The traditional owners of the lands on which Brisbane sits—and where this zine was made—are the Yugara and Turrbal people, and their sovereignty was never ceded.

**AT LAST!
ALONE TO WRITE.**

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