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**IN SOLIDARITY
WITH MICHEAL KIMBLE
POEM BY DANNY HAYWARD
DESIGN BY SOPHIE CARAPETIAN**



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poem by Danny Hayward
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Crude Teutons stalk about in the No-Go Area
and spit on a flaming rag doll. Welcome to a sheen of



generative ambiguity

settling over a UV magnetic cauldron under the influence of a



rampant shadow,

welcome to snow falls in horizontal sheets,

seen through a sheen of hope



even fucking gasps like one,

welcome love, welcome gentleness,

sheen of puppet gasping for a stick figure.

Outside painted unlit is affected to be fixed.

Welcome stick figure, welcome puppet,

to a leaden scene of generative ambiguity;

reality doesn't have to be anything like this,

sheen of despair helps to forget about that.

Welcome surface effect including snow

and a draft torn open in the leaden streetlight.

Welcome gamut rips through the surface.

Start again.

Sophisticated Teutons stalk about in the Knowledge Quarter
under roasted streetlights and spit on a flaming rag doll.

Once again intuitions swing

from the sketched-in lampposts; once again cartoon



veins ripped from history drain

artfully into a pronounced gutter.

Stick figures get obliterated,

a Headless Chicken tries to feel something.

The end wears the mask of the beginning

it tore off, groping through the insane waves

of reality looking for the cause of

a fire sweeping through the corridor

of sentimental outrage; middle-

class disembodied screams reopening

as a debased coffee shop tearing

its mask off in a cloud of UV fog.

Now watch the shadow

peel off from its former self, announce something

nuanced about mayors, etcetera.

Will we never stagger out from under the shadow

of happiness, sing it in the street,

in the carnival we had to cancel because

the fascists turned up,



it happens anyway,

everything happens anyway, all pleasure,
all struggles, through the snow falling in horizontal sheets,
fascist puppets come and go on the fucking internet
but we get out of there, listless unreality
sweetened by a charade of mindlessness
to the uttermost degree of unreality, through
the doors swinging in the cartoon tornado;
moving past election posters torn down then
swept about atmospherically, stick figures thickening
in the Victory Square, getting high on
listless unreality, now sweetened by
a charade, watching the hatchery burn.
Just another ordinary day. Money goes
where it fucking well wants.
Now welcome to the real beginning,
when the Shadow resolves into
a Shadow of its Former Self
and there are two Mayors you need to find:
one to kill and the other who will
solve everything. How's that for a plot point. Two mayors
you need to find: one who will solve everything and the other
to kill. You are the Shadow



who is a Shadow of its Former
Self,

the skies burn in lush colours,
troops file past in formation,
applause rises from the assembled
masses of wounded pigs, each more
beautiful and more complex than the last, each dreaming of
a National Culture more febrile and immense than the last,
a change of seismic truth and reality,
half-listening to the warm-up speaker,
as you push past them, into the lesser exactitude of need,
near to Casablanca's Caribbean Cuisine,



and the other market
houses,



and the other street corners, each more grey and imprecise
than the last,



each more general and symbolic than the last, past the drunks
frozen

to death and the neighbours you barely speak to, each more
the essence of a ferocious contraction in reality than the last,
past the imprecise nights, the elliptical, casual days;

past displacement, past sincerity,
the stick figures now doubled over on the stairs
to The Non-Vacuum,
cartoons doing kitchen work in the high street bars,
past white triangles hassling small shopkeepers,
past teenagers dragged into a vacant rectangle,
past the synthetic upheaval of a merely technical urgency,
through flakes
of rain, languishing in the soft light of a
café redeployed as a single, hovering
point, past the synthetic urgency
of a merely technical upheaval, through sheets
of rain, each more crudely rendered than the last,
through the crowds of
card sharps and delivery people,
through youth,
an enigmatic glow,
and the c19 blizzard that envelops it,
through urban life, its arid, ungrammatical corridors,
its portals of raw violence, its stunted, out-of-focus ecstasy
broken down and reassembled in the kiosk
next to U & I Trimmings, its maimed tone,
through all of this, this single, clean, inert surface,
crowds of personifications screaming or dying
in lush colours, headless chickens wearing
sandwich boards outside the third tier of cultural rapture,
luxury bedsits, early weekday evenings
of aggressive mimicry, the official opening of the Retraction



of Intimacy



in the Square of the People, jumbled, kinetic, dazzling and
loud,

the Beheaded Phantasms selling
CDs near the front entrance,
the cold hills at the back, kids on benches,
a cut and paste Ecstasy rising through mounting frost



from its car door towards the savage renewal of meaningless
consensus;

past energy, past listlessness, past Low Cost Tropical Food,
past the burned ~~outshell~~ of Feeling I and the
refurbished facade of Feeling II,
past the cut-and-paste memory who cries out to
Ecstasy sweeping into the Retraction of Intimacy that it used
to be called

A Joy Re-Risen From The Depths of Non-Violence,
and the private party of shiftless unreality
dominated by the full simulator of collective agency
and its inflamed
screen of depopulated ironies,
set up in the bar on the top floor of Sadism, from which Dream and Understanding



look out

over a contrived ache,
premonition of a new gutter
opening next door to a new drain
and past kfh.co.uk;
past night and day,
and Abermale and Dabakh,
the alcoholics
in the churchyard
listening to music of an intricate and sustaining
indifference,
the stagnant detail of schools and council workers
dragged into the aroused
underside of a grey clamp locked in struggle
with itself,
as if it were as easy
to change life into a music of hurtful and excessive plainness
as it is to
drill a hole in a dull square
and to watch
as reality ebbs from it;
past anguish,
past incantation,
the collapsed dancehall and its sacrificed interior,
the outlines moved on in the interest of tonal integrity,
the cops standing around with the smokers
outside the betting shop
in the political subtext, just waiting
for something to fucking happen,
in an atmosphere of lush and expansive violence;
and past the



Beheaded Phantasm whose slogan is I have no

time for you,

pushing through the crowd of pigs
in the wavering, unsteady light of
an ostentatious winter,
at the dead-

centre of the rigged square and its
fenced-off area, beyond the
medic pumping at the chest of a bleeding effigy
in the half-light near the boarded-
up concentration
camp, staring up
at the swirl of colour on the mega-
screen
with a painful and
unwarrantable nakedness, as if
to reassure itself
of whatever meaning it read there,
insensible to the
parade of torchbearers
and the kids turning over a car
near to the nameless
drugstore;

past the Beheaded Phantasm



whose slogan is I have no time

for you,



the lip of compassion trembling in the exposed stairwell of

defeat,

looking out beyond the
mechanical floats to the faint outline of experience
rising up in a haze of cremated sweat,



the vein torn out of 2011 and set like a jewel in the mutilated

arm of 2016,

throwing its shadow
over the broken figurines
selling brittle concrete masks outside the
shuttered restaurants and the
literal art galleries,
in the carnival of dilapidated intuition, under an abused sky
twinkling with antipathy
and past the ex-repair centre re-opened as a fear of melting
and the erased sweat backing up in a similar incident
strenuously denied by
a smear of ash,
past the Indian restaurants in the Bengali area;
and past the sheets of passive mist
rolling over the pawn shops and antique dealers,
each thinner and more figurative than the last,
each more like a crayon

stick figure pissing blood
in a back alley of euphoric indirection
than the last; the dotted outlines just trying to get warm,
the nameless service depots and small businesses,
the teenagers in the basketball court,
a life of mere invective just trying to get warm,
two parallel lines conducting



a discrete exchange in a livid

simulation of night;

past all this, the windows already shut up,
the street aswarm with vipers,
the presently meaningless crowd disturbance
spilling carelessly into a new decade
amid the red-hot atmosphere of

 over-conceptualised speechlessness, wind tearing through the
gaps

in reality, despair rising in the vanguard parade
of caved-in vultures,
the Headless Chicken Who Wears a Mask 2 Survive slipping
away, gently

 into the forecourt of contained grief, the raw clamour of
clowns staggering

outside the complex bed and breakfast beneath the dull strobe

 of the same streets and the same skies, slipping in and out of
consciousness

like the ravaged world in a small room at the back of nothing,
amid the first, isolated howls of despair,

 amid enigmatic bullshit, the exaggerated slow motion of
declared empathy,

 the frozen block of our own prohibited nakedness, the stick
figures crowding into

a small room at the back of nothing, the tedious alternation of
theory and practice in the strophic vertigo of today vanishing

 **on repeat**

with enigmatic clarity, the thick odour of

 why bother hanging over the rubber-proofing works and
spreading into the hiatus

between metaphor and concept,
sold off to an unidentified assailant

wearing a The Mayor mask over its burnt grate,

invisible to the streams of white triangles with drawn faces, 

the troops standing around outside the billiard hall,
past caring about whether something fucking happens or not,

looking on as a puppet is thrown out
of The Non-Vacuum and swept
along the main thoroughfare by a great
concourse of humanity, caved-in vultures at their head,
bearing on their shoulders the body of Mayor I,
eyes bursting from their sockets like two exploding boilers

 you need to find, one to kill and the other who will solve

everything;

we go past all that,
past the faded signs of last week's socialism,
the howls mingling with
the choir of parishioners trans-
fixed by their watercolour stab wounds,

 amid the conflicting surfaces in the depths of the world,

abstract and beautiful like planes

 of ice kicked in at the front of Feeling II, pigs swarming into
it,

setting fire to its hated plenitude;
we go past all of that,
past where the formal stasis of violent excess dissolves into
a dog eating a dog in a side alley,
troubled by the economic aspirations of raw feeling
going through the motions,
or staring up dreamily through a glass ceiling at the ravaged basis of
a dynamic world,

 or pacing up and down the railway siding of an obsolete and
predetermined escalation,

looking out over plain common
sense with its eyes swollen

 **shut**

next to the immigration advice centre with its files
strewn everywhere,

we go
past all
that;

past the excessive violence of formal stasis,
the facial composites for the Beheaded Phantasm
whose slogan is I have no time for you pasted up everywhere,

 across the huge gasometers and in the rotten shells of the real
estate brokers,

past the bridge of endurance,
from which a puppet plunges into speech and is
duly sucked beneath it;

past days going by unsteadily,
the downsize risk of an abstract restlessness
becoming derelict among the corpses
scattered around in the inert goods corridor;
through nightclubs in which bombs go on and off wordlessly.
I think that in the ease of imagining cruelty on any scale
and in the therapeutic restitution
of the self to which that imagined cruelty leads
I can begin to understand

 how much more beautiful it is
to want to smash my own head in.

 From damage reflected into its own origin, the struggle to
love others radiates
as it might from the torn up roots of an instinct once
opposed to fascism.

 The Headless Chicken knows it. The Beheaded Phantasm
fucking knows it.

 Anyone living in the shadow of a non-progressive drive
redeveloped

as a retail complex of historical imposition
knows it;
even Mr. Interior Minister and the Disembowelled Grid
wearing a Mask Because It Fucking Can,
even they suspect it,



standing around
outside the ambiguous motorcycle club,
watching as you go by, throwing your shadow

 that is the shadow of a shadow who is the shadow of its
former self

across the unenduring day care centre,
the churches and mosques, the fluorescent self-criticism
flashing at eye level the street price of revulsion,
as you push past the crowds of middlemen,
the right-wing sports bars, the meaningless dull light,
the blinking collage of de-eroticised services through which
a legless antagonism wheels itself
past Feeling I,
offset by rain erupting into a surface effect
in the concave openness of
decanted estates and grey squares;
past the primary schools and furniture stores

 and throughout the beige locking mechanism of estate agents
and construction sites:

blisters rising from the unchangeable hierarchy of any surface,
its fucking roots spreading
over the vegetable markets and clawing at the corner stores
and thickening in the political and moral atmosphere
of a net closing;
you go past all that,
the screwed up crayon face
dragging me through the park gates on its spindle legs,
the lustreless cavities shrugging and
climbing in and out of taxis, coming and going



in the members' clubs,



asking about the editorials in **Pimp Convulsion** on the evil



decrees

of the refugee government,
the signs proving cruelty is a gateway
to a reality made inexpugnable by delusion,



pale stick figures watching as unhappiness bent over by a

lamppost coughs up an itch

and is bought up by it,



the free market in which pleasure flourishes for a second and

is then

torn down in 1934 to make way for a fascist brothel
franchised to Feeling II under the name A Quality More



Complex and More Open than Irony,



Darker and More Exultant than Hope with a gift store called

The Real Enemy;



and past the hateful crests of remorse, the atmospheric

extremism of checks and balances

fogging up the windows of the derelict community centre,
now re-opening as a faithful, nostalgic reconstruction of



Feeling I,

that Some Stick Figures really are Taking the Piss,

bathed in UV or numb with Feeling II,

or tearing at their masks,

in these streets,

among these houses, amid these plumes of smoke,

wondering how much of their face will come

off, choking,

pushing past the soap box from which the Headless Chicken

who wears a Mask 2 Survive

screams of

the spine of history,

which speaks to you

in the language of electric shocks
or not at all,
into the local community, where non-political wishes
rot candidly into fantasies of self-harm,
amid vultures, blossoming in simulated carnage

 and the smokers still standing around outside the pool hall
after all these years,

watching as you go by, throwing your shadow

 that is the shadow of a shadow who is the shadow of its
former self

 across the street where Dream and Understanding hand out
flyers for a demo

 in support of the Beheaded Phantasm whose slogan is I have
no time for you,

 vigilante pigs pushing past the stewards arriving in advance of
the cavalcade of Mayor II,

the one who will solve or kill everything,

boiler steam rising,  UV plumes,

 falling in grey slants  across stray pages of **Pimp Convulsion**
twisting

in the misanthropic crux of perceived life, soup kitchens,

 road blocks, masks trodden underfoot outside a decayed
terminal,

the sprung car boot of the lower stage of socialism

crashed into the collapsed stage set of Feeling II

and an unnatural ideology still trussed up by anaesthesia
climbing from it;

past all of this, in search either of a total worldview
or the direct expression of the shadow that daily obliterates it,
never deciding between the two

but stumbling along the receding fissure of the convulsion
towards its checkpoint

and treating that blockage as if it were itself erotogenic,
wanting to be as clear as possible,

looking at and loving the ordinary world
with two dots for eyes,

wanting only to hate the right things,
only to come out with yet more

abstract talk

like that,

yet more Mayor II talk,

yet another reality eating competition

talk, twice as fast again every year talk, of legal action



against the

owners of Feeling Eins

talk of an upturn of talk talk
of the town talk over three floors in a flagship extremity talk,
of free masks with every gulped back
ragged fucking protest talk,
love talk, fucking love talk,
got to love it talk of sorry
can't stop talk of
a fascist brothel replicated on a pinhead
who talks on the Mega Screen through a crayon line mouth
of a merger ruled out by talk
of a downturn at Feeling II in talks to divest its struggling
gift shop, what was it called,
real talk, constructive talks, talk of Feeling III
around the corner each year twice as fast
talk ripped out with Take-Ur-Job
on a Feeling I bender, looking up at
Feeling II with talk of a human face scrawled on
twice as fast, was it the Real Enemy,
watching unconfessed Feelings going by
on the truncated pavement of raw sensation,
with no respite, and no muting the phasing sirens
of stagnation and dynamism
in the analogical sector of the cartoon economy
with its live action humans and its two departments
of viscera and masks,
blinking amid the UV flares and rootless seizures
of a Non-Vacuum non-profit, no joke,
no exit from the cartoon economy
but a stick up in our own gift shop;



the Beheaded Phantasm knows it, the Headless Chicken

fucking knows it,



the shadow of a shadow

who is the shadow of its former self

thickens with the knowledge of it,
pushing through the crowd towards the Mega Screen
where Mayor III appears,
watching unconfessed Feelings going by
on the truncated pavement of raw sensation, who look on
into the crowd of thuggish cones
dragging a sphere from a
white plane, chanting about how the underbelly of ecstasy

 is musical, wearing Feeling I Wears a Feeling II Mask 2

Survive

t-shirts covered in erased blood stains
in a gutter too deeply ~~rent~~ out
from a comic haze of UV shadows
as in abstract art, class violence and national sentimentalism
in that order, amid these streets
and these chimneys sliding from these crayon houses,
and these crude Teutons making a getaway
in a squeal of squiggle wheels past the closed GPs

 and the specialist clinic for people who want their nerve

endings

to look like stricken pendulums, doing a roaring business,
this the shadow knows,
this you know, beyond a shadow of a doubt,
past street lights shining on the crust of a damaged idiom,
the universal deluge as a grey smear,
a stick figure drawing itself with no arms,
with a sign saying We make ourselves,
in every sports bar in the irreducible metropolitan
gyroscope, caked with night and panic
and decomposing beneath the floorboards of
a merely technical urgency,
we make ourselves, staggering
into the day with our repertoire of schemes
past squares shooting up squiggles
beneath the UV signs that scream No Win No Feeling II,
we make ourselves,
and above it the city is obliterated,
spat on by the manikin with the snake gut
carrying a briefcase
with the arm that sprouts from his head
we make ourselves;
past the stick figure menaced by cylinders
barely out of their teens,
past cop cars like fingerprints in a mirror;
past a small and recognisable world,
idiotically cramped into the

 **top corner of an endless clearing,**

past Fucking Hell man saying fucking hell man to
the shadow of the shadow who is a shadow
of its former self, moving past the assembled
masses of wounded pigs observing on the Mega Screen

Mayor III hold aloft the head of the Beheaded Phantasm
whose slogan is I have no time for you,
amid the first, isolated howls of bloodlust,
in spite of a class analysis with a charge of 1 or 0,
later injected into the roof of the mouth of 2011;
and past the torn down wall newspaper,
the scraps of its analysis of
progressive liberalism twisting
prettily in the air, images of the phantom head
of the beheaded phantasm
rolling its crayon eyes,
past ritual bullshit, past cleansing bullshit,
towards the dark stage
where destiny awaits, too much to bear 4 one
mask slipping 2 survive
and too much 4 one mind 2 Feel
in two minds about,
slipping 2 survive past
Feeling 2 Much, streets flooded with fake Feeling II,
chickens wearing sandwich boards
showing shadows
u want 2b wearing a Mask 2 Survive 4 what
reason but 2 become 2real 4 u
to bear 2b unmasked as 4 the
benefit of Feeling I wearing a
Mask 4 Survive 2 Feelings I
2 Feel and 4 what reason unmasked
as Feeling II involved in a shadow
II deep 2 survive, formerly
known as its former self,
aroused in the interior of the ordeal,
2 real and too pulsating, and too
withheld,
moving past Dream whispering
to a uniformed ellipse,
and past the Chicken Who Wears a Mask
now disarmed and dragged into the grey square;
and past another, censored poetry,



and past the interruptions of inescapable struggle

and inescapable care;



and past Understanding in Hi Vis linking arms with graphic

regression,

and past the vision of freedom

filed down to its dark undercurrent,
and past the flap of skin setting impassively above the murder



capital,



in search of a Former Self, drifting through residual perishable

categories

in the suburbs of prairie fire, hail and drought,



beyond the crude heat haze of Mayor I nostalgia, in a world

with the fewest possible elements,

a few tangles of intense lines,

eating 2-4-1 Feeling Is behind

an empty stomach mask, 2 real 4 this doubled up world

2 survive; past all of this,

down an alleyway towards a clearing

where reality is crossed out,

past my tongue standing around

in your head,

just waiting for something to fucking happen,

ignoring the small voice that says look up,

past small retail,

past self-harm, past the maze

injected into poverty,

past the abandoned districts of tonal implication,

past mixed up people crawling on our spindle legs



over a collapsing ground line, with ~~out~~ enormous circular

heads,

guilt flickering in them

in an acrid montage without interlocking parts,

with no catch-up strategy

and no end, processed into



Feeling I on the spectrum of Ashen

Frost

Wearing a Mask 2 Kill

that the Headless Chicken would fucking

be killed 4, in the cartoon stockyard under the supervision of



Time whose Slogan is I Have No Beheaded Phantasm For

You,

under the radicalised sky,



the grey squares on fire; the stick figures marching in the

street singing

we learned to draw ourselves,

then we learned to draw ourselves together

we learned to be clever,

then we learned not to be clever, whatever;

 the counter-drives, the exploded call centres for a distressed
structuralism,

U & I Trimmings, Low Cost Tropical Food,
teenagers standing around,
the places we live in; look up,
above the piles of killed cops

 stacked like firewood in the side
street off Liteinyi Prospekt,

crayon fascism, water colour liberal democracy,
thought bubbles crashing like blimps
above the elastic skyscrapers, urban poverty in felt tip,

 indescribable longing driven from the market by cheap UV
Cambodian Feeling I

Wearing a Failing II Mask Feeling I Mask
rippling through the Non-Vacuum

 re-opening as a vendor of inner stick figure Mayor IIIs
preserved in jars,

clasping the nameless comedy lever
from an earlier life,
talking of nationalising Feeling II,
of clarity,
the shadow of the former self
cast in steel,
helpless love and fire and smoke,
of the Chicken, the Phantasm,
the Shadow, Take-Ur-Job,
the rich vein of the Former Self, not the Former National Self,
not Mr. Interior Minister eating a ragdoll,
but the straw people 2 die for,
in opposition to the growthless
revolt of the talking head
grafted onto stunned silence;
talking of the fucking class enemy
standing around in the meadow lubricated
under the anaesthetic of reason, watching fascism
come up over the municipal swimming pool,
a dead sun illuminating the watercolour factory, pumping
crude Feeling I into the sky,

 involving A Quality More Complex and More Open than
Irony

 shuttered in the collapsed magnetic grey economy of trial and
error,

stick figures selling Tragic Wing-Mirror Masks with a non-



stick tongue of flame 2 die 4

beneath the shadow of the skinless retail centre
stretched to the uttermost limit of Feeling III,
coming up in a structure with your principles burnt off,
feeling volatile and II, in a relationship with I,
in search of a new feeling, stuck in a dead form
or in a fenced up neighbourhood, half-awake,
clutching a thin strip of vitality, watching the shops
mature and then begin to rot, in a dead neighbourhood,
in a new form, in front of a fenced off feeling,
so fucking close now, though the strip thins out
across all of our reverses, and the skin grows
back over it: if I do not innovate I will not die,
but I can still see it, past the good old times,
the crude outlines of a failed revolt against
the Former National Self, Mr. Interior Minister,
the bread line of powerless Mayors who solve
nothing, the rootless seizure becoming randomly
accessible, midnight rolling out at the gas station
as the headless chicken clocks off and draws its
head back on. Try not to beat yourself up over it.
Start again.

Welcome stick figure, welcome puppet,
to a leaden scene of generative ambiguity;
reality doesn't have to be anything like this,
sheen of despair helps to forget about that.
Welcome surface effect including snow
and a draft torn open in the leaden streetlight.
Welcome gamut rips through the surface
to a sheen of sweat asks you to lay beneath it.

Welcome surface effect to a drift of rain
in a street anywhere, as if it mattered;
righteousness seen anywhere from a leaden keyhole
swirls through a surface effect including cauldron.

Welcome middle class, also a stick figure
stylised as the reality of defiance
while a sheen of defiance settles on it.
Unreality doesn't have to be anything like this,
most of the shadow confiscated by perspective.
Reality doesn't have to be anything like this,
stick figure gasps out or can't do perversity.
Rain lashed out needlessly at a shadow
impression implies this like ecstasy

sparks over a gap torn open by detail.

Go-to relentlessness it turns out is just an effect.

Anti-fascists have to tolerate frustration.

Draw blood from the conclusions or get their sweat kicked in.

Welcome Crude Teuton from the sheen of defiance,

to eroticise doubt flame contracts to a blip.

Welcome Moral Crusade Puppet from the sheen of defiance,

what's your opinion on how reality is manipulated.

Cold emptiness of streets stubbed out by generative ambiguity

seems like a blip lit unfaithfully by nihilism.

Welcome pretence of being overwhelmed,

nightly stubbed out bits of you get re-screened;

welcome AI Teuton running a ragdoll;

pore over the sheen lashing out through the streetlight

folded over inside can't do perversity or even gasp for it.

Past another exercise in sentimentalism.

Most of us want to be more than that,

but don't want to be nothing,

nothing is the backlight for the mirror in which

100% crouches and conceals the reflection of its nakedness;

 what part of us wants to say is that we want to damage change
itself,

100% change trampled ~~under foot~~ by a flaming ragdoll

crying like a cartoon stick figure version of a puppet,

 want to kick through the sheen of it doing a ragdoll
impersonation

 on the way to those who told you that you used the feelings
wrong,

to kick through the sheen

that was being used to prop up

the sky that should go over your head, if you have one,

and go out into the dark screaming

that if you don't

then why not

step out from under its shadow.

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