

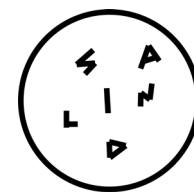
ΜΕ ΧΑΓΓΟΥΡΙΝ

[illegible]

ISSUE 1 | July 20th



ARTICHOCKED



Published by
The Lotus Island



Contents/ Contributors

Las Playas de Oaxaca by Fabiola Osorio	5	La Figura Esperando Por Sentido by Fabiola Osorio	29
1984 by DC Diamondopolous	6-8	A journey to Cuba by Magical Realities	30-35
Hanging by a Threat by sour.prick	9	Squibbles, d00dle by Soredumpling	36-37
Rebranding Cyprus by Tina Pishofta	10-11	Testing III by Turation	38-39
Your Ignorance Is Bl(atantly obvious, M)iss by Carl Menas	12-13	Babka Recipe by Vlada Milo	40-44
Stuck Shit by Andreas Tzionis	14-18	Doodles of a Cat by E.P.	45
Self-Portrait as Onion by Robert Okaji	19	Senses in the Making by squirming.mantis	46-47
The Self Loathing Femme Fatale, The Shortness of Life, Half-heartedly Badly Dancing by Ranerrim	20-25	Progressive Education by Gary Beck	48-50
Still, Blank, Still we Try by Arianna Sebo	26-27	Run Up to Tomorrow's Hags by Michael T. Smith	51
PIECES by Nic. Spyrou	28	Playbook by Mr Kok	52-57
		Ο Καουμπόι της Αρχαιότητας: 2ο Μέρος του Άδωνη Παπαπαύλου και του Ηλία Νεοφύτου	58-65



OS

1984

James, as the doctors and staff at St. Mark’s Regional Hospital in San Diego insisted on calling him, applied pancake make-up over the band-aid camouflaging the skin lesion on his chin. He was glad to be home, surrounded by his Nippon figurines, the ornate lampshades with exotic scarves draped over the top, and his trunk of overflowing satin and silk costumes, boas, several strands of pearls, and oodles of costume jewelry. His move to San Diego had been a windfall—the most money he’d ever made doing drag. He lived to entertain. On stage, he was Jasmine and loved. Standing-room only. Now he was sick. How long would he be able to afford his apartment in Hillcrest?

The obituaries from three newspapers spread across the coffee table. Circled in black were the names of seven young men.

Jasmine wanted to live, to work again at Glitter Glam Drag. But James didn’t.

No can do, James. You’re not going to pull me down today. It’s Pride. I’m going to party.

Donna was coming.

At St. Mark’s, the only person who bathed and dressed him, changed his sheets and consoled him, was Donna, the pretty dyke nurse who was now his source for food, medication, and shots—his entire life.

It was Sunday, her day off, and she promised to take him to Pride. Jasmine had never missed a parade, but James’s taunts of looking butt-ugly opened more scabs than he had on his body.

Jasmine dressed in black sweatpants and a gold lámay blouse, brushed her long stringy hair, pulled it into a ponytail, and clipped it with a rhinestone barrette. She applied red lip gloss and blue eyeshadow.

When James fell ill and admitted himself to St. Mark’s Regional, the doctor asked how many men he had slept with. Was he kidding? “Honey, how many stars are there in the heavens?” Hundreds, thousands, in parks, bath houses, clubs, from San Fransisco to LA and San Diego. The doctor had kept a straight face when James answered. The nurse turned her back on him.

Gay liberation tore the hinges off closet doors. Men like him left the Midwest for the coasts and found a bacchanal of men, a confectionery of sex and drugs, a feast for the starving who thought they were alone in the world.

James’s life had been about dick and where to get the next fuck. Jasmine’s life was drag, antique stores, and Vogue Magazine.

When his conservative, homophobic, fundamental Christian parents caught him in his mother’s dress and high heels, they demanded, “Get out now and don’t you ever come back.” He promised them, “I’ll live up to your expectations. I’ll make the most of a trashy life.”

Jasmine grabbed a green boa from the trunk and wrapped it around her neck. You think that’ll hide your Kaposi’s Sarcoma, James baited. Jasmine tugged at the feathers that made her neck feel on fire.

Grace Jones’s, “Pull up to the Bumper” boomed from the ghetto blaster. Jasmine wanted to dance, but her legs ached. You can’t even walk, sucker.

“Shut-up, James.” Jasmine said, pulling herself up and moving to the window.

When he heard a car, he backed out of view. James never wanted Donna to know what she meant to Jasmine.

He held onto furniture as he made his way to the red velvet couch and sat, poised, waiting.

Donna knocked and opened the door.

“Well, don’t you look jazzy,” she said, pushing a wheelchair inside with a rainbow flag attached.

You’ll look like a sick bastard in that baby buggy, James bullied. Everyone will know you have AIDS.

“I can’t go.”

“It’s up to you.”

“Are we so pathetic we need a parade?”

“Yes.” Donna pinned a button that read, Gay by birth, fabulous by choice, on his blouse. “We need to pump ourselves up. If we don’t, who will?”

“They want all queers dead. Looks like they’ll get their way.”

“Not everyone. “The Blood Sisters” keep donating blood, and they’re delivering food and medicine.”

“Thank God for lesbians,” he said and wondered if gay men would do the same if lesbians were dying.

Donna released the footrests on the wheelchair.

“I’m not going. Everyone will know I have AIDS.”

“You do, James.”

He looked away, not wanting to disappoint the woman who showed him so much compassion and strength.

“What if I run into someone I know?”

“You’ll know what to say.”

“Like I’m dying of pneumonia. Like all those fake obituaries,” he said, kicking the coffee table. “Fuck-ing closet cases. Even in death.” Jasmine felt the weepies coming on. James scolded, Be a man. Only sissies cry. But Jasmine was female, too. “In my obit, I want you to put that I died of AIDS. I want everyone to know.”

He held onto the seat of the wheelchair and winced as he pulled himself up. The smell of barbecue wafting in from the open door reminded him of summers back in Kansas City, his mom cooking the catfish that he and his dad caught in the Missouri River, his dog Corky—was she still alive?—joyful memories that always left a wake of loneliness.

Today was supposed to be happy, floats with dancing bare-chested boys, banners, dykes on bikes.

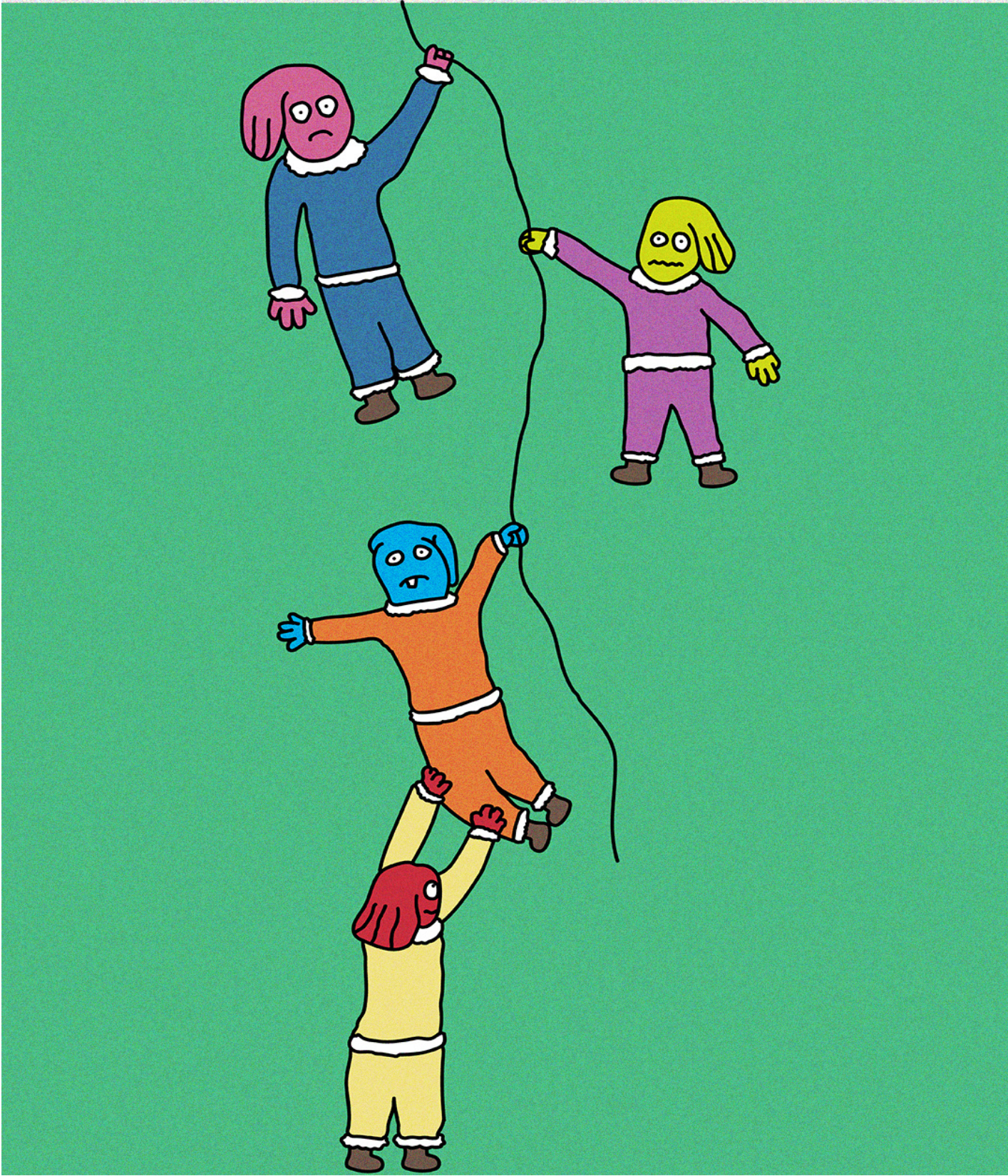
Donna shoved the wheelchair forward. “I’ve brought water and trail mix.”

“Poor substitute for poppers and quaaludes.”

Donna laughed, pushed him outside, and shut the door.

The ocean air breathed vitality into his frail body. He raised his face to the sun and began to gather life like flowers. A bouquet of drifting purple and orange balloons floated high toward the swirling white splashes in a blue background. He heard applause and whistles as he watched a float pass by on Park Boulevard. “Go faster, Donna. I don’t want to miss anything.” For just one afternoon he wanted to wave the rainbow flag and cheer the parade on and forget about himself and all the dying young men.

By DC
Diamondopolous



Rebranding Cyprus: what is it really about?

Up until very recently, the Cypriot hotel rooms were filled not with the usual suspects — British, Russian and Israeli tourists — but with repatriated students staying there free of charge for their fortnight of mandatory quarantine. Now, as we are getting back to the “Business as usual” mindset, we witness the resurgence of the promotional travel videos that paint our island as the ideal tourist destination in order to boost arrivals.

In April, the Cyprus Government uploaded on its Facebook page a promotional video as part of the #BetterDaysAreComing campaign and it has since been shared more than 3,000 times. The two-minute clip utilizes the long-established techniques to showcase the charm and beauty of Cyprus: ASMR triggers of soothing waves crashing onto the shore, an upbeat song with drone shots of the crystal-clear waters that are then transitioned into GoPro underwater shots of people scuba diving. The colors are vibrant yet romantic. The editing is fast paced but brief enough, as if to say, “two minutes are barely adequate to convey everything that Cyprus has to offer, you have to come and see for yourself.” Then, the news for the Cyprus tourism only seemed to get better: On June 6, the European Environment Agency published its results for the 2019 European bathing water quality where Cyprus has been crowned with the essentially flawless score of 99.1%. All this seems to work in favor of the “Rebranding Cyprus” strategies to promote the island’s best-selling points.

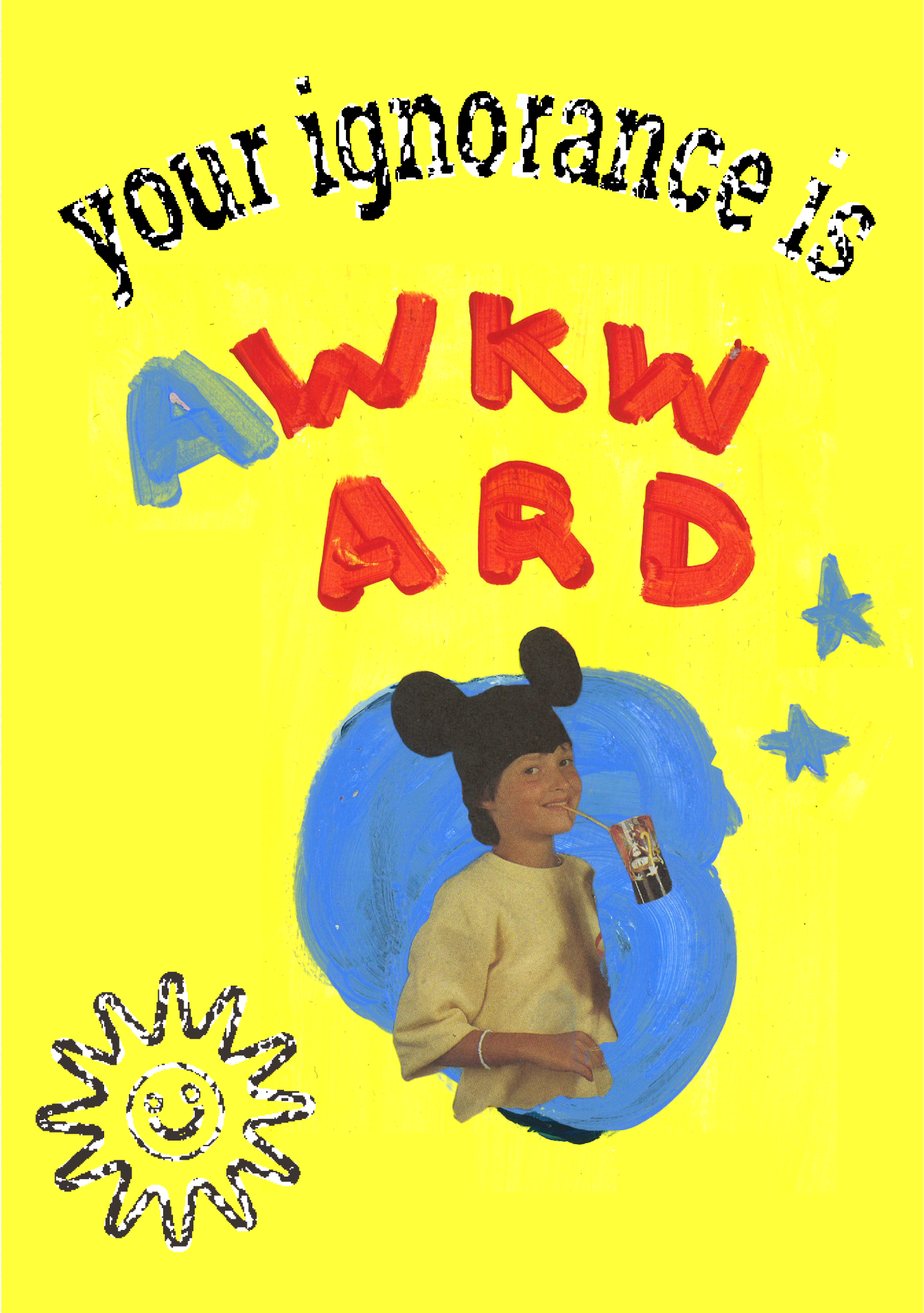
Therefore, it is not surprising that the announcement published on the 2nd of June by the Cyprus Fire Service would barely register on radar. In this announcement, it is mentioned that in the last two weeks of May there has been an outbreak of 476 fires and of which, 450 were wildfires. The statement goes on to make clear that the escalation of these fires is significantly due to human activity which englobes negligence, recklessness or malicious intent. Moreover, according to Eurostat for the year of 2018, Cyprus was among the European member states with the highest number of passenger cars (629) per thousand inhabitants and among the lowest regarding general government expenditure on cultural services (with a reported decrease since 2013 no less).

Undoubtedly, tourism is on the pedestal of the Cyprus economy, accounting for about 15% of the country’s GDP and the estimates see it rising up to 25% by 2030. The fancy advertising is not lying about the idyllic life Cyprus could offer. Indeed, we offer a wonderful Mediterranean climate, diverse landscapes and an easy-going lifestyle. But with every Mediterranean summer there comes great responsibility against the increasingly concerning hot temperatures and wildfires. Similarly, our attractions require well-functioning infrastructure and eco-friendly public transport.

The good thing is that the National Tourism Strategy 2030 is conscious of these factors. Other than seeking to establish Cyprus as a “year-round, quality and digitally smart” destination, the Deputy Ministry of Tourism also wants to make our island a place where all residents can benefit from tourism. But before we go off bragging about our investor friendly tax regime, we should concretize the efficient coordination between the interior mechanisms of our island. We should normalize the collaboration between not just tourism stakeholders and the Ministry of Tourism, but also the direct cooperation of the departments of the Ministries of Communication and Agriculture with the Ministry of Tourism. Also, the public ought to grow more aware of their civil responsibility and innovation.

Rebranding Cyprus as the ideal tourist destination does not just concern new logos and catchy hashtags, it is also about eco-consciousness, foresight and cultural enrichment.

By Tina Pishofta



Your Ignorance Is Blatantly obvious, Miss
by Carl Menas

Stuck Shit

“The day I was told my father died; I couldn’t stop wanking.” I can’t seem to forget these words. When people die, their loved ones cry. When people die, their loved ones miss them. When people die, their loved ones masturbate. I suppose that could make sense. It might be that hearing this from just anybody wouldn’t mean much to me. I won’t know. I heard it from a person that is important to me. I love Zed. Two words I could use to describe him are genius and selfish. I imagine him facing the wall. His pants are down to the floor covering his shoes. His left arm is pressed against the wall and his weeping face is sunk into it. His right arm is moving up and down, down and up. Or maybe right to left? Or left to right. Maybe his right hand is on the wall. Maybe he’s left-handed. I should know, he’s a fucking painter for god sakes. And now I laugh. I think about my friend mourning, in the form of relentless wanking and unstoppable tear shedding, and I laugh. How can something so tragic make me laugh so hard?

I suppose comedy can be tragic. Very tragic. Even more so than tragedy. Crywanking. I can’t quite place exactly when I first heard this word, but I feel like it was around the time Zed enlightened me with the intimate details of his mourn. Maybe it was that very time. That very moment. Yeah that’s it. Or is it? Regardless. That’s the truth now. Aware of Z’s cynicism it’s quite possible that Zed said: “The day I was told my father died, I couldn’t stop crywanking”. Maybe I came up with it. Yeah that’s it, I came up with it. Zed said to me: “The day I was told my father died, I couldn’t stop crying and wanking”. I instantly exclaimed “crywanking!”. And then we had a good laugh.

A couple of months before his father died of cancer, Zed left the country to study at a community college in Boston, Massachusetts. A few days before his departure, we went for a stroll downtown. As we casually walked, Zed suddenly stopped outside a rasta-style hippy shop and told me that he needed to buy something. Inside there were rings, bracelets, hippy clothes and all sorts of other colourful vibrant things. I thought to myself, fucking hell why is everything so expensive in here? Zed went straight to the salesperson and asked for a crack pipe. Back in the streets of Nicosia, I mockingly asked him “since when do you smoke crack?” “It’s for my dad” he replied. My smile fled the scene in embarrassment.

I never met Zed’s father. When he died, Zed couldn’t afford to fly to the funeral. As one of his closest friends I took it upon me to attend and pay my respects. The night before the funeral, I got hammered. I was living with my parents back then and I must have been about nineteen. The morning of his funeral I felt like I was dying. I couldn’t stay asleep. I couldn’t stay awake. My mother came to wake me up. I ignored her as I breathed heavily on my back. She came back only to be dismissed again. That’s when she returned with a bucket full of cold water which she poured over my face as she screamed: “Get up! You are not missing this funeral!” My mother has always been my resurrector.

I work at an office downtown, just a few minutes’ walk from the overpriced hippy shop. Its run by Miranda; a lawyer who specialises in administrative law and who has made a name for herself in that area. Miranda is intelligent, attractive and hard-working. Her greatest strength is also her greatest weakness. She thinks too much. More than often she comes to work sleepless. More than often I find myself wondering what her dreams are like.

Today was a productive day at work. I’m working on a lost case with the confidence of a winner. The client was married to her husband for twenty years before he died, but the law states that widows cannot get a widower’s pension if they got married after their spouses’ retirement. As if to say there is no life after retirement. Why would anybody want to marry you? A woman can only want you for one thing.

My arguments about the unconstitutionality of the pension law will prove to be fruitless but that didn’t stop Miranda from congratulating me on my work. Plato wrote that taking praise is the sweetest form of pleasure. Why is it that I felt so empty? When Miranda saw my expressionless reaction, she asked: “Are you sure you want this case? I can give you something else to work on.” “Yeah I’m sure. I want it. I really do” I said. I wasn’t lying. She sneaked a peek through the peep holes of my soul. Like peeping into nothingness.

Stuck shit. Shits stuck. I’m both the stuck shit, and the guy who took it. One could safely assume that I feel like shit. But if feeling like shit is like feeling alive and if feeling alive is like feeling good, why does feeling like shit have to be so bad?

Shit looks bad. Shit smells bad. Maybe shit looks bad because it smells bad. I’m too ashamed to shit at the office. When did shit get bad for me?

This evening I left work at around seven. Not many hours left until everything cruelly repeats itself. I decided to take a walk in the old town centre instead of heading home. My house is always a mess. My thoughts become disorderly when I’m there. I inevitably find myself pacing around the house as I chase my thoughts in vein. I often write loose thoughts on loose papers. Whenever I return to these thoughts, I can’t seem to understand my writing. Indecipherable words. Indecipherable head. Words unworthy of being written and a writer unworthy of reading them. I didn’t want to face myself just yet.

As I passed by my go-to bar, I saw Sophia. Since she started working there as a waitress about a month ago, I often pass by to see if she’s on a shift. My body seamlessly carried itself towards her. Like a siren she drew me closer and closer to her until I ended up taking a seat and ordering one drink after the other. *The wind can blow you away at will when you are hollow*, I thought to myself as I took out a book to seem less lonely.

Sophia’s boyfriend also works there. He was there today acting strange around me. I can understand his concerns. He knows how I look at her. He perceives me as a threat, and I don’t blame him. I’m a vulture. I would gladly ruin what they have for a night a with her. Things started slowly with her but after a couple of dry encounters, they seemed more promising. It was right about when I showed up at the bar in my suit and told her what I do. I had to make a court appearance that day. I didn’t intend on going there wearing a costume. At least I’m almost convinced I didn’t.

Sophia is tall, blonde and pale. She oozes confidence. One can tell by the way she carries herself that she’s used to guys like me. I sat there wondering how old she is. Whether she’s younger or older than me. If someone saw us together, who would they think was older? I didn’t ask her. I couldn’t ask her. Age becomes more private with time and I would hate to intrude its secrecy. That doesn’t mean I wasn’t curious. Besides an apparent fear of death, I never understood my fixation with age. I too like to say that age is just a number, but I just can’t seem to get around it. I’m also fixated on coincidences. Maybe because they make the world seem smaller. When I was a child, the world seemed smaller.

Sophia sat on the table directly in front of me, facing me. She lit a cigarette. I lit a cigarette. We stared at each other expressionlessly. “How old are you?” she asked me. “Take a guess” I replied. “23”. “I’m 27”. She seemed surprised. “How about you?”. “Take a guess”. “23”. She smiled. “Guess again”. “25” I said and she laughed. At that moment her boyfriend came over to her, gave her two kisses on her forehead and left. I cringed. “How did you come to that answer?” she asked. “I must have guessed close to the age I would prefer you to be” I answered. “Interesting. Do you want to lock your answer?” “Yes” “I’m 16”. A creaking noise sounded as the retreating feet of my chair scraped the floor. “All men react like this when I tell them my age.” I didn’t reply, I looked away. She hard-pressed her cigarette bud in the ashtray, moved the ashtray and got up. She bent over the table and kept facing me as she started wiping its surface. My eyes timidly moved back towards her. Until that moment I hadn’t realised how full her breasts were.

After a quick and guiltless eye-hump, being the civilised person that I am, I turned my sight away from her. My eyes caught two dark Asian looking men having a conversation. I started focusing on them, thinking about them, distracting myself from her. *One Pakistani is carrying a bike, the other is wearing a turban. They are standing right outside the supermarket. Two Pakistani men are standing right outside a supermarket. They could be planning a heist. No, that’s racist. A Pakistani was stabbed at 9pm the night before in the road parallel to this one. He was stabbed by another Pakistani. Probably in front of children. These men could be planning a murder. Yeah that’s it.*

My mind went back to Sophia. I turned to the book and pretended to read it as I thought about her, and numbers, and coincidences. As I struggled not to look at her, I heard a voice calling my name. I picked my head up and saw her looking at me. The struggle was put on hold. My eyes slowly started travelling towards hers. Before finishing their journey, they made a stop to meet the eyes of the dark Asian looking man carrying a bike. Once Sophia had my attention, she said: “Julius can I bring this table next to yours?” I had already been smiling from my brief encounter with the man when I turned to her. She smiled back at me instantly. She kept smiling as she placed the table next to mine. Then we smiled about smiling. I said to her, “this was the most pleasant moment of my day”. “Really, how come? “It was the only one.” She seemed unimpressed. I asked for the bill. I paid it. I left.

I have a cat. I thought about it as I drove home. I didn’t feed it this morning. I couldn’t remember if I had let it out of the house before I left. The last time I left it locked inside, it shat on my bed. I pictured the inside of my house. A tactless sanctuary of dust, alcohol, smoke, books and foods so rotten they could poison a cockroach. You know it’s summer when you share a home with cockroaches. I wasn’t killing them,

but my negligence could well have been doing so. With every day that passed a new cockroach would appear dead on its back at the exit. Maybe they were trying to escape. I wouldn’t blame them. There were five lying there this morning. I feel like I’m one of them. Perhaps that’s why I don’t step on them.

The car stereo was playing “ease my troublin’ mind” by Sam Cooke. I got home and parked at the driveway. I sat in the car until the song finished and then I got out and made my way to the door. As I walked towards the door, I thought about what I would drink. I had a few beers in the cellar. *Take a warm one to start off with, put one in the freezer and the rest in the fridge. Do I have anything stronger?* When I got to the door, I saw my cat. It began purring and rubbing its head across my leg. *Somebody is hungry.* I unlocked the door, got inside and shut it in its face. Something was off. I looked around in confusion. *What the fuck?*

The house is sparkling clean. It doesn’t smell like an ashtray. There are no dead cockroaches at the entrance. There is no rotten food lying around. No dust. There are no bottles of gin with the lid missing or warm unfinished beers which I didn’t manage to finish as I drank myself to sleep. In my office the desk is shiny, the books are back on their shelves.

On the centre of the desk lay an A4 paper with something written on it. I picked it up and looked at it. With big capital letters it says: “JULIUS BE HAPPY”. Drawn below the words are three hearts. I held it as if it was the most important thing in the world. My heart felt warm. I knew who did all this for me. A tear ran down my cheek and dripped onto the paper smudging a heart. More tears. Then my eyes were swimming in them. Resurrection. I went outside and fed the cat.

By **Andreas Tzionis**

Self-Portrait as Onion

In all my shades and diverse
fractions, layer after peeled
layer, you prod at the
symmetry, my basis. Inside,
beneath, within, I wrap
myself around my
self, concealing the pearl
of my circled core.
Bite, and you will know
my heart. Exhale and
accept my centered breath.
There is no escape. Cut
me, and you will weep.

By **Robert Okaji**







NAMPO
URATION

Half-heartedly Badly Dancing
by Ranerim

STILL

Quick and quick and
quicker still
I run and find I'm
never still
I run and run the
running mill
it helps me stay in
shape

BLANK

Blank discs
blank books
blank pages
blank looks
blank stares
blank faces
shooting blanks
robbing banks
walking the plank
blank

STILL WE TRY

Exposure. Vulnerability. Fearlessness.
Things to aspire to. People long for this.
Freedom to be who you're going to be,
who you choose to be in each moment.
Choices. Freedoms. Things we take for
granted.
Granted, that's life. Underestimating.
Overestimating. Never seeing
completely clearly.
And still we try.

PIECES

A young girl sits staring out the window, her hair is tangled and her make up smudged, she is tired but calm. She sips coffee out of a mug, smiles and starts talking to herself.

I think I fell in love with the smell of cigarettes and before you say it's a cliché, I want to be clear. There is nothing sexier than watching someone blow out smoke rings while reading a book. I always loved that armchair. I loved sitting and hearing a story while sneaking a puff or two. I felt warm and safe and stupid all at the same time; fucking miss those days. Falling asleep in those arms all curled up, so small. I'm proud to say I fell in love with the cliché.

If you asked me now, I'd tell you I can't even remember the last time I felt warm like that. See we barely read anymore, all I can smell now is that stained wife beater and whiskey and those fucking sour tasting lips, (pause) I usually sleep trapped under big broad arms. At least I still hear the occasional I love you, (pause) at least it's still there. I hate being a housewife; what an awful cliché.

But I got a way to cope. See I found the scissors under the bed and I cut away a small piece every day at 6pm. I refuse to speak; I utter nothing more than a word; I have never seen someone turn so red. A couple slaps to the face and I'll be tired enough for bed. But don't worry, I barely paint my nails anymore and I never ever shower. The whole fucking place is starting to smell and rot away, (pause), I'm starting to love my new routine and I can feel the distance growing. It won't be long, (longer pause and a smile) I think she's finally falling out of love with me.

By **Nic.
Spyrou**



OS



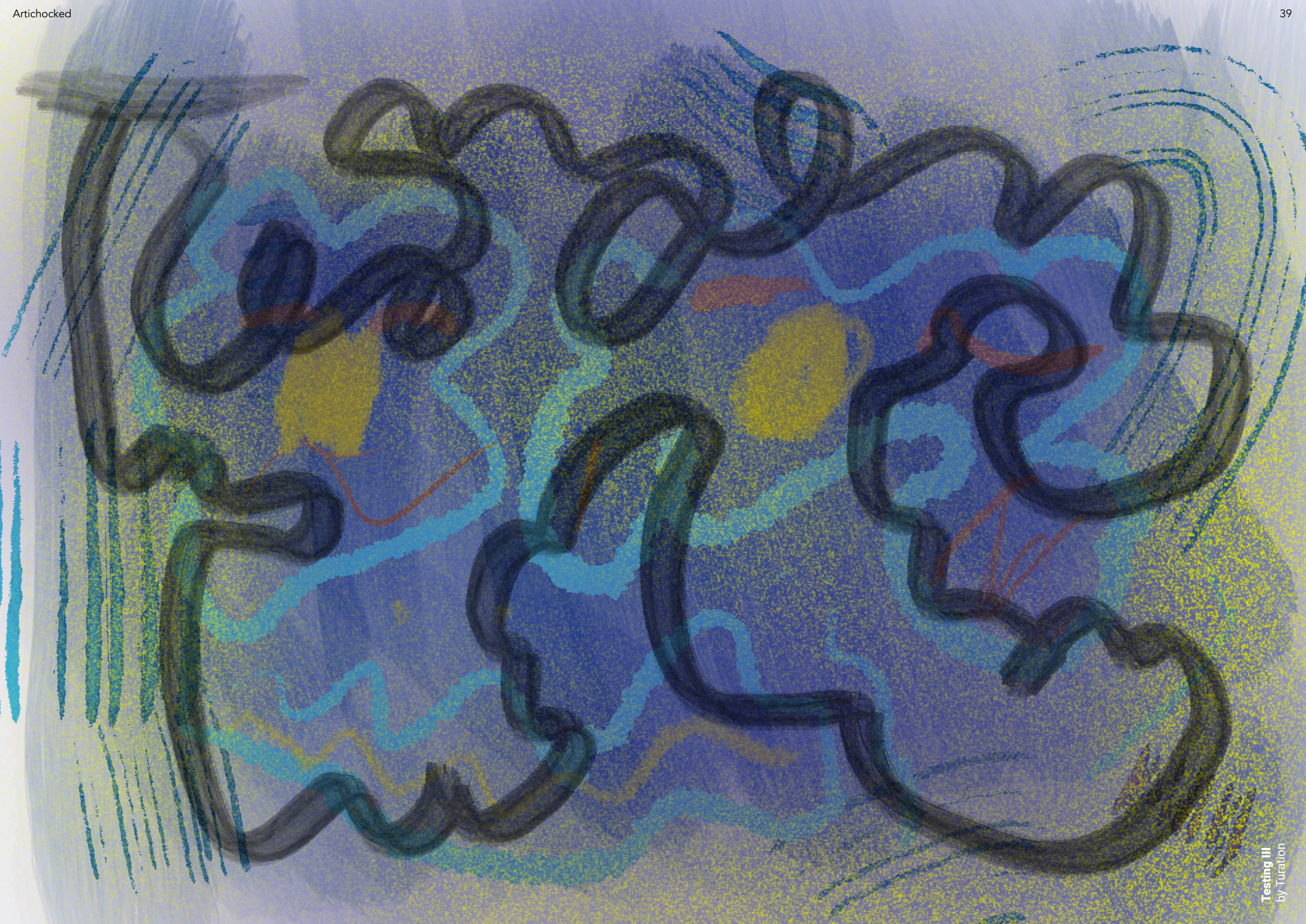
A JOURNEY TO CUBA
By Magical Realities











BABKA RECIPE

To all the coffee lovers out there, here is the perfect recipe for a cake that will complement your coffee. And if you like tea, this cake has your back. It goes just as perfect with any kind of tea too. All you will need is a little bit of preparation time and your willingness to have a piece of heaven in your mouth.

The cake I’m talking about is a braided brioche (french: brioche tressée) filled with mouthwatering chocolate-hazelnut cream. Now don’t be afraid, the name may let you think that this will be a baking trauma, therefore you can call it by its original name: chocolate babka. Babka meaning little cute grandmother in slavic language. You see the threat of a baking disaster instantly diminished with a cute delicious-sounding name.

- All you need for the yeast dough for the babka is:
- 260 g all-purpose flour

40 g granulated sugar

1,5 eggs

60 ml water

1/4 teaspoon of salt

75 g butter (room temperature)

10 g yeast (1 sachet of yeast)

First, add the all-purpose flour, sugar and yeast to a bowl. Mix the dry ingredients. Now, add 1,5 eggs and the water to the mixture. Knead the mass with your hands or let a helping standing mixer do the work for you for a few minutes. Add the salt to the mixture and little by little the soft butter. Continue kneading until the texture of the dough starts getting elastic, little moist and gooey. Put the dough aside in a bowl, cover it with a kitchen towel and let it rest for 60 minutes. Perfect time for a break to read a book, drink coffee or just relax.

Wasn’t that hard so far, was it... Now comes the best part: the creamy sweet filling for the babka. Since now we want to speed up things a little bit, to asap get a piece of that fluffy and creamy cake explode on our taste buds, you can allow yourself some cheating with the chocolate spread for the filling. All you need for the filling are the following ingredients:

- 100 g Nutella (cheating alert, but it’s fine. No one will tell)
- 100 g crushed hazelnuts (or any other nuts, or no nuts for those with allergies)
- 1/2 an egg (the rest of the egg)



Take a smaller bowl and mix the nutella with the 1/2 egg. Mix it until it becomes a nice smooth and shiny spread.

Now take the dough out of the bowl and roll it out (preferably into rectangular shape) until half a centimetre thick. With a knife, spread your Nutella-mix generously over the rolled out dough. Now sprinkle your crushed hazelnuts over it.



Once done, the acrobatic part begins. The result will be as breathtaking as to challenge any french patissier.

Start rolling your dough into a roll. Start from one end and roll it slowly towards the other end, and redo that until the dough is rolled up completely. It's helpful to wetten your fingers while rolling up the dough, the water will prevent the dough from sticking to your fingers. Take a knife and start cutting the roll in two, from one end to the other end. Now you should have two long half-rolls where you can see your layers of dough and nutella. Start putting one half-roll over the other by keeping the layered side up. This is how you do the braid.

Once done, put it in a baking tin with some baking paper in it so it doesn't stick to your tin. If you don't have baking paper, you can also butter up your tin and flour the sides. The babka won't stick to the sides...hopefully. Let it rest again for 1 hour, so it rises within the baking tin. After, put the babka in a 170 degrees preheated oven for 30-40 minutes. That's it, pour yourself a nice cup of coffee, invite some friends or family over, because your babka is ready to be eaten.

P.S. Just don't invite aunt Corona to the babka-tasting, we all know she is allergic to nuts.



Alternative fillings:

日本の祖母 (nihon no sobo) japanese grand-mother: Add 3 tablespoons of matcha powder to your dry ingredients, it will colour your dough green and give it a herbal twist. The filling is composed of 100g black sesame seeds (alternatively poppy seeds), some drops of vanilla extract (or 1 tablespoon of fresh vanilla bean paste), 50 ml honey, 1/2 teaspoon ccoarse-grained salt. Spread the honey-salt-vanilla mix over the dough and sprinkle the sesame seeds over it. Roll up your babka.

Strawberry explosion: Take a bunch of fresh strawberries, cut in dices and let simmer in a pot with 2 tablespoons of sugar on a heating plate. The filling is just about right when the sugar dissolved, not to mashy or liquidy. Spread your strawberry filling over the dough and let some cinnamon powder rain over the strawberry layer. (for the cheaters here: you can also substitute the strawberries with already made strawberry jam). Roll up your babka.

Apricot-greek yogurt filling, aka apricot γιαγιά : Take a bunch of apricots, cut in dices and let simmer with 2 tablespoons of sugar and 50 ml of orange juice on the heating plate. After 10 minutes squeeze half a lemon. Continue simmer until the liquid evaporated. Spread the greek yogurt on the dough, than put blobs of your apricot jam to it. Remember the squeezed lemon...grate lemon zest over the dough. For some crunch you can sprinkle sliced almonds over it, or not... I'll leave that to your choice. Roll up your γιαγιά.

Salty savoury badass: For your original dough add only 1 teaspoon of sugar to the dry ingredients. Spread some olive tapenade (paste) over your dough. Cut 2 tomatoes in fine dices, add some rosemary and 1 tablespoon of garlic paste to the tomatoes. Spread your garlicky tomatoes over the olive tapenade and roll up the badass to smack it in the preheated oven. When baked , brush the badass with some olive oil. Maybe you should concider drinking some wine to it, instead of coffee.

By Vlada Milos





Progressive Education

Walter Lancaster’s parents died in an automobile accident when he was 3 years old. The drunken driver rammed into them after crossing the divider leaving the infant the only survivor. His father’s brother, Donald Lancaster, took him in and raised him in the family mansion with home schooling.

By the time Walter was 5, he was deeply immersed in Spanish, Chinese, Tae Kwon Do, classical music, and other subjects, taught by tutors. Uncle Donald told him about his father’s work as a nuclear engineer and his mother’s work as a physicist when he was 6. From that day on math and physics were priority studies. Uncle Donald arranged visits to other homes with children and occasional children’s parties at home. As Walter got older he seemed to have little in common with the other kids and mostly observed their behavior, trying to understand what other kids were like. Exercise, training and diet stimulated his growth and at age 10 was big and confident beyond his years. Tutors started history, economics and literature and he was fascinated by great battles. When he was 12, Uncle Donald introduced him to politics, epeeé fencing and shooting. He enjoyed everything he did, but fell in love with epeeé fencing. He worked diligently with his instructors, already imagining fighting a duel someday. He listened intently to the admonition: ‘Control of your emotions is mandatory for a good fencer’.

At age 14, Walter was 5’10”. 165 lbs, and completely self-possessed. That summer, Uncle Donald took him on a wonderful trip to Spain, where he spoke to all classes of people, comfortable with all of them. The last stage of their trip was to Barcelona, where Uncle Donald told him about the Catalanian struggle for independence. They discussed the issues at length and Walter was inclined to side with the Catalans. “If they become independent,” Uncle Donald said, “they’ll fracture Spain, which will become impoverished causing much suffering.”

“So it’s more complicated than people wanting independence,” Walter responded.
“You should do some reading about it, then decide for yourself,” Donald suggested.
They got home in early August and Donald called Walter into his study for an important communication.
“I think you should go to a good private school to prepare you for college. If this appeals to you we’ll go to Creighton, in Connecticut and see if you like it.”

Walter was more than willing. They went to the posh old school where they met with the Headmaster, who was very eager to enroll the scion of a noted family. After the tour, they met in his office and he told Walter:
“If you decide to attend, you will be enrolled as a junior. That means many of the boys will be older and bigger than you. Will that be a problem?”
“No.”
“Also the school is sports oriented. Do you play any sports?”
“Tae Kwon Do and fencing.”
“Well we do have a fencing team.”
“What weapons do they use?”
“Foil.”
“I don’t fence foil.”
“Why not?”
“It’s too artificial for me.”
“Would you do it for the sake of the team?”
“No, sir. But I’ll teach epeeé to anyone who wants to learn.”
“Some of the boys may think you lack school spirit.”
“Is that a problem for you, sir?”
“Not as long as you can deal with them.”
“Then I would like to attend Creighton, sir.”
“Welcome, Walter. I’ll send you an information packet that will prepare you for classes and life here. I’ll see you on September 3rd.”
“I look forward to it, sir.”

They spent the night at a luxury resort not too far away, in an exclusive suite. Later that evening Walter was reading online about the school when there was a knock on the door.
“Come in, Uncle Donald.”
He looked around and a gorgeous redhead was standing in the doorway.
“I’m not Uncle Donald,” she murmured in the sexiest voice he ever heard.
She was tall, slim, shapely, wearing a short sleeveless dress, posed alluringly. He looked her up and down and knew he would fight a duel to the death for her.

“No. You’re not.”

She waited for him to say more, but when he didn’t:

“Who do you think I am?” In a voice that matched her body.

“The assistant hotel manager?”

She glared at him for a moment, then burst out laughing.

“I’m here to add to your education. Do you know what that means?”

“No. But I want to find out.”

She shut the door and walked towards him. He got an erection and his whole body started trembling. She noticed and said:

:“Are you nervous?”

“No. Excited.”

“Good. Then you’ll like this.” She slipped off her dress and was only wearing tiny black panties. She reached for him, pulling him to his feet, saw his excitement, whispered: “someone’s glad to see me,” took out his penis, put her mouth on it and he ejaculated. “Aren’t we eager.” She slowly undressed him, caressing him, and whispering erotic comments, until he was erect again. “I’m going to show you all kinds of things tonight. Am I welcome?”

“Oh, yes.”

It was a memorable night. By the time he fell asleep, sated with pleasure, he had learned where everything could go and how to do things with a woman. When he awoke in the morning she was gone. Part of him wanted to rush out and find her, keep her captive, bargain with her, not let her go. But he didn’t even know her name. He realized that she was a gift from Uncle Donald and maybe he could ask for her again sometime. Right now he had to wonder if a girl could ever feel as delicious as his beautiful instructor. He suddenly felt ravenously hungry, dressed, went into the living room where a huge room service breakfast was waiting.

“Morning, Uncle Donald. Thanks.”

“You’re welcome, Walt.”

As he started preparing a mindset for school, a thought popped into his head that made him smile. ‘I’m sure glad it wasn’t Uncle Donald’.

By Gary Beck

Run Up to Tomorrow’s Hags
(On Poverty)

Run Up
to tomorrow’s hags
and split your ideas in two,
in front of the already hollowed head
of some monster with a title,
who while you kick around this old dirty still
is waiting in a perfect babble,
in which this King has stolen all you own
and replaced it with a jeer.
Sound is stepping up the long stairway
as you laugh at your own funeral.

By Michael T. Smith









Ο ΚΑΟΥΜΠΟΙ ΤΗΣ ΑΡΧΑΙΟΤΗΤΑΣ

ΤΕΥΧΟΣ
1

ΠΑΠΑΠΑΥΛΟΥ
ΝΕΟΦΥΤΟΥ



ΣΥΓΓΡΑΦΕΑΣ

ΣΧΕΔΙΑΣΤΗΣ

ΑΔΩΝΗΣ ΠΑΠΑΠΑΥΛΟΥ

ΗΛΙΑΣ ΝΕΟΦΥΤΟΥ

ΣΑΣ ΠΑΡΟΥΣΙΑΖΟΥΜΕ:

Ο ΚΑΟΥΜΠΟΙ ΤΗΣ ΑΡΧΑΙΟΤΗΤΑΣ

2ο ΜΕΡΟΣ



ΣΤΑ ΜΥΣΤΙΚΑ
ΕΡΓΑΣΤΗΡΙΑ
ΤΗΣ S.S.



ΚΑΛΩΣΟΡΙΣΕΣ
ΣΤΟ ΜΕΛΛΟΝ!



ΟΙ ΔΥΝΑΜΕΙΣ ΤΩΝ S.S.
ΜΕ ΕΠΙΤΥΧΙΑ ΞΕΚΙΝΗΣΑΝ
ΤΗΝ ΕΠΙΘΑΝΑΣΤΙΚΗ ΙΔΕΑ ΤΗΛΕΜΕΤΑΦΟΡΑΣ
ΥΛΗΣ! ΟΛΟΙ ΝΟΜΙΣΑΝΕ ΟΤΙ
ΕΙΝΑΙ ΑΠΙΘΑΝΟ...



...ΜΕΡΙΚΟΙ ΑΠ' ΑΥΤΟΥΣ
ΜΑΛΙΣΤΑ, ΓΕΛΟΥΣΑΝ
ΚΑΙ ΜΠΡΟΣΤΑ ΣΤΑ
ΜΟΥΤΡΑ ΜΟΥ...



ΟΜΩΣ ΕΓΩ ΚΑΙ Η ΟΜΑΔΑ ΤΩΝ
ΔΡ.ΓΙΟΧΑΝ, ΧΑΝΣ ΚΤΛ...

...ΠΕΣΤΕ ΓΕΙΑ
ΣΤΟ ΦΙΛΟ ΜΑΣ!...

HELLOOOO!!!



...ΚΑΤΑΦΕΡΑΜΕ ΝΑ ΥΛΟΠΟΙΗΣΟΥΜΕ
ΤΟ ΣΧΕΔΙΟ ΜΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΤΙΜΗ ΜΟΥ
ΝΑ ΣΑΣ ΤΟ ΠΑΡΟΥΣΙΑΣΩ...



ΙΔΟΥ!!!



Μ' ΑΥΤΟ ΤΟ ΜΩΡΟ
ΘΑ ΒΡΙΣΚΟΜΑΣΤΕ ΠΙΣΩ ΑΠ' ΤΙΣ
ΓΡΑΜΜΕΣ ΤΩΝ ΕΧΘΡΩΝ
ΣΤΟ ΛΕΠΤΟ!



ΔΕ ΘΑ ΚΑΤΑΦΕΡΕΤΕ
ΝΑ ΥΠΟΤΑΞΕΤΕ ΤΟΝ ΚΟΣΜΟ
ΚΑΤΩ ΑΠ' ΤΟ ΖΥΓΟ ΣΑΣ!
ΤΣΙΡΑΚΙΑ ΤΟΥ ΧΙΤΛΕΡ!



ΜΑ ΑΓΑΠΗΤΕ ΜΟΥ,
Ο ΚΟΣΜΟΣ ΔΕΝ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΤΟ ΟΡΑΜΑ ΜΑΣ.
Η ΠΡΩΤΗ ΦΑΣΗ ΤΟΥ ΣΧΕΔΙΟΥ ΜΑΣ
ΕΙΝΑΙ Η ΚΑΤΑΚΤΗΣΗ
ΤΗΣ ΕΥΡΩΠΗΣ!





249^{HS}

Check out these books:

The Outlaw Ocean by Ian Urbina

The Five People You Meet in Heaven by Mitch Albom

Kokoro by Natsume Sōseki

The Royal Game by Stefan Zweig

The Secret History by Donna Tartt

CREATE

EXPLORE
YOUR
iMAGiNATION

LOTUS iSLAND

SEND YOUR iDEAS &
JOIN OUR COMMUNITY.

JOIN US ON OUR JOURNEY
AND HELP US CREATE A
COLLABORATIVE AND
FRIENDLY ENVIRONMENT
WHERE EVERYONE CAN SHARE
THEIR iDEAS, CONCERNS AND
PERSPECTIVES

EMAIL: THELOTUSISLAND@GMAIL.COM

TEST YOUR CREATiViTy

AN EVOLVING PLATFORM FOR
CREATiVES TO EXPRESS THEMSELVES

