

# INTERANERKI

Issue 1

£1 (Where Sold)





# Interanerki

Issue 1

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Interanerki is an eclectic mix of words and art published six-monthly in Leicester by Interact Digital Arts and the Anerki Arts Collective. This issue's contributors are: Kishan Anand (Zeropence), Sean Clark, David Dhonau, Asher X, Indira Skyflower, Poetman, Sammy Nour, Cynthia Rodriguez, Rowan Gatherer, Peak Flow and Black Nosferatu of 1,000,000,000,000 O'Clock, Rex Galidin, Callum Colquhoun-Lynn, Heinz Jaki-Volvo, Jeevan Kaur, Kulvader and M.F.C. Lowtz. Copyright ©2017 Multiple owners. All rights reserved.

*Front and back cover art by Indira Skyflower.*

## **We are Anerki**

**Anerki** is a multi-disciplinary arts collective, established in 2011. We hold a monthly event of underground artistic expression: Music, Live Art, Spoken Word, Rap, Dance, Comedy, Film and Free Speech. Always free of charge, it is entertaining, educational and conscious.

It aims to break down age and cultural barriers in society and to bring about inspirational change through the arts. Occurring as it does in Leicester, a plethora of nationalities and languages are represented.

**Anerki** places no restrictions on what a performer might do; boundaries between disciplines need not be observed. It is a format where new, experimental ideas can be presented to an energetic, multi-cultural audience without fear of 'failure'. It harbours a very nurturing environment, which is vital in allowing the greatest art to be expressed.

### Zeropence

#### **Why Interanerki?**

The first (proto-) **Interanerki** event happened as part of **The Art of Crass** exhibition I ran at the LCB Depot in Leicester in June 2016. I had been thinking about putting on a Crass exhibition for a few years and early in 2016 things finally started to come together. I'd made contact with some former members of the band and they were supportive of the idea, my collection of Crass related stuff was just about big enough to form an exhibition and, importantly, I had met up with a group of like-minded people in the form of **Zeropence** and the **Anerki Arts Collective** who could add a contemporary element to the exhibition.

**Anerki** is a pretty amazing group and their contribution to the events that ran along-side **The Art of Crass** exhibition was excellent. They provided support artists for the **Penny Rimbaud** (ex-Crass) show on the 10th June 2016 and curated a whole day of performances before the **Steve Ignorant** (also ex-Crass) show on the 18th June 2016.



When it came to planning my next event, an exhibition of my own digital artwork called **A Cybernetic Ecology**, I definitely wanted to see **Anerki** involved in some way.

The title of my exhibition was a line from a poem by 1960's poet **Richard Braughtigan** called 'All Watched Over by Machines of Loving Grace'. The poem imagines a world where technology and nature 'live together in mutually programming harmony'.

We decided to use the ideas in the poem as the inspiration for an evening of spoken word and music performances that would take place in the exhibition space, again LCB Depot in Leicester, on the 9th December 2016.

**Anerki** regulars were invited to perform new or existing work that suited the theme of 'technological utopia' - or if they preferred, dystopia. And given that the event would be run by my organisation **Interact Digital Arts** and feature performers from **Anerki** we called the decided to call the event **Interanerki**.

**Anerki** delivered another stunning evening and it seemed appropriate to commemorate it with a magazine containing work from many of the artists involved.

We now plan to hold **Interanerki** events and publish **Interanker Magazine** every six months to coincide with my exhibition schedule. **Anerki** continues to hold its monthly events at The Font, Leicester.

You can find out more about **The Art of Crass** exhibition at [theartofcrass.uk](http://theartofcrass.uk) and the **A Cybernetic Ecology** exhibition at [interactdigitalarts.uk/cybernetic](http://interactdigitalarts.uk/cybernetic).

The next exhibition in the series will be on the subject of **Cyberculture** and will open on the 27th May 2017 at LCB Depot in Leicester with the **Interanerki** event on Saturday 17th June 2017 at the same venue.

[S.C. March 2017](#)



## **Dystopia**

From the Treasure trove to the blood throne  
Philosophy the mans drive to own  
No stopping me beggary and bank loans  
Con you out of your house and home  
This is my credo; Greed and fear to be broke  
I just want free doe  
Gotta maintain status quo  
Coveting what next doors got on show

Premeditated and planned  
I meditate to manifest money into my hands  
Sending out spam  
Coughing up scams  
Dark negative female yin to your yang  
In your bag you'll find my delicate hand

Money makes me dance dance  
I got twenty shop bans  
Marriage shams, goods out the back of the van  
I've got a bad work ethic  
Spending habits  
Tight arse like a homophobic  
I'm crooked  
Classic antagonist  
I'm possessed by it  
I've got so plastic  
Addicted

Married to the money deeply committed  
Down the hole with white rabbit  
I'm still on benefits  
Don't mean what I like I can't have it  
Can't do stuff legit  
I'm a greedy bitch  
Cash flow come down self inflicted

Filthy cash  
Sell bash or fake a whiplash  
Bit in the bank the rest stashed  
Money can't buy class  
I'll always be trash  
Stuffing stuff in my hand bag

**Objectivity**  
I do  
Not  
See  
What you  
See  
In me  
And  
I  
Never will  
Because  
I am  
Not  
You  
I am  
Only  
Me  
**By Zeropence**

I'm a scumbag  
Covered in sick garms like a rash  
Toe rag  
Big brag, act flash, shopping bags like sandbags  
Vindictive I can act  
Borrow dough don't pay it back

Walk out shops alarms start ringing  
Chucked out for loitering  
Fruit machine where I bag your winnings  
A few ways I like to get my innings  
More than one way to get a cat skinned  
I repent before I carry on sinning  
I'm like a magpie for shiny things  
iPhones and chunky gold rings  
I like binging  
Like a Mouthwash I'm rinsing

Fraud's like second nature  
Cat burglar  
Getting bait-er  
Shopping trolley TV refrigerator  
The thief and the ink keeper  
Don't try and cheat the Cheater  
Follow the trail of jewels to find Sita  
I'll deceive ya  
Like the pink pantha

Thieving and trickery  
I'm like mercury  
Scratch up ya Mercey  
I like the green I'm green with envy  
I ain't working like a donkey  
Waiting for the adder to tempt me

Need a sugar daddy  
I'll keep your pockets empty  
You'll never be lonely  
If you stay with me

Sorry I spent the rent money

By Asher X

## I love Technology, But I Feel Like It's Controlling Me

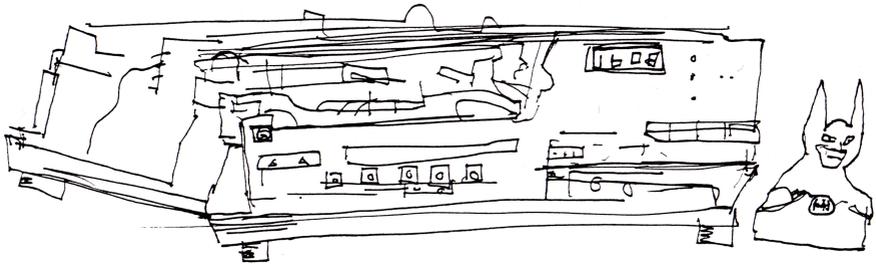
Learnt to press Control Alt Delete,  
As soon as my Amiga was obsolete,  
I got a 386 with Windows 3.1,  
For the encyclopaedia on a CD ROM.

Now it's Android Market and Google Play,  
And we all know iTunes is here to stay.  
Steve Jobs' dead but his legacy is not.  
Which generation have you got?

Why did I bother to learn to type?  
Touchscreen tablets, pinch and swipe.  
Fondling my phone seems a little obscene,  
When I'm squinting through a broken screen.

Facebook likes are all I need,  
More followers for my twitter feed,  
I'm either miserably looking for sympathy,  
Or smug and boastful saying "Look at me!"

By Poetman



post , V C R , Caped Crusader



## Rise of the Machines

Does anyone remember 8 track?  
I sure as hell don't,  
(Come on I'm not that old).  
We know now it was whack.  
But, the older brother of our beloved cassette.

Anyone remember cassette?  
To that small piece of plastic we are all in debt.  
It gave us the freedom to record our own tunes.  
And make our own mixtapes.  
We were over the moon!  
Remember crouched by your tape player?  
Waiting for the DJ on the radio to drop your favourite tune.  
If you pressed record at the wrong second,  
You might regret it, as you'd catch the selector telling you  
What he reckons.

Remember those tapes?  
You only got 45 minutes of tunes you could play.  
Then you had to take the thing out  
and switch it around!  
It was the only way.  
Remember fast forwarding to hear your favourite sounds?  
When the damn things broke  
you'd have to spend ten minutes  
with a pencil, or worse your finger, putting the tape back  
together.  
Just what you needed when walking home in cold weather.

Remember when we clipped Walkmans to our belts?  
When you fell off your skateboard your music died.  
You cried out  
and cursed like hell.

While we're on the subject  
Anyone remember minidisc?  
Dropping that was like a game of risk.  
For about ten minutes  
they were all the rage.

With their little mini inside cage  
they were that small losing it was a ball.  
Damn I love all those retro pieces of plastic.  
They were fantastic.  
Musically they were hench with their super mini strength

I guess what I'm talking about is the rise of the machines.  
I wont even get into CDs.  
Because nowadays shiny iPods and iPads

are the things of our dreams.  
But be careful,  
those mini computers are more than they seem.  
Now I can check my emails whist listening to Jay-Z!  
And if I'm not careful  
Apple, Google and Facebook know everything about me.

As far as 'piracy' goes,  
I don't have a wooden leg and a parrot  
In case you're not in the know.  
We don't call it stealing we call it sharing.  
Because for all those years the music industry was uncaring.

Twenty five pounds for a CD?!?  
Screw you HMV and your 'American imports.'  
They had us by the balls.  
Now I just need to check Beatport,  
Or go online  
To find sublime  
At the click of a button no music can hide.

But the abuse didn't stretch to only the consumer.  
It was the artists and performers who were really the  
losers.

On the sales of all those expensive CDs,  
the artists only made a small percentage piece.  
Now the record labels got the cheek to call us the thieves.  
If you're a drummer in a band you're on salary not royalties  
And you're joking if you think Spotify  
pay their artists properly.

Most musicians I know just want their stuff out there.  
They don't care.

They're seeking retribution.

We don't need distribution.

Nowadays all you need is an internet connection.

To the theft of the past there's coming correction.

Real fans will still come see your shows,

but your t-shirts

and show you the love.

'Cos they're in the know.

But to hell with you record execs.

I hope you're out on your own

With nowhere to go.

You ripped us off for so long.

With or without the internet,

the music scene will always be strong.

So here's the message

to all big money artists who complain about piracy:

You're hypocrites

'Cos you're putting your videos

On Youtube for free hoping for your tune to go viral see?

You should be grateful you're making a living playing music.

You got love from the fans,

don't be greedy,

don't abuse it.

And what's the difference between Youtube and pirate bay?

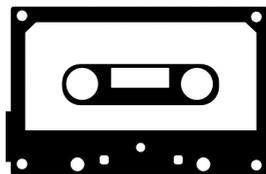
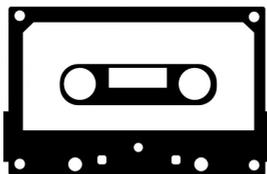
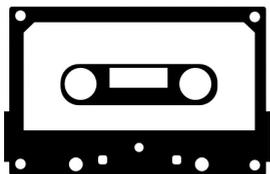
Youtube's cool and is a free marketing mouthpiece for what

the record labels say

Man I could go on all day!

Anyone remember vinyl?

By Sammy Nour



# THE BILION O CLOCK NEWS



## THE FINAL WEEKS OF WOGAN, THE LIVING PLANET

*I was lucky enough to chronicle these moments due to my connections in both the media and the galactic council.*

REPORTS CAME THROUGH OF A HIJACKING THE MOST POPULAR VERSION WAS THAT PIRATES OFF THE COAST HAD COMMANDEERED A VEHICLE AND WERE STEERING HER IN TO CHOPPY WATERS OTHER VERSIONS CAME THROUGH IT WASN'T A TYPICAL VEHICLE THERE WERE NO PASSENGERS AND ONLY ONE CREW IT WAS A BIT FURTHER THAN 'THE COAST' ETC ETC ETC UNTIL YOUR EYES BLEED THE TRUTH WAS WORSE THAN ANYONE COULD HAVE IMAGINED THE GALACTIC COUNCIL ISSUED A STATEMENT WHICH BROUGHT THE DISPARATE STORIES INTO CONTEXT QUITE SIMPLY WOGAN THE LIVING PLANET HAD BEEN HIJACKED AND WAS NOW BEING TRAWLED THROUGH SPACE AWAY FROM HIS NATURAL RESTING POINT AMONGST THE STARS

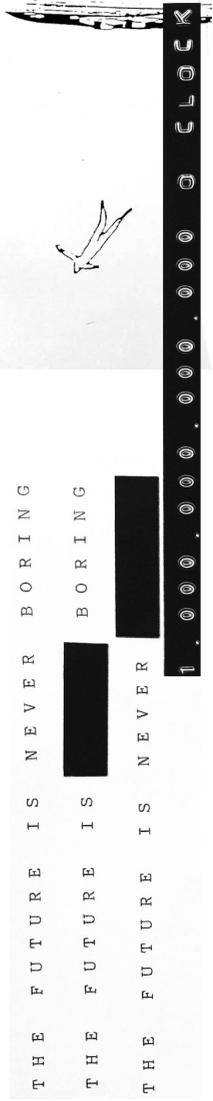
THE PIRATES WOULD NOT BE REASONED WITH AND REMAINED IN POSSESSION OF WOGAN FOR A TENSE 48 HOURS EVENTUALLY AS HOPE WAS LOOKING THIN ON THE GROUND TALKS BEGAN TO FIND A FOOTING AND SLOWLY SOLID IDEAS WERE BEING DISCUSSED THE PIRATES WOULD CUT WOGAN FREE BUT ONLY IF PAID 10 MILLION IN CREDITS THE MEDIA SPECULATED THAT NO ONE HAD THAT KIND OF CREDIT LYING AROUND AND ULTIMATELY THEY WERE CORRECT AS THE HANDOVER TOOK PLACE THE PIRATE VESSEL WAS VAPOURISED BY BLAST FROM THE SS WATCHDOG THE BBC'S CONSUMER AFFAIRS PROGRAMME GONE SENTIENT

CELEBRATIONS WERE HELD AS WOGAN WAS MOORED SOMEWHERE SAFE AND CLEANED THERE WAS AN ENORMOUS SENSE OF COMING TOGETHER FOR A GREATER GOOD THERE WERE STREET PARTIES AS THE WORLD LOOKED UP AND SAW WOGAN ORBITING ALONG WITH US SMILING DOWN OCCASIONALLY HE WOULD COMMENTATE IN A VERY 'EUROVISION COVERAGE' WAY ON SOMETHING HE HAD SEEN ON EARTH BELOW HIS VOICE ALTERNATELY LEAPING SUPPLE AS A BIRD AND THEN PLUNGING INTO A HEARTY BARITONE

THE TIME CAME TO SET WOGAN FREE NO ONE REALLY WANTED A THANK YOU BUT THEY RECEIVED ONE ANYWAY COUPLE WITH A SAD MESSAGE WOGAN COULD NO LONGER PARTAKE IN THE VIOLENCE OF THE EARTH HE WOULD BE SETTING SAIL AMONGST THE STARS HE DID NOT EXPECT TO RETURN AND SO THIS WAS A THANK YOU AND ALSO A GOODBYE A NATION MOURNED BUT SAW THE VALUE IN ESCAPE WHO AMONG US WOULDN'T TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY

AS HE GRACEFULLY DEPARTED HIS VISAGE GETTING SMALLER AND SMALLER WITH EACH DRIFT A SINGLE TEAR CAME DOWN AND SOAKED A SMALL TOWN IN MINSK A VOICE REVERBERATED AROUND THE GALAXY SO LONG IT SAID AND THANKS FOR ALL THE CHAT

*As told by Rex Galidin.*

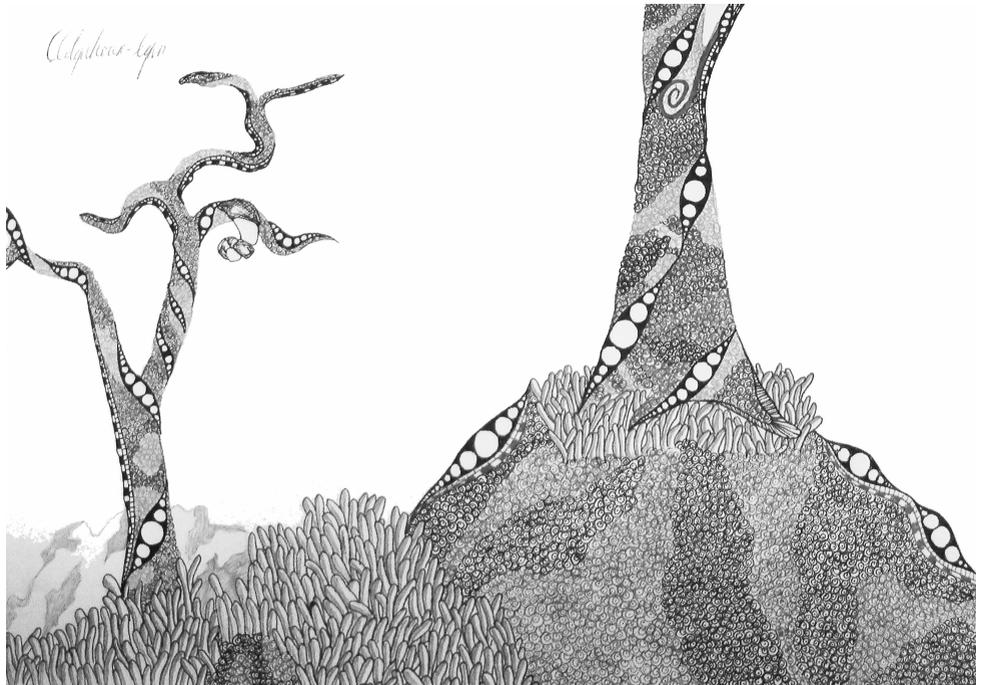




## **Manic is my Favourite Colour**

Ten beats a second, super fuelled  
With the fire from a hundred cigars  
Transcendent, invincible.  
There's a sludge-quake in my small intestine,  
Can you feel it?  
Pin prick insulin spikes, sugar pleasure  
Not so hungry anymore  
The demons have eaten my liver  
Manic is my favourite colour  
Crawling about like a sick dog  
Under the Fluoxetine rainbow,  
I am a god.

By Indira Skyflower



Drawing by Callum Colquhoun-Lynn

## **The Purple Beats**

The purple beats fall on the roof of my mind  
raindrops and hail come one after the other,  
and just when I think that the tempest is over,  
it comes back to take me to Kansas and back.

Tell me, can you see the circles on the wall,  
projected and taking over the dark room?  
They grow and then wither, so exhilarating.  
Can you feel yourself turn into a circle too?

Congratulations: tonight you've become music,  
and now I can play you whenever I want.  
Repeat you, and shuffle you,  
treble and muffle you,  
because to me, you have always been art.

By Cynthia Rodriguez

## **Pangaea**

The first tower of Babel was our land.  
So merged, so close to full unity,  
that tectonic plates felt jealous and overwhelmed  
and started running away from each other.  
Global understanding was intimidating,  
and the potential to run the universe  
was scarier than the threat  
to ruin the universe.  
Communication dried before we watered it again.  
Whoever were here before us,  
lost themselves in oceans of misunderstanding.  
Millions of years later,  
we still try to stitch up the pieces,  
crazy glue, blu-tac, velcro as we can,  
alas the turpentine of the powers that be  
is a solvent stronger than togetherness.

By Cynthia Rodriguez

## TV Dinners (A Nod To Brautigan)

On Wednesday I make pressure, building it up especially for release on Thursday. It curls perplexingly upon my brow, and the day gets up and brews like a fine log. I daze widely on the pillow, steam building in my left ventricle (I always sleep on my right). Thoughts: "Sun pass before me, sun pass before me, come on my lobe with your heat" (I always leave a crack in the curtains for the morning sun).

Being here means it usually happens slowly, but when it comes it makes me feel good; morning heat on my lobe. Then I shave in bed 'til the postman comes. Always takes me by surprise. Not sure why. He's been coming most days since I moved here late last March. I know it's him because I hear the bush rattle, I guess his wide red mailbag knocks it as he walks up my path. It's a long path, made of moss and long grass. The bush is near my front door, and my bedroom is above. I always sleep with the window open. Sometimes he brings me pleasure, the postman, like when my uncle sent me a roll of Edam. Damn I love Edam. Not today though, only bills. It's usually bills; water, gas, telephone. No electric though, they don't do electric here. That took a bit of getting used to; nothing to plug in, nothing with an artificial illumination.

I love candles now, the way they get blown, the way they are in jeopardy of my breath, the way they need me like I need them. Sometimes I run out, nothing left to light, nothing left to right, nothing left to snuff at the end of the night. A night with no words and no clue, just the open fire to glow up my slippers. I've got better though. Now mostly I check. I guess it's the fear. It's not good out here in the dark, the echoes of the forest are only okay when accompanied by candles; when I can see the wallpaper inside, and not just the stars. No candles means endlessness until the postman comes. I don't do endless well, it makes me drone.

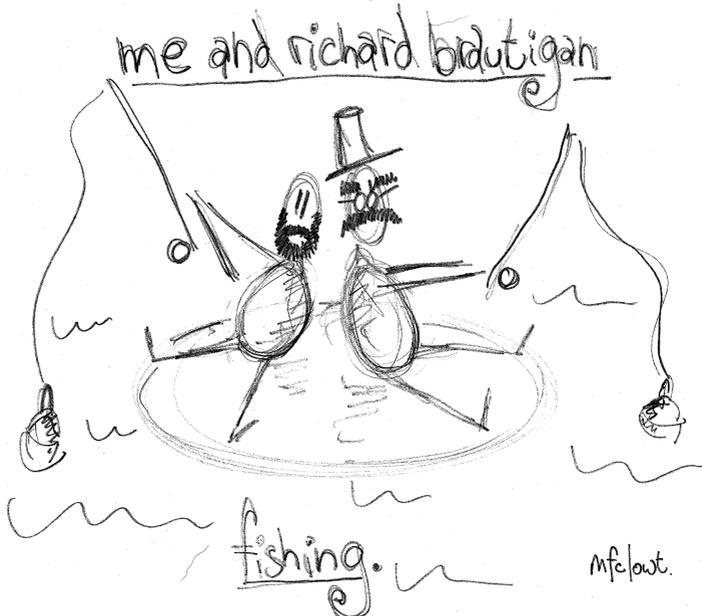
But now the sun continues to heat my tomatoes. It's still Wednesday, and the pressure is building nicely, I can't wait for Thursday's release, but first I have to milk the cow. The cow lives in the shed with the chickens and the mice. There's lots of hay in the shed, lots of muck too.

All my milk is warm, I love warm milk. I think it's because I know how much the cow likes my company. The cow knows I come in on Wednesday. The rest of the week I leave him be, but Wednesday afternoon is our time together, together in his shed, come what may. Me, the cow, and milk. I love warm milk, it helps me build pressure for Thursday. Thursday is when they collect my cow's quantity, it makes it all worthwhile; cash for milk. Two men come for the milk. I don't know their names, but they come in overalls and they don't take long.

Two urns into their cart, then I get my cash. When they go I leave for the market. I wave goodbye to the cow, and walk to town. I get loganberries, mangoes, candles and TV dinners. I love TV dinners, it's the tough meat and the neat packaging that attracts me. Nice shiny design, the tough meat, and the sauce. Mild runny brown sauce is a staple with TV Dinners, flavourless brown sauce and non-descript white meat. No fuss. Is it dog, or is it camel? I don't care, it chews hard and it comes in a nice box.

That's later, but for now I feel the pressure. Without Wednesday's pressure Thursday would never come, and the lights would run out. I don't have a TV, just a radio, but I like trays. Plastic trays in the microwave, with the candles and the radio. Slippers on. All because the cow likes my company on a Wednesday. Yesterday though, it was Tuesday, and the candles were running low, so I lit a fire and waited for Wednesday. I love waiting for Wednesday, it's so relaxing. I let my mind wander to the sounds of my imaginary radio. Soft voices I have never heard, crackle in my mind's eye. My microwave is imaginary too, that's why the meat is so tough. I like to think my microwave is brown, brown like the sauce. Cold TV Dinners can't be beat, crackly voices on repeat, in my slippers by the fire.

By Heinz Jaki-Volvo



## Cyborg

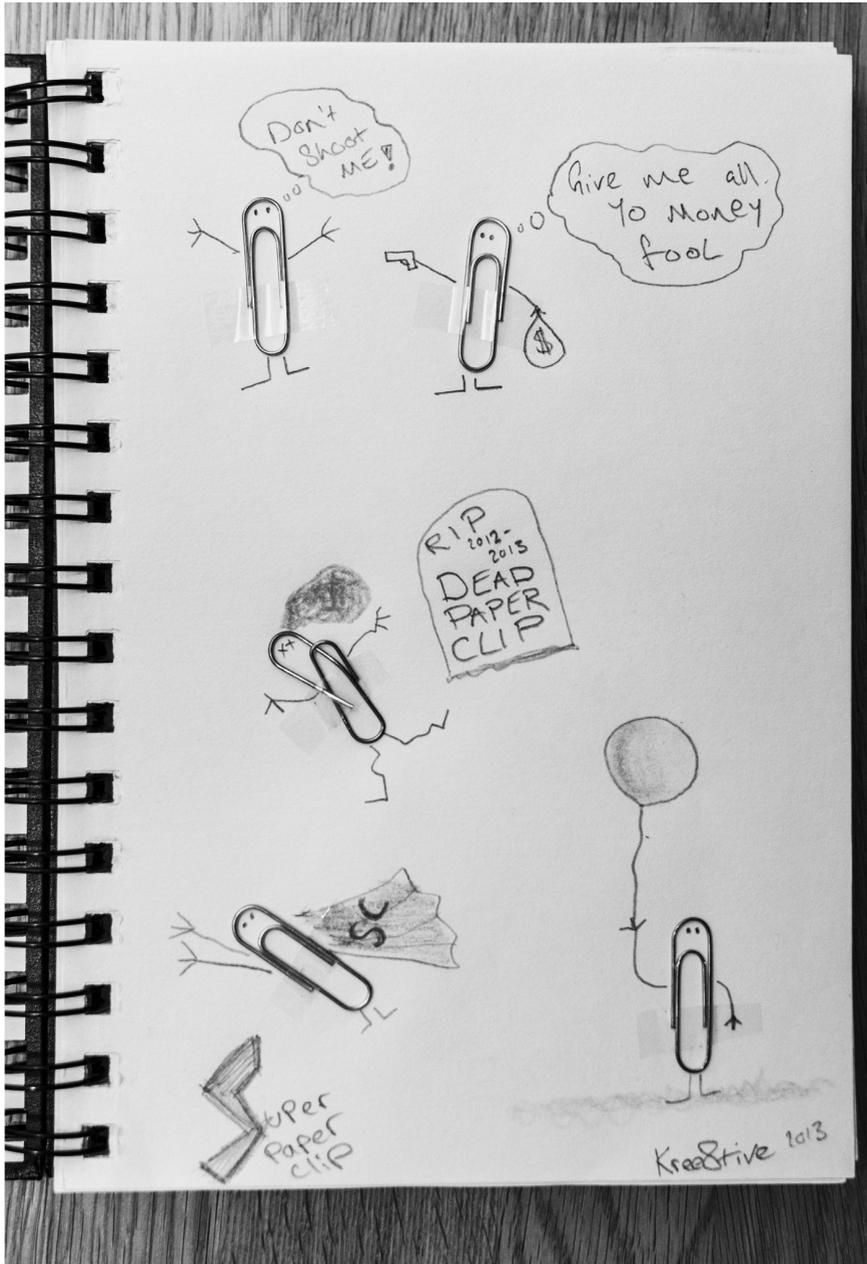
Mechs of Tech

Part blood, part machine,  
fingers welded to the touch of a screen.  
Endless knowledge at the touch of a button,  
tiny devices holding information  
heavier than a tonne.  
Our eyes fixed on blue light,  
bright light,  
piercing white in the dark of night.  
Our hands attached to screen life;  
heightening our sociality behind  
typed words and pictured scenes.  
We are the mechs of technology.  
Sat behind our computer screens,  
dependent on the world wide web,  
social medias and internet.  
Morphing into slaves of the machine,  
slaves it would seem.  
We no longer are the masters of our creations,  
gigabytes, megabytes, terabytes,  
we are losing the cyber-fight.  
Our phones are their drones,  
and cameras their eyes,  
into our lives invade these metal spies.  
Attaching themselves to us,  
extensions of our being,  
giving our life metal meaning.  
Turning flesh and bone into metallic chromosomes,  
turning humans into automatons  
half blood, half mechanism.  
We are the Mechs of Tech.  
We are the Cyborgs.

By Jeevan Kaur



**RESISTANCE IS FUTILE**



# The Paperclip Gang

By Kulvader

## THE KARATE MEN @ DAWN.

Some years past now and whilst I was fresh faced to this new country I happened to stay with a friend for a week or two, possibly three. I had arrived to this land with little to my name in wealth or possession. However this mattered not as new horizons and possibilities were to yet come. More locations. More vocations.

As a polite houseguest I helped with the household chores as best I could in my own limited fashion. Cooking. Cleaning. General chores. It was a time of transition. Mostly I drank wine.

The Karate Men arrived early one warm spring morning not long past dawn. The knock came as I was making fresh coffee and learning the day as it was rapidly becoming. The re-learning can be a difficult journey through perilous land. It took a moment or two for my mind to recognize the sound that came was that of a knock. It hung in the air for a moment before it came again and my mind was suddenly thrust into gear. It knew once more that the noise was that of a person on the other side of a door with words to impart or the potential of goods and services to be bestowed. I walked across the living room and opened the door to be met by two enthusiastic young men adorned in faded jump suits of polyester purple with a white stripe running from neck to ankle. Though the colour was departing, the love for these jump suits was not. They were crisp and clean and ready for the day. A slight synthetic crackle whispered forward on the morning breeze.

"Hello" The Karate Men greeted me in unison.

"Hello" I said, thrilled that this was how my morning had become.

"Have you ever thought karate?" one of The Karate Men enquired.

"Not usually before breakfast" I replied.

"We'd like to talk with you about karate if you have time" Karate Man number two continued. Their gaze was a reassuring promise of Bruce Lee and cat like reflexes and the smashing of wood and block with steel-eyed dedication. As I looked closer I envisaged a large group of these purple clad Karate Men standing around and laughing merrily at the broken masonry lay strewn about their feet. Bricks and mortar their only true threat.

Now the house where I was staying ran its cooking on gas. The small gas bottle was housed below the sink and was dangerously close to empty. It had been for some time due to the problem being our collective inability to release the valve and set the bottle free. That gas bottle had been screwed in place far too tight for mere mortal hands to accomplish. God-Like powers protected that kitchen from the perils of gas.

"Do you do demonstrations?" I asked Karate Man number one.

You could tell by the look on his face that this was not a common response to their sales pitch. I looked hopeful to help sway the mood.

"What would you want to see?" Karate Man number two said with noticeably less enthusiasm in his tone. I feared our relationship may become strained with this new development but I was certainly intrigued to continue on and find out.

I led them through the house to where a gas bottle tightened by a deity did reside. No explanation was required. A quick assessment of the situation and Karate Man number one went into action while Karate Man number two watched his six. With a smooth firm twist it was over within seconds. I was impressed.

"Thank you" I say "that really is most impressive."

The Karate Men smile for they have done well. It seems to me in that moment that karate is quite simply the single greatest tool that could be delivered to ones door. But in this realisation there is sadness also.

"It's just that, at this present moment, I have no money to pay for karate." I go on.

The Karate Men are no longer smiling and the world suddenly slows on its axis.

"Have you got any leaflets?" I ask. Immediately this seems to brighten the room a little.

"Sure" Karate Man number two says, "we have lots of leaflets." I can tell that he is the serious one of the two. Karate Man number one then hands me a pamphlet of hand-typed pages loosely bound. Contained therein are facts about karate and times of karate sessions and tips for new pupils starting karate and lessons that could be learnt from karate. It really was a lot of information about karate.

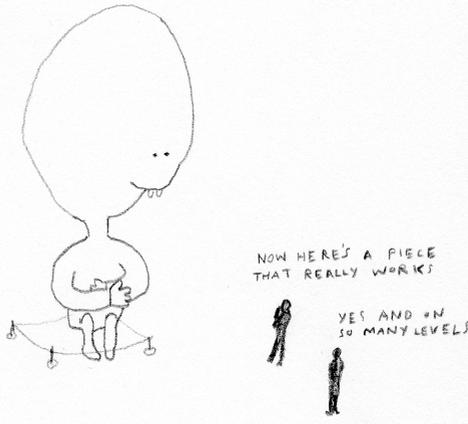
"Thank you," I say again "I really am very grateful." The morning surely had defied all expectation.

"Our pleasure and thank you." The Karate Men say. "Please do think about taking up karate."

They departed then and I watched as they walked with purpose down the driveway of a friends' house long lost now to earthquake. Onward to spread their Gospel of Karate to all those who would welcome it through their doors.

That was then and here in the now I find myself with jar of pickle in hand, straining, and hoping for the Karate Men to appear.

M.F.C. Lowt:  
twenty sixteen



## Events

**Fri 31st March 2017 7:30pm. FREE**

Anerki @ The Font, Leicester

[fb.com/anerki.arts](http://fb.com/anerki.arts)

**Wed 5th April 2017. 7:30pm. £7**

Totorro, Ease & Anatomy @ The Cookie,  
Leicester

[fb.com/ANATOMYleicester](http://fb.com/ANATOMYleicester)

**Sat 8th April 2017. 7pm. £7**

House of Verse @ Y Theatre,  
Leicester

[fb.com/thehouseofverse](http://fb.com/thehouseofverse)

**Fri 28th April 2017 7:30pm. FREE**

Anerki @ The Font, Leicester

[fb.com/anerki.arts](http://fb.com/anerki.arts)

**Thu 18th May 2017 @ 7:30pm. £8**

Steve Ignorant's Slice of Life  
+ Support @ LCB Depot, Leicester

[fb.com/interactdigitalarts](http://fb.com/interactdigitalarts)

**Fri 26th May 2017 7:30pm. FREE**

Anerki @ The Font Leicester

[fb.com/anerki.arts](http://fb.com/anerki.arts)

**Sat 27th May 2017 12pm - 4pm. FREE**

Cyberculture Exhibition (Until 17th June 2017) @ LCB Depot,  
Leicester

[fb.com/interactdigitalarts](http://fb.com/interactdigitalarts)

**Sat 17th June 2017 1pm - 11pm. Day FREE. Eve £8**

Interanerki @ LCB Depot, Leicester

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**Fri 30th June 2017 7:30pm. £4**

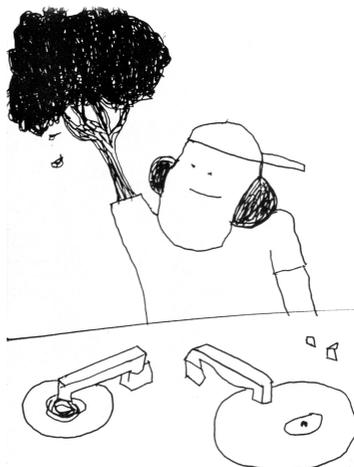
Dayflower presents Candy Dust @ The Cookie, Leicester

[fb.com/dayflowermusic](http://fb.com/dayflowermusic)

## Next Issue

To contribute to future issues of Interanerki magazine visit  
[interanerki.uk](http://interanerki.uk) for the submission form or email  
[editor@interanerki.uk](mailto:editor@interanerki.uk).

*The next issue of Interanerki is due out 17th June 2017.*



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