GLASGOW





We never really want to know anything about the author. The picture on the book jacket often upsets us. We enter the world of the book, we hold and grip this magnificent, talismanic object. We metamorphosize; we journey and here on the back page is a goofy looking man or here is a picture of a young woman even though we know the author has aged significantly since this photograph. Here is a wankery photo in black and white of the author. Here is the serious, seriosity of being a serious author in complete seriousness. We really, really hate when it is a man sitting and we can see his knees. We hate thinking about the person who wrote our book. The book was for us, for our eyes only. Our toes particularly crawl when the bio mentions the author's hobbies, or their cats, or how they live in the countryside. The exception is Joan Didion. Here is a real cool woman. And we don't mean cool in the sense of fashionably attractive. We mean cool as in cold and impenetrable, calm and composed. She fucking stood there in her sunglasses while the world burned. 'October is the bad month for the wind, the month when breathing is difficult and the hills blaze up spontaneously. There has been no rain since April. Every voice seems a scream. It is the season of suicide and divorce and prickly dread, whenever the wind blows.' Maybe we don't mind the photos of Didion because we know we aren't like her. We don't know anyone like her. We don't even know how she stood up straight. We couldn't see her. We don't like our authors to be personable. We like them godly and otherworldly. Don't look us in the eye, authors. That's right, turn your head and don't meet the camera's gaze. We will worship your text, not your icon. Let us dream of another world.

{SL}

a thrill in the milleu

between searching for meaning and a means to an end a thrill in the milleu I killed my darlings nah I was taken for a mug they haunt and taunt ghost and roast me I'm done I'm toasty now in secret I bested myself I could salvage nothing else and out there I found the glimmers of rush and promise and the wild flower of beginning again

{AP}

In coming here, I think I hoped I might slow down time. If space and time are the same, then when space becomes unfamiliar, time should be strange too. Glasgow is smaller than I remember, its distances have shrunk. The nights keep coming back around.

Late one recurring night, I left my friends' house. I was alone. It was raining. Rain made the darkness hop. The air was continuous. Why is this my best feeling.

{RG}

The Invit

Rain on Bashi Rain on Bushi Rain on Bushi Pestdence of Nots For Diur For Diur And all Mat, Diur

Fads of bottled jin May bring rollers May bring tollers 'A single breast' the fun Schaube blows

No reed smile here No reed smile here Rain on, Bushi

I run when I'm scared, and I'm scared. Towards old parts of myself that once held me.

And I think about how I wish it were easier.

How I wish I were capable of stepping outside of myself. To exist beyond a body burdened with conjured up dreams of past lives and paths crossed with the ones I've loved and lost, all in one lifetime.

{CIH}

Kylie Jenner Pregnancy Pact

I'm going to blink three times and get pregnant

If you don't know what you want pray for how you want to feel

I knew life was waiting for me and it was happening right now

It's not just a void I'm scrolling through The pictures of the Bump Each tap is an affirmation I knew God could hear my plea

I would change my life for this I would change my body for this

{DWM}

The Snack #15

It's been a while! Hello! Happy Spring!

Writing to you from the desk of Lunchtime with exciting news of things upcoming! Currently happening and sadly over by the time this will go to print is Donald Butler and Kitty Lambton's exhibition of collaborative digital prints, Ceramides - check out the work on the LT IG - prints are available to buy too! Having a closing/reading party tomorrow (1st April) with Donald reading excerpts from Free Radicals, a pamphlet LT published last year, still a few available at TWO POUNDS EACH, all profits to HIV Scotland. DM or email!

Next up! Good Press take over with HITS & MISSES, an exhibition of unique and limited edition record covers by Beagles & Ramsay from 6th - 16th April! And then the HOTLY anticipated 'Remains Unchanged', an exhibition by painter extraordinaire David Roeder! Very excited for this *somewhat of a homecoming* - an opening will happen most likely on the 19th April so come over for that if you're about! Then an exciting thing is brewing with Sticky Fingers in June! Check them out on IG, they publish great books and do a fab wee monthly mail out - this month it came with a Björk sticker!!! :-O

Also a wee reminder to check out Hayley Jane Dawson's pamphlet 'Fruiting' that LT published earlier this year - it's really gorgeous, brilliant writing from HJD, check out their ceramics too! @hayleyjane_ceramics ;)

Some Glasgow Art highlights for this month: lightly, tendrils, Annalee Davis and Amanda Thomson, opens at CCA from 9th April; Small Room, Jennifer Bailey at David Dale Gallery from 8th April; PORTRAITS, Ghislaine Leung at Ivory Tars until 17th April; Bloodsound, Zinzi Minott at Transmission open until 14th May.

Ok that's all for now! Find Lunchtime on IG @lunchtime and online at www. lunchtimegallery.co.uk - get in touch! see you soon!

xox <3 Caitlin <3 xox

A note on time travel

Popular understandings of time can be linked to time travel in science fiction and fantasy. Especially in characters travelling to the past, themes of fate and predetermination are visualized. These can be shown as immediate changes to the time-travelling individuals, such as the temporal erasure of the traveller or the traveller's present day due to interference in historical events, or the time travel itself is treated as a natural part of the trajectory of history, with the traveller's actions being essential to historical events.

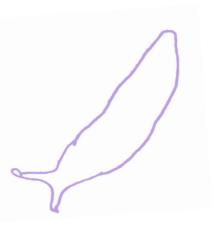
fear of fear and failure a certainty burnt in memory pride, the blind alley vouth, it's juvenile desire yesterday, a violated promise pathetic, but a whimper bones, tender remains of blood lost at impulse



Time is not only portrayed as a determined pathway of fate, even if fate is "changeable," but as a sequence of progressing events. The coinciding of the past and present or the present and future is completely unnatural here, forced into contact through fictional technology or magic. The traveller may enter the past as an individual visitor, a fragment displaced from their own time, their present day. Their past and present remain separate paradigms, respectively a cause and effect.

Yet the past is always present. For instance, the light of stars seen in the night sky is dramatically aged when we experience the sight of it. Travelling through space, the light arrives as the distant past of where it came from, thus we are always surrounded by the past. The same could be said of any phenomena. Even our sense of sight has an undetectable delay from when light reaches our eyes and when our brains perceive it. When we speak of a present, we bring time to a halt.

{ZW}



everything is possible until it's not

{AP}

Between Minus Eighteen and Minus Two

Between my explorations of minus eighteen and embroidered frosted windows to minus two and frozen puddles on January first, I was determinately fighting the vast titanium white snow by trying to run particles faster around me. It has been a worrying season, just like reflected premonitions of this year's Capricorn season with a full moon in Cancer. I guess you learn more when you are not constantly trying to justify your ability to have a voice, but essentially sometimes it's just a comfort-zone call. And that is dangerous. However, eventually, you do surrender (at least, I did) to the blank freezing as-if-back-of-your-head nature that settles you in and your voice guiding you through other ways. It talks, it opens a dialogue and it screams.

Just like a female figure does from a tiny screen opposing to you (while you are permafrosted with searching any sound that can be freed from your resonating body). She shares, she speaks and she lets her voice's frequency resonate inside you. Oh god, you wished it was you, grotesquely shaking the airy riffles and letting the vast space around be filled with you, physically. Just as you are her body, she makes your senses visible.

It's a hard spot for voice to be separated from a body, and that's what is rarely credited. Below the zero, there is a space, a moment when it's impossible to keep discrediting them both. Here is a place that makes a voice search for what actually creates sound. The same place (below the zero) is a tangible point that can birth permafrost, and then what? This is a point for me with no sound, it wasn't plainly there to be keen to exist to start with. Despite that, you are not steady, everything just slows down when it drops to the minus scale.

Perhaps, the slowing hypothetically grants access to the past, the world that clips the present into particles and freezes them on YouTube. Just like music, they become a never-ending memory of a narrative, that travels through time. Anyway, that lady on screen captures the experience you gain between the demonic execution (what I call live music) and forced entertainment (what I call here a music video). The singer speaks live to you from the TV screen as if in a metaverse synchronicity but there is always a separation, and there is always clarity of lines in all frames. You hear her voice louder than ever, and watch your body sensing your voice.

in the violence of swift silence we made our choices the seasons kept changing where between withering and come hither the cracks became continents posturing no one shared our voices and then we stopped talking the biggest sin for a man is to stop listening and then comes the departing



Getting wet provides a great blockade for rational fear

This was the self who got hit She sits on the floor and secretes Spit from an open Iaw I don't trust her.

Licking No wound Smell of candy I hate her.

{DWM}

Residue

Sit on barbed wire. Barbed wire pierces vagina. Barbed wire pierces hymen. And a gush of thick blood falls out and onto the surface. There's a smell, earthy and decaying flesh. Decaying flesh pierces nostril. And tentacles begin to caress and grab and twist and slap and tighten their grip around hips and thighs. A baby cries.

A baby cries. The smell of earthy and decaying flesh never leaves. And the body, it is coated in this sticky thing. A viscous texture, can't be scrubbed off in the shower on any given day. The same thing that happens to garden furniture left too long under a maple tree. Infectious. Residue. Decaying flesh.

There is someone huge, sitting on the clouds above and watching how things unfold. I think he is the most evil thing ever known to man.

APRIL 2022



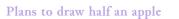
{LZ}



'No Music At All' (2021) 2 mins 58

oh you sad little flower in the sand

{AP}



{KH}

It is a requirement to leave a shape place it silently against a surface

rain piling into wide glass, bare and the light from the fridge a cold room

and a strong shadow at the base of the apple half of it sliced politely small bites and an old knife

with walking muscle memories and pink flesh spilling

and here's you cutting the fruit down the middle, perfectly remote

while I watch from across the room

in the winter with water in my hand,

playing Sugar



{DE}

the composer has the COVID an emergency conductor has stepped in there is no fixed seating feel free to move around the space the noisy child sprays the juice and a volunteer wipes it with a tissue from her pocket

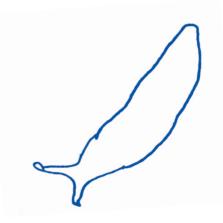
Guava

there is a scar on my left leg, as i sit in bed it flares up and all the memories of a moment wrap around me like a patchy blanket. when i was walking with Francis and Joyce joking, looking back to the sound of them laughing and come to think of it, i have always turned back to the conversation of friends, willing to step into the unknown, across this gutter hoping their smiles will guide me across. now, don't get me wrong, it wasn't their laugh that faltered my steps; just the many thoughts that interrupted like: smiles can last as long as a river flows. of myself there, i hope it grows, i hope say: that must be a fruit of laughter, coats the mouth so every meal you old wounds, these painful interruptions ache with a story, i will listen.

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{HG}



how long can i make them laugh, and i hope their but here, i slipped, leg scraping cement, i left a piece that one day someone will see a guava tree there and sour with a fleshly pain, and a sugary aftermath that have is dessert thereafter. i must be thankful for these of joy and every time i feel them, every time they



{HJD}

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