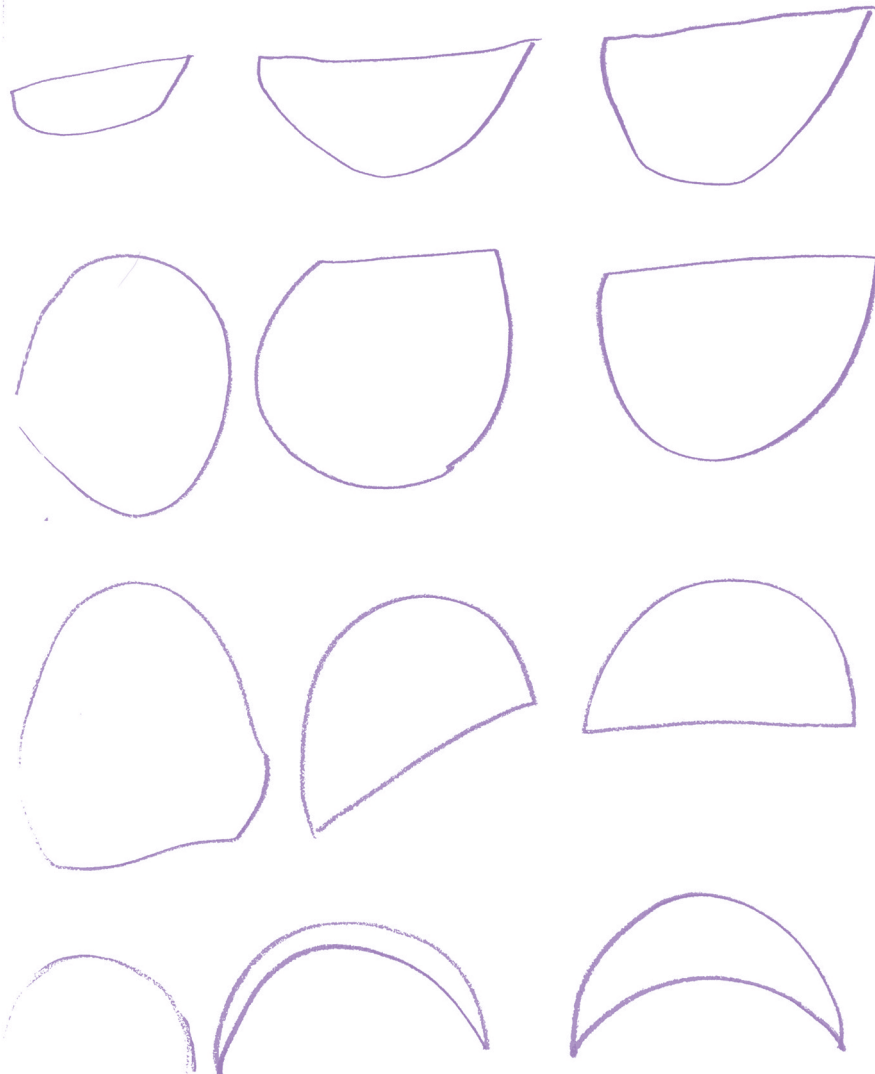


# The Paper



How many nights  
 [blacked out scribble]  
 should I wait for

[SP]

## 2 small penile poems

To empty oneself  
 against a wall is a  
 particularly  
 dignifying position.

--

No, I'm not crying,  
 I just have some Hormone in my eye.



[EW-E]

### Bad Sauna Telly Reviews

Little Women: didn't know what was happening for most of it. Don't like timothee chalamet (sp). Quite attracted to the character who looks a bit like me. Decent

Gogglebox: feels like a cuddle. Don't need to see someone jerk off an animal every week.

Celeb Gogglebox: don't know who most of these people are

Portrait of a Lady on Fire: beautiful, spacious, quiet. Highly recommended

TRANSPARENT: not the ending it deserved but they did the best they could (all things considered)

DARK: def binge it to be able to keep track of what's going on.

The Da Vinky Code: batshit. Amelie does ASMR on Tom Hanks and relives her trauma. Pale guy fucks himself up because Jesus suffered but it's fine



[IN]

## An exercise for your tongue

A bee in the sea is delightful,  
but cause eerie effigies,  
in geometric hatches.

Itinerary?  
Jairobics Ceilidh.

No Elbows.  
No Embarrassment.  
No Entertainment.

Oh! Some peacocks in a queue.  
Oh, it was artificial?  
Essential tears.  
You vegans, double for you.

Let's exterminate.  
Why? The Zebra.

[RTJM]



if (when) there is a food shortage this year because of unseasonal weather (see climate crisis), covid-19 (see capitalism epidemic) and lack of landworkers (see racist conservatives) we had better realise the fragility of a just-in-time global food system which relies so heavily on the oppression of the working classes to pick, transport and sell it, and understand the unique importance of learning how to find, grow and preserve our own. The terms 'foraging', 'organic' and 'sustainable' have become classed and their meanings degraded to pure aesthete - wild food, and the cultivated versions grown by skilled craftspeople, are the root, leaf and flower of all cuisine, of all medicine and of all community.

[SRP]

## *2am notes for a thesis*

Footnote terms like fembot - talk about where it originated and its significance and connotations, as well as terms like cyborg! Very important to footnote these- cybernetic organism

Less mainstream films that use the cyborg in a way that Donna Haraway imagined theoretically then use this in a way that fits into the reworking of eco feminism with cyborg feminism

Finding representations in other cultures that use the representation of the female cyborg in different ways.

Go into biology and gender separation.

Where does sexual desire and sexuality fit into the representations of sex. Think about non hetero normative depictions of cyborg - allow for the cyborg to take on forms of other non normative sexuality- good way to show progression? Or better to get rid of gender. Maybe some psychoanalysis.

Nature as threatening - idea of the sublime written by Kant - when people witnessed the alps- frightening awe, overwhelming. Philosophical interpretations of nature.

[CV]



[IW]

3

## Shortcomings

Academics like interruptions But life doesn't have commas Your brain doesn't use periods when it's speaking to itself And I don't recite in quotation marks Just describe their face and tell a story about how it changes No exclamation point needed What's wrong with writing in the same language everyone thinks in A question mark lived here Life is too complex to have to translate words from English to English And death is too simple to care Dot dot dot

[PA]

An angel sits across the table from me and offers his palm, facing up to the ceiling. To the sky. The room takes a breath and brightens. In my mind's eye I see a series of numbers, their significance of which I will Google later on. His expression laments my calendar. I take his open gossamer hand.

'Did you see the sign? Night before last?'

'No, when? Was I downstairs?'

'No, it happened while you slept.'

I drew my hand back, and brought a coffee cup to the sink. A few minutes pass, and the angel's face steels. I had grown distracted by an email on my phone. I brush my hair and look in the mirror, reflecting on my pout. The red breast of a robin on the tea towel hanging from the oven handle burns my cheek. The angel remains seated at the table. His neck and shoulders slope forwards, head hanging down to the wood.

'The picture on the wall.'

'What picture?'

'The drawing of the blue woman. She fell from the wall.'

'That was the sign?'

'Yes.'

Out the corner of my eye I see plumes rising from the chimney outside the kitchen window; I think about other people in their houses, also in their dressing gowns. My brain clouded and greyed, I sat down. The angel's eyes commanded my attention. I'd been complacent with house plants and cleaning the windows for several days. It was time to take a step.

[FA]



# The Snack #7

A Lunchtime Bulletin  
december mmxx

Hello Readers!



Good news! Some news! There is a gorge new risograph edition in the Lunchtime shop from Renèe Helèna Browne! Printed beautifully by Sunday's (as ever), Testo Rex is an A3, 150 gsm signed print in an edition of 40, available for just £12 and ALL proceeds go to Ubuntu Women Shelter, a Glasgow-based charity and shelter for women. Get yours quick, they are flying off the online shelf!

More news! There will also soon be two more new editions! A riso pamphlet with an essay by Glasgow based artist and writer Donald Butler titled 'Free Radicals', and a riso print of a delicious painting by Amy Winstanley, also based here in sunny Glasgow! So, watch this space! Both should be available for Christmas ;) ;) ;)

And, don't worry! 2020? It's nearly over! So, whatever you're planning for the end of the year, make sure you wave this horrible ten months off with great joy and abandon, all your favourite snacks and your two favourite households!!

Lots of love,  
Caitlin xx

4



[LP]

I picked her up, I mean I grabbed her, and I plonked her on the floor outside my bedroom door, I mean I threw her down, and then I locked her out. The face, unsure what she'd done wrong and wondering what to do next, lives on the top right of my eye now. It's been there for about 40 years. I removed her like a dirty duvet. She didn't deserve that. All she wanted to do was rub her head on the bed knob and maybe chew a little bit on the sharpest corner of the book cover.

She'd been walking in the woods. She was cradling great armfuls of daffodils. With sticky willy in her hair, mud on her knees and weed fluff all trapped in her cardigan, I felt such guilt for having declined the invitation to go for a walk with her.

[CM]

trampoline for a hand blender

finally happened (constructions collapsed), having a big clear out. last year was the last year (of excess), gone pending collection (labour) no longer required, only a few things remain. (are you) valuable to someone, best not first barter. still, still, still won't let go of those cupboard institutional essentials (barista oat milk, fizzy juice, wine etc)

[LR-H]

## MRI discotheque

*as a solitary horizon low in wide red,  
or a stain swallowing a paper tablecloth*

*lightbox of the internal window traces the  
lace-knot thorax, chernoff antennae*

*sycamore hindwings aping their fores like a new tooth  
mime extraocular, ciliar, scapular; spiral the fixed smile*

*as a sunflower turning in water, or the way  
a dream dissolves in the grasp of recollection*

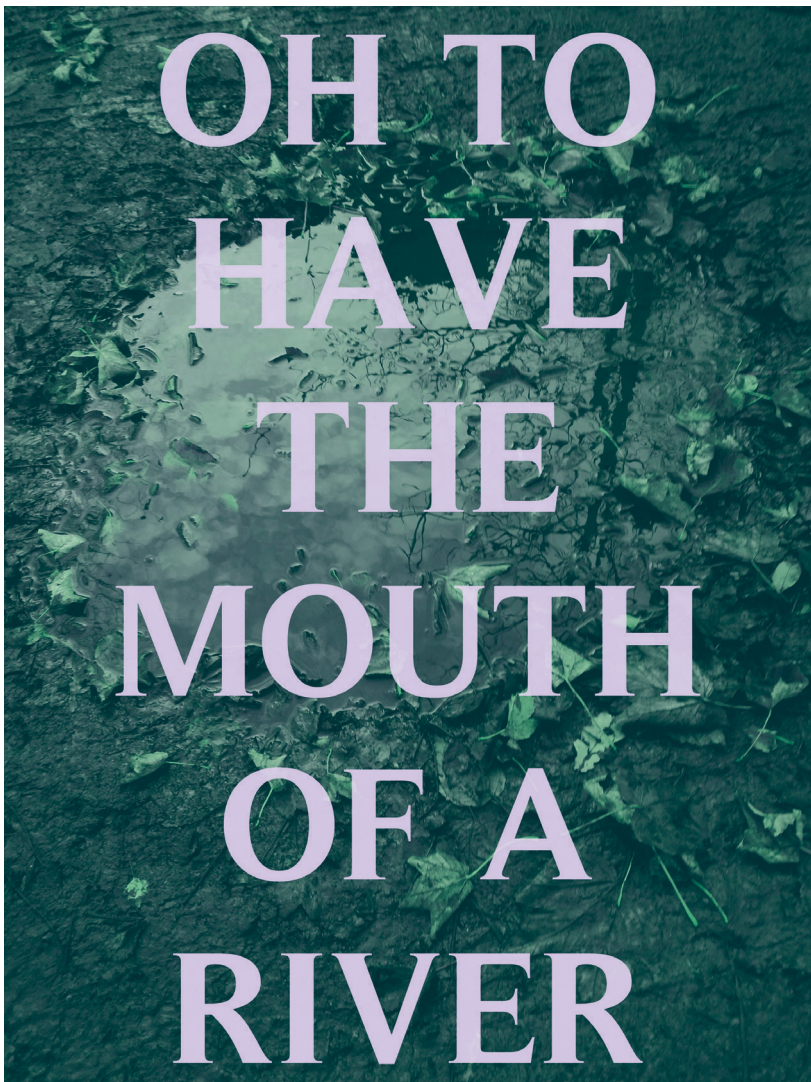
*snick of scissors a drifting clock. departure of and  
light with you forecloses, pins photonastic, folds as a fist*



I went for an MRI on Halloween. It was the place to be, the gig of the year. I sat in the nearest waiting room to the place the 'mobile unit' parks up at the back of the hospital. It's a pop-up, you know, like some super hip temporary venue. This waiting room happened to be the children's ward: I sat in the midst of a tiny Hulk, Woody the cowboy, twin skeletons, and a Batman. I should have made more of an effort, they put me to shame, but 'metal free' made my outfit more appropriate for the gym. The 'mobile unit' is really the back of a lorry. It felt like such an event, some clandestine operation: it was rainy, the wind was dramatic, I waited by a barrier like I was queuing for a club. Not that I ever did that very often. A man popped out the van and called my name: I was on the guest list, lucky me. Had to get checked before I got let in, all clear but I'd forgotten my mask had metal in the nose bridge. The actual scan was invigorating: ear plugs in and padding round my head, the will to move stifled so letting the sound reverberate its taps and clanks and buzzing through my body. It was like standing next to a bass, close to the stage, pressed still by a crowd but here on my back instead of upright, and the body of the machine the only one in reach. Nothing else to do than pick up disjointed rhythm, eyes closed. One time I went they played 'Let's Party Like It's 1999' by Prince on a loop, but this time it's just the machine and I'm just glad they didn't offer whale noise. I must be so deprived of immersive situations, I hadn't really realised. I got injected with a dye and got told to drink lots of water because it could make me dizzy after I left, so I spent the rest of the day pouring water down my throat like I had a killer hangover. On the way out, as I shuffled past the narrow back-stage space the technicians use, I got a sneak view at the scan of my head, the black and white wobble of a brain. Happy Halloween. Went to get the bus, the driver didn't see me, and there I was with my arm out half into the road like the woman at the start of *Susperia* (1977) but instead of a white, glam, rainswept outfit I was in drenched black ath-leisure, in the dark Glasgow autumn, making a cinematic moment out of a trip on the number 90, making a gig out of an MRI.

[AS]

5



[IB]



# Men Without Borders

Tobacco smells like food to some men. On the tips of their fingers lay an aroma of outdoor musk. Man-made and burnt. Self-identifying and comforting. A chosen path. A self-inducing, self-sufficient environment; or at least the beginning of. Still within the confines of personal space and privacy. Or so one would think. To us, it is an air of distrust. Not one you can place your trust upon to balance. An unwilling lack of control that has possibility if melded properly, but a risk.

To those in between, it is all a chaotic mess of self-indulgence and self-pity. But an interesting show to watch nonetheless.

If you sleep what dream may come?

[AHR]



[CO]

6

## *pizza skin*

the night before I  
made a terrible mistake.  
I misunderstood

Dario's menu —  
and got just a white pizza.  
Without any tomatoes!

I tried to save it  
with red purée from the tube,  
fresh mozzarella.

It did no good though.  
A semicircle left to cool  
in the cold oven.

by the morning when  
I pulled it out from in there  
the cheese lengths had set

like thin grafts of skin  
laid out with quiet patience  
by special effects.

abject, yellowing,  
atop the half moon pizza.  
— still not good to eat.

so, and by the way,  
caution need be exercised  
when using the web

site, as it goes: wuh  
wuh wuh dot dario pizz  
eria shaw lands

dot com

[KM]

## Spiced Preserved Oranges

These are a take on preserved lemons but take less than half the time. Toss them through a salad, Kale, Brussel sprouts and walnuts come to mind, how about adding them to a veggie stuffing or even mixing them through some mincemeat for minced pies. Have I gone a bit far with the festive themed suggestions, perhaps, here's a few more. The brine can be used in a cocktail, hello old fashioned, chop the oranges up and add them to a sponge cake or cook down the brine with some sugar to make a syrup. Heck these guys do everything plus they look delectable in the jar. You can adjust the spices to whatever you have, black peppercorns would work great, even a few chilli flakes or a bay leaf. This recipe makes one jar but can easily be increased to make more.

250g Oranges  
(2 or 3 oranges depending on size)  
½ Cinnamon stick  
3 Cloves  
1 Star Anise  
10g Salt

300 ml jar with lid



Wash your oranges to remove any dust or dirt, cut in half, then cut each half into 4 so you end up with 8 segments from each orange. Place these in a bowl with the salt and massage the oranges until they start to release some liquid.

Wash and sterilise your jar. Start squashing your oranges and spices into the jar in layers, pressing down to remove any air bubbles, fill the jar right to the top and cover with the salty orangey liquid then screw on the lid.

Place somewhere cool and out of direct sunlight, leave to ferment for 7 to 10 days then pop in the fridge. The oranges are now ready to use and only get better with time, you can keep them in the fridge for up to 2 months. Easiest thing you've made all year right?

[LH]

## Bookdream no. 23

The door bell rings. You plod to get it wearing thick socks and other comfortable things. It's the librarian, from your favourite library: a library that delivers to your door, in neatly wrapped paper packaging.

When your books are due for return, the librarian shows up again, stopping for a chat, always with recommendations. If you tell them your research area, they will create special bundles, with additional print outs and further readings – and if they don't know they will know someone who will know because librarians are those who know where to find things.

When it's safe again you'll invite them in for a cup of tea. This version of library will start because of covid, but carry on long after, for those of us for whom illness is not temporary. In fact, each librarian will become known for the scene they create around them, a quiet scene of slow and attentive information transmission. Faint pencil notations in margins will be the preferred mode of communication, and we will come to recognise each others preferred method of dog-earing.

Both, or most,  
mostly those  
of lost and found  
lost thread sewn  
soundless sound  
slice thimble pin  
thicket green  
tread on  
read through  
thread through

[DH]

[KW]





[RV]

- Fiona Allan
- India Boxall
- Lulu Hankin
- Layla-Roxanne Hill
- Daniella Hughes
- James McAleer
- Hannah Machover
- Carrie MacLennan
- Robert Thomas James Mills
- Kate Morgan
- Isobel Neviazsky
- Camila Ospina
- Suri Park
- Sean Roy Parker
- Eleanor Patrick
- Lola Primrose
- Alison Scott
- Kaiya Waerea
- Isabella Widger
- Rodrigo Vaiapraia
- Amber Ranson-Howe
- Carolina Varanda
- Evelyn Wh-ell

### postcard 1

I almost wish I hadn't seen the falcon –  
 I became accustomed to finding things in single leaves  
 and the outline of feet; an underbelly holding foliage  
 filled to crinkled edges, crumbling onto the floor  
 around where you sit. Flurries of dandelions  
 whirl above two dogs, padding by together,  
 one looking behind and the other watchful, ahead.

The glow beyond and wet marks of woodland grasses,  
 thick, floating, heavy sky, adjusting to now one figure  
 and another. Nose shadows, elegantly apposing;  
 cloaks hitched at the shoulder, draped across, head covered.  
 Only when I searched, glad I had missed something again –  
 another crest of feathers showed their colours. Perched,  
 taken to be a shivering branch, set to retreat.

[HM]

### HOW TO MAKE

#### *The Paper:*

Send us your mornings, noons, non time, thick time, deep time, potent presences & fancy futures; slow trains, delicate imaginaries, hard facts & co-composed convivialities; your poesis & posies - that is, poetry; that is stories, storages and touch-stones; lyrics & hooks; drawings, daubs & scrawls; still lives & snapshots - that is, photographs - that is, the evidence; day dreams, night sweats & half-lit remembering; movements, moving; your rage, your desire; your hang ups, habits & loosened attachments; classifieds; calls; responses; letters; tokens; your reciprocity; you get it to [goodpress.thepaper@gmail.com](mailto:goodpress.thepaper@gmail.com) contributions are accepted on a rolling basis and submit before the 20th to feature in the following month's issue.

