

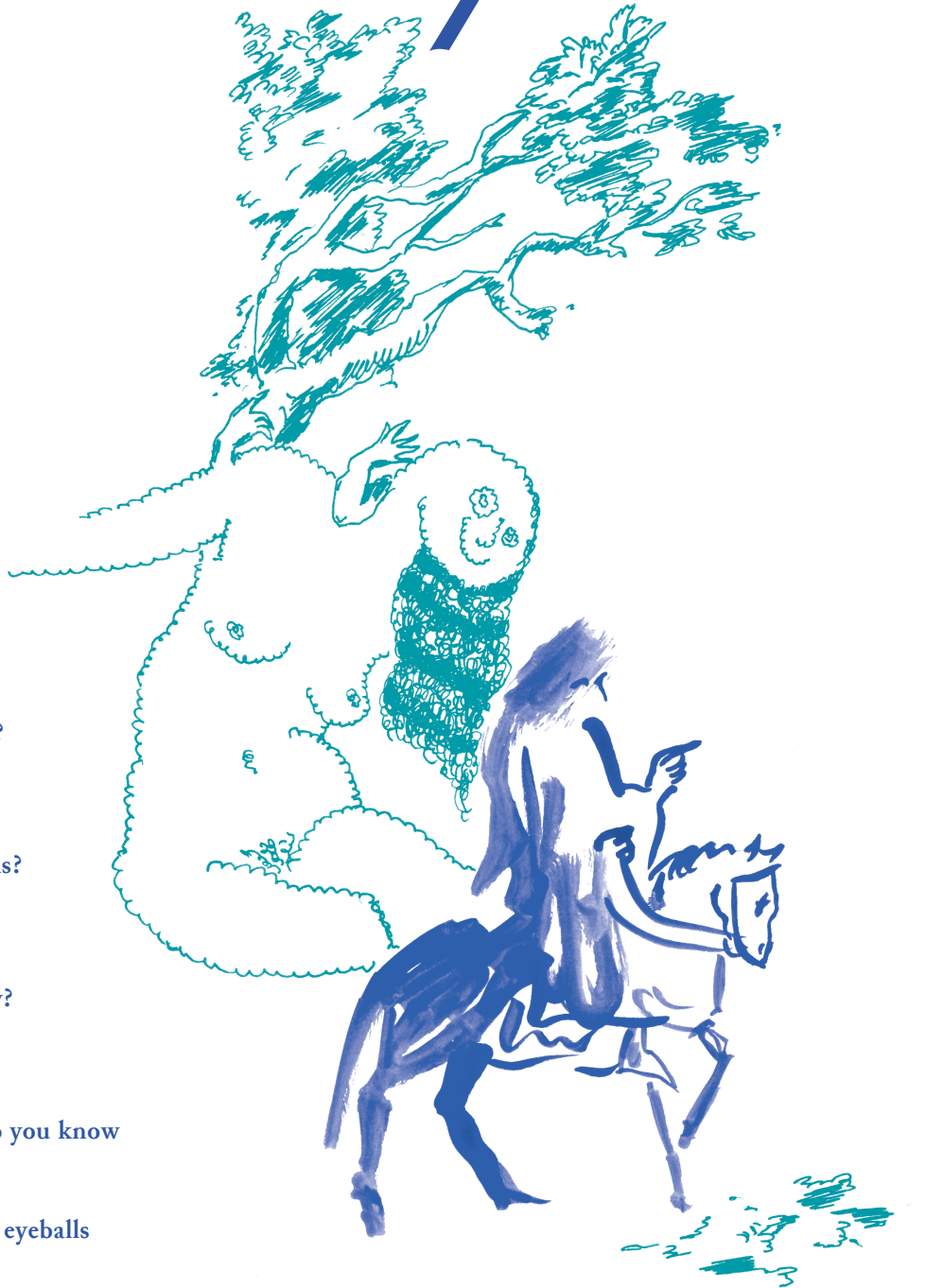
The Paper

tendrils

my head hurts, what about yours?
 do you have a normal working cranium?
 or a brain with a revolving door?
 did my architect misread his instructions?
 or was he just following orders?
 can you see where the sea meets the sky?
 or are you clinically depressed?
 i don't know, i can't read your mind, do you know
 what i'm thinking?
 sometimes euphoria shoots through my eyeballs
 and vomits nonsensical ideas –
 is my apology accepted?
 this might be the most accurate self-portrait i've
 seen, can i share it?
 bleh, features - don't we all desensitise eventually?
 don't reread this or you'll hate it. nobody cares
 about history anymore anyway –
 right?

[EP]

1



postcard 3

just too much between
 the figures crawling above
 & the missing steps

[HM]

The Snack

A Lunchtime Bulletin
from VIRTUAL TWIN
february mmxxi

There are tides in the body.
My body is part of the landscape and I am part of the river's skin.
I am a still body in a moving current.
If we are moulded by water, what was our shape before, how do we change and transform?

- For each phrase in response to them:
1. create a tableaux of objects/materials.
 2. perform a gesture,action or bodily activity.

Inspired by how bodies are sensorially affected by living in a digitalised world, heightened by the current context, Gemma Jones (performance artist based in Glasgow) and Martina Morger (performance artist based in Liechtenstein) also known as VIRTUAL TWIN, will be taking over Lunchtime Gallery's digital spaces in the form of an online research residency as expanded durational performance until the end of March. This performance will explore the concept of the 'Hypersea' as we investigate the 'technological bodies of water' between two physical bodies. Moreover discovering the interconnectedness of bodies to research the humanisation of HydroFeminism as a strategy that connects hardware to the body.

Over the course of the next few months, VIRTUAL TWIN will be live online at <https://etherpad.nl/p/virtualtwin> using this platform to communicate. This online space will consist of weekly performance scores relating to themes of: hydrofeminism, care, community, and ableism. They will work alternatively on the Monday of each week to compose a written score that will be performed simultaneously in their respective locations - merging together via cyberspace. As a live virtual space, the responses will evidence the flow of their bodies from one geographical anchor to another in the form of: live performance, writing, drawing, photography, video and audio – where the audiences will have live access to this continuous performance via the Lunchtime website - www.lunchtimegallery.co.uk - and Instagram [@lunchtimegallery](https://www.instagram.com/lunchtimegallery).



*** VIRTUAL TWIN established their practice in January 2019 and showed their debut performance at PTTH//: Gallery, Luzern in January 2020. Their work is concerned with hydro-feminism, cybernetical hybridisation, duration, materiality and care. Through acts of care and the interests in interconnecting bodies; collaborating impels them towards forming new possibilities beyond the physical body.



[HM]

2

as a child I wanted to be this
and that
and everything
and anything

the pleasure
but I never understood
of simply being

nothing
I relish past
memories and past ambitions

but I appreciate now
that you're not always meant to be
something

[PA]

A Composite of Loss

I kneel before the Way of Sorrows.

The men grip my arms and drag me into the red-dusk streets. My hot tears flow and drop onto the dust of the dry, stony road. There is no sound over my ragged breaths.

It starts to hurt.

I think of praying to the saint of lost love, and in my delirium I almost smile. In another life I would have believed that beautiful Raphael would indeed appear, such was my faith. According to the scriptures he would take my hand and heal my love, drive out my demons who exhaust and destroy me, purify me, and give me the strength to walk my path.

Instead, I must be dragged.

I am still weeping for that lost love. It was a love that consumed me, that possessed me although I never possessed it, a love that was real only in my dreams. Perhaps I should pray instead to the Mother of Sighs; my unstoppable stream of tears would fill her lacrimarium to the brim.

I begged you once to let me suffer or let me die. There seemed no other choice. I begged for an end that you didn't understand. In the dying red-gold sunlight I see the Place of Locusts before me. That is where they will rend my flesh, burn my bones, let the crows peck out my eyes.

But that won't hurt any more than loving you.

I can no longer picture your face; I only feel the emptiness of your absence in my heart. The same heart that once you pierced with a golden arrow, which caused every fibre of my being to be overcome with ecstasy. That is a sensation I can also barely recall.

They strip me of my rags. I am naked, dirty, I continue to silently weep, unable to make a sound. Only the ropes binding my wrists to the stake hold me upright, I cannot stand. They tell me I should be ashamed for my tears, embarrassed for mourning my sad, small life. I am ashamed. But not for their reasons.

I am ashamed for once loving you. I am ashamed for being fooled, for giving everything to one who was indifferent to me, for allowing you to take over my soul, and letting you leave me only a hollow shell, an earthly husk that these men will now delight in burning.

Even now the fire dries my tears faster than I can cry them.

The smoke that chokes me is the shame I feel at ever loving you. The whip that rips my skin is the pain of your silence. The fire that claims me will be the eternal punishment I will face for my weakness.

I am a small, detested creature, rejected by all in this land; demented, corrupting, that's what they say. They say I took too much pleasure in you, the wrong kind of pleasure. They tell me.

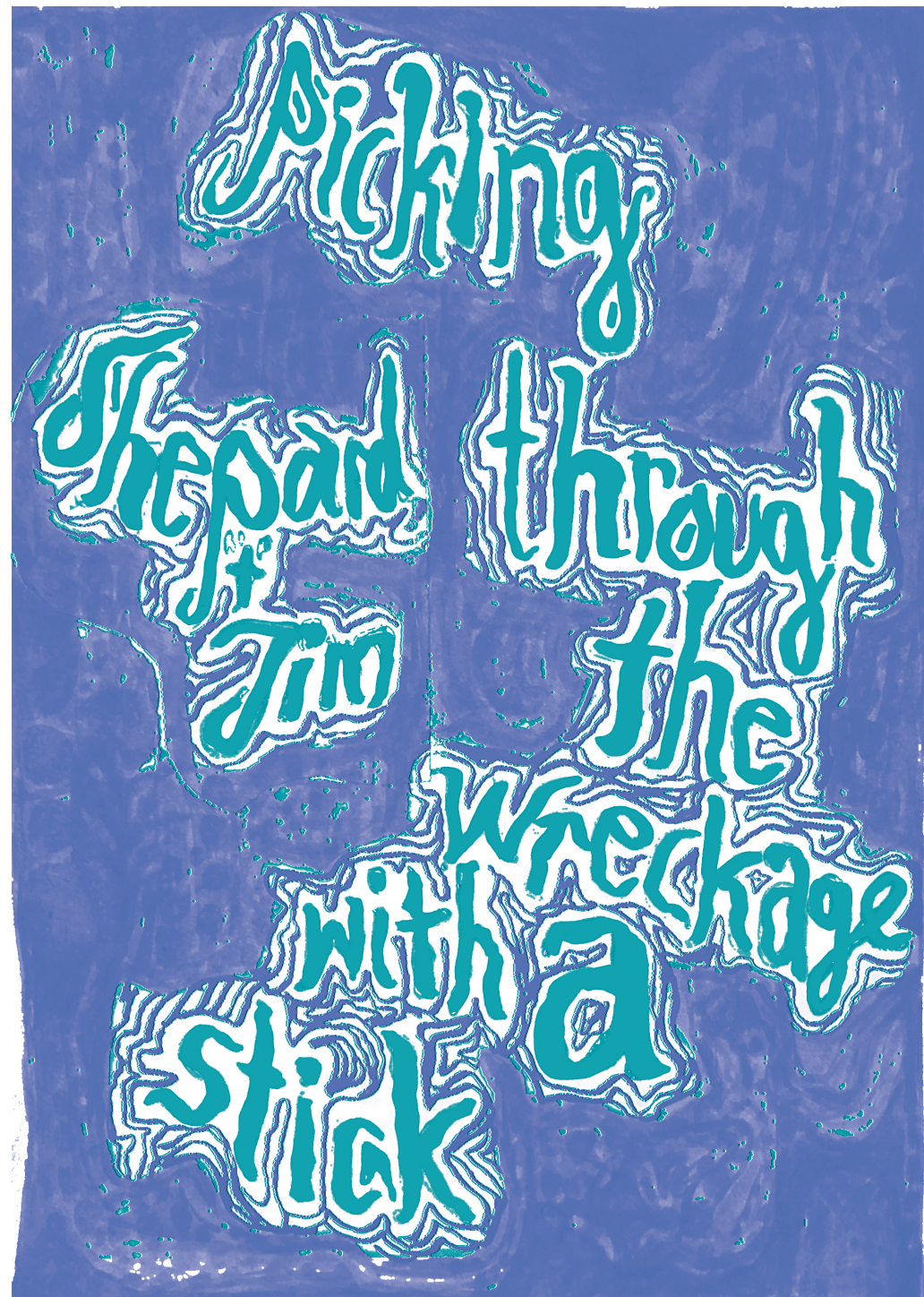
Splenditello was a demon, not an angel at all. That is why they torture me; is that why you hurt me too?

I would wish for the peace of death but none of my wishes have ever come true. I would wish for rage, but I am not Lucretia. I would wish for you, but I know you are lost. I would wish anyway, because I am still a fool.

You have always been lost.

So have I.

[BE-K]



Jim Shepard rip

i have a record player again & this means i get to listen to jim shepard's 'picking through the wreckage with a stick' for the first time irl i mean on a physical record and now this must be one of the most accomplished collections of music ever...i've always been drawn to music that drags you deep into the abyss of a damaged individual's mind & i mean i don't mean damaged in a pathological way necessarily, more in the sense that everyone is damaged from the get go - 'mit einer schönen wunde wurde ich geboren' ('i was born with a beautiful scar', kafka's landarzt) - and that some people are just very good at inspecting this damage artistically (hello louise), a practice which over the span of a lifetime can evolve into a singular pattern of lived xperience tur-

ned significant yet challenging form, a kind of a wreckage indeed, so yes jim hits the nail on the head with the title...anyway, there's plenty to discover here: jim's proggy guitar chops led astray by a work accident, kitchen sink psychedelia complete with non-western overtone modulations, myriad smudgings of electrically radiant hiss and clatter, a frog choir, an annoying answering machine message & of course his characteristic, sardonic sing speak delivering a dry af poetry of resent which is reaching the apex of uncomfortability on 'a streetcar named depression' but otherwise maintains a quite touching sense of biting humour. i have to credit @genericrecordreviews with the pointing out of jim's very unique brand of awkwardness which adds a whole new dimen-

The Native Tress Will Always be Green

All I want is to live in a mid-century house nestled in the bush. All I want is warm wood and cinder blocks painted white with shadows of manuka limbs on the walls. All I want is straight lines and cool concrete floors that gleam in the low light of winter. All I want is to hear the tūi in the mornings and the ruru at night. All I want are windows that span the length of the house, and to watch the moon rise in the purple above the silhouetted trees. All I want is to turn on the lamps and imagine someone outside looking in. Not a creep, just someone who is mildly envious of my life and my body and my ease within it. Someone who knows me and stops to look into the lamplit room before knocking on the macrocarpa door. All I want is a body worthy of envy. A body that doesn't betray me. A body

that manages to stay soft and bleed every month into the tender earth. All I want is blood that doesn't mean breathlessness. All I want is the thought of holding a body inside my body without the thought of losing my breath in the heavy months and moments before conception. All I want is to be able to not decide. Not yet. All I want is to stand in a beautiful bathroom and wait. All I want is a body whose cure isn't a baby. All I want is for the decision to be lighter, a missed pill, maybe. All I want is to be able to cry about my womb in a mid-century house nestled in the bush and everything will be green outside because the native trees will always be green, they will always be growing, even in the winter.

[LS]

For Flesh

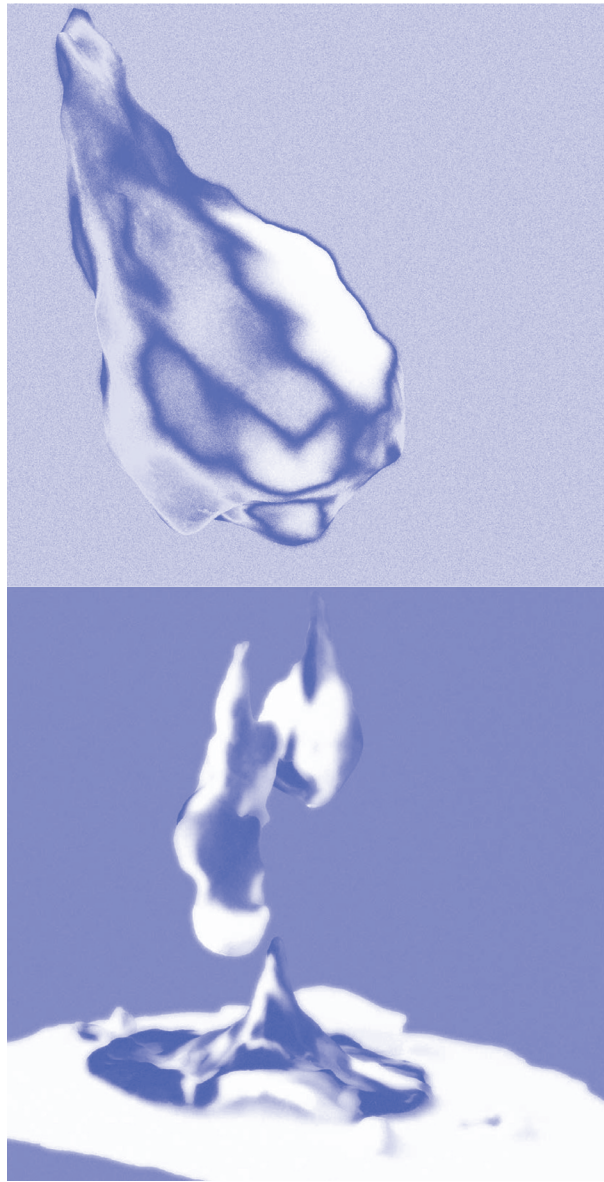
Imagine you're a vegetarian and you meet a man from Italy. His mum likes to roast flesh on a Sunday in ceramic dishes with fruit on them and the smell is disgusting and delicious. It is wrong in the way that falling in love is wrong. It is wrong in the way that you divide yourself in two pieces, one for you, one for him. *The thigh is the best bit.* He grabs you at the party and you swallow him later on. Whole. Meat. You meet him in the alleyway near the kebab van - hot meat on a spit, skewer. You step over the sewer where the shit swims by. It's disgusting to be in love in the city in the nighttime. You, a moving body meeting your match for the next chapter. You ate the flesh like compliments, guzzled down and greedy as though no one had ever called you pretty before - not your mum, even, which was a lie.

You won't pretend you didn't like it. The flesh turned harder, ribbon like strips, juice. The gravy pales in comparison. Crisping potato. Fat, so much fat on rind and then grinding in some car seat outside a supermarket before buying patties for a burger then burning hands on the grill together. Love is hot and smoky bacon crisps. *Not suitable for vegetarians.* Teeth marks in the flesh from a night of sweating in a hot and bothered room; meat sweats. You liked to receive heady flushes from the squeezed out sausage skins, stirred into oil, thyme, parmesan, pasta. Delicious to be in love, to eat whatever isn't the two of you. Nothing else matters but the way your bodies move down, together, a road, pretending that there's no such thing as danger. The food chain favours you, the sharp toothed lovers on all fours, bent over, picking up the dropped plastic bag of pancetta cubes, ruffling around for the receipt. You receive the pasta from a fork, then him while you fuck in the bedroom of his mums apartment as she cooks up dinner in the room over. *A tavola!* A delicious new sound in your mouth, delicious mound of meat in between your teeth.

Hearsay whispers that meat stays in your system for many years. Intestines filled with the flesh of some other living thing that was cold in the outside in the winter. You sit, apart from that love and that country, and feel the memory inside the meat in your intestine. Slowly dissipating with bile and burnt grains, butter, bitter cruciferous greens and root vegetables sailing by your innerworkings. They are the remnants of the memories of the ways it felt to be in love. The way it feels to chew up whatever doesn't matter to you. Two bodies eating other bodies eating one anothers bodies chewing rinds and thighs and cheeks and bellies and pretending that your bodies will not, cannot, do not someday die. Not before their time - underdone, underseasoned, under the covers of a feast, a sight or bite for tearing, smoked sore eyes closed, shining teeth bared, wide open mouth, bright red.

[DR]

[HM]



[IG]

6

Perfunctory Ode to an urn

To gather and spend water you
need an urn.

urn an ode to
urn as a means to
urn as ornamental
urn as swollen
urn as wholly
urn as mouth
urn as wordplay

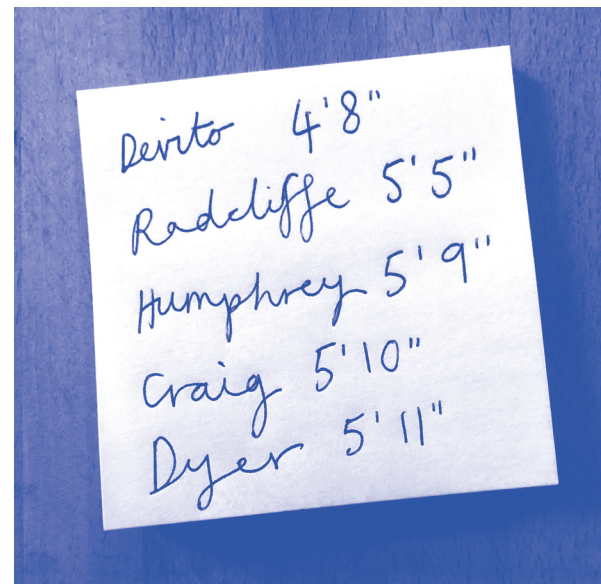
urn of want
urn of need
urn of ooil
urn of fire,

urn as fragment
urn as buried
urn as ashes
urn for ashes.)

I call it an urn
like they named me
↳ her, them, us ↳
in our primacy
as spent
and answered for
as whole
and holy
as the virgin cried
and given.

Despite that body,
↳ which plays like a vessel ↳
and because of our ability to bend,
our truth
↳ a form, a thing ↳
is the overflow.)

[RH-S]



[LB]

The Block ^[pt 1]

— Developed whilst a writer in residence at Lydgalleriet in Bergen

Rebecca Perry tells me *I like it when I am writing a poem and I know that I am feeling something*. This leads me to write more in order to feel more. As if the poetic processing of thought can lead to a validity or an explanation of some exceedingly subjectively experienced emotion. An emotion that, when communicated poetically, and with the possibility of being shared by potential readers, can be more fully explored.

But is it the act of writing itself—pen to paper, fingers to keyboard—that is the progenitor of a more feeling self? Or is it in the sharing of such experiences that allows for those feelings? Certainly, for me, within the act of writing, it is in the hastily scrawled handwritten notes and in the barrages of stream-of-consciousness journaling that the rawness of emotion is most acutely experienced. This experience is then distilled onto the screen into a more shareable and less cringe-inducing form, as raw notes are processed through my keyboard into a configuration more fit for wider consumption. We could call this a ‘distillation of emotion’ — a laboratory in which items and thoughts are categorised into the real feelings worth sharing and those that are only fit for the bin. Perhaps it is in the spending of time

processing these written emotional communications that the ‘more feeling’ enters in. Through duration and by proximity, the feelings can be comprehensively understood.

Nevertheless, on many nights I still sit staring at the small rectangular shape of the wooden desk in front of me, wondering why I cannot write. If I cannot write, and writing is feeling, then in these moments am I less openly able to feel? Certainly when suffering from particularly pronounced episodes of the tediously titled condition of writer’s block (referred to henceforth as the block), I can feel, in a way, quite disconnected with myself.

I compare this feeling with a feeling that I experienced for much of my youth and young adulthood. That feeling would arise in conditions of emotional intensity in the form of an incredibly heavy and suffocating wall. The foundations of the wall of this block would lead me to feel somehow willingly/unwillingly separated, in a purgatorial state of dissociation, emotionally unavailable both to others and to myself. As if I lay on one side of the wall, crushed under a pile of rocks, and my faculties of communication lay on the other. This condition of willing/

Mary’s

Mary’s blue
Mary’s bruises
Mary’s dissonance
Mary’s brow
Mary’s sleeve
Mary’s veil
Mary’s eye
Mary’s lashes
Mary’s tear
Mary’s loss
Mary’s salt
Mary’s twilight
Mary’s moon rising
Mary’s blood
Mary’s golden slow
Mary’s ring pull hiss
Mary’s sacred heart
Mary’s heart
Mary’s blue

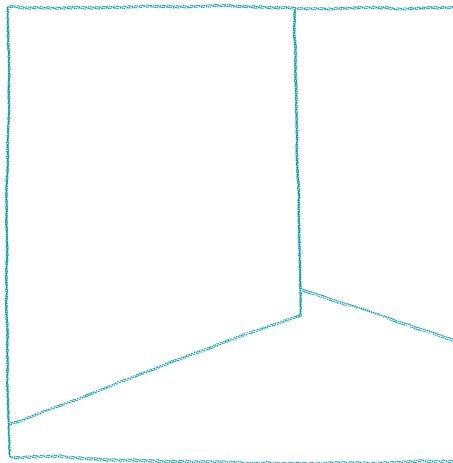
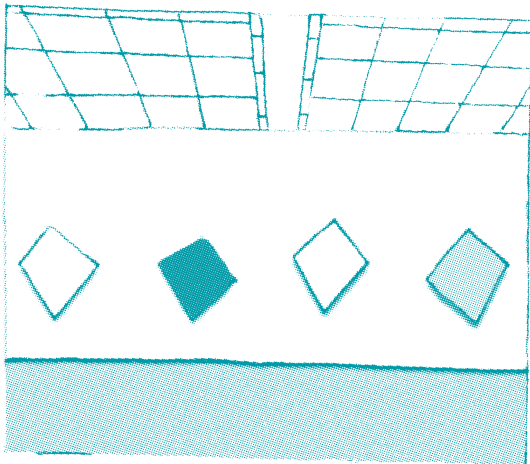
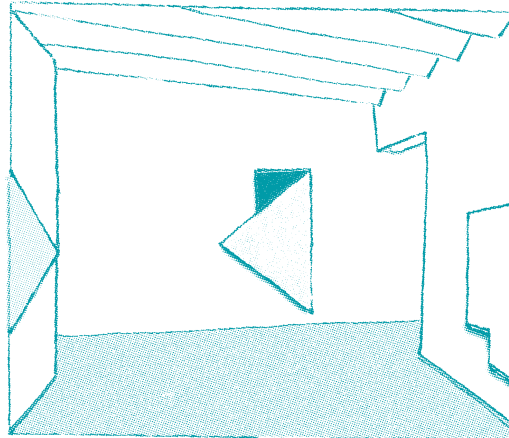
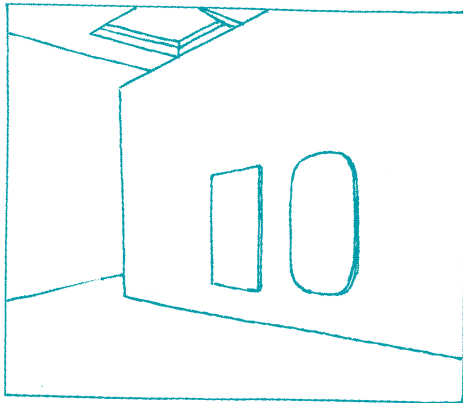
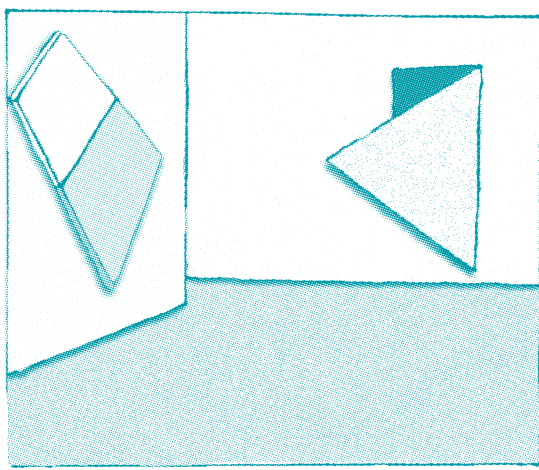
[RH-S]

unwilling feeling/unfeeling is one in which I learnt to deploy, just as many young men learn to deploy, instances where I really should have been connecting with some degree of honesty to myself and those around me. As if the avoidance of confrontation with one’s own emotional state would lead to something quite desirable in the projection of an idea of masculine isolationism — a sort of locking myself in my own cell. The slow violence of this unsustainable situation would then arouse a feeling of unpleasant and inescapable paralysis.

This prison of intense feeling/ unfeeling is something that I mostly managed to wiggle my way out of over the course of my subsequent emotional maturity (with occasional revisitations), but the resonance of that particular set of feelings returns when I am faced with the prospect of the block . The all-too-familiar sense of a paralysis induces waves of unpleasant *déjà vu*: the discomfort of a dissociation with the essence of the feeling self. Writing is perhaps only able to be accessed when the channels of communication with the self are opened, and feeling is allowed to propagate, to germinate.

7

[JB]



How To Make

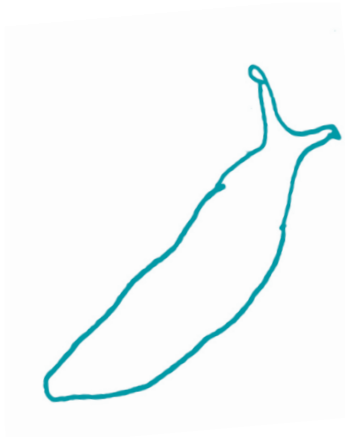
The Paper:

Brought to you monthly by Good Press, Sunday's Print Service & Lunchtime Gallery.

Send your words, images and more to goodpress.thepaper@gmail.com.

Contributions are accepted on a rolling basis, submit before the 20th to feature in the following month's issue.

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[FC]

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Skating magpies

The magpie skates across the street to its friend's gate and asked its friend, Kate, "Do you want to go for a skate?"

"Do I want to go for a skate?", repeated Kate. "Yes I'll skate, just let me finish my steak. You skate ahead and I'll catch up later"

"OK" said the magpie, "but make no mistake Kate for when you finish your steak, you better be ready to skate!" and left with haste, skating down the street.

As despite the wings on its body, the ice had given the birds a new hobby.

[RTJM]

