

The Paper



[ER]

Hey, don't worry. I do it too.

[RTJM]

IDIOT WIND

Gravitational forces,

You the positive

Me the negative

O

Your mouth

folding and unfolding

to fill morning and

mouth

With your ramble pulling in through

my tooth shamble

X

My idiot wind

bouncing and blowing

up

Its whistle silent

between lips lacking grace

[SvW]

1

Bad Sauna Telly Reviews

Gogglebox: annoyed that it's finished so soon and I never found out who won strictly. I'm a celeb is fucked up.z

Old Gogglebox: very odd seeing the news in the past, Brexit seemed like simpler times. Karl was great, wish he was still in it.

Little baby bum: odd and somewhat disturbing animation which my baby loves - they scream with joy when it is on. highlights are the spider character and the lamb who looks like Tom jones. Song about Richard Branson was weird. Problematic depictions of gender. We don't watch it anymore.

SNACKMASTERS: ok I lied this is the best telly show, not first dates.both star Fred he's so charming, totally oozes charisma and maybe the only celeb I'd be star struck by and would love a selfie with. but the one he does with Gordon and Gino is crap. Anyway the concept is 2 fancy highly regarded chefs go head to head to recreate a snack (quavers, monster munch, kit kat, whopper etc) the whole thing is a bit wild, Fred seems coked up and there's quite a lot of slapstick comedy, it's kind of Master-Chef, there's Monty Python animations, there's a comedian who's schtick is that she's fat and likes to eat snacks and she goes round the factory seeing how it's actually made and then there's a head to head taste test where they are rated by bigwigs who know the snack inside out. 10/10

Dreams: Had lucid fever dreams that I was plasticine in Wallace and grommit world.

[IN]

3 December 2020

No one speaks to you
barely even a look
not even the archive itself
in purgatorial humming humdrum—
*ceiling vents, humidifiers, the scanner bed
like an MRI, capstans gliding modernities
preview perpendicular perplexities.*

On your first day
your supervisor had you sign
HR forms on the floor.
On your palms and knees
in the corridor.

She wasn't being cruel;
only wanting to keep
unused work surfaces undisturbed.

In the cleaner's closet
there, the red Hoover—
somedays I take it into my suite
to vacuum magnetic powders
and eroded strands of adhesives.

["Sealand" sweeping in
the snooty terns abreast
on columns lapping crests]

Before the afternoon ends
we're already shaded in night.
It pours down on us, in us, through us—
it issues out of the ceiling vents
without coldness or warmth.

They won't know your name
not now in darkness
nor in the morning's faint everglow.

You'll wipe streaks of their shit.
The toilet chute winds downward, away,
when it should curl up
to spray sewage up their backsides.

The scanner subsumes
a mylar folder of debris.
The MRI ring
tracks an abdomen.
Trans-neptunian objects
emerge out of the frost line.

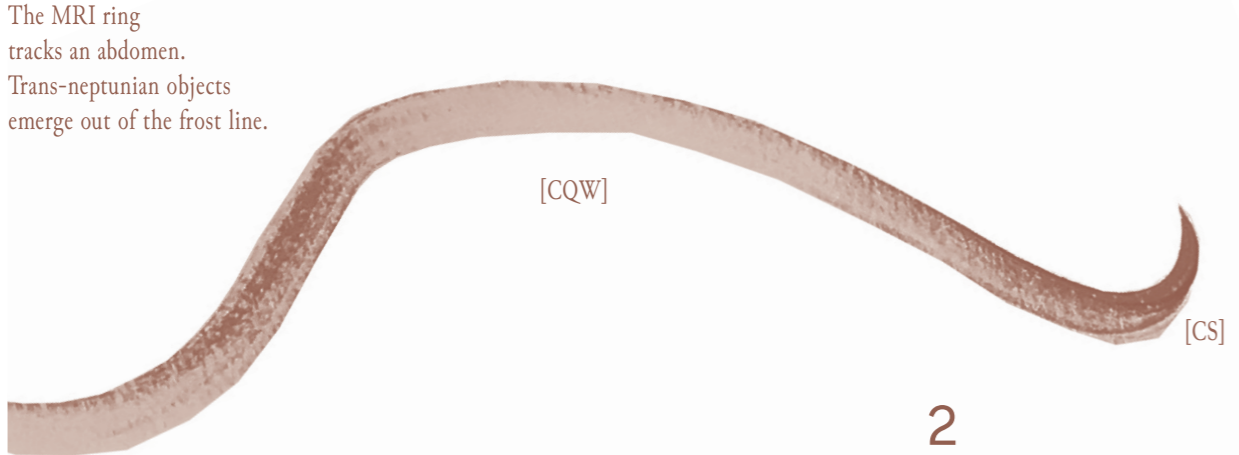


postcard 2

leafing at empty corners, this opens before a slow dry land \ never
a sharper waist than at the sand shadow < tapping at an open
door. Tall sharp boulder, huddled swathes, fingers grasping at a
littered frame.

There were, perhaps, others in the stillness, smoothed down into
stone white. Three folds feel significant. Blue of a maiden, stoic
ankles rubbing into a smudge. The singular crest - it is easy to feel
ignored. There is only them, this beacon, a lifted empyrean.

[HM]



A response to ROTOR

A dance score by Siobhan Davies

B—W—Y—R

A circular motion runs anti-clockwise, the energy expended is unequal; Red's
step winds tightly, White's pace hovers, Yellow's keeps the beat, Black's gait
strrreaches around the periphery.

B— —Y—R

W

White reacts, pulled to the centre replacing Red then leaving the formation, at-
tracted by the open grey space ahead. White takes off, drawing an ephemeral
line in the slipstream of the formation.

— —Y—R

B

Y

A chain reaction disturbs the line, White and Black draw together, orbiting in
energetic paths of sharp staccato steps. Positive attracts negative, negative
repels what it already knows and both elements suddenly switch pace, their
bodies de-familiarised by the overhead shot...

— — —

Y B

W Y

Weaves of colour ripple over the contained grey space, simple actions, each
element crosses and re-crosses, darts and weaves, all of which feeds ener-
gy back into the lively formation, then Black's stillness upsets the rhythm.
Stubborn human. The reverberations are felt across the elements, inviting a
different response, a new found power in the scheme.

B—W—Y—R

A circular motion runs anti-clockwise, energy expended is unequal; Red's
step winds tightly, White's pace hovers, Yellow's keeps the beat, Black's gait
strrreaches around the periphery. It's the same as before, yet each element
arrives transformed, charged with stubborn energy, again, again, same tem-
po, yet some of the elements have a new found freedom in the same as before.

www.siobhandavies.com/work/rotor/

this land

**this land breathes with me
its breathe merges with mine
this land *beats* with me
its heart throbs with the same intensity
that thrilling clamour
i feel it // r i p p l e // beneath my feet
its groans echo for miles
reverberate through my body
through *its* body
it yearns for relief
for life without *pain*
i yearn for it too
and yet we persevere
& will ourselves forwards
our eye lids struggling
to hold themselves upright
& the bitter taste
of stale teardrops
stain
the multitude
of our withering tongues**

[PA]





[ER]



[CS]



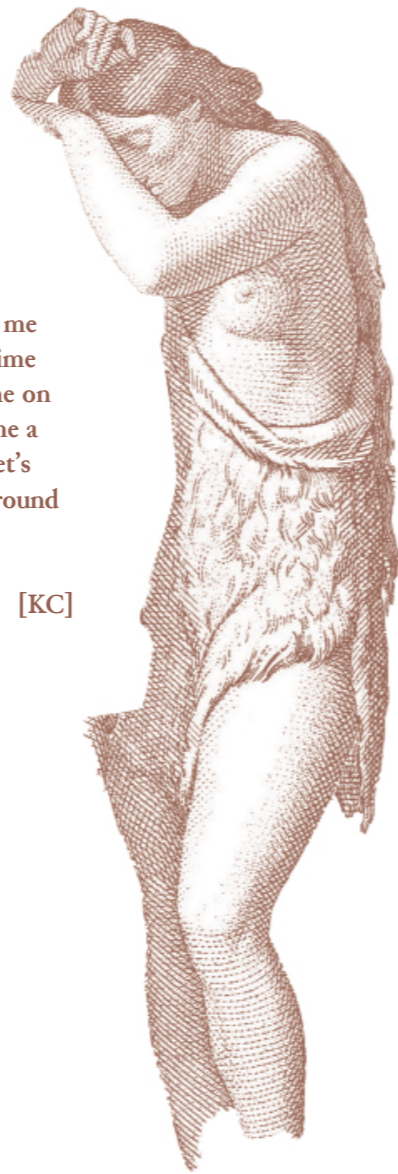
[HR]



Love me online

I'll send you the heart eye emoji and you'll send me an aubergine. We can make lunch at the same time and eat it together on Facetime. You'll catfish me on Tinder and I promise I won't mind. You leave me a love note on Messenger, the blue light reads: Let's defeat the algorithm together. I want 2 dance around cyberspace with u.

[KC]



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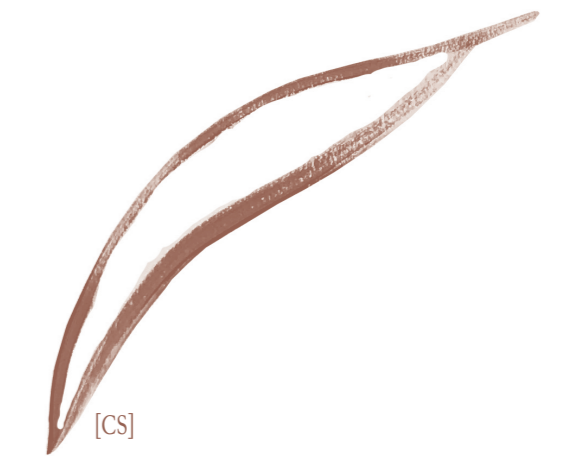
[MA]

The last thing you saw was the gun stuck up your nose. You didn't even hear it go off. You wake up in a bed in a hallway in an old victorian mansion. You touch your face. It's still there. Your white robe guides you aimlessly to the door with a hand written sign on it that reads:

WELCOME, SEX GENIUS!

You enter a room with a desk and a crudely drawn cartoon lamp that turns to look at you. It screams. It says, 'Hooley! Something stinks! I'm outta here!'. Then it explodes. The torn, moth eaten curtains become sludge and mould themselves into what looks like the pearly gates of heaven. They're made out of teeth. Big white teeth. Clouds begin to obscure your vision. Static fills the room. A bright white light blinds your squinting eyes. Gary Bussey leans out of the black. He beckons you forward, his tiny hand outstretched. You step slow onto narrow wooden pillars, a bottomless pit to each side. Tiny dog turds and landmines slip and slide, planted methodically on the steps. Must be a test. You avoid them and make it to the edge of the crevice. 'Great job', Gary Bussey says. He looks above lovingly. 'Here he comes!'. Lord God's huge, pink dilated arsehole slowly descends from above. Monkeys on either side of the gates pull levers and groan, smoking cigars. God is cupping his balls. His nails are split. His arse shakes like he's trying not to laugh. There's a single pimple on his right cheek. It has a halo. You go to scream to beg to burst it but nothing comes out. Gary Bussey, still smiling, bright-white teeth glistening, mouths 'come-come, my child, don't be scared'. But you are scared. Then, all of a sudden, God's huge, pink, dilated arsehole farts a little green cloud onto Gary Bussey's tiny blonde head. It turns his face green. God chuckles and leaves. The monkeys spark up again, relieved and walk off, whistling. 'Smell that?', Gary Bussey asks. Yes sire. 'Now, that's what's up! Welcome to heaven, homie'.

[ES]



[CS]

Fragrance Reviews

Rose 31, Le Labo

This is what Lenny Kravitz's giant scarf smells like.

Musc Ravageur, Frederic Malle

Ripe bodies, expensive chocolate and mushrooms, like an ashwagandha hot chocolate following a hot yoga session. Gives you that 'it's only 1pm on Saturday, and I've already spent more than I said I would this weekend' financial anxiety vibe.

Ombre Leather, Tom Ford

Perfect if you're a sexy werewolf.

Yesterday Haze, Imaginary Authors

Like a giant boulder of Play-Doh rolling over a field of roasted spices and the spices getting stuck in the boulder as it rolls along.

Debaser, D.S. & Durga

Tropical, wet, dank, and bright, like a yet-to-be discovered space fruit.

Encre Noir, Lalique

Like someone chucking a load of lemon juice on a tyre fire, but in a good way. Heavy latex on the dry down.

Slow Dance, Byredo

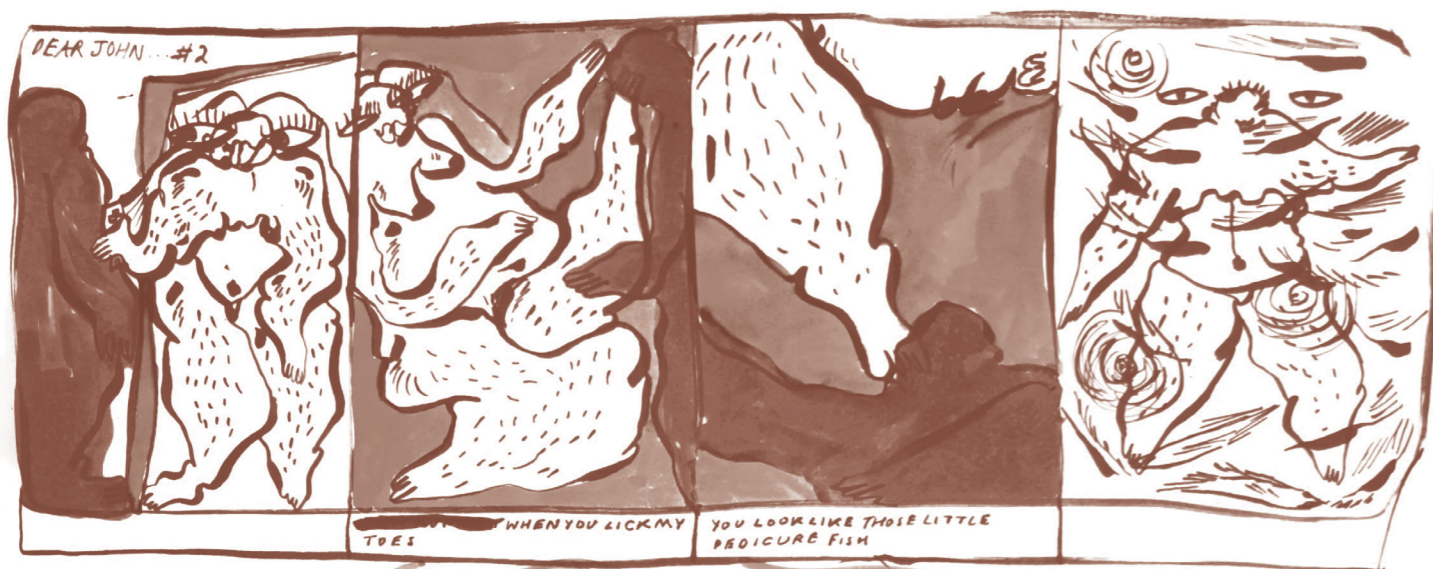
Woolworths.

You can purchase decants of these fragrances on eBay, fragrancesamplesuk.com and perfumista.co.uk for £3-£5 each.

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[MA]



[WI]

[JB]

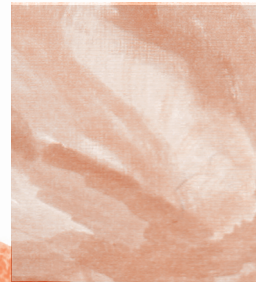
The Paper:

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 poeisis & 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 contributions are accepted on a rolling basis and submit before the 20th to feature in the following month's issue.

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[HM]



[HR]



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[CS]

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