

The Paper



[IN]

David's Potatoes ^[Intro]

David always buys potatoes when he is out. Since he went through so many potatoes, it never struck him as a problem how many he was buying. His thought process was why wait till you've ran out, just to buy more when you're out. Gordon, his husband, never really understood David's obsessive need to constantly be buying potatoes. The shops were nearby and the they never ran out. Gordon's love for David was more than his disdain for the potato hoarding so he usually let David do his thing.

Part of David's charm over Gordon was his eagerness and (slightly over) preparedness for life. They'll get eaten eventually, David chirped to his husband, you can never have too many potatoes.

The potatoes used to be stored in a sack in the kitchen. The potatoes were then stored in an even bigger sack in the kitchen. Then the surplus of potatoes would live in two big sacks in the kitchen. Neither of the men noticed that the incremental creep of the baseline number in David's passion for potatoes. David seen nothing wrong with being prepared and Gordon, who was not quite blinded by love but used it as an excuse to look the other way, kept on living their lives. They kept on living their lives to the backdrop of potatoes.

The potatoes where under the sink, in cupboards where they needn't be. Once Gordon started finding them in the sock drawer he decided he might have to have a word with David. "Look", said Gordon to an almost puppy eyed David, "Buy all the potatoes you like if it brings you peace. Just let's keep the potatoes out of the bedroom?"

[RTJM]



[LP]

I am unique, unguarded, deliberate, confident, perfect. I am the cropped jean. I am the fire. I started small, now I can't be contained. I will consume my opponents and creamer my defeats, I will rise from the ash stronger and become something more. Every moment I work, I play. I compete. I will give it my all until I am done. For I am the fire. I am the fire that leaves you homeless. A heart attack in aisle 6. The prescription you cannot collect. I am the boiled sweet stuck in your child's throat. The motorway pile-up that leaves you traumatised. The food shopping you cannot do. I am the reason you need a wheelchair. The flood that leaves you stranded. The empty house when you return from hospital. I am a crisis. And I don't care who you are. I hunt from above. I am the twisting thundercloud. Power in its most raw form. I am my mum and my sister. I am my best friend Mike who I've known since school. I am Kate who's still somewhere in Thailand. I am all the girls I've ever kissed and the girls I will. I am the teacher who failed me and the one who spurred me on. I am my bosses and every one of my friends. I am a bloke who I'll meet travelling who'll teach me guitar. I am the places I'll go to with mates and the jokes I'll share with them. I am the people who'll put me down and the ones who pick me up. I am who I am because of everyone. I'm not a lumberjack or a fur trader. I am a gardener. I am a gardener. I am a gardener. I am a gardener. I am an lams cat. I am a banker, helping small businesses achieve their goals. I am an SBA specialist, providing support when it's time to expand your business. I am a nurse, a firefighter, a college student, a mother, and I am an American soldier. I will always be ready, for every storm, and disorder that threatens my community. I will always be there to protect my neighbours, my family, and my country. People follow me, for I am a smooth river of a man, flowing through a platform of madness. My luggage is compact. I pay less than my fellow man, for I booked in advance. I am the sparks that dance upon the track. I am the tailwind that shakes the barley. I am the thunder that sets the sparrows to flight. I am hitting the road. I am driving him on. I am taking control of my finances. I am making it easier. I am having my dream day. I am making it possible. I am a crisis. I am here.

All text taken from TV and online adverts. No editing, just rearranged.

[PP]



[LP]

The Snack

A Lunchtime Bulletin

june mmxxi

Hello dear reader, it's been a while! Big warm thanks to VIRTUAL TWIN for the takeover, both of The Snack and of the Lunchtime instagram the first few months of 2021! You can still read the scores from their residency on their etherpad. So what news? Things are a bit different in the gallery! Lunchtime is no longer a corner of 32 St Andrew's Street and now oozes across all planes and edges! Finally, Jessie Whiteley's hotly awaited solo exhibition happens, sneaking into June (finishing on the 5th, if you're reading this before then and in Glasgow(?)). And next, Eo Stearn's also hotly awaited exhibition opens 9th June, Weds-Sat, 11-6 as per usu until the 10th July! And next next, some new editions (prints and pamphlets) coming very soon from hot cookies Hayley Dawson (see the pheasant within these very pages!) David Roeder and Hussein Mitha! It's really a great feeling to be back! I hope we go into tier 2 soon! Lots of love!

Caitlin xoxo

Pearls, earwax and soft(-ish) comfort

The other day you visibly tensed your shoulders, those delicate fists
clenched like whole bulbs of garlic -
-at the thought of-
(*How would it feel if I gave you up?*)
-me being attacked. Your need to protect me is dizzying.
Makes me feel like the pearl inside an oyster.
(please don't ever change)
The way you look at me-

-the thought of that change tastes bitter like old earwax under-
neath a fingernail
Or a bad raisin.

*

I wonder what the dream in which my dad weeps in a hotel room
about his own dad; whilst clutching a favourite childhood book and
an old jumper; really means. Whether it means anything. I always
like to try and infer meanings, like obsessively listening to a song
that pops up in a dream the day after, scouring it for any significance
that may float up to the top. But perhaps there is none. Or, perhaps
there is, but I'm getting it mixed up.

It could be about dad layers in dreams. The layers and what can
slip between those layers; that being the essence of closeness and
truth. Or, for there to be enough cushioning between those lay-
ers for truth to sit comfortably. In my experience, often not much.
It's funny (although maybe not that funny) how these can roll
over into each other, picking up dust and skin flakes along the
way; maybe a few childhood books and old jumpers too. There
may be a few songs playing in the background.

Holding back the years.

Do i need some emotional rescue.

And please get your hand out of my pocket.

One mind eats away at the other kind.

This all reminds me of being partially aware of sleepwalking as
a child, carrying around handkerchiefs and my brother's shirts
to wave in front of my parents whilst they try and watch tv after
I'm meant to be in bed. God knows what i was attempting to
communicate to them. Something about runny noses and my
brother's fashion sense, no doubt.

Holding onto soft-ish comfort and missing love.

**

And now all the words have gone on vacation.

Where are the edges - feeling around in the dark for them.
Feeling like edgeless rows upon edgeless roses. Nothing presents
itself this morning, so i invent something - using you as a testing
ground for those edges

The feather duvet constantly flutters its contents around the cheap,
dingy carpet. It sticks to everything i can feel the old lining preparing
to shed shed shed. I am furious. I am wronged.

But by no one and it had no beginning so where does it end-

The sun smiles in mocking jest and I try to think what kind of
sweet thing this is. (but if reading between the lines is my forte,
why do I try, folding myself onto the lines, i end up trapping us)
getting stuck down the cracks and dreaming and screaming and
this town has got me like a ghost town.

And squeezing, squeezing, squeezing all the white stuff out out out
Til it turns to red stuff, see-through, now brown, and then it
starts to show on the face.

In the thighs. When your feet start to get fucked. If it's not
from walking, then what is?

I need to buy a bike and make sure i get as much love and
attention as possible every minute of the day
What else is there, 'it's got to be-e-e perfect' and young hearts
are much too eager. And is it worth it? But what else is there?

Seeking soft-ish comfort and missing love.

Holding onto soft-ish comfort and missing love.

The rain pours inside and you sweat on the outside and sounds of
a fake fairground are mimicked from deep inside your machine.

[LO]

يَعْمُ مَعِيَ Cry with me. ~*~. Blessed is the fruits of thy womb. ~*~ Observe
all that you feel as if floating outside of your body and watching the
mechanics of your minds chamber. There's matter to those invisible
thoughts and there's nothingness to all this material reality. ٱٱٱٱٱ As
much as you try to grasp anything it dissolves into the non-dualistic
void. Cry with me, sweet beings, يَعْمُ مَعِيَ.

[CI]

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.

Subscriptions available for the price of P+P. Check goodpress.co.uk/the-paper for more details.



21010900670015409a3

[CF]

Contributors

- Hayley Dawson
- Cinta Fosch
- Cindy Islam
- Lunchtime Gallery
- Isobel Neviatzsky
- Robert Thomas James Mills
- Lorna Ough
- Pete Phipps
- Lola Primrose

PHESANT (PHASIANUS COLCHICUS)
 SEEN NEAR DUNBLANE,
 ON THE TRAIN
 30.04.21



[HD]