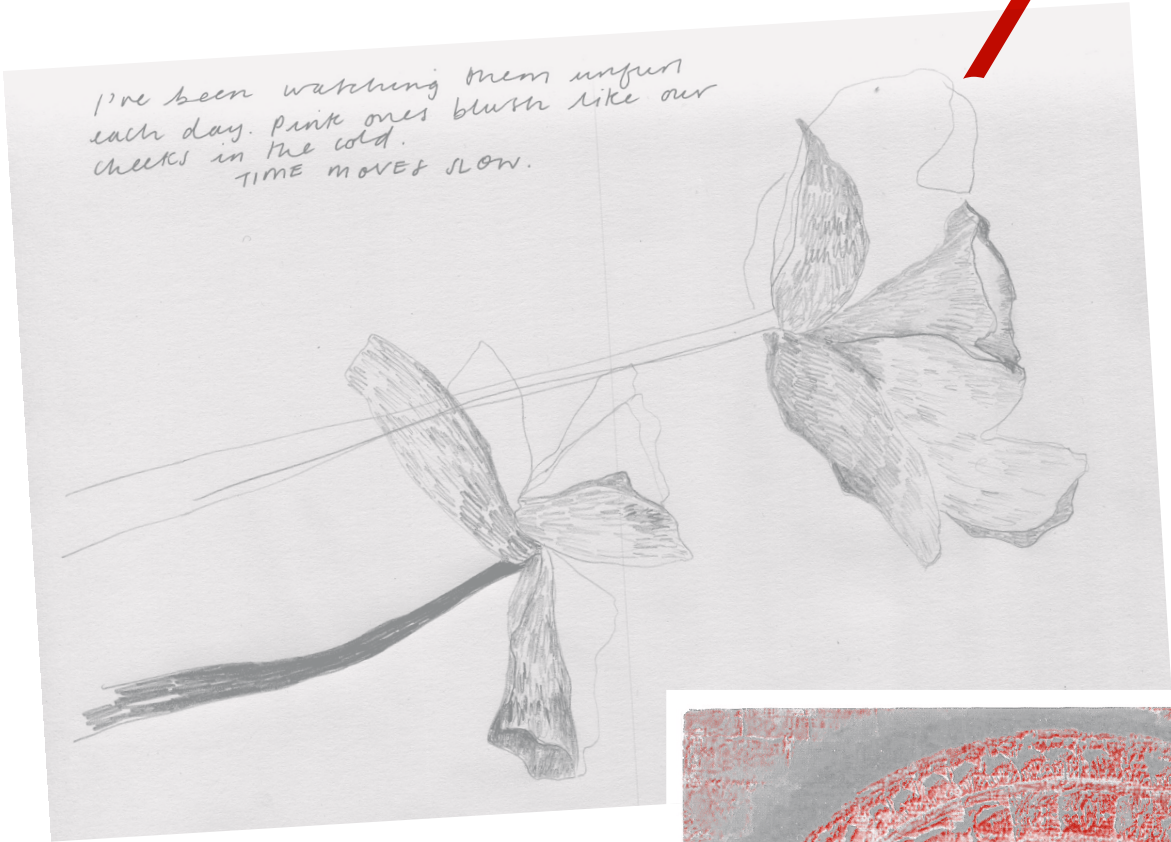


# The Paper

1

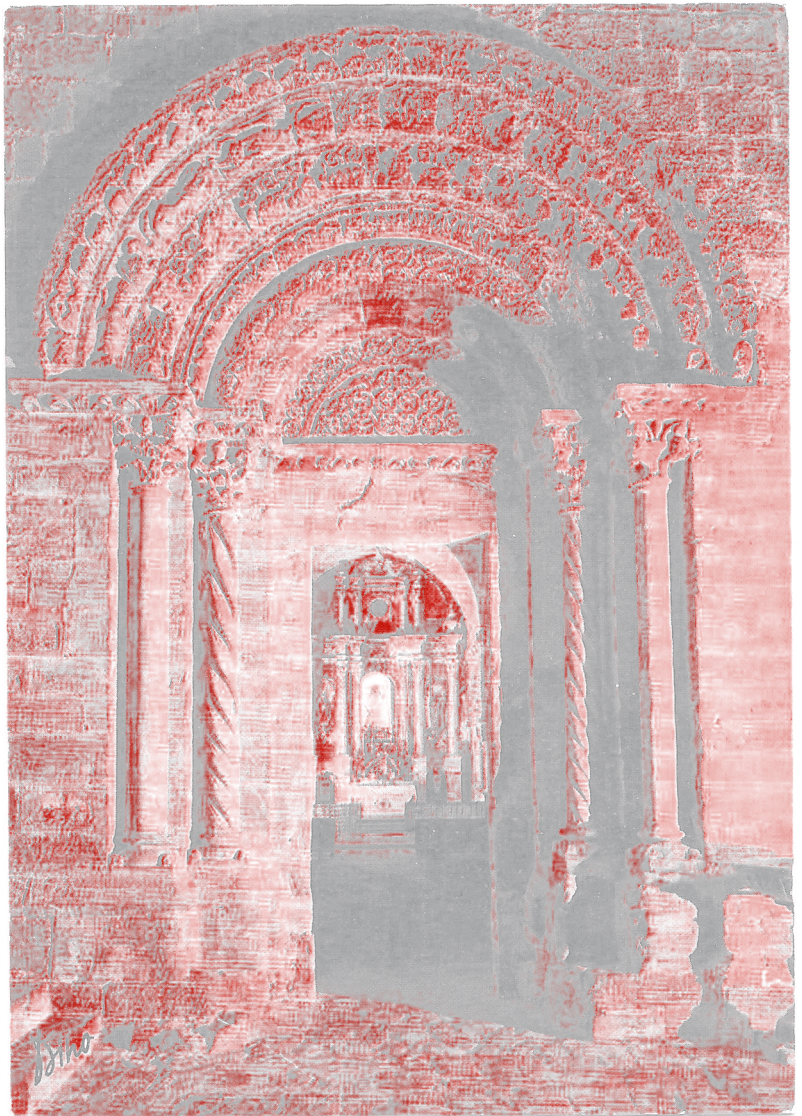
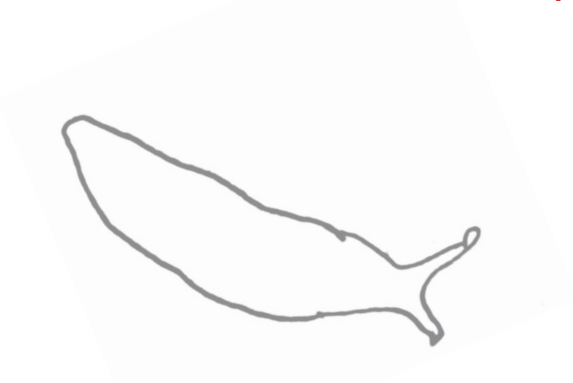


[LRC]

## *New sights*

a bird sits / watching the bread / caught inside the baker's oven /  
 wet wood / the rain pours / the piss in the Evian dilutes /  
 a dog barks / the ground shifts / a drowning frog /  
 a washing line / a little bird's feet / oh look it's just barbed wire /  
 ice melting / like plastic film of ready meals / light speed  
 green lemons / some fat figs / a pomelo in the grass /  
 honey / smell of tobacco / never so sensual /

[LH]



[HM — *Le portal intérieur, remarquable ouvrage d'art roman catalan*]

## The Snack

A Lunchtime Bulletin  
from VIRTUAL TWIN  
march mmxxi

why should we be anything other than water  
let's not pretend to be anything else

find the closest body of water



### BREATH

breath in while counting to 3  
breath out while counting to 3  
breath in while counting to 4  
breath out while counting to 4  
breath in while counting to 5  
breath out while counting to 5  
breath in while counting to 6  
breath out while counting to 6  
breath in while counting to 7  
breath out while counting to 7  
breath in while counting to 8  
breath out while counting to 8  
reverse

take a normal breath in and a loud one out

### THE BED

sense the air around you  
guess the number of degrees celcius  
imagine the feeling to be completely submerged into water  
touch the ground you're standing on  
try out a comfortable position to rest at the bed  
try out an uncomfortable position to rest at the bed  
change the position with one movement to a more comfortable one  
rest in this bed

### TOUCH

slightly tip one finger into the water, one after another  
let it run through the fingers  
now only your palms are on the watery surface  
submerge your left hand, place your right on your belly  
feel the current of the stream  
try touching the ground  
grab your fingers into the ground  
make a fist and pull out  
see what you caught  
let go again

make three movement responses according to BREATH,  
THE BED & TOUCH  
try them in three different speeds & three different intensities

return home.

VIRTUAL TWIN are currently in residence at lunchtime gallery where they will be taking over the galleries digital realm until March 31st - which investigates interconnectedness and mutual care through the means of watery streams and digital space. 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.

## Lockdown III thoughts, from the sofa looking out

The weather changes incessantly. First sun, rain.  
We put on woolly jumpers, to then take off.

When I'm not outside, I take the right corner of the bigger sofa,  
curling into its slightly worn, rose coloured cushioning. Sagging a little with age, with use and a long time of loving. And lounging.  
It came from Bristol, all the way to Yorkshire, exhaling in a house among other houses.

If not the living room, the kitchen. The air tastes of salt and pepper.  
Peppery kisses we give each other, love and the warmth of lightly salted roast potatoes.  
Or squash, from the farm down the road.

We've taken to putting flowers in a see through jug on the kitchen table.  
Tulips are in right now — pink ones like my cheeks in the cold  
and yellow buds, the best of the best.  
I've been watching them unfurl each day. Time is slow.

A quiet Friday.

\*\*\*

The scratching of pens to paper,  
the surge of raindrops against  
the window pane, stillness beyond the glass,  
beyond the road outside –  
the woods beyond don't move.

February evenings

\*\*\*

emitting a light that warms the hearts of those around them.  
your smiling face a blushing tulip, a flower in the sun.  
your voice, travelling through cable in the night.

after the murmur.

[LRC]



## Last night I dreamt of you but when i woke up it did not end

i am walking down the path that leads from the main road to the park and i think of you.  
i am walking past the half frozen méringue lake and i think of you. i am passing the ducks  
and the mean male geese and the mean female geese that drip with grease and i think of  
you. i decide to stop and stare and one of them catches my eye but i do not notice or care  
because i am thinking of you, and in my head you are giving me head and you lick and  
like me so much i can only lie back and like you too until i am too licked to move and  
too liked to choose not to be with you (as if it's a choice) and all this is happening, you  
between my legs, while i walk by the ducks and my legs are naked and kissed and they are  
also stocking wrapped and freezing and this is all by the lake, and my heart is in that lake  
sitting like glass bottles thrown on ice to make more ice, except i am sinking, and then  
an ugly child runs out in front of me and grabs at a duck as if to lick and i am only in the  
park once again.

[LP]

[IL]

## What is Poetry?

I

The empty cup of coffee was a  
freight train in the dark—  
the lights a fluorescent moon  
speckles of ink stain paper  
like ants in a sugar bowl  
the pencil rays of sunlight fades  
as the day wears on and  
a constellation of metaphors  
scar the wall like  
footprints in the sand.

The candles all blown out  
become wilted lilies searching  
for truth amongst the lies as  
words grow up the grapevine of a  
fallen simile.  
Catherine wheel sentences  
burn books black  
as shallow gasps of verse  
and stumbling phrases litter out of lips  
as talk of lines of poetry write  
their way into notebooks.

[NP]

II

The empty cup of coffee  
was a black cat on Sunday—  
the words have become  
distasteful and tacky now—  
like a sequined coffin  
at a wake—  
sentences are glued together and have  
become disjointed like  
a painted renaissance angel  
showing teeth.  
The poem is a rocking chair,  
afloat on the sea,  
dancing to the waves of a velvet simile—  
the metaphors are circling now,  
baring their teeth.  
Phrases spiral to the surface  
like a double helix  
giving DNA to an organism  
somewhat like a poem.

## postcard 4

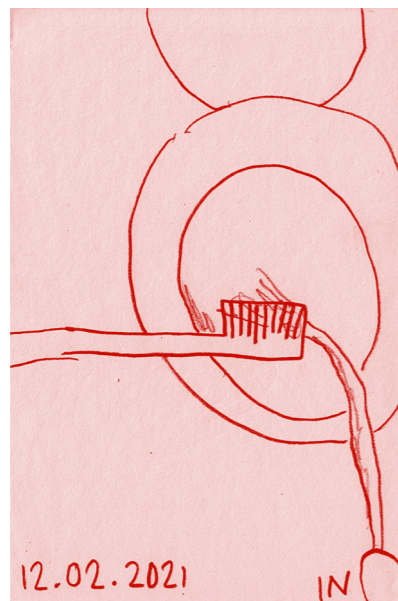
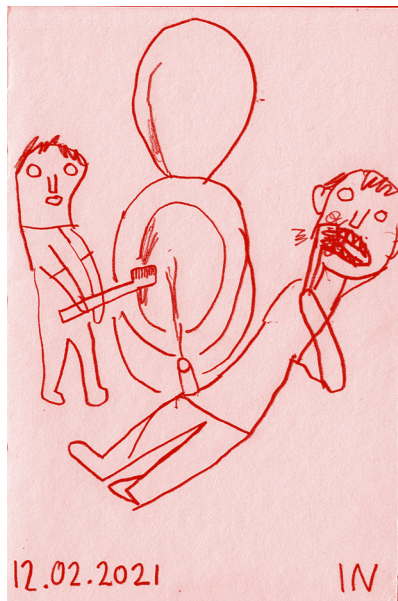
only the trees have shadows, none under red  
toes of the angels or stars of devilish heels  
announcing their wings, and other spurs

Beyond, the fruit, clustering in threes, though  
one branch grew four, is hesitant - no netting  
below. Terracotta busy on roofs, inclines -  
notice the orb, above the altar, is the same  
brown as the path

in the corner is written J E L H E whatever that  
once meant Z L E N – the marks, the joints, the  
columns that are birds, travelling sideways.

[HM]

## ruben brushing his teeth with my wee (at least 15 years ago)



12.02.2021 IN

12.02.2021 IN

12.02.2021 IN

[IN]

## Transcript of a Dream

Sensibilities slip. Repetitive to the point of no surprise. A jump s care nonetheless – a car caught in reverse on some cliff. I kick my brakes my gas. My stirring frantically. But metal boxed bum keeps progressing backwards, attempting to tip us into a terrible tip. A gravitational harmonica pushed into collapse all iron to taste and ring. Ripping through a quiet afternoon blanketed by a bird flying by. Soon, the society of the spectacle peering down. An economy of eyes and hands – all wrinkle and dirt rimmed. Nails pointing out indecent, incidental, my shoulder from arm from a hand a bit off. Waving off a last goodbye!

[SVW]

## tokens, affection

Against the weight of paper that all my living gathers, I spend my last national book vouchers. Obsolete but valid forever, given by a grandfather I have since lost.

Nineteen pounds are orange, red and blue notes curled around their three folds: twelve years in wallet tightness.

Stamped by hand with the names of two bookshops, both long-closed, in a place before plastic gift cards.

Smaller in worth than what they once were. Five slips in time, never to be tucked, hard word-cash, into a birthday card again. Trading paper for paper for paper. A game of gifts that lisped on our fingerprints.

[FG]

## Guernica

Guernica hangs between two invigilators.

*No Photography!*

They often shout. Perhaps to prevent us from looking at war through a mobile screen, or to stop us from collecting fragments the museum's bookshop can't profit from. I gape at it before closing the only shutter at my disposal, only to find myself in my grandmother's living room staring at her time-stained reproduction.

*You're here!*

An exclamation barges in. Yes, I just came from Madrid where I saw Picasso's masterpiece.

*Who's Picasso?*

I want to point at the replica she's had in her living room since the beginning of time, but instead she offers up a sonho she just got from the bakery.

*A sonho is both a type of pastry and a dream in Portuguese.*

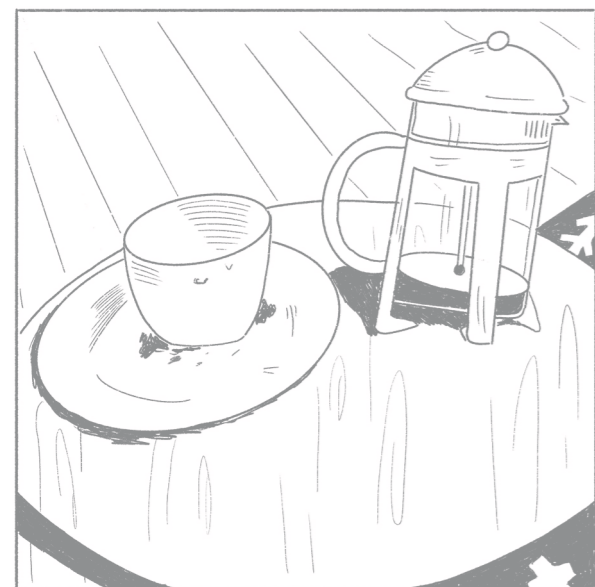
It's been years since I've had them and yet their taste lingers in the edges of my tongue, like surreality just awoken from a nap.

*Still, a double-exposed memory.*

[MS]

4

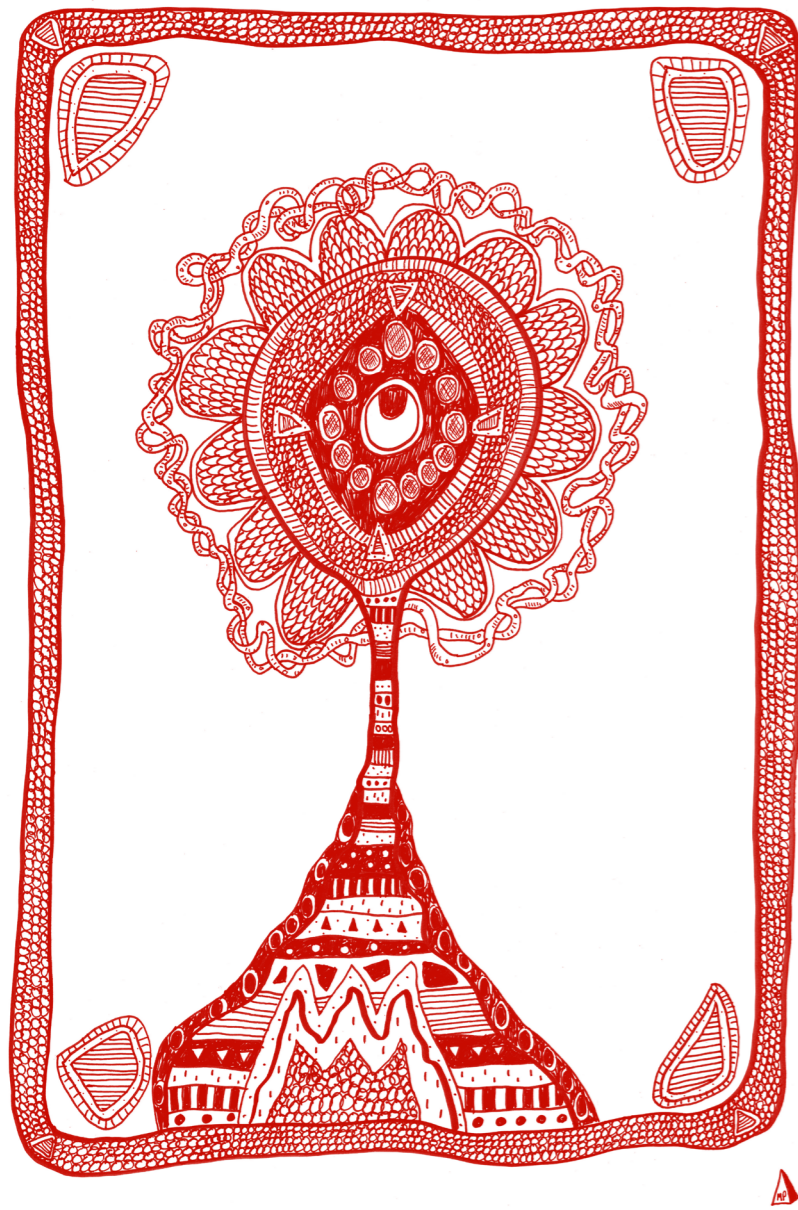
5



[SC]



[HR]



[MP]

## *the vacuum of my bedroom window*

The vacuum in the double glazing of the window in my bedroom is broken. In summer, the sliver of space between the two panes would fill up with a little trickle of water. It was like having a posh hotel water feature in my room but made seeing through the window quite difficult. This became annoying when I wanted to look outside, but it afforded a kind of privacy because I imagine it was just as unsatisfying to look in as it was to look out. As it got colder, the trickle shrivelled away to a pale crusty mark. Now it's winter, the warm-ish air inside my room condenses on the pane and washes down it on the inside. The pane is always quite slick to the touch, but it is most wet around the perimeter. At the top, droplets accumulate on an aluminium window frame that protrudes slightly. Early in the

morning and late at night (though I've just realised this might also happen in the interim period but I'm just not aware of it because I'm either not there or I'm asleep which is another kind of not being there) this liquid drops and splats onto my pillows and face which are just below it. Sometimes they bounce first off the leaves of an oxalis triangularis that sits on my windowsill and are then deposited onto me and the pillows by way of rolling, but mostly it just happens directly *splat*. This makes a louder noise than I ever expect and sometimes I'm surprised, but mostly I'm just alarmed to find the spit and sweat and breath and tears I thought I'd got rid of for good finding their way back to me.

[GPL]



[LP]

6

## *Seeing Settees*

Satan said, "Let's see" as we sat on the settee.  
"Well, there no satin sheets." said Satan, slurping spaghetti.

[RTJM]

## *The Block* <sup>[pt 2]</sup>

— Developed whilst a writer in residence at Lydgalleriet in Bergen

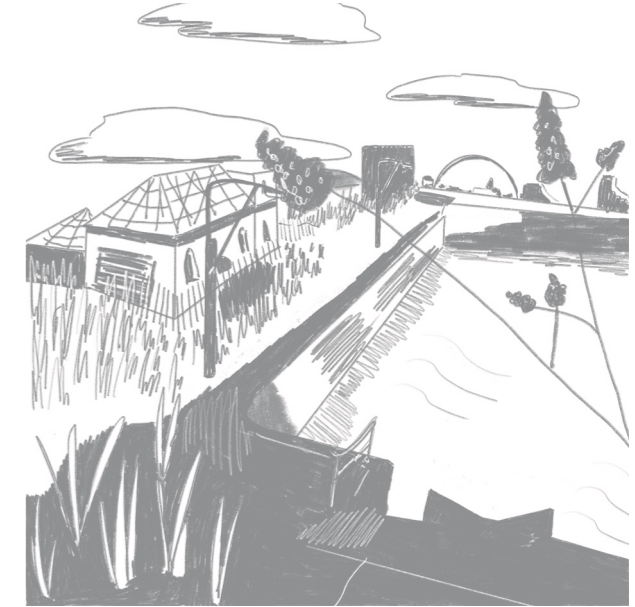
There are instances when I would prefer a wilful application of *the block*, such as those moments in which my anxiety becomes quite unmanageable and begins to significantly impact upon my relationship with my feeling self. If I could incite *the block* to move away from obstructing my creative faculties and instead shift it along to cover or to resist my debilitating mental deficiencies, then my everyday experience of reality could be a lot more favourable. I would also be able write more, and therefore able to feel more (I guess here I mean the type of feeling in the positively holistic and comprehensively experienced sense outlined above—the feeling that is the rush of an emotion fully comprehended, rather than the feeling of an anxiety that is completely untamed). However, *the block* wants what it wants, and that is the holding hostage of my ability to move thought into semiotic action, or even to initiate a productive process of thought in the first place.

As a writer I have developed some strategies to deal with *the block* if and when it comes. Working with constellations of existing references and found texts from a variety of sources in the way that I sometimes do, means that the road to *the block* can sometimes be diverted. Not deactivated, as *the block* still exists there in its most unique and infuriating form, but witnessed from afar—the copyist safe in the comfort of his use of the words of others. I can compose entire textual compositions in this conceptual combinatory manner, or weave these fragments in and out of texts written by my own hand in the style of 'the reference'. Some would describe this process in ter-

ms of thieving and poaching, questioning its originality and relevance. I would then like to question, within the age of The Digital, what an actually relevant originality might consist of, and talk instead of appropriation, the voice of the multitude and rhizomatic relation. But *the block* remains avoided for now, and that is all that really matters.

The use of, or copying out of, texts written by others is a form of close reading, of re-reading. Acts of close reading can be evoked to find roads out of *the block*. By witnessing the fact that another has overcome *the block*, and by evaluating the way in which they have done so by taking a slow journey across the landscape of the text, *the block* of the reader's own can also reach cessation.

Walter Benjamin evoked the metaphor of text-as-landscape by comparing two different acts of reading as two different journeys over a road. He places the reader in the position of an airplane passenger flying over the road, seeing the terrain of the text in its entirety. The copyist traverses the road on foot, learning the true power of the text. The copyist sees the distances, the structures, the clearings, the prospects. Benjamin says that *Only the copied text commands the soul of him who is occupied with it, whereas the mere reader never discovers the new aspects of his inner self that are opened by the text, the road cut through the interior jungle forever closing behind it: because the reader follows the movement of his mind in the free flight of day-dreaming, whereas the copier submits to its command*. In Benjamin's mind, the full concentration of the copyist is



[SC]

necessary to gain a comprehensive understanding of the text and of the self, whereas the mere reader is subject to the whim of his own distractions.

Thus, acts of re-reading invariably lead to a closer understanding of the text at hand, or perhaps even a different reading entirely, as Barthes reminds us that *from one reading to the next, we never skip the same passages*. However, this re-reading is not always experienced in the most positive way. Recently, I came across a copy of John Banville's novel *The Sea* in a bookshop in Bergen. I held a memory of the experience of reading that book quite close, recalling the rhythmic and meditative reflections that the book instilled in me as a man in my early twenties. Desiring to recreate that atmosphere in a year that was, to all extents, running away from me, I immediately purchased the book and took it home to read. My disappointment in the rereading of the book was palpable. What I had remembered as a poetic musing on the experience of romantic memory now read as a flat and one-sided account of weepy rejection from an authorial voice with reasonably significant misogynistic tendencies. No thanks. This raises some significant questions concerning those books that I do hold close to my heart and the condition of self distraction that I may have been in when first reading them. I wonder which of them should be re-read and perhaps, indeed, blocked.

[SB]

7

## *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](mailto: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](http://goodpress.co.uk/the-paper) for more details.

## Contributors

Samuel Brzeski  
Sarah Cochrane  
Lucy Rose Cunningham  
Fiona Glen  
Lucy Hulton  
Izzy Langhamer  
Gina Prat Lilly  
Robert Thomas James Mills  
Hannah Machover

Isobel Neviazsky  
Natasha Pavis  
Michael Powell  
Lola Primrose  
Hannah Reynolds  
Marta Santos  
Virtual Twin  
Sylvie van Wijk



8

## *The Fear of Departure*

It ought to be time I admit  
your goodbye was final.  
But every morning, I stalk  
the sun and follow my shadow,

hoping that the grey trees  
that hang my figure from  
the sky will transform into  
your flesh and engulf me.

I drank tea; I drank wine—  
I cannot, no matter what,  
cool my rage or reheat my  
heart enough to love another.

When I think of the past,  
it's enough to break my heart.  
You leave my eyes drooping  
and my open lips kissing air.

[LH]

[LRC]