

The Paper

its October
its Glasgow
its 2020



IN + NP
4 EVER

Bad Sauna

Telly Reviews

(Octoberish)

03.10.2020

IN

REELS (instagram) it's tiktok but without having to download it. i really don't get it and a lot of the editing makes me feel queasy. i watched a teen say that their great-gran was a punk and that fucked me up.

Gogglebox makes me realise that there is a lot of violence on telly. Despite reviewing telly I don't really watch a lot. There's a lot of brutal knife attacks and there was a bit in Eastenders where a man kills a woman by throwing her on the dishwasher and there is a knife in it just like Sayid does in LOST. LOST is one of my fav shows.

Transparent: deeply moving end to series 2 resolving the flashbacks, stuck with me for days

Not seen any army adverts in a while and I'm sick of all this Zoom stuff that's infiltrated advertising but did see a really good one for DRAGON SOOP (later realised that the army ads play for first dates but not gogglebox)

Ben and Holly's little kingdom: very cute, like peppa pig but without the fatphobia. I've also got a crush on nanny plum

first dates: THANK FUCK love it. Favourite show. Man with LUCKY GIRL tattooed above his dick; not good. in HOW I STOPPED BEING A JEW (verso, 2014), Shlomo Sand recalls his father visiting him in Paris, 1975. His father declares that he can recognise a Jew in the street - he says it's in the eyes - "A fleeting and sad look, the mark of fear and apprehension" and this is how I knew that the man twiddling his moustache was trans

[AH]

The rain smells like smoky bacon. Only crisps, not bacon fat. Up the way are the crossroads. As we roll on, the smell of yeast. Lots of homes dot in between, with small windows. There are palms, and light small petals especially on the balconies. On the bus I am in my seat. The fabric is full with small tufty orange crescent moons with even smaller moons as their satellites. I'm not sure this is scientifically correct. Are all moons lonely? They only fixate on planets that they have no business with. I look up to snug grey brick. I have heard that you could hear free daytime music inside. If I turn the other way, free snakes and frogs in the public vivarium. But I am inside the bus so that is that.

[HR]



[LP]

[GS]

[IN]



This evening's film diary

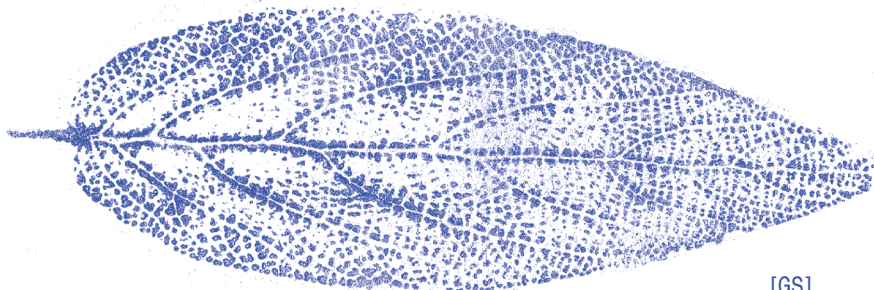
I'm watching foreign films with no subtitles and I'm trying to guess what the characters are trying to say. In this one they are in saltwater. A ceremony of tears. The characters are walking along as if nothing is happening. Love is strange! The distance is senseless! I'm tapping out the dialogue on my paint pot. Tell me when I'll know if it was the right thing to do! I have to keep to the rhythm of their lips. The movements on the film are moving ahead of my dialogue. There is never anywhere to cry, blond boys! I would always do this and she used to say that it would always, in the end, turn out a tragedy. When I say I'm watching foreign films with no subtitles, I really mean that I'm colouring my flat entirely in blue. You can't always be painting, it takes a long time to colour a flat entirely in blue, so, in the meantime, I'm watching foreign films with no subtitles and trying to guess what the characters are trying to say. In the next one, they say Rui loses his lover Pedro on the night of their anniversary. Odete, upset after her boyfriend leaves her when she mentioned a desire to have a child, becomes obsessed with the deceased Pedro, whom she never met. As I was saying: there is never anywhere to cry, blond boys! There is a lot of crying in the rain in this one. *[Lightning strikes]* Everything in the film reminds them that they can't get over it. You are inexplicably attached! They are likely saying that. Not understanding the language, rhythm, word choice,

style and everything of the dialogue, everything in my dialogue is intimately related to the picture—colours, the characters' movements of the colours, the characters set against the colours. I wonder how I'd look set against the blue. I turn the light on, pull back the curtains, and sit generously still. I read in the *Modern One* that after a particularly bad day a painter painted his self-portrait in the dark. I imagine that even with the light on, with the blue, this must be how I look; but the more I paint the flat entirely in blue, the more I realise it isn't going to work, and in the next film the character says this: Chopin was emotional, but not mawkish. Feeling is very far from sentimentality. The prelude tells of pain, not reverie. Sentimentality! I know they say this because I'm reading about it at the same time. Still, my dialogue is certain to be in the wrong place. I take out the phone and hold it there and read the line again. I look around but everything's blue. I look at the phone again. I look at it while the characters on the screen get ready for their finale, where they must surely now be about to say the line. Then I throw the paint over the screen. I throw the entire pot over the screen until it's blue, until you can't make out what is going on, and leave. I'm terrified of not knowing! I'm terrified of blue! I say this on my way out the room. I'm terrified of not understanding a thing.

[LH]



[LP]



[GS]

[how i feel]

you:
i:

are / am

always moving shifting fluctuating *changing*
creating new verses to the song of myself
yourself

you stretch your lips outwards
and smile

walking forwards

you *see*

see what i have seen

2 parts of me
1 part of you

we search for ourselves
through the endless shelves
the dusty aged volumes

engines relentlessly hissing
clanking
whistling along
to the persistent beats of life

we do because we *are*
for now

there's a strange feeling I get
when I explore you
how you change

when you explore me
how i change
how i *feel*

forwards

Honorifics through time

Nowadays, they call me,
Queen Emblem-Summit Atmosphere-Protector.

Before that I was,
President Stamp-Slope Climate-Partner.

At one point I went by,
Lady Mark-Dune Weather-Companion,

and at another point it was something like,
Dr Symbol-Peak Temperature-Pet.

I remember the days I was just,
Mrs Tick-Mound Cool-Cat.

But, I'll never forget at first when I was just,
Mr Cross-Hill Hot-Dog.

[RTJM]

[JB]

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[PA]

Wheels

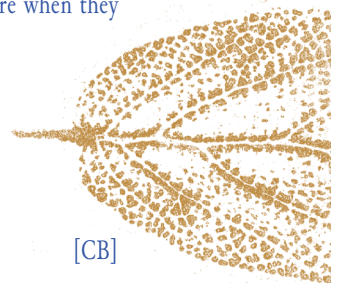
It's like we were reduced versions of ourselves, not the fullest or the most honest
Trying to fill silence, trying to impress
which one who was I don't know if it was me you or him whoever was the third wheel in this triangle, circle, dinner table
In public trying to catch the waiters attention, excuse me
He they you asked questions like my Mum
Updates on life on everything please
It only frustrates me
The pain awkwardness fighting back some upset made myself sit differently aware of how I held myself of how I spoke and squeaked and sipped like how a wheel might break or burst
Policing, courting, shying, looking away
The discomfort made eating a bad plate of food ok, distracting
Distracting me from him rubbing his knee he touching him waist hes leaning into he

He they they is, so are so blokey, manly with multi coloured drinks of fizz and ice and paper straws
They are, they are they are in love ?
I knew it but now I see it
Thought I could handle it
Of course I can, don't be stupid, you are out but in, the third wheel, but he once was you in this situ
The one that fucked me, they both fucked me
But the one from the threesome from fucking and to cocktails this is where we are now
They he him they are together now
And it hurts more than I thought, thought I was stronger than this thought I was cool thought I was sound thought I could be a good third wheel a useful one an enjoyable one a wheel that He carries in the boot that doesn't cost much, I want to be your wheel that can handle it all one that they him he us could use

could be around could be proud of would want to invite somewhere to the cinema to a party or the pub like we are here now
But it's all my doing
Maybe the only time I'm masochistic
When I'm hurting from watching them, him, in love with someone he another him filling the fuel changing the wheels replacing me
He's not taunting not flaunting not trying not meaning to show or hide hands are under the table
I don't think they've noticed they're hands or my eyes
As when my eyes flit elsewhere when they touch it goes on
I keep tired tears back
Bill please

Lights off
Another strange day

[CB]





With A Self-blinded Eye

With a self-blinded eye
I lose sight of nothing but
Myself.

With bombardments of ill interpretation,
Trapped nerves, uncomfortable silences,
Loathsome sludge of intrusive emotions swap in;
Distorting reality, becoming unrecognisable.

World warped like books in the rain;
Knotting perception, contorting reason.
Ear bending to what can't be heard,
Eye drifting to see nonsensical illusions.

[SC]

5



Drisheen

[GS]

this river, that is the sea, reveals mud
flats and islands at low tide, a trickle in
the middle still making its way in some
direction. water at every turn in the road
as the tyres hug the curves, long crooked
fingers of land like trails of something
left behind whilst the rest of the ground
inched forwards. this water, a body
that flows over the backs of all seaweed
everywhere.

bad weather always seems more violent in
remote locations, but also more natural.
the wind has so many leaves to lift on
its path around the house. there is a big
garden and three poly-tunnels.

being south, low to the earth (it's a
bungalow) listening to the rain hit the
window all night (and the birds in the
morning) means the sadness has settled
like oil and water, separated, and if I sit
perfectly still, the water comes to my eyes
but recedes again.

[LP]

[LM]



[IB]

Woman identity during lockdown



[CO]

Urban Orchestra

Car alarms, crickets.
Shouts of joy, screams of terror.
The low thud thus of
Super up subwoofers.
Blue light babies wailing
Into night and day.

Tank topped watcher
At his kitchen window,
Observing, never intervening,
Never complaining
About the constant scree
Of door buzzers and
Generic yells of
His layabout neighbours.

Red eyed cranes building
Banks in the distance,
On the waterfront,
As the three clock towers
Bong into the blackness
Of the night.



[SC]

Banana Hill

Walking down hill, there was a glacier here. Planting things, trees.
Will we survive to live, will we live to sit in the shade.
Do you believe you can outrun a bull. Are you faster in the mud.

6

Need to leave and unplug for a week, I am considering staying with family in Tennessee for a while.

The issue is with the pandemic and trying to explain why I am there. Ma and Pa through back window, one sitting one standing, curtains around them, camera in reflection of window, me in edge of frame with mask out of focus.

Predisposition to magical thinking: if I keep thinking about something it will happen, counteracting the bad thoughts with a repeated prayer. You just have to wait. All of this waiting. I think they might throw me in jail for speeding. Storytelling on camera, I can't stomach anything too dramatic these days.

A source of guilt. I go around making, just for the sake of it, because one time someone told me I was good at it.

Ask Ma to tell a story about her mom or dad, ask Pa to tell a story about his mom or dad. Tell of your most vivid.

Do research on Biblical symbolism, enact the plagues somehow.

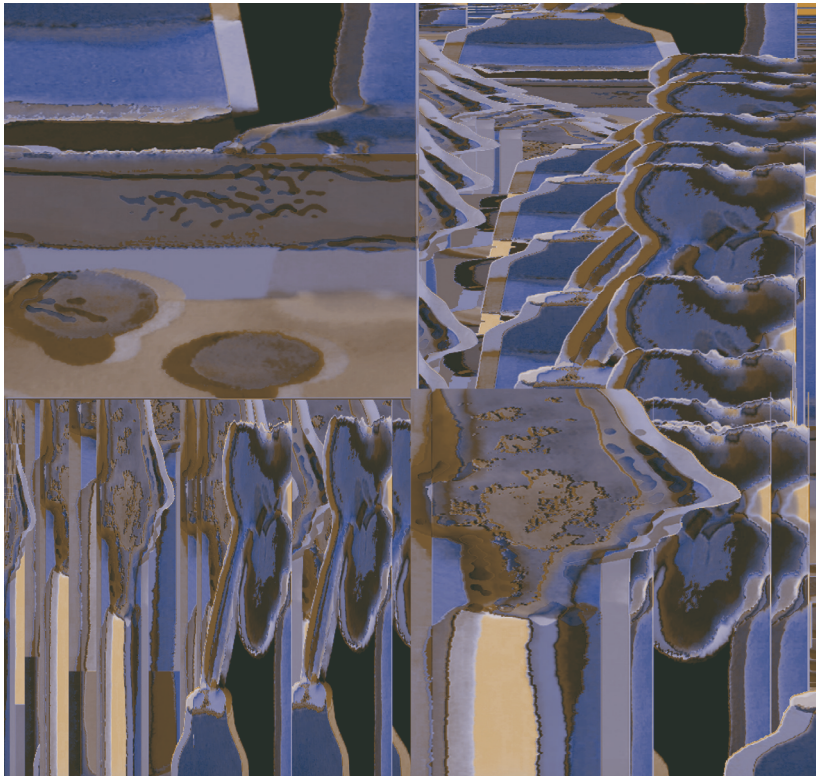
Talk about the progress we've made this semester, about the idea of making a film down South, either the video of Mike talking about Eddie to go along with the billboard or something else.

Appearance of wealth. I cannot change the space between two houses. Write a poem where every bad thing that has ever happened to you happens in the same day. Things get worse, I love my grandpa but I don't know how to say it.



[DP]

[GS]



[IG]

7

Urban Orchestra (cont.)

The Urban Orchestra
Plays into the
Next day, the
Next evening, the
Next day...

[SC]



[DP]

birds and bees

look at what they do
the birds and the bees
from a little here
to a little there
never too much
but always enough
without their selfless service
our home wouldn't be such

they teach me to see
the birds and the bees
from flower to flower
to tree to tree
from the air we breathe
to the food we eat
without their friendship
our life wouldn't be

watch we owe much to
the birds and the bees
from sweet honey and song
to a sprinkle of seeds
forgetting we come from
their grateful deeds
without them what are we
our hopes and dreams

[SF]



[GS]



[LM]v

Love2020



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of 2020 has in the cards
for you & your love life.

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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 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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Gla Fridge Community

We are a group looking to start a community fridge network in Glasgow!

Amidst a global pandemic that has fostered devastating housing and food insecurity, mutual aid and volunteer work is more important than ever. The failures of national government coupled with local funding cuts reveals that localized direct action is essential. We are looking for people interested in sourcing fridges, creating supply chains, and setting up power sources via collaboration with those willing to utilize their storefronts, homes, community centers etc. to run electricity to the fridges.

Looking for help in any capacity, please don't hesitate to reach out with questions or queries!

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