

The Paper

Encapsulated happiness

*I was four hundred miles
from what was waiting to hurt me
And had I known,
I'd have never left*

*I'd have settled down
bought myself flowers
and basked in the
eternal peace of mind
that comes from
being alone*

*I'd have fallen in love
again and again
each time a reminder to myself
that love shouldn't
consume me
the way that is always eventually does*

*I'd have danced through
life with those I love
Lived wholeheartedly,
all prosperity encapsulated
within the four hundred
miles I'd keep between us*

*Tending to my flowers
when their petals began to wilt
and their roots stood limp
a reminder to myself that i am
still capable of finding happiness
in spite of it all*

[CIH]

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[CJ]

the fool’s love story

sometimes i ask myself what’s the point without you,
keeping me alive and running,
stamina has gone down to meet me in the basement of our past union ship,
a carrousel of constellations beaming through your lungs,
a reminder that you aren’t here anymore
and that my loneliness is only a product of me.

the numbness of my past catches up to the electrifying thoughts of my present,
it keeps me grounded in the soil next to your worn out trainers (you forgot to put them in
the wash again).
i’ve never felt so alone next to the remnants of your skeleton,
threads of orange peels are the only thing sustaining me lately and they’ll get rotten soon too.

the irony in pathetic fallacy is that it represents only a fragment of my ego
inflating like a polystyrene balloon popping at the sound of church bells.
they ring and ring and ring, in vain.
perhaps the cavities of heartbreak only show what we want to see - a tar black tunnel
asphyxiating my demise.

[CB]

Deciduous

A shrub needs its nest.
Let’s decide to salt the womb, lay precious
tiny marbled eggs. In the gallery
you browsed copious asters
in dungarees, said home is a maximalist emotion.
I was singing The Aeroplane Over the Sea
in my head; my aching brain was alive
and now it is dead. I know this sounds extreme.
Limbs of me numb and I can’t go green
because of this peony. It is so much to say,
how I bled for you half of October
and fell at the gig. My roots are polished
with general sorrows, chips of moony fragrance.
How far up the canal to wander from injury
courting a swan. I love ‘be there soon’
and the word delicious. A wee place
called Salt Horse, not by the sea. I know
this sounds extreme. I take off my clothes
in the mizzle of year, you give it away
and I sleep and I sleep. So much to say
about transport’s lack. Imagine a thousand shrubs
leaving their homes in shuffle, little song of them.
My curling leaves are burning
seeds all caught in messages. I pop and crack
each one with my teeth and my tongue,
feel you inside me, at random
these verses of pollen and stars.

[MS]

[MS]

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The Snack

A Lunchtime Bulletin
october mmxxi

Wow only one more The Paper until 2022!!!!

Hiya! (٩٭٩) A bright and frosty morning today in Glasgow!

What a wonderful month of Ayla Dmyterko's exhibition *Pour the Fear: Solastalgic Synchronicities* IRL and her new film *Rite of Return* on the website! So we're EXTENDING THE SHOW UNTIL THE 17TH now btw! Still some fashionable long sleeves made in collab with Ali Lotz available from Good Press, 50% profits going to Ubuntu Women's Shelter

Next up is *Terrestrial Act*, a film by HOT DESQUE! Featuring brill artists: Sam Carvosso, Anna Reading, Davinia-Ann Robinson, Hannah Rowan, Harry Smithson, Giorgio van Meerwijk and cinematography by Rosie Taylor. Open from Friday 19th till Thursday 23rd December and we'll have a lil opening on the 20th in the eve with an in conversation with Lizzy and Neena from Hot Desque too! The film will also be available to watch online at www.lunchtimegallery.co.uk AND at the CCA on 14th Nov 11am-6pm in the Cinema!

"A collaborative artist film, Terrestrial Act evokes a future-past landscape through the sculptures of six artists. Spotlit scenery comes alive within an empty theatre, hinting at processes of extractive capitalism and human interference within the natural world. The focus shifts between past and present, staged and unstaged, and organic and fabricated, to explore what it means to animate supposedly inanimate matter, and begin dissolving hierarchical classifications of life forms. Playing upon the traditions of landscape set design and painting, the film explores the history of the romanticisation of nature: framed, reduced and pacified through an anthropocentric and Western perspective.

Terrestrial Act explores these questions at a crucial time to coincide with UN Climate Talks COP26, in Glasgow, seen as our last chance to minimise the already-felt impacts of global warming upon humans and more-than-humans."— Hot Desque

Other things to check out in Glasgow right now ---- Openings in the southside at Celine (Paul Becker and Alan Stanners) and Ivory Tars (Morag Keil) this Saturday afternoon (6th) sure to both be excellent! Amy Winstanley has a show opening Friday 5th at Stallan Brand which will be wonderful too!

See you soon!

xoxo Caitlin

Figs

You are unbearable. You are a wasp that crawls inside the ripest fig it finds
crippling its wings to suffocate inside Her with aborted eggs. Or like the dried
wasp infested figs from Italy that have been fermenting in our fridge drenched in
syrup in multiple jars since Christmas that nobody has eaten apart from the strange
mince pies we made with them several months ago

Figs are more enjoyable to eat than write about. I remember being sat outside in
the garden behind our grandmother's house in Calabria eating handfuls of them
purple, green or white and Red
handpicked washed and thrown into the bucket then pealed and eaten. Soft
stringy and flesh-like. Some sweeter than others. We drank bergamot lemonade
too and stabbed cacti with sharpened sticks in the sun and almost stabbed each
other and picked fruit in the mountains and I threw up on the car journey one
time and cried because I didn’t want a haircut and sat on the back of Giovanni’s red
motorcycle through the city and said I would swim to Sicily because I was angry and
memorised how to vaguely ask for an ice-cream in Italian *ciao un gelato alla fragola
per favore grazie grazie mille* and looking for lizards and jelly fish and sitting by
the sea thinking about very little and I don’t remember much else

Or more like that sad little ugly cold moth that licks the dust from the warmest
lamp in the room. There are no romantic associations with moths as there are with
eating waspy figs

You come home to a dim yellow lamp and the bowl of figs haven’t been touched,
and your favourite little white dress is still half-soaked from rain. Half-transparent
and clinging to your waist
dripping
down your thighs

You turn off the light and are content now. In a dull sense with little desire
You are turning in the sheets. You are sour ricotta vinegary wine
fluffy blueberry moss
You are singular or multiple and one solid colour. Yves Klein blue or a bad shade of
yellow that makes people happy or uncomfortable.

You are back again drinking black earl grey and orange juice and you
are as elusive as a firework display. You are tired and you want to go home but you
want them

inside you first. Like a fruit fly burrowing
into an overripe strawberry
pressing Inward and Flowering
leaking larvae
There are maggots in the strawberry jam but the lemon and lime marmalade is fine to eat
Does it disgust or tempt you?
Ti fa amare o ammalare?
resting inside almost rotting. Reaching for limbs and some starved sick act

[LAC]

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the paper

How To Make

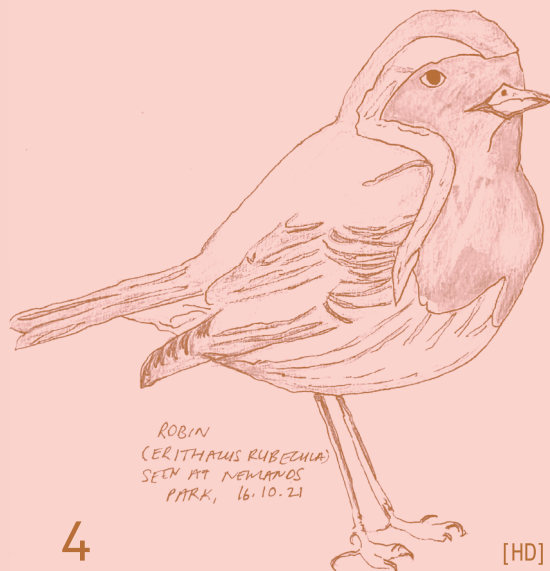
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When you
were a Swiss girl
in boarding school in 1954
dreaming of 'German Expressionism' and crime
you too were attuned to the cracks in the headmistress's make-up.

*

The deepest snowfall in cinema
is the wet white drifting upon McCabe
and Mrs Miller. You and they will never be dry again.
Zsigmond has fogged the negative. It's Leonard Cohen Snowing.

*

When you speak of Euro snow
can you separate it from the slopes?
Peel it from the flaky towers?
Pipilotti Rist has a son called Himalaya.

[HG]

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