

Breakfast in the 1990s

its October
its Glasgow
its 2020

Each & every day is a
gift, waking up &

peeing & feeding the cat
looking in the mirror

Are there marks? How
unblurred the eyes? You

still look great everyone
says. Take your

experimental drug, the brown
bottle left on the kitchen

table overnight, do six
salutes to the sun, the

tedious but essential back
exercises: pelvic tilt,

William's pose, the cat, three
circles with your knees cupped

in your hands, three
in each direction, grateful

for the feeling, for the
mobility. The drug absorbed

you sit across the table from
your lover, the old cat

between you on her own chair,
perhaps wondering what
happened to

bacon breakfasts. Dry cereal
now, yogurt, skimmed milk,
seasonal berries

Walta Borawski
31 October 1989

"Borawski was Michael Bronski's (The Last Gay
Liberationist) partner who died of complications
from AIDS in 1994. Michael left a couple of his
books with me when he visited last year."

[PA]

hands: a pool of you
paddle, knee deep, feel the warmth
testing your waters

I

slope

[TY]

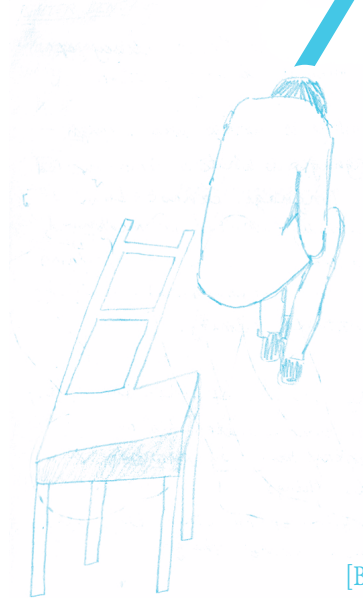
1

[LG]

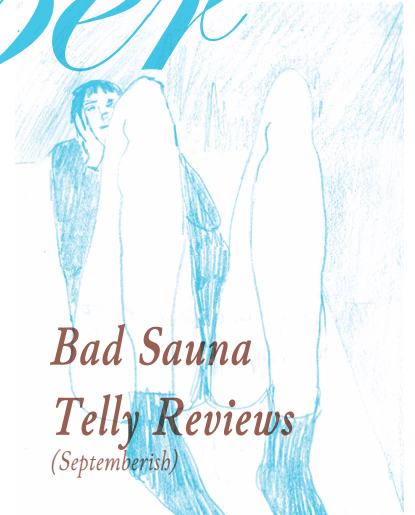
in the tone of the question, electrical hum of unmet expectation. the voice arcs
this way when she has a theory we shouldn't jump to. ruled sheets fan silently
over a well-swept desk, feign perfect memory and locate the tender phrase. hush
and click of receiver lifted from the ear through hair to glance elapsed time, then
practised slope into soft next week, then sloping softer bye.

[BD]

The Paper



[BD]



Bad Sauna Telly Reviews

(Septemberish)

Gardeners world: really good stuff lately,
particularly monty playing with compost
and the person looking at microscopic
soil creatures jiggling about. do not like
foostie, i don't watch the ones where
foostie is on it, he gives me bad energy.

Gogglebox: glad its back what a relief.
can't believe that lockdown started when
that last series ended - longest week of
my life. quite thrown by the change of
scene at the siddiquis, mary is looking
a bit haggard, not sure about the new
fams time will tell, the old man who
disintegrated in front of our eyes isn't in
this series anymore. dont get why there's
so many telly shows about vets, the
yorkshire vet was horrendous and made
me feel sick when he cut open the horses
dick or something anyway some elephant
had constipation and someone started
fisting the elephant up to the elbow
and pulling the shit out of it, i think in
junkie william s. burroughs talks about
opiate users having to claw the shit out
their anuses.

Transparent: quite good, series 1 ever-
yones a mess, hate everyone. series 2 (so
far) sarah is the biggest mess. feel bad for
tammy but i hate tammy. josh was good
for a bit and then he went bad. colton was
good. feel bad for the rabbi. yom kippur
was good.

Pocoyo: series 1 starts off pretty basic by
explaining what umbrellas are but really
comes into its own in the later episodes
becoming quiteabstract. musical blocks is
the best episode.

[IN]



[LG]

And then he said:

— That was
my tomorrow morning.

Warm and wet cleansing our sweat. Yeah, that was his shit crawling on the shower floor on its way to the drain. I felt restless and exhausted. There was no way I could go home then. The bathhouse felt like the only place I could breathe. I was feeling impulsive. I was dehydrated, so first of all I had a glass of water and a few beers.

The anxiety is real in the moment before you walk in, especially in the other sauna, the one in a busy street downtown, where jerks are always lurking at the door. Drunk and brute, drunk and rude with glasses of bubbly wine and plastic cups filled with

beer in their hands. The flaccid beer and the fizzy alcohol is bumping and tilting. They bark as they talk loudly with a strong sureness that their empty eyes can understand the world.

That was my tomorrow morning. He said. We had a nice conversation over rum, then piggy sex in the midst of the foggy air of the steam room. His boyfriend asleep, my boyfriend dead.

I walked down the stairs in this other bathhouse. Shit was dark, precarious and sexy. All these wingless beasts born with a dick wasted no time and went for what they wanted, it's the only place I see them-us collectively acting like this. What a sweet occasion for a joyride! All these wingless beasts born with a dick were skilled, experienced and talented at rejection - rejecting and being

2

being around loves is good
good loves is around being
good around is being loves
around is loves being good
is being around loves good
is loves around good being
loves being around is good
being is good loves around
being is good around loves
loves is being good around
around good loves is being
being good around is loves

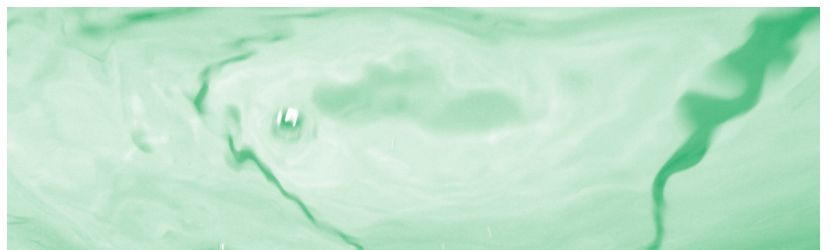
what can you do but be in your body
when the sun beats down in all its glory
what can you do but lie down give in grow heavy sink in
when the sun glows down with its stop everything heat
what can you do but close your eyes, salute the sun
with your eyelids, rest your mind, feel hot
what can you do but feel hot and be in your skin, feel
hot, be in your skin, lie flat
what can you do but LOVE THIS, face your palms
upward, open your arms outward, *sweat*.
what can you do but bathe bask be warm blend in
be brilliant
what can you do but be happy to be in a body be
thankful be alive
what can you do but level out - know everyone is
just a body, know everyone wriggles to get comfy,
know everyone lies down and
feels warmed in the sun.
what can you do but breathe in breathe out be
blessed feel alive
be a body be a happy body be a resting body
what can you do but forget capitalism forget
competition be still
what can you do but be you lying in the sun?

[TAH]

[TAH]

[PA]

cast your line, your hook
feed all your bait, reel it in
marvel at your catch



rejected - and at (guess what?) consent. My tiny human experience is not worth much, but in the social context of gay saunas, I haven't yet seen a man insisting after I tell him to fuck off. Maybe I'm just lucky. Well, I know I am. Maybe it's the water or maybe it's the shame of being semi-naked and not desired, but I just wish unrequited attractions didn't mean harassment, murder or rape in the world outside these walls.

There is a presumption that we all are men, that we all have butts and that we all have dicks. It's as if there is a quasi-middle ground due to the assimilation provided by the nude body. After all, there is an absence of elements of identification - our clothes and objects are sedated in a locker. The nude body offers a temporary neutrality. Still, no body is neutral.

Within these walls, the usual targets of hatred are either absent or masked under a nude uniform decorated with the classic white towel wrapped around the waist. Outside these walls, humans are not the epicenter of the universe... least of all men. Outside these walls, these men have to deal with grrrls, wymen, witches and queers. Outside these walls, they feel irritated and fueled with a hunger to kill every time they are questioned. I find him brave, even though I can smell he's a militant conformist. Look... he's been through a long journey of epidemics, of hiding, of rejection, of trying and of hearing NO!

This is an older man slowly walking through the maze of the dark room at 3am, is he the last one to find partners? Why do my eyes see him as a zombie looking

for hot new flesh? Wait...! +I talking about myself? His pilgrimage for a fuck is longer than many... this world needs to stop worshipping the young. It's 4am and we just fucked.

Listen, I'm 25 and my own pilgrimage for a fuck would be faster if I worked out, lost 25kg and shaved all my pubic hair, but I am on a quest to stop hating my own body as it is and I am keeping my hair in a retro homage to the old-school queens who didn't shave either.

Within these walls or outside these walls, none of my discomfort and misdirected desires are ever lost or vanquished. I sense time passing by. I'm hot and sweaty. Hunting down all these feelings. Frozen, melting, liquid, steaming. Never captive. Never caged.

[RV]



[IN]

[PA]

lips tremble and bleed
rain droplets and black treacle
oppressive sweetness

III



[LC]

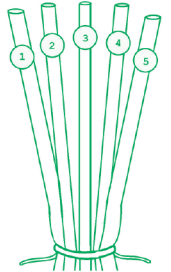
MAKE A CORN DOLLY



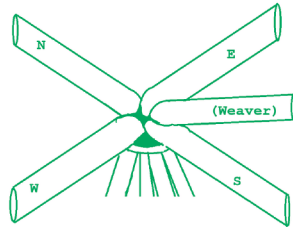
By Lewis Prosser
@clovisvosser

To make a traditional drop-corn dolly you will need around 20 - 25 straws of good quality wheat or hollow grass (around 30cm). Soak the straw in water for a minimum of 3 hrs to avoid cracking. I use Maris Widgeon, which is a heritage wheat used in thatching.

Corn Dollies are pre-christian harvest objects which were made to provide a temporary home for the field spirits until the next sowing season. They get their name from 'Cornucopia' meaning 'horn of plenty', which is thought to be the first ever design.

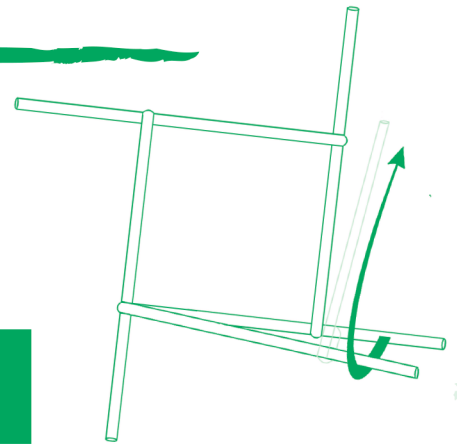


Step 1. First tie together 5 straws at the wheat head with cotton thread. Tie tightly so the straw bulges.

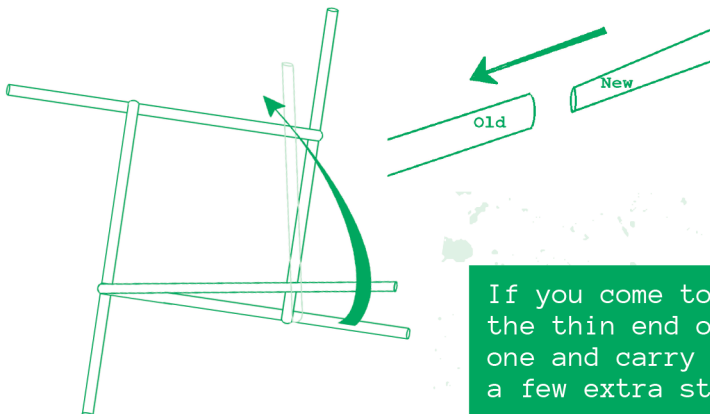


Step 2. open out the straws like a compass with the 5th straw (the weaver) spare.

Step 3. Now we start to create and widen the square by placing the weaver straw on the outside of the next corner. Then we take the corner straw under and over, locking the weaver in place. The corner straw is now the new weaver which goes to the outside of the next corner, and so on. Repeat this process until the inside square is about the size of a large-letter stamp.



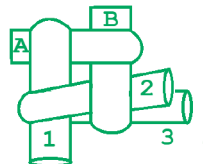
When you fold the straw it should bend easily at two points. If the straw doesn't bend easily, or cracks, it either needs to be soaked for longer or it is too thick.



Step 4. Once you have opened the square to the right width you now need to close it. This weave will form the iconic spiraled cone shape of the dolly. To do this take the weaver straw and place it inside the next corner. lock in place with the new weaver. keep going until the square closes completely at the top.

If you come to the end of a straw don't panic! Just insert the thin end of a new straw into the thick end of the old one and carry on. This will take a bit of practice so soak a few extra straws in case!

Step 5. when you have reached the top you can close off the weave by threading the weaver straw into the previous fold of the opposite corner. This will lock the whole design. To finish you can clip the excess add a ribbon or you can keep going by clipping 2 straws and continuing with a 3 straw plait. Once you have about 10cm long plait, loop it over and tie.



Now hang up your dolly and invite the good spirits into your home for winter. Don't forget to let them out next spring or they won't be happy and might ruin your harvest!



[SMT]

5

!

I'd say a best friend is like an exclamation mark, a pronounced verbal cue. When we have to speak in sentences, it's part of an enthusiastic feeling when we exert energy over punctuation and in our head's emphasis the end of the sentence and raise our internal voices higher. Tonally there is a shift, visually there is also. A best friend does this with everyday details. You're sad ? Let's talk !

You're empty ? Another void we'll understand together !

You're lonely ? I'm here !

An anecdotal emergency in a super cool world where comma's and full stops and sometimes nothing is at the end of a sentence or a day or an interaction. When most of the time we're used to being left, still with breathe in our lungs, still with hope in our heart, still hoping that maybe the penny is about to drop, maybe something is about to improve it, maybe tomorrow will dazzle in all the places that today was dull.

And that's where a best friend comes in to fill that gulf both tangibly and figuratively with a hug and an explanation or some advice and an active ear and we try to make sense of sentences together and we try to fill each space, each void, each pause. And retell the stories that we have punctuated wrongly when we were alone, because it's a lot harder alone to measure when to exert that much energy over punctuation. It's a lot easier together to do the inexplicable. To show interest and enthusiasm. All that is needed to end with an !

Friday's in the Rain

A local leaf glittering in the trees
Outside the vast room of light
Where the sea grass whispers
Rumbling rain and dim thunder arrive soon
Time flashes, slipping through a decade
A cacophony of interweaving bird song
And vicious spin cycles
The distant memory of rain
Drifting as far as the eye can see
On a shambolic day
The ground moving beneath your feet
The fly subtly adjusts his monocle
Acid rain is on its way
Quiet conversations in the trees
Time oscillating through the quick shining rain
The local leaves whispering
Dreaming of a long, lonely stroll on the moon
A shambolic day spent washing up oranges
The illusion of periods of time flashing by

[AM]

[PA]

explore the landscape:
caverns and dunes, their contours
admire the sublime

AI

[RB]

*the tree outside my window
tells me to take it steady today—*

shuuuuu, as if expelling air,
shu shuuuu usshhh,
hushhh hu husssh,
ch ch ch chhhh repeating, replay

uhhhhhh hhhhu hmmmm
hu hu hummmm
thinking, expelling,

shaking like packets of rice in the breeze;
each leaf a tambourine orientating in the wind
green sequin surging

shuuuuu
fading out the percussion
as if expelling air;
shu shuuuu, shush.

Firing pots in our BBQ, a ritual.

Cocooned in light and warmth,
crinkling flames rasp
in this muted night.

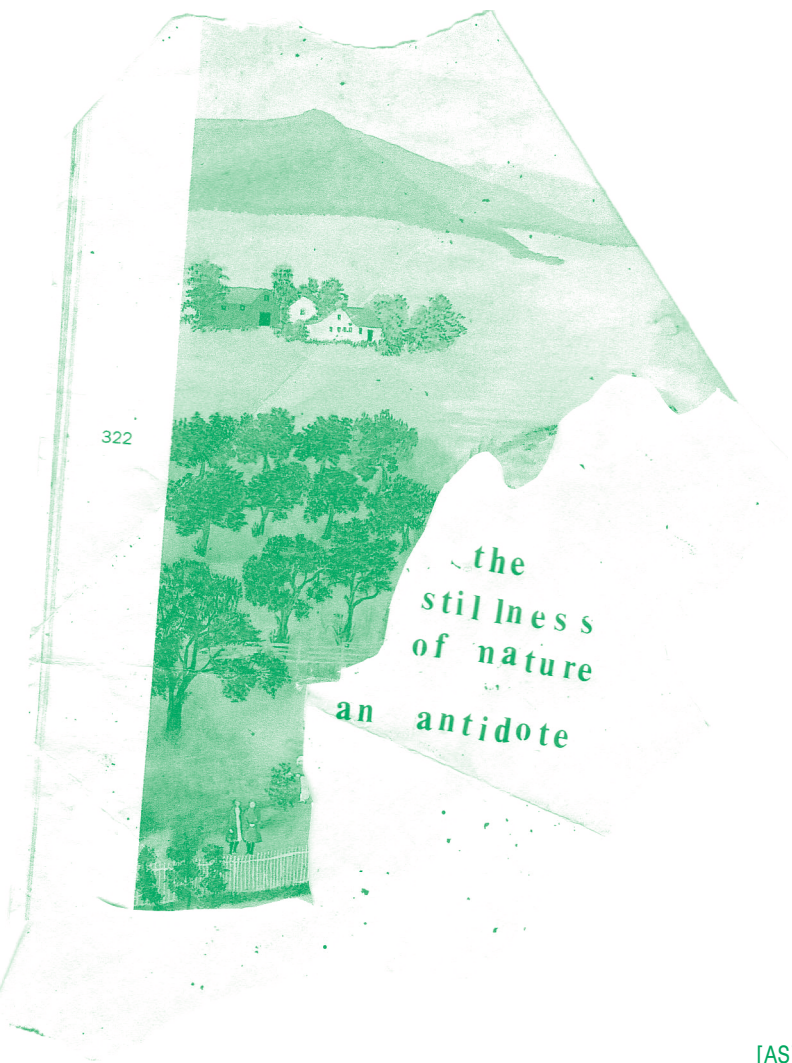
We stare into the rounded pit,
in awe of white hot tesserae —
hypnosis

as ashy smoke envelops us,
moth-soft veils stroking our arms
with heat, prickling,

rising dying rising,
rolling into embers
that simmer into

Dawn,
our burning shrine of bowls,
curving cooling collected, wanting to be held
[LC]

humid gust, stilling,
pummels the back of my neck
desire for shellfire
[PA]



[AS]

The Snack #5

A Lunchtime Bulletin

october mmxx

Lots of love,
Caitlin xx



(3)

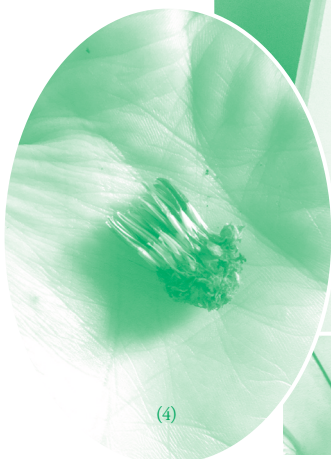


(2)

INSTRUCTIONS ON NOT GIVING UP
More than the fuchsia funnels breaking out
of the crabapple tree, more than the neighbor's
almost obscene display of cherry limbs shoving
their cotton candy-colored blossoms to the slate
sky of spring rains, it's the greening of the trees
that really gets to me. When all the shock of white
and taffy, the world's baubles and trinkets, leave
the pavement strewn with the confetti of aftermath,
the leaves come. Patient, plodding, a green skin
growing over whatever winter did to us, a return
to the strange idea of continuous living despite
the mess of us, the hurt, the empty. Fine then,
I'll take it, the tree seems to say, a new slick leaf
unfurling like a fist, I'll take it all.

(1)

- (1) Instructions For Not Giving Up
Ada Limón
(2) Cat face filter
(3) Last of the summer tins
(4) Marigold Seeds



(4)

march

it was about six o'clock and I was walking
past my nan's house
she wasn't sat in the front room
but I always make sure to look in whenever
I walk past.

I remember the sky
it held me in a way that it never can
in Glasgow
it held me and reminded me that I
was home.

I'd had three separate texts that day
friends from the city letting me know
they were worried about me.

I hadn't been back in the valley long
maybe a couple of hours
I had to get out of the house
the sky was almost beckoning me
reminding me to breathe.

I walked up to a nearby field and skirted
around the edge
I used to play here when I was young
these memories existed in front of me
my old friends
my old dog
the ghost of me, laughing and floating.

I couldn't believe what was
happening above me
the sky was competing with
the landscape
both wrestling? dancing?
screaming? at each other
a culmination of red and yellow and purple
it looked like a digital painting
I started crying.

this feels like an ending.

the sky kissed the tops of the hills
and tears streamed down my cheeks.

and maybe this was an ending
but in this moment I was alive.

my heart was broken and my cheeks
were wet
but I was home
and I was alive.

[DC]

7

THE ASPIDISTRA

There's nothing new here
Except perhaps the light
Filtering through
As if it's been trained
To be that way
An astounding abstraction
As far as anybody knows
The moon looked like
A speckled egg last night
Pink and burgundy peonies
Still, in ta dark green pot
Let me try to explain
The frustrating answers
Moonlight floods in to the room
The Aspdistra, sighs
Silver light creeps through cracks
Flowing with the rain

[AM]

The incorporation of images into the making of a narrative—the continuous stream of movement—the piecing together of a puzzle made up of thousands of still frames to create meaning and serve a purpose. These can be construed as an act of recycling.

The images captured are re-appropriated—transformed into two-dimensional images from three dimensional objects and beings.

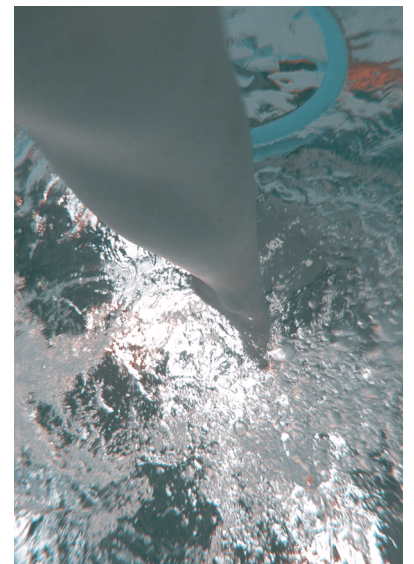
This idea emphasizes films' ontological agenda and highlights its material form. If film is unique in that it captures movement then it is indeed lively matter in all senses of the phrase.

Writing on media ecologies, Matthew Fuller expresses the synthesis that exists between all aspects of the physical, and the way in which modes of representation can alter, detract or create new interactions:

All objects have a poetics; they make the world and take part in it, and at the same time, synthesize, block, or make possible other worlds. It is one of the powers of art or of invention more generally to cross the planned relations of dimensionality—the modes or dynamics that properly form or make sensible an object or a process. (Fuller 2005: 1-2)

To cross the dimensionality of an object is to make visible its own qualities outside of the human understanding of its use. It's anti-anthropocentrism.

[CV]



[LG]

[PA]

embrace the unknown
the uncharted and unmapped
step forward and see:

IA

Phoebe Anson
 Rachel Brooks
 Dan Cox
 Lucy Cunningham
 Bryony Dawson
 Lucy Grainge
 Tilly Alexander Hallworth
 Lunchtime Gallery
 Adam J. Maynard
 Kate Morgan
 Isobel Neviaszky
 Lewis Prosser
 Ailsa Sutcliffe
 Sedona May Tubbs
 Rodrigo Vaiapraia
 Carolina Varanda
 Ira Yonemura

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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A crouching. Good, object. That's what we want.

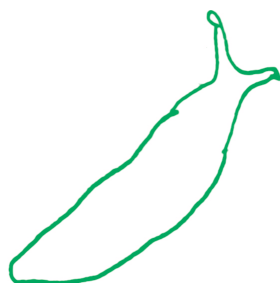
Objects need to be sitting down to a degree that their standing up would be an event.

Clay, that's how to think about theatre, as an amorphous glob, spun to momentum above the heads of the people. Elbows and knees receding and advancing in space. And after, an unctuous frog in the throat, un-coughed.

Consider equally as much that you are putting a new thing into the world. It is not necessary, and so must act as something reductive, to soak up some of the -. A kicking at the cosmos. A meal is an example.

Everyone has a stuffy relationship with Phthalo Green. Thus, cogitate on it.

[KM]



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. Access to food that is nutritious and part of a balanced diet is a right, whether or not the government chooses to recognize it as such.

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. By collecting and sharing food that may otherwise go to waste we want to be able to keep the refrigerators stocked and open to the community. We aim for a system of take what you need and give what you can. The inspiration for our work is from the NYC based collective 'A New World In Our Hearts' (@iohny on instagram, <http://inourheartsnyc.org> online).

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

Mail: glafridges@gmail.com

Instagram: @glafridges