

The Paper

05.05.20

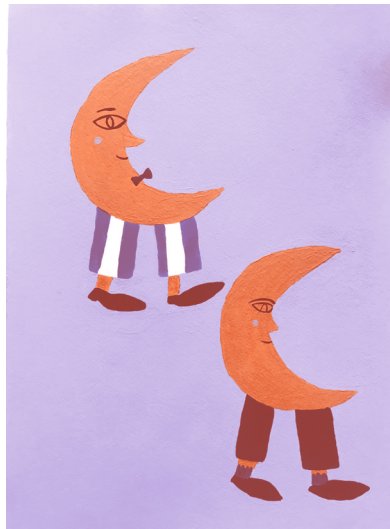
It starts as a note, a paragraph, a piece; add line breaks, let the seams down, and it looks like a poem, but it can't be that easy. Take it in, adjust the neckline, add new buttons, remove the sleeves, hold them up against another garment, see how they sit. The threads are unraveling now a little, and it's satisfying to fray them, but you could go too far and lose sight of the thing. Sometimes writing goes like this. Sometimes I feel like Marge and her Chanel suit, working and reworking sentences and whole paragraphs, feeling out their final form, hoping no one will mind that this is more like recycling than writing, that I have worn this outfit many times, that parts of it are beginning to feel constricting. At other times it's like darning; a thread stretches across a hole to create a warp, and another is woven between it to make something appear where first there was nothing.

[MH]

A Minute in the Shade

- When waiting
- I think in hours
- And minutes when I'm late
- Or 'days and days and days'
- The present, tgiven as a gift.
- It takes a sudden adjustment
- A friend's opinion
- The feeling of falling
- Today's date, written down last week.
- To look forward to
- And later, back on

[LS]

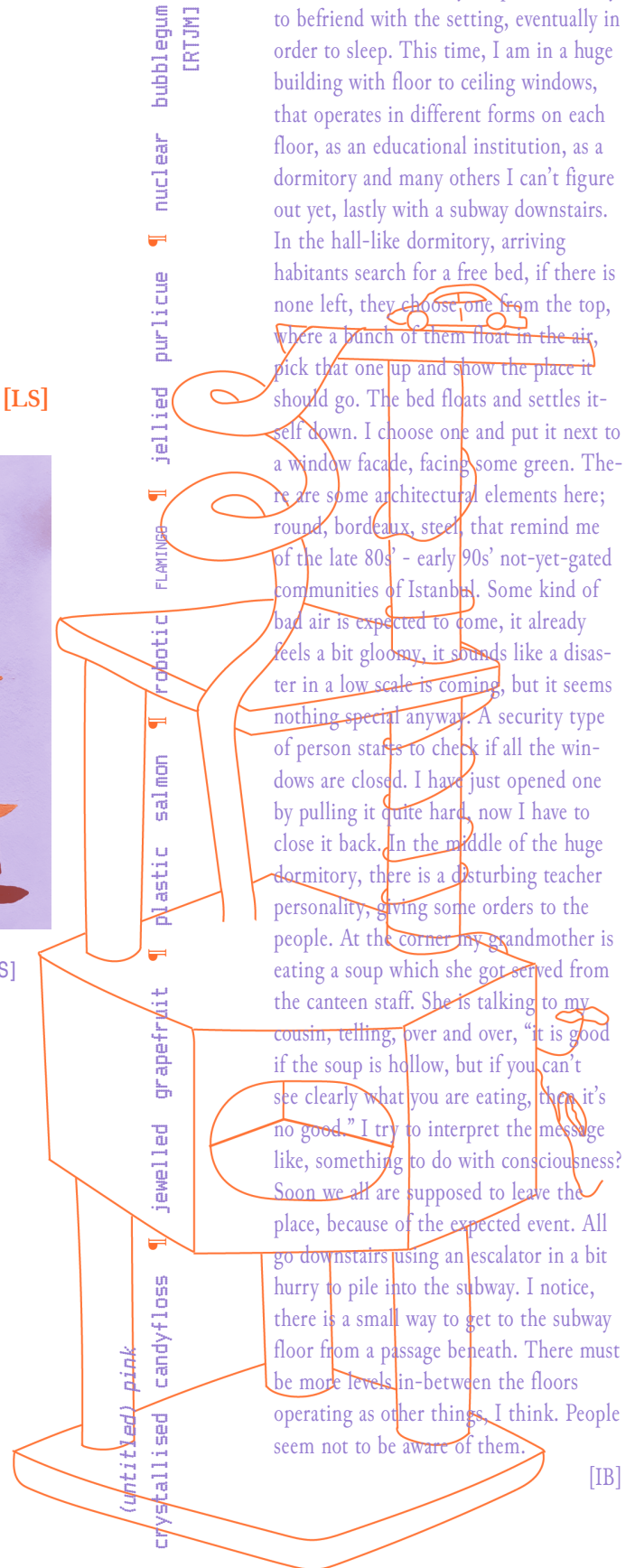


[ChS]

On an island the waves crash
 I wash my hands unused; in salt
 The foam is dyed in the white of the moon
 I whisper, black; then swallow it
 I dream of a palm that reaches high into the night
 I dream it kin to the naps of my scalp
 I again whisper, black;
 then swallow it

Fortified castles on the beach wafted by the night air
 I whisper black; then swallow it
 From the salt of earth I was born—black
 To the depths again shall I lay—black

[CoS]



[IB]

I often dream of being on beds in various homes where I find myself placed and try to befriend with the setting, eventually in order to sleep. This time, I am in a huge building with floor to ceiling windows, that operates in different forms on each floor, as an educational institution, as a dormitory and many others I can't figure out yet, lastly with a subway downstairs. In the hall-like dormitory, arriving habitants search for a free bed, if there is none left, they choose one from the top, where a bunch of them float in the air, pick that one up and show the place it should go. The bed floats and settles itself down. I choose one and put it next to a window facade, facing some green. There are some architectural elements here; round, bordeaux, steel that remind me of the late 80s' - early 90s' not-yet-gated communities of Istanbul. Some kind of bad air is expected to come, it already feels a bit gloomy, it sounds like a disaster in a low scale is coming, but it seems nothing special anyway. A security type of person starts to check if all the windows are closed. I have just opened one by pulling it quite hard, now I have to close it back. In the middle of the huge dormitory, there is a disturbing teacher personality, giving some orders to the people. At the corner my grandmother is eating a soup which she got served from the canteen staff. She is talking to my cousin, telling, over and over, "it is good if the soup is hollow, but if you can't see clearly what you are eating, then it's no good." I try to interpret the message like, something to do with consciousness? Soon we all are supposed to leave the place, because of the expected event. All go downstairs using an escalator in a bit hurry to pile into the subway. I notice, there is a small way to get to the subway floor from a passage beneath. There must be more levels in-between the floors operating as other things, I think. People seem not to be aware of them.



Number One

First things first, I'll eat your brains.

— Nikki Minaj

Purse first. Purse first. Walk into the room purse first.

— Bob the Drag Queen

A man named Anjirō was the first recorded Japanese Christian. He was baptized by Saint Francis Xavier, patron saint of missionaries. The first person ever killed was named Able and he died by the hand of his brother Cain who was also the first person born on earth. They were also the first people born of other humans.

The first person to die in a plane crash was a US army First Lieutenant named Thomas Selfridge. The first day of spring is usually the 20th or the 21st of May. The first stop on the metro is also the last, as many go both ways. The first officer is the second in command.

My sister was my parent's first child and my nephew is my sister's first child. I will most likely not reproduce. I will have no first, no second, no third, fourth, or only child. My father's father was the first person I knew that died. I was sad for my father but I will never miss my grandfather. The first instrument I taught myself to play was the drum kit. People seem to make a big deal about the first time they have sex. Mine was very nice. The first cut is the deepest. For many generations, the first boy born in my father's family has been named James.

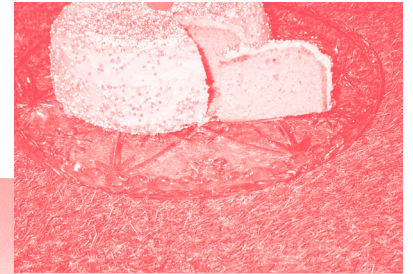
The first time I was sexually assaulted will hopefully be the last.

Elizabeth the first was the last monarch of the House of Tudor. James the sixth of Scotland was also James the first of England and Ireland.

The first transatlantic telegraph transmission was sent between Poldhu, Cornwall, and St. John's, Newfoundland in 1901. The first mp3 I ever downloaded was "I'm Like a Bird" by Nelly Furtado. The first Christian martyr was Saint Stephen and he was stoned to death. Marsha P. Johnson threw the first brick at Stonewall.

[NW]

2



[OW]



[LP]



[SH]

*Baby**Jun 30, 2020*

I'm in my old house, as always, but I have a baby this time. I walk through rooms that were never there, each with doors leading to more rooms. Some are clean while others are layered with dust. Finally I find my baby, except it's a kind of furry creature I've never seen before - IRL or on TV. Terrified, I hold it in my arms. The room shudders. Only when I finally relax, smile, and stick my tongue out does it turn into a child. M is now in the room. He speaks kind words to me; but through a phone while turned away facing a wall.

[LS]

"That was one of the best". I mutteringly affirm to myself, catching breath, slithering out of the vegetation. Actually, well. That's somethin stupid I'd have said as a kid. I stopped qualifying what best orgasms were at 21. Before then I had top 5s, tallies, names and backdrops in my head. Firsts, bests, worsts, lasts. These definitive moments became a party piece for my fellow self-sexualised-teen-pals and new acquaintances. -When virginity was still a fixed concept- as if my chase for ultimate pleasures, retold in hedonistic contexts was part of my new identity. Like the crafting of HMTL for my Myspace page, I compiled and coded the best kissers, the best blowjobs, the best hands, or simply the best cums. Tiered in a way for further intrigue, allowing me to read the room and chronicle in some bolshy way, watching the faces around us light up as we all shared our sexual discoveries confidently, around a glowing laptop, like a campfire blaring out noughties' remixes.

Most of these top sex memory moments have escaped me (really not in the wankbank now). One I do remember - I was 16 in an older friend's flat on Kelvin Drive - dead fancy - he'd just introduced me to Larry Clark's 'Kids' (1995), a passing on of a cool-points-torch if you will, "you'll love this film". And I did. For a film so bleak about sex and (what I often forget) HIV, I wanted to emulate the characters. I didn't want to have their bad sex. But if I did have it, I wanted to be cool about it. 'Kids' and countless other cult films shaped this sass and chill with friends further. The characters showed sides of us; shy, sexy, loud, tuned in, dazed. Probably had top 5s too. But a bunch a Glasgow kids never sounded as cool as New Yorkers. We belonged more to E4's 'Skins' (2007), dying to talk about it on a Friday morning at school. It kindled some new millennial heroin chic, tinted with care I say it.. British sentiment (boke). The nitty gritty of these dramas were part of the charm. But even Bristol seemed an elusive place I couldn't pin on a map. Imaginary even. I visited 10 years later and was a bit disappointed. It wis nothin like I remember 'Skins'. Just some buildings. A similar thing happened when going to Brighton with 'Sugar Rush' (2005) in my heart. The pier didn't have any romance. Nae rush at all.

Nae pals in these places to shoot the shit about sex, nae music and nae drugs. I went to these places for work. How dull.

We were too naïve to examine it then but we never saw Scotland on screen in the same way. Never saw Scottish schoolkids bein real and cool. Never heard a cool Scottish accent. Never seen cool Scottish sex, or the awkward fumbly kind. Had to make it up on our own. Envision it, live it, remember it, list it, chat about it. We had to be it.

So, I either developed maturity over making top 5 lists or I became completely saturated in sex. Still am. Or became at peace with it. I became complacent. For every so many bad fucks there's a great one. Fed up of the searching, happy with whatever sex was possible, or available. That a bad fuck is still a good job done. Completely insatiable. That this generic sex has become such an inane normality of 2020 living in Glasgow. Aw yeah, 'coming of age' it's called. My 16-year-old self would have said "I came the hardest I ever had that night in Kelvinside."

[CB]

R. Where you've been is as good as gone. You just have to take it for granted that, 'in what condition can EVERY thing really exist?' RR. Yes, well, I read once in this doubly-folded free zine that, all ENQUIRY OR — project of emancipation has fallen short. Hit the same rock. You know, I'm there but... R. INCLUDING 'visual' and 'concrete' as adjectives is foolish and exposing your shortcomings. THE

crux is to know your own predicament. RR. To be truly PRESENT -centred. Yes. I'm coming around, that is, essentially, on REFLECTION i'm optimistic. That essence though, it slips through my coffee filter. Shall I put one ON

? R. No, it's flotsam, I'm on the same page. Actually, a METHOD comes like a receding tide. This would be an interpolation, sure, but one SHOULD feel pretty confident about it. Look to the crests, their value-form, polyphony, and where they ENTAIL edges. RR. Ok, i'm diffident, let's revolve, i'm always forgetting. And remembering. I know AN

image can't be seen all at once, but... R. Precisely! We are turning! What one interprets from an ARCHAEOLOGICAL artefact depends whether you use a window or a door. Windows simply require more VIGILANCE.

The work is with language and reference. RR. Ok, yeh, i'm on the same page, but you lost me at revolution. IN this space, with this vocabulary, what would you have me do? I mean, what would you do? R. OTHER than your obvious solipsism, you're being purposefully cautionary. There are many WORDS ;

I agree. However your asking the wrong question, I mean, if your phone could talk. RR. IT is the economy of expression, I guess, what your getting at. Needs MUST as the saying goes. All you keep is the getting there. It's funny how RETRACE -ing your steps can lead to new avenues. R. ITS

a turning point certainly. What good is revolution if not to bring you back to your OWN original position? But different. At a loss. I would advocate leaving a little untouched, evoking a TRAJECTORY of pitfalls and anticipation. Restoration doesn't ever bring BACK

it only sends forward a document of it's losses. I'm being purposefully taciturn because I've got TO go in 4 hours. RR. I will put on a coffee then. I'm besides the point, distracted, THE

whole time, we've been abstracted. Are we on the same page? R. Are you interested in transcendence? RR. I'm at a tipping POINT ! My phone tells me i'm out-of-date. Here hesitating, here in recapitulation. I'm interested in WHERE

present experience can be felt. The water's boiling... R. SOMETHING to dog-eat perhaps is brevity and alternatives. And time spent as vigil. Caffeine REMAINS routine. And vice-versa. OESCURE

potential emancipates value. RR. But, my predicament is inherent in itself, is it not? R. AND present, yes, up until now, UNTHEMATISED.

[RL]



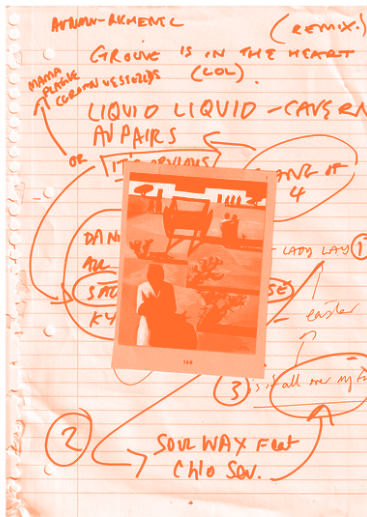
[ChS]

(cooo eeee)

I thought these image were something to do with lock down and the activities that did and didn't happen, and I framed these all to hold onto that time.... But then I realised that it was about a warm longing, to the shy sun of Glasgow... and perhaps a longing or a testing of the day/s that went by.... And we can all relate to that in someway or another...



Collected Items from living on Sauchiehall Street, March - June 2020.



- iPhone photo of fire oven in the communal garden that I didn't get to use but admired
- Waiting Pad Receipt Drawing (Day 2)
- Thinking about music for Clyde Built Radio Residency (Week 3ish)
- Image cut-out from Frieze Magazine, artist unknown, reminded me of the colours of my upbringing]
- Green Ray poem written by Hannan Jones, a generative response to inspiration of 'horizons' working towards a collaborative short film and performance with Anthea Hamilton, image package address sticker, living on the top floor closer to the sun, further from the ground.

[H]

Plane

Aug 9, 2020

I'm in bed next to A and see a plane in the sky with six wings. I realise that our bed is outside, and that this is a dream. I rub my hands slowly together. I count seven fingers on each hand. There's two women ahead of me having a picnic. I run over to them and before I can even begin, they cover their ears and with mitten-clad hands. I know without asking that they don't want to hear anything about being in my dream.

[LS]

Through the Glass I and II

5



[RM]

The Snack #4

A Lunchtime Bulletin
september mxxx

Hi folks!

Has August been anyone else's least favourite month of 2020? Leo season not been the fun party time you've been longing for? Anyone else staring out the window at the pub garden below their flat having multiple daily existential crises on, 'going to the pub: is it ok?' Anyone else perplexed as to how and why anyone thinks it's cool to go on holiday abroad still? Call me jealous, call me pub-starved, BUT, in the immortal words of someone off of tik tok, 'just because you're over it, doesn't mean it's over.'

Anyway, it's BTS (back-to-school) season and also virgo season, which means SYLO (sort-your-life-out) season. According to a Cosmopolitan article I've just read, 'some of the problems you might bump into this Virgo season include overworking yourself, spending too much time on people's sh*t and neglecting to practice self-care'. Wow, September is really coming for us. The only advice I can offer you is take frequent baths, tea breaks, eat a banana, don't talk to anyone, watch the whole second season of Selling Sunset in one day and write daily to-do lists.

In other news, now is the time to plant your spring flowering bulbs e.g. daffodils, crocus and hyacinths, good in pots on windowsills as well as in the ground- a nice thing to look forward to in TWENTY TWENTY ONE!

No art news sorry, keep an eye on the @lunchtimegallery insta though, there's an online screening in the works! And don't forget to wear a mask, don't overwork yourself and TBS (try being sound) this busy BTS month ;)

Lots of love,
Caitlin xx

Breathing

This calming breathing technique takes just a few minutes and can be done anywhere.

Make yourself as comfortable as you can. If you're lying down, place your arms a little bit away from your sides with the palms up. Straighten your legs, soften your knees and ankles, and melt your heels into the floor.

Begin by placing your hands together over your chest, and now, with your breath – breathing in – extend your arms as far as they will go. Take this in-breath really deep. Bring the hands back together and let it out. In front of your heart, out to the sides, keeping in time to your breath. Do this a few times.

Feel yourself gathering a kinetic energy. Feel it heating up your lungs like an itching fire. Hold that hot seed in your chest, pressing it tight, tighter. With each breath in it gets hotter and smaller. You are the sun compressing hydrogen in nuclear fusion.

You are not doing anything but being ethically potent. You are a generator and you know it. Something within you allows you to have this power just by being. Let these little instances of smaller breaths gradually become longer and deeper as you sink into the ground, expressing more and more of what's inside of yourself into the world. You are now nothing more than a puddle

of fire moving with the tide of your own breath. In and out. In and out. Feel the burning in your chest, the movement getting smaller and smaller and you're drawing a tighter and tighter circle with your diaphragm. Let the power rise up your throat like vomit and hold it there in the back of your mouth like a fine whisky, before you expel it out into the world and choke down some more.

Little breaths now, like a bird, a sparrow hopping on the edge of a puddle. Dip your beak in and back up: little frantic, shallow, bird-like movements. Begin moving your arms again, out in front of you then back out to the side. Out in front and to the side. In front and to the side. Repeat this, each movement taking in five little in breaths, and five out.

Huff, huff, huff, huff, huff. A tap is dripping in your mind: turn it off now. Let air flush your windpipe, rushing up and in, meeting the surface tension of a watery body and making it vibrate. Feel the buzzing in your alveoli like a hundred flies in a rotting tree, like larvae, sticky, sappy lava clogging the little sacs like pores.

If you can get it, now would be a good time to inhale some menthol. Or hold some mint just over your chest. Another herb would do, any fragrant aromatic. Take one final deep breath.

And relax.

[FW-C]

6

[OW]

[LP]





[IG]



Good readers of The Paper, I would like to invite you to listen to and follow a music piracy project that started this April and is ongoing. --Dancing Nowhere-- is a channel on the messaging app Telegram, which can be accessed via mobile app, web browser and desktop application. Every day or so, I post a lossless file (FLAC) of a song that I love and write a few paragraphs on it. Sometimes the songs

are rips I've made from my record collection, other times they are downloaded from Soulseek or purchased from Bandcamp. The music is international and wide-ranging, you'll find Finnish anti-imperialist free jazz, Lithuanian prog-disco, Native American folk, Soviet Uzbek art rock and much more, from the past to today. I believe music piracy goes hand-in-hand with supporting musicians directly through

buying new vinyl records or downloads from Bandcamp, and I try to divest my listening from Spotify and YouTube and other evil corporations as much as possible. Telegram is great for listening, there is a music interface in the app and you can download large files with ease, you'll also see some other channels of people sharing rare music to the left of this screenshot. Don't message my friends though.

[HS]

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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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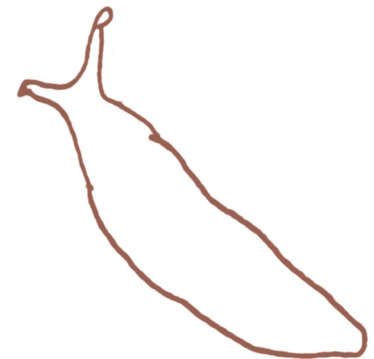
Why go away and recharge when you can stay inside and stare at your screen all day?

Just enjoy chasing productivity from the comfort of your own home!

Dreaming about holidays?

To _____ From _____

48.862725, 2.287592 1. No 2. Nope 3. Hell no! 4. Try again. © 2020



[ER]