



LINE

06:
Dreamfactory

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editors' Note

1-4	LA SCALA SAUCHIEHALL STREET By Louise Welsh
5-6	STICKY FLOORS By Lucia Cascioli
7-12	MINSK NOT DEAD By Maria Gulina
13-18	FOUR POEMS By Stephen Sunderland
19-22	CLIPPIES By Catherine Spooner
23-26	DICTIONARY OF CINEMA PORTMANTEAU By Catherine Jaishankar
27-34	MEMORIES OF AN UNMADE FILM By Ümit Ünal
35-44	PARSING MEMORY By Michelle Collier
45-48	COME BACK SEÑOR SOLAR By Erdem Rasim Avşar
49	CINEMA DAYS By Diane Schofield

Editor Biographies

Contributor Biographies

OPEN CALL LUNE 07: Discord

EDITORS' NOTE

In 1951 anthropologist, Hortense Powdermaker, published *Hollywood, the Dream Factory*, her book-length study of the Hollywood film industry. Thought to be the first time the term was used, the idea of 'the dream factory' was that the production of films under the studio system shared much in common with all other types of major manufacturers, churning out mass product in the most economic ways possible. In the book's opening pages she writes, 'Hollywood provides ready-made fantasies or daydreams; the problem is whether these are productive or nonproductive; whether the audience is psychologically enriched or impoverished.' (p. 13). This special issue, bearing the same name, examines cinema as serving more than simply as a site where stories are manufactured for consumption, but as a generative space which sparks imaginations and inspires further forms of storytelling and creative expression.

The issue forms one of the creative outputs of *Cinema Memory and the Digital Archive* (CMDA), a three-year research project based at Lancaster University. At the heart of the CMDA project is its archive containing over 100 interviews conducted as part of an earlier, pioneering project, 'Cinema culture in 1930s Britain', led by Professor Annette Kuhn in the 1990s. One of the key findings of Kuhn's earlier project was that memories of cinemagoing rarely centred on the film. Instead, it was the general experience of going to the cinema that formed a lasting impression. Many of the responses to our open call reflect this in their exploration of the wide variety of experiences and sensations associated with going to the cinema. Diane Schofield's, 'Cinema Days', in this issue, taking into account the intensity of sights, sounds, smells and touch encountered on the journey to the cinema, as well as inside the cinema itself, gives a sense of the intensity of the experience in which it is sometimes recalled. Catherine Jaishankar's 'Dictionary of Cinema Portmanteau', a fun and imaginative sociological study of cinemagoing behaviours, also offers a reflection of the offscreen experiences of the cinema.

Kuhn described the way in which cinema provides an outlet for a kind of 'mediated storytelling', whereby memory 'may be performed or enacted in a cinematic way' (2010, p. 2). For several of the writers in this issue, cinema provides a springboard for exploring more personal and intimate memories.

Even when the world on screen seems far removed from the world experienced by the writers and/or their characters, the cinema provides an imaginative framework for remembering. See, for instance, Lucia Cascioli's, 'Sticky Floors' or Stephen Sunderland's 'Four Poems', and the intermingled nature of their recollections of personal and cinematic milestones. See also 'Minsk Not Dead', and Maria Gulina's memories of the protests which took place in Minsk, a city she is from but no longer lives ("There are no films about this city, except for the one in my head" (p. 8) or Erdem Avşar's 'Come Back Señor Solar' where the character's weekly visit to the cinema to watch the same film over and over is part of a ritual to keep the memory of a loved one alive. For many of the writers and their characters, the stories unfolding inside their head are just as vivid if not more so than the ones unfolding on screen. In the case of Ümit Ünal's contribution for this issue, which comprises a series of drawings, the film referred to is one existing entirely in the imagination, e.g. an unmade film. And in the case of Michelle Collier's, 'Parsing Memory', memories of cinema-going become entangled through their remediation through new forms of storytelling associated with new media and gaming.

One of the main objectives of the CMDA project was to encourage creative engagements with the archive. To help facilitate this we hosted four artists-in-residence to produce work inspired by the collection. Louise Welsh's short story 'La Scala Sauchiehall Street', created as part of the residency programme, and inspired by an interview with Sheila McWhinnie, an usherette in Glasgow in the 1930s, starts off this issue. As part of the project, we also held a number of writing workshops which were loosely focused on the theme of cinema memory, and also gave participants the opportunity to engage with the archive's holdings. At two of the workshops delivered in collaboration with Glasgow Women's Library, the archive's interview recordings served as writing prompts. For the final workshop held at Lancaster University, participants were given the opportunity to work with some of the physical contents of the archive, including a wide variety of memorabilia, including film annuals, autograph albums, cigarette cards, as well as a remarkable collection of 'clippies', or film cuttings, collected by Glasgow cinema projectionist, Thomas McGoran. The engagement with the material qualities of film in the workshop also led to a general discussion around the possibility for writing to evoke some of the more formal qualities of film. Catherine Spooner, one of the workshop's participants, explores this potential in her series of poems inspired by the clippies. In many ways, the fragmented qualities of memory have much in common with the clippy and its more ephemeral quality as a discrete moment taken out of its original context.

As an archival artefact, Tom McGoran's repurposing of his collection of clippies offers a material example of ways in which the experience of the cinema might spark the imagination in unique and individual ways. As the rich selection of writings contained in this issue demonstrates, cinema is more than just a factory of uniform, singular dreams, and can often incite deeply personal and creative responses from its audiences.

Annette Kuhn, *An Everyday Magic: Cinema and Cultural Memory* (London and New York: I B Tauris, 2002).

Annette Kuhn, 'Memory texts and memory work: Performances of memory in and with visual media', *Memory Studies* 3:4, 2010, pp. 298-313.

Hortense Powdermaker, *Hollywood the Dream Factory: An Anthropologist Looks at the Movie-Makers* (London: Secker and Warburg, 1951).

LA SCALA SAUCHIEHALL STREET

By Louise Welsh

It is late on an autumn afternoon. A Glasgow day of low cloud and stinging rain, of puddle water swelling in blocked stanks. Light is sucked from offices and schoolrooms, from room and kitchens, factories, and not-yet-quiet shipyards. Shadows reach across Carnegie Library Men's Reading Rooms where newspaper pages turn, no men wanted. It is all about the light. The lack, as day slips into night.

In La Scala, Sauchiehall Street an usherette guides a shadow of a man towards a pair of eyes, bigger than a subway tunnel. A tear slips down silvered skin that never felt the slap of winter. That same tear has run down that same cheek thirty times this week. The Usherette knows the ending will not be tip-tappety-happy, an upwards, downward, writhing jig of frantic glee. Beneath her feet, black carpet beetles flee the torch beam's trail.

The man slides into red velvet, couched in black. The usherette kills the light, retraces her steps, climbs the aisle. She stands by the door, cradles her torch like a weapon. A gangster's gun, tough man's cosh. Hollywood is beautiful. A white sign upon a hill. Movie studios and swimming pools. Tramps who make it lucky.

A car is speeding down a long, straight road. Asphalt and palm trees, untroubled skies. The driver wears a black homburg. His smile is no smile at all. He has been a reporter, and a rich cad, a cowboy with no time for Apaches, a knight in tight armour, an amour tight with love. Now he is a detective on the trail. Same face, different hat, narrowed eyes and smart chat.

The scene cuts to an electric brilliant dancefloor, black musicians making big noise music. A staircase with the sleek swoop of the La Scala foyer. It makes the usherette dizzy. Life is a movie within a movie, an art deco dream that denies calloused hands and chapped lips, the empty coal bunker in the kitchen, the tram ride home.

The detective walks towards a lamé-d blonde. Her hair is fluffed with curls, studded with sparkles. She rests her cigarette in an ashtray, raises her cocktail to her lips, her eyes to his. Her cheeks dimple.

He strikes a match, lights a Lucky Strike, does not remove his hat. Cigarette smoke drifts across the screen, merges with shelves of smoke that hang, reluctant ectoplasm, above the audiences' heads. The barrier between this world and the next is thin in La Scala. The world beyond the screen a slip of celluloid away.

The trumpeters raise their trumpets, trombones slide. A new woman emerges from behind a curtain. Her hair is loose, her gown black, her lips glossy. She tosses her head, thrusts a long leg through the slit in her skirt and starts to sing. The blonde inserts a fresh cigarette between pursed lips and a dark man at the next table meets her eyes.

The usherette has seen it all before. Seen it a hundred times this week, knows all the hop-steps and pivots. Knows who will stop a bullet. Some nights, she pushes the kitchen table against the bed recess, turns up the radio and waltzes across the lino with her wee br'er. He's too young to know she likes to lead, gives him the girl's part. She wants to lindy hop but her mother objects.

Neighbours bang the ceiling.

A silhouette interrupts the screen as the shadow of a man gets to his feet, crosses the aisle,

and takes another seat. The usherette keeps her eye on him and right enough, the girl he sat beside rises and hurries away. The usherette would like to take her torch and shine it in the seat-shifting bastard's eyes. Make him squirm like a gangster beneath a naked bulb, but she's been warned before, and though there are cinemas galore, one on every corner, she likes this place. The usherette slips from the auditorium, tells a bellboy to fetch the doorman.

When she returns the scene has changed. The singer wears a wide lapelled coat, a jaunty hat. She and the detective are circled by mirrors, in the booth of a lounge bar. The camera flits between their reflections, their gauzy faces and snappy lines. There is old business between them, not yet done. The woman discards her hat, runs her fingers through her hair, sleek and shiny as a wet-nosed spaniel. The usherette touches her own hair. She doesn't like the singer. Knows she's full of guile, but she would like her hair, her wide lapelled coat, her style. The usherette can see herself catching the tram home in that outfit, hair curled, waist cinched, the feather of the jaunty hat nodding.

Music rises. Chords swell, darkening the mood, a storm threatening. Somewhere near the back row a man is snoring, unaware of women's fashions and weather warnings. The singer grips the detective's hand and makes a promise the usherette knows she will not keep.

Dust and tobacco smoke are caught in the beam of light that stretches from the projection booth to the screen. The detective and the singer are dust and smoke too. The woman takes out her compact and regards her face.

The camera closes in on her eyes, or their reflection, it is uncertain which. They fill the screen, irises wide. Beyond the cinema's realms the usherette has never been so close to another face. It is far away, across the darkness of the auditorium, across the Atlantic. So close she can see the brush of down on the singer's cheek.

The detective has a scar on his top lip. It saves him from looking too soft. The usherette's big brother has one too, says he got it in a fight. Her cousin says he fell face first into his pint and it is true her brother's scar is curved, like the rim of a glass. The usherette squints, trying to see if the detective's scar forms the same halfmoon, but he is telling the singer she is nothing but a silly child. He's about to grab her arm and shake her.

A baby is crying. Its mother rises and rocks the shawled child, up and down the aisle, her attention on the screen. Someone will die soon. The usherette knows who, knows where they went wrong too.

The detective and the blonde are alone in the blonde's bedroom. He's worked out who the killer is. The blonde fingers the revolver in her pocket, shows her teeth, draws the detective into an embrace. Their mouths lock, as if they are sucking oxygen from each other's lungs. He pushes her away and she falls backwards, onto the bed, her hips pointing in his direction. He sees the outline of her gun and dares her to go-ahead-and- shoot. The blonde gets to her feet. Her smile is strange.

The usherette glances up at the projection booth, catches a glimpse of the projectionist, ready for the reel to end. She moves to the auditorium doors, steadies herself for the sudden blast of light. A shot rings out, the baby stops crying. The usherette does not bother to watch the woman crumple and die again, the detective catch her before she hits the floor, hold her limp in his arms, recite the same lines as before and before, matinees and evenings, evenings and matinees.

The usherette prefers monster movies. Boris Karloff, Bella Lugosi, the Mummy and King Kong. She has strange dreams about Dr Fu Manchu. Her wee br'er likes the Westerns, says he's going to be a cowboy one day, drive cattle across wide open spaces. Sleep beneath broad, and starry skies. Tenement streets are narrow canyons, he needs to escape. Big brother's into gangsters. Models himself on Edward G and Jimmy C. Worries her mother no end.

The credits are rolling. Bellboys pull the doors wide, cold air rushes in. Some people gather their hats and coats, babies and toddlers and message bags. Others stay slumped in their seats, ready to go round again. And after a while, the auditorium doors swing

closed. Titles roll, the story recommences. Asphalt and palm trees, silvered skin and glossy hair, trumpeters blowing horn. A detective with narrowed eyes. A blonde and a brunette and a bullet that knows its target.

The usherette leans against the wall. A man slides into the dark. She clicks her torch, lights the way to a red velvet seat couched in black. Kills the light, retraces the way back.

Six years later the usherette and projectionist race along a Sauchiehall Street stripped of lights. Catch the last subway to make it through, before a bomb strikes. In Clydebanks, blacked-out streets are a fire-show of splintering tenements, people felled without finesse. Districts rubble. Peace and War toppled into the Kelvin. Windows shattered in homes and offices, the university and art gallery. Bombs fall on Sandy Road and Hayburn Street, Dumbarton Road and Peel Street. On Tradeston and Drumchapel, Maryhill and Shieldhall. The Broomielaw and Dalmeir Basin, Princes Dock and Old Kilpatrick. Knightswood and Drumry, Blaneield and Fintry. On and on, the roll of placenames is less than the roll of the dead.

Later the lights return. And later still, new buildings rise. La Scala's auditorium is cut into portions, three separate screens. There are no more bellboys, no more Saturday morning kids screenings, no more doormen. Nobody wears a hat. Disaster movies and disco, high school cheesecake horror and journeys through the starry galaxies. Even the monsters change.

Gangsters persist. So does love, and horror, and dancing and cowboys smoking cheroots; horses hooves raising billows of dust as they gallop across sandy wastelands. But even when they save the girl and win the day, they can't rescue La Scala. Multiplexes and home entertainment slam shut its doors and there are no more usherettes.

But for now, she stands by the auditorium door, watching the story play out again. She touches her hair and imagines herself in a jaunty hat, decorated with a feather, a coat cinched tight at the waist. The shadow of a man crosses the screen, and a woman hurries away. The usherette tells a bellboy to fetch the doorman. A baby cries and the singer backchats the detective.

He says, 'Sure baby, sure.'

And while the picture plays, everything is sure. Bad weather kept at bay. Every movement, certain. Death a clean and choreographed dance, played out six times a day.

STICKY FLOORS

By Lucia Cascioli

my hand in my mother's/slushy snow sucking at boots/streetlights eyeing parked cars/sticky floors/red
velvet curtains/deep squeaky flapping seats/butter/ cigarette smoke/caramel/large screen blocked by
heads/make him an offer he can't refuse

1972

I got chills/hot pants/greased hair/good girls/singing voices/drifting hands/what does knocked up
mean?/rama lama ding dong/dancing shoes/Polar burgers/cruisin' for a bruise/those summer nights

1978

spring/uni days/part-time job/money to burn/Ray-Ban aviators/jacket patches/ take my breath away/you
never close your eyes/take me to bed or lose me forever/hormones/hair gel/motorcycles/highway to the
danger zone

1986

O Captain! My Captain!/seize the day/suck the marrow/dating/traveling/self-exploring/suicidal
friends/heart and soul casualties/the world is my oyster/I drip poetry like honey/What will be my verse?/

I am not a lemming/the play goes on

1989

what's your dream?/a fairy tale/Prince/oysters...slippery little suckers/I had a really good time/so good, I
almost peed my pants/made a big mistake...big, HUGE/can I help you? what's your dream?/
keep on dreamin' Cindaf*ckin'rella

1990

I'm just a girl standing/in front of a boy/'til death do us part/mortgage/diaper changing/sleepless
nights/well-deserved homemade brownies/Gilda never lived here/do you have any books by
Dickens/ have you got Winnie the Pooh?

1999

moving forward/downward is the only way/lose myself/come back to reality/too unstable, a
virus/vulnerable/what is real?/what is a dream?/a leap of
faith/regret/potential/falling/failing/grasping/mustn't be afraid, darling/I need to get home...now
2010

tap, tap, tapping/I got an office/business cards/there's no prize for most improved/it's not
enough/imposter syndrome/it has to be big/authentic/I need another week, month, year/I'm here/
I'm going to help you/Canadians are the good guys
2012

downloads/on demand/flicked/primed/maxed/craving/hu(llaba)lu/plus, plus/ binging interactive
distraction/rotting tomatoes/popcorn/no butter/no cigarette smoke/no sticky floors/no velvet
curtains/play it again, Sam, play it again
2022

MINSK NOT DEAD

By Maria Gulina

I am from a city that doesn't exist. Well, it stands on the ground, filled with yellow, grey and pink houses built in Soviet times and postmodern ugly glass business-centres. You can recognise its streets in numerous Russian films: it's cheaper to shoot movies here, so they would come, block some corner in the centre and make a stupid story with bad dialogues.

We don't get films of our own. Not enough money for that. So we would build our own scene sets all the time: small cafes, bookshops, art galleries, dancing studios, spaces of freedom and joy, spaces where we could live our lives despite the bad political situation, as if in an underground indie movie. Spaces that are swept away with each new political repression and emigration wave.

I was carried away with such a wave in 2021. I miss that city. I miss those places where I could come any time and meet friends. Have a laugh. Fall in love. Start a new project over coffee. This city doesn't exist anymore: these places are destroyed, these people had to flee and are now living all over the globe, from Kazakhstan to Portugal.

There are no films about this city, except for the one in my head, the underground indie movie about desperate urban dreamers, who danced in the streets, walked through the summer nights, made art, planted trees. And a few analogue film rolls that I shot in summer of 2020, summer of protests and hopes. My memory, my cinema, the movie that I dream to see again.

**Political protests in Belarus started in 2020, when people demanded honest presidential elections. Political repressions continue till today: there are more than 1500 political prisoners, more than 800 NGOs were liquidated, thousands of people had to leave the country.*











FOUR POEMS

By Stephen Sunderland

Poseidon

(Jason and the Argonauts, 1963)

He was everything during my parents' rows,
his bearded face emerging from the brine of the bath
to hold back polystyrene rocks, letting the Argo sail
beneath his fleshy, darkened armpit into the beyond

of my adventure; a momentary freedom from the tyranny
of plot. I would imagine the Argonauts cheering
the intervention of this mute, giant human,
all too plainly not God, leaning back against the benches,

resting, before the next instalment.
In later life, when I scoured the phonebooks
and tracked him down and his face peered
through that doorframe, surprised and in scale,

cigarette drooping from his mouth, I was Jason
for seconds, unscripted; and saw the tears,
the mud of all of it, materialise like an
unwanted photograph.

I stood there, breathing it in,
wordless; only the stop-motion
skeletons, the man of brass, to go
to, now.

Teenage Zombie Baseball Player

(Dawn of the Dead, 1978)

I was seventeen when it happened,
came out swinging my bat,
to find them all gone,
the last of them vanishing
through plate glass into the mall.

‘Something’s wrong’, I said,
knowing Chet would never go there;
but followed, anyway.
I must have looked pretty stupid
in my full kit - helmet, cleats, the lot -
but no one seemed to notice.

There was some kind of carnival;
the whole town was there,
an engine racing indoors,
firecrackers or something.
That’s when I saw her,
behind the big glass front in Pevey’s store -

beautiful, wild-eyed, lost,
hair fixed like starlets do.
They’d locked her in.
‘I’ll get someone’ I said
but she knocked over a mannequin,
backed away, sat down.

My cold was coming on,
I knew I looked bad,
saw my reflection flex in the glass
when the car came by,
sucking the air after it.
She was out of my league

but I knelt there, waited with her;
everyone shopping around me, the cold coming on good, now,
and dreamt of Mary,
that failed night at the prom,
and how it was never coming back.

White Zombie

(On the 1932 film; and on William Seabrook, author of travel book on Haiti, The Magic Island, 1929)

When the book was published and Hollywood
snatched it, paraded its voodoo drummers
down the block to the luxury cinemas,
ushering the crowd to promises of black revolts
and sorcery, the easy, white bride to perch
in the everyman Ford, you drank your whiskeys
neat and quicker, holed up in Manhattan,
went back to your notes to re-call it, differently:

that final week, conquering Haiti's mountain,
Morne La Selle, the name a receding ghost,
following the white rump of Aubrey's mare
through the foothills; a pole star in tropic darkness.
Now, traffic below you on the pavement,
the dance clubs opening, you let those fragments,
shored, fall apart, to the true picture:
that last village in the foothills, an easy pitch;

all it needed was the dare and the lone child took
it, out-staring daemons, elders, his past
in one full-footed, breathless yes, the rest
following like kids out of Hamlyn, carrying the cargo of
blankets and canteens as if ordained.
You remember the German, up ahead, lost in cloud, your
treatise on eugenics; the Ambassador's daughter:
a voodoo ritual carried out for proper with white spice

and sweat and due care in the after.
At the fork in the cliff where your guides whispered
of the cave in which hermit or monster lived,
you paused. At dawn, the children fell away home
like burnt ticks, the wind, they said,
speaking of loup-garous, sans-proels.
The summit was easy, a flat hilltop, a US survey plinth

already fitted, dateless, under which you slipped

your details. In the early hours, welcomed back
by the villagers, you slept like a dead man
as the dance went on, slung-shot through dreams
of the cave, the visiting girl, stepping
from her gown, a wood carving
made flesh, and of how you had it all, that day:
blue endless mile on mile,
looking through a veil of brandy.



The Photographer

(Blow Up, 1966)

I shot those girls in my sleep, sank some wine, the
air outside drying my skin to moth-fur. .

Clothes-horses, the lot of them. London-on-legs. The
park after that was a paradise to me.

She was different: the viewfinder chose her,
I cropped her, shot a reel, moved on,

the lens swinging off elsewhere;
but she chased me down, wanted it all back.

‘Some people are politicians, some are bullfighters.
I’m a photographer’, I said, thinking

to leave her for dead. But those pictures
grew in the tray; so that I pinned them up,

scanned them for clues of what she was holding;
some reckoning of how jazz and tricks

would open her legs next time.
Hours later, when I studied the dead man’s eyes

in the park’s half-light, and saw they were mine, years
on, without her, I held my breath so hard

I blacked to sleep, heart like a shutter,
flooding the rubble I had kept of myself;

I heard every leaf,
stirring root, corpuscle; I was physics,

exchange of place; the silence, gaps, roar,
of all things.

These days in the dark room, I wait on chemicals,
fingers crossed, watch the lines, colours, take shape,

knowing this work of a machine for what it is;
praying the door will swing open, the girl

standing there, the room on fire;
her invisible throw, my perfect catch.



CLIPPIES

By Catherine Spooner

'Clippies' are stray frames of celluloid that the projectionist has clipped from the reel and kept as a memento.

1. Blue Wash Moon

Moon swinging in the sky like a banana,
like the curl of a clipped nail,
wonky hole punch, skewed horseshoe.

Singing in the moon, blue wash
drenching me in artificial night,
no moonlight, flowers in my hat,
spangles on my shoes. Got
those blue wash blue moon blues.

Moon stained midnight, sickle sharp,
snags stocking silk. If I kicked off
these shoes, would they keep on
falling? Would they catch alight
entering the atmosphere,
like meteorites, compacted to hard
shiny patent cores?
Would their light trails scorch the retina?
Would their tap-heeled trajectory
join the dots between the stars?

2. Split Skirt

Where the frames
are glued, a line
of interference,
visual static.
Corrosive sparks
rain into the frame
below, where she
stands, skirt split
to the waist, leg thrust
onto a chair, hand
on hip, like Danaë,
rapt in a shower
of gold. Her mirrored
head is a blank
wall of hair, looking
into a room
that opens away
from us like a fan.
Light catches the hem
of her dress, heat
rising, melting
her feet. Under her
insouciant gardenia,
she looks out,
surprised, perhaps,
at the sudden
dissolve.

3. An American Romance

There are seven of them, looking through
the window of the frame. Brownface redskins
in war bonnets like thistle-heads
or chrysanthemums crowding the glass box
of the lens. They are looking through at us
lying on the ground, Ophelia-like,
white cotton unsmirched by prairie dirt.
Skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood.
We crave their curiosity, as we sleep, or dream,
billowed in pale fabric, cushioned in prairie grass.

A Cloak for Joan

Darling, it's divine. And it conceals
a thousand sins. But you couldn't wear it,
it would drain you. You'd be plain and white
as a sheet. You need to be a girl who
wears clothes as though they are a part of you. You
need to be a modern beauty.
Are you that girl? Look at the watery
shine of it, the fishy sequins. Look how
the medieval collar frames my face!
Positively iconic. I mean that
in the religious way. Oh darling,
believe me, you couldn't pull it off.

Barbaric glitter

About ten o'clock she loves a dish of nice cold bananas with cream and sugar.

barbaric glitter scattered sequins cerise satin slip
hip-flaring fullness smart ensemble encircling the waist

Anything from a dish of ice cream to lemonade with cake if it's handy.

cheerful freshness side-splitting skirt beige suede cloth
fuchsia crepe dinner beaded with rhinestones fine white fox

That famous cup of hot chocolate - for energy building!

maintained her New York reputation with a long black feather
changed her name for films attractive modern variation

I seldom raid the ice box for anything less than cold fried chicken.

barbaric beige beaded with dinner scattered skirt
hip-flaring slip side-splitting fullness fuchsia fresh fox

About ten o'clock I love a cup of sequins or raid the rhinestones if it's handy.

encircling cerise fine white ice box cheerful chicken
bananas ensemble lemonade glitter sugar cream crepe

Cold ice famous hot ice cold cake.

[Found poem taken from 'Fashion Parade' and 'How the Stars Keep Those Figures' in *Stars and Films of 1938*, edited by Stephen Watts (*Daily Express Publications: 1938*)]

DICTIONARY OF CINEMA PORTMANTEAU

By Catherine Jaishankar

DICTIONARY OF CINEMA PORTMANTEAU *(special edition with author's notes and examples)*

WORD OF THE DAY!

expreritism

noun

the habit of expressing joy towards your favourite person.

In India, the fans while watching a movie express their love towards the actors by clapping their hands, throwing coloured papers and ribbons towards the screen, whistling and yelling to the point no one in the audience hears the dialogue, especially on first day first show (fdfs).

RELATED WORDS:

excessy

adjective

being excessively nosy about other people's affairs in the name of curiosity.

Waiting for the lights to go out at the new Thor movie so you could peep into your neighbour's seat to assess what he bought for snacks and how much that must've cost him.

shamelessintrusive

adjective

feeling good about being intrusive because you're gaining knowledge.

Stealing your late uncle's cinema scrapbook from the box of his college stuff that your grandma has meticulously protected for 24 years.

treaduck

verb

the position where you have to tread and duck at the same time.

Entering the cinema hall after the movie has started and now you have to find your seat without being a pain in the ass to everyone else who managed to be there on time.

sorrexexcuseme

transitive verb

an apology and a request said at the same time.

Usually uttered when you have to enter the tiny, minuscule space in between rows to find your seat.

awkbumps

noun

ugh!

The awkward, unwelcomed, accidental touching when you have to pass a row of occupied seats in the cinema hall to get to yours. It can be anything from knee to knee, knee to calf, stomping on feet, accidentally grabbing the person in the front seat, and your ass on another person's face.

annoyedstures

noun

the common reaction given and received by people to one another all over the world.

Commonly expressed as eye rolls, soft yet aggressive tuts, constant staring when you struggle to find your seat in the dark as sweat begins to form at the nape of your neck. No pressure, at all. Take your own sweet time, love.

popcorddiction

noun

the addiction towards wanting what others have, especially food.

When you go back to the counter to buy a large popcorn, a coke along with a hot dog because you can't un-smell the melting butter in the popcorn or un-see the mayonnaise and mustard decorating the hot dog. It everywhere around you, taking over your senses and your bank account.

pressoosing

verb

when you have to choose something under pressure.

When you stand in the front of the ticket queue to choose a seat considering the best view, the tall head in the front seat, the long leg in the back seat, the noisy muncher to your right and the toilet renter to your left with at least seven people queuing behind you in the counter. Anytime now would be optimal.

aftershowquiries

noun

the common habit of giving and receiving feedback which at times might get a bit aggressive.

When you politely ask your friend if she enjoyed the movie while walking out of the cinema and she talks about all the scenes you had in mind but with the opposite opinion while you ask yourself why you became friends with her in the first place.

crwipe

noun

wipes for tears, especially in cinema halls that is yet to be installed.

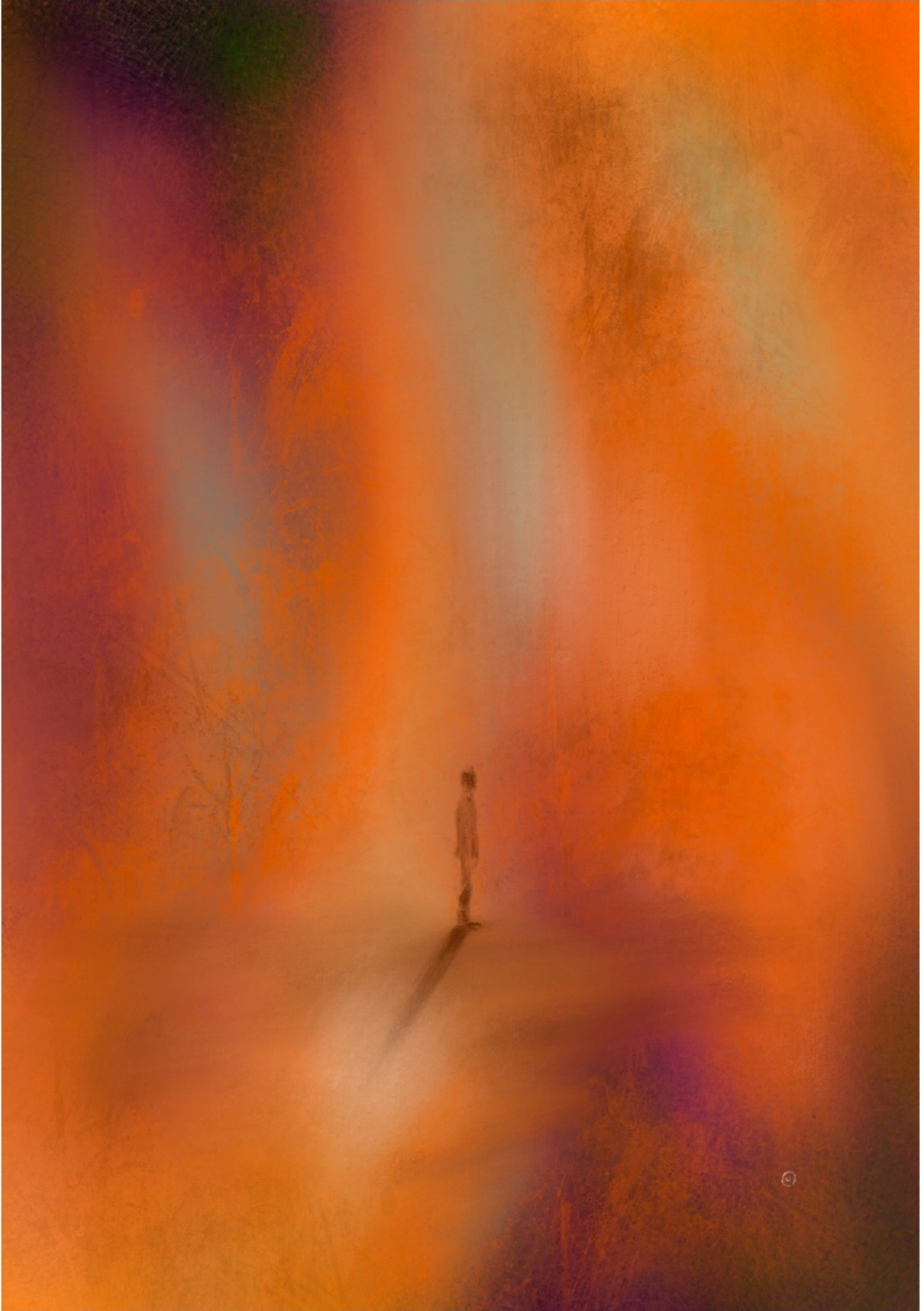
When the sad climax is fast approaching, and you have popcorn fingers with no clean tissues nearby, you need a crwipe to help not make the popcorn extra salty.

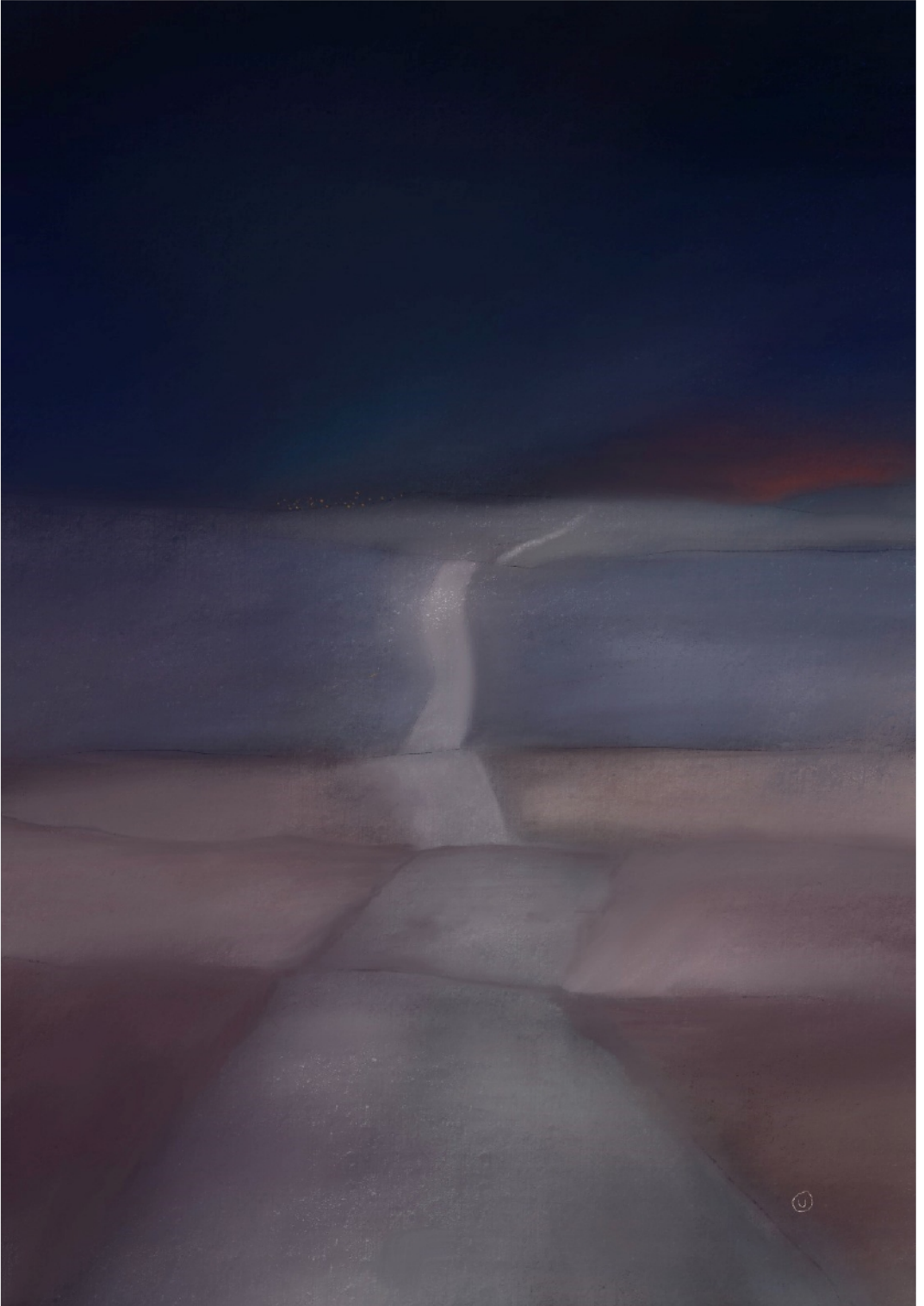
MEMORIES OF AN UNMADE FILM:

a story told

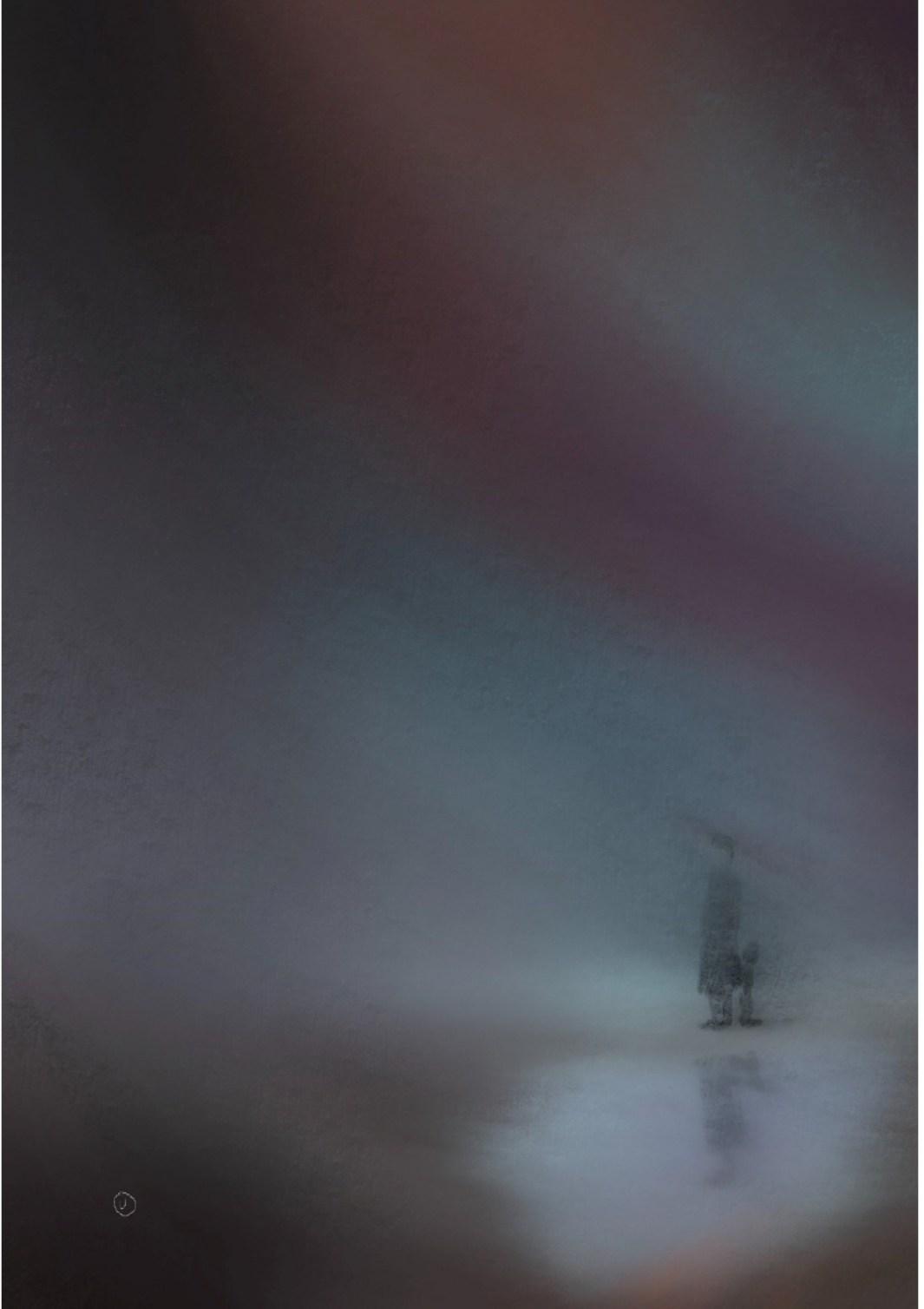
in nine images

By Ümit Ünal















PARSING MEMORY

By Michelle Collier



"Nearly there," mum promises as you make the now-familiar passage over the bridge with the big iron arches. "Grandad's got our tickets." It's a white lie; you don't need tickets. Grandad will sneak you in the back door as usual (manager's perks). But mum doesn't like you knowing that you're poor or, worse still, scroungers. Dad gives you a knowing wink in the rearview mirror.

Parsing Memory

A text-based memory sim by Michelle Collier. First release.

(Type **help** if you get stuck.)

You feel a flutter of pride as the sign comes into view: *Curzon Cinema*. An art deco monolith painted in red brick against the grey Manchester sky. Such a grand building for someone from your family to work in.

In the car park out front, dad finds a spot between an old Sierra and a green Ford Escort that looks exactly like yours. You shout “Twins!” as he parks, and dad smiles. It’s a game you used to play before you got too old for family days out.

> instructions

This is not a true command. Type **help** if you’re stuck.

> help

To explore a memory you will need the following commands:

TO NAVIGATE

go left

go right

go forward

go inside

go back (Caution: This may also move you back in the timeline.)

go upstairs

go downstairs

leave

TO INTERACT

look at

talk to

remember

CAUTION! It’s easy to get lost in a memory. Explore at your own risk! If lost, type **where am I?**

What do you want to do?

> leave the car

You get out of the car slamming the door a little too hard. Rust flakes onto the tarmac like confetti.

> go forward

You can’t go in by the front door. Try another route.

> go left

On the exterior wall a film poster ripples on the breeze, threatening to escape its plastic cover. Is it Beethoven or Jurassic Park? Something with teeth, it depends on the year.

You wish you could remember all the films you saw together. Hold them in your hands like a personalised film supplement. Trace your fingers over the listings, each title a memory of all of you together. Perhaps this exists somewhere, scrawled by hand and locked inside a childhood diary.

> go right

You’re back at the car. Your brothers are scrapping, restless, spending their energy before they have to sit still for the next two hours. You need to find grandad.

> find grandad

Type any direction to explore. (If you’re stuck, type **help** to review a list of commands.)

> go right

You approach the staff entrance down the side of the building where grandad is waiting, Marlboro in hand like a cigarette cowboy.

No. He's in his ruby red Harrington jacket, one foot resting against the wall like an ageing James Dean from a parallel movieverse.

No. Look again. He's in his manager suit. Frills on his shirt and thick black-rimmed glasses. The very picture of Peter Sellers.

"Giddy up, kids," he says. "The film's about to start!"

> go inside

You follow him through the side door and into the foyer. The carpet is as threadbare as grandad's hair. Worn thin by age, a hundred footsteps, a thousand worries.

A member of staff you don't recognise watches you from the corner of the foyer, scowling. Grandad tries not to catch her eye as he walks you over to the confectionery stand. "Why don't you choose something nice for you and your brothers," he says. But you're already pulling drinks from the beer fridge while fishing your I.D. from your purse.

No. This isn't then. Start over.

> go back

You cannot leave the building yet.

> go further back

You follow grandad through the main doors of the building, heads held high like proud geese on parade. Everything feels heightened by excitement. Your shoes sink into the lush red carpet of the foyer. Grandad's hair shines just like dad's, thick and black as treacle.

Brenda waves you over to the confectionary booth with a smile. At the counter you have to stand on your tiptoes to reach for a carton of Toffee Poppets, the kind that stick to your teeth and won't let go. Behind you one of your brothers (Garry, probably) shouts, "Let's gooooo!"

> go right

To the right of the foyer is grandad's office. The door is locked, but through the frosted window you spy portraits of cinema managers from years past. You need to squint to see them better.



> look at the portraits

Grandad doesn't have his photo on the wall. But there's another you think looks just like him (apart from the dicky bow). Mr Bertrand Brown. You know a story about old Bertrand, do you remember?

> remember the story

Wait. You're confused. That's not your story. That story takes place somewhere else. At the Carlton cinema, at least a decade before you were born.

> remember the story of the story

Your dad told you a ghost story once. Well, not just once. He was full of them: Tommy (a.k.a. Squashed Tomato) who was flattened against the wall in a warehouse and now spent his afterlife banging on tail-lifts; the creepy old lady who sat on the end of dad's bed at the Premier Inn; the one about the two grandads in the Carlton...

SCENE: THE LIVING ROOM - INT - NIGHT

DAD, a man in his late twenties, dark hair, 90s Lacoste t-shirt and stonewash jeans sits on the end of his DAUGHTER'S (8, scrawny, My Little Pony pyjamas) bed telling her a ghost story.

DAD

It was very late, midnight in fact. And everyone had left the cinema, including the staff. Only me and your grandad were still around.

(Pauses for effect).

I was hanging out by the front door, waiting for your grandad to finish his rounds. Y'know, switching lights off, picking up popcorn, that sort of thing. Anyway, after about ten minutes he comes down the stairs - silent as a nun - and walks towards his office, totally blanking me.

DAUGHTER

Rude.

DAD

Right? And by this point I'm soooo bored! Typical teenager. Last thing I want is him sitting doing paperwork for an hour. So. I shouts to him, "Oi! Dad! Are you nearly done or what?" But he just ignores me and walks straight into his office! Well, I was FUMING! Figured I'd march right over there and let him know as much. But before I can, I hear all the upstairs toilets start flushing. One. By. One...

DAUGHTER

Huh?!?

DAD

Huh! My thoughts exactly. And THEN! Get this...
Your grandad walks down the stairs again, not two
minutes after he already JUST WALKED DOWN THE
STAIRS. At the exact same time as he's currently
sitting in his office... How'd you work that one
out?!

DAUGHTER

Maybe he...

DAD

(Interrupting)

Well, I've not finished. So there's Grandad 2.0
halfway down the stairs, and I look back at his
office and the bloomin' doors shut, lights off,
not a peep... Well, I legged it right out the
door and left your grandad to lock up by himself!

(Pauses, lets it sink in)

Anyway, next day your grandad shows me all these
portraits of the old cinema managers. And there's
this one guy, Bertrand, absolute spits of your
grandad. Died back in 1946! Now, I'm not saying I
believe in ghosts but, that's pretty spooky eh?

> leave

You can't leave yet. There's more.

> leave

No.

Betrand isn't the only ghost. Not any more.

> leave

One for the Carlton. One for the Curzon. It's only fair.

> leave

Up up up
down down stairs.
 penrose
 the

> go inside

Inside the Major auditorium, blood red seats stretch out in regimented arteries clogged with families whispering and fidgeting in the dark. You spot a gap on Row F and shuffle past a young couple, apologising for knocked knees and spilled popcorn.

You sit.

Time passes.

Images wash over you. Alight on your skin. Waltz the hairs rigid with gooseflesh.

Cold. Something cold...

Back with a snap as the house lights go up and women with trays strapped round their necks pirouette through the aisles like snowflakes.

Intermission.

You reach for an ice cream on a tray, but the woman drifts and turns on a breeze. Floating down.

Down.

Down.

And the seats are gone.

And your feet squeak on parquet flooring.

And someone calls out, "Who are you? Are you lost?"

> where am I?

You're in the building.

> leave

You can't leave yet.

> go back

You leave the Major hiding tears in your eyes, hoping your dog never runs away or gets lost. (You're not sure Bruno quite has the smarts to bound his way home.)

Grandad offers to show you the projection room to cheer you up. It's a rare treat and your parents can't say no.

> go upstairs

You climb the stairs to the old projection room. Inside, film canisters line shelves like vials of magic, potent with spells. Beside them the projector rolls, clicking and whirring in tongues, breathing light from its mouth and out through a small window to deposit its ghosts on the screen below.

Your mind turns with the spool. Tries to splice memories like fragments of timeworn celluloid. But they judder and halt and catch fire in the light of the lens. In the smoke you see their faces. Brenda. The ice cream ladies...

> find grandad

I told you. He's gone.

> leave

Where do you want to go?

> go back

You can't.

> go downstairs

You run down the stairs, taking two at a time. Girls in leg warmers and bright-coloured scrunchies gawp as you pass. A man in a Harrington jacket with treacle-black hair looks out from the office, cigarette in hand like a Marlboro cowboy.

Look again. No-one's there.

> leave

Outside, the building is a fading monolith. Red brick crumbling into the grey Manchester sky. On the wall a planning notice ripples on the breeze, threatening to escape its plastic cover.

PLANNING APPLICATION

Change of use

Proposed redevelopment:

- 42 new flats available to buy on a shared ownership basis.
 - Retention and restoration of the art deco frontage to the former Curzon cinema building.
 - Major enhancement to the local area.
-

COME BACK SEÑOR SOLAR

By Erdem Rasim Avşar

is an indie Spanish film from 1973
a película if you like
where two young boys explore derelict houses
oxidised railroads
and holding hands.

it's also the last film we got to see together before my own Señor Solar died
the film is still on every Thursday afternoon
at the cinematheque
as part of their MAGICA OBSCURA series.

Jack at the box office knows me well and thinks it's sad
that I am there every Thursday to see the same film
again and again and again.
but he still pretends to be happy to see me:

JACK: So, you're back!
ME: You must be sick of seeing me.
JACK: Aw never. You don't know what I've seen at
this box office for the past 40 years.
ME: You're the best. Can I get a ticket for -
JACK: Oh my god Erdem, there is this Thai film
we're screening - it's set in this one
location, it's like a bus station in the middle
of nowhere. It's pure queer stuff, like it's all
black and white, there's a burnt down car, a
gloryhole, and the film is 4 hours long -

all of this means 'I'm worried about you.'
but Jack stops when I only give him a smile
because he knows the answer,
and I don't have to say anything.

JACK: Well, maybe next time then Erdem -

Jack blows me kiss
it means 'I love you pal, please don't do this to
yourself.'
when I'm inside I bury myself in a velvety red seat
and my boyfriend's loving ghost sits next to me and
he holds my hand.
it means 'I'm so sorry, I know I left you on your own.'

the yellow-tinted subtitles on the screen tell me what I already know
the two boys are talking about body parts
and waiting for a train that comes only once a week.
standing on the tracks, BOY 1 is going to ask:

BOY 1: What is a heart for?

and BOY 2 is going to say:

BOY 2: To kiss.

they are now going to giggle

they giggle

until the train's whoosh of air drowns them both.

on my way out I spot Jack in the foyer
talking to a man wearing a Frank Zappa moustache
Jack is almost shouting
which is strange for the Teletubby-kind-of-happy Jack

Jack avoids eye contact with me
he doesn't even wave back
it means 'don't go away, I need to talk to you'
but I'm too busy with my ghosts and my
mourning *película*
so I just leave

next Thursday the cinematheque seems to be closed

there's a steel ladder
buckets of fresh paint
missing letters from the neon lights

the Frank Zappa guy is wearing a lanyard
it means 'I am in charge now.'
he is on the phone
of course he is

but I still ask him about Jack and *Come Back Señor Solar*
he stares at me
hangs up the phone
uncurls a Marvel Studios poster
and babbles on about
a new model of membership
loyal customers
£60 a month
and how it's a multiplex now.

I ask him again.
he thinks it's my English, so he says:

FRANK ZAPPA GUY: no. no. no jack, no film.

I stare at him.
it means 'please don't do this to me.'

frustrated, he shrugs and goes inside
and brings me an envelope
that says
FOR ERDEM
in Jack's squiggly handwriting

he points at me as if I'm a flamingo

FRANK ZAPPA GUY: you? you?

I snatch the thin white envelope
I can tell there's a disc inside

and I know it's a copy of *Come Back Señor Solar*.

I just do.

it means 'I know you're going to need this.'

I refuse to open it until I'm at the Central Station.

first a quick look at the tracks,

then at the envelope

which I open as the train approaches.

yes, it's a ripped DVD.

the marker on it is a bit smudged

it says:

'give it a chance, it's really good.'

and just under it

the title - two Thai words.

So, no, it's not Señor Solar.

it doesn't mean 'I know you're going to need this.'

it means

'please move on.

move on. move on.'

and I'm drowned in the train's whoosh.

CINEMA DAYS

By Diane Schofield

My cinema going days began with my grandmother from when I was about eight years old in the late 1950s. Every Saturday morning we would get the bus from our small village in Worcestershire to the nearest town - Kidderminster.

Winter was the best time when we would step into the warm foyer, stamping snow from our frozen feet and pushing soggy woollen gloves into our pockets. Tickets in hand we climbed the wide staircase with its rich red carpet and glistening brass stair rods, with the film track beckoning us on; the base notes vibrating in our chests.

The glamour of shell shaped wall lights, gilded hand rails and the massive stained glass windows frosted against the daylight edged me into the auditorium and the world of make believe. Once in our seats and by the time the thick velvet curtains, fringed with golden tassels, opened and slid out of sight I was already in the sand dunes with Lawrence or on a roof with cat thief Cary Grant just like on the posters.

My grandmother was always annoyed by people who arrived late and had to be shown to their seats by a uniformed girl with a torch. The ice cream girl dressed in a short frilly skirt with net petticoats underneath heralded the interval; I always admired the way she managed get down the stairs to the front of the cinema, in the dark and carrying a heavy tray on a strap round her neck, laden with drinks and ice creams.

The smell of pipe and cigarette smoke, perfume, hair oil and dust were all part of my early cinema going days, as was the feel of the plush seat fabric on my bare legs and my grandmother's hand on my arm.

We left to the sound of seats thudding closed as people stood up and headed out into the daylight and the smell of rain or sunshine. Most times we had a bag of hot vinegary chips while we waited for the bus home.

One film still stands out in my memory; Samson and Delilah. Victor Mature was about to be blinded by Delilah but I never saw it because my grandmother silently slid her hand across my eyes.

GUEST EDITORS

Sarah Neely is Professor in Film and Visual Culture at the University of Glasgow. Her current research focuses on the areas of film history, memory and artists' moving image. She is co-investigator on Cinema Memory and the Digital Archives, and led the on the creative writing strand of the project, from which this issue arises. Recent publications include *Reel to Rattling Reel: Stories and Poems About Memories of Cinema-Going* (ed. with Nalini Paul) (Cranachan, 2018) and, as editor, *Personae* (LUX, 2021) a non-fiction work by Margaret Tait. She is currently writing a book on memory, archives and creativity.

Dr Natalie Sorrell Charlesworth is a 30 year old Preston native. She won the Poetic Republic Portfolio Prize 2014, was specially commended in Elbow Room 2016, commended in Hive 2022, shortlisted for the Bridport Poetry Prize 2020 and longlisted for Mslexia 2021 and Mono 2021. Her work appears in Poetic Republic, Elbow Room, Beautiful Dragons Press anthologies and Hidden Disabilities. She works for Lancashire County Libraries and Lancaster University, in addition to freelancing as a writer, artist and genealogist. She has been an active board member for Lancaster Litfest since 2014. Her debut pamphlet is forthcoming from Broken Sleep in 2023.

CONTRIBUTORS

Louise Welsh is the author of nine novels including *The Cutting Room*, *The Plague Times Trilogy* and *The Second Cut*. Louise has a ten-year practice in opera with composer Stuart MacRae. Their most recent opera *Anthropocene* will have its German premier at Bielefeld Theater in 2023. Louise was co-founder and director (with Jude Barber, Collective Architecture) of the *Empire Café* an award winning multi-disciplinary exploration of Scotland's relationship with the North Atlantic slave trade. Louise is editor of *Yonder Awa*, a poetry anthology on the theme of Scotland and the North Atlantic slave trade by Scottish and Caribbean writers and *Ghost, One Hundred Stories to Read with the Lights On*. She has received numerous awards and international fellowships, including a Doctor of Arts from the Open University and an honorary fellowship from the University of Iowa's International Writing Program. She is Professor of Creative Writing at University of Glasgow and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

Maria Gulina is an editor, journalist, photographer and activist from Minsk, Belarus. She worked in environmental NGOs, was an editor of an independent online journal and has just finished her Master degree in Media and Cultural Studies at Lancaster University. She is interested in the intersections of art, environment and participatory culture.
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Catherine Spooner is Professor of Literature and Culture at Lancaster University, where she specialises in Gothic in literature, fashion, film and other media. She is the author of three academic monographs: *Fashioning Gothic Bodies* (2004), *Contemporary Gothic* (2006) and *Post-millennial Gothic* (2017). She has also co-edited four books of academic essays. She has recently begun to develop a creative writing practice and in 2021-2, took a career break to complete an MLitt in Creative Writing at the University of Glasgow. In 2022, she was the recipient of the Northern Writers' Arvon Award from New Writing North.
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Diane Schofield is a writer, poet and painter living in Dumfries and Galloway. Her writing is deeply concerned with women's lives, particularly within family settings, and the power of mothers and grandmothers. There is a crossover between her writing and painting in that they are all about life experiences whether personal or otherwise, narrative or expressive. Her process for all three relies on observations recorded in notebooks and sketchpads, the lifeblood of her work. She has published works in a WW1 Pamphlet 2018, Southlight 26 and 33, Openings 33, 36, 37 and translations in Pro Saeculum 2019.

You can see more of her work here: <https://dianeswordsandpictures.wordpress.com>
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Ümit Ünal is a film director, screenwriter and author. He is the scriptwriter for eight Turkish feature films including Teyzem (My Aunt) (1986), Hayallerim, Askım ve Sen (My Dreams, My Love and You) (1987). His first feature film as a director is 9 (Dokuz, 2001) which won many awards in various film festivals and was the Official Turkish Entry for the 2003 Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film. He has published five books: a collection of short stories, three novels and an autobiography. As an artist/illustrator his credits include two personal exhibitions and four illustrated books.

Michelle Collier is a Manchester-based writer, artist and narrative designer with a lifelong love of storytelling and moving image. As a kid, her grandad managed a small cinema in Manchester. As a young adult she worked in a video rental store and gained a degree in European Cinema. Nowadays she writes professionally for animation, games and immersive experiences. Michelle's work has screened at DepicT!, London Short Film Festival, Underwire and the Manchester Animation Festival. She was also a lead writer on the BBC's first-ever augmented reality app. She loves ghost stories, speculative fiction and weird folklore, as well as writing her own short fiction and the occasional experimental poem.

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Stephen Sunderland is a writer and a lecturer in screenwriting. He recently successfully defended his AHRC-funded PhD, entitled: 'Diving to The Cinema Beneath the Lake: a novel as immersive, synthetic-magical exploration of the surrealist prose of Claude Cahun, Ithell Colquhoun and Leonora Carrington'. He is the author of three BBC radio dramas - Ice Dreams, Paradise Hazard, Phonebreaker - and two collections of visual poetry, Eye Movement (Steel Incisors, 2022) and Refrains (forthcoming Steel Incisors, 2023) His work has also appeared in Seen as Read (Kingston University Press 2021) and The Debutante.

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Lucia Cascioli is a Canadian writer. Her work has been published in various magazines including *Stile*, *Skirting Around*, *From Glasgow to Saturn*, *Short Circuit*, and *Litro Magazine's Litro Lab*. She recently edited and produced a video series entitled *The Craft of Editing* in collaboration with *Brick, A Literary Journal*. Lucia is prone to going down rabbit holes on topics that interest her which inevitably makes her books-to-read pile grow higher and higher. She is a graduate of the University of Glasgow's MLitt in Creative Writing programme.
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Erdem Avşar is a playwright, poet, researcher, and translator. His plays have been shown in Scotland and Italy, including live and recorded performances as part of the Quartieri dell'Arte Festival, National Theatre of Scotland's 'Yes, No, Don't Know' Festival, and Traverse Theatre's showcasing event *Words, Words, Words*. His poetry and plays have recently appeared in *clavmag*, in the anthology *The Book of Bad Betties* (Bad Betty Press), and in the edited volume *Collaborative Playwriting* (Routledge). He was the 2019 recipient of the Kevin Elyot Award (University of Bristol Theatre Collection). He was also one of the four winners of the 2017 EU Collective Plays! International Playwriting Competition. He translated works of Zinnie Harris, Kieran Hurley, Gary McNair, David Harrower, and D. C. Jackson into Turkish. His translation of Harris' *Midwinter* was listed in the 2017 Honours List of Eurodram. He is an affiliate artist at UNESCO RILA. He is also a PhD student at the University of Glasgow researching the queer politics of contemporary theatremaking in Turkey.

Catherine Jaishankar was born and brought up in South India. She moved to Lancaster, England for her MA degree in Creative Writing which she successfully passed (yay!) with a merit (yay x2!!). She published her first short story, *He's Dead*, as part of Lancaster University's MA Anthology 2022. She is currently living in Chennai, India and is the production director of her own academic publishing house. She is also working on a contemporary urban fantasy trilogy. This piece is about the times she goes to the cinema with her dad in India; a memory she will always love and cherish.
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LUNE TEAM

Núria Rovira Terradas is a Liverpool based artist researching bio-art and place. She co-founded the GAP Studio, an artist collective located in a space steps away from Morecambe's seaside, a landscape that soon became an extension of her studio. This is where she encountered LUNE; walking and writing on the shifting lines of the tidal mudflats. As part of the editorial board, Núria assists the guest editors while managing the journal's voice and branding.

Megan Bowyer is an artist and writer based between Cumbria, Lancashire, and Paris. Her primary practice in drawing looks at intersections of industry, ecology, folklore, and politics in the rural landscape of Britain, and her writing has recently been published with *The Opiate* and *Paris Lit Up*. She has also conducted research on links between geology and drawing with the Terra Foundation for American Art. Having been published in LUNE before becoming the other part of the editorial board, Megan takes submissions, communicates with participating artists, and formats the online editions.

Charlie Gere is a professor at Lancaster University, supervising PhD students on a range of topics including: art and technology; new media art; computer art; digital culture; continental philosophy and technology; the effects of new media. He recently published the book 'World's End' with Goldsmiths, and other publications include 'I Hate the Lake District', 'Natural Theology' and 'The Hauntology of the Digital Image'. Charlie and Jenn Ashworth founded LUNE in 2017.

Jenn Ashworth was born in Preston and studied at Cambridge and Manchester. Her novels include *A Kind of Intimacy*, *The Friday Gospels* and *Fell*. She was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in 2018. In 2019 she published *Notes Made While Falling*, a memoir told in a series of essays. Her latest novel is *Ghosted: A Love Story*. She is a Professor of Writing at Lancaster University. Jenn and Charlie support Megan and Núria as editors, selecting works for publication and developing open calls.

OPEN CALL

LUNE 07: DISCORD

LUNE is currently seeking submissions for our next publication, on the theme of DISCORD.

We are interested in works centred around sound, music, language and NOISE. Writings which clash internally, or harmonise. Works which bow over five strings. Pieces which wave through the air — that cause disturbance. Art which deals with hearing, hearing loss, and being unheard. Graphic scores, and works which are time based and unfolding, that echo, resonate, and vocalise.

LUNE is particularly curious about works which push our usual online form. This could extend to interactive visual pieces, performance based works, videos and audios. Online sonic displays or location based works (especially those in the North West of England or rural locations). We hope to be challenged, and welcome both finished works *and* proposals which will involve collaboration between artist and publisher.

Current deadline for submissions is: JUNE 10th

see thelunejournal.org,

or email thelunejournal@gmail.com with

submissions, proposals, or questions.

Lune is curious about the community building potential of small press publishing and literary journalism in Lancaster and the North West of the UK. Lune is special, but not specialist (in other words, it's anti-disciplinary rather than interdisciplinary). Lune's writing is dangerous. It unfashions. Lune publishes the best of what is submitted. This might be memoir / essay / review / interview / fiction / biography / criticism / manifesto / poetry. It will most often be writing that shifts and judders between any and all of these forms