

PENNY THOUGHTS #27

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FROM OUT OF YOUR HEAD.

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Editors' Note

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We have a new baby called Art History: B-Sides. It's a multi-platform project exploring alternative art histories excluded by the established canon. The first event is the 27/09/19 on the second floor of the Manchester Art Gallery. Expect interrogative talks and performance, as well as four free new issues of its accompanying zine. See you there at dentist o'clock (2:30PM). Penny Thoughts is a free publication intended to provide a platform to anyone who wants to share the creative impulses that never make it much further than their margin. Please submit to yourpennythoughts@gmail.com

low_vagrancy Jack Rientoul



Eva Gerretsen

Mug Brush Make-up

Paige Lyons



A thought

Mark Paul

The extraordinary lies
in plain sight.
(Through its teeth.)

Nonsense

Jake Francis



Breakfast at Berghain's 3/3 Autumn Palen

At the gas station up the road, I encountered an unattended 16-wheeler, its driver occupied with the purchase of a ham sandwich.

The back door of the truck was ajar. With an apprehensive tug, I found myself face-to-face with a sizable plane propeller. Airplane cargo. This was my chance.

Frantically, I scrambled into the truck like a cockroach into a kitchen cupboard. The trucker soon returned, and without a soupçon of suspicion, departed towards our collective destination.

Arriving at the airport and discovering both that plane tickets lose their validity at some point, and that Pan American Airlines ceased operations 27 years ago, proved to be quite the one-two punch. This information may have shaken my spirits on any day prior, but that Thursday,

nothing was going to stop me. Already limbered up and in the optimal condition to fold myself up nice and small, I took to the tarmac.

I pried open a hat box waiting to be loaded into a large and lovely Lufthansa, emptying its contents onto the ground. Inhabiting the space where a wide-brimmed boater once sat, I sat curled in pure jubilation, a mere 4500 miles from my dream.

On the narrow, streetlamp-lined path from Berlin Tegel to the underground station, all I had begun to learn of Berghain from the Librarian's gilded book tumbled through my mind.

I imagined its towering stature. I imagined the bright, flashing lights. I imagined "techno," and what it could possibly be. As the train squeaked to a stop just east of the city center, my heart fluttered in my throat. Shuffling giddily down the street, my heart made its way somewhere around my jaw, and as I trod the trail to

Berghain's front door, it had tucked itself just behind my nose.
"I'm home," I whispered. "I'm home."

Mirror |rorriW

Lorna Murphy



Man I love biscuits

Emily Wilcox

"Damn, I need more biscuits." She grumbles, surrounded by biscuits. That's the thing about love, I guess. No matter how much I adore her, no matter how much devotion and affection I pour into our time together roaming this universe - in her mind, she'll never have enough biscuits.

26 Trips to the Shop

Rikkilee Taylor



Untitled

Stuart Brambell



Weakness

Eden Szymura

I know you're putting on a brave face but even cement cracks.

I'm a skilled plasterer but I'd rather you didn't feel the need to paint.

See, the filler is pride and the emulsion lies.

Sand those grit-weathered walls and the dust still lingers unwelcome in your teeth. Why feel the need to strip your roughness away as hungrily as the sea does the shore?

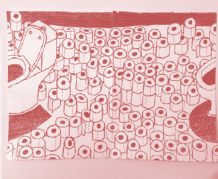
Tiny possessions of shame, haunting the skirting, clinging to feet.

Little dots of denial scattered scarlet-red just out of reach.

Now sweep and scour desperately if you must, but know a field of poppies and irises waits beneath your bleach.

Untitled (hog rolls)

Jack Greening



Leaving work at 11 PM

Tom Witherick

It is the orange glow on the cast iron railings, outside Marylebone station. Leaving work at eleven pm in shorts and a t-shirt, passing the brightly lit interiors of the offices - like little Hoppers. Coming home slightly clammy and sleeping nearly naked, with the bedroom window fully open, the covers half off and the close night air with its love of cities, and sweat.



Warning! Painting Contains Large Parts, Keep Out Of Reach Of Woman

Katie Tomlinson // @kt_tomlinson