



NOTES

Arguably, A Fanzine

Compiled by Tyler Hampton

Does anyone remember PostSecret? If you do, excellent, this project is 100% inspired by that. For those of you who don't, here's some backstory. PostSecret was a project started in the mid-2000s that involved people across the world mailing in postcards upon which they wrote/illustrated/collaged secrets. These would range from light secrets like "I masturbated on your couch" to more serious ones like "I fucked your husband and he had a heart attack when he came, so I buried his body in your backyard" (a stretch, but you get the picture). Eventually, the folks who received all these postcards would compile and publish them in books made widely available. My high school self, wrought with overdramatic existential crises, found solace in the freedom of these secrets. I remember submitting one myself after I came out of the closet.

Now we're in 2020 and the Carrie Bradshaw in me has to wonder: Does anyone actually write postcards anymore? I think all the time about how most people probably haven't touched a pen or pencil in months, except if they're signing the restaurant bill or mailing their rent check. We type everything now. Novels of texts to friends, comments on posts, flirtatious nothings on dating apps. Although we are connecting over a multitude of platforms, what we type is still an expression of who we are, what we're feeling at that moment, how we're reacting. As I started to realize how much I'd use my thumbs, I also realized how much I'd use the Notes app on my phone. I'd fill it with grocery lists, to-do lists, book recommendations, dreams, reactions after seeing a play, or random thoughts that would pop up during a night out. I started to think of my notes as a journal, and wondered if other people did the same.





PostSecret: Extraordinary Confessions from Ordinary Lives, 2005

With the influx of social media into our relationships and communications these days, I worry a lot about how that affects our brains. Worthless hours spent scrolling Instagram for what: ingesting ads, seeing aspirational bodies, things you *need* to stream, products you need to buy. It's like everything is being forced down our throats, right now, constantly. On average, my Instagram throws in a sponsored post after scrolling past four posts from people I follow; and a sponsored story after every two people. I'm worried that they're trying to drown out our brains, to become unthinking capitalist zombies who only care about how prominent our abs are, how many clothes are in our closet, or what fucking iphone we have.

How do we hang onto ourselves, when there's unbelievable pressure from our society to become someone else, someone they deem "better" or "more productive"? I've kept a written journal since I was 14 years old, and I can say that it is the single best tool in my life for hanging onto my sanity. It's immensely difficult to write every night, but to be fair, significant events of note don't happen to us every day. But at least I can remember my voice, my thoughts.

I started asking for screenshot submissions a few months back, and they flooded in. Thank you to everyone who sent in screenshots of poems, lists, thoughts, break-up texts, rants, dreams, etc. This is a compilation of those submissions as well as my own. I printed it in black and white to unify everything, because it's mostly text. And color printing is expensive ok!!

I hope this project moves you, or maybe triggers something within you to write down your thoughts. Remember what you go through. Write it down, let it out. We only get one brain, treat it well. Or don't, I'm not your mom!!

← Notes



Feeling like an inflatable couch potato
Smile painted on



3:16



< All iCloud



To be dragged is to be seen

It was so woke that it was asleep

Don't retrieve just be golden



9:47



< Notes



March 5, 2020 at 12:07 AM

I am ambitious In that I don't want
to - not have I ever wanted to - limit
myself and my interests



3:21



< Notes



January 17, 2019 at 10:06 PM

I'm tired of mediocre white boys with muscle being considered sex symbols



7:32

LTE

< Notes



**Ghosts get to watch real live porn
anytime they want**



7:33

LTE

< Notes



If someone murders me they better pair me
with a nice Chianti





16:53



< Notes



Hey how's it going? so I have to be honest with you but I find myself doubting who you really are and I know this might sound a bit much but I'm gonna need some proof otherwise I don't think I feel safe hanging out. Hope you understand:)



6:35



< Notes



February 9, 2020 at 6:35 PM

"When you tell people you're going to leave New York, they like to tell you 'New York will always be here'. But it won't always be there. My insides ache when I think, 'I will never be twenty again and moving to Williamsburg with the sun on my face.' So I don't let myself think it." -Chloe Caldwell, "Leaving My Groovy Lifestyle" from GOODBYE TO ALL OF THAT: WRITERS ON LOVING AND LEAVING NEW YORK edited by Sari Botton

New York was becoming a place that was taking from me instead of giving and that's why I knew I had to leave. I was beginning to resent a place that I had loved so much. I wasn't saving any money. I was single, painfully single. For a city with 8,398,748 it is shockingly hard to date here. Everyone's looking for the next best person. I'm at that age where people start coupling off and I began to feel very aware of that. It's all fun & games until you reach 25 & then you question how tangible your dreams really are. the day I made my decision to leave, I got high and drew a bath. But not even the most relaxing thing i could do could absolve my pain. Now that I moved, my life has improved a lot. But I miss the city every day. I know I'll come back. But it'll never be the same place that it was in



6:35



< Notes



thing i could do could absolve my pain. Now that I moved, my life has improved a lot. But I miss the city every day. I know I'll come back. But it'll never be the same place that it was in my early 20s. It'll be a different, more mature love. I didn't imagine my life would go this way. I thought i was a lifer. But sometimes in order to grow you have to leave behind the things you love. I'm thinking of this as a test. I want to go to other places too. I want to go to California. I want to travel. And if I still miss it and love it after all that time, I know it's a love that it's meant to be. There's never a perfect time for a relationship. There are some that are better times than others, and when that relationship is with a city like New York, money is a huge part of it. But I left my heart on the E train on the east side, the apartments in Bed Stuy in my wreckless East 20s, OMG pizza, Happy Fun Hideaway, GG Nix Vintage, my friend Will's apartment, and dozens of rooftops. I feel a stage of my life slipping through the cracks of my fingers like sand. I want my cake & to eat it too. I want a life where I never left the city & a life where I come back & a life where I never experienced it all in the first place. Here's to hoping that if I come back, the city will love me better.



 Notes

Today I thought of you and I
didn't cry.

Instead my mind wandered to us
saying a goodbye before my
front door; I noticed something
running down my cheeks.

They weren't tears, I must've
simply drank too much water
that day.



< Notes



My boyfriend is not getting any of my water. just an idea I had that I wanted to write down



Freezing time— cool... literally

Reliving your own birth

Being haunted by the ghosts of people whose mail you still get to your apartment

Ghost who watches your Netflix while you're at work

Where are they now edition ft. B-list baby commercial actors

People who compose Nintendo music soundtracks

Kids game show host off duty

Accidentally killing your boss with paint fumes

People filming animals for planet earth having to find replacements when the animals get killed

Accidentally casting porn to your roommates tv

Comic Sans ATM

 Notes

DREAMS

- Ax murder in hotel where shower curtain was covered in blood before murder / murderer was a blonde woman pretending to be a cop (like baby from 1000 Corpses but less annoying) — I wasn't there, was like I was watching a movie.
- Beginning of dream was me in a classroom. Was excited to learn things.

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- Scary masked person staring through the window at me from the neighbors house (thought it was a mannequin but then started waving at it and it waved back) and then climbed out of the window and came over to my window and so I let them in (but also was holding a box cutter) and the person took their mask off and it was some girl and she's like "hey, excited to finally meet you, do you have a glass of wine?"

Dream food vending machines, pouring slurpee on boy's head



 Notes

The dung beetle rolls
Shit through the grass
For several hours.
Just so they can feed
The children.

The dung beetle grows
Up eating the shit their
Parents fed them.
Until they can roll
their own.

The dung beetle thinks
That actual shit
Is the meaning.
That this endless cycle
Is all they are worth.

The dung beetle works
To feed the children.
The children grow
And are grateful they can
Now pick their own shit
Only to learn
That this good shit
Is shit they will never get to eat.
Yet they persist.



10:22



< Notes



September 1, 2019 at 4:28 AM

She is the most magnificent thing ever put upon this earth. And I want to love every piece of her so she can see herself that way. And the struggle has been trying not to suffocate her? Fear. Fear of how loving each other got so unhealthy the first time. Attachment. Flow.



relaxing into your differences and
being ok with that



< Notes



**I'm not unhappy but I'm
not satisfied**



7:31

LTE

< Notes



If you jizz on someone it's your responsibility to clean them up.



< Notes



I need equal parts grit and brains.
Rough around the edges but they
know how to handle themselves



stuck on a metal can underground
In a tube of rock and steel
will the water rush in
rust us
drown us
claim us



 Notes

I think part of me knew
But what's the other half to do
In the radio silence?
I'm feeling pretty stupid
Flushed face in a plastic bag
Loosen up that lid.



8:24



< Notes



Done

This is a small - zero chill industry. If I do take this job I'm going to be forced to burn some bridges.

I'm only saying this because I've bought cheese from there twice and it tastes like detergent

It can't be someone we know because they're wearing penny loafers



Aa



I

Hi

Thank

Q W E R T Y U I O P

A S D F G H J K L

↑ Z X C V B N M ↵

123

space

return



7:31

LTE 

< Notes



We get it, you got a haircut



Notes



Gays in chairs

The "I have a hemorrhoid but it's on the mend" pose (one to two hands under bum, palms face down)

The genovian criss cross - princess diaries. Something about this movie being a gay root for many

The classic - one leg crossed over the other, wear pointy shoes for maximum dramatic effect

The top privilege - legs spread. See also: man spread. Avoid on public transportation

The yogi gay pose - leg over the other, tucked underneath a more athletic take on the classic pose



Love builds like a pop song



**Thanks again to everyone who participated in this project.
I hope you enjoyed, and that these notes elicited some kind
of reaction in you. Feel something for fuck's sake!!
Like David Bowie said, "you better hang onto yourself."
Maybe we can do another edition of this, who knows!
Submit at tylerhamptoncollage@gmail.com**

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