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# 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.



A Lifetime of Secrets, A PostSecret Book, 2007



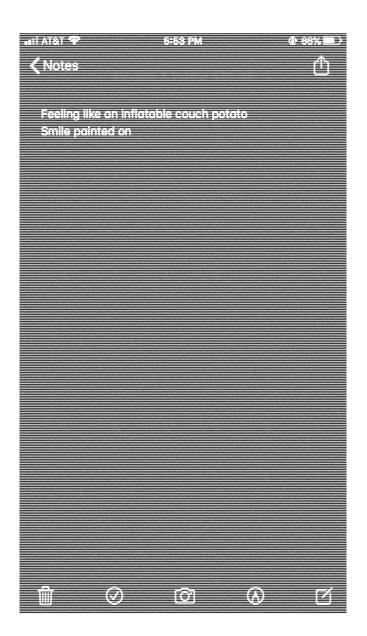
PostSecret: Extraordinary Confessions from Ordinary Lives, 2005

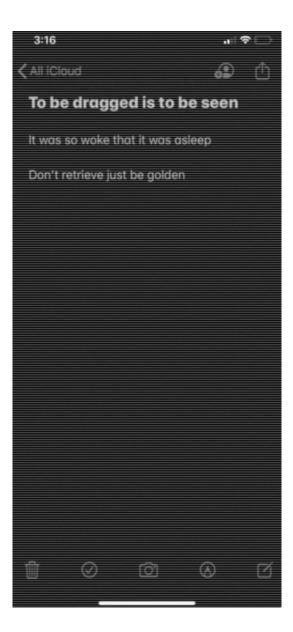
With the influx of social media into our relationships and communications these days, I worry a lot about how that affects our brains. Worthless hours spent scrolling Instagram for what: ingesting ads, seeing aspirational bodies, things you \*need\* to stream, products you need to buy. It's like everything 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 soceity 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!!





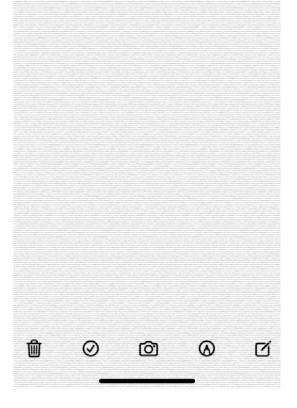


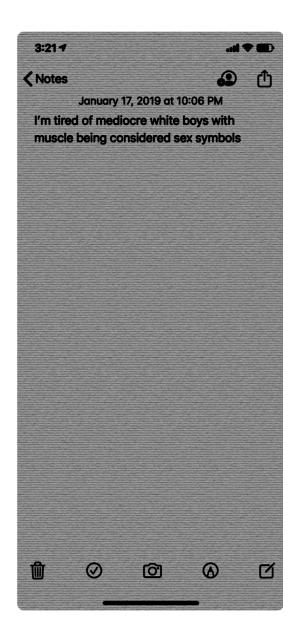
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March 5, 2020 at 12:07 AM

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





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#### February 9, 2020 at 6:35 PM

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"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

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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 ao to other places too. I want to ao 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.

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<b>〈</b> Notes						
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						
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#### 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.

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

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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.

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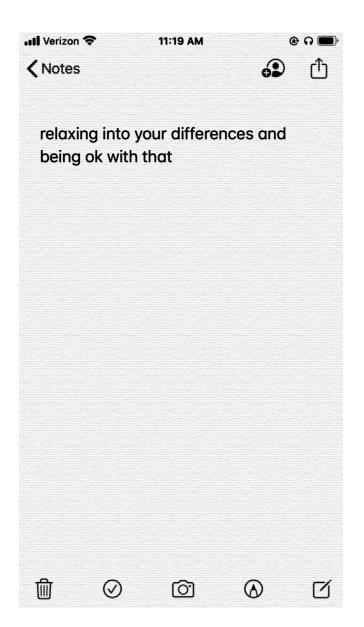
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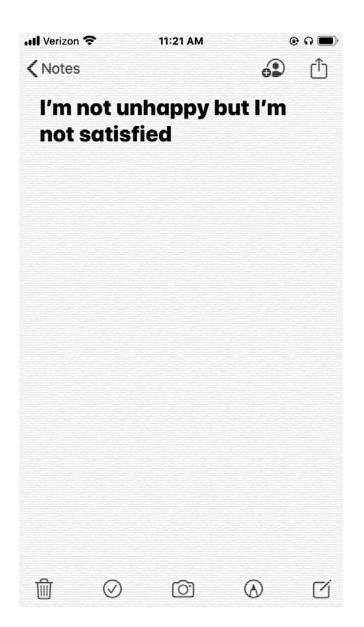
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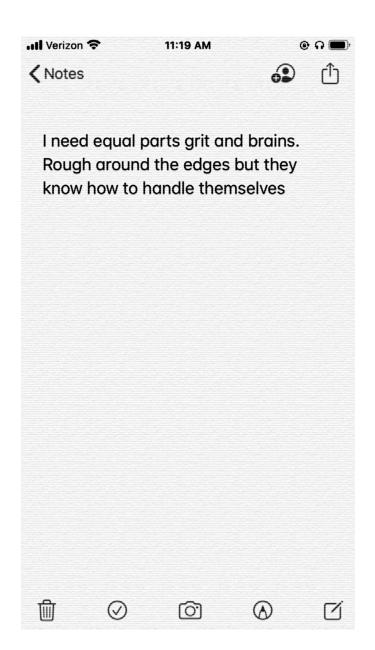
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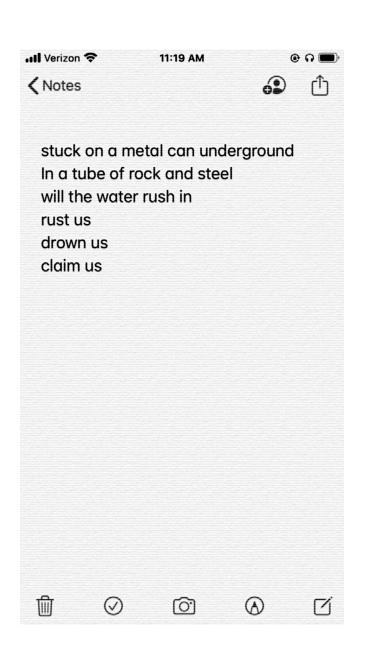


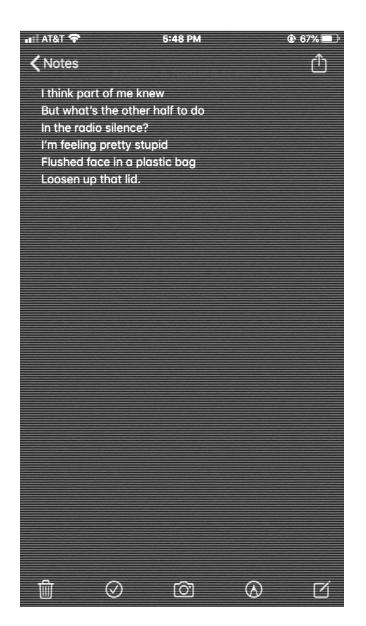


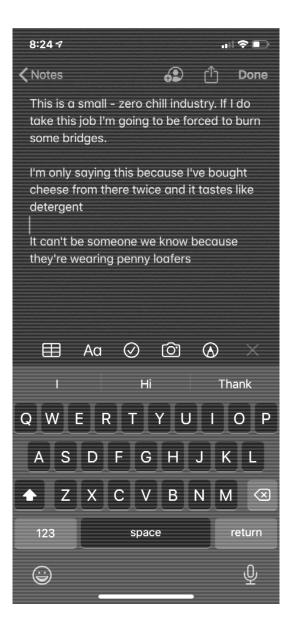














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Gays in chairs The "I have a hemorrhoid but it's on the mend" pose (one to two hands under bum, palms face down)

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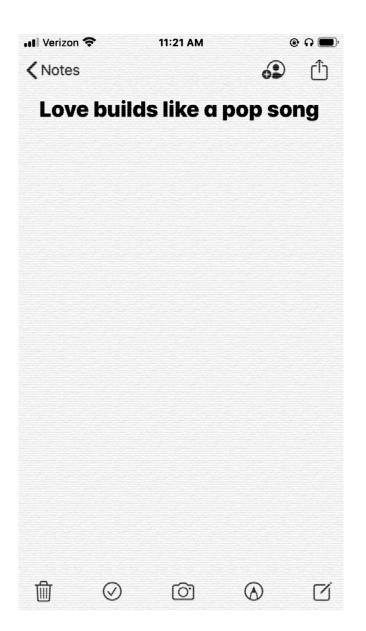
The genovian criss cross - princess diaries. Something about this movie being a gay root for many

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

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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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