

THE

WEAKLY

Issue No. 17

Read this.
excerpt from Timothy Treadwell's tapes

MEDIA OF THE WEEK

Don't Panic

Weekly Word

M- Dash

JUKEBOX

THIS TYPE I CAN'T ARTICULATE

LIKED THE WEAKLY?

This zine needs YOU to keep it running by sending in your musings, from your notes app to the backs of your books. It is printed every first working day of the week- and distributed amongst whoever the editor runs into first. It's special in a way where you know that someone probably carries your poem in their wallet.

You can also find the Weekly and more zines at [DelhiZine](#), a zine collective devoted to sponsoring art. Catch us at [@delhizine](#) and [delhizine.github.io](#). E-mail your thoughts, notes, pictures, sketches, sighing and crying to fillslack@gmail.com. Or maybe bump into me in the corridor. God knows, I love that.



Didn't get a physical copy? Print your own!!!

editor's note

I've heard so many people say that the Internet is ruining the concept of love- and to those people I say, my dear, have you heard a love song? Music has been the bane and the boon of the romantic's existence since, well, the world began. Birdsong? Even animals indulge in wooing, a process, not entirely based on honesty. Sirens lured sailors to death through the method of song. How many a tragic lover embarked on their doom only having heard their sweetheart's voice? Has love ever been more glorified than by an orchestra of musicians in a dimly lit room playing symphonies from centuries ago? And coming to music I know well, who here is implying that some videos from TikTok have done the same amount of damage as the bridge of *Suspicious Minds* by Elvis? I, personally, am doomed. My concept of love, and love for everyone and everything, is sadly modelled by the absolute exclusivity love songs enjoy in my enormous music consumption. I listen to love songs in the morning and at night, walking and resting, jittery and calm. I listen to love songs when studying, when heartbroken, when cleaning a clogged sink. I let the wave take me and dictate me. When The Strokes said I want your time, don't ask me questions in *Why Are Sundays So Depressing*, I crossed my heart and hoped to die. Despite firmly believing that love was invented by Hallmark to sell greeting cards, I have *Somehow* become *Mr Loverman*. Although *I Am a Rock*, I still sometimes wish to *Curl Up & Die*. Despite all this, I still build a *House of Cards*, maybe *Because* it is a part of *Being Alive* or maybe *True Love Waits*, so I think I *Will* let it *Linger* till my *Last Night on Earth*. And honestly, everyone (including me) finds my music taste super annoying.



@ruammrr_clicks

Read this.

If there... I have no idea if there's a God! But if there's a God, God would be very, very, pleased with me. If he could just watch me here, how much I love them, how much I adore them, how respectful I am to them. How I am one of them. And how the studies they give me, the photographs, the video... And take that around for no charge to people around the world. It's good work. I feel good about it. I feel good about myself doing it. And I want to continue, and I hope I can. I really hope I can. But if not, be warned! I will die for these animals. I will die for these animals. I will die for these animals. Thank you so much for letting me do this. Thank you so much for these animals, for giving me a life. I had no life. Now I have a life. Now enough of that. Now let the expedition continue. It's off to Timmy the fox. We've gotta find Banjo *[another fox]*. He's missing! And that's my story here, for me, Timothy Treadwell, the kind warrior. Can I take it? I'm trying. Okay, yeah, I can do it. Yeah. Why not? Why not? I've crossed the halfway point. Government's given me all they have. So far. I've stood up to it. I've had danger in the boat, almost died. I've almost fallen off a cliff. Yeah. The danger factor's about to amp up in the Maze. The Maze is always the most dangerous. Lord, I do not want to be hurt by a bear. I do not... I love you. Look at you. You're the best little fox... So I promised the bears that if I would look over them, would they please help me be a better person and they've become so inspirational, and living with the foxes too, that I did. I gave up the drinking. It was a miracle. It was an absolute miracle. And the miracle was animals. The miracle was animals. I live. I live here. It's very dangerous. It's really dangerous. I run wild with the bears. I run so wild, so free, so like a child with these animals. It's really cool. And it's very serious. I'm here alone, and when you're all alone you do get... you get lonely. Oh, uh, Right? You get pretty lonely. Oh, no, no, In goma do all this stuff because I'm supposed to be alone.

:timothy treadwell, transcript from the documentary Grizzly Man

Weekly Word

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you - Nobody - too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! they'd banish us - you know!

How dreary - to be -
Somebody!
How public - like a Frog
To tell your name - the
livelong June -
To an admiring Bog!

-the Editor is late, but here's some Emily Dickinson in defense of the m-dash

MEDIA OF THE WEEK

DOUGLAS ADAMS

The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy



a novel

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-curated by missed the memo on what was asked but alright

1. *The Man Who Sold the World*, David
2. *Majhe Majhe Tabo Dekha Pai*, Arnob
3. *Suzanne*, Leonard Cohen
4. *Megh Bolechhe*, Arnob
5. *Solo un uomo*, AndreaLaszloDesimone
6. *Hallelujah*, Jeff Buckley
7. *Perfect Day*, Lou Reed