

90后的九零情歌

**90s SINGLES  
NIGHT**

**touchpaperlit  
.com**

90后的九零情歌

OR,

NOW THAT'S  
WHAT I CALL  
90s SINGLES  
NIGHT

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在中国，11月11日又名光棍儿节

光棍儿节最早是被中国大学生用来自嘲单身，每天夜里组织卧谈会-集体讨论怎么摆脱单身，遂举办单身派对

十一月十一日在日历中四个孤独的数字“1”连在一起，形似四根光滑的棍子，因此被定为光棍儿节

这些杂集是从西方文化的角度理解单身???? 同时追忆自己的往昔……



九十年代的爱情，是偏执狂……

## INTRODUCTION

The 11th November marks Singles' Day in China.

Traditionally, to be single, female and over 25 meant that one was past it. From 1993, Chinese students began to host Singles' Parties, which today are now as much about being single as they are coupling up.

11.11 (4 single units together in the calendar) thus became the obvious day to celebrate (non-)coupledom.

This written mixtape comes from a British understanding of being single - as well as in and of the 90s - where 11 90s singles inspired 11 perspectives in bouts of automatic writing sessions as long as the tracks themselves.



Love in the 90s: it's paranoid...

## *Dub be good to me*

### 对我好一点

you're listening to the boy from  
the big bad city, he shouts,  
seductively, arhythmically,  
over a space of three bar stools,  
two friends and a tropical Reef

we could be together  
or we could be strangers  
I whisper to her  
and stranger still  
she's still listening

if love is a game of chances  
– and I can't see anyone else in here –  
then I guess I'll take my chances  
with you – as your friends and mine  
leave us uncaring and alone together

she might have many others, but, tonight  
she's coming home with me – in the  
morning, afternoon or evening –  
when I say, 'I'll be good to you',  
I only hope she'll be good to me



## *All that she wants*

她想要的一切

you live a lonely life, yet your bed is made  
for two and in the corner of your eye is  
an 8, maybe a 9, with another brew.

You walk on over with two drinks in hand to  
make your big advance and as she meets you past  
the middle she takes a sip of both.

Now she's walking towards the door – you better  
not be lost – she'll charge you for directions, because,  
baby, all that she wants is a night of passion –

take that love heroin if you want it, mate,  
but don't you be crying come Monday lunchtime

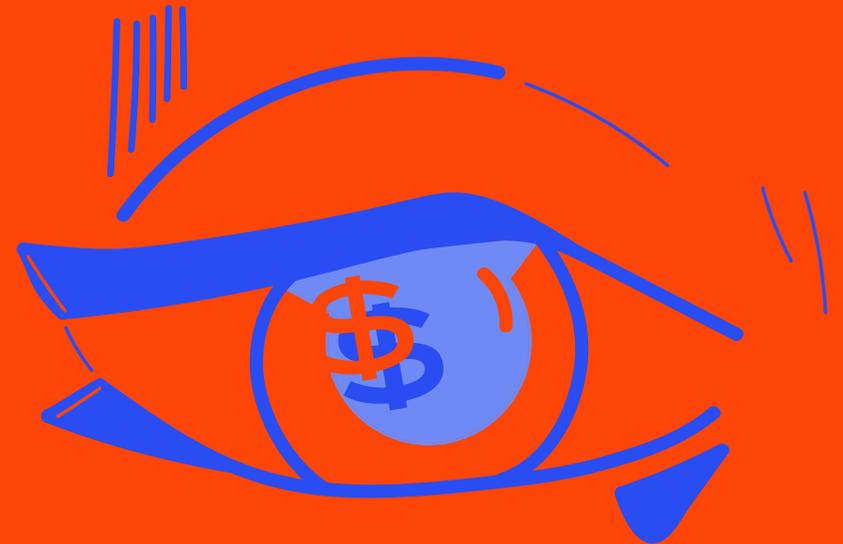


## *No scrubs*

### 別裝逼

when that bass drum kicks  
and he licks his lips  
she slowly moves her  
hips over closer to  
his, where he gets her  
digits and all of  
her time, all whispered  
to him without a  
single line because  
he looks like class, while  
she, mostly, feels like trash...

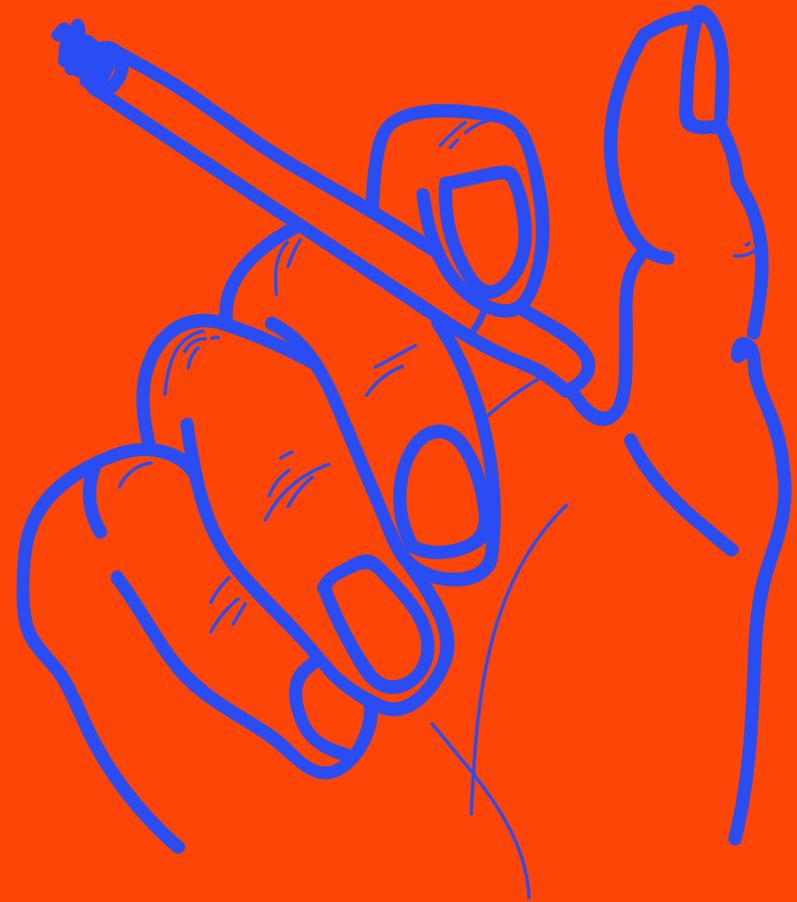
or, maybe you just sat  
too long on your broke  
ass, asking how they  
seem to get all the  
fly girls while you get  
all the hood rats; yeah,  
I wish you were a  
little bit taller  
too, but I know I  
look good and you're here  
now, so I'll buy these, and...



## ***Doo wop (that thing)***

### 羞羞的事 (XXOO)

When the guys in the fancy adidas, are truly, madly, deeply only about that one thing: ordering Cristal by the cases, living in parents' basements, it displaces that feeling of never having made it (which is consistently affirmed by girls who seem to hate guys who don't supply them and their mates drinks all evening: threatening to leave, or, at least find the next bloke in the smoker's section prepared to buy sex with alcohol). And yet, surely, we know that girls in stilettos, like boys with coin, are nothing to fear. We ain't going to win, if we're not right within, Lauryn comes on and nails it: that straight path, that deen, Sirat al-Mustaqeem is consequent on being true to oneself first before Him, Her or Them.



## ***Would I lie to you?***

我会对你说谎吗？

as Charles and Eddie croon  
to a now packed room  
he meets her eyes and motions outside

*jealous minds, never satisfied*

and she follows and he smiles  
and as he rolls another last cigarette  
she toys with an idea

*you'll never find another girl  
in this heart of mine*

he wants to get out of here  
and she knows this  
she's got a fella  
and he knows this

*would I lie to you, baby?*

he might, she might  
with eyes open wide  
they hold cold, dry hands, and  
look towards the rest of the night

*(oh yeah)*



## *Girls and boys*

男生女生

she drinks a whiskey drink,  
he drinks a vodka drink  
she drinks a lager, lager, lager,  
lager, shouting  
– du bist sehr schön –  
– tell her she's really pretty –  
– fuck off, Jarvis –  
deep in session  
– we haven't been introduced –  
– she promises to page you,  
as soon as she gets back  
to her friends' friend's flat –  
– howay, Jarvis, man –



## ***A girl like you***

像你一样的女子

you subtract all of your clothes and then I  
give you my brogues, as well as your neighbour's  
cat, five candles and some roses by the  
stairs. You tell me to shush while you sing only  
my favourite song. You insist on your  
father's map and on getting me crawling,  
crawling, crawling along the floor. My hands?  
Yeah, they'll be bleeding and your feet'll be raw,  
then, hopefully, you'll kiss me, down, down, down  
by the broken treehouse and give me just  
a taste so I'll want more and I'll wear that  
dress and you'll do me wrong: never, never,  
never, never. I've never known a girl like you before



## *My favourite game*

### 我喜欢的游戏

maybe it's an illegal drive through dusktime  
deserted spaces, abandoned shirts, dropped tops  
and whipping hair, or maybe it's finding another  
king for my castle. It's fine the way you want me  
in your arms, and yet, in any event, it's not  
a matter of you versus me – it's strictly me versus me  
– exactly as obnoxious as a two-note guitar melody



## *Crush*

### 怦然心动

the things you do  
the things you say  
you're unbelievable  
and when you get to love me  
you just won't leave me alone  
or at least that's my love foolosophy  
Richard Ashcroft through the plebeian  
thinking on the Derridean  
on the who and the what  
to you on the stage dancing  
around our mound of jackets  
high heels and handbags  
you're everything I need you to be  
as the synths trill and the drums kick  
and the crowd swells with bouncers  
determined to throw a quick fist  
I know that I've made a mess  
of my Harrington but I won't  
make a mess of this as  
I grab your hand and



## *The bad touch*

### 触点

sweat, baby, I'm sweating  
unknown textures all over my ribs  
hot and cold, fast and slow  
visions of a frozen socialist

marching Bolivians and  
tonight, Matthew, I've got  
canned heat in my heels  
aha, well, now, you know

that this boogie's for real, your feet  
are ice picks and the back seat rips  
and the windows drip to reveal  
a just closing Safeway

trapped air sticks and escapes  
unsanctified cataclysms  
as you grab the gear stick  
and void any remaining warranties

I love the kind of love  
we'll clean up with a mop and bucket  
you've got two thumbs up my arse  
and only you know where I stuck it

I thought I'd missed but when  
I heard you say, aw yeah, that's it  
quick, soft kisses and hardened blisters  
once more for us, it's business time



## *Closing time*

### 离别时分

I know who I want  
to take me home

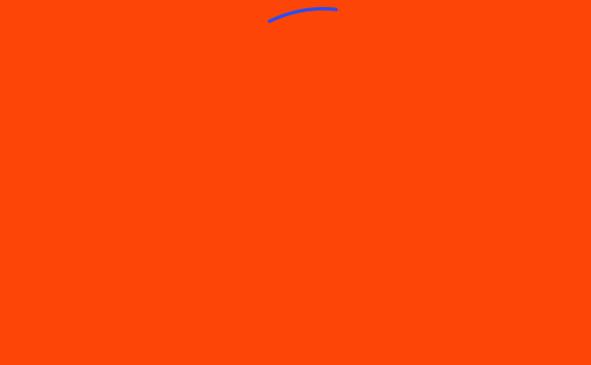
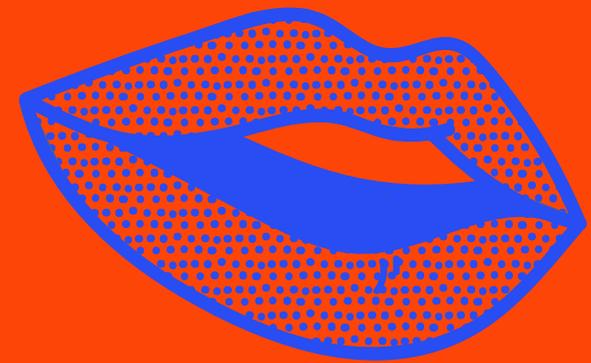
you know that you want  
to take me home

and if boys didn't cry then  
then they won't cry now

you shush me with a zig-a-zig-ah  
and I know then that

you'll love me like a rollercoaster  
grab your pants and jacket

and maybe a slice of toast  
and then leave me [baby] all alone



## Acknowledgements

### 1 - 11

Beats International  
Ace of Base  
TLC  
Lauryn Hill  
Charles & Eddie  
Blur  
Edwyn Collins  
The Cardigans  
Jennifer Paige  
Bloodhound Gang  
Semisonic

### Plus

The 80s, 90s & 00s  
Arctic Monkeys  
Blink-182  
Catatonia  
Chumbawumba  
The Cure  
EMF  
Flight of the Conchords  
Jamiroquai  
Jay McInerney  
Julia Roberts  
Oasis  
Pulp  
Reef  
Savage Garden  
Sixpence None the Richer  
Skee-Lo  
Spice Girls  
The Streets  
Underworld  
Wamdue Project

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Press Start 2P

Gravity