



UNSCRIPTED! UNEDITED! UNSOLICITED!

i want
EVERYTHiNG.



I'M ALWAYS IN A WEIRD MOOD WHEN I START A NEW ZINE. IT'S LIKE IF I'M TOO HAPPY, I CAN'T WRITE. THE PAST FEW DAYS I'VE WOKEN UP FEELING LIKE MURDER, AND GOING TO BED TENSE AND ANXIOUS.

MY COLLEGE CAREER (UGH) IS DOWN TO THE WIRE, WORK IS PILING UP, AND THINGS SEEM STRANGELY APOCALYPTIC.



BUT MAYBE APOCALYPSE IS THE POINT.

I THINK SOME THINGS ARE CHANGING. MAYBE

I AM BECOMING BRAVER.

MAYBE THE WORLD

IS ENDING.

MAYBE I SHOULD STOP BEING SUCH A DRAMA QUEEN.

my ship is leaving port.

Sometimes I remember why I like being in college, like when Mel Chen came and talked about Racial Animacies (queer licking!) or

when my Queer Youth Cultures professor says "I don't want to go all Judith Butler on your ass."

But once the Liver Rot Lounge dissolved with barely a trace of overflowing ash trays and red lipstick on my collar...

i think that's when i was done.

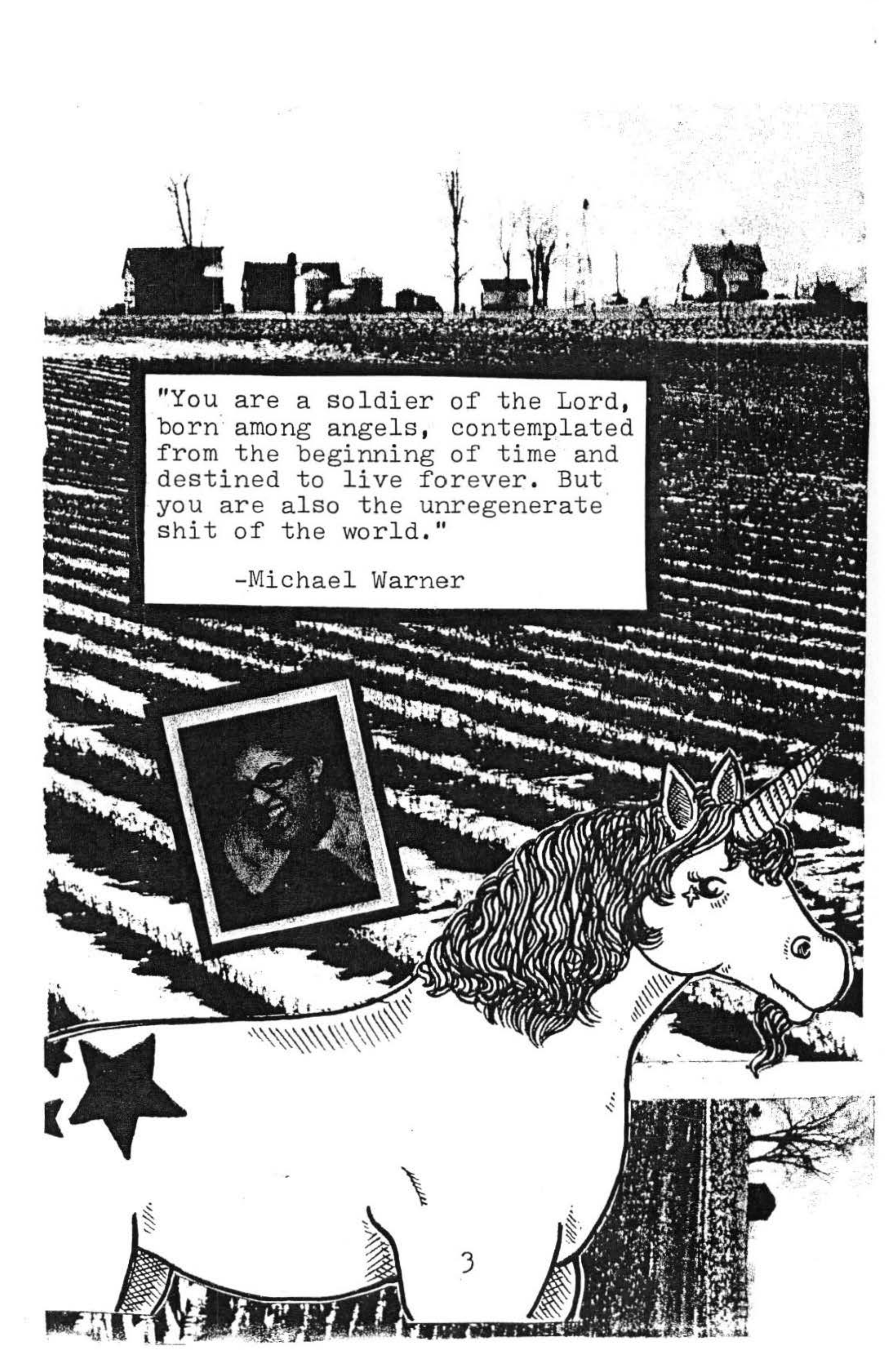
Most of my bridges # have been thoroughly burned. I will miss Brosef and JPWH and Vivi and getting my mind blown by C.Hanhardt, and I will miss sketchy free copies and access to UMD's awesome gym.

But mostly,

I am so ready to get the fuck out of College Park. With a BA in American Studies thank you very much.

I worked my ass off and I like to think I am leaving a legacy at this Hellmouth of an institution.

Punk rock overachievers unite and destroy!



"You are a soldier of the Lord,
born among angels, contemplated
from the beginning of time and
destined to live forever. But
you are also the unregenerate
shit of the world."

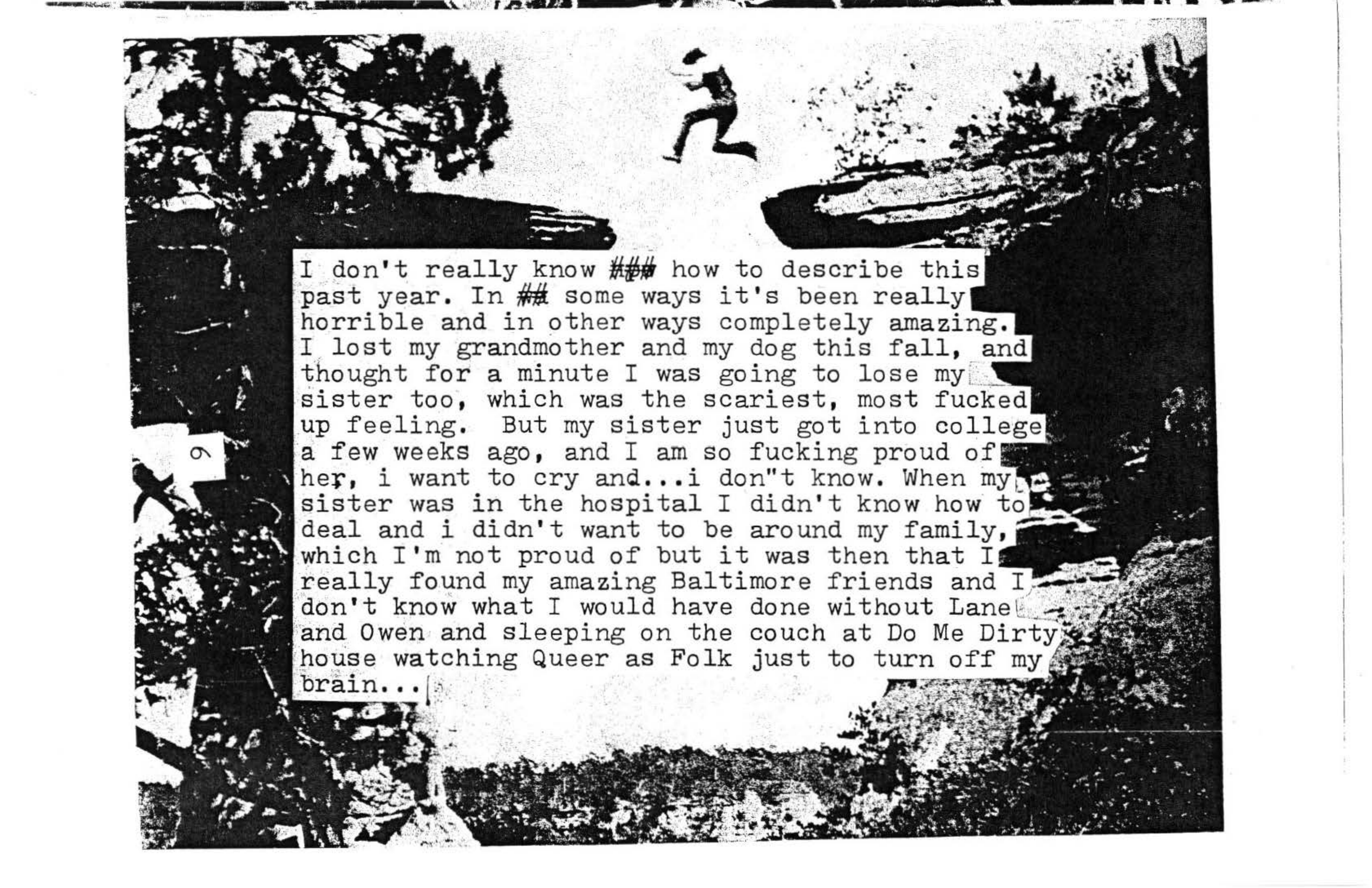
-Michael Warner





ORIGINALLY DRAWN FOR QZAP:meta! QZAP.ORG





I don't really know ~~###~~ how to describe this
past year. In ~~##~~ some ways it's been really
horrible and in other ways completely amazing.
I lost my grandmother and my dog this fall, and
thought for a minute I was going to lose my
sister too, which was the scariest, most fucked
up feeling. But my sister just got into college
a few weeks ago, and I am so fucking proud of
her, i want to cry and...i don't know. When my
sister was in the hospital I didn't know how to
deal and i didn't want to be around my family,
which I'm not proud of but it was then that I
really found my amazing Baltimore friends and I
don't know what I would have done without Lane
and Owen and sleeping on the couch at Do Me Dirty
house watching Queer as Folk just to turn off my
brain...

Carolyn Parker Earhart Leeds

1936-2009

My grandmother was
a god-fearing

America-loving

Pennsylvanian who had 4 kids
and one hell of an addictive
personality.

I love her,

and I miss her every
day.

my grandmother taught me a lot
about being fierce.

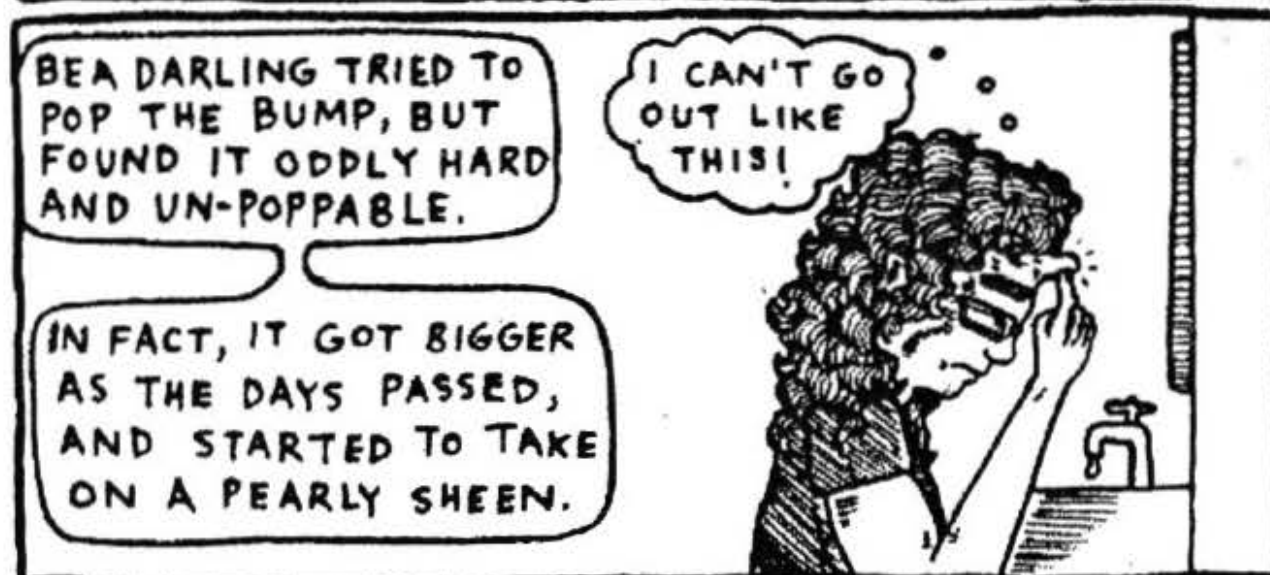
i went with my mother to
the funeral home to ID my
mommoms body before she was
cremated

(her ashes are in a jar from
Pier 6 that was on sale, on
top # of her old player piano
in my parent's living room.
my mom and i joked we should
put the ashes in a vodka
bottle or an ashtray)

she died of emphysema

so cremation seemed kind of ironic.
maybe she didn't want us to remember
her looking so unfabulous.

(even though I know she
wouldn't approve of most
anything I do.)





BUT I DIGRESS...

I think I started falling in love with B. the first time I saw him, maybe before that, even. On our first professor-instigated "talk about our research" coffee date, we talked for like two hours while Brosef stared quizzically at me from the other side of the library lobby.

Still, it took a full semester of coffee and hiking (just friends), me leaving and working at girl scout camp for the summer, chasing and crushing and being a little bit heartbroken over



"Wishes are the best way...wish on everything. Pink cars are good, especially old ones. And stars of course, first stars and shooting stars. Planes will do if they are the first light in the sky and look like stars. Wish in tunnels, holding your breath and lifting your feet off the ground...Even if you get your wish, there are usually complications...But still you must wish."

--FLB, "Witch Baby"

someone else before B. asked me out, before he told me that he had been writing me love letters all summer and not sending them.

Still, I wasn't expecting to fall in LOVE.

LOVE is new and unfamiliar but pretty damn good. B. and I fit together in undeniable ways. I sleep better when he is there and when I wake up in the middle of the night and he has migrated inches from me I pull him back. LOVE makes me greedy and selfish and is teaching me to give and to consider another person in everything I do.

I wasn't expecting to be spinning these fantasies of shared space and vegetable gardens and beekeeping and chickens and

imagining a future (nebulous and uncertain though it may be) with both of us in it, somehow together despite grad school or (lack of) employment or any of the other bullshit that conspires to keep people apart.

* ALSO HE CAME WITH
ME TO PASSOVER
SEDER AND MY
YOUNGEST SISTER'S
BAT MITZVAH. A ZILLION
"PUTTING UP W/ THE FAM"
POINTS. *

It is impossible to describe all the reasons and ways that I love him. Barthes writes in "A Lover's Discourse" of "the fatigue of language," that we fall back on the "futile vestige" of words that cannot ever possibly describe the extent of our emotion, our adoration. So then, "The adorable is what is adorable. Or again:

I adore you because you are

adorable. I love you because I love you."

A TRUE
STORY
FROM
THE
LIFE
OF
J. BEE

YEAH HI...
I'M HERE TO
GET BLOOD-
WORK DONE
FOR DR. S?

THANKS
HON, TAKE
A SEAT.
IT'LL BE A
MINUTE.

HOW LONG
IS THIS
GOING TO
TAKE?

OH THE
CODE ISN'T
ON THIS...

LET ME
CALL DR. S
REAL QUICK

HELLO,
CAN I
GET
THE
CODE
FOR A
MISS
BRAGER?

WHY IS SHE
SHOUTING?!

HIRSUTISM?

NEVER
HEARD OF
THAT...

CAN YOU
SPELL
IT?

H-I-R-S-U-T...

OH FOR
THE LOVE
OF CHRIST.

j.bee 4.6.2010

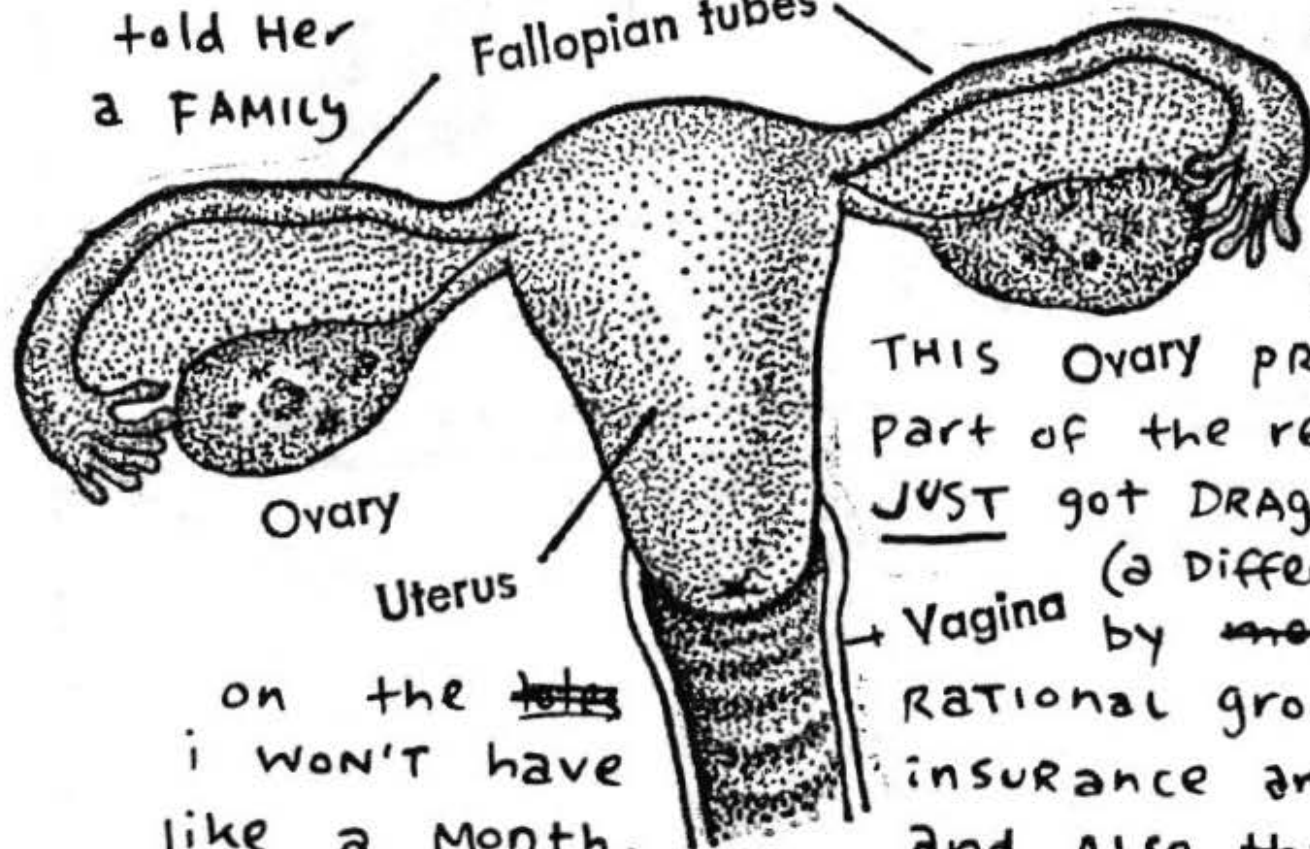
THE FIRST TIME I WENT TO THE GYNOCOLOGIST WAS AT THE WHITMAN WALKER FREE CLINIC. ~~SINCE~~ I WAS ABOUT 19 AND SEXUALLY ACTIVE. THE GYNO TOLD ME THEY USUALLY ONLY RECOMMENDED GYNOCOLOGICAL EXAMS FOR WOMEN WHO HAVE SEX WITH MEN.

UHHH WHAT. THEN SHE POKED AROUND MY CERVIX AND LITERALLY LAUGHED WHEN I STUTTERINGLY TOLD HER

a FAMILY

Fallopian tubes

that I have History of Fibroids & Polycystic Ovaries.



THIS Ovary probably is part of the reason why I ^{12 yrs. later} JUST got DRAGGED back to

(a different) Gyno by ~~me~~ my mom,

RATIONAL grounds THAT insurance anymore in

and ALSO that my pediatrician

on the ~~10th~~ i won't have like a month,

just diagnosed me with PCOS, a diagnosis that I am crying BULLSHIT on so hard. This diagnosis was based on elevated testosterone levels, versus say, irregular periods or looking at my ovaries. New gyno whose name is (adorably) Dee Dee agreed that she PROBS wouldn't diagnose PCOS without irregular menstruation, BUT otherwise the visit left me crying in my car on the phone with Lane who is like the homohero of saving my life on a pretty regular basis. I went into the goddamn women's health center determined to self-advocate and the first thing the doctor does is go "oh your mom is my patient we love her!" which I should have known but didn't. So then when Dee Dee was on a huge tangent of a lecture on why I should go on birth control because

condoms were not foolproof I did not say "hey fool stop making assumptions about my partners anatomy i am not going to let you pump me full of hormones to MAINTAIN the facade of my partner as a SPERM PRODUCER." OR something, instead i just laughed nervously. TEE fucking HEE. At least when she mentioned SPIRONOLACTONE as a "treatment" option I shut that down. Even though I can't seem to talk about WHY i LOVE my facial hair to authority figures at least I've gotten to the point of being able to advocate for myself KEEPING my OWN GODDAMN HAIR THAT IS ON MY FACE. FOR MORE ON THIS TAKE A GANDER AT MY ZINE FEMME À BARBE (SHAMELESS!). ONE THING I REALLY DON'T GET IS THE CONSTANT CONNECTION BETWEEN MY weight and my HAIRINESS/"HIRSUTISM" as they say in the industry. Dee Dee seemed to think & certainly suggest that IF i LOSE WEIGHT i will be less hairy and less full of raging manly testosterone and also MORE FERTILE. wtf. really. first of all how do you know i am infertile? jeez with all that crazy hetero unprotected sex i'm having i should TOTES be knocked up by now! and if there was actually a connection between testosterone and fat, hairiness and fat, why are there so many hairless fat people and hairy skinny people and how do i qualify as "too fat" to be a "girl"? maybe if i go eat some more of the soy mocha ice cream i bought for dinner with my friend Emma my sideburns will finally fill in...
YUM on both counts.

Flaming Youth

FUCK YOU ALTHUSSER.

Or, why it's fucking annoying to be hailed as a "lady."

There is humor in the incongruity between how one sees themselves and how others see them-- the failure to reconcile the real and the ideal. I'm not making this shit up, I learned it in college. So what

am I a big joke?

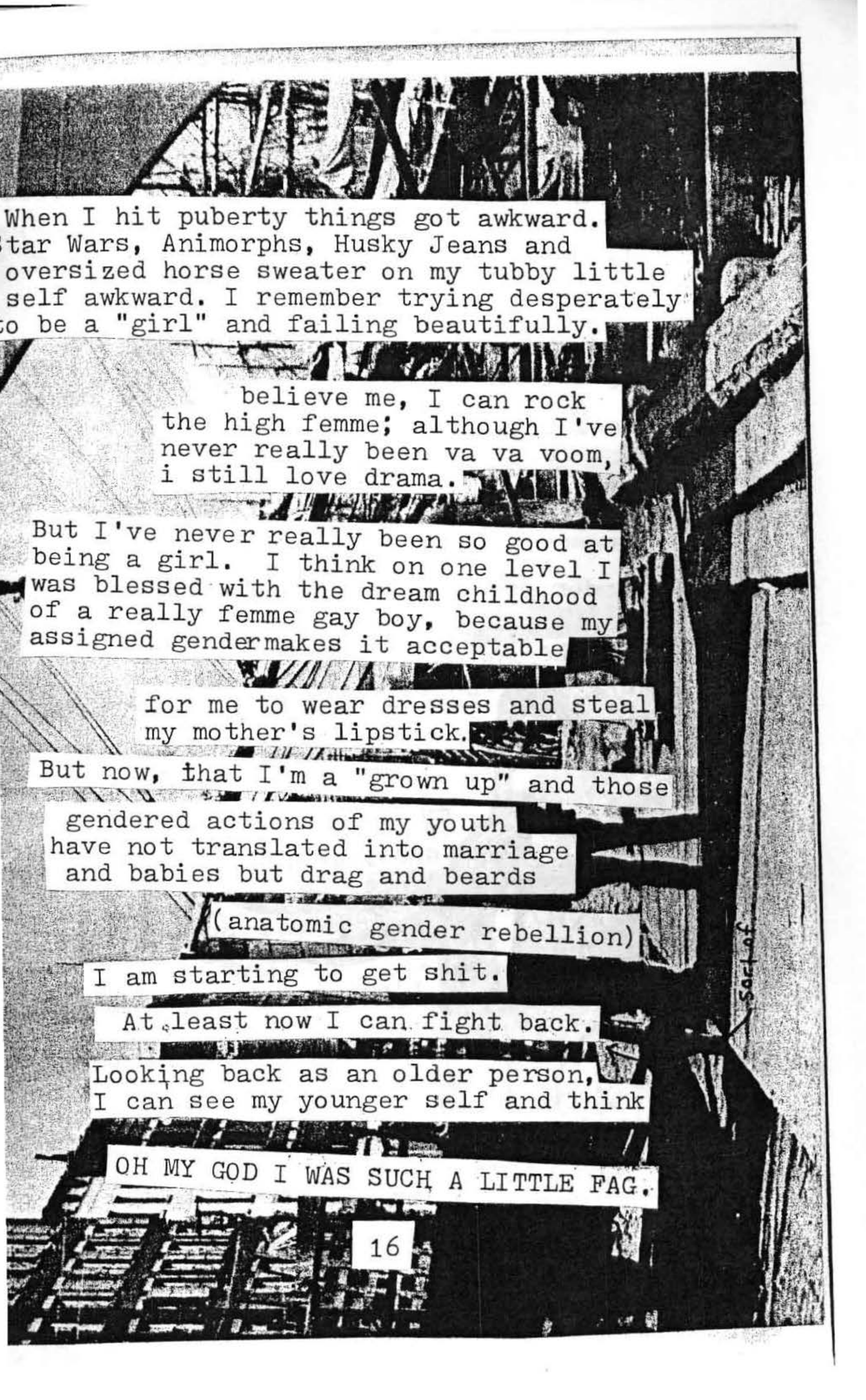
I am trying to translate my

intense awkwardness into deliberate queerness.

When I was a little kid I loved wearing

things that were poofy and sparkly.

I liked being a princess.



When I hit puberty things got awkward.
Star Wars, Animorphs, Husky Jeans and
oversized horse sweater on my tubby little
self awkward. I remember trying desperately
to be a "girl" and failing beautifully.

believe me, I can rock
the high femme; although I've
never really been va va voom,
i still love drama.

But I've never really been so good at
being a girl. I think on one level I
was blessed with the dream childhood
of a really femme gay boy, because my
assigned gender makes it acceptable

for me to wear dresses and steal
my mother's lipstick.

But now, that I'm a "grown up" and those
gendered actions of my youth
have not translated into marriage
and babies but drag and beards

(anatomic gender rebellion)

I am starting to get shit.

At least now I can fight back.

Looking back as an older person,
I can see my younger self and think

OH MY GOD I WAS SUCH A LITTLE FAG.

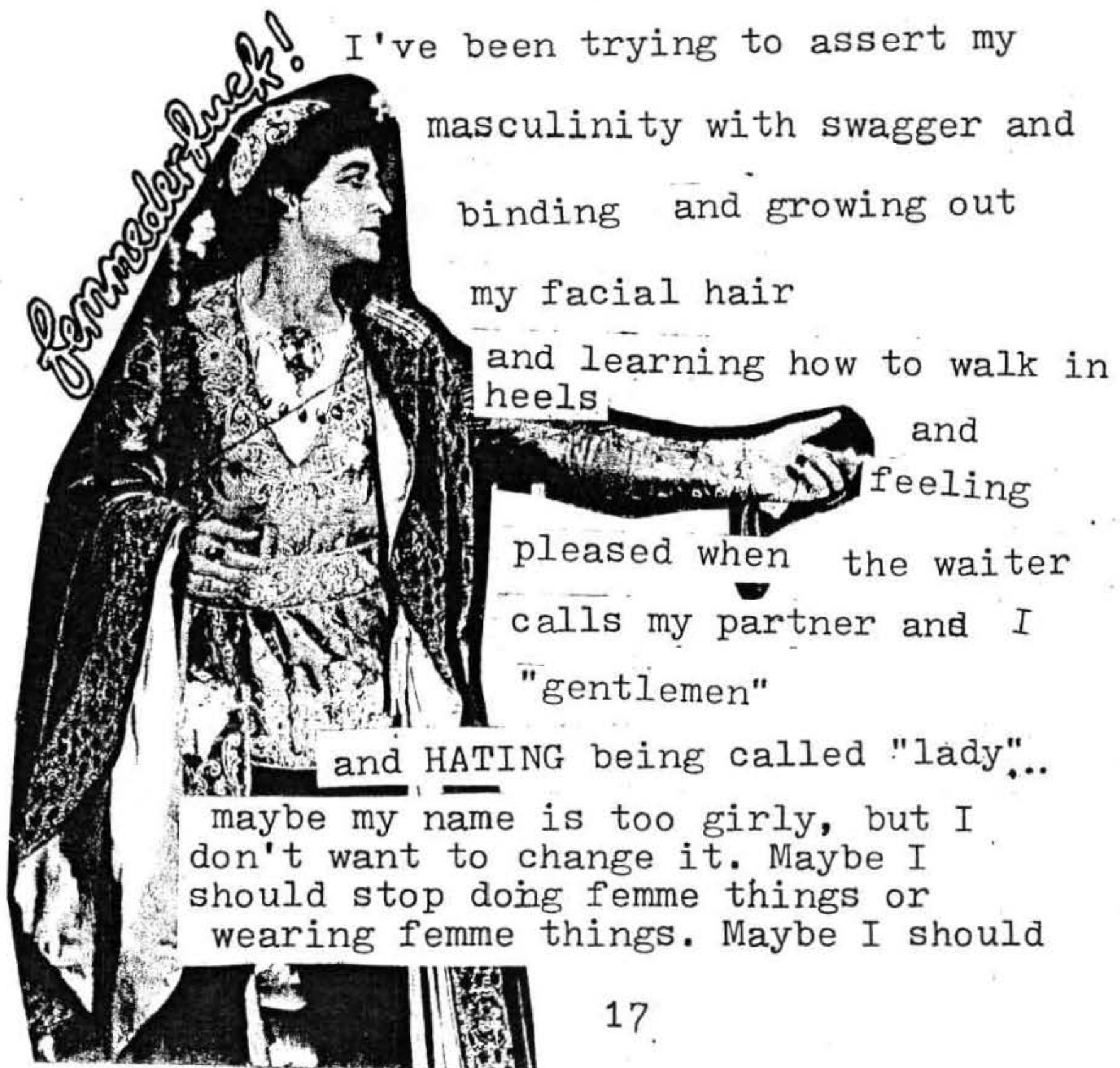
Which doesn't translate into much
except a general discomfort with

categories and occasionally my body,

and feeling awkward when people
"girl" me but not wanting to stuff
myself into the category of male,

and being somewhat pleased with
the terrorist quality of exploding
people's expectations of the category
of "girl".

(I would describe my
gender presentation as FEMMEDERFUCK.)



I've been trying to assert my
masculinity with swagger and
binding and growing out
my facial hair

and learning how to walk in
heels

and
feeling
pleased when the waiter
calls my partner and I
"gentlemen"

and HATING being called "lady"...

maybe my name is too girly, but I
don't want to change it. Maybe I
should stop doing femme things or
wearing femme things. Maybe I should

lower my voice or correct people
when they use female pronouns

even though I don't actually care that

much.

But then, Connor Mattachine
reminds me that I am expecting or
asking people to give a shit--

a order any day.

Especially when I don't even know
exactly what I'm asking people to give
a shit about.

Disclosure!

my music is on random and Miley
Cyrus just came on singing Hoedown
Throwdown which makes it hard to focus.

Also my dog that recently died was a labrador
retriever that I got when I was 11 and named
Sena Warrior Princess so I can never deny
this overwhelming evidence that I was a lesbian
in a past life.

How many queers grew up obsessed with Francesca
Lia Block and then progressed to jacking
off to William S. Burroughs? I remember

reading "I Was A Teenage Fairy" out loud
with my best friend while we lay dripping
on the hot pool deck concrete after swim
team practice.

Mythology.

when I started to realize all the fairies
were anorexic and Dirk McDonald was
written by a straight girl, I got my
hands on Naked Lunch.

On my 21st birthday, I wrote a 10 page paper and puked so hard a broccoli floret came out of my nose, without consuming ANY alcohol. the next morning i took a spanish exam. TRAGIC.

← A PRETTY
FOREBODING
START TO
"ADULT" LIFE!

Which is pretty unrelated to what I actually want to talk about.

I admit/acknowledge that I am totally melodramatic about what is ultimately a pretty fucking privileged position to be in--college educated, white, middle class--even if I am broke and unemployed.

Which doesn't actually make me feel any less anxious, panicky about my future, or rageful at the corporatization of the University, the strip down of the humanities

and the exploitation of grad students and adjuncts. Why do I want to be an academic again?

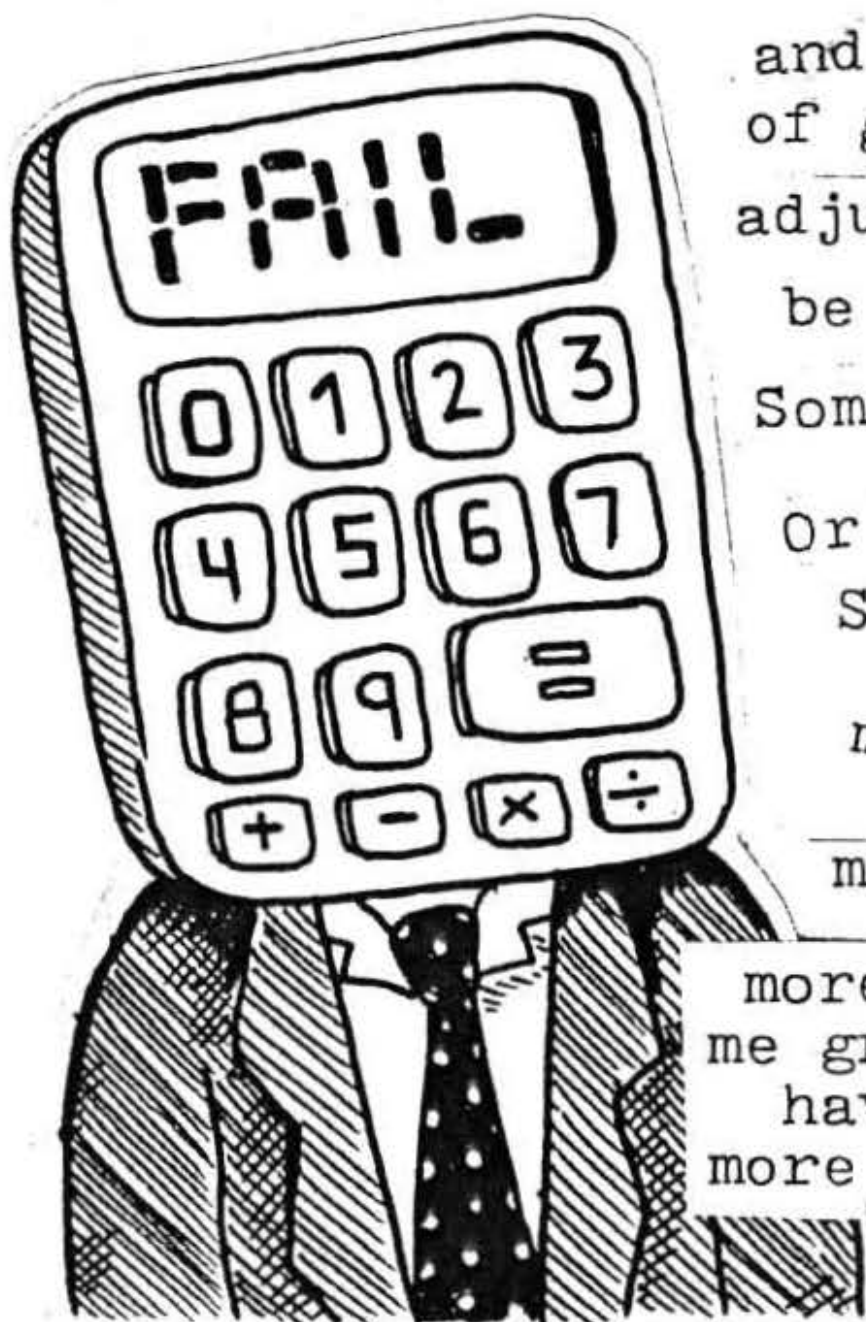
Someone please remind me.

Or smack me.

Still, it seems like

my ideals are becoming more pertinent,

more important, rather than me growing out of them as I have more responsibilities, more bills to pay, more of an



awareness about the world.

This winter I studied abroad in Chile before the physical earthquake struck, but I was there for the earthquake of Pinera's election, the victory of neo-liberalism in which post right-wing dictatorship, post-death camp, the perpetrators and those complicit in the oppression of the people are elected into power by the people.

The group of students I went with put together a week long summer camp

for kids from a school in Valparaiso, and I helped run a workshop with my new amigo Cristian where we designed and made a mosaic for the front of the school with the kids. It was an amazing project and I wonder if it survived the quake. It seemed weird to ask, when people had lost their homes, their lives.

When we went to visit Villa Grimaldi- the infamous torture site

BLAH BLAH
WHITE
PRIVILEGE
BLAH BLAH.

on the outskirts
of Santiago,

our guide, whose father
and stepmother were

WHY CAN'T
I EXPRESS
THIS THE
WAY I WANT
& NEED
TO?



imprisoned and tortured at the Villa, told us a story that has since influenced the way I choose to move through the world.

This story is about what it means to love another human being. At Villa Grimaldi, the prisoners were kept in sheds that were like stop-up coffins, pressed together for days or weeks,

so close that if one wanted to sit the rest would have to stand, hot and sick and steeped in filth, unimaginable (yet you have to imagine, because "unimaginable" allows you to disengage, to remove yourself).

The guide, Anais, told us about a woman imprisoned at Villa Grimaldi who could sing like Edith Piaf, and would bribe the guards for extra bathroom trips by singing to them. And when she got these breaks,

she would collect the underwear of all the women she was imprisoned with--stained from days or #weeks of wear, of sickness and torture and menstruation and once-a-day trips to pee and shit if you were lucky, and this woman who could sing like Edith Piaf would put each pair on over the other and take them to the toilet, and spent her song-bought moments washing all of these pairs of underwear. And she would put them back on, sopping wet, and when it was time to go back, the women she shared the tiny cell with would at the very least have clean underwear.

This is what it means to love.
This is the meaning of solidarity.

Solidarity means that if you and I were stuck together in hell and I could sing like Edith Piaf, I would wash your dirty drawers.

It means knowing that as a person who experiences both oppression and privilege, my liberation is bound up with yours, and that my safety, security, or privilege can not and will not be predicated on the oppression of others,

and that my humanity does not begin or end with those that share my skin color or claim to belong to the same religion.

To quote Fannie Lou Hamer, "Nobody's free until everybody's free."

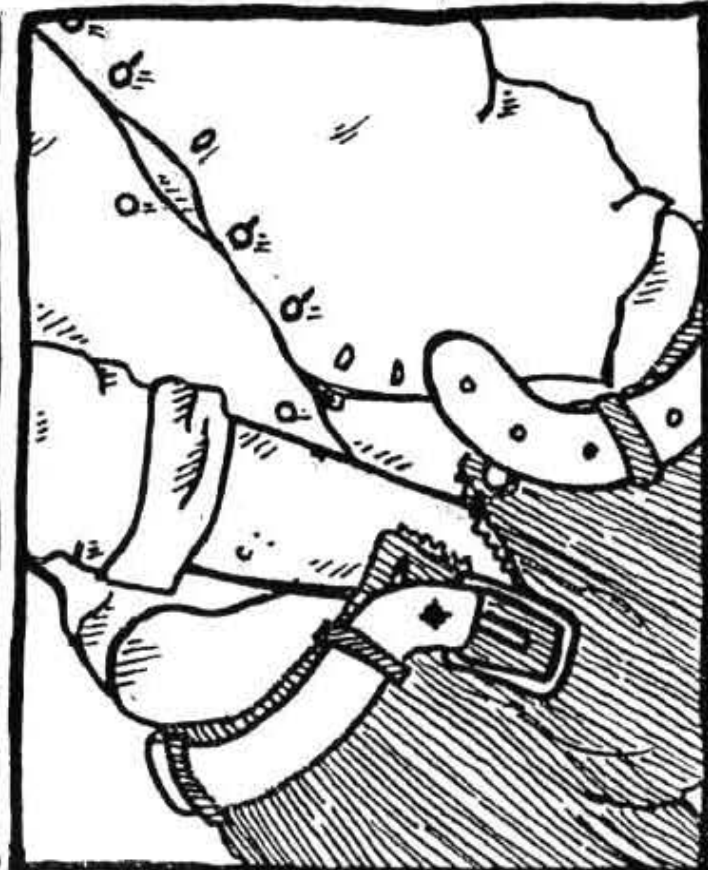
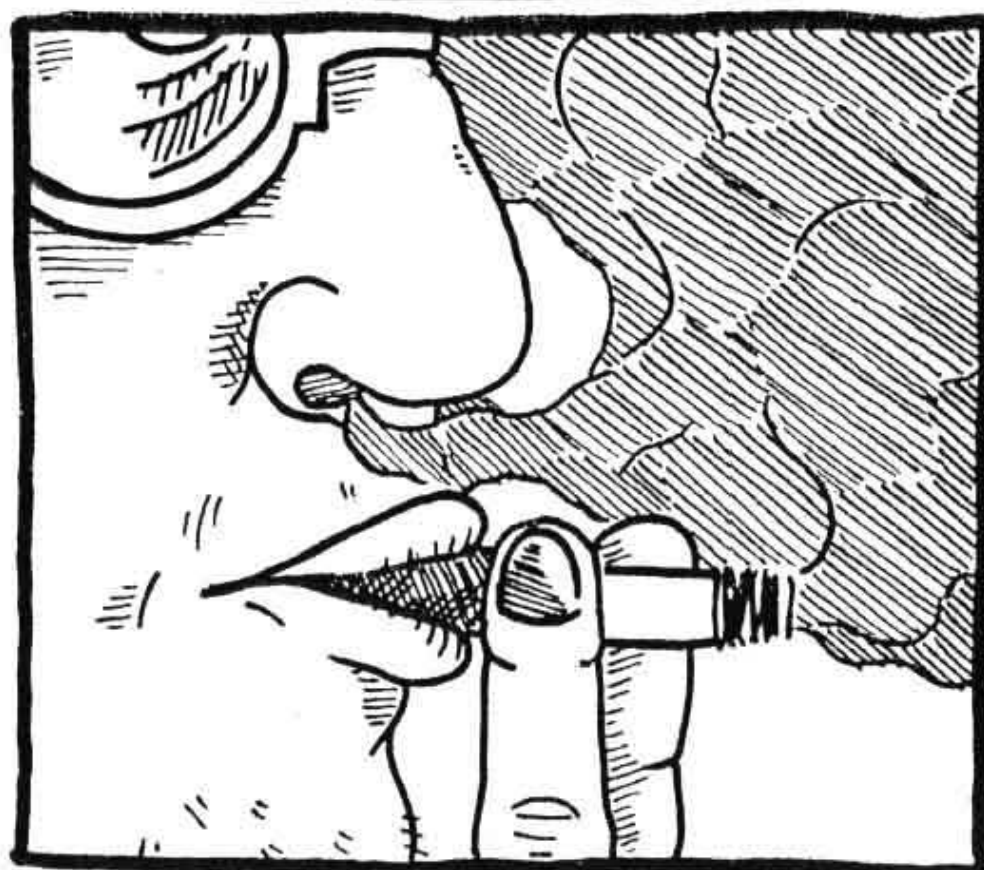
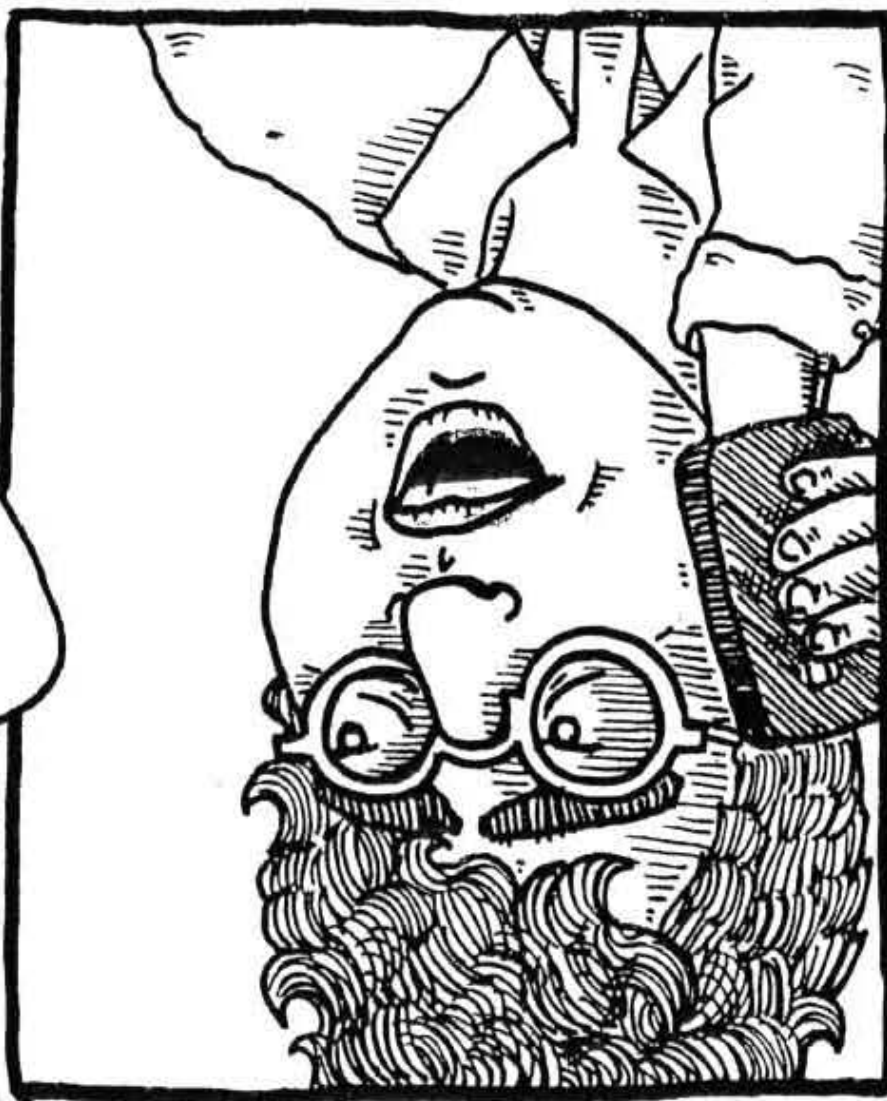
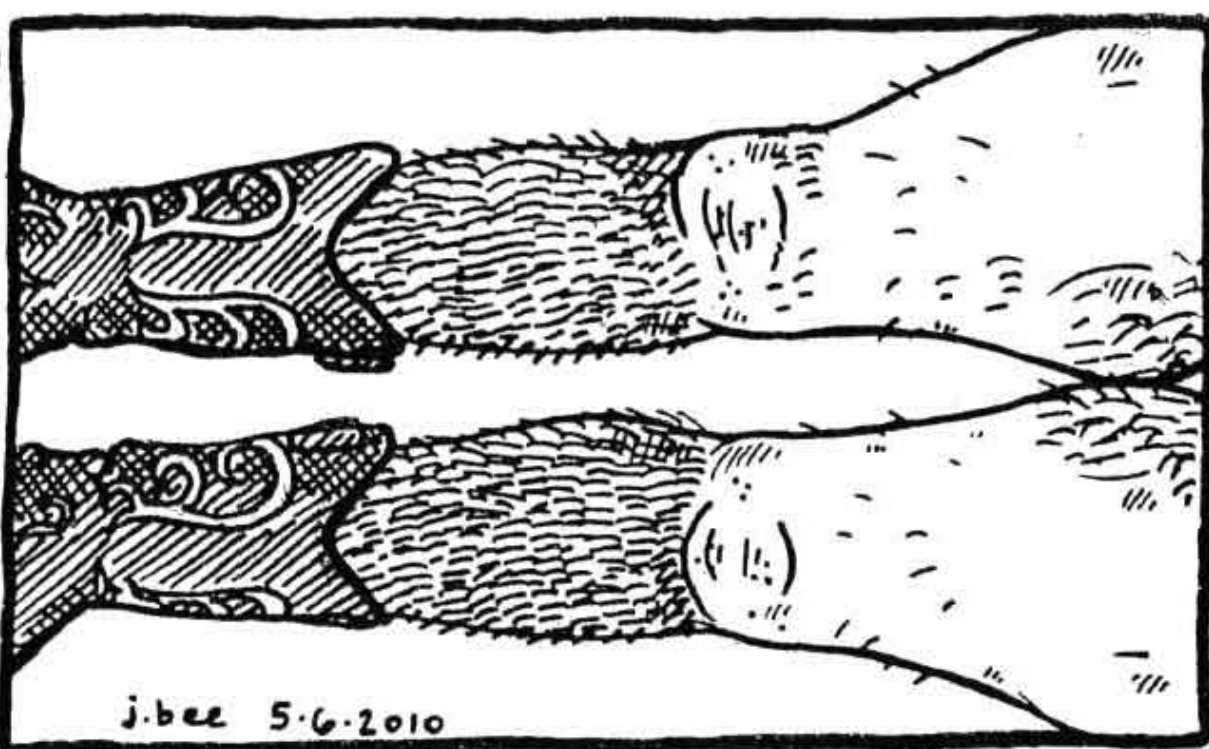
I want to talk about Palestine but
I feel like I have too much to say
right now.

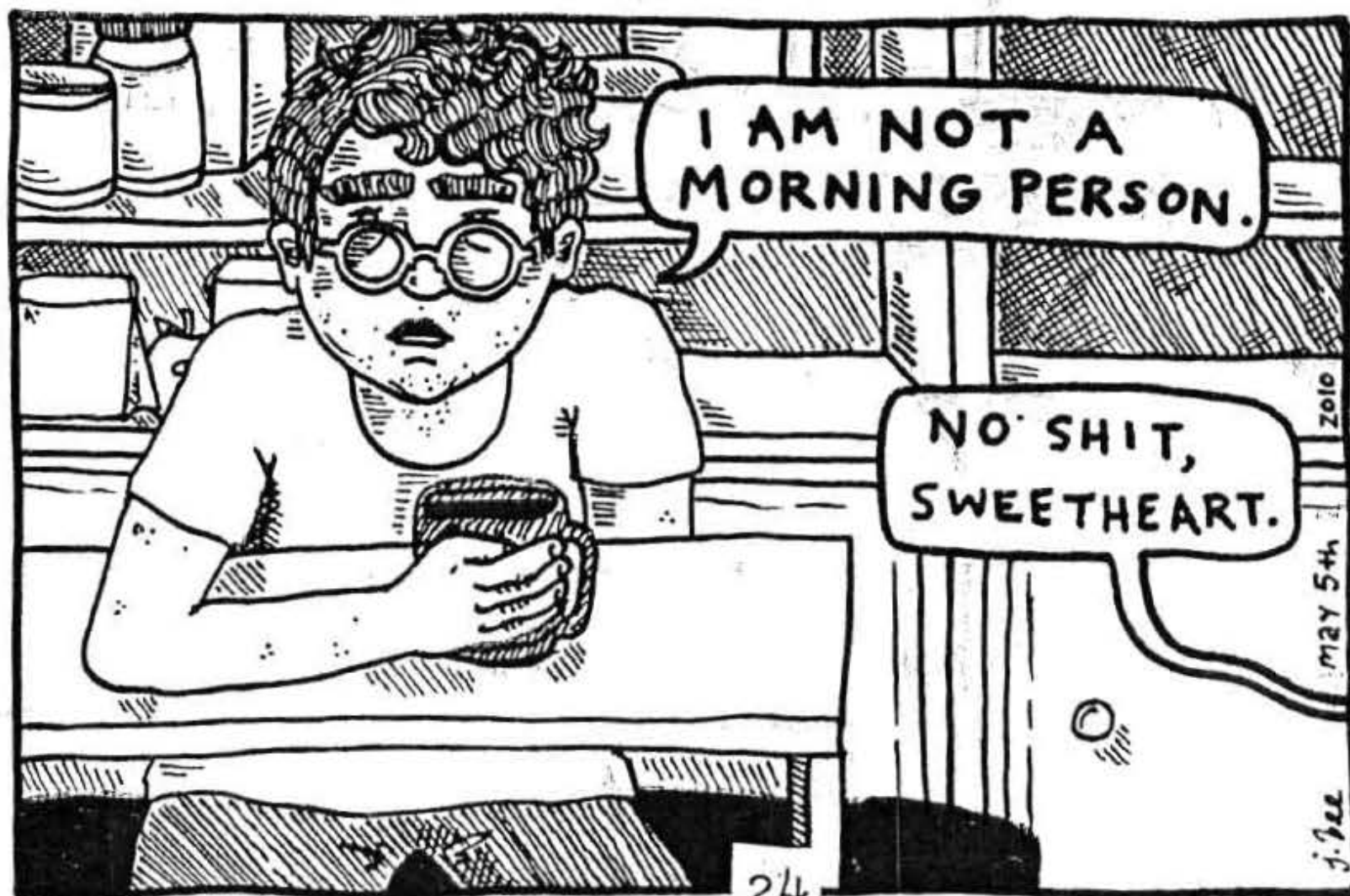
THE EXPERIMENT (from a play called "Slide" that I reviewed)

First, show subjects out-of-focus slides, snap them into focus, and note the time it takes the subject to adjust his/her gaze and identify the object pictured. Next, ask the subject to guess what this unreadable slide might actually depict when in focus, and note the time of the delay in recognition. Finally, place a confederate in the room, a shill pretending to be a second subject; repeat the process, asking the subject to guess at the out of focus image. Have the shill disagree, offering an alternative guess.

The results are as one might expect: The slight delay in recognition in the first phase becomes exaggerated in the second and greatly exaggerated in the third — when the subject feels called to defend his/her guesses. The experiment is a cogent illustration of our all-too-human nature. As Renard, our principal character, states: "So a lifelong conservative will tend to see only the evidence that confirms his or her beliefs; a lifelong liberal will tend to see only the evidence that confirms his or her beliefs."

Stripped of romantic illusions, what must we admit, and what is to become of us?





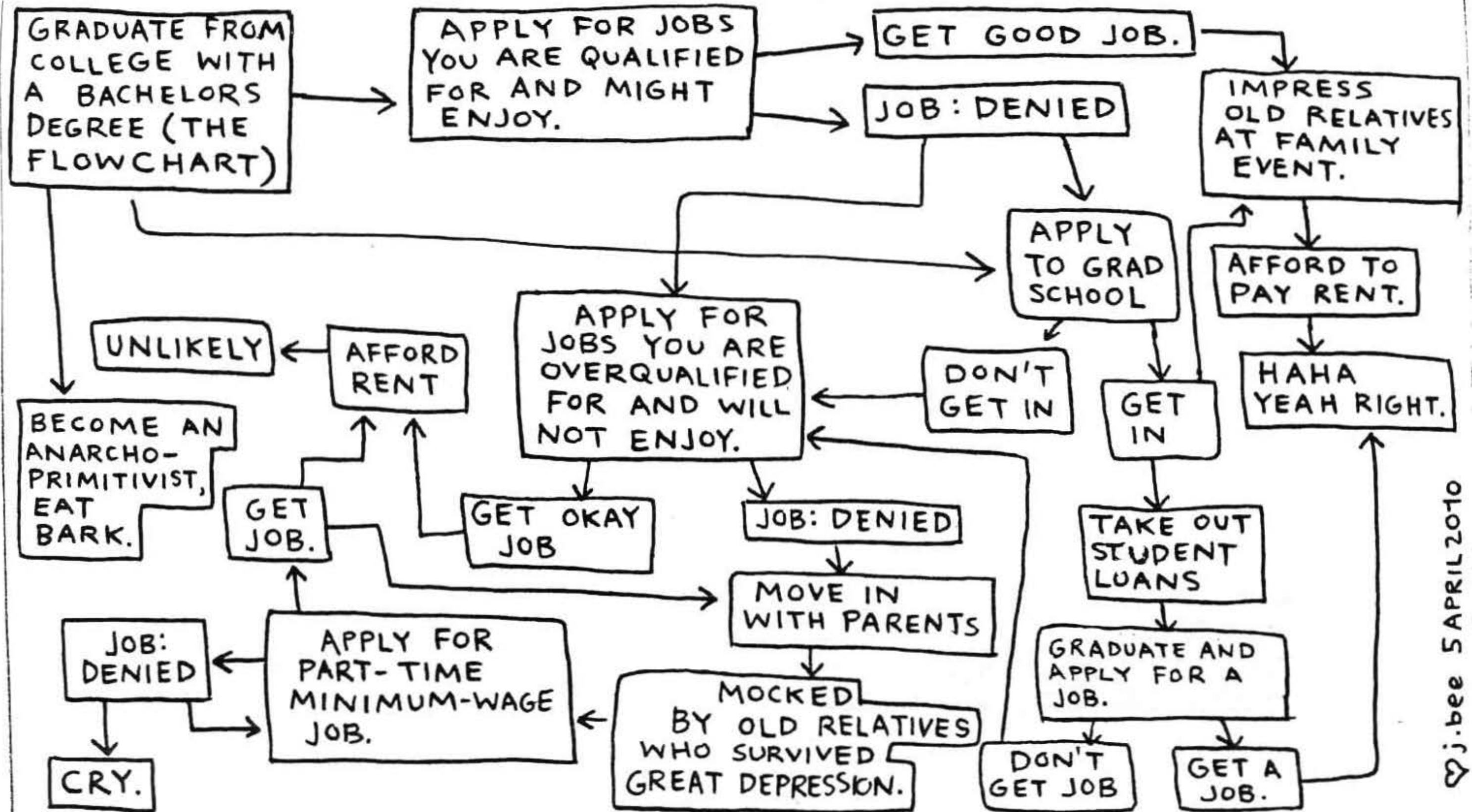
I am finishing this zine with 2 days of classes to go, sort of rushing so I can make copies, before I graduate and get cut off. I'm actually writing this in my Insects lecture where we are going over the order coleoptera. Once I wrote a letter to Sves in this class that ended up mostly being about the sex lives of spiders, which are not insects but are arthropods.

When I started this zine I thought after graduation I would go to Denver and then move to Baltimore. I don't know anymore. I'm still applying to jobs, looking for houses... mostly in DC. Now that it's warm out I'm biking to school again and feeling better about life. Even though I'm about to be unemployed and ostensibly homeless. I know I always have a place to go... a sofa in every city.

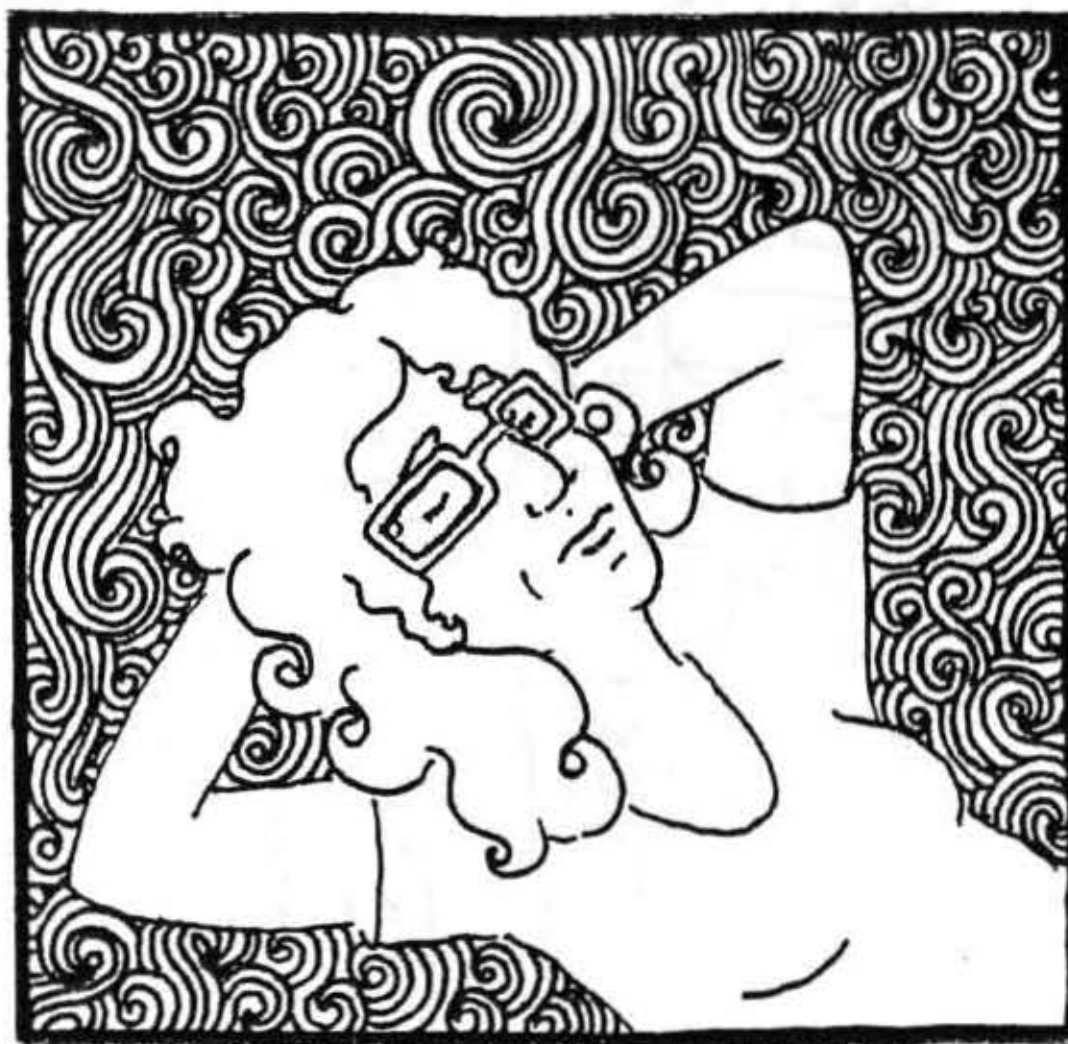
Denver isn't going anywhere. Baltimore isn't going anywhere. After class I have work, then taking a tomato plant to job inter-dinner Foster, biking home, a view and then with my honey.

MAY 6, 2010





♡j.bee 5 APRIL 2010



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