

life has a beard

number one



two-thousand-and-seven

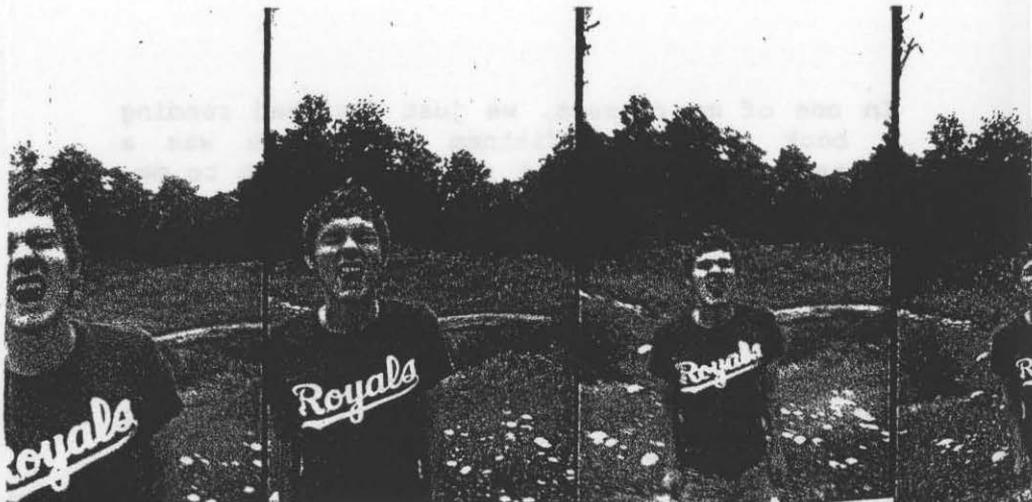
Carnival

"Burn it down, nothing left, everybody, fun 'til death!"

We were running and we were screaming and we were dancing in the streets. A purple-haired woman strode past on stilts, her ruffled dress sweeping behind. A fairy prince (wings and all) rode past upon his bicycle with every potential for flight. A militant, torch-bearing, dress-wearing lumberjack of a unicyclist wove amidst the crowd.

We were maniacs, two hundred strong. It was a guerilla-dance-party street-reclamation. It was a cacophony of acrobats swinging from street lights, of children-in-age and children-at-heart singing and chanting, of the rhythmic thudding of dancing feet upon the road and celebratory drumming upon dumpsters and other make-shift musical instruments, of obstructed motorists blaring their horns in impatient anger (or was it desire?) A lone didgeridoo wailed amidst the throngs. The spectacle disintegrated as one-by-one the spectators fell victim to tempting osmosis into the teeming mass of fire-dancers and brick-throwers and costume-clad lunatics; as they fell victim to the lure of our riotous celebration of life itself.

Even as the pepper-spray and tear gas canisters came raining down, our collective ecstatic (or was it orgasmic?) adrenaline rush lead us away; lead us to shelter and barricades and babies too overwhelmed to cry; to showers to rinse our burning faces; to play hide and seek with the police; to sing of insurrection another day.



Poem for the end of time

"Run faster friend, the old world is behind you!"

When the sun climbs effortlessly
above the horizon,
it will illuminate the overgrowth
of a world of renewal,
and we'll awaken to our alarms -
clocks set to Neptunian time,
intrusive beeps replaced by
birds in celebration of another day.

Captivity abolished, we'll rediscover life.
We'll ascend to the tops of
the high-rises and pour onto
what's left of the streets,
where once was the ebb and flow
of a vehicular river, now will explode
our joy and our rage
and our hearts will beat onto the pavement
a rhythm long forgotten,
and as we run and dance
we'll tear up the cement as
we tear down our inhibitions,

and when it grows cold
we'll set fire to the grievous remains,
and when night falls over
the skeleton of what had been,
we'll make love to an actual moonlight sonata,
and we'll come to know true moonless dark.

In one of my classes, we just finished reading a book about the Vietnam war. There was a passage at the end that really stuck out to me. The main characters were leaving the war and returning to 'the world';

"He told us the other guys in the squad were all right. It was nice of him to call us, but it wasn't true. Monaco wasn't all right. Monaco was like me and peewee. We had tasted what it was like being dead. We had rolled it around in our mouths and swallowed it and now the stink from it was coming from us. We weren't all right. We would have to learn to live again."

Obviously being in Vietnam or any other war is completely different than our daily situation, yet there is something about that passage that speaks to our condition. Our whole civilization is based on a culture of death. We taste death and know what its like to be dead every minute of our stagnant and regimented lives. We've all swallowed whole the deadness of ideology and capital and power. We've swallowed it and we stink of it. We all have to learn to live again.

"And all the while everyone wants to breathe and no-one can breathe, and many say "We will breathe later", and most do not die, because they are already dead."

- Raoul Vaneigem
The Revolution of Everyday Life

6:00AM - Fuck.
6:15AM - I can sleep a while longer.
6:30AM - Maybe this will go away
6:45AM - Its not going away
7:00AM - What I wouldn't do for more sleep
7:25AM - School. Fuck. Fuck School.

I'D RATHER BE CUDDLING
WITH YOU ALL DAY LONG



I hate Queer Eye for the Straight Guy. When I was younger, I distinctly remember being aware of my own sexuality and being drawn to watch that show. It was always really depressing. "These people aren't anything like me" "I don't care about things like fashion and hair" "do I need to be like that to be gay?" "is that what it means to be gay?" After watching that show, I'd find myself hating myself. I didn't think that I could ever be as skinny, as pretty, as fashionable, and as sassy as those guys. I didn't know if I wanted to be. I felt that it was necessary for me to be like the fab five; to aspire to a standard I'd never meet. I felt so alienated from the straight world, I couldn't just pretend to like girls, I never really fit in with the straight guys. And likewise I didn't feel like I'd fit in to any type of gay world, I didn't really fit in with the gay guys either.

I'm obviously older now, and more mature. I have the sense to reject the mainstream gay body image and have come to understand exactly what is wrong with the portrayal of queer identities in the mainstream media (will and grace, queer eye, logo) yet sometimes I still find myself battling with that residual effects of that attack on my body image and sexual identity. I still feel like I'm not skinny enough, not fashion-forward enough, too-scruffy, too-dirty. I still don't know why not to wear white after labor day. But now its different. I can realize whats wrong with these thoughts and I can realize where they are coming from. Truth is, I love myself now. I'm learning to love my body and I like the way I dress and I like my hygiene and I like my hair and I like the way I smell and I like my dirty broke-ass glasses.

There was once an episode of south park where Kyle conspired to kill the fab five. I wish someone had. I know that I'm not unique in this; I know that right now there are thousands of confused 12 year olds just starting to give thought to their sexuality, and rather than having resources and opportunities to explore their own sexual identities and learn about themselves, they are being bombarded by images of what gay bois are supposed to be like - how to dress and how to act. They are being turned into little aberzombies. They are being taught to hate themselves. Fuck that.

Black tea leaves with peach and
apricot,
Steeped in the black cast iron
tea pot,
and brewed with water
steaming hot,
Makes an infusion not to
be forgot.



Two empty glasses,
and none on the plate,
but bottle of wine,
and loaves to the sides,
and loaves to the sides,

World renowned,
but hungry, and
waiting and striped,

and two empty glasses,
and none on the plate,
but bottle of wine,
and loaves to the sides,

empty and striped and wine.
Waiting upon a meal of mine,
and loaves to the sides,
and loaves to the sides.

Dandelion Manifesto

Human stewardship of the earth began over ten thousand years ago, with the birth of agriculture in the fertile crescent. Since that point, man has quite literally, waged war against nature. He has struggled to bring all of the chaotic forces of the natural world under his control. He transforms jungles into deserts and prairies into farm fields. He has replaced forests with tree farms, lakes with chlorinated swimming pools, and the beautiful, perpetual, chaos of nature with neat, orderly, regimented rows of crops. In this endeavor he has brought to bear all the weaponry technology can muster; chemical and biological warfare, mountaintop removal, deforestation and on and on.

Yet in spite of the tremendous violence of civilization thrust upon the natural world, sometimes nature simply cannot be contained. Sometime a plant or animal or fungi simply refuses to be excluded from the ever-shrinking biosphere; sometimes life will spring forth in bold defiance simply because it can. Sometimes, no matter how neat or orderly the garden or factory farm, a weed will always arise from the soil. Despite all the herbicidal campaigns and tilling and pulling, honeyvine or ragweed can still thrive. Despite all the attempts of humanity to contain all the chaos of nature and to transform it and engineer it for human purposes, a beautiful dandelion will still grow simply to allow the wind to animate its seeds. Weeds have always been the rebels against regimentation, the insurgents against industry, and the last bastion and reminder of the anarchaic beauty of nature. I thus, am a weed.

All the forces of the civilized world are stacked against the creative urge. From early ages we are conditioned to move with the toning of buzzers - to sit in neat rows - to color within the lines.

Our creative potential is systematically subverted and reduced to what we can produce within our nine period day. Who needs creativity when you have algorithms and formulas and five-paragraph-essays to convey

your desires? For most, this oppressive constraint is simply too much, they resign themselves to complacency and stagnation, to shriveling and drought, to starvation of stimulation and nutrients. Most will acquiesce to the demands of the civilized world, to regiment and control. But we, the weeds, simply will not.

We strive for lives of beauty; not the beauty of a stick-skinny-too-much-cover-up-model; not the beauty of a perfectly-trimmed-for-hours-every-Saturday-morning-shrub; not the beauty of the mansions that have replaced ancient forests; certainly not the proxy beauty of all the advertisements and skyscrapers in the world. Our beauty is the beauty of a cherry tree in full bloom, bees buzzing all about it; the beauty of skipping school to sleepily smell flowers and nap in the park; the beauty of a lion devouring its prey; the beauty of making love instead of going to work; the beauty of a wild flowers growing from the grave of that same decomposing predator; the beauty of a riot; the dangerous beauty of a jungle.

We weeds embody the most existential of beauty. We do not exist to be picked or genetically engineered, or harvested. We do not exist solely to work, and labor and accrue wealth for another. One cannot assign any arbitrary, monetary value to our existence. We don't exist to be profitable. We exist solely because we do. We strive to live simply because we are compelled to do so. We create our own values. We create our own beauties. We fling ourselves like creeping vines and graffiti and cave painting upon the walls. We are the dandelions breezing in the late summer sun. We are the thorny thistles that demand "try to pull me, I dare you!" We are the hope that one day the weeds thrusting their way through the cracks in the pavement will grow into redwood forests.

November 6th 2007: I only went to school today because it was taco day. It wasn't worth it. My mom got a letter saying that I've already skipped too many days of school. We're only about two months in. Luckily I graduate in January and I cannot wait. Not gonna lie, one of the main reasons that I'm graduating at semester is that I am absolutely terrified of school shootings. I know its silly, but I'm not willing to risk it.

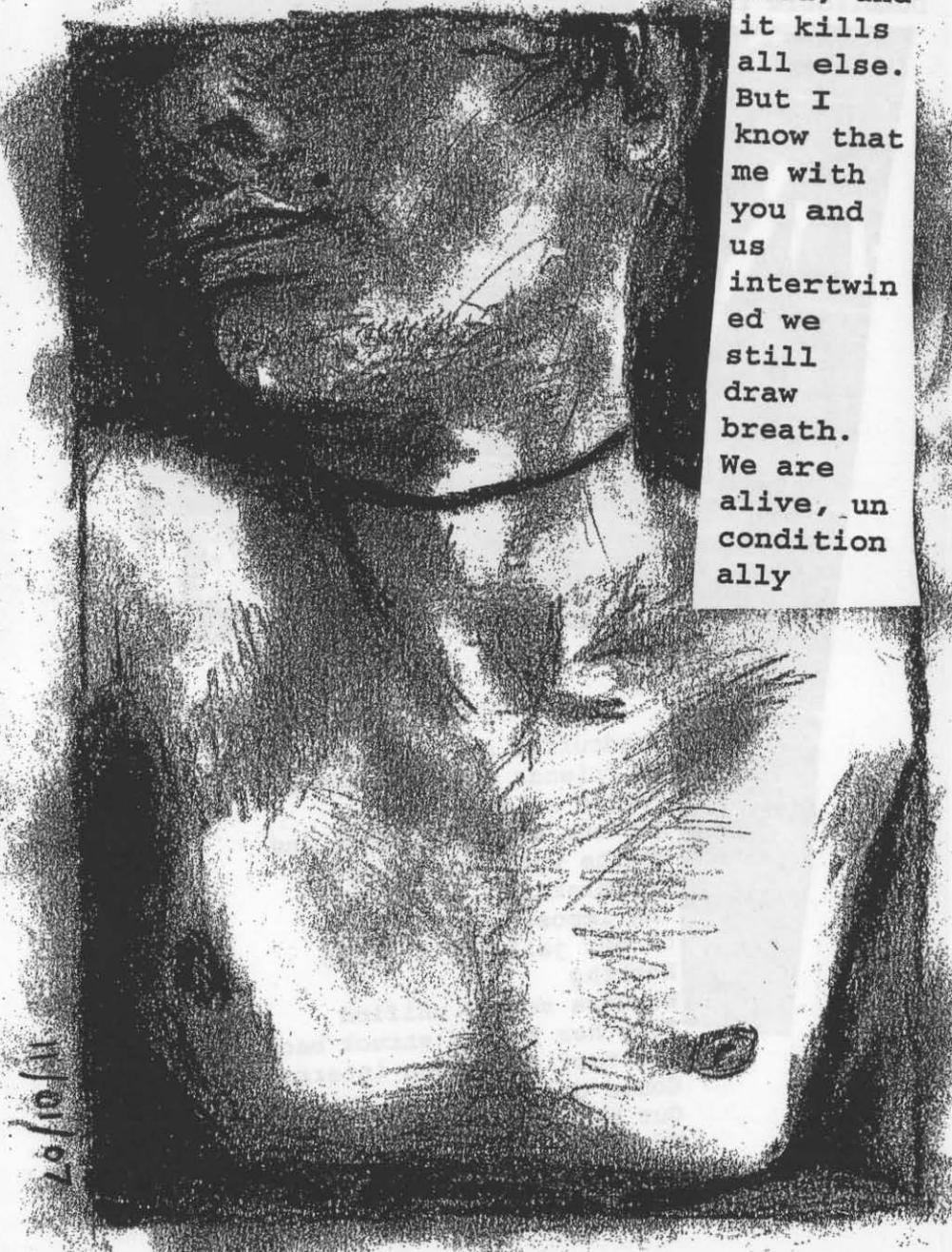
Speaking of Graduating in January, I'd like to make some resolutions for this upcoming year.

In 2008 I will:

1. Eat healthier
2. Exercise more
3. Stop watching TV
4. Shut down the R.N.C.
5. Make more love
6. Make more passionate love
7. Passionately make more love
8. Love more passionate makings (???)
9. Destroy I-69
10. Fuck shit up

I graduate in less than two months

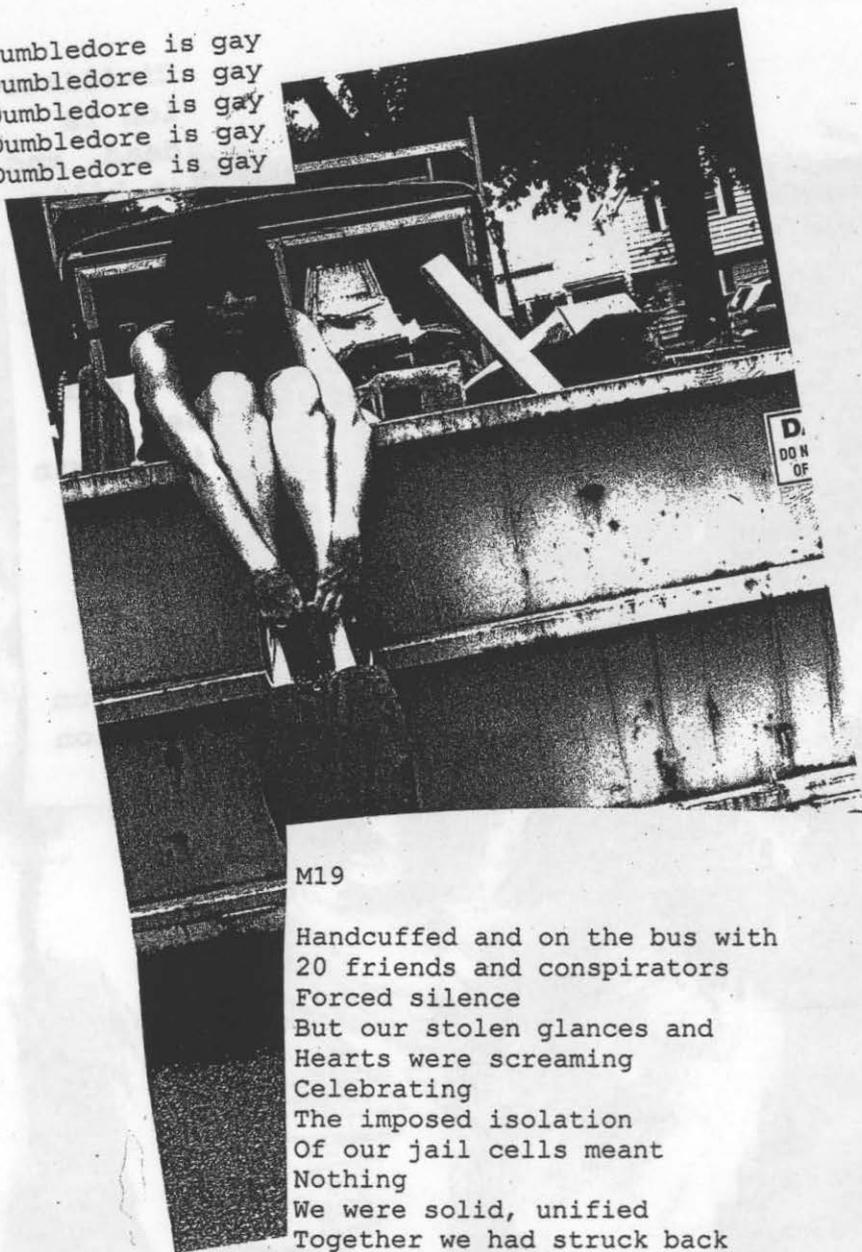
HAVE MORE PUBLIC SEX
HAVE MORE PUBLIC SEX
HAVE MORE PUBLIC SEX
HAVE MORE PUBLIC SEX
HAVE MORE PUBLIC SEX



Civilizat
ion is
dead, and
it kills
all else.
But I
know that
me with
you and
us
intertwin
ed we
still
draw
breath.
We are
alive, un
condition
ally

20/10/11

Dumbledore is gay
Dumbledore is gay
Dumbledore is gay
Dumbledore is gay
Dumbledore is gay



M19

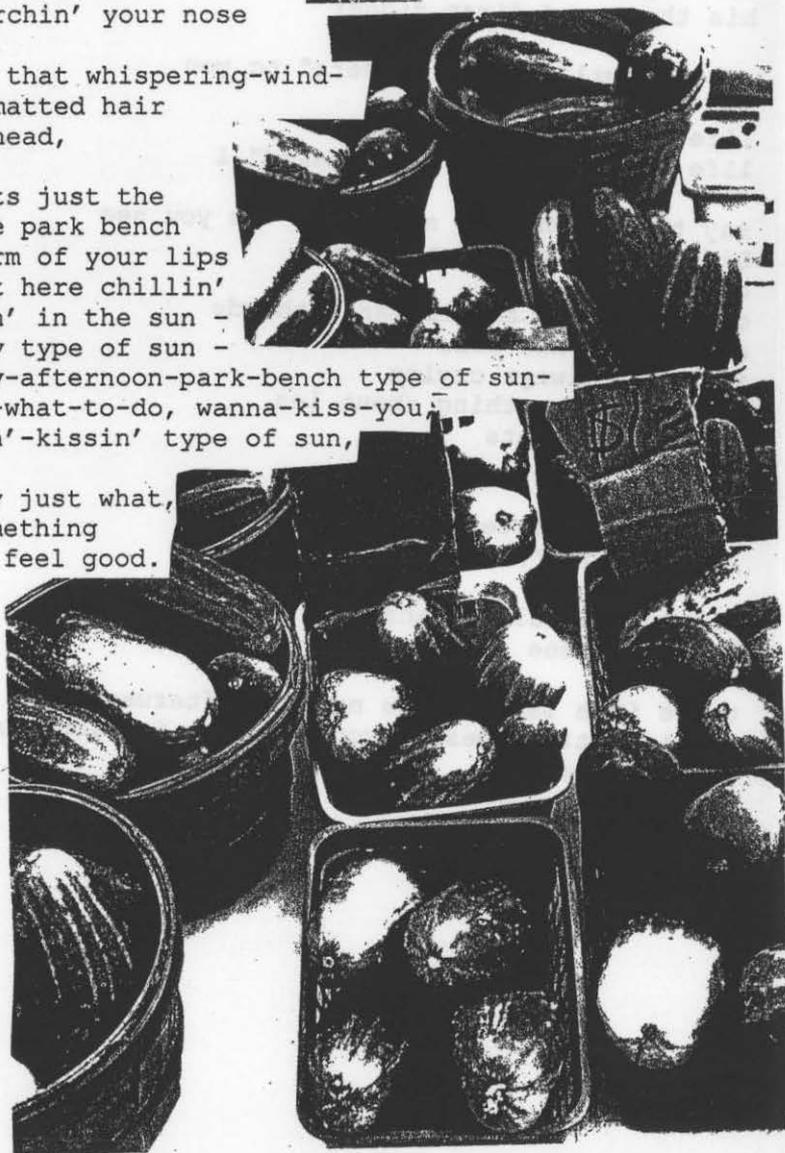
Handcuffed and on the bus with
20 friends and conspirators
Forced silence
But our stolen glances and
Hearts were screaming
Celebrating
The imposed isolation
Of our jail cells meant
Nothing
We were solid, unified
Together we had struck back
The tactics of the interrogators
Could do nothing to bring down
Our black-flag-torch-wielding confidence
We smiled through our captivity
Because we had tasted it
And couldn't be contained

Sunday Afternoon

I don't know exactly
what it is, but
Maybe its that
worn an' faded borrowed
shirt of mine you're wearing,
Maybe that fresh black
scabbing on that
newly inked tattoo,
Maybe those glasses
Smartly perchin' your nose
just right,
Maybe even that whispering-wind-
blown an' matted hair
atop your head,

Or maybe its just the
cool of the park bench
an' the warm of your lips
an' us just here chillin'
an' breezin' in the sun -
that Sunday type of sun -
that Sunday-afternoon-park-bench type of sun-
don't-know-what-to-do, wanna-kiss-you,
breezin'-an'-kissin' type of sun,

I can't say just what,
but its something
an' damn I feel good.



suppose

Life is an old man carrying flowers on his head.

young death sits in a cafe
smiling, a piece of money held between
his thumb and first finger

(i say "will he buy flowers" to you
and "Death is young
life wears velour trousers
life totters, life has a beard" i

say to you who are silent. - "Do you see
Life? he is there and here,
or that, or this
or nothing or an old man 3 thirds
asleep, on his head
flowers, always crying
to nobody something about les
roses les bluets

yes,

will He buy?

Les belles bottes - oh hear
, pas cheres")

and my love slowly answered I think so. But
I think I see someone else

there is a lady, whose name is Afterwards
she is sitting beside young death, is slender;
likes flowers.

-- E. E. Cummings

Check out these websites: Yeah!!

Infoshop:
infoshop.org

Milwaukee Indymedia:
mke.indymedia.org

Milwaukee Anarchists:
mkeanarchy.bravehost.com

Queer Action Network:
myspace.com/queeractionnetwork

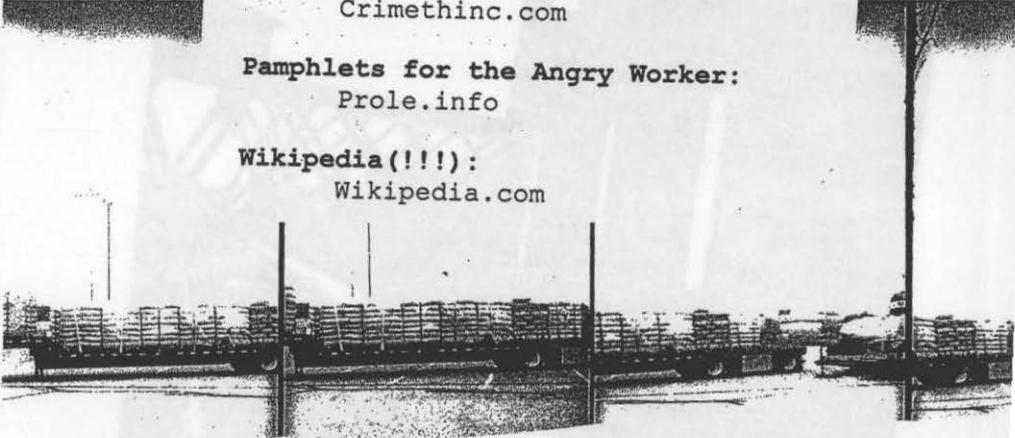
MKEtoRNC:
mketornc.bravehost.com

Queer Zine Archive Project:
Qzap.org

Crimethinc. Ex-workers collective:
Crimethinc.com

Pamphlets for the Angry Worker:
Prole.info

Wikipedia(!!!):
Wikipedia.com



Note to Zinesters: If you are still in high school or college, befriend the debate team; they do more copying than any other group at the school and have almost unlimited free access to copy-machines and printers.

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