

Oh

no



a zine by oli ♡

When does something
become a practice?

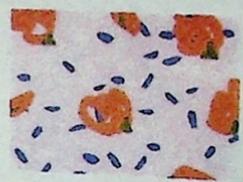
I am not sure I am good at
being a queer or a tranny or a
anything yet.

I don't even know who I like yet.
(I thought we figured that out in
middle school)

But I can tell you about Halberstam and
hooks and Ahmed and Lorde and Muñoz and
Love and Stanley.

When will it become a practice and not
just a study?

When will I be welcomed home?

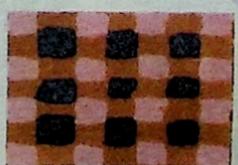
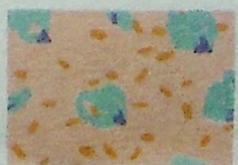
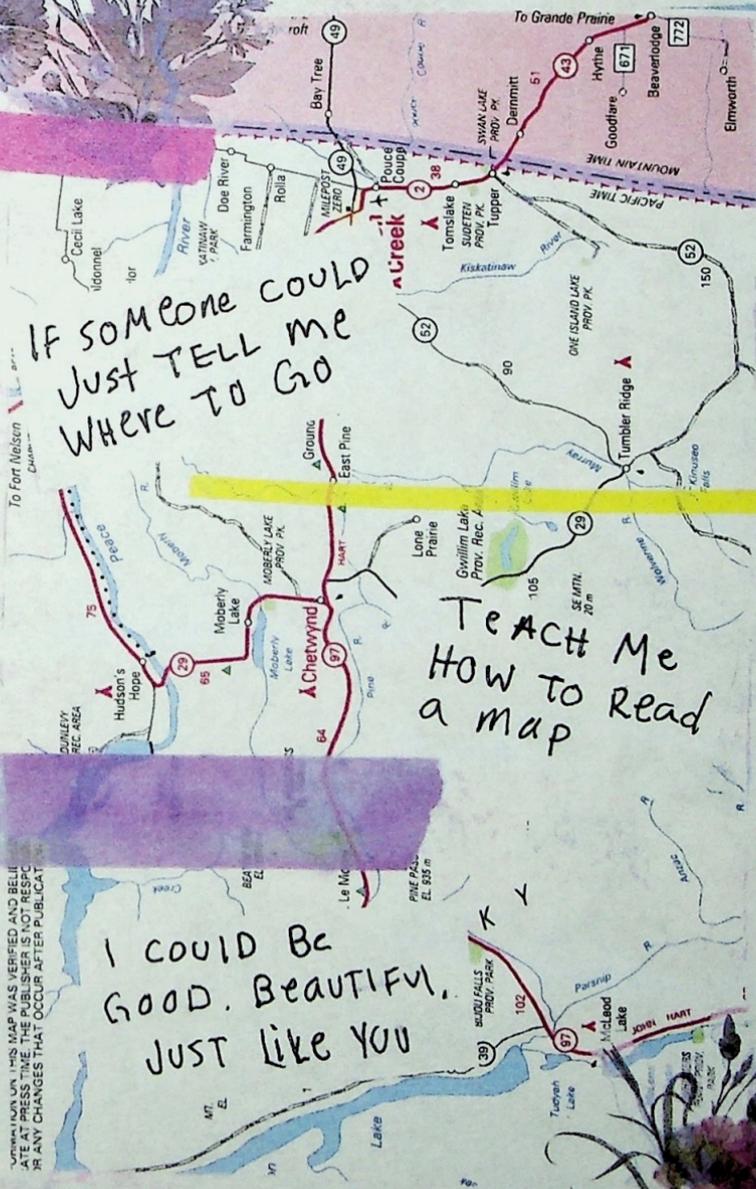


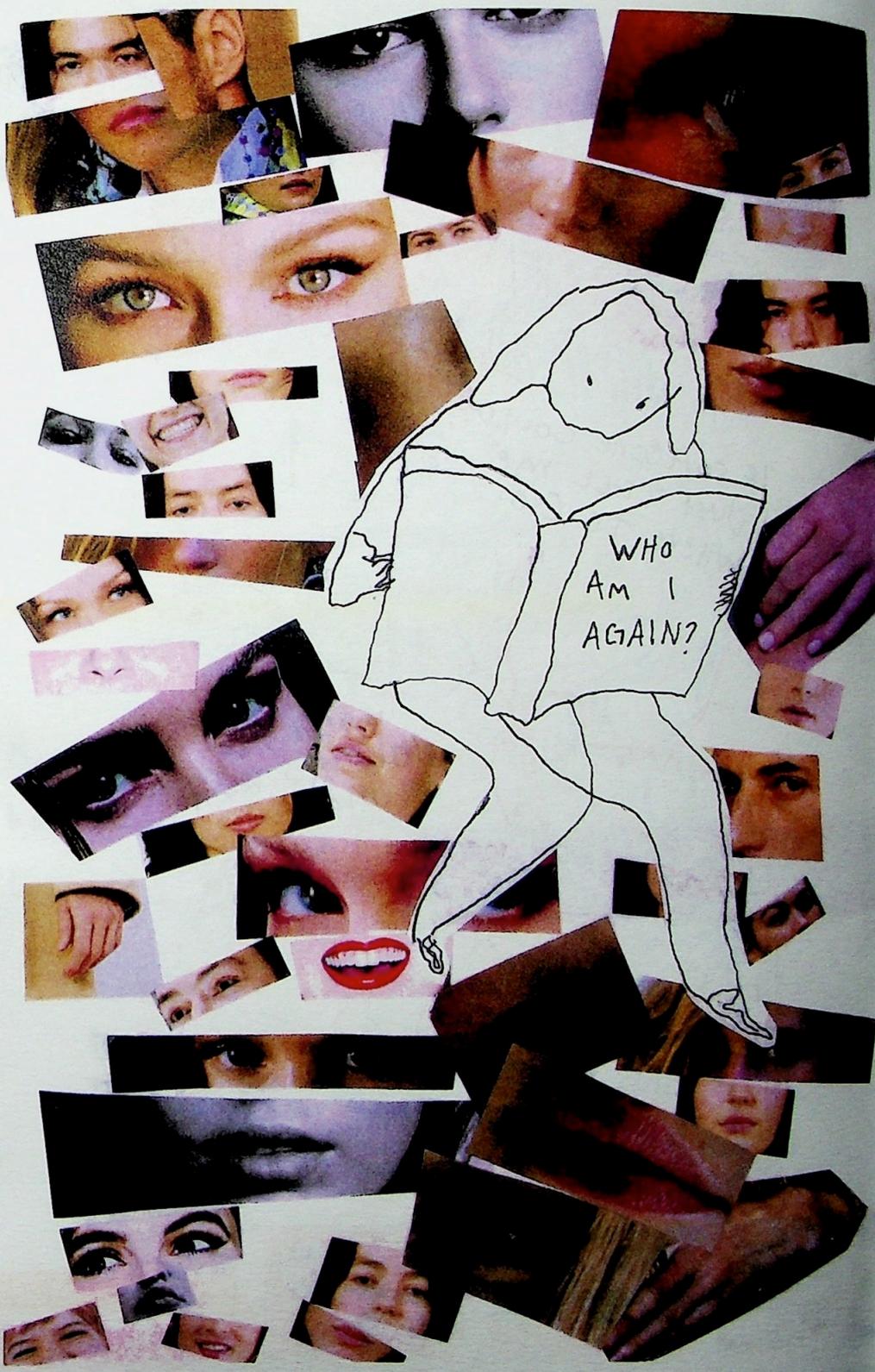
IF SOMEONE COULD
JUST TELL ME
WHERE TO GO

TEACH ME
HOW TO READ
A MAP

I COULD BE
GOOD. BEAUTIFUL.
JUST LIKE YOU

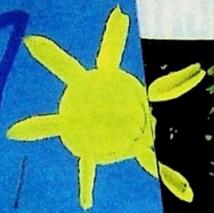
UNLESS INDICATED ON THIS MAP WAS VERIFIED AND BELIEVED AT PRESS TIME. THE PUBLISHER IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY CHANGES THAT OCCUR AFTER PUBLICATION.





WHO
Am I
AGAIN?

Are you Sad?



Me too! lets listen to some tunes!

We'll never have Sex - Leith Ross

Cause of a scene - Jake westley Rodgers

NEVER love an Anchor - The Crown WIVES

16/04/16 (Jades song) - Caretown

Hood - perfume & Genius

Carlo's Song - Noah kahan

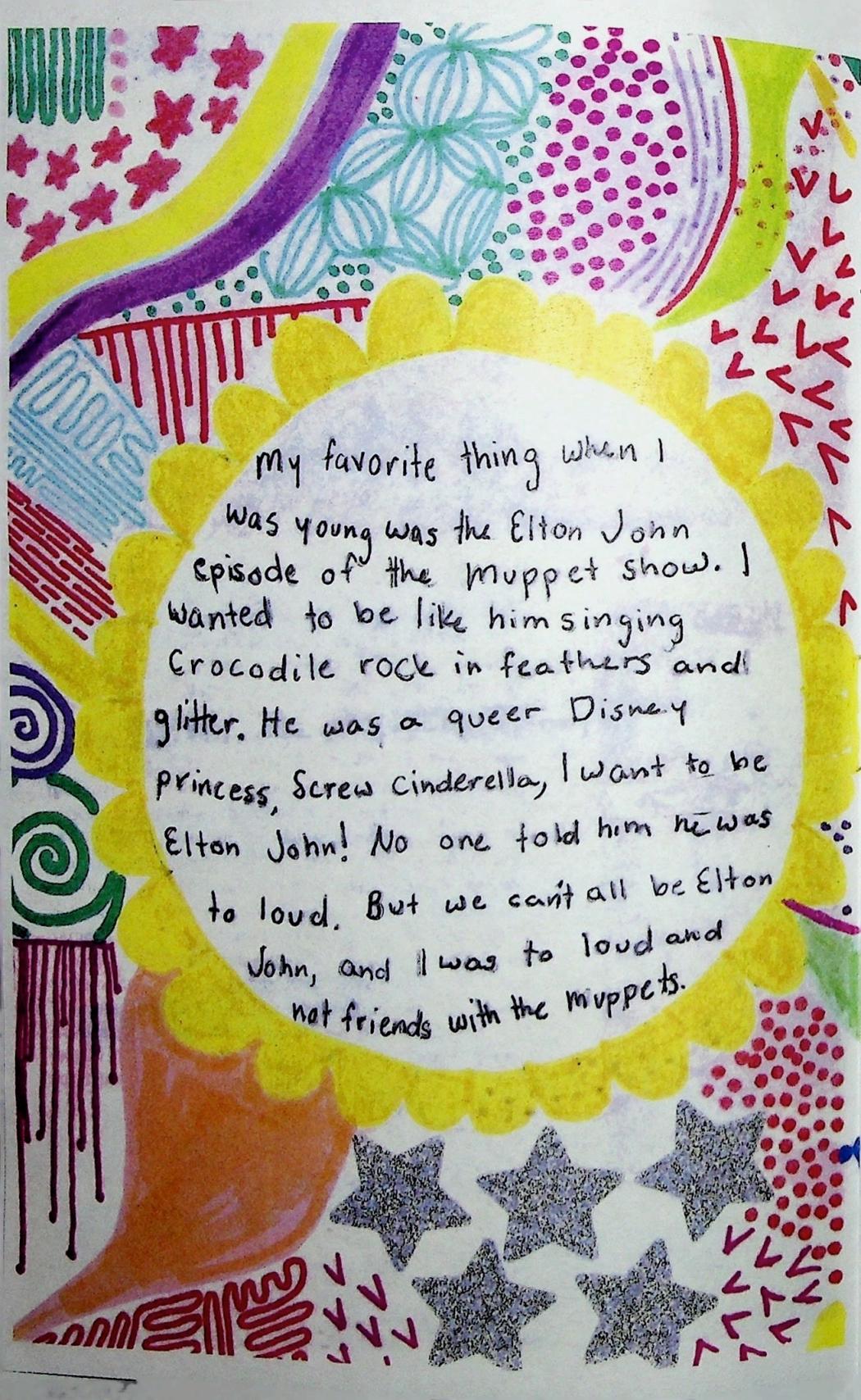
I'll be good - Jayna Young

Numb Little Bug - Em Baskin

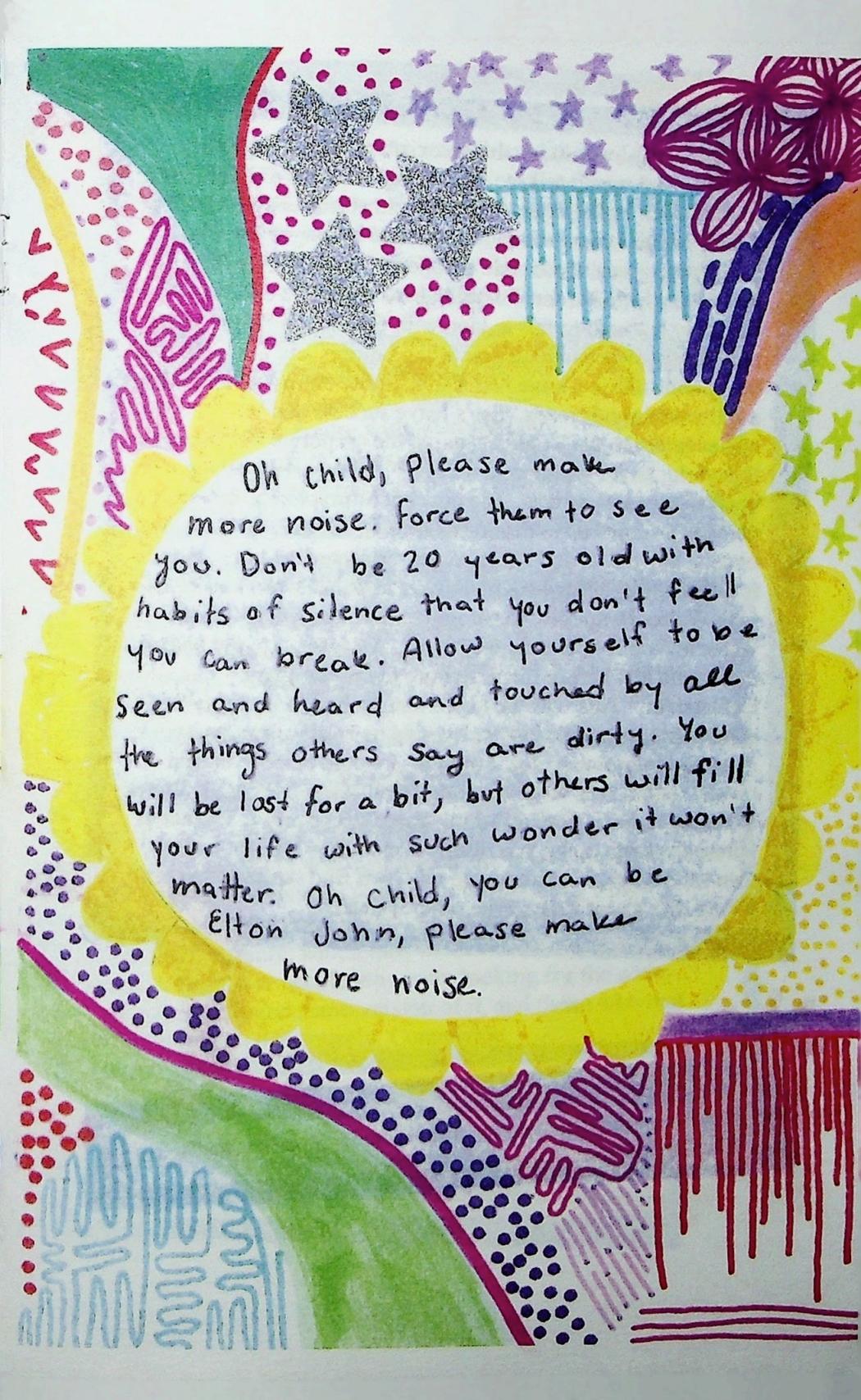
Star child - Ghost Quartet

more like you - Orla Gartland

Vienna - Billy Joel



My favorite thing when I was young was the Elton John episode of the Muppet show. I wanted to be like him singing Crocodile Rock in feathers and glitter. He was a queer Disney Princess, Screw Cinderella, I want to be Elton John! No one told him he was too loud. But we can't all be Elton John, and I was too loud and not friends with the Muppets.



Oh child, please make more noise. Force them to see you. Don't be 20 years old with habits of silence that you don't feel you can break. Allow yourself to be seen and heard and touched by all the things others say are dirty. You will be lost for a bit, but others will fill your life with such wonder it won't matter. Oh child, you can be Elton John, please make more noise.

I was hoping I would be able to exist within the pages of theorist who would tell me everything I needed to know about myself. Jack Halberstam does not hold all the answers, neither does Heather Love or Sara Ahmed, but I thought they did. They were given some code that no one had told me and if I just tried a little harder, I would get to know the code to. But as I quickly learned: to fall in love with the idea of failure is so completely different than practicing failures and allowing it to be a public affair. I have had a sticky note on my computer for a full year now. It reads "Let's leave success and its achievement to the Republicans, to the corporate managers of the world, to the winners of reality TV shows, to married couples, to SUV drivers. The concept of practicing failure perhaps prompts us to discover our inner dweeb, to be underachievers, to fall short, to get distracted, to take a detour to find a limit, to louse out way, to forget, to avoid master, and, with Walter Benjamin, to recognize that 'empathy with the victor invariably benefits the rulers'. All losers are the heirs of those who lost before them. Failure loves company. - Halberstam." This was the key, I simply had to let myself fail, at anything, something, then I would be in all of my queer glory for everyone to see. I thought I would be able to find myself within this, to be reminded that failure is a part of being queer, but I see it now and think about community. The act of failure does not make you queer, everyone is failing in their own little ways, it's the people who you find through that failure. It's about finding the other weirdos.

Queerness lived as a study, a theoretical, a puzzle for me to decode, pressure.

When I was little, I watched this science show with my grandmother. This particular scene was about how our cells never really touch anything else, it's all just the sensation of pressure. I thought that must be an awfully lonely time, pressure without connection. Maybe scientists are just lonely creatures, but not me, my cells aren't like that. Until it was, and loneliness was but another constant in the universe. Perhaps that was my first real failure.

I was a strange child (I know big surprise) who never felt connected to others pressure without connection. I played the parts I was given well, musician, student, witty and charming and well-read and over prepared for everything. Pressure.

And then I left, no longer at the mercy of Fort Mill, SC, but it was too late. Those parts I was given had woven themselves into my being, clouding up who I might be. It was a lonely existence. Pressure.

Until it wasn't, and I found myself in a class where I was so far out of my depth and I was so stressed and it was amazing. That is where I met Halberstam and Stanley and Cassil within assignments I stumbled through. I read about trap doors and minimalist sculpture, which only made sense months after the class. I found other people who were looking for the code, those who had found some version of it, and those who had given up on the code entirely. Connection.

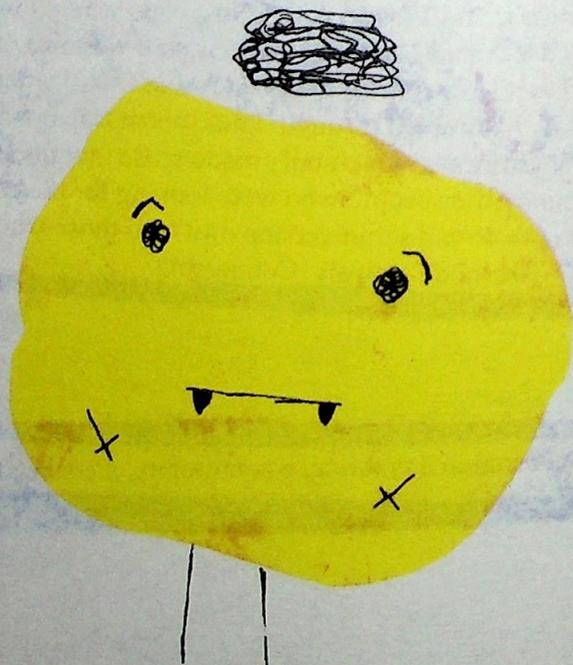
Queerness became a practice, a community, a connection

I am a monster hiding, waiting scared
that some one will find out.

I never thought I could be
anything more. But there is
to much beauty in the world to
reduce one person down to monster.

Maybe I could be better.

I wish I could stop the world
please let me catch up





I am joining the ranks of those

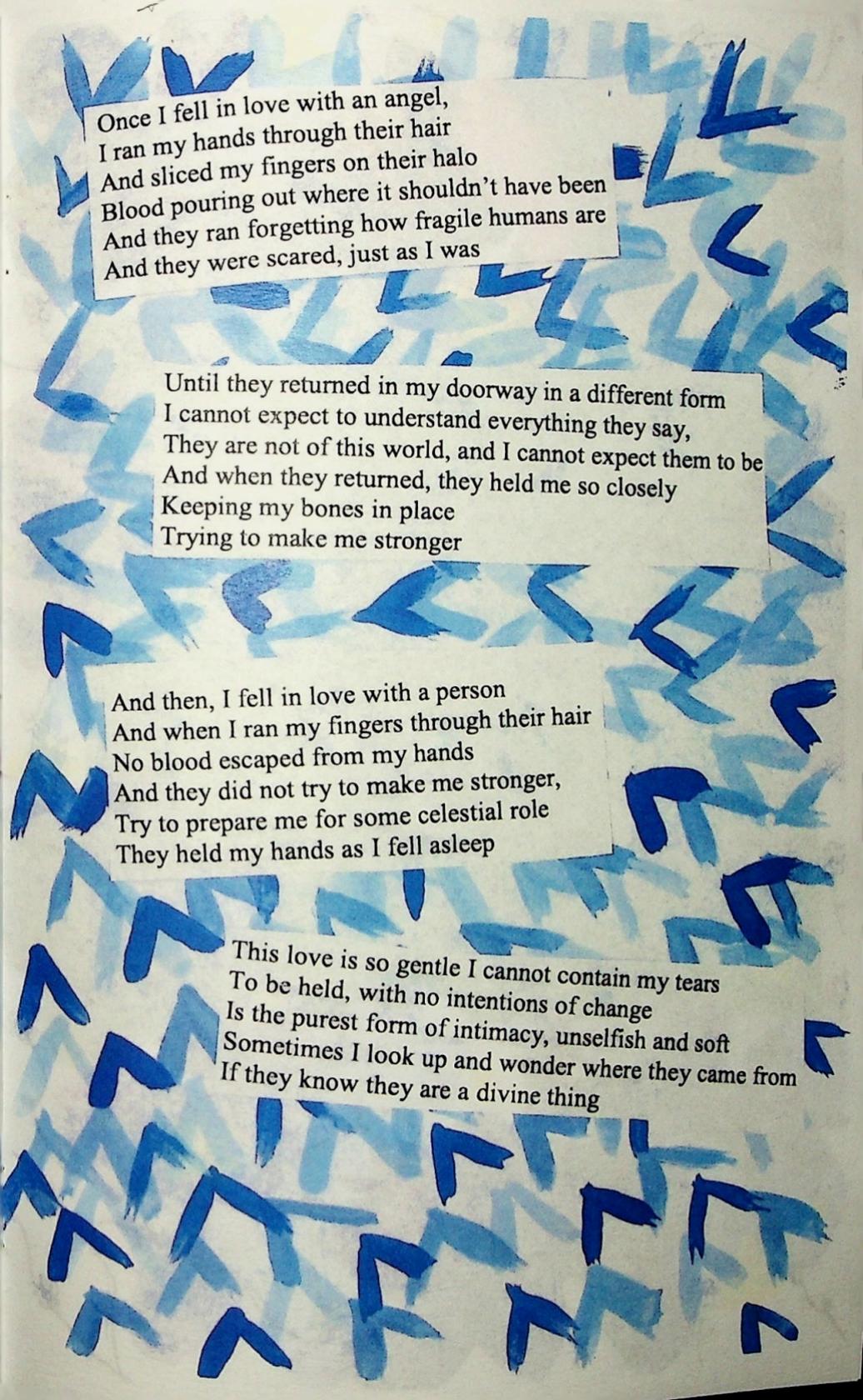
who came before me

for we are the

Blessed ones

The older I get I see how much we
need each other. We turn to our
elders, the same way they turn to us,
looking for guidance, directions, where
to go next. We are both proof of
the future, that one will exist and
that one can exist. It is mutual,
this need for the other, for we
both hold the maps to heal our wounds.
I wonder what they see in us, if they
see the same fight we find in them.

We are tied together, a broken mirror
of everything that will be and
could have been, and through this
we need each other

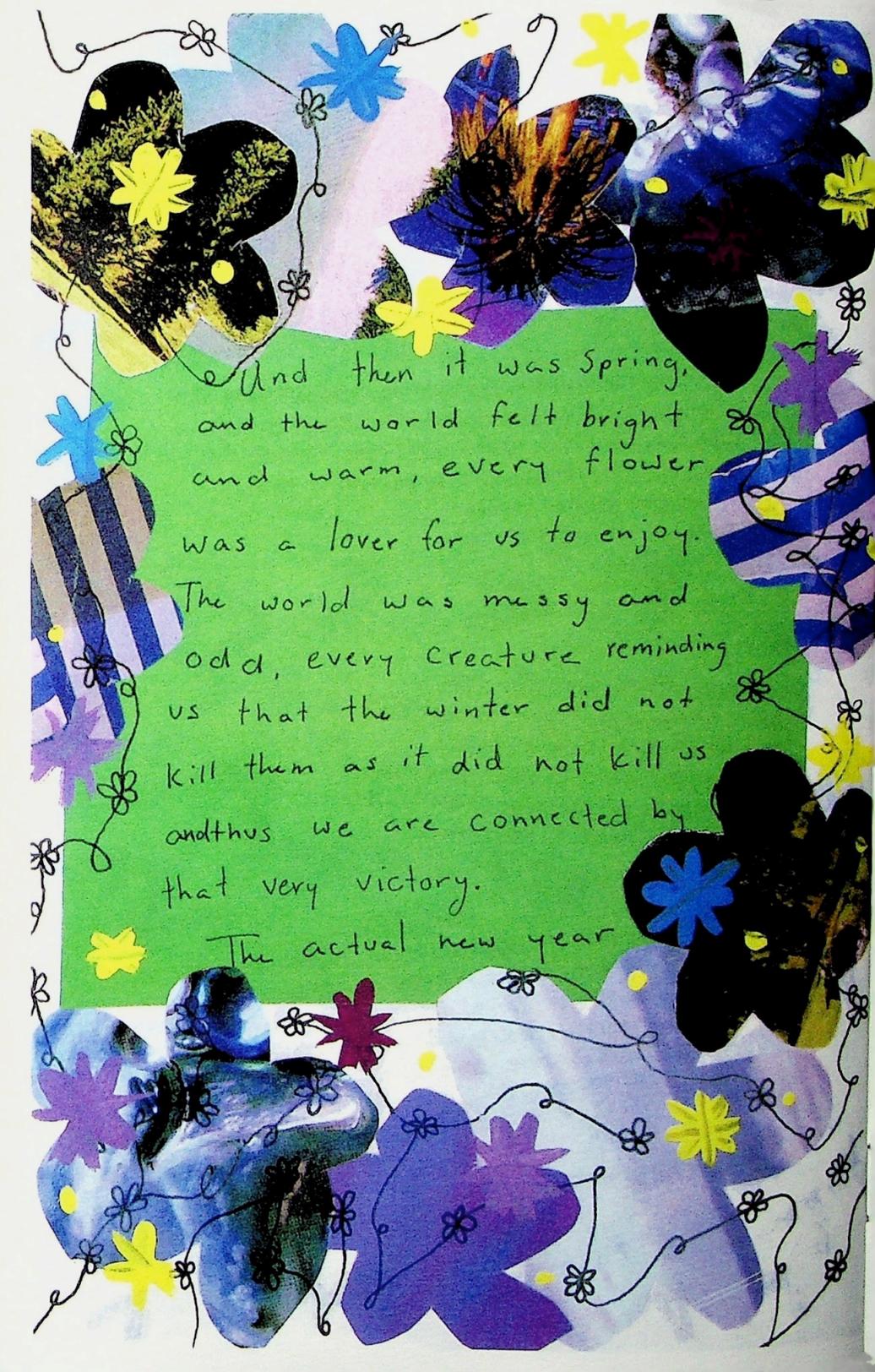


Once I fell in love with an angel,
I ran my hands through their hair
And sliced my fingers on their halo
Blood pouring out where it shouldn't have been
And they ran forgetting how fragile humans are
And they were scared, just as I was

Until they returned in my doorway in a different form
I cannot expect to understand everything they say,
They are not of this world, and I cannot expect them to be
And when they returned, they held me so closely
Keeping my bones in place
Trying to make me stronger

And then, I fell in love with a person
And when I ran my fingers through their hair
No blood escaped from my hands
And they did not try to make me stronger,
Try to prepare me for some celestial role
They held my hands as I fell asleep

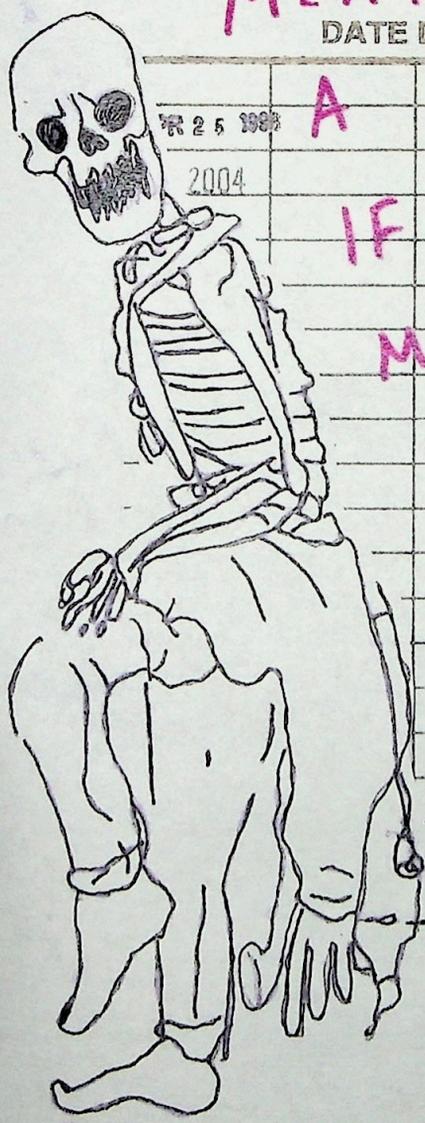
This love is so gentle I cannot contain my tears
To be held, with no intentions of change
Is the purest form of intimacy, unselfish and soft
Sometimes I look up and wonder where they came from
If they know they are a divine thing



And then it was Spring,
and the world felt bright
and warm, every flower
was a lover for us to enjoy.
The world was messy and
odd, every creature reminding
us that the winter did not
kill them as it did not kill us
and thus we are connected by
that very victory.

The actual new year

★ I'D SHUCK THIS
MEATSUIT LIKE
DATE DUE



A CORN HUSK
IF I COULD,
MAKE NO
MISTAKE
PAL.



Let us remember we
are defiant acts of
creation!

Bleh
People are
gross.



unless ur queer jk ILY

Pls be my friend

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