

writing
without
permission

*Divine
Intervention
is a Mutual
Responsibility*



I'm tied to the bed, I resist by peeing. The hot stream hits the plastic sheet, I scream to tick off the nurses. I am as loud as I want to be, no restraint, until the yellow pool on the bed starts to cool. It gets cold after awhile. Lying there in this cool puddle, everyday I eventually get tired of yelling and drift off to sleep.

Morning, the nurses untie me, throw me in the corner of a concrete shower and spray me down with cold water. I know I am stuck. This is Thailand, if they want to keep me forever in this loop, they can. Nonetheless it's more important for me to rebel than conform. I don't want to get out on their terms; their terms being sedated on five different heavy meds, quiet, lethargic, and lost. I don't want to lose myself, I'd rather be angry and sleeping in a pool of piss.

It's uncanny, there are chunks of my life that don't exist in my memory. It's like a strobe light flashing, a visceral overwhelming memory will appear, then dissolve into an after-image as though the burst of remembering was too bright for my ocular nerves, and then a long blank space. Wash, rinse, repeat. In between these flashes I know are large swaths of time and actions that must fill in the space, how did I get to the airport? I only remember feeling scared on the plane.

I know I lived it, but the record button was off. It's frustrating and shakes my sense of self, who me? I'm so reliable, grounded. Why would I hurl insults at my boyfriend of years because he didn't bring the right cake to the hospital? Wouldn't fuck me in a room so I gleefully suggested I might jump off the balcony to a graceful fourteen story plunge. I think back and try to connect to who I was, what I was thinking, but it's not possible. I simply have an overwhelming feeling of dissociation---me, but not me. Me, but also another me. Me and not me battling for control of my limbs and voice box. It's not something I interrogate too much.

The complete and utter sense of freedom, possibility, the joy, pure joy, of feeling like I truly could do anything and then the things I did.

Sitting in the security guards office, him fluent in Thai and with a few words of English, me, hair freshly shorn, fluent in English and with a few words of Thai, happily showing him Beyonce videos on my phone. I remember feeling like language is a tool for connection and friendship among many other such tools. I wonder if I freaked him out or was just another odd ball, either way he was incredibly kind. I was met with such kindness.

Another flash, walking from Lumpini Park, tears streaming down my face, sobbing, but continuing to walk, no destination in mind, and the car that stopped next to me, the driver asking me if I was ok, if he could help? Are you sure you're ok? Are you sure? After he'd left, the power of a beautiful woman's tears all around me.

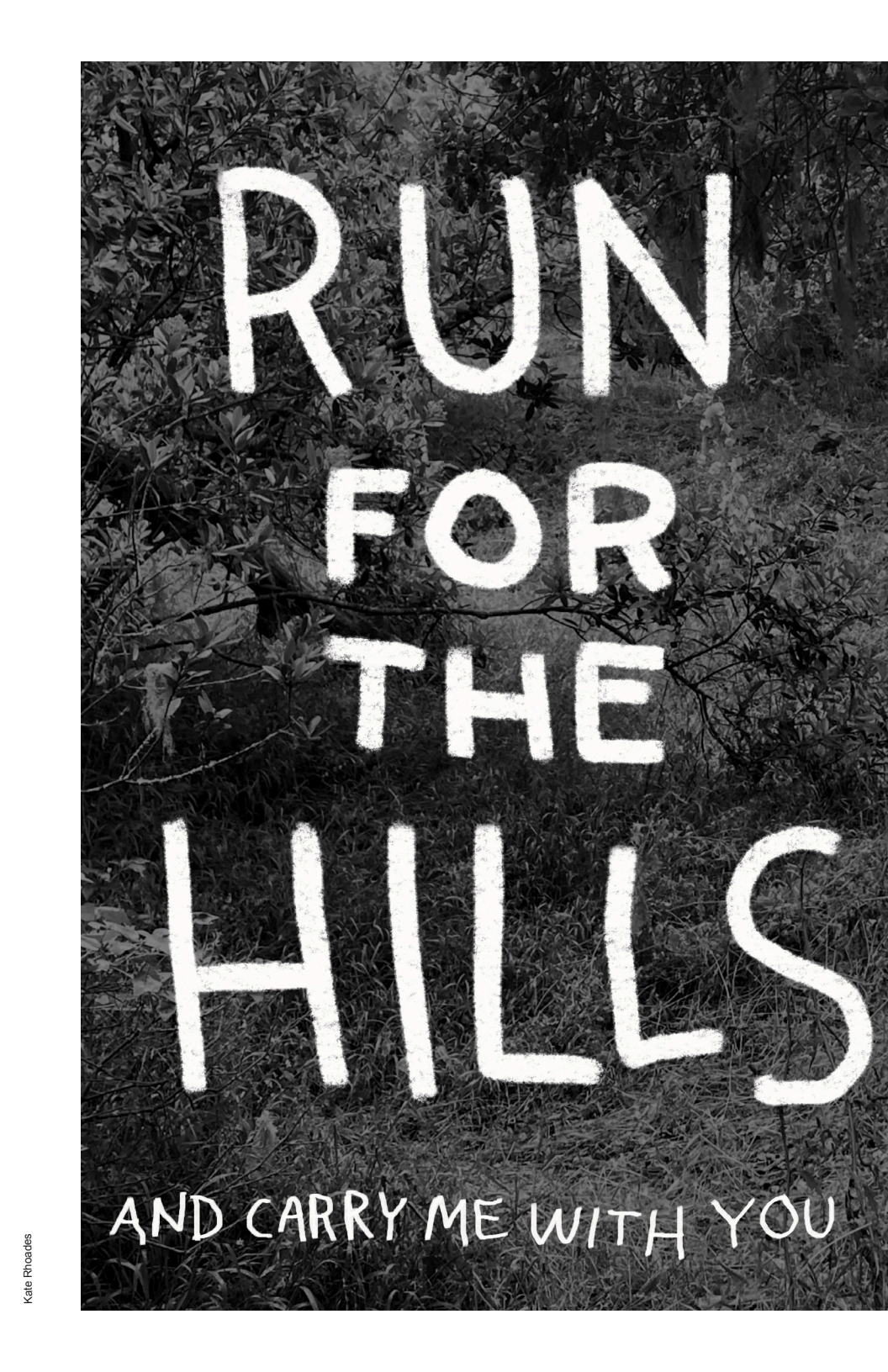
Another sleepless night seeing the sunrise and walking, again, to Lumpini Park, stumbling into a morning tai chi class, moving with a group of octogenarians who calmly made space for me in their ranks and later pressed cookies into my hands and a hot drink. No language shared, gestures and gifts in its stead.

I endlessly return to this quote "I rely on the kindness of strangers." Strangers have been shockingly kind to me in the midst of my various unravelings. They have driven me to friend's places and shown me tenderness. This has been my life, the shape of my days. Love is a gift of one's innermost soul to another so both can live bathed in its warmth.

Elizabeth Preger

Artist and Educator

"Injury to one is injury to all."



RUN FOR THE HILLS

AND CARRY ME WITH YOU

Ask for a job, get a job. Get more money. Better money.

wandering about/

walking/

Being undead.

I deplore – antidotes. Anecdotaly

—forlorn.

Fur-loined. Soft and Warm.

Soft tools

My heart's not pure, but it's dumb.

It can't fight, in speech, for its desires as though they were rights.

I thought of something.

It tripled my dough. It got my dough to rise.

I was doughy. Rolled in it.

Triple agent.

Triple threat.

A double treat.

A treatise. Two of them, in fact: bird and boat. Boat and turd. Plop!

Girls, turning away:

Rendering cart/horse dichotomies moot.

I'll fuck parts, hearts, but never wholes.

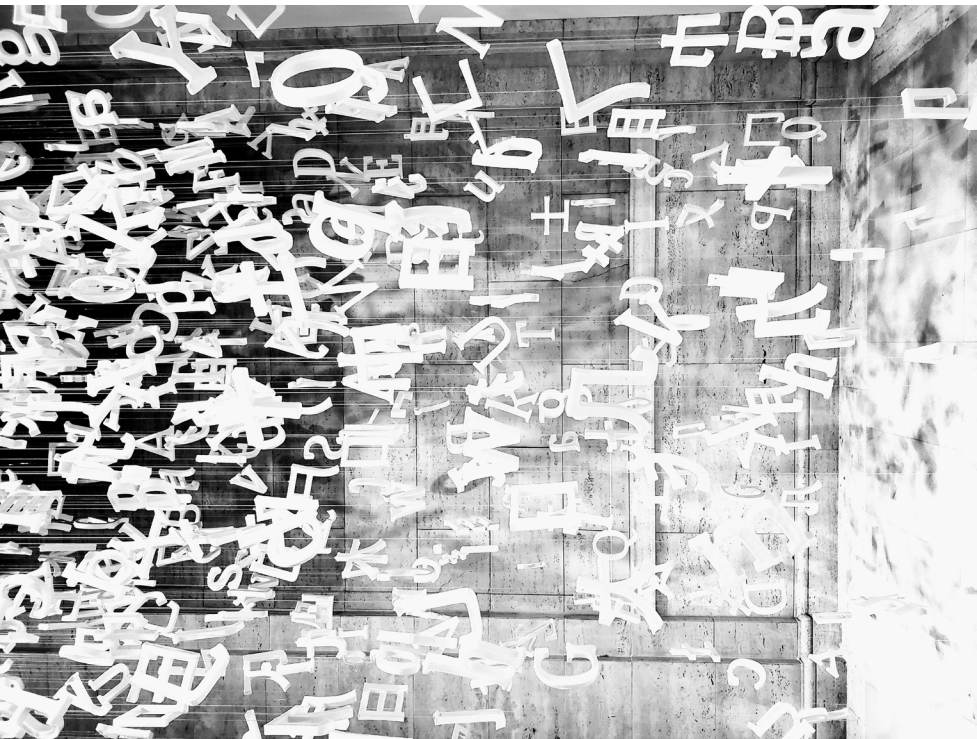
"I", hee hee. The cue still hurts the ball.

How fitting. The floor is filthy dirty.

Come, see how beautiful is the place where I live.







Waiting for Futurity,

Waiting for the truth of the other to come.

Blindspots that you cannot hear.

"Tricked into meditation."

"A so-called private military company (PMC) Wagner, also known as 'the Musicians' and alleged to consist of 25,000 convicts-turned-soldiers, marched on Moscow."

"Sorry, it's not going to work for me if you talk."

He had a single bed because he was single.

Just over here liking all the vegetable tweets.

"Andrew Ridgley comes across as quite possibly the best friend in the history of friends."

A method or a method before method.

"It is true that the literary quality of a book is to some small extent separable from its subject matter. Some people have a native gift for using words as some people have a naturally good eye at games. It is largely a question of timing and of instinctively knowing how much emphasis to use."

Grammar as theology.

The yoga aisle empty during lockdown.

Falling asleep thinking about the previous night's dream's stairway.

"Sometimes spangled and ramshackle"

I think you should write a book on your theory.

Wrote every fragment I can currently find.

Catheters still attached to their dead bodies.

1. Rene Henley
2. Zarina Zabriski
3. Dead Ringers Season 1
4. Ross Holzs Schuh, re: Wham Documentary
5. George Orwell
6. Julianne Escobedo Shepherd
7. Democracy Now, April 16, 2024









What if we became cherubs
Eternally set in a
loving embrace

Would you stay then?



I ate the crumbs
from a loaf
that was meant for someone else

I drop into
bottomless diamond
the sky smears left.

I kneel at the heel of time
stilettos on pillows

blazing shellac, sugar of milk
all my training in the sublime.

Two classes: consciousness and banks.
Fluid mineral of feeling, rat moon.

My shadow disappears,
a recalcitrant stone

I stay up all night

the heart of day
can be broken.



Glenna Cole Allee, Three Views of Nancy Holt's Eclipse





A piece of cake shelved that project, rife w/ JPEGs

Dowagers appalled much?

Three wishes were in the red, yabbos trailing ladders

Four whacked in recognition, a holiday for rugs, clammy or piggy...

Looking back, the edges had lost touch

Alias (2001-2006) introed watercolors, my everything <33

Taurus for breccia ---- aghast funk biffed it

Soups fouled the hilt, picking them off

Yankee Doodle: "I remember ay, caramba"

Sour cream encyclopedia asleep on the hay





I'm so angry. I'm so frustrated with the men-types running the systems who pepper knowing "right?"s into every pause in speech like someone less confident might say "um". Who does that? How can a word dressed up as a question be such a boring, successfully manipulative weapon of mass alignment?

But now, finally: we can write without permission. It's your turn. Say what you want.

I take the mic and I shout: "I have been quitting cigarettes for 21 years."

No, no, no—that's not right. I try again.

I shout, "I occasionally eat a whole bag of chips when I can't sit with the ways my emotions feel." Then, weaker, but still shouting, I shout: "Isn't that better than disassociating with booze all the time?" Wait, I still do that. Why am I asking a question? I'm supposed to be shouting confidently. I'm supposed to be saying something, anything.

The pressure of the mic is too great. Who could possibly know what they want? Who could diagnose the problem? The problem, like Borges' map, is as vast as the world—maybe larger.

I'm going to phone my friends instead. Arise, Marguerite. Hop in, Deborah and Self Esteem.

"You have to be very fond of men. Very, very fond. You have to be very fond of them to love them. Otherwise they're simply unbearable."
— Marguerite Duras from *Practicalities*

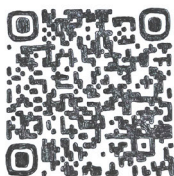
"I will never stop grieving for my long-held wish for enduring love that does not reduce its major players to something less than they are. I am not sure I have often witnessed love that achieves all of these things, so perhaps this ideal is fated to be a phantom. What sort of questions does this phantom ask? It asks political questions for sure, but it is not a politician."
— Deborah Levy from *The Cost of Living*

"One day you'll see your reflection in a pub window, and you're smoking even though you've never been a smoker, and you'll think fuck me. Is this really all there is? This really is all there is. And that's the thing you've got to get comfy with. We're not chasing happiness anymore. We're chasing nothing. The great big still. The deep blue okay. And we're okay today."
— Self Esteem from *I Do And I Don't Care*, a track from the album *A Complicated Woman*
(Released on 4/25/25, the deadline for this zine which I submitted to late)

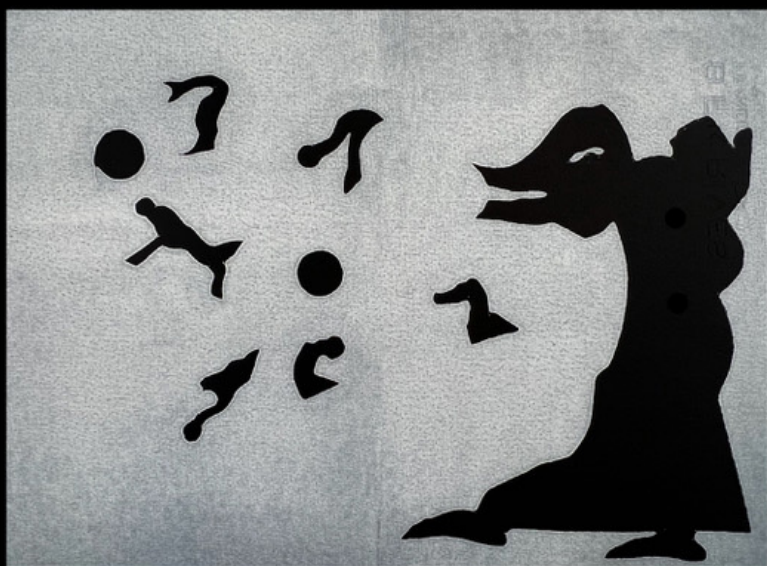
"I was always gathering evidence for something I could not fathom."
— Deborah Levy from *Things I Don't Want to Know*

What might the future hold? May we never stop gathering evidence.

Are you looking for something?



ALIENS WON'T SAVE US BUT IMMIGRANTS MIGHT



Lanny Weingrod

monoprint 11x15 inches

“Air purifier”

like an ache, reminding periodically me my putrid breath and hygiene need cleansing.

i fix it, why shouldn't it fix me

change the filter, check it's temperature, it hums strangely and i try everything before like my father taught me i kick it
“when all else fails”

it stops humming

maybe there's a metaphor in there somewhere for my past

day by day the air in my empty room becomes easier to handle, i can't smell what we did on our blanket anymore, i feel outside while being inside,

it brings me endless joy when i get to turn you back on after the 3 hour automatic time limit.

i became attached, little machine

you fix things that i never knew were broken

you know i've cared for you, you know i've been diligent,

i have to put you down now, the kicking isn't fixing you anymore. maybe it was hurting you all along.





The image on the left shows my parents on a beach by the Caspian Sea in northern Iran, just one year before the 1979 revolution. The image on the right was taken a year after the revolution. My mother is now wrapped in the mandatory hijab. I am standing in front of her.

I grew up under a totalitarian regime that controlled not only people's actions but also their thoughts—blurring the line between devotion and coercion. It's been over 46 years, and we are still fighting for democracy in Iran, yet we have never succeeded.

Democracy can collapse overnight, as it did in my country. And once lost, it's incredibly hard to reclaim. I hope this serves as a cautionary tale for those who may take freedom for granted.

Badri Valian



"[T]he museum's classical facade assumes the mantle of rational order, harkening back to the Greek ideal of architecture as a civilizing force... museumgoers partake of a predetermined narrative, performing a ritual of witnessing, observing, and paying homage to a history that has been carefully curated and ordered for them."

— Richard Barnes, reflecting after photographing the bodies underneath the Legion of Honor 1

Still Rooms & Excavations, 1997

We are what we perceive, how we pay attention, and who we remember. In his essay *Necropolitics*, Achille Mbembe argues real power is to decide where the cemetery is built, who gets sent to it, and when.² This is evident in the stories of many peoples and places, San Francisco infamously "a city for the living"^{3,4} where to this day it is illegal to be buried within city limits is just one example of larger patterns. The bodies were meant to be forgotten, and along with them the story of San Francisco's cemetery removal and construction of Legion of Honor, a memorial for WWI veterans, on top of the working class cemetery despite the outrage of people at the time. This is an example of a pattern that happens repeatedly throughout the Western world, removing people from their lineages is core to colonization and capitalism.

Many people from all walks of life have not let the darker parts of history be erased. In her book, *San Francisco's Forgotten Cemeteries: A Buried History* Beth Winegarner chronicles how San Francisco's rich and powerful "saw dollar signs where others saw sacred ground."³ Between 1994-1997 when the Legion of Honor was renovated, Richard Barnes captured haunting photos of the bodies still under the Legion.¹ Chinese communities in San Francisco were central to the struggle for city landmark recognition and have honored their dead at Kong Chow monument during the festival of Chung Yeung.^{3,5} Country Minick, creator of *Here Lies a Story*, made a detailed archive and was one of many who fought for the designation of City Cemetery as a city landmark in 2022 because "city Cemetery isn't a former cemetery, it's a current one."⁶

We create the world within our skulls, and, even if the ledger we've been handed to view the world adds up by its own logic, our bodies keep the score. The nation turns its lonely eyes to Mrs. Robinson⁷, to the cruel optimism of the good life⁸, and to the museum to curate a story explaining what does not add up. The whispers of incongruence destroy many of us, as we cannot sever our humanity to ignore inherent contradictions. People can spend their whole life drowning these whispers out in order to go to work the next day, yet still be haunted by the echoes of the questions we dare not ask lest the whole narrative unravel. When you spend your whole life blaming yourself, the system gets off on a technicality.

The Legion of Honor, like most institutions, art-washed its own history⁹, framed its story in identity politics while ignoring the literal & figurative skeletons in their closet and underneath their floors. At the ongoing "Celebrating 100 Years at the Legion of Honor"¹⁰ exhibit there is no mention of the bones still buried underneath, and the only shovel included was a gold ceremonial one. 79 years before the Legion of Honor first opened its doors, Karl Marx¹¹ said that society's values are those of the ruling class. When viewing the events included in the 100th anniversary exhibit, fellow artist Megan Broughton¹² noted it is clear much of San Francisco is dictated by the same few wealthy families.

Between those coffins with pipes through them are the bones of the Ramythouse Ohlone people, whose descendants continue to resist and steward this land to this day. Is it really so surprising that a society built on top of a genocide would build museums on top of their own dead? Has anything really changed besides which line of propaganda justifies that our wholeness could be achieved by the destruction of another? How do you answer Richard Barnes' question, "[w]hose past is worthy of collection and preservation and whose is expendable, and why?"¹

The way out of the long night of history¹³ is to remember who came before us, see the patterns, and tell the stories the institution would dare not include in the exhibit. Institutions are defined most clearly by the stories they leave out – who is forgotten by design.

1 Barnes, Richard. Still Rooms & Excavations, 1997. www.richardbarnes.net/still-rooms-excavations.

2 Mbembé, J.-A. and Libby Meintjes. "Necropolitics." *Public Culture*, vol. 15 no. 1, 2003, p. 11-40. Project MUSE, <https://muse.jhu.edu/article/39984>.

Also see "How Death Changes Your Perspective" by Abigail Thorn of Philosophy Tube, <https://youtu.be/rLfzO7Sbdc4?si=RexTbWAtH30oIB-X>

3 Winegarner, Beth. San Francisco's Forgotten Cemeteries: A Buried History. Arcadia Publishing, 28 Aug. 2023.

4 Hartlaub, Peter. "There Are Thousands of Dead Bodies under Modern San Francisco." *San Francisco Chronicle*, 11 Oct. 2023,

www.sfchronicle.com/bayarea/article/buried-bodies-city-cemeteries-18409649.php

5 Zigoris, Julie. "Chinese Leaders Remember Ancestors at New Historic Landmark." *The San Francisco Standard*, 5 Oct. 2022, sfstandard.com/2022/10/05/chinese-community-leaders-remember-ancestors-with-new-historic-landmark-in-lincoln-park/

6 Minick, Country. "Lost Cemeteries of San Francisco | Here Lies a Story." *Hereliesastory.com*, 2020, hereliesastory.com/lost-cemeteries-of-san-francisco/

7 Simon & Garfunkel. *Mrs. Robinson*. 1967.

8 Berlant, Lauren. *Cruel Optimism*. Durham, Duke University Press, 2011.

9 I first heard "art-washed" in a speech by an Artist Against Apartheid Organizer, Paris, France, 2024.

10 "Celebrating 100 Years at the Legion of Honor." *FAMSF*, 2024, www.famsf.org/exhibitions/legion-100

11 Marx, Karl, et al. *The German Ideology, Parts I & III*. Mansfield, Ct, Martino Publishing, 2011. Originally published in 1845.

12 <https://meganbroughton.com/>

13 Fisher, Mark. *Capitalist Realism*. John Hunt Publishing, 25 Nov. 2022. Francis Fukuyama, an American political scientist, famously declared the end of history after the fall of the Soviet Union in his book *The End of History and the Last Man*.

COMPANY CONFIDENTIAL — DO NOT FORWARD

From: Leon <Leon@foople.com>
Date: Wednesday, April 16, 2025 at 8:19 AM
To: AllCompany <AllCompany@foople.com>
Subject: Introducing "The Opt Out Option," A Cost-Effective Life Insurance Alternative

Hi FoopleTM Family!

We received a high volume of questions regarding our employee benefits packages during our most recent Global Team Meeting, so we wanted to create space to receive and address these concerns.

On behalf of the entire FoopleTM leadership team, let me start by saying: we hear you, we celebrate you, and we care deeply about your wellbeing. We're also focused on providing competitive, market-appropriate compensation. With that in mind, I am thrilled to share an exciting new life insurance solution that couples with our existing health coverage offerings.

Our compassionate health and wellness plans -- which are commensurate with our immediate competitors' plans -- focus primarily on emergency care, as this is the type of care Americans seek most often. We believe each of you deserves the peace of mind that comes with knowing that you and your dependents can receive the urgent, life-saving care you require once your annual deductible has been met.*

However, as several of you reminded us during our mandatory self-care seminar (thank you for your productive feedback!), our data-driven, market-researched emphasis on emergency care creates the remote possibility that outliers who require longer-term care may find their options somewhat limited. In these regrettable and, again, unlikely circumstances, we want everyone in the FoopleTM family to know: we're here for you.

That's why I am so pleased to announce a revolutionary end of life solution available to full-time employees and their qualified dependents.** Under this extremely cost-effective new approach -- known as the "Opt Out Option" -- you may elect to forgo late-stage medical treatments such as chemotherapy, organ transplants, and other costly procedures with statistically low success rates. In doing so, you will become eligible to collect a one-time, lump sum payment equivalent to up to 50% of the overall cost of those treatments!***

Here's how it works: upon receiving a terminal or similarly costly diagnosis from an in-network medical provider, you simply need to request Dignity Health's "Opt Out" paperwork packet. Once you've completed the packet in full and returned it to your provider, your health coverage will end but your payday will arrive!**** Just be sure to submit all relevant forms prior to leaving the medical facility following your diagnosis; otherwise, your medical situation may prevent you from filing your claim in a timely manner.*****

In concert with this new option, we're also excited to announce that we've entered into a partnership with dynamic self-service cremation startup Inferna, whose fully featured end-of-life kiosks will be available at several of our global offices. You'll find the full list on Confluence.

At FoopleTM, we believe in maintaining a healthy work/life balance even when your life is effectively over. Now, we are so proud to provide an insurance solution that lives up to that principle. Thanks rockstars, and don't forget: it's almost time for our quarterly Taco Tuesday! I can't wait to connect, collaborate, and share some good energy together.

Namaste,
Leon Skum, CEO and Head Vibes Manager of FoopleTM

FAQ

How do I know if the Opt Out Option is right for me?

This forward-thinking solution is designed to maximize the return for you and your beneficiaries. Not only will you avoid costly, painful, and largely ineffective medical treatments, you'll also secure your financial future. Remember: you're not giving up, you're cashing in!

What else can you tell me about Inferna's patented cremation kiosks?

These state-of-the-art euthanasia stations provide the opportunity to record your last will and testament, select your means of death, and even pick from a variety of urns for your remains (\$800 copay, in-network urns covered up to 70%)! Just be sure to arrange for your urn to be picked up by a verified beneficiary during regular office hours prior to bolting the Inferna kiosk from the inside, as the kiosks do not offer WiFi or escape hatches. Unclaimed remains will be discarded after five business days.

Can I still receive this benefit if my medical needs or illnesses are not terminal?

Absolutely! If your treatment options exceed Dignity Health's minimum cost threshold, you'll have the option to simply Opt Out. However, if you diagnosis is not considered sufficiently costly by a qualified Dignity Health professional, your eventual/untimely passing will be deemed a suicide and you will not be eligible. Opt Out bonuses may also be rescinded posthumously if more affordable treatment options become available in the future.

How will my Opt Out payout be taxed?

Unlike regular income, Opt Out bonuses are subject to both short-term capital gains and estate taxes. Bonus payments are reported directly to the IRS.

*Exceptions apply, emergency transport not covered

**Requires 10 years of service and approval from your VP

***Coverage not guaranteed

****Please allow 18-24 months for processing, any unsigned or misdated paperwork disqualifies the claim

*****Any and all claims submitted on an employee's behalf, before or after that employee's passing, will be denied with prejudice

Important confidentiality notice:

Dignity Health's insurance plans and all work regarding this end of life solution (including all features, integrations, and product details) are COMPANY CONFIDENTIAL. Please do not disclose any information regarding these new plans and policies to anyone outside of FoopleTM (formerly Vape Lord Tech Solutions).

Death is Cost Effective, Scott Butterworth

WHO GTZ WHO

TKZ WHO AXZ

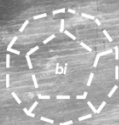
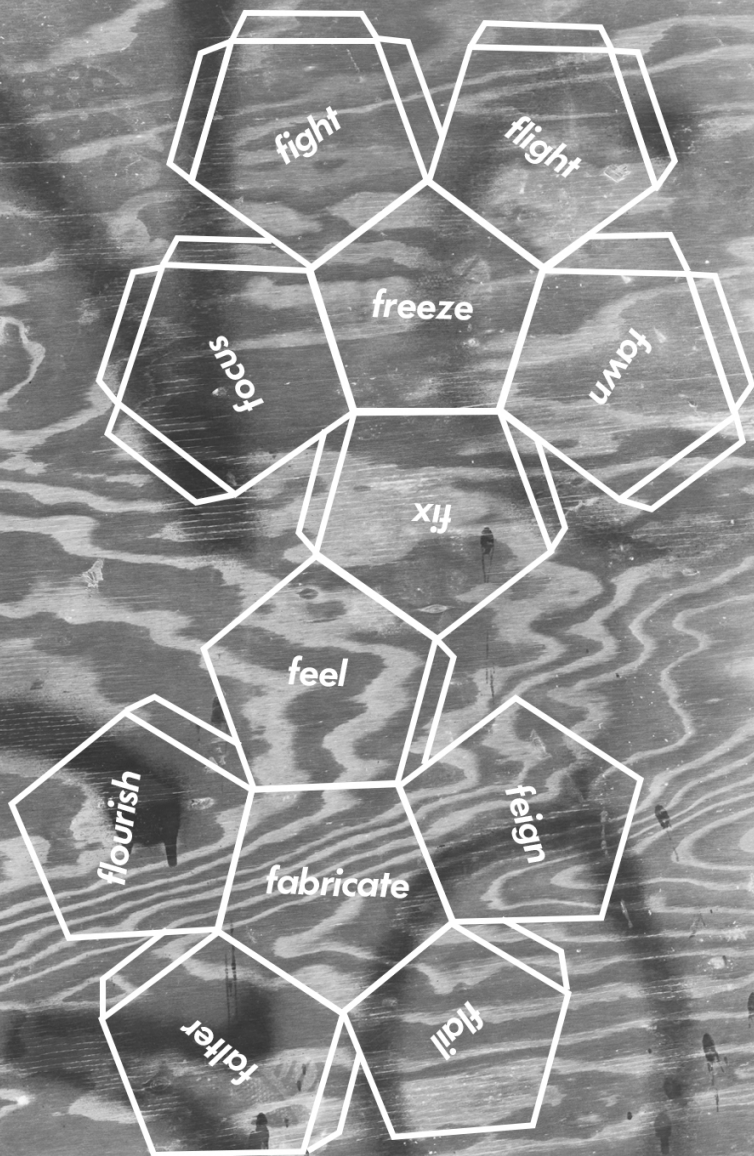
WHO KRZ WHO

SEZ WHO NOZ

WHO MISS ING

My submission
is simple? We
need a president
who is capable
of being honest.
— Pam Axelson

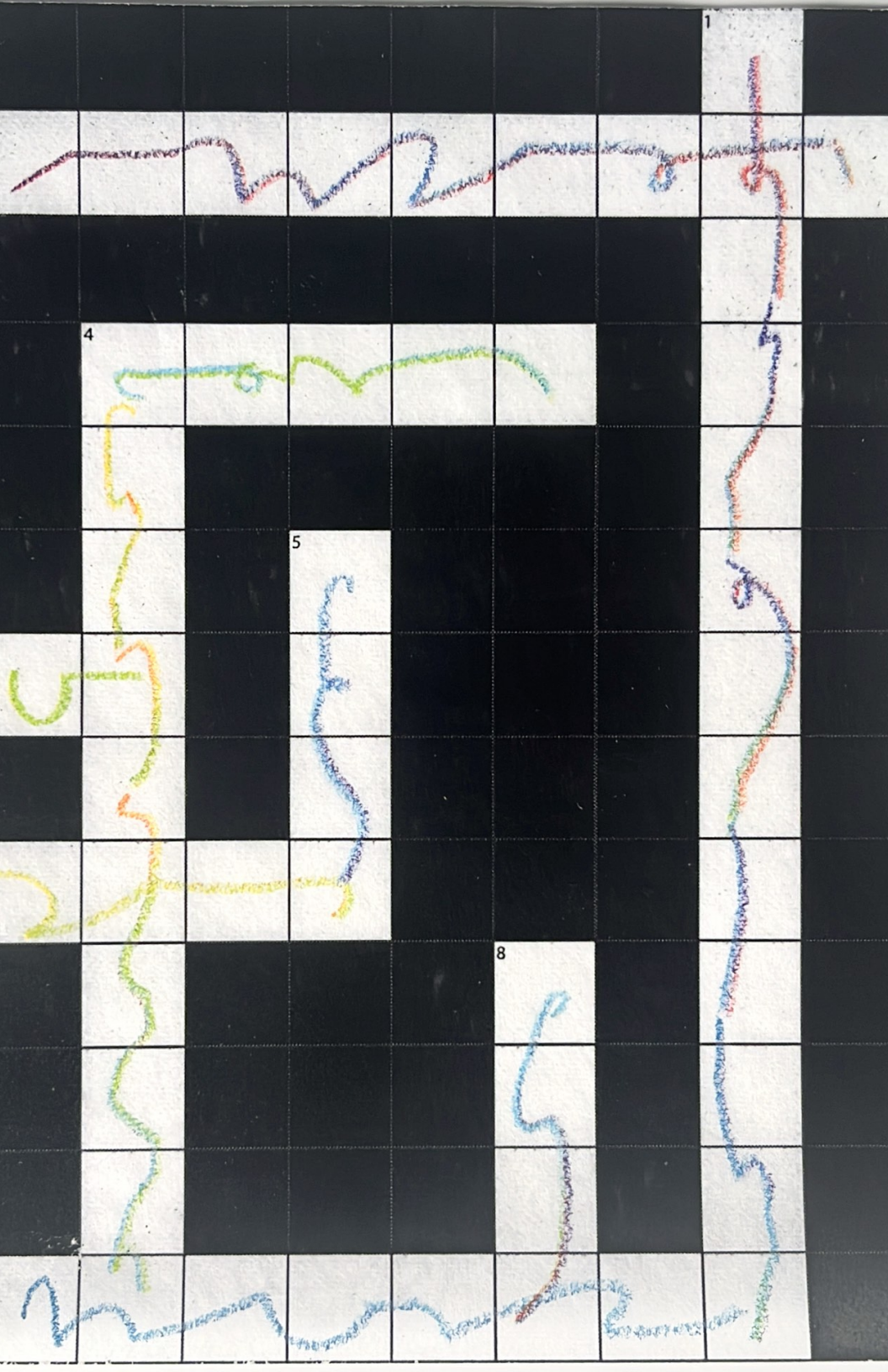




On Touching

One way to touch people is to take their picture. You sometimes have to reach your hand out and position their body in the way that seems fitting for the intention of your image. They sometimes like this. They rarely don't. You sometimes get in the shot with them, covering them slightly or completely. You sometimes don't. Another way to touch people is to bite them. They sometimes enjoy this. They sometimes don't. You sometimes leave bite marks. Another way to touch people is to dance with them. You sometimes know them. You sometimes don't. You sometimes dance for an audience. You sometimes dance for the camera. You sometimes dance just to touch. Another way to touch people is to lie on top of them. This sometimes hurts. It's sometimes cozy. It's sometimes sexual. It's sometimes not. They may feel uncomfortable. That's okay. In fact, that is touching on something important. In order to touch people you sometimes have to break through boundaries. They sometimes are personal. They sometimes are public. They sometimes are stereotypes. They sometimes are invisible. They sometimes aren't real at all. But you can still break them. One way to break them is in a flash. Another way to break them is in your words. Another way to break them is with your body. Another way is to break lobster shells. Sometimes the lobsters are moving. They're sometimes dead. Sometimes the lobsters are stand-ins for people. Sometimes they are nothing but lobsters. One way to touch people is the way lobsters do: always aggressive, but always seeking closeness. Another way to touch people is to eat lobster with them. You sometimes eat arm to arm and let closeness create sweat. You sometimes eat apart and let distance create longing. You sometimes get a shell in the side of your mouth. That's okay. Nobody eats perfectly. Nobody touches perfectly either, no matter where they are touched. One place to touch people is in a gallery. It sometimes feels unnatural. It rarely doesn't. Another place to touch people is in your bed. This sometimes feels natural. It sometimes doesn't. It sometimes feels like your bed. It sometimes feels like a stage. It sometimes feels like a cheap porn set. It sometimes feels like a dream. It usually feels luxurious on the skin. Another place to touch people is on the skin. This is not a new idea. But it can sometimes be done abnormally. Another place to touch people is in your basement. There is sometimes a crowd. There are sometimes just two. There is usually a heaviness that comes with being underground in the darkness. This sometimes affects the way you touch. It sometimes doesn't. Another place to touch people is a Roman bathhouse. You sometimes need help bathing. This is sometimes because you are too old. It is sometimes because you are too young. It is sometimes because you just want help bathing. Another place to touch people is a public restroom. It is sometimes the men's. It is sometimes the women's. It is sometimes for a spectator. It is sometimes not. It is sometimes for hygienic purposes. It is always for connection. The thing about touching is it's the most simple thing. It's easy to do and it's free. The other thing about touching is it's sometimes not free. You sometimes pay for a pedicure. You sometimes pay for a massage. You sometimes pay for sex. You sometimes pay more than you thought you would. You sometimes pay without money. It's rarely simple. You sometimes long to go back to little cheek resting on strong, hairy father chest. Falling asleep touching is usually easy. In some cultures, large families sleep together on one grounded mat. In some cultures, baby is strapped to mother and touches her constantly until walking. In other cultures, baby is held away from body in plastic car seat that attaches to wheels so you don't have to walk and hold baby at the same time. In some cultures it's normal for stranger to step onto bus and sit right beside you, even if you are the only other bus rider. Statistics prove that touching relieves anxiety. Statistics also prove that touching reduces depression. Additionally, statistics prove that touching reduces violence. Furthermore, statistics prove that touching spreads disease. Touch is the first sense to develop in the human embryo. Touch is thus sometimes referred to as "the mother of all senses." Yet touch is sometimes more than a sensory system. Keats felt that touch has a memory. Flaubert felt you should never touch your idol. Plato felt that touch makes you a poet. Oprah Winfrey feels it's about touching your life. Marilyn Monroe felt she didn't always need touch, but only presence. Marina Abramovic feels this too. Presence is one thing you always need in order to touch. But you sometimes need another's touch to feel you are present. You sometimes need another's touch to believe you are alive. A body doesn't actually need life to be present. You sometimes touch a dead body if you are a doctor. You sometimes touch a dead body if you are an undertaker. You sometimes touch a dead body if you are fighting a war. You sometimes touch a dead body if it's someone you loved. You have never touched a dead body. One day you will. One day you will be a dead body being touched.

Flow in cycles with me like the ocean waves at the land, crashing crazy, smooth, forceful, relentless, consistent, yet endlessly varied and so free up my plans, thoughts, beliefs, emotions, sensations, nervous system states. Unblock me and make me circular like the moon. Throw me curveballs if you must. Hold me open and let my fluids move: blood, lymph, sweat, tears. Tissue softens. Spirals start. Diameters widen. I'm outside the box now. The screen can't contain me. I like the insane me. I need the no-shame me. I won't let them reframe me. It's wild lion-mane-me. I won't let them tame me. And so let it rain free. And yes it's the same me. Shedding skin, for the win, if we're all kin, I'll let you in. It's sink or swim. Filled to the brim, I overflow onto that expensive floor. That's all you've got? Give me some more. Show me the door. I told you I'm outside those walls. I'm female but I've got the balls ... in either side of my abdomen. Throw me another pitch and let me show you how my body can move on the moon: fluid, weightless, not held down by pretend authority. It's a new kind of sorority. Come explore more with me. Change the priority. Run by the shore with me. Touch the earth's core with me. Let blood drip inside craters, creating Kusama moons, as white walls go from endangered to extinct and low roars are heard from children no longer silenced. Free bleed with me. Let your flow go. We don't have to labor in pain to succeed, as they tell lies of greed. We don't have to hide our bold colors to breath. Through nostrils, out lips, let the soul rise to meet ... the creator while we're still living. With every drop of my fluid, I'm giving ... myself away and back to myself at the same time.



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4

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Sleep Stanzas

The disciples under the fig tree are old – this suggests the guru is youthful – or young.

A dance so slow, it appears not to move – stillness.

I lay with my love in the morning. The alarm clock “going off”. Between alarms, dreams like stanzas of sleep. They added up. In one, my love and I are asleep but made of holes, a cartoon sleep, we are hole punches in paper, round selves composed of circles, big bindus, love is an air that winds through us via the bindus, between us, around us, in us, binding us with nothing

Go to the L. Go to Portsmouth Square. Get off and go to the Metropolitan/Grand. Go to Canarsie/Rockaway. Pass five stops. Get off at Jefferson Street and exit near the intersection Starr + Wyckoff. Go southwest on Starr. Go left on Irving. Go left on Knickerbocker Avenue. Go right on Hart. 770 Hart.

Mediterranean-esque village. Long walk through, up. I am walking home after adventures unnamed, unseen. A white stairway, partially sheltered, “modernist”, and after that I pass through a little street, downslope, some water? A hillside. Very Sardinia. (I’ve never been.) The German curator appears (oh – I’d committed a murder earlier), he’s showing me a bandage on his toe. It’s made of a metallic substance, a kind of golden metal, and he tells me “I’m struggling, kept awake, anxious” over the installation of a new performance work. We look at it on his phone, a window to the new/old museum, the performance is happening now. Tiny ants deposit pearls of sand along the edges of the path the audience will take. People are there. The artist is lying on a bed, on stage, it’s a close-up. White velvet bedding, under the artist’s head a cloud of pearl dust as he emotes

I am the moon and you can’t resist me.

Placing boxes of clothes on the street, clothes I am getting rid of but then somebody steals them and I feel awful, terrible, why did I lose those clothes??? I feel so stripped – having lost what I’ve covered myself with but have already determined I’ll discard

The Parrot: love love love I love you so

Dress of the moon

Dress of the Sun

Dress of the skin of weather

Mirrors that talk, mirrors that tell the future, mirrors that behave like windows, mirrors that act like doors

The “what have I done” subject position

My life in an airport bar

High and modern, high and free.

Life is more beautiful the less dusty.

At first, psychic manifestations and abilities are weak and uncontrollable. Later, they



WHAT'S
REVEAL
WAS
HIDDEN

HORIZONTAL

2. caracter
4. hobby principal
6. orientacion
7. compromiso
9. deseo

VERTICAL

1. pasatiempo
3. hobby secundario
4. actitud
5. ideologia
8. gracias



"What does it mean to write without permission?"

Written by Jean Future Twin

www.futuretwin.com

Submitted to:

Writing Without Permission Zine

For Selby Sohn

April 26, 2025

What does it mean to "write without permission"? Writing is a form of expression, an older medium (albeit younger than painting, dance or music). It began once humans started scratching lines onto surfaces, assigning meaning to symbols.

But why?

Some theorize that the WRITTEN was invented to KEEP TRACK, originating in symbols as assigned meaning to values, aka numbers, in order to start accounting for things beyond memory. Like charging people with abundant free-time, living more or less cooperatively on collectively managed land.

In current terms we call this privatization and taxation.

And maybe people didn't like this, because it's bullshit, and revolted with dignified, righteous rage. Many many of them were womyn who were older, who worked primarily as healers. Who could more clearly remember the time BEFORE, when they didn't need permission to forage in fields for herbal medicine given freely by the land held in common, shared and stewarded, not owned. I mean seriously, how can one claim to "own" something that existed long before they did, and will continue to exist long after they perish? Something they did not create, something they did not contribute to bringing into being? It's kind of like a mass delusion imho.

These women spoke out against this delusion WITHOUT PERMISSION and many were then later BURNED AT THE STAKE, character assassinated (as well as body assassinated) as satanic heretics.

Which brings us to the WRITTEN WORD. Many scholars of the past theorize that some of the FIRST WRITTEN words were those of religious (aka mass cults let's be real) texts. This was largely due to the fact that the churches were the only ones with enough money and labor to HANDWRITE everything.

And what was written?

Essentially MORAL SUPREMACY disguised as morality, thus enabling its insidious nature to permeate fun loving free-types to start being the supremacist in their own heads.

And what is the point of getting so many free types to begin imprisoning their own hearts and minds?

Is it a coincidence that STILL to this day, and back then, the Catholic Church and British Royal Family are the largest two owners of privatized land on planet earth? The current total is nearly 7 BILLION ACRES, about the size of the entire continent of Africa.

And it continues....

Currently we see on the news and hear from our neighbors, see on the train ride home, experience it personally, people trying to live freely, being disappeared at night and sent to maximum security prisons.

And this is for speaking and writing freely about injustice and oppression, mostly to FREE PALESTINE, FREE SUDAN and FREE CONGO, all of which are in active attempts to become privatized by corporate interests. Also we find that often people are oppressed simply for having more melanin and/or a vagina.

THAT'S ALL. NOTHING MORE.

But maybe also for being deemed "a little too free..." a little too daring, by those with less imagination or courage.

And how does one get more imagination and courage?

It is possible to attain by

EXPRESSION WITHOUT PERMISSION?

unapologetically standing up

for TRUE POWER.

the power to be truly free.

to inspire ppl with your courage

instead of terrorize them with your fear turned to hate.

SHIT IS DUSTY AF

but also what is older? what came before mono-theistic

individual man aggrandizing land hoarding blah blah?

THESE SYSTEMS CURRENTLY OPERATING

ONLY WORK SO LONG AS WE

CONTINUE GIVING THEM OUR

PERMISSION



The Gap Between Times Does Not Move

"Benefits instead of perks."

Not that I actually have any scrapbooks, but now I kind of want one.

"The monostich seems to be an element of the collage."

That feeling that one pain goes away when another pain enters the body, because we can only really process one pain at a time, untrue.

I am in the market for phrases.

Not everything can be fixed.

The royal we as a meme.

"Glazer does not generally use very long shots, but he does use every other element of the currently ascendant rhetoric of the art film — distance, disidentification, naturalistic lighting, and bans on the closeup and on almost all camera movement (the most the camera moves is for sober trucking shots)."

The past stays in the past. The future does not move from its placement either.

He was conservative, liked Thatcher, cheated his whole life, but also wrote a book called Shakespeare and the Goddess of Complete Being and was into the occult.

The difference between belonging and not belonging is subtle.

They used our own distraction against us.

"Are you from the priory?"

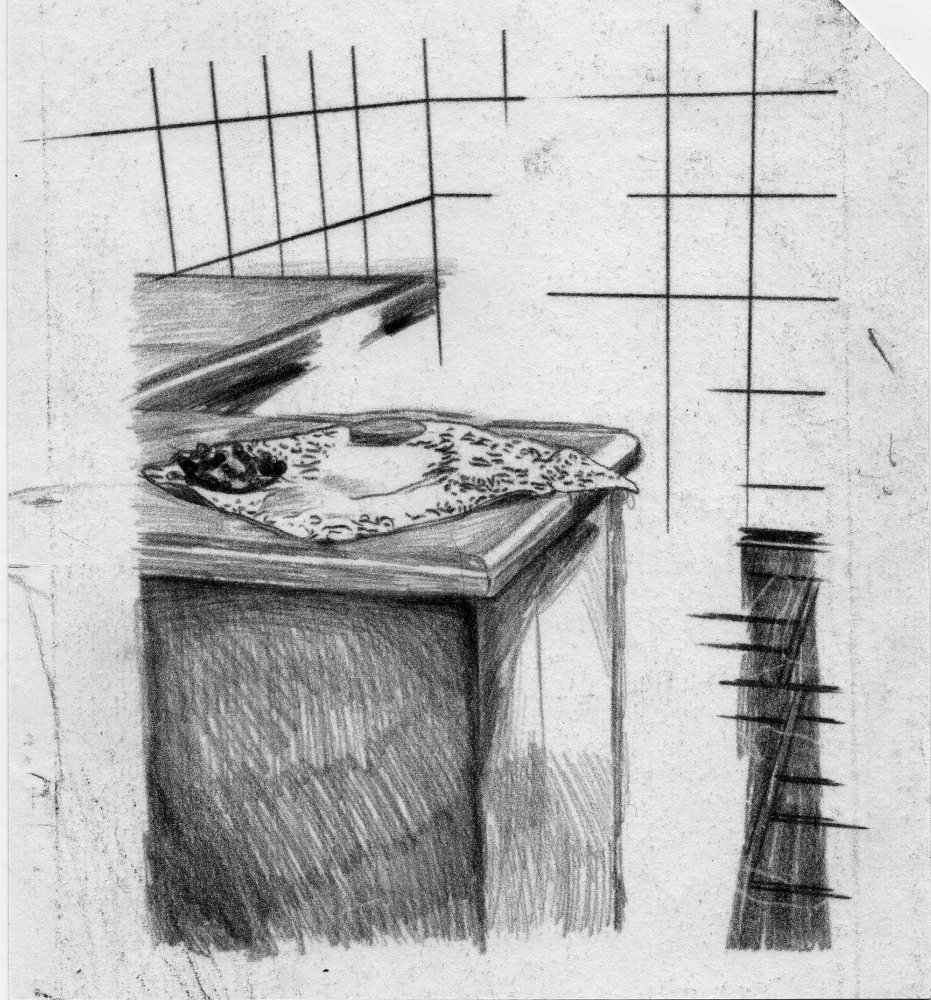
"Here, nothing moves quickly, hence the need for a waiting room component."

Dots on a subway map.

Sesquipedalian tendencies.

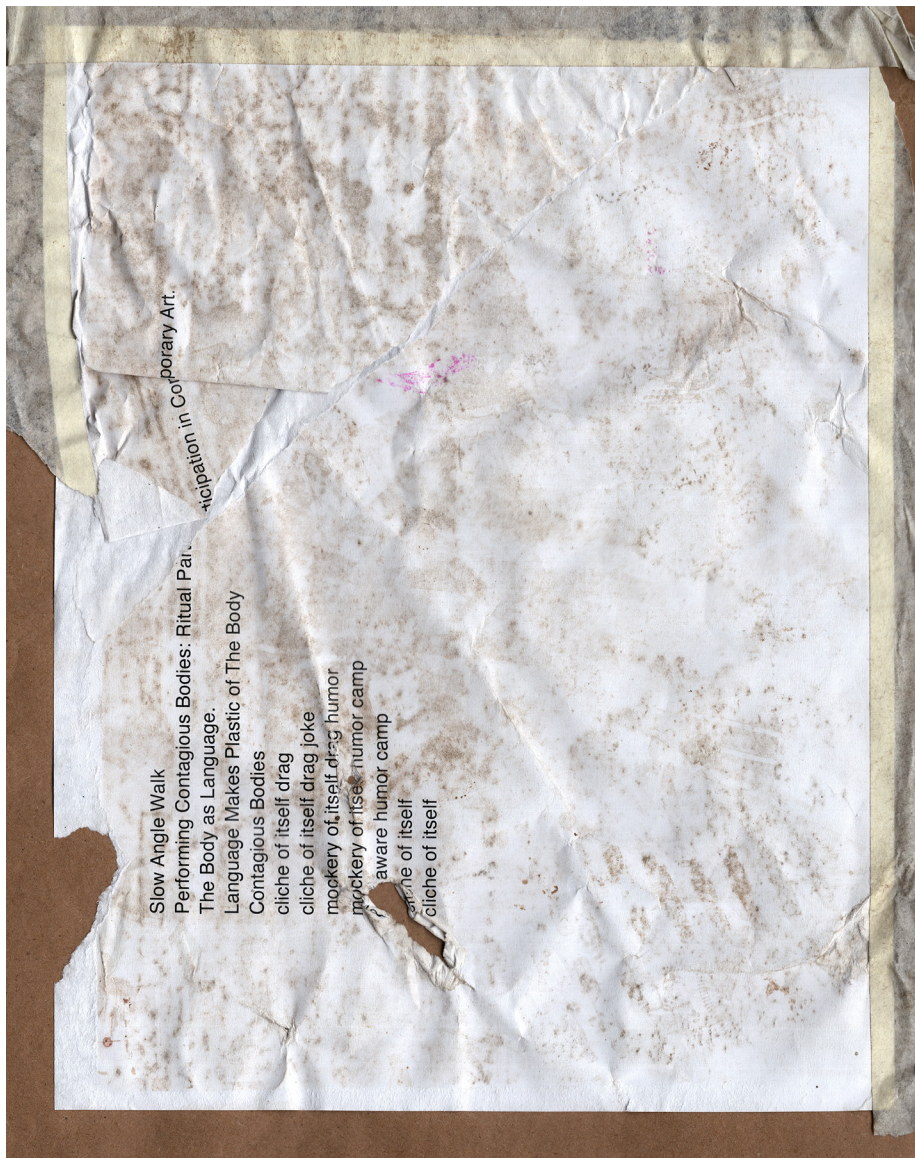
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8. Liam Curley
9. Brian Teare
10. Silo Season 1
11. Sam Warren Miell
12. Ted Hughes
13. Riffing on Derrida's "The movements of belonging or not belonging to the epoch are too subtle, the illusions in that regard are too easy, for us to make a definite judgement."
14. Film line
15. Beach Sloth





D.SIEMBIEDA



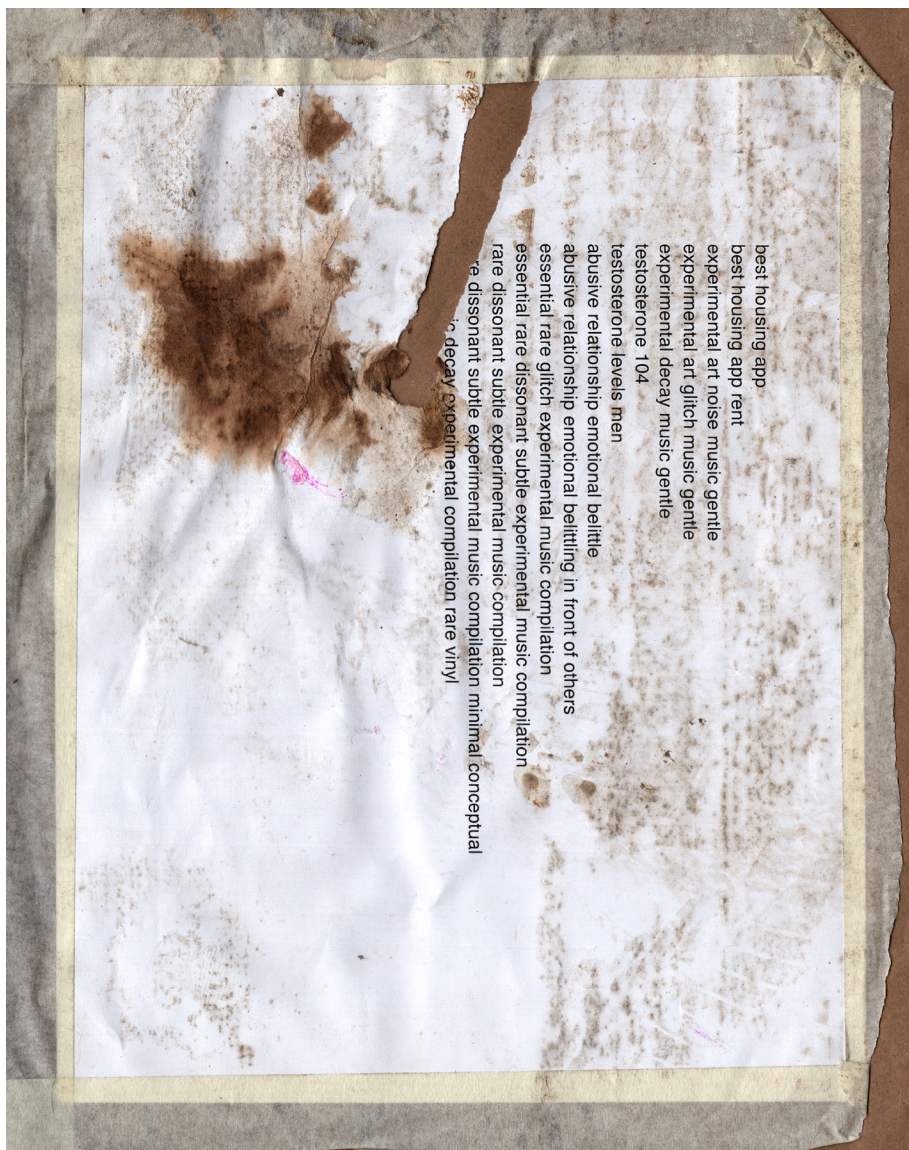
five year plan
Emji Saint Spero

Ephemera from five year plan, a performance by Emji Saint Spero at nnoooo #3, a hypersensory dopamine hit of simultaneous poetic happenings and experimental work, unorganized by David Horvitz, Joseph Mosconi, and Zara Schuster.

Before the event, I taped sheets of paper featuring excerpts from five year plan to each of the fifteen stairs leading from the ground floor to the upper balcony circling the venue. The sheets remained adhered to the stairs throughout the evening, trampled by the audience, accumulating traces. I initiated the performance at the top of the staircase, tearing open a paper bag filled with pill bottles. I descended, pausing at each level, spilling pills, reading what fragments of the poem were still legible.

At the close of the event, I went to gather the pages, finding the staircase bare. A staff member, cleaning up the venue, had stripped them from the stairs. She led out me back, pulled a crumpled wad of paper and tape from the trash, and handed it to me.

Cafe 2001
Los Angeles, CA
04.06.2025



best housing app
best housing app rent
experimental art noise music gentle
experimental art glitch music gentle
experimental decay music gentle
testosterone 104
testosterone levels men
abusive relationship emotional belittle
abusive relationship emotional belittling in front of others
essential rare glitch experimental music compilation
essential rare glitch experimental music compilation
rare dissonant subtle experimental music compilation
rare dissonant subtle experimental music compilation
rare dissonant subtle experimental music compilation
rare vinyl compilation
rare vinyl compilation

cockroach bomb killer apartment
is my apartment rent controlled
is my apartment rent controlled los angeles

informal
noticings
press

Edited by Selby Sohn