WHAT MATTERS

DEC 2014
THE WRITE SHOP
ZINE

Thank you!

This zine was made on site in December 2014 at the WRRQSHOP, a weekly drop-in workshop for queers artists of all ages & stripes hosted by Ethan Shoshan & Quito Ziegler
every Friday from 3-7 pm @ the Joan Mitchell Foundation - 137 West 25th Street 2nd Floor – NYC
werrrqshop@gmail.com

The Joan Mitchell Foundation RULES.
Every week they open the doors of this super-well-stocked art classroom to a mess of queer cultural producers trying to build an intergenerational community of artists who give a shit about the world and each other. Kind of an amazing thing.

We are especially grateful to Travis Laughlin, who supported this idea and made it happen internally, Janice Teran and Adrienne Bradshaw who hold down the space for us every week, and Jose Ortiz for his love and support.

Organizational co-conspirators from Visual AIDS, Sylvia's Place and MIX NYC fill our hearts with love and our classroom with artists. The Bureau of General Services – Queer Division (now located at the Gay Center on 13th Street) are also a lovely contributor to our community – thanks for the shout-outs and for distributing our zine! Most of our special materials are donated by Materials for the Arts.

Special thanks to Kristen Parker from Sylvia's Place, who brings the awesome constantly, and to all of our dear ones who come to Family Dinners at Sylvia's on Thursday nights, which inspired this art-making space to be born. Thank you also to Wil Fisher and Hunter Reynolds for organzing Arts in the Woods, a summer retreat for emerging queer artists who are surviving shelter systems, where the Quito & Ethan first came together to run the Craft Shack.

Generous food donations come from:
Bottino NYC : www.bottinonyc.com
Glitter_Sweets : www.glittersweets.wordpress.com

THANK YOU EVERYONE!!

WRRQSHOP in 2014 : a recap.
October :
- October 10, 2014 : the first Wrrqshop!
- made signs for the Audre Lorde Project to carry in a demo against police brutality
- super amazing Halloween costumes!

November :
- Alex Fialho & Ted Kerr from Visual AIDS organized an awesome Play Smart condom-packing wrrqshop
- Caitlin Rose Sweet helped us make GEM BRAs
- Eliza Steinbock visited from Amsterdam and talked about her work researching trans representation in photography

December:
- on location at Sylvia's Place
- we made this zine
- a community is starting to grow.

What comes next in 2015? Whatevrrr you make of it!
Drop a note to werrrqshop@gmail.com & we'll add you to our list.

WHAT MATTERS : Contributors
(listed in order of their first appearance in the zine)

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Hayat Hyatt

Jessica Ruvalcaba

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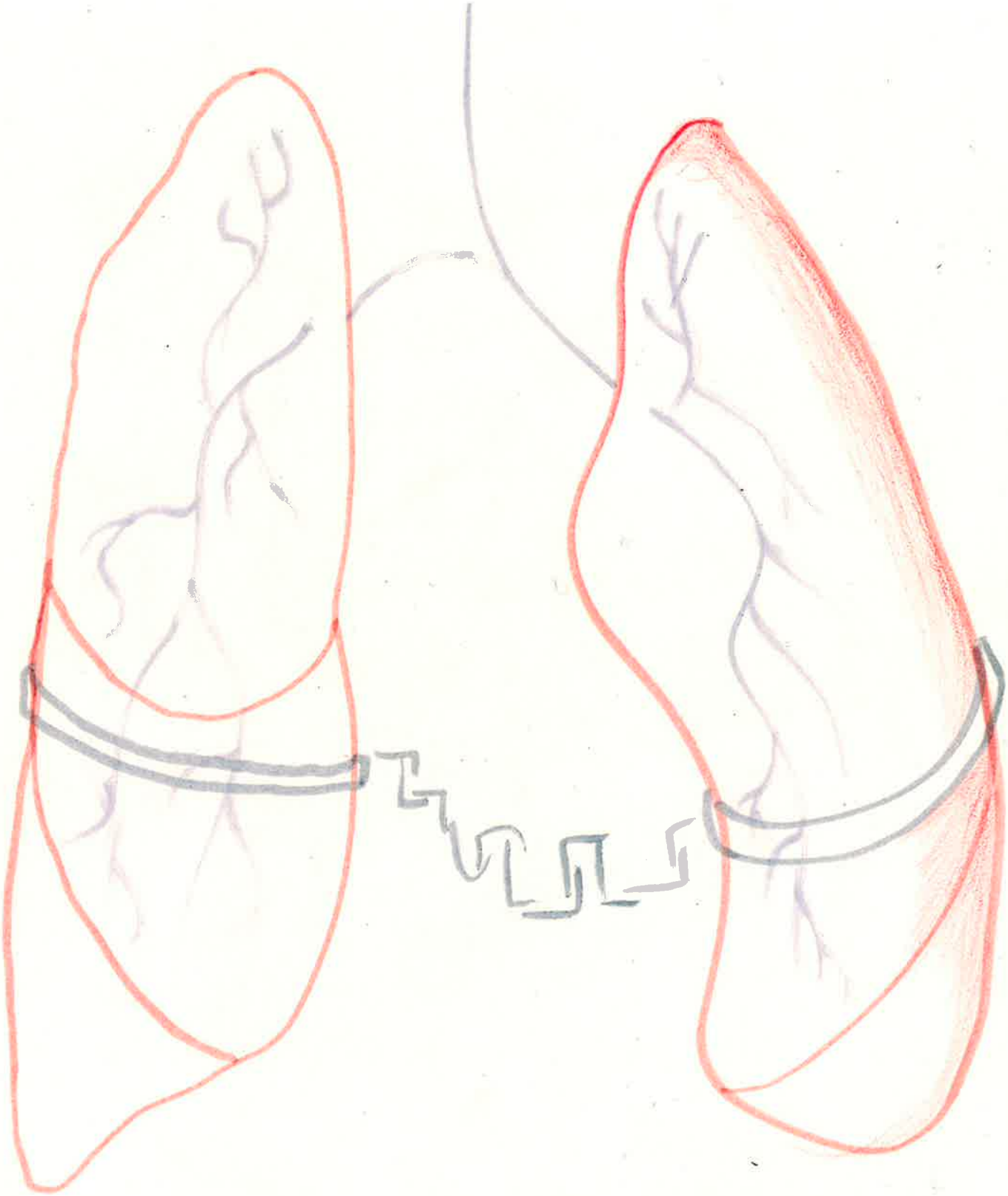
Ryan Patrick Backer

alLuPiNiT (Kathleen White and Rafael Sanchez)

Ramon Regidor

Cree Peyton

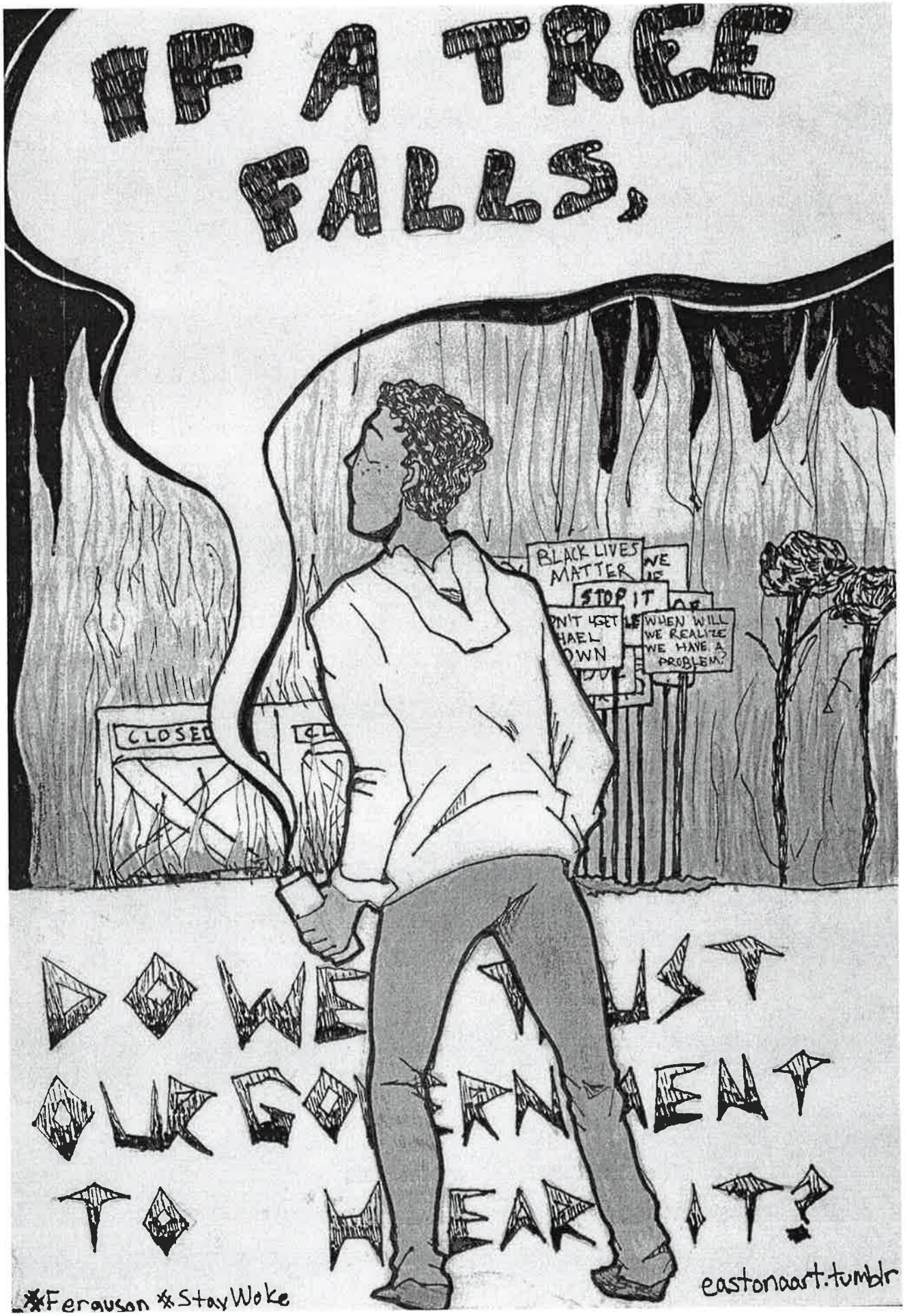
Ethan Shoshan



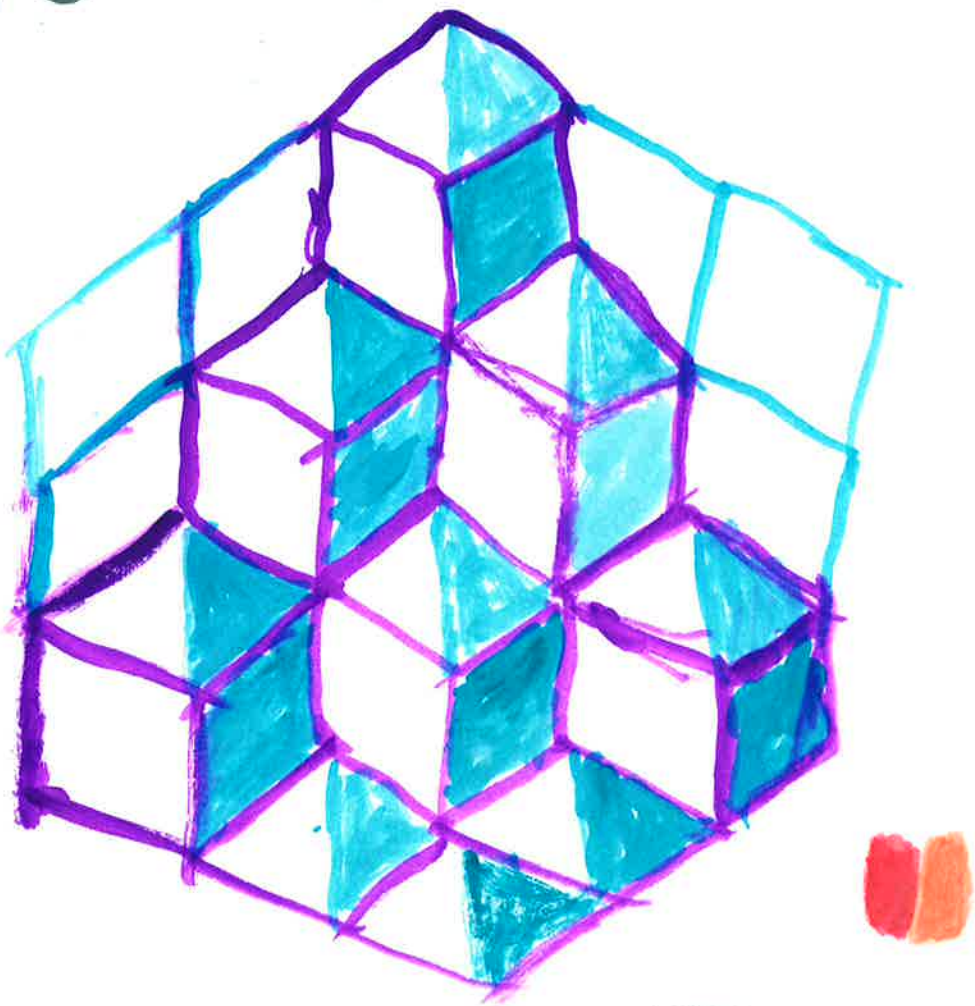
"Caught Red-Handed"

Matthew Hernandez


COPS
ARE
PESTS
2014


IF A TREE FALLS,
BLACK LIVES MATTER
STOP IT
WHEN WILL WE REALIZE WE HAVE A PROBLEM?
CLOSED
DO WE TRUST OUR GOVERNMENT TO HEAR IT?
*Ferguson *StayWoke
eastonaart.tumblr

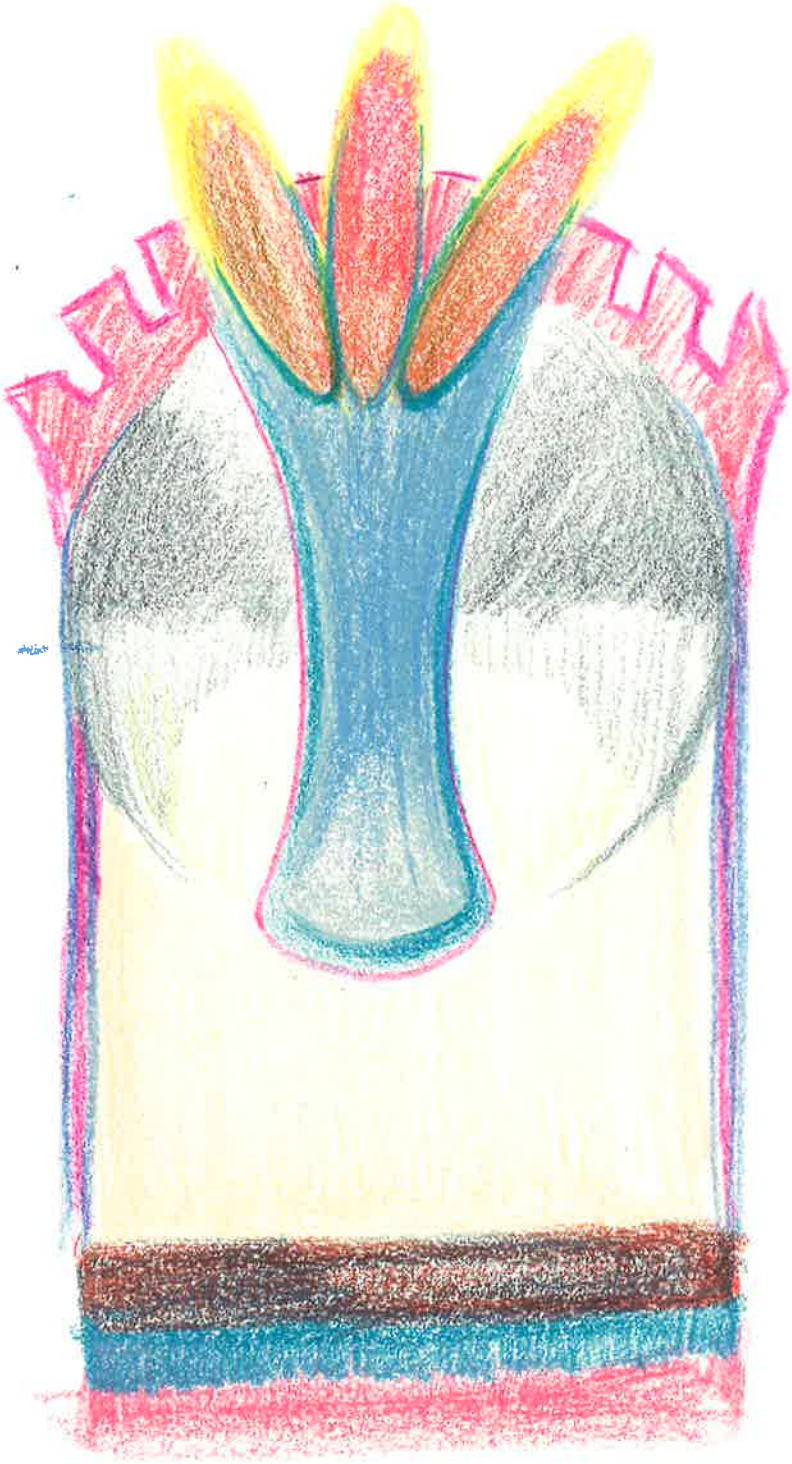
The boxed Life



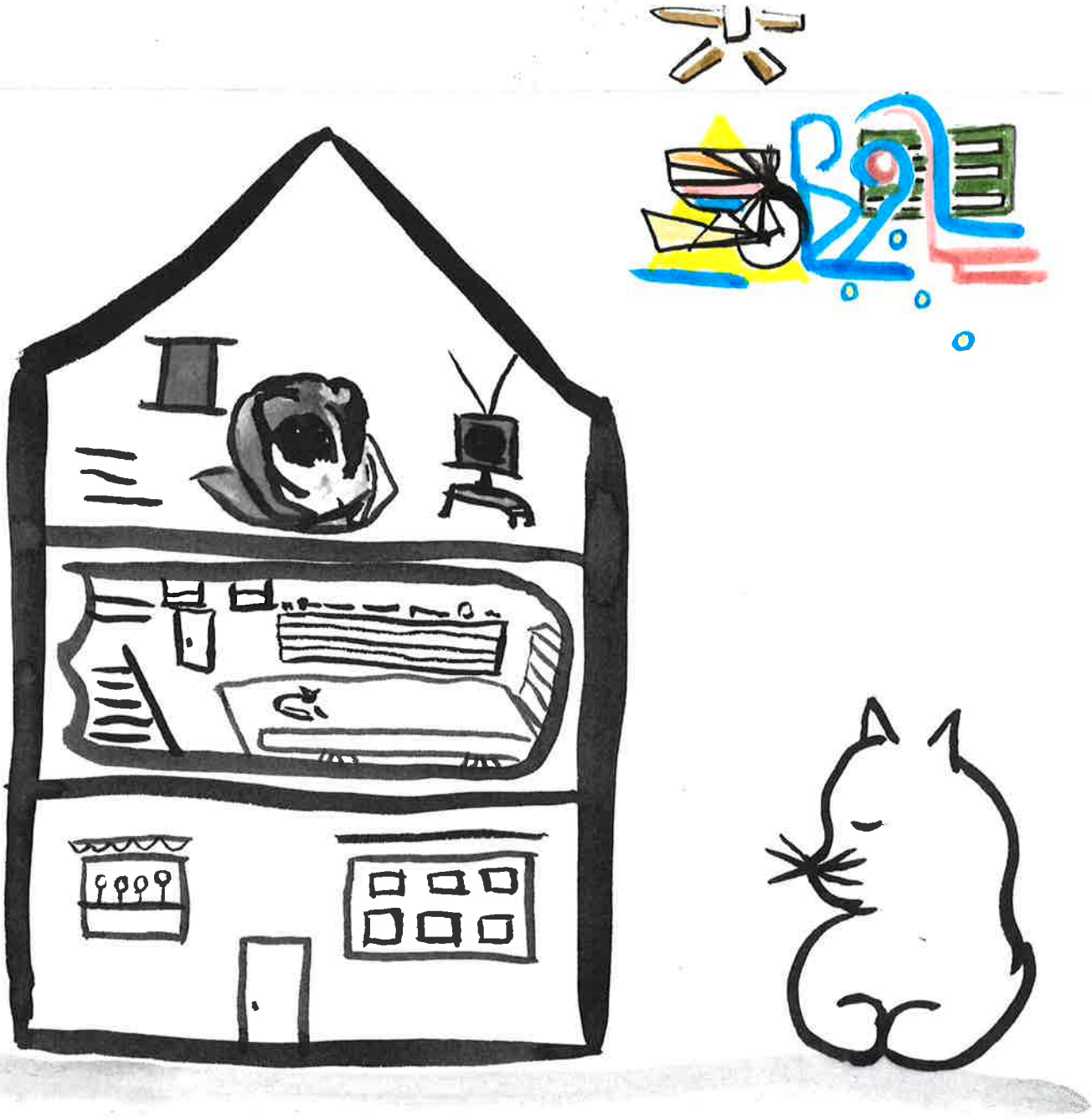
STOP LABEL'S

Coco Sanchi

Minot
State
MAVERICKS



He Bai



Shelley Marlow + Sebastian

Revolutionize Child, Revolutionize!
Written September 18, 2009

The revolution won't be televised!
I said,
The revolution won't be televised!
So WAAAAAAAAAAKE UP!!

It's time for you to Revolutionize Child, Revolutionize!
Because the media don't give a fuck about us niggas makin' movements
When all they see is black as poverty or coonery
We,
are nothing to be put on TV.
So they think…
But don't inhabit the victimization.

Keep pumping your fist beating on the doorways of heaven!
I said,
Keep pumping your fist beating on the doorways of heaven!

Sooner or later someone will take notice.
Keep speaking life into our children.
Keep teaching culture to the next generation.
So they can keep speaking their minds and continue this revolution.

Like KP said,
This is a NEW DAY!

Where we don't give a fuck about anyone else's opinion.
We will wear dreads,
rock our naps,
wrap around our souls the Red, Green, and Black.

See,
we will know our descendants, and
we will know our history.
Where kids will be proud to be black.
Knowing we are the majority, and
2/3 of the world rock the color brown
with coal diamonds in our eyes.

We are everything to be demised,
but nothing to be put down.
Don't inhabit the victimization.
Put death to intra-racial genocide.
Revolutionize Child, Revolutionize!
Read.
Read.
Read.

Don't let anyone tell you,
you are incapable of seeking knowledge.
Don't let the system deprive you of your education.
Take responsibility for your own intellectual capabilities

because it's was you
who saw the galaxies first beyond earth.

Don't be blindsided by the white men
dominating the pages of your textbooks.
Don't be fooled by his story.
Know your story.
Know who you are.
Seek your identity, and
emerge your duality into African.
Rock your native continent around your chest.

Be proud!

You are the rebirth of the aboriginal African.
Today,
this moment,
remove the noose from around your neck.

Don't be afraid to speak your language:
"Bee ni, enyan to-da nie!!! Mo ni fe!!!"
Yes, you are wonderful!!! I Love You!!! In Swahili.
It's your time Revolutionize Child, Revolutionize!

Love your black body.
There is tensile strength resting in your arms,
but remember the middle passage
as it flows through the shores of your blades
protruding from your back.

Walk as if you lay traces of gold after each step.
Keep your head focused on the sky,
there is nothing for you on the ground.
So don't be afraid to Revolutionize Child, Revolutionize!

Black men.
Lift them up.
Unfreeze them from the pages of
emotional,
spiritual,
mental,
and physical abuse
written in the chapters of their childhood.
Where they were too afraid to
change the page
in fear of the next antagonistic incident.
Convinced a protagonist won't save them.
Stone crested in the hedges of their mind
that god is a liar,
and guardian angels
have no place next to bottom boy existences.

Family, I charge you
with the task of healing their wounds.

Don't throw salt.
It dissolves and causes more pain.

It's a shame,
black men and women
living in jails because a brother or sister
never took the time to say:
you are a King,
you are a Queen,
worthy of love.
I'll be that one.
I love you, my brother you are a King.
I love you, my sister you are a Queen.

Know your worth.
YES, we are worthy.
Never let another human being tell you,
you are invisible,
they chose to be blind.
Blind to your beauty,
your strength,
your resilience.

They've been hearing your heart beating loudly for centuries.
We've never stopped curating our lives,
so keep going.

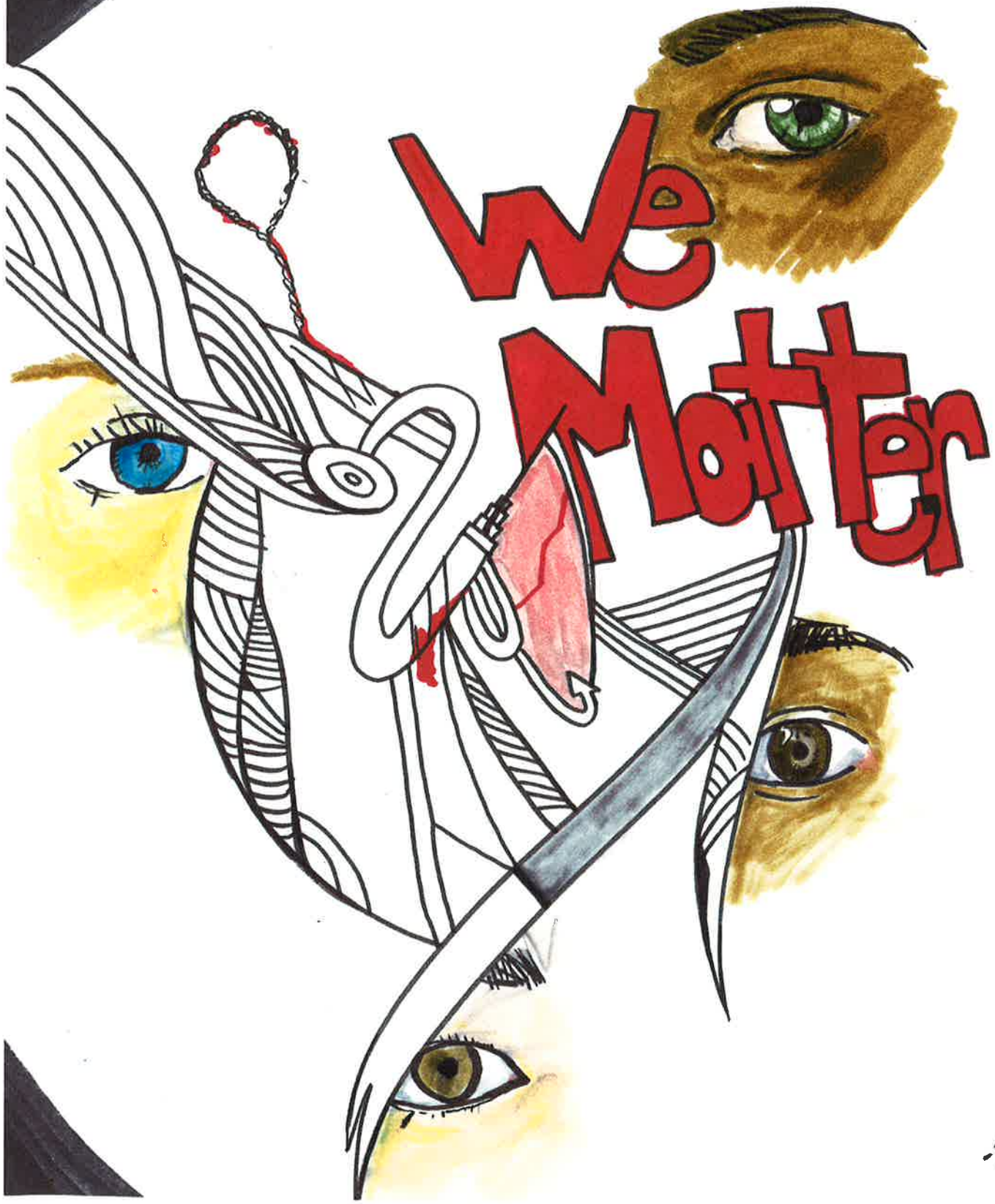
GO!
GO!
GO!
Revolutionize Child, Revolutionize!

There is no time for stagnation along your trails,
blaze them.
Along your journey
speak no regrets,
speak no weariness
Unidle your minds.
You are a revolutionist!

Been revolutionizing the 21st century
since you were a baby.
Look at yourself,
You are amazing!

Beauty rings steadily in the iris of your eyes.
Don't be afraid to be great!
Revolutionize Child, Revolutionize!

Because the revolution won't be televised.
I said,
The revolution won't be televised.
So I ask you, "ARE YOU AWAKE?"


We Matter
-SADA

It is not solely a question

of keeping the body alive:

it is rather

how not

to be killed.

Not to be killed becomes the great end, and mortality takes its meaning from the center. Until that center is shifted, nothing real can be accomplished. It is the uncanny and perhaps unwitting recognition of this fact that causes those in power to keep the disinherited from participation in meaningful social process.

Howard Thurman

In dominate social and scientific discoures,
HIV infection has been understood to

index perverse intimacies of sex and drug use,
what are politely named
"risk behaviors."

AIDS has been considered
a consequence of these
intimacies.

For Black America,
however, I argue

that the primary structuring factor that has determined
risk of HIV infection

has been what I call *state intimacy*,
or the violent intimacy of the racist state.

Adam Geary

Responsible action

does not mean one individual resolving the problems of others. It is rather, participation in a communal work, laying the ground work for the creative response of people in the present and in the future.

Responsible action

means changing what can be altered in the present even though a problem is not complete resolved.

Responsible action

provides partial resolutions and the inspiration and contradiction for further resolutions by others. It is sustain and enabled by participation in a community of resistance.

Sharon Welch

One of the most painful aspects of an ethic of risk
is knowing in one's mind and in one's heart that
"its much much too late" and continuing
to mourn this loss, continuing
to rage against the innumerable onslaught against

life.

Inseparable from this grief and rage is a
profound,
wrenching,
far-from-sentimental affirmation of the
beauty and
wonder of
nature and
human

life.

Sharon Welch

There are few things more devastating than to have it burned into you that you do not count
and that no provisions are made for the literal protection of your person.
The threat of violence is ever present,
and there is no way to determine
precisely when it may come crushing
down upon you.

In modern power politics this is called a war of nerves.

Howard Thurman

WOMANIST

1. From *womanish*. (Opp. of "girlish," i.e. frivolous, irresponsible, not serious.) A black feminist or feminist of color. From the black folk expression of mothers to female children, "you acting womanish," i.e., like a woman. Usually referring to outrageous, audacious, courageous or *willful* behavior. Wanting to know more and in greater depth than is considered "good" for one. Interested in grown up doings. Acting grown up. Being grown up. Interchangeable with another black folk expression: "You trying to be grown." Responsible. In charge. *Serious*.

2. *Also:* A woman who loves other women, sexually and/or nonsexually. Appreciates and prefers women's culture, women's emotional flexibility (values tears as natural counterbalance of laughter), and women's strength. Sometimes loves individual men, sexually and/or nonsexually. Committed to survival and wholeness of entire people, male *and* female. Not a separatist, except periodically, for health. Traditionally a universalist, as in: "Mama, why are we brown, pink, and yellow, and our cousins are white, beige and black?" Ans. "Well, you know the colored race is just like a flower garden, with every color flower represented." Traditionally capable, as in: "Mama, I'm walking to Canada and I'm taking you and a bunch of other slaves with me." Reply: "It wouldn't be the first time."

3. Loves music. Loves dance. Loves the moon. *Loves* the Spirit. Loves love and food and roundness. Loves struggle. *Loves* the Folk. Loves herself. *Regardless.*

4. Womanist is to feminist as purple is to lavender.

Alice Walker

— TEXTS SUBMITTED BY TEDKERR

STOP
ACK

City Hall Under Siege

3,000 protest for better care for AIDS patients

SECOND ANNIVERSARY ACTIONS SUBCOMMITTEE

ACTION PROPOSAL

THE ACTION:
At 7:30 AM, on March , 1989, ACT UP will seize control of City Hall to demand quality health care and human services for all people with AIDS and HIV related illness, and all those currently denied adequate health care, regardless of their ability to pay. For the next few weeks, in preparation for the action, ACT UP will be involved with the work necessary to make this action successful: outreach,

The most important thing about this action is not the site (city hall) or the action (taking over). The most important thing is the situation we can create-- a situation in which the balence of power will shift to our side. During the action we will have taxed the energy of the NYC police department, closed down city hall, and captured the attention of the media with our message. In short, by upsetting the order of the day we will seize control.

- HUNTER REYNOLDS

The most important thing about this action is not the site (city hall) or the action (taking over). The most important thing is the situation we can create-- a situation in which the balence of power will shift to our side. During the action we will have taxed the energy of the NYC police department, closed down city hall, and captured the attention of the media with our message. In short, by upsetting the order of the day we will seize control.

ACT UP " Size Control of City Hall" March on City Hall Action 1989. Quoted from the Action Proposal. The ACT UP Archives New York Public Library.

Saturn in Jupiter Square Neptune in Pisces

tion. Of course, when poorly installed, and not taut, the conductors may sag between insulators and may create a very definite fire hazard. Even when installed perfectly, little can be said for the decorative appearance of open wiring, so that it is limited to certain types of industrial buildings, garages, sheds, and other places where appearance is not a primary consideration. Knob and tube wiring installed in residences is inexpensive, although it must be done during construction of the building. If well installed, it is as good as any method of wiring, except possibly the rigid iron conduit.

Raceway wiring is to be thought of as a type whose maximum usefulness is in the field of wiring installation subsequent to construction, where the opening of partitions or ceilings for the purpose of introducing concealed wiring is impossible or undesirable. Raceway wiring is surface wiring, with the wires concealed in wooden or metal raceway which is attached to the surface of walls or ceilings. A wooden raceway is provided with a molded decorative cover which may be worked into a semblance of decoration in a room. The same cannot be said for a metal raceway, but it is of small size as compared to the wooden raceway, less conspicuous, and is frequently used for surface wiring of offices and mercantile establishments. Plastic raceways are widely available. In raceway wiring, the base is installed and the wires laid therein, complete from outlet to outlet, then the cover is applied.

Witch Hunt

Flexible armored conductor is probably used most nowadays for residence wiring than any other type. The armored conductor consists of two rubber-covered wires (three-conductor cable is also commercially produced) covered with spiral serving of craft paper over which is laid a double spiral steel sheath. The flexibility of the latter permits the armored cable to be bent, although if too small a radius of bending is attempted, the sheath will be damaged. Armored cable is not moisture-proof unless it is of a special type having a lead sheath between armor and the conductor. However, it is approved for wiring in dry locations, such as residences. The cable must be continuous from outlet to outlet, and is generally employed in connection with iron outlet boxes, to which it is attached by special clamping connectors. It does not need to be held by **insulators,** and may be passed through holes bored in beams or joists without the aid of insulating bushings. The non-metallic protected cable is very similar to this, the major difference being in the protective sheath which is woven.

Rigid iron conduit is the best method of wiring, also the most expensive. It is superior in durability, is moisture-proof, and fireproof, reliable, safe, and mechanically strong. While it is not the intention here to give details of conduit wiring (there are standard handbooks treating that subject), some of the general principles are stated. Although the conduit is an ordinary water pipe smoothed on the inside, there is little in common between the installation of conduit and of water pipe, unless it be that junction of adjacent lengths is made by screwed couplings in both cases. To understand the differences let it first be noted how wires are installed in a conduit. A run of conduit having been installed complete and unbroken between the terminal points, the wire is drawn in as follows. A fish tape or wire, a tempered steel wire of rectangular cross-section, is pushed through the conduit until its end appears at the farther end. A draw line is then attached to it and by withdrawing the fish tape, the line is drawn through the conduit. The wires are in turn attached to the draw line and drawn into position. This method of installation requires (1) that the conduit interior be smooth and uninterrupted, (2) that the bends be of long radius and limited in number. If the conduit were not smooth internally there might be difficulty in pushing the fish tape through it; moreover, the roughness would doubtless damage the insulation on wires being drawn in. When conduit is cut and threaded
Ordinary pipe elb
pipe itself is bent t
used. Due to the s
drawn through the c
90° bends are permit
prefer to limit the numb
than ½" iron pipe size ar
than 4" are seldom req
favored over the large
developed, in place of ord
of special conduit fittings a
for outlets, junctions, etc.

WISENT. Mammalia, Arti

WITCHES' BROOMS. The
witches' brooms are formed in ma
plants. Many of them are caused
cus, an **ascomycete,** which grows i
of the plant. A bud infected by
rapid growth. So are the lateral b
result is a bush-like mass of branche
infected branches are commonly dwar
the other leaves of the plant. The
greater amount of **parenchymatous** tis
the normal branches. No reproductive p
brooms.

Witches' brooms are formed on fir tr
caused by *Aecidium elatinum*, one of the r
nosporangium, and causes the formation
on white cedars. Hackberry trees are c
covered with witches' brooms. In this pl
by a mite, *Phytoptus*, which attacks the

WITHERITE. The mineral witherite is
$BaCO_3$, crystallizing in the **orthorhombic** sys
esting to note that at 811° C it changes to the
tem, and at 982° C it appears to become **isome**
rather imperfect prismatic **cleavage;** uneven fra
ness 3–3.7; specific gravity, 4.2–4.35; luster, vitr
inous; color, white to yellowish or grayish; strea
transparent to translucent. Witherite is not a comm
eral, being found in veins, and often associated with
as at Alston Moor, Cumberland, England. Associated
barite at Freiberg, Saxony, and at Lexington, Kentu
Named in honor of Dr. William Withering, an English bo
anist.

WOHLER, FRIEDRICH (1800-1882) German chemist. Famous for the first synthesis from inorganic substances of an organic compound (urea), for the discovery of **isomerism,** and for the isolation of **beryllium** and **aluminum.**

WOLF. Mammalia, Carnivora. A large dog-like animal belonging to the family Canidae, containing the jackals and domestic dogs, the various wild dogs, and the foxes. The wolves are closely related to the domestic dogs and are supposed to be the ancestral stock of the latter. The relatively few species are found in Europe, Asia and North America, with the one exception of the Antarctic wolf of the Falkland Islands, a species somewhat smaller than the coyote, with a less bushy tail, black at the middle and tipped with white. The kaberu, also called the Abyssinian wolf, is related to the jackals.

Of the true wolves of the genus *Canis*, the **coyote** or prairie wolf of North America is the smallest form. Seven species ranging over various limited areas from Canada to Texas and

Shelby Marlow

SENDING LOVE 2 SPIRIT IN THE SKY

Shelley Marbu

December 19, 2014, 8:21 AM

Life is exciting: that's the problem

What will I wear tomorrow
What am I going to wear tomorrow
A disguise
Of whom
From where?
Is this serious
Who am I?
What is this?
A dream?
A scream?
Cold coffee
Hot milky coconut juice
My drawings on the wall of London homes
5 drawings in the homes in San Fran
I wish for Martian walls

By ACADEMY OF REALNESS

Tell Jackson Pollick I'm Kathy Acker
And I'm in love with the drama of academia.
Take your headphones off when I'm talking to
You, is this about a Boy, you don't have to be a family to be a family.
Next stop is York street, stand clear of the closing doors please
Frank Kline my ass please
Jackson poollloock my ass please
Robert Motherwell my ass please
Kathryn acker my ass please,
I was paging through an issue of parkett no. 5 on Friday and brian wallis' piece about artists as writers was pretty cool it mostly talked about Richard princes wild history project from 1985 wow that was a long time ago . I love look aid coffee and shit.

Peace still

Still

Let peace still the

peace. I can't breath the

air is prison

Uecs

12/11/5/11/1/11

Some days pangs of guilt and shame sting me in such a way that it stops me. I lose my breath and my eyes swell. Even moments of complete joy lead me back to these dark places because the guilt returns with merciless vengeance.

I've never seen my sister as distraught as the day we buried our brother last summer. I suppose decorum and politeness vanish when you see a baby in a casket? My brother was no baby, but he was hers. And in many ways, he was mine. And how fitting – the memory that returns to me most often is just that. In the midst of celebrating the freedom of having the house to ourselves, the unexpected happened. An accident. Arthur fell from the top bunk bed, head first into the carpet. The thud interrupted the sound of loud cackling laughter and the floor creaking underneath the carpet as we stomped around. Rather than rushing to aide him, my sister and I stood there stunned. A second later, he lifted his small body from the ground, a huge smile on his face, and returned to the ladder. No blood, no bruises, and no mention of it. Marie and I shared a quick glance of relief, and that was that. We continued our celebration.

Perhaps I remember this most often because it once reassured me of my brother's…perseverance? Strength? Or maybe it's my failure to protect him, even then. Or maybe it's because in this memory he's a child; not a young black man navigating the perilous waters of a dying city. It's a safe memory.

We grew up in Detroit, reared by two different mothers. And it's safe to say that we took two completely different paths in our youth. In our Detroit, choices were small. Survival was/is a complex play on identity and masks.

During his funeral family and friends spoke of gun violence, the leading cause of death of young black men. They discussed the pain and anguish of attending yet another funeral for a boy under twenty five. The sadness of seeing another baby in casket.

I regret not walking to the podium and saying my truth. But I couldn't take my eyes from my brother, knowing I would never see him again. I remember fantasizing of someday making a place for myself and convincing him to move in with me. But this fantasy began five years before he died. In my mind he was still very much a baby boy, and safe. Not a young black man navigating the perilous waters of a dying city.

If I could talk to him, I would apologize for not warning him sooner.

Me: Brother, it's all a trick. It's conceit. It's stolen the lives of many black men. I love you

– Hayat Hyatt

"I'm confused & full of Rage."
Where do I go from here?
Well-meaning friend post after
post about ~~[illegible]~~ race and
cops and injustice and fear &
hate war, death, pain. What do I
do? Do I let the illness take me
too? Do I add to the bon fire of
injustice? Will hating cops ease the
pain of my suffering brothers &
sisters? Can I live without the guilt
for not defending the rights of my color
enough? Or is everything else pointless when
the innocent are shot down by those that
protect & serve?

Jessica
Ruvalcaba
jessicawhp@gmail.com

The angst of Subtle racism

Everyday I am reminded "I am not white."
From the abscense of "people like me" on TV
to the soft knowing smile of the septegenarian
on the bus to the shameless question of
8-year olds "are you Spanish?"
The children are unabashed about the curiosity and
playfully we discover how their brains tick
Adults I do not let off the hook so easily.
"Where are you from?"
Why do they ask me this? Why do they alway want to
know? Why do they always assume it's not "from here?"
They should ask "Why are you brown?" And in this way
we could get to the crux of their curiosity.
But by far my favorite reaction is "Oh! You don't
look Mexican!" Because now you've opened the
door and I can give you my 10 second history
of California & Mexico and I can expose you to
the subtle racist-ism that lurks in every
corner... And then I see the news and I'm
grateful that at least I'm only a victim of the
subtle racism.

Jessica
Ruvalcaba

Jessicawhp@gmail.com

Racists are irrational and illogical in their attempts to justify their prejudices.

Sur Rodney Sur
2 hrs

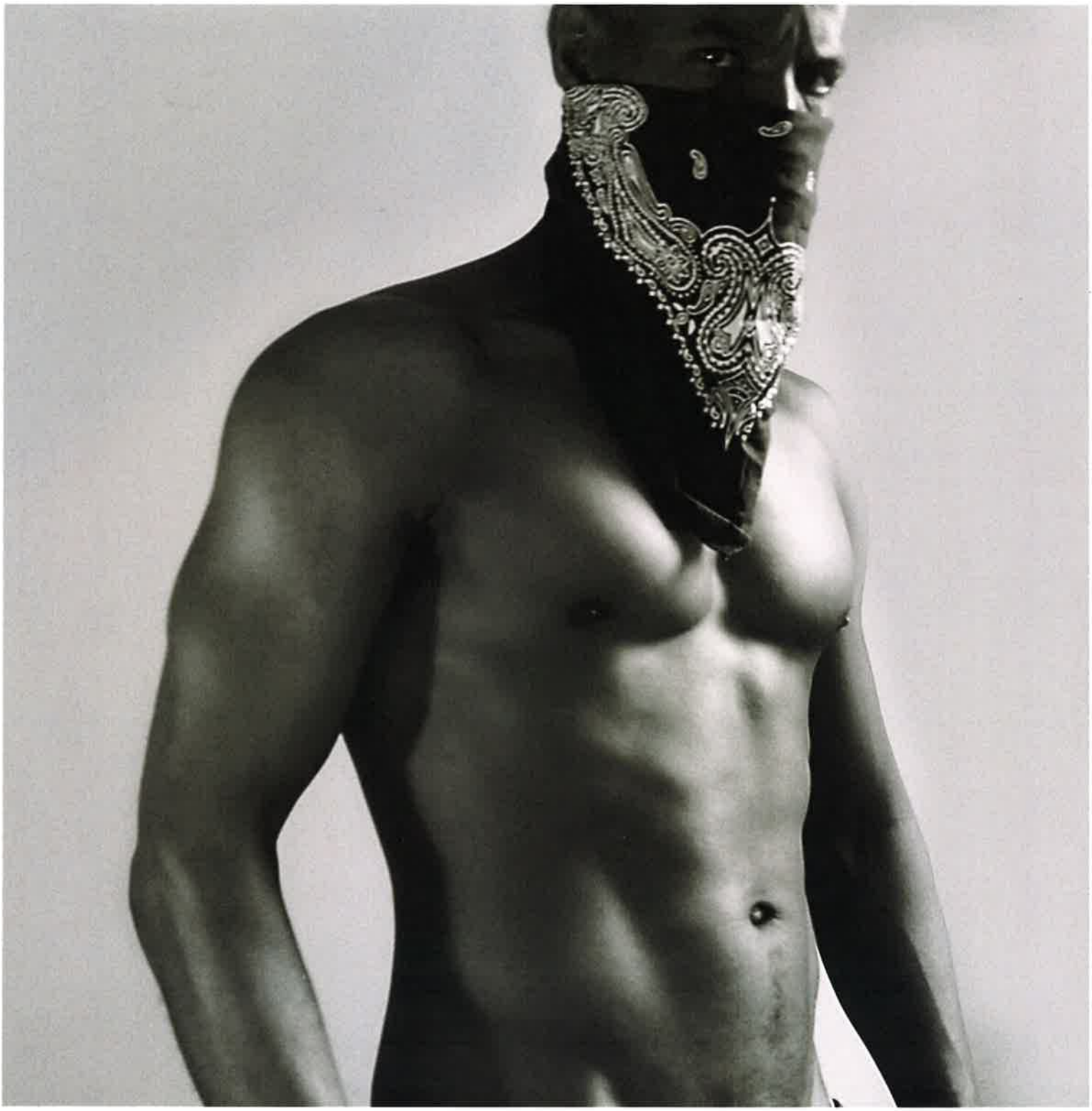
Just read the dumbest headline ever around this Eric Garner situation. "The Entire 'Racism' Narrative in the Eric Garner Case is Destroyed By One Fact That Changes Everything" because the Sargent in charge was a black woman." • why because someone is black would that NOT make them complicit to racism? Black folks can be as racist as any other group, we know what racism is whoever is perpetuating it. what is news to me, is that Eric Garner had filed a complaint after being previously shaken down by police who stole $1000 from him. this is a common practice with some in law enforcement especially confronting drug dealers. i've also heard of this happening to others even elders that get caught by the wrong cop. I posted a video where a cop was actually caught on camera and pepper sprayed witnesses to his theft. Wonder if that guy ever got his money back--there was an investigation pending.

The Complications of Being a White Ally

This is a really touchy subject lately + has been giving me a lot of feelings. Believing in the validity of my own voice is a challenge. I know that nothing I feel or experience right now compares in any way to bearing the burden of slavery colonization racism on my skin and yet my heart hurts with a pain that is real and hard to put into words. The legacy of racism I wear on my skin. The constant self-challenge of identifying understanding acknowledging processing dismantling the ways racism has been built into my consciousness, reinforced every day many minutes. How intentional you have to be as a white person trying not to be an asshole in the world. Layered with my own anger, centuries of oppression silencing invisibility of my own people — trans people — those of us who transcend gender & the structures designed and fortified to make my very existence unreal. The world makes me so angry sometimes — people can be so dumb. Trying my best, fucking up, being hated for it, trying again. Resilience, strength. Never forgetting to Dream. Not being able to NOT dream. Living in a dream world half the time — understanding that dreams might be the only path to identifying the world we would prefer to live in. (SELF-DOUBT — I used the word "We" again. I always slip and do this because some hopes feel really basic to me but I get there's an element of projection in that. STILL a work in process.) To DREAM is not a privilege — it is a NECESSITY. The possession of a RADICAL IMAGINATION is a POLITICAL ACT. To imagine a MORE RADICAL + LIBERATED FUTURE IS an ACT of SELF-PRESERVATION — AN ACT OF RESILIENCE. IMAGINATION is POWER. THIS DOES NOT NEGATE OR REPLACE the work THAT NEEDS TO BE DONE TO COMBAT OPPRESSION & SEEK JUSTICE — IT is the LAYERS of these things together that FORM a MOVEMENT. IN the PEOPLE'S CLIMATE MARCH THEY SAID:

TO CHANGE EVERYTHING. WE NEED EVERYONE

QUINN ZIEGLER



What does hope look like? Waking up next to “B”. His blue green eyes like the color of the water that keeps me living close to the shore. My face against his chest as I tell him that I’m afraid to go outside these days. As I tell him how all of this is forcing me to confront my own internalized racism. How it seems like every person that has a hand in maintaining my basic needs doesn’t look like me. How I have to learn their ways in order to protect my own. He does something amazing then: He listens. He holds me close. He takes my hand and traces the scar around his crown that was blown apart in combat.

"Combat", Derek Jackson, 2014

Poem about My Rights

BY JUNE JORDAN

Even tonight and I need to take a walk and clear
my head about this poem about why I can't
go out without changing my clothes my shoes
my body posture my gender identity my age
My status as a woman alone in the evening/
alone on the streets / alone not being the point/
the point being that I can't do what I want
to do with my own body because I am the wrong
sex the wrong age the wrong skin and
suppose it was not here in the city but down on the beach/
or far into the woods and I wanted to go
there by myself thinking about God /or thinking
about children or thinking about the world / all of it
disclosed by the stars and the silence:
I could not go and I could not think and I could not
stay there
alone
as I need to be
alone because I can't do what I want to do with my own
body and

who in the hell set things up
like this
and in France they say if the guy penetrates
but does not ejaculate then he did not rape me
and if after stabbing him if after screams if
after begging the bastard and if even after smashing
a hammer to his head if even after that if he
and his buddies fuck me after that
then I consented and there was
no rape because finally you understand finally
they fucked me over because I was wrong I was
wrong again to be me being me where I was /wrong
to be who I am
which is exactly like South Africa
penetrating into Namibia penetrating into
Angola and does that mean I mean how do you know if
Pretoria ejaculates what will the evidence look like the
proof of the monster jackboot ejaculation on Blackland
and if
after Namibia and if after Angola and if after Zimbabwe
and if after all of my kinsmen and women resist even to
self-immolation of the villages and if after that

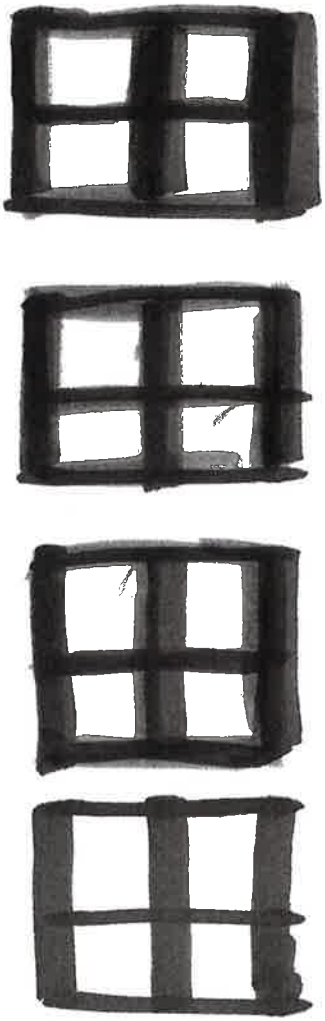
we lose nevertheless what will the big boys say will they
claim my consent:
Do You Follow Me: We are the wrong people of
the wrong skin on the wrong continent and what
in the hell is everybody being reasonable about
and according to the Times this week
back in 1966 the C.I.A. decided that they had this problem
and the problem was a man named Nkrumah so they
killed him and before that it was Patrice Lumumba
and before that it was my father on the campus
of my Ivy League school and my father afraid
to walk into the cafeteria because he said he
was wrong the wrong age the wrong skin the wrong
gender identity and he was paying my tuition and
before that
it was my father saying I was wrong saying that
I should have been a boy because he wanted one/a
boy and that I should have been lighter skinned and
that I should have had straighter hair and that
I should not be so boy crazy but instead I should
just be one/a boy and before that
it was my mother pleading plastic surgery for

my nose and braces for my teeth and telling me
tolet the books loose tolet them loose in other
words
I am very familiar with the problems of the C.I.A.
and the problems of South Africa and the problems
of Exxon Corporation and the problems of white
America in general and the problems of the teachers
and the preachers and the F.B.I. and the social
workers and my particular Mom and Dad/I am very
familiar with the problems because the problems
turn out to be
me
I am the history of rape
I am the history of the rejection of who I am
I am the history of the terrorized incarceration of
myself
I am the history of battery assault and limitless
armies against whatever I want to do with my mind
and my body and my soul and
whether it's about walking out at night
or whether it's about the love that I feel or
whether it's about the sanctity of my vagina or

the sanctity of my national boundaries
or the sanctity of my leaders or the sanctity
of each and every desire
that I know from my personal and idiosyncratic
and indisputably single and singular heart
I have been raped
be-
cause I have been wrong the wrong sex the wrong age
the wrong skin the wrong nose the wrong hair the
wrong need the wrong dream the wrong geographic
the wrong sartorial I
I have been the meaning of rape
I have been the problem everyone seeks to
eliminate by forced
penetration with or without the evidence of slime and/
but let this be unmistakable this poem
is not consent I do not consent
to my mother to my father to the teachers to the
F.B.I. to South Africa to Bedford-Stuy
to Park Avenue to American Airlines to the hardon
idlers on the corners to the sneaky creeps in
cars

I am not wrong: Wrong is not my name
My name is my own my own my own
and I can't tell you who the hell set things up like this
but I can tell you that from now on my resistance
my simple and daily and nightly self-determination
may very well cost you your life

Submitted by
Ryan Patrick Backer



She is a

JUSTICE

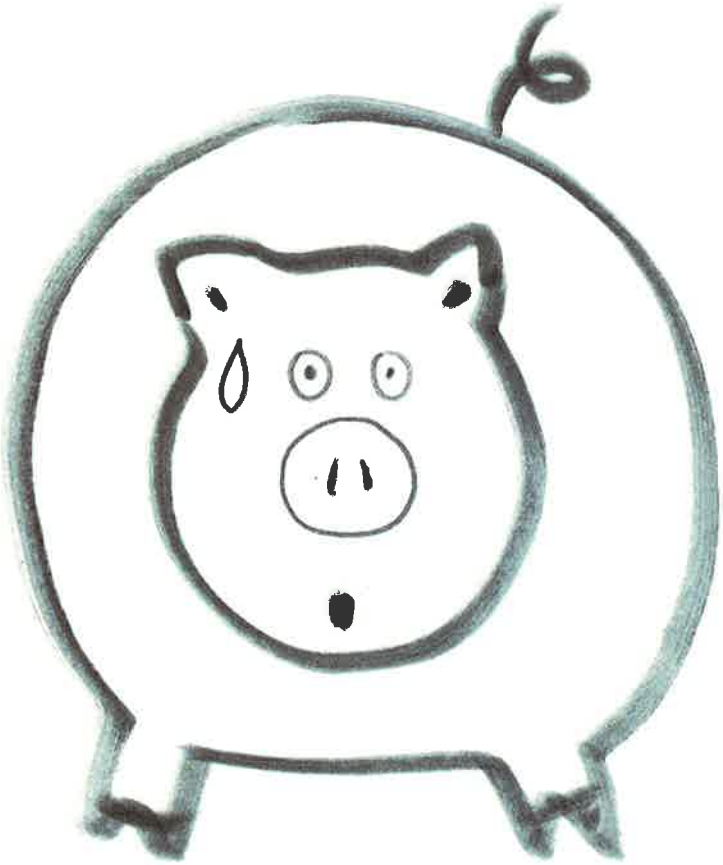
NOW

REPORT GREED DIAL 311

alLuPiNiT
the new york city environ mental magazine


CAN'T BREATHE

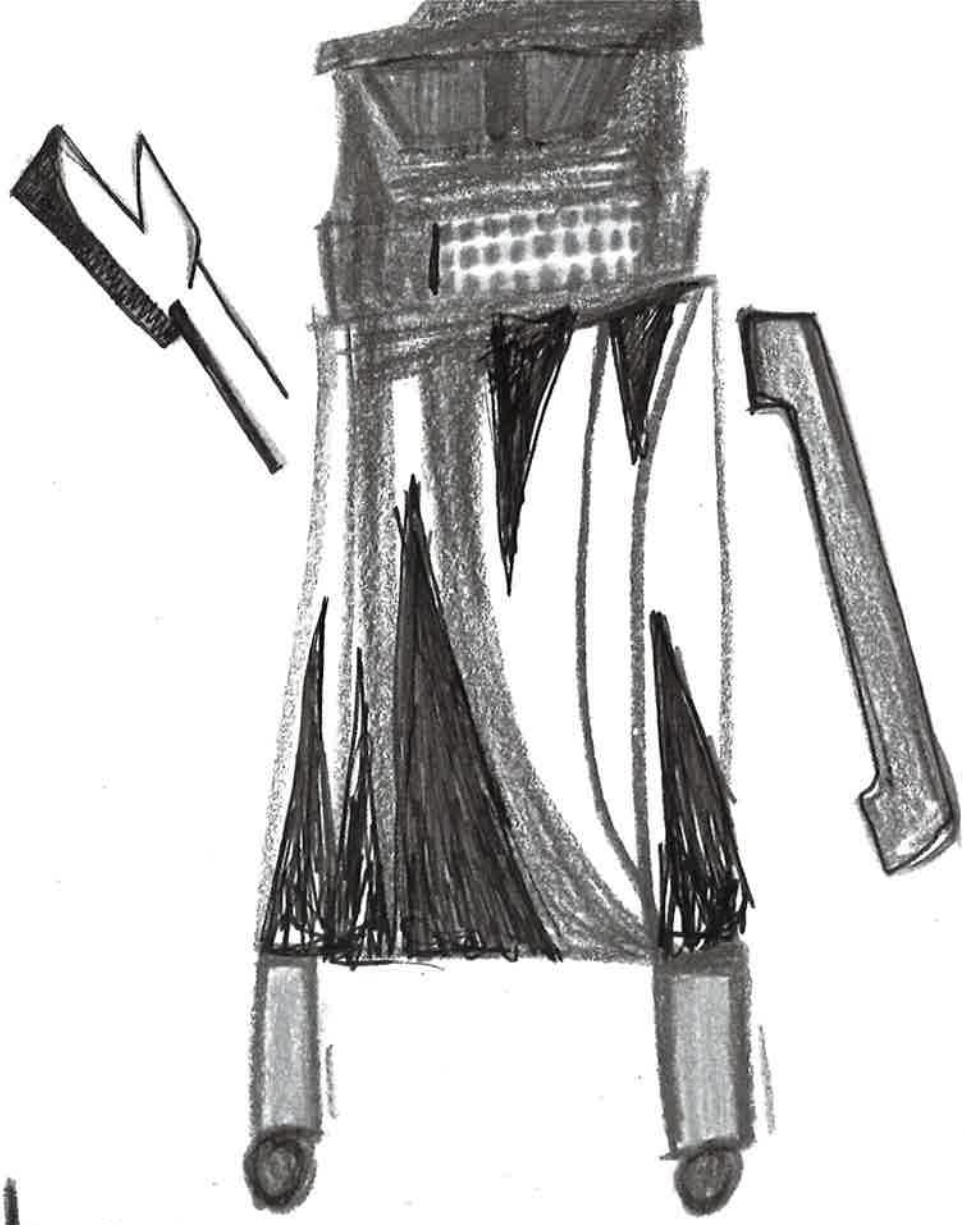
WE WANT



BACON!

2014


POLICE



Future ~~this~~ Robot Cop

His mouth is like an eletrinic screen.
His hand is like a knife


JUSTICE

THESE ARE NOT THEORETICAL QUESTIONS.

What ~~would~~ DOES OUR queer revolution look like?

What ~~would~~ DOES OUR feminist leadership do?

How ~~would~~ CAN this entire culture be structured differently?

HOW CAN WE BRING ABOUT ~~could~~ a peaceful shift ~~be possible~~ in our liftetimes? (or maybe, like, NOW??)

What can we learn from Arab Spring / are there relevant parallels?

~~Is~~ Our government ~~still~~ IS NO LONGER effective at managing the needs of a society no longer willing to defer to the judgments of privileged white men?

Is it still possible to separate democracy from capitalism? What can we salvage from this rubble? What ~~would~~ WILL we keep and what ~~would~~ WILL get overhauled?

How ~~would~~ WILL things run differently if capitalist goals (ie making money off each other's backs for personal reserve) ~~were~~ ARE rewritten in favor of collective/humanitarian goals?

What ~~would~~ WILL be involved in a mass cultural shift away from capitalist values? ~~Isn't~~ HOW IS this already happening in queer spaces? What are we learning? ~~Can any of this be~~ WHAT CAN BE applied to a larger cultural shift? Or is it more reasonable to imagine a more contained separatist culture/value system?

And how on earth to deal with the prisons? → see: 6 Ideas for a Cop-Free World - Rollingstone.com 12/16/2014

And people stuck in the immigration system?

What movements of the past are relevant to these questions, and what can we learn from them?

What is the difference between what flared up in the 60's, what flared up after Rodney King in the 90's, and now? — THIS TIME WE WILL ! . . . .

How ~~do~~ WILL we deal with the very natural conflicts that arise between humans sharing a planet?

What if we just said NO? Who would be included in that WE?

What happens next??? Oh my gosh I want to KNOW.

LOOK UP: TRANSFORMATIVE JUSTICE
TRUTH & RECONCILIATION
Mediation & Intervention Teams
Radical Mental Health Care

Quito Ziegler 12/2014

This Doesn't Just

Affect America


TRANS POWER
WE PROTECT AND SUPPORT OUR COMMUNITY
Police Stop Gender Hateing!
STOP POLICE BRUTALITY
END HATE+ VIOLENCE
TRANSJUSTICE NOW
LIBERATE EACH OTHER
WE ARE SURVIVORS
WE DEMAND POLICE ACCOUNTABILITY
HATE
We are The World with in Gender rights now!


STOP THE POLICE STATE
PROTEST FOR RACIAL EQUALITY
ARREST THE POLICE
RESIST THE VIOLENCE

I think we always have to set up some ground rules when trying to build an intentional community and safe space to foster our own growth and each others. Here are some basic agreements we used in a meeting about a police brutality action at the AUDREY LORDE

—Ethan Shoshan

COMMUNITY AGREEMENTS

RESPECT

SELFCARE/TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF

TRUST EACH OTHER

BE PRESENT

1 MIC, 1 DIVA

UNDERSTANDING, KIND, FORGIVING –
MEETING FOLKS WHERE THEY ARE AT

AGREE TO DISAGREE

TAKE YOUR TIME COMMUNICATING

ASK QUESTIONS

HARMONY

- NO CALL OUTS ONLY CALL INS

"I" STATEMENTS

CONFIDENTIALITY

OOPS, OUCH, SNAPS

ELMO - EVERYBODY LETS MOVE ON

NO ASSUMPTIONS (DON'T ASSUME GENDER/PRONOUNS, ASK)

the WERRASHOP

Queer Healing + Love - every Friday

Free snacks. METROCARDS.

WERQ IT OUT

every FRIDAY 3-7pm
137 West 25th st. - 2nd Fl.

Drag. Arts. Crafts. Revolution