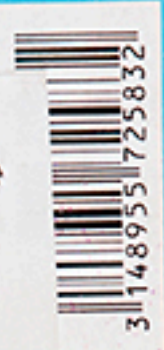
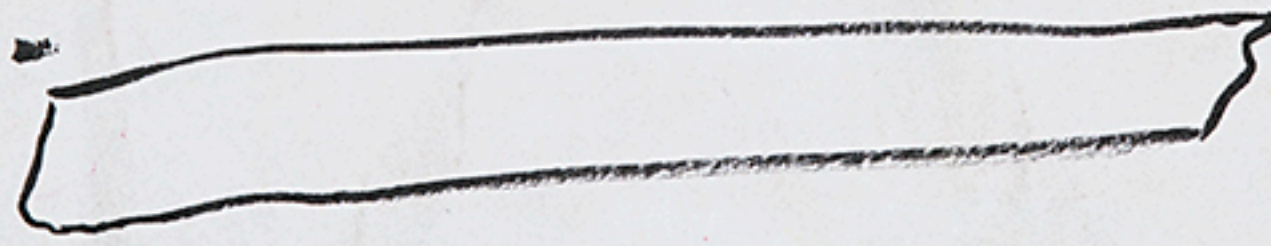


FUCK

HOBBY LOBBY



SOME
QUEER
SHIT
by tre <3



why is there milk everywhere?
the dairy fairy

how am i going to get my milk across the river?
the dairy ferry



• Acrylic / Watercolor / Pen and Pencil
• Acrylique / Aquarelle / Stylo et Crayon
• Acrílico / Acuarela / Lápiz y bolígrafo



7 in x 10 in
17,7 cm x 25,4 cm | 98 lb
160 g

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Gender
Female
Male
Small Emo Child

GENDER
is a social construct
so is race. So is species
BUT WHY DO WE
KEEP IT AROUND?
INDOCTRINATION.
POWER. STATUS
QUO BIAS.

the world
is fucked

YOU
EVER
SEE
A
BOOK
IN
A
BOOK?

if you
have
cool
if not
im glad
im ur
first



FAQ



what?

nothing



"IT'S UNNATURAL"

NATURE IS A HUMAN
CONSTRUCTION. LIKE
QUEERNESS. IT'S THE
ANTHROPOCENE
EVERYTHING'S (UN)
NATURAL.

"IT IS AGAINST GOD'S



WILL
III"

SO IS THIS LITERALLY

betrayder joes DADA



HEALTH GOTH

—
—
—



APPROVED.

betrayder joes DDD

GREETINGS. CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, I AM NOT A CLOWN. MY JOB TITLE STATES GRAVEDIGGER. BUT MY DIPLOMA PROCLAIMS LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT. THE ART OF THE SHOVEL. ARTEM ET SCRUTRAS. MY WORK IS MORE NATURALISTIC THAN MOST. I HOLD THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD ON MY SHOVEL. A DEAD WEIGHT.

I TURN MY HEAD AND COUGH. DIRT FLIES UP. I AM DIRTY. PREPARE THE BODY. CLEAN IT UP. DRESS IT NICELY. TAKE THE CLOTHES BACK LATER. THEY MIGHT LOOK NICE ON ME. THE BODY IS COMPOSED. FOR NOW. LOWER THE CASKET INTO THE GROUND.

LIFE EXPECTANCY IS HIGH THESE DAYS. 35 YEARS. BUSINESS HAS BEEN SLOW. I HAVE TIME TO PLAY AROUND. NOT LIKE THAT. NOT ALWAYS LIKE THAT. IT'S MY JOB TO SOIL THE CARCASSES. YOU KNOW. CLAY. LOAM. ALKALI LEVELS. PH.

DEMAND FOR GRAVES IS LOW. DENMARK ROYALTY. THEY WANT A CORPSE CABANA. A BODY LOUNGE. A BODY BUNGALOW.

MY VITALITY IS TRICKLING. ONE NEEDS SUFFICIENT BODIES TO BURY. I'VE A LOT OF TIME ON MY HANDS. THE OLDER THE BODY. THE MORE TIME I HAVE ON MY HANDS. PHILOSOPHIZE. LIFE. DEATH. IT TAKES A MIGHTY MIND. A BIG BRAIN.

I CONTEMPLATE MY CORPUS CALLOSUM.

SAY YOU USE ₄ ARMS TO ₈ DIG WITH ₈ SHOVEL ₁₆ PERFECT GRAVE THEN ADD ₆₄ EEEWW EARTHWORMS YOU HAVE A ₆₄ SHIT HOLE.

EARTHWORMS. WHICH SIDE IS THE HEAD AND WHICH IS THE ASSHOLE.

ADMITTEDLY IT'S A CIRCLE OF LIFE. THE CARBON CYCLE. DO YOU C. IT'S NECESSARY. CONSIDERING MYSELF AN ENVIRONMENTALIST. WHEN YOU SEE THEM SWARMING ON THE SIDEWALKS. IN YOUR LOVED ONES FACES.

SEX

MAGGOTS. I RESPECT MAGGOTS. THEIR PRACTICES. COLLECTIVISM. BREAKING DOWN THE MAN. EATING RIGHT THROUGH ANATOMY LIKE IT'S KNOTTY PINE.

NO GRAVES. I AM A GRAVE DIGGER THAT HAS NO GRAVES TO DIG. PEOPLE NEED TO DIE SO I CAN PUT THEM IN GRAVES. ONCE THE PEOPLE DIE THERE WILL BE MORE GRAVES. THERE WILL BE MORE GRAVES FOR ME TO DIG WHEN PEOPLE FINALLY DIE.

I NEED A JOB. A DIG. MY SIDE PROJECT. I WRITE A LETTER.

DEAR DANISH COURT. I AM INQUIRING FOR EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES. I AM A MUSICIAN. I HAVE A BAND. TERMINAL TOMB. WE SPECIALIZE IN DEATH THRASH METAL WITH SCHRANZ-BACHATA BLENDED HARMONIES. CALL OR HNU WITH AOL INSTANT MESSENGER. IF NO GAGS ARE AVAILABLE. I ALSO DIG BIRTHDAY PARTIES.

P.S.: I HAVE ALSO THOUGHT ABOUT LIFE. GOING THE OPPOSITE WAY WITH MY WORK. BRINGING LIFE INTO THIS WORLD. INSTEAD OF BURYING THE DEAD. PLEASE CONTACT ME IF THAT JOB BECOMES AVAILABLE.

OFF TO A ROCKY START. ONE MIGHT SAY I HAVE A GRAVEL-Y VOICE. MY BAND. WE HAD SOME SUCCESS. MOSH PITS. MUD PITS. MASS GRAVES. I HAD A DRUMMER. DISPOSED. DEGENERATED. DECOMPOSED. BAND MEMBERS ARE EASILY REPLACED. REHEARSALS WERE LIKE BEING HIT OVER THE HEAD WITH A SHOVEL.

I DIG UP THE (COUGH) LESS-REMEMBERED. I THROW OUT A JESTER SKULL. THE BEST JOKE IN YEARS. WHO'S THAT. TWO MEN. PRINCE HAMLET. VOCAL VIBRATIONS. I LIKE TO SWING LOW ON THE JOB MYSELF. THAT'S THE WAY THE WORLD WORKS. WHAT COMES AROUND GOES AROUND. THIS GRAVE ISN'T FOR A MAN. OR A WOMAN. THEY'RE DEAD. YOU'RE MAD. HOW? ASK YOURSELF. I DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT ENGLAND. NOW LEAVE. SCRAM.



OVERZEAL

"INSIDE / OUT
BOUNCING OFF THE CEILING
UPSIDE / DOWN
STRANGER TO THIS FEELING
GOT NO CLUE
WHAT I SHOULD DO" A*TEENS

MY INTERP:

inside/outside is another dualism
heterosexism upholds. kind of
related to active/passive, penet-
rator/penetrated. take my
body i) i would like to
think of my skin as an
impermeable sack sealing in
my organs, keeping the inside
in and outside out. This is NOT
the case. My skin is selectively
permeable, on the cellular
level even. Bacteria and viruses
and pollen, dirt, oils, all
get in me all the time.
in a clogged pore and then
in an unclogged pore. I am
the blackhead and the
exfoliator. The same inside/outside
binary → thinking of environment

DIAMONCENTRIC

NO IM
NOT A
BRONY



the last three decades or so have, indeed, crept into and (in many ways) effectively colonized queer subjectivities. It's inadequate to take aim at the low-hanging fruit of mainstream recuperation of "queerness", when consumption and entrepreneurship have been normalized in even arguably radical corridors. At the level of the grassroots (the anarchist bookstore; the organizing meeting; the activist listserv - for instance), one is hard-pressed not to notice a sort of open marketplace of vocabulary in which much is traded, but little is absorbed or made one's own. The language of (anti)oppression often serves an overtly (to say nothing of fiercely) competitive performance of radical authenticity; a sort of fog sitting atop a landscape in which the ethics from which that language springs seem to animate very little. Simply in repurposing this language in such performances, we can observe a certain colonization, and the reinscription of a colonial ethics - an insult salting the injuries of ongoing institutionalized domination, and our failure(s) to break with it.

At the intersection with ecological considerations, we might cast a critical, ethical gaze (and, in turn, practice) toward neoliberal approaches to self-formation; the manner in which they perpetuate an inertia with predictable ecological returns - in both the most material sense, and in the sense of the less material landscapes in which we encounter each other. While his being quoted on it is now so frequent I fear it's lost much of its gravity, German anarchist Gustav Landauer was onto something quite powerful when he argued that the State is a social condition, and way of being; that we dismantle it to the extent that "contract other relationships" and "behave differently". The task is not to atomize radical transformation into isolated lifestyle choices, furthering the neoliberal project. The task is, rather, in the contracting of other relationships that give central place to critique as an act of intimacy; where interventions against ecologically destructive patterns in both our relations and the world at large are deeply erotic undertakings - acts that cast care as an overt gesture of refusal.



Ma
and
thi
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is
he
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be
un
cause
T
see



betrauder joes 00000

trevor bashaw !...!!...?..!

NO RETURNS

NO REFUNDS

NO FREE
WILL

