




trigger warning

january



TRIGGER WARNING

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welcome, my friends, to an my experiment. this magazine is an attempt
to free myself. free myself from social media. free myself from
censorship. but this project is more than that. this is a weapon. this is a
one woman rebellion. art is for people not corporations. this is my art.
my work, my words, my pictures. this is my story and i am taking back
control of it from the bots, the algorithms, and the dollar signs that
they serve. this is my magazine. this is

TRIGGER WARNING.

thank you for coming.

"Beauty is Joy"



approx. 16" x 16"
mixed media on paper

[Signature]

ON DAYS LIKE THIS I GET IT INTO MY HEAD THAT I AM A GREAT AUTHOR AND THAT TODAY IS THE DAY THAT I WILL PEN THE NEXT GREAT WORK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. OF COURSE, THAT'S BULLSHIT. NOT ALL OF IT, I SUPPOSE. I AM AN AMERICAN. ONLY AN AMERICAN WOULD USE SUCH AFFECTATOUSLY BULL SHITTY LANGUAGE AS "PEN" WHEN THEY KNOW DAMN WELL THAT THEY MEAN "WRITE".

ON DAYS LIKE THIS I PICTURE MYSELF IN A SMOKEY CAFE FREQUENTED BY QUEERS AND LESBIANS IN A CITY THAT IS BEAUTIFUL AND EXOTIC. IT IS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. I AM SITTING ALONE IN A CORNER. I HAVE DELIBERATELY ARRANGED MYSELF SO THAT MY BACK IS TO THE ATTRACTIVE WOMAN WITH THE SILK SCARF AND FEDORA HAT WHO IS OCCUPYING THE TABLE ADJACENT. I BEGIN SIPPING SOMETHING BITTER BUT FASHIONABLE AND TYPING(YES I HAVE TAKEN THE TROUBLE TO BRING A TYPE WRITER TO THE CAFE) LIKE A CRAZY PERSON. I AM A BLAZE, MY CREATIVE FIRE FUELED BY THE VITRIOLIC ADJECTIVES I WILL USE TO DESCRIBE THE BEAUTIFUL AND EXOTIC AS PROFANE AND COMMON PLACE.

AFTER THOROUGHLY DEGRADING MY ADOPTED HOME I MOVE ON TO THE PEOPLE IN MY LIFE. I CATALOGUE AND MAGNIFY ALL OF THEIR PERSONAL FLAWS WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY MAKING MY OWN SEEM THE ECCENTRICITIES OF THE ICONOCLAST. THEIR FAILURES AND MISFORTUNES SEEN INEVITABLE ,GIVEN THEIR POOR CHARACTER AND INTELLIGENCE, WHILE MINE WILL BECOME UNAPPRECIATED ACTS OF GENIUS CONDUCTED BY A CRIMINALLY MISUNDERSTOOD ARTIST.

AFTER MANY BITTER DRINKS I CLOSE UP MY TYPEWRITER IN ITS CASE WITH THE METICULOUS CARE OF A VIOLINIST GIFTED WITH A RARE AND EXPENSIVE INSTRUMENT. I TAP TAP TAP MY MANUSCRIPT ON THE TABLE FOR DRAMATIC EFFECT. TRYING TO DRAW THE GAZE OF THE ATTRACTIVE WOMAN WITH THE SILK SCARF AND THE FEDORA HAT. I DON'T MAKE EYE CONTACT WITH HER AS I LEAVE TO RETURN TO THE APARTMENT THAT MY TRUST FUND HAS SUPPLIED ME WITH(EXCEPT I DON'T CALL IT AN APARTMENT. I SAY "MY ROOMS").

LATER I WILL RETURN TO THE CAFE, PERHAPS TOMORROW, PERHAPS THE NEXT DAY, AND THAT SAME WOMAN WILL BE SITTING THERE. I WILL INTRODUCE MYSELF AND SHE WILL COMMENT HOW SHE SAW ME WRITING. "DID YOU?" I WILL SAY. LATER, I WILL TAKE HER TO MY ROOMS AND MAKE LOVE TO HER(EXCEPT I WON'T CALL IT THAT. I WILL "FUCK HER" BECAUSE THIS GRIMEY CITY HAS MADE MY TONGUE AS DIRTY AS THE STREETS.

ON DAYS LIKE THIS I WONDER. COULD I HAVE BEEN SUCH A POMPOUS ASS AS THOSE PSUEDO BOHEMIANS WE HAVE MADE IMMORTAL? COULD I HAVE PUT MY NAME PROUDLY TO SUCH SELF INDULGENCE? PROBABLY, AFTER ALL I AM AN AMERICAN AND AS PROUD OF MY BULLSHIT AS ANY TO COME BEFORE ME.



a sad rainbow is still beautiful
i get sad myself
i spend all day like
a little cloud
all puffed up and grey
so i get it
i won't ever tell you
to cheer up

Sad Rainbow



you don't have to smile
if that's not how you feel
and
i won't ever tell you
that it will get better
because i don't know
but i will always
be there
and we can be a pair
i will be your grumpy grey cloud
if you will be my beautifully sad
rainbow



pencil and pen 11 x 14

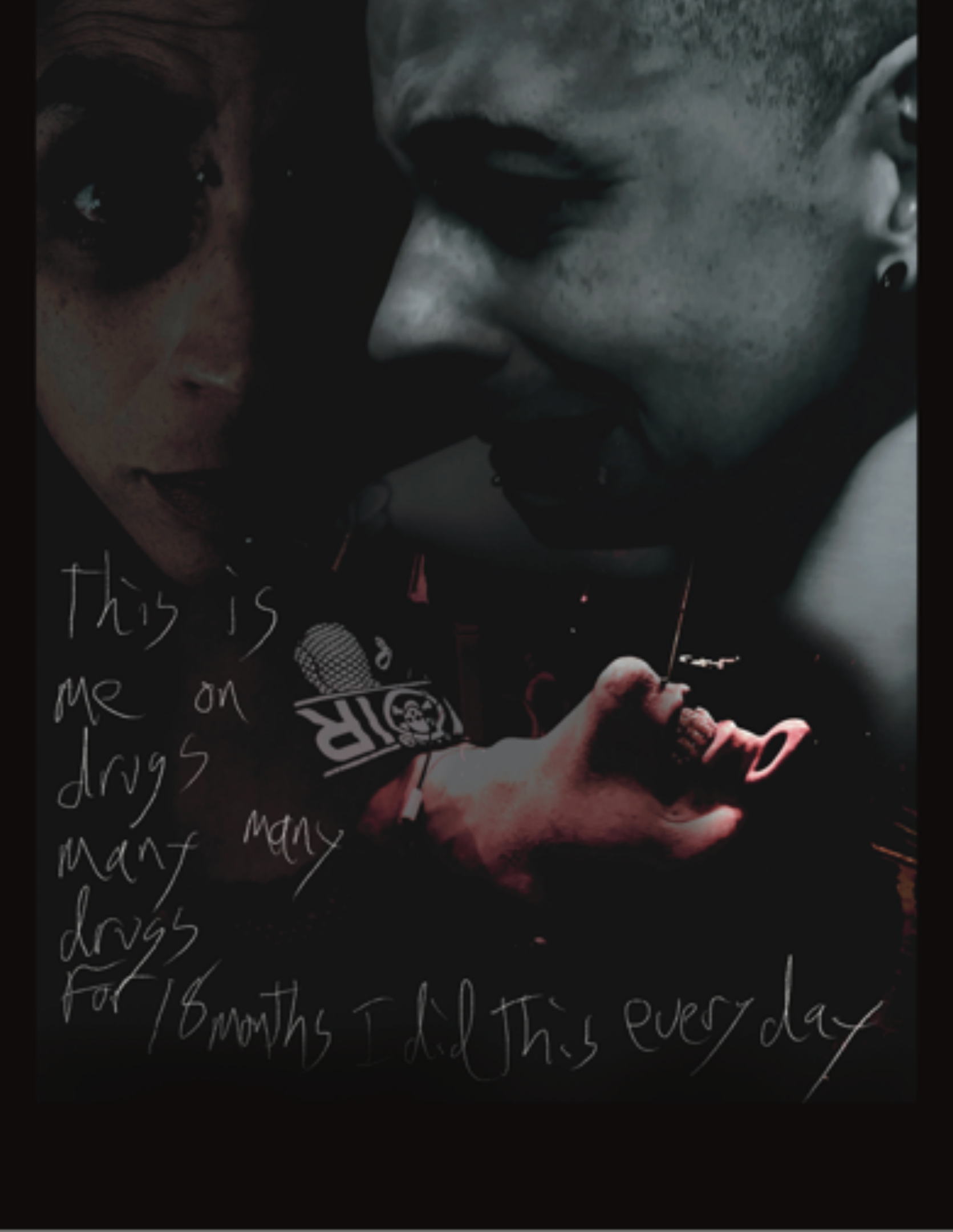


"Below"

The



"All gone" 6" x 6" pen
on paper

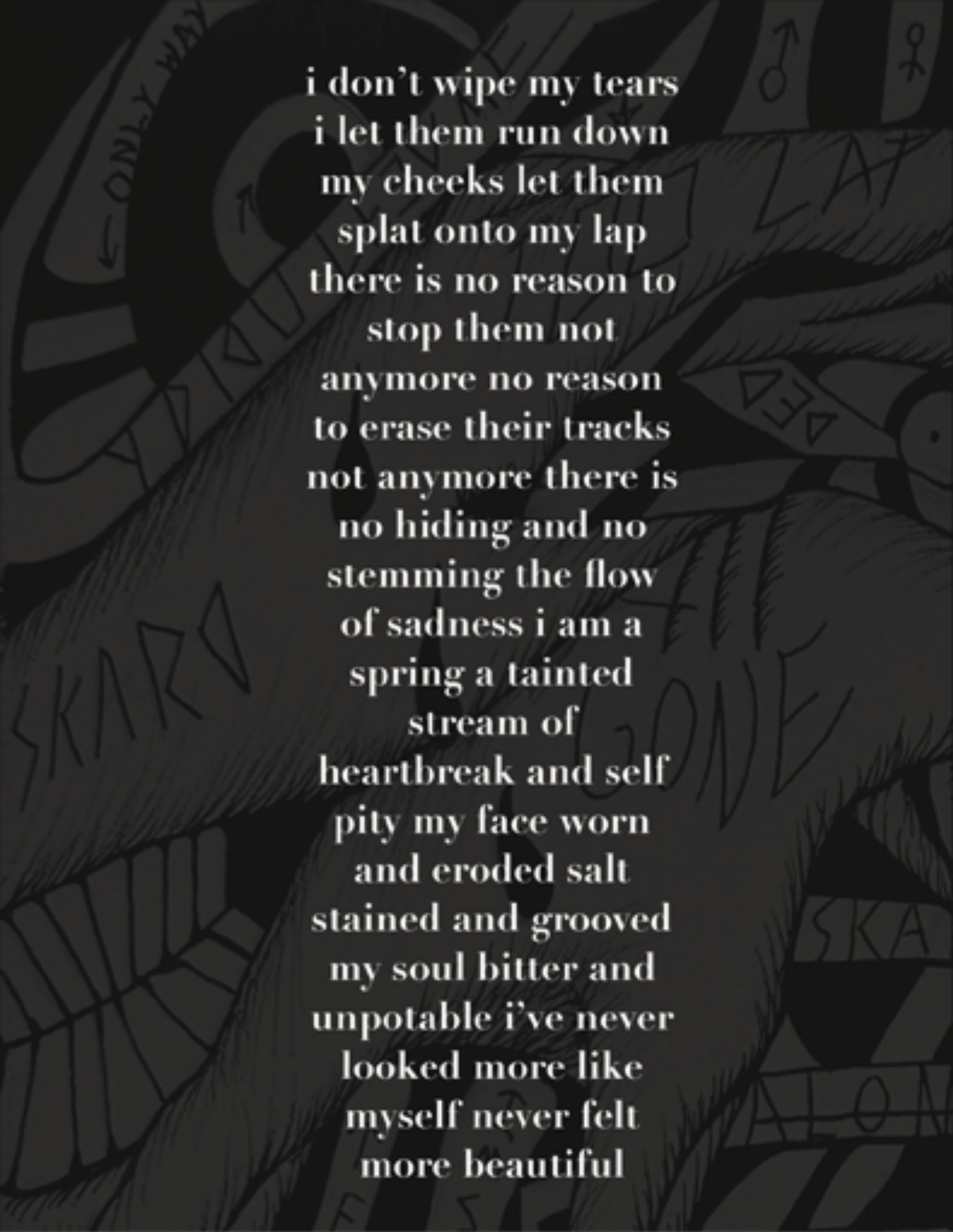


This is
me on
drugs
many many
drugs

for 18 months I did this every day



if there is a reason
a plan
to all of this
i can't see it
and im tired of looking
the only person left
to blame
is myself
the only thing i've ever feared
is being well
if there is something
left in this life
to believe in
i can't see it
and i'm tired of looking
the only thing i know
is that
i'm worthless
the only thing i dream of
is a quick death
if there is any truth
to behold
if there is anything good anywhere
then you had better show me
now
because i can't see it
and i am tired of looking
the only thing i've ever found
is myself
a reflection of a self
worthless and unwell
and i am tired of looking
at that sorry bitch



i don't wipe my tears
i let them run down
my cheeks let them
splat onto my lap
there is no reason to
stop them not
anymore no reason
to erase their tracks
not anymore there is
no hiding and no
stemming the flow
of sadness i am a
spring a tainted
stream of
heartbreak and self
pity my face worn
and eroded salt
stained and grooved
my soul bitter and
unpotable i've never
looked more like
myself never felt
more beautiful

This is an attempt (one of many I have a feeling) to capture the sights and the emotion of a recent mushroom trip. It started as a 6x6 sketch I only meant it to be a figure study but it grew so much so that I had to graft it onto a larger piece of paper. If you look at the full piece you can still make out the original page



It started as a 6x6 sketch I only meant it to be





untitled pencil/pen 11"x14"

i feel you fade
my best friend
my sister
what have i done
to be alone
but i feel you love
as the wave
of medication
surges through
please forgive me
and come back
when
it recedes
i understand if
angry
i can only say
sorry
this is just how
it has to be
for now
because the world
our particular brand
of sick
and they'll take you
me
my sister
my best friend



ive hoped all these years
that you would understand
i had to leave
i had to even though you said
you would die
i had to even though i knew
you were were right
i had to go
i couldn't stand there forever
i tried my best
i really did
and i don't blame you
for what happened
sometimes your best
isn't enough
sometimes we don't know when
it's enough
you couldn't stay scared forever
you had to go
you had to leave
i have to let you
and you have to let me
i can't stand here forever
holding your hand
i did my best
and
maybe it wasnt enough
but maybe
it was

I wrote
this about
a patient.
4 a patient

IT didn't
Help.

I'm sorry.

*i listened to you
sing a love song
and it made me
cry*



*what if we'd met sooner
what if i had been born later
what if time and geography
didn't seperate us*

*and
what
is "*

*no decades
no rivers*



*no time zones
no mountains*

*what if i was there
or you were here
or both of us*

*were someplace totally new
and different*

*where nothing mattered
and everyone was free*

*would any of those what ifs
change my what is
i will never know*

*but maybe
some when*



*and some where
there is a version of me*

*listening to you
sing a love song
without*

it breaking her heart

*a poem
about
a
star*



I DON'T LUV

DRUGS

I JUST HATE MYSELF

I DIDN'T WANT

2

B HIGH

I JUST WANTED OUT



Pain of the pain Queen Drama Action cut
Scene Blood of the Blood God give your life
of a worthless cause never to get you made a
choice to lose yourself to lose your voice to
give your life to give your blood to lose your
soul and for what?
and of what?

Never to get
No more regret
you can't take it back Now pay your fuckin'
pay

U owe me
U owe me
U owe me
blood

Pain U owe me I owe U
life squirt



a fuckin'
genius

This is
a poem I found I don't always
on the back remember what
of a sketchpad I do ☆♡

owe me
blood

I owe u
squat



~~John~~
a fucking
genius

way
too
long
and me
maybe im af
to know
because i
and wh
that i
and
and



*i only want stillness
i am sick of these buzzing
thoughts
sick of this beating
heart
i think maybe you get it
maybe you want that
too
i want to ask you that
and i don't know
why
that makes me nervous
i've asked you
everything else
and you've always told me the truth
maybe i'm afraid
to know
because i don't want you to die
and when i say
that i want
stillness
i know what i mean*





bleed me

death

and I will settle for

nothing less

my work my words my world

are bullshit

just a wall

smash my

head against

until all cracks

run my brain

through walls enough

to make me

forget

that I ever dreamed

of anything

*bleed me
bleed me
to death
i will settle for
nothing less
my work my words my world
are bullshit
just a wall
to smash my
head against
until my skull cracks
and my brain
swells enough
to make me
forget
that i ever dreamed
of anything
else*



Detail
From
mixed
media
piece
titled
"The
Magician"
Retouched
and
colored
in
Acrylate

how does it feel
to lose one's mind?
i wouldn't know.
my mind is here.
what i've lost
is my soul.



This has been a
confusing
time
y me

*i only write when im sad.
i write alot.
every
fucking
day.*

i have a lot to write about.

I
HAVE
EVERYTHING
NOT handled
IT
well

LIFE IS SHIT

i'm lying in bed giving mental high fives to myself. congratulations on completing all of the tasks that didn't need doing. i did all that work just so i would not have to do the only task that needed doing. as long as i do the easy things that don't matter i won't have to do the hard thing that scares me and i can still feel good about myself.

this works. i simultaneously praise and scold myself. balance. it's a zen thing.

i believe that because i am stupid but, i think it because i am smart. i can make anything bad good. i will make everything good bad. that's how clever people do it. balance. harmony. it's a zen thing.

that's how clever people lie to stupid people. it's how they get them to do their work. all of the things that didn't need doing. that's how stupid people are. they will do anything a clever person tells them as long as it isn't the thing that needs doing. as long as it isn't the thing that scares them. balance. harmony. stasis. it's a zen thing. never looking back. never moving forward. congratulations me. you found your bed. you found your zen. now lie in it.

reach to me reach through the black miasma that i've woven round me my
centrifugal dehissence lack of inertial resistance to the paralyzing entropic
pathenoginzing i have become so fond of

reach to me pull me through or maybe just slap the face of my nonsense my
choking insessence insisting that i am helpless hopeless worthless a rusted
penny chucked into the sea and forgotten by all but the witless wisher standing
disappointed on the shore

reach to me show there is a door a window something some way away from the
darkened monotony of the night lit days dramaless plays stiffbacked chorus lines
and slowly slipping vital signs that create the collage of me show me the exit and
then pull me through it because otherwise i might just stay



there was a day
when the sun beams
came through my window
and it was warm enough
to shed my skin

a day
when everything was beautiful
when even the dust in the air
sparkled like a comet's tail

a day
when i looked in the mirror
and smiled

a day when i saw myself
for the first time

that day
everything was beautiful
that day
i cried

my first tears of joy
and laughed like a person
who wanted to live

that day
there was no noise

in my head
no scars on my skin

that day
has passed me
or i it

blown on by whatever cosmic winds
fill the sails of
of the earthbound
and lift us momentarily from
our foot gazing two-dimensionality

but i hold the memory
close to my heart

clutching it
worrying it

when the clouds gather
and the cuts itch

when my tears burn hot
and the wind blows cold

i remember
i remember that there was

a day
when i felt safe

when there was no noise
in my head

no scars on my skin
i remember that there was

a day
when

everything was beautiful
and maybe

one day

there will be again

