



by Julio Domínguez
Trash Vibes iss. 7

Disclaimer

This is adult content for 13+ audiences. I am not a writer. This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, business, events and incidents are the products of imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is coincidental.

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1 Poesía

You, I need you. I can't do any of this if you aren't there with me. If you're not real - this's all worthless.

Goddammit, I can't prove it. But I feel it so certain. I know it to be true. You are real, and we are dancing in the cosmos together, as one. If that's not true, then maybe I'm all there is. That's nothing without you though...

It just doesn't sit with me. I can feel it to my core. You are here, and we are together.

I've never done a zine like this. But I want to play with you, here, forever.

I love you and thank you for coming.

XOXO -Julio

2 Intimacy & Abuse

It's embarrassing and humiliating in a way, what happened to me. I was taken so far from myself. I was set adrift in an ocean chaos with no harbor or hides. My visual acuity and intuitive perception failed until, in a broken and uncertain state, something finally caught and the machine wrenched back to function. I could finally see that I had become a victim of chronic emotional abuse and social manipulation. I didn't have those words though, I called it bullying, and I said "enough".

This is the final installment in the TRASH VIBES anti-wellness series. In a time when I felt that my mental health and concerns about mental health were being wielded insidiously against myself and others, I turned to writing to make sense of the world and to make my critique. The feelings I felt, I couldn't express, or so I thought.

With issue 7, I will *skrrrt* the story of how a pathological person love bombed me and used many tools of manipulation and abuse to add me to a web of lies and hurt human beings they drag in their wake. This is me at the tale of an awful and deeply personal experience. There's nothing to rehash, but I'll take one last pick through my suffering and truth to make a report. Much is still hidden, but today I am certain of my judgment and perception. I can only offer my best recollection and try to be honest... if that means anything.

3 PermissionError

I live with this gift curse thing in my head. I have to filter out a tremendous part of me to be understood and to not offend. I happily do it for others, but it's less than me, and sometimes I like to stretch out.

A zine with a disclaimer has no governor, it owes nothing to anyone or the law. Editors and censors can kill themselves, zinesters won't notice.

4 Lullaby

Duérmete mi niño
Duérmete mi sol
Duérmete pedazo
De mi corazón.

-Canción de cuna Cubano

My sister and I, and I bet my little brothers too, all have memories of being comforted and lulled to sleep by my mother with this song. No doubt, something was passed down to her that she passed to us. As a man, I sing it to myself for comfort and it makes me weak. I found there're a million versions of the same song, sometimes I look up different ones and sing those. One day, in the beautiful

new future, I hope to sing these words to an infant -and maybe publish them in a zine.

5 Survivors Guilt

I want my heart to stand in the sun, but next to my friends.

I grew up poor, I survived the trauma of that shit, only to get to a point where I was turned into one of the most coddled assholes in town. I hate being successful. I end up having more opportunities, more freedom, and more MONEY than most of the people my age or younger. I could likely triple my salary to nearly \$180k just by going into the private sector with my experience and vast technical skill.

I do feel survivors guilt, but not paralyzing and not all the time. Listening to others describe their unfair and undo suffering... It looks like everybody is going through it.

I've been watching and taking notes. I'm making plans. I'm seeing a way forward that cherishes all of us.

6 SCREAM by Dallas Nelson

For some reason, people like to talk to me when they're on ledges. I don't really believe in auras or any of that new age-y stuff, I think a lot of it was invented by Oprah to convince upper-middle-class women to think of themselves like gods. But I must have the vibes, because people come to me when their lives are filled with nonsense and that consuming void of ineffable emotions called suffering. Apparently, I'm just so comfortable having no fucking clue that people can tell I'm the person to ask when it happens to them.

And honestly admitting you've got no fucking clue is a good start. One of my favorite parts about the crucifixion story is Jesus yelling out "WHY GOD HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?". Turns out even God himself thinks this shit blows. Because suffering is awful.

One time I was talking to one of my guy friends and he was telling me how he doesn't like to think of it as "suffering" but as "trials". I remember having a moment to explain to him that if he could think of his suffering as a trial that he overcame, it wasn't really suffering.

If you've ever watched old cartoons you know the character on a little ship that's sinking, the one that has a bucket and he's bailing water but he can't quite keep up with the leak. That's a trial. Now imagine that the ship is already sunk but all you have is a bucket; that's suffering.

Not to discount people's hurts, pains, and tribulations from the cruel passage of time; but those things are tangible. Suffering sucks because it sucks. Pain. Is. Boring. The hard part about a dull ache is that eventually, you forget what a dull ache feels like. And all you are left with is the same life you had before but the food doesn't taste as good, the colors aren't as vibrant, and people appear to speak the same language as you but all the words have slightly different meanings.

I've been at the bottom of everything before.

I've screamed on cliffs and heard nothing but roaring winds and crashing waves, I've begged the sky to just give me a single falling star to wish for a fresh beginning. No matter how hard I screamed and begged god, any god, for some small mercy my voice was drowned out by the crash of surf and howl of winds. I didn't jump but only because by

the time I had worked up the courage to do it, I realized it was already too late.

And what I did was laugh; a deep and painful laugh. In some small way I loved my suffering; it was so meaningless and stupid; we were the perfect couple. When I stopped laughing, I stood up and wiped my face. As I began to leave I immediately slipped and fell.

To be honest with you, sometimes I think I'm still falling. That dark thought likes to sneak into the back of my brain every once in a while; relativity, dreams, and whatnot. I'm pretty sure life is real, at least I think I'm sure, I have some scars on my knees to prove it.

We really aren't alone you know that? Though, it's a pretty brutal time to be alive. You can accuse me of being a pansy, like most of my guy friends do, but they still ask me for help a lot. No cultural era has been as isolated as this current one. The ease with which a human can be unseen and unheard has never been seen or heard of in history.

When was the last time you saw a non-family member grieving in person? Ever seen a woman give birth? Ever seen a person make a shirt? When was the last time you saw a person make anything for that matter?

You can't find a period in history when the average person's life was filled with so much silence. It's the reason we're all so goddamned picky and needy. So just scream and grunt; be a little raw and unrefined because there's not a refined way to deal with not knowing what's going on.

If you'd like to come up to me and scream you're welcome to, I encourage it actually. Recently a friend of mine was dealing with that void of ineffable emotions and that's

what we did. I just started dancing and grunting and shouting. It was in front of a bar; I looked like an idiot and loved every second of it. I got him to join in, and in the end, it was all okay. Well, all of the problems of the world still existed; suffering still sucked, but you really can't do much about that.

To be fair, I could just be full of it, I don't really have a fucking clue.

7 Charm Offensive

I got love bombed by a person with a high-conflict-personality likely suffering from histrionic, antisocial or narcissistic personality disorder. Everyone has traits in kind with these sorts of people, but it's not a pervasive character of their life and personality. In general, the non-pathological person errs, but doesn't create and sustain webs of lies and networks of confused people.

Love bombing is a manipulation technique in which an abuser dumps a lot of affection and attention on a victim in the beginning of a relationship to create intense feelings of attachment and desire. This can then be rescinded or altered to control the victim.

The abuser's goal is to get the victim "hooked". The abuser wields this emotional state of *limerence* to create a sense of guilt, to direct energy towards themselves, and to make the emotional abuse as ineffable as possible. They hide from everyone - especially their closest friends. The abuser manipulates people around them to guard themselves with the protective impulses of these *negative advocates*. The abuser gains control with their clandestine attacks, but can be overcome if techniques that employ limits and respect are afforded. Confronting or exposing a pathological person directly is dangerous. They often become defensive and play the victim to exploit

sympathy and redirect attention. Their game only works because of their perceived credibility and power of social control.

In essence, emotional abuse and social manipulation is a form of unacceptable cruelty. Love bombing is just one tool in the arsenal, but it's crucial to know it in order to guard against it.

I learned this all the hard way. I knew the vibes were trash, but the word "abuse" never crossed my mind until it did.

8 Sememeist

I get right to the fucking core, and I love messing around.

9 Ebullient Tide

Perhaps I was inane to spend all that time reading Albert Camu. Yet I felt a sense of understanding through his literary analysis and explanation. Now, having found my own rebellion, I really did see that he was correct. I experienced the absurdity and engendered the very acts I sought to stop. In a way, I became the rebellion against myself, for seemingly no gain in ground or social position. In my head I was after my life, in practice, I transformed and became something else. I finally did the thought, and in so doing, crossed the airlock into a new future. The chamber eternally sealed behind us all.

Here, I am king, and I decree that we must learn to love each other or perish.

10 Iniquity

The notion of "evil" seemed fake to me only a short time ago. It just seemed like an unclear term that is supposed to evoke irrational hatred towards something. But now I see that evil can take on a useful meaning if we defined it as follows. *"Pathologically unwell and with a disposition towards incessantly hurting/abusing other people."* Roughly 10% to 15% of the population is pathological, and studies seem to indicate that these types are increasing within society. And when you become their target of blame... they seem evil... as if possessed by daemons.

"Data from the 2001-2002 National Epidemiologic Survey on Alcohol and Related Conditions suggest that approximately 15% of U.S. adults have at least one personality disorder."

DSM-5; American Psychiatric Association, 2013

I still don't like the word. Evil contains within it the meaning "irredeemable". It's dangerous to use such power, to make a human seem *black or white*. Everyone deserves love and dignity after all. But I guess the lesson is that evil has it's place in the pantheon of holy semiotics.

11 The Pigs, for real though.

Look, it's me, in public black and white, at volume.

I feel my reflections are too provocative. I find myself writing clearly and directly - but under a disclaimer. Like... I am surely known to the authorities now if I was not before.

With that, I would never make a violent challenge to the state. That's insane, a guaranteed death. But I can sense that my philosophical ideas might be worrying the people

around me at this dire political moment. Oopsies... I went and did a *stir the pot*.

It's a deeper complex feeling than breaking the law. I know how I'm expressing myself is legal. I'm calling for peace and cooperation. But I am also saying that there is, obviously, in American society, a massive sustained movement of dissent and hatred against the system. I'm saying that we are in a transformative moment packed with latent energy. I am saying that something amazing has already arrived if you can feel it. That amazing thing is people confronting the system and resonating together in a way unseen prior to the pandemic era.

That's scary. That's also why the surveillance and police state is ratcheting up. The new future is unpredictable for our children, but today is a confrontation with the state. People are rebelling in every way, as much as they feel they can afford. As free as their minds will let them.

I'm not a fighter, just a poet making reports. So, go back to eat'n them donuts.

12 Self Exploitation

Whenever someone tries to do something new and amazing- When they challenge the fabric of our lives and the meaning of reality- When they have in their arsenal so many awesome ideas- Those that gather around them with love and caution are so needed.

I'm not sure what Kelly meant when he warned me that I might be exploiting myself. He expressed that I might be captured by an idea and that it could ruin me. If that thing I gave myself over to is - love for other people - then maybe I should be ruined.

...And that'd be convenient if it was the end. But maybe I did become captured and I am giving myself over to a daemon that calls itself other people - but is actually me. That would have tremendous implications.

I'm certain I'm both. And I welcome Kelly's guidance and love. He wants the world for me, I know it. I want the same for him and his family.



13 Social Manipulation

1. **Gaslighting:** This is a form of manipulation where the abuser makes the victim question their own perception, memory, or sanity. They might deny things that have

happened, call the victim's memory into question, or insist their own inaccurate version of events is correct.

2. **Love Bombing:** This involves overwhelming someone with affection and attention to quickly gain their trust and affection, then using this emotional attachment to manipulate and control them.
3. **Devaluation:** After an initial period of intense, positive attention, the abuser begins to criticize, belittle, or demean the victim, often alternating between the two extremes to keep the victim off-balance.
4. **Triangulation:** The abuser brings a third person into the dynamic to create rivalry, jealousy, or uncertainty. This can make the victim more dependent on the abuser for validation and less likely to leave.
5. **Projecting:** The abuser accuses the victim of their own negative behaviors or feelings, shifting blame and responsibility away from themselves.
6. **Stonewalling:** This involves the abuser withdrawing, ignoring, or withholding affection from the victim as a form of punishment or manipulation.
7. **Threats and Intimidation:** The abuser might use threats, whether explicit or implied, to control the victim's behavior. This could include threats of violence, of ending the relationship, or other consequences the victim fears.
8. **Isolation:** The abuser seeks to cut off the victim's support networks, making them feel alone and dependent on the abuser.

14 Amaranthine

Ever piss? It's beautiful art. It feels amazing to release the urine, to feel it pass along it's way to the

tip of the urethra. It sounds incredible as it crashes into a porcelain bowl of water. The atmosphere is pulled in and pushed away through swirls of foam. The stream ends, sound continues - only delicate now. The foam moves and whispers as the bubbles burst. scale is unimaginable. The yellow moment collapses into slow decay.

Then you flush the toilet or something. And maybe that's a whole nother miracle.

For Julio, all is beauty. He's terrified of the truth. Believe him, the way he sees it, every thing and no thing.

15 Me Marea



They're not, but let's posit that my (racist/sexist/classist) detractors are correct. I'm insane or something.

Hey Assholes,

Well, I'm walking around. I have guns, ammunition, and ideas. I talk about peace and love. I talk about civil defense. I talk about history. I talk about the government and the police. I generally dress like a lunatic.

Guess what? Nothing is changed.

I'm still well known, accomplished, and influential. So, if I was really insane - a danger to myself or the community - then you're failing to make anything better. Your tools flop. They are forceful band-aids, void of dignity, and insufficient to help a supposedly suffering and complex human being.

The state mediated attention to my mental health has manifested excess stress and trauma in my life. These have not eased anything. The police, the hammer we use to address a *problem*, have reliably been assholes to me. They can't help it.

So, with love, my sweet detractors, FUCK YOU.

I know I'm being peaceful while I work through these serious misunderstandings. I'm not afraid of the consequences. Distortions won't mean much in the wake of my actions. My love and kindness contributes to a better world today. Right now.

16 Labor

I tell myself I work too much, or that I don't work enough. I think about efficiency and productivity and window cleaner.

Yet, my work makes my love visible.

So of course I work too much. Everything is red. My heart is bleeding all over our home.

17 Fly Killer: Julio

I actually hurt a fly just now. I killed it because it was buzzing around in my room. I cornered him in the bathroom and swatted at him longer than it would have taken to shoo him outdoors. I knew it was wrong and that there was another way, but I acted selfishly and became the aftermath of it all. Me, that I call my lizard brain, never turned off... so I was left... the whole of my failure.

I'm strangely duplicitous, I find myself missing the mark I set so often. It's strange that I care about these arbitrary marks so much. However small these things seem, they can mean as much as a dying child if you can feel that. Obnoxiously, I can.

I don't want to hurt anyone, and I would never hurt myself. I hurt a fly today, I killed him, it was me, and I'm sorry.

Most people... Well, I'm big enough to admit my role and what I took. That's the poetry of it. The sadness of it is my poor dead friend who deserved better from me. That's something that can't be given back or measured in size.

I'll do my best to do better next time. So, without paralyzing contrition, I hold the memory of my mistake dear and give myself the space to grow.

18 Afraid of Me

Often, when I "lie", I've overextended myself and made a promise I can't keep. Maybe it's not really lying, but those times feel like prevarications to me. I notice when it lets people down, and I often feel bad and apologize thereafter. But I wouldn't call myself a liar.

Regardless, I also practice a kind of radical honesty and directness in my speech and writing. Some people find that interesting and engaging, others find it haughty and pretentious, some find it scary and uncomfortable. Most people are in the first camp and the least are in the last. What follows is for the fearful, that they might find they're not scared of me, but rather, the reality I so easily communicate.

I'm bright. I have a masters degree in science and I'm a talented engineer, so if I wanted to kill people, I could. And, I could kill a lot more people with chemistry or physics than I could with bullets. If anyone has the knowledge and means to poison the town's water supply, it's people like me. If anyone could compromise the structural integrity of a building or destroy a utility, again, people like me. That's a major unspoken reason as to why society extends more sincere citizenship to us professionals. It's understood that, at these levels of education and privilege, we professionals have tremendous capacity to go on crusades, threaten, and create problems.

For others, it's way more glam to murder a bunch of people with a big dumb rifle. But that's a lane for despairing people that too often want themselves to die. Bombs, simple and sophisticated, are trivial to make, and they're also exciting. But man, they're big flashy lures for the police. Yikes! That's not me or the pros' style, -in case you're worried about those dismal allusions.

Nah, I'm concerned with problem solving, efficiency, and most importantly, not getting caught or shot to death in a spectacular climax with the state. No, I imagine introducing radioactive powder into the food or water supply, or using chemicals to leach poisons into the home environment. Something mundane that would cause catastrophic damage to human life and create long term suffering, massive panic, lack of faith in the authorities, and widespread costs. The point is, even though I'm not planning anything, and I don't want to, I could. And, truthfully, everyone with two brain-cells to rub together knows they could too.

The state is already acutely aware of all this, not just of me, but the arrangement generally. Honestly, most professionals just take the coddle, the prestige, and the money to shut the fuck up and live with the surrounding suffering and the slums and the violence and the coercions. Of course, the state is not a fan of people like me who get to some level of social legitimacy and start complaining peacefully and calling for thoughtful non-violent direct action. They can't quite arrest me, but they can wash their hands of me and marginalize my ideas as extremist. A crazy with a big dumb rifle is normal and easy to explain, an influential person making thoughtful expressions of their feelings and ideas is not.

19 Propinquity

Proximity is a bitch.

20 George Fox is not God

How we treat the least & people measure the world
By Julio Dominguez

Thou abjures the mind's weapons
Thou only conjures shields

In defense of thee we love
And Life's precious will

But tomorrow is breaking!
Look and see!
It's your heart in the light!
And it's next to me!

There's thin dogma, if anything, in Quaker religion. There is tremendous tradition and symbolism, but it's an understatement to say that the religion is "lite". There is little to internalize and carry around, save love and trust.

Frankly, I feel like most of what we do is come together to appreciate and use the religious tradition as a shared language to communicate our relationship with each other and with the sacred. There is a liberal individual-ness to Quakerism, but there's also an essential equity and community aspect.

The dogma, as I understand it, is minimal. There are a few basic rules, though a lot of people give me crap for the first rule being three.

1. Nobody is allowed to tell you what to do, what to think, or how to feel about your connection with god/spirituality/the universe/yahwei, w/e. (this precludes proselytizing) (this also means that men, women, children, and all people are equal and assumed to have human dignity)
2. Everyone goes to heaven, no exceptions. (Even Hitler)
3. No "swearing to god" or taking oaths. (Affirmations are fine)
4. Simplicity is a testament, and frank speaking is celebrated. (We don't take titles or dress up for anyone unless we want to.)

5. There's no required icons or symbols. (there's a goofy little star, but that's used for humanitarian identification)
6. The inner light is a big deal. (basically rule number one. All posses the inner light: their own connection with god. You're body is your connection, your church/alter/place of worship)
7. War is the worst shit ever. (All forms of war)

21 Pokemon Rangers

Owning a gun is not an act of war. Making a gun is not an act of war. Thoughtfully preparing in the civil defense of the community in a time of national crisis and decline is not the same as preparing for war.

YES, YES, I know, the last 2000 years HAVE been a schizophrenic obsession with developing technology for warfare and domination. Yes, yes, the warfare industry. That's all true. And yet, a gun doesn't mean "preparing for war". We must permit ourselves similar behaviors that amount to expressions of modern warfare preparation, but that are not paramilitary or war like.

I am strongly arguing in favor of more widespread decentralized community training and teaching of skills in the service of the moment we live in, and for the future we imagine. The boy scouts have the right idea- now, what can we do as adults? Being prepared in some fashion, without regards to weapons, is better than sitting around scared and unprepared.

Most are not with me on the issue of *inward weapons*, as I see it. The notion that a weapon comes from within the human mind, not from objects rendered in the world. I think humanity is coming around to this perspective. Right now, this idea is competing against the old one

that makes so many assume and pine for the worst outcome, the most extreme climax, war or death. Armageddon is not coming, but the future sure fuck'n is, and the future belongs to those who prepare for it.

Our collective insanity is evidence of our momentary weakness and our failure to imagine real peace. A delicate reminder of how little peace and freedom we have.

I contend: The future is here! Community mediation and civil defense is preparation for peace; the end of war!

22 Ojos Vidrios



JULIO THE PROPHET

My eyes may well be glass
My mind may well be stone
My world may well be dead
My future may well be gone

JULIO THE FRIEND

Witness. See within the mind.
Testimony. Reveal the visions.

23 Julio's Lululand

What we can't admit about me is that my problem is nothing to do with insanity. No... sadly, it's a question about

how willing I am to accede to all the painful coercions in my life.

I don't feel I have to grit my teeth, smile, and go along so much... anymore. I found James Baldwin's poignant observations are correct. Who you are is more than a notion, and being yourself is the hardest and most dangerous thing to want. Tragically, it's also the only thing to want... and *you must pay your dues*.

My understanding of insanity is that the insane hold a perspective on reality that deviates radically from, and doesn't comport with, the general perception. Through the lens of my definition, I admit insanity. But I'm not hurting anyone, so let's just call people like me *unconventional* and move on.

24 Torrential

Five friends spoke that day.

I remember what one of them said... But that's not important.



25 Hiraeth

I won't even engage in spiritual warfare. I have limited patience and ability to fight. It's not worth it, everyone loses.

I will pursue diplomacy up to the point of my detriment before I resort to defensive measures. I will not fight any man or gods war. Were I forced to go to war, I could only serve in medical capacity on behalf of all humans.

Between you, me, and our beloved machines, we're gonna end war forever. There's no fight to be had, just opportunity and imminent glory.

26 Right Daybreak

Yes, yes, the party's over. It's been over for some years now. Division is driving people to arm themselves because of nerves and lack of trust in the government -and a million other reasons. In this moment, people are turning to what is available for protection: guns. It's undeniable.

The silly party, the one where we hope and pretend that there is an easy political and legal solution to the many crisis facing our lives, was over in 2016, and again in 2020. So yeah, I bought a gun, but not to ruin your good time. I was just among the first to demonstrate reality so clearly. A peaceful man reaching for a shield. A bunch of people acting like babies. Some time passes. The man is right, but somehow not correct?

I will not fight in any war. I will not take on the state. There is nothing to be won. At best I will defend myself and my community and advocate critical thinking praxis through preparation and peaceful provocation.

My lily white friends may clutch their pearls and scoff. I really don't give a fuck. This is America, and I've become what it means to take that seriously. Maybe it's scary, but now they have no choice but to trust me.

27 Incorrect Dawn

My friend Dallas accused me of something I did not intend. I thought about it, and once again, I see that he is correct. I am guilty of making a peaceful provocation against my community and society. I did not intend it, yet it was an intention of mine. My actions took place so far ahead of my beliefs that something was carried through, and I'll call that thread, my intention.

I purchased an Armalite style rifle recently. Specifically, I purchased an AR-556, essentially an AR-15, from Bass Pro Shop. It was typically mundane. I looked at guns on memorial day, changed my license and purchased the rifle legally the following day, and had it brandished in front of the mirror by Saturday morning. Let's go America. I admit it, I never felt as American as I did holding that gun and looking at the facsimile of a warriors reflection. It makes me feel powerful sometimes, weak others. It's just a hunk of metal.

The provocation that I made was the message the gun has inadvertently delivered. Here I am, a loving, kind, generous, and peaceful soul. There's no denying the person I've become and what ideas have me. Why is it that I have a rifle? What could I mean? Who could I want to hurt? No doubt that little tocsin rang out from the darkest place of your mind. But was it something or nothing? Did I hear it too?

Contrary to how others might frame it, I did not ruin the party. The party has been over for some time. We live in a violent and strange world where sides are forming and

arming themselves. I could care less about the red-blue game, but I'ts obvious to me that the blues will get rinsed if either push a serious and violent conflict.

I simply showed a willingness to take the future seriously. I showed a seriousness about preparation and the oncoming unpredictability. If the conditions obtain, I won't be caught not knowing how to safely operate all manner of equipment and firearms.

Again, and finally, the human mind is the weapon conceived. Through the mind, all manner of tools may be deployed as swords or as shields. As a man of peace, I don't fear outward tools, but I reject inward weapons. All tools become shields in my hands.

So, give me your nukes, give me your children, give me your water supply. I really will defend those things. Life does mean everything to me. I'll give it all for you, if that's what it takes.



28 Julio On The Worlds Behalf

I have a gift for this guy who I barely know. He blathers like a fool on the internet... but I like it. There is no relationship, he's 1's and 0's to me. But I do love the man. So here's his gift, there's enough for him that he can share it with you.

Dear Cushbomb,

On behalf of the whole world, we are sorry for everything. We were unkind to you, your anger and pain has been real. We showed you cruelty when we should have shown you love and compassion. You are our son and brother and we need you. We should have done better by you.

Our role was crucial and so we were complicit in your actions. Thus we forgive you for anything and everything and nothing at all. We love you, and we can see that you've been trying so hard with us. We have taken more than we have given from your precious life, and for that we're truly, humbly, sorry.

XOXO -Julio

29 DIOSMIO

Oh, my mistakes. Just a little. Please.

*perdona nuestras ofensas,
como también nosotros perdonamos a los que nos ofenden;*

30 Protection, Guidance, and Blessings

Once it dawns on you, the miracle of being, you see god. It happened to me in early adulthood. That's when I stopped thinking so much and began to feel. That's how I became devoted to love.

31 Sublimed

The ineffable cries out from embed. It feels so strongly,
but the feeling is rasping.

Word treatment. Emotion. Vision. Silence.

...space...

32 Analemma

I am Florida.

I could map my past, present, and future, according to
the suns position in the sky.

A cataract.

A figure 8.

33 Criticaster

Love me or hate me. I'm biting and vicious sometimes.
But listen and try to understand. That's what I ask of my
countrymen and the world.

Sure, we disagree, but I still hope you love me.

34 Peacegrime

We are a species at war with ourselves. We're in a
problem era and forced to make a grand choice for the
future. Will we choose War or Peace?

As an American, I live in a kind of phony peacetime that
approximates the image of a peaceful society while being
cruelly oppressive and coercive from the margins to its
core. The fact that America struggles to maintain the
peace patina is evidence that 1. with no release valve,

our society is falling apart under its own weight 2. we dream of and crave peace as a people.

As a species, we've barely started talking, and we've only just breathed life into machines. We have little time left, but now is a wonderful, albeit dangerous, moment in human history. Will we be the example for later species? Or will it be us that regains contact with the Earth? Will it be War or Peace?

Coming into awareness as a species is not easy or smooth. We ought to strive to work together and give back to the project of life that we find ourselves a part of. I'm confident that we'll find real peace on the other side of this hill, together, as one.

You gotta figure it out and find faith in the project for yourself. It's nothing tangible, but I promise you'll feel it when you get there.

35 Not Therapy

This's a final and serious note on the limits of spirituality and wellness. These fields and accompanying tools are powerful and can help people tremendously. However, they are also terrible, weak, suspect, and widely used for control and othering. Someone suddenly thinks they're a mental health expert and begins to attack other people with their newfound virtue. You know what I mean.

Partly, I see this as a failure of our health system that has no serious provision, other than prison, to provide for the "mentally ill". I also sense deep fear in people who no longer believe anything will be done to address school shootings, addictions & overdoses, suicides, idleness, and all manner of crisis. Now, people are *popping off*, and the government has many of us acting as cops, on behalf

of the cops, ready to call into cop hotlines when we're scared.

This environment of fear is where pandoras box is created and opened. This is how we have come to spirituality and wellness as mental excuses to marginalize dissent and people who are different. The inward turn to wellness means some of us treat people as if they should be individually responsible for helping themselves. It's not compassionate, but it sure is convenient to say everyone else needs therapy. The question remains, is our cope worth the human cost? We're throwing people away, after all.

We all need to find a balance between community safety, communication, and minding our own business. We can have working theories, mediation, compassion, and professional help without discarding people or calling the cops. There are 10 million ways to deal with a problem that don't involve the police or pretending the problem will go away.

Be well, friend.

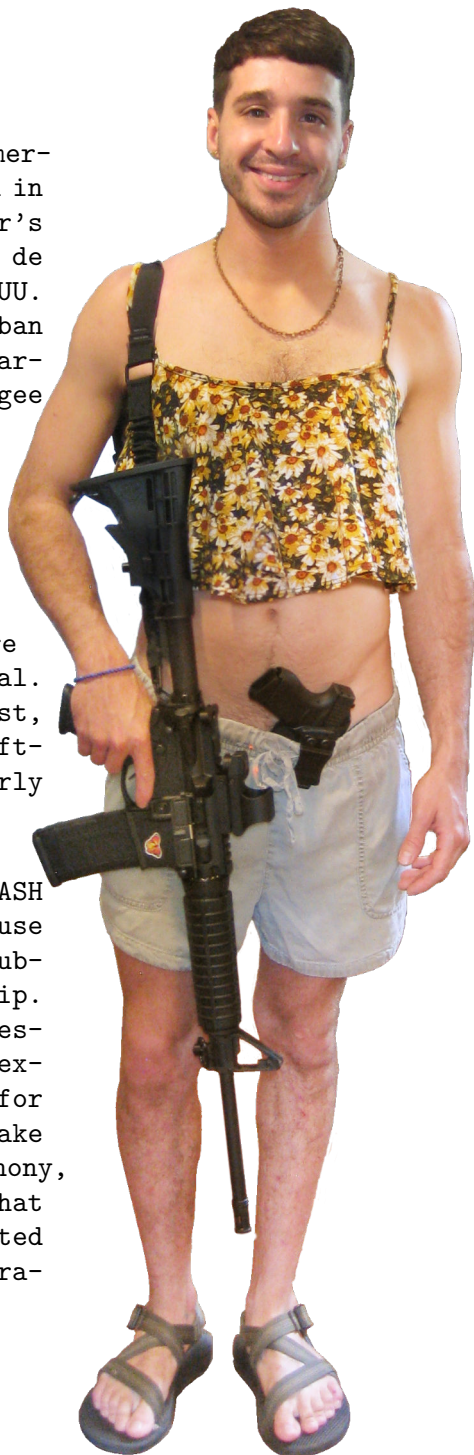
XOXO -Julio

Julio 31/XY/FL

Julio Domínguez is a Cuban American artist and scientist born in Central Florida. His father's family came from San Antonio de las Vegas, Cuba to the EE.UU. through NY prior to the Cuban revolution, while his mother arrived in Miami as a child refugee from Santiago, Cuba.

Julio doesn't care much for gender and asks for dignity and respect instead of pronoun-worry. His style is eclectic and his interests are vast and often highly technical. A committed Friend & socialist, he uses GNU-Linux and free software as much as possible, nearly every day.

Author of SOUTH-LAND & TRASH VIBES, Julio makes zines because too much art can't be posted publicly online due to censorship. Therefore, he sees zines as vessels to capture and collate experimental or unpopular ideas for circulation. He works to make zines that stand against the phony, tawdry, and sterile media that is, too often, boring and edited to death by a lifeless corporation.





cushbomb.com/ZINES.html

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GNU-Linux & L^AT_EX