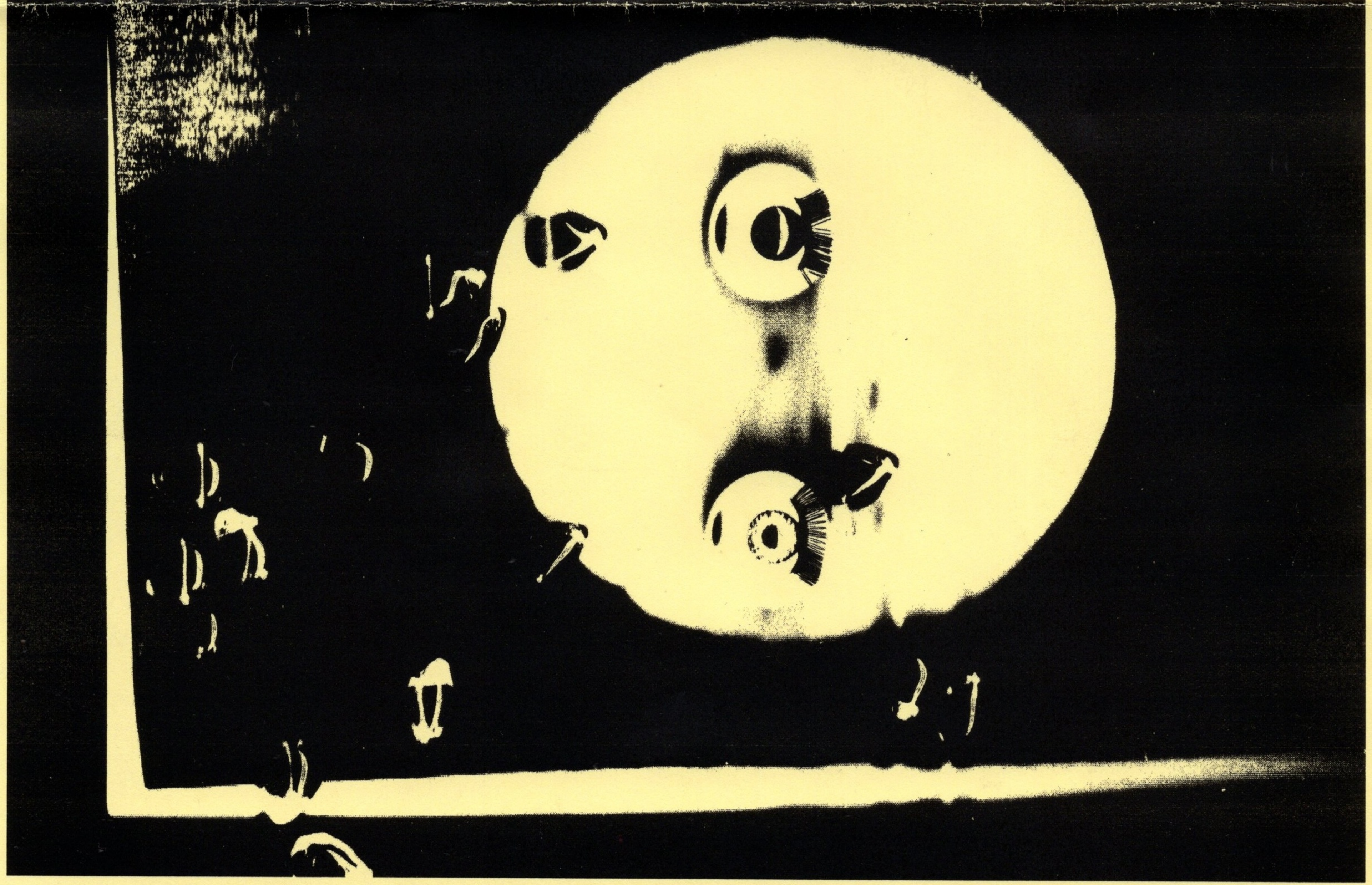


INTERVIEW TEMPLATE

Name:
Pronouns:

What did you do last night?
What did you do this morning?

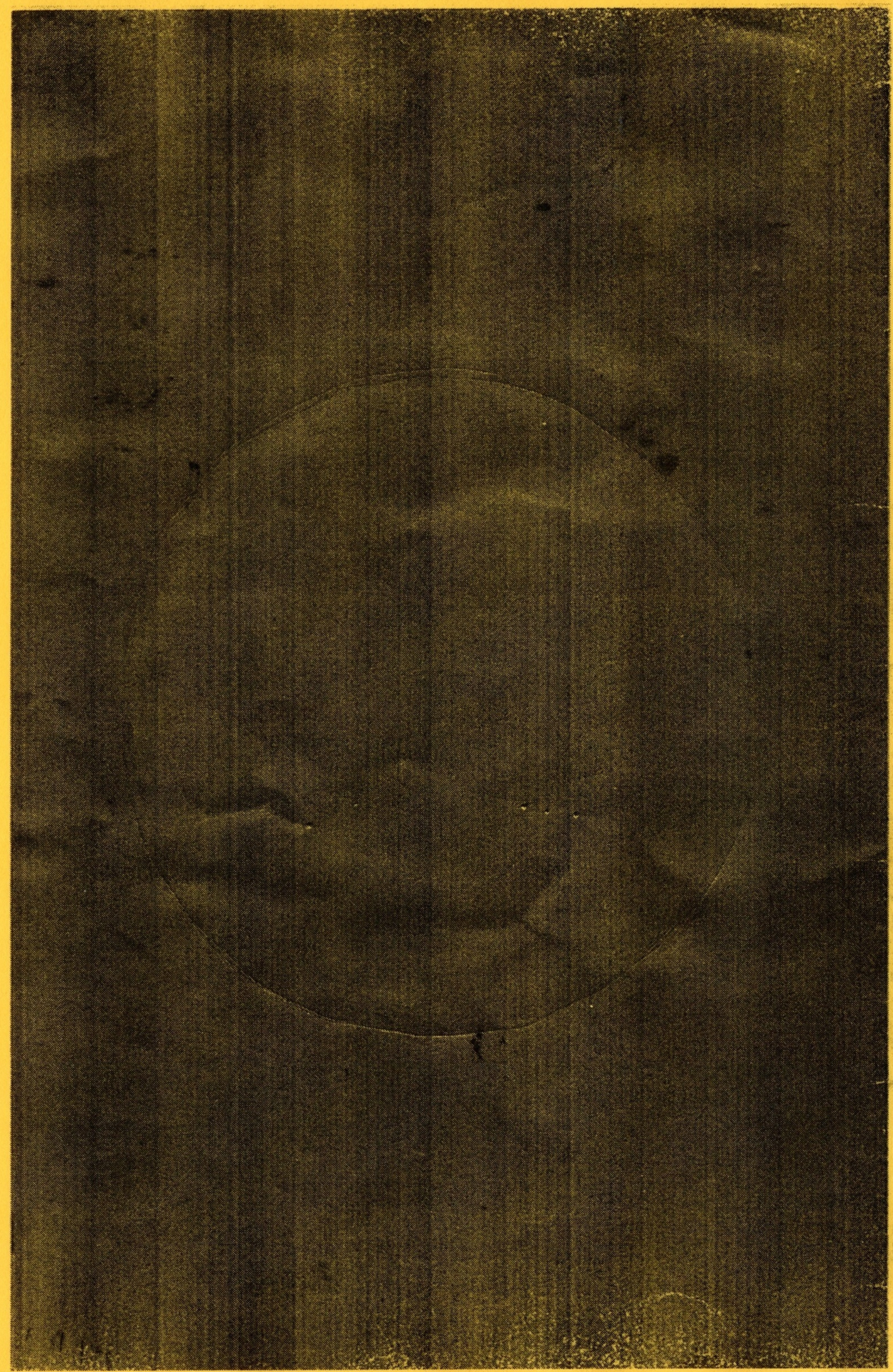
My nephew has started saying
"silly goose" a lot. Who is
the silliest goose in your life?

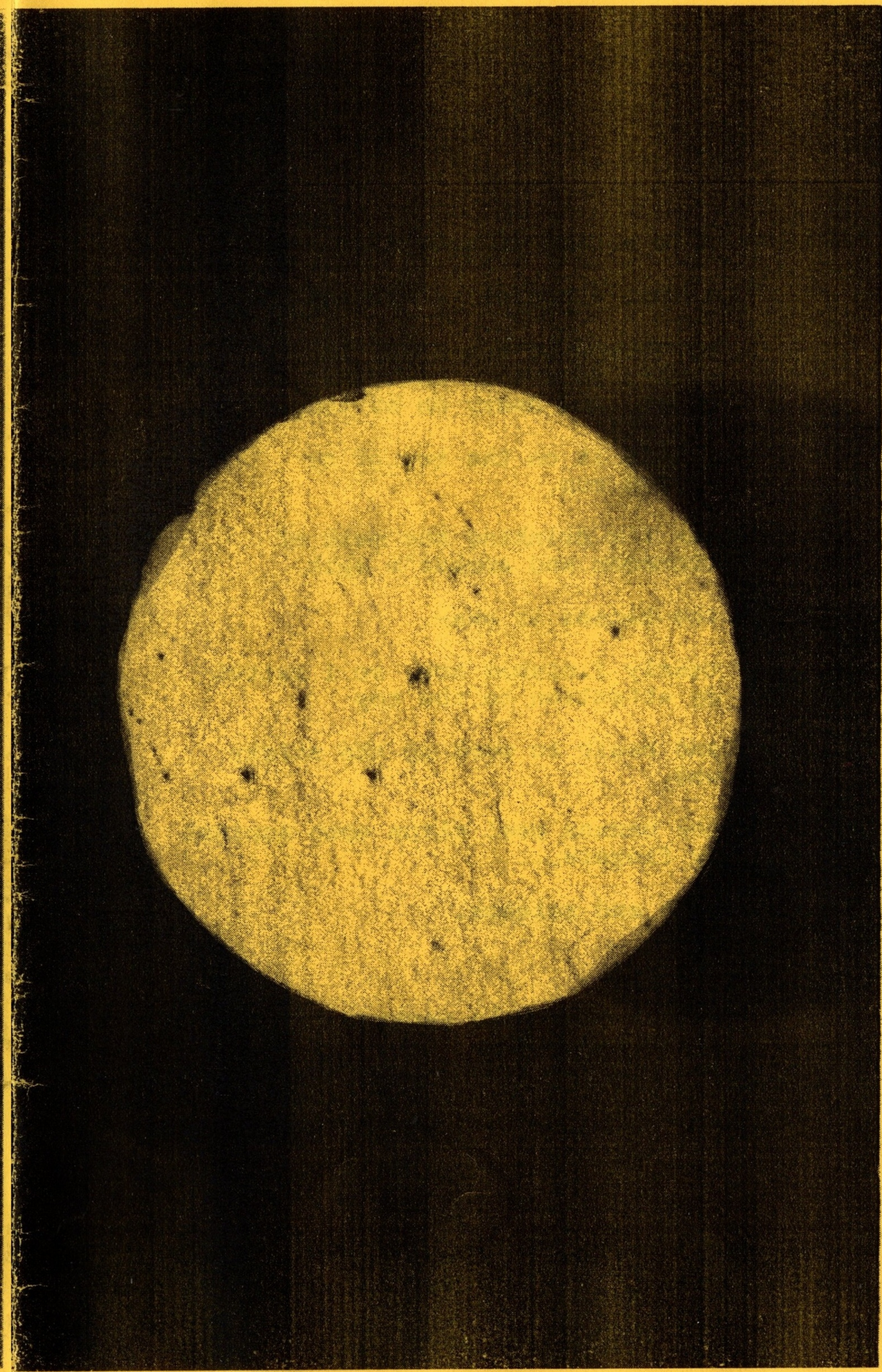
Who do I think you are?
Who am I?
Am I right?

What do you need to say?

Did you lie to me?
How much did you lie to me?

Who should I have interviewed?





 # in a cafe in asheville

i grab a coffee; a banana; a seat.

my chewed-up gum sits, too,
spent; unwanted; unwelcome;
thick and heavy on my tongue

i spit it on the top of my
hooded cup.

now i'm drinking the musk of
cinnamon and smoker's spit

the banana is okay.

nearly finished now, so i switch
my attention to the top

and begin to work up the sticky
wad.

the banana peel slips open against
my fingers...

push and release.

i toss the whole package off into the
trash and leave.

"he needs to lear to control his emotions.bheteries as inappropriate times. and then doesn't cry when he should. like, you're sad, dude!"

her CoffeeMate paid her a complement on her "artsy" outfit and they said their goodbyes.

a moment of silence. i take a breath.

she turns to the barista behind the counter to express her delight at having found **"PINK SLEEVES!"**.

another brief moment of silence. it must have been unbearable for her. she cried out inappropriately:

"it's quiet in here today"

then:

"it's peaceful"

in Hell, our captors lament our imprisonment and lock the doors behind them.

baked empanadas

makes 12 yummy hand pies

(Ingredients)

crust

three cups flour
one & one-half teaspoons baking powder
one teaspoon sugar
one teaspoon salt
one-quarter cup shortening
four tablespoons butter
one-half teaspoons curry powder
three-quarters cup vegetable stock
one large egg

(Ingredients)

filling

two tablespoons olive oil
one tablespoon garlic powder
one-quarter cup tomato paste
one teaspoon cumin
one tablespoon chili powder
one teaspoon oregano
one teaspoon salt
five cloves garlic
one green bell pepper
two jalapenos
one white onion
one-half teaspoon black pepper
one-quarter cup vegetable stock
one pound protein (TVP is lovely)
one cup cheese

Don't overfill your dough!
TVP = textured vegetable protein

Rewrite this recipe in your own words before AND after trying it out!

TIP!

(Directions)

1 dice and sautee onions and peppers
2 mince garlic, sautee for 30 seconds
3 add remaining ingredients
4 cook until thick
5 preheat your oven to 450°F
6 tortilla press 65g of dough into discs
7 add heaping spoonful of filling
8 add some cheese
9 fold and crimp
10 add egg wash
11 bake for 15 minutes
12 reduce heat to 350°F
13 bake for 15 more minutes

Let me know if you try this one, dear! And please give me a ring if you have any questions, or if you need to borrow a cup of flour. Papa B used to roll his eyes whenever I would bring out the tortilla press — I even stopped using it for a while there... but that stubborn old bear came around once I started tortilla-pressing his little cuck balls.

Love, Nana B

ASHEVILLE '24

in january 2024, i flew from chicago, il to asheville, n.c.

reach your hands out in front of you. feel the solid walls of your boundaries. when you want to grow, push gently -- but firmly --and see if anything budges.

i drove 2½ hours to rock hill, s.c. from asheville, n.c.

i gave my brother a copy of my zine, "QQ Feels #1 - SHAME". each of the physical copies of that zine included an insert onto which i had written a unique shameful secret. i thought this would bring some sort of catharsi s but since only people close to me read that zine, it was mostly just awkward.

i drove 3 hours from rock hill, s.c. to charleston, s.c.

i gave a copy of that zine to my therapist. it feels like a half-shared secret, which ironically is more shameful than a secret revealed. shame dies in its telling.

i drove 6 hours from charleston, s.c. to asheville, n.c.

i was on Grindr a lot. i had a despera te need to be "okay alone" but i was not feeling okay alone. i eventually invited someone over to interview for this zine. sadly, i lost the notebook with that and other interview s i did on that trip. of course, by "interviews" i really just mean brief conversations with a few random people in which i ask a few quickly made-up questions. i just wanted to do somethi different.

i flew to chicago, il from asheville, s.c.

mind racing with thoughts of community , vulnerability, and tolerance.

Caroline
she/her

INTERVIEW ~~TEMPLATE~~

caroline is working alone at a small cafe i assume is typical of the trendy part of asheville i seem to be staying in.

last night, caroline went to a mezcal bar called "anoche". this morning, she was up at 5 a.m. getting ready for work.

the silliest goose in caroline's life is her oldest brother. but not in a cute way like i might expect. her brother is "notorious" in this area.

the 81st thing for caroline today will be her saying "hmmm", which her partner will have ignored up until then but will finally call her out on.

caroline thinks i think of her as another queer barista in asheville.

caroline thinks of me as another queer creative in asheville.

i wasn't right.

caroline needs to say:

"Mutual aid is the only thing that will actually save us."

she doesn't think she lied to me during the interview, so she can't be sure how much she lied to me.

she thinks i should have interviewed

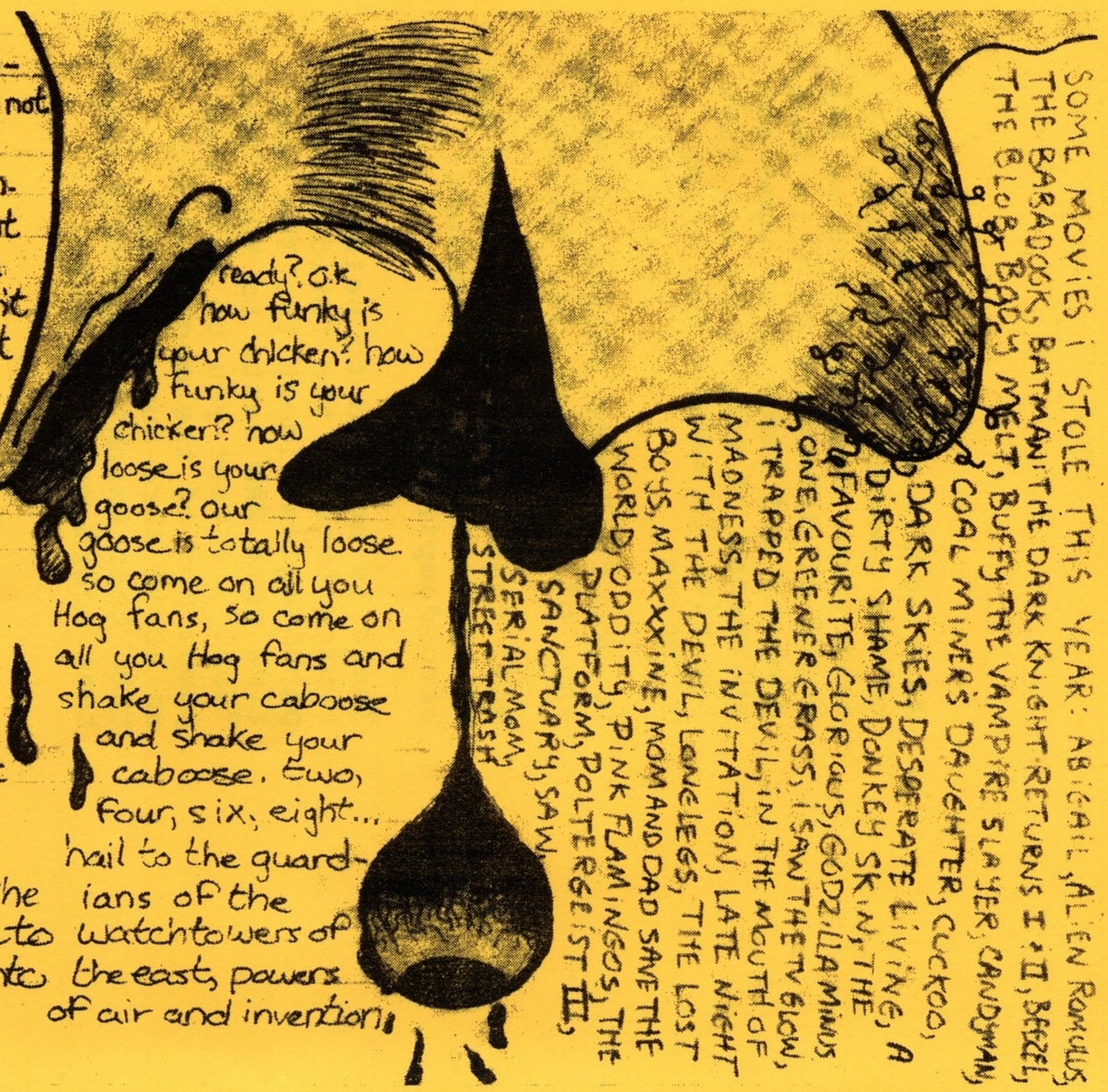
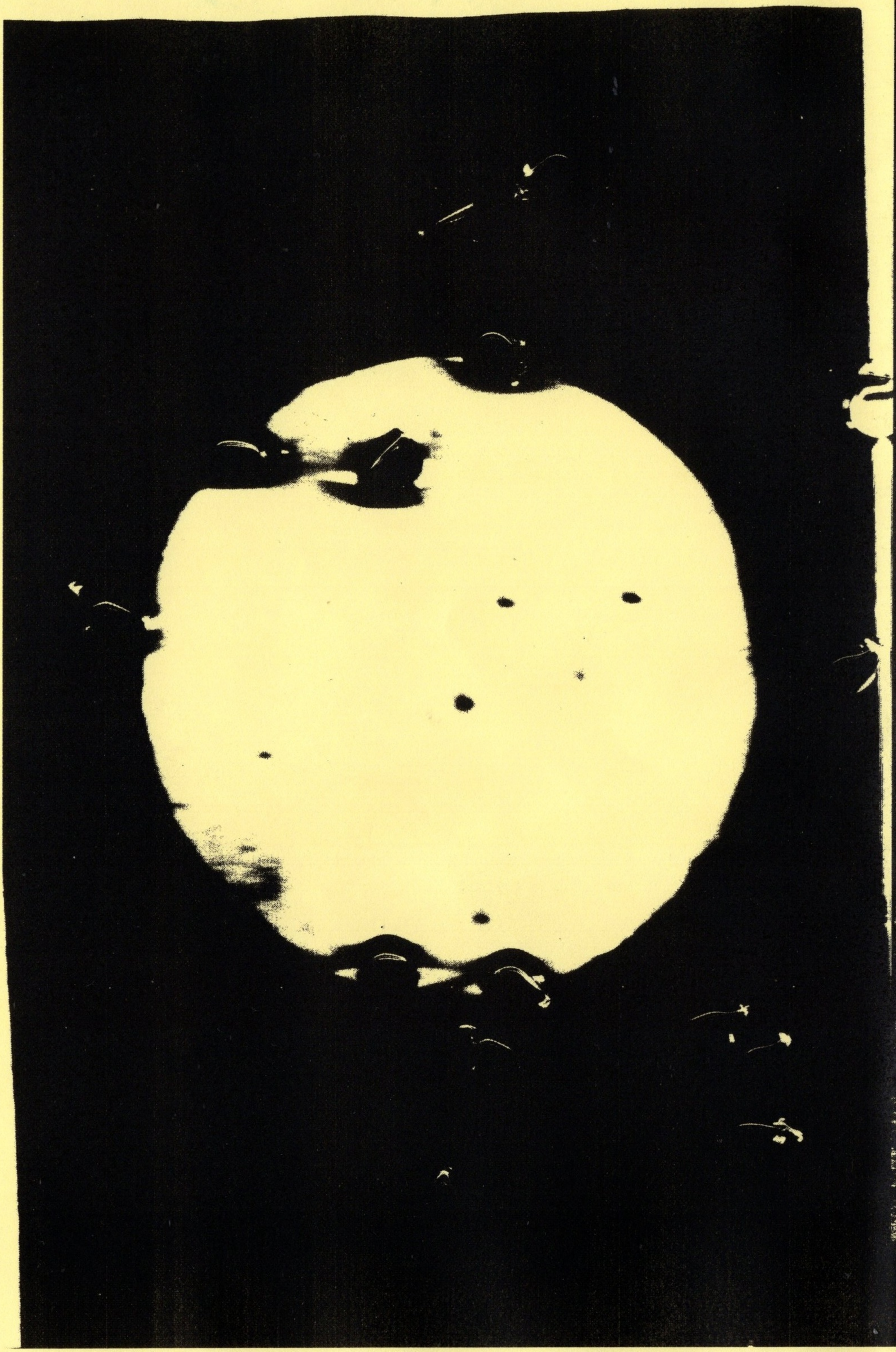
someone on the street instead.

As a modern woman, I am always on the lookout for new ways to save time. Between being on the board of directors of this lousy company and keeping my wood axe sharpened, I simply do not have the time to manage all of my acronyms.

Do you find this relatable? Haha, why, of course you do, darling!

Well then, allow me to share one of my favourite time-savers: acro-dumping.

There is no need to painstakingly trudge through the fetid mire of pathological identity. The next time some **MAN** wants to know your "deal", I want you to pull your pumps out of the muck and lob an acrid acro-dump his way -- then keep marching yourself towards that board meeting, baby!

xoxo,
LGBTADHDCPTSDMDDQQ

a long long time ago the earth was ruled by dinosaurs. they were big so not a lot of people went around hassling them. actually no people went around hassling them because there weren't any people yet. Just the first tiny mammals. Basically life was good. Then something happened. a giant meteorite struck the earth. goodbye dinosaurs! but what if the dinosaurs weren't all destroyed? what if the impact of that meteorite created a parallel dimension where the dinosaurs continue to thrive and evolved into intelligent, vicious,