

## Workshop Volunteering

Hum-ooh!... Hum-ooh!  
Ooh-Mhm... Ooh-Mhm!

Breathe... Breathe in, breathe out. Out; out... Out! Lie down, push! Push—push harder, for God’s sake! The head is stuck—he’s turning blue! Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh!

Giving your time, your uterus, a piece of your fucking brain, or your affection—it’s always better than going to work for a paycheck. Lie down; push and blow, exhale. Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh—Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!

Bring them out, push them out—go on!

Come on, chin up Ladies—let’s get to work; the Medusa needs you.

Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh!  
Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh!

Are you lonely, anxious, or worried about the future of your relationship—or perhaps eager to please your extended family by carrying on the lineage, giving Mom and Dad that little gift of cooing and babbling flesh?

Here is the solution—it’s not hard to find: volunteering in a workshop of synapses and flesh.

No more ZAD! Lie down, push! “THE NATURAL ORDER OF BIRTH IS RESTORED!”

Let that be your only watchword. Any other plan for your life will run up against the blue-sheened jellyfish!

“Rusty wrought-iron gate  
Every woman carries her loins;  
It’s not fatigue, it’s not age  
When some wisteria grows.” Aah! *Whoo-hoo!* Ha-ha!

Handing out flyers or leaflets is an outdated practice belonging to a bygone era.

You don’t wage a revolution against disinformation with paper; you do it by dedicating your time to grassroots support—long live volunteering in workshops.

Breathing: inhale, exhale.  
Lie down, push!

But don’t go to a squat just to pace around the place for that one purpose: lying down for the lion’s mane jellyfish, pushing, and exhaling.

Trawling for jellyfish in your uterus must become your sole catalyst!

Lie down; push and blow out.

Resemble the Moon; drape yourself in the breath of the clouds. Only visit your friends in a “Zone to Defend” for this only aim:

Lie down, push and breathe out.  
Lie down, push and breathe in.

No “Zadist” activists at the birth!  
Mhm-mhm; mhm. Mhm-mhm...

A zone of deferred development for a procreation program, to be sure—but subject to a single watchword: “THE WORLD IS DEAD; REPRODUCE IT!”

Join the loudmouths—men and women alike—for a march or a protest fueled by nothing but bluster and a complete lack of testosterone?

Ahem! Certainly not; what would be the point?

Who could “oohed and aahed” at a Zad that says “back to the trees”?

Handing out leaflets or distributing flyers is old-fashioned and outdated. Thus give your time through spontaneous sponsorship—long live workshop volunteering.

“DOWN WITH ABORTION, NO TO ALL FORMS OF CONTRACEPTION!”

Let it be your only banner.

Any other life plan will be challenged by the club-wielding jellyfish!

“Rusty wrought-iron gate  
Every woman carries her loins;  
It’s not fatigue, it’s not age  
When some wisteria grows.” Aah! *Whoo-hoo!* Ha-ha!

It is utterly pointless to lend one’s voice to an activist soup kitchen—let alone a charity; as for non-aligned organizations or alter-globalization networks? Let’s not even go there: it all amounts to the same thing, and none of it leads to REVOLUTION.

Only visit your friends in a “Zone to Defend” for that specific purpose:

Lie down, push and breathe in.  
Lie down, push and breathe out.

So what is the point of championing a humanitarian or ecological cause, when one has a uterus of one’s own, and the Giant Medusa is waiting for the next blue wave?

Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh!  
Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh!

What is the point, since no one can do anything about it—since it is beyond our own limited means? And yet, the solution is right there, under my hat: devoting time to the lion’s mane jellyfish. Ooh!! Ooh!! Mhm...

Ooh!!  
Ooh!! Mhm...  
Shush!

Breathe!... Breathe: breathe in, breathe out. Lie down, push! Push—push harder, for God’s sake! Ooh! Ooh! The head is stuck and he’s turning blue!

Ooh! Ooh-ooh! Ooh-o-Oh! Ooh-o-Oh! Ooh-o-Oh! Ooh-o-Oh! Ooh-o-Oh! Ooh!!... Ooh! Who could marvel at a ZAD that advocates a “RETURN TO THE TREES”?

Come on, take heart, ladies: get to work; the Medusa needs you. You need to produce by giving birth.

A ZAD or something else, *yes*—but on the condition of a single watchword: “THE WORLD IS DEAD;

REPRODUCE IT!”

Giving your time, your uterus, a piece of your fucking brain, or your affection—it’s always, more or less, worse than going to do a salaried job.

Sighing, gasping!

Yet that is what the jellyfish offers you—or rather, what it offers your backside: not a time clock to punch every day, but volunteer work.

After donating blood, a gift of oneself to demographics.  
Lie down; push and blow, exhale.

Ooh-ooh-oOh!  
Ooh-ooh!  
Ooh-ooh-oOh! Ooh!  
Ooh!

Dislodge, oust—go on!

Eject them: one, two, three babies! Again, again—Medusa needs your belly!

Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh!  
Ooh!

Jellyfish angling is now the catalyst for your soul!

Ooh-ooh-Ooh-ooh-oOh!  
Ooh-ooh-Ooh-ooh-oOh!  
Ooh-ooh-Ooh-ooh-oOh!

Mhm-mhm... Mhm-mhm...  
Mhm-mhm... Mhm-mhm...  
Mhm-mhm... Hum...  
Hum...

Lyrics : Johanna Dowland.