BURN

a zine about climate change

BAIT BAG
100 SECONDS TO MIDNIGHT

On January 23, 2020, the minute hand on the Doomsday Clock was moved forward for the first time since 2018. Wildfires, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes and floods threaten the most vulnerable populations of humans and animals. We can’t scream for help loudly enough.

BURN, Bait Bag’s first — but not last — zine, is a collection of those screams, representing female and non-binary artists sharing their thoughts about what the future could hold, whether we succumb to the nihilistic vision of the rich and powerful, or can rise up, make cracks like dandelions in a sidewalk.

Read it and weep, or hope, dream, and act.

With Love,
Bait Bag

www.baitbagtheband.com // baitbag.bandcamp.com
baitbagtheband@gmail.com // ig: @baitbagtheband
A million thank yous to our contributors <3

Pages 6 - 7: Kate Martens - @katedotmartens
Pages 8 - 9: Kate Tagai - @seventreestudio
Pages 10 - 11: Hilary Savage - @banditry_press
Pages 12 - 15: Courtney Naliboff - @courtneynaliboff
Pages 16 - 17: Skulken - @skulken
Pages 18 - 19: Fiona Robins - @fiona_robins

Front & Back Covers: Claire Donnelly - @cedonnelly
Song: Burn
Written by: Courtney Naliboff
Performed by: Bait Bag
Released: 2/7/2020
Available at baitbag.bandcamp.com

Photo: Courtesy of Museums Victoria - Nell Duncanson and Isabel Plante
Wearing Gas Masks, Israel, World War II, 1939-1943
Oh baby, get ready for a real hot time

It's getting close to midnight on the doomsday clock
And I've been frying all my eggs right on the sidewalk
I saw you out the window lookin mighty cute
Baby you look smokin in a hazmat suit
It's too late for us, we never seem to learn
So cuddle up to me and we'll watch the world burn

We've lived a life of pleasure now we're paying the cost
We might as well get cozy since the future is lost
You bring the gas masks and I'll bring the wine
Let's get ready for a real hot time
I've had enough, I've done my share it's someone else's turn
We'll mess around like Nero and watch the world burn

It's a hot time in the city
It's a hot time in the town
It's a hot time in Alaska
Where the ice comes crashing down
It's a hot time in the ocean
It's a hot time everywhere
So baby let's have a real hot time
’Cause I'm too hot to care

Oh baby, get ready for a real hot time

It's much too hard to think of all the things we could have done
I think I know how all this ends, so baby let's have fun
You bring the gas masks, and I'll bring the wine
Let's get ready for a real hot time
Our time is up, we didn't learn
So let's get hot while we watch the world burn
LOVE YOUR MOTHER
stay wild
Australia Is Committing Climate Suicide

As record fires rage, the country’s leaders seem intent on sending it to its doom.
The Arctic may have crossed key thresholds, emitting billions of tons of carbon into the air, in a long-forecasted climate feedback loop.

Ymir was born when fire from Muspelheim and ice from Niflheim met in the abyss.
Trust is bred into our bones. I only realize now that it always has been. I make decisions without wavering. The anxiety is submissive. There is no doubt now in our bodies. We are listening to the intricate, knowledgable systems that have been teaching us all along: the mycelium, the ancient forests, the cycles of the moon, the tide. The nurturing whisper.

Whisper: the language between mother and child.

"It is the sea's reach and retreat that reminds me we have been human for only a very short time," writes Terry Tempest Williams. I stand on the edge where the land meets the sea, where the sea engulfs the land, where the tide rises and feel it.

This is a rhythm that plays heavy in my chest. There are no answers, but erasures. Erosions. Things to disappear. That is the work of nature. "Disappearance is the work of wind."

My throat is a net where most things catch.

I draw constellations between Terry Tempest Williams, Audre Lorde, Clarissa Pinkola Estes, Tillie Olsen. My heart is a node, too. There are other constellations drawn from facts and figures. I prefer feelings. What if we trusted them as much?

We are wild like the wolves again. I follow my instincts. I howl now.

It's no surprise, no coincidence that the voices of women have been stifled, that our mother is on fire. These facts are not unrelated. This feeling of not being heard is not irrelevant. We are not separate from the earth.

Our bones will burn and become ashes. We'll melt away, too. (breathe, breathe as the panic rises. breathe, breathe still)

The wind forms clouds and storms that disappear trees, villages, coastlines, homes to all creatures. My sigh is a wave crashing against the shore. (breathe into the cracks, the fissures. Breathe until you can't anymore)

I stand in the forest and hear my beating heart, my breath in song with the crackle of the forest I am just a witness to. A jet rumble murders the air, but i did not put it there.

We howl, we scream, we sing so that our voices may still be carried in the wind, to some new life that might catch them. And if we listen close, we can still hear the original whispers echoing in the soil.
When my daughter was born we would occasionally get these crazy high tides.

They were called **KING TIDES**.

Now it seems like we get them at every full moon.

It makes me wonder how much time we have left on the island.

Or on the planet, actually.
My daughter doesn't know about this, or the fires in Australia. Or the fact that we pulled out of the Paris climate accord like real idiots. Nihilistic bastards.

I asked her:

What will life be like when you're a grownup?
And she answered:

HARD. And I would have a child. I would have work.

REN ROSE  
NAME

1-25-20  
DATE
I hope that's really all she has to worry about. I hope she gets to have a future with kids and work.

But if this apocalypse comes to pass, I hope she becomes

QUEEN TIDE

(climate super hero, survivor, mariner, oceanographer, etc.)
LAURA, AGE 42:
Raising feminist boys is very rewarding. Fairness and equality are common-sense concepts that are easy to teach. We keep feminism in the conversation and kids grow up with integrity and the skills to speak out against injustice.

KIDS ROCK!!

WOLFIE, AGE 4:

Mama when she plays Skulken with us

Beat happening, ex Hex girls are cool!
SKULKEN
SKULKEN.BANDCAMP.COM
INSTAGRAM.COM/SKULKEN

CONOR, AGE 12:

I went to the March in Augusta and protested.

Some favorite women musicians: LInda Lauper, Stevie Nicks, Miranda Lambert, Lucinda Williams.
**Ticks: A How-To**

**Option 1:** Throw it in the woodstove. They don't burn like wood but it feels great. **Con:** You can't be certain they are dead.

**Option 2:** Flush your blood-sucking friend down the toilet. This is very satisfying to see them spinning around. **Con:** makes it scary to then sit on said toilet.

**Option 3:** Stick the tick in a piece of duct tape. This option is for the real evil side of you who wants to give this creature a long suffocating death. **Con:** makes you question why you get joy from this shit.

**Option 4:** Leave the little bugger alone! Let it live its best life gorging itself on your blood. **Con:** Lyme disease, anaplasmosis, babesiosis, tularemia, ehrlichiosis, rocky mtn spotted fever.

**Option 5:** Move farther north than Maine! Byeee!!