

# Graffiti

#11



*into the*  
**Future**  
*we go*

1998 —————>

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# FRONT LINES

Don Root

## vernal equinox

**March!** It's John Philip Sousa's favorite month. Did I just hear you say, "Who?" You were never in high-school band, were you?

March is the month of the **March Hare**, whom I hereby officially declare to be Graffiti's mad mascot.

*"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.  
Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea.  
"I don't see any wine," she remarked.  
"There isn't any," said the March Hare.*

Is that Graffiti, or what? We're working on stocking our cellar with fine Bordeaux, but so far we're best known for our cheap red blend. Perhaps we will eventually age into ourselves. Hopefully before we drop dead.

March is the month of **International Women's Day**, the counterpart to International Men's Day, which is celebrated on... oh wait, that one's celebrated every day. But thanks to a lot of disgruntled women more than a century ago, now once a year, women get thrown a bone. "Here, have a day!" "Oh, darling! Thank you! You're so romantic!" I can't wait until women discover the antivenom for testosterone. Then maybe they'll give us International Men's Day once a year so we can celebrate violence, power, destruction, greed, argument, explosions, and loud noise for a day—then the rest of the year, the world will be a better place.

March is the month of several **religious holidays**, and for this column I originally wrote a scathing diatribe disparaging each and every one of them. But then I said to myself, "C'mon, self! It's **SPRING!** The season of fuzzy ducklings, and flowering flora, and rabbits and uninhibited humans doing unmentionably fun things in thickets! Who needs scathing diatribes in Spring?" Or really anytime, for that matter. So Graffiti is turning over a new leaf. Rather than a scathing diatribe, let's turn that frown upside down and celebrate the **vernal equinox**, aka the first day of spring! Pagans rejoice!

Earth's tilt is bringing the Northern Hemisphere back to bask in the sun, and with that extra light and warmth, the Universe does its glorious thing. Trees bud up, various creatures (myself included) emerge from hibernation, shorts think about emerging from the dresser drawer, and hey, maybe it's even light when you wake up! It's a great time to be alive, and I don't know about you, but all I have to do to achieve spiritual fulfillment is to go out and look at the beautiful world around me, gasp in reverent awe, and watch in horror as we humans flush it all down the toilet. **Happy spring!**

And as we now wallow in the gorgeous crepuscules of Daylight Saving Time, Graffiti is vernally happy to have picked up four new advertisers for this issue! (They were hitching on 126 and looked safe enough.)

Let's start with **Caffé Pacori**, which is an absolute revelation! How had I not discovered this place until last month? When I ventured out to Bumphuque West Eugene on my trusty borrowed steedcycle to see if I might be permitted to drop this esteemed rag at the cafe, I was initially gabberflasted. "What the hell is this?" Only a sandwich board on the street hinted at the presence of a coffeehouse somewhere inside the windowless, multi-unit warehouse with nondescript metal doors. Arriving at what I gathered was the correct door, I opened it with a sense of trepidation, perhaps akin to a rice-burner guy opening the front door of a Hell's Angels speakeasy. Take a deep breath, and... Well, if you haven't been to Caffé Pacori, all I can say is, **GO!** It reminds me of Portland twenty years ago! (Or Eugene in that era, maybe, but I wasn't here then.) The cafe is phenomenal in both style and substance, and I shant give anything more away because it *must* be experienced to be believed. Welcome to the Graffiti community, Caffé Pacori! Your cafe and our zine are soulmates, for sure, and your coffee and treats are great! (Thanks again, Mom!) In a time of increasing gentrification, Caffé Pacori is exactly what we all need.

Among our three other new advertisers is real estate broker **John Davis**, who would love to either sell your home or sell you a home... preferably *both!* He grew up in Lane and Linn counties, so he's got local street cred, and he obviously has good taste in periodicals. What are you waiting for? Give him a call! Also on board the good ship *Graffiti* is **Lisa DiLuna, LMT**, who, in addition to massage, offers energy work and tarot readings. You'd better call her and get that massage you've been needing before the Ace of Wands runs off with The Empress and leaves you diddling around with the Magician! Remember: *Enjoy yourself, enjoy yourself, it's later than you think!* And finally, new to Graffiti this issue is **Nice Tapes**, which will digitize your old dusty video tapes so you can watch them on your computer. Your closet or attic will thank you! (Although if those tapes include home movies of your adorable offspring running around in pink tutus and Superman costumes, those now-grown kids may have decidedly *not* thank you!)

Graffiti is ever so grateful for these new advertisers and for all the rest of you reading this. You guys rock! Thanks for your support!

*And now it's time to spring forward, Graffitniks!  
See you next issue (an hour earlier...)!  
☺ ☺ ☺*

### A BIG GRAFFITI **THANK YOU** TO OUR ADVERTISERS:

Art House, The Bookmine, Caffé Pacori, Cascades Raptor Center, John Davis, Lisa DiLuna LMT, Emerald Broadband, G.L. Helm, Misha Kagutaba, Dan Liberthson, Mind's Eye Digital Design, Nice Tapes, Oak Prairie Woodworks, Prise Design Group, Raven Flooring, Rod Williams, John Zerzan

### AND TO OUR DONORS (AKA "ANGELS") THIS ISSUE:

Michael Gibbens, Rachael Hammond, Wes Hansen, Mackenzie Alliance, Charles Mattoon, Jean Murphy

*You guys keep us rolling over! Dog bless you!*

## Graffiti

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Find past issues and additional submissions online at: [graffiti-magazine.com](http://graffiti-magazine.com)

**ON THE COVER:** "Graffiti," by Marco Elliott

## Our Mission Statement

Graffiti's mission is to encourage the production of creative writing and art by members of the community and to foster the development of skills associated with those endeavors.

## Updated Notes and FAQ

*Graffiti's crack team of high-priced lawyers has mandated the following humorless rules, regulations, and exhortations for future submissions:*

1. Graffiti is now filling up fast each issue, so get your submissions in early!
2. Going forward, we will not publish everything we receive. Acceptance or rejection of submissions is at the sole discretion of the publisher.
3. Please, if at all possible, scan your art (jpeg preferred) and type your text, so you can email it to us and we can just plop it into the paper. No scanner? Public libraries have them—ask the librarian.
4. We're now going to give highest priority to new work, because Graffiti's mission is to encourage writers to write and artists to art. We realize this is a sticky wicket, since contributors might not want to give us their new work if it jeopardizes their chances of getting it published by the *New Yorker* or *Paris Match*. Understood. But hey, what are your realistic chances of getting published in the *New Yorker* or *Paris Match*? Consider Graffiti your practice space, where you CAN get published until your chops are ready for prime time.
5. Graffiti wants to encourage writers to write *better!* We're not a vanity press. We want to publish writers who treat their writing as a craft and care about what they submit. So please don't send us a "first draft" or something "from the heart" without bothering to spell-check it. Be serious about your work and do your absolute best, okay?
6. We will no longer be running *The Golden Pen* and *The Rant* columns. Going forward we will focus on new creativity rather than inspirational homage, and we will avoid negative political and other discourse, which is pervasive everywhere else in the media.

Now back to your regularly scheduled programming.

### HOW DO I SUBMIT WORK?

You email it to: [graffitieugene@gmail.com](mailto:graffitieugene@gmail.com)

### DO I GET PAID?

No. And neither do we.

### WHAT LENGTH WORKS ARE ACCEPTABLE?

For printing in the zine, anything under 800 words makes us happy. Submissions longer than 1,000 words will probably instead be posted on the website: [graffiti-magazine.com](http://graffiti-magazine.com).

### DOES GRAFFITI ACCEPT SUBMISSIONS FROM OUTSIDE LANE COUNTY?

Yes.



Bicycle Woman



by Jean Murphy

## Aunt Sofa

My aunt sofa:  
plump and plush, cozy as cocoa,  
wide as a walrus.  
We sit in her lap  
like gravy sits on mashed potatoes  
She's soft, with lumps.

She wasn't always a sofa.  
"When I met your uncle  
I was a slim young thing —"  
I think of a piano stool  
with curvy polished legs.  
My uncle gave her a spin.

Now she's Mrs. Davenport:  
she balances doilies on her arms,  
tucks her little feet under.  
She looks demure,  
but once my sister said  
at night she opens up  
into a bed.

—Jean Murphy



## ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE

It tweaks my BRRRAAIIINNNN to even imagine it! I eat it in my dreams  
it eats up my peace, nightmare world where the undead dream  
of skullmeat as they stagger and drool and with mindlessly cruel intent  
hunt for free-range humans who couldn't pay the rent, exposed  
in the streets, heading for the hills, out of ammunition,  
out of blame, out of gated uncommunities, private islands, monopoly game,  
out from the cold lonely hells they came, from the hot tribes of hate  
out of the hunger, choking on the dollar, out of the control and time to waste  
our cunning cannibals came from us, scavenging our wasteland clean  
as sunburnt bone  
and it seems the end of the world as we've unknown it has come to fruition  
and humanity has rotted too much untended soul.  
We did not intend it, but needed the wakeup scream, secretly wanted this creepy creative destruction,  
hordes of poor little corpse-puffed egos wandering desperately, lockstep separately in the killing fields  
of the military-industrial-blind intelligence complex web we wove. But beyond the splitting skull PAAIINNN!  
through the pain and hungry horror, the living aware began to feel new care,  
rediscovered the greatest brain, the truest intelligence, that the heart  
was what everyone, alive or undead, was really hungry for. They banded together  
in love, radiated love to all the zombies while feeding them the brains  
of the already dead, still blowing off their heads if murderously close they tread— true love is not mindless—  
then the predator and prey animals together laid down  
to offer their brains; clean skulls became chalices of offering—  
oh how beautiful the gaze of a hunger-crazed zombie  
as it feeds on freely offered flesh! The glint of peace through the gory fire!  
And no matter how long it took, they had faith in their story  
that the zombies would be human again, that all of us would, converted to kindness,  
one brain cell, one heartbeat, at a time.  
One Mind beneath all the separate minds, awakened! True dream!  
Now, about all those renegade robots . . .

Charles Mattoon

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## Persimmons

Four soft persimmons rest in a bowl  
on the kitchen table  
sienna skin untouched  
they are now just for looks  
but he just had to have them  
he liked the idea of them  
the thought of biting into them  
the thought of eating them  
juicy and attractive as they were  
when he'd first laid eyes on them  
when he thought,  
they have to be mine

The persimmons have aged well enough  
their thick skin has only gotten thicker  
their skin tone deepened to vermilion  
but they have remained unused  
an accessory really  
for a man who just  
had to have them  
for a man who is too busy  
to savor, or even look at them,  
these soft sienna persimmons  
now bruised and a little wrinkled  
too precious to let pass by

He just liked the idea of feasting  
on something that other people  
prized

Terah Van Dusen

## Rothko and the algorithm

John Zerzan

It may be foolish to speak of Mark Rothko's  
paintings in the medium of a column, but I'll bet  
many of you can picture them. Two or three  
rectangles floating in space, totally abstract, not  
symbols but concrete expression. A spiritual  
longing via imminent radiance.

In the canvasses there is nothing of  
representation. Algorithms are nothing but  
representation.

Rothko was an anarchist, son of Russian Jewish  
refugees, with always an outsider's persona. His  
works were simple, powerfully luminous. They  
move people, at times even to tears.

"The struggle is beyond painting, not with  
painting," he said. It can cause thinking. Algorithms  
replace thinking, displace experience.

Algorithms derive data from data. Artificial  
Intelligence, "machine learning," is based on  
algorithms. A chatbot is an algorithm that can  
replicate symbolic culture as it tends to merge with  
information management. It "solves problems" but  
is itself the problem. Its equations have developed  
in sync with the development of computing power,  
as life is increasingly lived online, in cyberspace.

None of this is neutral or value-free. In utter  
contrast, the need, the values in Rothko's work  
stand out, are felt. The passions, the striving among  
the best of his abstract expressionist compatriots  
gave way in the 1950s to the irony and cynicism of  
Pop Art. Industrially, commercially produced  
images, algorithms of a sort before their time.

A new level of vulgarity and superficiality in  
opposition to an effort toward the sublime, toward a  
transfiguration never fully described, but deeply  
inviting.

The algorithm may rule, may direct things, but  
the spirit cannot be reduced to an algorithm.  
Compare the arid, immiserating realm of the  
algorithm to that of one who strove in the direction  
of the heroic, even the miraculous. ☺☺☺

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# “Meet at the top of Mount Royal on the Spring Equinox”

Erica Snowlake

**1985. Montreal, Quebec.** A snow-blanketed month of March inspires us to make a Happening. We collage a poster of Caravaggio's *Bacchus* offering a bloody communion sacrament, wearing a grape leaf-twined crown, with the message, "Meet at the top of Mt. Royal on the Spring Equinox."



At dawn that vernal day, M and I catch a bus to the peak, on whose environs lies a winter chalet and a 400-year-old cemetery. Between snow-blinding rays of light, we witness the arrival of an incarnation of the Great God Pan. (Must have seen our poster of his fellow ecstatic reveler, or got



summoned?) He's a daring dervish, sporting fiery-red, long hair and bushy muttonchops; a handlebar mustache curls like a dragon's tail around his sly grin.

We pass a lovely time walking, smoking puffs of the sacred herb in his Gandalfian pipe. In silence, we share an occulted awareness of the intimations of the Light, glancing off the tombstone pillars. Resurrections Arise! ALL HAIL THE GOD OF PANIC!!!



In sublime hysteria of Spring's unearthing, in joyful arousal and anticipation of Persephone Rising, goat kids kick their heels mid-air, cuddling foxes in yin-yangs lick their sexes, and frolicking horned-rams butt skulls. WAKE UP!!!

Spring reigns over the first and the last (as Pisces turns to Aries). Baby hares snuggle in the undergrowth; purple, pink and white heathers chime faerie bells; and the marbled murrelets (native

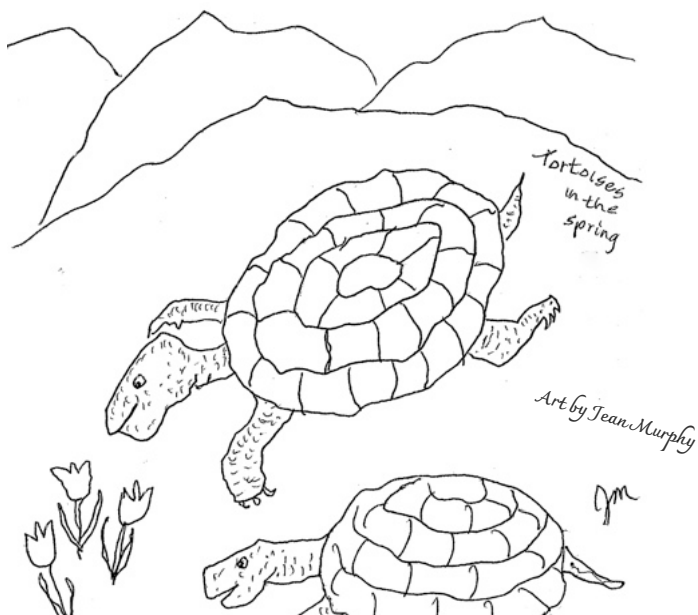
name, *Spiipiyus* - endangered members of the Auk family) nest in old-growth trees of the Pacific Northwest, warming their marbled eggs... Shhhhhh! the SPIPIYUS ARE HATCHING!!! ☺☺☺

## Unicorn Quickie

Some say the unicorn quickie has never been observed by human eyes at least by anyone who lived to tell the tale, yet it is told that the old U.Q. involves a compression of time hidden from normal view that propels the horny one-horned couples way past their animal prime into sublime Erotic Mystery, where those 108 seconds of single-horn singularity unicorn bliss explode into the eternity that unicorns gambol in, and come from (don't we all?) until their souls in surrendered fall and stretched gossamer thin over the endless orgasm yearn once again to put flesh on rainbow bones and return refreshed to muscle, genital and hoof libidos re-honed to a single, spiraling thrust, intimately aloof.

Did you expect something more kinky, some kitschy magic porn? No one can imagine how unicorns erotically revel and combust, they take it to another level, frolic naked to the eternal, they fuck with fairy dust. (And they taught us in the Garden, before the Fall, before fig leaf and grief, and so we all can make love like unicorns wild and free in sublime consummation of erotic eternity).

Charles Mattoon



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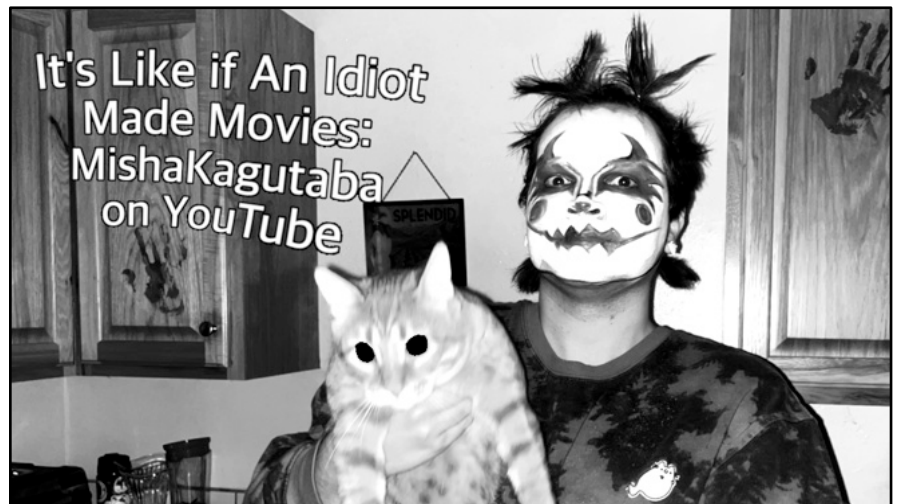
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# Turn it up!

by:  
SC — R. Hammond Hillenius



Hey there y'all Spiritual Chickens! I love each + every one of you. I just don't have the words to express it. Isn't that what music is for anyways?



The universal language... \* UNI VERSE  
(One) (Song)  
Latin

We're all in this together, right? Note: Just get your own toothbrush 'cuz I don't roll like that. ♥

## The Joy of Motion



### Animals As Leaders

Released: March 24, 2014

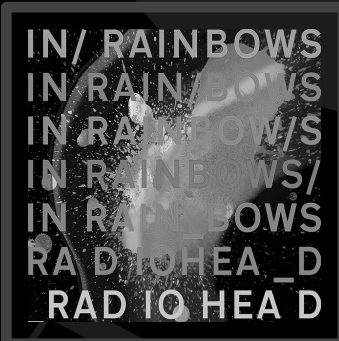
Tracks: 12

Song Title: Physical Education

Animals As Leaders is a purely instrumental band featuring Tosin Abasi as Lead Guitarist.

I recommend the music vid. Has life ever felt like a long dodgeball day in gym class to you? Well, I do my dishes about it while listening to "Physical Education." What else can you expect from a chicken drawing cartoonist? The whole album floats my boat. "You'll eat it and like it OK!" Or not.

## In Rainbows



### Radiohead

Released: 2007

Tracks: 10

Song title: 15 Step

OK, I'm a sucker for Thom York (lead singer) of Radiohead. This whole album kicks ass.

It's peppy, dreamy, jazzy and whatever adjectives I'm missing. I'm not a novelist so I won't write you a book about why I like this album so much. "Bodysnatchers" is probably my favorite song on the album. Wait no it's, never mind I can't decide. You tell me. XO Maybe it's "Nude?"

## Clair de Lune



### Kamasi Washington

Released: 2015

Just look for the song OK...

When I was a kid, my Dad had one of those sweet wooden arch shaped radios. We used to listen to jazz in his studio apt when I'd visit. "That explains a lot," you're probably thinking. Well it beat the snot out of the Celine Dion my mother listened to. She was a sadist like that. Anyways, I love jazz. I love the song Clair de Lune (originally by Debussy.) I love Kamasi Washington for his stunning cover. I love you.

# MILES AND MELODIES

## A Motorcycle Manifesto by Sol Howell Rose

The Willamette Valley has always been my home. I was born in this place, a tapestry of emerald hills, misty mornings, and streets that hummed with a melody I couldn't quite grasp. Growing up here, I always felt a yearning, a sort of restlessness gnawing at me. The valley seemed to whisper, "There's more. Beyond the bike paths and brewpubs, a symphony awaits."

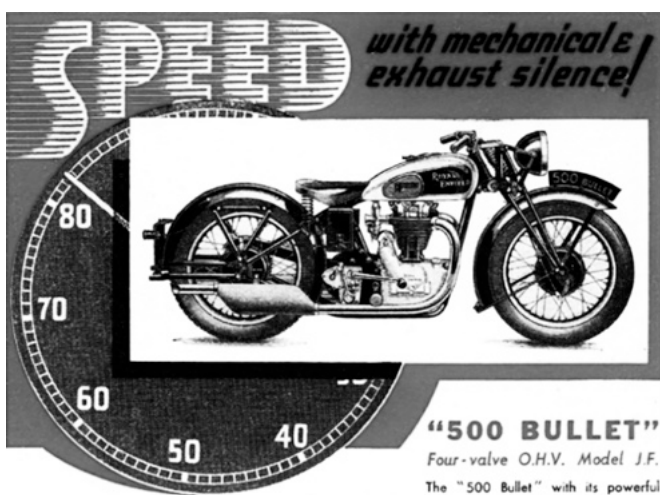
That first note came on the back of my Uncle Vernon's BSA Thunderbolt. He'd chase sunsets down Hwy 101 with me clinging on for dear life, tires unleashing secrets to the laughing tides. Those rides always ended too quickly, leaving behind a yearning for something more, and a feeling of possibility in every twist and turn of the road.

Years flew by, the yearning remained a phantom itch I couldn't scratch. College classes filled my days, but at night, dreams of the open road danced in my head. One rainy day, another note rang. Not even a mile away from campus, I made a wrong turn down College View road and found myself on a dead end road. Hidden away was a motoplex of sorts, with Harley Davidson and Indian Motorcycle

banners blowing in the rainy wind, their billowing a battletory.

Upon entering I was greeted by an old timer with a disarming smile. Having been thoroughly warned of Ne'er-do-well salesmen and their tactics, I was wary of him and attempted a facade of disinterest. This charade completely melted as soon as I saw it.

There, amidst the metallic gleam, I found her. Not a flesh-and-blood beauty, but a machine sculpted from time and adventure. A Royal Enfield, a timeless silhouette draped in midnight blue,



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its character whispering tales of generations past. The moment my fingers grazed the ignition, the world rebooted. The urban drone faded, replaced by the low, rhythmic heartbeat from this simple engine. It pulsed through my veins, resonating with a spirit that yearned to break free.

That first ride was a baptism by asphalt, an unendorsed crash course in self-reliance and liberation. This machine, once a siren song, became a snorting beast beneath me, my hands sweating on the handlebars. Every gear shift was a leap of faith, every corner a prayer. The familiar streets morphed into alien landscapes, shadows stretching like the tendrils of the sun at dusk. Doubts bored into the edges of my exhilaration with uncertainty.

But as the miles clicked by, the city's grip loosened. My breath synced with the engine's rhythm, fear giving way to a raw, childish excitement. The curves felt like invitations, the wind a chorus chanting my newfound freedom. The sun-dappled pavement unfurled like a living map, each bend was a new note in my personal symphony. I leaned into the turns, dancing with the road's song.

And then, as I crested a hill outside of the city, a landscape sprawled before me like a lush green canvas. In that moment, doubt vanished. The sun painted the fields gold, the river glittered like a fallen star, and the sky stretched endlessly above. I was a solitary speck against a new, even bigger tapestry. My heart pounded a rhythm that echoed through the valleys. It wasn't just exhilaration, but a profound sense of belonging, a connection to the land and the spirit of adventure that coursed through its veins. That day, on that asphalt altar, I was reborn, no longer just a Eugene student, but a child of the open road, my soul forever tattooed with the melody of two wheels and endless horizon.

That first leap of faith was just the prologue to a story written in miles and sunsets. My Enfield became more than a machine; it was a confidante, a muse, a compass foretelling tales of uncharted horizons. With each ride, this valley began to reveal its hidden dimensions, tucked away country roads becoming arteries to its beating heart. We chased bumblebees down twisting lanes, watched autumn paint the hills in fiery hues, and carved through winter mists, the engine's hum a defiant prayer against the chill. With each journey, my horizons expanded. The map in my head was replaced by a kaleidoscope of memories etched in asphalt and stars as we rumbled home under the velvet cloak of night.

Today, this companion is more than a motorcycle; it's family, a weathered warrior bearing the scars of countless adventures. The worn leather mutters tales of hail-kissed skin and moonlit trails, the chromed handlebars etched with the sweat of failure and tears of joy. It is a testament to the transformative power of two wheels, and a rolling embodiment of the symphony that awaited. As long as the open road beckons, and as long as the wind sings its siren song, this bike and I will keep writing our chorus, one revolution at a time. 🏍️🎶

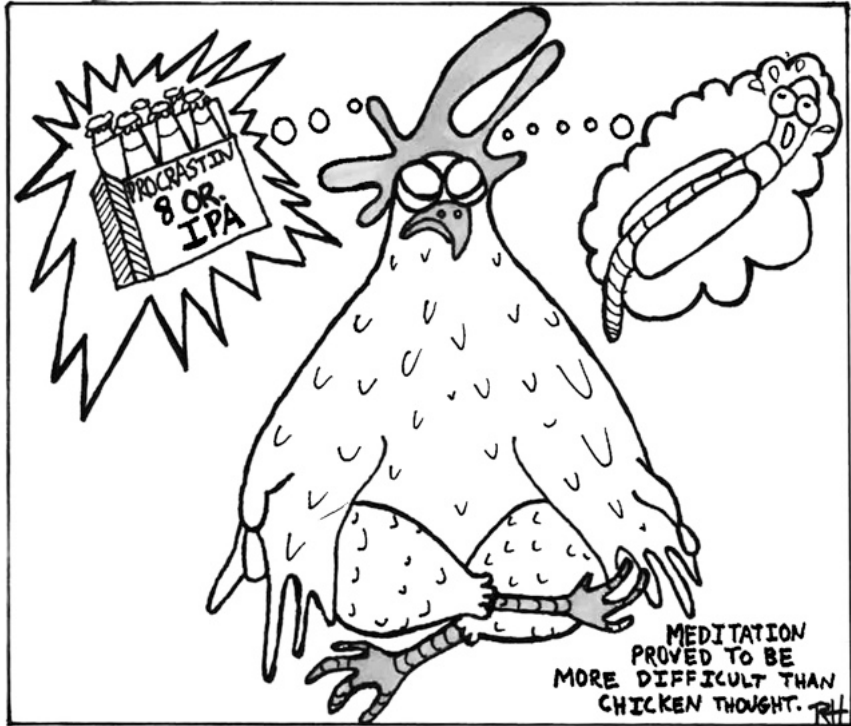






## SPIRITUAL CHICKEN

rachael hammond



scott suiter



misha kagutaba

## Blue Monday by fredX

They were all unhappy. It was in the air. Whatever was wrong, whatever was not working, whatever fault there was to find, that was what came out. One after the other, each person I met and talked to—it was the same, all the same, everywhere. It was Monday, Blue Monday. I walked away thinking, Am I the only person who doesn't complain? Am I the only one around who just takes it all in stride, moves on, and goes toward the light, or is it the people I know, the ones I've made my friends—and is it only them?

You may believe that a person is completely unique, one of a kind, but I'd rather believe that we are all parts of many greater circles of mind, body, and spirit. There are many—many—others out and about who share my resilience and patience. So it must be who I've chosen to be my friends—and why did I choose them? In each instance, I can say it was because of things we had in common, personal likes and dislikes, values we shared, opinions and beliefs where we had common ground. Consider, though: is this all we care about when we choose people to know and have as friends? Or is there more to it? Could it be more about how our *raison d'être*, our own reason for living, comes into play as we go about our daily lives and make friendships?

I've always rooted for the underdog. I've always been a non-conformist. I've always been a big-picture thinker. These anchors have grounded me in my associations with people—as they rightfully should. I didn't attempt to instill my own personal morals or judgments on my friends. I accepted them for who, what, and where they were in that moment. Yet, when you do that while laying your foundation for

friendships, you get 'winners'—yes—but because nobody's excluded from this mindset, losers as well—and all the baggage they carry with them that has contributed to their losses and affirmed their feelings of themselves as losers. I try to help them with my own *raison d'être*: light and perseverance, workarounds, bigger world-views, and a sense of hope and mission—but people are who they are. And real change comes slow to most of us. In the end, people will be true to themselves. It is tragic when that person is suicidal.

What do you do when you've said and done all you could? What hope is there for a suicidal person who has made up their mind and will not answer your calls or the building door buzzer? How do you come to terms with those conversations you've had—and the all the efforts you've made? And how do you help this person want to save their own life?

It can't be by imposing our own reasons, logically, emotionally, or viscerally. People are going to be who they are, and words are only words. Words can inspire, but only if they're grounded in common belief.

In some way, I and everyone who has ever been in this position feels in some way personally responsible, feels like there could have been a way, feels partially to blame—especially when they were so closely connected for so many years. But Futility knows no names and depression is exactly that, and it can depress to the point of annihilation. It is sad.

She wants to kill herself. It's Blue Monday. What now, what then, and what next? ☹☹☹



There's nothing like sunny Eugene in spring!

photos by morgan smith





# DeathSong Warrior

Wes Hansen

Every day spent waiting for the other foot to fall; each moment, uphill and into the wind, re-defining time. Dream, enlightenment, madness, filter dependent manifestations of Will suspended between truth and illusion; one Source field energies subtly integrated yet varied by the presence of noise. I can tell you a story with respect to all three: locked up, a concrete box, thirty feet to a side, filled with psychoses of every order; a cold, dark, winter in a sane man's soul. DeathSong Warrior: It's a Long Way Home.

I met the guy in holding with dilated pupils, the taste of bloody fear rocking me a lullaby. "I'm tripping my ass off,"

**Although sickly thin, Scrapy eats food others throw in the trash; I don't understand at the time but my own bleak future is beckoning.**

he said. He hung himself by the fire light that night – fecal matter everywhere. Suffering no delusions, I cut myself just to feel the animus the rage of life previously denied – bringing light to the ebony heart of doom. Meanwhile, inspired by the

interference, the schizophrenic was holding six conversations all at once – five with himself, one with a fellow schizophrenic – a symphonic cacophony improvised yet full of profound melody. Michael, called up from the bowels of a thorazine freeze, asks, "Wanna play some bones?" "Dude, you couldn't play bones if your momma slapped the white outta your mouth," I replied. He laughed and sank back into the freeze, the photo, a nudie shot of his girl, free to flee, floats to the ground. I pick up the picture and return to the symphony. DeathSong Warrior: It's a Long Way Home.

Out of oblivion this cat we all call Scrapy attacks me with a plastic spoon screaming something about peckerwoods stealing his soul. Scrapy doesn't know, there are no true peckerwoods anymore – maybe never were. In the world of time you're either dark or light; only in the realm beyond time, where myth, dream, madness share root, does the cross, the yin/yang, the Linga/Yoni, bear truth. Although sickly thin, Scrapy eats food others throw in the trash; I don't understand at the time but my own bleak future is beckoning. Five hundred push-ups later and he's still stabbing my worn out mind. You call me peckerwood one more time and I'm gonna make you eat that spoon . . . Scrapy. DeathSong Warrior: It's a Long Way Home.

The symphony, reaching a frenetic pitch, calls up the daily ritual. The priestess with her tray of dope serves up voluntary communion. Awakened, the Rastafarian rejects bread and blood but masturbates for the fifth time – homage to the queen. Subsisting on pickled jalapeños, the Rastafarian shits acidified water constantly, blackened drawers screaming a rank tale of unmanaged misery. Every time the concrete box, filled with dark, dank, doom, smelters in the spent spunk spawned by unmitigated self-sex and becomes nearly unbearable. Nichols, the heroin infused, self-medicated bi-polar, tells

me a hood tale. The Rastafarian comes from wealth – Houston Symphony and corporate law; ruined his life smoking wet, otherwise known as formaldehyde or embalming fluid – a relative of PCP (angeldust). Angeldust . . . ? He flew too close to the Sun. DeathSong Warrior: It's a Long Way Home.

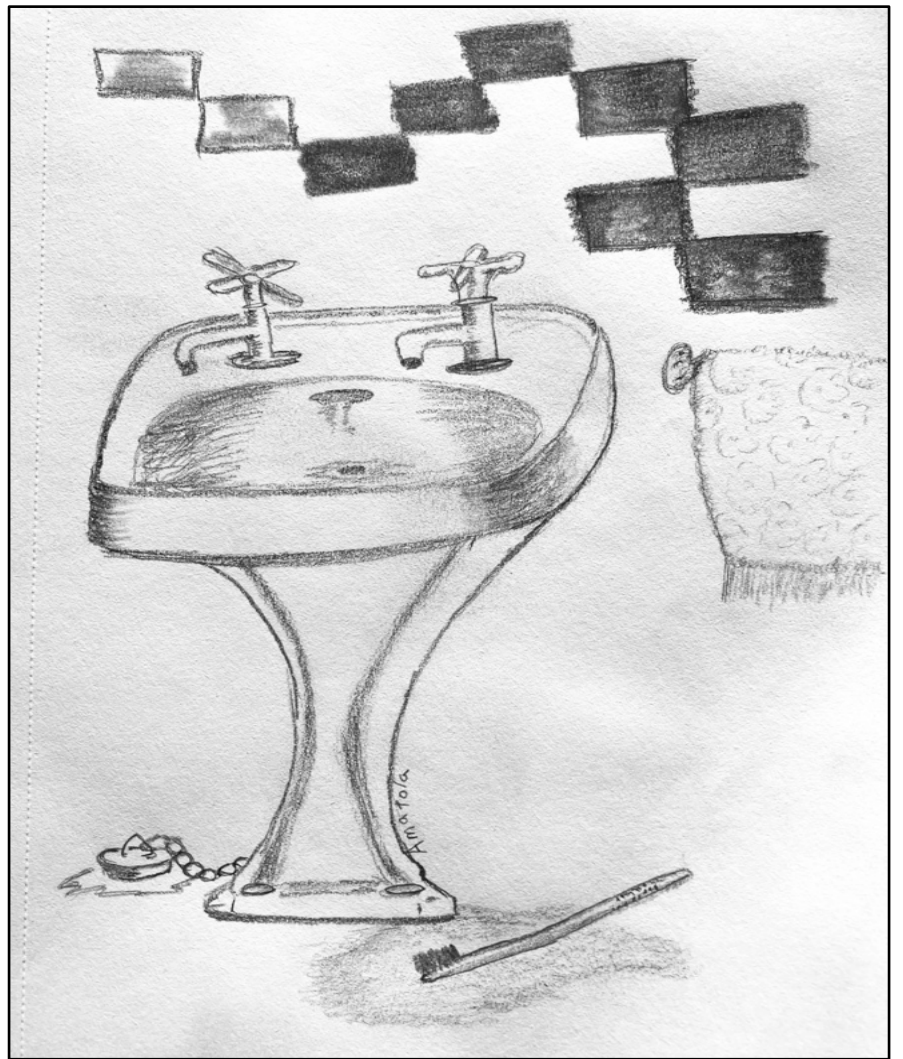
Forty-five days in this mad house will make a sane man sorry and a sick man sicker. I rode the bus to the hospital in Vernon, Texas; not a place where you go to get well but, rather, a playground majoring in small-town pimpin' and surrealist performance art. There can be no doubt the cuckoo flew the coop in Vernon, Texas. Most every "patient" accused of murder; mommas killing babies, babies killing mommas.

Former beauty queen stabbed her boyfriend 27 times and tries to talk to me about God. Rage, barely suppressed, colors her cheeks rosy. She doesn't like what I have to say about God. I told her, "Just because I sit cross-legged on the mushroom cap doesn't mean my own nymphomania is in remission. Stab me 27 times and I'll love you forever." If you're not spooked yet just wait until we finish. Some dreams aren't meant to survive. DeathSong Warrior: It's a Long Way Home.

Those in "charge," Dr. Black and the Doctors Freidman, state-sanctioned pimps dealing bread and blood, are themselves invertebrate whores. Determined to serve the sanctioning state, they desecrate the holy ground, serving up pressure induced fracturization yielding medicated lobotomy – mind freeze addiction to the bread and blood. Delusional disorder? I suffer no delusions regarding Dr. Black and the Doctors Freidman: Cockroaches wallowing in their own scatological hell; Well-trained primates armed with fecal projectiles they lob at truth determined aggressors; Hoarding dragons guarding the bright, shiny, lie for they know not why; Deathstar Stormtroopers dealing a living death – the list is endless – in the end simply mythic forces serving the tyrant, Status Quo, keeper of darkness, illusion, and dysfunctional madness. DeathSong Warrior: It's a Long Way Home.

My own initiation to the charnel ground of psychiatric warfare is welcomed. Not one accustomed to baptism by fire, I come prepared. Knowledge gleaned from well-read and better understood tomes about societal misuse of psychiatric "treatment" serves me well. The enemy, unimaginative, deals a straight deck of corrupt attempts: induced paranoia; tests loaded with essay questions confined to bi-valent answers; manufactured and unsupported drug histories; in the end all plays on fear, fear, fear. My own mental technologies ground me in time beyond time where there is no paranoia, no drug history, and certainly no fear. After brief battle the Deathstar Stormtroopers succumb to their own fear and deal an empty, fabricated fraud rather than living death. I can't help but wonder how many others have gone before and, not as prepared, fallen prey. Take eat – flesh – take drink – blood – it's all dope and prune juice to me. DeathSong Warrior: It's a Long Way Home.

(continued on p. 12)



art by amatola

## PSYCHONAUTIQUE MADAME X

After repeated reflection on the salient factors that play in the development of who I am, it has become clear to me that (nearly) every aspect of my life since age 17 has been affected by psychedelics. (But so has each of these aspects been affected in turn by every other aspect.) I once published two brief pieces of writing having to do with what led to this realization. One was in a now out-of-print quarterly publication entitled *The Entheogen Review: The Journal of Unauthorized Research on Visionary Plants and Drugs* (Sacramento, ceased publication in 2008). It was a translation of a small section of Ernst Jünger's book *Annäherungen* ("Approaches," 1970) with the title "The Plant as Autonomous Power." The other piece was a short text entitled "The Plant Teacher and the God Within" which appeared in a periodical entitled *Psychedelic Press* (London, 2018). In it I attempted to address the question as to the nature and source(s) of psychedelic experience.

MY EXPERIENCE OF LITERATURE (and of course music and film) was affected at a very early stage by psychedelics (limited in my youth to cannabis, LSD, and MDA). My imagination was powerfully stimulated by what I would call "openness to the mystery" (from Martin Heidegger's "Memorial Address" in his *Discourse on Thinking* (Gelassenheit, 1957) which I found in Hermann Hesse's *Demian* (1919), *Journey to the East* (1932), *The Glass Bead Game* (1943), Jean-Paul Sartre's *Nausea* (1938) (which shows traces of the author's experimentation with mescaline), and in all sorts of things by Franz Kafka. My appreciation of late 19th and early 20th century painting (Cézanne, van Gogh, Cubism, Surrealism, Kandinsky and Klee) was also impacted by my experiences with psychedelics, as was my attunement to natural beauty and the sublime in nature, such as mountains, clouds, ocean waves and heavy fog. Abraxas: fire worship, merge with the spiraling gyre, let the serpent writhe.

I HAVE NO DOUBT that my ongoing interest in herbal and fungal medicine also stems from my explorations in psychoactive alchemy. But I don't recommend anything to anyone: I do my thing and I don't hurt a soul (or a body).





art by marco elliott



photo by thomas avery

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Questions? Contact Melissa - [melissa@cascadesraptorcenter.org](mailto:melissa@cascadesraptorcenter.org)

**Guidelines**

*Youth Art Challenge info online!*

## Titanic

*Captain, the water on deck  
is rising.  
I think we're  
going down.*

We'll drown.

A captain always goes down  
with his ship.  
Bite your lip,  
we're going down.

Man the life boats!

Women and children first!

No, wait.  
That's not right, woman and  
children are leeches on society.

Rich men first!  
The titans of industry.  
The golden boys of Silicon Valley.  
The ghouls of finance capital.  
The imperialist  
war profiteer fiends.  
Then,  
their wives,  
their children.

*Captain, what about  
the rest of the passengers?  
I think that they'll drown.*

We'll drown.

Going down  
with the ship,  
like me.

Lock 'em in the hold!  
The filthy scum.  
The Mexican day labourers.  
The white trash.  
The "non-productive" workers.  
The useless eaters.  
The human animals.

Glub glub glub.

## The Red Snail

## A Walk with a Friend

Inscrutable the Universe  
whose infinite qualities  
converge under foot  
every step.

May we not meet  
the man turned beast,  
some demon of Nature  
or cause to regret

in our soft conversation  
- a laughter of friends  
that rides in the sky  
on a dance of the Wind.

[a prayer for those moments  
with a friend  
we 'look up' and  
remember to value them.]

## Leo Rivers

## Schizoid

you bleed  
separation  
out of every  
orifice

separate  
exterminate

oculus  
headset  
kills brain cells

ride the Lolita Express  
pull Bitcoin out of a bucket hat  
use an Arab's skull as a urinal  
remove all the teeth

leech don't preach

hold a loaded gun  
to the neck of a swan

buy the ocean  
it doesn't cost much  
(to you)

vomit up cars  
and American flags  
the stars turned into corpses

manufacture A. I. D. S.  
to kill the gays?

separate  
exterminate

M-O-N-E-Y  
Who do you appreciate?

cheap flesh  
works for  
a penny a day  
supplies surplus value  
(labours for free)  
gratis

R. F. K., fold your pants  
Trump, piss in your gold toilet  
Biden, sniff the hair  
of dead Palestinians

I'm Pierre  
I don't care.  
What do you make of it, Jack?

She's crazy.

## The Red Snail

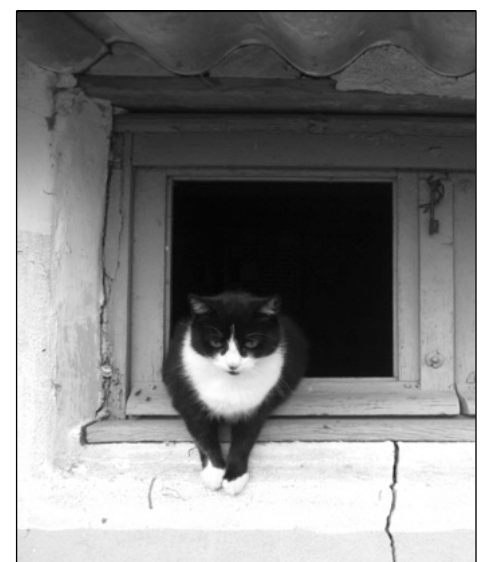


photo by charles mattoon



# Abortion Aftermath

Sherri Oien

Every time I write a blog, there's this moment right before I hit the publish button where I feel shame. Shame that I am about to let others read what I have written, because once they read what I have written they will know what I have gone through, know about my abortion. I think people will read this and think what a horrible person I must be, how cold and heartless I am. How could I go through or let someone talk me into doing something so cold. How am I able to live with myself after what I have done. What kind of mother, person am I.

**I hated being in public around people because I felt or thought everyone knew, every where I went everyone knew what I had done.**

Trust me it has not been an easy road. I thought or knew I would feel pain, go through grief etc. What happened next I did not expect and was not ready for. The overwhelming amount of sadness, immediate regret, anger, and immense amount of guilt was too much. What I wasn't expecting was shame. I thought it would pass after a few weeks maybe even months, yet it still lingers. At one point it had a hold of my life, not knowing what to do I kept silent, suffered in silence because when shame is in charge it makes sure you know it.

When I first started to experience sadness, grief, anger etc. I did do some research to see if I could join any support groups that other women, were part of who were feeling the same way I was. I looked, and looked, searched the web until I swear my fingers were raw. What I found was that other women were relieved, and ok with the choice they made. They weren't sad, they weren't angry, they didn't have regret. That's when shame set in. I wondered what was wrong with me, why did I feel this way, why did it trigger something and make my mental health an enemy.

There were days, months actually where I wouldn't leave my house unless it was to go to work, and pick up my daughter. I hated being in public around people because I felt or thought everyone knew, every where I went everyone knew what I had done. Knew that I had an abortion. It got to the point where shame, guilt, pain had such a grip on my life I had thoughts of ending my life, I had a brief moment one day where I wanted to end my life.

However fast forward to today, and I can say that shame does not run my life. It has taken a lot of hard work. So much fucking work. I had to face my fears, face what made me feel shame, work through the pain, and realize who I had hurt. Accept my mental health is a part of my story but it does NOT define who I am. I learned new ways to cope with pain, and grief. I learned healthy ways to

express my pain, and anger, and that it's ok to feel this way.

Now some of you may be thinking, ok it's been well over a year why talk about it still? In fact why talk about it at all? Who wants to hear about abortion? Who wants to know what you went through? Abortion is horrible and people who have an abortion are horrible. That may be true to some individuals, and it's ok to think that, it's ok to have those feelings. I can tell you I was one of those people who thought individuals who chose to have an abortion were horrible, worthless, lazy people who were taking the easy way out. How could you go through with something so... so unreal. Did I know their story? Did I know why they had made this choice? Did I know that they thought long, hard, and realized what a painful choice it was to make? No, I didn't know any of that what I knew was that they had an abortion therefore they are horrible people. Then I was put in these shoes. Shoes I don't wish anyone to wear. Yet I learned what it was like. It is PAINFUL, physically and mentally, it is something that individuals think long and hard for. That once the process is done it's not, "Have a nice life and move on!" Now for some it may be that way, they may feel comfortable and at peace with their choice. They may not feel pain and sadness. That's ok too. Yet those who felt like they were talked into this, who regret right away the choice they made, who feel pain everyday. Who wonder when the pain will stop know you are not alone.

I believe with my whole being there NEEDS to be more support for women who are suffering and grieving from having an abortion. I believe there should be more support groups, more sites for women to turn to. I believe that we should feel ok and safe to talk about abortion and not feel judged. To know that this is a choice you made, because you felt in your heart it was best for you. That does not make you a bad person by any means, it makes you human. For those who were pressured into making this painfully hard decision, you are also not a horrible person. You are human and you will be ok.

I continue to write about this not only because in a way it helps me, but because I have had people reach out to me, email me and say this has helped them, they have felt the same way for so long and it's comforting to know there are others who feel pain. To know it's ok to grieve, that it won't last forever. I also continue to write because I want to break down this wall, break down this stigma that women who have abortions are horrible, heartless women. It's a painful, hard, emotional choice that takes a piece of you. That pushes you to a point where you don't think you can move on. But you do, you push forward, you fight shame, face it all head on. Lean on your support system, TALK about it, face guilt, shame, anger head on. If my blog helps one person, whether it was them who went through something similar or someone who has a new view on this subject then I am doing my job. We all have a story, we all have broken paths, how we choose to mend and continue on is our choice and our choice alone. ☺☺☺

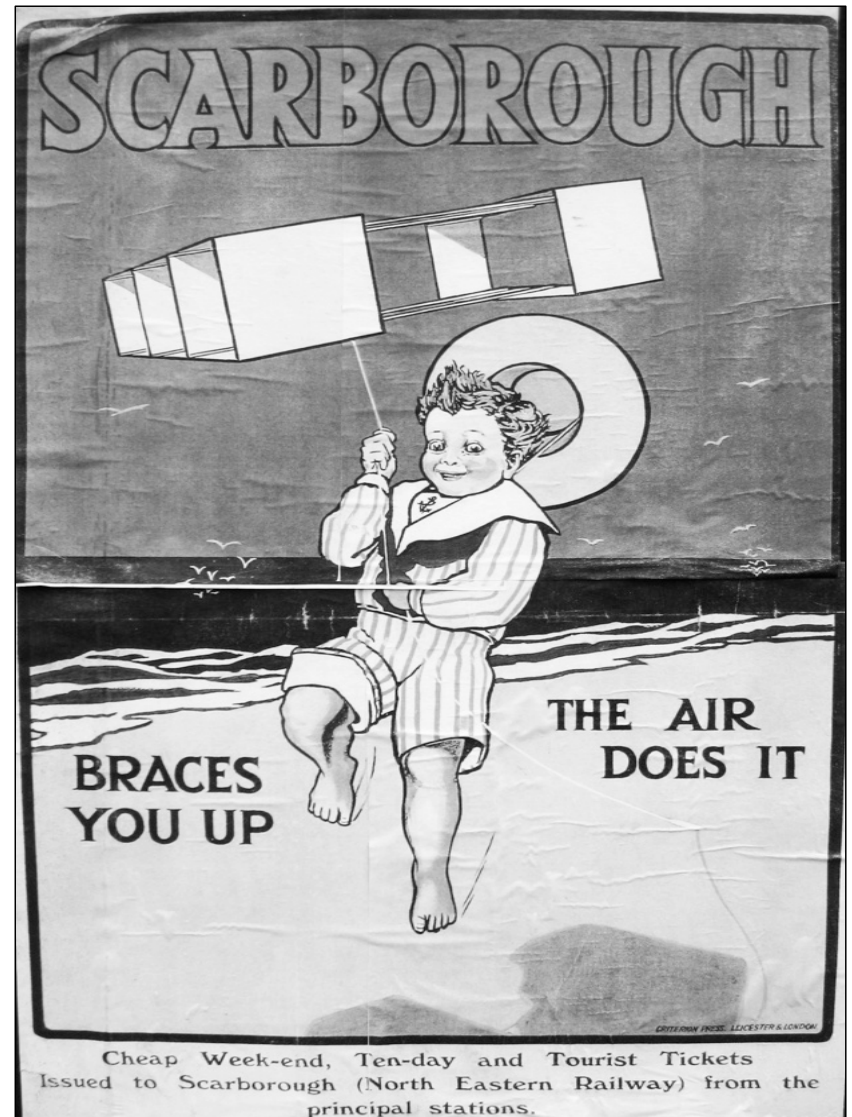


photo by charles mattoon

## Cats on the Moon

The cats on the moon are howling across the night they want you to open to the improbable to not worry over the hard math logistics of oxygen supply or gravity, or just how the light from their moon-gem eyes can curve like tails } { } just surrender to the soft feline force of lunar cats frolicking in the illumilunacy of subliminal sensuality. They are calling to you in petite sleek moonlit dreams to not worry, they are flirting between your temples )\*( hacking holy hairballs of bardolity! They are full of it full of themselves and fearless and fluffy with real power, but their heart-hunting claws are retracted for you, they tread softly on moonpad paws they purr in slightly off-kilter orbit like the coolest cosmonaut kitsch kittens calling in a tongue that's just now coming out of an eclipse of forgetting )) ) )

The cats in your moon are secret midnight muses. Better cuddle up, they accept no excuses.

Charles Mattoon

## Fight

I want so bad to fight!  
But my opponent didn't  
show up today.

I want so badly to beat,  
But my childhood bully  
wasn't here today.

Guess you'll have to do.

I do so well in that fight,  
Too bad my punching bag  
was you.

I don't know how to say no,  
To those things I wanna do,  
To that person who isn't  
you.

I want so bad to break!  
That person who first broke  
me.

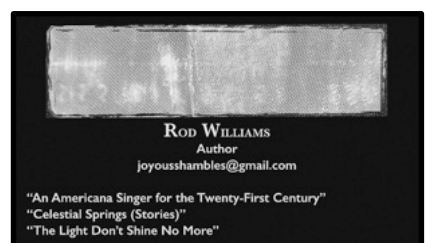
Guess you'll have to do.

Too bad that person I want  
so much to punch,  
just happened to be you.

H.R. Harney

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"How come when it's us, it's an abortion, and when it's a chicken, it's an omelette?"

— George Carlin

**DeathSong Warrior**

...continued from p. 9

They finally came and took the guy down from the fire light. He's only been there a week. You would think someone cared but this is Harris County, Texas, birthplace of the death penalty as Pop Art; screen-prints of electric chairs fill the void between here and Huntsville. I finally beat Alejandro at dominoes. I think he put a contract out on me, old school Syndicate that he is. I guess I'll find out . . . if Scrappy doesn't get me first. DeathSong Warrior: It's a Long Way Home.

Peckerwood dreams don't become me but, boy, I love the sound of Rusted Shut after 45 days in the putrid bowels of hell. I start to hear visions of Man as the Bastard so I try to grind away the world. Steel brushes grinding the pick-up mics – broken guitar – a feedback highway all the way to Summerland. I end up in Port Arthur, Texas, birthplace of the tornado construct. Monuments to the hurricane on Gulfway Drive, pictures of the burnt out church, Baptist, clear testaments to the Presence, an inspiration for my own tornado – DeathSong Warrior: It's a Long Way Home. It may be a small world but it's still a long way home. Are we there yet? Truth is . . . we've never really left. The upper limit of stability . . . effortlessly obtained. ☺☺☺



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I nurse the wound  
that a tree gave me  
and I know  
that I am privileged.  
I clean the gash;  
soap. water. soap. water.  
And as it stings,  
I think of Gaza.  
I think of all the wounds  
that are filled with dirt.  
Of all the water  
that doesn't run.  
Of all the grief  
that flows freely.  
Of all the bombs,  
red white and blue.  
Shame on you.  
Children martyred  
and it sickens us:  
the World.  
Safe havens, now  
rubble and blood.  
Bloodlines, eliminated  
for WHAT ?  
Because to you,  
Blue, oil is thicker.  
My heart wants  
A different sacrifice  
as I bandage  
my small gash.  
I would rip it open  
if it would stop  
what is to come.  
I would let it rot  
if it meant the  
ones who truly suffer  
could be free  
to nurse their wounds,  
to resurrect their  
loved ones.  
The only blood  
sacrifices should be:  
those who have  
the power to stop  
this but haven't.

**Lauren Oliver****Happy Ending**

Solid sadness  
Wet pavements  
Rain in LA  
Amazing grace  
Amusing life  
Rain to rainbows  
Amazing how love unfolds

**Fergul Cirpan****Slater's snippets****Stephen Slater**

**The confluence of events.** AI-assisted genocide committed by descendants of victims of genocide.

International trade disrupted by Houthi rebels in Yemen firing missiles at ships travelling through the Suez Canal and also by drought in Panama making shipping through the Panama Canal much more expensive than before 2024. The Houthis in Yemen motivated by what they see happening in Gaza and the drought in Panama "fuelled" by climate change.

Is there a lesson or two to be learned here? How about a little disruption of oil shipments through the Persian Gulf?

You think the ultimate choice is between Genocide Joe and Benito Trump?

What did Mikhail Gorbachev say in 1989 on the occasion of the 40th anniversary of the founding of the East German state, the so-called German Democratic Republic? "Life punishes those who do not change course in a timely manner."

**Biden: "History is watching" (3 times).** Does he not understand that his gentle suggestion to Bibi that he lighten up a bit...(fill in the blank)? Has the USA "overcome" the horror show it enacted in Vietnam half a century ago, or the nuclear nightmare it inflicted on Hiroshima and Nagasaki nearly 80 years ago? (There is another sense to the line in Nanci Griffith's song (written by Julie Gold) "From a Distance": "God is watching us.") The most moral army in the world underwritten by the indispensable nation (M. Albright). Why can't Biden retire with just the slightest modicum of dignity so as to "pass the torch" to a younger progressive? (See John Nichols' piece on Oregon's own Sen. Jeff Merkley in the Jan. 26 issue of The Nation. Unlike Biden, Merkley has shown that he has a willingness to rethink things, that he is capable of changing his mind. Perhaps Michael Pollan has a bit of advice for the forgetful president...)

The ideal running mate for Donald Trump: George Santos.

**History is funny.** Here is Herodotus, the Father of History (at least to some in the educated West), 5th century BCE: "The Scythians take the seed of this hemp and, creeping under the mats, throw the seed onto the stones as they glow with heat. The seed so cast on the stone gives off smoke and a vapor; no Greek steam bath could be stronger. The Scythians in their delight at the steam bath howl loudly. This indeed serves them instead of a bath, as they never let water near their bodies at all" (The History, translated by David Grene, 1987, book 4, chapter 75).

**Woodstock redux.** I did not watch 2024 Grammy awards ceremony broadcast (I never do), not because I didn't like Joni Mitchell, but precisely because I still love much of the music she created at an earlier stage of her life. I want to point to what some of her earlier music means to me by way of comparing two songs not usually juxtaposed: "While my guitar gently weeps" and "Woodstock."

On the LPs where they originally appeared, both songs were preceded by seemingly light-hearted songs that, each in its own way, deal with something rather darker. There is no transition: "The continuing story of Bungalow Bill" is followed without as much as a second of silence by "While my guitar gently weeps" on the Beatles' White Album (1968), with Eric Clapton rather than George Harrison on lead guitar, and "Big yellow taxi" is followed, again without the customary interval of silence between cuts, by "Woodstock" on Ladies of the Canyon (1970). (The album also included another song that is utterly haunting, "Rainy night house.")

"Woodstock" is now not even a celebration of a cultural event, but rather a reminder of how far removed we are from that time, how nearly inconceivable (especially to younger people) the hopes and dreams of the children born of advanced industrial society now seem (the Great Refusal: Herbert Marcuse, One Dimensional Man, 1964). Homesick yet?

**Luscious**

Oh my goodness, my love  
you are like a farmers market laid along  
a lilting stream of sparkling dream  
a luscious lane of cornucopia song  
full flower of nature's bounty, all cream  
voluptuous vendor of all the senses' splendors  
the sugar of every season's fruit  
you strum this lute ripe with appetite whetted wild  
we lay in soft summer grass, sated, mild  
I am a child in your  
stevia believe in ya guilt free candy store  
Oliver's begging dog that always gets more  
I wag my wordy tongue to excess before your  
beautiful burlesque  
such thrill has to spill, my luscious one  
you happily hex me in delicious largesse  
our harvest is hunger gorged on fertile fun  
that ripens all we touch under our erotic sun.

**Charles Mattoon****Psst! Hey you!  
Over here!...**

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