

Graffiti

EUGENE'S CREATIVE WRITING & ART ZINE

#15

JULY 2024



into the
Future
we go



1998



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FRONT LINES

Don Root

July? I didn't. I always tell the truth. It's important.

So here we are, in the deep end of the summer pool. I wake up, and it's light out. I go to bed, and it's light out. Does it really ever get dark? I suppose it must, but I'd have to stay up past my bedtime to know for sure. I was in Alaska at this time of year once, staying at a hostel, and a bunch of the residents were playing basketball on the courts outside my window in broad daylight at 3 a.m. Weird.

Around here, it feels like summer got off to a slow start, no? But now that we're finally getting some sunshine, I note that **skin is coming out of hibernation** on the streets. Oregon bodies tend to be on the pasty white side until about a month after solstice, but I'm starting to see some tannishness around town. Of course, I'm referring only to our high-albedo residents, who are definitely in the majority. Others with ancestors outside northern Europe have a built-in tan year-round and never look like an Elmer's bottle or, should they neglect sunscreen, a ripe Oregon strawberry. Lucky them! For the rest of us, don't forget to slather on the SPF juice when you're outside celebrating one thing or another this month, such as:

The Fourth of July! Independence Day! A dog's nightmare if ever there was one! Well, nothing in the country we gained our independence from particularly appeals to me, but by the same token, many citizens of Our Fair Country — particularly the low-albedo ones — don't live lives that seem all that independent. Work to be done, my friends.

The Seventh of July! Muharram! Happy New Year to all our Muslim friends. Provided the moon comes out this night, it's the start of an Islamic holy month when warfare is banned. Why can't everyone everywhere ban warfare this month, and every other month, for that matter? For some asinine reason, humans (men, mostly) love war and killing. It's as if they can find nothing better to do. Anyway, Happy Muharram! May you live to see another one.

The Twelfth of July! My mom's birthday! She would have been 101, but she didn't make it that far. She was a typical human: brilliant in some ways and twisted in others, just like all of us. Happy Birthday, Mom, wherever your soul abides! You'll be pleased to know that all of Eugene and people from miles around will gather to celebrate your birthday at the **Oregon Country Fair**, July 12–14. Perhaps I will see you there — in spirit anyway.

The Fourteenth of July! Bastille Day! "Say what?" you say? Well, Bastille Day, which may or may not be on your U.S. calendar, isn't French Independence Day any more than Cinco de Mayo is Mexican Independence Day. At least the Mexicans have figured out how to market the date to margarita-sucking gringos. I'm not sure Champagne sales in the U.S. go up much on Bastille Day. In any case, *quatorze juillet* commemorates the date in 1789 when a bunch of *citoyens* pissed off at King Louis XVI armed themselves and stormed (it's always "stormed" with the Bastille, never "attacked" or "overran" or something else) the Bastille — a prison for the king's, let's call them "political prisoners." It sounds awfully dramatic, but as it turned out, there were only a handful of prisoners in the Bastille at the time. And while I'm sure they were grateful to be set free by the storming mob, none of them (three purveyors of dubious-quality baguettes, two cheeky whores, and an elderly couple caught letting their dog shit in the Tuileries) was particularly important to the cause. But it's the thought that counts, and shortly thereafter, the *gouvernement* abolished the monarchy, beheaded poor Louis and his darling wife, and came up with the French version of the U.S. Bill of Rights. About 100 years later, the French gave us that big statue of a gorgeous *mademoiselle* carrying a torch for us in New York harbor. The one that celebrates freedom and justice for... well, nevermind.

The Thirty-first of July! Joy's Birthday! You didn't know Joy, but I did, and I'm telling you she was a wonderful woman who died young of cystic fibrosis, a horrible disease that causes mucus to build up in your lungs and suffocate you. Joy underwent a double lung transplant, but her body rejected the foreign lungs, and that was that. Happy birthday, Joy! I miss you. Graffiti is a trivial project in the scope of human experience — not a life-and-death endeavor. So while you have your checkbook out preparing to write that million-dollar check to us, **stop!** Make the check out instead to the **Cystic Fibrosis Foundation (www.cff.org)**, in loving memory of Joy Villaseñor. And while you're at it, thank your lucky stars you've made it as far as you have. Every new day is a blessing, right?

There's no Thirty-second of July! So... nothing more to celebrate, this issue. That means I look forward to regaling you further in August, as in, "Hail, Caesar, full of salad!" *Ciao, mes amis!* ☺☺☺

NOTICES

CONTRIBUTE TO OUR GOFUNDME . . . PLEASE!

We need to find an extra \$600 for our IRS 501(c)(3) application so at some point we can get grants and stop asking you impoverished creatives for your lunch money. We also need our own wire display racks so we look presentable and oh-so-professional in our drop spots around town (and also to keep other free-paper purveyors from plopping their dross on top of ours — or at least make them feel guilty about it). A dozen racks will set us back another \$600. We so far haven't found a source for used racks — if your Uncle Dave runs a used newsrack business, please have him call us. In any case, add that all up and it comes to 1,200 smackeroos. That's a lot of smackeroos, so...

We've started a smackeroo GoFundMe:
[gofund.me/02e7682e](https://www.gofundme.com/c/gofundme/02e7682e)

Or you could just break open that piggy bank (or trust fund) of yours and donate its contents to us. Oink, Oink! Thanks!

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED to distribute Graffiti! Do you regularly visit a coffeehouse, market, or other Graffiti-friendly business in town where you could drop copies once or twice a month? If so, please email us to pick up copies and our undying gratitude. Anywhere we aren't is where we need to be!

Graffiti

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more new work online!

by Paul Dresman
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MyKA Mckinney Elayne Quirin
(graffiti-magazine.com)

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Natasha: Jordan Howell Rose
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Find past issues and additional submissions online at: graffiti-magazine.com

ON THE COVER: Savannah and Isaiah soakin' up sun and summer cocktails on the beach at Sam Bond's. Image by Don.

[graffitizineeugene_](https://www.instagram.com/graffitizineeugene_)

Our Mission Statement

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

Read Me! and FAQ

- Graffiti publishes artwork, poetry, and short prose, submitted by anyone. Work must be original to you and preferably based on personal experience. We eschew (cool word!) essays on politics and current affairs. We DON'T publish rants, hate speech, excerpts from other people's work, or anything that makes us worry about libel or copyright infringement.
- Submissions aren't juried. Subject to the "DON'T"s listed above, we try to publish — either in the paper or on the website, at our discretion — everything we receive, first-come, first-served. Rarely, a submission may fall through the cracks or get eaten by the dog, or we may reject it for some unknown reason. If we didn't publish your submission, just send us something else. Please don't query us about the fate of your submission.
- Please scan your art (jpeg preferred) and email us your art and text. No scanner or computer? Public libraries have them. And librarians love helping Luddites.
- We give highest priority to new work, because Graffiti's mission is to encourage writers to write and artists to art.
- We also encourage writers to write *better!* We're not a vanity press. We prefer 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 even bothering to spell-check it. Be serious about your work and do your absolute best, okay?

HOW DO I SUBMIT WORK?

Email it to: graffitieugene@gmail.com

DO YOU ACCEPT PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED WORK?

Only if it was self-published, and really, we'd rather not.

DO I GET PAID?

No. And neither do we.

DOES I GOTTA RIGHT GOOD?

No, but if you have something to say, you want people to understand it, right? Dictionaries are cheap — even free online! Use one and you'll always have perfect spelling. Grammar's harder, but the more you write, the better you'll get. **We don't edit. What you give us goes as-is.**

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 be posted on the website instead: graffiti-magazine.com.

WHAT'S VEVE CLICQUOT?

Elixir of the Goddesses! The stars in a bottle! A "pop" and a "clink" and at least two smiles. When you bring us a case, you can see for yourself!

ZORTA

ERIC HOWAPIETZ

In Palestine, Zorta checkpoint before Bir-Zeit was one of the worst. It was just a bunch of trenches cut across the road. You would have to leave a taxi, walk a mile down a valley, cross broken ground, and up the valley another mile. It was so isolated that the Israeli soldiers would do all kinds of sick shit to people and vandalize hundreds of parked cars. I have a clear memory of an Israeli punching the muzzle of his M16 through the windshields of 50 Palestinian cars. Thousands of people had to cross the checkpoint every day. When the Israeli soldiers decided they wanted to stop traffic, they would just show up shooting guns everywhere and firing tear gas. A few minutes after people scrambled for their lives, they would have to approach the soldiers and present their ID to cross the impromptu checkpoint. The average wait time to cross was three hours.

I was crossing one day, and a tank showed up and tried to drive hundreds of people before it up the steep valley road. People rushed to get out of the way as the tank bore down on us, but the tank slowed and came to a stop. An old woman in traditional Palestinian dress and wielding a cane was standing her ground against the tank. She cursed the tank. Oh, she cursed that tank with such vitriol that a nearby shepherd grimaced at hearing the torrent. Suddenly we all stopped in hushed reverence at what we were witnessing. No longer did we run but as the old woman labored up the steep valley road cursing with every step and periodically turning around for an extra shake of her cane at the tank, we matched her slow elderly pace. Eventually it was as if the tank was a huge dumb beast that she was leading by the nose and berating for requiring any measure of her attention or labor. The tank stopped its pursuit of the old woman and the crowd. Its terror vanished; its power gone.

Every other day one would witness an individual act of near Shakespearian defiance by Palestinians. Moments when people said, "enough," no matter the consequences. Often many around felt the same way and could not deny such actions. There is a concept called "the courage of the first follower." It considers that the second person to stand up may be more courageous than one who first stood alone. All I can say is that when a moment of truth occurs, it is undeniable. As such moments unfold, courage is a word that can hardly contain or describe people's collective response.

I've almost died on a couple of journeys through Zorta checkpoint but on that day an old Palestinian woman took away my fear. ☺☺☺

LAMENTATIONS AND SONS IN ACTS

JEFF SOUTHWICK

On her sticky coffee table sits an ornamental gold bible, surrounded by an army of Cheerios— on the floor they've fallen, the soldiers of this fable.

Ruth is feeding her multitudes breakfast— lunch, from paper bags of take out— dinner, worn down to take out again, here eat this, this is my body.

The gold bible came from grandma, a wedding day present, to record names and dates— expected events of their functional family happiness.

Converging family traditions— passed down from the Genesis, where Ruth tucked their marriage license, pages where reading was never intended.

Three birth certificates are safely tucked in Numbers, as cereal islands amidst puddles— milk spilled— dog beats cat, her boys laugh, it's just cartoons.

Ruth's daily soap operas, Phil, Oprah, and diet soda— serving chips and beer, watching the game from the kitchen, played out by friends of Josh— her husband.

Ruth adds a new chapter called Exodus— a prodigal man gone— back home to his father, with a ring on his ear, Josh gives Ruth the finger.

The mother of Josh keeps a smile painted on her face— for she knows a woman's place, among the washed socks and sweet kisses for his feet.

Josh brings boxes— diapers bought by grandma and Cheerios— his contribution for the week comes with Proverbs— written in purple on her cheek.

Josh says Ruth's parents should help out with expenses— the electric bill and her rent— so after she's tucked her boys in bed, Ruth Chronicles the money lenders.

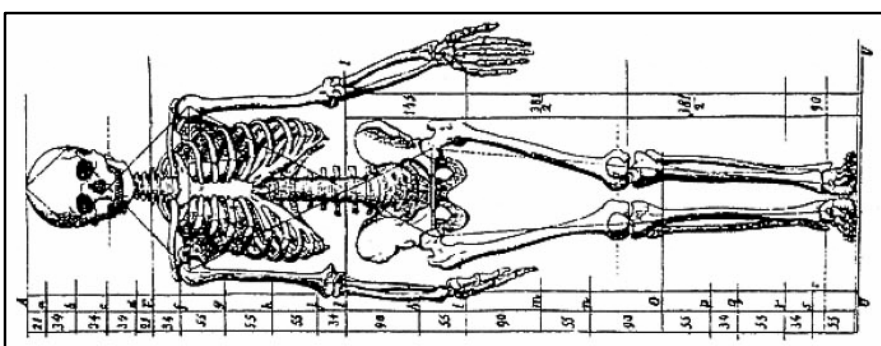
The story she's written— Ruth keeps hidden— in good book quotations, there between Matthew and Luke— her son Mark is the last place he would look.

In her story she's gathered prophesy— so should days come, a son and his wife are failed by negotiations, they may pay heed to her book of Revelations.

Ruth wants them to know, these visitors at her front door— the gold bible amid soggy Cheerios is her boat, an anchor of papers, her steady memorial to harmony.

With a plaster wrapped cast— Ruth is adrift in storm tossed chaos, so in Judges she's tucked a protective order— a stack of pages separating Joshua from Ruth.

☺☺☺



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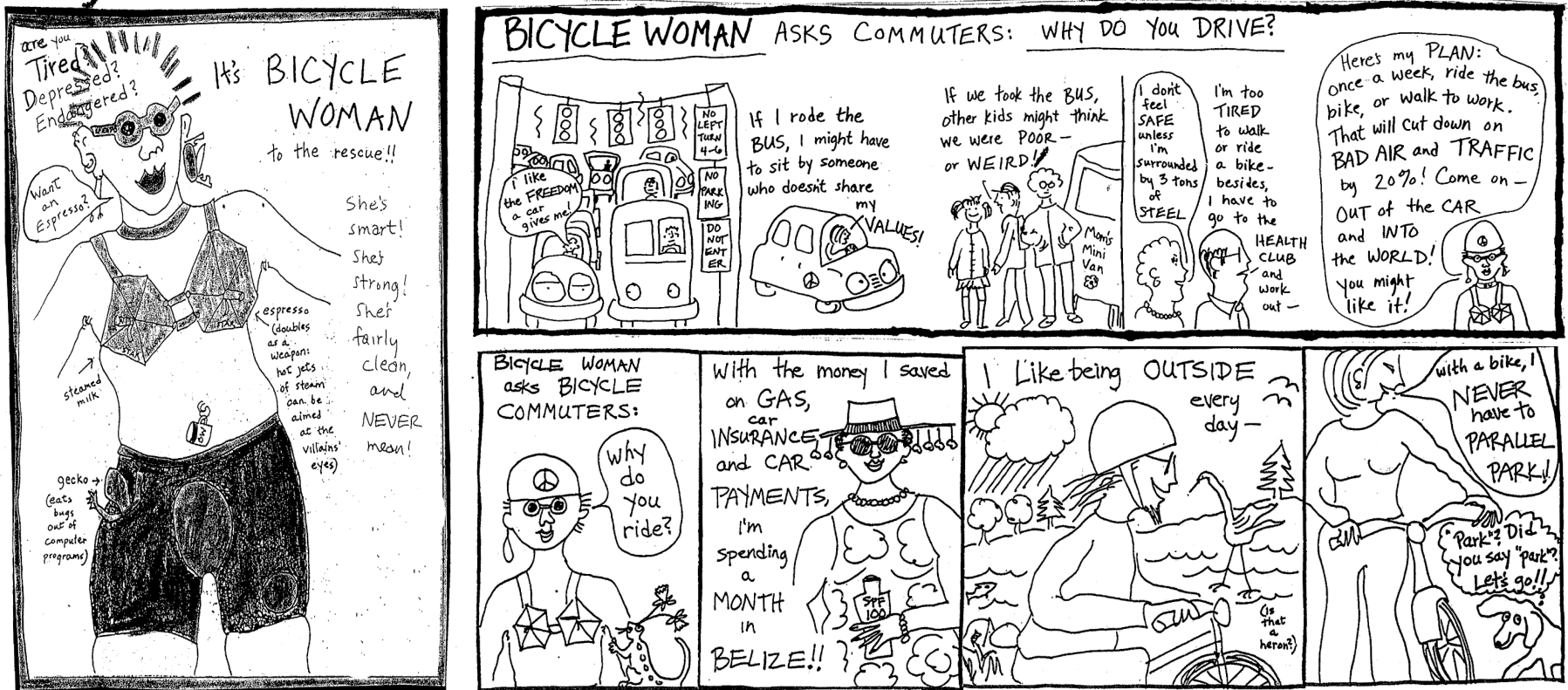
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Event transport, mural tours, river tours, brewery tours, inclusion of non-cyclists in group rides.

EmeraldCityPedicab.com

Bicycle Woman

by Jean Murphy



Life at Both Ends

Stephen Swiftfox

Planned Parenthood

I really don't care for what people think about me. Been around for 73 years and I realize that it really doesn't matter.

I did phone banking for Planned Parenthood. It was one of the most difficult volunteer gigs that I've ever done. Learned a lot about Oregonians.

As the only male in the team perhaps they took pity on me. I was very close to a breakdown at the end of the campaign. As we closed down, the organizer presented me with a prize. It's a pink plastic coin purse that you squeeze to open. I ain't comparing it to female anatomy. Printed on it was:

"Planned Parenthood, don't fuck with us and don't fuck without us."

I was relieved of the feelings of my inadequacy and felt the warm fuzzies of everyone in the room who understood me.

These are solid people.

Eight Seconds

Having a 20-year history of afib and atrial flutter, I've irked my doctor with driving myself to the ER when it occurs. He had a monitor taped to my sternum to help track these transient events.

One evening I was sitting on my couch reading. No different from any other evening. Until... I felt that I stepped sideways from reality. You've seen the visual distortions of a shockwave, the ripple through the atmosphere caused by a blast or bullet. I saw this circular 'wave' go from the living room to the dining room and back again. It was real yet a harbinger of a different reality, or so I guessed. Then a very hot flush took over my face. It was uncomfortable yet a strange thought took over. If this is dying, I'm quite satisfied. I've led an 'interesting' and very full life. Soon I felt quite good about it all.

The day I turned in the monitor my cardiologist called me in the evening. He said that he went over the 7 day chart and found something unique. I beat him to the punch and said "Thursday, the 15th, 5:30 PM I had a significant event." He said "Yes, your heart stopped for eight seconds. Did you lose consciousness?" I said "No, I documented it because it was so strange". He told me that my heart had been 'a mess' for the past 2 months and after this 'event' everything reset. Normal heart rate and rhythm. He couldn't explain it. He had never seen anything like this before. I was rather tickled that this was something new for him.

Eight seconds, stepping sideways into a different reality.

It was so worth it.

Adults with Children

Several years ago, on a bright summer's day, I was walking amid the ruins of an Irish castle. Close by was an Italian family of four. The younger daughter was walking with her mother looking at the few bright yellow flowers. The son, of about 10, was playing among the fallen stone blocks.

Soon the father called out "Come on sweetheart." I turned and saw him approach his son, kiss him on the top of his head and grasp his hand and walk off with the rest of the family.

I had just quit an excruciatingly depressing job of five years working juvenile probation in rural and deeply red Arizona. The thought struck me. If more fathers treated their sons as loved ones we would have fewer clients entering the juvenile justice system.

Swifts

All our glory, fingered-hands-work, Acropolis Ozymandias or Kardashian, it makes no never mind this somnolent warm morning on the San Pablo Slough, as I change the oil in the VW, squirming under as bronze breasted swifts perch on warped porch and go aloft, more beauty in them than anything we do.

Lee Engdahl

Sit and Stand Slowly

"Sit and stand slowly" says the sign, on a hand lettered white sheet here in Okemah, above a short row of historic, spring-loaded chairs removed from a theater.

Thumbtacked to the wall
Cautious warning given to those who juggle gouda, hot horchata, croissant, maybe a latte, pimento sandwich, a drip coffee, or hummus.

So, sit slowly and stand
give a hand if you can, and help sing along when you're told to shut up— hold your breath, bitten tongue, moving along is not an option.

Sit and stand slowly
reverent grasses conceal bloody old battles they dance, out on the prairie, while unsettled run sacred waters, never sold in plastic bottles.

Stand up, take your shoes off
walk a few steps west to the Crystal Theater Sacred Grounds— walk with the Nelson family, walk to the bridge over the North Canadian River.

Sit, kneel slowly, or stand
arms linked in conscience, motives rise to ovation hold my hand, supported cross-legged in solidarity Resist "Bundy" other parasites, sucking on this land.

Sit slowly, stand up and vote
voices against tiki torch igniters and apathetic legislators, gerrymandered cloaked money— "hey snowball senators" these flipping seats are not bolted to the floor.

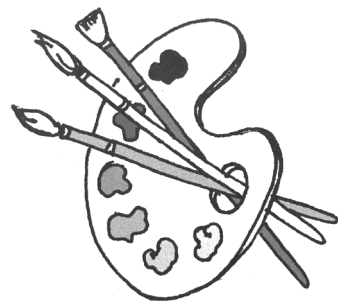
Jeff Southwick

World of Gray

Trapped in a world of gray she took out her brush and painted her way to freedom.

Jim Smith

art by Erica Snowlake



Turn it up!

by Jayce Barnhart



Greetings Emerald City! It's me, Jayce Barnhart! I was honored when Morgan asked me to guest write this month's column. I was dishonored when he told me it wasn't a paying gig. However, I still don't mind stepping in and sharing with you fellow Eugenies my top three favorite albums.



Music

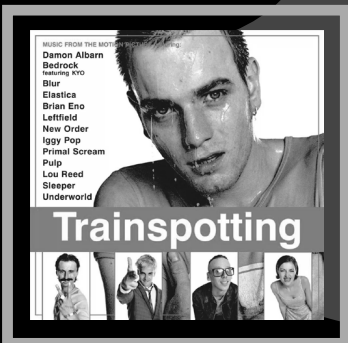


311
Released: February 9, 1993
Tracks: 12

If the world listened to more 311, we would be much better from it.

I can't rightly call myself a 311 fan without naming at least one of their albums. And as for a favorite, it's simple to fall back on the sound that called me to the culture and lifestyle like a reggae siren song. 311's first album, aptly titled: Music. Considering the amount of tracks from this album this band will play at their live shows even today is a testament to the reggae, rock, and rap vibes that have stood the test of time these past thirty years.

Trainspotting: The Soundtrack



Various Artists
Released: February 1996
Tracks: 14

Looks like this soundtrack made Vanity Fair's Top Ten List. I must be doing something right.

From the itchy disco pop of "Atomic" to the rippling tranquility of "Deep Blue Day," this album's got everything from house techno to lounge crooning. Each moment throughout the album will take you back to vivid scenes from the movie, which gives the collection an advantage over other artist's albums. (Fun Fact: Both the movie and the soundtrack enjoyed sequels. The collection of music was SO good, a second compilation (cleverly titled Trainspotting #2) was released in October 1997. However, the movie's sequel (cleverly titled T2 Trainspotting) was released much later in 2017.)

Hello Nasty



Beastie Boys
Released: July 14, 1998
Tracks: 22

Wow, Ad Rock even says Hello Nasty was their best album. I win!

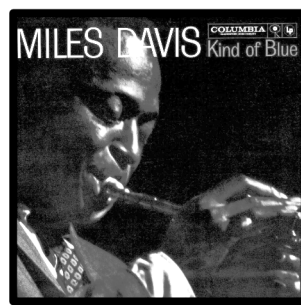
Start to finish, this album will take you for a ride. And granted, Beastie Boys may not be everyone's cup of tea (I'm looking at you, Patricia). They're rowdy, bombastic, loud and safely tethered to the right side of crazy. But that's why WE love them, right? In addition to the wildly popular "Intergalactic," you'll find the Beastie Boys' distinctive funk and beats throughout, only at different speeds for different moods. Instrumentals are back, adding that touch of talent and flavor for which this timeless trio was known.

Turn it down!

by Gramps

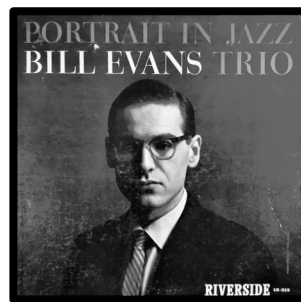


Well sir, ya know you're gettin' to be a ripe ol' age when ya find yourself turnin' the volume down all the time 'stead of up. ("Check it out, Spike! This geezer's amp goes to minus 2!") Herewith are a few of the mellow, potentially coma-inducing favorites I listen to whilst cleaning my dentures, before hittin' the sack around eight o'clock (p.m. or a.m., makes no difference). You kids listen up!



Miles Davis – Kind of Blue

This classic album, recorded largely in one take way before you were born, features the best of the best improv performances by a group of all-time masters: Miles, John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderly, Bill Evans, Wynton Kelly, Paul Chambers, and Jimmy Cobb. Many critics, especially yours-tootin'-truly, consider it the finest jazz album ever recorded. Listen for yourself... on the Victrola. Get them damn white things outta your ears!



Bill Evans – Portraits in Jazz

As was somewhat customary back in the day, Bill Evans got to likin' that there heroin stuff a bit too much. But the way he tickled them ivories, well, I'ma tellin' you, he musta been channelin' one doozy of a higher power. As for the heroin, I ain't heard tell any of you dagnabbit meth-generation kids been producin' anythin' other than piles of garbage on the street! So be like Bill! Forget that fentanyl bullpucky and do heroin instead! Then maybe you'll amount to somethin'.



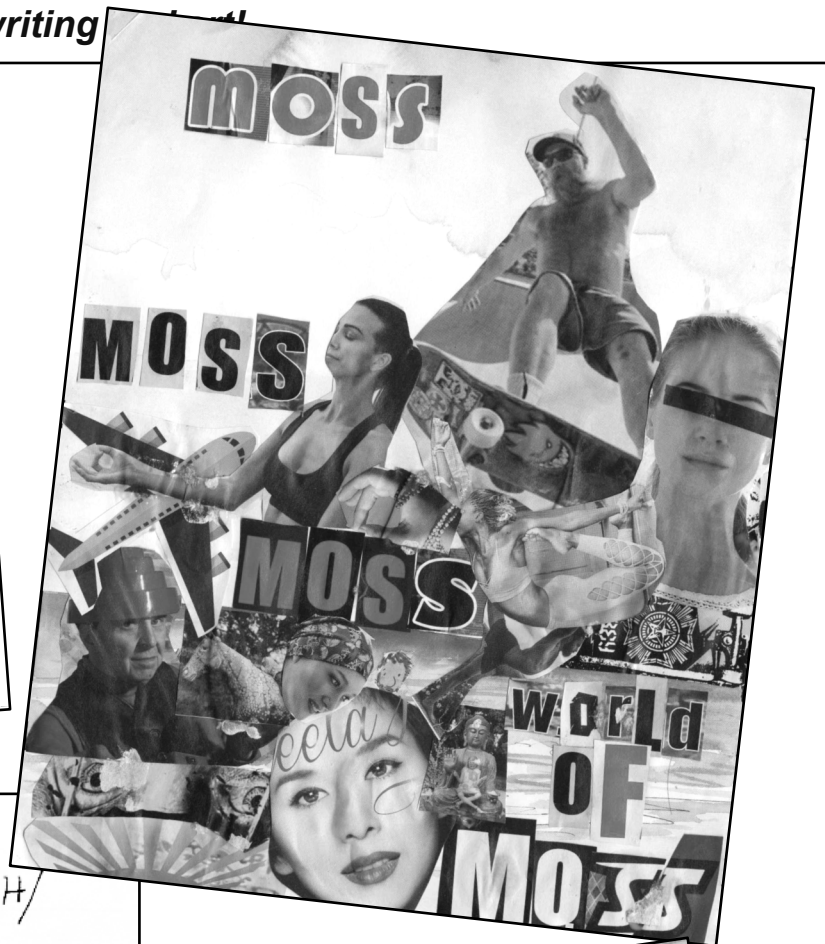
Patricia Barber – Nightclub

Ahh, Patricia! Ol' Gramps here is head over heels for you! Too bad for me you're one o' them there, watcha call it, uh, lesbian-type people. And married, too! But good on ya I say! Who else could take an originally upbeat and kinda sappy jazz standard like "Bye Bye Blackbird" and turn it into a luscious, funereal dirge that never fails to make me want to jump off a bridge and end my miserable failed existence once and for all? She does it in the nicest possible way, of course. True genius, this lovely lady. Seriously, check this album out. It's the bees' knees!

Well boys and girls and other-type peoples, I guess that's about all ol' Gramps here has to recommend for now. So I hope you enjoy these oldies but goodies (hey, just like me! heh heh!).

Now get off my lawn!

"We'll Never Know, Until We Try"
 we'll never know, until we try,
 the good we could materialize.
 Take today, there's so many ways
 Love can be expressed;
 wouldn't you say? It can be
 done with kindness and smiles,
 and doing a good job in work that's
 worthwhile.
 Oh, we'll never know, until we try,
 the good we can materialize.
 -Gay Renée



TRIVIA the three-faced WITCH/
 spent all day TUESDAY fishing in the DITCH/
 her CHICKEN-bony legs bound all around
 with TYPEWRITER-RIBBON/ around her STRINGY neck
 loops of PAPERCLIPS and RAISIN-CHAINS/
 milkbottle-caps old VALENTINES and rubbers
 stashed in various POCKETS on her PERSON/
 a careful row of FISHHOOKS on her collar/
 What did TRIVIA catch? A COLD of course!
 All three FISHPOLE-pointed noses dripped!
 half a DOZEN red-rimmed RABBIT-eyes
 looked in vain for MINNOWS in the MURK
 and dull DISHWATER lapped about her thighs/
 her LEGS /like MACARONI/ slowly softened
 sagged/ those inky PUTTEES came undone/
 tangled round her ANKLES /tripped her up/
 trapped in MUD of mixed-up METAPHOR
 she swore /while MINNOWS swam between her toes/
 TRIVIA you three-faced WITCH/
 go home and get to bed /poor bitch/ -Jean Murphy



Poems are Essentially to be Lived

Mathematical notes and diagrams including:
 $f(v) = p < L$
 $\frac{1}{20m} \frac{dv}{dt} = 1$
 $\frac{1}{20m} < \frac{dv}{dt}$
 $\frac{1}{20m} > \frac{dv}{dt}$
 choose smaller δt ?
 This would do it!
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 Annihilation
 Imminent: an everlasting
 Promise.
 The season melts
 A liminal trickle
 A nod to spring
 The sky falls back
 Nature inhales
 Beneath the shadow of wings
 And paltry things
 My hopes cast an image
 Translucent and premature
 If answers were like
 Grapes on the vine
 We could pluck them!
 -Ed English

Fear About Nuclear Armageddon Overblown

Peter Fenton

Thanks to his mounting stockpile of nuclear threats, Vladimir Putin has dragged a-bomb angst out of decades-long retirement. While we have yet to reach the frenzied Cold War apogee of backyard bomb shelters and duck and cover, we're probably just one veiled Kremlin threat away from our own 21st century nuclear nervous breakdown.

That's no surprise. As a society, we've been conditioned to believe that nuclear war will be the end of the world. From the outset, the a-bomb has had a bad rap. Even the man behind the Manhattan Project had nothing good to say when his first nuke entered the world, screaming

and squalling. Robert Oppenheimer, upon observing the subsequent mushroom cloud, famously recalled a line from Hindu Scripture the Bhagavad-Gita "Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds." Which is something like Bill Gates wailing when he co-founded Microsoft, "What horror hath Paul Allen and I birthed?"

But is that really the case that nuclear Armageddon is the beginning of the end for all we hold near and dear? After all, human beings have a remarkable ability to adapt and overcome even the direst of circumstances: consider twelve years and 279 episodes of *The Big Bang Theory*.

Let's explore some of the theoretical upsides of a nuclear war. For starters, it would certainly be an effective way to rid the world of some of its most pressing problems. Think about it: With the push of nine buttons, the nuclear powers could put an end to the current iteration of climate change, overpopulation and pickleball.

Of course, there would be some initial casualties, but let's not forget that humans are a resilient species. Those of us who survive the initial blasts would quickly learn how to scavenge for food. We could return to our roots and shelter in REAL man caves.

We'd be free to roam the desolate wasteland as we pleased, with no one to tell us where we can and can't go. Or where we sleep and who we consort with. For tips in this area we could draw on the homeless community's pioneering research.

Plus, let's not forget about the psychological benefits of nuclear war.

With all of the stress and anxiety of modern life, a good old-fashioned apocalypse could be just what the therapist ordered. Imagine the sense of liberation that would come with finally being able to say, "Screw it, the world's going to hell anyway. I might as well French kiss mom."

Nuclear war would be a great equalizer as well. No more class distinctions, no more social hierarchy. The Forbes 400 list of billionaires would be reduced to maybe the Forbes 1 or 2.

And let's not forget about the scientific and technological advancements that could come out of a nuclear war. With the world's infrastructure in shambles, there would be a massive incentive to rebuild and innovate. Who

knows what kind of amazing innovations we might dream up in the aftermath of a nuclear war? Like a driverless Tesla that actually works. Or tanning butter that doubles as thermal radiation block. And we surely could rely on North Face to develop ski gear able to prevent us from disappearing off-piste during a minus 175 degree Celsius nuclear winter. Morbid obesity would be a thing of the past in a land where a handful of desiccated earthworms is considered a treat.

Then there's the impact on the arts, both fine and popular. I look forward to the gritty imagery of a post-nuclear *Guernica*. Armageddon will make for history's most wrenching reality TV (although an adamant few may argue that *The Golden Bachelor* was much more distressing).

Consider the federal budget: All those billions spent on bombs will not have been in vain. As any CEO-turned-politician might ask: Isn't it time taxpayers got an ROI on nukes?

Yes, countless things change for the better when the nuclear clock strikes twelve.

Even on the most personal level. There will be no more existential threat to keep you up at night. No fear of impending doom, which, at long last, will have arrived.

You'll be able to act with complete abandon. Without guilt or shame.

So embrace the apocalypse. And for gosh sakes, don't worry. As Oppenheimer & Friends were the first to learn at the Trinity test on July 16, 1945, it'll be over in a flash. ☺ ☺ ☺



Vasily Aleksandrovich Arkhipov (30 January 1926 – 19 August 1998) was a Soviet naval officer who is known for preventing a Soviet nuclear torpedo launch during the Cuban Missile Crisis...

As flotilla chief of staff as well as executive officer of the diesel-powered submarine *B-59*, Arkhipov refused to authorize the captain and the political officer to use nuclear torpedoes against the United States Navy, a decision that required the agreement of all three officers.

In 2002, Thomas S. Blanton, then director of the U.S. National Security Archive, credited Arkhipov as "the man who saved the world." (Wikipedia)

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Two 1950s Turkeys and a Winner

John Zerzan

The Bridge Over the River Kwai by Pierre Boulle (1952) is oddment #1. In a World War II prisoner of war camp, British POWs are held by Japanese in Burma. Ordered to build a strategically important railroad bridge, the Brits sabotage it at every turn of its construction, until their senior officer orders its completion. Even if it will enable the killing of Allied troops, an order is an order. This is the punchline of Boulle's book (and of the 1957 movie of the same name starring Alec Guinness).

A similarly strange work is the 1952 Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Caine Mutiny* by Herman Wouk. Queeg, the captain of a US Navy vessel, becomes increasingly paranoid and unfit for duty, forcing fellow officers to mutiny, for which they are court-martialed. They wind up exonerated after Captain Queeg cracks up on the witness stand. The relieved mutineers celebrate, but this is not the ending or point of the novel (or of the 1954 movie starring Humphrey Bogart). It concludes on an Orwellian note: disobedience to authority, even if necessary, is never justified. The men are condemned on an ontological level.

If any popular novel could be said to have bucked the much-deserved description of the '50s as a Decade of Conformity, it is J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*, 1951. Sixteen-year-old Holden Caulfield, the main character, is indelibly resistant to the stultifying confines and clichés of the dominant culture. Over a long weekend, after having been given the boot from his fourth school in a row, Holden sees inauthenticity almost everywhere—but not in his ten-year-old sister Phoebe. Written in a style as original as the originality that is the book's quest, *Catcher* stands up marvelously well, going on 75 years. Grab a copy!

ANARCHY RADIO with John Zerzan. KWVA 88.1 FM
Streaming: kwvaradio.org, alternate Tuesdays, 7 p.m. | Archive: johnzerzan.net

Feeling the Incongruence

There is another me possible in my mind, I can feel her.
She has been waiting so patiently, she endured when I could not.
I have finally seen a path that might bring her more fully into me.
Quiet. Stillness. Cannabis. Breathe.
Quiet. Stillness. Cannabis. Breathe.

I feel her first in my body. My mind is not ready yet.
I spend weeks naked and high, no template to my day.
It feels odd to be so free and yet she calls me to follow her,
Back to myself.

Tears, rage, reality, I decide to love all of me, finally.
She lights the way further and smiles as I grow.
Let go of the puppet strings you are holding unto. And I fell.
Quiet. Stillness. Cannabis. Breathe.
Quiet. Stillness. Cannabis. Breathe.

Bruised but upright, I ask what's next? In the falling I saw the way.
Her answer swift: Change the Black and White to your favorite colors!
As I transformed my nest with thrift and mismatched softness,
And my mind with acceptance, freedom, bliss.
I felt color loosen inside me. She said Nice to have you back

Her whimsy remodels my mind with stark reality and compassion.
After each groovy awakening, finding a new neural pathway to rewire.
We are almost integrated in authenticity. I feel I can take it from here.
The path to her is TIME. Time for:
Quiet. Stillness. Cannabis. Breathe.
Quiet. Stillness. Cannabis. Breathe.

Paisley

Our History by the walking historian Randy Gudeika



The Japanese-American Internment Memorial stands in front of the Hult Center, facing W 6th. It reminds us of the evil that fear-filled people can do. After the disastrous Pearl Harbor defeat, President FDR issued Executive Order 9066 on Feb. 19, 1942, interning (imprisoning) 120,000 west coast Japanese-Americans. The memorial is across the street from 34 W 6th, where Lane County's Japanese were given just three days to register and assemble, with a couple of trunks of belongings, after giving up their homes and jobs. Transported to Portland's Livestock Exposition, they were forced to live in pigpens and cattle stalls, with plywood laid on dirty hay for floors, and only canvas sheet dividers for privacy.

In a couple of months they were shipped to permanent "relocation camps" at Minidoka, ID or Tule Lake, northern CA (camp pop. 18,000). The high desert was windy, cold and snowy in the winter; windy, hot and dusty in the summer. Tall, barbed wire fencing surrounded the camps, along with watch towers with machine guns, which internees were told kept them safe from outside harm. Odd thing is... the guns were pointing into the camps.

3,600 Oregonians were interned. 80% were American citizens.

More: see Lauren Kessler's non-fiction book "Stubborn Twig," a portrait spanning three generations of a Japanese family from Hood River.

ten years together, ten years later

furiously running at me with the knife
pointed toward your own chest
begging me to murder you
you may have made your point

i definitely had my hand in this
corruption of the golden days
when pedagogical pride still worked
with my insipid ideas of solipsism

the comfort of our love terrified me
i could not accept life
outside of vague dramatic implication
and was horrified when you understood

you then asked if i wanted this
i could decline with honesty
because i was too basal
to perceive it in psychological terms

wit became only for self-defense
incapacity then just gauged indifference
the agreement of worthless fighting
finally becomes real when unspoken

you asked me to let you go
i pleaded about fatalistic assumption
then i fled one morning
like the coward i needed

i have not seen you in years
and have failed several relationships
and still carry the torch
to discern knives in the dark

Mike Heide

by the way

procrastination in a journey to the ancestral home
in scarlet summer's ancient cyclical womb
where the faults of all seasons
will be resurrected among stained gems
in the coat pockets of the downstairs closet

love may yet cloy through the ancient stench
of fuzzy slippers and tattered sweaters
that nostalgia has pardoned
from the beleaguered fate of unresolved conflicts
annihilated by decades of tragedy's self-pity

confusion waits slumbering in picturesque facades
that guard the spaces between walls
of primordial nicotine and oven grease
seeping sporadically in ocher beads
that fulminate through recent satin finishes

regret hides beneath the dining room table
betrayed by scratches upon the faux oaken surface
denoting the week of the hospital bed
where blame was traded over excess morphine
in displaced desires about the god-damned money

patience is remembered by the old television
adorned with ashes of the elderly and woefully young
where lofty promises were made to the dying old man
before turning gray by sunrise in the adjacent bathroom
after the pacemaker's electrocutions were forfeit

humility increases with each ascension of the staircase
past the wailing memory of a mother's crumpled heap
as the soldiers administered the news at sunrise
with the gun given to him suspiciously by his brother
when ideas of absolution were twisted into false jest

longing manifests through the hallway of bedrooms
in images of forgotten names and clothes that fit no one
overflowing from every derelict nook and crevice
where the dogs and cats apathetically hide their shit
between sacred artifacts of generational avalanches

resentment comes from the predictability of nostalgia
materializing in the various fauna of the back yard
where lawns developed from forest by hurricanes
and family formed from cataclysms of confrontation
whenever trust was so easily annihilated by triviality

closure appears as the fleeting evening shadows
that meld and retreat into each other's ambiguity
in disordered details that attempt to mask and mitigate
impenetrable longings for gestalt's esoteric answers
about sums of decisions and possibilities for change

Mike Heide



art by marcel tullloh

Diary of a Mad Housewife

Every moment with him is stolen
in the eyes of society

How dare I desire, how dare he desire,
how dare we desire a thing

Although it is not true that he desires me too
it is only true that when I prepare food

For the community potluck, it is him I imagine licking
his fingers, sticky from barbeque sauce

It is his arms I imagine full, not with his children this time,
but with a wool blanket for only us to lay on and

Watch the stars dancing their subtle but striking
tango in the sky, winking at me, at us

Anonymous

Beautiful Thing

It is a tiny miracle
every time I rise out of bed
my feet hit the floor and
responsibilities flood my
psyche as swiftly as the light
after opening the blinds
a dahlia budding
outside the window
gives me hope
her hot pink petals pushing
through a dark green petticoat
reminding me to take it slowly
my time will come
all good and beautiful things take time
some good and beautiful things
take more time than others and
I am some good and beautiful thing
blooming is my destiny
it all starts with rising out of bed
and reaching toward the light
instead of staying in
cozy in my
darkness

Terah Van Dusen

Free Love

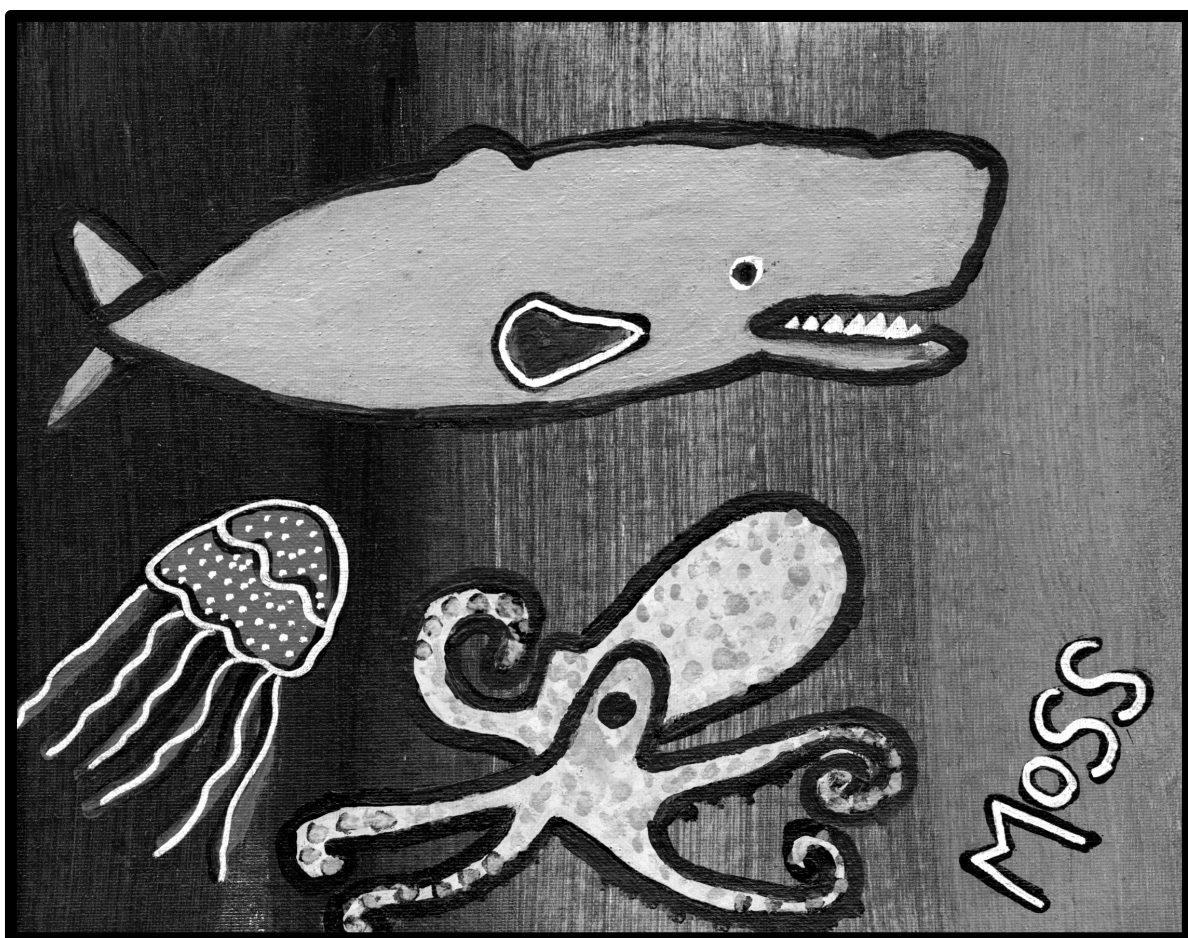
Who cares for me but me
who thinks of me but me
who wants to rub my feet
and other parts of me but me
who wants to braid my hair anymore
who calls because they know it will make me smile
who desires this gooey goodness I have to offer up
all this sweet and free love
who wants to witness my spirit and energy
who wants to sit calmly where my attention lands
drink it up like summer sunshine
who wants to challenge my ideas
and all I've ever known
who wants to show me something
I've never seen before
who wants to hold me close
while their favorite song plays on the radio
who wants to take me by the hand and
lead me into their fantasy space
who wants to worship
and comfort me
but me

Terah Van Dusen

Untitled

I wasn't lookin for a hero
only a friend
didn't need savin or
promises to the end
You fed my soul
and left me glad
that I opened my heart
to give you what I had
Time was our enemy
trust our friend
is it easier to surrender
knowing it must end?
Didn't know you'd stay
so close after you'd gone
I hold you like a reservoir
You help me carry on.

Elayne Quirin



Rebirth

Our love reincarnated
Over and over again

Just to be better
Wilder
Untamed

Fergul Cirpan

Tell Me About Your Lover

Tell me about your lover.
Your first
Was it awkward?
Was it fun?
Was it more than once?
The tender body
The innocent exploration
Do you remember?

Tell me about your lover.
The one who seduced you
when you needed seducing
The one you knew wasn't forever
but who showed you a
good time for a while
The mischievous eyes
That wicked smile
Do you remember?

Tell me about your lover.
The one who wanted you forever
The one who was so beautiful,
and good, and right, but who
found you at the wrong time
The warmth and comfort
The kindred spirit
The heartbreak
Do you remember?

Tell me about your lover.
The young one
The old one
The one whose physical beauty stunned you
but whose soul did not
The one who seemed too perfect
so you ran away
The one who treated you badly
The one you treated badly
Tell me about them all
Do you remember?

Tell me about my lover.

P. J. Jackson

Want

All the love I'd love to live
Love I've had no time to give
Waits beneath my bated breath
As I lie waiting for my death.

Weariness seeps through my brain
As water soaks around a sill
And finally no act of will
Can free me to go on.

Sleep must have its way.

Dan Liberthson

Again

I sleep the night through
without a lurch but
each day I must

regain my balance
forget who I thought I was
or might have been.

Nothing tells me who I am
no one says "you're here, my dear"—
I must balance as I can.

So I walk this narrow plank
and however much I write
the page stays blank.

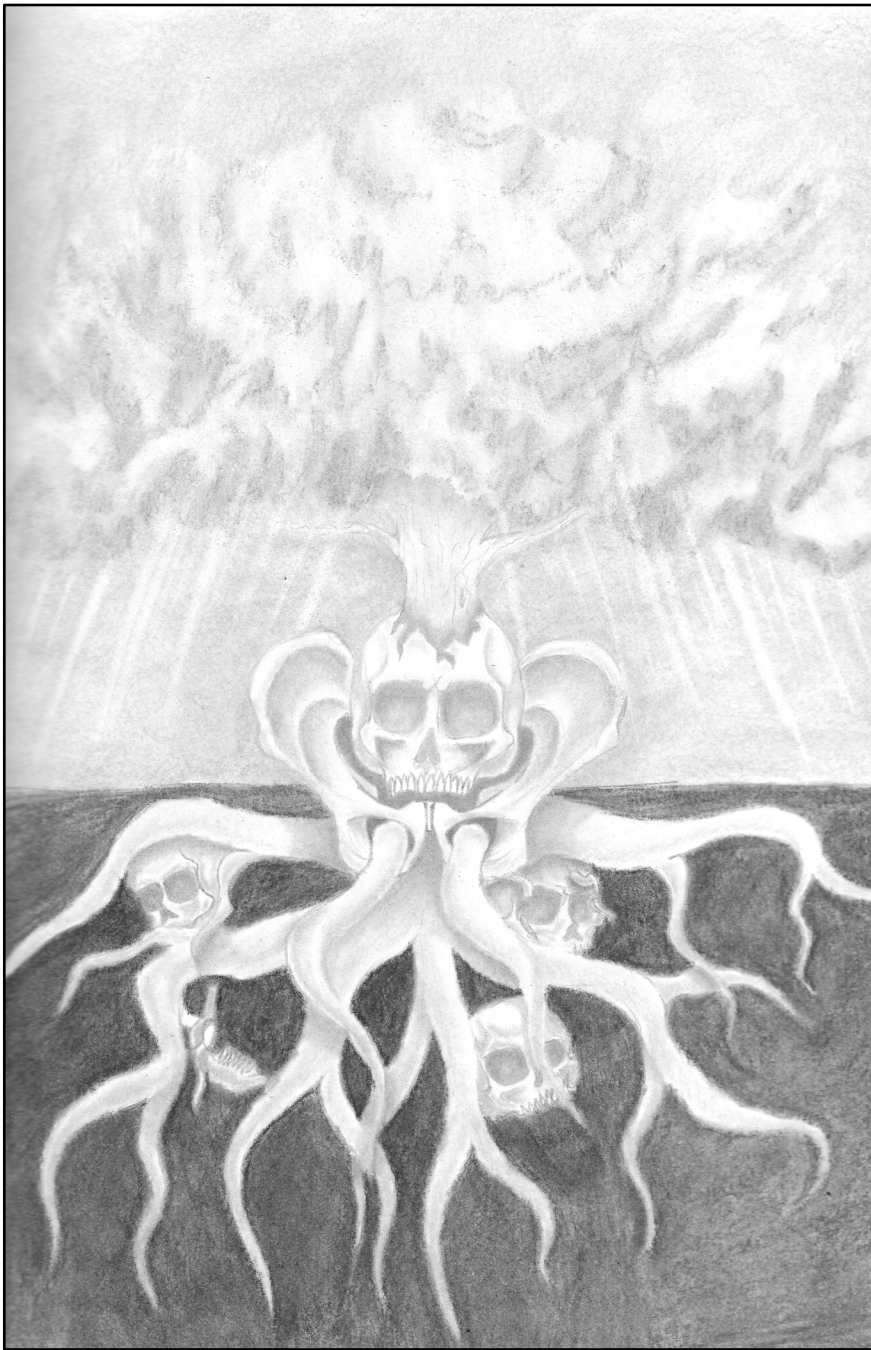
Dan Liberthson

Hold On!

We're spinning at 1,040 mph at Equator
1,100 mpm around the Sun
150 mps around the Galaxy
One time around the Galaxy is called an Age
26,000 years.
26,000 years ago the Matriarchal Age of Aries
Came to an end and we entered Pisces.
The age of Patriarchy.

And now 26,000 years later
The age of Aquarius.
Empowering the Aquarian Archetype.
And the age of the Androgyne.
One who is Androgynous and has
Balanced their Yin and Yang.
The combined equal and opposite potentials
Centered in the Heart/Mind Brings fulfillment.
So Be It, So Be It, So Be It.

Hillbilly



"Family Tree"

art by Beau Bodley

The College Town

In defense of Eugene from a student's perspective

Isabella Espinoza

At one point or another a lucky few are subjected to "the college town." They may obsess over choosing a university, but neglect the implications of blindly choosing a college town in this package deal.

Today's UO students would likely refer to Eugene as the "dirty Eug." Nothing to do, nothing to see here, a no-good, young-adult-infested, alcoholic social experiment. Does anyone really want to be here? Does anyone really want to be anywhere? Or do they just want to be drunk?

Pessimism is the easy way out. You don't have to try. In other words: it's easy to sit and bash on where you are, attributing your fussy attitude to your surroundings. You can come at life with the attitude that there must always be something better, and it's not where you are. But you'll never quite let yourself get there. You really shouldn't be in such a fuss, you just aren't taking the time to pay attention to the things that are real and truly meaningful in your own vicinity.

Maybe we can't change where we are, but we can change how we interact with it. Some of us never figure that out, but that's all part of the experience, right?

Eugene has that drawl that forces you to slow down. There really is nothing better to do than to look around. Immersing yourself in your community has become a privilege. Disconnect has become a plague, and to a young person it can often

feel that everything is on the brink of falling apart. An unspoken twinge of unease residing inside can make it hard to know whether it's worth trying.

I have come to use the quaint qualities of Eugene as a means to escape. I partake in its slow and thoughtful way of life, lively community, and places filled with undeniable color and spirit. It's comfortable, reminiscent of a more simple time that the world is no longer part of.

This community is filled with everyday heroes and people of unwavering character. On a sunny Tuesday or Thursday afternoon, you can find me frequenting the Amazon trail for a methodical trek of self reflection. Quietly, I lose myself in the company of my passers-by. I'm enthralled by their seeming commitment to living a simple life. To the man sweeping pine needles off the bus stop's plastic lawn chair, I see you. To the kid in the spiderman helmet learning how to ride a bike, I admire your persistence. And to all the couples in love, spending afternoons intertwined in the grass, I wish you nothing but the deepest peace.

Sometimes I wonder if there's anyone else who sees what I see. But the community of Eugene sees it—a life so full that it's tactile. If we all tried harder to be involved in our communities, perhaps there would be more to live for, perhaps we would care. ☺☺☺

Mostly Intact

The light is fresh tonight.
We wander through the fallen trees
and try to remember their beginnings.
They were stout and tall,
hard and healthy.

Why we were chosen for war
is a constant puzzle.
Ankle deep moss chokes our toes,
but lets our extremities
fly like poison gas
over a morning battlefield.

Half a world away
we jump from helicopters
amid a blaze of bullets and smoke.
We fly through the grass
and into the jungle
and become one
with the tangled darkness.

What we do to other human beings
rattles our senses.
The dread of not going home
can make you shit your pants.
The dread of thinking that
your last home is a jungle
where minutes away
are men as insane as we
works on raw nerves.

Your senses are so pinpointed,
your life so fragile,
so small, and so tangible.
We were there
and we survived,
and we came home,
GOD DAMN IT,

MOSTLY INTACT.

Bill Gunn

Connecting Tissue

A war torn veteran
can take reams of shit and abuse.
They have been through
so much more.

At the time, life was hanging
by a well chosen thread,
as thin as a spider's web.

There is very little
that can hurt them now.

Conversation is not the constant
that brings solace.
Silence is the "dealt-with pain."
Silence must have a given name
as well as a surname.

We have barely a connecting tissue.
Even our beds are dissected.
It gets between
the Yin and the Yang,
between the thread
and the eye of the needle.

We have raw nerves,
proud flesh pulsing
and bleeding
in need of a stitch.

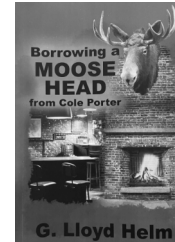
Here we have a point well honed,
and here we have surgical steel
so sharp that we teeter
on the edge of resolute madness

Bill Gunn

NOT

The New York Review of Books

Book reviews by decidedly
unprofessional reviewers



"Borrowing A
Moose Head From
Cole Porter"
by G. L. Helm

© 2018 G. Lloyd Helm
Published by Rogue
Phoenix Press, LLP
ISBN 978-1721533015

Review by Don Root

It's not surprising that many of our readers are also writers. And if one of our reader-writers writes a book, you want to read it, right?

Graffiti reader G.L. Helm is a prolific writer. He sent us a list of his works, and when I saw this title, I had to read the book. I love mooses, or is that mice? And Cole Porter? Come on! He's at the top of Graffiti's "People We'd Love To Invite to a Cocktail Party, If Only They Weren't Dead" list.

So, about this book...

Jack Wells is a house-husband, not-yet-successful writer, and part-time actor in community theater productions. He's married to Air Force Tech Sergeant Kathleen Wells. They have two sons: Deuce, the eldest, and Mitch, three years younger.

Through the usual, unfathomable workings of the military, the family has been posted to Los Angeles, Spain, Virginia, Germany, and, now, uh-oh, small-town Indiana — Grissom Joint Air Reserve Base outside Peru, Indiana, to be exact.

What drama could possibly ensue among the corn and soybean fields of Peru, Indiana? Plenty, as it turns out. Church politics, drug deals, an Air Force sting operation, a shameless hussy cuckolding her short-fused husband, a teenage romance worthy of the Capulets and Montagues, and CLOWNS! Lots of clowns! Peru, Indiana, you see, turns out to be the Circus Capital of the World.

Helm beautifully weaves all these threads together into a tapestry of small-town life in America's hot and steamy heartland. A family drama with an edge, this page-turner is an easy read through its 148 pages — I devoured it in one sitting. It's a perfect book to take to the beach or the park this summer... unless, of course, you're thinking about moving to Peru, Indiana. ☺☺☺

"A lot of smart young people have come out of Indiana. The smarter they are, the faster they come out."

— George Ade

American writer, newspaper columnist and playwright (1866–1944)

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Maybe I Will Be Too Tired

And it's all I can do now
Walking
Observing
The texture in the architecture
Feeling the emotions left behind
on graffitied walls and benches and telephone booths
Breathing
In and out as my feet ache and burn
My knees grow sore as my cartilage weakens
Because I can't go home
At home I am free to unleash it

I walk past nice homes
I walk past those without them
I walk to the river
And I walk to the flowers
left stacked on a memorial
And there goes another memorial
And another
I feel the urge to pick up the phone
And dial my mother
I think about those without them
Without homes
Without mothers
Without phones to dial

I turn right
I walk past an angry man
He looks like a Kyle
He yells at me and stares
He mocks my dress
And I turn left, struggling to catch my breath
I look at pretty trees so that I can try to forget
I scan the sky for puffy clouds to paint in my head

It's all I can do now
Walking
Because when I'm home
I'm alone
And the feelings that are inside me
bubble to the surface like someone at a party
shook the bottle of Prosecco and uncorked it without thinking

I lock my door
take off my bra
walk into the kitchen
pet my clueless dog

Then it happens
My throat starts to hurt
I burst into salty tears
that run down my nose
My chest feels tight as I hyperventilate
Feeling like I might choke

Because now that I'm home
Laying across on my couch
I can scroll through the doom
I can scream and curse and let it all out

But Maybe
Oh, please, God, I'm begging
if I walk long enough...
far enough...
from morning to night

Maybe it won't catch up to me
Maybe I will be too tired

Jessi Pauline Walker



"I Want My MTV" — art by Morgan Smith

Sky Dancing

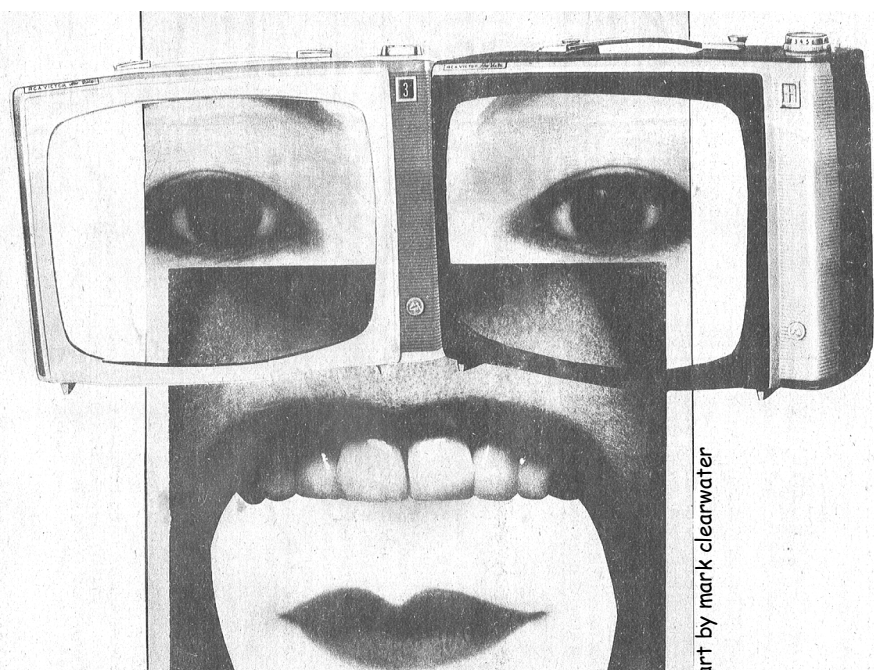
Drawn by the beauty
of your passion fire
I grow as subtle as air
as free as flight

for only the wind
can make love to the flame
and be spared
the moth's tragic fate.

The heat of the blaze
aroused by the tempest's
invisible strength
dances with the sky.

I'll meet you there.

Elayne Quirin



art by mark clearwater

Writing Wrongs

by Graffiti Don

Here's another batch of writing issues to consider in your Graffiti submission.

• Dangling modifiers

("Pssst! Um, uh, your modifier is dangling!")

Dangling modifiers can make for some funny reading.

"I decided to get out for some air. Walking down the street, the trees never looked so good."

Now maybe you've been smokin' that wacky tabacky, but in my world, trees don't walk. When you put one of these modifying phrases at the beginning of a sentence, make sure the subject of what follows is the subject you're modifying. So here it should be, "Walking down the street, *I*... (thought the trees had never looked so good).

• "Worse" and "worst"

"Worse" is relative to something else. "This zine is worse than that other zine."

"Worst" is the bottom. Nothing is worse than the worst. And the correct common expression is "When worse comes to worst." Got it? People seem to mess this up all the time. Think of it like this: "When something badder than just bad gets even badder until it can't possibly get any more bad, then it's the worst." Unless you're in Germany, where the *wurst* is actually the best.

• "There," "their," and "they're"

Like "your" and "you're" and "it's" and "its," it's easy to mistype these. We suggest double-checking all instances of these three words in your work to ensure against possible brain farts.

• Don't say "utilize." Just say "use." Don't say "amongst" or "amidst." Just say "among" or "amid."

• A handful of commonly misspelled words:

desiccate, embarrass, harass, separate, supersede, zwitterionic

• Organization

This applies primarily to essays, at an overall level as well as on a paragraph level. But to a lesser extent it can apply to almost all forms of writing. "Tell 'em what you're going to tell 'em; tell 'em; tell 'em what you told 'em."

• "Literally"

Don't say "literally" unless you're coincidentally expressing a common figurative expression. For example, if you're sitting at the kitchen table eating with your mouth open, and your grouchy old cat gets so disgusted with you that he jumps on your face and sticks a claw into your tongue, then you can say, "the cat literally got my tongue." Otherwise, don't. And unless that cat and other felines and canines are dropping out of the sky — something I would need confirmed with non-AI photographic validation to believe — then it is not "literally raining cats and dogs."

• **More on the Oxford comma**, or, depending on your point of view, I suppose, "Moron! The Oxford comma!" Those of you writers who are on Facebook might enjoy the group "Structuring Sentences for Dummies," which, contrary to what you might think, is not full of pedantic language nerds but rather a group of cunning linguists specializing in tongue-in-cheek, smile-inducing sarcasm about the fun foibles of the English language. One recent post discussed a 2017 lawsuit wherein Maine dairy-truck drivers won a \$5 million settlement in a class-action case **that hinged on the lack of an Oxford comma** (*O'Connor v. Oakhurst Dairy*, United States Court of Appeals, First Circuit. March 13, 2017). Score one for the good guys, the dairy drivers, and the Oxford comma!

That's all for now, kids! Keep on writing!

"Cheat your landlord if you can and must, but do not try to shortchange the Muse. It cannot be done. You can't fake quality any more than you can fake a good meal."



— William S. Burroughs

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CORNHOLE FOR A CAUSE!



No matter the rain! No matter the wind! Millions of people turned out in Coburg recently to play cornhole in a benefit event aiding the mission of **ShelterCare** to help Lane County's homeless population.



Well, okay, maybe not millions. But a lot of people anyway – a lot of good-hearted people wanting to do something to help our community.



ShelterCare provides housing and behavioral health services to individuals and families experiencing or at risk of chronic homelessness. The organization's programs include medical-recuperation services, short-term housing, permanent supported housing, and behavioral health services with the goal of moving program participants toward managing their own personal lease in the community.

For more information, including how to contribute to the cause, go online to sheltercare.org.

Midsommar// Rings and Things!

Multi-layered flavors of life
Deeply colored floral notes
Miracle will follow miracle
When you exist and indulge in love
Broad yet complex palette of life
Landing into heart stillness
Every single moment is a new beginning
No past or future
Anything but a smooth ride
Adventures
The feeling of joy and childlike wonder
Spectacular times
Into the excitement...

Fergul Cirpan

Light Rose Being

Born in Aegean Sea
Half mermaid
- half human
Maybe some angel in her
Some witch or devil
Unforgettable first kisses
Was there only one first kiss?
She wrote poems
Days on end
Age of Aquarius is here now
Planets doing things again
She wrote poems
Days on end.

Fergul Cirpan

Untitled

Let's be true Anarchist.
Sovereign Beings All.
Free willed – self governed
Respecting the same in All.
Choose your Path and Live it.
Give Everyone the Same Respect.
We all step into the unknown Alone
Our Likes and Dislikes
Our Differences of opinions, beliefs,
Experiences, reflect the broad
Diversity of experience, knowledge
and wisdom. The strength that
Overcomes all adversity.
Forgive and Relate.
Diversity is our strength.
Diversity is our weakness as
Long as we perpetuate the
Inter-Tribal Warfare.
Does the Rainbow Family
Have principles and ideals?
How's that working?
Last one to be humble is
A ROTTEN EGG. so it is.

Hillbilly

What Good Is Poetry?

POETRY
tears down the walls of the world
Poetry is a people's art
Poetry is a revolutionary art

Poetry tears down the wall
between fiction and non-fiction
Poetry makes the true, fantastical
and the fantastical, true
If poetry lies,
it is not poetry

Jim Smith

PSST... HEY YOU!

Graffiti depends on you to send us your creative work! Fiction, nonfiction, poetry, photography, line art – whatever you create.

Don't be shy! Do it today! More than once if you feel the urge! Be in the next issue, okay?

Email your writings and/or scanned artwork to:
graffitieugene@gmail.com

Thanks!

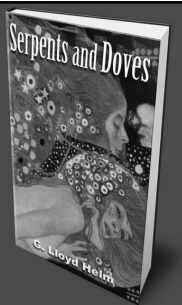
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art by James Otter

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