

# Graffiti

# #8



We, PRISE design GROUP, are grateful to be celebrating our 25th year of helping businesses, organizations and individuals with their marketing endeavors. Thank you so much, to all of you — our clients, family and friends — for supporting us in doing what we love.

We embrace our past and look forward to the future.



Design | Branding | Marketing | Code | Hosting

[prisedesign.com](http://prisedesign.com)

# FRONT LINES

Don Root

## BREAKING NEWS!

*In case you missed it while you were sleeping,*

## THE WORLD HAS GONE MAD!

*Now back to our regularly scheduled programming.*

I don't know what to say about all the heartbreak in the world right now. I guess killing people must be cool, right? It seems everybody's doing it these days. Maybe it's just trendy, I don't know.

Graffiti is such a trivial endeavor in light of current events, but it's what I do, so I guess I'll just keep doing it. You can always go online or watch TV to get your fill of all the horror, right? (Not that there's any shortage of horror in these pages, at least to English teachers). In any case, with apologies for its pathetic lack of contribution to world peace, here we go with Graffiti #8.

### CONGRATULATIONS AND MANY HAPPY RETURNS

to Graffiti's own **Jordan Rose**, who recently got hitched to the perfectly splendid **Sol Howell**. Sorry to all you straight guys out there (especially those who assumed "Jordan" was a guy)—you missed the boat. All the best to the newlywed couple! Hip hip hooray!

### NONPROFIT AD SPONSORSHIP, BY YOU!

We must again thank our dear friend **Anonymous (#1)** for so generously sponsoring an ad for **Cascades Raptor Center** last issue! This is such a great idea! Let's say you want to contribute to Graffiti just because you think it's a wonderful community service. Now what if your contribution could be used to sponsor an ad for a deserving local nonprofit organization? Perfect, eh? You can do this! Just send us a contribution in any amount along with the name of the nonprofit you'd like to sponsor, and we'll get it done! Cool, eh? In this issue, **Mackenzie Valerie** sponsored the ad for **FOOD For Lane County**. Thanks Mackenzie! You rock!

### AND SPEAKING OF NONPROFITS

Graffiti is undertaking to become a nonprofit organization. Hell, why not? We make no profit anyway, so we might as well get some tax-deductible benefit out of our poverty. Maybe local business types who *do* make a profit selling whatever it is they sell will find the idea of contributing tax-deductible money to a tax-deductible community-written arts and letters zine worthwhile. Not as worthwhile, perhaps, as a good religious war or special military operation, but plenty of US businesses already contribute to that market; Graffiti could be a new niche! Get in on the ground floor now! Tell your accountant! Which brings us to the matter of finances and a

## PLEA FOR DONATIONS!

As we've mentioned a time or three before, it now costs \$600 just to get this zine printed every issue. That's a lot of money to those of us associated with the project. In fact, our ability to bankroll the balance of what's still needed over and above your ads and donations has just about come to an end. We hope to get grant funding to cover the print bill once we become an official 501(c)(3), but that could take many months, and until then, we'd like to keep publishing this zine.

A huge THANK YOU to those of you who have contributed cash to help keep the ball rolling—some of you kick in regularly and deserve official Angel status! Now what could we do to convince the rest of you out there who read and enjoy each issue of Graffiti to help us out with a monetary gift of any size? It's easy to do:

PayPal: [graffitieugene@gmail.com](mailto:graffitieugene@gmail.com)

Venmo: @GraffitiEugene

Cash or check (made out to Graffiti):  
mail or hand-deliver to:

Graffiti, 1292 High St. #129, Eugene, OR 97401

*Thank you for supporting this community endeavor!*

# Graffiti

1292 High St. #129  
Eugene, OR 97401  
[graffitieugene@gmail.com](mailto:graffitieugene@gmail.com)  
(503) 853-5582

The Skipper: Don Root

Mrs. Howell: Jordan Howell Rose

Gilligan: Kevin O'Brien

The Professor: Morgan Smith

"Ginger or Mary Ann?": Rod Williams

Contributors: Amy, Anonymous (#2), Fergul Cirpan, Tom DeLigio, maRco E, Shachar Efrati, Ed English, fredX, Sri Galindo, Wes Hansen, Misha Kagutaba, Dan Liberthson, Cat Ling, Jean Murphy, Lauren Oliver, Elayne Quirin, Jessica Richards, Jordan Rose, Michael Sevigny, Jim Smith, Morgan Smith, Erica Snowlake, Jeff Southwick, Gideon Stuart, Stephen Swiftfox, Terah Van Dusen, Herbert Weiner, Rod Williams, John Zerzan

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

Paper copies of most back issues are available for \$3 each via Venmo or PayPal

ON THE COVER: Sri, by Sri

### A big Graffiti THANK YOU to our faithful advertisers and to our generous donors to this issue:

Shachar Efrati  
Jean Murphy  
Karen Stingle  
Stephen Swiftfox  
Mackenzie Valerie

# FAQ

## HOW DO I SUBMIT WORK?

Email it: [graffitieugene@gmail.com](mailto:graffitieugene@gmail.com)

Snail-mail or hand-deliver it:

Graffiti, 1292 High St. #129, Eugene OR 97401

FYI: At that street address you'll find PakMail, not Graffiti's swanky corporate offices, the location of which remains a mystery, even to us.

**NOTE: Your work isn't judged. This isn't a contest, and it isn't competitive. We don't "consider" works; we publish everything we receive (libel and copyright considerations excepted).** It's simple: You write it (or draw it) and send it in. We either print it in the zine or post it on our website.

## 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! If you use one, you'll always have perfect spelling. It's that easy. Grammar's a little harder, but the more you write, the better you'll get. As a rule, 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](http://graffiti-magazine.com).

## DOES GRAFFITI ACCEPT PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED WORK?

We have in the past, but we're kinda done with that now.

## DOES GRAFFITI ACCEPT SUBMISSIONS FROM OUTSIDE LANE COUNTY?

Yes.

## WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE PIE?

We like lemon meringue, pecan, and cherry quite a lot.

## The Ingrate

They say I've lost my mind,  
Become a traitor,  
Excuse me executioner  
But I need to fathom my humanity.  
They say I'm an ungrateful bastard  
Because I don't follow the herd,  
Blindly bombing babies  
As they flee for a shred of existence,  
That too denied in Gaza's open air oven.  
Denied the luxury of a funeral,  
A grave, a cry of despair.

Let this eulogy fly high and fearless,  
A switchblade song  
Piercing the fantasy  
That the world's silence  
Is compliance.

Why won't they just die quietly  
Like animals, like maggots, freely  
Give their throats to the slaughter.  
Why not just accept their diaspora  
As God's will, let their blood spill  
Into the sea, into the spice  
That makes your tasty rice,  
And sweetens your dough,  
Ain't it bitter though?

So much deep down stubborn sorrow  
Won't forgive you your silence.  
Bludgeoned brains, shell-shocked eyes  
Whose deafening cries  
Obscure the debates  
On who will be displaced first  
The immediate thirst for olive trees  
In the sun, dangling keys to a home  
Rotting in the colonizer's heart.

Like screaming in a deprivation tank,  
My throat is ash and fire,  
Muted to a deaf audience,  
All the images too grotesque to see  
That what we are witnessing is  
The death of a people  
A kaleidoscope of emotions and grace  
Now just a trace, a shred  
Of the light that grows in truth.

I get it now,  
It's not about regret for genocide,  
It's about how well you can hide your bile,  
Twisted grief too great to burn  
Or sing, or face  
Without any pretense  
Or essence of humanity.

This brutality isn't yours you exclaim  
It wasn't you who maimed and mocked  
The dying, the children, the elderly.  
No, you cleverly killed all sense of return  
To a time when we could learn  
Each other's names, reclaim  
Our linked lineage  
With humility and courage.

But I'm too generous,  
The telaviv beach is too luxurious,  
Drowning your brutality momentarily,  
Or the delicious knafe in yafo,  
So well prepared by savages,  
Or at best second class citizens,  
Just order me a boutique beer  
To sip as the sun sets on carnage.

The phones died in the night,  
Choked along with the incubators,  
Witness to the future snuffed out,  
More theatrical than an oven,  
But just as effective.

## Shachar Efrati

## The Trade Off

The sea went to Palestine and said,  
Lend me your tears  
For I have an ocean to fill.

Palestine looked out to the sea  
And said,  
Your request is certainly to be expected.

We seem to have an abundance of them  
And no one seems willing to witness them.  
We find ourselves in a most disagreeable  
predicament now that you too make this request.

Is there nothing to be gained by our joy?  
Do our children not make your heart leap for life?  
Is our cuisine not to your liking?  
Does our music burn your ears?  
We certainly intended no harm.

But back to the matter of tears.

You're the sea, afterall, and not to be toyed with.  
We can loan you our tears  
But give us our beloved back.  
Who is your beloved? Asked the sea.  
Don't you know? You lean on her all the time.  
It's the home of your waves,  
the cup that contains your vibrant undulations—

The land.  
Give us our land back and you can have our tears.

## Shachar Efrati

## The Silence of Butchers

You asked me not to speak,

More were killed.

You asked me to consider all the sides  
Nuances  
Histories,

More were butchered.

I felt the weight of unspeakable pain  
Remembering my brother's deep black eyes,  
His fragile frame  
His fierce voice,  
And in an instant  
Saw the murderer's silhouette  
Standing over him and shoot  
Two bullets through his skull  
And more were torn from life  
Tearing at my life  
Every death a breath of dirt  
Digging deeper into my grave.

Countless families wiped away,  
But who's counting?  
Are the numbers fixed? Inflated?  
Is that really a bodybag?  
Maybe it's an animal, so what of it?

Maybe flowers will turn this bloodbath  
into gardens, but right now  
The blood is boiling over,  
No soil just dust, concrete and rotting flesh.

## Shachar Efrati

"Poems by me, Shachar Efrati. I'm  
born Israel, raised in NYC, between  
two worlds."

## Untitled

We'd read what Adorno said  
no more poetry  
after Auschwitz, we let history

allow itself to rhyme. To be  
didactic, to be abstract,

we have redacted genocide.  
After Gaza  
art will not suffice.

## Michael Seigny

"I'm a freelance film  
critic. I've lived in Eu-  
gene for 10 years."

—Michael

"God created war so that Americans would learn geography." — **Mark Twain**. "I know not with what weapons World War III will be fought, but World War IV will be fought with sticks and stones." — **Albert Einstein**. "It is forbidden to kill; therefore all murderers are punished unless they kill in large numbers and to the sound of trumpets." — **Voltaire**. "Only the dead have seen the end of war." — **Plato**. "Older men declare war. But it is youth that must fight and die." — **Herbert Hoover**. "Never think that war, no matter how necessary, nor how justified, is not a crime." — **Ernest Hemingway**. "All war is a symptom of man's failure as a thinking animal." — **John Steinbeck**. "What difference does it make to the dead, the orphans and the homeless, whether the mad destruction is wrought under the name of totalitarianism or in the holy name of liberty or democracy?" — **Mahatma Gandhi**. "There is no flag large enough to cover the shame of killing innocent people." — **Howard Zinn**. "In love we find out who we want to be; in war we find out who we are." — **Kristin Hannah**. "War does not determine who is right — only who is left." — **Bertrand Russell**. "Dad, how do soldiers killing each other solve the world's problems?" — **Bill Waterson**, in *Calvin and Hobbes*. "I hate war as only a soldier who has lived it can, only as one who has seen its brutality, its futility, its stupidity." — **Dwight D. Eisenhower**. "All the war-propaganda, all the screaming and lies and hatred, comes invariably from people who are not fighting." — **George Orwell**. "War is the only game in which both sides lose." — **Walter Scott**.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Last issue, Graffiti's BONEHEAD EDITOR somehow managed to inadvertently crop off the top of this comic strip, sadly rendering it illegible. We thought about firing the idiot but decided to be merciful and just demand he apologize and rerun the strip. So, my humblest apologies, Misha, both to you and to our readers, and here is your strip again in its entirety.



## Untitled

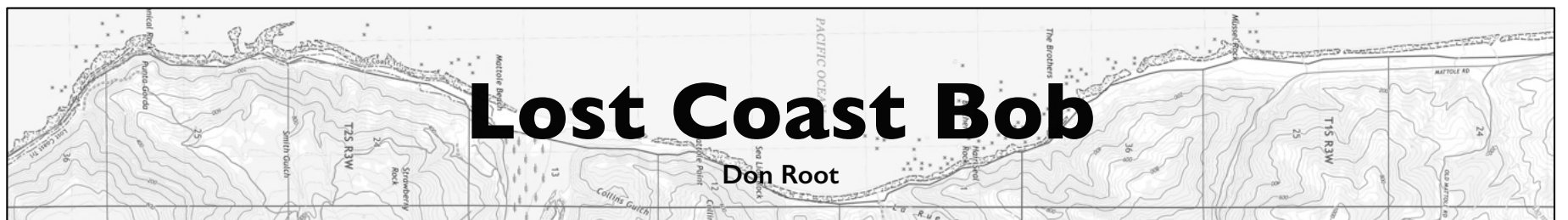
I admired my refrigerator  
She was cool  
Calm, self-contained  
Nobody's fool  
She glowed in the dark  
Like an iceberg, or a nun  
Humming to herself  
Off and on

But she had a breakdown  
She trembled and blinked  
She lost her cool  
And started to stink  
She lost control, dribbled  
On my kitchen floor  
I didn't want to keep her  
Around any more

I didn't try to fix her  
I didn't bother  
I sent her away  
And bought another

Way out West 11th  
There's a place where things go  
That people don't want,  
That don't work anymore  
They're in white crooked rows  
Like tombs, or hives  
Rusting in the rain....  
Some are still alive

**Jean Murphy**



They call it the Lost Coast—a stretch of Northern California shoreline so rugged it forces Highway 1 away from the sea to an easier path inland. It's not impossible to drive to the beach here, but you have to know where you're going. Most of the miles and miles of roads winding through the King Range lead nowhere—except away from all gas stations. But if you find the right one and continue to its end, you'll come to a bit of paradise: the mouth of the Mattole River.

The Mattole isn't the only California river to wind through beautiful forests to the sea. But the beach at its mouth has one astounding characteristic: it's usually deserted. A small gravel road from the tiny hamlet of Petrolia follows the riverbank a mile down to a small campground on the sand. Once there, you'll find raptors soaring the updrafts and seals swimming in the shorebreak. The only sounds you're likely to hear are the cries of gulls, the roar of the surf, and the whistle of the wind blowing through that lonely place in your head.

Only a few hardy hermits call this area home, and on any given night you'll find most of them down at the aptly named Hideaway—a bar and grill full of lost souls not wishing to be found.

On my first trip to Petrolia many years ago, I was accompanied by my friend Brian and my then-girlfriend Carol. After the long, slow drive over the King Range, we happened upon the Hideaway while looking for a bite to eat. It was a pleasant surprise, out there in the middle of nowhere, to find the bar serving gourmet veggie pizza and Sierra Nevada beer on tap. And it was there we had the good fortune of meeting Bob.

A crusty old guy with longish gray hair and a grizzly beard to match, Bob somehow ended up at our table—I think it was Carol's scent that drew him over. He was drunk, but happy-drunk, not obnoxious. The four of us ended up

playing a rousing game of hearts. Bob had never played hearts before, but he made a valiant if inebriated effort to figure it out.

Pretending to be a cagey gambler, he flattered Carol shamelessly: "My God you're beautiful! Most beautiful woman I ever seen!" He flattered me shamelessly: "Oh, you got the snaky eyes, snakiest eyes I ever seen!" He flattered Brian shamelessly, figuring him for a fellow outlaw: "You know what it's like! Yeah, you been in the joint, haven't ya? (wink, wink!)" All the while a twinkle lit up his eyes, and a smile lurked beneath his every word. The guy obviously loved life and had seen his fair share of it. By the end of the evening, he had made us all feel good, made us laugh, made us forget about everything other than the here and now.

I don't remember finding out much about Bob that night. I don't remember if he just didn't tell us about himself, or if he told us incredible stories we didn't believe. Somehow, though, we came to love this man whose last name we didn't know and with whom we'd spent only a few short hours over the course of one evening. Funny how little it really takes to touch people—just a little shared humanity. It's so easy, and so rare.

We said goodbye to Bob that night and headed home the next morning. Over the next three years, whenever the subject of the Lost Coast came up, Bob would invariably spring to mind. We all agreed that "one of these days" we were going to go back there and look him up.

Well, one of those days finally arose, and Brian and I set out for Petrolia, accompanied this time not by Carol—with whom I'd parted ways—but by Brian's big, rambunctious pooch, Meatball.

We turned off the highway at Weott and crossed the Eel River heading west. The narrow road slipped quickly into a deep, dark redwood grove punctuated by brilliant flashes of fall color. At one point we stopped the car and turned off the engine. The perfect silence was broken

only by the wind—a chill breeze blowing through the cathedral of redwoods like a requiem for summer. Periodic gusts rattled the interspersed cottonwoods, sending golden leaves fluttering gloriously and all too briefly to their final resting place on the forest floor.

By the time we reached the mouth of the Mattole, the late-afternoon light was setting the hills aglow. We pitched the tent and watched the sun set over the Pacific, then headed into "town" for our anticipated reunion with Bob and beer at the Hideaway.

"I hope Bob's there," said Brian.

"Where else would he be on a Saturday night?" I replied.

We went in and ordered pizza and a pitcher. No sign of Bob. After a while, our pizza came, along with another pitcher. Still no Bob. I figured the waitress would know everyone in the area.

"You know a guy named Bob?" I asked. "A crusty old guy, probably late 50s."

"No way—60s for sure," said Brian.

"Oh yeah," said the woman, "you must mean Crazy Bob. He was a lot older than that!"

"Was?" I asked, noting her use of the past tense.

"He died," she said.

My stomach dropped. It was one of those things. If you were writing a book and Bob was one of the characters, of course he'd be dead—hard drinkin' and hard livin' finally catching up with him. But somehow I didn't think real life would write such a hackneyed plot line. I was certain Bob would still be around, still pretty much the same, and we'd have another grand night at the Hideaway, laughing and loving life. Damn it! Brian and I downed a third pitcher in Bob's honor and somehow managed to find our way back to our camp at the beach.

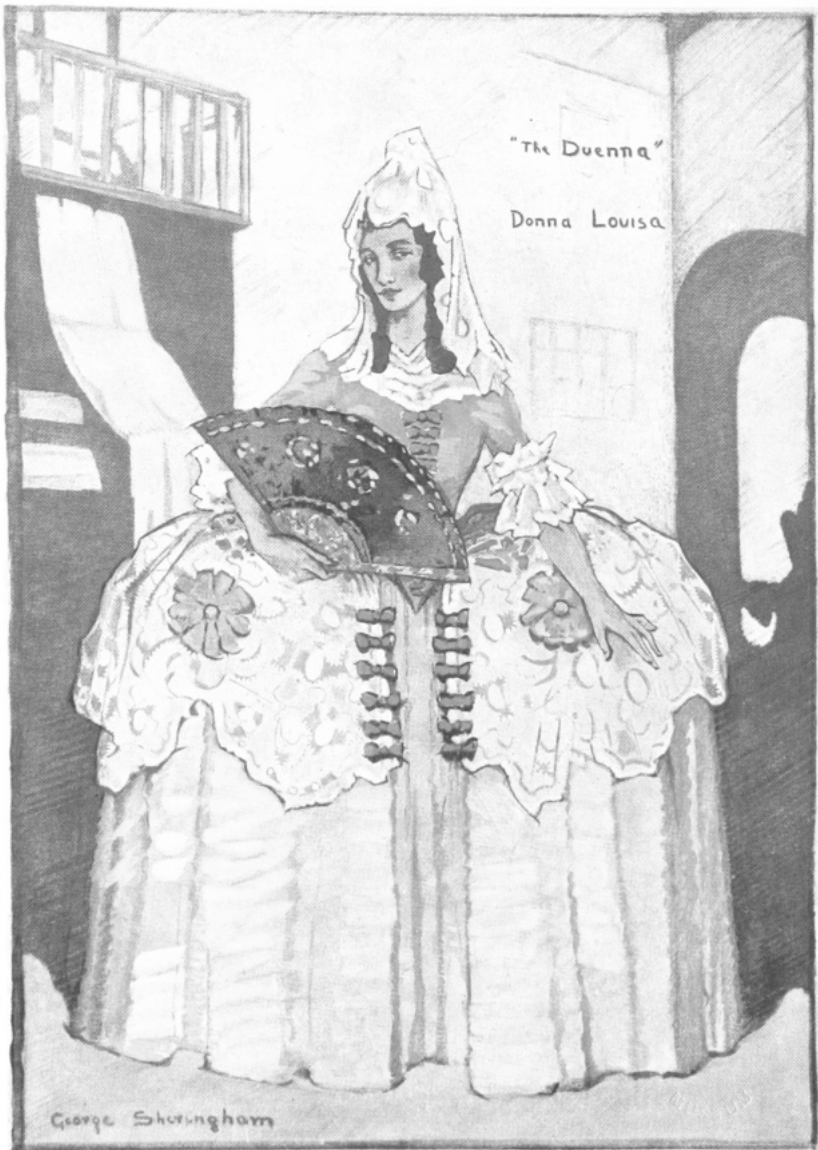
The next morning I got up early and took a walk down the narrow spit that separated the river from the sea at low tide. Meatball joined me for a time, but

then curiosity and a quest for adventure got the best of him and he took off down the beach. I walked near the water, my feet sinking into the wet sand and leaving deep, strong footprints behind me. The coastal hills were shrouded in morning fog, and the wind blew cold through my hair. With the tide relentlessly lapping at my feet, I continued walking, walking, lost in thought. Thoughts of life. Bob's life. My life. Beginnings and endings. Ebb and flow.

After a long while, I realized that as I'd been daydreaming, the tide had come up. Soon it would broach the spit and leave me a long, wet walk—possibly even a swim—back to camp. Time to turn around. Where was Meatball? I spotted him about fifty yards down the beach and started toward him. He appeared to be rolling around on something—scratching his back on a big driftwood log. He kept at it intently. When I got closer I saw that it wasn't a driftwood log he was rolling on, it was a seal carcass.

I watched in fascination. Was Meatball trying to become one with that seal? To find its spirit somewhere in the lifeless shell and take it unto himself? To bridge the chasm between life and death? I imagined Bob's dead body lying there instead of the seal. But as much as I missed Bob, I couldn't picture myself trying to share a spiritual connection with him by rolling around on his rotting corpse. And anyway—truth be told—to Meatball, the dead seal probably just stunk good.

I implored my canine friend away from his find and we started back. For a while, I was able to retrace my footprints back the way I'd come. But as I got closer and closer to the end of my walk, the footprints got shallower and shallower and harder to see. Eventually they disappeared completely—the rising tide had washed my tracks away. 🐾 🐾 🐾



## FAN MAIL

Dear Graffiti,

I have been following Graffiti's progress since the #1 issue. After reading the #7 I wish to thank you for creating such warm underground connections with the community, a precious forum, an unexpected meeting of new friends. Their faces may be mysteriously invisible, but this connectedness feeling with hearts is a healing balm in these tough times of electronic solitude.

So thanks to Don who is at the **root** of this venture, thanks to all of you writers, wandering poets, emojugglers and saltimbanques de la plume. Special thanks to Fergul, Jordan, Bill Gunn, James, Anna, Jeff, Trout, Terah, Tom and Kevin for plucking my geezer heart's strings. Your words don't disappear, swallowed by dry dust, fine sand and the cracked crusted clay of indifference.

It's time for me to give back, let my roots reach out generously to the now strengthening roots of this mighty young Fibonacci marvel of a Giving-Graffiti tree.

Ho Hah!

With much gratitude,  
**maRco E**

*Thanks, maRco! May Graffiti continue to leave your heart strings well plucked!*

Hi there :D

My name is Cat Ling, and I'm a fan of your zine all the way from the San Francisco Bay Area! When I picked up Issue #4 at House of Records while visiting my boyfriend at U of O, I couldn't help but hold it close enough to bring it back home.

Attached is a poem I wrote while on the BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit) awhile back. It'd be an honor to contribute to Graffiti. Thank you for reading.

With gratitude,  
**Cat Ling**

*Welcome to the Graffiti family, Cat! Spread the word about us down there, and don't forget to plug your ears going under the Bay!*

## The Muse and the City

fredX

It was a man's voice, low, measured, and powerful. It carried above the noisy diesel engine and the bumping, clattering coach. "Sam Reynolds Station. Doors open on the right." As the bus approached the stop, a strained, high-pitched woman's voice added above the din. "Las puertas abierto a la derecha." The bus sailed past the vacant platform. At Walmart, I crossed and caught the next bus back. Why was no one at Sam Reynolds on either side? The station was in the middle of nowhere. Why was there even a stop?

Standing on the platform waiting to depart, there was something to read, printed on the computer closet doors of the elaborate platform:

*He still had a lot  
Of candy canes left*

*After spending all day  
Downtown  
Offering them to strangers  
For free*

*Many people  
Wouldn't even  
Look at him . . .*

*Maybe  
His happiness  
Was too much  
For them to bear*

It was a profound moment of realization. It was the poetry of the streets. Walmart, the bedrock of cheapness and junk food, has all the candy canes in the world. Was there poetry at Sam Reynolds? Did it explain the station's desolation?

"Sam Reynolds station. Doors open on the right. Las puertas abierto a la derecha."

*Thistle seeds  
Ride the wind  
And sprout  
where they land  
but we need more  
in good times and bad*

*we raise  
each other up  
every stranger  
a possible angel*

I looked about. The land behind the platform was overgrown with desert brush, blackberries, and thistles. I crossed 11th to the westbound platform. The platform railing had molded steel art. The scene showed the field across the street and a small box of a wooden church with a cross on the roof above the door. To the right, in the foreground, was a seated, older, African-American man, holding a picture of Abraham Lincoln. Beneath it a quote. "I never met a stranger." – Sam Reynolds.

I looked across the street again and saw the church in the distance, obscured by industrial buildings, a

solitary, deserted, winding street leading to it. History. Insight. A statement that spoke volumes about a man and his church and the city itself. Was there poetry at every stop? I crossed back and caught the next bus. Seneca Station's poetry brought a tear to my eye:

*As we talked  
A light breeze  
Touched my cheek  
And colors  
Striped the sky*

*Even after I woke  
What you said  
Continued  
To soothe me*

*Though I couldn't  
I couldn't remember  
A single one of your  
Words*

*Any better  
Than I could  
Catch a sparrow  
With my bare hands*

I wanted to catch another bus, but time had run out. I'd have to pay more attention in the future, make itineraries, plan the poetry into my days.

Not too long after that, I visited UO's Museum of Natural and Cultural History. An entire room was devoted to the legacy of Sam Reynolds. I found there was an underground railroad here during the Civil War. The "station" was on Pearl St. near 3rd, at the base of Skinner Butte; down the alley, the NAACP house.

After the war, Sam came to Eugene to homestead with his family. Eugene was a national stronghold for the KKK, and Eugene Skinner was a member of the Klan. There was a Klan cross on Skinner Butte. Though removed in 1920, it kept reappearing. In 1997 the last one was taken down.

Blacks were forbidden residence in Eugene. So Sam went out into the countryside, out into the middle of nowhere. He formed an AME church out there, and gradually a tight community formed. Those who came here and homesteaded outside the city limits faced constant persecution. The city would not provide roads, electricity, running water, or sanitation. Sam persevered. The community endured. The city limits finally encompassed the church and beyond, and things improved—but not without many battles . . . and the Klan is still here, keeping a low profile.

Not many see the bus as a poetic entity. In itself, it's not, but when you board any bus, in any city, anyone can be on it, and anything can happen—although poetic rapture is a rare outcome. Unless that bus is, of course, the EmX and you are traveling between downtown and Walmart. There will always be poetry—guaranteed, as sure as there is a bus and a station. At each one of the 13 stations, from Willamette to Commerce, the computer closets are adorned with whimsical, anonymous verse. One waits for you when embark, one waits for you as you disembark, and two more will be waiting for you on your return trip. There are 26.


Break your routine. Make time. Ride the EmX. Explore the poetry of the streets. Reflect on the words you've read. Look around the cityscape. How does it relate? What does it tell you about the city you live in? What does it tell you about yourself? One thing's for sure. If you don't pull out your phone as you ride along, you'll have some time to think things out. ☺ ☺ ☺

**FOOD**  
For Lane County

Reducing hunger by engaging our community to create access to food.



**Donate. Volunteer. Learn more.**  
[foodforlanecounty.org](http://foodforlanecounty.org) / (541) 343-2822

You can sponsor an ad in Graffiti for a deserving local nonprofit! This ad sponsored by reader Mackenzie Valerie. Thanks, Mackenzie!



**Foreign, Independent,  
Classic and Cult Cinema**

Located near campus in the Bijou Building  
[www.eugeneartthouse.com](http://www.eugeneartthouse.com)

**HOLY HAL!  
LOOK WHAT'S COMING TO THE ART HOUSE!**

**THE ART HOUSE PRESENTS  
THE COMPLETE KUBRICK  
13 FEATURES FROM A MASTERMIND OF CINEMA**

The full lineup of Stanley Kubrick's 13 feature films play  
from December 1, 2023 through February 29, 2024:

- SPARTACUS (1960) - December 1-7**
- PATHS OF GLORY (1957) - December 8-14**
- THE SHINING (1980) - December 15-21**
- EYES WIDE SHUT (1999) - December 22-28**
- FEAR & DESIRE (1952) - December 29-January 4**
- KILLER'S KISS (1955) - January 5-11**
- THE KILLING (1956) - January 12-18**
- LOLITA (1962) - January 19-25**
- DR. STRANGELOVE (1964) - January 26-February 1**
- A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (1971) - February 2-8**
- FULL METAL JACKET (1987) - February 9-15**
- BARRY LYNDON (1975) - February 16-22**
- 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968) - February 23-29**

**Not even HAL can keep you from missing this series!  
Get your tickets today!**

*The most terrifying fact about the universe is not that it is hostile but that it is indifferent, but if we can come to terms with this indifference, then our existence as a species can have genuine meaning. However vast the darkness, we must supply our own light.*

—Stanley Kubrick

Film Review

# Dr. No

by Morgan Smith

*Starring: Sean Connery, Ursula Andress, Joseph Wiseman  
Directed by Terence Young  
Theatrical Release: 1962*

*The story begins with three men walking the streets of sunny Kingston, Jamaica. They keep a touching reach of each other, moving along in a straight line, each with a cane and wearing darkly tinted glasses. They are "The Three Blind Mice" and "they're looking for the cat".*

*Surprise, they are not blind. They are on a mission to murder.*

*The target is John Strangways. He is a geologist and the Regional Control Officer in the Caribbean, for the British government.*

*And murder they do, in broad daylight with silenced automatics, lifting his body into a black hearse and speeding away.*

*Why?*

*With Strangways missing, a man in England is called upon to investigate; one who is uniquely talented, and with a special license. He arrives at the Kingston airport, and his treacherous adventure begins. The assignment reveals a sinister plan and a shadowy organization bent on domination.*

• *Watch Dr. No because it is an exciting mystery, but also so you will know what sparked a worldwide phenomenon of 24 more films.*

## 222

An ending is a portal,  
a face is a reflection  
and your hand is a mirror  
to the other side.

A resignation is a  
chasm, deep enough  
to hold the possibility  
of rejuvenating endlessly.

What doesn't fit  
inside your head—  
there is space for it  
within the sky.

**Lauren Oliver**

## Eviction?

Truth can be rude,  
like a fat uncle  
with a mean streak  
handing out uncompromising  
titty twisters;  
the pain unbearable but  
you can't stop laughing.  
Finally, someone got evicted . . .  
or died perhaps.  
I went through their trash  
and found a few things;  
the most important a big bag  
filled with beads.  
I made a new mala,  
my old one missing a few.  
Black, yellow, red, and purple,  
all plastic, cold, and a  
little bit mean;  
every time I move a bead,  
I think of my fat uncle.

**Wes Hansen**

## Solitude

We live in worlds where there is survival,  
But no meaning, comfort but no peace,  
goals but no journey,  
Success, but no mystery.  
Power, but no inner strength,  
Where everything costs something.  
Instead, we could embrace the world of solitude,  
learn to be home with ourselves.  
To endure the isolation that  
Gives us clarity of still waters  
And reaches deep into the rarified  
World of our spiritual nature  
And natures spirit where everything is con-  
nected  
And reveals the harmony in unity.

**Elayne Quirin**

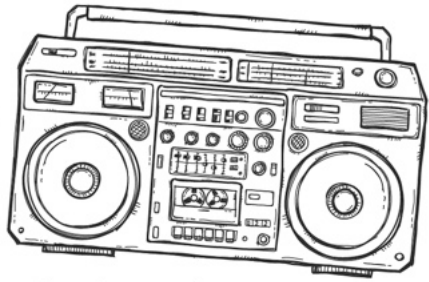
## One Love

When the sun gives up the sky to the moon,  
I melt into the silent darkness of my room,  
Leaving all my emotions behind, I go to a place  
where there's space for everyone and  
everything of all kinds.  
Using my breath like a scalpel,  
I travel inside my body  
to places I've armed myself.  
Blasting through the density with an intensity  
which brings back the flow.  
Letting go with relief the belief that  
there's anything to know.  
Just watching the energy grow.  
Letting it show me the way to go.  
But the magical nights when the trap door opens  
and I will lose myself entirely,  
and implode into the  
Incandescent radiance of one love.

**Elayne Quirin**

# Turn it up!

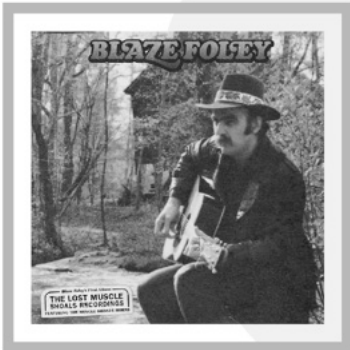
by Jordan Howell Rose



Welcome to the first edition of "another person talking about music" (not officially trademarked). I will review music as a representative of the beatnik youth, rabble rousers, hooligans — basically someone without a mortgage. But be warned, my taste in music is probably not what every 20-something is listening to. I'd probably be a great DJ at an Odd Fellows shindig (if they can still shin, or dig).



## "Cosmic Doo Doo" by Blaze Foley



Far before I was born, while my mom and dad were learning how to walk, and my grandparents were enjoying the 70's for all that they were (drugs, sex, and cults) Blaze Foley was making music like it was nobody's business. Nicknamed the Duct Tape Messiah, Blaze lived a life as badass as his name lets off; born on the road,

lived in a tree house, polio survivor, and allegedly took a bullet for a homeless man.

## "I'm a Gun" by Lorne Greene



If this column reaches any Battlestar Galactica fans, you may already be a fan of the late Lorne Greene. Outside of this song having an epic quality lost to time (buried with spaghetti westerns), it shares such a profound message. Not to open any open wounds, but if anything, music is such an important medium to speak on

tough topics, and Lorne does it with nothing but cinematic grace.

## "Politicians In My Eyes" by Death



As a suburban kid, a punk insurgency ripped through our white picket fences and forever changed me. My long-time best friend would go on to start his own punk band (check out Undissembled) but took me on as his padawan and taught me all I know about the punk classics. The masters of the guitar interlude and

and tempo change (listen 2:40 into the song for said change), Death has had my heart with this song as I'm sure it'll soon have yours too.

## "Camel Walk" by Southern Culture on the Skids



Dear reader, if you are anything like me, lyrics may not register when you're listening to music. On many occasions I have listened to music only to find in the future that the lyrics were an entirely different story than the rest of the song. I assure you, this song hits you in each one of your senses with an acid trip of a storyline.

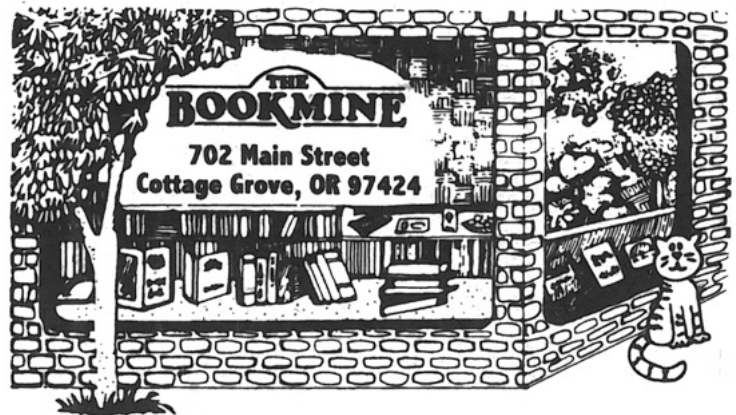
With a myriad of missed references throughout the entirety of this song, you'll find your toes tapping; or hell- maybe it'll make you want to walk like a camel.

Until next time, I'll catch you at my next set with the other odd fellows.

"The Troll,  
the goat,  
the chicken,  
and Bob"

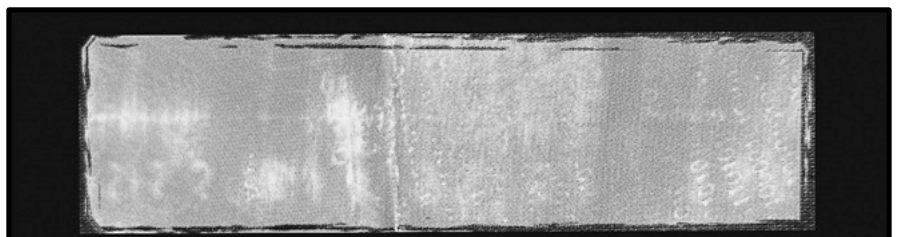
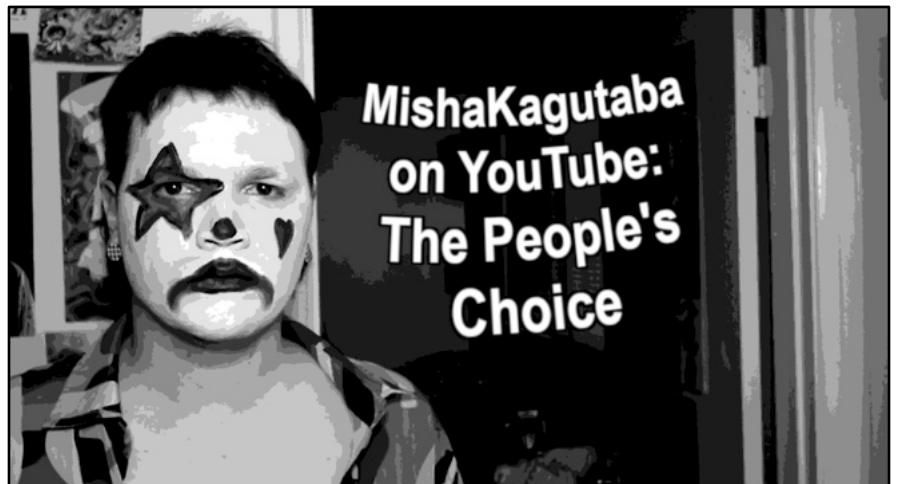


Art by Jean Murphy



**Books • Special Orders • Plants • Art**  
*Serving the community for 48 years*

Open Monday - Saturday  
11 am - 5 pm  
(541) 942-7414



**ROD WILLIAMS**

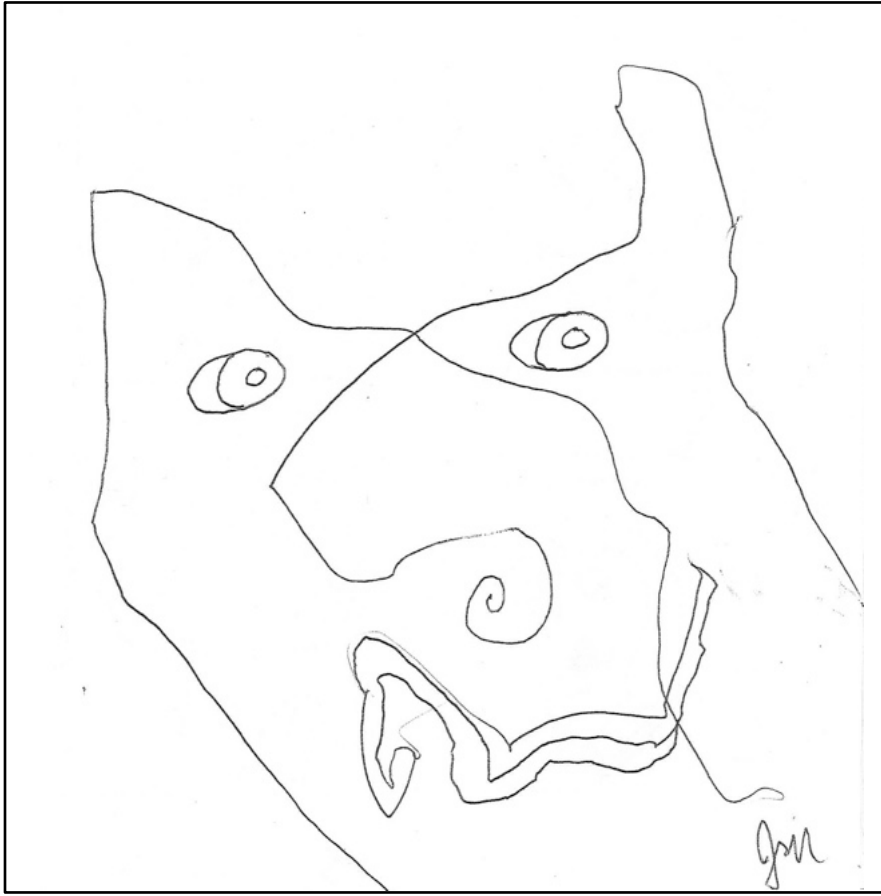
Author

joyousshambles@gmail.com

"An Americana Singer for the Twenty-First Century"

"Celestial Springs (Stories)"

"The Light Don't Shine No More"

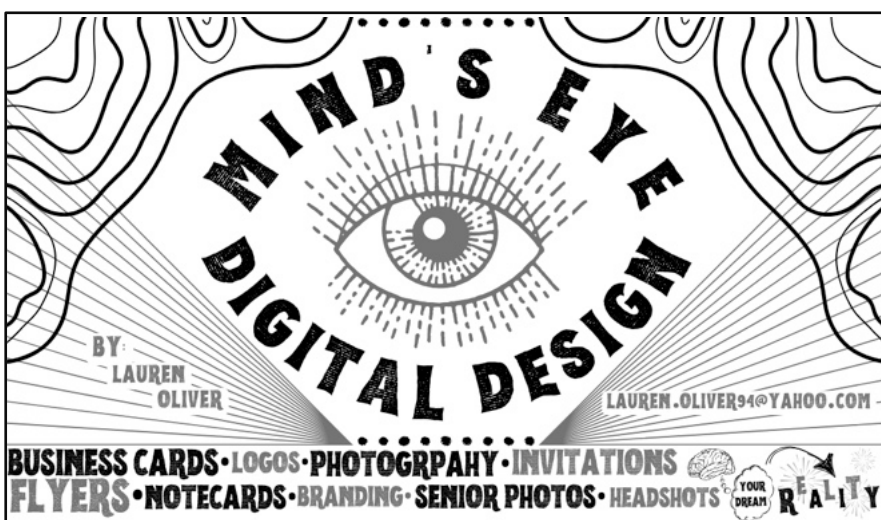


Art by Jean Murphy

# The Rant

## WHY AREN'T WE SICK OF ALL THE BULLSHIT?

It's everywhere you look! It's "rewards" programs and "loyalty" programs and "digital coupons" and "frequent-flier miles" and "last chance" sales and "enter to win." It's oil companies calling themselves "green," and "Wild Caught!" printed on a can of tuna when *all* tuna is wild caught. It's produce packed in plastic. It's "natural flavors." It's the lobotomy soundtrack at the grocery store, interrupted every 15 seconds by the voice of some goddamn Stepford wife urging you to buy some shit on Aisle 6. It's the incessant crap on TV, where the "content" only exists to support ads trying to sell you some other crap. It's pop-up ads and "cookies" and the resulting 3,000 "our partners" your information goes to. It's basically all marketing. It's game shows. It's reality TV. It's the lottery. It's scammers phishing to steal your identity every second of every day. It's sports stadiums named after corporations, and highways named after anybody. It's almost every word out of the mouth of almost every politician. It's insurance companies. It's corporate health care. It's mergers and acquisitions, and it's dozens of different "competing" companies actually owned by a single conglomerate, which is actually owned by a hedge fund. It's venture capitalists buying up all the media outlets in the country to spout their propaganda, and it's venture capitalists buying up all the real estate in the country to suck money and opportunity from both home buyers and renters. It's venture capitalists in general. And it's especially those venture capitalist dickwads with enormous wealth pretending to be smart and spouting their supposed smartness through the media channels owned either by themselves or by other venture capitalist dickwads, all with the goal of more more MORE personal wealth and power. And . . . *it's dickwads like us for tolerating all this bullshit!* —Anonymous (#2)



## The Diet

The doctor steps out of the closed door.  
I think, "Oh! Her hair is so cute!"  
She got it cut.  
I don't say it.  
I know she cares about looking young,  
and the chin length bob makes her  
look younger.  
But I stay quiet.  
She's aloof, lost in her own thoughts.  
Business, busyness.  
Abrupt, as always.  
In the procedure.  
I smile.  
It's OK.  
She's unsuspecting.  
How could she know I've been  
swimming in a lecture  
about non-duality this morning?!

One consciousness.  
All of us relatives.  
Human and human.  
Element to element.  
Earth, Wind, Fire, Water.  
Two-legged, four-legged, winged and scaled.  
And that when walking before I got here,  
there were apples on a tree  
In February!  
In the city!  
She won't know.  
So I let her take my blood pressure,  
Talk to me about 208,  
eleven pounds more  
than 6 months ago.  
I watch her, with amusement, care,  
Tell me about eating.  
What parts of the earth I should  
put in my body.  
It doesn't bother me today.  
I see.  
I know.  
Rising, I leave, thank her.  
Go on the way.  
Unmoved  
this time.

**Jessica Richards**

## Angelique

A blaze of orange in a bowl of water  
on a lap draws my gaze until  
it becomes an ornamental goldfish,  
fins waving like party favors  
stuck on an upside-down body  
assembled from misplaced bumps.

"She just can't stabilize," the lady says,  
righting her fish with a plump hand.  
"Goldfish are bottom feeders, and she  
can't find bottom so she's starving."

"What an amazing fish," I say lamely,  
"what's its name?"

"Angelique," smiles the owner,  
"the sweetest creature you'll ever meet."

The fish nestles against her  
gently stroking hand  
as if it knows the meaning of mother.

"The vet's tried everything,  
special vitamins, antibiotics.  
This is her last visit. I've grown  
so fond of her, it will be hard."

My nearly paraplegic rabbit  
slops in his box by the window,  
hind legs too weak to hold him up,  
sticks his snout and ears above the edge  
and sends me his message of longing.

I go to rub his snout  
as the assistant calls the fish lady  
who smiles walking past  
to the examination rooms.

"Such a nice bunny,  
I hope he gets better."

The world is awash  
with love for all its creatures,  
not merely we humans.  
This small, round lady,  
ark borne upon the flood,  
holds Angelique, a glowing lamp,  
warm in the growing distance.

**Dan Liberthson**

## Little Sips

An exploration of the liminal space  
we find ourselves in  
This empty room is Us  
so empty of passion it hurts  
Me,  
needing to bring in  
all things that are pleasing  
to my senses  
The old timey country songs  
I sometimes hear playing out of nowhere  
as if carried on the wind  
the cinnamon sticks and apples  
boiling on the stovetop  
creating the scent of Autumn  
our daughter's name  
a soft knit blanket or shawl  
on my soft, smooth legs  
the promise of touch  
of intimacy  
of lust  
crimson mouths  
desiring the taste  
the mystery of  
one another  
the mystery of  
anything at all  
Calling in the  
opposite of me  
masculine to my feminine  
understanding to my confusion  
a foot bridge from here to there  
a slow, sensual dance along the journey  
The rhythm of two bodies  
Fewer tears  
less anger  
a boiling over of desire  
an unable to keep the  
lid on it romance  
our union  
feeding the masses  
inspiring the many  
or, at least,  
respected and savored  
the way love should be  
like earthy, succulent  
wildflower honey

Why deprive ourselves any longer  
why not just take a sip?

**Terah Van Dusen**

## BART Poem #1

My eyes close like good faith  
Prayer, when I think your name  
Charity in something safe  
Venial sin when turned away

I memorize your creed  
Indoctrinating my tongue  
Indoctrinating my body  
Drawing wine from my blood

Giving sight to the blind  
From a miracle in mud  
You can study the sacraments  
But it isn't enough

I point a finger to heaven  
For the repose of my soul  
Counting one bead  
Too many  
Gripping three  
Don't let go

What my feet feel beneath me  
Is what I fear down below  
Is where I would go with you  
Where only we'd know

Got me repenting with no absolution  
On God, got me questioning  
If my life's just a dream  
Or if my dreams are just lucid

But there must be some Bible truth  
In the way I stay fixated  
On the vision of you

To move, in such a mysterious way  
Devotion that shows when they  
carve out your face  
An exiled believer  
Knowing love like it's hate  
Some call it religion  
I call it good faith

**Cat Ling**



# Fulfillment

Rod Williams

We played touch football on a narrow strip of brown-yellow grass outside the industrial center where we were supposed to be on the clock. Two-on-two on crisp Colorado afternoons, while inside the packages piled up to be boxed and shipped via UPS, FedEx, Airborne. In the magazine fulfillment business, it's always feast or famine. Lots of downtime, then an insane blitz of activity. Something about the work inspired a hive mentality and an after-hours drunkenness. Frank and Benjy rented a house up in the mountains, in a little burg they called "Neverlands." On Saturdays they'd host marathon parties, their den steamy from the freestanding cast iron stove, their girlfriends cooking great potfuls of vegetable barley soup. The rest of us were good for cornbread, ambrosia salad, sweet potato pies, and a keg of Coors. John B. was there too, but all he ever brought was his standard complaint that he couldn't find a woman. Late in the evening, Benjy could be counted on to stroke from his guitar some old Canned Heat and Grateful Dead. Driving home in winter was a horror, headlights near-useless in the impenetrable dark, the road slithery and paved with ice. On any given night, cars could slide off-road and end up spinning on the froze-over river, or hanging upside-down in the pines that declined into the canyons. It was miraculous we ever reached our little apartment alive and unhurt. Sundays we slept it all off, and Monday after Monday we woke from our dreams into the larger dream of our working lives. In our black jeans, sweatshirts, and sneakers, we'd warm up the car, scrape ice off the windshield, inhale sausage and eggs at The Aristocrat, take the familiar route past the Brunswick Bowl and the Broker Inn, past The Walrus, The Jazz Cellar, and The Catacombs, past 28<sup>th</sup> Street, past the Crossroads Mall, past the Church of the True Vine, and finally step into the shipping room where we held dominion. Benjy fixed a robust coffee while John B. manned the rumor mill. Pssst. Brenda in Purchasing looked pregnant again. In the copy center, Hassan raved on about the Ayatollah and took pains to advertise his American citizenship. Word on Rory and Annie was that they'd been busted at the holiday party, rubbin'-and-scrubbin' in the supply room. Sandy, the office fox from Client Services, had broken all our hearts by marrying a shy, pleasant fellow with a bald spot Frank claimed was caused by all his time spent under the covers. Salesman Al was killing himself trying to support his disabled wife and two girls. Fulfillment was the card falling into your lap while you tried to read a favorite magazine. SUBSCRIBE, it said, or RENEW NOW. John B. lamented that his curse was wanting to make love to every woman he ever halfway liked, just once, just to taste their sweet charms briefly for himself. Nights in "Neverlands," snowy owls hooted love songs to one another beneath the eaves of the tiny city library. Mountain lions wandered to the Alpine Tavern, rose up on their hind legs, pressed their paws and black noses against the icy windowpanes, and stared in at the men drinking and shooting darts. At least three times a day, Benjy sighed, "Man, I wish I was skiing," as he packed, weighed, and two-wheeled boxes to our staging area. Instead, we lunched at Jose Muldoon's, then snuck outdoors, itching to flex our restless young muscles. Two-on-two. Frank launched high spirals into the Colorado sun where the ball would hang, suspended, a dot in the sky, just before falling into our ready arms. Falling into completion. Falling into fulfillment.

\*\*\*

## No Timesheet for My Muse

If kindly asked,  
My muse works on demand  
She harbors hidden echoes  
And transmutes them into hands,  
Transmutes them into words  
Wrongful in their own right  
She cannot clock out,  
Working overtime through the night  
And what was once an ageless echo,  
Mighty in its command  
Becomes a gentle whisper,  
Punishing what I understand  
And when she leaves,  
I wonder  
Who was working who,  
If she was serving me,  
Or if all this time I laid awake  
I was serving my muse.

Cat Ling

## An Architect and His Lover

Holding gazes,  
Holding eyes,  
Holding truths that won't compromise  
  
I see skyscrapers of your own design,  
Guarding miracles that live inside  
And bridges that stretch valleys wide,  
Keeping entire civilizations alive  
  
In your space,  
There is something I know  
Memories and memories,  
Taking the shape of a home  
  
Taking your design I admire,  
Through sun, sleet, and snow  
Taking my love for your vision,  
Wherever I go.

Cat Ling



AFILIPINAHIPPIE.BLOG/  
where-it-falls-apart

## THE WHITEAKER

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LOWDOWN GOSSIP

CHEAP FOOD & DRINK

## A River Path

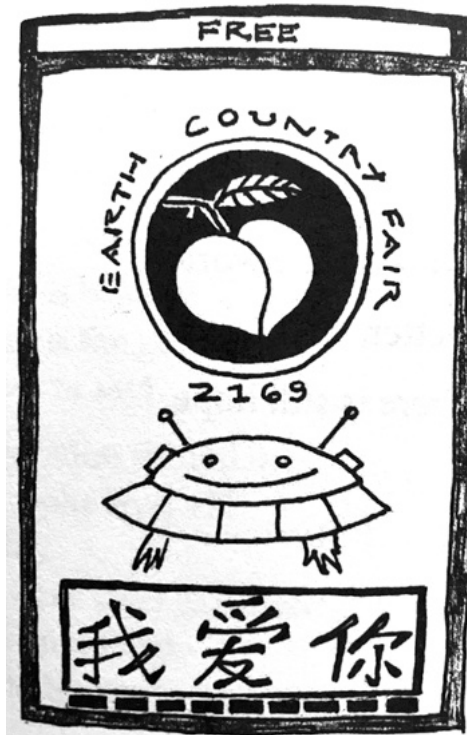
Some things have faded,  
others have come into  
focus.

We met on a river path  
at the country fair.  
Her dark eyes  
hid galaxies and time.

We whispered secrets  
i thought I would never  
forget.  
The feel of her thighs,  
The sound of her voice.

Now I can't even remember  
her name.

Poem by Jlm Smith  
Art by Erica Snowlake



## Three Poems on a Sunday Morning

### Circular Vibes

This body ain't  
symmetrical  
It moves in circles  
  
Time is not linear  
  
This body  
A perfect symbolism of  
imperfection  
  
We are a circle  
- within a circle  
  
Deep perception  
Always something hidden  
  
Close yet far  
  
Opening hearts  
Opening circles.

Fergul Cirpan

### It's All Love

From the womb  
From the heart  
  
Same men  
Different stories  
  
Same scenarios  
Different timelines  
  
No fairytales  
This is not a love letter  
  
Discovering my soul  
Through you  
  
Whatever triggers you  
Happens to be you  
  
It's all me  
Yet it's all about you.

Fergul Cirpan

### Know Thyself

Grateful for coffee  
Grateful for you  
  
Rising like a phoenix  
-from the ashes of the fire  
  
The space between us  
The cosmic hum  
  
Tantric toning  
Resonating with love.

Fergul Cirpan

"My name is  
Fergul. The  
meaning of my  
name translates as  
'the light of the  
rose.'  
  
"I came here from  
Istanbul and aim to  
spread light, love  
and joy to the  
world through  
words and drum  
beats.  
  
"I believe in flower  
power. I heal  
through writing."

# Steve's Twisted Tales

Stephen Swiftfox

## I Almost Killed Myself Today. Twice.

And it's all because of 20% off sales.

Driving north, I-5, just past 30th Avenue. A sex shop on the right with a huge electronic sign. "Bondage 20% off." My car drifted over the rumble strip headed right for the guardrail. I was laughing too hard.

Later this day I was winding my way around Eugene, and I saw a large clapped-out motor home parked on a quasi-residential street. Two young people, with a lot of rough miles on them, were setting up a table behind it. There was a large hand-painted sign on the back of the vehicle. It said: "Tattoos 20% off." I headed right towards oncoming traffic.

Mia, my Cairn Terrier, was glad to see me come home unscathed. Did I have stories to tell her! P.S. I do not take the tragedy of suicide lightly. I've been suicidal from the age of 12 years to my early 20's.

## I'm Always Learning

Tucson has gifted me with dear friends and wondrous volunteer opportunities. This has caused me to want to move there for 35 years.

Earlier this year I was given another precious gift. A home to rent for 6 weeks for free. The catch? An opportunity of a volunteer position at a place I never heard of. Jumped on it. Spent 5 weeks working more than full time 7 days a week. At 72 this isn't easy, believe me. This led to one thing. Love.

I admit that I love Tucson. I really want to move. Made an offer on that same house. The owner/benefactor was intrigued.

It took this recent heat wave here in Oregon to step on that dream and kick it aside. Heat. Yup, my body has lost its ability to cool itself properly. A result of 8 years fighting wildland fires in the high desert of Northwest Arizona.

I learned one more thing. Though love is the most powerful thing on Earth, it can't change climate.

## Where do poems go to die? and, do they?

Seriously, where do poems go to die?

I once wore lycra to define my body  
and then I realized,  
life silently whispers,  
"We are here but for just awhile"  
and I was embarrassed.  
My curves  
took me to the  
knowledge  
that we live on the edge  
between life and death  
and  
the fragile hope of the eternal.

But, this I know (between halts and shifts)  
we are blessedly, temporarily  
hungry . . . beyond words  
looking  
for a passage to the ethereal

Where do poems go to die?  
My heart tells me  
They never die.

### Ed English

## When

The whispers are vague but,  
I'm aware  
there is something  
hiding behind the  
rhododendrons . . .

A quiet secret  
green shoots mur-mur, barely . . .

What does this mean?  
When . . .

The secrets avail themselves  
When, the hopes become something  
palpable and real

When, the mist rises and reveals  
that secret.  
(I repeat myself, but for good reason!)

Winter seeps slowly into spring  
a harbinger  
a hope  
a glorious promise  
of the possible.

And,  
of what we are capable of  
when . . .  
we love.

### Ed English

## The Perimeter

Around the perimeter  
of living  
What exists?

I visited a mortuary today and  
saw my friend's empty body  
it was beautiful.  
Her pain had turned to peace.  
I touched her hair . . . it was soft, and  
full and healthy.  
(I always envied her hair!)

And then, I thought about what she had left  
behind  
Around the edges  
I sensed the love  
that was her.

Clouds rise high in the crystal sky  
Nature pretends to be malevolent  
But we all return whence we came,  
that silent empty place.

My heart emits a trickle,  
a tear, or two, or three and  
I kneel before your hallowed vacancy  
Life can be beautiful on the perimeter  
If one can truly see.

### Ed English

## Color My World

"Bright!"  
The answer to a question.  
Livid,  
This word doesn't sound like  
anything bad.

Particles,  
Crumbs left behind after  
a celebration

Main course,  
My desire for you

Color  
Dapple and dun  
Fall (the season) and an acorn shell

My  
A galaxy of thoughts  
and feelings  
circle me

World  
I am your equinox  
Are you mine?  
Color my world.

### Ed English



Art by Jean Murphy

## Second Hand Smoke

Here I go again—  
"hate" that I'm doing this to myself  
worse... just knowing... I'm killing my children  
I'm an addict  
never wanted to be sadistic  
another study chart statistic  
like my parents gone before  
we didn't know the risk— was our wolf with four doors.  
Left behind  
the eggs and bacon breakfast  
for my kids... now I'm eating organic (fiber - non toxic filler)  
then I start to think  
"maybe"  
is this cereal also killing children?  
but then I go out there  
with my shaking hands  
and— fire up that tailpipe again.  
Dang it!  
"daughter" tells me that I need to quit  
but without "it"  
she wouldn't have that—  
new jacket  
shoes  
stuff  
I'd be ashamed to look less fortunate  
an indecent income  
lower "tax bracket"  
living in some shack  
other side of the tracks  
lackey folks looking at me like I'm some kind of slacker.  
So you think we should live low impact  
without the factory on some land  
a dirt floor shack  
outhouse out back  
no wifi on internet  
feed ourselves on  
"berries" "roots" "stalks" and "nuts"  
water filtered from a rut  
our clothes woven from weeds  
nobody wants to live like that  
WE have our material needs.  
See... I've got this monkey  
sitting on the back of my pickup truck  
she's "the devil" sleeping peacefully  
under my bed  
until she gets her tail lit  
and while getting high  
I'll blow a few smoke rings out her pipe  
heading off to the store... a road tyrannosaur.  
We built this house  
on bones of Iraqi land  
Canadian tar sands  
Blood from Osage Indians  
so... now my children  
this addiction— beyond my command  
is paying for my retirement plan  
so someone can wipe my butt  
when I'm all stoved up  
AND  
if I didn't... someone else would take my cut.  
Someday  
if she lives that long  
maybe  
I'll understand what I've done wrong  
for now  
I try not to let the righteousness of the wicked go to my head  
because  
before I can forgive myself  
I'll assist my mother in composing her song for us  
"some freaking requiem."

### Jeff Southwick

# Lévi-Strauss Revisited

John Zerzan

Somewhat neglected now, Claude Lévi-Strauss was the most well-known 20th century anthropologist in the West. In the middle years of the 1930s, he lived with and studied Neolithic peoples in the interior of central Brazil. Lévi-Strauss found an innocence and grace in societies such as the Nambikwaras. They were isolated, but not uncontacted; Brazilians and missionaries had impacted them, and their hunter-gatherer character lay in the past. Nomadic foraging and hunting persisted to various degrees, but domestication had arrived.

Lévi-Strauss celebrated these groups who knew no writing, who still lived in a kind of perpetual present, close to nature. He found in them a kindness, carefreeness, openness and desire to cooperate. They had shamans and chiefs, but he described their authority as "slender" and provisional. Very poetically, lyrically, he described tip-toeing through some Nambikwaras at night, a society in which virtually nothing is owned but which has so very much:

*The couples embrace as if seeking to recapture a lost unity, and their caresses continue uninterrupted as he goes by. He can sense in all of them an immense kindness, a profoundly carefree attitude, a naive and charming animal satisfaction and—binding these various feelings together—something which might be called the most truthful and moving expression of human love. (Tristes Tropiques, 1972 English edition, translated by John Russell, p. 285)*

His understanding puts me in mind of Marshall Sahlins' "The Original Affluent Society," which grasps the real affluence, that which modernity has all but erased.

*Tristes Tropiques* is his 1955 report on the Nabikwaras and the Caduveos, Kaingangs, Bororos, and other groups. The book was a popular success in a time of uncertainty (e.g. the Korean war, the atomic age), striking a persuasive note with its underlying theme of a primordial time that was positive and unitary. He said that every page in the book could have been dedicated to Rousseau and his vision, now misunderstood as racist, colonialist, etc., of the noble "savage." In *Tristes Tropiques* Lévi-Strauss declared, "I had wanted to pursue the primitive to its furthest point." He indeed evoked that pursuit, within the limits of extant Neolithic reality, realizing that that reality was going under. The numbers of the peoples he studied were dwindling. *Tristes Tropiques*, sad tropics. The original English translation was titled *A World on the Wane*.

Lévi-Strauss' subsequent book, *The Raw and the Cooked*, developed a series of oppositions and correspondences ensuing from what he saw as the most fundamental opposition, that of nature versus culture. This work set out to become part of an outline of the syntax of South American mythology.

None of the folks he had been with had writing, but they did have myths. In that symbolic material, the question of origins was centrally present. As Lévi-Strauss probed the structure of myths, he initiated an approach that soon came to be known as structuralism. Criticized as overly formal or rigid, and for not explaining how or where change or agency enter the picture, he replied that his schema were really somewhat fluid and unfinished, because myth and society are, as well. His use of mathematical symbols, for example, "shouldn't be taken too seriously," he advised.

He stressed the importance of the incest taboo and marriage, while always on the lookout for original states of being, as against the claims of the glories of civilization. Writing, he posited, always meant the formation of cities and empires, the imposition of political authority. He put it strongly in *Tristes Tropiques*: "The primary function of writing, as a means of communication, is to facilitate the enslavement of other human beings." Its other uses are secondary, or a means of justifying its central role in society.

The structuralist method became a hot ticket and was taken up even outside anthropology. But a counter-revolution was soon in the offing.

It was spearheaded by Jacques Derrida in the 1960s. Lévi-Strauss personified all that Derrida abhorred. Lévi-Strauss posited a nature-culture divide that was overcome by our entry into culture, and sealed by writing. Writing was the end of the Rousseauvian unity with nature. Derrida rejected the idea of an original non-alienated state, rejected Lévi-Strauss' central notion of an opposition between nature and culture. There was never a pristine place outside of symbolic culture. "There is nothing outside the text," as Derrida famously put it. All culture already, all the time.

Lévi-Strauss' neolithic subjects lacked writing, but as myth-makers obviously had language. He knew this, and understood how myth works against the original communion with nature in spite of honoring it. In *The Naked Man*, Lévi-Strauss referred to "the passage from nature to culture and the resulting rupture with the world of communication between all living beings that mythology celebrates, even as it confirmed its effacement."

Deconstruction was a basic device of Derrida's post-structuralism. It asserts undecidability, the endless deferral of meaning. Any statement can be seen to be incoherent if it is played with long enough. Even the most commonplace or obvious propositions can turn into gibberish. This debilitating word-play is an attempt to defeat any notion of foundational truth or meaning; it trivializes any such pursuit as baseless. Away with utopians like Rousseau and Lévi-Strauss!

Emmanuelle Loyer's definitive biography of Claude Lévi-Strauss (2018) cites "the radical nature of *Tristes Tropiques*' denunciation of Western modernity and its free and unapologetic rejection of 'progress.'" This is echoed in Roland Champagne's treatment of Lévi-Strauss, his discomfort with civilization and its "progress." He wanted to resituate humanity in nature, no less. And so when the "French May" of 1968 saw millions taking part in an occupation movement across France, Lévi-Strauss did not show much interest. Its perspectives, as he saw them, were far too limited.

When contestation returns for us, his thinking may well be helpful for its depth and aim.

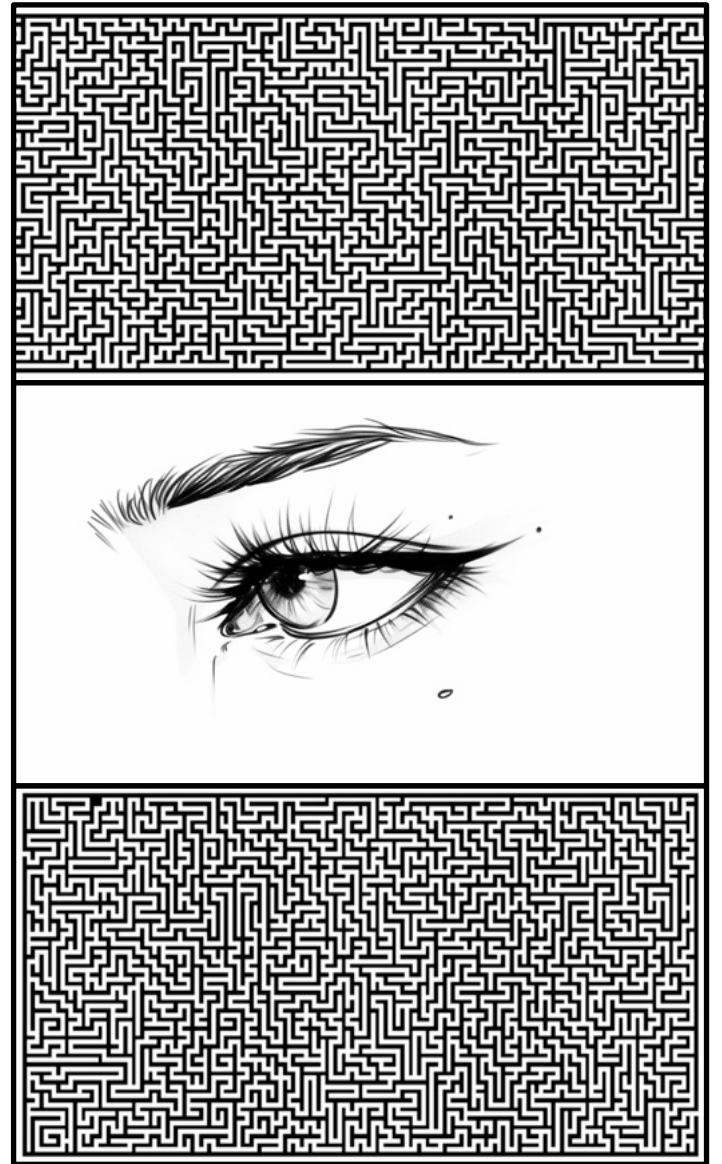
☪ ☪ ☪

ANARCHY RADIO with John Zerzan  
KWVA 88.1 FM, Tuesdays 7 p.m.  
Streaming: [kwvaradio.org](http://kwvaradio.org)  
Archive: [johnzerzan.net](http://johnzerzan.net)

## Friendly Reminder:

Have you not smelled the sweetness of your being?  
A flower caressed in stardust.  
A cloud shimmering with crystallized formations.  
A figure molded by the very hands of our Creatrix.  
A summation of all love.  
A culmination of efforts more primordial than timelessness itself.  
Precious are you, the apex of evolution, ascension, transcendence and delight.  
Beauty you exude from the very cells which sustain you.  
Remembering how important you are will be the greatest gift of our time.

—Amy, M.M.M



Art by Gideon Stuart

## Elevation

Up top, seven-hundred feet,  
the air in the parking lot  
thick with burning sativa,  
a man with a Mexican blanket pontificates.  
Two Israelis in prayer shawl  
circle beneath the cold Sun.  
A pale boy gunning his engine  
til the men-in-blue  
arrive with good advice.  
I check the Sisters  
shrouded by thick horse-like clouds, chemical air.  
Mourning, but awed by the earth tapestry  
rolling in three directions.  
Behind us, tons of metal  
press upon the interstate in a steady low roar.

I head back down into the fray of commerce,  
information, stacked merchandise  
where dark-eyed juncos dance and  
sing to their own tinkling beat,  
life's praises, to a white toy-poodle  
sipping from a dirty puddle.

Tom DeLigio

## Resignation

In February, another snow  
to kick through in black galoshes,  
but the blizzard wind, strong as a linebacker,  
pushing back, pushing back.  
Need I go on? Father is dead.  
Mother sick. Brother a ghost.

I went on. In my  
sixty-seventh Spring,  
those purple lilacs –  
Father.  
Mother.  
Brother.

Tom DeLigio

"Born NYC, 1956. Lived in Eugene since 1979. Studied poetry at SUNY Brockport with amazing poets/teachers. Big dog lover. Writing has aided in my survival."

—Tom

# Hope and Flower

Wes Hansen

The people are getting restless, even those liberals more immune to tyranny, but downtown was still deserted; just me, sifting through the detritus, the street sweepers, chasing ghost turds, a few potheads, bombed out and dazed in front of MedMen, and those bottom dwellers who never seem to leave, even when they die. The mood was dystopian, no doubt, but more in the direction of Philip K. Dick or William Gibson than, say, George Orwell. I had a monopoly on 7th street, on autopilot, thinking of happier days, when that beautiful bitch came screaming off of Hope Street and headed straight for me. Young, but age indeterminate, her hair cropped DIY Mad Max style — a pair of preschool scissors, no mirror — she looked like Charlize Theron but radiant and otherworldly. Her arms were raised and outstretched, her hands holding a sizable, floral print fabric which billowed out behind as she walked. She was barefoot and completely naked.

She brought me out of my daydream faster than light speed and I hollered at her as she blew by, "Ah, sweetie, you're the hope of humanity!" You know, those Gibsonian tyrants claiming some abstract right to authorize the lives of others based on some so-called social contract which means different things depending on one's birthright and level of indoctrination, they see a young woman gone mad; I see a sky walker! Where I see the radiant Divine, they see a direct threat to their tenuous order, the clamp down swift, but for her own good — of course, of course.

Well, imagine if you're capable, leaving that scene and back to sifting a meager livelihood from the detritus. The government, those Gibsonian tyrants with their Harvard bullshit, their plastic smile, their miracle-worker fantasy masking an innate ability to efficiently and consistently fuck up a sex addict's wet dream, and, above all, their anal fetish, they shower money on those like-minded, "we know how things work" fuckwads who self-righteously ripped the heart out of my life (with copious assistance from those veterans of war sworn to uphold the so-called social contract which nobody asked me to sign), all the while I haven't even visited the fucking food bank.

"Fuck You" money, that's what they call it [1] (it's in the index); enough money to do whatever without worrying about the consequences because you have the means to buy your way out of them. Future generations are staring at 30 trillion dollars of "Fuck You" debt; good luck with that. How many times did I get told coming up, "You made your bed, now lie in it"? It's a rhetorical question. No one wants to lie down in the nasty anymore — why? Yogins and yoginis intentionally construct beds of nails, literally and figuratively, and for good reason. Mine was made for me and I have character inconceivable to those who built it.

By now I'm approaching Flower Street and, mentally, in a bit of a funk. I've been lugging around this bed of nails for going on twelve years now, but it's the imprisonment that agitates, the bars made of severely limited resources. "What is the physical significance of the fact that the unit imaginary in the Dirac theory represents a spacelike bivector?" [2] The question is largely answered in the reference, but it's that "spacelike" which has me curious and quelling such curiosity requires resources which have been well beyond my current means for over a decade.

At Flower I look up and there he is: Mr. Thunderstruck. A young, but age indeterminate, white boy, his hair naturally dreaded due to lack of care and scabs on his face; he looks weary. He looks like he's been hit by lightning fifteen times, run over by eighteen fully loaded garbage trucks, buried under a few tons of petrified dinosaur shit, dug up after a couple of years only to be thrown in the octagon with Fedor Emelianenko, swept up off the mat and sold to a government lab — for his own good, of course — where he is brought back to "life" by some mad bio-engineer. His eyes are vacant, hollowed out dungeons of doom. He is wearing a pair of shredded trousers, which appear to have possibly been white sometime long ago, and a 3 or 4 XL, long-sleeved, greyish-brown sweatshirt, his bare feet caked with that black volcanic dirt peculiar to Los Angeles. On the front of his sweatshirt, in big, bold, all uppercase letters: ALL GOOD!

He looks at me and says, "Yo, bro, got a pokey?" 🚲🚲🚲

## Rooted Love

I remember hands like wood  
Cherry in the winter  
Mahogany in the summer  
But still brown in all seasons

Without stain  
Without shine

I remember palms with years of lines  
How creases broke patterns of  
symmetry to summarize  
How they journeyed deeper under skin  
Under scars to prove that  
a person has lived

I remember his  
Scars like bark  
Layers and layers of stories carved  
into corporal parts  
And I remember bones like branches  
That sway but never break  
Dancing to music in wind  
As if melodies surged  
Through every movement he would make

How natural it is  
For little ones to love the trees that  
offered shade  
That offered tag bases and hiding places  
Offered them sweet fruit on bitter days

I love Lolo like that still  
Though I grow taller each spring  
Sometimes feeling farther from my roots  
Because he buried them someplace  
I cannot see  
But I'm growing tall enough to understand  
How roots sustain every fiber within me

So much so that  
He doesn't feel just like a memory  
No, I don't love him like a memory

Memories float too much like rain clouds  
Drip dripping their unhurried drops  
When I thirst for something nurturing  
And suddenly all drizzles stop

When I thirst for Lolo's hand to bless  
For his Tagalog tongue to untwist  
For his daily ritual  
Of buying me strawberry sorbetes

And suddenly all memories float  
Too far to gain relief  
When all I wanted him to remember  
Was the memory of me

But I remember wood  
Cherry and mahogany bridges  
To earth from which we came  
Unstained  
Unshined  
His palms  
Your palms  
The same that resemble mine

## Cat Ling

## Sucker Punch

I was here  
I cried  
I pummeled the Earth  
with my fists  
I molded the clay  
into iron  
I became a  
stone-cold killer  
I became indiscriminate  
a pleasure  
a wafting figment  
a Furie  
unrepentant  
satiated by  
colossal endeavor  
ending as it  
began  
in terror  
I cried  
until led  
away  
The Executioner  
asked if I  
wanted  
the Priest  
I laughed  
and  
spit in his  
face  
He said  
nothing  
but his  
eyes  
conveyed  
so I  
swallowed my  
own  
tongue  
as a final  
defiant act  
of denial

They put me on  
Suicide Watch but  
I was already Dead

Wes Hansen



**KATHERINE BLOOM**  
PROPRIETOR

KATHERINE@OAKPRAIRIEWOODWORKS.COM  
**541-653-1987**






CCB #239478

# RAVEN FLOORING, LLC

**541-654-4968** [ravenflooringoregon.com](http://ravenflooringoregon.com)



# O'BRIEN CONSTRUCTION

**541-505-8536**

**CALLOBRIEN.COM**

CCB# 199887

