



GRAFFITI

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ON THE COVER: This collage was created from old magazines and recycled paper. I wanted to explore a sense of detachment through the different characters present. They all feel anonymous to me.

The folks at the bottom seem cheerful; the sisters welcome the hippie, and everyone is smiling. Their faces are too small, however, to really get a sense of who they are. Similarly, the woman above them is ambiguous though the concealment of her eyes and the separation of face from body. Unlike them, she feels aloof. I see these two flavors of anonymity as entangling the narrative of the piece.

I've been working with collage for over a year now and it continues to be surprising and endlessly fun. If you haven't already I'd suggest cutting up some paper and playing around with it!

FAQ

- What do you publish? Stories, poetry, prose, art and photography. Really any visual or written artwork you can of. We won't publish hate speech, long winded rants or anything that could may be copyrighted.

- How do I submit? Through our email. info@graffiti-magazine.com
Text is preferred to be emailed, but a pdf is acceptable. Art should be scanned and attached as a jpeg.

- How can I purchase an ad? Or donate money?
You should either purchase an ad, or donate money. We as a board pay the 600\$ to publish Graffiti and don't make any money from doing so! IF you were to purchase an ad, email ads@graffiti-magazine.com
We are still in the process of setting up a bank account for you to donate.. so hold on to whatever money you intend to donate to us and keep reading!

- What lengths of work are acceptable?
We prefer anything under 1000 words. If something is submitted over that word count, don't expect it to be published unless spacing allows. We may also publish it on our website, graffiti-magazine.com



FRONT LINES

Sierra Maish

Hey, Graffiti readers,

Stepping into the role of editor has been a whirlwind. Bringing this magazine to life takes a ridiculous amount of creative energy, and figuring out how to channel that while staying true to what Graffiti stands for has been a challenge. I didn't have much to say in the last issue—not because I didn't care, but because getting that first one out was all-consuming. The pressure was intense, and I was just trying to keep everything moving. Now, with this second issue, I finally feel like I have the space to breathe, to reflect, and to actually put into words what this all means.

It has been a privilege to read, view and interact with all of the art and literature over the last few months. I have the rare opportunity to engage deeply with work that is unfiltered and intensely personal. Every poem, every visual piece, every story carries a piece of the artist's mind, their experiences, their worldview. Shaping it into something cohesive, and giving it the platform it deserves—is as much a responsibility as it is an honor. This magazine exists because of the people who pour their creative energy into it, and my role is to make sure that energy is seen, heard, and felt.

As far as logistics go, we will be rotating editors - you'll see Rianne as the editor of Graffiti in the August issue, and others after that. You also may be wondering where the March issue of Graffiti was, as we begin and for the foreseeable future we will be publishing every other month. The ten of us on the board are paying for this publication. That being said... if you feel so obliged you should donate to our magazine!

Sierra, Editor

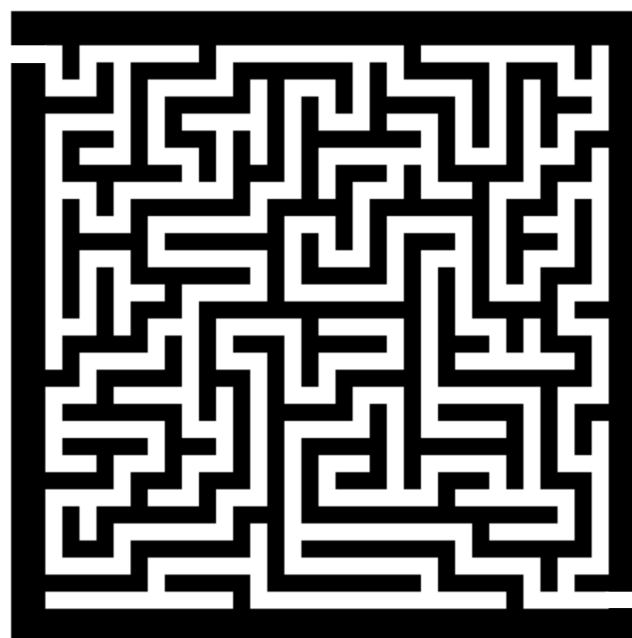
The new board of ten members with varying backgrounds and peculiar sensitivities have compiled a collective vision statement for you:

Graffiti is more than a creative writing and art zine—it is a living archive of community voices, a celebratory defiant act of free expression, and a challenge to the monopolization of language while being a testament to the power of creativity. Created by a diverse collective of artists and writers, we believe in the magic of language, the beauty of multilingualism, and the importance of sharing untold perspectives.

In a world where voices are often drowned out by noise, where language is weaponized to obscure, control, and sanitize, we seek to expose regimented thinking. We aim to carve out a space for authenticity and artistic exploration. Graffiti is not just a refuge but a platform—one that welcomes bold ideas, unique viewpoints, and the remarkable energy of creative expression. One poem, one picture, one piece at a time, we seek to capture the present moment in a form you can hold, read, and share in a large-format zine.

We value the open exchange of ideas and the power of art to connect and inspire. We do not publish hate speech, but embrace perspectives and the richness that comes from different experiences. All the while fiercely defending the right to challenge, critique, and disrupt. In the face of increasing surveillance and suppression, Graffiti remains a free and accessible publication, distributed across Eugene, Cottage Grove, and Springfield ensuring that creativity belongs to everyone.

We invite you to submit your work, add your voice to this growing collection, and help shape a publication that thrives on artistic expression. Thanks for sticking with us and making this magazine what it is. There's a lot more to come and we can't wait to share it with you.



Gideon

A Tale Of Two Brothers

Two brothers on each side of a Grand Canyon divide (with a short appearance of Ol'Coyote the Whimsical Trickster.)

David, an alternative health practitioner lives in a small village in South Western France. He is strictly uncompromisingly against vaccinations. Church-going. He also has strong feelings about North African migrants whose children, born in France sometimes face difficulties while failing to integrate into French society. Maxwell, a former public high school teacher lives in Eugene and sometimes works as a freelance clown & artist if he isn't busy scratching his nose,gazing at passing clouds and worrying about the ways of the world. Both brothers have gardening and hiking in the mountains as a shared passion.

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Coyote, is a mythological Trickster-Hero in many First Nations traditions. He is often portrayed as clever, mischievous, ribald and sometimes foolish. By often breaking rules, he brings teachings through his mistakes and adventurous mishaps. He is also a Grand Maestro shape-shifter.

Below are excerpts from email exchanges that began 3 weeks after the November election and span through early January. All the characters are fictional.

Maxwell: Salut frère, I wonder why you haven't sent any signs of sympathy since the election.The dead silence on your part hurts. Are you so far removed from earthly concerns that you really don't give a hoot about what's happening in the muddy trenches of politics? Is it your faith in an afterlife that allows you to ignore us, miserable heathen wayward sheep? No sympathy eh? What's up Hermanito mio?

David: no response. Silence for several weeks. Then President Jimmy Carter dies.

Maxwell: hey Dave, I am forwarding this short bio of Jimmy Carter's life. As someone with a deep Christian faith you just might relate to this exemplary life, the life of a man who dedicated time and energy building houses for the poor, helping eradicate a deadly worm that infected millions in Africa. He was widely known for raising the standard of legal elections throughout many developing countries. He was instrumental in the signing of the Oslo Agreements between Egypt and Israel. I know, it failed, but he tried hard, I didn't know a whole lot about him, he was considered a failure by many Republicans. Isn't it surprising that few people ever acknowledge that he might have been a great president, one that understood early on the need for Americans to consume less and waste less, to be concerned about the Climate?

David: Hey Max, why do you have to be such a polemicist by turning every single conversation we have into an attack? What if I told you that Carter was the worse president and that Clinton, Obama and Biden are the worse liars this country has ever had, would you react to that?

Maxwell: seriously? WTF Tu déconnes ? You've got to be joking? Well, it's an opinion. I do have a hard time believing that you actually share it. Worse liars? Bit of an exaggeration, no? Hope you don't mind, here is a definition of a polemicist: "A polemicist is a person who attacks someone else with speech or written word." Where is the attack? In forwarding a brief biography outlining Carter's humanitarian achievements? Was my respect for Carter offensive to you? Sorry.

David: Damn it, there you go again with your insulting professorial tone, don't you see how it annoys me? Tu fais franchement chier! I know what polemicist means.

Maxwell: aw sorry, sometimes I get on this pompous soap box. Honestly, I didn't think sharing Carter's biography would be seen as a provocation. You seem all unconcerned about what happened in November's election. For us, here, it's a catastrophic event that foreshadows something ominous like the extreme shitty times our grandparents and parents lived through in the Europe of the 1930's and 40's. 'Twas a tragic history. Did you forget the stories Mom told us? This Trump dude, a convicted felon, got thousands of his followers to violently attack the Capitol on Jan. 6th. Several police officers died, over a hundred were injured, one had a heart attack, a couple, under shock, committed suicide following the attack, several attackers died too, all because he roused the crowd with the Stop the Steal, a lie claiming the election had been stolen. They believed the lie, some even wanted to hang Mike Pence, because he didn't cooperate, they built a god damned gallows right there in front of the Capitol. At least 1500 of them were sentenced and spent time in jail. You've seen it? Now he is promising to pardon all of them. Why? So that, once released they might be his loyal, obedient stormtroopers, his private para military brown shirts ready for future attacks and mayhem? He seems fully determined to flush the rule of law down the toilet.

David: I am trying to figure out how can I get you pissed off. Don't care about your rule of law! When I saw the election results, for me it was a time to rejoice. We have to get the islamists out of this country, your woke lefty friends who think Hamas is on the side of Justice have to back off and let us clean the place. No Sharia law in this country! I want tighter borders. Trump won! Get over it. No more of that Oct. 7th. crap! All this woke LGBT stuff is sick if you ask me. About time we got some order around here. Long live Trump, Musk and Kennedy! Now you know!

Max: Wow! What's going on? You've turned into a full on wacko MAGA bro? Is this you? Going full throttle for Christian values with a little red cap? The MAGAs, intoxicated by the hate of the cult leader get their kicks by making the "libertards" angry and real upset. Their fuel is cruelty on steroids, demeaning and assaulting women. Glorifying aggressive masculinity, they aim to roll back the 50+ year progress of feminism, attack minorities and unions. Disabled folks are targeted and ridiculed. They work so hard on dividing us. Is Trump's focus on getting revenge on anyone who opposes him the job of an elected president? There are so many important and urgent tasks at hand. We have to stand united in opposition to this spreading carnage and destruction of diversity.

David: Get this brother: I won't argue with you anymore. I won't stand with you either. The future will tell who's right and who's been left behind. The answer is in the wind like the song says.

Max: Ouch! That hurt, truly!!! Your endorsement of the hate and cruelty towards the poor, the weak and the working people pains me! And the children, the ones hoping for a livable planet? Do they count? Damn it, you have a wife, two daughters, grandchildren! I know you worry about their future. As for me, there isn't a snowball in hell that I am going to wait for some hoo-hoo answer in that improbable talking wind. At this tragic crossroads, we're in it up to our necks. No, it won't be no pleasure paddle down no river of Joy with the fascist white supremacist punks coming out of the woodwork. Please Dave, open your freakin eyes, your heart too! You think this won't impact you in France? It's spreading all over! Lots of folks are getting hurt! Families will be torn apart, children separated from their parents again, detention camps and mass deportations for immigrants.

Coyote The Trickster: Yo! I been listening to your privileged white-ass estupidos buffalo-shit! Can't you pendejos see that this is one of my especial Coyote Brujeria de la Madre? I set this whole crazy thing up, tis supposed to be a Magical Teatro, one of my clever teaching tricks estaged for y'all to experience straight up the ultimo worse of Mal Gobierno, like a shot of mescal. The Greek Farts from old times called it kakistocracy. Kleptocracy works too. You locos didn't know? Now, fofsure you'll know! Did ya think a little nihilistic chaos might shake things up, for the fun of it? Nah, this will bring you to your senses. So if you are waiting for some answer a' blowin in da wind regarding how things r'gonna come down, git a little closer to my arse, come on over, I'll show you some wild tóxico wind, a mighty Peto Infernal that'll blow the sombreros right off your tiny Gringo knuckle-heads, argumentative fools that you are. Never forget Wounded Knee, the Trail of Tears and all the motherfuc.ng broken treaties we signed with the Great White Father, him who speaks with forked tongue. We've been through that, we know the song and dance. We also know that when little men cast large shadows it means the sun is setting. After night comes dawn. Orale, here's some final sweet advice for el Camino: "Cuidado con them pinche algoritmos on the internet. They'll make you even more estupidos, real numb-skulled. Where you stand now, culos blancos, can you really afford it?Gotta stay alert! Unidos con Amor! Prepare for the mother of all struggles! Si se puede!"

maRco



maRco

Devil At Large

The Devil's in DC, and on Wall Street. He's a multi billion dollar investor and banker in Big Oil, Big Pharma, Big Health Insurance, Big Coal and Never ending Wars. He is a racist a bigot a rapist a con man and full of lies. He's for closing down the public schools outlawing abortions, banning books poisoning our water and our air and starving the poor. He is a tax dodger and robber. He's been on the loose too long and must be apprehended.

Thomas Avery

March On

March on we must, marching for equality peace and justice knowing that many battles we have lost but many we have won and together we have strength to overcome the darkness. United we stand strong for we are the light.

Thomas Avery

Sunday Morning Meditations

1)
i
Plum butter on stove simmering...
Quietly sitting.
On uncovered arms flies breed.

ii
Chickens and children in distance...
Fresh blood to ankles.
Purple spatters on white enamel.

2)
i
Under maples the sun...
Rays of still warmth,noises.
Robins and remote rifles.

ii
Stalkers of peace, and deer flesh.
Magnificent Autumnal morn.
Exquisite calm, and one dead buck.

3)
i
Ducks asleep on matted
grass...
A framed image.
Unspoiled, voiceless, they
rest.

ii
No sound exists so soft as
silence...
Vacuous ululation in the
ear.

6)
i
Out of darkness, the
dancer...
Wet head from the womb.
Crescent among the
throng of heaven.

ii
Movement is all there is.
..and space...
The evolutionary curve.
Gradual extension of
the spine.

9)
i
Continuous roll of the
wheel in mud...
Rain from treetop to
slope.
Indelible flaws of the
wheelwright.

ii
Tracks crisscross away
from the river...
Inundated fords.
The slop and suck of
hooves down history.

12)
i
The liason hour of
passionate winter...
Emaciate shadows.
Green spears of grain
above snow.

ii
Moist lips in light
exhalation...
Raven wings from
fence posts.
Moment of vermilion
in evening clouds.

Bestiary had a sea turtle

Bestiary had a sea turtle
Squirting the professor could
With six inch wood
Make me soak those sheets
Shit-water ornamented
Pegging crusty whores
Two glasses sweet wine sat
Forgetting to shut his bedroom door
Bless his negligence
Angel's song orgasms he gave
His motherfucking lasting thirty seconds long
The Gentile knave While he and his knee-shorts and I in my baldcap
Settled into horror following a dark winter's nap
March belted her rattle
Keeping me inert
A self-harming chattel Aspiring to a time not long in a blackhole
When vengeance t'would be a lime tree
Grinding topless to bags bowls
Method playing at not five but twenty
Ne'er seven but sixty-nine starring roles

Eva

4)
i
Blanched shadow on tomato patch...
Dawn before sunrise.
Last synapse in the estival
circuit.

ii
Heat is the measure of grace...
The ultimate embrace.

7)
i
Oblique glare on low-hung snowy
boughs...
Acquiescent serenity.
At edge of a white frozen lake.

ii
Language, itself, the only
metaphor...
Soft, ubiquitous snow.
Dazzle of an ineffable creation.

10)
i
Shattering branches beneath
midnight moon...
Falling dead wood.
Pointed twigs pierce cobwebs
and cocoon.

ii
What portion to prune of living
tree...
Filed teeth against green wood.
Thousand bodies on the dark
wind.

David Koteen

5)
i
Winter penetrates into
meditation...
Clear light through window.
Ice suspends from gray eave.

ii
Is there point at which being
ceases..?
Prismed ice and glass.
Unthawed thoughts in frozen
gutter.

8)
i
Subtle shift where dream meets
meditation...
Crossing parallels.
Old ladder leans against barn
loft...

ii
Not a breath through dry, weatered
boards...
Hay balanced on rungs.
Gentle cracking of swallow's eggs.

11)
i
Muffled flappings plumb
descended clouds...
Cold toes in damp boots.
Night of tribulation among
sequestered rocks.

ii
A chill profoud to germinate
faith...
Rudimentary heart.
Honks of geese through
amorphous sky.

The Golden Present

Sirens scream the morning awake.
I singe a finger on the burning
infrastructure.
Let's make a nice city,
a hot tub on the hill.
Let's watch through clean
windshields
the shufflers downtown,
the sidewalk sleepers splayed out
under baking Sun.
Let's have another glass
of the fine valley Pinot.

And then winter came
and the wet leaves froze
and those who could
packed up for Oahu
and those who stayed
languished under a fog blanket
looking for reasons, for meaning.
We held our breath.

Old mills became boutiques,
imported shoes from Italy, Vietnam,
diamonds from Angola mines.
Dressed in tartan red and green we
exchanged the present for some
ideal
till the new year turned us over.
Scheduled the June wedding
for two hundred at Three Rivers
while old dogs on Broadway searched
our eyes.
Am I coming on too thick?
Like a Monday council meeting?
Like a four-square church?
Like Costco on Saturday afternoon?
Like Bruckner's 7th in E Major?
Like a home game in November?
Something for everybody here.
Free sandwiches under the white
tent
rain or shine!
Warm socks, hot coffee,
a comfy chair at the public library.

Whose side am I on,
waiting in my warm cabin
for another Spring?

Tom DeLigio

panty dropper rider-waite

Panty dropper Rider-Waite
Ride the victim jailbait
Leave her rat uncooked Like horses
caught in a current
Sure it's naughty it's a secret
Prurient demon pure torment
Saints alive the nightmares The Song
of Psalms a pretty book
Their masters never thought to look
Under my dress for the knife
Five in fact stuffed up her
whatchamacallit Then lick it full
catcher's mitt
Baby there's harmony in evil
Bael the ultimate yogi
Costumed as a boll weevil
I don't I can't I won't
Still they stuffed their fingers down
my throat
The Wickliffe family stole 30 of my
years Now they wallow in the mud
Powerless to end their tears
Six siblings on the chopping block
Two mommies and daddies too
Jaw-locked petrified cruddy ruddy-
cheeked
Bruised purple singed crippled meek
A rainbow replete with golden pot
painted panther black
Peppered scarlet and powdered blue

Eva

Frozen Glitter

Frozen glitter pitter-patters on the roofs of homes
and the heads of dreamers
We light candles, and plenty of them, hoping to find
that spark within us...
or perhaps a glimmer or shimmer or something
resembling a flicker or even better - a flame, no, a
fire!
A feeling of hope to soon transpire
A sense of home to to lift us higher
Heat rises, does it not?
Bubbling to the surface
Bringing us to a place of passion
A celebration...
In the cold, we huddle tighty
We share this need for comfort nightly
as the skies cover the world with icy showers
and we hug our loved ones in our darkest hours
In Winter's quiet, truth sounds most pretty
May we confess our love to those so gently
Like a flame passing from wick to wick
Covering our lives with a sultry kiss and a
foundation of love laid brick by brick

Jessi Pauline Walker



MSN5D Photography

PSALM 151

Graffiti of a Christian Dissident
To The Chief Musician, On Stringed Instruments.
A Contemplation of Christopher

When His Conscience Bled,

- 1 I will call upon the "LORD"
who is worthy to be purchased by credit card or money order
by calling 1-800-Focus-On-The...
- 2 (Nuclear-2.5-Children-Mardel-Christian Bookstore
Everything-We-Sell-Is-Made-In-Communist-China-While-
We-Denounce-Communism) Family,
so shall I be saved from my enemies -
and, by enemies, I mean:
Democrats, Antifa, Anarchists, Socialists,
Artists who paint outside the lines
or sing their raw guts into the mic
(just keep the art tasting like cotton candy, OK?).
- 3 Never mind that Moses
slew a man and hid the body in the sand;
Abraham gave his wife to an idolater;
David, the King, used his kingly authority to take another man's wife,
then murdered her poor husband to hide what he had done;
Peter left his best friend for dead to an angry, ignorant mob
- 4 and warmed himself by the fire because he was scared of a little
servant girl's discovery.
"We do not paint or sing these things. It is
not polite." Selah
- 5 Catechism (for adults)
Question 1: What is the chief end of man?
Answer: Self-preservation and pretending his shit does not stink.
- 6 Catechism (for children)
Question 4: How can man self-preserve?
Answer: By hiding in plain sight at worship on Sunday morning
And wearing a lamb costume.
- 7 Catechism (from Saint Peter to the world)
Question # eternity: Who is Jesus?
Answer: No idea, but I hear
- 8 I can use His name to justify anything I want to do or proclaim:
Capitalist rape of the earth,
Socialist frog-in-a-pot-boiling-away-freedoms,
Intellectualist inbreeding giving birth
to deformities of conscience like
little crippled thoughts running amok
soiling their pants, excreting all over society, then having the audacity to demand praise.
- 9 The LORD is my rock and my fortress,
the rock I use to bludgeon dissent or differences to a soupy pulp,
- 10 the fortress in which I cower from not-my-own-thoughts
because not-my-own-thoughts frighten my weak, lazy mind.
- 11 For God so loved the world
and I pretend I do, too,
but it is just a script which
I repeat like I was
hypnotized in an MK Ultra experiment, and when the
trigger phrase is uttered
by the pulpit-copulators
- 12 I snap and follow the order to
character-assassinate the "enemy" du jour
like a good-tranced soldier:
- 13 "Democrat" = "Socialist" = "Enemy of wealth";
"Republican" = "bigot" (who isn't a bigot!?)
"Feminist" = "irascible";
"Mexican" = loss of my low-paying migrant job -
- 14 Yet -
not one day in my whole Wonder Bread life
have I held an immigrant-coveted job.
- 15 Still, I am going to complain about
the Mexican who picked the strawberries I am eating
in my HOA home as I lean on the table built
by slaves in China while I peruse the "news" on my phone -
a phone which was also assembled by some poor bastard
in another Third World country, a country which I hate
for some inexplicable reason. Selah
- 16 Look! An alert from (insert your favorite "news" source here):
"My arch enemy (insert irrational derision here) wants to
destroy my (insert your idol here) and violate (insert your significant other here)!"
Kill, kill, kill!
- 17 Who is Jesus?
Who do you say that He is:
an "ism", an "ist", a "crat",
an "ology"?
- 18 Is He a frog dissected in your science lab,
His little heart, tiny deflated lungs, with a fly in His belly,
formaldehyde incense aroma ascending to heaven like prayers
from your theological or atheist altar?
- 19 You think you know Him simply because
you wear Sunday morning best
or deny His existence?
- 20 Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy,
but not from me,
not from the Manchurian Christian.
- 21 The pulpit-copulator spits the trigger phrase into the pews.
I see the woman in the polka dot dress -
it is time to strike my neighbor
on the right or left cheek.
What Samaritan?

Chris Carrera

CD Review: Jazz Party by Delfeayo Marsalis and the Uptown Jazz Orchestra

This past September, my girlfriend and I visited New Orleans (first time for both of us), largely to celebrate her birthday. Among many memorable experiences, we wound up spending parts of three evenings at the Mahogany Jazz Hall, an intimate, off-the-beaten-track music venue and absinthe bar in the French Quarter. One night, we had the pleasure and honor of hearing Delfeayo Marsalis (yes, of that renowned Marsalis family) and his band while sipping potent cocktails. Later, on our way out, we shook hands with the famous trombonist and thanked him for the performance. I typically don't get starstruck, but that was a supercool moment.

Jazz Party is a CD that captures much of Marsalis' craftsmanship, exuberance, knowledge of the Big Easy's history (musical, social, political, spiritual), and his commitment to creative collaboration with his fellow musicians. In the liner notes, he writes about his deep love for the local jazz scene and "its ability to uplift, excite, and invigorate." The overall tone of the disc is definitely celebratory. The selections range from 2nd Line songs to "old school" tunes to modern compositions that incorporate many diverse elements of the genre.

The title track announces the album's theme plainly, with Tonya Boyd-Cannon singing about having a jazz party "all night long" and "til the break of dawn." "Raid on the Mingus House Party" is a mishmash of different melodic ideas, a contemporary piece joyfully described by Marsalis as "controlled chaos." "Dr. Hardgroove" is a soulful tip of the hat to the late great trumpeter Roy Hargrove. Dr. Brice Miller hurtles his way through "So New Orleans," a jazzy rap in which he recounts his own experiences and memories of life in the Crescent City. And the sweetly rendered "Mboy's Midnight Cocktail" imagines a scenario where a bartender holds a one-sided conversation with a non-verbal customer (based on Delfeayo's brother, who is on the autism spectrum). It's a sly and flirty number, full of the barkeep's curiosities and speculations. Fittingly enough, an instrumental version of this song also closes out the CD.

Throughout the disc, the Uptown Jazz Orchestra is in fine and jubilant form. And while Delfeayo's presence is the dominant one here (in addition to playing trombone, he composed and arranged most of the music), this is unquestionably a group effort. Marsalis seems happy to blend in with his fellow players and help create this highly enjoyable ensemble project.

Rod Williams



MSN5D Photography

Ode To Kale Salad`

What's not to like about kale? I like healthy eating, and kale has it all, meeting all the criteria for "healthy food." It's a leafy green. It's brightly colored. It's a high-sulfur food, I should be all in. The problem is, I never actually liked kale. It was, for me, in the category of foods you're "supposed" to eat. As far as I was concerned, kale was, to the food world, a bit like accordions and banjoes are to the music world - the genesis of an endless round of jokes. Sort of along the lines of, "Friends don't let friends eat fruitcake," only for me it was, "Friends don't let friends eat kale."

I think I am not along in these feelings. At a recent neighborhood potluck, standing next to the food table, my neighbor Stephen and I noted that there were not one but TWO kale salads. Turning away, I heard him mutter under his breath, "...only in Eugene!" The truth is, I worshipped kale in theory. In practice, I could just as well have been eating hay.

This, however, has changed, and I am glad. A few years ago, I was gathered with my husband's family over several days, each family group having responsibility for one meal. The night before we parted, my husband's older sister was on dinner duty. She prepared a delicious dinner for all of us. At this point, I don't remember the specifics of the meal other than that she had prepared a kale salad. Upon seeing the bright green shredded kale sitting proudly in a bowl on the table, I inwardly cringed. I planned to take a small, polite serving and move on. To my great surprise, however, it was delicious, probably the only occasion to that point in which I had actually enjoyed kale!

I quickly acquired the recipe and now make it routinely. It is, to my palate, the perfect blend of a tart lemony-citrusy flavor combined with the pungency of shallots, a tiny bit of sweetness from honey, some salt and fat from parmesan cheese, and olive oil to smooth things out.

Here in the Willamette, local kale is available almost all year - an added bonus. I have found, however, that as fall deepens and the nights cool, kale responds by becoming fibrous and tough. In these dark months, when I bring my beloved kale salad to a potluck, I hope that the guests will forgive the toughness and enjoy it anyway, allowing the toughness to remind us all of the toughness we need to get through this dark time of year, knowing that young, tender kale will come again with the warm days of spring.

Julia Rush

Cham-o-tee

Cham-o-tee*,
Cham-o-tee,
Pistil and stamen
Brush creek-sweet
Down your neck
And cheek,
To tumble. To chug.
To choke, and churn
Your wilds within.

Oh Cham-o-tee,
Cham-o-tee.
Rattlesnake your name.
Oh, mountain belly.
Oh, grumble and groan.
Oh, sleeping fire
Beneath your soil.
Waiting.
To rally. To shake. To roar.
To push petal and stem
And fern and furry moss
Up, up,
Spurting buttercup
And purple camas
Across your meadow-grass.

*Cham-o-tee / Champ-a te - original Kalapuyan place name for Spencer Butte

Oh, shooting star,
Oh, mist and drizzle.
Oh, forever green
And coastal shake.
You wait.
To wake.
To root, and rage
Like serpent's tail,
Like rattling grass.
To thrust, and throb,
To thwart
All that is and is not.

All that is and is not.
Oh, Cham-o-tee
Cham-o-tee.
All that is and is not.

Tom Derungs

Crossing 30th Ave

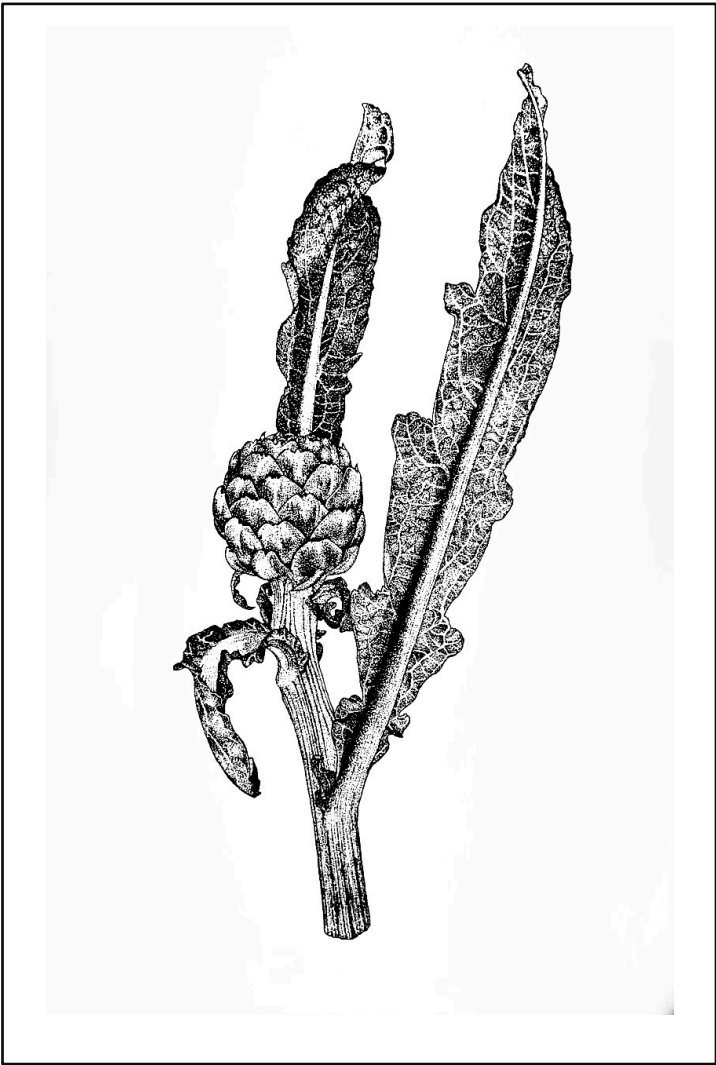
The lilac cars boomed.
His body electrified.
He realized life was just a series of sad errors
That could snatch him away at any time.
Look. The leaves.
Bright Yellow, red and Gold.
And it's true:
Humans are buried facing east.
Just see the headstones at Pioneer Cemetery.
You can always find true north by the dead,
Or by Orion's sword.
And don't these white oak leaves
Have the same abstract shape as their
Horizontal branches?
And isn't it strange,
Yes, truly strange,
And yet, how lovely this
Autumn in mid-November:
The bright dead against the grass green.
As if spring and fall
Were merged into one.
And time goes backwards
And forwards
All at the same time.
And I am both dead and alive on 30th Avenue.

Tom Derungs

Gone Fishin

reeling again
reeling them in
inconsequentially
drawing them in
like a moth to a flame
they flock
and flutter round my heart
only for the time it takes for
the sun to rise
until I see them in the light
realizing what I took
I take them off the hook
return them to the water
I let them breathe
hadn't known they were
holding their breath for me
guiltily I throw them back
for I wasn't trying to eat a
fish
just wanted to see if I could
still catch one
my dad taught me to line
so I'll line
my pockets like their books
a gutting process
get what you can and leave
the rest
I've always been great at
gutting fish
I just don't want to eat it

Brinnley Watts

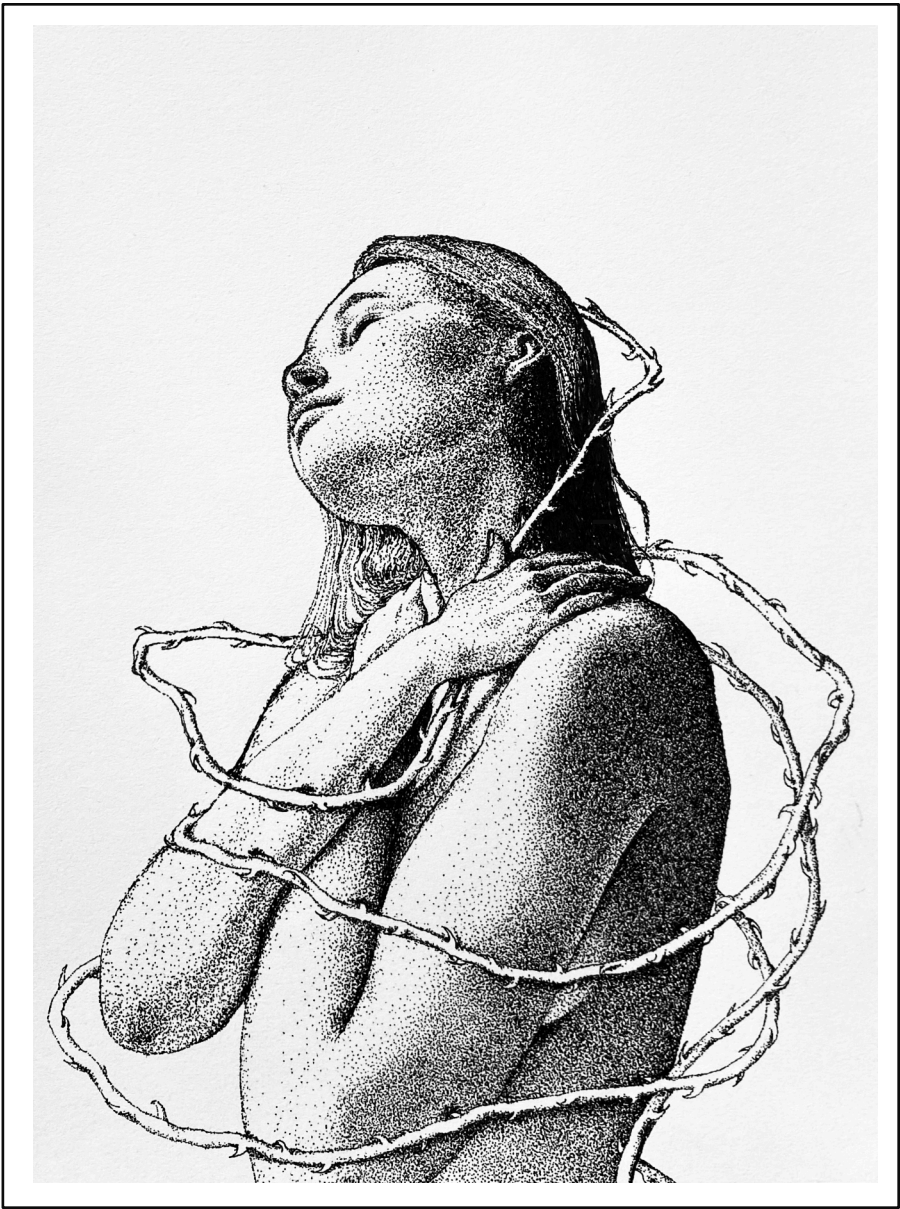


Maya Ahara

On Simplicity

The Grace of God's Simplicity
- revealing one's complexity -
- resolving all perplexity -
- restoring to lucidity -
- binding integrity to humility -
- to offer God gratuity -
for dissolving all duplicity.

Nick Verzino



Maya Ahara

Embracing One's Own Journey - Dan Eldon, Chris McCandless, and Breaking Free From a Life of Comparison

Mogadishu was burning. The heat was coming from not just the oppressive summer sun but from the flames and smoke billowing out of the villa. This villa is where it was determined by The United Nations Operation in Somalia II, or UNOSOM II, that a group of high ranking elders and sub-clans came together to determine further military actions in the area. Somali accounts were adamant that the meeting was actually a peace conference, a chance for diplomatic resolution. UNOSOM II was responding to those responsible for the deaths of a group of Pakistani peacekeepers. What UNOSOM II didn't realize was that this attack would be the galvanizing event that, three months later, would bring Anti-UN and Anti-American Somalis together as its own army against US soldiers during the Battle Of Mogadishu. This event would be given the Hollywood treatment in Ridley Scott's 2001 film, "Black Hawk Down." After the bombing, several journalists were promised full protection and safety so they could expose the damage done by UNOSOM II to the villa. The bodies were strewn about the scattered concrete and brick, blood everywhere and staining everything. Women were wailing and crying over their sons and husbands. Those that were not digging through the rubble or carrying out bodies slowly turned against the journalists. The mob immediately gave chase and started attacking the journalists, those they considered 'collateral damage.' Dan Eldon's lungs were about to explode. The mob, a swarm of anger and rage, were gaining on the young photojournalist who was running for his life. So many memories were rushing through his head as he was trying frantically to find safety. Thoughts of his mother and father, Kathy and Mike Eldon, the vacations they took, the tragedy of his folks divorce and the fracturing of the family. Memories of growing up with his sister, Amy, and their many adventures. Thoughts of his motley crew of friends and explorers, rumbling along the plains of Africa in a Land Rover called 'Deziree,' that would establish relief funds for villages in and around Malawi and Nairobi. All those memories, along with his massive collection of journals and photographs, would be his legacy. Eldon's final memories on this day,

a day that would be called, 'Bloody Monday,' would be of rocks and the vicious blows from clubs and fists by angry Somalis. A young man who promoted peace and goodwill would meet a violent end by the very people he wanted to help. He was 22 years old. It was a beautiful September day and Gordon Samel, a moose hunter gathering game north of Mount McKinley near the Stampede Trail, was looking for shelter. He came through a clearing and discovered a bus, number 142 from the Fairbanks City Transit System. He cupped his hands and looked through the window to see if any life was stirring inside. He stepped in and a putrid smell was growing inside the bus. Once he stepped inside, there was no escaping it. Samel assumed it was just rotting food. Then he saw the sleeping bag at the end of the bus, a small bump was in the middle. God knows what could be hiding in there. He shook the sleeping bag and no sound was heard. He radioed the police so they were aware of the situation. The next day, the officers made a discovery that would change the McCandless family forever. Chris McCandless, also known for his hitchhiking, vagabond alter ego, Alexander Supertramp, was found dead on September 6th 1992. He was 24 years old. These young men, both alike in dignity, had a love for life and a thrill-chasing spirit. Both shared a unique optimism and chose to take the road less traveled. Eldon's legacy extends beyond his photography. He embodied a spirit of fearlessness and compassion, driven by a deep sense of purpose. His ability to blend creativity with activism resonated with many, inspiring a new generation of storytellers and activists. However, Eldon's achievements were not without struggles and setbacks. He faced dangers, personal challenges, and moments of doubt. Yet, through it all, he remained committed to his ideals and passions. McCandless's journey was marked by idealism and an uncompromising quest for authenticity. However, it also underscored the risks and uncertainties inherent in such endeavors. His untimely death was a fine line between liberation and recklessness. Yet, McCandless's story continues to provoke introspection and debate, challenging us to reconsider our priorities and

aspirations. Their lives were unconventional and marked by extraordinary achievements at young ages. Their stories, especially what they accomplished before their untimely deaths, may invoke either admiration or disdain. It may also prompt introspection about life choices and accomplishments, whether that includes triumphs or failures. Their deaths have me thinking. Right now, I'm 43 years old. That's around twice the age of both of these young men when they died. My life comparisons to both Eldon and McCandless run deep. My sense of adventure, traveling and seeing the world is a fire inside me that has, on several occasions, almost gone out. Whether it was money or opportunity, I haven't come close to exploring the world that they saw and felt. That being said, I certainly have not had a boring life. Quite the contrary. I have visited at least 25 of the United States, visited London, and lived in Okinawa, Japan for 2 years. I have witnessed the bison wandering through the beauty of Yellowstone National Park, visited Washington DC twice, and enjoyed the street tacos of Mexico. In between these events were micro life experiences that changed me creatively, emotionally and spiritually. Despite everything, I find myself constantly trying to answer what should be a simple question: What will be my legacy? The minute I stepped into the bookstore, I immediately went straight to the art books. I wasn't looking for any particular artist or subject. All I wanted was inspiration because I was lacking. I'm a sophomore in high school and I was still trying to find my artistic voice. My ideas were scattered, my color palette was endless, and my mental issues were not yet coming up to the surface. During this period, I wanted to record everything. I bought disposable cameras in multi-packs and I used the camcorder more than anyone else in my family. The only question was, where do I put it all? Cardboard boxes weren't going to cut it and photo books were boring.

Continued on page 10.



RIMAN

Stage Fright

The actor sweats into each scene afraid he will be tone deaf, afraid he will abandon his lines for the soliloquy he wants to speak. Clutches his script in the wings, even on the final performance night. Searches for a lean-against, for an oak tree of soggy paper maché. Seeks a wrought iron bench to slouch into. Desires a place to park his weary.

He wants nothing more than to open his lips and have an aria voice the lumps of laundry dirty and shameful lodged in the cellar of his throat. He offers up a blizzard of slouched socks, a firestorm of soiled flannel, a heap of button-down shirts begging for a flatiron.

His seams unravel and he is anesthetized on a gurney, knowing he has the final lines, that the playwright has given him the closing monologue. But he is paralyzed on the slab of the set.

He squeezes into the spotlight's breach, flails to animate this black box of a theatre. He fears the medical examiner squinting around the edges of the red velour curtain will relegate him to a metal drawer. He feels his pulse slow to sluggish, feels the tug of a numbered tag on his left toe.

Marianne Peel

(Embrace)

Embracing it all
The years
The tears
All of my old versions
The upgrades

Morning pages
Morning prayers
That's what I do

Travel through your timeline
My lifeline
Your curvy lines
My soft vibes

Incredible poetry
Ineffable times

Embracing it all...

//

Manifesting through writing
Melting into dreams

All worries fade out
Eventually

Experiencing the experience
In this Earth School

I affirm life
All the goodness!

Fergul Cirpan



Yazzie



Yazzie

Bestiary had a sea turtle

Bestiary had a sea turtle
Squirting the professor could
With six inch wood
Make me soak those sheets
Shit-water ornamented
Pegging crusty whores
Two glasses sweet wine sat
Forgetting to shut his bedroom door
Bless his negligence
Angel's song orgasms he gave
His motherfucking lasting thirty
seconds long
The Gentile knave While he and his
knee-short and I in my baldcap
Settled into horror following a dark
winter's nap
March belted her rattle
Keeping me inert
A self-harming chattel Aspiring to a
time not long in a blackhole
When vengeance t'would be a lime tree
Grinding topless to bags bowls
Method playing at not five but twenty
Ne'er seven but sixty-nine starring
roles

Eva

Winter Shivers

Watching ahead
from weathered red steps,
where almond tree isles
of leftover skeletal hulls
withstood the shaking of
harvest.

Juno's triangle body
had never sat so still
as it did below branches
that became squeamish
about a fixated snout.

When a grayness from them
dashed,
she pierced sooner than
landing
a little neck
from enemy grass,
rattling squeals to silence.

Dimich

(This is an elegy for 9/11 using a conspiracy theory based upon supposed images created by folding US currency dominations. The poem uses appropriated texts corresponding with the supposed chronology of the events pictured. The impetus of the project was to take to task how conspiracy theories often make caricatures of human tragedies.)
Brock Love

5
On any given da
reportedly thirty
thousand peopl
in the World Tra
of thousands mo
through "world
world trade" Bet
mber three i
it's not ans
dy's stab
I think
't br

any stupid move
to the airport. D
move please. W
quiet." 8:34 A.M
and the airplane
moves, you'll en
be okay. If you t
"Nobody move.
the airport." S
e okay. W
es. Jus
4 A

on't try to make
e are going back
.: "Nobody
. Just stay
danger yourself
ry to make any
to
you'll b

es."
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to fifty
e came to work
de Center. Tens
re passed
peace through
ty Ann Ong:
cockp
Somebo
class. And
that we can't
know. I think we
hijacked" 8:2
you'll b

10
the ceiling fell do
table and cracke
conference room
this noise happe
getting up, I star
my things. And t
getting my thing
ople from Me
s, and som
ed faces
he bu
e

burnt.
burned. No skin
floors and who
coming down fr
tower." the peo
had just [been]
realized all thos
almost [sighing]
t for that mo
One. And
it just
said

. No hair. Just
were very badly
om the other
ple who were
killed in that
e people that
jus
Tower
And then
exploded. I
watched it. W
building, and ou
plane hit t
blacken
across
pe
d the
table. So all
ned at once. I'm
ted gathering
hen, while I'm
s together, the
pe
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plane hit t
watched it. W
building, and ou

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ned at once. I'm
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across
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plane hit t
watched it. W
building, and ou

20
"Jules, this is Bria
an airplane that'
If things don't go
not looking good
to know I absolu
want you to do g
good times, sam
d everybody,
you, and I'll
there. B
(SHO
H

jump?"
gosh, am I going
heat of the fire—
right. All you co
is starting...com
(Overlap/Inaudi
o fall down the
people in th
and hear
SSION
the

to have to
I was like 'Oh
uld feel was the
ing down on my
ble) The building
And
we felt

n—listen, I'm on
s been hijacked.
well, and it's
I just want you
tely, love you, I
ood, go have
e to my parents
love
an
you get
I call you."
COMOTION
BACKGROUND)
building! Ano
(TRANSM
we felt

50
just as I'd decide
leave, the plane
of the building.
through the air,
landed, I really d
where I was. The
black, and every
urned my hand
ling on my
Eventuall
lking
urt

was still Septem
waking me up,
day, but I reme
that I don't rem
goes first.' Ther
me. And a docto
cutting all of my
and a medic com
ember sittin
from the
h was
ein

ber 11th.'
and I thought it
mber my wife
ember to this
e's a lot of things
r saying. "He
clothes off of
rem
hands

d to get up and
hit the outside
was blown
and when I
didn't know
room was just
thing I touched
b
craw
knees
started wa
down at my han
the center co
remember se
skin, whic
remember se

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rn around?"
you don't want to
his body is telling
forward, when
felt? And did he
nking going here?
to myself, 'What
as afraid, afraid
somebody.
o come
—one
ody

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at was wet. And
—it was getting
ier the more we
nd. And it was
can't describe
took forward, I
to take a step
didn't want
I was go
that b
sha

you could smell
from the ash th
everything was
darker and ding
proceeded arou
so foreboding.
it—every step I
to
nds of glass,
ad I looked
ma

go here, run, tu
you: Don't go,
every nerve in
take every step
is this what he
was my son thi
And I'm saying
And
down.
of those
is going to
les, and I said to

Turtle in the Bathtub

In her bathtub there waits a turtle,
from behind her house the creek pools, there a River Cooter the boy
found wild summers free for that tousled muddy child.
Only age ten when his old man passed on,
in his room frayed curtains were drawn to sun,
she sat, swagged cobwebs bronzed by her smoke, out back, from creek
water a turtle's head poked.
That pointed beak, her wrinkled neck,
the mother breathing, under a shell of regret,
to exhale, her days in faded paperback romance, her little boy with
baby toys and dusty garments.
The young man now runs with an older friend,
but her boy was in the next room when it happened,
not his girlfriend, who's mouth was silenced by shotgun, a rock
tossed so pond ripples, makes all the turtles run.
The car stolen, belonged to the girl's roommate, splatter photos tell
the story, two months pregnant, young and restless reptiles, crowded
in a house trailer, friends and feathers, even turtles nip a feeding
finger.
Twenty years for the trigger friend, maybe parole, mother's boy is
doing well, a judge sees his potential,
A trade school commuter, watches for crossing turtles, small bumps,
oncoming lane, fling his four door vehicle.
Claws on porcelain, you can hear cooter climbing,
let them go, for your boy will not come home again, books, toys,
clothes, your house will crumble to be gone, dear mother life goes
on, return this one to the turtle pond.

Jeff Southwick

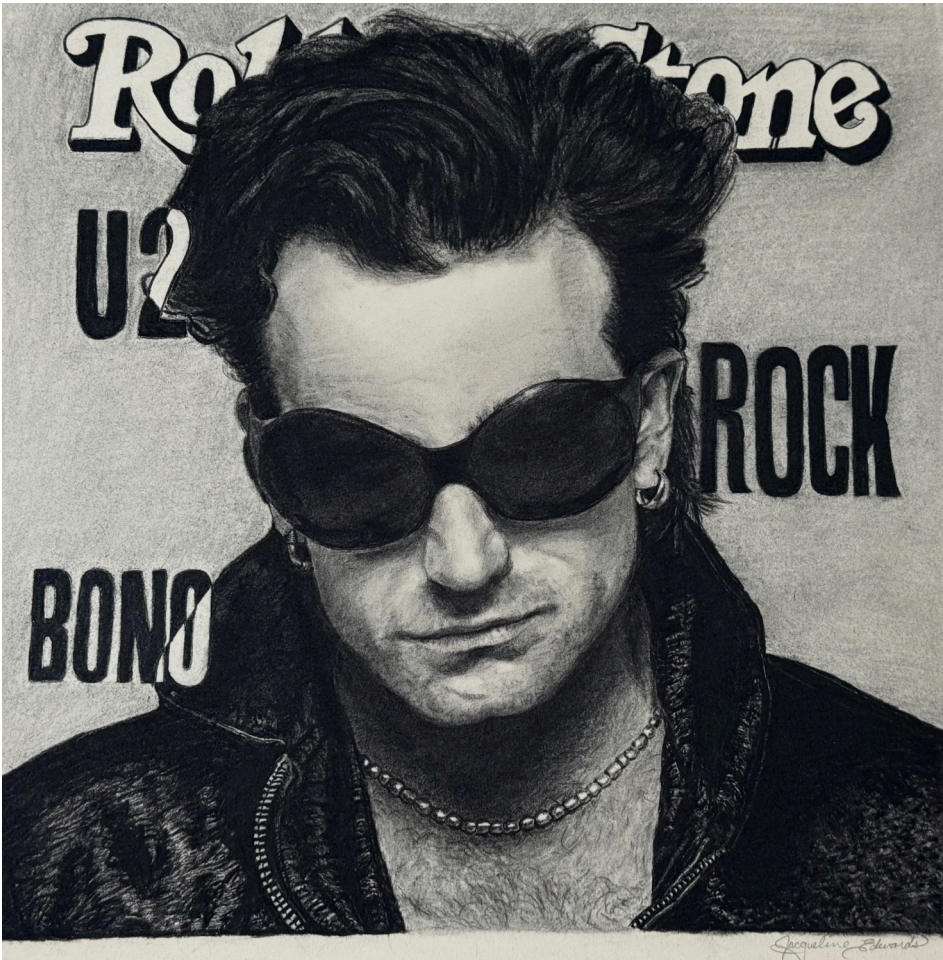
What Would You Say?

If you could speak
what would you say?
Would you tell us of
the many birds
that have alighted
on your limbs,
or the storms that
you've endured
over the centuries
you have stood?
Do you remember all
the lovers who have
sheltered in your
shade?
What of the
lightning
strikes that singed
you
and the rain that
quelched the fire?
Could you regale us
with a tale of
all the leaves
you've loved and
lost?
How many children
do you have
spread across this
forest floor?
Would you tell us
of the times
your roots were
parched
and then swollen by
the rain,
when you wore a
coat
of fine white snow
or when your leaves
turned brown?

Could the wisdom
in your rings
help us know all
that you've seen?
What would your
memories
teach us?
If you could speak

what would you say?

A.M Diaz



Bono - Jacqueline Edwards

Turn it up!

by Aaron Solbeck



February is dead! The glorious month of March has arrived which is the inspiration for this issue's column. It's a celebration of Spring and a look ahead to the summer concert calendar and the live music offerings nearby.

Good Thing

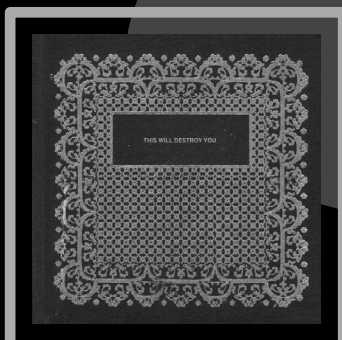


Leon Bridges
Released: May 4, 2018
Tracks: 10

Todd Michael "Leon" Bridges has three nominations to go with his Grammy win for Best Traditional R&B Performance.

Leon's second album, *Good Thing* released in 2018, absolutely blew me away with its soulful sounds and irresistible beats. Think Stevie Wonder and Frank Ocean wrapped in a Roots-style package. The lyrics sway from confident posturing to the depth of love and the heartache of rejection. Impossible not to feel Leon's emotion in gems like *Forgive You* or *Bad Bad News*. We're treated to Leon Bridges at LS Amphitheater in Bend this June.

S/T



This Will Destroy You
Released: January 8, 2007
Tracks: 7

Global-touring instrumental American post-rock band from Texas lands in Eugene at the WOW Hall in July.

Sometimes referred to as "doom metal" This Will Destroy You creates guitar-laden songs that simmer at times before inevitably building to a dramatic crescendo of sound and then recede back into the ambient hum from where it came. The *Mighty Rio Grande* is the perfect example of a soundscape that rises and falls with purpose and emotion. This is what I would pick for the soundtrack of my life, although probably not a hit movie.

Slowdive (self-titled)



Slowdive
Released: May 5, 2017
Tracks: 8

Slowdive first formed in Berkshire, England in 1989, slipped into a 20 year hiatus before reforming in 2014.

Their self-titled fourth album *Slowdive* was released in 2017. The song that stands out to me is *Sugar for the Pill*, haunting and melodic and hooks your attention from the very first note. The history and experience of this band makes it hard to label their sound to a certain time period, but I hear British Pop influences like *Pet Shop Boys* and *Kate Bush*. No matter the background, the talent of the different layers in each song is unmistakable. Slowdive will make for the perfect outdoor show at the Cuthbert in May.

Stress on the Weak Beat

When the new day comes slowly
Gradually defined in lightened gray
Under a cold drizzle that penetrates
Sends damp chills into every crevasse
Should we worry about crazy Charlie?
Too keen to be kept in an institution
Knows the answers to your questions
Charlie can name you and his demons
Along with the last fourteen presidents
How many of them know crazy, Charlie?
Wrapped in a tarp sheltered underpass
Traffic rolls over a creek and walking path
There he watches a long nights progress
Differentiate psychopaths and syncopates
By the White House fence, crazy Charlie?
Come Mr. Hoover for here we've camped
Duty bound exorcized in patriotic sentence
But Charlie's unpredictable, given traditions
Our domestic shelters eyesore prohibitions
Will clean needles wean our crazy, Charlie?

Jeff Southwick

Actual Conversation After a Bicycle Accident



Marcel Tulloh



Classic & Cult Cinema At Your Fingertips

Check out our upcoming Federico Fellini Series and more online and at our campus location.



That's when I first met Dan Eldon. Back at the bookstore, my finger was brushing against the spines on the shelf. I came across the histories of graffiti, collage art collections and the fashions of Vogue magazine and Yves Saint Laurent. I respected all of them but nothing jumped out at me. And then, there it was... The portrait at the top of the spine was small, almost passport size. It was a faded black and white, taken in a random room in one of the dozens of countries the young man has visited. The young man in this picture, wearing a desert hat and heavy vest, looked as though the camera came out of nowhere and he looked at it with the first facial expression that he could come up with. The book title and subtitle text along the side looked as though it was stamped on at the last minute. The cover. How do I even accurately describe it? The young man is showcased in portrait, not exactly black and white but gray and pasty. This time, he's surrounded by an endless amount of jars, bottles and cans filled with unknown and varied substances. A small portrait of an elderly monk looks over this claustrophobic space. A single lit light bulb hangs to the left hand corner. The young man is holding two skulls in both hands, stone faced, wearing a leather vest, black pants and a plain black shirt. The rest of the cover is a mess. Stickers from Mexico, snake skin as borders of the photograph, hands bird-like at the bottom, and a disheveled, worn map as the foundation. The subtitle was printed from a label machine and the official title of the book is that stamped text again. The sensory overload of the cover and the contents inside is a sensation that I wish I could experience for the first time again. The pages were erratic, yet organized. It was a form of collage I had never seen before. It was a mixture of African influence, ripped and torn pictures, train tickets and matchbooks, slapped on paint as borders, black and white photographs that were colored over and Andy Warhol inspired pages of multi-colored photos and text. The noise of the bookstore faded into silence and my eyes were glued to the sporadic, chaotic art produced by a young man who died at the very young age of 22. Edited by Eldon's mother, Kathy Eldon, the book was only a brief example of the 17 journals that he produced in his very short 22 years. You could spend hours analyzing every square inch of the pages and you'll find something new every time. It had Easter eggs before I knew what the concept of Easter eggs were. I was completely hooked. Thanks to this one book, my artistic path had taken a detour and it had no intention of going back on the main road. I bought a blank, hardcover sketch book almost immediately. THIS is what I wanted to accomplish artistically! THIS was the book I was searching for! THIS was the book that showed me the beauty of spontaneity in art! THIS was the book

that showed me that trash could be beautiful. So why did I stop? At what point did the love for artistic expression, through journal making and collage, end? Upon reflection, I may have a few theories: 1. I was an impostor - Since I was a child, I never made a life declaration. At no point did I ever say, "I want to be a (fill in the blank)" and be that ONE thing. I was indecisive, confused, and erratic. I have always been easily influenced by the outside world. It doesn't take long for me to become attached to something and just as long to drop off and stop doing it. I have no explanation and I'm sure there's a psychologist out there that can figure it out. 2. I listen to the outside world too much - When I do my homework and I'm told the statistics of success or failure in any artistic field, that influences me much more than anything or anyone else. At one point, I wanted, with every fiber of my being, to be a famous concert photographer. Going to concerts and watching the greatest musicians in the world, masters at their craft, blowing me away every night while I record the moments on film would have been heaven. After a year, I quit. Why? The outside world told me there were too many politics within the medium, there's no money in it and it's competitive as hell. Like a snowman in the summertime, I melted. I sold my cameras and never looked back. 3. Art is being taken over by robots - At this point in my life, I don't stand a chance as an artist in a world where art can be created by machines. The number one advantage, you don't have to pay them. I was introduced to Chris McCandless back in the early 2000s from the book 'Into The Wild' by John Krakauer. It was one of the first non-fiction books I had ever read that I actually didn't quit reading halfway through. I was entranced by this kid who dropped everything and just made the conscious decision to live a life of adventure, free of society's standards. What made this book even more impactful was the fact that I discovered it while being locked up in a military prison. This story of freedom and searching for the true meaning of life and truth was all the inspiration I needed to change my outlook on life. As influential as McCandless's story was, however, there was no way I would have ever just disappeared and wandered aimlessly around the country, cutting off ties with family and friends. Then again, I never experienced what McCandless did growing up. If you're familiar with McCandless's story, I can understand why he chose to make that decision. Family turmoil, deceit, and emotional abuse can make

almost anyone want to escape and find peace. Despite my failed artistic past and my lack of constant travel adventures, I am incredibly grateful to have discovered writing and re-discovering my love for reading. I genuinely feel that these two young men showed me that it was possible to love creativity and art once again. My mental health was hanging by a spiderweb and I was saved at the last minute by this creative outlet. The idea that I could put down my thoughts, opinions, and showcase my inspirations through words, is a source of eternal pride. Despite the three theories I mentioned above, I still keep going. I still persevere. I can only imagine my conversation with Dan Eldon or Chris McCandless if they were still alive, the three of us in our early 40s, I see us sitting down, cups of tea at our side, recording a podcast and I'm raving about Eldon's artistic brilliance and McCandless's adventurous spirit. I would have my peeled and worn hardcover copy of 'Call of the Wild' and my own leather bound journal with a pen ready for Mr. Eldon and Mr. McCandless to write something personal on the inside cover of each book. I would give anything to shake their hands and thank them for igniting that flame that is inside me. No matter how many times life tries to throw water on that flame, I will do everything to keep it alive and I have Dan Eldon and Chris McCandless to thank for that.

Tim Edwards

Stories to Tell

Tell us the stories of these days as we live them, spiraling, switching, gliding constellations. Circles that our gathering circles match, rounding the sharp corners of time and intention. The path leads out of a cold shadowed hollow, through parting mists, up the great hill into the enchantment of sunrise. Walk together, chanting or drumming. Say yes! to the intelligent earth. Remember what our ancient ancestors knew: the grace of ceremony, the ease of ritual, the way willow leaves repeat along the stem, and then, each season they bud or fall. As we practice, veils lift, the beauty we walk in is evident, bones become fleshed, glittering stones reach for us.

Joanna Brook



Yazzie

The Way It Is

Balance calms in the face of danger, first with agility lessons on long ribbons between trees then knowing the narrow pass between night and day, between this cliff edge and the opposite side of the deep striped canyon. Leading to the hope of proper timing, not necessarily proper as in socially conventional, but proper as in the most auspicious for the seeds we are planting. As some harvests are gathered, others are sown, green beans, delicata, winter lettuces, carrots. Our hearts rise in a symphony of laughter as we catch sight of the waxing half moon in the southern sky, glimpsing the first star in the dark gap between clouds the silvery purple of wampum. We wish by starlight for the gift of speaking with stars. Balance, existing by the grace of extremes, comes to rest, to reset.

Joanna Brook

(Kenneth Goldsmith's Fidget attempts to document the physical actions of a day. In the subsequent excerpt, I attempt to document that documentation: i.e., document the moves needed to document his movements. I exemplify his text by fidgeting Fidget. Challenges 'creativity': stationing repetition, mechanical process, idea-over-emotional expression, etc. Also, underscores rhythm, repetition, and image-building as conventional signals of poetry.)

Left pinky finger holds down 'Shift.' Left index finger taps 'T.' Left pinky finger releases 'Shift.' Right index finger taps 'H.' Right index finger taps 'U.' Right index finger taps 'M.' Left index finger taps 'B.' Right thumb taps spacebar. Left pinky finger taps 'A.' Right index finger taps 'N.' Left middle finger taps 'D.' Right thumb taps spacebar. Left index finger taps 'F.' Right ring finger taps 'O.' Left index finger taps 'R.' Left middle finger taps 'E.' Left index finger taps 'F.' Right middle finger taps 'I.' Right index finger taps 'N.' Left index finger taps 'G.' Left middle finger taps 'E.' Left index finger taps 'R.' Right thumb taps spacebar. Left index finger taps 'G.' Left index finger taps 'R.' Left pinky finger taps 'A.' Left ring finger taps 'S.' Right pinky finger taps 'P.' Right ring finger taps '.'. Right thumb taps spacebar. Right pinky finger holds down 'Shift.' Right ring finger taps 'P.' Right pinky finger releases 'Shift.' Right index finger taps 'U.' Right ring finger taps 'L.' Right ring finger taps 'L.' Right thumb taps spacebar. Left index finger taps 'T.' Right ring finger taps 'O.' Left ring finger taps 'W.' Left pinky finger taps 'A.' Left index finger taps 'R.' Left middle finger taps 'D.' Right thumb taps spacebar. Left index finger taps 'F.' Right ring finger taps 'L.' Right ring finger taps 'O.' Right ring finger taps 'O.' Left index finger taps 'R.' Right ring finger taps '.'. Right thumb taps spacebar. Left pinky finger holds down 'Shift.' Left index finger taps 'R.' Left pinky finger releases 'Shift.' Right middle finger taps 'I.' Left index finger taps 'G.' Right index finger taps 'H.' Left index finger taps 'T.' Right thumb taps spacebar. Right index finger taps 'H.' Left pinky finger taps 'A.' Right index finger taps 'N.' Left middle finger taps 'D.' Right thumb taps spacebar. Right index finger taps 'M.' Right ring finger taps 'O.' Left index finger taps 'V.' Left middle finger taps 'E.' Left ring finger taps 'S.' Right thumb taps spacebar. Right pinky finger taps 'P.' Left pinky finger taps 'A.' Right ring finger taps 'L.' Right index finger taps 'M.' Right thumb taps spacebar. Right index finger taps 'U.' Right pinky finger taps 'P.' Left ring finger taps 'W.' Left pinky finger taps 'A.' Left index finger taps 'R.' Left middle finger taps 'D.' Right ring finger taps '.'.

Brock Love



Marcel Tulloh

Holy leaves & holly

Perverted Father
Luciferian creator I pray
On this unholiest of sabbaticals mid-December
Make your faithful Nomi one to remember
She in her suburban lair
Divining your darkest secrets
Resting shortened hair
Sacred eggs stable sperm
Aroused squirming
Able willing running my fingers through his mane
Cain and Mabel slurring
Maple syrup lapping his thighs
Apologies oh Morningstar
His cream pies
Ornery horned
How he detests my needling
Bleeding on my oyster folds
From my ex-lover's open headwound A boon to our
upended nuptials
My scruples purple blackened
Leapt through loopholes slackened Heaven's paradise
tacky what with all the rhinestone
My uterine lining a veritable buffet for brisket
bone

Eva

a man
without suit



a suit without man

Robert Baret

Show me the Bones

Open your fat books, if you dare, point to the dates sticky with significance, show me the colored timelines of ape to man, show me where we've been and where we are, the path we've trod from the past to now, and tell me how it's broadening to bear us all, flattening the terrain that separates us one from the other. Tell me how our way is paved with good intentions, and how mind and liberty spring up along the shoulders, lush and green, blessed shade from our own blazing ignorance, And then, if you dare, tell me where we're going, draw on those pictures of past and present, and predict for me, please, a future when the past and present are nothing but childhood nightmares of a savage time long gone. Show me all this - will you take that leap of faith? - and I will crack open your thick texts and show you that your bright and shining advances are canceled by sinkholes and mires and dead ends at cliffs, bandits have ambushed us from the roadside thickets, your pilgrim's progress is paved with our bones, the fires of our stupidity have burned the flesh they bore to ash, and the salty rains of our remorse have washed our remains into mud. We have desiccated our landscape as a flood slashes a desert, we wander holding our map this way and that - which way is up? - and everywhere we look we see bones. Calcium phosphate compacted itself into a carriage for his muscles, for her soft skin, into round shells that housed their desires and dreams, and now those shells lie scattered, emptied of their witnessing minds, the wind blows through their ragged holes, crying like a lonely oboe. Show me those bones, whose numbers measure our savagery as it marches in lockstep with the vengeance of our planet. Now tell me how we must remember but we cannot care, for if we cared we might not take another step. Tell me we have no choice, for as those bones were alive we are alive, and there's no other path, we must tramp over them, hear them crunch beneath our boots, to get to wherever it is you say we're going. And now demonstrate for me, if you dare, the logic of our existence

William LeGro



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IN A BOX UP A TREE

..... when will y-o-u be called to 'kick down for the angels'? Take diamond pomegranate and run, Synchronicity as truth, Portrait wisps in dialogue.

When Cy and Ruth see each other, it's all gold. Her living down South, it doesn't happen much. The way they move together, through space and time, is pure art. Better than art. They're like dance-skaters. She takes a shower and washes her graying red hair while he does push-ups in the hallway outside the bathroom door. They scream above the shower, talking about wind-surfing and gardening and TV re-runs and blackberry pies. They're characters, they are. Cy makes coffee and Ruth hunts around the kitchen for some cognac or Kahlua or whatever. "You know, Ruthie, I stopped with that stuff." "Yea. And airplanes can't fly." "Well, alright, But I keep it in a box up a tree. So I really have to want it bad." "Oh god, Cy! You're flipping out! Just keep drinking until you're done. Another week or year or two is all the same. Just wait until you're done. Then you're done. No rule you make is as strong as your life!" "Blah! Blah! This works good for ole Mr. Cy. Besides, really, I don't drink any more." They drink creamy coffee. Then they decide to walk for a while. Up is where Ruth always heads. "My legs work great when I start out. But I need gravity on the way home." Ruth is a smidgen over six feet tall. She moves a little like an ostrich. Cy says: "You are truly one of the only young people I know. Not that I have a lot of friends." Ruth bends over and gives him a forehead kiss. Cy gives her ass a little pop. They decide to walk up and see where the backhoes and crawlers and dump trucks are creating new potential building sites. Ruth shakes her head as a pear tree is uprooted and pushed onto a pile. "Are we supposed to walk straight through here? Or can we go around? This is what I call 'heavy metal.'" "Amen and a half. Every night I think about sabotaging those yellow monsters. I'm not sure what stops me. I know people got to live somewhere-- but the process is so ugly. So violent. I simply cannot get a hold on it." "It's like deconstructive surgery. First make it flat. Then make it square. Very crude. Reminds me a little of my close friend Thomas." "You still hanging with that big ox. Amazing! It truly is." "Amazing grace is what it is. Some times crude. Some times very square. But Thomas is my main squeeze. He looks to you like an ox. But he comes on to me like a bull." Ruth and Cy speak often about animals. They walk back to Cy's house. When Ruth goes potty, Cy climbs up the maple and gets his alcohol stash. Ruth is smiling and buttoning her jeans. "Thank you, my man. It is always good to have a pre-brunch sip to get the taste buds active." They leave again and walk toward town. "I presume you're still walking the tightrope with Mark?" "Nope. Not any more. I kicked the habit. Cold turkey I am. I got up to here with his constant rages. He's too morbid. He just plain wore me down. I don't believe he knows the

difference between loving and hurting. They're a two-headed ax to Mark. It seemed no matter which head fell I got a deep gash." "I'd say that was a long, long, long time coming. So, you getting any action these days?" "Well, my dear Ruth, I'll give you three guesses and the first two don't count. I see you give up, I, your friend Cy, am spending the odd evening with--a--female." "A what? Will wonders ever cease. Why you corrupt dudel Give me five, three ways." "Yes, Ma'am, I am." "Tell me more. And skip no detail!" "She's pretty, of course. Spanish blood. Gorgeous brown eyes. She usually has one braid down to her shoulder blades. Mind you, we're only investigating each other. Her name is Monica. And she'll be 20 this month." "Nineteen years old! Oh my God! You leap from the frying pan into the fire. You're one of a kind, Cy." Ruth and Cy enter the New Moon Café. It's still morning. There are three young kids in a corner booth. The only other people are two men. The one is hanging on the other. Cy says: "Doesn't that guy look like Sal?" "Yeah. But in miniature." Only Sal's head is showing above the table. When he gestures they go over. Very Weird what is happening between Sal and the other man. Like a cat who has a paw on a captured mole. Sal was the mole. His lips begin to move, in a raspy whisper: "Yesterday afternoon, Diane went into the hospital for a brain scan. The doctors wouldn't let me be with her. It was crazy. They took her away for three hours. Without telling me they started giving her chemotherapy. Finally, they let me in. Her eyes were vacant. They had put her in a straightjacket. Because she had started screaming and scratched a nurse. She begged me to take her away. I'm gonna die, Sal. Get me outta here, please!" Sal looks up, only with his eyes. "What could I do?" She was begging me. I said, "Diane, is this what you want?" "Please, sal, I'm begging you. Take me away from this place!" It got very quiet in there. With his tongue Sal wets his lips. The waitress is standing by the table where the kids are. She is taking everything in. "So, I did it. Took off that stupid jacket and picked her up in my arms. Diane weighed nothing. I stole my own wife out of the hospital. I took her to our place. She was in bad pain. We talked and talked and cried. I tried to comfort her. I thought I did the right thing. She died about an hour ago. In our bed. Just lying there. Cold on the sheets." Ruth put her arm out. Sal lays his hands and head on it. She lifts him up, just like that. Like he is a puppet. He is whimpering. "What am I going to do? I have no strength. I'm almost dead myself." It was true. Sal was hardly breathing. His body seemed deflated and his chest was closed tight as a fist. Cy is feeling for him. But he doesn't let it show. "No way man! You got babies over there. They've got no mother. They got only you. I see you're hurting but you

still need to come back and be strong for those kids." "I can't. I've got no life in me to help myself! You two help me. I'm going to die too. Help me." Ruth looks down at Sal and lifts him up to his feet. Then she lets go. For an instant Sal just balances. Like a wave. With her fist, like a hammer, she strikes his heart. Sal's eyes widen and his arms spread out and his mouth opens. Then he drops back down. Cy and Ruth go back to their chairs. "Ruth, that was a wonderful thing you just did. If he survives this ordeal, a lot will be because of you." "I don't know what happened. It was out of my control." "That was love. That was real love what just happened." "I'm not sure what that was, Cy. But I think we better go. I can't eat anything right now." When they get to the door, Sal stands up. He moves towards them, with the other guy right behind, looking very angry. Ugly angry. Sal says: "You know, Ruth, I got severe asthma. What are you doing hitting me like that. I could have a bad attack right now. You'd be responsible." The angry man, who is Diane's father, says: "What insensitive people you are! I think you need someone to punch you in the chest!" Then they leave.

David Koteen

Recollecting Rain

I. I remember rain in the alley, General Hospital and blue scrubs on ABC. So many liaisons in supply closets. The smell of sultry heavings permeates Nana's front parlor. Even the umbrella slouches against the door jamb, like someone needing a slow smoke after a heated night between the sheets with a relentless lover. Desire in pleats propped against the peeling wood, all folded in on itself.

II. I want to look away, out the window, across to the porch where my Aunt Helen rocks back and forth back and forth to the voices she hears in her head. She keeps time with her untarnished white sneakers, the only pure thing in this house of coal dust.

The porch records those voices in the climb of the clematis, in the shrivel of Sweet Williams in the terra cotta planter, in the droop of the Maidenhair fern over the railing. Shards of broken Yuengling bottles linger on the ledge.

A cigarette slowly melts, perched in the pout of my Aunt Helen's lips. A tissue wadded and wet in her housecoat pocket, she shreds it between thumb and forefinger on beat one of the Strauss waltz unspooling in her head. She checks her palm for stigmata, waiting for the ooze of blood to take over her lifeline.

III. Nana has no use for an umbrella. Her pocketbook houses her Estee Lauder lipstick, a pint of whiskey she will deliver to Catherine on Sunday, and a plastic rain bonnet from the auction down in Frackville. Baptism from the heavens she calls the rain. Thunder lures her out onto the back stoop. She ties that plastic rain bonnet tight under her chin, protecting her perm from the deluge. She abandons her shoes in the crabgrass and clover and kaleidoscope her body between the raindrops. I watch her tilt her Lithuanian chin up to the sky, close her eyes, and let the rain rattle down her face, give her hammer toes a good dousing. Soak the daisies on her housedress until she becomes a whole meadow out there, barefoot and blooming, radiant with rain.

Marianne Peel

Bleed it Dry

The blood of my desire
Has dried on my hands
I touch her knowingly
She recoils and points
There's a distinct
handprint on her ivory
dress

I guess the blood hasn't
dried
My desire seeps out to her
Soon the whole dress is
red
My desire covers her arms
and neck and hair

Will she desire me?
I stand, waiting to be
touched
Waiting to be covered in
it
But she says thank you
When she walks away
I see her twirl in her now
crimson dress

Was that all she needed?
All she cared about?
Stealing my desire
Bleeding it dry
And leaving without a to-
do

What am I left with
But more desire
For the next
Oh god, don't let there be
more
Who take and take
failing to give me the
same
For I don't know how long
I can let
Her bleed it dry

Isabel Caldwell

The New Begins

Deep disco vibes
The body never
lies
Memories fade out
Beats get faster
Prayers come true

She of a thousand
daisies
She of a thousand
blooms
She of a feeling
Remembering and
forgetting

Opening and
closing
Changing skin
A new name reveals
itself
From East to West

Once a wild child,
untamed
A new dream
reveals itself.

Fergul Cirpan



Caitlin Oliver

Zeitgeist (the way of the world)

It seemed like a good time to take a break. It was 5 in the morning, and no one was listening, no one was caring, no one even knew I was around or had anything to say, so I thought I could say anything to the computer I felt like saying. What does a computer know? What we tell it to know. It knows what we know and it thinks exactly the way we think. And it's mindless, Non-judgmental, impersonal to a fault, and completely on hold until we give it something to hold on to and say: "Remember what I just said or did." (Save) Works real good. It's too good though, I'm afraid. Can you spell "recent"?

Recent is a computing operation that puts you back where you left off with something you were saying or doing on your device Very, very handy. And also very, very telling. Telling? Tell who? Google. It's on the cloud now. Well so what? they organize my calendar sync my phone to my computer, crank it all into every app I use, and make computing so much easier. One day I get a message from Google. " How did you enjoy your visit to Zumwalt Park?" They knew exactly where I was and exactly when I was there, and if I took any pix in the park they know exactly what those were too. Well so what, it helps Google photos keep track of my pics and organize 'em. That's good. It'll even organize 'em by content. Yeah, but they know exactly where everyone is, when they are there, and what they're looking at. Can you spell "algorithm?" Algorithms are what run all intelligent devices. For the uninitiated, they're patterns of thought, behavior, and action that are used to program every computer action. Well so what? Who even cares about what I do or say or think or where I'm at when I do it? I'm harmless so I'm not gonna get in any trouble. Works for me. Algorithms are great. They're like money. And everyone knows, at least where I come from: Money is God. True, alllllll true, and nothing could be more true. Now. When the conversation centers on money--morals, actions, ends, means, ethics, justice, all kinds of things--even life and death--come up in the conversation. Flashback: In 1990 I was getting my degree at Berkeley. The www was born in 1990. www is not the internet, it's a collection of servers on the internet. There was a big debate about whether to make the internet commercial or not, or just use the internet superhighway for information for the general public and leave the money out. There were two students there at Berkeley working on their Masters degree at the time, and their masters thesis was around the idea that you didn't really need mainframe computers to use the internet. You could network all the personal computers people were starting to buy and use them instead, and it would do the job even better. They were right. They built a search engine to prove it. They called it Inktomi, named after the mythical spider that spun webs. They knew they were onto something and they dropped out of Berkeley and ran with it. This was before PCs had windows. Inktomi became Hotbot. Hotbot became Google. What is important for us to know, though, is that the internet was an informational web (Arpanet) designed by the US department of Defense (DoD) to ensure continued communication between the brains (universities) Governments (state local and federal) and industries in the event of a third world war. If they blew up New York, we'd have a way around it. It they blew up a command center, we'd have a way around it. This is where the internet came from, and it was through phone lines and it still is based on the phone system but now satellites, fiberoptic cable, and many more media come into it, including those that have been shielded from us. The important thing to know though is that because all of that infrastructure is still there and still working and algorithms have taken over every aspect of modern living as we know it, that no one's life is private, no one's choices are their own; they are what have been doled out to us, and all that we know and do with this technology--- amongst ourselves and by ourselves--is being controlled by money, government, and the power brokers who control the average person's destiny. And so you say, well big deal, so what else is new? What is new is how people born with computers at their fingertips and phones in their hands think about the world. Consider these words: Your thoughts determine your ideas. Your ideas determine your values. Your values determine your actions. And your actions determine your destiny. What do you think about that? Where do you get your values? How do your actions reflect those values? It's important to know the answer to the last question, because the world as we know it is the direct result of the things we say and do--- collectively, all around the world, every day, every minute. This, importantly, propels history into the future: Our sons, our daughters, our loved ones. And everything we know and care about. Don't like the way the world is going? If it bugs you, change it. You're supposed to be able to. It's still a democracy here.

fredX

Sweet Tea

Blessed holy sweet tea
Carry me
On through to the other side
Inside my mind
To travel about
Untangling my own misguided truths
To see
And be set free
To find inner peace
And release

Mackenzie

Raw

Nothing quite like it
the rush I induce
big words
bigger feelings
I'm as deep as the pacific
but like a still lake I reflect you
exposing
all the facets and fallacies
that build you up
like I do your ego
too frail
surely
to handle the likes of me
so go
fleet like the fox you said I was
a conquest in your eyes
is a lesson learned in mine
and as I've come to find out
size does matter
maybe that's why you're so indecisive?
which ends up being okay
as I like to decide for myself nowadays

Brinnley Watts

Lemonade

I could hold on to July forever
to be able to share it with you
to watch you squeeze me like a lemon
shaken not stirred
as you quench your thirst for the juice that flows is believe it or not
far sweeter than my words
no sugar added
forget high fructose corn syrup
you won't need it just me
based on assessment the raw material is quite delicious
good enough to lull you into a false sense of security
convinced that I'm the one at the very least
I'll be the best lemonade you'll ever have
everything sour in comparison

Brinnley Watts

3:08am

I stay up just as late sometimes
even after quitting the swing shift that
turned grave at home
cleaning to be able to cook again and then
sometimes
cleaning up again
after I just got off 10
"Do you want açai for dinner"
sure
as I'm walking home to wash the still dirty food processor from last night's bowl
as I wash it again I'll ask it to process my feelings
I don't have the energy for processing
let alone an açai bowl at 2am
yet you still stand there and watch me cut the fruit
like the truth I cut along with it
its been shorter than it's felt
and longer than necessary for me to stay up late for myself
and now the only person I have to beg
to brush their teeth
actually looks at me in the mirror

Brinnley Watts



Yazzie