





Graffiti magazine

Graffiti Magazine is the property of **Graffiti Publishing** — a Non-Profit Organization, registered in the *State of Oregon*.

Our purpose is to Celebrate and Support The Arts.

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How do I get published in Graffiti?

The preferred method for sending us your written and/or visual art is to use the **Submission Form** on our website: graffiti-magazine.com.

As a secondary option, you may email us directly at: submissions@graffiti-magazine.com.

Submission Guidelines:

- 1) Written work should not exceed 1,000 words.
- 2) Visual works are to be sent in JPEG/PNG/PDF format, and be in Black & White/Grayscale.
- 3) Works must be original, created by you.

Advertising: Page 8
Places to find Graffiti: Page 11

We are grateful. Without you, the artist, there is no us — Thank you!

On the Cover

Hand-torn collage image built from textured and typographic imagery, inspired by travel and a return to tactile creation - by *Tiffany Smith*

GRAFFITI DREAMS OF HUMAN ART

Graffiti Magazine is owned by a "Group of Ten" and we have chairs open. If you are interested in being an owner of a fun, community-focused, art-loving publication, send an email to info@graffiti-magazine.com and the details will be sent to you.

Now, onto other thoughts...

"What is Art?"

Personally, it is as simple as the phrase I have long heard:

Art is in the eye of the beholder.

Is robot-created output art? Again, that is for the individual to decide.

Back (way back) in Graffiti Issue #5 it was believed that robot-created art was published in the magazine. It was not announced as such, but since it was thought to be it was interesting to discuss the mystery of whether it actually was.

Our online submission form asks for confirmation that your work is/was a creation by you. This is more about acknowledging that the work is original, not plagiarized. It could also be expanded to include the requirement that the work be human-created.

What of this mentality...

"I created it because I came up with the words prompting the machine to generate it. I also went through iterations, to refine the final product. So, I created it."

So back to the question, "Is robot-created output art?"

Yes, it is art and I might someday hang robot-output on my wall. For Graffiti though, at least while I am curating the submissions, I want to dismiss the machines. I want Graffiti to celebrate and support humans, their time, their emotions, and the non-robot skills they use to express themselves. So, for the love of flesh+blood-imagination, laughs and tears... let it flow.

- Morgan

FREEDOM?

John Zerzan

More info at johnzerzan.net, including archived Anarchy Radio broadcasts.

"Man was born free, and is everywhere in chains" is the famous opening line of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *Social Contract* (1762). Ever since the Enlightenment, Western culture has presented itself decidedly as a culture of freedom. Slavoj Žižek (2009) put it this way: "The ultimate question is thus: in what kind of universe is freedom possible? What ontology does freedom imply?"

Freedom is a concept of many meanings and many, often differing dimensions. On the psychological plane, per Erich Fromm, true freedom is the spontaneous, rational activity of the integrated personality. Forces beyond one's control may take away everything, except the freedom to choose how to respond to the condition of unfreedom, according to Victor Frankl and others.

Democracy has been touted as the growth of freedom around the world. Democratic states, indeed all states, base their legitimacy through their citizens' sacrifice of their freedom. In Rousseau's *Social Contract*: "The moment a people allows itself to be represented it is no longer free."

Francis Fukuyama's glorious "end of history" thesis (1992) finds its realization in the state as ideal democracy. More to the point is *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, Nietzsche's 1883 offering, which referred to the state as the "coldest of all cold monsters" that "tells lies in all the languages of good and evil."

Perversely, Timothy Snyder's *On Freedom* (2025) declares that "freedom justifies government." The word is, of course, a watchword of American identity. That seems to have slipped considerably since Thomas Jefferson, owner of over one hundred slaves, penned our primary freedom document, the Declaration of Independence.

"Modern history could reasonably be written as a period of struggles for freedom," according to S.A. Barnett (1988). True enough, but in what sense are we more free? Zygmunt Bauman's observed that sociology developed as "a 'science of unfreedom' first and foremost" (1988). The utopia of the ascendant bourgeoisie was its idea of freedom. Another take comes from Dipesh Chakrabarty (2009), for whom the idea of freedom actually arises and corresponds with the emergence of fossil fuels as primary mode of energy, namely freedom of movement (!).

Those who talk the most about human freedom seem most blindly subject to its social determination. "I'm not political" routinely indicates who is most deeply in thrall to the dominant absence of freedom, who unconsciously accepts what prevails.

Freedom, like community, is a word without content. Amid the overall breakdown, reality stands revealed. Coldness, isolation, ill health on a contaminated planet, in the technosphere.

Countless books on free will do not mention the defining contemporary fact of what is left of life: technology and the tech society. A few (Heidegger, Ellul) saw its totalizing, dehumanizing nature and advance, decades ago. Andrew Bard Schmockler (1984) stated, "There can be no doubt that the development of technology has been a central factor in the overall evolution of civilization." The overall failure of the latter exposes the nature of the tech juggernaut all the more.

As the Situationists concluded, "The society that abolishes adventure makes the abolition of society the only adventure!"

2026

CICERO (FINAL DREAMS OF THE TEPID TONER)

Justin Rodermond

*long tall sally
rand mcnally
carmsandiego
and ariel pink*

THINKING ABOUT DIRT

The fog is heavy and the sky is your-grandma's-plate-silver-at goodwill gray. It's hovering around 40 toe-freezing degrees, and everything is damp. If it is something that can rust or mold or rot, it is rusting, molding, and/or rotting. The spider-web-thin crack on the windshield is inching farther and farther away from its pock of origin every time the glass is frosty in the morning. It's too cold for bugs. They're all under rocks, being gross and grubby and thinking about how many millions of bug babies they're gonna have, as soon as it's warm enough to get outside and finally meet someone new. Who knows, maybe it will be different this time. There are plenty of bugs in the sea, so to speak. Even the cheerful sea-glass-green hummingbirds sit fluffed on the dead ends of the grapevines, grumpy and hunched as pissed off little thimbles. The last of the fall flowers have become black stalks from the recent freeze, and now they lean over their beds, exhausted. Done. Everything looks tired and chewed up by winter, except the blackberry brambles. They're amassing their forces, sharpening their thorns for war while all lesser beings cower.

It's the perfect day to get out into the garden.
No, I mean it!

Under the gray sky, into the not-raining, not-not-raining weather, into two layers of long-sleeved shirts and some gritty garden shoes, out we go into the chill.

Breathe deep. Smell that? It's not the smell of spring. But it's the smell of the world tipping towards the possibility of spring. It smells like trees dreaming about green. I'm weak-in-the-knees for gardening days like these. Your hands and feet turn to insensate blocks of cold meat. The knees of your jeans turn black and soak through, and so does your butt. Or maybe that's just my butt, because I end up sitting down directly onto the wet earth.

I get down into the garden beds, and sit close to weed around the hydrangeas and lilacs and forsythias. I scooch myself closer, nose to the loam. That's the good shit— ahh, huff it in. There's nothing like that fresh-cold-dirt smell. Nothing like those phytochemicals that come exploding out when you turn over last season's compost or get a long grass runner out of someplace deep and black. That's the hit of carbon that goes straight to your head—unadulterated photosynthesis.

Yep. A perfect day for gardening till all your joints ache. A day for touching the drowsy winter dirt and praising the brave little greens that are thriving out there: the dandelions, the grass roots, the teeny baby mints poking their sweet faces out around the base of their grandma's dead woody stalks, the frilly california poppies, and all the sticky little weeds that get an early start on the year. They're trying to get their foot in the door before the job (dirt) market gets flooded with daylight, and then every seed, sprout and berry will try and get their piece of black gold. The cold grass is wet and soft enough that I don't even need a tool, I can use my bare hands to mole down into the loam. I rip up the grass runners and the stickygrass, but I leave everybody else. Hang in there, little buddies.

Don't be fooled by the fact that I'm out here in the rain, hands blackened up to the elbows, damp and grinning, blowing kisses to the dandelions. I'm an awful gardener. Truly, god-awful. Cursed. I'm haunted by the ghosts of trees and shrubs and vegetable starts that I failed to husband as I should. I've forgotten trays of cucumbers on the driveway and left them to fry. I was too wimpy to thin out the pears and the whole tree snapped right in half. I couldn't remember if blueberries hated or loved acidic soil so they died a tragic death, either over-or-under acidified. My lettuce bolts into bitter spears. I can't bear to cage my tomatoes and they sprawl and spoil. Nutria eat my acorn squash. Even my kitchen window aloe looks jaundiced, like she longs to return to a place where proper gardeners understand her needs. I pat her comfortingly when I snip off one of her tentacles to treat a burn with her slime. "Sorry babe, I'm all you've got."

If a plant comes into my life and can't handle my benign neglect, it just wasn't meant to be. Girl, I'm not going to water you every day. Week. Month. Whatever. Sheesh, so needy.

As a gardener, I'm fond of the kinds of plants that don't give a shit about me. A wall of rosemary. A willow. Strawberries taking over the gravel path, in spite of getting trod on daily. Honeysuckle blocking the kitchen window. An invasion of thornless blackberry, or an expedition of grapevines up the side of the house, yanking the gutter pipes off the siding. Tomatillos growing literally everywhere— up through bricks and across the lawn, jumpscaring me by looking a little too much like their killer cousin, deadly nightshade.

I like a plant like rhubarb. She's just out there, doing her thing. Long rosy pink legs, southern belle green frills on her skirty leaves. A little poisonous, maybe. But she's heaven in a pie.

I like that feline attitude in a plant, like it's only nominally domesticated. Oregano, thyme, lemon balm, mint, gooseberry, wild rose, jerusalem artichoke, wild geranium, chamomile, calendula, sage, juniper. These cats will deign to grow in my yard, but don't need me. They do fine on their own. We're cohabitating in the dirt— I'm out there with my fingers in it, rooting around, and so are they. Just much, much slower. I respect that.

Really, I'm in it for the dirt.

R.A. Davis

With old Mormon roots in Utah, R.A.Davis grew up in Washington DC and The Hague. After studying Folklore at UC Berkeley, she has spent her adult life teaching, writing, and mucking about in Hawaii, Japan, and Oregon.

She has a forthcoming memoir with BCC press about family life after suicide, and she overshares at Malihini-view.blogspot.com

THE CORE

Sara Dombrosky

 chatty_writer6666

*He calls me bunny
And for that reason
I know that he's never
Truly looked at me.
Because if he did
He would see this
Ingrained feral intensity.*

*When he looks in my eyes,
They're button black and wide.
The wild devolved
From them.*

*If he dove deeper
He'd come upon
The pools
Of swirling liquid amber.
Mad with the curse
Of knowing too much
And never enough.*

*Yet....
I know
Too much.
I've seen
Too much.
He rarely gives pause,
He seldom takes a breath.
But when he does
The words that flow from my lips
Are woven in a verbal cacophony.
Threaded together
Darting backwards
And forwards
Along the loom.
Weaving tapestries
Of the little madnesses
That plague my every
Waking thought.*



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Turn it up!

by Aaron Solbeck



It's easy to think of 2016 as one of the worst year's in the history of modern music as we lost David Bowie, Prince, George Michael, Phife Dawg, Glenn Frey and others. I'd like to share some of the positive contributions to that tragic year. Each of these groups continue to make new music today, but I'm partial to their work from a decade ago.



The Olympians



The Olympians

Released: October 28, 2016

Tracks: 11

Instrumental soul

Track one of the self-titled Olympians sets the stage for this powerhouse instrumental soul album. Sirens of Jupiter has a seventies feel orchestrated by smooth horns that give way to light woodwinds. I envision a long-bodied convertible Lincoln Continental sliding down the Pacific Coast Highway outside of San Diego, sun setting over the water, and warm ocean air. If this is the vibe you're looking for give the Olympians a listen.

IV



BADBADNOTGOOD

Released: July 8, 2016

Tracks: 11

Known for collaborations in jazz and hip hop.

Most of IV from BADBADNOTGOOD is instrumental jazz, but my favorite track includes lyrics from Future Islands frontman, Samuel T Herring. His unmistakable, enchanting voice lays over the instrumentation of this song like a fine bourbon poured slowly over a cube of ice. Hard to believe it's a collaboration of talents. Takes me to a bustling sidewalk, calmly swimming upstream in slow motion amidst the chaos of faceless passersby.

Sea of Noise



St. Paul and the Broken Bones

Released: September 9, 2016

Tracks: 15

Alabama soul and rock and roll

Sanctify is the standout star of this album. It starts with a sultry, smokey sound and then washes over you with horns and vocal emotion. Drops me right into a stylish, dimly lit bar with carpeted walls and dark wood booths. St Paul and the Broken Bones are well known for their live performances and will be playing the Cuthbert this August alongside Trombone Shorty.

STICKY EMOTIONS

Stephen Thoemmes  alpinelake1@gmail.com

Like any other day, we're walking down an aisle at Safeway here in Cottage Grove. A woman stops and says, "That's a gorgeous dog." I say, "That's very kind of you, thank you. Her name is Daisy." We both continue walking, a sunny spot hovering over our hearts.

At the back of the store, the large walkway at the end of all the aisles. I'm checking the day-old bakery rack while a young woman with 3 small children walk by. The children get excited squeal a little bit and approach us. The mother stops them cold saying "That's a K-9 police dog, don't go near it." I smile at her and gently say, "This is only Daisy, my service dog." Daisy, being a German Shepherd, doesn't seem to comfort her much.

Placed my groceries on the belt and the cashier says, "Hi Daisy" with a new smile. I say hello. "She's so well trained, so much better than some of the things that come in here." I thank her, compliment her on her necklace and hair. I ask about her health as I've been troubled that last week she had been looking flushed and weak. She said that she was too warm from spending too much time outside corralling shopping carts. I say that I'm sorry and wish her kindness from everyone she meets. This trip to the market was nice. No stress, and lots of shiny spots.

We leave and begin to cross the main driveway as an older man, in his huge Emotional Support Truck, whips down an aisle and turns right. Right towards us. He hits his brakes hard. I look up at him on his high throne for no more than 2 seconds. He gives me the finger. I smile, shake my head, and keep walking. His truck squeals its tires as he rushes off, as if on a boulevard and not in a parking lot.

That left a dent in the fender of my mood.

Late that night my pity for the old man took a dark turn. I was angry at his ignorance. An old man in a gigantic spotless white pickup truck had to brake hard for another old man. The driver had no concern for why I had a service dog, only for the fact that I had interrupted his flashy and too fast exit out of the parking lot.

I flashed back on 17 years of responding to wrecks on a lone desert highway leading to Las Vegas. Men, women, and... children. Bodies in unnatural positions, cries of agony, children's cries of fright, from some bodies no cries at all. Those years left dents all over my autistic brain. Autos vs humans, autos always win.

I tried to pull today's dent out of me. It took a while.

Next bright morning over tea and watching my Daisy lay across my feet with the sun pouring in on both of us. I took inventory of yesterday's feelings. There were so many more shiny spots than that one dent. So why did the dent count so much more? Because it put my forward movement of living into a hole. The negative experience was such a spiritual energy drain that I allowed it to cloud over the shiny spots.

Yes, it takes no energy to be dented and angry. It takes bright energy to see the person trying to dent my life and understand that he is suffering and cannot climb out of the deep dent that is his life.

I'd rather have the sticky emotions like Buckwheat honey on toast, than the diesel exhaust of anger. Or Daisy's muzzle and tongue trying to comfort me when I panic in the night. The freely given smile, the compliment, the clear open eye looking with love at another human being. And the dog's clear, and deep love for its human charge. These are the best sticky points. Life is beautiful.

BROKEN DOWN

Ashlie Sparks

I give my heart with fullest love, a gift of grace from deep within.

Embarrassed by the weight of it, yet held without a trace of sin, for the edge where feelings fray, and shadows of the descend, I see the shame that boils away in darkness that may never end.

But I will stand where spirits break, beneath the storm and heavy sky, to understand the path you take. And catch the tears before they dry. Like a weeping willow, soft and wide, my branches drape to keep you warm, with nothing left for you to hide, I will be your shelter in the emotional storm.



James Otter

TRAUMA

James Otter

Trauma doesn't make everyone into a comedian

*It doesn't always birth a brilliant writer
Or passionate producer of profound artists*

*Trauma needs to stop being treated like a super
power*

It's an inhibition

It's pain

It's valid

*You're valid if you don't want to joke about it
If you can't insert it into everyday conversations*

*Trauma isn't something you have to laugh about
It needs to be respected*

Triggers aren't the same thing as disagreements

*A trigger can freeze a person or make them cry
It can send them into a catatonic silence*

*Mental illness as a whole needs to be taken more
seriously*

*Don't expect everyone to laugh about suicide
Or to laugh about disease*

*Respect scars
People shut down
People get angry
People shake sometimes in some scenarios*

*Pain should be respected not mocked
Just because you can joke about it
Doesn't mean everyone else can*

Or wants to

*Folks want to be seen and believed
They want to be heard not talked over
Folks want to be respected not expected to put
their intense reactions aside for your comfort*

*Don't look down on the serious ones
Don't talk down to the survivors*

“I want to support the local arts”

You can do that, and promote your product, service, or cause with an ad in Graffiti Magazine.



Founded in January 2023, we are a nonprofit organization that makes a free, bi-monthly publication (one every two months) featuring creative works such as Poetry, Fiction, Nonfiction, Drawings, Photography, etc.

We print our newsprint, tabloid-style magazine and then distribute it to popular, people-gathering locations — like coffeehouses, theaters, bookstores, and shops — in Lane County, Oregon.

We invite you to advertise in our magazine and support the effort to foster a community of creativity.

See our website for Ad Sizing and Rates, www.graffiti-magazine.com, or email us at: ads@graffiti-magazine.com

Quench Your Thirst

Graffiti is icy cold, to momentarily freeze your brain. No High Fructose Syrup and no Yellow Dye No.5. It's packed with electrolytes to keep you jumping around like a kangaroo.

PRIORI

David Koteen  youtube.com/watch?v=rjHolXmPqVQ

“...a priori is wisdom of anagrams...”

....Sprout & Stupor & Proust sailed off in adventure: Sprout says: always return to beginning ...from there's yr 1st conception...

while Stupor grabbed at imaginary dragon fly, throatedly whispered: smoke it...drink it...snort & shoot it...shove it up yer arse...

Proust pondered, perplexed stroked oddly his silver-splattered beard...mumbled melancholic: “love is time's excuse for continuation”...

Sprout splashed: nothin good bouts gittin olda... blush of love is what we're afta...

Stupor thought: stupid they are...inebriation together is primordial urge...

Proust snored in dream of lost memory...

...wisdom of anagrams is a priori...

IN BETWEEN

Suzanne Brandon

*Just tell me what you want to say.
It's all going to come out anyway.
You can't even hide your shame;
It's coursing through your very veins.*

*Darting eyes and plastered smiles.
You haven't seen me in quite a while.
We're still the same, at least we say,
In between the things we crave.
Hide it all, look away.
Just tell me what you want to say.*

*Standing there won't change what's destined.
You haven't even learned your lesson.
Sealed your fate with pure aggression,
Led astray through your obsession.
You can't say it; the words just fade.
In between the things we crave.
Hide it all, look away.
Just tell me what you want to say.*

*We don't know what we even want for;
Conditioned to just want more and more.
It's a bone-deep type of despair;
Not even one sleep can repair.
So here we lay, day by day,
In between the things we crave.
Hide it all, look away.
Just tell me what you want to say.*

EUGENE

Tony Brown @tboradb

Subarus roll past the Pie Lady at the Saturday Market, while Genghis Khan sits in a downtown Bakery that used to have a different name, drinking black coffee and planning his upcoming attack against the Whit.

On a foggy morning, a runner wearing all green and yellow jogs past an old hippie wearing a tie dye Grateful Dead t-shirt, flip flops, and a country fair hat complete with peacock feather.

There is a protest of some sort going on around the corner, but I can't understand what they are shouting, but their signs are very colorful and someone's in a blow up dinosaur costume.

It's raining and 50 degrees as I take part in a walk to see art on the first Friday of the month.

A river runs through it.

A bicyclist circles Alton Baker Park while searching for the perfect place to conduct a pet seance.

There's a Glorious line outside my favorite Vegetarian Breakfast joint this morning, so I just head over for a pink doughnut instead.

The center of the Eugene kingdom is the library with its legion of mounted guards protecting it at all costs.

Seated in a red chair made of recycled materials from that place that has second hand home stuff, I see a turkey vulture flying overhead that is being followed by a squadron of ducks flying in an O formation.

Nicolas Cage stares at me from a balcony, and now he also follows me around the side of the building.

The crowd roars at Autzen and Hayward Fields simultaneously.

A song I've heard before plays at the Outdoor amphitheater, while puffs of smoke rise near the last row of concert goers.

Tell me you saw Nirvana or Pearl Jam play at the Woodsman hall. I won't believe you.

Ken Kesey is always reading a book downtown.

In a dream, the ghost of Pre says 'Stop the swoosh!' In a side dream, I'm on a float that looks like a sea lion in a celebration parade way above the ground over some shady lane.

Meet me at the bookstore. The one with pinball machines. No not that one, the other one.

I take a swig of "Insert favorite local craft beer" here at a garden of beer.

Standing in the rain forests of the Amazon I look west to a green hill, then back the other way, I see three sisters chatting about snow potential.

A person who I do not know asks me if I can spare a dollar. His dog is wearing a nicer coat than he is.

There is a mural of a tiger downtown. If you stare at it just right, you can almost see glimpses of another universe in which potatoes/Idaho never existed.

Tourists with umbrellas congregate around a market near 5th Street.

The latest hit Broadway show, The Oregon Trail, is playing at the Center for performing arts with its original cast.

On the news, another mushroom hunter is lost in the forest.

The Current Slug Queen rides a unicycle down Willamette while playing a flute.

We Grab another coffee (and a vegan cookie) from an almost Hidden Bakery, and hike up the butte for a view of the world.





“Untitled” by Rachael Hillenius

WHAT A PAIR OF DICKS!



dearworld.thecomicstrip.org

Rise with...



ALLIANCE



MARKUS

Johnny Too Much

*A sure sign of spring
my kitchen onion looks on
with its one green probe*

*The sailors in town
when looking for a deli
she said she'd be one*

*The colors abroad
A million pounds of sun
falling on the earth*

THE GREATEST LAKE

macgeálai  macgealai@gmail.com

*Whence on a walk, on sunny day
With a head of fog and feet of clay
I passed beyond a stand of trees
And bathed myself in gentle breeze.
A sweet relief as the day grew hotter
And lo! Before me, this body of water.
I could not stand it anymore
And so I rushed down to the shore,
But on the way my eyes espyed
An untouched garden on the other side.
Though bright the day and skies were clear
I could not see well from over here.
It looked to me in short summation
To be the land of my salvation.
And nearly did I jump right in
Without surveying if I could swim.
The waters were dark and murky and cold
They concealed a secret vicious and old
And know I much, of ancient lore
I paused right there a moment more.
Long and tough I tarried there
And soon enough stripped myself bare.
I dipped a toe and found it striking
But overall not to my liking.
Still go I must 'cross cursed lake
It's for the good for goodness sake.
I stood there shaking and will not lie
A descending sadness made me cry.
A single tear fell and splashed on the surface.
And in that bright moment I knew it's purpose.
This lake was not fed by river or creek,
But by every soft tear that fell from my cheek.*



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Check out our website for events and ongoing series including Hitchcock, Film Noir, Musicals, Queer Cinema, Horror, Anime, Art Docs, Crafter's Movie Nights and more!



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Graffiti Magazine

Below is the list of dedicated drop spots to pick up a copy of Graffiti.

Eugene

- Art House Theater
- Broadway Metro Theater
- Caffé Pacori
- Dark Pine Coffee
- Equiano Coffee
- Glass House Coffee Bar
- Hodgepodge Books & Taps
- House of Records
- J. Michaels Books
- La Mouette Bread Shop
- Laughing Planet (760 Blair Blvd.)
- Laurelwood Golf Course - "The Pub"
- Luckey's Club
- Max's Tavern
- Portal Tea
- Red Barn Grocery
- Rennie's Landing
- Slice Pizzeria (325 Blair Blvd.)
- Sundance Natural Foods
- Sy's Pizza
- The Copy Shop
- Theo's Coffeehouse / Whirled Pies
- Voodoo Doughnuts
- Wandering Goat Coffee

Cottage Grove

- Bookmine
- Coast Fork Brewery & Feed Store
- Cottage Groove Bookstore
- Quarter Drop Arcade

Do you know of a great place for us to drop Graffiti? Is your favorite location all out of copies? Let us know by sending an email to info@graffiti-magazine.com.

SPIDERWEB

Mori Kean

That house of mine was perfectly designed. Possibly my best work, if I may be so bold. I recall fondly how yesterday morning it had been damp, and droplets found themselves sticking to the walls. They glimmered that morning... Yes, what a beautiful sight, that house, as the sun trickled through it. What an exquisite house it was. Stunning in appearance indeed, but in its practicality, too.

It was shaped in such a way that I, whilst idling in the centermost room, could reach any one side in no time at all. That feature was important, you see, because my house (due to its beautiful efficiency) had a multitude of entrances. It might be better to say the whole place was an entrance, so sparse were the walls. For food deliveries! Yes, I get all my food delivered right into my house. No one would ever want to wander all the way from one side to the opposite just to deliver something, so it was designed for every part to be open. How beautiful of a house it was!

This, well, it was a good way for my house to be. My food could practically walk in wherever and whenever it pleased, ready to be eaten. What a perfect place to live! But, I am loath to admit, that supposedly perfect house of mine possessed a single flaw. The only visitors I ever expected were my deliveries, see. I'm not a particularly social person, no, not at all, so there was no need to accommodate guests. In fact, I truly hate anyone else being in my home. They're so bothersome, never treating it with the delicacy it deserves. They always tear my house from its foundation and then have the gall to complain that it made them dirty! How rude! I simply refuse to let guests in unless they have a meal.

This is all to say that, elegant as my house was, I lived in constant fear that someone may stumble in and ruin it with their every touch. No, no, I couldn't have that. What a dreadful thought. But the worst did come to pass. The incident before... Oh, I do apologize for speaking around the matter, it's just that it's so fresh in my mind, having only happened yesterday.

Well, the day had begun on a dull note. This time of year, as the cold weather comes in, I find my days devoid of any entertainment, and even less food. I suppose no one wants to go outside anymore. I am not devoid of empathy for them, but it makes for a very hungry period. Even my food deliveries have suffered, only one every few days or so. How starved I was! You can imagine, yes, the excitement that welled inside me when I heard someone wander in from the southeastern entrance. Yes, so very excited I was to eat, and I was never more grateful than now for how efficient the design of my wonderful house was! I'm sure, then, that you can imagine my discontent when I was met not with any delectable meal but— oh, I shudder thinking about it even now— a *guest*. The thing I despise the most, some visitor had pranced into my home and stuck themselves right in the entryway.

Oh, and this guest was a disgusting one indeed. Tall and large, towering over me. They gloated over their presence in my home, wavering back and forth just slightly but never committing to leaving or entering any further. And the color— how sick it made me feel. It was a nauseating shade of green, the kind you only see in those fluttering things far up in the sky. That's where it must have come from, fallen from the trees just to torment me. Such a revolting creature— if I wasn't so furious that it trampled into my home, I would have been paralyzed with fear. I consider myself quite strong— it was I who built that house from the ground up, you know— but even if I were the weakest of all beings, this stranger didn't seem too hard to beat. They were tall and foreboding, yes, but as I looked closer it seemed they had only grown in one direction; they were unfathomably thin.

So I kicked them! I assumed this would be enough to get them out of the house, but I was proven wrong immediately. No, they stubbornly clung to the floor like a bratty child, grasping at anything it could get a foothold on. How pathetic, I thought! A creature like this, barging into my home unannounced without so much as a hello, and then it throws a tantrum when it's told to get out? What a revolting concept! Angered, I kicked them again! This time there was a bit of movement, but I saw, peering at the creature, that it had uprooted part of the floor as it shifted.

I was enraged, of course, and any apprehension I had before was gone. I kicked more at the creature, and then I screamed and wailed and bit at it. With no reaction, I started dismantling the ground it clung to, hoping for it to trip and fall out of my house. I tore apart the walls, ripping off the paper and cutting down the very foundation of my beautiful house. I began to sob, clawing uncontrollably at the room my guest stole from me, working until the entire section was no longer connected to the main house, and then I watched it crumble and fall to the ground with the guest inside. I wanted it gone! Gone! I didn't care if that the whole room was lost, already it was tainted with that visitor! I kicked one last time at the rubble where it had stood. Begone, guest! Never come back! Let this be a lesson to you and all your kind, never come back!

And, well, that was the end of it. My beautiful house that I had worked so hard on, mutilated by that wretched guest. I stood at the edge of the destruction only for a moment, gazing at what was now an unsightly hole. How tragic, really. All because of that wretched guest.

That house really was perfect before that. Large and round, a perfect spiral going through its webbing. I felt quite mighty when I sat in the center, waiting to feel a fly stumble in. But I suppose it's never good to dwell on such things, that was only yesterday's house. I'm sure the next house I build will be even more beautiful than that one. If it's not, I'll take it down and build my next one. Yes, I love building my beautiful houses.