

**Editor's Note**

Going by the very few pieces that came in, "race in the U.S." as a prompt was a dud. However, I'm happy to report that at the very last minute, some fine work finally did arrive. Have a look and judge for yourself.

I'll be taking a break over the summer. So the next issue of *The Scribbler* will not have a theme and will be edited by Jack O'Neil. He wants to see only poems – no prose. Please send him your poem(s), the ones you love, the ones you hate. Send anything--rejects, unfinished, fragmentary, doggerel. Good stuff also considered. Send material to [poesubsm@gmail.com](mailto:poesubsm@gmail.com) or to Jack O'Neil at 1791 Solano Ave. #D-11, Berkeley, CA 94707.

– Kayla Sussell

**Why Black Lives Matter**

Black lives matter because  
 My skin is black  
 And I am sick and tired of trying to explain  
 How it feels to live inside a black skin  
 How it feels to live  
 My black life  
 What a pallid, broke-ass rallying cry!  
 "Black lives matter!" – Why,  
 I didn't know that! Do tell?!"  
 Naw! My faith resides  
 In those signs that people used to carry  
 During Deep-South demonstrations for civil rights,  
 Fifty years ago. "I am a man."  
 And more to the point, in 2017,  
 I am a woman.  
 Do I have to say it  
 Again and again?  
 Smell this woman's breath, sour with protests  
 That have gone on fifty years. More. Feel my big, busted lips.  
 Look at my teeth, yellow and chipped and crooked.  
 They grind and grind with perdurable rage.  
 I refuse to be pushed to declare  
 To the great democratic American public  
 Again and again (Idiots!)  
 My right to exist  
 As a whole woman or man  
 Going about my own business  
 Peacefully  
 While the big world looks at my black skin  
 And quickly brands me  
 Ignoramus crackhead prostitute criminal junkie thief  
 No! I want only to be myself,  
 Learning to see and hear, to work, to read and write  
 With a free brain and a free tongue  
 I want to love fulsome pine trees and wandering rivers

And dogs whom I bend to greet while I welcome their  
 Exploratory licking of my face  
 I want to bend to rich marigold beds hearty in  
 Hot July sun,  
 And to examine the velvety gray-green lichens  
 Splattering the python roots of venerable stout trees.

I want a fully human life  
 Where my nephews and great-nephews can hold up their heads  
 And be men, and talk, high-head to high-head with anybody,  
 Black or white, and be heard with respect.

I want the daughters to stride through modernity,  
 Heads high, demanding respect from family and  
 The whole great world,  
 Swinging their long brown braids, or  
 Crowned with multi-layered bright cloths,  
 Beehive turbans, green, red, and gold.

They call America the land of the free  
 And even wild animals are protected by law against  
 Wanton slaughter  
 But my son says that it is open season on black men.  
 There is no time of year when our men-children,  
 the most dangerous game,  
 Need not fear.  
 Our sons know that they are the prized trophies of  
 American democracy.

Maybe rich white men will mount  
 Black heads on their walls.  
 And tell their dinner guests,  
 "Look: I went downtown night before last,  
 And shot me a handsome young stud, or a fine young  
 Well-muscled buck."

and so I,  
 a twenty-first century woman in a cellar  
 Bang my black tambourine  
 Against the world's closed door.

– Lois Lyles

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## NEWS FLASH

In Sept. 2017, Clive Matson, Brenda Frazer (Bonnie Bremser), Eila Kokkinen and Jerry Poynton will present at the Paris conference of the European Beat Studies Network, and discuss their friendship with Herbert Huncke, the inspiration of the Beat Generation. Clive will also premier his new long poem, *HELLO PARADISE. PARADISE GOOD-BYE*. To see updates and the list of fund-raising events over the next months, see [matsonpoet.com](http://matsonpoet.com) or Clive's Facebook pages: CliveMatson and also MatsonPoet.

## Workshop Schedule

### CRAZY CHILD WRITING WORKSHOPS

*Set your creative inner self free to write with abandon.*

(fee: \$80 or any donation)

Saturdays 10am - 5pm

July 1, Kentfield (no workshop in August)

September 2, Oakland October 21, Benicia

### MIDDLETOWN "RESILIENCE" WORKSHOP

(fee: \$5 or any donation)

Second Saturday of the month, 12 noon to 5 pm

August 12 (led by Casey Carney), September 9, October 14

Middletown Art Center, Lake County

To register: email Lisa Kaplan at [MiddletownArtCenter@gmail.com](mailto:MiddletownArtCenter@gmail.com)

### 10-WEEK WORKSHOP

(fee: \$400 per session)

poetry  prose  plays  nonfiction

Wednesdays 6:30 to 9:30 pm Temescal District, Oakland

*Current session ends July 19 — New session starts July 26*

Fridays 10am to 1pm Temescal District, Oakland

*New session starts July 30*

### 2-BUSY 2-WRITE

(drop-in writing time)

(fee: \$20 or any donation, like healthy cookies)

Alternate Tuesdays from July 18 on, 7 to 9 pm Temescal District, Oakland

### MARIN POETRY GROUP

(fee: \$400 for 10 weeks)

Currently looking for interested poets!

Meets Thursdays 7 to 9 pm in Kentfield

Limited to five vetted poets — submit to [clive@matsonpoet.com](mailto:clive@matsonpoet.com)

### THE NOVEL'S ARC

(fee: \$500 for five sessions)

*Four novelists read each other's novels and examine how each works as a whole.*

*Two-hour session devoted to each novel. Sessions will be arranged when four authors declare their readiness. Dates, time, and location to be determined.*

**FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT**  
**[matsonpoet.com](http://matsonpoet.com) or phone (510) 508-5149**

## POETRY SALOON (drunk on poetry!)

Second Fridays at 472 44th Street, Oakland  
Potluck at 6pm, readings start at 7:30pm

*Bring poems or prose by you or others to share,  
or come just to enjoy.*

July 14 ~ August 11 ~ September 8 ~ October 13

Hosted by Kayla Sussell

## THE SCRIBBLER PREVIOUS-ISSUE FINANCIAL REPORT

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## DONORS

Dan Brenner, Erin Matson, Dennis Rhodes,  
Nancy Tompkins

~ ❄ ~

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Workshop participants receive the Scribbler for two years,  
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## The CRAZY CHILD Scribbler

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## Million Man March

One man didn't go.  
Would he have made it a perfect million –  
Who's to know?

We met over coffee.  
He in a suit.  
I in jeans.

The slight bulge in his pinstripes, enticed.  
Mine, if you could call it a bulge, sufficed:  
He strode across the coffee bar  
With lawyerly aplomb  
briefcase dangling from a baseball mitt  
masquerading as a hand.

He was big.  
He was handsome.  
He was black.

And today my whiteness  
made me vulnerable.  
Self-conscious. A good liberal. A good fag.

Sure I sleep with blacks, why not?  
I know we joke about what they've "got" –  
NONSENSE, a myth; like all the nasty myths  
about them: they're big enough  
Thank-you, but no bigger  
than the pumped-up white boys.

"You got a place?" Smiling. Teeth  
like snow-capped mountains.  
I gulped down my latte, twitched  
on the suddenly electric stool.

Excited. Scared, too.  
I felt a good Conservative's fear;  
white suburban fascination. My toes tingled.

Hydraulic erection kicks in.  
"Yeah, I live around the block."

He glanced at the clock. Noon.  
I knew those Million Men were marching soon.  
My friend and I marched around the corner.

We cut to the chase,  
He buried my face  
in the sheets. White sheets.  
The pillowcase enfolded my head  
like a hood.  
He fucked me good.

He screwed the willing honky queer boy  
like *Mogambo*, like something off the cover  
of an old white lady's hidden romance novel –  
like someone out of prison  
after twenty years, the gender of the orifice  
*Unimportant*.

And I screamed!  
I screamed for the Million Men.  
I pleaded for the Million Men  
To take me, a willing surrogate  
For all that was wrong and ugly;  
an eager vessel of Atonement  
for shared sins  
For anger that sears our flesh together  
melting into a smoldering mass

I offered up my ass  
for *Justice, Harmony* –  
sex beside the point.

I had an exquisite release  
Of the White Man's Burden.  
Kipling would have been proud:  
I made a friend  
and kept my head  
while a million men were losing theirs

and blaming it on me.

– Dennis Rhodes

~ ❄ ~

## Definitions

Human: an upright-standing-on-two feet being  
consisting of a bone frame covered with flesh, along  
with a nervous system, brains, and heart.

Race: a competitive endeavor usually ending with a  
winner.

Ethnic: a label used to divide and conquer.

The way to determine which human can participate  
in a race is ethnic-based.

Homegrown in Berkeley!

– Bonnie Smith

## The Blank Experience

The black experience was always a pretty funny one for me. Sometimes it feels like we're still deciding what to call ourselves. I'm sure I've just made a few people of African descent angry by calling my experience the black experience, because some would prefer me to say the "African American" experience, but for now, let's just agree on the fact that you can't please everyone. I'm a mix of black and white, which makes me about as exotic as an old photo, but it's possible that half of my family owned the other half, and that's pretty funny, right? I know some of you don't see color, but I am a color, and I need to be aware of that to make sense of my life, sometimes. If you want to put a number on it, I'd say I'm about 75 percent black. I have a light complexion but a dark sense of humor, and my ability to find comedic irony on even my darkest days keeps me going.

When I was a kid I didn't understand the concept of race, but I would hear black adults call me yellow so often, I'd correct those who called me black by telling them I was actually yellow until my mother taught me otherwise. I was always taught to love myself, but it can be hard when you feel like you're wrong for just being born. The first time I was called a nigger I was with my friend Marcus, walking home from school, and heard it from a full-grown adult screaming it at us from a limo driving by. We were eleven years old then, and it crushed us. I'm 23 now, and the last time I was called a nigger was eight days ago. The man who did it threatened me with a taser and is currently trying to get me fired from my job. He won't be successful. Just three days ago, while I was in line at the grocery store, a white man and his girlfriend screamed "white power" as they exited the store. All the customers in line were horrified. They asked me and my girlfriend if we were okay, but we laughed it off. We genuinely felt worse for the white people in line who weren't even aware of how common that mentality really is. When we got home we made dinner like it never even happened. After being black for our whole lives, we are not really fazed by his ignorance.

My mother moved me to the San Fernando Valley when I was a child, but we always drove back to the Bay Area, and I made friends everywhere I went. My friends in Oakland were the same black as my friends in Sherman Oaks or Woodland Hills, but the mentality was not the same. Traveling will teach you that what you have to work with and who you communicate with, growing up or even in adulthood, can really warp your perspective of what life is or what it's meant to be. This is called the land of the free, and my whole life I've seen the government give its people the idea that we all have equal opportunities, without actually proving it, and those who benefit remain quiet. It allowed literal slavery for about 250 years, then put us through 100 years of Jim Crow laws and segregation, and now we've been "free" for about 50 years. But because this mentality was allowed to exist for so long, there are those who constantly destroy our image on TV, claim the worst among us speak for the entire race, mass-incarcerate us by locking us up for the pettiest crimes, and allow police to hunt us down like wild animals and kill us, to the point that it's not even a secret anymore. So I suppose my American experience has been a joke, and you need to have some pretty tough skin to get the pun.

— Khalil King

## I Don't See Color

I have always been very light, with hazel eyes and long hair, so, naturally, my family constantly made comments. I remember when I was a little girl and visited my cousin's house. I'll never forget what my cousin said when I excused myself to find the restroom: "Well, she's finally starting to look black." I was twelve, and that was just the beginning. I grew up in South Central Los Angeles. Crenshaw High School was two blocks away from my grandmother's house, where I lived for eight years. I never experienced what it was to just be a kid with no color or ethnic group attached to me, because of jealous family members or angry children in the neighborhood who just didn't understand.

As a young child, I attended African-American Christian schools. And there was absolutely no one in either of the two schools I went to who looked like me. So I was targeted. I was never really safe at home or outside, because no matter where I went, I was the center of attention; not because I'm so great but because no one could figure out what I was mixed with.

When my mother brought me to church for the first time, the family was ecstatic. Such an exotic-looking baby coming into a church where everyone, and I mean *everyone*, was darker than me, or at least had a physical feature that told everyone they were black. I'm still looking for that special feature, by the way.

I remember feeling constantly pressured to prove my "blackness" because I wanted to be accepted by my family--unfortunately, by any means necessary. Eventually, I told myself that I didn't need to *pretend* to be anyone other than myself. But I couldn't figure out if I was still pretending to be "the typical hood chick." My mother told me I was not allowed to wear braids--known then as "individuals"--not because I had pretty hair and didn't need them, but because *she could see* that I was "trying to be ghetto."

(continued on page 5)

I stayed away from things I liked, because they made other people uncomfortable. It offended people when I got extensions for my hair. They thought my hair was already too long, so they made jokes about how badly I wanted to be black. Even after I decided I would be comfortable finding and being myself without offending anyone, I still had to shield myself from my family. As soon as I graduated from high school, I made it harder for my family to spend time with me. I thought that they would be pleased to see me if I stayed away for a while. Right? I was very wrong.

When my mom remarried, the jokes escalated. I don't have any issues with my mom's husband, but he is Mexican, and my family ate that up. I was referred to as Mexican for the longest time because I knew how to *properly* pronounce some Spanish words. Outside of the fact that I am *not* Mexican, that man wasn't my father. I thought that my family would think of that first, but no. It never occurred to me that my ethnic makeup was the real issue. I couldn't see it because my cousins were the ones making the jokes. How can people who say they love me so much make me feel so uncomfortable about who I am?

I wasn't even trying to be someone else; I just needed to feel okay in my skin. When I made the decision to not worry about what my "family" says and to separate myself when necessary, I became a lot more vocal. When my cousins made jokes about me being "a house n\*\*\*\*", I was livid. I can't remember the conversation verbatim, but it was never brought up again. After that, I decided that I wouldn't deal with certain people for my own mental health. In such an oppressed world, it's a wonder how we oppress each other, as well.

To conclude, I want you all to know how far my family has come with me. Yesterday, I went to breakfast at my aunt's mother's house for Father's Day. I hadn't seen that side of the family in a very long time. It seemed like everyone wanted to ask questions, but no one had the courage. Finally, my aunt asked all of the cousins to take a picture together. We posed, and my aunt said, "One of these kids is not like the others." I wish I could show you all the picture. I didn't even notice that I was the only person in the picture with light skin. The irony of this situation is this: I look *exactly* like my aunt.

—Megan Kidd

### As She Lay in My Arms

As she lay in my arms  
she was unaware, yet, her grandpa had wished  
for her not to ever exist  
One day she would catapult  
over the years  
she was beat up at school  
sometimes by white kids  
sometimes by black  
and blast past the men who believed  
"exotic" beauty the only gift she ever had  
She'd leapfrog beyond bosses who thought serving coffee  
was suited to her abilities  
and vault herself into a life  
devoid of supervisors  
overflowing with music and art  
instilling these values deep into the hearts of her children  
As she lay in my arms, oblivious  
of the woman approaching, then backing off  
curling her lip, with a muttered,  
"I didn't think  
she'd be so dark,"  
her brand-new skin milky tea  
against my pinkish-white flesh  
her little fist clenching my finger fiercely  
with a force I had never imagined  
I pondered how tiny she was  
to have so much power  
but I hadn't yet grasped  
how much she'd turn out to need it.

—Dusty Bernard

### Word

'Sadistic' is a useful word  
And one that's far too seldom heard  
  
When speaking of the men in blue  
And the things they like to do  
  
To others — often poor and brown  
When helpless, handcuffed, on the ground  
  
'Brutality' is sometimes said  
When folks are beaten, or found dead  
  
And though that word's not incorrect  
It fails to point out, to reflect  
  
That they have fun, they take delight  
Inflicting torment, pain, and fright  
  
'Enforcing sadist' is the term  
For those who punish to affirm  
  
The law — sure that they're in the right  
They need no jury to indict  
  
And happily abuse their power  
Thrill at seeing others cower  
  
This behavior's neither strange nor rare  
In fact it's rather common fare  
  
Quite like that found in gangs of thugs  
Who traffic in both guns and drugs  
  
These gangs, however, dressed in blue  
Are employed by me and you

—Jo Podvin

## White Wash

While sleep escapes her,  
she lists her confessions.

I was conceived in part because of race  
this was 1966  
I was delivered in a white-walled hospital on white bed  
sheets  
beside the spirit of thousands of white babies before me  
amidst white doctors  
and white nurses  
while people of other races  
held the janitorial jobs—  
    scrubbing toilets, dumping garbage  
    serving food, doing laundry  
I grew up in a predominantly  
white neighborhood  
because white privilege bleached the streets  
in the image of their choosing.  
I went to schools packed with a predominantly  
all-white student body with all-white teachers  
and all-white administrators and all-white textbooks,  
    transcribing a dominant Eurocentric colonialist perspective  
whose white privilege excluded the accomplishments  
    and contributions of people of color  
because they were taught to do so.

White employers hire me  
based on my privilege of white reflection.  
I gain entry into places because of my white status—  
    universities, clubs, bars, jobs, organizations of the elite  
    summer camp, student exchange program  
Because of my whiteness  
I am excluded and protected  
from gangs, juvie, prison, military service, racial profiling  
and other lower socio-economic traps.  
I am permitted unlimited access to  
    free drugs, parties, neighborhoods,  
    stores, and gated communities  
without suspicion or second-guessing of my right to be there.  
Because I am a gold card-carrying white person  
with detailed, specified entitlements,  
society serves me, and my white brothers and sisters,  
without questions  
respectively and accordingly.

I am alive and here today  
in this white-washed apartment  
owned by my white landlord  
    holding this job, savings account,  
    car, clothes, and all the rest  
thanks to my sweet little white ass.  
And believe me,  
when I tell you,  
that I never forget it,  
nor the heavy responsibility  
that comes with it.

— Wendy-O Matik

## Show Me

"You must not be a thief," I said. "You took out the compost."

My little joke didn't go over, but not because I'm a racist.

We're protective where I live. Members expect each other to  
see who's outside before buzzing them in. So when a young  
man I didn't recognize walked through our shared entryway, I  
felt compelled to look him over and speak. He seemed  
perfectly fine, especially when I saw what he was carrying. And  
that's when I said it.

Oddly, the young man didn't laugh. He made some  
comment I don't remember and likely didn't understand, which  
is often the case in my hearing-aided state. But I sensed that  
something was amiss. Back in my apartment, I replayed the  
encounter in my mind, trying to figure out the reason for my  
uneasiness. *Wasn't the joke funny? Did he just not get it?* My  
intention to put a stranger and myself at ease had backfired.  
*That's me, I thought. Always trying too hard to be witty.*

Months later, after the young man had mostly stopped  
visiting Sue (my neighbor), she revealed that her guest had  
been deeply offended by my remark. And I was amazed. After  
that first time, he and I had occasionally bumped into each  
other on the landing and the stairs. We had established what I  
thought was a pleasant, casual acquaintance. Evidently he had  
held onto his upset the entire time.

By now, maybe you've guessed what this is about. I, a white  
woman, had jokingly referred to him, a black man, as a thief.

Some weeks after I learned of my error, Sue emailed other  
community members that her friend had been slighted half a  
dozen times while on the premises. Some of us discussed the  
issue with her and agreed to watch a video, called *Cracking the  
Codes*. A facilitator watched with us and guided our  
discussion, bringing us up to speed on the institutional and  
structural racism going on all around us.

Sue and her friend were not part of the process.

More time passed. I saw the young man maybe once or  
twice, and he seemed embarrassed. I'm sure he knew about our  
community's racism-education process. I must have apologized  
to him in person for what I said, but I don't recall. He didn't try  
talking to me about it.

Given the opportunity, and with time to think, I might have  
told him this:

I acknowledge my juvenile, color-blind error. I regret that  
you bear the burden of white labeling and cultural insensitivity,  
and I'll be more careful with my words in the future. But I need  
to tell you something.

If you don't show me your pain,

I will think I've done nothing wrong.

Next time, please push past the shell of learned politeness.

Tell me what I did, show me how you feel.

Your pain will dissipate and I will learn.

— Jean Hohl

## Winning Your Race – A Declaration

Dear America,

It is done. I no longer need you to understand my peoples' plight. I don't believe you will ever sympathize with our tragedies or empathize with those who support our equality. It's too far, it's too gone. I refuse to spend another moment teaching the most basic of matters to adults. You've made it clear you have no interest in walking in my shoes or doing anything that might threaten your safety net. For you to consider conditions outside of your bubble risks unveiling the deep-seated, greedy, inhumane hate your belief system is built upon. These truths collide with the lies you're programmed to perpetuate.

To think you'd gamble with the loss of your privilege, when deniability comes for free, has been an unhealthy expectation woven throughout my entire life. Thinking I was fighting the good fight and that the outcome would change the world, has left me stunned, broken. When my world was reduced to crumbs, I stood resilient. When those same crumbs were thrown back at me, I thought them a gift and rejoiced, only to find myself rejected again. I will not do this any longer.

I will not socialize with you in your media to work toward understanding your opinions and solutions. You are the inventors of the false narrative and alternative facts. I bow out of all conversations concerning society as a whole. We are not from the same place. You will continue to justify poverty, broken homes, and unemployment as what the "black race does to itself." Even if you pledged to change, your journey back to basic truths would be impossibly long, I can't take you there. I have been traveling that road my whole life, looking for the light. Now that it's found, I'll continue my movement forward. You're heading backwards and that's the wrong direction for me.

My disgust for you has come close to killing my belief that, outside of your craziness, good will prevail overall. That's not healthy for me and mine. When I'm gone, you will bring truth to your lies by being in charge of the people in charge of erasing our history. You will continue not acknowledging the psychological and societal impact of America's history on us. We know this is on purpose. It validates your legacy and your future, perfecting the de-culturization, dehumanization, and demonization of all things black.

You will continue to prosper, turning a blind eye to the way your country's dangerous superiority sickness affects us. Go ahead and make sure your children inherit businesses and large estates, I am stopping the cycle on my end. My children will not inherit only debt and broken identities, whether or not you acknowledge this was your plan from the beginning. Continue using your white privilege as the reason you don't believe in white privilege. I don't care anymore. You are entitled to exonerate your guilt, just as my free will allows me to ignore your ignorance. In that, please note, your actions define you. Not me.

Truthfully, I don't want to be anywhere near you when the karma circle closes. I don't trust you with my children, my brothers, my mother. There is no place in America where anyone outside of your circle is safe from your violent hypocrisies. Your power comes from making us believe we're not worthy of your civilization. So leave us alone now. We don't need you to count or distribute our money, choose how our health is managed, or measure our worthiness by your standards. You will continue to sensationalize your small tragedies while ignoring our complete social breakdown and mass incarceration.

No doubt you'll carry on with your religious, self-righteous farce "In God we Trust," conveniently ignoring the scriptures that don't work in your favor "... therefore you are no longer a **slave**, but a son; and if a son, then an **heir** through **God**." Equality would bring too much balance, disrupting your supremacy complex. If you were to admit that we, through our decedents, are also the sons and daughters of your rapist ancestors, you would finally face that dark abyss. Make no mistake, we know the truth. We know it was those who planted, plowed, picked, and packed the products sold, for no pay; those who lived solely on that land; bearing your great-grandfather's children on that land; until they died on that land, who are the more deserving heirs.

We won't be a part of your elections. We're not just a formula for winning, our struggles will not be called crimes, so you will have proof that change is needed. You can keep calling us violent, while asking us to vote YES to your guns, just so you can turn around and kill us for carrying them. We don't call this "irony." It's called murder. It's disgusting, and you know it. We also know it's done to us on purpose. You'll never play fair and we know this is true just as we know America was never great for us.

We don't need your approval. We are confident in our ability to build a thriving community. We have the entire past building of America on our resume.

There was never a time in my own American history when there wasn't a rumbling outside my door that threatened my family's well-being. Now that rumbling looms over my children. Friends are being incarcerated, or dying, pennies are being scraped and, again, I see instability settling into all the corners of our lives. Let's end this now. It is only basic civility we're asking for. There was never fair play. You and I, America, have never been in the same race. There was never a mutual starting point. I was never privy to the rules and I would never have agreed to be another of your trophies.

I win. You lost me.

—Leah Harmony

THE SCRIBBLER needs website help to go online at [matsonpoet.com](http://matsonpoet.com). If you can assist, please tell Clive.

## HIGHWAY 395

August 5-13 at Pine Cliff Resort  
June Lake, Lee Vining, California  
Room and board, \$400, Writing workshop \$300,  
Total \$700

For workshop details:  
(510) 508-5149 or [clive@matsonpoet.com](mailto:clive@matsonpoet.com)

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Total expenses: **\$412.36**  
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## Writing Costa Rica

### TWO SESSIONS IN FEB. 2018

Register by October 1, 2017

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\$100 discount for taking both sessions  
(*single occupancy: \$1800*)

Jan. 20 to Jan. 27; Jan. 27 to Feb. 3

Clive Matson, Facilitator

To register: (510) 508-5149 or  
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More information at: [matsonpoet.com/Costa-Rica](http://matsonpoet.com/Costa-Rica)  
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### *Still a NEWS FLASH.*

(The original announcement is at the top of p. 2.) You may donate online for the Paris trip at Indiegogo "The Beat Generation in Paris," or write a check to WordSwell [a 501(c)(3)] and mail it to Clive. All donations are tax deductible and your employer may have a matching funds program.

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