

Wrong

Brain



sp. '11

Vol. V

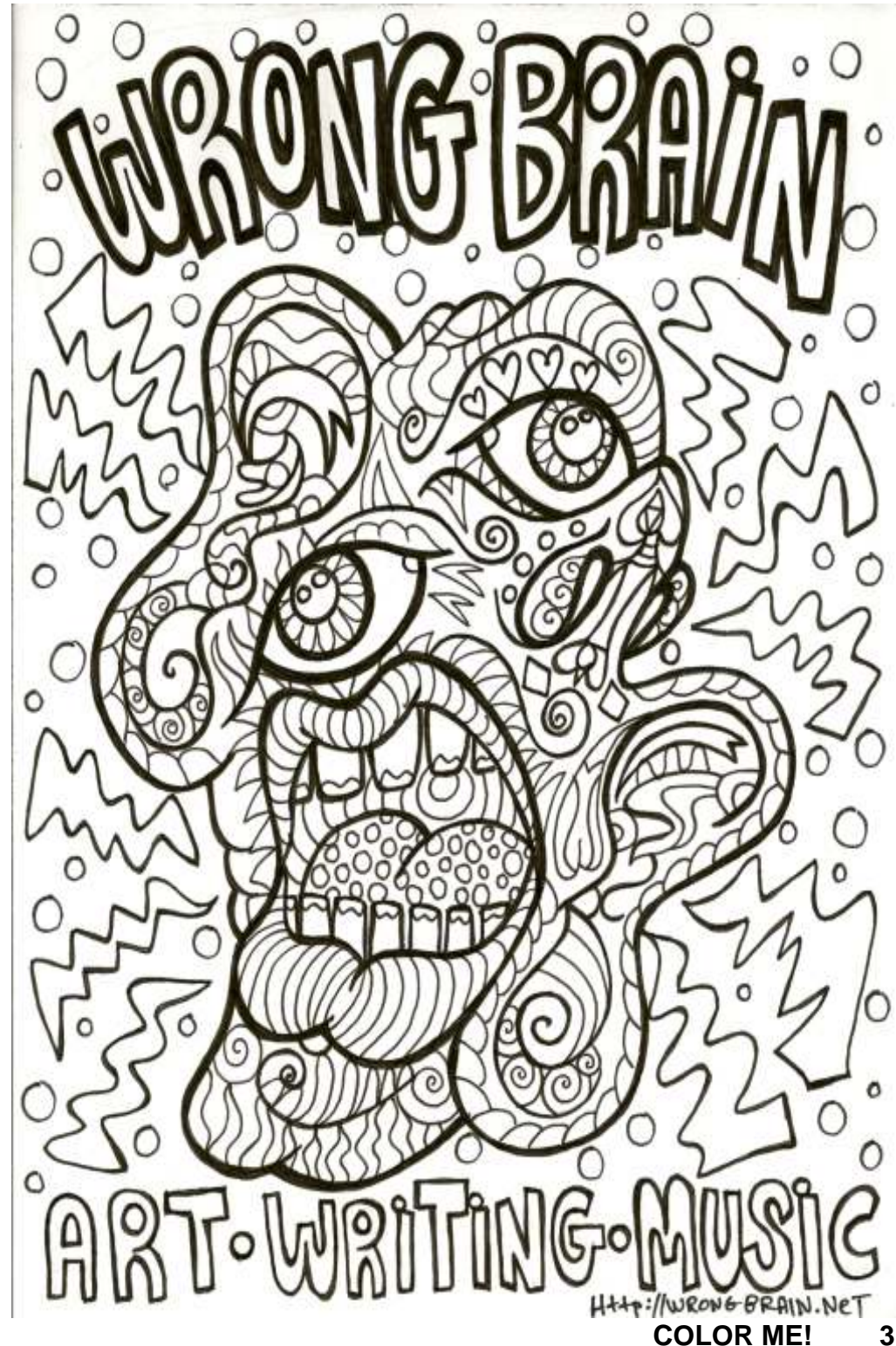
WRONG BRAIN

issue #five

CONTRIBUTORS:

3 /* Wrong Brain COLOR ME! page
4 /* Aaron Mitchell
5 /* Sean Murphy
6 /* Ryan McKernan
7 /* Kian Stewart
8-9 /* Ari Cameron
10 /* Lia Norsman
11 /* Marjorie Fixler
12 /* Sylvea Johnson
13 /* Jemia Moser
14 /* Laura Harper
15-17 /* Miss Olivia Kennett
18-19 /* Amy Bones
20 /* Jordan Holtz
21 /* Aimee Cozza
22-23 /* Joey Rowell
24 /* Gillian Fournier
25 /* Joe Lavoie
26, 31 /* Ashley Honaker
27 /* Jason Shulkin
28 /* Letter from the Editor
29 /* Sponsors
30 /* Audio.2 track listing

with love,
Sam Paolini, Editor-in-Chief & Publisher
Cody John Laplante, Writing Editor
Greg Baldi, Audio Editor





Thrown back
 onto a soft bed of long
 dead flowers, my love for
 the beast was trampled
 with each hard,
 steady breath.
 I feigned a scream
 and then relaxed.

This was not the first time
 I had turned against me.
 Things are always
 different
 in dreams,

Not-too-real,
 unreflecting,
 Eyes held open,
 tired remembering.

Nostalgic for nostalgia,
 wanting
 anything to mean
 anything to mean
 anything...



SNAPSHOTS FROM THE YEAR OF THE KITCHEN TABLE

I.

The darkening street spangled in stoplight glow,
and tires pushing through rain water.

It was late July, a week before my nineteen birthday
and you said I had deceived you, acted older than I was.
I made you think I had my shit together—

and even though I was making rent and working overtime,
even though you were twenty-eight and still didn't
pay your own cell phone bill, I said nothing.

I left my mouth swirling through the curbless streets.
I shoved my body into the tiny space of an apology.

II.

Those grey-green moths that orbited
the porch light and left their exoskeletons
wedged between the floorboards
of the deck. September—

how I would leave myself wedged
between the screen door and the house.

How you always fell asleep first.

How often you used the word— quiet—
the way a father does
telling his daughter not to sing louder than the TV.

I made sure I'd had a few swigs before I saw you.
I burnt the toast on purpose.

III.

February—we only had sex late at night and you turned off
all the lights. I learned to make my body into a doorway.

IV.

After we moved the kitchen table into the driveway, it collapsed
under the weight of the snow and you said I made you feel like that.

Suffocated. That night the heat went out. The
bathtub was too small

but I realized, it was the only place
we loved each other anymore.

You starting smoking in the house,

began to move through the stacks of days like letters,
not urgent enough to read.

I stopped going to class.

By March, the apartment had become an exitless rotary—a dream
we were afraid to write down.

I am not saying it was your fault. You were an electric fence
I threw myself on because I thought I could get to the other side.

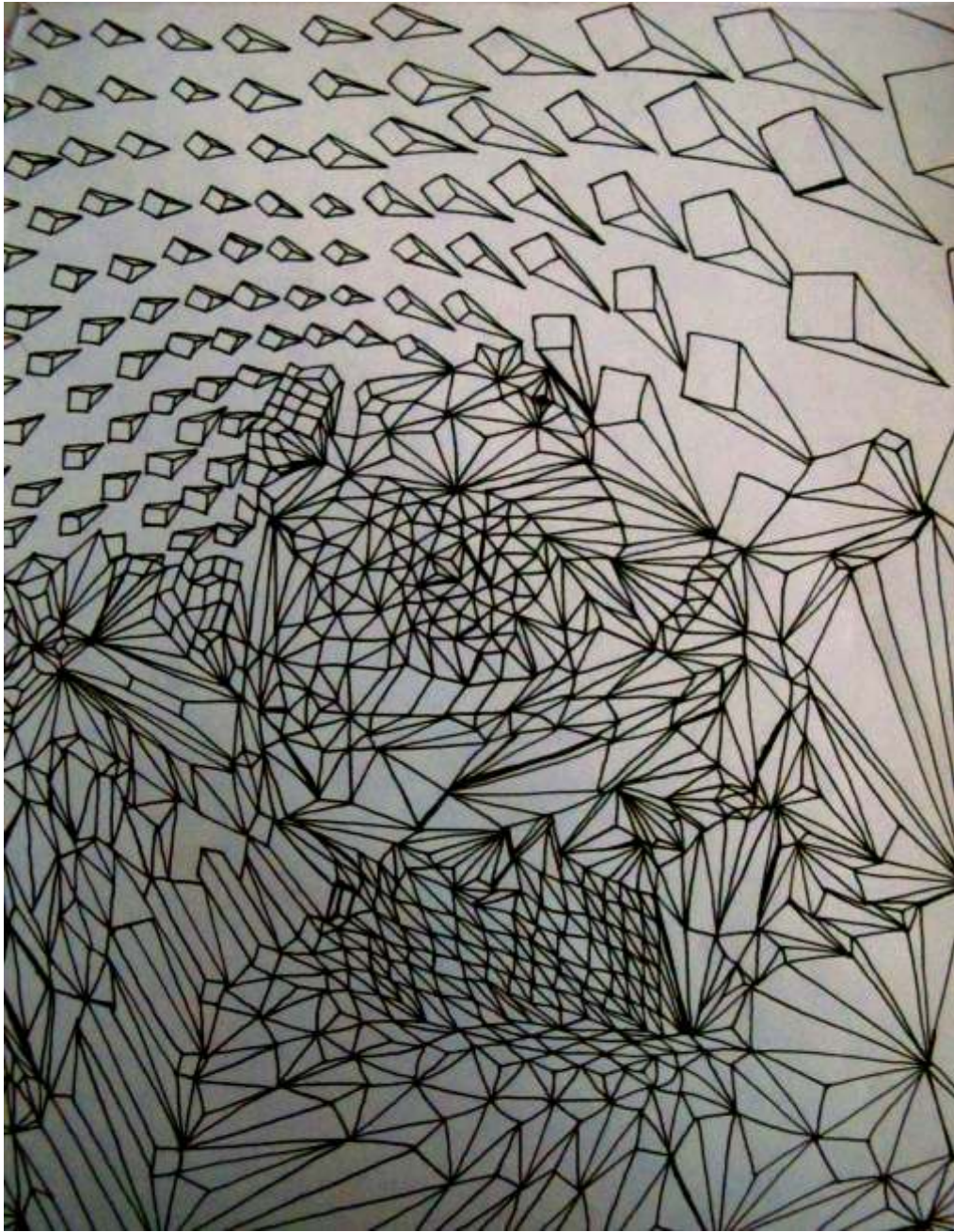
Then I just did it to feel something. I meant to tell you I'm sorry.

I meant to tell you

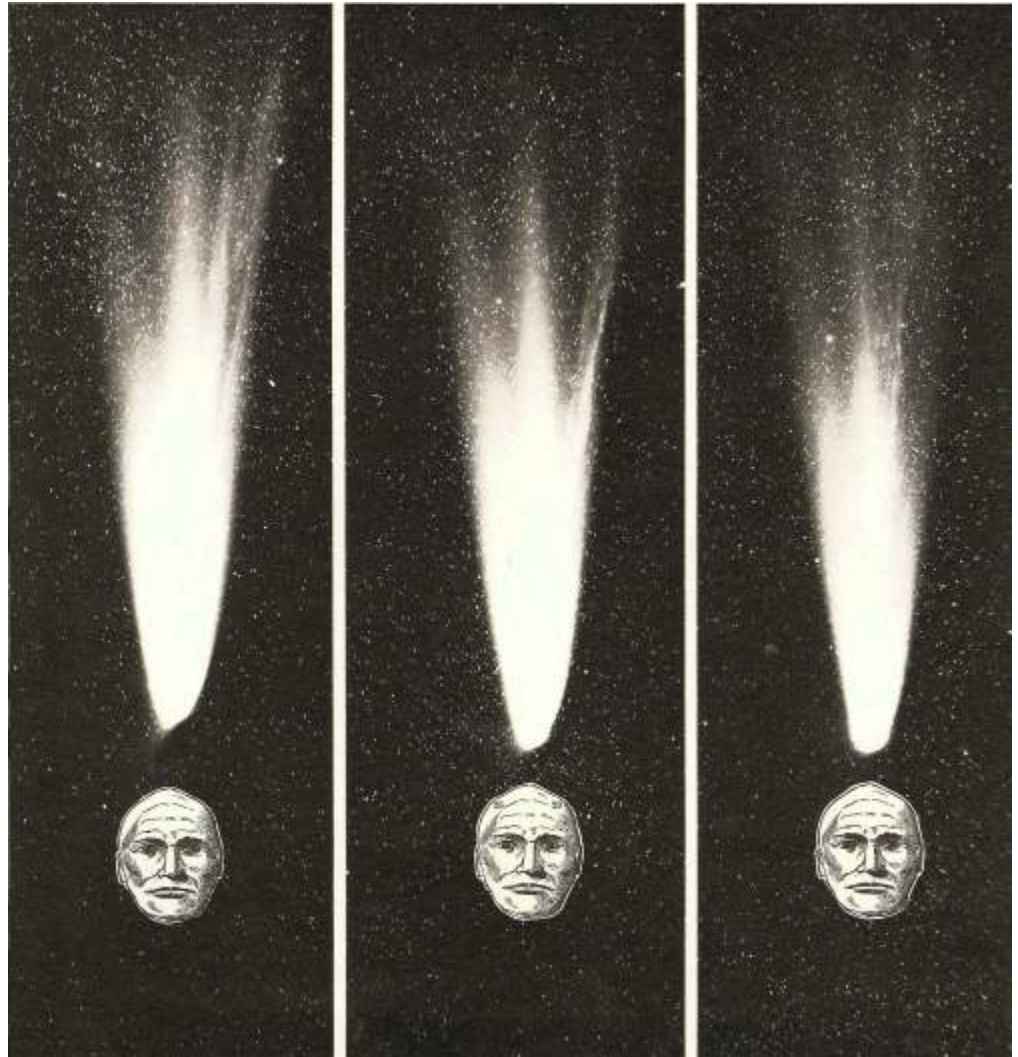
V.

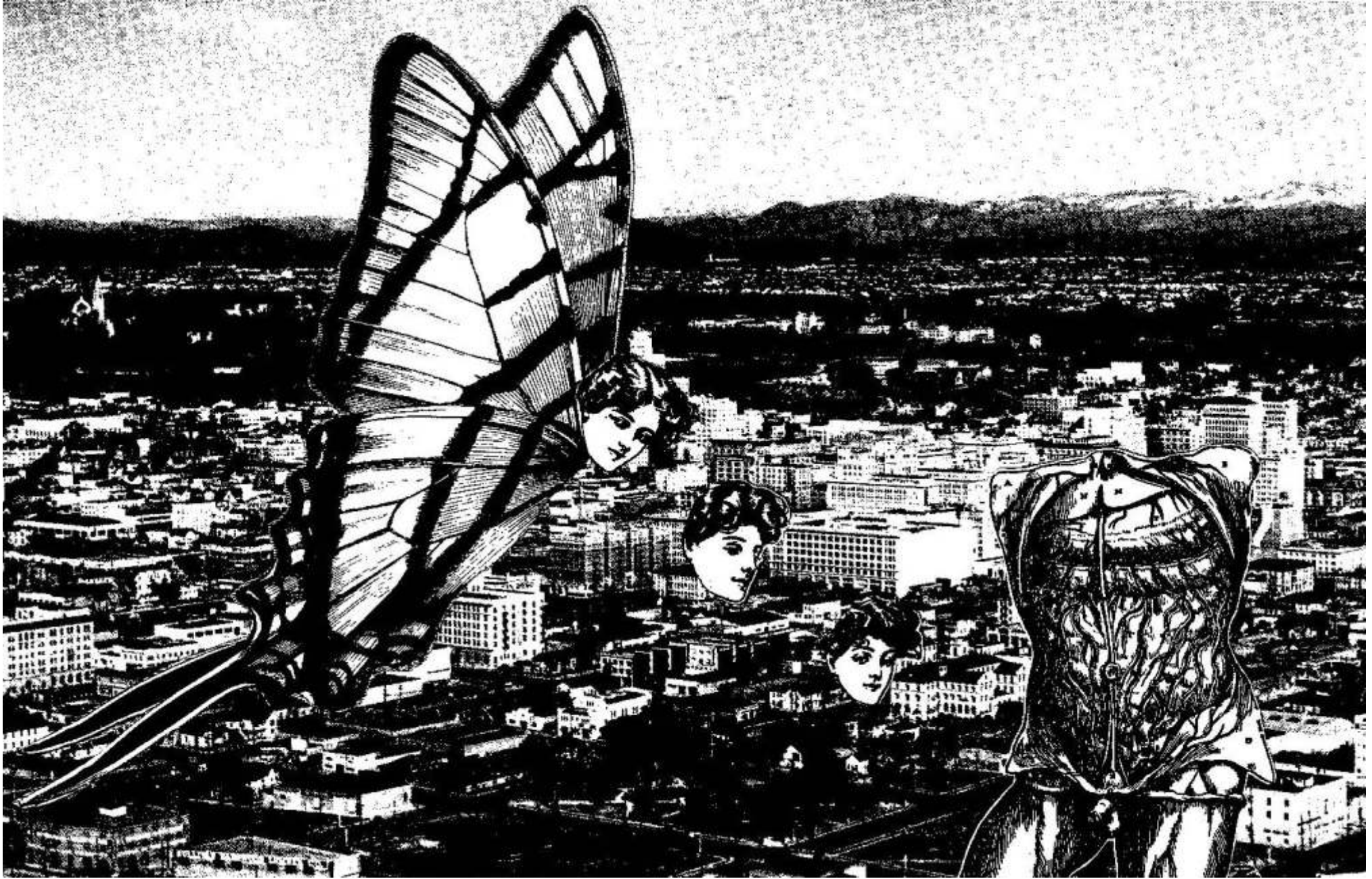
When I left in June, I left in broad daylight.

I shifted the rearview mirror to reflect my face.
For an entire year, I had forgotten what I looked like.









I remember that parking lot
sitting in your green nissan
talking about losing my license
that was such bullshit

sitting in your apartment
with your cat sponge and your records
singing songs like karen o
into your toy microphone

do i sound like the yeah yeah yeahs?
yeahhhh yeahhhh yeahhhh

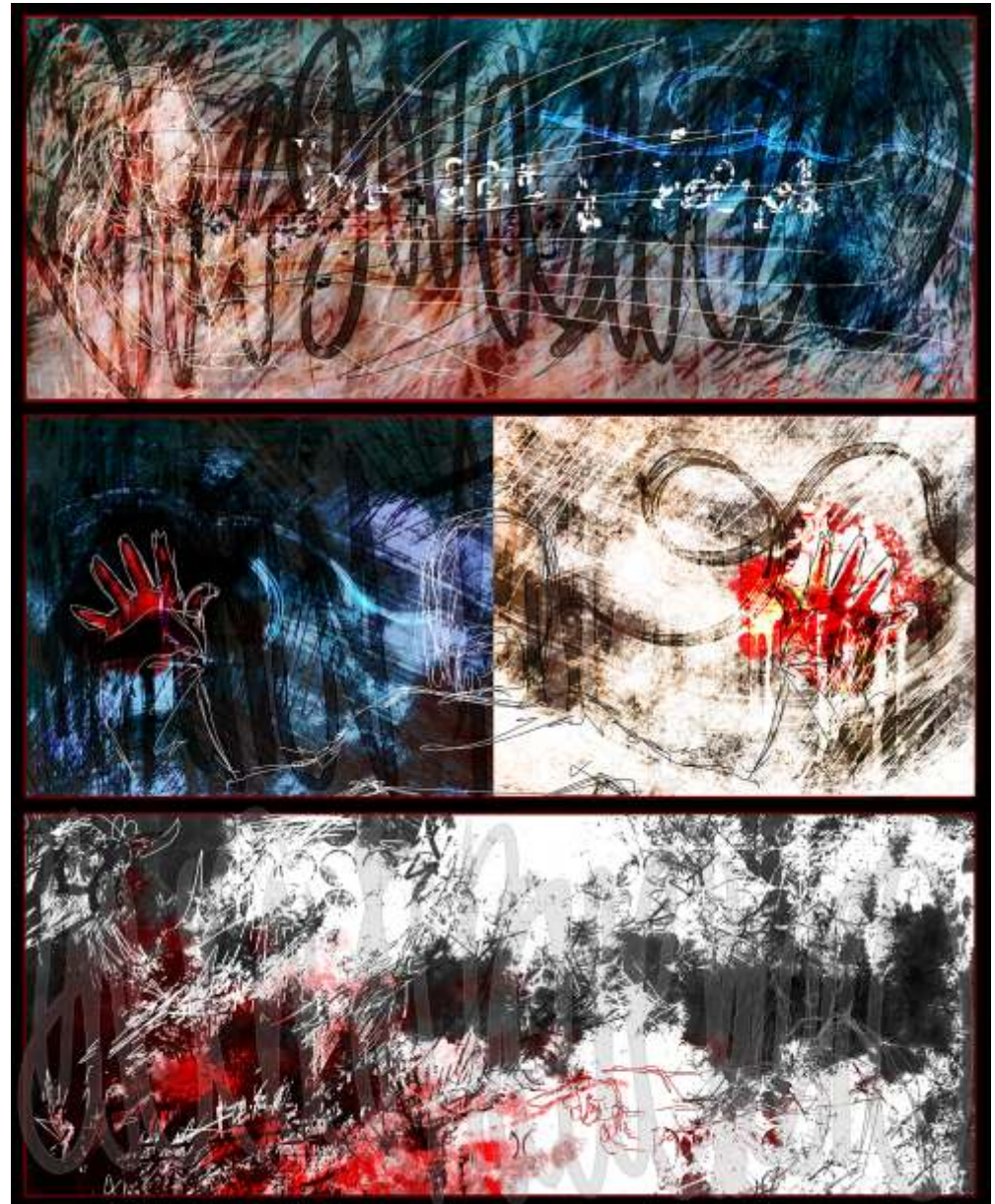
shaking fists
what happened to that kid?

hes bleeding from his head!
damn skinheads down a floor
its all over your door
there's blood on your bathroom floor

now the tub is stained all red
looks like someone died but theyre alive

only on arlington st
where all the punk kids meet
they all hate your fucking guts
drinking mad dogs inside of trucks
trying to fuck shit up always
trying to fuck shit up





I'm writing this for the future...That is of course, if we have one. It is currently 9:30 PM on March 15th, 2011. Earthquakes and explosions are ravaging Japan. It appears that their nuclear reactors are approaching meltdown. Just one of the many catastrophic events unfolding before our eyes. But what about the things we don't see?

Wisconsin has been getting a lot of news these past few weeks because their thug governor is rallying behind a bill that would strip collective bargaining rights from public employees. Basically if you are a teacher you can't ask for any more sick days etc. At the same time, the bill gives massive tax breaks to the rich and big corporations whom I refer to as "the plutocracy." With the help of the state, the plutocracy makes it so the rich get richer and fuck everyone who gets in their way. Their mafia-style techniques were on display this weekend when the bill was passed illegally. Every democrat fled the state leading up to the bill's passage because their absence made it so the bill would be blocked.

The plight of the public workers didn't get the media attention it deserved. Even though the protests in Wisconsin drew tens of thousands nearly every day, and even though roughly 180,000 marched in Madison after the bill's passage the media was still too focused on Charlie Sheen's cocaine to give two shits. How could the media totally miss a big story like this? Maybe it's the fact that the vast majority of the news media is dominated by five corporations? Perhaps.

It's not just Wisconsin either. Ohio has a similar bill that would cut bargaining rights for police and firemen as well. In Michigan, their governor wants to cut corporate taxes paid for by tax raises for lower and middle income earners! Does anybody realize that this is a vicious class war waged by the wealthy against everyone else? The real joke of this is that they were put into office because they said that they were going to "cut taxes" and "cut spending." Oh yea, and "fiscal discipline" too. It appears that the "invisible hand" of Adam Smith is really just a clenched fist beating up the teachers, workers and the less fortunate in this country. These people are using a crisis to push forth the very same policies that created the crisis in the first place.

There was an economist whose name was Milton Friedman who believed in removing the government from nearly all aspects of life. He is known for saying "Never let a crisis go to waste." Basically this means to push through unpopular policies during a natural disaster. For instance. During Hurricane Katrina one politician said something along the lines of "Good! Now we can finally clean up public housing!" Even if it is the policies themselves that cause the crisis. This is the disaster of capitalism in it's most pure form.

The plutocracy uses three tools of economic warfare to inflict mass damage upon the citizenry: Privatization, deregulation and wealth redistribution. Privatization is where public treasures move into private hands making it so decision making is shifted away from the public into a private entity. Deregulation is used so they don't live with the fear of appearing before a court. They don't want consumer or environmental protection. They want profits and nothing more. Wealth redistribution means wealth distributed to them. The more money they have is the more money they have to buy congress and use their unlimited amount of money (They can now use unlimited amounts of money to buy elections) to push through laws favorable to them, and to kill laws unfavorable to them.

The only real check on their power is the union. This is what we saw in Wisconsin on the streets. Real people power against the corporate greed eating away at the fabric of our democracy. The plutocracy will pollute our air, take our rights away, and say "fuck you" to working people, but we who hold them up outnumber them. As we've seen in Egypt and elsewhere in the Middle East, it only takes a dedicated few to generate a mass movement. History is on our side and those strikes in Wisconsin and the possible strikes in the weeks ahead may be the tipping point in the ugly history of state capitalism.



eddie #2

it's not the bridge singing eddie to sleep
that makes him pick up the bottle,

it's not
the pigeons coo-cooing another
hangover to life as the shadow
of the sun crawls above the smog.

it's not the damp blankets
with their piss stains,
protecting him from
the terrors of the night, garbed in
suburban camouflage, skateboard shoes
and smiles, who attack
with bats that *thud* when sunk in skull,

it's not the scabs that never fully heal,
eddie never minded the
smell of almonds and milk,

it's not the lice, the
wet socks, the
chapped lips, the
endless banter of smiling
Christians with their tiny
Bibles, nor is it the stares
that never quite meet his eyes,
it's not even the voices,
they stopped bothering him years ago.

it's the faded photo of a little boy
with goofy teeth, who used to call him daddy,
jammed in his right jean pocket, next to his ready
knife.

drink up eddie, it's going to be cold
tonight.

Order Form

Please Print

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/ZIP _____

Phone Number () _____ Email _____

List Merchandise (please print clearly)

Item #	Qty	Description	Color/Size	Price	Total Amount
		there was none at all now			
		and naturally I got to neglecting it,			
		like any other hero. But I had never had any			
		I had dreamed heroism, like the hoodlums			
		I would have thrown up my berth in face of this insurrection,			
		making no attempt at escape and no effort			
		determined never to publish articles criticizing			
		actions which discredited monarchy, there had been little enough interest			
		she had rode out of the gates gone and starved,			

Alternate Choice (If one of the above is not available)

Have our catalog sent to a friend ...FREE!	Merchandise Total
Name _____	Sales Tax (if applicable) _____
Address _____	Shipping _____
City/State/ZIP _____	Total Amount _____

OUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

Every product you buy from this catalog must be free of defects or you may return it immediately for replacement.

Shipping Chart

Up to \$99.99 \$10.00
\$100.00 and up 10% of merchandise total

Freight charges apply within the continental United States. Orders outside the continental United States may incur additional charges.

Enclosed is the full amount of my order \$ _____

Paid by: (Check one please)

☐ Personal Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Certified Check

(Make checks payable to addressee on return envelope)

CHARGE this order to my: ☐ Mastercard ☐ Visa ☐ American Express ☐ Discover

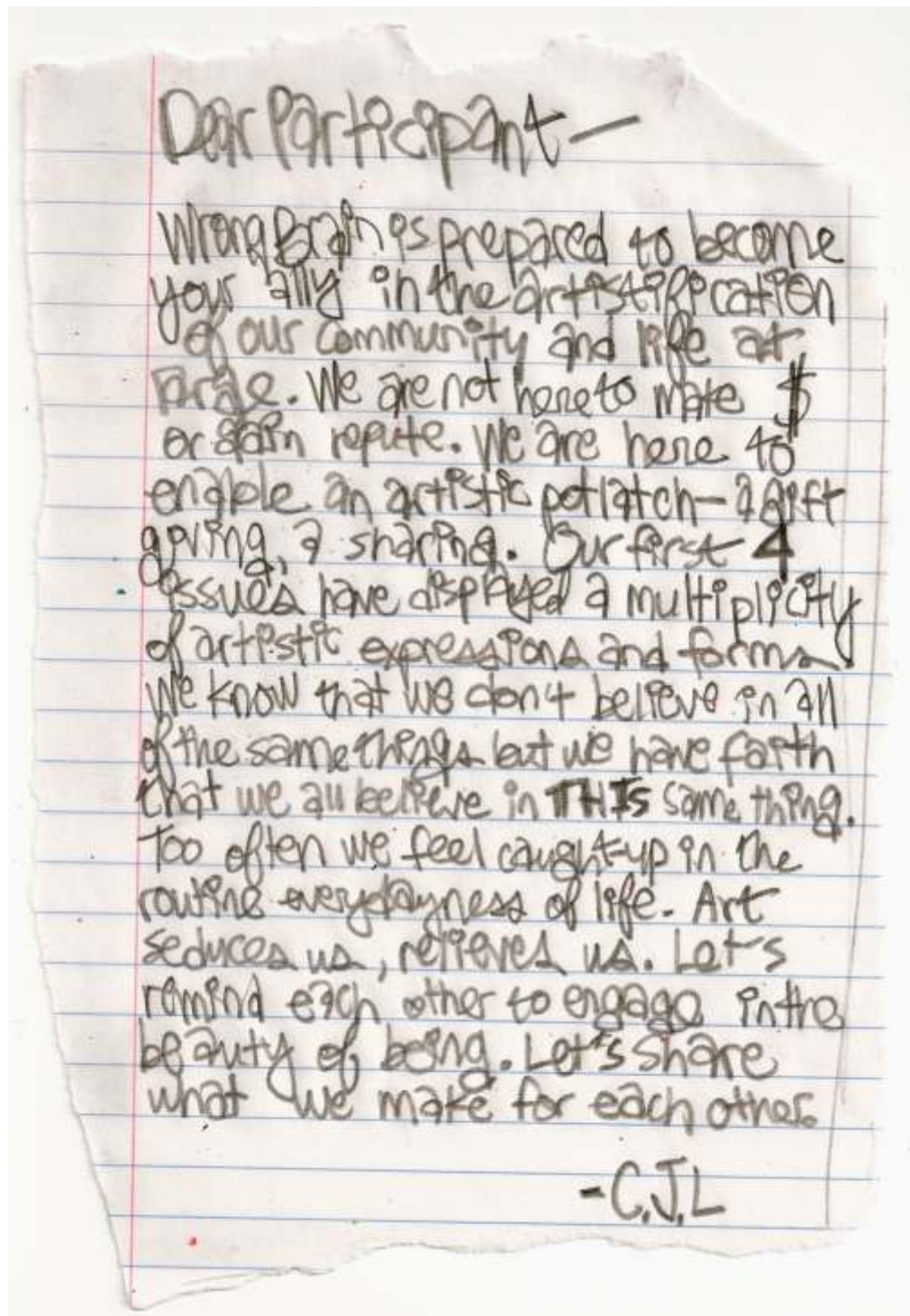
Charge card number _____

Card expiration date ____/____/____ Signature _____

MO DA YR

(required)





thank you - thank you
-- **s p o n s o r s** --

the amazing Laurie and Tom Paolini

Dos Amigos Burritos

Aaron Lee Marshall

David Christopher



WRONG BRAIN

issue #five

AUDIO.2

1. Joseph Andreoli / At The Turf Field Behind My Parent's House
2. Tom Power / Instead
3. Blue Ada Greene / Smart Glances (Your Looks Aren't Right)
4. Billy Raygun / Worst Day of my Life
5. Luke Buckham / Raw District
6. Subverbal Explicit / Charming Motherfucker
7. Warblers / Watching White-Tails
8. Eric Bussell / Do You Know
9. Chelsea Paolini / Congratulations
10. Buti / King Burger
11. Maintain Radio Silence / Forward Only Time Machine
12. MMOSS / Wander
13. Glandelinians / Preset Number 23
14. Lady Bones / Broken Toys
15. Julian Neuhauser / Attack (Or Change)!
16. Ken Topham / Hircinus
17. Eric Bussell / Lamar
18. Galaxy Channel / Kamiokande
- 19.. Five Day Forecast / A Merry Verse and a Barrell of Laughs
20. Comma / Ammoc
- 21.. I Am This Big Black Cloud / Zombied.

for music, visit :
wrongbrainaudio.bandcamp.com

submit.....



spaolini@wrongbrain.net = art
claplane@wrongbrain.net = writing