

WALKWRITERS

THE POP CULTURE ISSUE

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CREDITS

Editor-in-Chief...Audrey Frischman

"woke up early on a Sunday and hell froze over"

Co-Editor... Laura Been

"one of those bitches who gets shit done"

Co-Editor...Philip Santos Schaffer

"pop culture, lock it culture, drop it culture"

Illustrator...Dora Abigail

"likes to travel and pinch baby cheeks"

Art Director...Kim Ross

"was nicknamed 'Patti Mayonnaise' in college"

Copy Editor...Tracey Roth

"my mama is, actually, a llama"

Contributor...Chelsea Whitehead

"...all the Friday Night Lights catch phrases..."

Contributor...Isabel Wolfe Frischman

"she is fine, thanks"

Contributor...Bud Smith

"can't figure out where he left his car"

Contributor...Jenny Morris

"currently looking for a combination of Ben Wyatt, Chandler Bing, and Neville Longbottom"

Contributor...Dan Frischman

"finally getting clear and focusing exclusively on, you know, this and that."

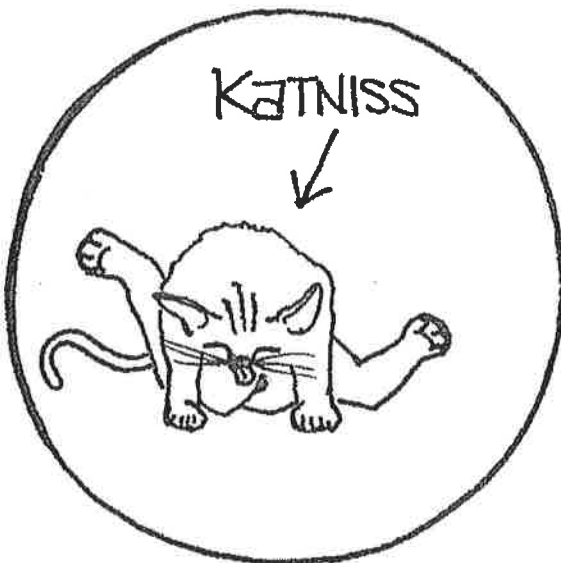
poem for a chalk Robert Downey Jr.

it only took the artist
being gone for five minutes
for a woman to roll her
metal cart over the realistic
chalk rendition of
Robert Downey Jr. on
the sidewalk outside
Union Square Park.
and worse
she did it with disdain!
she actually looked down,
saw the thing,
walked RIGHT over it,
and smirked at her petty
triumph. I wanted
to yank her back by the hair
and shove her nose in it,
like a dog that defecates
on your rug. "Bad
middle aged lady! No!
No ruining the pretty picture!"
I wanted to yell at her.
Or
to pay her in turn;
showing up at her work
(my guess in middle management)
and shuffling her papers,
unalphabetizing her rolodex
and removing paintings of
boats and pastoral scenes
from her walls.
all it would have taken
was a slight adjustment
of her trajectory, and
she would not have rubbed
all the yellows, and blues,
and reds together and
blown dust in everyone's eyes.
And I was with
the artist, and I was her,
and I was everyone taking
the pictures, and I was the
quarters in the hat and we all
lamented the loss
of the beautiful chalk
Robert Downey Jr.



**THINGS WE DIDN'T INCLUDE IN THE
POP CULTURE ISSUE:**

- 1. ANDY WARHOL**
- 2. MICHAEL JACKSON**
- 3. THE HUNGER GAMES**
- 4. DAD'S YOGURT**



John Green Skullfucking Me Eternally

John Green would never use the word skullfuck

and that is part of the problem.

Books today are only valid if they are now or soon to be a major motion picture.

John Green's next book is going to be a screenplay.

Poets in movies don't use the word skullfuck and this is also part of the problem.

I think every movie should be a little more about me and a little less about cancer.

John Green wrote about cancer

and I do not think

that it would make me cry but

if he wrote about me, I would almost certainly cry,

and I would feel valued as a consumer.

It as a consumer that John Green values me,

thus, we would have a reciprocal relationship:

Me appreciating his work about me paying him to read his work about me.

I like the way this system sounds better than the current one, in which

I refuse to read anything more than the first and last chapters of his books, and he in turn shows up everywhere. It is an uphill battle.

I appreciate everything John Green has done for individuals and the world, and commend him for it, but I have never wanted help accessing the emotions he seems so keen on unearthing, big prose spade of his, swagger sentimentality, beauty like a scimitar wrapped ten times around my throat, a "good cry" sounds just awful thankyouverymuch, I keep my buttons hidden from fingers prying to press. I take my "good cry"s out to dinner, massage their feet a little, sing to them-

a good cry is to be finessed, won over, saved up for, no kick in the balls about it.

So I'm saving up for the next big cry, whenever that is- really, it's going to be firework misery, grand finale of snot dribbling down my chin, pillow beaten flat. I hope it is over the phone.

In the meantime, I live with the constant pressure in my sinuses and tapping on my uvula of John Green, who, always, wherever I go, is fucking me, in the skull.



Someday my Prince will Come

Only on the day when you look the least put together,
will the perfect man walk onto the train.

He looks like a movie star that you know.
That guy that looks like the other guy that looks like Paul Rudd.

But what would he be doing in Sunset Park?

