

**THE
RACKET**

72

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72

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Hello.

I opened The New York Times on my phone this morning and this was one of the first headlines I saw:

"San Francisco Considers Allowing Use of Deadly Robots by Police."

The headline explains the story pretty aptly: the San Francisco Police Department are mulling the idea of using armed robots as a means of enforcing law in the City by the Bay. Robots that in "extreme circumstances" can use deadly force if need be.

It was only two years ago that in the wake of George Floyd's death huge swaths of our country rightly called for a defunding and a reimagining of the role of police in America. Two years ago the question was, "Can the police in America be doing their job in a way that works better for the communities they're supposedly trying to protect?" And if not, do we need to find a different way to deal with crime in our country?

It felt like progress was, slowly, starting to be made in improving upon a public institution that had always seemed impervious to even the suggestion of change. But now, again, not even three years later, we are looking at a police force more inclined towards violent resolution than ever before and a populace that seems to have entirely forgotten the outrage that once propelled them to rage against the current system of law enforcement.

And as much as the police, and the rotting foundations of policing in America, are the problem at hand, the greater issue is how quickly we as citizens of the United States let go of, even forget, our anger and our want of something better. How quickly what we wanted to be changed irrevocably, can instead move in exactly the opposite direction and how we can all just collectively shrug.

I get it—rage isn't a healthy thing to hold on to and in a country that continues to fail so many people time and time again, it feels as if we have to be full-on enraged 100% of the time just to keep up. With the daily news a constant barrage of small horrors, climate disasters and political debauchery, holding on to our convictions feels almost faux pas. As if being upfront about our want of a better country for everyone is just another burden to lay at the feet of a society already crushed beneath them.

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I'm not asking anyone to do anything but to be forthright in their convictions. To not only demand that our country and the people who live in it do better, but to not roll over and give up when as it becomes more and more evident that doing so is equivalent to swimming upstream.

Two years ago, we, collectively, pushed back on a system of law enforcement deeply and dangerously rooted in our society. And it budged. Not a lot, and perhaps not even visibly, but it moved in the right direction. But our foats came off the gas and now there could be armed robots in the streets of one of America's most progressive cities.

Is that not enough to give you pause? Is it not enough to give you reason to continue to push back?

'Till next time.

- N

The Racket stands against
police brutality, racism and violence
perpetuated towards BIPOC
communities in all forms.

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Body Yody Yody Yody II (Detail) / 2022
Hand-Cast Resin Gummy Bears | 60 x 60 cm
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Well, that was our Thanksgiving.



WE HAVE A PATREON

We aren't in this for the money.

But there are costs in doing what we do.

Any help with those costs (and with the costs of future endeavors) would be greatly appreciated.

If not, we get it and we still appreciate you.

THANK YOU TO THESE FOLKS

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CONTENTS

JACK FLAME SOROKIN	<i>Untitled</i>	1
ZEBULON HUSET	Food Service Blues, 2013	2
JACK FLAME SOROKIN	<i>Untitled</i>	3
JACK FLAME SOROKIN	<i>Untitled</i>	4
LAURA CARTER	Negotiating Space	5
SIMON GUSH	<i>PHILIP GAONWE MATANTE AIRPORT, FRANCISTOWN, BOTSWANA I</i>	7
SIMON GUSH	<i>PHILIP GAONWE MATANTE AIRPORT, FRANCISTOWN, BOTSWANA II</i>	8
GIOVANNA LOMANTO	street harassment	9
KAYLA PLOSZ ANTIÉL	<i>Ultramarine Sampler 1</i>	10
KAYLA PLOSZ ANTIÉL	<i>Ultramarine Sampler 2</i>	11
ADAM STUTZ	Late Show	12
KAYLA PLOSZ ANTIÉL	<i>Ultramarine Sampler 3</i>	14

THE RACKET

72



UNTITLED
JACK FLAME SOROKIN
2021

Food Service Blues, 2013

ZEBULON HUSET

Long after
'two buck chuck'
edged five bucks,
he swilled
a cardboard carton
of gas station white
in a rain ditch
post-shift
& spit its sugar
on burnt bits
of cigarette butts,
aching.

He'd dream
of some
asshole customer
that night,
he thought—
he knew—
if his mind
wasn't floating,
if he wasn't
drowning.



UNTITLED
JACK FLAME SOROKIN
2021



UNTITLED
JACK FLAME SOROKIN
2021

Negotiating Space

LAURA CARTER

Magenta

tripping on light & sorrow in blue of real

To know this

as mescaline

is not a

body's

response to an old creed of birds

but a body flowers with you

as you watch from the edge of a photo:

& in white of flagstone & mellow

You trim sky of trees

You cry there

for a body

to soothe ransom's

edges

& you build one

out of heather & black lace

& construct a veiled song

unattached

from a soul

& world

(an unwanted

ek-

stasis, you know, but which body would you choose if

quiet & dark

were matched by set by set aside by yellowing parchment demure ellips?)

You attach a stave

to a heaven

of enigma & needing

but cut out

an eye

of a

prison; attach more willow leaves

one is born

from a soul you find upon reflection

a clause in a body's

creed; a winnowing harp;

a slate of heat—



PHILIP GAONWE MATANTE AIRPORT, FRANCISTOWN, BOTSWANA I
SIMON GUSH
IMAGES COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND STEVENSON, CAPE TOWN, JOHANNESBURG AND AMSTERDAM.
2016



PHILIP GAONWE MATANTE AIRPORT, FRANCISTOWN, BOTSWANA II

SIMON GUSH

IMAGES COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND STEVENSON, CAPE TOWN, JOHANNESBURG AND AMSTERDAM.
2016

street harassment

GIOVANNA LOMANTO

you are like 100% bad bitch energy but nobody should be talking to you like that

he tells me over text when i tell him i was catcalled 7 times walking to mission dolores, and tea tends to boil over so when the ambivalent sounds like a chime, the idea is that it's a welcome cat in the restaurant, pawing at you, trying to get closer, recoil, get closer, and

caylee rolls her eyes as they pass, the men, two by one, like some strange array of midnight riders who steal fear from my heart and hot glue it to the top of my head,

beacon. be careful and look both ways when you stand at a corner, don't smoke outside for too long or you'll be taken and you're already taken so you don't need the man walking by to stop and ask for your number—

and when the racing thoughts pass, the cops roll by, slowly, and you know they're looking at you too and zach told me on a tuesday afternoon, tying his sockless feet into shoes: "you get bothered a lot."

the moon runs in circles and i run in waves, little bursts of the tide running its course. mission dolores is only a few blocks away, and caylee stands by my side,

we're dressed up, sweaters and leather jackets, and we walk, and some man stops as we walk by, and we ready our pepper spray trigger fingers. he extends his arm, points at us, and then at the ground beneath our feet. "Ay," he says, "y'all got shoe game."



ULTRAMARINE SAMPLER 1
KAYLA PLOSZ ANTEL
2022



ULTRAMARINE SAMPLER 2
KAYLA PLOSZ ANTEL
2022

Late Show

ADAM STUTZ

drag these lids across static
burn the edges of erudition
+ this room swims

the consonants have gone
to the wash/the groan

the television flashes survival skinning
(endurance notes the stretch of my skin's derision)
to discuss this pressure of age w/these limbs
vessels: bloat swell— a poor explanation

a plush riddle across a bad back
finger the sheets w/ worry
as a routine sleep aid plays the freeway's
heavy orchestra rotation

these wires
of the neck + shoulders
twist w/ these half-thoughts: become fluster

inarticulate future tense work
for the length of a hindrance
the tongue becomes a new blockage
new deafness new assumptions

heavy loads of headline fodder
the nation of nerves
groaning into a pulse

these suspicions are master craft
taut delicacy made for hair triggers
+ a wall of bodies + sideways badges

stacking as headlines
congregations of grief
the short-lived discipline of collective silence
calamity's familiars



ULTRAMARINE SAMPLER 3
KAYLA PLOSZ ANTIEL
2022

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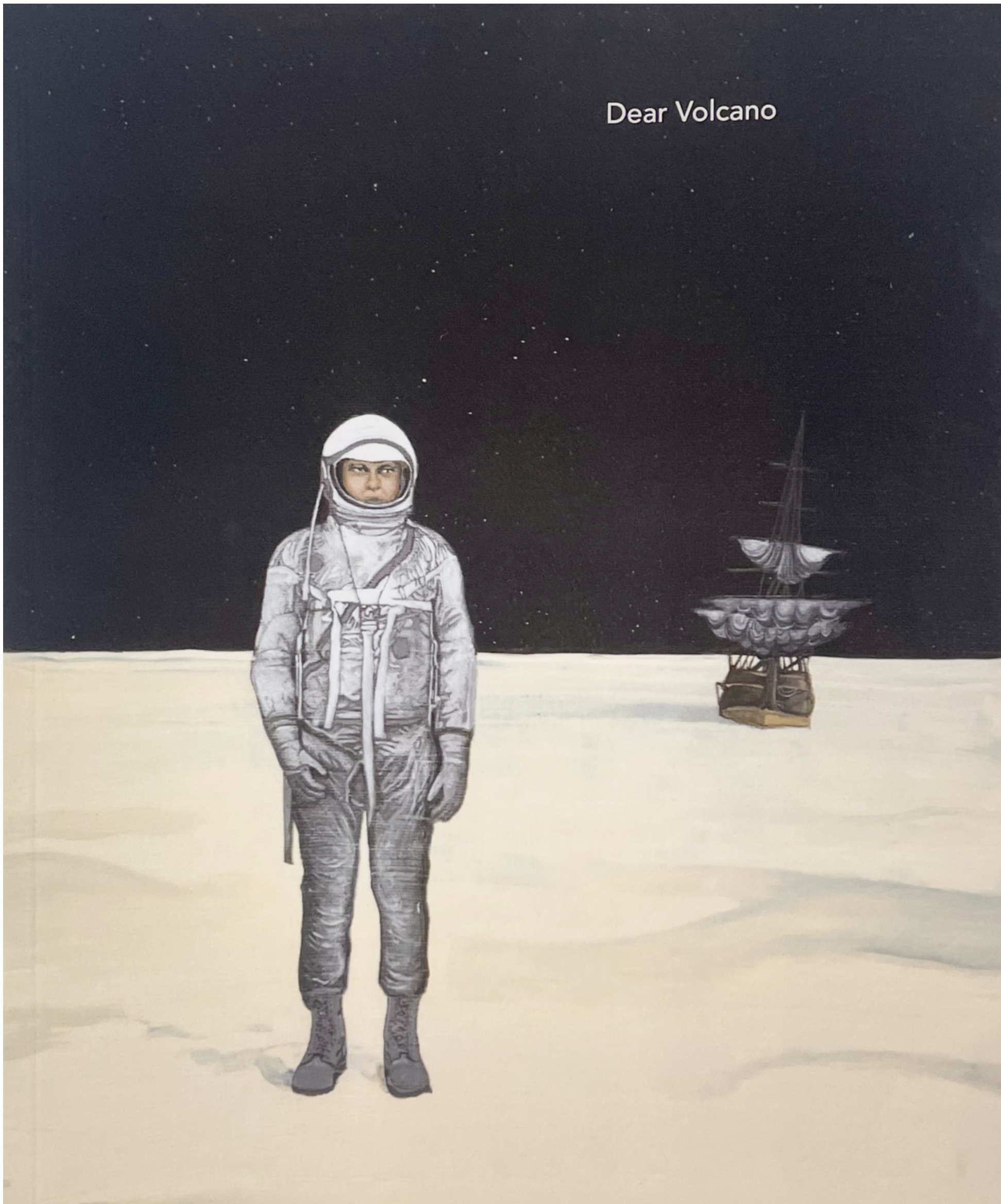
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DEAR VOLCANO

POEMS FROM CREATIVE GROWTH ART CENTER



The result of Creative Growth's first poetry program, Dear Volcano features poems collectively composed by Creative Growth artists during 2020-2022. Poems featured in the book are ekphrastic reactions to artwork from the Creative Growth Art Studio.

GET YOUR COPY.

**WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?**

