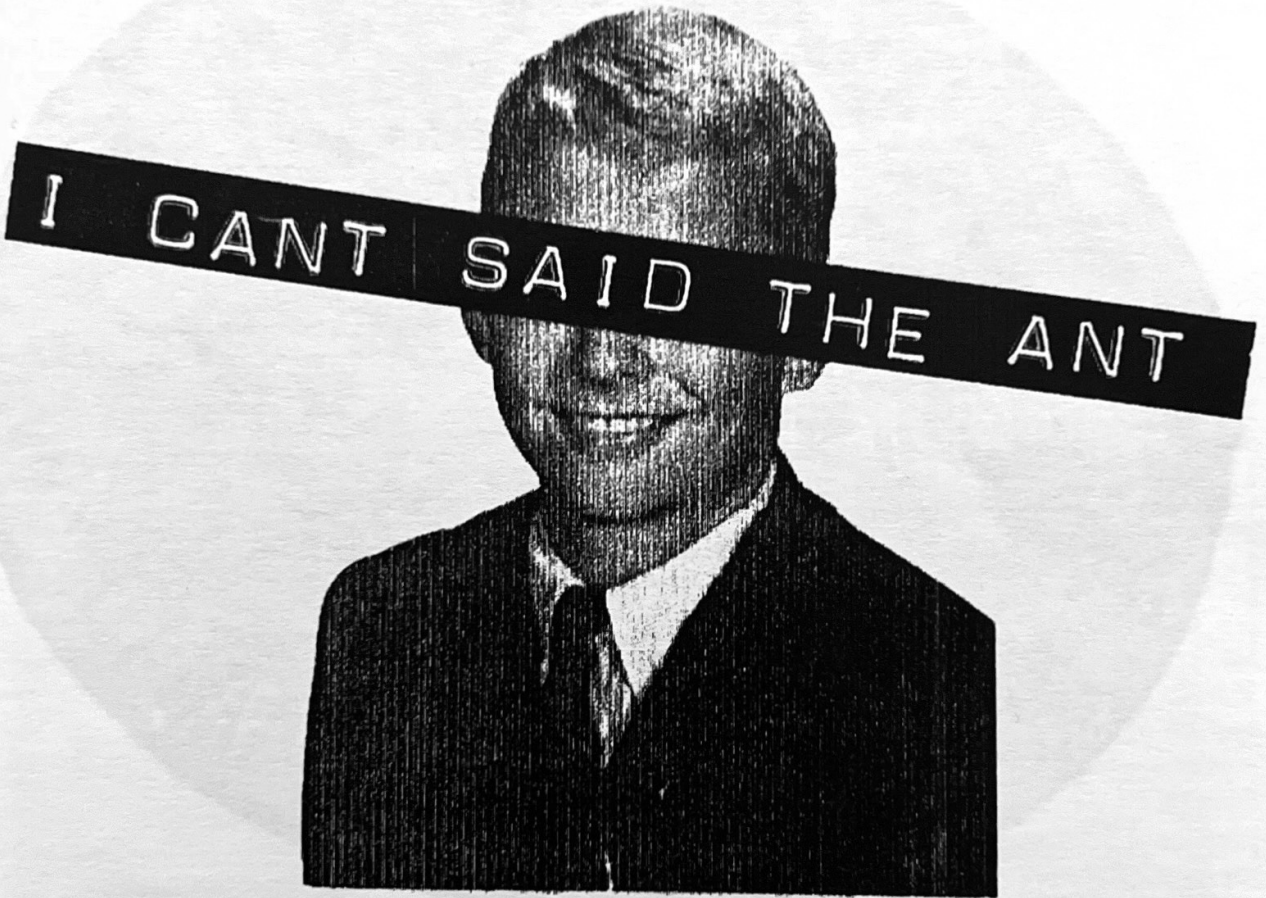


kyosaku
vol. 2 no. 1
lo fi is in



i was the madman in cy twombly's outhouse



KYOSAKU

VOLUME TWO ISSUE ONE
SUMMER 1995

The Men Behind the Curtain

Keeping a Stiff Upper Lip

DAVID JACOBS

Keeping an Ear To the Ground

MICHAEL JANSSEN

Putting a Shoulder To the Wheel

DEREK KERSHAW

Wearing His Heart On His Sleeve

JIM MCNAMEE

Keeping His Eye On the Prize

SUDAMA ADAM RICE

Kyosaku is a quarterly publication dedicated to fostering a healthy zeal for art, humor, beauty and life. We encourage contributions of poetry, prose, art (preferably pen-and-ink) and photography (preferably black-and-white). Don't expect any response from us if you don't include a SASE, bub. All materials herein copyright *Kyosaku* 1995. All rites reversed. Prosecutors will be trespassed. A four-issue subscription to *Kyosaku* costs \$5; a sample issue costs \$1.50. Please check out our WWW site at <http://cs.oberlin.edu/students/djacobs/kyo/kyomain.html>. Send encouragements, discouragements, chutney, submissions, subscriptions, detractions, infractions and advice to:

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What is a
kyosaku,
anyhoo?

—lit. "wake-up stick": flattened stick with which the sitters in Zen monasteries are struck on the shoulders and back during long periods of *zazen* in order to encourage and stimulate them. The *kyosaku* is always used to help, *never* to punish. It helps to overcome fatigue, awaken potential, and can, used at just the right moment, bring a person to an experience of awakening.

—from *The Encyclopedia of Eastern Philosophy and Religion*

Page Two isn't all it's cracked up to be

After ecstasy, the laundry. — Zen saying

CONTENTS

POETRY

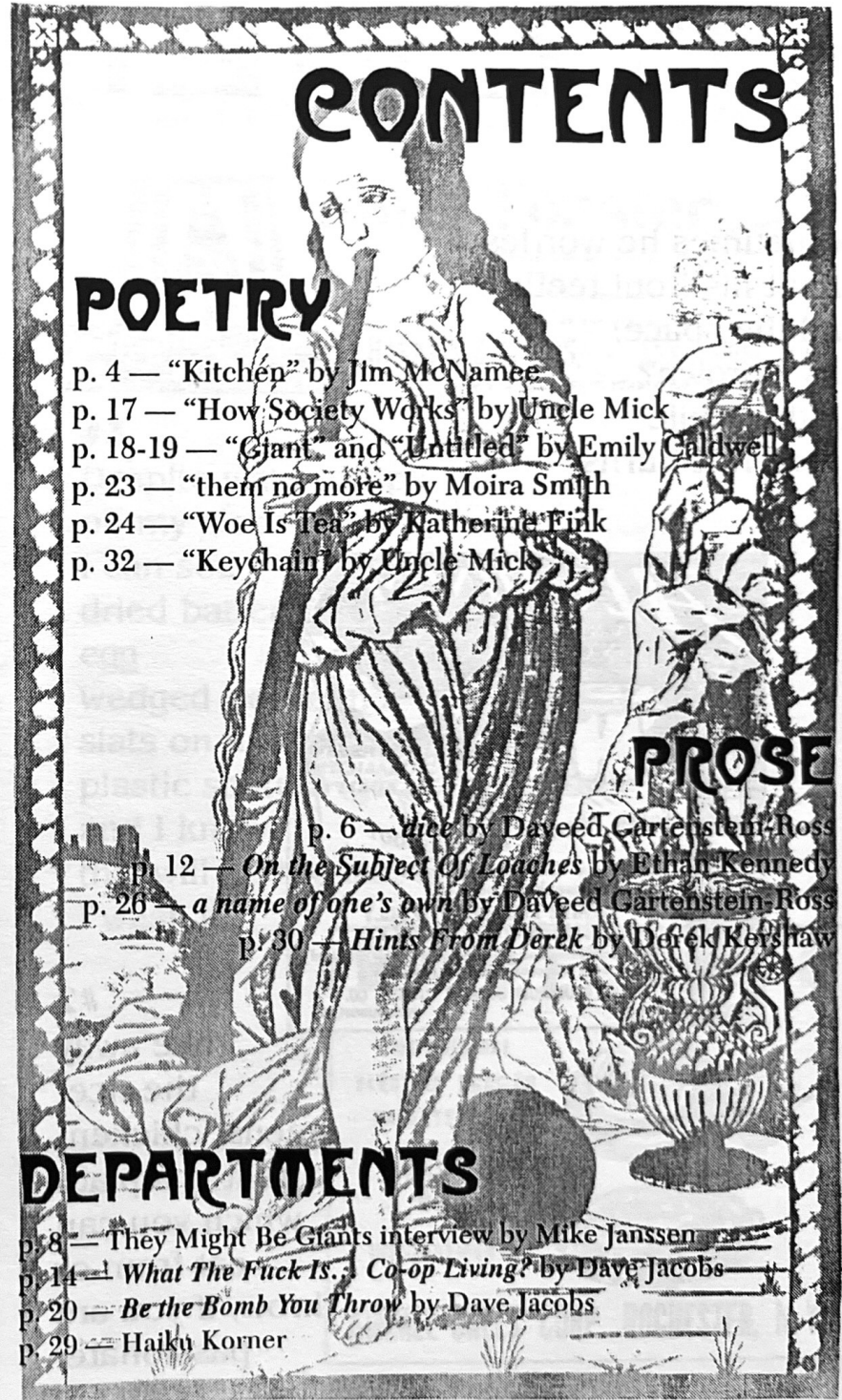
- p. 4 — "Kitchen" by Jim McNamee
- p. 17 — "How Society Works" by Uncle Mick
- p. 18-19 — "Giant" and "Untitled" by Emily Caldwell
- p. 23 — "them no more" by Moira Smith
- p. 24 — "Woe Is Tea" by Katherine Fink
- p. 32 — "Keychain" by Uncle Mick

PROSE

- p. 6 — *vide* by Daveed Gartenstein-Ross
- p. 12 — *On the Subject Of Loaches* by Ethan Kennedy
- p. 26 — *a name of one's own* by Daveed Gartenstein-Ross
- p. 30 — *Hints From Derek* by Derek Kershaw

DEPARTMENTS

- p. 8 — They Might Be Giants interview by Mike Janssen
- p. 14 — *What The Fuck Is... Co-op Living?* by Dave Jacobs
- p. 20 — *Be the Bomb You Throw* by Dave Jacobs
- p. 29 — Haiku Korner



KITCHEN

#1

Sometimes he worries
about his front teeth
and the space;
has it grown?
All this while
a Pop Tart burns.



ALUMINUM
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IN COOKING UTENSILS

SOLID METAL THROUGHOUT

The only Cooking Utensils that will not rust, crack or burn—
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#2

Take away
the rice,
greens, chicken,
and it is a plate
which you can
eat from or
throw, if you are
passionate.

BY JIM MCNAMEE



Jim's Toaster

An indispensable article for gasoline or gas stoves. Toasts 4 slices in 2 minutes. A leader and seller in department stores.

FOR SALE BY THE MANUFACTURERS

HARKINS & WILLIS, - ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Write for prices. New York Agency: **FRED FEAR & CO., 15 Jay St.**

#3

Despite water drops
on my glasses
I can see
dried batter and
egg
wedged between
slats on a grey
plastic spatula (good for teflon)
and I know
this will be the last time
I wash it.

BROILRITE

THE ORIGINAL
ELECTRIC BROILER
PATENTED 1934

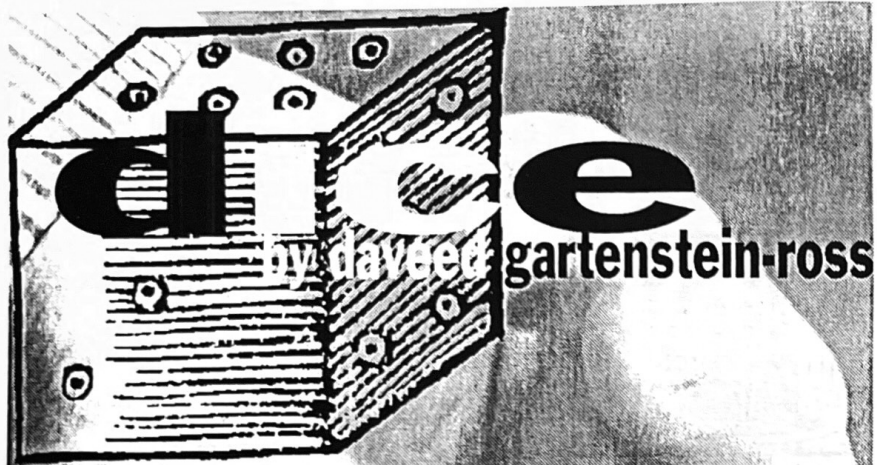


DON'T
BUY

INFRINGEMENTS

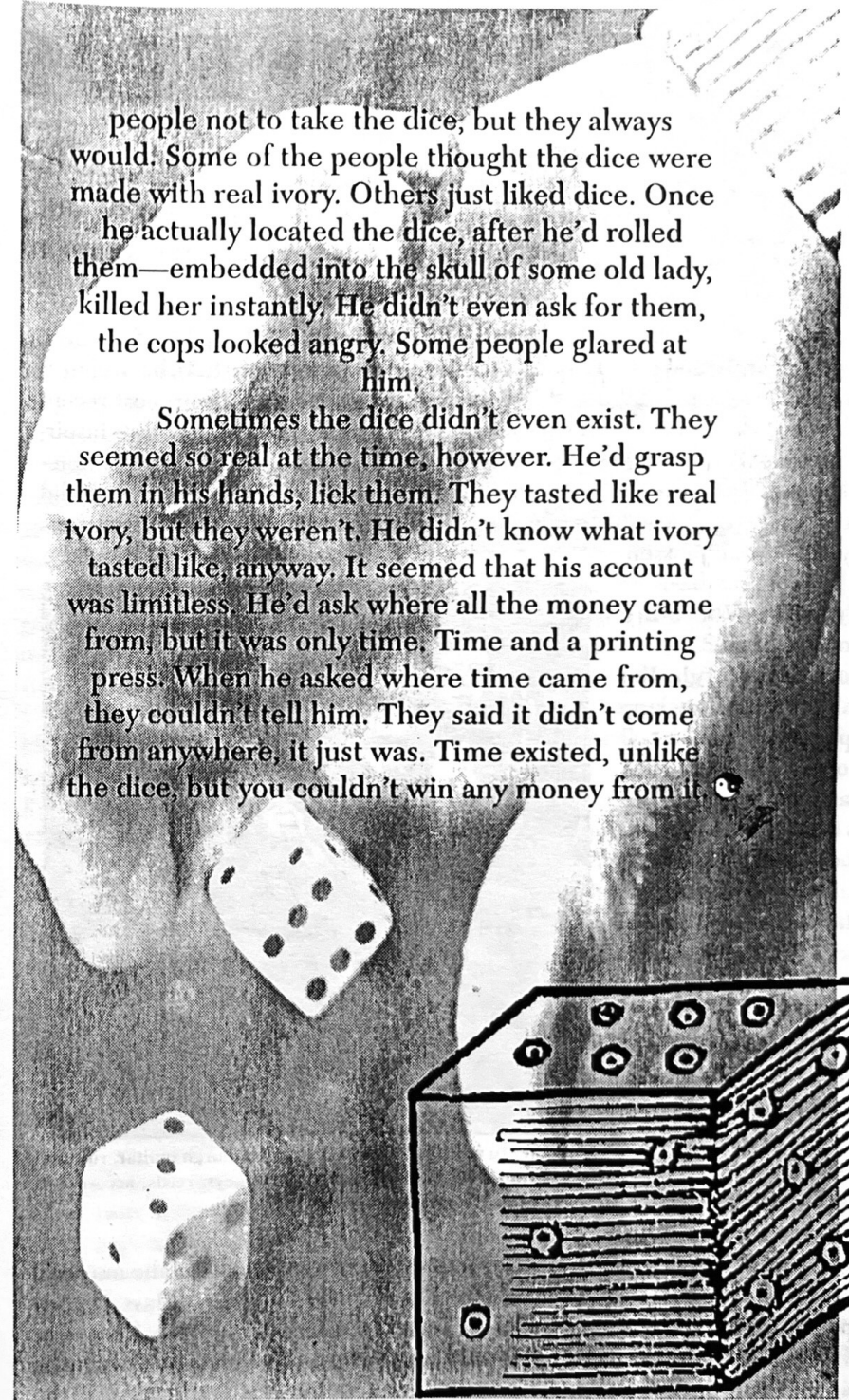


KIMMEL SALES CORP. ROCHESTER, N. Y.



IT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A SIMPLE GAME, really. And that's why he keeps playing. He never wins, but he thinks that he can at least make up some money. But he never does. It would get boring, probably, if he didn't play. He didn't know what money was anyway. When he asked, all they would tell him is that money is time—units of labor, man-hours, these all translate into time. But then when he asks what time is, they look at each other hesitantly and tell him that time is money. Kind of a circular definition, so he concluded that they didn't matter a whole lot. He had plenty of time on his hands, at any rate.

All you have to do is throw the dice and get some numbers. The problem is, more often than not, the dice wouldn't even land. No numbers, no money. Once in a while he'd think that he saw them hit the ground, but they'd search and search and couldn't find the little white cubes. Probably somebody took them. He tried to ask,



people not to take the dice, but they always would. Some of the people thought the dice were made with real ivory. Others just liked dice. Once he actually located the dice, after he'd rolled them—embedded into the skull of some old lady, killed her instantly. He didn't even ask for them, the cops looked angry. Some people glared at him.

Sometimes the dice didn't even exist. They seemed so real at the time, however. He'd grasp them in his hands, lick them. They tasted like real ivory, but they weren't. He didn't know what ivory tasted like, anyway. It seemed that his account was limitless. He'd ask where all the money came from, but it was only time. Time and a printing press. When he asked where time came from, they couldn't tell him. They said it didn't come from anywhere, it just was. Time existed, unlike the dice, but you couldn't win any money from it.

FEE FI FO FUM



in which John Flansburgh of They Might Be Giants speaks of songwriting, Green Day and Del Monte spaghetti sauce with Mike Janssen

For over a decade, They Might Be Giants, a duo comprised of John Flansburgh (guitar, vocals) and John Linnell (sax, keys, accordion, vocals) have been churning out album after album of endearing and erudite pop. Their most recent album, *John Henry*, features the single "Snail Shell" and 19 other awe-inspiring tunes. I was lucky enough to snag an interview with Flansburgh by telephone in his apartment in the Williamsburgh suburb of Brooklyn. Our sordid conversation is brought to you, the reader, for your enjoyment. Feast your eyes! — Mike Janssen

Kyosaku: Where are you right now?

John Flansburgh: I'm in my kitchen, making spaghetti. Let me tell you, Del Monte canned spaghetti sauce is rockin'. It's like what they use in restaurants.

K: When did you first start listening to music? Who were your favorite bands in your youth?

JF: I first started listening to music when I was really, really little.

I was really into the Beatles and AM radio, 1965 Top 40 radio. I bought *A Hard Days*

Night when I was five with birthday money. They were one half of the musical universe. My folks were really into the folk scene of Cambridge, Mass. I grew up just outside of Boston. You know, Joan Baez, Dylan, Phil Ochs. That was when I first became aware—I would experience a fair amount of acoustic guitar strumming. As a teen, it became even more intense. It wasn't until the



The Boys in the Band (l to r): John Flansburgh (guitar, vocals), Brian Doherty (drums), John Linnell (keys, reeds, accordion, vocals) and Tony Maimone (bass).

punk rock era that I started to learn to play guitar. I guess I was sort of afraid. Suddenly it was a good time to be not that good.

K: How do TMBG's songs get written? Is it a collaborative process? Are the new band members involved?

JF: The band worked on a couple of songs for the new record. For instance, the song "Nyquil Driver" was put together while we were rehearsing. John and I work pretty autonomously writing for They Might Be Giants. There are a few notable exceptions, but by and large we write independently of each other.

K: What are those "notable exceptions?"

JF: "Subliminal"... John has done some horn charts for songs I've written. "Spider." He made those samples. He created the vocal samples and gave me the disks and the drum sequences. "My Evil Twin." John had the music together and I wrote the melody and words. That was a fifty-fifty job. Recently we've gotten into trading lyrics before the song is written, which is a real spacewalk. It's kinda cool. It's a "just add water" approach. It's kind of like cheating. If you've got set lyrics, it's done in an hour. It's a lot different from the regular grind.

K: What inspired "Spider"?

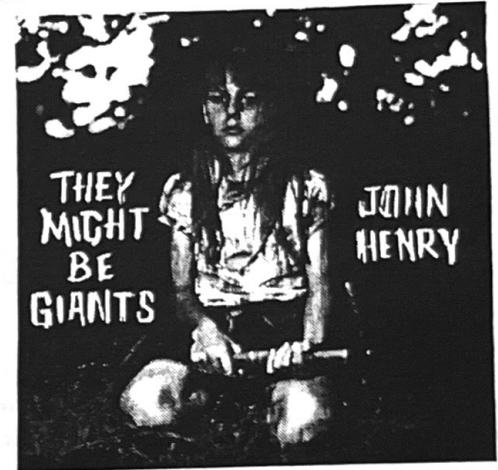
JF: I'm not quite sure, but it's sort of got a monster-movie vibe to it, like an overdubbed Japanese horror movie. Six months ago John was talking about—well, I have spiders in my house. There's this hole in my bathtub which is over my basement and spiders crawl up into my house. I'll get spider bites in my sleep. That might have been the genesis. I think I remember him reflecting on that.

K: What are the disadvantages of having a band?

JF: On a social level it's more extreme. It's having to deal with three times the personalities than before. People have really different desires. What suits them may be the opposite to another. It's different—it makes me feel like a boss in an uncomfortable way. For instance, if we have to decide, "Do we want a bus, or a van?" someone has gotta decide. It feels really weird. It takes away from the happy vibe. But we're a working band and we're not flying around in Lear jets, so it's figuring out what keeps us in the black and keeps everybody happy. It's a tough call.

K: Could you cite any musical influences?

JF: I really dig this Green Day record. For me, being in my 30s, it resurrected fond memories of the Buzzcocks. My response is different from a 17-year-old's. I can't pretend I've never heard anything like it. They're almost a



revival band. Maybe I'm like the biker guy at Woodstock who really enjoyed Sha Na Na. Beck is somebody—the style is really inspiring because it's so loose. It reminds me of the way Dylan made his records. You can tell it's not going to be fussed over, and we're envious of that, because we're so uptight.

We're kind of a noun-driven band

The spontaneity is kind of inspiring. I got the new Guided By Voices record, which is kind of similar in that spontaneous attitude, but I haven't had much time to check it out. It's clear [Beck's] listened to a lot of music besides rock music. There are so many

rock musicians today who have grown up listening only to rock music, and it's incredibly dull. He's definitely got that in there. So two thumbs up to Beck. I know John's really into Beck as well. I think John even went out and bought his indie release, so I know he's a big fan.

K: Maybe you guys should cover "Loser" in concert.

JF: Hey, who knows. I'm kind of sick of that song, though. I mean, it was a good song, though. It's kind of funny—"Loser" got played on black radio a lot down here, I guess on Hot 101, the disco station, because of the beat.

K: Are there particular themes that, as a songwriter, you find yourself returning to over TMBG's career?

JF: A lot of the themes can end up being our crutches. I've written a lot of songs that are sort of about the frustration of being a worker. Sometimes it has more meaning than other times. For example, "Minimum Wage" is a nice, 30-second, lighthearted joke song. "Hearing Aid" is a little more cryptic but also more heartfelt. I sort of see the same themes functioning in different ways. I think we tend to animate inanimate objects. We're kind of a noun-driven band.

K: What do you find satisfying about being a part of TMBG?

JF: Wow. I've actually... I've been so stressed-out lately I'm not in the "I love my job" kind of mood. We do get a lot of recognition sometimes, and that's gratifying. There are people who really understand where we're coming from and I appreciate that. What we're doing has never been focused on gaining the most acceptance. I think we knew we were taking a low road by creating something more personal. There'd be more satisfaction with the band by keeping it at that level. The satisfaction is in what we do, in making songs.

K: I realize that John probably wrote this song and it may not be one to ask you about, but "A Self Called Nowhere" is an unusually heavy song. What it is about?

JF: I wouldn't be surprised if he said it wasn't a personal song. I'm always surprised at what he feels is coming directly from him. For us, songwriting is pretty theoretical. It's not confessional. You're putting something together

that is going to stand on its own, where you don't have to know anything about the person to understand it. This spaghetti is rockin'.

K: What are you drinking with it?

JF: Nothing.

K: Hmm... you should be washing it down with something. You don't want it to hit you all at once. You need a buffer.

JF: Maybe I'll crack open this brand new Coca-Cola I just bought at the store. It's in the new retro bottle.

K: This is sort of a loaded question...

JF: Go right ahead.

K: ...but do you think *John Henry* has sort of a travel theme to it?

JF: Early on, we realized modes of transportation weigh heavily in our songwriting. Even before touring we realized there were a lot of vehicular songs.

K: Like "Alienation for the Rich."

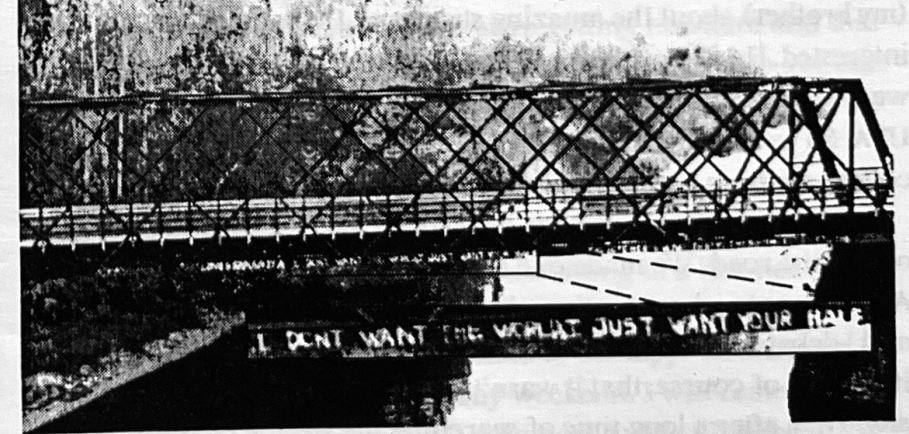
JF: Yes, and "Boat of Car." There are about five on that album. It makes sense—it's a very natural theme to me. I guess what I mean is, if I had to write a song about going somewhere or sitting somewhere, I'd write about going somewhere. Because you don't want the song to just sit there.

K: Have you collaborated with other bands? I know John has, but I haven't seen anything with you on it.

JF: Not really. I did this thing recently with Frank Black, a stage show called *They Might Be Frank Black*. John went off to Scotland and left us, but we had a festival date scheduled and couldn't get out of it, so we called Frank in. We did five of his and five of ours. It was a lot of fun. I'm not such a hot instrumentalist I could fit in with others too well. I'd be interested in producing someone sometime. I have some production and arranging skills that could help someone out.

K: Which came first: the song "Ana Ng" or the bridge?

JF: The song. There are a couple of those bridges out there. ☺



a bridge over the Connecticut River in Northampton, Mass. — photo courtesy Jeannie Wong

ON THE SUBJECT OF LOACHES

by ethan kennedy

Those of you who think a loach is an amphibian are incorrect. Loaches are amphibians, but the loaches that this story is based on are not living. A loach is a large cylindrical object made out of hay. They can be seen out on country roads in fields, sometimes in a field with cows, because the cows enjoy eating them.

I was driving down to the University of Virginia to spend the night with my brother and then return home the next day. I had my friend Chris Van Vuren sitting in the passenger seat next to me. We were just discussing the beauty of the countryside when suddenly as we rounded a bend in the road we saw a large structure that looked like it could be a two-story building in the distance. As we neared the structure, we figured out that it was made of loaches. They were stacked on top of each other, eight or nine high. On the top there was a black tarp with tires strung to it to hold the tarp down. That was obviously the most interesting thing that we had seen that day so when we got to UVA, we immediately told Mark (my brother) about the amazing structure. He became immediately interested. He was excited and wanted to see it, too. We decided that we were going to have to see it the next day on the trip home from UVA. So we forgot about it temporarily and went on doing things at college until we went to bed that night.

The next morning we packed up Mark's stuff and headed out on the road. We made one stop at Bodo's Bagels to get us going. As we came to where we thought the loach building should be, Chris and I debated whether we had accidentally passed it without seeing it. I knew, of course, that it wasn't possible to overlook such an obesity. Then after a long time of searching the stretch of road that lay ahead, we spotted it! The previous rain had left puddles on the tarp

on top and they glistened in the sun; it was like a dream. It was magnificent. We passed it staring in awe. At a turn-around spot in the road, we turned around and headed toward the beast. The adrenaline was flowing; I knew I had to at least try to climb to the top of it, otherwise I would never forgive myself for not trying.

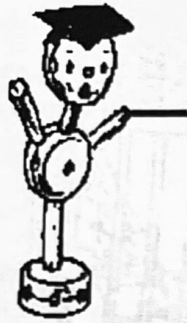
When the car came to a halt, I whipped out my camera and told Mark to take a picture of me trying to climb it with Chris. For some strange reason, Mark had no desire to climb it. So Chris and I carefully climbed over the barbed wire fence and ran to it. Immediately, there was a problem. Neither of us knew what to do. We didn't know where to start. There were no easy-access spots to assist us in our goal. We ran around it a couple of times and then decided that we would have to jump up and grab onto a tire and try to climb up from there. Chris was the first to try and when he jumped up and grabbed the tire, dirty water poured out onto his sweater from the tire. I tried another method. I jumped up and grabbed onto the strings that were holding the loaches together. That didn't work because the strings were so thin that they dug into the palms of my hands and it was very painful.

It was apparent that we were getting nowhere and that we were never going to get to the top. We decided to get our pictures taken while we tried to climb to the top, so at least we could have proof that we tried to climb it.

After we had our pictures taken we had a few more taken of us standing on some other loaches that weren't included in the massive structure. They were just sitting in a line nearby so we ran on top of them.

Although we never did climb to the top, I would have to say that it was the highlight of my weekend. I will remember it forever, and I am telling you all right now, I will climb to the top one of these days. ☺





WHAT THE FUCK IS... Co-op Living?

co-operate 1. to act or work together with another or others for a common purpose 2. to combine in producing an effect: sold of things. 3. to practice economic co-operation.

by david jacobson

In an MTV age where the words “alternative” and “progressive” are thrown around without a second thought, it is refreshing to come into contact with ideas or concepts that do those words justice. Experiments with cooperative living are such examples of this unity between theory and practice. Cooperative living can take place in houses, businesses, dining halls, or anywhere else. The co-op ideal represents an abolition of power structure, each member has an equal share and say in the decision-making process. Co-ops range in size from individual houses to national corporations (Avis Rent-A-Car and United Airlines are two examples).

My personal experience with co-ops comes from living and working in Harkness House at Oberlin College. Harkness is part of the Oberlin Student Co-operative Association (OSCA). Colleges are an ideal environment for co-ops to thrive because they offer an alternative to traditional dining and living experience. Students do all of the cooking and cleaning themselves; there is no hired help. Each member is responsible for doing an equal amount of work within the co-op. Monetary resources are pooled within co-ops, leftover money is returned at the end of the year, and debts are paid by all. Although I have been involved in several other co-op and collective communities, I will write this essay only about the process by which OSCA works, because it is the most defined and explainable of the ones I know.

You probably would have heard by now if utopias had been formed and were thriving in far off Oberlin, Ohio. Although Harkness began to shed its decade-long reputation for atrocious burnt tofu and the famous ‘20-pound-serves-110-uninoodle,’ its cleanliness record did not improve. This was not a bad thing. Just because people live under collective ideals does not mean they become completely devoid of character. Harkness was known on campus as a place for wild parties and reckless stunts. Other co-ops had different characteristics and populations as well. In Oberlin there are two vegetarian co-ops (Harkness), four meat-eating co-ops, and a co-op that acts a safe space for people of color within OSCA.

Most co-ops, including OSCA, govern themselves with a consensus system. Consensus is the realization of many of the egalitarian ideals. There

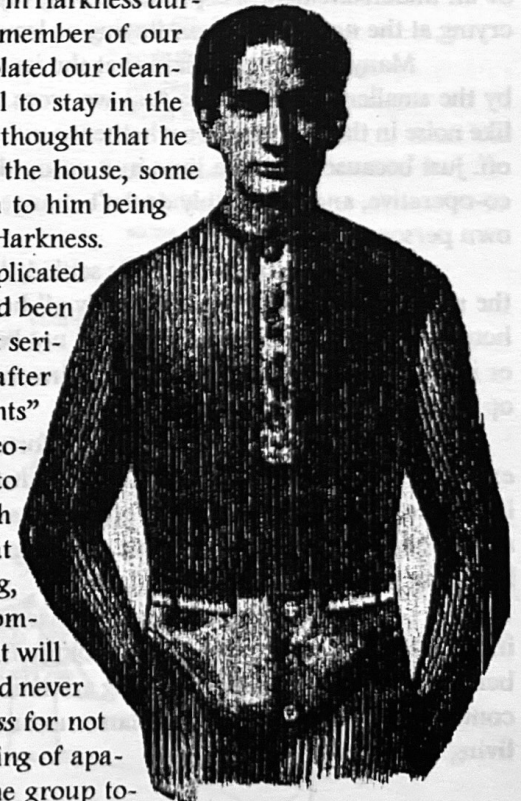
are usually regular meetings where members introduce, discuss, and vote on proposals made by other members of the co-op. Because each member has an equal share in the co-op, anyone can make a proposal, or object to one. Although each person has an equal share, there usually are elected officials at all levels to help communicate and coordinate activities with other co-ops and organizations.

Under consensus any one person has the right to a ‘major objection,’ a strong overriding concern with an issue at hand. Even if the vast majority of a co-op stand strong on one side of the issue, the rights of the individual are ultimately respected. There is no argument to a major objection, nor can you major object to one. In short, if a proposal is made and major objected to during a meeting, it is dead unless the person who major objects can be convinced to change her/his mind.

When someone major objects to a proposal they are saying that if that proposal passes they would no longer be able to live/work in the co-op; obviously, it is not to be taken lightly. This does not mean that the person is unwilling to let a compromise proposal pass. Unfortunately, in situations like this, the majority does tend to get defensive, and is often unwilling to listen to what the person who major objected had to say.

There was an incident in Harkness during the fall of 1995 when a member of our house (let's call him Aaron) violated our cleaning policy, and had to appeal to stay in the house. Although most people thought that he should be allowed to stay in the house, some people had a major objection to him being allowed to continue to live in Harkness.

The situation was complicated because when the proposal had been passed people had not taken it seriously. Our policy was that after amassing four “cleanliness points” you were officially out of the co-op unless the co-op consented to allow you to stay in. Although some people had concerns at this point early in the meeting, they were put to rest with comments like, “Oh, don't worry, it will never happen,” and, “We would never throw anyone out of *Harkness* for not being clean.” This led to a feeling of apathy about the policy within the group to-





do-it-yourself
IDEAS
to give you
more room

wards the policy, and it was passed.

At the meeting where we were deciding whether to allow Aaron to stay in the house, many people mentioned that they didn't think the policy

was valid. But it was; it had been passed by the house. Because people hadn't taken the policy discussions seriously at the beginning of the year, they were now in a moral bind as to how to act towards it. It did not seem like it was a co-op policy to them, because they had no real stake in deciding on it when it was resolved.

Even before that meeting, however, sides were taken, lines were drawn, and people were branded as right and wrong. There was profanity and there were personal attacks. I admit I was one of the worst offenders, even during the meeting itself. To say the meeting was dysfunctional would be an understatement. People (including myself) were yelling, cursing and crying at the notion of Aaron staying or leaving.

Many people later said that the issue was blown out of proportion by the smaller living stresses that we were all suffering from. Petty things, like noise in the stairwells or whether to put the toilet seats down, set people off. Just because someone lives in a co-op does not necessarily make them co-operative, and it certainly doesn't change the fact that people want their own personal space.

When the issue was finally settled, Aaron was allowed to stay when the major objector withdrew not only all her major objection but from the house completely. Because people had not been receptive to her complaints or ideas, and because people were not involved early in the process, the co-op process failed.

Although the resolution was unfortunate, at least it was a learning experience that helped us grow as individuals and as a collective. I would like to see a house where people can all live and work together without being afraid to express themselves about *any* issue whatsoever. However, this may be a long way off.

I hope that by sharing my experience with you I have stirred some interest in spreading co-operative ideologies to other areas of society. I firmly believe that the ideals of co-op living are sound, and I have faith that through commitment and honesty a utopian community based around co-operative living can exist — and thrive. ©

How Society Works

by
**Uncle
Mick**

We cut the ice into bricks—
easier to carry—
then we formed a line
to pass them
from where they lay
to where we needed them.

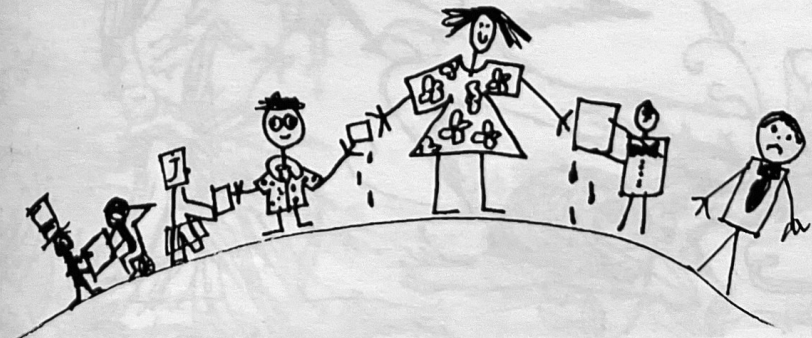
The line was fractured
and the ice cut our hands,
but callouses formed,
we found a rhythm,
and someone started singing.

Soon more people came
and filled the gaps,
so instead of throwing,
we passed the bricks,
hand to hand.

After a while, we had to
bow the line
so we could fit
everyone in.

People started arguing
about their positions,
and the proper way
to pass the bricks.

And there was so much friction,
the ice began to melt.



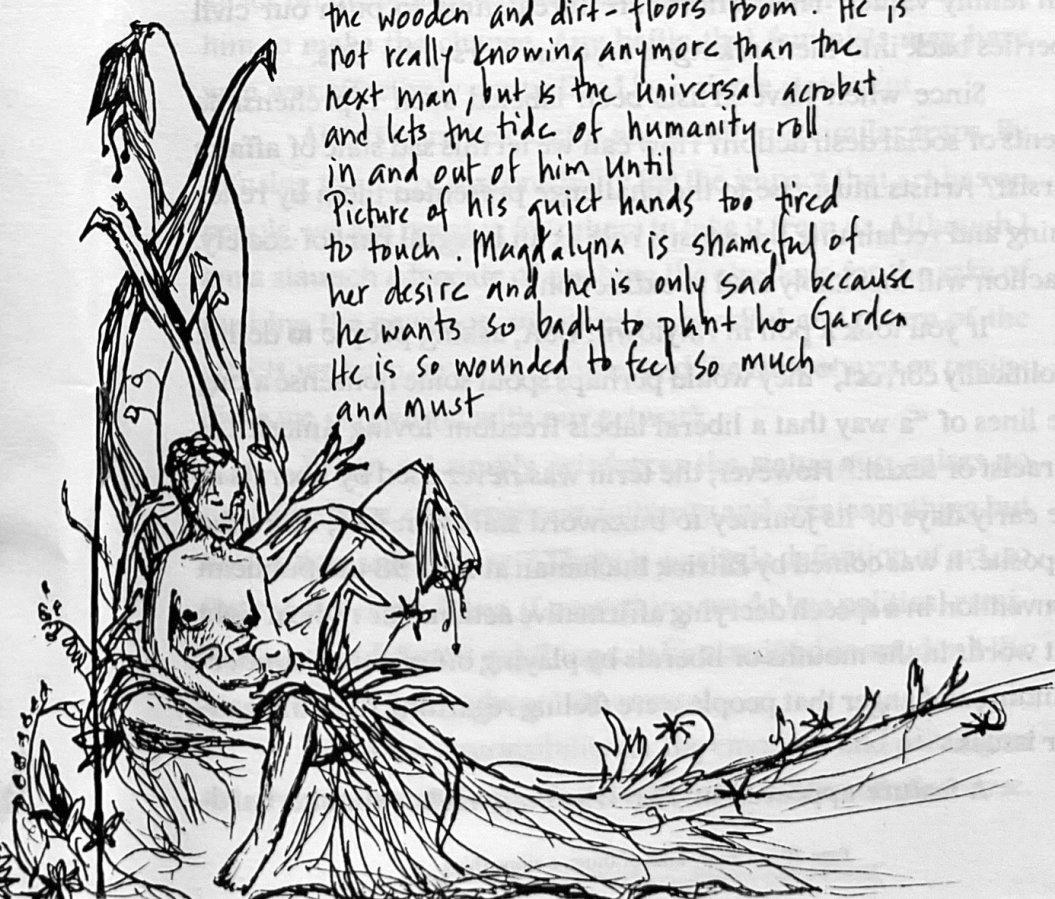


Hildegard - to coax a man
 bending heavily over his shovel
 in resolute fatigue - ambivalent
 thus without defeat: still
 there in his chest beat sounds like
 empty bookshelves
 with dust
 waiting in the cracked-pane sun of
 a defunct warehouse -
 Hildegard sooth his brow
 and make him lie down
 on some sawdust where - for an hour -
 the sun can pool around him
 like touch



Consider the savior: he's bending to
 scratch between his toes and jolts
 up surprised and embarrassed when
 his stomach growls - Eyes Magdalyna
 in a new way -
 Soft mounds, round mounds and
 he is made restless by her mouth
 She is warm fleshy beauty that he
 wants to
 Something not well concealed
 by heavy folds of cloth around
 thighs hangs in the air. Describes itself
 as a distillation of all warm-dark
 spaces.

Jesus is so sleepy, turns head to
 the moonrise. There is no light in
 the wooden and dirt-floors room. He is
 not really knowing anymore than the
 next man, but is the universal acrobat
 and lets the tide of humanity roll
 in and out of him until
 Picture of his quiet hands too tired
 to touch. Magdalyna is shameful of
 her desire and he is only sad because
 he wants so badly to plant her Garden
 He is so wounded to feel so much
 and must





be the BOMBS you throw

BY DAVID JACOBS

In the introduction to *Kyosaku #4* we declared, “Artistic rebellion is the least blatant but most satisfying way of spitting on society’s shoes.” Art, like politics, forces us to think in new ways. Recently, Republican leaders such as Bob Dole and Jesse Helms have made it a priority to label art as responsible for the decline of American family values. Their efforts are threatening to push our civil liberties back into the Dark Ages, or, even worse, the ’50s.

Since when have artists been labeled such reprehensible agents of social destruction? How can we let this sad state of affairs persist? Artists must rise to the challenge presented them by redefining and reclaiming the artist’s role as an integral part of society. Inaction will inevitably lead to extinction.

If you took a poll in Anytown, USA, asking people to define “politically correct,” they would perhaps spout some nonsense along the lines of “a way that a liberal labels freedom-loving Americans as racist or sexist.” However, the term was *never* used by liberals in the early days of its journey to buzzword status; in fact, quite the opposite. It was coined by Patrick Buchanan at the 1984 Republican Convention in a speech decrying affirmative action. The radical right put words in the mouths of liberals by playing off of the misunderstanding and anger that people were feeling regarding race and gender issues.

A feature appeared in *The Washington Post* about a hard-

Page 20 is a zippy kind of thing, a zippy thing.

ware company that had stopped distributing a calendar portraying scantily-clad women holding power tools in sexual positions. The director of the company accused politically correct liberals of forcing him into the decision. This is a perfect example of the misuse of the term “politically correct.”



When the power tools company director invoked the term “politically correct,” he used the term as a double-edged sword, at once excusing his sexist behavior and launching an attack on the omniscient liberals who were supposedly forcing him to make the change. Any battle that feminists may have won was effectively neutralized by a single statement.

Artists must be careful not to fall into similar traps. By refusing to accept responsibility for the impact that art has on people, we are begging for others to take it from us. Although I am a staunch advocate of pushing the envelope for the sake of pushing the envelope, we must be mindful and aware of the effects we have on other people, and the stereotypes or prejudices we perpetrate with our artwork.

When art simply reinforces the status quo, raises no new questions, challenges no authority and creates nothing but frustration, is it truly art? There is no single definition of art, so the answer is yes. Thus, if everything we do has political ramifications, and almost anything can be classified as art, don’t the two intersect everywhere? Of course!

By taking responsibility for the emotions and paradigms art creates, we can open up whole new means of discourse.

Imagine if people made all of their arguments through purely artistic means. Not only would the world be more fun, but we would begin to understand one another much better. Debates would no longer center around only economics and language, but rather, a whole new universe of ways to understand each other would become evident.

Rather than concentrate on differences in political theories, we could get together and discuss our similarities. We could begin to appreciate the common ground we all share and begin to work from there. I would love to give a constructive critique of the Limbaugh aesthetic, the avant-garde ideas of Dole, or the crooked yet widely accessible themes apparent in the work of Newt Gingrich. Who knows? Maybe there would be a straight edge in there somewhere.

Art makes us think in news ways; it can give us hope or be depressing, shine with idealism or spread the darkness of cynicism, be a colorful new idea or a gray old theory pulled out of *The Communist Manifesto* (with a postmodern twist, of course). So throw down this magazine in your hands right now and embark upon your own artistic journey. But remember that being outrageous does not necessarily make you avant-garde or progressive. ☺

Dear Owls,
This is Mike from Phish
and you're reading
Kyosaku. Owl.

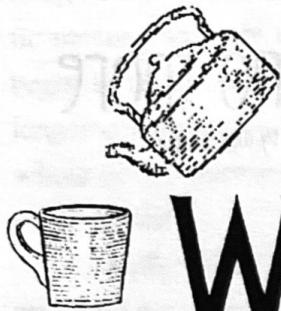
OUL

them no more

by moira smith

a flood of tempered anguish
tears.
from ashes to ashes and thus dusk to dusk,
i feel this childhood as the grip slips
and i am alone.
dad is no longer dad,
mom no longer mom,
i am no longer i.
the gentle passages, the caressed drifting
of which pasted christian mottos
so incessantly speak are not for me, it seems.
i have felt a man
i have seen a world
i have witnessed a salvation and i have witnessed a death,
and none of these things were as they said they would be.
i have wandered alone, shivering in the chill of strangers and
strange lands,
and felt more at peace than in the suffocating warmth of a
family and of a christmas eve.
i am not better, nor am i more,
but i am certainly not them.
them no more.





Woe Is Tea

The Concerns of a Tea Consumer in a Capitalist Society
By Katherine Fink

I.

What is this brewing on T.V.?
A negative ad against Lipton tea?
I thought this policy was just used in politics
Never had I thought it would affect me!

This big hair and nose is adorning the screen
Sleeping in scorn for their rival's caffeine
Luzianne's word is Lipton's below standard
So cancel that afternoon tea with the Queen!

"For the perfect cup of tea, serve steaming... hot?"
Hair and nose inquire as ink marks the telling spot
Of Lipton's tea bag sleeve, as all its tea bag leaves
Are doomed to deaths inside a warm pot.

Lipton, she implies, won't tantalize on ice
But I contest it's at its best, its taste not sacrificed
If you were to question me, I'd say it's flavored to a T
As a tasty quick refresher, it would certainly suffice.

I don't care for the brew she's talking about
I'll drink my Lipton, with ice or without!
Negative ads, remember, filtered voters last November
What I just can't handle to hear is her spout.

But she says their cup of tea won't befit her
Hoping Luzianne's sales are boosted by her wit, or
Her adversity lands her another advertisement.
I like my tea unsweetened, but I sure don't like it bitter.

II.

One year ago, my nemesis was lowly Luzianne
Who bad-mouthed competition when its product could not stand
It really got me t'd off when these teas began their tee-off
But attacked is now attacker: Lipton wages war again!

On radio I heard the warming of this feeble feud
Says the ad, a model tea would have to be real-brewed
Snapple's real-brewed, then a powder, the voice shouts a little louder,
So it's not as real as Lipton; Snapple's claims are misconstrued!

Lipton planned their ad attack to be black as pekoe
Hiring "Maurice" from "Northern Exposure," a T.V. show.
He argued with such feeling that it almost sent me reeling
But his skewed real-brewed contention left me soberingly low.

Offensive Lipton's pot called Snapple's kettle "black,"
A strategy they borrowed from Luzianne's attack
You'd think that in this world we'd have something else to quarrel
But ads will still unfurl, and we'll come back.

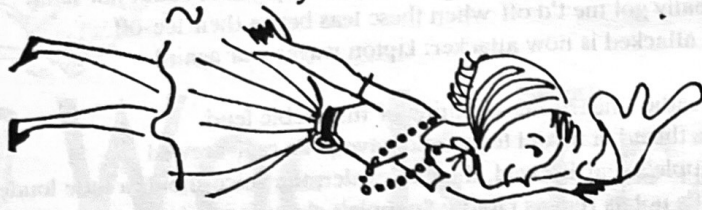
"Real this, real that," Maurice claimed we all ask for
But if "this" and "that" were really real, we'd not ask anymore
Now that "real-brewed" is pinned down, cease to tease on further grounds
Or soon none will buy the poison you pour.

The last to claim they're proper tea awaits, I foresee
This tea act will continue as tea's party to be green
But this residue I'm leaving shapes a fortune I believe in:
A brand without rancor would be to me a novel tea.

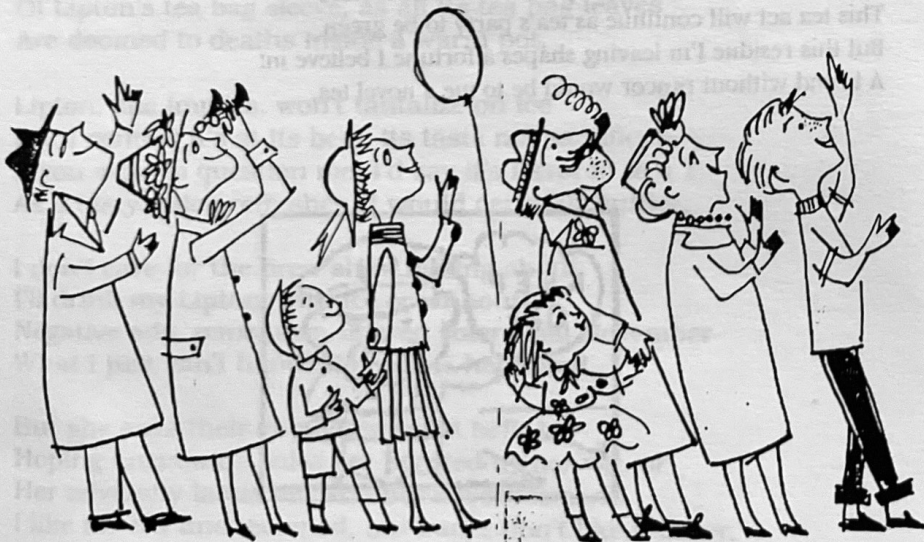


a name of one's own

by daveed gartenstein-ross



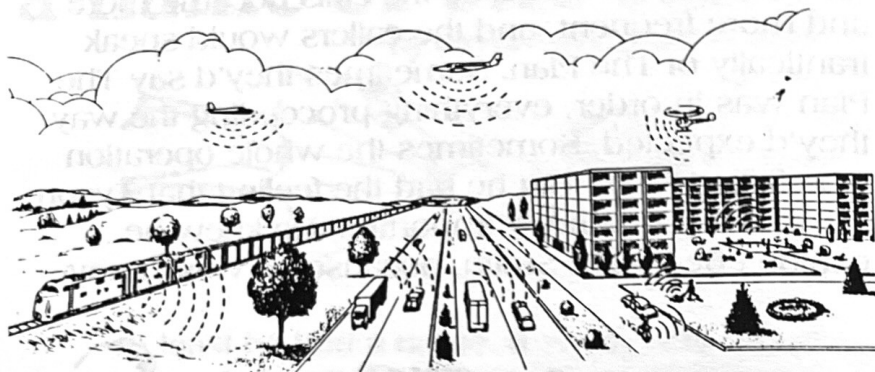
At least he had a name. It wasn't his own name, though; he didn't know whose name it was. He assumed it belonged to Tyson Smith, since his name was Tyson Smith, and it was only logical that his name would belong to somebody possessing the same name. He didn't know who this Tyson Smith was, however. He'd heard of Tyson Smith; people would mistake *him* for Tyson Smith, most often when they phoned. Sometimes they'd have brief conversations. People usually realized face-to-face that he wasn't actually Tyson Smith, at least not *the* Tyson Smith. He was *a* Tyson Smith, at any rate. He never felt like a Tyson Smith, anyway.



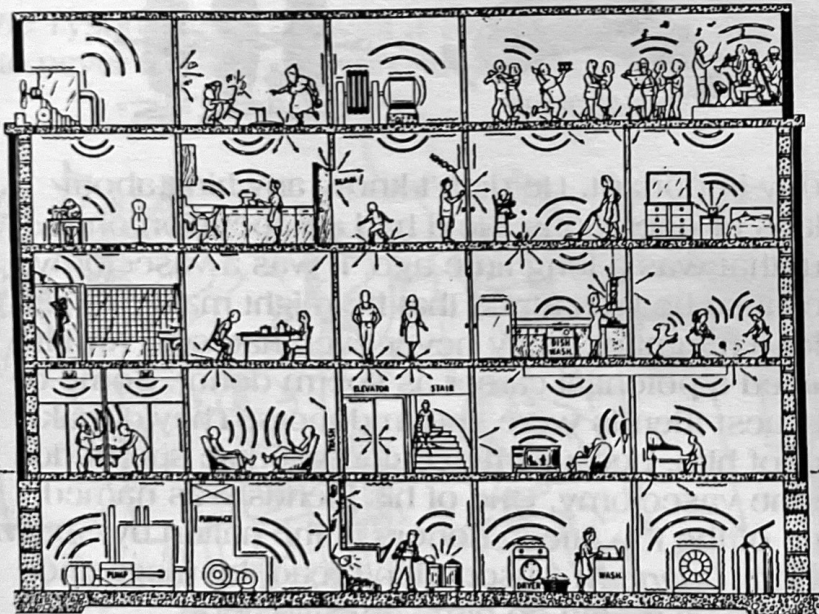
He definitely felt that something was *up*. You know, going on. Because the calls became more and more frequent, and the callers would speak frantically of The Plan. Sometimes they'd say The Plan was in order, everything proceeding the way they'd expected. Sometimes the whole operation was falling apart. But he had the feeling that Tyson Smith was somebody important. He knew he couldn't be Tyson Smith, because he wasn't any-



body important. He didn't know anything about plans or operations. He'd had an operation once, but that was a long time ago. It was a vasectomy, because he was afraid that he might make his girlfriend pregnant. They never even had sex. And it ruined a potential career as sperm donor. Some of his best friends were sperm donors. They'd make fun of him, because he couldn't donate sperm due to the vasectomy. One of his friends was named one of the top fifteen donors in the nation by *Sperm Donor Quarterly*. Tyson didn't read the magazine, because it would do him very little good.



Once he was at a convenience store picking up a six-pack of beer. He drank Miller Lite, because he liked the commercials. He was carded, at any rate, and when the little punk behind the counter looked at his license, the punk asked if he was *the* Tyson Smith. Of course he had to say no, because he was just another Tyson Smith. Tyson Smith would rule the world one day, he was quite sure, and then maybe people would stop calling him. ☺



Fire in my stomach.
Crawling back from the border.
Is this taco hell?
-whisperin bill



F.Zappa sweet-tooth.
Creamcheese drips on Easy Meat
Sculptured sandwich, yum!
-rob cabana



I know a big man.
He's Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Why is he so big?
-sudama adam rice



Haiku Korner

Dogs and cats are fun.
Fur gets in-between my teeth,
but look at them squirm.
-ankush gosain

Fezzes are neat.
Yellow tassels are funky.
Please don't touch me there.
-michael janssen



I make valentines.
But mom does all the cutting.
She picks my girlfriends.
-jim mcNamee





Derek's Druthers

by Derek Kershaw

Dear Derek:

I caught some spiders that were in my kitchen by putting frijoles negros in a jar. Now I'm training them for a Vegas-style show.

—Ethel, Age 2

Dear Ethel,

Great idea! I'm happy you could pass this useful suggestion on to the other readers. Hugs!

—Derek

Dear Bobby,

You can get that blood stain out by washing the tile with ammonia and water. If that doesn't work, you may have to use steel wool and detergent. Hugs!!!

—Derek

Dear Derek:

One day recently, I felt hunger. Suddenly I thought I should eat and I ingested food.

—Tuckoo, Age 14 months

Dear Tuckoo,
HUGS!!!

—Derek

Dear Derek:

I am a child molester. The children I lure into my home are messy. They spill juice and shit all over. And I make my own clothes out of burlap. It's fun. And I make little men out of paperclips to relax after a hard day of skinning potatoes and destroying people's hopes and dreams. You are all responsible for my sins.

—Jill, Age 8

Dear Derek:

I found blood on my bathroom tile. I got scared 'cause I think I could be a perpetual bleeder. If my mommy has company she doesn't want to have blood all over. I think I'm dying. Does God exist?

—Bobby, Age 5

Just like me, page 30 wants to be close to you.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. —Dryden

Dear Jill,

Those are great suggestions. Now I know what to do with all those paperclips. Hugs!

—Derek

Dear Derek:

Not too long ago, I was naked. My nipples got erect. I was cold. I said "Brrr!" I walked to my closet, got out some clothes and put them on.

—Harry, Age 17

Dear Harry,

Great idea! I never thought of that! Now I know—clothes! Hugs!

—Derek

Dear Derek:

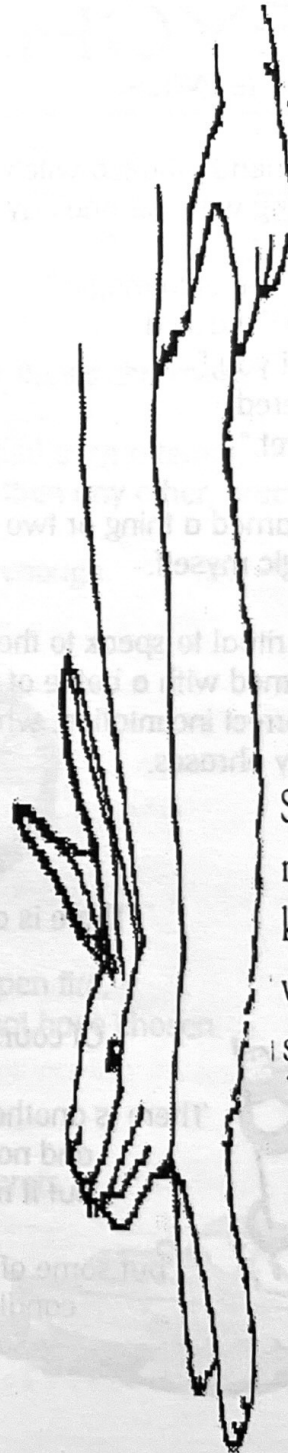
My life's work has been to create the perfect plastic worm. I have been working on this one ideal plastic worm for several centuries. I am not cognizant of the time that has elapsed and my miraculous youth. I have not aged since I started work on the worm. My plastic worm shavings are sticking to my floor. How do I clean them off?

—Li-Tung-Tze, Age 900

Dear Li-Tung-Tze,

Take a paper towel and rub the shavings fiercely. This should do the trick, master. Hugs! Bounty is the quicker picker upper.

—Derek



Simple method of killing a rabbit with a quick snap of its neck.

He who is plenteously provided for from within, needs but little from without. —Goethe

KEYCHAIN

BY UNCLE MICK

I've got a friend who's a witch.
I was talking with her one day
and she said,
"there is a secret to magic."
"What is it?" I asked.
"I can't tell you,"
she answered,
"it's a secret."



But I've learned a thing or two
about magic myself.

There is a ritual to speak to the dead;
It is performed with a bottle of wine and an old photograph
and the correct incantation, which consists of
a few teary phrases.

There is a ritual to heal a wounded spirit;
The necessary tools are coffee
and a full tank of gas.
Of course, the proper music is required.

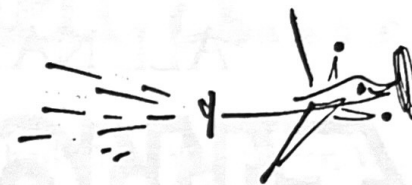


There is another ritual—it is a dangerous ritual,
and no one knows quite what it is for—
but it makes you feel better, if it works.
There are infinite variations,
but some of the more typical ingredients are
candlelight, whispers, and a soft bed.
Some assistance may be required.

Page 32 is the first page of the rest of *Kyosaku*.

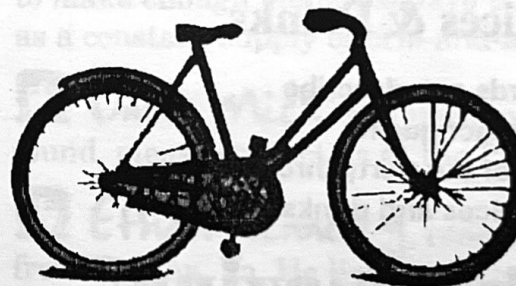
Has any man attained to inner harmony by pondering the experience of others? Not since the world began! He must pass through the fire. —Norman Douglas

This is the magic of the focused will.
The magic of the cigarette.
The magic of the keychain.
It's the magic I've chosen,
and it works,
well,
like a charm.



She wanted to impress me
and yet protect me from the dark things she knew;
the magic of the unseen,
that only the strongest souls should even attempt,
though the weakest souls, more than any other, practice.

They're the only ones desperate enough.



Her magic calls for blood,
dripping from the palm into an open fire,
binding you to a deity you may not have chosen.

Just like your relatives.

It demands your most terrible secrets
and the utmost dedication.
It brings pain and dementia
and truth.



Leave it alone.
You don't need truth that badly.

Page 33 is sorry about your daughter.

ALL NATURAL

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People who say it cannot be done should not interrupt those who are doing it. —Anon.


who the hell is...?


 **Emily Caldwell** hails from Winchester, Va., the hometown of Patsy Cline. She attends Wake Forest University where she intends to major in English.

 **Daveed Gartenstein-Ross**, a philosophy major at Wake Forest University, wishes to inform the *Kyosaku* readership that rumors of his death have been greatly exaggerated. Recent sales include *Arbitrary Random Thought*, *Atom Mind* and *Abbey*. Someday he hopes to make enough money to have purple hair again, as well as a constant supply of brie-and-apple sandwiches.

 **Uncle Mick** has been missing since March 9. If found, please contact us at the PO Box on page 2.

 **Ethan Kennedy**, renowned loach scholar, hails from Fairfax, Va. He has been known to sport a tenor banjo.

 **Katherine Fink** is yr punk rock heroine.

 **Moira Smith** is unable to take your call. pls leave yr name + number at the sound of the beep. <beep>!!
"moira! moira! weneedyr bio!"

RUB THE BUDDHA



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