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MY BARBARIC YAWP

by Drew Kemp

Don't be safe.

I confess, I am an academic.

I have a nice, cozy office with three screens for my computer. I have a phone line, a desk, bookshelves, and file cabinet. It is my camouflage.

You see, I am a punk rock academic.

I wasn't always. This is a new me. This is a place where I have found myself after finding out I got tenure and my wife dying. They happened within days of each other. I was elated and broken. But, that is another story.

For a long time in my life, prior to that week, I played life safe. I was the dutiful husband, doting father, all of the cliché things that define an idyllic middle America. Yes, there were dark times and tribulations, but on the surface, it was a normal life. And, I made it look that way. Because I played it safe, I stagnated. Intellectually. Personally. Socially. Sexually. Academically. And all of the other things in life.

Then, it all became clear to me. I was not living authentically. I was not being me. I was being safe. I was allowing the society, norms, opinions, administrators, colleagues control who I was and what I was doing.

In that moment, my worldview and who I was, was transformed. I said to myself, not, "What a wonderful world, but, fuck that."

That is why I am writing today. Stop playing it safe.

It is fascinating to me that we, as academics, live in a profession that clings to the notion of intellectual freedom (which is a myth). That is bullshit. We don't have intellectual freedom. Not until we are full professors with tenure. And how-the-fuck many of those are there?

As academics, we live in a constant state of fear. We are afraid we won't get promoted. We are afraid we

won't get tenure. We are afraid of student evals, administrators, our reputation, and, in reality, the opinion of our peers. And so, we play it safe. And what has safe gotten us?

As a teacher educator, here is what is has gotten us. I would say our education system is stagnant. We keep changing the paint. What we are doing is the same, it just looks a little different. Cleaner. Prettier. And there we remain.

As academics, we are pigeon-holed into a narrow research agenda. Looking at one thing. Over and over. Rotating it a few degrees and looking again.

What is dead? Innovation. Creativity. Intellectual freedom. We are paralyzed.

The BIG question? What can we do?

In the movie, "Pump Up the Volume," the protagonist/antagonist extraordinaire says the following on his pirate radio show, "Rise up in the cafeteria and stab them with your plastic forks."

That is punk rock. This is the mindset we need.

No, I am not espousing violence. I am espousing not being safe in our profession. We are tied down by traditions. We are muted by promotion and tenure. We are forced to think narrowly and safely. Intellectual freedom my ass.

We need to step forward and change the rules. We need to change the traditions. We need to move into the 21st century.

Don't be safe.

Try something new.

Create something.

Create a zine. Create a YouTube channel. Create a podcast. Do radical art. Become a part of a new conversation.

I have said this before, but I will say it again. Stop thinking outside the box. Create a new box. Fuck that. Use different shapes.

Just, don't be safe.

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Don't be Punk if you don't know what it means.

Fakhran Ramadhan

This is a story of my friend. Elise and I witnessed sexual harassment on female western punk rocker at the gig in Bogor, West Java, Indonesia 2 years ago. The gig was named *In Punk We Drunks*. It was such a weird name that if you are not punk and you are not drinking alcohol, you are not punk. Punks must get drunk. But the local committee claimed that this name relates to the pleasure and fun.

That was such hard decision for either of us to attend the gig or not due to some of my friends saying that it was not such a gig to enjoy. Finally, my dad lent me his car. Both of us decided to attend the gig because it offered a different view and space--open air space and blend with nature. The gig was held at the mountain valley at Mount Bunder, Bogor and it was not like any other gig that I had ever attended before.

Elise and I arrived at 11 pm on Friday and the air was so cold. Anyway, the show still went on until after midnight. The show started in the afternoon on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday; 3 days in a row as it was informed by the local committees we asked. There were many street punks who got drunk due to much alcohol consumption. This place is a wide open air campground and all the participants stayed there by. So when they got up, they could go straight directly to the venue. The visitors didn't need to worry because there are some facilities such as a public toilet and a mosque. If you get hungry, there were also food stalls and cafeteria.

What made this show so cool was there were a few children that ran and played out as if this gig as their playground. Their parents

were not worried of the situation. When I asked one of the parents, his father named Joy said this was the introduction of how he taught his kids about life; to teach the kids about bad and good things in life.

A recent case of sexual violence against vulnerable women at Punk Hardcore Festival at Gunung Bundar, Bogor has raised a question in my mind: What has happened to morality? The American women cried and several guys who were listening to her experience were unable to speak English.

I heard "But this time, thank you for being there, Mates. You just saved her life." I stopped listening to my playlist and overheard the story. She was angry at punk kid. She was sexually assaulted and I had to find Elise to calm her down. Bang! I was speechless when I listened to her story more closely and in detail.

A guy who dressed and looked so Punk (PUNK), as she shared the story, showed his penis to the vulnerable American girl at public toilet and sadly, she could not even remember his face. I saw her walking alone under alcohol influence and nobody took her. The stupid punk who was under alcohol took the chance to show his wildness and power to vulnerable drunk female.

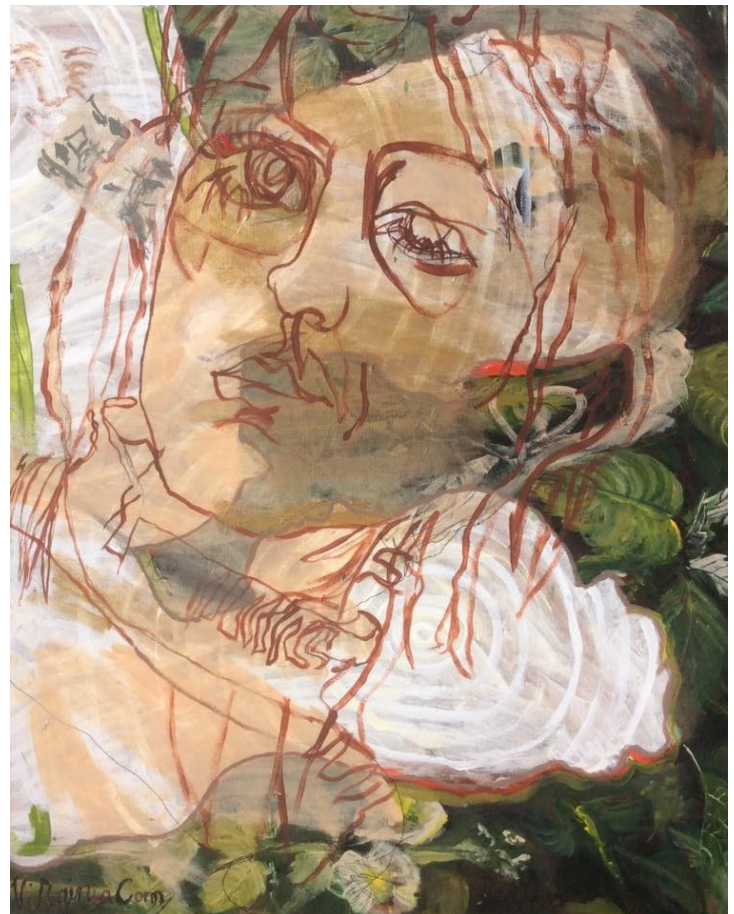
I have to tell you this because I need to make your eyes open to this immoral stupid as fuck behavior who dresses up like a punk. Do not stay

quiet about this.

I am so disappointed and uncomfortable. Two years ago was the hardest thing to do for all the people who start a revolution, either as teacher or lecturer or punks, whoever your identity is to open up this issue of sexism in the local area, specifically for women who come up at underground gigs or other public areas--airports, cinemas, bus stations, hospitals, bus stops, traditional markets, department stores and on the street. It happens specifically on Indonesian public spaces. It is likely that many cases of sexual violence against women are never reported to the public. If you witness this, share it, report it, and voice it. Women have the right to enjoy the music, to dance, to yell, to bang heads, and go home safely after the show.

SEXISM IS NOT PUNK.

DO NOT BE A PUNK IF YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT IT MEANS.



Excerpt from "Towards a Socialist Outlook"

Forthcoming in *Enheduanna: A Pagan Literary Journal* vol 5

Daniel Cureton

Continuing the Socialist Dream into the 21st Century

The roll and purpose of socialism is as a structural component to a healthy and prosperous society. Karl Marx's social theory aims for the equality and equal measurement of resources among all citizens. "In place of the old bourgeois society, with its classes and class antagonisms, we shall have an association, in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all" (Engels and Marx).



While Marx has good working theories, the ontology of the 19th century is far past and does not fit with the concern of 21st century societies. There doesn't have to be a hard look at the history of America to see the thread of socialist ideas and programs. The bailouts in the 2008 Great Recession (National Archives) where banks and the auto industry took billions, and people and businesses given stimulus checks of COVID-19 2020 (U.S. Department of the Treasury)—purely socialist in nature—helped float the economy, save people, and stabilize the U.S. and greater world community till the events of the time pass. In this manner, the United States continues to push forward as a democratic socialist utilitarian society. Though voices also push back against these types of bailouts and benefits, there are groups of people more interested in helping Americans, than saving money, usually wins.

In order to keep that socialist outlook alive, America has to stand up against outdated notions of economics, slave wage labor, colonial rhetoric, and corporate rights over the individual. With the corporatization of the Executive Branch of the U.S. Government (i.e. the Trump Corp), it is even more important now than ever to put people over party and to strive to uphold the rights

declared in the Bill of Rights as well as those later defined and granted to us through amendments and the courts. Democracy, socialism, and a move towards a utopian society where everyone has their needs met, equally contributing to the structure means, each person has to work daily towards the goals of such a society. While there are bad apples in every system, these negatives do not go so far to outweigh the greater benefits to society as a whole.

Democracy is dynamic; so are the human lives. Protest. Be active. Speak out; and always stand up for injustice in the world. Only through bridging party lines, setting aside differences, and working together in our communities, locally and globally, can the socialist outlook be achieved.

As Q from Star Trek: Voyager said "...that the individual's rights will be protected only so long as they don't conflict with the state. Nothing is so dangerous to a society."

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Anybody feeling a little déjà vu?

by Deanna Chappell

The fight for the hearts and minds of the children of the US nation-state is nothing new, as we know. We know that schools are a frighteningly efficient tool for indoctrinating students into the ways of settler colonialism, racism, sexism, etc. etc. ...all the fuckery. With some frequency, complaints surface from the far right that "radical leftists" are teaching students something *other* than the cherished whitewashed version of America - that inspirational story where Native people were "saved" by the brave settlers who stole their homes, enslaved people were gladly willing to be taken care of by the people who denied them humanity and stole their labor, and immigrants were and are lovingly welcomed into a magical mystery melting pot. (Also in this fairyland, everyone's vote counts.)

We've been down this road before, y'all. Who remembers the Reagan years, Education Secretary Margaret Spellings, and E.D. Hirsch's "cultural literacy"? Anyone? Anyone? Buehler? Something -D-O-O economics? Voodoo ~~eco-~~nomics education? Hirsch's deal was, and continues to be, that cultural literacy lends itself to literature literacy. In a 2009 article in the popular publication *American Educator*, he shares the example of an American (himself) reading the British

sports pages and struggling to understand the outcome of a cricket game (Match? Meet? Show? Whatever!). His claim: since he doesn't have foundational knowledge of cricket he cannot comprehend the content of the article, even though he can decode the words.

By Hirsch's logic, young people who do not know the content of white Euro-centric American settler culture will not be able to comprehend the white Euro-centric American settler culture that dominates the schooling landscape, from what's on the bulletin board in Kindergarten, all the way through to the SAT. This applies to literature, science, history, economics and especially civics. Does Hirsch believe that in order to participate in a democracy you need to believe blindly in it?

I'm sure if you asked him he would not identify as a Trumpster, but what he proposes is just a more subtle version of the "patriotic education" mess that The Orange One is unleashing upon us even as we speak.

Bigotry and hatred are on bold display around the country right now, but in education circles it is a kinder, gentler bigotry. It is an oppression of a thousand omissions and a million tiny paper cuts. Make no mistake, these "patriotic education" folks are as frightening as the fool with the red hat on and nazi tattoos. Because they come in disguise. And their disguise is perfect. It's so perfect they believe it themselves.

They are disguised as "nice" people who want to help children do better in a system that is set up to make them fail. It is in fact, an interlocking system of systems that are all designed to prop some people up and to kneel on others' necks. Schooling is just one of the heels (knees?) used to damage and degrade all peoples. In order to survive, students should conform to the expectations of a system that hates and harms them.

Who are these traitors to our collective myth? Who *dares* question the inherent superiority of the greatest democracy the world has ever seen? I think I might be one of them. I have been since I first encountered the work of E.D. Hirsch and his 1980s version of this mess. I'm a proud card-carrying member of a group of brave and loving educators who have:

- * opposed segregated schooling
- * defended students whose rights to life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness are denied by a one-size-fits-all system of rote memorization and shallow assessment practices
- * led the development of curricula such as Black Lives Matter in Schools and Facing History and Ourselves



Leveling the Playing Field

They say they
want to level the playing
field,

helping "those kids"
succeed. But

I'm not so sure
this is a playing field

like Angie Thomas wrote,
some folks play checkers,
some are required to engage
in complicated chess moves,

a complex system. And what
does "those kids" even mean?

Is this a battle field?
Not to push-back on Pat
Benitar, but it ain't about love,

not on this field. It's about owning,
positioning, gatekeeping.

I'm not so sure
even if we all sounded
alike, it would be enough

by some magical linguistic
curriculum, we might deny
the power of language,

the freedom that comes when a page
opens up, when someone says,
Your voice, the way you speak it,

matters, and maybe

the ally thing to do
is to change the game.

-Jason DeHart, 2020



PROSERVE - APPLY NOW

By Jakob Westpfahl

Job Posting: Searching for MEN to clean out flooded houses in the Cedar Rapids Floodplain areas.

Danger: Moderate to High (potential for Asbestos, contaminated water supplies, black mold, lead paint, and other house-based dangers and allergens). Animals may have taken up in the empty homes. They may be aggressive and curious: run away if approached. Will work close to the interstate: there will be honking.

Salary: 7 dollars/hour, chance for bonus(es)

Company: ProServe

Requirements: Must be able to lift 50 pounds, Waterproof boots and/or raingear (Masks and Hardhats provided on site), must have your own form of transportation, must bring your own tools, must be committed to fostering a diverse workgroup. Must be 17 or older. We don't give a crap how many shutouts you've pitched or homeruns you got this season or how many friends died this summer. Stop telling us about those. No relevant work experience required, but we don't want to hear about how much office work you did for your mom last summer. Heavy lifting experience required: don't send us a video of you benching however much you can lift. There will be twisting and bending. Strong backs only. Unfortunately, we cannot provide work to individuals with disabilities. We apologize for the inconvenience. We don't want people looking for work as a distraction, but you will apply anyway.

Location: Locations will be provided the day before a job. Lunch provided by Subway. Don't ask for vegan or vegetarian options.

Those with weak stomachs: house will contain a mixture of various cleaning chemicals, raw sewage, river water, and other liquids that may make you very ill. ProServe does not assume any responsibility for injuries (psychological or physical) from chemicals.

Job Description: Cleaning Out Houses:

Keep in mind:

Cleaning out houses after a flood will mess you up. Trapped gases mixed with moisture and black mold and who the hell knows what else in people's basement is a jungle juice that can kill. So you will be advised to wear the mask. You will get to the house early so you can find a good parking spot. When you pull up, a line of cars will be parked around the still drying street, debris might be in the road. You get out of your car once The Foreman arrives in a big van, that will have all of the cleaning supplies. Everyone will trudge their way to the van, and The Foreman will start to assign people tasks. The Foreman will assign you to the basement. The Foreman will know your type, a big, tough loner, you will stand far away from the rest of the workers. You're just some kid who has never worked a day in his life. Some guy turns around and will say, *You just got a free dose of LSD.* You won't think anything of it, because you don't know yet. You should but you don't. You will walk into the house and you see soggy family portraits and a painting smeared like a Pollock painting: one time there might have been shapes, now splattered and washed away. In the hallway next to the living room there will be two mounted ducks in mid-flight over the doorway to the basement. The steps will creak and the floorboards will drip into about knee-deep gray water. You're gonna be glad you put on those fly-fishing trousers your dad gave you.

The basement will be small, only a single open space packed with cardboard boxes and crap that didn't make the cut for preservation when the National Guard told everyone in the floodplain to get out. You will lift a cardboard box and start walking it up the stairs. Then the smell will finally leak through your mask and hit you like a bus: raw sewage, rotting wood, rotting dirt, and something else will make your head spin. You will open the door and another worker will grab the box from your hands, *Geez, we can't leave the door open, that smell is gonna kill us.* They slam the door in your face and the last smell of untainted air will swoosh past your face and mask. You will walk back downstairs, and you will probably think The Foreman put you in the basement so you would quit or something. Why are you here, you will ask yourself. Because cleaning up is all that is left now. You can't just sit on the couch in your apartment waiting for the baseball season to start backup or for the detective to knock on your door again, asking more questions about that kid. All you can do is

stand in knee-high sewage water feeling like crap. So when a duck will swim up to you in a flooded basement asking for a cigarette, you will say no, you just quit (a favorite response of your mom), it won't even register. The duck will honk and say, *that's quite all right*. You will do a double take because it's a talking duck and ducks don't honk. Try not to stare at it too long or else it might honk again and staring is rude no matter what kind of animal you happen to be at that moment. It will be best if you tell it you have to go back to work. The duck will ruffle its feathers and will say, *Ah yes, a human knee-deep in a flooded basement has quite a lot of work ahead of himself*.

Try to convince yourself this isn't happening. When you do, the duck will honk and say, *This is really happening: you're high on fumes mixed with industrial grade cleaning supplies you are on Mount-effing-Everest. No, you're looking down on Mount Everest*. Where did you come from, you will ask. *Don't ask questions when you know the answers are scary*. You pinch yourself but the duck will just honk. You will think maybe that's how they laugh? Research that later, you will note. Anyway, you will go back to picking up stuff and walking it upstairs. The air upstairs won't be as crap-fumey, but still not great. You will go back downstairs and now there will be two ducks. This one will be brown with a white chest. At this point you will notice how the stray rays of sun from the small window will graze off the feathers of the first duck. The deep green inside intense white. *You don't mind if I bring a friend*, the first duck will say. You will ignore them, but you will hear the second duck say: *Your existence is a monument to suffering*. You will turn around and ask the second duck, What? The second duck will just honk, but you will think about how familiar that voice of the second duck sounds. You will return to work lifting poop-stained boxes and dragging them upstairs. Another worker from the other side of the door will watch you struggle. *Lift with your knees, or you'll throw out your back. A weight-lifter like you oughta know that*. Right. Thanks, you will say. You will try this for your next trip.

You will walk back down and the basement will be empty, no ducks. Black spots will splatter your vision. After wiping your eyes and standing in place, you will see your mother holding a tray of Russian Tea Cakes. Your favorite. *Sweet for my sweet? Mom? I'm always here with you. Even in death*. Your vision will go dark. Falling back on the stairs headfirst, will wake you right back up. No mom this time. The first duck will float over and honk. Ducks don't honk, you'll say. *Well, I can see how someone with a limited perception could view things in such a manner*. You will kick some water at the ducks, and they will float away, offended. As you watch their little butt glide through the water, you will see a figure standing in the middle of the basement. The duck will hide behind it. You will look up and it will be that Schewer kid. Blood will stream from his crooked nose, the break caused by you pushing him to the ground in the shower after practice a week ago. He will reach up to his nose and in a swift motion, crack it back into place. Like an arm snapping in half, the crack will bounce around your head. Down through your spin, and inside the marrow of every single bone in your body. *The doctors told me I might lose my sense of smell*. The kid will look so small and frail, like an orphan boy. You can't lose your sense of smell from breaking your nose, you will say. *What do you know?* the kid will say. Your own response thrown right back at you. You will say, screw it. You will grab a few old portraits, ones that are so old no one smiles, to make your trip up the stairs and back down again. *Have you heard of the legend of Sisyphus? You're not real, you will say. He was a king. He angered Zeus. He was given the task of rolling a boulder up a steep hill in the depths of Hell. But every time he was about to reach the top, the boulder would roll right back down the hill*. You're not real. *You read about him in an English class once*. Stop it. *Hey, we are in your head. The choice is yours*. I'm just poisoned. That's it. All these fumes, you will say. *Rest in the water*, your mom's voice will say. *It's cool and still*. Your mom will be in the middle of the basement again. Then Schewer will step out from behind her. The kid will take his hand across his face and snap his nose out of place and wail. He will wail just like when you pushed him in the shower. When you had two other guys hold him down. The ducks will pop out from behind him and start honking. There will be a sled on the ground, a rosebud. You will grab it. You can't even hear the creaking of the steps over the yells.

You reach the top and you should hear it all go silent. You will turn around and you will see the crap-water stand still. You will knock on the door. It will swing open and a buff guy will grab the box from your hands and slam the door. The silence behind you is deafening. What will your mind conjure up now? Maybe it isn't in your head. That's what they want you to think. To trick you. Your thoughts will intersect and contradict. You take the steps down slowly, hoping the old stairs will fill the silence, but they will be perfectly quiet. At the bottom, you will see what is waiting for you: a kid's body face down in the water, still. You will not waste a moment. You

walk over to the kid, your movement, displacing the water, and suddenly, like a rogue wave, water thunders up from the floor and slams the body into you. Submerged, you will struggle for the surface. But you will not find one. Your lungs will scream, so you will open your mouth and fill yourself with water. And then the water will fall. Right out from under you, and you will fall a few feet onto the floor. In your arms, the ragdolled body of Schewer will sit. You will not be able to stop yourself from crying. You will apologize to this corpse. You're sorry for pushing him. You're sorry for holding him down and dragging your testicles across his back and face. You're sorry for whizzing on his back. You're sorry for cockslapping him. You just did it cuz that's what happened to you when you were a freshman. Hazing was just a natural thing. You had to put the freshmen in their place and teach them to man up. A lot of things will come out of your mouth. Words, vomit, water. All the while, the body will slowly melt away, filling the basement back up with water. You will watch in horror. Something between a scream and a yelp will escape from your mouth.

The door to the basement will swing open and that buff dude will run down and drag you upstairs. They will say something along the lines of, *Are you all right*, and you will look over and the ducks are gone. You will nod and they will run back up. when the door slams shut the ducks appear. Your dad always said he would see your mom as a bird that would follow him around the backyard, always a different dove. He would update her on the family. Ask about the afterlife. *It's true you know life after death*. Death. How is it, you will ask. *Like the most beautiful sundae, perfect in all the wrong ways. God will send them here soon*. Who? *The Usurpers*. Ah well, *the road to Hell is paved with Good Intentions. We hear the exhaust in the wind: they're coming boy coming*. And then in the black spots of your vision, you will see the bus pulling up for a moment.

You will run upstairs and see everyone eating lunch outside. *Look there's the screamer! Talked to Elvis yet?* They will laugh. You will see The Foreman on the phone. You will know who he's talking to, and the dollar signs that float out of his eyes. He will hang up and sigh. He will walk to the front of the workers and say something like, *I've got some bad news, I can't keep y'all any longer. We got some volunteers from Texas just up the road who are gonna finish the rest of the neighborhood*. There should be a silence like the vacuum of space. Some will just get up and walk to their cars, others will finish eating. None will protest. You knew the gig was gonna be farmed out to some people wearing matching t-shirts and talking about their slow-pitch softball league or how excited they are to see their third-party presidential candidate visit the city.

You will look back into the house. When you walk back downstairs, the smell will worsen. Your mask won't do anything to help, so you will tear it off. When you see it you won't believe it at first, you will want to walk all the way down the steps just to make sure, but when your feet reach the bottom step, you will see an entire family of ducks floating lifeless in the water, rotting. Now you will walk up the stairs. You will cry. You will walk up to The Foreman breathing in every fresh whiff of air. You will throw the mask at his face. The Foreman will be surprised, but not really. He'll tell you it is what's best for business.

The bus will roll in right behind you, but your eyes will be glued to The Foreman. The Foreman will not be sorry: *I stand to lose a lot of money here*, He'll say. You'll imagine yourself lunging at The Foreman, your hands will be around his fat neck squeezing each ounce of air out of his throat. Everyone around will ignore this and continue whatever they were doing. Your tears will sting his eyes as a cloud of air seeps up and out and a forced exhale will sound exactly like a honk.

But you won't do any of that. You will turn and walk away with a small brown plume gently sitting inside your closed fist. He will just watch you walk away and get into your car. Crying like a kid at the mall. Over the highway, a flock ducks will float in the sky, quacking with a rhythm that should feel peaceful. Natural. The Foreman will turn to the bus of volunteers and watch as they stream off. A man will walk off the bus and meet The Foreman. They will speak for a minute, and the man will put his hand on The Foreman's shoulder. People will start walking off the bus, with matching t-shirts:

Faith Cleaners Of San Antonio - United Lutherans of Christ

These people will walk up to the cleaners and try to hug and shake hands. The old crew will walk away. Some will spit on the bus and even The Foreman. The people will just keep pouring out of the bus. Like a clown car. Endless and endless, well-intentioned people will flood the work site as he will wait to see the end of the volunteers.

There can only be guesses at what you saw, but if you see this, you're not alone. Maybe back at home, you will tell your dad about being laid off and he will hug you for the first time since the funeral. Maybe he will shrug it off, because he hasn't seen the things you will see. He's suffered, but you will have grieved.

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