

“[THE KUMQUAT] IS FREQUENTLY EATEN WHOLE; THE SKIN IS SWEET AND THE INNER FRUIT TART.” - WIKIPEDIA

THE KUMQUAT

small
but
juicy

THE FIRST ONE

OCTOBER 23, 2006

THE UTTER AND UNRECOGNIZED IMPORTANCE OF WHAT OCCURRED.

MEAGHAN CHADWICK

And mightily, mightily, said the pattern of her actions, the frightening raw naked truth will be heard. Pink, scrubbed raw of the residual filth of repeated exposure to falsity and shame, to things that have no meaning but demand respect.

She sees everything within a soft haze of elevation. Everything is loved, everything worthy of such love. There is nothing she does not see but through this haze, and when the haze occasionally drops, things are revealed not only as their naked selves, but as a reduction of their selves, as the reverse of Plato's perfect forms, as flawed forms with malignant edges and intentions of metastasizing beyond their own evil into the corruption of all purity. When this happens, she need only remind herself of subjectivity- things cannot hurt you unless you let them (something she is not deluded by, but recognizes to be a useful mantra which, if translated, would read "things can and will hurt you, but you're not going to be able to do much about the hurt or anything else if you don't pull yourself away from the lure of inactive depression"), and if she is able to do this, she is again herself- seeing things that others do not, and attempting not to fall apart or into inaction at the thought that all of her is a recycled version of something else, someone else, somewhere else.

Nothing about her is irreparable. She would only like to think so, and only

in the heat of the moment, because she doesn't know how else to muster the motivation to ask for change rather than to simply forgive and let amends be attempted in the next endeavor.

She has a sneaking suspicion that:

1. Someone loves her
2. Someone has never experienced anything like her
3. Someone fears her because of the wonder she brings to Someone's life, all easy and slow, not requiring anything of Someone but pushing Someone to be a better person.

She continues to look for Someone, but is comforted by her illusions and the things with which she consumes time, is distracted from the search by a multitude of more immediate things. She is like a housewife whose kitchen is on fire but who is compelled to finish putting the groceries away before doing anything about it.

She wanted only the moon, and the stars, and for Someone to give to her as she had given to so many- freely, so attentive to their needs.

She believes in karma. Rather, she believes that she believes in karma.

The insecurities she hides are:

1. Her worry that she'll forever have to live alone in her self-constructed world, caring only for herself because no one else can get up the courage to

find themselves worthy and prove it to her.

2. Her concern that she's not pretty enough to warrant a realization of her worth.
3. Her fear that she's trapped in some sort of Flowers for Algernon fairytale nightmare, wherein she loses and is losing her intelligence day by day.
4. Her dread at the thought of tiring in her struggle against whatever it is she's struggling against to find herself trapped in some metaphysical spider-web (or is she already there?).
5. Her panic at the thought (whenver it actualizes itself) that solipsism is her and she is all there is.
6. Her alarm at how distant she is from her peers in all that she does and says, and what exactly that will entail when it comes time to conduct a cosmic tally of all-that-went-missing.
7. Her apprehension at the thought that she could be talking too big in even her slightest goals.
8. Her general discomposure and overall existential Anxiety at the above and more, and at the thought that, 1. no one will ever guess the ratio of real to imagined-and-acted-upon things in her mind or her life, 2. no one will ever appreciate what a delicate balance hers is, what a tangled web she weaves, and what a thin line she walks, 3. no one will ever get that her confidence is hiding insecurity which is in turn hiding confidence ad nauseam (or not?).

WE STRIVE TO BE:

- GRASS-ROOTS (AND NOT THE CRAB VARIETY)
- ANTI-BUREAUCRATIC
- TRUE TO THE FLAVOR OF OUR SOUL
- DEMANDING. OF OURSELVES AND OTHERS.

WE ACHE TO AVOID:

- RED-TAPE
- DISHONESTY (INTELLECTUAL OR OTHERWISE)
- CAPITALISTIC COMPETITIVENESS
- MEANINGLESS LISTS

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

WHAT OCCURRED	1
TAKER BE TENDER	1
MANIFESTO	2
TOP TEN	2
POEM FOR A BOY	2
ABSTRACT	2
MURMULLOS DE AMOR	3
SUBMISSION GUIDELINES	3
READ ALOUD	3
(((ORB))) LOGIC	3
TERM ONE	4
THE LIGHT AND MY FRIEND	4
A TASTE OF FALL	4
SOTTO VOCE	4

TAKER BE TENDER

STEPHANIE CHAN

I am not just the kumquat.
I am the unexpected.
Cheeky little
fruit of an immigrant.

Most have heard of me.

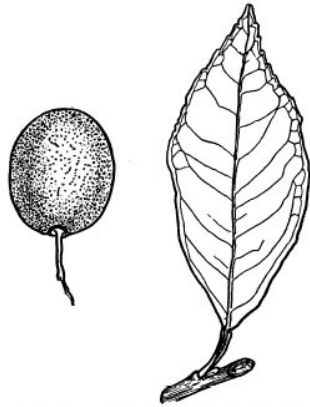
I like my exclusivity.
Yet here you are...

Plucking me freshly
but not ripened
not yet hardened
when least expected.

Taker, be tender
please handle with care.

“[THE KUMQUAT] IS FREQUENTLY EATEN WHOLE; THE SKIN IS SWEET AND THE INNER FRUIT TART.” - WIKIPEDIA

KUMQUAT MANIFESTO



various multiple organisms

Fig. 298. *Fortunella margarita* Swingle. Leaf, fruit, $\times \frac{1}{4}$.

What the trash is a kumquat? For those of you who have missed out on kumquat marmalades and other culinary delights, the kumquat belongs to the genus *fortunella* (which is related to the genus *citrus*), and it has a sweet, edible skin. It grows to be about 1.5 inches long (hence the phrase “small but juicy”). Horticulturalists at Purdue University affectionately refer to kumquats as “the little gems of the citrus family.”

The purpose of this literary journal is to:

1. Provide a forum for those who wish and hope and pray for membership in a larger literary community, because Sharing is Caring.
2. Encourage such a community to flourish and grow like an itsy bitsy kumquat, which will challenge readers and contributors to Think on top of the Box, while constructing, debunking, or _____ the aforementioned Box.
3. Provide motivation for writers who can then plug us in other, bigger (but not better) publications (and/or resumés), thereby nurturing the expression of Angst, Despair, and Forlorn Hope.
4. Maintain some level of autonomy; i.e. the ability to publish what we want, when we want, and perhaps even *how* we want. In spite of the Man, Bureaucracy, and any oppositional voices in our heads (because writing is half the battle!).
5. Challenge, inspire and occasionally offend members of said constructed literary community, which will in turn
6. Motivate those members of the community/readers to oppose us, agree with us, or express something totally unrelated, which will in turn
7. Garner submissions- a mighty mountain of submissions which will fall upon us, crushing us, perhaps-to-death! (Those interested in any of the above, or none of it, WILL submit, via the_kumquat@hotmail.com).
8. Enjoy ourselves in the process (see above)

These goals we shall accomplish, come hell or high water.

Affectionately, the Exuberant and

TOP TEN THINGS JULIA CLARK WOULD LIKE TO DO BEFORE SHE DIES:

1. GET IN GOOD ENOUGH CONDITION TO RUN AN ENTIRE MARATHON
2. TRAVEL— ESPECIALLY ACROSS EUROPE AND SOUTH AMERICA
3. COME OUT TO THE REST OF MY FAMILY
4. GET A GRADUATE DEGREE
5. APRENDER HABLAR ESPAÑOL
6. LEARN ENOUGH TO ACTUALLY UNDERSTAND THE LIMITATIONS OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE
7. FALL IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE WHO RETURNS THE SENTIMENT
8. BUY A DANNY PETERSON PAINTING
9. LEARN HOW TO PLAY RUGBY
10. PUBLISH A PIECE IN A LITERARY JOURNAL

POEM FOR A BOY

Careening from one
to the next,
Proud of your prowess,
touching but left untouched,
yours is an empty love.
Pleasing only when it pleases you,
breaking hearts yet remaining
Unbroken,
your giving is half-assed,
at best.
So I would rather put you out than put out,
stay home alone than go out,
climax with my hand, not yours.

You may get it, but never from me.

Beth Marily Hernandez

You will make all kinds of mistakes: but as long as you are generous and true and also fierce, you cannot hurt the world or even seriously distress her.

- Winston Churchill

Environment in Crisis: "Island Biogeography"

This is the Abstract section of my Environment in Crisis Lab 6. It was 2 am and i finished my lab, but i fucking forgot that there was an abstract so i figured i might as well make something cool out of it. i instead spent more time on this abstract than i did on the entire lab itself.

Wesley Golangco

ABSTRACT

In this superfluous section of this lab, we discover that voluptuous species of birds with the vibrant colors of the rainbow propagate on the fantastical island of mysticism. According to the range of its molecular area and its distance from the motherland, the birds brave through the adversity of heartbroken failure and harrowing victory over the elements of the villainous, treacherous island. We discover that through strength of heart battling through the arduous journey to the island, if the distance from the motherland is smaller, the birds are able to access the island swimmingly and henceforth multiply to the greater imaginations of bird-kind. The molecular area distribution of the island plays a role in this fowlcade (a pun on the word cavalcade, meaning a parade of horses). The larger the molecular area distribution, the more parties and celebrations the birds enjoy... if the mystical island lacks land, the occupying force suffers a great defeat, much like France. However, no matter the molecular area of the island, if the distance from the motherland is too great, no fowl shall lay its egg on the lonely island. This is the bleak outlook of life; despite the courageous hearts of the birds, the island will devour our gothic souls until the blood cast from the stone of the living reawakens from the years of slumber.

I know we're not saints or virgins or lunatics; we know all the lust and lavatory jokes, and most of the dirty people; we can catch buses and count our change and cross the roads and talk real sentences. But our innocence goes awfully deep, and our discreditable secret is that we don't know anything at all, and our horrid inner secret is that we don't care that we don't.

-Dylan Thomas

For those of you who don't speak this particular language of love, the following poem gives you a legitimate excuse to GO MAKE A FRIEND (there are still spaces available in SPAN 101).

Murmullos de amor

Beth Hernandez

¿Y qué es el amor?

Bastantes cantantes ya lo han descrito,
poetas lo han alabado o lamentado,
y amantes lo han explorado.

Seguramente, ahora

no hay ningún misterio ni complicación desconocida-
ya lo hemos medido y contenido,
y entendimos el amor.

Estamos ya hartos

de esa emoción, ese **sentimiento**

que hemos visto en cada película (entre las escenas violentas y las bromas)

Entonces, me sorprende

que a pesar de todo esto

la **carencia** de amor pueda volverme loca

(de tristeza y desesperación).

Y de repente, me siento ahogada

y el amor es como el aire;

perezco de sed y es como el agua,

y me doy cuenta de que la necesito

-esa cosa tan tonta-

para sobrevivir en este mundo solitario.

To be read aloud with friends.

MEAGHAN CHADWICK

I am how the world began.

I was once a great urging forward motion.

I am how the world will end.

I will then be but a sliver of a shadow of my former specter of a self.

I am the all, the every instance of joy, and where I am not there is naught.

I am carried by your veins, by your thoughts, I am the sound and the fury, I am relentless tides and the fluctuations of seasons.

I encompass all.

I am the percussion that backbones beats.

I am the opposite of contentment, the urging towards more.

I am your impending damnation and the quintessential salvation at penultimate moments.

I am all harmless actions with massive and unforeseen positive effects,

and I am the tempestuous torrent by which all will be drowned as two-by-two you tramp into a really big boat.

I am your crutch, your drug- and I will leave you, bereft of meaning

and alone in a desert, with nothing but the clothes on your back

(ripped) and a gross approximation of a Boy Scout mess kit (cast in ceramics and unfit for use). That mess kit will be painted all of the colors of my disappointment, and your face will be grey with realization.

I will weep for what you could have been.

I am the epitome of endurance, and I no longer crack under pressure.

I am the feeling of things rolling, I am your love and your loss, I am your sweet grandmother, made of nothing but gratitude for the visit and warm milk.

I am a revolutionary, and I am a mother. I am without guilt.

I am the skunk that snuck onto your plane in a large metropolitan airport, determined to take back the earth for those who won't have a chance to live on the moon.

I am your peeling nose, I am your broken, weary heart, I am your feet, tired of running from the truth, and sore and bleeding from all the walking that it takes to be forgotten by and forgetful of loved ones.

I am your soul, rejoicing in solitude and fearful of being alone.

I am art, I am love, I am meaning.

I am passion, and you fear me.

WE WILL ACCEPT:

POETRY, SHORT STORIES, FICTION AND CREATIVE NON-FICTION, MUSIC REVIEWS, BOOK REVIEWS, RANTS, RAVES, ANY EXPRESSIONS OF ANGST WHATSOEVER (BUT ESPECIALLY IF DIRECTED AGAINST THE MAN), ESSAYS, RUMINATIONS, CONTEMPLATIONS, HYPOTHETICAL SCIENCE EXPERIMENTS, MATHEMATICAL EQUATIONS THAT ANSWER ANY (OR ALL) OF THE QUESTIONS OF BEING, CONFESSIONS (ANONYMOUS OR OTHERWISE), LETTERS WHICH SHALL NEVER BE MAILED, LETTERS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN MAILED, AND PRETTY MUCH ANYTHING ELSE YOUR LITTLE HEART IS DESIROUS OF PUBLISHING

WE WILL ALSO ACCEPT:

ARTWORK (PREFERABLY IN BLACK AND WHITE AT THIS TIME), SONG LYRICS, PHOTOGRAPHS (B&W RULES APPLY HERE AS WELL), DVDS, CULTURAL ARTIFACTS TRANSLATED TO PAPER, ANCIENT POTSHERDS, MONEY, FAME, NAUGHTY PICTURES OF YOU AND YOUR SIGNIFICANT OTHER IN COMPROMISING POSITIONS, DONATIONS OF ANY SORT REALLY, AND FOOD/ OFFICE SPACE- BUT MOSTLY MONEY

RULES:

WHEN WE EDIT THINGS, WE WILL DO IT IN GOOD FAITH, WITH ALL INTENTIONS OF NOT BEING ASSES. ALSO, YOU WILL HAVE REVIEW PRIVILEGES FOR YOUR WORK.

EMAIL YOUR EMAILABLE SUBMISSIONS TO:

THE_KUMQUAT@HOTMAIL.COM

YOU SHOULD LET US KNOW ABOUT ANYTHING TOO UNWIELDLY TO BE EMAILED VIA EMAIL. SO, YOU KNOW, WE CAN PICK IT UP. OR WHATEVER.

(((ORB))) LOGIC

STEVE KRAMP

p1 soap was campy

p2 soap sprouted a white goatee on me

p3 all them (((orb))) molecules

p4 Uncle Sam this is Uncle Sam coming at you live on radio soap

p5 hot dog!

p6 his dishmakers are spying on your hands through ((soap))

p7 ((bub))

p8 ((bles))

p9 dude Randall pwns this place

p10 he says dishes are blind eyes they watch us from magic lands of caked-on grease

p11 the (((orb))) abs((orbs))

p11 you watch your punk-ass mouth

p12 I'm pulling my eye out now

p13 gonna wash it out with soap

p14 ??????????

(((????????????????)))

p15 make sure you orb it

p16 serious Uncle Sam creeps everyone out shun him

p17 (((my eye))))!!!!

p18 I WANT YOU POSTER

p19 yea shun him before he freaks again

p20 and ethnic cleanses us

p21 like mehghxjghcuiejnrlag!

p22 and his stripey clown hat too

p23 (((((((hell)))))) it's a free country goddammit

p24 it's bleach but I'd still drink his awesome chalice any day

p25 yes to poisonne clean the chyltrenne

p26 just for (((fun)))

p25 oosick to that I wouldn't touch your soap

p29 not even if my skin stayed soft

p30 (((forever)))

TERM ONE

VIRGINIA DEANDA

Midterms are over, grades are due.

I've learned the importance of introductions, conclusions, skimming and scanning, who to ask for help and who not to ask, where the hole punch and scantron machines are, when pay day is, how to print on campus, and copy codes.

I've learned about CROPS, QSB, SES, WCH MLA, GSA, VRS, and JSTOR,

I've learned that teachers swear in class, SEX is an ongoing topic, Sam's has the best Thai food in town, but I like a Taste of Little India even more, my tolerance for caffeine is even lower than my tolerance for alcohol

and the math quadrant is a subset of the rest of campus, and the psych subset are the most chatty and are always "in" on the 3rd floor.

I wonder...

Why are there no blue mail boxes on campus or in town and where is the post office? Has Merced crossed the digital divide or do they simply not have contact with the outside world?

Was there ever a castle at Castle?

And I wonder...

Given distance, severed ties, my busy schedule, and very few eligible candidates, when will I get laid again?

a taste of fall.

Sweet young robin,
perched in a cherry tree.
Belly orange and full,
storing food to survive
the long winter months.

Sweet young robin,
perched in an apple tree.
Wings spread wide and full.
Fleeing to survive...
to see another summer.

Sweet young robin in the sky!
Orange contrasting blue...
fleeing clouds of grey.

Sweet young robin,
stirring happiness with each thrust of powerful wing.
Fleeing to survive the powerful jaws of a hunting cat.

Patrick Rahilly

The Light and My Friend

GYAMI SHRESTHA

It's Tihar, it's the festival of light.
Back home, back where nobody calls my traditions paganism.

Why am writing like this?

Answer: That's how I think. In incomplete sentences. Maybe it's that I am just too lazy to complete sentences in my mind, maybe because we don't think in sentences.

I have a friend here who calls me late at night and makes me feel good, makes me feel better after a hard day. She calls and talks about what she believes. She tells me about how she loves even the people who have wronged her, because they are just learning their ways in life. They never had the chance to go through what most of us went through when we were younger. So, as adults, they behave like children, they commit mistakes. Maybe they learn, maybe not. One day, maybe they will know whom they wronged, how they have wronged.

My friend also tells me we are here on earth to make people happy. She says she is so lucky that she has friends. She feels blessed that she can bless other people's lives everyday. Life is so short. We should not pilfer our time thinking about who hurt us, about why people are so arrogant, why people don't like us. Just let go. Let go and try to make someone else's life better.

My friend has a profound philosophy of life. She also practices it. That is why she does what she does. That is why she acts the way she does. That is why sometimes it doesn't make sense to those who haven't gone that deep inside their thoughts, inside their feelings. She reminds me of what I may have lost along the way to a better life, what I may have covered up on my way to grab a forfeited security.

Back to Tihar, the festival of light. Four days. People put up lights everywhere. We pray for good health, wealth, success and harmony in our lives. We worship our bodies. We offer ourselves the morsels that the rest of the year we offer to others, to gods and goddesses who are up there, governing our stars.

I'm far far away, now, in a fear-ridden town where I see none from my sacred land. Dimmed lights, dimmed souls. But there, I found a light, two lights, maybe three, maybe four.

At the other side of town, my friend is thinking, 'God, I am so lucky! I have true friends who bless my life everyday,' she said and went to sleep, with a faint smile on her lips....

An experiment in the use of indecipherable terms and incomplete

MEAGHAN CHADWICK

tragedy (sotto voce):

a conversation while bivouacked

we could have prevented that.
AND?
we should have tried.
I TOLD YOU, THE OTHERS DON'T LIKE IT WHEN WE INTERFERE.
are the others here?
YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT THEY WOULD NEVER COME DOWN HERE.
why?
WHY DO YOU THINK? WHY WOULDN'T THEY WANT TO COME DOWN AND SEE ALL THIS? THIS "BEAUTY"? I'LL FINALLY TELL YOU WHY.-- IT'S BECAUSE THEY DON'T EXIST.
...what?
THEY DON'T EXIST.
but we have proof.---
ALL FAKE. I FAKED IT.
why?
SO THAT YOU WOULDN'T LOSE HOPE.
why would you assume that i would lose hope?
BECAUSE I HAVE LOST HOPE.
we're different, you and i.
NOT BY MUCH.
you're wrong.

revelation (sotto voce):

a conversation while acting as voyeurs

(THE OTHERS PREVIOUSLY REFERENCED ARE CONFERRING, GRAVELY DISCUSSING THE PLIGHT OF PARTICIPANTS IN TRAGEDY:
DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?
no i didn't. did you?
I WISH I HAD.
maybe we could have stopped it.
I DON'T THINK WE COULD HAVE.
would we have tried?
IT'S NOT OUR PLACE TO INTERFERE.
what is it our place to do?
TO OBSERVE.
but if we are only watching, how can we tell them that we are here for them?
LEAVE OUT THE "FOR THEM"...AND WHY WOULD WE TELL THEM ANYWAY?
to give them hope.
FALSE HOPE IS WORSE THAN NO HOPE.
would it be false?
I'M NOT SURE.
so why are we observing them, if we aren't going to make them aware of our presence?
TO LEARN.