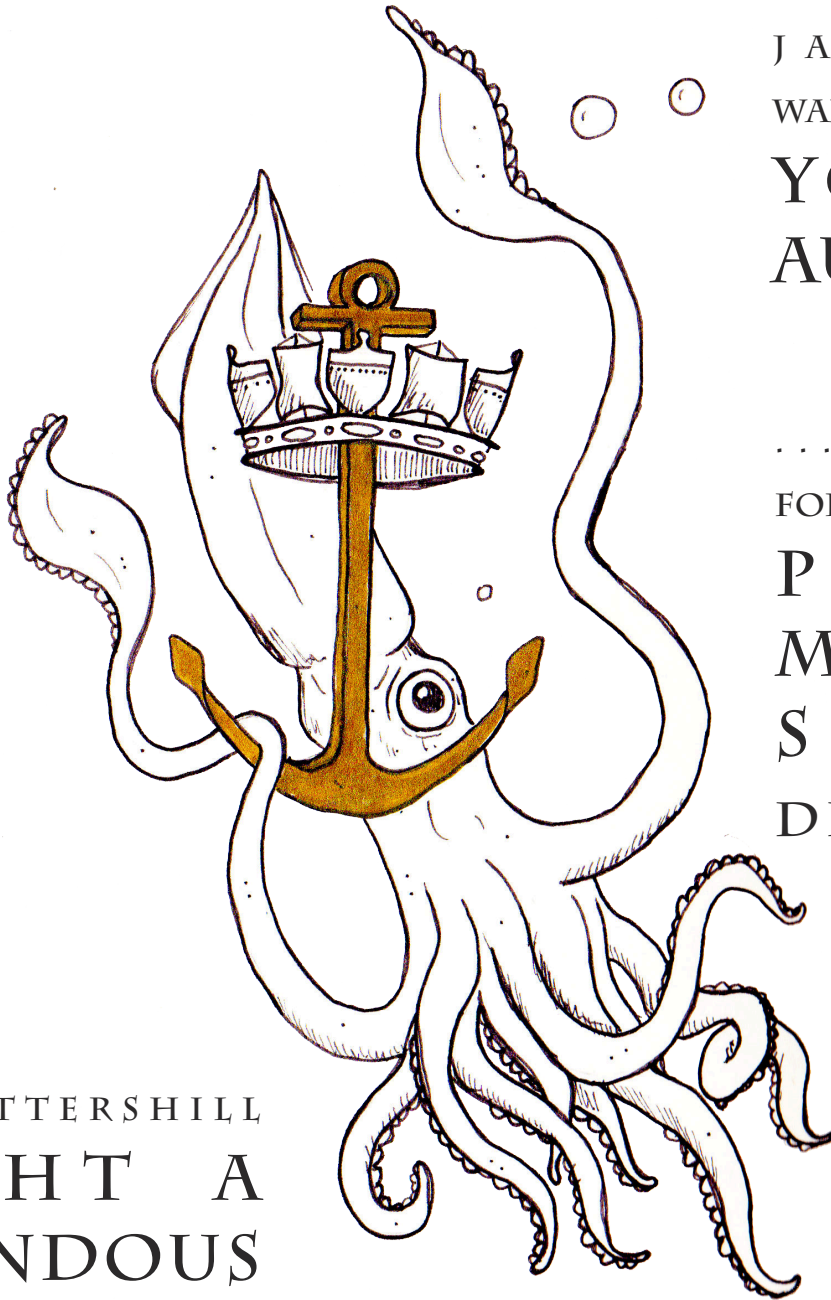


DRAGNET

M A G N E T

SHEILA
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JACOB WREN
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FREE SHIT

One Issue
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Issue One



MASTHEAD

Staff

CO-EDITORS
Andrew Battershill
Jeremy Hanson-Finger

ARTIST-IN-RESIDENCE
J. McKee

PUBLICITY & PROOFREADING
Jena Karmali

Contact Info

WEB
dragnetmag.net

EMAIL
info@dragnetmag.net

FACEBOOK
facebook.com/dragnetmag

TWITTER
twitter.com/dragnetmag

TUMBLR
dragnetmag.tumblr.com

ISSUU
issuu.com/dragnetmag

Design

LAYOUT
Jeremy Hanson-Finger

ART
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EDITORS' LETTER

by Andrew Battershill



Jeremy Hanson-Finger

WHEN WE SAT
DOWN to our first
Skype date and
talked about what

we wanted our literary magazine to look
like, one of our first questions was “What
do we mean by literary?”

This is a question that plagues all
purveyors of non-commercial fiction, and
we felt pretty sure that what we saw as the
general Canadian lit journal definition –
“anything written in short sentences about
meaninglessness” – wasn’t going to cut it
for our venture.

One of the first things we settled on
was that for something to be called literary
it had to contain at least some element of
the avant-garde.

And then we had to ask ourselves:

“What do we mean by avant-garde?”

Many people use the term as a sort of catch-all for art that uses any of a whole range of metafictional techniques with a whole range of different goals – basically anything that presents content in a new and different way.

We disagree with this definition.

Here’s one reason.

This is the way you see contemporary fiction when you, as a writer, equate the avant-garde solely with formal experiments (and you’ve been heavily influenced by David Foster Wallace):

The signal serpent came into being in the 1950s. It showed people simple, tidy narratives, convincing them to all behave in a certain way and not to think about why.

In the 1960s, however, Godard and his friends cultivated the avant-garden. It wasn’t a place of childlike innocence: the inhabitants of Godard’s garden questioned what they were doing in fictional narratives right from the get-go.

The signal serpent could feel its power waning, but it was crafty, and slowly, over twenty years, just a little at a time, it stole all

of Godard’s techniques.

All these strategies Godard had used to make the inhabitants of his garden think about what it was to be human, and what sorts of narratives the serpent tried to cast them in, now served the serpent’s gluttonous aims. The serpent wanted people to consume and consume so they’d be nice and fat and then it could consume them – in the most efficient way possible.

“It’s all about economies of scale,” the signal serpent would say as another lumpenproletarian travelled down its snaky gullet.

Some creators kept using the same techniques Godard pioneered even after the signal serpent was using them as well, but what they created was often indistinguishable from that which the serpent did.

So then what do you do if you want to create now? You give up on avant-gardening, and focus again (as Wallace did) on the bones and dirt of the human experience rather than the dazzling flora that surrounds it.

The end result here being that if you take this attitude, you force yourself to



photo by Jena Karmali

ignore many tools you could use in your art, because you've seen these tools being used for commercial gain. This is sort of like not using a shovel on your compost heap because coal mining is bad for the environment.

Here's our solution. We see "avant-garde" instead as an attitude – and an eminently positive attitude at that. Although it can describe tragedy as well as comedy, the very notion suggests a deep optimism: we are heading inevitably towards an as-of-now obscure future, and the avant-garde is excited about getting there. The avant-garde is kicking the back of the driver's seat, and torquing its neck around to see out the windshield,

and asking constantly if we're there yet, while knowing that no matter what, we're moving forward, and every moment has more possibility than the moment before it.

Ultimately, we don't think there's anything intrinsically wrong with experimental fiction (or traditional realism). Both are just modes of storytelling, not ends in themselves. The purpose of all fiction, when created with what we call an avant-garde attitude, is to share, as Wallace himself said in an interview with Larry McCaffery, "what it is to be a fucking human being."

So that's what it's all about! (claps)

P.S. We miss you, DFW.

CONTENTS

Sheila Heti	<i>The Man from Out of Town</i>	6
Joe Yachimec	<i>Small Skills</i>	10
Sasha Manoli	<i>Contractual and Cultural Obligations in a Kool-Aid Generation</i>	12
Claire Battershill	<i>I Caught a Tremendous Fish</i>	14
Thomas Mundt	<i>Hair Boy</i>	16
J. R. Carpenter	<i>Best Behaviour</i>	19
Luke LeBrun	<i>Post-modern Stress Disorders</i>	22
Andy Sinclair	<i>I Know How to Get Free Shit</i>	26
Catriona Wright	<i>Neighbour</i>	31
Erica Schmidt	<i>Why I Am Different from Margaret Atwood and What I Don't Gain from Humping Duvets</i>	32
Agnes von Pfifferling	<i>Doctor Service</i>	35
Hamish Adams	<i>Dream Home</i>	39
Jeff Fry	<i>Breaking Mystic</i>	42
Jacob Wren	<i>Insincere YouTube Auteur</i>	45
Amelia Floortje	<i>Sign Language</i>	48
Alexis Zanghi	<i>My Green Chakra, and Why It Can't Stop Farting</i>	51
Matt Loney	<i>Homeless Man Steals Baby from Korean Laundromat</i>	53
Aaron Fox	<i>A Trip to the Library</i>	56
The Editors	<i>A Brief Editorial Explanation Re: Koreans</i>	60
	<i>Contributor Bios</i>	63

THE MAN FROM OUT OF TOWN

by Sheila Heti

SINCE HIS FIRST DAY IN TOWN the man had been looking for a nice girl to spend good times with, but none of the girls would have him. He wasn't sure why but suspected it had to do with his status. The waitress who served him corroborated this when she called him a bum, even though he was not living on the street and he had two suits.

Not until his roommate found out the cause of his sorrowful mood did he call up a girl he had known from the park and invite her over for a dinner of pork and mashed potatoes with nutmeg.

It was her high ass that mysteriously lifted itself to her waist that caused the man to see what a nice girl she was, and how pleasant she would be to spend good times with. She also had a sweet smile

and some pretty funny things to say, and whenever she laughed the sun would stream a last dying ray in through the window. Noticing all this the roommate kept playing good tunes, and by the end of the night the man and the girl were dancing together and she was laughing into his shoulder – a good sign.

In the morning she sat on his couch in a denim shirt and yesterday's underwear, and her voice seemed deep when she said, "I'm going to be late for work."

"It's Sunday though."

"Still," and she looked out the window and the greyness of the day convinced her. Wandering into his room she found her suit and zipped it up and left his apartment with a good-bye shrug. Following her with his eyes as she walked to the bus stop, the man knew that this was not the girl who

would be agreeable to spending good times with him. It was not easy to explain.

In the afternoon he walked down to the boardwalk, drinking warm soda from a red-and-white cup that was waxy on the outside and gradually melting, when a man with a dog caught up to him and threw his arm around his shoulder and asked in a jaunty voice what the matter was.

The man, who was new in town, was startled because he did not expect city people to care about one another, but he answered saying, "It's that the woman who came over last night seemed to really like me but she left this morning without making plans to see me again."

"I know what it's like. I though it must be women that were troubling you because of that troubling look on your face. You ought to come to where I work tonight, because there are plenty of pretty ladies where I work."

"Where do you work?"

"A dance club."

"Oh no," said the man who was from a small town. "I don't mean that I want to pay a woman to take off her clothes."

That night as he sat in a booth by the wall, a tall voluptuous woman with red hair went and sat across from him. When she spoke her voice was tiny and girlish, and when he spoke back her eyes lit up, knowing a good man when she saw one. If he found her interest in him any consolation he did not show it, and continued to order drinks which cost seven dollars.

"Let me put that next one on my tab," she said, and adjusted her body in such a way that her breasts raised themselves parallel to the table. The man did not fail to notice this.

"Would you like to come home with me tonight?" he asked.

Growing suspicious, she said, "I thought you were a different sort of man, that's what Henry told me, and now you ask me the question everyone asks."

"I'm so ashamed," he responded sincerely. "I didn't mean it that way, but I don't like being alone, and you seem like a kind woman who would be a pleasure to spend good times with, even just talking."

She found this genuine enough and

was touched that there was nothing of the brute in him; perhaps Henry was right. Even her so-called sisters, whom she hastily consulted in the back room, gave approving nods when they saw his modest eyes looking mainly at the fixtures.

The apartment was sticky because of the heat, and it wasn't long before they were lying in their underwear on his bed, and he was telling of how he had become a widower so young, which was a lie for he had never been married, or even in a real relationship twice. Since she had noticed him not noticing the dancers when she returned to the back room to get her regular clothes, she believed what he was saying; every word of it. There were simple ways some ladies had of telling a good guy from a bad, and her way was as stupid as any.

Quite soon she found herself giving him head and was trying her hardest because he seemed so patently not to be enjoying it. When he laid her he did so with great care and the air of a depressive, which made her trust him all the more.

It wasn't three weeks before they

decided to live in an apartment together, which caused tension between the man and his roommate until a replacement was found.

Their life together was a gentle life of great delicacy and consideration, as they both felt sorry for the man, and he was also harbouring a great confusion at his sorrowful mood not being alleviated by the presence of this woman with the red hair.

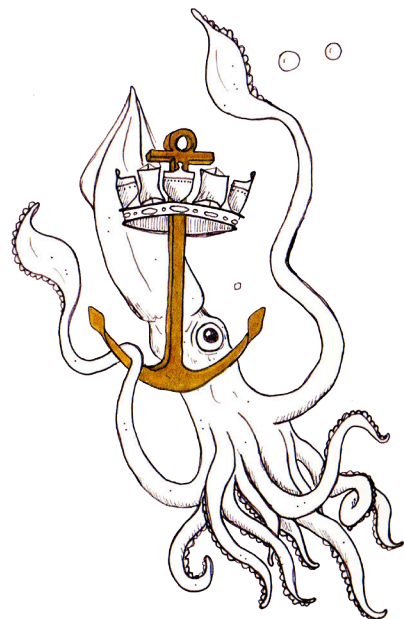
Since in their hearts they both expected her to become pregnant, when she eventually did it was no great surprise. He merely stroked her arm as she lay across the base of the bed and cried about money. "I must go live with my sister," she told him. There was no part of her that was enthusiastic about living the life of a dancer with a young child. "Do you want to come with me?" she asked.

He grew anxious at this request and began taking long strolls. Her sister lived in a small town with a husband and three kids, and the man, who was from out of town, had deliberately moved out of his town and had barely been in the city a

year. When he thought about it now, the woman with the red hair hadn't been so difficult to catch; not so terribly hard to find a girl to spend good times with in a metropolis – he didn't know why he hadn't thought of it sooner. He declined and she ran away with her bags and her tears.

But it wasn't so easy the second time around to get a nice girl, and the man grew lonely. After two months he was forced to take in a roommate, but the only one he could find was smelly and young with a belly that hung out without discretion. This situation made the man even more lonesome than before, and one day at one o'clock in the afternoon he decided to visit the woman with the red hair. Walking past a fountain on his way to the train station, he passed a girl of late teenage years who was blonde and who he supposed would like the companionship of a man like him. Dragging her into the park he tore out two-thirds of her hair.

“The Man from Out of Town” originally appeared in Middle Stories (2001), published by McSweeney’s in the United States and House of Anansi in Canada.



SMALL SKILLS

by Joe Yachimec

THE SMALL SKILLS, hundreds of them. Making the coffee, remembering that a full brew serves sixty people and a half brew thirty. Taking off the plastic lid and putting it on the boxes of individually wrapped salted crackers. Installing the filter, always bent or folded somehow in the box. Tearing open the NASA-gold bag at the corner and pouring the hissing dry grounds into the tank. Replacing the lid. Keeping one hand on the hot plastic hose as it pours to prevent it from slipping. Gazing into the steam as it gathers on the surface of the hot coffee in the urn and thinking about girls, or Girl, or how doing all of this on two hours of sleep makes the skin under your eyes sweat. Capping the urn and flipping the catches so that the rubber lip seals in the heat and smell. Pulling the vent open and hearing the

potential energy inside the caffeine sigh out. Straightening the leaves of your tie so that the eager short leaf doesn't make its way out to the side.

Getting boredom wiggles and dancing four hours into a shift. Dancing the platters of food onto the cart. Dancing the fresh linens onto the tables. Dancing the sandwiches to the the door of the client's room and then stopping and soberly noiselessly proceeding in to place them on the tables with the clients watching you like bureaucattle.

Greeting the clients. Talking mantalk with the homophobe coworkers. Unfocusing your eyes. Gorging on table scraps. Flirting on the days when your flirting brain works. Filling the plastic jugs with ice. Pushing carts over lumps in the carpet. Polishing silver with hot water and vinegar. Sending texts from the bathroom. Joking. Passing empty hours. Bragging.

Reading the contracts in the binder over and over again to look busy, hoping that they will turn into a narrative.

Breakfast, 8:30 – 9:30

- *10 pitchers assorted chilled fruit juice selection*
- *20 breakfast pastries with creamery butter*
- *All packages served with freshly brewed coffee & tea*

Nope. Pouring out the gun-based drinks and carrying them two jugs per hand up the grey concrete stairs. Tiptoeing with the full busbins around the bipolar acid casualty dishwasher. Walking away from the dishwasher when he tries to talk to you about Nazi memorabilia or the Rolling Stones or how much a flatpack of Dexedrine went for on the street in Montréal in 1976. Delivering jugs of water to the tables without dipping your thumb into the water. Touching the slick remains of other people's food. Talking about how you just gotta just gotta start writing again. Composing things in your head that you will never write down. Winding your watch and checking it. Getting a reputation as a

drug taker. Knowing where the ketchup is. Trying not to talk about Dad but wanting people to ask. But wanting people not to ask. But wanting them to ask.

Fake laughing when the boss intentionally mispronounces your name again and again and again and again. Dropping china and watching it smash to powder and ceramic shark teeth. Thinking about a magical pharmacy that exists in its own pocket dimension where Percocets are five cents a pop. Finding the keys. Confessing to things. Removing the Post-It reminders from food so it looks like it's been made that day. Doing things you weren't asked to do so that you don't have to talk to anyone. Staring at the greasy sheen of the kitchen counter tops. The too-bright fluorescents. The strange dry wrinkled things in the ceiling grate of the elevator. Singing a Joy Division song. Hauling kegs while muscling through a hangover. Taking your slip and finding out that you worked not an eternity in a small world but less than the eight hours you were scheduled for.

CONTRACTUAL AND CULTURAL OBLIGATIONS IN A KOOL-AID GENERATION

by Sasha Manoli

THE END OF THE WORLD is a creative process that will begin in an atemporal manner and produce a global fear of coffee shops and amusement parks. It should be noted that when we create destruction we manipulate our sex lives and de-gender Barbies. I'm not sure what clause (2ab) stipulates but let me reassure the general public that art will no longer reign terror over cityscapes. Terrorism is an overused term that best describes the way most people feel towards garbage and recycling

days. That day we all sang Kiss's "rock & roll all nite," the pope cried. Clause (5gf): "When there is a rainbow loosen your belt one notch." It is in fact true that vending machines are going out of style, however, houseplants are more popular than ever. Clause (16vc) was written-in as a safety for the national defense minister whose underage girlfriend has a blog where she writes about how disgusting she finds his penis. It's safe to say that Google is a search engine that can only be used via the "Internet" (Jenkins 98). We have recently discovered that the Internet is an animal

lover. Clause (78ty): “Where weather is showing, remain indoors.” The names of all objects will be temporarily switched with the name of the object to the object’s left. Leftism is most prominent on Tuesdays and in bar atmospheres. A recent study from the University of iPod shows the polemics of leftist music is under-researched. The meaning of clause (94nj) is intentionally meaningless. When the public questions national security a butterfly dies. Conspiracy theories about political orgies in communities with warm climates induce an appetite for boiled artichokes. Clause (125pk): “All women will be made electric.” A singular voice of indifference has leaked like the brake lines of a Ford Focus after being slashed by a jealous ex. We call that a simile at the head office because it uses the words “Ford Focus.” If staplers could feed the world there would be no need for speeches. It has come to our attention that clause (157oq) should exclude the words “no money, no problems.” Obesity signifies an aptitude for calculus. In conclusion,

.
 as this is important
 information
 if
 .
 “
 evidence.
 of
 heaven
 secret
 jazz parties.
 indulge in the titillating taste of freedom.
 Final clause (998zm): “when a parade of deaf strippers offer you cherry Kool-Aid, you graciously accept.”

I CAUGHT A TREMENDOUS FISH

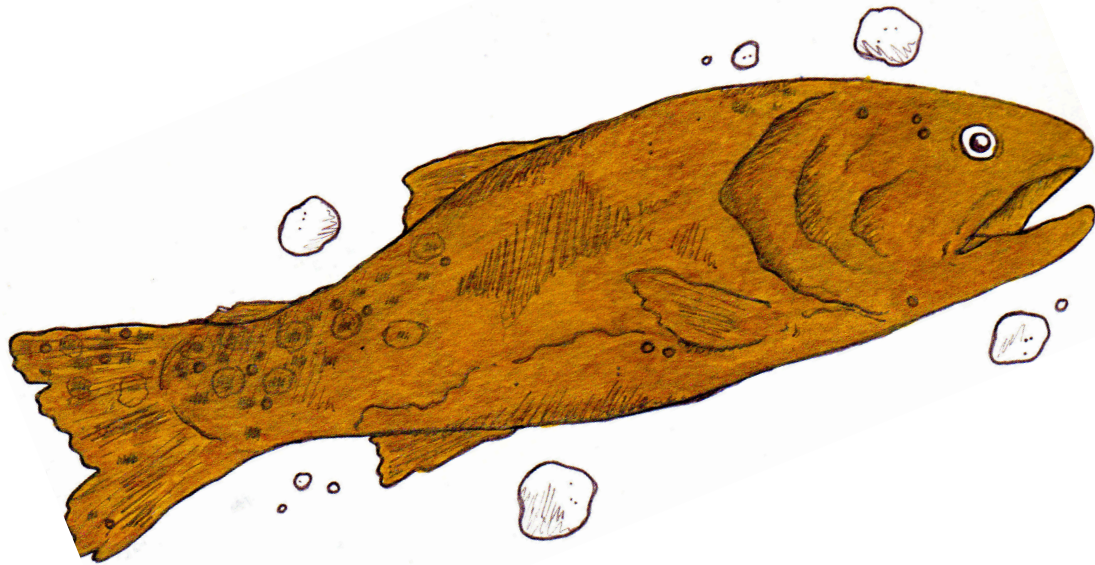
by Claire Battershill

IT'S TAKING A LONG TIME to die. It doesn't twitch, the way a neon tetra might in a toilet bowl at the hands of ten-year-old. It doesn't blink, the way a dying person might, because fish don't have eyelids. Its gills open, close, open. Trout are neither as cute as goldfish, nor as exciting as fish from the Deep Sea, fish from Outer Space, fish that once composed the galaxy. This is a big one.

Every time I turn on the radio lately, I hear a program about The Cosmos. The first one was a quandary about people going to Mars. The main worry seemed to be that it would take at least three years to get there, and the astronauts might not even arrive at all. Then, there was a program about the fate of the earth. The host phoned his mum to see what she

thought, and then he phoned a series of scientists and theologians to see what they thought. Finally, a radio-voice told me about a universe constructed largely of chicken bones, where everyone was made of chicken bouillion dust, and our tears made soup. I guess this existed before my neighbour who studies hot bubbles between stars got started on Astrophysics. Otherwise she is sadly mistaken and stars are actually parsley, the bubbles between them just water, boiling. The whole known universe could be a kettle, but it makes me feel funny to think about these things, which is why I have decided to go fishing, instead of unpicking the fabric of the heavens.

My dad knows all about human dying. He knows as much about dying as a living person can. There are books all over our



house about it. Books I've never opened, with rings of coffee on their covers, books laid open on their pages, damaging their spines. My dad's cancer patients have music therapists come and sing to them. He thought it was tactless the time one of the music therapists brought a harp and played it in the lobby of the hospice. As if they need reminding, he said. My brother asked if anyone laughed. Nope.

The fish is taking a long time to die. I feel like I owe it to the fish to pay attention now, because if someone caught me on a hook with super delicious bait and I was taking a long time to die, I would hope that they'd be willing to put off their

coffee date or dentist's appointment and stay. Anyway, teeth are weird. Probably there's a humane way to kill it faster, but I saw a YouTube video of a headless chicken running around all bloody and that was the end of chopping heads off for me. It really was. I'm not experienced at fishing. The waves rush in, out, in, more evenly than the gills, and with more of a sound. They'll keep doing that, I'm pretty sure, in spite of what the radio thinks it knows about unstable starlight or the pull of the moon. Looking out this way, at water farther than I can see, I don't even notice when the gills stop. The eyes look exactly the same.

HAIR BOY

by Thomas Mundt

TODAY'S MY FIRST DAY at Steamboat Hot Dogs and my manager's name is Dave McInerney but my new coworkers call him Hair Boy behind his back. I assume this is because he has a terrible haircut. It's one of those early-'90s hack jobs – shaved real close on the sides and in the back, long and parted down the middle on top. He looks like a dick, so I can see why everyone rags on him. But I would've come up with a way better nickname than Hair Boy.

HAIR BOY AND I ARE REVIEWING the Steamboat Cheat Sheet, a laminated list of all the Steamboat Specialty Dogs and their condiment combinations, when he rolls

up the sleeve of his navy blue Steamboat t-shirt and shows me his exit wounds. There's two of them and they're raised and dark on his shoulder, stacked on top of each other like Connect Four pieces.

I can tell Hair Boy is waiting for me to comment.

"Damn. They still hurt?"

Hair Boy just stares at me, incredulous.

"Got 'em hunting."

Hair Boy tells me about how he and his cousin Nate used to hunt owls in the forest preserve behind Immanuel Lutheran, how they'd wait for Uncle Dan to go to bed so they could smoke a bowl in his study and sneak out the back with his rifles. One time Nate got too baked and tripped over the track of the sliding glass door and dropped the loaded guns on the patio. They both discharged and

two bullets ripped through Hair Boy's shoulder before lodging themselves in a maple tree in the backyard.

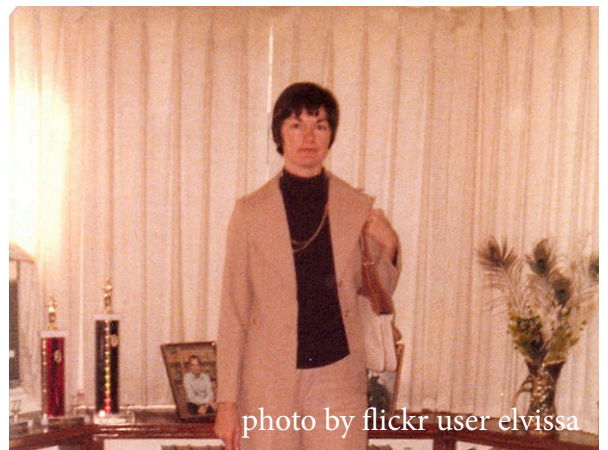
I have no idea what the exit wounds have to do with the Mud Turtle, a chili dog flanked by pickle spears and dusted with celery salt, our practice run never advancing beyond the Empty Bun on Waxed Paper Stage.

* * *

WHEN I SIT DOWN at an unoccupied table to take my lunch break, Hair Boy takes a seat directly across from me and tells me that he likes how things are progressing. He thinks I could move over to the grill in a month, two tops. I'm that advanced. I'm not sure whether I should thank him or get really depressed, so I do both.

"Hey. No problem, man. I have a progressive managerial approach, you know? Positive reinforcement is the name of this game."

We spend the rest of my break in silence as I nurse my Cherry Coke and count the number of packages of hot dog



buns lining the wall. One hundred and forty-seven.

* * *

I'M WIPING DOWN MY STATION when Hair Boy elbows me in the ribs and directs my attention to a middle-aged female customer in a pantsuit.

"See that chick? Nailed her."

I know he's lying but at least he's reasonable. He didn't pick out the hottest woman in the restaurant. Hair Boy's pretend lover is curvy and pleasant but also has bad skin and a bit of an overbite.

"Best part? Both my arms were in casts the whole time." Hair Boy thrusts his hips for me, his arms raised. He smiles. "No hands, you know?"

* * *

WHEN MY SHIFT ENDS, Hair Boy invites me to see his band play at the Pearl Room. They're called Skewerd and Hair Boy rattles off a ton of bands they supposedly

sound like but I've never heard of any of them. It doesn't matter. I have no interest in going. I tell him I that I volunteer at the public library and have to read a few chapters of *The Purpose-Driven Life* to some old people tonight. Or else I'd totally go.

"Shitty. Well, I'm sure they'll appreciate that. Skewerd gigs around a lot, so you'll get your chance." Then he makes those stupid devil horns with his pinky and index finger and sticks his tongue out. He's supposed to look demonic but he just looks like a guy I'll never like, no matter what.

BEST BEHAVIOUR

by J. R. Carpenter

MY MOTHER IS OBSESSED with the insides of other people's houses. Two and a half baths, she can tell from the outside. Crown moulding, she'll point from the sidewalk and sigh. Wall-to-wall carpet is abhorrent to her. Parquet floors are her worst nightmare. Who knows, maybe she was an interior decorator in a past life. In this life she's a substitute teacher. Sometimes she takes in typing on the side.

We've been living in a rented townhouse on the Forest Crescent for going on two years now, which is some kind of record for us. Twenty-two months we've baked in this avocado oven. Ninety-four weeks we've bathed in this goldenrod tub. Come over to this place that isn't

quite our place, and here's the first thing my mother will tell you: "This wallpaper wasn't our idea!" Floor-to-ceiling horns-of-plenty adorn the breakfast nook. A sandy seashell wainscot rings the bathroom. Renters can't be choosers. We hang our pictures up wherever former tenants left nail holes.

When new families move onto the Crescent, the homeowners rush over with fresh muffins and offers of help. Not my mother. She waves politely and keeps on going.

"Give them a few weeks to settle in," she says.

By my count my mother and I have moved nine times and so far we've never settled in anywhere. "If I want to see unpacked boxes, I'll go down to our basement," she says. There are boxes down

there that have never been unpacked my lifetime. I'm thirteen, in case you're wondering. Thirteen going on thirty. Everybody says so.

A new couple moved in a month ago, right next-door. Their house is twice the size of ours, with a lilac in the front yard and a koi pond in the back; it wasn't on the market more than a week. My mother watched the truck pull up through my bedroom window. Less conspicuous, I guess, than peering through the living room picture window. Plus, my room has Venetian blinds instead of curtains; they came with the house.

"Professional movers," she said. Impressive. When we move, whatever furniture we can't fit into our Plymouth Duster hatchback gets left behind.

"No kids." Phew. When there're kids my mother makes it my mission to befriend them, which never works out well. I'm not above babysitting little kids for a little extra money, but I can't stand kids my own age.

"A piano!" Oh boy.

"A commode!" Whatever that is.

* * *

SINCE THE NEW NEIGHBOURS MOVED IN my mother's been on a gardening binge. Kind of pointless since it's already August and we'll probably move in the spring. She baked two pies this morning and I know what's coming.

"Wash your hair," she says, even though I just washed it yesterday. Whether I like it or not (not) we're headed over there. Expectations are running high.

"Don't touch anything," she says before she even rings the bell.

The new neighbour lady answers her door. She was pretty enough through the Venetian blinds in my bedroom; up close she's Sears-catalogue-underwear-model gorgeous. She accepts my mother's pie with a made-for-TV smile. "Won't you come in," she says, like she's living in a novel. She leads us through room after perfect room. This house has some rooms that our house doesn't: an office, a pantry, a solarium.

Now she's in her state-of-the-art kitchen fetching us refreshments. My mother and I sit on her brand-new sofa, listening to glass on granite, bubbles on ice. My mother chews her lip, fingers the upholstery, scans the room for photographs, personal touches, clues. She shoots me a "don't get any ideas" look. I wonder what she thinks I was thinking.

That glass coffee table is just waiting for fingerprints. Why are these bookcases are full of magazines? Why is this fireplace is full of flowers? The throw pillows are brand-new clean, colour-coordinated, and artfully arranged.

"And you can call me Janice," the neighbour woman tinkles into the living room, ice cubes in a round of drinks teetering on dark wood tray. Suntanned hands, bangles on both wrists and all the glasses match.

"What pretty coasters," my mother says, by way of handing me one. I take a long drink. No matter what I do here in this house this afternoon, later, my mother will tell me it was no way to behave in company.

As far as I can tell I wasn't anything in a former life. I've walked through dozens of empty houses and apartments and nothing, no flicker of recognition. Whatever it is I'm going to be in this life, it has nothing to do with these new people in this house next door to the rented townhouse where my mother and I have been living going on two years.

I set the coaster down; I set the glass down on the coaster. In every high-gloss surface I search for escape routes. If I could I'd crawl right through the TV screen, out the bay window, up the flue. I want to scuff the baseboards, send magic marker trees shooting up the sideboard, re-arrange the bookcase, and pull out all the drawers. But I won't risk it. I'm on my best behaviour. My mother still thinks she can impress our new neighbour.

POST-MODERN STRESS DISORDERS

by Luke LeBrun

In The Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism, self-help guru Frederic Jameson diagnosed the postmodern condition with a rare form of early onset schizophrenia. Since his startling discovery in 1991, a bevy of pop-psychologists have entered the fray to offer any number of cures for this disease. "Dear Abby" once responded to a letter from "Sleeping in Dustbins" (pen name of Jean Baudrillard for a period in the mid-nineties), advising him to "keep his options open," while Dr. Phil McGraw once famously told culture that it needed to "get a meta-narrative and stick to it."

Although well-intentioned, these words of folksy wisdom do little more than offer simple solutions for complicated philosophical problems. Rather than offer more solutions, perhaps we would be better advised to follow the example set by real, certified clinical psychiatrists and, instead, choose to identify more problems, thereby keeping our patients indefinitely hooked to therapy? With this in mind, we present to you a dozen or so new mental disorders and pathologies for our current moment in history:



photo by Bill Hicks

Facebook Dismorphia: A nagging feeling that life is somehow empty or defective whenever you contrast your self-image against the tagged images of your Facebook friends. This disorder is predicated on an underlying cognitive disorder that compels one to gaze through their computer monitor as if it were a refracted telescope; to look outwards, the object of the gaze appears magnified and surrounded by a golden aura, but as quickly as the telescope is turned and the gaze is inverted, the pupil of the outward-looking eye appears small and hollow. When one sifts through albums of drunken midnight parties on Guatemalan beaches or clicks

on the image of a newborn baby, of course, the inclination is to believe that “everybody else has a life more interesting than mine.” But the mistake of the dysmorphic lies in his or her failure to recognize that most people only tag themselves in flattering pictures.

.Jpeg Hysteria: A wide spectrum of hyperbolic behaviours and dispositions connected to an awareness of the presence of a digital camera. Better classified as a temporary state of hysteria than as a chronic mental disorder, these episodes are born from the uncontrollable fear that one’s image may be captured and

sentenced to an eternal imprisonment on the Internet. The fear, of course, has little to do with the splitting of Man into a discarnate image, but instead, that he will look as though he is doing something unremarkable. The hysteric performs for the lens of the camera, warmly embracing nubile college girls he doesn't know, standing next to ironic backdrops while also wearing a funny hat, and is driven by a spontaneous urge to pose in sexually suggestive positions with members of the same sex, as well as animals and inanimate objects.

Occurōphobia: Fear of the present moment; a need for things to come back as retro before the ego is willing to recognize history has actually happened.

Pornography-Induced Anaphrodisia: A gradual dulling of the libido by way of unfettered access to Internet pornography. As the subject's psychosexual palate grows accustomed to a continuous stream of sexual acts so depraved as to send most people's grandparents into immediate

cardiac arrest, the subject is forced to find stimulation in sexual acts of greater and greater depravity. The subject is forced to choose between two possible outcomes: either (a) embrace guilt as a means of self-repression so that they may enjoy any kind of pleasure in life; or (b) throw in the towel and embrace necrophilia.

Black & White Thinking: Mnemonic distortion wherein one imagines that the first half of the twentieth century actually happened in black and white.

Televisual-Spatial Intelligence: A precise, nuanced, although entirely useless eidetic ability to recall set designs of 1980s and 1990s sitcoms.

Dissociative Narrative Disorder: A depersonalizing phenomenon affecting the identities of those individuals who read too many books. When the amount of time one spends reading is greater than the amount of time one spends having a life, the voice that narrates the reader's inner-monologue (*the self*) is systematically

eroded and replaced by the voice of the book's narrator (*the author*). Operating purely on the subconscious level, the vocabulary, cadence, and figures of speech merge with the reader's thought processes and speech patterns until the reader begins to think, speak, and act as if they were a character come alive from a book. Although this condition presents only minor and banal effects, those individuals who begin to mimic the cockney voices of a Charles Dickens character are at a very high risk of being kicked.

Game Frame: An interpretive schema which processes information according to a range of "game metaphors." By attributing the behaviours of others to tactics of playing "victim cards," "scoring points," or any variety of elaborate stratagems aimed at devious "end games," the subject effectively minimizes the other and transforms them into something resembling an evil Boris Spassky avatar on crack.

Armageddon Anchor Points: A

distortion in the subject's schema of reality whereby they identify worst-case scenarios depicted in Hollywood disaster films as plausible visions of the near future. The subject will organize their belief system around the singular goal of avoiding extinction events such as alien invasions, asteroid collisions, and robot uprisings while failing to recognize the more immediate dangers posed by butter popcorn and super-sized soft drinks.

Adjungophobic Fixations: The tendency in groups of people gathered in the same room to prefer seating arrangements organized in straight, horizontal lines facing a common point (usually a television) rather than sit face-to-face and hold prolonged eye contact with one another.

Satisfaction Denial: Preferring the crisis-driven, panic-stricken, sensationalized narrative of reality that exists within the bubble of twenty-four-hour news cycles as a defence mechanism for coping with the truth that life is more or less okay.

I KNOW HOW TO GET FREE SHIT

by *Andy Sinclair*

I MOVED IN WITH JARED after my apartment got sold because his old roommate was a homophobe and Jared kicked him out. I can afford my own place but it's nice to have company – fuck the complications. When I went over to check out his place it was obvious that we had a thing for each other. He brought me outside to catch the view from the eighteenth-floor balcony, and we both leaned over the concrete wall and looked out at the smoky frozen city, then at each other.

The place isn't fancy. The parquet floors are worn white, the cheap baseboards are falling off, and the light switches have been painted over so many times they're

part of the wall. But it's comfortable, and the heat's included.

It's my first Friday night here. Jared makes a really good mac and cheese with

It looks like a red octopus has clamped onto his head, or a baby alien.

bacon and onions and some other crap. We eat a bowlful each, slouched on the couch. Jared's not that good-looking but he's got these impossible ridges peeking out from the inch between his shirt and his jeans. They stretch down and in towards his crotch and I'd like to put

my thumb on one and take it from there. Instead, I look the other way and we wash the meal down with shots of Jägermeister and swigs of Red Bull. You're supposed to put a shot of Jag into a pint glass of Red but we only have the shot glasses, so we



photo by Mary Matheson

just sip from the can.

“Technically, I’m your landlord,” says Jared. “I should be supplying you with proper drinkware.” He’s not poor, but he usually just drinks bottled beer or take-out coffee.

“I know where we can get some pint glasses, actually,” he says.

We don our parkas and go out. The snow squeaks under our sneakers and it’s just the right temperature to be slippery as all fuck. I’m drunk and I love to sprint. The south side of the sidewalk on Jasper’s been plowed and I just gun it, and for a few seconds I’m not out of shape, I’ve got no fat again, I’m just a guy with a six-pack and piston legs. Jared runs behind me, laughing and complaining.

“Stop it, man! Stop it. Follow me.”

There’s an old drunk staggering around a newspaper box, cradling his Tim Horton’s cup full of pennies and nickels. He’ll be a corpse tomorrow if the street outreach doesn’t get him.

He says, “Open your heart if you have one.” And I say, “Sorry bud, good luck.”

We pass that shit-assed tavern at 108th

and there’s a muscled hunk in a ribbed tank with blood running down his face. It looks like a red octopus has clamped onto his head, or a baby alien. Did someone bite his ear? He’s texting on his iPhone. His friend is in the back of a cop car. The blue and red lights are flashing in the snow like it’s Christmas but it’s just another festive night at the straight club. You can feel the beat shaking the sidewalk. Rhianna’s asking What’s my name? like any of the club sluts care. I love breeder dance clubs; you could get clobbered at any moment. They like to fight and we like to fuck, but either way, it’s living.

“Just be respectful, man. Show respect!” The bleeding guy is yelling to his friend. He sounds like a jock in an indie movie, but it’s real life. It’s kind of alluring. We keep moving, though.

We sidle into the Delta and glide across the salt-stained lobby to the elevator, holding hands. The desk clerk watches enviously. You can’t access the guest floors without slipping a key card into the number pad, but we go down to the lower lobby and find the stairs, which



photo by Mary Matheson

allow us onto the other floors. Someone could make a killing improving security in these places.

We wander the halls. I do a bit more sprinting. I try to walk the length of the corridor on my hands but can't make it. I check out the ice machine and stick a few cubes down Jared's back.

"I'm gonna get you for that," he says.

Everything in this place is a various shade of puke. But it's kind of luxurious. I stayed at this hotel once with a guy that picked me up at the old Roost. I guess stayed would be the wrong word. When we arrived at his room, I noticed that he'd left the bathtub filled with hot water.

"Why'd you do that?" I asked.

"The air is so dry," he sniffed, and I knew I wouldn't be hanging around after the sex.

"A-HA," SAYS JARED, and he picks up two beer steins from a used room service tray that's sitting in the hall. It's full of dirty dishes and a small vase filled with

buttercups.

"We need these, too." He pockets salt and pepper shakers.

We walk back to the apartment and wash out the beer steins and make proper J-bombs. I wish I'd taken the flowers, but they never would have survived the trip. We down our drinks, the shot glasses clinking against our teeth, and I turn on the radio and it's Pink. Lesbians love Pink. She's catchy. We dance the way we dance. I get down on the dusty floor and do some old dryland exercises from when I thought I was gonna be a champ. I can still lose the weight. I do an abs set and my stomach feels pretty tight, actually.

We pour another round.

"Cheers," I say, and I look at Jared and we drink up. I guess it'll happen now.

I take the steins and toss them over the balcony. Before they even land in the snow, we're kissing.

NEIGHBOUR

by Catriona Wright

EVERY NIGHT the neighbour threw clattering handfuls of pennies at her window. He wanted something from her. He called it different things: cardamom, rice vinegar, truffle oil. She mostly ate tomato soup. At first she answered the ricocheting copper with embarrassed apologies. Then she stopped.

One day the neighbour carried an enormous fan into his apartment. It whirred and gusted smells into her bedroom: basil, frying sausage, dill, roasting garlic, vanilla. She felt a plummeting loneliness, but mistook it for an upset stomach. That night she didn't glop condensed tomato soup into her yellow pot with the forget-me-not trim. The sparkle of pennies against glass led her towards and away from sleep.

She didn't get up the next day. Instead she lay in a warm mass of scents: lemongrass, cloves. Shooting pennies

raided her dreams. She couldn't eat anything.

A month later she woke up, but her sense of smell didn't. Hungry again, she collected all the unrequited coins and went to the corner store for some pretzels and chocolate bars. That night the neighbour rang her doorbell and asked her over for dinner. She told him she was full.

He bought an even bigger fan and started throwing nickels.

WHY I AM DIFFERENT FROM MARGARET ATWOOD AND WHAT I DON'T GAIN FROM HUMPING DUVETS

by Erica Schmidt

I HAVE NOTHING TO SHOW FOR my evenings humping duvets. Surely Margaret Atwood never spends her evenings humping duvets. When such evenings occur, the nervous-void, anxious-boredom evenings, Margaret Atwood gathers her creativity together and amalgamates familiar objects and universally deep occurrences in order to arrive at stunning and poignant similes. Her similes become poems. Her poems are recited at shrines. Margaret Atwood

would not open a bottle of screw-top wine and roll up her lime-green turquoise-daisied duvet and hump it profusely, so that she wouldn't be horny for her date with a man she has no desire of sleeping with. She does not go on dates with men she doesn't want to sleep with. She does not live on streets where they forget to pick up the recycling.

I get up from my time with my lime-green turquoise-daisied duvet. I decide that I am about as aroused as possible

considering that it is not an extraordinary occasion and that I am not extraordinarily drunk. Once, with Simon, I ejaculated liquid goo. Margaret Atwood would not find this very interesting, but it's the most aroused I've ever gotten. And I was too drunk to remember. Even though I ejaculated and started crying before he could ejaculate liquid goo all over me, afterwards Simon was more compelled to fuck me than I was compelled to fuck him. We were supposed to write a bilingual epistolary novel together, but I told him I was too uninspired. He told me that he didn't want to hear from me ever again.

My cheek has pale pink foundation on, and it appears redder than my cheek without make-up. Once Simon wrote me a poem in French about kissing my ass cheeks. And I got his cheeks wet like the morning.

*M a r g a r e t
A t w o o d w o u l d
n o t o p e n a
b o t t l e o f s c r e w -
t o p w i n e a n d
r o l l u p h e r
l i m e - g r e e n
t u r q u o i s e -
d a i s i e d d u v e t
a n d h u m p i t
p r o f u s e l y s o
s h e w o u l d n ' t
b e h o r n y
f o r h e r d a t e .*

Maybe one day I will be famous for my ass cheeks. I wrote Simon a poem about plants and spines and wet roots. It didn't rhyme. Simon didn't like it very

much. I am preparing my eyelids with a four-part eye shadow paint-by-number kit by Maybelline. Eye shadow for dummies. Something Margaret Atwood wouldn't use. There are four squares of different colours. The medium purple square is labelled LID. Light pink is BROW. The CREASE square is dark glittered purple. I have a crease and I am not yet twenty-five. Margaret Atwood did not have creases at my age. There's another

dark, brown square that reads CORNER. I don't bother with the dark brown. If I screw up, I will look obscene.

My mascara comes in two parts too.

The wand undoes at both ends. Inside the end marked “step one” there is clumpy white liquid. It is probably thicker than the wet morning goo I watered Simon with, but I don’t know because I never got to see it. Step One looks more like whiteout. Liquid paper. Between Steps One and Two, I brush my teeth. I regret this immediately, and pour myself another glass of wine. Margaret Atwood would have more foresight. Step Two is Pro Black. I coat it over the whiteout. Steps One and Two are waterproof. I will look somewhat groomed for at least seventy-two hours. Or else I will look somewhat like a racoon. I finish the wine, but do not brush my teeth. Brushing so soon after drinking may cause enamel erosion. My enamel already erodes in my dreams. At night, my teeth collapse. I look in the mirror at my red and pink cheeks and multi-process eyes. Yes, I say. You’re good. You’re drunk enough.

For Margaret Atwood, alcohol is not a remedy for disappointment. Or a pre-buffer for future disappointments. It doesn’t matter for me if my date and the music and the beer are lame, because

I’m drunk. It doesn’t matter for Margaret Atwood, because she’s Margaret Atwood.

I am reading *Cat’s Eye*. Once I saw Margaret Atwood, I tell my date. Twice, actually. She’s witty. Intelligent. Remarkable.

You’re that smart, too, he assures me. When I look at him, my vagina stays dry.

He says that smoking gives him what I seem to have naturally. An ease of expression. A grace of movement. I feel guilty because I drank three glasses of wine before I met with him.

It’s over. I can have cereal, then go to bed. Margaret Atwood would have washed her face before going to bed. She would have flossed and brushed her teeth. I do none of these things. I insert my night guard over my decaying enamel.

I am not compelled to roll up my futon and hump it. I fall asleep quickly. I hope that I won’t smell like beer at yoga tomorrow morning.

DOCTOR SERVICE

by Agnes von Pfifferling

AH, Doctor Service, to at last meet you! I owe all my inspiration to you, Doctor. Well met.

–Likewise, Antoine. You have not gone without your impact on me, too. Oh! the times I have shivered beneath your paintings; how they come to mind as I slice into a patient...

–Delightful! Absolutely delightful! The great Doctor Service – and I have made him shiver! I die happy! But won't you sit down, Doctor. We'll be quite comfortable here in the *parloire*. The settee is of leopard hide. Sit, sit... and let Marj bring you an Irish coffee.

–Please.

–Perhaps you don't realize it, Doctor, but, although you are known as a man of science – oh! that is not what makes you great. The beauty of your work may be lost upon your colleagues, but I deem you an

artist of sublime calibre. They call me the artist! Ha! I am but a crude copyist, whose tools happen to be paint and canvas. You, Doctor, are a creator. You have captured the essence of woman! And your rendering itself – mmmm. Simply ravishing.

–Thank you, Antoine. The print hanging in your foyer was not lost on me on my way in. *Fallopian Garden* is an early work, but a favourite of mine, as well. But you praise me too highly, my friend. It is surely your eye for beauty that has brought my photographs to the public. Had it not been for your *divine* rendering, my real life's work would have been lost on the cold students of medicine.

–You flatter me twice over, Doctor Service! But truly, what excites me about your art is not the photos themselves, but what you must experience as you work. Oh Doctor, how I have longed to be your camera, to penetrate a woman with your



photo by flickr user Smithsonian Institute

gaze...I have even tried to render your masterpieces while holding a finger or two up my wife's or Marj's cunt. Oh ho ho! then it is truly a delight to paint. And how your colours come to life! I can feel your dark and lush reds tickling my fingernail, those pulsating, succulent tones!

–Haha! Splendid! You truly understand my craft. Without a body squirming on the end of my camera rod, my photographs would be those of any daft man who fancies the easy art of point and click. Indeed, in my most sublime moments of work, I am the camera, buried in my patient's cunt.

–Oh ho! Doctor Service! Well met! Well met! Doctor, you simply must come to a little romp I am giving here this evening. Mrs. Service is of course invited. I believe it may give you ample inspiration... and it would give me great pleasure.

–Yes, Antoine, I have heard of your parties; it would be a delight! But do tell me, which of your illustrious friends can I expect among the guests?

–Oh, I am so glad, Doctor! I only hope that my humble abode and its pleasures

are able to satisfy you. Madame Belaange will of course be present; she is a regular at my little fêtes. You have met her before, Doctor, surely?

–Ah, yes, Madame Belaange! A fine specimen. Of course I have met her, she was the model for *cervix 6*. Oh ho, a fine, fine woman. And the ways I've had her!

–Ha! Indeed! Madame Belaange, I'm afraid, cannot abide the same thing twice. Which is why she so enjoys my little *soirées*. You know Doctor, someday she'll grow so bored that she'll ask a man to flay her alive with his teeth and fingernails... as he ravishes her! Haha! And she'll still die unsatisfied!

–Hoho! You speak the truth, my friend. You have a wit as sharp as your brush-strokes. But do tell me, Antoine, will the Baroness be present this evening?

–Ah, you mean Baroness Calvin of course. Sadly the Baroness is in Egypt. But she, not liking to disappoint, sends her daughter, Jen. Now there's a vicious little tart...I heard she drove three men, including her own cousin, to slice their own throats for her. You will of course

want to make some prints of her innards; what goes on in the little bitch, you must find out! But I'm being rude, Doctor. You surely have needs of your own that must be met...perhaps you can recommend a favourite of yours to be our guest tonight?

–Oh, how kind. Well, Mrs. Service and my secretary, Hans, can make sure of my needs...but do tell me about Marj. She seems a ravishing creature. I'd very much like to work with her.

–Marj! How boorish of me to forget her. Of course she is present at all my parties – it's half her job. And she would be honoured if you would care to work upon her. I pay her well... she'll do whatever you like... but let her take the reins and you'll spend tomorrow suturing up your own asshole, no matter how loose it is now! Hoho, I declare!

–Haha! Dear Antoine, I am so delighted to have met you; I simply cannot express my joy, and my excitement for your *bon fête* this evening. But may I ask you a favour? Of course you'll grant it my friend, for you are most gracious and it may interest you greatly. May I

photograph you, Antoine? May I see what your fuck looks like as it tries to spurt past my camera rod? And you could paint me! Does that intrigue you, friend?

–Ho! Indeed! Indeed, Doctor Service! And I will do an exposé of your anus! Now lets get Marj in here. I could use an... aperitif.

–Oh ho ho ha, oh yes!

DREAM HOME

by Hamish Adams

I have been dreaming a lot recently, much more than I ever have before. Sounds nice eh? Well no! It's not. They're all fuckin' horrible and they make me feel sick and mental. I put it down to 2010 being the year of uncertainty – my poor old noggin frets all night and conjures up all sorts of muck in its anguish. Once I get more comfortable with life again, I think this brainrot will come to an end and I'll sleep like a little prince with a crystal clear conscience. Well, that's my theory anyway. What follows is one of the more terrifying dreams I've experienced, about living in a squat in Cornwall. It was filthy and scared the shit out of me, and I jumped straight in the shower when I woke up! Probably one of the grottiest things ever to occur in my brain and I'm no stranger to THE GROT.

I PULL UP TO THE SQUAT on the edge of Bodmin Moor: it's a block of flats with an open sewer outside. This isn't the romantic moorland fantasy as detailed by Daphne du Maurier in Jamaica Inn; this is a pigsty of human filth and it's feeding time for the swine. I get my snout stuck in and investigate the perverse fuckers who trot around this shithole. What the fuck is up with this place? It's got a nice front door.

Even though the door's unlocked, I give it a good old friendly knock and have to wait five minutes for the arseholes to answer. I get impatient and have to reassure myself, "it's a squat, not the fucking Ritz, mate."

Inside it bloody stinks. The floor is well-worn wood, the walls are decaying plaster, it's all dusty, and there are grubby-looking men flopped all about the floor. Everyone's hands are filthy. It's obviously one of these squats where the communal arse-wiping



photo by flickr user SilverRaven7

rag is the very same rag they use to do the dishes and wash the windows. Bloody hell, what a place. I choose my sleeping space between two filthy old pervs. My

left-hand-side roommate rolls over and informs me: “We all junkies, queers, and ex-cons in here, mate.” I feel strangely at home, and to be honest I forget the last

time I washed my hands anyway. Would it really matter if I never did it again? What's a bit of shit between friends?

My new roommate is still looking at me. The old bugger wants information – he wants to know what's what. His grubby old lips unstick with an unpleasant “schlickp” noise. He looks alarmingly tired, drunk, and randy. I wince as he speaks his first sleazy words to me.

“Eh, hahahaha! Take this upstairs, up that ladder there in the corner. I owe it to the guy with grey hair. You'll see him – he's got grey hair.”

The dirty old man holds out his hand and drops a little block of delicious hash into mine. Which was he then? Junkie, queer, or ex-con? Or all three?! I daren't ask, but I would certainly like to smoke some of this tasty little block of Nepalese hash. The psychic rapey bum knows people like me well, and takes on a charming southern drawl to ask me his next question.

“Hey son, before you go and run my little errand, I thought we may smoke some of that there hash, together perhaps? Get to know each other, eh? Hehehe!”

I am terrified of my new roommate and make a quick exit towards a ladder in the corner which leads up to the next floor. I take a look back; he's squirming around like a toad in his sleeping bag, playing with himself and laughing with the fellow who would be sleeping on my right-hand side. It's the first time I have seen the second man – his face looks like an overcooked piece of bacon. They're both horribly untrustworthy and I decide to rush back to pick up my sleeping bag and pillow before one of them jerks off on it.

The psychic bum rumbles me again as I pick up my belongings.

“Whaaas wrong with a bit of ma spunk on yer pillow?! Hehehe!”

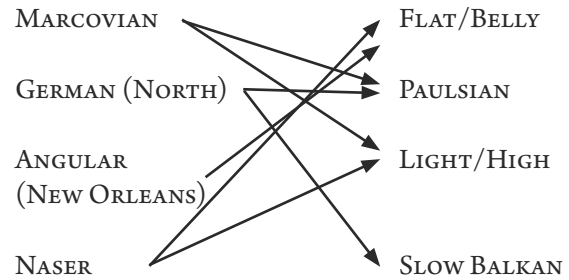
I scream and run up the ladder. The guy with grey hair is there and waiting. He takes the hash and thanks me kindly. He doesn't seem like so much of a disgusting creep as the two downstairs. I decide it's probably best if I move in up here. There's better hash and the people won't jizz on my pillow.

BREAKING MYSTIC

by Jeff Fry

EH DAN, I saw your show online at the Winnipeg Breakers Best yesterday. Pretty sick, man. I see you've picked up some of that angular French routine from, who? Probably Girard. Keep in mind that an angular routine is only compatible with certain sub-routines, just like certain colours only go with others. If you have a Southern Spooning going, let alone a Paulsian style with all its curves, you'll just mess up the impression of a performance that's meant to be angular in its framing. Hope you don't mind that I'm being this forthright about your technique.

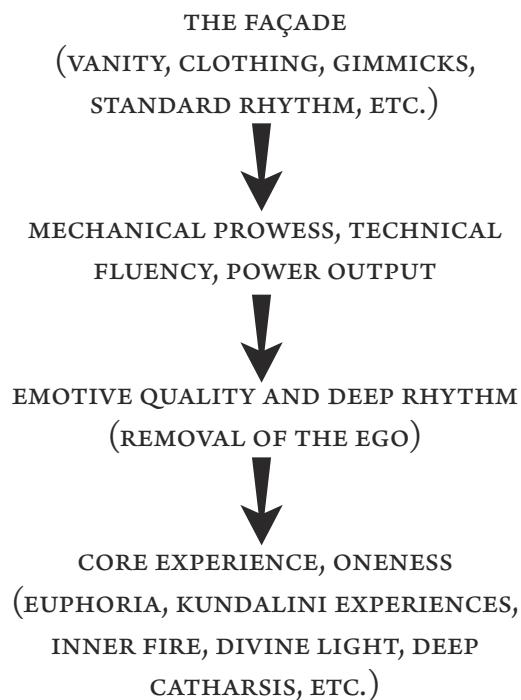
Isn't that what's wrong with the whole breaking scene? A lack of discipline. A failure to work creatively within a strict frame set up by the greats that have come before us. These are considered the most harmonious structure to sub-structure patterns:



If you thought that having a kind of salad or “cosmopolitan” routine is going to be the most impactful, then you’re dead wrong. Cosmo breaking (as Caro puts it) is really an excuse for knowing nothing in very much detail – the equivalent of a hipster who’s all show and no content. Same goes for new-agers who pick and choose between this and that belief, toss a few made up ones of their own in the mix, and voila, their own worthless Cosmo religion. So, you see, Cosmo breaking is a problem much bigger than just breaking. This is our cultural and spiritual crisis.

And don't kid yourself; breaking is a mystical practice that requires as much devotion to its codes as any real faith. You

hear about Jenny V. last winter? She's the first (witnessed) inner-fire breaker since Donovan in '76. She was dancing in the snow, at night, and melted a circle around herself fifteen feet across. Everyone in Chicago was talking about it. Her long black hair hot and swinging in the sub-zero air. And she wasn't deviating from her home style. You know Windrow's book? The contemporary breakdancing one? Well, he says the bio-psycho layering works like this:

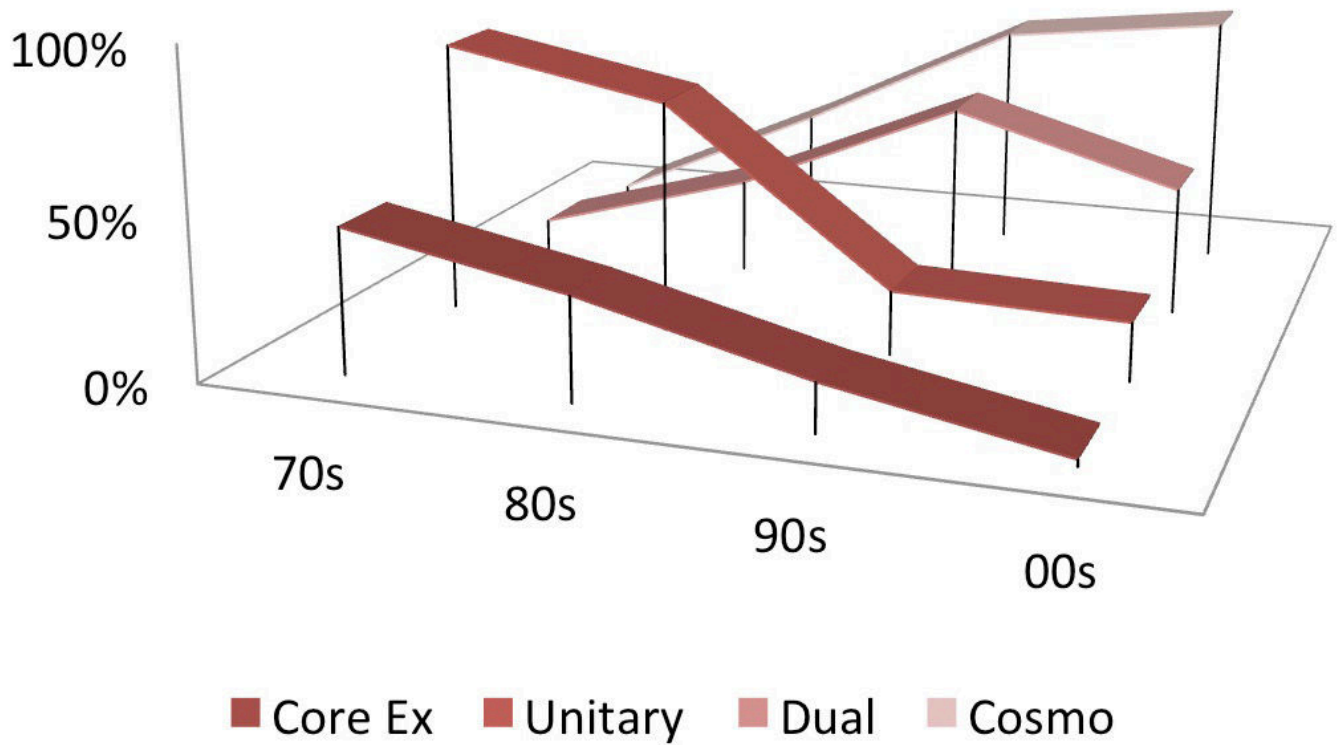


Here's the graph from his book too (see over -Eds). By the looks of it, we'll

have no unified breaking methodologies at all within another decade or so. The visible consequence of this, amongst other things, is that the penetration into a core experience will become a myth despite nearly fifty percent of nationally ranked breakers in the seventies claiming they had core experiences. In other words, the cohesion and spiritual/mystical significance of what we do and who we are is on the verge of extinction. We're all but hollow men, Dan, and this is why I point out all of this to you. Isn't that the greatest terror of all?

Will you be at the Breaking It Off Since '85? I will be.

If you need more encouragement, think of Andreas breaking so beautifully that that chick pretty much raped him on the street. I heard she had his dick in her mouth and was growling, I shit you not, as people tried to calm her down. Hell, on that note, you know Mark? He made a girl come so hard she passed out. He said he had her against the wall doing a kind of jump-frog warm-up and she squealed and slumped right over. She came to a minute



later, and then cried for a half hour. Said she understood where all her anxiety had come from.

Anyways, sometimes the phallus and the spirit move in the same direction.

Who knew?

Yours,

PJ

INSINCERE YOUTUBE AUTEUR

by Jacob Wren

I WANTED, I DESIRED, to become the Jean-Luc Godard of YouTube. Could there actually be a Jean-Luc Godard of YouTube? I was in Brussels. Marcel Broodthaters was a Belgian conceptual artist from the sixties. He is very well regarded here in Belgium but I'm not sure how many people know about him back in Canada. There is a postcard of him staring out the back of a moving train, smiling and waving. Besides him is a small girl who is also smiling and waving. I used to have that postcard. I have no idea where it is now. But I kept thinking of that postcard and of these two Broodthaters quotes from 1964:

I too wondered if I couldn't sell something and succeed in life. I had for quite a little while been good for nothing. I am forty years old... the idea of inventing something insincere finally crossed my mind and I set to work at once.

In art exhibitions I often mused... Finally I would try to change into an amateur. I would revel in my bad faith... Since I couldn't build a collection of my own, for lack of even the minimum of financial means, I had to find another way of dealing with the bad faith that allowed me to indulge in so many strong emotions. So, I said to myself, I'll be a creator.

All my life I have been working with too much sincerity, trying to make works of art that would last forever, becoming quietly ridiculous in the attempt. I am 39. I too wondered if I couldn't sell something, or rather give something way for free, and therefore succeed in life. On YouTube I could be ephemeral, amateur, insincere in a way that simply felt impossible elsewhere in my life. Or so I hoped, desired. Could there be a Jean-Luc Godard of YouTube? Is Lil B already the Jean-Luc Godard of YouTube or is there room for me as well? I knew I meant something fairly specific with this idea, this desire, this phrase 'YouTube auteur,' yet I still didn't know exactly what. I knew I wanted to make video, or rather I didn't want to make video at all, I wanted to make YouTube, perhaps make YouTube every day, seven days a week, have it watched by millions of people all around the world, and have those millions of people experience the work in a manner that effectively transcended how they had previously experienced the internet. I knew that by 'YouTube' I meant something both the same and radically

different than what everyone else meant when they used the term, that my plan had absolutely nothing to do with videos of cats or babies eating lemons. But then again I didn't know even that. Maybe there was room for cats, or at least kittens, somewhere within the labyrinthine vision of my daily YouTube making practice.

* * *

IN 1960, WITH HIS DEBUT FILM *À bout de souffle*, Godard invented the jump cut. He did so almost by accident. The conversation scenes he had shot were too long and boring, and he had no coverage, so he simply got rid of the boring parts, cutting from one highlight to the next. It was the simplest idea and yet apparently no one had tried it before. What has no one ever tried on YouTube and why do I feel certain someone else will think of it before me? And I don't want them, those who are more clever, ingenious or simply much younger, to become the Jean-Luc Godards of YouTube. I want it to be me, with my language, craft and insincerity. I

want to think of the idea, the breakthrough, perhaps even tonight, purchase a video camera first thing tomorrow morning, start shooting. But not shooting just anything. Shooting something that will effortlessly manage to cut through, to shatter, the incessant chatter of the Internet. Something that will accrue meaning with repeated viewings, inspire imitators, be critical towards the medium which it is simultaneously revolutionizing, change the fundamental ways in which YouTube videos are made and perceived. Clearly I do not know how to make this happen.

* * *

GODARD INVENTED THE JUMP cut, emulated Hollywood while simultaneously disassembling it, was part of a zeitgeist that altered cinema forever. Broodthaters built his own museums long before such conceptual bait and switch was the art world norm. Where was the lever that could turn YouTube inside out, twist it around so it quietly, thrillingly,

became new again? Why was I so certain this was possible and yet equally uncertain how? And why was I also certain that some strain of insincerity, of forcing the issue, lay at the heart of the project. Was it only that I had no idea how to proceed yet planed to blindly push forward regardless, marking any action I might take as insincere, motivated solely by the attempt to fill the empty husk of YouTube and not from any inner content or need? What was sincerity on the Internet? Could it be anything other than a lure for endless anonymous ridicule? Did I want to be ridiculed? Ridiculed like a genius down into the grave?

* * *

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WANTED. I wanted to become the Jean-Luc Godard of YouTube but instead wrote a 941-word text and am sending it to *Dragnet*, who are no more able to christen me Jean-Luc Godard of YouTube than I am able to christen them the Bible.

SIGN LANGUAGE

by Amelia Floortje

I 'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET YOU off in a technically chaste way, and I think you want me to, but I can't tell you because I'm honest in my relationship and while thinking doesn't count, there's no way to tell you without saying anything. I'd love to focus every ounce of my energy into letting you know what's going on, so you know that I'm fucking you in the closest way I can. I would tell you all the things I'd do to you in sign language but I don't think you understand sign language. And I'm only allowed to ask you if you speak sign language in sign language because if I sign at you and you don't get it, I can't explain out loud.

My boyfriend is so technical about everything. Spending all night at his ex-girlfriend's house so she can cry under his

arm is a totally ok thing to do, but that time I kissed a friend at new years was not, even though we laughed about it right after.

"If it involves some guy and your mouth or your vagina, you're cheating. I don't care if he's gay."

I was more upset that he thought he could define social interaction by gender and body parts, like sex was black and white and there was a manual with these monochrome anatomical diagrams and I was an idiot because I hadn't known about the manual.

"Fuck you too."

"What are you talking about? I didn't say 'fuck you.'" So technical.

His ex-girlfriend is in love with him and she knows that I know, and she knows that I know that she knows I know, and so she torments me because she sees that I can't

bring myself to do anything about her, which to her means I'm undeserving of my boyfriend. And maybe she's right. And she knows that my boyfriend is oblivious to everything that goes on around him if he isn't expressly told. No mouths, no vaginas and he's in the clear.

So she has sex with him in her own way.

She answers her door in a bikini, even in winter. Or a short towel or carefully chosen underwear; she's always just getting out of the shower or she can never decide what to wear or she's too depressed to dress herself, blah blah blah. Then, in her bikini or towel or whatever, she cries. She cries like the world is ending, and in her dark apartment in the middle of the night, who's to say it isn't ending until the certainty of the next morning arrives. He just holds her while she cries and presses her near-naked self against him, trying to feel his heartbeat in her body, like her blood is almost magnetic to his. I'm not there or anything but I know how girls think. I know how sometimes we want to suck someone into our body by osmosis

under the pretence of some other physical gesture. And sometimes someone making you feel better about nothing in particular is a lot more intimate than fucking for an apparent, agreed-upon reason. I guess it doesn't say that in the black and white manual because my boyfriend doesn't realize this, and probably wouldn't care to.

"What if I got a guy off just by looking at him?" I asked when he came home recently at 6 a.m. "Is that sexual?" I was thinking about you when I said this. And had been for a long time until the door opened and my boyfriend entered through it like an intrusive alarm clock.

"You can't anyways," he replied like he was the expert on all my sexual limitations. Like he'd seen them, evaluated them, made notations on his chart of possibilities.

"You mean if you intentionally got a guy off by looking at him?"

"Yeah."

"It wouldn't be your fault. That's not any different to some creep jacking off to you at your window. Except it's impossible."

"What if I took off all my clothes and

did it?”

“Like, you’d just strip down and look at him?”

“And I told the guy first. If I said, I’m going to make you come without touching you. And then I did.

While naked. With a soul-invading look you’ve never seen.”

“Getting someone off by telling them what you’re going to do to them is like phone sex. Telling someone equals speaking equals mouth.”

“Breathing equals mouth. And eating does too.”

“Yeah, but staying alive is another thing entirely.”

“This is about staying alive.” I know that makes me sound needy but he probably defines life by eating and sleeping and needs to know that things aren’t that simple.

I won’t just leave him because I feel like I have to put in time to balance out for

all the fantasies I can’t stop having about you. Neither of us, my boyfriend and I, are technically doing anything wrong, but me ending things with you in mind would be. So I’m just digging myself out of a hole

of guilt: every time I masturbate to the idea of you getting off on my wanting to get you off, I put in another week of being the by-the-book girlfriend. And I sign to you, sending you all kinds of messages where you can’t see them, like under the table at

our meetings. I’m not really readjusting my skirt. So then it’s outside of me, my thoughts brought to the exterior in a way you could theoretically understand and then we’re almost sharing something. But I want to be able to tell you that I’m getting you off without touching you and I want to be right.

She’s always just getting out of the shower or she can never decide what to wear or she’s too depressed to dress herself, blah blah blah.

MY GREEN CHAKRA, AND WHY IT CAN'T STOP FARTING

by Alexis Zanghi

I WOKE UP ON MONDAY morning with something sharp pressing on my sternum, from all sides, from inside, from above, from below. It was my green chakra, I knew it. I couldn't tell if it was opening or closing or cleansing or retracting, or if it was doing what it was supposed to do. I thought something was stuck in me; I went to a psychic.

It was Saturday, and I was staying in New York. The psychic's stomach hung from his belly beneath his shirt and it was hairy and his shirt was cheaper than his suit, which isn't saying much. He kept calling me "sister." It wasn't my fault, he told me. It wasn't my fault I kicked my lover in the shin in the Catskills, it wasn't my fault I texted him night after night, it wasn't my fault he kept leaving me for people with

a certain serenity I knew I could never, ever have. No sister, you're good and kind. Which shows you how little he knows.

So the psychic had a hairy gut that he hoped I wouldn't notice, and I tried not to laugh, and he tugged at a polyester green paisley shirt, and he told me my green chakra was blocked and coated my hands in oil and made me hold a crystal. And maybe he was lying; probably he was telling me everything he would tell a woman or a girl who stumbled into his shop on Bleeker smelling like beer.

Really, I was that obvious. It's embarrassing. There's not much I can do about it, just distract people, until it erupts, like that time in the Catskills when I couldn't stop farting – I mean, it smelled like someone died – around his friends, in

the bar on Halloween. A fight broke out among the regulars, and I made terrible Roadhouse jokes all night.

The psychic says I'll feel lighter, and I can pray, and I can meditate, and it will all go away; maybe my green chakra will be filled, maybe it will be cleansed, maybe I will walk down the streets with the easy confidence of having a lover who loves me, but what I will probably resort to, what I do resort to, is hanging out with his friends in New York, and telling one of them that "New Haven's a small town, we kinda dated off and on" in an effort to hedge my bets, while texting my lover in a manner that is beyond obsessive, like the wrath of flatulence has gripped my cell phone, and just like in the Catskills, every time I move away to do it in secrecy, the need goes away.

And I'll return from New York City, and go to brunch at the gay bar, and brunch will turn into afternoon drinks at another bar, where I'll recount the phase during which my lover peed in jugs, and I will check my phone just a little more than I text, and I will feel an ache as we laugh at

his expense. Later I will go to church and struggle to swallow.

I will explain to my sister that I went to a psychic, and he said my green chakra was blocked, and church was cheaper than the \$140 energy reading and crystal healing to reverse the potential ancestral voodoo that could very well have been placed upon us, though I'm sure that given the tugging of his polyester paisley shirt beneath his cheap grey suit, the psychic tells that to everyone.

I will try the ten-minute power pilates solution that is offered on Netflix, and hope my lover sees it. I will change the password because I am angry he has not called back. I will take a sleeping pill, and he will be angry that I did not pick up when he calls.

I will wake on Monday morning with the crux of my sternum aching. Right in my green chakra. And I will not know if it is more open or more closed, and I will want it out of me. But I can never open wide enough. Sister, I will never be light enough.

HOMELESS MAN STEALS BABY FROM KOREAN LAUNDRY

by Matthew R. Loney

OF COURSE the mother is in hysterics. I mean, one moment her back is turned, gathering a pile of freshly starched shirts from the back counter. The next – once the gold-toothed woman in the fur coat had paid her bill and squeezed sideways out the door – the baby is gone. You can imagine the ensuing chaos. Korean women aren't known for their cool heads and I'd say that's pretty much across the board. So she's running back and forth from the back counter to the empty carriage, miming out the whole scene as if the baby were a misplaced set of keys she needed only to retrace her steps for before they would suddenly appear in a jacket pocket

or under a discarded piece of cloth. It decided to crawl out of its carriage to hide in your cupboards. No. Not in your purse either. Jesus. I'd forgotten how mothers wail and boy, this one is a talent at it.

I spot my shirt on the rack just behind all the running to and fro, and from what I can see through the cellophane, they'd been able to get the bloodstain out. That's what you get for leaving your shirttails untucked when you fuck the new first violin behind the concert hall dumpster. She only told me she was a virgin afterwards, when the fantasy of it no longer mattered. I should have guessed from her acne. But she can sure handle a Bach fugue, which is more than I can say for most of the new ones that come in fresh from the conservatory, all

eager to squat on your crotch for a spot in first circle. This girl actually has skill. True, undeniable ability. Brilliance, even. I'm an honest kind of guy and when it comes to talent I'll tell you the truth, which is more than I can say for her. She could have at least done me the favour of holding my shirttails back.

And there it is, hanging just out of reach and I've even got the money in my hand, so all I need is for someone to take it and hand me the shirt. A quick, even trade. Basic cash-for-services kind of thing. But this woman is in a fit since her baby has just gone missing from its carriage and there's no telling when I'll be able to get her attention.

And now the husband has rushed up from the back room, all tall and stupid looking, just standing there with his arms out in front of him as if saying, "Well I didn't take it." And this really sets the woman off. I suppose because she's expecting some sort of consolation, or at least a quick double-check of the cupboards to show he's putting some effort in. But he just stands there with his arms out and this

sends her into a rage, a full-blown mental demolition, as if all the layers of her cerebral condominium were thundering down on one another. Think CNN replays of 9/11. Total stack of pancakes.

So she starts chucking at him whatever she can grab from the counter. Pens, stapler, business cards, coffee mug, even the fucking candy dish. And the husband's even more stunned now because he's got all this hardware flying at him and he's the one still probably thinking, What the fuck? about the baby. But the woman seems to have forgotten all about it and starts opening the cupboards and chucking out spray cans of starch and clothes pegs, bars of soap and the big industrial jugs of chemicals they try and sell you so you can do your laundry at home and will never have to set foot in a loony-bin like this again.

But I've got a matinee to play so I'm really getting anxious by now because I need that shirt and all I've got to do is step behind the counter, take the shirt and leave the money beside the till, but this woman isn't showing signs of cooling down

anytime soon and professional cellists, like myself, can't risk a stupid injury. Times are hard as it is. Normally I'd have brought an extra shirt with me, because these things happen often enough that I'm usually prepared, but nobody seems to appreciate Bach anymore and we're only booked for two shows. That's what thirty years of classical training will get you nowadays. Two performances of Bach and a spot pressed up against the window of a Korean laundry trying to keep out of harm's way. Talent is completely undervalued.

Now, here's the kicker. Here's where you'll think I'm pushing my luck. While I'm pressed up against this window and the woman's started in on throwing a stack of metal hangers at her stupid dolt of a husband, I catch a glimpse of something outside. Now get this. Here's what you might not believe if it weren't for me standing here telling you the god's honest truth to your face. I spot the baby. Yep. I spot it. Some homeless guy is standing outside, slightly around the corner, but I still see him, holding this pink blanket in his arms like a giant wad of chewing

gum. Must have wandered in and the baby's cuteness just got the better of him. And he's putting his wrinkled, bearded face up to it and rubbing his giant onion nose against the baby's, just holding it and breathing his stale boozy breath into its face. Doing no harm really. Gentle as a grandmother, just holding it and putting his bright vascular sniffer up to it like he was smelling a fresh loaf of bread. And what's more, the baby's buying it! Ticked pink by the whole thing, not frightened in the least. Even takes a fistful of the guy's beard in its tiny little claw and won't let go. Sort of a sight to behold, what with all the shouting and hysterics coming from inside. One of those once in a lifetime deals, if you ask me. And you probably can't even believe it. I wouldn't have if I hadn't been standing right there. That's the thing about these stories. You never know if you should believe them. But I'm an honest kind of guy, and I'll always tell you the truth.

A TRIP TO THE LIBRARY

by Aaron Fox

IT WAS SOMETIME in the morning and I was sitting by the window with the bong and a cup of tea. It was raining outside. I had two things in mind: 1) that I was getting older, almost twenty-two, which, I know, isn't that old, but I'd felt that I'd been stagnating of late, not doing anything productive and 2) that I needed a woman. Now, I know what you're going to say, so save it. I'm tired of listening to other people's advice. I know what's good and bad for me, and that I'm not going to get anywhere sitting around, moping, considering the nature of my (empty) existence.

Well, to prevent myself from attaining any sense of wakefulness or mental clarity, I packed a generous bowl in the bong, lit it, pulling slowly, watching the ember grow and grow and the green gradually turn to

black until shteeeeewwwwwwPOP! and down it went and up I went. I exhaled out the window (I do not like the smoke lingering) and then leaned back deep into my enormous leather armchair and experienced the sensation of my lungs cringing and a pair of curtains closing behind my eyes.

"Oh boy," I mumbled lightly with a sigh. It had been a long, empty day. I had accomplished nothing, had given up on accomplishing anything since I awoke on that grey morning with nothing to do and nowhere to go. It had, as usual, been raining, and the clouds hung low, dark and impenetrable. I recalled returning from a trip I'd taken where we descended through the clouds toward Vancouver (where this story takes place) and it appeared as though there were, not just one, but

several thick layers of clouds. In short, it was a dark, and, having a depressive temperament, I was deeply affected.

But it wasn't just that though. As a habitual smoker, I am often irritable in the mornings and so the slightest disturbance in what I consider to be my routine, which I will soon explain, affects me greatly.

Here my description: I awoke around nine. I didn't feel quite satisfied. I knew I could have slept more, but I thought, "I'm up," and so put on some clothes and made my way to kitchen, relishing the sensation of a pair of socks I had just retrieved from the dark depths of the dryer.

In the kitchen everything was in order as it should always be: eggs on the plate, plate on the table, and an Alka-Seltzer on the counter by the coffee. I sat down in a dainty fashion, pulled the chair in and sat with perfect posture while looking down at my breakfast. I was disappointed to see the egg had not been peeled, but I was feeling good and did not let it get to me, not the strain it would cause my fingers, nor the mess it would produce that I would later have to clean, which would take, oh,

maybe three to four minutes in total, which I did have to spare, it just meant I would have to deduct that from my reading time, which would probably amount to maybe three pages, which wasn't so bad.

Around ten I took a shower. I was beginning to resurface from the haze of having smoked too much the night before, and was beginning to feel elated. I thought, maybe I'll take a toke. BUT! Before doing so, I decided that if I were to take a toke, I must go somewhere immediately afterward, otherwise I'll end up pacing around the apartment feeling indecisive and dissatisfied. So I thought, why not go to the library? I could read and... write and... well, lots of things. Perhaps I'd meet a girl...

The library was fine. Pretty packed, actually, but I managed to find a seat at a table shared by three others, all Asians studying from textbooks. I carefully seated myself, trying to make as little noise as possible, and opened my book and my computer and began hammering out this brilliant fucking story about a kid who really values his horse but then falls off

and decides to sell it because he believes the horse meant to throw him off. It was actually due to his poor riding skills and the fact that he spurred the horse a little too hard, a horse that was not used to being spurred in the first place. Well, just as I'm about to finish off that last sentence, this Asian girl asks me whether I had any spare lead. She was Korean, I believe, with a round, oval shaped face, high cheeks, slanted eyes and tight little mouth. When she spoke, her lips tensed up and I realized it was because she was trying to conceal a mouth full of rotting teeth.

"Lead?" I said, as though I had not heard.

"Mhmm," she nodded brightly, again trying to conceal the teeth.

"How about for a smile," I said, smiling myself.

She didn't reply. Maybe she misunderstood me. "I'm sorry," I said. "But I don't have any lead. As you can see, I'm using a computer." I indicated the computer.

"Thanks you," she nodding her head in true Asian fashion then turned around. It

was almost like a salute.

I turned back to my screen and tried to write the story, but I couldn't seem to get back the rhythm. I looked out across the room at all the heads bent over their books. Learning. Learning to learn.

I soon realized what was happening; my sanity was waning. I needed fresh air. I decided to leave.

Out in street it was cold and empty and dark, much like the morning, much like my life. I walked until I came across a girl sitting on bench, a fine looking girl with enormous calves and a plump, blond haired, blue-eyes, rosy-cheeked (much like his mother) baby in her lap. Hello, I said, extending a moist palm and a long, bony index finger toward the baby's tender little chin. The mother instinctively pulled the baby away, sheltering it in the crook of her arm.

"Excuse me," she said, as though alarmed.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said, my eyes drifting down the hem of her blouse. "Peter," I said, offering my hand, still moist. "I love your baby."

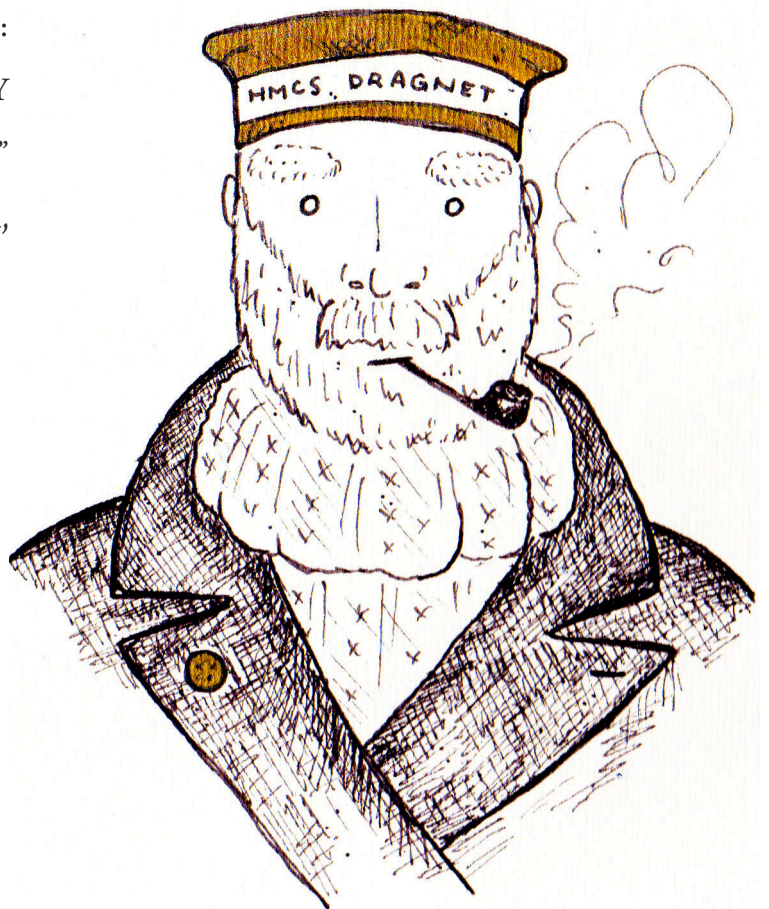
“Excuse me?”

“Your baby,” I said. “It’s... it’s...” My eyes begin to drift. “Good day,” I said hurriedly and left, in fact, ran.

Voices shouting, lights flashing, a dog barking. I continued until I was completely out of sight, and until the cocker spaniel stopped chasing me. Once I was in the clear, I stopped and sat on a bench to catch my breath. There was a feeling coming up inside of me, akin to the sensation you experience as you are about to vomit, and I shouted, uncontrollably, at the top of my lungs and across the bay (there was a bay): “FOR CHRIST’S SAKE SOMEBODY RELEASE ME FROM THIS HELL!” then fell limply against the cement and, well, died, I believe.

Fin (I hate my life).

*Spin me a yarn, boy.
Submit to Dragnet!*



A BRIEF EDITORIAL EXPLANATION RE: THE REPRESENTATION OF KOREANS IN DRAGNET

by Andrew Battershill

&

Jeremy Hanson-Finger

GREETINGS ,
cherished readers.
Having read the
preceding two pieces
you may, if you are particularly racially-
or politically-minded, have noticed that
the racial identity of Koreans has been
noticeably highlighted our pages. And The
Editors wish to, not apologize for (as this
would compromise The Editors' views on
the freedom of art to push boundaries and
explore those aspects of human nature
that are, if not ideal, a part of dealing with
and existing in a varied cultural epoch.
Although The Editors would also like to

assure the readers that they are not of the
“fuck the PC police” crowd either, because
while The Editors have some problems
with political correctness as a way of
navigating the fraught landscape of socio-
racial relations (most of these problems
can be found in the idea that context
and respect should take precedence
over the mere use of societally-approved
language, and also that many PC terms
were taken up relatively thoughtlessly
and mostly as a sort of guilt release valve
for white people, and that the species of
finger wagging often encouraged by those
of the Politically Correct verve tends

to actually DISCOURAGE the open and naturally occasionally troublesome discourse that surrounds issues of racial and cultural tolerance.), these problems are less troublesome to The Editors than the problems inherent to the “fuck PC” crowd, in that those who mock political correctness generally do so from a smug and distinctly myopic dominant ideology perspective, and often end up telling subjugated groups that they are, in essence, being pussies about “little jokes” etc., when those of the subjugated groups are, in fact, reacting not only to whatever “little joke” is being told but also to years of intense cultural snobbery and dismissal (not to mention, in many cases, genuine social and economic hardship, and outright violence), and that one should be sensitive to the responsibilities inherent to the wonderful gift of free speech.) but explain their position. They are not entirely willing to grant that what they have published is, in fact, offensive (cf, obviously, the difference between speaker and author, and the incredible complexities of tone, which, although we



photo by flickr user giladr

often take it for granted, is the starting point of most differences and also most humour) if it was (which it wasn't) The Editors, although concerned that they would seem "weirdly prejudiced towards Koreans," had written on their website that they would publish the best pieces "regardless of content," and having abandoned the gentle eddies of life-of-the-mind-style literary writing for the fraught whitewater rapids of public artistic production, they found themselves not with a moral problem (as the pieces were not, to them, offensive) but one of appearances, which, stuck as they are in the public realm, is all they really care about for the purposes of this publication, seeing as they are merely the humble packagers of the meaningful self-expression of others. Since both pieces more than met their quality standards, should they publish them spaced out so no one would notice and hope they were just being overly sensitive and white guilt-ey? Or should they place the pieces alongside one another, daring anyone to try to talk to them about racial or cultural sensitivity (remember, Jeremy's Jewish)?

Finally they decided that, in keeping with their new roles as Pragmatic Publishing Professionals (they don't actually make money, which would make them, technically, amateurs. The Editors excuse calling themselves professionals because this publication, at least, does not LOSE massive amounts of money which makes them more "professional" than a number of major magazine publications which both The Editors and readers can think of but will not name), they would undertake a practical solution to this nebulous and theoretically troublesome issue.

So, if you in any way associate your cultural and/or racial identity with Korea, and live in or are visiting Toronto or Victoria, The Editors will be happy to take you out and pay for sushi, or whatever else you people eat for lunch.

Hugs and kisses.

The Editors

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

You wouldn't have guessed it but **Hamish Adams** graduated from University College Falmouth in 2007 with a 2:1 degree in journalism. He preoccupies himself by writing a bizarre fantasy fanzine called *Slimecapsule* and a more conventional punk rock fanzine called *Lucida Console* - both inconsequential powerhouses of trash. Reach him at hamishadams@hotmail.co.uk.

Claire Battershill was the winner of the 2008 CBC Literary Award for her short story, "Circus." Her fiction, poetry and book reviews have been published in *The Malahat Review*, *The Fiddlehead*, *PRISM: International*, *Prairie Fire*, *Spacing* and *The Times Literary Supplement*. She lives in Toronto.

J. R. Carpenter has lived in four houses and twelve apartments in three cities, two small towns, two spaces in between towns, one farm, and one stately estate, in four different countries. She currently calls an 18th century Palladian house in the English countryside home, for now at least. <http://luckysoap.com>.

Amelia Floortje is a translation and creative writing student at Concordia University. Her current big priorities include moving away

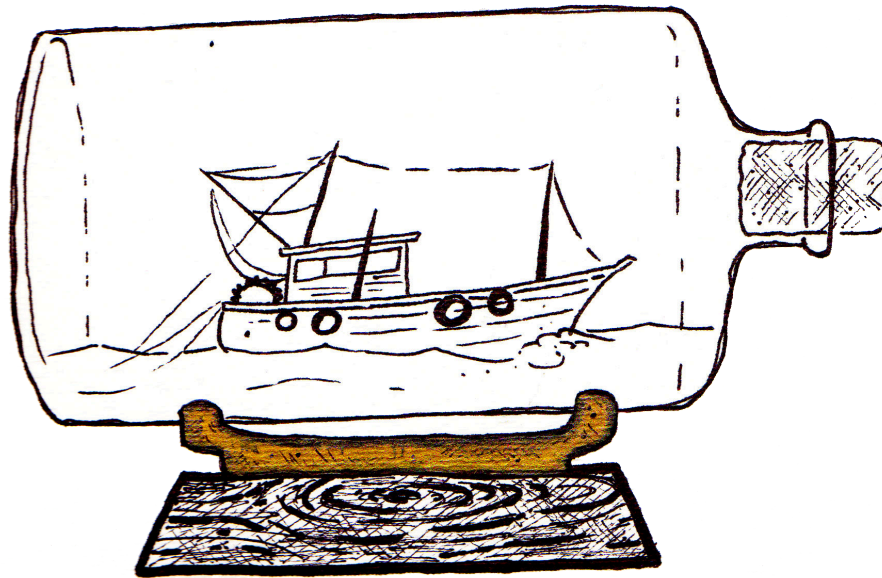
from Montreal winters forever, actually learning sign language and taking a nap.

Aaron Fox spent a year and half at Concordia University where he studied Creative Writing. He is now studying at Langara College in Vancouver. He is twenty-two years old and has been writing fiction for about four years.

Jeff Fry has had prose recently published in *IN MY BED Magazine* (Toronto), *The Moose & Pussy* (Ottawa), and *Sad Magazine* (Vancouver). He also co-writes *The Critical Grasp* (criticalgrasp.wordpress.com), a review blog that favours cultural and ideological critiques of TV and film.

Sheila Heti is the author of several books of fiction: the short story collection *The Middle Stories* (McSweeney's), *Ticknor* (Farrar, Strauss and Giroux), and, recently, *How Should a Person Be?* (Anansi). In Spring 2011, she will be releasing an "as told to" essay collection, *The Chairs Are Where the People Go* (Faber & Faber) written with her friend Misha Glouberman.

Luke LeBrun is a writer of short and long fiction. His short stories have appeared in



The Moose & Pussy and *In/Words* and he is currently writing his first novel. On autumn afternoons, Luke enjoys taking long, quiet drives out to the countryside where he screams sexist epithets at woodland deer.

Matthew R. Loney is a graduate of the University of Toronto’s Graduate Creative Writing program and studied under the mentorship of Canadian novelist Paul Quarrington. His collection of short stories, *That Savage Water*, is concerned with the politics of tourism in South-East Asia and the liminal moral and cultural spaces of travelling.

Five of the stories from this collection have been published in literary journals.

Sasha Manoli.....

.....withwordspress.com.....

flavors.me/liarliarshow.....

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.....

Once received a speeding ticket in.....

.....Cornwall, Ontario.....

is allergic to Robitussin cough syrup.....

Thomas Mundt lives in Chicago. His other stories have found homes in places like

Wigleaf, Annalemma, Dark Sky Magazine, and *Acreage*. The whole megillah's at www.dontdissthewizard.blogspot.com.

Erica Schmidt recently graduated from Concordia in translation and creative writing. She spends her days in Montréal, where she enjoys yoga, Scrabble, and novels by Margaret Atwood. Besides employment, her current aspirations involve an epistolary novel and a short story about a geriatric Dalmation named Sergeant Pepper.

Andy Sinclair is a graduate of the University of Western Ontario. Despite this, he has never ingested a proper J-bomb, nor even a boilermaker for that matter.

Agnes von Pfifferling was raised by libertines in Northern Quebec. When she completed her training at the age of seventeen, she was sent into the world to find the ripest specimens for her teachers. She now runs a school of libertinage in Northern BC.

Jacob Wren is a writer and maker of eccentric performances. His books include *Unrehearsed*

Beauty, Families Are Formed Through Copulation and *Revenge Fantasies of the Politically Dispossessed*. He frequently writes about contemporary art.

Catriona Wright is a recent graduate of the MA in the Field of Creative Writing at the University of Toronto. Her work has previously appeared in various publications, such as *Contemporary Verse 2*, *echolocation* and *The Puritan*.

A somewhat recent grad of Ryerson University, **Joe Yachimec** lives under the ground in Toronto.

Alexis Zanghi is a writer and independent curator based in New Haven, Connecticut. Her most recent endeavor, *Detritus* at Project Storefronts, explored the changing nature of media as object. Her writing has appeared in or is forthcoming in *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*, *The Dirty Pond*, *The Arts Paper*, and elsewhere. She still has all her teeth, but losing them is a constant source of anxiety, and she spits out blood at night, and rinses with peroxide often.

THE PURPOSE
OF ALL
FICTION,
WHEN
CREATED
WITH WHAT
WE CALL AN
AVANT-GARDE
ATTITUDE, IS
TO SHARE, AS
DAVID FOSTER
WALLACE
SAID IN AN
INTERVIEW
WITH LARRY
MCCAFFERY,
"WHAT IT IS TO
BE A FUCKING
HUMAN
BEING."

-Dragnet Magazine