

THE WA

A LITERARY QUARTERLY
VOLUME TWO ISSUE ONE

A young boy stands in a vast, sandy desert landscape under a cloudy sky. He is wearing a yellow baseball cap with the word 'Eco' and some text below it. He is also wearing a white hoodie with a large yellow letter 'A' on the front and a black sleeve on his right arm. He is holding a large, light blue mat or tarp. The mat has some text on it, which is partially visible and reads: 'THIS ISSUE IS ABOUT HITCH HIKING, MOTORBIKE TAXIS, DIGITAL DISTRIBUTION, AND THUMB MEMORY'. There is a small logo on the bottom right corner of the mat.

THIS ISSUE IS ABOUT
HITCH HIKING,
MOTORBIKE TAXIS,
DIGITAL DISTRIBUTION,
AND THUMB MEMORY

THE WA IS GLAD TO BE BACK FOR A SECOND VOLUME, PRINTING POETRY
AND TALKING ABOUT ART IN THE
YEAR 2007. WE ARE EXPERIMENTING
WITH NEW VISUAL AESTHETICS,
COLOUR COVERS AND BORDER
FRAMES, NEW STAFF AND NEW STYLE.
LAUNCH PARTIES AND CHAMPAGNE CRIT.
THANK YOU TO ALL WHO READ, WRITE,
SHIT TALK AND LOVE THIS PAPER.

GIVE US YOUR IDEAS FOR ISSUE FIVE.

(I STOPPED
GOING
TO
HOUSE
PARTIES)

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DO YOU WANT TO WRITE
ARTICLES FOR US OR DRAW
US PICTURES SO THAT NEXT
TIME WE CAN WRITE YOUR
NAME IN THAT OTHER SPACE?

ATTACH FILES AND COMPOSE MAIL:
WASTRAND AT GMAIL DOT COM



KUSH. GOOD KUSH.

Lil' Wayne & The New Prolific

Carl Canister

For most music fans, it's been impossible to avoid Lil' Wayne this year. With over a hundred appearances on mixtape tracks, free-styles, remixes & guest spots, Dwayne Carter Weezy F. Baby has captured music's attention. At a time when most artists are figuring out ways to effectively market themselves in an age of leaks, torrents, and mediafire, Lil' Wayne has taken the hyperflow of information as the perfect opportunity to transform into a robot.

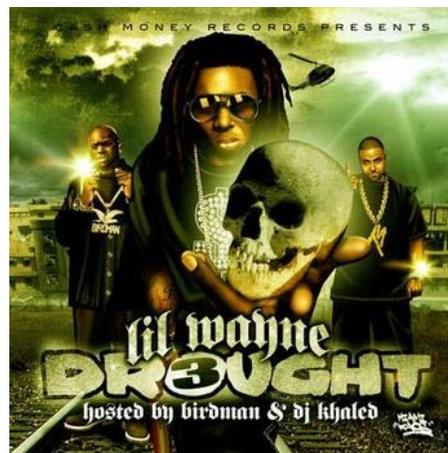
Earlier this year, Wayne intended to release his third studio album *The Carter III*, but long before he was ready to release the disc it leaked. At this point, your favorite band would probably post an angry Myspace bulletin, release the album anyway and go on tour with a chip on their shoulder. Lil' Wayne released the leak himself, for free, calling it *The Leak* and decided to re-record *The Carter III* from scratch; all the while appearing on other people's records, in other people's videos, and on his own separate projects. How much music has your favourite band come out with this year?

Our attention spans are shrinking, we can't do anything about it now. Personally, I'm too addicted to new music by the hour that it's become increasingly rare for me to be excited about an album in its entirety. This might be a bad thing, but instead of lamenting the loss of our precious dedication, why not listen to an artist that reflects the technicolour blur that is the new digital delivery of media. His punch line rap has the strong potential to drop a verse that is dripping in quotables, take any track from his double album mixtape *Drought 3* and you'll see what I mean. From the coldest of the fucking cold, "If you don't like it ninja fuck you with an AIDS dick", to the creepily romantic "I hear you want somebody you can call boo/I will change my name to boo and fuck around and call you... I just want to see if I'm taller than you". Lil' Wayne's character is made of heartless murder talk, notes on one night stands, and countless pop culture similes all filtered through an unmistakable New Orleans drawl that growls and ribbits over basically any beat you've heard this year.

The entertainment market in general is oversaturated. The idea of the artist as a revered or canonical individual is in jeopardy as our attention and devotion now needs to be spread across a sea of texts coming from traditional and brand new mediums, though I believe there is always room for someone who knows how to, or simply does, shine. Dwayne Carter is not a savior, but he's doing what no one else has seemed to figure out. If they're going to leak your albums, you've gotta record one more. If they're going to get tired of you in two weeks, borrow T-Pain's vocoder and release another tape in fourteen days. There's no point in fighting an invisible, digital, music hungry mass. Staying relevant is not an easy process, but watching Lil' Wayne do so is a fascinating development. His combination of lyricism, uniqueness of voice, emotional energy, and sheer amount of material makes his presence on a track as poignant as I've heard in a rapper in a long time. As he says, "We are not the same, I'm a martian/You can be my Jane I'm your Tarzan/I'm from the jungle where the snakes is all poison".

We're in the process of watching the music industry melt. The real structure of distribution has gone underground and connected more people than ever before, trading tracks as fast as word files on 1995's internet. While the implications of this could possibly lead to a lesser product as the money for production or talent discovery dries, I don't really foresee it. It's time to watch who will rise out of the rubble and

who is going to keep playing in the dirt. Radiohead's off to a good start, and Lil' Wayne is operating on his own orbit. Do yourself a favour and download a free Weezy mixtape from this year; *Drought 3*, *Carter 3 Sessions*, *Benz's None Higher* or *Drought is Over Part 4* are all worth it. By releasing so much music on the mixtape front, he feeds the insatiable underground while hyping the inevitability of his third studio album *The Carter III*, due out sometime around Valentine's Day 2008. Operating on multiple levels in this way is tricky, and surely exhausting, but it's damn fun to watch Weezy grow in real time.



Levels in Turtles in Time for SNES

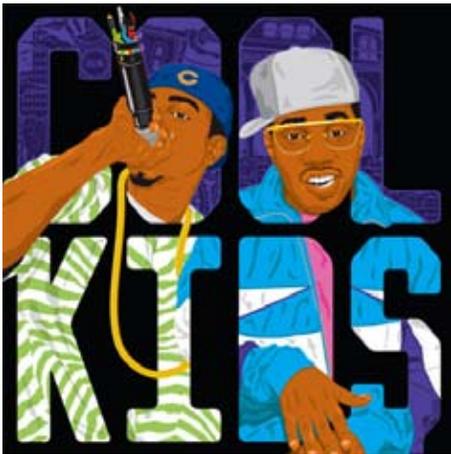
- Big Apple 3AM 1991
- Alleycat Blues
- Sewer Surfin
- Technodrome: Let's Kick Shell!
- Prehistoric Turtlesaurus 2.5 Billion years ago
- Skull and Crossbones 1530
- Bury my Shell at Wounded Knee 1885
- Neon Night Riders 2020
- Starbase: Where no Turtle has gone Before 2100
- Technodrome: The Final Shell Shock 1991

ART REVIEW

Cool Kids-Totally Flossed Out EP Patrick McGuire

“...eating a bowl of them fruity pebbles/fruity pebbles how gangster is that? not gangster at all/oh you’re judging me dawg?/please you shop at the mall”

The Cool Kids are here with a reinvigorated early nineties energy that’s been missing from my life for too long. Their first single, “Gold and a Pager”, pulls an image straight from N.W.A., focusing on simple flossing and not much else. The surprising result is fun music. Chuck and Mikey bike ride over their minimal beats without any concern for gangster cliches - who needs a penthouse when you have a rooftop right? This type of non-serious, refreshing flow is rare right now. It’s the kind of music you can play anywhere, but it’s really the type of album you have a house party for.



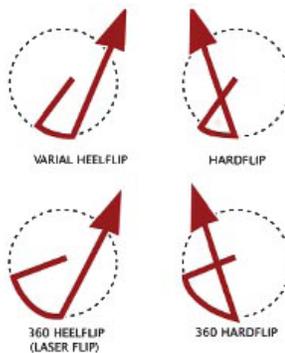
HORSE the Band-A Natural Death Pat Maloney

Seems like there’s something for everyone on this album (that is if you like good music and *bunnies*). From fast thrashfucking tracks like ‘Hyperborea’, ‘Murder’, and ‘Face of Bear’, to catchy disco-y riffs like ‘Sex Raptor’, HTB covers a loud range of awesome, unadulterated hardcore. They’ve even got a fun little track to get everyone singing along called ‘Kangarooster Meadows’. All this topped with a synth makes this one sassy hardcore sundae to listen to around the fire with a glass of red wine and a hooker.

Go get it, cowboy. 8.5/10

skate for Xbox Three Sixty or The Brain Inside My Thumb Aaron Power

A joystick is usually a secondary concern in video games; as long as you can pull the trigger, shit gets done. *skate*’s innovative control scheme uses only the joysticks (and one face button to push) to perform tricks. Simply put, this is not a *Tony Hawk Pro Skater* clone, it is a revolution. Button mashing doesn’t pay off here, instead *skate* requires very precise movements on the right joystick in order to pull off tricks that seemed oh so simple in the original THPS series. Although it’s hard not to land a trick, it’s hard to intentionally land a specific flip or grab. Games of S.K.A.T.E get really intense, as you have to match the exact trick (none of that point-leader Hawk bull) and people can get frustrated very easily. After 3-6 hours, you’ll be able to play comfortably. After 300-600 hours, you’ll be able to call complicated tricks with ease.



This is the state that I find myself in today. My thumb, like human legs in real life, have somehow remembered how to move in order to do a specific trick. Thumb memory seems to develop slowly, like learning how to ride a bike. The diagram above illustrates the movement required to land some of the game’s more difficult tricks. Being able to execute these lethal manoeuvres without even looking at your hands is unbelievably rewarding, and undeniably impressive to that living room audience that is waiting for you to turn off the xbox and acknowledge their presence.

If you manage to master the learning curve, your experience will be as pleasant as mine. I am happy to say that I can now do 360 flips to a noseblunt grind on demand, to the total dismay of anyone I play with on party mode.

Jist: Perfect single player or party play game, all in the controls, sharp learning curve, some glitches. 92%

Tobacco-Fucked Up Friends Chad Johnston

Fucked Up Friends is the debut album from Tobacco (Tom Fec), who released this as a solo project separate from his other group, Black Moth Super Rainbow. For those familiar with Black Moth Super Rainbow, this can be seen as another album in their catalogue, and gives the sense that Tobacco has been doing most of the groups work for their prior recordings. The sound is all their own, although if we were to call out similarities for similarities sake, we could point to groups like: The Octopus Project, Black Dice, or the Animal Collective; bands best described as “experimental”.

Fucked Up Friends is peculiar because it sounds noticeably nostalgic and eerily familiar. Imagine that you’ve inhaled a large amount of laughing gas and simultaneously travelled backwards through all of the videos you watched in class during elementary school. The sounds are recognizably reminiscent, but in the sense that they are not modern or immediately identifiable. Overall the album radiates in a way which is both warm and mesmerizing, the sonic equivalent of sitting too close to a lava lamp. It is the soundtrack of the description, “beautifully weird”.

My Rating: 4/5 bananerz.
Perfect for: Scuba diving,
time travel, and spelunking.

Control Thom Drance

This offering from Anton Corbijn is a biopic shot in black and white about Ian Curtis, of Joy Division fame. Ian Curtis killed himself in 1980, and the movie focuses on his drug-addled youth, surprising rise to fame and personal collapse. The movie’s aesthetic, especially the black and white, is enticing and the plot moves along quickly covering 7 years of Ian Curtis’ rise from a working Joe in the Employment Office in Manchester to an international rock star. Along the way he marries a girl Debbie (Samantha Morton) and falls in love with a smoking hot Belgian named Annik. The tension between Curtis’ two love interests preoccupies the films second half. Curtis isn’t entirely deserving of our sympathy and his tragic story is portrayed honestly and without a bias in Curtis’ favor. The film is visually wonderful, deadpan funny, overwhelmingly sad and undeniably entertaining.

ART REVIEW

We Missed You, Cam'ron

James Rathbone

The really fucking hot summer that never was. Last time we heard from Diplomats leader Killa Cam'ron, he was standing in his underwear in front of a pool. After receiving a two-way because Currrrtis (50 Cent) was saying that he was afraid to come out, Cam'ron decided to release two videos to the internet clearing the whole situation up. The truth was that Cam's probation had ended so he was at his vacation home. He also warned that "June 1st it's over," and released a second, much shorter video of him glaring at the camera. But June 1st, the date Cam'ron mentioned would "pop off" came and went with little event, and nothing was heard from Cam'ron all summer.

In the mean time, it was revealed that Jim Jones, Cam'ron's supposed right hand man, was not talking to his former comrade, and claimed their silence had lasted over a year. Even worse, on September 13th a video appeared on youtube of Jimmy and Juelz Santana performing with Curtis at the five boroughs tour. All was not well in the diplomat family.

Speculation began as to Cam's whereabouts, and whether he was still alive. Then last week, a video (this internet shit is serious) appeared of him getting into a Ford Taurus in New Jersey. Additionally, MTV News mentioned that there was more footage, including a scene where Cam'ron is dressed in Army Fatigues and marches through a graveyard, which has just been released and is even more wonderful than it sounds.



And now, best of all, a new Cam'ron track, called, of all things, Glitter: "Glitter on my chain, Glitter on my neck, well, Glitter's my name." It doesn't address any of the plethora of questions that need explaining, but I'm sure it'll all be explained in his new mixtape "Public Enemy," supposedly due in the next couple weeks. God damn, we needed this. Dipset is the family, and I've been fucking with Cam'ron since "Oh Boy." You best believe that computas will be putin, that there will be trouble inside in the waffle house, and CURRRRRRTIS (He ran police, you run with police), Killa will have something for you. Harlem stand up.

Jay-Z-American Gangster

Carl Canister

Jay-Z's tenth studio album, *American Gangster*, is a contemporary intertext to the 2007 film of the same name. Sean Carter uses sound clips, phrases, and the swagger of the film's anti-hero Frank Lucas to develop the concept of an album that is at the very least his most soulful project since the *Blueprint* and his strongest attempt to restore the street lyricism he first garnered respect for with *Reasonable Doubt* in a minute. At times, this album is the best Jay-Z has sounded in years. His conversational flow can be great here, as he contrasts lines about his suite in the Trump Tower that's "been slept in once" with his father leaving the house in the middle of the night to find "the killer of his Uncle Ray". This contrast is interesting, but it also comes off as disingenuous at times. It really feels as if Jay watched the movie, got super excited about seeing a figure in American cinema rise up out of a New York crack game that Jay himself appears to be familiar with, and just basically thought the whole film was about himself. I'd rather have the movie influence him to do an album that brought out that old Jay without having to call the album *American Gangster*, but fine. There's some great stuff here, "Success" with Nas is dope, "Hello Brooklyn 2.0" with Lil' Wayne isn't bad, and "No Hook" is killer. It will definitely be one of the best rap albums of the fourth quarter, great production and lyrics throughout, even if it is a bit empty.

American Gangster

Barney Thomas

Ridley Scott's film *American Gangster* profiles Frank Lucas (Denzel Washington) who is based on a real life gangster of the same name. Lucas rises to infamy and power by selling heroin in 1970s New York, shipped in by the troops in Saigon. It's an engrossing gangster film with a wide scope on the drug trade, the corrupt NYPD, and the slums where this crooked industry thrives. Russell Crowe plays Richie Roberts, the only honest cop in New York, who with a special task force of expert narcotics police (RZA is one of them!) aim to take Lucas down. Denzel's gangster swagger in this film is excellent, and Russell Crowe's good cop bad dad role is pitch perfect. That, matched with the wonderful supporting cast filling in family members, Italian mobsters, crooked cops and junkies keeps *American Gangster* full of great performances. The film can drag a bit, and the scope of the film may seem miniature in comparison to something like *The Wire*, but otherwise this is a well worth it American crime film.

A Premium Champagne We Can All Agree On

George Pakozdi

Cristal is dead. Jay-Z had a well-publicized feud with the elite champagne label last summer following a spokesperson's derisive comments regarding the image hip-hop brought to it. Despite an immediate "make good" statement from the company, the damage was done - Hov had pulled the wine from his clubs and personal cellars and Diddy spat "fuck Cris" on last fall's *Press Play*. Even 30 Rock jumped on this shit, and your parents watch it. If that wasn't enough, Weezy threw dirt on the coffin this summer with his infamous line off *Drought 3*, "don't even drink Cristal no more, just pour it on white bitches' heads". Never did one consumer product fall so far in so few words.

It's evident: hip hop needs a new sparkling beverage - so why has no one stepped in to fill the gap? Currently, the two biggest pushers in the champagne industry are Moet and Veuve Clicquot, holding close to 40% of the market share between the two of them. Moet, of course, already had its heyday in rap - see everything up until 1996. Nas valiantly dropped "relax, sippin Clicquot is Rio, stupid fuckers, low-key, know G's, but it's still Gucci luggage" on *Hip Hop is Dead*, but it's maybe too sonically complex for lesser rappers to handle (Dom Perignon suffers from the same problem). Besides, there's no reason hip hop's new golden boy needs to be some ready-made juggernaut -- after all, much of Cristal's allure lay in its exclusivity. Hov, to his entrepreneurial credit, has already gone after the elite market, with his endorsement of the boutique, gold-bottled Armand de Brignac (Ace of Spades). Yet despite his active marketing, other rappers just haven't gotten on board.

Which brings us to Krug. With its masculine aggressiveness and complex bouquet (see if you can taste skin of lime) it's already widely recognized as the Weezy of wine - best champagne alive. More importantly, it's monosyllabic and opens up new rhyming possibilities (crew, spew, true, screw). Raekwon's already on board. On *Fishscale* last year he spat, "yo, I drink mad gallons of Krug" and admitted to drinking it while watching Larry King Live with his infant son. Furthermore, Krug is owned by LMVH, the same conglomerate that owns Louis Vitton and Hennessy, already both staples of hip-hop consumer consumption. The marketing possibilities are endless. Imagine a joint campaign between LV and Krug, featuring Kanye and Raekwon? My advice to Krug: don't make the same blunder as Cris, and instead embrace your inner OG. And to rappers: get on this before it explodes, and ride the new wave of ballin, fizzy club drinks.

MIAMI ACID SOIL RITUAL

stolen cell phone

Patrick McGuire

last four text messages (received)

03:03P Sun Jun24

i'm lost inside a hedge maze so i'm just going to stop here for a minute and text you. there are kids running all around me but i don't speak german so

03:22P Sun Jun24

yeah i finally got out, and i just met a jamaican girl who sells water. im waiting for her to get off work. staring at build-ings and doing sudoku.

03:35P Sun Jun24

it's hot & she's taking too long so i ran through a power outlet. i think i'm just going to come back home to chicago cause i left my oven on oh fuck

03:55P Sun Jun24

i took a wrong turn and ended up at a power plant. inside is a blue pulsing orb & the signal here is amazing. i think i found the centre of all energy.

last four text messages (sent)

05:37P Sun Jun24

hey i was looking through dad's stuff and i found this manilla folder with an fbi stamp on the front of it and a lot of the stuff says confidential

05:44P Sun Jun24

well fuck you don't answer i'm going through it. i think this has something to do with the whole vietnam drugs thing he went away for

05:52P Sun Jun24

wait when did dad go to vegas with 2pac? there's a picture of him here with lee harvey oswald in miami and they're both wearing raybans and drinking

06:17P Sun Jun24

i'm watching an extended cut of the zapruder film right now. did you know dad had dvd in 1970? i'm pretty sure he's killed a lot of famous people.

(re)claimed soil

Laura Legge

i fell in love with the movement of the moon on a lonely evening, in an empty cornfield. where the feather-kissed sky always had time to catch its breath.

i wish north ontario had arms to rock me into her chest between her ribs, where the country sun rises.

i would wash my lips in the forked river, carry wildflowers in the pockets of a red dress. this time, i would hold on to the wind with both hands.

somewhere i am still singing folk songs to a rosewood mandolin. with the clean dignity of being plain. home is just a state of mind.

i wonder if the neighbours have gone. if they combed their hair with the highway, as i once did. with naked fingertips and horse shoes on my soles. my tongue bathed in mango, tasting the width of the night.

i wonder if they still long for the harvest.

on a lonely evening, in an empty cornfield, i learned the discipline of finding beauty in simple things. in a single black crow, that burned the edges of mountains when he flew.

tonight, all i want is to feel myself sinking with the cedar of the old farmhouse. my father in plaid shirtsleeves, comforted by tired bones. as if wheat and promises were enough to feed the family.

tonight, all i need is quiet enough to hear my own heartbeat.

3 line love poems.

Nevena Martinovic

a
Somehow he has this
"i'm on acid" "i'm lisping" "i have a cane"
charm to him.

b
I like listening to you bowling.
Just a nice, quiet, clumsy
nothingness.

c
it's oh-kay,
you can be my Parker Abrams
i shouldda known

Consecration

Amanda Wetmore

nothing delicate about a woman, she's telling you. don't you see her move toward you, hungry? she wants you to leave the raw mark of your teeth in her shoulder, to taste the sanguine spice of her blazed skin with your tongue, rough like sand, dehydrating like the midday desert. you must hold her down by her hair until she breaks open like the Red sea, cracks like ice in the sun

she wants to be owned by somebody wear another's glisten like others wear diamonds handprints on her hips more important than her sway

humans are beautiful, she believes, holier than Church, living temples united, and she wants to feel life raging behind the veil

Searching for the Inflatable Locust, Nuit Blanche 2007

Marcelo Rodriguez

The night's hazy atmosphere percolates through our bodies as we watch acquaintances materialize from the crowds (formless, like clouds of swarming locusts) to bring us new pills and stories of surreal things. We'll walk past art galleries and public installations, forget about our friend's performance in a distillery district alleyway, duck into doorways to fill flasks - gradually losing hope, losing faith that we'll find that searched-for, gleaming reward that must exist to justify these masses and prove this city is worth flooding with our revelry, with our un-somnambulistic wanderings and desire for urban discovery.

And then, like a beacon it appears, towering over the now distant cityscape we seem to have left behind - and all at once, we're scaling the fence, charging the field, all at once we're lost in the folds of this giant green thing, we're slipping off the slick canvas of its segmented body, we're lying on our backs staring at the starless sky as the glow of the stadium lights radiates through our flesh - and all at once, there he is, one hundred feet off the ground, king of the sleepless and the self-medicated, crouched low for balance on the monster's back and making one final, heroic push for the head.

WINDOW RELATED DEATH

1987

Thom Drance

Sitting down on the couch in the common room, Chad turned on the Score for Flames highlights. Todd laughed at him “Dude, you were a liability to-night! I can’t believe you got kicked out of the Lab.” Chad hiccupped and replied “I think I lost my iPod...” Todd’s Nelly- E.I truetone interrupted and he checked his caller ID. “It’s Kelly, I bet he just figured out we left.”

They heard the bell from the elevator. The doors opened and a slim girl with blonde hair walked out, sporting a low cut tank top and a jean skirt. Her name was Alicia, and they’d met her when she was showing VicOne frosh kids around. She lowered her head and looked suggestively at Todd who moved over to make room. “I’ve spent my whole night on MSN with my ex, we haven’t talked since he moved to Pittsburgh for hockey.” At this point Chad was lying limply with his head on the armrest, he looked sleepily at Alicia and said, “Hey you should add me. I’m on MSN all the time.”

Alicia shifted awkwardly. “Yeah sure, find my contact on Facebook.” Todd regained control, “How’d it go with your ex?” “Well things kind of ended badly between us, especially when I got sick. He’s just all tied up with his hockey so it fizzled out, he was mostly apologizing for not being there for me. Sydney’s a good guy but it just didn’t work out.”

At her mentioning his name Todd started laughing to himself. “So wait,” he said pointedly “Your ex-boyfriend is Sydney Crosby?” “Yeah.” “Okay,” Todd said teasingly “What number does he wear?” “I don’t remember, he was always changing it, in high school he wore number 6,” Chad interjected aggressively at this point “No! He wears 87,” to which Alicia shrugged “He wore number 6 in grade 10.”

They sat in the common room joking around for a while until Olivia, a mall-cop type with glasses who was the floor’s “don” came and threatened to write them up. Eventually Chad left to pass out, leaving Todd and the blonde sitting close together on the left side of the couch. She suggested they stream South Park episodes since Todd hadn’t installed Shakespeer on his ibook yet and so she invited him to her room.

Todd knew she was easy and wouldn’t say no, but he was nervous while taking the elevator up to the fifth floor - she hadn’t come around since Saturday, plus Limewire was slow in residence and his newest SBJ file was taking forever. He knocked on her door and she answered wearing a tank-top and sweatpants, “I look like shit.” Todd cocked his head and chuckled goofily ““Nah,” he drawled putting his arms around her neck and pressing his body against hers “I never understood it, but there’s nothing better on a hot girl than sweatpants.”

When he woke up the next morning, she wasn’t there. The door was open just slightly so he assumed she’d just gone to the bathroom. He stretched and realizing he was thirsty, stood up. As he walked towards the door he noticed a half open drawer with at least a half dozen or more ipods stored haphazardly in her desk. “What the fuck,” he said out loud as he pocketed a black 80GB video ipod he was pretty confident was Chad’s, confirmed by the “Matthew Good Discography” playlist. Going to the door, he checked down the hallway towards the bathroom and took the far staircase back to his room.

On her way out of the dining hall one morning, Alicia saw Todd. He barely looked at her so she reached out and grabbed his arm.

- Why have you been ignoring me?

- I don’t really want to talk to you about this

- I deserve to know! What happened to make you be an asshole?

- I know you stole Chad’s iPod, you psycho.

Alicia looked at him, her eyes welled up with tears and she put her head in her hands, sobbing violently. Todd looked at her unsympathetically, he was just dumbfounded, he shook his head in frustration and went to stand up, but before he could, her arm shot out and her hand clutched his forearm “Wait!” She sobbed “I didn’t mean to, its just that...” her sobs had become hysterical, she looked at him her face dripping with desperation “My leukemia has come back!”

Defenestration

George Pakozdi

We inhale and fling our plane tickets
out the third-story window, a rather sentimental
symbol of our split with past sentimentalities
(as you say, the people at home seem so far away)
and yet a very tangible indication of our
resolve not to board that flight.

We’ll go south instead, find some sun-drenched
country with a shimmering coastline - though
the heat here is bad enough, it squats
roughly on our brains and we think
nothing clearly, it sets the blood
simmering in our veins until

the press of bodies fills this
iniquitous room, mutual and folding; we push
the bed to the far wall, crash to the floor
wrapped in sweat, sheets tangled around our legs
like wet laces.

Sitting up cross-legged we tell
stories of the deaths of kings and conjure
images of places we’d kill to see,
the names of starry, spired cities
lingering on our tongues: Paris, Prague.

Fervent apologies follow rum-fuelled arguments
as we collide in close confinement,
and we remind ourselves that this
disintegrating place, these broken
bottles and discarded packages
are all transitory - soon we’ll be gone.

We stick our heads out the window,
chasing relief from the inexorable heat.
The tickets float in the thickly
humid night, their movements
unpredictable as they flutter
in the soft breeze, seeming to dance
and drift in every direction.

TOURISM

The Circus of Toronto Tourism

Patrick McGuire

As of last May, Toronto's tourist attractions were not a major source of excitement for me. The CN Tower, Harborfront, and the Distillery District were just places I could take a girl from out of town or an old person I was babysitting. Things change soon, and this summer I was employed as a double decker tour bus guide, a job that provided me with eight to ten hours a day of riding on a thirty-two year old English double decker bus. Chatting about the bank towers while picking up visitors from all over the world, spewing gas fumes into the smoggy summer air, breaking down on in the middle of Yorkville, and providing an excellent open top view of Toronto's cityscape to a gang of random travellers.

At first, I wasn't so sure this job made sense for me. For one, having to speak for eight hours and be friendly to people throughout seemed to be a lot to handle, especially once those heat waves hit. Once I figured out the bulk of the clientele are elderly brits though, things seemed a bit more realistic. It took a while to get the tour memorized. The narration itself is a precise mixture of statistics, historical anecdotes, corny jokes and mild improvisation. At this point, I could sit at the bottom of the bus, eyes closed, headphones in my ears, and be able to narrate a reasonably enthusiastic tour for at least two hours which is a frightening skill.

The potential for meeting interesting people is strong here, and there's nothing more fun than crowding fifty people (generally all over the age of forty-five) into the bottom of a double decker bus while there's a torrential rainstorm going on outside and you're trying to talk about Sir Henry Pellatt, hoping the water doesn't soak the sound system and electrocute you in front of a foreign audience. You also end up with a lot of brutally honest questions, since these people have have no idea where they are. "Where can I get some prostitutes man?" "Excuse me Patrick, but uh, and you don't have to answer this, but where can I find marijuana?"

Behind the scenes, the tourism machine in Toronto is a strange one. There are essentially four bus tour companies and the competition between them is an intense grudge match. At one point, I was asked by a supervisor to spy on another tour company as we had our booths set up on the same street corner. "I hear they're picking people up at hotels now, you gotta tell me what their bus looks like."

What's really interesting about the whole double decker business is that everything is always in flux. This means that every day holds its own special crisis, and because all of the staff is spread out across the city, the radios that we stay in communication with often erupt with arguments, inquisitions, and flip outs. This is not surprising considering the stability of the entire day is reliant on three thirty year old double decker buses and their various drivers, all of which are awesome. It takes a special type of guy to drive a bus without power steering in a downtown loop for eight hours a day. From simple fender benders to a wrapping a taxi cab around a tree just outside of Casa Loma when the air brakes fail, you run into a lot of surprises. Your job is to essentially keep a straight face while your driver stumbles out of the cab to scream at a taxi driver for being parked on the wrong side of the road, four letter words floating up towards the tourists, protecting these grown people like six year olds. Then, of course, to leave the bus and confirm for my driver that "I can't see any damage" on a taxi cab that is clearly fucked up beyond all recognition.

Besides the unpredictability of these people movers, Toronto is never the same day to day, especially during the summer. You are constantly finding out, usually at the last minute, that Bloor Street is closed because they've decided to add a new spike to Michael Lee Chin: The Crystal, or that Zanta is being arrested for ordering a Big Mac and as a result there is a police barricade on Yonge Street. Between the countless construction sites, parades, film shoots, car accidents, and strip club fires, detours and surprise crowds are always a factor. We anticipate business rushes for Pride and

for Caribanna (both awesome) and start to burn out just as the tourists start to thin out and Dundas Square stops running outdoor movies.

Overall, watching an entire tourism season unfold in the city as a tour guide has been interesting. The peak of the summer brings a variety of relaxed individuals who are charismatic and happy to be sitting in the sun, cruising through a city they likely haven't seen before. The cold weather brings the stingy complainers from Glasgow and Michigan, but it's all part of the cycle. We live in a city that people want to see, and reframing your perspective so that you can describe your ordinary urban experience to them is a fun and refreshing process.



DO YOU WANT TO BLECH

Hitchhiking Through Canada

Pat Maloney

Whiskey is easily the raddest dude I've ever met in my life. We met in film school when I noticed his shoes had serious skate damage to them and said hello. Skating, drinking, and womanizing pursued shortly after. Every time we play on the ol' stunt sticks he busts out something new and absolutely epic which surprises me on why he isn't pro sometimes. I'll never forget the day he called me and asked me if I wanted to hitch hike with him to British Columbia on no money, a couple tents, and a skateboard. I did as everyone else pretty much would've done, assumed it was a joke. Then one day I got a text message with a picture of him in Manitoba and I realized that the joke was on me. This interview talks about that adventure, skateboarding, and ketchup. So crack open a PBR, blare some Smiths, and take off your pants.

WA: What's up, player?

Whiskey: Unfortunately not a whole lot. It's raining here y'see. Music, movies and mac n' cheese.

WA: You put ketchup on your mac n' cheese? Or just keep it boring and plain like a prick?

Whiskey: There's nothing better than mac n' cheese covered in ketchup. Unless you're eating it with Nic Lewis, then that whole situation is just ten times more awesome.

WA: Why's that ?

Whiskey: You ever see those girls gone wild movies? Well it's like that just with mac n' cheese...and ketchup.

WA: So you recently hitchhiked from Ottawa to BC, tell me a bit about it.

Whiskey: Well first off, if you've never been out west there is absolutely no better way to see the country than to grab your skateboard and hitchhike it. It was a little rough getting out of Ontario but once we were over the border it was smooth sailing from there. We basically had three weeks to get to Vancouver, so along the way we stopped in at a bunch of friends places to party in Winnipeg and Calgary.

WA: How much money did you bring with you?

Whiskey: (laughs) I left with like 500\$, got a paycheck of about 300\$ about halfway through then ended up having to borrow about 200\$ from CJ (who he went with). We thought it would be a cheaper than flying but I probably spent even more money than it would've cost us to fly. Before we left we bought return tickets to fly home from Vancouver. So there's another \$300.

WA: Oh shit. What sketchy situations did you run into?

Whiskey: This sort of young mother gave us a ride to Calgary with her baby in the car, chain smoking cigarettes doing about 160 the whole way. (laughs) We bought some dope from the hells angels, and got lost

on East Hastings street [Cracktown].

WA: Where'd you sleep at night?

Whiskey: We'd pitch a tent on the side of the road. One night we slept like twenty feet from the highway.

WA: Was there any point during the trip where you felt like giving up?

Whiskey: Sometimes we would get stuck in a city and just say fuck it and take a bus to the next big city but never wanted to just head home.

WA: Shiiiiit! What inspired you to go on the trip anyways?

Whiskey: CJ's idea. Sounded fun to me. And yeah I've never really seen any of Canada other than Ontario and Quebec so I thought I'd see it this way. I also wanted to skate some different cities

WA: What's the best/worst places to visit or skate

Whiskey: Oh man, Calgary had millennium park so that was bomb. But as for street skating, I had the most fun in Vancouver, just cruising around flipping tricks on random stuff, always a good time. Even skating the highways was fun, when we couldn't get a ride for a while.

WA: Tell the story about the Hells Angels in BC

Whiskey: So basically, CJ and I were at this smoke shop and we saw a sign for seeds on the third floor. So we went upstairs and saw this lineup of people. We decided to wait in line. After a while this little old biker guy came out and was like "everyone in the room!", then closed the door behind us. In the room there were two tables with HUGE bikers sitting at each one. In front of the tables was an x. Our instructions were to stand on the x, put your money on the table, take what they hand you, and walk out of the room. There were also like two or three other bikers in the room just standing around, security I assume. (laughs) But the weird part was that apparently this was the most legal way to get weed out in Vancouver. (laughs) It was pretty sketchy but awesome all at the same time.

WA: Did you get any good skating done on the way?

Whiskey: A lot of just travel skating on the highways and stuff. But whenever I was in a city I tried to go find a skate park to shred. Skated a rock in Vancouver, that was fun. (laughs)

WA: Word. Any last words?

Whiskey: Ain't no party like an S Club Party.

ASIA TIME

Munei, Vietnam

James Rathbone

After the frantic, dirty hustle of Ho Chi Minh, the remote fishing village of Munei was a relief. We settled on the most expensive option at \$15 dollars a night for the two of us, a bungalow five feet from the beach, complete with its own private bathroom and satellite television. A sense of euphoria settled over us at the bargain we found, and we promptly began climbing the trees outside our room to snatch coconuts, smashing their shells on our steps, and mixing the milk with the three dollar bottle of rum purchased from the vendor across the street. The rest of the gloriously sunny afternoon was spent playing drunken chess and napping.

That night after a satisfying dinner of fresh, grilled, fish we found ourselves waiting for a motorbike taxi to take us to a bar. We were forced to barter with the driver, Tan, over the cost of the fare, Ben eventually agreeing to play him at pool for the difference. I went to the bar and bought three Saigons. Ben fairly promptly dispatched Tan, who finished his beer and waved goodbye. Soon, we were joined by a few of the people I had met at our hotel, a scenester couple from Brixton, and two jockish Canadians from Alberta. We spent the next couple hours in a plotless drama with this motley cast of tourists. Then, Tan returned, accompanied by a friend and challenged us to more pool. Eventually more of Tan's friends showed up, who offered marijuana and massages, which cost ten dollars and were, from what I gathered, hookers. After we were completely full of Saigons, Tan drove us home. We both squeezed on the back, and Ben asked for Tan to take it slow, as the Munei streets were very dark at the time. As we drove the nine kilometers back to our hotel, Tan's friend would pull up beside us, and say a couple things in Vietnamese to Tan, and then laugh for about thirty seconds. I was pleased to find out that manwiches are objectively funny.

The following day went by uneventfully, with Ben incredibly sore from a fresh sunburn. For the third night in a row, we headed back to the Hot Rock to meet for more pool with Tan, but this time it wasn't the same. All of the friends that we had made had moved on, and the language barrier had become very apparent between us and the giggly bartenders. Our familiarity with the playlist caused us to retire early.

The fourth day came, and the slow paced life of Munei was starting to get to us. Ben was spending most of his time inside recovering from his attempt at sunbathing, while I planned to meet Tan for a motorcycle tour of the village's attractions. Munei is famous for two things: fish sauce and sand dunes, the biggest of which we headed to first. Tan and I conversed as we rode the thirty kilometers of highway, passing the early skeletons of Munei's first real resorts, complete with open concrete pits for swimming pools and idealistic murals of ten story hotels and happy vacationers. He inquired about my siblings, my education, my ambitions, and told me of his large family, his wish that he could've continued his education, and his disdain for those who take theirs for granted.

As we arrived at the base camp I was promptly lead by a older child who asked if I wanted to slide. I said "Of course," and we walked down a path, past a large lake and a few caged monkeys and one chained baboon. My guide told me to be careful of as he made a chopping action with his hands on my forearm and then promptly tried to push his brother into its reach. We

walked on, through a dark forest filled with a small gaggle of children, and then we started walking up and through the dunes. It was quite breathtaking. I've never seen anything like it before, especially with the lake, and surrounding fields in close proximity. I attempted to slide down the dunes, but it wasn't quite as enjoyable as I imagined. On my first attempted I tumbled headfirst and ended up with sand in every crevice of my body. While I got better at it on further attempts, I decided this wasn't my vocation, and moved on, paying my guide 50,000 dong. Apparently I overpaid as he was very pleased, and gave me some of his rice pancake as I left.

I told them I was finished with sliding, but decided I could probably get a couple good pictures of them doing it so I offered to pay them for it. None of the kids were born models, and the photos were underwhelming. I offered to take a group shot of them making silly faces, and then tried to pay the figurehead of the group. He demanded the total sum I offered for each member of the group. I told him bullshit, threw the money in his hand, and walked off. Tan took me to the last site, a very picturesque part of the fishing harbour, but the hustling children had left a bad taste in my mouth, so we went back, and I told him I would meet him later for my last night in Munei.

That evening I met Tan and told him to take me to the best bar in Munei. We arrived at "The Golden Lion Gaming Centre", which was evidently a place Tan had always wanted to go but couldn't afford to. Walking past several security guards we were met by the manager, who spoke English well. A girl opened a large wooden door to reveal a smallish room with a few tables, and a small dance floor. It was very dark, and two DJs blasted deafening dance music. There were only about five or seven other customers, who blatantly stared at the odd couple Tan and I made. There were over twenty people working in the room at any given point, and we were give three personal attendants, one to hold the menu, one to hold the flashlight, and one to take our order. I quickly finished my beer, and paid the bill at the bar, which had twelve people behind it.

Tan seemed to sense my discomfort, and took me to a bar attached to a windsurfing store. The only other people inside were a pair of dreadlocked Brits from a town I'd never heard of. One of them proudly showed me the infected gash he had on his leg from falling off a motorcycle at seventy kilometers an hour. Tan's whole body turned pink from beer and he started loudly singing Akon's "I wanna fuck you". We played more pool, and once I decided Tan was sober enough to drive me home, we departed. We arrived at the gates to the Thai Hoa, and I felt quite sad that this was probably last time I'd see Tan. I told him I hoped to come back to Munei one day and see him, then woke up the security guard so he could open the gates and let me inside.



DR. GEORGE PAKOZDI DDS
HEALTHY TEETH FOR GOOD HEALTH

