

TAKE ZINE

TAKE 10.1 / WINTER 2015



ANONYMOUS

FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the 10th anniversary of TAKE Zine, issue 10.1! The theme for this issue is “anonymous.” The original intention of TAKE was to provide a creative space for sociology graduate students. Over the last decade the zine has grown to include submissions from graduate and undergraduate students as well as faculty and staff from across the university community. A big thank you to all of those who have contributed to building and maintaining this collective outlet for the last ten years!

Our most recent call for submissions also included a call for reviews of music, films and restaurants, which we are excited to include for the first time in this issue.

We are also pleased to announce our new blog:

<https://takezineblog.wordpress.com/>

We encourage our readers to discuss any or all TAKE Zine submissions on the blog. Please send your submissions to **takemagazine@gmail.com** for posting.

Sincerely,
Your TAKE Editors

CONTENTS

SURVEILLANCE AND UNIVERSITY LIFE

Gary Barron

EDMONTON WINTER SURVIVAL GUIDE

Jillian Paragg

DANDELION

Elaine Laberge

AFTER SCHOOL MSN

Alec Skillings

THOUGHTS ON VESTER LEE FLANAGAN'S ON-AIR MURDERS

Ajay Sandhu

ANONYMOUS WORD FIND

Jillian Paragg

ZOMBIES AND HISTORY

Aziraphale Crowley

IT'S YOUR OWN DAMN FAULT

Anonymous

EXCERPT FROM "UNTITLED"

Jean-Philippe Crete

ALBUM REVIEW

Will Silver

MOVIE REVIEW

Justin Tetrault

SURVEILLANCE AND UNIVERSITY LIFE: A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE CURTAIN

GARY BARRON

Centuries ago learned masters wandered across continents and taught students where they could find them. Around the 13th century the masters began to stay put and allow students to come to them. The university has never been a place where anonymity was possible, let alone cultivated. The university model has always required that at least the teacher's name be known. Teachers had to be entrepreneurial in order to attract students and earn a living. The modern university has existed since the 19th century and since that time has required the collection of an ever increasing amount of details regarding students and professors. People working, living, or passing through the university are known at an ever increasing level of detail and the institution's effective functioning is ever more dependent on such knowledge to attract donors, students, and build facilities worthy of large prestigious grants.

Graduate students and professors in particular must increasingly make evaluations regarding how to cultivate a professional and public identity in order to gain access to symbolic rewards and promotion through the academic ranks. Authorities that determine careers identify a strong scholar by the number of their publications and citations, but also by their recognition beyond scholarly spheres. This means telling stories regarding one's biography and the struggles one has overcome to reach the heights of the ivory tower. It also requires being registered for numerous data tracking sites to disambiguate oneself from other scholars with similar names so that one can be counted more easily in terms of downloads, citations, and translations of one's work (e.g., Mendeley, Researchgate, Acaemia.edu, Orcid, Researcher ID, Google Scholar). Scholars must be engaged in disseminating their work to new audiences, cultivating citations, invitations to talks, and appearances in the media. If one wishes to be successful in academia one must master one's digital double for promotional purposes and bend it to one's will.

However, universities require information about students, staff, and faculty in order to report to governments, accreditation and ranking organizations. By virtue of being a student or employee of a university one's activities are monitored, digitized, aggregated, reported, disseminated internally to department committees, deans and faculty committees, institutional analysis departments, marketing and communications departments, the provost's office, and others. Externally student and faculty data are sent to provincial governments, data consortia, consulting firms, academic publishers, and ranking publishers. Such data is

often monetized and sold back to universities. Such data make more staff and administrative personnel necessary to monitor the institution, build technologies to assist with warehousing the data, and to produce reports. These chains of data flows have consequences for how universities are allocated large research grants and symbolic capital, how deans and provosts allocate resources to particular departments, and how departments determine which students are worthy of awards. Along the way there are many judgments as to the value of each activity that every person has undertaken within a particular unit of time which culminate in a final assessment of one's worth.

Life in such an environment incites the need for constant comparison. Which colleagues applied for what awards, did they win? Why didn't I win? How many publications do I have compared to so and so, how many citations each? Do I have a national or international reputation? Is this corpus of work enough to earn me a tenure track job, to get tenure, to advance to associate professor status, full professor status? The comparisons expand beyond one's own career, they incorporate colleagues' departments and their universities in an unending concern with relative status.

These comparisons are driven by the need to build reputations, because reputation and the status it confers is the currency of academic cultural economies. No wonder so many graduate students and faculty have inflated egos and yet suffer imposter syndrome. We are constantly told we are special, that we are excellent, and yet are never excellent enough. This narcissistic obsession with one's own image and that of others creates much anxiety, but also the desire to continue to work towards more favourable comparisons. It is a cycle that does not recognize any limit and forgets the value and purpose of creative performance.

It's hard to know what motivated the wandering masters and their students. I personally find it difficult to invest much in a system of cyclical ego-stroking and wonder about what value there might be in anonymity. In the past, one could not be regarded as having done a moral good if one spoke of it. Good could only be done anonymously. In the face of so many declarations of "look at me, look what I've accomplished" I find myself thinking heavily on whether we are doing any good. What can be said of those who have their work taken up, used and shared without having been credited for it? Is there any significance in having developed a concept, or approach to a problem that has had effects on how people think, organize, and act if one is not recognized for it? What is a person worth if their contributions have wide and significant effects, but they remain anonymous? The irony in writing this piece is telling. ♦

EDMONTON WINTER SURVIVAL GUIDE

JILLIAN PARAGG

This will be my seventh winter in Edmonton – and although I actually find Edmonton winters to be mild compared to winters in Saskatchewan where I grew up – winters here can still be tough. The short days and ‘it’s a dry cold’ prairie climate take their toll. Below are some activities that I’ve found essential for not only surviving a winter in Edmonton, but also for thoroughly taking advantage of the winter season (and yes, this includes actually spending time outside shock-horror!)

1. Outdoor winter festivals – Edmonton is known as Festival City and for good reason. While in the summer there is literally (at least) one festival every week, the winter festival season also has a lot to offer. Favorites include Ice on Whyte – an annual ice and snow sculpture festival - the snow slide (even if not necessarily intended for adults) - is crazy fun, as well as the Silver Skate Festival.

Festival: Ice on Whyte

Location: End of Steel Park, located at Gateway Blvd (103 Street)

Dates: January 21-24 and, January 28-31

Price: \$7.00

Festival: Silver Skate Festival

Location: Hawrelak Park

Dates: February 12-21

Price: Free!

2. Snowshoeing – While I downhill and cross country skied as a kid growing up (and yes you can downhill ski in Saskatchewan...however the word ‘hill’ is very apt), skiing can be really expensive. My newest hobby is snowshoeing. I invested in a pair of snowshoes a few years ago (\$90 in a Boxing Day sale), and I’ve never looked back. I would recommend hitting the trails in Hawrelak Park in the river valley or going out to Elk Island National Park. Being able to trek over a vast and deep amount of snow that should not be humanly possible to traverse, is a pretty neat feeling, one that I would highlight recommend experiencing. Snowshoe rentals are also available at a number of locations in the city, such as Totem Outdoor Outfitters and Mountain Equipment Co-op.

3. Snowtubing – When I realized that Edmonton had a snowtubing course and that I could realize my lifelong dream of hurtling myself down a hill/ice sheet on a tube and then being pulled back up said hill/ice sheet through a pulley system (versus tobogganing on a crappy crazy carpet and having to walk back up the hill like a sucker), I was ecstatic. Snow tubing is the joy of tobogganing, double fold.

Location: Sunridge

Prices: \$20.00 for Two Hours

4. Saunaing - After all of your outdoor activities, reward yourself with a trip to the sauna. The locker rooms in the Butterdome on campus have dry saunas that all students can access for free with the swipe of your student ID. Spending some time in the sauna will warm you toastily to the core (and maybe, just maybe, the cockles of your heart).

5. Ramen (or other hot soup of choice). My love for ramen knows no bounds. No I don't mean your mr-noodle-cake-with-the-pitiful-yet-sodium-laced-seasoning-packet. I'm talking the intensely-flavourful-broth-hearty-noodle-powerhouse-combo that is the epitome of Japanese comfort food, as well as the perfect cap to a day of outdoor winter activities. My favourite ramen shops in Edmonton include:

1. Ninja Club (opened for just over a year – serves the best ramen in the city, across the board, in my opinion).

2. Nomiya – their Tan Tan ramen is not to be missed.

3. Prairie Noodle Shop – there's been a lot of hype about this ramen shop, which has had a number of pop-ups in the city and is opening at its permanent location in December. I'll be sure to investigate, for the sake of the Zine, of course.

6. Random tip - Take your Vitamin D supplement! Lack of sunshine can take its toll and taking a Vitamin D supplement is key to being a functioning human throughout the winter (or so I've found). ♦

DANDELION

A PLAY BY ELAINE LABERGE

CAST

Gretchen: A rough looking thirty-five year old woman. She appears angry; every trace of femininity has been erased from her appearance and demeanor.

Louise: Pollyanna-type representation of a mother figure.

Emelia: A young teenage girl (14 or 15) of slight build.

It is an early Friday night in a living room that shows signs of poverty, neglect, and abuse. There has been a party in the room the night before. There are bottles on the battered coffee table, a blanket, and pillow on the sofa as if someone had slept there the night before. There is a corn broom in a corner. Throughout this play, GRETCHEN will drink continuously until she is incredibly inebriated. The audience should not be focused on the setting because a type of soft lighting focuses on EMELIA as she enters the room and takes in her surroundings.

EMELIA Mmmm. Smells so warm. Cookies and fresh laundry. Mom, I'm home.

LOUISE Oh, there you are, darling. I've been looking forward to seeing your report card.
Amazing I've no doubt.

EMELIA Treat first?

LOUISE Ahh, not until you show me!

EMELIA I don't know, Mom. Maybe we should wait...have a snack first?

LOUISE Rascal! You know how excited I get...

EMELIA And I love to tease you...

LOUISE I know you do! Now quit torturing me...hand it over...at once missy!!

EMELIA Nice try, Mom. You are horrible at being mad and...all stern-like.

LOUISE That's because you know I have no will power where you are concerned. Now...?

EMELIA Okay. I'll take pity. Hope it makes you happy...

LOUISE Oh. My. Potential. Joy to teach. Creative...

EMELIA Mom...!!!

LOUISE And straight A's!!! That's my girl.

EMELIA My teacher said I could be anything I want to.

LOUISE You can. You will.

[The sound of mice overhead. LOUISE disappears.]

EMELIA God. They're always scurrying up there in the attic. Chewing through the ceiling. Probably dying and rotting. Like the cat that drowned in the cistern. Full of filthy river water. Everything dies here. Upstairs. Downstairs. Doesn't matter. Stinks like...like a thrift store. Like the clothes people give us. Like dying mice. [*EMELIA absently picks up a bottle and sits in the chair. She opens the bottle and smells it.*]

The stink never goes away.

[*EMELIA smells her arm and clothes.*]

This place reeks. Like trash. Like me.

[*EMELIA sits back in the chair and still holding the bottle closes her eyes.*]

LOUISE I read your story.

EMELIA And...

LOUISE You're very talented.

EMELIA You didn't think it was, well...

LOUISE Sad? Angry? Well, yes. But it's not easy.

EMELIA I want /

LOUISE A fairy tale?

EMELIA I don't know. I just want to leave.

LOUISE And go where?

EMELIA Away...

LOUISE Far, far away...?

EMELIA Sure. I guess. Are you laughing at me?

LOUISE Yes.

EMELIA Do you think I'm stupid?

LOUISE I don't know. You could do what you're told? Get this place cleaned up?

[*EMELIA jerks out of the chair. LOUISE disappears.*]

EMELIA It's so bloody cold in here. Oh God. Look at this mess. I can't...I just can't keep cleaning this. She'll be home soon. Bloody hell to pay. Clean it up...or else. Always or else.

[*Kicks the broom and stands over it.*]

You, you traitor! You're my best friend when I have to clean up this...this, filth. I hold you gently...never sweep too hard...never push you too much...never be mean to you. Then what'd you do? Go against me. Ridicule me. Taunt me. Threaten me. Hurt me. Just standing in the corner. All the time.

Throw you out. Just throw you away. No one would miss you but her. She thinks you're useful.

[Picks up the broom and places it in the corner.]

But I'd feel bad. You can't help it. If I didn't break you...maybe I could give you away. Find you a new home. Somewhere nice. Where it smells warm. Like cookies and fresh laundry. Where it doesn't stink. And nothing dies.

I could kick the cat but the cat's dead. Dead down there. Or dead somewhere. She threw it out.

[EMELIA stands in the middle of the room lost in thought.]

LOUISE You wouldn't hurt anyone.

EMELIA I could...

LOUISE Why?

EMELIA Well, I don't wanna smell.

LOUISE Smell like what?

EMELIA Bad.

LOUISE What does bad smell like?

EMELIA Poor. Dirty. Hungry.

LOUISE Nonsense. You smell smart. Like an artist.

EMELIA I'm ashamed. Afraid. Always afraid.

LOUISE I'm here. Always here.

EMELIA But my stomach hurts. All the time. I think bad things.

LOUISE Like...?

EMELIA I want the food kids at school have. Real food. Not a lie.

LOUISE You mean an empty lunch bag?

EMELIA Ya. Have to always pretend I'm not hungry. But there's lots of this stuff. For her

[Points to the alcohol bottles.]

That's all there is. All there will ever be.

LOUISE It won't always be like this...One day...soon...You'll be on your own. You're a smart kid.

EMELIA If I was adopted I could leave.

LOUISE Are you?

EMELIA I must be. Tell me.

LOUISE Ask.

EMELIA What do you think she'll do if I ask?

LOUISE Use the broom.

EMELIA On me.

LOUISE Yes, of course.
[*The sound of mice in the attic. LOUISE disappears. EMELIA grabs the broom and bangs on the ceiling.*]

EMELIA For fuck sake! Shut up! Shut the fuck up! Stop. Just stop it.
[*EMELIA starts to haphazardly pick up bottles and shove them under the couch.*]
Everything's trapped in here. Hide. Hide. Hide.
[*A sound is heard at the door. EMELIA starts and frantically starts picking up the debris off the coffee table. GRETCHEN enters carrying her purse.*]
You're home...I'm not finished...
[*GRETCHEN is silent as she walks over to her chair. She picks up the bottle EMELIA left in the chair.*]

GRETCHEN What's this doing here? Were you in my chair? This is my chair! Are you stupid?
[*GRETCHEN picks up the bottle, bangs it on the end table, and sits down.*]
Is nothing in this goddamn house sacred?

EMELIA I'm sorry...

GRETCHEN Sorry. You're always sorry. Think you're some queen. Look at this mess! Goddamn books everywhere.

EMELIA Homework.

GRETCHEN Smart. Always think you're smart. Better. Scrawny little nothing. Useless.

EMELIA I'm sorry...
[*EMELIA goes over and tries to kiss GRETCHEN on the cheek. GRETCHEN turns her head away. EMELIA stands in shock.*]
It's true.

LOUISE What love?

EMELIA She doesn't love me.

LOUISE She's your mother.

EMELIA It's not fair.

LOUISE You are loved.

EMELIA Nope.

LOUISE Emelia...

EMELIA No! She said she loved the cat. But she threw it away. It's probably rotting in the dump.
[*GRETCHEN slams her fist on the end table. LOUISE disappears.*]

GRETCHEN What are you staring at?

EMELIA Just. Nothing. Was just thinking.

GRETCHEN [Distracted.] What the hell have you been doing? These glasses are all filthy.

EMELIA I've only been home. /

GRETCHEN Daydreaming again? /

EMELIA From school. /

GRETCHEN Waste of time. /

EMELIA A little while. /

GRETCHEN Straight back from school! /

EMELIA I did. I mean, I do. Sorry.

GRETCHEN Say that once more and I swear...

EMELIA Ssss...I'll be right back. Fresh glass.
[EMELIA leaves to get a glass. GRETCHEN keeps talking when EMELIA is out of the room.]

GRETCHEN [To herself.] Little bitch. She's gonna pay.
[GRETCHEN picks up the bottle and realizes it's empty. EMELIA returns to the room.]

GRETCHEN [Panicked.] Where is it?

EMELIA What...?

GRETCHEN There was a full one.

EMELIA I don't know.

GRETCHEN Hiding it?

EMELIA No. Maybe I accidentally /

GRETCHEN Think you're smart?

EMELIA Moved it /

GRETCHEN Moving my stuff /

EMELIA When I was cleaning up.
[EMELIA retrieves a bottle of alcohol and hands it to GRETCHEN who pours a drink.]

GRETCHEN You and I are gonna have a little talk.

EMELIA I didn't do anything.

GRETCHEN No?

EMELIA I swear.

GRETCHEN Hmmm...

[GRETCHEN slowly takes sips of her drink and stares at EMELIA with a smirk.
EMELIA tands in fear.]

LOUISE What did you do?

EMELIA Nothing.

LOUISE No?

EMELIA I don't know.

LOUISE Must be bad.

EMELIA What?

LOUISE Look at her. It's not going to be good for you.

[GRETCHEN leans forward, stares intently at EMELIA, and snaps her fingers to gain
EMELIA's attention. LOUISE disappears.]

GRETCHEN Had an interesting day. Wanna hear about it?

EMELIA [*Hesitantly.*] Okay.

GRETCHEN You don't sound excited?

EMELIA I'm...I am.

GRETCHEN Doesn't matter.

[GRETCHEN pours another drink. She toys with her glass.]

Oh, Emelia. You look worried? Been a bad girl?

EMELIA No.

GRETCHEN No lies.

EMELIA I'm not.

GRETCHEN Shhh. You want to be very quiet now.

EMELIA I /

GRETCHEN Ahhh. Quiet now.

[GRETCHEN takes a drink and leans back in her chair.]

Oh where to start. Ah yes. Woke up with a migraine. Again. But you already know that. You know how bad they are. Wouldn't do anything to make them worse. Would you?

EMELIA No.

GRETCHEN Such a good little girl. Don't seem too curious.

EMELIA I am.

GRETCHEN What did I say?

EMELIA [*Mumbles quietly.*] Sorry.

GRETCHEN I visited your teacher. Got a call from her.

EMELIA [*Whispers.*] Oh...

GRETCHEN Guess what I saw?

[*EMELIA excitedly starts to ramble in relief.*]

EMELIA You saw my report card!

[*GRETCHEN sits back in her chair, drinks, and lets EMELIA ramble.*]

Did you see? Straight As. Did my teacher tell you? She says cause I work hard I can grow up to be anything. Like a teacher. Or, something. I'm so happy you saw my report card!

GRETCHEN [*Leans forward.*] Oh, I saw more than that.

EMELIA [*Nervous again.*] What'd ya mean?

GRETCHEN Come on. Guess. You're full of stories.

EMELIA I don't know.

GRETCHEN No?

EMELIA Really. I don't know.

GRETCHEN Can't guess, huh? [*Derisively.*] Maybe not too smart after all?

EMELIA I don't /

GRETCHEN Let's go back to you being very quiet. Ok?

[*EMELIA nods her head.*]

Better.

[*GRETCHEN leans close to EMELIA.*]

I saw that bitch from social services!

[*EMELIA shrinks back in fear.*]

Her and that high and mighty teacher of yours.

[*GRETCHEN pulls out some papers from her purse. Waves them in front of EMELIA.*]

Waiting to ambush me with this! This crap you wrote—about me!

EMELIA I didn't /

GRETCHEN Shut the fuck up! /

EMELIA No, I didn't /

[*GRETCHEN slaps EMELIA across the face.*]

GRETCHEN Shut up! You stupid bitch. Just shut up. Listen!

[*GRETCHEN reads from the paper she is holding.*]

"Susan was always hungry. And afraid. Her mom was so angry all the time.

She would hit her with the broom when she was mad. No one loved Susan.”

Oh, this part is even better:

“Her mom was always drunk.”

Want me to read more?

[*EMELIA shakes her head no.*]

No? Well, guess who your teacher and that welfare bitch thought this mom was?

You know. You lyin, ungrateful, spiteful little bitch.

EMELIA [*Panicking.*] It's not you! I made it up. It's just a story. Please...

GRETCHEN Oh, don't you worry. Told 'em I would deal with you. You almost cost me my money. Because of your lyin. Tellin lies. Spreadin lies. Trying to hurt me?

EMELIA No...

[*GRETCHEN stands up and towers over EMELIA.*]

I swear it's just a made up story. Please, don't. Mommy don't.

[*GRETCHEN slaps EMELIA.*]

GRETCHEN Do you think I don't know what they call me?

EMELIA No...

GRETCHEN Trash. White Trash. Welfare Queen. Do you think you're better? Because you write this crap?

EMELIA But my report card...

GRETCHEN Means nothing. Nothing. Says nothing. Stupid piece of paper. Waste. Like all this crap you're always doing. Scribbling. Reading. Dreamin. Dreams. We don't get to have dreams. It's all a nightmare. Everyday. All day. All night.

[*GRETCHEN grabs EMELIA by the hair and pulls her up.*]

EMELIA I'm sorry. Please. Please don't.

[*GRETCHEN, oblivious to EMELIA's pleas, drags EMELIA to the door.*]

GRETCHEN You forgot your knapsack on the porch! Get it! Now!

[*EMELIA goes outside and brings in the bag.*]

Open it!

[*EMELIA opens the bag and stands crying. GRETCHEN raises her arm.*]

Quit your bawlin or I will give you something to cry about!

EMELIA I'm sorry.

GRETCHEN Shut up! Empty it.

[*EMELIA reluctantly starts taking out the items from the bag. As she takes out each item GRETCHEN grabs them and tosses them onto the floor.*]

Clothes. Books. The fuckin scribbler you are always writin in. And your precious stuffed bear. [*Sinisterly.*] Goin somewhere?

EMELIA [*Defeated.*] No. I just...

GRETCHEN You're really one stupid brat. Remember what happened last time?

EMELIA Yes.

GRETCHEN Couldn't sit down for a good long while. Could you? Can't learn your lesson. Guess you need another one.

EMELIA [*In sheer panic.*] I want out!

GRETCHEN What?

EMELIA If I was adopted /

GRETCHEN What the hell are you talkin about?

EMELIA I'm not. I mean...your real daughter.

GRETCHEN Cause you like your goddamn books? Cause you think you're so special?

EMELIA It makes sense. I don't belong here. You hate me. Just tell me. I'm adopted. I can leave.

GRETCHEN You're the whore child of a bastard. Adopted? Think I would've intentionally done this to myself?

EMELIA I must be adopted. It has to be true. If not, then...I'm like you...

GRETCHEN Oh, you're just like me. Your father left cause he thinks you're not his. No idea who my father is. Was tossed out to foster "care." You're not goin anywhere.

EMELIA Just tell me, please...

GRETCHEN Don't you get it! You're spineless. Think you can just leave? No one cares. Not your goddamn relatives. No one.

EMELIA Why won't you tell me?

GRETCHEN What?

EMELIA I'm adopted!

GRETCHEN Bitch! The only one adopted. Me. Was me. Never me. No...not adopted. Gave me away. Like trash. You're not goin anywhere.

EMELIA My stuff would be gone.

GRETCHEN Like this report card?

[*GRETCHEN tears up the report card.*]

It's trash. Like me. Like you.

[*There is a loud noise outside which startles GRETCHEN and EMELIA.*]

Jesus Christ! Go see what the hell that was.

[EMELIA goes to the door, looks out, and brings in a black garbage bag.]

Where the hell did that come from?

EMELIA I don't know. Just dropped off I guess.

[GRETCHEN goes over to the bag, starts tearing at it, and pulling out the contents.]

GRETCHEN It's all for you. Every last goddamn thing is for you. It's never for me. Nothin for me. You selfish little bitch.

[GRETCHEN grabs the broom and hits EMELIA, knocking her to the ground.]

Government says. Have to be sixteen. Not going nowhere. Headache. Goddamn migraine. Charity my ass. Cast-offs. Think they're better.

[GRETCHEN, drunk, staggers over to the couch with the broom still clenched in her hand, and slumps down on the verge of passing out. EMELIA stands up and wipes the blood from her mouth.]

Pills. Get 'em.

EMELIA Of course. I'll get your pills. And something to drink. Just lay down.

[EMELIA fills the glass with alcohol and methodically empties all the capsules from several pill bottles into the glass. EMELIA gently stirs the contents.]

GRETCHEN Not adopted. Not goin anywhere. Never. Ever.

[GRETCHEN consumes the drink and slumps over. EMELIA lays GRETCHEN on the couch and covers her up.]

[Eerily calm.] Well, Mother. If I'm not adopted...an orphan will do.

[EMELIA picks up her the pieces of her torn report card and goes and sits in GRETCHEN's chair.]

EMELIA You were right.

LOUISE How so Emelia?

EMELIA I'm creative.

LOUISE Yes.

EMELIA I'm smart.

LOUISE Yes.

EMELIA I'm on my own.

LOUISE Told you it wouldn't be long.

EMELIA Ya. The story was about her.

LOUISE Of course.

[EMELIA looks at the pieces of her report card and starts piecing it back together.]

EMELIA Wanna hear another story? While I put the pieces back together?

LOUISE
EMELIA

Sure. What's it about?
[Pauses.] A dandelion.

FINIS

AFTER SCHOOL MSN

ALEC SKILLINGS

I like you :)

ummm..... ok?

sorry that was my friend

g2g bye

THOUGHTS ON VESTER LEE FLANAGAN'S ON-AIR MURDERS

AJAY SADHU

On August 27th, Vester Lee Flanagan II, a disgruntled former employee of a Virginia TV news station, stalked and murdered two former coworkers as they conducted a live interview. The TV station quickly cut back to a shocked news anchor who told viewers that she would report back with information about what just happened.

Before long, video of the incident found its way onto the internet where anyone could watch the shooting. While the sounds were chilling, not much was visible in this footage as the cameraman dropped his camera (either because he was shot or because he tried to escape) soon after the first shots are fired. In response, Internet users scoured YouTube for a clearer alternative, and quickly found a second video. This video, they soon realized, was uploaded to a social media website by Flanagan himself.

This second video, which I suspect was recorded on a smartphone, is surprisingly long as Flanagan takes his time before opening fire. He aims his gun at his targets a few times (he whispers “bitch” when he aims at one of his victims) before pulling the trigger. When he begins to fire, viewers are able to see and hear the shooting from Flanagan’s point of view: they can hear the loud bang of a gunshot as it is heard by a shooter, to see as the gun recoils slightly just as it seen by a shooter, and viewers can also see as the victims try run as they are being shot.

There are a number of elements to this murder to discuss including problems related to the accessibility of guns, as well as Flanagan’s claims (in a confession he faxed to a news station after the shooting) that he did what he did because he was a gay black man who had suffered racial discrimination and bullying at work. But what stands out to me, is Flanagan’s decision to record his shooting and upload the resulting video.

For some reason, Flanagan seemed to think that it would be a good idea to record his shooting and then post the resulting video online for all to see. His written confession and his eventual suicide suggests he was not trying to escape the repercussions of his crime. So it is not the fact that the video exposes his identity and his guilt that is of interest to me. Rather, I suspect that his decision to record his murder was purely to document his crime and bring attention to it. With his video, his confession note, and several tweets detailing his motivations (including tweets accusing his victims of racism), Flanagan seemed to want to grab the Internet's attention, clarify his motivations, and declare himself a victim. He seemed to want to tell the world why he did what he did in his own words.

Though social scientific research has discussed peoples' surprising willingness to incriminate themselves by posting videos of their crimes on social media, much of this work proposes that these people do so without recognizing the repercussions of their self-exposure. Flanagan does not fit this mould, as he did not seem to have 'outed' himself because of ignorance or naivety, but with the specific purpose of telling the world about his motivations.

As smartphone cameras become more popular and social media continues to offer people a platform from which to tell others how we feel, criminals can take advantage of these technologies to voice their opinions. Though this may mean self-incrimination, it seems that for criminals like Vester Lee Flanagan II, it is well worth the opportunity to offer the world their point of view.

I wonder, as our surveillance society evolves and as criminals realize that they have the opportunity to voice their perspective, if we will see more of these point of view crime videos. I wonder what this means for assumptions about the criminal's desire for secrecy, privacy, and anonymity. ♦

Anonymous

K V O R Z A B Z F J M P D P Y
T S A C O N C E A L M E N T P
R E T Q E E L T H Q U L I X L
U R N E D D I H I K Q L E Y R
R X S R R L K E T V I I F L H
T N L F E C U D T B I V B Y H
U Q M Y S T E R I O U S J C G
W U E S S E N S S E L E M A N
W B O X S F I I Y R E R N V H
Z O V D P V Y T I T N E D I B
M U N K N O W N P J H H N R M
D E S I U G S I D V T W B P R
D K N Y T I R U C S B O E J W
W K F W G F H O R Z Y N P N T
U N L D O V V T R E V O C D K

ACTIVISM
CONCEALMENT
COVERT
DISGUISED
EXPOSURE
HIDDEN
IDENTITY
INTERNET
INVISIBILITY
MYSTERIOUS
NAMELESSNESS
NOWHERESVILLE
OBSCURITY
PRIVACY
SECRETS
UNKNOWN
UNSEEN
VISIBILITY

ZOMBIES AND HISTORY

AZIRAPHALE CROWLEY

On the eve of May, 13th 1453 the hordes of Mehmed II
conquered the Pride of Constantine, The City of Cities
They pillaged for three days...

On the eve of one Friday the hordes that eat and shit and more of that
conquer new Cathedrals - Malls
They pillage the spirit of Jesus, forever...

Civilization????
The Huns of Consumerism
This is your God!
Who lives...? Who sleeps...?

2015: The Great Movement of Peoples, Part II

The chickens come home to roost.

IT'S YOUR OWN DAMN FAULT: WHY GRADUATE STUDENTS ARE THE WORST

ANONYMOUS

There's a cancer among us. The only cure is for doctoral students to stop pretending they're victims of circumstance.

Years ago, we all decided to commit ourselves to higher education by entering doctoral programs. Arriving from different walks of life, employment histories, beliefs, and ages, we were nevertheless seduced by a life of the mind. This cliché gave us scant warmth as we huddled in cold offices and tried our best to live up to the expectations of a previous generation of scholars.

As we moved ever closer to the end of our arduous graduate school process, we were discomfited by news of acquaintances dropping out of PhD programs, many of whom had developed serious bouts of depression. Worst of all, some completed their PhDs only to decide to go back to the farm (or wherever it is you go after a complete mental collapse) jobless, friendless, and alone.

Our crunchy friends blamed the "system," explaining how corporatism, neo-liberalism, intolerance, and gluten diets had each contributed to their suffering: no degree, no job, and no hope for the future. Why, we ask, does this narrative lack any sense of individual responsibility? It's almost as if the current breed of graduate student is born lame and helpless subjects to the whims of the more powerful.

There are two kinds of PhD students: the one who contributes to a culture of victimhood, but doesn't actually do anything substantial. The second is the busybody who claims to want to change things for the better, but is really just there to make everyone else miserable. I am less concerned with the first type than the second type for obvious reasons.

The complainer is self-indulgent, slow, and uninteresting, but the busybody is a toxic presence in any work environment. They imagine themselves locked in combat with some unnamed social monster lurking behind every scholarship offer and hiring decision. The monster is given many different “isms” and “ologies” to excuse incompetence and failure. But, the real menace is a lack of individual responsibility and accountability. When you take a hard look at PhD students—a risky thing to do given their insecurities—what you find is that their failures are largely personal and controllable, rather than systemic.

Being a scholar is a career choice, and training should mirror the demands of the job. Academia is competitive and that competition begins in graduate school. If you don't like competition, don't let the door hit you on the way out. We don't need you here. You are holding other people back, bringing them down to your level where mediocrity flourishes. A big reason you don't like competition is because you have never matched up, and not because you are a member of a marginalized group or because your parents did not read to you enough as a child. You've never matched up because you don't like taking risks, you can't take criticism, and you hold others responsible for your missteps.

Few students, in our experience, are willing to admit that their failures may, in fact, be theirs alone. Since any outside encouragement of self-awareness and self-critique is considered offensive in the academy, the mere suggestion that individual choice has any impact on outcomes risks total censure via accusations of privilege and false-consciousness.

Doctoral students believe that they are the victims of outside forces, or that society is “out to get them.” They give each of their discomforts a name and a complex history, if only to shame those who do not struggle as much as they. But, retreating into “isms” and “ologies” isn't fooling anyone, and it's preventing you from producing better work.

Get over yourself.♦

EXCERPT FROM “UNTITLED”

JEAN-PHILIPPE CRETE

ACT TWO

Fade In

INT. Bathroom - Night

K. stumbles over the bathroom sink wiping his eyes as if he just woke up in the middle of a deep sleep. It's obvious he is hungover or still under the influence of the work Christmas party. The glow from his phone lights up the bathroom and makes him squint. He grumbles a bit and his mutters are barely audible. The phone is blinding, he knocks over an unknown object – sounds like a pill bottle.

K.

(Looking at himself in the mirror
through the glow of his phone)

Fuck.

He runs the tap and slurps water from it. Reaching for his hand towel he realizes that it's on the ground and decides not to bend over to reach it - 'Fuck it' he thinks.

ANGLE ON: UNFOCUSED SHOT TO PHONE ON SINK LEDGE

He grasps his phone and attempts to scroll through the recent missed calls. As he scrolls through the missed calls from “MOM”, “RYAN”, “SAM FROM WORK”, he stops at a number he doesn't recognize - “780-555-4254”. He sets his thumb on the number which reveals 6 missed calls over the course of an hour. The last of which appears to have woken him up.

K's POV: GRADUAL FOCUSED SHOT TO PHONE READS TEXT MESSAGES FROM NUMBER 780-555-4254. AS EACH TEXT IS READ THE SHOT REFOCUSSES ON EACH LINE

780-555-4254

[1:43 AM] here

[1:48 AM] where r u????

[1:51 AM]???

[1:56 AM] fuk u K. ur dead to me!!

[2:37 AM] were going ahead without u. sorry.

K's POV: SHOT MOVES FROM TEXT MESSAGE TO TOP RIGHT CORNER OF PHONE, TIME READS 4:56 AM - BATTERY POWER IS AT 2%.

ANGLE ON: BACK TO MIRROR WITH K. LOOKING DOWN AT GLOWING PHONE. PHONE LIGHT ABLE TO ONLY ILLUMINATE EYEBROWS WHICH LOOK WORRIED AND CONFUSED.

K. raises his head and looks back to the mirror. He now notices that it is broken on the bottom left corner. A neat streak of half crusted blood runs out of the missing glass shard as if the mirror itself is bleeding. He immediately looks to his hands still holding phone in right for markings - nothing. He attempts to turn on the light switch for the bathroom and misses it. On his second try he realizes that he is not in his bathroom.

K.

(he turns on his flashlight from his phone pointing down the hall)

Hello?! Who's there?!

(whispering to himself)

Where the fu...

ANGLE ON: SHOT FROM DOWN HALL TO LIGHT FROM PHONE IN K's HAND. LIGHT FLASHES INDICATING TEXT MESSAGE NOTIFICATION

K's POV: PHONE TEXT MESSAGES

780-555-4254

[4:58 AM] U need to be quiet or else they will hear u! turn OFF LIGHT!!!!

PAN TO: SHOT PAN FROM PHONE TO K's FACE FOLLOWING THE GLOW OF SCREEN. SHOT STOPS AT EYES.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: EYES REFLECTING THE GLARE OF TEXT MESSAGES RECEIVED ON PHONE SCREEN.

Sweat is beading out of K's forehead pores and into his eyes. K's eyes are red and look concerned and terrified. K. is frantic (breathing heavily) and sound of his typing is heard while shot remains focused on K's eyes.

ANGLE ON: PHONE TEXT MESSAGES.

K.

(sweating on the phone and breathing fast while texting)

[4:59 AM] Who are u

[4:59 AM] where am i

[4:59 AM] !!!!!

780-555-4254

(Message being typed into text)

[5:00 AM] (...)

K's phone begins to shut down as he waits for a reply. Phone shuts down along with the back flashlight. He does not receive the last text message.

CUT TO: DARK SCREEN

All is silent. Echoes of K's anxious breathing (breaking with each heartbeat) can be heard reverberating throughout the bathroom's acoustics. As he slowly walks back, he steps into the tub clutching his phone.

K.

(nervously whispering)

Who's there...

All is dark and quiet except K's bare feet moving in the bathtub. Eventually his feet stop moving and the only sound heard is his breathing and heartbeat.

CLOSE ON: Blackscreen ♦



TAKE REVIEWS

ALBUM REVIEW

WILL SILVER

Chris Stapleton begins to find himself with traveller (2015)

3.5/5

A country album rooted in the folk-blues tradition, Traveller brings accomplished songwriter Chris Stapleton out of the publishing house and onto the stage. The record is an impressive debut, though for an artist whose songwriting credits include hits for acts as diverse as Tim McGraw (“Whiskey and You”, 2007) and Adele (“If It Hadn’t Been for Love”, 2011) this shouldn’t be a surprise. Traveller features 12 original tracks that mainly cover well-worn, dated topics in country music (such as whiskey, wondering, and women). While polished and well constructed, many of the tunes on the album exhibit an inauthenticity that likely stems from Stapleton’s time spent anonymously writing songs for – and selling songs to – other singers. Nonetheless, there are special moments on Traveller where we see Stapleton negotiating and developing a musical identity that is uniquely his own. Here, he is at his best when stripped down and personal. With the support of his on-album/off-album partner, Morgane Stapleton, singing harmonies, “More of You” (2015) and “Daddy Doesn’t Pray Anymore” (2015) are particularly strong efforts, and offer promise for what is yet to come from this late-comer, singer-songwriter who is working hard to find his own voice.♦

MOVIE REVIEWS

JUSTIN TETRAULT

Goodnight Mommy (2015)

Genre: Horror, Drama, Psychological Thriller

3.5/5

A mother returns home to her twin children, Elias and Lukas, after undergoing a cosmetic facial surgery, her head obscured by bandages. Stirred by her appearance and erratic behaviour, the twins begin to wonder whether this figure is truly their mother. Goodnight Mommy relies on old-fashioned scares as each minute ratchets up the unease with disturbing yet ambiguous imagery and minimal dialogue, forcing the viewer to constantly question what they are seeing. However, because the initial tension of the film is fueled by anxieties over identity and trust in the mother character, the story falters when it takes a narrative turn that – while intriguing – has little payoff in the end. The haunting atmosphere of the excellent first half of the film becomes cheapened by a tedious and predictable third act that relies on tired horror movie tropes. Despite a disappointing conclusion, Goodnight Mommy is a memorable and engrossing film that is sure to disturb those who can sit through it.

Terminator Genisys (2015)

Genre: Action, Sci-Fi

1/5

I hated this movie. Terminator 2 is one of my favourite films and I thought that the franchise couldn't get any worse than Terminator Salvation. But here we are. Not quite a reboot, not quite a sequel, and shamelessly plugged as the first film of a trilogy, Terminator Genisys embodies all of the most horrible trends of the Hollywood movie industry. Even worse, the film is so dependent on nostalgia for the thirty year-old franchise that its story plays out like an abominable mish-mash of the worst Terminator fan-fiction. What if Arnold turned into the T-1000!? What if Jon Connor became a super nanobot-terminator!? It'd be so cool if Khaleesi was Sarah Connor! Brilliant! Luckily, Arnold's performance as the T-800 is just entertaining enough to prevent you from turning the movie off, but in this case I would give in to those urges. ♦

