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RITSHAG 410 MATT FILYK
 PO BOX 22078
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RITSHAG II #

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FREE FOR THE MONTH
 OF FEB. 2010/\$2 AFTER THAT

FEBRUARY 2010

#11



ALSO MAKES A GOOD

**THE BANNISTER
 TRICK TIPS
 A CONFESSION**

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WRITE TO US!

RITSHAG c/o MATT FILYK
PO BOX 22078
BRANDON, MB R7A 6Y9
CANADA

22078
MB

Kitchen Party @ City Centre

Friday February 5th 9:30^{pm} - 3:30^{am}

Cheering For The Bad Guy
w/ the Broke Spokes!

where: The Standard Tavern
Winnipeg.

Feb. 6th 10:30 pm

Feb. 5. Friday
Lady of the Lake
Stray Arrows

8pm

Seedy Sunday

Feb. 14 12:00pm - 6:00pm

West End Community Center

*meet gardeners, seed savers
horticulturalists

5-6 live music + organic Bison
Chili @ 6pm (\$6 for dinner)

JANKSTA
Feb. 12 Fri.
Lady of the Lake

Tiger Heart Rebellion

Good vibe tribe host St Valentines
day, year of the tiger + Louis Riel

day. starts - Sunday, Feb 14 - 6:00pm

- 1:00am

*Free guided tours every Thursday
night @ The Art Gallery of Manitoba

Feb 18 Thursday

Dance Party

Assinibeaug with Good Vibe Tribe.

At the EVANS

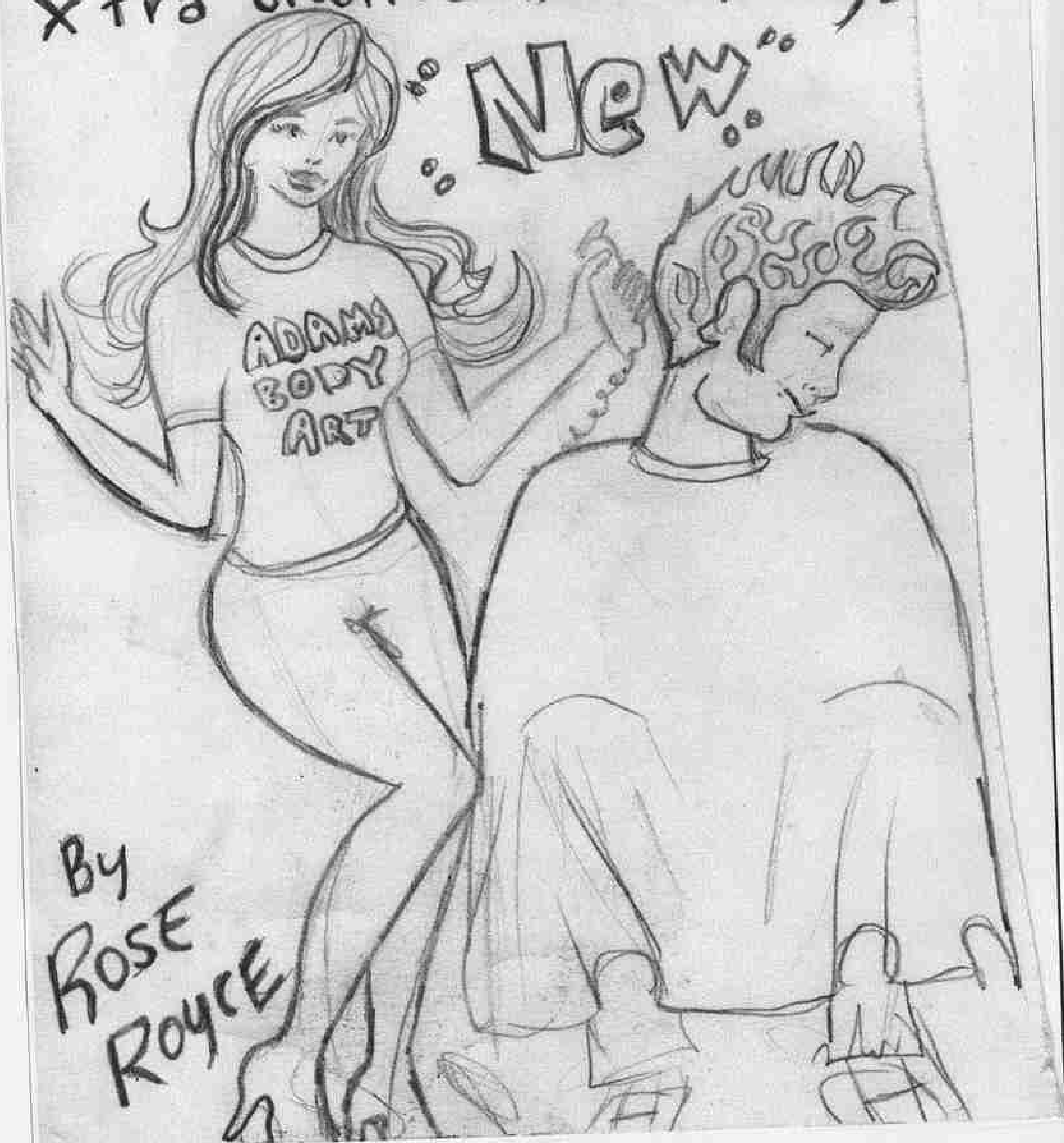
"An Education"
Feb 12-14 7:30pm

evans theatre Brandon U.

33

Xtra Creative Hair styling!

NEW




By
ROSE
ROYCE

FEBRUARY '10 **INTRO**

I'm kinda sick of writing intros so here is what I did today. Woke up to dog barks from Binker at the door; ran upstairs to find Miss Erica Love in a huge jacket and lumberjack hat (turned out to be mine)! I was running late for school so quickly jumped downstairs to brush my dirty tee fanny to find a BINKER SURPRISE ^{TD} poop on my bathmat. Needless to say he is angry at me for ignoring him this week. Erica and I hopped into her convertible (no jokes) and slid all the way to Brandon University. Here is me in class:



oooo 
- coffee
- smoke
- Ernest Hemingway

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Erica picked me up with Kali. Kali had a big dress on and lots of layers with black soles and a nice fringe. She looked warm. We proceeded to go to our favorite Hutterite (sp...?) joint where Shane works. We ate borscht and talked about ganja and butt grabbing jerks. We were being very loud. Erica and I went to my house, drank some old milwaukees and listened to rap music. Erica drew a picture of my mom's regal space-car floating on clouds.

Here's the newest RITSMAG...

DEADLINES FOR
CONTRIBUTIONS
MARCH ISSUE
FEB. 15
APRIL ISSUE
MAR. 21

THANKS A MILLION: ROSE ROYCE FOR THE CLASSY COVER ART AND TOO!; ADAM SCHIPPER FOR GETTING HIS SHIT IN ON TIME; DANA NELSON FOR BEING HILARIOUS; ERICA FOR MORE HOROROSCOPES AND THE DRAWINGS; RACHELLE PREMACK FOR THE POEM; GORDON SANSOM FOR TRICKING US INTO THINKING HE SENT US A TIP OF SOME KIND; EVERYONE WHO HELPED OUT ON THE MIDDLE PAGES, YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE; ALEX PARROTT FOR THE FUNNY DRAWING, WHAT HAPPENED TO HAMBURGER POLICE COP?!; NANCY MCLENNAN FOR SHARING A PIECE FROM HER MEMOIR; DAN CLEARWATER FOR DOING SOMETHING OTHER THAN A MUSIC REVIEW THIS TIME; GRAHAM JANZ FOR DOING A REVIEW. AND A BIG FUCK YOU TO THE INTERNATIONAL OLYMPICS COMMITTEE AND EVERYONE ELSE INVOLVED IN GETTING THE OLYMPICS IN VANCOUVER THIS YEAR. THANKS FOR HELPING DESTROY VANCOUVER, ASSHOLES. WWW.NO2010.COM **STEFAN HARRIS + JMO thanks**

COMICS

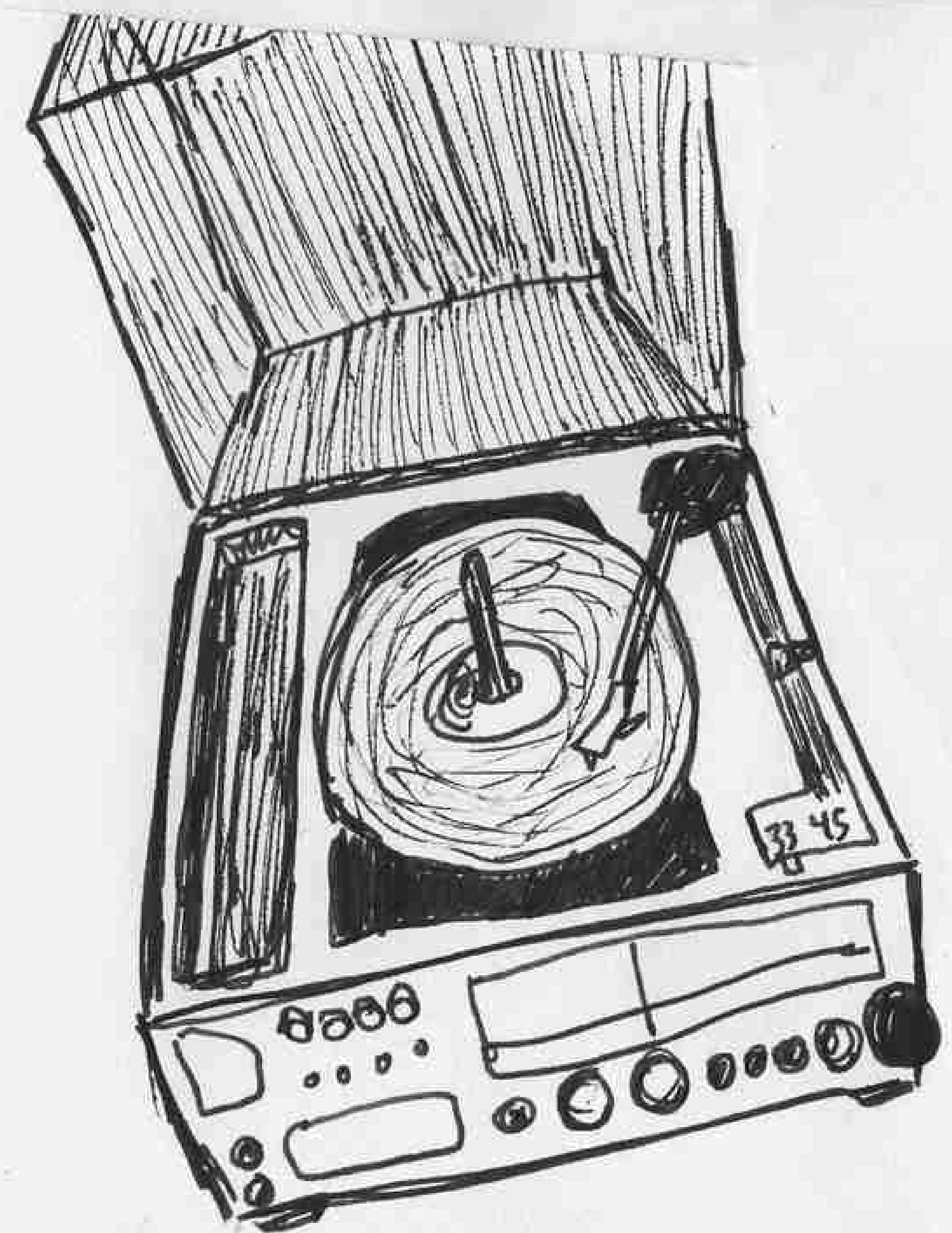
minus the funny, oh well.

MATT FILYK

<p>What the hell is a "comp-tooter"?</p>	<p>Oh, FUCK YEAH!</p> <p>We should go to the donut shop instead!</p>
<p>What's on the agenda for today, Agent S?</p> <p>We need a new computer.</p>	<p>Oh... that wrecked it?</p> <p>Yep...</p>
<p>AGENT S</p> <p>-AND-</p> <p>AGENT M</p> <p>buy a new computer!</p>	<p>The portal to the internet.</p> <p>It's broken!</p> <p>You stuck buttered bread in every opening, asshole.</p>

HARD GIRLS - HELLO (QUOTE UNQUOTE, 2009)

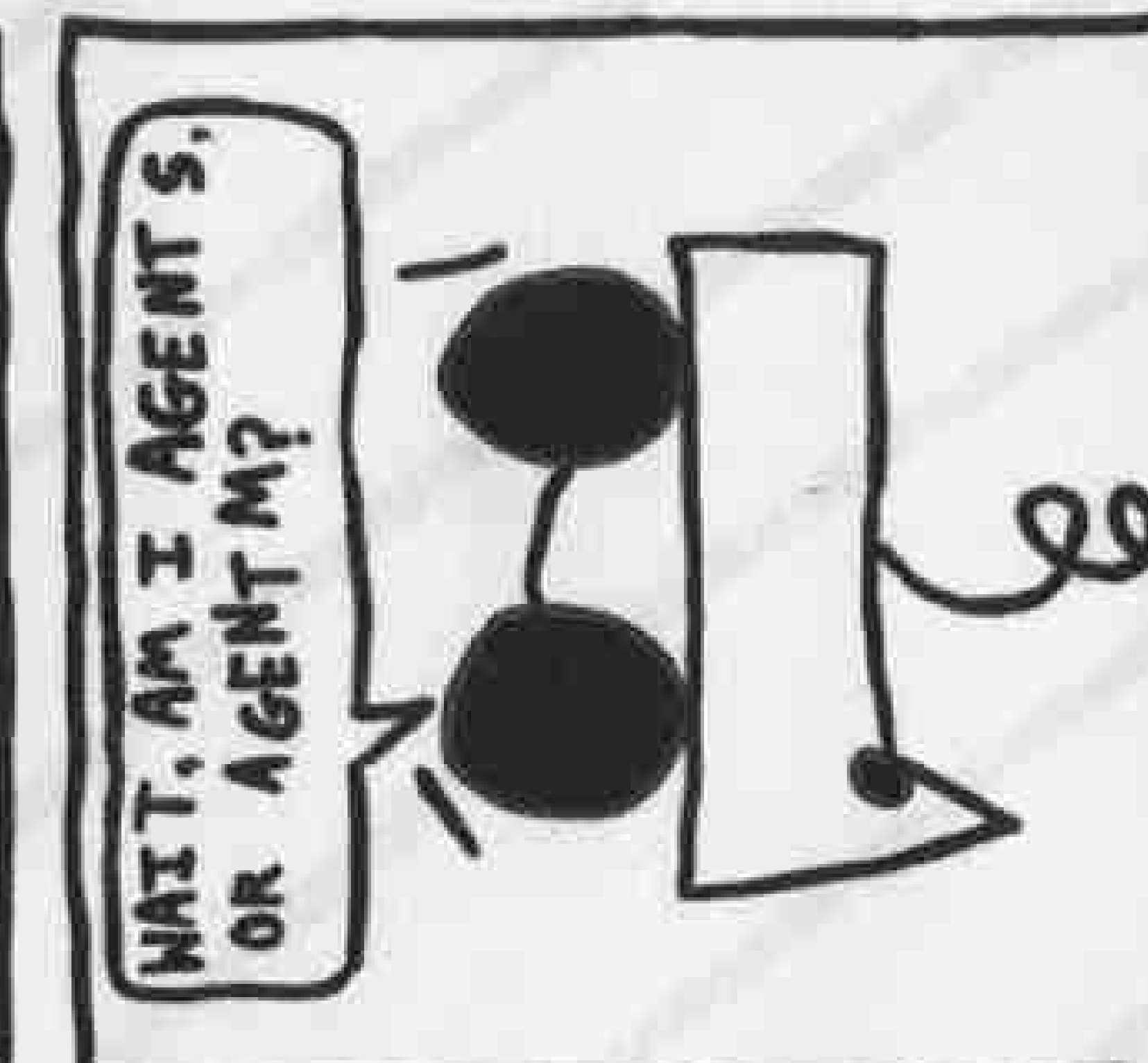
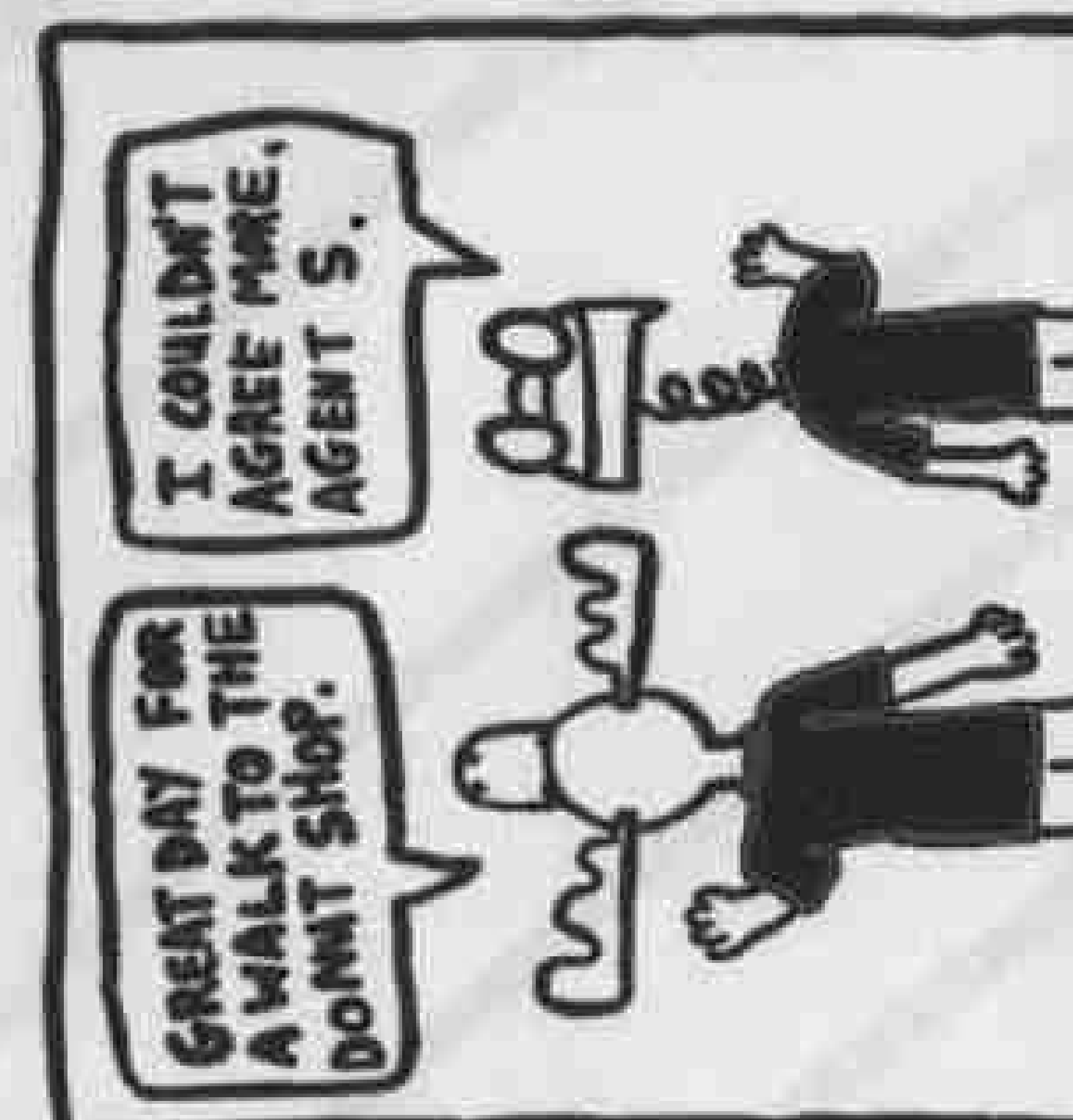
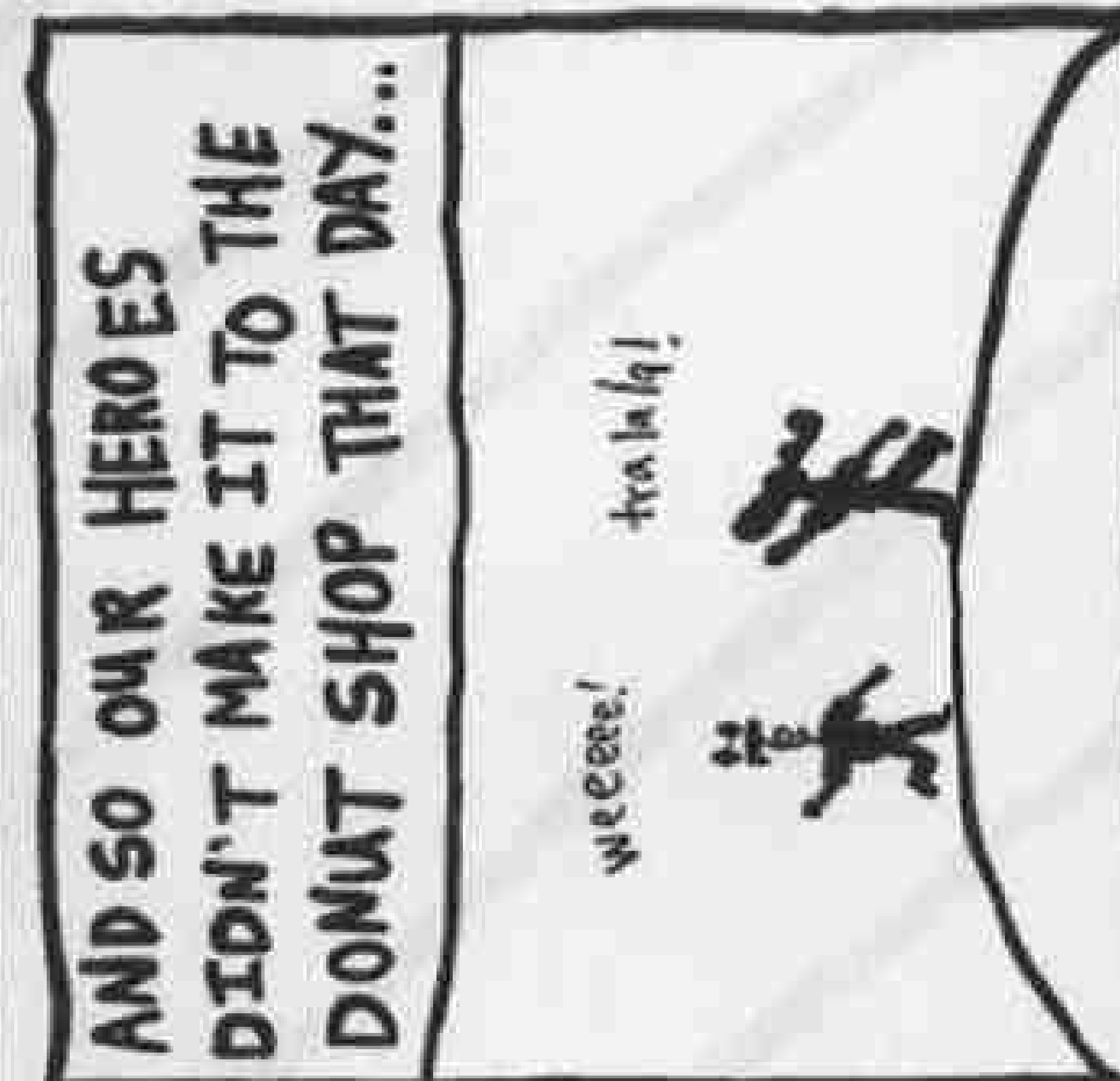
First time hearing this band, and I like it! The write up on the page for this album says some of the guys from Shinobu are in Hard Girls, and you can definitely hear it. Good, solid mix of thoughtful "indie rock" writing and spastic punk energy. This one's going on repeat for a while. It's one of the many free downloadable albums from Quote Unquote Records, a donation based label started by Jeff Rosenstock (Bomb the Music Industry!, Kudrow, Pegasuses-XL). The Quote Unquote website is the place to go if you're hungry for new music but don't necessarily want to pay for it. That said, if you've got some money to spare consider making a donation so they can keep putting out great releases like this one (helps bands pay for recording). -MATT (www.quoteunquoterecords.com/qur035.htm) ***



THE SICK NEEDS - EXIT WOUNDS AND PLASTIC BAND AIDS (NO VINYL 2009)

The album opens with the sound of marching drums, then the thundering bass and fuzzy guitars kick as my mind transcends into a war torn city, or perhaps a city of despair? You will

need to adjust your ears for this one. The product, in comparison with today's over-produced albums, Exit Wounds and Plastic Band Aids holds its own unique quality and sound. I believe that it was meant to be played loud, and loud it shall be played. The songs are quite diverse and tempos range from fast to mid paced to moderately slow and even a little romantic. The album grows with each listen and depending on where you play it, you might feel the music a certain way. There are number of songs that I, personally enjoy on this here album. Line Up begins with utter insanity, if I may call it that? This song does not stick to the predicted pathway, as many songs end up to be. Holding down a funky bassline and a clean breakdown half way through the song. Expressing a fitting progression and for the fans of thrash Line Up flows nicely into Web of Lies. A quick song with a pounding bass kick. Next is the Nirvana inspired, Code. A very short, catching song and, in my opinion the song that would do the best as a single. Although a lot of the music on, Exit Wounds and Plastic Band Aids is fairly catchy, I think that it sounds like three guys making love. -GRAHAM JANZ



ADAM

TALKS

SHIT

ABOUT

THE

IDEA(S)

OF WORDS

by ADAM SCHIPPER

It's the warmest day of winter, in the middle of January, and the annual drudgery that accompanies the season every year just set in, like, five minutes ago. Not only did it crash my dreamy feelgood party, but it brought its friends ennui, apathy, restlessness along. Each year, they make me ask the same question I ask every year: who am I, and what am I doing here? I don't mean to state this like I'm Bill Murray, and this ain't no Groundhog Day. It's just the one thing that sits there, staring, until I make eye contact with it awkwardly. I look away, and a minute later I see in my peripherals that it's still staring at me, waiting for me to pick a fight. What a dick.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that there is no "I". Not in team, not in you or me. The idea that we are all individuals defined as fundamentally separated from one another, little monads floating in the sea of the world occasionally bumping into one another, making friends fucking falling in love, is the biggest lie we take for granted. We do it to feel better about ourselves; we do it to feel like we mean something. It's no New Age hippy dippy bullshit secret, though. There were three men (it's always men, it seems) in history who shook this foundational myth; first, there was Copernicus, who, by complete and utter happenstance, decided to point a telescope at Jupiter,

MUSIC REVIEWS

NOT A LOT OF REVIEWS THIS MONTH, NOT A LOT AT ALL...BUT THAT'S MOSTLY BECAUSE I KEEP ASKING PEOPLE TO DO THEM AND THEY JUST DON'T GET AROUND TO IT. SO HERE ARE MY THOUGHTS ON A COUPLE ALBUMS I'VE LISTENED TO/GOTTEN IN THE MAIL RECENTLY AND ALSO GRAHAM'S THOUGHTS ON SOMETHING TOO.

SEND US YOUR CD!

RITSHAG C/O MATT FILYK

PO Box 20078

BRANDON, MB R7A 6Y9

THE SICK NEEDS - EXIT WOUNDS AND PLASTIC BAND AIDS (NO VINYL, 2009)

First thing I'd like to talk about with the second release I've heard from Newmarket, ON's the Sick Needs, is the amazing job they did with the packaging. The CD faces and album covers were silk screened by the band, which apparently nearly drove Spencer insane. Very nice! Now, on to the music. This one picks up where the demo left off, with more fast paced punk rock. I hate to reuse the analogy but they're progressing in a similar way to F.Y.P ("Out of My Mind" seems like it could fit on the album "My Man Grumpy"), getting tighter and better with each CD I've heard. The second-to-last song ("Suburban Nightmare") is the weakest point of the album, but it maintains the charm and that's why I keep coming back. They've definitely got a sound of their own, and I can't wait to see how it develops from here.

-MATT (www.myspace.com/thesickneeds)

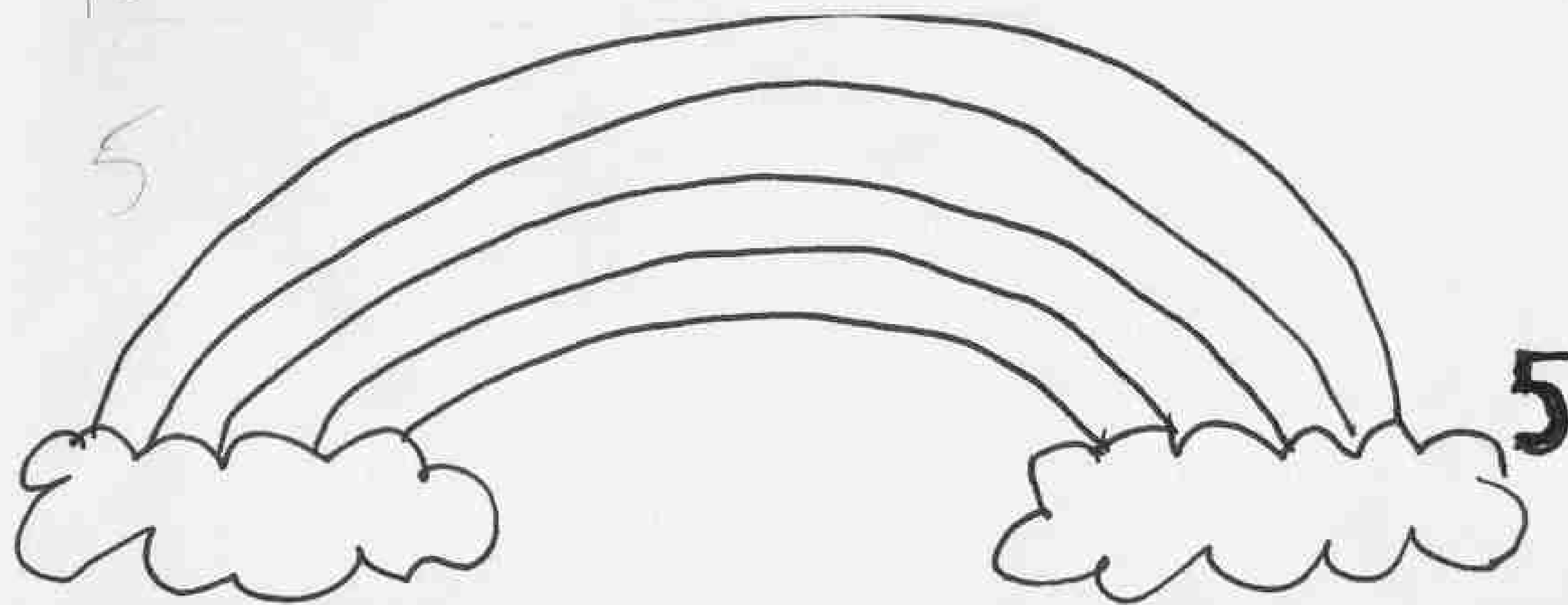
surprisingly good natured - it's basically the antithesis to high brow philosophic garbage.. It's like watching a bunch of cute grade 8'ers participating in a permanent birthday party dealing with all the simple youthful problems of grade 8'ers in an easy going grade 8'er manner... except these grade 8'ers go to the bar, drink too much and occasionally fight, something I can really relate to; Tres bien Mtv, Tres Bien!

It's for these reasons I find myself glued to the TV every time Snookie gets slutty, every time the Situation goes off on how sweet he is or whenever Vinnie (my favourite by the way) tells it like it is. So maybe this small plea to simple emotion will prevent my becoming a social pariah as a result of this painful confession. I still sense that openly loving such a mass culture staple, which on a surface level, represents all that is despicable about American culture, can yield social retribution on an unbridled scale. Yet I found that what originally seems so subversive and annoying, is in fact one of the most harmless and lovable things about TV culture and this confession is only an appeal to people to at least taste the poison before they judge. Because I know there is not one reader who hasn't succumbed to the meat and cheese of celebrity/pop culture, I know that it's in you to maybe, just maybe come to enjoy this meaty dish as much as I (shamefully) do.

HOT CHA CHA

king of all planets, homeworld of Jesus, Elvis Presley, and Stanley Kubrick. What he saw was tiny orbs floating around it, and the universe fell apart and rearranged itself. Can you imagine the anxiety, the horror, the complete and utter amazement that he must have felt? Humanity was no longer the centre of reality, no longer the twinkle in God's eye. Copernicus stuck a pin in our egos and watched it fizzle to the ground. It's my firm belief that we should all point metal tubes full of mirrors at the things we take for granted. Although, I point mine at my wallet all the time and I still can't rearrange my universe in such a way that I can't stop spending money on pointless things. Ah well.

Flash forward (don't you hate that cheap trope?) to the 19th century; Charles Darwin bitchslaps humanity with the notion that we are not created in God's image, whatever that is. We're just the product of an indifferent world being just so, so that apes crawled out of ponds, into jungles and onto their laptops to blog about it. Feel a little less special yet? There's nothing that makes a God-fearing wingnut more uncomfortable than Charlie Darwin. He's the new 4-letter word, the cat in Satan's pajamas, if you will. I just wish they could see that any God that gave two shits about dumping the creatures in His image into a universe filled with so much evil - which, by the way, I'm still waiting for a good explanation for other than it's a big test, because I'm getting sick of His games - would like to give 'em a fighting chance. Maybe God's a big angry gorilla, Job(e) might agree with me.



And, just when cigars thought it was safe to just be cigars, Sigmund Freud told us that we aren't even masters of our own minds; when you get down to it, our every action, desire, and fear our products of our unconscious. We're still apes, driven by a desire for sex and death. We're just sexy, deathly monkeys, baby. But, The Man® likes to keep us down by making our desires crash into his Laws, the Name of the Father, le Nom du Pere, der Name des Vaters, Navnet af Faren. Our desires, the ideal little motes sitting in the folds of our grey matter, are given a little culture shock when faced with the real, and they die as new ideals take their place, new ideals for our desires to chase. We never get to them, we never get anywhere. The signifier "love" slides off the object onto a newer, shinier one, and all of a sudden we want that, no longer being satisfied with what we have. It's been said we live in a state of "lack", and I'm not so sure I disagree. Good luck being nostalgic for the good ol' days, before language, before the Other to which we define ourselves, the Other that we desire and objectify. We believe our mothers and our fathers as one, as only an extension of ourselves, precisely to the point where we learn to call them "ma" and "da". All of a sudden, we've separated them from ourselves, imposed a distance from them that can never be closed. We call their names, and they may not be there to answer this time.

Of course, the universe didn't change; we never were made in anyone's image but the image that fit the scenery; and we certainly don't know anything real about ourselves or each other, much less know what to do with our feelings. What happened was that men wrote words that reconfigured the very way in which we think about ourselves. My point is is that there is no world without words. Moreover, there is no "I" without words. "I love you" is a quotation. To say such a thing could mean an infinite number of things in an infinite number of contexts, a giant room full of angry gorilla gods pounding on the keyboards of creation. I couldn't begin to tell you what I think of you,

A CONFESSION.

by DAN CLEARWATER

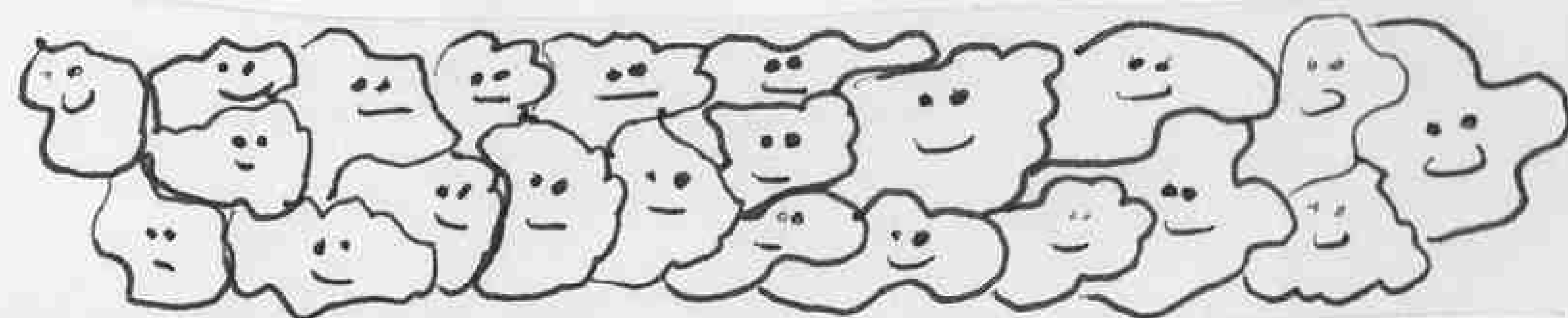
In lieu of my lack of suitable albums to review this month — mainly arising out of a recent fit of retro listening — I have elected for a bit of a confession; A confession of one of my guiltiest of guilty pleasures; one so abhorrent that I nary discuss in the company of even my closest chums. A vice that once made public will surely illicit cat calls of judgment and rejection, possibly precipitating in the mournful loss off those I hold dear — If not worse. That vice is the shameful affection I feel for the Guidos and Guidettes of the newest MTV fad: Jersey Shore.

This occasions me to wonder how much I actually value my time, am I really as productive as I sometimes kid myself to believe? Or is it that my time is so worthless that I can afford to throw it away at such brainless tomfoolery. Regardless of these existential ponderings one will always find themselves craving fatty foods, this craving is surely on the same level that folks feel for cheesy movies and celebrity magazines — something you know is shamefully bad for you, but rewards you in such a vain-glorious manner that all calls of modesty and moderation, which arise out of the cockles of your dignity, are silenced.

Jersey Shore is exactly that, the cream cheese and bacon which I slather on everything. But as you peel away the layers of meat-headed weight lifting, makeup-gun totting bar babes and Italian stereotypes, you find that the centre of this stinky onion is in fact a simple, innocent and good natured sense of humour. The people (I find) are in fact relatable; the issues they deal with are frothy everyday (or weekend) matters and the answers they use to solve these problems are simplistic and in most cases

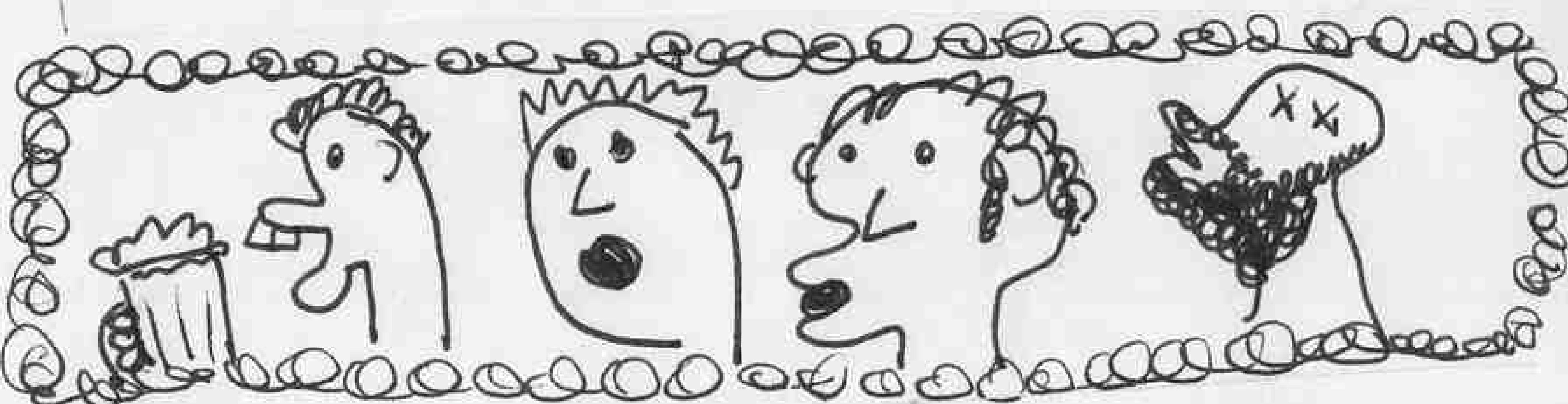
FAVORITE VIDEO GAME

I am so terrible at video games but I love them so much. I love fighting games like Mortal Combat. Recently my friend Meghan and I battled it out with a couple of ripped broads on Robs Xbox. Naturally I kicked her ass because I was fortunate enough to pick the lovely lady with 4 arms and the best part was pushing all the buttons and being super suprised and pleased when one of them picked Meghans bitch up by the hair, swun her around and knocked all the green blood out of her head. This sounds so brutal but I don't think I would do this in real life.



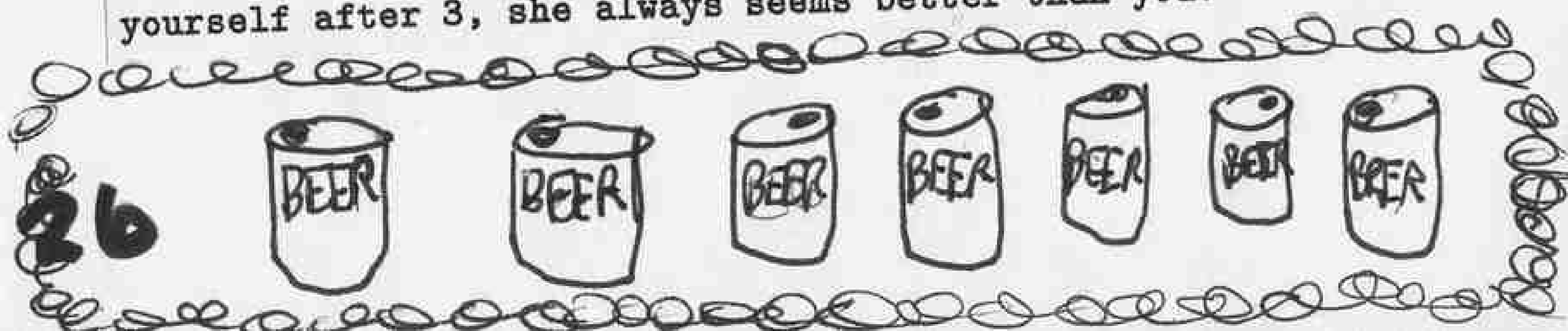
FAVORITE PUB

Double Decker never dissappoints, good service and nice beer on tap. If you are the kind of customer I am, 3 or 4 nights a week, it's always welcoming. Probably because they don't have a choice. I would definitely bring someone to the Double Decker if they were passing through town to prove that Brandon "iss no soo baaa!"



BEER

Old Milwaukee with the lovely ladies. I think there are only two to pick from but I really like the short haired brunette with the white bikini because she speaks to me, as if saying; I'm a babe but I'm not trying that hard. I avoid the blonde with patronizing eyes because no matter how good you feel about yourself after 3, she always seems better than you.



or me, or anyone else. I don't write for myself. I write for my self, in spite of my self. I write for you, too, the reader, even though I don't know who you are. I gaze through my words into you, a limitless, faceless Other, but I'm not scared. Instead, I'm filled with wonder that my words will never go beyond words, as it were, to reach you. The lag between me writing this and you reading this is too great a gap to span, as small as it may be with my disregard for Matt and Katy's deadlines, but I don't let it get me down, because I may as well be reaching out and touching you as we speak. Sometimes, I can't change a thing about anything at all, so I write as though I am, because maybe I can convince myself and others that the world is different than how I've currently put it within my kitschy wooden framework of language and thought models. If everyone wrote for themselves, they would in fact be writing for others simultaneously - it is our shared words, our shared symbols, that connect us and root us together in an indifferent cosmos. Culture, history, society - all words, but binding ones.

I'll never be
late again
and consider
this a legally binding
contract and shit.



Adam submitting something
on time.

History isn't words, it's in the words. It's not the physical universe that changed, but the way language allows us to form thoughts about it, that did. And you know what? That's close enough. We'll never get any closer. First, there was the Word; then came the world. There is no reality to grasp without the means to do so, through language. We don't have one another without language, either. Maybe it's the weird warmth sinking into my brain, but I don't feel so bad about it. I only feel closer to the truth than ever. David Foster Wallace, author of the epic "Infinite Jest", believed he wrote to combat loneliness, and I think that writing, speaking, arguing, agreeing is signing onto this sacred understanding. Don't stop talking to me, it's the only way we can get close, pretend that the gap our words placed there isn't really there; let's ride them as close to the zero point as infinity can possibly fucking around, grab a table at the restaurant at the end of history. I promise you that I won't stop talking, either. I like you, but I won't hug you. You stink. Let's talk about it instead. ***



K79D-3X-YW9E

by KATY SLIMMON

First I would like to apologize for my lack of material in the past 5 or so zines. It's not that I am material-less, just lazy that's all.

NICE ALBUMS THESE DAYS

1. Amadou et Miriam: Dimanche a Bamako

If you like Mali, you'll love this album. A blind couple from Africa sing in French with beautiful guitar and violin parts. Light up a fatty and get your ass cultured to these sweet sweet tunes.

2. The Walkmen: You & Me

This is great, listen to the song "On the Water" in the bath and you'll get it. This is not a water reference, it was cool once.

3. Atlas Sound: Logos

This lil weanie of a guy writes some really good songs and his use of raw to distorted guitars removes me from a state of boredom.

4. There is No Enemy: Built To Spill

Built to Spill never fails. I love how they never change their direction to a point of no recognition so you can always count on them, like the beloved family dog that never dies but keeps getting better with age.

5. Chet Baker: Chet Baker Sings

This album doesn't really need a blurb, I like it a lot. It reminds me of my dad in the middle of curry dinners at the farm.

FAV BRITISH SHOWS

1st Place: Peep Show!

I think Peep Show is the new Arrested Development. As you know Ritshag is a huge fan of AD but lets be honest, we've seen all the episodes a million times and as we wring our hands

impatiently for the movie to come out, why not indulge in some good ol British humour. The two characters are so perfect; anal Mark who gets picked on by kids on the way home from work "Pedo!" and of course Jez, the giggalo with no fuggen clue. Hilarious to the point of a wee pee in my pants last night.

Runner ups: -The Mighty Boosh

-Nevermind the Buzzcocks

I was still mostly in shock, and trying to soak in every hilarious moment (what better way to handle a shitty situation than to get drunk and disorderly about it!), when Big Laurie stepped in. She's not someone you want to fuck with (ever), and people who frequent the bar (or work there from time to time) know this. All it took were a few calming words, a few reminders that it was the last work day of the week for the dancers, and the promise that I would open the damn door for her (wait, what? That shits). After that the only complaints she had were while I was walking with her to unlock the door, and those were kept pretty quiet.

Anyone who's worked a job where you deal face to face with other people has probably had a negative experience. It's inevitable, right? A lot of it has to do with a stupidly large amount of pre-existing conditions present in the brains of people who are the polar opposite of Vulcans. No one's immune from getting overly emotional in certain situations, and some others are just the result of a bunch of little shit collecting into a much larger shit while rolling down Shit Mountain. We've all been there. Another part of it seems to be based on who we are now, who we've been in the past, and where we plan on going. It's useful for people to have a reference point where they can see "above" and "below", "forward" and "backward", but placing people into similarly named categories based on what job they're performing fails to take into account all the important factors that make up the present. It's lazier, and as a result easier, to dismiss someone as "useless" because of their job (or lack thereof). This story sticks with me, besides the hilarity of it all, because for a brief moment someone perceived as "above" me stepped in without thought to let someone else know that it's not alright to treat people like shit simply because of their shitty jobs. Sure, everything went back to normal after that. But, there was that brief moment where everything was on even ground, and it seemed like maybe it was possible to see infinitely in any direction. If I'm ever abducted by the Tralfamadorians and learn their ways, I know that's one moment I'll be visiting. But, you know, expectations blah blah blah.

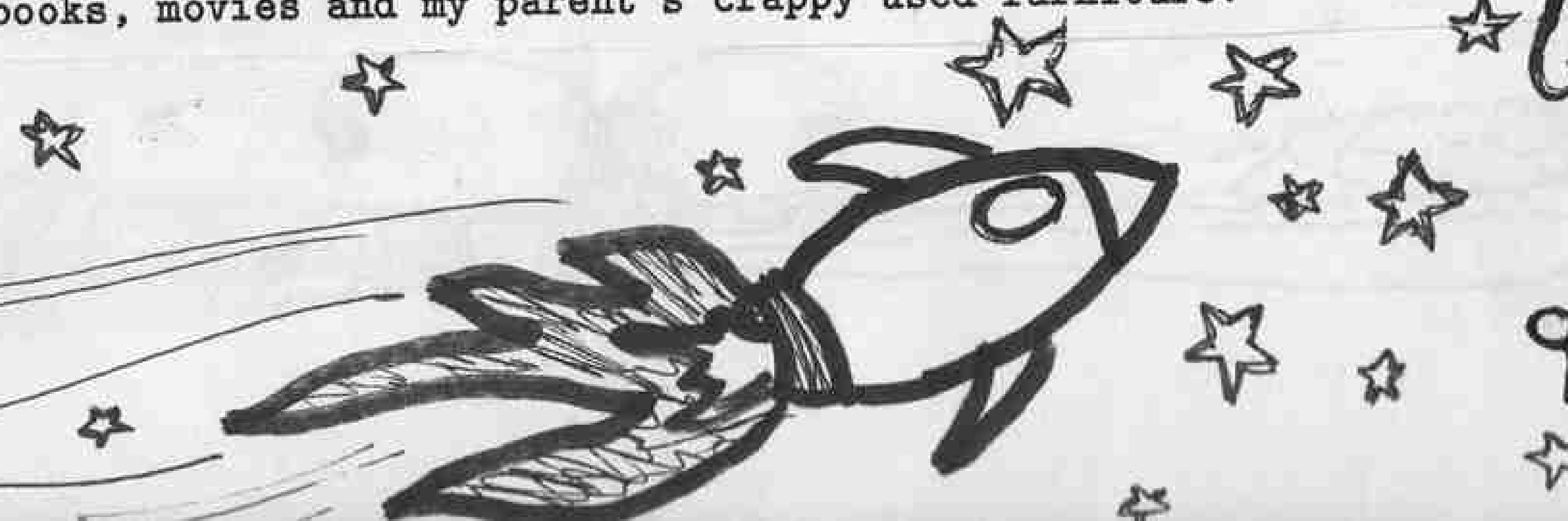
TWENTY-SOMETHING

by DANA NELSON

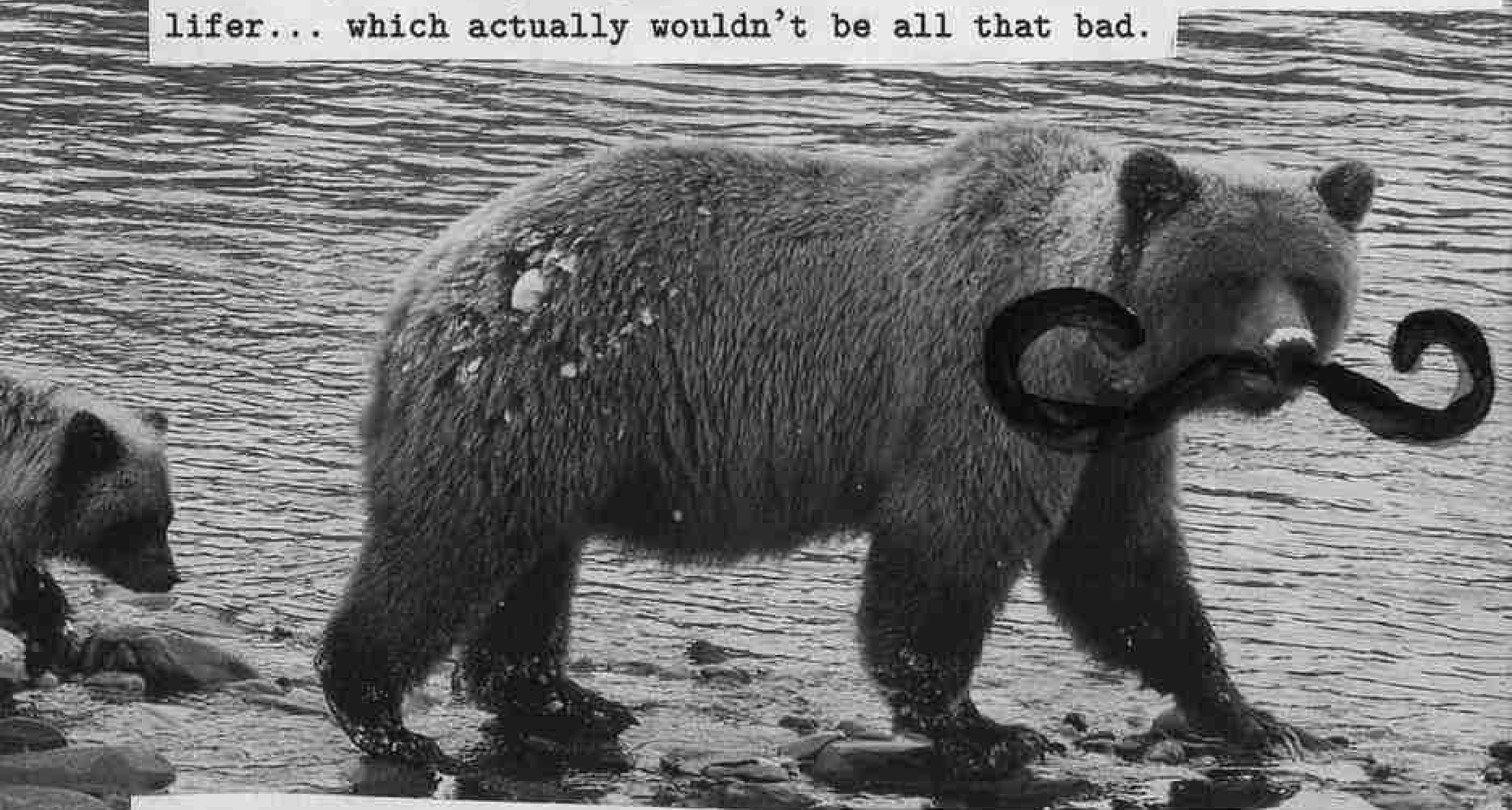
I was watching a documentary about Bob Dylan from 1965 in my non-fiction creative writing class and the opening scene was of him showing placards of lyrics from a song of his. They were all really short and didn't entirely match up with the song. One of them said "Get born," after seeing this I started writing with a tangent in all sorts of directions on my paper but seriously if I had a working camera I would take a picture of this jumbled mess and attach it to this submission. Although I've opened this blurb with the name drop of Bob Dylan don't expect these words to change your life it's just random thoughts from a random girl.

It's been said that your twenties are the years that you "find yourself" sometimes this pisses me off because I just want to get there already. Then I imagine the "settled" living to be filled with floral couches and designated kitchenware that have the most ridiculous singular purpose. The day I get excited about receiving a "slap chop" set or those stupid sandwich makers is the day I would consider myself in "domestic hell."

When I hear that people my age are capable of buying a house and paying a mortgage it blows my mind that they can be that confident in their commitment to their surroundings. I can't imagine the day when I own anything that has more substance than books, movies and my parent's crappy used furniture.



I find it almost impossible to get my "shit" together. I literally live hour to hour and as a result I'm known as a "flake." Since I can't commit to any form of planning my friends and family get pissed at me but I can't even be apologetic about it. I've recently hired my temporarily unemployed sister to be my "life organizer." She sent me e-mails about schools I should check out in order to put good use to my undergrad Bachelor of Arts degree. I have yet to look at them seriously and I'm worried that if she doesn't physically register for me and basically do everything then I'll be a convenience store clerk lifer... which actually wouldn't be all that bad.



Your twenties are suppose to be when you find your "true" friends because you have the privilege of choosing them rather than having forced friends due to hometown proximities. I have found several of these wicked individuals who I share a lot in common with. Lately I have found it hard to meet new people due to the fact that I'd rather stay in my bubble of close friends who already think I'm sweet than try to impress others.

At times I feel like my life is painfully average and other days I think I have the most fascinating life history for a twenty-something.

Sometimes I have to remind myself to take a deep breath and when I do it feels really good.

Generally. One particular incident always stands out in my mind because of how hilarious and surreal it seemed at the time, and not much has changed since then.

It was another uneventful week, another new bunch of dancers. I had been getting a lot of Saturday shifts and I didn't mind because the only thing that was different about Saturdays was checking the dancers out of their rooms and figuring out their bills to give to Big Laurie, the night manager/bouncer. For some fucking reason this Saturday, the card reader on the door of one dancer's room wasn't working by the time I got to work. Actually, that's not true. The card reader was working. I unlocked it for her many times that night with the master key.

Before that, though, she came down to the front desk looking like she was about to kill someone. "The key doesn't work", she snapped. I re-programmed it and she took off to the seperate building 20 meters away, up two small flights of stairs, only to come back again. "Still doesn't work", she snarled, baring her teeth like a wolf or a badger or a drunk that can't figure out their room key. This went on and on with her getting angrier each time, until something snapped and she started screaming and slamming glass doors in the lobby.

I chose that word specifically, screaming. It reminded me of the sound of pigs screaming, only instead of a scream of fear for life it was a scream with an underlying message of "how DARE you tell me that my door isn't working properly clearly it is YOU who is not working properly fix this key for me AT ONCE so I can go to my room and drink MORE". That is to say, it was irritating, not haunting, but still real high pitched.

until midnight. New week, new dancers. You get the idea. Part of their agreement was each dancer got a room at a discounted rate in "the towers", the rooms that sit in the building adjacent to the actual hotel, above the beer vendor.

Working the front desk means (aside from the obvious shit like sitting on your ass playing Spider Solitaire) occasionally helping the guests out with whatever they're incapable of doing on their own. Most of the time it's pretty reasonable stuff. For example, I don't expect them to know how to pick the lock to the room where the extra towels, soap, and all that crap is, and get it themselves. I'm not saying that wouldn't have been nice. But, you know, expectations blah blah blah.

Just like anywhere, shit breaks down in a hotel. Card readers on doors don't work forever, continuously, and air conditioners break down often under the strain of a Manitoba summer. Luckily for me, that was beyond what my job called for so I could just make a note of it in the maintenance book and get back to reading or drawing. Not so luckily, no one was around to work on such problems during the weekend. Generally that was fine, guests were understanding.

HORISCOPICASA

BY ERICA LOWE
I LOVE YOU

Aquarius
jan 21 - feb 19
Hilarious.
think of water.

Pisces
feb 20 - mar 20
If it were possible to take a journey even just for a day, to travel somewhere out of your normal, would you do it?

Aries
mar 21 - apr 20
what are you scared of Aries? nothing.

Taurus
apri 21 - may 21
You've done many thing. some you might regret but strong yourself, follow the goat in you through the tall grass.

Gemini
may 22 - june 22
Humblest elephant is relevant.

Cancer
jun 23 - july 23
follow your dream into the beauty it will create.

Leo

july 24 - aug 23

lions romp and roll and play
and strole.

Virgo

aug 24 - sep 23

bless you. will the curse of
excellence.

Libra

sept 24 - oct 23

the storms will provide
you with new starts.

It would be wise to take them.
but if you watch them by then
you'll be fine.

Scorpio

oct 24 - nov 22

sometimes you don't know what
you're doing but things usually turn out
good in the end. take it easy.

Sagittarius

nov 23 - dec 21

dead or alive they still love you.

Capicorn

dec 22 - jan 20

oh i love capicornuses, capicornuses,
capicornuses!

THE KEY

DOESN'T WORK

by MR F

I'm unemployed a lot. Yeah, I thought about it for like, twenty minutes or something, and that's the best opening line I've got. It's something I think about often, probably in part because of how often I'm broke and bored and living with my dad (without giving too much away, it's fairly often). When thinking about unemployment, I guess it's sort of natural to also think about past jobs, and things you liked or disliked about them. And, of course the longer you work there, the more awesome or fucked up experiences you'll have. In theory. Occasionally these elements will meet up and leave you wondering if maybe we'd all be better off if the Cold War had actually led to nuclear annihilation. Unless your job is completely neutral in every way and in that case I'm not sure what to think.

Regardless.

The most recent job I had was working part-time at the front desk of the Keystone Motor Inn.

(pause for vomiting/looks of confusion/applause)

The KMI lies on the strip of road we lovingly call 18th St., surrounded on two sides by mini-malls, and a ridiculous amount of parking space. Its claim to fame, no matter what else they tack on, is that it's the one place in town with strippers. Sorry. Dancers. And they're there six days a week, from noon

"Hello? Yes, this is Betty McLennan calling regarding my prescription for birth control pills? Yes. I need to get my prescription if that's okay. Yes. I can get it up at Shaughnessy Drugs. The pharmacist there knows me. Yes. I really appreciate this. Thanks a lot. Bye."

Oh my god. I was in shock. My mother is pregnant and is taking a pill to kill the baby. How could she? I was shaking as I sat there. I turned and crawled up the stairs into my room and fell onto my bed. I wept into my pillow.

I pondered the idea of begging her not to go ahead with it. I did not know how I could broach the subject with her, and nothing was ever said.

Another time, I woke in the night and found myself sitting on the stairs listening to my parents fighting. My dad was wearing his blue ESSO shirt and my mom had just gotten home. It was very late. He had packed the suitcase and was leaving, for good. That time I had to intervene. The tears were pouring down my cheeks. My sister and my brother were still sleeping, but I was there in the middle, begging from the bottom of my broken heart for my dad to stay with the family.

I had not considered why he would possibly leave. I knew Mom was home late and had been out with some curlers or old friends or something, but that wasn't important. Nothing could be so bad that my dad would leave us.

He didn't leave.

20

IN DECISION

If I wait,
I may be too late.
If I go,
I may miss something I'll never know.
If I stay,
I might get in the way.
If I feel for you,
I don't know what I'd do,
if it was you I were to lose.
I want to reach out,
but I'm scared I won't.
Damned if I do,
Damned if I don't.

-r.preems

damn
them.

what that means
when we damn them





G.S. TRICK TIPS

by GORDON SANSOM

BS 270 Nose slides 270 out



1. Wake up, get outta bed, it's time to go jibbin. You're safe! That dream you had of Michael Jackson was only a dream (What, it's not too soon for MJ jokes, it's never been too soon)

2. Call up Jose and tell him to grab the camera and toast, you're about to get mad buttery

3. Better to try this on a flat box first.

I'm psychic like Nostradamus see, and know you're not having children if you try it anywhere else first. Nah mean?

4. Pick your spot, get your gear on and test out the box with some nose slides, two-sevs on, nose two-sevs out, and then back flips for laughs and giggles

5. When you're warmed up tell Jose to turn on the camera



THE WARTIME HOUSE IN SHAUGHNESSY HEIGHTS: THE BANISTER

by NANCY E. MCLENNAN

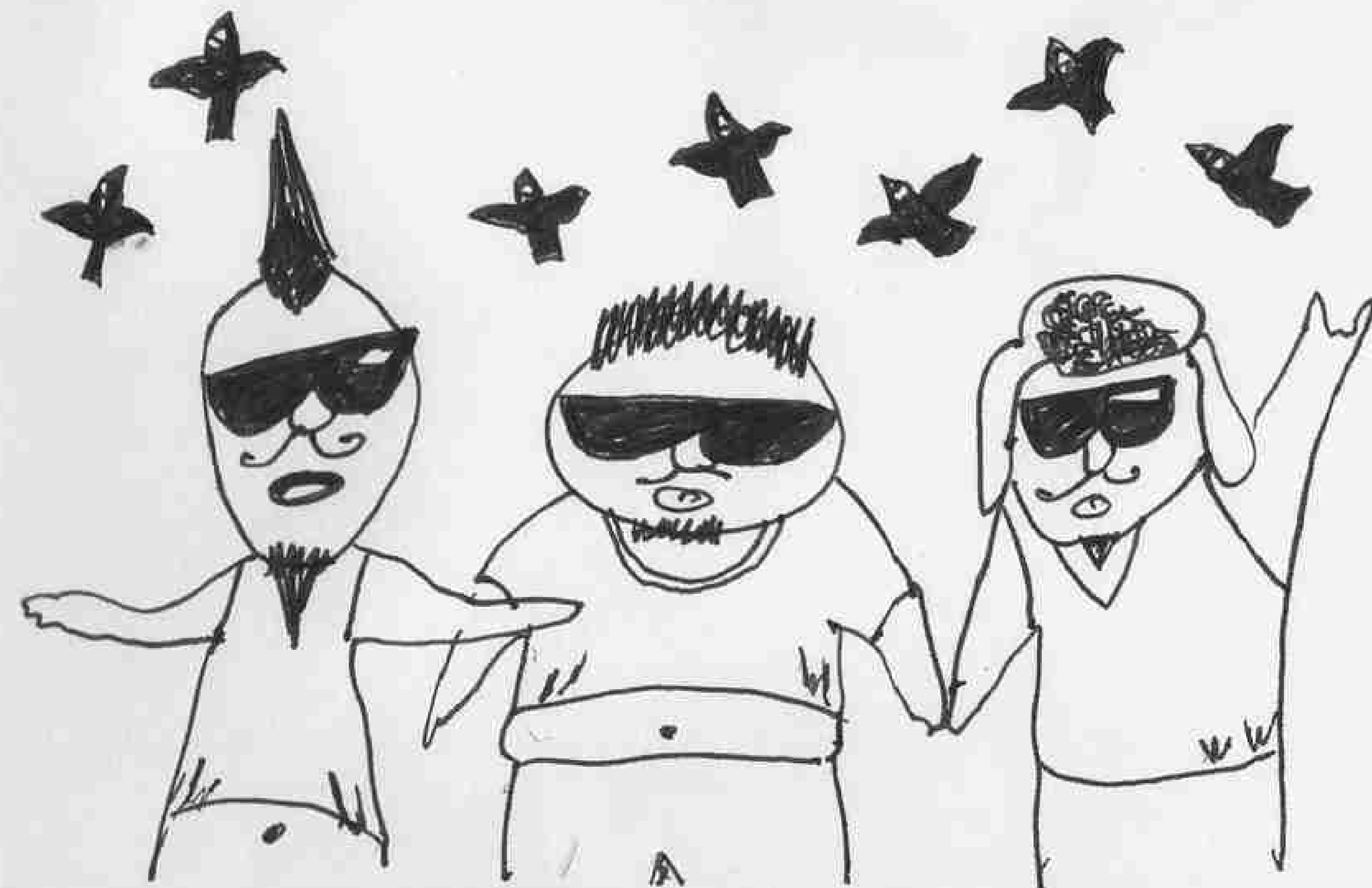
This is an excerpt from a memoir written in 2009. Shaughnessy Heights is in Winnipeg's North End. At the time of these memories, there was no such thing as family life education.

The banister in a wartime house is not made of fancy oak spindles. It is just wallboard. We used to slide down it, but it was about only about two feet long, so once you were on it, you were pretty much at the bottom. Usually we'd just sit there and hang out, like we were on a hobby horse. But having a solid banister had its advantages. It was a great place to sit and eavesdrop on the grown-ups.

I think my mom was so embarrassed about explaining the "facts of life" to me that she did it while on the phone, knowing that I was sitting on the stairs listening.



Soft Heads
Alex Parrott



6. Get Jose to lay down a beat and start freestylin. If you got flow you're ready. If you sound like Vanilla Ice just pack up, go home, dream about Wacko Jacko ya weird little kid. You need some steez

7. Roll up and twist into that two-sev, go heel-toe just like ya know and into that slide, half done

8. Keep your momentum going to get you ready for that two-sev out. Keep flat on that box and get slid better then Pat Swayze in Dirty Dancing

9. Time to pop your top. Bust a nut and pull that second two-sev out. Keep it tight and you'll roll away clean

10. Cruise away, check the footy, tweak it out and do it again. Props kid, ya got it done



any questions?

NOT SLEEPING WE

AM
CARTER
OR

JUST SAY KNOW



White and

RAINED DEATH SQUADS?

Dead All

EVERYTHING MUST GO

totally wasted

CRISIS
MANAGEMENT

I LOVE A

★ MARK ★

IN UNIFORM

THE PATRIOT'S GUIDE TO

LEGALIZATION

“VIE
BRING
FEAR”

And the
Rand
Played On

Writer Without Borders

- JMO.
- W. HARRIS