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The Waggle

A Magazine of Engaged Writing & the Arts



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Managing Editor

Anna Lapointe

Editorial Collective

Cheryl Bereziuk
Michelle MacArthur
Kazem Mashkournia
Bruce Rutley
Louise Saldanha
Teresa Wouters

The Waggle was named by

Jamie Simpson

Web design and layout

John Galaugher

Cover photo by

Christine Watson

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There's no ambition like the ambition to be heard.

Those who live farther from the centre of things sometimes shout louder, act out, hurl loud, bright objects at the sky. The Waggle publishes out of Grande Prairie, AB. We know a few things about isolation. We are 456km north of Edmonton; 136km from Mile Zero of the Alaska Highway; 3886km from the North Pole; 6166km from the Equator. We're just over 1000km from the Chief Mountain Border Crossing, our nearest port of entry into the continental United States. We're about 1800km from the nearest crossing to Alaska, though if we could fly, it'd be much closer: that's a twisty road.

At least half of these, though, are driving distances. We measure distance in hours of car travel, or plane travel. In terms of communication, the distances are fractions of a second. You can find us online. [It's easy: just click here.](#)

See? You can see my house from there.

If you use the directional arrows, you can find your own house, too. You could draw a line between us. Figure out the distance, if you want.

When we decided to launch a new publication from the ashes of the academic journal *Lobstick*, we needed everything. We needed a name – kindly provided by Jamie Simpson – and a home, and words to fill our pages. So we screamed out to the world. And it shouted back.

The inaugural issue of The Waggle includes work from Grande Prairie residents. It also includes work from across Canada and the United States, and from Brazil, Singapore, and the Marshall Islands. We were frankly shocked at the geographical spread of our contributors, but thrilled, too. We think you'll like it.

flash fiction

That Song

Carolina Alves Magaldi

For three months he couldn't get that song out of his head. It was strange that he could even remember it, given the ethylic level when he first listened to it.

At first it brought sly smiles to his face, memories of bygone parties. That got old in about a week.

He tried meditating, but lacked persistence and a good yoga mat. Bought every pop song available on the whole web as an elaborate plan to trade OCDs, but ended up with Dadaistic collage that always circled back to the same ridiculous song.

In the end, he gave in and embraced his musical tragedy: the song became his ringtone and the first item on his – now useless – playlist.

One day (three moons after what he thought was the end, by the way), he caught himself singing it softly in the line to the bank and a lovely young lady turned around, in awe, declaring that she had been trying to remember the whole song for three months.

He gave the experience an A+ for the result and a D- for the method, but the universe could not care less.

Carolina Alves Magaldi is Brazilian writer and researcher. Graduated in Portuguese, English and Italian languages and respective literatures at the Federal University of Juiz de Fora in Brazil. Has a master's and a doctor's degree in Liberal Arts from the same university. Both degrees were dedicated to the study of Romantic epics, mythology cultural identity. Has published short stories at Crioula Magazine and in a compilation of Guemanisse Publishing house, as a finalist in their flash fiction prize. Is currently a visiting professor at the Brazilian Open University and a junior supervisor at the Master's degree in education management at the Federal university of Juiz de Fora.

flash fiction

Theresa

Cortney Kilkup

There are many like her but only one for me. We found each other in the winter of 2010 in front of my uncle's house. When I first saw her I noticed her big brown eyes staring at my Polaris Switchback. She was staring at it like she was going to steal it.

I said, "Hey, you notice true beauty, eh."

She was embarrassed at first, but since then we have laughed, argued and grown not only as a couple but as friends. We cherish every moment we spend with each other.

I adore the way she moves, the one leather coat she wears every day with the patches in the back. Her black shorts also, the only ones she has, with the rip on the bottom. Her complexion, despite the stitches from our third date, when she got hit in the face with a branch.

The winter of 2013 started out good but then went straight downhill. My eyes caught on a set of blue eyes. She noticed and got extremely jealous and broke down on one of our adventures. She pouted and just did not want to start. I took her to my trusted snowmobile mechanic and he diagnosed the problem: her starter. So I bought her a new one and had it installed.

We went for a ride that evening. I took her out on the lake, we stopped, I looked at her and said, "Theresa, I have never seen true beauty till this night."

Cortney Kilkup is 14 years old and in grade 9. This story was an English assignment with the theme of Love at First Sight. Cortney wrote about what he knows and in his own style of Cree humour and storytelling aplomb.

flash fiction

The Eleventh Hour

Teresa Jane Wouters

Four hours! Stupid transport plane is late. Trapped in the tiniest airport I've ever seen. There's no one here. Not even a vending machine. Man, I need a coffee.

I wipe a smudge off my watch with the cuff of my parade tunic. 1052 hours.

I shift on the hard plastic chair. Are my dress pants getting wrinkled? 1053 hours.

Looking out the big window, I compare the dull shine of rain falling on the tarmac to the polished shine of my parade boots. I grunt at my reflection. 1054 hours.

Puttering sounds are getting louder. The boy's camouflage pants are of the Walmart variety. 1055 hours.

He makes crashing sounds as his toy plane hits a potted maple tree. 1056 hours.

The boy leans against the tree and stares at me.

"My mommy's coming home." The boy doesn't smile.

"That's nice." I look away.

"She's in the army too." He hugs the tree.

"Oh ya? What unit?" I half smile.

"PPCLI." He swings around the tree, "That's army."

"Ya, I know kid." I watch a plane steer toward the building. 1058 hours.

"There's her plane!" The boy's voice is a whining missile. He grabs my hand and leads me toward the window.

I try to pull my hand out of his but he won't let go. His dad gives me an

apologetic smile. The plane stands still on the tarmac. 1059 hours.

We watch a flag covered coffin get lowered from the plane. 1100 hours.

Silence.

“Curtis.” The dad takes his son’s other hand, and turns towards a beckoning Sergeant.

I feel the boy’s fingers loosening. He tries to pull his hand out of mine.

But I can’t let go.

Writing has been a hobby for Teresa Wouters since her grade seven English teacher allowed ten minutes of free writing every class. Since moving to Grande Prairie, in 2004, Teresa has been publishing her short stories and winning writing contests. Teresa graduated with a Masters in Creative Writing from UBC in 2014.

poetry

Two Poems

Charles O'Hay

THE HEIR

I never met my grandfathers.
From one I inherited a medal,
from the other, addiction.

The medal I keep in a felt-lined
box. The addiction is harder
to contain.

For fifteen years it ran wild,
breaking windows, promises,
hearts.

So I built it a cage
from items found around my mind
where it paces in shadow.

My bequests: one
I can always sell. The other
I can't give away.

APOLOGY TO INSECTS

Thank you for all the wings
and legs. I wish I could tell you

they went to a good cause
like a map to the center of God.

I regret the looking glass
used to point the sun's accusations

at you. It was something
I read in a magazine. Sorry also

to the ants for feeding you
to the spider just to see the joy

in her dozen tiny eyes.
I was young and mistook it

for love.

Charles O'Hay is a past recipient of a fellowship in poetry from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts. His work has appeared in over 100 journals, including *Cortland Review*, *New York Quarterly*, and *Gargoyle*. His first collection, *Far from Luck*, was published in 2011 by Lucky Bat Books (Reno, NV) and is available on Amazon.com.

poetry

The Infinite

Chung Chin-Yi

Contrary to the nihilists
The infinite exists
But not separately from the finite
And in and through the finite
The origin is already a supplement
Because it is irrevocably mediated
The absolute persists through the everyday
Not separately or beneath it

Chung Chin-Yi completed doctoral studies at the National University of Singapore in 2011. She has published widely on deconstruction in international reviewed journals. Visit her website [here](#).

poetry

Dropping a plate at Suppertime

Teresa Jane Wouters

Lettuce leaves tossing

CRASH rattling

green peas rolling past

tippy toes treading

on broken glass.

Ketchup bleeding

Fish fingers pointing

and everyone,

everyone

laughing

poetry

Five poems

Elizabeth Kate Switaj

DRIVER

How many taxis does she have to ride
with women in sandals & men in basketball
jerseys from five trades ago

before she stops taking the swell
of oceanside wind through palms & pandanus
for rain and running

outside to upturn her face
only to find
nothing
but Venus edging closer to the moon

half-hidden half the time
by clouds half-emptied over breakers

and humid dust sculpting her face

we see how she ages

every time she rides

no coconut will save
but the night she says yes

(won't either)

RAIROK OCTOBER

mildew rises like the dead
from flooded white
marked graves—stones
and crosses

doiled with slivered
paint

the zombie scent
—revenant of wet—

wafts in through my screen
there is neither breeze
nor shotgun

to stop this ascending
apocalypse of water

—tides & carbon & breath

—can a corkscrew stop a ghoul?

corals are bleaching

a taxi is idling
between unopened graves

ENEMANIT

this island is two islands as it eases into storm
the line between the sun-cap waves
—glittering, glistening—neither says the fifth of it,
nor do cerulean, aquamarine, ultramarine, verdimarine
begin to touch the blues—the line
between the waters & the grayful sky
is the same, ocean rumbling thunder
is everywhere
w/o flash
and the coral grows brown—just brown—
in the same patterns, equi-
distant from the same shore

even the pigs
chased by the same
chihuahuas & lab
have the same spots

but on one island, I'm twisted from the hammock
by my forty grandchildren—some of whom aren't mine
but all wanting to see
my mermaid trick
of squirting the sea out through my joined
fists

and the other island—
I've swum to the tip and back to the dock
and hide beneath broken thatch
to text the boy I know won't love me back
and write:

I COULD BE PERSEPHONE

you could be Uncle Death with the ocean behind you
your hairless head, your coffin
-brown eyes

and look
I've all but begged you to carry me off
—maybe I did beg, when I was still drinking

—maybe Hades
only did what she wanted
—you can see why she'd have to lie

her mother
would starve the whole world if she
left forever

—what would a mother like that
do to a daughter
who wanted another world?

The answer leaves
very few scars—witness my back—
and too many—how I heard that I ruined her life.

But Persephone's the Queen of Hell
—and all I've had are little hells

of bruising and smashing
on sinks, and cheap
hotel sheets
where I didn't bleed when I was raped

*

so won't you be my Uncle Death
and carry me under
the dying coral,
beyond demersal regions
to layers of geology
no scientists can name

where fossils speak
and little deaths
breathe

DRAGONFLIES

tan bodies—wings
surf winds between
same-color drops

smaller than storm
clouds promise
to fall on white

graves

(also a swarm
around one black dog,
one child in pink
& lines empty

of laundry their ROY
-green-blue-and-violet plastic clips
yearn to bite

Elizabeth Kate Switaj is a Liberal Arts Instructor at the College of the Marshall Islands. She holds a Ph.D. in English from Queen's University Belfast and an M.F.A. in Poetics and Creative Writing from New College of California. Her first collection of poetry, *Magdalene & the Mermaids*, was published in 2009 by Paper Kite Press. Recent poems have appeared in *Compose* and *Sundog Lit*. For more information visit [her website](#).

short fiction

Maybe Sprout Wings

Annette Lapointe

You don't notice the change. Instead, you realize that his back doesn't hurt anymore. He stands up a bit straighter, and doesn't groan when he settles into the couch after supper to watch Animal Planet footage of sea turtles migrating across the Indian Ocean to lay eggs on the Sri Lankan shores, every third season after mating at sea. They don't show footage of turtle sex, but you can imagine it: two slow, ancient creatures in the warm, almost perfectly clear sea, twisting around one another.

Later, you look it up online, and the video is serene: she flaps slowly through the sea while he rides her back, utterly still and happy. They might be flying.

It's in your mind when you look at him and realize that your lover has grown wings.

He doesn't seem to notice them. They fold themselves over the back of the couch when he lounges, and when you lie down with your head on his thigh, watching the hatched sea turtles crawling into the sea for the first time, one of the wings stretches over you like a blanket. He rests a hand on your head, and you watch television together. Later, in the bathroom, while he flosses his teeth, they stretch like arms working the kinks out.

You don't know if they're real. So you follow him, for a while. He goes to work, walks through the glass-walled offices in search of broken computers, then crawls under the desks to fix them. Every day he does this: puts on his utility belt of military-grade cell phone and small tools and extra cables, and repairs the broken threads of information technology. You have to stand at the right angle to see through the shadowy reflective glass. Step behind pedestrians when he catches you out of the corner of his eye and twists to look.

His wings fold up tight against his back while he's under the desk. When he stands, there are fragmentary dust whorls dangling from them.

The woman whose desk he has re-linked to the world doesn't notice his wings. She nods thanks. He leaves her cubicle.

Another woman carrying files snaps her head around to look at him, then shakes herself and walks on.

Your lover has wings. They shiver in the supermarket while you debate meatballs vs chicken fingers as a side-dish for the night's spaghetti. They brush tomatoes in the produce aisle and sends them tumbling down behind him.

The florist looks at him twice before looking away.

He makes spaghetti sauce from scratch, using fresh tomatoes, only slightly bruised from their fall in the market. The basil plant you've been nursing for years opens itself up to him. The kitchen smells of purple spicy leaves.

He cooks, so you clean up. While you're washing the dishes, you find a single iridescent fragment drifting in the water.

His wings fold when he goes through doors. They spread out when he's sleeping. He sleeps on his stomach, now, and doesn't snore. The wings half-cover you. They have the texture of dragonfly wings, but their shape is angelic, like a bird's. In the early morning, before he wakes up, the translucence strikes you: his wings look like the tissue-paper stained-glass windows you made in elementary school. Only their joints are scaled and opaque.

He doesn't seem to notice them, but they never go away, and you follow him everywhere.

If he was like your other lovers, you wouldn't be surprised. The pretty, fey hipsters you went through would have been delighted to grow wings. They'd re-design their clothes to complement the wing tones, and flex their joints in public. They'd engage you in complicated late-night conversations about whether they could fly.

Your lover can see fifty years old from where he's standing. He does tech support for the cable company, and sometimes he goes out on installation calls, just to keep his hand in. The wings make him only slightly less uncomfortable in the service truck than they do in the car, and they flash in the rear-view mirror, but they flick out of the way when he coils wire around his shoulder. He likes being outside.

His wings flick insects away while he's re-fitting a neighbourhood junction box.

Before you met him, you didn't watch the life cycle of sea turtles on Animal Planet, and you ate your pasta sauce out of a jar. Before he met you, years ago, he was a lineman for Hydro. After storms he'd go out and re-establish light and sound for the city. He helped build the eastern trunk transmission line.

It's a weirdly sexy image for you. You can picture him, younger and skinnier than he is now, climbing the steel towers and looking out over the miles of trees while the wires hummed around him.

He says he was never afraid of falling. And you wonder, sometimes, did he have wings then, too?

Did he always have wings, and you've just now noticed?

On Friday night, you leave the curtains half-open. On Saturday morning, you lie on your back under his spread wings and watch the light pour through them.

Annette Lapointe holds a PhD in contemporary literature from the University of Manitoba. She has published two novels: *Stolen* (2006) and *Whitetail Shooting Gallery* (2012), both through Anvil Press. She teaches at Grande Prairie Regional College and lives in northern Alberta.

Essay

Forsaking Social Hierarchy: Capability Testing in *Gattaca* and *Player Piano*

Keenan Guillas

Kurt Vonnegut's novel *Player Piano* and the 1997 film *Gattaca*, directed and written by Andrew Niccol, detail the effects of basing a society's structure on human capability testing, in which test results determine individuals' futures with little or no freedom of choice. In *Player Piano*, hyper-mechanization eliminates most available jobs except those few irreplaceable by machines. Individuals with high education and aptitude test scores can claim positions above machines; the remaining population works redundant jobs created only to keep it occupied. In *Gattaca*, technology makes genetic selection possible at conception; those born "naturally" have inferior genes, and genetic testing identifies those not permitted to work important, interesting jobs, which are reserved only for the genetically elite. Social class and the aspects of life associated with it are decided in both works through testing, and once tested, few opportunities are available for individuals to change their positions. *Player Piano* and *Gattaca* expose the weaknesses in determining social construct from human capability testing through scenes of tension and unrest between resulting social classes, characters' struggles against societal position, and suggestions of an inability to attain expected perfection.

Tension and unrest are evident in both *Player Piano* and *Gattaca* not only between different social classes, but within them, as testing for capability has necessitated competition. In *Player Piano*, those given unimportant jobs view engineers and managers with a mix of envy and hatred, and those intelligent or lucky enough to secure positions above machines view everyone else with contempt. The social classes in *Gattaca* are reflective of this: "invalids" are labelled as inadequate and insufficient and are consistently told they are not good enough, while those with favourable genes consider natural genes inferior and other "valids" competition. This mental antagonism is reflected in Paul Proteus' thought, "The usual attitude of the Country Club set towards Homesteaders was contempt, all right" (Vonnegut 174) and Vincent Freeman's narration, "I belonged to a new

underclass, no longer determined by social status or the colour of your skin. No, we now have discrimination down to a science” (Niccol). Paul is introduced in *Player Piano* to be immersed in the opinions and lifestyle of Ilium Works as a representation of the thoughts of his peers: his views on the different social classes reflect the views of other members of his social class. He initially considers people in the Reconstruction and Reclamation Corps and the Army to be inferior, unclean, and depressing; his feelings toward them contain no empathy, only displeasure. Vincent’s description of the genetic division between valids and invalids introduces its inevitability and permanence: this discrimination and the unease that accompanies it are rooted in science, and therefore cannot be disproved or escaped. Invalids have no option to improve their situations and futures because of the immense staticity of their genes, so envy and hopelessness play large roles in the resulting mental separation. In either case, societal divisions have been created by success-predicting tests, and the mental rifts that accompany them instill tension and unease between groups.

Player Piano and *Gattaca* chronicle characters’ struggles against social position in order to reveal the faults behind social classes established by capability testing. *Player Piano*’s Paul Proteus strives to reverse the hyper-mechanization of his country; the increased designation of work to machines has removed many satisfactory jobs from the people, and only a select few still hold careers based on actual meaningful work. His decision to break free of this hierarchical labour system parallels Vincent Freeman’s decision to become a “borrowed ladder”: Vincent’s dream of travelling to space is refuted by his genetic status as an invalid, and his determination to achieve this goal drives him to reject his identity for that of Jerome Eugene Morrow, a genetically elite individual with the DNA that will allow Vincent entrance into the Gattaca corporation’s space program. Vincent explains the reasoning behind this decision: “No matter how much I trained or how much I studied, the best test score in the world wasn’t going to matter unless it had the blood test to go with it” (Niccol). Paul’s decision, albeit quite similar to Vincent’s, is fuelled not by a desire to realize a dream, but by an assumed responsibility to restore equal labour opportunities and de-mechanize work: “In order to get what we’ve got...we have, in effect, traded these people out of what was the most important thing on earth to them -- the feeling of being needed and useful, the foundation of self-respect” (Vonnegut 175). Paul is convinced that society has taken a wrong turn in replacing humans with machines, and that self-respect has been

taken from the common people with the implementation of advanced mechanized work and concentrated into those working above the machines. His desire is to revert society to a less advanced state, where everyone had access to self-respecting work. Vincent's yearning for space, in contrast, drives him to become someone more advanced, at least on the surface, and to reject the flaws that have labelled him. The restricted freedom that developed as a result of the rigid social class structure from both pieces is challenged by the main characters as a display of its ineffectiveness.

Suggestions of the inability of both an individual and a society to achieve expected perfection through capability testing are presented in *Player Piano* and *Gattaca* through the uncovering of flaws. *Player Piano*'s society attempts to approach perfection by replacing as many occupations as possible with machines, and one of the novel's recurring ideas, that machines can do everything humans can do but without error, is evidence of these attempts; the position of managers and engineers as above and irreplaceable by machines hints at the expected near-perfection of these roles. *Valid*s in *Gattaca* are considered by most to be as close to perfect as possible; genetic selection allows people to be able to find the most superior genes in their child, and significant occupations are given only to them in an attempt at approaching perfection. The conclusion of *Player Piano*, however, suggests that despite the perfection of machines, their dependency on humans to create and maintain them renders their use far from perfect, as evidenced by Finnerty's comment "If only it weren't for the people, the god damned people... always getting tangled up in the machines. If it weren't for them, earth would be an engineer's paradise" (Vonnegut 322). The fact that the intelligence-testing present in *Player Piano* put Finnerty and Paul, individuals who decide to overthrow the social class system only to rebuild the machines following their destruction, in control of machines and at the top of the social ladder speaks volumes about the imperfections of this system. This idea that natural, irremovable imperfections are present in humans is also supported by Vincent's early narration: "For the genetically superior, success is easier to attain but by no means guaranteed. After all, there is no gene for fate" (Niccol). Despite the superiority and careful selection of the genes that make up the genealogically elite, *valid*s can have just as many flaws as *invalid*s, an idea which Eugene's silver swimming medal and attempted suicide support. The culmination of the imperfections present in both *Gattaca* and *Player Piano* points to the system of testing capabilities and determining societal

order from it as the biggest flaw.

Player Piano and *Gattaca* emphasize the ineffectiveness of building social structure from human capability testing by examining the faults of the social systems that arise as a result. Ensuring stacticity of individuals in a society creates discontent and tension between groups, and attempting to achieve perfection by rejecting specific groups only furthers unrest amongst classes. This unrest due to structural rigidity can lead to attempts by individuals or groups to break out of their positions, as evidenced by the actions of Paul, Finnerty and the Ghost Shirt Society in *Player Piano* and of Vincent in *Gattaca*. Failure of a society to adequately determine even occupational positions from capability testing, as in the case of the role rejection of *Player Piano*'s Paul and Finnerty or the drastic change in societal position, at least externally, of *Gattaca*'s Vincent, suggests that testing might be best avoided even when establishing less ambitious systems.

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Keenan Guillas is enrolled in the Grande Prairie Regional College science and education program with intent to continue his education in Edmonton, Alberta. His love of fiction drives his interest in writing and the arts, and he frequently experiments with various writing techniques and media in his spare time.

Essay

The Perks of Cannibalism

Carolina Alves Magaldi

One of the most defining traits of Brazilian culture remains, unfortunately, virtually unknown to most gringos: our taste for sarcasm. To us, nearly anything can acquire a double meaning, which is a fortunate coincidence, since and we live for a good innuendo.

Such national hobby has even propelled a cultural and literary movement that redefined our artistic landscape. Such school of thought, called Anthropophagy, was created by writer and essayist Oswald de Andrade (1890-1954) alongside other prominent names of the Brazilian Modernism, such as poet and diplomat Raul Bopp (1898 – 1984), novelist Mário de Andrade (1983-1945) and painter Tarsila do Amaral (1886 – 1973).

What started as a dinner joke about being nearly anthropophagic for eating frogs evolved into an entirely new perspective on our colonial roots.

Even the date registered on the Anthropophagic Manifest represents quite clearly the intent of the document: instead of the dull chronologically accurate mark of February, 1928, Oswald de Andrade chose the now iconic mark of 374 years since the tasting of Bishop Sardinha, Brazil's first bishop, devoured by the Caeté natives in 1556.

It was perhaps literary critic and translator Haroldo de Campos (1929 – 2003) who better defined the movement, describing it as an inside-out indigenism. It was meant as both a reaction to Rousseau's good salvage mentality, which had permeated Brazilian literature since its birth during the Romanticism, and as a radicalization of a previous movement, Poesia Pau Brasil, in its aim to join forces with both the primitive and the technological as an expression of modernity.

The choice of Pau Brasil as a symbol is greatly justified: it is the red wood that named the country, a species of tree that barely still existed at the time of the poetic movement, given the exploitation carried out by the Portuguese and the Dutch

because of its textile potential for dying fabric.

On that note, the movement that began as a connection between primitive and technological aspects became also a link of European influences and national references, once again summarized by the sarcastic Anthropophagic motto that brought together Shakespeare's most famous quote – kept in English – and our most populous indigenous tribe: "Tupi, or not tupi".

One of the simplest ways to comprehend the anthropophagic aesthetics is through the mixing of specific and universal, national and foreign references. However, as Pires (2009: 58) points out, by that logic any and all Brazilian writers are anthropophagic candidates.

The anthropophagic movement is, therefore, a radicalization of a national characteristic, of combining references in a quasi-chaotic manner that does not tend to follow any specific pattern or logic. Nonetheless, one distinction needs to be made within the movement, regarding a Pac-Man mentality: in the tasting of foreign and native, of universal and particular, who is the diner and who is the dinner?

One example of how such distinctions were not always clear is in the work of Monteiro Lobato (1898-1948), perhaps the most renowned children's writer in Brazilian history. In his stories, elements of Greek mythology and other European allusions are usually found side by side with characters and themes from Brazilian folklore, as in the case of the Chimera and our Headless Mule. Most critics agree, however, that the author's positions towards our ethnic and cultural background – which are borderline racist – reflect his intent to borrow legitimacy from more traditional and well-accepted literary environment and incorporate Brazilian references, keeping our narratives as an afterthought.

Going back to the true intent of the Anthropophagic movement, it is mandatory to present the book that epitomizes it: Mário de Andrade's *Macunaíma*. The novel was first presented as having been written in six days of non-stop work in December of 1926, rewritten in January of 1927 and published in 1928 (Souza, 2003, p.09). It was, therefore, seen as a creative explosion of sorts to Andrade's companions in the Modernist movement. As time went by, critics took a great interest in the short novel, and with those readings, more and more symbols, references and sophisticated puns came to light, most of which involving the

variety of costumes and ethnicities that constitute the fabric of Brazilian culture.

The protagonist, after which the novel is named, is defined as a “hero without any character” – pun intended – given his lack of identity and absolute absence of a moral compass. In fact, Macunaíma does not even have a specific ethnicity, being caucasian, black and indigenous in different parts of the story.

His main catchphrase, “Ai, que preguiça!”, refers to how lazy he feels, a conveniently untranslatable expression that incorporates an indigenous expression, though that particular reference is one of the sophisticated puns usually left for the few lucky ones. Among the novel’s most recognizable references, is the mixing of religious narratives, both European and African imports, from Catholicism to Judaism, from Umbanda to Candomblé.

The narrative itself does not follow any chronologic order or follow any pattern in terms of location, jumping randomly from place to place. Andrade’s lack of subservient respect to both Brazilian and imported European traditions also finds its way to his use of the Portuguese language, with several made up words, most of which reflect its oral and colloquial use. The narrator even states at one point that the aristocratic vocabulary is so fantastic that they cannot help but speak in one language and write in another.

More than embodying a series of sarcastic and contradictory traits that represent our culture so well, the greatest hero of the Anthropophagic movement reveals the concern that the movement should not to split our collective subjectivity from our individual experience (Monteiro, 2008, p.03). The final result was intended to destroy the foreign notion, swallowed whole by early-20th century Brazilians, that we had a fixed identity. When interpreting the movement, gringos will hopefully understand that, more than a creative choice, such focus comes from our undeniable inability of keeping personal boundaries.

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Call for Papers

We are presently seeking submissions of art, poetry, fiction, and creative non-fiction for our second issue! We will also consider reviews of non-mainstream books and music. Frankly, if it's well-written, we want to read it; if it's visually intriguing, we want to see it.

In the covering e-mail, please include the author or artist's name, contact information (address, phone number, e-mail address), and a brief (2-4 sentence) bio. Simultaneous submissions are permitted, but please notify us if your work has been accepted for publication elsewhere.

Deadline for submissions for the second issue is **31 May 2014**. (Please feel free to keep sending us wondrous creations beyond that date!)

Guidelines

Art

Visual submissions may be art or photography. Submit .jpg images with a maximum size of 1.5 mb. Submit no more than 5 images at one time. Unconventional artwork, cartoons/comics, and other oddities are welcomed.

Text

On the actual document, include the author's name. Please, please ensure your name is on your work.

1. Fiction (max 3000 words): stories should be well-crafted, carefully created, and aware of the power of their language. Shorter works such as flash fiction and postcard stories (under 250 words) are particularly encouraged. Works of any genre are welcome. However, we are unable to publish fan fiction.

2. Poetry (submit no more than 5 poems/100 lines): both conventional and unconventional/experimental poems are welcomed.

3. Hybrid works (max 1500 words): open letters, short satirical pieces, and other oddities. Short, clear, and (if possible) funny.

4. Creative non-fiction (max 3000 words): may include journalism, memoir, personal accounts of events, travels, and personal essays. Submissions dealing with the Peace Region are particularly encouraged.

5. Reviews (max 500 words) of non-mainstream literature, art, and music, including online works are welcomed.

6. Scholarly essays accessible to a general audience (max 3000 words) are also welcomed. Ensure that your essay provides a short introduction to the subject. Well-written, engaging essays can offer readers points of access into new fields of knowledge.

Submit work by e-mail: thewaggleeditor@gmail.com

I look forward to reading your submissions!

Anna Lapointe

Managing Editor, The Waggle

The Fine Print

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