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Letter from the Editor:

A Brief History of the Warren Undergraduate Review

“Everyone’s good depends on everyone’s cooperation.”
 –Richard Adams, *Watership Down*.

This issue of *the Warren Undergraduate Review* marks the 10th anniversary of the publication. It also marks the journal’s 8th year with an obsolete name. On the 1st of March 2011, the University of Victoria swapped its policy of “trap and relocate” for one of “trap and kill” in order to end the campus’ famed feral rabbit population once and for all. A warren is, of course, the name given to the networks of burrowed tunnels inhabited by rabbits. By the time I attended orientation in the fall of 2016, they were all but gone.

Perhaps 10 years isn’t a huge milestone in the grand scheme of literary institutions, but it’s a decent feat for any campus organization. Every year a new body of students enters as another leaves. Students are constantly training themselves and others on how to keep the various clubs, course unions, publications, and amenities running. In this process of educating newcomers on how things are, we often forget to instill any sense of how things were. Working at *the Warren* has always felt, at least to me, a bit like finding something unexpectedly nice at a thrift shop: you’re delighted you found it, but you can’t help but wonder who it used to belong to. This summer, I began doing internet searches for the names of *Warren* editorial alumni to see where they’d all ended up. I lucked out and the founding Editor-in-Chief and Vice-Editor, Liam Sarsfield and Amelia Nezil, contacted me first. Starting with Liam and Amelia, I began to interview several alumni who had worked with *the Warren* in its first decade. While this publication has not had a Letter from the Editor since its fifth issue, I felt the need to reprise it for the tenth anniversary in order to tell the story that unfolded in those interviews:

The Warren began in the spring of 2009 in the manner that all great institutions of literature are born—over cheap wine. A group of English majors got drunk and fleshed out plans for an open concept journal. Liam had attempted similar projects in the past, but it wasn’t until he met what would eventually become *the Warren*’s first editorial board in the English departments notorious 310 seminar that the publication would be able to become a reality. “We were trying to be really expansive and inclusive of all of the different cliques and personalities that were at UVic,” he tells me over email, “We were trying to create a larger community.” Amelia held similar sentiments. The publication’s name was a suggestion given by Jamie Johnson, Amelia’s partner at the time. Liam disliked it but was outvoted by the rest of the editors. Amelia explains that the name “resonated with us as a gesture toward an underground community. [We pictured] warrens running under campus and connecting separate departments.” From its conception, the journal has always emphasized the collective over the individual. We’ve always been more about dialogues than lectures, more process than product. Although, the products have been spectacular regardless.

Over the course of its now-preteen life, *the Warren* has aided in the publication of five books of poetry and produced one full-length music album. We’ve organized panels on diversifying publishing, staged numerous student plays, and, in recent years, caught attention for our hilarious Bad Art Shows. Our events have, according to the various alumni I’ve interview, filled Open Space to capacity on at least 3 separate occasions. *The Warren* was the birthplace of Victoria’s beloved monthly reading series, *the Rabbit Hole*, and our small semesterly publication, *Warren Pieces*. But, more than its various achievements, the work that has graced our pages speaks for itself. It is hard to imagine another journal where Walter Benjamin-esque dissections of Etsy could be read alongside photographs of camper vans that walk on 6 legs and decolonial video game reviews.

Even the pieces we select from more straight-forward genres, like poetry or fiction, always seem to be doing something just a little bit more adventurous. I wasn't able to quite explain why work published in *the Warren* is so unique until I interviewed former Editor-in-Chief and *Rabbit Hole* founder Sarah Grindley. She articulated it for me with one simple sentence: "it's a conversation."

In his essay "What is Literature?", David Lodge states that literary writing "teaches the kind of reading it requires." When you take away genre, you begin to see creative work differently. You can begin to critique art, not on the basis of how well it is performing "fiction" or "painting" or "essay," but instead on how well it teaches itself to the reader. The common thread of works published in the Warren is that, from the familiar to the unfamiliar, they are all able to skillfully communicate to the reader how they must be engaged with. This is what makes *the Warren* a perpetual conversation.

The problem with the rabbit population was never actually the rabbits themselves, but instead their warrens. The rabbits left a mess everywhere with their droppings, but that alone would never have been enough to justify euthanizing them. The issues posed by their dens were a different matter. Warrens are not simply holes in the ground, warrens are large networks of burrows and can cause massive damage to a landscape. They pose a danger to pedestrians and, crucial to the university's decisions to cull the rabbits, they can ruin sports fields.

I may be digging myself into a bit of a warren of my own design with this metaphor. Rabbits are an invasive species on the island and the campus population posed a threat to indigenous vegetation. People kept releasing pet rabbits they didn't want to take care of anymore on campus and the policy of relocation was ineffective in diminishing their numbers. I rarely sympathize with anything the administration does, but I think you can see where they were coming from on this one. Still, whenever I do come across one of the few rabbits left, I have to admit I feel a kind of solidarity. I like how we both connect what was never intended to intersect. I like how our continued survival keeps the university on its toes. Most of all, I like the analogous image of these underground labyrinth-like bodies rendered both dangerous and endangered by their own ambiguity.



—Kate Wallace Fry, *Editor-in-Chief*



“*Article 10* is a constructed flag made to resemble the Canadian flag.

In order to convey the idea of history within Canada, I chose to make this piece in the style of Canada’s flag. The canvas is cut to accurate dimensions and equipped with grommets and a toggle, so it can be flown on any flagpole. I painted the text of *Article 10* from the United Nations Declaration of the rights of Indigenous peoples in red to represent Canada. Red is the colour in our flag, a traditional colour for many Indigenous peoples, and the red serge of the RCMP.

Article 10 speaks to the continued mistreatment of Canada’s Indigenous people by the government, especially in relation to the violent history of the RCMP. It was prompted by Canada’s violation of UNDRIP when heavily armed RCMP responded to a peaceful protest on traditional territory and forcibly removed and arrested protesters from the Gidumt’en checkpoint.”



bb talk

Emma Grace Carter

alright so this is pretty fucked up but the other day i was lying in bed and it was so fucking cold i mean it was really cold because the window was open and i don't know i probably should have just closed it but the way my breath felt on my wrists while i was under the covers got me thinking about that day in biology class when we watched the birth video. there were these sequences that looked like the screensaver on the old desktop i to used to watch while i spun around in my dad's threadbare computer chair. these really trippy shapes, you get me? to sort of simulate fertilization? and anyway after that went on for a while the video smash cut to this woman split up the middle with a baby screaming out of her hairy pussy and every movement is a fight and when the video ends and you see how how that baby looks and how it has no idea what it's in for, you think you'll never be happy again. but then your teacher rewinds the whole thing and you watch the doc real gentle sliding that baby back in

and i guess it just seemed kinda nice. how perfectly that baby fit back in again.

you know?

milk

Emma Grace Carter

i used to check out this dude's hands all the time
because i was trying to decide if i wanted to have sex with him or not

he kept his fingernails really short which i guess i liked because i keep my fingernails really short too
his hands were pale so i could always see his knuckle hairs quakin even when they were trying be
nonchalant – oh and his nails always looked like he'd just cut them that morning they were
chinese money plant round mine are pencil shaving chipped black nail polish with jagged edges that
remind me of the flannel quilt i tried to make which my mum had to unpick and re-stitch for me when it
turned out crooked

6

i mean god his fucking lunula were made by pillsbury i swear they

we never did fuck and i can't remember how tall he is
don't know if we ever stood close enough to measure up

i don't even think of him all that much but i still remember his fingernails
and when i drink a glass of milk i gotta hope maybe my nails can be perfect too

Juno MacGuff & Me

Kiley Verbowski

The first time I saw the movie Juno, I was two years younger than its parentally-guided 13 rating. It was the summer after grade six; the summer before changing schools to attend junior high, an experience that Tiger Beat magazine assured would change my life. When my childhood friend, Nicole, called the house phone one night, and her grandma asked my mom if I could go on vacation with them because Nicole's cousins had bailed at the last minute, my life was perhaps not changed forever, but definitely sped up.

Nicole was two years older than me but had been held back a grade. It was natural that our physical development was at different stages, but paradoxically so— I was several inches taller and significantly bigger than her. She was already growing boobs while I was growing cognizant of my chubby cheeks and buck teeth. When I went to the bathroom during her most recent birthday party, Nicole trailed me, explaining the flush buttons on their new toilet. The small button for number 1, the big button for number 2 or 3. “Three?” I asked. “Pee and poo,” she replied loud enough that I thought the other girls might hear.

Already at 11 years old, everything I didn't know was embarrassing.

The morning after that momentous phone call, we were off to Fauquier, British Columbia in the backseat of her grandparents' car. During the six and a half hour drive west from Calgary, Nicole pointed out that if you latched your eyes onto each passing tree for just a moment, the rest of the world would become a melting blur when you looked away. The preteen equivalent of mind-altering substances. The simple cabin, hardly different from a small house, was paradise. We ran up the worn wooden staircase, slammed open every screen-less window, and belly flopped onto our chosen beds way up in the attic suite. Then, we swam.

After pulling ourselves out of the lake one afternoon, we peeled glow in the dark planets and stars from the attic ceiling and taped them to our bellies before laying on the scorching wooden deck for hours. Nicole wore her bikini like she didn't even notice she was more than half-naked. I couldn't uncross my forearms from my belly. Nicole developed a clearly crescent-moon tan line, but I did not. That week we dreamed up a comic book with a full set of characters,

even drawing a few episodic strips. We were kids, frozen in time and space.

Until that one afternoon. We were sunburnt, or maybe just bored. Nicole produced the clacking plastic DVD cases she had brought along. There it was, striped in orange and white Juno MacGuff (Ellen Page) positioned sideways to the camera, her protruding belly pulling the hem of her shirt out over her jeans, and Paulie Bleeker (Michael Cera) standing at dubious attention in crisp gold running shorts.

From the first pencil scratchings of the word “August” in the top right corner of a melancholic sunrise in suburbia, I was entranced. “It started with a chair,” says Juno in a voice over before we cut to a softly lit bedroom scene. The audience isn’t privy to the assuredly awkward act, but we do hear a whispered exchange that prompted a redness in my cheeks that certainly wasn’t sunburn. Deep in my chest lived the absolute certainty that my parents would not have let me watch this movie. I also knew that I would watch it through to the end, not as an act of rebellion, but of passivity. I knew I couldn’t survive Nicole rolling her eyes at me.

All I wanted was to enjoy one of Nicole’s favourite movies while we were on vacation in the middle of nowhere, but I couldn’t untense my stomach. I knew I was doing something wrong. I knew this secret would be a burden to carry back to my Catholic home.

Juno is jarred back to reality by a small dog yapping (“Geez Banana! Shut your friggin gob, okay?”). The scene cuts to a line-drawn, semi-animated title sequence, in which she walks through town swinging a jumbo jug of Sunny D while Barry Louis Polisar sings “All I Want is You” (to be my sweet honey bee) accompanied by folksy harmonica. I remember being calmed. This movie couldn’t possibly just be about *sex*. The title sequence, I realize now, also alerted me to a stylistic truth of the film: it was admitting that it wasn’t real, and that it wasn’t trying to be. It was telling me that while these things happen (16-year olds getting pregnant the first time they have sex), they are never as pretty, or quirky, or completely charming as this.

Juno enters the convenience store where she buys her third pregnancy test of the day from the clerk (Rainn Wilson). He talks to her in outlandish slang (“That ain’t no etch a sketch,” in response to her violently shaking the pregnancy stick: “This is one doodle that



Sadie Nielsen
Ivan

can't be undid, homeskillet"), furthering this sense of carefully constructed unrealism. Meanwhile, Bleeker's mother is obese. Her body fills nearly the entire doorway of his bedroom. Now this, this was an image imprinted on my childhood brain. My mother was overweight. My friend's moms were overweight. Bleeker's mom sucked me right back into a world that was not my own, but one that entirely and undeniably existed. One that I wanted to live in.

***“In contrast,
I wasn't
sure I had a
personality”***

The movie progressed and I chilled out. I didn't need to decide right now if I would tell my mom that I had seen the film. I was becoming acquainted with the cousin of lies – withholding – and that helped to put me at ease.

A decade later, what I remember most clearly about that summer afternoon was the feeling of boldness that the movie imbued in me. Juno MacGuff was ballsy, clever, and a little bit abrasive. She had quirky sayings and comebacks (Dad: “Where have you been?”, Juno: “Oh, just

out dealing with things way beyond my maturity level.”) that I tried to commit to memory for future use, not yet able to form my own catchphrases. She didn't care that people didn't like her. In contrast, I wasn't sure I had a personality.

Her bedroom broke my heart. Juno's walls were papered in posters, photographs, and album covers. Her landline extension was in the shape of a hamburger, for god's sake. She played bass guitar and had an opinion on when the golden age of Rock and Roll really was ('77). I listened to my dad's music and didn't know if reading counted as a real hobby.

As the end credits rolled, the boldness shaped itself into a yearning. A desire for something so dramatic, so adult as an unwanted pregnancy to happen to me, so I could become the version of myself that I was convinced was buried somewhere inside me. Two months later, I developed pneumonia with complications that kept me out of grade 7 for a month. A year later, doctors discovered a tumour growing out of my right femur. I was in and out of diagnostic imaging, orthopedic doctor's offices, and briefly, the oncology ward before they concluded it wasn't cancerous and required a fairly

simple surgical removal. Through it all, I never once cracked insensitive jokes with a nurse.

I never once requested a wheelchair I didn't need to pop wheelies in the waiting room. I didn't discover anything about myself, except that my body was perhaps not always on my side.

Realizing that a dramatic incident wouldn't infuse me with a bad attitude, or even an air of confidence that my plump, slumped shoulders so desperately lacked, was devastating. Realizing that Juno was the girl she was before she got laid rendered me hopeless.

***“I wonder
if I have
become
Juno,
in a way.”***

I never once thought about how brutally unfair it might be to size myself up against a fictional character who was depicted as five years older than me, but in reality, radiated a sense of self-awareness that very few sixteen-year-olds actually possess.

I wonder if I have become Juno, in a way. Not with her listless attitude, and certainly not her sharpness. I still care too much, but less about how my body looks, and more about how it functions. At 22, I have at least discovered my own taste in music, and am convinced that I do have a personality.

I think that if my present self could lay on a deck with my eleven-year-old self, shirts rolled up and plastic constellations taped to our bellies, she might have strode through the next few years with a bit more sureness. I could convince her that newfound friendships will bring newfound interests, but to keep reading books in the meantime.

I could encourage her to keep laughing with an open mouth so her own jokes will have an exit to poke their heads out of when they're ready. I could curl my fingers around hers and promise that the world will grow tall around her, and she'll never stop reaching with it. She will turn to me, horrified. I'll say no, no, you stop at 5'11, and actually, it suits you well.



Heavy Velvet

Veronika R. Larsen

I spent six days walking on gravel voice cracks
Each pitch reaching higher than lawful practice-swings
Of a major league ace drunk with ecstatic victory

I spent six days with palms facing
Upwards inquiring to the heavy velvet
pillow clouds
while refusing forgiveness they shed strawberry drops off
tired satin lungs

I transcended voice cracks to attend static pavement
How fast do you practice-swing?

Fork and Vice

Katy Weicker

EXT. FORK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A hole in the wall bistro with clear Christmas lights strung outside. Young, hip people come and go in droves.

A CAR pulls into the parking lot. The THUMP, THUMP of the music's bass can be heard from outside.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

BEYONCE'S "FORMATION" BLASTS on the radio.

The driver is ANGELA- 28, full face of make up, blown out hair. She could be a natural beauty, but it's impossible to tell. She wears a leather jacket and tank-top.

Angela turns off the car, SILENCING the music. She adjusts her mirror, smooths her hair, her lip gloss, though both are flawless. She grabs her phone and nervously scans it.

ON THE SCREEN - she opens her TINDER app. A photo of GABE-27, athletic and attractive, on a boat holding a fish.

EXT. FORK RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Angela teeters in her heels toward the front door. She catches her reflection. Pauses. Adjusts her top, her jacket, her jeans waistband. She does a final check on her hair.

INT. FORK RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Everything is upcycled: barn floors, flea market chairs, mason jar cups. The place is packed.

A WAITRESS, mid 30's but dresses younger, parts the crowd. She points to some booths. Before Angela can ask for clarification, the waitress is swept back into the chaos.

Angela scans the restaurant:

Gabe sits alone at a booth, two menus on the table. He stares at a glass of ginger ale. As if he can sense Angela's gaze, he looks up. Smiles warmly.

Angela smiles back. Offers a small wave. He waves back.

Angela maneuvers around the crowd, brushing past a LARGE WOMAN sitting at the bar. Angela smooths out her shirt and walks up to the man in the booth.

ANGELA

Gabe?

GABE

No, I'm Mike.

ANGELA

Oh, sorry, I'm meeting...

Gabe laughs. He stands to greet her.

GABE

I'm kidding. Sorry, hi, I'm Gabe... Bad joke...

Angela nervously laughs.

GABE

Nice to finally meet you.

An awkward beat - do they hug? Shake hands? In the end, it's a side hug. Angela smooths her hair as they sit down.

GABE (cont'd)

You look amazing.

ANGELA

So do you.

GABE

I ordered us some onion rings. Hope you like them.

Angela pulls out her phone and begins to type.

ANGELA

I've never had them.

GABE

(thrown by phone)

Fork's onion rings are legendary.

Angela puts her phone in her jacket pocket.

ANGELA

I've never eaten here.

Gabe ceremoniously holds out a menu to her.

GABE

Well, I'm honored to be your first.

Angela smiles and takes it. She quickly finds what she's looking for. She folds the menu and places it to the side.

GABE (cont'd)
That was fast.
ANGELA
Creature of habit.
GABE
I thought you'd never been here before.
ANGELA
I haven't. I just...
GABE
Let me guess: cheese burger with extra mayo and bacon.

Angela is more than a little insulted.

ANGELA
Based on?
GABE
I'm kidding. I just mean if you're game for onion rings, you're probably one of those girls who eats whatever she wants- not that you look like you eat whatever you want- you have a great- fuck... sorry.
(a collective breath)
What are you getting?

TIME CUT:

The waitress puts a chicken caesar salad in front of Angela.

WAITRESS
Dressing on the side...

She places another plate with about 2000 calories worth of lobster, oysters, and butter in front of Gabe.

WAITRESS (cont'd)
And the catch of the day.

GABE
Damn.
WAITRESS
Right?

Gabe de-shells the lobster claws as the waitress clears the appy dishes.

Angela's dish has an onion ring with a single bite gone.

WAITRESS (cont'd)
Not a fan of onion rings?

ANGELA
No, they were great. Just really hot.

Angela takes a giant bite of the onion ring. The waitress removes her plate in the process, so Angela places the ring on her salad plate.

WAITRESS
I'll get you more ginger ale.
(to Angela)
Rum and coke?
ANGELA
Diet please.

As the waitress exits, Angela looks back at Gabe. He takes a forkful of lobster, drowns it in butter and devours it. A river of butter rolls down his chin. He groans in appreciation.

GABE
Oh, yeah.

Angela smiles as she gathers a bite of salad.

ANGELA
You two wanna be alone?
GABE
You have to try a bite.
ANGELA
No, I'm good.
GABE
I insist.

He gathers a forkful of meat.

ANGELA
No but-

GABE
That's the pièce de résistance.

He dips the lobster in butter, holds it out.



Austin Willis
Untitled

GABE (cont'd)
Come on, live a little.

Angela hesitantly takes a bite. It puddles in her chair.

ANGELA
Oh, my God.

GABE
Right?

ANGELA
I'm gonna need a minute.
Gabe laughs and stands up.

GABE
I have to go to the bathroom.
Don't go eating it all while
I'm gone.

Angela's smile flickers.

GABE (cont'd)
Not that you can't... or
shouldn't... I can always
order more...

(off Angela's look)
I'm gonna go to the...

(half-kidding)
Please, don't ditch while
I'm gone.

ANGELA
I won't.

GABE
Promise?

ANGELA
Promise.

In a bold move, Gabe leans in and kisses Angela. It's quick and painless, like ripping off a bandaid. Angela can barely look him in the eye. She blushes. He grins and walks away.

Angela looks up, watches Gabe make his way through the crowd. Once he's a dozen feet away, she pulls out her phone.

Gabe stops by the bar, turns and looks back at Angela. He can't help himself. He smiles as he watches her feverishly tinker away on her phone.

Angela looks up at him. Busted. She drops her phone to her lap and smiles.

She watches him wave and in doing so, bump into the large woman sitting at the bar. He places an apologetic hand on her shoulder as he maneuvers around her.

Angela's smile flickers as she looks from him to her phone.

INT. FORK RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The dull roar of the restaurant has been replaced by the sound of a running tap.

Angela methodically reapplies her lip gloss in the mirror. She smooths out her hair. Adjusts her bra, her shirt, her jacket, her jeans.

She sucks in her stomach. Frowns. Exhales. A final gloss inspection. She turns off the tap.

INT. FORK RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Angela emerges from the direction of the bathrooms, back into the chaos. She looks over at their booth. Gabe smiles so genuinely, she can't help but smile back.

As she approaches the table she sees a giant piece of chocolate cake smothered in ice cream. Her smile flickers.

ANGELA

What did you do?

He shrugs innocently, holds out a fork to her as she sits.

ANGELA (cont'd)

I'm stuffed.

GABE

You had a salad.

(nudges fork at her)

Come on, live a little.

Angela reluctantly takes the fork and gathers a small bite.

GABE

Good right?

Angela smiles, eases into the rush of sugar.

ANGELA

Damn.

Gabe chuckles at her reaction.

ANGELA (cont'd)
What?

GABE
I didn't know it was possible
to be jealous of silverware.

Her smile turns, shy and a little thrilled by this statement. A beat. She takes another bite, this time bigger, licks the icing off the end of the fork. A lingering moment.

GABE (cont'd)
What's your favourite song?

She takes another bite, hides her mouth behind her hand.

ANGELA
I dunno...
GABE
Favourite movie?

She shrugs.

GABE (cont'd)
Favourite tv show?...
Favourite vacation spot?...
First kiss?... Last kiss?...
I mean before... just...

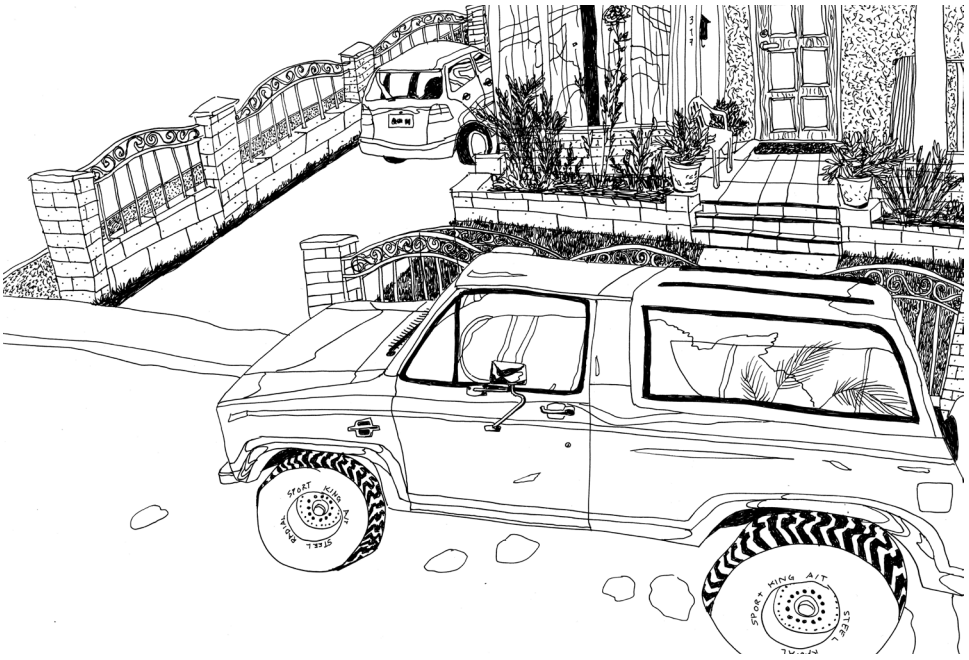
Gabe chuckles.

ANGELA
What?
GABE
Nothing.

Angela looks down. She's eaten 3/4 of the cake.

ANGELA
Oh, fuck.
GABE
It's fine.

ANGELA
Please don't judge me. Take
it away.
GABE



Bronwyn Von Niessen
*Ford Bronco Parked on S Mayo
 in Compton, CA (top),
 Rosedale Manor on Quadra
 Street in Victoria, BC (bottom)*

No, eat it.

ANGELA

No, I'm good. Have the rest.

She shoves the plate toward Gabe. A beat. She puts down her fork. A beat. She polishes off the rest of her drink. Gabe motions to her glass.

GABE

You want another?

ANGELA

Only if you get one too.

GABE

I'm good with ginger ale, thanks.

Angela motions at the waitress to get her attention.

ANGELA

(to Gabe, egging)

Oh, come on, live a little.

GABE

I can't.

ANGELA

Come on.

GABE

No, seriously. I can't.

ANGELA

Why...

(a realization)

Fuck. I'm sorry. I didn't...

GABE

I haven't quite figured out how to put it on my dating profile: Gabe, 28, student, recovering alcoholic.

ANGELA

How long have you been sober?

GABE

Two years.

Angela looks down at her drink.

ANGELA

Well, now I feel like an asshole.

GABE

It's fine, really.

ANGELA

No, but I wouldn't have...

GABE

It's seriously ok. I'm used to it.

Angela looks skeptical.

GABE (cont'd)

We'll just have to make sure to get you a breath mint before I let you kiss me again.

ANGELA

(smiling)

Technically, you kissed me.

Encouraged, Gabe smiles back.

GABE

You kissed me back.

A beat. He leans in. Angela pulls back.

ANGELA

I don't have any breath mints.

Under the table, his hand boldly brushes against her thigh.

GABE

I've got some in my car.

Angela stiffens.

ANGELA

I actually have a strict no getting in cars with guys I meet online on our first encounter policy...

Gabe immediately pulls away.

GABE

Oh. Yeah. I'm sorry... Christ...

ANGELA

No, it's ok...

GABE

No, really. I shouldn't have... Of course. I didn't mean to imply... I mean for all you know, I could be a serial

killer...I mean, I'm not...

ANGELA

Isn't that what a serial killer would say?

GABE

Probably... No, but actually... I'm not a serial killer... just a recovering alcoholic...

ANGELA

No body counts or booze for Gabe. Noted.

GABE

What about you? Any vices I should know about? I mean, besides chocolate cake?

Something shifts in Angela. The waitress walks up. Angela's relief is palpable.

WAITRESS

Can I interest you in coffee or tea?

Gabe looks at Angela hopefully.

ANGELA

You know, it's getting late. I actually should probably go.

An awkward beat. The waitress looks from Angela to Gabe.

WAITRESS

Are we paying together or separate?

ANGELA

Separate.

GABE

Together.

A really awkward beat.

GABE (cont'd)

I insist.

ANGELA

No, really. Please.

The awkwardness dissolves to understanding. Gabe nods to the waitress. She shuffles away.

ANGELA (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

GABE
No, I get it.
ANGELA
It's not becau--
GABE
It never is.

He downs the rest of his drink as Angela watches miserably.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Angela gets into the car. She adjusts the rearview, checks her makeup. She takes a breath and turns on the engine.

BEYONCE BLASTS over the radio, causing Angela to jump.

ANGELA
Fuck me!

She turns it off. Deafening silence. Angela marinates in it. Tears pool in her eyes. She brushes them away before they ruin her makeup.

A commanding breath, shoulder check, and Angela drives away.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

A small, stylish, immaculately organized one bedroom place.

An obese tabby cat, FERGUS sits by the door licking his crotch. Keys JINGLE in the lock. The front door opens. Angela enters.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

DARKNESS. A flood of light as Angela enters. Clothes everywhere. Full laundry baskets, crammed clothing rods.

Angela wades to the back of the closet, plucks a stripped t-shirt from a folded stack.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A contrast to her closet. Everything is carefully placed. A full-length mirror stands in the corner.

Angela puts the t-shirt on the bed. She pulls out her phone.

ON THE SCREEN - A calorie counter. HISTORY: rum and diet coke, chicken caesar salad (restaurant style, dressing on side), onion ring (1/3), lobster (1 oz) butter (1 tsp)...

Angela adds CHOCOLATE CAKE. Logs it.

Angela frowns.

ON THE SCREEN - Her Tinder app. DELETE.

She tosses the phone next to the shirt. Fergus hops on the bed and settles down on top of the shirt.

Angela studies her reflection in the mirror. Smiles. She peels off her jacket. Her smile fades. She raises her bare arms. Flapping bat wings of skin dangles from her armpits. Fergus watches, unfazed.

Angela tugs off her shirt. Spanks are pulled up to her bra. She rolls them down. An epic muffin top of loose skin. She undoes her jeans and runs her hands over her stomach. Her loose skin moves like cake batter. She turns away.

She walks to her bed and tugs the t-shirt from under Fergus. Angela shakes out the shirt. It's massive. She pulls it on.

ANGELA

(to Fergus)

You want treats?

He immediately hops down and pads out of the room.

Angela doesn't look back in the mirror as she steps over her discarded clothes and exits with newfound determination.

FADE OUT

“Fighters Against History”: Vaporwave and Nietzsche’s *On the Use and Abuse of History for Life*

Callum D. T. McDonald

In his 1874 treatise *On the Use and Abuse of History for Life*, Friedrich Nietzsche presents an argument that culture and hope for the future are barred from the present due to the current state of historical study. By becoming engrossed in historical detail and by distancing themselves from the significance of what they study, historians render people’s lives into a “historical fever” from which they cannot wake and during which they are crippled by already-lived, but distorted, memories¹. I will show this “fever” through excerpts from the text and through borrowings from an analysis of the 2011 musical genre Vaporwave, as presented by Douglas Lain in the YouTube video “Frozen Capitalism: Haunted by Vaporwave.”² By taking a look at Nietzsche’s diagnostic of history, one can attempt to extract his answer to the question “what is the purpose of history?” and to critique this answer.

Nietzsche is concerned with striking a balance between knowledge of the past and a focus on the present. “We would serve history only so far as it serves life,” he says.³ “Historical study is only fruitful for the future if it follows a powerful life-giving influence, for example, a new system of culture,” remarks Nietzsche.⁴ By contrast, history-as-tradition can drive “antiquarian” historians toward an “insatiable curiosity for everything old,” whereby everything is “equally venerable.”⁵ Historical forms and culture are regurgitated, obscuring both what the then-living people of a historical time actually valued

1 Friedrich Nietzsche, *On the Use and Abuse of History for Life*, trans. Adrian Collins (1874): preface, para. 4. https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/On_the_Use_and_Abuse_of_History_for_Life.

2 Zero Books, “Frozen Capitalism: Haunted by Vaporwave,” YouTube video, 10:16 seconds (December 20, 2016). <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g6UAKCU5vEs>.

3 One might read “life” as “the living” or as “the present”; Nietzsche, *On the Use and Abuse of History for Life*, preface, para 1.

4 *Ibid.*, section 1, para 12.

5 *Ibid.*, section 2, para 8; section 3, para. 3.



Logan Simonson
*And in All Things, Like Their
Statues*

and what people in the present time require for fulfillment. A “new system of culture” becomes unimaginable; “the considerable cleft between substance [meaning] and form [aesthetic] is widened.”⁶ Important events and outstanding men are obscured by endless detail, and humanity is deafened to the very idea of importance, “overflowing with foreign customs, arts, philosophies, religions and sciences.”⁷

This is one possible description of Vaporwave, an Internet-based musical genre originating in 2011.⁸ Vaporwave is composed of 1980s elevator music and miscellaneous samplings, which are edited and distorted to capture nostalgia.⁹ The genre’s most famous song features elevator music and the voice of an auto-tuned Diana Ross.¹⁰ In brief, it is not “a new system of culture,” but a feverish remembering of the 1980s and 90s.¹¹ It emphasizes, like Nietzsche feared, “form” over “substance,” radically cleaving the two apart by taking the original music samples out of their historical context and meaning.¹² As Douglas Lain puts it in his YouTube video, Vaporwave is “an aesthetic based on repetition and the loss of affect.”¹³ Vaporwave, moreover, represents broader trends, and Lain (paraphrasing Marxist scholar Fredric Jameson) gives us the following insight: “instead of changing our world, we set out to deconstruct all the different ways we have developed to know it... we are no longer living in a world that is changing; we are no longer producing history, but we are instead living in a dream.”¹⁴ In Nietzschean terms, “[our modern culture] is not a real culture

6 Ibid., section 1, para 12; section 4, para. 3.

7 Ibid., section 4, para 3.

8 This is to be distinguished from the associated visual art form, also called Vaporwave; Zero Books, “Frozen Capitalism: Haunted by Vaporwave,” YouTube video, 10:16 minutes (December 20, 2016). <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g6UAKCU5vEs>.

9 “Vaporwave,” Wikipedia, <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vaporwave> (accessed September 15, 2018).

10 Macintosh Plus [Vektroid], “Lisa Frank 420 / Modern Computing” (リサフランク 420 / 現代のコンピュー) (2011, by Beer on the Rug), digital release; “Floral Shoppe,” Wikipedia. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Floral_Shoppe (accessed September 15, 2018).

11 Nietzsche, *On the Use and Abuse of History for Life*, section 1, para 12.

12 Ibid., section 4, para. 3.

13 Zero Books, “Frozen Capitalism: Haunted by Vaporwave,” YouTube video, 10:16 minutes (December 20, 2016). <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g6UAKCU5vEs>.

14 Zero Books, “Frozen Capitalism: Haunted by Vaporwave,” YouTube video, 10:16 minutes (December 20, 2016). <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g6UAKCU5vEs>.

but a kind of knowledge about culture.”¹⁵ We have gained an ironical distance from life, symbolized by Vaporwave. The result, according to Nietzsche, is men who “become indifferent and careless of their own and others’ existence.”¹⁶

Nietzsche means that, when historians look at history as a scientific field whose goal is the passionless and complete knowledge of the object of study, they risk being “cured henceforth of taking history too seriously.”¹⁷ The jaded historian studies history for its own sake, not for the sake of those presently living or for the aspirations of those now dead—“‘being’ is merely a continual ‘has been’...” after all.¹⁸ Moreover, in condemning history-for-its-own-sake, Nietzsche opens the door to emotional and politicized history, history with an explicit purpose. Nietzsche’s ideal man is a person who no longer troubles himself with a history of “thus it is,” i.e. with the facts themselves, but with “thus it must be.”¹⁹ The opposite of the antiquarian historian, and of a historically regurgitated Vaporwave, are “fighters against history,” men who change the world.²⁰

But here Nietzsche makes a mistake. Nietzsche begins his tract by declaring his opposition to the opinions of the men of his time and place (1870s Germany).²¹ Individualistic metaphor fills his work—references to “the man,” “the historian,” “the artist,” and “the lonely philosopher” abound in his writings.²² How any individual, opposed to the “waves of history,” is meant to overcome them is unclear.²³ While he argues that great-man (“monumental”) history will never have complete truth, he shows his true colours.²⁴ Nietzsche claims that Hegel’s dialectical theory of history makes modern humanity a

15 Nietzsche, *On the Use and Abuse of History for Life*, section 4, para. 3.

16 Ibid., section 7, para. 3.

17 Ibid., section 1, para. 6.

18 Ibid., section 1, para. 2.

19 I have preserved Nietzsche’s exclusive use of masculine terminologies for accuracy; Nietzsche, *On the Use and Abuse of History for Life*, section 1, para. 2; section 8, para. 7.

20 Nietzsche, *On the Use and Abuse of History for Life*, section 8, para. 7.

21 Ibid., preface, para. 1-4.

22 Ibid., section 1, para. 1, 2; section 2, para. 1; section 3, para. 1, 5, 6; section 4, para. 6.

23 Ibid., section 9, para. 7.

24 Ibid., section 2, para. 5.

powerless, inevitable footnote in a long historical saga.²⁵ But in the right combination, history-centric Hegelian philosophy is fertile soil for people aiming to fight “the blind force of facts.”²⁶ Marxism, a non-individualistic ideology that takes history as the basis of action, is one such combination.²⁷ Furthermore, while Nietzsche blames education for bringing down post-classical history, Marxism aims at describing what worldly causes explain such degeneration.²⁸ In sum, while Nietzsche’s argument for a history suited to the cultural, emotional, and (perhaps) political goals of the living is fruitful, he may set up the dilemma of wanting change while having no view of how to make it--in other words, of wanting a new art form but creating Vaporwave instead.

25 Ibid., section 7, para. 1; Will Buckingham, Douglas Burnham, Clive Hill, Peter J. King, John Marenbon, and Marcus Weeks, *the Philosophy Book: Big Ideas Simply Explained* (New York, N.Y.: DK Publishing, 2011), 182, 183.

26 Nietzsche, *On the Use and Abuse of History for Life*, section 8, para. 7.

27 Buckingham et al., *the Philosophy Book*, 200, 201.

28 Nietzsche, *On the Use and Abuse of History for Life*, section 4, para. 3; Buckingham et al., *the Philosophy Book*, 198-200.

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Sam Jenison
Exposed Concrete

chilled

Safiya Hopfe

it is the month
of ice pick song.
lower lip chapped blue, leather
skin cotton-shielded

condensations of words
unspoken, still-held
stiff chilled, un-spilled

dissolved only, if only
to rise up again
as if from roots
that know more than what space

can regulate. a green thing dead
defies gravity. new worlds silently
sung into old ones. it is the month

of insufficient sleep. the paling of
morning is venom. rising seconds
drawn longer from their source. dreams

that do not end— restless and filthy
you awake still in the skin
you paved way to sleep in. the warmth

of duvet not a sin
but a promise that will not be kept.
you have slept with a blade
again, and awake— forget promptly

the weight and are suddenly dreaming
again. it is the season

of the sky
herself dreaming again
you will not see
much of her through the slits
carved from sheet, from your
eyelids, she is a refugee of and

from her own flesh
teal and knife-cold breeze. you
will feel but you will not see

what this season sings into
her, tired defeated godly
impermanent and whole

through the space between closed
windows and what they know
as they are blown to pieces.
it is the month

of weather itself
and we are chapped

and we are quiet

and we act as though we are
waiting on sky but we are
her's and she is ours and she is waiting

for us, and this season

Dŵr

Logan Simonson

its 23 missing particulates
are just silt, spelling gently

inches below a boundary
to curvature, state.

and bodilessness comes from a
lack of y o u, ie. a

collection of it is quiet.
until wind, or tide, or word.

KILAUEA, HOME OF PELE, THE FIRE GODDESS

Description.

its structure,
 above
 rift zones, eastward and southwestward
 the summit marked at the surface by
 open fissures. The Chain cuts through
 its internal structure.
 the Great flow and the
 the caldera.
 The summit ("ate")
 and its
 edge, below the
 the wall consists of a
 (late) boundary.

PLATE 6. *view of the eruption*



21

nobody cums rat poison anymore

Sophie Crocker

do they want us to starve. my i.u.d. speaks
i did a bad thing; i wore a bad thing's coat.

to wash everything at once
requires nakedness. so you stand by the washing machine
& i kneel in front of the rinse cycle.
i am trying to perform unloving; a monologue, the opposite of a blow
job. i flinch at the name
birthmark.

& how do you define clean? as waterboarding
a girl in the world's longest river
until she too becomes either amazon
or alligator? does clean
mean all my ex-lovers are selkies
& i owe them their sweaters back? i throw patrick's housekeys
in a wishing well, lose jason's mitten
in a cursed swamp, sell ella's false eyelashes
to malevolent fairies as prosthetic wings.

i am more attainable than any other object because i
have desires. i am a slut, or i wear a slut's
nothingness, ha. maybe if i turn enough other mouths inside out
you will become negative space.

rinsecycle rinsecycle, maybe
i will move with water
in order to evaporate. liquid
i will have no hands for it. let me give nixies u.t.i.s. or instead of all this,
why don't we hide in the dryer
& suffocate like kids?

please love me as if you were a fleet of piranhas!
please love me like i'll return infinity
times! nobody cums barbed wire
anymore. it's like they want me intact!
if love doesn't kill me something worse than love will.
what's better? i wish i could want you less than you want me
but a wish is a want
is a havoc is a portuguese man-of-war. braid my hair
& i might choke!
come dawn
there's more left than i'd expect: lint, the smell of lemon,
one of your socks. still,
you don't cum acid rain anymore –
are you trying to knock me up? sorry, i am redunding the same ideas
with different intonations. sure, the shape of an umbrella
outlines the eightfold path to rainclouds. sure,
you leave every room like someone without fingerprints, like a chess player:
touch-move, touch-take. but if redemption is newness then where
is the newness in that?

Cover Artist:

April Winter is an emerging Victoria-based photographer who is fascinated by the conceptions of loneliness. She visualizes thoughts and mental states that come from chronic isolation and invents corresponding interior spaces. April, much like the content of her work, is a recluse and uses studio self-portraiture to stay contently detached from the world.

Contributors:

Rain Cabana creates work that explores the complex dualistic relationships society develops with itself and its surroundings. Rain is currently interested in analyzing British Columbia's settler attitudes towards to nature, which is of special importance to her as a Métis person living and practicing on unceded Coast Salish territory.

Emma Grace Carter is an interdisciplinary artist from Fort McMurray, Alberta. Her art largely centres on poetry and the ways in which it intersects with other forms. This includes photography, embroidery, collage, and printmaking. She is a Gemini, lunar Aquarius, and Leo ascendant.

Kiley Verbowski is a courier for Skip The Dishes, the president of *The Lampoon* (UVic's comedy club), and one half of Over The Moon Puppet Theatre (Victoria's professional puppet company). Her inner seven-year-old is very close to the surface.

Sadie Nielsen moved to Victoria from Calgary largely for the climate and will complete her Visual Arts degree at UVic in Spring 2019. Sadie's work is inspired by *Queer Eye*; sponsored by Gilette; and influenced by David Hockney, Dana Shutz, and Louise Bourgeois. She likes the ocean, men, and racquet sports.

Veronika Larsen is completing her final semester at the University of Victoria. She will be graduating with an English degree in June 2019 and plans to attend graduate school beginning September 2019. Her research interests surround representations of insanity in Victorian era literature. She currently works for Dr. Alison Chapman's *Digital Periodical Poetry Database*.

Second- year UVic Writing student, **Katy Weicker** has a passion for telling honest, character-driven stories. She is currently a staff writer for Camosun College's Nexus Newspaper. Additionally, her work has appeared in *The Martlet*, *BCTF Magazine* (CNF), *Island Writer's Magazine* (poetry) and *Beside the Point Literary Journal* (fiction).

Originally from Piedmont, California, **Austin Clay Willis** has been interested in the arts since 2011. Austin uses bright colors and bold lines in pursuit of charismatic energy and composition. He moved to Victoria in 2015 to pursue a Bachelors in Fine Arts at the University of Victoria. Throughout schooling, Austin's work has developed significantly, expanding into large scale abstracts, sculpture, and installation.

Bronwyn von Niessen grew up in the Shuswap and moved to Vancouver Island to attend UVic. She works mostly with traditional drawing materials such as ink, graphite and coloured pencils on paper. Her primary themes of focus are landscapes and habitats. Her work often bears a melancholic, somber quality.

Samantha Jenson works within the mediums of sculpture utilizing steel, wood, and concrete. Sam finds interest in the temporality of objects, creating a situation that brings her sculpture from order to disorder. In her practice she intentionally leaves marks of the artist's hand, to reveal the process.

Born in Vancouver, British Columbia, poet and music journalist **Safiya Hopfe** is a writing student at the University of Victoria. When she isn't writing fragmented poetry, dabbling in esoteric abstractions, and trying to draw stories from her own limited experiences, she interviews artists and musicians in B.C. and beyond.

Callum D.T. McDonald is a third-year history student at UVic pursuing majors in history and French. In history, Callum studies world and comparative history, with a focus on the Middle East. In French, he studies literature. The links between class and culture are a particular interest of his.

Logan Simonson is a Victoria-raised undergraduate of English Literature and Writing. His poetry has appeared as two chapbooks, has been on stage with Bill Bissett and Magdalen Pope, and has been on the pages of *Runestone*, *Beside the Point*, and *Warren Pieces*. Logan is the Editor-in-Chief of independent publisher *Megalith Press*.

Sophie Crocker is a writer, performance artist, and tour guide based on unceded and ancestral Coast Salish land. Sophie writes most often about goblins, circuses, revolutions, and her own bad decisions, so she is unlikely to run out of material soon. Read her also in *Room Magazine* and *This Side of West*.

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