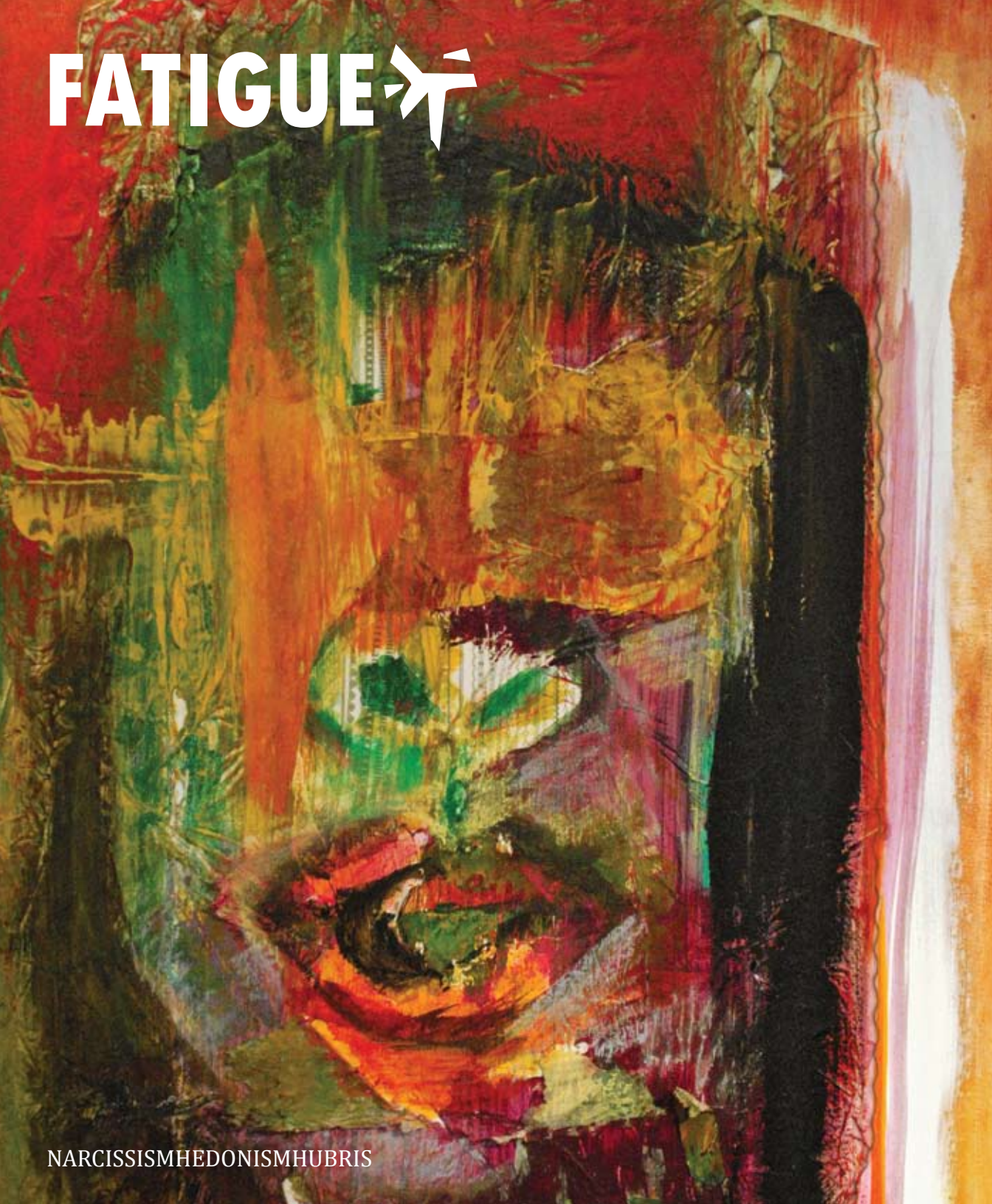
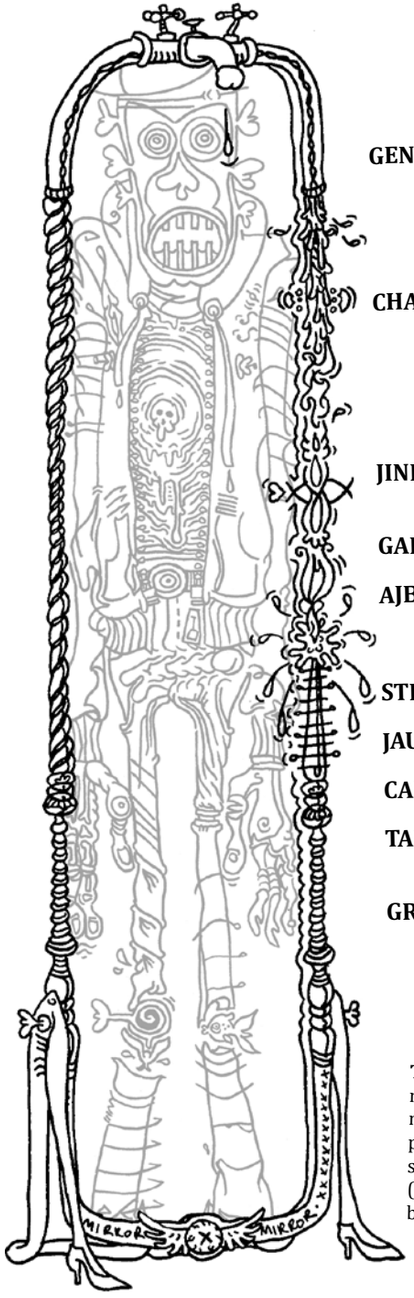
FATIGUE



NARCISSISMHEDONISMHUBRIS



CONTENTS

GENERAL:
00 - contents
00 - thanks
01 - editor's note
20 - special thanks

CHARLIE TWITCH:
00 - self-portrait with mirror
02 - self-portrait with idols
06 - private exhibition
14 - saturday, night:stuffed
18 - le petit mort
BB - self-portrait at high noon

JINHEE KIM:
09 - narcissism
19 - hubris

GABRIELLA SIKORSKI:
AA - self-less

AJBISHOP:
08 - the day I acquired conrad's signature (nov.1986)
13 - course, i won't do that shit

STEPHE:
21 - fiftytwo

JAUNA LORETO LOPEZ:
16 - untitled

CARINA DiMENNA:
03 - syntax, reason & (s)cents

TARA DESMOND:
04/05 - people
12 - the erotic burger

GREG GILMORE:
10 - eric loses control of the class
15 - moire

THANKS Carmen & Steve, John & Jess, all of my friends, contributors, rejected, dejected, nice people, mean people, dirty people, clean people, fat people, short people, tall people, skinny people and anyone else that I may have (accidentally) forgotten. This would not have been possible without you.

I'll keep this short, like a pimple popping; drain&wipe. Thank you for giving FATIGUE a chance; a chance to lay by your spore spotted toilet for late night reads; under your bed [discarded] to be discovered by a bent adventurer. Treat FATIGUE like a mixtape and save it for nosleep. Treat FATIGUE like a woman and beat its binding to a dusty pulp. Treat FATIGUE like a man and burn its pages to charcoal flakes. Treat FATIGUE like a child and draw mustaches on all the faces you find inside.

Enjoy.

- Charlie Twitch

FATIGUE

6156-A Sherbrooke W.
Montreal, QC. H4B 1L8
tel: 514.432.6128
fatigue.charlietwitch.com
SEND SUBMISSIONS TO:
fatigue@charlietwitch.com

Editor-in-Chief
Charlie Twitch

Assistant Editor
Marina La Verghetta

Publishing
Tyler E. Campbell

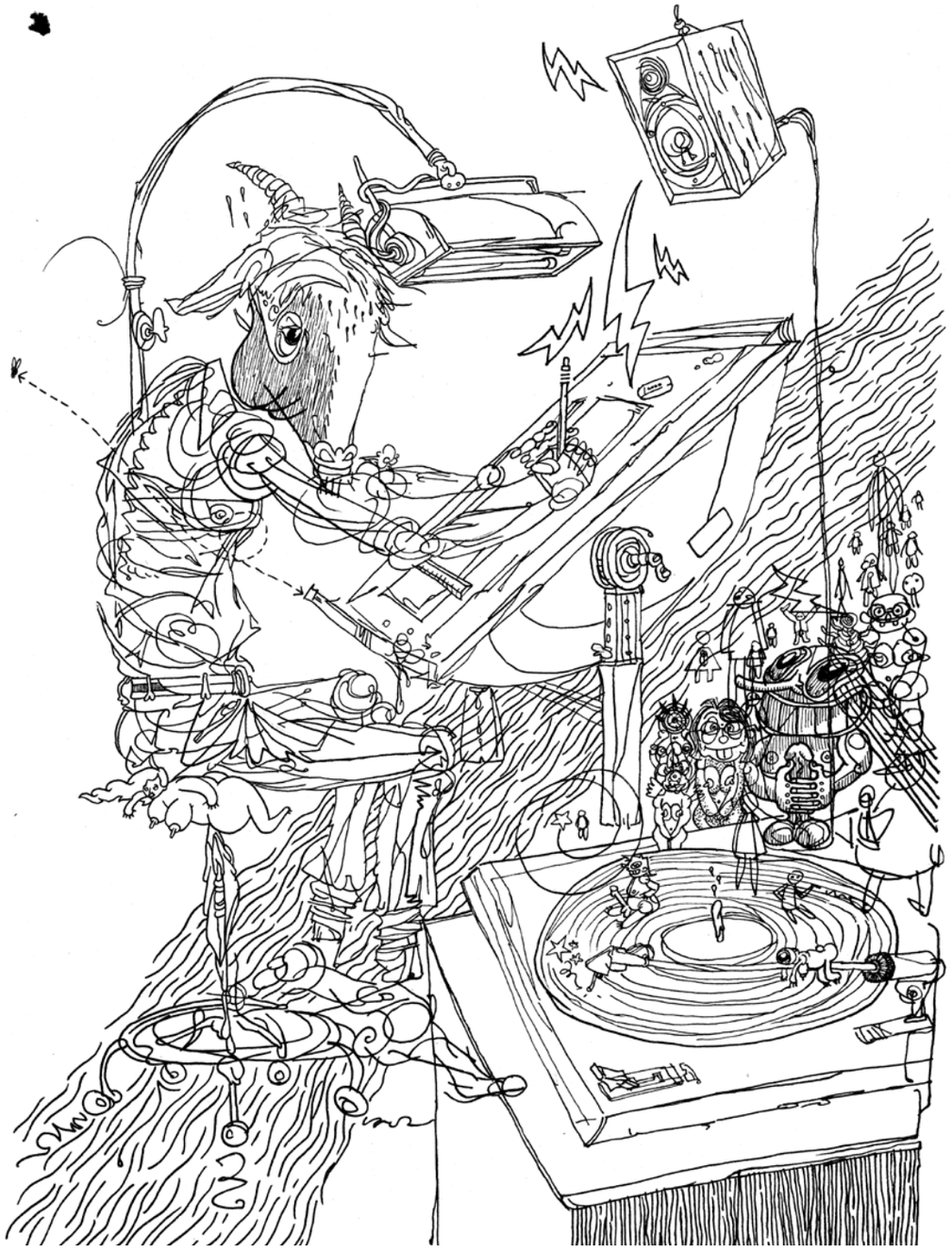
Front Cover (AA)
Gabriella Sikorski

Rear Cover (BB)
Charlie Twitch

Public Fatigue
CM Foxcroft
Shea Bishop Duffy

©2009 Charlie Twitch. All rights reserved.

The entire contents of FATIGUE Magazine are protected by copyright and may not be reproduced without the expressed written consent of the publisher or artists. FATIGUE reserves the right to edit, rewrite, refuse or reuse material and is not responsible for errors or omissions, okay.
Layout and design by Charlie Twitch.
Printed in Canada.



in no particular order

Syntax, Reason & (s)cents

reasons and scents

first, i was waiting to learn the letters. second, to have written the words for me to have made the sentences for me to you. and lastly the noise, clamor of it all put together. And I am a slow learner. Je suis analphabète avec une main cassée, tu sais, s'est long.

I was waiting for the tides to changes and the wind to blow and the answers to come in the summer, the spring, the fall (in the voice of mark e. smith). I was waiting for the moon to shine and the mason jar to be full of fireflies, I was waiting for the groundhog to pop out so i could steal a warm den, in the cold earth, spoon out a space for you and rest for a season.

I was waiting to learn the letters to use the werd for u. I was waiting for the choir that practices daily the hymns and of that play: milk and sorrow to finish tuning the old organ so i could sing it to you in a church voice, mememe, kneeling at the pew, wearing my most catholic sunday attire, (white dress, tiny pink bows).

I wanted to feel ready. I wanted my hair to be purrrfect.

Je voulais boucher les ellipses...
les (r)emplir de mots pour toi
.a temps.

J'attend.
Tu attends.
Attendre.
Il a attendu.

Le verbe Attendre, passe simple de l'Indicatif présent

I was waiting for the federal government to give me back my G.S.T. I hear the Conservatives are passing a new bill to enact syntax, which will be specifically for writers, oh joy.

I am a bad accounts keeper. I didn't file the report.

Je compte.
Tu comptes.
Il compte.

Verbe compter, Indicatif Présent, première, deuxième et troisième personne du singulier.

Le compte était bon pourtant bon.

Verbe Être, troisième personne du singulier de l'indicatif Imparfait.

To even out the score, I was holding each individual letter in my mouth, like scrabble tiles, buying time, replacing, chewing wood pacifiers, putting back on the little rack, making word plays. When would i get the biggest Impact!! Debating strategies.Motcomptedouble? is 22 now better than 31 later? will there be other opportunities to lay my grammar on him? Better ones? J'mangeais mes mots.

Pourtant Je déteste les mathématiques et la grammaire, mais pour toi...

Because I was wanting to finally master mathematics and algorythyms to command an architect house to hold the line drawing of my birthday vagina. To house the gift of you in it, to practice sayin thewerds to it, just like you did... Letter by letter, extrude them with ease in confidence and style, with substance the particularly tricky L, corners so angular, it nicked many excysting scratches... the agility was not natural for any mouth, specially not my petite beak. Very hard, tough. I practiced til it rolled of the tongue,fluidly. I impressed many co-workers with my classical pronunciation of he werds. and then I wanted to package it to bring it to you, but I knew I was running out of time.

The generic groceries, the IGAs, A+P's had run out.of my letters so i made my own, i rummaged what i could from the cupboard, and put what looked like the letter in a black bag, mixed it up to keep them fresh, fragile. and because i had run out of bubble wrap, i took a risk and let the elements flow freely...

I wanted to practice saying it with you inside me.
and out.
practice with it on the tip of my tongue
around the tip of yours.
Live there. Carve it. care for it.
In between the flesh spirals always.
my cum and yours.
His and Hers smoothie of it
suckle it.
spit. desire.

doitdoitdoit.

et recommencer.

I wanted non-sequiter dialogue and banter to continue. Tape loops of it on analog synthetic machines for you.

But I wanted it to be real. Realer than human bodies and machines could ever express. I was waiting to borrow the crayon you so neatly drew hearts with inside of me with to better write this poem to you, and stare at it in wonder. I couldn't pick between vermillion red and pacific blue.

I was waiting for for Antigone to point it out
Or Caligula's body to float by my personal myth.

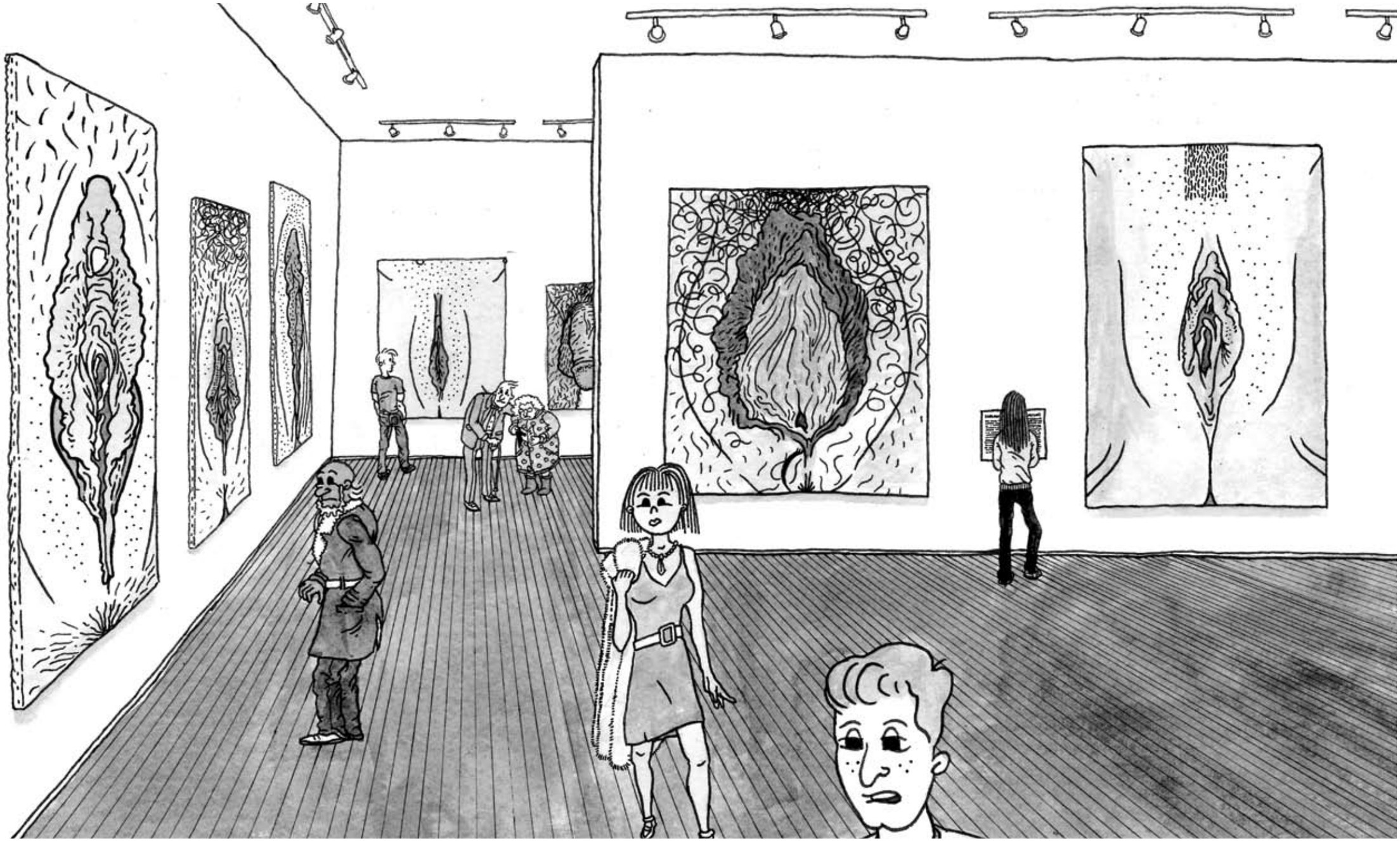
I was waiting for the perfect oriental tea
and floral porcelain cups for the perfect desert finale.

but i was too busy consumed by living my l-l-l-_ve with you to study the making of the letters,to shape the letters, read recipes, do the math, pull apart the structure of the grammar and the sentence structure to procure me with the key gravitas moment to unleash it on you. In time.

epilo-gies:

So i say it now.
but you can't hear me.

...sounds like.



The Day I Acquired Conrad's Signature (Nov. 1986)

Her hair is sculpted with Rosedale manners
and holds its shape under most conditions.
Her clothes' rhetoric is Parisian lines
and she will never wear sweat pants, not ever.

She wears my wife's perfume brand, a kind they
keep locked at Sacks. She has no job but could
buy my Yorkville row house if it was for sale.
She drops names like little trophies and jokes

about leaving her husband with her "fuck
you money" then asks "Will it accommodate
fifty for cocktails?" and "Can I paint
the dining room apricot?" but not:

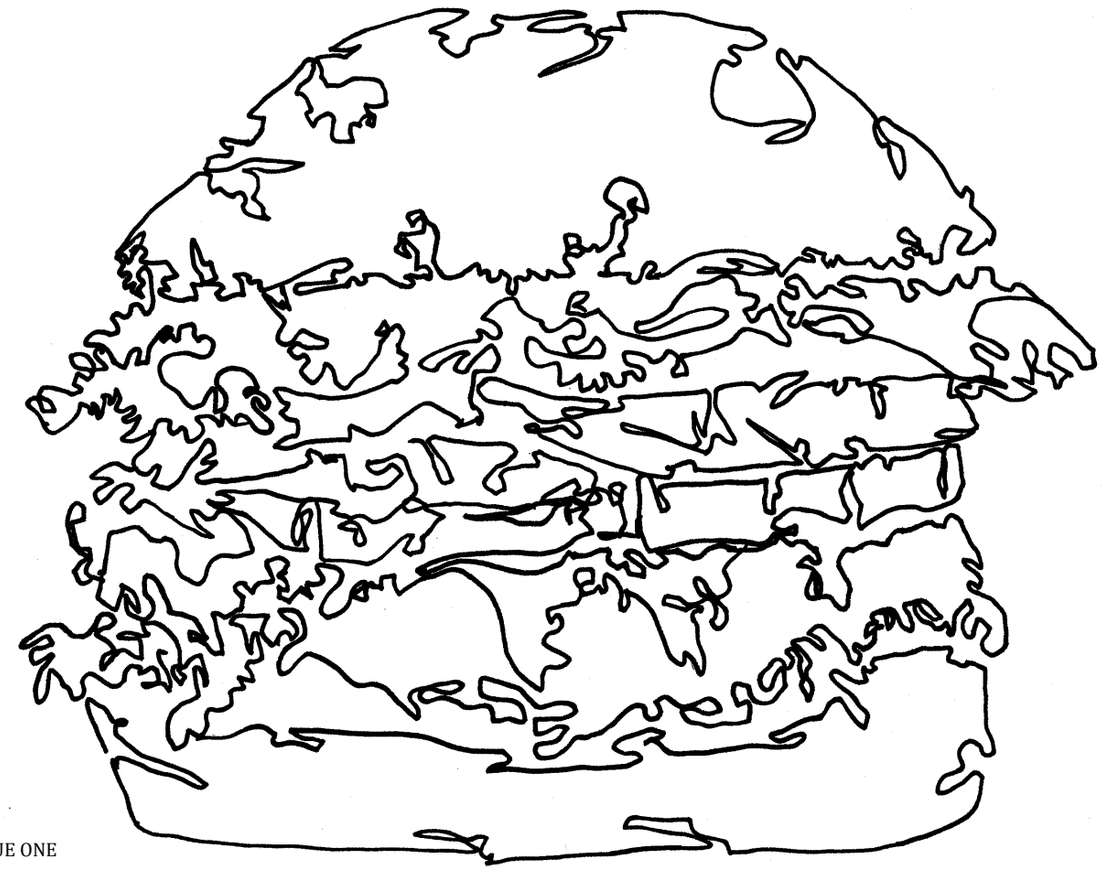
"How much to heat?" or "Do you want
a deposit?". When she says she will take it,
I tell her that it is two thousand
a month and that I require a second

signature. She raises her eyebrow with
practiced severity and says "You would not
ask that if I were a man". The next day,
she drops the lease on my desk with a signature

that gives me a special thrill. I imagine
dropping this name at the dart club
like a little trophy. But since this is a "fuck you"
signature, I hand her the keys and show her the door.

I'LL SHOW YA I TO JAIL MY PRINTS YOU GIRAFFE FUCKIN POSSUM MOLEST
YOU FIELD OF FROG CRAP I WANT MY ROLLUP CLEANED AMMIT
YOU'LL BE PRINTING YOUR OWN FACES AFTER THIS
MALE CHAUVANIST BABOONS FUCKIN PIGS
LOOOAM PIG FUCKERS YOUR ALL DEAD
MMM STONE COLD I CAN SEE THE LIGHT
MMM

The Erotic Burger.



Course, I won't do that shit

Sometimes,
when I'm ripping in my
red escort, stealing asphalt
under one of those blue skies
that hug the hills, making sex
unnecessary
for a second,
the world fills me & I suddenly feel
too small for it or it feels too big for me
and it's like I am god or maybe it's like
I don't matter, the so small and the so big
end up the same in my mind:
Like either way, I'm nothing
and nothing matters and I
want to run down the biker
in his fancy red spandex
because that damn feeling
calls for radical action,
and I can't imagine
anything else to do with it.

SATURDAY, NIGHT:STUFFED

"Alright, now it's my turn to cook you somethin'…"
"Ha-" ejaculated Francis as the buxom Ms. Cordellia Detrec sauntered to the bed.
"now, wh- what's with all the o- obli-" *gation.*

Francis sputtered his words over her voluptuous figure, his P's and Q's bouncing off her corset and gown. His skeleton figure trembled tremendously, his eyes pinballing between her feet and face. Cordellia's hair fountained from her scalp, trickling down her neck in thick velvet creeks of hair.
Hair. *Oh what hair*, thought Francis. "Oh w-wh-wha-t-t-t-" said Francis.

With two palms, hot and clammy with femininity and oh, you know, with two feminine palms placed placidly on Francis' shoulders she eased him on to his back. Francis felt as if the bed would eat him up, bones and all and leave poor Cordellia alone again. What obligation.

His hands shivering hot, looking for a place to lie firm, Francis pressed his hands into Cordellia's buttocks or, as he thought *HER BUM!* With that he hoisted her body up over him, planting her face into a mess of pillows [inches from the headboard] and slunk himself under her dress.
"No Francis… I was to…" *To what?* If she was to pleasure him, *bestow! this feast upon his flat - Jules Verne* thought Francis *my hunger only satiated with adventure, carving my route deep into the deepest depths of the earth.* All the same, obligated.

"Oh, Francis…"
With that he slid out from under her and stood erect at the foot of the bed. He no longer shook but vibrated and grinned eagerly at her posterior. Cordellia's dress billowed out around her like a thick fabric smoke.
"Where did you go my dear?"
"Oh, but I'm hear," he replied "let me admire you a moment…"
"But Francis, you can adm-" Cordellia's face now displayed a great deal of puzzlement
"Francis, what are you doing?"
Her Francis seemed quite absorbed with the view from behind, sitting in one of the dining chairs and nearly folded in half with his gawk.
"FRANCIS!"
"Hush-ush-ush if you feel the need to shout, I'm done now, I've had time to plan my attack."
"You are so silly, Francis – and you gave me quite the – FRANCIS!"

"Armm hmm?" Francis declared through a mouth of flesh.
"Oh… nothing."
"N-no, what is it my dear?"
"It's nothing, Francy, please!"
"No, I im-i-imp-" *plore.*
"Please, Francis… it's nothing, I'm serious, as you were!" giggled Cordellia.

"…"

"No, Francis, where are you going…"
"I'm f-f-f-fixing a snack."
"Francis, don't you dare! We just ate, not an hour ago! FRAAAAAAAAANCIS!"

It was too late, a croissant lathered in a quite orotund slick of butter was now cradled between Francis' palms, *like a baying behind,* he chuckled to himself and filled his mouth with pastry.

Le Petit Mort

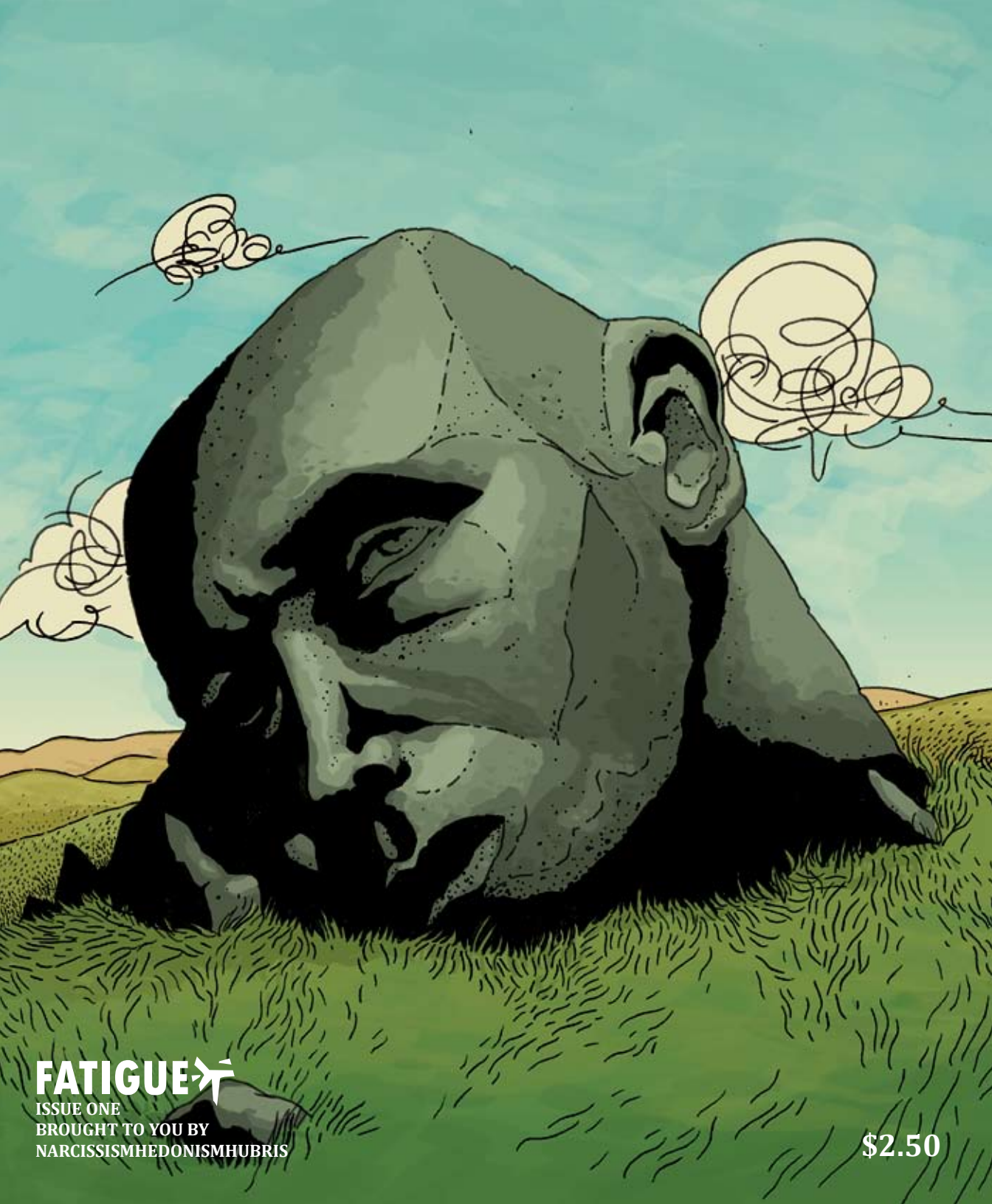
"I don't need friends
when I've got lovers like these."

FATIGUE would like to thank the following individuals
for their continued generosity and support:

Le—Lebeau 648

Résidence - Residence

Veuillez composer l'indicatif régional-Please add the area code



FATIGUE

ISSUE ONE
BROUGHT TO YOU BY
NARCISSISMHEDONISMHUBRIS

$2.50