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Editor's Note

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Editor's Notes "On Discord"

John: [to Amanda] "Congratulations. You are still alive. Most people are so ungrateful to be alive. But not you. Not anymore."

Dr. Lawrence Gordon: He doesn't want us to cut through our chains, he wants us to cut through our feet!"

Quotes from *Saw* (2004)

1. Compiling a literary journal is an effort in multilateral curation. It is showing the dark side of the milk carton. It is something crunching between a dog's ears. It is not a mosaic, it is a noise machine.
2. Roland Barthes describing *tnesis*, or creative skipping. Pleasurable friction over the surface of a text. This is the luxurious province of the reader/dear reader.
3. Here, though, the editor is the blood-spattered, green-aproned butcher. It falls to us to fit pieces where they might not belong, forcing harmonies and stitches where they're least expected.
4. A stitch is a tiny republic. A republic is faux intimacy. A republic implies a white house filled with black chandeliers and dead leaves blowing around the corridors . . . Natasha and Maila Obama's unslept-in beds . . .
5. "After a few weeks of weird stuff happening, I decided to find my camera and record what's going on in the house."
6. "I ask Alex what he thinks about the disturbance from the other day."

7. "I guess I should start locking my windows."
8. "So I did what Alex told me. I set up a camera in my room to record me while I sleep. I woke up suddenly in the middle of the night. It felt like someone was choking me. I immediately checked the camera. This is what I found."
9. "By the time the police arrived, which took a little longer than usual due to the snow, nothing was there. No bags. No blood. Nothing. We both feel okay, no one got hurt, but this is extremely unnerving. We have no idea who made those footprints or what happened to them. Another curious thing: the audio and visual defects seem to be very prominent towards the end of the video, and the last few minutes were actually cut off. We don't know what is causing that."
 - i. A.K.A.: *Slender Man, Him, Der Ritter, Der Großmann, Bundle, The Tall Man, The Thin Man, Der Schlanker Mann, Fear Dubh, Schlankwald, Tree Man, Slendy, Slenderman, The Pale One, The White King, Master, Mr. Slender, Black King* . . . http://creepypasta.wikia.com/wiki/The_Slender_Man
10. Mild distress. Tipping one text into another.
11. Eustress of bodies at a distance.
12. We, the editorial board: tall, thin, faceless traumatizers of these texts.
13. #sorrynotsorry.
14. At thirteen, raising my first 4-H lamb for slaughter. Sold for 350 dollars, a 180 pound Suffolk lamb led up a metal ramp and into the woolly, orgiastic terror-pool of other meaty sisters, brothers . . .
15. Much like the stories, poems, essays before you. The title of our cover art by Natalie Wood: *I'm Still Here*

16. We're still here. We're still here. We're here oh no we're still here. Oh no oh no oh no oh
17. Emotional sincerity is concomitant to proximity. Image confronts image, forms relational ties, is predicated on nearness. A hole in a roof + An old man hunched over at the front door/ A jaw + Some cities. These images do not follow each other, but they mean in relation to each other. Each exert a gravity, a pressure on the other. Bodies leaning against doors leaning against further doors.
18. *Discordia concors*. A.K.A.: Harmonious discord.
19. "I understand that more than one opinion has prevailed with regard to the etymology of the word *religio*, but a commonly accepted view is that a binding of some sort is indicated. The same root is in 'ligament,' a binding which supports an organ and assures that organ its freedom of use as part of a body. And it is in this sense that I here use the word 'religious.' It refers to a binding, a securing. Like the ligament, it secures a freedom to function. The binding makes possible the freedom. Cut the ligament and there is atrophy—corpse rather than corpus. If this is true, then the word *religion* makes no sense unless we presuppose a freedom of some sort." ||
Michael Symons Roberts, "Poetry in a Post-Secular Age"
20. Take this our corpus not our corpse . . .