

afternoon.

possibly you overlooked us and that's quite alright. as you may or may not already well know, our cause is without motive, our words without meaning. we have the energy yes, but our energies are misdirected and rather confused. they pronounced us dead once and we stayed that way for a while, defunct beyond agitation. then last year there was Rebirth. issues were delivered fresh to the tables of Tucker in stacks of fifteen. twice, this happened.

we are both proud and ashamed of those last two issues*. proud and ashamed the way one is proud and ashamed of an illegitimate child: you take stock in it but cannot quite claim it as one of your own without that diluted aftertaste of displaced shame. a mistake you knew you were making yet went along with, thinking what the hell. yeah. one of those.

this past year has been both frantic and slapdash for us, a product of much too much talk and far too little work. no. the writing was not good and the art was probably bad. our fearless editor-in-chief** has had an unsteady hand behind our every operation, running the magazine through the ground, much to our misdirection.

we go by the name of jump!***

now, jump! would like to change all this. there will be Revolution. Revolution shall be swift and circumspect, dealt with a hard-nosed, iron handed fist. Revolution shall be automatic, efficient. a great exclamatory flag shall be raised and there shall be much cake to be had after, during Reception. but we need your help! all of you! a hand!

jump! will publish you. yes. if only you let us. here:

jump! would like to involve the students, faculty, and general administration of the College to participate in our next issue, the Special Occasion issue. here is what jump! craves:

jump! craves vignettes and sketches. jump! yearns for short short stories (take note of the short short) and lists. send us your list of top books. send us a recipe to the food or drink of your choice.

while the unofficial jump! rant!, and rave! contest is **EXCLUSIVE TO THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT FACULTY**, please feel free to send us an aimless rant of your own. the nature of a given rant shall be determined by you. rants may or may not be vindictive, and by all means may be personally driven. rant against the cause of jump!, if you must. riddle us with rails of rebuke. rants may be critical, rants should be unyielding and unforgiving. jump! can take a good jilting, jump! expects a good put-down every here and there. you see we never bleed, and we don't feel.

while space is limited, we're willing to make concessions for works of quality. yes. believe that length is Immaterial for those who approach their submissions with method. realize that your work may read well into the night, if it comes to that. exceptional pieces may go on as long as they have to. space will be made negotiable to our publishers, so that jump! is to be marketed as a three-volume hardbound. if need be.

jump! craves the visual art. jump! craves the visual art. jump! craves the visual art.

then there's the jump!ology**** contest. get on top of that. not asking. telling.

understand. the jump! wants you. the jump! loves you.

jump! would like to shake your hand and slap you on the back. jump! would like to take you out to dinner. jump! would like to meet your parents and shake their hands and take them out to lunch.

so there. jump! leaves you to your own devices. send us anything. send us everything. do something. but don't do nothing. no. never.

see that jump! has vision. yes. we see things in our heads. our imagination is boundless. our potential is rich, almost tragic the way it's left untapped. we have great capacity to infuse meaning into the meaningless. we have it within us to instill a passion of the heart, stirring up mixed emotions of taste and distaste into the minds of our strange audience. jump! boasts like a bastard, often and always we boast in a great-shameless Vanity. and we want everyone to know. yes. always.

let us say more about this ever-evolving jump!

jump! aims outjump! the jump!s of the mid-to-late eighties and early nineties even, when jump! was jump!ng high, higher than before or after. ever. only with your input will jump! trounce the jump! gems of way back when. expect this.

and as recovered champions of our trade we look to reclaim that Rock Star Status we were told to have had exhibited, once, prancing about in illustrious robes of red with extended, betasseled burgundy fezzes on our heads, smelling like cinnamon incense. our smell shall be as fresh as the smell of plastic bubble paper on a white christmas morning. the smell of sterile department stores. the smell of paint, the smell of Sharpies.

the smell of fresh concrete and wet drywall against golden bulbs metallic in flavors blaring. the smell of impeccable, porcelain toilet bowls of a recently refurbished public bathroom, whose water is as a minimalistic, plastic ectoplasm.

the smell of kempt elevators with soft music and light fluorescence .

it is understood that preparations have been made to have various jump! alumni align themselves with our cause. it is also understood that layout shall be immaculate in its

conception, manned by various volunteer-editor-alumni whose knowledge of the craft is both scrupulous and far-reaching.

jump!'s format shall mimic that of a legitimate literary magazine. it should be expected that the artwork will fall just short of Exceptional or even Brilliant. the literature will be publishable- our stories shall be open-ended, with especial attention to opening-and-closing paragraph detail. selections will be critical and limited. the staff shall not have a hand behind every story.

i send you this premature manifesto on the dawn of a july in its shiftless, sticky-wet midday for good measure. we're not messing around this time around, no more silliness. i send this now, in hopes that you send us back some time soon. it will be out of sheer spite that dilatory submissions, despite potential brilliance, shall be neatly returned in pink envelopes to their rightful submitter.

and just like that. subscribe to our cause with. give us both hands, and give us footing. help us in delivering that legitimate child we've always conceived of but failed to produce. it'll give the students something to be proud of, something they can claim as one of their own. today.

-ABDELKARIM

jump! magazine
jump@wm.edu

*if you'd like a copy of our previous issues, let us know.

**an eccentric dilettante, a possessor of weak morals and low standards, who ceaselessly engages in prostituting himself Ford Maddox Ford-like through numerous, cheap exploits involving grocery shops or getting laid or a combination of both. indeed, when he smiles, Time does not stop.

***jump! magazine is now a proud member of Facebook. get with it. get with us.

****jump!ology contest: contest in which you jump! for jump! express yourself in a colorful jump! be fanciful and fruitful with your jump!'s. release your repressed desires in the form of a nervous jump! outjump! sam sadler! flashy jump!'s may win you a cover shot. believe this. free shirts and ice cream for those who participate. it goes without saying that in jump!ng for jump! you will not only partake in an apotheosis of jump! Immortality, but you may or may not get a free shirt out of it. the size of the tee-shirt shall be determined by us.