

APPLICATION FOR

ASSISTANT EDITOR

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PART I | APPLICATION

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| **Name** | Insert Information Here |
| **Email** | Insert Information Here |
| **Twitter** | Insert Information Here |
| **Website** | Insert Information Here |
| **What are you interested in editing?** | Choose: Fiction/Poetry/Comics/All/Combination of... |
| **Are you available starting April 2020?** | Choose: Yes/No |
| **Are you Canadian, Indigenous, and/or living in Canada?** | Insert Information Here |
| **Location** | Insert Information Here |

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| **Tell us a bit about your experience as a reader/editor—and we know experience comes in many forms! Some of our editors have storied histories, others just grew up in writing communities. (Max 150 words)** |
| Insert Information Here |

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| **Why do you want to be a part of the Augur Magazine team? (Max. 100 words)** |
| Insert Information Here |

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| **Which parts of this position stand out to you? Where are you most excited to contribute? (Max. 100 words)** |
| Insert Information Here |

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| **What are some of your favourite Augur Magazine pieces? Why? (Max. 100 words)** |
| Insert Information Here |

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| **Who are some of your favourite speculative and/or Canadian and/or Indigenous authors/creators? Why? (Max. 100 words)** |
| Insert Information Here |

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| **If comfortable declaring them, we welcome you sharing your intersectional identities/lived experience with us, as it helps us know what voices will be on our team. However, we acknowledge that applications are vulnerable, and by no means require it.** |
| If Comfortable, Insert Information Here |

PART II | EDITORIAL EXERCISE

To finish the application, please complete the following editorial exercise using **track changes** or its equivalent. We want to see your tone as you edit, and what kinds of things jump out at you!

Please also include a short editorial letter addressed to your “author”, telling them what you loved, and where you think you can grow the piece—and why.

Make sure that you’re editing towards the intention of the piece, and not to your own intentions.

There is one fiction piece and one poem. If you would like to edit for fiction, please edit fiction. If you would like to edit for poetry, please edit the poem. If you would like to edit both, please edit both. You are not required to edit both!

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| **Fiction Step 1. Leave track changes and suggestions for this excerpt on a substantive and stylistic level.** |
| Her nail clipped the table. It snapped. She’d be in trouble for that. She didn’t swear, just pulled her crisp white glove over her hand. Her stomach clenched and she took a breath of the smoky tent air, her hands spreading over the cool yellow veneer of her dressing table. She closed her eyes. She would be calm tonight.  A pair of thumbs pressed into her shoulders, hands gripping her. She cracked an eye open and found Jeremy watched her in the mirror, the corner of his mouth cocked up. He smoothed his hands down her arms and leaned closer to her.  “Clarabell, you look awful.” His lips were so close.  Clare didn’t move. “ Call me Clare, please.”  He chuckled. She watched him in the mirror, how his eyebrows creased in the center and how he wet his lips. He’d always been handsome. The girls all twittered over him when they were in their cots at night.  Jeremy pulled a single red rose from behind him. He kissed her cheek sloppily and pressed it into her hand. Her fingers closed around the stem, just below the flower; the thorns had been cut away.  “That’s for you,” he said. He smiled. “Clarabell.” He winked, tweaking one of the blonde curls she’d tucked behind her ear. “Now stop being so ghostly nervous. You’ll do great. We’ll be great.”  Then he went away. To herself, Clare murmured, “Thank you.”  She wondered how many girls he’d given roses to that night. She wondered if she cared. The other girls watched her from behind their fans and feather boas. But Jeremy’s behavior was hardly her fault. Clare smiled at them and shrugged as she got up, slipping out the door. She left the rose on the table. It would be gone when she got back.  Outside was better. Cigarettes didn’t fill the sky with smoke as quick as they filled the women’s dressing tent. No performers milled around gossiping or staring. All the sideshows went dark when the main stage was lit. It was just her and the security, all of them silent as they circled the tents.  She took the long way to backstage. The ground was dirt worn and hard against her slippers. The show was so far into its run that the grass had long been ground away by the audiences. Her path was dark, punctuated only by the light spilling between the smaller tents from the big top. She loved the main ring in the dark. The night made it glow. All of its little ugly faults hid in the shadows.  When she got to the main tent she paused and fingered the edge of the curtained entrance. She pushed the tarp aside and peered in. Her coworkers were huddled in the dark at the mouth of the main stage passageway, a single monstrous silhouette of odd shapes and costumes. They were silent. They were watching Beth. They always watched Beth.  No one noticed when she slipped through the door or when she came up behind them. She didn’t huddle as close as the rest of them. She didn’t feel the same need that they did; she was happy to watch from afar.  Smoke filled the big top as densely as it filled the dressing tent, a milky haze in which a single figure was suspended. She hung from the ceiling by long white ribbons wrapped around her arms and legs and middle. The only light was a spotlight, and it didn’t follow her. Beth found it, shifting against it. She worked in small movements, gliding through her bindings, a dance against the shadows. Beth’s was the act that brought the audience. She was beautiful. Pale and fair and thin, a will ‘o the wisp. No one could even hate her for it. No one wanted to lose her.  And she performed without a net.  Beth swung herself over the audience, around and around the ring, sliding and falling and writhing with her ties. The audience shivered. Clare shivered too. Beth’s arms came free, then her chest, and she stopped propelling herself. She spiraled inwards until she dangled in the center of the room, spinning upside down with only one leg still wrapped in the ribbons. Then she stopped. She stretched, twining her free leg around the bound one and pushing herself up until her body was perpendicular to the floor. She reached out to the audience. Smiled once. No one moved to clap. No one wanted it to be over. Then she turned her ankle. The ribbon came free from her leg.  She fell.  Everyone gasped. Even the other performers, who’d seen her do it every act, every rehearsal. Clare didn’t. She smiled.  Beth hung by a thin tie around her ankle, just a foot above the floor. She was so close tonight, her stark white hair brushed the ground.  Once, Beth had run her hands through Clare’s hair, combing bleach through it so they’d match. It made sense, Beth said, since they were both flying acts. They needed continuity, just like the show girls, who all had dark hair. So Clare’d done it. She’d felt thrilling that night, her scalp burning and her body warm with daring. And when they’d washed it out, dried it, burnt curls into it, she’d felt pretty.  Beth had called her beautiful, too.  Clare clapped just as hard as anyone when Beth took her bows. So hard that she’d forget that she was next. It wasn’t fair, the girls said, to go after Beth. But she’d never be as good as Beth anyhow.  // End Short Story Excerpt // |

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| **Fiction Step 2. Leave an editorial letter of 150-250 words to your creator. Pro tip: breaking things down into bullets helps with readability and digestibility.** |
| Dear Contributor... |

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| **Poetry Step 1. Leave track changes and suggestions for this poem.** |
| **Flight**  accidental intimacy  a short peer behind gossamer  she stands, back bare:  a pair of wings  between bone  they move and move you  catch light and offer it  to smear over the cracks  in your teetering world  in your heart thick with dust  you love this transcendence,  the defiant philosophy of her,  remembering when she held you in her arms  and you sank under her smooth tongue  that swiped away your hot languish  with enough certainty to share,  the power to change reality,  surely, at her fingertips  if they glowed, you aren’t sure  in the polished mirror she sees you  too awed to hide your shame  you are your body and not your body  moving to her like water  watching from the ceiling, the stars  you realize this reality has never been yours  before you speak, she hears you  holds you out  gives you flight  brings you home |

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| **Poetry Step 2. Leave an editorial letter of 150-250 words to your creator. Pro tip: breaking things down into bullets helps with readability and digestibility.** |
| Dear Contributor... |