



A SUBMISSION BY
YARROW PAISLEY

Dear *Titular* Editors,ⁱ

Please consider "Infinite Jest"ⁱⁱ for publicationⁱⁱⁱ in *Titular*.^{iv}

Thank you, and I look forward to your reply.^v

Yours Truly,^{vi}

Yarrow Paisley^{vii}

ⁱ I have decided to group you all together under "Editors" to avoid gloomy feelings (and potentially consequent reduced positivity of self-image) of being "left out" on the part of those who might have been *left out* had I chosen to address, say, Jimmy Chen. (I employ "Jimmy Chen" here only for the purpose of precipitating a brief, transitioning-into-the-self-satisfied-and-therefore-gloom-absolving-smirk-of-recognized-irony visceral example of the type of "gloomy" feeling I'm referring to. Hopefully, that satisfaction *re* "self" will overcome the feeling *re* "gloomy" in such a way that no permanence will obtain *vis-à-vis* "less positive self-image.") I hope you don't take it personally. Although, in a way, I do hope you take it personally, or else why did I begin this cover letter with such a self-conscious gesture towards sensitivity regarding the afore-mentioned grouping-of-editors issue (when chances are, no one would have even noticed or "taken it personally" without my pointing it out)? That does perhaps put my sense of self under an entirely new and cruelty-exposing light, which light I will endeavor to turn off before I go to bed tonight, or I'll be up for hours (examining – not redressing).

ⁱⁱ I am astonished not to find "Infinite Jest" among your contributions, *ergo* this submission. I did everything I could to forestall having to write this piece specifically for *Titular*: I carefully read every title listed on the "Novels" page, I performed the [CTRL] F operation on that page (generously using as my keyword "infinite" in isolation), and I even for the sake of completeness performed that same command operation on every other otherwise-seemingly-irrelevant-to-*Infinite-Jest* page of *Titular* only to be met *in every case* with failure-to-find. Of course, I run the risk, in writing this piece, that some *savant* is already, even now, writing, or has already written, perhaps even submitted, perhaps even had accepted, "Infinite Jest." But it hardly needs to be said (although nothing should ever be removed from the ontological realm, since the possibility always exists that somewhere, someone exists *re* needing-it-to-be-said) that I am willing to take that risk, inclusive of the potentially embarrassment-spawning fact that it has been like fifteen years since I read that book, you know, like when it came out (As a matter of fact, I was one of the lucky ones who had never heard of either David Foster Wallace or *Infinite Jest* when I came across that astonishingly thick hardcover on the "New Fiction" shelves of my college library, with its serene light-blue sky and its fuck-him-he-looks-so-too-cool-for-school-in-that-bandanna-but-all-the-same-I'm-getting-that-tingle-of-hetero-same-sex-attraction-which-basically-translates-to-"I wish I was that guy, I'm such an asshole" author photo, the total effect of which was to compel me to sit down on the unpleasantly abrasively carpeted floor in front of the shelf and read the first page, the completion of which page compelled me to keep reading until my back ached in an oddly pleasantly agonizing way and I was a full thirty pages into the novel (which, if you consider the print-size (small) relative to the page-size (large), is quite a lot of reading), at which point I resigned myself to fate and signed the book out and spent every waking moment reading it every week of the subsequent three.). Just to save a little face, I will ask the reader to please ascribe all errors and acyrologias to the fact that my intention is to accomplish the writing-and-submission of this piece within the span of time bounded on the early end by having put my son to bed and bounded on the later end by putting myself to bed.

ⁱⁱⁱ No fears: as may be self-evident, this is not a simultaneous submission. Not that I suspect you of harboring any fears *re* the possibility of this, or anything else, being a simultaneous submission. After all, *Titular* specifically encourages simultaneous submissions on its "Submit" page. Really, my idea of reassuring you *re* simultaneous submissions was just an excuse for one more endnote. *Ergo*, this endnote, which perhaps you, as writers yourselves (even Jimmy Chen (see endnote *i.*)), can understand and empathize with my insecurity *vis-à-vis* how many. (Although, it occurs to me that an even better endnote would have involved itself with my own self-doubt concerning the possibility of my

gross misreading of *Titular's* literary aesthetic or mission, and therefore the certain doom of this submission. But I like the stuff I wrote about sim subs, so I'm leaving it. Also, I'm getting tired (see endnote *ii.*, last sentence.)

^{iv} I have to confess that my first thought, on seeing "Titular" was "Gigantic Tits," and let us pause to consider the theoretically amazing proportions (traffic-wise) of an online literary journal whose sole mission in (literary) life was to promote (the pure, of course, and carnally-untouched-indeed-abstracted-altogether-from-feelings-of-lust diegesis of) Gigantic Tits. Upon such consideration, one comes to realize that (literary) Gigantic Tits would, in-all-likelihood-if-we're-being-honest, drive a significantly higher percentage of traffic to your site than you currently receive (although, to be fair, I am in possession of no information as to your Page Rank), to the degree that you will most likely have to invest in more, and substantially more powerful, servers to handle the load (unless, of course, you are being hosted by a service provider, in which case, you will most likely be forced to bump up your hosting plan to meet the increased bandwidth demand, which is totally okay because the flashing banner ads you will be compelled (by a completely non-literary, Capitalist impulse that feels better to you in your bones than you ever thought its dirtiness would until the sweet milk of the Internet Mammon's Gigantic Mammaries flowed past your lips and instantly warmed in a golden, tingly way every splanchnic depth of you) to place in that currently unoccupied and frankly unpleasant yellow space around your content will more than pay for the upgraded hosting plan). Therefore, I believe a shift in focus may be in order for your enterprise, considering the "hot property" your url sits upon, which focal shift might be achieved gradually and therefore almost undetectably over the course of, let us say, six months, during which time some sentences in certain stories might quite seemingly innocently take on a more, shall we say, *erotic* tonality, which *Eros*-inflected tonality might be discreetly amplified in subsequent stories, leading inexorably-but-perfectly-naturally to a shift in *subject* within the stories, so that, for example, Jimmy Chen's "V." (see endnote *i.*) would paint a(n enthusiastic) word-portrait of Suzanne Vega's Gigantic Tits, rather than subjecting the reader to some bizarre fantasy in which Suzanne Vega gives a shit about what Jimmy Chen has to say in an imagined self-conscious-of-his-role-as-Literature's-last-remaining-and-therefore-paramount-recluse Thomas Pynchon's voice (who also gives a shit, bizarre-fantasy-wise), keeping in mind that it is entirely the author's prerogative to exaggerate the size of Suzanne Vega's Gigantic But Not-So-Much-In-Real-Life Tits (perhaps the subject of "V." could be that "V" is not, in Literature, necessarily for "Veracity," hence the unbelievably ballooning size of Suzanne Vega's Gigantic Tits). It is possible that, before long, through the subtle influence of *Titular's* shift in (literary) focus, a new perception of Gigantic Tits will have taken root within

the online literary community as a whole, such that the use of Gigantic Tits within a literary piece will be considered "trendy," and authors will scramble to include Gigantic Tits among the themes of their stories and poems (so as to increase chances of acceptance *re* submission (see this-piece-you're-reading-now).)

^v Not really. (Maybe a little bit.)

^{vi} *Idem.*

^{vii} The Greatest Fucking Writer Who Ever Fucking Lived, Motherfucker.