

MEAT FOR TEA

VOL 4 ISSUE 1
THE VALLEY REVIEW

DARJEELING : 4TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



Meat for Tea: The Valley Review
Volume 4: Issue 1, January 2010
"Darjeeling"

Meat for Tea: The Valley Review was founded by Elizabeth MacDuffie and Alexandra Wagman. We are a non-academic affiliated magazine committed to recognizing and featuring the work of the artists, writers, and musicians living in western Massachusetts and beyond.

Staff

Editor-in-Chief: Meaty Gonzales

Editors: Elizabeth MacDuffie and Caryl Casson

Art Director and Graphic Design: Rafæl Lino

Impresario: Elizabeth MacDuffie

Contributors

Rick Beaupre / Paul Cherashore / Dan Correia / Bob Dean / Liz Myriam Diamond / Harry Hickle / George Lenker / Steven Lindow / Rafæl Lino / Doris Madsen / David Miller / Mark Alan Miller / Erik Wayne Patterson / Jon Perrson / Rebecca Strapp / Jane Wiley / Connolly Ryan / Carlyn Zaikowski

Cover Art:

Front: Shannon Purcell / Back: Doris Madsen

Printing

Paradise Copies, Northampton, MA

Typeface: Gill Sans

Special thanks

Rafæl Lino, Mark Alan Miller, Tom Sturm and the Valley Advocate, Jason Simon, Mark Sheehan and Evil Bill and The Elevens, Caryl Casson and all the other artists, musician, and writers who help make each issue meaty. We could not have done this without you!

Send all editorial correspondences to

meatfortea@gmail.com

Vol.4, Issue 1, Winter 2010, first printing

All stories, column title and images copyright 2010 by meaty ltd. and the individuals contained herein. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, reprinted, or transmitted in any form without prior written permission from Meat for Tea: The Valley Review. Please write the editors with questions, comments, or concerns to Meaty Gonzales at **meatfortea@gmail.com**

www.meatfortea.com

Front Cover	
<i>Shannon Purcell</i>	
Salutations from the Editor	4
<i>Meaty Gonzales</i>	
Drawing	5
<i>Erik Wayne Patterson</i>	
Fire	6
<i>George Lenker</i>	
Untitled	8
<i>David P Miller</i>	
Rosie	9
<i>Daniel Correia</i>	
Dead Blondes Don't Just Get Up and Walk	10
<i>John Persson</i>	
Photo	14
<i>Paul Cherashore</i>	

CONTENTS

My Penis Wears a Dress (An Unfinished Wasteland)	15
<i>Paul Cherashore</i>	
FishyFishyFishy	25
<i>Mark Alan Miller</i>	
One Dark Bastard in Our Midst	26
<i>Connelly Ryan</i>	
Rz30	27
<i>Rafael Lino</i>	
Lunacy	28
<i>Rebecca Strapp</i>	
Drawing	29
<i>Rick Beaupre</i>	
Collected Series No. 4 & 5	32
<i>Stephen Lindow</i>	
Drawing	35
<i>Harry Hickie</i>	
Keep	36
<i>Carolyn Zaikowski</i>	
Flower for a Gargoyle	36
<i>Jane Wiley</i>	
Shoes	37
<i>Carolyn Zaikowski</i>	
Faces	37
<i>Bob Dean</i>	
Meaty Gonzales Interview: Joe McGinniss	38
<i>Meaty Gonzales</i>	
Drawing	39
<i>Rick Beaupre</i>	
Back Cover	
<i>Doris Madsen</i>	

SALUTATIONS FROM THE EDITOR

Happy New Year faithful readers! 2010 is upon us already; it seems only yesterday that we were at the dawn of a new millennium. Much as happened in these ten years that would have seemed impossible back in 1999... 9/11, Katrina, Enron... A stolen election and then the re-election of the impostor president by an American population that was clearly off its meds... Palin, Madoff, and New Jersey housewives... ay caramba! (I have to tell you it hasn't been easy to defend my adopted country's behaviour during a good part of this decade.) But it wasn't all bad. During the aughts, the United States also brought the world *The Wire*, *Mad Men*, *Dexter*, *No Country for Old Men*, and, of course, *Meat for Tea*, which with this issue and *Cirque du Trois at The Elevens*, in beautiful downtown Northampton, celebrates a glorious fourth birthday.

Fourth year, third *Cirque at the Elevens*. If the previous *Meaty* happenings are anything to go by, January 30th should be quite the evening of artistic exuberance. Which is most appropriate as a celebration of this issue which is crammed full of the great art and writing our readers have come to expect. As usual *Meaty* has been working hard juggling all the balls that editor-in-chiefdom requires him to juggle, which, as you might imagine, can be quite exhausting. Since my last letter, I have trotted the globe tirelessly encouraging writers and artists to keep going in these philistine times. In September I was the voice of reason on the jury at the Venice Film Festival. November saw me jetting to Gstaad to console dear Roman on his unfortunate predicament. After that it was on to Oslo, where I watched proudly as *Bazza* delivered the speech we had worked though the wee hours perfecting; then a dash to Geneva to see if I could salvage anything there. Sadly, even *Meaty* is not infallible... I finished the year up with some well deserved dog sledding up in Alaska, where I bumped into my dear friend Joe McGinniss . He was in the frozen North fearlessly documenting the activities of that state's aforementioned infamous resident, but was happy to take time out to be interviewed for the magazine.

Well, dear friends. That is quite enough of *Meaty*. I don't want to delay your digging in to this issue's fine fare a moment longer...except to invite all you creative folk out there to be bold and **SUBMIT**- details inside.

Besos y abrazos,

MEATY



FIRE

George Lenker

There may be no more powerful a word in the English language:

Fire.

Think about it: You'd certainly get in a lot more trouble for yelling "Fire!" than you would for shouting "Fuck!" in a crowded theatre. And while Donald Trump has made a cartoon slogan out of the phrase on his "The Apprentice" show, "You're fired!" is still probably in the Top 10 of most people's list of "Exclamations I Don't Want To Hear." It's also no accident that the Biblical hell is described as an "unquenchable fire" (Luke 3:17).

In many ways, the visceral punch of the word makes total sense and reflects the fear that fire itself creates. Fire is still, after all these years/centuries since its discovery, a frightening phenomenon to most people, and with good reason.

My fair city of Northampton received a tragic and fatal dose of both fire's destructive ability and its talent for spreading terror as quickly as it as it radiates its rapacious path in the physical world. Two died and a group of others were left homeless and bereft by the spate of a dozen or so alleged arsons. While a suspect, Anthony Baye, is in custody as of this writing, I will withhold any speculation about that aspect of this horror, out of respect for due process. Let's just say many in town are resting a bit easier these days.

6

That, however, is a somewhat misguided sense of relief. Whether or not Baye is guilty, we should not let our guards down. There are many people out there who could easily do similar--or worse--crimes.

This brings me to a larger point: While we must learn the lesson of vigilance from this tragedy, we should also let the fires' powerful impact teach us something more noble: The

sense of community that this catastrophe has engendered in our city and beyond. It has been nothing short of inspirational to watch how various factions of the local populace swarmed with formic force and determination to aid those victimized by the blazes. The arts community in particular used--and is still using--its creativity to raise money for those affected by the arsons. This artistic altruism always makes me a wee bit teary, as I know most of these performers aren't going to be showing off their posh digs on the former MTV (now on CMT) show "Cribs." Most Northampton-based artists (as well as ones in neighboring towns) fall squarely in the "Struggling" category.

Of course, it has not just been the artists: businesses, restaurants, clubs and just about every faction one could think of, have rallied to the cause. The police and fire departments certainly deserve as much, if not more, credit than anyone.

So, while fire's harrowing puissance often assumes a negative guise, we also have harnessed it for good in our world: heat, light, and even purification. It is instructive that we showed we will not let fire strike fear in us for long by honoring those who died in the Dec. 27 infernos with a candlelight vigil. Let's make sure the metaphoric melding of spirit these recent fires have created among us do not grow cold and brittle. For that communal spirit is one flame that we should keep burning brightly.

UNTITLED

David P. Miller

“Until the Internet changed the planet psychologically,” spake the pundit

June 30

Once upon a morning
 after our brains' digital rewiring
an update from the charnel ground.
Approaching the old stone bridge
stench of decay arises, infuses the nostrils
and you stumble over a pile of assorted remains.
Large mat of fur one jaw with its teeth
A forearm with paw spinal cord
Flies.
What can be recognized,
 a detached naked tail.
Looks like a possum
 or possum parts.

Round the corner up the hill
a flattened rabbit
its one big eye gapes.
Later, further traffic-processed,
nothing remains to stare with.

July 23

As gurus track trends and project penetrations,
 poverty sickness old age and death being so analog,
no one has noticed the possum pile,
nothing removed nothing touched.
Patch of grey curls bit of paw
fragment of spine

July 24

How was this heap downloaded here,
 this corrupted file?
Perhaps shoveled up from the street,
 explaining its random arrangement.
Surely someone else has seen this forearm and paw,
 bones picked bare.
Surely someone has blogged it.

September 9

Non virtual dead animal.

October 11
scattered vertebrae
fur mat infused with road dirt
carpet of acorns



Daniel Correia

DEAD BLONDES DON'T JUST GET UP AND WALK

Jon Persson

Leggatt's office wasn't much of a place to die in. Peeling paint; a worn-out carpet; an ugly, beat-up desk; an even uglier, old-fashioned push-bar fire-escape.

And dust. Dust everywhere.

Since all four of them - my Mystery Blonde and three guys I don't know - look round as I walk in, nobody's dead yet. But it ain't gonna last. The room's thick with death: somebody's gonna die, and die bad.

Either that, or I've got the mother of all hangovers.

The economy-size muscle dwarfing the fire-exit like he's Moose Malloy's older brother looks even tougher than the steel door, so I don't figure him f'the old Big Sleep. Favourite's the one sat behind the desk: an ugly version of Danny DeVito, on the edge of a coronary.

The other two - my mystery client and a rat-catcher Joe with her, comes up to maybe her shoulder - are nervous, sure, but not like they're about to die from it. Rat-catcher's wearing a crumpled blue suit and looks like he hasn't slept in a week: she's in a chic little white woolen number and red heels and looks almost as good as when she walked into my office this morning with a long flat parcel and a cool black dress that fitted where it touched, seemed to touch just about everywhere. Instead of maybe saying "Pull up a stool, kid," or something, like Bogey would've done, I'd kinda barked, had t'make out like I always breathed in short, panting gasps.

Joe Cool, only with asthma.

I didn't quite catch her name, but she paid me three hundred bucks, cash-on-the-nail, just t'deliver a package to a Mr Leggatt, which was good enough for me. She'd given me this East-side address, warned it might be dangerous. Didn't warn me enough, though: I got sapped on the way in, had the package and my gun heisted.

So now I got bulldozers clanging round my skull, no gun, and the place is thick with death.

Death, and tired dust.

"Who'da hell're you, bub?" the DeVito-type behind the desk says.

"King - David King," I say in my best Sean Connery and do my tough-guy shoulder-move, nod at my Mystery Blonde; "I'm workin' f'the lady... You Leggatt?"

He nods, smirks. "King, huh? In that trenchcoat outfit, I thought maybe you were gonna be Sam Spade!"

I thumb the rim of my fedora. "No, the monicker's David King - but you can call me Dave." I smile my Robert-Redford smile.

"You carryin', mac?" Economy-size wants t'know. I move into full Tough-Guy mode, shape up to him; "Who's askin', sweetheart?"

Leggatt says, "He gets called Rhino, an' he don' like wise-guys!"

"No problem - I'll leave." I make to go, but since Rhino growls like a whole pride of lions would if you stepped on all their tails at once, I figure what-the-Hell and stick around.

Believe me, Bogart wouldn't've done any different.

The big fella comes over and frisks me, hardly breaks any of my ribs. Fast, but thorough. Too thorough to be him slugged me downstairs, heisted my Smith and Wesson.

Plus, I'm still alive, is another clue.

I try to stare down his adam's apple since he's too tall for eye-contact, but I don't

phase him.”

“He’s clean, Boss,” Rhino grunts, steps back to the desk. I nod at him, make like I’m hyperventilating ‘cause I want to. He doesn’t nod back, so I don’t tell him he can call me Dave. Mickey Spillane, eatcha heart out.

“You related t’Blondie’s pal Bonecrusher, here, or somethin’?” Leggatt throws in, “He’s another bozo thinks he’s too tough t’pack heat!”

Bonecrusher?

I look Blondie’s rumpled rat-catcher up and down. I don’t have to look far.

“So whatchyafter, bub?” Leggatt snorts. He has a snort a hog’d give a right arm for. I take the Lucky Strike pack out of my jacket - careful, so as not to alarm Rhino - and flip one into my mouth. They ain’t to know I stopped smokin’ when I was ten.

“I was hired t’deliver a package. Got jumped in the lobby.”

“A pitcha?”

I shrug my one-flat-brown-paper-package-looks-much-like-another shrug, pull on the cigarette like it was lit.

“Dis pitcha?” Leggatt lifts one side of a painting up off of the desk. I squint at the brown, nothing-landscape thru pretend cigarette-smoke, shrug my you-tell-me shrug. The parcel made it up here: so where’s my gun?

“Da dame, here, hired ya? T’deliver the pitcha..?”

I make pretend smoke-rings. Me ‘n’ the Sphinx.

“So how comes her pal Bonecrusher fetched the pitcha on up? He took it away from ya, huh? You bozos fallin’ out which each other, maybe?”

So it was rat-catcher, slugged me, heisted my gun.

Leggatt rounds on my Mystery Blonde. “You’re sure jerkin’ everybody’s chain, here, sister!” She has a cigarette in her mouth, too, is fussing in her purse: changes her mind, tosses the cigarette back. Leggatt stands up, which makes him shorter than when he was sitting, hefts the painting. The two long neon tubes on the ceiling get reflected in the glass.

“You stiffed me a hundred-thirty-thousand bucks f’this, lady!”

She looks like she could use that cigarette after all. I shrug my life’s-a-bitch-then-you-die shrug. Should maybe’ve shrugged my sympathetic gee-that’s-tough shrug, ‘cause Leggatt swings the picture round and down against the corner of the desk. Shattered glass, splintered wood: mangled, twisted canvas, this is one painting ain’t gonna play the violin no more.

“A hundred-thirty gees! Deposit? F’ra piece-a junk!”

“Well, it sure is now, yeah.”

“Wisecracks I don’t need, okay?”

“I always crack wise when I’m nervous,” my mouth says before I can stop it.

“Goddam’ fake! Jus’ like Blondie, here - she ain’t no agent f’no owner, never has been. An’ the original never was f’sale... So I get her brung in here, double-quick, maybe do some explainin’..? An’ then you an’ Bonecrusher show up? So let’s cut the crap, people: I’m out a-hundred-thirty grand, here, and I wannit back. Now.”

I dunno if one of the others was about to break down and write out a check, but in any case a distant banshee-wail changes things. We all listen, kinda careful.

Police sirens.

A .44 Magnum appears like magic in Rhino's fist, and Leggatt's wielding a sudden little Beretta like he knows what he's doing, too. Death does his no-more-Mr-Nice-Guy act, now: stomps round the room real serious, clutching at throats like he means business. My mystery client struggles another cigarette from her purse into her mouth, does some more nervous rummaging for a lighter.

"You an' ya pals here gotta bad case o' de schmarts, Blondie," Leggatt snarls at her; "What d'hell's goin' down?"

"Some wise guy called the cops, Boss," Rhino says - waves the Magnum at me.

I try for a deep breath, forgetting how I've got a cigarette in my mouth - almost swallow it whole. I lurch into a choking-fit, take centre stage as I stagger across the room, coughing and gagging.

Nobody notices Blondie pull a Smith and Wesson - my Smith and Wesson - out her purse.

There's a sound like thunder, and Leggatt's head explodes and he gets dead real quick. Blondie's struggling with the recoil, and Bonecrusher's stepping in front of her, kinda jerks his arm at the big guy: she screams, cut short as Rhino's .44 crashes, twice, and they're both tossed against the wall, leave a big red smear behind as they flop in a heap.

Just me 'n' Rhino left standing.

I'm dunno whether to dive across the desk for Leggatt's Beretta or go for my piece where Blondie's dropped it, even though I doubt bullets'll work, on Rhino, anyway: but the big fella's sinking to his knees, a fist at his throat, the Magnum slack. Then he's both headlights short of a pair, and pitches forward on his face. Several inches of red-glistening blade slide up out the back of his neck as he hits the carpet.

I hadn't even seen Bonecrusher throw anything.

I go over and stand looking down at Blondie's blood-spattered body, twisted under the little guy. She ain't gonna give back no hundred-thirty grand, now. In any case, Leggatt's interest is all over the wall, with his brains. And Rhino's dead, from a severe case of just doing his job.

And Bonecrusher.

Concealing throwing-knives, somehow passing heisted guns to blondes without no-one being any the wiser; the little guy was the works, all right. A class act.

Ain't none of 'em gotta stand in line, no more, get gridlocked, worry about alimony, rent, whatever.

I'd smelt death in the air the second I walked in the room, but I sure hadn't figured on no Corpses' Convention.

Cars screech to a halt outside, sirens winding down and doors gettin' slammed, and my dead blonde suddenly squirms out from under Bonecrusher, panting and heaving, but I'm a pretty tough guy and I don't jump more'n two feet in the air.

Dead blondes don't just get up and walk, but nobody told this one: I thought she was hit, but she must just be splattered with Bonecrusher's blood: the little guy took both slugs for her. She ups and grabs her purse and lites out the fire-escape door lickety-split, before I can even say, "Hey, lady, this's gotta cost extra!"

Dead blondes don't just get up and walk: believe you me, they run like Hell.

I gotta admit, for a second there I thought about hitailing it out after her, but instead I slammed the fire-escape shut and scuffed the dust-tracks over and had gotten her prints off of