MEAT FOR TEA

VOL 6 ISSUE 1: Tisane
THE VALLEY REVIEW

Meat for Tea: The Valley Review

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.

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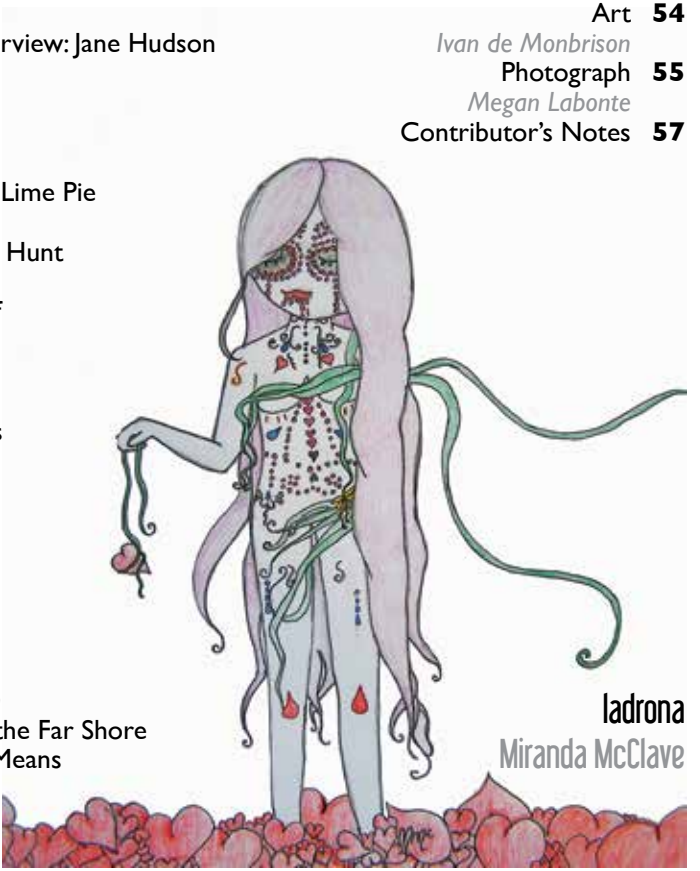


ladrona
Miranda McClave

salutations from the editor

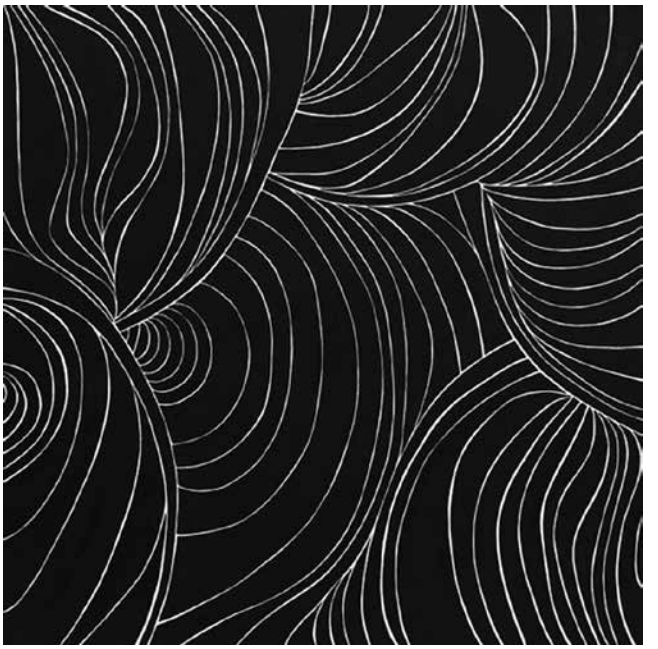
Hola, gentle readers.
You hold in your hands the 6th anniversary issue of this magazine. This issue is so very full that I haven't space to say much more than muchas gracias to all the writers, artists, photographers, musicians, small business owners, and subscribers who have all made it possible for this magazine to continue to exist.
besos y abrazos,
Meaty

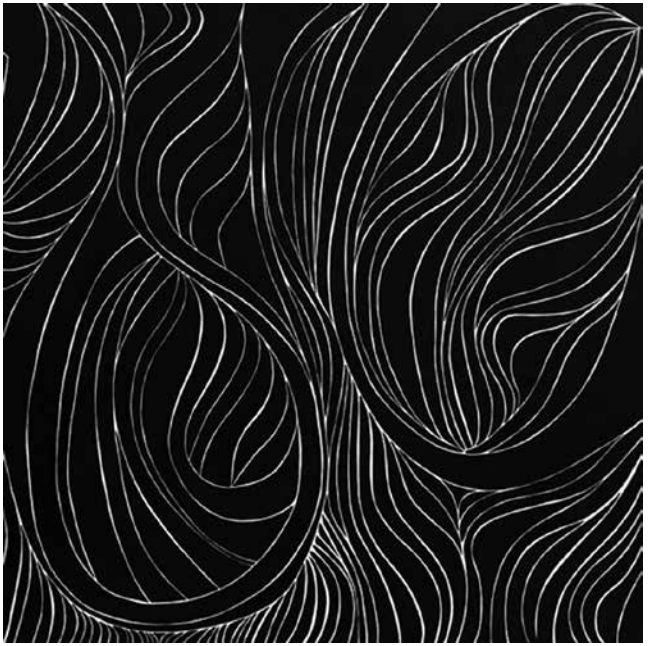
corey's top 198 films in alphabetical order

Corey Mesler

1900 (Bertolucci)
2001: A Space Odyssey (Kubrick)
400 Blows (Truffaut)
8 1/2 (Fellini)
Aguirre the Wrath of God (Herzog)
Alien (Scott)
All the President's Men (Pacula)
Altered States (Russell)
Amarcord (Fellini)
American Beauty (Mendes)
Anatomy of a Murder (Preminger)
Annie Hall (Allen)
Apartment (Wilder)
Army of Shadows (Melville)
Atlantic City (Malle)
Babe: A Pig in the City (Miller)
Band of Outsiders (Godard)
Best Man (Schaffner)
Between the Lines (Silver)
Big Sleep (Hawks)
Birds (Hitchcock)
Black Narcissus (Powell/Pressburger)
Blade Runner (Scott)
Blood Simple (Coen)
Blowup (Antonioni)
Brazil (Gilliam)
Breaker Morant (Beresford)
Breathless (Godard)
Brother of Sleep (Vilsmaier)
Cabaret (Fosse)
Capitalism: A Love Story (Moore)
Carnal Knowledge (Nichols)
Charade (Donen)
Children of Paradise (Carne)
Chilly Scenes of Winter (Silver)
Christmas Story (Clark)
Christmas Carol (Marin)
Citizen Kane (Welles)
City Lights (Chaplin)
City of Lost Children (Caro, Jeunet)
Clockwork Orange (Kubrick)
Come and See (Klimov)
Cook, the Thief, His Wife, and Her Lover (Greenaway)
Country Girl (Seaton)
Cradle will Rock (Robbins)
Cries and Whispers (Bergman)
Crimes and Misdemeanors (Allen)
Daisies (Chytilova)
Dancer in the Dark (Von Trier)
Dave (Reitman)
Days of Heaven (Malick)
Dead of Night (Cavalcanti, et al)
Defending Your Life (Brooks)
Delicatessen (Jeunet, Caro)
Dersu Uzala (Kurosawa)
Diary of a Country Priest (Bresson)
Don't Look Now (Roeg)
Double Indemnity (Wilder)
Dr. Strangelove (Kubrick)
Duck Soup (McCarey)
Elevator to the Gallows (Malle)
Fanny and Alexander (Bergman)
Far from Heaven (Haynes)
Front (Ritt)
Georgia (Grosbard)
Gertrud (Dreyer)
Gormenghast (Wilson)
Grey Fox (Borsos)
Hannah and Her Sisters (Allen)
Happy-Go-Lucky (Leigh)
Hard Day's Night (Lester)
Henry V (Olivier)
Hidden Fortress (Kurosawa)
Hiroshima Mon Amour (Resnais)
Holiday (Cukor)
Holly and the Ivy (O'Ferrall)
Hours, The (Daldry)

House of Fools (Knochalovsky)
Husbands and Wives (Allen)
I Know Where I'm Going (Powell/Pressburger)
Indian Runner (Penn)
Interiors (Allen)
Invasion of the Body Snatchers (Kauffman)
It's a Wonderful Life (Capra)
Jesus Christ Superstar (Jewison)
Jonah Who Will be 20 in the Year 2000 (Tanner)
Kicking & Screaming (Buambach)
La Strada (Fellini)
Last Tango in Paris (Bertolucci)
Last Waltz (Scorsese)
Le Cercle Rouge (Melville)
Letter, The (Wyler)
Life is Sweet (Leigh)
Local Hero (Forsyth)
Lolita (Kubrick)
Lost in America (Brooks)
Maltese Falcon (Huston)
Man in the Glass Booth (Hiller)
Man Who Would Be King (Huston)
Manhattan (Allen)
McCabe and Mrs. Miller (Altman)
Miracle at Morgan's Creek (Sturges)
Miracle on 34th Street (Seaton)
Modern Romance (Brooks)
Modern Times (Chaplin)
Monsieur Verdoux (Chaplin)
Monty Python and the Holy Grail (Gilliam)
Moonlight Mile (Silberling)
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Capra)
Mrs. Parker & the Vicious Circle (Rudolph)
My Dinner with Andre (Malle)
My Man Godfrey (La Cava)
Naked (Leigh)
Napoleon (Gance)
Nashville (Altman)
Night of the Hunter (Laughton)
Nights of Cabiria (Fellini)
None But the Lonely Heart (Odets)
North by Northwest (Hitchcock)
Northfork (Polish)
O Brother Where Art Thou? (Coen)
O Lucky Man! (Anderson)
Oleanna (Mamet)
Open City (Rossellini)
Ordinary People (Redford)
Others, The (Amenabar)
Out of the Past (Tourneur)
Overlord (Cooper)
Oxbow Incident (Wellman)
Passion of Joan of Arc (Dreyer)
Paths of Glory (Kubrick)
Pee Wee's Big Adventure (Burton)
Picnic at Hanging Rock (Weir)
Place in the Sun (Stevens)
Playtime (Tati)
President's Analyst (Flicker)
Psycho (Hitchcock)
Raising Arizona (Coen)
Rear Window (Hitchcock)
Red River (Hawks)
Ripley's Game (Cavani)
Rules of the Game (Renoir)
Sacrifice, The (Tarkovsky)
Seven Beauties (Wertmuller)
Shattered Glass (Ray)
Shoah (Lanzmann)
Shoot the Moon (Parker)
Simple Men (Hartley)
Slaughterhouse Five (Hill)
Slave of Love (Mikhalkov)
Sleeper (Allen)
Spirit of the Beehive (Erice)
Spirits of the Dead (Vadim, Malle, Fellini)
State and Main (Mamet)
Stop Making Sense (Demme)
Story of Adele H. (Truffaut)
Straight Time (Grosbard)
Strangers on a Train (Hitchcock)
Substance of Fire (Sullivan)
Sullivan's Travels (Sturges)
Sunrise (Murnau)
Sunset Boulevard (Wilder)
Sweeney Todd (Hughes)
Sweet Smell of Success (MacKendrick)
Swimmer, The (Perry)
Taxi Driver (Scorsese)
Terminator (Cameron)
That Obscure Object of Desire (Bunuel)
Third Man (Reed)
This is Spinal Tap (Reiner)
Time Machine, The (Pal)
To Die For (Van Sant)
Toy Story (Lasseter)
Train, The (Frankenhemier)
Twelve Monkeys (Gilliam)
Up (Docter/Peterson)
Village of the Damned (Rilla)
Virgin Spring (Bergman)
Wag the Dog (Levinson)
Weekend (Godard)
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (Nichols)
Wild Grass (Resnais)
Wings of Desire (Wenders)
Winter Kills (Richert)
Wizard of Oz (Fleming)
Woodstock (Wadleigh)
Young Frankenstein (Brooks)
Zelig (Allen)





meditation 1 & meditation 2
Kim Carlino

the language of her heart

Will Carlino

There's no stone for my mother
Some journals in my sister's house
Pictures in old frames
A birthday card, the last she wrote me,
Have a good life son. Which I can't find, but know.

But after I'm gone, or maybe my son, or his son,
who will know she lived?

A panicky feeling. A tightness. Eeeeeee!

(Hold on. Hold on. There it is.)

The sea with its rolling language knows
The sands whispering their muted words know
The clouds in their light volley of silent knowing know
And the trees
And the grasses
And even the stones

They all know my mother
Have her in them

The animals
their bones
The bones of children somewhere far off
Everywhere far off
And close!

The pulse of the world
This seeping of life
is proof
and forever carries the sound
of her name
the language of her heart.

stars so close

Will Carlino

After they lower me
in the ground
I slip my lighter out
and read the notes they
scribbled on tear-soaked napkins,
scrawled on frayed mattress labels,
etched in green sapling bark

I smell the flowers they dropped
and stuff all the fist-grips
of dirt
into my pockets

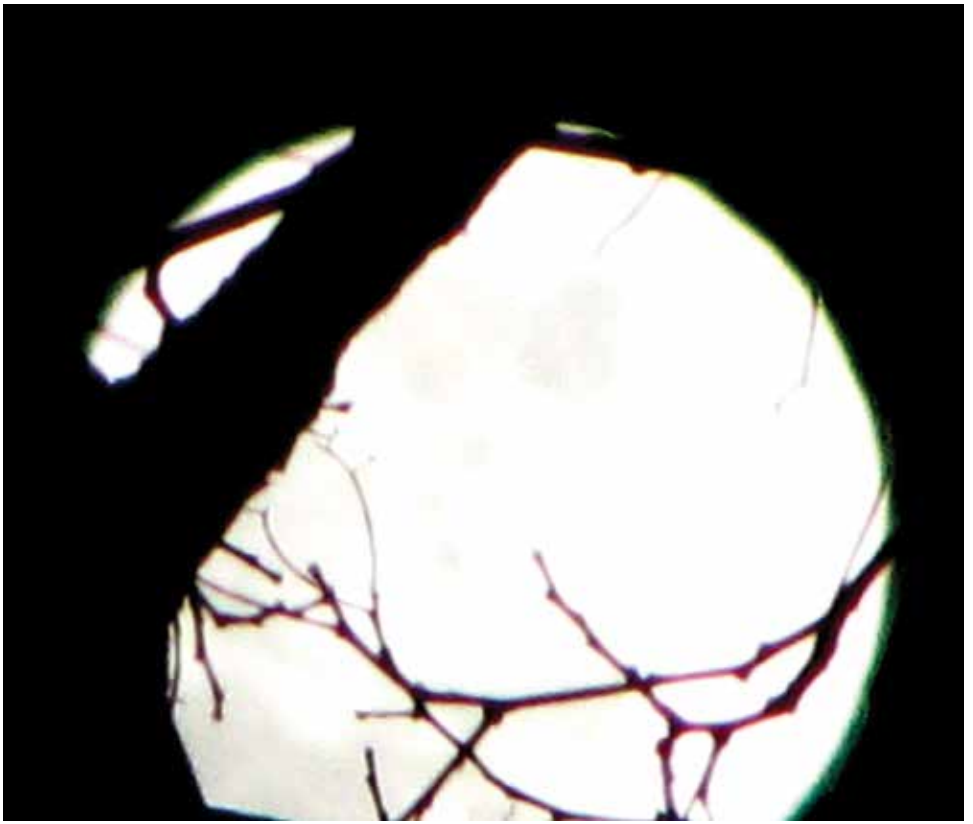
and then my lighter fails
and for a moment
all goes dark
in muffled silence

but then the stars blink on,
so close
so close

shhh…listen. watch.

I rise from the velvet lining
and follow one to a brook
and we crouch down
on the mushy clay bank
and listen to the stones
shift and clack
in the current

And we stay like that
blinking and not blinking
breathing and not breathing
as the air moves around us
and the world shifts
and our dreams lift
and sink around us.



moon 4
Richard Skoler

what are the odds?

Thomas O'Connell

In the few days leading up to the meteor shower, all the newspapers and local weathermen had advice for best hours (between 1:00 and 3:00AM) and direction (East) for watching the falling stars. People at work and in the aisles of the supermarkets were comparing their viewing plans. Google even replaced their doubles O's with vague illustrations of tailed boulders, which everyone understood to be meteors.

I will often stay up until midnight, but for some reason the additional hour before the start of the show, seemed overwhelming. Around quarter to one I went out into my backyard. The November air jolted me momentarily, and I thought that I would be able to stay awake. I walked over to the fence surrounding a sheep field, which borders my backyard, and gazed into the sky. I have never been proficient at locating constellations, but found Orion's belt easily and I think I saw the Seven Sisters, though it may have just been that my eyes were getting blurry because I was tired. There was no moon but the sky was brilliant and clear as I waited. I could make out silhouettes of the sheep, sitting like butter sculptures, in the field.

Waiting for a meteor shower to begin is not the same as waiting for, say, fireworks on the Fourth of July. The scheduling is not exact and I soon realized that the recommended viewing times were an estimate. Each passing minute that did not include a falling star became endless. I'm not sure how long I remained in the backyard, leaning on the fencepost, but it was not long before I went back inside to bed. I considered setting my alarm to get up a few hours later to view the meteors, but it's too complicated to change the setting and I didn't want to oversleep in the morning.

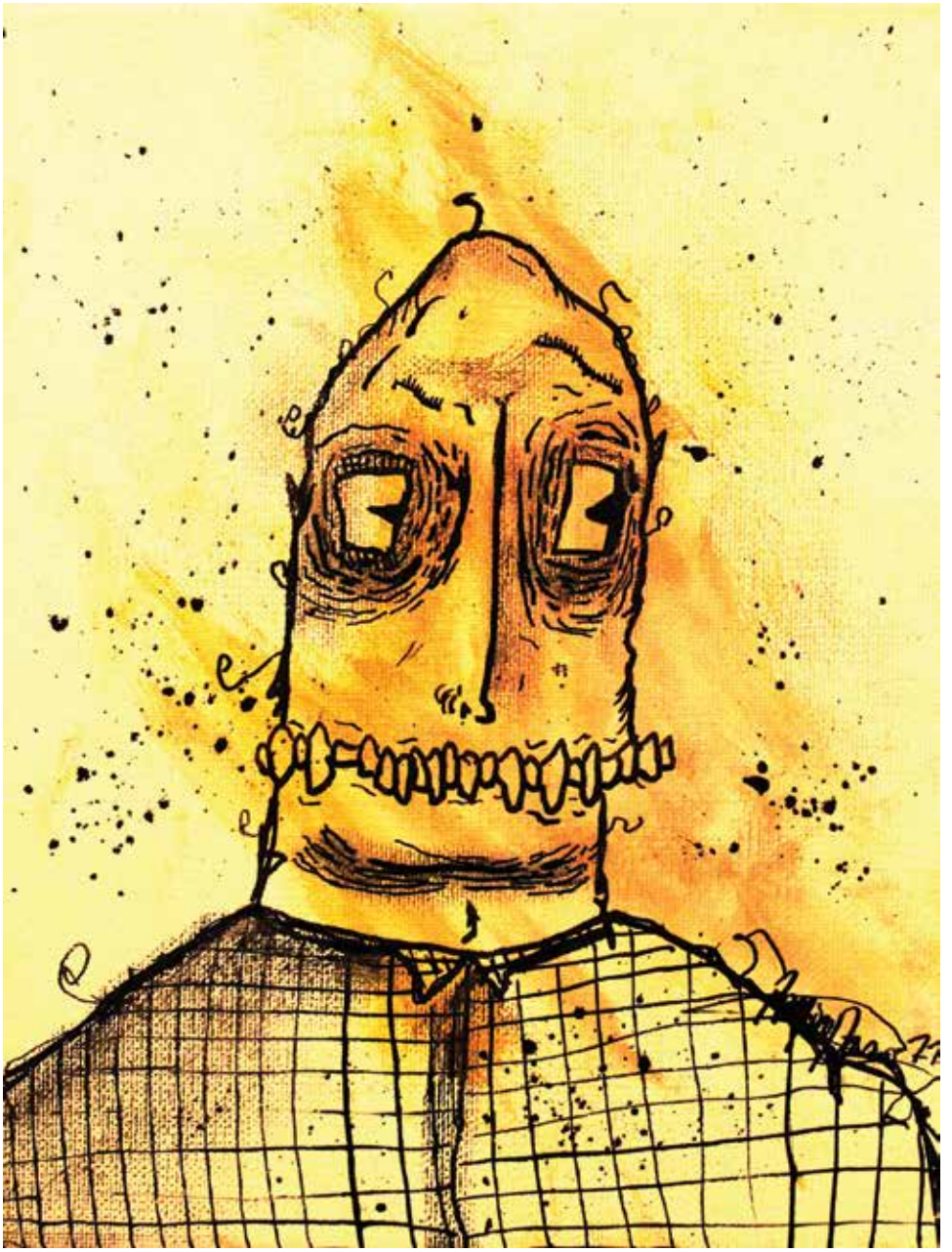
There was no talk of the meteor shower on the morning news shows and I might have forgotten about it except for the view out my front window. While passing through the living room, I sensed a commotion outside. Stepping out onto my front stoop I saw that a house a little way down the block had been completely crushed by a meteor. An enormous chunk of space rock, larger than the house that it had obliterated, sat in a pile of splintered wood. It looked like a colossal grey egg sitting in a bird's nest.

There were groups of firemen standing around, drinking coffee from Styrofoam cups, and staring at the smoldering timber. The local paperboy straddled his bicycle gawking at the massive rock that had made the morning edition in his shoulder bag obsolete.

Although I didn't know who lived in the flattened house, it was distressing. Numbly, I went back inside, continuing out to the back yard to gather myself. I found no comfort there, though, for from my porch I saw that another meteor, perhaps larger than the one in front, had landed in the sheep field. The sheep were strangely absent. I was not positive that they had been wiped out, but there was a pervasive smell that inspired thoughts of mint jelly.

Off to one side stood a donkey, employed by the sheep owners to keep the coyotes away. I must say that since the donkey arrived, I have seen no signs of coyotes in the area, nor heard their plaintive howling at night. The donkey stood staring at the meteor.

I don't want to anthropomorphize the brute, but he seemed defeated, as if guilty that he had not protected the sheep somehow. I have seen him at work; he has nothing to be ashamed of. How could he have known? What more could he have done?



teeth out of the mouth
Ramiro Davaro-Comas

lascaux

Jane Hudson

They say we are
what we eat.
We romance the burger
something from old Europe
still lingering like
an etymological drug.

We want to be
free of the body,
beg its forgiveness
for the sin of eating
and move on,
but when we regard
the image of
bison,
the charging longhorn,
the gentle curve
of a back so
carefully remembered
and drawn deep
in a cave long ago,
a bell sounds
an ancient tune
plays upon our collective
longing
beyond memory
but uncanny
how familiar:

The milk, butter,
cheese, steak,
leather, bone,
the property of herds,
the old west cowboy,
the pagan calf,
Diana, the moon
goddess of horns,
even the silly
and sacred
cows of Hindu India
wandering the cities
afraid of no one.

And finally our own
golden
arches, sublime
in their ubiquity
raising the smoke
of sacrifice
we yield up
to appease our
forgotten Earth.