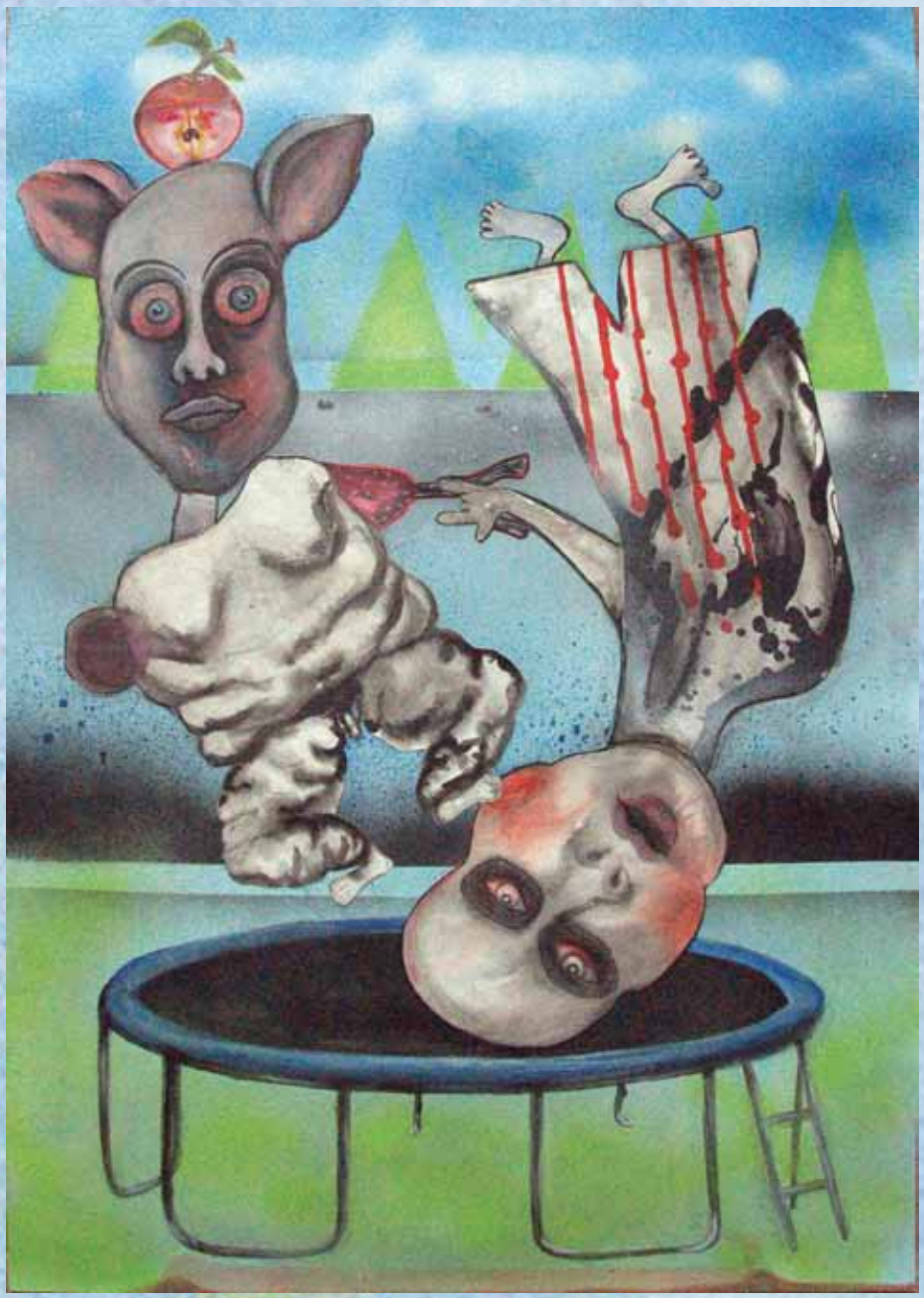
# MEAT FOR TEA

VOL 8 ISSUE 1
THE VALLEY REVIEW

Eighth Anniversary Issue: CHRYSANTHEMUM



# 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.

Staff:
Editor-in-Chief: Meaty Gonzales
Editor: Elizabeth MacDuffie
Editorial Assistant: Penelope P. Evans
Layout: Mark Alan Miller
Advertising and Publicity: Patrick Connelly
Ad sales and publicity assistant: Gina Gaetz
Impresario: Elizabeth MacDuffie

Cover Art: FRONT: by Maria Rolling
BACK: "When the Boat Comes In" by Karl Mullen

Printing:
Paradise Copies, Northampton, MA
Typeface: Gill Sans, Libel Suit (Ray Larabie)

Contributors:
Brendon Bayo, James Baxenfield, Doug Bolling, Anne Colwell, Adam Deutsch, George Djuric, Milton Erlich, Brian Flynn, Ina Iansit, Brad Garber, Pippa Anais Gaubert, Adam Gianforcaro, Gary Glauber, Moneta Goldsmith, Margarita Gokun, Tom Gumber, Lynn Hoffman, JoHanna Hoschstetler, FraHo156, Susan L. Lin, Gary Lundy, Elizabeth MacDuffie, Tim Miller, Christi Moon, Christopher Mulrooney, Amélie Olaiz, Kevin Pickens, Cindy Rinne, Laura Jean Schneider, Wes Solether, George Sparling, Jenna Szuch, Samuel Vargo, Kari Wergerland, Kirby Wright, Frank Zahn

Special thanks:
Mark Alan Miller and Justin Pizzoferrato and Sonelab, Kate Bodendorf, FraHo156, Amherst Books, Broadside Books, Booklink, Food for Thought Books, White Square Fine Books, Platterpus Records, FOE Gallery, Nash Gallery, Nina's Nook, Doris Madsen and the ECC, The Stink, Party Wolf, and all of our sponsors.

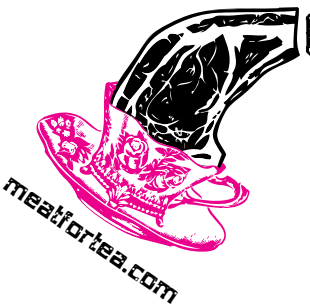
Advertising in Meat For Tea is inexpensive and easy. By advertising in Meat For Tea you are helping to keep print media alive! Visit www.meatfortea.com for more information.

To submit to Meat For Tea, please go to: meatforteathevalleyreview.submittable.com/submit.
Please send all other editorial correspondences to meatfortea@gmail.com

Vol. 8 Issue 1, March 2014, first printing



For more information or to purchase current and back issues, PDFs and subscriptions, please visit www.meatfortea.com




# CONTENTS

# salutations from the editor

As soon as my foot hit terra firma back here in the land of the Puritans, I realized why, as the geese and the elderly do, I flee to warmer climates at winter's first knock.

Winter, cold silent and impassioned, does not suit me. The shortest day only reminds one of how fleeting our time is and with its exit this year I say farewell to my dear friends Pete, Bo, and Bob impassionate. It was during the flight back from Tangires, my thoughts on a new acquaintance and how Steinbeck's line, "KInd of a long-stemmed flower. Looks like a quick puff of colored smoke." drifted in my thoughts. Rarely, do I enter the gate of the Chrysanthemum, our next issue, but alas it has beckoned me.

I invite you to join in the festivities of the Cirque De Loups Puantes to enjoy the company of new and old acquaintances and to relish in the art of Kate Bodendorf, Penelope T. Evans, and FraHo 156 and the rock of The Stink and Party Wolk. It will be a night of creative fun including a magnificent puppet show by Solomon Scratch.

besos y abrazos

Meaty Gonzales

# yahooisms in pronunciation and how to get rid of them

Frank Zahn

Americans are prone to pronouncing words and phrases in ways that do not correspond to their spelling. That is, they often pronounce words and phrases in ways that either include the sounds of letters that are not there or exclude the sounds of letters that are there and should be included when speaking English phonetically correct. These are dubbed yahooisms in pronunciation because they suggest that people who speak them have not completely left behind the proverbial "old neighborhood" or "the farm" in which they and/or their ancestors were born and bred. Example of yahooisms in pronunciation abound.

There is only one letter *y* in word *yahoo*. So when a person says, "He's a real yayhoo." Instead of "He's a real *yahoo*.", *yayhoo* is a yahooism for *yahoo*.

The letter sequence *ho* is not in the word *sure*. So when a person says, "I'm *shore* of it." instead of "I'm *sure* of it.", *shore* is a yahooism for *sure*. Think about it, Mr. President.

The letter *r* appears twice in the word *library*. So when a person says, "I'm going to the *libary*." instead of "I'm going to the *library*.", *libary* is a yahooism for *library*.

The letter *u* is in the word *Aunt*. So when a person says, "I love my *Ant* Maggie." instead of "I love my *Aunt* Maggie.", *Ant*, which is an insect, is a yahooism for *Aunt*. The letter sequence *un* and the letter *n* are not equivalent, so why should they be pronounced the same in English?

There is a letter *k*, but not a letter *t* in the word *asked*. So when a person says, "I *asted* the guy." instead of "I *asked* the guy," *asted*, which suggests the person stuck something up the guy's ass, is a yahooism for *asked*.

The letter sequence *ank* is not in the word *strength*. So when a person says, "He has the *strankth* of an ox." instead of "He has the *strength* of an ox.", *strankth* is a yahooism for *strength*. The letter sequences *ank* and *eng* are not equivalent, so to pronounce one as if it were the other is to speak like a yahoo.

The letter *i* is not in the contraction *can't*. So when a person says, "I *cain't* remember." instead of "I *can't* remember.", *cain't* is a yahooism for *can't*. The letter sequence *ai* and the letter *a* are not equivalent.

The letters *t* and *a* are not in the phrase *with you*. So, when a person says, "I want to go *witch ya*." instead of "I want to go *with you*.", *witch ya* is a yahooism for *with you*.

The letter sequence *or* isn't in the word *wash*. So when a person says, "I need to *worsh* my hands," instead of, "I need to *wash* my hands.", *worsh* is a yahooism for *wash*. The letter sequence *or* and the letter *a* do not sound the same, and therefore, they are not interchangeable when saying *wash*. Similarly, it is *Washington D. C.* not *Worshington D. C.,* and it is the state of *Washington*, not the state of *Worshington*.

The letter sequence *um* is not in the word *them*. So when a person says, "I haven't seen *um*."

instead of "I haven't seen *them*.", *um* is a yahooism for *them*.

A letter *h* is in the word *him*. So when a person says, "I haven't seen *im*." instead of "I haven't seen *him*.", *im* is a yahooism for *him*.

When questioning another about lunch, some old neighborhood, born-and-bred, and probably older New Yorkers may ask, "*Jeet?*" to which the reply may be, "*no, jew*." Both of these are yahooisms for "*Did you eat?*" and "*No, did you*.", respectively, even though the pronunciations bears no relationship to the spellings.

There is a letter *a* in the word *Italy*. But an older Italian-American might say, "Originally, I came from Itly." instead of "Originally, I came from *Italy*.", which means *Itly* is a yahooism for *Italy*.
The letter sequence *gonna* isn't in the phrase *going to*. So when a person says, "I'm *gonna* buy myself a parrot that doesn't fart." instead of, "I'm *going to* buy myself a parrot that doesn't fart.", *gonna* is a yahooism for *going to*. The pronunciation of the phrase doesn't correspond to the spelling.

There is no such word as *git*. So when a person says, "*Git* the hell out of here!" instead of "*Get* the hell out of here!", *git* is a yahooism for *get*. Again, there is no such word as *git*, which was a surprise to me at the age of 64 when someone pointed it out to me.

The letter sequence *ta* is not in the phrase *got to*. Neither is it in the phrase *have to*. So when a person says, "I've *gotta* go." instead of "I've *got to* go," or "I *haveta* go." instead of "I *have to* go.", *gotta* and *haveta* are yahooisms for *got to* and *have to, respectively*.



And of course, what American hasn't been guilty of dropping the letter *g* at the end of *i-n-g* words, for example, saying, "I'm *goin*." instead of "I'm *going*." What's worse is when a person combines yahooisms, for example, "I've *gotta git goin*." or "I *haveta git goin*." instead of "I've *got to get going*." or "I *have to get going*." The list of this kind of yahooism is lengthy, including *comin* instead of *coming*, *bein* instead of *being*, and *walkin* instead of *walking*.

There are many more examples of American Yahooisms in pronunciation. The list seems endless at times, much to the consternation of people in other countries who attempt to converse with Americans in English or to students and others who are trying to learn the language. Mind you, not every American is guilty of every yahooism in pronunciation, but chances are, every born-and-bred American is guilty of at least one and probably several. And it isn't easy to rid oneself of them either.

One might think the English people in that island across the Atlantic would be the best guide. They fancy themselves the final authority on all things related to the English language. But they have their own set of yahooisms in pronunciation. For example, they pronounce the name of the river *Thames* that flows through London as the *Temms*, which bears no relationship to the spelling, except, of course, that it begin with the letter *T*. That is one of their more conspicuous yahooisms in pronunciation. Another one that comes to mind is the pronunciation of the word *waistcoat* as *wescot*. *Wes* is neither equivalent to *waist* in spelling nor phonetically correct pronunciation, and neither is *cot* equivalent to *coat*.

And it is the rules of phonetically correctness that are the best guide to ridding oneself of yahooisms in pronunciation. The reason is straightforward. It provides correspondence between the pronunciation of words and phrases to their spelling, using the sounds of vowels, vowel combinations, and consonants taught in every grammar school. As Noah Webster pointed out when compiling the first American dictionary, it is that correspondence that makes it easier to learn the English language and use it more effectively in communication, which after all, is the purpose of language.








metamorphsis

Ina Iansiti

# towards a glossary of imaginary sorrows

Moneta Goldsmith

In the official Idler's Glossary of Imaginary Sorrows, which is not real although it should be, the term *prefertilization* can be defined by the act of preferring and/or preparing to fertilize (a transitive verb), as in, for instance, the case of a sparkleponie at a Burning Man festival, someone who has very little in the way of basic survival skills but who makes up for it by being naked pretty much constantly.

As in, for instance, the group of citizens from the Czech Republic who have formed a secret international organization known as MAID—or Masturbation and its Discontents—which aims to cast elaborate obstacles during controlled acts of onanism.

As in, for instance, the case of the first person to gain public recognition for MAID, a man from the English chapter, who successfully masturbated while reciting John Milton's poem 'Il Penseroso'. The man, I'm told, achieved climax during the line, 'While the bee with honied thigh'.

*Prefertilizing* may also refer to what happens when you watch Mexican porn at your work place and, not having had the foresight to set your printer to *B&W Only*, accidentally click *Print* just while your boss is making her rounds, so that the two of you are forced to look on in shame as a series of Mexican babies emerge from the printer bearing labels like 'Oscar-Lucinda Redux' and 'Las Papillas', something you later learn—no thanks to Google Translate—is slang for 'the little papers'.



Another possible meaning of the term *prefertilization* would be something like, 'the days immediately prior to Spring, just before the clock strikes the hour of pure sorrow, when the courtyard clears the grass for the daffodils as a stage clears itself for dancers (also a transitive verb); as in, for instance: 'there is so much Spring outside I could spring myself from the window'.

# mutton

Katelyn Stover

After running all night, sleeping on the cold ground and only having eaten one slice of bread, I found myself kneeling on the floor of a barn in front of a dirty animal. Behind me, a professor who owned this barn, who wanted to teach by experience. Before me, Tim- a huntsman, holding down the body of a lamb with one hand, holding a knife in the other.

I pulled off my fleece glove and reached out, gliding my hand over the side of the lamb, first gently petting it's head, then feeling it's warm body and smoothness of its flesh and combing my fingers through the rough, steely wool. It was lying on its side, legs bound but completely still, its wool brown and tainted like grey dust sprinkled over fresh snow. I peered into its black eyes that seemed to see beyond me. Then I stepped back, and Tim began.

The lambs' body started to shiver and tremble as it struggled under Tim's arm- now stretched over its stomach holding it down, the life-stealing knife slithering deeper across its neck into its throat. Shrill cries pierced the air; a quivering scream slowly fading into a broken, choked moan. Dark red blood began pouring from its flesh, puddling beneath the incision, clumping in its wool. A long, slow stream flowing straight from the lamb's throat over the barn floor, over the dirt and dust took bits of hay in its thin current.



Forget queasiness at the sight of blood, forget the cold biting my fingertips, forget wanting to be a vegetarian, forget not having eaten since the night before. The moment the knife slit through the flesh into the trembling body—

Sacrifice.

With the same knife, Tim skinned and cut the carcass, hung the full skin on a tree branch and disposed its organs outside the barn. I remember watching him stop his work to wipe the blade on the grass, leaving the ground marked with melting snow and dirt and the shining red blood. He cleaned and boiled the meat in a pot over a fire. After it was cooked I ate a few chunks, then this sacrifice became a provision.

This was not a full mutton meal, with mint jam and silver forks like my aunt always served on Easter dinner, nor did I even receive a satisfactory portion, enough protein to revive my exhausted body by feeding oxygen into my bloodstream and strength to my quivering knotted sore muscles. I remember eating maybe 5 pieces, straight from the pan on the fire into my gloved hand. While the pieces of my memory are vivid enough to remember small glimpses: touching the lamb, the few seconds before it died, chewing the small portions of its meat that hardly satisfied my body, still there is a glimpse beyond the fire pit and the barn and the sheepskin hanging from the nearby tree. There is a sight of the Lamb's final Sacrifice that revived my entire life.

## reincarnation (itailan (petrarchan) sonnet)

Christi Moon

Reborn in triple spiraling egress
and pixilated fragments of green-grey,
sequestered states and saturated fray-
that splinter through a winter of distress.
Sound resonates in threaded tenderness
as hues of evening's treason slip away,
unwind the brine of moon's naiveté;
pure sentiments and essence coalesce.
Ennobled minds can't reason or diffuse
the imprints sifted off the surface vault.
Induction lifts our canvas through the sky
to catapult in rapture's heightened views-
suspended in this fluid somersault;
exalt in all, renewing you and I.


## mouse eats cheese: an old signature

James Baxenfield

# chao mung (welcome)

Cindy Rinne

Mai Ly caressed blood pearls close
to her breast cut through giant wooden doors
arches, inner gate Co Loa communal house many voices

of court officials on stone pathway of moss to Princess My Chau shrine. Headless stone statue at rest dressed in embroidered gown of dragons and jeweled headdress. Her spirit appeared to Mai Ly, her guest – They sat next to each other like best friends sharing secrets. Her voice expressed a silent story of wars, a magic crossbow, and Golden Turtle Kim Qui. My father held the weapon (gift from turtle), and shot an arrow to kill one thousand defeating the Chinese king. The beaten son crept into my life bringing alms of peace turning into celestial love – marriage of two enemy kingdoms. He begged the truth of our victory over his people. He followed me up the steps in the highest tower to the magic crossbow. Unknown to me, my husband had a promise to keep. He

stole the weapon and replaced it with a fake.

Drums beat and his father attacked mine. Papa bolted up the tower and shot. Air split, but the false bow was powerless. The realization of what happened fell like rain as my father watched his people perish. Golden Turtle revealed the traitor. Father grabbed an axe, chopped off my head, and drowned himself in the Red River. My husband followed a trail of feathers to my place of death; later drowned himself in the deep well you dipped my pearls. His blood and mine dye them. He did love me. I'm sure of it.

As you take the spirit of the bronze drum and the axe, I know of your quest, be aware they embody my love and betrayal. You will carry both to your spirit-boat and your home, your family, your bloodline across time.