

# issue 45

## streetcake



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**Marketing 101 at MOMA or the British Museum**

*Anyone who doesn't love and respect  
Allen Ginsberg is a dipshit.*

Ed Sanders, *Shards of God: a novel  
of the Yippies*

Someone asked me about Allen  
Ginsberg, said the world didn't  
need to know he stuck  
a carrot up his bum.

Got me thinking about lost market  
opportunities, about autograph  
hounds and super stars,  
got me thinking haute fandom  
lined up by the bunch, carrots  
in their extended  
groupie hands —  
“Ah, Monsieur Geens'perg,  
would you please *impress*  
thees leetle legume”?

Got me thinking of fancy pants  
museums and humidity controlled  
display cases. Got me thinking  
whiffy blowing ducks  
in a row, thinking  
odeur organique familier.  
Thinking MOMA and monarchies.  
Uncle Sam at Harvard Business  
School. Freshly tinted graduates,  
their slightly soiled hands  
grasping opportunities  
in this arriviste world

— petites postérieurs  
quacking in nostril  
quivering air

*boss clown* this formal vanish is grim  
cracked out work makes me all the more  
reluctant to switch masters & my wonky  
prism grayed with insects turbulent smudge  
less active charm my wonky prism grayed with  
effort in a troubling mode of laugh 'n'  
scratch rock-in-the-box they write you off as  
an entrance fever conduit you should snap  
a candle turn yellow fancifully boom yeah show  
them & there's a kid's show for the lot lice coolly  
off-hand artificial & there's a kid's show for the  
lot lice *anyways back to the long con* my man  
on the ground you walk backwards out  
of the garden stumble into green blue yellow  
red shriek don't we all live in the age of  
nervous water? sprouting cousins keyed into  
the zeitgeist at the carnival of acronyms my  
trousers split my tooth falls out at the carnival  
of acronyms i become  
antarctic 10

**beauty**

trapped

in sentimental shit  
when surrounded by  
beauty

poetry

doesn't have to be about love  
emotions

are overrated

nature gets left behind

cottony skies

swirly waters  
green if you please  
blue if it suits you better

little creatures

call them creatures coz

couldn't list them all

crabs digging holes

wanna be frogs playing in the riverside

ants build their empire

the odd wallaby

& imaginary koala

(words of) surprises

suppressed by feelings

**Little earthquake**, you've grown  
through me like the branches of a tree that have  
always been  
can't shake you but you  
shake me.

Today you must be 9.0  
on the scales my body  
the body  
isn't mine – who, belongs to who  
..... now you belong to me.

Pulses, little earthquake  
your eyes are open your eyes  
can't see me.  
The divide skin deep will always be  
that way tremors don't hurt  
until the fire.

Love is inside me, love is  
under my ribs, hiding the shrinking  
grip of fear.  
You are beautiful and monstrous  
like rain that cools  
but floods  
my heart/your heart.

Little earthquake, you rumble  
like unspent energy building  
constructed in pieces  
borrowed and begged.

Little earthquake, your feet will be grounded  
in the pit of my stomach like a seed that  
never shifts, and  
though you grow, the seed stays  
buried under vessels and ink.

**mark evans**

Hello My Name Is

Birth Cert. - 1051995034902

SS- 001-29-1289

School- 923564628

Job- 149821

Mortgage- 5240318

Electric- 7605101

Water- 7213492-64

Gas- 0-4736-4821-347

Phone-756-123-9856

Bank- 123-24-98212

Credit Card- 0101-8735-2233-0987

Car Insurance- 9876543

Health Insurance- 0005198734

Hospital- 91-1232-2981

Cemetery- row 16

lot 4

**Fall**

There is no safety net  
Just emptiness and risk  
I forgot and will forget again  
To be afraid to jump  
And to be afraid  
And to jump  
I should also have mentioned it is the small that excites me  
That it's the weight of your hair on my chest  
And your breath in my mouth  
I will value most  
As I fall

## **Cutting Edge Everything**

Breathe. Breathe again. What's that? It's OK. Just the ventilation readjusting itself. Breathe. Slow my heart beat down, calm down by slowly breathing. Just like Jennifer used to say. Jennifer? Where is she?

OK. Get to the gun room and man up. Making it to this underground facility is only the first step. They'll never find me down here and I have enough supplies to last 50 nuclear winters. What were they? Get to the fucking gun room man!

That's it, walk. Down this corridor into the early automobile collection space. Walk by my gleaming collection of 63 automobiles dating right back to the Piper and Tinker Steam buggy. That cost me a pretty penny. Look at them, they're so beautiful.

Walk! You idiot! You do not have time for this! Jesus. I am thirsty. Must have a drink. There's the fridge. Grab a diet cola. That's much better.

What time is it? What happened? Where did they come from? There were thousands of the bastards lurching mindlessly through the night, staggering through the woods surrounding the house. How the fuck did they get here? I built this place in the middle of nowhere. My own private Superman fortress of solitude.

This place is impregnable.

Walk! Now into the sports car showroom. Look at them. 94 gleaming, modern classics. Ferraris. Bugattis. Lambos. Maseratis. Jag E-Types. Walk past them into the motor-cycle showroom. No time to linger, have to take a left into the gun room.

Thank God for American gun laws. Just look at them, stored neatly and gleaming in waist high glass cases. All the assault rifles, grenades, handguns, sniper rifles and custom made combinations of death I'll ever need. Not forgetting all the ammunition to blow the fuck out of every one of those mindless bastards up on ground level. Better arm up.

Need to eat. There's another fridge. Grab a pizza, sling it in the microwave. Ding! Have another diet cola. My doctor tells me I need to eat better food. I tell him my body is used to this. Years of long nights developing financial software have immunized me to the stuff. To my body a microwave pizza is like a fresh tomato or some of that other organic shit Jennifer try's to feed me. Jennifer.

It was a long time ago and I haven't written code in decades so I guess I could have switched to healthier options. Shut up! That's the diabetes getting hold of me. Grab a shot from the fridge and man up!

OK. Armed now. Like a fucking SWAT team. Prepare to kill some of those freaks. If they ever find me. Which they won't. Only I have the codes and the same steel doors they use in banks for fuck sake. So good luck to them all up there. Fuckers.

What happened to Jennifer?

This place cost me four times the price of the house to build. The architect thought I was crazy. Maybe I was. It has cutting edge everything. Reinforced concrete throughout its 3 levels, same ventilation systems used by NASA, body activated lighting, climate control, UV lounge, media systems. Media! Get to a screen! Find out what is going on!

Click! No signal? How can that be? Nothing.

I can remember Jennifer saying something. She had heard a local news report. Something about thousands attacking randomly. Something about a virus. Why didn't I listen closer? I was too busy kissing her neck and groping her beautiful breasts to pay attention. Idiot!

Did she make it? She went to the bathroom after we fucked and screamed at me.

'Jesus! What are they? Ted? Look!'

I could hear the fear in her voice, rushed to her side and looked out. Thousands of them, silently emerging from the woods, the heat from their bodies misting the night air.

I told her to grab her jewellery and pack quickly. I told her to meet me at the secret entrance to the underground facility in two minutes. I threw on a new black tracksuit and black running shoes before running to the larder. I keyed in the code on the freezer and it slid sideways revealing the metal steps going down, the automatic lighting turning on to a welcoming golden glow.

She wasn't there. I waited. No sign of her. I heard windows breaking. As I walked down the golden lit steps I flicked the switch to close the door. It slid back into place and I knew that the freezer camouflaged the entrance on the other side. I was safe. Hopefully Jennifer was too. But I think she's dead. Whoever those maniacs are they look like they are here for blood. Thank God I demanded sound proofing for this whole facility. It would hurt to hear her scream.

Virus? Did she say virus? Impossible. Stupid girl has seen too many of those undead movies. Stupid girl has seen way too many movies, soap operas, and fake-mentories on Bigfoot or Aliens or the latest pandemic to wipe out mankind. Man? Kind? Odd combination there. Nothing kind about business!

I could do with a drink. Help me work out an escape plan. Here we go. 50 year old whiskey, ice, crystal glass, add some diet cola. Perfect. Yum. Julie bought me the glasses when we had this place built. An anniversary gift. They don't make them anymore. Rare crystal and fine whiskey. Armed like a marauding marine and in my underground bunker. Safe. Doesn't get better than this.

Must have fallen asleep. What is going on up there...I am a fucking idiot! Of course the security system will give me all the information I need right now. OK, I walk through the RV collection display space to the security room. I love RV's and these are cutting edge. There it is! Open the door and sit down before the banks of screens in front of me. This is a twin of the panic room I had installed in the main house.

Five outside camera and two cameras in every room feeding into a wall of screens. Sit down at the console and now let's see what is going on. Just flick this switch and hey prest...

Fuck! These are off too! What is happening? How did this happen? I asked for an impregnable system and even the fucking TV is fucked!

What am I going to do? What time is it? Cell phone! Quick! No signal! Fuck! No signal? Really? Yes, no signal. When this is over I am going to fucking destroy that installation company. At least I now know the time and date; 4:14 am July 14th.

I need a plan to get out of here. I cannot be cooped up in here indefinitely. I have a meeting with the shareholders in two days.

I could get out using the RV lift. Drive to the nearest town...fuck that...the nearest army base...they'll know what is going on. OK Ted. Now you're using your brains. Get back to the RV space. The latest edition might just fit the bill. Heavily armoured and surprisingly fast. Very comfortable too. OK Ted! Do it!

Into the RV, sit on the cream leather driver's seat. Start the engine and drive it onto the elevator platform.

I got this from the same guys who supply NASA's hydraulics. Cutting edge. It can lift three RVs if I want. Fucking beautiful engineering. Fingers crossed the RV remote is working...YAHOO! Fucking excellent! Now, get the engine started, rev it to fuck and drive over the remaining fuckers up there to freedom.

Let's do it!

The platform is rising to ground level, look up to see the stars and there's pink glow of sunrise. This was a stroke of genius. Impregnable underground fortress and luxury, motorised escape route. Genius. Here we go! Gun the engine!

What the...?

The house is on fire! Everything is on fire! And...the road out is blocked by pickup trucks. Nearly at the right level now and the headlights shine on a loan naked figure in the road. Jennifer. She is shaking, nodding and then pointing at me. She doesn't quite smile but she does look relieved.

Then they appear out of the darkness and slowly walk towards my RV. I grab my Uzi and run to the door. Fucking psychos are going to regret this! Animals! I walk to the door and prepare to fire. The RV begins to tilt? It is being tilted on its side and I am falling down. Fuck!

The RV crashes onto its side and before I can make sense of where I am the door is opened and those animals are panting and screaming and clawing at me. They drag me up and push me out the door and throw me to the ground. I am surrounded by them and they edge closer.

I open my eyes and finally look up. Afraid of seeing their dead eyes, their teeth, their hunger. But I look up. Wait! They are not zombies.

There's that dumbass store owner. His wife died of cancer last year. And there's that local militia-man-tea-party-tax-hating-prick. Isn't she the

local teacher? They all look towards her and she slowly nods. They're grabbing me, pulling me to my feet, pushing me.

I look around at Jennifer and see her being wrapped in a blanket. Fucking bitch must have sold me out. How else would they know how to disable the surveillance and entertainment systems? How else would they know about the RV lift? It is totally camouflaged! In-fucking-visible.

They push, kick, punch and jostle me towards the pickup in the middle of the road. I could have driven over that treacherous fucker. Why didn't I just drive over her, crash through the truck to freedom? We're nearing the pickup now and then I see it.

I have never seen a real one before. But I recognise it immediately. My hands are being tied behind my back. They are punching me. Spitting at me. Jeering me. Punching me toward the towering structure on the back of the truck, lit by the fire from my home and the rising sun.

I stumble. I beg. I cry. I try to push away from the truck but there are too many forcing me forward and up.

Help me! Help me! I scream but they gag me with a filthy rag and I try to plead with my eyes. I stare down at them and see their hate, I feel their hate. They go quiet and I am forced to lie down under the blade.

My last thought is 'They are not zombies. They are not zombies.'

Chunk!

## I, Iphigenia

shit how can I explain this to you ok  
so my brother Oreo is still asleep  
(I call him that because it's all he ate as a kid)  
and my dad's driving me to hockey  
and who the hell knows where my mom is  
I've got my skates in the back seat  
and it's snowing and we're already late  
but my dad says he wants to stop at the drive thru  
if he's going to freeze his ass off for two hours in the arena  
so now he's holding the cup in one hand  
and booting it down groat road hill with the other  
he's going way too fast so I tell him  
dad slow down a bit this hill's a bitch ok  
but by then he's already over the ice  
not ice ice like at the arena  
but black ice  
black-like-you-can't-see-it-till-it's-too-motherfucking-late-ice  
and he's swearing now because he's dropped his coffee  
and were doing donuts  
I mean real fucking donuts  
bouncing off the rails  
like a goddamn ping pong ball  
and you know he never wears his seatbelt  
even when the cops caught him that time  
taking an illegal deer out of the park  
and they fined him for doing both  
but he refused to pay up  
because it's this big constitutional thing with him  
and I'm thinking  
who gives a shit about the constitution  
if we don't live long enough to vote  
because there's this big honking truck behind us now  
so close I can read the sign  
Artie's Moving or something  
and he hits us and we flip over  
and one of my skates flies up from the back seat  
and hits me in the head  
and I don't remember anything else after that  
so now we're at the hospital ok  
and dad's in intensive care and it's not looking too good  
and I'm downstairs  
and the cops have already woken up my brother  
and he's freaking out because he's the only one in the waiting room  
and he doesn't know where mom is  
but I know where she is  
the stupid bitch is flipping her clit around again  
she's screwing one of the neighbours  
Angus or something  
but my dad doesn't know about it

and my brother doesn't know about it  
but I know about it  
and when my brother finds out  
why mom's not at the hospital  
he's so pissed at what she's doing behind dad's back  
that he goes home and gets one of dad's rifles  
I mean the same rifle he shot the deer with  
and goes right over to this guy's place  
and shoots the both of them in bed together  
I mean right in the fucking bed together  
so now everything's messed up  
my dad's in the hospital  
my brother's in jail  
my mom's dead  
and I'm stuck  
in this goddamn  
little box and  
I can't get  
out