

streetcake

issue 60



@trinidecombe

contents – issue 60



kate gillespie - diversification

P.A. levy - star breaker

kirsten mckenzie - shape up or ship out

julie mellor - austerity

sy roth - nomenclature

Diversification

dynamics;

On Bacteria,

ancient

global

based

infinitely

environmental

crucial

extinction

extant

similarity

continuously increasing

bacterial extinction rates

Planet Earth

unlikely

sparse and cryptic

Star Breaker

SMASH THE STARS! SMASH THE STARS!
keep precious fragments in old marmalade jars
and let's hear no more talk of a wide-eyed universe
and i try
i really do
to ignore all those galaxies and planets but
they're moving around me in
their dusty jackets
for i am the axis on which their existence turns
your super nova it's all over
final warning stars before you
BURN
BABY
BURN
like all the fallen leaves of autumn
having had your glory in the sunlight
MOVE OVER ROVER LET JIMI TAKE OVER
to rock the plot and bust some rhymes
it's time ...

SHAPE UP OR SHIP OUT

So, let's get down to business. Not that kind of business love, this is a family show you know. And it's time to meet tonight's contestants, the families who are ready and willing to.....

"SHAPE UP OR SHIP OUT!"

Yes, you heard it right. This is the show where we ask British citizens to go head to head with wannabee Brits from around the world. They'll be taking part in a number of special challenges designed to test their British metal. And for those who don't 'SHAPE UP', we'll be asking them to 'SHIP OUT', on the first available flight.

But who'll pass the true test of citizenship? First up tonight – the blue team! There's refuse technician Billy (that's a plain old binman to you and I) with wife Cheryl, who works in a cheese processing factory. Sixteen-year old son Brendan is on a six-year training course to become a creative hair director, and here's fourteen-year old Shannon, reigning schools' twerking champion of Essex. No demonstrations needed today love.

Now let's meet the reds. Dad Kwesi Mbogedo - you're a bit of a mouthful if you don't mind me saying so sir, but your wife already knows that. Oooh, down boy! Kwesi lives with his lovely wife Abena and their seven children (that'll be some child benefit payout!) in his charming detached iron hut in the Democratic Republic of Congo.

First round - multiple choice. Hands on buzzers! You're doing your weekly shop at Asda when you notice an unattended child playing inside the freezer cabinet. Do you a) Assume the parent is nearby and avert your gaze before you're accused of being a paedophile, B) Capture the child and sell it into slavery or C) Ask the child where its parents are and detain it with ice cream while you alert supermarket security? I'm sorry but I think Kwesi just got there first. C? No, that's not correct so you lose five points and I'll pass it over to Billy on the blue team. Any ideas Billy? Clock's ticking away, take a guess, no? I'm sorry, the bleeper has gone and that signals the end of that round. The correct answer was of course A, unless you live in central London where children don't exist.

Now for the most gruelling test of all - physical endurance! Here's where the boys change into their tracksuits, Billy in the blue, Kwesi in the red. Don't they look fetching, girls. They're making me go all quivery. Each contestant must down sixteen pints of lager, eat a bag of chips and a small doner kebab, then cross the road. This test, ladies and gentlemen, is designed to emulate a typical British Friday night out, based on an actual reconstruction of a small town in Northamptonshire around closing time. To make things even more realistic we have placed in the contestant's path a variety of obstacles. First, traffic cones, which they must either balance on their head or, for bonus points, on a nearby statue, then taxi queues, then two men fighting in the road.

They're off, and Kwesi gets off to a good start on the first pint. He's a thirsty boy tonight. Our Billy's a bit slower on the off but he's catching up. Kwesi's moved quickly up to number five but now Billy's downed the last drop and he's onto the grub. The kebab's going down like a treat. Kwesi's revived after being shot at by his wife and he's coming up fast behind Billy. Billy's made short work of the parking

cone and after a bit of confusion where he tried to join the taxi queue he's managed to get past it but...oh no! Kwesi's put down his kebab and he's trying to break up the fight. Billy's heading towards the finish line but..oh my word.. disaster for Billy! He's collapsed in a pile of his own vomit. A historic victory for the Congolese about to take place.

But wait! There's a bit of murmuring between the referee and the linesman here. It seems there's some doubt over the legitimacy of Kwesi's victory. Let's talk now to chief referee Jim McLaren. Jim, what seems to be the problem?

"Well Quintin, independent testers have looked at the beverage used by the Mr Mbogedo, and it seems that he used not the prescribed Carlsberg lager but a lager and lemonade blend, resulting in a less potent brew. The linesmen are also concerned about the extent to which the kebab was actually eaten. Kwesi claims that the meat was food for dogs and seems to have actually thrown some to our audience, leading to a suggestion he may consider them to be dogs."

Thanks Jim! I'm just hearing now that the referees have made their decision. And I'm sorry but we'll have to say goodbye to you Kwesi. You'll be SHIPPED OUT back to your home village. Oh, no need to cry, you're a big lad, I can see that from here. Your village will be so proud of you. No, sorry, scrap that, we've just been informed they've all been murdered by rebel fighters.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, we can't control what happens on live TV. But provided our planes can land, we'll be back next week to find out how Kwesi fared back home. And as we say goodbye to Kwesi, let's see how last week's loser, self-confessed ned Jason, fared when he was SHIPPED OUT to rural Mongolia. Now working as a goatherd, he's already shown remarkable intuition, having worked out how to distill

buckfast from dried goat's droppings. But there's also drama as he collapses during a gruelling two hundred metre hike to find new pastures for his herd. Chin up Kwesi, there's a good chap, all's fair in love and game shows, as they say! And it is only a game, after all.

Austerity

**An evocative
poem**

revealed in silhouette beneath the material. For a split second before the lights died, her chin and neck were illuminated by the glow. She giggled, then bent down and kissed him on the forehead before leaving for her own bed.

in

a

culture of

personality

Weigh-ins

intimidation and sexual harassment

**The objection
to**

austerity

has always

needed

confidence

Nomenclature

Defined by names
Stamped into classes
Phylums
Generic groupings--
You nerd
You fat tub of lard
You disconcerted, discombobulated buffoon
You shapely princess of the moors
You tagalong, Mensa smarty
And all you others.

Defined and stamped refuse
Set adrift into a life of others' choosing
Ill-defined, you think
But nonetheless mired in an existence
Sealed in a fate-determined box
Tattooed with the mark of happenstance
Tattooed with the blue numbers
Tattooed so you can be socially secure.

It may lead to an exit door
Awash in a warming sun
Or the edge of a cliff
Where you find yourself spinning downward
Vertigo into a vortex of tsk-tskers
Who care nothing for where they have landed
A nameless breed of nomenclaturists
Content on branding the others.