

Personals from *THE RECORD*

Volume 1

1995 thru 1999

To provide a bit of levity in the paper when it was purchased in 1995 a few lines of satirical and comic comments were inserted into the Announcements section label as Personals. This project took on a life of its own as contributors joined in with responses and the Personals eventually became a separate section of the paper chronicling the fictional, wild adventures of the Zorq family and friends.

1995.09.20

One eyed, one horned, flying purple people eater seeks purple people for lunch or dinner engagements. Must be willing to fly if necessary. Call Bogash Zorq: 283-2041.

1995.10.04

Explore the essence of your cosmic ethereal karma and get in touch with Elvis. Call Bogash Zorq: 283-2041.

1995.10.18

Dissolute old reprobate seeks vivacious young heiress with land and winery. Send sample of wine to Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC

1995.11.01

Buffet buccaneer seeks invitations to weddings, wakes, and other celebrations featuring mounds of mouth watering free delicacies. Send invitations and menus to Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

Problems solved, questions answered, forces of darkness and evil subdued or destroyed with dispatch. Call Lamont Cranston, 283-2041.

1995.11.15

Purge your home of unfavorable karma and dissonant spirits. The Ancient Order of Cosmic Calibrators can bring harmony to your habitat with a short, two week residence program. You must have stocked pantry and wine cellar. Hot tub a

plus. No pets or children. Send photos of house and amenities along with a list of financial references to Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

Flying squirrel seeks moose for long term companionship and high adventure. Call Rocky at 283-2041.

1995.11.29

Too much food and drink on hand over the holidays? Get professional help to clean out your pantry and wine cellar. Rum soaked pudding removal a specialty. No pudding? No problem. Contact Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

Seeking lost Maltese Falcon. Any information as to whereabouts greatly appreciated. Contact Sam Spade: 283-2041

1995.12.13

Searching for the meaning of life? Unmask uncertainty, dispel delusions, vanquish vacuity, and overcome omnipresent obfuscations. Study the life and times of the master Hippocrates. Contact Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

Mountless rider seeking strong steed, will trade kingdom for same. Contact Richard III: 283-2041

1996.01.10

Recently arrived immigrant from southern jungles seeking anthropologists and missionaries for participation in primitive social rites and ethnic banquets. Must be well fattened, tender and juicy. Contact Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

William where are you? Anyone who knows the whereabouts of my husband last seen sitting in the street with nothing but a fine tooth comb please contact Mrs. Bill Bailey at 283-2041

1996.01.24

Inebriated psychic and doctor of astrologic sciences can help you rephrase your cosmic moon cycles with your natural karmic persona for a greater understanding of the wisdom of galactic dew worms. Contact Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.02.07

True love could be yours to stay on this Valentine's Day. Win the heart of a discerning epicure who knows how to appreciate the finer things of life. Send expensive chocolates

to Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC. Large quantities are no problem. Belgian, Dutch, and Swiss imports accepted gladly without prejudice. Solid chocolate or chocolate coated nuts preferred. Gooey centers OK but not prized.

1996.02.21

While away the waning days of winter on a warm tropical island in the company of a witty, discerning gentleman adept in the finer things of life. Any civilized, well appointed island will do. Send airline tickets, expense money, and directions on where to meet you to Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.03.06

Rescue Me!! Engaging gentleman is out in the cold waiting for your St. Bernard to come along. You will be the right one if the brandy cask is fully appointed with a copious quantity of France's finest. Need I say more? Contact Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.03.20

Gifted psychiatric can read the future in your old chicken bones and moldy yogurt cups. Answers to your most pressing questions are at your finger tips with the proper understanding of the cosmic signs emanating from your personal garbage. New chicken bones still encased in fresh broiled chicken, and hot apple pie can also reveal some amazing facts under the careful psycho-gastronomic investigations of the grand master. Contact Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.04.03

Divine the mysteries of the comets and unlock the powers of the infinite heaven. No obstacle can block your path if you learn the ancient wisdom of Astral Teleological Constructionism. Dispel the miasmatic atmosphere of uncertainty and confusion, and enter a realm of salubrious harmony through the secret teachings of the ages. Contact Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.04.17

Orthodox Druid seeking soulmate to celebrate the Rites of Spring and other holy festivals. A cultured appreciation of fine wine, fresh trout, and raw oysters a must. Experience with skinny dipping and wild dancing around bonfires a plus but not absolutely required. Must not be allergic to trees or wild flowers, and must enjoy howling at the full moon. Werewolves and vampires need not apply. Contact Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.05.01

A cosmic message for Bogash Zorq. I am a Wiccan priestess with Druid leanings, and I have felt for some time that I may indeed be your soulmate. My appreciation of fine wines and good food is both cultured and sensual. I have extensive experience with skinny dipping and wild, abandoned dancing around bonfires, especially during the full moon. My connection to trees and wild flowers is deep, spiritual and non-allergenic. During the period of the full moon I lose all my inhibitions and howl unashamedly, often to the point where I am joined by my cousins, the wolves. I would be honoured to share in your celebration of the Rites of Spring and other Holy Festivals.

Yours in Karmic Union,

Ariel in Tahsis

April showers bring may flowers which I could sit and watch for hours. Perennial sixties flower power kind of gentleman with well honed sense of the ridiculous seeks true earth mama for groovy Mother's Day happening. It can happen anywhere you like if you have a Volkswagen van, love beads, sandalwood incense, and a bountiful supply of California red wine. Soft cheese and ripe strawberries would add the finishing touch to the day, but neither mushrooms nor pharmaceuticals would be appreciated. Contact Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.05.15

Dear Bogash, I am ready to join you in your Mother's Day happening, joyously. I will be your flower child, earth mother, domestic goddess, anything you want me to be. You will dig my lime green Volks van with yellow flowers all over it. It is stocked with all the necessary things, including sweet, ripe strawberries and Brie. Come rock and roll with me.

Florally Yours, Ariel

To the Wiccan priestess in Tahsis, wow! Is my sign ascending or what? You are invited to join me for the Nootka Chapter's May howling under the next full moon at the Druid bonfire on the banks of the Conuma River. If we drink enough wine we can skinny dip in the pools and chase the bears through the bushes.

BZ

One is not enough. Slightly daft sixties refugee with full beer cooler and a bag full of hoochies and jigs is seeking karmic companions with well appointed and seaworthy vessels for spiritually enlightening excursions to the sacred feeding grounds of the families Salmonidae and Bothidae. Get hooked up with Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.05.29

Ariel, my floral princess, you made the Mother's Day happening one mother of a day. The whole family appreciates your donation of the green Volks van for the celebration. After all of these years I am still amazed at how many people can be crammed into one of those things.

I am really sorry about the jug of wine that got kicked over. After the smell is gone you will no doubt come to have fond remembrances of our good time when you gaze upon the purple stains left on the sheep skin seat covers.

Uncle Mort is truly repentant about passing out in the case of strawberries. The mess gelled in his beard which had to be shaved off. He hopes that your shag carpet faired better than that.

Cousin Glendolyn says to tell you that what you found in your glove box was not put there through malicious intent. It was just that she could not find a way out of the van at a moment of most personal distress.

We hope that you had as good a time as we did. We all felt guilty about splitting into the bushes when the cops came, but hey mama, we are going to raise your bail.

Peace and love from all of us.

BZ

Experience is the Key

Accomplished companion with black belt in brewdo seeks neophytes requiring a stable guiding hand to help them master the fine art of pub crawling. Qualified applicants will have access to large amounts of cash, and a poorly developed sense of responsibility. There is no fee for this service, but students will be expected to pick up all tabs. Large bladder capacity a positive asset for training in this discipline. Smokers tolerated but not preferred. Come blackout with Bogash sensei. Contact Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.06.12

A message for BZ

I came to you with my sweet cherry wine, ripe strawberries, soft Brie, my clean little green machine and a really cool blue aura, ready to dance. You turned up with your cretinous clan and totally trashed my van, my day and my blue aura, which by then, was flaming red!

Your cousin, Glendolyn, is as common as what she left in my glove box. Whether her intent was malicious or not, it was just too disgusting for words. I wouldn't take her out again until she is housebroken, if I were you.

Besides spilling and barfing wine all over my van, your idiot uncle tried to grope me. Then he had the audacity to pass out in my beautiful strawberries, crushing

them and splashing them all over the place. By the way, not all those stains on my sheep skin seat covers were purple. I don't even want to think about it!

Then, as a final, parting bumper, you and your gutless group beat it into the bushes when the cops came, leaving me all alone to get hauled off to jail! Nice, really nice. A dear friend bailed me out, thank you very much. Be advised that you and your loutish rellies are going to pay to have my entire van cleaned and disinfected, inside and out.

If you want to sing siren songs with Ariel, little man, you've got to clean up your act!

Tempestuously,

Ariel

Fugitives Seeking Refuge

Friendly, happy go lucky family of indeterminate number is looking for a compassionate, tolerant, non-judgmental, enlightened, wealthy sponsor with large estate to provide a haven from the vagaries of modern life, and the vengeance of a mad woman in a green van.

We will work in exchange for assistance. Uncle Morton is a notorious sommelier who has been fired from some of the finest establishments in Europe. He would gladly take charge of any wine cellar, no matter how humble the inventory.

Bogash has extensive experience as a critic of the culinary arts and as an advisor in all matters hedonistic.

Cousin Glendolyn is an entertainer par excellence who has danced on the bars and table tops of the gamiest seaman's haunts from Boston to Seattle. She would prove invaluable in livening up any party or other special occasion.

Contact Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.06.26

Dear, Sweet Ariel:

The Zorq clan is mortified by your erroneous and deliberately fallacious claims in your account of the Mother's Day happening that you had the audacity to place in this publication's previous edition.

Cousin Glendolyn was truly embarrassed about the glove box incident, but if you had not been doing such a heated Little Egypt routine, she could have got out past the crowd. To say that she needs to be house broken is particularly cruel, considering the source.

Uncle Morton takes especial offense at your use of the word grope. To hear his side of the story one begins to wonder whether or not the so called groping was not really a defensive maneuver. He truly believes that the fact that he passed out in the strawberries preserved him from an development that would have resulted

in the onset of a total and irreversible fatal shock to his entire system, not to mention his loss of self esteem and reputation as a somewhat discerning type of gentleman.

As for our flight in the face of legal adversity, what did you expect? You can hardly be held blameless when it was you who uttered the phrase “kiss this, porky” when the patrolman politely asked for your identification. Zapping him with an electric cattle prod was probably not one of your swifter moves, either. Is it any wonder that there was no one willing to stick around and get entangled with you under those conditions?

The insinuation that somehow your van requires cleaning and disinfecting as a result of our visit is arrogant and opprobrious. Six chickens, two goats, eleven hamsters and seven squirrels were all displaced so that we could have our party. We defy you to sort out who is responsible for what.

By the way, do not worry about the chickens. Uncle Morton felt sorry for them and helped them escape in a sack. He is well versed in the care and treatment of poultry, so you do not need to be concerned any further on their behalf.

Ariel, dear, even though you are currently engulfed in a senseless rage, we still love you. You have our forgiveness and understanding.

BZ

1996.07.10

Young Princess Seeks Prince

Shy and tender young maiden wishes to correspond with discerning gentlemen of means. My situation on a remote chicken ranch in the interior of BC provides little opportunity for the exciting life to which I so longingly aspire.

If you are a caring and well heeled man of any age with the desire to help the poor and innocent, please write me and tell me that you care. List three business references and enclose a copy of your latest financial statement. A photo of your Mercedes or Porsche would be a plus.

If I see that your heart is true I will fly to you as soon as you send up the air fare.

Contact Glendolyn Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

Older Gent Wants Pen Pals

Lonely old man whiling away his days in seclusion on a remote BC chicken ranch wishes to correspond with members of any sex. No photos or any personal information need be disclosed. Chicken recipes, however, will be gladly exchanged, and donations of hot sauce appreciated.

Contact Morton Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC

1996.08.21

Young Prince Seeks Prince

Quiet my raging heart, oh rugged son of the western frontier. Lonely gentleman of sophisticated affections is pining away on a remote BC chicken ranch, shunned by family and neighbors. Are you the charming prince who will whisk me away to a world of rough and manly habits where the savage joys of a fierce companionship will be ours to savor and flaunt before the world?

I will sharpen your chain-saw, polish your cork boots, clean your fish, and open your long necks with my teeth. Your wish could be my command, my life yours to employ as you desire. Just reach out to me and tell me that you care. Tell me with cash and jewels, and frilly silk things that are so divine next to the skin.

Contact Fenster Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.09.04

Fenster, come home.

Distraught family hiding out on a remote BC chicken ranch seeks information as to the whereabouts of their beloved cousin Fenster. Several reports indicated that Fenster had been hanging out in Gold River where he could easily blend into the late night crowd at the Plaza. The latest information reported him riding north in a logging truck on the Woss road wearing a sequined vest with "Spank Me" embroidered on the back and pink, bell bottomed trousers. It is believed that he may be hanging out in the country & western bars on the North Island. Anyone who has seen young Fenster please contact Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.09.18

Help Me, Momma

Momma, I know that you are out there on that remote BC chicken ranch with no telephone or running water, or electricity. If you read this please send for me, I want to come home. Life on the west coast is brutal beyond your wildest nightmares. I was spray painted in the Plaza one night in Gold River by a bunch of half grown cretins, and my pink leotards were ruined. A logging truck driver picked me up hitching to Woss, and was he crude. By the time I escaped from his clutches my sequined "Spank Me" vest was in tatters. Practically naked, I managed to flee into a country and western bar in Port Hardy. It was a major mistake. Seven fishermen were hospitalized fighting over my affections, and if it wasn't for the benevolence of a nice tourist from San Francisco who took me away to Tahsis, I would have probably fallen victim to a fate worse than death. I want to come home to you and Uncle Morton and all the chickens. Please send bus fare to me c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC. Your son-shine, Fenster.

1996.10.02

Au Revoir, BC

Momma, when you read this you will know that I am gone. Tahsis was the final straw. When the nice tourist from San Francisco left me here, I hoped that you would send for me soon so that I could return to the remote chicken ranch. It was not to be.

Your letter never came, and I was forced to seek employment which is pretty hard to find around here for someone with my refined qualifications. There were lots of offers, but none that I care to mention in civilized company, and it was looking pretty gloomy. I was hounded by a lady (loose application of the word) in a green van who went berserk at the name Zorq, and truly feared for my life. Then, the lumber ship came in.

What a great bunch of guys, I knew that I had found my place in life. I was soon offered the job as cabin boy to replace the one that they had recently lost in Vancouver's West End. I accepted readily, and as you read this I am eastward bound on a shipload of cants, er, I mean specialty lumber, to seek my fortune in the Far East.

Tell Uncle Morton, Glendolyn, Bogash and the chickens good-bye. I am gone for good and you can no longer reach me c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC. Fenster the sailor man.

1996.10.16

Seeking Chicken Plucker

Extended family residing on remote chicken ranch in the BC interior is seeking a chicken plucker to round out the clan karma. The right person will be young, male, and of the druid persuasion with a deep respect for the cosmic wisdom of the ages, and a devotion to environmental spiritualism. A knowledge of vintage wines and the art of fine paté making will facilitate full acceptance by the clan members. A predilection for Country & Western music or nasty stuff in logger bars will be considered a character flaw incompatible with the family ethos. Good plucking and a mellow auora, however, will ease your acceptance into this unique household of ageless eccentrics. Applicants reply to Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.10.30

Need A Man Bad

Sweet, young, lady recluse currently residing on isolated west coast fish farm is seeking Mr. Right to share recently inherited family enterprise. I am six foot seven, wear size fourteen gum boots and can lift a ninety horse outboard motor with one hand. I enjoy fine wines, cheap scotch, haggis, turnip greens, and plug chewing tobacco. I like to play, particularly with hand cuffs, bull whips and

rubber hoses. You will like to cook, clean fish, cut bait, bail water and whimper a lot. Pit lamping skills a plus. If you are game for my game send photo, references, and vital statistics to Helena Hanbasquette, c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1996.11.13

Sweet Helena Be Mine

Hi, me name is Carlos Mango. I live in fabulous Zeballos and am greatly interested in haggis and rubber hose. I've got me own lamp and will whimper at will. I am waiting for your reply. Please write to CM, c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

I Like Games

Reclusive Helena, look no more. How did I miss you on my west coast adventure? Send me your location and I will jump ship the next time we sail by. I am tired of the games on this lumber bucket, and the ports of Japan hold no thrill for me. Let us play your game instead. Contact Fenster Zorq c/o THE CANT MARU, Kobe.

1996.11.27

Helena, You Turn Me On

I am a basically shy country boy, but game for anything that is out of the ordinary. Name: Zeeke Helmutt; Age: 42; Height: 6'1"; Weight: 180lbs; Home: Tahsis; Likes: running through trees naked and kinky stuff; Dislikes: washing windows and cleaning toilets; Favorite foods: herring strips, sushi and octopus; Favorite movie: Pit Lamping For Bears; Favorite TV show: Empty Nest; Favorite music: Black Sabbath; My dream: to be financially secure with one mean, tough chick. I am game for your game Helena. You may contact me c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC. References and photo enclosed.

Editor's note: The references were withheld to prevent prominent Tahsis citizens from shooting us on sight. The photo was seized by the RCMP for evidence.

Admirer In Sointula

Dear (M) Zorq: Just saw your ad. Am very interested but require more information. Am a bit troubled by your gender specification. Hope to hear from you. Yours truly, Annod Zsorg, c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC. PS: Please clarify symbolism of banana.

Dear Annod:

How sweet of you to respond to my solicitations. I too, am interested and would like to explore this further to see if truly karmic affinity may exist between our beings. Like you my gender specification also bothers me. Specifically, I am not sure what we are dealing with here. Perhaps it is this nebulous understanding of

the physical manifestation of my being that has led to the unstable pattern of behaviour that has characterized my life to date.

I blame it all on my mother who left me at a tender age in Taos, New Mexico where she ran off with a vegetable peeler, slicer, dicer salesman that she met at the county fair. It was a traumatic time for me, and it so unhinged my father that he quit his job at the tofu burrito factory and disappeared into the Sonoran Desert of Mexico.

As for the banana, it is an important element in our family coat of arms, and symbolizes the commitment of the Zorqs to the teachings of Darwin, and to the links to our early ancestors.

Bogash Zorq

Mr. Mango, Lets Tango

Wait no more my Carlos, take your lamp down to the float plane dock in Zeballos during the night of the full moon in December, and I will arrive to whisk you away. I would tell you how to find me, but we have not bothered to register the fish farm, so we have to keep moving it around the inlets. You will recognize me by my black leather cruiser suit with brass studded cuffs and collar; and by my bronze Viking helmet, complete with horns. I will be driving a Seadoo for two, and you can whimper in the saddle all the way back to my private hideout.

Helena Hanbasquette

1996.12.11

I'll Fight For My Man

To Miss Helena, this is Juicy Mango, Carlos' better half. I've read your hasty notes in this publication, and if you want him, then meet me at the dock in Zeballos on December 24 at midnight. I will fight you for him. If you win you can have him along with five tons of junk, one very affectionate dog, a broke down Chev, a son-in-law, his pit lamp collection, forty gallons of prune juice, the whole shooting match. If I win, well then, we will wait and see.

Zowie, Zeeke

Tahsis sounds like quite a place, and I checked up on your references. My advice is do not use them again in the future. That picture was something else. I got a peek at it before the RCMP seized it. Wow! With a double clam shell sutured to your nose, and dried bull kelp braided in your beard you would look just like a village shaman that I once knew in the remote Belago Islands before I was apprehended by agents from Interpol. That in itself is a story that I would love to tell you sometime if you like.

I am occupied through the Christmas season, but would like to meet you in the new year. If you would like to visit my floating fish farm send me a message. You won't have to wash any windows. It was such a pain getting new panes after every party that I just boarded the things up. As for toilets, you won't have

to wash any of those either. There is none on the farm, just an outhouse with a leaky roof at the end of the dock. It can be pretty exciting when there is a three foot chop.

Sushi is fine, particularly the mackerel, however, forget the herring strip. I haven't seen a herring in months around these fish pens and can't figure it out. It must be something in the water.

Bring out your copy of Pit Lamping for Bears, it is a film that I have not seen and it sounds like a classic. My personal favorite has always been that quintessential back to nature adventure extravaganza, Skinny Dipping With Dog Fish, a true masterpiece of cinematography. I will show it to you when you visit.

Hoping to hear from you.

Helena Hanbasquette

1997.01.15

Hey, Mo!

The statute of limitations is up and you can come home!! Ha, Ha, Ha. Your *Loving Sister*.

Take Him Back

Juicy Mango, you set me up. There is no doubt now in my mind that you took a dive on our Christmas Eve encounter on the dock in Zeballos. What a cheap trick to get rid of your man, not to mention all of the personal junk of his that I towed away in that old, leaky row boat. Considering the nature of some of that stuff I felt like Nootka Sound's own version of the New York City garbage barge that no one would let into their waters some years back.

I will give you a forty percent interest in my fish farm if you come out here and retrieve this crazy Carlos. A natural disaster would be a more welcome occurrence than having this off the wall dip stick under my feet all of the time.

I sent him out to feed the fish and instead he ate all of the fish food himself. That was pretty bad, but then, to wash it down, he drank all of the forty gallons of prune juice that he brought. Suffice to say that the outhouse at the end of the dock was too far, and the farm will never again be the same as it was before. Fortunately none of our customers seem to have noticed the slight change in flavour of the fish. Just to be on the safe side, though, we have been recommending to our distributor that none of the fish be delivered to customers who are making sushi.

The worst part about this Carlos creature, however, is that now none of the rest of my friends will come around. No one objects to a wild and crazy party animal, but old Carlito is a party beast from Hell. His snorkeling in the punch bowl at the New Year's Eve bash was a little bit over the line, particularly the blowing bubbles part, but it was the Rambo act where he bit the heads off of all

fifteen of my budgies before blowing the bubbles that frosted the cake. Come get him, he's yours.

Helena Hanbasquette

1997.01.29

Come To Me, My Chickadee

Does the great outdoors turn your crank? Are you moved by the awesome sight of the morning sun rising over snow capped peaks where the mists ascend from pristine lakes? Does the earthy aroma of ten thousand chickens and the gritty pall of perpetual poultry dust put you in touch with the real essence of a raw and vibrant life? If so and you are a young, vivacious lady seeking excitement and unafraid to take on the challenges of a most fowl relationship, then get in touch with me now.

I am a worldly bon vivant currently hiding out on a remote BC chicken ranch with only the companionship of a crusty and somewhat questionable uncle and a famous cousin who is sitting out the statute of limitations in sixteen different jurisdictions from Halifax to Tijuana.

I need a companion somewhat more intelligent than the chickens, and all of us need help. If you are knowledgeable about the Poultry Practices Code or have experience writing grant proposals for Chicken Renewal BC, and also are warm and cuddly, then you will be welcome here with open arms. If you have any liquid assets you will also be welcome with open pockets or tankards, whichever is appropriate.

If you are interested and would like to learn more about us and how to get here, contact Bogash Zorq, c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC. If you would like to meet uncle Morton when you come, then please send \$5000 for his bail.

Agents of the Provincial Chief Chicken Plucker, the Ministry of Poultry and Fowl Affairs, or anyone named Ariel or who lives in Tahsis and drives a green van need not app

1997.02.12

Are You The One?

A simple country girl with a simple fish farm seeks companion to share a bucolic life on the inlets of Vancouver Island's west coast. Mr. Right will know and understand the seven secrets of the Mystical Druid Brotherhood; will have visited the seven sacred peaks of the Cascades; will have experienced the seven levels of cosmic consciousness; and answered the seven riddles of the seven seas. He will be a seventh son born at the seventh hour of the seventh day of the seventh month of the seventh decade of this century, and will have seven fish boats stacked with seven licences. Seven children or seven dogs, however, would be a negative asset. Mr. Wonderful would be witty and kind, attentive and willing to

please my seven basic whimsies. Mr. Perfect must be willing to relocate and flexible enough to move on a moment's notice. Ownership of a tugboat or similar vessel would be a definite plus, as would a large bank account made available for joint chequing. If you think that you are the one to share my great adventure, then send pictures of boats and licences along with a sample of the bank account to Helena Hanbasquette, c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1997.02.26

Get Me Outta Here!

Cultured and refined lady of aristocratic roots seeks gentleman of means to rescue her from the clutches of an uncultured, gross man of questionable background. Said lady is currently living in a west coast logging camp with husband's dysfunctional family and twelve dogs. Gratitude for deliverance would be fulsome and eternal, and a promise of marriage is not required. Just get me out of here, I will divorce the sucker if you like, or will also consider the status of mistress, concubine, maid servant or whatever. I can tend your poultry or perform exotic dances known only to the most adventurous sailors in Tijuana and Rio de Janeiro. Protocols and formalities are no barrier. Send a hit team to rescue me and you will be happy for ever after. For more details contact Glendolyn Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1997.03.12

Need Protection

SWF with peripatetic fish farm on the west coast of Vancouver Island is looking for a few good men to provide companionship and twenty-four hour protection. If you are young, strong and unafraid of things that go bump in the night you can help ad stability and security to my life in exchange for excitement, adventure, and all of the fish you can eat. A knowledge of kung-fu, judo, karate and demolitions would be handy assets, as would be skilled marksmanship, keen eyesight and acute hearing. This business is getting pretty hairy and I need help. If you are willing to lay your life on the line for a bucket of fish contact Helena Hanbasquette c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1997.03.26

Prophet Seeks Disciples

Mendicant prophet currently wandering the world to proclaim the path of light and salvation is seeking disciples and devotees to accept the wisdom of the ages and to proselytize on behalf of the Great Exalted Master. Successful supplicants will have the ability to suspend all rational belief, and the knack of selling ice to Eskimos. You will prove your love through successful fund raising activities combined with a devotion to the principles of personal poverty and abnegation of

material possessions. If your soul is awash in the tide of life and your karma adrift without a guiding light, then drop your anchor in the Bay of Truth and Fidelity and find redemption through the omniscient being of the Great One. To enroll in the Universal Cause send a donation to His Most Righteous Bagman Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1997.04.09

Seeking Refuge?

Are you a together woman tired of all the day to day BS in a man's world. Have you had it with gross in-laws, mangy dogs, muddy boots and crude attitudes? Are you looking for something better in a world where female does not equate with servile, where brains count more than beauty? If so you should consider joining us at the Sisters of The Seven Seas women's collective fish farm, floating chicken ranch and party barge. Find liberation and libation without limitation in the wild inlets of Nootka Sound. For more information contact our sisters Helena Hanbasquette and Glendolyn Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1997.04,23

Lost In The Woods?

Are you living your life in a triple canopy jungle where no sun ever shines and mildew and slime cover everything that you touch? Are you lost in the rain forest without any reference points and feel that a creeping world is slowly devouring your very soul? If so you should open your heart to the teachings of the Master Bogash, and his wisdom will be the mighty chainsaw that clearcuts a path through the woods of despair and opens up the vast resources of your karma to the bright light of profound cosmic enlightenment. Before embarking on this course, however, you should check with the Ministry of Auras, Karmas and Cosmic Resources to ensure that you have not exceeded your annual allowable cosmic adjustment rate, and that you are in compliance with all stipulations of the Karmic Practices Code. You should also be aware that the exporting of raw despair is discouraged by the Cosmic Act, and that the shipping of despair and despondency to the US is limited by provisions in the Karmic Products Agreement. If you have already destroyed or impaired your karma through mismanagement or blatant exploitive activities you may apply for relief from the Cosmic Renewal Fund. For more information and guidance in navigating the maze of the cosmic bureaucracy contact Bogash Zorq and Associates c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1997.05.07

Elect Zorq

Having trouble telling truth from fiction in the federal election campaign? Do you feel that smoke and mirrors are the most common tools used by the candidates in explaining their vision of government and social development? Are you looking for something a little better than the usual offering of fantastic promises filled with trap doors and escape hatches? Then, my friend, it is time to come home to the one party that shoots straight from the hip, that offers less for more, that promises no promises and uses your campaign donations wisely on wild parties and personal voter contact on tropical islands. Put away your political cynicism forever when you join the Social Libertarian United Recidivist Party (SLURP). We don't want your vote, we don't want to put a sign on your lawn, we just want your donation. Become a SLURPer, send cash to Bogash Zorq c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1997.05.21

Vote Fish

Have you had it with the usual bunch of clowns promising the moon, the stars, and life everlasting? Do you find the mainstream political parties all clones off of the same sheep? Well, the Feminist Fish Party is looking for a few good voters to send a Fishy member to Parliament. If you are ready for an MP who knows how to swim upstream against the current, who is not afraid to rise to the bait, who will be your Chum while giving the Sockeye to the opposition, and who will face any adversity to spawn on schedule, then come on home to the FFP. Put your faith in Pisces to bring in the age of Aquarius. To help the FFP and candidate Helena Hanbasquette send cash to the FemFish campaign fund c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC, or drop by the free floating fish farm and party barge somewhere in Nootka Sound. This personal message was authorized by Glendolyn Zorq, Official Agent for Helena Hanbasquette.

1997.06.04

Love Me, Love My Dog

Lonely poultry technician and dog Frozo currently living on a remote BC chicken ranch are looking for someone to care and share, and to help fill those dreary hours between the chickens coming home to roost and the rooster's crow at dawn. All ages, all persuasions considered without prejudice except for those whose religious faith requires animal sacrifices or self mutilation. Accomplished skills in cooking, laundry, cleaning, ditch digging and chicken plucking a plus. A penchant for egg sucking, gourmet nose picking or Rap music will unequivocally disqualify you from consideration. For more information please send a hand written letter with recent photo and \$20 handling charge to Morton Zorq, c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1997.06.18

MAI, MAI

Remote BC chicken farming operation and international entrepreneurial concern is looking for multilateral agreements of investment with trans-national corporations and other sleazy operators lacking any sense of moral conscience. We are particularly interested in investment arrangements that allow us to disregard provincial and federal laws on labor standards, wage levels, work place safety and environmental protection. We would prefer enlightened investment partners who understand that slavery is an efficient and financially advantageous business practice, and that the elimination of high wages and all benefits will also remove the need for a social safety net as people will no longer have so far to fall. Greed is our operational philosophy here at ZorqCorp and we are ready to enter into joint arrangements with any like minded organizations who can compliment our endeavors. For more information send a financial statement and statement of corporate purpose along with a \$500 processing fee to Bogash Zorq, c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1997.07.02

SIMPLY SEEKING ARIEL

Lonely bon-vivant and with sophisticated tastes yet undiscerning appetites is seeking his lost love last seen tooling toward Tahsis in a green Volkswagen van with flower decals on the outside and livestock on the inside. Ariel baby, where are you? Your Bogash Bagwhan misses your jolly sense of humour, your captivating smile, your angelic karma and most of all your well stocked larder and world class wine cellar. Four hundred one gallon jugs of Annie Greensprings must certainly classify as one of the outstanding wine collections on the face of the planet, particularly when combined with your wide variety of two dollar jugs of Muscatel. Ariel, our tongue slavers at the thought of visiting you again. Please get in touch soon. Uncle Morton promises to bring three fantastic, new chicken recipes to the party as soon as you set it up, and Cousin Glendolyn can not wait to introduce you to her new soul mate, Helena the Fish Queen. Write c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

1997.07.16

We Want Action

Two wild and crazy party girls living on a gypsy fish farm somewhere in Nootka Sound want some action. We are willing to play host to any number of protesters who wish to chain themselves to our barge, climb in our rigging, lock themselves in our outhouse or bathe in our fish cages. Greenpeace, Redpeace, Treepeace, or Fishpeace, all pieces are welcome. Don't like preservation protesters? Destructionist protesters are welcome too. Share The Trees, Share The Whales, Share Scare, Bozos with Booze and other various anti-protest

protesters; all are invited. You can come wearing yellow ribbons, green ribbons, white ribbons, pink ribbons or a blue ribbon, particularly if it is a Pabst Blue Ribbon. No prejudices here, you can even come with rain in your lunch bucket or flowers in your hair. What ever suits your fancy, we don't ask and we don't care as long as we party. Contact Helena Hanbasquette c/o *THE RECORD*, Gold River, BC.

Bogash Forgiven

Due to several very traumatic happenings, not the least of which was that 'party' with you and your clan, my aura had gone from cool blue to flaming red and my powers were sapped. So I put my little, green flowered van in storage and went in search of Nirvana. I travelled to the Power Spot Vortices in Sedona, to meditate in the crystal dream cavern and realign my life force connection. A Shaman there gave me this stuff to smoke and some cactus juice and reconnected me to the Earth Spirits. To relax, I took in a MUFON convention in Boulder, Colorado. They passed these funny little mushrooms around and that night we all had close encounters of the phenomenal kind. Then on to the Buddhist temple in Lhasa to study under the Monks, and reattain my transcendence. In China, a wise healer balanced my Yin and Yang and empowered my Qi. My final stop was Stonehenge, where I danced naked under the full moon with my Wiccan sisters, renewing my magnetic resonance and my Goddess powers. I think I may now be strong enough to reconnect with you and maybe even your Uncle Morton, who might be interested in my sister, Moonbeam. I will introduce you to the pleasures of Mescal and magic buttons of ceremonial mind expansion.

Your Enchantress, Ariel.

1997.07.30

Ariel, My Heart Throbs

I have waited a year for your siren call, my Ariel, and your overture last issue in these columns sent chills of joy up and down my spine, and that is nothing compared to what it did for uncle Morton. Poor Morton is bathing daily in anticipation of his encounter with the maiden Moonbeam who is taking on a reputation of mythical proportions in the old bum's imagination. He wants to know if she, too, is accomplished in the Druid rites of nude tree worship, one of his favourite religious observances. He is crafting a special mushroom stuffed chicken dish with cactus baste and unique herbal infusions. I am sure that it will be something to be remembered for years if it leaves us with any minds to remember with. He is hoping that if it gets out of hand that your newly rejuvenated Goddess powers will be strong enough to save the day. Cousin Glendolyn, who is busy on the coast at the moment smelling the fish, sends her greetings and an invitation to a great Autumnal Equinox bash on the party barge. Cousin Fenster was last seen on his way to a transvestite loggers bar in Bella Coola as a paid organizer for some international public relations firm hired by the

multi-national corporations to set up a local grass roots share group called Coastal Action Community Alliance, also known as CACA.. As for me, dear, sweet Ariel, I am tuning up my tambourine in anticipation of your arrival at our chicken ranch.

1997.08.27

Invitation to Bogash

It made me feel warm all over to know that you are looking forward to us getting together again, hopefully with better results this time. Moonbeam is looking forward to meeting Uncle Morton. She has been limbering up with some truly amazing Tantric Yoga exercises and meditation in preparation. She's awfully excited about the meeting and about him bathing daily in her honour. Tell Morton that she is extremely accomplished in the Druid rites of nude tree worship, as well as a number of other unique practices.

Uncle Morton's mushroom-stuffed chicken dish sounds fab. I feel certain that the combined powers of Moonbeam and myself will be strong enough to keep things under control. We know someone who saw Fenster tied spread-eagled with nothing on but a leather thong with 'CACA' all over it, in a weird bar up north. Hope he's okay.

There is going to be a large gathering of people who possess many dynamic and varied powers, on the extreme West Coast of Graham Island in the Queen Charlottes. We are joining together to focus our collective energies to try and reverse all the negative earth changes that have been brought on by our greed and carelessness. Why don't we make it a huge party? We would bring raw oysters, but with the food poisoning scare have decided to bring artichoke hearts in eye-of-newt sauce instead. People will likely have more fun if they aren't ralphing. Please don't bring cousin Glendolyn, I still haven't recovered from that glove-compartment thing. Do try to make it. The thought of seeing you again sets all my senses tingling.

Spiritually yours, *Ariel*

1997.09.10

Reply To Ariel

Ariel, my psychedelic meadow maiden, my frolicking forest free spirit, the whole family is bathing daily in anticipation of your impending arrival. Uncle Morton is so well scrubbed that he is three pounds lighter, and his recent tonsorial extravaganza displaced two mice, a chipmunk, seven quail and a garter snake. He looks really spiffy, but we miss the quail eggs.

Besides the mushroom stuffed chicken, Morton has stuffed seven chickens each with a blend of seven herbs and seven secret powders dissolved in seven pints of Seventh Heaven. He will bring them along for the ritual meal at the seventh hour

of the seventh day at the gathering on Graham Island. We will have to take the ferry to the Charlottes though, because if Morton gets caught taking the mixture in these chickens onto an aircraft he will get seven years.

Artichoke hearts in eye-of-newt sauce sounds intriguing. Zeldonika says that it will go well with the pickled Devil's Club that she is making especially for the event. I, myself, am bringing a special dish of fermented owl eggs and banana slugs in blueberry jelly spread over a base of sun dried herring. I can't say much for its gastronomic qualities, but it sure helps you push down a lot of beer in a hurry.

If we could all go with you in the green van we promise to behave. We even promise to bring a bail bondsman in case Morton gets out of hand. There is no need to pickup Fenster, he is being held as a love slave in a bar by a bunch of loggers in Bella Coola. We offered to go and bust him out, but he declined. He said that he hadn't had so much fun since his cruise on the ship load of cants bound for Japan.

Morton sends his fondest greetings to Moonbeam. He has been spending a lot of time in seclusion studying several volumes of ancient Oriental texts, and last week he received a special order of knotted silk cord and a vial of Tahitian plumeria extract.

We are all standing at the gate watching for you.

BZ

1997.09.24

Moon Maiden Wants To Party

The autumn season is upon us, the season for rejoicing and celebrating and thanking the gods for bountiful harvests. A season for feasting and revelry, gluttony and wild abandon beneath the harvest moon. A lascivious moon maiden and her Viking war goddess are seeking discerning party animals of all persuasions to join them on their mobile herring vacuum cleaner, I mean floating fish farm, somewhere in perpetual transit around Nootka Sound, for a wild week of non-stop frolicking and primitive Nordic and Celtic rites.

Dagenmorg, the mendicant Druid priest who paddles up and down the West Coast carrying the message of the true sylvan faith to the remote communities will be in attendance for the ritual Feast of the Full Moon on October 15. Bear and eulachon grease will be provided for body smearing, casks of fresh cedar beer will be ritually tapped, and a feast of poached elk and our own unique salmon haggis will be provided for all. Dagenmorg will bless the assembly, offer the sacred sacrifice of assorted sea birds, and lead the naked moon dance around the bonfire.

Anyone wishing to participate in this celebration of nature and natural urges may contact either Glendolyn Zorq or Helena Hanbasquette c/o *THE RECORD* in Gold River. Please send photo, brief resume and a case of beer.

Take Me Too

Cousin Bogash come get me. I am tired of this logger's bar in Bella Coola, and being a love slave to a bunch of guys in caulk boots is getting a bit wearing. There is nothing that I would enjoy more than to go with the clan and that wild Ariel to the big do in the Charlottes. The guys here say that there is a really sweet bull buckler in Masset who I should really meet.

My work with CACA (Coastal Action Community Alliance) here is done. The outside PR firm that I was working for created some real nifty "authentic" native protocols and "genuine" local support in its office in Vancouver and spent thousands of dollars fooling people that all of it was real. A few people would not buy into the program that they were given to follow, but a couple of well placed pipe bombs took care of those problems.

If you could ask Ariel to swing by in the green van on the way to the chicken ranch, it would make my day. I miss mom and Morton and all the gang, even Frozo the egg sucking dog, and I have not had a good chicken dinner in six months. No one can poach a chicken like Morton can.

There is no need to reply, the arrival of Ariel will say it all. Your dearest cousin,
Fenster.

1997.10.08

Dear Moon Maiden and Viking War Goddess

Accept our offerings which our messenger delivereth to thee, most revered. (Please do not kill messenger.) Our curiosity is piqued, not to mention peeked or peaked, though if we are to attend said feast we will attempt to contain the latter till then. We beg indulgence (which we hope you have not become accustomed to selling, though we do believe, looking to the future, that occurred at a different date and with some more modern heathens).

Our qualifications are many. Some of our band hale from Orkney, and if you have yet to sleep in the winter moon upon the alter stone of the Ring of Brognar, or played moontag in the shadows of the Standing Stones of Stenness, do not delay the experience another season. Others of our small set are of a more transitional nature, being changelings through arte and artifice, and so belong where we will. Others are messengers, who flit and flirt wheresoever, though due to shyness, will not be deliverers of this missive.

We have feasted upon roasted piglet stuffed with apple and anointed with wine at Midsummer's. We have eaten haggis, and worse, or better, depending upon your palate. We have played the roles of womankind through history, and we have travelled the coastal area to which you refer by various means.

However, we have never ridden a herring vacuum cleaner through Nootka. Nor have we ever been smeared with bear or eulachon grease (we hear it is rather an odiferous experience, but we sniff at such rhumour).

Being of a slightly shy or cautious nature we pose a few questions before the quest: 1) Isn't it awfully cold dancing naked on Oct. 15 in the Nootka wind, or does the grease take care of that? (Or are you two new to it too?) 2) Do you practise safe frolicking and primitive rites? 3) Must we wear lifejackets? 4) How do you get the stuffing in a salmon stomach in order to make a true haggis? And, how many does it feed? (We may request a recipe later.) 5) Do you practise the Rites according to the White Book of Rhydderch or the Red Book of Hergest? 6) If we decline your ritual, may we still have the unfettered use of Dagenmorg, and can we find him in cyberspace?

We await your divine responses with bated breath, admiring the machinations of the modern universe meanwhile. May Ruad Ro-fhessa guide you.

Nynaeve

Nanaimo

1997.10.22

Dear Sister Nynaeve

We receive your offerings with joyful delight and would verily like a peek at your curious peak if that would not pique you overly much. Our indulgence is indeed granted fulsomely without request for favor as we have never been in the habit of selling it. We have never been in the cassock of selling it either. Being descendants of followers of the rebel Martin, such opprobrious activity is not in our repertoire.

You qualifications sound exceptional and we are certain that you would fit into our circle as true sisters of the moon and mists. Though we have not slept upon the alter stone of the Ring of Brognar, nor played moontag in the shadows of the Standing Stones of Stenness, Dagenmorg knoweth well of these things and informs us that doing the Kelp Dance upon the Rock of Maquinna under the Vernal Moon, and swimming naked upstream in the sacred waters of the River Artlish with the spawning salmon are hallowed rituals of like comparison. These things we have done, and even more.

It is too bad that you were unable to gather with us on the full moon of October for the mystic rites of our Noachian order giving thanks to seven spirits of the water, two of the land and four of the air. A good time was had by all, and in response to your enquiry previously posted here we can provide these answers to soothe the rage of your curious humour.

First, dancing in the Nootka wind is not all that bad under all of those layers of grease, and with a goodly snoot full of Carlos Mango's special blackberry elixir. As for safe frolicking and primitive rites it is our firm belief that ingesting the

fermented extract of mashed bull kelp and rotted oysters will cleanse from the system any contagion known in the universe by man or spirit.

The stuffing of salmon haggis is an art form closely guarded, but we can say that a piece of hose and a good pair of lungs are the first prerequisites. The number fed by one haggis is in direct correlation to the amount of Aquavit that has been consumed beforehand.

Our rites are practised according to the Green Book of the savant Gryndlagog, of whom our revered Dagenmorg is a direct descendant. Dagenmorg, by the way, will gladly avail himself for your spiritual desires, but he has yet to master cyberspace.

Helena Hanbasquette

Glendolyn Zorq

To My Bogash Bagwhan

Due to my techno-exile our well-planned get-together has taken on some serious wrinkles. I think that Moonbeam and I are getting them ironed out. If it sounds right for you and yours, it will take place on the full moon of November 14, for full spiritual connections.

Because the weather will be fairly nasty at that time of the year, we have the use of a wonderful Haida longhouse on the west beach, thanks to a very powerful Medicine Man who will be there to help us. If it is okay with you, I will swing by in my little Green Machine and pick up as many people as I can carry - then off for the ferry. Better bring some Graval, it is bound to be pretty rough and we don't want to be awash in anything but seawater.

Our little Moonbeam is positively vibrating with excitement at the prospect of meeting Uncle Morton. She can't wait to see him in all his scrubbed and tonsorial splendour. The meal he has planned sounds heavenly and I am sure it will take us to new and glorious heights of exhilaration heretofore unrivaled. His recipe is particularly significant because seven happens to be a highly premonitory number for me. I have a dear and very exciting friend who wants to sample Zeldonika's fare.

I am sorry that you could not convince Fenster to eschew his love slave trip, it won't be the same without him. Perhaps we could talk him into it if we could arrange for him to undergo the sacred Sundance Ceremony. It sounds as though he could be into a little pain.

Moonbeam almost bubbled over with ecstasy upon hearing of Morton's special order of the knotted silk cord and his vial of Tahitian plumeria extract. She wants to share with him her vast knowledge of sacred East Indian love techniques. There could be a bit of a fight brewing between her and my cousin Elmira. It seems that all this talk about Morton's preparatory ablutions has her whipped into quite a frenzy. It could be one heck of an eruption as Elmira's powers are at their peak during November. I await our meeting with breathless anticipation. Until then my Bogash.

Your psychedelic meadow muffin...oops, I mean meadow maiden,

Ariel

Tahsis

1997.11.05

Dear Helena of the White Arms and Glendolyn of the Firm Breast, Moon Maiden and War Goddess,

Our most lovely messenger Nynaevae delivered the last missive via waves and affixed her name unto it, but now each in our set shall each boldly speak her own minds. Yes, we are of several. For now, you may know that I was the scribe who laid the rhunes down first upon paper. And so, shall I draw you closer in our recent news.

We are all of us cheerily chatting up the idea of peeking upon peaks and would happily arrange a time mutually satisfying in which we can cast eyes and ayes and "I"s, though we would rather not do it in the Nootka wind.

We, all of us, are dismayed that we were unable to join you in the mystic rites of your Noachian order. We should have loved some of the mystic liquid which goes with such rites, and to which you make such frequent and unapologetic reference. If you feel it has o'erburdened you, and fogged the memories with mists unpleasant, try this ancient Orcadian remedy for the morning after (or upon surfacing from the murky mists, whichever comes first): take one part beer or ale, add to it one part Scotch, thoroughly mix in one fresh and well beaten raw egg, drink to the dregs. No peeking. No peaking. No puking. Well, it either sets you up, or knocks you out again, and if you are still rite-ing and ritualizing, who shall be the wiser?

S'truth I am a mite mystified that you are descendants of that plebeian rabble rouser Martin, in spite of your proclivity for ambrosia which truly speaks to his favor, as you declare also of worship involving certain numbers of power.

We would nail some theses to your door concerning this point-counterpoint, but we are done with banging upon wood, whether it sacreligiously be from tree or professes to be the human intelligence type.

Further, since you are so ready to peek, we might be caught too soon unawares displaying ourselves.

However, the time is certainly out of joint in general, but prime for the raising of rabble in specific -- there are always those who would pursue millenniums, and we have one on the horizon. I should so despair to see any of us dressed and packed and lifted off to become cosmic fuzz.

I fear not for you, though. You practise from the Green Book, and so yet may save and be saved. I does astound my senses that the rabble in your realm has not yet roused itself so far as to have a good night of hobb-nailed fun tarring and feathering you. You would probably look quite fetching.

But, forgive me. I ramble. I am, after all, writing on the cusp of the New Year, Oct. 31. Souls are wandering. Gods are whispering. Soon we will be transforming. I must beg off.

We will be gathering Nov. 1 for the feast of Samain which we hope will be lightened by the visitation of Dagda. We would be grossly disappointed if he fails to entertain us by carousing and cavorting to his usual excess in order to ensure us all a fertile garden. We hear this year he is introducing rites which include smearing of various body parts with unusual greases. Perhaps Dagenmorg would like an introduction? Perhaps Dagenmorg has already had an introduction?

Yours in permutation

Morgane di Danann

Nanaimo

PS: I will be sending up a sample of my blackberry liqueur for Carlos Mango. I should like to compare snoots with him.

PPS: I figured out why you make no answer to my life jacket question: You are all growing gills on that side of the island. Fear not. You will be able to smooch, hooch and snoot longer.

Oops, transformation coming on. Good night, sweet ladies, Good night.

Sweet Ariel, Aloha

The full moon of November 14 sounds like a date. By then our patriotic duties shall be completed and the Queen's tot but a warm remembrance. We shall be awaiting at the portals of the chicken farm in anticipation of your advent in the magic green van which holds so many cherished memories.

We must regretfully pass on to you at this time the sad news that the Tahitian Plumeria Extract is no more. Uncle Morton spilled it in the chicken feed and changed the life of the chickens forever. There was no sleep here for three nights due to the outrageous cacophony emitting from the hen house. Things only calmed down when our three roosters, Cawka, Doodle and Dew finally succumbed to terminal exhaustion. We have saved the eggs, though, and Morton is now working on a wild new omelet recipe.

Far Out Forever

Your Bogash Bagwhan

1997.11.19

To Bogash The Boisterous:

Wasn't our little get together in the Queen Charlottes an absolute blast? Boy, can those Extra Terrestrials party! Apparently, they have been monitoring the chatter about our little shindig and decided to surprise us by joining us on Friday night. As everybody heard on the news, people all over the Pacific Northwest saw them

as they passed by on their way to us. Of course, the damage control police are giving all kinds of logical explanations for the sightings, to avoid public curiosity, but we know the real story!

It was great that we didn't have to take the ferry after all, being as our ET visitors just beamed us up and took us with them to the beach. What a rush! It's a darned good thing they were with us too, or we never would have gotten a fire going. Their energy beam works way better than wet matches or a Bick.

Whatever that blue booze was that they passed around was unbelievable. What a kick! I never felt so good or laughed so much in all my life. I still don't have any feeling in my lips or arms though. That gooey green stuff they gave us had some weird side effects too. I'm levitating spontaneously at the strangest times, and I keep hearing the one we nicknamed 'Little Willy' giggling, though I can't see him. It was quite a mess when that grumpy little guy got looped and fell down the outhouse hole. Hope he's okay.

I particularly enjoyed the way our new friends could commune with the marine mammals. The Long House ceremony went really well also until He Who Breaks Wind got too close to the fire. The only thing left standing was that lodge pole.

I noticed that Cousin Glendolyn got along very well with one of our new friends from the sky - I hope they were practicing safe communion.

Poor Morton is still on crutches after tripping on that mushroom fancier while he was streaking the field. Moonbeam is totally exhausted and has a strange green glow emanating from her entire body. I think we will have to get her smile surgically removed.

The visitors sure seemed fascinated by our big, full moon, but it was disconcerting when they got all ripped and started trying to shoot it down with the ship's weapons.

It's a good thing there were so many camcorders there, nobody would ever believe our description of aliens doing the neutron dance. I saw Uncle Morton with those two female ETs. I think he had close encounters of the third, fourth, fifth and sixth kind!

Nobody seems to remember much of anything after the visitors passed around those little glowing discs. Skyler is still unconscious. I don't think anybody will ever forget this weekend! That Minister from Masset wants to know where his wife is. Nobody has seen her since she went on that tour of the ship with Little Willy.

Lat Baxana Ziz,

Ariel

Tahsis

Morgane We Await News

Greetings from the party barge and peripatetic fish farm on Nootka Sound. We await with breaths held in abeyance for the glorious details of your adventures on the Feast of Samain. A tale of exotic and mystical escapades featuring yourself and the enchantress Nynaevae cavorting with the lascivious Dagda no doubt you will be recounting for our enlightenment we are sure.

Dagenmorg relays that he has already been introduced to the Dagda dude. It must have been quite an experience since Dagenmorg will not discuss the episode, citing the privilege of the fourth circle of the Bynporzyk Canticular, and at the mention of Dagda's name he also immediately performs the sacred rite of Effulgent Luniary Mentalium as set out in chapter seven of the Green Book.

I must relay to the brethren of the Nanaimo Clutch of the Society of Ladies of Universal Gynecocratic Superiority (SLUGS) that our beloved sister Glendolyn has been placed in quarantine after attending a rather scandalous event in the Charlottes with her family and the wild and free spirit known as Ariel from the Village of Tahsis. Dagenmorg has performed the Ablutionary Rites of Pfizgynic using extract of Red Cedar and the juices of pickled Sea Cucumber, and has prescribed a diet of Bull Kelp pods stewed with Chum Salmon entrails and bat guano in the hopes that he will be able to drive the alien humours from her much abused bodily temple. We hope and entreat for her most speedy recovery.

We are currently engaged in making preparatory arrangements for the sacred feast of the Winter Solstice to be held at an as yet undisclosed location somewhere two steps ahead of the government inspectors and agents of the Brothers Against Righteous Feminism (BARF). It is our fondest wish that the Nanaimo Clutch of SLUGS can venture north to join the festivities. Word is that Glendolyn's relatives from the chicken ranch may descend upon us at this time, and no doubt that wild party animal Ariel will be in tow.

We wish you felicitous enterprises and serendipitous adventures and await your next epistle with considerable expectation.

Helena Hanbasquette

1997.12.03

Dear Helena and Glendolyn

Well, well, well, and again, well. 'Tis the season for abductions or disappearances me thinks.

So Glendolyn time-warped off with some of the sputnik spunkies! (I do hope they had their hair done in rainbow technicolor.) We hear she was searching, after a second hit of the little glowing discs, for those tailing after the comet known as Haley's. I would like to think she was yearning to increase her spiritual awareness by communing with one Twain in an attempt to rejuvenate herself with youthful adventures across the cosmic river we call the Milky Way.

However, I fear it was for the same self-centered, totally libidinous, extremely egotistical, Panzaic, indulgent, sensuous reason which prompted Nynaevé's daughter to disrupt the more staid and prescribed portion of our feast of Samain ceremony this past month. Sigh. S'truth, we wish we could have had a piece, but Nynaevé's daughter (whose name we have sworn not to mutter until the winter solstice be through) upstaged us all and scooped at least one prize we know of and perhaps many more.

Maybe this was all a grand co-operative, underhanded plot in alliance with Glendolyn? If you catch anything blowing in the breeze, shoot it this way. Unless it be from He Who Breaks Wind. Keep Him locked up in the Long House, please. We have enough of our own hot air down here. In fact, it blows around my house even now as I write (perhaps it is a collection of all the parts missing from Ariel's Charlottes get together).

But, let me be more specific in our case. Our feast of Samain was thundering off to a good start. Dagda, the little, ugly, potbellied, bald and leering goat-footed fellow, arrived with four -- yes, four -- wagons of wonders this year (the most ever before was two, and that kept us busy until Dec. 15 of that year's celebrations). We were all swooning with delight. I swear at that time it was not the peat-soaked singles (on ice) spiked with fermenting ginger root. (They came later to help us deal with the shock.) In spite of his unseemly appearance, Dagda instantly inspired us all to an impulse of oiled anticipation of the night's activities. Not a lick of unusual greases required. It must be his hairy tufts about the loins.

The First Circle Ceremony of Samain has always belonged to Nynaevé and we would not dream of stepping on her lithe, naked heels (or any other lithe, naked part of her for that matter) during its performance. Not so her daughter. She swung through the corbled entrance -- late -- just as Dagda was ca-chunking forward in his embarrassing squat, tripped her mother off balance, and threw her (naked) buttocks first into the simmering brew which was to serve us as our first libation prior to the bringing on of the foodstuffs. We were all stunned to stone. Or so it seemed. This frenzied female then approached Dagda in a similar squat position, locked onto him, body and soul, lifted the little devil (she is a tall one, is Nynaevé's offshoot) and disappeared through the arch. We, several of us, saw star dust scatter from her tootsies as she left.

They haven't been seen since. It is now getting so much further on, we worry for the sake of next year's Samain. As you may well imagine, Nynaevé is most unimpressed by her daughter's usurping of her divine morsel of pleasure. She has been wandering about in a mist for days muttering, "She can get her own, yes, she can, but not from her mommy's pot." Nynaevé has never been much of a cook, and she has ceased eating altogether as a result of this shocking experience, so we are not sure what the meaning of her mutterings is.

We hope to have the two feline feminines back together by our next report. We may need the assistance of the SLUGS and some bull kelp, though perhaps in its primal form.

It is already tomorrow, and this weekend, I am being tied with red and green strings and ribbons, and am having seasonal bells installed on my ears, so I must leave you now for my rejuvenation sleep. Too much has been with me, and these damnable transformations do take their toll upon an aging spirit (they can get down right jumbled, too, if one is weary while engaged in making them).

Yours,

Morgane di Danaan

diDa, as in zippidie do, for short.

Nanaimo

Ariel My Meadow Maiden

We are still recuperating here at the remote BC chicken ranch from the gala (or was it galactic) event up in Haida Gwaii. Word comes from Helena at the fish farm that Glendolyn has skipped out of quarantine and is nowhere to be found, at least on this planet. Rumours do reach us from the south that she may have teamed up with a cosmic cavorter whose name is being protected under the Young Offenders Act. Whatever she got from those twinkley, shinny fellows at the party, we hope that it is not contagious.

The good news is that Uncle Morton not only is no longer on crutches, his miracle recovery has spawned a lucrative new commercial enterprise which may launch the family into the circle of the rich and famous. It happened when he took a trip to the coast to visit his brother Horton at a tidal hot springs on the edge of the forest. While bathing in the springs the visage of St. Soakum the Sybarite appeared and blessed the water, causing Morton to be cured.

Immediately Morton and Horton decided to open a sacred spa in the style of Lourdes and cure the world, for a fee. Since it was in the forest and on the coast they were able to get grants from both FRBC and Fisheries Renewal to set up shop. In order to maximize their profits and to get the most out of their resources they have also set up a used goods store in Victoria specializing in crutches, wheel chairs and the like. We should go visit them.

Bogash

1997.12.17

Dear Di-Da, as in Zippideedoo

The good news is that we have seen the nameless daughter now passing herself off as Dagda's Delight. The bad news is that she was last seen in the company of Glendolyn who is a fugitive from the Public Health Service due to some complications arising from an inter-galactic communion. It is understood that the PHS is now also looking for Dagda and the nameless one. This development may put a bit of a crimp in our planned solstice festivities since many of our fellow devotees here on the coast are somewhat leery about drinking the sacred potions and eating the hallowed comestibles when there is a chance that the

inevitable elevation of consciousness may deliver them into a state of insouciance that leads to a fatal disregard for safety in performing communal rites.

We all pass along our sympathy to Nynaeve, and hope that she is feeling better soon. For her own health she should soon come to terms with the fact that mommy's pot is probably cracked, and that the ugly little Dagda should be kept at a distance of at least thirty feet until there is a better understanding of the exobiological disorder that has been brought into our midst by the fair Glendolyn, and is now being so vigorously pursued by the health authorities.

On a more happier note we are off to visit relatives up the coast. Our uncles Morton and Horton are developing a fabulous new health spa that was shown to them by an apparition of Saint Soakum the Sybarite, the patron saint of hot tubs and fern bars. This delightful place, which they have named "Artesian Whales of Sylvania" after the rare breed of small whales that migrate up the local river to drink from the sparkling waters of high mountain springs, has cured Morton of grievous bodily infirmities, and promises to rival such places as Lourdes.

They are not sure how the miraculous properties will work on extraterrestrial complications, and have warned off Glendolyn and her cronies. There was some mention, though, that they might welcome He Who Breaks Wind up for a session. This may run into some opposition from the Ministry of Environment, however, as the prevailing wisdom seems to favour Windy over the healing waters.

Helena Hanbasquette

1998.01.21

Helena:

Your fair sister Glendolyn and the (still) Nameless One, a.k.a. Dagda's Delight must stir a few whirls of mad dust together. Speaking of together, how is it now with you and Glendolyn? Have you, or will you, or can you, forgive her overly indulgent indiscretions and turn her wild and crazy energy back to things more diaphanous?

We envision a time when Nynaeve will be able to hang these recent events upon a hook and stuff them with the many other skeletons we house underneath the stairs. These poutings on all sides are wearing thin. For the time, her wanderings hither and yon up and down the coast were stilled during the Midwinter festivities when she-who-as-yet-cannot-be-named (DD for short) made a brief reappearance.

Indeed, perhaps I should call it an appearance, for we all were so shocked we at first imagined we were experiencing a group visitation from some confounding compound of a Pict Woman, a Valkyrie and a Banshee. DD appeared just as suddenly as she had disappeared at Samain. She was entirely nude, stained a deep but rather pleasing blue, much like the color of the sky just before the sun abandons the day. She was much shrunken in size, being no more than three feet

high, and had lost some weight so that we could have counted her ribs if she had held still. Her hair was also blue, but lighter, and crinkled and stuck straight out -- I would call it frazzled, but that would be more apt to describe her emotional state.

She was already dancing when we first noticed her. And shrieking. Calling down all manner of curses (we learned some new ones) upon Dagda. We were struck dumb (almost unheard of). Then, we all simultaneously held our glasses to light to see if something might have been dropped in the brew, but the liquor shone clear. Then Gwyned (she who has played many roles of womanhood throughout the ages), forgetting herself entirely, called DD's real name and asked what had happened.

Seems Dagda had taken DD on a tour of world Samain celebrations, racing the Greenwich around the globe. She probably crossed with Glendolyn early on. After performing multitudinous subtle mutations of the basic fertility ritual, DD was convinced she would be Dagda's eternally. It was shortly after this that he flung her bodily into a Scottish bog and ran off with a tall and silver-shining maiden, who had been an initiate at one of the northern hemisphere fests. DD claims the combined cold of the bog and an attack by "little men" is what shrunk her and gave her her color. The little men, she claimed, starved her, and pulled her hair and wound it round their fingers in an attempt to drag her under the peat. But she says she fought and freed herself and began hot pursuit of the silver one and the short, ugly fellow.

While chasing them over Norway, DD claims she was seized by some of the local human population and pinned to the top of the community green tree, hoisted in the town square and lit with thousands of candles. It took her seven days and six nights to twist herself free. She was livid with rage at describing this halt to her pursuit, such that small red spots glowed in her blue cheeks, and she hopped up and down and waved her thin arms about her head.

We contained ourselves no longer, for having gotten over the shock of seeing DD in such condition, we now did not have to do much to imagine her strapped and squirming and yelling atop an evergreen. We burst into merry laughter, which we could not stop. DD took both offence and her leave simultaneously. But with humor, there is hope. We expect she will return to our folds.

How I envy you your recent visit to your relatives. You were wise and self preserving to seek shelter and respite in their spa haven. Did you glimpse the rare and wonderful whales? What I would give for a dip in Morton and Horton's hot tub and a little snoot at their fern bar afterwards! Let us know when they open (perhaps they are planning a celebration?) and we will hasten there forthwith, our bags having been already packed. Will they be serving Carlos' famous schnapps?

Yours as the earth turns to the sun,

Morgane

1998.02.04

Morgane, dear lady:

Sorry to read in your last missive about the terrible state of the once ravishing beauty known to us only as She With No Name. It appears that a combination of Dagda's depredations and sister Glendolyn's extraterrestrial microbial misadventures have combined to transform She Who Is Ravishing into One Who Is Ravished. Forsooth the bog bath and Scottish hospitality perhaps are also factors in her most unpleasant state of affairs.

We have a report from our cousin Bjorndik Zоргersen in Norway who was present at the Christmas tree event, and he reports that a new saga has been entered into local lore about the year that a fiery handmaiden of Thor came and was bound to the sacred Yule Tree for seven days and seven nights to enhance the solstitial celebration. Rage, by the way, is not how Bjornie would describe the Nameless One's demeanor. Verily she seemed to dearly enjoy the copious pots of aquavit that were proffered her, and details of her gratitude are not fit to retell in the presence of children or persons of the cloth.

On a happier note Dagenmorg has devised a concoction from the juices of fermented sea cucumbers, Marbled Murrelet guano and vulture excretions in which he now has the fair Glendolyn submerged with naught but a breathing tube protruding from the muck. His calculations show that in three days time the evil essence which invaded her at the great feast in Haida Kwai will finally be diffused and driven from her flesh and soul. We all do heartily hope that he is right this time.

Morton and Horton are busily making improvements on their spa, the Artesian Whales of Sylvania, and have installed a submerged viewing window in the fern bar so that the patrons can gaze upon, and perhaps commune with, the rare whales as they migrate upstream to drink at the elysian springs high in the mountains.

If Dagenmorg's cure works on Glendolyn the plan is to visit the boys for an interlude of most serene recuperation. Perhaps you should join us, and we should invite the fair Ariel from Tahsis as well.

Helena Hanbasquette

1998.02.18

Fair Helena, and I would hope by now, Fairer Glendolyn:

Name the date of the most serene recuperation and we shall be there! It is, after all, approaching the season of earthly resurrection. And, that always means renewed bodies, renewed spirits, not to mention new hats. We all need it after the season in which Persephone sinks to her hell-like depths in which her sulky spirit rules (that naughty daughter) and causes her otherwise fair and lively mother

Demeter to waste in melancholia. Amazing how the turning of those spheres matches the wriggings of us mere half-mortals.

By the way, could you please pass on Dagenmorg's recipe for the muck into which he had submerged the suffering Glendolyn. I assume she must be recovered by now. Or drowned. Or transformed into something amphibian like, which will no doubt emerge come Persephone's coming out gala. We feel sure this muck is, in addition to a spiritual and physical medicinal salve, an ancient recipe for beauty mud. We long to slather ourselves with it and wash away all superficial worries and cares.

Now, to recent news. Of course St. Valentine has just slung his arrows. And we all know that famous quotation from the equally famous bard, "Oh love, where is thy sting?" Apparently he aimed at our own Gwyned this year, we simply had not recognized the signs of quietude and frequent absences at friendly gatherings. Seems she's besotted of some slightly short, slightly rotund fellow, who would seem related to Dagda were it not that he is much better looking and has a heart most loyal, gentle and kind. He treats the said Gwyned as a queen, though she is not to such a manor born. We are beginning to think DD (that nameless one) has in part been acting out because of jealousy. And we all know too, "Jealousy is always born together with love, but it does not always die when love dies." We will keep you informed.

St. Valentine followed hotly on the heels of the patron saint of honey and bees, so we might well end here in hoping that on Feb. 14 you and your honey had a great time, and that if not, at least hope that your honey was bubbling, well on its way to becoming full matured mead for the celebrations and libations of Spring.

Morgane Di Daffo-down-Dilly

Dear Editor,

I am a senior citizen living in Nanaimo, and feeling the pinch of Premier Clark upon my pocket, thought to move to a less crowded and cheaper community.

My son lives in Gold River and has been sending me your papers of late, thinking that your town would be ideal for me. After all, a man needs his freedom, and having fought for that very ideal in the last war, I am really fed up with these welfare bums always on the prowl for a convenient B&B assault on seniors just to pay for the decrepit drug habits.

I figured Gold River would be ideal too. Real men who cut down trees and fish, who cares what the government tries to tell them what to do. Then I noticed your personals. I have read about these perverse activities of your Glendolyn, Morgane, Helena and the like minded drop out hippies, and I'm disgusted. I am beginning to wonder if Gold River is just another haven for drop outs and draft dodgers, like most of Canada was in the 1960s and 70s.

You call yourself a family newspaper! With all those references to sex, orgies and various mind-altering substances, not to mention the occasional talk about that sexually deviant, some cousin or other further up North.

I would like to mention what I'd do to these ladies to knock a bit of sense into them, but I think I better tell them in person. Please send me their telephone numbers, addresses, and if possible a picture or two.

Yours,

Douglas Leonard George Allenby, former commanding officer in the Canadian military

1998.03.04

Morgane, Faire Moonbeam

Would that I could bring you favorable and joyous news of our savant Dagenmorg and his wondrous concoction, but fate has decreed a different scenario which it doth heartily grieve me to report. At the completion of young Glendolyn's recuperative treatment she was extracted from the vat and hosed down. To our profound amazement she was not only cured of the vile affliction acquired from the little ones from out yonder, but had a full body of luxurious golden hair. Some of us here looked upon this new state as a tonsorial bonanza, yet others were more of the opinion that the once ravishing, now ravished young maiden had been dealt yet another scurvy prank by those who dwell high in the firmament.

Unfortunately one of our deckhands, the lad Figburt McDownrig, had one too many in a bar in Zeballos, and loose of lip he babbled on about the furry features of Dagenmorg's new compound and its remarkable abilities. Suffice to say that the conversation was heard with interest and duly reported to THEM. It was not long before a black helicopter soon arrived at the party barge and fish farm, and men in black suits grabbed our poor Dagenmorg along with his files, his potions and the vat of goo. What could we do? Glendolyn managed to escape by hiding in a bait tank, but it was a momentary salvation.

Poor Glendolyn, alas, has also been disconnected from us, indeed by circumstances and events most unusual. We ventured forth to the Kootenays for the Valentine season, and while soaking in one of the local hot springs the golden Glendolyn was taken away by a dark, wooly beast with a six pack of beer under one arm. The arrows of Cupid undoubtedly pierced his heart when he gazed upon the furry beauty floating in the bubbling pool.

Glendolyn's piercing cries did pierce our hearts as she was spirited away into the deepest forest, and we fear that ravishment is once again to become her chief companion. All hope is not lost however, cousin Fenster has recently completed a course at the Justice Institute in forensic cosmetology, and has taken up pursuit of the dear Glendolyn golden locks.

Plans are being laid for a festive gathering at the Artesian Whales of Sylvania Health Spa and Fern Bar to herald the vernal ascendancy. Uncle Morton reports that most of the damage wrought by the visit of He Who Breaks Wind has been repaired, and the water is once again safe for normal life forms. Bogash will be

coming down from the chicken ranch and our cousin from Tijuana, Al Neenyo, has promised to be there with his mariachi band.

What a time we will have, soaking in the spa, watching the rare white whales as they swim up river, and dancing in the fern bar to the music of Al Neenyo and the Downpour. Even Figburt might come along if his lips are healed from being nailed to the bait house door.

Helena Hanbasquette

1998.03.18

Glendolyn, Where Are You?

Distraught family desperately needs to locate their lost relative, Ms Glendolyn Zorq, last seen being carried away by a hairy beast from the public hot springs on Kootenay Lake. Young Glendolyn is five foot two with eyes of blue, about one hundred and twenty pounds with soft, golden fleece covering all of her body. The beast was about two hundred and fifty pounds, was carrying a six pack of beer, and was accompanied by a dog who answers to the name of Brew.

Glendolyn has been undergoing recent treatment for extra-terrestrial pathological complications acquired at a convocation in Haida Gwaii during the winter solstice. The unknown nature and epidemic possibilities of the disease make it imperative, not only for Ms Zorq's safety, but for those who may come into intimate contact with her, that she be located and returned to treatment as soon as possible.

As it can now be assumed that the furry beast population has also joined the ranks of vectors in this exotic new affliction, it is recommended that anyone coming in contact with any furry beast take special precautions against contamination. This precaution should also extend to the dog and to any open containers of beer that may be found in the vicinity.

Anyone having knowledge of the whereabouts of either Ms Zorq, the beast or the dog is asked to contact the chief investigator, Fenster Zorq, Forensic Cosmetologist, ZorqCorp, c/o *The Record*, Box 279, Gold River, BC V0P 1G0.

1998.04.01

Morgane, We Missed You?

It is too bad, Morgane, that you could not attend the vernal equinox bash at Uncle Morton's health spa. It was quite an affair that will go down in the annals of local folklore. Bogash made it down from the remote chicken ranch, Fenster came in from the Kootenays, Glendolyn showed up with the furry beast in tow, and even Zeldonika managed to wrangle a weekend pass from William Head to attend. Carlos Mango from Zeballos and Ariel from Tahsis were missed, as was Dagemorg who is reputedly undergoing chemical interrogation at a secret government site in Northern Manitoba.

Our fears for Glendolyn with the beast have proven to be unfounded. It seems that she has the love-struck fuzzy-wuzzy, whose name is Sask Watch, completely under her spell. They are even talking about a summer wedding to cement their budding relationship. Sask's employer in Creston is even offering to host the affair at the brewery with unlimited beer for all. If such an event is to come to pass you may rest assured that your name will be high upon the guest list on the bride's side.

Life on the party barge and floating fish farm will be a little too serene for me once the fair Glendolyn is gone. She will be moving to New Denver to be with Sask whose employment requires his presence in the hills and forests of the Kootenays. So, I am currently looking for an apprentice to fill the void. Do you have any ideas?

Helena Hanbasquette

1998.04.15

The Zorq family is indisposed due to the Holiday season. Uncles Morton and Horton are cooling off in the Wilkenson Road Jail after being caught stealing Easter Eggs at a local Sunday School. Fenster is recuperating in a hospital in Nelson after a bad experience in a tattoo parlor in New Denver. Helena is busy chasing down 20,000 mutant Atlantic Salmon that chewed their way out of the fish pens. Bogash is sleeping off a bad sacramental wine hangover that resulted from attending 16 full service communions in a row on Easter Sunday.

1998.04.29

Dear Helena,

She Whose Face Launched a Thousand Fierce Salmon, and may yet Call Them to Return Home:

I come upon bended knee to beg your forgiveness. I have been absent so long, indeed it feels like six months, and possibly might be, though by someone else's clock. For I merely thought I'd sprung an extra hour of light into my life somewhere. Time has been befuddled; it is out of joint.

Little did I know when I mentioned to you that this seems the year for abductions, that I was to be the next target. I can safely say, however, that my record nowhere compares to that of the fair and furry Glendolyn, who must, indeed, take the trophy for the year. I had no sooner written to you of cupid and Demeter's daffodils, when the event occurred.

I was walking with the fair Demeter in my garden somewhere early March. The lovely goddess was recounting how strange it seemed the earth was pushing up its daffodils and daisies, but that her dearest daughter Kore had not returned for her yearly visit from her abusive, domineering, jealous (and ultimately lonely)

husband -- that pale shade from the underworld of winter and death-like sleep -- in short, Hades.

No sooner had she mentioned his name than the earth yawned. The shade himself emerged, all smoke and fume, and seizing us one in each hand, sucked us with him to his suburban domain. Not the kind of place in which I'd like to live, thank you.

There we found Kore (who goes by the name of Persephone down under). However, the fair Demeter's daughter had picked up the most atrocious whiney tone to her voice. She sat sulking in a corner, refusing to move, calling us "mates" and imploring us to allow her to visit someplace where they serve a brew called 'Fosters' not only as the spring libation, but all year round.

Kore wanted to travel to other climes this year and had been practising the local lingo through a correspondence audio course as she shivered her winter away. Hades, and we had to agree with him here, insisted she stick to her duties and emerge North in spring. Having failed to move the maiden, he came to implore the mother to win her daughter over.

Ultimately the task was done, but not without innumerable frozen, wordless temper tantrums, which must have gone on far longer than we realized. When the maid finally agreed to come out, Hades was so beside himself for want of a little peace, he seized us all and popped us in his mouth. We thought we were Death's dinner, but he then spat us out the same pit through which he'd seized Demeter and me.

Other than the occasional residual chill, I am revived by the blossoming spring. The Hades hole in my garden has filled with water. If you catch any of those dentist-dream salmon, ship a few my way. Any fish I put in the pond will have to have a reasonable weapon with which to defend themselves against our resident otters -- goldfish are gobbled as pre-dinner crackers.

As to Glendolyn, I should think she has found not only her soul mate, but an ideal hairdresser mate. The two were probably fated to fete long ago, and all recent tribulations were but a preparation. May the two enjoy a fecund, furry future.

Make sure we get an invitation to the nuptials, since we missed the party with the white whales. I could have used a bout of fevered dancing to Al Neenyo and his mariachi band to warm me up, but such is life, death and the underworld.

Hope your loyal deckhand Figburt McDownrig's lips will be healed enough to sing of his sufferings as part of the nuptial festivities -- I'm sure he has a soulful dirge floating on one of his decks somewhere. Soulful dirges add a touch of reality to weddings, don't you think?

In atonement, and perhaps preparation for the activities of a midsummer wedding, I will in all probability be dropping in on you, tent in tow, to participate in your town's day-long walk of muscular and financial gain. Lay in some booze, baby. I will probably also need some more traditional pain killers.

As for Glendolyn's replacement, may I suggest the sultry DD.

Practise your foot massage for me,

Morgane Di Down-Under and Up Again

1998.05.13

Dear Morgane,

Mystic maid of the middle mountains, it was with enormous relief that we received your epistle announcing your return from the underbelly of the great void whose true name may not be spoken in the presence of the uninitiated. 'Twas sad and grievous things we were thinking when you so quietly slipped from the known world, leaving us with only the incertitude of your existence. The tidings of your return did bring much delight and euphoria when we announced it to the faithful gathered for the May Day celebration at the chicken ranch. It was a day not soon to be forgotten in the annals of the Clan Zorq.

I attended the sacred rites with my deckhand, Figburt of the pierced lips, and a few stringers on from Zeballos and Esperanza whose names must remain anonymous for reasons of legal and marital harmony. We were joined by Morton and Horton from the spa, some relatives visiting from the Carpathian forests of Eastern Europe, and of course Fenster who was accompanied by two deckhands in drag and a transvestite truck driver. Always the life of the party, that boy, low life, some would say.

The highlight of the event was the Maypole dance which we held in Bogash's cow pasture. The fact that the cows had been there all week gave a little extra spice to the skipping and hopping as we wove our ribbons around the pole.

At the culmination of the dance Uncle Morton broke out a special concoction made from fermented salmon berries, smoked mushrooms and imported Fijian kava root laced with betel nut juice. The rumour is that I had a pretty wild time, but large chunks of my memory seem to be blank, and Figburt will hardly talk to me for some reason.

My affections o' sultry wisp of the wild woodlands, may we see you on the Tahsis Torture Trail.

Helena Hanbasquette

1998.05.27

Dear Helena, May Queen,

What kind thoughts and sentiments you and yours sent my way, concerning yourself so with my welfare when I was so rudely and suddenly snatched from this world. You bring joy to my heart.

'Tis perhaps part of the magic which called me back. That, and the various rites which you drummed and tatoored into the earth during your May 1st Chicken Ranch festivities. There is no doubt in my mind they heard that Down Under. It will rattle their bones for some months to come; they are envious.

Meanwhile, Kore has brought many jewels to my garden. I am still awaiting your smiling salmon for my fish pond, though, they with the delightful dentures. Have you been able to call them back, or have you given up hope, assuming they are gone the way of the Coho. To the American nets, all. We may yet hear of some Big Apple socialite choking on a fish tooth. Then again, knowing them Americaners, fish teeth may become the next gourmet delicacy. Maybe you should buy up the futures?

I heard via the kelpvine the reason Figburt's lips are out of joint is that you suggested during one of your large memory lapses of the May 1st festival that he plug his piercings with labrets made of glued-together fish teeth. You implied in your suggestion that his own teeth were good only for chewing cud, and that even his aim for the cuspidor was wanting when he used his choppers for chewing tobaccy. You are lucky you don't have pierced lips.

Perhaps as a peace offering you might buy Figburt some nice 10K gold and pearl lip ring set, and find him a nubile young thing who would appreciate a man so decorated.

As for Glendolyn's replacement, how goes the search? Perhaps during the Torture Trail you might spot a likely half-disrobed initiate? Maybe male this time?

For my part, the Torture Trail may have to be a pleasure I postpone till next year. I have become a novice in a new rite, that of swimming neath the glass liquid surface of the primordial soup, the bacterial brew from which we all climbed, slithered and hopped. As such, I have lost part of my ability to endure the dry and rugged rocks of earth. But, do not rule out the possibility I land, tent in tow, in your backyard.

Meanwhile, I will watch for the toothy fish while I swim the silky waters of the Strait. I will also keep an eye out for that elusive seaweed which local myth says gives knowledge of the older watery times, and a better sex life to boot. If I find it, I will harvest at least a year's supply and ship you some.

Yours, swimming with the seals,

Morgane di Bob bob bobbing along

1998.06.10

Dear Morgane, Aqua Queen of The Inner Isles,

We are pleased to hear of your recent affection for the primal embrace of Holy Mother Oceana. May your cavorting with seals and dolphins bring great joy and jubilation. Perhaps you might countenance a sojourn to the Outer Isles whereby

our free floating fish farm and party barge is known to drift with the tide, ever in avoidance of agents of regulatory inconveniences. Your stitching skills could certainly be of immense advantage to us in repairing the much chewed and frazzled strands of our net cages.

As for Figburt, alas, I must report that the lad has run off, and not with any faire damsel at that. He formed a thing (thing is the best word, it is kind of hard to describe exactly in English, and the German word was about 87 letters long) with cousin Fenster at the May Day celebration. They were last seen together wearing caulk boots and plaid tutus and little else, dancing through the forest. Rumour has it that they have received a considerable sum of money from a big public relations firm in Vancouver on behalf of some corporate clients to organize a spontaneous, grass roots citizen's group in the Queen Charlottes to protect stockholders, I mean stakeholders. The group is called Citizens Reacting Against Popular Public Environmental Reasoning or CRAPPER for short. I am sure that we will hear more from the CRAPPERS in the future.

As it now stands I am looking for a new deckhand as well as an assistant to replace the faire Glendolyn, she of the hirsute hubby. Uncle Morton advises that in light of our experiences with Figburt it might be best to fill these positions from within the family, so messages have gone out on the Zorq email list to the far flung reaches of the cosmos. Scuttlebutt is that cousin Delma Zorqokian, a descendant of our Armenian branch and now living in Australia, may be interested in Glendolyn's old position. It seems that the public health authorities in New South Wales have been making things a bit hot for Delma on the Sidney docks of late, and her better option might be flight to Canada. We may get her in on a special research visa as a specimen.

As I inscribe this brief missive, dear Morgane, the advent of the Torture Trail adventure approaches. It is with regret that we receive your notice of non-participation this year, and will report fully on the escapade in a future dispatch.

Helena Hanbasquette

1998.06.24

Dear Helena, EA,

As I mentioned on the electronic air vibrations, the alphabetic version of which you received in your crystal screen, Nynaeve has been traipsing the globe of late. You would have received a most wondrous summer solstice offering early, had she been here, but I send it with this missive via the mysteriously motion-motivated messenger herself in her earthly role of courier. May you enjoy. Do let me know what Carlos Mango thinks of it in comparison to his own blackberry elixir. Maybe he can send a sample of his?

Back to Nynaeve: First trip she made was to the south, though it was not to that place for which Persephone pined. Lord, we could not have stood the twang of talk! Nynaeve decided she had to indulge herself in the ancient mysteries of the

Americas, and so hit some tourist town, called The Scarlet Beach, I believe, where the waters were supposedly blessed and divine and the women all went bare breasted. She did not mention the state of the men folk of this place, but I would not hesitate to say they too went bare breasted. Whether or not they wore tartan tutus is something I have yet to quiz her on. If her answer be “Och, aye”, maybe we could send Figburt and Yer Cuz Fenster there?

Nynaeve reports that she, and a male escorting her for the trip, drove a red chariot to local sacred ruins to see some cenotes (ritual swimming holes) and sacred sacbe (the ancient equivalent of a model’s ramp). Since no-one was about, Nynaeve promptly doffed what little still clothed her (remember she was already bare breasted, as she follows the credo of “When in Rome . . .”) and jumped in the water. She was surprised to find little fish kissing her all over, and much to our chagrin, she refuses to elaborate. No-one would tell her whether the fish were part of the sacred ceremony, or whether in fact they are related to your chopper-challenged salmon, and hadn’t received a sacrifice in some time.

She has just now returned from the land of the Celts, where she cavorted midst the ancient stone ruins at midnight with a clutch of Celts and a bunch of little blue guys who use the famous fresh Highland Cattle pies as hair gel. About this too she is reluctant to talk, except to say that it is cold on the alter stone of the Ring of Brodgar and the Standing Stones of Stenness sing a strange tune when serenaded by Highland Park. Were I peat-bog dense, I would have thought HP a barn dance band, but I’ve tasted the malt and let me testify, schlange va, a soul can sing some strange ditties when under the spell. It does sound as though she was wearing the same costume as the one she wore for her smoochy cenote ceremony, does it not?

One thing Nynaeve wished to do in the land of the Celts was to find the stone scone, but I sincerely hope she didn’t, as scones are best when soft, still hot from the oven, sliced and filled with thick cream and sweet strawberries. Since the season was early June, I’m sure she found her scone as such.

The nameless one is apparently now besotted of a tall blond one, whose hair style resembles that of the ancient Vikes which first settled the land of the Standing Stones. This one has blue sparkling eyes, and sounds godlike, though it is apparently DD’s youth which is still the cause of her unsettled stirrings. I think you had best write DD off as a replacement for Golden-Hairy Glendolyn.

However, I am not so sure about relying on rellies to fill that position, after your recent experience with Figburt and Cuz Fenster. By the by, I understand from a distant cousin of mine in Germany that the “umgangsprache” (slang) form of the word which describes their condition is: *diedieunterdenkleiderkeineunterhosenhabenab-ermitallesausgeschwingenundaug-ehängen.*

Nynaeve assures me that the answer to Fergus’ question of what is under kilts is the same as the answer to the question of what Figburt and Fenster had under their plaid tutus. Please pass this on to him.

By the way, we here on the wild, wet coast are thinking of opening an exclusive B&B. What think you of the name and motto? We still search for the appropriate logo.

See you on the High Road

Morgane McSchlange Va, Hey Hoy

1998.07.08

Dear Morgane, Sea Sylph,

The offerings born hither by the faire Nynaeve, Orbis Orbiter, were well received with profuse gratefulness and joyous delectation. It was much appreciated by us all that she was not adorned with the famous Celtic hair gel that she acquired upon her sojourns.

That you think that Carlos Mango, he of gross tastes and strange desires, should be offered a sample of the sacred potion for comparison with his own crude, backwoods hooch, is both a matter of hilarity and consternation for us here on the party barge. Poor Carlos' thoughts are somewhat primal, and have been emanating from organs other than his brain for many a year.

We all went up to Morton and Horton's for Canada Day and soaked in the hot pools while watching the whales migrate up stream to drink from the hallowed high mountain springs. Bogash brought some chickens from the ranch and Morton made bagged chook ala vagabond served with canned beans and muscatel. It was not all that elegant a meal, but we had a great time in the hot springs after dinner lighting fire to the bubbles coming up which were profuse and quite fetid. Poor Horton got too close when torching a big one and lost most of his eyebrows. The party was called to a halt when agents from the Ministry of Environment showed up with an injunction that prohibited all of us from being within 100 metres of any fish bearing body of water for three days.

Cousin Delma has finally arrived from Australia via Hong Kong to take up the duties of the maid Glendolyn. It was quite an adventure getting her into the country. Since the authorities were denying her a visa as either a visitor or an immigrant we tried to get her in as a medical specimen for the study of bizarre and arcane diseases usually found on waterfronts. This not only failed, they burned the aircraft that she arrived on and quarantined the passengers for ten days.

We finally succeeded when we took her through Hong Kong dressed in a veil and brought her into the country as a personal assistant to a Chinese tong lord seeking political asylum and fleeing prosecution by the People's Republic and seven other jurisdictions. No problem, we went through immigration in record time.

Helena Hanbasquette

1998.08.05

Dear Helena, Mistress of the Handmaidens,

I must once again apologize for my negligence in not replying in a decent and timely fashion. I would that I could tell you the cause was riotous indulgence in fun and frivolity, but alas, not the case. Some time has passed since I have indulged in uncounted days (and knights) imbibing in berry wines and cordials. Instead, I have been forced by a failing supply to indulge, if the word can be used, in the collection of the raw materials from which such ambrosial nectars are stewed, allowing us all to dream, and dream again.

T'was on one such picking excursion, my basket strapped over my brow in the fashion of the locals, that I am sure I saw some very fuzzy folk further afield in the same berry patch. Such shrieks were piercing the air from their general direction, me thought the poor folk were perhaps impaled on a thorn or two. Worrying for their safety, and more than curious, I hastened to the spot. However, my progress was slow, and the furry critters, continuing to shriek and thrash through the undervines away from me, had escaped ere I drew nigh.

In retrospect, I wonder if it were not Glendolyn and her hairy hubby, Sask Watch. Instead of suffering injury, or playing a few picking games, they may have been participating in a nuptial sport of hairy critters which I have only vague knowledge. It involves one or both parties rolling around in detritus and getting lots of bits entangled in the hair of the body. At that point they proceed to extract the bits from the other's body by nibbling with teeth, and pulling.

How is Cousin Delma doing in her new duties. Has she shown up with any flu in tow? And if so, are there any interesting symptoms you can save and pass on to the boys from the Environmental Corps?

Gwyned, meanwhile, has absented herself of late. I think she came down with something which may have come in advance of cousin Delma, but from the same quarters of the world. That, on top of her confusion at playing a ghostly and snappy female in a pretend marital mess upon the stage, did her in for many a month following the performance's formal end (to much applause). She recently moved lock and stock, along with various offspring, into the abode of her recently enamored -- the short little guy with the golden heart. So far things sound tediously domestic, but I gather this is how she likes it as of late.

Well, I am off to strangle the heat and drag it to the depths of the ocean (but only for a short while)

Morgane di Mal Memory

1998.08.26

Dear Morgane, peeping fruit picker,

We read with amusement the account of your adventures in the briar p

atches of the Arcadian fields of yon lower reaches of our faire island. We can attest to the fact that the strange creatures which you happened upon were not Glendolyn and hubby Sask. Both were in the Kootenays at the time filming. Sask with his employer on yet another adventure brew extravaganza, Glendolyn with a couple of shady characters from Richmond who were remaking the story of Little Red Riding Hood with a few new twists added to the plot.

Pass our regards on to dear Gwyned. We sincerely hope that whatever bug she may have become hostess to will prove more amenable to treatment than some of the microbes that poor Delma will most likely never be rid off. Perhaps a purgative made from banana slugs, chicken toes, salmon eyes and pond scum brewed together might drive the evil demons from her flesh.

This worked quite well on cousin Fenster one time when he brought home a somewhat strange and unidentifiable affliction acquired while visiting a local logging camp. There were some side effects to the cure, though. All of his hair fell out from the tops of his toes to the tip of his head. He was quite a hit at a sleazy biker bar down in Nanaimo until it all started growing back in.

Cousin Delma is doing quite well as it turns out. Some of the foreign trawlers who are strip mining the ground fish off of our coast got word that she was here which has picked up traffic around the fish farm considerably. I haven't gotten much help from her looking after the net pens, but the landing fees that I charge the sailors who come to visit her are providing enough cash to let out some of the work to a labour contractor on the lower mainland, BC Special Labour Agency and Verified Employment Service (BC SLAVES).

The arrangement is working out quite well. The people who run the service are the same folks who helped us get Delma in past immigration. The workers that they send seem to do anything that I want without complaint, and don't seem to mind being fed the same food that we are giving to the fish. They do not speak English very well, however, but seem to understand pretty quickly when beaten with a chunk of kelp.

The harvest season Equinox is fast approaching and word has come down from Bogash on the chicken ranch that a big do is in the making and that the clan will be gathering. We will keep you posted.

Helena Hanbasquette

1998.09.09

Dear Helena, Brisk Business Buske

Alas, I am seized by the shift of the season,
To rhyme and reminisce, losing all reason.
Having wakened one morn to crisp cooler air;
I noticed, why yesterday, 'twas not there.
The afternoon is as hot, the sun is as bright
But Lady Day pales sooner, and yields to Lord Night.

The stars sparkle harder,
The cuckoo sings sadder,
Summer's garden fills the larder,
The wind sighs a full bladder.
We have tromped through the berry bushes,
Swum with the fishies,
Drunk lots of good brews,
Ate lots of good dishies.
The season turns on us
And shakes down our dreams;
Love, leisure and luxury
Can't last, so it seems.
So here's to the autumn,
Roll out the beer.
A toast to sweet Summer!
We'll meet but next year.

PS Brand me not too maudlin, dear Helena. But crazy, maybe. I am about to embark on my annual odyssey (and odd it is) with my offspring to drown them in a social and cultural obsession, by which I hope to rid them of such. Alas, I cannot be very successful; this is the fourth annual trek to the great P.N.E. -- Peepers 'n Exhibitionists -- faire. My offspring sprint with glee off the starting blocks for the thrills and chills section, where they spend the day in various states of flying and contortion to see who will get sick first -- me or them. So far, it's a tie.

Congratulations on your excellent business sense with regard to Cousin Delma and the fisherfolk. Collect the money and ask no questions! Dip while the dobbling's good -- not a chance we've ever see the Senate, eh?

Good luck on the chicken ranch festivities. Hope Bogash isn't planning on using any chicks from the Island; as you know, they've all come down with salmonella, though how chickens can contract a fish disease, I can't figure.

Morgane di Merry Go I Round 'n Round

Join the fight against alektrophobia

1998.09.23

Dear Morgane,

I have been following your letters in *The Record*, and you sound like a very interesting person. I have been reading about Helena Hanbasquette and was thinking about what a sleaze she is! What kind of person nails people's lips to the door? I don't understand how you can associate yourself with such a weird character.

I myself am a very fascinating person who does some crazy things, but not all the things that I do are insane. I would never be seen hanging out in the kind of places that even an old sailor would be embarrassed to be caught in.

I see from your correspondence that you are a diver. I was wondering what it is like in the deep ocean that you are constantly in. Have you ever met any mermaids on your expeditions to Neptune's realm.

I must tell you that I have taken over Zeldonika Zorq's Horoscope column. It seems that poor Zelda has been abducted by an esoteric eastern religious group and was last seen in Dorval airport selling votive candles made from yak lard.

I am going on a picnic tomorrow with Glendoyln and some of her friends, so I will tell you all about that at a later date. Now I must go back into the field of dreams and finish making my daisy crown.

Luna Tique

1998.10.07

Dear Luna Tique,

Like, how nice of you to write. But, zounds, do I have a question? I do.

Helena Hanbasquette may have her drawbacks, but another kind of back she has is backbone. With bite. That counts these days when everywhere everyone is spewing mush and tiptoeing through tulips in trepidation. So do not criticize too harshly my pal in fest and jest. She works hard for a living too, and is pretty ingenious at pulling in the bucks from surprising sources while still having fun.

Anyhow, yer furry friend Glendolyn isn't exactly a leading candidate for vestal virgin, though she could perhaps stretch it for vestigial. Then too, the season approaches, and perhaps she has amended her ways and is planning to audition for a part in a seasonal play. In any case, you must admit, these folk are more fun, even if they do go in for odd body piercings at times.

You weren't by any chance conceived in the sixties, my dear? Apart from your moniker and daisy chain, I note your interest in the astrological type of fortune forecasting. Not that I am griping; I think it is just super great that you have taken over Zeldonika's column. Your forecasts for me in the last *Record* were remarkably accurate -- so tell, what grapevine are you using? I hope you haven't got a tap on my line. Anyway, just watch you don't end up selling votive candles made out of yak fat, or worse, melting them down for yak butter tea.

To answer your question about diving: I have never seen a mermaid whilst bobbing along beneath the waves. I am more likely, myself, to be on the look out for a merman with a handsome tail. However, if I ever catch sight of a mermaid, I will send her your way. Hey, different strokes for different folks, sweetums.

Cheers,

Morgane di Miffed (a bit)

Dear Helena,

Out of which one of your fermenting tuna tubs did you fish Ms Luna Tique? I am not quite sure what to make of her, and for the time being, hope she hits this part of the orbit only once every 28 days or so. Too many daisy chains and astrological assertions I cannot take. Fill me in on the dirt, oh Lady of Fish and Fancy.

Morgane di More Miffed

1998.10.21

Dear Morgane, Miffled Madam, I must rise to the defense of young Luna Tique, who, I may assure you, did not come to us via a tuna tub. In fact we acquired her as part of the settlement of my late cousin Astra's estate. Astra had a mishap at one of her seances where she mixed up a ritual of divination with one of devolution and turned both her and her client into amoeba, which goes to prove one can never take syntax too lightly when casting a spell.

Anyhow, to provide a little background, Astra was the daughter of my mother's sister, Phlogulia Zorq, who ran away and married the Arab playboy and noted gourmand, Sirfan Turph. Astra Turph was born on a baccarat table in Monte Carlo, and her life never did come near to anything that one might ascribe the term normal to.

Astra grew up and married the esoteric French punk rock star Ero Tique who, along with Jules, Jacques and Jean Tocque, made local history with the group Tique et Trois Tocques. While performing at the zoo in Lyons they became the first rock group ever known to be stomped to death by enraged elephants.

With the passing of poor Astra young Luna has become an orphan, so, having decided that out of all the relatives I alone could probably offer the most stable and normal environment for child development, I agreed to take her into my care.

She is a bit of a rebel, though, and positively refuses to eat dinner when we have bull kelp bulbs stuffed with herring heads and pile worms. But, she is quite bright and I am sure that things will work out fine.

Helena Hanbasquette

Dear Morgane:

I concur with your insightful observation of my beloved Helena, but lately I have been suffering from elephant sized amoeba visions which have caused my recent snobbiness.

As you now know, I am not of the generation of love, daisy chains and Volkswagen vans. I am from the generation of greed, red suspenders and Boy George. This may explain my fascination with mermen and nail polish. Or it may not.

To answer your question, the grapevine that I am currently using is located in the far lands of Club Med. I cannot be more exact because that information is protected by the sanctions of an esoteric order whose name I dare not mention. If I were to impart this information to you, then you would be marked for executive action of the most terminal nature. And besides, death follows me like Eeyore's black cloud and I cannot face another catastrophe of the anthropocentric kind.

A thousand blessings to you my love,

Luna Tique

1998.11.04

My little Luna Tique,

How auspicious it is I write on our New Year's Eve. It be time for me to make a few resolutions; indeed I have many things to resolve.

Forgive me dear child for the nasty aspersions I cast upon your illustrious birth and upbringing. Had I but uttered them in my sleep, perhaps my partner would have merely thought me raving, if he indeed even understood me. The wind would have blown by, neither good nor ill. As it was, I put my ramblings in print -- a deadly sin. Learn but that lesson, and many ill spirits will cut you a wide swath. (Note your grandmother, who addressed herself to print and during a slip of concentration undid her entire being. You should be so lucky she got the "begetting" part of her life right at least. Which reminds me to admonish you to study well your spelling.)

I am indeed in awe of both the death of your grandmother, and birth of your mother. My, my, what a family history. You should fit in well with your cousin Helena, and her crew. You may wish to investigate the possibility that luck at the baccarat table, particularly those in Monte Carlo and environs, follows you instead of death. I should think that luck would be in your genes. If not there, check your jeans.

Which brings me to the question of your red suspenders. Why are you liberal? I thought all X-ers were Nix-ers or Null-ers. Or was your costume this year an attempt to hide both your beauty and sex 'neath the guise of a scarecrow or hobo?

I should be pleased to receive more missives, and to follow the "blending" of your body and soul into the bower of your new family. I have but two pieces of advice: 1. Beware mixtures partaken at their parties; 2. Eat your veggies, dear, or one day your bones will break, and it won't be from wicked words. If you swallow the pile worms quickly, you won't feel them wiggle.

Yours,

Morgane di Most Mortified
(not my best state)

Dear Heavenly Helena,

Thank you for the goods on your newest acquisition. You have a spot of gold in your heart midst the bull kelp bits and fishy fragments.

Try whipping cream on the kelp bulbs stuffed with herring heads and pile worms; it worked for my aunt when she was raising her young. Well, to tell the truth, my aunt refused to feed her offspring, since she was offended they did not like her cooking; it was my uncle who came up with the whipping cream suggestion, which makes me wonder what else he used it for.

May the new year surprise you with ever new wonders,

Morgane

1998.11.18

Dearest Morgane,

Never fear my love, I shall always have room in my heart for forgiveness, especially for you.

I must remind you, my dear friend, that my beloved Grannie is not dead. It is my mother that was amoebated. My Grannie is simply mad. She never recovered from Astra's horrible death, and lives in, lets just say, a place where everyone is "really really happy."

I delight in wearing red suspenders in my attempts to bond with the hewers of wood, which is a shrinking breed these days you know. It has nothing to do with being a Liberal but everything to do with my liberal sprinkling of love for all living things.

In light of your resolutions I have consulted the stars and the moon and have discovered that there is a lack of synchronicity in your life. I have therefore created an affirmation unique to you.

"As I flow with life, a magical synchronicity takes place." You must repeat this affirmation at least three times per day. One of these times must be wrapped in a cloth of your ancestors and standing on your head under the moon. This will unmix the colours of your aura that have been muddied by your confusions.

A thousand blessings to you my love,

Luna Tique

Morgane, mon ami,

We tried the whipped cream trick to no avail. Sweet Luna licked off the cream and even nibbled on the kelp, but nothing could convince her to partake of the tender morsels stuffed inside. Perhaps it is her devotion to the Bagwhan Boodzoolie and his Vegan Veda that causes such truculence on her part when presented with tender bits of mortal creatures, both mammoth and minute, boiled, brazed, fried and fricasseed, but mostly al dente. Forsooth we are at wits

end (or maybe that is Witt's end, but enough of that) and our feasting habits are slipping into modes most disturbing and unusual.

Some respite is in store for me, however, as I am off to the remote chicken farm for a gathering of the clan at the annual chicken plucking festival. Since faire, young Luna must attend to her education, it is her lot to remain aboard the floating fish farm for the time being under the care of cousin Delma, who has been banned from family gatherings due to some slight indiscretion from which the cognatal karma has not yet recovered.

Should the opportunity arise, dear Morgane, I will send you a posy of Rhode Island Red and White Leghorn hackles to wear for the feast of the Winter Solstice.

Helena Hanbasquette

1998.12.02

My Sweet, Divine, Saccharine, Tiddly Pooh, Lovely Lithe Little Luna,

Well, we seem to be on quite intimate terms -- perhaps one day we shall even meet. Maybe you can post a pix in the personals? But screen your mail and telephone calls afterwards, my awesome angel -- you know what those bush boys are like, especially when unemployed, or shall we say, employed in other endeavours.

Mind, maybe that's what you want, since your boast your red badge across yer blossoming breasts and beckon for bonds with the hewers of wood. I guess they have great musculature; I mean in the arms and such.

Since you are yet unmarried (and we will not get into the discussion about that sort of bond, bound, bondage) you are worry free about having to post a red "A" upon your breast. Heck, up in your turf, they would probably think it meant you got your school scholastic letter, anyways.

Speaking of studies, your most kind, considerate cousin Helena is right in leaving you to academia while pursuing feathered festivities, especially as you are Vegan, but I caution you on the delirious Delma. Not that I know a whole lot about her, but I caught enough of the undertow from H's intro to advise you caution.

I should be most curious to know what adventures you two dig up when Helena is off pursuing plucking plunder.

Write soon my cuddly little snookums, tender teddy, delightful . . . (well, you get the gist),

Morgane di Full O'Felicitations

Heavenly Helena;

So sad the whipping cream did not work. Perhaps Little Luna has more sophisticated tastes and you might try some good peat whiskey -- how about Highland Park?

I must trust your wisdom on leaving the Faire Luna with the Damned Delma, given the circumstances and reputation which introduced your cuz to your crew. What a dilemma, eh? However, I'm sure your diet will be most improved since you will not have to participate in unusual food folly while at the chicken ranch.

And, I should love some Rhode Island Red and White Leghorn hackles; they will go with my bantam wishbone collection and make a fine necklace. (It goes without saying, you must not give out my address to animal rights rightists.)

Now, do you remember last year how that then-nameless one, Nynaeve's daughter, DD (Dagda's Delight) did disappear with that same dwarf Dagda, who then ditched her in a Scottish peat bog, after which she was painted blue, captured by Vikings and tied to the tip top of their Festive Tree in Norway bedecked with hundreds of burning candles, and how she reportedly shrieked and twisted seven days and six nights to free herself?

Well, guess what we saw listed in our favourite WinterTyne mail order catalogue: Little blue maidens, totally nude, with long hair all a-flying which you can affix to the top of your very own seasonal tree with fine silver and gold tinsel threads. When you turn on a tiny switch located in the small of the maiden's back, she wiggles and belts out a suitably seasonal sounding operatic tune to bagpipes while waving her arms and legs in rhythm, and looking most coy and sexy. At \$12.95 each plus shipping and handling, \$5.00 for one, \$7.00 for two, it's a deal.

The ornament is called the Christmas Celtangel. Intriguing how myths and legends start. Nynaeve bought six to give as gifts. DD is not amused and is pouting, as her tall, blonde Viking, with whom she is still bonded, pummels her with questions about the alarming resemblance she has to this ornament. If the fight escalates any more, DD is in danger of yet again being tied to a tree, fixed to a festive fir, or at the very least, having another shrieking fit. Let me say, it will not be in my living room.

Ah, the sounds of the season,

Morgane a Mused

1998.12.16

Morgane, Musing Madame,

I have returned to the roving fish farm and party barge, somewhat debilitated from the plucking festival at the chicken farm. The rituals went on non-stop for three days culminating in a wild chicken dance and a midnight chicken rendering at a crossroads in the moon light. I do not know how puissant the rendering was, since we couldn't see the moon for all of the rain. Probably should have done a frog filleting or duck dangling instead.

The high point of the whole affair was the grand banquet, of course. Uncle Morton served up a classic poulet du joi flambe: whole chicken stuffed with chopped candy canes, brussel sprouts, goose livers and water melon, and glazed

with a fine sauce of maple syrup, mayonnaise, HP Sauce and peanut butter. It was served of course on a platter filled with Morton's home made aquavit set merrily ablaze. It was a sight to behold and an Epicurean experience one is not likely to forget.

I had quite an assortment of hackles for you which I was going to send along with a few other esoteric items from the party barge, (an authentic lip hook once used on Figburt, among other things) but my satchel popped open at the Vancouver airport exposing my plumage plunder, and I was accosted by a gaggle of self-righteous ruffians remonstrating about the abuse of defenseless creatures like chickens, rattle snakes, Bengal tigers and other assorted fauna. They scooped your hackles, my otter skin booties, yak hide coat, marbled murrelet bonnet, ermine waistband, harbour seal vest and Persian kitty mittens. It is a good thing that Glendolyn and Sask were not with me, Sask would have probably been skinned alive.

I did manage to escape with a bag of pin feathers, however, and we will be using them for flocking on our Christmas tree. Could use a blue angel if you have one to spare. Delma has an artistic bent and has crafted some rather unique decorations out of fish skeletons and gopher skulls. We were going to also use popcorn and candy canes, but if Carlos Mango comes to the Solstice Party they wouldn't last ten minutes.

Poor Luna sends her regards, the pressures of the season have got to her, but she will no doubt be in touch with you in the new year. Actually, she is a bit handicapped at the moment. She played the tambourine and cymbals in the school's holiday pageant, and had a rather nasty misadventure resulting in the severe fracturing of several digits.

Helena Hanbasquette

1999.01.13

Hail to thee Heavenly Helena,

We are all as round here with fat as we can possibly get following the seasonal Samain indulgences. I wish we had taken part in those of a more aerobic nature, but one needs company, and our lot was a lethargic bunch this season. You may yawn now.

The blame lies with my distant and ancient cuz from England, old greasy Joan, who visited; nothing would suit her but we all ended up looking like figgy pudds. In compensation, however, the insides of all my pots are keeled spotless.

Just about the most thrilling thing to turn the toes this holiday was a surprise reappearance of Dagda, who crashed our communal evening feast Dec. 30 when we were all snoring by the fireside, waistbands unloosened and guards down. No one expected to ever see the dwarfy devil again given his performance last season. However, seems he'd received a mail order WinterTyne catalogue too, spotted the enticing blue angel, and figured a year's respite was enough time to

forgive, forget and to re-ignite some old flames with the damsel DD. Damn near burned the house down in his effort.

DD was, alas, the first to raise an eyelid and spot him, and shrieked in her best fashion so high and loud we all sprang up unthinking. Our waistbands undone, and no waistline to hold any garments up, all our pants fell down Clinton style. We pelted faces first to the floor. DD's Viking sweetheart was first to his feet and grabbing a lit candelabrum charged the dwarf. Alas, Dagda back-flipped upon our feast table, upsetting almost an entire bottle of 100 proof brandy we used to light our puddings.

When next the Viking charged, he still had not hoisted his trousers and so sprawled into the soaked table, sending Dagda to such an earthly rendition of hellfire that the bouncy bogey, that blowzy boggart may well repent and convert. With luck, we shall never know. As he ran ablazing from the house into the cool outdoor snows, we fought the fire with what liquids we could find which contained no liquor. A hard task.

I do not think Dagda will festoon our feast table again. Not even Nynaeve was pleased to see him, and she'd been waxing nostalgic with the dark and cold of winter.

On a more philosophical note, Gwnyd -- she who has played the roles of womanhood throughout the ages -- has made a most alarming resolution: She swears never to play another role, but merely to tend to ushering, or worse yet, to be a mere on-looker. Considering that her last role was to be a ghost of her past self, we cannot lay blame at her feet, but we are in great distress, for she is really more fun than this current obsession would indicate.

Finally, can you send a good recipe for purging fat. I have heard that 20lbs. of welks, fermented six weeks in mashed piddock flesh and swallowed whole six at a time until gone is quick and effective. At this point in my life, however, I know my digestive system could not tolerate the speed. Besides, I cannot wait six weeks: I am to model undraped for a famous figure sculptor in two weeks whose motto is: "Let the human body corkscrew to the sky in divine vapour and thus escape being pushpinned to the corkboard of banality." I am not sure I get it, but I believe I am supposed to be thin.

Morgane di More of Me

1999.01.27

Sweet Morgane, Pudding Plumper,

The tale of your festive indulgences over the past holiday season is a story fit for a screen play, although it may lose something of its essence when edited to conform with the rating system to allow its exhibiting in any but the most esoteric movie houses. It is with delight that we receive the news of your impending fame in the world of fine art, and hope to be on the list of select guests summoned forth to the grand unveiling, whenever that should take place.

We can not help you much with an immediate recipe for purging fat but can say that this flu that is going around has done more wonders than an entire home gym set. I have been afflicted my self with the resulting loss of many pounds, most of it no doubt contained in the budgie sized puss wads that are frequently horked up and spat across the room. Sometimes I do think that bits of lung and liver and other internal body parts can be found by stirring through the globs with a pointy stick.

On a different note we have heard from young Fenster who is now working in the Cariboo Region in the interior as a reporter for the National Inspirer, covering the strange and convoluted hysteria sweeping the area. His current press release is attached for your edification.

Yours affectionately,

Helena Hanbasquette

Real People Rally For Freedom

Thousands attended a rally last night at the community center in the tiny village of Chokesetter to protest the existence of government in British Columbia. "We've had enough of rules and regulations," said Melvin Furnburger, Grand Kleagle of the Real People of BC (RPBC), and organizer of the event. "It is time for all decent and upstanding white, red necked, Protestant citizens of the province to arise and be counted." "Wait," said RPBC Klodmeister and Keeper of the Kloaks, Vinogrin Yavolick, "counting past ten is a problem for most of our members. Maybe we should just be heard instead. We're pretty good at making noise." "Yes, just let us be heard," said Exalted Klinkerdinker Barly Barrel-Staverson.

The crowd cheered and began to chant "Hear us, Hear us" so loud that the building began to vibrate, and order was only restored after Furnburger fired two blasts from his sawed-off shotgun over their heads.

In his address to the mob the Grand Kleagle spoke of such onerous and oppressive acts as the establishment of photo radar which restricted everyone's basic right to travel on the highways at whatever speed they felt personally comfortable with, and stricter laws against drunk driving that often left drivers dying of thirst instead of patriotic high speed crashes. He also railed against laws prohibiting spousal abuse and sexual deviance, saying that "these prohibitions strike at the very heart of red neck culture."

The crowd cheered and roared again with approval until another blast from Furnburger's shotgun brought them back to earth. Then, several motions were put forward from the floor. One was to demand that the official spelling of the province's name be changed to British Kolumbia, another to lower the age of consent to three.

The highlight of the rally was the entertainment provided by Mulch Mordikoff and the rousing Chainsmoker Band, who played such enduring hits as "Coon

Dog Man,” “Smoke Gets In Your Fries” and “I Don’t Need No Whoopee Cushion, Baby.” The special effects were awesome.

Fenster Zorq

1999.02.10

Dear Brother Fenster Zorq,

Sounds like you boys really know how to have a party and run a tight meeting. We brothers down here in Alabama would like to visit your friendly community of Chokesetter, believing it would open its arms to our brotherhood relocation. We have had to move from our current home due to some public relations problems arising out of the disappearances of several folk of, well, folk who are not white, freedom lovin’ red neckers (if you know what I mean, brother) like us.

We’ll bring the pecan pie; you can supply the beer. And if things hop along like we all expect, we’d be more’n happy to supply you a free night of tar and feathers just as a friendly introduction to the way we boys have our fun.

We love your protests against the restrictive constraints of photo radar and drunk driving charges. But best, we like the motion which lowers the age of consent to three. After all, livestock don’t often live past five, even less if they are destined for the slaughterhouse.

Looking forward to our brotherly embrace,

Klem K. Klosetminded

Morgane is mine, pay up!

Hello you liddle stinkink rich dahlink Helenavich, thees is Viktoroff the Sculptor heer. Or, you peoples all theenks I em the sculptor. Hah. Big fat jokes on all of you. I am international terrorist of first degree. And, I haf the plum dumpling my prisoner, yes? Yes.

She thoughts she was to be famos model for artistik typ, eh? Went on some big plan to purge fett off just to meet me for nakid show. Talks lots of philospie. Bunch of empty words, they is. Only think makes sense is dollars. Amerikan dollars.

I been readink yous letters so long in this rag yous peoples call a paper, and rollink my eyes about the sexy highjinks you is all havink fun with in undervater swimink and hot springs bathink and wild partyink all over this place. Never thoughts of the poor peoples in other parts of worlt? No. You bunch of rich bourgheoisies.

So. Now yous must pay. I means Big Time, yes? You have nice chicken farm -- land, eh. Not everybody in world has land. Chikens too, so you has lots of food, eh? Never beed hungry?

And these uncles what has this resort where whales come to swim. If you can have these princes of whales from whole world come to yous resort, you can pay

big time for this chubby friend of yours. And, you can rest happy for the money goink to help poor strugglink pesants overthrow nasty rulers.

I will write soon about plans for payment. Right now, gather lots of Amerikan dollars together and pray you will be spared in the revolution.

Viktoroff

1999.02.24

Dear Klem K.K.,

Please disabuse yourself of the idea that I am one of the “boys” up in Chokesetter. As a correspondent for the National Inspirer I merely report on events and do not normally get involved myself unless hired to do so.

Also, you may stop referring to me as brother, and you would be ill advised to attempt any “brotherly embrace” as I no longer hang out in redneck bars or other such places where that practice is a common occurrence. Of course what you mean by “brotherly” is not to clear at this time since I understand that down in cracker country where you come from the meaning of the words father, uncle and brother often leaves one in a bit of a semantical quandary. F

Fenster Zorq

You Are Toast, Viktoroff,

You will get no American dollars or other such consideration for releasing my dear friend Morgane, you slime ball. You should have done your homework before messing with anybody connected with the Clan Zorq. This includes Morgane, who, although not of the blood, is certainly a near and dear friend and whose unharmed release forthwith would be unquestionably in your best interest.

I must warn you, stupid Viktoroff, that the family has already summoned our cousins Vitollo and Guido Zorquloni from Sicily to deal with this matter, and there is no longer any location on the globe that will provide you sanctuary from a fate to gruesome to contemplate. Your only hope, dim wit, is to free the lovely Morgane and throw yourself upon the mercy of the Zorq Council of Elders.

I can assure you, borscht for brains, that five years indentured servitude at the chicken ranch or on the floating fish farm and party barge will be far more affable than anything that our Sicilian cousins will treat you to, that is of course unless you have a hankering to become part of the pepperoni in their take out pizza franchise. On the other hand, if you do disappear into the bowels of the pizza factory you may actually do something constructive for your peasant friends: provide them with protein!

Helena Hanbasquette

1999.03.10

Helena, Tough Cookies, you,

Yous sure can spit out wordz. I like my ladys tuff. Maybee we can gets it on sometimes, hey? Yous shuld not thinks so bad of me, sikkink your mafioso reltifs on me like thees. I em not so bads. I brushes my teeths too times a day and if I eats garlik, again then. And we international terrorist men are big grate kissers. We feels things all passonitely. Yous would like it.

And gess whats I learn from your fett happy friend, the Morgane witch. She is also passonite lady, no? Just like yous. She has broked nerely all my crokery with her temper fits -- boy is they big! And she talks and talks and talks all thees time about the worlt and how nice it is to be free and travelink and seeing thinkgs.

So, I figurs. Since yous are mean and petty bourgeoisesies enuff to send nasty reltifs after me. And since this Morgane brokes almost everythink I have in this lettle hideout, we have to split. We go on worlt tour untill yous gets Amerikan bucks together. But, I haff sense of humer, yes. We makes hide and seeks hunt. What fun!

See if yor tubby pasta puff ball relatifs, loaded down with all there gold chains around the necks can solf the clews and find us. We are going now. Goodbuy. I haff gotts this Morgane to rite the clews in poetry. She likes this artistik stuff. Maybe she thinks I am really skulpter? Here it is;

The place is rather silly, Without a lot of sense, But of another, it's got plenty In pounds sterling, and in pence.

P.S. Also in big fat Amerikan dollars, which yous should get soon. I will call yous by my international cell phone. Ha. Ha. Do you gets that joke about the cell?

Viktoroff

The International Terrorist

Dear Brother Fenster,

Do not befuddle us with this stuff about you being merely a correspondent regarding the activities of the local boys up in Chokesetter. We know how the media works, little brother. Maybe your boss is trying to appear to disabuse himself of his connections to those same boys by having you write that you are merely reporting on incidents that take place. Spare us. We can't remember which is your boss right now -- is it Davie or Connie? -- but we have read edicts they have issued in the past about the so-called freedom of the press. Come out of the closet.

By the way, can you tell us the names and locations of those red-neck bars you used to frequent? We'd like to hit a few when we visit. Maybe you'd join un n'all

Embracing you in spirit,

Klem XXOO

1999.04.07

Morgane,

Just a short note to let you know that we are recuperating from a serious bout of equinoxious celebratus. We will write again as soon as we are able to focus for more than thirty seconds at a time and can remove the blue body paint and the assorted flora entwined in various body hairs.

Helena Hanbasquette

1999.04.21

Morgane, Moon Mother:

We have barely recouped from our equinoxious celebratus, that most hallowed rite of the earth people, of those who are only seen fleeting in the woods and of the ones of whom we may not speak and are only known as Them. We gathered at Morton and Horton's health spa to sing with the whales and frolic amongst the first buds of the vernal ascendancy, but instead found snow banks where the emerging flora should have been. Fortunately the uncles' tap room was amply supplied so we assuaged our despondency over the lack of buds with many Buds and other medicinal libations as prescribed in the Fourth Book of Ruminations and elaborated in Petrofskovar's letter to the Sybarites, chapter seven, verses 13 to 28.

As I write to you, preparations are being made for the next big event which is of course May Day. This year the clan is gathering in a remote meadow at the base of Mt. Shasta in California where the transcendental vibes emanating from the core of the sacred mountain are in perfect synchronization with the life force of the Moon and the planet Venus. Dagenmorg has promised a Maypole of legendary proportions and bushels of buttercups to weave into our flowing tresses. No doubt the Aqua Dio shall also flow in fulsome abundance, and the baskets will be filled with all of the succulent morsels that tradition ordains must be consumed zealously by every celebrant on this most exuberant of festive occasions.

Perhaps, Morgane, you have heard of the plight of Gold River and the demise of its pulp mill? Our cousin Jorge Zorquamadillo has come up from Mexico to help us put together a proposal to bring prosperity back to the region. It has become evident to us after watching hockey games, big time wrestling and various other prevalent diversions, that the most popular commodity in Canada is senseless violence. We figure a fortune is to be had by erecting a huge stadium and bringing world class cock fighting to the masses. Since this exciting form of chicken combat is legal in some parts of the world we figure that any local laws will be superseded by Jorge's rights under the NAFTA and other international trade conventions.

The stadium will be called the Rooster Dome, and will be topped by a huge totem pole especially carved to tell the story of the sport. If the roosters are a

success there are plans to branch out into other forms of amusement. Bogash is already hard at work developing a strain of martial geese, and Fenster has been toying with the idea of training Marbled Murrelets. Figburt tried to train a bunch of seagulls, but things got out of hand and we had to sanitize the poor guy with a fire hose.

Helena Hanbasquette

1999.05.05

Dearest Sister Spirit Helena,

I have been remiss in not writing promptly, but you know how complicated things can get when you're a hostage.

When we got your last missive, Viktor was not amused that you had completely ignored his demands. He was sulking, and said, therefore, I should write you, my "stubborn wench lady friend." He said, what are "youse" guys doing frolicking with May poles and drinking libations, when there is this weighty issue of money to be settled. I told him money wasn't everything, and that frolicking around May poles is good fun. He sulked all the more viciously.

We were in the Scilly Isles, which was the solution to the last riddle. A few days after receiving your May Day letter, however, Viktor immersed himself in Celtic lore and decided we had to visit Britain proper, by which he meant all the stone circles and every pub between.

He also insisted we join a Morris Dance Group for May Day. I had great difficulty disguising myself as a man. But Viktor had more difficulty convincing "Good Peter," the father of the Newton Poppleford Morris troupe, that he had solid Celt blood bubbling through his veins.

Today, I write as Viktor is sleeping off one grand hangover. He had a terrific, non-terrorist, anti-communist hellofa good time, and he loved every minute. Those which he can remember anyway.

I escaped a hangover, having had it washed out of me when I was ceremoniously strapped to the village dunking stool and given several tips in the local canal by all the village lads and men, following a particularly raunchy rendition of the Morris Dance, "All the Maidens Toss Up their Skirts," at which point it was clear what camp I came from. It was grand fun, I tell you. Let us all come over here next year.

As to my freedom, I fear a most strange phenomenon is occurring. Viktor is suffering the reverse of the Stockholm Syndrome. Perhaps we can christen it the Celtic Conundrum. While Cupid has struck this garlic-gargling, quasi-commando, you may rest assured I have fallen prey to none of his charms. He has so few in any case, though he did prove himself able to leap to great heights in the Morris Dances yesterday, and this earned him several rounds in the local, which is where he began to acquire his current state.

Probably by Summer Solstice I shall be with you and yours. I shall play this current theme for all it's worth.

And now, I must away. Viktor still sleeps. I am out to drown myself in the local cream teas.

Morgane Di Morris Minor Maiden

Newton Popleford

WANTED:

Morgane di Morris Maiden looking for Wild Woman Walking Partner for Great Walk. Not into boots or hobnails or pain. Must be willing to stop and commune with Nature, and indulge in carbohydrate rich victuals such as Czechoslovakian Cheesecake en route. Not adverse to alcoholic libations after Physical Feat for Fretting Feet. Those with a degree in masseology or reflexology given preference. Reply to The Record, Attn: MdMM.

1999.05.19

Dear Morgane, Mother of All Morris Dancers and Celtic Coquette:

Your exploits in the land of our long expatriated forefathers and mothers reminds me of a time that Bogash and I attended a local festival on a remote island in the Outer Hebrides. After enjoying a gala banquet of chicken haggis (sheep there are revered in much the same manner as cattle in India, maybe more so, but that is another story), and imbibing generous quantities of the local elixir made from a fine blend of rye and barley (which is sold internationally as a fuel additive for fighter jets, and can also be used to remove porcelain from old bath tubs and kitchen appliances) we were introduced to the disrobing songfest which began with "Everybody Rip Off Their Shirt" and progressed to "Tossing The Kilt On The Bonfire" and "Maids and Gents Peel Off Their Socks."

It was getting interesting and the night may have become more memorable than it was except that the whole thing fell apart on the last aforementioned ditty. Since socks are unknown on this remote isle, no one could properly figure out what to do next, although one more enthusiastic celebrant had heard rumours of socks once and ripped out three toenails as an alternative, and a lass who had been to finishing school in Ireland proceeded to scrape the dried cow patty from between her toes.

You can tell your bosom buddy Viktor to give up all hope of ever seeing any money as a result of this hare-brained kidnap scheme of his. I hope that he is having a good time feeding you and putting up with your little peccadilloes. Next time he may choose his target more wisely, perhaps a daughter of a wealthy oil sheik or some such.

You can also tell the reactionary reprobate that there is no hard feelings, and that if he wants some real money we are quite willing to let him in on our latest sure fire investment scheme if he can come up with a tidy chunk of change.

Bogash has incorporated Chicken Challenge Enterprise Ltd. and is raising funds to build the Rooster Dome in Gold River, and establish the World Avian Martial Arts Association (WAMAA). The possibilities are mind boggling.

Helena Hanbasquette

1999.06.02

Head-strong Helena,

Viktor gives you your new moniker, and in doing so, has called it quits. He says there is some old saying in our “Anglisch” which has to do with women scorned and wrath, but then he dissolved into a tumult of tears about men whose hearts were “broke.” It was all a little hard to follow.

The upshoot is that Viktor is no longer following me around, and says he grants his dove her freedom. In other words, I am no longer being held hostage. Upon hearing those words, I pecked him on his rough terrorist cheek (what I could find beneath the uncombed hair), packed my bags and left.

He called after me, saying be sure to tell you that rooster fighting is non-humanitarian and cruel and just plain immoral, though he imagines it would make a chunk of money being as the “hearts of the peoples betting for the sufferingk beasties” are just as cruel and immoral and stupid. After a few seconds’ pause, he called out again that maybe fighting hens might be something to look at, especially if the hens were anything like our women-folk. Then he dissolved into a senseless babble again. Anyway, by that time I was climbing into a dove-grey Mercedes sedan hitch-hiking my way to the nearest airport for home.

I will be arriving in Gold River just in time to don walking shoes and my 12 pair of socks (on which appendages are we supposed to hang them all anyway?), smear my body with your traditional local body rub of sunscreen and cornstarch and dance round the bonfire in the Great Walk Start Line meadows, awaiting the call of Rosy Dawn to begin my test of torture, turmoil, tenacity, temper and time.

By the way, I understand there has not been one reply to my most inviting advertisement for a walking mate. Have I offended by unknowingly suggesting something repulsive in my wording? Are all of you Gold River types on diets and adverse to Czechoslovakian Cheesecake or celebratory libations? Surely you are not all couch potatoes? Maybe you just take the registration money, ride the bus, and watch us initiates march and march and march, having already been through the rigors of the rite yourselves, every one of you?

I have heard from woodsmen who formerly worked your town mill and are now building kayaks in a town in the fair southern part of our glorious isle, that your landscapes are divine. I hope these macho males have not “pruned out” too many of the trees, that the landscapes are still wild, and that the walk may indeed offer views of divinity. Perhaps the rigors of the Rites of the Great Walk may even offer divine inspiration. I shall certainly have a large number of hours in which to be in receiving mode.

Turn on the hot tub, ice the beer,

Morgane di Mad Marching Mama

1999.06.16

Morgane di Masochist,

We found your missive left on the Sunday morn after the great torture trek. Upon the official chronicle of blisters and limbs numb with soreness we have seen the name of your alter ego encribed among those who arrived in Tahsis in time for cocktails at a civilized hour. One hopes that the secret potions and other arcane devices that dwell in the musty depths of your mystical poke did their magic and preserved your vulnerable appendages from undo depredation.

Our cousin Helena has taken leave of the fish farm to travel to the Far East on a business venture. Market surveys have indicated that there might be considerable demand for a new value added product developed locally, vegetarian haggis. It is a delightful concoction made by stuffing bull kelp balls with mashed blue berries, horse radish, parsnips, choke cherries, lima beans and olive oil, then pickling it in a vat of 100 proof single malt mixed with Dr. Pepper. Personally it is not to my taste, but I hear that the samurai have a fondness for off center culinary delights.

Morton and Horton thought that they might find a market for it in Vancouver if they modified it with a liberal amount of mulched BC gold, but the RCMP had other ideas and they managed to feed the whole mess to their goat Vanderzed just as the doors came crashing in. The uncles got off free, but poor Vanderzed still hasn't come out of orbit yet.

The World Avian Martial Arts Association is coming along a pace. We are currently looking for cities to sponsor teams so that we can draw up a schedule and get the season underway. Cousin Jorge has struck a deal with a specialty house that supplies punk rockers and other assorted bizzaros. They are willing to take all of the losers in our contests and sell them as items of fashion apparel. This type of thing seems to be quite in vogue in certain circles, dead chicken stoles, rooster head ear rings, and even weirder body attachments. Fenster is helping Jorge market and is currently showing off the merchandise by wearing a pigeon foot in each nostril and a chicken wing on his left ear.

Glendolyn and Sask send their regards. Sask is busy as usual for the summer season being an elusive presence in various Kootenay camp grounds while Glendi is the hottest number in a trucker bar along the highway in Salmo. Like the say in Creston, "when you get to Salmo you've made the grade."

Preparations are being made for the rites of the Summer Solstice. The Fellowship of Brygndorachh have invited the clan down to their retreat in Oregon on the slope of Mount Mazama. Their high ritual includes a feast of possum boiled with collard greens and okra, and a midnight skinny dip in the waters of Crater Lake along with copious ingestion of sacramental nectar. We are planning on attending if Helena returns from the Orient in time.

Bogash Zorq

1999.06.30

Morgane di Moonlight Mama,

Helena has returned to the floating fish farm and party barge after a very successful journey to the eastern seas. Not only did she book two years worth of production for our innovative vegetable haggis, we have a special order from a large Japanese firm for a unique cocktail haggis made from hummingbird stomachs stuffed with cornmeal, honey, chopped duck liver and rancid blubber.

We have a deal with some enterprising fellows down Washington State way for all of the whale blubber that we require, but the duck liver supply proved difficult. We solved the problem by using spoiled fish pellets instead, and no one has complained so far.

The solstice bash in Oregon was a hoot with all of the hooters at the midnight skinny dip in Crater Lake. Fenster was a hit with his wild display of avian based body adornments, some of which give me a searing pain even to think about. Unfortunately a couple of local red-necks who came by to oogle the event mistook the poor boy for and escaped emu from a local farm and almost carved him up for dinner before they clued in that emus don't usually scream in English. It all worked out for the good in the end, though. One of the good ole boys bought a chicken head necklace for his wife/cousin's birthday and the other went for a seagull beak stitched into his left eyelid. They are probably going to be a big hit at their next KKK meeting.

We had a chance to peruse the reports that you filed on the torture trek in your local fishwrappers. Morton and Horton were quite impressed and look forward to further displays of your literary talent.

Bogash Zorq

1999.07.14

Dear Zorq and Heavenly Helena:

My but you do cook up some doozie dishes. Haggis seems to be a theme. Why not for your next divine dine consider some culinary clapshot?

For a feast to celebrate the induction of a garuggle of grosgreivian initiates into the Highly Rolly Order (not dissimilar from the mile-high club ceremonies) a former friend did a clapshot of mashed dandelion roots, flavored with casings of moon snails, served on a bed of finely crushed oyster shells and smushed ochre sea stars. The whole thing was decorated with periwinkles.

I'm sure it would have been a real hit, as I sampled a teaspoon before it went into the mulch bin, except that the HRO is vegetarian, and they couldn't decide whether the moon snail casings constituted something ovarian, or whether sea stars were fish, which they would have accepted under the circumstances as an appropriate meat substitute. The argument grew fierce. Instead of consuming the

dish, the diners had an enormous food fight and all ended smeared upon the walls and themselves.

They had a rather lively 'mud' wrestle. The head honchos considered that their initiation.

The clean up was horrendous, as the goo on the walls solidified quite quickly and also stained. The beneficial side was that as we wiped it off the walls, it left blotches which were quite attractive, and so my friend cancelled her appointment with her interior decorator, who was to arrive the next day to sponge paint the entire dining hall. I wouldn't recommend it to anyone, though, unless they are fond of the scent of pig manure with their food.

I am off to the Kootenays to glug some fresh glacial water. I hope to drop in to see Sask and the fair, fuzzy Glendolyn and garner a tale of two from them. I will send a postcard.

Yours always,

Morgane di Montagne

P.S. What is your little Luna Tique doing for summer hols?

1999.07.28

Howdy Y'all Zorqs and Rellies,

My two offspring having been shipped to camps far in the wilds, a longtime party person (and personal friend) and I hit the wild west of Canmore, Alberta.

Since this is a postcard, and we don't want the posties having heart attacks on taxpayers' time while reading other people's mail, I will spare you the details of our first night's roundup of the local cowpokes. I will say we found them already much in a party mood at the local Bulls and Whips Pub. There was an odd fellow present, however, wearing a beak as an eyebrow ornament. He was ranting about better parties he'd seen, so we didn't invite him back to our mountain campsite. His loss.

Glendolyn and Sask are doing wonderfully well. Both were hired by a US film company out of LA to play civilized bears in Waterton Lakes park. The only complaint Glendolyn had was the time it took her each morning to marcel Sask's furry hide. The boy can be so vain at times.

Their career ended when some blind (drunk) hunter shot at Sask, missed, hollered -- "You dang thing, if you ain't animule, why ain't you wearin yer neon red Gortex vest?" Sask was offended, as he thought the fella ought to realize it would ruin his waves. Sask don't appreciate too many bad hair days, you know.

Morgane di Mountain Maiden

(and we don't mean Heidi)

1999.08.11

Dear Morgane, Mountain Momma:

It was a pleasure receiving your postcards from the third world east of the Rockies. I, too, have fond memories of Canmore from the time that I stayed there in a hotel where the CP rail line practically ran through the lobby. All of the west and east bound freights rolling by saved me a fortune on quarters that I did not have to plunk into the vibrating machine on the bed.

Helena was envious of your adventures with the cowboys and called Uncle Morton down to look after the fish farm and floating party barge for awhile so she could take a vacation. I think that it was your mention of whips that really flipped her switch. She was last seen in the CP rail yard in Vancouver wearing a broad brimmed hat and pointy boots with spurs, and checking the freight schedules. We are not quite sure what is up her sleeve, but all she took when she left was a bag full of ropes, two pair of handcuffs, a few assorted leather accouterments, a hardwood fish bonker and a jar of fermented salmon grease. It looks like it might be an interesting few weeks for all the cowboys from Kamloops to Calgary.

Myself, I have been kept busy all summer with work on the Rooster Dome project and affairs of the World Avian Martial Arts Association. Dagenmorg has returned to the chicken farm to take over as research director of Chicken Challenge Enterprise Ltd, and is working on developing a super fighting rooster through advanced genetics.

So far the results have not been too positive. In one experiment Dagie tried to cross a Bantam with a Bald Eagle, but lunch was more appealing than love to the eagle and the banty disappear in a cloud of feathers and a burp. Fenster suggested a switch to bionic research as a more plausible approach and Phou Zholoc, our Vietnamese cousin, suggested that we just skip all of the preliminaries, grab the hot sauce and go straight to the kitchen with the whole flock.

It is good to hear that Glendolyn and Sask are doing well, we have not seen them in awhile and are always anxious of their well being. They are planning to come up for a visit after the tourist season, and stay for the first decanting of Horton's new batch of black and blue berry elixir. Never was a sacred beverage so aptly named.

In closing we must pass on greetings from young Luna who has departed our region to live in your neck of the woods. Perhaps she will fill you in more on her adventures once the dust from the moving vans has settled and her new nest is in order.

Bogash Zorq

1999.08.25

Howdie Zorq:

My friend and I have arrived home, back from the rough, rockin' Rockies. We're more than a little worn out, and in dire need of some saddle soap and horse liniment heavily applied in those over-used parts of our corporeal well-being. Probably, it would be better to have a soak in the famous hot springs of the magic whales, but the idea of another trip out of town, frankly, doesn't tweak my spurs.

Our spiritual side is flame with new ideas for a business. You will excuse me if it is a tad vaporous at the moment, but new ideas can be hard to grasp sometimes, especially as one acquires years and loses liveness. The business will have something to do with a new type of massage and extended variations on the service. I have heard of rolfin, rolking, rollking, kolfin and golfing, and propose to offer administrations to the body using the instruments of recreation in new and innovative ways.

Helena says she may come in with my friend and I on this one, and is contemplating giving up the fish farm, so she says, but not the party barge. Always a girl for fun, is our Helena.

We met up with her in the north central B.C. on our way home. We'd been working our way back through a series of cowboy parties. Kinda following the rodeo trail, so to speak. Now there's another good idea -- B.C. should market the rodeo loop we travelled as an historic experience not to be missed. I will write my MLA tomorrow. Though, perhaps it ought to be limited to single ladies' excursions.

Anyway, we ran into Helena when we hit a little town by the name of Wingdam -- hotdam kinda name, eh? She was in a crowd outside the rootin' tootin' party we'd been invited to. Didn't take her long to locate the action.

A small circle was formed around her, cowboys with their shirts stripped off. And Helena was playing a creative version of a young girl's skip rope game, where you twirl the rope around and around at a low level on the ground, while others jump over it.

Helena, innovative maiden, was doing it with a whip, and every once in a while would suddenly lash out with her equipment, catching the cowboys round the legs, and flipping them. She was quite dizzy from the game, but that didn't stop her from jumping the downed cowboy and having a darned good wrestle contest right there in the dust..

We never did get into the party. Bunch o pokes from inside, several wearing what appeared to be the remains of white capes hung about their shoulders, and carrying white trick-or-treat bags, came out because of the screams and hoots Helena's recreation was causing. One of the fellas was wearing an avian eyebrow jewellery piece, and I guess he remembered we'd dumped him in that bar in Canmore.

We were chased outta town post haste. Not to mind, we had a number of adventures wending our way back down the province and over to the island, not the least of which was a stimulating soak in some outdoor hot springs during a lightning storm.

I await news of Luna. Let me know how your rooster wrestling is going. Personally, I'd prefer a warm body without the feathers or fur, thanks.

Root te Toot Toot,

Morgane

1999.09.08

Dear Morgane,

Glad to see that you have returned safely to our paradise isle from your summer adventure. Sorry to hear that you are a bit saddle sore, but from your recounting it sounds like every ache and blister is but a minor irritant compared to the bountiful font of indulgences that were enjoyed in their acquiring. Yee-haw!

We eagerly anticipate more tales of your latest venture blending massage with recreational implements. Uncle Morton tried something along those lines once, with somewhat less than admirable results. Whatever gave him the idea that a plumber's helper is a recreational device is beyond me, and probably better left to speculation.

Helena dropped by on her way back to the floating fish farm and party barge, and told us a tale similar to the one which you recounted with a few details that you somehow managed to omit from the saga. We are given to understand that there are a couple of cow pokes up in Wingdam that may take years to get out of psycho-therapy as a result of a certain performance that blended highland dancing with the more esoteric fertility rites of the Banghu Kozamah tribe. Talk about pushing the envelope on multi-culturism!

We know that cowboys can be a bit rough around the edges, but they are still land lubbers and basically mamma's boys at heart. One has to be careful exposing them to things that even the most experienced sailor would consider extremely close to the edge. In the opinion of cousin Sue Allotta, our family attorney, you would be well advised to register that act with the Attorney General prior to any future performances.

The chicken fighting business is progressing a pace. I have been in correspondence with fellow enthusiasts in the Philippines where the sport is a national past time, and it looks like there will be a steady market for our superior fighting stock once we can develop it. There are still some bugs to work out, though. Dagenmorg's latest experiment involved crossing a Guinea fowl with a rattlesnake. Instead of chickens with fangs, however, he wound up with snakes with wings that like to crow at all hours of the night. Needless to say, his popularity with the neighbors is in the toilet at the moment.

We have some new help at the chicken ranch. Cousin Zhorqua Zhoming, his wife Mei, two sons and four daughters all showed up last week from Fujien Province after hitching a ride from the Charlottes. It was a welcome surprise for us since we can always use a few extra hands around the old homestead. It also seems to be working out for Dagenmorg and his problems with the snickens or chakes or whatever you want to call them.

Grilled snake meat and spicy snake blood soup are favourite dishes of Zhoming and crew, so they have been busy combing the surrounding forest for Dagie's errant creations and cooking up a gourmet's delight. They are particularly thrilled about getting a few wings thrown in as an added gastronomical attraction.

Luna is still adjusting to her new environment and is aware of the proximity to your retreat. Perhaps you have felt a subtle change in the cosmic flows with the resultant bending, ever so slightly, of your aura from time to time now when her karmic field passes close to your own as your orbits intersect. And, Fenster and the rest of the crew extend their salutations and hope to see you at the Festival of the Autumn Moon.

Vaya con cerveza,

Bogash

1999.09.22

Dear Bogash,

How nice to hear from you, you closet cowpoke!

I bet you're dying of desire to hear whether any of our recreational/therapeutic devices has yet been created and tested. I am enclosing one with which we have had somewhat mixed success, in hopes you can settle for us whether it is "too too" or just pushing the right length to the outer limits.

In case you can't guess what it is, try the device for its intended purpose: it's a medicine exercise ball, rather trendy right at the moment. Now, try binding a naked or nearly naked body (get someone to do you if that's your flavour, and always allow your client to dictate the limits of disrobbery) round the ball in various positions, e.g. tummy towards ball, back arched over, hands bound together, legs stretched wide. . . Well, you get the various graphics.

Now, once bound body is in desirable position, roll ball over floor, carpet, layer of marbles, layer of cold spaghetti, gravel driveway etc., and get body/patient to free associate. When we tried this, our client began to beg for rather startling things to be further perpetrated upon him. We were undecided as to whether it was within our purview to comply or whether as professionals, we ought to pass and discuss the pleas in detail.

Helena, who attended the opening ceremonies of our therapeutic treatment centre trials, had to be held back. But then, she's still riding high on her cowboy experience.

Let us know your decision as soon as possible. Our client gave us a loud and long word-of-mouth reference, and we now have a waiting list of two months. The College of Physicians and Surgeons declined to comment, and we need direction on this most ethical question in a brand new field.

On a slightly different topic, but not by much, pass on to your cousin and family attorney Sue Allotta that she need not fear about our rendering of the Highland Dance performance blended with fertility rites of the Banghu Kozamah tribe while we celebrated with the cowboys. We are the sole survivor of that mixed aboriginal tribe (which hails from a small quarter section in the marshes near the confluence of the Brokenhead and Whitemouth Rivers) and under the Canadian Constitution, may perform such cultural gems when and where we will.

Further, since our tribe was entirely oral nobody can counter our interpretation of the tradition. In addition, we do, to emphasize that we are contemporary, practise safe rituals. This also bypasses any paternity and maternity suits and suitors. Those things can be so stuffy to wear, you know.

On your fighting flock biz, why not lease the mill in your neck of the woods, and open the floors to betting, and jackpots. It would provide the local laid-off mill hands with cheap entertainment, stimulate the local economy and put to good use an otherwise neglected historical structure.

Finally, we think we have felt the vibes of dear Luna. This happens often as we are soaking in our backyard hot tub (a poor version of the magical hot springs), and the crickets are in chorus. We think we hear the faeries calling us, but we suspect it is Luna telling us to abandon the tub so she can do some skinny dipping and sweating of her own. Mornings after we frequently find the tub full of fruity smelling bubbles.

Don't forget my appeal regarding the therapy. I await your wise words.

Morgane di Miffed

Mistress of Commerce

1999.10.06

Dear Mistress Morgane,

Thanks for the ball. Fenster had quite a time with it. We stripped him down to nothing but his nose ring and a few other piercing adornments, tied him to it as you suggested, slathered him with a bucket of chicken fat and rolled him through the cow pasture. What an adventure. There are lots of grasshoppers in the pasture this time of year and soon poor Fen was a fuzzy mess of squashed hoppers pressed in grease, not to mention the few cow thingies that also got caught up in the melange.

We almost lost the lad when the contraption rolled over the bank and down into the river. The trout had a feeding frenzy on the grasshoppers and young Fenster was sweating it there for awhile. Good thing there were no piranhas in the stream.

We managed to get ahead of the ball down stream at a bridge and snagged it with a grappling hook. Fenster came out of the experience no worse the wear, but the ball went flat as a result of its encounter with the hook. We were going to perform some more experiments for you with it, but I guess we will need a new one if you want us to continue. Morton is designing a strapping saddle kind of attachment that he says will put the experience on an entirely new level. He won't let anyone see the contraption until the prototype is completed and he can test it with a new ball.

The poultry pugilist enterprise is still moving along a pace. We were taken to court by some fringe group called the Fraternal Laymen's Organization for Chicken Kindness (FLOCK) charging us with cruelty to poultry and other dastardly and perverted transgressions. We settled out of court on the counts of perverted transgressions, but beat the chicken rap when we caught the FLOCKers having lunch at KFC. Ha, faced with our video tape of their chicken chow down which we vowed to turn over to CBC, they hastily dropped the charges.

As regards your most personal and delicate missive which I received via email some time ago, expect a detailed response in the future when the feathers settle down around here a bit more.

Ever yours in the pursuit of the arcane and extraordinary,

Bogash Zorq

1999.10.20

Dear Morgane, Mega Mother,

The absence of a missive from your magic pen have left us longing for news of your latest adventures. The grapevine carried tales of your numerous offspring and their predilection for the sporting pursuits. Perchance it is that you have been stretched to the extreme in an attempt to keep apace of their multitudinous energies? A simple potion or two from the lab of Dagenmorg may be in order to restore some simplicity in your surroundings and bring peace to your over excited karma.

Uncle Morton has invented a double ended pogo stick which he gave to young Fenster to test ride. Unfortunately the lad tried it out in the chicken coop, and between bouncing off of the floor and bouncing off of the ceiling he became sorely discombobulated and the infernal device took on a life of its own. All of the bouncing finally came to an end when the springs popped from the heat and stress, but not before seventeen hens were squashed most gruesomely and untold numbers of eggs smunched into a glicky mess. Between the mashed eggs, fresh

guano and feathers, it took us an hour and two pints of turpentine to get young Fenster clean again.

Not much else happening here at the moment, preparations are proceeding for the feast of All Saints, and options are being considered for the celebration of the winter solstice. Morton prefers the Druidian Rites of Cluthmagon, but others in the clan are leaning towards the more Germanic Rituals of the Mystic Circles of Wagdorf and Bruhl. Any ideas that you may possess in this matter would be immensely esteemed.

Bogash Zorq

1999.11.03

Dear Bogash, wondrous Boffin,

Indeed my offspring have been submerged in scientific pursuits with a medicine ball similar to the one I sent you recently. My oldest took it with him to swim club. The coach was not impressed, but I understand that while the thing proved clumsy at first, and the lifeguards swore the pool plaything had already been invented, the youngsters gave full vent to their cumulative imaginations (no wonder teens are so terrifying) and came up with a unique water trampoline.

They pulled the ball to the bottom of the deep end, held it down while one member wrapped limbs about it, then let the thing go. The ball and swimmer flew an alarming height above the water and allowed the swimmer to do a pretty neat freefall dive.

The youngsters are in the process of petitioning the International Olympic Committee to sanction it as Freeball Diving, and say the rush is so great that the IOC need have no fear of athletes being tempted to enhance their performance in any way shape or form, except perhaps through costume.

Toller Cranston heard of this via the sporting grapevine and immediately offered his couturier abilities, but we have thus far declined, as we wonder if there is perhaps some other motivation here.

My youngest son took the ball to a soccer game with less success. The ball proved so hard to kick and maneuver that the young lads got rather frustrated, which resulted in quite a fistfight. This was broken up by the dads, who got into a slinger of their own. However, the final and deadly thrust occurred after the goalie of the opposing team was literally run over as my son's team pushed the ball through for their winning goal. I fear the only success here was the rambunctious fight the fathers put on for the teams. The moms voted unanimously to send the men off to hockey camp next summer and to keep the soccer lads at home.

As for my karma, Indeed it could use a soothing potion, what with all the activity swarming round me. Have Dagenmorg send me a two month supply of extra strong. However, some good is coming of the throbbing energy, which must be

sending out messages like a pulsar, as I was recently given a wonderful spirit drum at a medicine gathering I attended recently all on account of my karma. I hesitated to ask what message my karma was sending though and am now pondering drum spirit music and heartbeats and am using a few interesting rhythms in my All Saints festivities to see what I can conjure up. It will no doubt take a few days to find out, and I will forward any results.

Meanwhile, I will forward one more ball to you. If it gets bust again, I fear I must send a bill for the next, as Income Tax Canada and for some unknown reason the IRS have been requesting to see my books, and I can only give away so many freebies.

May the spirits tweak your twickle and fiddle your fancy,

Morgane di Musiquespiritussanctus

1999.11.17

Dearest Morgane,

Thanks for the new ball, we have found a marvelous use for it in the developing of a new sport for the Rooster Dome. After hearing of the plight of your offspring and the soccer match wherein the hapless goalie was rendered into a Frisbee by the majestic orb, we put our heads together over a bucket of Morton's special blueberry beer and came up with a most wondrous inspiration. We have taken elements from the ancient sports of cock fighting and bull fighting and created Rooster Rolling, certainly to be entered into the Olympics within the near future.

The elements of the sport are simple, we have enlarged the pit at the Rooster Dome to the size of a bull ring, and into this each team places one rooster and two ball busters. When the whistle blows the referee tosses the special ball into the pit and the game is on. The first team to use the ball to crush the other teams rooster wins the match. Points are also given for technique and such effects such as feather spread on impact. Other than a prohibition on firearms and other weapons in the pit there are not many rules, although the game is forfeit if either your rooster flies the coop or one of your ball busters bites off the head or otherwise molests the opponents bird.

As soon as we get a few athletes trained we plan on holding an inaugural tournament, and you are invited to toss out the first ball. Dagenmorg will perform the blessing rites of the Maid Ahlcalodocia and rend a live chicken under the full moon, and there will be buckets of fried chicken and pails of home brew to compliment the festive occasion.

Speaking of Dagenmorg, he did prepare a most salubrious potion for your karmic distress, but made the mistake of entrusting it to Fenster for delivery. We found the young lad two days later in a trance in the chicken coop, so relaxed that a hen had started a nest in his curly locks. Needless to say, the vials of potion were quite vacant, and Dagenmorg regrets to report that due to a plague of Hippies the

past month, certain botanicals are not currently available to brew up a new batch. Perhaps in the spring in the time of the Pholusian Transition he will be able to resume production.

Our All Saints Eve event was one to remember, but we can not relate it here due to a pending court action.

Bogash Zorq

1999.12.01

Dear Boggie,

Why, oh why, have not the Friends of Fured and Feathered Earthly Features (FOFFEF for short) come for you, tarred and twiggged you to bits and hung you from a chicken coup rooftop?

Not that I wish this upon you, but I just don't understand it. It must be your distance from the urban centres where FOFFEF reigns fast and furious. They have mostly laid off the fur portion of their earthly mission now, as the steam of that movement has moved to Europe.

However, I understand that a local on this side of the island recently invaded an old folks home and sliced all the feather pillows and down quilts and shook the filling all over the place, making their escape in the ensuing cloud of bewildering fluff.

The imaginations of the residents were stimulated to limits well beyond what the art and music therapy classes had managed, and many began to shout details about childhood snow drift romances and other existential snow experiences. These were unfortunately not repeated in the local press, which noted the incident.

Anyway, just to warn you that the feather furies are on our blessed isle, so you may wish to take protective action with regard to your new medicine ball activities. By the way, I applaud your creative efforts and ask you to save me a spot at your opening, some fried chicken and a double bucket of your famous home brew.

That ought to take care of my karma problem too. Tell young Fenster I do not begrudge him his yielding to temptation, and subsequent quaffing of the entire potion Dagenmorg brewed for me. But, he owes me. And I shall figure out a way to claim come the Spring Festivities.

My spirit drum called up an interesting visitor for our All Hallow's Eve party -- it was my mother. Always a gal for a party, that one. I was tempted to send her immediately back to the other side. But she jumped right into the spirit of things and took on such a realistic hue, that I let her dance and frolic to midnight (she unfortunately could not eat or drink of earthly delights, being a spirit), before bidding her adieu. She was a real hit with her table dancing, and a certain Count

D asked if he might have her phone number. Perhaps I shall conjure her up for next year.

We shall have to temporarily put the medicine ball experiments on hold here, though you may get away with them in your stomping ground. The reason is that Bill Gates apparently bought the ball company as part of his new publicity campaign to “roll over all competition” and has been threatening us with a lawsuit for our use of the appliance.

We thought to hire your relation Sue Allotta to represent us, but it seems she has taken a rather hurriedly-organized vacation first to L.A. and Reno, then to Sicily via Chicago and New York. Real peculiar I say, as she never liked pasta, and preferred hard-soled, high-heeled boots as opposed to soft leather pumps. We will not even mention her penchant for WWW-style men. Well, on second thought, maybe we should consider this.

I hope she arrives home in one piece, free of traces of concrete, and still breathing.

We eagerly anticipate a light and cheerful, friendly frolic for St. Nick’s Day, which is soon upon us. The good fellow himself promised to show at our small dinner party, and provide us with some of the stuff which keeps his nose red 365 days of the year. Such a generous soul. Yours in convivial concord,

Morgane di Delightful and Delicious December

1999.12.15

Dear Morgane,

Thank you for your concern in the matter of the fiends from FOFPEF. To date this particular branch of the fuzzy wuzzy movement has not reached our remote domain. I must tell you, though, that a cousin in Lethbridge once joined that group with the intent of feeding his somewhat less than socially acceptable desires for fluffy little critters. Unfortunately for him, however, he was exposed on his first direct action with the local chapter.

The group crashed an elite fund raising party in Calgary with the intent of soiling the fur coats, feather boas and other accouterments derived from acts of oppression against innocent beasties that were being displayed by the better folk there. Cousin Prestwick instead went straight for the fluffy little lap dogs in a manner most repugnant to almost everyone who viewed the spectacle. The outrage from both friends and foe alike was so intense that he barely escaped with his skin still intact and has since fled to an unnamed Middle Eastern country where this sort of behaviour is viewed with a more understanding and appreciative eye.

I can tell you, though, that we have had some problems with the Poultry Lovers United in Chicken Kinship (PLUCK). Agents from this bunch of wackos based in Prince George make the occasional attempt to liberate our remote chicken

ranch of its raison d'être. This affront to our serenity has caused Uncle Morton to go into seclusion to work on a project that he has named the Plucker Chucker.

On a more joyous note I can report that our preparations for the hallowed Winter Solstice are well in advance. We have clanspersons from around the globe coming to what could be not only the last but the biggest bash of the century. We expect traditional special recipe libations of over one hundred varieties to be featured at the event in addition to some gourmet delights with amazing properties and some that I can not even mention for fear of severe sanctions by clan elders.

The celebration this year is extra special because it is the first time in 133 years that the solstice and the full moon occur on the same day. The Karma will be awesome. In addition we have been contacted by a lost tribe of Druids who have been wandering the wilderness in small bands since being driven out of Britain by the Romans. They will be joining us and at the perigee of the solstice moon their priest will perform the sacred Twickling Ceremony of Brojan Brodlak. It will be our first twickling in many years and young Fenster can hardly be restrained just from the anticipation.

A spot has been reserved for you within the hallowed inner circle. It would be our delight to hold hands with you as we are twickled together, chanting and doing the Moon Dance in the glade.

Bogash Zorq