

THE PORTABLE ALTAMONT  
'FIRST LINE OF THE BOOK' CHALLENGE

The sky above the port was the colour of a video poker screen, broken by an angry drunk.

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by Tae-Bo, punching hysterical spandexed, dragging themselves through the renovated streets at dawn looking for a parking spot.

A Chris 'Corky' Burke billboard comes across the sky. It has happened before, but there is nothing to compare it to now.

Last night I dreamt I went to Mandarin Buffet again.

Many years later, as he faced the firing squad, Kid Rock was to remember that distant afternoon when his father took him to discover ice.

Indian summer is like Kenny Rogers. Ripe, hotly passionate, but fickle, he comes and goes as he pleases so that no one is sure whether he will come at all, nor for how long he will stay.

Bryan Adams blows a Skinny Puppy in a Honeymoon Suite, but Randy Bachman and other Asexuals can only be Watchmen.

## CANADIAN MUSIC WEEK<sup>1</sup>

Bryan Adams blows a Skinny Puppy in a Honeymoon Suite, but Randy Bachman and other Asexuals can only be Watchmen. Outside, the Sven Gali takes a Cub to Sylvia Tyson for a Sacrifice. A Fifth Column of Platinum Blondes chant 'Surrender Dorothy!' Andrew Cash has a Tea Party with Jane Siberry at the Asylum; they Consume the Dead Brain Cells of Leonard Cohen. Does Connie Hatch Subhumans like Percy Faith and Rik Emmett?

Young Lions fight Glass Tigers using Crowbars and Anvils but puke after too much April Wine – they're DOA. The Doughboys Rush Toronto but are stopped short by Frozen Ghosts. A Triumph for a Trooper is just a Sudden Impact on the Youth Youth Youth. Eric Trips over Shadowy Men and Slashed Puppets while Sarah McLachlan receives Teenage Head from Aldo Nova. Robbie Robertson, the Annihilator, exudes a Rare Air as a Slik Toxik Throb Crashes Vegas with a Razor. Socrates writes a Saga of Conspiracy after too many Choclairs. Anne Murray commits Random Killings and whispers 'Nil ... Neil ... Young' into the Voivod.

Burton is coming.

We have Zero Options.

RUSSELL SMITH

One side of Russell Smith's head is tingling. The other is not.

That's the Pert difference he's feeling.

## THE THREE LAWS OF ETHAN HAWKE

Ethan Hawke can be neither created nor destroyed.

The entropy of Ethan Hawke in isolation always increases.

The entropy of Ethan Hawke at absolute zero is zero.

NICK NOLTE

so much depends  
upon

a red G  
string

glazed with pina  
colada

beside the white  
powder.

MARGARET ATWOOD

'All that G-Unit shit is garbage compared to the early Atwood joints. Shit, even *Lady Oracle* is better than G-Unit.'

'It's all been downhill since she started hanging out with Suge Knight.'

'What about the B-side where she drops the famous Bob James "Nautilus" break? Dope shit, my friend.'

'Her human beatbox routine is weak.'

'50 Cent fell off after *Guess Who's Back?* I'll never buy him again. I own a dozen Atwood albums, and I'll buy her next one too, even if she still uses those cheesy Death Row synths.'

## WHITNEY HOUSTON

Whitney Houston is every woman and it's kind of weird. She gave birth to me in 1975. She was my kindergarten teacher in a corduroy skirt. She broke my heart in the fourth grade but passed me an Oh Henry bar with a love note attached when we were in the seventh grade. Today, Whitney said I didn't have the right paperwork for a health card. I saw sadness in her eyes that echoed far beyond our brief kiosk flirtation.

TONY DANZA<sup>2</sup>

'Really, the work I'm doing on television isn't that different from the more conceptual aspects of my oeuvre. *Taxi* is a collision site of temporalities, the dispatch stand an ever-mutable polyglot node of streaming discourses and indeterminacy. *Who's the Boss?*, I think, provided less liminal space for the audience to parse their own meanings, but I'm still proud of it – a Buñuelian black comedy of manners, a serious negotiation of destabilized, abject masculinity.'



NANCY McKEON<sup>3</sup>

Nancy McKeon, more beautiful than an airplane, is sitting on the monkey bars, holding the cup of life.

'Hey,' she says to me, 'want some?'

Blair is going to be *so* jealous.