

The
kNUUCklehead

A Magazine
of the Arts

issue 1

ART MANIFESTO

Lauren Renzetti



The Great ART Escape!

The Art outside, on the Posts, are saying- **This Public Art Has a Right to be Here!**

All the galleries & public spaces are closed!
The ART Got lonely & decided to ESCAPE & to come to you.
See if you can find the YES- ART all over the city.

35 pieces of art now live on wooden light posts in west & central & east Toronto.
These are a gift from the makers to you.
You can visit them any time you are going out for a walk.

Studies , of the elderly , show that People who walk daily, view art daily, **will**: live longer,
are calmer & less stressed out than those who don't **notice** art & poop more regularly.
With the purchase of all that hoarded toilet paper of course you want to be regular, live longer,
calmer & less stressed out! **So**, get out there & go for a walk & look for beauty!!!

If you need help finding ART in your world then look at the hints below. But Parks & Cemeteries are nice -visit them! Tell your friends to look for art & beauty & have a citywide art hunt & give each other clues!!

If you have some art that is not being seen- feel free to screw it to wooden poles
in your neighbourhood & add to the beauty of the city of Toronto.

Say **YES** to escaping your house & see the great outdoors!

Say **YES** to living longer!

Say **YES** to walking!

Say **YES** to art!

Say **YES** to looking for beauty all around you!

(& in your head say **YES** to being regular- cause seriously -**TMI**)

This message has been Brought to you today by the letters **Y.E.S.**



Old Ed's, Old Ed's
Cheap clothes, cheap beds,
a pharmacy
to buy cheap meds.

Signs signify
that borsht belt shtick
and super specials
that sold too quick

But Ed Mirvish is gone
And Honest Ed's moot
There's barely time left
for this final salute.

photo & poem: Peter Marmorek

Eat Yourself! *Susanimal*

We have a concentration on a certain alimentation
an oral fixation begins at our foundation
a muscly collation gives us a strong sensation
a heart palpitation that tastes like domination

Meat corporations use persuasion and temptation
a veg simulation is an effeminate deprivation
pregnant for lactation then fed our defecation
an endless continuation of carnivorous delectation

we can make beef and pork obsolete!
we are the other, other white meat!
Eat Yourself!

A clear insinuation that we need an adaptation
Cessation of procreation, we've exceeded expectation
We need enervation for growth constipation
else more starvation, dehydration, environmental degradation

A strategy of nations s'been to police copulation
give girls education or force sterilization
Our overpopulation creates mass immigration
an endless continuation of carnivorous delectation

Eat Yourself!
The sooner, the better,
the younger you are, the more tender!
Eat Yourself!

Anthropophagation, an aberration! A ruination!
this taboo narration brings confrontation and damnation
don't let these accusations cause any dissuasion
this ironic situation could be our species salvation.

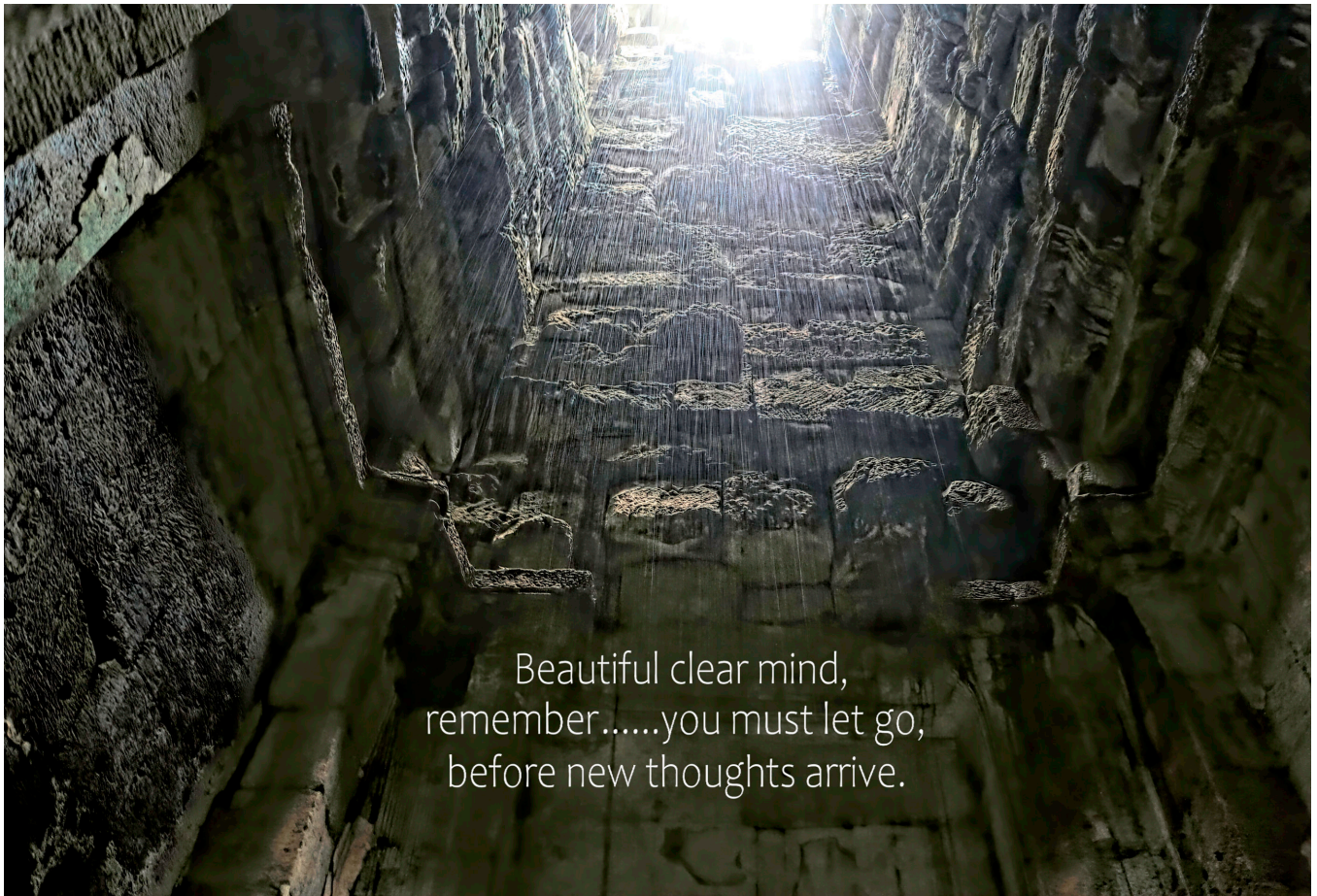
A humanist oblation, would you consider amputation?
or a charitable donation of a quick and cheap castration?
talk to blood relations start a cultural acclimation
and at your termination just admiration and adulation

Eat Yourself!
Or dine on willing people,
With consent it is totally legal!
Eat Yourself!
Eat Yourself!

The first freeze has come,
water was finally ready,
to become something new.



Beautiful clear mind,
remember.....you must let go,
before new thoughts arrive.



Words and images: Rev Wayne

She knew it was a dangerous world. So she took no chances, and walked the straight and narrow, and didn't step into the dark by herself. She had forgotten more ways to disable people than most of us ever knew. So it was completely out of character to head off on a treasure hunt when a map fell out of a book she bought in a second-hand store. But the map said what she would find would be her heart's desire, and she wanted to colour outside the lines for once in her life.



It was a strange map, full of cryptic phrases, and strange directions that criss-crossed her city. But she solved each step, and (perhaps it was not surprising) the more she solved the more she felt she had to carry on. Finally she reached the end of the clues, after months of work. Instead of a vacant field she expected there was a house where the map led. She stared at it, laughed, and went up and rang the bell. A woman, about her age, came and answered it. The two stared at each other for a long beat. The woman spoke at last, "I knew you would find me. I knew it."



There was a plan. It was his plan, really, but he externalized it, so it became The Plan. Outside of him, over him, guiding him at this point in life: mid 20s, upwardly mobile, single, renting. The plan would shepherd him to retirement, by which time he would be early 60's, wealthy, married with 2 or 3 children (the plan was flexible on some things) and own a very well appointed house. He had put the plan together in university- he thought of it as his thesis, a thesis for his life. And he had followed it, checking off each step he as took it.

That was before the traffic accident, before the nurse he fell in love with, the drugs they shared, the corners he cut at work, the time he served when they caught him. He still has the plan, folded neatly and stored away. He tells himself he'll look at it again, but he's not sure if he'll do that when he needs to laugh or when he needs to cry.

Images and text: Peter Marmorek



Follow The Yellow (Wood) Road

Janine Lewis

This painting leans casually on the floor in my bedroom. Before the pandemic, it was stored, like most of my artwork, in a portfolio. In March, when I realized I might need to quarantine in my room for a time, I made a few changes. One change was to search out some colourful artwork to enliven my space. I considered hanging this painting on the wall, but I decided I preferred to simply lean it on the floor, in an understated way, near the bedroom entrance. I notice the painting several times a day as I go in or out of my room. It began to strongly remind me of Dorothy in the *Wizard of Oz*, who is instructed to Follow The Yellow Brick Road -- a rather magical road. My road is made of wood and not brick, but I see my painting as my encouragement to "Follow The Yellow (Wood) Road." Seeing that painting encourages me that I'm on a path and that I will get to my destination.



LOVE IS LOVE LOVE WHO YOU LOVE Chris Emmanuel

This is my call to send out more love into the world. Inspired by the horrible death of George Floyd this year, I am creating inspiring paintings & love messages in a LOVE ORACLE CARD DECK. Here are paintings I have created so far. My goal is to complete 55.

Sung to the tune of *My Favourite Things* from *The Sound of Music*

NOSE DROPS AND EAR DROPS
AND HONEY WITH LEMON
CHECKING FOR FEVER
ARE YOU A BELIEVER?

WATCHING THE MEDIA
AND STAYING INSIDE
THESE ARE 2 THINGS THAT I CANNOT ABIDE

CHOIR IS ON ZOOM NOW
AND SO IS OUR SERVICE
ANTI MASK RALLYS
ARE MAKING ME NERVOUS

TINCTURES AND MIXTURES AND VITAMIN C
THESE ARE THE POTIONS IM BUYING FOR ME

SIX FEET OF DISTANCE
PROLONGS YOUR EXISTENCE
STAY IN DON'T GO OUT
COVER UP YOUR CUTE SNOUT

HAIRCUTS AND RESTAURANTS ARE NO NO'S FOR
THEE
I AM SO SICK OF THIS FRIGGING TV!

WHEN THE MASK SLIPS
AND YOUR NOSE DRIPS

AND YOU'RE FEELING MAD
JUST SIMPLY REMEMBER YOUR FAVOURITE THINGS
AND THEN YOU WON'T FEEL SO BAD

ICE CREAM AND POPCORN
AND SALSA WITH CORN CHIPS
COOKIES AND SODA
ALL GOING TO OUR HIPS

PIZZA AND TACOS AND EVERYTHING GOOD
NOT DOING THE THINGS WE KNOW WE SHOULD

NO HUGGING OR SWIMMING
OR SHOPPING OR SINGING
NO KISSING OR TOUCHING
SO PRETTY MUCH NOTHING

NO MEETING WITH COUSINS WHO LIVE O SO FAR
YOU CAN'T EVEN GO INTO A BAR

WHEN WILL THIS END?
WE MISS OUR FRIENDS
IT'S NOT EVEN FAIR
BUT SIMPLY REMEMBER YOUR FAVOURITE THINGS
AND THEN LIFE WON'T FEEL SO BARE

Lou-Ann Shipp

Earthchild

She wandered through the woods
Not lost, not found
Simply Being.

She tread, feet kissing the ground on each
meeting
Steps of honour, steps of knowing
Her connection.

She stopped upon the tree she knew
A tree of age, a tree of beauty
Knowledge of lifetimes.

And with her hands upon the tree, she left
All her dreams, all her wishes
To be grounded in Earth through tree roots

To be extended out to sky through branch
and bough.

And she left the way she came
Stepping softly, stepping in honour
Of her connection.

She wandered through the woods
Not lost, not found
Simply being.

Trusting that the Earth would guard her
wishes
Her hopes, her dreams
And she would guard her body, her vessel
Her connection to Earth.

Rebekah Getchell

In this city
we ignore our ground
until it comes furiously bubbling up
beneath us
demanding we not take another mindless
step
without a proper reckoning

How different might we feel
if we let these concrete layers crumble
away,
letting our skin meet earth
that has fed souls without number
for millennia?

What would remain if we silenced
every engine
mouth
artificial frequency
save
the tap tap tap of your heartbeat?

Moira MacDonald

*(with apologies to an unknown member of
her writing class who inspired the last line)*



White petals open,
Anthers offer red pollen.
Imprisoned in slate.

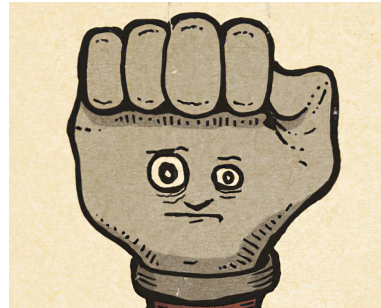
Nancy Vander Plaats

***Tree of Diversity* Kurt Thomsen**

In a small space, many different lifeforms live together in harmony. To hear Kurt's sound performance, [click here](#).

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We hope you enjoyed issue #1; we're at work on Issue #2.

NEXT DEADLINE: *The deadline for the next issue is Jan 24th, 12.00 AM.*

Send your edited content to [The kNUUCklehead](#), unless it's a sound file or movie, in which case send its url.)

GROUP MEETINGS: *A discussion of the content in Issue #1 will be hosted at [our regular Zoom space](#) 8 PM Thursday, Jan 21st. A creative shared working session will be in the same place, same time, on Feb 4th. We will continue to have these meetings every two weeks, all starting at 8 PM, and running about 90 minutes. Everyone is welcome!*