

HOT POT

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A black and white photograph once hung in the cafe of the International Anthony Burgess Foundation, which depicts the author standing in a small kitchen spooning steaming stew onto a plate of mashed potatoes and veg. The photo forms part of a larger series from 1964 showing Burgess in the kitchen of his home. It gives a particular image of the writer's domestic life — full of the pleasures of food, conversation and drink.

A passion for food and drink runs throughout Burgess's fiction and non-fiction. References to food appear as both markers of character and a means to define distinct regional identities. When writing about his own life, Burgess consistently recalled the northern dishes of his formative years, particularly his taste for Lancashire hot pot, or 'the devil's supper' as he affectionately liked to call it. It is tempting to think that the photograph on the Burgess Foundation wall shows the writer in the midst of serving up his famed hot pot dish.

The photograph became the starting point for The Devil's Supper — an exhibition and meal held at the International Anthony Burgess Foundation in March 2016, curated by FEAST journal. The Devil's Supper brought together texts, recipes and interviews from the Burgess Foundation's archive that presented references to food throughout Burgess's writings. The collection highlighted his passion for northern cuisine and the connections he often made between food, regional identity and his own sense of self. The archival material was displayed alongside a selection of contemporaneous cookery books and serving-ware from Special Collections at Manchester Metropolitan University. The exhibited books and archival material sought to facilitate an encounter with the décor, textures and colours of the dishes, dinners and recipes of Burgess's writing.

The meal devised to accompany the Devil's Supper exhibition took Burgess's recipe for Lancashire hot pot as a focal point. Throughout the meal readings of the hot pot recipe punctuated each course — suggestive of the linguistic order of cookery books as well as the rhythms and sounds of the ingredients and their reiteration throughout his work.

The present book has grown out of The Devil's Supper exhibition and meal. Taking Burgess's recipe for Lancashire hot pot as a framework from which to discuss and interpret the varied activities of preparing, producing and consuming food, the artists Melanie Jackson, Kit Poulson, Niamh Riordan and

Marie Toseland were invited to respond to the ingredients, instructions and linguistic rhythms of the hot pot dish — whether that be the brown 'one pot' cooking vessel in which the dish is consistently described, the individual ingredients of oysters, meat and cabbage, or the idea of food as comfort and the role certain ingredients have played in our cultural associations of nurture, growth and sustenance.

Alongside written text, the publication contains a series of recipes from Manchester chef Mary-Ellen McTague, with whom the The Devil's Supper meal was devised, as well as Fairland Collective and Studio Morison. The recipes result from practical interpretations of Burgess's original. They reinterpret the hot pot dish as a vessel for nutritious lunches and communal dinners, as well as a tool for collaboration.

Diverse, expansive and idiosyncratic, each piece of writing presents a unique take on Burgess's recipe for hot pot, and the role of food more generally throughout both his extensive oeuvre and domestic life at home and abroad.

Laura Mansfield

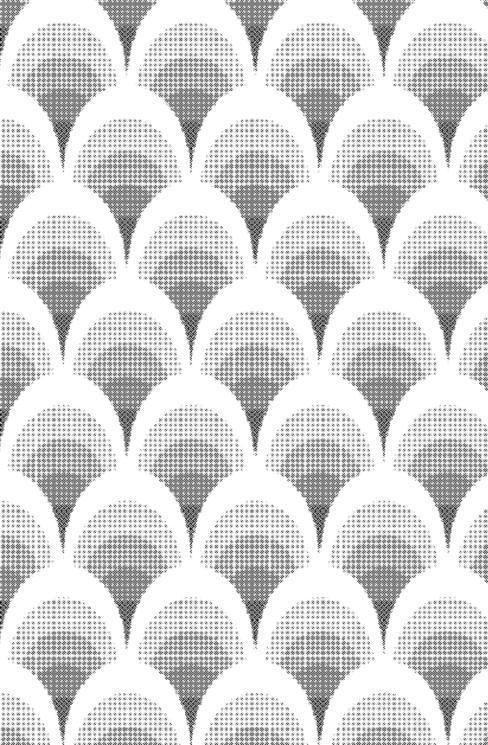




All great food is peasant or factory-operative in origin.... In old age I fancy the old Lancashire dishes, above all the hot pot that was served on the stroke of the start of the New Year. It was called the Devil's Supper. New Year's Day is the Feast of the Circumcision, and its vigil is a day of abstinence from meat. So, in Catholic Lancashire, to rush to eating a meat dish as the vigil ended expressed an impatience with the idea of abstinence that could jocularly be termed diabolic. The diabolic dish was, and is, heavenly.

It needs very slow cooking in an oven. Into a family-sized, brown, oval-shaped dish with a lid, you place the following ingredients: best end of neck of lamb, trimmed of all fat; potatoes and onions thickly sliced. These go in alternate layers. Season well, cover with good stock, top with oysters or, if you wish, sliced beef kidneys. There is no need for officious timing: you will know when it is done. Serve with pickled red cabbage and a cheap claret.

Anthony Burgess, 'A Clockwork Forage' Harpers and Queen, 1990.





ANTHONY BURGESS, FOOD AND DRINK

In his introduction to *The Joyce Of Cooking* (1986), Anthony Burgess remarks: 'Great writers love life, this being their subject-matter, and life is food as well as lust, hate and the other innutritious things that come between meals'. 1 Burgess's writing is of course full of lust, hate and innutritious things: but it is also full of food and drink.

Hot Pot and Tay and A Clockwork Forage

'Hot Pot and Tay' (1972) is an uncorrected typescript article (later published as 'In The Other England' in the *New York Times*, 28 January 1973) that appears to be aimed at persuading American tourists to visit Bamber Bridge, the small town outside Preston, Lancashire where Burgess was briefly stationed at the Emergency Teacher Training College after the war. It is a very personal, autobiographical text, which describes with great affection and wry humour the food culture of that particular place and time.

'Tay' is of course tea, a drink for "all conceivable hours, when you're not drinking beer". In 'Hot Pot and Tay' the advice is that:

You drink it hot and strong, with no nonsense about teabags and lemon slices. Into the warmed taypot you put two spoonfuls of tea (always Ceylon, no Chinese fiddle-faddle) for each person, and another two for the pot. You use boiling water and you let the tea 'stand' for five minutes. You drink it with milk and sugar. Coarser spirits prefer sweetened thick condensed milk out of a can. Coffee? All right with rum in it of a frosty morning. All right for Yanks. Exotic muck, really. Tea is different.

Burgess's tea is strong-tasting, pungent-smelling, and uncompromisingly authentic. Any dilution would be anathema — both foreign and unpalatable — to the no-nonsense Lancastrians with whom Burgess identifies. His technique for making tea is more extreme here than in his introduction to the picture book *Le Livre du Thé* (1992) doubling the quantities of leaf tea used; **2** but it is less extreme than the "stepmother's tea" favoured by F.X. Enderby in Burgess's novel *Inside Mr. Enderby* (1973), which uses five Irish Twinings teabags. **3**

'Hot Pot and Tay' continues to describe, in enthusiastic detail, the delicacies of the food shops of the Brigg (the colloquial name for the town of Bamber Bridge), including "thick seam" tripe and cowheel, "taken with much succulent and dribbling bone-chewing". You need a strong stomach to eat well around these parts, not that there appears to be much choice in the matter.

Burgess's relish for succulent and delicious "thick seam" tripe — thick seam being the tripe from the first of the cow's four stomachs, the largest and the toughest — is similar to that of Leopold Bloom and his eating of the inner organs of beasts and fowls in *Ulysses* (1922). Bloom's thick giblet soup and faintly urine-tainted kidneys give an overpowering earthiness and visceral satisfaction.

Burgess makes a straightforward link between strong flavours and strong physical feelings. His writing about the tea and offal of Lancashire in 'Hot Pot and Tay' can be directly compared to his writing about the Mediterranean in his treatment of another quintessential flavour, garlic.

On moving to the Mediterranean — where he lived variously in Malta, Rome, Bracciano, Callian and eventually Monaco — Burgess said that he had taken a liking to "extreme climates, fights in bars, exotic waterfronts, fish soup, a lot of garlic". Yet, his culinary upbringing continued to haunt him, even surrounded by the garlicky meals of Southern Europe. "I am sometimes mentally and physically ill for Lancashire food — hot pot, lobscowse and so on — and I have to have these things. I'm loyal to Lancashire, I suppose, but not strongly enough to wish to go back and live there". 4

In 'The Glory Of Garlic' (1984) an essay later published in Gourmet magazine, Burgess writes with typical erudition and pungent wit on one of his favourite flavours. But garlic is of course more than merely a flavour, and has again a visceral impact. "[When eating garlic] you are into the world of the Mediterranean, the littorals which taught us everything worth knowing. The smell of epic poetry is, when it is not blood, pure garlic." 5 Garlic is powerfully evocative of an ancient world and culture, and Burgess enjoys the physical connection to it through consuming the cloves. Similarly, garlic has other strong bodily suggestions, as he goes on: "Any woman who breathes it, especially if she is elegantly dressed for the evening, her freshly washed black hair a torrent vaguely redolent of woodsmoke, exudes a powerful erotic attraction." The erotic appeal of garlic appears in other texts, including for example Beard's Roman Women. 6 As Ronald Beard describes his love interest Paola Lucrezia: "it was the sense that she was real, solid, probably undepilated, probably also garlic-smelling if one got close enough, and not glamorously vacuous like the Californian goddesses who gloried in belonging to the two-dimensional culture which smelled of nothing... It was to do, he saw, with being a European". Sex, culture and garlic collide.

Burgess includes three recipes in 'The Glory Of Garlic', for sauce à l'enfer (translated by him as "hell-gravy"), used as a garlic dressing for rabbit; tourrim blanchi, a powerful mayonnaise; and gigot of lamb. Here's the latter:

If you wish to serve a leg of lamb in the manner of France's garlic capital [Saint-Clar, Gers, where Burgess has been visiting the annual garlic festivall, forgoing your beloved mint sauce or jelly (and mine), first boil your gigot for fifteen minutes, dry it, and then put it in a pan which contains two dessertspoonsful of bubbling pork fat. Let the lamb grow golden on all sides then add about fifteen cloves of garlic. Pour a glass of Armagnac over the gigot and let it cook gently. Then wet it with two glasses of good white wine and give it the regular treatment of four or five hours of very gentle roasting. The cloves of garlic look like golden almonds. The juices of the gigot deliciously inspissate them. The taste of the whole dish is delicious.7

Gigot of lamb ('gigot d'agneau') is a very traditional dish often served at Easter in France. I have attempted a variant of this simple recipe and can report that the results are good, if very plain: most chefs will add herbs, and salt for that matter, but Burgess perhaps has confidence in the quality of ingredients to which he has access to. The Burgessian-sounding word "inspissate" is not a culinary term, but is used in chemistry to describe thickening by evaporation — this is more commonly known as a reduction. The garlic cloves are in fact infused with the alcohol and the fat from the lamb; and altogether there is perhaps insufficient moisture in Burgess's recipe for such long and slow cooking. In any case, it is interesting to note that Burgess almost regretfully points out the basic impossibility of combining the English manner of serving lamb, that is to say with mint, and this French garlic-based approach. It is one or the other, and while mint sauce or jelly might be "beloved" for Burgess, here it has to be replaced.

Burgess is thrilled by the history, culture and erotic possibilities of garlic, but these recipes are not the ones he comes back to. It is interesting to compare Burgess's recipe for gigot of lamb with that for Lancashire hot pot, which he describes in brief but complete detail in 'Hot Pot and Tay':

Lancashire hot pot is one of the great dishes of the world. You get lean lamb chops (best end of neck is preferred), potato slices and thick rounds of onion, and arrange these in successive layers in a brown oval fireproof dish of large size. When the dish is full you add mushrooms, sometimes oysters, occasionally a sliced ox kidney, and top the whole with thick potato slices to form a loose brown crusty pavement when it is cooked. You use good stock for the gravy and season only with salt and pepper. Cook for several hours in the oven.

No mint sauce here of course, and the correct accompaniment is pickled red cabbage. It is surprising to note Burgess's inclusion of mushrooms, which are not canonical: most early recipes include just best end of mutton, oysters and kidneys along with the potato and onion. However, Burgess's recipe is a sound one and again is extremely plain, which in this case is part of the point of this working-class dish that depends for its success on its authenticity.

This recipe for Lancashire hot pot appears in exactly the same form elsewhere in Burgess's work, notably in his 1973 interview with *Paris Review*, again in *Little Wilson and Big God* (1987), and again in his *Harpers and Queen* article 'A Clockwork Forage' (1990). The mushrooms do not appear after 1972, but the cooking vessel, from which it is thought that the name 'hot pot' derives, remains brown in each retelling of the story. The accompanying anecdote is the same too:

"[Lancashire hot pot] was a favourite dish on New Year's Eve in Lancashire Catholic households — or rather it was taken out of the oven just before midnight. New Year's Eve, preceding as it does the Feast of the Circumcision, used to be a day of abstinence. To rush to eat meat as soon

as the vigil was over was seen as a jocular flirting with sin, and the New Year hot pot was called the Devil's Supper." **8**

No evidence has so far come to light that the hot pot was called the Devil's Supper by anybody else. Nonetheless it is telling that Burgess deliberately and repeatedly associates the recipe with his Lancashire, Catholic identity.

Further, Burgess notes in his retelling of the recipe in *Little Wilson* that Auberon Waugh described his hot pot as "disgusting" in the *Spectator*, which he probably correctly interprets as a class division as much as a regional one. In *The Joyce of Cooking* he writes of his claimed Irish roots in culinary terms: "Brought up in an Irish family that had been used to poverty, I still prefer Irish stew and mutton hash to *caneton a la presse* and *veau Marengo*". **9** *Caneton a la presse* is a complicated dish of pressed duck created in the nineteenth century at the famous Tour d'Argent restaurant in Paris (it has its own duck farm); *veau Marengo* is the dish of chicken, eggs and crayfish popularly believed to have been eaten and enjoyed by Napoleon following his victory at the Battle of Marengo. The Irish stew is likely to be for the benefit of his Joycean readers, as there is no recipe for this dish anywhere in Burgess's work, but his wider point is that the lamb dishes of his youth have a stronger claim on his identity than elaborate French cuisine.

By 1990 Burgess adds that it is permissible to drink "a cheap claret" with the meal. He also takes the opportunity to question the authority of another Catholic writer, nothing that "In his novel *The Human Factor*, Mr Graham Greene has the effrontery to add carrots to the dish. He promised to remove those carrots in a re-issue of the book, but they are still redly and wrongly there." **10** Burgess is the guardian of authenticity in these matters.

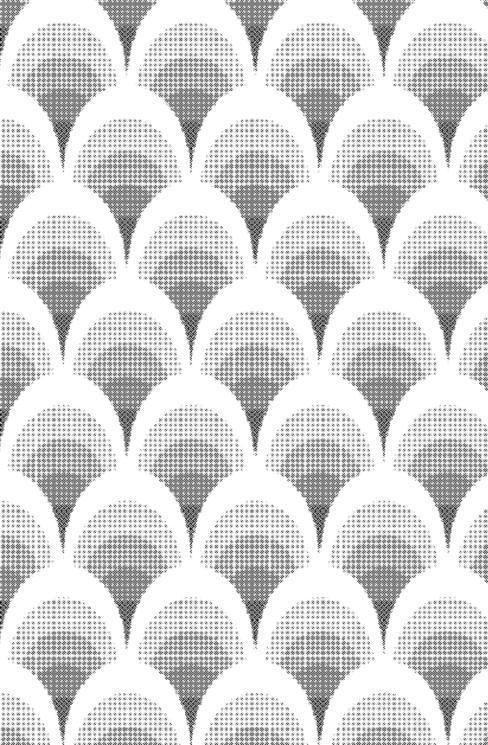
In 'A Clockwork Forage', Burgess develops his comparison of European cuisine, and the largely bland and comforting foods of his roots:

Living abroad as I do, I miss various things which Europe does not care to import from Britain — our incomparable butcher's pork sausages, for instance, and all our cheeses except for a synthetic cheddar...And, of course, Worcestershire sauce. This last is obtainable in Europe, and even French chefs slyly top off their savoury dishes with a few drops. HP Sauce, from whose label I learned French when I was four, is rarely around. This, whose quality has not changed in all my seventy-odd years, recalls, when I sniff the bottle, the working-class kitchen of my Lancashire home. It is the lowly equivalent of Proust's madeleine.11

Burgess's dubious claim that Worcestershire sauce, rather like Burgess himself, has somehow managed to invade European cooking, is qualitatively the same as his claim that HP sauce is for him a Proustian madeleine. The working-class Lancashire kitchen adds a few crucial, surreptitious drops of sauce to the recipes of the, it is implied, stuffy and highly trained 'chefs' of France, while the distinctive smell of HP sauce puts Burgess in the same world as Proust, and by extension great French and European literature more generally.

In a 1987 review of *Feasts*, a compendium of eating and drinking scenes in literature, Burgess discusses in more general terms the nature of meals and their importance. The review expresses disappointment that the editors have "a neurotic fear of gusto [that] forbids overmuch verse, the Septembral tripes of Rabelais, the pleasures of drink...". 12 Poetry smells of blood and garlic, Rabelais tastes of tripe, and for Burgess these are the sensations that great literature should aspire to. He goes on to insist that "the curious, or not so, thing about food in books is that it is always better than real meals. I consider the bricky cheese and acorns that Don Quixote and Sancho Panza devour with chance-met shepherds, slaked with wine cooled in a cork-tree, to be the finest meal in the world." 13 Perhaps just one of the finest meals — for Lancashire hot pot, at least in the writing out of its recipe like a catechism, is surely on the menu too.

- 1 Anthony Burgess, 'Introduction' in Alison Armstrong ed. The Joyce of Cooking: Food and Drink from James Joyce's Dublin - An Irish Cookbook. Rhinebeck NY: Station Hill Press 1986.
- 2 Anthony Burgess, Le Livre du Thé. Paris: Flammarion 1992.
- 3 Anthony Burgess, *Inside Mister Enderby*. London: William Heinemann, 1963.
- 4 Anthony Burgess, 'A Clockwork Forage'. *Harper's and Queen*, 1990.
- 5 Anthony Burgess, 'The Glory of Garlic'. *Gourmet*, 1984.
- 6 Anthony Burgess, Beard's Roman Women. London: Hutchinson 1976.
- 7 Anthony Burgess, 'The Glory of Garlic'.
- 8 Anthony Burgess, Little Wilson and Big God. London: William Heinemann, 1987.
- **9** Anthony Burgess, 'Introduction' in *The Joyce of Cooking*.
- 10 Anthony Burgess, 'A Clockwork Forage'.
- 11 Ibid.
- 12 Anthony Burgess, 'Snake, Steak and Bellyache'. Review of Feasts: An Anthology edited by Christopher Bland and Linda Kelly. London: Observer, 1987.
- 13 Ibid.



MELANIE JACKSON



THE OLD MOLOKO

Just as water, gas, and electricity are brought into our houses from far off to satisfy our needs in response to a minimal effort, so we shall be supplied with visual or auditory images, which will appear and disappear at a simple movement of the hand, hardly more than a sign.

Paul Valéry, The Conquest of Ubiquity (1928)

Representation has long been associated with cruelty and suffering. From Plato's sadistic cave, to all those biblical renderings of original sin and self-sacrifice, to the avant gardism of the twentieth century (that trails on into the twenty-first). Its central tenet is of rendering injustice, suffering and alienation as a kind of redress — as if diagnosing systematic brutalities is enough to shake us all out of them. Walter Benjamin wrote of a growing sense of alienation in 1936 "an alienation that has reached such a degree that (mankind) can experience its own destruction as an aesthetic pleasure of the first order." 1 We now live with the omnipresent spectre of ecological collapse and international conflict on screen and print platforms, while mass entertainments present waves of pornographia and annihilation. So despite the anticipation of shock, depictions of cruelty and suffering very

quickly collapse into the quotidean. Apprehending cruelties perceptively rendered can do something else. As Maggie Nelsen knows it can catalyse: "precision, transgression, purgation, productive unease, abjectness, radical exposure,

1 Walter Benjamin, 'Art in the Age of Reproduction' (1936), in Hannah Arendt ed. *Illuminations: Essays* and Reflections. trans. Harry Zohn. New York: Schocken Books 1968. uncanniness, unnerving frankness". She advocates that the consideration of sadism and masochism has a role in achieving clarity. 2

Goya, for example, heaps on cruelty after cruelty but never quite gets us to a place where we turn away—in the *black paintings* and in his etchings crouches a great beauty and tenderness, a mutuality. In *Still life of a Sheep's Ribs and Head — The Butcher's Counter* (1810–12) the sheep is in a liminal state between animal, corpse, meat and food. Its eye stares out of the canvas to meet ours.

Anthony Burgess conceptualized A Clockwork Orange in 21 chapters — the final an epiphany, where Alex on the cusp of adulthood — starts to feel empathy and the value of children and social reproduction. But it is not here where the vitality of the novel is to be found, but around the scenes of violent action. I think of Aristotle's dramatic catharsis. Nelsen draws our attention to the etymology of Aristotle's use of catharsis, that of arousing pity and terror, not a bolus of disgust or titillation or epiphany or endurance. In A Clockwork Orange the materiality of the language leads us through a complex relation with cruelty. Glasses of milk (moloko) appear as a motif throughout the novel, to which we will return. In the milk bars targeted at teenagers, milk is laced with synthetic stimulants (peeted with vellocet or synthemesc or drencrom). It transitions Alex (the narrator) and his droogs into a heightened state of euphoria or ultraviolence.

As we acquire Alex's argot we are materially changed in the reading of it, as Burgess himself was changed by the writing of it. In his introduction to the novel Blake Morrison recalls two quotes from Burgess on the act of writing violence. The first was in 1972 in an interview when the furore was raging about Kubrick's film interpretation of the novel: "It was certainly no pleasure to me to describe the acts of violence when writing the novel".

- 2 Maggie Nelsen, The Art of Cruelty. New York: Norton Books 2011.
- 3 Anthony Burgess, 'A Letter to Diana and Meir Gillon' 1961 in Andrew Biswell, *The Real Life of Anthony Burgess*. London: Pan Macmillan 2005, 238.
- 4 Anthony Burgess, A Clockwork Orange (1962). London: Penguin Classics 2000, 86.

The second from his 1990 autobiography You've Had Your Time is more nuanced and affective: "I was sickened at my own excitement at setting it down". He had also written to friends in 1961: "The whole thing's making rather sick. My horrible juvenile delinquent hero is emerging as too sympathetic a character -". 3

The novel is set in the near future, in a nonspecific country and Alex speaks in a fictional and futuristic register *Nadsat*. We have to learn



Still life of a Sheep's Ribs and Head — The Butcher's Counter Francisco Goya (1810-12)

the argot as we progress through the narrative. As Doctor Brodsky explains in the text, *Nadsat* is "odd bits of old rhyming slang... A bit of gypsy talk, too. But most of the roots are Slav. Propaganda. Subliminal penetration". **4** As we read we acquire a new functional vocabulary. We participate with the novel in an *active*, interpretive way. The acquisition of their argot is joyful, visceral. We learn language materially as we go. As we spend the first several chapters learning to decipher it through the active desire to understand the excitement of this speech, we build a rapport with Alex. It is an extraordinary equilibrium whereby he addresses us as kin — as brothers —

as he builds a relationship with us through the exuberance and stylistic inventiveness of his language, whilst he performs a total lack of kinship or identification with his victims, and shares his brutalisation of them with us as if we are sharing a common aesthetic experience.

As the opening paragraph describes.

The Korova Milkbar was a milk-plus mesto, and you may. O my brothers, have forgotten what these mestos were like, things changing so skorry these days and everybody very quick to forget, newspapers not being read much neither. Well, what they sold there was milk plus something else. They had no license for selling liquor, but there was no law yet against prodding some of the new veshches which they used to put into the old moloko, so you could peet it with vellocet or synthemesc or drencrom or one or two other veshches which would give you a nice guiet horrorshow fifteen minutes admiring Bog And All His Holy Angels and Saints in your left shoe with lights bursting all over your mozg. Or you could peet milk with knives in it, as we used to say, and this would sharpen you up and make you ready for a bit of dirty twenty-to-one, and that was what we were peeting this evening I'm starting off the story with. 5

The milk with knives in it precipitates a choreography of violence – it takes on a balletic formality:

to waltz-left two three, right two three-and carve

- And, my brothers, it was real satisfaction to me **5** Ibid, 3.
- 6 Ibid. 15. left cheeky and right cheeky, so that like two
- **7** Ibid. 26. curtains of blood seemed to pour out at the

same time, one on either side of his fat filthy oily snout in the winter starlight. Down this blood poured in like red curtains. 6

Violence becomes a synaesthetic pleasure for him — separated from cause and effect, pain, empathy. Sex becomes rape — stripped of any sense of mutuality — noun becomes adjective/verb "the old in and out". The only mutuality here is between Alex and the reader. The visceral and material stimulus of classical music likewise abstracts bodies, symbols, and objects into a stream of affect:

Oh it was gorgeousness and gorgeosity made flesh. The trombones crunched redgold under my bed, and behind my gulliver the trumpets three-wise silverflamed, and there by the door the timps rolling through my guts and out again crunched like candy thunder. Oh, it was wonder of wonders. And then, a bird of like rarest spun heavenmetal, or like silvery wine flowing in a spaceship, gravity all nonsense now, came the violin solo above all the other strings, and those strings were like a cage of silk round my bed. Then flute and oboe bored, like worms of like platinum, into the thick thick toffee gold and silver. I was in such bliss, my brothers. 7

In *The Reader, the Text, the Poem: The Transactional Theory of the Literary Work,* Rosenblatt sets out a theory of efferent and aesthetic reading. **8** Efferent reading, she argues, is an interpretive methodology in which readers

derive something 'materially' from the reading experience — active models that the reader is left with once the book is over. Efferent reading at its most stripped back is instructional. In complex texts it requires the extraction of data

8 Louise M. Rosenblatt, The Reader, the Text, the Poem: The Transactional Theory of the Literary Work. Southern Illinois University Press 1978.

to create a referential structure, and information is internalised as knowledge. In aesthetic reading, she argues, the reader contemplates the totality of the text as a communication with form and significance and attempts to understand the experience recounted in the text. The synthetic additives ease Alex into a state of aesthetic reverie. Nadsat allows us to experience this violence as an abstracted act, and so we become more attuned to reading the ultraviolence as an aesthetic experience. For the young people disenfranchised by the torpid culture surrounding them, with their parents fearful of being outdoors and lulled to sleep by a worldcast programmes, their own language and suspension from normative social behaviour is facilitiated both by synthetic 'vesches' and this hybrid tongue that collapses actions into abstractions. Brute acts are sublimated into aesthetic acts. This is the central work of the book, and what do to with this paradox of being simultaneously sickened and excited, sickened yet inculcated in, is its power. It is a reactive violence counter to the banality and torpor of the wider culture. Devastating as it is to the individuals around Alex - when the imperative of non-violence is harboured scientifically as a form of social control, or politically as leverage, it becomes monstrous. There is no longer an imperative for self regulation, ethical change - violence and non violence become tools for a government committed only to self preservation, with no apprehension of their responsibility to represent.

A text very familiar to Burgess, George Orwell's *Politics and the English Language* knows well how words can minimise or obscure violence: "A mass of Latin words falls upon the facts like soft snow, blurring the outlines and covering up all the details... (when) certain topics are raised, the concrete melts into the abstract...When there is a gap between one's real and one's declared aims, one turns as it were instinctively to long words and exhausted idioms, like a cuttlefish spurting out ink. In our age there is no such thing

- 9 George Orwell, *Politics and*the English Language. London.

 Horizon, April 1946 http://www.

 orwell.ru/library/essays/politics/
 english/e_polit [accessed online
 May 2017]
- 10 Anthony Burgess interviewed in Italy about A Clockwork Orange 1974 http://www.masterbibangers.net [accessed online May 2017]

as 'keeping out of politics'. All issues are political issues, and politics itself is a mass of lies, evasions, folly, hatred, and schizophrenia." 9

In 1944, when Burgess was stationed with the army in Gibraltar, Sonia Orwell sent him a letter informing him that his wife, Lynne, had been attacked in London by four GIs. She suffered a miscarriage after the violent robbery, and never fully recovered from the attack. He wrote thirty years later: I think it's the job of the artist, especially the novelist, to take events like that from his own life, or from the lives of those near to him, and to purge them, to cathartise the pain, the anguish, in a work of art. It's one of the jobs of art, I think it was D.H. Lawrence who said "We shed our sicknesses in works of art." I don't like violence, I don't like presenting violence in my books, I don't like, even, presenting the act of sex in my books; I am naturally timid about these things. But in writing A Clockwork Orange, I was so appalled at the prospect before us, in the late 1950's, the prospect of the state taking over more and more of the area of free choice, that I felt I had to write the book.¹⁰



Milk bar, UK (Photographer Unknown), 1930s

MILK BARS

Milk bars were introduced to the UK in the 1930s, with a new raft following in the 1950s and 1960s. They were pitched at a newly cash-rich independent demographic: independent young people with disposable income. Milk bars provided a space and a reason to congregate in public. Underpinned by paternalism, they were considered to be appropriate alcoholic-free places for young people to meet and were supported by the Milk Marketing Board, set up in 1933 by government statute to control milk production and distribution. They became focused marketing enterprises, a means to monetise this new social group and encourage the drinking of milk which was a cheaply and readily available protein. The milk bar introduced sleek lines and international modernity to the UK high street. While the word 'milksop' was then in common parlance, associations with the effeminate and the childish were broken both through the aseptic interior, the jukebox and through language. They were named after masculine hangouts: 'bars' rather than the former parlours or rooms. They sold a whole range of milk-based drinks, including malted milk, yeast milk and 'milk soup' as well as ices and shakes. Milk concoctions were given names like 'Bootlegger's punch' and 'Goddess's dream' to associate them with risqué adult behaviours. 11

Milk bars also appeared in Eastern Europe, particularly in Poland, providing cheap mainly dairy-based meals for working people to ensure productivity was maintained through the working day.

In a famous passage in *The Uses of Literacy*, Richard Hoggart identifies the milk bar as a scene that drew out the pernicious influence of certain

impulses of American culture on British working-class youths. 12 The juke box boys are "ghoulishly pale" in the harsh fluorescent lights of the milk bar. They play American hits on the jukebox, and they affect an "American slouch". This is all "a peculiarly thin and pallid form of dissipation, a sort of spiritual dry-rot amid the odour of boiled milk" These boys are living inside "a myth-world compounded of a few simple elements which they take to be those of American life".13 Beneath the huge and centralised "palliness" of American culture he

- 11 'Rapid growth of milk bars'. *The Times*, 4 September: 1936 from Joe Moran, *Milk Bars*, *Starbucks and the Uses of Literacy* https://joemoran.net/academic-articles/milk-bars-starbucks-and-the-uses-of-literacy/ [accessed online May 2017]
- **12** Hoggart, Richard *The Uses of Literacy*, Harmondsworth: Penguin 1958.
- 13 Ibid. 247-8.

identified a darker and discriminatory undercurrent. As the threat of soviet totalitarianism was widely acknowledged throughout the 1950s — Hoggart detects something as sinister in the underbelly of the American Dream. It is not mass culture per se that concerns him here, but he senses its discriminatory edge.

By virtue of milk's very whiteness and homogenisation, under the pall of bright white lighting that is only punctured by jukebox illumination, the milk bar is culturally censorious and it has an undertone of malign cultural hegemony. Milk promises nurture (what better symbol of nurture and care than milk?) but there is something in the milk bar that offers no sustenance. Milk is abstracted from its source — no hint of the vestigial animal in this industrialised, homogenised, de-gendered fluid remains. It must be augmented with additives to further remove it from any kind of mutuality and to position it as a technical substance. Over any added fruit or syrupy elixir, in the Korova Milkbar the synthetic chemical additives heighten the phantasmaogorical, the violent or the sexual. The Korova Milkbar operates in a legal loophole — but, as is made clear again and again throughout the novel — the government here is not in power to nurture its citizenry, it is in power to remain in power and its choices are no more morally driven than Alex's, though their affects are wider reaching.

By virtue of its whiteness and homogenization, milk symbolises uniformity among the teenagers who drink it. In the 1972 article 'Hot Pot and Tay' (later published as 'In The Other England', New York Times (Jan 1973) Burgess describes a series of vernacular working-class dishes from his home county of Lancashire. It articulates something of their origin, their resistance to austerity and southern pomposity, their viscerality, joy and sociality. "Tripe is popular – thick seam – and eaten raw with pepper and vinegar. Cowheels are taken in the same way, with much succulent and dribbling bone chewing". 14 A paean to feasting on the colourful, rich diverse forms of fauna and flora, we find spicy sausage, savoury ducks, black puddings, best end of neck, ox kidney and oyster, hake, rock

14 Anthony Burgess 'Hot Pot and Tay' (1972) is an uncorrected typescript article, later published as 'In The Other England' in the New York Times, 28 January 1973.

and candied peel.

The offer at the Korova Milkbar in contrast is formed by a nexus of capitalisation, hedonism and faux-paternalism. In film form the Korova

salmon and cod, pickled cabbage, thick potato, cauliflower and gherkin, currants, raisins, spice



Milk bar, Warsaw (Photographer Unknown), 1989

Milkbar is populated with sculptures of women instrumentalised as furniture and milk taps, based on Allen Jones sculptures. It foregrounds misogyny and sexual violence as spectacle, and resolutely shifts the identification of milk from maternal supply to sexualised consumption. Far more interesting is the use of sound which does something akin to the text of the novel. Composer Wendy Carlos innovated the use of the moog synthesiser for the soundtrack, and the first ever use of a vocoder, articulating paradoxes of excitement and fear, sweeping between futuristic electronic abstractions and classical analogue motifs.

Great Music, it said, and Great Poetry would like quieted Modern Youth down and make Modern Youth more Civilized. Civilized my syphilised yarbles. Music always sort of sharpened me up, O my brothers, and made me feel like old Bog himself, ready to make with the old donner and blitzen and have vecks and ptitsas creeching away in my ha ha power.¹⁵

Working-class youth have no monopoly on violent fantasy. Folded into high culture is corporeality, lust, domination, desire.

MOLOKAN

During the Second World War, there was concern about youth crime, particularly at night, in the blackout. After the war the fear turned to Cosh Boys, to Teddy Boys gangs in the 1950s and Mods and Rockers in the 1960s. 16 The post-war baby boom had also created a demographic shift, making the young more socially dominant. Youth groups became vocal, irreverent, style-conscious. Often working-class, they rallied against the banality of post war austerity. Among those in the UK were the Teddy Boys; groups of young men (and later girls) rejecting utility clothing and dressing in Edwardian style suits, brothel creepers, swathed in velvet collars and brylcreem. They embraced loud American music, exuberant street style, gang violence and a created a moral panic attracting headlines such as 'feral youth'— which still drives headlines today.

Burgess visited Russia in 1961 and learnt basic Russian in preparation. There's an old Slavic word for milk-drinkers, *Molokan*, which refers to members of outsider Christian sects so named because they ate dairy foods during fasts. He was intrigued by the internationalism of Russia's dandified violent gangs of youth, enacting their ritualized performances of violence — so close in spirit and appearance to the youth cultures written about at home.

- 15 Burgess, A Clockwork Orange, 32.
- 16 Tristan Stewart-Robertson, 'Same old story when it comes to 'feral youths'' The Scotsman 12th December 2011 http://www. scotsman.com/news/same-oldstory-when-it-comes-to-feralyouths-1-2004006 [accessed online June 2017]



Scottish Daily Mail, Monday 8th August 2015

SYNTH

A year before a *Clockwork Orange* was published, Burgess reviewed a book written by his friends Diana and Meir Gillon, *The Unsleep.* **17** In an attempt to garner extra life — this future population begins to take synth; a drug that relieves them of the need to sleep; it 'extracts' time. Darkness and civil breakdown follows. The synthetic intervention with circadian rhythm and social habit leads to violent, self-destructive rupture.

(The Unsleep) is much to my taste, a piece of FF (futfic or future fiction) which, in that post-Orwellian manner which is really a reversion to Brave New World Unrevisited, terrifies not with the ultimate totalitarian nightmare, but with a dream of liberalism going mad. In this perhaps-not-so-remote Gillon-England, with its stability (no war, no crime) ensured by advanced psychological techniques, life is for Living. Life's biggest enemy is sleep; sleep, therfore, must be liquidated. A couple of jabs of Sta-Wake and you reclaim thirty years from the darkness.

But things don't quite go as expected. There's too much wakeful leisure: crime and delinquency ensue and there has to be police. Then comes an epidemic of unconsciousness, believed at first to be caused by a virus from Mars. Nature reacts violently to Sta-Wake and warns man, as she's warned him before, against excessive naughtiness or liberalism. 18

It is not the synthetic that Burgess takes issue with per se, or any notion of disturbing a reified 'nature' — but the tendency for state regulation to take posession of self regulation. In its own drive for self perpetuation it accelerates and corroborates in violent excess. The synthesised drugs are not in themselves the problem, but the fault lines of the state apparatus are revealed once they are unleashed. These are the themes that continue to dominate discourse today — though rather than Janus of cold war totalitar-

ianism and liberalism it is now neo-liberalism, venture capitalism and fundamentalism that jousts with biopolitics, and will guide the new technical advances that make all kinds of augmentations and adaptations to the human and other hodies feasible.

- 17 Diana and Meir Gillion, *The Unsleep*. London: David Bruce and Watson 1973.
- **18** Anthony Burgess, Yorkshire Post, 6 April 1961

IS THE FUTURE WITHOUT A BODY?

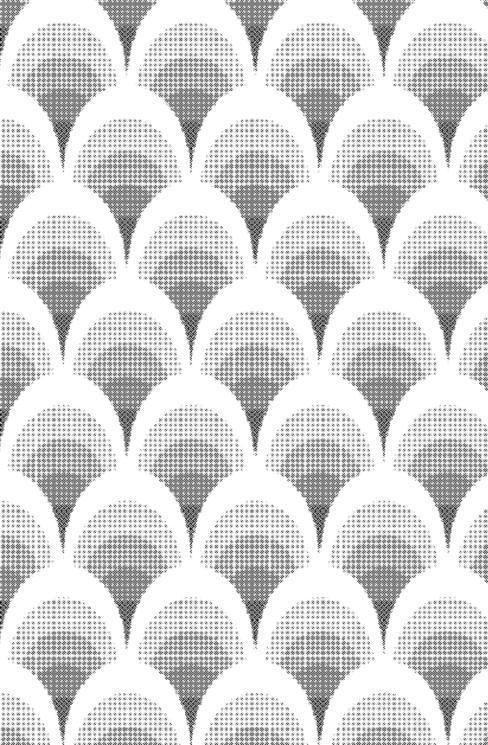
Embodiment is currently reimagined, de-gendered, augmented, time-extended. Reproduction is conceived microbrially, laterally, through cloning, IVF. Flesh, skin, milk can be grown in vitro in forms of genetic engineering, 'cellular agriculture', 'biofabrication' or 'laboratory cloning' (depending who is doing the marketing), offer ways to emancipate and transform, and to instrumentalise at an infettismal scale. In the current moment, it is not only synthetic mood changing drugs that can be added to milk, but milk itself can be part synthesised in the laboratory. The focus of current diary research is to genetically modify the body and diet of the cow itself in order to 'milk' drugs for humans – the cow takes the form of a living bioreactor. Or we can extract DNA from bovine starter cells, insert them into yeast in vitro, and brew it away in large fermentation vats where it is put into action as the new working-class. Milk at this point is fully abstracted from its source and the body is no longer required. The body can be re-conceptualised as an arrangement of bacteria, viruses, eukaryotic cells in nonlinear coexistence, further combined with the biodigital and its set of technologies as part of cybernetic capitalism. 19

In an age of the surveillance state and corporate data extraction, to be bodiless seems to represent emanicpatory freedoms. An arena for unrestrained depravity, of ungendered, unracialised, unembodied, multiple selfhood. Likewise for those who want to disavow their flesh, and hive mind their intelligence onto some more robust substrate singularity seems like an attractive proposition. But what we really know is, within our lifetimes

19 Jeff Bercovici 'Peter Thiel Is Very, Very Interested in Young People's Blood' August 1st 2016, https:// www.inc.com/jeff-bercovici/peterthiel-young-blood.html [accessed online April 2016] Steven Novella, 'Parabiosis. The Next Snakeoil' August 3rd 2016 https://sciencebasedmedicine. org/parabiosis-the-next-snakeoil/ and http://labiotech.eu/when-thebiggest-tech-investors-go-wild-forbiotech/

[accessed online April 2016]

20 Melanie Jackson and Esther Leslie 'Queer Milk'. Feminist Emergency Conference June 2017. at the very least, to be without a body is quite simply to be dead. Some of the most virulently pursued forms of synthetics research are focused on preserving the bodies of the venture capitalists who are all too aware of this frailty, with their auto-reproductive desire to extend their own life for ever by vampiric processes such as parabiosis: the transfusion of young blood into their ageing veins. **20** For the rest of us though, concerned as we might be about the ramifications of future science and the imperatives of state regulation — there is no more efficient and fast acting way for a state to perpetrate ultraviolence on the bodies of its citizens, than the removal of a public health service.





ONE POT, THREE COURSES

One Pot Project is a series of community meals being held in Sefton libraries throughout 2017. The meals are organized by Fairland Collective, a group of five artists, designers and cooks. Each meal is prepared, cooked and eaten in the libraries by the Collective and a growing group of volunteers. Prepared using a single induction hob and only one pot, the making of the meal is a collaborative task.

A One Pot meal might consist of dumpling stuffing, spoon making, tablecloth printing, recipe collecting, and always lunch alongside 20 or 30 strangers, fed from the communal pot. Alongside the cooking, library users are invited to add to the developing One Pot Kit — a portable set of crockery, tableware and recipes which, at the end of the project, will become part of Sefton library's permanent collections: a resource for future meals and a physical record of the year's activity. In the project's final act, a bespoke One Pot will be designed in collaboration with those who have participated in the project and will stand in Sefton's Bootle library as an extravagant advertisement for future One Pot meals.

LIBRARY EATING

Sucking on crisps to neutralize the crunch, an illicit rustling packet hidden behind plastic protected covers — that's about the only kind of eating that I've ever associated with libraries. "People can bring sandwiches now", one librarian assured us, a reflection of the slackening of the rigid library rules that most of us grew up with and a move away from hushed tones, from "shhh".

Libraries have changed. Out of cuts-fueled necessity they have diversified, absorbing roles previously held by other, now defunct, service providers. They are a rare, free, daytime refuge for job seekers, teenagers, English learners, mothers with young babies, the elderly and the recently arrived, as well as many who have little other option.

When Fairland Collective were asked to 'do something' in the 6 libraries in Sefton, the borough North of Liverpool, we proposed the sharing of meals in all their clinking, crunching, slurping glory. Eating together seems a natural progression, in line with the library's own — away from quietly sucked crisps or solo sandwiches in the newspaper section towards serving each other—towards ladling, spilling, apologizing, portioning fairly or unfairly, and towards conversation from the awkward to the raucous.

The meals are a way of bringing a new network of people into the libraries — whose continuing fight for survival depends on user numbers and engagement. One Pot meals have involved contributions from local allotments, beekeepers, youth projects, carpenters and cooks as well as any member of the public who expressed an interest.

The first meal that Fairland Collective cooked was the showiest. Three courses were produced from the same pot for a group of 20 in Bootle library. It was the ultimate One Pot meal, a showcase of the possibilities of one pot. The ambition of the meal reflects the many hands that are inevitably involved in getting any kind of food to our tables, in growing, preparing and serving, and in the design and production of mealtime paraphernalia.

As community spaces disappear the library heroically takes up the slack.



Three Courses, One Pot

Serves 20

Asparagus Dumplings,

Miso Milk Soup,

Honey Lemon Custard Buns

ORDER OF COOKING:

PREP: Doughs,

Custard,

Dumpling Filling, Dumpling Assembly,

Bun Assembly

SERVICE: Buns

Broth

Dumplings

Soup

(one pot, no washing up!)

INGREDIENTS.-

FOR THE DUMPLINGS: 200g asparagus, 100g diced water chestnut, 100g chopped carrot, 10g chopped coriander, 6g salt, 2g white pepper, 360g dim sum flour, enough warm water to form a stiff dough

FOR THE SOUP: 1kg potatoes, carrots, onions, oriental mushrooms or any sort of vegetables, chopped and shallow fried with salt and pepper to taste, 1.6 litres water, large piece of kombu, 8 tablespoons miso, 1.8 litres milk (soya or dairy), salt, coriander and pepper, 10 boiled eggs cut in half (boiled for 8 mins, from cold water)

FOR THE BUNS:

CUSTARD: 750 ml warm milk, 9 tablespoons honey, 6 eggs (beaten), 4 egg yolks, 9 tablespoons flour, 150 ml lemon juice, drop of vanilla essence

DOUGH: 450 g flour, 6 teaspoons baking powder, 150g sugar, 6 eggs, 300g yogurt, 3 tsp oil, drop vanilla essence

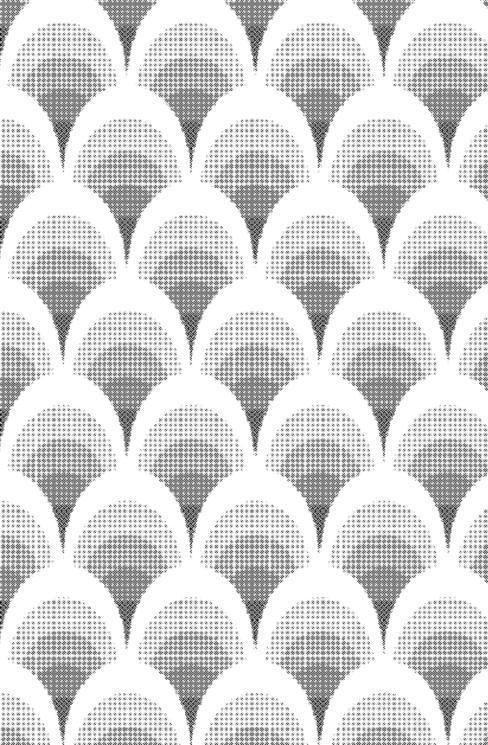
METHOD.-

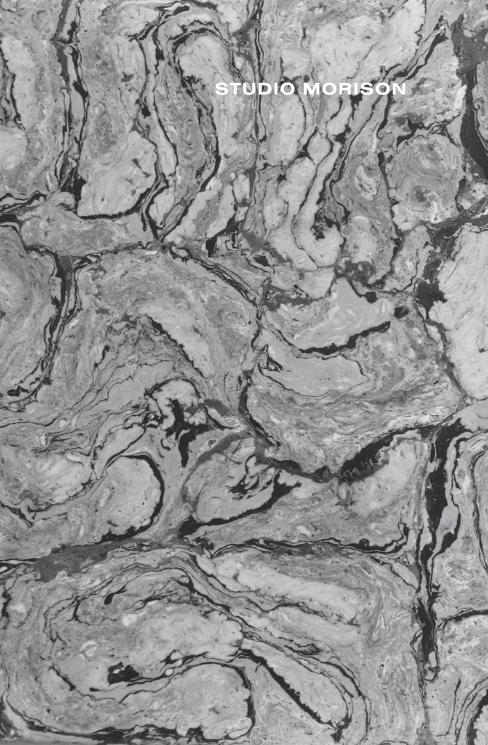
- Make the dumpling dough: mix flour, salt and enough warm water to form a firm dough, knead until smooth.
 Wrap in cling film and leave to rest for one hour.
- Make the honey lemon custard: mix eggs, sugar, honey, lemon juice, flour and vanilla essence together in a pan. Pour over the warmed milk and whisk constantly over a low heat until thickened. Remove from the heat and allow to set and cool.
- Make the bun dough: beat together flour and baking powder, then add sugar and mix again. Add all remaining ingredients and mix.
- 4. Make the dumpling filling: mix the chopped vegetables with the remaining ingredients. Season to taste.
- Assemble dumplings: divide the dough into small balls (around 45-50) and roll them into thin circular sheets using a small rolling pin. Place a teaspoon of the veg mixture in the centre of each circle, dampen the edges slightly, and fold in half, pinching or pleating to shape the dumplings. ENLIST HELP. An excellent group activity.
- Assemble buns: place a tablespoon of dough into a teacup lined with baking parchment, add a generous teaspoon of custard on top. Recipe makes 24 buns.

BRING OUT THE ONE POT



- Steam buns: Arrange steamer in ONE POT, add an inch or two of water and steam buns in batches for 10 mins, or until light and puffed. Top up the water level between batches.
- In the ONE POT, make the dashi broth. Simmer kombu in the water for around 10 mins, taking care not to let the water boil as this will make the kombu slimey. Remove kombu.
- Simmer batches of dumplings in the dashi broth until tender, tossing each cooked batch in a little sesame oil. Serve with a dip of soy, sesame, rice vinegar and a pinch of sugar. Keep the dashi broth in the pot.
- 10. Make the soup: add veg to the dashi broth and simmer until tender. Mix the miso and milk together, add to the broth and return to the heat. Finally, add milk, salt, coriander and pepper. Serve, floating half an egg in each bowl and scattering with fresh coriander leaves.
- 11. Serve buns to great fanfare.
- 12. Wash the pot, and return to the One Pot Kit.



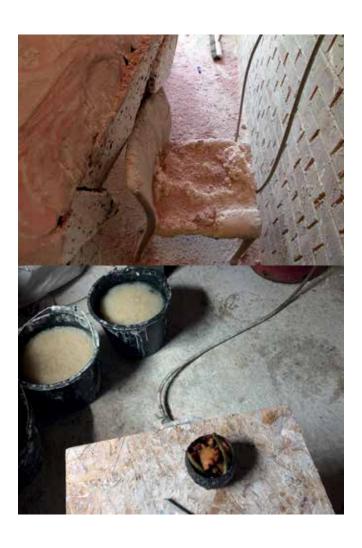


GICHY-MICHY LUNCHES

DINNER LUNCH DINNER DINNER LUNCH LUNCH DINNER DINNER LUNCH DINNER LUNCH DINNER LUNCH DINNER

ONE

Chick peas, peanuts, red cabbage, jalepenos, green beans, aubergines roasted with garlic (from last night's dinner)





TWO

New potatoes, green beans, our own eggs, sun dried tomatoes, vegan paste, vine leaves, cavelo nero, majoram, sage, rape seed oil

THREE

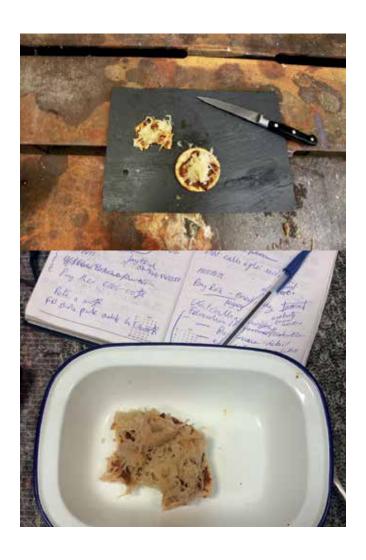
Oatcakes, red onion, sesame oil, brown rice, broccoli, sage, chives, mange tout, lemon, green pepper





FOUR

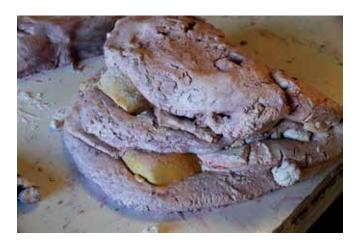
Cashew nuts, red cabbage, brown lentils, red onion, olive oil, sherry vinegar



FIVE

Jeremy Corbyn bread (our mother dough is called Jeremy Corbyn), garlic pickle, sauerkraut

SIXPotato pea coconut curry (from last night), chilli beans



SEVEN

Beans, red cabbage, chick peas, red onion, fennel seeds, capers, garlic, lemon, olive oil



EIGHT

Chick peas, pistachios, beetroot, onion, apple, rape seed oil, sherry vinegar





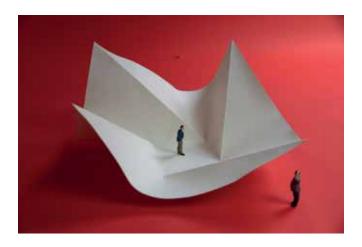
NINE

Jeremy Corbyn bread, red cabbage, home made mayonnaise

TEN

Lentils, radishes, rocket, olive oil,

Dijon mustard, capers



ELEVEN

Tomatoes, lentils, red cabbage, jalepeños, sesame oil, lemon, black coffee



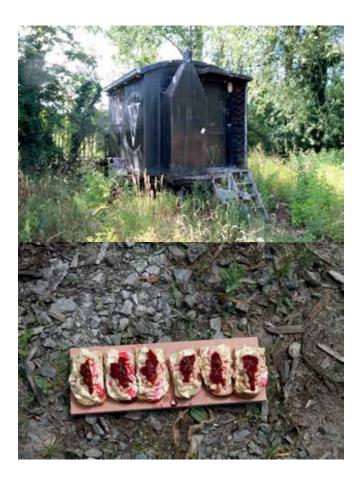
TWELVE

A fire in the studio and snacks; oreos, nuts, oatcakes, crisps



THIRTEEN

Jeremy Corbyn bread, hummus, cannellini beans, beetroot, rosemary

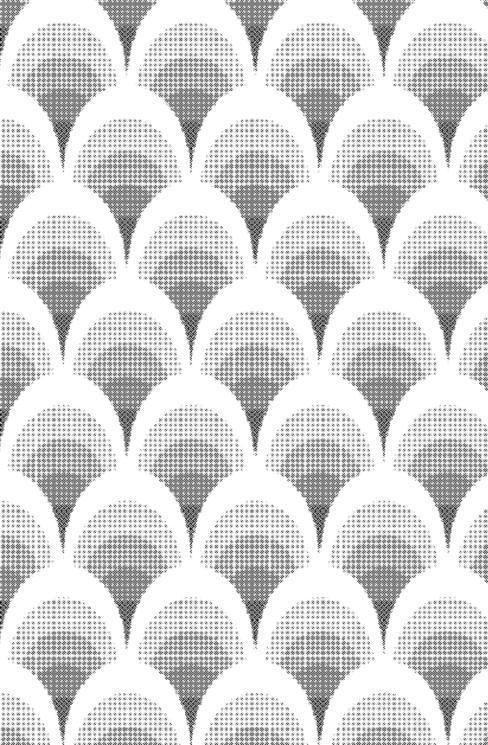




FOURTEEN

Pitta bread, sauerkraut, pickles, olives, mayonnaise, hummus, cheese (for kids)







HOT POT & PICKLED RED CABBAGE

LAMB SAUCE

INGREDIENTS.— 2kg chopped lamb bones, 1kg diced fatty lamb scraps, 1kg onions sliced thinly and caramelised with 7g star anise, 1kg carrots sliced thinly and caramelised slowly in oil, a bunch of fresh thyme

- Roast the lamb bones in a 180c oven until golden brown, turning often.
- 2. Fry the fatty lamb scraps until golden brown. Deglaze the pan with water.
- Place the roast bones and fried meat, caramelised onions and carrots, and 3/4 bunch of the thyme into a stockpot.
- Bring to the boil then skim and simmer for 2 hours, skimming frequently.
- 5. Strain through a muslin cloth and leave to cool.
- Skim all the fat carefully from the top of the stock and place into a small saucepan to clarify (do this over a low heat, skimming often until the fat is clear then set aside to use later).
- Place the stock back on the stove and reduce by approximately 9/10ths, skimming often.
- Weigh the reduced sauce, add 10% of the clarified lamb fat (i.e. 10g lamb fat per 100g sauce) and add the rest of the thyme.
- Leave the thyme to infuse for 10 minutes then strain through some muslin and blitz with a hand blender to emulsify.

LAMB SHOULDER

INGREDIENTS.— 1kg lamb shoulder, 1kg water, 100g table salt, 1 sprig rosemary, 1 sprig thyme

- Place water and salt together in a saucepan and cover. Bring to the boil and remove from heat. Cool in an ice bath until 5C.
- Put the herbs and lamb shoulder into the brine then cover and place in the fridge for 8 hours — ensure the lamb shoulder is submerged in brine by weighing down with a plate under a pan if necessary.
- 3. Rinse the shoulder for 20 minutes under cold running water.
- Place into a casserole dish with a spoonful of lamb fat and 50ml water.
- Cover with parchment, placed directly on the meat, and a close fitting lid. Braise in the oven at 90C for 6 hours.
- Check the meat is tender if not return to the oven, checking hourly.
- Once tender, remove from the oven and wait until the meat is cool enough to handle. Shred into smaller pieces and leave to cool fully in the cooking juices.

HOT POT POTATOES

INGREDIENTS.— 1kg waxy new potatoes, lamb fat, salt and freshly ground black pepper

- 1. Scrub the potatoes and slice into 5mm thick rounds.
- 2. Place into a casserole dish with plenty of lamb fat and cook in a 90C oven for 1-2 hours until tender.
- Drain the potatoes from the fat and separate into a single layer on a non stick tray whilst still warm. Set aside to cool.

PICKLED RED CABBAGE

INGREDIENTS.— 1/4 of a red cabbage, 1 lemon, 50ml olive oil, salt to taste

- Shred the cabbage paper thin on a mandolin, meat slicer, or with a sharp knife.
- 2. Set aside in the fridge.
- 3. Juice the lemon and mix with the olive oil then set aside.

TO ASSEMBLE:

INGREDIENTS.— cooked lamb shoulder, cooked potato, 6 shucked oysters (washed in their own juice, then strain and keep juice), shredded cabbage, olive oil and lemon juice, Maldon salt

- 1. Pre heat the grill on the highest setting for 10 minutes.
- Place the meat in the bottom of a large casserole dish and cover with the sauce. Warm gently over a low heat.
- Place the tray of potatoes to brown under the grill. When golden and crisp, season with Maldon salt and plenty of freshly ground black pepper.
- Arrange the 6 oysters in the casserole dish on top of the warm meat/sauce, then cover with the potatoes.
- 5. Dress the red cabbage with the olive oil, lemon juice and salt, and add some oyster juice to finish.

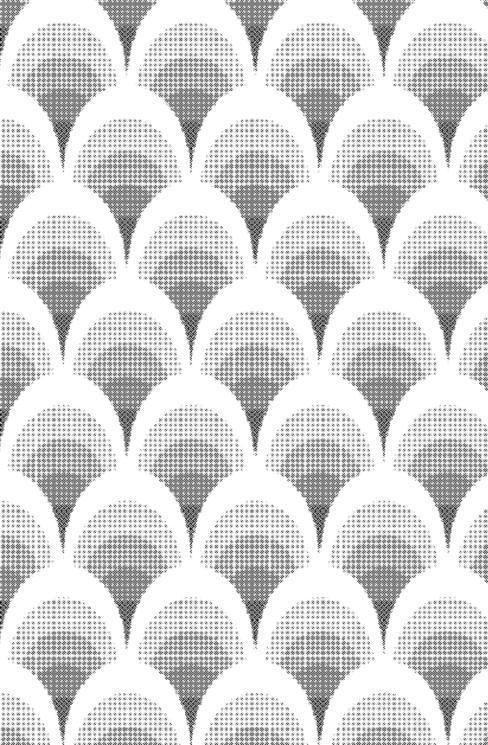


RED CABBAGE GAZPACHO

INGREDIENTS.— 50g egg yolk, 20g dijon mustard, 250ml sunflower oil, 10g red wine vinegar, 5g salt, ½ a red cabbage

METHOD.-

- 1. Place the egg yolk & mustard into a food processor (or hand blender jug) and blitz together.
- 2. Add the oil in a slow drizzle to emulsify.
- 3. Finally add the vinegar and salt.
- 4. Set aside in the fridge.
- 5. Juice the red cabbage and pass through a fine sieve.
- 6. Add a couple of spoonfuls of the mayonnaise to the red cabbage juice and blitz, then taste. Add enough mayonnaise to slightly thicken the juice without masking the freshness of the cabbage. Add salt and red wine vinegar as required to balance the salt and acidity taste.
- 7. Serve very cold.





THE DIGESTIVE FALLACY A ROMANCE OF THE GUT

They deep fry the whole thing, tail and all. Gives a whole new slant to those celebs who carry little dogs around in handbags. Maybe it's just their packed lunch, ha ha.

Flashing a studiedly insincere smile of the mildest amusement he regarded the youngish man who was holding forth on crispy fried Chihuahuas. He appeared to have modelled his appearance on a cocktail of Bond villains, high buttoned but no collars, camp amoral titanium modernism.

Or perhaps he was just an architect.

Comforted by these judgements he relaxed. Spiced up the mildness of his amusement from Coronation Chicken to Korma. Yes, he needn't worry.

He saw the whole gambit, felt safe crouched in his analytical foxhole. No need for any rash movements. He wasn't going to be tempted into words of slight disapproval, only to be vulnerable to a mocking examination of his ethics. Hold back, let this bluster run its course. Let alcohol fatten that nimble tongue. Later he would begin a steady well planned conversational advance. He would make no recourse to the dashes and flashes of wit or imagery, but would adopt the good-humoured instructional tone of the educator rising to a new challenge, his superior socio-political position would become obvious, irresistible. In his mind he pictured a battlefield map, his armies edging forward on all fronts, oozing like gravy from a suet pudding.

A mental double take. Where had that image come from, had he ever even eaten such a thing?

He cautiously closed his eyes and there it was again, steaming amidst

brown and golden tones. It was a glossy photograph from the packaging of a faux traditional British style 'gastro-pub' ready meal for one.

Jesus, his mind was as populated with advertising images as a Sunday supplement lifestyle magazine. Actually that was good, he might work that up into something. He would try it on the woman sitting next to him, an easy skirmish to start off the campaign of the evening. He turned and spoke.

I've had to train myself to taste again, cleanse my mental palette. You see my mind is as populated with advertising images of food as a Sunday...

She cut him off, but with a smile.

I'm sorry I missed that I was grinding a crust... with my teeth.

She fluttered a finger at the side of her jaw, as if he might be unfamiliar with that particular body part.

Very close to the inner ear.

Again she smiled, paused for a beat and then produced an extraordinary sound.

Crrr Snn Crr Snn BANG swosh swosh gulp. Like that isn't it. Crunch, Crunch, Crunch.

She was speaking, but he felt no obligation to listen too attentively. He would ride the rhythm and wait for a lull. He realised he was still staring at the area of skin just below her ear. She was, he thought amusing and attractive enough to frame some anecdote around. He had already partly shifted his mind into the future past tense.

He would not, he thought, when retelling this story, say that they had met at a dinner party. God no. That was not the kind of arena in which he operated. He would have to reshape the encounter. People, food, yes. New found intimacies. Select company. A slight suggestion that his presence was a sought-after commodity. Yes. An event, cultural, thoughtful.

And food, it would also be about food.

Progressive food, that was aware of its roots but somehow... somehow...

Clever. God yes. He could say that to himself couldn't he? He wanted his food to be better than other peoples. Not mass-produced faux traditional British style 'gastro-pub' ready meals for one.

Steady now.

That sounded like he was the kind of avaricious, competitive, unthinking human that he and his friends despised. He wasn't. He was better than that.

He was empathetic yes, but that didn't mean his food shouldn't be the best that he could imagine. Attached, committed, well understood food. Food that could stand up to analysis. Analysing food, a vision of food scientists, white coats... oh God... the young Margaret Thatcher. Didn't she work on some process to create the smell of bread, without bread. Stimulate the appetite and not satisfy it. Pert shivers for the matron from the bumptious boys. The kitchen as laboratory, austere white, home to angelic presences. The dinner lady, a strong arm that wields the ladle and with powerful grace breaks and scoops the firm skin of the pink custard. Doles it out to favourites eagerly outstretched bowls.

Was this the diet of his imagination?

Racked sachets of instant dessert. Scented powders. The packaging had a certain soft stiffness, a suggestion of wax to the fingertips. Touch and taste. Angel delight. Butterscotch, vanilla tang from the released puff and on the back of the throat, a hint of the perfection of the *mot juste*, emerging fully formed and about to be released, a soft dollop into the dip of the conversation. The woman opposite had turned her head to her neighbour. The movement revealed the place where neck and shoulder met, skin flowing soft and a dollop of smoothness into that concavity.

The young Bond villain was still riffing on his theme.

Deep fried and crispy, crack off the ears and use them as spoons for the guacamole. Imagine how delicious. Snap, crackle and a soft creamy scoop.

Another worrying thought. Perhaps the words weren't part of any wider strategy. Perhaps the young man was just opening his mouth and letting things pour out. Cooking without a recipe. Was that possible? Did people do that?

He tried it, softly under his breath.

Snap Crackle and...

Pop.

Rice Krispies with the cream from the top of the milk bottle. It took care to construct that dish, only occasionally would there come the conjunction of unopened milk, perfectly chilled, and a fresh cereal box. The travails of a 11-year-old gourmet.

He sensed a change, and became aware that the ebb and flush of conversation had moved into a point of shift. The bold performances of earlier were shrinking back into more considered caucuses.

Now was his moment. A gentle flourish and from his sleeve — his mouth sleeve, from his mouth — produce, speak, cough up, a perfect sushi roll, a perfect quote, perhaps an anecdote, or an apposite reference. Another image forcibly entered his mind and upset the toy train set of thought he had been assembling. A herring gull coughing up a bolus of fish into the eager clattering maw of a youngster. Was that what his mind was, a travelling bag to carry lumps of the world torn from one place and shoved into another. He waved his hand irritably in front of his face as if to scare the irksome birds away.

His neighbour mistook this for some kind of signal for attention and leant towards him.

Sorry I have been monopolising the conversation, you were saying.

She was no gull chick, though her slim nose had a hint of beak. Something pushed up into his throat. For a second his mouth fell slightly open, he noticed and shut it with turtle firmness. He gestured toward his plate, and spoke.

I've had to train myself to taste again, cleanse my mental palette. You see my mind is as populated with advertising images of food as a Sunday...

Once more she jumped in.

Oh, don't worry, by then it is far too late.

Sorry? He was momentarily winded.

Your mind is largely irrelevant.

Looking at her slight twitch of concern, he discerned that his own face must look a picture. Pity? For his mind?

Flipping a sweet half-smile she quickly backtracked.

That came out wrong, sorry. I meant your mind, brain, whatever... just that your thoughts are completely irrelevant. To what you were saying that is.

She had him now. He couldn't raise any kind of protest. Was he then an obvious fraud, a pseudo pedant now relieved to be caught out, a long-term embezzler finally able to drop the pretence and fall and fall and fall. Her voice rolled on firm and warm.

Go back, go deeper, look inside yourself.

She was suddenly earnest.

My past? Earnestness he could combat. He was aware and well read. He felt his scattered thoughts rallying somewhat. He would band them around some cliché.

What are you some kind of dinner table shrink? Look into my sub-consciousness perhaps? A sexual undertone to eating, that old chestnut!

Hot chestnut falling into Uncle Toby's britches. That quote 'did ever woman interrupt a man with so...' what was it? Another thought rushed unbidden. Did he even like food? Why tonight this imaginative incontinence. Was it something he'd read?

'No food please we're British'. Sea bass? Did he really just need a Great British banger.

She was speaking again.

Oh no not that at all. I mean the gut. Look inside yourself, feel your tract. We call them our guts but I don't think that is really correct. I feel happier thinking I belong to it. Look at us all.

She swept the table with a searchlight gaze,

We are, I think, simply epiphenomenon of our digestive systems.

Will o' the wisps. Marsh gas...

Brutish Bangers! Hell he thought, he had actually said that aloud.

She raised an eyebrow. That slipped out wrong. He had succumbed to a sudden ejaculation. A spurt of overheated steam not gas.

Pressure cookers.

Whatever happened to them? A kind of brushed metallic locking pot with a valve on top, his mother had made great use of one. He had never known what the advantage of this particular device was. Speed, lack of odour?

Sorry?

I mean the sausage analogy, those innards, they need to be neatly packed in a skin. Basically they have a job to do, they support the Brain, the higher functions and all that.

Higher functions, what was this, the bloody House of Lords? She leant back as if in a more expansive humour, then replied.

Well yes people become very attached to that old dogma, they feel they owe some loyalty to their history, memories and such. But then they find themselves shouting at the toaster because they drank the previous evening, or rear ending a juggernaut at 70 miles per hour because they forgot to buy a Kit-Kat in a service station.

She crossed her leg and gently swung her foot, as if to show the mood of her body was a different, a more peaceable rhythm than the precise hammerings of her speech would indicate. Her red shoe slipped from her heel and briefly dangled from her stockinged toes before quietly dropping to the floor. Hypnotised he noticed her nails were painted. Beneath the pale material the colour was soft and pastelled, smooth round sugared almonds. He had a little net bag of them on a kitchen shelf. A gift at the end of an Italian wedding which he had never eaten. Didn't want to eat them, but to hold on to the promise.

He could remember little about the food from his own wedding, apart from a hazy impression of days spent in desultory haggling over the caterer's list of options, trying to fit it within the correct price bracket per head. I mean to spend that much on quince and asparagus quiche, he didn't even like quiche. Or quince. Well that was a promise that hadn't been held onto, although people had seemed to enjoy the food and drink.

Wrong! She continued.

Wrong to think of it like that at all. Go at it a different way entirely. Look at us all and what do you see? I think you see brains riding atop the machinery of the body like Victorian gents on Penny Farthing bicycles.

The alimentary canal a compact plumbing unit like something you would find underneath the kitchen sink. I don't see it that way at all.

Assured of her ascendancy she left a lengthy pause, some time for him to chew and swallow all that she said. He dutifully did so and made no comment. Gently revolving her fork as if slowly reeling him in, she continued.

I see this, great swathes of diaphanous gut silk drifting through this air ocean, squid rolling and coiling themselves. Peristaltic jet propulsion. Extruding bumps into stumps to expediate movement. Senses to pull or push. Cauliflowering mentation to finesse their drift, but still ultimately pursuing the same aim. Moving and filtering.

You are aware of the dimensions of your gut?

This was not rhetorical. Things that were as big as other things, size of a walnut, a garden hose, nine months, a cathedral, the ladder to the moon. A dim memory of sports fields.

A tennis court?

Feeling this lacked conviction he went on redundantly:

If laid end to end that is.

Oh God no, now his thoughts smelt of barley water. She corrected him.

No, no we have moved on. The surface area of the bowel is now estimated at 30x40 metres squared. Perhaps more suited to Badminton. Actually we researchers say, 'about the size of an average studio apartment'.

Imagine all of our bowels spread out and undulating, flexing, flashing and shifting colours like a carpet of live octopus skin.

She cast her eyes around with a satisfied smile. He imagined his chair, his legs, and eventually his whole body sinking into the bubbling carpet. Maybe his teeth would float around for a bit, before fizzing like aspirins into nothingness.

She giggled.

Who needs more?

House bigger than your stomach?

I believe it is no accident that our dwellings inside and out should be so nearly equivalent.

Remember where you come from eh? Our top bits may have grown giddy with their new, non ruminative verticality. Stand uppish, stand offish. But we cannot deny our lower portions the ur-land beyond thinking, or even

sub thinking. We might have got all clever and metropolitan but we can't deny where we came from. Guts.

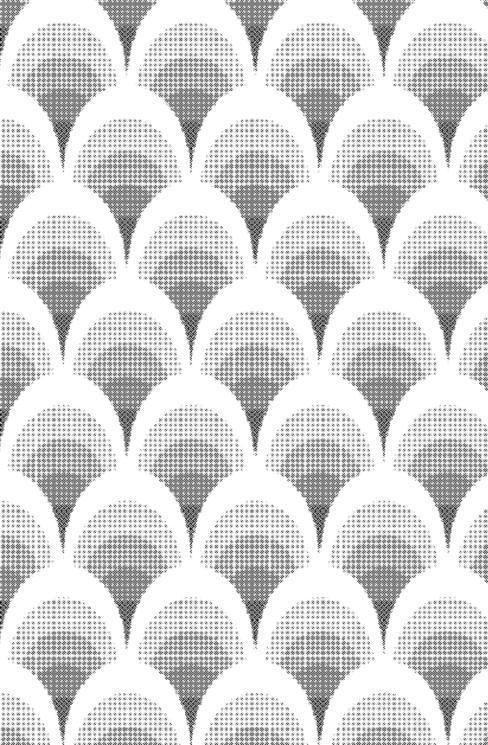
She was politely waiting for some response. A belch? Something general perhaps.

Art?

Another quick smile, and she delivered her final judgement.

Well to the new wave of gastroenterologists it is very clear that all art, is the art of indigestion.

He closed his eyes and shivered as he imagined himself close rolled in her rug.





HYPNO

'You're on potatoes', they say in the morning.

This comes as a relief. I've been on onions forever.

I'd wept for the first week, slicing open cardboard boxes and dumping ready-sliced, frozen onions from Poland out of their plastic sleeves and onto one of the many conveyors that climb towards the vat.

In the pub that night I crunch my way through a packet of cheese 'n' onion while Morris tells me about his recent breakup. 'God I'll miss her', he tells me. 'She was the most fantastic cook. Puddings, pies, curries, casseroles, a proper hot pot if I was lucky. I'll have to make do with this shite now', he says, gesturing towards the swing door through to the pub kitchen, where the microwave rules and a van pulls up each morning delivering things in plastic trays.

'Well, I don't envy you', he'd said, when, after my first shift, I'd pulled a hairnet out of my pocket to show him.

'I think I'm the oldest one there', I'd said. 'The rest of them, they're so young. From all over the world, I think, though it's hard to tell. We wear ear defenders 'cause of the noise. All that machinery. I haven't said a word to anyone all day'.

'What're you making?' Morris had asked, slurping his pint. 'Not sure'. I'd said.

'What do you mean', he'd asked, 'how can you not know?' Many dishes are assembled in the freezing, faceless building by the roundabout. Lasagnes, curries, stewed meats of every variety, sauce spices altered to shift from cuisine to cuisine. 'I'm just the onion guy', I'd told Morris, 'I just handle the onions. Couldn't tell you where they turn up in the end. Can't say I care, really'.

Morris had nodded in sympathy and heaved himself up to the bar to order me a pint and a basket of onion rings. The potatoes pass us by on a juddering conveyor that rattles them towards me. They're ready sliced, like the onions, glistening beige slice after slice. My job is to watch out for the occasional brown one, which I pick out with a gloved hand. Then see them into the steamer where they come out mushy and ready-over-cooked.

'The doctor told me to keep busy', I tell Morris. "Occupy your mind", she'd said. "It'll take time". I guess that's what I'm trying to do. I know it's not the most dignified of careers, spending my days minding potatoes'.

When I finally talk to someone, I don't notice his advances until he tugs on the sleeve of my fleece, though he appears to have been trying to get my attention for some time.

'Watch out', he's saying, or shouting, really, when I take off my ear defenders. But he's grinning, it's not a serious warning. He's a tall Irishman, hairnet slightly askew on top of his curly head. 'You've gotta watch yourself in these places', he tells me. He presses a red button next to the conveyor and for a minute things pause and potato slices, mid-hop, fall, static, back onto the belt.

'My dad used work in a frozen pea factory. He had one of the good jobs, driving around East Cork in a transit van, down narrow tracks and sunny lanes, collecting from the farms. He knew those roads like nobody else — his pea route. On getting the peas back to the factory he'd check their quality, using a device called the Tenderometer. Don't you love that name', the Irishman says.

The peas would vibrate along the conveyor belts. Pea Pea Pea Pea Pea P

those bright peas on the dark conveyor and couldn't look away — they were so rhythmic, he told us. He was entranced. The next think he knew, he was toppled over, head knocked on the machinery in front of him. His glasses snapped in half', says the Irishman. 'After that, well, something had changed — beyond his glasses which he stuck together with sellotape. He was calmed, I suppose, or slowed down — at peace in the way you sometimes see in the religious or simple. "I'm a bloody miracle, he'd tell people, hypnotised by peas"'. The Irishman grins and nods towards the conveyor, slipping his ear defenders back on as the machine starts up again.

I tell this story to Morris and he nods. 'He's right,' he says, 'such jobs can drive a man to madness'.

It's the smell that's the hardest thing to get used to. After a while on onions I'd stopped crying, and I'd begun to enjoy the muffled, solitary cocoon of my heavy duty fleece and ear defenders. But the smell — each day it hits me afresh. It's not like a home-cooked aroma. There's a pungency to it, it lingers on my clothes and in my hair. And it doesn't smell like any dish that I recognise, though there is an unmistakeable meatiness to it.

A muscular Lithuanian with an earpiece makes me sign a slip of paper before I'm allowed access to a new set of controls. 'Trade secrets', he murmurs. I'm inches from the vat.

The vat is a thing of beauty, I think to myself. I admire its gleaming aluminium sides unscaleable by vermin and the silent rhythmic churning of its stirrers, coated in a paste of thick, glossy brown.

At the top of the vat a jet of something is squirting at regular intervals into the gloop. My job is to monitor the volume

of
the
squirt
on
a
control
panel,
keep
it
consistent
and
on
tempo.

'Lamb flavour', the Lithuanian had explained. He'd splayed his fingers theatrically: 'lambiest lamb flavour.'

In the pub Morris is complaining loudly about his lasagne. 'SLOP', he says, and bangs his pint down on the table, loud enough for the students behind the bar to look over and roll their eyes towards each other conspiratorially.

'There is this vast steam injected oven that they use, blisteringly hot and cavernous, to cook the meals', I tell him, trying to diffuse the scene that's brewing. 'It's like something out of science fiction'.

'Makes sense', he says, 'this is fucking space food'.

'I sort of love it', I tell him. 'Everything gleams — the oven, and the vat, the brown and white and red sauce'.

On the final assembly line nozzles squirt sauces in time to a silent beat, layers of potatoes are flipped like a deck of cards into flat formations to be coated in another layer of glossy brown. It's like a dance routine in an old film, I think, or an exercise display in a totalitarian regime.

Almost everything here happens without my input. I am a monitor, a voyeur, the audience.

Morris is eating fish pie.

'I'm doing well', I say to him, 'feel happier than I've felt in ages'. He looks at me sceptically, fishes out a small pink prawn

from his plate of food and grimaces. 'Apparently', he says, 'hot pot comes from hodge podge. Sometimes she'd put oysters in, like they used to back in the day', he says, sadly. 'I had it so good.'

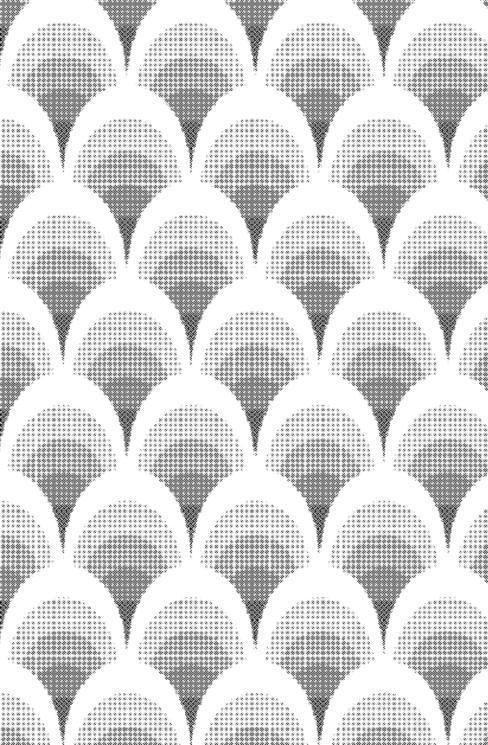
'Did I ever tell you that my uncle was an oyster man, out on a farm at Morecambe. Every day he sifted through piles and piles of the things, culling — picking out the cracked shells and tossing them into the mud, on his own in the wet and the cold. He'd feast on oysters for lunch, and bring home bags of shells — we had a fireplace decorated with them. Once he came home to my aunt with an oyster shell round his neck on a piece of dried seaweed. Said he'd heard an oyster god speaking to him from the mud. A powerful being who had revealed fundamental truths. I never knew if he was joking or not.'

I'm at the end of the line, the blast chiller. Dishes go in runny and flexible and come out as solid blocks. Then there's this moment where printed sleeves slip onto the plastic trays and they speed off and up and over, like the start of a rollercoaster ride, and it's beautiful and satisfying. As the line switches to a new dish, sauces spurt out in a slightly different order and the colours on the packaging shift — red to yellow to blue. It reminds me of a zoetrope, each colourful tray a millisecond of action.

One night I work through the klaxon announcing the end of my shift. I've got this music in my head, or in my ear defenders. It's soaring and mechanical at the same time.

I'm still manning the controls when my replacement, a young Czech woman, stands directly in front of me, laughing, and snaps the elastic of my hairnet onto my forehead, a jolt which pauses the music and sends me hurrying to the locker room. When I show up late Morris is drumming his fingers in anticipation. He has a jar of pickled red cabbage at his elbow that he's brought from home.

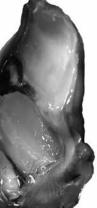
'Guess what we're having', he says. 'It was my suggestion. Probably the same old shite, straight out of a package. A hodge podge in the truest sense of the words, factory leftovers daubed together into some travesty. We'll close our eyes and imagine otherwise, though.'





MARIE TOSELAND









SOme Of 'OptiOnal' has always meant 'unnecessary'

sO really yOu cOuld leave Out thOse gObbets

that flOat On that

brOtherly brine

that flOat On that

lachrymOse film -

thOse sea swimming



supple <u>wads</u>,

but yOu want that sweet meat tO meet yOur sOft cheek

tO mush, warm and pulpy

against yOur

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epithelium

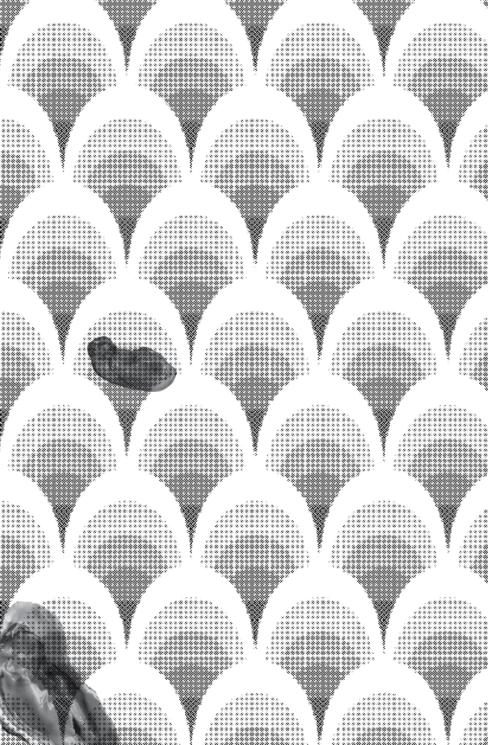
tO sinkslipsettle

dOwn

deep

dOwn tO yOur dark

waiting bOwl.



CONTRIBUTORS

Will Carr is deputy director of the International Anthony Burgess Foundation. His Irwell Edition of Anthony Burgess's novel *The Pianoplayers* was published in 2017 by Manchester University Press, and his new selection of Burgess's journalism *The Ink Trade* will be published by Carcanet Press in 2018.

Fairland Collective are Niamh Riordan, Francesca Ulivi, Motoko Fujita, Brenda Kearney and Emily Cropton: a group of artists who have collaborated for the past two years through their work with Grizedale Arts and who now work as an independent collective. With a wide range of skills to draw upon beyond their arts education — from photography to landscape architecture, cheese mongering and baking to carpentry, Fairland Collective produce projects which build on the idea of arts being useful in the everyday and the artist having a functional role in the community. Current projects include One Pot Project in Sefton Libraries, A Dream for Shimonoseki (with Grizedale Arts) in Kiwanosato Japan, and Park Feast (with Grizedale Arts), Beckenham Place Park.

Melanie Jackson works with image, text, sculpture and moving image. She lectures at the Slade School of Fine Art and is represented by Matt's Gallery, London. She is currently collaborating with Esther Leslie on a book *Deeper in the Pyramid* which will launch at a solo exhibition of the same name in 2018 at Grand Union, Birmingham in conjunction with Primary, Nottingham and Banner Repeater, London.

Mary-Ellen McTague is an award winning Manchester chef with a passion for locally sourced food. She was chef-proprietor of Aumbry in Prestwich and 4244 Edge Street Manchester. She has contributed recipes to The Guardian and worked with organisations including The Real Junk Food Project and Manchester International Festival. In 2015 MIF commissioned McTague to create a food event to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the publication of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Most recently, she has developed Dinner Party at The End of The World for the 2017 festival. She currently runs Manchester Art Gallery cafe serving locally inspired dishes.

Laura Mansfield is a writer and curator. She works closely with artists over the development of publication and exhibition based projects. Her ongoing publication project FEAST uses food as a framework to explore cultural histories and contemporary art. She has a PhD from Manchester School of Art and is currently part of Dust Collective, Sheffield.

Studio Morison is the collaborative practice of **Heather** and **Ivan Morison**. They have established an ambitious collaborative practice over the past decade that transcends the divisions between art, architecture and theatre. Their works range across a diverse set of media and approaches which sees their work manifest itself both within the gallery but also within wider physical and social arenas, from a nomadic theatre company to the creation of large-scale public spaces, explicitly engaging in the dialogue around redefining the limitations of where and how it is possible for artists to work.

Kit Poulson works with a variety of media, particularly painting, writing and sound. He likes the fuzzy edges of words, spoons and ice cream, which he uses as a metaphor for pretty much anything. At present he is working on his second book, *Mutter* which will be published by Bookworks in the Autumn.

Niamh Riordan is an artist and writer who lives and works in Liverpool. She completed an MA in Sculpture at the Slade School of Fine Art in 2013, and is a member of Fairland Collective. Recent writing includes, *The Stucco Paradox* (in Assemble: How we build, Hintergrund 55) and *A Factory As it Might Be* – Exhibition Catalogue with Assemble and Granby Workshop, for A/D/O. Recent exhibitions include *wo-no-qo-so* (Lubomirov/Angus Hughes, London, 2017).

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