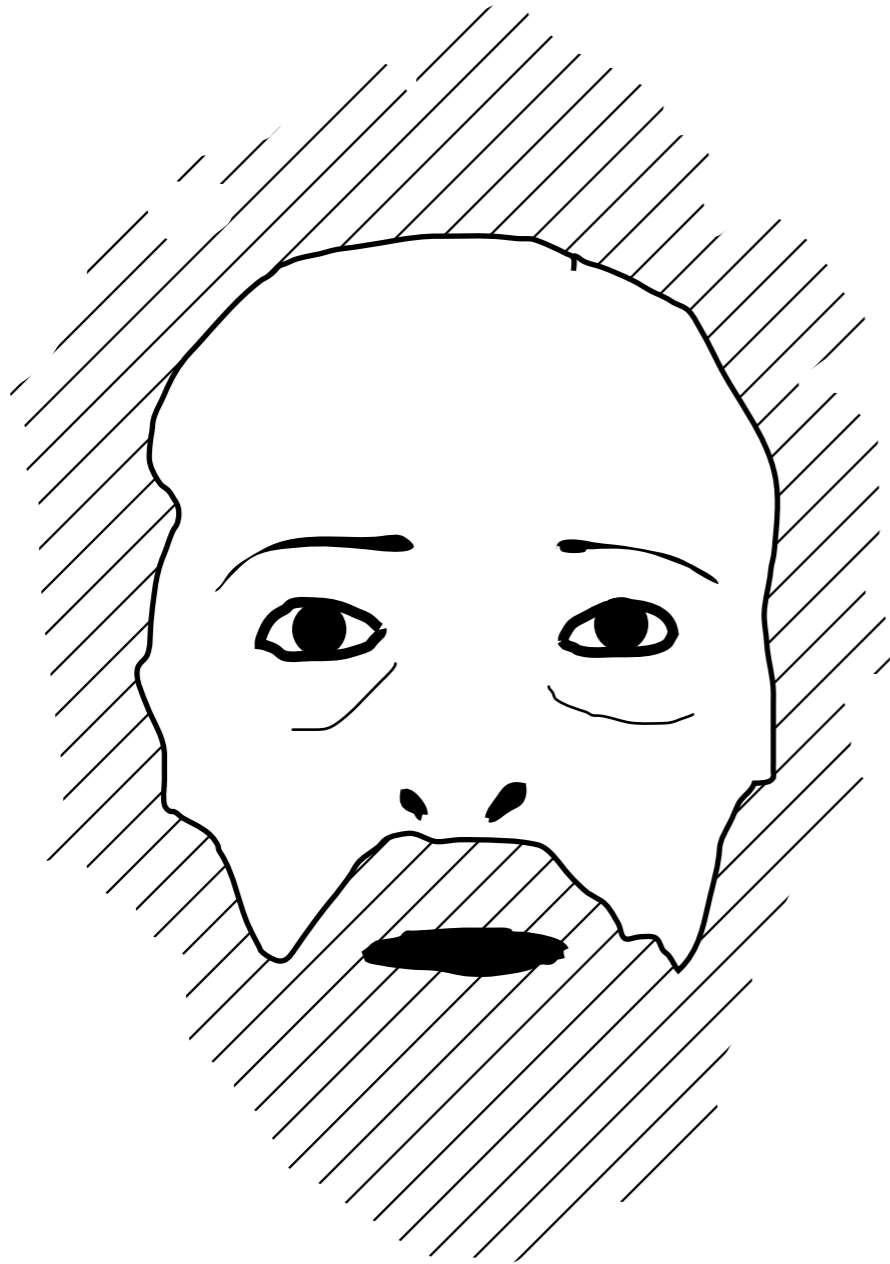


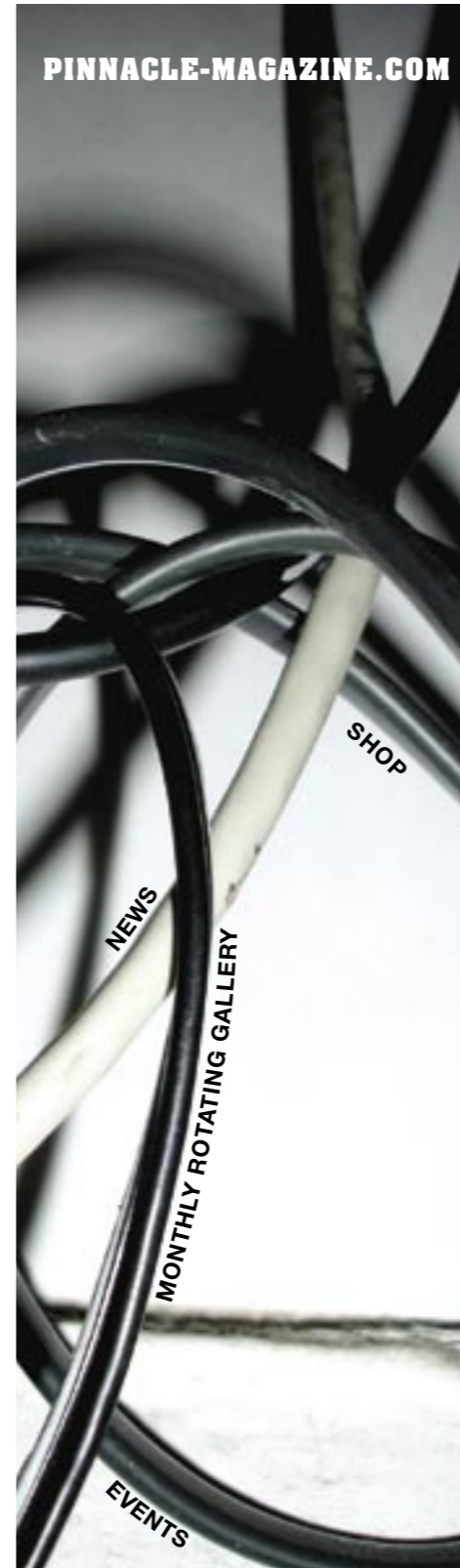
# PINNACLE



*Editorial (of sorts):*



While shooting reference images for our interview with the Salarymen, this random homeless-esque dude stepped up and asked to be in the photo. It was the perfect combination of something planned and spontaneous. This man represents an integral part of what Pinnacle is: the spark when you see something in a different way. Equal parts online gallery, limited edition print publication and social event, Pinnacle strives to expose new perspectives and ideas in a progressive way. For more information please be sure to check out: [pinnacle-magazine.com](http://pinnacle-magazine.com). Thanks!



# PINNACLE

PINNACLE 001

CONTRIBUTORS

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FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS PLEASE CHECK OUT  
**PINNACLE-MAGAZINE.COM**

CONCEPT AND CREATIVE DIRECTION BY:  
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**SPECIAL THANKS**

To all of the talented contributors in this issue, Martyna Adamczyk, The Girls 1045, to everyone eager to get things done, to the people and city of Toronto, and Youtube.

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**FONTS**

New Century Schoolbook and Helvetica Neue

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Introductions:

## Kevin!

*What is that?*

He's a Beagle/ Boston Terrier

*Why is it so small?*

Because he is nine weeks old.

*Shouldn't He Be Chewing Shoes Or  
Something?*

He doesn't chew shoes but he does steal toys.

*Where does he work his magic?*

He hangs out at Trinity Bellwoods with all his friends.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHANNON ECHLIN



*Draw, in five minutes:*

**“Mom”**



Gerry



Margarita



Patricia



Cathy



Marisa

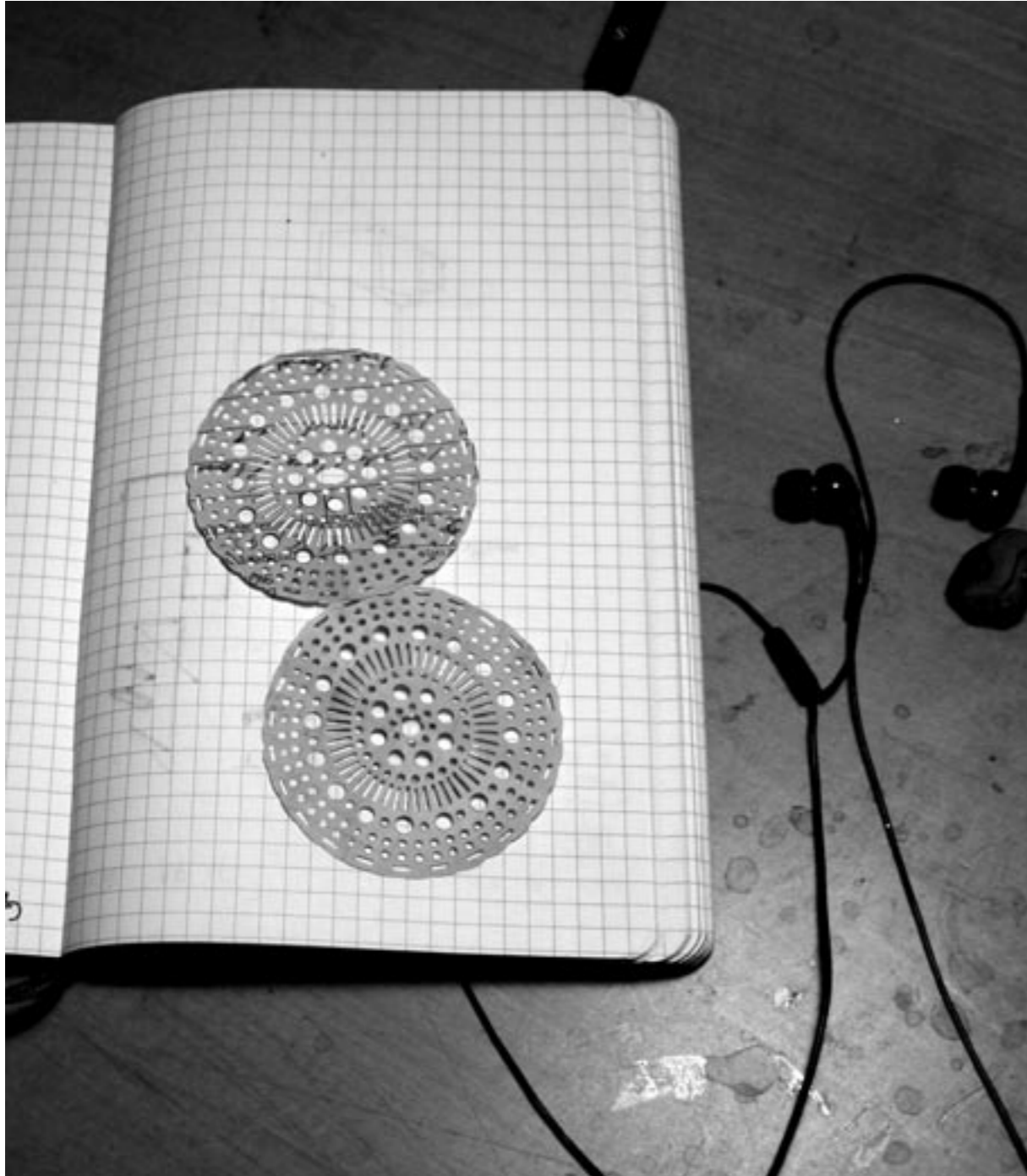


Laurinda

*Studio visit with:*

## Jacob Whibley

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JENN SCIARRIANO



*How long have you been in this studio for?*

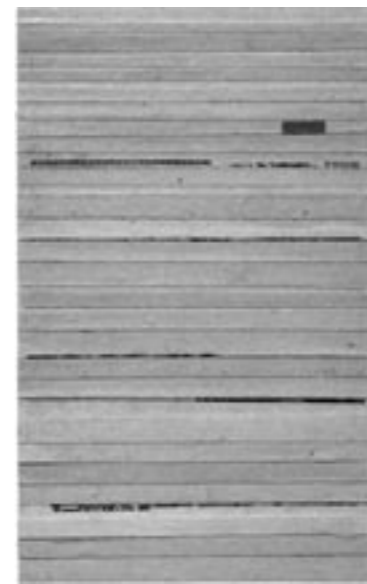
I've been working in this studio for just over two years now. It used to be a munitions factory during WW2, then it became a yarn factory, and then at some point in the 80's alcoholics, junkies, and some artists started moving in.

*Roughly how large is the space, and where is it located?*

It's located at the corner of Ossington and Dupont, and roughly 1400 sq. feet and is divided up into multiple work areas for silk screening, painting, drawing, foosball, ping pong, shooting range, barracks, bookshelves.

*Do you share the studio with anyone else?*

I share the space with the rest of the members of Team Macho, our polydactyl cat Punchy, and our sometimes studio mate Nicholas Di Genova. >



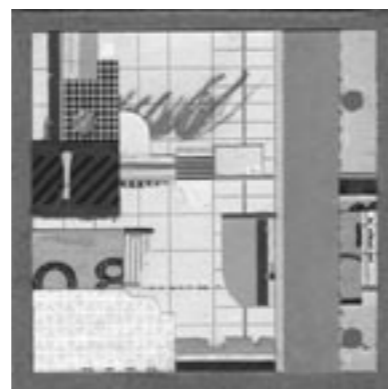
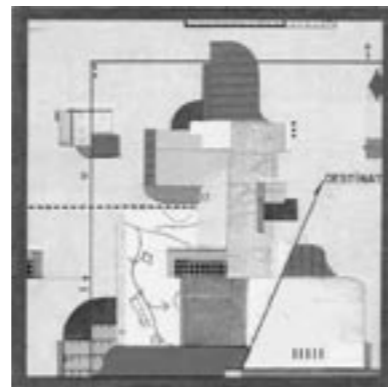
*What is your creative routine? (Do you just start working as soon as you wake, or do you do other things? Please elaborate)*

I usually start first thing in the morning after a couple cups of coffee and some kind of breakfast. My routine depends on what I'm working on - if it's a collage, I'm usually working on around five at the same time and I test the fragment that I've cut out on each one to make sure that I find it's "right place", if it doesn't fit anywhere I put it in an envelope for later contemplation. If it's a drawing for Team Macho that someone else has started, I usually sit down and stare at it for a while trying to figure out the best way to compliment/ sabotage it.

*What physical irregularities do you enjoy about your space?*

We have a large window that opens up onto Ossington which we use to climb in and out of. Our studio is located at the very back of the building near the boiler room, so most of the building's piping snakes all along the ceiling. We also have this hole in the wall we call "the void". It's about three feet around and inside it's pitch black and filled with dirt. None of us have gone in there.

*To see more of Jacob's work: [keepithardcore.com](http://keepithardcore.com)*



فِرْعَوْنُ

(CULTURE)

## Veiled Visions

BY DENA POURBAZARGAN

When it comes to filmmaking, Iranians have always had to compromise their vision. Freedom of expression had its limits even during the reign of the Shah. Even though the King understood the importance of art and culture, his regime still punished those who would express their social views in their art work. Shah Pahlavi worried his reputation with other nations would get destroyed if Iran was mis-represented in the film world.

Today, thanks to the uneducated Mullahs in power, Iran is viewed as a dangerous and ugly country. Speaking up about social or political issues in a film not only gets the work banned but filmmakers put their own lives on the line. With almost no freedom of expression, Iranian writers and directors, have had to take difficult routes to convey their message. Due to this long history of censorship, Iranians have developed a symbolic language in their films. The true messages are veiled behind the intricacy of film. Next time you watch an Iranian movie, don't get lost in the surface simplicity of the film, remember to look for the hidden meanings.



DAVANDEH

TA'M E GUILASS



MOSAFERAN



GABBEH

- Gaav** The Cow (1969)
- Davandeh** The Runner (1985) \*
- Khaneh-yeh Doost Kojast?** Where's the Friend's Home? (1987)\*
- Bicycleran** The Cyclist (1987)
- Nar-o-Nay** Pomegranate and Cane (1989)
- Bashu, gharibeye koochak** Bashu, the little stranger (1989)\*
- Mosaferan** ravellers (1992)
- Gabbeh** (1996)\*
- Ta'm e guilass** Taste of Cherry (1997) \*
- Offside** (2006)\*

\* movies are available for download on the internet thought [www.IranProud.com](http://www.IranProud.com), [www.persianhub.org](http://www.persianhub.org), [www.halohool.com](http://www.halohool.com) or [www.videobebin.com](http://www.videobebin.com),



## I Met A Lady In The Woods.

BY CHESTERSON A. MURPHEY

When I first met her (in the fields, as I have mentioned), I was filled with happiness and from that day forward I made it my task to be devoted to this exquisite young lady. I attended her tea parties with pleasure, I accompanied her on strolls through the dark forest and valleys of yonder, I sent her many a note of affectation. She participated in such courting, but this lady was one of many secrets. She had a smile that let me know that they were there, yet she contained them so well.

The suspicious behavior was indeed always there, and I shall say that it was likewise intriguing for a man of my background and disposition. For instance, she often spoke of "meetings." When I inquired as to the nature of these meetings, she would never provide a satisfactory explanation. She would say such things as "You silly fellow!" or, "Oh, Chesterson, haven't you ever been to a meeting!?" The answer is: of course I have. But I have never been to a meeting wherein the attendees were known as 'the Sisterhood'. Indeed I have not.

Though I am not proud to speak of it, my curiosity became overbearing. I felt tempted into worlds of madness in my devotion to the mysterious and elegant Miss Henry. One fortuitous eve, I disguised myself in a false moustache, I lurked in corners and I kept a secret and watchful eye on Miss Henry in her private life! Such strange behavior! I watched her through her window

comb out her glorious mane, and, using scissors, she cut loose a portion of it. Wrapping it in a parcel, she travelled by horse and lantern deep within the dark forest. I followed her with the cunning stealth of a forest creature. A weasel, perhaps. Within the depths of the forest lay a clearing. Other ladies were there. I noticed Miss Edwards, as well as Miss Smith (whom I recognized both from several tea parties).

Adorned with robes and wreaths, these ladies clasped hands and encircled a most noble and gigantic tree! By lantern light they sang to it, they pressed their bodies against it and they even prayed to it! The ladies took turns burying parcels at it's roots. I have deduced that Miss Henry buried her very own hair below it's ancient growth! It was as if these fine young women were taking part in a ritual showing their devotion for the spirits of the forest! In the ancient days of yore, this was indeed how it was done. I had heard of things such as tree spirits and wood nymphs, all of which I had only attributed to fairy tales! What a dizzying experience and what a unique young lady! Perhaps I could attribute her strange and unearthly quality to a magic that lay deep within the forest and the mysteries of the ancients.

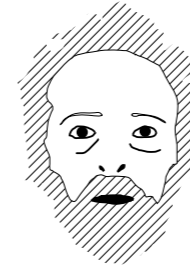
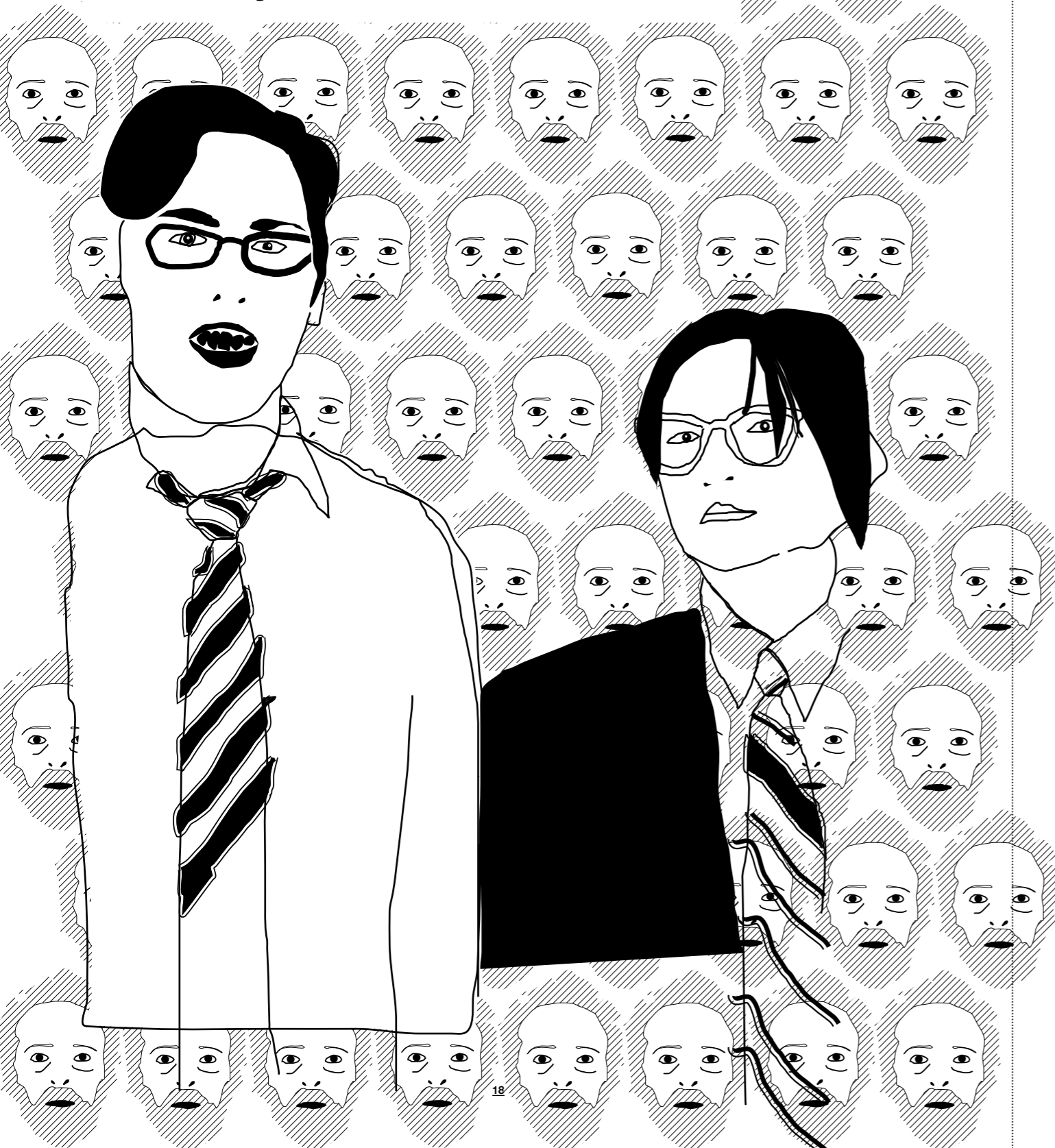
*My dear Miss Henry, you only become more beautiful to me the more I learn of you!*



{HANDCRAFTED CEDAR BROACH CIRCA 1889, BY MISS ANNA MAY HENRY}

*Models of Productivity:*

## The Salarymen



*Who are you guys (and who plays what)?*

Ah so, hello interview technician, I answer question best of ability at your convenience. Hajime "Brian" Okamoto and Marc Finch are numba one hi-tech consultant team in Wing 4A of major industrial concern. We play lock and loll music after working day where we drink the Asahi Super Dry Beer and sing like drinking salarymen at Karaoke Box. Okamotosan sing and play guitar. Finchsan play drum and sing precise vocal harmony. We are numba one band in Wing 4A!

*Where are you from?*

Okamotosan is original hail from Nagoya Japan and Marc Finch is original hail from other famous fish catching island called Newfoundland.

*What do you guys sound like?*

We sound like cherry blossom tree in bloom mix with kamikaze style intense play bombing. We have treble-end style (I call treblecore) with bass only come from piercing Telecaster guitar. Our influence include the Ventures, early Donnas, Rick Danko, and MC5.

*What did you guys eat before your last show?*

I eat special secret bento box reserve for play lock and loll. Only clue for secret bento box: peanut butter wasabi for Salaryman on efficient budget. Marc eat cod fish with daikon.

*Which one of the 5,6,7,8's would you want to date?*

I date all members.

*What are your thoughts on the Japanese whaling industry?*

I against whale but I enjoy industry very much. They have honor of super importance to Japan economy.

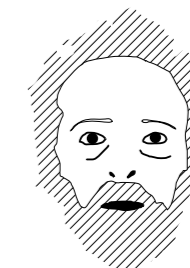
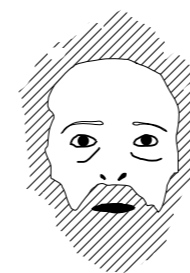
*Tell me something I didn't know about the band.*

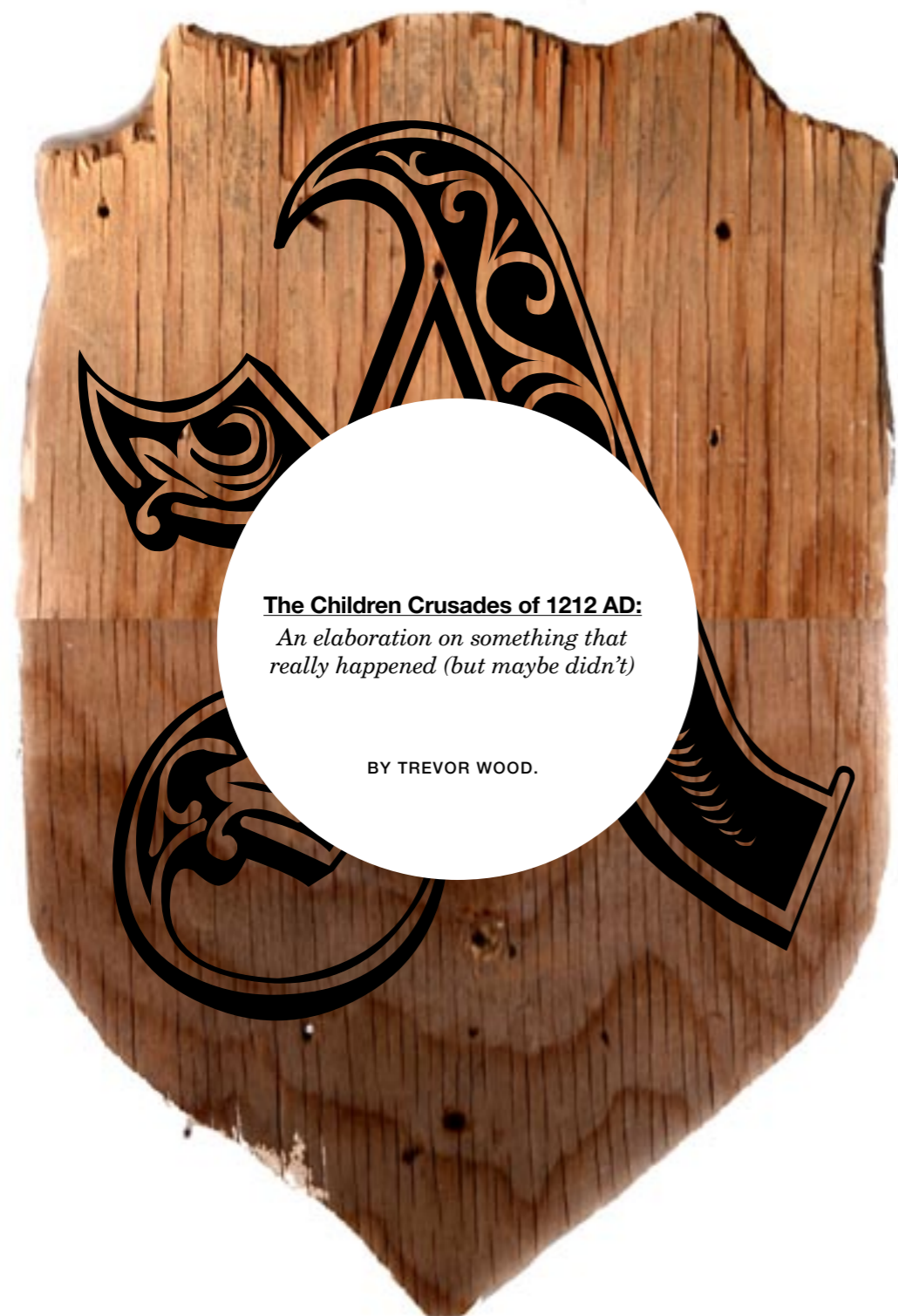
Most importance of the Salarymen is our dedicate work habit for numba one industrial concern in Japan and honour for play lock and loll. We always challenge our lock and loll ability to highest degree and aspire for great wisdom of Supreme Buddha of Nara.

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For more information: [www.myspace.com/salarymen](http://www.myspace.com/salarymen)

Also, check the CD at the back for some MP3s from the Salarymen.





**The Children Crusades of 1212 AD:**

*An elaboration on something that really happened (but maybe didn't)*

BY TREVOR WOOD.

**In the summer of 1212, a mob of 30 000 children descended upon Vendôme, in north-central France, ready to crusade upon the Holy Land – in the name of their Lord - and retake it from Moslem captors.**

A boy named Stephen had asked them to do it.

He had been tending to a flock of sheep one sunny afternoon in May when he came upon a wandering vagabond-type, who pleaded his thirst and despair to the young shepherd. Stephen, being pious and chalk full of noble good stuff well beyond his twelve years, naturally fetched the man some water without prejudice. He was innocent to any notion that this man may mean him or his sheep harm.

As the vagabond drank - through dirt and shit encrusted fingers - he undertook a magical transformation, revealing to Stephen his true identity – that he was Jesus Christ; SAVIOUR. <sup>1</sup> Jesus gave Stephen a letter, and told of his wish that the boy bring it to King Philip II at his court in Saint-Denis. He asked Stephen to preach the crusade from that day forth, as only he was pure enough to do so. If he accepted, Jesus said God would be there for him when needed.

It's not known if Stephen had parents or not, but he went to the King at once because it was totally insane that Jesus had spoken to him directly - and he was just a kid - so it was totally fucking insane, and amazing. He felt like a pretty big deal.

It took three days to get to the royal court. When Stephen arrived, he was exhausted but gleeful, having skipped much of the way. His throat was dry. His stomach was knotted. He probably shouldn't have drunk so much milk on the way. It was an unreasonably humid late-Spring. The boy didn't know any better, however, being too young and too dutiful to care. He entertained crowds as he marched to the palace estate.

Saint-Denis had been drawing in preachers and pilgrims since a bishop was martyred there in the third century and it was not so uncommon for King Philip to dismiss a traveler's spirited call to arms. He had taken part in the 3rd Crusade, twenty years earlier - leading his people through the Alps to Moslem arrows, dysentery, English ridicule and retreat. He again rallied his people behind a 4th Crusade some years after despite his better judgment, and only to have the Pope smite his marriage –and the woman he loved - as void in return.

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<sup>1</sup>Magical transformations did not at this date involve animated birds or fairy dust spiraling upwards around a flushing and arms spread subject, nor was there the added whimsy of a Danny Elfman track. Magical transformations were, as such, not very magical.



King Philip II of France was taking a break from crusades against Moslems to crusade against Britons. He wanted to reclaim dirty and known Normandy before shiny-lost Jerusalem. He wanted to ignore the Pope and listen to himself instead.

King Philip II didn't concern himself with hermits and children, popes or letters from Jesus anymore. He wanted only to live in his royal court and to never bleed out his asshole again.

Stephen could not understand.

The many children who stopped to listen to the boy speak could not understand either. They began to spread his words to other children, and in other communes.

Stephen would stand outside the abbey with his letter at his side, sometimes outstretched to show off the seal, sometimes unfolded and raised high above his head. Kids enjoyed the elegance of his oration, his impassioned glare and effeminate stance.

"God was going to part the sea and lay down enemy swords before them. Their innocence was going to lead the way."

Stephen of Cloyes and his minor prophets spent a month spreading their gospel and gathering their Children's Crusade. In late June they met in Vendôme and traveled south towards Marseilles and the Mediterranean Sea. Among them were young priests and girls; farmhands, bards and out-of-work labourers... orphans, runaways and allowed-by-mom-and-dads.

As they marched from village to village, people of all ages would stop to line their windowsills, porches and roads. Crusades had been passing through many of these towns off and on for the past four generations. People wanted to admire the beauty and character of the crusaders even when they wanted to scream and hit them too.

The kids marched for days and weeks. Skipping, singing, getting stomach aches, talking a lot of kid bullshit, thinking about God, thinking about the Holy Land, Stephen, how very hot it was getting, whether so-and-so liked them, wolves, illiteracy, baguettes, grapes, whether or not Henry was a heretic for never ever wearing pants so that everyone can see his balls, serfdom, how lamp stands are made, apples, gold, et cetera et cetera...

Many of the crusaders were beginning to get discouraged when they finally arrived in Marseilles. Some children got too hungry, sick or bored and decided to return home. Others died. Those still in wait were kindly set up with lodging by the locals in town.

After a long night of revelry, the group met Stephen by the waterfront the next morning...

He stood and faced everyone while the dark blue waves crashed behind him. A lot of congratulatory things were said. He would occasionally hold up his letter for them to see and remember. Sometimes he would pause for long periods to flail his arms or throw before starting into a new round of it. He would turn and glance at the Mediterranean every seventh word while looking petrified.

The sea would not part.

More children left, feeling betrayed.

After a few days of the waters not parting as Stephen had promised would happen, a pair of men approached the kids willing to provide boats without charge, so they could safely pass through to complete their mission.

The men were named William the Pig and Hugh the Iron.

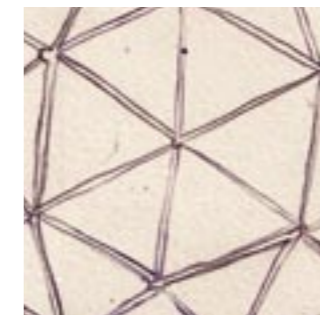
After much deliberation, Stephen and his minor prophets agreed... and the Children Crusaders were crusaders again! They boarded several worthy sea vessels and were off...

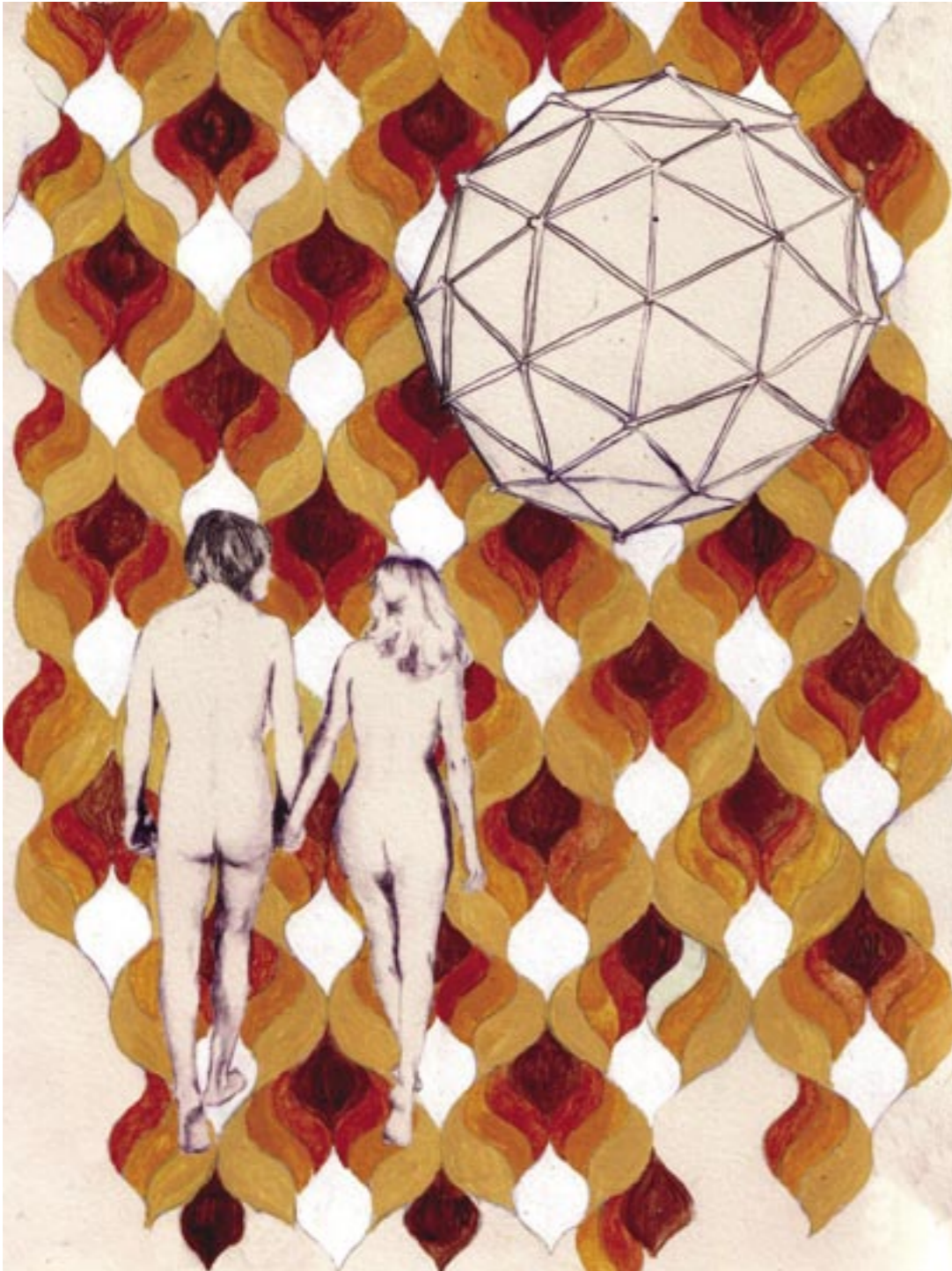
But, instead of destroying Moslem armies by the grace of their innocent faces in the Holy Land...

They all got sold into slavery. (And some were shipwrecked and drowned).

(WHEN YOU  
WAKE) **YOU'RE**  
**STILL**  
**IN A DREAM**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSICA LUCAS





STILL

IN A DREAM





## HANDS SOFT AS CHINESE SILK

BY KIRK HERON

*It's the carrying of the cinder blocks up levels and levels of scaffolding that I remember the most. Nowadays, it seems like I'm captaining an empty ship in search of a port, dwelling on my idea that the glorious days of adventurers' sailing from port to port happened sometime in the 1500's and now they are long gone. I can always make excuses for why I'm not living the life that I want to be living, but that's another story for another time. As much as I do wish I were a pirate captain during whatever times those seafaring slugs did what they did, I'm not, and there is no real way that I can be. I would have to worry about international sea borders and other sorts of political boundaries that are well beyond my current knowledge and research abilities. At least (and of greatest importance, as far as I'm concerned) my crew of well-dressed seamen would have the highest of morale on the seven seas. >*



All fantasies aside, if right now I had to choose anything to be the equivalent of an anchor in my aimless and empty boat, it would be those cinder blocks that my dad insisted I carry up those many levels of scaffolding on those overheated summer days. The most impressive thing about the old man is his ability to trudge on and on, whether he wants to be working or not. He'll complain about the work, yes, but he would have to be very ill to justify missing a day, and even though he looks like an old sack of potatoes in the morning he plods on dutifully.

My hands are as soft as Chinese silk. While holding my hand for the first time, rather than wooing me with a look of longing and passion, women usually ask, "You haven't worked a day in your life, have you?" I try to explain to them that I've done hard labour in the masonry business, but my last few years of sitting in front of a computer have diminished any proof of it. Whether the harlots buy the story or not is a question I'd rather not ask. Also, for the record: I actually did do some masonry work for my dad during my teenage years and early twenties and I hated every minute of it. Every god-damned minute of it!

I suppose hatred is produced via a sustentation of strong and passionate thought. While being completely obvious, this statement is important to me now as I remember dwelling so intensely on the idea that I hated working with my father even more than I currently hate Drew Carey. Drew Carey is horrible and I wish I had the space to express my opinion on him, but I don't right now. Mr. Carey, however, achieved something with his life. And whether his achievement will be detrimental to society or not is irrelevant, as he seems to be enjoying himself in one way or another. So, daydreaming of Drew Carey's success and having nightmares of my meaningless meandering has placed me in a state of self-reflection.

As a result of my full-fledged, deep-rooted, fully ingrained hatred for manual labour, I am now questioning why I hate it and whether or not I wish that I didn't. I often feel guilty when I think about my father and his responsibility to work in support of his family, and although these guilty feelings are typically fleeting, they occur regularly enough for me to take note and wonder why I actually feel them.

Dad and I both enjoy Star Trek more than we should. While he prefers Kirk, I prefer Picard, but trivial details like these are simply generational. There are other, more important generational differences that are so difficult for either of us to understand. Dad's hands actually feel like the surface of a cinder block. I imagine silk draped over a cinder block may have the potential to make a small amount of money on the modern art circuit, but it doesn't feel right when two hands are shaking and each of them sport polar textures. There's no resolution to my problem, really, because I do despise schedules, working, waking up, responsibility, and most especially: Duty. However, inspiration runs deep like those giant lakes beneath the earth, and I, like a water-studying scientist sometimes feel compelled to think about and feel encouraged by the types of things that are forgotten but vital.

**This lonely sentence is dedicated to the master of comedy, Mr. Drew Carey, who has unknowingly greased the cogs of adulthood within this rusty young man.**



## DESCRIBING SPACE



PHOTOGRAPHY AND WRITING BY MARYANNE CASASANTA

Many artists have encountered conceptual ideas of space through film, video, performance and photography. They have overlooked literal definitions and disregarded the laws of form, leaving us instead, with an essence. A variety of artistic studies consider space as an organic principle that extends past traditional representation. Buildings are reinterpreted through personal characterization and structural elements are given associative value.

Time-based media turns the subject onto itself. The space is the plot. This additional aesthetic experience supplies the intuitive relationship between time and space. Photography isolates an experience of time. Film is a past time format, a suggested history, while video is accessible and present. In performance, the body is the agency that materializes the art. These ephemeral qualities gently provoke an illogical awareness of the connection to our own surroundings. The visual language engages a visceral understanding of the time/ space paradigm.

Walter Benjamin underlined in his essay, *The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*, an urge to bring things “closer” together, spatially and humanly. Works that dismiss our spatial expectations, activates our senses and releases intellectual analysis softens the distinction between the body and architecture. The expression is in the movement of bodies in space, physically, emotionally and culturally.

**“One could see only the lighted eyes of the building.”**  
*Anais Nin, Cities of the Interior*



**Corner, 1976**  
*Ryszard Wasko*

Video- performance and installation of the artist attempting to align a TV monitor with the corner of a room by direct transmission. Simultaneously explores the relationship between real space and represented space.

**Splitting: Four Corners, 1974**  
*Gordon Matta Clark*

This film documents the artist effectively splitting a home down the middle in Englewood, New Jersey. The operation allowed light to leak into the home through the incision, confusing boundaries between inside and outside, sculpture and architecture.

**How to be Inside and Outside at the Same Time, 2005**  
*Jan Family*

Performative document of the artist considering a simple action that relates their body to their immediate environment. She is seated in the windowsill, her upper body is outside the window, while her legs are in the interior of the building. The window becomes a form of communication that is transformed as an emotional metaphor.



*lips like sugar*



STYLING AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY RIZIE ROCULAN



*you'll flow down the river*







*and you'll give her*

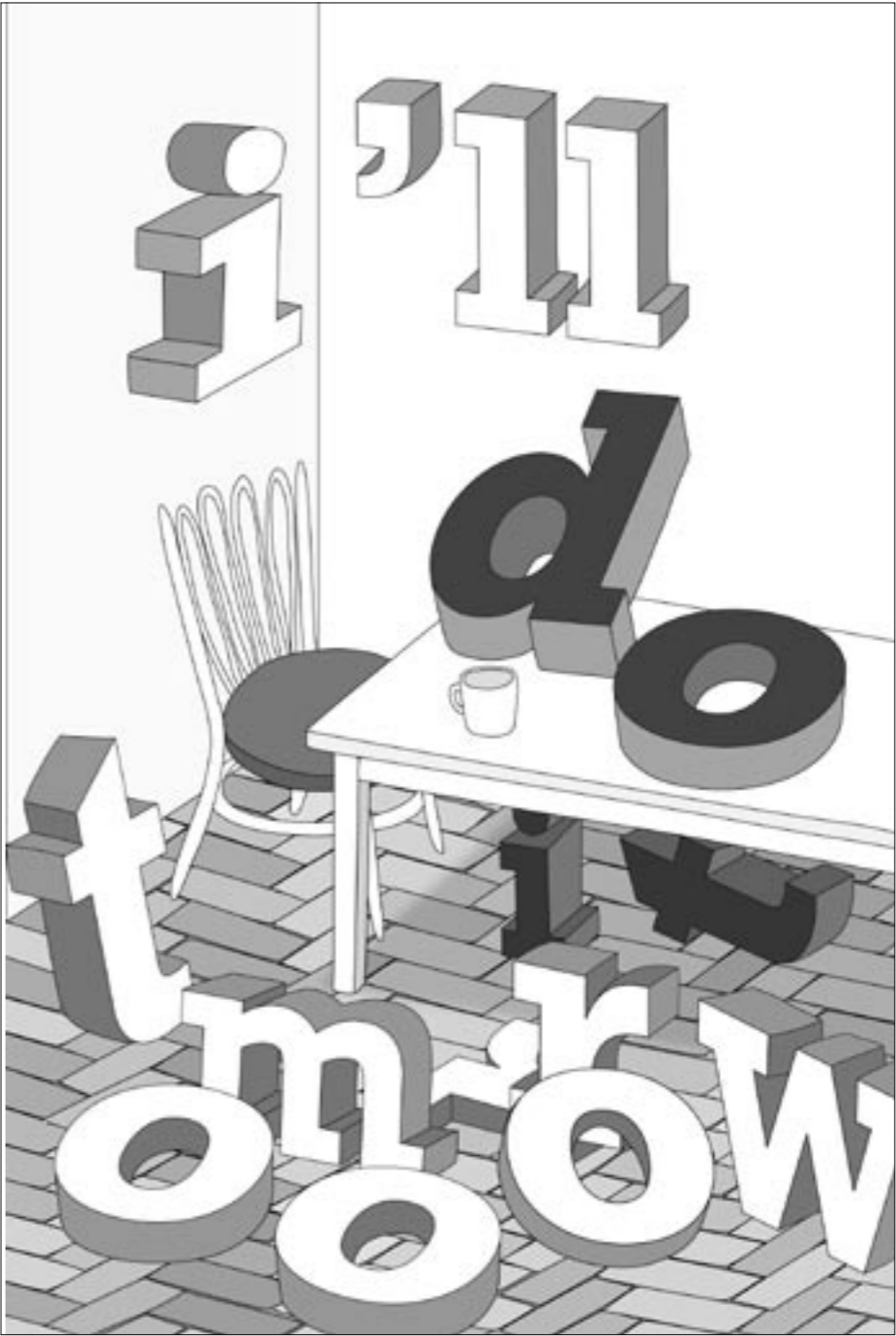
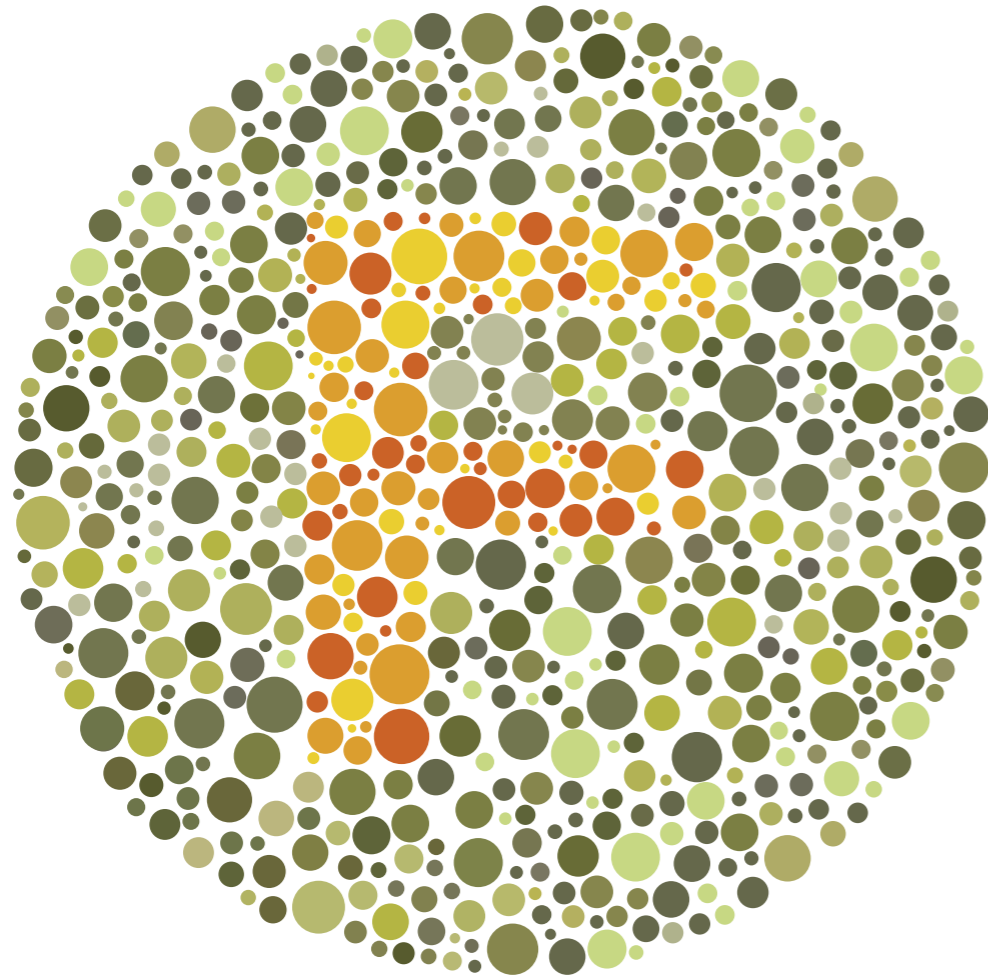


ILLUSTRATION BY DEBBIE CHAN





## Food for the Colour-Blind

BY MELISSA DASILVA AND JOEL MACMILLAN

*Deciding on a concept for this magazine article was a task that turned out to be much more difficult than we had anticipated.* Our original idea was to make a traditional English dinner; roast beef, potatoes and Yorkshire pudding. As we were finalizing the menu we realized how lackluster that would be. Not only had every lousy TV chef already mastered it but, without being creative with plating it's a meal that is visually unappealing. The idea of eating with your eyes, as much as you do your mouth, really interested us. We thought we'd really fuck with everyone and purposefully make an entire meal taking away the visual cues that people associate with their food. We tried to eliminate sight from the experience of eating, in retrospect we could have just blindfolded the eater, but where's the challenge in that? So we did the next best thing and took away colour. No vibrant green salad, blood red meat or rich brown chocolate cake. As funny as it would have been to do our own take on the clear Pepsi/ SNL clear gravy idea, we decided to go with a monochromatic theme instead, and everything would be beige... also we actually wanted this to taste good... not only good, but amazing. We weren't going to stop at taste, it would smell, feel and sound amazing too. And so this is the concept. We made a meal void of the vibrant array of colours that make food so interesting and appealing and focused more on the taste, smell and texture of the food. We decided to keep the menu simple in an attempt to minimize visual impact; we made soup to start, chicken and potatoes with salad as the main and cookies for dessert.

The creamy pear and parsnip soup, that despite being super easy to make and having only a handful of ingredients, really worked. The sweet aroma of the soup filled the entire room and the flavour hit almost all taste components, it was sweet, salty, bitter and spicy. Making a salad with no colour was a bit more difficult. Cauliflower offered a great texture, blanched only slightly it maintained some crunch. Unlike most green salads, that often get slimy if not eaten immediately, and wilt when served with hot food, the cauliflower held up well with the dressing and



thinly sliced, marinated fennel which added a fresh flavour. The acidity of the dressing worked perfectly to cut through the richness of the rest of the meal. We didn't have much trouble choosing a beige starch. We went with potatoes and to emphasize the texture, we chose to mash and pan fry them. The potatoes had a light crust and an extremely rich, smooth and creamy centre and just melted away in your mouth. Chicken as the obvious choice for a white meat. We decided to cook it in a blanket of coarse salt, so that when it came out of the oven there was really no telling what could be hidden under the thick salt crust. This method also ensured that the chicken, when cooked, would appear and taste completely chicken-like. We served just meat, no sauce, no garnish, just delicious moist chicken, the flavour only brought out more by the lemon and thyme and of course the salt. We finished the meal with a simple shortbread cookie that tasted surprising good when dipped in the pear and parsnip soup. All in all the meal was delicious, despite being visually unappealing in the traditional sense.

### CAULIFLOWER AND FENNEL SALAD

1 cauliflower  
1/2 fennel bulb  
1/2 lemon, juice  
1/4 cup apple cider vinegar  
1/2 cup olive oil  
salt and cayenne pepper to taste

Bring a pot of water to a boil and add chopped cauliflower until they're cooked half way through. Refresh them in cold water and drain. Slice fennel bulb as thin as possible. Whisk together lemon juice, vinegar, oil at room temperature and then season as needed. In a bowl toss all ingredients together, cover and reserve in fridge until time to eat.

### PEAR AND PARSNIP SOUP

2 bosc pears  
4 parsnips  
2 cups chicken stock  
1/2 cup heavy cream  
1 onion  
4 cloves garlic  
1 tsp cayenne pepper  
2 cups water  
salt and pepper to taste

Peel and core pears and parsnip, cut into 1 inch pieces and toss with olive oil, salt and pepper and roast in 400 degree oven until soft. Sauté chopped onion and garlic, add roasted pears and parsnips. Add stock and water (should cover vegetables) bring to boil. Puree until smooth, add cream. season with cayenne, salt and pepper.

### FRIED MASHED POTATO

1 kg yukon gold potato  
3 cloves garlic  
20 g unsalted butter  
1/4 tsp nutmeg  
olive oil  
salt and crushed pepper to taste

Peel potatoes and chop, then place them and the garlic into a pot of heavily salted cold water and bring to a boil. Once you can easily insert a knife into the potatoes, drain water from the pot and turn up the heat and quickly reduce any liquid left in pot until its gone to dry the mixture. In a food processor combine the garlic potato mixture, butter and nutmeg, puree all ingredients and then season as needed. Once mixture has cooled, fill a piping bag with the potatoes using a #6 circular tip. Heat olive oil in a saute pan and carefully pipe mixture into any desired form. Lightly brown on both sides and serve.

### SALT CRUSTED CHICKEN

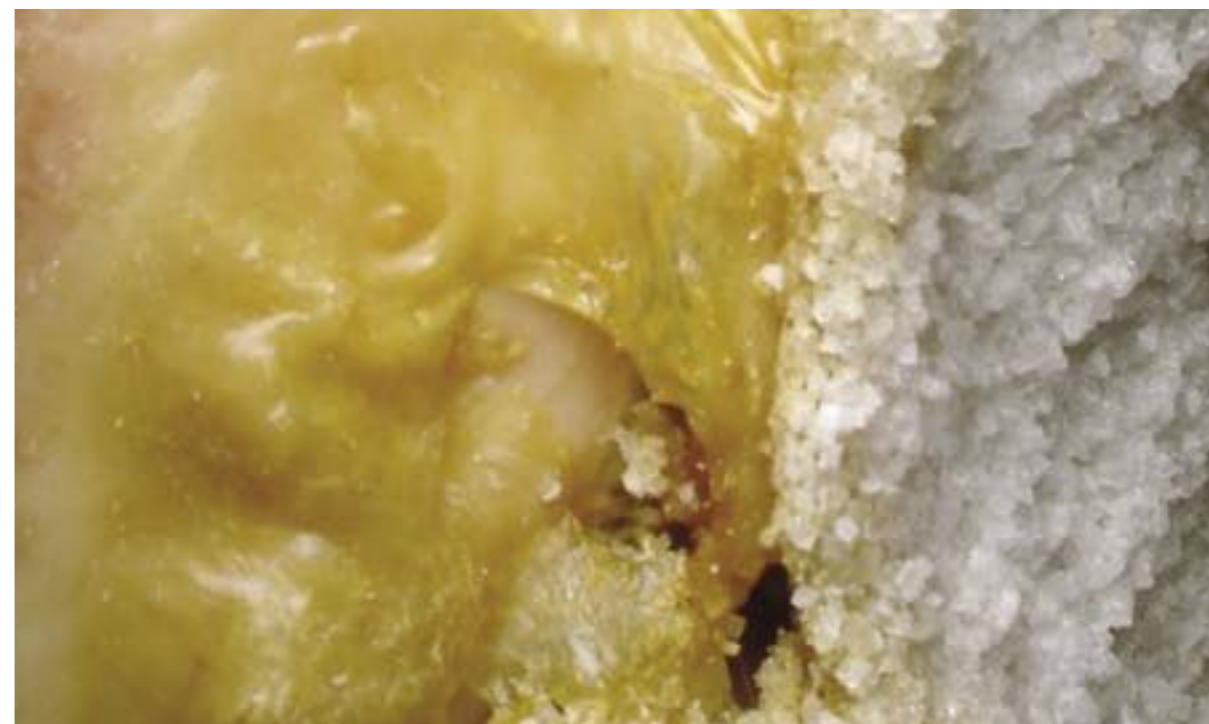
1 chicken with skin intact  
3 kg course salt  
1 lemon  
1/2 onion, thyme

Stuff chicken with lemon wedges, chopped onion and thyme. Sew all openings with butcher string. Pour salt on the bottom of a deep roasting tray place chicken on salt bed and cover the rest of the chicken with salt. make sure that there is at least a one inch layer of salt around the entire chicken. Put in 400 degree oven for 2 hours. Remove from oven, crack salt crust, remove excess salt before cutting into the chicken and serve.

### NANNY'S SHORTBREAD

1 cup whipped unsalted butter  
1 cup flour  
1/4 tsp salt  
1/2 cup corn starch  
1/2 cup icing sugar  
1/2 cup vanilla

Preheat oven to 320 F. Whip butter by hand or mixer at room temperature, then add vanilla. Slowly fold dry ingredients into butter. Roll batter into small balls and place onto a greased cookie sheet. Press balls down and cook for 15 minutes until sides begin to brown.



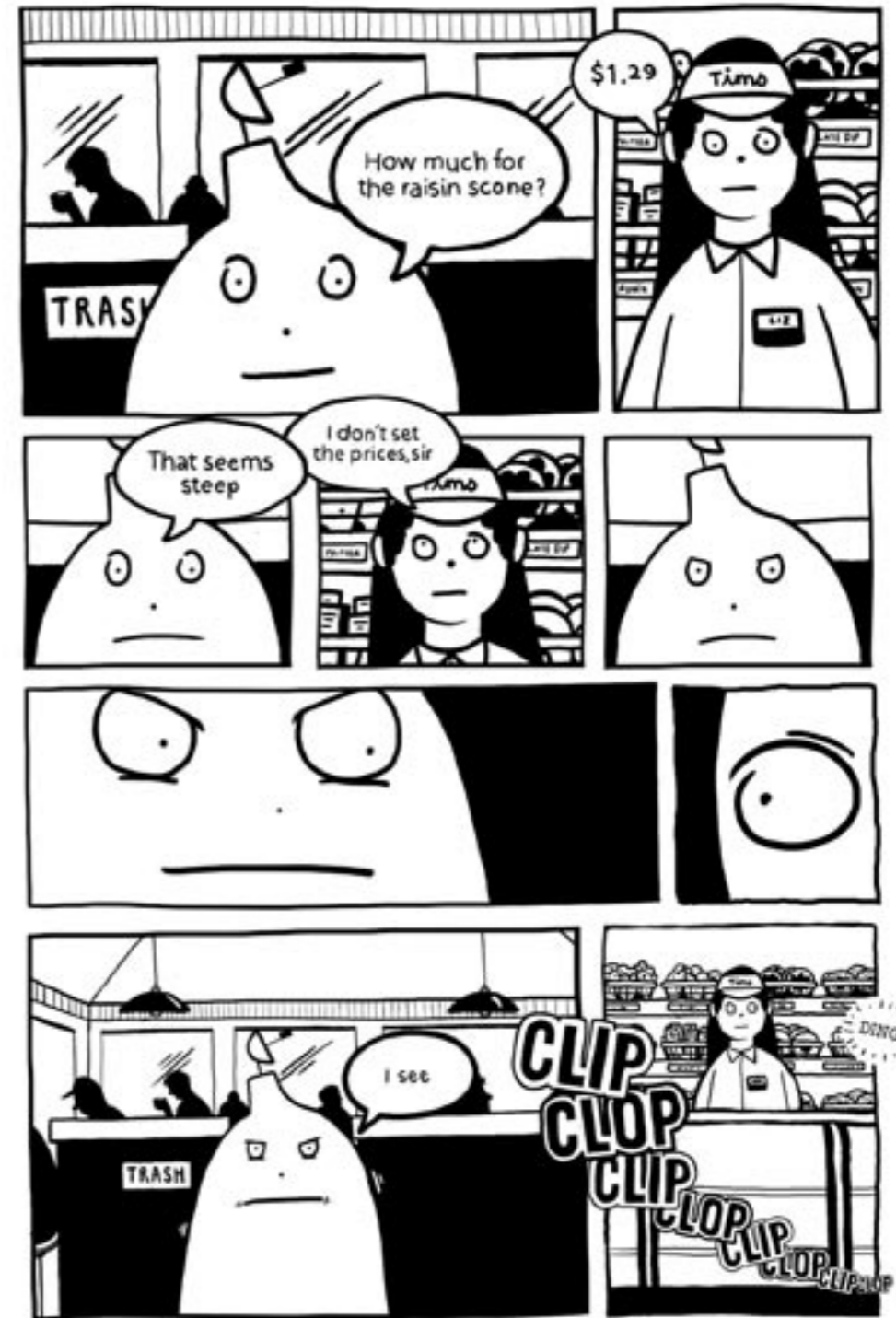
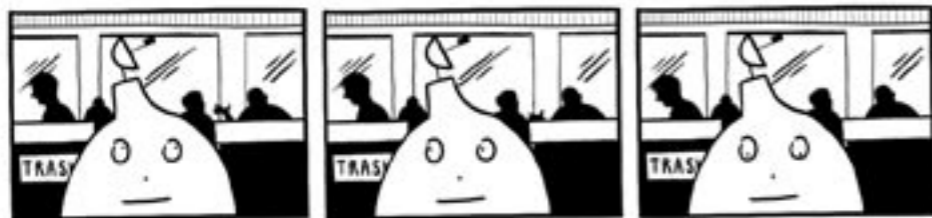
Street Signage:

**North West**



# STUFFY NOOGIES

BY EGGNOG



To be continued...



It may even come down to this no less!

## Trade in that old first aid kit for a roll of duct tape

By Leah Boucher Special to The Pinnacle

Do-it-yourselfers have known for years about the versatility of duct tape. Cultural icons such as Red Green and Tim “the Tool Man” Taylor helped catapult duct tape into superstar sticky status. A recent study released by the North Bay Medical Journal suggests that using duct tape in lieu of traditional first aid tools is actually more effective, economical and environmentally friendly. Some of the more controversial findings have many in the medical community up in arms.

You may have already heard of using duct tape to remove warts but the study titled “Stick it to the Kit” states that embarrassing visits to the doctor’s office for venereal warts can be avoided by applying duct tape to the wart for 4 to 5 days, depriving it of oxygen and ultimately suffocating the wart. “This study is reckless,” says Dr. Martin Skypek of the Public Health’s Sexual Health Clinic. “Depriving your genitals of oxygen whether for the purpose of wart removal or simply for fun can be dangerous and addictive. Ever hold your breath and get dizzy? Just think about it.”

The study further describes a test group of 20 obese men suffering from constipation.

When asked put duct tape over their anuses for 6 hours, and then have someone quickly remove the tape, a sudden pain is created that was so great that it helped 80% of the men relieve themselves immediately while another 14% had a bowel movement within an hour. It further states that this is a more cost effective solution than purchasing laxatives, fiber supplements, or just eating healthier.

“I cannot believe that this study has been published”, says Lila Stevenson, an owner of an all natural foods store. “This worries me dearly. With all the duct tape fanatics out there, for someone to cross over duct tapes’ uses to health-related solutions frightens me because you know people will try it.”

It is not known who funded this study and at the time of this publication the editor of the North Bay Medical Journal could not be reached for comment. We did find out however that 3M is helping to finance the new North Bay Medical Center set for completion in 2009.