

MONDO ARTIE

EPISODE #6070

"The Sleuth Lips Report"

by
Glenn Lewis

NARRATOR: Ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to Mondo Artie,
Episode #6070, The Sleuth Lips Report. It is a story of high adventure
and low jokes, disguised identities and surprising turns, the ridding
of art, er , um, the unravelling of the riddle of art. This is the true story.
It is morning, 1979. We are in the hotel room of FBI agent, Lieutenant
I.P. Grant, known as 'Sleuth Lips' to his buddies. Sleuth Lips is lying
In bed, half awake. He's dreaming of his FBI training,
except the instructor is wearing a shark fin bathing cap. He's bothered
by this. It doesn't make any sense.

LTS: Light over Narrator
whenever he's speaking
and off when he's not

LTS: Spotlight comes on S.L.2
in bed, stays on when
SL is speaking or when
SL2 has an action

SLEUTH LIPS 2 turns over without opening his eyes.

RADIO ANNOUNCER: In England today, it was disclosed that

Anthony Blunt, Keeper of the Queen's Pictures, has been a Soviet
spy for over 30 years. Buckingham Palace has declined comment.

And now the weather. Temperatures are normal for the middle

of November. South Coast: wind warning. High 10 degrees, low 5

SD: Fade in Radio Announcer
LTS: spotlight on radio announcer
and off when finished,

SD : Fade out Radio Announcer

SLEUTH LIPS 2: suddenly sits bolt upright in the bed, eyes open. SD: Fade up music Daphne & Chloe

SLEUTH LIPS: That's it! There must be a connection. The brother of SD: Fade down music. Keep music low when actors are speaking, continuing throughout

Art Rat was called Mr. Blunt and he was a radio announcer. It must

be a huge international art conspiracy. I must remember it all, think back.

SLEUTH LIPS 2: He flops back on the bed, closes his eyes and drifts off.

NARRATOR: Now Sleuth Lips seems to have drifted into the Intermedia

building on Beatty Street in Vancouver. It is afternoon in 1968.

SLEUTH LIPS: (to himself) This is just the place to look for draft dodgers.

NARRATOR: He enters the building, peers around suspiciously, a bit taken FX: door closes

aback at some of the strange-looking sculptures and electronic 'things'.

FX: footsteps

He carefully walks through this maze-like environment without seeing anyone,

finally coming to a stairway. At the top is a door which he opens, emerging FX: door opening

into a very large open, white space. There are a number of people standing there.

SLEUTH LIPS: Hello, My name is Ian Grant. I'm looking for a relative of mine,

Byron Black. He's a film maker, an American. I thought you might know him?

HELEN GOODWIN: Yes, I am Helen Goodwin and this is Gary Lee-Nova

LTS: spotlight on Helen Goodwin and off when finished. Spotlight all actors when speaking and off when finished, continuing throughout

or Art Rat and this is Gathie Falk and Glenn Lewis. I haven't come across

him but there are lots of artists that come to our performances. Maybe he'll

attend. If you came to some of our performances you might see him there.

SLEUTH LIPS: I don't know anything about performance. Could you fill me in?

3.

HELEN GOODWIN: Well, lets see. In Vancouver, the Festival of Contemporary

Arts at UBC, started in 1961 and every year since. I'll do something there this year as well. The first Festivals had dance works and a lot of poetry but none

of it had come together into what could be called performance art. In 1965

Ian Baxter probably did the first performance work at the Festival. It was called

Beauty Through Destruction and Disintegration which melted two tonnes of ice

FX: water sounds

by flame, air and rain. At the same time, a number of us, Sam Perry, Al Neil,

Gary here and others did our performances of dance, music and film together

This was the spark for Intermedia and performance works. Along with Ian, Arthur

Erickson, Abe Rogatnik and Tak Tanabe, I organized the Medium Is the Message,

a multisensory public environment at the same Festival, all based in McLuan

of course. In 1966 at UBC Ian Baxter was wrapped in clear plastic inside a four

room apartment where everything was wrapped up in clear plastic. He was a bagged

man in a bagged place - the ultimate consumer environment. In 67, last year, Michael

Morris did the Beach Party Swim In at the Douglas Gallery which was lined with plastic

FX: wave sounds

and flooded. Hot dogs and cokes were served while life guards gave sun tan lotion

FX
SD: surfing music

massages, accompanied by surfing music and slides of beach parties. It made me

confront pop culture. Are you any wiser now about performance art from what I have told you?

SLEUTH LIPS: Yes... I think I can get a feel for it now. Thanks. They do seem to be

about simple things, don't they? When can I see some of your performances?

GATHIE FALK: Actually you'll be able to see some performances at the Intermedia

Nights show at the Vancouver Art Gallery soon. Glenn and I are doing pieces.

SLEUTH LIPS: Great, I'll come. I'd like to take a photo of you all. (to himself) Glenn

Lewis has a remarkable resemblance to Adolf Hitler. There's something fishy going on.

SLEUTH LIPS takes a camera out of his pocket and snaps a couple of photos.

NARRATOR: Sleuth Lips has entered the Vancouver Art Gallery

It's an evening in 1968. He watches several performances, including

'Skipping Rope' by Gathie Falk and 'Flour Piece' by Glenn Lewis

FX: skipping rope sounds

SLEUTH LIPS: That was quite dusty. It can't be too good for you if you do it often.

GLENN LEWIS: I've only done it a couple of times. I like the cloud it makes. Then I do

my introspective circular raking ritual. I don't think it's particularly entertaining

but probably could be fascinating.

FX: end skipping rope

NARRATOR: Sleuth Lips is now at the Douglas Gallery in Vancouver,

Morning, 1969, talking to Gathie Falk about the performance she is about to do.

SLEUTH LIPS: Why would anyone want to throw eggs at you?

GATHIE FALK: They probably can't resist it. For me it's like driving through a

heavy egg storm. Eggs and shoes are staples in my store of art images,

but I also like to create sets or props which are like sculptures in

themselves that I use in some of my performances. These props are

pretty ordinary too, the sort of stuff you might find in a thrift store.

SLEUTH LIPS: Is there some connection between the food in the various

performances - eggs in yours, flour in the Glenn Lewis work

and then there's the Ed Varney Kitchen Piece. What's cooking?

GATHIE FALK: Well, it's probably because art is close to life and these foods are

familiar and easy to work with, like colouring with wax crayons. But we're also

getting ready to do performances for the Pierre Trudeau Fund Raising Dinner.

SLEUTH LIPS: Are you talking about the Prime Minister of Canada?

GATHIE FALK: Yes, of course. By the way, did you find your American relative?

SLEUTH LIPS: No, I didn't. Excuse me, I have to go now.

SPECTATORS: throw eggs at Gathie Falk who has goggles on.

LTS: spotlight on Falk

NARRATOR: Sleuth Lips has returned to his hotel room. He's phoning his

Washington headquarters.

FX: dialing

SLEUTH LIPS: Yes, I know I am looking for draft dodgers, even if I haven't

found any. But I have uncovered some sort of plot, I think. There

may be some sort of conspiracy against the Prime Minister of Canada

and has something to do with food or signaled by food. Ha ha!

Oh, that's good, you think he might get egg on his face. Ha ha...

I know you won't believe this, but that is exactly what I think

may happen..... Un huh, o.k. I'll get back to looking for draft dodgers.

FX: hang up phone

GATHIE FALK: exit egg throwing

GLENN LEWIS & MICHAEL MORRIS: tie up part of audience with blue tape.

LTS: Falk spotlight off

NARRATOR: Sleuth Lips now finds himself on the steps outside the

Vancouver Art Gallery on a sunny afternoon in 1970. About 20 art

critics are standing on the steps of the Art Gallery. Marcel Idea

and Flakey Rose Hip are winding blue flagging tape around them all.

FX: background sound of critics
discussing, art jargon

The critics are standing, talking to each other as if nothing was going on.

Photos are being taken. Sleuth Lips is talking to the photographer.

FX: photo snapping

SLEUTH LIPS: What is going on?

PHOTOGRAPHER: It's the 1970 meeting of the International Art Critics

Association. The artists are showing that criticism is limited, that it is a function
of the art itself.

SLEUTH LIPS: Excuse me, are you Marcel Idea? Hi, I'm interested in the
performance. Could you tell me what this is about.

MARCEL IDEA: Well, it's akin to the red tape of government or institutions.

This is the blue tape of the art world, only the artists have reversed it in
this case and tied up the art critics. They are part of the art world but
they have become tied up in their own criticism, their own world
which is not the same as the artists' world. The critics are forever
tied to Winkelman and his gaze whereas the artists are looking in
another direction. Also this kind of event generates real news coverage
and gives it added authenticity that far surpasses the best critical reactions.

FX: finish photo snapping and
art jargon

GLENN LEWIS & MICHAEL MORRIS 2: finish taping audience, exit

NARRATOR: Sleuth Lips makes notes on all this. Now Sleuth Lips is

sliding into an evening in 1971 at the Vancouver Art Gallery. Tom Graff

is performing 'Portable Vermeer'. He's in a period costume, reading

about the history of tulips and someone is bringing in cut-out wooden

tulips and placing them on the silver and white floor tiles. Sleuth Lips is

watching. He consults his notebook studiously, a look of surprised

pleasure dawning. The page is entitled: 'Draft Dodgers', and in the

list of names is 'Tom Graff'. Sleuth Lips writes, 'in 17th Century Dutch

FX: pen scribbling

disguise', beside the name. Oh.....now Sleuth Lips is fading and reappearing

on the Vancouver Court House Steps on Georgia Street in the afternoon,

FX: whooshing sound

- He sees a huge, knitted, sock-like thing. The Evelyn Roth Moving

Sculpture Company is snaking along Georgia Street. The Company is

humping up the Courthouse steps curling around Tom Graff who

is singing an aria. The coil gives a breath-like heave and Tom Graff

disappears before his eyes. Sleuth Lips rushes up to arrest Tom Graff

but the Company uncoils and knocks Sleuth Lips over, moving off

quite quickly, flowing down the street.

~~SD~~ FX: 3 note aria sound
FX: whoosing continues,

FX: bump, uuumph

FX: whooshing fades

SLEUTH LIPS : (rubbing his head) Oh, I was so close. I must be dreaming.

FX: rubbing head

NARRATOR: It's now 1973. Sleuth Lips enters the Vancouver Art Gallery.

ANNA BANANA 2: enters, takes photos of spectators holding Mona mask.

NARRATOR: He encounters a reproduction of the Mona Lisa with the face

cut out and a bubble sign stating, 'Face Up to the Mona Banana Smile Test..

Have Your Picture Taken'. Visitors are having polaroids taken of their

smiling faces in the missing face of the Mona Lisa.

ANNA BANANA: Say fromaggio. Great! The polaroid will be ready in

FX: photo snap

a minute. Here's your Degree of Bananology. I'll just write your name in....

FX: pen scibbling

Are you next?

SLEUTH LIPS: No, no, I'm fine. I don't need to smile thank you. No photos

please. I already have a degree.

ANNA BANANA: Really! What's your degree in?

SLEUTH LIPS: Oh! Um...Criminology.

ANNA BANANA: That's a perfect match. You have to get your Degree in

Bananology now to go with your Criminology.

SLEUTH LIPS: No, no really, I can't.....

ANNA BANANA 2: exits with Mona mask

NARRATOR: Sleuth Lips quickly escapes out of the gallery.... And now

FX: quickly retreating
footsteps

he's reappeared at the Vancouver Aquatic Centre, It's evening, 1973.

The New York Corres Sponge Dance School of Vancouver is swimming

FX: splashing

in shark fin bathing caps. Sleuth Lips is swimming around the pool, trying

to listen to what Lady Brute and Flakey Rrose Hip are discussing

while they are doing the Ester Williams stroke and sculling.

FLAKEY: What kind of backstroke did she do?

LADY BRUTE: I don't know, she just smiled a lot while swimming.

She probably smiled underwater too.

SLEUTH LIPS : Agggg, there's something nibbling at my toes.

FX: splashing finished

NARRATOR: Sleuth Lips quickly gets out of the pool.... He now finds

himself outside the Vancouver Art Gallery on Georgia Street in cloudy

FX: city sounds, cars

conditions in the afternoon, 1974. The B.C. Open Art Race is taking

place with contestants: Anna Banana, Mr.Peanut, Dr.Brute, Lady Brute,

the HPSedan Bottle, Dadaland, Art Rat, Mr. Candyman and Mr. Potato

with Hitler, presiding as the judge. Sleuth Lips is watching from the sidelines.

HITLER: Ya, das iss der wreal master race. Neine iss der performann art crapen!

Ve must guarden against alase neue art und shake und bake. Vere

iss der glockerspeil, der rhinemaidens, und der vienerschnitchel?

Vere habe all der Ludwigs gone? I vant der grossen painting und

der hero sculpture, der valse, der barbershoppen quarteten und der

Blue Nun. Himmel! Anna Bananen iss der vinner. Gotunddamerung,

FX: crowd cheers

I bet der zwei marks on Herr Doktor Brute, Das fraulein slippen in da

first placen... Das iss vunderbar Frau Bananen. Du hab vun der master race.

NARRATOR: Hitler presents Anna Banana with the first place ribbon.

SLEUTH LIPS: (quietly to himself) I knew it, I knew he looked like Hitler.

Is there a Mr. Rrose Hip? Which is the disguise?

FX: city sounds finish

NARRATOR: Oops, here's Sleuth Lips on the Vancouver City Hall steps

FX: new city sounds

On a cool, sunny afternoon in 1974

JOHN MITCHELL: I urge you to vote for Mr. Peanut for Mayor.
Vote for a clean slate, a blank canvas.

DR. BRUTE: poses with leopard skin saxophone

NARRATOR: Mr. Peanut does a little tap dance, Dr. Brute and

his band are playing leopard skin saxophones and

the Peanettes are singing, "Peanuts From Heaven".

SD: song Peanuts from...

SLEUTH LIPS: Mr. Peanut, do you expect to become Mayor?

JOHN MITCHELL: He doesn't speak for himself, I do the talking,

I'm his campaign manager, John Mitchell. He won't become

the Mayor. It exists on many levels but he's running

successfully to prove that politics and news media are an art form.

FX

~~SD~~: Peanuts song finish

FX: new city sounds finish

NARRATOR: Now here's Sleuth Lips at the mudflats in North

Vancouver on a sunny afternoon in 1974.

FX: bird sounds

LADY BRUTE: Look out, get out of the way!

NARRATOR: Sleuth Lips moves away quickly. Lady Brute is in a

leopard skin outfit with wings made of large cut-out hands, hanging

from a cable, high up on the drydock .

LADY BRUTE: (as she hurtles down on the cable) Aggggggrh!

FX: whoosh sound

NARRATOR: Lady Brute has flown down on the cable. HP

help her off the cable at the bottom.

SLEUTH LIPS: That was breathtaking! Why are you dressed

in a leopard skin outfit? And why do you have hands for wings?

LADY BRUTE: All I wear is leopard skin clothes. The wings are
the hands of the spirit. You know, the spirit soars. I'm testing them.

SLEUTH LIPS: Really, That's very interesting. Goodbye and thank you.

I saw her before. Right.... she was swimming, now she's flying.

She lied. She wears shark fin bathing caps too. And nows she's
wearing wings. Testing hands for wings? Secret testing eh.

NARRATOR: The scene fades and Sleuth Lips now sees himself in the
Western Front auditorium. It's evening, 1975. He's at the Amy Vanderbilt

FX: bird sounds end

FX: party sounds

Valentine Ball. The Vignettes are debutantes, singing, and Amy is sitting in
an armchair. Her face is obscured by a hat which looks like a large lamp shade.

SLEUTH LIPS: Excuse me Miss Vanderbilt, but....

AMY VANDERBILT: Go away, can't you see I am suffering with a

broken ankle. Oh, it's the death of etiquette, the death of etiquette.

SLEUTH LIPS: (moving away) Is she really Amy. She had a mysterious death.

Suicide from a second floor window or was she pushed? This Amy has a

broken ankle, broken jumping out the window? She looks like Glenn Lewis.

Could that be?

FX: party sounds finish

NARRATOR: Sleuth Lips finds himself still at the Western Front office but it is
morning and 1976. He's peeking through the spyhole into the Western Front
auditorium. He watches Michael Morris, Vincent Trasov, Glenn Lewis, Dr. Brute
and Lady Brute (the staff) seating themselves around a table. While getting himself

comfortable for the meeting, Michael Morris accidentally kicks a sleeping shape that is
under the table.

AL NEIL: That's right! Kick a man while he's down!

MICHAEL MORRIS: Oh God! It's Al Neil again! He's all wrapped up in the piano cover!

NARRATOR: Al Neil rolls around, pinching toes and grabbing ankles.

FX: rustle, bump, crash

STAFF : Aahh.. oohh... eeeh.. ooh..ahh, etc

NARRATOR: It's fairly confused as the staff move away from

the table. Al Neil rolls out from the table and the piano cover, jumps

up , runs over to the piano and starts to play. The staff troop back to

the table and continue their meeting. Sleuth Lips decides he's not

going to get any further clues or leads. He leaves..... It's now the

evening of June 1, 1976. Sleuth Lips is in his Vancouver hotel room,

sitting at a desk. He dreams he turns on the radio, to the Co-op

station. He listens carefully, taking notes.

~~SD~~ FX

: Al Neil piano music,

~~SD~~ FX

: piano finishes

FX: radio dial tuning

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Welcome to another exciting episode from the

Lux Radio Players coming to you live from the Vancouver Tart Gallery.

Tonight we have a veritable feast for you, Habitart or How to Live With

Your Just Desserts. As usual, our scene opens at the Radio Cafe....

FX: ra.. ta...ta...ta

FX: door opening, closing

SONI TWIN: Give me a hot x bun Mavis.

FX: putting plate down

HOT X BUN Oh Soni you have to help us. Something is rotten in the

State of Bunland. There's a gingerbread housing shortage. The Earl

Sandwich is in a jam. You could bring piece of cake to the land again.

You are bunished to the bungeons. Away with you.

FX: marching sound

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Later in her honeycomb atartments we see

Ladyfingers talking to her daughter, Patticake.

LADYFINGERS: It won't do! And now that he's behind crispy crunch

bars in the bungeons you will not be able to see this uptart, Reggaemuffin.

PATTICAKE: Since when were you the spotless doily. I know all about

your association with the Muffinoso, dealing junk food and granulated

white to the cold turkey sugar caine junkets. You've got a finger in every pie.

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Meanwhile in the bungeons

DUMB WAITERS: We'll throw you in the tortilla chamber. It's very prune

mouldy in there with all the torture apparatus: the moulie, the blender,

the quick grill, the fondue pot, the meat grinder, the corn popper, the

cherry pitter, the mortar and pestle, the juicer..., the garlic press, the...

SONI : O.K., that's enough. I get the picture. I'll be processed. Let's see,

gourmet pretzel crumbs for sprinkling on cheese fondue? I'm reeeeeealy scared.

DUMB WAITERS: Reeealy! How about toasted Pretzel and Reggaemuffin?

FX: toaster pushed down

We're putting all of you into the four slice toaster. Uh, there. You all look like

pop tart stars. Ha, ha, now we set it to dark brown.

FX: cl..cl..cl..click

PATTICAKE: Take a breakfast boys! I'll just switch the dial to light brown and

FX: door bangs open

cl..cl..click

jump into the fourth slot of the toaster. Wheee!

FX: clunk

ALL: We'll All Pop Together When We Pop' (sing to the tune of 'She'll Be

Coming Round the Mountain)

15.

RADIO ANNOUNCER: The toaster pops them all up and out of the

FX: ck..cling, ck..clink,
ck..cling, ck..clink

Gateau, separating the two pairs. Patticake and Reggaemuffin

land on Blueberry Hill and Hansel & Prezel go straight up and down

and land in the Earl's Court of Trifles.

FX: plunk!

SONI: Uhh, that was a peanut brittle landing. Oh, who are you?

~~FX~~
~~SD~~: Holy or creepy music

HOT CROSS BUN: I am The Hot Cross Bun, the Holy Eucharist,

the Great Religious Potentato, keeper of Sarah Lee's Forbidden

Fruit, Holy Cheese Whiz of the Miracle Whip Cult, guardian of the

Magic Baking Powder Room for Bunland. But how did you get in

here and why do you have those licorice chains on? Here comes

the Earl in all his sandwich spread, the Charlotte Russe Guards and

Pillsbury Doughboys. You can answer to him.

~~FX~~
~~SD~~: Holy music end
FX : rustle, clink, swish

EARL: Ah, I see you have escaped the Bungeons. Nevermind,

you are forgiven. I was hasty pudding. My fillings were hurt.

Release it's licorice chains.

FX: chunk

SONI: Hooray! (twirls a Doughboy)

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Meanwhile, Reggaemuffin is filled with

cream feelings about his neglect of the political responsibility

to the Brownies as their leader in the class strudel against the

upper crust. He leads a brownie blintz attack into the Court of Trifles.

FX: crash, splut, bing
sizzle

REGGAEMUFFIN: Unless you give us an ear, Earl, the mixture stirred
up by our mix master will curdle. Ladyfingers is having her cake
and eating it too. She and the cut-throat crookies, the Muffinoso,
Donuts Duncan, Shorty Bread and the blood-thirsty Ali Rhum
Baba, the Lemon Curd, have been making a mint julep at your expense.

EARL: I want the proof in my pudding!

REGGAEMUFFIN: O.K. Look, here's a sugar cane junket going cold turkey.

JUNKET: (sobbing) I'm a lowly fallen tart, like thousands in the lower crust,
I have a heavy sugar habitart - five pounds of sugar and jam a day.

Ladyfingers and the Muffinoso control the franchise.

EARL: Well, that's a halva torte!

SONI: Earl, you're in a pickle. We'll go to the Duchess of Mayonnaise
and try to settle the hash. You don't need a batter on top of Ladyfingers'
trifles. We are at your sterling service.

FX: ra.. ta...ta...ta

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Meanwhile, back at the Radio Cafe, Bob Cumming
and Mavis are peering into the microvave.

CUMMING: The plot thickens, Mavis, er, takes a turnover for the worst.

MAVIS: Yeah, the Earl's wife is a tough cookie.

CUMMING: Well, let's peak in on Ladyfingers' treat, er, tweet, er, suite
and see if she really is the bad egg she's crocked, er, cracked up to be.

LADYFINGERS: O.K. boys, the heat's on. Liquidate all stockpots

of sugarcaine before the dentist finds us. Donuts, take the

glucose; Shorty, the lactose. I'll carry the fructose. Sanka will let

us out by the salt cellar.

FX: scrunch, shuffle, shuffle

EARL Ha, there you are my sweet. I've found you out. You're a

junk food pusher. Dentist, arrest her!

FX: Bang, bang, bang.
Twang! (door swings open)

FX: rushing footsteps

LADYFINGERS : I hesitate to taste the bubbling pot, I use no yeast

nor leavening upon the spoon. I do not favour watercress at noon,

it bears for me the flavour of a prune. Tumultuous pan dowdy and the

crumpets bound, a lonely cry for angel cake, mere gingersnap...you my

faithless husband fear the shame of overbake, while I, have more at steak.

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Now that he has dealt with one problem the

Earl sends H&P across the border of prunes with a maraschino

cherry to the breadquarters of the Duchess of Mayonnaise.

Hansel & Pretzel are quickly whipped into the Duchess of

Mayonnaise's Famous Club House. She is very friendly and invites

H&P out for a night at Hamburg's bars, to see how the lower crust

really hangs out. They hit the Chocolate Bar, the Mars Bar, the

FX: bar sounds, laughs

Cappuchino Bar and now the Nanaimo Bar, where all the Brownies

strut their stuff. The Duchess is disguised as a Turkish delight.

SONI: We'll have a strawberry wild and an andro gin for Mayo.

Who is that singing?

HOSTESS TWINKY: Oh, that's Crepe Suzette and the Croquettes.

SONI: Thanks, I'de like to talk with her. Could you ask her to come over.

CREPE SUZETTE: So you want to talk. What's on your plate, pretzel?

SONI: We're helping to deflate the souffle before all our geese are cooked.

CREPE SUZETTE We're fed up with you tutti frutti middle crust.

We slave all day in the garnish industry, for a mere cherry pittance,
so you butterballs can cream off the top. You live off the fat of the
Earl, while we starve in one room soggy hard tack hovels in a
five-layer infested flour. We're jammed and squashed on the
underside of this cheesie burger, exploited by sugar plum fairy
pushers and a fruitless bun fight that's milking us dry. If Mayonnaise
and Sandwich were open-faced they'd get together like that pear,
Patticake and Reggaemuffin sweet talking in the chocolate booth over there.

DUCHESS I have to leave for the batter front. I just heard it was rising.

DUCHESS: The time is ripe. The Earl and his yeasty crullers shall bite
the crust for once and for all. We'll use all four burners. Colonel
Saunders will open fire with heavy cream pie shelling, which will allow
General Foods to set explosive chili jelly along the left flank of
the gateau. That'll take the stuffing out of them. Admiral Egg Beater,

FX: bar sounds finish
FX: Door closes.
Eggbeater starts up,
Shouts in distance

take your navy beans out onto the Sea of Meringue and let go with
the shoo fly pie missiles. I myself will drive my Winnebagel and lead
the animal crackers in a polished cutlery attack."

FX: ra.. ta...ta...ta

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Meanwhile at the Radio Café, Cumming is
commenting on the batter to Mavis.

CUMMING: The butterscotch saltines in their bright maraschino
jackets are loading up with burnt almond cream shells, while in
the distance we see the Earl, rancid and raving, hurling jaw breakers.

FX: batter sounds, shouts

RADIO ANNOUNCER: The batter of blood pudding rises back and forth.
Let's take our microphones and pop-over to the muffin tins where
gingerbread men are pouring hot fudge from the batterments.

EARL: Tally Ho my sweetbreads!

COL.SAUNDERS: The world's a sauce and we

Give 'em a teasspoon catapult

mere saucy tartars in it!

full of cod liver oil, that'll

Attack! Colonel Grey's lime

get their yokes up! And follow

chutney must not be allowed to

that with Kung Fu chop suey,

throw the first spearmint! Send

we're not egg beaten yet. We'll

for the Trojan boxes with the

show the Duchess what crabmeat

crackerjack guards inside

tastes like...won't we boys!

BEEFY TARTARS, This is a job for Eno.

BOTH SIDES: throw buns at each other across the rotunda, buns fall on spectators.

PILLSBURY DOUGHBOYS: We'll give
smell, m'lord!"

DUCHESS: Bring up the pound cake
battering ram!

EARL: That's it lads. Pass the
fluffy rice round the table to
the pestles." "OK lads, don't lose our
Dutch noodles! She's all ill wind and
deadly fighting talk. We'll
show 'em! Break out the jelly
beans, we'll blow 'em to bits!"

BEEFY TARTARS: We're getting it in
the buns! They're throwing mince
pies at us! And mounted
souffles!"

GEN. FOODS: Oh! For delicacies
sake! Help! Here comes Eno!
Look! Over there!

EARL: Crackling cornflakes, she'
sending out her sterling cutlery
division. But we're ready for them.
Number One Rotisserie-fire! No. 2
Rotisserie fire! No.3 Rotisserie-fire! (quiet)
No. 3 Rotisserie where are you?

DUCHESS: Bring on the empty
horses! The cutlery will show
Sandwich who's on top of who's
on top around here. FX: Bang-sizzle

PILLSBURY DOUGHBOYS; We've
Had enough, m'lord!

settled down over there?
What are they doing

EARL: Colonel Grey, I give you
orders to shoot these three for
custard in the face of the enemy

DUCHESS: I think they're
Meditating with the
Maraschino Yogurt.

COL. GREY: Yes, m'lord

FX: Bam, bam, bam
(3 shots) Screams!

21.

BEEFY TARTARS: Who are they

EARL: . 4 Rotisserie-fire

praying to?"

FX: bang-sizzle

No.5 Rotisserie-fire! Come

DUCHESS: The Immaculate

FX: bang-sizzle

lads. Let's take 'em in their

Confection, of course.

skins now.

DUCHESS: Hey Sandwich, how about

a break for lunch?

EARL: OK, everybody out to lunch

FX: Silence

DUCHESS: Break's over boys!

Light the ovens!

Pepperoni them!

FX: Resumption of batter
beating.

EARL: Let's get 'em off guard

BEEFY TARTARS: Oh no, Candy

lads with my special BLT:

the dancing Cane bit it

sizzling bacon, limp lettuce

with a spearmint.

and sliced tomatoes on two

COL.SAUNDERS: Poor Candy, just

rounds of burnt toast, and a few

graduated with a M.A.C.

shells up their snouts... Oh!

from Hamburger College.

Rise up boys! They're peeling

Always the sweetest that go first.

in a full frontal attack.

DUCHESS: Hold your flambé, Col. Grey

COL. GREY: I really curry naked

has his white flag up!

bodies.

Sound the dinner roll!

22.

EARL: Prepare for an attack on

GEN. FOODS: But Duchess,

all fronts. Man the heavy celery,

he's put it back again!

all units to well-washed positions.

DUCHESS: They're breaking through

Sargeant, give the order to fire

our trench mouths! Open up with

fish sticks and poparts!

the Batterie de Cuisine!

EARL: What a basting blast! There's spittle falling everywhere.

FX: Huge explosion
followed by smaller
ones, falling rock, etc.

Look out!

DUCHESS: Big Rock Candy Molar has erupted from the jowells

of the earth spewing gallstones! Molten saliva is flowing everywhere!

FX: rumble, slush, gurgle,
continuing

We'll all be consumed!

EARL: Saliva, saliva! Sandwich will be digested!

SONI: We must get out of this drooling mess. If only we could

find the fortune cookie. The secret inside might save the leftovers.

DUCHESS: I wanted the fortune cookie for myself. It's in the

Earl's gateau, in his microwave facility, protected by wild fritters.

REGGAEMUFFIN: You'll never make it to the gateau. The Earl's

burned his bridge mixture behind him. Duchess there's no crumbs

to lose! Our only hope is to make it to the Sea of Merangue.

DUCHESS: General Foods, stop the batter. Get the crackerjack

guards out of the Trojan cakes. Batterie de Cuisine cease fire!

Recall the Mounted Soufflé. Command the sappers to find a

way through the black forest cakes and jello trees to the Sea

of Merangue. Round up every available animal cracker to carry

anything that floats, orange floats, lime floats, even coca cola
stumble

floats. Where's my sauce boat?

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Meanwhile H&P have arrived at the moat

which is rapidly filling up with saliva. It climbs into an abandoned

rotisserie and catapults itself over the seething, drooling mess

into the gateau.

SONI: Quick, throw these jaw breakers to the wild fritters. Goody.

Look here's the fortune cookie in a microwave. Now, the message.

It's an invocation to Bunwoman?

HOT CROSS BUN : Ah, tis Hansel & Pretzel returned. I fear the

vomitous turn of events may cut our acquaintance short.

But what have you there? Oh, it's an invocation to Bunwoman.

Our last chance perchance. I'll just try it. Boil, broil, spoil and

bubble. Fry, dry, pry and sprinkle. Bake a cake, take out garbage.

Catch a napkin as fast as you can. One bun, one bun.

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Bunwoman materializes out of the microwave.

FX: Finish batter sounds

BOTH SIDES: end bun
throwing

FX: rattle, rattle,

FX: drooling continue

FX: sizzle, zing, splat

FX: distant drooling
continue

FX: Clunk, clunk, clunk

FX: creak

FX: whirling sound
growing louder

FX: whirling ends

BUNWOMAN: Give me that flag, standard bearer. Have you ever

wondered why your flag was a hundred yard square napkin?

Just watch! I wrap the napkin around my large body, ha, ha, roll

FX: whoosh, slurp

my hips, and look, all the saliva is absorbed by the napkin. Now

I'll flick it off into the Sea of Merangue. There! I hope you have

FX: flick

all learned that you cannot have your cake and a bun fight too.

There must be an alliance; the world wants to be a wedding cake.

HOT CROSS BUN: Brush you, Bunwoman, baste you. Throughout

the war I have conducted secret negotiations with Ali Rum Baba,

in preparation for a major bake fest, and now I have an announcement

to make. We have returned Ladyfingers from banishment in Hungry

to bestow her blessings on the wedding of the Earl and the Duchess.

CHORUS: A toast to Sandwich. Cheers!

REGGAEMUFFIN: Me and Patticake are getting married too.

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Meanwhile back at the Radio Café:

FX: ra.. ta...ta...ta

CUMMING: Mavis, you should see this. There's a mad rush for the punch

FX: trample,
party sounds

bowl and everyone's getting pie-eyed.

HOTCROSS BUN: Now, if you'll all gather around the throne of the

Blanc Mange we'll begin the ceremony. Dearly befrosted, we are

garnished here today, under the glaze of our goddess, to join four

people and three peoples in the flaky risen shell of holy matrimony

cake. Does anyone knoweth why any of these four should not be

baked together in the benediction of Pam. Please rise.

FX: Rustle, rustle

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Hot Cross Bun conducts the marriage ceremony.

They all promise to cherish and lick each other, in sweetness,

in tartness, in aspic and under glaze.....That's all folks!

Thank you for swallowing our pride tonight.

FX: party sounds end

SLEUTH LIPS: Whew, I don't know, don't know if I can decipher that.

I'll have to send it back to Washington for decoding.

NARRATOR: It's nighttime at the Western Front in 1978. Sleuth Lips

arrives late and stands by the door, most of the audience is seated

in front of him listening and watching The Canadian Shadow Players

in their performance of 'Vis à Vis: A Shadow Opera in 3 Acts'.

SHADOW PLAYER LIVE: appears with goat mask

SHADOW PLAYER M: Finale, bon ton. Speech bon mot?

SHADOW PLAYER F: En garde, Illusion est penumbra blanco.

Ombra est film carte blanche. Ergo, image fakir sum allure

mystique decor. Ergo, illusion kidnap realisme.

SHADOW PLAYER M: Big winner! Bingo! Illusion kidnap

realisme. Extra bueno, monsieur. Gold medal opera olympique.

Danke, danke.

SHADOW PLAYER F: Joie de vivre. Public relations fracas.

SHADOW PLAYER M: Basta basta. Sayonara.

SHADOW PLAYER F: Aloha.

SLEUTH LIPS: (to himself) Good grief, this is even worse than that,
er, Habitar thing. Can't understand a thing. Pure code.

SHADOW PLAYER M: Biens. Bon voyage big quiz entr'acte. Presto,
Gazelle, por favor, quiz acte trio vis a vis?

SHADOW PLAYER K: Acte trio, archeology, algebra der opera is
fugue tete a tete. Pro et con, voici romance, voici, kultur liaison.
Voici blind date touché. Symposium congress denouement.

SHADOW PLAYER M: Automatique missile traffic? Atomic tabloid?

SHADOW PLAYER K: Oui, oui. Ecco homo courrant. Antique lingua kaput.
nouveau ex jive talk. Deus ex televisione, combo surprise party nite
club climax.

SHADOW PLAYER M: Postcard jargon.

SHADOW PLAYER K: Yes. Consensus calenda, circle tempus.
Society revolution annuel, Bolero. Psycho kinesis, network
telepathy cassette census. And, avis tres important: duet. Duet,
vis a vis masculine tete a tete, feminine au pair alter ego combo.
Natur silhouette and penumbra kultur. Duet de lingo et tempo....

SLEUTH LIPS: (to himself) Oh, I've gotta get out. (He leaves)

NARRATOR: In Sleuth Lip' hotel room, several nights later.

FX: dialing

SLEUTH LIPS: (picks up the phone and dials) Hello, Della.....

did you find that news clipping on the Canadian Shadow Players?

.....Great. I couldn't understand a thing. Could you read out

the bits about time and language and Oh, I don't know.

DELLA: (over the phone) OK, ah, quote, "The performance began

with a statement about time. On the screen we saw the face of a clock.

The shot of the clock was held for what seemed like hours; in fact,

it was just a few boring minutes... But suddenly the clock turned into

a bicycle wheel. Ah, motion of another kind. As the wheel was then

superimposed on to the clock, we were presented with an imagistic

translation of the Greek concepts of time, kairos and chronos: time

as sheer monotonous passing, and time as events, as structure.

All around streamed the 600 words of the International Vocabulary...

The themes for the afternoon were time and language. But the most

entertaining part of the show was to follow in the form of an opera sequence

introduced in the International Vocabulary by two commentators,

one of whom had the face of a highly sophisticated goat, complete

with an elegant strand of pearls around the neck; the other, the

disarming features of Dracula. In superbly modulated Euro-cultural

tones, they offered their comments on the opera which was due to

come upon the screen at any second. "Tempus fugit continuum

ad nauseum," remarked Goat Lady with a hint of ennui, cleverly sneaking the time motif into her patter. No sooner had her charming companion mentioned the possibility of a super fetish aria when slides of a jungle burst on to the screen and out marched a pygmy who proceeded to sing a long, wonderful solo: "Air de lune, eclipse, eclipse, eclipse, eclipse..." Then followed a film which provided as miraculous a collection of stage effects as any Italian opera. The screens divided, opened out and were swelled by the addition of huge plastic fringes – all of this to accommodate a most magnificent red volcano which erupted and gushed all over the place. The pygmy disappeared into the lava in a great dramatic moment. What did all those letters signify?...They've made the structure of language into a comic hero and surround edit with shadows to point out the operatic tendency of everyday life...They have shown once again that illusion is certainly the most interesting aspect of reality; and that the advice of the surrealists is still much the best approach to life in the seventies: collage or perish! Uh.... That's it. From the Globe and Mail,...um, by Adele Freedman. Anything else?

SHADOW PLAYER LIVE: exit

SLEUTH LIPS: No, that's good. Thanks Della... Bye. (hangs up)

FX: Click!

Am I any the wiser? I'll have to give this some thought.

NARRATOR: Back at the Vancouver Art Gallery in the evening, 1978

FX: bang, bang....bang.

Sleuth Lips is watching the video monitors. He can see a padded room
with a guy banging around in it.

SLEUTH LIPS: (to his neighbour) What's going on?

SPECTATOR: That's Paul Wong. He's performing what he calls

'In Ten Sity'. He's expressing pure emotion and it's also
a dedication to his friend, Ken Fletcher, who committed suicide.

SLEUTH LIPS: Really! That's amazing. Thanks.

FX: banging stops

NARRATOR: It's nighttime at the Commodore Ballroom in 1979

FX: party sounds

Sleuth Lips is confused, so much going on and so many people.
He's at the Mondo Arte Cabaret at the Living Art Performance Festival.
He slowly makes his way to a table through all the people where he
can see the stage.

HANK BULL (the M.C.): Welcome, welcome everyone. As Hugo Ball said,

"living art is irrational, primitive, complex: it will speak a secret language
and leave behind documents not of identification but of paradox."

That sounds about right for Canadada. Yes, yes! Hobbyhorses
and babycarraiges! Now, Gina, what have all these performance freaks
come to see tonight? Duchamp as Rrose Selavy?

GINA: Well, Hank, you won't believe the line up. Duchamp in spirit
probably, and here to start things off is Baron Infinity !

NARRATOR: Byron Black comes on stage, dressed in a bright orange body suit, carrying a blown up, orange plastic life raft. He sucks on the air valve of the raft, which is filled with helium.

BYRON BLACK: (sings in a very high squeek, 'Teddy Bear's Picnic' - 5 lines)

SLEUTH LIPS: My God, I don't believe it! There's Byron Black. The draft dodger I've been searching for all these years. Maybe I can nab him now on the stage.

FX: footsteps

HANK BULL: Here's our next performer. What's your name and what's your piece?

SLEUTH LIPS: Ah...um...I'm Sleuth Lips and, um... I'm an F.B.I. agent and I want to arrest Byron Black Infinity.

HANK BULL: Who doesn't! Ha, ha, ha. S. S. Girls, here. Ship Sleuth Lips away.

NARRATOR: There is a kaleidoscope of performing images whirling in front of Sleuth Lips' eyes: J.A. Genius, The Girls Club, a white bull, Dr. Brute playing a leopardskin saxophone, Hitler and the S.S. Girls, sharks in tuxedos, mermaids, a pygmy, a band playing, wrapped in tape. It all becomes a whirling blur.

FX: party sounds end
FX: fading up music,
Daphne and Chloe
still playing

NARRATOR: In Sleuth Lips hotel room, morning, 1979

SLEUTH LIPS: wakes up, he sits up.

SLEUTH LIPS: Whew, what a dream! Did I dream I fell asleep?

It was also everything I remembered from the pastGod,
I was on the stage at that cabaret and played the part of an F.B.I.
agent! Lots to figure out but it'll have to wait a bit now that I have
my new orders. I'll have to keep an eye and ear open for newly
arrived Iranians - Khomeini fanatics. They might be trying to get
the U.S. from Canada. If it's not communists, it's something else.
And now, guess what? My performance friends are embarking
on a performance to do with the Ayatolla at the end of December,
end of the decade. Coincidence? Pretty suspicious I'd say.
After that little episode in the cabaret I'm ready for retirement and
now this. Hum...Let's see... (He picks up a notice). Hank Bull is
producing Saint Ayatolla: After the End of the World.. ... Hum.
Saint? End of the world? That sounds dangerous.

FX : rustle

NARRATOR: It's the evening of Dec 21, 1979. Sleuth Lips is

standing by the door in the auditorium of the Robson Street
Media Centre. He can see everything on the stage as well as
the audience, even though it is quite darkened.

FX: murmuring

SLEUTH LIPS: (to himself) Now let's see if I can spot any fanatics.

FX: murmuring ends

This looks like some sort of Christmas pageant, 3 wisemen,
the babe in the manger... wait a minute, the babe is dressed

FX: We 3 Kings song
humming

up as a singing dog...dog in the manger...Ug! Holy shit! One of the wise men is the Ayatolla and he's attacking the dog with a scimitar! Oh! The dog looks dead.
(consulting his program) Good God, Flakey Rose
Hip is the Ayatolla. And that group must be the Lizzettes who have evolved out of the Ettes and the Girls Club. Uh, this is all so complicated. Oh, and there's the Great Homunculus of Relican coming on stage. He must have taken over from the Ayatolla. Let's see if I can catch any of his liturgy...
He's attempting to perform a miracle... Oh, he's bestowing immortality on everyone for 15 minutes.

FX: swish

FX: screams, explosions

FX: distant band playing, singing

NARRATOR: Negavision, a punk band from Quebec plays

loudly and Sleuth Lips leaves, returns to his hotel room.

FX: band playing ends

But he's actually still in his bed, dreaming. In his dream, Sleuth Lips is peering through a peephole like the one at the Western Front. He feels like a voyeur looking out onto a void.

FX: void wind sound

He sees the Great Homunculus with Anna Banana, Mr. Peanut, Hitler and all the other characters bowing in front of him.

The critics are tied up and cringing from the Flying Leopard who is tormenting them. And here is the Homunculus. (to the audience)

Bow down! Bow down!

HOMUNCULUS: The dogma in the manger is dead! Ideology is gone.

The reality of images has become paramount. Appropriate the images of mass culture. Subvert the emblems of corporate media. Critics, your Winkelmann tried to fashion art into history. You try to make artists think they are in an art relay race called progress where they have to surpass their predecessors and try to attain immortality. The reign of the image begins where history ends.

You are formed by the images you look at but you are responsible for your vision. Hitler! You are accused of image bondage. You are a victim of believing in your own image even though you had to learn the gestures, the emotion, stamping the foot, the whole performance.

You had studied art and knew about images before your time. It's too bad your people didn't understand you were a borderline case performing a persona. Tom Graff, your cut-out wooden tulips and Anna Banana, your cut-out Mona Lisa have transformed Vermeer's and Leonardo's images into media. Mona's many public smiling faces have destroyed the beautiful, ideal face of art. Gathie Falk, chucking eggs at you was an ancient ritual on the origins of art as well as fracturing the immortality of the artwork. Mr. Peanut, your immobile and hard shell is the perfect subversive persona non grata media image which

proves that anyone can be a star. Bless and curse you all!

FX: wind sound ends

NARRATOR: It's the next morning. Sleuth Lips wakes up.

SLEUTH LIPS: (As he gets dressed) Whew! I think I'm beginning to

understand. I have been performing as an F.B.I. agent all my

life and now I understand that everyone plays a role.

Anthony Blunt was an art expert performing as a spy.

Spying was his art? Everyone's playing a role. Perhaps the F.B.I.

really does fear art, out of ignorance or knowing? Time to retire

and take on another role.

NARRATOR: Sleuth Lips sits at the desk, writing a report. Quote,

FX: pen scribbling

"The performances are about the problem of immortality in art

on the one hand and changing or subversion of the culture on

the other. Artists want to leave something behind but performances

can't be immortal like the permanence of sculpture can, but they can

be or are more subversive. All the food references in the performances

- eggs, flour, peanuts, bananas, HP Sauce, a bun fight with all kinds

of blintzes and batters. Food is common to everyone. Food perishes.

Food shows the connections to life and not immortality and make it

more palatable. The disguises, role-playing, the personas, show

the image changes, like Blunt, that spy in the palace of art, and

approach the idea of immortality but grow out of a nostalgic image

rather than history. Real smiles on the Mona Lisa image show an

absence of historic ideals or ideology. The family photo album is as far as immortality goes. The performances of the Ayatolla and the Homunculus are exceptional gestures of subversion but not the real subversion the F.B.I. fears. Beauty Through Destruction and Disintegration, the end of the world, the resulting void, and meaningless but familiar language and time, in the absence of historical meaning, provoked the artists to make up stories and play games. The artists have forsaken immortality in order to expose the rift in history and the state of modern reality. These performances are the sad and comic reflection of the amusing, shallow, tinny and divergent image reality we live in, like Ian Baxter's bagged room. They are showing that the power of images subvert the knowledge of oneself. They are performing an irony of subversion. These performances show that logical ideologies have degenerated or deconstructed into a series of images, slogans and gestures which have become detached from their original meaning- like advertising. These role-playing artists know that in our culture, a person is nothing but his image in the eyes of others. The self is illusion and one has no control over the images others have of you. Actually the real basis of the self is in feeling, suffering, not in thought, as the artist was showing, performing in In Ten Sity. If the self is problematic, it is even

more of a problem to transcend the self and become part of history,
to rest in eternal memory or immortality. At the same time, I can now
see that these artists are not part of some meaningless communist plot
in Buckingham Palace or religious fanatics. If their art work is not
immortal, it must be eternal subversion. In conclusion, I think
they show us life and how to use it. Maybe they're life fanatics.

As the hands of the spirit indicate - man's future is in his creativity.

Case closed."

FX: end of pen scribbling

NARRATOR: Sleuth Lips addresses the report to the F.B.I. in Washington.

SLEUTH LIPS: stands up, smiles, puts the report into an envelope.

He turns off the radio, sticks a label on the envelope and takes it
with him, out the door.

SD: Daphne & Chloe off

FX : door close

NARRATOR: Thank you all for your good posture tonight, as Amy

would say. You have just witnessed Episode # 6070 of Mondo

Artie, The Sleuth Lips Report, by Glenn Lewis. In the cast you

heard as Lieutenant I. P. Grant, aka Sleuth Lips;

Sleuth Lips in bed was played by

played the Radio Announcer aka Mr. Blunt;

played Helen Goodwin;

played Glenn Lewis, aka Flakey Rose Hip;

played Gathie Falk;

37.

played the Photographer

Morris 2

played Michael Morris, aka Marcel Idea;

played Michael

played Anna Banana;

played Anna Banana 2

Kate Craig played Kate Craig, aka Lady Brute;

Glenn Lewis played Hitler;

played Dr. Brute

played John Mitchell;

played Amy Vanderbilt;

played Al Neil;

played the Soni Twin, aka Hansel and Pretzel;

played Hot X Bun;

played Ladyfingers;

played Earl of Sandwich;

played Patticake;

played the Dumb Waiters;

played Reggaemuffin;

played Junket;

played Robert Cumming;

played Mavis;

played Hostess Twinky

played Crepe Suzette;

played Duchess of Mayonnaise;

played Colonel Saunders;

played the Beefy Tartars;

played the Pillsbury Doughboys;

played General Foods;

played Colonel Grey-Chutney;

played Bunwoman;

played Shadow Player Live;

played Shadow Player M;

played Shadow Player F;

played Shadow Player K;

played Della Street;

played the Spectator;

played Hank Bull, aka the Great Homunculus;

played Gina Middleclass;

played Byron Black, aka Baron Infinity;

Shawn *Chapelle* did the video editing;

Bobbi Rob Kozniuk did the video projection;

was the cameraman for the live video;

were the sound technicians;

performed the special effects.

lights

Many thanks to the Lux Radio Players, the grunt, the Western Front, the Vancouver Art Gallery
and all the other generous people who gave such wonderful assistance.

As your Narrator, I am
night.

and I wish you all good