

DONATO MANCINI / (PICA) –

“I can eat a lot and shit a lot.”

—Mao Tse Tung, 1966

Every year, Canada celebrates National
Peach Cobbler Day on April 13th.

In the early 1980s
an Indian postgraduate
student in psychology felt
compulsive hunger

for whitewash (lime).
As exam season came to
bottleneck, she nibbled
lime flakes to mend
her fears, but come

dissertation time she climbed
bathroom ladders to scrape
and cram mouthfuls of
whitewash from ceilings, tongue
cheeks lips thrashed, still worried,

obsessed but otherwise
cognitively normal with no

delusional beliefs.

On National

Peanut Butter and Jelly Day
a high IQ

homeless man saved up
12 pounds of heritage coins
in his stomach—lost gold,

found homeland.

If

you can't take it with you
or eat it, why
do I want any?

Garlic Day.
Ozzy

Day-U.K.-"Republic of a Madman"-Osborne-Lewis snorted
Scotland, Ireland, Wales, a
line of live ants, ate
raspberry jam with his mouth open

in the name of the Devil,
in the name of Johnny Appleseed.

When the Austria / Australia coalition declares
TransNational Zucchini Bread Day the 25th, April
will not seem so cruel. On
WTO's Eggs
St. Benedict Day, April 16th, U.S.A.

bites the head off a bat.
"I thought it was chicken

*pox because it started out as small
red bumps but gradually spread into
huge blotches."*

Night light, dead before
glowing vegetation.
Potato
blight of the living. Return
of the Appetite.

Guttate Psoriasis
Seborrheic Keratosis
Actinic Litigines
Lichen Planis
Molluscum Contagiosum
Pseudofolliculitus Barbae &
eating a friend's

cayman scales
said to taste like
alligator.

Gilligan's Island, U.S. satellite (later
Gilligania), Crusoe's island, U.K. colony (later
Fruitopia): places
snivilisation woke
from soot nap to soap
opera (*Parsifal*), navy biscuits to coconut cream
pie, psychic scabs with goat milk to
curry-flavoured zucchini seed risotto with capsules of peanut oil,
survivalist urine pouches
to piña coladas while
shooting wolves from helicopters.

PICA is the Pacific

Institute of Culinary Arts,
Programs In Community Action,
the compulsion
to eat sharp objects, to

eat
whitewash
starch
dust from blinds
excrement
raw potato
stones
dandruff
hair
mint toothpicks
ice
skin
or lint.

Any non-food, really
thank you here
the service here

is why
I don't eat here
because
I love the food
here, I eat here
because I must
must grow
from here

to here.

See

in your gold lager
the ones swimming are
alive the ones not swimming
are dead.

Corn-cob holders

up your seminal vesicle poke
as the fishstick swims. Pakistan
has only whispered

of PostColonial Teflon Day on Britain's
Royal Grilled Cheese Sandwich Day, April 12th.

Oatmeal—catmeat—stories.

As in *culinary tradition*.

Anorectics

grow a fine layer of hair
for a fine layer of dust. Your

venus flytrap
vomits feathers; sure sign
of demonic possession.

Verb.

Fact.

Food

as abstract noun as
bushels of apples as
slave labour sold in lots:

widgets/man,
calories/dumb.

*"We, too, know that it is not the same thing to be given a ladleful of
soup from the top or the bottom of the vat."*

Fact: that very popular acronym
referred to colloquially is not
PICA.

South Africa is all
mum's-the-word about historical
Respect the Lima Bean Day (April 20th)
this year. Continental

deficiency as when mothers
to be eat soil, clay or fresh camel
dung as Bedouin prescribe for
dysentery, attested to
by SS Afrikakorps who also ate
corn for the first time
as prisoners of war—köstlich!—
(as potatoes came to France
by Louis XIV; the sovereign fed
only potatoes in Bavarian
prisons himself came to love
them). Hearts and minds
of them conquerors

captured.
Thus ends the grain
fed only to chicken and interns
forever in the German ideology.

The hairs

on the backs of their necks
get caught
in the back of your throat.

The sexual life
of Robinson Crusoe:
fuck it
then eat it.

You get more protein
if you eat the whole animal.

Gilligan's Planet.
Did you just say

hungry
or angry?

Palestine at Iran's bequest, under
Israeli blockade on April 10th
cancelled PanRegional Cinnamon Crescent Day.
Embalm

the experience.
All things considered
formaldehyde
does not "pickle" remains.

Benny Hill was so fat when he died.

411 (in London) is such a joke.

Gung Haggis Fat Choy, Mr.

Lemmy Kilmister,
Lemmy of Mötorhead.

“Lemmy

*changed my life... If it wasn't for Lemmy I never would have learned
bass guitar, I would never have got a girlfriend.”*

Crusoe loved his mutton
with raisins—

“raisins are

*the best and most agreeable dainty of my whole diet.
Indeed, not agreeable only, but physical, wholesome,
nourishing, and refreshing to the last degree”*

—except when

they turn out to be rat poops—too late!
(Friday's favourite prank.)

At this point in the transcript the patient addresses the Wendy's/Arby's Group, Inc. as if it is an individual consciousness and personality.

“Dude,

you seriously need to change your fish sandwich.”

North Korea also celebrates International Chocolate-Covered Cashews Day.

PICA = Peace through Inter-American Community Action

PICA = Providence Intown Churches Association

PICA = Pennsylvania Intergovernmental Cooperation Authority

PICA = Pakistan-India Culture Association

Curry sauce chips with a nice
pint of Guinness—delicious!

Did you know that
in the United Kingdom Indian
restaurants employ more people than steel,
mining and shipbuilding industries put
together? Britons eat, on average, 2.2
curries per week—spending
£2.8 billion on the hot stuff every year—delicious
facts—as many pounds
as there are cellphone
users in the whole world, or money
sufficient to buy (retail) 20 885 000 pints
of *PROVENANCE*
PSORIASIS & SCALY SKIN CREAM.

And finally, a shout-out to my Roots Rockers everywhere:

The Death of Benny Hill

British comedian and television star Benny Hill died a virgin on April 19th 1992, Easter Sunday, in his South West London flat, in front of his television.

Neighbours worried they hadn't seen Benny Hill in a while, neither on the television nor in the hallway of the apartment block.

On April 21st, Global Jelly Bean Day, worried neighbours called the police about having not seen Benny Hill in a while.

"Neither have we seen Benny Hill in a while," the police reasonably said "but times change and so must the programs."

The neighbours explained that they meant not that they had not seen Benny Hill on the television but that they had not seen Benny Hill in the hallways, where Benny Hill was sometimes seen, although not on television.

The police said “Yes, we understand” and promised they’d be right over.

Police soon arrived at the building where Benny Hill had lived.

After greeting the neighbours the police knocked on Benny Hill’s door while the same neighbours just greeted (an ex-Canadian pensioner, an Indian dental student, three British widows, a Scottish alcoholic on the dole, an Iranian taxi driver, and two east-London Chinese middle-aged horse-bettors) anxiously watched. It had been a long time since they’d seen Benny Hill.

Benny Hill did not answer the police’s knocks, because he was dead. Near him was a large stack of uncashed royalty cheques totalling near £1 million, plus two potted plants that were beginning to get somewhat dry, having not been watered since Universal Mushroom Day.

When police broke open Benny Hill’s door—easy for them because they have the tools to do this—they found the stiff fat corpse of former Benny Hill beginning to go green in former Benny Hill’s armchair in front of former Benny Hill’s television, television still on: *The Galloping Gourmet*.

The problem now, as per British funerary custom, was that the police could not decide if they should first extinguish the television or first close the lids of former Benny Hill’s eyes. The police quickly reached a compromise. Bobby number 1 shut the telly at the exact same instant bobby number 2 closed the eyelids of the former Benny Hill. 1,2,3.