

when yo  
Comin

gung  
hey

get the g  
Hinges

fa  
choy

The gates to the kitchen are the same gates inside out. Any waitress worth her tips knows it. If you lift someone else's tip when you're cleaning tables, you'll get the gate. Look out! Coming through! You mucka hi! Hinges sprung, springing. In Mah Jong the Chief casts two dice to open the gate. When the Kampus Kings played Playmor Junction at New Years, we split the gate and then cut out past Beasley Bluffs along the snow-blown roads back to town. Slip and slide through the gate of another year. Gung hey fa choy! They swing and they turn, gate of to and gate of from, entrance and exit, the flow, the discharge, the access, the egress, the Mountains of the Blest, the winds of *ch'i*, mouth of *Yin* and eye of *Yang*, the Liver, the Stomach, the core and the surface, the rock and the lake. These are the gates and you can either kick them open or walk through in silence. Same dif.

Roy & Slavia —  
Hope all your  
doors open to  
good energy in  
the new year  
All the best  
Fred & Pauline

*from Seasons Greetings from the Diamond Grill* © Fred Wah, December '95