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CONTENTS:

[Editorial](#)

[Poetry - Virgin Verse and Verse From the Pros](#)

Kevin Gillam, Rob Finlayson, Walter Vivian, Jim Cornish, Alan Boyd, Rob Cummins, Shen.

[Shorts - Old and New](#)

Body Switch - Janet Woods

The Failed Ballerina - Walter Vivian

[Featured Writer/Reader](#)

Sherry-Anne Jacobs

[Best of the Box](#)

[Reviews](#)

The Sword of Azaray by Shannah Jay, reviewed by Janet Woods

[Articles old and new](#)

[Words Worth](#)

[Blimps and Blips - Government for and Against the Arts](#)

[Impressing & Depressing](#) - the rise, fall, amalgamation and gossip about presses and publishing

[Joker](#)

Error messages in haiku - Nanon

Unproductive Idleness - Walter Vivian

X Airline - Nanon

[Contacts - URL's to visit on the net, etc.](#)

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Please send contributions as text in the body of e-mails and not as files, as my software turns files into masses of symbols or plays editorial tricks such as replacing with an "i" the apostrophe, to lend a quaint antique touch I can well do without! Besides, few editors now accept files, in case they have a nasty virus embedded in them.

Poet Laureate \$100.00 Millenium Competition

The winner is Jim Cornish! Congratulations, Jim, your cheque is in the mail. Furthermore, this should surely give you an edge if and when the new position is created and you wish to join Andrew Motion and Robert Pinsky in the ranks of poets laureate. Move over, Les Murray.

For Western Australians with a taste for avante garde, [sonikdosage & openmouth](#)

Editorial

Pixelpapers seems to be evolving into a poetry magazine with snippets of news and the occasional story. We are quite happy to, "follow the market", as we are very much in the hands of our generous contributors, who gain little from the deal but exposure to six hundred or so readers, mostly from across Australia but with a few overseas. So be it.

Please keep those contributions coming in, as our readership is growing. We are hoping to grow to be large enough to attract givers of prizes or sponsors of adverts. It's a dream.

This Christmas Eve edition will continue filling into the new year, so wassailing writers are encouraged to send us the fruits of their fallow moments during the vacation period.

We extend the compliments of the season and our best wishes to all our writers and readers. May you prosper in all you undertake.

Artists find it hard to weed out their lesser works, but it is a necessary process. I was once shown a film in which the painter, Chagall, was culling from his works, items which did not reach his high standard, and burning some exquisite canvases in the courtyard of his home! This drastic measure was motivated by his age, because he doubtless perceived that the value placed on his work was such that his heirs would be tempted to hold back nothing. All the works of Van Gogh (and more!) have been displayed or sold, when quite plainly, some, such as the representative pieces in the Thyssen collection, are in my opinion, little better than autographs.

Artists should always monitor their work, but I would argue against throwing anything away. It is better to keep an A list and a B list, mining the latter occasionally for ideas to be tried again or built upon, or even re-evaluating them. Several years after producing a studio piece, an ink on wet water colour study of a mother and child, I saw it with freshened perception and took it from the discard pile, framed and exhibited it and sold it for \$399.00, in 1980's dollars!

Similarly, in writing, nothing should be thrown away. It's a good idea, thanks to the ease of making copies with a computer, to keep early drafts of work intact before rewriting, for sometimes vital, fresh elements may be lost in the process. Unlike the painter in oils who overworks a subject, extinguishing all life as well as the underpainting, a writer has the

luxury of being able to return to earlier versions to try again. If a work still only makes your B list, keep it for the future.

But I suspect that some successful writers will at some stage regret that they had not followed Chagall's example so far as publication is concerned, for there are many examples of relatively banal or inept work amongst the jewels of their published achievement.

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

Poetry - Virgin Verse and Verse From the Pros

The Flames on the Trees

For the people of East Timor

We huddle together
we shade against the night
there are noises and shadows
there is death beyond

We are safe here they say
but that is what they said
at the church over there
the church where they died

There is death all around
there is fear there too
the protectors are the hunters
Is there no one to save us

The white faces leave
they cover their faces and run
where can we go
this is our home

If we stay, we die
If we go we stop living
we have to choose
a lifeless existence
or an existence without life

The flames colour the trees
the gunfire echoes off the walls

the screaming gets inside
the smell of death surrounds

What is left of my home
what is left of my church
where will my children school
where can I shop to feed them

What is left
what hasn't been burnt
what hasn't been destroyed
who hasn't been killed

Where is my father
what happened to my brothers
where are my children
where am I

The night sky is alight
from the fires of hell
from where I stand
they seem to be just beyond the gate

Who will quench these fires
who will put out the flames
who will stop the destruction
who will come, who will save us

Rob Cummins Sept 1999

three small indiscretions we'd been thinking of

1.

The men arrive in utes, like tradition. Somehow, you wave and smile and ride about like a dog, then you're driving. It's a marvellous moment as we all pick up the baby. You have to remember the small crosser on the roadside: ah, indiscretions of judgement. Of course, is death so bad? The clock laughs. Nobody really cares, or if they do, they're cleaning their own gun. It's a fastidious sort of thing. We all swim with you, even the sharks. Somehow, you're the sea, and we're drowned sea-wrack, the almighty God, a new car, a set of coat hangers. Like Nature, I'm in love, or rather, the sea. Love is a consequence of memory and in this way the sea is loyalty. By now, the sun has risen and the mist has disappeared. On the tree-thin horizon, several small figures: the militia. Always the militia. Moving like rats, dressed like poor

white royalty, we lizard our way into the interior. There's a course on the floor, a mud map, but the guards are empty and the sun's a former spy. Overall, the fat blue: umbrellaed indifference. You transform into a crone and the dust flies. See how easy it is to be a god?

2.

In the mirror, we're two ducks. But all that clear space, that reflection, is frightening. Transfixed, the place takes on the air of a Friday morning crucifixion. We sip our tea and the air goes blue with expectation. Steam rises from the cracks in our eyes. A god, spectacular in energy, suddenly forms, cracks our heads together. There's children everywhere, but they quickly disappear. We're left with senior constables and playground equipment, derelict, impatient for play. We've changed clothes but we're still naked. Ordinarily, I'd be embarrassed, but the coach isn't so easily put off. Of course, there's a pretence that the game has some rules. Easy to be a coach. Easy to be a player. Not so easy to watch, the movements are too quick. Luckily, the reporters are on to it. That's why there's a press? Totally engrossed, the reporters weave yarns under their breath, making up a mat, a story to print on it. Out of their mouths they come, very pretty, properly speculative, fabulous interpretations: the rugs of the gods. The audience, long since left, hopes to read about it in the Sunday paper. There must be more to this than Resurrection, but you never can tell. Maybe it'll end up in the Sports pages, maybe front page. An ad in the Stocks section? I probably sound contrapuntal, but it's just the wind in the wires of the Tiger Moth. I love a good Tiger Moth. If you hold its tail long enough you can see your own house from up here. Unless the prop stops. That's the beauty of being a duck: the engine's bug fed, the wires for sitting on. Still, it doesn't help. Where's south? Are we meant to go? Isn't north the way? Ah, the natural world, so creative.

3.

You're a bed and it's getting the better of me. I didn't know it could talk, I just leapt on it. Could've been the air, could've been the food. Putting the past to one side, or further back on the cooker, let's just note the sites of sex. It's easier if we're objects. Otherwise, the gods of the air, over there, do all the talking. Too soft, too vague, they're all whispers. Coming along nicely, I offer to go home with you. Don't sing to me, I can't stand noise. All I want is your cunt. I love to say that, even if it's untrue. How many books are there? All with different stories. I'm beginning to get the hang of it, but I'm not too sure about the one-volume epic novel. I digress. I was thinking of something else. Forgive me. Punch me. How I love a good suck. There's a vortex here, not unfamiliar from everyday use and in popular demand by this voter; a return is imminent. Why? Because it's there. I wipe my face and smile: away.

Rob Finlayson

dinglichkeit

ward 10A. top floor. room C. thin sunlight.
 curtain half drawn to hide bed from doorway.
 almost unrecognizable. swollen. bald. eyes
 gauzed. morphine smuggled into vein.
 soft heeled worker arrives. bed-bath

last acts of intimacy.....shared.....with a stranger

visitors lounge. coffee. polystyrene cup.
 everything disposable. back in room. hand
 in hand. too warm. for life just flickering

.....'dinglichkeit'
things in their thinginess
letting my blackness be

Kevin Gillam

.....rhyme binding

.....wording
 she hits the page wording
pen flailing
heart cart-wheeling
 ...head forever stretching
striving
 ...to break rhyme binding.

Kevin Gillam

can't write

can't write on
 the couch. can't
 write drinking
 wine. can't write
 with the cat
 mouthing the
 end of my
 pen can't write
 in work clothes.
 cant write un-
 der forty
 watts. can't write

'til today
leaves my veins.

Kevin Gillam

oncolo gy

and then there's
this crack and
the never
before smelt
smell of dust
mutating.
'are you O
K in there?'
'yes' 'just two
to go now'
mmmmmmm the ga
mma eye moves
position.
'try to keep
still'. strapped down
but each breath
and beat shud
ders and what
of a mis
placed zap? and
then there's this
crack.

Kevin Gillam

jelly bean

lime, tangerine, cumquat
sugar sharp, left on
the roof of my mouth

left thereremember
a childhood visit to the
doctors and the moon-shaped

jube he pulled from his drawer

ah, the needle was forgotten,
sweetness dulled the pain

I still smell that
doctor's room as I
suck, suck slowly

lolling the sweetness from
side to side, lulling
memory into shapelessness.

Kevin Gillam

.....boab

.....the
.....boab
.....tree is
.....burdened
.....with promise
.....a bronze cask
...a silvered flask
...a pewter tankard
.offering cool draught
...a solitary sentinel
...a slender spindle
...a wrinkled gnome
...here, statuesque
.....celebrating
.....variety

Dianne Beckingham

TO MAKE AMENDS, THIS POEM IS RE-PUBLISHED FROM PP6, WHERE IT COLLAPSED
AGAINST THE MARGIN!

..... Ode To
.....Dimpled
.....Girls
..... They
.....say the sight of
.....cellulite, is really

.....not appealing--but
temptation to fleshly
fight, flattening
curves with
stringent diet
planing dimples with
rigid . spite, taming
rampant appetite--
may jeopardise
lovers' feelings
for boyish
figure and
slim, snake
hips, are
elusive
charms
without
finger grips!

Walter Vivian

(THIS SHAPE POEM FROM *SAPPHO'S DELIGHT* WAS FIRST PUBLISHED, FOR MONEY, IN A NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF APPROPRIATE LITERARY STANDING.)

RENEWAL

Do you know the name of the plants
 which appear in scrub only after rain ?
 There were none at night
 yet by morning I saw buds which
 had sprouted thin reeds, clutching
 raindrops like gifts.

Have you seen them brown and curl up
 as they die without flowering,
 without any fuss ?
 It's as if the earth greedily swallows
 up these spasms of colour
 to satisfy some hunger.

Do you know why their leaves curve
 as if hooks on a barb when they die ?
 I carried a few
 four hundred kilometers today,
 snagged on my socks
 as I walked a dirt track south of Hawker.

At home, on the front lawn where
I had emptied my pack, I carelessly dropped
my socks and then saw these leaves
again, clinging now to blades of grass.

Is there any point in asking further questions ?
Any replies are whispered to the earth.
Through my window I see storm clouds cluster.
If I wait long enough I think I'll have my answers.
If I live long enough I'll ponder the same
questions again before my own end.

Shen

WATER REFLECTS MY FACE

A renga sequence
on the nature of time. Slow
accumulation

of details like drops
into a glass of water
already filled to

the brim - an ever-
widening puddle on the table
top around the glass

becomes deeper. The
rippling water flows from high
to low, serene. I

can't pick up the glass
without spilling though instinct
demands I try. One

by one the precious
drops I've saved topple down but
I raise the glass to

my lips anyway.
No one ever gets to drink
when it's completely

full. It's never the
first sip which is most savoured,

but the last drop, which

never tastes the same
as the rest, which lingers the
longest on the tongue

tip. After that there's
only this empty vessel
and water spilt on

a table - the face
captured in it growing more
distant each time that

I open my eyes
to look, each time that water
reflects my face.

Shen

stapled to

stapled to the ashphalt in stifled shoe
rendered cyan in curves, gleams
yr brittle neck inserts
wet skin raised like terminal nipple rings
pulled back in gothic fatigue
yr thin distance
grating west
u sit
in clouds

allan boyd

like tang

like tang sweat flesh
over yr swollen tongue
plastered ornate lips
tight face retribution

standard gauge fetish
in streams of thick leather
slicing yr layers
redundant selves
draped on cane
this wax bites across lipid skin

allan boyd

News and Views

When you turn the TV on and you
dial it to the news what do you get?
Or if you switch on the radio in the car
or at home or work you can just about bet
that every happening that's happened in
the world of any variety, kind or sort
is nearly always about, refers to or
concerns crime, politics or sport.

If banks rob people it's called commerce
and they don't need a mask or a gun
but if a bank robber makes a forced withdrawal,
newscasters will inform everyone.
Bankers will demand justice and when
the robber is caught, tried and does time,
Society will be safe from at least one kind of
perpetrator in sport, politics or crime.

Or if a Minister gets grease on his palms
or is caught with his snout in the trough,
reporters and editors will publicise the facts
but the polly, his party and his boss will laugh it off,
suggesting the perks compensate for the extreme
exigencies of life in a world of dirty tricks
they must endure for paltry gains or rewards
in the fields of crime, sport or politics.

A batsman scores a century and sews the game up,
a footballer kicks his hundredth goal for the season,
an athlete breaks the record by one tenth of a second
so the sportscaster screams like he's lost his reason

and the panel will discuss and analyse for hours about how they swam, ran, played or fought and if you don't like it you can switch it off and obliterate all politics, crime and sport.

Jim Cornish

A Poet's Work

Where do I get a week's work experience as some sort of poet?the youngster asked;

Come with me, said the poet, follow closely; on Monday, we suffer infant deprivation, yearnings for mysteries behind green doors, lost enigmatic playmates, toyland trauma;

Tuesday is for adolescence, spotty perving, exploration of sex and wild experiment;

Wednesday we explore nature. watching blossoms falling from (off of) a tree, recording such phenomena meticulously, chasing after Chloe or Joe as the case may be, humping and bumping indiscriminately;

On Thursday, suffer jilting and unrequited love, the works of romantic poets and the moderns, chopping away at free verse, and wondering what poetry really is;

On Friday, we are heavily into the meaning of life, what waits beyond the chasm and T.S. Elliot, experimenting with va ve vi vo vu verse and little tricks, hoping that we will be found, to be wise and witty, and enormously profound;

No thanks, said the kid, I'd rather on my own account do the humping and bumping bit and all the rest, earning at a steady day job for heaps, it seems to me that your poetry is really all unpaid work experience;

The poet smiled and turned to see, blossoms falling from (off of) a tree, and recorded that phenomom assiduously, in writing a poem.

Walter Vivian

THIS POEM WAS INSPIRED BY A NAIVE QUERY ABOUT HIGH SCHOOL WORK EXPERIENCE, A QUERY ALMOST AS NAIVE AS THE PRACTICE OF SOME ADULTS PAYING MONEY TO ATTEND WORKSHOPS OFFERED BY WRITERS LACKING ANY LITERARY ACHIEVEMENT OF THEIR OWN! IT WAS PUBLISHED FOR MONEY AND IS IN "SAPPHO'S DELIGHT".

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[Back to CONTENTS](#)

Shorts - old and new

Body Switch

by Janet Woods

The chamber was little more than an airtight box.

Sucking in a breath, Curran glanced at the attendant. "I thought this method of transference was still in the experimental stage."

"It is, but it's never failed yet. It's still on the top secret list. How did you find out about it?"

"My print cleared security, didn't it?"

The attendant shrugged. "Triple zero."

"Then that's all you need to know," Curran said softly.

"Are you sure I'll get a good body to transfer into?"

"You know how stringent the medical was. If you'd gone through the body familiarisation process you'd be aware of exactly what you were getting into. You were lucky to find someone who has the same needs as yours at such short notice. By the way, you have exactly two weeks."

Long enough to deal with Targon, Curran thought. "What's this Sam like?"

"Now who's asking too many questions?" the attendant said huffily.

"For all I know you could be that con who escaped from Traz last week."

Curran's hard, grey eyes subjected him to a long, level stare. "Don't try to be smart. Just answer my question. You know exactly who I am. Brookson doesn't employ fools in a position of trust."

The man smirked. "Sam's a scientist, and unpaired. Aged 25. The IQ is sky high. Think you can handle it?"

Curran gave him a warning look.

The attendant sighed. "Okay ... okay. The subject body is into air swimming, martial arts - all that kind of stuff. "

It sounded all right, but Curran wondered at the ironic smile as the chamber door hissed shut and the attendant played with some buttons set into a screen console.

"Take a deep breath, then when the chamber fills with vapour, slowly let it out on the count of"

" ... eight ... nine ten." The vapour was sucked out with a hiss when the door was released.

"You can come out now, Curran. Nice transference, your pulse didn't even miss a beat."

He staggered a bit as he left the chamber.

A woman in a white coat smiled at him.

"Welcome to New Britain. You'll feel a bit shaky for a minute or two, but it'll soon pass."

"What time does the shuttle arrive?" His voice was higher, but soft and husky. He cleared his throat.

Her smile faded. "There was a malfunction in the drive and the shuttle drifted. The passengers are not in any danger, but it could be a few days before rescue brings them in. Have you got family on board?"

"A business associate." The voice hadn't cleared. He thought it might have something to do with the vapour in the chamber.

"We could establish a link if it's urgent. What's the name of the passenger?"

Curran forced a smile to his face. "It can wait. I might as well have a holiday whilst I'm here."

"I'm sure you'll enjoy yourself. New Britain has many attractions."

She slid an envelope on to the desk. "Check the contents and sign for them. Inside, you'll find a map, a security clearance card, and the keys to your host's accommodation. The keys and security card must be returned on departure. "

The hand that reached out for the envelope wasn't his, it was small, and soft. He gazed down at the body he'd occupied in disgust. "Hell, I've got tits! Sam's a female."

She gave him a puzzled glance. "Didn't you do through a body familiarisation course?"

He cursed. He'd been impatient, cutting through the red tape. No wonder the male attendant had smirked.

He smiled winningly at her. "I guess it was my own fault. You wouldn't be able to help me out a little, would you."

She laughed. "I think I'd better. That leer is totally out of place when applied to another female. "

An hour later he knew exactly how a woman functioned. The body he occupied felt soft and weak as he left the building with the envelope clutched in his hand. He'd have to treat it gently.

The breasts jiggled alarmingly as he walked towards the transport system. He pressed his hands against them, but dropped them when a man winked at him. He wore a badge that identified him as a vacationer from Helios.

"Want me to do that for you?"

"Piss off!"

It was a good body, one he'd appreciated from a male point of view when he'd taken a good look at it. It curved in sensuous flowing lines from shoulders to feet. The face was finely boned, the eyes green and dreamy, the mouth definitely kissable. He just wished he could kiss it, instead of kiss with it.

The shuttle malfunction had worked in his favour, he realised as he boarded the fast moving rail car. It would give him time to build the body up. Not too much, it wouldn't stand the stress of his usual workout. He'd just hone it, strengthen it for the confrontation with Targon. But first, he'd get used to his new skin.

The man who'd approached him earlier had taken the seat opposite.

He was staring. Realising why, Curran hastily drew his knees together.

When the man followed him off the train, Curran elbowed him sharply in midriff. He smiled as the man doubled over, gasping for air.

Nice womanly touch, Curran, you're learning. A man would have killed the puny little sod.

Sam's accommodation was situated in the main mall in the centre of town. The large, comfortable house was a far cry from Curran's functional one-man unit back on Helios.

New Britain had been colonised over 600 years previously. English settlers came in the first decade of 2000, he remembered, after the independent earth island had been brought to heel by the might of a united Europa. The survivors of the island race had chosen to resettle, rather than submit to the humility of slavery. Intent on reproducing an environment similar to what they'd known, they'd been resourceful in transforming the small planet.

The trip from the transference station had revealed vast tracts of forests and fields

growing on what had once been arid land. Abundant water had been discovered underground, and they seemed to have put that to good use.

The town he found himself in was domed, like the village outposts he'd passed through - but the air was of good quality.

He found out why when he went through Sam's records. As a scientist, she was working on building up the planet's thin atmosphere by natural forestation. Was that why she'd gone to Helios - to study the air recycling system? Better to continue on the path they were going. Another 25 years or so and they'd be able to breath without supplement. The air systems on Helios were constant trouble - and a target for criminals.

Targon, the man he now hunted, had wiped out a whole family unit block, including his own woman and child.

Curran scowled. Seventy-two people had suffocated to death that night. Now Targon had escaped, and was on the run. It was his responsibility to bring him to justice - and that justice was long overdue from a personal level. Targon should have been executed long ago, despite his special status.

Beneath Sam's house he discovered an air pool, and a fully equipped gym. He spent a couple of hours swimming against the air flow, then started work on some muscle building. He grunted as he attempted his normal weights. He couldn't lift the damned bar from the bench.

"Sam, honey," he muttered. "I'm sorry, but I'll have to do something about this body of yours before I confront Targon - I'll try notto overdo it."

"That, gentlemen, concludes the presentation outlining the results of our experimentation and research. We offer you a perfect atmosphere that will regenerate itself constantly and sustain generations of life indefinitely."

Sam stifled a sigh, and resisted the urge to stretch. Curran's body felt restless, ready for more exercise.

"Adopt our methods, and in five to six hundred years Helios will be the same."

"We have a life-sustainable atmosphere now," one of the three Helios scientists muttered.

"What you have is an outmoded air-recycling system that doesn't allow for population increase. Your life span is decreasing - your children are becoming stunted. If you don't start this now, the people on Helios will become extinct."

Someone laughed. "I don't see any evidence of extinction in that Helios body you're occupying."

"It's a triple zero," she said quietly. "Which means it was singled out from incubation for special treatment."

"We're aware of what it means. We don't need a New Britain to tell us."

Blood rose angrily to Sam's face. "You haven't got the resources to achieve this sort of perfection with everyone."

"She's right," a large, middle aged man interjected. "I genetically manufactured Curran myself."

Sam thought he might have overdone the testosterone levels a bit. She wasn't exactly undersexed herself, but Curran's body had one hell of a sex drive. Apart from exercising it, she didn't know how to manage it. She just managed to stop herself from shifting his heavy genitals from one side to the other. They were a damned nuisance.

"Didn't you manufacture Targon as well, Brookson?" the heckler said softly.

"Someone got at him, tinkered with the conscience factor."

"Back to your theory of manipulation by an evil master mind?" the same voice sneered. "Why don't you just admit you made a mistake with him."

Brookson glared at him.

"That's enough, Fleming!" Lars Messner, the head of security rose to his feet and gazed at the scientists. "No doubt Curran will take care of Targon."

"Or the other way round." Fleming's eyes gleamed as he gazed at Brookson. "The vehicle he's in isn't built for the punishment Targon's capable of inflicting."

A thrill of dismay trickled down Sam's spine when Lars said smoothly. "Targon won't be expecting it to come from a woman. As it is, we've strayed from the point. We'll meet again tomorrow and discuss what we've heard. I see no reason why the system from New Britain should not be studied in depth. They've offered us their expertise free of charge - and as far as I can see, with no ulterior motive."

Oh, there's a motive, Sam thought. If we can't get this off the ground, in years to come you'll realise it's too late for you as a race. Then you'll take what we've got by force. That's why men like Curran and Targon were bred - to conquer.

Lars Messler held up his hand as the men began to rise. "It's my duty to remind you that the topic under discussion is of the utmost secrecy."

"Can I speak to you, Lars," she said when the others had gone. "I've got a problem with this body. I can manage it physically, but the reproductive urge is strong, and I don't know how to handle it."

Lars gave a soft laugh. "I'll see what I can arrange to release the sexual energy. What would you prefer? Mechanical, chemical or physical?"

Embarrassed, she muttered. "Whatever would suit Curran, I guess."

His smile was unexpectedly ironic. "I hope he'll treat your body with as much consideration."

She ignored the innuendo. "I'm also concerned that I've been used for a purpose other

than vacational."

"I didn't know myself until it was too late." He patted her hand reassuringly. "I do apologise, my dear, but you did want to experience being in a male body. You couldn't get better than Curran. Stop worrying, and enjoy."

His meaning became clear as soon as she let herself into the spartan unit that Curran called home. One was a blonde, the other a brunette, and they'd been raised to be experts in their profession.

Curran's body reacted with such urgency that Sam didn't have the will to resist. Despite trying to regard it as a body calming exercise, a little while later she began to wish she was on the receiving end of this body she occupied.

Curran was in the shower when the communications screen buzzed.

"Coming," he drawled, tying a towel round his middle and padding towards the lounge. He pressed a button on the remote.

"Yeah?" His eyes widened when an image of himself appear on screen. "We're not supposed tomake direct contact, Sam. What is it?"

"Would you mind covering my chest," she snapped. "I could have been anyone."

He hitched the towel higher. "Sorry, I keep forgetting I'm in a woman's body."

"Do something for me, Curran. There's a packet of pills in the top drawer. Take one every night, would you?"

"I don't believe in ingesting chemical substances."

"That's my body, and I don't want any mishaps with it. Feed it the poxy pill."

He laughed as he saw a naked woman flit across behind her. "I get your drift, honey. I see you're managing to take care of my needs."

"I haven't got any choice," she snapped. "Your body's got a mind of its own."

She was a feisty little piece for a New Britisher. He threw himself in a chair and grinned as he draped her long, shapely legs over the chair. He ran his hands gently over her jutting breasts.

"Now, this is a body any woman would be proud of."

"Get your hands off me, you over-muscled and over-sexed bastard," she seethed.

He laughed, enjoying her temper. "Is that the way to talk to the keeper of your body?"

"If you don't want yours to be chemically castrated, I'd suggest you rein yourself in right now," she said sweetly. "Take the pill, then go to bed like a good little girl. I like regular sleep. And do something about my hair. It looks as though it hasn't seen a brush all day."

He flicked his hand through the tawny mass of curls. "I thought it looked wild and sexy like this."

"Tell me about Targon?" she said.

The amusement fled from his face as he leaned forward, his face as still as stone. "What do you know of Targon?"

"Only that he's genetically imperfect. Lars mentioned that you're going to take care of him."

"Lars should have kept his mouth shut," he growled.

"If you damage my body in any way ..."

He managed a smile. "I love your body too much to damage it. If we can meet when this is over, I'll demonstrate exactly how much."

The pained expression she gave sat well on his features. "Get lost."

He chuckled as the screen went blank. "Some scientist." Her breasts had begun to tingle during the exchange. He caressed the swelling peaks with his thumb, and the soft cleft hidden in the triangle between her thighs moistened.

"So, this is what the sight of me does to women?" he murmured. The idea of Sam finding him sexually attractive was a turn on all by itself. All the same, he didn't fancy finding another man to service her body, though he had to admit it needed it. The frustration level in her was high, and there didn't seem to be any way to relieve it.

Hell, I know exactly how to please a woman. His eyes lit up. I wonder if she's got one of those nifty little gadgets tucked away in the bathroom ...

Brookson waited until dark before he let himself into Curran's flat. The alarm buzzed in the bedroom.

"Don't turn on the light, Sam," he said when a shadow moved rapidly

towards him. "It's Brookson. I need to talk to you."

The thin beam of a flashlight blinded his eyes. "How the hell did you get in? Why didn't you use the monitor screen?"

"I have the door code, and Curran's screen is probably bugged, anyway."

Sam swore as she remembered the conversation she'd had with Curran earlier. "This had better be important."

"You're in danger. Targon isn't on New Britain, he's here on Helios. He figures he can get rid of Curran more easily with you occupying his body. Then he'll deal with your body."

Fear made her hostile. "How did he know about the body switch?"

"There's been a leak."

"Why tell me? Tell security."

"I can't. One of them is in on it, and I think it's Lars Messler. He's set his sights on becoming president."

"Lars said he didn't know about the body switch."

"He was lying."

"But why should Lars want a criminal kept alive?"

"The main genetic material used for Targon came from Lars."

"You mean, Targon is Lars Messler's son?"

Brookson nodded. "I think Lars was responsible for his escape from Traz. Security there is too tight for any other explanation."

"To what end?"

"Once Lars is president, there'll be no stopping Targon. There are hundreds more like him stored in the lab. By the time New Britain is life sustainable, Lars will have an army of unbeatable force. When I invited you to Helios it was for a purpose - to avoid confrontation and unite us. The escape of Targon just happened to coincide with it ... but it was no coincidence."

"How do you know Targon is still on Helios," she said suspiciously.

"Believe me, I know. He engineered a malfunction on the shuttle to throw Curran off track. Trust me, Sam."

A soft scuffling sound came from the bedroom and the door clicked shut. Two strides carried Sam towards the door. When she threw it open the two women Lars had sent over were crouched before the monitor screen.

Before they could turn it on, Brookson was upon them. His hands closed around each neck automatically. Two snaps, and it was over.

She shuddered as they slumped to the floor.

"I have to get you out of here," Brookson said quietly. "I can hide you in the transference system until I can retrieve Curran."

"How? It's got high security clearance."

Brookson smiled. "I invented the system. There's a way in Lars doesn't even know about ... and my staff are hand picked. Dress in something warm. It's cold in there."

Half an hour later, Sam found herself standing in an icy, clinging mist. "Brookson," she quavered, drawing a fur-lined leather jacket around her. "Where the hell am I?"

Curran had just dressed himself in a silky gold coloured gown when the monitor buzzed.

He swore. He'd just been about to go to the opera house to see a hologram opera featuring the famous 20th century singer, Placido Domingo. Pulling a pleated silk wrap around his bare shoulders he sashayed over to the screen, pleased he was finally getting the hang of things.

It was Brookson. "Zero. Twenty minutes," he snapped, before the screen went blank.

Curran didn't have time to change. He hit the street in seven seconds, then commandeered the first vehicle he came across, a high powered gas-fired zoomer parked outside the security forces house.

His flight drew glances and hoots of laughter. His bare thighs straddling the zoomer, and the gown flowing out behind him was a ludicrous sight, he realised. He grinned as he wondered how Sam would explain it.

Sirens blazing, he made it to the transference station with seconds to spare. The attendant practically threw him into the chamber. "Keep moving," she shouted as the vapour rose around him. A minute later he was sprawled on the ground. He grunted as he sucked the freezing mist into his lungs, and staggered upright.

Something kicked him with the force of a sledgehammer in the midriff. He dropped like a stone, hugging his stomach. A foot pressed against his neck.

"Move one muscle, and I'll break your poxy neck."

"It's your neck, lady," he gasped.

"Curran ...? Oh my God!" She dropped to her knees beside him. "Are you okay?"

"Are you okay, you mean?" His fingers probed at the aching diaphragm and he gave a soft laugh. "You would have killed yourself if I hadn't strengthened the muscles. "Where's Brookson?"

"Gone to the lab archives to destroy Lars Messler's embryo army stock."

The body he occupied grew colder as she related what Brookson had told her. When she finished, he rose stiffly to his feet. "We've got to keep you warm."

She promptly removed the jacket. "Use this."

"It won't be enough. We have to exercise to keep the blood moving and the muscles warm."

It was she who set the pace. Feeling hopelessly inadequate, Curran tried to keep up, but after twenty minutes he was tiring. "I need to rest."

"We've hardly started."

"Your body needs to rest."

"Oh." Her arms slid around him and hugged him close. "I'll keep me warm."

"You'll get horny if you keep this up," he warned.

"In this temperature?"

"Mmmm." He nuzzled his nose against his own neck and grinned. "If the perfume I'm wearing is anything to go by, the condition must be a permanent attachment."

"Damn!" She sounded annoyed by her own stupidity. "I never considered the olfactory organ might have been the cause of the problem."

He chuckled. "Lady, you seem to know damned all about men."

"I admit most of my experience is theoretical."

"Then why the pill?" Beginning to shiver he snuggled closer.

"It's a vitamin pill," she snapped. "What the hell did you think it was? Did you take it?"

"No." Curran was hard pressed not to grin when he remembered her single status. "On analysis, I discovered the pill contained a suppressant, but not a large enough dose for your needs." His voice took on a mocking edge. "That explains the electrical device in the beside cabinet. The degree of orgasm it produces is dismal. I could do a much better job."

She blushed. "You have a giant sized ego, Curran. Look ... could you stop doing that, please. It's making me uncomfortable."

"I know ..."

"I meant ... dammit, you know what I meant." She laughed and pushed him away. "Let's go. Running on the spot for ten minutes will prevent me from freezing to death. Besides, your leg muscles are tightening up."

After that came push-up's, followed by stretching exercises. Curran had to admit his body was a magnificent machine ... and Sam's wasn't bad, considering she was female. He was about to tell her so when Targon stepped out of a disturbance in the mist.

"Curran, you son of a bitch. You wanted me ... here I am."

"Targon!"

"Jeez ..." Sam whispered shakily. "You're an ugly looking bastard."

Targon's lips peeled back in a grimace as his menacing eyes fixed on Sam.

"You first."

Without bothering with preliminaries, Curran heeled him in the throat. Ignoring the pain in his foot, he followed it up with chop across the thigh muscles with the side of his hand. The pain that shot up his arm made him wince.

Sam shoved him aside with a hiss. "Watch it, you oaf. That's my body."

Targon went for her throat with both hands. Rolling backwards she took him with her and threw him on his back. When he rose, a knee to the groin saw Targon doubled over and retching.

He'd never have done that to another man in a million years.

"Good tactic, Sam," he said, and stepping forward, crunched Targon's nose with his knee. Blood spurted into the mist.

Targon was palming a knife when Sam king-hit him. He dropped like a stone and the knife slid out of his hand. They shook hands over his body and grinned at each other like a couple of idiots. They made a good team.

Targon began to grunt. Curran's smile faded. "Turn away, Sam. I've got to finish him off or he'll keep coming."

A few seconds later she heard a scuffle behind her, and turned to find Targon straddling her body, his hands squeezing her throat. Curran was blue in the face, and gagging for air.

She snatched up the knife and shoved the blade through Targon's back and buried it in his heart. She yanked him off before he bled all over her gown and tossed his carcass into the mist.

"That was a bit ambitious of you, Curran. You should have left him to me." Her mouth twisted in a wry grimace. "You've ruined favourite dress."

"Shit! I loved this dress." He gazed at it in dismay, then flicked her a smile. "Thanks for the helping hand."

"My pleasure, toots." She grinned as she gave him a hand up. Tilting up his face she examined the bruised flesh, making a tiny, concerned sounds in her throat.

"I guess I'll recover. What did Targon do to you?"

"Killed my woman and child, along with a hundred or so other people."

Their eyes met. "You can procreate naturally?"

"What did you think, that I'm just a genetic freak? I had a son."

"Did ... did you love your woman?"

Curran was one step ahead of her. Unless Sam found her own partner she'd always maintain her single status. With her IQ, she was too valuable to the government to be used in the natural breeding programme.

"She was assigned to me, feelings weren't taken into consideration." He tried to keep the sadness from his voice, but failed.

"My son was something else. He was part of me."

Her fingers brushed against his face. "Have you ever thought of pairing again?"

His grin was twice as big as her mouth would allow.

"Not until now. We seem to have a togetherness most people would envy."

"Not if they had to haul all these muscles around," she said darkly. "I never know where to stash your equipment."

He laughed. "I have the perfect place in mind if you're game. The exercise will prevent us from freezing to death in this bloody mist."

"You have no finesse," she grumbled.

"You'd be surprised how much finesse I have, angel".

She kissed him then ... or he kissed her. It was a glorious melding of minds and bodies. The fight had affected them both, and the best way to release the adrenalin was to make love. His body was ripe for it, and so was hers.

"Curran ... Sam ...?" Brookson shouted half an hour later. "Is everything all right?"

"It was until you butted in," Sam growled.

"Right, I'm bringing you out. Bloody hell," he whispered, his eyes popping as they tumbled out of the chamber in a tangle of arms and legs. "I never thought you'd allow a woman to get the upper hand, Curran."

Curran grinned as he sprang to his feet and hauled Sam upright. He misjudged his own strength, and she would have flown over his shoulder if she hadn't scissored his waist with her legs. He jerked the remains of the gold dress down over her hips and set her on her feet.

"Can't a man get any privacy round here? Which reminds me ... what sort of ancestry will our children inherit?"

Sam gazed at him and laughed. "Something wrong with your eyesight?"

It took a moment for the penny to drop. Curran's mouth nearly fell open as he scrutinised Brookson's face.

"That's a relief. I had a sneaking feeling it might be Lars. What about the other half?"

"A New British envoy called Micha Baines. She visited Helios thirty years ago, trying to sell us their natural atmospheric system."

"You mean, I'm half New British?"

Brookson nodded. "The Helios council worked out a plan of invasion from what Micha told them, then they ordered her to be vaporised. The plan was passed on to Lars by his father, and with the help of Fleming he began to breed his troops. It's all in his records. The fool didn't have the brain capacity to retain it."

"Micha converted you?"

Brookson gave a faint smile. "She didn't have to. My mind has never moved along the dictated path, and we fell in love. There are others like me on Helios. The followers of Micha's doctrines are many."

Curran grunted. "Things will change for the better, then."

"Micha and I always hoped you'd become an envoy for Helios, and unite the two planets."

"I guess I could work on that." He grinned at Sam. "What are your plans for tonight?"

"The same as yours, I guess." The blush she gave looked good on her.

"What will happen to Lars?"

Brookson pulled a finger across his throat.

"He and Fleming go before the tribunal tomorrow."

Curran tore his gaze away from Sam's mouth.

"How did Targon gain access to the chamber, Brookson?"

Brookson jerked a thumb at the body of the attendant, half-hidden behind the console.

"I thought I could trust him, but he'd gone over to Lars."

"Nice and tidy," Sam murmured. She slid Brookson a sly smile. "I don't suppose ... would it be too far fetched to imagine that Micha might be still alive?"

When Brookson grinned, they all grinned.

Brookson had a smile on his face when they left. Tomorrow, Lars and Fleming would be dead, and a month after that the President's heart would fail.

The people of Helios were predictable, they would demand a hero to lead them - a hero like Curran ...

The Failed Ballerina

Walter Vivian

It's a sad story, for apart from occasional Saturday nights at the local disco, Susie Smith dances no more. She works at the check-out of the local supermarket, but it wasn't always so. Observant shoppers may wonder at the graceful, expressive beauty of her hands as they skip over the cans and packages, or dole out change, or the way she flicks open

carry-bags, with a world of grace and meaning. If by chance she has to leave her cash register and skip over to check a price, because Charlie the shelf-stacker has missed with his label gun, their suspicions are confirmed, for she walks with the light, graceful waddle of a ballerina. Then, they notice the hair, caught severely back in a pony tail from her pretty face, and her preference for simple clothes of clean line.

Susie Smith was a delightful child, a light-footed little angel, with that rare gift enjoyed by great gymnasts and dancers, a seeming dispensation from twenty or thirty per cent of the laws of gravity. She liked dressing up for plays and elaborate little dances.

Mrs Smith enrolled her prodigy in the Studio de Danse, which was in the big room over the deli in the High Street and run by a plump, heavy-eyed woman called Madame Dora (Jones), who had once danced in the corps de ballet of an obscure company reputed to have appeared in London, Moscow, New York and Melbourne, but mostly Melbourne, and now made her living from putting chubby little girls through the mysteries of the dance.

Madame Dora listened indulgently to Mrs Smith's proud boasts. All mothers have talented children. But when Madame Dora saw Susie dance, she forgot to puff at the cigarette in the ultra long holder that she affected, and instead, chewed abstractedly on it in wonder, for out of the many geese she'd taught, she'd at last found a swan!

Little Susie skipped and twirled and pirouetted. Her polka was a poem in motion, her gestures, sheer art. Other mothers viewed her with mixed hatred and admiration, because she made their little girls look like dumpy little cabbage patch dolls.

Sheaves of certificates and myriad medals fell to her conquering feet and Susie Smith became Svletjana.

Madame Dora lost teenage Svletjana to spotty Monsieur Alex of the Academe Terpischore, which operated in the church hall overlooking the park, and was considered to be a cut above Madame Dora's establishment. Monsieur Alex fell in love with her. He was charmed with her twinkling limbs, firm little bottom, curved back and fair little bosom, which proved to be a great pity, for she was seen by a talent scout of the City Ballet and whisked away on a scholarship.

She blossomed in the corps de ballet, which oddly, in contrast to her graceful movement, seemed to thump a little. She danced as one of the little swans in Swan Lake, moving so prettily that her fellow artistes seemed to take on a duckling quality.

Other ballerinas learnt to love her somewhat less than she deserved, but it was no surprise that increasingly, she was picked out for minor solo spots as a flower, fairy, benighted nymph, doll, slave girl, Red Riding Hood, a pixie-ish demon, and several sorts of female things that writhed around on the floor to some discordant, avant-garde music.

Her charm was such that she was listed for duets, for as everyone knows, a ballerina performs much more to advantage when she can use a strong young male as a platform for her charming display.

This was her downfall.

Svletjana was soon aware that she was unlike other ballerinas, for her tickly erogenous zone seemed to spread out from her fair bosom to join the zone radiating out from her pretty pubis. Other ballerinas could be mauled in the clinical way that's all part of the business of being toted by a partner, but not her, for like the true princess of the fairy tale, who could feel a dried pea through a stack of mattresses, she was hyper-sensitive.

When Boris (formerly Wayne) O'Grady lifted her during rehearsals, only superhuman effort prevented her from screaming out loud with hysterical laughter, even though she knew that he did not fancy her, or any of the girls, for that matter.

Her big night came. A packed house, the solo, the pass, and then a perfectly timed lift, and Boris had her sailing high above, as graceful as a bird in flight, with no hint of the great effort involved. Suddenly she collapsed into a writhing, kicking, guffawing tangle about his head and he dropped her, in surprise.

Composed, they tried again, as if nothing had happened, as all good troupers should, only to have Svletjana writhe in such hysteria that both finished in a heap on the stage, and the audience exploded into laughter, for everyone felt the sensation of a sympathetic tickle.

Boris made a feeble attempt to lift her again, but she shrank away, giggling, and the tittering ballet lovers were treated to a simulation of high class groping in impeccable balletic idiom.

They bundled off the stage as best they could, ad lib, the long way. Boris, for reasons best known to himself, adopted a skating step, hands behind his back, he'd once done for a variety show. Svletjana pranced off in a similar jarring fashion, with a step she'd done in a racehorse sequence from a Grand National skit. The audience roared.

One more failure and Svletjana turned her back on ballet forever, to become plain Susie again.

Nowadays, she is an efficient check-out chick, but if a vagrant head of celery or a careless movement of the bag-stuffer should touch her, or if she should accidentally goose herself on raggedly stacked knick-knacks, there's likely to be a peal of laughter to put the shelves in jeopardy and a shower of money such that Zeus himself might have been blamed. Susie has her happy memories and the recollection often brings a smile to her lips. Boris grew stronger and went on to bigger and better things.#

THIS EARLY WORK HAS BEEN PUBLISHED FOR MONEY, AND WITH *THE FAILED POLITICIAN*, IS PART OF A SERIES ON THE PERSONNEL OF A MYTHICAL SUPERMARKET.

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

Featured Writer/Reader

Sherry-Anne Jacobs is one of Australia's leading

writers.

Have a look at her superb website and record of achievement at

<http://www.iinet.net.au/~jacobses/>

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

Best of the Literary Box

Michael Palin's Hemingway Adventure. In Search of Hemingway

This was a fascinating look at the places which influenced this seminal writer in Africa, Cuba, Italy, Spain and the wilds of the United States. Palin is a good presenter but I found it disappointing that he could not work something about Hemingway's writing into the script. Perhaps, because of his own university background, he took it for granted that everyone would know of Hemingway's considerable influence on modern prose writing.

Glen Phillips

It was a delight to catch a piece on the life and works of this well known Perth writer and academic on the public access Channel 31. It was quite literally a piece as I only caught part of it, but I'll be looking for a repeat. Glen and Rita are currently spending time in the United Kingdom on Glen's literary pursuits.

Wheel of Fortune

I must confess to occasionally watching the gameshow channels in moments of idleness in the early evening. The arbiters of this game, for no apparent good reason, disqualify contestants who slip in the connective "and" when reading aloud the three words in solving an on-screen puzzle!

The South Bank Show 1999

Frank McCourt of "Angela's Ashes" fame was interviewed by the estimable Melvyn Bragg. At interview, McCourt is an open and whimsical writer with a keen sense of irony. The film makers for the background material encountered some resistance in Limerick where they became aware that not a few people were unhappy about Frank McCourt and his book.

McCourt owned to limited ambition: to go to America, to teach, to have an Episcopalian woman and to have the jacket of his book framed and hung on the wall of his favourite literary pub. He achieved all four, although his Episcopalian woman divorced him and the

pub was demolished.

Angela's Ashes began in the vignettes about his life that he wrote for some of his students and the use of the present tense arose, almost by accident, from his note form.

I concurred with his approbation of New York's Irish pubs. They are familiar and homely to an Australian of my vintage, appalled at American glitzy bars and sweet beer. Somewhat familiar too, was his explanation for being able to remember dialogue from his childhood with excellent recall, simply because without television, radio and other diversions, there was so little to provide distraction!

The Games and Sydney Zooo

Remember how far-fetched John Clarke's excellent series on the Sydney Olympic Games seemed at the time of first and second screening? Like "Yes Minister", life has more than imitated art as the organisers of the olympics lurch from one fiasco to another, and we would not be surprised to see Clarke's fictional and achingly funny 94 metre track (for 100 metres) loom as a real life issue!

John Clarke has also written an amusing poetic send-up, *The Even More Complete Book of Australian Verse*, published by Allen and Unwin ISBN186373804.5.

Le Corsair and Cats (Channel 2) are stage works based loosely on lines from the poets, Lord Byron and T.S.Elliot, respectively.

The San Francisco Ballet's production of *Le Corsair* was an exciting piece of theatre with a superb depth of skill and characterisation displayed by the principal dancers. (Since spending a week of my young life in that sleazy city, I am always surprised by the excellence of some of the cultural things that emanate from it!) Although the plot is very much an implausible, join-the-dots affair, it is sufficient to carry the story forward and maintain interest.

Cats was beautifully costumed and danced by some very attractive little pussies indeed, and some of the songs were belted out with a great deal of feline or feeling, but I am afraid that I lost the plot and lowered my curtains long before the end. Perhaps, like *Le Corsair*, *Cats* will evolve and the works of other composers will be grafted into it, as *Le Corsair* enjoys the music of five composers.

David Copperfield

This, one of the best tales written by Charles Dickens, has inspired many filmic essays, with two recent versions for television. Channel 9's version included Sally Field in the role of Miss Trot, and as far as I can tell, without a trace of her native accent and with a perfectly valid characterisation. As it was screened on a gameshow channel, I was soon turned off by the commercials and hied me to my study, but I was impressed with what I saw. Channel Two has a star-studded version yet to screen.

It is interesting to note that scriptwriters seem to find all they need in this book and tell the story pretty much as Dickens wrote it.

Gulliver's Travels

Swift's biting satire, on Channel 9 has been gorgeously brought to screen with some fine actors and marvellous art work, but the scriptwriters seem to have meddled by inventing a back story, a home life for Lemuel Gulliver, and hanging his stories on the tensions which develop upon his return. It seems to work, but liberties have been taken. Gulliver's daughter transmutes into a son, and another doctor is intent on taking over his practice, wife and family!

Another American actor, Ted Dansen of "Cheers" fame, has the title role and brings to it some talent and more than a trace of his American accent. But then who is to know how the English seafaring men of the time spoke? Mencken, the noted American essayist, maintains that the accent we now call American springs from the English of two or three centuries ago, as spoken in the southern English counties.

The Count of Monte Cristo

Dumas' classic story on Channel 2 features the great Depardieu et fils in the title role. It's a rollicking good portrayal but the scriptwriter, Didier Decoin, seems to have created a few more plot holes.

The fearsome Chateau D'If of my imagination failed to materialise on screen and the role of the good abbe in saving and forming Dante's mind was not pursued, nor was his extraordinary, ironic, miscalculation in tunnelling in the wrong direction mentioned.

Lifting the treasure from the isle which (back to the book) is glossed over by Dumas, is picked up by the scriptwriter with a story that has Dante swimming to the island because the ship on which he escapes cannot approach for fear of reefs, and being lifted off by a fishing boat (which can), organised by an acquaintance from the ship, on a whim and his own initiative, to save Dante from the machinations of the ship's captain!

It is also high farce when Depardieu senior, in his role as the mature Dante, adopts several disguises, by adding to the shape and bulk of his naturally well-endowed nose! Was it the star's conceit or a joke?

It will be interesting to see how Dumas' superman wreaks his vengeance.

Sun On The Stubble

Colin Thiele's charming story of growing up in rural South Australia is screening again on Channel Two. It is beautifully done and evocative, but yet again, I must hie me back to the book, even though I've read it many times. I feel that Bruno comes out of the film a little larger than life, whereas the book has him as an ordinary but bright country kid growing up to go away to high school. Perhaps it is because many of the simpler episodes in Colin's wonderful book such as the possum in the kitchen and grandfather with the goanna, would be difficult to contrive on screen.

In Search of Archie

The outing of "Aboriginal" Archie Weller on Channel 2, had poignant moments. Archie's claim to aboriginality rests on the origins of his great grandmother, and so far this has not been established. I would have thought that the matter could be easily but expensively decided with a blood analysis by a genetic expert, as I believe that there are minute

differences in the DNA of various populations.

There is no doubt about his commitment to literature and aboriginal causes.

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

Reviews

THE SWORD OF AZARAY - SHANNAH JAY

ISBN 1-891020-74-9

<http://newconceptspublishing.com>

This e-published YA novel is sword and sorcery at its best, a classic tale in which good triumphs over evil. Jarrad, Morin and Sara are royal triplets. Orphaned by an evil uncle they're banished to separate worlds by Pavros the villainous sorcerer - who also breaks and scatters the magical sword of Azaray

Treated badly, the siblings grow to adulthood unaware of their royal status or relationship to one another. Each befriends Hally, a canine-like creature who keeps watch over them and changes into a Halishi from the True Vale - a place where time slows down.

Brought together in True Vale, the triplets learn of their true heritage, and join in a quest to reclaim the throne of Azaray from their greedy and murderous uncle. Jarrad, the first-born and the rightful king, becomes a man along the way. Morin gains courage and magic power, Sara, self-esteem.

To help achieve victory over the evil forces they must restore the three pieces of the magical sword - a sword spellbound by Pavros, and guarded by the rulers of the worlds bordering the Shadow lands.

From the castle keep, through hidden tunnels and the mysterious lands of shadow, finally they're transported back to True Vale from the black stone called touchpoint. There they rest to gather strength for the final showdown.

This tale has enough magic and excitement to keep lovers of fantasy enthralled. Youngsters from fourteen to ninety-four will love every action-packed moment.

Reviewed by Janet Woods.

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

Articles old and new

TIPPING CLIPPING NIPPING

Walter Vivian

That decadent old world practice called tipping is a source of wonder when we travel abroad, for it is not a very strongly entrenched custom in Australia.

Why are tips given? When we give a tip, or more correctly, when a tip is extracted from us, are we acting out the role of a milord dispensing largesse to his peasants as he goes on his grand tour of the estates?

The techniques of extraction range in finesse from comparable to the superlative skill displayed by a neuro surgeon to the grossness of a combine harvester or mechanical scoop.

after some small service, hands seem to materialise wherever you look, so that you are faced with a jungle of palms. Or following days of pesky, grudging service, you suddenly detect a complete personality change and have the vague impression of a tailwagging dog somewhere in the near vicinity.

Techniques vary. There is the lordly bell captain who seems to suggest by his manner that you do yourself a favour by giving him money, or the waiter who hangs around your table and waits and waits. One of the most artistic in my experience was the San Francisco tour bus driver who managed to wheedle about half a week's wage from his passengers, who were doubtless pleased to escape from his commentary.

The best technique of all is when you have your change returned to you on a tray, held at a height to suit if you are seven feet tall and remarkably long in the reach with it!

Why do we give tips to some people and not others? A medico's eyes would hardly light up if we were to drop a handful of small change on his desk after a consultation. It would be downright dangerous to pass over a note to a traffic policeman in recognition of his regulatory zeal in booking us! Airline pilots seem to manage without.

In some parts of the world, such as China, it is considered insulting to offer a tip, whilst in others, not to is considered almost criminal! Just imagine getting out of a New York taxi without!

Travellers are often perplexed at how much to tip. Suggestions range from ten per cent of the bill to the smallest note or largest coin. Taxi drivers seem to accept rounding off the change. If in doubt, there is no harm in asking, but probably best of all, is to reverse the body language skills of head waiters and bell captains, conveying that you would not offer insult by tipping someone so obviously high in social status and esteem!

Tipping has a certain charm in rewarding good service, but lacks flexibility, at least on the tipper's side, so could I propose clipping, whereby a portion of the bill is deducted? Imagine the scene. Luigi/Francoise/Hildegard/Wang has tardily served an ill-cooked

meal with thumb in soup, seated you between the servery and toilet doors at a rickety table, spilt the wine which was sour anyway, dribbled some custard onto your partner and could not be sighted for at least a quarter of an hour when you needed a serving spoon. You reach grandly for the bill and say, "Luigi/Francoise/Hildegarde/Wang, I am not happy, therefore I am deducting the service charge and a little more from the bill." He/she/it knuckles the forelock and shuffles awkwardly to the cash resister.

But I am charmed with the notion of nipping, which is to receive rather than to pay.

Just imagine the scene. You are new in town. Your journey from the airport, according to the map is ten kilometres, but has been clocked by the taxi at twenty three. You think that you recognize passing the same corner with the mediaeval whatnot at least three times. "Number 173", you say sternly, as you stand relaxed on the pavement, baggage at knee. "You've taken me around the houses and I fine you eight dollars/pounds/yen/aadvarks." Crestfallen, your driver hands over some bills and shuffles into the cab to drive off in shame.

I like the idea, but as this milord is not going on the grand tour again for some time, perhaps you could try it out and report when you get back. If they let you get back.#

(I THOUGHT I HAD A FOOTHOLD ON THE GRAVY TRAIN WHEN AN AIRLINE PAID HANDSOMELY TO HAVE THIS PIECE IN THEIR MAGAZINE. HOWEVER, AFTER SOME SUCCESSES I BECAME AWARE OF THEIR RESTRICTED RANGE OF TOPICS, BECAUSE THEY CANNOT POSSIBLY PUBLISH ANYTHING REMOTELY LIKELY TO OFFEND POTENTIAL FLYERS AND QUIPS ABOUT FLYING AND THE PEOPLE WHO FLY ARE TACITLY FORBIDDEN!)

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

Words Worth

Out of left field

This American expression has become popular with some television presenters for no very good reason, as it is meaningless to people of a nation where baseball is a minor sport. It is meant to indicate an unexpected happening, like a bolt out of the blue. Left field is where most of the longer hits of orthodox batters lob and a ball coming from this area into the diamond to influence play is not usually expected. It probably has instant meaning for some Americans.

On reflection, despite a bolt or arrow being a thing that few of us have experienced, a "bolt out of the blue" still has meaning for us due to the marriage of thunder and bolt.

Slave

The derivation of this word gives a somewhat chilling insight into the psyche of some of the Slavonic nations such as Serbia, in their relations with the west. "Slave" derives from OF esclav from M latin sclavus, meaning Slav captive.

Guy

This proper name was applied with opprobrium, after the unfortunate Guy Fawkes entered the English parliament building, as some have suggested, with a more intelligent and commendable purpose than most, and was burnt at the stake for his trouble. A guy was a figure of fun and derision and to guy someone was to cheat or mock them. The charmingly primitive practice of burning poor Guy in effigy on the 5th of November, has only recently fallen out of fashion, indicating that a new, more humane age is dawning!

Of latter years, especially in the United States of America, guy became a slang term for a man, without any adverse connotations. The young have broadened it to include both sexes. Presumably, the musical, *Guys and Dolls*, will be renamed *Guys and Guys* or simply, *Guys!*

Girl

In Chaucer's time, a *girl* was a young person of either sex. Down the years, in contrast to *guy*, *girl* has come to denote a female child or young woman. As Wilde and others have pointed out, the period of girlhood lasts for an excessive time for some women.

BLIMPS AND BLIPS - GOVERNMENTS FOR AND AGAINST THE ARTS

(CONSIDERTED CRITIQUES OF POLICIES ARE WELCOME HERE.
ANON WHISTLEBLOWERS ARE ESPECIALLY WELCOME.)

[BACK TO CONTENTS](#)

Impressing & Depressing - the rise, fall, amalgamation and gossip about presses and publishing

There are rumours that some of our literary magazines are going west. This does not, of course, mean that Blacktown or even Perth, will benefit!

lit.bam, one of the early literary sites in the west, has hit the wall. Father and son team, Andrew and Miles Burke, have to make a living, and managing the site took a great deal of time. It has been a credit to them and a useful aid for writers.

Westerly. The word is that this magazine(?) has gone about as far west as is possible and will become an annual publication, printed in England. With some doubt about the future of Northern Perspective, this leaves more than half of Australia without a regional literary voice.

sonikdosage update

for more info you can go to the sonikdosage site:

<http://home.primus.com.au/woodwork>

or contact allan boyd ph 08 9307 9273

email woodwork@primus.com.au

as part of the PIAFwafringe2000, openmouth/disk/woodwork present::

sonikdosage:auralchaos:

collecting the subterranean sonic bile of perth's underground performance poetry scene. it is a 4day, multi-art, performance-driven poetry event to be held at the EASTtheatre, 446 beaufort st, highgate, from thur24feb-sun27feb2000 incorporating four main events:

1. collage2000artex + sonikdosageopeningparty

thurs24feb8pm-midnight.

collage/text-based art exhibition launch featuring performances by cutting edge poets, musicians & sonic-artists, including ashley j higgs, miteyko, spare tyre, mar bucknell, noel christian&co plus noizes by members of the magick trousers and more. \$5entry

we are currently seeking submissions of text-driven collage-art works for display at the venue throughout the sonikdosage events.

2. openmouthsonikslam

[fuckthemilleniahype]

fri25feb 8pm-late. a one-night-stand sonic-poetry slam set to images and

sonic textures and featuring over 50 live 2-5minute performance bites from
disk/confluence/openmouth/neoteric/

web/wordup poetry readings; see.hear.touch.taste&smell perth's freshest
wordmongers and sonic-bastards in the flesh.

...we are seeking more readers/performers/experimental artists for this
one-off mega-openmouth that is promising to be hectic and eclectic...

\$2entry

3. themagicktrousers nonstop12hr sonikbinge. sat26feb2pm-2am.

the world's only antirock-poetpop noise-art band perform 12hours nonstop
sonic-textures, combining live improvised soundscapes with a myriad of
acoustic and electric instruments, effects, loops, sex-toys, kitchen
appliances and audience members; performing non-stop for 12hours will be ray
unit, ashley j higgs, mar bucknell, dr john, allan boyd and members of
several perth rock/pop bands plus other unsound freaks who wish to
participate. hecklers and open readings

encouraged. free entry. check the magick trousers website:

<http://home.beseen.co./cultures/antipoet>

4. neoteric launch + sonikrooftopcrash

chill into latest edition of "neoteric" poetry magazine, featuring young
emerging writers reading works then bliss into sunset with miteyko and more
poetry.

woodworkhot00.

the latest edition of woodwork poetzine:issue7 will be available

during sonikdosage. submit some work. get a free copy.

free workshops.

several scheduled and impromptu creative/experimental writing workshops

will be held throughout the event. free. all welcome.

for more information, suggestions, expressions of interest, hatemail or

recipes please contact allan boyd on 08 93079273 or email

woodwork@primus.com.au or write to: openmouth, 319 eddystone ave,

heathridge, wa, 6027.

wake up & smell the cheese man

openmouth

openmouth. u r now entering the dyslexik generation...

...openmouthnews...

its time...

the openmouth readings re-emerge from the acrid slime of consumer culture.

the revolution begins 1st thursday monthly from march2000,

@totem bar/EASTtheatre, 446 beaufort st, highgate from8pm til late. \$2entry.

see.hear.touch.taste&smell perths freshest wordmongers in the flesh.be one.

contact allan boyd 08 93079273 or woodwork@primus.com.au...

openmouth provides a platform for emerging experimental writers/poets/sound-artists/original bands etc to share their stuff with the community at large. open readers and performers are welcome and encouraged to read/perform every month.

openmouth is dedicated to expose and promote raw, original performance poetry/music/sounds in a intimate, acoustic environment and beyond into the public sphere.

now in its 5th year, the openmouth has provided myriad opportunities for emerging creative writers and performers including: the hardkorps readings, monophonix, sonikdosage, the conspiracy club, the magick trousers, a plethora of arts festivals, over 100 original band gigs; and the publishing of woodwork poetzine.

woodwork hot00 is the seventh edition of the a5 magazine, compiled by editor allan boyd, showcasing the fresh works of cutting-edge emerging poets/writers/artists. a woodwork website is currently in development to amplify the openmouth cause to the globe.

woodwork is available at indie record shops and various venues and cafes around perth or by contacting openmouth:

for more information, suggestions or insults about openmouth or woodwork please contact allan boyd 08 93079273. or email woodwork@primus.com.au or write to openmouth/woodwork, 319 eddystone ave heathridge wa 6027.

openmouth is supported by artswa and the lotteries commission wa

Goliardys - Saucy little stories or verse.

Joker

Error messages in haiku - Nanon

Imagine if instead of cryptic, geeky text strings, your computer produced error messages in haiku:

A file that big?

It might be very useful.

But now it is gone.

Chaos reigns within.

Reflect, repent, and reboot.

Order shall return.

First snow, then silence.

This thousand dollar screen dies
so beautifully.

The Tao that is seen

Is not the true Tao, until

You bring fresh toner.

Stay the patient course
Of little worth is your ire
The network is down

Yesterday it worked
Today it is not working
Windows is like that

You step in the stream,
but the water has moved on.
This page is not here.

The Web site you seek
cannot be located but
endless others exist

ABORTED effort:
Close all that you have.
You ask way too much.

With searching comes loss
and the presence of absence:
"My Novel" not found.

Windows NT crashed.
I am the Blue Screen of Death.
No one hears your screams.

A crash reduces
your expensive computer
to a simple stone.

Three things are certain:
Death, taxes, and lost data.
Guess which has occurred.

Serious error.
All shortcuts have disappeared.
Screen. Mind. Both are blank.

ANY CREATIVE EFFORTS ON THE SAME THEME ARE WELCOME FOR PP10

Unproductive Idleness.

Walter Vivian.

The pretty little girl with a toothy smile and gorgeous almond eyes opened the door of the conference suite and announced my name to the university selection panel.

A young Japanese man in a dark business suit hurried forward to shake my hand.
"Konnichiwa," he said.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr Nichiwa," I said.

He led me over to the group of older men, also dressed in dark business suits. There was a lone, dark woman in a slinky gown. They bowed heads in greeting and I did the same as I sat back in the sumptuous lounge.

Mr Nichiwa looked at his notes and began. "As you are no doubt aware, we in Japan have a problem with over-productivity. We work too hard and do not know how to relax. Thanks to a generous endowment from our patron, we are able to found the chair in unproductive idleness in the faculty of business and commerce in our university. Since Australian workers are famed for their relaxed work ethic, we thought that Australian management would have valuable insights to offer and an Australian professor would be most suitable."

He deferred to the grey haired, bespectacled man in the centre, who fixed me with a stern

glance and spoke forcefully. "You are not academically well qualified. You do not have a doctorate."

"I've always had a problem with the academic bit," I said, defensively. "Not because it is difficult but because first semester gets in the way of the best surfing, then it's good for sailing and when the weather turns cold it's the footie season. Second semester's just the other way round. And that's not taking into account cricket and golf and a few weeks up north when it's really cold. A man's lucky if he knocks off a bachelor's degree with all the demands on his time."

The group seemed to be taken aback by my eloquence.

"What ideas do you have for a syllabus?" Greyhead asked.

"I haven't given it much thought," I said. "I've been trying to get my golf handicap down to single figures. However, if you look at company structure, it's plain that you don't have anywhere near enough managers and middle managers. It's lonely. In Australia we have managers of sorts for every handful of workers. It slows down productivity marvellously."

"Brilliant," said Greyhead.

"And your executives must not know anything about the product and what's going on down on the shop floor. Clear division of the work force into officers and gentlemen and no getting your hands dirty produces spectacular results."

"What a good idea," said Mr Nichiwa.

"A well structured day is essential. Executives have a duty to get to work no earlier than ten o'clock. Luncheon should be generous, say from twelve until three so that executives have time to hold informal sessions of possible sub-committees of the H.R. Nicholls Society, meet other executives and talk about the laziness of the workers and develop advice on how to run education, government and public administration. A couple of rounds of golf every week to discuss business is very important. Cocktails at four and going home late at about six or seven, long after the bludging workers have left, is a good way to plan. Mondays are out in the summer and Friday is POET'S day."

"How cultured you Australians are," murmured the dark woman.

"Extended overseas business trips with the wife and kids or the girl friend, preparing for staff buy-outs of the company, reorganisations and restructurings, office politics and consultancies, all help to pass the time and keep a company from becoming overburdened with liquidity."

"Truly masterful," said Mr Nichiwa.

"Then there are the salaries," I said. "If you pay your executives very highly and give them bonuses for making losses, the problem of over-productivity is really addressed, attacked, confronted and demolished."

"We have heard enough," said Greyhead.

He looked at his colleagues who nodded and said, "Hi", as if first meeting.

"It is plain that you are exactly what we need."

"Hi," said the panel again, as if he hadn't heard them the first time.

He clapped his hands and the toothy girl entered and bowed respectfully.

"Bring in the contract so that the honourable professor can sign it. Thank the others and send them away," he ordered.

"I won't work Mondays 'cause they fair piss me off," I said, endorsing the contract to that effect as I signed it. Greyhead beamed and shook my hand.

At the door, Mr Nichiwa shook my hand. "Sayanora, professor," he said.

"An aura? Let's not be too formal, Kon," I said. "See you in Tokio."#

X Airline - Net Anon

X Airline Australia flight staff occasionally make an effort to ensure the "In-flight safety lecture" is a lot more than just "entertaining." Here are some real examples that have been heard or reported.

"There may be 50 ways to leave your lover, but there are only 4 ways out of this aircraft ..."

"Your seat cushions can be used for flotation and -
In the event of an emergency water
landing - Please take them with our compliments."

"We do feature a smoking section on this flight; If you must smoke, contact a member of the flight crew who will escort you to the wing of the aircraft."

"Smoking in the lavatories is prohibited. Any person caught smoking in the lavatories will be asked to leave the plane immediately."

X Airline Australia Pilot - "Folks, we have reached our cruising altitude now, so I am going to switch the seat belt sign off. Feel free to move about as you wish, but please stay inside the plane till we land .. It's a bit cold outside, and if you walk on the wings it affects the flight pattern."

X Airline Australia Pilot, after landing: "Thank you for flying with X Airline Australia. We hope you enjoyed giving us the money as much as we enjoyed taking you for a ride."

As we waited just off the runway for another airliner to cross in front of us, some of the passengers began to retrieve luggage from the overhead bins. The "Head Purser" announced on the intercom, "This X Airline Australia aircraft is equipped with a video surveillance system that monitors the cabin during taxiing. Any passenger leaving their seat before the aircraft comes to a full and complete stop at the gate will be strip-searched as they leave the aircraft."

Once, on an Intercontinental flight, the pilot said,

"We've reached our cruising altitude now, so I'm turning off the seat belt sign. I'm also switching to auto pilot. This means I can come back there and, for the remainder of the flight, go for a nap."

The plane landed and was coming to a stop at Alice Springs, when a shout came over the loudspeakers: "Whoa, BIG fella .. WHOA..!"

"Should the cabin lose pressure, oxygen masks will drop from the overhead area. Please place the bag over your own mouth and nose before assisting children . Or adults acting like children."

"As you exit the plane, please make sure to sure to gather all of your belongings. Anything left behind will be distributed evenly among the flight attendants. Please do NOT leave children or spouses!" The purser then continued, "Last one off the plane must clean it."

And from an X Airline Australia Captain during his welcome message: "You'll be pleased to know we have some of the best flight attendants in the industry. Unfortunately none of them are on this aircraft!"

An X Airline Australia Captain reported that, on a particular

flight, he had hammered his ship into the runway really hard. Company policy required the first officer to stand at the door while the passengers exited, giving a smile, and a "Thanks for flying X Airline Australia." He said that, in light of the terrible landing, he had a difficult time looking passengers in the eye, thinking that someone would have a smart comment. Finally everyone had departed, except for a little old lady walking with a cane.

She said, "Sonny, mind if I ask you a question?"

"Why no Ma'am," replied the first officer, "What is it?"

The little old lady commented, "Did we land. Or were we shot down?"

Overheard on an X Airline Australia flight into Melbourne, on a particularly windy and bumpy day. During the final approach the Captain was really having to fight it. After an extremely hard landing, a female Flight Attendant came on the PA and announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Melbourne.

Please remain in your seats with your seatbelts fastened while the Captain taxis what's left of our aircraft to the gate!"

X Airline Australia flight attendant's comment on a less than perfect landing: "We ask you to please

remain seated whilst 'Captain Kangaroo' bounces us towards a terminal."

After a particularly rough landing during thunderstorms in Brisbane, an X Airline Australia flight attendant announced: "Please take care when opening the overhead compartments because, after a landing like that, sure as HELL everything has shifted."

From an X Airline Australia flight attendant ... "Welcome aboard X Airline Australia Flight Y outbound from Hong Kong and inbound to Sydney, AUSTRALIA. To operate your seatbelt, insert the metal tab into the buckle, and pull tight. It works just like every other seatbelt, and if you don't know how to operate one, you probably shouldn't be out in public unsupervised. In the event of a sudden loss of cabin pressure, oxygen masks will descend from the ceiling.

Stop screaming, grab the mask, and pull it over your face. If you have a small child travelling with you, secure your mask before assisting with theirs. If you are travelling with two small children, we now suggest you think VERY seriously, and rapidly decide which one you love most."

"Weather at Hong Kong is 27 degrees with some broken clouds, but we'll try to have them fixed before we arrive ."

"Thank you for flying with us and remember . Nobody
loves you, or your money, more than X Airline Australia"

Opinion - readers views and feedback, especially with a literary flavour. ?

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

Contacts - URL's to visit on the net

[Australian links](#) is a homely site with a lot of useful information.

[The Australia Council](#) has useful links to other arts agencies but be prepared to wait as graphics mount.

[The Ozlit site](#) is massively comprehensive, with a huge database of Australian writers, but it is very, very slow.

[Fremantle Arts Centre Press](#) has a clear and simple site which tells all you need to know without distracting bells and whistles.

Prolific and successful writer, [Sherry-Anne Jacobs](#), has a prize-winning web site which is well worth a look. It is a model of clarity with speedy graphics.

[Web Wombat](#) is a recommended search engine for Australia.

Other Australian search engines:

AltaVista Australia <http://www.altavista.yellowpages.com.au>

AusIndex <http://www.ausindex.com.au>

Answers <http://www.answers.com.au>

Excite Australia <http://www.excite.com.au>

Matilda <http://www.aaa.com.au/matilda> features a number of Australian State search engines

to help narrow your search even further.

Inklings: newsletter for writers. This excellent Canadian site emphasises technical aspects of writing, especially targeting and marketing. It's worth a look at inkspot.com/inklings/

The QUOTATIONS HOME PAGE, contains a mass of information at :

<http://www.geocities.com/~spanoudi/quote.html>

Australian Writers Organisations On-line e-mail Addresses: (Please contribute any others that you would like to have listed.)

Australian Society of Authors <asa@asauthors.org.au> <http://www.asauthors.org.au/>

Australian Writers Guild <awgsyd@ozemail.com.au>

(THESE TWO ARE THE PROFESSIONAL AND "UNION" ORGANISATIONS FOR WRITERS OF BOOKS AND SCRIPT, RESPECTIVELY. THEIR FEES ARE HIGH AND THEY MAINLY CATER FOR WRITERS WHO ARE GENERATING INCOME FROM THEIR CRAFT.)

Society of Women Writers (WA) <trudy@inet.net.au>

Fellowship of Australian Writers (WA writers centre) <fawwa@inet.net.au>

<<http://www.inet.net.au/~fawwa/>> Located at the base of Melon Hill in Allen Park, near the corner of Kirkwood and Wood Streets in Swanbourne.

Postal Address: PO box 312, Cottesloe 6011. Phone: (08)93844771, fax: (08)93844854

Katharine Susannah Prichard Writers Centre (WA Writers Centre) <kspf@inet.net.au>

Located at 11 Old York Road, Greenmount 6056. Phone: (08)92941872, fax: (08)92941372

Peter Cowan Writers Centre (WA writers centre) <nwacowan@inet.net.au>

Located on the Joondalup Campus, Edith Cowan University, PO Box 239, Joondalup 6919.
Phone/fax: (08)93012282

New South Wales Writers Centre <nswwc@ozemail.com.au>

Queensland Writers Centre <qldwriters@peg.apc.org>

South Australian Writers Centre <sawriters@sawriters.on.net> (recently changed)

Victorian Writers Centre <writers@vicnet.net.au>

New Zealand Writers Organisations On-line e-mail Addresses:

New Zealand Society of Authors <nzsa@arachna.co.nz> (The Society apparently includes the New Zealand PEN and has six branches.)

New Zealand Author <nza@clear.net.nz> (This the nzsa magazine.)

(Home Page URLs, if available, may often be found by re-jigging the e-mail address:

[http://www.\(address after @\)/~\(address before @\)/](http://www.(address after @)/~(address before @)/)

for example, [pixpress@ iinet.net.au](mailto:pixpress@iinet.net.au) becomes <http://www.iinet.net.au/~pixpress/>)

Contributors

(Published contributors are invited to contribute their details to this section.)

Kevin Gillam earns his living with his bow as a teacher of music and has had many of his poems published in literary magazines.

Janet Woods is a British-born, Australian writer. The first short story she wrote was accepted for publication and her first novel, "Thread of Destiny," was published by Robert Hale (UK) four years later, and sold on to Wordsworth Publishing. Her second novel, "Spellbound," has been serialised in a magazine, and along with "In Bed With The Enemy," a more recent creation, will be e-published by New Concepts in February, 2000.

Jim Cornish is a writer of whimsical (and other) poems and co-author of a chapbook with Fran Sbrocchi, an accomplished and prolific writer and poet. Fran recently brought out her own extensive collection of poems, *Flight Patterns*.

N.Anon has an ancient and honourable lineage. It is, of course, Net Anon!

Shen practises medicine and poetry in Adelaide.

Rob Finlayson is a professional writer who lives in Fremantle. He was formerly the creative administrative officer of FAWWA.

Advertisements.



Sappho's Delight, poems by Walter Vivian

\$12.95 posted.

Spring Burning: New and Selected Poems 1967-1997 by
Glen Phillips

Glen is well-known poet and sometime contributor to this magazine. He has enjoyed writing fellowships in Italy and China to draw on for some of his subject matter.

Publisher: Folio/Salt (John Kinsella)

The Wheels of Hama

Collected War Poems by Alec Choate

\$17.50 or \$19.00 posted from 11A Joseph St, West Leederville WA 6007, Ph: (08) 9381 8203

Alec Choate is the doyen of poets in the west, with an extensive record of publication and several books of verse brought out by Fremantle Arts Centre Press.

Brillig

edited by Roland Leach

Brillig is a brilliant little magazine for secondary students. In quality and sophistication, it displays work rivalling much to be found in adult literary magazines. The slithy toves produce two issues per year.

Subscription is \$10.00 per annum or \$5.00 singly from Blackwatch, Presbyterian Ladies College, Box 126, COTTESLOE WA 6011.

Not a Proper Shop

Walter Vivian

This nostalgic book of poems would make an ideal gift for a west coaster exiled overseas or interstate. See reviews on PixelPress page. Available at Dymocks Floreat, Dymocks Claremont, Lane Bookshop Claremont, Collins Cottesloe, Bookcaffé Swanbourne and other booksellers.

ISBN 0-9587350-0-X \$10.00

Dancing On The Freeway

By Ethel Webb Bundell (LMP - Aus \$15.00)

Ethel Webb Bundell spins a tale of heartbreak and despair, which may be too familiar for some in *Dancing On The Freeway*. The story centres around Vee, who is coming to terms with the tragic loss, two years earlier, of her husband and baby son. She finds a dangerous kind of solace in the arms of Grant, who was once a brilliant journalist, but is now reduced to a pathetic drunk.

The issue of women who love too much is explored throughout, as Vee gathers her strength to begin the long awaited journey back to reality. A place long since vacated by Grant, who is more or less, in constant hallucinatory state as the story progresses.

In most films, or any other medium which tries depicting alcoholism, the worst case scenario for a drunk is to have him or her (mostly Him) driving down the street, and having a fender bender with another vehicle. This person's alcohol problem is then amazingly cured by this incident, or a few harsh words from loved ones. Bundsell therefore, strives to expose the side of alcoholism, unknown to many, a side which exemplifies how low "rock bottom" can be for sufferers of this disease. As she stated in the novel's introductory note, "I wrote this because, at the time, I felt the literature and information about alcoholism was far too hopeful.

Extremely well written, Bundell's story gives the reader's heart a good tugging with some wry humour injected along the way.

Chi Tran in New Readers World Book Reviews.

Flight Patterns

A collection of poems by Frances Arnett Sbrocchi, principally on the theme of migration and immigration. Available from Fran <naisburi@inet.net.au> or

The Well Bookshop @ \$12.00.

Dutch Point by Barbara Yates Rothwell (Lagoon Press) \$35.00

The Boy from the Hulks by Barbara Yates Rothwell (Longman Cheshire) \$9.95.

E&OE. IN THIS CASE, ERRORS AND OMISSIONS EXPECTED. IF WRITERS DETECT THAT WE HAVE SINNED IN DISPLAYING THEIR WORK, THEY ARE INVITED TO E-MAIL CORRECTIONS, IN THE KINDEST POSSIBLE TERMS, AND CORRECTIONS WILL BE MADE FORTHWITH.

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