



## Issue The Tenth, March, 2000.

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### The Tom Collins Poetry Prize awards 1999

( See <http://www.iinet.net.au/~fawwa/> for full details)

In a ceremony at The Tom Collins Writers Centre, judge, Jan Teagle-Kapetas,  
announced the winners of the prize, sponsored by the Furphy Foundry.

The winner of the \$1000 prize is Roland Leach (see our featured writer).  
Roland is no stranger to competition success, having scored the rich Newcastle  
Poetry Prize in the past.

The winning entries will be published in *The Western Word*.

First Prize....The Photograph of My Father....."Patrick Sall" ...Roland Leach

Highly Commended...Soloing...."Tom Hanrahan" .....Kevin Gillam

Commended.....Photogravure...."Rose Chapeau" .....Zan Ross

Commended.....Maiden Voyage...."Anne Donne" .....Sarah French

Commended.....City Shoes...."Starr" .....Andreas Bischoff

Commended.....Death of a Poet...."Mel Hille" .....Walter Vivian

#### JUDGE'S REPORT from Jan Teagle Kapetas

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Judging poetry is always an uncertain exercise - one filled with heartache and longing. Heartache for those poems which contain two or three lines so exquisite the mind keens, yet the poem fails to live up to those lines - and heartache for poems which are close to perfect yet marred by a single line - all the poems which must reluctantly, be set aside.

Reading through the entries, I found there were many lines I longed to have written, lines which slit open and exposed a truth, lines which spoke of a poet's heart and mind wide open, words carefully considered and placed to resist an easy answer, a lazy reading of their meaning. I found too, many poems that had me longing to pick up the phone and ask what lies at the heart of this - longing to know more, have a long conversation with he who has seen this, she who has understood that. But of course, there are only the pseudonyms, clumsy as clowns, taunting the judge with 'Milo Tonight' or 'Haitch Ee'.

Judges always say that choosing is difficult, and it is. There is no simple formula, no book of rules. And so judging is always a subjective, idiosyncratic thing, a late at night thing, a longing for a glass of wine and another opinion thing.

In January, I was handed a thick file one desperately hot afternoon. A

fortnight later a cardboard box appeared on my verandah (there had been a problem with the key to the locked mailbox). In all there were somewhat more than 150 poems from across Australia and several from overseas - poems in classical forms, free verse and doggerel, prose poems, lyrical poems, haiku and experimental cutting edge poems. I gathered them all into the box and, on a hot Sunday morning, retreated to my verandah and turned on the sprinkler so that it played water across the ferns at my feet . And then I read them all slowly and carefully, taking a day and most of a night.

There were many deserving continuing re-consideration - so I read and re-read - and because I have always suspected that winning poetry competitions depends not only on fate, but upon the idiosyncracies and sensibilities of judges - I tried to be wary of my own biases, my voice, my increasing weariness - tried to be as fierce and clear-eyed as a hawk.

There were poems about relationships, portraits of places and other people and poems of the self trying to set down the meaning of particular experiences, but the largest number were poems describing landscape and poems describing memories. Many of these descriptive poems were very good, but here I have to expose my own particularity - I like a poem that has something to say, that sharpens my understanding of experience, of life - poems challenge and enrich, question and invigorate the way we see life, poems that do more than simply paint a picture.

So what was I looking for?

Original images and metaphors and use of language - yes. Beautifully structured and crafted poems. A sense of something explored deeply and experienced with great clarity. An exploration of ideas. A poem that was

true to itself and its subject, meticulous in its language. All of these things - but also - a poem that evidenced its passage through the heart, mind and the body - for it seems to me that making a poem is a slow circling journey - a process that begins, perhaps with words that evolve from the heart which are then taken up and crafted by the mind, and then held in the heart, mind and body and struggled with until the poem is not simply a clever game of the mind, or an outpouring of heart, but a physical thing experienced in the body from which it learns its patterning of time and space - and reticence. Silence and unoccupied space are the ground against which language finds its most intense meaning.

I was looking for poems that suggested 'There is another world which lies within the one.'

I have already said that there were many fine poems, and even more fine lines. Choosing a short list was difficult, but with care, I selected a short list of thirty three and put them aside for a couple of weeks. I wanted to return to them unencumbered by my deepening uncertainty. I suspect also, that I hoped that when I returned to them, I would find that they had shuffled themselves into order. Winner. Second. Highly Commended. Or that with a clear mind, I would suddenly know! But of course, it was no simpler than before. Over a week, I gradually came to the final dozen - all of them worthy of award.

Having chosen, I believe that the most successful poems have in common - a close focus upon the subject and the ideas that subject arouses, the particular resonance of each poet's personal voice, that it was essential in some way for the poet to write this poem, and that each of the poems is complete.

Andy Gilchrist's poem, *The Photograph of my Father*, speaks to the mystery that none of us, no matter how closely related, (wife, son), really knows another. His poem encompasses the easy details a son recalls of a father, yet in the slightest momentary silences, we see much more than we are told and understand the awful bewilderment and the queer and almost unspeakable loneliness that overwhelms us when we come to realise we never truly knew someone we deeply loved. It was this use of silence to express the puzzled empty spaces which moved me to award this poem First Prize.

Kevin Gilham's poem is of quite a different kind. It is a poet's poem - not merely because its subject is that of a poet searching for the hook, the riff, the perfect line, the internal trip beat that eludes as it simultaneously plays him like a fish swimming out a taut line, but because Soloing demonstrates the work of a fine craftsman. It has the qualities of tautness of heart, the mind and target meticulously focused. It is achingly modern - like searching for a fix, the rhythm, sharp slip and sluice.

Of the Highly Commended poems, I will say nothing except each was the best of its kind among the 160 or so entries, although I might single out Zan Ross' wilful, playful witty poem as being the only one of its kind.

In closing, I'd like to thank all of the poets who entered for the pleasure you gave to this uncertain reader. There were many fine poems, and I believe, despite what publishers tell us - there is a passionate audience for poetry. Keep writing and lobbying!

## WA Premiers Book Award.

Tracy Ryan took off the \$5000 award for a book of poetry. She is a fine and accessible poet.

As PixelPapers is not funded by any agency, we don't pay. Your only reward is the showcasing of your work to a growing, potentially worldwide audience. Work previously published in hard copy is welcome.

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.

Contributors should note that unlike hard copy publications, the medium allows for rapid correction. If we have erred or you would like the format of your work changed, please advise by e-mail before another fifteen or so readers log on and see it.

## Editorial

This electronic magazine is developing slowly, seemingly adding another hundred or so readers each issue. So far as contributors are concerned, the poetry pages are the most popular, with pleasing support from the eastern states. Our target, after two years, is two thousand readers, which means that we'll have to gain thirteen hundred or so over the next four months.

I am impressed with the quality of much of the work submitted, especially by regular contributors.

I have been member of several panels assessing the merits of applications for funding and it never ceases to amaze me how panellists become confused about their role in the process. Judging the merits of an application is not an exercise in marking essays, but an evaluation of the intrinsic merit of the proposed work and the capacity of the applicant to execute it. Panellists are selected for their knowledge of a given field so that they may determine real values. It is madness to suggest that a beautifully written and presented proposal to do something inferior is better than a badly written and presented application to do a superior work, but that is precisely what some panels seem to be about.

Perhaps it is easier to mark essays.

I do not write from recent personal vicissitude, as I have not sought funding since my first book of poetry was scathingly rejected, largely, I think, because the panel was influenced by two old cats seeking to settle scores from contention on other matters!

The book was self-published, well reviewed, and made a small profit.

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## Poetry - Virgin Verse and Verse From the Pros

### In The Shadow

I never knew a time  
when he was not  
tantalising  
and teaching me  
to become  
him.

Chasing his footsteps  
and shadows  
in the streaky night  
I stretched  
for a guiding hand  
and hungered  
for a love  
which I did not know  
was mine.

I overtook him.

Marlene Marburg

### Resurrection

An old man sits and watches, sips his beer and rests his glass  
His mind turns back to days gone by, of a better place, with sweeter air  
Simpler ways, a better life  
Harder work and meaner pay

Flexed tendons and calloused palms,  
Children laughing in the neat backyard  
Dirt roads that sleekly shimmer in the soft summers haze  
Neighbours who you knew and trusted, houses without locks  
Fresh baked bread and piping scones  
Lady by his side  
Mongrel at his feet

He shuts his eyes and it all drifts back, years just fade away  
His body shrugs off its aged cloak  
Youth reclaims his shabby frame  
His lungs no longer rattle, his joints no longer scream  
A smile settles soft, upon his lips  
His eyes begin to glaze  
His hand falls limply by his side  
Amber liquid seeps from broken glass  
He is at peace And young again

Simon Willson

.....

## Illumination

A mosquito coil unravels like  
a mandala, scent drawn up  
by the slow turning of a  
ceiling fan. Veiled by  
netting, only its flared end  
is visible. Cicadas rub legs  
against the pale web  
of my sleep - the only sounds.  
When I roll under the sheets  
it's as if I can hear a bird  
rustling, its wings primed  
before flight, yet I remain  
in my bed. A transparent curtain  
passively fills and flops when caught  
by the wind, like a sail unable to  
make its mind up, or a ghost without  
enough substance to make a frightening  
entrance. I suffer this night uncertain  
if I am ever really asleep, yet the hours  
pass, one after the other. What could  
be the purpose of a night like this ?

All I can do is wait for the sun  
to rise, when a dream of light can be  
consoled by the slowly expanding  
streaks of clarity from the window,  
and desire reveals itself.

My body just a battleground where  
a fire meets with another fire.

Shen

## Underfoot

Wet downhill track.  
... Mud and stone just  
..... transient markers  
..... of a path followed by water

after a summer  
... shower. Making a zig-  
..... zag descent along  
..... the steepest part of

the slope. Each step  
... an uncertain choice.  
..... The stones that spell  
..... yes marked by a solidity

rooted in the soil, unspoken.  
... The stones that say  
..... no seem undecided,  
..... acquiesce too easily.

The clatter of rock  
... fall after false steps  
..... an anticipatory drumbeat,  
.....&.. but I tumble just once.

Fear of falling  
... suffocating any  
..... appreciation of scenery -  
.....my world reduced to

the six square inches  
... which encompass both feet.  
..... A light breeze

.....tips drops from gum trees

overhead - makes me unsure  
... if it is raining again,  
..... if I will fall once more,  
.....if this walk ever ends.

Shen

## That Direful Spring

The screen shows night after night  
the ethnic tensions of centuries past,  
erupting in Savajevo.

Old men threaten,  
cajole,  
make plans,  
take credit,  
give interviews,  
as food convoys struggle to the innocent  
through sniper fire  
which wipes out children  
while we fret and fume at the inhumanity.

Worshippers chant their prayers,  
light candles to their god  
and beg for peace.

But remember Troy?  
When instead of peace,  
the gods promoted war.

Laurel Lamperd

## On Dark Afternoons

I read about a woman  
wandering along grassy banks  
on dark afternoons,  
seeking her past.

In my mind, I see them.  
My grandparents in that house  
of bush timber.  
He smoked a pipe  
while she kneaded bread,  
and set it,  
wrapped in a blanket  
by the fire to rise.

The dusk sweeps  
gently at my window,  
as in my mind  
I travel from town  
to farm and back again.  
And the night grows darkly  
by my door.

Laurel Lamperd

## Boxthorn

I saw the silos first  
then the boxthorn  
spreading to the line of moort,  
which is aligned as a Roman tortoise  
to repel the invader  
who seeks a space.

They poison and slash and burn.  
The glade is free  
until the rains  
when new plants shoot  
and entice the birds  
with their red berries.

The boxthorn succeeds  
in its mission  
to propagate its kind.

Laurel Lamperd

## App'ar'as

Store her ashes  
..on a high shelf  
for she  
will come no more to haunt our walk  
or run  
the claw of her rough fingers through our days

I thought  
..the sculpture was a flower  
until I read her name  
...and recognized  
a skull&emdash;but such a skull  
...that could encompass nothing  
empty&emdash;emptied long before we burned the box  
When she kissed with those dry lips  
we felt the bones within and knew her teeth  
...knew her  
for her striped and tawny skin  
...beneath the silks an image&emdash;  
that inner place she kept  
while we ached  
...with tired tears  
...we dare not shed  
I'm glad you found her&emdash;store her ashes  
..... in a dark place  
I do not want to find them

Frances Arnett Sbrocchi

## North Trek

Red in the eye of the searing sun  
the belly of the snake has been burned  
Trees like fingers  
cut from the hand of a dead god  
knot over lakes

Earth is awash with fire

cattle drink at a salt-edged slough  
their dull eyes pleading for the charnel house

Grandmother sits naked  
while children uprooted  
...wither and fall  
back into the furrow

Wagons move north  
move where an ice-tongued wind  
...burned flesh  
where twisted roots of fir and pine  
...eat out the land  
and seeds fall helpless

The cattle stand for water  
...over a frozen trough

Seed is lost  
while wagons rot  
Where sun drips beneath the eaves  
...a single blade pushes up from the black

Frances Arnett Sbrocchi

## Island Boat Stop

A basket for mundane uses  
I do not see its maker's hands  
I buy it from women  
who neither smile nor weave

These women  
sell trinkets to tourists  
who come to stare at poverty  
and go home feeling  
the strength of masters

Children on this island  
play at being children  
but look at us  
as old men do  
without innocence

Frances Arnett Sbrocchi

## Old Man Song

The women catch their own fish now  
the tapu is broken

Old gods grow weary

The men eat fish  
the women eat bananas

A red-haired woman stepped out of the sea  
the old men grumble  
the old men eat

the old men eat fish caught by women  
the women eat bananas  
the women eat fish  
the women eat fish caught by women

Frances Arnett Sbrocchi

## Consumer Reports

[1]

No wonder the teeth  
..... clench into my dream--  
Have I heard outside the two drunks  
pissing against the shrubs  
leaving burnt grass?

Voices in shadows  
the incense of marijuana  
cocained raw noses  
and the bitter end of it all

.....No wonder the teeth  
.....grow out of a painfully tight  
jaw--into the dream

.....the raw reality of street  
below my window

[2]

## Voyeur

Lone girl leans against a lamp post  
She speaks to male passers-by.....one  
.....comes from the tree-covered park  
They engage in long bargaining gestures  
.....threatening in the shadows

A police car passes -- he withdraws  
..... she leaves  
I turn away--relieved  
or disappointed? There has been no drama

[3]

## Street

Children masked in jungle  
..... gear camouflage garments  
.....designed for their 'grandfathers'  
..... crawl through New Guinea  
.....or for a general in Mozambique

Jungle warfarers  
..... in camouflage street  
spiked witches  
hair masks frightened child  
under the skin-tights  
desperate  
.....return  
to the poppy..killer

Frances Arnett Sbrocchi

## Cry

for a mask to give shape  
..... to shapeless  
innocent

This street is full of grandmothers  
and She  
who cannot remove her mask  
dances in painted leather shoes  
while silver chains  
.... echo  
.... .... cry  
.... .... .... echo

Frances Arnett Sbrocchi

## Afterwards

Cobwebs silently appear  
woven in Dreamtime  
Soft silken threads  
to spin and collect  
for a shimmering cocoon  
of time's treasure

Connie Gregory

from Descriptions of tenuous beings

A sad beginning

Selfed, we coagulate from time to time only to dissolve, reform, attenuate. It's that kind of place. Here, it's the bottom of the sand-shifting sea, a backfiring car, your eyelids falling, a half-memory. Somehow, somewhere, someone said it's a brick, momentarily, almost-heard. Everyone's correct, irresponsibly. It's that type of thing we'd like to avoid, perhaps, prefer a semblance of posterity. Rug-like, we make beautiful patterns: fields of flowers; armoured vehicles; vehicles of the gods; god-like words. It's all in the wind: drifting selves, tenuous beings.

Melancholy, with braised steak and onions climbing through this fifth-floor window. That's how it is: melancholy. The stories of self, friends, acquaintances roll by, hard-lipped, weeping, a yell. Forgotten, forgiveness reconstitutes as memory revivifying, soft hands holding them all. Not me? All of us, the paling shadows of each other, a reconstituting stew, so much in love we can't even speak.

Tonal, waves. A short species. Tigers articulate me. The world fitfully dreams me.

What am I doing here? This is some kind of future, somebody's past I've pretended I'm part of for too long. Nothing's here. Dream upon dream. Rumour upon rumour, there's no memory; a dying place. Aged, I can't even hold melancholy up. Adulating, I have no country to criss-cross. My country is elsewhere and I float above this land, a wisp of cloud. And in this way, another way, which way, there's a passing of what could be meaning. This is richness: regret, longing, grief. And the picture's for me? Who's watching? Ah, love accretes, dissolves in disbelief. This place is an empty dream of action.

Sleep in a taxi and a long tube of light the corridored city travel for the sake of seeking there's nowhere to go wisdom's at the mercy of biology not history and unless unless what? I threaten myself at my own peril.

Half a curiosity stirs and everything's all right. Perhaps curiosity alone is salvation? Knowing-I-am-Buddha satisfaction lasts long enough to ask: and? White Boy

.....once they understand

once they understand

.....write what they don't  
once they hear  
.....write for the deaf,  
.....the dead,  
.....those left  
..... beneath stones  
once they feel  
.....inject word into dermis  
once they think they see  
..... cease

Kevin Gillam

..... 9 x 7  
the belly button is the  
body's black hole and if you  
could crawl through, surviving  
the crush of infinite gra-  
vity and foetal recol-  
lections, you would find yourself  
inside out and born again  
and writing a sentence be-  
ginning 'the belly button

Kevin Gillam

.....wet sand

here is the church

here is the steeple

open my hands and

depression doesn't so much as bite as

gnaw

niggle

tint

as if something's crawled under

taint

want so much of me

shards of stained glass

cut the meek and feeble

while soles seach for

Kevin Gillam

..... it's about

talk-back radio with pre-digested thoughts and  
drive-thru marriages and designer label careers  
and olympics and ticket cheats and tennis  
geeks and your cap's on backwards and  
the '98 chardonnay is so full of melon  
and the label's full of shit with skinny  
cappuccino froth on your lip and we were  
truly Y2K'd and world visioned and x-gens but  
why should I care? and old growth gorests

and Liberals for Old Growth Forests.....  
NOT and Liberals for three strikes and  
you're out of your Homeswest stake in  
suburbia and on the Net on the mobile  
to whatever talk-back jock'll listen

Kevin Gillam

## White Boy

White Boy, White Boy, White Boy!

White Boy!

Mirror image reflectional big bulge.

Lean, mean erect folds.

Tight black T-shirt with skintight dark blue underwear.

Shaven head, there!

Young, hung.

Rapturous tongue.

Masculine, tense with force.

Fist, voice hoarse.

Hard kisses, strength.

Thick muscle, length.

Unshaven brute.

Mental bruise.

Running, rough hands.

Juvenile man.

Pissed off, life.

(Fuck your daylights)!

"Pound fuck you like a jackhammer"!

Use you like toilet paper.

Dole check.

No prospect.

Squatting in a powerful stance.

Arid rich bitch romance.

Dagger eyes of hatred, rage!

Jealous fury of "NO" pay!

Pitt bull vicious heat.

Discreet.

No bed, but the floor.

Ripped clothing, open door.

Mates watching for their turn.

Drugs, alcohol, smoke car burn.

Stubbies' snug between black footy shorts

Three pound worth?

White skin, dreamlike superiority.

Fucked up anxiety.

Make the journey to redemptify.

Reality exemplified.

Cursed.

White turf.

Corpratizational slum.

White Boy bum.

Alan Moody

control freak marxist

control freak marxist  
ripe like wednesday friends  
this green haze bliss  
dont give me yr handjob treaty  
yr nubile collagen  
i'm fat like penis blisters  
red like cyborg cheese  
liposuction fan-bin fetish  
register here  
yr only as old as yr last fuck  
allan boyd

## envelope temple

envelope temple  
buddha smokes tight skin  
suckin thick blue plumes  
on a leadpipe fantasy mission  
hellbent on retic and straw  
burying last weeks cat  
feeding the masses  
trapped in dolphin-free soap  
yr vegemite-messiah-complex  
lost in keen skills  
resting on yr last moment  
allan boyd

## Grandstand, bandstand, newstand

Should glamor fade or fame, or fortunes turn to dust  
and sex symbols, studs and starlets cease to lust,  
would it spell the end of womens' weeklies?  
And if the superstars, idols and icons didn't play  
around to make some women's day  
would it ruin their sales? Supposing the film crowd,  
the pop scene and TV were no longer a source  
of scandal, salaciousness and divorce  
and all their duplicity received no publicity.  
or if they all suddenly became extremely circumspect.  
would it affect editions of trivia pursuers  
like you know Who. What would they do

If nubile nymphs and poppets kept their clothes on  
and drop-dead gorgeous sportsmen didn't pose on  
magazines to show their godly torso  
or pop stars who were legends, fables or myths  
should no longer become even more so  
but just live ordinary mundane lives  
with their babies and hubbies or wives.  
and all the cheesecake and beefcake mags went bust,  
would we think it was only fair and just?

No breast enlargement to incite the fans  
or dukes and countesses publishing their banns:

billion dollar screen stars and princes on the ski slope  
after having a private audience with the Pope:  
galloping around a field on polo ponies  
having a chukka or two with their rich cronies  
or making an exhibition of all they've got  
on their or someone else's luxury yacht.

But as long as there's glamor and sex  
and beauty and youth and big cheques  
there'll be buyers and fans to fan the fires  
and, while the rich and beautiful and clever and powerful  
are doing well, magazines will sell.

Jim Cornish

## Shortcuts

or

## The Lamb Shall lay down the Law to the Lion

There was mourning in the nation for word had got around  
that Clint had dropped the axe on Aussie lamb.

He'd cut the export quota causing woe and consternation  
and he'd done the dirty deed for Uncle Sam.

Our Prime Minister was angry and with righteous indignation  
he said "Oh stuff that bugger Bill."

He said "I'll go and see him and I'll put him in the portrait  
and I'll let him know he can't fleece us like that.

I'm going to beard the lion in his den.

I'm going to fly to Washington and then

He'll find he can't do wee-wees on the Aussies and the Kiwis."

and he donned his very best Akubra hat.

Then with his rod and his staff to comfort him, he went  
up the hill to the antipodes in Japan to see their p.m. in the a.m.  
(before going to the U.S.) to say hello and have a friendly chat.

When John arrived in Washington Andrew was there to  
greet him. He ran a barbeque and he'd rounded up some friends.

Al was there and Maddy and all the usual suspects

but none of them was there to make amends.

Although Andy's ex-Miss Texas would have liked to break their  
nexus and Peacock was quite proud of her you bet.

Then John went to the White House and he said "Is this the right  
house? I've come to see the President. I'm Howard."

And they said "the President's busy; he'll see you in an hour.

Would you care to take a seat here in the hall."

While he waited nearly napping, suddenly there came a rapping

as of someone gently tapping on his shoulder. "I'm a visitor"

he muttered. " Only this and nothing more."

"It's the President" they uttered "He can let you have ten minutes.

He's got a haircut booked for half past four.

"Look here Bill" said tough John Howard in a terrible

threatening voice. "Don't think you've got us cowed; you know our best lamb cuts are extra choice. You'll find you can't do without" But to show he'd lots of clout, Bill the lion began to roar and he soon pinned poor old Johnno to the floor with a series of short lion chops, saying "We don't care a hill of beans. We'll use U.S. lamb in our butcher shops though it's tough as the U.S Marines."

"Well what about free trade?" said Johnno  
"Don't we have a deal made?" and Clint said  
"Don't make such a fuss. You know we're only dedicated to free trade as long as it's free for us."

So Clinton gave him the bum's rush saying " Frankly, my dear John I don't give a damn. We can't do a deal that's a fact." and showed him the tradesman's entrance and said "Go forth and subtract" and John said "Bah!!" but he went out like a lamb.  
Jim Cornish

AI can't

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## Shorts - old and new

# Pedestal

by Susan Leong

Father is just a man, mortal and fallible. How strange. Usually, he extends his empty rice bowl at the dinner table and one of us children would hurry to refill it. When his car revs up the driveway, we line up to fetch his briefcase. And no one raises their voice when Father is watching the evening news. Not unless you wanted to risk a lashing.

I'd just turned thirteen a week ago and had decided not to live under his thumb. The Western education that my parents hoped would guarantee me a cushy job, had also turned my mind. Perhaps they thought being Chinese would protect me somehow from its corruption. Alas, along with the verbs and nouns they desired me to learn, I'd imbibed a budding sense of self.

Slowly working myself up, I chose that fateful day to assert my independence. You see, I had finally grown too big and too quick. You can't cane someone who won't stand still.

The rain was pelting down on the newly tiled porch. Shiny, yellow-orange squares that announced, the "tow-gay" had made more money this year.

Father was late coming home from the factory, he often was. I used to think he did it to reinforce on us, how hard he had to work to feed his horde of daughters.

When I started working and raising my own family, I realised, perhaps that was just his bolt-hole. In later years, he even installed a TV in his office and cocooned himself there weekends.

All the others were upstairs in their rooms because I was hogging the TV, watching an oldie. Out of the corner of my eye, I spied the Mercedes' headlights and slyly pretended it had escaped me. Eyes fixed fiercely focusing on the screen, I heaved a big sigh before sliding open the front door.

"Go and get my bag"

"No, I don't want to."

By now Father had settled on his throne and taken off his shoes. His hand paused in reaching for the remote control. His youngest daughter had just refused to obey him.

For some reason, that day he said, "I'll do it myself then".

"Good!" I thought, "I've won." Halfway across the sitting room, I stopped.

"Ahhhhhh, Ling . É . Ling . . . . Ling!"

Father was calling for mother in a tone I'd never heard before. Halfway between that of a little boy's fearful plea for help and a man's bellow of agony. Even now, I shudder in recall. My smug smile made a quick exit as I surveyed the results of my rebellion. Father had slipped and hit the back of his head on the threshold. He lay on the wet porch, his left leg bent at an odd angle.

"Maaa, come quickly, father's fallen down!"

Mum and all the others came racing to the front as I huddled inside, frozen by the enormity of my actions. "Oh no, oh no, what have I done?"

Almost subconsciously, I noted his helplessness, the fear crossing his face and the little yelps that escaped him when the ambulance attendants lifted him.

He reached for mother's hand when they wheeled him to the X-ray room. Scorn and embarrassment scorched lightning strips across my mind. How could my big, powerful father be scared? Stripped of his authority and dominion, I saw my father as he was. An ordinary man. An average man - mortal and fallible.

They say that every father is a hero to his daughter and that the relationship is special.

Our relationship was always distressing to me because father never allowed himself to show or talk about his feelings. A child of a migrant cook who had escaped Mao and his little red book, father behaved as he was raised. The man provided and the woman nurtured. That alone defined his task as father and that alone, he strove to accomplish.

In twenty-one years under his roof, I recall one hug at age ten and a paper lantern as a special bonus for studying well. From birth, I knew him only as provider and dominator, the controller of my fate.

Watching his self-control crack, my portrait of him disintegrated and fear gripped my heart. I alone was left to fend for myself.

The empty pedestal stood forlorn for years. In turns, a series of people and personalities were placed there on trial - my fourth grade teacher, the victim of my first crush, Donny Osmond, Paul Young, Boy George, husband, friends, mentors, priests, even God in her various guises.

Each has failed or been failed by me.

Yet, a funny thing happened the other day. I looked in the mirror and saw the pedestal crumble. Peering through the dust, I finally saw someone I liked and respected.

I saw father's youngest daughter.

Copyright Susan Leong, November 1999

## Interlude

by Laurel Lamperd

Matt Stevens first noticed her when she paused at the edge of the shore and was silhouetted darkly against the red sun as it sat on the rim of the sea.

It looked like a scene from a glossy magazine.

The next evening, she came again. This time she wore jeans and a windcheater and a beret set at a jaunty angle. The weather had turned chill after the heat of yesterday and the red sun was hidden behind a bank of cloud.

The third evening, he positioned himself on a seat close to where she walked and saw she was not as young as he had first thought.

She told him later when they knew each other, that she had been a fashion model. They were sitting on the beach, drying in the sun after a swim. She even had a model name - Krystina. Her parents had come from some eastern European country.

He kissed the faint crows feet at her eyes. `I love you. You know that, don't you?`

`You're only a boy.` There was a tinge of her parents' European accent.

`I'm thirty five.`

She was fifty, she said. `Old enough to be your mother.` She smiled whimsically.

`A very young mother.` He wanted to push her back on the sand and make love to her.

`Look at that poor seagull.` She turned away from him as if she had read his thoughts. `It only has one leg.`

The bird hopped on its one leg as nimbly as its companions ran on two, around a man and a woman who were feeding bread crumbs to them.

`It used to make Bernard mad when people fed the gulls,` she said. `He said it causes them to multiply artificially. He would even complain to the people who fed them. Do those people look like tourists or locals?`

Matt wasn't interested in tourists or locals, but he was in Bernard Melson who had died last year at eighty and left Krystina a fortune. `Bernard and I had been together since I was twenty-two,` she told Matt.

Bernard Melson was fifty-two then. Matt tried to imagine her at twenty-two and making love to a man thirty years older. `I wonder if you were more beautiful at twenty-two than you are now.`

She laughed. `You can see what I looked like if you go to Paris. The painting Bernard did of me then, hangs in one of the art galleries. I wouldn't like to guess its value now. It made Bernard furious that his paintings always went up in value after he'd sold them.`

`He should have been pleased. It must have meant the price of his future paintings would increase, too.`

`So I told him, but he was illogical in some ways. It was part of hiq charm.`

`Tess, my wife, painted a bit. Flowers and landscapes, but it was only a hobby with her. She had none of the genius of a Bernard Melson.`

`Where is your wife?' Krystina asked the question carefully.

`She was killed in a traffic accident six months ago.`

Her hand touched his. `I'm sorry.`

`She was four months pregnant. It's strange that Tess and Bernard died on the same day. One eighty and the other twenty-five.`

`I feel sorry for Tess. She had all her life before her.`

`Bernard would have created more paintings.`

`He didn't paint at all in his last years.` She rose to her feet and shook her sarong free of sand and wrapped it around her body. The wide brimmed hat which she wore made her look ten years younger.

He carried her towel and beach bag as they strolled along the shore towards her house which had once belonged to Bernard.

They sat on the verandah which overlooked the sea, drinking bourbon and coke. `I love you,` he told her again.

`I love you a little, too, but you're too young.`

`Bernard was thirty years older than you,` he reminded her. `I'm not after your money. I earn a good salary, not in Bernard's class, I admit, but adequate.` He took her hand and examined it.

It had lost the firm plumpness of youth, but it was elegant like she was. `Why did you marry a man thirty years older than you?`

`If you'd known Bernard then, you wouldn't ask. He was witty and clever and charming. He knew all the smart people who were witty and clever and charming, too. I only had my beauty.`

He wondered why he should be jealous of a dead man. `You were born with your beauty as Bernard was with his talent.`

`Ah, but beauty wanes where talent develops and grows. I was Bernard's third wife. His other wives were beautiful, too, but their beauty faded. I survived because he became too old for beauties.`

Matt kissed her, feeling her warm body through the thin sarong. `You won't be able to say that about me.`

She withdrew from his embrace. `Perhaps you might say it about me.` She rose gracefully. `Why don't you make a salad while I have a shower. The makings are in the

fridge.`

He had the salad made, the table set and had opened the bottle of Riesling he had brought and chilled in the fridge, when she arrived back, smelling of violets in spring.

`When are you returning to work?' she asked.

`I don't know.` He didn't tell her that he was expected back at the office last week. They were good to him. He supposed they valued his services. They said he had a fine future in architecture and they gave him time off to recover from his loss. `I might retire and become a beachcomber.`

`You'll have to give up your expensive motel room.`

`I'll move in with you and become your gardener.` He tried to joke, but it had become too serious.

`That's what I did to Bernard, only I became his model.`

`Are you sorry you didn't have a younger man?' Like me, he wanted to add.

`The first twenty years were fun. There were all sorts of famous people, artists, musicians, writers, even politicians who wanted to be seen with and painted by Bernard, but the last five years were all down hill. When Bernard turned seventy, he was hardly any different from when he was fifty. I was getting older, too. When he was seventy-two, the heart disease which claimed him at eighty, showed up. It made him realise he was mortal like the rest of us. His health became his only concern and it made him into the old man he was. The last years were really bad. Bernard's eyesight was poor and he couldn't see or didn't want to see. The last twelve months he spent in a wheel chair to conserve his strength, but I think it killed him the quicker.`

`And you had to look after him?'

`With a nurse. Money does help.` She grimaced. `But there were no trips abroad and scarcely any visits from his friends. He had become quite impossible, you see. He was just an old man sitting in an overheated apartment, trying not to die. I think I began to hate him, then. The nurse had her time off, but I was stuck with him. Do I sound ungrateful?'

He kissed her. `Bernard lived too long. He should have died at seventy, then your memories would have been pleasant ones of him.`

`Poor Bernard. Was he to die ten years earlier to make me happy?'

`I'd do anything to make you happy. Marry me, Krystina.`

`I feel tempted.` Her eyes gleamed in the lamplight with wine and affection. She glanced beyond him to the sea. `Look, there are two ships passing. I wonder where they're going?'

`The south bound one might call in at Fremantle.`

`And the other one?'

`To ports north and other mysterious places!`

Her look was bleak. `Who knows if they'll pass by each other again.`

It was four o'clock when he left her house and jogged along the sands in the bright moonlight to the motel.

The next morning, the desk clerk handed him a letter. It was addressed in her scrawling handwriting. `We had a lovely time together, my dear,` the few words read. `I'll always remember you.`

He ran down to her big house which overlooked the sea. It was locked and her car had gone. It took two weeks to establish she had left the country.

While he was away, his firm had employed another young architect.

Judith Scott was bright and sharp and on her way to the top. She soon had him married and in a house with four bedrooms, two bathrooms and a mortgage. He didn't have time to think about Krystina. In fact, he forgot about her for long tracts of time.

There were the arrival of the children, and Judith wanted to keep on with her job so there was a nanny and a woman coming in to clean and cook the evening meal.

Eight years later, when he was reading a bedtime story to seven year old Natalie and five year old Annie, a program came on television about Bernard Melson. One of his paintings had sold for two million dollars. Bernard had originally sold it for thirty thousand.

He would be furious if he was still around, Matt thought.

The painting was of a woman standing on the shore. The wind blew her long dark hair about her face. Matt knew it was the young Krystina. Then Krystina herself came on the screen. She wore a wide brimmed hat which kept part of her face in shadow. He felt the ache of wanting her again as he listened to that familiar voice discussing Bernard Melson's paintings, then she was gone as swiftly as she had left eight years ago.

`Daddy, please finish reading the story,` Annie begged.

`What did the prince do to find the princess?` Natalie asked.

`Yes, daddy, please tell us,` Annie cried.

`He didn't do anything,` Matt said slowly. `He just went on with his life without her.`

Laurel Lamperd

Extract from OUR LIZZIE by Anna Jacobs, published by Hodder

## & Stoughton UK,

ISBN 0 340 69301 0

(Buy this book from your local bookshop or from the Australian Online Bookshop (<http://www/bookworm.com.au>) or from Amazon.co.uk)

### Chapter 1: OUR LIZZIE

September 1908

'Eeh, our Lizzie, don't do it! You'll get what for if Mam finds out.'

Her sister Eva's words were all Lizzie needed to push her into accepting the dare. She tossed back her straight dark hair, half of which had fallen out of its plaits as usual, and scrambled up on top of the wall which kept the end of their street from sliding down the hill - at least, her dad said it did. The wall was only three feet high, but the drop on the other side was about twenty feet and suddenly, as she stood there wobbling and staring down, she wondered if this was a good idea.

Glancing over her shoulder, however, she saw the triumphant expression on Mary Holden's face and gritted her teeth. She wasn't going to back out now, not when her arch-enemy had dared her to walk right along the top of the wall.

Straightening up, she spread out her arms. That felt better. Glancing back again at the other girl, who was watching her now with a tight, annoyed expression on her plump face, she jeered, 'It's no worse than walking along the edge of the pavement. See! Easy! Your turn next.'

But it wasn't easy and Lizzie had a funny, shivery feeling in her stomach as she faced the narrow line of bricks. Taking a deep breath and keeping her eyes off the drop on her right, she began to walk slowly forward, one

foot in its scuffed shoe edging into place in front of the other. There was nothing in the dare about doing it quickly, after all, just getting to the far end without falling off.

As Lizzie continued to move, her confidence rose. Ha! She would do it all right and then wouldn't Mary Holden look stupid? Because she wouldn't dare do this. She had a big mouth on her, but no guts. Five steps completed.

Ten. It helped to count them, made her forget the drop tugging at her from the right.

Fifteen steps. Nearly halfway there. 'Nothin' to it!' she jeered, but she didn't dare turn her head, not now. She could hear her sister's soft breathing over to her left - well, everything about Eva was soft and sappy - and she could feel the anger beating out from Mary behind her, as it had beaten at her many times before, for they'd been enemies from birth, even though their families lived opposite one another in Bobbin Lane. She let out her breath slowly, glad she'd made it a condition nobody spoke while she was walking the wall. That helped. A bit.

In the distance, she could hear the sound of clogs clattering over the cobblestones towards them. Oh, no! If it was a grown-up, she'd be for it. The sound kept coming closer, but although the footsteps slowed down at the corner, no voice called out to her to get off. Sighing in relief, she took another careful step forward.

Three quarters of the way there now. She was going to make it. She was. But her legs felt stiff, sweat was trickling down her neck and she hated, absolutely hated that drop. This was a dead stupid idea, but Mary had made her so angry, mocking the whole Kershaw family, especially Eva for being the teacher's pet! Well, Eva was a teacher's pet, but no one else was going to say that when Lizzie was around.

The footsteps had stopped now, but she didn't turn her head to see who was

watching her. No one in her family, that was sure, for the Kershaws didn't wear clogs. Her mam took pride in turning out her children in proper shoes, even if they were bought second hand and pinched, as Lizzie's did, or let in water, as her younger brother Johnny's did.

Thirty steps. She wobbled, but regained her balance. 'Thirty-three an' I'm there!' she called in sudden triumph as her toe touched the wall of the first house in Carters Row. Then she wobbled again and this time lost her balance as she tried to get off the wall. She shrieked in terror, sure she was going to crash twenty feet down to the cobblestones of Mill Road - but hands grabbed her, snatching her into the air, away from the drop. Safe! For a moment, she couldn't speak, couldn't breathe with the relief of it all, just held on to her rescuer for dear life, shuddering.

'You lost!' Mary's voice crowed behind her. 'You lost the dare, Lizzie Kershaw. Now you have to carry my books to school.'

She came out of her brief paralysis, struggling to get away from the hands that were still holding her. 'I did not lose! I touched that wall with my toe and my hand. It was only when I was jumpin' down that I lost my balance.'

'Did not!'

'Did so!'

'Be quiet, the pair of you!' roared a loud voice.

Only then did Lizzie realise who had rescued her - Sam Thoxby, who lived in the narrow alley at the end of her street. He was only a bit older than their Percy, but he was a big fellow and she'd never seen him look so angry! Even as she stared up at him, he took her by the shoulders and shook her hard. 'Stay there, you! I'll skin you alive if you move one step!'

With a gasp, Mary turned to flee but Sam caught hold of her skirt and dragged her back to his other side. 'You, too, young lady! You can stay right here till I've done with you. An' you,' a nod across at Eva, 'had

better not move, either!'

Lizzie saw how frightened her sister looked, though even after a whole day at school, Eva's dark, wavy hair was neat and tidy and there was hardly a speck of dirt on her pinny. It wasn't fair how pretty and tidy she always looked.

A heavy hand on each girl's shoulder pulled them round to face one another. 'You two are going nowhere,' another shake, 'till you've promised me never, ever to try that stupid trick again.'

Mary stopped struggling to smile up at her captor, her voice soft now. 'I won't if you say not to, Sam.'

Lizzie closed her mouth firmly. She wasn't going to promise him anything. He might work with her brother, but he wasn't family and he had no right, no right at all, to interfere.

His fingers dug into her shoulder. 'I'm waiting, Lizzie Kershaw. An' I'm not moving a step till I hear you promise.'

She scowled up at him. 'Shan't, then.'

He gave Mary a push. 'I shall know if you break your promise. Get off home with you.' The look he turned upon Lizzie was severe in the extreme. 'You could have been killed, you silly little fool.'

'What have you been doing now, our Lizzie?'

Oh, no! Their Percy would have to turn up. He was always trying to boss her around. If she had to have a big brother, why couldn't she have a tall, good-looking one like Peter Dearden, who gave his little brother sweets from the shop and never had a cross word for anyone? Lizzie scowled at Percy, who looked so thin and faded next to other men, especially a huge fellow like Sam Thoxby.

'What have you been doing now, Lizzie Kershaw?' he repeated, catching hold of her arm.

'Nothin'! She tried to twist away, but was held fast between the two men. Sam's fingers tightened. 'You can stop that wriggling, young lady. You're going nowhere till you've promised.' Without taking his eyes off her, he said to Percy, 'She were walking along the top of that there wall. If I hadn't caught her, she'd have fell down on to Mill Road.'

Lizzie saw Percy turn pale. He was nervous of heights, always had been. 'It was a dare,' she explained sullenly. 'An' it was Mary Holden what dared me, not me her, an' I'm not letting her tell folk I'm afraid of owt, 'cos I'm not. An' - an' you're just a big bully, Sam Thoxby. Let go of me, will you?' But the fingers were still digging into her shoulder and she couldn't shake them off, though her brother let go of her when she pushed at him again. Percy turned to his other sister, still hovering nearby. 'You should have run to fetch someone when this started, our Eva.'

'We don't tell on one another.' She hunched her shoulders and walked off down the street.

Lizzie glared up at Percy. Same features as Eva, same dark wavy hair - but he always looked worried about something, sighing over his tea, poring over his books. She knew he was a good son, because people were always saying so, but she just wished he wasn't so soft.

'If you don't promise me an' Sam not to do it again,' his voice sounded thin and weary, 'I'll have to tell Mam about this. Or Dad.'

Tears came into Lizzie's eyes. She was always in trouble with Mam and Percy knew it, though Eva was Mam's pet. And their dad worked so hard at the brewery he was tired out by evening and didn't need extra worries. But if she promised - and she always kept her promises, always - Mary Holden would crow at her and goad her. 'I hate you, our Percy!'

'Promise!' Sam gave her another little shake.

'Oh, all right, then. I promise I won't do it again.' They let her go, but

she waited till she was a few paces away before yelling, 'Yer a pair of silly bloody sheep, you two are! So there!'

'I'll wash your mouth out with soap when you come home, Lizzie Kershaw!'

Percy roared, ashamed of being shown up in front of his workmate.

She danced around, pulling faces at them. 'Ya, ya, ya! You'll have to catch me first, won't you?' And when he took a step towards her she was off again, running down Bobbin Lane, as lithe and graceful as a young colt Sam had seen frolicking in a field on the last works picnic.

Percy sighed and turned to the man next to him. Sam was older, twenty-three to his twenty, and towered over him by a good six inches, for none of the Kershaws was tall. 'Thanks for stoppin' her.'

Sam watched the child disappear round a corner, admiration on his face.

'She's a lively one.'

'Too lively. There's only Dad can keep her in order an' he's been so tired lately. That new manager at the brewery's a right slave-driver.'

'Your Lizzie's going to be pretty, too, when she grows up.' Sam frowned.

'No, not pretty exactly, but she'll attract the fellows, you'll see.' She attracted him, if truth be told, for all her scrawny child's body. She had such bright eyes and she was so alive compared to other lasses. He had seen her several times lately, seen and stopped to watch.

'Our Lizzie? You've got to be joking! It's Eva as is the pretty one.'

Sam looked at him thoughtfully. Everyone knew that Percy Kershaw was as soft as butter and a worrier. You couldn't help taking to him, though. He'd do anything to help you and was well respected at the works, knew his job better than most and was studying to learn more at night classes. 'Come an' have a drink, lad. We need one after that.'

'Thanks, but I can't.' He'd have loved to go into the warmth and bustle of the pub after a hard day's work, especially with a big confident fellow

like Sam, but Percy didn't allow himself luxuries like beer at the moment.

He had to watch every farthing if he was to save enough money to go to Technical School part-time next year. Mr Pilby himself had given permission for Percy to work part-time in order to do that. It was all arranged.

'The drink's on me,' Sam offered. 'I had a win on the horses.'

But Percy was stubborn as well as soft. 'No. Thanks all the same, but I couldn't afford to buy you one back, an' I prefer to pay my own way.'

'Just a half, then. I don't like drinking alone.' Sam took a grip on his companion's arm and led him firmly, still protesting, into the Hare and Hounds. They passed a woman with soft dark hair and green eyes, and for a moment he was reminded of Lizzie. But this woman's eyes were dull and she was slouching along.

As he chuckled at the memory of the little lass spitting fury at him, Sam knew suddenly that he wanted her. Not now, but later. He didn't lust after children and for all her lively wits Lizzie was a child still, but when she grew up - ah, then he'd be waiting for her. Something in her wild, defiant nature appealed to him, as other girls' flattery and admiring glances never did. He'd enjoy taming her, wooing her first and then mastering her, as all women loved to be mastered. Marrying her, perhaps. Yes, that idea pleased him. He didn't want his sons mothered by a whining fool like that other lass. And Sam was going to have sons, lots of them.

He waited to be served, brow creased in thought. The Kershaws were well respected in Southlea, the district at the bottom end of the low hill across which the small town of Overdale sprawled. Mrs Kershaw was a cut above her neighbours, for she'd been a housemaid to the gentry before she married, and she talked better and ran her home better than most. So would her daughters, with her training, which would suit Sam just fine. He had ambitions for his future. Oh, yes. Big ambitions.

He grinned as he paid for the two half-pints and pondered on his tactics.

He was about to become Percy Kershaw's best mate, and all for the sake of that cheeky little brat! And he'd better soft-soap the mother a bit, as well. He enjoyed making folk do what he wanted, setting his sights on something and getting it, too. He hadn't done badly for a whore's bastard - he scowled briefly as he thought of the mother he'd never met, but heard of, oh, aye, heard of and been taunted about many a time.

The two young men's glasses of light ale were only half empty when someone came pounding into the pub. 'There's been an accident down at the brewery!' he gasped, then his eyes fell on Percy, sitting at the back, glass halfway to his mouth. 'Oh, you're there, Percy!' His voice became gentle. 'Eeh, I'm that sorry, lad. It's your dad, I'm afraid.'

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Anna Jacobs, historicals 10/99 OUR LIZZIE (pbk), 10/99 LIKE NO OTHER (hbk)

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## Featured Writer/Reader

Roland Leach is a prize winning poet with an impressive body of work. Have a look at his home page at [http://plc.wa.edu.au/personalpages/R\\_Leach/Leach.html](http://plc.wa.edu.au/personalpages/R_Leach/Leach.html)

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# Best of the Literary Box

## David Copperfield

Yet another fine production of Dickens's eminently filmable story, scripted by Adrian Hodges, was screened by Channel 2, with an impressive cast of fine actors from stage and screens. It was beautifully done.

All of the versions I have seen have been well done, which is a tribute to the quality of the partly biographical work, but we are left wondering at the motivation for repetition. Perhaps, like Micawber, successive producers hope that something magical and new will turn up.

The story gave us the now thankfully obsolete coupling of dumb and Dora, and "Barkis is willing", as a courting gambit for swains who liked to leave themselves an avenue of escape if the reception of a possible proposal of marriage turned negative or nasty.

Poor old Uncle Dick, with his memoirs so vexingly troubled by recurring references to King Charles's head, as an example of the obsessive writer, may have been a shot at some of Dickens's literary contemporaries. In Australian literature I can recall a prose writer whose divorce seemed to similarly flow through his work, and a poet whose dog/cat regularly scurries through his collections with similar impact!

Oliver Twist is to be screened on Channel 2 in March.

## I Am Woman

Helen Reddy made an appearance on my box in, I think, Australian Story, charmingly honking her way through her song, the lyric of which is arguably one of the most powerful poems of the twentieth century.

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## Reviews

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## Articles old and new

### Worm In My Apple

Walter Vivian

When I'm jockeying my skittish Power Mac, to herd my caprine, seething software, (OS 8, Claris HomePage 2 and Netscape 4.05, etc) I sometimes think that the Luddites may have had it right and we should be taking an axe to our inconsistent machines.

I've persevered with Macs and bought eight of them, the first being my puny 128, purchased in 1985 with a printer, for about 4000 big dollars. I chose Mac because I

believed that the technology was superior, but the orthodox IBM type PC and the Mac have paralleled the video machine situation with VHS v Beta..

My choice has been at a cost. Everything that you buy for the Mac is considerably dearer and the range of software is limited. Commercial systems such as banking, are set up for the PC, with Mac coming in as an often clunky afterthought.

Everything outside the machine's environment is done with difficulty or expense. (Fortunately, Mac owners were able to duck the biggest slug of them all, when the company, in corporate folly mode, pushed the lamentable and now defunct e-world, offering internet services at something like \$9.00 per hour!)

What really gets my goat is indifferent service. About three months ago, the CD which installs my operating system, OS8, corrupted, and would not open. Originally, I was told that I would have to buy another at the full price, but I knew that this was wrong, as the expensive part of most software is the licence, for which I had already paid. Apple Support confirmed this and told me to take my disk to a dealer and they would arrange to send it back to Apple who would then post out a replacement. Twice, I attempted to initiate this procedure and was told, after Apple Support was consulted by them, that there was no mechanism at the dealers end to do this. I advised Apple Support by e-mail, asking for the cost and an address where I could post the defective CD and a cheque. There was no response to this or several other e-mails and a telephone call was not returned, as promised.

It is very disappointing and will surely influence my choice in replacing my present machine.

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## Words Worth

### Particular

As an adjective this word is often used redundantly, possibly because it lends weight in a sort of warped, poetic way. For some poor souls, afflicted with over usage, it seems to shape as a mild, psychologically based disorder. That person and that *particular* person mean exactly the same thing.

Relating to one as distinguished from others, special.(OED)

### Maxima, Minima

These irregular plurals are creeping into weather reports, where maximums and minimums would be perfectly adequate and in line with our regular usage.

### Bud, buddy

According to Baunhart's Dictionary of Etymology (Wilson 1988, USA), this is American English, apparently an alteration of *brother*, influenced by or a variant of earlier *butty*, meaning companion (1802), itself a possible alteration of *booty* or *booty fellow*, a

confederate who shares plunder (1851).

He seems to have overlooked the fact that *bud* was already in mainstream English, certainly in stage plays, probably as short for rosebud, originally used as an endearment between lovers. It could have altered to become a term for a friend or companion in contrast to *mate*, which has altered in the other direction, certainly in Australian usage.

## Hone, home

To hone is to sharpen, usually on a whetstone or grinder, whereas to home is to go directly home or to some place. Pigeons home in on their loft and honeybees home in to the hive.

## Adaption

This non-word, used in place of adaptation, seems to be a favourite of Richard Alston who has used it at least twice in interviews. Probably, nobody close to him has had the courage to point it out.

## Cannes, Cairns

Everybody knows that *Cannes* is pronounced "carn". There seems to be a push to use the same pronunciation for *Cairns* in Australia, which rhymes with bairns. Even more curious is the calling by an ABC commentator of "carn" for the New Zealand cricketer Lance (or was it Chris) Cairns! I've heard Cairns pronounced on Channel 2 as both cans and can!

# 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.

An excited Sherry-Anne Jacobs found a fax from her agent to say that OUR LIZZIE is No.9 on the English TIMES's best-seller list! It is also No 8 in The Mail on Sunday Best-seller list. Congratulations!

Simon & Schuster has brought out an e-book edition of a novella by **Stephen King**, selling about half a million copies in two days! Company representative, Jack Romano, speculates that the event may mark a new development in publishing, comparable to the introduction of cheap paper backs, with possible new modes of publishing such as an initial e-edition followed by paper back followed by hardback.

Washington Post books writer, Linton Weeks, speculates that this is "the grand metamorphosis".

(From a segment on The News Hour, SBS)

## Goliardys - Saucy little stories or verse.

### Joker

Australian prime minister, John Dampier, and Indonesian president, Nasi Goring, to endorse George Bush?

George Bush has shown the depth of his knowledge of foreign affairs, especially his Canadian neighbour, in an on-air episode in the best tradition of Dan Quayle.

A joker fed him a line that Canadian PM, Jean *Poutine*, had endorsed him.

Mr Bush responded warmly in terms of the good sense of his neighbour in recognizing his merit, and the importance of cooperation between the two American neighbours.

The Canadian PM, Jean *Chretien*, had not endorsed him or anyone else in US politics.

*Poutine* is a Quebecois fast food consisting of french fries and cheese curd!

Associated Press via The West Australian, 8 March.

## 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 site is not updated frequently and could be searched in vain for their terrestrial address until recently. The new address is:

372 Elizabeth St, Surry Hills NSW 2010,.  
PO Box 788 Strawberry Hills NSW 2012.  
Tel (02)9215 9000, (02)9215 9111 Toll free 1800 226 912.

The card announcing all this does not list their web or e-mail addresses! Perhaps, one day they'll get it all together!

[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.

For vigorous, way out poetry, try [sonikdosage](#).

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>

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/](http://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> <http://www.asauthors.org/>

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) <woods@iinet.net.au>

Fellowship of Australian Writers (WA writers centre) <[fawwa@iinet.net.au](mailto:fawwa@iinet.net.au)>

<<http://www.iinet.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@iinet.net.au](mailto:kspf@iinet.net.au)>

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

Peter Cowan Writers Centre (WA writers centre) <[nwacowan@iinet.net.au](mailto:nwacowan@iinet.net.au)>

Located on the Joondalup Campus, Edith Cown University, POBox 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>

Tasmanian Writers Centre, 1st Floor 77 Salamanca Place, Hobart TAS 7004,  
ph: 03-6224 0029, fax: 03-6224 0029, email: [writers@trump.net.au](mailto:writers@trump.net.au)

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.)

Marlene Marburg lives in Melbourne with her husband and children. She is a published poet, short story writer and has also published a non-fiction work, REAL PARENTS: confronting adoption issues (Windsor Scroll Publishing 1998).

Laurel Lamperd has had poetry and short stories published in magazines as diverse as Southerly, New England Review, Tamba, Ita, the BBC and many others.

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.

Fran Sbrocchi is 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!

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

Jim Cornish is a writer of whimsical (and other) poems and co-author of a chapbook with Fran Sbrocchi

## 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

## Sudden Alchemy

The winning poems from the prestigious annual Tom Collins Poetry Prize have been compiled and published in this work.

\$24.95 from booksellers or FAWWA

## 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@iinet.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.

[www.iinet.net.au/~ignpress/mymag](http://www.iinet.net.au/~ignpress/mymag) " wake up and smell the cheese man"

as part of the PIAFwaf fringe2000, openmouth/disk/woodwork present:

**sonikdosageauralchaos**

collecting the subterranean sonic bile of perth's underground performance poetry scene. it is a 7day, multi-art, performance-driven poetry event being held at

## EASTamphitheatre.totembar

446 beaufort st, highgate, from thur21feb-sun27feb2000 incorporating six main events:

### 1. cybercum : looking for love in all the wrong places

mon21/tue22/wed23feb

featuring jonathan lim [singapore] + ashley j higgs [melbourne] + meg canto, with a host of local performance poets

poetry meets performance in a cyber-Gomorrah of plastic and flesh. two old hands bang the keyboards in search of that certain kind of connection. is there luv online? more than just a good cyberphuck? in the faceless, genderless, godless space, anything is true and everything's a lie - somewhere is love? sonikdosage & STAGES (Singapore) present a site-specific wandering inside the EAST amphitheatre stage with wraparound soundscape, as personal/racial /social histories collide with older lusts in new formats [2

performances nightly 7pm & 930pm approx 1hour duration]

\$10/\$8 ph93079273 for info/bookings or tickets at door

### 2. collage2000artex + sonikdosageopeningparty

thurs24feb8pm-midnight. \$5entry

collage/text-based art exhibition launch and opening party

featuring performances by cutting edge poets, musicians & sonic-artists, including ashley j higgs [direct from melbourne], miteyko, cat hope, spare tyre, mar bucknell, noel christian & co plus sonicpoetnoizes galore by members of the magick trousers and heaps more.

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

### 3. renga2000

fri25feb10am-12noon - workshops

1pm-6pm - the ancient japanese poemform of renga made new for the new millenium - a multipoet, multipoem event - out of the dark ages and net bound.

#### 4. openmouthsonikslam[fuckthemilleniahype]

fri25feb 8pm-late.

a one-night-stand sonic-poetry slam set to images and sonic textures and featuring

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

#### 5. themagicktrousers nonstop12hr sonikbinge

sat26feb noon-midnight.

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

#### 6. neoteric launch sonikcrash

sun27feb6pm

chill down into the latest edition of "neoteric" poetry magazine, featuring young emerging writers reading fresh works, then bliss into a red wine and cheese sunset with the pop ambience of miteyko and yes even more

poetry...3entry

free workshops.

several scheduled and impromptu creative/experimental writing

workshops/readings/previews/forums etc will be held throughout the event.

all 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.

**BEWARE OF LIMITATIONS**

[www.sonikdosage.indiegroupp.com](http://www.sonikdosage.indiegroupp.com)

## Western Writers Brochure

**The Peter Cowan Writers Centre** is open Wednesday 8am to midday & Thursday 8:30am to 5:00pm.

**GENERAL MEETINGS:** First Thursday each month, 7:30 to 9:30pm. Members free,

Visitors \$3 - supper provided. In summer months, meetings are held outside under the pine trees and invited guests speak about various aspects of writing, publishing etc. In the cooler months we move into the house where members read their work for comment by fellow writers.

**GROUP MEETINGS:** Saturday is the time for some "real writing". From 10:30 until 12:30pm you will join other writers for some quality writing time, with the opportunity for feedback from fellow writers, and writing exercises if necessary. Caters for the beginner to the advanced. \$3.00 members, \$5.00 non-members.

For general inquiries, or further information on any of the above, phone or email the coordinator, Helen Hagemann.

## Tom Collins House Writers Centre

PO Box 312, Cottesloe WA 6011

Phone 9384 4771 Fax 9384 4854

Office Hours: Thurs 8:30am to

1:30pm, Friday 9am to 2pm

Tom Collins House Writers Centre is run by the Fellowship of Australian Writers, WA (FAWWA). Founded in 1938 by a group of accomplished WA writers, Tom Collins House was left to the FAWWA by Samuel Furphy, son of Joseph Furphy who wrote "Such is Life", the chronicles of a character known as Tom Collins. From its old address on Servetus Street, progress moved TCH to Allan Park in 1998. It is now situated in a leafy wooded Historical Precinct next to green playing fields, with a backdrop of the Indian Ocean. The house is a valuable historic monument and as such was listed by the National Trust in 1978.

**MONTHLY MEETINGS:** The last Sunday of the month.

**ONGOING WORKSHOPS:**

Mondays: 7:00pm to 9:00pm

Monday Night Group - Informal sessions led by practising writers. \$5.00 members, \$10 non-members

Tuesday: 10:00am to 12:00 midday. Wild Writing - with Andrew Burke. Informal workshops with Andrew Burke. \$10.00 per session. Come whenever you are able.

2nd Sunday each month, Round Table Writers Workshop. Bring your work to read and discuss in an informal setting with friendlycritics! 3:00pm to 5:00pm - \$5 members, \$10 non-members.

Please note: Unless stated otherwise, all workshops and General Meetings will be held at the Tom Collins House Writers Centre.

Workshops are from 1:00pm to 4:00 or 5:00pm, usually on Saturdays, and General meetings from 3:00pm to 5:30pm on the last Sunday of each month.

## KSP Writers Centre

11 Old York Rd, Greenmount WA

Ph: 9294 1872 Fax 9292 1372

email: kspf@opera.iinet.net.au

Caroline Horobin available Thursday 9.00am to 4.30pm.

## Tours

Guided tours of Katharine's Place are available on request, \$5 entry. Explore the former home of novelist Katharine Susannah Prichard, wander in the grounds, absorb the atmosphere of her writer's retreat. Tour bookings can be made on (08) 9294 1872.

KSP Young Writers Tuesdays 7:00 - 8:30pm during school term. Cost \$2. 10-18s. Ring Cate Hale on 9298 8041. Special youth tutor. Last Tuesday of each month from 7:00-9:00pm , Cost \$5.

April-May Writer-in-Residence is Carmel Macdonald Graham, a writing teacher at Edith Cowan University, where she has recently completed her Phd. Carmel will work on a four part narrative project set in Rottneest Agra, Montana and Cervantes.

July- August - Peter Bakowski, a Melbourne based poet, has recently completed residencies in Paris and Rome. He is our Established Writer-in-Residence this year and will work on his fifth volume of poetry, a collection of travel and philosophical poems set in Paris and Australia.

Thursday Night Group. A writers' circle for readings and constructive criticism in a supportive group. Thursdays 7:30-10:00pm.  
Cost: \$2.00 plus \$0.50 for supper.

Writefree. A women's writing group with three anthologies to its name. Ring Margot Lowe 9378 8041. Wednesdays 9:00-11:00am. Cost: \$3.00, includes morning tea.

## Peter Cowan Writers Centre, Joondalup

### FEBRUARY

Thursday 3 Members' Meeting - Announcement of the winners of the 1999 Patron's Prize. 7:30 to 9:30pm, Members free, visitors \$3. Supper provided.

Saturday 19 & 26 Quality Writing Time in Edith Cowan House 10:30 to 12:30pm. Members \$3, Non-members \$5.

### MARCH

Thursday 2 Meet Sarah French, our Emerging Writer-in-Residence, with Open Readings 7.30 to 9:30pm Members free, visitors \$3. Supper provided.

Saturday 18 Creative Writing Workshop with Sarah French 2:00 to 4:00pm.

Saturday 4,11,18 & 25 Quality Writing Time in Edith Cowan House, 10:30 to 12:30pm \$3 members. Non-members \$5.

## APRIL

Thursday 6 Members' Meeting. Meet Alwyn Evans our Editor-in-Residence, with Open Readings - 7:30 to 9:30pm, Visitors \$3

Saturday 15, Editing Workshop with our Editor Alwyn Evans 2:00 to 4:00pm.

Applications invited for Established Writer-in-Residence position. Threeweeks full-time or part-time equivalent. Send SSAE to 'EstablishedWriter-in-Residence,' PO Box 239, Joondalup WA 6919, for guidelines.

Saturday 1,8,15,22 & 29, 'Quality Writing Time'- ON THE MOVE - Writers to be advised.

Announcement of Primary School Short Story Competition.

## Tom Collins Writers Centre

### MARCH

Sunday 12 at 3:00pm: POETRY IN THE PARK. Help us celebrate the opening of FAWWA 2000. Jan Teagle-Kapetas will present her judge's report on the 1999 Tom Collins Poetry Award and announce the winners. Music and light refreshments. \$10 per head payable to FAWWA office.

Saturday 18 1:00-5:00pm. Writing Marathon. Using topics chosen at random, everyone writes for 10 minutes before sharing their work. Poet/tutor Kevin Gillam. \$10 each.

Saturday 25 1:00-4:00pm. Interactive talk: Self Publishing with Linda Massola. Linda Massola is a Victorian writer who assists people through the self-publishing maze. \$10 each

Sunday 26 3:00-5:30pm. General Meeting, Myth-Making-The Modern Writers' Odyssey. Local Science Fiction writers discuss their craft and answer your questions. Leader Grant Stone will be joined by Cecily Scutt, Tess Williams, Stephen Dedman and Dave Luckett in a lively conversation on the world of Science Fiction writing. This is designed to follow on from the panel discussion at the Writers' Festival. \$5 non-members, \$3 members.

### APRIL

Saturday 8, 1:00-4:00pm Workshop: Writing for Children, with Helen Boswell-Smith. Helen has had two children's books published. She is an experienced workshop leader. In this workshop she will guide participants into some of the finer points of writing for specific age groups and creating the kind of world children love to inhabit. \$45 non-members, \$30 members

Sunday 30 3:00-5:00pm General Meeting: Fictionalizing Fact and Factualising Fiction. Nicholas Hasluck discusses the constraints of creating a work of fiction based on an actual person or event with special reference to 'Our Man K' (short-listed in this year's Premier Book Awards). This is your opportunity to find out which characters were really real! \$5 non-members, \$3 members.

## KSP Writers Centre

### FEBRUARY

Tuesday 22 7:00-9:00pm For 10-18 year olds. Cost: \$5  
Warren Flynn is the ArtsWA Special Youth Tutor @ KSP Young Writers

### MARCH

Friday 3 9:30-11:30am Cost: \$12 non/\$10 members. Occasional Workshop: Violence in Fiction - Writing in Difficult Terrain, with local short-fiction writer and tertiary teacher of writing, Julienne van Loon.

Sunday 12 7:00 for 7:30pm Cost \$6 non/\$4 members.

Sunday Night Readings with supper plus open section. Special guests: Michelle Drouart, Melissa O'Shea, Patrick West.

Saturday 18 1:00-4:00pm. Cost \$12non/\$10 members Occasional Workshop: Haiku, Tanga, Ringa, Senryu with former FAWWA president and TAFE creative writing teacher, Andrew Burke.

Tuesday 21 7:00-9:00pm For 10-18 year olds. Cost: \$5. Archie Weller is the ArtsWA Special Youth Tutor @ KSP Young Writers

### APRIL

Friday 7 9:30-11:30am Cost \$12 non/\$10 members Occasional Workshop: Writing for the Theatre, with local dramaturge and tertiary teacher, Heather Nimmo.

Saturday 15 1:00-4:00pm Cost \$12 non/\$10 members Special short-fiction workshop with KSP Writer in Residence, Carmel Macdonald-Grahame.

Sunday 16 7:00 for 7:30pm Cost \$6 non/\$4 members Sunday Night Readings with supper plus open section Special guests: Michele Bishop, Carmel

Macdonald-Grahame, our Writer-in-Residence, and Julia Malet.

## MAY

Thursday 4 Members' Meeting - Critique Night (Square Table) Members to bring work. 7:30 to 9:30pm, Members free, visitors \$3. Supper provided. Announcement of the 'Trudy Graham Literary Awards 2000.'

Saturday 27 - Creative Writing Workshop with Carmel Macdonald-Grahame. (Brush up on skills for Trudy Graham Competition) 2:00 to 4:00pm.

Other Events: Launch of 'Anthology 2000' Date to be advised.

Saturday 6,13,20 & 27, Quality Writing Time in Edith Cowan House, 10:30 to 12:30pm. Members \$3, Non-member \$5.

## JUNE

Thursday 1 Members' Meeting - 'Follow-up Critique' (Square Table) Members to discuss own work. 7:30 to 9:30pm, Members free, visitors \$3. Supper provided. Applications close for Established Writer-in-Residence.

Entries for the Trudy Graham Literary Awards 2000 - National Competition. Poetry and Short Story. Entry Fee \$5. Possible publication in an Anthology depending on numbers.

## JULY

Thursday 6 Members' Meeting, Special Guest and Open Readings. Members free, visitors \$3. Supper Provided.

Saturday 1,8,15,22 & 29 Quality Writing Time in Edith Cowan House 10:30 to 12:30pm.

Monday 31 Results of Primary School Short Story Competition.

ECU supports the Centre and our choice of Recycled Paper

## MAY

Saturday 6 1:00-5:00pm Workshop: Freelance Writing For Profit, with Barb Clews. \$45 non-members, \$30 members.

Saturday 20 9:30- 4:30pm Fantasy and Science Fiction Writing, with Christopher Kenworthy. Christopher's stories have appeared in many science fiction and horror magazines in the United Kingdom and Australia. He was nominated for the Best Short Story in the British Fantasy Award. \$45 non-members, \$30 members.

Sunday 28 General Meeting. An afternoon journey with the first TCH Writer-in-Residence for 2000 TBA. \$5 non-members, \$3 members.

## JUNE

Saturday 3 1:00 to 5:00pm Workshop Creative Writing - Getting Started with Carrie Sonneborn \$45 non/ \$30 members.

Saturday 17 1:00 to 4:00pm Workshop. Mystery Session. The Centre's first Writer-in-Residence leads you into an exploration of life as a creative writer. \$45 non-members, \$30 members.

Sunday 25 3:00-5:30pm General Meeting, Catapulted Into Writing! with Georgina Price. Correspondence with another young scientist in the Antarctic, with an exchange of ideas and messages, provided the basis for Georgina's first book. It caused a sensation on publication. Now she works as a writer and communicator. \$5 non-members \$3 members.

Friday 30 Closing date for entries in Lyndall Hadow-Donald Stuart Short Story Competition. Entry forms from Tom Collins House Writers Centre.

## JULY

Saturday 1 1:00-5:00pm Workshop: Where The Story Lies - Telling the Truth About Your Family, with Georgia Richter. Explore ways to research the fascinating figures that lurk in the background of families. \$45 non-members, \$30 members

Saturday 15 1:00-5:00pm Workshop - Practicing Poetry. Gwenda Steff is an experienced poet and teacher. Former winner of the Tom Collins Poetry Award, and facilitator of the Monday nights writing groups, Gwenda will lead members of this workshop in innovative ways of developing the initial inspiration into a finely crafted poem. \$45 non/\$30 members.

Sunday 30 3:00-5:30pm General Meeting, The Short Story. The announcement of winners of the Lyndall Hadow-Donald Stuart short story competition for 2000, reading of winning entries and Judge's report. \$5 non-members, \$3 members.

## MAY

Friday 5 9:30-11:30am Cost \$12 non/\$10 members. Occasional Workshop: Developing Your Writing Practice With highly successful author and tertiary tutor, Zan Ross.

Saturday 20 1:00-4:00pm Cost \$12 non/ \$10 members Occasional Workshop: The Story Machine - Generating New Stories with our workshop facilitator, Cecily Scutt.

Sunday 21 7:00 for 7:30pm Cost \$6 non/ \$4 members Sunday Night Readings with supper plus open section. Special guests: Nigel Gray, Steve Kinnane, Collin O'Brien.

Tuesday 23 7:00-9:00pm For 10-18 year olds Cost: \$5 Heather Nimmo is our Special Youth Tutor @ KSP Young Writers.

## JUNE

Friday 2 9:30-11:30am Cost \$12 non/ \$10 members Occasional Workshop with scriptwriter and experienced teacher of indigenous writing, Jan Teagle-Kapetas.

Saturday 17 1:00-4:00pm Cost \$12 non/ \$10 members Occasional Workshop: New Directions in the Short Story with 1998 & 1999 KSP Short Fiction Award winner, Patrick West.

Sunday 18 7:00 for 7:30pm Cost \$6 non/ \$4 members Sunday Night Readings with supper plus open section. Special Guests: Amanda Curtin, Christopher Kenworthy, and Glen Phillips.

Tuesday 20 7:00-9:00pm. For 10-18 year olds. Cost: \$5 Suzanne Kovic is our Special Youth Tutor@ KSP Young Writers.

## JULY

Friday 7, 9:30-11:30am Cost \$12 non/\$10 members Occasional Workshop: Drawing with Words with local visual artist and wordsmith (facilitator to be announced).

Saturday 15 1:00-4:00pm Cost \$12 non/\$10 members Special poetry workshop with KSP Writer in Residence, Peter Bakowski.

Sunday 16 7:00 for 7:30pm. Cost \$6 non/\$4 members Sunday Night Readings with supper plus open section Special guests: Peter Bakowski (Writer in Residence) Sarah French & Marie Kovacs.

## THE DISK NEWSLETTER: MARCH

The first Disk for 2000 ran very successfully with readings by Heather Nimmo, Kim Scott and Alan Wearne under the stars and the city-skyscape.

With complimentary finger food prepared by the Mezzonine kitchen, conversation among some of the brightest in Perth, and a light taste of the Fremantle Doctor the evening was a good omen for the year ahead.

The next Disk reading will be held at The Mezzonine Rooftop, 49 King St, Perth on Tuesday March 28. Doors open at 7.30pm for an 8pm start.

Admission is \$5.

The featured readers are:

Ingle Knight - Script; Winner of the W.A. Premier's Script Award 1999 for his stage adaptation of Elizabeth Jolley's novel MILK AND HONEY.

Ken Spillman - Prose fiction; shortlisted for the W.A. Premier's Book Award 2000 for his collection BLUE.

Fay Zwicky - Poetry; widely published and respected both nationally and internationally, Fay has won many awards over her career, and is a multiple recipient of the WAPB Award.

There will be an Open Readers section later in the evening at which anyone is welcome to read for a maximum of five minutes.

Finger food will be provided courtesy of The Disk. The venue is a licensed restaurant.

Featured readers for coming Disks include: George Blazevic, Warren Flynn, Mal McKimmie, Mark Reid, Leslie Stein, Marcella Pollain and Nicholas Hasluck.

Further information:

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## CALENDAR OF EVENTS FOR MARCH

Wednesday 1st March, 7:30pm

Woven Words: celebration of creation

Poetry, music, song, short stories &c. Open mike, all welcome.

Starfish And Coffee Cafe

Cnr South Tce & Arundel St (opposite Fremantle Hospital)

For further information ring 9335 7234; 9430 9757

Thursday 2nd March

Meet the Writer Ð Peter Cowan Writer's Centre

Sarah French commences her residency at Peter Cowan on 1 March and members and students are invited to meet Sarah on Thursday evening 2 March at 7.30pm.

Peter Cowan Writer's Centre

ECU Joondalup Campus

Thursday 2nd March, 8pm

Openmouth

Performance poetry, music and hybrids. Open readers welcome.

Totem Bar

446 Beaufort St

Highgate

\$2 admission

For further information ring; 9307 9273

Sunday 12th March, 3pm

Poetry in the Park Ð Tom Collins House

Help celebrate the opening of FAW 2000. Jan Teagle-Kapetas will present her judge's report on the 1999 Tom Collins Poetry Award and announce the winners. Music and light refreshments.

Tom Collins Writers Centre

Allan Park

Swanbourne

\$10 admission

For further information ring: 9384 4854

Sunday 12th March 7 for 7:30pm

Sunday Night Readings commence for 2000 D KSP Writers Centre

Special guests: Michelle Drouart, Melissa O'Shea, Patrick West

Open readers welcome.

Supper provided.

Katherine Susannah Prichard Writers Centre

11 Old York Rd

Greenmount

\$6 non-/\$4 members admission

For further information ring: 9294 1872

Tuesday 28th March 7:30 for 8pm

The Disk

Readers: Ingle Knight, Ken Spillman, Fay Zwicky

Open readers welcome

Mezzonine Rooftop

49 King St Perth

\$5 admission

For further information ring: 9362 4550; 041 424 5509

Poetry Down Under has generously provided page-space for The Disk

Newsletter. The page may be reached on

<http://www.aceonline.com.au/~db/index.html>, and then by clicking the

"Perth Venue's" button.

Noël Christian, Co-ordinator

## Writing in the Stirlings 2000

There are still places available for the weekend workshops with Carmel MacDonald Grahame, Carol Igglesden and Jenny and Brian de Garis.

Places are restricted by accomodation, and bookings must be in by March 17. The four day weekend, accomodation included, costs \$198 for 3 or 4 share, \$250 for twin share.

Contact Jenny and Brian de Garis 08 9384 2749.

## Book Launch

*Ashes to Water*, the sixth book of poems by Alec Choate, will be launched at Tom Collins Writers Centre, Swanbourne on Saturday, 8th April, commencing at 4.30 pm. (See location map on the FAWWA website, <http://www.iinet.net.au/~fawwa/>)

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.

Have you noted **PixelPapers'**  
bookmark? Please surf in again!

Target publication dates are the first of January, March, May, July, September & November.

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