



PixelPapers the Thirteenth.

1 October, 2000

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Editorial

(SUBMISSIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED UNTIL MID-OCTOBER FOR PP 13 AND FOR PP14 THEREAFTER.)

How do we measure the penetration or success of the arts in our nation? We have in mind something like the stock exchange dealing indexes, the ft-sie, the hang seng, the nasdaq and so on, or even the simple employment index derived by one of our banks from summing the employment advertisements in major newspapers.

A baseline could be extracted from the archives to establish figures, say, for 1990, using them for comparison against later, similar surveys for a given month, week, weekend, or day, to establish a numerical summation.

If we were to allocate 100 as the base, then new plays would probably register at about 90, opera performance at about 100 or less, and fatuous new operas, thankfully, at 0.

Poetry published by mainstream newspapers, if our own monopoly tabloid, The West Australian, is any guide, would stand at 10 or less, although we believe that some of the quality broad sheets in other states are consistently supportive. Publication by literary magazines would probably hover around the 30 mark, given that many covers have closed for the last time or have retreated to annual or never-never deadlines.

The short story is in sorry case, due we think, to competition from television, and in all media would probably score a lowly 5.

Literary book publication by Australian publishers is estimated at something like 50, whereas self-publishing could well score 200.

Statistics for television would be more encouraging, especially in the coverage offered by our public broadcasters, ABC & SBS.

Arts funding stands at about 40, but doubtless this could be amended in the light of seasonal conditions, problematics and hypotheticals to about 110!

It should be possible to combine some of the data to arrive at a useful index to inform politicians and arts administrators and perhaps provide practitioners with a useful guide.

We could then look forward to a scenario where Richard Alston proudly announces that under a Howard Government the Poesy index has risen to 36 points whilst the shadow, whoever that is, retorts that the All Prose index has declined 14 points to only 59.

We offer this idea, gratis, to any arts funding body or academic organization that has the resources. Naturally, we would be happy to publish the results.#

Having survived and modestly thrived with mostly text in scroll form for two years, we are now trying to use the full potential of the web with graphics and eye candy. There's also the possibility of having sound to titillate readers.

Prose and Poetry have been allocated separate files to speed up loading and to provide opportunity for appropriate display. There is little differentiation between republished work from experienced writers and new work from relative beginners and it will be left to the reader to sort it out from the quality of the work and end references, if any.

Screen has been allocated a place as it is believed that increasingly, our stories will be told through film and television, a notion which may stimulate hot debate in writers groups. (We'd be happy to print opinions on the subject.)

Back numbers will be retained for as long as possible, with some of the repetitive material pared away to save on disk space.

Sadly, we will not be able to boast about our increasing circulation. Without warning, our ISP has cut out its table of users and hits and adopted a centile ranking system for its clients instead. The ranking for PP is 70, which is certainly a number to conjure with, being three score and ten. When we are approaching 98 or 99, we will know that we are scoring somewhere near the football and other sporting sites which notch up more than 100,000 hits per thirty days, compared to our best of 700+ for a similar period.

Contact points are scattered through the script, enabling instant opening of an e-mail form for submission or comment. Feedback is always welcome.#

Wordsworth

simple simplistic simpleton

Simple, generally means "not complicated or elaborate or adorned or involved or highly developed" (COD). In another sense it is used to describe lack of intelligence or common sense, hence *simpleton*. Simple Simon of nursery rhyme fame was a simpleton.

Simplistic, on the other hand, has pejorative overtones, for it means affected simplicity and does not have the attributes which some advertisers obviously expect when they claim it for their product or scheme. It also means foolishly simple, when a more complex assessment or approach is warranted.

atheist, agnostic

An *atheist* holds to atheism which is the "Disbelief in the existence of a god; godlessness" (COD). Observation suggests that there is often something of an active missionary quality about this disbelief.

It is often wrongly replaced by the word, *agnostic*, which was coined specifically by Huxley and others to cover doubt rather than active disbelief, "One who holds that nothing is known, or likely to be known of the existence of a God" (COD). Huxley wrote a book about the origin of the word and matters pertaining to it, which I am able to recommend as a cure for insomnia, as I once picked it up in my university library and read a few chapters. If there is ever a competition to identify the most boring book in the world, it has my vote.

sympathy, empathy, psychopathy

According to The Shorter Oxford Dictionary of 1980, *sympathy* is from the Latin and first appeared about 1579, and generally means having fellow feeling.

On the other hand, *empathy* was a psychological term, after the Greek, 1912, and means, "the power of projecting one's personality into, and so fully understanding the object of contemplation". I can recall that it seemed to become popular in the fifties and someone of some stature in the public eye, whose name I can't for the life of me remember, explained that it was being used as a stronger term than merely being sad or sorry for someone or something. It is now in wide use and seems to be

replacing *sympathy*, so that it may lose strength of meaning.

Psychopathy is the condition of a psychopath, a mentally deranged person, according to syndicated science writer, Graeme Phillips, quoting some recent research. More specifically, psychopaths often have little fellow feeling or sympathy for others, and certainly no empathy. A very few are criminals and many thrive in industry, commerce and the military. It could be conjectured that they are well represented in politics, administration of social services and in the ranks of editors!

shock, horror

No definitions for the above, which I use to express my realization that my COD (Concise Oxford Dictionary) is fifty years old, and my large Shorter Oxford Dictionary is 27 years old.

News & Views

New Poet Laureate

Stanley Kunitz has taken over from the admirable Robert Pinsky as America's poet laureate, a post he fills for the second time. Kunitz is remarkable, as one of his published poems dates back to 1914! He is 95 years of age! In an interview on the News Hour (SBS) he displayed flexibility of mind and receptiveness to change and innovation, that is truly remarkable.

Writers Festival

The Perth festival is moving from centre stage, after a brief season in the limelight, following on the resignation of its director, Linda Dorrington. I have heard that invitations to Clive James and John Clarke had already been made. All is not lost, as it is believed that Susan Miller, the State Literature Officer, has scheduled a writers festival as part of the Fremantle Festival.

Writers festivals have caught public imagination and proliferated since the days when the Adelaide Writers Festival had pride of place in the Australian literary calendar, every two years, attracting hundreds of writers of varying competence, booksellers, publishers and, to use Rostand's term, many poet-tasters. Festivals are good fun, but whether they do anything for the art of writing is perhaps open to question. Each state seems to have its own clone, seemingly without diminishing the original. Brisbane managed to reach the dizzy cultural height of hosting an episode of Good News Week within its event.

I've looked in on the Adelaide Festival on two occasions and was impressed by the organization and the sheer size of the event. It was delightful to see members of the Literature Board/Fund/Panel preening at their site. I listened to New York poet, Karen(?) Olds, reciting her poem about a missing child, knowing that I had some heightened appreciation as I had visited the Manhattan school a few months after the poor little chap disappeared without trace. (It was strange as the principal, a lanky ex-pat Kiwi, greeted children and teachers who crossed his path with a smacking kiss, whether motivated by grief or out of conscious policy, I do not know) .I met a number of my fellow West Aussies, sat next to the David and Goliath or Laurel and Hardy of Australian poetry and drank an "echo" with Tom Shapcott as dusk descended on the banks of the Torrens. Tom must have been impressed with Adelaide as he later returned to take up a well-merited chair in literature at Adelaide

University. (For the uninitiated, an "echo" is the delightfully appropriate name South Aussies have for a stubby of beer, which is an ideal accompaniment to a "pie floater", consisting of pie, peas and sauce.)

Literary Event Sinks Without Trace.

I hied me down to a Sunday Meeting of FAWWA at Tom Collins House, chiefly in the hope of taking a photograph of erstwhile Cantabrigian and noted poet, Tracy Ryan, the guest speaker, who is soon to take up the post of writer in residence. She did not show, possibly because she was unaware of the event, and the Bert Vickers Library of first editions was raided, with little success, to find copies of poems that she may possibly have read, intended to read or quite possibly could have read.

Several of her poems found in old magazines were read, followed by a selection of their own works, read by some of those attendees whose books were still in the library. This apparently bemused a young couple who disappeared shortly after, certainly and probably without Trace.

As someone once said, such is life!

Promiscuous html

Weird things happen when you use html (hyper text markup language).

This will become blindingly obvious if you lose your browser software due to some problem and resort to a copy of your address book which you had copied against such an event. You will find, if it is on the same disk, as a browser file, that the copy has exactly the same amount as the deleted or corrupted original which is probably zero!

Trying to run two home pages from the same computer offers similar problems, with passwords freely migrating between the two and image files attaching to the wrong text files.

Disk To Spin No Longer.

This sad little note arrived on my screen. I've asked Noël to tell me the story as I suspect that the funding teat has been withdrawn so that Disk may surge forward in this brave, entrepreneurial world without further succour. (I've written about the odd notions of funding bodies in a previous issue of PP.)

There will be no further Disk readings or activities for the remainder of this year. It is unlikely that the readings will recommence next year.

This network is still however, available to publicize events. Please send relevant details to my address, and I shall assemble news bulletins as the need arises.

Thanks to all those who have supported Disk since in its inception in 1985

Noël Christian

Writers Centre Catches Virus

We have had disturbing news from Caroline at the KSP Writers Centre, stating that they have caught a nasty computer virus and had to call in the disk doctor from Symantec. We hope that all is well again. It is a good idea to ignore e-mails with attached text files.

Text in e-mails may be readily read, but if you do not have appropriate software, attachments are a pain. I ceased buying MS after 5.1 so that anything produced by a later version opens with complete gibberish and no guarantee of the correct form.

Western Australian author among the first to use new print technology

Perth author Rosanne Dingli, who has won several state and national fiction prizes, is set to release her new novel globally. She is among the first Australian writers to take advantage of the innovative Print On Demand (POD) publishing, a ground breaking technology said to set the book world on its ear.

The novel "Death in Malta", published by the largest POD publishers in the world, iUniverse.com, a subsidiary of the successful book company Barnes & Noble, was released in September and is currently available globally. "This book will never go out of print," says a spokesperson from iUniverse.com, Natalie Bacon. Publishers iUniverse.com are dedicated to facilitating the links between authors and readers, and to putting out-of-print classics back into circulation. Their policies include speed, quality and long-term availability, offering their authors attractive royalties contracts.

Australian readers will be able to buy the book online at any reputable book retailer in time for Christmas. It is also available to order from physical bookshops throughout the Perth metropolitan area. Books ordered in this way usually take four weeks to arrive. "Death in Malta" is in trade paperback

format, 6 x 9 inches, a size and shape being adopted by many international publishers. (For full physical details, including author bio and synopsis, please see attached sell sheet.)

'Readers who usually buy books about intrigue, travel and romance will like my new novel,' says Rosanne Dingli. 'It incorporates my observations on the writing life and relationships, and sets them in scenes in Australia and Malta.' Rosanne Dingli says the method of publishing chose her, rather than the reverse. 'I am not the only Western Australian author to become irritated and disenchanted with the state of publishing today. POD does away with months of waiting, putting both publisher and author on a commercial, professional footing.'

The author is contactable for interview (written or oral) as follows:

FAX: 08 9246 7632

PHONE: 08 9246 7631

Email: rdingli@space.net.au

"Death in Malta" can be viewed and purchased at:

www.iuniverse.com/marketplace/bookstore/book_detail.asp?isbn=0%2D595%2D13513%2D7

ROSANNE DINGLI came to settle in Australia in 1982. She was born and educated in Malta. Since 1986, she has had stories, articles, reviews, poems and columns published regularly. She has worked as a corporate editor, English and Creative Writing lecturer at Edith Cowan University, and was a regular writer for WA Homes & Living Magazine for a number of years. She was literary editor for the Western Review for two years, and a regular book reviewer for the West Australian newspaper. Her book of poetry "All the Wrong Places" was published in 1991 by the Literary Mouse Press and has since sold out. Her "A Handbook for Australian Writers" was published by the Office of the SLO in WA (State Literature Officer) in 1996, went into reprint and then sold out. In 1992-3, she edited a volume of writings by the people in the WA Shire of Narrogin, titled "In and Out of Town" which was published by the shire office to celebrate the township's 100 years. Among her most prestigious awards are the Patricia Hackett Prize for the best contribution to Westerly in 1994 and the double-whammy in 1998, when she took away first and second prizes at the FAWWA Lyndal Hadow Award for short fiction. She has

also jointly won first prize in the Springvale Award.

Cover:

Death in Malta

An Australian novelist visits Malta, where he stumbles on a mystery. A missing child becomes the subject of his writing, but his investigations are fraught with difficulty. What is he to do with the sealed jars in his cellar? Does one contain a little corpse?

His romance with a Maltese woman can either restore or ruin his career, but who is the unexpected female visitor who comes to his rented house outside a dusty remote village?

The village parish priest shows veiled antagonism, countered by real friendship struck with an alcoholic doctor. When opening the jars leads to a dramatic climax, the writer is dealt another blow, and the village is once more hit by a mysterious death.

“Life is not a novel, Mr Worthington, in which everything is resolved by the last twenty pages. There are some things we were never meant to know and never will know,” says the parish priest. But there are questions that must be answered, and Worthington determines to find solutions before he leaves Malta.

Poignant and moving, punctuated by comical scenes and passionate interludes, *Death in Malta* is a powerful novel of love and loss, disappointment and dislocation ñ curiosity and consequences.

WORLDS BEYOND

A Collection of short SF/F stories by Shannah Jay

WORLDS BEYOND is Shannah Jay's first collection of shorts and has been published in electronic form. (**See below for details of e-books.) If you like positive, non-horrific SF/F, you will enjoy these stories. And don't pay too much attention to the tag 'Young Adult' because old adults seem to like them, too.

How far can your imagination stretch? There's everything in this collection

from the terrifying space shipwreck of 'In Trouble Again' to the chuckles that will well up inside you as you read 'E.L.F. - The True Story'. (You've never met an elf like this incompetent bungler!) Then there's the world where a boy senses the approach of raiders crazed by discord madness and helps battle against them, or the girl who can talk to fire demons and who is forced to wield a sword in defence of the rightful king. Or you can visit a planet where three moons shine down and pull an unhappy boy out to 'Walk the Wildwoods' in a world of triple shadows and gleaming silver light.

We could tell you more about the tales in the collection, but we think you'll enjoy finding out for yourself what happens as you read Shannah Jay's fascinating stories - where does she get her ideas from? Visit her web site at <http://www.annajacobs.com> and read an extract. (The web site is under her other writing name, but contains information on all Shannah's books as well.)

** Ebooks are produced in electronic form ie you buy them by email download or on disk (in which case you'll have to pay postage as well). You can either read ebooks on your computer, or you can use an ebook reader - a gadget rather like a walkman, which can store up to 100 books. Trouble is, these gadgets are not on sale in Australia yet, but they're going down rapidly in price in the US, so it won't be long before they get here.

Alternatively you can print the ebooks out yourself, in whatever size of font suits your eyes. As they are cheaper than paper books to buy (about \$4US) you won't exactly be out of pocket on the deal.

(SHERRY-ANNE JACOBS, AKA SHANNAH JAY, IS CURRENTLY WRITER IN RESIDENCE IN HOBART, AUSTRALIA'S MOST EUROPEAN CAPITAL CITY, WHICH I ONCE VISITED IN HIGH SUMMER, TO FIND SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN ON THE 28TH FEBRUARY! SHERRY-ANNE IS A FINE WRITER AND A SUPERB AND HIGHLY QUALIFIED TEACHER OF WRITING.)

KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD FOUNDATION INC.

REPORT & RESULTS OF THE KSP SCIENCE-FICTION/FANTASY AWARDS FOR 2000

A "Full-house" audience attended to hear Dr Van Ikin, Judge of the 2000 Science-Fiction/Fantasy Awards present the awards on Sunday 13th August.

Dr Ikin gave an excellent report on his judging of the Science-Fiction/Fantasy Awards. The winners:

Open Section

First Prize \$100 "Easter Eg?" by J.T. Banfield Western Australia

Second Prize \$50 "Seven Days" by Ray Sparvell, Western Australia

Highly Commended

"The Song of the Frog Prince Jsmale" by Karen Simpson Nikakis, Victoria.

"A Sprinkling of Pixel Dust" by Hayden Payne, Western Australia

Commended

"Pod" by Cat Sparks, NSW

"Vale" by Helen Venn, Western Australia

"The Repair Job" by Martha-Ann Miller, Victoria

Young Writers

First Prize \$100 "Blue Neon Iris" by Matthew Potts, Victoria

Highly Commended \$50 "The Space Between" by Guy Salvidge, Western Australia

Commended

"Cheeses of the World Unite" by Felicity Bloomfield, ACT

"John 3:15" by Felicity Bloomfield, ACT

Encouragement Certificates

"Ngangi; The Traveller" by Felicity Bloomfield, ACT

"Dear Katie" by Alida Henson, Western Australia

Overall there were 47 entries and Van Ikin praised the diversity and quality of the leading entries. Some structural weaknesses were obvious in the entries of the younger writers. He mentioned three areas of problems for aspiring writers of the genre to watch:

(1) Structural balance between beginning, middle and endings.

(2) Tendency to unconsciously imitate or reuse subjects and styles of earlier genre writers, e.g. Tolkien.

(3) Use of omniscient point-of-view was proving too tricky for some entrants.#

Joker

Once upon a time there was a shepherd looking after his sheep on the edge of a deserted road. Suddenly a brand new Jeep Cherokee screeches to a halt next to him.

The driver, a young man dressed in a Brioni suit, Cerrutti shoes, Ray-Ban glasses, and a YSL tie gets out and asks the shepherd, "If I guess how many sheep you have, will you give me one of them? "

The shepherd looks at the young man, then looks at the sheep which graze and says, "All right."

The young man parks the car, connects his laptop computer and the mobile phone, enters a NASA site, scans the ground using his GPS, opens a data base and 60 Excel tables filled with algorithms, then prints a 150-pages report on his high-tech mini-printer. He then turns to the shepherd and says, "You have exactly 1586 sheep here."

The shepherd answers, "That's correct, you can have your sheep."

The young man takes a sheep and puts in the back of his jeep.

The shepherd looks at him and asks, "If I guess your profession, will you return my sheep to me? "

The young man answers, "Yes, why not."

The shepherd says, "You are a consultant!"

"How did you know?" asks the young man.

"Very simple", answers the shepherd.

"First, you come here uninvited.

Second, you charge me a heap to tell me something I already knew.

Third, you don't understand anything about what I do, because that's not a sheep - you took my dog!" #

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The Potato Factory

I found the tele-movie from the book of the same name by Australia's affable gentleman of popular literature, Bryce Courtenay, to be somewhat tedious, probably because it was screened on a game-show channel with irritating breaks. It did not seem to have the power of one of his earlier works, probably because the main characters were not really all that likeable, despite the fact that the darling of Australian television, Lisa McCune (Maggie Doyle of Blue Heelers), took a leading role. Seeing her looking so dowdy instead of cute, reinforced my notion that nineteenth century fashion was probably the worst in the history of mankind. I drifted off, to gaze at my other screen, and missed the much-vaunted and almost obligatory nude scene. When I returned, I found that my co-critic had also drifted off, in quite another sense, and had missed it too.

Collins Class HDTV

The Four Corners special on our electronic future painted a grim picture of the state of play in the television/data casting industry. If the writers of the programme are right, and their track record suggests that there is no reason to doubt them, Richard Alston and the present government and opposition will win a place in history for monumental incompetence. It seems that the motivation for the move to HDTV is to protect the vested interests in television rather than to cater for the legitimate needs of the Australian Community, as the HD medium hogs the available bandwidth to the exclusion of other possible participants.

Apparently, no other nation proposes to adopt HD standards and it is unlikely that there will be economies of scale in the production of television sets, as was the case with the innovation of colour television, so that sets may cost more than a small car! Set top converters to enable the use of existing sets are expected to cost several thousand dollars.

ABC and SBS will be allowed second channels but not the freedom to use them for general broadcasting, which is an unnecessary and indefensible restriction.

There is something more than rotten with the way that our media is developing.

The Games

The second series of this satirical look at the preparation for the Olympics has not reached the heights of the first. I suspect that the subsequent absurdity of the real situation has hamstrung writers, John Clarke and Ross Stevenson. I suspect that something like a 94 metre running track is a real possibility.

Global Village

This is a thoroughly charming, unassuming documentary offering which is one of the best things on television, as I may have mentioned before. I delight in it and the occasional repeats, probably because the approach is simple and the subjects tell their own stories without some wiseacre standing in front of the camera or intoning a wordy voice over. Whether its the tractor-based fishers of prawns on the sandy (and quick sandy) Morecombe Bay, the twelve year old prodigy who paints like Picasso and Braque or the dusty camel patrol of Mauritania, it is excellent and involving stuff and a credit to SBS and the French producers.

Sarah Rossetti

As well as scoring her fourth AWGIE, Sarah is known to be a competent poet. Congratulations.

Patron Saint of Wannabes

Florence Foster Jenkins is having an airing again on SBS in a promotion for their season of opera. She was the lady with pretensions to be a great singer, but in reality could not hack it well enough to win a solo part with a village choir. However, she was fabulously wealthy and hired Carnegie Hall and a top orchestra, filled it with friends and sycophants

and proceeded to sing breathless and off-key snatches of opera, filmed and recorded for posterity. In terms of an earlier piece in PixelPapers, it was SBIG (So bad it's good!). Florence's place in history is secure and she deserves to be canonised as the patron saint of arty wankers and wannabes.

I must admit that she came to mind when I self-published my first work, until I gained some sort of absolution from the critics.

Yes Minister on ABC for the Umpteenth Time

It is a surprise to see this series run yet again, but it is very watchable and a pleasurable experience. Whereas earlier viewings were motivated by the sheer shock of recognizing elements of truth in the seemingly exaggerated portrayal of the workings of government and politics, each viewing reveals a different layer of delight and insight.

Lynn and Jay's script is a masterpiece, based on keen perception. Their characters are well sketched and believable, despite contributing to superbly comic situations. It is perfectly cast, acted and directed.

I've watched it with a critical eye, expecting to find flaws, but it has stood the test of time. It is a gem, to be ranked with *Fawlty Towers* and other great British, classic, comedy series of our time.

Yes Minister and *Yes Prime Minister* have educated the public and made it somewhat harder for conniving politicians and bureaucrats to get away with their machinations.

Shooting the Past

This highly original three-part drama was screened on Channel 2 and sourced originally from England's BBC. It takes a variation on the well-worn theme of an unwanted takeover of a property by a developer. The twist is that the developer is a wealthy American, Christopher Anderson, who wants the property, a mansion, to house an international business school but it already contains a vast photographic library tended by a team of five curators and a cook cum dogsbody. The head curator is the beautiful, frazzled Marilyn and her deputy is the completely eccentric and conniving Oswald, a man with a literally photographic memory, who tells us the story in flashback as the prelude to the last day of his life.

In their dotty way, the curators struggle to preserve their collection which otherwise will be gutted for its few valuable photographs and consigned to the rubbish tip, to make way for the business school.

It is a feast for the visually literate as well as being an engaging piece of work by writer/director Stephen Poliakoff.

The final episode does not deliver a satisfying ending. The almost idiot savant, Oswald, attempts suicide and is disabled, but leaves sufficient clues for the wacky team of curators to find a trail of photographs depicting the shady past of the wealthy American's grandmother. (From a glance at her photograph, Oswald is able to track her back in time from America to Europe, England and Ireland!) This somehow wins the American over to the cause and he personally buys the collection of thirty million photographs, doubtless in

memory of Gran. Marilyn occasionally walks out the mentally disabled Oswald and talks about her job in another library. Nobody gets the girl.

It was worth watching, however, if only to see the two younger curators, Spig and Garnet, Emilia Fox and Arj Barker, who have an enchanting elfin quality about them. They'd make a marvellous Titania and Oberon.

Eat Carpet (SBS Saturdays, late) and Short Films

Short films are fun to watch, but they are usually a mixed bag, ranging from some early works from the masters to desperately poor works from beginners. Often the credits take longer to roll than the film proper! There is often a strong anti-establishment theme.

I record them so that my viewing may be controlled by the ff control, where necessary, as I usually cannot stand cartoon and plasticene offerings.

There are occasional gems such as the marvellous cartoon piece on James Joyce, previously mentioned. Recently, I caught *Avere o Leggere?* (To have or to Read?) by Carlo Sarti, which tells the story of a wizardly bookseller who not only sells books, but the time to read them!



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