



## Issue The Twelfth, 1st July, 2000.

### CONTENTS:

[Editorial](#) STOP PRESS

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

Laurel Lamperd, John Stokes, Debbie Perkins, Kevin Gillam, Walter Vivian

[Shorts - Old and New](#)

The Earthborn - Paul Collins (1st Chapter YA science fiction novel.)

Cyberpunk - Paul Collins (1st Chapter YA science fiction novel.)

GREENHOUSE DRYHOUSE - Walter Vivian

[Featured Writer/Reader](#)

Tracy Ryan

[Best of the Box](#)

[Reviews](#)

[Articles old and new](#)

Worm In My Apple revisited, the iMac.

[Words Worth](#)

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

[Impressing & Depressing](#) Olympic Poesy

[Joker](#)

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

## Poetry Prize!

In honour of Mark O'Connor's project, and the Games, PixelPapers offers a prize of \$100 for a sacred or profane, long or short, wet or dry poem of any sort on the theme of the Games, torch etc, available for publication in PP13 and possibly PP14. The winner will be announced round about the time of the Sydney Olympics. There is no entry fee.

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 twenty or so readers log on and see it.

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# Editorial

This twelfth issue goes to screens on a stormy angst-ridden night as a storm front rolls in from the Indian Ocean, with modem-threatening thunder and lightning.

Contributions will be accepted over the next week or two to expand our offering. Hopefully there will be some prose to balance against the SF flavour so far.

With circulation now standing at 1300, PixelPapers has a chance of qualifying for some funding to pay writers and indulge in graphics. We live in hopes. Please give our URL to your friends.

The Church of Scientology was the subject of a documentary on SBS recently, leading to some spirited comment. I did not see the program, but it stimulated some reflection on the heavy responsibility placed on writers, for writings underpin religious movements. Scientology is based on some of the writings of a prominent science fiction writer, the late (?) L.Ron Hubbard. In comparatively recent times, Joseph Smith founded the Mormon sect based on his writing. The prophet, Mohammed, wrote the *Koran*. Lao Tse wrote the *Tao-te-king* upon which Taoism is based. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote their accounts of the life and times of Jesus Christ or had them revealed to literary (holy) ghost writers. Many others have written commentary to amplify or even subvert the original, sacred texts.

Modern demagogues have emulated religion, especially in constructing political systems that have an almost religious edge. Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf*, Karl Marx wrote *The Communist Manifesto* and the little red book contained the sayings of former librarian and political god, Mao.

Jay's *Yes Minister* and *Yes Prime Minister* have almost become compulsory viewing for politicians and bureaucrats, who ignore satire and irony and look upon Jim Hacker MP and Sir Humphrey Appleby as respective models to be emulated.

So, if your writing tends to be masterful fiction like Isaac Asimov's *Foundation Trilogy* or Herbert's *Dune*, be wary and kindly with your depiction and disposition of your fellow humans, for it may become the founding text for a cult or religion, or worse, be quoted as fact by a disgraced radio commentator.

This edition coincides with the new tax system that the Australian Government claims they introduce with a mandate obtained at the last federal election, when the people of Australia probably voted not so much for the John Howard regime as voted out Paul Keating, who was long past his use-by date.

Part of the new scheme of things was certainly not the subject of a vote and harks back to the Australia Card proposals which were soundly defeated in the past. Like it or not, writers who send out work to be published or win grants will have to obtain an Australian Business Number and be saddled with periodic reporting, otherwise they will be taxed at the top rate of 48.5% including medicare levy. According to a newspaper which occasionally publishes my work, I'll have to submit an invoice for each item, listing my status.

Writers who obtain a small income from their craft will have to conform or will see it effectively halved. Halved royalties for books, halved payments for poems and articles published and halved grants from the Literature Fund or other funding bodies would be intolerable, especially as taxation would still apply to the pittance received. Every creator of art works will have to act like a small business. It is difficult to imagine how a government could be so insensitive to the arts.

## STOP PRESS!

THE MEDIA RELEASE BELOW IS FROM THE AUSTRALIAN SOCIETY OF AUTHORS, 110700.

### AUSTRALIAN AUTHORS WELCOME AMENDMENT TO TAX SYSTEM

The Australian Society of Authors today welcomed the decision by the Federal Government to extend the Integrity Measures tax exemption to include artists along with primary producers.

Speaking in Sydney today, the Executive Director of the ASA José Borghino said, "The proposed legislation would have had a devastating effect on Australian authors by not allowing them to claim arts-related business expenses against their other income. We are all relieved that the Treasurer agreed that this was an unintentional outcome of drafting, and that the Government will allow amendments to the Bill. His action sends a strong message that artists are indeed valued by the community and we welcome his support.

"The ASA acknowledges the leadership shown by Democrats arts spokesperson Aden Ridgeway in negotiations with the Government. Senator Ridgeway immediately understood the potential for long-term damage to the arts that would have resulted from the Bill as it stood. We also acknowledge the strong support of both the ALP and Greens Senator Bob Brown, who have tirelessly represented the concerns of artists from right across Australia.

"The extraordinary flowering of Australian culture over the past thirty years should not be taken for granted - artists in Australia remain in a precarious position. Had the proposed Bill gone through it would have condemned us to the bad old days when it was only the rich and the desperate who contemplated a life in the arts. It would have wiped out a whole generation of new writers and other artists.

"Writers need time to develop their craft. It takes years of writing to produce a critical mass of high quality work that will raise an author's profile and sustain them in the future.

Typically, authors work at second or third jobs (as teachers, taxi-drivers, waiters, etc.) to support themselves through the early part of their careers. They are not looking for handouts or loopholes but encouragement in their struggle to make a go of their chosen business. In this they are very like primary producers.

"Poet and farmer Les Murray once said that writers and farmers are very similar in that both occupations patch together income from various sources in order to survive. And like primary producers, cultural producers contribute to the long-term economic well-being of Australia, which will have to become a knowledge-based information society if it wants to thrive in the 21st Century."

In welcoming the decision, the ASA still remains concerned about the lack of CPI indexation for the income threshold of \$40,000, above which artists will not be able to claim the exemption. "While far from ideal, we are relieved the Democrats have secured a written undertaking that the Government will monitor the artists' threshold when it reviews other thresholds in the income tax act. Authors will keep the spotlight strongly on this part of the agreement to ensure we are not left out in the cold in future years," José Borghino said.

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## "Circulation"

Hits: May 31 = 728 for 30 days, June 30 = 552 for 30days, plus extra estimated at 20 for the odd day = 1300 hits or readers for PixelPapers 11. These figures are from the ISP's counter.

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

## Poetry - Virgin Verse and Verse From the Pros



### Happy Families

When I was twelve

my father left.  
`He'll send for us  
when he's ready,`  
my mother said  
who believed in him  
as we all did.  
Except for postcards  
in the first year  
I was forty  
when next I heard  
of him.  
My mother was dead.  
He had died  
of a heart attack  
in some little town  
in Queensland  
I'd never heard of.

Laurel Lamperd

## Yuppie Sharks:

Big Money rings  
On the mobile 'phone-  
A world  
Changes hands

The woman on the street  
Hitches her buttocks  
Cocks  
A soft curse

The smoothskins  
Talk to their ears..  
The Bay turns  
Sea-green

John Stokes

## Walking Dream:

The city skuds  
on my skin, settling  
like wings

They say  
my shadow's Out

Got a .303

John Stokes

## What to do if they fall:

Stand her up.... Stay with her.  
wail of the ambulance  
..... is not reporting you to the police

She slurs, cries out:  
'the blue fire is coming'  
then: "If I fall, don't..."

Go with her up in the laneway  
She might fall again;  
bleeding on darkness.

John Stokes

## How do I know it's love?

How do I know it's love,  
do I wait for a sign from above.  
I've never been in love before,  
let me explain a little more.

I think of him all the day,  
and of the things I'd like to say.  
I count the hours till we next meet,  
I'm finding it difficult to eat.

My heart beats faster than before,  
I've never wanted anyone more.  
My tiny hand constantly shake,  
and in my belly I have an ache.

How do I know it's love,

do I wait for a sign from above.  
I've never been in love before,  
let me explain a little more.

In his eyes I see the sun  
I know him better than any one.  
His presence takes my breath way  
my hearts begs him this time stay.

His touch is now my only need  
and to his will I'd gladly heed,  
To be at his side I would run  
for together we are as one.

How do we know if it's love,  
so we wait for a sign from above.  
And as we wait love passes by  
now all that's left is to grieve and cry.

Debbie Perkins

## Encircle me.

Take me into your arms tonight,  
we both know it's right.  
I'll give into you willingly  
surrendering my life to you for eternally.

Encircle your arms around me,  
set my aching soul free.  
Place your kisses onto my flesh.  
our love will never know death.

Feel the love that flows through me,  
only your kiss can set me free.  
Pull me from my personal hell,  
into your arms that I know so well.

Debbie Perkins

## in the stars

I rise with the moon in my mouth,  
giddy,  
shot through with illogic,  
the night sky having sieved all  
skerrick of sense

how many mothering words  
go wasted?  
what is the neuronomic cost  
of scouring the skies?

my feet play zodiacs -  
join the dots on the cold linoleum

is it true what they say about  
the moon and its librations?  
is the truth that there's  
no truth in clouds?

(seeking to lick the  
frayed ends of yearning,  
sewing serendipity to a  
roomful of nows - these are  
the well-oiled machinations  
of dream)

freshly cut metal?  
blood?  
the dream undreams,  
spools blood on the floor

and I dance in the stars and  
the sun

as scent takes me home.

Kevin Gillam

## black cockatoos

like Escher,  
moving and unmoving,  
frameless on blue

Kevin Gillam

## mother earth

between my neutered fingers,  
swinging on a universal mobile,  
an agate marble nestled  
in black crepe and mystical swirls,  
sea quilted to Gaia,  
solitudinal

but concerned for the moon and  
its librations, spinning,  
last dance with memory and dream,  
brittle/sweet as jaffa,  
thermal, thoughtful,  
bleeding unseen

Kevin Gillam

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

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## Shorts - old and new



### The Earthborn (YA science fiction novel.)

by Paul Collins

Klaxons blared. Jason Roberts knew the code and - although he had never heard it before - he knew that this pattern had never been sounded in all his thirteen years spent aboard the long-ranger vessel Colony.

Jason reached out his hands to steady himself when the craft tilted on its axis.

'Let me out of here!' he screamed.

His voice went nowhere. You could scream forever in the cells and no guard system would hear. It was useless as banging on the cell door but he staggered around the wall and banged anyhow, in a panic reflex. Then he got himself together, murmured his mantra for keep-calm and slid on to his bunk.

I'm gonna die in prison, he thought with a morbid kick. Our shields have gone - some Old Earth Thing has penetrated our shields and we're colliding with the planet.

Then the floor plating shuddered. He put his feet to the floor and felt the shuddering under his grip-contact boots. Colony was going down, descending at last, going into planetfall. Couldn't call it landing, a homeworld didn't land - it was one world meeting another.

Jason watched with that mad curiosity that was stronger than fear as the metal plating buckled under his feet.

That's how the surface will look down there, he thought. All uneven and corrugated. It'll be hard to stand up. Or walk around. But the Earthborn seem to manage okay. Suppose we'll get used to it in no time.

Colony had been designed for planetfall - but Earth had not been its intended host planet. The craft was too heavy and old to resist Earth's gravity. It had been programmed to land on Tau Ceti III one hundred and fifty odd years ago, when it was a much newer worldship, in its prime. Now it was run-down, ruined, old - a real hulk that had barely made it back to the Solar System.

Jason had heard the old sad story - about the elliptical orbit of TauCeti III, and all the data on why the prime colonists decided to abort the mission and return through the darks of space to find another planetfall. There had been other plans, other systems and planet projects. There had been an even worse scene with the lab explosion and the Plague. It had given Jason a bacterial neurosis. He feared those filthy micro creepers the way he feared death, darkness and the stun prods that the Heavies used on your tender parts in the routine body searches.

Now Colony, near the end of its resources, had come all the way home to the place they all loved, hated, and feared - to Old Earth. The Sisteks figured that if Colony drained all its power sources into thrust resistors, there would be touchdown with minimal damage. Colony was in a decaying orbit. It was sink or swim. Life or death.

Jason could feel the slowdown from orbital speed due to atmospheric friction, but Colony was still plummeting through the stratosphere. He tried to stand, was thrown flat on his back and dragged himself into the bunk alcove.

The ordio cut in:

'All personnel are instructed to keep strictly to emergency landing procedures. This is not a drill. Repeat: this is not a drill. Planetfall: twenty seconds and counting...'

A handhold, something to hang on to...

He let himself roll out of the bunk and pushed with his feet until his back was slammed hard against the wall. He was trying to edge round the wall to the waste unit.

'Eighteen seconds...'

Jason lost his footing and slid across the floor. His head bounced against the wall and he tumbled to the other side of his cell.

'Sixteen seconds...'

He reached out and clung to the waste unit, but lost his grip and took a fall on his shoulder.

'Fourteen seconds...'

The air suddenly became stifflingly hot. Was it a cutback on the aerators to conserve power or had the dumb ass system overheated?

'Twelve seconds...'

A slow rending noise sliced through the ordio voice.

'LET ME OUT!'

Jason heard the echo of his own voice, screaming.

Colony juddered.

Jason felt a moment of weightlessness as auxiliary thrusters cut in.

'Yah, they've done it! We're reducing drive-speed.'

'Seven seconds...'

Jason cupped his ears and thought of Earth. This was the moment that generations of Colony personnel had agonised about all their lives. Jason had followed the Old Earth debates ever since his ma used to sing, 'Green Grass, Blue Hills' and his da said not to fill the sprout's head with this trash.

Colony had been spying on Earth from as far away as fifty light years out. It was no longer a planet on those database RMVs. Weren't no 'thriving mega-cities' anymore. And no 'rapidly expanding technology'. Whole place looked like what used to be called the Third World but where were those international organisations and care-giving agencies?

Earth was still beautiful. It was all there, the green grass, the blue hills, the oceans, even the people. Humanoid, better than that, genuine human, blood sibs, products of the gene pool...

The Highest Facilities, Systems and Control, could only agree on one thing: the goal of Colony had been to colonise a planet. Now they had come to Old Earth - maybe this was good, maybe there were advantages - but they were not on any goodwill mission. The very idea of goodwill was lost and outmoded as that statue in the sea, that woman holding up some kind of ancient light source.

Colony had suffered heavy space fatigue during its three hundred-year cruise across the universe. It was a scarred and decaying hulk of twisted metal and dysfunctional outer

cargo holds that had long since been sealed from the vacuum of space.

Control, the army units and the security Heavies, had not done a good job over the years. There were outlaw groups - the Mavericks, Gators and Seekers - hiding in the bowels of the colossus. These Discards on the lower galleries would take the shock first but everyone on Colony was imprisoned on that dying worldship.

They needed planetfall now. A world to conquer. A piece of rock they could call home.

Jason knew that he had saved Lucille, his sister. He had a tip from Rory, a Sistek trainee on his team: it would come to planetfall sooner than they had figured. He took a chance and went right down and got Lucille out of her cult corner, with the Seekers. He warned the Leader, Mark, who gave his blessing. But Jason had no idea if the group would surface. Then he brought Lucille all the way up, through old galleries and storage dumps. There was time to hide her before the patrol came by.

Jason claimed he was fossicking for metal for an experiment but they were Control Heavies - just threw him in an army prison for the regulation minor sentence of thirty days.

Jason hoped, prayed to the Mothers, that she had done what he'd asked - gone to their old Educator, Nella, in the clinic, and reported in sick.

Brothers and sisters, siblings, were not usually very close among the Youth Teams. Some Instructors really banged the drums about the Skyborn as a super race, each individual self-reliant, not needing physical contact with others.

Jason would never publicly air his opinions on this. But he had seen and read how Earthborn coexisted and how they coupled and shared affection. He had grown up in an atmosphere that would seem cold and loveless to the true Earthborn. But he had shared true Family love - Magda and Howard Roberts had been gifted Teachers, high in the favour of some of the top Sisteks. They had been a touch radical, oh sure, but they had been tolerated, and in turn his da had let him study Old Earth - it was accepted as his hobby.

He knew the history of Earth, he thought he knew the face of Earth. Now in these last seconds he gave himself up to pure fantasy. It was not his past life flashing before his eyes but the past life of his ancient homeworld.

'Can't wait to smell the fields! See the colours! Feel the breeze - the breeze! Strong enough to knock you down sometimes! And the sea. Huge waves - so big they pick you up and throw you down. And animals...

And dancing. He could see them dancing - black skins, brown and white, throwing their arms everywhere and kicking the air... He had found dancing listed as a pagan ritual in databases. He didn't expect too much integration to be permitted by the Sisteks, let alone by Control...

He was thinking about dancing when the screaming began. He opened his eyes as the lights dimmed, flickered and finally cut right out. Jason screamed. Darkness was a terrible fear for the inhabitants of Colony. A thousand souls screamed as one in a darkness

blacker than space.

Colony bounced, almost throwing him from the bunk. Power surged into the resistors. Then a steady rain of noise engulfed the craft; tonnes of hardened plasisteel twisting and turning and crying as fractures spread map-like across the mighty hull.

Despite his terror, Jason sat cross-legged and waited patiently. He knew he was high enough up in Colony not to get crushed, although he could feel the vessel tilting as lower decks folded in on themselves.

He prayed Lucille was safe somewhere. By rights she should be in her Youth Team quarters. There were enough safety chairs in there. She must have reached one by now. Surely...

This was worse than any nightmare he had endured. The blackness was real.

Bulkheads would become contaminated. If the army was in control, it would simply seal off the danger spots. It seemed oblivious to non-army personnel; his fellow prisoners doing short discipline stretches up here would be killed off as surely as the Maverick guerilleros and the Gators and cult zanies down below.

Colony's dying scream blocked out the last ordio announcement:

'We have made contact.!'#

WordPerfect count: 65,500 words Available on disk

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Paul Collins  
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Australia



(The picture on the right is from the German edition.)

# CyberPunk

Paul Collins

ACT I SCENE I: The Getaway Star

FADE UP:

BEGIN MAIN TITLES:

INT. AESTHETICALLY STERILE ROOM - BRIGHT LIGHTS - NO WINDOWS

Johnny Debro signs his life away.

The clerk looks up from his VDU. He looks weary, slightly aggrieved as though he cannot believe the other's incompetence.

"You can take your hand away now. You're registered."

Debro turns his hand over and stares morbidly at his palm. The total sum of his existence is written there. He has downloaded his persona in the split second it took the RECO scanner to register his print.

Johnny Debro is a by-product of a new throwaway society in an increasingly omnipotently governed world.

His friends do not know he is here. Serious terminals sign on without fanfare. It's like the suicide thing: why go tell everyone you're going to off yourself? Because you're actually attention-seeking and don't really want to die. Johnny Debro does not want to die, but his life for two others doesn't seem such a bad thing. The love of his life, Sheila Harris, will lose their baby if Johnny cannot afford Sheila's medication. Sheila has only weeks to live according to the field doctors. They are sorry, but there are thousands more in her condition.

A talent scout for Rhinestone Pictures had approached him with a film offer. Johnny knows all about splat movies - splatties - movies of realistic blood-letting - violent legal death - governmentally sanctioned.

For your one-hit appearance, you receive a lump payout: 'a life insurance policy', the Rhinestone scouts tell prospective terminals. After all, if you're going to die anyway, why not leave your beneficiaries a bit of security. Hell, even if you're not going to die, why be selfish? Do one altruistic thing in your wretched life and make things a little easier for your loved ones.

Besides, they cajole, everyone stands a chance against the main star. Like, it's not as though you're totally defenceless. And not everyone gets zeroed in splatties. Why, Calloway's notorious for leaving terminals - terms - left and right. Pisses the Rhinestone execs off no end!

"NEXT!"

Johnny jerks upright. He looks up from the matte black laminate desk. The clerk is glowering at him with indignation. "You right there, buddy? Move it already!"

Johnny gets unsteadily to his feet. He's thinking of Sheila lying on a stretcher in their dugout. He's signed on for the next film - something most terminals avoid. They like to live for as long as possible before they're wiped into oblivion. But Johnny knows Sheila will try to stop him. He's not going to fail her this time.

He's herded down through security into a loading bay. He is thinking of his great-grandmother. Elizabeth is wealthy beyond imagination. But Johnny's pride had not allowed him to beg for help. Money not only buys comfort, but longevity itself.

Que sera sera.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT (ROOM 210) - NIGHT

The room is set on automatic. The windows, fusion glass impregnated with chameleon phosphors, darken; temperature lolls to a comfortable 21 degrees

celsius; fuzzy logic circuitry automatically dims the lights just so. The room knows its host to the last molecule. It's the way it is around here. Calloway sinks into the foamrest. He mirrors down and the LED frequencies power his brainwaves into beta mode. Selected footage of the day's world news is automatically activated. The auditory package is a soft murmur of modulated chip tone, effectively blocking out the variety of readers' accents. Some, say the Deep South Americans, can be as annoying as all shit. It's not as though Calloway minds that much, but look, there are enough burrs in one's life, why not smooth a few out along the way? Giselle Brash, newsreader for CNA Internet lights his glasses. The Eurasian smiles with stereotyped geniality. It's an all teeth smile that manages to convey a lower half smile that looks at odds with its northern cousin.

"Thousands are feared dead after today's earthquake that rocked eastern Taiwan. Measuring 8 on the Richter scale, the earthquake toppled buildings like tenpins according to one witness.

"Scientists have long known the disastrous effects the melting of the Antarctic ice cap will have on the planet. The threat of global warming has never been so evident as it was today as thousands fled their homes as tidal waves swept the island of Novaya Zemlya off the coast of Russia. Wave banks, some as high as forty metres, are not expected to hold back the sea that earlier this week claimed the last of the Queen Elizabeth Islands."

Live footage reveals hardened steel barricades being pounded by turbulent waves that strike the banks with such force their crests are carried up and over the retaining walls. It's powerful footage but it's not what our protagonist needs to see right now.

The channel selector cuts in. Mike Davies, reporter for HUN TV fills Calloway's screen. "Civil libertarians today have condemned the latest of

Prime Minister John Clark's much criticised law reforms.

"Housing commission buildings, once accommodation for those on the breadline, have steadily been demolished over the past decade and relocated in outer suburban areas, giving rise to increased racial tension and feudal warfare in rural

Australia. Eviction of residents formerly living in inner city suburbs who were unable to meet new financial criteria has been dubbed by the Opposition as 'Draconian and an indictment on society tantamount to martial law.'"

The violence recorded on Calloway's visor is nothing new. Riot squad members - suspected Death Squad Elite - dressed in self-contained black polarised face shields and riot attire, drag protesters from their squats and throw them into fortified vans. Resisters are dealt with severely.

Paktruns

are electronic truncheons that carry an 80,000 volt belt. Low current but high voltage. The charge is stored in a capacitor so the shock is powerful but very short. Too bad if you're on heart supplements.

Mostly immigrants and dissidents dressed in cityscape camouflage, their faces too weathered and drawn to care, are being herded like sheep. It is a world-wide dilemma - too many cattle to feed and not enough grass. Survival of the fittest, 21st century style.

"On to world news," Davies continues. Unlike some of his colleagues, he can carry a sombre mask with some proficiency.

"The 10,000 hectare British Island of Montserrat was evacuated today as the island's 915-metre volcano erupted, completely obliterating the Caribbean island. It is feared half the 20,000 population lost their lives as ash and lava spewed from the volcano in the early hours of this morning."

Danka Bravic from Cable TV TVZ cuts in. Her slavic face bears few signs

of emotion as she recites the day's news. She is, according to Wired & Serious magazine, the first T-Class model from TechTron, a bioelectronics company from down Michigan way. "Flooding," she says. "Bangladesh and Kaziranga National Park in neighbouring India, have suffered the worst monsoon flooding either country has ever witnessed. Tens of thousands of refugees have fled to the Karbi Anglong hills to seek refuge from the month long deluge. Northern and central Japan have also suffered from what scientists are calling 'the planet's worst downpour since Noah's Ark'. The prefectures of Nigata, Nagano and Toyama have been totally obliterated by landslides. Survivors are expected to be as few as ten thousand. Futurist, Marc Willis, was quoted today as saying 'the apocalyptic future is here and now.'"

The screen, sensitive to its wearer's waning interest, cuts out.

Rhythmic strobe lighting, in tune with Calloway's heartbeat, tucks him away into a pleasantly induced delta mode sleep.

The death throes of a decaying planet are nothing new to any enlightened citizen. Lights dim to fade out and the unit sleeps.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP:

EX. WINDBLOWN LOT - CALLOWAY'S POV - DAY

The squawking wind is a bitch as it sweeps across the lot at close to 20 kph. It pulls at Calloway's clothing and raises swirling dust clouds across the closed set.

The sun is molten red as it pierces the cancerous toxic haze; filters will correct this anachronism. Nominate any particular day in any month of any year and the Rhinestone technicians can replicate it on celluloid. It is, as the saying goes at Rhinestone Pictures, 'a sure bet'.

Calloway is wearing a fawn House of Spencer trench coat over a

double-breasted pin-stripe suit, white shirt with a red and white tie. The knife edge creases of his cuffed trousers fall across his lace ups. He pulls up the trenchcoat's collar as he approaches the intersection.

"S'cuse me," says an old man. "You crossing the street?"

The whistling wind muffles the man's pitch but Calloway knows his lines by rote. He offers his arm and the pair negotiate the kerb. Detritus from an era long gone floats past in the gutter: coloured candy wrappers, soft drink bottles and cardboard packets. Further upstream a bored prop man pumps litres of water from a dispenser and casually throws garbage into the current. It doesn't pay to be too authentic. Everyone knows garbage used to collect in gutters and the long distant past is no exception.

The old man offers Calloway a chip from a wad of newspaper. The potato has been deep fried and is ghastly, but Calloway eats it anyway. The sensory track will be impregnated with the smell of chips with lashings of vinegar. There will be other smells spliced in of course: negative ions to replicate the rain; the old man's rank clothing, reminiscent of stale sweat; heavy duty carbon monoxide from exhaust fumes; maybe even Calloway's cologne. It costs a small fortune for designer perfumeries to be associated with Calloway's eau de toilette.

Food smells are also very popular with movie audiences - they boost gate and snack bar takings by a guaranteed 25 per cent.

"I'm eighty," the man states. He has seconds to live barring divine intervention and expects no sympathy. Little more than an extra, he has been waiting to die for the past month. His eyes are sunken orbs bordered by the bleakness of expectant death. As per his role requirements he hasn't shaved for days; his whiskers are stark white across an ashen grey face.

Calloway loosens his grip on the old man. Even now he can hear the

ancient motorcars revving, burning rubber as the bit players hit the accelerators.

Calloway feels a twitch of pity for the old guy, but he is secure in the knowledge that he personally would not want to exist in a frame of calcified bones and wasted muscles.

"Sight's not too good." The words are gossamer-light. "Can't see the damn cars." He gives a half snort and quickly pulls a handkerchief and coughs into it. He wipes the blood-smeared cloth across his face and balls it. He keeps it in his hand. There isn't time to find a pocket.

Calloway plays his lines. "Don't worry, those of us with good vision aren't too safe either."

Calloway and the octogenarian are crossing the centre lane when the two vintage Fords accelerate around the corner.

They are replicas of those cars manufactured during the era known as the Roaring Twenties, but boosted with fusion reactors: killer machines screaming insanely as they career alongside one another, wheels spewing burnt rubber fumes. Matching speeds, they crowd the street, two ancient behemoths seeking blood.

Extras scatter as machine gunfire rakes the footpaths.

The old man's time has come. He tears away from Calloway in seeming panic. He staggers blindly and appears deafened by the noise, shaken by the speed of the charging automobiles.

The left hand fender of one car strikes the old pedestrian with sickening force. It lifts him into the air, crushing bone and flesh into bloody paste. He somersaults into the windscreen.

His false teeth explode from his mouth as his head disintegrates amidst shards of glass from the imploding windscreen.

Calloway swears and instinctively shields himself as Slivers of glass

split the air. The old man's body hangs snared by the jagged glass, his legs flapping and bouncing off the cobbles as the vehicle swings crazily from one side of the street to the other.

Trapped between the two cars, Calloway hits the cobbles in a defensive crouch as the occupant of the first car empties a magazine of steel-jacketed bullets through the rear window of his rival.

Calloway springs forward, rolls to absorb the impact of skin against the uneven street. He scuttles for safety toward the newly built bank facade. The two screeching cars speed off, the lead car billowing smoke, its obscene cargo sprawled across the bonnet. A climactic explosion rents the air.

"Cut!" Toby yells. The director's voice is euphoric. He has the appearance of a desperate insurance broker or secondhand car dealer: overweight, red-veined face given to excessive smoking. Jovial enough, but full of obvious bullshit. The film industry suits him down to the ground. Leroy Reichman, the backer of this splat movie, reclines in his canvas chair. The vice-president is Mr Moneybags personified. High on self importance, low on morals. The perfect multi billionaire. He's reached the top on the heads of lesser mortals; the type of guy whose bad day has to be everyone else's. But right now he chortles with glee. "Did you see that old geezer fly!" Didya see that ol' gizza fly! "Did you see it!" Didya see it! He's beside himself with merriment.

Toby allows him a grin. He has been a director all his life and knows how to keep the major backers happy. You simply agree with everything they say.

Calloway wipes the dust from his clothes and jogs back towards his dressing room. The remains of the old man are being extracted from the gutted car by a pair of rouseabouts.

"Crazy old coot," Leroy exults. "That wasn't in the script." That wuzzn't inna scrip. "A stitch up job from bum to bald top and bye wrinkly!"

Toby stretches his hands to encompass the world at large. "Yeah, lucky. We'll do a superimpose, freeze the action as his teeth fly out, a double take as his head hits the windscreen and a slow zoom as his body jams in the car frame." He puffs expansively on his fat cigar. "You sure got your money's worth."

"Yeah," Leroy agrees, unable to curb his enthusiasm. "It sure was worth ten big ones. Shore wurt ten bigguns. "The way that loon got wasted I'd double his family's allowance."

Toby loses his smile. His mind is a calculating machine. But his colour returns soon enough. Leroy's only joking. He likes to think of himself as doing these terminals a favour, you know, paying out to their relatives like maybe he's a beneficent deity or something.

Calloway shakes his head. He knows the old guy's relatives will be lucky to see half the going price.

"Hey, Calloway," Leroy hollers. "What you think of that old fart?"

Whaddaya think a that ol' fart? He pushes himself out of the chair and pulls a cigar from its seal.

Calloway stops and slowly turns. 130 kilos of bio-engineered meat ready to spit fire. He sees Leroy as a puff-ball, a load of lard that gets off on bloody death - the raunchier the better.

Calloway shrugs off his contempt. The man's not worth it. It is his image to remain aloof; he can afford to be an independent thinker - being a box office attraction he is guaranteed a percentage of the gross take. With his survival insurance he knows he is relatively secure. Only relatively.

"He was an old man," Calloway says, barely audible above the approaching

storm's whisper. "He had a right to die better than that."

Leroy sneers, chest expanded with importance. "Boy, don't come that holier than thou crap with me! You're not that big that - "

Calloway whistles and a dark shape detaches itself from the shadows.

Crunch is a heavily muscled and scarred Doberman that can often be seen quivering with latent hostility. He pads alongside his master as though nothing else exists in the entire world. Two inseparable loners coming as close to soul mates as their demeanours will allow.

Behind master and dog, Leroy sucks in a huge breath and bloats like a fat toad. It's like something you'd expect a meathead bouncer to do, you know, flexing the muscles to show how tough he is. But with Leroy, it's mostly fat that gets flexed. So anyway, he puts on his stentorian voice and calls, "You remember who's paying you!"

"Not you," Calloway grunts. "You old fart." It's the sort of reply one would expect from a second generation splattie star.

Leroy open mouths his indignant silence. He's beside himself with impotent rage. But look, Calloway's a STAR, and usually this breed of human being gets away with anything they like. Still, all in all, even the immortals in Celluloid City get pissed at being treated like they're just nobody.

"He's getting a mouth on him," Leroy glowers. His gittin' a mout onim.

Toby winces. He knows Calloway has ultra sensitive hearing. "Leave him be. He's a star. They're always prima donnas. You know?"

"He's getting soft," Leroy says, simmering. He squints his eyes till they're evil red slits. "He's just a killing machine, Toby. He ain't supposed to feel sorry for terms. That compassion shit was bred outta him. It don't figure in his DNA."

Toby nods nonchalantly. He knows what Leroy's on about. It's all very

well having a pedigree in your stable, but once it's developed a flaw, you get rid of it. But they've recently signed a major deal with people you don't mess with. So Calloway isn't exactly expendable right now. Despite what Rhinestone's major backer wants.

"He'll get his," Toby says, patting Leroy on the back. He smiles congenially. "Relax, Leroy. He's in the bag."

Leroy shrugs off Toby's hand. "Leave me alone." Lemme alone. He kicks a bit of dust and glares at the sky as though summoning cosmic help. It's not forthcoming. "He's turning into a pansy," Leroy says. "A real fucking pansy." A reel fuggin' pansy.

Toby ponders for a moment. "Public wants virile young bucks these days, not has-beens," he says.

"Yeah," Leroy snarls. "That guys a fucking ana - ana - "

"Anachronism," Toby provides distantly.

"That's the one," Leroy says tightly. "One of them." One a them.

Machiavellian masters both, they walk off the set quietly. Toby hates to admit it, but Leroy's right. Calloway's been behaving a bit odd of late.

It's not in his specs to feel sorry for terms. What the hell's got into him? There's simply no room for emotions when you've been bred a killing machine.

Calloway and Crunch lope to the dressing room. The two, man and dog, are not dissimilar in attitude, bearing and instinct. The man, stripped to the waist, reveals similar musculature to his dog: his upper body is covered in small tight muscles. He carries no flab and the raised pectoral muscles and rounded biceps testify to constant physical exertion. His permanently bronzed-pigmented body is as extensively scarred as his dog's.

Crunch bares his teeth: yellowed rod-reinforced enamel dripping saliva; capable of disarming a victim in one feral second. His skin folds back from

his teeth, a parody of a death mask. A low growl issues from his mouth. The wet-ware about his neck is working itself into a frenzy. Not good.

"Stay." Calloway's nose twitches. He loosens the leather belt from his trousers. Methodically he strips. With concealed impatience he enters the cleansing booth where jets of high pressured water massage his body. Relaxing, he takes a deep breath and flexes his muscles as the steam rises to envelop him.

Abruptly the water becomes icy cold and he gasps for air.

"You bitch Jenelle!" He smiles. He'd known she was in here somewhere - his olfactory nerves are as keen as a dog's since his neural upgrade. Only a specialist would recognise the canine neurons grafted into his nasal cavity. No doubt the woman is pumping in testosterone right now. He'd picked up the scent the moment Crunch had growled. That dog is no fool. Calloway finishes his shower and turns a full 360 degrees before the dryer. Warm gusts pummel his body dry in seconds.

"Got you that time, didn't I?" She has a girlie way of talking. Quite the current fashion. Even oldies are into it, but sometimes you've got to know when to quit, like oldies are a bit past wearing what their kids are wearing. Something like from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Jenelle Jardene is his new leading lady. She has everything that current vogue demands: small waist, large breasts, pearl-like teeth and a mane of black lustrous hair. None of it natural of course. The wholesome country girl has long gone. And of course that voice.

"I must be slipping," he says. He looks down at her and smiles cheekily. The dimples get them every time.

"I'm just getting smarter," she says coyly. "How'd it go out there, anyway?" She cocks her head and smiles wantonly. "I heard an explosion."

"Leroy and Toby up to their old tricks. Don't even think those players

were contracted." He tries to close his mind to Jenelle's idle chatter.

He's pretty good at shutting down but right now it's not working. Too much verbal interference.

Jenelle moves closer to him as he dresses. She stays his hand as he pulls on a shirt. "You're always so evasive. You never share anything with me."

He gently removes her hand. "So I take my work seriously."

She snatches her hand away and glares at him. It is a moment of histrionics she can ill afford, but is unaware of the fact. "Hell, and you don't think I do!"

Calloway buttons his shirt. "Sure you do." He orders them a drink from the autoserve and passes her a lava explosion.

"To you it's just another splat movie in the can but I want to improve myself and I'd like to benefit from your experience. You know?"

"It's a tough business, Jen. Hard to break into. I was born into it.

Remember?" He snorts at the thought. He punches himself in the chest so hard Jenelle takes a step back. "This? It's not real. I've been pumped so full of drugs nothing is real anymore. If I could give it all to you I would."

"Yeah, well," Jenelle says uncertainly. "I'm not all real either, you know." She brightens at the thought. "We have something in common."

Calloway tosses back a Jurumba, which is like honeyed dark rum. It slips neatly into his system. "I'm not talking silicone or enamel implants, Jenelle. I'm talking vat-grown limbs drenched in steroids. I'm talking more Neurosone than blood."

"What's Neuro - y'know?"

Calloway sighs. "Neurosone. It's a neuroreceptor hormone that penetrates the blood-brain barrier, exciting the user's neurotransmitter synapses. The

stuff perks up your reflexes after an inter-arterial boost. It's a unit vial implanted in the aorta and activated by thought of a directed electrical impulse. Neurosone has half the response time of only a couple of minutes, dwindling as the seconds roll by."

"Oh." Jenelle smiles hesitantly. "You're real." She goes to touch him but pulls back awkwardly. "Jesus, Calloway. You know how to hurt a girl. You know?"

Calloway puts on his worried look - wrinkled forehead and downturned lips. He can smell the fear oozing like trickling sump oil; the bitter taste of anxiety overriding it.

"So I'll never be another Calloway," she says. A brilliant recovery.

"But right now I have no bookings." She pauses to ponder. "It's a shame Toby never has the same leading lady twice in any of his films. How come?" Calloway manages an odd smile. No one ever knows who is contracted and who gets snuffed illegally. "You should know Toby's sexual perversions by now. Women are an expendable item." Basically everyone is cannon fodder in Toby's books, but Calloway's fishing right now.

Jenelle evinces incredulity. "How should I know what he's about?" Her eyes drop to where Crunch sits unflinchingly. Throughout their exchange the Doberman has remained impassive - there has been no variation in his breathing or movements. His stumpy tail is immobile and he registers neither disapproval nor acceptance of the woman. But there is an alertness about the animal that would test most people's trust. It is in the eyes mostly: pinpoints of black agate that speak of instant retaliation should the need arise. That and the erect ears. And the total immobility of the damn animal. Why doesn't it move? I mean, doesn't the damn thing even breathe?

"That was unfair," she says sullenly. She's slightly disoriented; hasn't

been able to catch out the dog so she

looks back to Calloway. "You know? Shit that dog of yours gives me the creeps."

Calloway clicks his fingers and Crunch pads over to him. He ruffles Crunch's neck and the animal leans into him.

Jenelle frowns. "It's just that I never heard of him having the same leading lady a second time. I think I could learn a lot more to further my career if only he'd sign me up again."

Calloway's cool grey eyes rest on her face momentarily. "Just the other day you were trying to talk me into leaving here with you. Disappearing act and all. Change your mind?"

Jenelle returns the eye contact. A waft of pheromones jump out at him. She shrugs. "I was just sounding you out, I guess. I'd leave anytime you wanted. I've been planning things... I know it will work."

He has had this conversation before from other co-stars. Beautiful, talentless ladies, cast on a series of studio couches. They have four or five variations in their approach, but it is basically the same pitch.

Jenelle does however stir in him a curious passion. He dismisses these emerging thoughts with some difficulty. She is heading nowhere fast.

"It's common knowledge you want out of your contract, Calloway." She goes to him and tucks her arms under his. Her lips brush his cheek.

"Before you go any further," he says and turns her chin with his forefinger. "I'm under contract. I can't just walk out - if I did I'd be easy bounty. I'm in the same position as any retired gunfighter who wanted to hang up his gunbelt and forget about the past."

"But what if," Jenelle insists, "I did manage to get us out? With secure cover... just the two of us. You know the League of Decency is getting stronger every day. Splat movies will be a thing of the past. You'll be

thrown out there without a friend."

Calloway dismisses her argument. He has heard the same prophets of doom for the industry all his life.

Jenelle, he knows, only wants him for publicity. She would later inform bounty hunters of his whereabouts and collect a percentage of the kill fee.

Notwithstanding these basic thoughts, Calloway knows with his credit he could enlist the services of a small army and live like a lord. Until one of the hirelings got greedy.

Jenelle suddenly produces a computerised ID pass. "This will get us off the lot and I've some friends who will put us up until it's safe."

"We'd never be safe." Calloway orders another Jurumba. He broods for a moment on the demise of the old man. The sequence will serve as an audience grabber but in his own mind he feels it reflects badly on his professional acumen. He is a victim of his own reputation. Willing opponents who are ready to pit their ability against his are becoming scarce. He has taken on a few inferior roles lately. When on a loose raft it's either sink or swim.

Calloway reaches for Jenelle. He digs his fingers into her soft, perfumed shoulders. "Okay. So I'm bored with being cooped up. If you're game, we'll ship out tonight."

He watches for the escaping grin but she doesn't allow it. Instead she throws herself enthusiastically into his arms.

Crunch raises his head, his hackles erect in warning. The muscles in his hindquarters tighten in preparation for an attack. Jenelle stiffens like maybe the dog will forget about her.

"Hey, Crunch. Easy fella. You're among friends." Calloway ruffles the dog's head affectionately. It's a rare display of sentiment. He's done it

twice tonight already. A good sign he's becoming human, that is, fighting off the surrogate DNA that has taken him to the top of his profession.

Crunch in his own way is a minor celebrity - the dog even boasts his own fan club. He has contributed to a kill in more than one of Calloway's films.

Jenelle nibbles Calloway's neck. "Sometimes I wonder who you think most of - me or that hound of yours."

He messes her hair, in a not dissimilar manner from what he showed toward the animal.

"You're no dog," he says.

FADE OUT

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

Taking only the bare essentials, they vacate the dressing room. Outside, night has descended and the sets are relatively deserted. Lights spill in oblong wedges from the prefabs on the promenade. Serious partying is underway. Drugs, sex and Rock 'n' Roll are all part of the Rhinestone package, folks.

Calloway's twin-powered turbo shark is conveniently parked outside his dressing room. He pulls back the plasteel butterfly canopy, and whistles to Crunch, who cuts through the night, then leaps into his custom-built compartment. Calloway fastens his restricting harness. The dog has turned statue again, his eyes staring at Jenelle with fixed animosity. This dog knows its shit. Just isn't good at hiding it is all.

Jenelle looks kind of awkwardly at Crunch and makes a face as she widens the door. Maybe she figures if she sits forward, like on the console, she won't have to feel the animal's fetid breath on her neck.

She displays an impressive amount of thigh as she climbs into the

passenger bucket seat. Crunch's breath is predictably hot on the nape of her neck when she cautiously leans back.

"He doesn't bite unless I tell him to," Calloway says like he can read her mind.

"That's nice to know," she says in a small child's voice. She scrunches her neck and leans forward. "Jesus, I think it's licking me."

Calloway has to smile. "Smart dog. He knows good meat when he sees it."

Jenelle shifts uncomfortably and focuses her eyes beyond the Shark's quartz headlights. "Jesus."

Surveillance cameras trace their every move. Hidden mikes catch every sound. The footage will be doctored back in the labs; sensory and auditory additions will cram pack any theatre with tight focus tension.

A pulse beats nervously in her throat as she surveys the instrument panel. It appears to be bewilderingly complex.

"We're out of here," Calloway says as he plants his foot.

Jenelle's head presses closer to Crunch's jaws as they pull away with massive acceleration. The dog's hot breath precipitates some awful muscle contractions in her stomach. It is the start of a downhill path.

Calloway glances at her. "So far so good." Poised and confident he lets go the steering wheel and holds her hand for a moment. "Everything okay?"

She forces a smile, and tugs at the harness that is cutting into her chest. "I think this thing's just a little tight, is all." She reaches down and dials a lesser setting. The flat cord gives a full notch. "I can breathe now."

The Shark's four blazing headlights pierce the night. The Shark rapidly clears the filming lot and they are soon approaching the first check point.

Calloway pulls alongside a processor and slots the ID card. When he gives her a questioning look, Jenelle looks momentarily disconcerted. But it is all show biz stuff.

A harsh chip voice gives them clearance. The boom gate sinks into the ground. The Shark clears the grid. In the rear vision mirror, Calloway watches it pop up. The gate is an exit, not an entrance.

Jenelle is strangely quiet while Calloway ad libs.

"I've lived at Rhinestone all my life," he says. "You know, Toby and Leroy virtually own me. Toby's even my Godfather." He smiles in the dark.

"Out there I might even feel lost. Now that's an interesting thought."

It is only a formality to pass the final check point. The Shark throatily approaches the featureless concrete building. Calloway seems indifferent to the unusual traffic flow in the approach lane. Several large maintenance and filming vans have congregated at the main exit.

"Seems busy tonight," he says and smiles spectrally.

Jenelle leans away from the headrest. Crunch's breath is rasping as he strains forward. Too close for comfort.

"You okay?"

Jenelle shivers at the coldness in his voice. It's all it takes to change her mind. "Look, maybe we're making a mistake here. You know?"

"My survival insurance was forfeited once we left the set. I'm now financially expendable. Rhinestone Pictures won't lose a thing if I get killed right now."

"This is all wrong," she says slowly. Dim warnings are beginning to flame in her subconscious. "This is all wrong." Her voice has lost its girly inflexions and become hard edged. Her head shakes from side to side very slowly.

Excitement explodes within Calloway as a jutting sawtoothed grid

elevates itself from the ground. Made of toughened segmented steel, hair-fine teeth seek to demolish his tyres. A small flickering light set in the dashboard divides Calloway's attention. He switches on the visiphone - even on the small screen Leroy's purple complexion becomes increasingly apparent. His wattles quiver with indignation and his nasty pig's eyes squint in outrage.

"Listen, you damn death freak," Leroy splutters. "I warned you what would happen if you tried to run out on your contract!" Leroy has his hands clenched into fists. It's like, what? Leroy? A fighter?

Calloway gives a bemused smile for the sake of the camera. After all, it's showtime. "You fat gross bag of fertiliser. Beam out." Calloway cuts the transmission.

So next thing happens is a battery of quartz halogen flood-lights stab the night. Calloway is not prepared for this. Smarting, he faces Jenelle. Only subliminally is he aware that his life is now in Toby's hands.

Jenelle shrieks. A drone camera has zoomed in. It descends with a metallic whining and magnetically locks onto the bonnet. Its wide angle lens swings to glare into the car's interior. Two sound antennae emerge, adding to its alien appearance.

"It looks like a set up," he says without conviction. "Where'd you get that security pass?"

There is a strange glint in her eyes. "I did a few favours for a friend of Leroy's."

Calloway peers ahead and seems to deliberate on his answer. Any mistakes will be dubbed in later. "That figures. Well, if they want to play games, we'll accommodate them."

He feels adrenalin pump through his veins, stimulating his Berserker

neurals. He feels alive, absorbed. Jenelle no longer matters. Her future history has already been mapped out.

Jenelle is engrossed fully with her own role in this scene. She tugs at his shoulder, her face animated to add emphasis to a warning.

Before them looms a wall of steel mesh, razor wire that twists off into the distance, its five-metre-high top ridged like ferrous foliage. Once a government testing area, it now provides a well guarded and almost inaccessible escape zone.

Calloway knows he could crash over the grid, for his multi-celled tyres are incapable of a blow-out - but they would be shredded against its teeth.

He affects mild alarm - public can never see him totally fazed. As he swings in a 180-degree turn, and thunders up the gravel road, his lights catch a side road that promises escape.

Calloway pumps his foot down on the brakes as another gargantuan grid rises to bar his entry. He swears and flicks the lever adjustment on the hydraulic lifters which shift the car's body weight. With the car's mass concentrating on the rear driving wheels, the Shark slews to a halt.

The car judders as the front wheels bump harmlessly across the grid's surface. Calloway executes a standing, screaming spinout and the tail of the Shark misses the grid's teeth to fling the car in a dizzying circle.

Thrown into reverse, the Shark careers madly backwards. Black powder-fine rubber blooms out around the vehicle like an insectivorous plant devouring its prey.

As though by signal, twin gun turrets snap open and laser beams scour grooves across the Shark's bonnet. Its automatic reflectors cut in.

Refracted beams disperse into the night like flares.

With calculated aggression, Calloway activates a switch that feeds

hundreds of steel ball bearings across their path.

A series of explosions rends the night. The road has been mined.

Like a frenzied bull seeking escape from an arena, the Shark spins around to charge back for a final confrontation.

Approaching their departure bay, they discover a hive of activity.

Crunch, in tune with the excitement, thrashes relentlessly, frantically attempting to dislodge his harness.

Finally Jenelle realises her betrayal. It is no longer a counter plot she is acting, rather a counter, counter plot. Numbly she hangs onto her bucket seat.

Calloway snarls. He can read and smell the fear and confused jubilation that emanates from the starlet. This is the culmination of all her plans, the end product of her deceit.

She makes a sudden movement but Calloway is too practised. A shot of Neurosone courses his veins, heightening his reflexes.

With tendons like steel, he seizes her hand, which contains a tiny, yet lethal, blast pistol. He twists it from her deadened fingers. Driving one-handed, he screeches in a half arc to a jarring halt. The headlights pin-point a violent verbal battle between Leroy and Toby. Toby has just been told about the blast pistol, Calloway muses.

Calloway thumbs a button and deactivates Jenelle's door. "Your boss is over there. The pair of you should be very happy together."

"Calloway - ?"

"Beat it." But he is weakening already. Out there is certain death.

Rhinestone will have taken this contingency into account. He tries to shrug off these counter productive thoughts.

"It was Leroy! He planned all this!"

"Whatever he offered you, it wasn't enough." With professional interest,

he watches the mounting desperation in her frenzied eyes. He knows the cameras are catching it.

"An added bonus, by request would have been the Shark, I suppose." He can almost feel the sickness that shatters her remaining equanimity.

"Go fuck yourself Calloway."

The words hit him hard. Something is wrong. She's been acting. Too damn good.

With a quick flick of her wrist she shoves a needle into his arm. The world goes blank in two seconds.

It takes one second to release Crunch.

"Oh sweet Jesus help me!" she moans.

But he isn't listening.

She tumbles from the Shark and begins running. The staccato clack of steel stilettos against the pavement is cut short abruptly.

Crunch has taken her three steps away from the Shark.#

(THE STORY BELOW IS ONE OF THE FEW IN SF GENRE THAT I'VE HAD PUBLISHED FOR MONEY. IT APPEARED FORTUITOUSLY IN TIME FOR A TOUR OF THE NORTH.)

## Greenhouse Dryhouse

Walter Vivian

"I hate flood tides," James said, as they waded through the house to the front door. They kissed.

"Check the traps at lunch time. There'll be crabs in them today. It's just right. Where are those kids?" he grumbled.

"If there's catfish I'm not touching them," Deborah said, as she'd done many times before. "They're such ugly things and I can't bear those spines."

"Leave them to me," he said.

The children splashed out the front door, lifting their faces to be kissed.

"Goodbye Mummy," said Janet.

"Bye Mum," said John.

"Keep your hair dry. You'll catch cold." The children always had wet hair.

James Everage stepped down into the waist deep water, thankful that it was not too deep for his waders and carried the children across to the family VW sedan moored on its pontoon by the gate. The children slithered in through the driver's window with practised ease. James pulled himself up, placed his brief case inside, waited a moment for the water to drain from his lower body, and shucked off the waders. He, too, slithered in through the window and turned to sit in the drivers seat.

James started the motor, untied the mooring rope from the steering wheel and pulled it gently askew to line up the car in the drive, before casting off and gliding gently out into the street, where there was a current running. He gunned the motor and the pontoon gathered way. They waved to her.

Deborah watched her little family surge away into the mainstream and disappear. The gentle wash lapped against her ankles.

She paddled to the edge of the porch and pulled up the wire mesh trap from the garden. A medium sized catfish rolled and threshed, showing its ugly yellowish underside and its horrible whiskers and filmy eyes and threatening spines. She pulled a face and dropped the trap back into the water where the pink hydrangeas used to grow.

After she had cleaned up the kitchen, she splashed through to the bedroom and climbed up onto the bed for a delicious dry, with a big soft towel that she fluffed between her toes. She dusted them with dry talcum powder and wriggled in ecstasy, thinking of a dryhouse. James would really have to do something about raising the floor. It was not good enough to be flooded every time the tide was very high or to have the wash from the craft of thoughtless people pour in under the doors. The only way was to lay down a damp course and have thirty centimetres of concrete poured. That would make it a dryhouse for a year or two, anyway. The ceilings were high enough and dryhouses were saleable.

Baby Bree cried in the bedroom, demanding attention. Deborah fed and changed her baby, dressing her for an outing. The baby gurgled in delight as the slight wash from Deborah's movements swayed the body of the pram, which was barely afloat. Deborah changed into her yellow bikini and put on a short plastic coat, just in case there was rain. She would have liked to have walked barefoot but thought about the crabs and the catfish and put on her yellow plastic boots.

Deborah met her friend Marion at the gate and they pushed their prams against a slight current.

"The tide is still flowing," said Marion. "We had seals in the back garden last night. They woke us. I think they chased a school of mullet into a corner against the fence."

Marion had a wooden framed house and a bigger problem than Deborah's, because it was lower lying and they had already jacked up the house on its stumps and were worried about it being carried away like an ark, like the Smith house, which had floated off its stumps and the Smiths had escaped only with their lives and their video.

"Did you see the piece on killer whales, crocodiles and white sharks on the Channel 2 news last night?" said Marion.

"That was just scaremongering," said Deborah. The water was deeper and reached the crotch of her bikini pants. Although it was not really cold, it was just a little uncomfortable.

Mrs Nobble from the big dryhouse on the hill, motored past in her jet runabout and waved in friendly condescension. The two women waved back but quickly gripped their prams as the wash caught them.

"She's such a snob," said Marion.

"Talks all the time about dryhouses and her highlander connections," agreed Deborah.

Mr Reilly waved to them as they waded past what had once been the park.

He was perched atop a picnic bench to keep his tackle dry and was fishing with a long beach rod.

"I was catching herring until they came along," he grumbled, pointing to the dolphins that were surging and rolling in the clear expanse of water over the park.

"Anyway," he dropped his voice to a gossipy level. "Have you seen Garcia's way of getting a dryhouse?"

He pointed down the road to the lowlying Garcia house, an object of pity, for it was a wethouse even at low tide. There were workmen swarming over the roof, which they had opened up and were erecting a frame to build another storey.

Mr Reilly chuckled. "That's the way to make sure of a dryhouse even if the sea rises another metre!"

"Well I never!" said Deborah.

"Well!" said Marion.

It set them thinking.

There was a cormorant perched on the post box, attempting to swallow a flounder that was much too big for its beak.

"It would be better off posting it," said Deborah, and they giggled. The bird flew a short distance to avoid them, dropped into the water and continued to gulp and thrash at the flat fish.

A delivery barge was tied up outside the market, swinging dangerously on its moorings. They skirted past it singly, mindful of the weight that could pin them. A dodger for one of the glossies on the news stand proclaimed '100 ways to make your house a dryhouse'.

The water in the supermarket was thigh deep but the staff did not seem to mind. They were mostly young and their wet hair showed that they swam a lot. The two women waded down the aisles.

Shirley from the checkout swam past, using a long gliding breaststroke so that the shelves would not be splashed.

"I can't see any chickens, Shirley," said Deborah.

Shirley changed politely to a sidestroke so that she faced them. "I don't think that there are any, Mrs Everage. Paul said that chickens are scarce and dear and we'd probably only have duck instead. It's the greenhouse you see. Ducks can swim." She turned on her belly and glided away.

"It must be getting harder for short people to shop as they raise the shelves," said Marion.

Paul, the manager, was fussing at the frozen meat display. He was an earnest young man with a bushy moustache. He wore a short dust coat, wet at the hem, over a pair of red swim trunks and a white business shirt with a club tie.

"It's too bad about the chicken, Paul," said Deborah.

"I'm sorry about that, ladies." Paul brushed back his dry hair with his hand. "I'm finding it hard to get any red meat, too, only fish. It seems that there's a meat shortage in the highlands and they're keeping it all for themselves. It's getting to be bad with fruit and vegies. We can get all the water cress and sea cabbage we want, but the price for highland lines is going up and up."

"If the water rises any higher you'll have to float the freezer cabinets to keep them dry," said Marion.

"Or better still, float the supermarket," said Deborah.

"The owners are talking about floating a public company," said Paul, earnestly.

The women saw that he was quite serious, and burst into laughter. Paul blushed, swept back his shock of dry hair, and retreated down an aisle.

At the checkout, the talk was all about dryhouses and selling up and moving to the highlands and the poor people in Bangladesh and Sauselito and how it would be worse to live in St Kilda or Manly or Mandurah..

"I don't mind, really," said Samantha. as she checked out Deborah's shopping. "I'd miss the water." Her hair too, was wet and she was wearing a sleek, black, one-piece costume. It was wet but she did not seem to mind. "Aren't these on special, Mrs Everage? The price seems wrong. How much are the whiting fillets?"

"I'll check," said Shirley. She entered the water with hardly a ripple and reappeared seconds later at the end of the aisle. She checked the price and called something that sounded like a bark or a cough.

"Thanks, Shirl," said Samantha. "It was a dollar thirty nine, Mrs Everage."

On the way to the coffee shop they saw a big blue crab feeding on the weed growing from a street litter bin.

"Let's catch it," giggled Marion. "Hold the pram." Marion made halfhearted attempts to grab the crab from behind, but it raised its claws in threat and she was afraid. It attacked her in a flurry of movement, slipped into escape mode and swam rapidly across the street, the ripple lights playing over its bright blue body. It disappeared into the sand on the old road level.

"Are you okay? You've wet your hair and your front," Deborah brushed water from her friend.

"I'm a coward when it comes to crabs," said Marion. "Alan picks them up with no trouble at all and never looks like being bitten. That was a big crab."

"Never mind."

They pushed their prams up the ramp to the coffee shop which was on a dry upper storey and was very popular so that they had to wait a minute for a table. It was called The Dry Coffee Shoppe. They removed their wet boots and wiggled their toes in the luxury of dryness, hot coffee and sugar doughnuts.

The police siren blasted through the conversation about dryhouses, Dutch engineers and moving to the highlands, and they saw a police launch sweep around the post office on the corner, its blue light flashing and a young policeman with a shotgun, braced against the bow rails. and another roaring, "Get out of the water! Get out of the water!" through a hailer.

They saw the long grey shape before they saw the fin cutting through the water. It was a shark. It cruised effortlessly down the main street towards them. The policeman blasted both barrels at it and shot zinged and ricocheted everywhere. Flurries of whitebait surged and shimmered in panic and raucous gulls hovered overhead.

The shark doubled back but the helmsman was good and the launch spun around in the narrow street space and overtook it. The policeman fired again and the shark cut across the street and threshed into the doorway of the boutique. There were screams of alarm.

It was over in a moment. The shotgun was placed against the shark's body and there were two muted explosions. The policemen dragged the long quivering body through the bloodied water and tied it by the tail to a cleat, waved and moved the launch slowly down the street. The shark's white underside turned up and a great, cruel mouth leered for all to see.

"I feel weak all over," said Marion.

Deborah nodded. Her knees were shaking and she had a desperate need to go to the toilet. "It's getting so that the streets are not safe to swim in," she said. "We'll have to get a flatboat or a dinghy."

"It's the seals that bring them. The sharks feed on the seals," said a woman at a nearby table.

They had to wait for nearly two hours to get a ride home in a gondola, for all the water taxis were busy.

There were three seals, a small boy and a labrador on the picnic tables in the park. The dog barked at them and the boy and the seals joined in. The boy was grinning.

"They're just like dogs," said their muscular young gondolier. He puffed as he poled them along. Occasionally, little stingrays exploded from the sandy roadbed and skittered off in panic.

James was in a happy mood at dinner. The trap in the deep water at the bottom of the garden yielded three meaty crabs. The boss's Mercedes had sunk at its moorings and turned over. He agreed that some of the holiday money to take them to the highlands for three weeks would have to go on a cheap dinghy to do the shopping. The children talked about swimming and diving at school.

John claimed that he could hold his breath for two minutes. Janet said that she could hold hers longer and they tested each other at the table, watching the kitchen clock with cheeks bulging and lips compressed. Deborah felt tired and stressed.

They watched the television, but apart from a piece about the great Bangladesh polder project and the breaching of the seawall and undermining of a beachfront hotel in Glenelg, there was little about the wetlands.

"They don't want to acknowledge that we exist," grumbled Deborah.

James escaped up into the dry roof space where he was growing mushrooms, using seaweed for compost.

When Deborah put the children to bed, Janet asked her to look at her tickly fingers.

Deborah parted the little fingers and saw the fine web of skin growing between. It seemed to be half way to the knuckles.

"Daddy, Mummy's crying," called John.

"Mummy's crying," said Janet.#

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

## Featured Writer/Reader

**Tracy Ryan**, one of Australia's finest poets and winner of the 2000 WA Premier's Book Award for poetry, is to be writer in residence at Tom Collins Writers Centre. Her poetry has delightful clarity and control typical of some of

our better women writers such as the late Gwen Harwood, Kate Llewellyn and, in my own state, Beate Josephi.

She was born and grew up in Western Australia but now lives in England. She has a Bachelor of Arts in Literature, and has also studied European languages at the University of Western Australia. She has worked in libraries and at bookselling, taught at Curtin University of Technology, and edited poetry and fiction for magazines.

Tracy has published a novel, *Vamp*, and three collections of poetry with Fremantle Arts Centre Press - *Killing Delilah* (1994) which was short listed for the 1994 Western Australian Premier's Prize for Poetry and the John Bray Award, Adelaide Festival, 1996; *Bluebeard in Drag* (1996) which was short listed for the 1997 Western Australian Premier's Prize for Poetry, and *The Willing Eye* (1999).

In Britain she has published a short experimental work of poetry, *Slant* (rempress, 1997), which engages with the text of Nabokov's *Lolita* from a feminist perspective. She was joint winner of the 1996 Times Literary Supplement/Poems on the Underground short poem competition.

To find out more about Tracy Ryan, check out her home page at <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Square/6813/>

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

## Best of the Literary Box

**William Shakespeare** on Channel 2 was a fascinating documentary on the bard written by Christopher Walker and edited and part presented by the estimable Melvyn Bragg. Various figures from the arts and academe paid effusive and sometimes breathless tribute to his preeminent stature in English and world literature, packing a lot into the programme.

Shakespeare was a major architect of the English language, filling it with rich imagery and creating many words along the way. It is impossible to use the English language without constantly ringing Shakespeare's bell.

As Baz Luhrman pointed out, the theatre of his time was the equivalent of today's television. To meet a ravenous demand for entertainment and spectacle, Shakespeare wrote his plays rapidly, considering them as his bread and butter, whilst he penned verse for his own delight. Ironically, he hoped to be remembered for his poems, but it is the plays that the world treasures as the testament of his genius.

His origins as the son of a glovemaker in a small country town were humble, but it has been shown that at the local grammar school which he almost certainly attended, he would have had access to the works, particularly those of Ovid, which he needed to draw upon for his stories. Over the years it has been fashionable to cast doubt on his

authorship, based on the invalid assumptions that genius only rises out of a large, sophisticated population or that noble works could only be penned by the hands of aristocrats.

Stratford on Avon is a small, charming country town even today and it is a surprise that it nurtured such a genius. ( I have special regard for the place as my maternal great grandfather, William Taylor, had an inn there before establishing as a miller at nearby Earl Shilton.)

Baz Luhrman also made the point that the convention of playing Shakespeare in Elizabethan dress is unwarranted. One of the best versions of King Lear I have seen, for instance, was a wild Russian interpretation seen in the early days of SBS, set some time in Russia's distant past.

I am sorry that I did not capture the program on video. I hope to get it next time round#

## Poet Laureate Project USA

Robert Pinsky, the marvelously articulate and energetic poet laureate has founded a project whereby fifty Americans were selected to read their favourite poems from the response to a media invitation. The recordings have been filed in the Library of Congress and The News Hour, the PBS program rebroadcast on SBS, is running one each week.

It is marvellous stuff, an idea worthy of emulation in Australia.

Pinsky is an enthusiastic and supremely competent presenter of a wide range of poetry from other writers. I cannot recall hearing him recite his own work, which makes him a rarity amongst poets. He is truly a national treasure.

## Crap with Clarity, Back Berner, Channel 2

Peter Berner (somewhat paraphrased) on the government's uniquely foolish, Collins class submarine style, digital television decision, which will force us into buying extraordinarily expensive digital television sets or converters. "Now we'll be able to see the crap that the television channels serve up to us in perfect clarity." Ugh! who needs it?

## H.G.Wells, Channel 2.

Wells was a literary giant of his time and deservedly enjoyed tremendous success. His general works such as *Tono Bungay* or *The History of Mr Polly* are still good reads, but he was not interested in character and introspection so much as rattling on with a good yarn.

Brian Aldiss rates him as "The Shakespeare of science fiction", and it is in this genre that he shines. Stories such as *The War of the Worlds*, *The Time Machine* and *The Invisible Man* are timeless and enduring. Wells was not interested in fantasy but brought to science

fiction a solid background in science as a former teacher/demonstrator under Huxley.

Wells's story is told in two parts by the intellectual former leader of the British Labour Party, Michael Foote, as he shuffles through some of the places where Wells lived and worked. This is sometimes annoyingly irrelevant and tedious as we are confined to the pace of a senior citizen, but as an ardent, lifelong admirer who actually met Wells in 1938, Foote has relevant things to say.

Young Wells was brought up in deprived circumstances and spent much of his childhood at Up Park, a mansion where his mother worked as a housekeeper. They lived in the bowels of the building, but the child was able to sneak upstairs into the light and a well-stocked but apparently rarely used library, which he absorbed voraciously. Foote considers that this was the foundation of Wells's recognition of the importance of education, his yearning for utopia and his ardent but sophisticated, unreal socialism. Up Park was also a perfect model for the social arrangements in *The Time Machine* where the effete, beautiful people, the Eloi, live in the light of the surface, but are really cattle to feed the subterranean workers and people eaters, the Morloks.

Wells was not physically prepossessing, but highly sexed and attractive to women. He disagreed with the fashionable Aristotelian view of sex, saying, "It is not true that the more sex you have the more it interferes with your work. I find that the more sex you have the better work you do." With two marriages and two long term lovers, each producing a child, as well as many affairs, he practised what he preached. One of the lovers was the young Rebecca West, who flung herself at him like a literary groupie seeking an injection of the master's art, which Wells proceeded to do, using three of her orifices, apparently with her approbation. West acquired her own considerable literary reputation, so perhaps a cynic could say that it worked!

Sex could not figure in Wells's writing because of the rigid Victorian moral code that prevailed for most of his working life. Anything like the novels of Durrell or Greene simply would not be published. If I recall correctly, even the suggestive use of asterisks to hint at something salacious, was decidedly post Wells!

## Teletext on Channel 7

For those who have weaned themselves off newspapers, teletext is a source of information on such matters as television programmes, lottery results and stock exchange quotes. It is fairly tedious as each page occupies three screens which come up successively after the software has counted out a cycle of one hundred, so that if your information is at the bottom of your page you have to wait.

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

## Reviews

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

# Articles old and new

## Worm In My Apple revisited, the iMac.

I'm afraid that my feminine side got the better of me, and after my tirade about Apple's shortcomings, I've bought an iMac DVD! It's a marvellous machine, five hundred times more powerful than my original 128, with a nominal dollar price less than I paid in 1985, for an original Mac 128, making it about a third of the real price.

The iMac has a beautifully designed exterior, available in several translucent colours which are referred to in hip, swinging language as flavours. None of the flavours is listed as lemon. I chose lime, which is a pleasant green!

The iMac is surprisingly heavy, but given its huge capacity, this is understandable. Like its primitive ancestor, the original Mac 128, it has everything in one small case, so there are no separate leads for monitor, drive and modem, but one power cord and one telephone line, leaving unaccustomed space on my powerboard. This simplifies isolation from the potential for lightning damage in stormy weather.

Also, like the old 128, it is virtually silent, with a low hum from the monitor and no noisy fan.

It is remarkably fast. Gone are the days of drowsing over the keyboard waiting for a function to be performed or for something to appear on screen. Some sites have graphic dimensions that did not work for my old computer. The machine speed is rated at 400 megahertz, which I am told is not a good indication of its capacity as it is reputedly faster than equivalent or higher rated machines in other formats. Sufficient to say, it is fast enough.

With 64 megabytes of RAM there is enough capacity to have several programs running together, so that working between word processor, web author, graphic program and web browser is a breeze. The disk drive has 10 gigabytes capacity, capable of storing an enormous amount of text, sufficient for the complete life's work of a score or so Barbara Cartlands and then some. Compared to my old 128, which used 400 kilobyte floppies, storage is increased by an astonishing factor of 25,000!

It is sold with packages of software. OS 9 is the operating system. There is software for computer fax, Microsoft and Netscape browsers, World Book, Pagemill and Appleworks. Appleworks is a satisfactory tool which seems to be almost identical to Clarisworks Office 5, with word processor, drawing, paint, data base, spreadsheet and communications. A sample game, Bugdom, shows off the machine's capacity for graphics and is delight for very small children.

Left unattended, the machine lapses into a standby mode with darkened screen. It can also be put into sleep mode. In both cases, keying or a mouse click will awaken it to exactly where you left off, which is a very handy feature.

The sound from the built-in speakers is excellent. It is enjoyable to slip in an audio CD and write to music.

Having the sockets and ports on the side allows for quick engagement or disengagement and is far superior to rear mounting.

Setting up is as remarkably simple as the makers claim, as the assistants prompt you through the steps to configure software and link to the internet. It could well be achieved in ten minutes if you had the data ready.

Two design features are annoying. The mouse is uniquely round so that inevitably it rotates in the hand and you lose the button, necessitating a look from the screen and a grip adjustment. I know of no other round, turtle-shaped mouse. The reset button is recessed but I can only get at it with my little finger with some difficulty. Further, it is next to an blank recess of unknown function that feels confusingly similar.

Unlike previous model changes, the iMac USB format is quite radical and will not mate with any previous Macintosh peripherals such as disk drives, scanner and printer. I've solved the problem by installing an ethernet card in my old computer at a cost of \$100.00, allowing me to transfer data between the two via a cable (\$50.00) and to use my old peripherals.

Transfer of data from the old to the new is a problem as there is no floppy drive. I wondered at this, but it is probably the way of the future. Probably, it is better to pay to have data transferred at the outset. Alternatively, a third party floppy drive may be bought for about \$170.00.

In the first month of operation, my iMac refused to start twice and I had two freezes. My first non start was on the last weekend of the month, when I was due to bring out PixelPapers 11, so there was a great deal of consternation. Surprisingly, the help desk was not available on the weekends, as if Apple were pitched only to the business market. For those on western standard time there is no concession for the time difference. (By contrast, my ISP runs a free help desk every day for many hours.) The blame for the first incident was laid on the third party disk drive, although when it happened again, the drive was unconnected. Each time, diagnostic software indicated that the machine was not at fault. Freezes occurred when running the Bugdom game software for the first time and also Netscape. I was advised that the memory allocation was lean and allocated an extra two megabytes in each case, to fix the problem successfully.

I suspect that reliability of software is a problem with all platforms, reinforced somewhat by Nanon's poignant haikus on the subject in a previous issue of Pixel Papers. However, it is disappointing and I would have expected better.

The iMac is a superb machine for a writer, especially one with little computer experience. Expect to pay around \$2000.00 for the basic machine, and don't be afraid to bargain to save a few dollars. A computer plus printer and scanner package costs around \$2500.00 but it is possible to shop around for the items individually for a small saving. You must invest in some form of backup, which is essential, in the form of a supplementary hard drive, floppy drive, zip drive or a CD burner. Probably, the zip drive is preferable. (In the early days of computers, I can recall a writer who lost over a year's work, including a complete manuscript when his computer failed. He had nothing but rough notes to fall back on!)

The iMac has my recommendation, but with the proviso that I so often warn about: a

computer is ridden rather than driven, more like a horse and cart than a limousine. Given the software available, the iMac is about the most comfortable ride you can get!

(PS. IN THE EIGHTH WEEK OF OUR RELATIONSHIP, THE FINDER, A MAJOR COMPONENT OF THE SYSTEM SOFTWARE, CORRUPTED AND HAD TO BE REPLACED.)

[Back to CONTENTS](#)

## Words Worth

**Whom.** *Whom* is rarely heard in the spoken language these days outside of speakers being carefully pedantic, and substitution of "who" does not jar. It is a fossil.

**If I were--** When a condition is expressed it is properly pedantic and pedantically proper to use *if I were* instead of the expected *if I was*. I suspect that this fossil is likely to be found in Hansard rather than in the shorthand writers' notes. It is something that you wish you'd said.

**Liberal.** "generous, open-handed, not sparing of; ample, abundant; not rigorous or literal, open-minded, candid, unprejudiced, (Pol.) favourable to democratic reforms and abolition of privilege", (OED).

There has been a slippage of meaning, especially in politics. In England, the Liberal Party is social democrat in character, but in Australia the Liberal Party, despite some notable exceptions, is so much to the right of politics that Conservative Party would be a more accurate name. In the United States of America, *liberal* is used pejoratively and quite wrongly to denote foolishness, impracticality, incompetence and profligacy!

**Angst.** This is not an acronym for Australia's National Goods and Services Tax, but a word borrowed from the German, where it means, anguish, anxiety, fear. It is therefore not all that far removed from GST.

**Limit.** Bounding line, terminal point, bound that may not or cannot be passed (OED). The concept seems to be well understood excepting where it refers to speed limit, where many construe a designated number as representing a sort of average, having a merely advisory function. One foolish commentator fulminated about somebody he knows being booked for only being nine kilometres over the limit and that things were much better in the pre-radar days when speed assessment was an inexact science. (We suspect that, as Micawber would say, that the commentator was used to referring to the cited, erring motorist with the personal pronoun!)

**Desert, Dessert.** It could be expected that everybody knows the difference between these words, but there is currently a promo on one of the gameshow television channels about some people cast away on a *dessert* island! Presumably this island grows only custard apples, pineapples and such, in contrast to others closer to the main channels or courses where avocado, breadfruit and salads are on offer!

# BLIMPS AND BLIPS - GOVERNMENTS FOR AND AGAINST THE ARTS

(CONSIDERED CRITIQUES OF POLICIES ARE WELCOME HERE.  
ANON WHISTLE BLOWERS ARE ESPECIALLY WELCOME.)

[BACK TO CONTENTS](#)

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

Congratulations to **Mark O'Connor** who has been awarded a Fellowship by the Literature Fund to write two books of poetry. One is on the Sydney Olympic Games, where we at PixelPapers have already had a short run.

### Olympic Poesy

The torch is lit, massed bands play  
massed balloons and pigeons fly away  
calls to victory enthrall everywhere  
conquering poets bound and punch air  
on the track athletic poets compete  
displaying fast-moving iambic feet  
hurdlers intersperse with broken gait  
iambus and anaapest at prodigious rate  
clearing the bar with glorious conceit  
leaping poets bring the crowd to its feet  
in the pool high conceptual dives, then  
after a wet flop or two, a perfect ten  
gymnastic poets on pommel and rings  
show what rigour in poetry brings  
whilst on the floor in writhing freeform  
the skilfully inventive pertly perform  
shouting poets, poets who mumble  
press on regardless as records tumble  
no worry of steroids and drugs disavowed  
and following wind is always allowed  
but most prized in the literary pantheon  
is the up-hill-down-dale poesy marathon  
endless submissions without publication  
vie with hopeless unheard versification  
sweating epics and sagas, book length verse  
plodding ballads and a great deal worse;

apprehension, tension, rise on the ground  
until the wobble-kneed victor is crowned  
proud poets mingle as the great games fold  
displaying medals, bronze, silver and gold  
anticipating home's motorcade celebration  
when joyful bards drink-in rapt adulation  
anticipating the sadly appropriate caper  
showers of torn bits of very used paper  
for nothing's more prized, people know it  
than the talents of a well-performed poet!#

Walter Vivian  
from *Sappho's Delight*, PixelPress 1999en

In honour of **Mark O'Connor's** project, and the Games, PixelPapers offers a prize of \$100 for a sacred or profane, long or short, wet or dry poem of any sort on the theme of the Games, torch etc, available for publication in PP13 and possibly PP14. The winner will be announced round about the time of the Sydney Olympics.

Look upon it as helping to promote Sydney or Australia's Olympic Games, with the added possibility of giving some ideas to help Mark with his daunting project.

Watching that well known writer, John Clarke in *The Games*, on Channel 2, could help.

The Prime Minister also announced a 23-member Steering Committee to respond to recommendations of the Australia Councils report. The Committee, drawn from media, business, arts and sport, including comedian, Greig Pickhaver (aka HG Nelson) and sportswoman, Jane Flemming, will advise the Council on strategies to promote and expand the reach of the arts.

Others to get a guernsey are Julie McCrossin of Good News Week, Kerry O'Brien of the ABC, violinist Richard Tognetti, Christopher Pearson, Ian McNamara of Australia All Over and Margaret Throsby of the ABC.

It is a curious collection of bright people. Hopefully something will come of it.

Sherry-Anne Jacobs is writing a series of articles for Suite101.com on Plotting and Editing. Check out the June article about procrastination and plotting at

[http://www.suite101.com/articles.cfm/plotting\\_and\\_editing](http://www.suite101.com/articles.cfm/plotting_and_editing)

Her book **LIKE NO OTHER** is featured as Book of the Day at the Australian Online bookshop at:

<http://www.bookworm.com.au/cgi-bin/bookmall/bookworm/index.tam>

## Goliardys - Saucy little stories or verse.

### Joker

"A new monk arrives at the monastery. He is assigned to help the other monks in copying the old texts by hand. He notices, however, that they are copying copies, and not the original books.

So, the new monk goes to the head monk to ask him about this. He points out that if there was an error in the first copy, that error would be continued in all of the subsequent copies.

The head monk says, "We have been copying from the copies for centuries, but you make a good point, my son".

So, the monk goes down into the cellar with one of the copies to check it against the original. Hours later, nobody has seen him. So, one of the other monks goes downstairs to look for him. He hears sobbing coming from the back of the cellar and finds the old monk leaning over one of the original books, crying.

He asks what's wrong.

"The word is celebrate," says the old monk."

Nanon

## 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 a magnificent new site.

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

Check out the Peter CowanWriters Centre and Helen Hagemann's Poetry at

<http://www.geocities.com/pcwcentre> &

[http://www.geocities.com/helen\\_hagemann](http://www.geocities.com/helen_hagemann) - with lots of good links!

Feel free to add these URL's to your web site.

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>

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## Newspapers & News.

An excellent portal for national and overseas newspapers is maintained at <http://www.slv.vic.gov.au./slv/newspapers/internet/>

Items such as share prices, lottery results and television programmes may be found using teletext on television hosted by Channel 7.

Classifieds are available on the net, especially from the News Ltd site, but the best coverage is in the community type newspapers (*Quokka* in my state) which do not charge for adverts but have a cover price of \$2.00.

## 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@inet.net.au>

Fellowship of Australian Writers (WA Writers Centre) <[fawwa@inet.net.au](mailto:fawwa@inet.net.au)>

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

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

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

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

Peter Cowan Writers Centre (WA Writers Centre) <[nwacowan@inet.net.au](mailto:nwacowan@inet.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 becomes <http://www.iinet.net.au/~pixpress/>)

## Contributors

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

Paul Collins has been involved in Australian science fiction since the 70s and edited 11 genre books and the MUP Encyclopaedia of Australian Science Fiction and Fantasy. He has had roughly 140 short stories published, and numerous children's titles.

Kevin Gillam earns his living with his bow as a teacher of music and has had many of his poems published in literary magazines. He is presently writer in residence at the Tom Collins Writers Centre in leafy Allen Park, Swanbourne.

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

## 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

## Ashes to Water

The sixth book of poems by Alec Choate received a glowing review in, *The West Australian* on 17th June.

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, Bookcaffe Swanbourne and other booksellers or from this site.

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. Bundell therefore, strives to expose the side of alcoholism, unknown to many, a side which exemplifies how low "rock bottom" can be for sufferers of this disease. As she stated in the novel's introductory note, "I wrote this because, at the time, I felt the literature and information about alcoholism was far too hopeful.

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

Chi Tran in *New Readers World Book Reviews*.

## Flight Patterns

A collection of poems by Frances Arnett Sbrocchi, principally on the theme of migration and immigration. Available from Fran <naisburi@inet.net.au> or The Well Bookshop @ \$12.00.

## Dutch Point by Barbara Yates Rothwell

The novel covers 300 years of mainly WA history. It starts with a Dutch shipwreck, the rescue of a solitary seaman by a local tribe of Aborigines, and the curious matter of a Dutch coin. Mystery, adventure and the pioneering spirit carry the story through the years, to the arrival in Fremantle of Mrs Ketteridge and her five adopted orphans. Their progress to become the influential Burleigh family, a second shipwreck during World War II, a lost boy and a gruesome discovery revitalise the early mystery - and lead to its solution. (Lagoon Press) \$35.00 hardback. 471 pp.

## The Boy from the Hulks by Barbara Yates Rothwell

The Boy from the Hulks is for juvenile readers (10-14) and tells the tale of Lemuel, falsely accused and transported to Sydney in the 3rd Fleet. How will he prosper? What steps will he take to deal with the villainous Bulstrode? Why is he attracted to the clumsy Georgina? All is revealed, and once again Lemuel can hold up his head with pride.

(Published by Longman Cheshire - 1994) \$9.95 soft back. 137 pp.

Both books are now available from The Lagoon Press. email: <lgnpress@iinet.net.au>

# Western Writers Brochure

## Coming Events

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### PETER COWAN WRITERS CENTRE

PO Box 239 Joondalup 6919

Phone/Fax: 9301 2282

Email: nwacowan@iinet.net.au

<http://www.geocities.com/pcwcentre>

Office Hrs: Wed 8-midday, Thurs 8.30-5pm

### AUGUST

Thursday 3 August

Members' Meeting, Annual General Meeting at 7.30pm, Critique results, announcements, supper. Visitors \$3.30

Tuesday 8 August 7.30pm for 8:00pm

### FIRST COMMUNITY READINGS

Readings at the Beach Pit, Hillarys Boat Harbour

Guest writers &ndash; British author Christopher Kenworthy and poet Kerry

Mulholland. Plus 'Open Pit' Readings for members and all those who wish to breathe in some fresh sea air. Free entry. Gold coin donation gratefully accepted. All welcome &ndash; Inquiries Sean Byrne on 9305 2339 or Helen on 9301 2282.

Saturday, 5,12,19 & 26 August

Writing for Peace, Partway program for young writers aged 7 to 17 years.

Additional places still available for ages 14 to 17 yrs.

Saturday 19 August &ndash; 1:00am-midday

CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOP

with Carmel Macdonald-Grahame 'The Mind's Eye' - An image writing workshop! Cost \$27.50. Skills to meld eye & mind.

Monday 21 to 26 August

Radio Lollipop - Broadcast from Princess Margaret Hospital

Our Premier Richard Court, Labor Leader Geoff Gallop including children's writers will read to sick children.

Saturday 11, 19, 26 August

Quality Writing Time, in Edith Cowan House.

10:30am-12:30pm - Poet-tree for Poets. 1:00-3:00pm

\$3.30 members/students, \$5.50 non-members.

SEPTEMBER

Thursday 7 September &ndash; 7.30pm

Members' Meeting, Special Guest, Estelle Blackburn - 1999 Premier's Award Winner for Historical & Critical Studies for her book 'Broken Lives' Open

Readings, Supper plus announcements. Visitors \$3.30

Saturday, 2,9,16,23,30 September

Quality Writing Time, 10.30am - 12:30pm

Poet-tree, 1:00 &endash; 3:00pm

Young Writers Group, Sunday 1.30pm to 3.30pm

\$3.30 members/students, \$5.50 non-members.

## OCTOBER

Thursday 5 October 7:30pm

Meet the Writer, Our Established Writer-in-Residence for October and special guest is Dianne Wolfer who will talk about her writing and will also read her work. Open Readings. Supper, announcements. Visitors \$3.30.

Saturday 14 October 10:00-midday

Write Your Life Story, A creative writing workshop with Dianne Wolfer.

Dianne has three publications, Dolphin Song, Borderline and Choices (2001).

Cost \$27.50.

Saturday, 7,14,21 & 28 October

Quality Writing Time 10:30-12:30pm

Poet-tree, 1:00pm-3:00pm

Young Writers Group, Sunday 1:30pm-3.30pm

\$3.30 members/students. \$5.50 non-members

## NOVEMBER

Thursday 2 November 7.30pm

Members' Meeting. Special Guest &endash; Warren Flynn &endash;

Children's Author, GAZ and GAZ Takes Off. TBA

Open Readings, announcements, supper Visitors \$3.30

Saturday 4,11,18 & 25 November

Quality Writing Time in Edith Cowan House 10:30am

Poet-tree in Edith Cowan House 1:00-3:00pm

Young Writers Group every Sunday 1:30-3:30pm

## DECEMBER

Thursday 7 December 7:30pm

Members' Meeting. Winners of the Trudy Graham Literary Awards 2000 announced. Winners to read their work and also judges will read their reports. End of year Christmas Party.

Saturday 2 December

Last Quality Writing Time for the year. Some new ideas for your writing and research for 2001. Wine and nibbles. \$3.30 members/students. \$5.50 non-members.

Saturday 2 December

Last Poet-tree for the year. Last minute critiquing. Wine and nibbles. \$3.30 members/students. \$5.50 non-members.

Sunday 3 December

Last Young Writers Group for the year. A special last day for the kids.  
1:30pm-3.30pm

Sunday 31 December

Entries close for the Patron's Prize 2000 &endash; Genre - 'Romance'

Results announce at Members' Meeting in February 2001

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## Tom Collins Writers Centre

PO Box 312, Cottesloe WA 6011

Phone 9384 4771 Fax 9384 4854

email: fawwa@iinet.net.au

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

Office: Tues &Thurs 8:30am to 5pm

### AUGUST

Saturday 5 August & 19 August 1&emdash;4pm

Workshops MUSIC and WORD (Parts 1&2) In the first workshop participants will

respond in word to different music. Second workshop to bring to the 2 or 3 polished/edited pieces from Session 1. This session will focus mainly upon editing and form as well as looking at poetry markets, which journals to

send to and why. Cost: \$70 non-members/\$50 members for both sessions. \$45 non-members/\$30 members for session 1 only.

Sunday 27 August Afternoon meeting 3pm&emdash;5pm

Meet Tracy Ryan, September Writer in Residence. Acclaimed as poet and novelist, Tracy's collection *The Willing Eye* won this year's Premier's Book poetry award. Hear Tracy read from her work, both poetry and prose. Cost: \$3 members, \$5 non-members

### SEPTEMBER

Saturday 9 September Workshop: 1&emdash;4pm Tinkering with the Text with Tracy

Ryan. A master workshop for poets. The process of crafting your words. \$30, \$45 non-members.

Saturday 16 September 1-5pm WRITING MARATHON. Four hours of concentrated

writing. These sessions have become a regular feature in the Tom Collins House Writers Centre program. Cost: \$10

Sunday 17 September, Workshop: 1&emdash;4pm Marriage of Convenience: Geraldine

Wooller leads aspiring writers in a two-part workshop on visual images, development of story and grammar as a tool of the imagination. \$45 non-members/\$30 members.

Sunday 24 September, Meeting 3-5pm. Michèle Drouart's first novel: Into the Wadi - now in its third edition after publication. Come and hear Michèle speak about writing the twin realms of her marriage and life in another. Cost \$3, \$5 non-members

## OCTOBER

Saturday 7 October Workshop: 1&emdash;4pm

Last month's speaker, Michèle Drouart's workshop deals with developing a long novel, as well as structures & editing in the development of relationships in the longer piece of writing. \$45 non-members/\$30 members.

Saturday 21 October 9:30am &emdash;4:30pm

Workshop with Adrian Glamorgan. Novices and more experienced writers will gain insights from the 'creative recovery' process suggested by Julia

Cameron in her book, *The Artist's Way*. These insights can have you writing (or drawing or singing) This workshop is designed to make a difference to your work. Please bring a notebook, pen, (coloured pencils or crayons if you choose) and some lunch to enjoy. \*Please note time!! \$45 non-members/\$30 members.

Sunday 29 October 3pm-5pm Sunday Meeting AGM And Estelle Blackburn. Estelle will speak on *The Power of the Pen*. Her book, *Broken Lives*, winner of the Historical & Critical Studies prize in the 1999 Premier's Book Awards, has significantly changed lives. Hear how she did it! \$3 members/\$5 non-members.

## NOVEMBER

Saturday 4 November 1&mdash;5pm Writing Marathon. Yes, it's that time again! Give yourself an early Christmas present of 4 hours of writing time! Cost: \$10

Saturday 18 November 1&mdash;4pm Workshop: Centering in, writing out! with

Trisha Kotai-Ewers Got the end-of-year frazzles? Come and learn basic meditation techniques and use them to stimulate your writing. \$45 non-members/\$30 members.

Sunday 26 November. 3&mdash;5pm. Readings of Members' work&mdash;Writing and the

Environment. Submit pieces for selection to FAWWA, PO Box 312, Cottesloe, WA

6011 by 1st November.

Cost: \$3 members, \$5 non-members.

## DECEMBER

Sunday 31 December: Closing date for entries to Tom Collins Poetry Prize.

Details available from TCH.

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## KSP Writers Centre

11 Old York Rd, Greenmount 6056

Ph: 9294 1872 Fax 9292 1372

email: kspf@opera.iinet.net.au

Caroline Horobin available

Thursday 9.00am to 4.30pm

## AUGUST

Saturday 12 August 1.00-4.00 pm Cost \$10 members, non-members - \$12.

Workshop with Trevor Todd *Flesh & Blood on the Page* - how to make your creative writing come alive.

Sunday 13 August 7.00 for 7.30 pm Cost \$6 non-members/\$4 members

Sunday

Night Readings with supper plus open section.

Special Guests: Jan Teagle Kapetas, Annalisa Orselli-Dickson, Georgia

Richter

Tuesday 15 August, 7.00-9.00 pm. For 10-18 year olds. Cost: \$5 Workshop

with ArtsWA Special Youth Tutor Francis Italiano - *Writing to be Heard*, writing for performance.

Saturday 26 August, 1.00-4.00 pm Cost \$12 non-members/\$10 members  
Workshop

with Alwyn Evans - Seamless Synergies, Editing from a writers point of view.

## SEPTEMBER

Saturday 9 September, 1.00-4.00 pm Cost \$12 non-members/\$10 members  
Workshop

with Ffion Murphy - KSP Writer in Residence.

Sunday 10 September 7.00 for 7.30 pm Cost \$6 non-members/\$4 members  
Sunday

Night Readings with supper plus open section.

Special Guests: Ffion Murphy, Tracy Ryan, Steve Hawk.

Tuesday 19 September, 7.00-9.00 pm. For 10-18 year olds. Cost: \$5 Workshop

My Own Dreaming - creating a film idea & script from the places or locations  
special to you.

With ArtsWA Special Youth Tutor Ken Kelso.

Saturday 23 September 1.00-4.00 pm Cost \$12 non members/\$10 members

Workshop with Brenda Walker

## OCTOBER

Sunday 8 October 7.00 for 7.30 pm Cost \$6 non-members/\$4 members  
Sunday

Night Readings with supper plus open section. Special Guests: Bruce Russell,  
Maureen Sexton, Alf Taylor.

Saturday 14 October 1.00-5.00 pm (At The Gates Art Studio in Darlington)

Cost \$12 non members/\$10 members

Joint Workshop with visual poet Annalisa Orselli-Dickson & artist Drewfus Gates - Visualise Your Word - a series of creative exercises to unlock the hidden artist/writer in you.

Tuesday 17 October, 7.00-9.00 pm. For 10-18 year olds. Cost: \$5 Brigid Lowry is the ArtsWA Special Youth Tutor @ KSP Young Writers.

Saturday 28 October 1.00-4.00 pm Cost \$12 non members/\$10 members  
Workshop

with Pat Baines - Weaving your own Mythology

## NOVEMBER

Saturday 11 November 1.00-4.00 pm Cost \$12 non members/\$10 members  
Workshop

with Peter Mitchell - KSP Emerging Writer in Residence When Nudge comes to

Push comes to Shove: ways of beginning to write.

Sunday 12 November 7.00 for 7.30 pm Cost \$6 non-members/\$4 members  
Sunday

Night Readings with supper plus open section. Special Guests: Liz Byrski, Kathleen Dzubiell, Peter Mitchell

Tuesday 21st 7.00-9.00 pm. For 10-18 year olds. Cost: \$5 Kevin Gillam is the ArtsWA Special Youth Tutor @ KSP Young Writers.

Saturday 25th 1.00-4.00 pm Cost \$12 non members/\$10 members Workshop  
with

Ken Spillman - Rendering the Pastä - explore the use of the past (public & personal) in fiction & non-fiction.

## DECEMBER

Saturday 9th 1.00-4.00 pm Cost \$12 non members/\$10 members Workshop

Violence in Fiction

With Julienne Van Loon

Sunday 10th 7.00 for 7.30 pm Cost \$6 non-members/\$4 members Sunday Night

Readings with supper plus open section. Special Guests: KSP Young W-I-R,

Noel Christian, Nicholas Hasluck KSP Memorial Lecture Tribute to Ric

Throssell

Tuesday 12 December, 7.00-9.00 pm. For 10-18 year olds. Cost: \$5 Richard

Walley is the ArtsWA Special Youth Tutor @ KSP Young Writers.

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, TCH Writers Centre, Allen Park, Swanbourne. For transport to and from Grant Street Railway Station, ring the office (9384 4771) before 2:30pm on the Friday before.

### 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 friendly critics! 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.

Special events day is indicated.

Tom Collins House Writers Centre  
PO Box 312, Cottesloe WA 6011  
Phone 9384 4771 Fax 9384 4854  
Office Hours: Mondays & Thursdays 1:00pm to 6:00pm

## JULY

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.

## 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.

### July- August - Peter Bakowski

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.

#### Regular Groups at KSP

Casual writers groups meet weekly at Katharine's  
Place from February and December and welcome  
new members.

#### 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.

Susan Hayes State Literature Officer is at Katharine's  
Place. Consultation by appointment only.

Literary Agent, Christine Nagel. Enquire with Christine  
on 9295 3364 for her Special Workshop Series at KSP.

KSP Writers Centre  
Greenmount

## Peter Cowan Writers Centre

Joondalup

Founded in 1985, the Peter Cowan Writers Centre began operations as the  
Northern Writers Association. Early in 1998, Edith Cowan University set  
aside a room for the Centre in the newly constructed Edith Cowan House  
on their Joondalup Campus. Further financial assistance from the City of  
Joondalup enabled the Centre to employ a part-time coordinator.

Membership is fast approaching 150 and growing monthly.

OUR CENTRE is open Wednesday 8am to midday & Thursday 8:30am to  
5:00pm.

Visitors are welcome but please call ahead. We hold regular meetings and  
group meetings, conduct workshops and creative writing classes, sell  
members' books, make equipment - such as computer, scanner, printer,  
photocopier, guillotine, heat sealer, laminator - available for members to  
use at cost, hold writers' retreats, meet the writer session, book  
launches, and much more.

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.

**WRITER/EDITOR IN RESIDENCE PROGRAM:** allows members and others to meet interesting writers, both emerging and established, and professional editors.

**STATE LITERATURE OFFICER,** Susan Hayes, is available for consultation at the Centre by appointment only.

**NEWSLETTER** - We currently publish events and program in the Western Word.

As well, our quarterly newsletter is mailed direct to members. A monthly pick-up newsletter is also available from the Centre, ECU campuses and local libraries.

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

Peter Cowan Writers Centre

Applications invited for Established Writer-in-Residence position. Three weeks full-time or part-time equivalent. Send SSAE to 'Established Writer-in-Residence,' PO Box 239, Joondalup WA 6919, for guidelines. Saturday 29, 'Quality Writing Time'- ON THE MOVE - Writers to be advised.

Announcement of Primary School Short Story Competition.

**JULY**

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

Monday 31 Results of Primary School Short Story Competition.

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**World Of Women Writers And Performers**

World Of Women

Prose Poetry Plays Performance

Celebrating diversity of culture and performance

The 3 July performance at The Deen proved to be another highly entertaining, participatory and successful evening. Batya Whitham and Michal Duvdevany started with A Song For You and in their beautiful harmonies, performed songs in Hebrew and Yiddish.

To conclude the evening, we all participated in learning an Israeli folk dance. Jan Teagle Kapetas read from her novel in progress, a section of which has been published in 'Westerly'. Morgan Yasbincek read from her recently launched novel, 'Liv'. If you missed this event, make sure you don't miss the next. You may have noticed that we have changed venue. We are now at the more quiet venue, House Of Blues, 47 Lake St, Northbridge, WA.

We have also changed nights. We are now on Thursday nights, and will continue to be on the first Thursday of every month.

As we are unfunded, we would appreciate any assistance you can give us in publicising these performances.

Next event:

World of Women, prose, poetry, plays, performance

At HOUSE OF BLUES

47 Lake St Northbridge

Thursday 3 August 2000, 7.30-10pm

Invited Performers:

Peta Lithgo - guitarist/singer, Jessica Silver &ndash; spanish dancer, Suzanne

Covich & poet, Michele Bishop & writer.

Open readers and performers

Bring some of your own work to read or perform

House Of Blues special: Cake and coffee \$5.50

Meals available for purchase: Home style southern cooking

Everyone welcome (men and women)

Waged \$4, Unwaged \$3

WOW, Prose, Poetry, Plays, Performance is held on the first Thursday of every month. If you're interested in performing, send a short bio, or for more information, please contact us. Also, the WOW committee needs the experience and enthusiasm of new committee members to fulfill the interest expressed, and to ensure the continuation of these performance nights.

Please contact us if you are able to assist.

Vicki 9342 3467, Marion 9371 6715, or Maureen 9473 0684  
mairs@iamwaiting.com

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## The Katharine Susannah Prichard Short Fiction Award

Closing date: 5pm Friday September 29, 2000

Words: Minimum 1000 Maximum 3000

Sections: OPEN and YOUNG WRITERS (aged under 20)

### PRIZES

OPEN section: First \$300 Second \$50

YOUNG WRITERS section: First \$75

Highly Commended and Commended Certificates will be awarded

Awards announced and presented at the Katharine Susannah Prichard Writers' Centre,

December 3, 2000

No entry form required

#### CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

- 1.Entry fee: \$5 for each story submitted - cheque or money order only, payable to: KSP Foundation Inc.
- 2.Work to be original, unpublished, not have received an award in another competition, or be entered in another competition for the duration of this one.
- 3.Limit of three entries per author.
- 4.Entries to be typewritten, double-spaced on one side only of A4 white paper, with pages numbered, a wide left-hand margin, and story title on each page. A good photocopy is acceptable. Post in an A4 envelope.
- 5.To ensure anonymity NO WRITERS NAMES TO APPEAR ON MS. Please attach a COVER SHEET with name of story, word count, and age (if under 20 years).
- 6.On a SEPARATE SHEET note name and date of competition, name and word count of story, your name, address, and telephone number.
- 7.MSS will only be returned if adequately stamped self-addressed envelope (SSAE) of sufficient size is included, other MSS will be destroyed after the competition, so keep a copy of your MS.
- 8.Include a business-sized SSAE if you would like a results sheet.
- 9.Award winners will be notified by phone or mail prior to announcement at the Katharine Susannah Prichard Writers Centre on Sunday, December 3 2000, when those able to attend will be invited to read their stories.
- 10.Members of the KSP Foundation Management Committee are not allowed to enter.
- 11.The judges' decisions are final, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 12.The KSP Foundation Inc. reserves the right to publish the winning entry or entries in an anthology should the opportunity occur, in consultation with the author.

Send entries to: KSP Short Fiction Award

11 Old York Road

GREENMOUNT WA 6056

Entries which do not reflect the stated conditions, or are postmarked later than 5pm September 29, 2000 will be disqualified.

The State of Western Australia has made an investment in this project through ArtsWA

in association with the Lotteries Commission. (THIS DOES NOT REFER TO PIXELPAPERS)

## Special Poetry Workshop!

From July 14th, the Katharine Susannah Prichard Writers Centre will be privileged to have the Melbourne poet, Peter Bakowski, winner of the 1996 Victorian Premier's Poetry Prize and Australia Council Residencies in Paris and Rome, as the KSP Established Writer in Residence.

Peter will be giving a special workshop on Saturday 15th July 1-4 pm (cost \$12/Members \$10) Bookings are essential - phone 9294 1872.

Peter Bakowski

Born in Melbourne in 1954 to German-Polish delicatessen-running parents, Peter Bakowski has survived two heart operations and the onset of baldness.

At the age of six he fell in love with the map of the world, with capital cities in particular. As a result of this and having read Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* 5 times, he has lived in London, Paris, Rome, Los Angeles, New York and Cairo, caught a freight train across Montana, lived in a cave on Isla Mujeres ("The Island of Women") off the eastern coast of Mexico and eaten gazelle in stale blood in Central African Republic. In 1994 he married Helen Bourke, an Irish-Australian seamstress. They have a 3 year old son, Walter, who says things like "It's Saturday in my bottom!"

Addicted to travelling and his wife's chocolate and beetroot cake, Peter composes his poems on a Brother AX250 electric typewriter using one finger only. As his last three volumes of poetry have all gone into reprint and his poems continue to appear in literary magazines in some 14 countries he is reluctant to change this method. No matter how many books of poetry he writes in his lifetime they will all be about what it is like to be a human being.

Peter Bakowski will be available for interviews and poetry readings during his six week stay in Perth.

Enquiries to the Co-ordinator Caroline Horobin Tel: 9294 1872. Fax: 9294 1372. Email: [kspf@iinet.net.au](mailto:kspf@iinet.net.au)

The State of Western Australia has made an investment in this project through ArtsWA in association with the Lotteries Commission.

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## THE DISK

The next regular Disk reading will be held on Tuesday 25 July at The Mezzonine Café, 49 King St, Perth.

This month, the featured readers are:

Peter Bakowski - poetry.

Bruce Russell - prose fiction.

Francis Italiano - script.

Doors open at 7.30 PM for an 8.00 PM start. Admission is \$5-00.

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

(Homestead Theatre, Noël Christian <homested@global.net.au>)

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## Alon's Gigs

Beginning this Sunday (16th July) and continuing throughout the winter, Alon Shimon Shai-Kaspi will be kerb crawling into the 'Totem Bar' (446 Beaufort st. Highgate, WA) for an evening of Charmantique Intifada.

Alon will be singing songs from his latest 'Live at Philip's' C.D. and will share the night with the band 'Semicool'. Entrance is free and performance starts at 7.00pm. Any performers wishing to come on as guest artists in future Sundays, please e-mail back to Kylie & Alon <kyloni@starwon.com.au> or ring Alon on 9328 2314.

See you there, Alon

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## PERTH P.E.N. CENTRE

### QUIZ NIGHT

COMPERE: BILL BUNBURY

(ABC Radio National Broadcaster,

Presenter of 'Hindsight')

Wednesday 26 July 2000

7.30pm for 8.00pm start

University House, UWA, Nedlands

\$8/\$5 concession

Great prizes and a fun night!

For more information and bookings,

contact Marie Kovacs on 9528 5156

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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.

[Back to CONTENTS](#) OR

[Back to PixPress Home Page](#)