

“COTTONMOUTH”



SPIT DICTION

ISSUE 20

DECEMBER 2010

COTTONMOUTH

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COTTONMOUTH is a monthly performance night which is produced in conjunction with a podcast and publication. Please direct all submissions or requests to zine@cottonmouth.org.au and be sure to check regular updates online by visiting www.cottonmouth.org.au (.)

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A LETTER FROM AN ARTILLERY CO-FOUNDER WHO HAS WRITER'S BLOCK – AN INTERESTING MALADY FOR SOMEONE WHO IS NOT A WRITER

Lext Scott

In 2008 I was sitting at a table surrounded by six young Amnesty International volunteers, dreaming of a way to combine our love of the arts with our passions for human rights. The result of several hours' deliberation over pizza was ARTillery, a youth arts festival we imagined into reality in December of that year.

It's not your average youth arts festival though - there's no fairy floss, no overpriced rides, no officials giving a spiel about how youth are the 'voice of tomorrow'. It's not just a festival either – it's a collection of ideas and aspirations about how the arts can be used as a tool for activism, to promote positive social change. ARTillery is about recruiting young local artists and inviting them to push the boundaries of their various disciplines to examine human rights issues, and inspire other young people to take action.

The festival has taken several forms over the past three years – from a one-day celebration of the 60th birthday of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, to a month-long extravaganza exploring the role of the arts as a tool for activism

in 2009, using music, spoken word, film, visual art and dance to educate and inspire an audience of nearly 600 Perth youth about human rights issues.

I am proud to say that in 2010 ARTillery is exploding nationally, with Perth, Brisbane and Melbourne each holding ARTillery events during the 10-day festival between the 1st and 10th of December.

The human rights issues that are promoted through the different art forms at each event are the core of the ARTillery idea. Each festival event focuses on an Amnesty International campaign – communicating the issues behind the campaign through the arts. Each event targets young people through forums that they're already enjoying and engaging with – gigs, shows, exhibitions and performances – and then invites them to take action on human rights issues linked to Amnesty International campaigns.

On the 1st December, Perth arts and human rights fans were treated to the first of five arts activism events with ARTillery's inspiring launch party. The event asked people to help launch a new Australian perspective on the rights of asylum seekers at. After tonight's

Spoken Word event in conjunction with Cottonmouth, ARTillery Perth is continuing with the Masterpeace art exhibition where we're inviting art lovers to picture the plight of rights holders at risk and take action for their freedom.

Masterpeace opens at Manhattan's Bar in Vic Park on Monday the 6th of December and runs until 19th December (open Wed-Sun). We're also inviting performing arts fans to join the movement for women's equality with the Lapse 24 Hour Performance Experiment at BamBOO Mainstage on Tuesday 7th December, and will be asking people to raise their voice for human rights with Amnesty International at the grand finale John Lennon Tribute music gig, featuring one-off Perth supergroup "The Lennonheads" at The Rosemount Hotel on Friday the 10th of December.

For me personally, the festival represents the power of young people's voices, and their creativity, in promoting positive social changes for our future. Along with the rest of the ARTillery team, I envisage a future in which every person enjoys all of the rights stated in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and other international human rights standards. This is why we volunteer for Amnesty International – we have a dream of a fairer, more compassionate, and better future for all the world's citizens, and we won't stop until this dream has also become a reality.

BURMA FREEDOMS

ARTillery Youth Arts Festival campaign info

Burma held its first election in two decades on 7 November 2010.

In the last elections in 1990, the National League for Democracy (NLD) won a resounding victory only for the military government to ignore the results and arrest scores of opposition activists who threatened their grip on power.

This year's election happened against a backdrop of restrictions and repression. With over 2,200 political prisoners – including Aung San Suu Kyi - unable to participate freely. Many of Burma's 50 million people live in poverty. And those who express views contrary to that of the ruling authorities face harassment, arrest, torture, imprisonment and, sometimes, execution.

Aung San Suu Kyi - Burma's pro-democracy leader and best-known prisoner of conscience - has spent more than 15 of the past 21 years under house arrest. On 13 November 2010 she was finally released.

She was just one of more than 2,200 political prisoners currently being held in deplorable conditions for exercising their right to peaceful protest in Burma. With her free, there's never been a better time to demand the military junta release of all prisoners of conscience. Many are held in solitary confinement, denied access to medical care and cut off from their families and loved ones.

Now is the time to act.

It is a critical that we continue to keep pressure on Burma through maintaining pressure on its neighbours; calling on them to speak out to defend the three freedoms - expression, assembly and association - in Burma. And for the release of the over 2,200 political prisoners.

We cannot let the repression continue. With your help, we can strengthen the global outcry that ensures the people of Burma can realise their freedoms. By taking action with the ARTillery Youth Arts Festival and Amnesty International, you are showing that the eyes of the world are watching to see what happens now the elections have passed.

WE RISE TO SHARE IN THE VERGE OF SPEECH

Matthew Hall

Only a stone is without memory
and knows what it is to be stone
worn gradually away
--Andrew Crozier

The sun's cypress light
Reflected in the gravid touch
A word of patient occurrence
Sounds the runnel of its becoming.

Straight through the thin frame
Damp still this tears me
The milk-set sky on the kitchen table
Boughs through the rubric of your departure.

By rill and sun-tempered reflection
of objects which already are beloved
The consequent act twines about the edges
And cinders all that it surrounds.

We act as if we knew astonishment
Never knowing where we were
Our harmonies collapse as everything
Outside your departure is carried in.

ON 3 AT 3

Kelly Pilgrim-Byrne

We've settled on three
squeaking cavies,
all girls of course; one for each of us
and apart from the fish
they will be your first real pets.

You even asked Santa, from a distance
(because who would sit on a strange man's knee?)
in a teeny tiny voice, for a guinea pig, please
before skuttling between my legs
and playing nervously with your fingers.

For you there will be no sibling
because Lord knows it was hard enough
shelling our softest parts
for you.

And so three girly pigs
will rattle the sleigh bells and make their way
to us in the crunch of Perth's summer,
our perfect Triad; even God's attributes come in three.

TRAVELING BY ROAD AGAIN

Lucas Catalano

Traveling by road again - morning start, evening finish. Hand out playing with passing wind. "Got to make my own mistakes" the radio sings. I will have left too soon and will surely be arriving too late.

AUNG SAN SUU KYI

allan boyd – the antipoet

aung san suu kyì

and there she sits
in steel regimes
cross-legged at
the glint of corrosion
this infection
this scarred remnant
of 1000s of years of
aristocracy

aung san suu kyì

where torture is an institution like
militia is just another bedtime story
as the dented baton
cuts into foreheads at gates
in streets, in monopolised medias
a litany of slave-crimes
men bruised and hungry
and dead children soldiers
in a broken democracy
a fallacy of fallen women

aung san suu kyì

that this profit-driven sickness
this fear is not of fear
but fear of corruption
where food is medicinal
and when mouthing freedom
gets a searing metal alloy at
920 metres per second
to the back of yr head

aung san suu kyì

this place
my economic free-will here
right now - just words
of no consequence
as the tears slide to the keys
my button-clicking activism
making a mockery
of those that trod the path
that stood on fences
that complained and assembled
that ran at the barricades
that stood in black masks
that wielded these guns
and fists of verbs at policemen
that this is for those
who shout our politics
on steps
on trucks
on walls
in lunchrooms
and malls

aung san suu kyì

behind western iron-ore
our blunt-force trauma
dug from desert places
we dig it and sell it
they make guns from it
we dig graves from the stolen grit
that our holes will be remembered
for shopping in sunday droves
in patterns, packs

of dying children
in shopping centre displays
the blood dried on my hands
before I could wash off the
tainted connection
to the trade deficit

aung san suu kyì

aung san suu kyì

and the interest rate
plummets
to the point of
no real interest at all
in the plight of
the others
the fuck-off-we're-full mentality
the if you-don't-love-it-leave philosophy
driving 500 metres to buy unnecessary
items from depleted resources
derived at by southern crosses
in nightclubs, where the first rule
of fightclub
is get pissed in air-conditioned utes
and fight for yr plasma
seek solace in the tubes
that slick wet skin you like
the perfect tanned, homogenised
meat palace

aung san suu kyì

aung san suu kyì

and yet in myanmar
they speak in whispers
of freedom like it were
fuel for fire
fire for life
and yet the generals
of industry here
we support en-mass

the silence of our bloated lives
that their children
never walk in a straight line
to death

aung san suu kyì
aung san suu kyì
aung san suu kyì
aung san suu kyì

DOMARINESTIC ECOLOGY

Rosanna Beatrice Stevens

Biddy flickered against the water's inertia. Harriet held the hanky poised. From the front of the glass, her pupils followed Biddy as he struggled between green hair-lengths and through the babbling filter, beads rising from beneath his yellow abdomen, and sliding up his gut. When she pushed it in, the handkerchief breathed the water gently – a measured, submarine float. An anemone motion. She cornered Biddy in the same manner she calculated a blowfly to the sill of a window, and when the creature flailed against her hand she plastered his fins against himself, and folded the soggy handkerchief like wet origami. She brought him to bed, and traced his body. Such a strange movement it was; those gills expanding the way a throat retches, or a fist opens and closes. Oppositely. She wondered if she could imagine a tune before it blew out her nose. She imagined one about toes. It went,

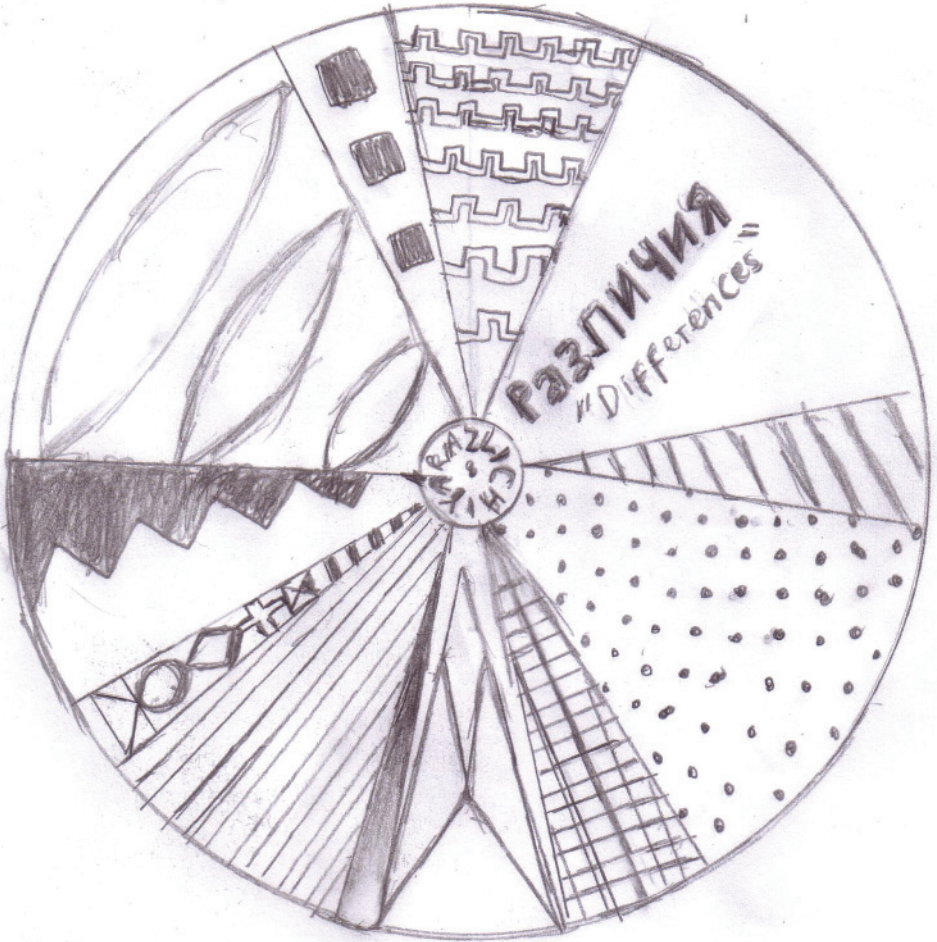
'Sweet toes,
darling toes,
pretty little toes.'

When she'd sung Biddy to sleep, she slid her hand beneath him. She cupped the weight of him, and thought of how much was in there. For a moment, her lips sucked

against the handkerchief. She crept back to the table and squeezed him from his cotton bondage like toothpaste from a puckered tube. He re-entered the tank with a flaccid 'slap'. Harriet silenced the filter with a flick, and felt her stockings chew her knees as she crawled to the door, palms peeling from the boards. Biddy drifted below the water's meniscus for the rest of the afternoon. Mum said he woke when the roses flowered over his patted place in the beds that ran like train tracks along their back fence.

RAZLICHYA

Clayton Lin



SEX AGAIN

Janet Jackson

I'd like to write a poem.

I'd like to write a poem.

I'd like to write a poem.

I think of ignoring my
aesthetic
and just fucking someone,
anyone
with a flat stomach
and a half-nice face...
but I feel sick.

I'm not selling my soul again
for my cunt,
using someone

I
don't want
just to shut her up

Oh look. Sex again. You silly girl.
What about, oh, capitalism? Terrorism? Child abuse? War?
What about wankers in BMWs What about inhumane cities Concrete
fag-can vases What about levelled playgrounds What about divided-up
sold-off fucked-over parklands What about
my arms not reaching What about
all those chick-lit girls
and all that
liposuction
and Madonna's volumised face
and Facebook with its face-off bad-party one-liner non-
conversation, with its
unmerciful yells

Everyone has a pen
Everyone has a pen
Everyone has a pen

THE INVISIBLE MAN (IS MANY...

Scott-Patrick Mitchell

for al

i am the invisible man
. yes, you may see me

now, but put us out there on
city streets, newspaper fast

food wrapper winds greasing
our feet, & if I reach out my

hand & ask you for a dollar

poof

... that's when
i'm a gonna

...

.

ladies & gentlemen, there are
14teen 000sand variations of me

alone in this city – can you not see

?! - & each morn' we wake
afraid we're a ghost or trans

-lucent or
imaginary

for the way you walk past &
pay us no attention necessary

.
do you like my smell
? because I don't! it's

the fragrance of the city
, of a lack of amenities

, of sleeping in a doorway
, of nights sweated with day

keeping sleep at bay so i can
watch my back, burrowed

away in shadows cast by buildings
swallowing whole those who do

not contribute to
this thing you call ‘

the industrial

’... as though your prisons of
tower & sand will set you free

.
ladies & gents
so I don't have

a job
, a house

, a car
, an ipod

, an income
, a bank account

, a support network of governance that ticks
boxes every time i put my hand out for a hand

out

! what I do have are the streets
, newspaper fast food winds

greasing my feet, the secrets you seep &
think the gutters will keep, the insights that

creep up behind my eyes when i look at the
world without the confines of modern life

.

ladies and gentlemen, i am disappearing
even though i am many. watch the streets

swell with invisibility

.

ladies & gentlemen

, i am putting my hand
out because i need help

.

ladies & gentlemen
, have you got a dollar

so that I can eat
some

-thing
tonight

?

PICKING UP THE PIECES

Siobhan Hodge

“...Her work is in fragments, just as her body is broken...”

- Margaret Reynolds, *The Sappho Companion*, p 7.

Plucked from the lips
of a desiccated corpse,
though plumpness is as shrivelled
as autumn,

a piece of you remains.

Hundreds of negotiations
smooth entropy
to calm's semblance.

Bitty little fragments,
all grit and grease
and body's misgivings
don't ask for jigsaw games.

These shattered pieces were never dormant.

Her imprint clings to my hand.
Pleating forgeries
outweighed by the necessity
of silver.

A twisted spire cannot be straightened
by normal means,

her fingers need no guide,
though we struggle to read their signs.



**AMNESTY
INTERNATIONAL**



CONTRIBUTORS

Allan Boyd is the antipoet. Based in Perth, Western Australia, he has been organizing and delivering performance poetry at dynamic poetry arts and music events since 1995. His radical poetry and experimental short stories have been published in various journals and underground publications around Australia. Go find his Antipoet Manifesto.

Lucas Catalano likes to keep it breezy, do whatever when the feeling for comes, when the chance allows, which should be more often, sometimes writing, other times reading, but in general just enjoying.

Matthew Hall is a doctoral candidate at the University of Western Australia, where he is looking at violence in the work of J.H. Prynne. His poetry prose and criticism appears in journals around the world. In his down-time he is the Feature Editor at Cordite Poetry Review.

Siobhan Hodge is a doctoral candidate at the University of Western Australia, studying Sappho's feminist legacy in English-language poetry by women. She divides her time between Australia and Hong Kong and nurtures an abiding interest in writing poetry and fiction, working with horses, and making biscuit-themed jewellery.

Janet Jackson seeks poems that work whether declaimed loudly or whispered in the mind. She published a collection, *Coracle*, in 2009. A chapbook *q finger* will be published by PressPress in early 2011. Janet's website *Proximity*, www.proximitypoetry.com, is archived by the National Library of Australia's Pandora project.

Clayton Lin is currently studying film and creative writing at Curtin University. He is unemployed and dirt poor, but can write on the fly, and is developing his modest talent. He is also single. Very single. And a bit cynical and self-deprecating, but also animated and open-minded. By all means talk to him, will give you a jolly good time.

Scott-Patrick Mitchell's poetry and fiction has been published in numerous anthologies. In 2009, he won the PressPress Chapbook Award for songs for the ordinary mass, a collection which fuses urban sampling with Gregorian musical notations. He's completing a Masters in Performance Poetry at WAAPA, Edith Cowan University.

Kelly Pilgrim-Byrne lives in Perth, Western Australia. She has a BA Arts and a Postgraduate Diploma (Creative Writing) from Curtin University. Her poetry has been published in print and online journals. Her first collection of poetry *People from bones* (with co-author, Bron Bateman) was released in the UK and Australia in June 2002 (publisher, Ragged Raven Press, UK). Her poem "Venus of Willendorf" was selected for the anthology *Best Australian Poetry 2009*. She is currently working on a collection of poems themed around infertility/fertility/family.

Rosanna Beatrice Stevens lives in the Blue Mountains, and is completing Honours in Writing and Cultural Studies at the University of Technology Sydney. Her work has appeared in *Beat*, *The Big Issue*, *Voiceworks*, the *UTS Writers' Anthology*, and *Affirm Press's* anthology *Lines of Wisdom*. She recently began learning the harp.

Thanks to the Cottonmouth committee. They are Patrick Pittman, Scott-Patrick Mitchell, Simon Cox, Amber Fresh, Tomás Ford, Tristan Fidler, Glen Adams, Anna Dunnill, Sam Knee and Jeremy Balius. Our everlasting gratitude goes to former committee members and BFFs Rebecca Giggs, Jessyca Hutchens, Matt Giles, Sean Wilson and Simon Mongey.

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