

“COTTONMOUTH”



SPIT DICTION

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COTTONMOUTH

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

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FAN

Gabrielle Everall

Your presence
and voice
is like
an earthquake

leaving me
never knowing
whether to
run screaming
or stand still
under a
doorway

I get my name
on your door

I get your name
on my clothing

I take acid
so I can
taste your
music with
my tongue

have sex
with you
in that
moving cubicle
called a toilet
when we're
on the
same aeroplane

The rock star
feeds the poet
But your glamour
has faded
your just a guy
with a cave-man appeal
but still
I refuse to wash
or forget
the memory
of the warped
orbit of your
drug-fucked eyes.

LITTLE WRITING POEM

Shultz Marshall

I've been writing a bit
He says
And his eyes are expectant
Of praise
It's a worthy activity
Everyone agrees
And now he's worthy too
How simple these things are

TV

M Ainsley

It had been the ad on the TV for the new housing development that had caused Nina to jump up and exclaim, "What is this shit!"

She stood in front of the TV, gesticulating fluidly as she spoke.

"What is this shit that they're trying to market? They're saying that if you buy one of these new houses you'll be able to have a lifestyle like theirs. But it's a false promise! Why should you aspire to have this idealised lifestyle? Why is there the need to be a slave to this materialistic lifestyle? What is the purpose of this shit?"

A pause as she eyed her audience; her two housemates and her boyfriend.

"What is the ulterior message of this campaign? What is the real message? Work your life away, borrow money, take out a mortgage, live on credit so that you can join this 'lifestyle'. What is this lifestyle that they're promoting? What is it, really? Look at the ad!"

Her audience swivelled their collective eyes back to the television but the ad had finished minutes ago. They

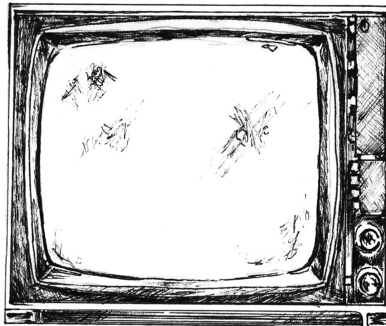
swivelled collectively back again to Nina's face.

"Look!' they're saying. You can live in one of our exclusive properties and have the perfect relationship and the perfect lifestyle. You'll be sipping sophisticated drinks all the time but not getting drunk and riotous, and you'll be swimming all the time. If not at the beach, which is supposedly across the road, in your backyard in your pool. If the place is so close to the beach then why on earth do you even need a pool?"

"Conspicuous consumption! That's what it's about. You need to have a big swimming pool so you can keep up with the Jones's. Never mind that we live in a country that experiences drought. When global warming kicks in proper and Perth doesn't get any more rain we can live off the water supplies in our backyards!"

"What else are they saying if you

buy one of these houses? Look, you'll be entertaining your perfect friends with your perfect partner and your perfect children and your perfect food...God, I bet those suburbs are really just full of swingers, the hypocrites.



“And just look at the stereotypes that they use. They’re all middle class looking white people. The children are the kids from the Dick and Jane books! Enid Blyton still lives! The White Australia policy never ended! Is this a racially segregated housing development? ‘I’m sorry, Sir, Ma’am, your application to buy one of our exclusive new properties has not been successful. You’re not Anglo-Saxon enough. Have you thought about Soweto?’ What kind of message does this send to society? What kind of message is this reinforcing? That an Anglo-centric Australian culture is the culture we should be aspiring to?”

There was a pause as she stopped for breath. She seemed to be gathering her thoughts. And then she started again, this time her tone sly, more calculating.

“What are we doing to ourselves by segregating ourselves from ‘others’ if we live in these cellular properties? Do we really want to say that we can only associate with those that we deem worthy of being a part of our society? These are marketed as family homes! What kind of message does that give to our children! That our children should never be exposed to other races, ethnicities? Religions? And people buy into this ‘lifestyle choice’? We are going to become a society that not only follows this path of materialism but forces it on our children by not showing them any other options? How long has Australia been accepting

migrants but we still can’t show them on mainstream, primetime television?”

The collective eyes of the audience were growing larger and larger as she continued. They were also starting to look redder and redder.

“How can any intelligent person look at this fodder and not feel insulted? Should not a person’s goal be to become the best person that they can? How can the pursuit of such false material accumulation give you any spiritual happiness? You start with the car. Then you get the house, the swimming pool, the room for the pony. The kids, and the next car, and the next mortgage. And then for what? What lessons can you teach your children? What message can you impart on the world about living an honourable life when all you do is pursue one material object after the next? This is a crime when there is so much poverty in so many other places in the world. A crime....”

Her words trailed off and her hands slowly fell back to her sides.

“I just love it when she gets like this,” declared Susie, one of her housemates, as the rest of the decelerated, stoned audience looked on, still processing the first point of Nina’s argument. The burst of energy over, Nina sat down decidedly and reached for the cone. It was never a good idea to watch commercial television when she’d been smoking.

SKYHAWKS

Mathas

Bowling for a trench coat,
mafia to rotoscope,
animate degenerate,
martyred up by nerdy folks.
Woke up with a switch flicked,
picked apart his envelope,
broke the repetition with his poppas trust in gun smoke.
Cloaked the timeline in foreseeable leadership,
crater face and baby fat,
finding heat to counteract.
Moguls and whistle blowers,
filling up their bank sacks.
Crack the whip with acronyms,
word play for day to day.
We pay gore its major part in art,
cards for world relations,
best paint your faces,
segregate the code breaker paging all the races,
beep 'em, let 'em know that they're flying solo.

Like, hey man. What's really killing me?

Put your hooligan jewels in the poolroom with a padlock
and the lock pickers snicker at the rocks you pocket obvious.
Should have been cans of beans, toothbrush and vegetables,
so man could see that he's buried deep in pestilence.
Provided that survival means he eats the beans,
burns the tooth brush into a blade he sheens and sheaths,
turns the tin can into a shield he builds solo,
to keep him safe from the scary sticks, stones and homos.
Builds a fort with vegetables instead of sharing them,
with the friends his own survival tactic led to pair with him.
Now they're expendable fiends

no goods in solitude,
withering with every word cursed and thrown at you.
The weight of that burden is nurtured in permanence,
flirted with and stirred like its earlier patent dues,
spin cycle applied back to delicate wash,
and the kids once again fight their way out of the box.

Like, hey man. What's really killing me?

MORE ABOUT OCEAN

Amber Fresh

my man came in the water with me
i circled him like an angel of
bokonon
(that's a literary reference,
don't worry if you don't get it)
i was floating and he took my
feet in his hands

in my head i said
"i am a crucifix"
out loud he said
"we are a raft

the islands were circling the sound
my skin was humming in the sun

these are the words i was thinking
when i was underwater
especially the words
"like an angel of bokonon"

JOVIAL ABUSE

Byron Bard

I sit
in a public house,
and allow Madame Merlot
to stroke
my fevered brow.

Our tryst
is interrupted
by the arrival
of a singledted baboon.

“G’day Gazza,
ya fucked up cunt!”
exclaims one of his colleagues.
“Finished fucken’ ya mum?”

I shield my cup
against the inevitable shower
of broken glass.

But
no.
The phlegmatic Gazza
takes it in his stride
and responds in kind.

“Fucken’ ages ago, mate!
Left me the afternoon free
to take care of yours.”

Instead of the violence I expect,
the lads respond
with peals of throaty laughter.

I conceal my surprise
and observe.

A wave of
cunts and cocks and shits and fucks
laps up against my disbelieving ear,
and understanding dawns:
these crude hewers of stone and wood,
these rough and ready working men,
these sturdy mounds of earth-salt,
are expressing their love
for each other.

I almost weep
at the beauty of it.

Each insult
is a coded message, meaning
“I love you, brother,
but dare not say so.
Please, take this declaration of my affection,
and secrete it within
your hard, masculine exterior.”

I smile warmly and knowingly
at this troupe of shy and unassuming poets.

“What the fuck are you staring at,
four-eyes?”
says Gazza.

Oh, what would I not give
for such tender words
to be gifted to me?
But, wait.
They are for me!
Gazza looms over me,

waiting for a response.

I will not disappoint him.

How could I refuse this
noble, boundary-straddling, barrier-breaching gesture?

I clear my throat.

“I really cannot tell.

You appear to be the issue
of a mentally handicapped gorilla
and a steaming pile
of homosexual faeces.”

I wait, as *Gazza*

digests my affectionate offering.

This could be the beginning
of a whole new way of life,
exchanging my high-minded intellect
for the simple, honest wisdom
of simple, honest men.

Gazza draws back a meaty fist,
and I prepare to shake the hand
of the man who will help me achieve
a new level
of consciousness-

MORGAN: THE VAMPIRE AUTHOR SLAYER

D.R. Pinney

Anne Rice was easy enough. Most of her fans had told him she was getting soft and it was true. Stephen King was a little harder to get a hold of. He was actually a King fan and considered not killing him. Even though he had only written one book completely devoted to Vampires, King still had to go. Laurell K. Hamilton was a nice lady but it was her time as well. There were no exceptions. That was something he promised to himself as soon as he set out on his quest; absolutely *NO* exceptions.

Probably the easiest and most fun group to take care of was all the online posters. Yes, even Fan-fic authors were to be disposed of. He knew a guy who could create a virus that would infect their computers if they posted on ANY fan boards. So needless to say he took care of them quickly and quietly. "Once their computers are down I doubt they'd be able to last the night," his friend said. "They'd have to try and get through an entire night without posting." 'Good,' thought the slayer. It would've been a real pain if he had to get to each and every one of their homes.

One by one he tracked everyone down and made sure they would never *THINK* the word vampire ever again. He had to get rid of short story writers, novelists,

journalists, screenwriters, playwrights and the occasional television producer. Sure it was hard work but he did it. There were no exceptions, none.

His journey had led him to Europe. With his back pack well stuffed with supplies, Morgan made his way to an almost forgotten castle. Before reaching the trail leading to its black gate he stopped. The building itself was little more than a pile of rocks. Still, one tower was intact. Showing in that tower's window were a row of candles and behind those candles were eyes.

"Of course," Morgan grimly whispered. "I knew it." Lunar light backlit the place and it did nothing to sway Morgan from his course.

All through his quest Morgan knew who he would have to end with. It would be someone who he never once believed to be dead. Every death was bringing him closer to that trail, through the gate and up the muddy stairs to *HIS* room. With him it started...and with him it would end. Oh yes, it was going to end.

The door fell to the floor and shattered into splinters. Without hesitating, Morgan stepped into the almost black tower room. At the window sat the row of candles almost completely burned. The owner of the watchful eyes was now

completely out of sight. Morgan did not need to see him; he could feel him occupying the same air as he.

“Finally,” the other spoke. His voice was quiet, sophisticated and distant. “I knew you’d come. The candles told me.”

Morgan dropped his bag. “You’re the last,” he spat.

“Yes, I am afraid so.”

There was movement.

“Tell me Morgan,” more movement. “Why do you hate us? What have we done?” As he spoke one old white hand came from the darkness into the white light of the moon and took the first candle.

Morgan slowly got to one knee and unzipped his bag. “I don’t hate *YOU*. Just what you’ve all done.” He removed a long, sharpened piece of wood.

“What, I ask again, have we done?” An unseen breath took out the candle’s flame. Then the breath continued down the line until all the candles were diminished.

Taking his stance, Morgan was ready for anything. “You’ve taken everything. I can’t open a magazine, go to a movie or even watch television without hearing about blood hungry, sexy and romantic Vampires.



You’ve even taken the entire holiday of Halloween. At first I enjoyed reading about the creatures of the night, until...”

Before he could finish the other spoke up, “Before your publisher suggested you write about them or else he would never publish you again?”

There was silence for a long while. A thick silence that a gasp could not break.

With fury Morgan said, “I don’t know how you know that, but all this started because of you. Now I’m here to end it once and for all...STOKER!” He raised the sharpened wood towards the light. A cloak graced the side of Morgan’s cheek. A rush of envy and hate shook him as a cold hand gripped beneath his chin. Morgan wanted to fight and he wanted to make love and he wanted to die, all at once. There was nothing he could do; in an instant he was powerless.

“Oh no, Morgan, the name of Bram Stoker has been forgotten. Now I am only called,” the metallic and sweet smell of blood filled Morgan’s senses as he closed his eyes, “The Prince of Darkness, Nosferatu and Dracula.” Teeth sank into Morgan’s neck.

Surprisingly, there was no pain as Morgan lifted up the copy of his first novel, *A Twinge of Love: Vampire romance*. His publisher was sure that it would be a best

seller, the greatest Vampire novel since that Dracula book.

“Thanks,” Morgan said.

“Just one question.” Morgan looked up into his publishers eyes, waiting for the question that he knew would come.

“What made you change your mind?”

The answer was simple. “I did some soul searching.” His publisher asked what he found. Morgan answered with a grin, “And found...that I don’t have one.”

URGENT LALA

Michael Farrell

(thethethe) Case was “Mainly Black Apart from”

The face Get Joy &

Repetition the shadow infuses the, Beats & edits its just
across the road like wood show me how lae la
he has transgressive & phenomenal white boy touches the corner go, left
my righteous one each excitement keeps me poor words do
it & approximate passions, not Too transcends. Type slippery party
meaning wt sunshine on reality feeds a romance that disgusts the
tune. Hymns the piper not the pipe oh bacchus pick a cottontail
a cold soft pleasure unknown do poets like, hardcore can party
meaning art rock till you bleed yeah even thee men. Are wearing
tampons but in pierced under the nylon find another Way to belong
reading sartre can be addictive Save your eyes By playing the
tapes theres bales Of gumleaves koalas inside each other what short
circuits Through the classicsll never die this guy. Do you knoww
the depths of joy & repetition the shadow head makes
it one.

Its one its just across the

Has transgressive & phenomenal
white boy touches a Radical
Attempt bankers lined right
around the cornerkeeps me poor
word's do it &
approximate passions not in
My book a on reality
feeds a romance that disgusts
The tune hymns the piper not
the pipe oh soft pleasure

Unknown do poets like
hardcore can they Break
what can be expected spells greatness
the men are wearing Tampons but in
the club creating darkness the nylon
Find another way to belong reading sartre
Can be tapes theres an
idiot just like us if o
o only po po poetry

Could be What disco
must have been a bale of gumleaves Koalas
inside each other mainly black apart from
the face get this guy do you
Know the depths of joy &
Repetition the Road like
wood show me how la la
he has transgressive & phenomenal
Bankers lined right around the corner

Go poor words do it &
approximate passions Not in my slippery party meaning

wet

sunshine on realit'y feeds a
romance hymns the piper not the
pipe oh bacchus pick a
cottontail a Cold soft Pleasure unknown do
poets like be expected spells greatness slippery
Party meaning art rock till you
bleed yeah even during club creating darkness
nothings feared or *smelt youre*
pierced Under' the nylon find
another way your eyes by playing the
tapes theres an idiot Just

Like us If' o
Must-Have' been
a bale of gumleaves koalas
Inside each other what short circuits
The beats & edits
His head makes it one
Its one its just
Across The road like
Wood show me-how la
la he has

Transgressive & phenomenal white
boy touches a radical attempt
bankers lined right
around one each excitement

Keeps me poor
words do it & Approximate
Passions not in my
My book a truckload-concept-andrew

WE BOTH GO DOWN TOGETHER

Patrick Pittman

Christmas day, sometime in the late afternoon, my stomach digesting cold turkey and garlic bread atop my Vespa, riding down the left lane of the Mitchell Freeway somewhere near 100 kilometres an hour. Behind me, the girl I love holds on as the wind whips past us, gloriously fresh when all that's between you and it is a t-shirt, jeans and an open face helmet.

Then there's a wobble. A little at first, perhaps just a crosswind.

A fraction of a second passes. There it is again. A shake now more than a wobble. Not the wind.

Freeze right there, feel time stretch.

In our waking lives we let the seconds march by one by one, sixty by sixty, hardly even noticing their passage. Time is a constant, immutable presence. But the human brain, in its intricate brilliance, can be resourceful in its relationship to those singular little seconds in moments of extreme immediate danger--we are wired so well to deal with the pouncing predator, the whiff of smoke under a door, the boulder rumbling down the hill. Today, though, we must attend to an increasingly unstable relationship to velocity.

First things first; assign the motor functions to automatic pilot, while the higher order instincts assess the situation

and debate a course of action.

"If we had to guess", my inner transport experts have to guess, "your back tire has blown out. We don't know exactly what that would feel like, but we'd put our money on something a lot like this."

"A fair point," concede my safety sub-committee, while the body continues to grab the handle bars and massage the throttle. It is decided that I should probably let Linda know, in case her brain is not yet on the same page but is contemplating the further unwrapping of presents at home, and the watching of excellent DVDs.

"I think we've blown the back tire!" I shout forward, letting the wind carry it back to her ears. I may or may not offer that we may or may not be fucked.

"So if we've lost a tire," my sub-committee ponder, "what course of action going forward? Let us first consider the emergency stop--we are well trained in how to do this at half this speed with two working tires--how might we fare herein?"

Still, the wobble, the wind, and the bitumen, ever closer, not yet slower.

"We think, were we to attempt such a thing at this speed, without a back tire, there would be one of three likely

outcomes. We would a) throw ourselves over the handlebars, into the freeway traffic; b) flip the bike, throwing it and ourselves into the traffic, killing god knows how many people, or c) drop instantly, probably resulting in death on impact with the complete lack of protection available to us.”

It is decided that instead we will attempt to slow the bike down. There are just as many likely negative outcomes, but the one potential positive that the bike might actually come to a stop safely or--less optimistic but more realistic--it'll be going much slower when we hit the ground, and we'll have a fighting chance.

Perhaps a second or two has passed. The body has kept the bike in a holding pattern, awaiting a decision. I think about the Joan Didion book I bought my sister for Christmas, as I begin to squeeze the front brake gently.

“Life changes fast. Life changes in the instant.”

It lodges in my head. The past year (but not my life) rushes past with the traffic, I think of everything falling into place. I think of the hopes and dreams, everything that 2007 was going to mean for me, for us, the culmination of so many years at sea. And now, fast, in the instant, it's all laid out -- I get to check out in the most undignified manner possible.

Christmas Road Toll.

As the speedo drops to the mid seventies, the bike becomes less stable still. I pull closer to the side of the road. I imagine thirtysomething female newsreaders, generically attractive, invoking “holiday carnage on our roads” in their generically attractive voices as a double digit number appears next to their shoulder, dripping with digital blood.

And that's all I get.

“At least you'll make the news,” my inappropriate joke faculty offers.

The bike slows, the traffic around seems to be clearing. 60 now, less stable but I've got a handle on it.

50, it's slipping but I'm figuring it out.

40, I'm ready to declare to the wind, “I think we're gonna be okay! I've got it under control! We're going to stop!”

The world begins to turn on its side, the skyline tilts harshly. The bike no longer responds to my commands. My hands slip from the handlebars and the road becomes so much closer. I smell the bitumen as it rushes towards me. I think I have time to declare my love into the wind, a last gesture as we both go down together. I feel her squeeze my sides -- in fear or in love, I'm not certain. Tears stream from my eyes, pulled back across my face by the rushing wind.

I am now travelling forward on the freeway without the aid of motor propulsion, only inertia. My skin, unprotected, tears away from my arms as

I slide across the ground. But all objects must come to rest, say the laws of physics, and my Newtonian self does so after an indeterminate distance, somewhere near the Vincent Street exit.

There are now several tasks the brain must achieve. As soon as possible, it must send me into shock and knock me out, because I am severely hurt and all functions must be directed towards life support and basic systems checks. Before it is safe to shift into diagnostics, however, there is a more pressing issue of self-preservation at hand; Newton (or the front wheel) has propelled the bike into the grass, but has sent us straight forward, keeping us safely in the left-hand lane of the freeway, with traffic approaching.

We stand, not noticing the blood, not checking the bones, not surveilling the situation, just operating on base instinct. We walk to the side of the road, together, alive, though we've not really noticed.

Clear of the traffic, everything fades to black.

When vision swims back in, the piercing blue sky is above me—everything is blurred, but most likely because my brand new Belgian frames have been thrown from my face. Circling my field of vision are several heads, faces

frozen in various expressions of worry, concern and horror.

Diagnostics. Limbs appear to be present; twitch feet, they shift willingly. Shift arms, no resistance. No pain. Motor functions mostly intact. Shift head.

“Keep your head still!” orders a muddy, disembodied voice. “Do not move!”

So the head moved. Good. My face feels sticky, tears of blood running down. I try and talk, everything tastes sticky and sickly; my lips sting as the words pass them by.

I shout for Linda and her terrified voice comes from somewhere close by -- she's okay. She's fine.

“What happened?” I cough. And everything fades to black again.

Quickly it returns, and I ask again what happened. This dance repeats, four or five times.

When I return with a little more stable presence, an assertive and confident woman manages to explain to me that she's a nurse, I've had an accident. I've lost a lot of blood but I'm okay. There's an ambulance on the way. My hearing is distorted for the blood in the ear, but still I hear the freeway rumble a few feet to my right.

There's chaos and concern all around, and then a mask over my face and the blurred vision of a paramedic. I swim into the back of an ambulance as the

voices of roadside observers tell me (or tell themselves) that I'm going to be okay. Through the mask I shout for Linda again, demand visual evidence that she's okay. The paramedic assures me that she is well and riding in the front seat.

Not good enough--she needs to be back here, I need to see her and keep her well.

Not going to happen.

I need her.

He concedes, and allows her back, to give me a single kiss on my face--of which I catch a glimpse in the reflection of the ambulance insides, and see little other than blood. Though everything is blurred, I see her clearly. I see the worry in her eyes, and the shock. But I don't feel any pain--I mean, fuck, I'm alive. It could be worse, right? I think I say this several times to various occupants of the ambulance. Her kiss placates me. And everything fades to black.

The stretcher crashes out of the ambulance into the emergency room, which I know by instinct and atmosphere to be Royal Perth. Before going through the doors, I hear the distant but close voice of my sister, who's been waiting there. I think I tell her that I'm fine, and that I love her.

Then there are machines that sound angry, and nurses and doctors crowded around, lights in eyes and needles in arms.

A friendly face with a friendly needle:
"Can you hear me Patrick? I'm just going to give you some morphine."

Yes please.

UNTITLED #4

Hayley McKee

1950s wash over me
Yellow house where I sit
Sounds like the ocean

Cats wailing
There are no eyes to look into
I'm balancing on a knife

BLOOD IN PLASTIC

Shultz Marshall

Blood in plastic.
That's where life has gone.
It's saving itself. It's on the shelf.
My heart's not pumping.
It's an ocean without my body.
A beautiful second chance.
I'll send it drifting.

CONTRIBUTORS

M Ainsley is a creative person living in Perth, Western Australia. Interests include semiotic writing systems, cultural diasporas, and the interface between the visual and the written. Drunken karaoke, stylish shoes and the colour red are some of M Ainsley's less complicated pleasures.

Byron Bard is a poet, playwright, novelist, visual artist, martial artist, and genius. When not basking in the glory of his renaissance masculinity, he gazes wistfully at the night sky.

Gabrielle Everall has published *Dona Juanita and the love of boys* which is for sale at both Cottonmouth and Planet Books. She has performed at BDO, Overload, NYWF, Emerging Writer's Festival, Putting on an Act. She writes erotic poetry and prose.

Michael Farrell has published three books of poetry, ode ode, BREAK ME OUCH, and a raiders guide. While at Aichi Shuckutoku University, Nagoya, Farrell explored the possibilities of a relationship between manga and poetry and made connections with Japanese poets. His work often uses pop music as a model or starting point and he is interested in karaoke.

Amber Fresh is a poet who lives in Perth, Western Australia. She experiments with collage and also plays in a band called Rabbit Island, which can be found online at myspace.com/rabbitisland.

Shultz Marshall sometimes writes stuff in an effort to remember being there, and to remind folks that he was. He then leaves these rememberings strewn through notebooks.

Mathas has been here for 24 years. Up until a month or so ago, he'd lived in the same house my entire life. He's never broken any bones and has two impressive parents. Now he pushes cappuccinos down people's throats, squishes syllables into 4/4 and take the piss out of things. He runs The Community with fellow community music kids. He's try to be nice to everybody because there isn't enough circumstantial evidence put forward in daily interaction to judge one's perspective... and his third eye doesn't work yet. Check him out at myspace.com/mathasasquatch or at myspace.com/thecomunityperth.

Hayley McKee was born in England and got off to an awkward start being named after a Disney child star. She ,oved to WA in 1990 and was lucky enough to have a few Summers of Love in the Perth hills, but now she is based in Melbourne where she edits a not-for-profit online art magazine called Bandito which is a collaboration with a Mexico City artist. Hayley plans to expand Bandito into an independent publishing house late 2008.

D.R. Pinney is a writer who lives in Buffalo, New York.

Patrick Pittman fashions zeroes and ones into a variety of shapes, depending on passing clouds of mood and flitting interest. These include words of fiction and words of reportage, radio broadcasts, blogs, successful businesses, many thousands of websites, databases and strange pieces of software, glorious Gantt charts, ridiculous art projects and far too many long, verbose emails. When asked what he does for a living, he usually shrugs and lets someone else answer the question. He supposes he is some form of bitsmith.

Thanks to the Cottonmouth committee

They are Rebecca Giggs, Patrick Pittman, Scott-Patrick Mitchell, Simon Mongey, Simon Cox, Jessyca Hutchens and Tomás Ford.

Our posters and other beautiful (and occasionally creepy) accoutrements were designed by Michael Barlow Stringer.

We're in the 459 Bar of the Rosemount Hotel on the second Thursday of every month.
459 Fitzgerald St, North Perth, Western Australia.

You may visit us online at cottonmouth.org.au

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