# NUESTROS HIJOS MERECEN VIVIR UN MUNDO MEJOR CON CULTURA .....

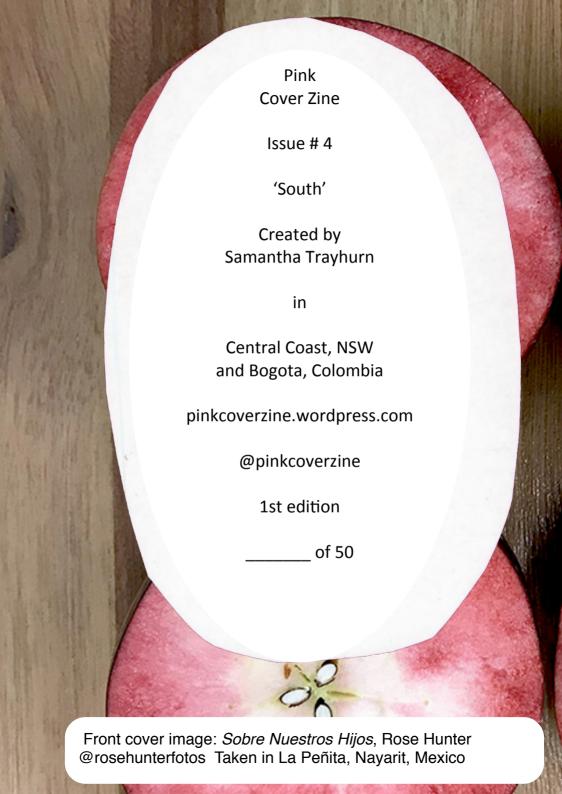
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COVER

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ZINE



## EDITORIAL

'South of my days' circle, part of my blood's country' – Judith Wright

I started to contemplate what southness meant to me while in Bogota – Colombia's capital city that lies just north of the equator. There I learned that Colombia is a country without seasons. Due to their latitudes and altitudes, the cities maintain fairly even temperatures throughout the year. Bogota has an autumnal average temperature of 15 degrees year-round, while Medellin has a spring-like 22 degrees, and Cartagena in the north, a balmy 29 degrees. I learned that you can travel to seasons, but if you stay in one place, you won't experience them changing.

From there, I could see the characteristics of my southern homeland and what we share with other southern places very clearly. I thought about how much of my identity is tied to my southern place of origin, and how the physical and geographical characteristics of that place imprint on me and my writing. Of course to be south of anywhere, is also to be north of somewhere else. But, what if there is a part of southness that lies outside of our visible world where day's circle – what about the south that is mapped on the blood's country?

In this issue we explore the theme of the 'south' in all its iterations: from when things 'go south,' to the hope bound up in moving south. From great southern lands, to southern memories stored in heart shaped boxes. I extend the warmest thanks to all of the contributor's who have created a rich sanguine cartography of many souths. I hope you enjoy the journey.

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O C E .



flamingos Rose Hunter

& when you think you're at an end of it you're not. basically semihysterically at that point in the purple-striped zebra shop

or in the Piazza or the gallery
the most expensive photo ever sold!
(some kind of measuring stick)
to sink into the carpet in Mui Mui
considering the mannequins with vase
protectors instead of heads i thought

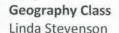
of the woman in EZ Pawn, wet perm framed skin-tired in front of the beached flamingos their one-legged stakes wiped out

it's the things in front of you you can't see, like applying jumper cables like CPR, then walking back to the store to return them wait a minute, what is the guy going to think? how many times

i say, but you are not
a disguisable person most of the time
sweat rises where skin touches with no
warning or advisory: but those aren't real

flamingos at the Flamingo either, why would they be we say why wouldn't they be we say

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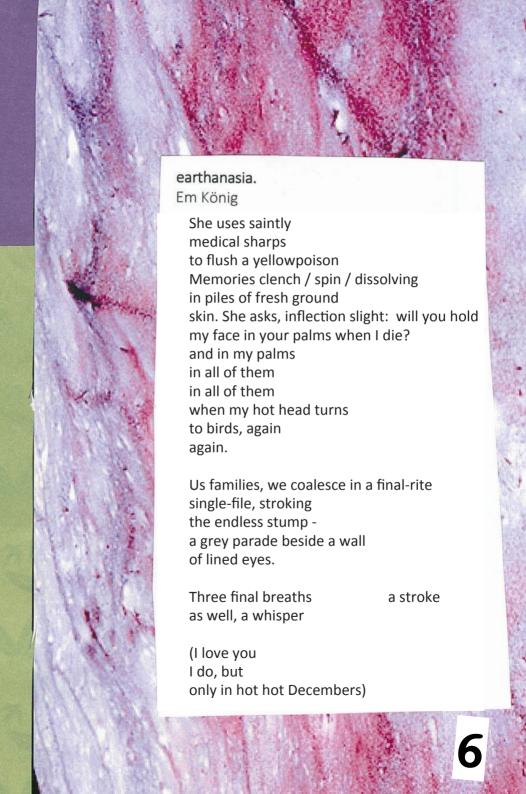
There's no direction I'd prefer. Couldn't learn that hard geography, physical.

I shared a desk with Europe, Hebrew. Studied other than strict syllabus. Polish. Hungarian.

The war's over but it shakes like spilt bitumen, reverberates. It's 1957 and the Berlin Wall's up. We watch terrible docos about the Holocaust because of Suez or Sputnik, because our mistresses think we're in control of preventing WW3... instead we faint, those of us who live under threat of actual memory at home, grandsires butchered.

If you sit at the front it's close as white on black. If you grasp at distance, danger cuddles up anyway, north, north east, south.

We might have been in school together elsewhere, in Sicily for instance, under arms.



# Planting peace\* Laura Rodriguez Castro



Something that I never expected was when my husband ... So you never forget. And you can say that you are happy and all of that, but there are moments that you would like to have your husband because it is very tough. Because when you are taught to be with your husband, that is very hard to go to a meeting and know that ... That happened to me ... So I would go to a meeting or a party or something like that, and everyone goes with their husband ... So look that is one of the most horrible things that can be in this world!

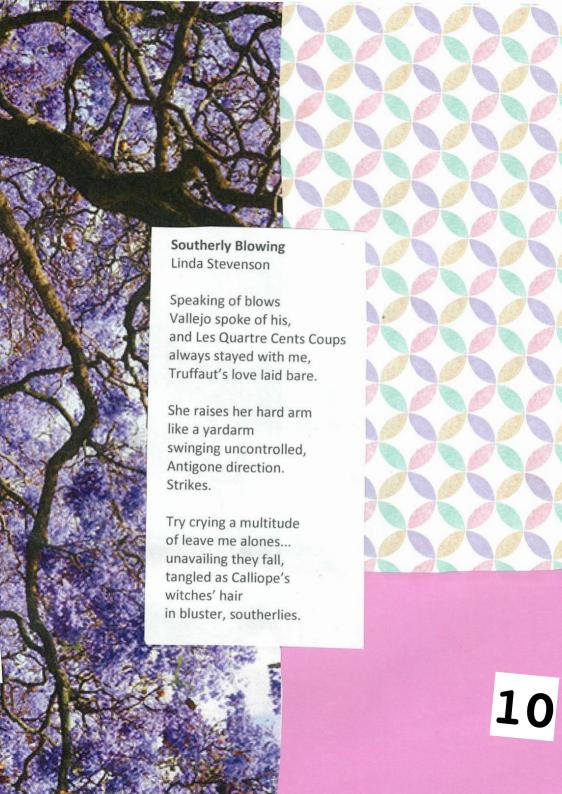
I left suitcases in my parents' apartment with foldings of clothes pressed smooth as stone my favourite boots (wedge-heels, wedged in) worn paperbacks dedicated and inscribed commemorations of birth-days and other days a little wooden Madonna with a cracked base a soft wad of diaries letters upon handwritten letters with their trelliswork of various handwritings in various inks confiding, entrusting advising and entreating and my old green stamp album in short, the fascinatingly random paraphernalia of adolescence.

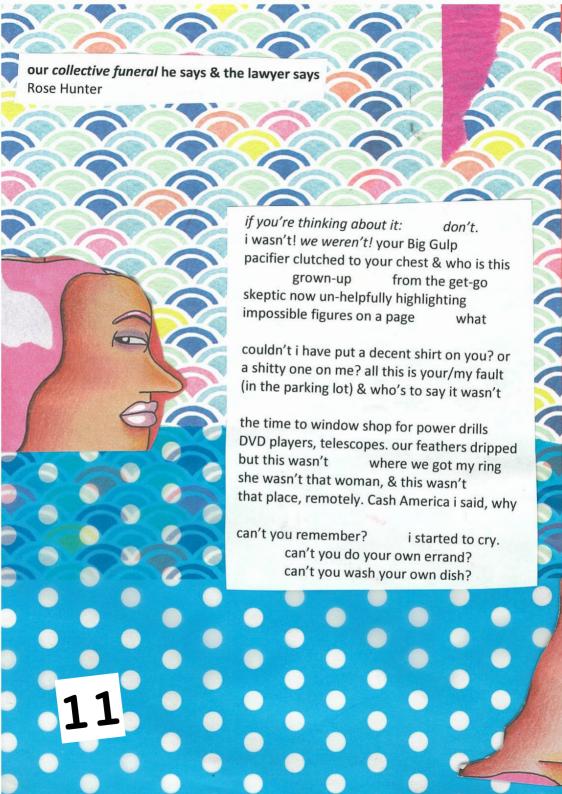
I left suitcases
with friends abroad
fully intending
to retrieve them
when I had pulled
the threads of my life
into some semblance of order
but I never did
really do either
my life spun on
I ran to catch up
never imagining I'd be
on the move again.

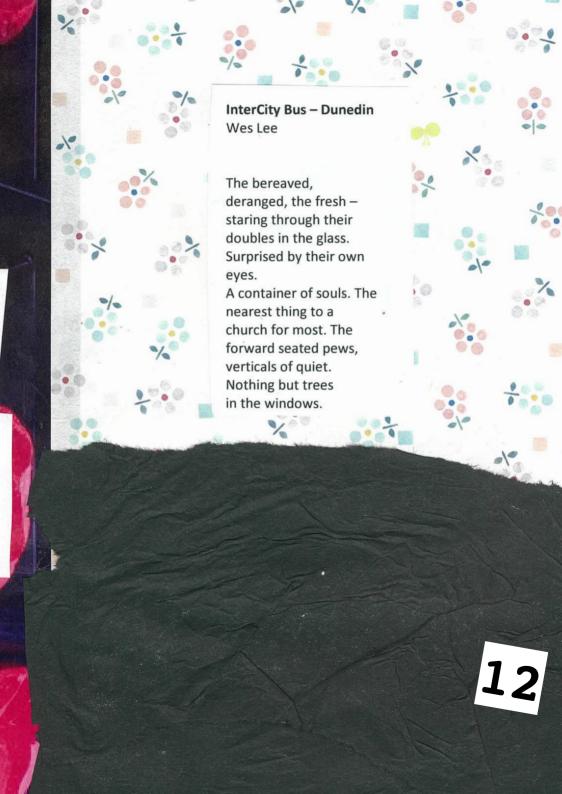




I left suitcases







#### **Living History** Melda Koparan

I crawled through tunnels;
Cool and dark in the summer.
I unraveled twine twisting through
Gaps, gaps in the branches I clambered up,
Gaps where the abyss could find no solace;
Solar energy steering steadily through.
The light hit my eye, momentarily,
Blinding me.
I plunged to the bottom,
where the pavement should have been.
I melted, then was reborn;
Extraordinarily, like Venus
Birthed by the sea foam.
Boticelli would never have been able to
Capture my complexity.

The streets adopted me,
I met her personalities:
The man, a couple of apartment blocks away;
He feeds the pigeons before seven.
The other man who owns two houses
On Macarthur Street before Thomas;
One for living and the other where he tends to his garden.
A garden that reminds me of Skrzynecki's Immigrant Chronicle;
A garden that reminds me of my Turkish grandmother's;
The one I would visit in my youth at Edensor Park,
Where I helped turn the soil and plant the seeds
As the puppy watched lazily, a friend I outlived.
Memories of a backyard that now belongs to new occupants.

The same bus every day with the faces of strangers; They're not really strangers; They just refuse to acknowledge my presence, Except, for that one lady who says good morning When we happen to cross paths. Over the bridge and over the river. A revitalising force for over sixty thousand years; The Darug knew exactly where the eels rested. The stadium that came at the expense of the community. I pass the place where the Parramatta City brass band plays, 'I will Survive,' I've never been much of a believer, but I think I shall survive, especially on a Saturday morning. All the while the Socialists protest the rising costs of living. The town hall and St. John's Cathedral watch stoically. Religion: The opiate of the masses. How we have progressed; replaced religion with money Stalin's ghost, rolls his eyes. Children weave through the Centenary Square water fountain; Not the same one I played with as a child. Yes, progress has indeed been made. It's a shame that water's purifying qualities Cannot stay with us for a lifetime. Parents watch closely, almost enviously at the playful nonchalance and innocence of their offspring Being baptised by the chlorinated drops. Stability pounds through the heart of the city; A cistern we know is empty. Yet still we attempt to drink, Clasping our hands in a cup With nothing to fill it. Finding safety in its facade; The memories and stories: The masses thronging ritualistically Trying to get to places both literally and metaphorically. The flute players provide the background music and the Homeless beg for recognition.

The city sleeps for a while, but
Wakes and continues capitalism's exploitive cycle.
In the paradoxes that we embody and help to sustain
The epiphany usually comes right at the end;
The rewards of studying History.

the moth (celestial orientation) lou verga

my presence was at this moment secondary to you. the faux fur coat you'd stolen enveloped your protruding bones. its cream-coloured fluff kept you against the vacuous night. you took your spot in the basket chair and vanished into its convoluted knots. all that remained was your jagged jaw and phosphorescent forehead floating against the bookshelf

when you spoke it was frag men tary—
not directed anywhere,
like a disused instrument tuning itself.
the lower notes encroached my diaphragm
the high ones lingered in the trusses.
when you got up i didn't dare question it
because you moved like a stop motion figurine
manipulated in frames by forces i couldn't see.
you opened the kitchen cupboards and stared
into them, portals to your torments.
when they got too much,
you slammed them shut. nutter. slut

the needle in your cracked compass fizzed towards a tin on the windowsill clicking it open your fingers remembered. they rummaged, crushed, stroked n smoothed. this, even by your standards, was fucken huge. to finish you dropped in dry bits of old tobacco, then hard evidence of your eroded homes. on top you sprinkled childhood yarns long pulverised to dust



you wanted to go to the park.
the sky shivered in a spotted silk gown
as you clutched my arm to circumvent your senses.
we stopped at a shapeless bench
your long skirt billowed and ripped as you leapt
and laughed at the stars that wouldn't come out.
your mad beauty consumed everything.
even when you plummeted and started shrieking.
even while you munted in the public toilet bowl

for hours you sat cross-legged in the grass
like a queen who'd deviated and lost hope
of returning to her palace. then one
small nebula dispersed just enough
to reveal a golden half moon, suspended
like a fermented sack. flimsy wings
flapped through your wounds and
you prepared for flight, your itinerary realigned:

i hate them because they fly like they're unstable it scares me because they remind me of myself i won't hear a word against you.

He didn't question this was all for him. Various protozoa got together and grew a backbone, the resulting bulbous-eyed fish hauled themselves out of the primordial ooze and tried and failed until their legs set them off down tetrapod pathways, where, pushed and pulled by environmental catastrophes and blessings, they were shuffled along branches of evolution into predator and prey. Just so he could stand here in the Natural History Museum on a cold Sunday morning in his Ralph Lauren shirt and make a comment about the display.

They were in the room beyond the ammonites the size of tractor wheels. 'Get a load of these wonky zebra,' he said.

The animals he stood in front of were a taxidermied pair nicely arranged to imply coupledom in life. Him and her, front top zebra-striped, back and bottom half a soft brown like chinos.

He ambled onward. Did not read the sign which reliably informs visitors that quaggas were brought out of Africa in the nineteenth century, from right down in the south of the continent. They entertained visitors in zoological gardens across Europe and in London the privileged few set matched pairs to stylishly pull their carriages through leafy, lazy Hyde Park. Before they died. They all died. Every single one of them. Everywhere.

\*\*\*

She knows it is a coincidence when later that night the quagga appears in their bed. Her lover's lanky limbs stretch away from the window. The full moon is coming through the blinds and caressing stripes across his naked shoulders: bands of silvery grey against his natural butter brown. The bands are ruled off in neat succession from head to waist, then the wall takes over from the window and the shadows are blocked. As he sleeps, he is striped on top and then one solid, warm, flesh tone from belly button on down.

Really, she notes before she rises, the blinds cast quagga shadows on the pair of them lying there. But they are not a matched pair. She considers whether they have the right to evolve any further.

There was no sign at the Natural History Museum to say what the wonky zebra sounded like as they brayed. Sleep is now beyond the knife edge of the Venetian blinds. She is hearing a neigh-saying: extinct, extinct, extinct.



\*\*\*

She will not wake him before she goes. She will not point out the moonlit quagga. Because there might be a chance he'd try to hold her back with reminders of reverse evolution, those experiments in engineering zebra in the Western Cape to look like quaggas.

She will ease her legs over the side of the bed and out of the moon stripes. She will silently scoop her clothes from the floor and look back briefly. There'd been photos of the recent science experiments on the wall at the Natural History Museum and the results did truly look like the skinned and stuffed exhibits reanimated. Like him, snoring faintly, his left calf twitching.

But they do not have the DNA. They are appearance only. She does not want the appearance of a quagga, the staged diorama of coupledom. She wants something more than skin deep.

If he wakes as she lifts her keys in a jangle from the table, will he protest? Extinction cannot be as swift and easy as a crashing meteorite. But it is already too late.



#### Karrawirra Parri

she sings a heavy bloodsong

Karrawirra Parri Karrawirra Parri

this red gum river

swerves reflecting concrete

steel

faces

buildings

bridges

eyes

of foreign species

drowning in the fat heat

her flow

autumn, 1972

Dr George Duncan

endures his wet

death —

thrown by the filth & straight

back again

to make sure





the footage was ripe for the evening

news

no conviction but
a triangle
plaque. lazy law
reform and cumbersome
rewards.

a lonely gavel lies
in forty fingers thick
a line of black
dust.

we read your name on the rainbow
now through skid marks
footprints and urban
stains. we read your name
we read your name
we read your names

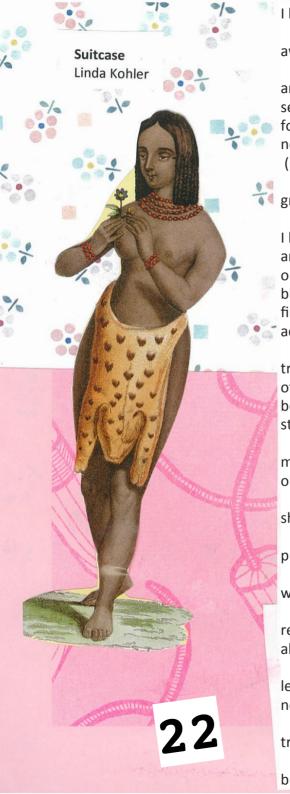
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<sup>\*</sup>Karrawirra Parri is the original Kaurna name for the River Torrens. The river that flows through the city of Adelaide.

#### South of their gaze forming Dennis Garvey

I was off to an exhibition at Fremantle Arts Centre, called *We Don't Need a Map*, about Martu peoples' experiences of the Western Desert in North West WA. Some friends from England who were visiting, called. I invited them to the exhibition and offered to pick them up. The rugged individual types they are, they said they had all the gear - compass, GPS, Google maps - and could find their own way there from South Fremantle. I said okay, got to the Arts Centre, checked out the exhibition, then went out to the courtyard because it was a steamy day (40 degrees C, plus). Some Martu women elders were sitting in the courtyard painting depictions of their land on extremely large canvasses. Wait a sec. I went upstairs again and checked a large projected satellite image showing all the water sites and underground flow lines on Martu land. I went downstairs again, and sure enough, one of the women had those water sites and flow lines down pat in her painting. I was amazed. Then my friends called, they couldn't find the building with all their sophisticated gadgets and devices, and could I pick them up, please! We don't need a map?





I land here with my suitcase

awake

and I should tidy up; search this heavy luggage for a brush, to tame this mane note to self, not bed-hair here (no sex in it)

grey.

I land here: heading south and I should wear a bra or at least think to blush, find a style guide for frigid, even acquaint myself with shame

try to make some sense of all this stuff I've carried with me; be orderly with the collected trinkets, stop throwing things away,

memorise the new rules surrounding obscenity and age,

shower, and certainly change,

put my wrists in finer cages

whisper my sexuality

remember the expectations about arriving here, late

learn the proper customs now I've travelled all this way...

try to blend in a little

but you see. I'm unpacking.



**Hamlet without the Prince** Stuart Barnes

grund 1/

with two lines from William Shakespeare's Hamlet

Vulnerable as forest red-tailed black cockatoos, you went south the day the stock market headed south. I consoled myself by re-watching North by Northwest, filmed partly on location in South Dakota and California, and inspiration for South by Southwest, which takes place in America's Lone Star State. The Secret History's Charles Macaulay wound up washing dishes in a Texan diner, but was born in Virginia with a silver spoon in his mouth; Richard Papen returned to The Golden State and read the Jacobean dramatists. If I were a Greek god I'd be Notus: I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw. While at college, Elizabeth Bishop wrote about a hawk, but I'm more enamoured of 'lamé with lights', from North & South's 'From the Country to the City'. My maternal grandmother, Betty, who lived and died in the small northern town in which she was born, played bridge in a silver lamé dress, always South, always partnered with North. Elizabeth Bishop sailed south to Brazil, I flew north in Australia, to where the Banksian black cockatoo's kree can bring the air to a standstill. I used to be a sucker for a man with a mouth full of South, a tongue like a southern cassowary's claw, but the nickname Wombat, after the southern hairy-nosed species, is awful. It's easy to find true north if you stop playing 'A Forest' by The Cure.

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A stain the shape of Italy Denise O'Hagan

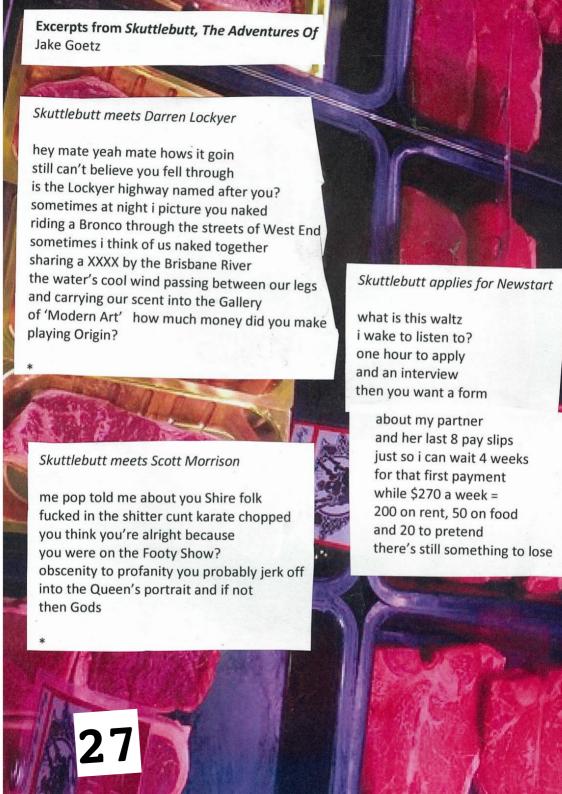
It's when I least expect it
Stilled in a queue, perhaps,
Or stalled at traffic lights,
That the fingers of my memory
Pick at the past
Loosening the scabs of memory:
It's irresistible.

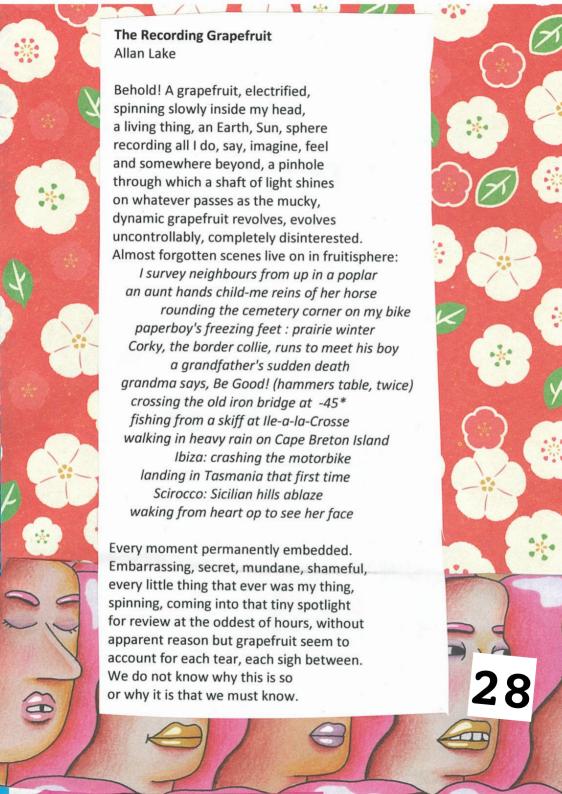
One little prod And the present flakes away As I'm clutching my mother's hand again Down the cobble-stoned short-cut side street Softened by the tread of centuries To where her dressmaker lived; Or recoiling at the garish wallpaper In a rented room in a house for foreign students With swirls and whorls on green and cream And a stain the shape of Italy Which made me homesick; Or wincing at the bulge of vein in my father's temple As suited and tied and elegant one last time He strains up the sloping steps of St Canice's To see his grandson, his own father's namesake, Live to be baptised.

That these milestones of our lives
(laboriously recounted, photographed,
Or documented in countless other forms)
Are glued together by such details
We scarcely realise until later
When they emerge with doubled force
From the backrooms of our memory
Where, pasted in by the years,
They had lain dormant, waiting
For a moment such as this.

## **Breathing lessons**Brianna Bullen

You swim only in the autumn, watching foxes slow traffic light orange through the trees, being watched back by plants. Forests are always so loud. A drop of rain water slivers from a green funnel leaf. The kookaburra voyeur laughs at your dog paddles and your dog wags its tail loudly against wet grass natural windscreen wiper panting back at the bird. Wind always creaks through willows, it's more a lonely ghost cry than children's tale. Your legs split from their tadpole tail. An orange leaf, deciduous, insidious falls as static into the still water. Converting it into movement, the moment into a home video, poor quality footage. But the breeze lightens your mood, so cool. It smells vaguely of Kleenex and your father's old socks tattered with moth.





The problem of describing feeling\*
Jake Goetz

a jacaranda is moved by the wind and like Robert Hass this delights us

suggests a feeling a question that follows a line on feeling and in the question

a woman sits in Highgate Hill park looking in before her is a city

a field of grass as if it could roll down to a house where the scent

of frangipanis resides or really the feeling is a line that leads nowhere except a broad sweep

of ocean dotted by islands Bribie drawing on an image of itself

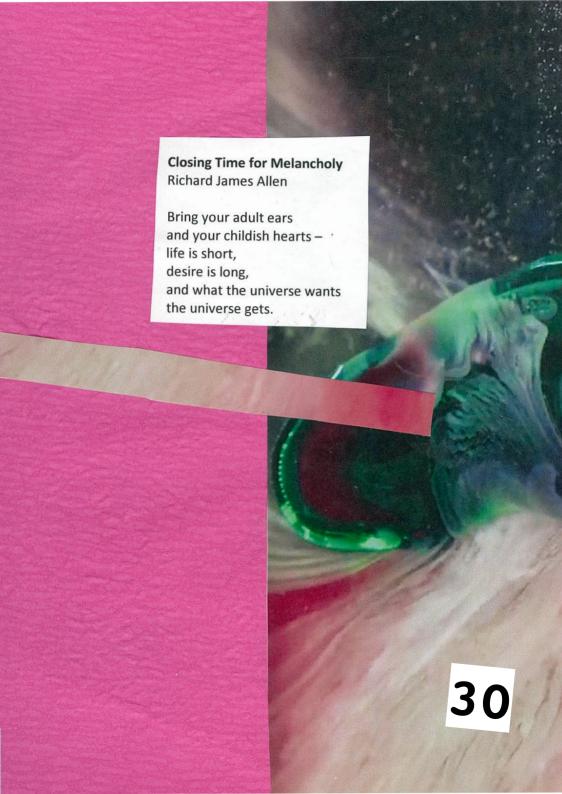
is that easier than construction? and aren't all poems a sort of gentrification of an idea?

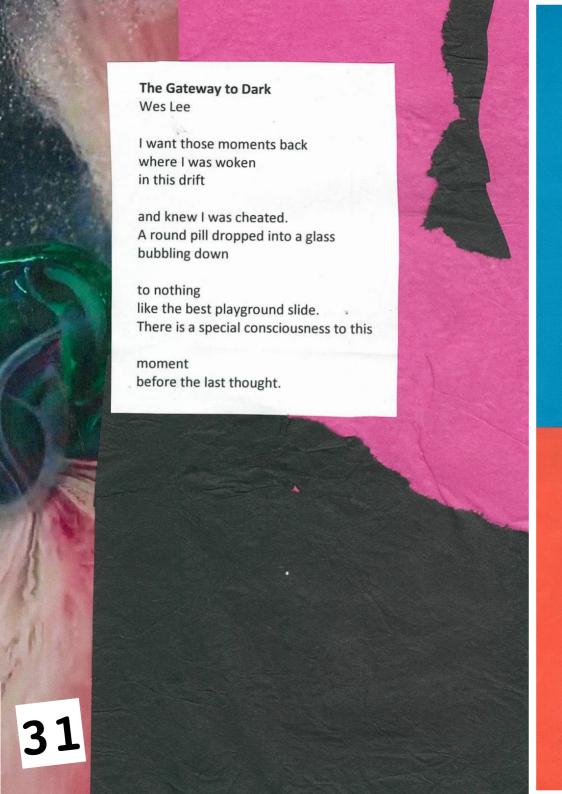
if i said eucalypt heard cars in the wind a rain cloud amidst sky's blue

caught there like an apparition a feeling actually coursing through the poem

\*'The problem of describing feeling' makes a reference to Robert Hass's poem, 'The Problem of Describing Trees', which begins: 'The aspen glitters in the wind / and that delights us.'



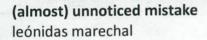








\* These photos are part of a feminist participatory visual PhD project conducted in Colombia during 2016. My hope is that these stories contribute to the construction of historical memory and peace from the South.



ten years passed
in many ways life went on
all the same
he came to the realization
(thinking as a video game tester)
that he had fell
in a
loop
nobody likes
to play
blockedy



#### First Plunge Linda Kohler

"you're a sailor, of course, and gah," I say,

not when we first meet, but two years after I've dived neck deep in love, when you become one, and the shore has me catching colds in first-love gloves, nose glowing pink—too frisky for red

and grown, as the ship sails, vestige old

and every filthy ocean has me

standing heart deep, blinking not at a striking buoyant blue, or a gaunt possibility, hand-painted for the horizon

but at my pulse, bobbing away from me, too small to be seen, in the form of a boy encased in steel, embracing the ice of leaving, and me an arctic seal, his (yes, forever his) salt-muddied stay

### **BIOS**

**Richard James Allen's** latest book is The short story of you and I (UWAP, 2019). Creator of #RichardReads (Global Poetry, Read Aloud), Richard is well-known for his multi-award-winning career as a filmmaker and choreographer with The Physical TV Company and as a performer in a range of media and contexts.

Stuart Barnes' Glasshouses (UQP 2016) won the ThomasShapcott Poetry Prize and was shortlisted/commended for two other awards. From 2013–2017 he was poetry editor of Tincture Journal and in 2018 he joined the advisory board of Bent Windows Books. <a href="https://stuartabarnes.wordpress.com/">https://stuartabarnes.wordpress.com/</a> / @StuartABarnes

**Brianna Bullen** is a Deakin University PhD candidate writing about memory in science fiction. She has had work published in *LiNQ*, *Aurealis*, *Voiceworks*, *Rabbit* and *Woolf Pack Zine*. She won the 2017 Apollo Bay short story competition and placed second in the 2017 Newcastle hort story competition.

Jane Downing is the writer of prose and poetry, shopping lists and reminders of things to do, and not enough letters to her friends. She has been published in Australian and overseas

Details can be found at <a href="www.janedowning.wordpress.com">www.janedowning.wordpress.com</a>

Dennis Garvey writes a bit, lives in West Oz.

Jake Goetz currently lives in Sydney. His poems have appeared in *Plumwood Mountain*, Rabbit, Cordite, Southerly, past simple, Pink Cover Zine, Mascara and Otoliths amongst other publications. His first book, meditations with passing water, was published by Rabbit in 2018. He edits Marrickville Pause.

Rose Hunter's latest book of poetry, glass, was published by Five Islands Press in 2017. From Australia, she lived in Canada for ten years and then Mexico for almost as long, as well as a brief stint in Las Vegas, where the two poems here were written. More information about her is available at rosehunterwriting.com, and she tweets @BentWindowBooks.

**Linda Kohler** is a South Australian poet and writer. Her work is published in collections and anthologies within Australia. Find her at <a href="https://www.lindakohler.com">www.lindakohler.com</a>

**Em König** is a queer poet, musician, performer and creative writing PhD Candidate at the University of Adelaide. He is one half of music/performance duo GIRL. www.girl-official.com

**Melda Koparan** is a 28 year old resident of the Western Sydney suburb of Parramatta. She is a High School History teacher who has had her poems published locally and abroad in publications such as ZineWest, 94 Creations, In Parentheses, Stepping Stones Magazine, Poetry Pacific, and Eunoia Review.

Kristen de Kline (aka Kristen Davis) is a Melbourne writer who has published poetry and ficto-criticism in a range of publications including Press: 100 Love Letters, Have Your Chill, Southerly, TEXT, Cultural Studies Review and Continuum. She writes about (not) loving, leaving, crime scenes, Lawless Road, and Vince and Velvet.

Allan Lake has published two collections; Tasmanian Tiger Breaks Silence (1988)
& Sand in the Sole (2014). He won the Elwood Poetry Prize 2015 & 2016, Lost Tower
Publications(UK) Poetry Comp 2017 and Melbourne Spoken Word Poetry Festival/The Dan

**Wes Lee** lives in New Zealand. Her writing has appeared in Westerly, Cordite, fourW, Going Down Swinging, Rabbit Poetry, The Sleepers Almanac, Poetry New Zealand, The London Magazine, Irises: The University of Canberra Vice-Chancellor's Poetry Prize Anthology 2017, and many other journals and anthologies.

**leónidas marecha**l is an amateur photographer, gamer, and avid comic reader with a special interest in Charles-Louis de Secondat. teaches deaf language in Arequipa, Perú.

**Denise O'Hagan** holds an MA in Bibliography and Textual Criticism and worked in commercial book publishing before setting up her own imprint Black Quill Press. She has published fiction (Papyrus Publishing) and poetry (Other Terrain Journal, New Reader Magazine) <a href="https://blackquillpress.com/">https://blackquillpress.com/</a>

Laura Rodriguez Castro, PhD, is a resident adjunct research fellow at the Griffith Centre for Social and Cultural Research, Griffith University. Her research focuses in the intersections of decoloniality, feminisms and rurality. Her doctoral research involved a participatory visual project with rural women in Colombia.

**Linda Stevenson** is a poet/painter living in Frankston, Melbourne. Recent writing has appeared in literary journals such as Bluepepper, The Blue Nib, Eureka Street, and a Chapbook The Tipping Point was published in 2015 by Blank Rune Press.

**Lou Verga** is a writer from Melbourne's northern suburbs. He has recently completed his MA in Literature and has poetry forthcoming in Verge.

