

then having watched TV documentaries on UFO sightings, unable to tell the difference between the TV studios & the holiday resort, awake or asleep, a man is badly bashed with an iron bar by three men who are trying to rob him at the railway station, the victim is admitted to the hospital with head injuries. A man is waiting at the station for a train to take him to work, he is interviewed by news media controlled by the relevant authorities, he refers to a "blinding white light" & "changing colors" & "changing direction." The news story goes out by AAP reuter & the stations wait eagerly for the ratings, the ratings go up, each station feels differently, the executives send telegrams.

THE ASIANS

it is morning a new pope is elected on time, it is 8 minutes past 10, the TV commercials are printed on paper, the asians tell the rest of the world to take a walk, to go fly a kite, for all your ideas are worth, a powerful current is fed into the aerial setting up an impedance matching stage, the news of the new pope is repeated in microwave code, it is 8 minutes past 10, the papers have banner headlines, all the catholics are pleased with themselves, the asians divide their governments, refugees are told to take a walk, they are passed onto another country to make good, the embassy is attacked, splinters of glass sail through the air for a distance of 40 feet, there are reports of injured, on a seafront about 3 km away from where Syrian troops are locked in battle, the sound of gunfire is not heard on the re-run of the film, because of the skip distance, the sound travelling slower than the images. The station prints an apology & says the public will have to take our word for it that the action is authentic.

-- Robert Whyte

Paddington, Queensland, Australia

PERSONAL MYTHOLOGY

Jumbled in memory the mythical figures of my personal pantheon are never more than human, jostling over the years towards no lofty pinnacle or noble goal.

Villainous, whimsical and pathetic,
bold and timorous, they make their entrances
unheralded in quite outlandish places,
stay for a while, and seldom say good-bye:

squatting by holy Ganges, Dr. Ganesha,
devoted to elephants and philosophy,
who having begot a dozen children
solemnly became an apostle of abstinence;

Sir Marmaduke, whose shadow stretched from the Horn
to Mexico, whose elegant legend is still
often recalled with mild amazement, though
his only real achievement was himself;

Peter Pumpkin, friend of all the world,
a seeker after truth in many countries,
encountered first upon a desert road,
last heard of as a colonel in the Congo;

strikingly posed against a dramatic landscape,
Captain Agamemnon Loukoumades,
champion of freedom and of table tennis,
a fearsome bandit on a tourist donkey;

Shaggy Toe, a hungry wanderer,
who briefly married that rough and tumbled girl,
Polly Eskimo, believing her
to be a fellow Greek, though clearly Nordic;

lurking in the shadow of the Andes,
Alfonso, professor of universal culture,
partly academic but mostly gaucho,
an outstanding performer with the ladies;

Miss Miranda, lover of scholarships
and foreign missions, who starting from
modest beginnings and using the simplest bait
managed to capture a British ambassador;

and not least of all old Uncle Zulu,
undoubtedly the root of all my troubles,
although he always seemed to be dim-witted
and never heard the drums of Africa.

-- Raymond Tong

Safat, Kuwait