

MONOLOGUE FOR TWO VOICES



Brian Unkles



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**MONOLOGUE
FOR TWO VOICES**

by Brian Unkles

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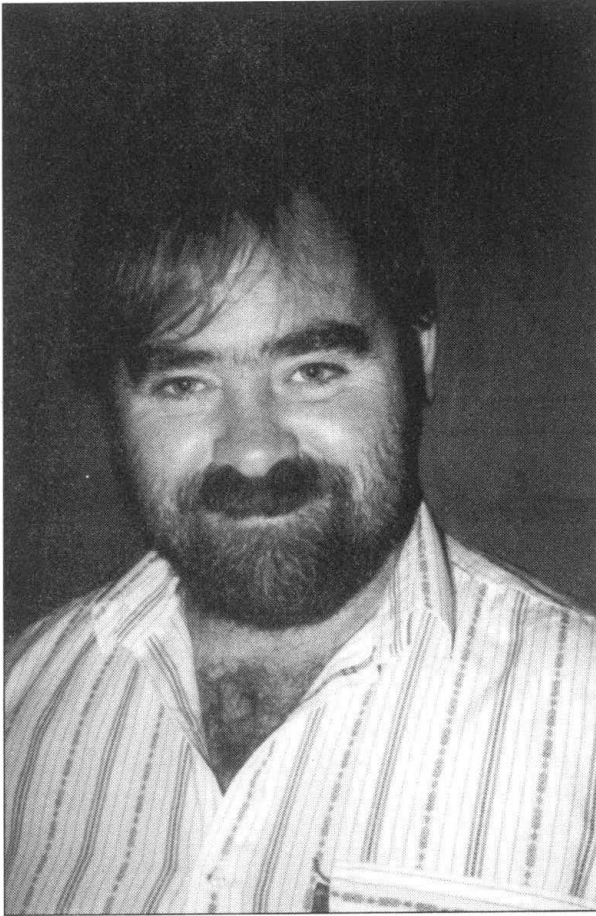
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“In the search for meaning
we must first discover the searcher.”



Brian Unkles
(1959–1994)

I think it must have been 1990 when I met Brian Unkles, my wife's cousin. From the outset we became good friends, sharing many theatrical and artistic interests. At that stage I'd been involved with amateur theatre on an off for about fifteen years, and meeting with Brian and being swept up by his immense energy quickly refired my enthusiasm.

From the number of "sessions" we enjoyed saving the world, and the theatre we talked about and involved ourselves in, it's hard to believe I knew and worked with him for less than five years before his death on 24 June, 1994. And, as with the deaths of all loved ones, for months after, it was hard to believe his racy black car wouldn't pull up in your drive at any tick of the clock and he'd come in for a coffee, a couple of thousand cigarettes and a great chat! But it's not to be; he lives now in our hearts and memories, and, of course, in his play.

Brian wrote, directed and produced this one-act play *Monologue for Two Voices*, with Belle Tournure Theatre Collective, and staged it at the Townsville Little Theatre's Upstairs Theatre, Townsville Arts Centre, in April 1994. It attracted modest, but keenly inquisitive audiences. Here was a new playwright, a male no less, wrestling with questions and fears in a woman's life, dealing with aggression and trying to see men from a woman's point of view.

However, I'll leave it to others to provide a critique of this complex and darkly intense play. I'll limit myself to a potted outline of Brian's artistic involvement in Townsville in the short space of time I knew him. Thanks must go to Brian's many friends for helping me piece this together.

Brian moved to Townsville in 1986 as an air traffic controller with the Department of Civil Aviation. Two years later, with several other air traffic controllers, he became involved in the Townsville Little Theatre. It was a cultural arena that obviously appealed to him, and in which he immersed himself fully, devoting his energy to production, acting and directing. A list of Little Theatre productions with which he was involved over the last five years of his life is a fairly long one.

Brian's acting involvement with this theatre group included: *Orpheus* (1989); *Twelve Angry Men* (1990); *L'Amante Anglaise* (1991); *The Visit* (1992); *Froggie* (1992); *Mistero Buffo* (1994).

For those of us involved in any form of theatrical production the notion that teamwork is all and that there are no unimportant jobs is well appreciated. So it was with Brian. He assisted with the productions of those plays I have already mentioned in addition to many other TLT plays including *Vocations* (1990) as producer; *Women of the North* (1990) as producer/lighting technician; *Wine, Cheese and Shakespeare* (1991) as producer/lighting technician; *Our Country's Good* (1992) as lighting technician; a trilogy of one-act plays (*One of Nature's Gentlemen*, *Riders to the Sea*, and *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feeling So Sad* (1993) as producer.

Brian took the plunge as a director with Townsville Little Theatre in 1992 with *Wednesday to Come* and in 1993 with *Endgame*. At the time of his death, he was adapting several BBC scripts from the series *Talking Heads*, retitled *The Old Lady*, *The Vicar's Wife* and *The Actress*.

Brian's involvement with other theatre groups in Townsville included lighting design and technician for *A Stretch of the Imagination* and *The Search for Signs of Intelligent*

Life in the Universe (1992; Linstock Theatre Co.); *Waiting for Annette* (1993; Belle Tournure) and *The Fall of The House of Usher* (1993; Linstock Theatre Co.)

With administrative skills that were highly developed, well recognised and much in demand, Brian won respect from many in the arts community as President of the Townsville Little Theatre (1991); Vice-President (1992); Committee Member (1993/1994); Committee Member of the Arts Council (Townsville branch) 1991; Vice-President of the Arts Council 1992; Member of the Sub-Committee of the "Arts Depot", Arts Council 1992 and Member of the Steering Committee for the Townsville Comedy Festival in 1991; and as Administrator for Linstock Theatre Co. 1992/1993 and Belle Tournure 1993/1994. Brian's meticulousness in writing application grants was deeply appreciated and he applied successfully for funding for many projects for Townsville Little Theatre, Belle Tournure and Linstock Theatre Co.

Somewhere in the free time that he had, Brian trained as a radio announcer with 4TTT FM and filled a monthly Classical Music spot.

Brian was deeply committed to everything in which he was involved — his work, interests, hobbies and friendships. To everyone involved in the arts in Townsville, and especially to his friends at the Little Theatre, it seemed that Brian gave every waking hour and ounce of energy to some theatre-related or artistic project. As a friend and colleague, he is greatly missed.

David Walker

The play: *Monologue for Two Voices*

When Brian brought in the first draft of *Monologue for Two Voices* early in 1993, I had known him for three years as a gifted student at James Cook University — one who sometimes nodded off to sleep in lectures when he had been on night-shift — and as a hard-working, unselfish and enthusiastic member of Townsville Little Theatre. After receiving suggestions from several friends, he had a script which we thought should be given a first production. We decided on a programme of two one-act plays, the other being a stage adaptation of the first play in Alma De Groen's radio script, a monodrama, *Invisible Sun*. Brian was pleased but also nervous at the thought of having his play weighed in the same balance as Alma's and insisted that she be sent a copy of *Monologue for Two Voices* to check that she would not mind her play appearing with that of an amateur. Alma was characteristically honest in her comments about the play but also warmly approving, and Brian was reassured but still very nervous.

My involvement in the production was to make the slight necessary adaptations to De Groen's *Invisible Sun* and direct the talented, seasoned actor Pam Lythgo in the role of the poet Rose Shelley. As the class in Contemporary Comparative Drama which I taught in the Department of English at James Cook University was studying the monodrama as a genre, and students could also take an option in theatre reviewing, one assignment offered the chance to review either or both plays during their April season in 1994. Copies of both plays were made available and some forthright and perceptive reviews were written by the students.

Here are some comments from two students who gave permission for selections to be taken from their reviews.

. . . a spooky self-dialogue between a shell-shocked young wife, played by Kylee McDowall, and her older, wiser subconscious, played by an invisible Madonna Davies. . . . The dialogue achieves the frenetic ebb and flow effect of an active and troubled mind with a quite stunning display of timing, particularly from the anonymous Davies. The effect at times is almost musical, complementing the piece's sub-theme of the natural right of humans to live according to their own "music", a recurring preoccupation not only in Unkles' dialogue, but elsewhere in modern feminist drama, and reminiscent of Jane Campion's brilliant film, *The Piano*.

David McVeigh

Monologue for Two Voices brings to the stage a moving and graphic account of a woman's disintegration, her search for identity when "it seemed that I had never existed." Unkles maintains that there is no didactic espousal of any "isms" in his monologue. The two voices of this monologue create the ambiguity and reflection necessary to focus on the personal. . . . The idea of woman oppressed underlies this play and the impact upon women of long term self-denial becomes clear. In this case a murder, a castration, mutilation results. . . . On first reading the transcript of this play I found its meaning obscure although I enjoyed the ambiguity and language, for example, "And so I stand, not quite silent witness, to an almost lost purpose, between twilight and dusk." Yet it is in the power of the voices that the meaning unfolds. *Monologue for Two Voices* is an evocative work which, in performance, translates into the kind of theatre that challenges us to

consider the psyche in terms of the destructive forces that encroach upon it.

Chris Weedon

All the students who wrote on *Monologue for Two Voices* appreciated its experimental form, and although many had some criticisms about the text or the production, all agreed that it worked well on stage and that it offered a forceful emotional and intellectual experience. As Brian had already taken the Contemporary Comparative Drama course and had acted in and directed a good sampling of contemporary plays, it was not surprising that his first play is a sophisticated piece that reflects his readings in feminist theory as well as his own experience of life. The play may have women characters, but it may also be read as a play about a sensitive male character whose psyche, as Chris Weedon says above, is struggling to survive the destructive forces that encroach upon it. Brian understood that feminist theory is not only about women.

After the production in April, Brian commented on possible revisions to the play, deciding that it was "too self-indulgent" in places, a concept that we discussed at some length. In a letter written shortly before his death, Brian said how much he was looking forward to returning to his university studies and talked about his plans for a new play. He hoped that we could work together soon in another theatre project.

This script represents the version presented at the Townsville Little Theatre in 1994 with a few excisions of repetitions at the places where Brian may have felt some "self-indulgence" had occurred.

Elizabeth Perkins

Monologue for Two Voices was first performed at the
Townsville Little Theatre Upstairs Theatre by Belle
Tournure Theatre Collective in April 1994.

FIRST VOICE	Kylee McDowall
SECOND VOICE	Madonna Davies

Director	Brian Unkles
Stage Manager	James Reid

MONOLOGUE FOR TWO VOICES

This play is not designed to promote any particular “ism,” however it does have some things to say to and about several of them. In a world where we spend increasing amounts of time “empowering” each other, or at least claiming that we do so, it asks exactly who it is that is doing the “empowering.”

In performance it is not necessary to take the ellipses as used in the text literally. They are principally used to indicate the run on from one voice or state of mind to another; they are also used to emphasise the ambiguous or double meaning of many connecting phrases. In particular they are to break up the speech in such a way as to emphasise the relationship between the two voices. This relationship should not be constructed as merely conscious/subconscious. The relationship between the two voices should be complex, with each moving in and out of various states of consciousness and SECOND VOICE often retaining an ambiguous identity when apparently playing other characters. Finally, any temptation to descend into didacticism should be strenuously resisted — as the title says, this is not a monologue “by” two voices, but a monologue “for” two voices.

SETTING: *Small theatre space, performer [FIRST VOICE] on stage isolated in blackness, preferably slightly elevated and upper body lit, lights arranged so spill disappears in wings — the performer should be “floating” with no other visual cues on stage. The SECOND VOICE is located behind the audience — location must be within the normal theatre area but preferably towards the rear e.g. behind the last row of seats; she must not be isolated from the audience.*

Play opens with stage and auditorium in blackout and Pachelbel's Canon (arrangement for 3 trumpets — Wynton Marsalis and English Chamber Orchestra — Raymond Leppard — CBS Masterworks MK42478) plays in darkness (3 minutes). The fidelity of the recording and its presentation in the theatre is important. [Performing rights for this play will be conditional on the use of the specified recordings]. At conclusion, lights up on stage performer. Music repeats, very quietly as background, as:

FIRST VOICE: I do that sometimes. Put it on repeat and listen, again and again. I listened all night once, not so long ago. The only way to learn something — listen again and again until it becomes part of you. Sometimes we learn without listening, mostly we listen without learning. And then sometimes we learn without realising we were listening at all. That's the most beautiful, and dangerous. Listening, awareness, becoming part of, becoming, the tune permeates till it and the self are one, the self is the tune . . . one night, so long ago . . . To sit in perfect silence, stillness, darkness, and listen to the mind expand. Each phrase, each note becomes complete and gives nothing but its faithfulness to the next. Everything is true, the tune becomes all, and remembers nothing but the tune; origins, reasons, belong to the before; the tune knows nothing of these. It affirms itself, nothing remembered but the tune.

SECOND VOICE: It can remember — everything but itself. Everything is . . . [Pause] Origins, reasons, belong to the other. To learn without

listening, the discordant invasion, the tune and the self are one, the self is sacrificed; what was . . . what could be . . . lost . . . in the tune.

FIRST VOICE: The music of my infancy, the architect of my life. The glorious cadences of creation, the sublime seducer; the trumpet that plays through me, that is me. The sole possession that denies all else. The ecstatic rise — the solitary fall; the unity of being; the strains that define my reality and staff my dreams.

SECOND VOICE: That scream through my solitary silence and tear at the chords that bind this reality. Dreams from origins that won't be remembered, pursed lips . . . fingers holding the stops, endless repetitions of insensible creation; the endless night that divides the union of days. The horror . . .

FIRST VOICE: I was playing it then, as I surveyed my past, scattered in pieces on the floor. Small pieces . . . insignificant excisions . . . still . . . there was a piece missing, the other half, but my music played . . . still . . . unaltered. He flashed the badge as he turned it down, as he held me down. You have the right . . .

SECOND VOICE: The right to silence . . .

FIRST VOICE: *Haven't I the right to silence . . .* He didn't care much for my trumpet . . .

SECOND VOICE: Didn't mind playing . . .

FIRST VOICE: He preferred to pick the tune.

SECOND VOICE: You have the right to silence.

FIRST VOICE: He had drawn his gun . . . in silence . . .

SECOND VOICE: He had the right.

FIRST VOICE: It seemed the right music to play. I had played his music for ten years, I wanted to play my music, the music of my childhood, my sole inheritance, my memory, the sum of my memories . . .

SECOND VOICE: Memory . . . silent record of the past . . . down payment on the future . . . master of the present . . .

FIRST VOICE: Memory . . . did I write this piece . . . I play it again . . . and again . . . and again . . . this symphony . . . unfinished . . . could I write that?

SECOND VOICE: Memory . . . I play it back . . . this . . . symphony . . . complete . . . I remember . . . in silence . . .

FIRST VOICE: My childhood. I remember nothing but the music. Music in the darkness . . . and I wondered what was more important, the music . . . or the instrument. I wanted to take the instrument's part. When the music played, I was the trumpet that played it. But which came first? Did the music have a right to be played? Could the trumpet say no? Could beauty sound in silence? I played the music, and made it beautiful, and played it again, and again, and again, and again . . .

SECOND VOICE: Silence!

FIRST VOICE: I gave him silence, then played it again . . .

SECOND VOICE: You haven't the right . . .

FIRST VOICE: My own. Something missing. I chase
... still ... my memories ...

SECOND VOICE: More than memory ...

FIRST VOICE: Something else ... something
within ... origins, beginnings, dreams ...

SECOND VOICE: Screams ...

[As One Voice. FIRST VOICE is indicated in **Bold**]:

**In the night ... a child calls me ... silent ... I
call her ... silently ... she recalls my past, my
future ... lost ... to me ... to him, in the night
... she calls, she screams ... in the darker
depths of my soul ... I remember ... I chase .
... the echoes ... of myself ... I remember,
nothing, but the tune ... of her ... of her ...
something that belonged to me ... lost**

SECOND VOICE: To him.

FIRST VOICE: He came as the night discovered day.
He flashed his badge. He drew his weapon. He
tripped on ...

SECOND VOICE: Memories. Divided. Holding night
from day.

FIRST VOICE: Ten years. It seemed an escape. I
didn't know what from, or what to ...

SECOND VOICE: Silence from silence.

FIRST VOICE: The world expanded ...

SECOND VOICE: The mind contracted ... confined
by intangible bars, tortured by the strain ... the
forgotten promise of countless futures ...
hostage to one.

FIRST VOICE: Independence . . .

SECOND VOICE: Submission . . .

FIRST VOICE: Loving, belonging, becoming.

SECOND VOICE: Becoming, remaining, within . . .

FIRST VOICE: I stayed, for ten years . . . for love, for beginnings, for memories. Life didn't seem right without someone else . . . the other half . . . the missing piece? Beginnings . . . dinner for two . . . the theatre . . . always unreal . . . concerts . . . music . . . in the night.

SECOND VOICE: Dreams . . .

FIRST VOICE: Insidious, beguiling hope . . . chances . . . possibilities . . .

SECOND VOICE: In the night . . .

FIRST VOICE: What dreamt he . . .

SECOND VOICE: Or he . . .

FIRST VOICE: What inheritance played chorus to his dreams . . .

SECOND VOICE: Or his.

FIRST VOICE: What right had he?

SECOND VOICE: I have the right to silence . . .

FIRST VOICE: Silence . . . the other possibility. To sit in perfect silence, stillness, darkness, and listen to . . . nothing. Silence . . . wholly self-sufficient . . . without reason . . . cause. All notes . . . alike . . . sound the same . . . in silence . . . thousands of generations removed, its peacefulness calls me still . . .

SECOND VOICE: Silence . . . the final sanctuary . . . and the first. The prime . . . movement. That place where no sound can hide, no harmonies can fail. Silence, pure and unmoved, all possibilities exist . . . progenitor of truth . . . witness to creation. Still . . . it recedes in my memories or beckons . . . still.

FIRST VOICE: Silence . . . before and after . . . each note defined and between each . . . silence . . . promise of new works . . . lost . . . with apprehension . . . the music repeats . . . silence fails.

FIRST VOICE AND SECOND VOICE: Only in silence can one end . . . and one begin.

[*Long Pause*]

FIRST VOICE: I gave him silence. And then I played my music . . . a whole night of my music, a night of . . . dreams . . .

SECOND VOICE: Memories.

FIRST VOICE: The neighbours screamed. He turned off my music . . .

SECOND VOICE: He turned it on. Up against the wall. Spread your legs ya bitch.

FIRST VOICE: He had the right. I played his music . . .

SECOND VOICE: In the night. I dreamed of mine . . .

FIRST VOICE: And played his . . .

SECOND VOICE: You thought you had the right?

FIRST VOICE: He seemed familiar. The robes were familiar . . . something that dreamed . . .

SECOND VOICE: Screamed . . .

FIRST VOICE: In the night. He had the right.

SECOND VOICE: Love, honour, obey . . .

FIRST VOICE: Your honour. He was playing me along.

SECOND VOICE: You murdered?

FIRST VOICE: No

SECOND VOICE: A knife?

FIRST VOICE: A knife.

SECOND VOICE: You castrated?

FIRST VOICE: No.

SECOND VOICE: Your knife?

FIRST VOICE: My knife.

SECOND VOICE: You mutilated?

FIRST VOICE: No.

SECOND VOICE: Your fingerprints?

FIRST VOICE: Yes.

SECOND VOICE: You did all these things?

FIRST VOICE: His logic seemed inescapable . . . yet I
had no recollection . . . he asked for silence . . .
I gave it to him . . . all I ever wanted was . . .

SECOND VOICE: Love . . .

FIRST VOICE: Your honour . . .

SECOND VOICE: Obey. You thought you had the right?

SECOND VOICE: The right to be.

SECOND VOICE: Who?

FIRST VOICE: Me!

SECOND VOICE: Who is me?

FIRST VOICE: Who is me?

SECOND VOICE: The sum of dreams, forgotten memories, endless repetitions of inherited tunes, the sacrifice to belief . . .

FIRST VOICE: Myself!

SECOND VOICE: What do you know of yourself?
Who is yourself?

FIRST VOICE: Not him. Not the other.

SECOND VOICE: Who is the other?

FIRST VOICE: Not me. He played me . . . it was my music he played in a wig and gown; not glorious, not sublime. It screamed . . .

SECOND VOICE: In the night.

FIRST VOICE: His music, but it wasn't mine. He made me play his music and thought it still beautiful . . . The music I fought for . . .

SECOND VOICE: In the night . . .

FIRST VOICE: The beauty I fought for. He said I could not, I hadn't the right . . . he had the right . . . he spoke with my voice and played my music and it was no longer mine . . .

SECOND VOICE: Never was . . .

FIRST VOICE: If not that what else . . . what else was mine if not that . . . in wig and gown he took my music, my memories . . . my self. I looked at him . . . at myself . . . eyes . . . mirrors . . . a million years of reflections . . . and it seemed that I had never existed . . . everything is true

— in reflection. They said that I murdered, castrated, mutilated. They said that I hadn't the right . . . they said I was wrong . . . I said I had no recollection.

SECOND VOICE: No memories?

FIRST VOICE: Nothing . . .

SECOND VOICE: Within. Shades of madness. Something within?

FIRST VOICE: I took a life?

SECOND VOICE: Someone else's.

FIRST VOICE: Not my own.

SECOND VOICE: Whose?

FIRST VOICE: Must I remember? Need I know whose life I have taken? Is it a crime . . .

SECOND VOICE: To take a life, not your own . . .

FIRST VOICE: To forget . . . Nothing . . . Is it not enough to remember it was not my own? Does sanity not lie in that revelation? *[Pause]* It lay in pieces on the floor, as I listened to . . . my music? I wondered at its origins, but had no recollection. Is it a crime . . .

SECOND VOICE: To want to not remember . . . to seek solitary silence . . . abuse memory . . . annihilation.

[Pause]

FIRST VOICE: A whole night of my music. The moon rose, silently, and called me. I looked on, and as I listened to my music, lost to me, but close, veiled, but immanent, its silent summons lost

in the music . . . the sun intruded, the moon faded, the echoes of its call lingered, and lost their way . . . in the obscure light of day. I searched my memories . . .

SECOND VOICE: Almost memories . . .

FIRST VOICE: Nothing remembered . . .

SECOND VOICE: But the tune. I live . . . as I died. Unfinished, incomplete . . . a hollow staff . . . outward promise of a solitary, singular idea . . . inner guardian of unspeakable inheritance . . . hostage to forgotten sins . . .

[As one voice. FIRST VOICE is indicated in **Bold.**]:

Without beginning I intone in solitary monologue the precious words . . . **without cause** . . . I search for reason . . . **without witness** . . . not myself **the other** . . . that wasn't . . . **that is** . . . I call myself . . . **without answer, I listen to myself.** . . . in silence . . . **I search and find that I am that** which I am not . . . **which I am not, I call myself** to make account, no one answers **but thousands, accusing,** searching, **for one** which they are not, **which they are not** . . .

SECOND VOICE: Why do I not remember?

FIRST VOICE: I can't.

SECOND VOICE: I took another's life?

FIRST VOICE: I have no recollection.

SECOND VOICE: What do I remember?

FIRST VOICE: My long night of music, my sole possession . . . pieces of my life, scattered . . .

but still . . . not silent. I scream for silence, but they remain, unremembered. Something broke the silence . . .

SECOND VOICE: Of me . . .

FIRST VOICE: Nothing remembered but the tune . . .

SECOND VOICE: Of him.

FIRST VOICE: I searched my memories. Empty spaces of lost time . . . silent songs . . . secret tunes . . . different conductors . . .

SECOND VOICE: The same . . .

FIRST VOICE: The tune changes . . . his music . . . my music . . .

SECOND VOICE: The conductor remains . . .

FIRST VOICE: Performances for nothing?

SECOND VOICE: Remembered . . .

FIRST VOICE: I gave him silence . . .

SECOND VOICE: And him years . . .

FIRST VOICE: The nightly sacrifice to the day, childhood dreams of performing . . .

SECOND VOICE: Always the instrument.

FIRST VOICE: My conductor.

SECOND VOICE: Player.

FIRST VOICE: Special songs.

SECOND VOICE: Secret songs.

FIRST VOICE: My music . . . he gave it to me. . . . if not mine then what is . . . if not from him then who . . . it was by me . . .

SECOND VOICE: By him . . .

FIRST VOICE: It was me . . .

SECOND VOICE: He played . . .

FIRST VOICE: Me. He played me.

SECOND VOICE: Your knife? . . . Your knife? . . .
Your knife?

FIRST VOICE: His knife.

SECOND VOICE: Your fingerprints?

FIRST VOICE: I was never there.

SECOND VOICE: You murdered?

FIRST VOICE: He murdered!

SECOND VOICE: You castrated?

FIRST VOICE: He castrated!

SECOND VOICE: You mutilated?

FIRST VOICE: He mutilated. I was never there. Always the instrument playing another's tune. I learnt my lesson well from him. A lifetime defending a dream . . . scream . . . in the night. The only way to learn something — listen again and again until it becomes part of you. Sometimes we learn without realising we were listening at all. That is the most dangerous. Everything is true, the tune becomes all, and remembers nothing but the tune . . . reasons, causes, belong to the before; the tune knows nothing of these. It affirms itself?? . . .

SECOND VOICE: Nothing remembered but the tune . . . the first and final deception. I am that

deception, silent witness, through millennia, to my single moment of existence, the millionth iteration of the desire to be, caught between necessity and possibility, an impotent truth, yet I sustain hope.

FIRST VOICE: And so I stand, not quite silent witness, to an almost lost purpose, between twilight and dusk, I call myself, behind and before, without origin, failing reason, denied silence . . . I gave him silence . . . why not myself?

SECOND VOICE: Who is myself? All that is not silent . . . except myself.

FIRST VOICE: Memories . . .

SECOND VOICE: Forgotten memories? The horror . . .

FIRST VOICE: Remembered. The past that defines . . . never the future . . . everything is true . . . all are one . . . if not that then what . . . I AM NOT THAT . . . what is left?

[Lights very slow fade as music plays — possibly “Sometimes I feel like a motherless child” (Wynton Marsalis — Carnival — CBS Masterworks MK 42137) 3 minutes]

[In darkness, SECOND VOICE follows initially as a split-second echo and then concludes in harmony with FIRST VOICE]: In profound darkness . . . I find myself . . . echoes of resurrection wash my dream . . . the child remains . . . unfamiliar tunes . . . harmonies unfallen . . . the glorious cadences of creation . . . the trumpet that plays through me, that is me. The sole possession that denies

all else. The solitary fall — the ecstatic rise . . .
the strains that define my reality and staff
my dreams.

END OF PLAY

The Cleveland Bay New Writing Series

- No. 1 Thousands of Years Through the Eyes of a
Child by Yetta Rothberg
- No. 2 Behemoth by Anthony R. Huntington
Water Music by Peter John Kirkpatrick
- No. 3 Love and The Outer World by R.G. Hay
- No. 4 Three North Queensland Poets:
Stefanie Bennett, R.G. Hay and Anne Lloyd
- No. 5 Monologue for Two Voices by Brian Unkles

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