we turn our correct line contempla­
reader, what I have grasped in my
journal that my fair hand is penning
it is to this wonder of humanity that
down and have taken up something
right hand? No, I have put the pen
of my presents. And guess, dear
Such is the lead time for this august
Christmas? I am currently sitting
Christmas past. You remember
these pearls some three days before
There will be a few comrades out
shape. A cocktail is the answer, and
else with a phallic name, if not
the intrusion of yet another icon of
there somewhere who will groan at
pleasure and yeam for the 'good old
days' before bitches and faggots
think cunnilingus is something on
generally not card carrying members

of the Pleasure Party. Which is to say
that if they find the idea of people
mixing cocktails offensive, they can
stop reading now.

I found a very useful text the other
day, nestled in Smith’s Alternative
Bookshop here in Canberra. The title
How to Make Over 200 Cocktails: An
A-Z Guide wrenched me away from
my recent diet of political theory
books, for which I will be internally
grateful. The book, written by Margare­
t Barta, and published by Pen­
guin, retails for a mere $5.95, which
is five cents less than I paid for a
martini on my last fact-finding tour.

Now, cocktails are expensive to buy
or make, and I can remember poor
and innocent student days (days of
simple beliefs and pursuits, such as
communism, an eventual end to
patriarchy and the achievement of
the perfect hair colour) when spend­
ing $6 on a drink rather than buying
an entire cask of tin cardboard would
have shocked me. This was before I
discovered Stolichnaya, the best
ting to come out of what we used to
call the Soviet Union. And those few
extra-sound readers who have any
doubts about buying relatively ex­
pensive drinks should regard it as a
form of community aid abroad. After
all, the Russians need our foreign
exchange rather more than any ob­
jecting Australian tomato needs his
or her brain cells (please excuse the

This cocktails book is written “in as­
sociation” with Silver Shaker Cock­
tail Bar, which is described as a
“programme that was established by
liquor distributor Swift and Moore
Pty Ltd...incorporating their range of
premium alcohol brands”. Stolich­
naya is not the preferred vodka op­
tion. This is, on a taste and not
distribution basis, quite wrong, and
I would no more buy non-Russian
vodka than I would read Tolstoy in
the
Hemingway-invented drink ap­
propriately called Death in the After­
noon, which will appeal to Pernod
lovers. "Pour 45 mls of Pernod into a
chilled champagne flute, then slowly
add champagne" is the simple in­
struction. I have never really liked
Pernod, despite the fact that it ap­
ppears in some nice old films. It
reminds me too much of the Choo­
choo bars of childhood and black­
ened teeth.

Finally, something truly revolting
which I recommend that you make
for the abovementioned male
lawyers, and dissolve their car
phones in it. The name has a history.
It refers to the protest of ideologically
’sound’ young men to the renascent
feminist movement of the late 1960s.
Some of these charming boys used
the words I give to the next brew as
a supposed insult to ridicule meet­
ings of women, without realising
that they would be wiped away by
the great wetex of history. (And his­
ory has absorbed them.)

Pussypower
Blend 50 kiwifruit, lots of Kiwi vodka,
buckets of cream, some Kahlua, some
green jelly crystals, some green frogs
from the local milk bar, some unmen­tionable excretions, news’ eyes, turtles,
a tin of pineapple, some Midori and
decorate with whipped cream and wash­
ing powder. I guarantee that he’ll be
shaken and stirred.

Penelope Cottier.