



Billowing Blooms

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LESLEY LAMBERT
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his voice acting in Dragon Ball Kai. It's quite tricky to voice in different English dubs. He's had heaps of bit parts in crime shows. He has just started on NCIS after auditioning for it eleven times – finally he is an FBI agent!

“Another good story came from Gary Chalk who did the voice-acting for He-Man and the Masters of the Universe and Optimus Prime and heaps of others. He told us about meeting his future wife and how he had his shirt off at the time. She said something like, ‘Who do you think you are ... He-Man or something?’ Gary said, ‘Well yes, I am as a matter of fact’.

They started dating. Gary gave her a small Tinkerbell figurine. When they married, she flicked the ‘bride’ from the top of the cake and replaced it with ‘Tinkerbell’ to stand next to the already in place ‘He-Man’ figurine. Their hands linked – it was a perfect match.”

Voice actors have a surprisingly huge following that is very evident at Pop-Culture Expos, they comprise the majority of guests. According to Chalk (on his webpage), ‘Acting is ninety per cent, voice is ten percent. If you are a really good actor, and a really good reader, and can get the lines off the page, the acting will cover you. It will carry you a lot further than your voice will. Everybody can do a funny voice, but can everyone do a funny voice doing Shakespeare, or Chekov? If you can do Chekov as Foghorn Leghorn or some other cartoon character and make it believable and make people care about you then you're doing your job. So it's not totally necessary (into deep booming voice) The Voice Of God or (into high voice) a tricky funny voice. What's really important is to have really good acting chops and really good reading skills’.

Karlene must be booking in some more overtime because she is off to Adelaide next March for more cosplay, fun and fantasy.

AT THE BRAIDWOOD MARKETS WITH MUM FRANCES.



A TOWN IN RHYME MADE GOOD



Life in Braidwood Part 10

First performed at Words in Winter July 14th 2013 at the Braidwood Arts Centre (and slightly modified since due to the Federal election)

Go anywhere around this nation
and Braidwood comes up in conversation

it figures in everyone's family tree
and, if not their family, it's the bakery

so I'd like to enquire (I'll keep it terse)
why is Braidwood the hub of the universe?

Of course there are a myriad of reasons
why we love this town, it's all the seasons

seven at least when I counted them out
being cold, bloody cold, frost and drought

oh and maybe Autumn and a touch of Spring
Braidwood hates moderation, not its thing

what we love here is novelty
it takes our minds off poverty.

Our café-scene is fertile ground
what a delightful merry-go-round

so many owners keen to please
so many places to dine with ease
Poppie's, Torpeas, now we've Dee's

and have you tried Zac's Paydirt Eatery
where the natural body-heatery

comes from sitting close to strangers?
Now I love Zac's but there are dangers

don't think you're going to gorge on Schnitz
more likely Dashi stock with Tofu bits.

In Zac's I feel so uber-urban
the owner sometimes wears a turban

nah – I put that in to nail the rhyme
let's move along...Braidwood: in its prime

a town where everyone's your mate
a town that shops above its weight

if you need possum-jumpers, jocks or buttons
the money's got to be on Muttons

no need to fossick in wheelie-binnies
you can find it all at Vinnies

except they don't sell low-class gear
you'll find hundred-dollar shirts in there

and when you're properly and cheaply dressed
check out what shop or gallery suits best –

is it Altenburg or String or Stur?
I tell you my days pass in a blur

gallery openings every week
frenzied bouts of kissing cheeks

so much talent, Braidwood's unique!
And not just because it's so artistique...

no...there's another darker side to town
listen: the rumbling up and down

of semi-trailers stacked with logs
cattle trucks with psycho dogs

gravel-wagons, four wheel drives
you have to work to stay alive

shut your eyes, cross Wallace Street
if you survive, it's quite a feat

as for trying to find a park
you'll have to fight the other sharks

damn blue-platers always barging
push us locals to the margins

it won't be long I have to say
I'll be parking at Bombay

and if we don't get a second crossing
we'll all end up like dental flossing.

Come again? Forgive the simile
I don't know what got into me

but I do know this, there's something odd
about this town and traffic, God

knows why, we lurch from being about to die
to the nannying mania of the RTA

what is their thing with lines of trees
could you explain it to me please?

they treat our Poplars like the Taliban
I saw one move – I swear it ran

it won't be long before they try
to make us walk in from Warri

that kind of thing gets me steamed up
like getting stuck behind a truck

no, cool it, think of going forward
the good things on the Braidwood scorecard

like the NBN...yes almost here
or is it? Will it suddenly appear?

Will we get fibre to our rural node?
Only if some sheep explodes –

it's back to copper, wet, worn out, bendy
so take it up with Peter Hendy!

Tired of being an offline martyr?
demand your megabytes of data

in Reidsdale our signal's one bar only
each radio wave must feel so lonely

you have to roll it manually you see
from Gillamatong then tree to tree

still, that's country life, I love it
if at times I have to rise above it.

I don't mind that on a winter's evening
Wallace Street is hardly heaving

in fact it looks much like a grave
but if it's the city buzz you crave

you should take yourself elsewhere
you don't deserve our country air
because only the elect live here

ah Braidwood, centre of the Universe
magnet for the most perverse

karmic accelerator, granite rump
powered by Mt Gillie's bump

Braidwood the centre and the source
we're drawn here as if by force

and nobody can quite say why
is it the wideness of the sky?

Or radon seeping from the ground?
oh dear I'm getting too profound

Braidwood folk are down to earth
they're vigorous and know their worth

and honestly I'm not being rude
when I say we love our food

oh I could go on for ever
that's the trouble with sounding clever

thank you for listening to me
forgive this rhyming triviality!

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