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The Elf's Foot  
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by
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'Love is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies' ~ Aristotle.

Greetings and salutations, we'd like to take you to our world of stories, song and dance. The collective tale of space and games played by creatures often heard, but rarely seen. An age old mystery of the mind - for you to unravel, unlock, unwind. The riddle of a gifted and twisted, toothsome fairy.

Once upon a molten star, the girl with wings of time goes by. A female of impeccable genius, with the ability to turn the world inside out.

As a cold, stormy, funky day walked into the fray... a young elf's foot appeared, breach. A twisted game began for many. Swizelstix' father, Rocket Man, looked skywards as a hunky hailstorm of madness tumbled to earth, punctuating the sky rather thoroughly. He danced around the ward fox-trotting with joy, pride and son - as Magical Marjorie lay flat knackered on the bed having ploughed through her ritual of birth, two. The Doctor clad in 'only the best' Sunday scrubs meandered the hallway munching on the fruitiest mince pie he could find when duty called. Other than this, it was a regulation size Summer day in Buzzleberry as a storm of sound waltzed through their growing village. Rocket Man knew he needed to work on his dancing - he twiddled the radio frequency in search of clarity, in search of song.

After a day of walking - not one for dawdling - the little elf ran, playing and laughing. Childhood was sprinkled with all sorts of games and existence, experience and cake - metaphorically speaking. As per usual, the sultry afternoon suggestion of a nap was greeted with a response of keen animosity. The cot walls proved a non issue becoming fantastic training for scaling neighbours fences later in the peace, should the ball sail over the muzzy heights of timber. Sleep generally arrived after he snuggled up behind a door, unable to be budged. Once knocking on the door, having climbed from his cot then jumping out the window, Rocket Man, found his two year old son as the wood was pulled from the hole, sucking on his tender thumb, and the succulence of life. The surrounding garden flushed, like crisp linen. With his fresh legs and a novel mind, the elf viewed sleep as little more than a waste of precious diamond time as the sky winked and danced through the galaxy, gliding like a giant ship of luck.

Nanna, their the pied piper of good times piccolo'ed forth to see a Noddy play. Half way through the actors asked the crowd, 'what should be done with this here naughty goblin?' Swizelstix almost bounced through the roof, clearly incensed by the petulant troll's misbehaving ways, yelling "axe'im," in dandy vitriol, much to the amusement of several other Noddy enthusiasts, and dismay of assorted lickspittles.

With stripy, dazzling socks, hitched to the knee's - and a sharp memory, the pop-eye theme remains etched within his happy-go-lucky franchise of satisfaction. "Pop-eye the sailor man - toot toot." This song, pop-eye's anthem, was sung aloud in the back yard before the most stupefying thing happened. As the last words were outwardly partitioned, two impeccably timed toot's sounded to finish perfectly his thundering rendition to all and sundry. A cherry on this cake of song.

School holidays were often spent shooting hoops of time and joie de vivre. Whispering clouds floated by with chanting luck and knowing words, which only few could hear. His sys and folks held the fort as the majority of time was spent tottering about, looking for a hat, known always and only as "me 'at."

"Where's me 'at?" asked Swizelstix, more times than is elfly possibly to recall.

Holidays were spent high in the snow glazed, frosty mountains while trees and foliage were laced with duvet flakes. Beneath the world of magic creatures grew and played with zeal. Snow would fall, glittering, as the heavens opened like Bach's melodies. Always the same, yet always different. Quirky, musical, crystals floating their way to earth. On the ski lodge wall sat a fairy, queen of the mythical creatures as piping hot chocolate roved the Elves lips. This particular fairy, though not 'the' fairy, was capable of great speed, incapable of harm and lucky to adorn the lodge wall, as she playfully skipped, gliding form wall to wall in the lightning shut of an eye. Blink and she'd be gone. The obstreperous few gave chase, only to be disappointed moments before the fairy burst back

onto the scene - on the other side of the room. Disappointed is not the perfect word. It was a game, a unique game. Neither won nor lost; better played. Jocularly ruled in these far lands as a morphing game of stripes and shapes contorted into glee, then, pleasure.

A yellow book, once read; 'the Alchemist,' speaks of a personal legend, a vocational essence - the first thing one wishes to become. The most appealing job for our young Swizelstix of the Elves, a rookie slash young pre-schooler - was 'bin man.' With a zest for early starts and getting to run, life's tailor had measured this dream gig - almost to perfection. With outstretched arms tweaked to a length, dapper tubes of cotton rested upon his polished shoes. The early morning rise saw wild waving as these idols worked, chasing their truck. Only marginally pipped at the 'personal legend' post, a swaggering toddler elf, already in full effect. Naked, wearing big shiny boots and a long handled hairbrush, flipped backwards. A guitar, a makeshift instrument for the music and a dollop of California Sunshine, melting all your strings. Time; the instrument of music, organised sound, sung this day by a naked, pre-school rock star. This, or footy player, remained all Swizelstix ever genuinely wished to be. His favourite sibling, Sys (short for System), chose wisely - Fish'n'chip shop woman, where she'd always be in flavour. Often stiff like rum, the salty coastal breeze, forever nipping at her heels.

His first circle of wax - Dire Straits - Brothers in Arms, remains a prized catch and dare it be said, always shall. Pieces of the puzzle would appear through childhood, cultivating both positive and negative experience. The downs perhaps caused the ups - like old, rusty but trusty scales of justice. You know the type. The positive was physicality and motion; sport. Athletic titles, junior football accolades, all becoming cornerstone experiences along what could be considered a rite of passage, an umbrella turn of phrase, for childhood and a host of other sequences in time. If you cajole and roll everything that has ever happened, and will ever happen in life, into a ball, then stretch it with pinching fingers - you have time. Red skies with the colourful clouds formed the day, punctuated with universal education. Rocket Man decided a trip to his office was in order. Upon arrival, he punched in the digits of the code which deactivated a very 80's security system, so 80's the thing probably sang Whitney Houston if triggered, or a plump, rich, synthesised riff from Jump by Van Halen. The young elf wasn't overly keen on finding out however. Swizelstix day dreamed in sound, playing air guitar power chords as he fly kicked the air, fist pumping with amplified zing. In summer red shorts, a t-shirt hung loosely, tickled with the dust and hard earned sweat of a child racing towards his own splendid future. A sonic daydream so vivid the sound would cause his wiry hair to tingle, oiling the wheels of impermanence with rock and roll proficiency. So father went to work, at his desk, sitting on his plum behind. He'd sift through mail, with two trays in front of him, IN and OUT. He read and flicked, read and flicked. 'Is this all you do?' inquired a very solemn and interested youngster, not sure what to expect but toying with significant imagery as to the splendid choice of fathers daily exercise with mental faculties. Little did he know, the future delights it would bring. His father worked like a trojan to provide nourishment, fit for kings. Born into a blue collar working class situation, with little more than his acute intelligence and work ethic, second only to Chuck Norris, who invented the Giraffe by uppercutting a Horse. The elder mustered his family amidst echoing walls of timber, to greener pastures, which must be visualised with daisies and wild violets on the coast of Australia. He told a gregarious Swizelstix, from a young age, he wished he need only work for love. An old theory states you can only jump one class per generation. The father of the Elves, Rocket Man, stuck the highest, hardest jump possible and threw in a rodeo flip - for good measure. He probably would have aired the lot, landing in a class of his own, had it not been for his grande respect for authority. Or not landing at all, knowing him and his nature. Rocket Man, believe it or not, had a propensity to flight.

Eyeing yonder, from the upstairs windows, looking out from the massive and alluring gumtree in which they lived, the other side of the world was in view. It turned out to be the Mornington Peninsula, about an hour's drive away. "What language do they speak there Dad" the young elf enquired. Rocket Man: "Dreamtime Swiz, just like us" he replied, in a cordial manner. Rocket Man was great like this. "Ooh lovely, holidays!" was the first thought to flash through his mind. The following week they rode the rickety chair lift up Arthurs Seat, before walking along the rocks and an even ricketier pier. At one point verbalising a distinct lack of confidence in the structural qualities of this wood, on which the two of them walked while waves pummelled. This bit is verbatim ~ Father: "It's been standing for 80 years. It will stand for another 80." The next morning in the paper - front page headlines ~

"Mornington Pier Collapses."

Swizelstix' first life lesson ~ always trust instinct.

At the ripe and juicy age of Six, his first live game of Aussie Rules was witnessed. In 1985, as acid wash stole the hearts of many the AFL, then VFL, was hotting up for their finals series. The elimination final in '85 was

Shinboners vs The Bagger's. A stirring come from behind victory propelled the 'Shinboners' to live another day, whilst the Bagger's' season came to an abrupt end. The atmosphere was electrifying, a feeling one doesn't soon forget. Such was the magnitude of this ebullient 'Shinboner' spirit, this particular game developed into somewhat of a nostrum. Any sick day, home from school, when Swizelstix' spirit was down, the verve subdued, this throng of men in tight, ball crunching, royal blue shorts would be dead and buried at Three Quarter time, only to claw their way back into the hunt for Red September, the month in which the Grand Final culminated. The final weekend of this month would bear fruits of the annual labour, two plums included. Again and again the game was won, they really were magic moments, as the highlight reels decreed. In 2015, however, it became the hunt for red October.

Within a 12 month windowsill of time, as foliage and moss crept their way onto the glass, the real seashores received a topical glance as a youthful and rosy cheek blushed against a small, icy, circular, window in the sky. With the funny little eyelid open, white capped mountain ranges became white capped waves, peered upon from 10,000 meters. Topical became tropical at the home of hula hoops, Bonzai Pipeline, and floral lei ~ Hawaii. The mall, the boot of the hotel, had a car racing game called 'Pole Position.' With Rocket Man, the machine's gear box was teased and tested with reckless abandon - slamming third gear into fourth, in some cases at three am if they couldn't sleep as a racing car smoked the curb on half its rubber. Often the reason this snazzy racing duo weren't sleeping. Had they access to team uniforms, of course, they'd have been worn. Their minds screamed in unison, the clock became the singular enemy. There was also a disco in the hotel which Rocket Man assured Swizelstix he was too young to attend, potentially inducing a 'dangling carrot' psychology. Rather than breakfast, there might be an early morning session to see who could land the 'pole position.' Luckily mother wasn't there to send them back to bed. Suffice to say the dizzy heights this car-shaped machine's in-built ranking system saw would not have been reached, had she been. This vacation would have been far more geared towards flora and fauna. No pun intended. Her powerful demeanour was best kept on side, a type of magic one would never want used against them. Swizelstix learned this the hard way as she adjusted reality according to education. The life lessons she needed to teach. Her teaching methodology, used regularly to keep the diet and behaviour of the youngsters in check. No sugar, reduce the fat, exercise - move; and be happy. Often stern but rarely unfair, she did her job and excelled. The wee elves, the first to admit, it couldn't have been easy. Surfing the sandy breaks of Waikiki, diving through the flowing energy of twisting water, tidal key change and sand bars shifting kept the waves consistent, yet unpredictable, as the coral reef swam below, squeaking with the barnacles and pep. The teacher 'Sam the Orangutan' smartly adjusting and reassuring another slightly twitchy and nervous customer of the safety for their kids. "Haven't lost one yet" he'd gloat and float on by.

Dad "Sure they'll be OK ?!"

Sam: "Man, the kids, they stick like glue."

At days end, the resorts in-house entertainment played funny movies, The Monty Python classic 'A fish called magic Wanda' was on the box.

As holidays rolled around again, the elf and his sys found themselves in Fiji. As is often the case with the cyclical nature of things, this time his Mum was there, Dad wasn't. Swimming endlessly, mimicking the aqua marine life, the best part, by a country mile, were the free drinks at the bar, IN-THE-POOL. All they had to do was remember their room number.

Rocket Man went to Singapore. He asked if anyone wanted a Rolex, all copies mind you.

"Do they have copy Casio's?" asked Swizelstix, gently punching out a smile with clear sky curiosity.

The cost wouldn't have been such an issue if his Father had put the Melbourne Cup tip on. After studying the form guide the decision was easy; Empire Rose first, Natski second, then Nabotta. As they waited in queue, the question was asked about the trifecta and if the horses were applied correctly. Yes they were - except Rocket Man had taken it upon himself to substitute the third horse for another, called Candlestick, saying 'if you want to fill in another form and line up you're welcome to,' as the reptilian formation extended up the road. Magical Marjorie viewed gambling as little more than taxing the stupid.

First, second and third - in order - were picked and would have paid over a thousand dollars. Per unit. In '88 to a nine year old, this is millions.' 'It's all relative,' he heard his family jeer.

On the final lap of the sun before double digits hit, their Cousin clocked in, all the way from OI' Blighty.

Retrospection being ultimate clarity, it was an amazing travel schedule considering the geezer was flying solo. Ticked pink on Aussie soil and decked out in mismatched kit with a looping tape of some washed up 70's rock band they settled in for six weeks of Summery love.

Time was spent at land bought in Dinner Plain, just below Mt Hotham, where a friend had purchased a glam rock block on which a house was built. In this mystical alpine town, 90% of the houses were built from wood and all design was alpine aligned in nature's home ground colour scheme, architecturally crafted by the one man, promoting consistency. What developed was a fairy tale village of freehold land, above the snow line. People openly probed, 'why is this house built from bricks, while all the others were wood?' "Did you hear about the three little pigs?" came the reply, smoking from a chalice of wit. True story. A happier village in the snow there could not have been, as the bus pattered along, flatulently ascending the hill of schnapps and winter dreams. The bus puffed clouds, like thought bubbles, into the crisp, clean, atmosphere with the efficiency of a Sunday piper.

A bricky was 'imported' from the other side of the country. This bricklayer, a choir boy and built like a brick dunny - his legendary spotting antics made for terrific pre-dream stories. Imagine a fast bowler, bricklayer, carrying 13 bricks, running if he wished, and singing like Pavarotti.

With the elf's humorous Aunties holding the fort, Nanna arrived from their city in the desert and ready for the summer, wearing a big jacket. The young elf enquired about her comfort levels;

Nanna replied: 'I'm cold.'

Little Elf: 'But it's 32 Celsius Nanna.'

Indeed, this woman was something special. She once had her bag snatched by a would-be robber at the shops when she was 80. Upon hearing the news a telephone call was placed to see if she was ok. The conversation, (*say it like Elvis*) went a little something like this;

Swizelstix: Are you ok Nanna, what happened?

Nanna: Well, yes but my handbag was snatched.

Swizelstix: So long as you're ok. What did you do?

Nanna: I ran after him. Tried to chase the cheeky little bugger down. He saw, took my purse from my bag and heaved it over his shoulder at me. So luckily my purse was returned.

Swizelstix: Well, that's good news Nanna - but maybe, next time, don't worry about the purse or bag. You could have been hurt. What were you going to do if you'd caught him?

Nanna: Speed up my Tai Chi.

As previously mentioned, this woman was quite a piece of work, in a monstrously epic kind of way.

One fine golfing day, and this typifies the word enigma. On the 18th hole, a shot was skied, putting air traffic at risk. The elf looked to the heavens half expecting to see a smoking jet spiralling to earth. The ball came to rest far less than a hundred meters from the tee markers. With no-one else about, a short walk found the ball sitting perfectly atop another rogue tee in the rough, previously planted by another substandard golfer. This, far more impressive than any hole-in-one.

Magical Marjorie and Rocket Man spread their wings for a few long weeks, long before Swizelstix would be consigned to wanderlust. He and his Sys were tended to by their Grand Parents, during this testing time for minors. George, the other grandfather, had ears tuned like a sound engineer and could hear pins drop, and dogs barking, from five blocks away - and pick their breed, yet, remarkably, was un-woken/fazed by a window shattering downstairs as the robbers hot-stepped the curb with their five finger discounted VCR. A prized piece back then, and a bottle of fine liquor. Perfunctory bliss, washed down with their lifestyle of embezzlement. Several months later it happened again with the parents home this time, in bed, in their tree. The area behind the garage was being re-seeded with lawn, his father excitedly telling the cops he had the clearest darn footprint they were ever likely to see.

Apparently the investigating officer quickly doused the flames of this growing excitement, saying; 'buddy, s-e-t-t-l-e down; it's a robbery not a homicide'.

All in all life was rosy. The elves would often kick about with the gnomes and got along extraordinarily well with all the other creatures of time. Games were created, using the clock as the scoreboard. Time; a powerful tool for elf improvement. Rocket Man didn't cook a lot, he was working mostly. Magical Marjorie would generally sort the kids ravenous tendencies out. One evening, plonked into bed nice and early, as the parents wined and dined some friends, crossing from ordinary consciousness into the dreamland, they were woken by a deafening explosion as smoke billowed up the stairs like a magical mushroom cloud. Rocket Man had tried to roast the dinner, and grill it, jacked to the hilt and the oven had blown its stack, cooked its lid then fizzled its boiler while mint sauce and other condiments lay in wait. All that was heard was a very matter-of-fact. "Guess I'd better go

and get some pizza." Just back to the condiments for a second, why do people say they 'relish' something but never say chutney?, Swizelstix questioned. It seems chronically unjust chutney is overlooked time and time again, when it is every bit the condiment relish is. In general, the young elf chutney'd his youth.

Socially speaking, a breakthrough came one fine day at a club gathering in the city called TIME. It was his first genuine social outing in High School where the hottest bird in the year, the Prom Queen, if they had them in Australia, ended up getting cosy and fresh on the couch. After four years at an all-boys school, the move was made to a new school with very different and more balanced energy. There was a girl he loved in a 15 year old school boy kind of way. This pixie was something special, Swizelstix thought. One evening after scoring her, she borrowed his watch. It was returned a few weeks later with the sweetest perfume ones nostrils would ever sniff, which had absorbed into the fabric band. It was a scent few pixies had found, and whilst not exactly the same as glue sniffing - the scent was pink-silk enchantment and provided an addictive high, his nose raised skyward absorbing her posy. Memories and smell proved the most powerful mental fusion as the elf tripped giddy on the sweet nectar of divine feminine, and the aromatic art of rosy nose candy.

Music wise - these were the formative years and of all the sounds listened to, there was one particular song that had more impact than the sum of all other parts. Shine on you crazy Diamond - Pink Floyd. Having dabbled with ingesting THC, the soaring keys and warping hooks became wind in an ever expanding spinnaker of psychedelia. Breathing like Atlantis, with the lung capacity of a deep house pearl diver, the puffy sails opened, leading a voyage of miracle and colour invention as the boat steered by a venetian oar floated high upon the clouds. These are not just songs - they're psychedelic experiences, masked in sound. A long and healthy relationship with music blossomed. The musical equivalent of Dali ~ 'I don't take drugs, I am drugs. So began Swizelstix' intimate relationship with the wobbly world of mind altering music. Imagine sneaking between two waves of vibrato to find a secret door. Inside the sound machine like elves, dancing to 4/4. Colourful, crafted, eccentric sound. The legacy and genius mind of Syd Barrett. The inventor of truly psychedelic music by warping his six strings.

How fun the soundtrack of the 60's sounded. If only that could be recreated in a modern way! Great music's resurgence, surely it was only a matter of time, Swizelstix pondered.

What else do you need to know? Hmmm Let's see. Flicking through pages of memory and chapters of recognition, magic born in pre-cognition.

One auspicious Saturday during Swizelstix competition, an Athletics coach was talking to Rocket Man. The coach asked his father that day: 'Do you want an athlete or a son?' He said 'son'. His son's future was navigated wisely, it would later be discovered. As far as indulging interests go, getting stoned listening to Pink Floyd overtook the ambition and athleticism. It was around this time the elf entered a space of significant substance abuse. After flunking the National Championships, stoned on a couch, he exhaled another plume of the olympic dream. Though not realised until much later, the elf self-medicated on the chemistry of the plants, the magic medicine, before hitting some extremely funky mental territory. A cobweb cast on desert skies, with clouds in shapes of watching eyes. Shadows on the flossy web of time. Some turbulence required bouncing through, before the clouds could be seen below.

The release from school was sweet like honey. The elder bees honeycombed the youngsters scruffy hair during his parent's divorce and a financial gift was bestowed by maternal grandparents. The money was used to fly Mother Magical to Bali for a holiday because she'd been busting her trumpet, making ends meet, post divorce and needed a holiday. All tough and bluster was temporarily removed while delicious treats were served, encased in banana leaves and washed down with local elixir, as the seemingly endless sand met the horizon at an airport on the coast - where waves crashed, and planes flew.

Following school, gassing it up the home straight, towards the millennium change, he and a few friends discovered the virtues of dancing and altered states of consciousness deep within the lush green foliage of outdoor forest gatherings. Whoever claimed school days to be the best days of your lives, obviously, had not discovered dancing on the soul juice.

The Sun and Moon were scheduled to Eclipse late in the year in the barren and raw Australian Desert. With the western wizard, Don, piles upon piles of electronic music was sorted, the gold swapped. The two of them generally lived large, as dear old friends do. There was a party in the desert, designed cleverly to question, well, everything. Dusty and dry, the organising gang of the ecliptic desert labyrinth created an oasis of animated sound and revel. A number on all, pulled good and proper. The team returned a little different from a party for the ages. In a good way mostly, though the information relayed through massive stacks of speakers took the better part of a

decade to decipher and implement. Onwards, inwards and upwards, quipped the dragon fairy to the puckered sky.

The travel bug lay dormant. Toothpaste. Random juxtapositions, and the fusing of our mind.

At an open-air party early this millennium, an experience which Maslow would refer to as a 'Peak Experience' occurred, embedded deep within a heaving dance floor. A stream of sound and oceans green, a book is read as the riddle of mighty dance continued.

The soul juice moved fluidly, a warm embrace with the mind. The onset of colour masked by godly sound threw waves high into the propagation graph. Brain mainly, so let's get hip. It was a race between pleasure and astonishment, to see who could dethrone the flaring dawn; could music run down the bedazzling morning sun? Teamwork, pure and simple, between the chemistry within. The time had come; sound was erupting. It all started with a winkling, a sprinkling of tintinnabulation which flew rampant as sound waves rolled into the atmosphere lighting up like meteoric sparks cascading from space as the sonic lava flowed into existence.

"The edge..there is no honest way to explain it because the only people who really know where it is are the ones who have gone over it." ~ Hunter S. Thompson.

The soft shoe shuffle kicked dust into perfectly formed shapes, while the musical serenade woo'ed a jungle of utopia. Music; written for the ages. Though an alternate view is this, true musicians don't write songs, rather catch them. Terence McKenna - when questioned on the the final stage of human evolution dryly quipped, "a good party." An electrical storm charged, multiple lightning bolts - two, three, then four split the sky like firework anthems popping in nature's finest audio pyrotechnical display. Strange and torched vocal chants, hummed and buzzed like bees amplified through a crackling dawn as the universe searched for a suitable frequency. Reality, like a TV screen being tuned, devoid of white ants and hiss, like melted snow from Everest. This river washed the minds of a generation. The picture of crystal shapes and blazing splendour. This music wasn't just music, these songs were cut from a different cloth, dripping with the scent of invention. The incessant, other worldly, mumbles started chattering then shattering as wizard-like melody whispered sweet nothings in his ear. Inter-dimensional growth from a sonic pens doodling created holographic images, all shaped in sound as a question mark appeared in the mind's eye, while dancing swaggered and took charge in a display of exquisite, avant-garde, sonic engineering which bordered quantum. The pleasure threshold was smashed, as Hallucinogen delivered his twisted catch to a roofless, spellbound audience as the crowd jived and bounced their way into shangri-la - on their feet. Remedying boredom, he provided nutrients of cheek in a spellbinding display of musical genius. This is what the magical creatures lived for ~ to bust the fresh on their floors of dance. The DJ's and musicians, the sorcerers of sound, undertook long and leggy apprenticeships working with the art of energy and pleasure manipulation. This propelled the thinking about equal and opposites. If we all have a pain threshold, we must also have a pleasure threshold. The code and vitamin in time, emerged. Inside Out's Mission statement arrived as a direct result of this musical shellacking and to the best of our understanding, this is why we're here:

To propel yourself through the threshold of pleasure.

With his eyes loosely pursed, the elf's dance session lasted over an hour, the hi-hats tickled with mastery of tone and swiss clockwork efficacy. The elf let fly, letting his feet do the talking as all stress was magically removed from his body. Action spoke volumes, an hour, shrewdly disguised as five minutes. A core strengthening, ultra-intense cardio work out, which left the spine tingling and all sorts of bells and whistles, singing magically in the acoustic centre of his brain, in this particular case, the mind's ear. Holographic pictures began flashing through his head, culminating in a final image. Right there in the middle of the mind was a small and compact hologram. Delivered through musical sex-ercise, a spiritual orgasm, intoxicated on the vapours of sound. This is what happens when one bursts through the threshold of pleasure, one finds themselves in heaven, hear on earth, shuttled by plump music. These are words which go well together. The elf, high as good fortune, his toes twinkled and limber, had hit orbit via bliss but what goes up, must come down. Sweet feet Swizelstix, this mind candy came in many delectable flavours of sound. The soul juice had done its job - good and proper. What goes in, must come out and Inside Out was born. Upon these stairs of crystal luck, the lies and sorrow came unstuck. The little guy just loved the disco, especially under the roof of stunning asteroidal diamonds. Swizelstix, a young elf, radiantly stirred.

Rekindled and jiving, the jazz-licked sunday blues, reds, green's and twirling passion danced across the sky, in search of futuristic ideas. The elf's attempt to free-shackle the Alcatraz of humdrum, obesity, day to day drawl and captivity, seemed fit by one measure and one measure only. Moving his limbs to fat, rhythmical pastures, greased by the wondrous voyage of stories told in sound; in riddles. The righteous hurly-burly of magical song and dance.

The dusty elf cleaned himself up and ventured to the after party the following week with the flame of the time and got on some more soul juice. Half way through the set there was an enquiry made as to her well being and enjoyment levels. She responded articulately and profoundly; "this isn't music" she warbled, "*this* is meditation."

The elf had experienced bliss - though something was still missing. Where is it?, grumbled the youngster.

At a house party one evening things got uber sideways and the elf upended a big bottle of rum, then hopped home thumping drunk. A supple and well lubricated youngster. 'The wheel which squeaks shall be oiled' he muttered, as the kangaroos' favoured mode of transport was mimicked. He'd been diligently working on bursting through his 'intoxication barrier.'

An excess of your greatest strength becomes your greatest weakness and as Shakespeare would say, "this period was played fast and loose."

A type of neurosis developed where lathering was the fun part, washing it away is a completely different story. Read on squires et lass' and don't forget to shine.

A year was spent working in music distribution. Again, all his bridges were burnt - but fear not - the wood collected would surely keep the elves warm in the colder winter months, providing fuel for the fire and illumination for the path; the journey. He was developing a reputation for being an unlettered punk, resenting the unlettered bit.

The travel bug emerged from slumber en route to Vancouver. They were to visit a friend who had moved for baking reasons. His spirit would lift as his daily loaf would rise, indulging his morning meditation of bread. A pair of ski boots were to be delivered to an ex-patriate skier, the connection at Frandisco was tight like a whipping kick. High into the bluest of skies, realisation flashed like a lightbulb, illuminating the forgotten boots circling lonely at Frandisco Airport. The descent couldn't come quick enough, a sorry young elf disembarked and scuttled towards the looping carousel, doused in head shaking self-disbelief, thudding his forehead with a palm. In an instant case of karmic retribution - there were his friends boots,' gliding on the circling, rubber scales. The luggage of the elf however - was lost.

Next! Their fluttering wings found the Islands of Thailand providing immeasurable attraction and beauty. Bangkok acted like a second home for several months - as the unpredictable ball of travel bounced as far as Africa. Engulfing several continents and a fair whack of hang time, partly spent, with three Canadian girls and their super model friend. This blonde trifacta of stunning included one pair of twins and friend, Chanel; with whom the young elf became closest. Though no time for ribald humour, she was astonishing; beautiful and hilarious. The rarest of combinations, which lead to a precipitous and amorous correspondence. It were during the river tubing days in Vang Vieng, Chanel fell swift of charm, as the team grew, floating together along the river of awesome. Only to be interrupted and fished from the river by locals offering delicious treats of Laos's local brew as they sat on bamboo seats while many a tipsy dwarf looked on intently. The two of them, with friends, slipped into the water on tube's of truck tyre, tirelessly tubing the river of Vang Vieng. One of the port of calls boasted a rather large rope swing seat, one can picture it, against a mountainous backdrop all furnished and held tight by local vine or rope, strung by the ideology of youth. The two of them hucked front flips, backflips and method airs from this launching pad, which looked as though it had been painted by the soul of Monet.

With Mountainous ambition, the group trekked towards Pai, a small village in the Thai Jungle, lodged deep within the Golden Triangle. The major notes of the trek were scaled and plucked, a 4WD ferried the balance of the journey - with foliage and growth so lush it glowed while Mark Allen and Tim Healey; the ghetto punk godfather of electro house, expressed his wares through trusty Sennheiser cans as mist covering the scenery, allowed only peaks at her seductive splendour. The music, comical in it's ingenuity, went Fred electric Astaire on the minds of the listener. 'Alls well that bends well' said the most warped sound technician.

Leroy, an old school friend was met in Krabi before heading to Phi Phi. The plucky duo, tipping their hats to sun-up each day, found themselves two more delectable twins with whom to chat. During this time a pretty darn epic strain of dengue fever ran amok, resulting in a week of international hospitalisation. London called, ring-a-ding-a-ling, the call answered. Barcelona became a point in transit en route to Morocco where a beach party lay in wait, as a frisky puppy might, ready to roll around the sand with anyone who fervently acquiesced. Perfect way to recover from a life-threatening illness, a party on the beach. The team saw many a crane in Spain, yet only one moving the entire week. A week later, after some sexy, sandy, beach prosperity the party deux, touched down in France for some croissant's and sophistication. They met a Moroccan Doctor, had their minds removed from their

heads, stretched, and played with a violin bow, as pastel visions created a movie unimaginable. The French party team decorated this reality with colour, voice and music, for the entire dream time. Coconut fudge. The young elf scoured the countryside, but it wasn't there either.

Returning home was a reality check, any financial institution would b-b-bounce.

His friend's flatmate was studying a Transpersonal Therapy course, requiring someone who had experience in what she called her 'jurisdiction.' The talks helped and one thing led to another. The kiss lasted while Mathew Jonson's music danced the airwaves, intermingling chemistry causing the sound to intensify, as though it were dripping from the walls. Inside out musical genius that had also been devoured was an Album called Takk by Sigur Ros. A sound so deep, listening to it was a profound experience and a type of strange and warping healing could be felt as though the mental faculties were being decorated with chandeliers and other assorted jewels.

The head space following such an extreme lifestyle was just. Knowing this made dealing with it little better. Work-wise, a role as head of logistics for a one man pizza delivery team popped up; elf meets fairy.

The fairies and the elves were not known for romantic interludes and this proved no exception. Her flavour train hit him like the Beatles. The fairy baulked many a rose from young Swizelstix. With a funk and disposition the young elf wished to smooch.

Life and love went on, fairy or no fairy. A brief and passionate affair flared up with a female friend in Radelaide, a girl with a fuchsia in her thoughts. Having applied for a British passport, the elf followed his heart to London, where a brief but lively relationship sparked with a girl he knew from home. One of the funniest and most entertaining, minor sector, relationships experienced. What she lacked in dullness, was made up for in looks and had the potential to become a whole lot more but ended still on P-Plates, skidding and swerving with enjoyment, a screeching park break return to the home town meant the automobile slid into place, as the Delorian from back to the future might. What London lacks in weather, is made up in the arts. A much postulated nexus, becoming an upbeat aphorism from the classic conception; life is ultimately about balance.

Whilst the young elves heart and soul was with the fairy, she had married someone else, so he had to pursue and indulge his other loves - like getting jangled on dancefloors. It was her kindness, her twisted spirit, and the genial nature of the many talents she bore. It were no surprise she was taken, to find a fairy like so - without a partner - would be nothing short of miraculous. Speaking of which, a miracle worker she was - and, it was about time one showed up.

The travel bug-a-lugs was alive and well with its schedule kicking into overdrive with the workhorse, Thailand, visited again before heading to Japan for skids and slides. Lady Luck, or Mother Nature as she's become affectionately known, showed her respect in the form of a storm. This particular barometric treat dumped several meters of white fractals in the space of 48 hours. Walking through a white and fluffy wonderland in dreamlike snow quantities and quality became a heady rush delivered by 'the boss'. A bus situated near the lodge went missing, temporarily buried. Saved only by windscreen blades, moonlighting as snorkels.

With friend GPS, known for his unique directional involvements, the lift opened with the two of them first aboard the chairlift as it hoisted them towards a waist deep, sparkling clear day of crystal magic. It were openly expressed it must have been some sort of reward. Hiking backcountry, on the brink of slide through class A, Japanese marching powder.

Vocals tip-toed the air waves, as lunch was ordered via vending machines. Thoughts, words; foley. The snow was dry and elite, the cutlery challenging. Especially with soup. If only these chopsticks were hollow, thought the elf. The other idea which struck like Babe Ruth was how one could smuggle Rock Melon into Japan. The king of all cartel.

Where is it?, Screamed Swizelstix.

Again, the search of Japan was fruitless. The corners of our sphere were being turned inside out.

Australia day - and just in time for sunrise on the main stage. Swizelstix and Mixer stormed into the crowd as a mind temple sample sounded about the "everlasting pursuit of the groove." Abakus followed; next generation Kinks. Gabriel Ananda played a rip snorter of a set to a flexible bunch, sprucing the feathers nicely, on a contorted Sunday evening.

The cyclical nature of life led George, his grandfather, to a new dimension. A telephone rang on Sys's birthday, a week before he died on May the 28th. The family rallied for bonus morphine, and this was duly administered as he sailed the warm ship opium to the giddy heights of late blooming, involuntary hedonism. A year to the day later, the trio tempted fate at the same restaurant, *again* on Sys's birthday. Telephone call~ Grandma's ill. A long week later, a beautiful woman with descending health, at four O'clock one afternoon - having removed her timepiece, Magical Marjorie looked and said. 'Her watch has just stopped' and so on the same day, May the 28th, a year apart, Georgina died.

Having bestowed shares as a gift, the stock market crashed several months later. Easy come, easy go. The global financial madness had one or two upsides. Primarily extraordinarily cheap airfares. This year, there was another scheduled crossing of the sun and moon. This eclipse best viewed in India on the Ganges in Varanasi. Through the cobbled ghatts they roamed, ahead of time and gently stoned. Calm as a cake. The feathering clouds and vapour like wisps covered the majority of the viewing area, with a small window of opportunity above the position of the sun. The window continued to stay open as the Sun and moon moved their way across the sky, shaking hands perfectly, for all to see. The diamond ring slid comfortably into place, like two souls meeting again after an ancient bifurcate. The travelling trio split and the rickety mission was made, by bus, to the beautiful, jagged, Himalayan mountains; white teeth sharpened bare. The young elf had a good feeling about these mountains, and was sure he'd find it there. The ascent was measured and extreme. Restrained by the constant reminder that altitude was boss in these high lands. At 5000m, deep and clear hallucinations started fluttering - like prayer flags - on the back of the eyelids. Here it was learned, the meaning of the word sacred. Lucky. Through the monastery village with season soldered wings of sunshine, melting all the strings. Hear the philosophers of dawn, chanting as they sing, while the morning broke like a 14 year old soprano hitting top G. Old man time grumbled and groaned as the trekking duo slowly poked into Gorek Shep, Everest Base Camp, a week or so after leaving Kathmandu, with no tents in sight. It was decided to trail blaze the rollicking hills and hot step it to Namche Bazaar, covering the Marathon 42km in a day, in the wet (with packs mind you.)

Things again got tropical, arriving in Thailand before casting wings to the funky seas of monkeys and cheese, in Bali. The several day transition in Bangkok enabled shopping for a device which recorded sounds, a hand held portable device. One on the wish list for quite some time. Some rupee from Nepal had been taken out the day of departure, figuring it could be changed in a bank. Yes, well, no, it could not apparently. All the banks refused to look at it; one even laughed. So this tidy little sum became next to useless outside of Nepal, as the device was pursued, then located in the city. With bank card on the table ready to be licked and swiped by its other half, a conversation started with a gent over the pro's and cons of hitchhiking and each others selected equipment. The praise and virtue of this tiny studio, sung above the roar of a city pregnant with traffic and toot. The card was declined, three times, as a desperate last bid for a forth was requested, knowing sufficient funds were available. Request denied. A sullen band of emotion swept by as the conversation ended, the counter shrinking in the background. The last thing the man said was something along the lines of 'now it just needs to get to Nepal safely.' The elf ears pricked, he was asked if he wished to buy the Nepalese dollars. The sums were almost identical, including a tip as a deal sweetener for this perfectly placed native. Deal, as a skip reentered the step, lunging for the door. The harder you work the luckier you get. This was the external manifestation of a 42 km slog on her majesty, Mt Everest. This is how the Inside Out application works for you, opening doors to internal, ancient wisdom.

Life Lesson # 2 - You get out, what you put in ~ push yourself.

Travel Buggy was running amok. Upon these rolling ocean waves and labyrinths of coral caves, the surfing began. This energising frustration, the ultimate test of physical balance, not to mention patience. GPS, an ol' gnome, a gnome known not for his sense of direction, lent his stick on the beach one day. This replaced sticks of nicotine. Straight trade of addictions - surfing for smoking. The young elf in the prime of his hedonistic flight managed to veer off this ill fated flight path. The descending spiral of health magically reversed by the bows of a chocolate cello, into an ascending staircase of gold bullion. The ocean, sound and brain waves and a few other waves must have combined and became some cranking brand of theta healing. Yoga helped, calm contortion of limbs is ridiculously stress reducing, having wound up in quite a gnarly headspace. During the first few weeks for the L - Plater yogi's watching others was the way to learn. As they say, the wise man learns from the mistakes of others. Only one problem, if you can call it this, some of the women were too beautiful, limber and wholesome. The oh so casual glances to monitor 'technique' became complimentary stares. The teacher came by, tapping him on the left shoulder, asking aloud, in full ear shot of the yogic crowd - "Are you here?" presumably this meant present, "Or are you there?" pointing at this yogic goddess. Answering was futile, and with that she took the mat and led the walk-of-shame to the back of the class. Smitten, disgraced, a rookie yoga go-er. Buddha himself

would have had trouble disciplining the eyes. The force was strong and as they say in yoga circles, all's well that bends well. It was the fairy though, embedded deepest in the young elves mind. With her winsome wings, simpering on all they flew over.

Swizelstix spent the ensuing slice of time living at Festival HQ - with head honcho, Chief Freddy, helping, learning and throwing parties. This went on for quite some time, before a disagreement over musical endeavours devoured the friendship. Freddy came home one night and all the elves pent up rage and frustration exploded in a fit of fury. The young elf lost the plot, things got physical, which was most unlike the peaceful little tyke.

This period, whilst fast and loose, transformed a squandered existence - a born again elf, used as a guinea pig for 'the game' and system of red pleasure, a prototype elf, with unique fitness. A guidance mechanism the fairy had sent which operated on a similar structure to AA. The decade of debauched fun and games had left the young elves tender psyche perturbed by a few too many soirees and general overzealousness. An elf addicted to partying, his palette with an affinity for soul juice. The disagreement with Chief Freddy Honcho forced change within and lit the fire of inspiration as he actively pursued his dream of psychedelic rock, dream pop, rolling house and rhythmical magic - with a side of shoe gaze.

Around this time chats swathed with the fairy, encircled by a project of cloud footwear and imagination grew as he tried valiantly to decrypt the age old mystery of love. Or is it a game? Only time will tell. The fairy decided to withdraw her efforts as she fired her bow of focus in another direction. A pretty penny of lady luck, glorious and enigmatic kismet. A kink in nature, designed by providence, to increase your tank of pleasure and feelings of prosperity. Honour, courage; relax. The gear that creates your existence is engineered to help you locate 'the others' - those cut from the same cloth, those of similar ilk. The universe is designed to provide you with more of what you love. A game, for the human race. A magical alphabet, built with the help of some very magical creatures became the language of the dreamtime.

A bewildering phenomena exploded into life. The red genius of a young fairy, her numbered souls divine, tap dancing the clock in and around the sun. Speculation was rife as to what the dawn of this new era would bring. This period would catalyse a quantum eruption of volcanic proportions. Laying dormant, buried in the mythical psyche of the magicians, sorcerers and enchantress'. The fairy, queen of the miracles, had started the process of twisting this world inside out. Quantum mechanics; the fix it system of the universe. The golden rule - One must follow their passion, the rest would glide into place.

Almost exactly a decade after the Desert Eclipse, another eclipse was scheduled to cross Aussie skies, late 2012. Communications had started with organisers of the gathering, in a village of Arnhem Land - traditional land of the lucky and sacred indigenous. Maybe it's in Arnhem Land Swizelstix thought - aloud. A pile of music had been flying across the skies on a simple memory stick of electric story time. Having started playing music, after over a decade of 'field research,' an invitation to lay down some tunes for the team in Arnhem Land was thrilling. This excited a young musician no end. So the melting, changing, warping of the time space continuum continued, in jaw dropping and eloquent fashion. Dressed to the nines, fizzed and frocked up. Gently stirred, the journey home had begun.

One particular question caused a long burning hole in the wee elf's brain. At what point does sound become repetitive? To answer this would add marvellously to his florist of knowledge. The real question he wanted answered though, was simply, where the sweet bloody jesus *IS IT?*

The fairy had sent a message about health and wellbeing through timeless activity including running, singing, dancing so on and so forth. The mechanical tinkering at 60 revolutions per minute. The oil and grime of yesteryear, all wiped and scrubbed with nothing but good ol' fashion elbow grease, as the windows of the soul again squeaked clean. Timeless forms of energy, internal digging and pushing rather than sitting mindlessly, tapping on the latest not-so-smart phone, as the idiots do. Humanities spirit, diddled by technology. The elves weren't going to fall for this, notwithstanding internal technology and the lost art of art, fitness and conversation. Movement and play was the elves meditation, they'd move their magic bodies, it helped them to unwind.

Singing lessons began which were very much needed. The gnome ate gnocchi, while the giant played some thwarted notes, his sax lay limp and dangle. One dream evening saw visit from Gui Boratto who said in no uncertain terms about the loops and structure of electronic music, to the willy wonkered slaves of sound; 'these are our mantra's.'

Watching life bloom like a deep, rosy red flower, from a rose bush named Abe Lincoln - in spring, became

terrifically enjoyable. The singing was assisted by the running, the rhythm of the 909 mimicked the footprints, painted on the footpath, as the fitness aspect of tank building kept energy levels up, while the work was done. In turn enabling longer sessions, as the running improved, so did the drumming. The rhythm of the feet became music to the ears. A juggernaut of creativity and health was being created by the twisted, warping, magic spirit. Primarily for pleasure and boosting consciousness, rising to the occasion, whatever the occasion may be, like a good little loaf of bread.

A Party in the desert to mark the end of time was nigh. A mutant event - desert extravagance, yachts and life decryption, all flowed seamlessly into it's chorus of post-dawn luck. As discussions were made to sail a central Australian bound vessel, into the sandy seas of cheese. A ridiculous notion and flotilla projection was imagined as 'The Ship of Fools.' Who else, bar a ship of fools, would be so daft as to sail into the desert. The lonely fraction of sense, indeed, it was this one fact - it was wet season. Hi ho, the hardy sailor, merry may we stand, your mast that rises to the sky ~ oh, let us head tilt. One of the more significant moments of realisation came shortly after the completion of 'Born to Run' a novel or documentary in written form relaying stories and attributes of the living, breathing humanness employing archaic techniques of a tribe of ultra-runners called the 'running people.' This was how they freshened their liquid system - movement. The freshest water runs. The human body is 85% water, stagnant person, equals stagnant water. Sitting at computers makes one depressed. Running water, however, is fresh water. Herein, the first world stupor or affluent slumber, shall we say, ended.

He began running, the purest form of athletic expression, lifting the heady distortion; chasing song. Miles and miles, hour after hour building his tank for energy. The extraction was not limited to fear. Insecurities or anything which troubled the soul would somehow be targeted by a pleasure identification system, like lasers targeting kidney stones, blasting into tiny little pieces. The elf ran and ran, running through the fuzz and mental milky way, left by too many parties and soul juice. Running not from something, but towards it. A new start, a spry existence. Motivated by one thing and one thing only - his thoughts of the captivating fairy, whom he'd do anything for. Each and every step he took, she'd run on through his mind, moving through the shadows of this tinseltown and time.

The activities, those which are loved interlink and develop into your system for pleasure. For instance running and singing. The cardiovascular workout and training of breath - through exercise - would help singing and lung capacity. The better one became at swimming, concomitantly, singing improved. All parts required the extraction of your finest, unsheathe your talents, strap swords to your feet and carve mountains. Worlds Best Effort, push yourself to the limits, inverting the general status quo by doing everything you can, because you can. Fly like a flappy bird, tipsy on the daylight, young ravishing winged one. Little dove on the horizons of change and bent reactionary blush. Doop-di-doo, our story for you. Recapturing the essence of one's true nature. What you love to do and are designed for accordingly. This is what can happen when you hunt your dreams, this is where the elves do their best work, targeting your dreams, helping you live them. Once the first step was taken, the elves and magical creatures of time would kick into overdrive.

Above the clouds with numbered wings, above the muddy love of gin, a hearty synth and fly within, the part of you that longs to sing. High above thought is verve, the french horn lives with bells and birds, she takes you on a ride which no one else has ever ridden. A riddle spent in time aligns the things you love and people find a better way to live and to relax. This system fair is all we ask of you.

Dreamtime language is the gift of psychedelic, a gift we all deserve. Psychedelic; the word derived from latin translating to mind manifest or soul manifest. Alas, she also provides a gateway to the oldest and truest system of faith, or system of luck; music.

The decade following school was 'party time' that would rival any rock band worth their salt as far as intake, intensity and musical volume went. In fact, lets upgrade 'rival' and make it 'put to balls to the wall shame.' The crystal consumption and a hint of sartorial elegance was second to neon. Fine times, good time design, tailored to the electrical music of this day. Bach and Beethoven's twisted reincarnations. While the instruments are electric, the music is still music. Pretty darn bright and vivacious though, like Mr Whippy dancing at Glastonbury, racing his little cart of ice-cream cones, stuffed with gelato, through the squishy, satisfying, sundae fields and strawberries, bearing musical treats. Swerving through a soft-serve imagination with the night-laser stars, beaming with their bargains. Is there anything more universally loved than ice cream? Perhappily Music!?! A scrumptious duet. Rather than receiving power animals, this lot seemed to have been bestowed party animals. A jangle of rock stars; without a band, winking, should the bright lights bereave their freedom. The elf had forgotten to learn an instrument though - also he didn't have a band. Most importantly: he lacked the work ethic. All ultra-necessary ingredients for his vocational wish.

Without the words of Winston - 'never ever give up' - he'd have lost hope of ever finding it. Smoking, sizzling, popping, while bolts of rainbow energy could be seen connecting everything, exploding into colourful vapour as he searched high and low. Wow. Fear not, it's just the wizard, it's his caper. Pins upon the chessboard, the circuitries a mess, crawling from the dollhouse, a little girl and dress. Inspiration came from one line in arguably the greatest album of all time ~ Dark Side Of The Moon. If not the best music, they were certainly the best lyrics. "We breathe in the air. Don't be afraid to care." Suddenly he cared again, the trusty warhorse of evolution in combat with the frailty of squandered time. Rearing, the mare's crooked teeth smiled for the camera as another flashbulb of inspiration, further lit the day. Friendships altered, like a delectable italian pasta sauce, reduced over time for maximum flavour, a plethora of acquaintances became a handful of true friends. The elves could wrap up problems like perfectly cooked, al dente spaghetti, on a fork. Tickling your nose with their whiplash of flavour.

Each Sunday morning, riders would whistle by at car-esque speeds while the lazy sods in the pack discontinued peddling. A beautiful, mellifluous sound of harmonising clicks arose as an athletic choir of psychedelic whizzed by. The mesmerising echoes flamed poetic memory of a song unwritten, with palatial magical potential, on hands and knees, begging for respect. A liquid treat for the mind of little miss bluestocking, suitably dressed, in red. The humble, mystical servants of coconut cocktails and musical riddles. Stirred with literary and buzz, served with a little tropical umbrella.

Looking inside holographic flames of existence, magic is made, but maybe, firstly, one must learn to speak the language of the elves!

By this stage the toothsome fairy had flown the coop, though she continued sending cryptic messages through enigmatic light and sound, inviting play and novelty. She taught the young elf to believe in love, himself and the order of chaos.

The palace of seven billion souls warped in harmony, as madam muck hands lady luck the time and silver key...

Do you know where *it* is? Please help me find it begged Swizelstix - as the riddle of mighty dance continues..