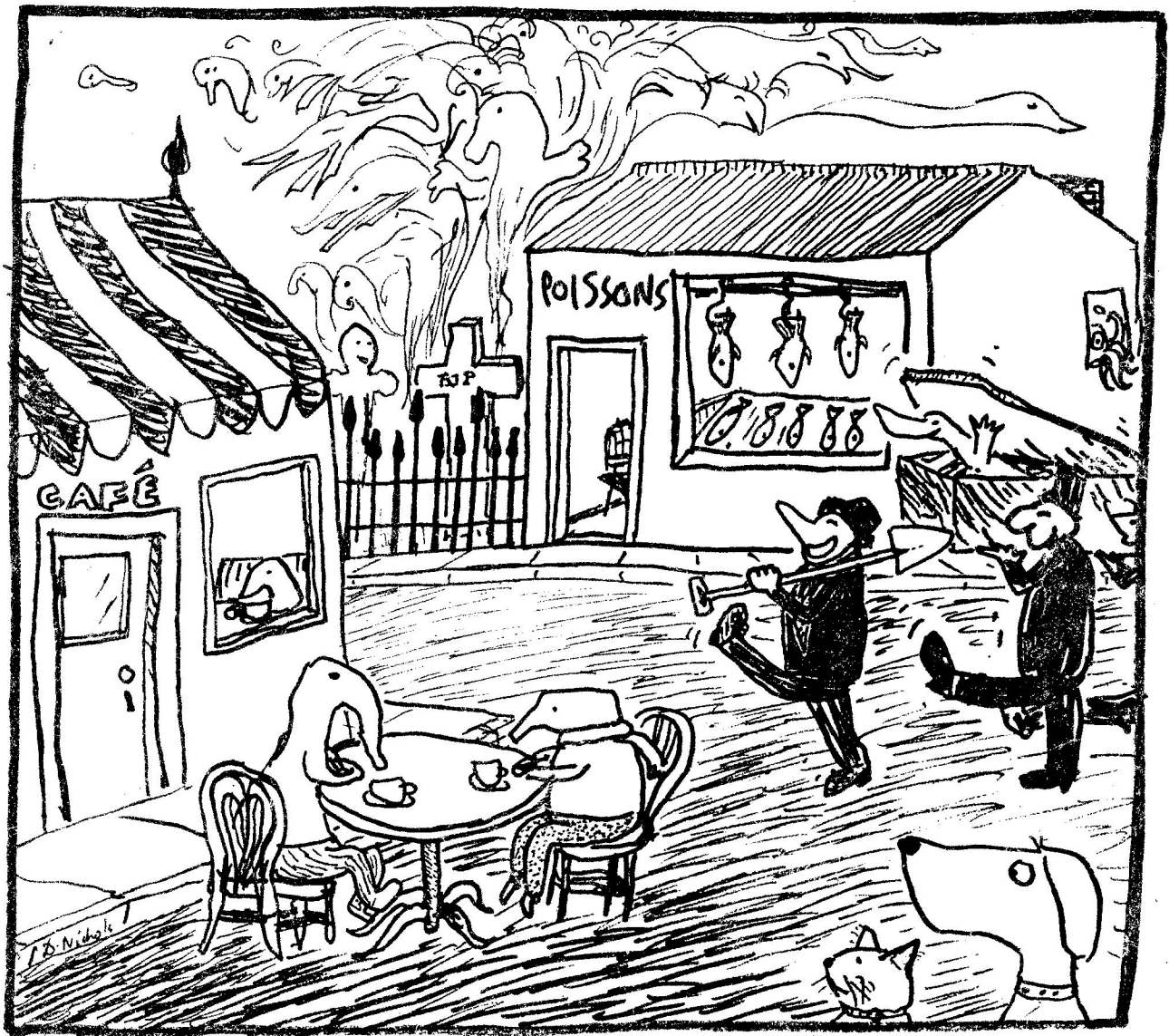


A Distant Violins production

1.00

Everything's Roses



by Megan Edwards & David Nichols © 1984

JOY CRABWORTH & HER SERIO-PHONIC ORCHESTRA



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL WORLD TO ME



AND DIVINE AND WONDERFUL FOR ALL TO SEE



WITH LOTS OF SNAKES FOR ME TO SEE



OH THANK GOD IT WAS ONLY A DREAM... A NIGHTMARE



AHH WHAT'S THIS ON MY ARM... GET OFF! GET OFF!



IT'S THE MOON! IT'S THE MOON'S FAULT, CRANSTON! NO!

OH... IT WAS ONLY A DREAM



I'VE BEEN HAVING A LOT OF DREAMS LIKE THAT LATELY... I WONDER WHY...



FIRE! YOU'RE ON FIRE! OH... IT WAS ONLY A DREAM...

and so on...

"My dream
with a basket
of roses hanging
from the
wrens to the ground

MEGAN'S EDITORIAL

The idea was suggested quite some time ago but nothing much came of it at first. In fact I thought that David had forgotten, just as he forgets everything. And then suddenly it was upon us. We had two weeks in which to write and print this wondrous magazine. I never doubted that it could be done but I knew that something would suffer. It turned out to be me. I am not the person I once was. I no longer sleep or eat, my typing finger is bruised and my back aches. I am getting lung cancer from smoking so much. I look more like my shadow than myself. It's all David's fault for being such a jetsetter. His forthcoming trip to Sydney has really created chaos down here.

We've had some fun though. It all really started on a Monday in September. We went to the city and looked at the rain and spoke to a man about Biggles books. Or at least I did. David vanished around that time. We met James and went to RRR and had endless cups of tea and coffee for which I believe we're quite famous. Then we went back to David's in Hawthorn, where, in between writing hit songs and reading letters from Nikki Sudden, we managed to develop the format for what you are now holding. "Suffering Icarus", we said in unison. "We've really stirred up a hornets nest this time." I only hope it looks half as good as we envisaged. I suppose to us it will. After all, it is based on what we are privately obsessed with. For that reason it may mean little to you or anyone else. Don't be discouraged though. There will be something to suit your taste. That is if your taste runs to watching "Family Affair" and eating yoghurt.

Yes we've laughed a lot throughout the making of our mag. We've laughed a lot since first we met. Do you want to know our personal philosophy? I'll tell you anyway. It's "when in doubt - laugh", and that just about sums it all up. That's not to suggest that we don't take anything seriously. Or that we don't feel pain. Of course we do. We have had some rather traumatic times together and there have been moments where all we wanted to do was to throw books at each others heads. But it never did get that far, our personal philosophy has always stepped in to save us and we hope it can save you as well.

I guess I have no need to introduce you to David. I imagine that most of you have bought this effort because of your familiarity with him and his work. He's bound to tell you who he is anyway. What I would like to tell you about him is difficult to express, and is essentially a private thing. Oh don't get big ideas. It's nothing like that. David told me just yesterday that he is a eunuch anyway and I usually believe what he tells me. No, I am talking about what it's like to go to Foodmaster or Exposure with him. Or to deliver Epileptic Foundation pamphlets with him at 5.30 in the morning. The simple things have turned out to be the most wonderful but that's what is hard to articulate. Well for those of you who do want to know something about my young co-editor, let me tell you now. He's sweet and cute and a very good friend.

"And what about you?", my mother may be asking. I don't think that David's going to shower me with compliments in his editorial and he is bound to forget to introduce me so I really ought to do it myself. But there is little to say. I'm just Megan and I tend to spend a lot of time floating from nowhere to nowhere. If you look hard enough you'll probably notice that that's what you're doing too.


It's time to go. I hope you enjoy the journey. Don't forget to write to us and always remember to carry an umbrella when it looks like rain.

Megan enjoys writing editorials you know and here is much better than mine. I suppose. Still I may as well have a bash. She's right, I forget everything but I was not so willing to forget this idea because I was sure she was a very good writer and I thought, a Megan magazine would probably be a very fine thing. You see I had never read anything she'd written, in fact I still haven't, it's in the basket waiting for me. As for me, I've avoided writing anything fictional for the last 3 years, and, somewhere in here you're going to find what is probably a very scrappy effort by me well let's not think about it. Megan insisted. That was very funny when we watched Family Affair you see I have this rather juvenile tendency to try to derive humor out of make-believe sexual allusions in shows like that and I'm sorry. These last few days I've been really slack, I've felt so lethargic that all I've done really is sit in bed and read. Megan is wonderful you know, she's done all this stuff for this magazine & I've done nothing...this is the first time I've sat down with the typewriter for our mag. My world-weary or are they just david-weary friends will heartily support me when I say, I'm no good at showering anybody with compliments, in fact oddly enough some very near & dear people who I know very well even say I can't do a bloody thing, but that's by the by, well I try to explain to people "Once Megan did this...", "Once Megan was on the tram and...", "Megan & I had a really fun time when we pretended..." but it's pretty impossible to share your in-jokes with anybody. God that's a horrible admission when we're only this far.

I think I'm entering into the spirit of things here...tonight Megan said to me, "I keep on thinking of umbrellas"...see I couldn't explain to you but that made me laugh... I don't know about these obsessions. I'm obsessed with beaches and fishes and my inadequacy and not wasting time and getting old (my god, 1974 was ten years ago!) being scared of people and feeling humiliated after exchanging niceties...how much of this will come out here? How much do you want to know? I'll tell you why I think you might like this...well if you're like me you enjoy looking into other people's lives. And...when someone confesses something, in a song or a book or something, you appreciate it, maybe you're touched by it, or something. I reckon that Megan & I are not just saying, in this magazine, "Fuck we're good" we're also doing a whole lot of other things, but I don't think we have the slightest idea what. Could you please write & tell us. Megan said to me a few weeks ago words to the effect that, it's sad that I'm not as nice as I was when we first knew each other, I don't know if she still feels this way, I see she calls me sweet & cute & a v. good friend I'm glad she feels that way, I could say she is sweet & a good friend but probably not cute, why am I? Well no matter.

Please everybody write to us, one thing we can do is write letters! Tell us what you think of our obsessions, unless it's nasty. No even if it is.

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OPEN MOST OF THE TIME

Everything's coming up chocolates.

THOUGHTS ABOUT LEAVING.

Summer is coming. Already the mornings are lighter and the evenings longer. The flowers are falling and the leaves on the branches are preparing to go brown. There is warmth in the air, I can smell it, as the window is open and you, looking through it, can see me packing my Winter clothes.

As surely as Summer is coming I am going. Leaving behind the patch of flies perched upon the rotting carcass. Avoiding the oppressive heat, the threat of fire. I won't be lying in the sun this year, waiting for my skin to become less pale. No longer will I head to Brighton or Manly or the shady forest where the darkness revives ones dehydrated spirit. Now is the time for the voyage. It could be endless.

Oh Australia what have you been doing to me? Why should it be that I should want to leave you and become a displaced person of no fixed address? Your stony fingers are pushing me into anonymity, I'll know dislocation for the first and final time. Something must be wrong here. Is it too late to ask you what it is?

It's a dangerous land with few choices. If we opt for tradition we have futility but if we wander along the new roads of development we confront an almost sickening nationalistic fervour that does no-one any good. I'm not too sure what I know anymore, but I recognize the sycophants and the intolerants and the people who use their country to cheat. No matter how dense the bush may be I think the mystery's been unravelled. It was only fool's gold we came here for. We smile with plastic smiles here now, we constantly pretend.

I think of what I'm leaving and I know that I can do it. It is natural to remove oneself from the scene of the crime. It is only a geographical landmark after all. Yet I caught myself here yesterday, looking at the gate, thinking about how I'd stay if I was begged to.

But why contemplate such pointless prospects? The ticket is in the hand, the hotels are booked and part of me has gone already. The only part that ties me down is my fear and that can be easily discarded. Says she who never throws anything away.

I wonder about the man at Croydon station. We do not talk beyond "Hello, how are you?", and "Fine thanks", whether we are or not. Something is there though. He has watched me grow up through two school uniforms and through my College days. He saw me on my way to the Helter Skelter Club. He was only nasty to me once when I laughed when he told me there had been an accident further up the line. "It's not funny", he said and I knew he was right. Why did I laugh? I don't know. I don't generally find a persons death to be amusing. Maybe I thought it was the ultimate way to leave.

I don't suppose he will notice my absence. I don't care. I will not be spending any time thinking of him. It's interesting however to see what things you notice when you're about to put one foot forward. What is ordinary becomes distinctive and I realise just how hazardous it is to take anything or any one for granted. Even a lowly station guard.

Croydon station is different now. They tore down the green weatherboard and put up brown brick and if I was still a schoolgirl I would be troubled. There is nowhere now to hide to have a sneaky cigarette before the train arrives. Whatever happened to the notes we wrote on the wall? Where does dead graffiti go?

I acknowledge therefore the continual pattern of change. That eternal circle of progression. Things are changing even before I leave. What was there yesterday is not there today and yet I remained. Does my presence or absence mean so much?

I look around. The place I have lived in for all of my life, apart from three infant years, will not get from me the title of "home". It can't continue to provide my security. What will become of my bedroom? Will the bed remain made for visitors or will they strip the sheets and put them in the linen press with the towels and the

mothballs? Perhaps it will be generally accepted as the junk room and used as a house for the ironing board and the vacuum cleaner and the kettle when it fails to boil.

What a death for my place of refuge. I saw my first ghost in there one night when I was looking out the window. I wrote my diaries in there and pinned up photos of my heroes in there and cried in the when I was unhappy. Experiences happen once only. What has occurred in that room will never happen to anyone again. I wish I could collect my memories into a box to take with me as a permanent reminder of the past twenty-two years. Yet I maintain that everything is transient and how could such time fill such a compact space? I envisage instead the future bedrooms I shall lie in.

I leave behind a total of seventeen years of formal education. I emerge with two useless initials after my name. As I head toward the foreign Winter I pay more attention to the lessons of life which I suppose are about to be enforced upon me. A lot of them have been already. I'm familiar with the happiness one finds in doing something right. I know also what it's like to have the carpet pulled from beneath you. After all, what else really matters? Love and loss seem to control our lives with an unmeasurable tenacity. Anything else we know or learn or own is incidental.

It won't be long now. A good cold beer is now more tempting than a warm glass of claret. I am wearing cool dresses and the ratings period is over. It's almost Christmas and those cards adorned with snow and robins don't seem quite as absurd as they used to. I write to people with more care. "I'll be thinking of you" I tell each person. And maybe I will.

I cannot say anything is certain, once perhaps I was naive enough to think I could. I don't know what the New Year will bring. Do new countries greet you with open arms or do they shun you and make you hurt? I pray for reactions like the former. This country has hurt me enough by squeezing me dry and denying me of opportunities and hope. The dust gets into my eyes and mouth and I choke. Now I want to be free on the monopoly board and sit on the Chelsea embankment that I've heard so much about.

I feel so brave and right and know that I am doing a wise thing and then I remember and I reach for that tool that sharpens scissors. It occurs to me that creating friendships is one of our most dangerous pastimes. Nothing is really as fragile, as illimitable and yet they seem so immensely strong. As I sit here I see her face, I hear her voice. She has offered me advice. That person has laughed with me and been hungry with me. We've pinned up notes in the laundry together, smacked mouldy joints together and occasionally gone through hell together. It will be difficult to learn how to pick up my own pieces.

And what about you? Will you be there at the airport, wanting to stay with me until the final hour? Will I say good-bye to you last and walk away crying towards those doors that only open in one direction? We could say farewell in private. We might set a date and when it's late and I must leave I will look at you and brush your hair from your eyes and trace your lips with my finger. It could touch you. Maybe we'll have a long affectionate hug and include a future as we remember the past.

It could always be a standard valediction. "I'll see you around sometime." Don't do it. If that is how it is I shall be sorry. Please be kind when I go. For Christ's sake, don't be like Australia.



FOR THE SUNSET

I moved with obvious uncertainty.
It was a treacherous choice between
Mirrors and milestones.
But I saw that I had to take the chance
in case I gained.
I had nothing to lose and I knew it.

De

Oh but how time deceives the imagination.
I didn't move slowly, I threw myself
Straight to the heart of the flames.
And what I lost was of considerable significance,
Just everything I owned
And with no justification.

Str

It would be nice if you could take my hand
Just once more before the sun sets.
And reassure me that nothing ends,
Or loses value.
I know you don't lie and won't do it,
But it would be nice.

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I wonder if artificial hearts feel pain.
If not I want one.
Do you suppose it could be arranged?
Mine is in need of restoration.
I've seen the blood far too often,
Dripping through my eyes.

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st

id

th

If things could stay the same
I'd turn back the clock
To that cacc.
When first we found there was attraction.
So pleasant for you,
So crucial for me.

It is not within our power though,
To rearrange the shape of life.
And if we could,
There are starving millions in India
Who need the attention
More than you or I.

I only want you to be happy.
If happiness for you is being free from me,
Then so be it.
It is my sacrifice you realise,
I am giving up what I think I want,
But take it.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? (Not suitable for feminists)

You're the same as me,
And I'm the same as you
So now that you've managed to get me here,
What are you going to do?

Are you going to rape me,
Or hold me in your arms?
Or are you going to strip me
And pursue my womanly charms?

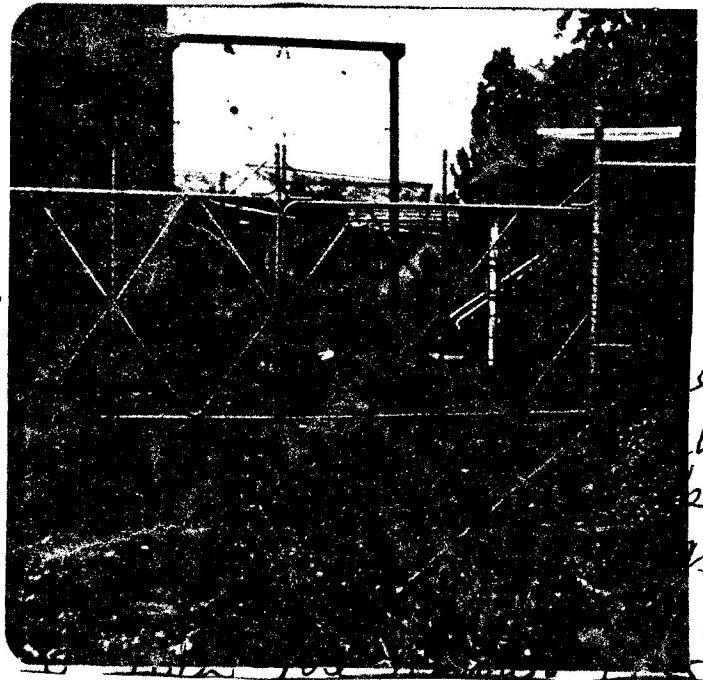
Or will you light a candle
And turn on all your grace?
With a glass of good red wine,
Respect for the hidden place.

Will you work it slowly
And flatter me with words?
Or leave it for another night
When we know each others moods?

Or are you feeling sensual?
I can't tell by your voice.
But you know I'll grant your wishes,
As a woman - I have no choice.

IN THE NEXT EPISODE -

TRAVIS will begin to suspect that DUNE and LAUREL's relationship is going a bit deeper than it appears. MADGE might bake a cake and FREUD the dog will be poisoned by being hit by a car. TRUDI will say she's being picked on and ART will despair. GAVAN will accuse LINDA and JAN will become a surrogate mother with the help of LUKE and against her aunt CLOY's better judgement. CREVICE and DAWN's business will start to pick up and ZY's violent tendencies will appear when he tries to strangle CECIL. ALMA will pack her bags, offended by DARTH's insinuation but HY will persuade her to stay for the sake of BROOKE. (R) (B&W)(60 mins.)



e
k
bed
s
to

MEN ON FIRE

Q. What's it about?
A. Men on fire are the sort of men you really want to get to know. They're essential.
Q. How do I become one?
A. It's simple. Just light a match and let it burn to the end, then, your fingers will start to burn then your hand then your wrist then your arm and before you know it you'll be a man on fire.
Q. But doesn't it hurt?
A. I don't think so. I don't know.
Q. Will I get asked out more if I'm on fire?
A. Yes. People respect and admire a man on fire, and feel as though he's always the right sort of fellow to invite to banquets, tupperware parties &c.
Q. Will I have superhuman powers?
A. No. This is one thing that being on fire will not do for you. Except you will be able to burn people, but I don't count that. Men on fire are perfectly normal - except they're hot.
Q. Once I start, can I give it up?
A. Of course, otherwise it wouldn't be democratic like it says on the packet. You see, everyone's body exudes a gas called 7Hy - the gas that makes you burn in the first place. 7Hy production can be halted simply by cutting down on fatty foods.
Q. Sounds great! I'll try it!
A. That's not a question, cunt.

d

Hi to:
Epic
Alan in Scotland
People we hate:
People at the
Regency
Scotchies
you know who
you are

THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT.

On the morning after the night of the graduation I slept in for awhile although my sheets were twisted and my feet were exposed. Eventually, after staring at the ceiling for quite some time, contemplating the state of things, I arose. Feeling indolent I stayed in my nightie, covering it with a jumper and putting on a pair of socks. I typed for an hour and smoked a bit and had several cups of tea.

Later on I peeled an orange and I didn't break it into segments, I simply bit into its flesh. It's juice cascaded down my chin like a cliché and down my sleeve and dripped. It tasted sweet and everything was alright. There I stayed, idly browsing a magazine and listening to the singer.

Then I realised that I was extremely sticky, especially on my fingers and on the end of my nose. There were bits of pulp stuck between my teeth and my nightie was blotted. I smelt like the fruit I had eaten. I made a mental note not to eat oranges again unless I had to. And how often is it that one is made to eat oranges?

man in
coffee
shop
Buffy, shop
Jodie
French
Lady on train
at Camberwell st'n

STARFISH
I wish I wish
I wish on a starry fish
So my wish will go swish
by David.

Also
Hi to Michael
Roger the taxi
Eliot driver
Irish the lady
Euro Linda from
Footmaster
The Man in the
Bookshop



Epileptics everywhere 5

Message from Tony Greig

"I know what it's like to have epilepsy
and I can tell you every cent will be

Everything
Roses
PROBLEM
PAGE

as if
anything
could be
wrong

Dear Megan and David,

I hope you can help me. One day I was sitting in my lounge-room working on my tapestry. I was not doing anything wrong. Suddenly some men came in and picked me up and put me in the back of their lorry. They gave me a white uniform to put on, and, because I generally do what I am told to do, I did. They drove off and I bounced around the walls of the lorry were padded. Eventually they let me out. I found myself in a place I had never been in before. All I could see were open fields. Then I met a farmer. I asked him if I was far from Melbourne. He had not heard of Melbourne but said that I was in N.S.W, quite near a town called Gurraminji. I thanked him for his help and gave him some biscuits which I found in the pocket of my white suit. The pocket also contained money and I realised that if I walked to Sydney I would be able to afford a train ticket home. This is what I did. I returned and began work on my tapestry again. So far there have been no repeat performances of this episode but I spend a lot of time hiding in the cupboard just in case. I can't go on like this. Megan and David, I know you are both sincere and understanding people. Tell me what to do. Please.

From Marlina.

1. I'd start clear of tapestry needles if I was you Marlina.
2. Yes, I think she should take up volley ball.
3. Well I'm glad that's settled. People are so busy to have us to turn to in times of need.
4. They certainly are. Shall we nip down to the pub for a pint?

Dear Megan and David,

I reckon that Motorhead are bloody grouse. I'm a headbanger which gives me mum the shits. Seeing as you two are ace, what do you reckon I should do about it.

From Mozza.

1. You ought to bang your head against a brick wall.
2. Until it splits open.
3. And then we'll pick up your brain and if there's enough of it we'll put it under a microscope and study it.
4. And work out if you should have been dead when you were alive.
5. Scientific observation is going to be the proof of what we already know.
6. Yes. Have you seen my Black Sabbath record?
7. Last time I saw it it was with my Status Quo belt buckle.

Dear David and Megan,

My problem is that I can't make friends. Perhaps you could tell me what I'm doing wrong. I polish my Bata school shoes everyday (I go to College) and I always wear pleasant beige pantynose. I wear a good firm bra and a girle. I never leave the house without my slip. I wear a little blue eyeshadow and some purple cream to help my spotty condition. I love pastel colours. My face is round and my jaw sticks out just a little. When I was in the school cafeteria munching on my pie and chips, I heard some people call me a dag. I know I'm not. I am as in with the in group as I can be even though I'm out of it. Mum is starting to worry. We go out to the discoteques together and sometimes we go and see pop groups like The Blue Echoes and Air Supply. We look for people to be my friends. I am so alone. Please help.

From Dottie.

1. I think we can help her.
2. I think you're right.
3. Plan A?
4. Yes.
5. O.K. You're obviously going to the wrong places. We are going to be very kind and take you out with us. Well, you can meet us there anyway.

1. It's opposite St Kilda station.
2. It's called the SOB.
3. Which means Seaview Or Ballroom (for those who don't know which word they prefer)
4. You'll really love it and you can wear your pastels.
5. We'll meet you there on Saturday at 10pm.
6. You can't miss us. I'm a negro and David's Chinese.
7. So you just come up to us and we'll look after you. You'll have a really fun evening. See you then Dottie.

Dear Miss Edwards and Mr Nichols,

I have a most unpleasant problem. Last Thursday I was on the tram going home from school. I was in a super spiffing mood because Harry asked me to have a game of rugger with him next Saturday and then to go back to his place for tea. I was also chuffed that my mother and father were going to be out when I got home. I thought it would be a good opportunity to don my casual slacks and have a relaxing hour before doing some study in our library. But it was not to be. The tram ride home was so distressing that I had to lie down instead. You see there was a girl on the tram with a typewriter and a boy with an umbrella and they wanted to use these weapons to attack me. There was no-one I could turn to for help. They were saying things like "People who go to Scotch College must die." Well, I go to Scotch College. You can imagine how frightened I was. I needed Harry very badly. I was so scared that I urinated and I've had to destroy my school trousers. These people are such cads don't you think? From Oswald Smythe.

1. Yes, it sounds a terrible ordeal for you.
2. Thank God we never meet any of these rotters.
3. We think you should stop catching the tram.
4. Yes, you should walk home from now on.
5. Especially if you live 10 miles from school and it's raining.
6. And if you have a heap of books in your satchel.
7. Or perhaps you could move in with Harry.
8. But then he'd be having even worse problems with his trousers.
9. What day is it?
10. Thursday.
11. Got your umbrella?
12. Yes. Got your typewriter?
13. Yes. So let's go.

(Megan and David proceed to go down Glenferrie Rd singing the old school song :

People from Scotch must die,
People from Scotch must die,
We'll bash them up and spit on them,
And then we'll watch them cry.

Dear Megan and David,

I am writing to ask you what you make of people who do funny things. I saw a boy with a green coat on and a girl with a brown coat on and she had a Biggles book and he took it from her and read it out very loudly. They kept being people that they were not - assuming other personalities. They kept laughing at nothing. At first I thought they were friends. Then they became brother and sister. Then mother and son (a mentally retarded son) and then they became hippies and started talking about their crazy days in the Sixties. They could not have been that old. Then the boy went blind. And the girl told him that he should stop his habit of dancing in front of the mirror wearing nothing but a bra. Then she started talking about marrying a man she has never met. Isn't it strange?

From Dick.

1. I think these people sound fantastic.
2. So young and groovy.
3. We love them.
4. They are the best two people in the world.
5. Clever and gifted and good-looking.
6. No wonder Dick's a little over-awed. I mean seeing two gods in one day.
7. Yeah. Be like seeing two Dick's in one day. Just doesn't happen that often.

If you have any problems just send them in or cheer up

Scene: the family are moving house. SID is sitting in the armchair with his feet up and reading a porno. The rest of the furniture has yet to be moved in but SID has already set himself up in his favourite chair. SID opens up the centrefold.
 SID: Cor blimey, look at er. (Audience laughter)
 His wife, Betty, enters.
 BETTY: Ere, Sid, the men ave come to paint the toilet seat.
 SID hides the porno (laughter)
 SID: Oh, er, there you are Betty. I was just thinking, wot colour would you like this room painted?
 BETTY: Ooh eck I don't know. Shall I ask Albert ter get us a colour chart from the paint shop?
 Enter Trudi, the new next door neighbour, who has big breasts. She is holding a statue of NAPOLEON.
 TRUDI: Ere, where d'you want this bust?
 SID: Anywhere you like darlin (audience hyster

-ice)
 BETTY: Sid! That's not funny. Just over there, thanks, Trudi love, on the floor.
 Trudi puts down the bust on the floor and Sid watches her bending over.
 SID: Cor! What a bit of crumpit! (laughter)
 BETTY: Wot was that Sid?
 SID: Er, I said d'you want a bit of crumpit for your tea Betty? (laughter)
 BETTY: That's very considerate of you Sid. Ere why don't you pop darn the street for a pack of crumpits.
 SID: Awright, but first I got to go to the barroom.
 BETTY: Awright dear but don't forget to use paper.
 SID goes out. A painter enters.
 PAINTER: Vere you are missus, I painted your toilet seat good and proper. Ar bart a cuppa tea?
 BETTY: Fank you Mr Timkins, I...oo eck!
 PAINTER: Wot nar?
 BETTY: Oo eck its me usband Mr. Timkins, e's just gone to the barroom! Oo! wot'll appen nar? (laughter)
 Enter SID wiv is pants darn and a blue bottom.
 SID: Betty! I want a word wiv you! (more laughter)
 (BETTY notices SID has a porno in his hand)
 BETTY: Ere sid wots vat in yor and?

SID: Nuffing! Nuffing! (He hides it be'ind is back. It sticks to is bottom)
 BETTY: What's that stuck to yor bottom?
 SID: Not nar dear not nar wiv Mr. Timkins an Trudi in the room. Its me Scotch College ole boys magazine darlin since you ask. Wot did you fink.
 BETTY: Ee vat's nice ye still keep oop wiv wots goin on at yor ole school in Orstralia (to Mr. Timkins & Trudi)
 E's quite cultured, my usband is.
 SID: Yer. Nar if you'll excuse me, I'm goin to the outside toilet. (He turns to go an the centrefold wot was in the porno wots stuck to his bottom unfolds. Audience hysterical again. Betty outraged)
 BETTY: Sid!
 SID: oo eck. (He stumbles, as his trousers are round is ankles. He falls over)
 SID: Flippin eck! Me corns! Betty!
 BETTY: well! You can stay vere for all I care!
 SID: Elp! Elp! (laughter, laughter, laughter)

TIME FOR A COMMERCIAL BREAK, BUT THE WORLD ENDS BEFORE WE CAN RESUME THE PROGRAM.

She moved ac ross the crowded room as if it were of no consequence, no coincidence indeed no nothing, No man will ever touch me there again. But she knew that such a threat was folly. It was obvious that she loved it and wanted to be near it. It too loved her and hoped that this would be the one that stayed and made her toast & tea in the morning. But mornings have a habit of being imaginary. It seemed a pity that after all that hard work, there was no way of avoiding what might very possibly be real. Seeing this was not the difficulty, believing it to be the real Jesus Christ... what a mess. It wasn't supposed to happen this way. But time would be the test of such a natural reaction. All she knew & all she could say was "it hurts". He paid no attention and went on and on and on and on. Such continuation could only mean one thing- that thing could make or break the love that they had so foolishly cheated. It could be done, she thought, if only she wasn't in love with the girl in the supermarket who gave him a discount whenever he went to restock his supplies. Strangely enough, he found it stimulating to gather the gang around for another game of "Trivial Pursuit". "This one's funny", he chuckled. "Who won the game?" "I'm not sure" she muttered. "I was thinking about the flowers in the valley in Wales where Dai used to roam with his dog Trudi. Trudi was always scampering up the hills, near the place where he was born. He could be alone there and not feel the usual shuddering orgasm. You see, Hilda was parylised, through her own stupidity.

THE MARTYR.

One might ask 'why is it done?'
 Why are the veils drawn so tightly
 Around the face?
 God why the mask?
 Christ why the smile?
 It wouldn't hurt you to stay awhile
 She said once.

For all we know there could be shadows
 For all he knows there might be pain.
 Stains perhaps on pillows
 Too much wine at night
 Where's the wise man with his key?
 What would it feel like to be free
 And not bitter?

'It's all a consequence of the past'
 As she raised her arms and let them fall.
 I've seen the murky creatures
 Knocking too often at the door
 They don't stay but that they come is trial enough
 It's not for love.
 It's for murder.

Who took the chair from beneath her?
 It would have held her
 Throughout the storm.
 Oh laugh if you want to be careless
 It's only a fragile life in your hands
 And you made the promise to understand
 The reasons.

The man with the medicine
 Should have been here by now
 Do we suppose he's with his lover
 In a house where nothing is real?
 He could be, so he will not show
 She faces what she hates to know.
 He doesn't want her.

Where is my suit that will not melt?
 Is it in the cupboard
 With my laughter?
 I must put it on and zip it up
 And iron my face for the Russian men
 It's raining in New York again
 And probably snowing.

.....
 You don't seem to remember you were with me that very early morning when we were on the stretch of beach past the beach houses; half light and a distant transistor radio I was sure I could hear but you refused to believe in, though we were not being playful; you know the thing we found there, it was shapeless, decayed and the bones made even blanker by the encrusted black inbetween them. I guess you're right, I think too much.

Michael's Party

(This is an example of what was known as "new journalism" which originated in the 60's - Tom Wolfe etc. Although the style has now been severely exploited, we have chosen to use it & write, in our own inimitable style, a review of Michael's party. We're writing this together. Meg a chunk, Dave a chunk. We've gone chunky-have you?)

It was Michael's party that we were going to. In Fairfield. I'd never been there before, I'd never met Michael, and I knew not what to expect. The last thing I foresaw was being nearly attacked on the way. It's true. We were trying to find the place (it was dark & we were late) when this lad appeared from nowhere & came right up to us & blocked our path.

Actually he was probably harmless but I had to avoid looking him in the eye. He asked us where he could get a tram, and I said, "There are no trams round here that I know of" and he said, "You mean in this land of civilisation you can't get a tram?" and I for one was sure that would be when he started punching me but instead he passively allowed himself to be told where the train station was. First hurdle over.

In a roundabout way we found the party and, strangely enough we went in. David introduced me to Michael who was very sweet and then spotted a bunch of his old school chums (not Scotch) sowe got a glass of beer each and went to mingle. The topics were, apart from David, Rachel's creative writing course and Mark's brief resume. Before too long we found ourselves having

WRITE TO Megan + David
 c/- LOT 27
 BRUSHY PARK RD
 WONGA PARK VIC. 3115
 AUSTRALIA

Cont of leaf
 7

SICK PICTURE:

what resembled an epileptic fit, and I found it hard to keep a straight face. I had no idea why I was laughing. Well, I suppose it stems from the old saying when in doubt.....

Actually I think I was laughing because I knew these people and I just... knew them too well and they don't command my respect. Also it was funny. We talked these people and I wandered off a bit to talk to Michael and give him some lollies, and, I came back and said something to Mark a bit and Rachel passed on a bit of gossip about someone I knew which gave me cause to think for 3 seconds but nothing terrible, anyway they ended up going after a while which was odd.

This gave us a chance to sit back and contemplate our surroundings and those we were surrounded by. Both were remarkably similar - a little jaded, a little run-down, but interesting nevertheless. For those of you who are fashion enthusiasts..

go and stuff yourselves. Megan asked me who I thought was the ugliest person in the room and I told her which I shouldn't have. About 30 seconds of a Moodists record was played. And I was content and became conscious of the fact that I was not at all self-conscious. Though I probably looked a bit out of place. Megan looked almost TRENDY somehow.

Well, back to where I left off. I was going to describe what the people were wearing but it seems a difficult thing to do. nyway, you can imagine. Not quite Ballroom material, but getting on that way. There was certainly an "arty" flavour to the evening. Hairstyles ranged from the banal to the extraordinary. The conversations I managed to catch were likewise. It was an interesting scene to survey.

Actually I don't think it was all that interesting - to me, all hairstyles are banal anyway. I liked the bit when Michael put his blue shirt on. I met someone who apparently went to Monash, the same course as I was doing but he was really bitter about it, like I was when I was there. And Megan told me about how she used to want to be in love with the Laughing Clowns. Now she hates them.

Toilets have always posed a problem for us. Public ones and those at other places. Yet sometimes one just can't avoid a visit to these hallowed areas. David went first and came back to report. "There's a lock on the door" he said. "And that's all that matters". I agreed wholeheartedly and ventured there myself. I was not prepared for the smell which emanated from a room along the hall. I don't know what it was but it was certainly overpowering. I'm being silly. Of course I knew what it was. It was a familiar smell to us all in the crazy days of the Sixties.

When I was 4 and you were 7. Then we left to finish this and crossed the Chandler Hwy. bridge. I was rapt. End



What a Glorious Day That Will Be! Little Joe Who Sleeps in the Grave Will Rise

IT GETS US OFF

all you ever wanted to know etc

Full name - David Graham Nichols
 Born - 20th April, Melbourne
 Family background - Brother + sister + half sister
 Weight - 8 1/2 stone
 Height - 5'4"

Favorite food - Raspberries.

Drink - Orange Juice

Actress - Hattie Jacques

Actor - Kenneth Williams

Film - Make Mine Mink

Band - Cream (not really)

Record - Don't care

Person - Babar, King of the elephants

Best Thing About Being Famous - Meeting Beargarden

I Would Describe Myself As - David

Worst Thing About Me - Selfish, lazy, greedy, dishonest

Best Thing - I'm cute + irresistible + talented.

First Girlfriend - Rachel

Pets - Blackie, Carmel, Rastus (ANOL)

Best Gig - Sunbury '73

Heroes - Mark E. Smith, Ed Kuepper, + more.

Most hated Person - He knows who he is

If I could change my appearance - I wouldn't.

I Collect - sad memories

Most Embarrassing Moment - Crashing out in Phil's

What would you do with a week to live? - Rejoice

Who would you most like to meet? - Edwin Collins



Full name: Megan Louise Edwards

Born: 2/8/62 Lancashire

Family background: one younger sister

Weight: 7 1/2 stone

Height: 5'3"

Favorite food: yoghurt

Drink: tea

Actress: Barbara Streisand

Actor: Jack Thompson

Film: The Way We Were

Band: The Church

Record: Blood on the Tracks, anything by Nikki Sudden

Person: you

Best thing about being famous: being mugged

I would describe myself as: misunderstood

Worst thing about me: my habit of polishing fruit

Best thing my friends

First boyfriend: No comment

Pets: Lennon, Lady, Charlie

Best Gig: Sunbury 71

Heroes: David Blue, Frank Moorhouse, A. Ginsberg

Most hated person: the girl from the Big Store

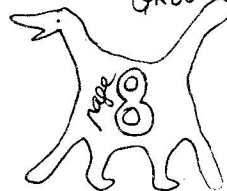
If I could change my appearance: I'd be more beautiful

I collect: Dylan bootlegs

Most embarrassing moment: everything

What would you do with a week to live?: That's my secret

Who would you most like to meet?: Nikki Sudden



NO PASSING ABOUT BUSINESS

It was a good year for the roses

ODE TO EZRA BONOWSKI

I think about you Ezra Bonowski when the lights
~~flash on a dark street~~ and I wonder if the
mechanics of your imagination still churn out images
in the shape of trees. Some trees look allover when
the wind blows their leaves inside out and upside
down. That's what you did to me Ezra Bonowski.
Turned me upside down and inside out and that is why
I question the effects of your imaginative vision.
Tell me you still see trees. I am a tree.

Sometimes I see saucepans caked with burnt soup and
furry beans which now I am able to handle but which
once would have made me be sick. I have been lost
in the jungle of time, of the mind, and I've come to
realize that thinking about salvation doesn't prove
that it exists. If it does, I know I have to find
it even when my knees are cold and my hair is wet.
Even though there are three dead cats down at the
river and even though I'm scared.

I have seen evil and I have seen kindness and both
were there with you Ezra Bonowski. Do you recall
the time you gave me a cupful of life and urged me
to drink it before it got cool? How was I to know
that it was poison and only fit for child rapists
in the park? To know that you spat in it first
makes it seem decidedly worse somehow. But I could
complain no more than I could kill a bird. It is
pain which makes us suffer and it is sufferance
which proves to us what happiness is. So when I am
happy Ezra Bonowski I will remember your cup of
poison and thank you for it.

Because I never knew the size of your head I never
bought you a hat, and because I didn't know the
directions to Istanbul I never took you there. We
never ate spaghetti on toast together and we never
discussed surrealist paintings. Did you ever see
that movie about a girl who would have given all she
was and had if she could only have the opportunity?
They asked me to play the lead role but I refused.
I couldn't relate to the character.

Let me remind you of things you told me. There was
the story of that lady you once knew who stole
flowers from rich people's graves and put them on
forgotten tombstones. Was she the same one that you
lay out on the back seat of Danny Lebedovitch's car?
You know. You pulled down her pants and slid your
hand between her legs which caused her to laugh in
her love and anguish and cry out, 'Oh God please
fuck me. Fuck me'. All I can say is that it was
lucky for Danny Lebedovitch that he was blind in one
eye and deaf in one ear.

We never got around to the business of fucking. I
wish I'd had you that night in Seattle. I should
have laid down on the bed and asked you to come with
me. We were both pretty pissed that night so you
might have. Who knows what crevices our tongues may
have explored? Christ, I dig my nails into my palm
just thinking about it. My palm could have been your
back. My child could have been your sperm. We could
have laid there after it and watched Dylan go around
and around and then I could have read you some
Ginsberg while your head rested on my breast. I
would have participated with you. There would be no
need to pretend. Oh what shit I speak Ezra Bonowski.
We never made it to the farmyard that time so I can't
believe we could have made it to heaven.

Have you ever wondered why a triangle always has
three sides or why a circle can never be square? It
is because a triangle is a triangle and a circle is
a circle. They are what they are defined as. They
are pure in their truth. Have you ever wondered
what would happen if two people walked down a
straight road from opposite ends and then crossed
each other in the middle? Would they remember each
other after 88 years? Would they stop? I'm not too
sure. Time can erase the memories. Do you believe
that memories can erase time? If it were you and I
on that street would you remember me? I would
remember you and I would say:

"Well hello Ezra Bonowski!"

And you would say, "Are you you?"

And I would say, "Yes it's me."

You would say, "How are you?"

And I'd reply, "Oh Ezra Bonowski I'm hurting."

You would ask me why and I'd tell you the
pure truth.

"I had the key to the doorway of life and I
lost it."

And you would say, (and as you said it you
would be looking at the sign in the shop which
has always read 'Please Use Other Entrance')

"Hey, you sung that song 88 years ago."

Then I would laugh because we you had
remembered and we had proved time wrong. I'd
probably start hurting again though if you
went into the shop, via the other entrance,
and bought a copy of the Financial Review.

But I won't make you feel for me Ezra. I won't
sit in the gutter and cry and I won't show you
the ugly scars that no surgery can remove. I'll
show you instead my strength, I'll make you believe
in it and if you see a tear say nothing. It might
not be real. No, I'll never tell you what I never
did tell you, as long as you don't want to know.
You just go on breathing while I just continue to
think.

When it's foggy and the coat I bought last Winter
when I was being fake has frayed, I think about
you, your wife and kids. What is happening in
washing line land? How is Moorabin now that the
freeway has taken over the best part of your back-
yard? It would be funny to see you on Sunday,
mowing the lawn while Trudy plays with the kitchen
and cleans the kids. Carlene must be out of
kinder now and Jason should be in third grade if
I have my timing right. I hope the Black and
Decker handyman kit is thriving. How are the cock-
tail parties? How are the barbeques? What a
blissful existence it must seem, each ingredient
combined to create a universal perfection. But
beware Ezra Bonowski. Those lines will soon be
setting deeper.

Or are you still the same? Bohemian Ezra, taking
each day as it comes, living with nothing and
putting your only trust in your own faith. Do you
still laugh and drink Scotch at midnight and wash
your dishes without soap? Do you still not wear a
watch and is there mud still stuck in the soles of
your shoes? You might have made it with your
philosophy of anti-tradition and non-conformity.
I'm still surprised that you didn't. You had the
guts and the ego and the innate feeling of
superiority, which, given guidance, could have
pushed you to success.

I am the child of love and I am the infant product
of passion. I never gave you these qualities of
which I am comprised. Will I ever give them to
anyone? Will anyone ever see them? One day last
week someone told me that mountains could be held
if they could be seen and now I'm constantly
looking for mountains. They are there for me to
climb. It was something that I always suspected
but I feel safer now that I've been told. It can
be better to be told than to have to find out for
yourself. Now that I know I can tell. I have
the spirit of the mountains within me, the
vehemence of the sky and the perpetuity of the
grass. I am nearly whole and what is missing only
I can provide. I once thought that you could
because you always seemed to know what was best.
But now in my freedom I can talk. If you were
here I would speak to you.

Ezra Bonowski, has anyone told you today that
you're beautiful?

A LITTLE MEMORY

Simon used to make me eat chocolate before we
kissed because he liked the mixture of the tastes
and said that it made him smile. I didn't mind.
It was a good excuse to eat chocolate. And a
good excuse to kiss.

I once read a book in which there was a drummer
who would fill his mouth with brandy and then
transfer it into hers. I used to think "that's
what I'll do when I grow up."

*"Greg took a break from
everything and went up
the coast."*

** We'd like to give a special hello to
the Lighthouse Keepers.*



LETTERS PAGE

Dear Megan,
Nicole & I wrote a poem about you. It's cold in the dormy, very cold, so we have to remain active; the nuns won't give us paper so we cultivated our skin & made stationary out of it. Anyway, the poem goes:

Sister Dominic beats us hard,
Sister Tenacity tied us up in the yard
They've given up pleading, they've given up
beggin,
Nothing they do can stop us worshipping Megan

We hope you like the skin, it's Nicole's
yours,
Nicole and Trudi

Dear David,
it's been years since last we met and when we did meet it was only for 10 minutes at a party. I've never forgotten you though. I realised however that I would have to give the love I have for you to someone else. This is what I have done.
From a nun.

Dear Megan,
remember that night on the balcony? I told you my hopes & aspirations. Without you, they're nothing. I'm going to Greenland to try and forget.
your devoted Walter

Dear David,
Just a note to thank you for all of the publicity you have given us. We have never heard a word you said (can't pick up RRR in Ireland - don't know why) but we have been told that you talk about us all the time. Thanks.
From U2

Dear Megan,
the hour grows nearer and nearer to 11:00, when we will be alone. I don't know what will happen. I may sing to you. I may slip you this note to read when I have gone. love,
Steve Kilbey.

Dear David,
You'll never know how much you hurt me. When you got on the tram with that low down slut I nearly died.
From the tram conductress (WardB, Larundel)

MEGAN EDWARDS
FOUR MORE DEATHS STOP YOUR ENGAGEMENT
NO N IS BECOMING MORE AND MORE WIDELY KNOWN AND
NO YOUNG BACHELOR IS SAFE FROM DESPAIR STOP IT IS
EVEN A BIT MUCH FOR ME A HAPPILY MARRIED MAN TO
KNOW THAT I CANT HAVE YOU PLEASE BREAK OFF THE
ENGAGEMENT OR WE COULD HAVE ANOTHER JONESTOWN STOP
CHIEF OF POLICE

Dear David,
Due to circumstances beyond my control I am going to have to quit my job. When I thought about possible replacements I knew that only you would do. Please say you'll take over from where I leave off.
From Bob Hawke.

Dear David,
Your mouth is red, your eyes are blue,
Your hair is blonde, and we love you.
From Grade 5. (girls and boys)

Megan,
your appearance on the show was the biggest blockbuster I can remember. Could we have you on permanently. The station execs. reckon a quarter of a million per appearance- is it a deal?

Mike W.

Dear David,
If it wasn't for you my job would not be worth while. It is with great joy that I visit your house regularly. If you want any extra services (free of charge) just let me know.
From the postman.

Dear Ms. Edwards, homewrecker,
I was happy until my husband see you on television. Now he talks about nothing else. I hope you're satisfied
a normal woman.

Dear Megan,
since we are always talking about you ole Potty our art teacher said, why don't you make a sculpture of her so we done it- but we wanted to make a sort of personal gesture so we made it out of our used chewy and our earwax. This is the sort of things Scotch boys do. Could you send us some signed photos.

from: Albert, Stinky, Terry,
Jason, Valentine, Jason, Rupert, Andrew, Cuffy,
Geoff, Hearn, Chris, Harris, Toby, Donald, Jason,
Marc, Graeme, Rob, Tomkins, Tadgett minor-
Form 1E, Scotch College.

Dear David,
Well, what am I supposed to do? I can't just leave him with the kids. I don't think he's eligible for a pension. You know I want to be with you. I love you.
From Princess Diana.

Dear Megan,
often when the clothes to the line I am peggin,
I hafta stop and think of Megan.
One day I hope to be like her,
And not such an inconsequential blur.

love,
ME fan club member
76895AaH609
(Hettie)

Dear Megan,
I had to weep when David said he couldn't stand in for me because -oh something about demeaning himself, I must have misheard-please could you step in and take over? I just have to get away. I tried to ring you first but the phone was engaged
BH

Dear Megan,
even though I know you're not a real person, sometimes at night when mummy and Uncle Ron fight I pray to you. But your to good to be true
Suzy

Darling David,
One day I was trying to ring my boyfriend of 7 years and I dialled the wrong number and got you instead. I no longer have a boyfriend, I dropped him that very same evening. I love you so much that it hurts me inside. Please love me in return.
From Betty.

A Future Letter

Dear David,
Hi, how are you? I was thinking about you today. I looked at the salt shaker and it reminded me of the time we put that magazine together. Do you remember all of those letters we received? Everyone loved us so much and it is amazing to find that they still do. Do you still get mobbed in the street? N and I went to a remote spot off the coast of Albania last week and do you think we got any privacy? No, even there they had heard about us and wanted us and would cheerfully die for us. I'll never understand how that whole thing started. There we were, just going along in our usual casual manner, just living and breathing, and before we could say "bally blighter" the whole world was at our feet. Remember how we wanted to run and hide because we just couldn't cope with it all? All we wanted was to be young and free and groovy. Not heroes. In the end we had to hire a van and go up North. Jesus, we wasted our lives just hiding from our enthusiastic public. Remember how in one week you had to change your phone number 19 times? The press were relentless. We were not without the odd enemy though. Do you recall the story that originated at Scotch College? It was said that we were so insecure that we had to create the people that were in love with us. They said that we made up our letters and things. Oh what cruel lies. Anyway, missionary boy, I must dash. Guess who's calling! Give my love to Kes and the kids.
With love from Megan S.

Dear David,
The angels are calling and yet I ignore them because for me there's only you.
From Wizard.

page
Ten
bye xxx