

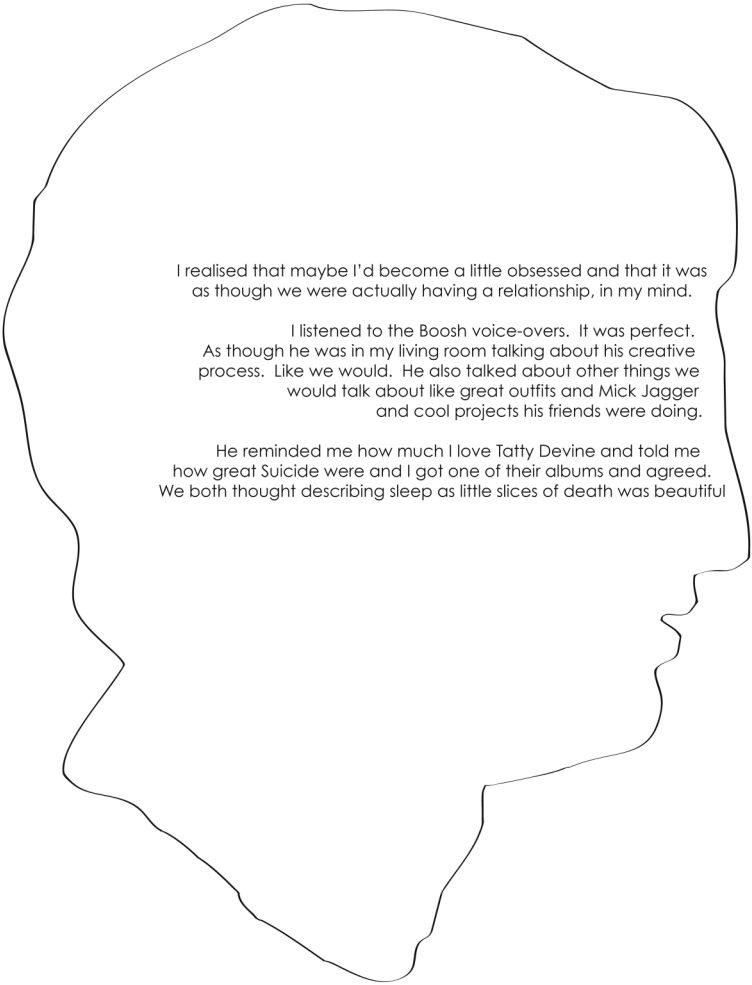
'You'll hear a lot of strange things about what happened tonight.
None of them are true'

he said as he edged in beside me, nude in the morning. I was about
to get up for a full day of music. I'd retired some time after the sauna
and before he offered an E to anyone who could make his dick hard.
He would tell me of this incident later in the day. I guess it was true.
That's not the sort of story men fabricate to tell their lovers

At some point later in the day, standing on a hill surveying the crowd, I
noticed a well-dressed girl in the que for the chair lift. I'm always looking
for good outfits, particularly at a festival. She'd really put some effort in but
her shoes were out of place with the rest of her ensemble.
Hold it. That's my lover.
He looked very pretty.

Later in the night a girl in the crowd said to me


'I don't want to worry you but I think that girl you're cuddling may be a man'.



I realised that maybe I'd become a little obsessed and that it was as though we were actually having a relationship, in my mind.

I listened to the Boosh voice-overs. It was perfect. As though he was in my living room talking about his creative process. Like we would. He also talked about other things we would talk about like great outfits and Mick Jagger and cool projects his friends were doing.

He reminded me how much I love Tatty Devine and told me how great Suicide were and I got one of their albums and agreed. We both thought describing sleep as little slices of death was beautiful



I found out he's ten days older than me.
when he was 12 the same songs were hits as when I was 12
and when he was 21 the same clothes were fashionable as when I was 21.
and he went to art school too
and he's a Gemini as well

He's just like me.
But he can be because I don't know him and what I don't know I can just make up, in my own image.

When I returned after all that time he invited me to lunch in the front room of the dark California Bungalow. The fireplace was the focus of the room even without the fire that had warmed our conversation the previous time I'd visited for a meal. The mantle piece was covered with condolence cards, now a little dusty after three months. Amongst them was also a photo of him as a toddler with his mother. Someone had asked him where it was taken. He had realised that such information was now lost forever. This loss haunted me for months, nestled in with the other things that were lost that day.

We sat at the dining room table to eat chops and drink too much booze. He relayed the plot of the latest Patrick White novel he'd read. It was as though he'd dressed in costume to present the story, set in Colonial times. He wore a kerchief tied around his neck in a tight knot and his beard was long. As the story peaked, he ran his long fingers through his hair, which combed it into a style a bushranger might find suitable for court. He had apparently groomed himself like this for years regardless of trends or literature and now time had played its deceptive games and plunged him into the height of fashion. As we sat indoors on a rainy afternoon in November last year, he was dressed like all the cool boys - as though it was 1967 and frontier fashion was having a revival.

I hadn't felt comfortable writing about him for a variety of reasons so had abandoned it. Then the plot developed in an unexpected way. Inspired by the Fitzgerald's, this time Zelda's famous quote, we'd talked about using other people's words and lives for literary purposes. He declared he'd be happy to have his words used in writing.

I confessed that I had more than a passing interest in this issue and we ruminated over lives borrowed from fiction, discussed poems fixed by girlfriend's in bed and paintings done by brothers who had no choice.

Being granted permission was unexpectedly inspiring and I realised there was something to be said about time. It was about time something was said.

I conjured some dark rooms that were from both my childhood and last year. I dragged up some fashions from the past, fashions that had been dragged up before.

And I made a call to clarify the exact word he had used a few weeks before. The word was archaic. I'd teased him about being older than me, which he isn't. His response was 'I'm like Gough Whitlam, I prefer the archaic'. Useful biographical information at this stage - he is a young man, born in 1980.

'When I said I was happy to have the things I say used in writing, you should remember them. It's not the same to call up and check'. Well he said something like that. I won't call up and check.

But I do aspire to accuracy when I'm representing other people. Actually I think it's impossible to be accurate but if you're going to strip-mine other people's lives for your art, surely attention to detail is a courtesy one should address.

Facts checked and ethical courtesies attended to he said 'Sounds like you better get back to the Remington.'

I dreamt of a thin pixie like boy who was everywhere
– walking up St George's Road, at parties, on the tram,
at work, on the other side of the Edinburgh Gardens.

I dreamt we had intense sex as though we'd done it before.
I think we had done it before, lots of times.
I woke up from this dream suddenly, unexpectedly.
When you've been having sex with someone for eternity,
it's disillusioning when it ends like that

Next time he appeared he was a dissolute rock star. Long hair,
more manly, a sense of recklessness. A different spirit.
We talked about smoking.

In another dream he appeared as a golden king with a draped cloak
and a crown. He was charming and present despite his high status.

Then he was on earth again. Back. 'I'll be back', he said.
He was everywhere again, like the pixie boy from the start.
In Swanston Street, at openings, at gigs.

'I'll be back', he said.