

NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS NO

MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS NO MAGI-
KIAN NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS

NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS

NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS

NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS

NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS

NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS

NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS

NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS

NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS

NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS

NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS

NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS

NO MAGICIANS NO MAGICIANS

I'VE SPENT SO LONG IN CROWDS THAT I KNOW THINGS ABOUT PEOPLE JUST BY GETTING CLOSE TO THEM. SOME WEAR TATTOOS LIKE BASS DRUMS HAVE A BAND'S LOGO. SOME ALWAYS SMELL LIKE THEY'VE JUST STAGGERED OUT OF THE MOST LUXURIOUS BED. SOME KNOW HOW TO WALK THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF A PARTY AT EXACTLY THE MOMENT TO GET CAUGHT IN A DOZEN PHOTOGRAPHS. IT DOESN'T MATTER. THERE ARE ONLY TWO SORTS OF PEOPLE.

THOSE WHO'LL GIVE YOU A CIGARETTE. THOSE WHO WON'T.

I LIKE SMOKING. SOON WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO DO IT ANYMORE, PEOPLE SAY. MAYBE OUTSIDE, IN THE COLD, OR THE RAIN, BUT NOWHERE ELSE. THEN WHAT AM I MEANT TO DO WITH MY HANDS? HOW WILL I KEEP THEM BUSY AND WHERE I CAN SEE THEM?

THIS IS WHERE IT STARTED.

I CAME TO MELBOURNE TO SEE A MAGICIAN WHEN I WAS A KID. EIGHT OR NINE. I DON'T REMEMBER THE YEAR. I DIDN'T LAST FIVE MINUTES OF MY BIRTHDAY SURPRISE. THE MAGICIAN HAD A BALL IN ONE HAND; THEN IT WAS IN HIS OTHER HAND. THAT WAS THE MAGIC—THAT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED BETWEEN HIS FISTS. AND I THOUGHT: WHAT IF THAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF THE THEATRE? WHAT IF I WAS HERE, AND THEN I WAS OVER THERE,

ALL AT ONCE, AND I WAS SCREAMING, AND EVERYONE AROUND ME JUST APPLAUDED?

THE CITY CAN BE CONFUSING. THERE ARE CARS, BUT SOMETIMES THERE ARE HORSES TOO. I WORRY ABOUT THEM IN THE TRAFFIC, WITH THOSE BLINKERS ON, DO THEY EVEN KNOW THERE'S ANOTHER HORSE STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO THEM? THEY MIGHT THINK THEY'RE ALL ALONE, SURROUNDED BY CARS. LET'S TAKE OFF THEIR BLINKERS. THEY MIGHT LOOK SIDEWAYS AND FALL IN LOVE.

HORSES PLUS CARS EQUALS TIME TRAVEL.

I CAN DO IT SOMETIMES TOO! IF YOUR MEMORY STARTS TO GO, YOU ALL HAVE THIS POWER. YOU'RE HERE, YOU'RE THERE. ONLY YOUR WATCH TELLS YOU SOMETHING'S CHANGED. MINE'S A REAL FUCKING WATCH, TOO. NOT DIGITAL. IT PUSHES TIME AROUND THE DIAL. TAKE IT APART AND SCIENTISTS COULD USE SQUIGGLY PHYSICS EQUATIONS. AND THE WEAR ON THE GEARS TO CALCULATE EXACTLY HOW MANY TIMES IT HAS GONE AROUND. LIKE RINGS TUCKED INSIDE A TREE.

THEY WANTED TO MAKE THE CLOCKS ON THE FLINDERS STREET STATION DIGITAL. MELBOURNE WOULDN'T LET THEM. BECAUSE DIGITAL CLOCKS ARE FLIP BOOKS! POLAROIDS OF TIME, SNAP SNAP SNAP

WITH NOTHING BETWEEN THEM. NO GLUE. THE MINUTES COULD FLY LOOSE AND BLOW AWAY. IF THEY'D CHANGED THE CLOCKS AT FLINDERS STREET, THE TRAINS RUNNING THERE, PAST THE STATION, UNDERNEATH IT, WOULDN'T COME ROARING DOWN THE TRACKS THEY'D STUTTER, JUDDERING DOWN LIKE UNDER A BAD STROBE, SENDING EVERYONE WAITING AT THE PLATFORM INTO EPILEPTIC FITS.

CALL ME A TOURIST BUT I LIKE TRAMS. I LIKE HOW THEY'RE FASTER THAN WALKING BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO WALK. DOWN BURKE, THROUGH THE MALL, IT'S LIKE YOU'RE RIDING THE WORLD'S LAMEST ROLLERCOASTER. AND UP BURKE STREET, IT'S LIKE PLAYING CHICKEN WITH PARLIAMENT HOUSE, BUT THE TRAM ALWAYS LOOSES ITS NERVE AT THE LAST MINUTE.

WEATHER IS DIFFERENT IN THE CITY. SOME DAYS, THERE'S NO PREEZE, EXCEPT FOR THE DIRTY CIRCLES OF WIND THAT FOLLOW TRUCKS THROUGH THE STREETS. OTHER DAYS RAIN COMES IN HORIZONTALLY, RIGHT INTO YOUR FUCKING EYES. WE FORCE IT BETWEEN OUR BUILDINGS AND IT GETS ANGRY AND ATTACKS AT NASTY ANGLES. MELBOURNE'S FAMOUS FOR RAIN BUT ADVERTISING MEN KNOW NOTHING. THEY PUT UP POSTERS OF A NEW BURGER AND IT LOOKS DELICIOUS. AND THEN IT RAINS. AND NOW THE BURGER LOOKS LIKE IT'S SWEATING GREASE. THERE ARE BIG PICTURES OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS THAT FADE AND

PEEL. I GET RIGHT UP CLOSE TO THEM, FEELING THE BRICKWORK AGAINST MY SKIN, ALMOST KISSING, AND I TRY TO FIT THE STRIPS OF THEIR FACES BACK TOGETHER, BUT I'M NOT A SURGEON AND IT'S ALWAYS TOO LATE. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY'RE TRYING TO SELL ME. DO YOU OPEN YOUR EYES WHEN YOU'RE KISSING? DO YOU FEEL GUILTY IF YOU GET CAUGHT? SNEAK ONE EYE OPEN AND YOU CAN ONLY SEE ONE PIECE OF YOUR SWEETHEART AT A TIME. CHUNK OF SKIN. HALF AN EYEDALL. TREE-STUMPS OF THICK LASHES YOU'RE TOO CLOSE.

I DON'T REALLY LIKE KISSING ANYMORE. IF WE WERE MEANT TO KISS, WOULDN'T OUR MOUTHS FIT TOGETHER? SO WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO PROBE WITH OUR TONGUES, OR REARRANGE ~~THE~~ AND RESET OUR LIPS AGAIN AND AGAIN, JIBSAWING OUR FACES TOGETHER? OUR EYES LIE. WE PAY MONEY TO SIT IN THE DARK AND HAVE THEM LIE TO US. ACTORS ON THE SCREEN ARE LIKE TRAINS STROBING WRING UNDER THE CITY. TWENTY-FOUR PICTURES A SECOND. PERFECTLY STILL. WHY DO WE CALL THEM 'THE MOVIES'? BECAUSE OUR EYES FUCKING LIE! DO YOUR RESEARCH AND YOU'LL SEE THAT THE FIRST FILMS MADE IN MELBOURNE WERE MADE BY THE SALVATION ARMY. THEY FILMED FEDERATION TO PROVE IT REALLY HAPPENED. (WHY COULDN'T THEY JUST HAVE FAITH?) THEY ALSO MADE A PRIMITIVE FILM OF THE STATIONS

OF THE CROSS: LIGHT SHINING THROUGH STAINED-GLASS SCENES OF TORTURE, DESIGNED TO GET IN THROUGH THE LIQUID IN YOUR EYES AND CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT GOD. I DON'T LOOK AT MOVING PICTURES, OR FLICKERING FILM, OR ALL THOSE TINY COLOURED DOTS OF TV. WHO KNOWS WHAT ELSE IS GETTING IN THROUGH YOUR EYES?

KEEP YOUR HANDS BUSY. THEY'VE GOT PLANS OF THEIR OWN. PUBLIC TRANSPORT MAKES THEM WISH FOR SCISSORS - THOSE BIG SCISSORS THEY USE TO CUT RIBBONS AT NEW SCHOOLS - BECAUSE I WANT TO WALK UP AND DOWN THE AISLE AND SNIP THE CORDS OF EVERYONE'S HEADPHONES. I'M NOT AN IDIOT. I DON'T THINK THAT'S ALL IT WOULD TAKE FOR STRANGERS TO START TALKING AND EVERYONE TO GET ALONG FINE, BUT I STILL DREAM OF STRIPPING BACK THE WIRES AND TWISTING THE WIRES TOGETHER SO EVERYONE'S LISTENING TO SOMEONE ELSE'S FAVOURITE SONG. IT COULD BE TRICKY. THE WIRES MIGHT GET ~~SAUGHT~~ LOOSE AND FLAIL AROUND, SPARKING, SPRAYING A MESS OF TINNY MUSIC INTO THE AIR SO YOU COULDN'T TELL ONE SINGER FROM ANOTHER. I GET CONFUSED SOMETIMES.

THERE'S A MAN WITH A GIANT FOAM HEAD ALL OVER THE CITY TRYING TO SELL YOU MOBILE PHONES. HE'S CRAZY. (I MEAN 'CRAZY'

IS HIS FIRST NAME. THIS IS MEANT TO MAKE US BUY PHONES FROM HIM? IF HE'S CRAZY, WE SHOULDN'T ACCEPT HIS BARGAINS. WE SHOULD GET HIM PROFESSIONAL HELP.

WHY DO TOURISTS USE CAMERAS? THERE'S TOO MUCH TO SEE, TO TAKE IN, BUT THEY CAN FOCUS EVERYTHING THROUGH THAT NEAT LITTLE VIEWFINDER. EVERYTHING THEY SEE THROUGH A CAMERA IS WINDOW-SHOPPING, SO WHY BOTHER? IF YOU NEED THE PHOTO, THEN YOU DON'T OWN THE OBJECT. YOU CAN'T TAKE IT HOME. INSTEAD YOU GET THIS LITTLE COPY OF IT, FLAT, SHRUNKEN. LOOK AT THE SKIPPING GIRL SIGN IN RICHMOND. IT'S FAMOUS, THEY TELL ME. SHE SKIPS - EXCEPT THAT SHE DOESN'T! SHE HAS A NEON ROPE THAT APPEARS ABOVE HER, BELOW HER, ABOVE HER, BELOW HER, ABOVE HER. NOTHING THERE... SOMETHING THERE. I SUPPOSE THAT'S MAGIC. I BLAME HOUDINI.

WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET HIM INTO MELBOURNE. EVEN IF WE COULDN'T STOP HIM - ALL THE SECURITY INVENTED WOULD'VE CLATTERED, USELESS, BEHIND HIM AS HE WALKED OUT OF THE AIRPORT, BECAUSE HE'S FUCKING HOUDINI - THEN WE SHOULD'VE KEPT HIM CONFINED TO OUR THEATRES. INSTEAD, ONE FEBRUARY DAY, CHAIN AFTER CHAIN WAS LOCKED UP TIGHT AROUND HIM, AND HE WAS PUSHED INTO THE FILTHY WATER OF THE YARRA, AND HE STRUGGLED TO GET LOOSE.

WHO KNOWS WHAT LEAKED OUT OF HIS POCKETS? GLITTER. PLAYING CARDS. SOME DISEASE EXCLUSIVE TO TRAINED DOVES THAT WAS SMUGGLED IN THE FOLDS OF HIS JACKET. FROM THAT DAY, IT WAS IN OUR WATER SUPPLY. BY NOW, IT'D BE IN EVERYTHING. SWEAT. BEER. RAIN THAT FALLS SIDeways.

YOU CAN TASTE IT.

THERE'S A STORY PEOPLE TELL: WHILE HE WAS UNDERWATER, BARELY AN AIR BUBBLE SWIMMING TO THE SURFACE, A MAN DRESSED IN BLACK APPROACHED ONE OF HOUDINI'S ASSISTANTS AND HANDED OVER A RECTANGLE OF CARDBOARD WITH HIS NAME AND A GRIM BUSINESS PRINTED ON IT. "JUST IN CASE HE DOESN'T MAKE IT BACK TO THE TOP," HE SAID. THERE WAS ALL OF MELBOURNE WANTING HIM TO SUCCEED, WISHING HIM ALIVE UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE YARRA, AND IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL? AN UNDERTAKER, AND HIS TINY CARDBOARD TOMBSTONE. HOUDINI MUST HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN THAT - IF HIS CHAINS WERE TOO TIGHT, OR AIR TOO SCARCE - HE COULD SHRINK THROUGH THIS RECTANGLE AND DISAPPEAR FOREVER.

I SOMETIMES HAVE DREAMS WHERE ~~THE~~ THE WORDS HAVE FALLEN OFF ALL THE BILLBOARDS IN MELBOURNE, AND SOMETIMES THE FACES, TOO. ALL THAT'S LEFT ARE THESE SLABS OF COLOUR SET ON THE WALLS. RED, BLUE, WHITE, IN SOLID BLOCKS. SOOTHING OBLONGS. (JUST THE WORD 'OBLONG' IS SOOTHING.) MY EYES CLAMBER OVER THEM LIKE THEY'RE

SUNDAY PAPER COMIC-STRIPS. I DON'T BUY THE NEWSPAPER. WOULD YOU BUY A BOOK YOU HAD TO THROW AWAY EVERY DAY? NOW THERE ARE FREE NEWSPAPERS ANYWAY, WITH HELPFUL HEADINGS TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE READING, LIKE DOOM AND GLOOM AND BORING BUT IMPORTANT, AND THEY COME WITH LITTLE CARDS TO TELL YOU HOW TO FEEL. THEY'RE KIND OF STUPID IF YOU READ THEM STANDING STILL. THEY'RE MEANT TO BE HALF-READ ON TRAINS WITH YOUR EYES BUMPING BETWEEN THE LINES...

I USED TO GO AND READ OLD NEWSPAPERS IN THE STATE LIBRARY. I'D FLIP BACK THROUGH TIME, THROUGH THE REALLY OLD PAPERS, AND WATCH THE FONTS CHANGE. THEN I DISCOVERED SOMETHING ELSE LOCKED UP IN THE BUILDING - SOMETHING THEY WOULDN'T LET ME TOUCH, AND I ASKED; ~~BELIEVE~~ BELIEVE ME. I WROTE LETTERS LOADED WITH EXCLAMATION POINTS. I WANTED TO SEE THIS OTHER MELBARN. IT'S FLAT AND SIMPLE AND A HUNDRED YEARS OLD. IT'S A CYCLOPAMA, (WHICH IS A WORD THAT'S EVEN MORE FUN THAN 'OBLONG')

IT'S THIS ENORMOUS PAINTING THAT UNROLLS AND STRETCHES AROUND ALL FOUR WALLS. YOU STAND IN THE MIDDLE AND IT'S ALL AROUND YOU. YOU'RE IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY, NOT DISMISSED INTO THE CORNERS, OR IGNORED, OR STANDING IN THE RAIN. YOU'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE. THIS MELBOURNE. FLAT, QUIET, AND ALL FOR ME.

I WANT TO WRAP MYSELF IN IT AND SLEEP FOREVER. I MADE THE MISTAKE OF TYPING 'CYCLOPAMA' INTO THE LIBRARY COMPUTERS AND FOUND ANOTHER ONE IN CANADA. CANADA! IT'S OF JERUSALEM. TOURISTS GO THERE EVERY YEAR TO STAND SURROUNDED BY THE MOMENT JESUS DIED. HE'S THERE, UP ON THE CROSS. (SHOULDN'T THE CROSS BE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CIRCLE? IT'S THE MILLION-DOLLAR VIEW! NAILED UP THERE, SURROUNDED BY THE CITY, WITH THE CROSS ROTATING SLOWLY, MAYBE, SO YOU CAN SEE EVERYTHING AT ONCE.)

NOW I DON'T LOOK AT COMPUTER SCREENS. IF YOU MOVE YOUR HAND HERE, SOMETHING HAPPENS ON A COMPUTER SOMEWHERE ELSE ON THE PLANET. IT'S VODOO. DO MY ARMS HANG LIKE GORILLAS? DO, BUT HALF-WAY ROUND THE WORLD? SOMETIMES WHEN I LIE AWAKE AT NIGHT I CAN HEAR TRUCKS RUMBLING FROM SO FAR AWAY THAT I FEEL STRETCHED, LIKE I'M TAKING UP A DOZEN BLOCKS IN EVERY DIRECTION. I THINK I'M AWAKE—INSOMNIAC—BUT I CAN'T BE SURE.

PINCH ME. I'M STRETCHED SO THIN THAT I MIGHT BURST.

DON'T WRITE LETTERS. YOU COULD BE HIT BY A BUS JUST AFTER MAILING A POSTCARD. THERE'D BE THIS PIECE OF YOU, STILL WRIGGLING, ALIVE THROUGH OTHER PEOPLE'S HANDS. GONE TOMORROW, I'D LEAVE

GRAY, BLACK AND WHITE VERSIONS OF MYSELF ON THE LITTLE SCREENS OF SECURITY MONITORS. YOU KNOW: ANY TIME YOU SEE FOOTAGE SHOT FROM JUST ABOVE AND OFF TO ONE SIDE? ALL HEAD AND SHOULDERS? THEY'RE FUCKING EVERYWHERE! THE BIGGEST SECURITY-CAMERA-CELEBRITIES ARE WOMEN WHO ARE SCARED OF CARRYING MORE THAN \$20 AT A TIME, SO THEY'RE ALWAYS AT THE ATM, OR THOSE MEN WHO STAND ON THE CORNER OF BURKE AND RUSSELL, NODDING AT STRANGERS.

THE MEN WHO STARE AT SECURITY SCREENS GET BORED. YOU CAN HANG CAMERAS FROM THE FEET OF EVERY PIGEON AND YOU'LL NEVER STOP THE MEN WHO ARE MEANT TO BE WATCHING THEM FROM FALLING ASLEEP OR READING PLAYBOY OR THINKING OF KILLING THEMSELVES. BUT I GET BORED TOO. I GO INTO BIG EMPTY CAR PARKS AT ~~FOR~~ FOUR IN THE MORNING AND STAGE LITTLE PLAYS TO KEEP THE SECURITY MEN ENTERTAINED. THEY DON'T GET SOUND, AND THE RESOLUTION ISN'T ANY GOOD, SO YOU HAVE TO ACT BIG TO GET YOUR MESSAGE ACROSS. I SOMETIMES TRY TO GET STRANGERS TO AGREE TO SUPPORTING ROLES, OR JUST RUN UP AND ACT AROUND THEM AND HOPE FOR THE BEST. WHEN THE GUARDS COME TO CHASE ME AWAY, THEIR BOOTS ECHOING ROUND ALL THE CONCRETE SOUND LIKE A THEATRE-FULL OF APPLAUSE.

WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE CASINO: IT'S HELL, OBVIOUSLY. THEY DON'T EXACTLY DISGUISE IT. IT HAS BURSTS OF FUCKING FLAME THAT SHOOT INTO THE SKY! INSIDE THE CASINO, THEY'VE STOLEN TIME.

IT'S GONE. ANALOGUE, DIGITAL, DOESN'T MATTER. IT ALL STOPS INSIDE THE DOORS. NO CLOCKS, NO WINDOWS, NO LIGHT OR DARK. OTHER CLUES ARE MORE SUBTLE, LIKE THE PIZZA PLACE DOWNSTAIRS. ITS LOGO IS A MAN WITH A PIZZA FOR A HEAD AND ONE SLICE IS MISSING FOR HIS MOUTH. (LIKE PAC-MAN.) THE PIZZA MAN IS ABOUT TO EAT THE MISSING SLICE OF PIZZA. HE'S EATING HIS OWN HEAD. THAT'S BAD ENOUGH, BUT IT GETS WORSE, BECAUSE WHEN HE PUTS THE SLICE BACK IN HIS MOUTH, HE WON'T HAVE A MOUTH ANYMORE! HIS HEAD WILL BE A SOLID CIRCLE. IT'S LIKE ~~SOME~~ A CURSE OUT OF A GREEK MYTH.

I DON'T CARE, I DON'T. IF I FEEL THE WEIGHT OF SURVEILLANCE ACROSS MY SHOULDERS, I SHRUG IT OFF. IT DOESN'T TOUCH ME. IT'S THE PEOPLE, THE THOUSANDS OF MY BUMPS AND CRASHES EVERY DAY THAT TAKE THEIR TOLL. I KEEP MY HEAD DOWN. IF I LOOK UP, MY DEPTH PERCEPTION GOES ALL WRANG. I CAN'T TELL ~~WHEN~~ WHERE I STOP AND OTHERS START. I CAN SEE TOO MANY HANDS ON THE STREET, TOO MANY TORSOS, TOO MANY PAIRS OF SHOES. LAST SUMMER, I REMEMBER, THERE WERE DAYS WHERE THE SUN HAD COVERED US ALL IN SOME KIND OF HUMID, STICKY BLUE SKIN TOUCHED SKIN. I COULDN'T TELL WHOSE WAS WORSE, OR WHAT WAS INSIDE AND WHAT WAS OUT. SOMETIMES IT HELPS TO CLOSE YOUR EYES AND ~~KEEP~~ LET THE CROWD MOVE YOU, BUT I WALKED FOR BLOCKS

GUIDED BY OTHERS' BANGING SHOULDERS AND SWEAR WORDS AND IT DIDN'T HELP. HAVE YOU EVER FELT RUN THROUGH WITH FISHING LINE, RESINGING AND TAUGHT IN ALL DIRECTIONS?

THERE WERE THOUGHTS IN MY HEAD THAT MUST HAVE BEEN COMING FROM OTHER SKULLS.

I WAS THIS CLOSE TO OPENING ALL THE WINDOWS AND WALLS, EYES AND SKIN. I WAS SUCKING ALL THE EXHAUST INSIDE ME AND I COULD PEEL THE CITY'S SHAPES IN THERE TOO, HARD EDGES, SOFT ANGLES. FILLING ME UP. I KNEW WHEN MY BLOOD TOUCHED THE AIR IT'D CHANGE COLOR LIKE A CHAMELEON. THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD SCOOP ALL THAT BLOOD BACK IN.

THAT SUMMER FUCKING DAY, AT THE EDGE OF THE CROWD, I WALKED SMACK INTO MY CHILDHOOD MAGICIAN. STANDING OUTSIDE BERNARD'S, THE MAGIC SHOP, WHICH BITS ALL INNOCENT ON ELIZABETH STREET PRETENDING THAT THERE'S NOTHING MORE DANGEROUS THAN HALLOWEEN MASKS INSIDE. I'D SWEAR THE MAGICIAN WAS STILL SHUFFLING THE SAME DECK OF CARDS. I SAID I REMEMBERED HIS SITOW BUT I DIDN'T TELL HIM IT WAS BECAUSE I WAS TERRIFIED. I TOLD HIM ABOUT TIME, DEATH, AND HELL.

HE TOLD ME THIS: A MAGICIAN'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.

WHEN A MAGICIAN IS LEARNING THE TRADE, THINGS GO WRONG. THEY MAKE SOMETHING DISAPPEAR AND SOMETIMES THEY CAN HAVE THOSE WANDS AS MUCH AS THEY LIKE, BUT IT'S NOT COMING BACK. (IT'S HOW MAGICIANS' ASSISTANTS AFFORD ALL THOSE SEQUINS. DANGER MONEY.) SO WHEN A MAGICIAN DIES—AND HIS FAMILY GIVE HIM A FUNERAL FULL OF THEATRE—HE WILL BE BUSY WAKING UP DEAD IN A PLACE OF PURPLE SMOKE, STILL DRESSED IN TOP HAT AND TAILS. HE'LL LOOK DOWN AND THERE'LL BE WHITE RABBITS HAPPILY PLAYING ALL OVER THE GRAND, ~~COVER~~ COVERING IT LIKE CARPET. THEN THERE'LL BE A SHIMMER OF LIGHTNING, AND A DRUM ROLL, LIKE THUNDER. HE'LL LOOK UP AND SEE ALL THE ASSISTANTS WHO EVER DISAPPEARED SMILING AT HIM THROUGH A SEA OF SEQUINS.

THE MAGICIAN TOLD ME THIS AND TIME PASSED. NOTHING DISAPPEARED.

REMEMBER TO AVOID CONSTRUCTION SITES. THE SCAFFOLDING ALL ROUND THE OUTSIDE IS OKAY, BUT WHEN IT FALLS AWAY, THERE'S THIS FLAT AND SHINY BUILDING UNDERNEATH. IT'S LIKE AN INSECT COMING LOOSE OF ITS BONES. LOOK FOR FOG, OR STEAM, OR TOO MANY CIGARETTES INSTEAD. ANYTHING THAT SOFTENS ALL THE EDGES AND EATS INTO THE GLASS AND CONCRETE LIKE THE FRIENDLIEST KIND OF ACID, OR THE FACES OF YOUR FAMILY WHEN YOU DON'T SEE THEM AT CHRISTMAS.

I LIKE THE CITY BEST WHEN IT'S MOSTLY MADE OF SMOKE.

No Magicians

First published 2008

First printing edition of 500

Reproduced by Chase & Galley

All rights reserved. This publication is copyright. Apart from any fair dealing for the purpose of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under the Copyright Act, no part may be reproduced by any process without written permission. Enquiries should be directed to the publisher.

© Martyn Pedler, and City Museum at Old Treasury

Melbourne, And Other Myths

8 March to 25 May 2008

City Museum at Old Treasury

citymuseummelbourne.org



Found by Martyn Pedler at Flinders
Street Station, Platform 4,
on 23 November, 2005