

**THE**

**IMPOSSIBLE**

**DREAM**

**POISON GIRLS MAGAZINE**

**ARE YOU ONE OF THE  
LUCKY ONES**

**No. 3**

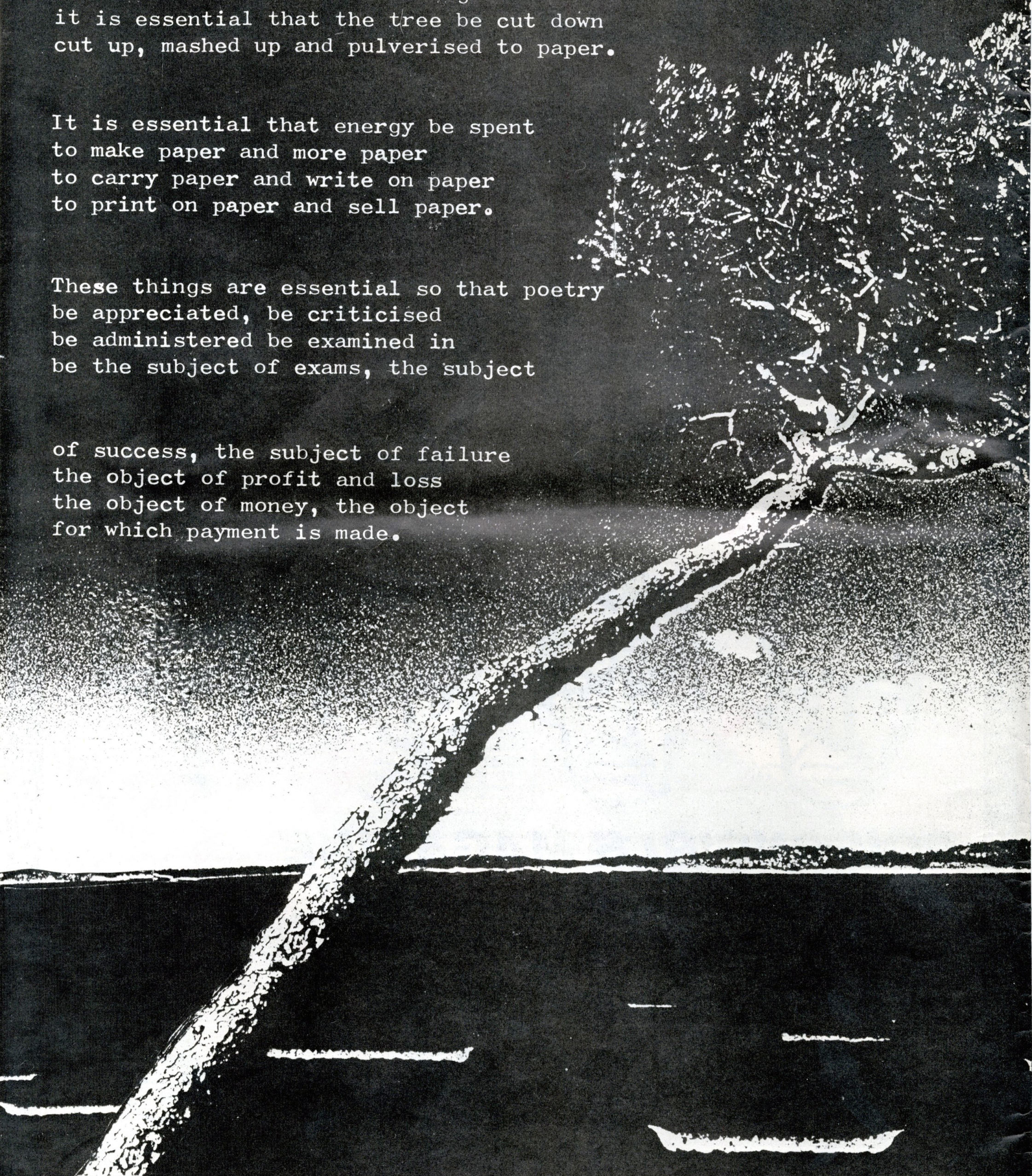


It is essential that the tree is planted  
it is essential that the tree grow  
it is essential that the tree be cut down  
cut up, mashed up and pulverised to paper.

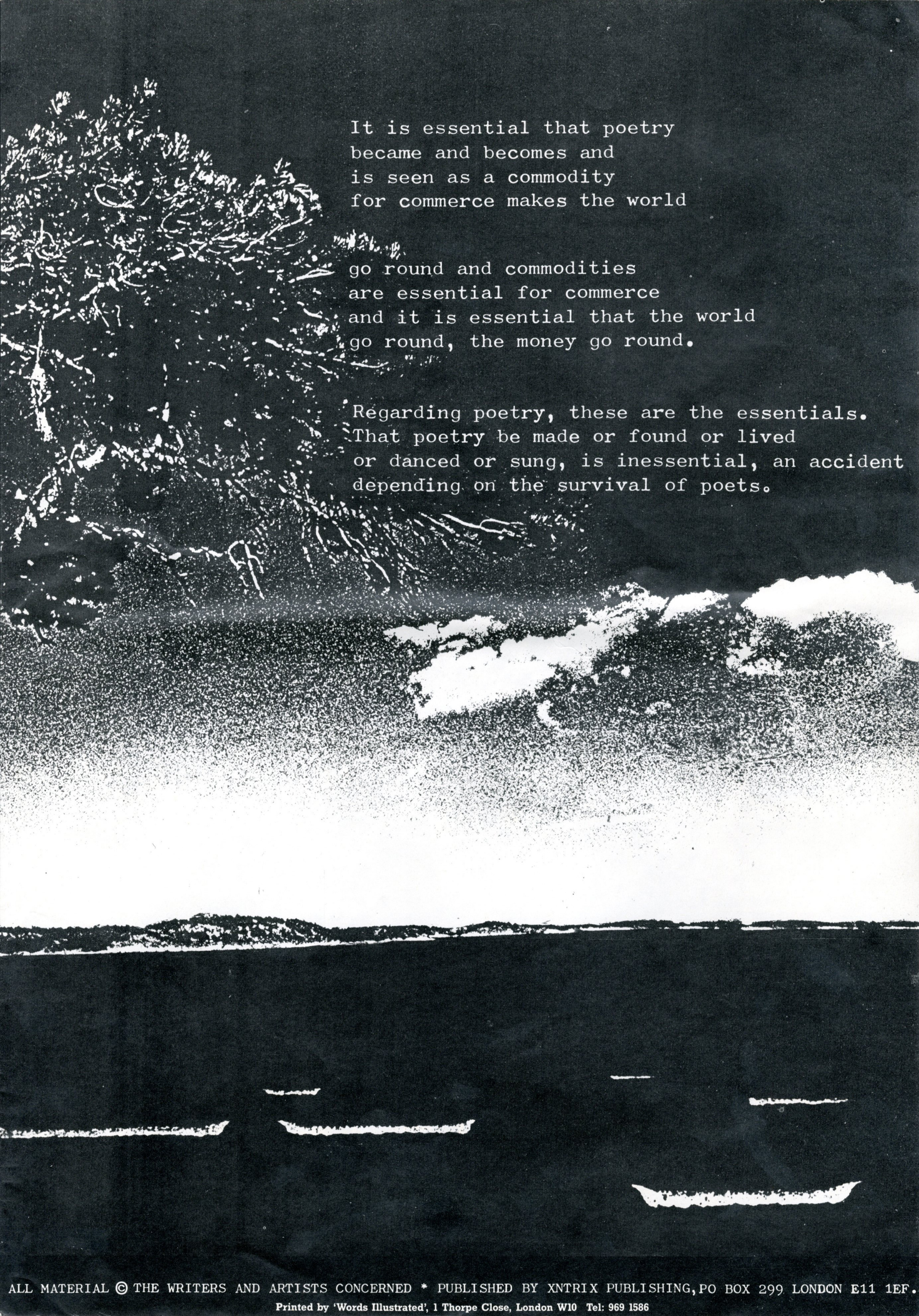
It is essential that energy be spent  
to make paper and more paper  
to carry paper and write on paper  
to print on paper and sell paper.

These things are essential so that poetry  
be appreciated, be criticised  
be administered be examined in  
be the subject of exams, the subject

of success, the subject of failure  
the object of profit and loss  
the object of money, the object  
for which payment is made.







It is essential that poetry  
became and becomes and  
is seen as a commodity  
for commerce makes the world

go round and commodities  
are essential for commerce  
and it is essential that the world  
go round, the money go round.

Regarding poetry, these are the essentials.  
That poetry be made or found or lived  
or danced or sung, is inessential, an accident  
depending on the survival of poets.



# I

had my first love affair with a star of the silver screen when I was 14. His name was Audie Murphy. He was a young good looking clean cut cowboy. He was always on the side of the law and he always beat the dirty, vicious bad men to the draw. I can remember the moment I was hooked very vividly: The bad men bursting into the saloon where Audie was drinking his sarsaparilla, the full length shot of Audie drawing his gun from the holster, crouched, legs apart, ready for action in his white stetson, blue bandanna, blue shirt, shiny gunbelt and tight white pants. I was a push over. Whatever he did with his gun was O.K. with me. Someone like him had to be right.

Audie was handsome and good. He was the kind of man my mother would have liked me to be. Clean, lawabiding mild mannered, respectful to his elders and betters, kind and protective towards women. He obviously would consider sex only within the confines of marriage and family life. Conventions were never to be questioned or flaunted, only submitted to. He defended his way of life against the ugly and bad, outlaws, indians, mexicans and rebels, with style and confidence. He made lots of B movies and I saw all of them. I got a twin gunbelt and silver guns. We had a gang and had gunfights, died and killed spectacularly.

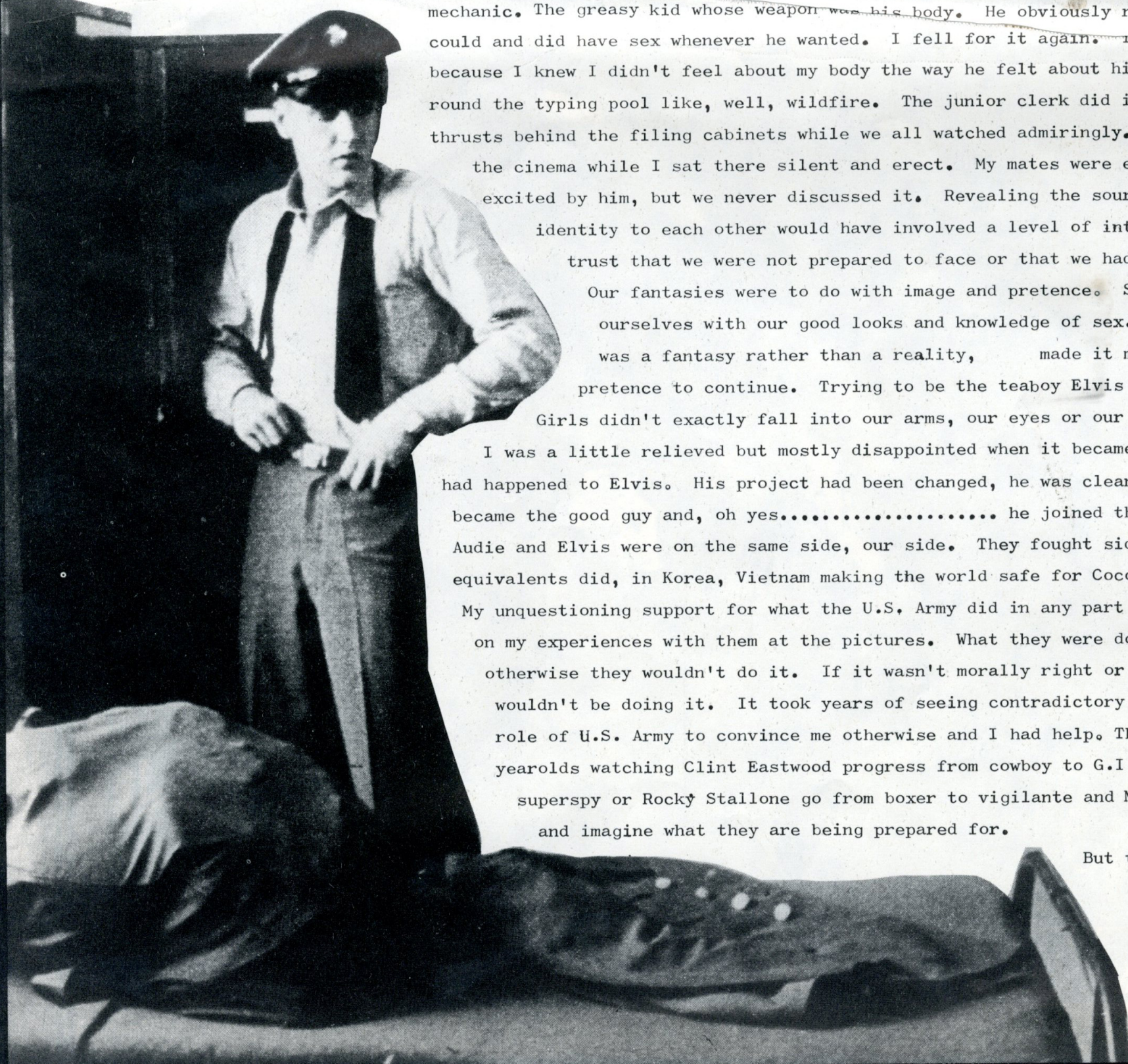
I was hungry for information about my hero. I found out that in real life Audie Murphy was the most highly decorated soldier of second world war. He had been awarded something like 9 purple hearts and numerous medals for bravery. Now a major event occurred in our relationship. They made a film about Audie's life in World War II. He played himself. He was still the good guy, in fact the goodest guy in the American Army, perhaps the whole war. The scene of the violence had changed from wild west prairie to modern battlefield. Much more close to home. The guns were bigger, the violence more varied and devastating, but inside the rugged uniform and the prick shaped helmet was Audie as handsome as ever. He was on our side, still defending our way of life.

The film left me with such a mixture of pleasure and anxiety that I was in a turmoil for weeks. When Audie was a cowboy, I wanted to be like him, I wanted to BE him. I could cope with the fantasy because there was no way I could actually be a cowboy- the Wild West was in the past. But becoming a soldier, that was possible. Friends of mine were joining the army. I could if I wanted to. But would I? Could I? The answer was NO I couldn't. I knew I just couldn't face it. Not knowing any better, I interpreted this to mean weakness and cowardice. Well known qualities of outlaws and enemy soldiers. I looked around at my life as teaboy in a carfactory office, settled for what I was, buried my secrets and hated myself.

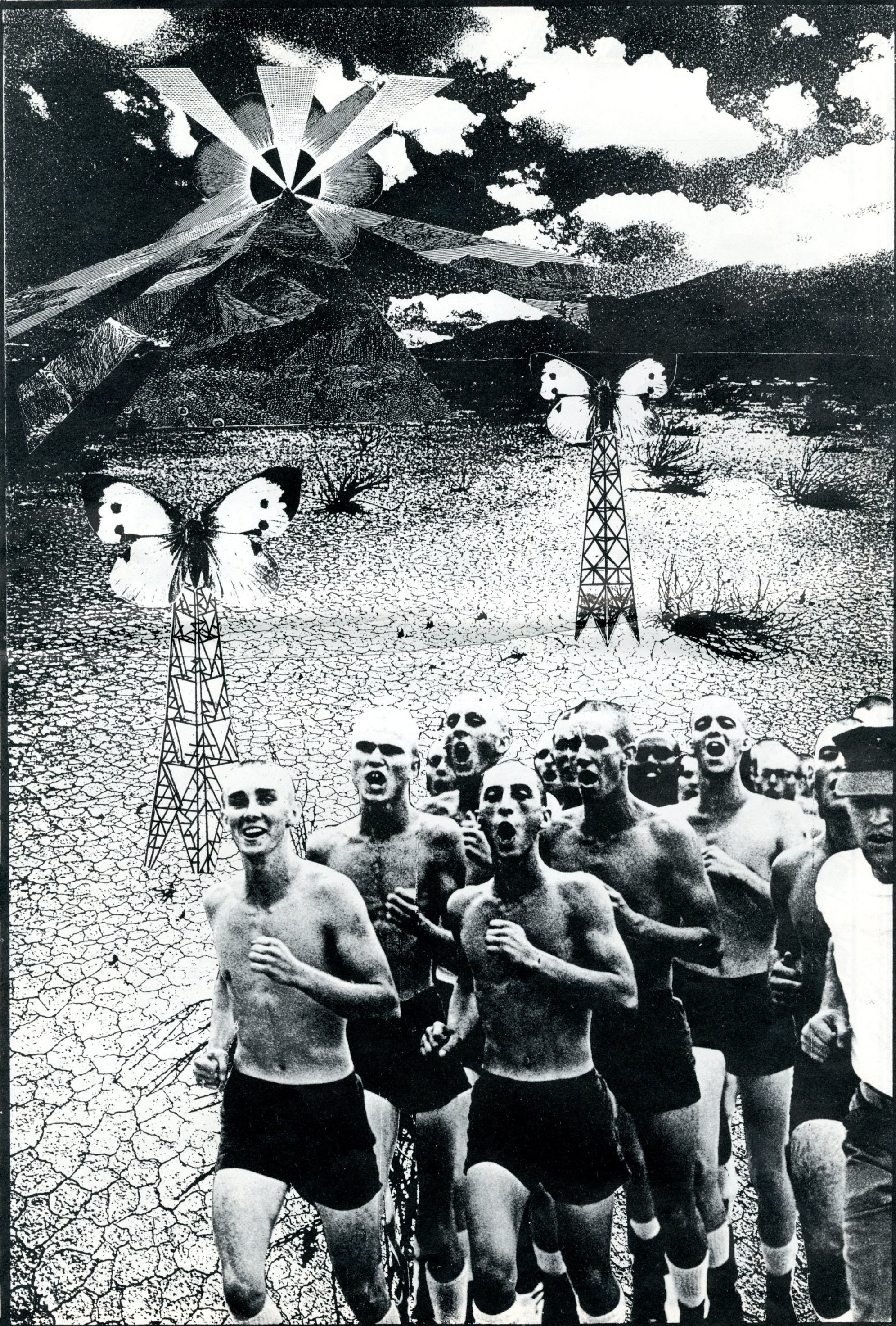
That is until ELVIS came along. Elvis was the sexual rebel. The dirty bad guy. The mechanic. The greasy kid whose weapon was his body. He obviously respected nothing and could and did have sex whenever he wanted. I fell for it again. ~~THIS time more secretly~~ because I knew I didn't feel about my body the way he felt about his. His reputation went round the typing pool like, well, wildfire. The junior clerk did imitations of his pelvic thrusts behind the filing cabinets while we all watched admiringly. Girls screamed at the cinema while I sat there silent and erect. My mates were equally disturbed and excited by him, but we never discussed it. Revealing the sources of our sexual identity to each other would have involved a level of intimacy, honesty and trust that we were not prepared to face or that we had any way to deal with. Our fantasies were to do with image and pretence. Some of us fancied ourselves with our good looks and knowledge of sex. The fact that this was a fantasy rather than a reality, made it more necessary for the pretence to continue. Trying to be the teaboy Elvis was a bit of a joke. Girls didn't exactly fall into our arms, our eyes or our beds.

I was a little relieved but mostly disappointed when it became clear that something had happened to Elvis. His project had been changed, he was cleaned up. The bad boy became the good guy and, oh yes..... he joined the army. Audie and Elvis were on the same side, our side. They fought side by side, or their equivalents did, in Korea, Vietnam making the world safe for Cocoa Cola and Levi's. My unquestioning support for what the U.S. Army did in any part of the world was based on my experiences with them at the pictures. What they were doing had to be right. otherwise they wouldn't do it. If it wasn't morally right or cool and hip, they wouldn't be doing it. It took years of seeing contradictory evidence of the actual role of U.S. Army to convince me otherwise and I had help. Think of today's 14 yearolds watching Clint Eastwood progress from cowboy to G.I. to vigilante cop to superspy or Rocky Stallone go from boxer to vigilante and Mad Max I to Mad MaxII and imagine what they are being prepared for.

But that's another story.....







*Better Dead than Green ~~~*



TENSION BETWEEN  
WHAT YOU DO AND YOU DONT DO  
WHAT YOU CAN AND YOU CANT DO  
WHAT YOU WILL AND YOU WONT DO

TENSION BETWEEN  
WHERE YOU GO AND YOU DONT GO  
WHAT YOU SHOW AND YOU DONT SHOW  
WHAT YOU KNOW AND YOU DONT KNOW

TENSION BETWEEN  
WHAT YOU SAY AND YOU DONT SAY  
WHAT YOU TAKE AND YOU WONT TAKE  
aaaaaaaaah WHAT YOU WONT TAKE

aaaaAhh



Tension is how you spend most of your time  
Tension is how you spend most of your life  
Smile in your eyes in spite of the lies  
aaaaaaahhhhhh the lies

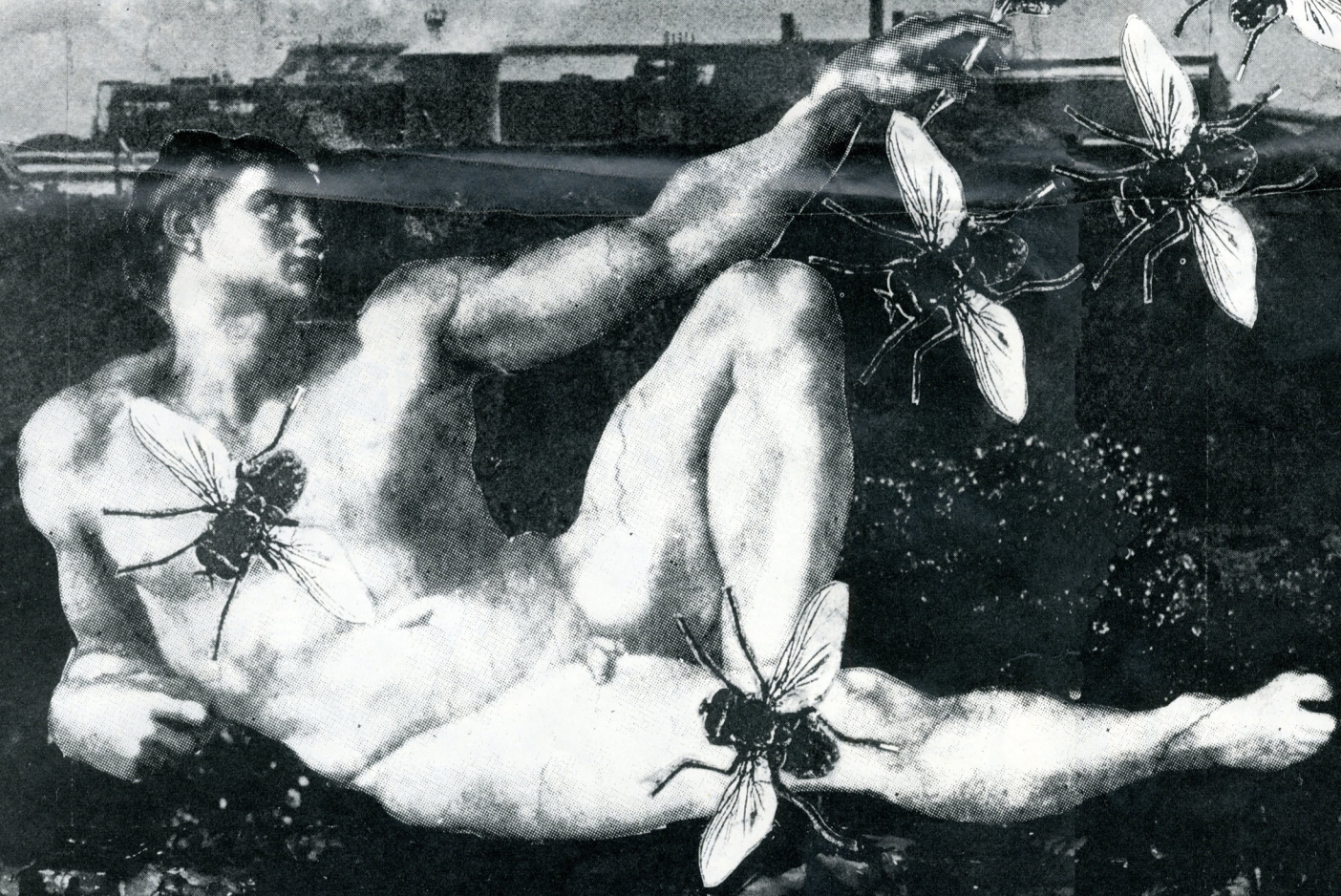


If you had wings my love would you fly  
If you knew that you never would die  
Would you live - would you try

the **LiES**



PLEASURE NOT SHAME



DESIRES NOT JOBS



LOOK CINDY, MEN, COMPETING WITH EACH OTHER AGGRESSIVELY.

YES, AND AT AN INTERNATIONAL LEVEL.

"WITH TOTAL DISREGARD FOR HIS OWN PERSONAL SAFETY AND SHOWING GREAT QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP..."

Joe Linton was taking no chances...ances...

PICK THAT ONE OUT OF THE NET!

I CAN BETTER YOU IN ANYTHING, AND YOU KNOW IT. I'M NOT WAITING UNTIL TOMORROW. I'M GOING INTO TOWN TO JOIN UP NOW.

We learn to cut, file, saw, anneal, bend, solder, sand...

I'M FOR JOINING THE ARMY FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING, AND IF YOU HAVE THE GUTS YOU'LL DO THE SAME.

AAARGH!

the bumpy pitch claimed victim

be right as victim after

DESOLATION ZONE

WE HEADED NORTH AND EAST...AND THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT WAS LIKE A BREATH OF DOOM TINGLING THE NERVES OF OUR CREWS

ALL HIS PAST FLASHED BEFORE HIM

I don't remember this!

WINS THE RAT RACE

They're playing for money and money is the international language.

YOU'LL NEVER WALK AGAIN!

Off with their cocks!

I thought you said this tour was non-political? Keep football out of sport!

Ere Skipper, do you reckon sexual repression in childhood leads to an obsession with surrogate penises like guns and knives, later on in life?

More likely an obsession with guns and knives leads to sexual repression in childhood.

An explosion is an ersatz orgasm

Come again?

ONLY A RAT

We're rounding up all players who are getting bolshy about their contracts so you'll be appearing in a different stadium soon Sonny.

Show me what I signed when I was born that says you own my soul.

We are born into a world where alienation awaits us. Get him a psychiatric report.

WE CAN WATCH HIM FAY TO HIS DEATH!

IT'S JUST A SHAME THAT SOMETIMES TO FIND HAPPINESS, YOU HAVE TO DESTROY SOMEONE ELSE'S.

Just a minute! It's exactly the same out here!

If you don't let me play I'm taking my ball home.

Peace is for women and children.

What should Nancy do?

a) Get a prescription for Valium  
b) Explain to the soldier that World War II ended in 1945  
c) Compete aggressively at a personal level  
d) Wait to be rescued  
e) See what's on the other channel

IT ISN'T ANY USE SAYING I DON'T WANT TO DIE. IT WOULD JUST UPSET EVERYONE.

**The warrior**  
**He's Back!**

MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT HE WAS SWEET - AND KIND AND OH WELL - IT'S TOO LATE NOW -

Grown men don't cry Jonesy, grown men make other people cry.

WHY DOES SOMEONE ELSE ALWAYS GET THE PARTING SHOT?

CARNAGE AND GENERAL BAD NEWS ALL ROUND

SOD THIS! WHY DON'T WE GO DOWN THE PEACE CAMP AND SCORE SOME SHIT?

AN EYE FOR AN EYE - IN THE END THE WHOLE WORLD GOES BLIND.



**OH** MY HONKY WHITE ANGLOSAXON BEAUTY BOYS

YOU ARE SOAKED IN SYRUP LIKE A CHERRY

YOU LEAN AGAINST THE BAR CREAMING AND DREAMING AND THE CHOICEST FRUITS OF THE EARTH ARE ON A PLATE AT YOUR FEET. YOU CAN EAT BANANAS AND SCREW AND PLAY SPACE INVADERS WHENEVER YOU LIKE. AND THOUGH YOU ARE BORED TO DEATH YOU ARE PERMITTED TO WANK IN PUBLIC AS LONG AS YOU KEEP YOUR HANDS IN YOUR POCKETS. OH MY SPUNKY WHITE BEAUTYBOYS. YOU CAN CHEW AND WALLOW AND BITE AND SWALLOW ON GIANT PORNBURGER MANSIZE COWHIDE MEATDREAMS AND STAGGER HOME FLATTERED ON REAL ALE REAL MALE OH YES.

THE ONLY SNAG, MY HUNKY PUNKY BOOYBOY BEAUTY BOYS IS WHEN YOU HAVE TO BE REAL SOLDIERS [SQUARE YOUR SHOULDERS] SO THAT YOU PAY FOR YOUR BANANAS. YOU PAY WITH YOUR LIVES MY BABY BOYS. YOU PAY WITH THE BLOOD OF YOUR LILLYWHITE LIVES. ITS THE ONLY SNAG IN THE PLAYTIME PLAYGROUND TOP OF THE POPS PARADE GROUND. REAL SOLDIERS. REAL BLOOD. REAL DEAD. OH YES.

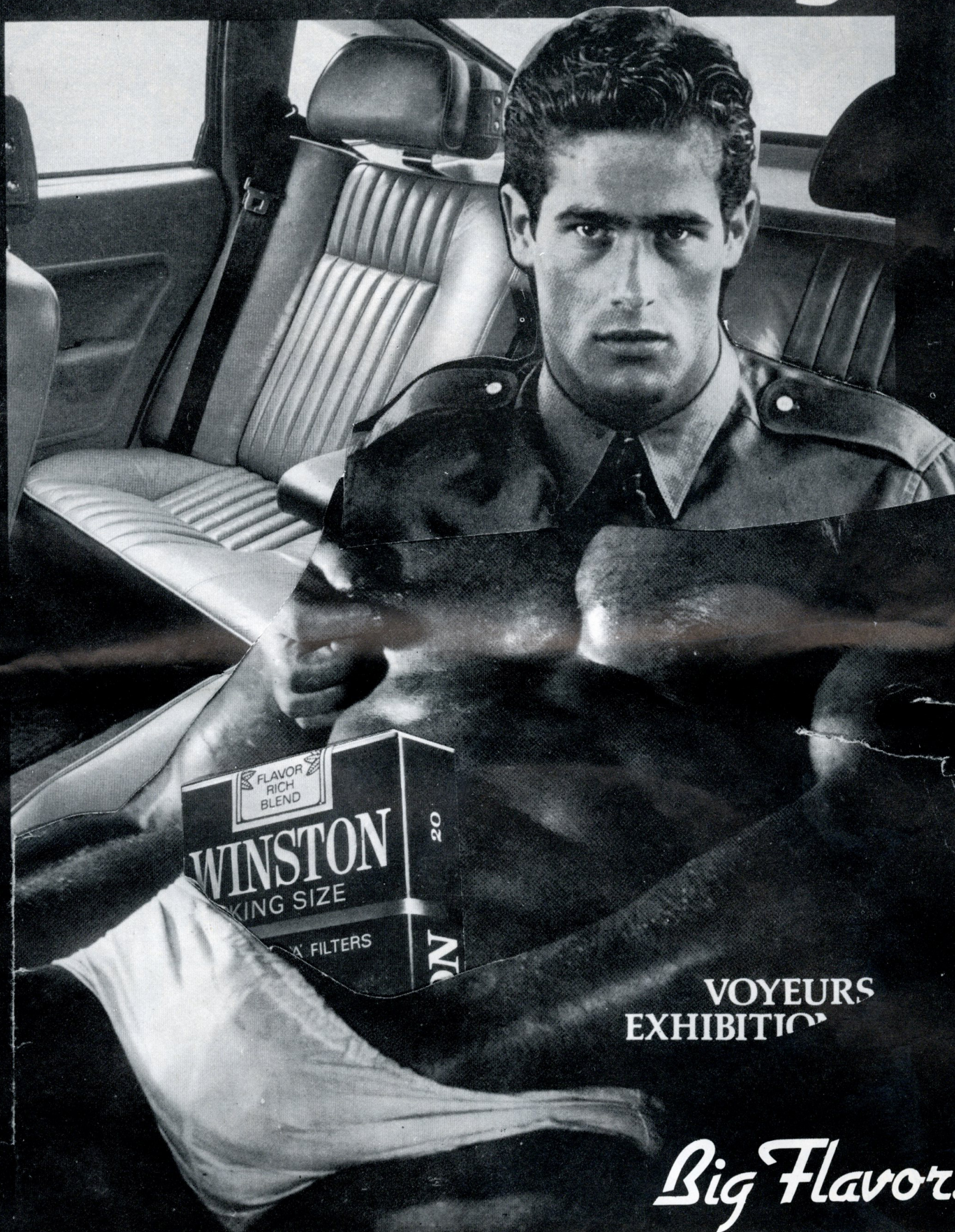
AND THOUGH YOU STAND IN THE DOLE QUEUE IN THE SHITPILE WITH THE DEAD WEIGHT OF THE QUEEN AND HER COCKTAIL TRAMPLING YOUR SHOULDERS, THOUGH YOU STAND IN THE SHITPILE WITH THE BOOTS OF THE RICH HEELING INTO YOUR MOUTHS, BLINDED BY THE FILTH AND FALLOUT FROM THE BOSSMOB ENTERPRISES INC. BELIEVE ME, BELOW YOU STAND YOUR MOTHERS AND YOUR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS, WHOSE MOUTHS ARE BRUISED BY YOUR HEELS, WHO CHOKES ON YOUR FILTH, FOR SUCH IS THE NATURE OF SHITPILES

**OH** MY PACIFIST NEOCHRISTIAN LILLYWHITE BULLYBOYS WHO CANNOT STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD. YOU ARE DRENCHED IN THE BLOOD OF YOUR MOTHERS AND BROTHERS. YOU WERE BORN INTO A LUST OF VIOLENCE, PRIVILEGE, RAMPAGE AND RAPE. YOUR LIPS WERE SUCKERED ON THE DARK TEAT OF PLUMMYMUMMY COALBLACK MAMMY AFRICA INDIA ARABIA EARTH MOTHERS BREAST. YOU SUCKED AND DRAINED THEM AGAIN AND AGAIN AND NOW ITS TIME FOR THE BRUSH OFF BIGBOYS. THEYRE ALL BUTTONING UP THEIR BLOUSES SONNY. NO MORE HONEY SONNY FOR YOURTUMMY SONNY. NO MORE HONEY MUMMY HONEY MUMMY. BRUSHOFF TIME FOR BABBYDADDY GRABBYDADDY SUCKTHUMB. SUCKTHUMB. BEEBOPDALOLA BABAMBAMBOOM.

**OH** MY WHITE DADDYTOY BABBYBOY OI OI BULLYBELLY. OH YOU ARE ALL YOU HAVE GOT OOOOH I BEG YOU TO WAKE FROM THE BAD DREAM WET DREAM CREAMBUN/FUNFAIR. GET YOUR FINGER OUT AND OPEN YOUR EYES. CLOSE THE SUNDAY PAPERS SOMEDAY RAPERS CLOSE THE DREAMRAGS. OPEN YOUR EYES AND EXAMINE YOUR HEARTS AND YOUR BLOOD SUPPLY. YOU WILL NEED THEM BOTH VERY SOON.....

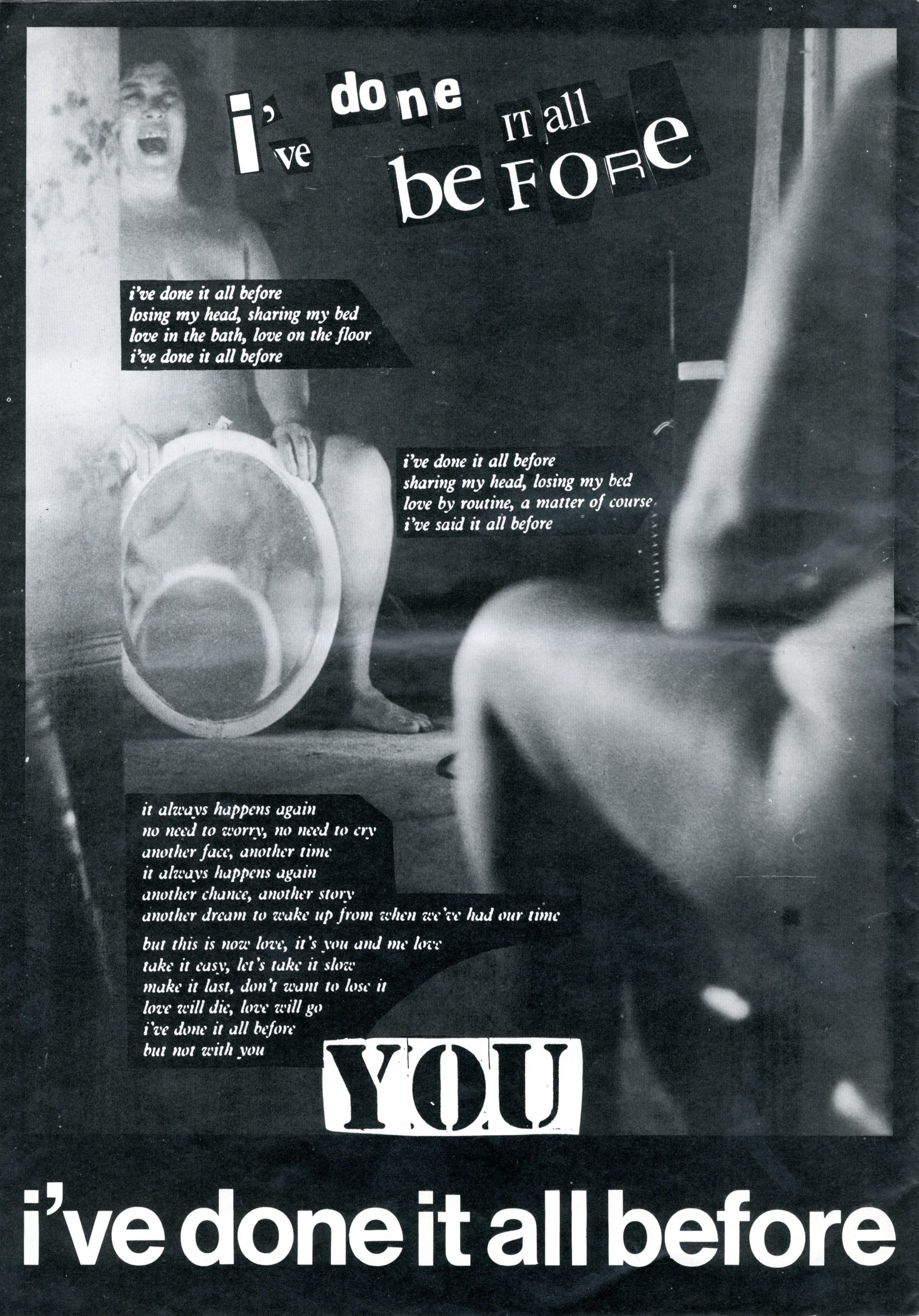


# Positions of Privilege.



**IF UGLY BASTARDS LIKE REAGAN AND  
BREZHNEV CAN FUCK THE WORLD  
WHENEVER THEY WANT TO –  
THERES GOTTA BE A CHANCE FOR A  
GOOD LOOKING GUY LIKE HIM . . . . .**





**i've done it all  
before**

*i've done it all before  
losing my head, sharing my bed  
love in the bath, love on the floor  
i've done it all before*

*i've done it all before  
sharing my head, losing my bed  
love by routine, a matter of course  
i've said it all before*

*it always happens again  
no need to worry, no need to cry  
another face, another time  
it always happens again  
another chance, another story  
another dream to wake up from when we've had our time  
but this is now love, it's you and me love  
take it easy, let's take it slow  
make it last, don't want to lose it  
love will die, love will go  
i've done it all before  
but not with you*

**YOU**

**i've done it all before**





**but not with you**





**well ?**

**YOU WANTED  
FULL EMPLOYMENT**

**PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED**