

A zine made for MPavilion Mtalks: Making Home 2022

66 George st. Fitzroy

My first share house. I left the family home in Doncaster before I turned 19 to move in with a school chum (who I had a crush on) her boyfriend and several other boys. Our house became the party house and I did a lot of drugs for the first time.

With the wisdom of hindsight, I depict myself here as trying to give an air of Bohemian worldiness, in my satin oppshop dress and desert boots, at the moment I hear my friend mocking me in the lounge room to general laughter.

The house now is priced at \$3 million. I don't remember the outside at all. I don't remember the balconies, the iron lace depicting the Horn of Plenty, the decorative columns, the lunette above the front door. I remember threadbare carpets, empty fireplaces, a huge and hideous kitchen and the cruelty of my friends.



77 Keele St Collingwood

This is me, drawn from a photo, leaving my last squat at 24, with everything I owned.

I was drawing a comic and the characters are stuck on the wall above the desk. I don't think I owned the desk.

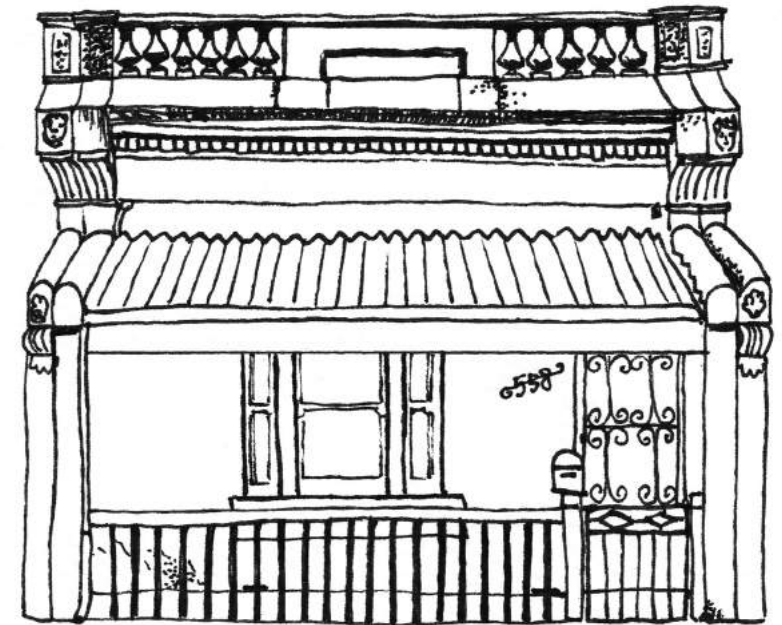
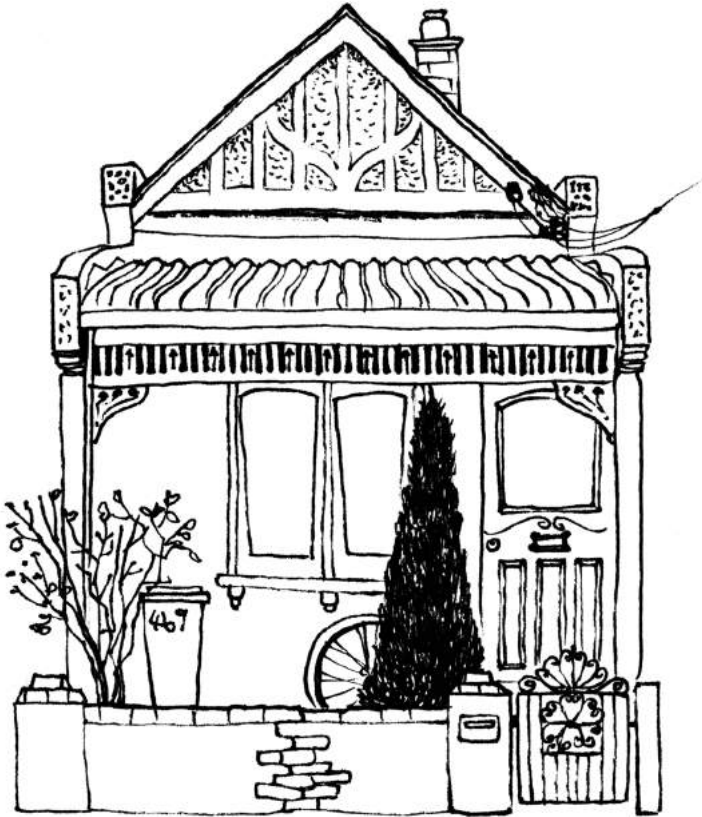
The Keele st squat had no running water. Charlotte and I collected water from the garage on the corner in Cinzano bottles for cooking and went to the Collingwood Community centre for hot showers.

I haven't looked to see how much it was last sold for.



558 Drummond st Carlton

I visited Carolyn and Fay here when I rented a room in Malvern without windows and often did not go home. I slept in the lounge room, on a rubber slab on top of newspapers, on top of piles of salt poured on red wine spills.



469 Gore st Fitzroy

I have been told I lived here after George st.
I don't remember it at all.

Eventually Carolyn and her sister and I would pretend to have jobs and rent a place above St Georges road. My unrequited love for her combined with her pregnancy drove me to squatting.

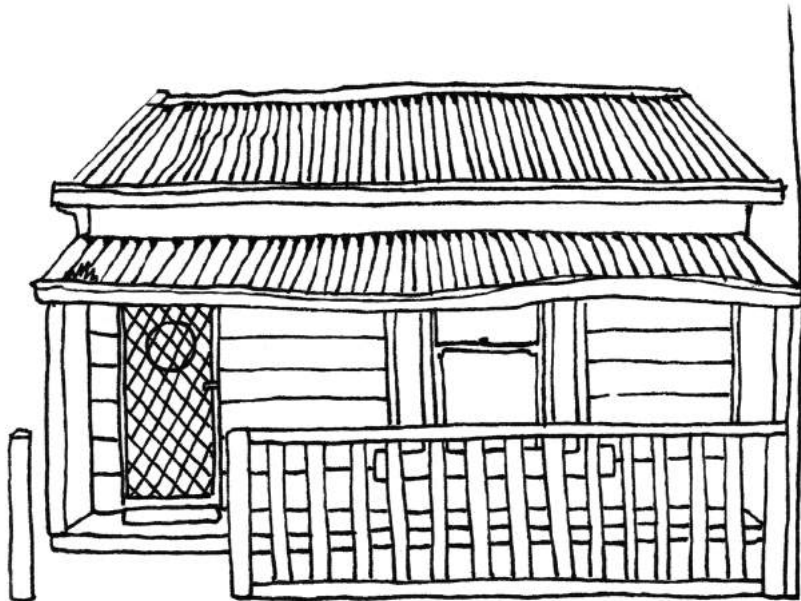


Spencer st West Melbourne

My squat in Glen Iris was very isolated, so I would stay in other squats in the inner suburbs. Not sure now which house it was, but it was dark, heated by a wood fire in the front room, where because of trucks passing by, the windows were nailed shut. I often blew black snot after visiting.

29 Cameron st. Richmond

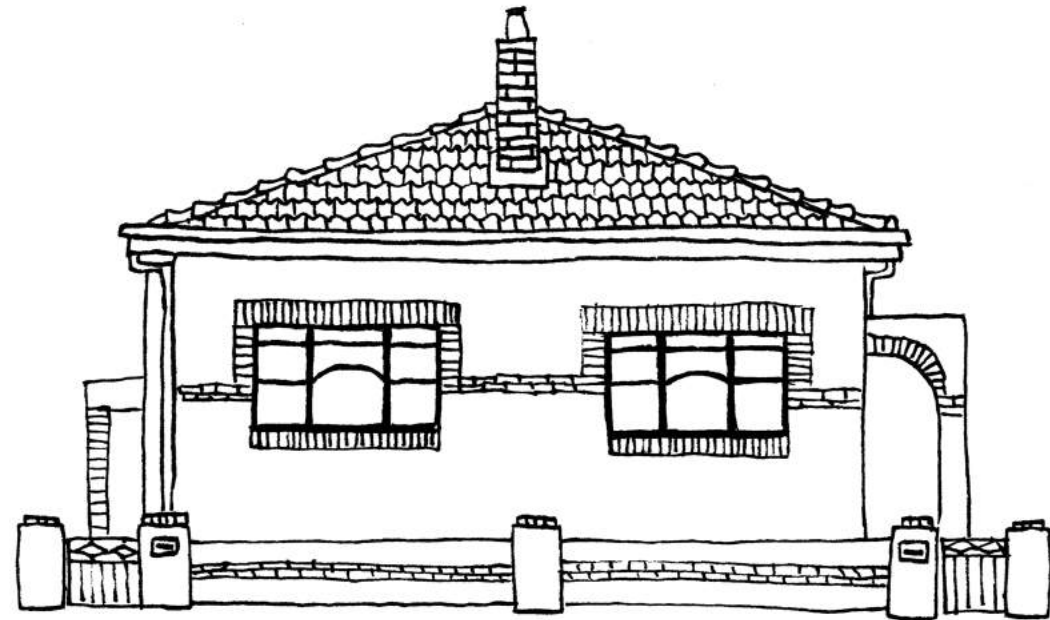
Too broken to rent, after the RCA evicted Lynda and I from Glen Iris, we negotiated a lease agreement with the owner (which we knew was illegal). This was drawn from memory as it was torn down and replaced by a brick mushroom.

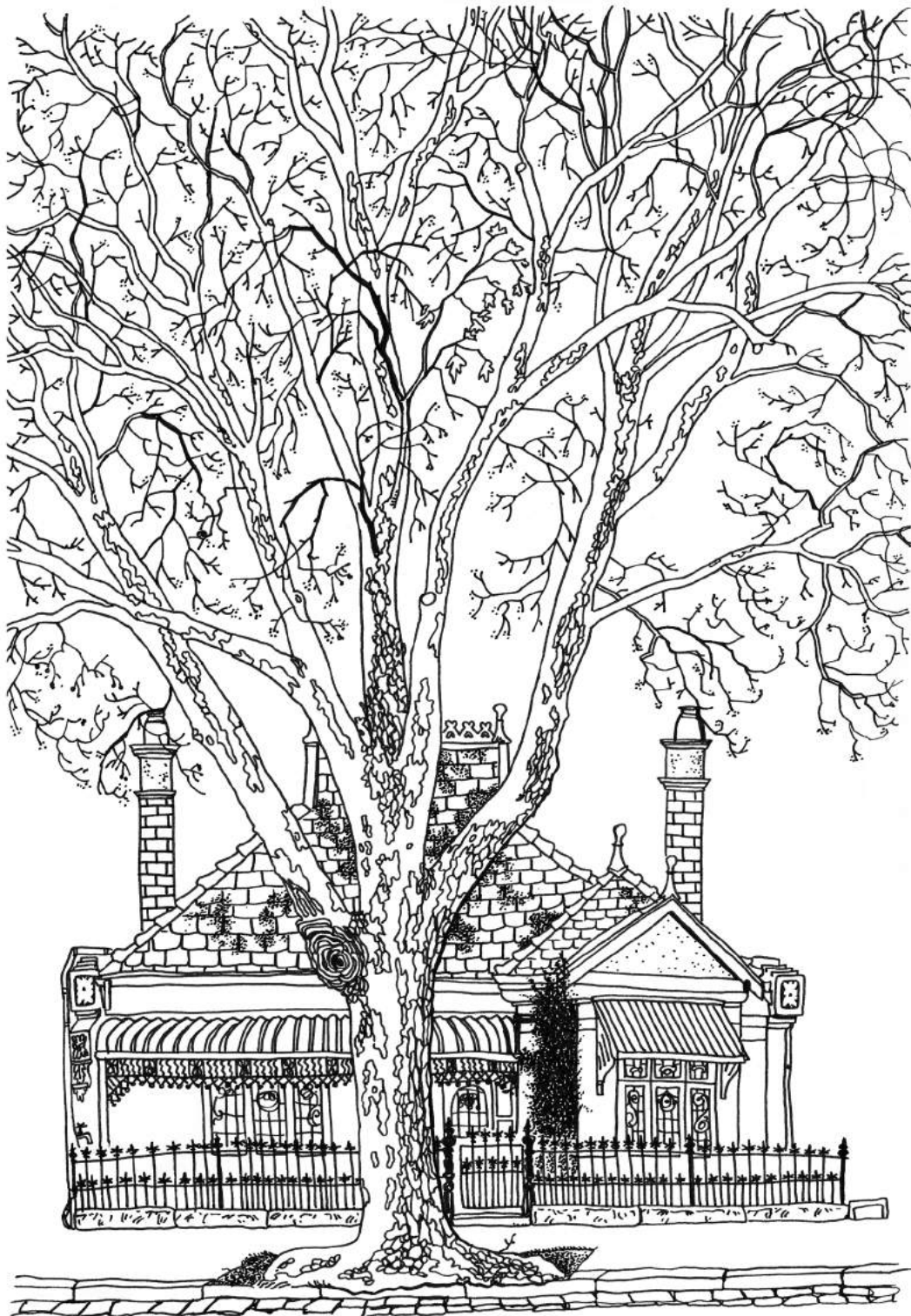


147 Holden st North Fitzroy

When I lived in this maisonette with Vanessa, she put our home phone number in a Queer paper as a help line for gay and lesbian teens.

She was never home to take the calls, however. I once went as far as Hallam to try to talk a 14 year old lesbian out of killing herself.





338 Rathdowne st. Carlton

I stayed here in January 1988. I wrote in my diary:
Today was a great day for history. The Aboriginal people are finally a Nation, but I spent this momentous day listening to it on the radio.

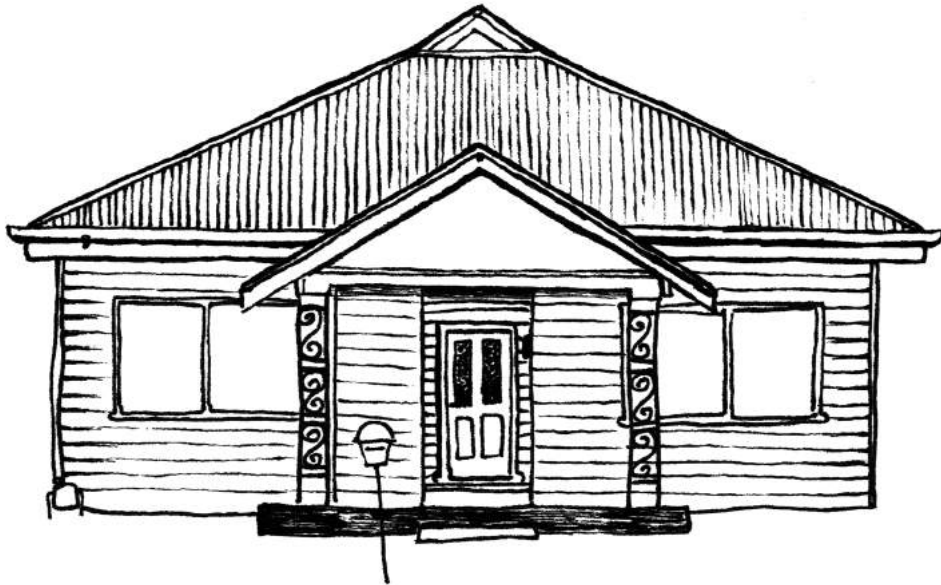
Melbourne emptied of political people for a big demonstration on Invasion Day against the Bicentennial in Sydney. I offered to mind a squat of some of my comrades, not realizing that history was being made elsewhere.

I did this drawing while houseminding in Carlton in 2019 sitting on the median strip; the tenant looked at me, briefly, as he came out, but then went to purchase his artisanal bread.

119 Bastings st Northcote

I rented a ground floor flat in nearby Rathmines st. I had almost no furniture. I filled the lounge room with fallen Plane tree leaves, with a path from the door to the kitchen and another to the bedroom.

I was studying Philosophy full-time at La Trobe and visited my fellow scholars in the share house down the road; I was often there when I couldn't stand my own company.



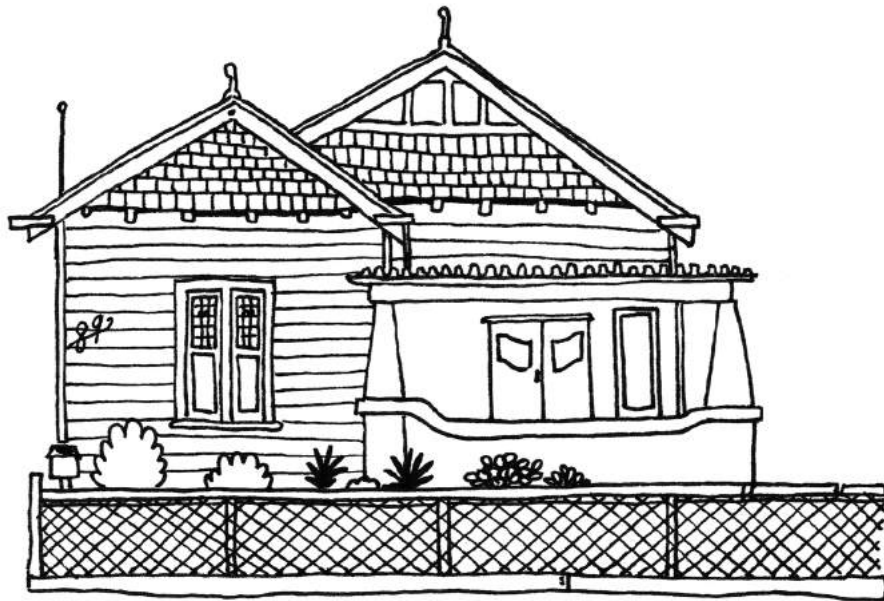
72 Edward st Brunswick

I rented this with my only long-term girlfriend and a gay boy we both worked with. We lived here a few years; long enough so that she put a lot of time and love into the back garden. I was too superstitious; as soon as you start to garden, the end is near.



89 Pearson St West Brunswick

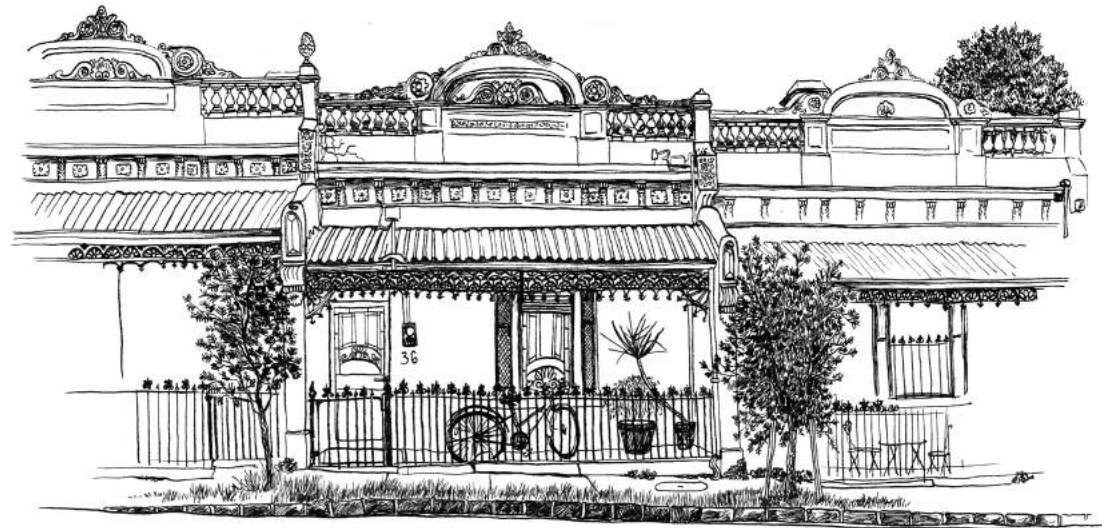
Sold out from under Peter and I in 2017; the last time I lived in Brunswick. I first moved into the Moreland area before it was called Moreland. I've rented in Pascoe Vale, Coburg, Moonee Ponds, Brunswick East, West and Central. I miss it a lot, but of course, it isn't the Brunswick I remember.



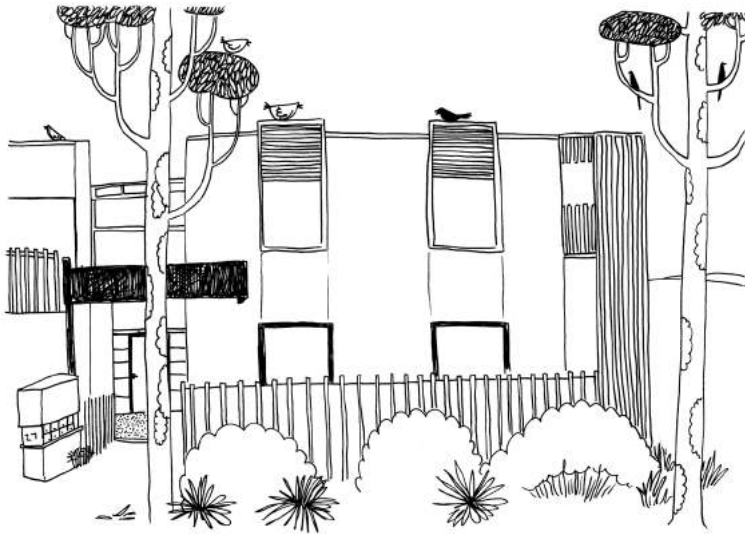
36 Ross st. Northcote.

I minded a cat called Xena for work colleagues of my mother's.

This was when I was staying with her after being gentrified out of Brunswick. I put my furniture in a friend's shed and lived out of a nana trolley. It was a good thing I also had a Creative Fellowship at the State Library, because I had somewhere to work.



Where I live now; not as pretty as a million dollar, inner-city terrace house, but secure and affordable.



When I only had one key I used to pin it onto myself under my clothes. It's a habit I have not been able to break.

