

CUSTARD™

the arena mega-musical

Simon Gallaher as
'David McCormack'

Craig McLachlan as
'Matthew Strong'

Jon English as
'Glenn Thompson'

Nathan Cavaliri as
'Andrew Lancaster'

Special guest
appearance by
Paul Medew as
'Paul Medew'

Lisa McClune as
'Emma Tom'

Human Nature as
'The Melniks'

Songs arranged by Daryl Braithwaite and
performed live by the Peter Andre
Experience featuring Peter Andre'

*"I laughed, I cried.
Superb"
- Richard Wilkins*

Only 2000 shows so book NOW!!

*accompanied by the Wooloongong Philharmonic Orchestra

News of the
Custard World

Win!*

Win!*

Win!*

**MATTHEW'S DEEP
DARK SECRET!!!**

**Special Sealed section.
MUST BE OVER 18!!!**

**DRUGS!
DRUGS!
DRUGS!**

**Exclusive interview with
Fauve Andrew Cox**

**MATTHEW'S TELL-ALL
INTERVIEW FROM YEAR**

2030!

"My
boyfriend
dumped
me at a
Custard
show!"

— Anguished
reader tells!

*Not really true

Editorial

Welcome to the first issue of News of the Custard World.

I don't know why you'd want to keep listening to Custard. They are laughing at you. They think this is all a big joke and it's at your expense. It's too late for me. But is it too late for you?

Take this for instance. Custard lie. They lie like fuckin' politicians. They make up stories about their age, their sexual preference, their past and their drinking abilities. It's all a lie about Matt's superhuman drinking abilities. Ask anyone. Ask Phil from Bald Hills. Ask Sheryl from Marrickville. Go on. They'll tell you Matt has a superhuman bladder, but a stomach of paper. Those beers he drinks on stage: Cordial. That's right. Fuckin' cordial. Ha! Bet you didn't see that coming.

Then they fabricate photos. Everyone knows Paul is dead. He's been dead ever since Wisenheimer. You can hear David say "I cremated Paul" at

the end of Do it Again if you play the tape backwards, upside down and hold it up to a mirror at the same time. Jesus. Do I have to spell it out people? P.A.U.L.I.S.D.E.A.D. Got it? He died in a freak W-Bin accident back in 95 during the Frank Black tour. Frank witnessed the whole thing. He was quoted as saying "Fuck me. Never seen a W-bin flatten someone like that before." Shit. But taxidermy ain't what it was 10 years ago. They can so wonders I tells ya. Fuckin' wonders. They hire some dude to carry Paul's body around and they operate his body with an elaborate set-up of strings, magnets and they also use telekinesis. I think they got the idea from that movie Weekend at Bernie's.

You heard the song "The New Matthew"? Well it's just to throw us off the scent. They think that we'll start suspecting it is Matt that has been replaced, not Paul. Don't let them fool ya.

GLENN OR GLENDA??

News of the Custard world has obtained evidence that strongly suggests Glenn is considering a sex change.

Our man on the street Elroy Feilly recently rifled through Glenn's garbage and discovered a hideously deformed Ken doll. Believe it or nor, but the doll had had it's genitalia completely removed. Gone. No trace. "It was like it was made that way," Elroy exclaimed, "It appears Glenn is deadly serious about this. Why else would he have gone to so much trouble? "I think it was a prototype. God knows if he has more modifica-

tions in mind. God only knows." Apparently that wasn't all Elroy found. "Glenn recently hired out the movie 'Tootsie' from his local video store. Case closed. That's what I say." "Tell us more about Glenn's garbage," I inquired. Well sometimes he forgets to take it out. If you are reading this Glenn, it's Tuesday night, not Wednesday. Well, he is new in town..."

RIGHT: Is Glenn inspired by the hit Ed Wood movie?

News in Brief

Freak Baby Born with Matt's head

Nebraska:

A baby born to Ethel and George McDonald on Saturday has a normal infants body, but has the head of Matthew Strong. The proud parents of little Timmy plan to surgically enhance the rest of the boy's body so that it corresponds with his head.

Custard CD found at Alien UFO Crash Site

Arizona:

CIA agents have discovered a Custard CD believed to be Wahooti Fandango at the latest UFO crash site in a remote desert near Area 52-b. Sources claim the CD has been well used and the booklet is a little "ragged". Some report the track "DIXTV" skips a little too.

Cover-up

Major Ray Moxley had this to say: "What are you talking about? There was no alien crash site. There were no...what's this band you say?... 'Custard!' There was no 'Custard' CDs. What rot!"



THE SECRET SHAME OF MATTHEW R. STRONG

AS TOLD TO PERTH CORRESPONDENT MIKE "THOMO" THOMPSON

"Well Mike.... I don't really know where to begin. My therapist has told me to get this off my chest to initiate the 'healing process', and if it weren't for his hypnosis sessions my memory's of that night up the coast somewhere back in '97 would have been buried deep in my sub-consciousness for ever.

It was a pretty standard night as far as gigs go. We had a fair few punters show up pretty early to feign interest in the support band whilst jostling for a good vantage point for Custard.

I rocked up as per usual about an hour before the rest of the band; so as to get a head start on the evening's rider.

As I said, there was nothing out of the ordinary for this particular night, and the rider consisted of 3 slabs of Crownies, A box of Fruity Lexia, A bottle of Red, A Bottle of White, A Bottle of Champa's, 4 packs of Winnie Blues, 2 Snickers, and of course, a 750ml bottle of Stolychnia Vodka.

I decided to warm up with a few crownies and hang out at the side of the stage to keep an eye on 'Arb's' (R.B) and make sure he wasn't ripping off too much of our piss. By the time the rest of the Custaro's had turned up the support band had just left the stage and were hanging around the rider looking thirsty.

I pretended not to notice but David did the right thing and

offered them one of the light beers we had put aside for them and they seemed grateful. By the time it was our turn to play I had around a dozen beers under my belt, and it wasn't until we got to 'Leisuremaster' that I had any inkling that there was something amiss.

When it came to the slide guitar solo I grabbed the Crownie Bottle and played as per usual, more on instinct than anything. David turned and stared, Paul's brow furrowed, and Glen's head stopped flapping from side to side.

The problem? Phew...The bottle was still * full and it sounded shocking! I tried to pick up the pace over the rest of the show, and in the encore break I did the usual rush for the urinal, but I wasn't anywhere as near bursting my bladder as I normally am at that point in the evening. It was time for drastic action.

I cracked the seal on the stollie and necked the bottle through concerned looks from the rest of the band. Usually the Vodka is long gone by the time we finish, but on this fateful evening I was struggling.

I'm ashamed to say that I'm pretty

sure there was at least two nips left in that bottle when I finally let it slip beneath the melting ice of the rider tub.

I hung around as long as I could, but all I wanted to do was retire and put this dreadful evening behind me. I eventually returned to the room, and was shocked to find I'd beaten even Glenn to bed!

I awoke the next day fully clothed, and the van was in the same spot it was parked the previous day. And this, my friend, is the secret shame I will live with for the rest of my days.

Was it viral? Was it the effects of the country air? Was it age? Who knows! In the years since I have tried to put it behind me, and have continued my super human consumption of mind numbing substances without a repeat of this entire flaccid roostered affair. Jeeze



Thomo consoles a shocked Custaro as they attempt to pick up the pieces of their shattered lives. Strong (pictured above left) is conspicuously absent.

it's good to get that out - fancy a beer? with a sambooka chaser? alllll-righty then!"

"My boyfriend dumped me at a Custard Show!!!"

Tania Keagan was too distressed to talk to us after the show. But 24 hours after she was ready to tell all in this exclusive interview.

Tania: He's just such a prick. What a fuckin' prick. What a complete spineless loser. But I still love him. Derrick....I still love you. We were going to a Powderfinger show next week. Why couldn't he have done it there? Now every time I hear a Custard song I burst into tears. I never told him how much I really cared for him. The music was just too loud. That two weeks...we'll always have that. I would have followed him anywhere. To the end of the Earth. When we first met it was like two worlds had collided. I was from Logan. He was from Eagleby. How different can you get? Now I just stumble around the hyper-

dome sobbing and shouting out his name.

It was during the whistle bit in Lovemeasurer. That's when he left. He asked me to hold his beer while he went to the toilet. He said he'd be right back. I should have known something was up when I realised the beer can was empty. Then I saw him pashing this chick in a Ringo shirt. I pulled her hair and shoved her face in the ground. Then I kicked him in the balls and ran. But come to think of it I was so angry I am not 100% sure it was actually Derrick. He was wearing a different t-shirt. And he had a nose-



A shocked Paul Medew after he was informed of this tragic incident. "That's fuckin' outrageous" he said.

ring...and a tattoo?

We owned all our Custard CDs jointly you know? But now he's gone we had to divide them up. I got shafted with Buttercup and

We Have the Technology and the teeth sections of Magoo's head on the Hit Song single. How fucked is that? He's a pig. A heartless bastard. How am I supposed to put the pieces back together. But then again...the Silverchair concert is soon...And I met this hot 15 year old in the line for tickets. I can't wait to shag him senseless. What'd ya think of that Derrick?

DRUGS!!! DRUGS!!! DRUGS!!!

"Everybody's high, except for me." ; "It's five o'clock in the morning and I'm still not tired. Get the feeling somebody's sending out a message to me" ; "Purple Haze is in my brain..."

No wait that was Jimi Hendrix...but the point is: It's corrupting our children's minds. Custard. A seemingly wholesome band. But it's all a sham. Custard is all drugs. Nothing but drugs. Wall to Wall drugs. Drugs. Drugs. And more drugs. Custard are Andy Warhol's bottom draw. Elvis' medicine cabinet. The toiletries bag underneath Marilyn Monroe's bed. Jimi Hendrix's guitar case. Senator Brian Harradine.

You may have heard of Marilyn Manson's antics of late. His/her alteri- or motives are plain and clear...but it's bands like Custard. Bands that dress themselves in this cloak of inno-

cence and purity. It's these bands that you need to be careful of. Just yesterday one of them walked up to my daughter and asked her for a cigarette light. No doubt to inflame their intoxicating barbiturates of choice. She was just minding her



The infamous "Bong on with Custard" T-shirt.

own business behind the counter at Dixie's Downtown Tobacco Stand. I

wrote a letter to the editor that very second.

The lyrics right from the start were fuelled on a vicious cocktail of uppers, downers, lefters, righters.

Just look at the word "Wahooti", syn- onomous with "Custard". This word in fact means marijuana. This refer- ence would no doubt go over some people's heads but that's why it is so powerful. It is all subconscious. All insidious. All beneath the surface. Shocking isn't it?

I don't want to give you kids night- mares ok? But the truth is like the dark. It can scare the shit out of you. I am going to leave you with one more telling lyric from the song "Nightmare Two":

"It's the middle of the night. This sure ain't a dream"

SPECIALIIIIII

news of the custard world

SEALED SECTION

YOU MUST BE OVER 18 OR HAVE YOUR PARENTS PERMISSION.

XXX Rated

EXCLUSIVE!!!!

Slipping through a vortex in the space/time continuum:

Matthew Robert Strong — in the year 2030!!!

Dfh: Hi Matt. It's been a while. Thanks for taking the time to come out and talk to us. We appreciate you're a very busy man.

Matt: Yup. Let's make this as brief as possible huh? Got a meeting at 2.

Dfh: It's been 2 years since Custard "disintegrated". Are you ready to talk about the break up?

Matt: Yes and no. Yes: I'd love to tell you what happened. No: my lawyers wont let me. What I can say is this. If David was still alive, he'd back me up on this. Paul Medew. If he was alive...he'd say the same thing...and if Glenn was still around. Well he wouldn't say much...But he'd agree with me 300 per cent of the way. Custard just got out of control. They became a monster.

Dfh: The drugs?

Matt: The drugs.

Dfh: The groupies?

Matt: Yep.

Dfh: The presidential assassination attempt?

Matt: Partly.

Dfh: The satanic orgies?

Matt: Maybe.

Df: And the merchandising?

Matt: You hit the nail right on the head DF. It was the merchandising that brought us down in the end. We could've ridden out the tidal wave of dissent after Paul killed David onstage at Livid '04 in front of the Queen. Yeah. That was nothing compared to the shit that hit the fan after we made those Custard marital-aid videos. They sold better than Mimi McPherson's home movie. We made a killing. But when it was revealed the video was causing the divorce rate to

jump 99%, then we were fucked.

Those kids that watched it and killed and raped all the animals in Toronga park zoo. That was bad too. Jesus. How could you have predicted that?

And how was I to know Glenn was gonna put that subliminal messages shit in there? How the fuck would I know? I'm just a patsy.

Dfh: What did you do after David was killed?

Matt: Well I didn't blame Paul you know? He was provoked. David had been far from sane for a long time. David was the craziest fucker you could've ever meet. Cusdad was the only one that could reason with him. (But then Cusdad had to shoot David with a tranquilliser that



time). Anyway that's another story.

Paul just got sick of the songs David was writing about him. That song "Paul: I love you" and that one "Paul you're the greatest guy in the world and I wish you were my friend forever". Man who wouldn't see right through that? David's irony just became too much for even him to handle. Even he couldn't tell when he was pullin' the piss. Maybe David was being honest with that song. The real tragedy is we'll never know.

Paul died in prison you know?

Dfh: Yes. He died of a broken heart.

Matt: Yeah. So they tell me. Those bikies he shared a cell with ripped his little ticker in two didn't they? Poor Paul. I miss him the most.

Dfh: What about Glenn?

Matt: Glenn kept drumming with us for a long time. I was singing during that time. I reckon I sung Girls Like that better than David ever did. What do you think?

Dfh: Um...yeah...I liked how you managed to keep up that scream for the whole song.

Matt: Yeah. Me too. I practiced for ages in the shower to perfect that. I tried to imitate Jamie Lee Curtis in Halloween. Anyway. Where was I?

Dfh: Glenn.

Matt: Oh yeah. Well Glenn just one day disappeared. Some say he exploded like the drummers in Spinal Tap. I'd like to believe that, I really would, but I think he just got sick of it and decided to do something different.

Dfh: Custard the band is still going. Do you have any part in it these days?

Matt: Well I still own it of course. It still brings in the bucks. It's really only my pocket money. My new investment company, Strong Enterprises, is the real money spinner. Andrew Lancaster is my CEO. He's a whiz in the board room and pretty darn attractive in a suit and tie I might add.

After everyone was gone and it was just me and Andrew we decided that touring as a two piece wasn't going to work. I mean it was easier to split the money up. 50 50. But the sound was a bit empty you know? So we got these guys in from ads in the paper and

they're doin' an ace job. I think they're fuckin' fantastic. Better than we ever were.

Dfh: How is Sarah Longhurst?

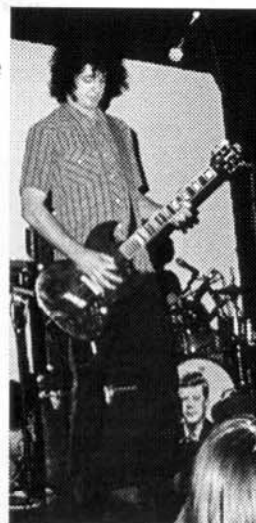
Matt: I don't know, I don't see her much these days. She was one of the first to ditch us. I don't blame her of course either. She bailed after the time she had to defend me in front of the Senate after that riot I "may" have been incited. When those video tapes of me were tendered as evidence...that's when I knew I was history. You know? You can't really defend yourself when they have footage of you drawing diagrams on a blackboard demonstrating the best way to turn a car onto its roof and another bit of me showing how to make a Molotov cocktail. Then cut to a shot of me giving the kids ones I'd prepared earlier. It was a pretty open and shut case of me getting my arse screwed. Luckily I managed to bribe those Greens Senators.

Dfh: How have you been personally?

Matt: Well the leg kicks aren't getting as much height these days. I only do them in front of the mirror. I've been pretty good apart from that.

Dfh: Thanks for your time Matt. It was good to see you again.

Matt: See ya DF.



DF interviews Andrew Cox of the Fauves

DF: Hi Andrew. Welcome to Cus-zine. We're trying to expand Cus-zine to show its depth, its incisiveness and that we are more than interested in talking about things apart from Custard.

AC: Thanks DF. It's great to be here.

DF: Historically, the first avant garde Art movement was known as Fauvism. It was always pure and frequently violent in its juxtapositions. And it is from this tradition that your name is derived.

The band Custard also have artistic roots in the sense that they are arguably Australia's most prominent Art Rock band. Would you agree?

AC: Um. Yeah. I guess I would.

DF: So what do you think of Custard's new album?

AC: I like it.

DF: It's FUCKIN' fantastic isn't it Andy?

AC: Um, I guess so.

DF: So what do you think of the cover art?

AC: Um....yeah. It looks like an album cover. It does that job. Kinda like the fauves...

DF: Yeah yeah...Do you like Matt's hair?

AC: It's good...

DF: What about David's?

AC: Um. yeah...

DF: You've got a new single coming out right? Something to do with Tina. So...What do you think of Custard's new single? It's better isn't it?

AC:I dunno...

DF: Personality is important these days in Rock n Roll. There are 4 very different characters in the Fauves.

Consequently you must

have a Matt, a Dave, a Glenn and a Paul all of your own?

AC: (pauses)....We must.

DF: Are Custard the greatest or what?

AC:

DF: Custard! Custard! Custard!

AC:

DF: What about Cus-zine. Is it the greatest or what?

AC: ...

DF: You can talk some now.

AC: You are a complete fucking loser. You are just some disgusting cock-sucking sychophant trying to leach off someone else's success to perpetuate your own pathetic sense of self worth.

DF:

AC: You make me sick.

DF: Thanks for your time Andrew. It was a pleasure.

AC: No problem DF.



TEN DIE IN BIZARRE CUSTARD SUICIDE PACT

The tiny rural town of Oakey was rocked today by the discovery of 10 bodies in a shed on a property just west of the town.

The deaths appear to be an elaborate suicide pact orchestrated to the tune of a Custard anthem.

Sergeant Don Moody of Oakey Police told reporters it was the worst suicide pact he had seen since the infamous

"Wiggles Tragedy" of '93 where 12 toddlers died after burying themselves in a sand-pit while listening to "Hot Potato, Hot Potato" through the pre-school P.A. system.

"I'll never forget that day," Sergeant Moody said. "It was my mother in law's birthday. I had to sit through a 5 course meal with her whinging all the time about the weather and single mother

dole bludgers. It was awful. But I'll also remember that day because that was the day I realised the Wiggles phenomenon had gone too far. Today I realised the same had happened with Custard. I just can't get that damn song out of my head. 'This is my lucky star, here I will make a stand. It doesn't look that far....to me.'" Custard refused to comment on the tragedy.

PINBALL LEZ - EXPOSED!!

"Yeah, it's been a friggin' nightmare", says a smallish, weathered looking, 20 something going on 40 something gentleman answering to the name Leslie Petuknik.

The son of Polish immigrants, Leslie started repairing pinball and arcade slot machines (following in his father's footsteps) at the age of 8. He slouches uncontrollably. His eyes operate independently of each other like a crabs and he had numerous cuts, scars and abrasions all over his arms and neck and god knows where else.

He draws another lung-full of ciga-

rette smoke and starts to talk again.

"I ain't never heard the song. Well not the whole way through anyway. It was Greg. He was the one that told me about it. He musta bought the record or heard it on the radio. He started at me one day saying somethin about me and Nan's girlfriend. He thought it was reeeaaaal funny. I didn't know what the hell he was on about. Then everybody started at me singing 'Pinball Lez is shackled up...'. I almost went crazy. It was effecting my work. I'd be repairing a machine and just break down in tears.

"I don't know how McCormack could know so much about me. I mean I've never met him and no one I know has even heard of him. It must be the Internet. It must have all this stuff about me on it and he just

looked it up. Bastard. I would sue his arse off but my lawyer said something about the similarities being coincidental and that it wasn't worth it. Somebody told me McCormack was living in Sydney now. Well he's a lucky son of a bitch cause I was after him. I even bought a ticket to a Custard show but it was on a Saturday night and I forgot that my VCR was broken and I couldn't record Hey Hey it's Saturday...so I had to make a choice: 'Revenge' or 'Hey Hey'. I chose Hey Hey. Maybe I did the wrong thing. Maybe I didn't."

Petuknik plans to do his get on with his life and maybe even change his name and vocation. "I'm thinking maybe I should go into VCR repair and call myself VCR Vic. I dunno though."

"PRINCE SAVED ME FROM...ANAL PENETRATION"

BY MELBOURNE CORRESPONDENT BONANZA JELLYBEAN

Art-rocker Glenn Thompson has been probed on plenty of occasions by inquiring music journalists, but it was not enough to prepare him for the probing he recently received at the hands (or hand-like appendages) of aliens.

Thompson alleges he was abducted during a stay in Melbourne, lured into bushland near the Yarra by the glint of a vehicle behind some shrubs. "Call me naive, but I thought it was the Tarago," said Thompson in defence of his decision to enter the vehicle, despite having been warned about Stranger Danger by Uncle Davey ("Now listen kids...").

Upon entering the craft it soon became apparent that it was not a family wagon - the first clue being the blinding beam of light which teleported the bewildered sticksman into it. "Inside, it was a big round room and there were lots of flashing lights. It was like something out of a Regurgitator video clip. At first I was excited, because I always had liked the Gravitron at Luna Park. But then things started to get messy..."

At this point Thompson was

approached by an android offering a short brown bottle with a gold label. Instinctively the thirsty rocker took the bottle and drank it back quickly before realising that he had been tricked into drinking a sleeping position of sorts, and was rapidly falling into a deep sleep.

It was during this sleep that the aliens allegedly performed anatomical investigations typical of alien abduction stories, including the obligatory anal probe. An autographed Def Leppard drumstick always carried by Thompson in his jeans pocket has not been seen since his abduction.

It is not known how much time passed before Thompson came around, to find himself on a metal table, surrounded by several faces staring down at him with wide eyes, unnaturally coloured hair, and pock-marked skin. "I was confused. What with the bright lights and the enthralled faces, I thought I was at an instore performance for a pack of teenagers and I guess my reaction was just instinct."

It is not clear whether the aliens were disappointed by the part-time crooner's choice of Prince song, or whether they simply felt he should

stick to designing CD covers, but their reaction to his singing was clearly unfavourable. Thompson was forced towards the door by the apparently disgusted aliens. "Your music is crap!" they taunted him in stilted English. The Brisbane beat boy was pushed from the UFO and fell to Earth, where he was discovered curled in a ball, sweating and sobbing, by a lone jogger. Craig McLachlan, who runs regularly by the Yarra, said, "I instantly recognised this as a case of a man whose musical integrity has been questioned. I've been there... I've been there..."

Thompson was returned to the care of the other members of Australia's leading disco soul funk band, Custard, grateful to be among people who appreciate his musical taste.

Weeks later, Thompson still shudders when asked what he believes may have become of him, had he remained a guest of the aliens any longer. "I never thought I'd be able to say that the music of the artist formerly known as Prince saved me from further anal penetration. Fuck man, I think I do know what it sounds like when the doves cry."