

Peter Goers: Okay, I confess, I'm not 48, I'm about to turn 60. Whopty doo.

YOU can't hold a candle to Peter Goers' stunning confession.

Peter Goers, Sunday Mail (SA) July 24, 2016 2:25pm

Next Thursday is the 12th anniversary of my 48th birthday. I'll be 60. Christ! I'll be older than I ever intended to be.

Cue Seniors Card gags. Well, I already have one. It's not mine, it belongs to a dead woman. If they ask on the bus "Do you have a Seniors Card?", I say "yes". They don't ask if it's mine.

Stuff that. I'm determined to go to my reward as the least exercised old bastard ever. I saw Jack Cahill (whom I revere) recently and he asked me when I'm coming to his excellent seniors' gym. "Never", I wheezed.

Unfortunately, the downside to turning 60 is the sense of diminishing returns – of fewer possibilities. I'm hardly less agile because I've never been agile. Thank goodness.

Birthday boy Peter Goers.

In the dark nights of the soul, I do have regrets – unkindnesses, I should have written books rather than reading so many, I should've been a better theatre director. Shoulda, woulda, coulda.

If you want a friend, be a friend. Mercifully, I've never been lonely but I do long to be held by someone. I fear the loss of memory and my memory is already like a policeman

I want to outlive Pauline Hanson. I want to keep working as long as I'm needed and then get the pension. I want to put more theatre in life and more life in the theatre. I want a disability car parking permit. Do they give them for laziness?

I want to maintain the rage yet be more forgiving. I want to keep smoking and be buried in a flip-top coffin in which I am the health warning. I want nice, tolerant young people to take me out to good theatre and to Alberton Oval after the glorious Power wins flags.

It all goes so quickly. One minute you're waiting in the wings, the next minute you're wearing them.

Yesterday, I was six. Now I'm 60. "Now, voyager, sail thou forth, to seek and find".

■ Peter Goers can be heard weeknights on 891 ABC Adelaide

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