

The GOOD FIGHT



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Inside:

Headshrinking for Beginners, Kalgoorlie
Nightlife, Bikie decor, Tasteless Boat
Names, Infants as accessories, Anchovy
'n' Offal recipe, and

MORE NUDES THAN GUNS 'N' AMMO!!

Introducing our regular column of despair in the face of overwhelming positivity...

oh dear



by Janet Austin

"It is the right use of the world that I would lead you into, by directing you to turn your eyes upon every shape of human folly, that you may thence draw fresh arguments and motives of living to the best and greatest purposes of your creation."

William Law (1686-1761)

Yes, look around, listen, digest and heave a huge sigh of relief that you are you.

As for me? Well, oh dear, let me tell you. Here it is, the new year. The horrors of Christmas are only yet abating, to be collected in a gothic horror suspense titled "Twas the Year Before Christmas". I've promised myself two things: I will not watch Video Hits on both Saturday and Sunday mornings, one or the other but not both. And I will never ever be caught dead saying "No worries". As for those incalculable personal habits, problems, tendencies, gripes and promises? Who's counting?

It seems to me that the latest accessory to swing off one's hips is a baby. Just

as it used to be the thing to show off one's boyfriend, drug habit or bargain wine cask, these days one makes the biggest splash at parties by bringing one's droolingly beautiful infant. It's a test to see whose can stand the most cigarette smoke, pounding music and eye-level beer cans and cigarettes at 10 months. I'm speaking en masse here, not just one or two. So it seems if I'm to continue to be invited to "Do's", I'd better get cracking. But seeing as I have enough trouble nursing a hangover, forget it. I'll turn on Video Hits again and wonder why time doesn't flinch.

Time doesn't flinch when things go wrong. The world keeps turning. The sun keeps on rising. You can break all the rules and die a thousand deaths and sure enough the dawn will break. As fresh and new as the day after you die. Time doesn't flinch. But sometimes I wish it would. Just once.

Remember my rule (or rather Wittgenstein's):

"Whereof one cannot speak thereof one must be silent."

Vogue Living

(Bikie Decor)

"I have yet to see the rule which says all four walls have to be the same colour,"
says B.S.A. Triple Restorer

It is always too early in the day to admit to being the sort inordinately sidetracked by the origin of the six foot stockwhips that define a biker's living room wall.

However, as a result of euphemistic inquiry within a bikie's domain, I once saw two white, shrivelled snake tails protruding from the base of a brass missile shell. Instant revulsion obscured detail as I had assumed the skins were the broken, discarded remnants from one of those old taxidermy horrors from India: the posed mongoose screeching at the striking cobra.

In 1978, when my uncle had to deal with a suicide, in an upstairs cubicle of the Railway Hotel, I was sent out to kill time, doing so in front of a Barrack Street window displaying these stuffed animals fighting venomous snakes. The excruciating temptation was whether or not to go in and poke a finger behind the fangs of both shop soiled species.

As a piker of long-standing, it was rather a letdown to discover that the British bike rider's reptile receptacle actually housed elongated dipped candles. A block mounted print of an airbrushed, mystical nymph appraised this plot for infants' books.

Fortunately, my superbike host had his hands full with two unlikely visitors. Clayton, a male model, and his girlfriend, Judy, adorned the Confederate flag spread across the couch. This couple were enthroned by that depressing poster which features Freud's jaw dissolving into a naked woman. The legend at the foot read "WHAT'S ON A MAN'S MIND".

The pair were brainstorming their upcoming Japanese trip where he was contracted to do modelling work. His local modelling agency, Scarberry's, had informed them about one "top Perth hostess" who had earned Aus\$10 000 for each intimate act with a Tokyo client. At that rate Clayton and Judy had calculated that intercourse with fifteen businessmen there would net enough yen to buy a small plot in the south-west of W.A. They agreed that was the maximum number of 'jobs' Clayton could permit.

Abstracted, I idly handled the Norton aficionado's antique daggers encased beneath the south wall bullwhip. I had but one objection to Clayton and Judy's splendid union; had not both of them joined the vociferous campaign against Japanese investment in Australia.

Julian Miller



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A Horse Of A Different Colour

*"Do you remember that terrible nutter,
The one with the inconsolable whine,
Who harboured a grudge or grievance,
Of every conceivable colour and kind;
Who found everyone he encountered
Either narrow, degraded or blind,
Who found fault with the day's long declining
And the way the stars were aligned;
Who was inclined to rely on invective,
He said, since that was the language of swine,
'Why waste a cultivated perspective
On creatures too crude to refine?
This impoverished world is their oyster,
Shorn of the glories it bore,
Coarsened from belfry to cloister
By the ravage of boarish uproar'.
This sage cherished one lifetime objective:
To show, clear as the proverbial mud,
That the eyes of the porcine collective
Saw wisdom only in blood;
'These beasts prize the lustre of lust not love,
Their pig eyes feast on carnage and gore;
Hoist some poor wretch to the heavens about
And they'll rejoice with bloodthirsty furore!'
He designed a fiendish flagpole
From which to hang his thesis
But the petard preferred its usual role
And smashed his head to pieces;
He cheated this happy comeuppance
When, in the jaws of defeat, he divined
That, though his skull was the size of a tuppence,
His thoughts were no longer confined
To the sphere of the mean and the petty
(His anxieties, once overwhelmed,
Scattered like astral confetti
Throughout the ethereal realm):
The fine style of his earthy departure,
He saw, not a tick before time,
Made him the first and the most illustrious martyr
Of the broad church of the wide open mind!"*

Bleddyn Butcher

A Recipe for Shrinking Heads



Like the cuisine of Provence, recipes for head shrinking are obstructed by rumour, mythology and subjective reportage. In order to obtain proper results one must sift through so much folklore before arriving at the finished product - a head, a third its proper size, its sense organs anatomically correct, its appearance like burnished leather.

There are only three valid European sources for the practise: Alfonso Gomez y Delgado (S.J.)'s 'Viaje del Crucifijo por las Amazonas' (1789), Pierre Fallut's 'Trois Ans Dans un Priogut' (1903) and Bruno LaJouvin's 'Reducteurs de Tetes: Les Indiens Amozones' (1923). For three different reasons these three men attempted specifically to reach the Jivaro tribes and study them. Other reports are obscured by second hand versions, outright fiction, mistaken identity or uneducated anthropological assessments. Delgado S.J may well fall into all four categories yet he is the first to return with documented proof of the practice and remains our only authentic contact with it until the early Twentieth century.

Before getting into the procedure some myths must be cleared away. Despite the nonsense propagated by Hollywood and the Church, no Melanesian, African or Australian Aboriginal tribe ever practiced head shrinking; it was the cultural domain only of the Jivaro and connected tribes in the central Amazon. Secondly, no European was ever a victim of head shrinking. It was reserved

for warriors and magicians of other tribes whose powers the shrinkers respected and wished to nullify by trapping them in the flesh. The power the Europeans imposed was entirely different and required another approach. Having disposed of these we can now begin.

Firstly a victim had to be found. He was probably already marked out by the hunters, who'd seen him in battle or witnessed some manifestation of his magic. Fallut writes of a certain magician who avoided capture for several years until a week before the Frenchman left and the head was given to him as a talisman for the trip back to Manaus. In contrast to the vivid designs painted for battle, head shrinkers decorated their faces with a simple black line running from the forehead to the chin dissecting the nose. Their ankles and wrists were daubed with red bands of paint and they left the village after a brief ritual armed only with bow, arrows and a sacred machete. (Delgado recognised the machete his tribe used came from Toledo and must have passed through trade down the Amazon for over one hundred years.) They travelled through the dense growth, hid in the river reeds and slept in the trees, observing the victim until the time was right. An arrow perhaps, a swift slice with the machete and the bloodied head was snatched away and taken to safety.

At an arranged spot they met their own shaman, who acknowledged the head belonged to the intended victim and offered prayers to the gods. At this point our three versions of the ritual begin to diverge. According to Delgado the brain was not eaten, according to Fallut it was, and LaJouvin says the brain of magicians was while a warrior's was tossed to the piranhas. If it was con-

sumed the meat of the neck was roughly scooped out and the skin quickly sewn together, then a bamboo pipe was shoved up the nostril, through the septum and into the brain, the diner's jaws working overtime as he sucked the tissue into his mouth. Anyone who has eaten Armenian brain salad or calf brains in a white wine aspic in a good restaurant will testify to the fragile, rather soupy texture of this organ and appreciate how easy it is, with vigorous sucking, to enjoy it through a straw.

The eyes are removed, the bridge of the nose cracked and again we come to a divergence. Delgado and Fallut both say that an incision is immediately made while LaJouvin is adamant the head is steamed over a fire to facilitate the process. Whatever the case the skull is thrown into the river clean of any residue flesh and the shrinkers are left with a sac of flesh which is immediately plunged into cold water.

The workers rest now while the shaman prepares a fire on top of dry sand and small, smooth river pebbles. From here on the process takes some three days, mostly taken up with ritual prayers. It is important however to soak the flesh for six to seven hours to prevent burning during the next stage. After the fire is going the shaman produces a bag of leaves. My research indicates that these belong to a succulent, possibly *Sophronis Aleambica*, and as they are pounded to paste they release certain vital chemicals.

By nightfall we have arrived at the next step. The pebbles, now white hot, must be scooped up with sand, poured into the sac and the lot immediately steeped in cold water. This is repeated twice more. Gourmets may recognise similarities between this and the Breton



dish 'Canard a la Mer', where the duck is alternated between the heat and cold to seal in the flavours in readiness for the addition of three fine small truffles. In this case the inside of the skin is sealed while the outside remains fresh and pliable, waiting for the next stage.

A small amount of water is added to the crushed leaves, enough to make a marinade to cover the skin. The valuable chemicals of the plant appear to have two effects. Firstly they toughen the skin, making it rubbery and impervious to further heat, and secondly it is preserved for future time.



At this point we must abandon Alfonso Gomez y Delgado as a reference.

His perspective strictly Jesuit, he obfuscated the rest of the procedure, perhaps out of fear for admitting to his superiors that he was witness to hideous blasphemy, perhaps out of a moral duty to suppress certain rituals from a politically unstable Europe. His tome, available for perusal at the University of Combra - where he spent several years teaching Botany - makes fascinating reading for those prepared to endure verbose and syntactically weak Latin.

Once the marinade is complete the skin is taken out and wrapped in leaves while the shrinkers offer prayers. Finished with that they return to the fire, scooping up sand, pouring in into the sac and quickly dewing every orifice - the ears, eyes and mouth - with slender vines. The skin now is the texture of the dough used for Turkish pida bread and can be moulded into shape, its eyebrows, hair and lips fully intact. Each time I read Fallut's description of this step I am reminded of a meal I shared with a Bedouin tribe celebrating a marriage. Traditionally camel is stuffed with goat stuffed with lamb stuffed with chickens, each animal emerging intact and tender, if slightly reduced. When Fallut smelled the head at this point it brought back memories of the hams in his father's butchery. Fallut and I equally recognise that those who work with meat, be they cooks, butchers or head shrinkers, display a profound even moving respect for the stuff.

According to Fallut the head is briefly immersed in water to speed up the shrinkage while LaJouvin claims it is smoked over a fire of slow burning riv-

er roots. Some problems exist with LaJouvin's account, plagued as it is with contradiction, yet there is no doubt he was a first hand witness, accurately transcribing the linguistics of the Javaros ritual prayers. A refugee from the Great War, he came to the Amazon in search of 'the Noble Savage' and retreat from brutal memories. Fortunately, having already participated in the war he was injured to sights which reduced Fallut to squeamishness. Whether or not he found his ideal man in unrecorded. He was found in a Quito boarding house with a bullet in his heart and several empty whiskey bottles by his bed three years after returning from the jungle.

Given the head is immersed, smoked or untouched, on the third morning after a day of prayer and fasting it is ready to be brought back to the village and a celebration. The hair is tied to a pole and the shaman and the shrinker set off, singing loudly and clapping sticks to alert the women who have been preparing fish and yams for their return.



The head now should still be soft and must be handled gently. In a few days it will harden to the toughness of a saddle. The victim's face is recognisable to everyone in spite of its reduction, and the exuberance of the celebration depends on the his reputation.

Some heads in the possession of the British Museum and the Smithsonian have been dated as four and five hundred years old without any dilapidation except to the hair. As the years progress they can achieve a consistency close to ebony. The most beautiful of them were made late last century during an explosions of artistic vigour but unfortunately can only be procured from Californian collectors for exorbitant prices.

John Toohey

(John Toohey has spent many years travelling the globe looking into the myths and customs of other cultures.)

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BloodFeast

(Why Carnivores Make Me Want To Puke)

You know, when April rolls around I will have been a reasonably ideologically committed vegetarian for nine years. Not a bad achievement really, especially in the early years when it was just getting *truly* untrendy to not want to eat a big steak (or wear a bootlace tie and cowpoke boots). True, I weaned myself off it all gradually: I wore leather shoes for years and it took a long time to get off the Arnotts range of beef-infiltrated sweet biscuits. But now I'm *clean*.

So what, you might say? Because I know you. You're one of those dicks with all kinds of nut reasons why you should go on chowing down large portions of an animal's leg muscles from just underneath its poor bedraggled arsehole, mixed in with baby sweetcorn perhaps or underneath some sauce made from its boiled down fat and tendons. Most people's reasoning is don't think, just eat it.

One of the truly disgusting things about meat eaters is their outrageous hypocrisy. Like all those crapped-out inner city fucksters who pin up pictures of Manson or the Hindleys in their living rooms, scratch the surface of any carnivore and you are bound to find cutesy characterisations of duckies and piggies stuck to their fridge as magnets. You have to puke.

Then there is the notion of the naturalness of eating meat. I cannot believe people who cite some diagram of human tooth development as proof of the *naturalness* of chewing on some other creature's deshitted intestines. *Natural?* If I wanted a *natural* life I would not, for instance, use a toilet or live under a roof. I would not speak at all. Rather I would sit in the bath and concentrate quietly on trying to split harmlessly in two like my great *natural* ancestor the amoeba. If you think it is *natural* to digest the sinews of another's body then I hope you are also planning to die a *nat-*

ural death from bowel cancer if and when. Don't fuckin' give me *natural*.

Then there is the preposterous "I like the taste". Well. My friend. There's a lot of things I like, too, and a lot of them would cause grievous bodily harm to my fellow creatures. I would *like* to keep slaves, for instance - it would be just so nice not to have to clean my house ever or ever put anything away and it would be nice, indeed, to grow rich on the sweat of other people's labour. It would be *nice* to keep a harem. It would be *nice* to demolish the whole of South East Asia and turn it into an endless Disneyland for tourists with the entire population used either as unpaid bathroom attendants or driven into the sea to drown. It would be *nice* to release a special weapon into the earth's atmosphere that killed everybody who did not personally agree with me on ten or twenty major points (at least). There are all sorts of things that it would be *nice* to do which take away another's personal liberty. It's just not an argument. What if I liked to suck your eyeballs because I liked the taste? Huh?

Then they say, animals aren't like people. Of course not - they are animals. They were probably happy being animals. There is no Darwinian reasoning that makes it OK for us to eat animals. In fact, if Darwin has come into, maybe we should consider that we are the only species with the reasoning to see that we (a) don't have to eat animals, and (b) are wrecking the planet by breeding so many of them for the purpose. I mean, a monkey might rape its brother or its sister, and even if we find that cruel or revolting, we know monkeys have different values. If you raped your brother or sister, there would, I hope be trouble (unless perhaps you adapted the carnivore's defence that you enjoyed it, which ought to clear the matter up).

It's a bit like babies, really. All I ever hear (and it's going to get worse as I get older I am sure) is baby this, baby that.

Baby *fuck*, I reckon. I don't care about people's damn babies and I wish they would stop shoving them in my face like they had a perfect right to have damn babies everywhere. It's another one of those "it's natural" things and it's the sickening self-righteousness of drab *shmoes* (yes, *shmoes*) who lack the sensitivity, grace or imagination to do something interesting with their life and freedom which makes me want to get under the bed and never come out again.

Of course most people, like most babies, eat meat because they always have and they always will. If this is their only reasoning, you would agree with me that this can only indicate most people are complete morons.

I'm not saying there aren't vegetarians who are morons too. And most of them probably aren't, anyway. I believe the population of Australia is, or claims to be, 2% vegetarian, a statistic which the meat industry apparently regards as somewhat alarming. Undeniably most vegetarians are vegetarians *but*, i.e. *but* they eat chicken (yeah, chicken, well, they come off trees, don't they?) or even more commonly *but* they eat seafood (these people should have the words "Dolphin Friendly" forcibly tattooed onto their foreheads). Anyone who eats chicken would do well to investigate what their chicken was eating before it was diced through the bars of its cage or electrocuted by passing 4000 volts through the piss at its feet or whatever. Most chickens, I am told, eat (a) other bits of chicken (b) cow and pig shit (c) all sorts of other bits of anything anyone cares to give them but it could be *anything* from horse eyes to turkey colons, who knows? Now, a chicken is a chicken and I have to admit it knows less than you or I about the world (though conversely it knows more about being a chicken than you or I will ever know) and that's why it will, of necessity, eat a parrot gible that you

or I (well, *I* definitely) might pass on. But then *you* will quite happily eat a chicken that ate a parrot gible, a mess of bloody feathers that once adorned its own family and a hogs underbelly. For all you know it was free-rangedly grazing on top of a mound of bloody hairy pig snouts in a concrete barn seconds before someone snipped its small head off with a pair of pinking shears. So what are you playing at?

Now, let's come down to *us*. By us I am clearing away all pretension and admit I am not likely to be writing this to any sort of cross section of the general public (if I was, I might have taken some care over it). If I know you, you are a post-new waver who hides embarrassing photographs of your old haircuts and can't admit to liking reggae. You have some Burroughs' books but don't think of him as gay and you talk about John Waters' films as if you'd seen them. You go to your mum and dad's at Christmas and secretly enjoy it. You still think you're a socialist but only because you can't imagine what else you might "be". You are ignorant,

puerile, trendy and the icing on the cake, you are a carnivore. You eat at Macca's regularly though you say "isn't it terrible?". That's you, and you are pathetic. But you feel good because you know you have one up on me.

You crap idiot, you think you are better than a vegetarian like me because you're *honest*. You think you're Mr or Mrs Earthy because, just like your peasant/savage ancestors you get down to basics and can actively devour the blood and skin of a creature who once lived on the earth and you're just so no-bullshit. As your lower intestines strain to eliminate fat-ridden chopped up veins and cells of some miserable caged calf from Dubbo and you fart a big beefy fart you feel like you've played your part in the eternal food chain. You pitted your wits against the beast and true to form, homo sapien won out and got what it wanted. That's why *we* walk on two feet (into Pizza Hut) and *they* have to have their's cut off so there's more room for another one on top of their cage. (But wait a minute - why do *chickens* walk on two feet? Oh well, never mind.)

May I say though, we of the west are a very delicate and sophisticated bunch, because apart from the most eccentric offal enthusiast, we draw the line at certain bits of the creature. We mainly like muscly stuff and fatty energy-storage bits, and leg stuff. We won't accept head bits, or bits that are instantly recognisable (largely because it allows us to continue to *not think about it*). Next time you go to a souvlaki shop, marvel at the large core of meat that revolves in front of that radiator thing. What is that? It looks like a colossal meat-fruit. It's absolutely unrecognisable in any sense of something off a "real animal", it's off a hideous perversion of nature that only knew misery and hygenic, scientific torture.

You pain in the arse fuckhead. You're a real bringdown. I hope it chokes you.

David Nichols

Forthcoming issues: Cars, Underpants, Summer, Budget Shampoo, Cricket.

FEINT

Justin Jarrett ©



Kalgoorlie Nightlife

-a guide for beginners'

by David Gerard, undisputed star of the 1991 WA Music Industry Awards night.

Jesus, did I need a holiday. Nine months of working a foul job before returning to merciful unemployment. We had decided to go to Kalgoorlie in order to crash a party held by the brother of one of our number, John. I got a call from the organisational demon, Michael:

"...Hire a car ...five or us ...costs ...petrol share ...air conditioning ...last year's Camry ..."

"Uh."

"...Mark went out there ...work for a relative ...to pub ...yob walks in - 'You're a faggot' - POW - about that quick..."

"Uh." (Thought: wear safe clothes.)

"...fun ...crash at John's brother's ...Friday night ...go afternoon ..."

"Uh."

Kalgoorlie is a mining town. What this means in practice is that there is no reason for a town to be there other than gold. Thankfully, it's been around for a while so the architecture is pretty cool; not the sort of place that has demountable pubs and such like. Land is pretty, but rent is high. This is because the town is pretty worthless when the yellow stuff runs out, so no-one wants to be stuck with the land, but if they are then they want to get what they can while they can. One day, all this will be deserted ... like the ghost towns around that consist of one dilapidated pub and three or four free-standing fireplaces.

The first two-thirds of the journey is the Wheatbelt, which is only moderately tedious - four hundred kilometres of identical boring little dumps with a roadhouse and a pub. "Welcome to Ghooli, we hope you enjoyed your stay." One town, Tammin actually does have a demountable pub, which is surely the crassest in public house design that I've ever seen. The largest towns aren't much better, thought some of them have cashcard machines. Getting through Northam without getting lost is certainly an interesting experience.

(Warning! There is a bastard cop who operates between Cunderdin and Mer-

redin. Between these two towns, you drive at one-ten precisely or yo' ass is bust, no two ways about it. Barring some sort of zap ray which magically cripples the electrical system of cop cars or a peculiarly just lightning bolt or the mere fact that there's sixty of you and one of him or whatever, don't take your chances on this stretch. We got busted. Mind you, Kelly baffled him with her Hawaiian middle name. But he warned.)

The last third is the stretch from Southern Cross (end of the Wheatbelt) to Coolgardie (start of the Goldfields): two hundred and twenty-six kilometres of scrub and tedium. "Search And Destroy" on auto-rewind was our way of coping.

We arrived a midnight and were greeted by John's brother, David. Boy, was he glad to see emissaries from civilisation. John promised to send him more tapes (David's could well be the only wall in Kalgoorlie with Ed Kuepper and Hummingbirds posters on it) and David fetched us a beer. You can make a fortune in Kal, for sure; but you will also drink a fortune. David had a fridge and a freezer both half full of beer. I think I spent forty of the one hundred and ten dollars I blew that weekend on drink. No, sixty. There's something about the place. (Incidentally: for some reason it seems almost impossible to obtain Hannan's Lager in Kalgoorlie ...or, at least, I never encountered any. And I looked. Quite possibly they've never forgiven Swan for brewing the stuff at Canning Vale instead..)

We were then taken out for our promised glimpse of Kal's throbbing night life: a bar called the Shaft. (Would I lie to you?) This is the one in the Palace Hotel and is heavily recommended, if for no other reason than its two o'clock licence. Perth is not a civilised town. Midnight licences don't cut it, they just don't. Imagine playing pool at the Hyde Park until 2am. Jesus, I'd never go anywhere else. The Shaft has one dress regulation: men must wear shirts with col-

lars. Any shirt with a collar, that'll do. There were four bouncers outside making sure that potential troublemakers didn't even get close to the door, and an observant few inside monitoring proceedings.

We had the good luck to bump into a young woman from Perth called Belinda - a scenester of long standing, stranded in Kal for a year as a physio. "I'm going in two weeks, and I ain't gonna miss Kal one shred." Belinda told us that there are six males for every female in Kalgoorlie. "There are no ugly women in Kal; it's just that some are even better-looking than others."

There are three nightclubs in Kalgoorlie:

Sylvester's: The top-40 trendy place. Normal entry charge is seven dollars, but it was free at 2.15 on Friday. They were playing "Losing My Religion" as we walked in, so we gave it points. Basically tacky and sleazy.

Harry's: Upstairs from Sylvester's; "a piano bar without a piano", as Belinda put it. "Full of old men in white shirts sleazing onto you at four hundred a minute." The walls were certainly dripping slime when we went up there. David had bought us a drink at Sylvester's, then recommended we take it up to Harry's. He was right - in Harry's, you really need a drink.

A hideous tavern duo was playing - keyboard, guitar, drum machine. AM radio cabaret. They did a keyboard version of 'Jailbreak' and the riff from 'Smoke On The Water' for the wag up front who requested it.

Rebecca's: Tried going up on Friday night, but it was shut. Never mind, we had a shopping cart race down Hannan Street. (All the streets are incredibly wide, apparently because they used to drive camel down the middle. Well, I never.)

Saturday morning hit with a crash. We ate our toast, baked beans coffee and Panadol and prepared for our afternoon with the salt flats... land yachting.

The shops in Kalgoorlie are just like anywhere, particularly Coles. Your average bogan shopper in Kal wears a swimsuit in the heat with hat, shorts and sunnies. Rollerskating ten-year-old girls in swimsuits. Etc. Do you know how far it is from Kal to water? Nor do I, but it's bloody far. We got our hats, sunscreen, cheap sunnies and film for the afternoon's fun. There is not a lot to do in Kalgoorlie. You can drink, play two-up (which we didn't), go down Hay Street (which we glanced at and didn't find it terribly thrilling - though the tourist bureau does have Hay Street postcards) ... and land yachting.

There are twenty-seven pubs in Kalgoorlie: the Metropole, Albion, Tattersall's (Tatt's), the Broken Hill (the owner is from Broken Hill), Main Reef, Grand (Kal.), Recreation, Golden Eagle, Foundry (featuring 'Skimpie-Mania'!!!), Mt Lisle, the Gala, the Star & Garter (Karaoke), Hannan's, Judd's, York, Debernale's, the Palace (aka The Shaft), the Exchange, the Old Australian, Criterion, Grand (Boulder), the Federal, the Tower, Piccadilly, Goldrush tavern, Inland City and Flanagan's. There was previously a twenty-eighth: the Block (the Boulder Block Tavern). This was (according to Belinda) the place to go on a Sunday, specifically for the beer garden. It was particularly notable for the shaft right in the middle of the tavern - put there when miners tunnelled upwards so they could have a surreptitious middle during working hours. The

Block is presently being moved brick by brick and being reassembled elsewhere as it was about to fall into the Super-pit - the open-cut mine for the lode the town is built on top of, along its six kilometre length. (We went out to see the Super-pit on Sunday. It's impossible to appreciate the scale of the damn thing until you see the little Matchbox bulldozers and diggers way down at the bottom ...then you see the Landcruiser ute next to them ...then you suddenly realise the scale of the thing. There is nothing - nothing - that beats an open-cut mine for sheer gross ugliness on a grand scale. Nothing.)

Well, on Sunday we packed up, drove around doing some touring (which quickly wearied ...it's a duty, like eating turkey at Christmas) and scooted. The boring drive to Southern Cross is actually worse by daylight, because you can see the road and scrub continuing, featureless, right to the horizon ...so blank it could be computer-simulated; you, however, must drive every individual inch of it.

For your own trip to Kal, you will require:

- Lots of spending money.
- Someone's house to stay at - a native guide is essential.
- Warm and cool clothes - hot by day, cold by night.
- A strong, cynical sense of humour - there's no other way to appreciate the place.
- Raybans, no cheap shit.



Boat Names - A Nation's Shame

The first instalment of a series exploring the damage we do when naming creatures and things

One of my elder brother's girlfriends once tried to name a newly-acquired family dog (a gormless border collie/kelpie mutt) "Danté". Thank heavens she didn't have her rotten way, and since then the arbitrary manner in the naming of such unfortunates has enthralled me.

First, however, I must turn the blowtorch on myself. At age 11 I became a fan of the pop singer David Bowie and named my tabby cat "Ziggy". Ahem. Thankfully subsequent animals were named sensibly - Jess, Tinkerbelle, that sort of thing. Only in recent years has a chill wind blown. Our family dog is called Daisy. Surely a cow?

But I come not to praise or heckle defenceless kittens and puppies. If you stroll the length of any jetty within any miserable yacht club in this wide brown land, all horrors shall be availed to your eyes. Bear witness to the true terror of the Australian soul. Do not avert your gaze from the gleaming white bellies of these craft: they declare themselves with such titles as Arffa Chance, The Boys Light Up, Sparx, Bloodie Bewdie,

Happy Hooker, and Electric Blue (coincidentally perhaps the worst song ever written: thankyou Iva Davies and John Oates). Then there's Freedom, Outsider (for the existentially-minded sailor; those mad old sea dogs Colin and Albert couldn't get enough watersports could they?), Cost Plus Ten, Takeover Bid, Not Negotiable (wannabestockbroker accountants?) Cocktails at Six, Hot Pursuit, Youanme Two, Minimum Chips and Norsk (Shurely grounds for legal action?).

While painstakingly researching the facts for this article I grew nauseous and wearily dejected in my attempts to document the nation-wide holocaust of very bad boat names. In the searing Perth heat one jetty seemed to melt into another. Near-hysterical, I even entertained feminist theories for a nanosecond whilst confronted with such dinghies as Cruise Missile, Scud, Air Force and Unguided Missile (all real: it would have been easier to make them up).

I sought counsel in desperation and was informed that mature Australian males name

their seacraft by a combination of their wife's and daughter's name (Kelly-Sue, Cheryl-Lee, Chloreen, etc). If you had the time and I had the patience, the list of obscenities would swell like Demi Moore's gut. But don't sneer: this is our glory, our blindfolded stab at imagination, the solitary chance our dazen, salt-flaxen, wind-&-grit blasted citizens have of immortalising their visions, their punt at christening a despicable piece of fibreglass plank.

The last thing I wish to do is analyse, theorise, or devise smart divisions and subdivisions of boat names semiotised to death by suffocation. Nomenclature supposedly distinguishes the human species from the rest of the animal kingdom, but what does the naming of these tumorous tubs reveal? Some deep genetic flaw? A heartwrenching cry for help from the suburbs? Make it easy on yourself: let yourself be taken on a simple stroll to the end of the quay. Look and laugh at man's inhumanity to leisurecraft.

David McComb



BREAKFAST COLLAPSE?

Here are three of the most frequent questions asked by appalled persons seeking compensation for visual abuse inflicted by a cabaret artiste masquerading in a wig and gown over a full page ad in W.A.'s satanic Sunday Times T.V. Guide.

Question 1: *Has the rash of advertising booked by this R & B impresario's legal practice resulted in the expected march of suckers on crutches into his catch-all counsel?*

Question 2: *Would the lawyer please outline the libidinous procedure for success with an investment broker ten minutes into a reciprocal trade "Introductory Night" ?*

Question 3: *Does the performer realise that in tavern appearances he is dressed in the same homo-hysterical snakeskin threads worn by the hobo in "The Fugitive Kind"?*

Scalpel

Lost Brain

...she was shattered to learn this week that the brain of her 18-year-old son, Martin - who committed suicide - was missing at his creation in August 1990.

"All I ever wanted was peace," she said. "Now this is really troubling me. I feel like he's got no brain where he is now... like part of him is not there."

Norman Aisbett, The West Australian

Disher's Prose

...Disher's prose is as tight as a condom, as sharp as the needle-point of an addict's syringe. Inspiration is buried deep here, overlain with slick skill.

Ken Spillman, West Australian

Talking Beard For P.M.

I agree that sacking Derryn Hinch was a great mistake. He was not afraid to name child molesters and perverts in charge of young boys and girls.

Derryn went to prison for telling the truth. In my opinion he would make a good prime minister - he is honest and not afraid to step on toes.

I will no longer watch Seven and will support Derryn now that he's on Ten. I love you Derryn and so do a lot of other viewers.

Happy New Year to him and all who supported him.

C. Graham, Armadale (Sunday Times TV guide)

Poem of the Month

Hey, Channel Ten, you are best in the west,
Can't say much for the rest.
E Street, Neighbours, just to name a few,
But it would be good if you had Baywatch too.

Serena Dyke, Rossmoyne (S/T TV Guide)

Asians in Sport

With so much Asian migration there seems to be a disproportionate dearth of them participating in Australia's national sports, cricket and Australian Rules Football.

J.A. Birgers (Sunday Times letters)

MUD & JELLO WRESTLERS

Required on a casual basis to work in different venue's. Must supply own full piece bathing suit. We are an equal opportunity employer.

Phone 018 922 346

Guardian Express Classifieds

Blue Collar Girls

The increasing arrogance and dismissiveness of the super-liberated dame can be equally offensive. I know of situations in blue-collar suburbs where girls have ganged up on a gentle boy, pulled his trousers off and sprayed his genitals with paint.

Ronald Conway, The Weekend Australian

Weddings, Parties, Anything Review

There's a line that goes something like "In this mining town, the only thing that isn't mined is their own business". Just one example of the many, brilliant utilisations of our language that colour Thomas' songs. Like Kelly, he uses English creatively and economically.

Steve Gordon, X-press (Rock weekly)

Meat Cleaver

Raining, lovely gentle tune, "I know you're still there/raining in my heart". Very nice. Newman's backing band makes him look like a teenager. Men with interesting faces, they look like they've seen a few things and heard everything else. Tired eyes, well-worn grins, hands frozen in position on a faithful blue guitar.

"How many times has love been rough for you?" asked Newman. A few Screams. "Oh is that all?" he said. The people in the front lip-synched the words to Love Gets Rough, a worthy hit, "it was getting better every day", like a woman coming to terms with a man and not just a meat cleaver.

L.J. Charleston (Revue, West Australian)

Modern times

Seniors were young people once. We didn't have cars, drugs or money. We did have sex and liquor - but did we abuse them? The young people of today do. Why?

A.E. Jones (Sunday Times Letters)

Hyford. Open Meadow. Oaten Hay. All other available prices. \$25 1133
VUT Gelding quiet. 50 ono. ideal 1972
ipment for n. ideal for is. Tourist tier infor- or Bev \$7800
boots size 10 Short boots \$30
it 1 or 2 7 7008
val cut. 1804
\$450

FOUND Staff X. adult mal blk/white, thick studded collar. Mungaring Twp. Albany Hwy. Vic Park area 453 2892
GLASSES Prescription FOUND Kenwick 459 3218

LOST Artificial Eye
ALBANY/DENMARK AREA
REWARD
PH 581 2356

LOST Birmin cat "Daniella" white body, chocolate ears face legs with white paws blue eyes Rivervale area 362 2037 or 361 8535 Reward

LOST Cat coloured



- Janine Brody

Letters

High Speed Chases Stop the Press

Billy Smith is in Longmore detention centre. In his room are pinned things he idolises; rapper Vanilla Ice, newspaper clippings of car wrecks. Car wrecks?

The clippings carry damning headlines, shocking stories of high speed pursuits and innocent carnage on our roads. Billy lacks social graces and is poor. Enticing cops into a high-speed chase excites him, particularly after popping amphetamines. One of the newspaper clippings graphically details the death and damage he caused with a stolen car; and the courts visits, which put him

in Longmore.

Newspapers and racy television coverage of high speed chases give kids a charge. And the media caught between a shocking story and civic responsibility opts for the story in the name of civic responsibility. The kid becomes the hero, the ego expands and bravado rules the road.

The media curbed its high-profile coverage of streakers and trouble-makers at sports events because news producers realised that only the streakers and trouble-makers get the attention.

Media coverage of killer car pursuits ought to stop now to prevent other fatal acts of attention-seeking.

The story of Billy is fictitious. It was written to get **your** attention. Of course a ban on the repeating of all matters regarding kids and crime is only a fraction of the many spokes in the juvenile crime wheel: education, social opportunity, work training, rehabilitation, cessation of police chases, love and attention, care ... but that's another story.

Nuala Keating
WA Law Society



The Clash Clash On Broadway

Epic/Legacy through Sony Music

On a Saturday morning early in 1979, the film clip (they weren't called videos then) for 'Tommy Gun' exploded from 'Sounds Unlimited' (remember Donnie?). The song was all right but the people singing it looked fucking fantastic. The Clash were a band that looked like no one else I'd seen before.

As soon as I could, I bought 'Give Em Enough Rope' and was almost immediately disappointed. Aside from 'Safe European Home' and the gloriously sentimental 'Stay Free', the sound was turgid and there were no photographs of the band.

Later that year came 'London Calling' (the song). Jesus, this was spit-in-the-face-of-the-apocalypse stuff. The album itself was even better. Everything I'd been told and read that was great about rock and roll was pressed into these four sides. Older, wiser (?) voices suggested that The Clash were selling out. I didn't care who played it or liked it as long as I could hear it.

In 1981, I entered tertiary life and 'Sandinista' (a triple punk album for God's sake) arrived to add to the confusion. Today, I can't be bothered with half of it, tolerate more than a quarter and love the rest of it. Not unlike my feelings towards my time as a student.

When I heard The Clash were actually going to perform in Perth, I carried my albums everywhere I went. I can't remember why I did it; it just seemed important at the time. They eventually turned into fruit bowls in the back seat of a 1970 Valiant sedan while I was holidaying with a girlfriend in the South West. I replaced them as soon as I returned.

In concert, The Clash were memorable for many reasons, but two stand out for me: their road crew looked cooler than most bands do and for Joe Strummer telling the crowd to "forget about London (because) you have your own scene here".

At the time I thought 'Combat Rock' was better than 'London Calling'. I was wrong. The Clash turned into a cartoon and then fell apart. I moved on with little regret.

The Clash were the first contemporary band to open my eyes, take the blinkers off and really awaken in me a passion for music of all kinds and from all times. This box set contains most of their finest moments: the still startling 'Police and Thieves', the great guitar solo from 'Complete Control', the finger pops at the start of 'Jail Guitar Doors', the way Mick Jones sings "I don't wannabe....." on 'The Prisoner', 'White Man In Hammersmith Palais', the drum intro to 'I Fought The Law', almost all of the good bits from 'London Calling' and 'Straight To Hell'. There's a reasonable helping of crap here too and for that reason alone 'Clash On Broadway' is damn close to definitive. (Great photographs too!)

Pat Monaghan

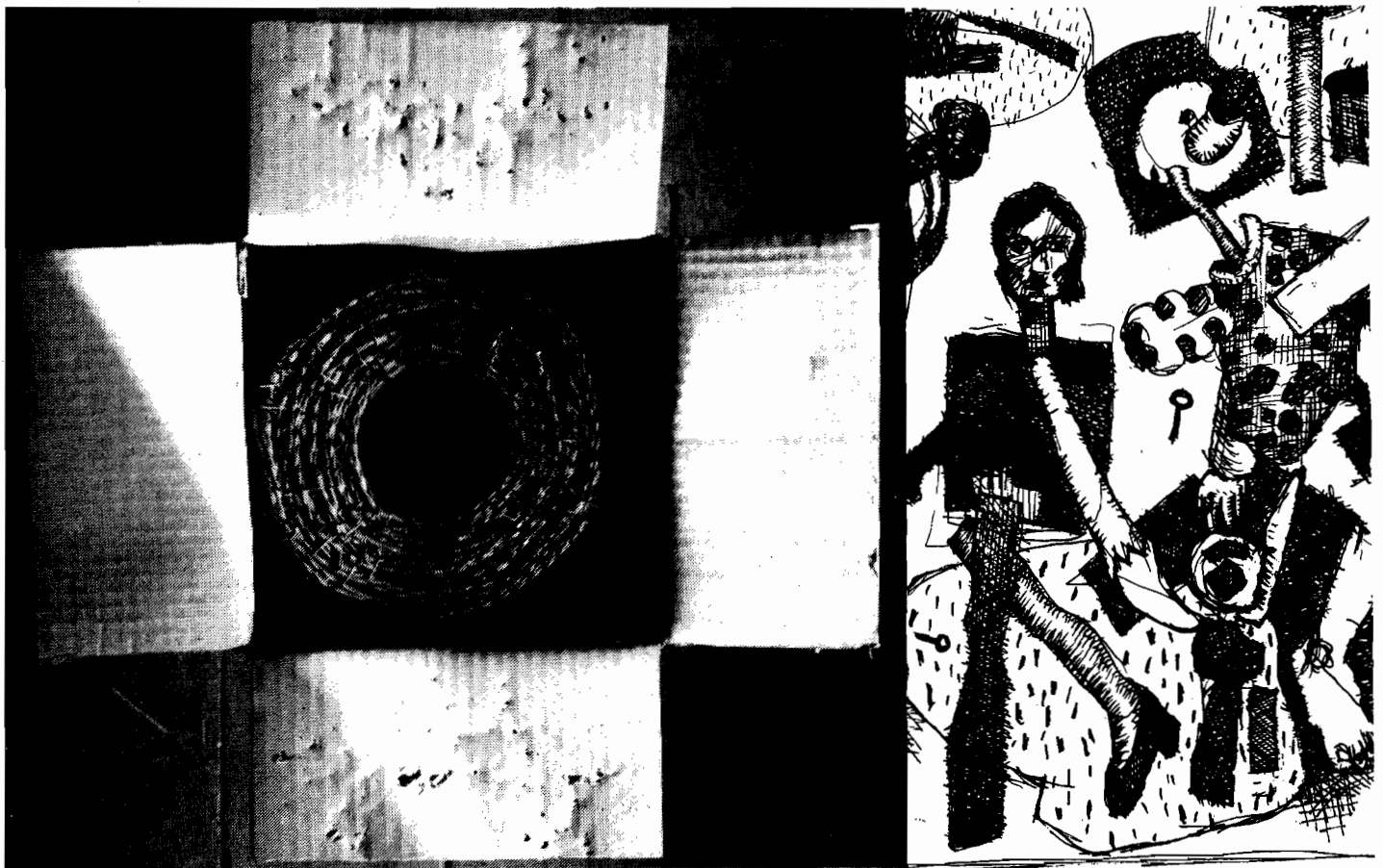


Photo: Robert Frith

© J. Javett

Sports Roundup:

Ill Wind

"What a load of wank, taking polaroids of sail shapes," bellowed a bearded authority.

The scholar with the Kodak muttered something about a personal computer.

The face of brash whiskers had to be my skipper, he had been pencilled in perfect shorthand.

His sixteen foot skiff, named, 'Accounting Solutions', was sponsored by a national software concern.

A financial undertaking, cresting my yearly salary, that enabled the business to entertain clients on the 'grog-boat' that followed the skiffs around the course.

Sailing a sixteen foot skiff was supposed to be like crewing on an oversized (ten foot something) Flying Ant, according to the dismissive businessmen in the club bar.

Ten years prior I had sold my Flying Ant, a training class for skiffs, to a handicapped kid, which seemed on a par with shoving a chlorine bomb into his trouser pocket.

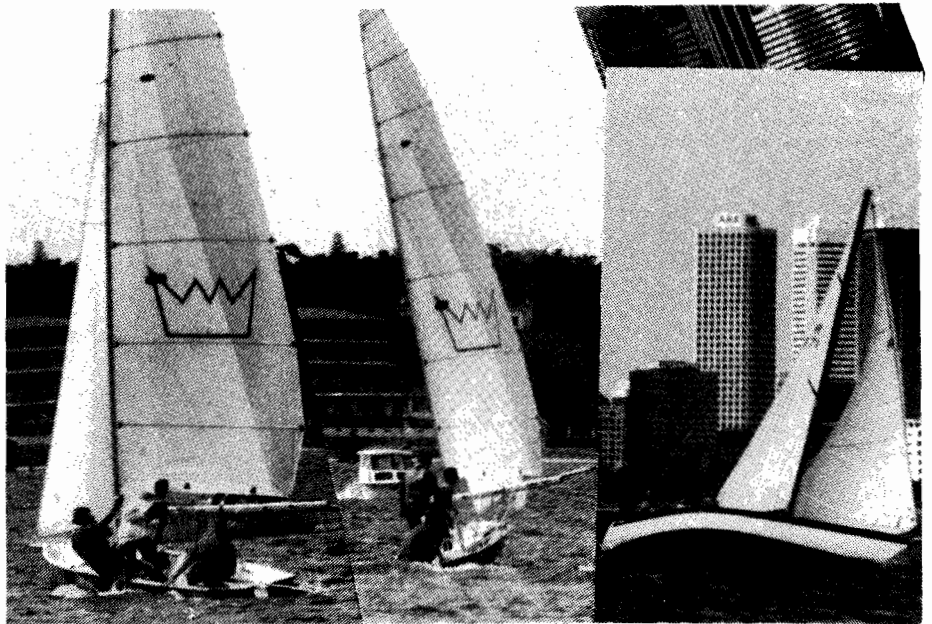
In any case, I felt truly fortunate to be initiated into skiffs before a thirty knot north westerly, overpowered by sail.

On the first leg of the race I inverted my body out on the trapeze wire, becoming a sea-anchor with every knock. A leverage breakthrough sure to be assimilated across the board.

Apparently, the secret to driving these aberrant hulls through the water was to keep them as flat as possible.

To this end my toes slid up and down the gunwale, crashing into 'Tank' up forward (his enormous trunk incredibly suspended from the mast by wire and harness). On return I elbowed the helmsman so far aft he dangled from his trapeze out behind the rudder.

He resembled a hairy, acrobatic bumblebee in the year three, mid-year Mother Nature production. He spoke eight



year old obscenities.

Tank joined the chorus. He had detected that I was blackballed from entry into their blokes' world.

The licence I had taken, when detailing my previous yachting experience to these two, began to remind me of a taxi ride I once shared with a celebrated family of U.F.O. spotters. Down to their last tabloid-paid fifty dollars, the five of them could barely corroborate their casino nourished stories.

Only, my present bluff suffered from the lack of a tattered 'Truth' clipping for fantastic verification.

I had hoped for camouflage behind Tank's total absorption in descriptions of three Nordic girlfriends that he had reluctantly left behind in his mate's Cottesloe beach café at noon.

Tank, a bulk carrying mercenary vessel, had thus arrived for competition wearing gold rimmed Rayban ski-glasses twice as valuable as my Toyota Corolla.

Obviously, despite his fluorescent Nike jumpsuit, Tank and I would not be discussing the death of Scott La Rock.

Our progress out on the sailing course was slow. Mid-race, trailing the fleet badly, we capsized when I was trapped

under the spinnaker sheet down to leeward.

The race being beyond salvage, the captain and Tank settled into a downwind deal whereby the latter's "professionals' lofts" development bought the former's hi-tech 'Bosch' kitchen ovens.

I struggled on, enacting all my new, slightly out of control dinghy tuition, rather than dwell on the lack of escape.

The race abandoned, I imagined it was a job well done, given that I had caused a future handicap advantage for 'Accounting Solutions'.

The owner and I watched the rest of the competitors finish from the window of a rather lonely post-scrap drink (sans Tank, who had yet another date with a Swedish barter-woman).

Now I fancied I had scored a regular gig, having injected refinement into the dying proceedings. For I had performed the perfunctory chuckle at the obligatory five p.m. Saturday anecdote; wherein the doctor meets the nurse so she can staple his dick to the headboard or thereabouts.

Some hope.

Julian Miller

The Wowsers

We • Only • Want • Social • Evils • Remedied

Elections

For far too long in this country we've gone about elections completely the wrong way. Once every few years we are forced to choose people we don't know to represent us in parliament. These people then rule our lives until we deny them their mandate and place our faith in another unknown. And the entire process costs us a fortune.

Still, we don't have to throw up our hands in revulsion and give up because there is nothing that can be done. All this system needs is some fine tuning that will increase electoral interest and raise revenue.

Firstly, we've got to make the bastards compete against each other, really compete, not just in a battle of truth and lies, but in something tangible that will sort the wheat from the chaff. They have to learn that to become elected, they have to show us that they are worthy.

Secondly, we allow betting on the TAB. The money raised will offset the enormous cost to the public of these elections. The initial competition, a primary contest between those standing for a given seat would be ten events with points allotted for each event in the same manner of an Olympic decathlon. (That is, a score combining the result within the field of contestants and closeness to world standard times/scores.)

The events would be a mix of the physical, the intellectual and the spiritual, the various disciplines to be decided by working parties set up by interested groups within the community and four of the ten events would change with each election. This would have a number of advantages. Firstly it would make betting fairer and competitors could not rely on their laurels from

a previous good performance.

Betting would be on a variety of options: On each event, on combinations of events, overall performance and winner at the final poll. Hell, wouldn't the man and woman in the street take a little more interest in an election if they knew that they had the chance of winning a fortune if the right contestant fell over the line first?

It is not my place here to say what the events contested in the Primaries should be, but I wouldn't mind seeing Kim Beazley in a Canoe race down the Swan, or Dr Carmen Lawrence in a gymkhana competition. Other disciplines could also be introduced: Bob Pearce tackling a beat the buzzer general knowledge quiz. And who wouldn't like to see Graham Richardson try to beat the world record in the polygraph test.

Then at the end of the two or three months of local competition, the scores would be tallied, the bets would be paid out and we would get back the old Saturday trial by election, knowing as we stood alone in the booth by ourselves whether we were voting for a winner or a loser.

Bill Franks

(Bill Franks is a Doctor of everyone else's business from the Hotel of Public Thought. As Bill says, "I'll stop worrying about everyone's business when some starts caring about mine.")

The GOOD FIGHT 
31 Doris Street, North Perth WA 6006

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Contributions:
Esoterica, reviews features, fiction (2000 word limit please), photos, cartoons & illustrations welcome.

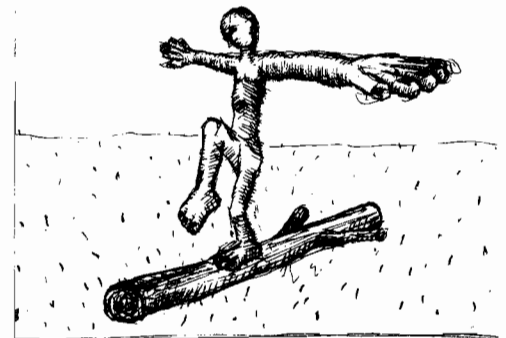
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