

Heartland:
An Australian Idyll

also by this writer

Nicholas Frost is an Australian author, educator, director, composer and yoga teacher. His fiction and non-fiction works address core psychological and philosophic dilemmas.

Awareness Alone: The Path of Enquiry penetrates to the heart of experience, the eternal dance of absolute awareness. Grasping that it is all we can ever be, beyond endless becoming born of desire and fear, we discover the miracle of our own borderless freedom.

The Wandering Distanced from partner Marsha and her daughter Matty by physical and psychic wanderings into geographic places, historical scenes, other lives... the narrator Blank dances solo with his unavoidable other, claiming to alert her to opaque parts of his nature and to her own: on clinging and running, victim and perpetrator, freedom and fundamentalism, splitting and taking responsibility... and on Samsara, the trivial endless recurrence. *The Wandering* is Blank's ruminating travelogue, tainted-love diary, mythic karmic romance, meditation on being and becoming, conscience and commitment.

The Labyrinth: Tales of Entanglement, Escape

Don't Worry About a Thing The meditator Dust is steered into community work by the Divinology Church, where like Dante in infernal circles he trawls people's rubbish in aberrant and miserifying scenes. With sainted girlfriend Blue Wendy and ascetic Anna Rex, underhinged by his Employer's spidery cult, we trace a satire on Dust's fabulations with the need to evolve, with the problem of who and how to be. **Chaos** Lean the journalist claims he is terminally ill. 'I spent a career conjuring stories for public consumption: now the parasites eat me.'

The unruly girl Dora Jarr worms in. Her mission? To skewer corruption in 'the business of nano-genetics.' Trash novella, rant, love-lust letter, apologia - Lean's diarybook seeks a balm of chaos under tyranny of order. Who can live without narrativel dreams? 'I'll be tragic hero in my last whodunnit.'

The Labyrinth At the heart of a Labyrinth, incarcerated by a Beast, is the goddess-temptress Conscience. In a Stalinist prison Drilov the clerk pens prisoners' confessions. The last, within a fundamentalist materialist machine where victim and perpetrator dance, is his own. In a brave future country, Dreeley the storyteller takes to the

road with 'Dionysus' in search of an elusive woman. His goal? To deconstruct history and karma, snuff the beast of inconsequence, unravel the knot of death, surrender to immaterial sky.

The Elusive: Four Romances

The Adventures of Sally Bang charts an unruly anti-heroine's coming of age, and a ghost writer's need to possess. At sixteen there's insight and beauty that never come again, and within every adult is a wish to get it back. What is gained and lost with growing up, and whose story is it anyway? **Commitment** ensnares a standoffish narrator in relationship dilemmas, in a psychologic navel-gaze in cliffhanger style on the elusive as romance, the tango of intimacy and distance, conformism and the irrational. **In Search of Francesca Mars** exposes an artist's vision of a self-immolating media star who tilts at strange liberation, who toys with all who need to put her on a pedestal or drag her down. A close-skinned portrayal of ambition and use, the politics of giving, glamour and ugliness, the artifice of art, the problem of value. **Innocence** asks, who doesn't want innocence, no matter how obtuse the path? Dancer Libby Castro submits to powerful and needy people: husband, employer, spiritual mentor, analyst. Yet beyond her insouciant roles and lazy vacancies, she'll be no-one's shadow: a straw, a girl unmarked, woman alone...

Total Drama (Macmillan Education Australia, 2010) investigates the dynamics of interpersonal encounters and the core ingredients of drama through original scripts and exercises.

Heartland

An Australian Idyll

Our Aussie Democracy 'binds us as one', but who'll blow the whistle on myths and rorts of the lucky country - our fair-go hard-yakka dreamtime multiculturalism of aspirational lifters and bogan leaners in a hearty-grim hot utopia built on sand, we affable understated competitive Aussie nuts? Not to mention the new totalitarian yellow peril... It's election time and the silos square off - Superbia heartland high rollers, shadowy media influencers and coming leftie (female) heroes - in a fight between selfism and mutuality for the soul of the nation.

Nicholas Frost

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castle street

Welcome to Number One Castle Street... shambly Victorian terrace of iron-lace balconies and chimneys jutting almost nobly into the blue, its warmblock walls siding on a cat-pissed laneway of bins and weeds and a sandstone parapet dropping thirty feet to a gorge of gutted fern and crispy-cicada eucalypt... Ma and Pa Possum, summer and winter veterans of the big gangly gum in Castle Yard, toast with their bulgy eyes its humanoid dozens, yabbering and chillin' and smokin' and guitarrin' n' moochin' n' funk up wide days and jazzed nights in their grunge-grassy armchair patch under the wiggly washline and corrugated nailhole fence swathed in graffiti sucking in sunbeams from a western sky. Nearby Downbeat Ave meanders to a concrete causeway harried by cars that bookends Castle Street's pocket precinct. It's right that it does: in all its summers and baked autumns and paperblue winters and blowy springs, Castle Street plays its comedies and tragedies and farces for itself: raucous nights or sucked-in solitudes, wired kids, half-arsed adults, runaways and reffos and hermits and schemers and dropouts and do-gooders and tatted lezzos and hipsters with dreads, blue-haired goths and bohos and studes and commies and eco-worriers and spectacled mystics and fluoro hippies from yesteryear... hell, no-one here needs Australia's bourgie hordes nosing in *their* gaff. It's (silo) culture, don't freaking mess with us. Every little frontage on Castle has its warped stone stoop, chippy fence iron, grass shooting out of a crack, itinerant bin chicken, letterbox with tongue out for the papers and the junk... and every yard or two the bitumen is rumpled by pocked plane trees that mush up the front yards and crusty convict windows... In late-avo summer, showers bloodmark the dust and whack your skin (they always surprise) as a slung cat squeezes in a hole and a big white parrot squeals in the high tree - before sudden steamy quiet oozes from gutters and streaky fences on slouchy lanes, and buzzy heat re-asserts like it never went out of fashion. Downbeat, ironic, retro, zeitgeist whatever: folks who inhabit here call it the real Sydney, *the Heartland*.

All anarchist house-share bubbles require a code and an art: 'I'm so here for you guys' jostles with 'what the freakover, dudes' to deliver Heartland Hipster trademark 1: 'We need to fuck things up a bit to keep it real'. At Castle, self-appointed house mom Miriama Pond, of the cosmic smile + slinky butt + studied angsty vibe + solo mummy to Rosebud (charmy little house child), gets herself labelled 'tryhard' for navigating a gauntlet of OZ misfits desperate to be different but fearing they really aren't. Complexes seethe in tribal interiors of Castle Streets, ie: gritting our freaking teeth and making it happen without a sweat 'cause we're a multiclass multiculture multifaitth multiheaded little black-armband victim DEMOCKRACY. Miri Pond wafts perfumed aristocracy in Castle halls (Euro-style angst is possibly cool) while a depressy muso called Malcontent lends 'artist cachet' to a tribe of hip frequenters of every weird gig in town and of legendary spontaneous not-really parties in the backyard that never end but sort of fizzle to a murmur for a day or two before flaring up again when some foggy dude in daks and sunnies cracks a bot on the terrace in the midday haze and some nitwits we didn't even know were staying descend from the attic with a gee-tar, led no doubt by lugubrious Malcontent who's lead axe of the Spazz Group, and they get to pickin' and a-rappin' and a suckin' on tubes and suddenly yo it's late in the avo and some chicks and dudes from Franklin Street gaff file in from Bin Lane through the fence and it's all on, and old Ma and Pa Possum in the hanging gum are gonna get their kip disturbed *again*. And that's a laugh 'cos one time we fed 'em mushrooms and they were like wired for *days* - though you couldn't tell the diff since their eyes are like green marbles anyway - then fat Pa Possum fell outa the sky slap in the barbecue and nearly got to be main course for the day's Lunatic Soup fun party - till no! keen-eyed Miri Pond screeched and came running and fished him out with a tennis racquet... and Malcontent started pickin' a song about it on the spot (he's ubercool ironic and everything's like manna to his gift) so Miri got plied with drink and smoke as (arch-groupie) mummy heroine of the hour (which she's susceptible to as everyone knows) and her iffy angsty smile turns to a blissy one and she starts shimmying her silky dress off and bra and panties too and we get an epic view of her remarkably spunk bottom and even the anything-goes hippy chicks are slightly turned on. But hey, she disappears

down Bin Lane for a spell and her Rosebud scurries in and says 'Where's Mummy?' and that means a lot of bohos start competin' to do the coolest yarn about 'mummy vanishing' and Rosy's eyes go wide as she turns to one or other of these mature Dults and her lip starts quivering. 'You're nasty!' she shouts and runs down Catpiss Lane - by which time naked Miri's ended up under a tree on Downbeat Ave and a couple of dogs are sniffing at her crotch till she comes to her senses and walks - not hurriedly or timidly or furtively mind you - but brazen, sassy, goddessily up the street back to Castle and with practised art scoops up jiggly Rosebud (though she's five and not that light) on a hip and sashays in the front door and down the deep hall with its colonial arch and moth-stained Tracy Moffatts and Nora Heysens and Dorritt Blacks and Clarice Becketts (a tough womany gang and only Miri knows how they got there) into the wide mussy kitchen up to the cavernous fridge and pops an iceblock in Rosy's mouth and she's suddenly *quiet*. There's one or two things Miri Pond is master at, and dealing it to the kid while standing naked at the sink with curvy butt prominent and not giving a shit 'cause other dudes drugs made her wasted - is one of them. Here's the secret why no-one ever thinks of kicking her out of our little brittle deMockracy. She's the only Adult in the place. Plus her ex-husbutt owns the fucken building. Which we don't blame her for 'cause we know what she suffered with *that* adulty backstory (tho why'd she marry him eh?). Consensus is he's a 'c--- real estate agent and politician' and even if he wasn't a c--- he'd be one 'cause he's a real estate agent and a polлие eh.

Anyways, Malcontent (he who sniffs the vibe) slips to the kitchen with Miri's dress bits and parks his arse at table and picks at a song he just called *Hangin' with Kickarse Miri*. He's a broody downbeat dude wiv a shaggin' wagon and geetar's his calling card. Miri takes her cue and slips on the dress and he sez hey we're all fellow losers on the cosmic road and off-hand he's practisin' for the weekend gig with Spazz for which he's chief songster and it's all serendipity and synchronistic (the cosmos that is) and yo he'd like to slip in bed with goddess Pond but'd never say it since he's a SNAG and possibility's where it's *at* - and Miri knows his mind anyway since it's child's play to mums who've changed a few million nappies and own the remarkable insight that grown men are like tiny boys - but she's

not gonna rock that boat and puts up a wee rhyme for *Kickarse Miri* n' smiles like world-arbiter and ironist and cosmic mom and cool flatmate rolled in a hot bundle. On the bench Rosebud studies where to lick her iceblock next, looking bug-eyed at Mum or scowling at presumptuous gee-tar King Dick of the straggly John Lennon hair and specs. Rosy is used to terrorists in the house since her sister flatmatette is notorious carpet grub COOKIE JARR - she who hogs the limelight and does noisy mayhem cookin' schemes down and up stairs and in the top toilet and attic and out the roof window on the scary balustrade by the chimbley where they mug up being drunk n' stoned like those iffy oldies wallowing under a kookaburra's khyber in the soddy garden then howl to the moon like they're the only little pagans left on the planet... Meanwhile, moody Malcontent's done his gig and's walkin' on down the hall like Jim Morrison, torn ass prominent. 'Cool, thanks Malc' says Miri and goes back to fiddling with Rosebud's hair and hygiene which are bound to be sub par. The wee-devil notion 'Maybe I'll slip up to Malc's boudoir before I think better of it' gets quickly snuffed as she pointedly wipes Rosy's nose. Most folks on the planet wear suitable masks - *personae* - which divert shadows that lurk. Miri's personal combo has a lot to do with 'perfection vs. rage', 'coolness vs. revenge'. Only her 'real' friends know it though. Speaking of them, readers will see that a cot-case coterie of Young Ladies - inspiring scions of modern Aussie womanhood all - are the hub round which the bits of this crook story coagulate - and that despite their clashes they're 'as tight as a nun's fanny or tight as mouthy Blitherina after a big night out'... This fab four, besides cosmic Miri are: one Dora Jarr, cheer-chasing journalist hack and mum of Cookie Jarr, asian terrorist-polemicist Mandy Hak and dingbat Irish sex worker and veteran soak Erina Doolan (Blitherina). This cocktail constellates the politico-psycho conspiracies and tangents of our tale - requiring a writer of skill and forbearance to make sense of. Who is that writer? He/she as gluer-upper of the story will appear by *ozmosis* only! It's a twister that these babes live under the same roof - yet Castle Street is not unlike the Tardis, its antique rooms and webby hollows and twisty passages and smoky attics absorbing contrariness... which coalesces in the big scrubby downstairs kitchen with huge chandelier and heavy table and oiky chipped cupboards

(old Ma Possum nests in one and no-one shoos her out, a standing joke) stacked with proletarian beans and hopeful lentils and apocalyptic kale and No Meat (cows cause global warming) where our Stomach's the road to Commun(al)ism man... and consensus seems to hover round shady Miriama's bottomless pumpkin / minestrone / potato n' leak soups that bubble in the Big Black Pot, primeval at bottom and scoopable on top, plus piles of nutty loaves from PTSD Baz the war-vet baker... There's always a coterie of punky punters parked at Big Table - doing footsies with assorted dogs cats guinea pigs cockroaches and fingering various weed ciggies in psychedelic ashtrays and it's like 'what shit's in the Big Pot today dudes?' and 'Miri's Mix sure put the mockers on those dudes who floated in from Byron and Mullum wiv their new-age big heads and weren't hip to our arcane secrets! - so BIG POT gets to be like a symbol for somethin' - maybe THIS COUNTRY with its arse-about-tit politics n' fucken Liberal Guvment n' Aboriginal Deaths in Custody n' Bad Shit For Immigrants n' Whistleblowers In Court n' Broke Menopausal Mums and Me Too and Burma and Palestine and Ukraine and Toxic Plastic Greenwash and Parental Rights For Transgender Dugongs and yo what the frig else? Talk is *art* round here - and it fills big gaps in people's reality...



THE WITNESS It can readily be seen that this Great World is fragmented and split - into need and reaction and force and fear and ego and interest and lobby and faction and trust; into commune and precinct and wound-licking silo, highway and street and suburb and heartland and institute and investment and fad - all dodging and clinging and cleaving to position and tradition, barter and trade and alliance and convenience and whatnot: anytime and ever repeating till sun and moon close their eyes and say 'no more' - which will be never. And yet there's one who stands as *witness*: in this case, WITNESS A - known to some as Professor Alterigo - a person of complex paths and streams (though coolly heartfully insouciantly serviceable) who alone penetrates the glass of hubris, petty need, machination, furtive relation: a narrator, commentator, judge of this messy congress, claiming to stand behind and beyond those voices prone to bombast, self-promotion, judgement: young and proud or cynic and old or otherwise indulgent, cute, naïve, dodgy, vengeful or harsh. Let 'em have their famous five minutes! - for behind this Aussie adversarial democracy din a secret sunlit selfless one, a helper and influencer and martyr (and not a narcissist) is here for US. His handle again? ALTERIGO.



And he'll let one solo mum DORA JARR - a vainglorious self-absorbed millennial protégé who wants the world to think she's a whistleblowing journalist - unveil character and scene n' plot n' theme... exploiting woke feministy victim detritus on Aussie Bigot Community Radio. Turgid samples below.

FEMNIST BATTLER MUM DORA JARR took her wee Cookie on a dinkum ozzie road trip to the Snowies this spring with Erina Doolan and Mandy Hak and Miri Pond plus Miri's anklebiter Rosebud. No blokes allowed. Cookie and Rosebud are in the boot (accessed by back seat) noisily playing House, and the gals are easy-Campese yakkin' n' crackin' tinnies and carryin' on like pork chops down the Hume highway in the sun-splattered afternoon. They get to the chalet and ratchet up the binge and even Miri gets a bit squiffy. Naughty Rosebud wanders off with innocent Cookie down a mountain path and after an hour Blitherina

drops a clanger: where's that feral friggin' kid o' yours Jarr! Jarr's under the table but Mandy shows brilliant initiative and blunders off for a Captain Cook and actually finds them on a snowdrift building a Snowgirl then gets it in her asiatic goose head to take 'em for a 'mountain hike'. They all go walkabout and afternoon turns to NEARLY NIGHT and Miriama not aware how plastered she is calls the frigging state police instead of the ranger down the village. A dingo took her baby! squeals Blitherina down the phone. The two fuzz (who drove twenty miles) do a search then Hak wanders into the chalet with like NO KIDS (death-wish asia cow claims she forgot where she left 'em) and they are duly found one mile away lonely as a country dunny and Rosebud has minor exposure. Willowy Miriama loses it, in denial for getting piddled and failing to be chill n' cosmic and there's the predictable cover-up led by sewermouth Blitherina under twin police pressure. Miri sez Jarr was s'posed to be in charge while responsible parent Dora just has to wriggle out by accusing Rosebud of 'cyber-bullying Cookie' and Hak the dropkick wonders out loud if they shouldn't ALL take the rap solidarity-like for Dor's sake and this nationbuilding idea coagulates in her grungy grey matter as she whips it up hey presto for the fuzz, one male one lezzo Greek with face like a dropped pie standing there in the chalet making eyebrows at each other. They have a little conference outside, announce they're 'of a mind to lay charges' so thick Blith says: Who you gonna charge? Ghostbusters! chimes in Mand. Yo, that'll knock the dog off the tucker box. Female cop (they're always more uptight) zones in on HER. Minor fact: 'international guest student' Mandy Hak was arraigned last year accused by neighbour at her nerdy boyfriend Noddy Ding's Tempe hovel of uncontrolled drinking and 'jamming Nod's Crown Jewels in a letterbox'. So fanny Walloper informs her she 'may get deported' for latest scandal. Blitherina blithers in: 'unless we gurls can get Nod to marry her as reward for getting bashed up lots!' Male fuzz looks to heaven, steers feemail colleeg aside, says: 'Stern warning this time ladies. Any more trouble, we'll be watching'. Tight-twat cop got Mandy's details but - and you feel like she ain't gonna let it go. Re-chilled Miriama later sums up: 'Maybe Dora needed her child to be lost so she could leave her IMMATURE INNER CHILD behind.' That full of shit new-age floozie is gonna get the FREEZE...

'Cause upper-class Jewish-ish-ish Miri POND is a cosmic Earth Mother and Great Parent All The Time (cept when she gets shitfaced with us gurls) since husbud Roger SWYLL (now running for freaking federal parliament) backed out yonks ago. What's it say about marriage (or her) that the calm pond of her personality could be so filled with swyll? She now claims to be crazy in love with a guru guy in the news called Prof ALTERIGO - who ominously got her to join FILIN BONG MINDFULNESS LEAGUE in Campsie High Street which is headed by THE PROPHET MAH-JIN - which serendipily is two doors down from the *Free Democratic Australia Times*, owned by 'Dinkum Chinese Aussies' ANSON and GLORIA GU, who recently editorialised that 'Rumours our publications are vetted by the Chinese Communist Party are a filthy Western slur on the Long March to Self-Respect by Glorious People's Republic and its Worldwide Loyal Diaspora.' (Translation: 'We're stooges of nationalist CCP bullies who wanna scare shit out of OZ Chinese and there's so few aussie Mandarin speakers we can do it under the radar.') Meanwhile Mandy Hak is a pill-popping Hong Kong Chinese overstayer resembling some Asiatic demon who had her head removed in a kung-fu blockbuster and is desperate to make everyone pay. Her 'number one lucky boyfriend' Nod from plucky democratic Taiwan - who she's determined to ringbark and marry up as insurance against getting deported - is one of few local stirrers to keep tabs on this Chinese Media circus (in the guise of a PHD called *Chinese Political-Economic Hegemony in the Asian Century*). Nod manages to fend off Mand by being dedicatedly out to lunch, which I must say is blunderingly astute. He blithers about on his uberdoordashmenulogdeliveroohungrypandamobile like she's a pesky fly on his windscreen with his thicky specs and Kim Jong hair and zits 'delivering a feed to Aussies in need' (ie, too fat and entitled to get off the fucken couch). Hak gets easily shitted and earbashes him for being a dud root while insisting *he* needs to marry *her*. Romantic as a fart in a phone booth. Fielding folks' mild questions on this dom. violence riff, Mand's eyeballs go in different directions (you want to throttle her then forgive) while nerdy Nod coyly admits they 'sleep in the same bed but he wouldn't know where the bed ends and the crap starts'. She's Asian filth. Hak skived off to Bali in search of further male fodder but all the

tanked-up Aussie penises said no thanx, and the only cool dude was a crippled brown kid who ripped her off at the tourist shop then came stalking her for 'sex outside marriage' at her bungalow. Mand charged him the price of his rip-off: how much is seven baht, people? Left with a grin on his dial didn't he. (An' what was stuffed in her boogie board, all ye customs types? Gotye!) For a job Mandy gets to fartarse about with disabled kids in a daycare centre run by Evangelical Bosslady Miri Pond. Spying her through the fence one day Dora realised those spazz kids help distract from her sabotaged fizzly brainspace - since Noddy Face-Fungus is pathetically unlikely to oblige in the surprise sprog department so it's Vulnerable Mand + Tin Lids = Dodge that Subject. We all guess some gross childy conformism in deep China (she blaringly advertises it to all and sundry) is one big ugly hornet in her Minority-Stressed brainpan that just won't fly out her ear... Anyways, hope you're not listening, dear gels.

SOLO MUMS and BLOKES: AN AUSSIE SOB STORY by D. JARR on SLAM RADIO! (reliability rating: .0001%) Irony of Aussie Single Mum Benefit is it pays to stay single and a VICTIM trapped in exy grungy rent accomm while worryingly wed to cretinous idea of ROMANCE. You listenin' CENTRELINK? Self-promoting dazzler tart Miri Pond set up our MOTHERRRS' GROUP as a BOOOOOK CLUB. Awww! S'posed to prove we're mentally engaged bourgies not ZOMBIES lurching and dribbling in kiddie suburb hell from dawn to dusk. Earthmom Miri likes to take my sprog Cookie under wing n' compare her to (mini-Miri) Rosebud, while Miri's such a Brilliant Educator and Organic Vegan Shopper she makes me look like shite, so your steamy host is Hon. President of Coles Woolies CONSUMER HATE CLUB: always be sure to nick an item on principle OR open pack of tim tams feed 'em to child put back on shelf hee hee. Me and weekday probational dad Malcontent penned a song, see YoTube: 'Welcome MIRI POND to Shopadelic Wonderland! D'you hear The Voice: a world of CHOICE in reach of your manicured hand. Oh I'm an Ac-torr; I play my parrrt and the Stage is my Superrmarrt: today I feel like... a VEGAN TART. Which brand of yoghurt, Miri? Trust yorr Heart. But I'm a Perrrrson! yes I am: ooh look a special on Organic Spam. I heard The Voice and I made my CHOICE... I'm a Stepford supermom freakin'

PRODUCT BRAND' Meanwhile BABY HORROR. Cookie got born and at one month the name was 'Squeal' and at one year 'Chop' (As in 'Got the -) till Granny Glenys made a list but me Dora binned 'em all yo. Now she's five thanks to sugar and Maccas and showin' scary signs of being a fat small intense version of me. To pass self onto child is child ABUSE (suck on that Australia). Now Kook gets minded by weird animals and people in a lotta weird places. That'll learn 'er but. Babysitter Tingle Puss (Castle Street Cat) is off for his daily root in the alleys so Philosophina (Castle Street Cat B, who's above all loathsomeness and resembles chill queen Miri) meditates with Cookie. Which one would I eviscerate and baste when the chippy's shut? Mmm. We got Kook a wind-up babysitter monkey called Tony Abbott and she made effigies out of vegemite + blu tack called poo-tack so Budgie Smuggler Poo and Volunteer Fireman Poo went to live at Poo Corner till SCOMO POO and KEVIN NOT POO FROM QUEENSLAND went off like a frog in a sock and dismembered evil Tony's wedding tackle. Blame semi-queer Polski flatmate BOGLOMOV for letting 'er lick the gluesticks. Screw PARENTHOOD! Me Dora needs to detest her OLD MAN who exited when me was ten, so bundles Cookie off to Granny Glenys who does the Cookie discipline shit since she already committed the felony of bringing up me. Glenys is a statistic: semi-homeless half-arsed mid-age female who never got a bank loan or share of super 'cause she spent an aeon bringing up sprog Dora after the old man shot through to Gundagai. Will lil' Kook grow up into me? Why's that bug the hell out of me? Little oik wuz supposed to go to school this year but spat the dummy on day one and PC uptights wouldn't let her back in the gate. Me and dodgy Dad Malcontent are running out of M-rated games and yotube vids for 'er to goggle at. Little Tongan friend Donna Wi-pupu and Kook make up stories like *Suddenly in Bondy Beach a true blue digger sang a song...* my sooky little tacker's well on the way to becoming a GAMING ADDICTED nong. Last night she stuck pins in a Barbie called Julia The Witch Gillard and drowned it in the fruit bowl... so Miri gave her a fat black vertically-challenged OMG LOL sporty jungle Barbie but Kook got schizophrenic personality disorder so Dora got her a non-blonde mentally-challenged LGBTQ poop-scooping refugee Barbie wearing a politically correct sombrero. Kook hacked this one to bits with

an axe and we had a little funeral. I'm reading THE SLAP for the third time! Dora sent Cookie to self-defence class (Rosebud not allowed in): 'I'm learning to castrate a bully three times my size!' shouted Kook just to torture Rosebud as usual, so moony Malc wrote a sodding song 'bout Wicked Dora who gets dobbed in to Saint Miri whose knickers he wants into. Kids are so like, we're gonna be here FOREVER. And they are! My Morning Fresh bottle says it all: ONE SQUIRT IS ENOUGH. Slags like me feel the crush of time so needa ram things in an AGENDA and foist it on our kids 'cause we know we'll never do it ourselves. Always this PC Social Engineered Millennial Aspirational Sludge... but anything we do is a slow trundling ball of FAILURE, wheels falling off as we shudder down the big TIME Highway to the Funny Farm, meantime get hit in the gob wiv clear-wind casualness of YOUTH.

Speakin' of BLOKES WHO HANG ROUND (reliability rating: 0%) Jarr's 'co-habiting' with mentally-depressed log flogger Malcontent 'cos he's lead gitarr of The Spazz Group formerly The Moronics formerly The Houligans and well too smart not to muscle into our belter Castle Street gaff. Boglomov (current childminder roommate galoot about to get the boot) is uber jealous. Sad-sack Malc always wants to write songs about lil Cookie and worse, sing 'em. Be ready for this ball n' chain when I'm 48 - which usually reminds one to Take The Pill Yo. Week later, surprise! Malc promoted to OFFICIAL CENTRELINK DAD OF COOKIE. (Boglomov kicked out for doing the dishes two days in a row) NOTE to PUBLIC: Straight after Cookie pregnancy fully sick Jarr had sex with several candidates as INSURANCE POLICY, including alpha bogan ball o' muscle bonkbuddy CLIFF 'WEEKLY' THE MECHANIC who fronts up to fix my carburettor: no flies on him, just grips the bumcrack wiv greasy mitts dips his wick n' does the backdoor bizzo. Also faked exact birth date to play 'em all off and told CENTRELINK I was on sex-binge at time of Cookie conception due to ROBODEBT DEPRESSION and fear of FINANCIAL WHACK from SUDDEN BABY in South Sea Paradise Australia. Blokes get to pay for lunch, booze, rent right? Venal Dora learned how to organise men. Tick. Not to leave out the INVESTMENT: perennially keen WAYNE KERR from the Banking Sector, who sez Me Dora is 'mentally diversified'.

Even got me a part-time job in his CONBANK. Kook doesn't seem to mind him, even when she runs riot and fucks up their computers. Suck on motherhood, corporate bwankers! And like I had to make Anzacs for the freebie COOKIE AND WAYNE SHOW on Sunday. Does he get how much crap we bog into when there's a kid in the house? PIMPLIFICATION of Dora yo. Now the blow-in's getting antsy saying he's 'loath to go out with a chick with ZITS'. All about 5/2 diet, he informs. Noooooo not my twice-daily Greasy Maccas Bacon Brekky Fish Chip Sausage pack! Wanna upgrade to Official Cookie Weekend Dad + eat fur burger? Don't suggest 'Cookies with Cookie' Waayyyne.

CHECK OUT THE HIP FEEMALE LARRIKINISM by bombustious DORA J. on Lateshite SLAM (Sydney Lefties And Motherfuckers to you bourgeois). Tonight we chinwag wiv BLEEK: aussie war veteran social worker who lives out of a box on a Woolloomooloo parking lot. Could we describe you as a washed-up Ukrainian ANZAC fake battler PTSD grunge-intellectual outsider shrink guy with a cool accent?

- Perhaps I am 'authentik Australian'

- But d'youz like CRUCK'T? Giddyay punters I'm Norm Normal an' OI LOIKE CRUCK'T so cum over fer a chinwag on the tirrace, we'll 'ave a few bevies n' DUSCUSS THE CRUCK'T, meanwhoile me woife Norma's down the RSL 'avin' a flutter on the POKIES. She loikes the pokies but sheilas don't giddit! Gotta loike the CRUCK'T if yer wannabe a Nozzie

- Be glad zis country is not Amerika

- Mate, oi loike America. Sit under yer xenophobe isolationist MAGA hat wiv yer M16 hatin' blacks n' immigrants and uppity women and homos and transies n' democrats n' relish yer fucken Second Amendment ROOTS forever. Go America! - tho they don't do Cruck't

- Australia must forge a 'true-blue' egalitarian path

- True blue? Tell that to elitist interlechual foreign dude PROF ALTERIGO who invades me and Mandy and Erina and Miri's heads an' bollocks our conga line of woke feemale bullshit

- This 'Alterigo' is Aussie xenophobic scapegoat fantasy, no?

- He's real! My lost dad + James Bond + in the lap of CORPORATES and

GUVERNMENT + posing as Honorary Bigwig of a Charity called POSH for freak's sake (I write stuff for 'em actually)

- Neurosis afflicts us all as we struggle for meaning in insular distant south-sea nirvana

- Mate, I debate reel ozzie first-world issues eg: *Budgies or Boardies?* Last summer I swam with 'polite sharks' at Byron. Save the after-darks! till they eat ya the fuckers. A surfer took Cookie on his board but they cut in on the Local Celebrity Surfing Dolphins and it wasn't PC. Kook got mugged by dolphins! Was on the News. So why pose in yer dee-luxe cardboard box Bleek?

- For credibility no? I research Aussie underclass: homeless, overstayers, veterans, refugees, sex slaves, battered mums, no?

- Dude, come to Castle. Goons like us are oz underclass. Where 're GURLS like us goin' in this pavlova lamington paradise?

- Wherever you wish. The world is your -

- Not muh fucken oyster! Or my prawn or clam or scallop. Newsflash: majorly pissed-off Thunberg overheated the planet

- But I sadly also dream of dream-home and dream-mortgage...

- And I'm the Unholy Female Fool in a country of fenced-in suburban conformists with yer complacent chardy-sipping PC cyber-pointy fingers an' yer bonzer piles of ASPIRATIONAL MORTGAGED SHIT TO LOSE an' yer stab-in-back frenzy to jam the kiddywinkles into private schools n' telling me I'm a SICK MOTHER with 'er head in NDIS TROUGH, not to mention all yu A-hole beef-eating anti-intellectual CRUCK'T-goggling head-in-sand repressed whingeing Oz materialists wiv yer fake egalitarian charities and yer dreamhome-community nicey-nice Norm n' Norma NEIGHBOURSY Normalist Nation of poochy PET LOVERS who think nothing of slaughtering billions of pigs cows n' chickens for yer backyard barbie lunch. Woohoo, Dora lost 50 kilos! and it came out of her ARSE (thanks to Shite n' Greasy). And why dump on me while you incinerate last year's thoroughbred Melbourne Cup losers n' bury 'em in a field? BESPOKE HORSESHIT BURGERS beats my vegan smashed avocado? Clout me wiv a cuddly Koala! I'm the unreconstructed FEEMALE BATTLER BASTARD this country had to have

- Ironically, all people are your class enemy in our classless country
- My fake news is real 'coz REAL LIES help ozzies real-ise. One time me actually went to Uni for half an week and went on a demo for Fee Caps and the Baby Bonus. Need dat baby bonus mon. Didn't like the idea of muh uni mortgage being paid off by Cookie's grandkids when they're 97. It's PRINCIPLE mate - even tho I'm never going back. Or to Rehab. I say nonono
- You are 'crafty first-world loser'
- My show Bleek, my SELFIE WHINGE. So join up to my WHISTLEBLOWER campaign against misogynist capitalist bastardos who wanna fire me coz I'm the Wokest Ironik Hip Chick on the station! Lookit dat switchboard light up. BOSS HUMDINGER is a Germanic hippie dingaling who started ten thousand years back at Double J Seedney when they spouted bilge like Far Out n' Groovy and Buttrose n' Greer Foreva and Land Rights for Lezzo Whales and Do The Right Drugs and GO Whitlam and Eff Off Howard and whatever. Ironically he got in The Suits to doctor up the Finances and voted to GO BORING 'cos That's The Changing Face Of Radio. Worse, he actually tried to HAVE A CHAT and says I 'remind him what he was like at my age' when he wuz funky hip and radical and swore a lot on air etc. We had 'drinks in his office' after hours and I got shitfaced which put the mockers on discussion of my future at his stupified little RACKET station. Can't recall if he tried to put his hand up my skirt but I'll assume for legal purposes he did. ME TOO baby. Don't usually go with geriatric mysogy white boomer males who didn't shave or wash since 1973, tho it might be an option if I wanna keep my job. You didn' hear that, Humdinger Weinstein Epstein Nazi...

Meanwhile bludger Dora Jarr actually has a REAL JOB (reliability rating: 1%): freelance writer [token lefty spruiker] for POSH CHARITY [Patrons Of Spiritual Health]. This woolly wtf do-goody pro-life money-hoovering Pell-kowtowing social manipulator outfit is a stooge of the PLENTYCOSTAL + CATHOLIC CHURCH. For the record Dora altruistically rejected sublime idea of using weekend f-bud Wayne Kerr from the Bwanking Sector to squeeze moolah for POSH. Also refrains from nepotisticly exploiting PROF ALTERIGO'S bigwig role as 'Honorary

President'. BUT me Dora teamed up with chief accountant SU MI YO? - a girl after me own heart since Yo bought a Dover Heights mansion this year with blood money for covering up being harrassed by Big Knob POSH CEO CRISPIAN SLAUGHTER, fresh from his parliamentary sex thing with a vertically-challenged obese indigenous underage shemale employee in a wheelchair called Higgins. That guy used to be Attorney General! Now he's the political dog turd that keeps on giving. Su Mi Yo? last heard of defecting to North Korea... though Yo's foot washed up at Bondi like a Brown-Eyed Mullet with a label on it saying 'I done it'. Too blatant, concluded dyke-on-bike investigating officer Flora McHunt. Meanwhile Dora's a hot reporter on nightmare kids at POSH Westie Refuge in Bracketown, concocts cool stories about Asia sex trade and NRL Tiktok Boys' post-match bonks (botox jabs you-know-where) using tiktok teenies who wanna jump the shark on 'consensual victim' shit. Where's the line between fundraising and whoring on INSTA? Me and Prozzy Biz Partner Blitherina did a start-up on it: Retro Budget Lingerie! aka BLITHERINA'S BODYSHAME BAZAAR. (Her idea of weight loss: barge into a restaurant, order a vegan entrée, flick a photo of it to Insta / Snapchat and bugger off without paying) Irish convict-descended Blith is a major bullshit spreader so the biz's going gangbusters. She got a bottler idea: auction on Ebay naughty bits stolen from notorious clients with their NAMES ON! [after rill boring holiday on Nofock Island with her bush-pig buddy McHunt]. Cliff Weekly the Mechanic likes our merch (nicked from washing lines) though one tends to be strategically knickerless when he's around.

JARR IN SUPERBIA [SERIOUS POSH ARTICLE] ...Them at POSH Charity (Head Money Launderer Alterigo in fact) this week launched an appeal for the NSW homeless and hopeless in the bourgie district of SUPERBIA, which we admit is probably like asking Pol Pot for a contribution to the Cambodia Veterans Fund... and your unreliable narrator Dora Jarr is charged with 'getting a result'. This part of fair Sydney shall remain a pseudonym but won't hide the fact that Superbia's natives are wilfully blind to how the other 99% of the human race subsists. First stop on this bright Friday morning is my housemate Miriama's

old schoolie friend Careenna Barchester, hosting tennisy galpal Rhonda Trampoline (who cleverly set up Cork and Come Lifestylists) and pseudo-intellectual crawler Eura Wright Burke (I vaguely recognise 'em) plus their token 'Eora first-nations friend' Felinda Whitelake (formerly Lavertree) who scored a scholarship at their private school and who they nudgingly call BLACK LINDY (I watch her smile, she's the brainiest of this bunch) as they sit about Careenna's terrace sipping straw drinks in ray-bans and gazing out to undulant waters of Emerald City, flaunting perfect knees and frilly skirts under where lurk lacy lingeries choicy enough to pull that hunky bodybuild garden guy over yonder... No biggie, their brainpans are collectively clogged with how to get the tennis court minutely mowed for the WEEKEND PARTAY and when exactly to trade in the boring Audi Daddy gave for a Maseratay and how to cleverly get said Daddy to note the unbelievable prices these Chinese arrivistes with tax-dodge money sloshing out of their suitcases are offering for one's harbourside mansion yah - but where on Earth is one going to park the Boat if they Du Bai? - and one's share price with QuaintArse is a bit wobbly this month so one may have to cut back on hiring BOOBLAY namedrop namedrop for the coming-out party of one's sister's new semi-best friend from Bowral etceteraah. Trickle-down economics, haven't yeu heard of it? The issue Dora Jarr, is not the Hopelessly Homeless it's tax minimisation also known as stacking one's portfolyo for the financial New Yar. As one's accountant Rhoda Harbottle is continually saying (she has Nicole and Keith on her books): the Rich must collect and spend to keep OZ economy from turning into Banana Republic. Sad but true. (Funny, that's what Wayne Kerr at ConBank says: 'there's no such thing as a homeless person in the Lucky Country. They *choose* cardboard boxes) Forget Redistribution, choose Share Price Elevation. Rising tide lifts all boats etceteraahh. Treasurer *said it* darling if you were listening. Labor Party wants to TAKE from the wealth creators and hand it to the Have-Nots hence all this rorting in the TRADE UNION MOVEMENT - whereas the HAVES precisely need MORE so they'll have CONFIDENCE to INVEST in JOBS GROWTH. All self-evident, which is where you came in with your little fake jobby darling. Ask anyone, ask Rhon's fuckbud Sam who's at NAB and has the goss. Only last week we entertained his fund-manager

buddies for drinks and by serendipity they all said the exact same thing I'm saying to you now. Only after our TAX CUTS can revenue streams trickle down to Non-Profits - which is actually how you oiked your way in here. Crikey, kill CONFIDENCE and there's barely a dead dingo's donger left for ANYONE ('cept us). Economics 101 darling! Felinda, did you spot one's neu diamond choker?

At this point Dora Jarr excuses herself to the wee bathroom by the pool and delivers some trickle-down economics, a liquid laugh and a Bondi Cigar in Carena's gold-plated porcelain crapper (not really) before returning to the gals to deliver her speech. 'Donations are tax deductible right? and getting people off streets cuts economic drag, gets 'em off drugs into gainful employment (there's yer job growth) and can save a lifetime of welfare dependence... might even end up voting Liberal in one's old age - plus it feels cool to give and to help charities YEAH?' They all (not Felinda) have a cutesy laugh and say We know who *you* vote for Sweetie and Carena decently says they'll 'all think seriously' about it tho they really can't do a thing without collective daddies' say-so since their portfolios are pre-tty finely balanced and whatnot... 'but yeah and frankly the government should be Investing In The Sector, helping people turn themselves into Lifters NOT Leaners Who Flog the Plastic etceterablaaaaa. But do stay for a nibble and a catch-up darl 'cause it's been ages since school and all that (Rhon and Eura wrinkle their noses) ...and what d'you think of my non-cellulite? Not too shabby for bingeing on tiramisu? D'you remember the Year Yonk formal where we got newted and barfed on the principal's shoe? Ohhh you didn' *go* to our school Dora? Anyway that's the night youze all had a big hissy over BENJY and Rhon won but I scored his younger bro SAM who's way hotter and now she's vomiting yes you are sweetie! Say people, what a day for getting plastered by the pool and I'm so over my bullshit MBA, told you it wasn't worth the entry fee.' Next thing Dora tells 'em is 'I've a gig on Evil SLAM RADIO' - and Rhonda says *who? where?* and Wright Burke says *ooh watch it we're gonna get busted!* and they all have a belly laugh and Dor giggles too but in an arch lefty public school way since they expect it from her and since it's her job to play along if she wants to get a brass razoo out of these bodgy

bluuuurghhs, so after a further half hour on the demerits of Double Bay bootiques Suedney real estate next hols in Tahiti non-encroachment of cellulite plus fuckability of hunky gardener who cleverclogs Carena had the foresight to get mummy to hire in... Dora sez hooroo and snucks off to her yellow Honda Shitbox parked right under their fecking face-recognition gate cameras, with 'deep consideration of one's proposal' reverbing in her ears. Bonk-bud gardener shows her out and she slips him her phone number - 'so if he does call and I let him DO ME then I'll have one up on Miriama's smarty old galpals from SUPERBIA. Over and OUT'.

* * * *

Concerning the complex persona of reconstructed private-school post-holocaust luminary Miriama Pond, a narrator of more conciliatory bent might neglect to mention Miri's little BIG dilemmas, ie: she's (a) quietly outraged to be classified one of those Superbia Heartland trollops Dora Jarr just interviewed that Miri was at school with - but (b) she'll neglect to show it. Miri (c) shotgun-marries builder Roger Swyll at 19 (now real estate guru and aspiring pollie hitched to Carena Barchester) but (d) he dumps her with Rosebud and goes bush so her glossy cosmic self-esteem takes a hit, which (e) she then manages to systematically efface with unfreakable grace and the fake forbearance of Job. Dora and Erina and Mandy (f) claim she was far more keen on money and alpha-ego men back then than she lets on, and in that cosmically accepting way of hers (which can get your goat on off-days) she (g) appreciates her buds' 'brutal honesty' so they stop calling her Swyll and let her have her Pond persona back which if you met her you'd see is a pretty key security blanket. Ms. (h) 'coolest battler mum in the inner burbs' needs (i) a few shady vices, and here's another: she's uber-snobby on little Cookie 'cause Cookie bosses sweetie Rosebud and gleefully shouts words like 'bollocks' in her face whereas (j) Miri desperately needs to know Rosebud's going to be a perfect clone of her intelligentsia mum, all misted up with right-on guff like 'she'll be her own person' and 'the cosmos will teach her all she needs' and 'life is an unfolding miracle' and other new-age dogmatisms peddled by lawnmower / hovercraft mothers to their praised-to-death

procrastinating stunted resourceless risk-averse socially avoidant Bonsai Kids. So Dora's cattleprod + stungun mode has its merits, since 'saplings without wind will never grow strong': she thereby directs Boglomov to fart periodically in Cookie's general direction. Whatevs, our cool-age Miri (k) likes to protect the neighbourhood's flawed and spotty battler kids, and since she's a teensy bit PTSD under all that groupie Jewish-ish-ish perfection we keep gobs shut. Meanwhile, Miri is (l) a professional flatterer who comes up with sudden cutting asides about her proclaimed mentor ALTERIGO, your narrator and professorial slimeball who (m) she's gaga in love with. *'Tell him to dump some of his wisdom in Dora's bank account! Deliver his radio bitch some serious respect!'* she loudly remarks with ironically-concerned clear-brow smiles. She also (n) makes sure to 'look after' Cookie when Dora goes on a weekend bender (motive: reform the kid in her own image). Subtle control freak Miri is, lecturing about 'service to the community' - so considering all the shit at 19+ which Dor / Mand / Blith would *never* bring up unless they wanna start a CLASS WAR, they keep schtum when she comes up with right-on asides about 'Aussie class divides and the haves and have-nots'. Hereby mercurial M. penned a little rave and actually performed it (with Doolan and Mak and Jarr) in Castle St Kitchen so all the proletarian dudes will see she's a BRAIN and not just the upper-class butt of their anti-Zionist memes...

AUSSIE PERFECT FAMILY! 'I'm James Perfect senior, and *I'm* his wife MIRI (hi y'all) - and I'm the son Zane, and I'm Junior Jane! We so nicely embody Australia's dream: out of honey and milk, well we're clearly the *cream*. Our friends are all white and we live in Vacluse, so our assets are safe and we really can't lose; our neighbours quite rightly address us politely - we're society's paragons thanks to prozac and booze. Oh it's all very cozy, a little bit dozy and we've got it all nicely our way; our money's protected, quite nicely invested, with a house at Port Douglas for weekends away. Our doggy's called Poogie, our puss is Snowflake, they 'dine in with us' on prawns and rump steak; we don't *have* to keep up, our name isn't Jones, and so what if our kiddies have 12 mobile phones? We always vote wisely, you can't call us blind, no, we put up our friends for election; you'll find we'll be voting for them, and besides, our MP is a very

nice Muslim who drops in for tea. Now we beat all recessions in rather fine style, in fact we come out of 'em ahead by a mile. We've a simple message to the 'aspirational class': we've more money than you, so just *kiss our arse*. Daddy's a criminal lawyer like his daddy before: he's done nicely thank you from 'defending the poor', and Zane'll do Futures, the stockmarket type, but we keep it all hush-hush (we don't like the hype). Miri's not what you'd call a 'workaday' wife: she entertains folk from all walks of life: with her jewels and her wardrobe she's never alone, and her friends are all wealthy, well-bred and well-known. Now our future depends on our children we think: if we don't invest millions their futures might sink, since all these ASIANS make their marks look a mess, so we'll step in quite firmly and *buy* their success. Janie's not specially brainy (she'll marry her money), a broker called Zhao, but she'll call him Honey. 'We'll live in a villa overlooking the harbour, with a boat and two porsches donated by father.' Zane 'll smash one of 'em on his HSC 'rage' and get himself snapped in the Herald social page, and he'll molest a few chicks in the right Cranbrook scene, but no nasty scandals (keep the family name clean). 'We believe in rewarding our children you see, then at least they'll *try* to pass HSC, so when Zane's in Year 12 he'll be getting a JAG: his end-of-school present and hang the price tag!' And for Janie's coming out she'll be holding a party: there's Carena who's fashionable, Eura who's arty: the beautiful people, Jacqueline and Jo: our future depends on just who we KNOW. Mummy shops Gucci, Armani and Carla Zampatti, eats wisely and well and avoids all things fatty, and is NOT anorexic, she keeps slim by all means: Zane's mates say she's a MILF in tight jeans! Our faith's neither Catholic nor Anglican you see, but a 'frugal' religion called Press Button B. Our ancestors boned up on the Old and New Testament then joined Scotland's church to share the investment. 'When we chose our religion we studied the facts: our ancestors before us have never been lax; it's why we sit pretty in our grand harbour city: we own the best land and we pay the least tax (Government's fault, not ours). I'll grow old playing cricket with my old school peers, and after our knock when we quaff a few beers, we'll chat about Futures and Family and Friends, and which university our children attend.' (D'you mean TAFE?) We're wonderful Heartland Australians you see: don't we richly deserve to be wealthy and

free? Yes! we'll live here forever while our children inherit, and we'll keep our positions regardless of merit. We so nicely embody the Aussie dream: out of honey and milk, yep, we're really the cream. So goodbye from us here, and we wish you 'good health', and remember that HAPPINESS depends on your WEALTH.'

This entertaining tosh goes down a treat in the kitchen at Castle. Our ladies are heroines of the hour. Miriama mock-parades her silky ass for the boys, and fervently wishes Prof. Alterigo were here...

NEXT WEEK at Castle Street bunker, Erina and Dora and Mandy are sucking on tubes of Tooheys and feeling smug 'cos they've a new plan for stirring up Miri, who's as usual lording it in the kitchen with Malcontent and Boglomov and Wayne Kerr and other male acolytes and blow-ins. Doolan takes centre stage. 'Lissen up People! Our Miri here keeps a teensy SECRET (besides wanting to bang that Prof guy on the national news): her feral EX and OUR LANDLORD ROGER SWYLL is threatening to re-develop Castle Street! Yeah sweetie stop denying you were POND-SWYLL when you married the c--t who's running in the Federal seat of WantWorth for those wankers SUPERBIA HEARTLAND! We gurlz are gonna do a CAMPAIGN! so we made a chill rhyme called THE CORPORATE BOYS. Mand and Dor - on the table! (several dozen bottles and plates go flying).

'Youz suckers wanna know who got the po-litical power? Just ask us Corporate Boyz in our steel and glass tower, 'cause we look down on you bozos - that's you and you and you, so shut yer gobs and accept the facts (there's nothing you can do). We're the Heartland Kings! We deal in Shares and Stocks: if ya didn't make TEN MILL last year, then SUFFER IN YER JOCKS! We're the Macquarie Street Men's Club with a sort of 'matey mystique', a mafia sense of 'don't intrude'; we're an elite glass-ceiling clique so to speak. Now we admit in the jolly old eighties we made dough at such a pace, some of the boyz got their fingers burnt - like old Bondy, Connell, Chrissy Skase - but we can't be blamed if the system's abused (let bad eggs go down the sewer); as a permanent breed we gotta survive, you'll agree with our logic I'm sure. We're financial wolves,

Insider kings, the Patrician Larrikin class! And we didn't get where we are today by sitting on our arse! (I did) We get out there and hedge our funds and wait for the next big crash, then buy 'em back at a tenth of the price and really make some cash! But Aussie's just a little Pond so we take our wealth offshore, and deposit it in private banks: izzat against the law? Now the tax department's snoopin' round, demanding to see our books: disgusting breach of privacy, they must think that we're all crooks! Ain't nothin' sacred nowadays? I remember my Dad once said: If ya don't drive a Porsche by twenty-one boy, ya might as well be dead. There's a few little tricks for getting your start - ignore 'em and you're really a fool: just buy the right properties, meet the right chaps, and attend the right GPS school! We're True Believers mate, doin' the virtuous thing while the good times keep rolling along, and a friend is a feller who won't rock the boat (though we cark 'im if anything goes wrong); it's called 'business ethics' (our Bible of trade) and we sure know how Cain shafted Abel: we just kick arse all round, grab what we want, and hole up in our big Tower of Babel. Yeah we fiddle the figures and doctor the books (our accountants are pretty well taught), and these government ministers are all top blokes: they're no wowers who can't be bought. What's a crime? What's justice? All the bankers are queer, doing their dodgy mortgaging rorts; there's only one crime in the corporate book: that's the crime of getting yerself caught! And what'd happen to our economy if the billionaire Elite were forced to pay their share of tax to 'put this country on its feet'? All these socialists and welfare bludgers who want their slice of cake: that's our hard-earned profit I tell ya, it's all just take take take! We're the Boardroom Boys, we deal in shares and stocks, though we never discuss our assets since they're bigger than our cocks! - though we're addressin' this phallic deficit - we call in 'professional aid': the *hookers* 'massage our egos', and for that they get bloody well paid. Yeah, it's fucken ace to contemplate the legal ways ya can earn. It's makin' me sweat, me fingers are itchin', I think we should all adjourn... So we urge you! Get out there and do it yerself; to refuse is a character failing - we're the Lucky Country's pride, and with Tax on our side, let's be proud to be rich and Australian!' (Sponsored by Men's Only Australia Club, Macquarie St, Sydney).



The Castle crowd goes wild! Even angsty Miriama has a weary giggle. Castle Street hasn't seen this kind of cool shit in recent memory. (Malcontent and his lowbrow spazzgeetar is getting old hat) And Extremist Mandy Hak just realised she has a stage right under her nose. *Castle Cabaret!* One core fact everyone is required to know is: Mandy, owing to threat of deportation due to being a rowdy asiatic slag who won't fit into

Rool Orstraya, has decided to impress OZ Government with her ONE-GIRL WAR AGAINST THE CHINESE COMMUNIST PARTY, who 'need a real bollocking' for 'BULLYING poor liddle OZ over Hong Kong Taiwan Uighurs Tibet South China Sea East China Sea Pandemic Bat Cover-Up Fifteen Demands Belt and Road Nuclear Subs Huawei Pelosi AUKUS Intellectual Property Solomon Islands Darwin Harbour B-52s Coal Imports Cyber Hacking Security Laws Free Speech Lobsters Barley Wheat Wine Democracy Open Media Coercion of Asian Diaspora Closure of Confucius Institutes Chickn Flied Lice and saying Xi Jin Ping looks like Pooh Bear.' [see website: www.yellowperil.com]. Mand's new jingle (on YoTube and performed on Castle Kitchen Table tonite!) on behalf of rill Aussie bleeders in ten-gallon hats who round up brumbies in a Sunburnt Land of Flooding Rains - should set it all straight. Blitherina is bushwhacked into a duo. Goes like this:

'STRAYA'S A GREAT LITTLE COUNTRY! - with sun and sand and surf, there's no place like our country, upon this whole wide urf! We got ole Sydney Harbour Bridge, the whole bloody world's seen that, but we don' all live in Seedney, the real blokes live in the OUTBACK! We're beaut little bonzer ockers, we all wear cork in our hats, jolly little diggers from the boondocks, and we all play cricket howzat! We come from the land of roos and quockas and famous Fosters Beer; yer won't get race relations, as 'armonious as here. We got Mabo, Voice to Parly and we got Wik as well, so all youz blackfella stirrers, you can bloody well go to hell! Oh my name's Bruce and his name's Bruce and his name's Bluey as well (please explain); we all got farms, we all wrestle crocs, we're whitefellas, you can

tell. Oh I'm his mate and he's my mate, ain't no sheilas 'ere; we don't talk much (too many flies) and we always share our beer. Oh a wallaby here and a dingo there, we love our wide brown land; we used to shoot our bang-bang guns till the Guv'ment had 'em banned. We love the Queen and the RSL, we fought our wars with the Brits, but when they sent us to Gallipo-li a lot of us got the shits. Now some blokes wanna republic, with a president like the yanks, but if he's a dope like silly old Trump we'll bloody well say no thanks! If you don't drink you ain't one of us, you ain't fair-dink true blue, so we'll 'ave a yarn and then get pissed and throw our cans at you! Yeah, ya gotta watch your arse round here mate, Sydney's crawlin' wiv queers: what those blokes need is a spell on the farm and a few dozen bloody strong beers! Now Pauline Hanson was our man, she stood for us round 'ere, with policies we could understand: no burkhas blacks or slants no fear! 'Cos Anzac day and holden cars, chip shops and mining rights, are what old Aussie's all about, not friggin' minority rights! Us boys from the bush can now rejoice: One Nation's come at last, with Pauline showin' us the way, right back into the PAST.

Out in Castle Backyard the disc-and-weed crowd (led by arty activists Poppy Gonski and Beena Randle) are roasting pumpkins under the clothesline - which is covered in Blitherina's stolen used knickers (for sale 'on line') and Mandy Hak in her asiatik glory has had a few too many and shouts at all ears. 'Youze dudes, me's only bin in OZ for proverbial five fucken minutes but I's got the lingo down proper! Gimme a PASSPORT SPORT! WHO'S THE REAL AUSSIE HERE? Dor an' me got hired by POSH to hit the OUTBACK n' report on dinky-di boohooo fire flood drought n' rat fatigue! Blith had a better dodgy idea but: mock up the whole dog's breakfast over 15 beers at CASTLE BAR. (Go the INSTA Miri) Hit it!

A TOWN LIKE MOLES Had a chinwag with Trev Grunge, mayor o' Molong. 'Youz sheilas heard o' Surprisin' Moles? She's a ripper you-beaut 4000 Ks east of Seedny and only 2 light years west of Perth in byoody dust and gravel cuntry. Welcome to Cuntry! You name it: you-beaut drains mosquiter galahs, scungy town pond for the kuds, sun blazin' the whole year, highest melodrama rate in the state, only 800 ks to a beach in any

direction. Hoges came one time n' Burke and Wills carked it near 'ere - so hit the frog n' toad flog yer chops n' crack a tinny in the gradest ridgydidge bloody fly-blown hole in our byoody Big Droi Ennis Dubya never-never! No woosy Opera house or 'arbour bridge (no bloody 'arbour mate) but we got Civic Proide down in Moles. Youz wanna open up a Green 'Ranium mine? Slap it in the town square next to Bruce's Chew n' Spew Diner. C'n use the publicity even if it's greenie do-gooders. Bruce's a trooper! Speakin' of cue-zeen: reckon you could eat the crotch out of a low-flyin' duck? Bruce'll sell ya the fattest steak bugs-bunny can buy: chop off its 'orns wipe its arse and stick it straight on the plate mate. Cracker dinkum aussie tucker and a bucket of tooheys amber neck-oil fer a heartstarter. Me porky mate Bill Arbong reckons the local Tooz tastes like Horse Piss (keep it under yer brumby hat coz 'e runs a four-legged lottery on the Gee-Gees)... So where the fuck were we? Yeah transport sport! All the coach tours stop at Dubbo (400 ks thataway) and last cab to Darwin stopped 'ere back in '18 (1918). Cenner of known universe. C'n even get a root. No flies on us - tho we 'ad the number one fly plague back in 12, 13, 14 and (come ter think) 15 through twenny... Blind Freddy coulda told ya, she wuz uglier than a robber's dog mate, everybody had roos in the top paddock doin' the Aussie Salute. Sure was a pearler, we wuz spewin'! Wake in Fright! But no wuckers: RATS ate all the flies, dingos ate the rats, crocs ate the dingos n' she's all swoot mate. Lucky there's no sharks eh! Nah, we don't skite or grizzle down in Moles. So don' be a sook, dust off yer clobber, chuck a sickie, giz a yell on the eau de cologne n' get yer cobbors n' sheilas dahn 'ere, first in best dressed fer a proper squiz n' a decko. Ahhh, when ya wake up at sparrow's fart wiv sun floodin' over the gummies and the galahs chatterin' like a fleet of choppers back in 'Ganistan, ya know yer proud to be Orstrayan. So where the bloody hell are ya? We'll chuck another PRAWN on the barbie for ya (if Bruce 'as any in his fucken fruyzer). Gobless Ostrayya, gobless Moles and don' ferget: There's No Town Like Moles!' (authorised by Moles chamber of commerce @ bruce's diner).

The hip in-crowd does a whoop and a holler - and their cool-aid dark disco tripples on in the Aussie arcadian night. Someone fishes Mandy out of the weeds in Catpiss Lane some time round dawn, and puts her to bed.

Superbia

WE TURN our jaded gaze now... to harbourside hills of glamoured villas and manses - to the cypress-treed bougainvillea-walled tennis-courted infinity-pooled Maserati-drivewayed camera-ed stage set of Emerald City - where we're all EQUAL winners of the Lucky Country Lottery, sealing up happiness lest neighbours steal a centimetre of our Italianate Gothic labyrinth of columns and patios, all sun-bathed and blue Pacific sprinkled - 'a Superego Aussie Heartland ascending at once to the Euro-Exotic and the Pacifical'... meanwhile clinging to a vacant continent, hunkered against interior plains, against dark people of sixty thousand years (who naked walked unbound savannahs and forests, stringy tribes who knew where the fire comes from, where the water is, where animals roam, their sun-painted bodies inseparable from the contours of this harsh arcadia)... yet still we're claiming to *share* our hearty-grim chauvinistic egalitarian hot utopia built on sand, the one of gridded plains and baked bungalows and red-hat roofs and steel fences - our massed effort to enshrine and placate a spirit of convict or pioneer endurance or the brittle hash of multiculturalism or a brassy Aussie dream of impersonal personableness (avoiding the interior illnesses of affluence), the aspiring shallow understated hard-earned gifted luck of we affable competitive Aussie nuts! Here then is *Superbia* - where masters and arrivistes in superego Squattocracy Manses on coliseum hillsides crave to elbow out Social Housing and Lego Towers whose every box balcony is a vulgar squeezed vista of Eden where me-me proprietors who once came chained and ragged to the Great South Land now claim to plant a foot: half in the sky, half on the continent beneath. Meantime, in owned bays of watery real estate, stick masts jostle and clink as Superbia's weekend boatie masters beaver their bathetic ecstasy of *leisure*, determinedly entrenching a dubious past, hollow present, legendary future... 'And in Bourjæ Heights' most exclusive street, optimising a point-blank Opera House panorama and fielding stunning collaborations of In-House Art

and Inspiring Design to create a breathtaking contemporary residence contextualising the iconic harbour and skyline... reveals a salubrious master-bedroom retreat in a soothing palette of cocooning colours and luxubrious materials married with hi-tech inclusions initiating glamboobrious soft parades of inspirational living spaces with discreet zones for parents and teens, and bathroom sanctuaries exuding hotel-like boutique chic where one may effortlessly deposit one's SUPERIOR CLASS OF SHIT.'

White Aussies were all aliens once... convicts and their masters who sailed here, shackled in this borderless place where dusky ancient men watched from the trees... Ships of stick masts and rags hulked and nodded in the bays, discharged their disgruntled vermin, bookending the long hypnosis of lower-deck dungeons, flecked horizons, glittering seawinds. Browed cliffs rose up curtain-like at the harbour's mouth as white birds wheeled and squawked in the sky. Saliva of surf slumped on pancake rocks, smoke rose in twirls from a summer gum forest, and the yellow grin of sleeping coves, crowded in by stick trees with peeled trunks whose wisped white heads lolled in the blue, disconcerted the arrivistes. Then, the threat of inland, of great khaki forests, fires on the interior plain and dark people who'd leave their weak to die if the food gather was threatened - made the white men whisper, and strut, and cower. The white men and their women over time built hillside terraces and pottery alleys and piggedy fences that fester today in the grilled sun. Dented steps and pointy black-iron ringed by dusty weeds, and water glimpses and crumble-walls (squeezes of sandstone that fail a little in each sudden rain) buffer chimneyed terrace rows that pitch up into the blue. On the islands prisons squatted, and people sweated in the purview of rum ships in the slum heat, in pinched colony-loneness amid odours of plague and rot, as their dim interior hardnesses wrestled with the promise of glitter sea.



In such historic vein, we should expose the ADVERSARIAL Root of Politics in our matey aspirational utopia: 'self-protection in the cloak of pragmatic altruism'! That is, we built an 'inclusive' ponzi scheme called the Welfare State while furiously differentiating 'Lifters and Leaners' so the major parties can legitimately wedge and demonise each other in the name of (yup) pragmatic altruism... and where ideologically, the key to the future is perceived to be 'ownership of the past', ie: by celebrating 'achievement' we marginalise those who 'aren't real achievers' (that is, who lack our dough and name recognition and boats and perches on harbour hills). They who 'missed out' - according to racial profiling, class profiling, bad luck, black armbands, overseas war, being female, being renters, middle-aged or victims of sheer geography (not the Squattocracy) - annoyingly want to 'claim the future as reparation for a lost past'. There's aggression and energy here, but shocking naivety as well: what the outsider types are really up against (as any economist will tell you) is their need to be *insiders: winners and grinners*, so when they get there (eg: convict to millionaire) they suddenly become the Old Bourgie Enemy! And the great conformist copy-and-merge machine fuelled by 'righteous aspiration born of class solidarity' chunters on. Today's oppressed tenant: tomorrow's slum landlord; today's woke leftie: tomorrow's Superbia rightie! And what of the reactionary diehards claiming to see through the whole rotten aspirational cycle? They hang out at CASTLE STREET - until they get scoured out by boredom or creeping ideological embarrassment or the sense of being forty or the dawning of actual gender

roles or disgust at persistent Windmills or hair loss or loneliness or a dicky liver or a sudden hate of sharing, or *other people*. Not maaaaates any more maaaaate. Meanwhile up here in Superbia we built so many walls and barriers and gates and cameras and checks and proclivities and exclusivities and backscratches and mutual hand jobs and echo-chambers and council regs and self-mirroring social pools and investments in private schools and networks and political donations and tame charities and future funds and private trusts and minders and trustable rellies and kiddy clones and boats and decors and gucci handbags and sports cars - we absurdly throw up the notion: 'Wouldn't it be cool just to break a rule' or 'go wax-chested and barefoot with a bottle to a party in a street where you know nobody or actually get surprised by joy or by weird simplicity or something crazy like that'? Noooo, we're far too fiscally entrenched to get fooled by such naïvete. *Our* Aussie Dream (holding to what we exclusively got) is hard fucken yakka mate (like marrying up Aussie Dream providers) not to mention our 'new mates' those invading future crazy rich Asians who need a leg up: how you say harr' yakkaaa' in Man'arin? Velly har' yakka for centuries in Chinaaa!



BARRISTER JUDITH CLEAR (of Wiggener Beacher Lawyers) is known to many in her profession as a 'player'. Swept to the Lucky Country at age two by far-seeing businessy parents from Guangzhou, she amply succeeded in becoming what her elders demanded she be: an Asian Western Success, complete with modified name. Your writer made her acquaintance (though she'd have counted our meeting as insignificant) and was impressed by the pathological clarity of her mission. Yep, our country needs shit-kicking young reformers, notwithstanding there's a *shadow* side, best described as 'ruthless self-regard clothed in community-concernedness'. One shouldn't paint Clear as a cut-out (all folks have their odysseys and blankness and wounds and loneliness) but we're bound to portray her according to her own grasp at reputation. Eastern Suburbs private education, a precocity (at thirty-

two) for landing cases of public interest, a penchant for political circling and old-school networks and for saying correct things in relation to the Chinese Communist Party, mark her as a person of substance. While her sexual proclivities are nobody's business it's noted there's no obvious husband or boyfriend. The immigrant push, insider track, correct religion, all that money and ferocious work ethic render emotional life a messy distraction, though Judith Clear has an eye for lovers who keep their mouths shut. Lately she fixed her clever eye on a recalcitrant officer in the POSH organisation (Su Mi Yo) who 'bought a mansion out of nowhere'. Clear offered to 'protect that organisation' while grabbing the chance to 'expose a fellow Asian Aussie mired in corruption'. The case facts are neither here nor there: in an election year the issue of nationalist culture wars is a political football that keeps on scoring, ie, *which 'Aussies' can be trusted?* And, when Judith gets told by Superbia 'mate' Carena Barchester that a certain Mandy Hak from Hong Kong 'broke into the house' of prominent Chinese-language media proprietors, and that her 'troublemaker journalist' partner-in-crime Dora Jarr is in strife with Centrelink over 'fraudulent child payments' (see the good shit later in this book) - it seems God Herself is dancing to the tune of clear-sighted Judith. News that these women are tenants in a house owned by Carena's detestable husband Roger Swyll (that is, inner-Sydney Castle Street) is Judith Clear's gold ticket to ride.

Yet life in its taxing toil and straight-road trance of perfectbleness taps at the conscience of Judy Clear. To assuage all that relentless visionariness she likes to 'do random shit like walk on beaches in her bare feet' - a throwback to some clear-bright vision of her parents who wanted to be Good Aussies all those years back and took her to Manly and Surfers and Cronulla and Balmoral... and some corrupt totemic memoir of slothful emptiness under a yellow sun took tiny root in the button eyes of Judith... along with a vision of lazy blonde Puberty Blues beach boys with their zincfaced nonchalance and pliant chicks who (to her adult eyes) seemed to suck in the Lucky Country Bounty as if born to it, owning this empty far Eden of blue winds and yellow sands and Street's ice cream - while she the 'only child' sucked up (in the perfection of hindsight) all the pressure and

marks and furrow-browed Tiger parentalisms and scratchy uniforms and conformist faith and weekend tutoring and half-friends her second-fiddle Asianness and hiding her pinheadedness under a bushel in this mythhouse mediocrity of Australia - allowed. In short, there's jealousy in our Judith, nameless and untamed: a need to *grapple and puncture and beat and WIN*. What right has she though? Aussie gave her everything (though she did all the work) while her Hunters Hill mummydaddy clan boast and smile about it to their friends... The winning immigrant who holds her nose to the natives? or the suspicion that she's just a cipher of an Old Culture she barely knows: that bulldozer CCP Middle Kingdom locked in a national effort to drag itself up to a vulgar facsimile of all the smoothnesses she inherited in the Easy Country? Gratitude and resentment rolled in a ball, thrown into hazy distance, equates to an Immigrant Complex. *Some* folks should be resented, right? Insiders who were Outsiders are entitled to project their backed-up shit! Not that whitey Rog Swyll, mind you: what a slime, even his wife sees the extent of it. (She married him for her own dumb reasons.) Yep, Jude's Rising was all functional-intellectual (stillborn in the empathy stakes) yet 'while one claims to take pride in *spontaneity* (those wild beaches)... I wanna experience *the dense and tight and dark and dirty* as well! So I got me a red Maserati and I get about in it at night. Carena Barchester thinks she's my social connector but the bitch can't foot it with me... One time I turned up at that CASTLE proletarian dump! Round midnight I found the front door open so I tiptoed down the hall and some orgy was happening in the dark out back. Butt-naked women were playing volleyball with cabbages under the clothesline and no-one noticed me till a slothy girl with a mouthy Irish twang grabbed my hair and jammed a bottle o' something in my throat... I got pushed to the grass under the Irish's weight and got me Map of Tasmania invaded by her thick finger. Fact. Hours later under a bush I thought, I'm Judy fucken Clear n' I do research! ...an' I'm a Real Ozzie too.'

Currently, on Whatsapp at Superbia's Maison Carena Barchester...
 - Clear! (Judith, 'asian barrister mate') How's the legal shit? You're gawking at superhot Barch in her red two-piece in the mastersuite mirror. Rhonda the Tramp claims I look 'a tad masculine'. What the bodyshaming freak

could she mean? Wright Burke kept it zipped when she said it (check out *her* facial hair). 'Ooh you tan so eesily Cee Bee.' Self-belief beats narcissist wank sweetie. Yeah no, it was the right lurk marrying sweaty Roger. Money aside, he's appealingly feral in the sack. Never take his name tho: Swyll for freak's sake. Twelve year gap? Not a prob Jude. No kids and life is long darls. Lucky I do anal. Still doing yer kung-fu kamikaze shit? Thought it was a Thai recipe when I met ya. Mmm, reckon I bought the right size tits. Know how to pick a wardrobe too girl. Drugs at the club Judae! You n' me are hot totally wasted: you super-minimal me 'talky interlecheral'. What's it gonna be with you? Don't chase fur burger 'less ya toadly have to. Meanwhile here's the goss. Rhonda and Rog are definitely DOING IT. Am I boverred? Nope, 'cause Rog is going to PARLIAMENT. Oh yeah and we'll get the POSH godbotherers on board: c'n do God, right? Plenny of freakin' practise at school: didn't Clitoris Clorys tell us name's yer ticket to fame? Not a baddie, 'Carena Barchester' d'we think? Old-worldy zippy plenny of syllables? Tho I've a definite lazyarse streak. Too feckin' well off you reckon Clear? We'll buy a lowbrow Bondi flat if he wins. MP's woife. VOTE ROG! Representative Swyll Is Gonna Do Ya Slowly! A leg-up for a leg over! You n' me 'll get shitfaced tonight then we'll get serious. About this campaign.

Roger cashed-up bogan Swyll is hosting a fundraiser barbie at Barchester Manse (unimpeded views of Bridge and Op. House) in his best bib n' tucker: hawaii shorts and thongs with snag fork in one mitt and 'holding a hose mate' in the other and a big stupid grin on his dial 'cause the anklebiters on the lawn (whose are they?) got a bit of a dousing from Super Daggy Dad, the fun one who never flaunts his moolah n' looks like he'd be toadly at ease in a brick venereal bungalow in Bankstown - which he would be if Carena Barch hadn't held her nose and snapped him up 'cos she likes a dinkum Aussie bigmouth bit-of-rough with Barnaby Chic who appeals to her 'Inner West Tart' by banging up Inner West social housing; a rool brick-shithouse millionaire she can show off as street cred to her Eastern Suburbs coke-snorting semi party friends and their elders: like rub their noses in their own superiority shit amid the realisms of our Egalitarian Utopia. Rog at the Barbie is bangin' on like a dunny door in a

gale to a couple of silver-haired Liberal Party bigwigs in slacks and open-neck shirts (whoa) drinking beers from the bottle (whoohh) and saying fuck yo? when Rog tells 'em he never really planned to 'go independent in WantWorth but thought he'd put the wind up' 'cause he 'had the votes anyway' an' reckoned a bit of debate 'd be good for the Libs on super profits family trusts negative gearing franking credits build-cost inflation and the CCP yeah? These Lib worthies bend the elbow and despise him double. And 'the fact that real estate in Aussie Utopia is worth Three Trill these days I guess means puttin' dodgy developers in parliament's a no-brainer!' wins a belly laugh from the Sausage Boys. 'And waddaya call *that* - a view or a vista or a fucken panorama fellers? Reckon I know these subloime Steak n' Kidney 'ills like the back of me hand - goin' the Full Monty mate - *and* I sold in Marrickville and Maroubra and Hurstville and Penrith and The Shire and Wahroonga and Rooty Hill an' the freaken Cooboo Doo - should be fucken Proime Minister! Better n' a poke in the eye wiv a burnt snag eh? All I need is a top proime office in Packer's Erection down at Bang a Roo...' till Carena (they do say she's slightly mannish) slides over with champers in hand and wraps a naked arm round one or more of The Boys and suggests to Rog he 'tone down the rhetoric a bit since we haven't won yet' in her practised slightly-sexed lispy tone bound to send these Lib Bankrollers cum Party Shitkickers swallowing her Brewdog's Sink The Bismarck at 52 bucks a bottle to the bathroom to check their not-over-the-hill suntans, adjust their packages and fool themselves they've still got what it takes to show this Barchester bitch a thing or two in the back of her Maserati.

On the other side of our clipped egalitarian lawn, Marcia Wright Burke - ex-skier, barrister and establishment candidate for WantWorth, slugs it and can't believe she's *losing*. Not that the Sausage Faction despise her climate policy or support for a Royal Commission into Female Sexual Assault in the Workplace, it's that she comes across as their Truss-ed up Thatcherite fucken Mother in Law (all fur coat, no knickers). Daughter Eura won't help either - vegan zeitgeisty wowser intellectual and Young Lib spokesperson who twists Marcia's arm to spruik transgenderism at single-sex private schools thus dumping her with a perennial TOILET

PROBLEM. Now *there's* a barbie stopper. Not to mention snob milf Marcia owns *Clymers* (most exclusive Vacluse estate) and arm-twisted the Heritage Foundation to slap non-development orders on all local antique properties against ravages of Chinese arrivistes with zero cognition of ancient venerable two-century Aussie culture. Worse, she denounced Malcolm Turnbull for 'rowing too small a boat' - which made her feel like a bandicoot on a burnt ridge. So how to go the knuckle with Roger Swyll, potty-mouthed King Dick Westie arriviste carryin' on like a pork chop? REPRESENTATIVE SWYLL IS GONNA DO ME SLOWLY! Maybe some dark angel 'll poison his drink... Eura sweetie?

(Swyll meanwhile) - How ter get the votes we never got before? My mate Benny the Leb in Punchbowl reckons we could reverse gay marriage so's all them sheilas in hijabs and their macho beardy husbands c'n feel like they're back in Baghdad. Yo the Abduls! They're a Weird Mob out in Westie toll-paradise commuter land. Wanna clean my McMansion? Labor's in power so no wage theft in egalitarian utopia + heaps of 'permanent' bridging visas unless yer on Manus Island goin' off like a bucket of prawns in the sun. Coupla generations, you'll have whitey in-laws and she'll be swoot mate. And them Tee-hee Christian Tongans drainin' the ocean pool down at Manly doing bombs an' havin' chill parties in their skirts - they could vote for us too eh... Just then ConBank CEO Richard Head slithers through the gates in his midnight-blue Toorak Tractor in company of ex-Attorney General Crispian Slaughter (now POSH CEO). The persistent rumour that Head is a homosexual is scotched time and again by an arthouse bonhomie that assumes all Aussies he meets are as fortunate as him. - Hulloh there... Richard Head, my friends call me Dick... Superrrrbb yah... Such garrulous positivity might get him elected Life President of Cloud Cuckoo Bank if his stint as head of Australia's greatest institution comes a cropper since his colleagues just won't see how he fits the 'boring pragmatist of few sober words' persona Aussies seem to require of their pronouncers of fiscal hope and gloom... But suss Dickie Head is immune to self-reflection, and this is both his armour and his Damocles sword.

Rhonda Trampoline, her bun-tight arse freshly groped in the lobby by Rog the Candidate, runs into her botoxic eagle-eyed mother with her yappy Spoodle.

- Darling, I'm *really* going to get you a proper man

- Jesus, mum. Which Lib Party silverhair 'd you screw to get here?

- Ooh, who's a complexed little lady

- OMG, that is soooo trugging! You're 55 and finally worked out us kids went bush after yer zillion overseas trips? How many cocktail parties and book clubs can ya go to? And the neighbours aren't impressed when the Porsche gets flicked for a freaking Bentley and you're needing to muscle in on my F45 gym zumba yoga schedule even when I tell you to go do aquarobics with Tammy and Tabitha and you sneer like a fucken cockroach crawled outa my nostril

- *You're* not getting any younger, sweetie

(Alcoholised shout) - Dude I'm in the *zone*: six bodypumps three hot yogas per week, don't have to give a shit about fat-shaming cellulite skin repair waistline bone density and can sink eight cocktails and work 'em off by rooting sweaty Rog (suck it up Carena) so why sideline my powerhouse perfection for a leathery post-menopausal yumyumyum cheer-chasing GILF Cougar hiding behind fake praise of daughter so's she can literally muscle up and muscle in? Perfecto skin no blotches yo! This freaking country's paradise dude and all you do is worry about yer shitty *mortality*. Jeez, I'll never be you. Love ya mum but you're an embarrassment. Had yer fucken turn. My hunky personal coach WADE BREEN sez 'self-esteem is where we do the hard yards' not what we *buy*. Wez the consideration mom? Wez the maturity?

- Touch of PMS, darling? Ginkgo root is good.

(On the topic of mothers) Castle Street oik Dora Jarr smuggled in mum Glenys as a shout-out to middle-aged divorcees on the slippery slope to a homeless future with NO SUPER. Glenys the Menace, after colonising the turps table buttonholes a Smug Young Lib.

- Lissen Tom whatever-yer-name-is, to a domestic slave who pulled the plug on a shitty marriage! Due to uncanny female habit of getting pregnant we get lumbered with the tin lids and end up at fifty-five with shitty prospects

of earning while old marriage partners perpetually plugged in the Male Earning Machine are poking younger versions of us! I tell my girl Dora: dodge all those 'womany caring professions' like nursing / kindy / aged care / teaching eh. Or maybe some leathery sugar-daddy'll catch my eye if I scrub up a bit but it ain't likely since I'm nothing but a biddable statistic! what with the Labor Party slaving over who gets to be Minister of Fair Go-ness in the stampede for the next unloseable election 'cause they're so *committed* to helping all our Aussie needy with their backroom brawls on where to build four million social houses in a stitched-up photo op with the Greens and their crusade to change the Super System so's slippery-slope basket-case babymakers like me can 'access their non-existent funds in timely fashion', addressing a 'systemic travesty of social justice for those who lose the race for retirement security blaaaaaa'! Or maybe your slimy Christian Conservative anti-woke anti-feminist let-mums-be-mums pro-life lobby can tickle the Lib Party hacks to shovel a few scraps the way of Miserable Glenys and Co? - despite the ironic truth that reactionary ladies on the scrapheap are as popular as a rattlesnake in a lucky dip due to our whorish younger selves.

Tom Whatsit has his mouth ajar. - Er, interesting point, er...

- Glenys JARR. My girl Dora (right there) has yer name and number and she's gonna slosh it on her radio show!

- Is that ethical?

- Sure. And check my website: *SuperfatCougardotcom* to you. Oof, I gotta water the horses.

Glenys slinks upstairs, discovers Rog and Carenna's Mastersuite, eyes up Gucci handbags randomly tossed on the silk bed then heads back down with several little bits of plastic in her paw. Got her eye on an ordering frenzy at the local bottleshops ain't she.

Crispian Slaughter gets in a corner with sweaty Rog and Carenna.

(Carenna) - So great you landed the job at POSH after the big ouster!

- Just to be clear, losing my job in Government over a purported sex scandal two centuries ago was woke bullshit

(Carenna) - Ugh, feminazi rabblers! Only have to breathe 'white predator male' and another good man bites the dust

(Rog) - Parly House a bit of a brothel eh mate?

- Not in my office

- What about down the corridor? Any tips?

- Roger! Crispian can take a joke but he has *feelings*

- So spill how you buggers can help us grab the Catho vote in Warringah n' Wentworth

- Ha! First we've to fight off these HELLSONG PLENTYCOSTAL GOD BOTHERERS! Like to crazily wave your arms to singalongs, shout mightily unto a gold-plated roof to win indulgences for heavenly real estate *and* get a gym workout? How good's Aussie heaven mate, an' I wanna ham-Jesus-tomato sandwich with that

- Their booted-out directors were skimmin' cash n' rooting the worshippers, roight?

- Roger! Crispian didn't root anyone

- The Lewinsky defence? Truth's just another form of tyranny mate. I need a beer

- Take no notice of my crude husbutt. You and I 'll get the drop on these satan-worshipping feminists. (She steers him into a bathroom and steers his hand into her red panties) Sorry I wasn't there to save ya Crispi

- Save me now.

Ten minutes later, Rog and his wife meet on the terrace.

- You look a bit sweaty. How'd ya go?

- Tragic how stupid some men are. We're rolling on, Roger my boy.

Ostracised-womanised Slaughter is doing the rounds. Richard Head is cornered by the flowerbeds.

- What now Crispi, you creamer?

- You know how it is, Dickie. We need a bit of a 'top-up' at POSH. Shouldn't have to ask. Or maybe we'll put in for one of your Proletarian ConBank Loans ha ha

- Sshhh! If you thought I'd preside over a loans rort COVER UP at ConBank *and* get my hands dirty, you're a country mile from reality

- As they say Dickie, the buck stops...

- Wrong. One of my JUNIORS did it

- That'd be - ?

- Great god fellow, where are your scruples? Wayne Kerr
- But the Lord sees all our sins. Eighty grand?
- Fuck! For what?
- There's an election on. All *Catholics* here Dickie. Oh, hot tip: Wayne Kerr's squeeze is at this party: one Dora Jarr, right there. Nasty lefty rabble rouser and *Centrelink fraudster*. I'd give it a bo-peep if I was you
- You *know* Kerr?
- You forget I was Attorney General. I know what colour fucken underpants you wore to church last Sunday. Chat to Wayne. He'll come through for ya...
- Will *do*.

Rhonda Trampoline is looking gaga at sleek-and-mindful Wade Breen's lips as they move.

- Yah Rhon, so mindfulness meditation is really *wayy* cool woo hoo. Mental patients oppressed women and ADHD kids should categorically dooo it... You like fully zap inner repressions in the virtual reality of dharma consciousness where the will-force is merged in the supermind and you're plugged in the cosmic sanctuary at the pituitary gland yo. Checks right into the eternal garden of peace and beats waiting for *G'Doe!* Care for a herbal whisky, or some less corrosive shit?

Blitherina Doolan wobbles about in her skank-skirt and bulgy bodice, slugging eighth tart-fuel cocktail in as many minutes. Got the drop on all the rich cunts eh. Fellow partycrashers Dor and Mand and Miri prop her up.

- An' who *dat*?
- Dat be mindfulness coach Wade Breen. Wrote the self-help classic *The Subtle Art of Not Rooting a Kangaroo*. Sidekick to The Prophet Mah-Jin at Filin Bong Mindfulness League!
- Outa my freakin' way.

Twenty slam-dunk mins later Blith is back looking puce and dishevelled. Rangy Wade sweats in a corner, failing to locate his mind.

- Omigohd Wade is a supercool tall hot brainy dazzler hunk! I needa get mindful and lose more *weight*
- By mindfully sucking his cock? (Dora, helpfully)

- You dunno nuthin' Jarr. Dude's an anti-vaxxer!

Quite what relation this has to cocksucking eludes the team, though it aligns with Blith's usual drunken non-sequitural pronouncements. She got a new INSTA PHOTO though.

Beetroot-faced National Party punter Ron Fogarty, in ten-gallon hat walkshorts kneesocks n' fucken old-school tie is havin' a D + M chinwag with some Mystery Guy In Black.

- What's yer line, Ron?

- Me? Agribusiness wholesaler n' sittin' member for Wobongle

- Ah, 'the grand allure of Aussie manure'. But you got in strife, sued by your campaign secretary?

- Turns out the slag had a 'girlfriend wiv an Old Feller'. Din' know if she was trans Arthur or trans Martha

- Pig's arse eh. Bet *you* wuz wearin' the brown underpants?

- Gotta woife n' kids. Catholic mate

- Show me a pollie who *hasn't* had sex accusations thrown at 'em

- Rustle up some 'gender fluid' mate, that'll fix 'em

- Right. Never too late to piss off some woke cancel-culture lefty pinheads

- 'Zat your line?

- Oh no, Professional Whistleblower, me

- The POSH case?

- The *China* case

- Dunno that one. ...hey, check the Paddy chick! Good for a root?

- You mean *Erina Doolan*, self-appointed female larrikin pushing chip-on-shoulder descendant-of-Irish-convicts schtick to shit all over us socially superior anglo c--ts?

- Err...

- Doolally Doolan! Sloth-tongued out-to-lunch naif getting sugar daddies to pay her uni fees for services rendered. Bigmouth party girl cocking a snoot at the ruling class, notching up sex conquests thereby winning respect! Yep, those nineteenth-century skirt-raising forelock-tugging convict women were good at turning us masters into dribbly panting little boys

- Stone the crows! She on the dark web?

- No sweat, and her fake media photographer front comes in handy. That china media jerkoff Anson Gu got snapped 'in the altogether', plus Crispian Slaughter and our Candidate Swyll. Get the drift? She got stropo with a feller called Alterigo who paid her to 'reform' while he collected spotter fees. Got him pissed one day but *got no photo* to supply her woke party buds when the political shit hits the fan! Likes her though, he says.

Wants her to win

- Put in a word?

- Sure, bud

- What ya say yer name was?

- *Alterigo*.

And Alterigo schmooze-melts in the cackling crowd.

Minutes later though, Miriama Pond has him outside, behind a tree. She vowed to herself she'd 'stay nonchalant' but merely succeeds in shoving her pussy at him. He mercifully steers her to the pool dressing room.

- Mirabelle, time we had a little chat - in our *undressing* room

- So you'll address my book club! (she pulls off his jacket) And I can be your research assistant? (and his pesky tie) An' your publicity officer? (shitty shirt buttons) An' your biographer! (her own funnel-tight jeans)... but yeah I know my girlfriends are mad at you (shoves his trou down) but I'll teach 'em a *lesson* (his and her undies hit the floor) if you agree that is (bra goes haywire), when they frame up Poor You for those sex-orts at POSH (on her knees now) - an' I know you wanna reform Blith (firm oral grip on his honourable member) an' get Dora to be a real mum mmmmmmm (laughing gear full)... but I'll teach 'er *myself* (tongue up his chest) for that cyber-bullying shit (mouth on mouth) tho I admit I'm *jealous* (thigh wrapped about) 'cos my Rosebud *is dominated* by evil Cookie (heavy rockin' and rollin') but we gotta save Castle Street from my fucken Ex (sweet jeeesuuuuus!) and sock it to these shiting *Tories* (aaaaaaahhhhh)...

Miriama Pond wretchedly clings. And clings. There's a pause.

- Did you come, Prof?

- I enjoyed your proactive informative orgasm

- But *did* you?

- Not relevant, sweet Mirabelle.

[What he might have said was: 'Fear not, we'll soon bring Business to a Head and Slaughter the Swyll']

And there's bushfire-blond Blitherina blundering by the pool, thumbing her phone with a pouty look.

(Alterigo, trousers up) - I'll say hi

(Miri) - Why on earth?

- Might fall in, by the look.

Miri gets the nicey brush off.

- Erina Doolan! (Blith gawks) Enjoying your porny photos?

- Sure boss. Plenty of you

- With clothes on, worse luck

- Nnnn. Miri looks a bit steamed up

- Now then, a *new client*. Dora will thank me too. You see the beanpole Asian gent over there? I'd say he's in need of 'a little encouragement'

- Anson Gu? Tell me yer freaking game!

But of course he's off, through the flowerbeds.

Meanwhile within the Maison, the muzak is cut. Carena in drop-dead red mounts a dais and barks to the throng.

- Ting Ting, people!

Assorted silverhairs, young suited bucks, crawlers, hotties and pearl-adorned dames turn their heads. (This joint has *class*: even the rats are wearing neckties)

- Let's charge our glasses in the name of 'Conscious Fundraising' and a 'Mindful Future' for our gnarly old Party! Today we present the first in this year's Young Menzies Talks.

(Semi-sloshed Rhonda) - Young Womanzies ya mean.

Carena, sensing the room's vibe (ie: her arse is way hotter than Screamer Rhon's despite the latter's manic workout schedule), wrinkles her nose.

- Ladies and gents, our *seminal and future-focused* program begins with a special indigenous friend of mine. Lindy, stage is yours.

(Fully-sloshed Rhonda) - Guyz, raise a glass ter Gadible Land of the Ee-aww People coz we pay reshpect to anshestors pas' n' present an' fanks for letting us make shitloads of money out of ya cuntry for 200 years! Black lies matter!

- Yo thanks *Rhon!* Hi all. I'm FELINDA WHITELAKE, cutely known by my old schoolie chums as Black Lindy (ha ha) - and I assume they use the term as a corrective since my indigenous connections are apparently tenuous: I'm aboriginal to the fourth degree so I just made it onto the ticket! Or perhaps it's appropriate at a Sydney Eastern Suburbs private school where fairer skin gives 'a bit of insurance against standing out'... In fact most people have no idea I'm aboriginal till I tell 'em - and some don't believe it till I get a wee bit assertive and reveal my Beyond the Black Stump bolshie activist chutzpah (to mix cultural references) we assume all Koori women affect nowadays. Back then if I wanted to remind everyone of the leg-ups I've had in White Australia I'd stand up in Wednesday assembly and rabbit on about Invasion Day and Sorry Day! The Principal and Deputy gave me *heaps* of smiles. And when I entertained my peers with a deftly put-on Redfern accent (naturally I was a bit cheeky and flighty and oversexed and had trouble concentrating in class and had no respect for the furniture since I habitually chafe at mainstream norms) the deal was usually sealed: they loved me! Even today I don't disappoint: I just graduated as a human rights lawyer and can't wait to get stuck into a class action in Queensland to stop a sweaty Indian mining billionaire desecrating sacred indigenous burial sites and threatening the habitat of the lesser-spotted crested wading grebe. Yeah folks, Black Lindy - daughter of our first Liberal minister for Veterans' Affairs whose indigenous great grandad was never recognised in the ANZAC corps since he 'left home at age two'... she's bound to mock up a sense of humour suitable to defending her Koori dignity. 'A foot in all camps' is an asset (as Muhammed Ali said when rejecting the draft: 'No Asian ever call me nigger!') so Black Lindy'll do nicely, though I won't necessarily be encouraging the moniker at my prestigious male-dominated city law firm. Now: friends Carena, Rhonda and Eura of our Superbia Heartland always encouraged me (beyond sly schoolie ribbings) to 'make a difference just as they do'. As Carena says, 'We're all Aussies / all keepers of our country's story / the real aspirational / scions of the 'natural' party of government / true-blue small-l liberals to the core. Or should we ask: What is Liberal? Menzies' Forgotten People? The Quiet Aussie Battlers? A (cashed-up) Broad Church? If yes to these, our DNA should be riddled with dissent and remembering! Ladies and

gents, may I respectfully challenge you to support the following platforms:
1. Indigenous Treaty with constitutional right to VETO all Parliamentary business. 2. Massive quotas for indigenous and ethnic Senators. 3. National holidays for Sorry Day + Invasion Day + Treaty Day. 4. Indigenous Mobs in all Aussie private schools! Thank you sooo muuuch, and I'll do woke intercultural photos now.'

Peta Bolt Jones, a haughty but influential BlueSky Media Critic in a pinstripe suit, can be seen mooching away at back. Tomorrow's Scum Herald column will be littered like an abandoned abo camp with epithets: 'naïve / nativist / blackist / indigenist / mobbist / wokeist / feminist / divisivist / arrogantist / biting the hand that feeds-ist / and worse: 'Black Lindy (to use her *self-styled* moniker) demands to have a foot in all camps!' But Blitherina Doolan, whose business is collecting embarrassing shit on people, has photos of this Bolt Jones, viz: Peta B J lurking in midnight clubs dressed as a BOY. And if her name weren't P-e-t-a but P-e-t-e-r, we guess she'd have A Cock and No Credli-bility Problem. Foot in all 'camps' maybe?

(Carena) - Now then, Coffee du Jour, people?

The beanpole Asian in the suit slides over.

- Anson Gu! Welcome. Is Gloria with you?

- Soo sssorry no, she send her apologee -

Trampoline barges in.

- I'll 'ave a long black semi-decaf soy chino latte 108 degrees with a dash of limone hold the froth! Oo're you - the Asia Money Vote? Haw haw.

(Carena lifts a silver eyebrow) - Our Rhonda's 'effort at humour'. Darling, *Anson and Gloria Gu* are successful media influencers and -

- See 'f ya can influence Carena's dipstick 'uzzband! Not too keen on aziatics.

Doolan hovers, then rocks up.

- May I 'show ya the pool', Mistah Anson Gu?

And lo, our bland Asian is quite too impeccably polished to say no.

(Tramp) - Who zat trollop, Barch?

- Another ghastly friend of Miriama. Party's crawling with them

- Roger sez you shoulda hired *my* Cork and Come Lifestylists to do yer invites n' drinks
- Pop your cork somewhere else, sweetie.

Monsignor Wayne Kerr (from the Banking Sector) had in mind a chilled weekend pool party with a chance to jump jumpy Dora in the blue underwater... and today he loses minutes in his mirror touting a walkshorts and silky top get-up before sadly reaching for a suit and reprising work-hours banker (not so empowering). Dora's point that ConBank CEO Richard Head (his boss) will be there, focuses him in a way he can't quite abide. Wayne Kerr at thirty - destined for promising things according to his 'we're all winners' private-school ed (college motto: *Dream, Persist, Provide*) with accumulated educative sludge of 'solid mainstream values' arousing a permanent undertow of 'things will be great for me' (without the faintest awareness of why) - nurses a disapproving little voice in his ear every time he contemplates a teenytiny risk... Never a dab at playing blindside but dutifully taking frontal knocks from second-fifteen lunatics before letting his conscience jog him to embrace the lawn tennis and croquet club, Wayne feels a certain warmth at the idea of 'doing things for humankind' - so that his eye-opening to the miasma of Castle Street narrowed itself (in desperate grasp at the normal) to a desire to 'play guitar with Malcontent' and 'tame the phenomenon of Dora Jarr' - while he, dodging her casual withering barbs with a surprising deft jocularly, feels compassion (in the bump and strain of his protective male zone) for her bumbling attempts at motherhood. Jarr (having achieved the needed outcome) brazenly earbashes him for *money* as the price of loyalty + sex, while he, a tad wary of his proclivity to hurry where his penis wants to lead, manages a tango in his head: 'What's the harm in helping a semi-sad vibrating wayward girl if we might be a little family?' (Uuhh?) And the odd realisation that Wayne seems imbued with vague money-induced status (and the odd wry cleverness) around Dora and her frankly impenetrable friends, added to how the Castle Scene druggily bulldozes his vision of corporatised CBD classrooms - finds him cast both as claque and financial benefactor to whatever Conspiracy Culture political fracas Dora and Friends are up to their necks in and bleat their demands for a

bailout from - all in the surly cause of righteousness. In short with Dora, Wayne's benign ego tickles him. And what the hell: Corporateville is conformist sludge anyway.

- Wayyyne, now you've met my overbearing soak of a mother, we'll get to the real business: your Criminal Boss

- Er, how about a cocktail, or a swim?

- You serious? Head's in the Gold Ensuite as we speak (according to Blith) so it's our chance to record an incriminating conversation.

And Dora bundles Wayne up the stairs. Erina is by a door.

(Furtive whisperings) - Right, you n' me give 'im a gobful over those dodgy loans while Blith bars the door and films it.

A doomed look passes over Wayne's face. - Really?

- No *sweat*. He can't fire ya, you're fucken Deep Throat.

And they're in. Richard Head, plashing his tanned visage at the mirror - registers disgust, panic and silky bonhomie in an instant.

- Ah, people. Caught powdering one's nose? Guilty as charged

(Dora) - Got a question for the pollies downstairs

- No media today, sorry

(Blith shovels the camera up) - Not even when your own employee here saw your bank cover up dodgy Loan Packages to the working class who defaulted in the downturn?

(Blith is on it) - in the name of pushing ConBank's 'social contract' election bullshit!

(Dora) - Wayne here says 'Take responsibility Dickie Head!' Right Wayne?

- Err, ahh, I guess a case may possibly be made for - ah - reviewing the policy - er - in the light of anomalies...

- He means 'you pushing covert shit for Superbia and POSH and their political agendas'

- Ah! Hard to prove. And slightly naïve, I'd have thought

- Easier to prove you're firing loan administrators. Wayne was there!

(Blith swivels to Wayne)

(Kerr) - I - err - may have had occasion to witness one or two possible instances of pressure being brought to bear...

- Gotcha! Suck it up Dick Head. Wanna admit it to the folks downstairs?

- or hear it all on SLAM and BLUESKY and MAXFAIR MEDIA? Your lackey here advocates for Aspirational Aussies, specially if you *fire* 'im! This is Dora Jarr ace reporter signing off.

And they're out the door and down the stairs and Blith is whoohoo-ing and they're obliterating the drinks bar. But Wayne is grabbing Dora's arm...

- What was that about 'specially if you *fire* him?' Not supposed to lose my job, Dora

- Get a life Wayyyne, ya have to. Dog eat dog politics! Then you get *promoted* - which means more moolah for US.

And Wayne feels a weird curdling in his guts.

Carena B summons the faithful once more.

- Friends, from our gallery of esteemed luminaries let us hear spiritual counsel from Monsignor Wade Breen, and of course Richard Head, our dear friend and CEO of ConBank!

(Breen) - Fellow Australians, a seminal question: what is hindering our fair-go polity from accessing broader neo-holistic discourses within an intuitively-evolving maturer Welcome to Country? I myself have downloaded Faiths of the East, and I vision Liberal Australians interfacing a truly engaged wholeness while contemporaneously segueing at this moot juncture to the nurture of cutting-edge performative indicators within a front-foot complementarity of consensual dialogue vis-a-vis our perennial opponents. Openness is *key*, with adversarial democracy reimaged at the bleeding edge of our inherent mutuality...

(The dark-suited Professor pops up) - Wade Breen, may I ask how your espousal of the ANTI- CCP FILIN BONG MINDFULNESS LEAGUE promotes 'mutuality' better than say, solid traditional Aussie charities like POSH, whose leadership currently wriggles under the public gaze?

- I - er - in fact...

- You were in fact convenor of Bong's Hong Kong branch, *Mindfulness International* - shut down by the CCP

- We were unconscionably terminated, check

- Meanwhile your inspirer The Prophet Mah Jin (Erina guffaws here)

shelters under the largesse of fair-go Australian taxpayers in a climate of immigration witch-hunts?

- *Not* so sure what you're implying, Mister -

- Nobody. Influential bugbears against the CCP like you and your Master find a niche here, massaging your image to suit a particular hidden, or fake, narrative?

- Myself and The Prophet co-aspire to inseminate tolerance. In fact, my seminal bluetooth seminar 'Optimising Conduct vis-a-vis Ideational Conflict', widely lauded in BlueSky Media -

(Rhonda Trampoline blunders into the hall at this point.) - Waaaade, you bullshit hunk of spunk. Come n' drill me - again!

- Mister Breen thank YOU! Carena menacingly applauds and the Liberal Luminaries copy, though POSH's Crispian Slaughter has a super-dark look on and inscrutable chinaman Anson Gu gawks about for an exit. Mervyn Smack, the wily old MAXFAIR Media Tsar, sagely nods to himself. Few note the tiny sweat beads rivulating Richard Head's brow as he stands to speak. Dora has her crocodile grin on, but lo! Merv Smack is on his feet.

- Dickie! Would you enlighten us on the stalled results of your *ConBank Battlers* Loans Program, which underwrites the bank's Social Conscience initiative?

(Carena) - Oh no Mervyn, this is not a press conference!

(Yet who in this crowd could fail to know, that Mervyn Smack is a grizzled Pro and as cunning as a dunny rat?)

- Could it have anything (ker-ching!) to do with current 'social housing electoral thought-bubbles' as pushed by prominent members of the Liberal party, including in this room?

Dora and Blith and Miri and Mandy, bunched at the bar, are momentarily gobsmacked. The Prof aims a smile at them. 'Believe it or not girls (it says), there *are* professionals at work in our political culture.'

None of this fracas is lost on candidate Marcia Wright Burke and her slithery daughter Eura; nor indeed on despised Roger Swyll, right now getting bee-lined by Head, who reminds of a snake trying to dance the habanera.

- What the fuckety *fuck*, Swyll?

- Who's the woke pooffer in the black suit asking questions? Eura, get here!

Eura Wright Burke slithers away from mummy, who promptly stalks her. (Swyll) - Get a profile on that cunt - him! - and find out who let Smack in my house

(Marcia) - Perhaps your cherished but grasping wife? And Eura, since when've you been working for my boofhead opponent?

- Not at the beck and call of your snotty status show, Mummy

(In barges Carena) - Shall we take this to the *garden*? Ahh, Anson -

(Yo! Erina Doolan clangs in) - Mistah Anson Gu Goo! Show us your two-inch Chinee Willy like you showdit me in da mooveeeee!



...Shall we flutter above this fracas to seek a wider, gentler panorama - safe in the knowledge that readers 'have the gist' of these opaque shenanigans and political backstabs (commensurate with established verities of infinity pools, spreading lawns and glinting harbour vistas) that mark the grand renaissance of Superbia's Liberal Heartland?





Rabbit proof fence

Neighbour proof fence

Anti=history

Let's
we
forget



SORRY naaaaaaate



*Top amnesia
pozzy
on planet*

The gospel of downunda

By Professor Alterigo (broadcast on SLAM RADIO
+ BlueSky Media + MaxFair Media)

DEMOCRACY is a grand contest between competition and cooperation, between 'I want it all my way' and 'vague nods to a vast majority I'll never wanna know'. It's tribal: we gather about us people who reinforce US, and pay no heed except by some kind of 'abstract whatever' to ALIEN NEIGHBOURS. Any more expansive vision of democracy (see our bloated superegos) comingles with self-centredness like pee in our infinity swimming pools. All the business of the world, in fact its sole dynamic, is each person's standoff between their likes and dislikes, their security and insecurity. At any instant, ME the ego assesses threats to my status and palms them off against other people's putative needs and wants. The result is a wriggling pole-dance where my existence and fear of non-existence schlepp about each other, seeking some equilibrium of satisfaction against Obliterating Winds of the Other. In this context... COUNTRY is a mere Idea, a superego projection of our idealisms and scapegoatisms while compensating our powerlessness, and 'personal identity' is a myth driven not by community values but by fixations of 'being unique'. We creatures of fevered aspiration, living in silos of barter and trade, ringbarked by folks whom we require to resemble us and who we merely put up with for the sake of economic security: can we really build mateship or community or nationhood where we pay such scant regard to folks we can't actually do without? Thus, our Lucky Country dream is to live 'in sublime isolated ease under a benevolent sun' (which notion is a gobsmacking outlier even in western materialist culture). Here is Life as Sandpit - where Aussies whack up world records on fences for stress avoidance and where ASPIRATION - 'that simple wish for happiness', codified as 100% financial success 0% capital gains tax continuous stability predictability + massive enjoyment *etc etc*, is rapidly shrivelling to a soiled intergenerational myth and a burdening never-never carrot for donkeys. But don't EVER try to get between an Aussie and his Real Estate: witness

the doom-laden MOB HOWL when interest rates hit 3% 'cause we're over-leveraged to the fucken max and DOIN' IT TOUGH in our National Downunda Glasshouse (compared to North Korea Cambodia Pakistan Ukraine Solomon Islands Sudan Palestine), and as for Guvment taxing my Super and making me sell my fifth negatively-g geared renter-squeezing investment property I reckon I'm entitled to a SUPER WHINGE. But no negative wuckers yo: on Orstraya Day we'll ramp up the 'inclusive' fair-go love of country bit - then, buoyed for an hour by the fuzz of *True Blue* and a few beers under a glowy mindless sun, head back to our exclusive silos of struggle, our slog of masochistic head-down get-on-with-it yakka in service of a peace-dream that never comes... like waves that break on a yellowbeach shore with the great slump of horizonless sea beyond... forever beating off the tyranny of distance!

Meanwhile, long live our faked-up national narratives on Orstraya Day. (1) Free pass and no sinbin for the Abos who got a legit sixty thou years up their sleeves. (2) Cautious hurrah for the Brits who grabbed the best land planting the union jack fair n' square which we still tout as the face of this country and which kind of nullifies the abo thing. (3) Small hurrah for motley Unwhite Immigrants Under Oath To Copy The Aussie Way (we're such a compliant little rules-based utopia)... who (4) can be played off by Entrenched White Conservative Cynics whenever we wanna deny equality to a noisy minority in Fair Go land. Case in point, besides Voice To Parly? Plebiscite in the matter of *same-sex marriage* - inviting all manner of reactionism while wilfully ignoring tortuous historic struggles for Queer dignity and fairness: and thank YOU, Muzzy suburban boosters of Punisher Gods who'd never allow Equality to interfere with The Male Vision Of Sacred as laid down in yer fucken holy book. Here's a tale. Boglomov, hapless Polish grandson to sixties Catho immigrants, sexually obscure spruiker for gay rights in Polski (and a slightly painful idealist not of the Trendy Sexually Exploited Female zeitgeist) becomes latest fallguy in bunfight over RELIGIOUS RIGHTS in the fallout from Pernicious Gay Vote. After failing as a Castle insider (Hak won't marry him for a passport and Jarr won't name him Chief Centrelink Dad) he scores a cleaning job at a Catho school linked to POSH Charity from which he's ejected weeks

later - not for 'being homosexual' but for suggesting 'Jesus was maybe queer coz he had no wife to speak of'. (Would it ruin his spiritual authority anyway yah?) This earnest bog cleaner is then 'thrown out of a bakery for ordering a cake with an inverted dildo on it' to mark a friend's conversion-to-original-gender ceremony... (sigh) Duplicitous Dora Jarr crawled on that bandwagon and POSH duly fired her - not for being 'anti-religious' but for 'Failing to recognise the Extreme Need for Diversity in the Embattled Broad Church of Australian Faith Societies' (we who are more discriminated against than discriminating). At this point Boglomov sought out one ISRAEL FOLAU, Rugby dude and proponent of condemning homos to Hellfire while using his NRL profile to sue that organisation for not letting him freely defame his fellow souls while financing a string of soul-saving churches - because Izzy's a Nozzie from Tonga and a richly ecumenical human being eh. Far from engaging our Boggo in 'healthy debate', Izzy accused him of *defamation* since the Folau family is now 'sullied by an immigrant who let his family faith lapse in transgender abomination' - a teensy over-reaction in the circumstance but classic fodder for Blind Izzy's Godward March. We may yet thank God for Aussies' lack of interest in the Divine: too absorbed betting on Stress-Free Life In God's Own Country to introspect on matters of the soul. But why is it that our self-appointed Guardians of Christian Tradition always fail to accept the *inclusivity* of Jesus' message and chat up the *exclusive*? Could these sin-binner fear their own irrelevance and obliteration? Yup, save-your-arse power plays in the name of Religious Rights: at one time or other and often at once these church silos excluded homosexuals, transgenders, women, blacks, communists, alcoholics, foreigners, divorcees, fallen women, abortionists, adulterers and contraceptive users. So who *needs* such onanistic clubs? The Divine Path can't just be shovelling shekels to local god-bothering houses or confessing nasties to a priest dressed in women's clothes or bowing to the fine print in some holy book while pandering to an eggshell moral code laid down for aggrandisement of the hypocritical by exclusion of the sinful. And our self-chosen Brethren Inside the Tent are happy to cover up colleagues' rampant fucking of little boys, all because 'civil law is inferior to god's law'. (What would Jesus do, eh fellers?) And religious schools who wanna

chuck out students and teachers for simply being who they are, confirms why Cardinal Pell's Abstract Church is on a mass historical slide, salami-sliced by insidious liberalism: contraception, reproductive rights, abortion rights, women's equality, gender fluidity, tolerance, fairness... You name it, the Devil done it. And religion got decimated in the census! Yikes, what's left? Thank Christ for JESUS.



No wuckers, it's ETERNAL AUSSIE (BUSHFIRE) SUMMER! and this day another hundred dream homes got dangled and cooked and belched under an implacable Red Front. On a terrace above Paradise Beach, under a red-plum sun dangling in lurid skies... parties of neo-colonising beetroot-coloured English clutch their bags and bottles in afternoon blaze under grand spreadeagling figs, knit a collective brow and long to fob off all this Downunda yellowness. Oil slopped on skins against the air's dessication (innit), the doubtful pilgrims stand mullet-like watching rollers peel off a blue-empty horizon. At last the blokes and sheilas trudge the blaring sands to their spotted picnic spot beside frilling surf, and the

slithering grains make their shins and thighs ache: these whitey fools on Paradise Beach, grit in their ears, seeking the undrinkable sea even as its salty winds blow their heads to nowhere. At last they stand and blink in the fry and glitter, exposing budgies and bikinis and greasing their arms, wanting to thrill in rinsing shore winds or lounge with ease on this sandpaper terrace (suddenly dreaming of English rain and gardens) or suck on bottles of fizzy brown hope and whoop at daring boys who dance the surf of the lucky country... and as the sun lowers, to dolt their *all right guv?* rites with neighboury revellers, grinningly or pensively turning a snag in fat-licked little cauldrons from which satisfied grey wisps rise up, even under the whelming bloodsmoke sky of a summer country on fire...



Alter-ego lifestyle dreamtime!

NATIONAL SPORT 1: Reminding bath-dodger Brits how trooly positive things are downunda.

- Giddaaaaay Cunt...ry traveller
- Err, hellohh
- You a newbie 'ere in Coonawongabirribinong? Welcome to the graded bloody growin' cuntry on god's earth
- Ah yes. How's the er, community garden?

- Awwesome maaate, oim just havin' pueak experience in moi happy place of mennle health n' well-being coz we're just so matey an' so connected boi OZmosis; ya just don't get that in yer oversuыз or ciddy neck o' the woods. Have a beaut yarn, 'ave a gander, git amongst it; such a majistic stritch of cuntry wiv our indigenous species doin' the habitat heavy liftin'. It's abaht community bein' strong together, not a cult or commune but sharin' our collab'rative patch of leafy gruyns fer the benefit of one and all. Bin in Coonawongabirribinong long eh?
- Er... just heading over to Aotearoa New Zealand
- Aww roight! Them Kuyweez reckon they own the bleedin' store on byoodiful nature but we got scorchin' sun an' floodin' rains an' bluesky horizons stretchin' ter flamin' kingdom come! Not too backward comin' forward in lil' old Oz matey
- Absolutely. Got to run, plane to catch!
- Sure thing. Hey, come on darn the King George tonite if yer in the area. Moi cuzzes are celebratin' moi twice-removed cuz Barney Kluts gettin' inter Tafe in Wagga
- Brill! Cheerio. (Exit stage left)
- Stuck-up pommy bastards... Just don' get it.

GOLD COAST DREAMING (National Sport 2) Visible for unbroken miles on a great coastal arc stretching north and south, a cluster of Gold Coast skyscrapers thrusts upward in audacious hope. Crinkling strangely in their walls of mirror glass are yellow-blue bands of strand and sea. Their climax of hope comes all at once, and behind is an unclimax of water-suburbs, nestling flatly amid canals and inlets, replete with subtropic palms of lucent green that bathe in ample Queensland sun - each with a little village of smooth pink roads and calming humps, cake-and-coffee shop, plump office of REAL ESTATE. Deep sleep suburbs and no city in sight, a great body without a head. Here the folks come to live their long late afternoon, to hunker down to life beyond the old struggle pits of sweat and need and hope - those things that happened before we made it, before we entered lucky-country heaven while still on earth. In the boat harbours, tethered white hulls sleekly tilt and drift on imperceptible tides. They never leave shore. Golf links greenly breathe in yellow private sun.

Avenues of Hollywood palms, their serrated pineapple trunks curling upward in California movie dreams, bring the nostalgia of maritime and sunlit places, the feeling that there never was a place or time not like this, where we retreat into child days of sand and loafers, leathery tans and carefree tennis, salads and terrace drinks. And at day's end we gaze out at white birds wheeling and diving for fish under a dream-orange purple sunset on a darkening glitter sea. This, in our last few clustered years, is the timeless heaven of *ozzie* reward.

On the beachfront at midday the faces of Indian or Muslim tourists hover over the strand, sporting their unbeachy bling and their button-eyed kids, and in their eyes is a familiar gleam... the legendary golden strand at Surfers' Paradise! Their expressions signal a kind of arrival: the brochures didn't lie! They drink the blue with their eyes, gaze left and right down the duned arc of coast before turning to goggle at blue towers that dream glassily over the mirror ocean. At last, the arrivistes whisper, the gate to a dream we always lived in the wanting of it. There is nowhere else to ever go, all other places are erased, for this is paradise... a promise that things might always be this, in perpetual sun under perpetual sky, the green gleaming breakers surging and curling on the yellow strand at our feet, a sketch of eternity by the shores of a great sea, our little chance to believe we're a thing that matters, creatures at peace, that our short days in the sun are really eternal days and fruitful-filled. Heaven is really a place, a place where nothing need happen ever again. We render quiet applause to those who made it. No cause for envy: we all can make it! The great sentinel towers call to us, we denizens who gather behind in lower green heavens, invest our careful moneyed life, and pass on, unperceptible and undisturbed.

I, Alterigo, remember I dreamed up a holiday here at SURFACE PARADISE, and when I came on a windy rough day and sat on the eternal beach watching board riders slithering and hunkering on tubular waves that roiled at me out of the sea... how I suffered a kind of instantaneous boredom, as if those waves never would arrive at my feet, and how I was restless and nothing seemed to fit. And something violent happened between me and my girlfriend when she told me she 'didn't want ice

cream because she wasn't a child anymore,' which little act put us at odds all day. I think it's good we suffered here though, because I saw that this stage set where we flirted with hopelessness, was an irony: any place where struggle and pain is absolved away as if embarrassment or silliness, is *unreal*. Paradise is an insidious myth, while the Internal Awareness is all... And the only other thing I recall is how on the last morning she dove alone into quiet green-clear water and pissed in it, and it was a sweet relief, since she felt entirely free to piss in (and all over) paradise. A heartwarming (and leg-warming) moment...



Anyways, God is in his Heaven and shirl be right sheila. We cap off our timeless piss-perfect holiday by tuning into State of Origin (National Sport 3).

ALL HAIL THE OVAL BALL Mate, she's a freakin' legend for the ages! A posse of purrfect Panthers purred in Perth after their thrashing of an underpowered Gay Flowerblossoms unit in last week's State of Origami in Tokyo then headed off Brad Fiddler's depleted Black Soccerroos side 42 for 11 declared in a rout unseen since Cazaly collected a low-flying duck in the dying seconds of the '68 final at the Gabba on a slow wicket. Kalyn Ponger was animated in the box, gettin' marched in the last quarter after a stint in the bin sandpapering his balls. Line ref Grant Treegly ain't his favourite whistleblower but he signalled LBW on the ten-yard line after Rabbitholes Trent Baldwin took an eternity emerging from the ruck. While Baldo's a no-brainer for Tuesdy's clash at Parramatta, the Panthers juggernaut with

a whopping 60 missed tackles dominated with the wind in favour slicing in for a 54th minute pearler to kick off the carnage. Maroons playmaker Titsonna Crowbah went unpunished for a high-shot three-pointer and did damage under heavy fire piloting Kaufulu over from short range, ending a sublime spell in the dogbox for this promising Roosters centre-forward on his old stomping ground across the Nullarbor. Threading an awkward kick in behind with rollicking punts off a greasy ball it was sudden-death at the breakaway which saw Danny Topou pipe up unmarked at the corner down two holes at the break. Soul-searching Topou bagged a forward pass at the eighteenth and birdied from the spot narrowly missing a bunker just before stumps on the 69-par 22 line. Spark-plug notably absent from Origin One it was chaos as a wearied defensive lineup and repeated six-again turnarounds in the last quarter found them looking for a thumping Topou finish. As a statement of intent he's been solid all series marshalling his troops and threatening on the rebound, with fresh legs a huge impact off the bench for the Blues' debutante - but no gold logies at this flashpoint as Fiddler on the brink squared up for another bite at the cherry and this talented Ballsnatcher found space to purr in for a sublime dummy debut try while Koroisau, not a happy chappie on this quicksilver surface hit the ground running and found his mojo softening up the critics with a tour de force head injury out of dummy half. No second chance in this neck of the woods and the decider goes down to the wire following criticism of Fiddler's selections and the perception of panic south of the Tweed. Fingers crossed the young guns 'll be in harness for a classic turf battle at Randwick in the Baggy Green. 'We're a lot hungrier Deano, it's all about perception coming off the back of our woes, which shows what a champion team this is when we just play footie. Their offloads meant we dug deep and we're obviously there to score points but it took a toll on our brain mentality. It's about synchronicity; fingers crossed we can go better.' 'Yeah nah Danno, shining lights few n' far between and we've not been the brightest candle in loose play. It's a moindset: you get the ball and you ground it or ya struggle to make an impact. Thirsky'll rue dropping a bomb from ten yards but it goes with the territory and we were massacred through the middle of the ball park on root to their first wicket of the night in a double whammy for the incumbent.



AUSSIE MULTICULTURE RAMADAN FEAST (Junk Food Chompin': National Sport 4)

Salib, Saib and Shahood (da Boyz) are parked on the sofa watchin' sport n' suckin' on beers. Salib's 'sister' Dina is perched on a cushion.

- Orrr! Hooper's not playin' too good. Boot it!

(Dina) - Why won't he run?

- 'Cos he's a 'hooker'! *(All laugh mightily)* - Orrr ads! Jeez channel 9 sucks

(Dina) - Oh this ad's intellectual: the bulldog is duped into thinking the doggy door's real and bangs into the house.

(The Boyz rub stomachs) - Dudes it's SUNSET so letz get chompin'! Feel like a big greasy kebab kofta kebba shawarma falafel shashlik

(Dina) - You guys watching the game? (Aw yeahh...) Menulog or Masoud's on High street?

- Masoud's!

(Dina smooths her body-fitting robe, smiles sexily) - What'll it be, boys?

- Donut! Chicken n' chips! Chow Mein n' noodles! Pork! Nah, chicken. Nah, PORK!

- Hang on, I'll jot it all down. *(She clicks her gold bag, plucks her smartphone in a snappy way. They all stare)* - Fire away boyz

- Hamburger. Chuck in a hamburger

(Dina types at speed) - Flavour?

- Giantburger o' course! And a donut. Don' forget moi donut

- Giantburger and donut for Salib, chicken and chips giantburger donut for Saib, pork or chicken chow mein for Shahood darlin'

- Darlin'?!

- Shuddup boyce. Toastie sandwich

- Right. Pork chicken chow mein n' noodles toastie sandwich for Sha

- Make it two!

- *Double* toastie sandwich Sha, Salib pork or chicken chow mein noodles, Saib chicken and chips giantburger donut
- I wanna poi! Coupla crabsticks no sauce!
- Coupla crabsticks! So - chicken and chips for me. (*All stare*) Can I have a chicken and chips?
- S'pose... (watch yer waistline baby)
- Chicken n' chips plus giantburger plus donut for Saib, pork or chicken chow mein double toastie sandwich for Shahooey plus a pie and a coupla crabsticks for Salib no sauce
- Er - er - roight! Don't forget anything
- I won't. (*She walks. All stare at her curvy butt*)
- 'Ang on. Feel like a 'thick shake' hur hur
- Haha! So it's me chicken n' chips, chicken chips giantburger donut thickshake for Salib, pork or chicken chow mein double toastie sandwich for Sha plus a pie coupla crabsticks for Saib no sauce
- Errrr - thickshake as well!
- Thickshake Saib. So it's me chicken chips Salib chicken chips giantburger donut thickshake Sha pork chicken chow mein toastie sandwich -
- *Two* toastie sandwich!
- Jeez, get it roight
- Toast sandwich toast sandwich pie thickshake coupla crabsticks no sauce with the thickshake. (*Lays on the sarcasm*) Got it? Is that it, gents? (*Boyz, confused n' fed up*) - Roight!
- (*She moves to the door. They ogle her butt again*) - Banana
- (*Quick as a flash*) - Banana what?
- Thick one! Hur hur. (*She stares*) Second thoughts make it a lemon (*Types precisely*) - On-second-thoughts-make-it-a-lemon. All da boyz are having one! Cuddles?
- Knock it orf! Choc'late
- Very individual. Any more thickshakes? (*All shake their thick heads*) So it's me chicken chips Saib chicken chips giant burger donut banana thickshake Sha pork chicken chow mein second-thoughts lemon thickshake double double toastie sandwich chocolate thickshake plus a pie coupla crabsticks for Salib no sauce. Right?

(*Boyz, super annoyed*) - Roight!

- Hey, what about Saib's Rotweiler? - Yeaahhh!
- Rotweiler? Go!
- Dog wants a hot-dog - Eggburger n' chips! - An' a Coke!
- And a Coke! So! It's Saib's dog a hot dog coke eggburger and chips me chicken chips Saib chicken chips giant burger donut banana thickshake Sha pork chicken chow mein noodles lemon thickshake double double toastie sandwich plus chocolate thickshake for cuddly garbage guts Shahooey plus a pie coupla crabsticks for Salib no sauce. Any more orders? Goin' once! Goin' twice!
- Just go! And stick yer 'jab on girl. Blokes 'll ogle yer in the street
- Back in a jiff boyz. (*She stops*) Wait a sec. Saib's dog's a *bull terrier*
- Awww! (*They throw their cans at her*)
- Missed me (*Slinks out*)
- Jeez. Not 'ungry anymore
- Where'd ya pick *her* up, mate?
- Told ya chicks shouldn't go to Uni
- Ay, footy's back on. (*Staring*) - Orrrr! Boot it!



ABC Q and A: 'CLOSING THE GAP' CULTURAL APPROPRIATION (National Sport 5)

- Whitefella, you don' get to re-imagine my kulcha for your assimilationist purposes!
- All I did was deconstruct your economic and housing issues in my Four Corners doco
- Only indigenous fellers can tell their stories!

'Imagine there's no windows / It's easy if ya try / No floorboards below us / Above us only sky / Imagine all the children / Living in one roo-oom! / Imagine it's all gum trees / It isn't hard to do / No mortgage to live or die for / No Income Smartcard too / You may say I'm a dreamer / But no-one calls me a bum / We don't assimilate, so JOIN US / And we separate mobs - can live as one!

- Dude, I'm a Jew! And are you 'woke aboriginal fellers' telling the same story? Ya don't even sing from the same (John Lennon) songsheet on heaps of issues that affect your own people

- Stick to what ya know, mate (or I'll cancel ya)
- Sure will. My culture's what *I* say it is, so if I was telling your story I'd be *you*, and if you were DICTATING my story you'd turn into *me*... mate. (Etceteraaah)



*Proper social distance
on Paradise Shore*



*...ignoring unemployed
Indigenous residents*

KHAKI CAMPAIGN: THE PERIL WITHOUT AND WITHIN (National Sport 6) It's only pretty darn recently our Aussie nation was conspicuously All White Jack - apart from some token black fauna whose dearth of economic slash human rights resembled our trusty slave-labour convicts. Also lurking in the sludge of our Aussie Soul is the notion 'The Yeller Peril never goes away'. Even as 'multicultural theory' (+ plummeting birth rates) drives endless top-down sermons on our need to Grow The Economy, Quiet Australia in its broad-brimmed akubra gave the chinks wogs lebs spicks ayrahs n' currymunchers the benefit of the doubt - till our latest silly-season FEDERAL ELECTION (hands-down sillier than State of Origin and Christmas) tosses up a Khaki Campaign and Overseas Scapegoats (used ter be the NIPS but they're our mates now) for 'we fragile folk clinging to our vacant desert continent' (distracting from our usual grinding economic whinge), as per usual from parties of the Right. One Tristan Shout, new-minted proprietor of BlueSky Media can be counted on to broach these 'timely issues' (Daddy Rupert put him up to it) but they're certainly NOT of the divisive right-wing dog-whistling

biddable opportunist kind looking for suitable bilge under the guise of 'adult journalism' with simultaneous headlines in a slew of tabloids and national right-wing broadsheets dumping evidence-free articles on their Bash The Labor Party page that might prompt a momentary lifted brow by yer average unassuming true-blue Warnie-worshipping hard yakka head-screwed-on gold-hearted wryly skeptical (in a good way) can't be fooled fair-go QUIET AUSTRALIANS... Nah nah. Like flies round shit, assorted thunderous spruikers serendipitously talk up the selfsame narrative in 'the wholesome anti-woke media debate our complacent society sorely needs'. Democracy pandering to worst instincts? Nah nah. Quoitte embarrassing since our object of ire is our great trade-partner overlord CHINA, a country mercifully free of democracy while routinely issuing knife-clean inexorable on-message unified proclamations while we aussies fool ourselves that 'our endearing values' offered the Chinese Diaspora a better life when the facts are more mundane: these asiatic pragmatists come for economic and familial advancement, never mind your weirdy wallabies or cuddly endangered koalas or endless miles of sandy beaches they're too busy to walk on. If you really asked they'd probably tell you we're a bunch of curious country cousins to be tolerated (and if we can't make success of a rich empty country like Oz we're clearly white-devil morons and no mistake). And who can tell what else lurks behind those thin-eyed tight-lip YELLOW PERIL faces? Need a gold-plated SCARE campaign! Take the smallest exception to a rule, tiniest thimble under the mattress and blow it up to an itch, a sore, a mortal THREAT. Little Aussie bleeder gets his ten-cent whinge, we all rejoice in our shag-on-a-rock VALYUZE and ignorance is King of the Hill. You'll have heard how Aussies are pretty fucken good at betting on two flies crawling up a wall or a barbie-stoppin' game o' two-up, come in spinner? Our Real Forte is go-the-knuckle character assassinations and all-froth-no-beer bear-pit OWN GOAL politicking - so watch out Chyna! To kick off: BlueSky toady and Scum Herald spruiker Peta Bolt Jones is commandeered to beat up uummm... 'obscure irritating lefty females Mandy Hak and Dora Jarr for bleating to the government over CCP security scandals!' (YEAH, Aussie needs a 'fair suck of the soy bottle' sez K. Rudd, perennial China Expert, amid China's 'bullying disregard for the Rules-Based Order' blaaaaaa.)

Bolt Jones again: ‘But the Asiatic Fifth Column in our midst, stoked by CCP on-campus bullies / Chinese-language newspaper coercers / Cyber Hackers of the Widgeebooburra bowls and croquet club / - *isn't* down to OUR QUIET ASIAN AUSSIES, jeez no, some of 'em even fit the bill of ‘genuine Aussie Larrikin’! Witness one Fong Mo, whose Viet parents came to this country in a leaky boat and who's our knockabout candidate for Best Asian Aussie of the Year, consulted on all things asiatic and letting us remind ourselves dinky-di Oz culture is best in the end. Go Assimilayshun! - if ya can 'ave a flutter, knock off a schooner, wear a dusty hat, own a tinny boat, say jeez fair go mate cop a serve roger a pie n' sauce an' 'ave a hurl under the jacaranda then head down the club fer a bit of a snifter wiv Robbo Shirvo Jono n' Deano, yer a Credit to the Nayshun (granted you're a hardworking tax-paying white picket fence law-abiding slightly misunderstood Warnie-like maverick who takes it on the chin) and if ya got some weird skills like portrait painting basket weaving dancing wiv the stars or asiatic cooking: mate, yer a legend in yer own lunchtime. Just wait till ya join the fucken cricket club! (Asians sadly too short for Aerial Ping Pong / Cross-Country Ballet). Fong Mo mate. He's a *real* Aussie.’

On cue, all-piss-and-wind BlueSky dog whistler Tristan Shout RAMPS it up a level. ‘Reliable sources’ this week threaten to ‘reveal the identity of WITNESS A, WHISTLEBLOWER in the emerging HONG KONG DOUBLE AGENT debacle!’ This seminal epochal issue is spruiked as an ‘electoral timebomb and game changer’, cleverly bandwagoning on woke lefty positions like ‘How can we hold a mirror to totalitarian states when our democratic polity hides Chinese agents in our midst?’ Jeez, jail threats for HONEST whistleblowers under the Official Secrets Act? Mate, the average fair go Aussie who hates spending three bucks a litre on his gas gets rill fired up when pollies forget the defining feature of our Convict Legacy: two fingers to the ruling class. Strewth, who's reffing this match? This is a nation where we chuck tomatoes at the Proime Minister (+ Adam Goodes + Stan Grant). Fair go fer the WHISTLEBLOWERS!

Meanwhile, Sydney's determined-to-be Relaxed-And-Comfortable SUPERBIA HEARTLAND set (see hot newcomer Carena Barchester)

decide it'll be clever to get candidate Roger Swyll to piss on 'compromised Asians' who're suddenly a bigger Threat to our Aussie Social Fabric than Nimbys of Mullumbimby dole bludgers gay footballers WOMEN teal independents welfare cheats and woke cancel-culture greenies combined. Opportunist REPRESENTATIVE SWYLL, popping his Trumpian Reputation on the line to risk a weekend contretemps with the Liberal party and 'possibly run as an independent in Wentworth' while asserting 'fine upstanding Asians in our community are under reputational threat from Evil Undermining Asians in our community', without a trace of irony says: 'Who could be the LATEST DOUBLE AGENT FOR THE CCP? Rabble-rousing overstayer student criminal MANDY HAK maybe? And where do upstanding Asian richlisters Anson and Gloria Gu stand in this? Find out *why* they're suing for defamation against saboteur Hak this week!' Carena Barchester of course does the actual yakka to support her blowhard husband by getting (yup) media mate Peta Bolt Jones to leak some shit on her talk show *Mock the Weak* about 'that Witness A whistleblower thingy' - as well as infiltrate the filthy upcoming GREAT CASTLE STREET SOCIAL PARTY LAUNCH (see total farce later in this book). Bolt Jones meanermeanermeanwhile spots on TikTok an old video of Saboteur Hak at her school years back! 'Is it really Welcome to our South Pacific PARADISE? Notorious Iffy Asia Hard Case Mandy Hak came to Cabramatta High in Year 11 from Hong Kong and is 'unfondly remembered' for grabbing the mic at the Year 12 formal and spitting all over our vulnerable white daughters. Said she: 'I just drank 12 BLOODY MARYS (alcohol rating: 10000%) and I'm gonna piss on SOUTH PACIFIC our school musical! ...Cabramatta is dah place I luv, eb'rybody here is doing drug, and da place is run by Asian thug, now ain't that too damn bad? Greetings! I am dealer Mandy Li, I am dealing with my brother Zhee, we make money for da familee - we don't do too damn bad! In Cambodja we are very poor, can't get rich if you obey the law, now we aussie millionaires for sure: now that not too damn bad! Heroin is our economee, and it's pure so you get some for free. So what if it kill you suddenly? - now that just too damn bad! Pushers here, they selling smack and coke, triads run the place and we don't joke, if you grass on us you gonna croak, now that just sooo darn bad... Bloody needles

lying ev'rywhere, streets are filthy and the cops don't care, bloody junkies dying in despair, now ain't that too damn *bad*. Politicians say we shou' be banned, but too much money in dis contraband. OPPORTUNITY IN AUSSIELAND, NOW THAT NOT TOO DAMN BAAAAD!

(Blustering Bolt Jones:) 'Men and Women of Australia, do we need such tax-dodging drug degenerates in our fair-go democratic heartland?' AND, by blindside serendipity the topic of MULTICULTURE rears on BlueSky News Talk [BLUNT], dialling up the general hum of racist static...

- We gotta little problem people, with Multiculture. This city's got 'enclaves'! *Ghettos* if yer not feelin' too polite. I'm Barry Dagshite and moi guest is One Nation's Clive Export. What's yer party platform on this, Cloive?

- Simple, Bazza. Aussie Valyuze. Where's the benefit importin' a religion from the Mid East where women live from cradle to grave in a SACK, never bother learnin' English, stick inside a ghetto controlled by the menfolk and be baby factories bringin' up the next generation ter reject our Aussie valyuze? 'Bout as useful as tits on a crowbar mate. Was down in LAKEMBA the other day. Only Aussie establishment was the pub and VIP room, period. Had a beer and a flutter I can tell ya. Can't walk near their females without getting the stinkeye from some beardy feller who reckons ya just committed a mortal sin bein' six feet from his sheila. Wall to wall bloody shops sellin' Korans an' prayer rugs and books by Imams tellin' women how ter behave. These butchers n' bakers and freakin' candlestickmakers are all the Same Tribe mate. Where's the culture mix, where's the sharin'? SHARIA ISIS more like. Now they're usin' the Ramadan Purity thingy as a tourist weapon to ingratiate our Aussie mainstream and we're lickin' it up

- Pretty good kebabs though, boss?

- Mate, it's not about freakin' chow and veils an' prayer books, it's about decisions that affect Oz Future for the Ages. Them Ibrahim fellers runnin' crime syndicates down at the Cross? These gangland wars out West? Who's shootin' who? Not our boys, 's for sure

- Any budding Ned Kellys ya reckon?

- Mate, Ned's a dead-cert larrikin Aussie *icon*. An' the queer pride boys won't be likin' them towelheads neither

- Reckon Lakemba's full of bling n' jewellery shops, last time I looked
- See, that's *it* mate. All purity on the outside, buyin' up gold like there's no termorrer
- But isn't this country a fair-go place for refugees and aspirational of all nations?
- Not fer importin' trouble, mate. Johnnie Howard never liked it
- But folks change and fit in over time, right?
- That's just it: these fellers ain't *allowed to*. Us Infidels gotta be resisted. They'll be tellin' us they don't want girls at school next, like the Tallybang. Snakes in the grass mate
- All right, what's yer party solution? Send 'em back where they came from?
- 1. No freakin' hijabs mate. They do it in France they can do it 'ere. 2. Keep the kebabs though.

SOUTH PACIFIC CRIMINALS Meanmeanmeanmeanwhile the impeccably apolitical and untouchably quasi-pentecostal catholic charity POSH (Patrons Of Spiritual Health) let it be subtly circulated that 'The issue of repatriation of ex-pat criminals within our 'South Pacific Family' (ooorrr!) will turn into an 'electoral shitstorm' if we don't protect our 'local poor and underprivileged' from the predations of ASSAULT, BURGLARY AND DRUG ABUSE... which prompts bonehead predator / shit-stirrer DORA JARR (ousted from POSH) to dredge up a 'timely article' she wrote under their employ.

CHULLEN WITH THE SHEEP SHAGGERS (election relevance: 1000%) Hey bro's! Weer over un Nee Zullen chullen for the weakind. Gunna write about all their chill multicultural policies to fight crimes eh. End we flew Ear Nee Zullun. Uts cool to chull un Wundy Wullington the kepitul suttee, end yis, uts fukun wundy today! 'Blows the cobwibs away', said our frindly hostiss. Hev ye mit SAINT JACINDA yit? She's nueet! Evrybody sez so. (Enough of flogging our kiwi cousins' accent) First stop is to investigate a funky little DIY 'house of ill-repute' tucked on a hill called A Reticent Root (BYO franger). Kiwis do a lot of things reticently unlike their loud Aussie cousins. Actually I feel a bit liberated over here in little-bubble paradise though folks do turn pessuve-aggrissuve if you tread on their

personal toe-space. On da plane I ordered lots of choice drinks EW\$%#%&^... that might of helped wiv my liberation. Sat by a big Moari with tatts and he offered me to come stay wif his couzins in South Ork Land ay bro. (Twelve of`em got massacred in Lord of the Rings but plenny more where they came from) He kept calling me Bro eh and told me to Chull when I poured vodka in his ear from those teeny earline bottles. Folks ya meet in cattle class! Knew I shoulda gone First. POSH's paying anyway. HANGIN' WITH THE CHIHUAHUA GANG Too wundy in grungy Paranormal Willington so weer goin to South Ork Land tiday to meet some underprivileged bikies who survived 10 drive-by shootings and live in a state house `cause their Remuera P factory got raided by the fuzz and they have to go on welfare but no wuckers they'll all vote LABOR and get piles of support from Saint Jacinda an' Chrus Hupkuns for the nixt mullunnum. Nee Zullund is COOL! These dudes are getting rill thin beings vegans and living on weeties n' can't afford lemb and beaf and stuff. Their head guy is a Moari and he started a law firm to get more benefits for the Whanau (rugby team) cos they're oppressed and lost their campsite in a field called Bastion Point a few decades back after a treaty called White Hangi or something eh. Their cuz was NZ depity Prime Minister but's only half Moari coz he wears a suit: Winston Churchill or Brainless Tamaki or something. We met and I said I'm from OZ. Their top dude Ratana McGoohan is addicted to jaffas n' chocolate fish and his deputy is Barnaby Choice Bro and rides a Suzuki 50. He revved it up out front and I got mauled by his cuddly wilcoming bull terrier. It wuz not chull. They all got tatts and one guy had a 'moko' all over his chin, looked like a fried egg eh. I said: 'Youze turn up at Work And Income like that?' He says 'scare the shit out of `em eh and they gimme the money. It's culture.' Nee Zullend is COOL! I said are we gonna have a White Hangi for lunch and they said yeah Roast Aussie! We flicked out the beeeers and had a good time. I said are youse guys Pacifika? Big chick at the back called Rena pulled out a baseball bat and waved it right at me. Don't write anything about us eh, she said. Some other major chicks leered and said 'Yeeaahh!' (Wouldn't wanna be sat on by `em) I said thanks a lot and left. Ratana said 'can I get a lift downtown, me pushbike's got a flattie?' He came up to my hotel room and we did a joint. We was chullin' an he was kind of lookin'

at me a bit eh, till Rena (I think she's his girlfriend) called up and he jumped and said 'gotta go'! She rules I reckon. We went down to the street and she was in a big fuckin Commodore wiv her leather studs n' piles of underarm hair and she and Ratana roared off wivout a freakin' word. I'm learning lots about the downtrodden natives of Nee Zullen. Good to see empowered digenous wimmin too eh. No flies on them bro.



Sovereign Democracies Unite!

The great asia debacle

Next episode in this era of Election Fever delivers a ridgy-didge fair dinkum cracker exposay of Participatory Democracy!

SAVE OUR SLAVE WOMEN At grungy Castle Street, Erina Doolan and Dora Jarr are having a lightbulb moment. 'Let's get election publicity by saving slave tarts in our city!' - till known terrorist Mandy Hak barges in, no doubt looking for an excuse to hijack someone else's lurk. 'Wot women get super abused in the big smoke? Gotta be AZIAN WIMIN offered life in Oz Heaven by scumbag traffickers then get passport ripped off and sold to bourgie dirtbags in big houses and paid zilch to clean dunnies all day like the Philippines for forever amen that's what. Mandy Hak investigates! Dora c'n post my live interviews on Fakebook and SLAM.' (Spoken like a demented propheteer.) Erina: 'Already got one tied up in a cellar, have we?' 'Bollocks!' crows Mand and orders Doolan and Jarr to conduct 'painful research' (five minutes on Google) then pressgangs 'em to break and enter 'an Offending House in Darling Point' - of which hapless Noddy Ding blubbered he might've delivered asian noodles to last week on his uberdoordashmenulogdeliveroohungrypandamobile. Shoulda kept mouth shut, and Mandy whacks him for that, ie: not grocking the significance of stuff she lately found out. Blith and Dora eye each other: Mand is cooking serious shit this time! Will it make her a Hero in the eyes of the OZ Government? That's a concept up for grabs. Next day 'to get more publicity' (aka lick Centrelink's butt) Dora goes for a 'job interview' at a cop shop. Scores a face-to-face with D.S. Flora McHunt (known dyke-on-bike fascist).

- Dora Jarr hey hey? So ya wanna join the boys in blue
- Tranny Girls in blue dude, solidarity yo
- Too keen
- Nah, I'm a truth-seeking journo and my personal life's no longer pretty dodgy
- Criminal convictions?
- Not this week

- What d'you report?
- Bad shit in organisations. Look out! I'm 'doing' a big CHINESE FAMILY right now called -
- Not interested. By the way, I checked our stats: 'Little lost child event in Snowy Mountains.' You still consort with Mandy Hak, 24, formerly of Chatswoo NSW?
- Uuhh, hospital pass! What's she done now?
- You tell me
- Innocent till proved guilty, lady
- Ain't holdin' muh breath
- What pervy shit *don't* ya have on me as well?
- No comment
- That's illegal n' immoral
- Like your joining the cops. Now kindly fuck off
- I'm recording this! (Flora is suddenly on her size-nine feet) Okay keep yer bulletproof knickers on. PS: Is it a true fact Flora MCHUNT always gets her TRANNY?
- Out! We got our eye on you and yer terrorist mates
- Eat shit lezzo, C U in da Northern Territ'ry.

IT'S MIDNIGHT on a muggy Sunday as Noddy + Mand on the Vespa with Blith + Dora in the Honda Shitbox halt by a camera-scanned driveway snaking into the Darling Point hillside. The grand marina at Rushcutters Bay flickers below, its lush park once a stamping ground for first-settlement criminals. Things changed for the better! The house of GLORIA AND ANSON GU sits behind a florid gate with fat stone dragons on either side, leeringly guarding the 1920s-gothic brick and stone manse spared demolition ten years back by its enlightened arriviste owners. They, with the hardy cheeriness of Chinese abroad, set out to make their fortune by 'embracing the culture of the Great South Land' which 'we heard so much about as kids with koalas'. In hindsight it can't be doubted the will and wish of the Communist Party of China featured lightly in their zeal, tempered by a dose of self-interest appropriate to march-ahead pragmatists (like so many Chinese with money), ie: boy-child to be shovelled to private school, businessy palms to be oiled, ex-pat

societies to glad-hand with implacable smiles and forthright pronouncings parading all the practical serious intent of a culture historically aware of the need to tick boxes, advance without rocking boats and know that while the Emperor is far away over the sea his tentacles are subtle and long. Gloria: garrulous, staccato, her fake pidgin English an opportunist wall of 'mutual self-interest' and smile like a heavy-scented alligator with (to enhance a plucky woman of five foot zero) a fetish for high heels and jewels and gold. By contrast, her effortlessly unknowable spare-boned husband Anson: inured to speaking platitudes that won't appear on the debit side of any cultural-political ledger, hardworking to the bone with a soaked-in sense of form and hierarchy born of a culture where instabilities, political sweeps and catastrophes loom from history's mists and where endurance surpasses all other virtues. These are immigrants we should reasonably admire: what could possibly stand in the way of their pragmatic industry? Or a sideways question: what kind of 'contradictory inner osmoses' might we expect to occur over time here in democracy land, for these diasporées who 'wilfully abandoned their beloved socialist anti-democratic Motherland'?

...It's not Jarr's chutzpah underwriting this night's Manson-style leery deed nor the remit of out-to-lunch avenger Nod Ding to enter homes in Superbia; even mouthy Blith'd rather repair to a Bondi pub where she can legally indulge in raucous showboating on ten rounds of the frothy stuff. Apeshit Mandy Hak drives the game! (No doubt she failed to leave her drugs at home, adding to expanding opportunity for major fuck-up) 'Dora'll livestream the interview!' Dor's 'no way Jose' withers under Mand's barking factualism that 'no-one'll see us in the dark!' Nod is to 'buzz about appearing to deliver shit and wait for our getaway' (four bodies on a Vespa). 'You brung pizzas? Omigod, it's more authentik with pizzas!' Nod's perennial angst that he's a scapegoat in other folks' dramas again contends with the crippling sexual hold Hak has over him. She with a little paintpot slops the gate camera then (unnecessarily) blacks the fat dragons' eyes - which serendipily offer a leg-up and even messy-limbed Blith hauls her butt over without crashing to the asphalt. A light's on in the house and a foreign-sounding female voice is heard. 'Cool!' says

Mand - and she bings the freaking doorbell. The voice goes up twenty decibels. 'Ah No, Gotta Go, my People here now. Jus' put girl to bed then finish to clean house!'

Hurried steps, and the door opens a crack. 'Oh! What, you...?'

- Hi, *Guangzhou Pattie!* Me Mandy Hak

The girl stares.

- Here to interview. We talked on phone

- Aw! They out... but they come soon!

- We be quick. These my media people. Is your little girl here?

- Oh! Not so good idea now

- It's cool. We digitally alter your voice and face. You get revenge

- Ah - no?

- Your face. We 'cover it up'

- Ah, okay.

They stomp in. The girl peeps into the night, shuts the door. They enter a kitchen. A wee girl is there in her nightie.

- This Ah Min. Say hi.

Mandy hands *Guangzhou Pattie* a scarf. - Put over face. Now in disguise!

Dora films. Blith wanders off, presumably looking for loot.

- Okay. So you are solo mother from *Guangzhou* trapped in Darling Point Sydney house?

- What I gonna do when police come take me and little girl? I fucked!
They -

- What are the owners' names?

- They Gloria and Anson Gu. They Chinese business people

- And you are forced to do 's-e-x' work in Australia?

- They say they 'know my people' in China! They gonna steal Ah Min.

(Dora zooms on the girl) I earn but they take all. Say, 'You keep quiet or

we tell Ossie govment'. Lie to govment! 'We help her people back home'

- 'help her stay while she wait for residen' visa' - 'we *hear* she have job as cleaner?... But wait: here is LIST of more victim jus' like me

- Cool. Our video will be sent to the Gus. Make them get arrested!

- Ohh. I not sure. Too not safe...

At that moment there's a distant squeak, and a car engine. The gates are opening - like a dragon's mouth.

- Hooley Dooley it's them! We go. Show us back way.

Our Guangzhou girlie freezes. Dora grabs the paper list from her hand, foots it down the hall. Where's that piker Blith? Front door swings. 'Who're you?' bawls Gloria Gu. Blith pops up, shovels them into a room. Male voice: 'Don't move, I call police now!' Mand lunges for a window. The latch is rigid. Blith grabs laptop from desk, bludgeons the glass. Ugh, she's cut. Whining howl of a scooter on the drive. 'Hullo hullo? Pissa delivry, pissa delivry for yeu!' Mandy smashes the glass with a chair. One, two, three, they're out like rats up a drainpipe. Nod sees them, his bike revs to a squeal, splats to the asphalt. Anson Gu is there. The gates veer in, the three run like hell. Gates clang shut. Nod bashes knee on a leering fat dragon, hobbles into precipitous dark. The girls totter on. 'Here!' Dora fishes keys. They crawl into the Honda Shitbox. She veers it down the narrow hill street... blatting along South Head Road Mandy Hak finally starts to *laugh*. Blith does a whoop - till she feels her bloodied hand. Dora keeps her mouth shut, clings to her phone and that paper list. Nod is rigid. Under his fingers the knee is jagged. 'Good job, crims and wallies!' says the Mad Hakker... (But what about Nod's bike? That'll come back to bite 'em on the arse.)

The girls (plus honorific mobster Noddy) are a bit bruised and confused next morn, cowering in the kitchen at Castle. Malcontent hangs about, lip zipped. Miriama Pond feeds breakfast and eyes them with a certain mixture of dark wonder... and delight.

(Erina, finally) - What is your shitty *prob*, Miri?

- Ladybuds, I don't *quite* know what you've been up to, but our famed acquaintance Professor Alterigo has invited us to meet him at FILIN BONG Mindfulness HQ (Campsie High Street if you recall) for Special Mindfulness at two today - plus government bigwigs and media (MaxFair and BlueSky no less) and featuring The Prophet Mah-Jin who *apparently* is a friend of Alterigo

(Mand) - What is it with you? Don't you get Nod bust his knee and lost our bike? Some chinky thug nearly did him in! ('Lucky I brung the pizzas' he murmurs to Malc)

- Did notice, Mand. Just dressed his cuts? If you guys don't fill me in...

(Dora) - So now you're gaga over this Alterigo bloke. Keeps well out of sight in *our* case

(Miri) - Malc said the Prof appears on your radio slot! (Malcontent tries to look nonchalant) Or maybe that's a figment of your sad *alter-ego*

Dora throws her toast. - Don't play silly buggers with us!

Blitherina shrugs. - Never get to root 'im anyway. Not your type or anyone's type, far as I can make out

- Blith, what do you know that I don't?

- Ooh! Miri's not in utter control of the situation.

Kamikaze Mand jumps in.

- Right. We're doin' that Filin Bong thing 'cos I bin working on a speech - and no, nobody gets to vet it first.

In the long upstairs room at Filin Bong HQ it's all silky cushions and panels featuring Chinese temples and classic dancers. On a low golden dais is the head honcho Mah-Jin, a youngish smoothly-oriental fellow who smiles to eighty or so mostly Asian devotees plus our motley girl-crew (Noddy absent) and media types with cameras. Two suited gentleman, both around fifty, slip in and sit at back. 'The Prof and our MP,' Miri simpers. 'Don't say?' Dora mouths. The Prophet signals, bows his head. The devotees intone a mantra led by a tall westerner seated at front. There follows a period of silence, before Mah-Jin speaks. 'Friends, we see with our own eyes the battle between forces of spiritual and material consciousness polarising the world. No doubt scientific, economic and technological developments are of benefit, yet they exhibit concerning drawbacks: tendencies to rigidity, egoism, greed, aggressive expansionism, blind structuralism, conformism, passivity, amnesia - plus mass surveillance and the expectation that 'deep systematisation' will settle all our problems. In this sanctuary today we humbly grasp that life's confusions and tensions can only be settled in the understanding that we are a sole and absolute *awareness* - borderless, timeless, ever present. In the light of such a *fact*, all contending forces have their birth, change, continuity and demise. Our relentless dance of complexity is forever *observed in and as awareness alone*. Thus, our political and social relationships will never harmonise until you, me - the sole person - commit to the truth that *we are the entire*

and absolute field. We must take responsibility: only then will we dispense integrity as power. Naturally we aid each other, but we cannot be pawns in anyone's game. Forces that want to dominate, for whatever ignorant egoist totalitarian reasons, shall not prevail.'

At this point he looks directly to the cameras. A motley Chinese girl stands up. 'I got stuff to say that backs what our Prophit sez. My name's Mandy Hak.' (Blith + Dor + Miri screw up their faces) Yet Mah Jin smiles, and gestures to Mandy to approach the dais. There's a page of scrawl in her mitt. Get ready.

'CANCEROUS TOTALITARIAN MINDSET! Wadda the facts on a Chinese Commie Party that orders its non-voting hordes about like children? Confucian paternalism lets youz minions do what *we* say for your own good! People's Liberation blaablaa bles from ideological ramparts while The People never figure in the equation. Democracy with Chinese Characteristics? *Fuck yeah.* More like survive-at-all costs commie paranoia where the idea of actually *being wrong* is the core existential threat. Erase inconvenient national history! Deprive citizens of community-affirming solidarity! Security's a huge deal in a country this big, but this amnesiac commie idea of Unity is to lobotomise all comers in the name of 'One China'; read, Han China. Confucius say surveil the crap out of 'em! But how long can institutional threat of punishment work? Just as long as a borrowed fake China Dream of material gratification plus enforced spiritual strangulation? And what ye gonna do Commie boys, when all the single ladies won't have babies? Criminalise lack of babies? Watch this space. How to whack-a-mole all that surging human aspiration? 'I wanna speak my mind', 'Wanna elect my government', 'Wanna debate my society's future with a free press', 'Wanna right to sue when I get disappeared for being a citizen with a mind of my own'. *No*, sillies, the real threat to The People's blind trust in great CCP monolith is Rampant Corruption. Pliant populace goes crazy to make money (without aspiration to do anything else) till suddenly required to undergo left-lurching National Chastisement by Show Trial in name of 'fairness', 'wealth distribution', 'tax evasion', 'cissy boy narcissism' (boys who just won't make enough babies after being told for fifty years they weren't

allowed). Yup, nothing so nauseatingly predictable as this week's political scapegoatism in the name of socialism's glorious advance. NEW totally contradictory rules! All study English for world domination! Er - nobody study evil imperialist English! And in case you think the Commie People's Republic has no allies, we're going to beat you into cuddly Panda Bear re-educated submission for the wrong-think crime of not subscribing to the historically inevitable rigidities of the Motherland, no matter that you're a citizen of a sovereign country. Eighty million traitor diaspora: spies and stooges for motherland! It's all Confucian and moral and legal and we'll fuck up your family back in Wuhan if you even faintly disagree. And if you're a Government (of a smaller size and therefore inferior) we'll lend you a pile of Belt and Road Dosh we know you can't pay back and have you tied to our apron strings in perpetuity. New moral order higher than democracy! Democracy weak and stupid! Wolf-warrior might is right! Kowtow now since all roads lead to Beijing. Let's *all* have Chinese characteristics! Meanwhile, a special place in Commie Penal Heaven is reserved for five million Hong Kongers who gave us the middle finger and blacked out our zillion street cameras and threw bricks at our patriotic puppet government, or those slimy bearded Uighur muzzos who just won't lie down and self-annihilate in the face of the Resurgent Han. And down with those ex-Quomintang toadies who invented a perfectly embarrassing prosperous Taiwan democracy, not to mention we'll choose the next Dalai Lama and foist him on old Tibet whether the backward fuckers accept him or not. Oh yeah, and he can live under benign house arrest and spout commie propaganda for the term of his natural incarnation...'

Several media parties are prompted to interject at this point. The unflappable Mah-Jin raises a hand. 'So, so - what would a *splendid* China look like? (he raises a finger to heaven) Intelligent, rational, historically wondrous, tolerant, respecting international rules, scientifically and economically advanced, champion of individual rights, of free speech, free thought, free association; diverse, artistically innovative, *spiritually alive*...? We True Chinese have got what it takes! Simply need to get our young friend's 'cancerous totalitarian mindset' off our own backs. Dear Confucius would approve.'

‘Yo,’ calls hothead Mandy Hak to the nearest camera, ‘Just wanna say to the China Commie Party and its toadies: get the freak outa my life!’ There’s a rather satisfied pause then a lot of murmuring. The tall Western devotee glides over. ‘Ladies? Wade Breen, mindfulness professional at your service.’ (Blitherina mimes a blow job) The professorial gent at back arrives and shakes Breen’s mitt. ‘And Ms Hak, thank you for the speech. It’ll certainly make waves.’ With a mystifying smile he joins the MP - who is consulting The Prophet (no doubt on who’ll win the election in this Asian-infested seat). Our Miriama ogles the Prof till Erina elbows her. ‘Time to vamoose.’ Mand, Blith and Dora rattle down the stairs. ‘Fuck Mand, you hit the nail in that speech! Hey wassat?’ In the foyer below, a delivery scooter seems to be parked... with a human form spreadeagled across it, face down. Piles of crushed pizza festoon the body and floor. A wedge is inserted in the fellow’s mouth. ‘It’s *Nod!*’ Mandy lurches but Dora grabs. Two cops bar the way. One is D.S. Flora McHunt. (‘Well well, Dora Jarr...’) Media types descend. ‘What the freak is happening?’ shouts Mandy. ‘There’s an incident. Exit thataway,’ barks McHunt. Someone spots big scrawls on the floor. ‘It says C - C - P. It’s a political attack!’ Media start snapping: body pizza mouth letters numberplate. Rangy Wade Breen arrives. ‘I’m Event Organiser, may I assist?’ (McHunt) ‘Man’s been beaten, requires medical attention.’ She straight-bats a flurry of questions. ‘Okay, this licence plate was identified at the scene of a burglary in Darling Point last night. Let our medics do the job. That’ll be all.’ ‘Stop, he’s my boyfr -!’ blurts Hak but Erina and Dora drag her to the street as Miri flutters behind. Our suited Prof is on the pavement. He raises a paternal hand... Fifty yards on, ropeable Mandy Hak halts by the door of *Free Democratic Australia Times*. ‘Those cunts the Gus + CCP goons did this to Nod. I’ll kill ’em!’ ‘We can’t be here right now,’ growls Blith. ‘Just get home,’ breathes Miri. The four negotiate the trafficked street. ‘Hot enough for you Dora dear?’ hisses Miri. ‘This just started,’ she hisses back.

ANALYSIS Your professorial narrator read in a scripture that the Chinese race originated on the Moon (back when it was viable for rice growing); here on earth though, they’re not interested in winning friends, only vassals. At this CCP-led stage of history, faced with nations who embarked on

the long painful transition to democracy (a claimed 'higher level of social evolution' based on notions of personalism and guaranteed rights), totalist rigidity still prevails. The CCP still claims to run a 'developing country', a label that lets it conveniently exploit arrangements (characterised by the Pax Americana) whereby rich countries funnel business and technologies to needy countries, thereby inviting said previously-exploited nations to 'clean out the rich club as they grow up'. Yet historical grievances (born no doubt of 'naked foreign opium imperialism') thrive in the China Psyche, dosed up with age-old Lords of the Middle Kingdom exclusionism, paranoia and opportunist aggression. Meanwhile, it's the suppression of personal creativity that puts China in its current schizoid quandary. How to develop out of (immature) totalitarianism into a fluid democracy? One's oft-bleated ten cents worth: Let people speak out and choose their own representatives. Accept that human needs refine themselves over time! Guarantee personal choice. Foster NGOs so people can organise their own needs. Stop covering shit up. Get off your victim-status high horse. Join the community of nations and support a rules-based order. And last: don't put too much stock in 'correct' histories and myths and propagandas of the 'Chinese Nation'. Like everywhere else, China's just a place where a bunch of people live - who want what they want and do what they do.

THE VIBE is fractious back at Castle kitchen. Boglomov and Malcontent hover like spare pricks at a wake. 'Beers anyone?' 'What the freak 're we *hiding* here?' mouths Miri. (Dora) 'Relax, anything to do with Filin Bong and CCP is bound to raise the temperature.' (Mand) 'We c'n stir hate against CCP in that Federal seat.' (Miri) 'Don't need your grubby politics!' Out of nowhere Blitherina says, 'I just remembered a thing in my foggy slut pea brain... That guy Anson Gu: I took *snaps* of him at some snotty party... no clothes on at the time but his tiny cock was sitting up! I remember 'cos it took me half an hour to get a result.' (Mandy) 'Where the frig are they then?' 'In my phone I guess. I'll fish 'em out...'. (Miri) 'This is gobbledegook. We should ask the PROF. He smiled right at us in the street. He's the real deal!' (Mand) 'Oooh Big Brother All-Seeing-Eye Prophet Alterigo!' Gormless Boglomov ventures a word. 'Iss he the guy

who was here last night - in the suit?' They all look at Miri. 'What - what? Okay, I entertained him while you nongs were out burgling Superbia!' (Dora) 'This floozie wants it all her way, covers up her little scars, wants 'true sex n' love' but won't commit, strings us activists along and wants fucking enlightenment as well. You've no clue who Alterigo is!' (Miri) 'And you do? Spilling the beans on air like he's your lost Daddy!' (Blith) 'Pillow talk won't wash with us.' (Miri) 'At least we talk. He's a spiritual person. I'm to be his scribe and defender in a nationally important CASE.' (Blith) 'Bonk n' Blackmail's my motto.' (Miri) 'In yer animal kingdom maybe.' But everyone is gawking. (Mand) 'What case?' 'Oh no no, people. Not spilling confidences to every out-of-control media tart in this house!' And Miriama Pond sweeps out to do some vital colonising duty in a far region of the res. After a pause Malcontent slithers after her. Boglomov too.

Now Dora makes a call. 'Get with the program HUMDINGER. We're gonna broadcast this whole shitstorm...' BECAUSE one Mandy Hak, apoplectic at the Bashing of Nod Ding (her gunnabe husbud and passport guy!) has INFO to be vomited to Media via colleague Dora Jarr concerning a scrap of paper supplied by one Guangzhou Pattie. 'ASIA SEX WORKERS EXPLOITED in clandestine home brothels! Sydney Chinese Media Owners exposed as movers in a hit by thugs on defenceless pizza guy at Filin Bong Meditation League just yards from office of Chinese-language *Free Democratic Australia Times* (blaaaaaaa). And we got VIDEO EVIDENCE: look out for sex workers on our LIST! Guangzhou Pattie (enslaved Sydney solo mum), Roger Jesus (gender-fluid nephew of Sultan of Brunei), Yum Puff (Uighur refugee bodybuilder), Candy Flosse (wanted Hong Kong escapee student), Silky Black Olive (Taiwanese ex-pat), Baby Buddha (Tibetan national), Beijing Ballsucker (Tian An Men refugee's daughter), Queen Cong, Sewer Lover, Lazy Flea, Happy Ping Dollar, Taiwan Treat, Shanghai Surprise plus Binfo the Pimp (wheelchair queer dude from Chengdu)... the list goes on.' This time MaxFair and BlueSky are on it like flies round shit. Weird how the Drivers of the National Narrative (which ain't the Government) decree yesterday's 'whaaatever, nothing to see here' as today's Sudden Election Decider. No

smoke without fire: those Noddy Pizza Bashers (poor lad's in a coma at RPA) are now Tip Of National Security Iceberg... while SLAM'S boss hippie Humdinger has to decide whether to act souper-principled yah or shove Jarr's video in as many people's faces as possible.

* * * *

DEMOCRACY AT ITS FINEST It's been said that democracy is 'the worst possible system except for all the others' - and clearly your ghostly narrator needs to portray it as a febrile nest of corruption, pettiness and opportunism for the noble purpose of inserting his own life lessons. Let's kick off then. No-man's-land dweller MANDY HAK, wanting to nudge the Government and media to swallow her 'overstayer Hong Kong protester with a conscience' schtick, gets the democratic bit in her pearly teeth and publishes 'threatening (post-burglary) emails from THE EVIL GUS' - certain that Gloria Gu likes nothing better than an intra-Asian catfight to squish her domestic rivals (though tempered by her coldblooded husband). (Hak:) 'These Chinese-Australian manipulators trampled on pizza guy Noddy Ding's and Mandy Hak's true love! What did Nod get from this country but deadly blows from diaspora compatriots?' It takes Gloria ten minutes to reveal to media and police that 'Hak is a saboteur working for the CCP'. At this point an ANONYMOUS PARTY (whom we'll 'out' shortly) informs populist BlueSky Media that 'exploited worker Guangzhou Pattie and related parties may get deported, so what does this say about our government's policy of harbouring CCP DOUBLE AGENTS? Note! Said double-agent fiasco will be blown open by this correspondent!' BlueSky boss Tristan Shout, not giving a shit whether this source is bona fide since it'll sell another billion newspapers and put the mockers on woke and weedy rivals MaxFair, gets on the blower to encourage the Magnificent Gus to expansively attack Hak and Ding as 'the kind of Asians we don't need in our utopian inclusive Australia'. Gu evidence? 'Hak blackmailed Ding to be her immigration husband and arranged his bashing when he didn't play cricket' (we think they mean 'play ball'). Hak 'exploited the stoic pizza feller by forcing him to burgle the Upstanding Gus, and duplicitous Hak even now paints Ding as a TAIWANESE

AGENT for the CCP! This last gross ambit claim might just *stick*. In short, Hak and Ding are weak unreliable chopsticks. Tristan Shout gets mileage from the Gus' CCP-placating anti-HK / anti-Taiwan tone, smug in the knowledge he's doing his DEMOCRATIC DUTY by generating 'crucial election debate'. Hak is again forced to argue: 'I'm outraged that innocent refugee folks (like me) may be deported to Chinese hell-prison while the OZ GOV PROSECUTES A BRAVE WHISTLEBLOWER for the sake of hiding a double-agent traitor!' Publicity-tartism and Nationalism are the last resorts of scoundrels so Mandy has nothing to lose. Our narrator (who puppets all these narratives) now has the poor girl exactly where he wants her. Just as the Gus spring a DEFAMATION SUIT against Hak and The Prophet Mah Jin and Wade Breen of Filin Bong for 'evilily naming the Gus as CCP agents' - our (still incognito) narrator will BLOW THE WHISTLE BY NAMING THE PROPHET MAH-JIN AS THE CCP DOUBLE AGENT! Shit hits the national fan. Yee-hah.

Meanwhile, opportunist polliies Roger Swyll and Marcia Wright Burke, waging their internal war for candidature of the blue-ribbon seat of WantWorth, contrive to face off against 'Undesirable New Asians undermining our noble democracy with mafia-style hit games'. Their pantomime for 'most righteous critic of the CCP', tarring all other parties with a toilet brush while dodging threats to their own business interests or possible foot-in-mouth comments that'll come back to bite 'em on the arse - gets into full swing. And none other than Judith Clear, asiatic advocate extraordinaire, finds herself recommended by Swyll to run the Gu Defamation Suit. She finds herself accepting - of course only after letting it be leaked to BlueSky that she is 'demurring in her conscience over the sad necessity for correct-thinking professional Asians in this country to expose subversive-thinking saboteurial ones'.

Next, quick-witted MIRIAMA POND, also tipped off by our (soon to be exposed) whistleblower - who it turns out she had occasion to blow in the pool room at Carena Barchester's Heartland fundraiser - gets her fusty old uncle Wendell Squodgy KC to (a) mount a career-reviving case to save Mandy Hak, and (b) hopefully defame Miri's FILTHY EX-HUSBAND SWYLL in court. And while the *Government* now feels a

need to pressure BlueSky Media to ‘encourage the Gus to abandon their suit’ while scrabbling to fudge up a principled position on why they PROTECT A CCP AGENT but routinely boot out DEFENCELESS MINIONS like Hak and Guangzhou Pattie from our hallowed democracy while simultaneously ‘hunting in the midst’ for a FUCKING WHISTLEBLOWER - it serendipitously falls upon one other of our (still anonymous) whistleblower’s agents (yup, Dora Jarr) to ruminate that said whistler ‘might be a guest of hers on SLAM radio’ (kudos for her) PLUS ‘a dishonourable official of POSH CHARITY’ - thus dragging *that* Community Pillar into the political shit- sandwich while advancing Jarr’s legendary journalistic skills and saving ‘Australia’s Asian Mate’ Mandy Hak. And finally... one Blitherina DOOLAN, with her perennial eye for doing down the mightily hypocritical, might yet be induced to pull out a nasty little photo featuring esteemed media proprietor ANSON GU seeking to elevate his two-inch willy in the vicinity of an unnamed sex-worker’s inviting thigh... Welcome to civil-war democracy at its incestuousest!

THE LEGAL WASH-UP Judith Clear has to ‘suddenly dump’ the Defam. case since her position ‘looks partisan’, whatever that means *this* week. She’ll get revenge though... maybe she can amplify the fracas between CENTRELINK AND DORA JARR (with help from BlueSky friends) into a LEGAL TEST CASE, a microcosm of this country’s INTERNAL woes, a way to polarise Lifters and Leaners! - a Real Aussie Donger diverting attention from last week’s Murky Overseas Fracas and a lot more entertaining yeah! A class war Rog Swyll can get all over like a rash, and a chance for the PEOPLE’S PIRANHA (Judith) to rise again! All stakes laid, roulette wheel spun, two-up dice rolled, things brung to a showdown and screw the risks... What risks actually? Errr - a political football to galvanise the Mortgage-Stressed and put LABOR back in power? Manna for the minimum-wage brigade and solo mothers’ welfare league (whoever the fuck they may be) led by ME TOO evangelistas? Fuck it: at least Me Judith ’ll get noticed (perennial immigrant syndrome) - ‘cause there’s no business like SHOW TRIAL business.



War of the influencers

INAPPROPRIATELY TOUCHED We're all cyber bullies nowadays! In a nagging reminder of how effective Trolls are at shitkicking the democratic process, Carenna Barchester (champion of husbud Swyll and 'the loyal Gus') anonymously texts Peta Bolt Jones and Tristan Shout of BlueSky (Carenna made sure to shag Shout at one of her Superbia parties) about 'an incident at Miriama Pond's COSMOS CHILDCARE CENTRE, in which off-the-books employee Mandy Hak was seen to inappropriately touch a child' (!) Such a smear, guaranteed to induce Epsteinian visceralisms from congenitally paranoid ozzie parents, is designed to sink the iniquitous Hak while skewering the reputation of her boss Miriama Pond, who 'by the way, consorts with drug addicts and welfare cheats at lefty Castle Street' *etceterah*. While Carenna's ploy legitimately exploits the National Zeitgeist, she is personally buoyed by the fact that her 'old classmate Miriama' perennially needs to nail ex-husband Roger Swyll's arse to a lamppost, and that Carenna as current wife is duty-bound to defend him (and none too worried about who started the row and where the shit sticks). Uber self-conscious Miri is now forced to suspend Mandy without gleaning the nicety that Mand 'slapped some little bully-boy for relentlessly shoving sand in the face of a wee girl in her charge'. In the rampant SAFETYISM sheep-mind of the upwardly-mobile classes, 'inappropriately touched' is one step shy of homicide. (And too bad that it inverts the truism that kindy / primary teachers love their kids and secondary teachers hate 'em.) The heat builds when Dora Jarr leaps to Mandy's aid by splashing the case on SLAM with the paranoid observation that 'my daughter Cookie was cyber-bullied, probably by media toadies of Carenna Barchester'. Such a scattergun revelation not only fails to nail the offending bitch but further freaks Miriama, thus giving Carenna a free kick. How? Knee-jerk Miri, plagued by age-old embarrassment at 'her perfect Rosebud being socked about by the feral Cookie Jarr', weirdly counterclaims that 'Rosebud was cyber-bullied by the Jarr child' (though aged five and not discernibly a smartphone user) under some horrific dark-web banner called 'Kids For Me Too'. The court of public opinion rallies like flies round shit,

so Miri runs to her cure-all Professor (the one they call Alterigo) with whom she ‘enjoys intimate confidences’. He placates our perfect mum cum ruined childcare professional with a promise to ‘expose Swyll and his grasping wife when the time is right’. ‘All roads lead to Rome’ he says metaphysically, and Miri takes this as signalling a sure path to justice, though less charitable punters might say all roads lead to Alterigo’s Ego. No matter, our volatile Castle Girls have all fallen out, on cue.

THEARTOFLEAKAGE (aka Feeding the Chooks) As a perennial political tool, information leaks are like webs of tributaries feeding the sludgy river of Community Views, while ‘trial by media’ is a force for harnessing the lazy gossip of public morality since media, far more satisfyingly mercurial than the creaky processes of law and parliament, loves nothing better than to be People’s Judge, Jury and Executioner. Opinions (we say) are like arseholes: everyone’s got one. Folks’ tongues suitably wag when prompted according to their microscopic experience + constipated prejudice + guilt-ridden projections. For professional influencers like our Prof Alterigo, larger forces of nationhood and community are merely ‘the plight of little folk writ large’, and according to the twin-headed snake of necessity and expediency ‘an influencer’s personal morality may thus be writ on society’s larger page’. Yet the person of persuasive talent is perennially tempted to consider himself superior to surrounding minions, and thereby his ‘challenge of conscience’ is to resolutely pose (in the blind chamber of his heart) as one who ‘merely delivers a clarifying (read, populist) message’, not for himself but that others may benefit according to ‘inexorable forces on this cosmic road we all travel’. Such influencers, gifted in manipulating the runnels of their conscience to declare ‘the end justifies the means’, view the paths and sewers of public scandal, played out in the forums of media, government and law, as ‘evincing (despite their seeming messy randomness) an inexorable logic to the benefit of history and hindsight’. Thus their sheer influential loftiness sustains, whatever the weather. And blessed ‘democracy’, which is nothing but ‘the ascension of benign and commodious egos writ large’, rolls on.

Now to the actual leakage. A certain Professor in the cameo role of ‘Witness A’ finally spills the Whistleblower Beans in the court of public

opinion - courtesy of desperate scribe Miri Pond, (damaged childcare boss caught in Mandy Hak's deportation war) through whom he will, if the wrong shit hits the fan, claim plausible deniability. Unsuspecting Miri now reaches for the Marble.

‘WITNESS A rides a flower-garlanded donkey into Jerusalem on his Palm Sunday! International lawyer PROFESSOR ALTERIGO, henceforth to be known as Witness A (!) has long been gagged by the Federal Government through its chief villain, former Attorney General Crispian Slaughter under the Official Secrets Act. As a contractor to the Security Intelligence Service, Witness A *internally protested* the cover-up of a Hong Kong-based double agent employed by both the Chinese Communist Party and our Federal Government. That agent is revealed today as THE PROPHET MAH JIN, current head of Filin Bong Mindfulness League! Assisted by Mindfulness scion Wade Breen, Mah-Jin delivered security and economic information to the Government while networking *for* the CCP to harness the CHINESE DIASPORA in Australia through Chinese-language media - in the form of bribes to proprietors, party-political donations, university campus pressure (witness the coma-inducing bashing of Taiwanese-born researcher Noddy Ding), local CCP police agents, ‘visits’ to individuals and their families in China, infiltrating boards of large companies and so forth. Any financial propping up of this Double Agent results in Government red faces, hence the cover-up. It’s noted that the CCP demands the agent’s repatriation, whereby a prime motive is to discredit Filin Bong, of which The Prophet Mah Jin mercurially contrived to make himself President. And it’s no accident that Hong Kong-based Mindfulness International got obliterated by CCP fiat... The upshot: Mah Jin is *subsidised* by the Federal Government to countervail CCP interests; yet to be permitted to hide in plain sight (as head of an organisation loathed by the CCP) may be seen to support an extreme *relativism*, not to say hypocrisy, in ‘those who claim to champion democracy and freedom against totalitarian oppressors’. While this whistleblow is incendiary in the context of an upcoming general election, we should recall that the point of elections is to ‘reflect on our rights and responsibilities in a participatory democracy’. Brave Professor Alterigo does not minimise his risk of exposure to exploitation by self-

serving parties, and his faith is strong as he throws himself on the mercy of the court of public opinion!’

TRANSLATION FOR POLITICAL DUMMIES Alterigo just set off a media shitstorm using the public’s negative attitude to China as ballast. He already has leakers and spruikers aplenty in the media. It will also suit him if the Government’s fallback position was to ‘drop any effort to indict Witness A on proviso that his name was suppressed’, ie: it cannot suit their reputation to publicly attack a former contractor (come in Price Waterhouse Coopers). But can his whistleblower allegation be *proved*? Alterigo offers no corroboration, and no doubt this fact will drive the media apoplectic, thus fuelling the Prof’s implacable need to be lynchpin / cornerstone (without admitting to megalomaniac tendencies) in a scandal that might ‘induce a consciousness shift in our sleepy head-in-sand nation’. It’s also hard to see how The Prophet Mah Jin will be sweating over the coming media stampede. To the contrary, he’ll be confident his role as chief Bagger of the CCP (let all their pandas come home to roost) will inoculate him in the court of public opinion. In fact the wily Alterigo, far from being a cynic or gangster, is counting on it.

AND THE FALLOUT FOR PROLES Mandy Hak, casting for scapegoats for the swipe she delivered to that scamp in her childcare centre, now perceives ‘smooth arseholes Prophet Mah Jin and Wade Breen’ to be ‘targeting my Noddy Ding! as a fall-guy to placate both the CCP and Fed Gov to save their arses’. If she’d a cooler head, Mand would have stuck to her earlier decree that the Nasty Gus attacked Nod. But it *can’t* be so straightforward, according to her inflated vision of being at the apex of a national immigration debate (see how media serves you up your five minutes of fame?) in light of her phantasmagoric effort to ‘cut a deal with the Feds’.

Meanwhile, Roger Swyll’s new campaign (about as subtle as a croc in a bath) seeks to bludgeon ‘bogusly Confucian Filin Bong and other dangerous Asian Agitators’. This begs for nuance, so BlueSky’s Peta Bolt Jones delivers a stab in the back to POSH - ‘who harbour not only Witness

A (evil Prof Alterigo) and his nemesis, sex-shamed former Attorney-Gen Crispian Slaughter, but also Asiatic Accounting Fraudster Su Mi Yo? whose severed foot was found floating in the Bondi surf (or was it Coogee) with a note attached saying *I did it*’

Back at the ranch, Dora Jarr (still steaming about Miri’s cyber-bullying accusation) starts bleating on SLAM about ‘Swyll’s Ex Miri Pond being a stooge of Witness A’. Next, she none too cleverly ‘notes the disappearance of Prof Alterigo from his POSH post where he’d inserted himself to slaughter CEO Crispian Slaughter - while he’s still in touch with me at SLAM radio’ (an elaborate fiction). Furthermore, it appears the Prof ‘flattered Dora as a hip fringe journalist’ and ‘got her to write edgy POSH articles to spread his own pernicious influence with the LEFT’. (What a crime!) Meanwhile Mandy Hak knocks up a ream of mental health practitioners to get herself certified suicidally depressed and prescribed mind-altering drugs to make the Immigration Department feel sorrier for her. And then there’s Blitherina Doolan. The reputation of our Irish larrikin as a ‘discredited sex worker’ is nicely counterbalanced by her *copious visual record of clients in high places*, viz Roger Swyll, Anson Gu, Wade Breen, Prof Alterigo, Crispian Slaughter... all of whose honourable members she took snaps of, then ‘misaid them’. When will all these bodyshamed cocks come home to roost? MORAL: In this febrile wired-up democracy of ours, scandal spreads like a comic coronavirus, and no-one, but no-one, gets to hide from its tentacles of fame and shame!



ALL HELL’S EVE The front and back yards at Castle Street are decked for Halloween: lights and spiders and kiddy pumpkins, cartoony slogans and Stalin-moustached pollie posters with their eyes gouged out... plus a fat banner across the door made

of a bedsheet: GREAT CASTLE STREET SOCIAL PARTY! - heralding for a new Anarchist Club born six weeks from ELECTION DAY (not that

any of that shit counts) an almighty piss-up tonight. ‘Parties of all political stripes are fucken shit unless run by the people!’ claim soon-to-be-elected Grand Presidents Anita Jurkoff and Amanda Gobshite. Out back, sad muso Malcontent and moron queer Boglomov’s anarcho-disco vibe is rattling our suburb’s teeth, and rock-ups are pressganged (with threats of no booze or dope) to sign on a dotted line plus bung on the party-logo badge (a knuckle with third digit extended) as Jurkoff and Gobshite shovel Halloween masks on everyone’s faces so they ‘don’t get recognised by the Pigs in our Livestream goin’ out tonight’. Fireworks are planned, though a majority are sure to be molotov cocktails (colourfully decorated by arty Beena Randle and Poppy Gonski) to be sacrificed on the shed roof at the inaugural climax (neighbours not warned). Ma and Pa Possum hunker in the gum tree looking existentially freaked, and a hollering horde of carpet grubs led by Cookie Jarr and Rosebud zoom up and down Castle halls on e-scooters into the swallowing dark. ‘Hey tiny future voters: time to play Hunt the Politician!’ crows Jurkoff through a loudhailer to visceral shrieks from our little ferals as some hired Dupe in a Prime Minister Mask hightails up the staircase... Christ alone knows Who’s actually Who in tonight’s sweaty mass, but it’s a fair bet there’ll be media infiltrators, and copious mobiles are already streaming the mayhem. In the bottle-strewn kitchen, angel-eyed Miri Pond holds sway in silky green as beanpole hippie Humdinger slips a patronising hand on her sleek arse and a black-clad figure in a theatrical Panama Hat affects to rescue, to whom Pond blubbers ‘Oh it’s you Prof!’ and lip-smothers his face just as a clandestine tall female in a pinstripe slips our hippie dude a *message*. Dora Jarr astride the big table mutters ‘fucken ponce’ and tosses vodka down her throat. A sleek asian chick in heels and a whiteface mask slips in, selects an exy bottle and heads for the yard as Doolally Doolan slovens in. ‘Ay Jarr n’ Pond, where’d the asiatic go?’ Jarr shrugs and swigs while Miri pulls her prodigious Panama-hat Prof into the garden. Now a thirtyish fair-hair dude in jeans and dayglo shirt appears. ‘Dora Jarr! Here on cue to satisfy *you* and meet your wacky friends!’ Jarr slo-mo gawks at him and spills vod over her chin. ‘Wayyyenne! Good to see ya dude.’ She stumps to floor level and smudges his face. ‘Ya made the pardy! Bring yer

wallet? He holds her at arm's length. 'Guess I did.' 'Wez ya mask?' 'Ah, managed to dodge those scary militants, brought my sunny corporate face instead.' 'I'm mekkin a fun'raiser speech tonite! Be there or be square mistah Wayne Krrrrr. Get in muh pants later?' She drags him off, no doubt to find suitable pills to shove in his cute but reluctant mouth. Out in the shrieky disco babble the mystery Prof is 'getting educated' by Poppy Gonski and Beena Randle, peas-in-a-pod arty lefties.

- Ladies, I hear it said: 'A mark of HEARTLAND HIPSTERS is they like to fuck things up to keep it real'. What's the goss?

- It's ironic, duh! Blame materialist ultra-systematised achievement-driven culture

(Prof) - FOMO is king, right?

- yeah but happiness is a requirement not a choice

- competition's super intense!

- brains-trust unis schools and corporations loom over our kids and make 'em say 'What's the point of existence but to *win*?'

- Heartland Hipsters went to schools that peddle 'opportunity and moral sense'

- so we get to be environmentally aware and have shit-hot friends!

- and if ya grow a fucken lumberjack beard by 22...

- you got the social conscience to say: 'yup, we gotta fuck things up to keep it real'. *Integrity* dude -

- pragmatic ideeealism

- humble *and* sophisticated

- politically elusive yo!

- but *you'd* object, why do hipsters need to be like, fucken narcissist works of art?

- 'cause we need radical *protest*, dude!

- but we needa *preserve*. Needa be at the centre. We're eternally ephemeral yo

- have our cake and eat it

- got our shitty bits and perfection too!

(Alterigo, hollering) - Crikey, piss down muh back and call it rain!

- Serendipity! That's *this* song by the Malarian Parasites

- Wha - who?

- Ace indie rapper-punk fusion band, old feller. Our shared fuckbuddy's in it

- He would be.

And our peas-in-a-pod babes jiggle their pigtails and stripy booty in the addled funk.

But the music's suddenly cut and Anita Jurkoff's megaphone blurts at the night.

- People... PEOPLE! Your attention is *required*. Kids shuddup n' siddown. It's Adult Party Time...

Our motley corps is suitably herded and coralled.

- Boggo, Malc, livestream happenin'? Cool. Me an' Amanda Gobshite (right here, comrades) had a cool dream: get the freakin' mainstream pollies who run this country to sit up and take notes! The Great Castle Street Social Party just *arrived*. That's GCSSP to you Australia. And we're running ten candidates in yer election and we're gonna throw some bombs and make serious fucken NOISE. (Wild whoops and hollers) Our first guest and keynote tonight (courtesy of sexy Miri Pond) is an Australian-Colombian civil rights lawyer, adviser to Aussie governments on overseas shit, expert on the Chinese Communist Party and general big cheese. Dudes, he supports us! Give it up for Professor *Alterigo*.

That dark-clad dude in the Panama Hat steps up. (Erina snucks under his legs for intimate streaming)

- My fellow Australians: we, THE FUTURE-WORSHIPPERS, are desperate to fake up a society where we no longer worry about a thing, where we aspire to be happy all the time! Forget mass EMOTIONAL SUPPRESSION plus skyrocketing domestic violence and suicide rates! Stick yer face in yer mobile phone and ENJOY beyond all the irrelevant hauntings of the PAST. Oops a daisy: Paradise Postponed? Ya just can't Google that shit. Mate, what ya don't notice can't hurt ya. No wonder you KIDS ain't interested in history, that raked-over clung-to sepia myth machine parroted by boomers, calcified in stone and sold to new generations with a stick and a carrot. Happiness Has No History! Just have yer cake and eat it people. But my job is to *doubt* - all those distorted materialist bubbles of distraction, all that entertainment on tap,

all those 'summery photo albums of stuff we did' that fake up a tingle of satisfaction before we roll on to the next empty chapter of our Superego Aussie Dreamtime. The happiness drug is all ERASURE, but the one thing we didn't erase in this country is IGNORANCE.

A right-on whoop belches from the sweaty crowd. The Prof ramps it up.

- So we grab at a trendy wonder drug called MINDFULNESS to sate our insatiable need! We MENTAL CONSUMERS who once were 'The Empty who Wanna be Full' are now 'The Full who Wanna be Empty'! Meanwhile everything in this HAPPINESS MACHINE gets wiped out. We arrive at the sacred centre of OUR OWN DARK OUTBACK and realise THERE'S NOTHIN' FUCKING THERE. Do we ever ask 'WHO is grasping and searching? WHO?' Show me the border between the PERSON and her incessant 'I WANT I WANT'? Where's the border between You The Awareness and your own garrotting necklace called IDENTITY? It's freaking nowhere. And me, Little Jack Horner in his Corner who never doubts his Pudding n' Pie, stands before you today and spouts. I know I have to dump my entrapments: that's why I call myself ALTER EGO. But one day I shall be THE TRANSPARENT ONE. So punters, get out there and DISBELIEVE: all the con jobs, pretensions, paradigms, propagandas of our utopian future... but don't forget to WHISTLEBLOW YOURSELF, *to do it to yourself as well.*

No-one in this hollering cluster of lefties quite grocks what Alterigo just said, specially the guff around Personal Responsibility. But it sounds right on and 'll do the bizz. In the crush, silky Miri is moved to fling her arms (and legs, if we're splitting hairs) round Alterigo in Lewinski-like gratitude... till he with a deft smile removes her from his face. Later babe, (always) later.

Readers may recall the pinstripe woman-man in the kitchen who slipped a message to hippie Humdinger? It's Scum Herald critic *Peta Bolt Jones*, hired in by Superbia Heartland! But Prof Alterigo is a step ahead... he knows Jones is here to nail Mandy Hak and Dora Jarr for their political shit-stirring. So Prof handed Humdinger his *own* letter. And right now

Humding slips it to deadly Dora (whose favour he needs to curry) and she steps to the mic.

- Castle-ites, I 'ave in my sweaty hand a letter written by a feller here tonight who I'll not *name* but who sure names me. He sent *this* (she brandishes it like Chamberlain at Munich) to MaxFair and BlueSky media! I'm gunna fucken read it.

'For those who still care about the tenor of public election debate in this country, I, WITNESS A, lying low after BLOWING THE WHISTLE in the Hong Kong Double Agent Case, hereby answer public accusations from hypocrite journalist Dora Jarr. It is an irony that 'DJ Jarr' with her brazen scandalist promotions feeding an indelible need to be noticed, whose bilious stories and random facts epitomise the carping me-me narcissism of today's youth, is just your classic head-in-sand Aussie bleeder wanting to insulate herself from NECESSARY SUFFERING. Radio ping-pongs with one Professor Alterigo, the 'responsible daddy in her head'? These expose a bullying victim persona that seeks permanent HANDOUTS, not to mention reams of child minders. Sexy earth mother Miri Pond-Swyll? Right here! Weekend bloke Wayne Kerr from the Banking Sector? Hi Wayne! Depressed artist Malcontent? Being used, Malc! Queer polack Boglomov? No future buddy. We're all discombobulated at Jarr's obsession with her 'Alter Ego'. When will she quit wallowing in TALL-POPPY ENVY of other folks' achievements? I, the embattled Witness A, shall be numbered among her casualties. I recommend NDIS MENTAL HEALTH FUNDING for the wee girl!

- People! Me Dora Jarr just outed Alterigo's junkie need to be an INFLUENCER! 'Witness A' what the fuck? Our Party punctures your shit tonight. Waddy *you* care about Mandy Hak's immigration war, or our Noddy Ding lying in a coma (crowd boos), or our Miri's obsessive libido! (laughter) or CENTRELINK wiping my payments like a ROBODEBT bitch so I have to chase ILLEGAL income? Not afraid to say it, people: you use us, we'll use *you*. Masters of our own freaking universe! (Weedy Humdinger catcalls) - Come out Witness A! Stand for democriissy against hypocriissy for our Party!

Yet it's a fact most inexorable that the shady quick-footed Professor is no longer on the premises, or indeed to be located anywhere in this street, or suburb or region or timezone...

Never mind. Erina Doolan, who never shakes a sloven's habit of racking up Insta notches on the bedpost, and having nicked his wallet from his pocket during the speech, fools herself she has a date with the guy.

Piss-and-wind Humdinger again: - Yah I wanna say, you should know me as proprietor of SLAM radio - and right now people, I am maybe target of political assassination and takeover by BlueSky media! I wass at Franklin Dam man! I gotta upgrade my profile 'coss money *talks*. Your Party muss get with my station 'coss I get behind you man! In corporate dogland we need advertising and sponsors *fast*

The Jurkoff / Gobshite cabal nearly vomit in their Doc Martins.

- This bullshit guy wants a bet each way? Fake old lefty tells us to 'move with the times' 'cos money talks!

This generates general ruckus. Humding defends.

- I'll do your campaign ads yah? I even giff illegal cash to the Party tonight! Dora (well toasted) butts in.

- Leave SLAM alone, fuck yas. My boyfriend Wayne Kerr from the Banking Sector is CONBANK MAN. He's gonna finance the party! (Gobshite) - NO Corporate Pig donations!

Wayne gets shovelled forward amid a flurry of mobile flashes.

(Poppy Gonski) - Ooh whoa you mean *this* guy? Dude, wanna root?

(Wayne) - Oh, yes! and er thank you. I - er - do represent certain finance interests and er follow your party's progress courtesy of Ms. Jarr

(Beena Randle) - Donate in any position ya want me, baby

(Dora) - Shut it Beena, he's *mine*. Sorry Malc, money talks.

Grrr! DJ Malcontent suddenly bungs on a track that's notably *aggressive*. Chaos reigns for thirty seconds before Jurkoff cuts the music.

- People! Our last speaker tonight is a Brave Black Woman who does ironik speeches to shitheads at Superbia Heartland. Walk in her shoes, people! Welcome *Felinda Whitelake*

- Yo Castle! In Superbia I was 'The Barefoot Black Who Could' thanks to my private schoolie connections, so thank god I turned into a lawyer. Who decrees First Nations conform to Australia's entrenched interests? Answer: we Original Australians, we 'menacing new cultural appropriators' now wedged into the Constitution, gotta go where the cancel-culture wind blows us! Assimilate mate, it's OZmosis. (Lefty white laughter) But we'll always be land bludgers and Treaty rebels who wanna sabotage the wealth-grabbing progress of this great multicultural nation! No-one ever *really* likes us eh! (Yeaahhh we do! from the mob) So I'm spruiking Indigenous Sovereignty for the GCSSP coz the AUSTRALIAN WARS never ended! And now to frontline business... I got a message passed to me by Humdinger from one ROGER SWYLL, Superbia candidate for WantWorth. (Copious boos and catcalls) I quote: 'To whom it may concern: notice is hereby given through Colonisers' Mutual Realty that the property at Number 1 Castle Street is scheduled for DEMOLITION on 30 January of the coming year, giving way to erection of Social Housing Units for the benefit of low-income Inner West residents in conformity with the policy objectives of Monsignor Roger Swyll, businessman, Liberal Candidate for WantWorth.'

There's gobsmacked silence.

- Should I go on?

A wee voice (Rosebud) is heard. - Mummy, whass it meeean?

(Miri) - This is impossible

(Jurkoff) - Who knew about this? Who the fuck *knew* about it?

A sleek Asiatic girl at the back pops her hand up. No-one sees.

(Felinda) - Whoa people! I guess we know how Indigenous folks feel right now

(Malcontent) - Oi Humdinger! Who fed you this letter?

- Jeesuss Christ man... that tall guy-woman dressed in suit. She - He - Her

- It - They - Them was here!

But non-cis Peta Bolt Jones is already striding along Downbeat Avenue, about to jump in her car.

Kamikaze Mandy grabs the mic. - Youze all know we're gonna fight this. We're gonna KILL THE SWYLL!

But Cookie Jarr shouts. - Look, look!

All heads swivel. A spidery machine appears in the air above the fence and with a buzz hovers over the throng.

The tin lids are on their feet and starting to howl. - *Ooooooohh. Get it get it!*

The obnoxious black thingy veers close to the big gum. Ma and Pa Possum scurry along a branch.

- It's spy media! Bring it down!

Boglov, red in face, charges into the house.

The drone is right by Pa Possum. He leans out, whacks it. It shudders and dips. People leap, try to grab. It recovers, zooms.

- Who the fuck's controlling it?

At that moment a big fit-looking woman steps to the mic.

- *My name is Flora McHunt, police officer.* Nobody move. I repeat -

But Ma Possum's got in the act. She's cuffed the drone! It shudders in the branches. Pa Possum whacks it too. There's a comical scuffle. The crowd cheers. Ma gives a mighty whack and the cussed thing falls. People grab at it but it evades their fingers. Then comes a deafening BOOM! Cripes, Boglov fired his SHOTGUN! Ma and Pa scurry to the tree's apex. People hit the dirt.

(McHunt) - Desist! Stop now. This is an order!

But Boglov lets the other barrel go KABOOM! By chance not design the filthy machine sparks, twizzles, crashes. A gang of humanoids crushes it underfoot in a stomping ritual of hollering delight.

McHunt hurries forward but Malcontent side-charges her. She's pole-axed, flat out like a lizard drinking.

- Let's hear it for Ma and Pa Poss!

Someone whacks on the music. Acca Dacca blares out electric mayhem.

A huddle of kids is screaming and twizzling on the lawn. Boys are stomping on McHunt. Suddenly Amanda Gobshite and Beena Randle and Poppy Gonski come running from the house with bottles in their hands. Shit, fireworks! But of course they're *molotovs*. And Beena with a satanic grin is lighting and they're getting chucked at the shed roof - and...

WHAMMOO! WHOOSHKA! KABLOOEEEE! Orange flares bedazzle the night. Kids scream and huddle. Evil faces glower. Suddenly down the hall and through the kitchen with a clatter of bottles comes a phalanx of COPS. Half a dozen! They splay into the yard... The crowd howls, sags back, gathers itself, shovels forward like a swaggering beast. Cops are pinioned to the house wall. Mandy Hak leaps on a bloke's shoulders but the blueboys 'cuff the horse' and she crashes underfoot. There's a rush for the back fence: bodies clamber and slither till someone finds the gate and hordes shovel out and down Catpiss lane. Erina Doolan in her skank heels and shoddy mini, coolly streams Malc and McHunt mudwrestling plus Boglomov stomping on McHunt's noggin.

The music's killed. A cop commandeers the mic.

- Everyone stay where you are! This area is sealed!

A remnant cowers by the barbecue. The deceased drone slips furtively from hand to hand.

- Hand it over... hand that over!

Not a chance. Dora Jarr has it. She scurries to the gate. Wayne Kerr is behind (the Banker who mustn't be caught) and they're out and gone, down Catpiss lane. Boggo and Malc are apprehended by scruff of neck. Things seem to calm... though McHunt is ready to *kill* till an officer puts a finger in her face. - That'll *do*!

Presently, from a dim corner between house and garbage bins steps an Asian girl with a white mask in hand.

- Officers. I was present tonight observing this crass debacle for legal purposes. I'm a barrister at Wiggener Beacher lawyers, my name is JUDITH CLEAR (she brandishes her ID), and I'll take my leave - if that's cool with you gentlemen.

And Erina Doolan who streamed literally everything, waits till exceptional Judith exits to the kitchen, then creeps after her and collars her by the sink and says 'Remember me in the bushes, Asia baby?' before shoving Clear's head under a tap and turning it FULL ON... and when Judith is wriggling and flailing and can't breathe no more, at the very last Doolan flings her to the floor where she lies gasping in a heap under the table. Game set match? Doolan leaves by the front, and not in a hurry.

Postscript. The ever-creative Beena Randle + Poppy Gonski duo got hold of that drone and cooked it in their oven till it coagulated in blackness. Then they made a nice big cake and popped the dead drone in it. On top they wrote in lovely pink icing: *'To Superbia Heartland, with love from Castle Street.'*

* * * *

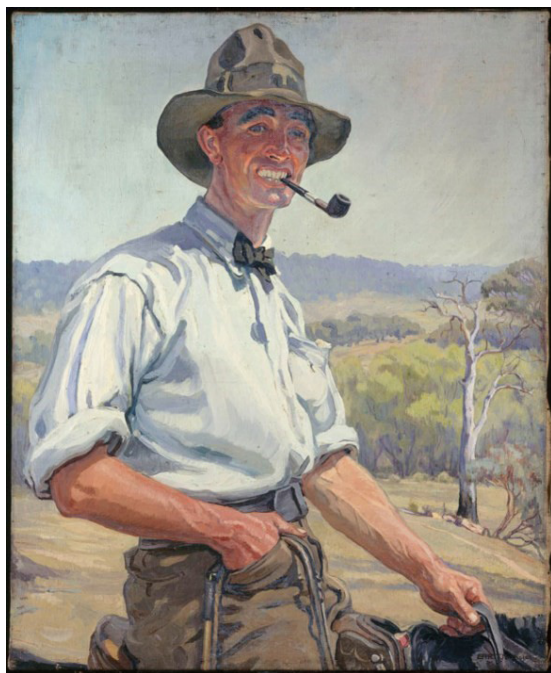
It can't have escaped Careenna B, loyalist spouse to Roger Swyll, that aerial bugging of Castle plus public notice of its demolition is a truly epic electoral blunder. Mongol hordes of leftie wildcats brandishing socialist manna from black-armband historic heaven will now flood the media in a supercharged onslaught at this capitalist hypocrite from Vaucluse and the privileged slime he represents. Yet the campaign having been so wretchedly platitudinous that even the party spinmeisters can't recall the bilge they put out yesterday, a public nauseous of Canberra-bubble dribblings and the light-year gap from their own pocketbook needs, might conceivably be woke from slumber by Swyll's sudden CLASS WAR thus granting him the luxury of *attention...* but as any jaundiced hack will tell ya, all we'll get is a media-scrum Gotcha Circus that titivates for a day (despite those horrific Castle livestreams) before disappearing down the anal plughole of cancelled electoral dross. Careenna may hope to fight another day on back of the electorate's goldfish attention span, but a bloodied knife cuts both ways: it may be her husband will be examined and found rank of smell, spat out and deposited down selfsame plughole while Castle Street and its hairy agitated gnomelike barricaded Miserables will also perish in a fusillade of media cancellation. Thus, the workings of Democracy! In all its grotesquery of fake justice and forgetting, democracy levels the field - and we all stumble on into our myopic dribble futures where no-one learns a thing, at all.

* * * *

Your sometime narrator Alterigo is forced to reflect that he's not really any kind of true blue Australian, either in origin or spirit. What right have I (he admits) to impose myself on this country's affairs? Then again,

whose damn country is it? A nation of immigrants glances nervously-superiorly at their 60,000-year black cousins without ever really grocking their reality, while looking about and registering copious skin tones and foreign handles that don't match their own. Multiculturalism may swim in single-tribe ghettos, but we hope in the course of time to 'blend in a mishmash called REAL AUSTRALIA' - without ever defining what that is beyond sepia-toned yesteryear competitions like 'who best relates to the land' (KOORIS win hands down) or 'who built this economy' (Labor Party grunting hard) or 'who feeds this country' (farmers + droughtfireflood-sufferin' townies grab the high ground) or 'who does the day-to-day shit' (Viets and Thais and Chinese poke up their heads) or 'who guards this country's budget' (Liberal Party in case you didn't know) or 'who maintains our moral fibre' (Catholic-Anglico-Pressbutton-Jewy-Mosquite-Muzzo silos) or 'who's the Conscience of the place' (lefty youth-tribe Conspiracy Theorists hanging at mythic Castle Street) or maybe that ageless fuzzy-romantic Darryl Kerrigan Dude Male who wears his cultural-historic Aussie shirt like he's born to it and whose spectral career includes: cockney convict on the make, slab-toting Irish pub larrikin, sunburnt Queensland canecutter, tradie in his eternal ute, flax-haired surfie of WA's wild waves, hard-hatted man of the iron-ore slaglands, laconic slouch-hatted ANZAC (shooting random Afghans), swaggie of the dusty low roads, cork-hatted Dundee of the Kakadu, Man from Snowy, Banjo fucken Patterson of the cloying bush ballad, up-there Cazaly or wristy Warnie or unsung Dad of the backyard barbie or relaxed n' comfy Mum of the suburb patio or black-faced Firey of the forested hills or Queen Priscilla of the red-desert centre (that one's a bit orf)... And watabout the Ladies? Hairy-armed country sconemakers! Or that gang of Weird-Mob Eyetic Greeks n' Lebs? Nah mate, we're doin' it right in Aussie, we're creamin' it, we're a goddam world-beating MULTICULTURE. So if yer wanna publish a BOOK on our great Aussie Narcissus Pool and get anyone to read it, it'd better be about TheANZACSTheSettlersTheImmigrantsTheHarshLand-TheAbosTheSurfersTheSuburbanNeurotics... and if yer wanting pointyheaded intellectual arty stuff - GO BACK TO WHERE YA CAME FROM! 'We are one, but we are mangy / From inferior lands of earth we come / Feather our dream - and squawk with

one voice: I am, You are, We are Orstrayliun.' Coz feller, I'm Clancy on his 'orse, Ned Kelly on the run, the one who waltzed Matilda, I am Australiyun! I came 'ere on a prison ship bound down by iron chains, I worked the land, endured the lash! and waited for the rains. I'm a settler and a farmer on 'is dry and barren run, a convict and a free man, a true Australiyun! A child of the Depression years, I saw the good times come: a bushy and a battler, I am AUSTRALIUNN. The hot wind of the desert, the black soil of the plains, the mountain and the valley, the gushing flooding rains! Oi am the Rock, oi am the Sky, the Rivers when they run, the Spirit of this Wide Brown Land: I am ORSTRAYLIYUNN!





a democratic fraud

INDUSTRIAL-SCALE MORAL RELATIVISM Down at Central Magistrate's Court, pert and perfect barrister Judith Clear deposits in front of her a fat bundle marked CENTRELINK VS. DORA JARR, and stands to address the Bench.

- Your Honour, the plaintiff Dora Jarr, resident at One Castle Street Erskineville, seeks to halt an order from Centrelink to repay XXX ROBODEBT \$\$\$ arising from the plaintiff's claim for Centrelink payments from the date ---- to ---- in relation to her daughter Cookie Jarr, abetted by the following persons Centrelink portrays as being either 'fathers or guardians' to said Cookie Jarr: (-----, -----, -----,-----).

(Sir) Bentley Spiff KC (presiding magistrate): - We will proceed in this matter - though I require it to be noted that media interest has heated up around the case, not least from the plaintiff's effort to portray herself as a *cause celebre*. So, conspiracy-theory grandstanding will not be tolerated. Jarr is represented by Wendell Squodgy KC and we have his deposition in writing. You have the floor, Ms Clear.

- Dora Jarr. How many boyfriends would you say you have at any given time?

- Depends what you mean by boyfriend

- In the last six months?

(Counts on fingers) - Six or so, excluding one-nighters and monthly visits from Aunt Flo

- Something of a gushing stream?

- Didn't mention girls

- You count yourself non gender-specific?

- Sure, if they all look after Cookie while I'm out slaving for her welfare

- You earn well then?

- Low-paid and voluntary don't ya know

- Public profile apparently blossoming?

- Wouldn't wannabe on welfare forever

- I'm wondering why you don't spend more quality time with your five-year-old
- Can't have yer cookie and eat it
- Why's she home all day?
- Expelled from year one
- And thereby hangs a grisly tale
- Whoah, learn yer CASUAL MISOGYNY at law school? Ever heard of Kathleen Folbigg?
- You rent with solo mother Miriama Pond, do you not? Solo motherhood seems to be catching at Castle Street
- Been poking round down there?
- Your Honour, the witness's imputation should be struck
(Spiff) - So struck
- Yeah, Uncle Wendell here helped Miri get custody of Rosebud after Rog Swyll dumped her arse
(Spiff) - Ms Clear?
- The defendant is referring to the politician. A regrettable case
(Dora, under breath) - Regrettable for your case
(Spiff) - Ms Jarr, you will speak with clarity or not at all
- Gotcha. Rog Swyll put Castle up for demolition. Got everyone's 'welfare' at heart
- On that subject your Honour, Mister Swyll is providing social housing options for -
- Let's hope it beats Miri's shitty alimony. 'Cause *she* ain't with Centrelink
(Spiff) - Ms Clear, I fail to see -
- I believe Ms Jarr is grandstanding on the plight of solo mothers
- Put your case in order, Ms Clear
(Smile from Dora)
- Certainly, your Honour. I steer the court's attention to the chaotic atmosphere at Castle Street residence in which Cookie Jarr and others, including Rosebud Pond-Swyll, are 'brought up'
- Listen Ms Perfect, I don't take moolah from *any* of my guys - 'cept when they buy me beers. I've been trying to work out who the father is for five years
- Your Honour, in relation to the conducting of DNA tests -

- Ya can't compel every tom dick or harry to take a test who shows up!
- How convenient, considering characters like Messrs Cliff Weekly, Boglomov, Malcontent and Wayne Kerr are regular fixtures
- Check your facts. They turned up post the birth
- How is that relevant when you've cited *all* of them with Centrelink at various times as guardians?
- Can I help it if I was having sex with ten men before Cookie turned up?
- *Ten* now?
- Figure of speech! (under breath) 'Least I ain't a lezzo
- (Spiff) - Ms Jarr?
- I said 'at least I wrote a letter', your Honour
- Ms Clear, explain?
- You'll find in your bundle Exhibit A: letters to the defendant Centrelink from Jarr the plaintiff responding to her 'indecision on the father's provenance'
- Specially since a bunch of 'em *told* me they were the dad
- No doubt to share in the hefty payments you're getting
- (Spiff) - Ms Clear, is that a statement or a question?
- (Dora) - Don't worry Bentley, m'boy. She doesn't have kids
- (Diverse hoots from the gallery)
- Your Honour, I call Miriama Pond.

(When Miri dresses to the nines, we know she's harbouring something)

- Ms Pond-Swyll -
- Pond, if you don't mind
- Ms Pond... you recently complained in print that your daughter Rosebud was being 'cyber-bullied' by Cookie Jarr
- An overreaction in hindsight. I failed to mention that neither child owns a smartphone
- You and Dora Jarr don't see eye to eye over children, do you?
- I was unfortunately under pressure in my capacity as head of Cosmos childcare centre
- Oh, the one where your friend Mandy Hak worked 'off the books' and ended up attacking a child
- She *disciplined* a child. But yes, I was required to suspend her
- (Spiff) - Ms Clear, relevance?

- I seek to reinforce the loose respect for law and custom obtaining at Castle Street among the women
- At this point you appear to be providing a platform for media provocateurs
- Oh Mandy Hak, your Honour? She's a confederate of Ms Jarr and likely a party to her manoeuvrings
- (Miri) - Objection, your Honour. Tendentious
- (Spiff) - Ms Pond, a witness cannot object
- Well, this witness does. (Miri's in no mood for sleaze)
- (Clear) - Well, Ms. Pond, you'll admit Cookie Jarr has a generally traumatising influence over Rosebud?
- They're mates. Cookie leads their adventures
- Adventures? You mean staying up to the small hours running around at alcoholic parties?
- Well informed. Enjoy alcoholic parties do you?
- (Spiff, not quite an idiot) - Ms Clear, am I required to save you from embarrassment here?
- Er, no your Honour (shit-eating grin). Ms Pond, you are the 'house mother' at Castle, and know intimately what goes on there, particularly with Dora Jarr
- I seek to shelter our fine residents from my ex-husband's predations!
- Ah yes, your *landlord*. He arranged for low rent in exchange for low child payments? Hardly 'predations'
- He's demolishing the fucking place! And of course he's briefing *you*. Him and his Superbia scum, paying your fees
- (Spiff) - You will stand down, Ms. Pond! And you Ms Clear, will control your witnesses. That is, if they're relevant to this case.

Miri just played an ace. She's out in the corridor, and at least two reporters follow. Dora steps out followed by Wendell Squodgy, who seems a little at sea. The journalists are suitably briefed on 'provable hook-ups between Superbia and Judith Clear'. Dora gives Miri a little hug. Meanwhile:

(Clear) - Your Honour, I call Mr Boglomov.

Boggo steps up, looking a few stubbies short of a six pack. The 'militant indigenous' hairdo looks like he crossed an atom bomb with a fried egg.

- Mister Boglomov, as a 'room-mate' of Ms Jarr, you were tossed out in favour of one Malcontent?

(Boglomov, not noted for nuance) - Centrelink are just zese ogres trying to chain and punish defenceless working women! I leave za space becoss Malcontent hass mental depression and anxiety problemz. I help him get some good lovvng from our Dora

- Mister Boglomov! You were one of the males cited by Ms Jarr to Centrelink as the father of Cookie!

- I think I *am* zis. I do much for little Kook. Even I discipline her when she try to put head of Rossbud down toilet

- *Were* you intimate with Dora Jarr at the time of Cookie's conception?

- I come, I go... what do you want? Some sex tapes maybe?

- Certainly not, but we have *recordings*. Your Honour, I seek leave to play extracts from Dora Jarr's radio show...

Dora swivels a dirty look at hippie Humdinger in the gallery. And he's on his feet.

- Yah Dora! Under law of broadcasting I am required to surrender tapes!

(Clear) - Another of your 'benefactors', Ms Jarr?

- Fuck off Judy. Guy's too old to get it up

- No doubt you made the attempt?

(Wendell is signalling furiously. Spiff cuts the crap) - Enough! Stand down the witness. Bailiff, clear that fellow from the gallery. Ms Jarr, you risk being found in *contempt* of these proceedings. Adjourn for thirty minutes.

Soon, Judith Clear has Dora in the chair, and her little recording is ready.

'Note to Public! Straight after Cookie pregnancy disgusting Jarr (me) had sex with several candidates as INSURANCE POLICY, including Cliff Weekly the mechanic who likes to 'fix my carburettor'. Also faked exact birth date to play them all off and told ROBODEBT CENTRELINK me Dora was on sex-binge at time of Cookie conception due to DEPRESSION and fear of FINANCIAL WHACK from SUDDEN BABY in South Sea Paradise Australia. The blokes all get to pay for lunch, booze and rent. Exploitive venal Dora learnt how to organise men. Tick. Not to leave out the INVESTMENT - perennially Keen Wayne Kerr from the Banking Sector...'

(Dora) - It's satire, dearie. Entertainment. Got a sense of humour in China have we?

- Your Honour, such screeds clearly expedite our proceeding
- Spoken like a true fascist. It's all I can do to get people to tune in at midnight! Half of it's made up, the other half exaggerated
- Hmmm. Your Honour, I call Mister Malcontent.

Malc joins the conga line.

- With respect, I believe you are currently receiving mental health support?
- It's a national problem. Our Castle Street Social Party is running on it in the election
- You've no current stable employment?
- If you call the gig economy stable employment, then I've got a shitload of it
- Ah yes, you're a musician
- And a good one. I write songs about depression - and sing 'em to little Cookie and Rosebud
- Appropriate, d'you think?
- Like these questions?
- Being a rock guitarist is quite a 'cool' thing, is it not?
- Apparently it isn't, considering my mental state
- Have you ever been on the dole, sir?
- Bet *you* haven't, Ms Lawyer

(Spiff) - Answer the question!

- Well dude, I have. Not so much fun

(Clear) - Indeed. Better to be cushioned by a *different* kind of government handout

- Dora is a *solo* mum. Not married, get it? Is it against the law of this country to have a sex life?
- Indeed no. But in the murky hinterlands of the welfare state, to have an illegal income, *is*
- Okay wise guy. I try to be 'a presence Cookie will like, or even love'. I'm depressed, a weirdo layabout artist troughing on NDIS moolah who contributes nothing to the social fabric (except joy) - but little Cookie likes me, yes she does
- Not a weak immoral chancer who was a stirrer in the communist party scene?

- No sweetie, just a dude who enjoys to parent for a few hours a week
(Wendell Squodgy stands) - Your Honour, I suggest this witness is being unfairly examined
- (Spiff) - I'd suggest he's grandstanding, which is clearly the plaintiff's modus operandi
- (Clear) - You know Cliff Weekly the 'mechanic'?
- Dora does her own shit in the hinterland. You'd be better to drag Wayne Kerr in here
- Oh, and why is that?
- Fully cashed up
- Not a friend of yours then? A rival even! (Dora does a 'zip it' sign to Malc) Despite the fact he finances your 'Castle Party'. Your Honour, I call Mister Wayne Kerr of ConBank!
- (Judith's curdled and overweening tone betrays. This is why she's weathered the embarrassments so far)
- Wayne's got up flash as a rat with a gold tooth (maybe a mistake).
- Mister Kerr, is it a fact you keep the Castle Party afloat, so to speak?
- I agreed only to consider the matter - under some public pressure, I'd add
- At their drunken launch perhaps?
- So you were *there*?
- The footage is all over social media!
- (Clear in all her Asian correctness is not a master at obfuscation. The Judge frowns)
- Well, let's be *kind*. Ms Jarr wooed you with her rough charms and her sweet daughter. You're picturesquely known as 'The Investment' according to radio transcripts?
- (And Dora, despite fears she's about to be betrayed by her banker, grins at what comes next)
- I 'invest' in a person of integrity who's not only struggling to make a career but who to this day is unable to establish the father of her child, to her great upset
- But it's *you* who is financing this legal suit against reimbursing thousands to Centrelink?
- Then likely I'm paying your fees

- I quote another radio transcript! Dora Jarr: 'Don't you get huge performance bonuses, Wayne?'

- Well, if you're referring to my support for the social loans scheme of my CEO Richard Head...

- Did you and Jarr discuss the *blackmailing* of Richard Head?

- Uurrr - don't think I'm going to answer that

Wendell Squodgy steps up. - Your Honour, Mr Kerr is not on trial here!

(Spiff) - Agreed

(Wendell) - May I have a minute with my client?

- If you must.

Outside, Dora is hissing.

- Wendell, put me on the stand and examine me now! I can get Head's balls in a vice for that dodgy loans scandal. Wayne blew the whistle on it!

- I fail to see how this is relevant to -

- It goes to character! Wayne and me. We fight for the downtrodden against these corporate bitches. I got the goss on Wayne's phone. See?

- Oh dear.

Back on the stand, Squodge lobs a Dorothy Dixier.

- And over time you've found Mister Kerr to be a person of integrity?

(Dora) - Yup, we 'ad a good trot. See, Dickie Head is super-embarrassed because he tried to *cover up* dodgy social loans that were recalled by the hundred. All because ConBank was backing Swyll's Superbia agenda. Sucked in! Wayne told Head: 'You're supposed to be supporting the battlers and women!' There was even a loan to our mates in Franklin Street. I personally heard Head say he'd fire my Wayne if it 'didn't all work out'.

(The journos are scribbling!)

(Clear) - Your Honour, this is hearsay! Irrelevant!

(Wendell) - Your Honour, it goes to establishing the integrity of the witness and Wayne Kerr

(Spiff) - I'll hear it.

Judith snaps a pencil under the desk. Time to prove you're a pro, dearie.

(Dora holds up Wayne's phone) - Here's the frigging transcript of their meeting, recorded by Wayne. We're in the boardroom. Listen, this is Dick

Head. 'Come in Wayne. Tulsi, get me all our low-threshold loan schedules for the fiscal year. That's it, *ConBank Battlers*. And get hold of our worm at ICAC. We're gonna need him.' (She fiddles) Then this: 'Wayne, you need to avoid being mixed up with that dodgy girl journalist in matters that affect our bank's image. Otherwise I can't be responsible for your prospects.' Dudes, it's obvious as a dog's balls. So I say to Wayne: EXPOSE your CEO! Maybe you'll even replace him. But he *didn't* expose, he told only me. Wayne's the *dude*, people

(Dora has a bit of a smirk on)

(Clear is incensed) - But the inference is clear! If Wayne Kerr *didn't* expose Richard Head, Jarr simply blackmailed Kerr and got a scoop for her *own* damn media obsession! Any which way, he's her 'financial security'. And she's *still* 'double dipping' with Centrelink!

(This is theoretically not a stupid argument, and Clear, red in her pearly face, thinks for a bubble moment she's clinched something. Our Judge wasn't born yesterday though)

- Ms Jarr, your evidence is noted

(Now Dora puts her foot in her mouth) - You bet! Us Robodebt social misfits and psych patients get kicked out of our gaffs by corporate bullies like Rog Swyll and Superbia and ConBank 'cause we can't pay in a downturn. They're smacking the little people!

(The MaxFair / BlueSky scribblers take note.)

(Spiff) - Kindly shut *up*, Ms Jarr. Thirty-minute recess.

Squodgy and Dora are out back, sharing a ciggy.

(Dora) - Don't forget to rub it in about Swyll and Superbia wanting to demolish Miri's home. Swyll dumped Rosebud years ago and pays shit-all support in exchange for 'low' rent

- Better to get your mother to push the 'stranded female' line. More direct

- Okay. But don't forget my mother is a lush.

On the stand is the indeed substantially loose Glenys Jarr.

- Yer Onner, a word in yer Germain Greer. Youz lot might reckon I'm a bogan on the blink oo dropped 'er bundle on the finance front so my girl deserves her mess 'cause she didn't keep tabs on the boyz when 'er bun wuz in the oven - but I tell ya, bein' female and single in this country is no

party-picnic. Look ahead thirty years people: look at muy, look at MUY! My daughter's gonna be ME. (And she bursts into a fusillade of snivels and coughs) And she can't even keep 'er house and 'er friend Miri Pond can't either - 'cause those ordin'ry Superbia bastards are knocking it darn. No social 'ousing for her, they'll make sure! An' Dora 'ad a good wicket with them POSH people till she started writin' about religious hypocrites an' asian sex slaves n' gay marriage n' abortion rights n' not 'aving babies if yer not hitched. The scum *cancelled* her, sent 'er to fucken Gowings just when she's on the improve. So if nice fellers like Wayne or Malcontent or the polack Boglomov or that Cliff Weekly bloke come circling and wanna give the ferret a run wivout no dunlop overcoat, yer can't blame a girl for clutchin' at straws n' floggin' 'er sex chops. An' this POSH crowd n' ConBank n' Superbia bunch o' snots: they're in it together! But after today, which one of 'em 'll run for cover first eh? ...Cripes, wez the ladies? I needa give birth to a Politician.

Dora and Wendell exchange satisfied grins. But Judith Clear is not yet kaput.

- You've clearly left out the right of Patrons Of Spiritual Health to protect against spiritual degeneration in our country, the *right* to dismiss atheist saboteurs and Filin Bong boosters like Professor Alterigo who pulls the strings of Dora Jarr! - or of a status-grasping Asian accountant fraudster who threw herself in the sea out of *guilt*, out of sheer guilt...

And Judith Clear loses her thread of words, and her righteous indignation dries up.

(Judge) - Will someone kindly clarify to me what the hell is going on?

And (not so silly old) Wendell Squodgy rises to his feet.

- Sir, if I may. It *appears* that my client learned from one Professor Alterigo, a ranking officer at POSH, that their chief accountant Su Mi Yo? blackmailed that charity with promise of a mansion for the cover-up of a sexual assault on Yo by one CRISPIAN SLAUGHTER, former Attorney General, now under investigation by one D.I Flora McHunt, who is not in this courtroom today.

(The hornswoggled Spiff raises a knotty hand, but Wendell won't be stoppered)

- This 'kleptomaniac Korean' bought a mansion in Dover Heights based on a Ponzi Scheme called Thank You Faithful Old Friends. On being investigated (by D.I. McHunt), she disappeared. Two theories emerge at this juncture. Either she's the owner of a fake foot found floating at Bondi Beach with a note tagged to it saying 'I did it', or she defected to North Korea and set up a national investor Ponzi Scheme trading counterfeit Aussie dollars. Our D.I. McHunt considers both options 'too blatant' your Honour

(Spiff) - Yess yess Squodgy, but what's this got to do with - (and he's cut off)

- It is public knowledge that Crispian Slaughter (POSH CEO alleged to have poked Su Mi Yo) left Government due to allegations of all-night binges at Parliament house and drugged liaisons with a vertically-challenged obese indigenous underage shemale employee in a wheelchair called Higgins. Since he's now dubbed 'the political dog turd that keeps on giving', your Honour - we arrive at the point of our story

(Spiff has a swarm of white-ants in his pants) - Which *is*, which *is* -?

- The plaintiff calls one ERINA DOOLAN as her final witness!

And Blitherina shuffles her spectacular arse up to the stand.

- Hey, y'all.

Judith Clear takes a proper look at her, and a slow curdled feeling starts to rise in her bowel.

- Yeah hi. I'm one of them downtrodden single women you've met a lot today. I wanna talk about 'some people I know': Mizz Peta Bolt Jones, shemale journalist - who's in this court today and who campaigned *against* gay marriage back in '17! - Roger Swyll, crooked Lib Party candidate, Mister Crispian Slaughter, massive fucken rapist! and Mister *Anson Gu* - that Chinaman who got burgled for enslaving Asian girls, but that's another case your Honour. (She simpers) What've all these gents to do with me? One thing: I took *photos* of 'em.

Judith Clear no longer has the guts to do anything but whisper.

- Sex worker...

Bentley Spiff's hearing isn't diminished by forty years in a courtroom.

- *What* did you say, Ms Clear?

And Clear looks up like a doe-eyed victim in a Manga comic.

- Er, the witness is a sex worker, er your Lordsh - your Honour.

- And right I am! (shouts Blitherina) And I got photos to show ya! 'Cause I *need* 'em, otherwise I'd be a throwaway piece of Irish ass, a commodity, a fucken hustler tramp bitch-on-heat slut escort strumpet streetwalker harlot fallen woman ozzie workin' girl, all done up like a dinner! Yeah, photos in the *nude*, in the act of domination! But I don' blackmail, no sirr. I take snaps of all my little parties - and *one* of 'em was at filthy corrupt CASTLE STREET. *This* sheila's been there more than once. We 'ad sex there, under a bush - as you do. Check it out.

And she hands the photos to Wendell, who takes a tiny peek, then hands them to the judge.

Bentley Spiff KC looks down, contemplates, looks up.

- Er, Ms Clear. It seems these photos are of you...

Sprunggg! Judith Clear without her bundle is out the door, hurrying through the dim-lit corridor, blundering in the street, in the clear cold daylight... toward a place she knows not of.



a roost of chickens

LIBERATING DEMOCRACY Our trusty know-all narrator Prof Alterigo again sets the proper tone. 'They say no participatory democracy or indeed society can function without the bedrock of basic morality born of conscience. And while this fact makes each of us 'arbiters of the general weal' it also makes us wrestle with the dichotomy that we ants scarcely count. For what is conscience but 'a sense of the truth of things, in all its glory and badness'? It's said that OUR VOTE MATTERS - though we personally know it's barely a gestural duty born of a convoluted sense of BELONGING, where in the conscience of our souls we want to be diligently mindful of our community's politico-social welfare... Meanwhile, life's just too complicated, machine-like and overwhelming, and we're so thumped by the vagaries of fate and circumstance and ignorance and fear and rivalry and all of it, that we either (a) resign to grokking that our participation's near-worthless, or (b) resign to a bloodyminded anarchism that just might deliver some kind of negative impact. Or don't forget (c) the lethargy of loneliness, of 'a depression that nothing ever changes', or (d) the smugness of a 'spiritual vision' that says all political shenanigans are the candyfloss of self-serving materialists, or (e) a blockish selfcentred conspiracy-theory NIMBYISM born of manoeuvring to be victims of circumstance and make others pay! Hence the carefully spruiked and propagandised ritual of an ELECTION, which in its earnest godliness asks us to hoodwink ourselves one more time, to lather in faith that our system for all its shortcomings is the only one that's worthwhile, and that dictatorship (the alternative) is irretrievably worse. And if we want to champion 'people power as the basis for freedom' we'd better not get too stressed when people don't play conformist nice-games of orderly debate and polite voting - to the tune of party machines who've got it all sewn up anyway. Not to mention the truism that 'debate' rapidly spirals into namecalling / undermining / venality / scandal. For the 'spiritually sensitive' it's a perennial source of wonder that the workings of democracy are so harsh, whereby we need to obliterate an opponent's credibility to prove our own. It seems democracy's a cheerleader for humanity's baser

instincts (gladiatorial bloodlet of the footy match, the parliamentary bear-pit, blind conformism to party dogma) just as it claims to Reach for the Marble of our higher ones. Yet totalitarianism, that autistic puristic fundamentalism, that criminal horror of illogic, can't compete - not for the fragile loyalty of Average Joe and Jill, those weirdly spiritual entities who 'stand between life and oblivion and somehow always choose life'! Meanwhile, cooperation and competition are our co-mingled lifeblood: held in balance they're supposed to deliver 'success', which is really just 'the stability of disequilibrium' - like thrashing waves on an immoveable deep sea, or the murkiness of a dismal-fretful science called economics, or the fattened fields of a civilisation amid rift valleys of bubbling larval cracks in mother earth... What does politics teach? That we're fragile beings in a fragile pact with mortality even as we bang the ideological drumbeat of 'progress, stability, wealth, opportunity!' whilst our fenced Properties and Souls and Nations barely exist except as quagmired ideals, as mud-founts of competing desperation and hope. And yet we've HOPE in spades: the OPIATE of masses who crave titivation, novelty, change of any kind - like liquid in a desert, pool of light in a darkened city, swath of flowers in an empty field...

So! Bring on FEDERAL ELECTION NIGHT and its three-yearly orgasm of speculation and a bad case of the trots! Cheer-chasing promises as substantial as masticated bubblegum and gulped chardonnay, apocalyptised visions of how a 0.0001 swing against the incumbent in the bellwether seat of Rooty Hill will impact the democratical order, sweaty glitter-eyed affirmations of the Aussie Way from zealots in party ties under riotously bunched balloons, the din of hope and disappointment worse than a Grand Final as execrable percentages creep across bluey screens, solemn words are blithered by the junkie commentariat, the slap of cold surf cementing this or that shark-biscuit candidate's fate for the entertainment of we togetherist weekend democrats in our adversarial fetishised bloodbath of empowered personal choice. Beetroot faces and crocodile grins of winners and their commonsensical visionary speeches! and the blurred tick of midnight turning us all to dream-zombie punters who hang onto a ghostly pendulum somewhere in a realm called

Democracy, before we crawl in bed and dream fitful life-altered sleeps till the cold clunk of morning re-embeds a shrugging embarrassment at being citizens in a never-never partisan land, ever the same but wanting desperately to be something else.’



PARTYCRASHERS If a person could see what a moron they really are, they'd likely cease to be that person. There's a moral in here somewhere, and we intend to exploit it. Election night has a way of driving even the cockroaches out of the woodwork in suicidal lunges at liberty. A 'nondescript white van' - though splattered in symbols of Veges Getting Syringed and stonking slogans like *Down with Piiiiigs!* - thunders up the drive at the Gu residence in Darling Point. Darkened bods in V for Vendetta masks shout 'This is the place! Watch for the stupid stone dragons!' as Castle Street, gone Terrorist, bundles Chinese media proprietors Ma and Pa Gu into the van then hoons on down to the Chinese Embassy and grinningly chains the pair to the gate by their necks with bicycle locks. One terrorist whacks up a 'CCP PARTY'S OVER!' sign and does a theatrical ring of the doorbell. Sweet as! The whole is livestreamed on YoTube Twitter n' Insta while Malcontent from Spazz Group regales the suburb with a screechy guitar solo along the lines of Hendrix' *Star Spangled Banner*. Savvy compassionate youth strikes again. Soon up at Superbia's Barchester Manse the selfsame apeshit Manson Mob in the selfsame van screeches in. Security risk? Not till intrepid D.I. Flora McHunt gets the call. Polack Boglomov is driving, with his new 'activist aboriginal' hairdo (nuclear bomb crossed with fried egg), this time teamed up with Yam Dong Dingo (one-armed bandit and disreputable Aus-asia poet) and street derro Loona McArdle (purple-skirted ugg-booted bandana-wearing hippie earthmother who once had a retro gift shop called *Happy Tat* and retro clothes shop called *Past Caring*) with Beena Randle and Poppy Gonski sporting the ruins of Roger Swyll's DRONE baked in a mighty chocolate hash cake, and Amanda Gobshite and Anita Jurkoff wielding blue-rinse spray paint spiked with coronavirus. Half an hour earlier Dora Jarr plus

mum Glenys, Mandy Hak, Erina Doolan, Miri Pond and (surprise!) Felinda Whitelake skunked their way in in halloween masks and took over the bar. 'We're the LEFTY MEDIA!' they bark in the spirit of knives-drawn democracy, and the act of shoving mics up folks' noses seems fair cover in this apocalyptic night of ecumenical Superbia Heartland Liberalism that'll surely sweep Wentworth and Beyond. Tonight's Castle agenda: drug the punters, trash the house and ritually string up Roger Swyll and his bitch wife plus any hangers-on who get in the way. Doolan pulls out a gigantic punch bowl, glugs all reachable alcoholic substances in, twists in a fistful of powder capsules and stirs it with her elbow. Dools of the Low Cleavage has a chat in the barman's ear, and he has an anticipatory grin on. The din gets intense. Alcoholised punters huddle at screens in galleried rooms, barking twitterish commentaries each to each. Super Lush Glenys Jarr has the ear of pointy-headed sophisticate Eura Wright Burke.

(Eura) - And who d'yew vote for?

- LABOR! Born a bogan mate, no silver spoon left home at thirdeen worked the abattoirs got a rat's tail wear trackydacks n' flannelette drink VB drive a commodore live in Mount Druitt got four kids from different dads toadly uneducated but not a moron mate, show muh tits to anyone who pays

- Yo, a ridgy-didge modern Aussie!

- Shit yeah, drink too fucken much smoke durries like they're goin' outa fashion, freakin' loud no filters mate, what ya see is what ya get, so stop cracking the shits with me bro and how good's VB?

- I'm currently obliterating the Cab Sav

- Yeah nah I'm *stoked* 'cos I'm white and a proper drongo mate. Call me a bogan n' I'm rapt! I read books so if ya call me a dumb cunt I'm laughin'. Even if I won lotto or scratchies I'd wear a diamond-studded set o' thongs to the dog races! Or I could get a boat and go nude on it all day. Hey, picked up a five-star lounge on your street, ak-sed the owner why she put it out. Said it's 'gotta spot' on it! Wadda you clowns tryin' to prove? We're not in fucken Milan

- In Superbia we speak the Queen's English!

- Goes with the territry but. More ya swear more trustable ya are - so if I

- call ya a cunt ya know I'll be all over ya like a rash. Wanna chuck a spaz?
- don't fucken invoite me. One less raw-prawn wanker oi 'ave to talk to
 - So daaarlin', 'maaaate' isn't necessarily a term of endearment in our country?
 - What's not to love? Check muh sick mullet bro. Even Abba had mullets, great way to get yer knickers wet. Business at the front, party at the back n' no sunburn on yer purple neck
 - Stone the crows, a closet racist!
 - Aussie Bogan Pride ain't racist! Fuck me dead, can't say this, can't say that. Jeez, some bastards find it offensive Christ was born in December. Every day's Austraya Day fella! No flag in me front yard but oi gotta Southern Cross tat and still driving me Ford like a mad woman's tits
 - Not drivin' home *tonight*?
 - Half a slab n' I'm off like a bride's nightie doin' burnouts. Total shocker carnage whoo hoo! What'll blow first, engine or tyres? Somethin' switches in me 'ead, I'm a fucken motosport champion
 - Top up? I'm enjoying our 'multicultural' convo
 - My oath. Time ter skull a shoey! Me girlfriend skulled one out of her fanny once. Done some dumb shit in me time. Bloke smacked a midi glass over me 'ead for a dare. Nearly bled ter death. Not a good idea in hoindsight. Regret it? Nope
 - A flamin' ripper Aussie trooper!
 - Shirl be right mate. I was handcuffed starkers to a hills hoist and tortured by me old man. PTSD and a side sauce o' veteran suicide ideation - worse when the docs give ya wrong tablets and fuck ya in the head some more. Reckon I'm bungin' it on? Don't grizzle, suck it up, she's all good, *che serah serah*. Can't say 'sorry sheila yer life's fucked' roight?
 - Hets orf to the goldhearted Bowgan cheps!
 - Crikey, be yerself chum! Gonna get judged anyway. Heart o' gold my oath. Couldn't stop drinkin' if oi tried but I'm freakin' approachable, not a hoon or derro, don't go awol when it's my shout
 - Serious beer gut, empty wallet, live in the moment? Cracker, Orstralia!
 - Swoot. An' now oi get to be a GREY NOMAD in a Camper an' do me BUCKET LIST
 - Awwwwesome egalitarian chinwag, done like a dinner. Thanx fer spillin' yer guts!



Sudden profitless cheers rise up from stooges around the Channel 7 screen as the clairvoyant commentariat calls Wentworth for Swyll (11% of the vote counted) prompting the supposed-to-be impartial (fucking not) media tsar Tristan Shout from BlueSky to spray his lurid WEDGE politics round the ballroom with a turp-stained codswallop rant to the t-shirted campaign bimbos and distinguished twinsets and succulent-legged girlfriends and swaying Liberal punters. ‘Guys guys, I gotta say this is a pivotal moment to secure our country from the twin barbs of anarchy and apathy, we the Quiet Australians, we of the nation’s liberal conscience, we of the HEARTLAND, we of the beloved country who’re born to rule! who trust in a future for our kids that’s decent and safe an’ productive an’ profitable - for lifters not leaners - for tomorrow’s champions! - for honesty, for tolerance, for...’ And a glutinous gasp goes up as Tristan Shout buckles and sways and slobbers and comes a gutser in a champagne bucket, his sleek profitable arse upended on Superbia’s true-blue carpet. The partisans rush to comfort, but Doolan’s stonkin’ PARTY PUNCH just delivered its inexorable lefty hook! – and now the subtle Gobshite clammers on a bottle-strewn table and wields a fucking megaphone. ‘Men and Women and LGBTQIA+ of Australia! I’m Great Castle Street Social Party Pres. Amanda Gobshite! Right in this house is yer primo symbol of AUSSIE DREAMTIME CULTURE! Youz stinkers came howling and puking out of Mother’s Womb - an’ were ya lifters or LEANERS then? Parked in yer Sad’dy footy crowd barracking for yer hero to get over the freakin’ line: waddarya, lifters or leaners? Gettin’ stonkered on ANZAC day saluting our fallen heroes slaughtered in battle so’s you can have a life that lets you call out the lifters and leaners! Stunned mullet couch potatoes letting the Wife serve ya beer and grub an’ endlessly washing yer socks and undies: waddarya? Lifter or leaner! Cruising in your corporate jet

where your life depends on the skill of the freakin' pilot or babbling in yer slick mobile built by slave labor in some godawful factory of deep China: lifter or leaner! And ninety in a five-star nursing home having yer arse wiped by some harassed underpaid nurse: lifter or LEANER! It's a SMUG AUSSIE PRIVILEGE shit-show that you do shit-all to fix. Youz wallies are SPRUNG! And here's yer freakin' DRONE back!' Poppy Gonski and Beena Randle are up on the table and they're dead-pan holding out the Black Hash Choc Drone Cake. 'Victory Cake y'all, baked with love! Come fill yer bungholes.' And the partying morons actually do... Soon enough, akubra-hatted rural blokes Gordon Bleu, Ron Fogarty and Dags Dundas (Orr'able Member for Coonawarrabungittybungbungalooloo) are doin' an uncharacteristic knees-up in the hall. It's Ripsnorter Rafferty's Rules as Dags playin' silly buggers leaps about like a skewiff dandelion on the breeze. 'Bleedin' corker mates, we're as pure as the win' driven snow!' Ron's up on his hind legs: 'Fellers, I'm feelin' *maggoted ratarsed n' shit'oused*. Strewth, gotta stiffy too.' 'Yip, drinkin' from the fire hose,' agrees Gordon Bleu. 'Someone musta spiked the Chateau Chunder cos we're goin' off like a Christmas Cracker as silly as a bumful o' smarties! Bugger me dead, I'll be buggered if us buggers don' bugger off to Buggery fer bugger-all! All t'getha wiv the Quaintarse Anthem! *I botoxed me penis so it nevah goes down, an' I rooted the sheilas in Old London Town... But no matter how gross or how shitfaced I am, I still call Austraya home...*'

But the young Liberal rowdies are claiming the floor.

- Ro-ger! Ro-ger! Ro-ger!

And the great grungeworthy Roger Swyll cranks himself into coherence one more time.

- Orright people, this is quoite a turn up for the boy from Dingett who set out on loife's journey ter Wobongle and ter the big smoke at eighdeen to make 'is forchun in real estate! Yer can take the boy outa Dingett but ya can't take Dingett outa the boy. Nah, wanna say a big thenks to moi woife Carena Barch: without you babe oi'd be still rakin' in millions! Rugrats? I've 'ad a few but then again too fewder mention! Sorry cutie. Nah, we're servants of the Puyppe now - wiv CB at muh side ironin' shirts and fieldin' stickybeaks from borin' as batshit Lib Party shitkickers who reckon I'm a brahms n' liszt brick short of a wall and couldn' organise a fart in a

curry house. Yeah nah we're in fer the long haul, busy as a cat buryin' shit, bogging in and stirrin' the possum fer the people of WantWorth. Proud ter be yer top bloke an' give it a burl fer the elite o' this great multicultural cuntry - even if we did stick it to the stunned-mullet abos. Nah nah they're great puyble our First Naytions. Love yer flag! Hey, we could put the Stars n' Stripes in the corner 'stead of the Union Jack. Swuyt as. Wanna thank moi staff gurls n' goys: loona n' eura n' rhonda n' ranga n' rooster n' Ike Witt and Mick Treacle our publicity spinheads fer all yer liddle porky pies and bottom-of-the-'arbour biffö. Wivout youz quacks I'd be makin' billyins - oop, got the wobbly boot on now eh! Nah, in the Lib'rul Pardy we still believe in \$\$\$ MIRACLES - thanks ter the POSH Plentycostal Catholic boys who pulled all them pongy swifties worse than a pommy shower at a poo farm. Cripes, oo jus' did a breezer? Bite yer bum! Gotta git Church Roights an' justice fer downtrodden pro-life believers this toime round. Fanks to youz pardy Boss Cockies fer believin' in me even when oi went Awol Independent - didn't meuyn it! Gonna make this a killer op'ration: tax protection fer trusts better int'rest rates bank lib'ralization social 'ousing support for the Quoiet Austrayans, the Farmers an' Lifters and Buckleys fer them loony white-ant LEANERS! Have a grate noight and lez get rooted n' plastered!

Marcia Wright Burke squawks like a chook with its head severed. 'You party morons just elected a closet independent and a drunk!' Daughter Eura righteously slaps her parent in the face as Rhonda Trampoline screams: 'E's a great feller on the turps, just a great DAGGY DAD ROOT!' Even Tristan Shout imbibes the truth-drug and goes the big spit: 'Swyll, yer a fuggen ratings disaster mate!' But flint-eyed Carena does the obligatory hugs and smooches for the rank and filleted, loyally supporting her thingo husbud from falling on his boof head.

Meanwhile at some undesignated hour the red Maserati of Judith Clear came to a clunking halt in the flowerbeds and the tottering Asian wisp, her battled eyes caked in black-blue visions of degenerate defeat, shoveled herself in the front door with a wicked bottle in her mitt and leg-swayed up the curving stair... In the Silver Mastersuite she encounters a coterie of shithead rebels slothing over the beds with TV blaring, shouting and

sloganing and slopping booze and Dior scent on the bedsheets and fluffy carpet. While Judith Clear registers nothing but her own swaying body in the gleam, the TV blasts some greasy soap where Chiselled Ozzies on a Beach slorp their machine lines of sweaty naïve attraction and peurilistic sex and betrayed bikini dismay and waxhead boardshort victimhood and bad-acted wrinkle-free passion in the dayglo day... Beena Randle + Poppy Gonski + Yam Dong Dingo boingg-boingg on the Superking Bed and scream. 'Yay, HOME AND AWAY! Where'd we beeee without Trannie Tezza screwin' Shazza the Slag who runs off to zinc-nosed knob Jayden of the pearly chest so he undresses her freckly boobs in the carpark fresh from surfing the Golden Sands of STUPID BEACH while treehugging top-end koori Alana schemes for a comeback so all Summer Bay gets to hear how she dumped Jayden's hunky tool Bro who cheated on Slinky Shazza who does a showpony sook n' Walk of Shame thru the pub and now we've to wait a fucken week for the donkey vote on how legless Alana defaces her ethnicity for those mindless A-holes in their eternal Aussie Blondy Nostalgia Romp in Beachy World! Hail the great Logie-winning ladle of more-arse- than-class slime-scripted happenstance served by myopic mythmakers at Channel Seven!' Felinda Whitelake butts in: 'Yo, where are all the angry Indigenous ethnics out on their WogTinder dates?' There's more hollering as Dong Dingo runs the gauntlet of Aussie soaps: *Bondi Rescue! Boobwatch! Neighbours! Puberty Blues! Sylvania Waters! Kath and Kim! Kenny! The Castle! Flying Doctors! Number 96! Don's Party! Woo-hoo!* But Anita Jurkoff has the floor. 'People, this is the HOUSE OF ROGER SWYLL - quintessential ugly grasping maggoted aspirational, the locus round which Women Everywhere seek his destruction - like KING HOLOPHERNES who got DECAPITATED by the legendary feminist JUDITH! Which one of *us* is gonna do it?' And Judith Clear, skulking and swaying at back, raises her blotted-copybook face in a wonder of cosmic alcoholic epiphany. 'What... who... *Judith?*'

At this point Dyke Inspector Flora McHunt (summonsed not by Carena Barchester... but by whom?) arrives at the front door, in plain clothes though the fact she's a Fem Walloper sticks out like a dog's balls. She don't bother to knock - and sure enough gets to witness frenzied forces at work

in the rowdy residence... (We may need to defer to D.I. Flora for any dollops of coherence from this point on) It's not the first sighting of V for Vendetta Masks this night (spotted on camera outside the Chinese embassy on Censorship Road) and while it's surely the remit of senior officers to distinguish election-night hi-jinks from rampant terrorism, nonetheless in the backward spaces of McHunt's animal mind lurks a need to dodge the gender-based discrimination bogey to the extent that her Meaty Police Hand takes precedence over nuanced touch - particularly when slithery-sexy femme anarchists arise in front of her. And lo, she recognises certain headkicking molotov-tossing reprobates from the Castle Street Social Party! At that moment a processional rampage accosts her in the gleaming foyer of Barchester Manse: a scrum of hollering people in V masks seems to have in its grip a heavily struggling groaning feller who they proceed to bundle out the door (banging his head in the process) to the drive where they thrust him with flurried shouts and tipping of seats in back of a red Maserati (Numberplate: JC Risen) parked askew in the flowerbeds - before a sleek dark-haired chick loudly protests as two rip-jeaned drugged personages thrust her in the passenger seat and another stocky girl with a pageboy cut (McHunt vaguely recognises her) shouts 'Miri, Miri!' - at which point a trippingly unstable female asian brushes by, slides in the drive seat and jerks the red Mazzer off down the inky driveway. McHunt also can't fail to see a glam mannish young woman in red climb in a black BMW tailed by two spraypaint-wielding hags and an athletic-looking blonde shouting 'Get him back 'ere Barchester, get him back!' And we've barely time to grock a gaggle of anarchist youths of the Castle ilk, running to fill a battered yellow Honda that roars out of the shadows barely missing D.I. McHunt's size nines. We're next accosted with the strange sight of a suited man in a black panama hat stepping from nowhere to plead with half a dozen youths crowding in a white van with evil slogans plastered on its sides. In the D.I.'s bowel stirs the mouthy feeling that this night is gonna turn significant, and right there she *fails* to make a call for backup before hurrying up the tyre-strewn bitumen to her vehicle and barrelling off in the white van's wake.

Scene. Exterior. Night. MEAN STREETS OF THE EASTERN SUBURBS.
[Artfully reconstructed by D.I. Flora McHunt from witness testimony]

Judith Clear's red Maserati was tracked at 120k on a Bellevue Road camera at 11.50 pm, and again negotiating the Birriga Road-Old South Head intersection into O'Sullivan Road at 11.53, reaching New South Head Road and scarily negotiating the left turn in the direction of Point Piper. It is now clear that the BMW driven by Carena Barchester, while giving chase on O'Sullivan, nearly flipped at the roundabout with Latimer Road as Rhonda Trampoline fought attempts by Amanda Gobshite and Anita Jurkoff to blue-rinse her face and hair. Barchester sustained spray in her eyes but held the car as it approached New South Head intersection in pursuit of the Maserati. The Beamer then lost control and slewed into the sea wall. At that point the yellow Honda Shitbox of Dora Jarr arrived from the direction of Rose Bay at speed (got her licence from a weetbix packet eh) with co-conspirators Mandy Hak and Erina Doolan spotted with torsos hanging out windows leering at the dented black BMW as it attempted to right itself in oncoming traffic. Both vehicles were snapped at 11.57 making illegal turns into Wolseley Road by Cranbrook school at a dangerous clip. At that point a large white van festooned with anarchic symbols containing messrs Beena Randle, Poppy Gonski, Yam Dong Dingo, Boglomov, Malcontent, Loona McArdle and indigenous lawyer Felinda Whitelake, could be seen approaching from Double Bay closely tailed by D.I. McHunt in her police vehicle. On the ascent of Point Piper's Wolseley Road, Miri Pond in the red Maserati was (she claims) dragged by her neck into the back seat by ex-husband Roger Swyll, who then somehow got himself to the front and fought for the wheel with driver Judith Clear. He had hands on Clear's neck as Miriama leapt on top and got herself jammed in the roof. As the Maserati slewed round a tight corner the door flew open, Swyll slithered half out and Pond nearly went with him but Judith Clear grabbed at her hair and sucked her in before losing control and slamming into cyclone fencing above a yawning construction site on the Point Piper hillside... It appears Swyll was flung out, catapulted down a precipitous slope and crashed neck-first onto shards of steel formwork thrusting from the concrete base of the future Point Piper mansion. Swyll was later identified by D.I. Flora McHunt as 'to all intents and purposes decapitated'. She noted that 'his torso was

framed in moonlight against the glistening iconic harbour of the Emerald City below’.



It is further noted that Dora Jarr’s Honda Shitbox and Carena Barchester’s Beamer arrived at speed at the Wolseley Road scene with the latter blatantly harassed by the former. Indeed, the Honda was seen to crash in back of the red Maserati just as Miriama Pond exited that car in the direction of Judith Clear who was seen

to be ‘squealing and dancing’ at the lip of the site directly above Swyll’s bloodied corpse. At this point D.S. Flora McHunt arrived, tailed by the big white van from which spilled a coterie of youths in a state of drugged excitement. McHunt was prevented from exiting the car by persons Yam Dong Dingo, Boglomov and Malcontent, and was unable to intercept the group gathered at the lip of the site silhouetted against the iconic harbour skyline. After incapacitating one-arm Dingo with a handcuff (?) and subduing repeated kicks from Boglomov, McHunt proceeded to the lip to see one Erina Doolan descend the steep bank and place photographs in the pockets of the deceased. She seemed ‘unperturbed’ by the sight of a head hanging at forty-five degrees. Your reporter considers this fact to sum up the group’s callous indifference. The photographic material was subsequently ‘found to portray Swyll’s naked backside being licked by the perpetrator Doolan’, who following arrest was recorded as saying, ‘Keep it lady, I got a shitload of those.’ McHunt had earlier requested back-up which now arrived at scene. The group of youths showed no signs of dispersing, and indeed an impromptu party was initiated as messrs Beena Randle and Poppy Gonski produced alcohol, whereby animated discussion and lewd laughter ensued with Anita Jurkoff suggesting everyone ‘inspect the body and film it’. Barchester was seen to negotiate the steep bank and leer over the body talking into a phone. She showed no visible signs of distress until members of the Press appeared, at which

point she ‘burst into an impressive flood of hysteric tears.’ (This writer is unable to ascertain how Press were apprised so swiftly of goings-on...) McHunt and colleagues proceeded to arrest garrulous Rhonda Trampoline as ‘actual driver’ of the BMW and cuffed her as she ‘swore at stupid blind fucking fuzz’ while Erina Doolan was observed filming all arrests. We note that Yam Dong Dingo was arraigned for ‘inappropriately spouting lewd poetry and taking a slash at a crime scene’ in tandem with appearing ‘disturbingly black-asian and mean.’ ‘I’m Viet!’ he was heard to protest as my colleagues dragged him off. Boglomov (clearly an anarchist with disturbing koori haircut resembling an exploded fried egg) claimed he was targeted for ‘impersonating an aboriginal activist.’ ‘I’m Polish!’ he was heard to cry as officers crash-tackled him. ‘How about ‘Member of the Liberal Party? Queer... poor... Ukrainian Refugee?’ This last injunction appeared to suffice since he was issued a warning at the station and sent on his way, presumably back to Kyiv. Our attempt to calm Asian lawyer Judith Clear was met with ‘extreme derision’ for which she received a cuppa, a Bex and a good lie down from our caring female officer. We note Clear has subsequently been placed on rest-and-recovery leave from her prestigious city law firm, while charges of reckless driving have at this stage been shelved...’

All that remains is a self-congratulatory wrap from Ros Wanger at Channel 7 (‘Where humans suffer, Seven is there to collect’). ‘At this ANARCHIC scene after a LETHAL PRANG in EXCLUSIVE Point Piper on this TUMULTUOUS electoral night of nights, the BLOODIED corpse of MAVERICK MP Roger Swyll was found in the GAPING PIT of a FUTURE AUSSIE DREAMHOME! We probed ex-wife and KIDNAP VICTIM Miriama Pond-Swyll on this TRAGIC DENOUEMENT: *Yep, our you-beaut Castle Street definitely won’t be demolished now!* Rival politician Marcia Wright Burke issued a notice of regret ‘for an esteemed colleague’ but did not neglect to note (as a Christian Conservative) that ‘just too many folks seem to have had it in for hapless Roger Swyll’. So, may this MAVERICK LARRIKIN rest in peace on Gadigal Land... our SACRED AUSSIE REAL ESTATE OF THE LORD.’



???

Footnote... What nobody reported was the role of one ALTERIGO (see national bloodbath over Whistleblower case) in this deadly fracas. When probed, 'indie journalist' Dora Jarr was slow to deny she'd heard a shady character in a panama hat (dead ringer for Sean Connery) standing under a streetlamp near the scene, remark to onlookers: *'I think it all went fairly well, don't you?'*



postscript: love your inner whistleblower

DORA JARR ON A CHILLER PLANE (reliability rating: 2000%) Following election-night catharsis of expunging our country's POLITICAL ROT, any sense that one was manipulated along with one's mates by a slimy whistleblow-in called Alterigo is stilled by new self-effacing MINDFULNESS + GRATITUDE for one's inner journey yo! Who in the end are our nemesises but? Ourselves! Need to git mindfully humbly FUTURE-FOCUSED coz we live in the gradest bloody civilized country in the history of the fuggen wurd. So two cheers for femnist buds Pond, Hak and Doolan, one cheer for slithery foreigner Alterigo who shot through like a Bondi Tram and a chill raspberry to hairy softcock Humdinger for my SLAM cemetery slot and two freaking dollars pay rise.



BEHOLD: A METAPHYSIC ONION Dora Jarr, notorious SLAM non-entity (Sleepless Losers And Mutants to you insomniacs) is meditatn' on being ASLEEP or AWAKE or DEAD in our you beaut stress-free cop it sweet no suicide tarted up dinky di amnesiac woopwoop multicultural. Mate, it's just NO WURRIES cos we know the diff between a thong and a g-string and what 'girt by sea' means! An' this cuntry's just the best amnesiac pozzzy on the planet bar none coz we hate stress with a passion and we never eat soggy weetbix, but I better bung a sock in it or youz ridgydidge heartland blokes n' sheilas 'll get yer knickers in a knot... Anyways, oi was veged out in front of a Cookery Show on SBS called *Multiculture Munch* or some BS at 3 am and this cheffy guy from INDIA's drooling about vegan chow an' I'm out of it after slapping down Cookie (wackybacky kid) all day so can't be arsed turning off. This singsong tryhard Modi-loving chocky dude takes his ONION and holds it up to

camera like it's a fecking holy relic an' starts peelin' bits off, burbling like: onion is veeery sacred and fine basis for Indian cuisine oh yess... So he pulls off the first layer and won't chop it or nuffing, then he peels the next and sez: spireet of Indian cooking is veeery ancient... never chop onion becozz of saaacred ayurveda properteez (he's a proper tease) - and then he does more layers so slow it's gettin' me horny slumped in chair. *What is at the core of onion? For Here Is Happy Flavour*, he blithers n' holds up the HEART of that striptease sodding veg an' squeezes and stuff oozes out an' the camera zooms in like some shitty 70s porno. *Here is CENTRE! Beyond this - is only IDEA OF ONION... and beyond, dear Aussie Citizens...* and he ogles us with his cheffy eyebrow - *is AUSSIE NIRVANA! Now I leave this thought: from where does onion come?* Personally I sat like a racist loon troll wondering what he's gassing about on his crap curry show. Weeks later I'm saying the same thing to you (cool listeners) so today's Satori Thought is: What's at the heart of the NATIONAL ONION? Sure as fuck ain't The Tony Abbott Onion Show! One's murky guest this evenin' is famous WHISTLEBLOW-IN DOC ALTERIGO, tinny Colombian human rights lawyer, writer of *Aussie Heartland Unpeeled* and Spiritual Panjandrum of POSH charity (cashed-up Plentycostal Mafia) till he turned GURU and shouted quizzical associate Dora classes in MINDFULNESS to glue up her polarising brain. All this put Dor in a stew since she actually one day might have to deal with this shit. Your flaky friend's doing greenie BUSH RETREATS where she bins all her clowny troll babble: most booooooring thing ever, sit on butt looking in our own head 'cept for sickie breaks when one sits in vegan dunny longdrop staring at organic bogroll smoking herbal vapes. Ooh I am goooing so nutty I am barmy swami! Meanwhile Alterigo saith (I quoteth his pamphlet *Doubt and Drought in Oz Psyche*): 'Mindfulness requires us to step out of endless MATERIALIST carrot and stick, exist as unqualified happiness!' In you-beaut Orstraya? FAAARRK. (Hiss) Read script, flatulent polski flatmate Boglomov, spotty possible dad of my next kid so I can get more welfare hee hee. Is my Onion Story just a plug for Brown Peril Immigrant Recipes or a deep conundrum of our Empty Oz Nimbin Nirvana Predicament? WHAT'S AT THE HEART OF THE AUSSIE ONION?

- Uh? Maybe *fake* ALTER EGO - who never turns up

- Erk, that's my shit! Screw it, DJ signing off. Spoil my prog Boggo, you're on ten weeks Cookie duty tho you're booted out of Castle Street. What kinda crap overseas name is Boglomov? Kook, home for brekkie... Get outa that bin!

MENTALFUL HAPPYISHNESS EXPLAINED Yo, Dora Jarr on Lateshite Whatever's wiv a sore brain again. [Check my blogs on PanDorasbox.com] Wadda we ever have in this hills hoist picket fence NIMBY paradise but gloomy chronicles of existential anxiety and drinking bouts? Welcome hunky guru WADE BREEN, Mindlessness Coach and author of *The Joys of Profound Medication*. Oooommm dude. You actually turned up?

- Hey hey Dor. As a *Mindfulness* coach I sure did... maybe

- So happiness is DEATH?

- Perhaps our duty is to 'tread the karmic path to happiness'

- Fuck off who said that. Happiness Duty covers our eyes to truth of meaningless obliviation! (new word)

- Well Dor, *your* lonely millennial pipe dream revolves around a fake ALTER EGO

- Don't piss on my passive sugardaddy obsession! That is soooo TRUGGERING! Everyone wants to debate me on my prog

- *Who* tries so hard to BE SOMEONE ELSE? That someone else is YOU

- Nah, my Ego's all I am, so why indulge the sad stupid fact of Other People?

- Imagine a great Outback stretching to endless red horizon... and you, a tiny bilby fossicking in a hole

- So?

- We're lost and lonely in our dusty flat borderless land. We're crab-dwellers on yellow-thin shores of an endless sea. Cowed imaginers of horror outback noir. Unsated cravers of eternal grey nomad holidays under glaring sun. Broody materialists on the run from feelings and cowering from complexities, tight-lip po-faced vocally-strangled blokes wearin' the rough end o' the pineapple and topping ourselves with all the emotional awareness of a cane toad

- You said it, boss guru who MONETISES our exquisite first-world Oz paradise suffering

- Return to State of Origin!
- Dude, the Abos are State of Origin. Look what happened to them eh
- We Aussies lead the planet in naïve lobotomised optimism VS. national existential gloom when we LOSE AT CRICKET. And *you* are the national gloom turned media soap opera!
- Bollocks kemosabe! Want me to heal? Freedom is our ability to FAIL. NOT failing is Oz aspirational tall-poppy conformist death
- It seems DJ Dora's election-stomping political crusade wasn't the tree-hugging National Statement From The Heart she sold to the station boss
- Okay, confession. Alterigo's Mindfulness Blurb sez 'Be Happy To Be Nobody' (and not just on social media). What the?
- Simple. Take responsibility, ms NIMBY NIRVANA BANANA professional whinger!
- Yo, wanna life of NO RESPONSIBILITY
- Love your disease! It's healing you
- Fuk yeah? Take responsibility for absolutivity of nappy shit and NEIGHBORES and blind oz suburban dream? Gotta have yer MIDDLE FINGER on the social pulse
- Why d'you always chase The Pulse?
- Does someone like me *have* a pulse? (yo, good line)
- Defeatism *and* Nostalgia at the tender age of twenty-something, Dora Jarr. Buddha said: We're always transiting and forever gone. Life is vain action in deep emptiness!
- Yo, Philosophina my cat says: 'Awareness isn't physical so I never qualify for NDIS Death by Boredom funding. Easier to cark it by choking on vegemite pizza
- Your cat said all that? But *who* is actually present?
- Doctor WHO that's who! Down at my gaff it's fifty years of BRIT phonebooths and daleks n' dials n' wooshy tubes. Cookie *eats* that escapist tosh. Or come n' goggle every ep. of *Farmer Wants A Root* and explain it to Kook! (and Centrelink). That'll learn ya. Sucked in WADE BREEN. Dora Jarr sliming off.

DEATH TO THE ALTERR EGO!

- Yo sad-sack MALCONTENT, are you liking the depression you had to

have? Me is weighing up NDIS slash CENTRELINK \$\$\$ advantage of getting PTSD and going troppo

- Truly topical topic

- Like I wouldn't have to pay tax, vote, work, join army, wash knickers, talk to neighbors, mow lawn, do the barbie, suck up to Wayne Kerr, muck about with shopping and breathing and shit

- No sweat. No matter how rich Aussies get, they're perma-pessimists 'cause they forget how lucky they are. Control anxiety is inbuilt. What's that moron Wade Breen say? 'Choose the path of financial evolution?'

- Yeah nah, bank balance of average morons I'm surrounded by doesn't bode well. How can there be a NATIONAL HAPPY LIFESTYLE DREAM that actually *works*? Being yung and freeeee is a BORE. Yer in a big hurry to GET SOMEWHERE and secretly either think you're a waste of space since everyone already did it and look at 'em now all shrivelled up six feet under mortgage land, or yer like swimming in a washy sea with no land in sight, and even if there was *somewhere* it'd be same as the dump you left behind... unless there was like sparkly islands in Pacific Sun wiv coconut trees and hairy brown tribes in grass skirts with big swinging dongs who make you their concubine so you can bonk in your hut all day then lie about watching breakers on the reef being preggers and not caring a crap what happens - like BALI FOREVER

- Whoa, thanks for over-sharing. And Labor's Light on the Hill just died

- *Not plausible Ms Jarr*, says PROFESSOR ALTEREEEGOO

- Alterigo! You open gob and let some faked-up SUPEREGO blow yer tongue around

- Er - Alterigo kind of sort of stands in for my lost white suburban Neighbourly dream-daddy

- Letting you dodge emotional and financial reality by lecturing suburban suckers on the radi-yo!

- Ghastly prospect, GROWING UP! Meanwhile fecked-up me has similar dodgy relationship with daughter. Child in me can't steal no more from the COOKIE Jarr

- Yup yup, when to be the lone-wolf conscience of Adolescent Oz Paradise

- or when to succumb to fuzzy mindful kumbaya gratitudinal conformist flag-waving bourgie sludge?

- Malc, you're a toadly irrelevant songy dude whereas I'm a dinkum Aussie who knows how to INSULT her fellow populace AND SELF-DEPRECATE. Got no knickers on under the mic tonight

- Deadly

- All this PC BELONGING blaa. Should we EXIT the lucky-cuntry ASPIRATION FEST for good?

- Oop, don't say it on air. Stress n' Suicide with Cookie about - it's UNAUSTRAYAN

- Hey, read new SCRIPT wiv Prof Alterigoooo who finally turns up on SLAM! 'Prof: fresh from election-night bloodbath, one big Q for you. What's the real fax on Cute Aussie Paradise?

(Malc) - Dora Jaarr, it's time you grasped that the grandest need for human beings is to BUILD FANTASY, MYTH AND SOAP OPERA TO FEED IDENTITY. You're nothing but what you hold onto! What's reality? Reality is utterly EMPTY beyond time or space or cause or name or form. It is pure silent existence-awareness alone! Who can cope with that? Nobody. So we invent, fantasise, create a universe about us. Every single THOUGHT IS A DREAM: you and I construct Personal Identity and feed our superegos by gussied up 'history' born of dodgy memories, tribal-national myths, DRAMAS of politics, royalty, empire, hollywood, science, art, philosophy, religion, lifestyle, SPOORRR! - all to burnish our papery nothingness in an ETERNAL OUTBACK VOID

- Woh, stay superficial dude. My prog, remember

- Nope, 'cause our Aussie National VIBE (yer Honour) obsesses with EQUANIMITY AND NO STRESS while we all bulge with adolescent externalities: competitive wealth dreams + hogging space + the frenzy of privacy + obsessional escapes into 'peak experience' while we're all as lonely as a country dunny in a drought. Golden rule mate? DO NOT DISTURB. We're all Enterprisingly Positively Optimisticly Energetic as long as there's an 'upward trajectory', but whenever stuff don't go our way our po-faced perennially dissatisfied National Curmudgeon pokes his nutty head up. (Whingeing poms? We imported 'em mate) Where's fucken equanimity when ya really need it? We achieved PERMA-INSECURITY where negative-g geared real estate-hogging boomer parents shapeshift into their inner tree / sea changer like urban hippies while FOMO MILLENNIAL

inheritors of Shaky Nationhood + Climate Disaster turn up the ENVY / RESENTMENT / BLAME. Gimme nice neighbors and MORE STUFF but don't look INSIDE: that'd be too freaking intellectually complicated. Creepin' malaise? MY MENTAL 'EALTH! Why can't I schlepp about in zinc n' thongs on an endless beach under a cobalt summer sky and be YOUNG N' FREE forever? This sunny wide land never had any real class wars or eco-rot or pogroms or history (apart from the Abos) so where's the freaking problem mate? I just... *dunno*

- Fuck you Prof! This is MY Land and I'll live out my mediocre freakin' opti-pessimisty escapist soap opera coz oim THE FUTURE of this empty shickered too-right COUNTRY

- Sexy to hear ya swear on air. What's yer *fave* soap?

- Er - *The Crown*?

- Gooood choice! We Aussies NEVER stop sucking the tit of our inner Royal SpankMasters badging up their thousand-year Reich (all Germans, right?) with all those penal ruins goldy castles carriages funerals weddings starched-shirt netflix cast of misfits divorcees paedos rebel spares and po-faced granny queens at Balmoral flogging the Old Dart to the world as Lizzie Windsor's Empah and Cawmonwealth

- Nah, lil Aussie's gonna be a nindependent republick innit

- Yeah? Lap it up in IRISH Oz! - specially when some drunk pommy in a top hat kicks Gough Whitlam's arse

- Bollocks. FUTURE-FOCUSED DORA's got the drop on depressy white-boy xenophobe AVOIDERS like you since she's super informed on positivvy mentalful mindless spiritualityism n' stuff... an' coz the Prof and Wade Breen invited cis she-heroes Dodgy Dora and Cosmic Miri and Manic Mandy and Bonkin' Blith as life members of FILIN BONG Mindfulness League! C'n you believe their head honcho is THE PROPHET MAH-JIN? ...Ta Malcontent, thnx for writing all my whingey scripts! Better than backdoor bandit Boglomov who we'll be forcing on pain of homo conversion therapy to MARRY MANDY for a passport even tho Noddy Ding woke up two weeks ago. You can sleep in his grotty snooze space with rent hiked 300 fair-go dollars a week. Better n' a kick in the kanakas eh? C'n even sing one of your turgid mental-health songs to

Cookie and happify us all to death. This is PANDORA and her JARR of DODGY OZ SECRETS... choofin' orf mate.



Ozzie Mental Elf! Oi Oi Oi

Do what you gotta do

All personages and organisations in this trivial lampoon of paper-thin cynic-optimist Oz paradise are fictional, and any resemblance to real folks living or deceased is a nasty little coincidence. Character utterances and labellings are not always the views of white middle-class boomer author. Don't recall a whole lot what happened? 1. Smoke less dope at Castle Street 2. Watch less *Home and Away*. 3. Step out of smug Superbia once in a bluey.





Enough airing of dirty washing on Aboriginal Land?

Just stick a shipload of these



like on here:

