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IRWIN HIRSH FOR GUFF

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#### CUISINE VITE

- Jack R. Herman -

If you ask anybody who knows me, they will tell you that if I am associated with any sort of food it would be 'haute cuisine' - in fact, I like most tall things. So it is strange, even to me, to think that, of late, due to circumstances beyond even my comprehension, I have been forced to resort more frequently than I would like to 'cuisine vite'.

Partly I have been moved this way by necessity of going almost straight from school to some other appointment, often the selection of the State Schools' Debating Team. On those occasions, I have tasted of the best in 'cuisine vite', the suburban Chinese, almost invariably empty at 5 to 6 o'clock, and the local, corner-shop, take-away, replete with reheated pies, greasy chips and, occasionally, "BBQ Chicken", in reality done in the intensive heat of one of those rotating ovens and kept warm in a Bain marie.

But there have also been the occasional forays into the realm of establishment 'cuisine vite', McDonalds and Pizza Hut. Even I have not lowered myself to the depths of overly salty and fatty Chicken Emporia, where poor fowls are battered, generously spiced, encoated with grease and boxed for one's delectation. However, the purveyors of mass-produced 'hamburgers' and Italian delights have created an ambiance that makes 'cuisine vite' dining as interesting in its social revelations as in its gustatory rewards.

I can think of but one other way that one can be entertained by a cast of extras reminiscent of the 'Airport' movies - and that is by going on a Bus Trip to a local vineyard area with the social club of a department store or sporting club. The mess of humanity into

which you are placed is almost identical: mind you, there may not exactly be a child dying of some incurable disease among the patrons on any particular night (although there are usually several candidates that suggest their parents have not been able to elbow their way onto a Current Affairs Show to demonstrate their own fatally afflicted tot, thereby pulling the heart-strings of a nation and ensuring the little, doomed darling will wing off to Disneyland or Wembley or Stonehenge, in fulfillment of its last-dying-wish; a trip to McDonalds may satisfy the extreme whim of some moppet fading away via Cute Child's Syndrome but it is hardly shaking hands with Mickey Mouse). Similarly, singing Nuns are rare, although not completely unknown and whores-with-a-heart-of-gold usually have a stomach to match and wouldn't be caught dead in one of those eateries.

Walking into Pizza Hut at 1pm on a holiday Friday allows one to observe such a wide diversity of humanity. Hiding behind a Harlan Ellison paperback, one can look about and see tables replete with possibility: those two old ladies over there are having their obligatory weekly (fortnightly) day out with the \$3.95 special luncheon, but neither of them looks like a stowaway, exactly. The middle-aged businessman sitting furtively in the corner, there, behind the bush, might have absconded with the firm's takings and be headed for Mascot to go to Rio or he might have a bomb in that briefcase he hugs to him, ready to blow away a plane-load of innocents to leave his shrewish wife and godawful kids with enough money to survive the imminent election of a Howard government. Mum over there cannot control her kid who screeches incessantly; those four punks could be plotting almost any sort of anti-social violence, disguising it with the raucous laugh of youth. Dad in the corner could have kidnapped his two children and be heading off for the bush, following Mum's getting custody in the Family Court. Why either would want the little buggers ...

Lunchtime at Pizza Hut doesn't have the same density of wide-eyed teenage hand-holders: they appear at McDonalds each evening, competing with the ankle-biters for attention and interest.

Those eaters of 'cuisine vite' who take it away to consume miss the best part of the experience. The observation of the middle mass engaging themselves in part of the ritual and providing the chronicler with more information about his society.

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LETTERS FROM OUR MATES (issue 5)      - compiled by Irwin -

Let's start off with some words from Joseph Nicholas:

With regard to Walt Willis's reply to Judith Hanna. Willis makes a credible effort, but is hampered by a failure to realise that in strict Marxist terms the class struggle is ultimately resolved in favour of the proletariat, i.e. that all become incorporated into the one class and class distinctions are thereby abolished, thus obviating the need to struggle to overthrow them; socialism then dawns. In the cricketing analogy, then, the game would end with the conclusion of the first innings; that it continues into a second, with the replacement of one set of batsmen with another, indicates only the urgent need for all players to submit to compulsory re-education in order to remove the desire for material acquisition (i.e. to become batsmen) and the consequent distortions that it imposes.

But I thought that Marx believed that revolution, frequent revolution, is a Good Thing. That, or I've mixed up what I learnt in Philosophy 202, and must go back and re-read my college notes. Here's Jack Herman:

Walt Willis seems to have been left behind in Kerry Packer's glorious bourgeois revolution of cricket. The proletariat red ball has become an antiquated symbol of the old school. Nowadays, the forefront of the cricket wave is maintained by the white ball and the even newer iridescent orange spheroid. Is this a precursor of the death of the proletariat struggle? Or is cricket too middle class now to sustain the workers' desires to overthrow the ruling classes - an effort that might have been seen in Harold Larwood's venom against the Gentlemen players of his era.

From cricket we turn to football, and Robert Lichtman:

I read Robyn Mills' account of the football match with some interest, as I tried to figure out what other name this game might possibly have, since it doesn't sound like American football, nor does it sound like soccer. American football is one of the three Great National Sports (baseball and Basketball being the other two). My interest in any of these three Great National Sports is minimal, except sometimes around the great playoffs that happen at the end of the seasons for each. My disinterest in sports may be atypical among American fans, perhaps; recently, for instance, I called Terry Carr unaware that it was during a World Series game. I got to talk with Carol for quite some time before a break occurred in the action and Terry came, briefly, to the phone.

The game, Robert, was Australian Rules Football, and a fellow North American Mike Glicksohn has:

...actually watched parts of various Aussie Rules games that are broadcast weekly here on our Sports Network but since they are merely direct rebroadcasts of Australian transmissions the commentators quite rightfully assume the spectators know what's going on so they don't explain too much of what's happening. This, added to their arcane commentary, tends to make it more than somewhat baffling to the outsider. To me it all looks like Aussie No-Rules Football but I'm sure tonight's World Series game would baffle many Australian sporting enthusiasts.

There's no way on earth I'd ever recognize any of the people who represent the area I live in at any of the various levels of government, municipal up to federal. Oh, I suppose I'd recognize the Prime Minister if he happened to be the rep for my riding but that's almost unavoidable since one more or less has to see pictures of him in the paper while searching for the comics page or stories about him on the TV while waiting for the sports news. So if I'd been in Wendy's shoes I would never have been embarrassed; relieved, perhaps, to know I'd remained unsullied by politics for another year!

Baseball is played in Australian schools so Aussies would have no hassles with the World Series. But I do know that the little pre-game explanations (usually by an "ex-college champion", now living in the Land of Oz) prior to the rebroadcasts of American football are of no use. It wasn't until you, Bruce Townley and my uncle Explained All to me that I could appreciate the game. Here's Harry Warner, Jr:

The confusion Wendy describes in this issue can be turned to good account by anyone who wants to deflate politicians. If you profess not to recognize someone in public office, he first thinks you're awfully stupid and a few seconds later he starts to worry about the danger that you may be typical of the general populace, which would signify that he is losing his grip on the public imagination, his place in the thought of his constituents. I discovered this accidentally early in my career as a journalist when I genuinely didn't recognize a tiny little man who turned out to have been a county commissioner since time untold, and I practised deliberate deception from then on whenever I felt in the mood to unsettle a congressman or a governor or other national or state authority.

And we'll leave the last word to Pamela Boal:

Never mind John McPharlin, I bet your Mum loves you. Somehow I found it most disconcerting when each of our sons in turn visited home and revealed themselves to be better cooks than I, and that only a few weeks after coping for themselves in bachelor digs. True I had insisted that the boys be as familiar with my knowledge of the culinary arts as their sister but it was a bit tactless to demonstrate how readily my knowledge can be superseded.

WAHF: Susan Obermeier; Ron Gemmell; Walt Willis, who thinks we've "invented the fannish equivalent of the FTL drive. It was the 10th September I sent my postcard and lo now on the 10th October here it is in the next LARRIKIN. Will LARRIKIN acquire infinite mass? If so how will this affect your postage bill?"; Kennedy Gammage; Craig Hilton; Angus Caffrey; Stewart Jackson; and John McPharlin, who, among other things, describes how "Robyn Mills comes racing out of nowhere, hurdles over the scrum and pulls down a long handball from deep behind shortstop (How's that for a mixed sporting metaphor?)", all with the aim of prompting us to explain our editorial philosophy. All the LARRIKIN editors can say is "What editorial philosophy?"

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HAYFEVER            You would have thought that at the age of 31, the son  
- Perry -            of a pharmacist would have figured out how to handle  
                     his hayfever, wouldn't you? Yeah, so would I. But  
                     lately it doesn't seem to be working that way.

As best I recall, the first major hayfever attack I ever had occurred when I was about nine or ten. I was visiting a friend whose father owned a farm just outside the small country town in which I was living. For some reason or other, the two of us decided that it would be a good idea to have a riotous game of football in one of the farm's prime wheat fields. I don't remember how long we were messing around in the crop but we had a pretty good time until we got caught. Unfortunately the wheat was in a very advanced state of growth - probably only a couple of weeks before being harvested - so the amount of dust and pollen in the air was nothing short of prodigious. The hayfever and the cuff behind the ear both eventuated in due course and to this day I fear I have a subconscious association between hayfever and guilt. Childhood can do terrible things to a person.

Living in the country when I was a kid and then later in Adelaide, I was always susceptible to a run of hayfever attacks whenever Spring came around. Although it is probably the best time of the year in many ways, I dread the first few weeks of the season as I know I am

in for a long run of blocked sinuses, headaches, sneezing fits and itchy eyes. Thankfully, Adelaide is one of the many cities in Australia that can really only claim at most three seasons instead of the usual number. Spring in Adelaide is that two or three week period that separates the rain and wind of winter (with the weather coming in from the sea to the west) from the heat and wind of summer (with the weather patterns shifting around to the north). That at least gave me some respite for a few years as, while I was still going to be affected each Spring, the attacks would only last for a short time and I could then get down to enjoying some of the best days of the year.

That would have been all very well if it had lasted but this is a story of how I haven't learnt to live with my hayfever rather than a list of remedies so, to get back to this true path, I moved to Canberra. Now anyone who has lived in that god-forsaken place will be quite willing to tell you that the nation's capital has to be one of the worst towns in Australia for hayfever and sinusitis. A quick look at the map will show you that it is completely surrounded by farmland and within spitting distance (comparatively speaking) from the great plains of western New South Wales. A better stewing pot for various pollens and dust would be hard to find anywhere, so I just had to move there.

I had become rather complacent during my time in Adelaide and so was not really expecting the speed with which the attacks hit, almost before the frost was off the ground - or so it seemed. Within a few days of my arrival my sinuses had completely packed up and I walked around sounding as though I had my head stuck in a bucket for about a week. My father came to the rescue at this point and steered me in the direction of an asthma spray that had a good reputation and which I found later to be very effective. The only trouble with it is that it has to be taken in the morning before the first sneezing attacks of the day get under way and that is where my problem lies: I have remember to take the stuff just about every day. And I forget. And I suffer. And still I forget. And I doubt very much whether I ever really will learn.

Maybe the guilt association is coming to the fore on these occasions, or maybe I'm just like that old farmer with the leaky roof. When asked why he didn't fix it, he said "Can't. It's too wet." And when asked why he didn't fix it when it wasn't raining, he replied "But it doesn't leak then."

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FOOTY FEVER            Reading Robyn Mills' article in LARRIKIN 5 I  
                         couldn't help but wonder why she missed a notable  
- Irwin -                feature of that Carlton/Sydney match. Help but  
                         wonder, that is, until I realised that as a good  
Catholic girl she wouldn't have noticed the rare sight of religious  
Jews at the football.

Because the suburb of Carlton was the first of Melbourne's Jewish ghettos, I would say that half of Melbourne's Jewish community supports the Carlton Football Club. You can just about see Carlton's home ground from my mother's old home, and my father lived only three houses further down the street. For religious Jews following a football team is made particularly difficult as the games are played on the Sabbath. The only chance they ever have to see a game is on the two or three mid-week holidays each season.

For more than fifteen years the Victorian Football League has been trying to get the governmental okay for Sunday games. Prior to 1981 the only time they succeeded was in 1970, when a Sunday match was scheduled to fit in with Queen Liz II's Royal Tour. In 1981 the government acceded in allowing two Sunday matches, but it wasn't until this year that the VFL was allowed to schedule more regular season games on Sundays. And given the chance that gave to religious Jews, I strongly suspect it was strong lobbying by Melbourne's rabbis that saw Carlton playing in all three of these fixtures.

I'm often hearing stories of the depths to which religious Jews go in order to follow their teams on a Saturday. Some set their clock radios to come on in time for the broadcast, while others may walk to the ground with their ticket pinned to their jumpers. Most, seeing these methods as hypocritical, simply wait for sunset and then watch the TV replay. My favourite story concerns a group of three Collingwood supporters and the 1977 Grand Final.

Collingwood is the team with the greatest tradition and the most fanatical body of supporters. All this was brought about due to the great success Collingwood had in the first 40 years of the competition. In 1936 they won their 11th premiership, four more than the next most successful team. And along with the great tradition the club carries goes the tradition of hating Collingwood if you support one of the other eleven clubs. No other club has developed such a love/hate relationship.

Since 1958, when they won their thirteenth premiership, Collingwood has developed a new tradition, that of the Colliwobbles. Simply put it means that they haven't been able to withstand the pressures of finals football. In the 1960 Grand Final Melbourne quadrupled their score, not a common occurrence in VFL football. In 1964 they lost the Grand Final by four points, when their opponents kicked the last goal of the day (a goal being worth six points). With a minute to go in the 1966 Grand Final the scores were level and the ball was on Collingwood's backline. A 'Woods defender picked up the ball and gave a straight handpass to a St. Kilda player who, in turn, had a wild kick at the goals and brought up a behind, a one-pointer. It was St. Kilda's first and only premiership, and Barry Breen, one of St. Kilda's greatest players, would have to be the only player to be always chiefly remembered for a minor score.

At half time in the 1970 Grand Final Collingwood fans must have thought the twelve year drought was over: their team was 44 points up. What they saw over the next hour could've only driven them to drink. Carlton came out after the half-time break and played possession football of a type never seen before. I'm a Carlton fan and I still retain a vivid recollection of listening to the match on the radio. My father had given up on the game at half-time, deciding there were better things to do, but I stuck by the radio. The excitement I felt as Carlton started kicking goals was fantastic, and with each goal I ran to my father screaming, "We've kicked another goal." After I did this for the fourth time in seven minutes my father came back to sitting by the radio and together we listened to one of Carlton's greatest premiership wins. Wendy tells me that the exact same scenario happened at her home, and I'd wager that across Melbourne that day a lot of nine, ten and eleven year olds showed their parents what true club loyalty was all about.

For Collingwood it was the start of a particularly bad patch in that they never got close to playing in a Grand Final. For five years

they still made the finals but only won one match, losing seven. 1976 was Collingwood's worst year in history. They had a good side, but two years of administrative in-fighting had taken its toll and for the first time they finished bottom of the ladder. This break with tradition was followed by another when they appointed Tom Hafey as coach for 1977 - the first coach to have never played for the club.

Under Hafey's guidance the team clicked, finishing the normal round of matches at the top of the table, won their semi-final and, after a gap of seven years, the 'Woods were back in the Grand Final. There was an expectant air around town that this was their year.

For a religious Jew who supported the team it was a particularly worrying time. My friend Mark told me a story of three school-mates of his. They wanted to experience the same thrill of the final siren, in the same way that everyone else did, but they thought it hypocritical to go to the game or set their clock radios. What could they do?

What they did was isolate themselves from the match. They went to the synagogue in the morning, had lunch, and met at one of their places for the afternoon. Once sunset came and the Sabbath was over they refused to look at the evening papers or the TV news, only switching on the TV when the full match replay was on. For them the TV was showing the game live.

Mark knew of their plans in advance and thought it would be interesting to go over and watch his friends. He arrived about half way through the replay and his friends felt good. North Melbourne had an early break in the first quarter, but Collingwood came back in the second. They'd kept North goalless for the quarter and reduced North's lead to just two points. Collingwood continued the good work in the third quarter: again they kept North goalless, and at three-quarter time the 'Woods led by 27 points. A big margin in a low scoring match. The boys were jumping for joy, and deciding there was no need to wait till the end of the game they cracked open a bottle of champagne. The corks hitting the roof were no different to the round of applause Hafey received as he walked back to the coaches' box after addressing his players during the three-quarter time break.

But those two goalless quarters betrayed the fact that North Melbourne were a good talented side - they were in the Grand Final after all. And they came back in the last quarter. Their push forward included a goal when, again, a 'Woods defender gave a direct handpass to a North player right in front of the goal.

For the three boys it was murder. They started blaming themselves, "We shouldn't have opened that bottle of champagne," they moaned, "If we'd only waited for the siren, this would never be happening." When North got to within one goal of the 'Woods one boy just couldn't take any more and ran out of the room. With a few minutes to go North were eight points in front, and the Collingwood players put in one last effort. Twice they pushed forward but could only score behinds, reducing the lead to six points - one goal.

Collingwood went forward again, with a big kick from the center. A pack of players went up for the ball, and out of it Ross "Twiggy" Dunne had taken a mark (a clean catch of the ball, for which a player is allowed a free, unobstructed kick). Twiggy went back to line up for his kick. Taking his time he pulled up his socks,

tucked his jumper into his shorts, all the time concentrating on the goals. Back in front of the TV he was getting lots of advice. "Long and high, Twiggy." "Take your time boy." "Through the big sticks, Ross." Dunne was one of the more experienced Collingwood players, who announced his retirement a few weeks after the match. Lining up for the kick he must've realised that it could've been his last kick in league football.

He kicked the ball. Long and high it went, through the big sticks. A goal. The scores were level. A minute later the final siren sounded. Only the second draw in a Grand Final. Tired and bewildered 36 players fell to the ground. A draw.

Mark turned to his three exhausted friends. "You realise that you'll have to go through all this again next week."

"No way," was the chorus of reply.

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THE "A GOOD JOKE'S A GOOD JOKE NO MATTER WHERE YOU STEAL IT FROM"  
DEPT - Perry -  
No. 2 in a continuing series.

A couple of years ago a number of Victorian Football League clubs were contemplating moving out of Melbourne to other cities and, hopefully, greener pastures. It soon became obvious that South Melbourne would be the first to shift and they eventually became the Sydney Swans. One of the other major rumours around at that time was that Footscray would move to Queensland and become the Brisbane Bulldogs. But the best of them all was the much-heralded move of Collingwood to the Philippines to become, what else?, the Manila Folders.

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A number of people lately have written to us when the BIG RED X has appeared next to their name on the mailing label. I suppose that is one way to keep on our mailing list but it seems a rather precarious existence. It's better to write before we think about striking you off. However, if the BIG RED X does appear you'd better contact us.

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LARRIKIN 7

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