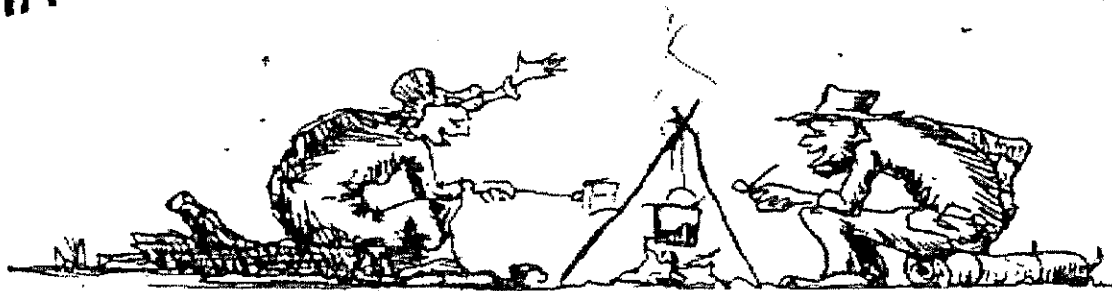


WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS



Newsletter January, 1998

BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS CHALLENGE WIRELESS HILL PARK, ARDROSS AUSTRALIA DAY, MONDAY 26TH JANUARY 1998

**FINALS COMPETITION COMMENCES 2 P.M.
FOURTH HEAT FOR OUT-OF-TOWNERS 12 NOON**

FEATURING THE DINGO'S BREAKFAST OZ POETRY BAND

**ENJOY THE BEST OZ ENTERTAINMENT
THIS SIDE OF THE BLACK STUMP
ON WONDERFUL WIRELESS HILL PARK
WITH ITS PANORAMIC VIEWS**

**BRING PROTECTION FROM THE HOLE IN THE OZ LAYER, FRIENDS,
TUCKER, REFRESHMENTS, THEN SIT BACK AND ENJOY
ENQUIRIES TEL. OR FAX 08.9310.1500**

PUBLISHED POETS

**OPPORTUNITY TO SELL BOOKS AND TAPES ON AUSTRALIA DAY
no commission will be taken**

**PLEASE ASSIST THE PUBLIC TO CHOOSE PURCHASE QUICKLY
PROVIDE A BOLDLY WRITTEN A4 SIZED POINT-OF-SALE NOTICE
TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PRICE**

**WITH DETAILS OF SPECIAL DEAL FOR MULTIPLE PURCHASE
TOTAL BOOKS OF EACH TITLE SHOULD BE NOTED ON THE BACK FOR TALLY
deliver publications to Book Sales Table on the day**

ANNUAL BOYUP BROOK COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL WEEKEND of 14TH AND 15TH FEBRUARY

Brian Gale, of Margaret River has reported in with an event to brighten up your Valentine Weekend. He tells us the Annual Boyup Brook Country Music Festival is mini Tamworth Festival of the South West, and is always well attended.

The programme for Bush Poets and Yarnspinners is as follows:

Saturday morning	3 hours	POETS AND YARNSPINNERS IN THE PUB
Saturday	midday	STREET PARADE
Sunday morning	1.5 hours	POETS AND YARNSPINNERS ON THE OVAL

Brian suggests the Caravan Park for accommodation, or for more sedate accommodation try:

Barracks Accommodation (budget & backpackers 08 9765 1437

Boyup Brook Hotel/Motel 08 9765 1297

House of Miller (B&B) 37 Bridge St. Tel. 08 9765 1193

Northlands (B&B) Kojonup Rd, 5km SE of PO Tel. 08 9765 1098

Brian is keen to book performers from our ranks. If you would like to take part in one of the sessions give him a call on 08 9757 2431. Or for a fun-filled weekend, just roll up your swag and go.

Now is the time to make plans to take your valentine to Boyup Brook Country Music Festival this year and refresh those joyous moments of togetherness.

DROPPINGS FROM THE BOSS COCKY

With Christmas '97 over the horizon and a New Year dawning, we can look forward to a successful year of Bush Poetry and Yarnspinning; and SUCCESS is the operative word for our young association.

Those who either met or heard Carmel Randle during her brief stay will appreciate the depth of interest in Bush Poetry throughout the country and will realize that we have a network of friends through a common interest in that 'other land' across the Nullabour. Thanks go to Kay and Kent Stehn for affording Carmel such wonderful hospitality during her stay.

With the final at Wireless Hill just around the corner, tell your friends to join us on Australia Day for a fair dinkum celebration of our good fortune to be living in what is still the 'Lucky Country'.

Competition will commence at midday, after the City of Melville Naturalization Ceremony.

To make the day more significant, the finalists will be competing for the inaugural City of Melville Perpetual Trophy.

May you have a happy, healthy, fun-filled year in 1998. See you on January 26th.

'The Boss Cocky'
A.K.A. Rusty Christensen

Here's something to think about as you head off next month with your own sweet valentine to Boyup Brook for the weekend. Ed.

THE NAVIGATOR

If you've got the lust to wander,
The will to roam free
If you rack up a few miles driving,
Then brother you're just like me.

You'll need a good mate for company,
With whom you'll sometimes disagree
But someone who can read a map,
Would certainly be real handy.

You see with most of us married blokes,
This job falls to our dearly beloved.
And therein lies this problem,
That till now has had me bugged.

I know they say we're different,
But this is vergin' on the ridiculous.
Give 'em a map, they're like Jekyl an' Hyde
Hang on to your hat, and God help us.

The male of the species has a logical mind,
That can interpret and reason.
Those same skills were not bestowed
Upon those of the female persuasion.

Seems they're all tarred with the same brush,
Either that, or it's bred into 'em.
Try to query one of their directions,
And your next mass, could be your requiem.

For example, you ask how far to go,
She'll say, "Oh, about this much."
Now keep your cool, try another angle.
Remember, they're different to us.

"What's the next turn," you casually inquire,
Hoping to get a result.
She looks at the map, then looks at you,
As if you're a member of some depraved cult.

"You've never explained those squiggly lines,
That mean something to you.
Anyway this map doesn't go
The same way these stupid roads do.

She holds the map at full arms length,
Then says "This printing's too small."
For your sake, don't mention vanity or glasses,
Unless you want a brawl.

They can't tell the difference between left and right,
Or even which way is up,
But ask 'em about the local gossip.
They'll know all about that, sure enough.

"Can't you read a simple map?"
You plead with utter dismay.
"It might be of some assistance
If you turned it up the right way!"

"Don't yell at me, do it yourself
If you're so bloody well smart."
In frustration, she chucks the map at you.
Then the sulking starts.

I try to be nice, and make up,
Offer to send her to 'navigator's school'.
Then, out come the excuses,
She must think that a bloke's a real fool.

"We'd have missed all those lovely places
My little mistakes allowed us to find."
Or then, here comes the classic
"It's a woman's prerogative to change her mind."

Now I just pull up, and I read the map.
Yes, I'm the chauffeur as well as the navigator,
That way we keep the peace
And we get to travel Australia all over.

© 'The Balmain Bug' Bob Dever

Bob 'The Balmain Bug' Dever and his wife joined us at the December Bush Poets' Brekkie, having first tethered their 'Queen-Mary-on-Wheels' in the car park of the Old Fremantle Prison. Much to our delight The Balmain Bug performed this little ripper. Bob and Corlene are somewhere out there travelling, so if you see them say "HI" from us. Bob has put out a book of "User friendly Aussie Poetry in the style of the Bush Balladeers" called Urban Blokes so if you want more of the same, write to his home address at 8 Clubb St, Rozelle, Sydney, NSW 2039.

Cobber's December Do

It was with a sense of fear and trepidation that I climbed into my trusty Henry Ford (the one with the dinged-in driver's door and wall-to-wall pop-sticks and kinder surprise wrappers). In the company of my wife Dianne (some of you may recognize Di from her days as head bouncer at the Flying Jug Bar and Grill, or from her mud wrestling days as 'Di the Destroyer'.) We also threw in the three 'Children of the Damned' who we were to drop off at the home of The Destroyer's sister who had volunteered to guard, eh, I mean umm, baby-sit them. We were on the way to the far reaches of the earth. The ancient city of Armadale in the remote outback of the West Australian badlands, and in particular, to the home of Keith and Maricor Lethbridge and the legendary Bi-Centennial Shed. There we were to meet with the Grande Dame of Australian bush poetry Carmel Randle. Little did we know when we embarked on this epic voyage that we were about to be privy to a great night of poetry, music and dancing (that bit's a bit of bullshit to make the story more interesting 'cause we knew bloody well it would be a top night.)

The night saw great performances by top lady performers including the fabulous Val Read and the dynamic Beth Scott who seems to be going from strength to strength with each performance she does. *(A small aside - Val would do well to note that if she keeps getting in my wife's ear to stop me drinking and smoking I'm going to mail her a dead rat. The Destroyer's making me life a bloody misery!)*

The night also saw Stinger Nettleton, Leigh Matthews, Keith Lethbridge, Bill McAtee (the King of the Lagerphone) the Boss Cocky and Yours Truly put in our two bob's worth. As well, we were privileged to have the opportunity to listen to some very interesting work by Carmel Randle. Carmel showed herself to be not only an excellent writer and performer, but also a dab hand on a comb and tissue paper, when she joined in Keith's impromptu bush band for a rollicking rendition of Click Goes the Shears.

We were also entertained by items from Kay Stehn and Jarrad Matthews. Unfortunately I was too late arriving to see Jarrad play his keyboard. By all accounts the bloke's inherited his old man's talent, if not Leigh's Adonis-like body.

All in all, it was a top night that culminated in Stinger losing his car keys, my wife losing her temper - with me, of course *[for Christ-sake, Val, stop winding her up!]*, and Kay losing her washboard.

(Visitors to Deep Water Point on Wednesday mornings have alleged to having seen Kay bent over pounding Kent's undies with a rock in an effort to keep up with the growing mound of washing since the loss of the board. No information as to whether or not Kent was in them still has surfaced.)

Our warmest thanks to Keith and Maricor for their hospitality, delightful supper and yet another truly memorable night at the Bi-centennial Shed.

Jeff Swain 'The Ardross Assassin'
December, 1997

BUSH POETS' BREKKIES

At a WABP&YA committee meeting in July 1997, I put forward the idea of having a regular monthly Poets' Breakfast at the old Victoria Hall in Fremantle. My motives were threefold:

- first, I felt that my colleagues in the performance area would feel as I did, that we needed a regular gathering to keep the momentum going outside of heats and finals, plus an excuse for having a beer on a Sunday morning;
- secondly, I was aware that Poets' Breakfasts, a regular feature at folk and country music festivals across the land were becoming more popular generally, so we as an association might generate a few more 'bums on seats', and
- thirdly, I was already deeply committed to the salvation and revitalization of the 'Old Vic' and I knew that any regular community-group booking would 'twist the arms' of the politicians and apparachiki whose support we needed to achieve that goal.

So committed to the idea was I that despite the misgivings of my nearest and dearest, I volunteered to give it a test-run for the remaining 5 months of the year. I did manage to squeeze a lukewarm gesture of support out of the committee, as long as the Victoria Hall Association took the blame if it was a flop. And so we started.

I enlisted the services of the tried and true bush poets as comperes. Far be it for me to give a 'crit' on each, but I guess the attendances at the brekkies speak for themselves.

The first one, on 3 August, was Peter Capp. Cappie adopted much the same format as had served him well at his regular pub-poetry nights at Clancy's and elsewhere, that is, he got 'would-be' performers to put their names on a list, then he called on them one by one while he did his own performance in-between. This worked well on the whole, except that a few 'first-timers' were completely 'blitzed' by the standard set by Pete & Co and 'sloped off' without 'strutting their stuff'.

Jeff Swain on 7 September was a lot more 'laissez faire'. However his day (being Dad's Day) was poorly attended by the GP and ended up with a few poetic dads drowning their sorrows while their nearest and dearest, unsympathetically, lamented their absence from the 'connubial couch' (in front of the 'tyrannical TV').

5 October saw our own Keith 'Cobber' Lethridge at the helm. His was a more 'hands-on' approach, working to a theme and calling on performers to utilise their talents in waving a colourful tapestry of poetry and prose, topped off (as had by then become 'de rigueur') with some lively impromptu bush-band music.

Having done his homework well as ever, Roger Montgomery rallied the crowd on 2 November and got everyone involved, if not actually up dancing. His 'Earls Court Regurgitation Epic' is a neo-classic in the bodily secretion genre of bush poetry, and was thoroughly enjoyed by some of those present (including Yours Truly).

7 December brought us interstate guests Carmel Randle and Bob 'Balmain Bug' Dever, with 'The Boss Cocky', Rusty Christensen in the hot-seat. As it was our last for the year (and for the Old Vic for the time being), it was fitting that this brekkie was as well attended as the first and a good time was had by all.

My overview of the 'brekkies' is that all in all it was a worthwhile effort and one that should be carried on, hopefully by a band of willing volunteers. As Fremantle Council has now taken over the hall and is likely to start charging booking fees, an alternative venue should be found – perhaps an outdoor one for summer – like Wireless Hill?

Peter 'Stinger' Nettleton

*Note from the Editor - On Australia Day
A Dinky-di Suggestions Box for Ridgie-didge proposals
shall be provided on a Membership Table near the Book Sales.*

BEREAVEMENT NOTICE

BUSH POETS' BREKKIES AT THE OLD VIC HALL FREMANTLE HAVE GONE INTO RECESS

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT COMES WITH HEAVY HEART AND GREAT SADNESS

With a deep sense of loss, the committee wishes to advise members that the Bush Poets' Brekkies will no longer be held on the first Sunday of the month in the Victoria Hall at Fremantle.

Members and friends alike, who took the jaunt to Freo and partook of the brekkies, will recall with affection these occasions. Let us take a moment to reflect on the pathos, the humour, the Sunday morning snaggas and the appalling acoustics of that lovely old hall.

Our sincere appreciation is extended to Peter Nettleton, for without Stinger's dogged dedication to saving the old Vic Hall, our lives would not have been enriched by the Bush Poets' Brekkies held within.

Take a bow, Stinger. Thanks a million.

THE COMMITTEE

THE BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARD 1998

LAST CALL FOR ENTRIES

for further details of this prestigious

WRITTEN COMPETITION

contact the Secretary Lorelie Tacoma, 16 Gratwick Terrace,
Murdoch 6150 (phone or fax 9310 1500)
entry closes postmark January 31st, 1998

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PLEASE DISPLAY THE AUSTRALIA DAY FLYER
AT YOUR LOCAL FISH'N'CHIP OR CORNER SHOP,
PLACE OF WORK, PUB OR CLUB

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WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn
Mrs. L. Tacoma, Hon. Secretary
16 Gratwick Tce, Murdoch, 6150
Tel/Fax 9310 1500



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