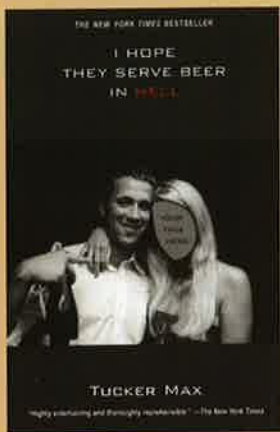


TH

'I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell'
by Tucker Max
2006



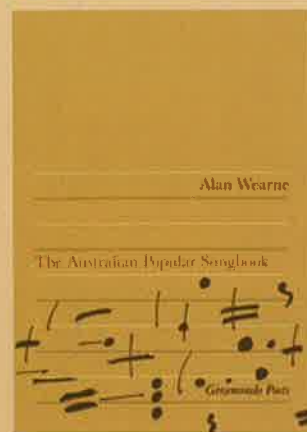
This is one of those books you wish you hadn't read, just so you could read it again for the first time. It is a stunning tribute to the disgusting, depraved, drunken stupidity and egotistical selfishness that is, Tucker Max. Through a series of recounted tales, the book traces the antics of Tucker and his troop of lewd agitators across the country from drinking holes to isolated farm houses and back. A self-professed asshole, drunk and womaniser, Tucker makes no apologies for his degeneracy. After the third story I thought to myself "I've got this guy covered, he's not so special," but with the introduction of SlingBlade and the infamous "Fellatio won't fill the hole in your soul" pick-up line, I was laughing too hard to attempt a comparison. After 'Tucker goes to Vegas', I was hooked.

The endless strings of 'used-up' women do elicit sympathy, but as Tucker says, "Ladies let me give you some advice: Men will treat you the way you let them. There is no such thing as 'deserving' respect; you get what you demand from people." To simply suggest that all this book is about is drunken idiocy and sexual conquests is to gloss over its true brilliance. The question Tucker puts to us is: If you can get away with all this shit, what do you have to be afraid of?

Henceforth, every time I find myself in a contentious situation, I will take a deep breath and ask, 'what would Tucker do?' Note: watch out for the movie of the same title, based on the *Dallas Road Trip* story coming in 2008.

SG

'The Australian Popular Songbook'
by Alan Wearne
2008



If you hate poetry read this book.

But isn't it full of poems? Yes. And isn't a lot of poetry really boring, ambiguous and full of bizarre adjectives written on paper stuck together by the poet's own bodily fluids? Yes.

Alan Wearne's latest collection, *The Australian Popular Songbook* has none of these qualities. It is funny, clever and interesting (unlike my word choice).

Wearne has been described as the master of the Australian vernacular, and this collection really proves him deserving of the title. He writes the Australian voice more accurately than most people speak it.

I am particularly taken by 'My Old Man's a Groovy Old Man', the story of a father dating someone half his age. I'm sure 'The Valentines' would be amused to read the line, "Ok 'lurv'. I kinda admire it, but I'd rather go dead than think my best friend could be giving my father...head?"

He's the master of poetic forms such as the ballad and the villanelle, among others. His ability to come up with unthinkable rhymes makes tired poetic forms really enjoyable, and dare I say, inspiring? Some of the best are 'Saturday Girl', 'Bourke Street On Saturday Night', 'A World Of Our Own', and 'Knox City: A Ballad'.

The poems boast great Australian references and hilarious characters whose Aussie names are often among their most amusing features. If you want to laugh at yourself, have a scan through 'Seventeen Illawarra Couplets', or if you're into rhythm, 'Ciao Baby'.

Much of the subject matter really makes you want to know what Alan Wearne got up to as a young poet in Melbourne.

books