

Look, I'm doing that girl doing Gene Simmons



Dental Pride night was a winner

His disqualification from the KY-Jelly wrestle was instant

For no apparent reason, Steven shouts, "His name is Brendan... (he searches for inspiration) Cock!" "Honestly, no," continues Tony, oblivious. "The ladies here are very high-class and I have no chance whatsoever."

Getting into the beer garden is as easy as pushing a ute up a sand dune. If everyone breathed in at the same time, all the walls would fall down.

Geoff and Kevin, jackets and ties a mess, look like wolves unexpectedly locked in the sheep paddock.

"I love standing near the female toilets, 'cos you get to see who's here," says Geoff, grinning hungrily. "Over an hour, you see all the females."

I move on, worrying about the females.

As I leave, a big, fit-looking bloke pats the doorman on the shoulder, and I hear, "SAS".

"Is that bloke in the SAS?" I ask nosily.

The doorman looks at me hard.

"No."

10.50pm

Rokeby Rd NOW that most of the footy crowd is

in The Subiaco Hotel or gone home, the streets are quieter. Except for the 19 smashed primary school teachers on a hens' night, who say they are "looking for trouble".

When I was nine, I never ever suspected my teachers went looking for trouble.

10.55pm

LLAMA BAR

1/464 Hay St

LLAMA is a sort of bootleg lizard lounge, grunge bar and cocktail hangout. Past the bamboo walls at the entrance are big, free-standing shelves with carefully arranged glasses and bottles. At the back are long, black couches; above them on the wall are rusty mirrors and what looks like a large hessian tent with the word "void" written on it.

It is very busy. A relaxed-looking dude called Aiden sits near three giggling girls. "This is a pretty good place," he says. "You don't have any hassles and you can sit here and look at girls. My strike rate's good here."

The three girls won't talk to me at all. They sit there giggling and saying no until I give up.

I retreat back to Aiden for advice. "I think they're scared of you, mate,"

he informs me. "I've been tuning them a bit."

I leave him to it.

Paul, a big, meaty bloke wearing a jumper, protectively crushes his girlfriend Jeannie with his arm in case I suddenly run off with her. "I'm Yvonne Goolagong!" he shouts.

I'm happy to accept this, but by the 15th repetition I wish he'd get over it.

Meanwhile, Paul's mate Sammy has been shouting crap and climbing all over everyone. He's like one of those little dogs that's yet to find out how disappointing life is. Someone tells me Sammy is Rove's [McManus] brother. I can well believe it.

The open area near the bar is packed. Everyone bumps into everyone, but no-one seems to mind.

Leaning casually against the bar, Mick tells me he has never failed to get laid here. "My strike rate is 100 per cent. And I'm 100 per cent serious. We're amongst it and they're all at it."

In contrast, Mick's mate Martin has never been laid here. Martin tells me this with a sad, slightly crazed smile. "He's got no confidence," says Mick. "Look - he's doing alright now, but he can't seal the deal. I might take him to Langtrees to buy him a hooker."

I decide Mick needs a test, and pick a passing girl at random. "This is Mick," I tell her, and retreat to a safe distance. Stacey, a hot brunette, looks him up and down.

He says, "How are you doing? What's your name?" Within seconds they're talking like old mates. Bugger.

11.30pm

PADDY MAGUIRES PUB

328 Barker Rd

THE journey from the stylish, grungy, well-dressed Llama Bar to Paddy's pub is probably not often made, even in reverse. Half the crowd here have Eagles scarves round their necks and are on their fourth or fifth quick-one-before-getting-home.

They stand in the usual forest-load of oak panelling. There are scrubbed-up shots of Oirish tea-clippers on the walls, and a small stage at the front, presently littered with abandoned instruments.

Two blonde girls, Sara and Louise, sit alone in a big old wooden booth, easing their way through pints of beer. "This is only the second time we've been here, but now we'll make it our regular Friday night," says Sara.

They look slightly confused when I ask them about the guys here.