

Sortition by Neely Dunn

There is a local election coming up and I was thinking of running, however my gammy leg means that I'd never get far enough away. The other problem is where? The joint is surrounded by two bit democratic elections. If that fills me with fear, it is no comparison to what it does to the great unwashed once the spin-doctors divide and conquer.

It is a comprehensive field of candidates. Broad (arsed), balanced (in simplicity) and good hearted in that white supremacist, aren't we lovely and what about the kiddies way.

Some serious issues present.. Fortunately most of them won't be mentioned for fear of upsetting the aforementioned kiddies, who won't be listening anyway. One bloke is running on the slogan of 'Ssshhh' and it's proving quite popular. In the hope of uniting people, he is refusing to discuss anything that may divide or upset them. His smile is quite permanent in that 'seen something that wasn't expected' way and if asked anything he replies he remembers the bushfires in '83 and then sobs a couple of times before leaving the spotlight. It does make it hard for some of his more strident opponents to find his policy weak spots and exploit them. You start talking down the great (white) Australian tragedy stories and you haven't got a Simpson's Donkey to lean on.

One of the veteran campaigners has had several stints as Mayor and is widely respected for her vigorous research. She has recently spoken out about wind farms causing climate change. Her husband runs a trucking firm and he heard it on the CB radio and there was pretty much wide spread acceptance amongst the Big Ducky frequency contributors. There were about twelve of them and none of 'em were mung bean chewing hippies or tree hugging greenies, so it is a fairly solid source of local voter intent. It's the big issues down here. You can put a great big prick in your Canberra bubble; we are talking salt of the earth.

Really salty earth.

Another contender is promoting state of the art sports facilities. Not sport, just facilities. The demographic suggests it may be more appropriate to campaign for state of the art care facilities, but where is the fair dinkum Aussie hero dreaming in that? About five minutes from death. There is a shitload of Federal money available and they are biologically unable to spend it on the needy or the

dispossessed and you can stick the unemployed, so it is a narrow field of opportunity. But they wont be narrow fields if Candidate Knackers gets elected. They will be fields of dreams. Unoccupied. Unused. Unneeded. Possibly the hooded plovers will nest there which might open up a few opportunities for beach users. He hasn't mentioned that yet as he is still working on the ploy that some youngsters will arrive from Uranus (or his) and provide the next local hero.

The public forums have been a conductor of some heat, energy and theatre. Theresa Green, the environmental candidate, has been making her public appearances strapped to a fifteen foot white box trunk sourced from the high country, which she swears she isn't. It's a hardy slow growing organism and it's similarities to the obligatory One Nation contender were highlighted when the latter took to the trunk with a chain saw in an effort to carve a likeness of his beloved Pauline onto the motif of his nemesis. Theresa took exception and called for civility and courteous debate however the chainsaw drowned her calls until the blunted chain kicked back and struck her assailant, Digger Gallipoli Anzac Lest We Forget Adams, which caused him to immediately drop the weapon and call for assistance against her assault. His bloodied face featured in local press the very next day under the banner 'Bloodied hero refuses to press charges'.

Talkback radio was full of it and the local TV championed the story. Digger was a shoo-in. A true Aussie bloke who didn't whinge when he was victimized. Stories of his wonderful contribution to many needy causes surfaced from, surprisingly, anonymous sources. The stuff of which this great division, of this great State, of this great land, was built on. According to the stories. Other conservative contenders clambered to exchange preferences. As one proudly pronounced in a sixteen second interview,

'If Digger had a policy I would back it.'

It was two days of absolute acclamation and a grant was sought to finish the Pauline sculpture if they could just separate Theresa from the trunk; but Theresa wasn't going nowhere which was common occurrence in the electorate. There is a lot of nowhere not to go, it's just a matter of choice.

At this time of civil tumescence, accoladians and the ensuing bandwagon were unaware of Sturgeon's Law.

Which states ‘Ninety per cent of anything is crap.’

In this case understates. Digger was going for the perfect score and the minions of the press and public who didn’t know him from a bar of dropped soap were about to discover once again that their ears were painted on. Digger had left a few dogs tied up around town. Many towns. Every town he’d ever been to. Debts, offspring, seventeen #metoo claims after last drinks at various locals (one with a cow in calf) and most damning of all, political correctness.

He was a fraud. Which for some unexplained reason made him less, rather than more, electable.

The final insult, much to his followers’ bewilderment, his name wasn’t Digger Gallipoli Anzac Lest We Forget Adams. The Lest We Forget Adams family confirmed that in front of a huge media scrum and a flurry of our Nation’s flags. Well, four part time reporters on work experience. And one tattered union jack with some stars on it.

I’ve been thinking about it. Never attribute to malice that which can be adequately explained by stupidity. We need more stupid people on Council. They fit better.

He’s got my vote.