

1983

Another Friday night

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Recommended Citation

Huntington, Anthony R., Another Friday night, *Kunapipi*, 5(2), 1983.
Available at: <https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol5/iss2/5>

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Abstract

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Slit hem skirts revealing long white thighs and calves miniskirts tight shoes cutting into sore feet pairs of airline pilots looking for a screw fatso with a gut overhanging the belt of his dirty slacks two sizes too big for him

Black shoes tan shoes ragged running shoes two tone jazzman's shoes with pointed toes and seethrough soles

Shaved legs thin legs dimpled fat legs grafted onto dimpled overweight buttocks or slim little cheeks like unripe pears

Necklines plunging down between great wallowing hummocks of flesh that flop about like balloons full of water or to flat pieces of skin between discreet size 10 or 12 breasts covered in fuzz hidden nipples fringed with toupees of thick black hairs

Hair fluffed this way or that straight up like that of the dingo boy from *Mad Max 2* ragged and torn by \$60 clippings a heavy looking guy (who can lay you out and break your teeth with one punch) mixing drinks with the hair at the base of his neck a rhapsody in electric blue girls with eyelids like the wingcases of rare insects people waving glasses and sipping as they talk hands reaching through the crowd to caress a familiar bottom or goose a stranger padded breasts cosmetic crotches smokers blowing clouds in the faces of lesser beings who dare not complain about the sting in their eyes people lined up outside the door

trying to get in girls sitting in boys' laps boys bending to kiss girls feet stroking feet

And the dance floor a little square of parquetry roofed by flashing lights adjoining a tiny carpeted stage on which a large thighed woman (who is getting too old for it) will occasionally shake herself about smile at the audience and chat to the DJ the crowd on the dance floor grows and dwindles locked into the groove their feet moving left then right bending one knee then the other twisting the heel forwards on the toe towards the toe of the other foot left then right, left then right left then right left then right locked into that groove in the semidarkness where the bodies are crushed in a hot humid sweat stepping on each other's toes dodging the butt of their neighbour's sophisticated Craven A a drunk staggering and falling and being assisted to a seat boys standing on the dance floor not knowing what to do with their hands locked in the groove a girl in white mocassins dressed like a pixie joyously flinging herself about with such abandon that her partner can't keep up some deserters from the Kiss Army somebody in neon pink pants propelling his two tone shoes faster and faster while a small circle of onlookers shake their heads in disbelief and say things like 'Jesus, look at that' while up at the bar they're six deep trying to get pissed on Fourex and Cairns Draught and rough red and tequila and rumbos and the sweat is pouring off everybody because at 37 degrees the air conditioning is a joke and they're all locked in that groove that leftrightleft with the feet that limp wristed chacha with the hands that oogarooga with the neck

And though they will all swear at Monday morning tea that they had a real rage at the Terrace on Friday night, mate, they're all dancing locked in that groove left right left leftrightleft huggahugga with the dancer doing this terrible grind routine holding her hands out to the boys with a Colgate smile frozen on her face and this kid is looking cockeyed (cause he is pissed) at the lump between her legs and thinking hmm, she's gotta be a slut and she's saying take me, take me to the Casbah and use me as you like while he's got his other eye on this girl with these nipples sticking through her dress like jam jar tops (I mean, she must have had to rub them to get them to stick up like that so she's gotta be asking for a couple inches (ok Oh God Oh Jesus lookitemtits!!) and they're all locked into that groove and dancing on the carpets and leaping in the air and landing on their arses

And on their faces they're all wearing the same look while they avoid the eyes of the person they are 'dancing' with

And that look is utter pissed-off boredom

Or maybe they're watching the comedy relief for the night, the small contingent of gayboys and gaygirls in studded leather gear and frills and jumpsuits and lace just like those Spandau Ballet Johnnies on TV and in the magazines they all subscribe to, I mean *darling* they're standing there looking oh so demure in their clothes with their hair, I mean, their hair is ab-so-lute-ly the *latest* thing coz they stopped in at work this afternoon and had one of the other boys and girls touch it up with a bit of a tint on the fringe and a twist of the kiss curls just *so* They're standing there looking like it is *all* just *so* boring I mean just *so* la-de-da like they're completely bored out of their heads and this place is really the pits but it is *after all* the only game in town. Their leader is there in his ladies boutique clothes with a wide glittery belt and three earrings in each ear and a necklace of pig tusks around his neck and his moustache neatly trimmed and his plucked eyebrows and his diet-slimmed body. They're standing there like it is just *so* boring — all these crass fans of thud rock so crushed on the floor that they can barely twitch their arses to the World's Greatest Rock Band AC/DC (which claim must be true because it is what their ads say) They're standing in a group and it's all-can you lend me a cigarette, darling? your place or mine? not this week coz the doc sez I've still got the pox-with their ciggies in one hand and their drinks in the other

But that bunch who think themselves just soooo cool and soooo de mode and soooo a la carte, when they wake up (Oh Jesus what time is it honey?) on Monday morning they will have to slip into a pair of cotton-tails/Jocks and go to work as hairdressers and checkout punchers. Hairdressers and checkout punchers who think they are the sex object of the hour Friday and Saturday nights while all these poor lost proles wander around trying to get a dance and a fuck, but instead just get drunk and stagger out to vomit into the river and make a mess of their clothes

What a joke