

Hook, line and stinker – three chicks in bikinis go fishing

A group of Aussie shrinking violets is off to conquer TV execs in Cannes using the oldest bait in the world, says **Rachael Oakes-Ash**.



THE
HECKLER

Every girl knows a string bikini and a pair of stilettos will hook you the catch of the day. (After all, it worked for Jodhi Packer.)

Every girl also knows there's a fine line between the catch of the day and a groper, so beware which one you throw back.

In keeping with the fishing analogy, three Aussie chicks in bikinis are taking sex to the waterways in the hope of catching prime time television and luring the public in for a weekly dose of "fish and chicks".

Hook, Line and Stiletto is fronted by Fiona Argyle, a former highbrow journalist from the ABC already known for her lowbrow spreads in men's magazines, Annalise Braakensiek, a publicity-shy girl from Bondi, and *Sports Illustrated* model Kate James. Just as well no autocue is required.

From what I can gather, the only thing really required is a bikini and a boat, and the rest

will just happen – we all know the luring qualities of a Seafoily or a Brian Rochford to the average perch, bream and trout.

Doing their bit to promote women as the intelligent, thought-provoking and entertaining creatures we are, these girls are taking their assets to the world stage with a strategic, original and mind-blowing promotion in Cannes. In other words, they're strutting their talent in bikinis in front of TV execs from around the world.

But who am I to tell them this hasn't been done before? No doubt executive producers will marvel at the scale of this production, while competitors will remain gutted they hadn't thought of it first, and before you can say "I'm hooked" the girls will net themselves a multi-million-dollar global deal.

Argyle, who incidentally is the former squeeze of Adultshop.com guru Malcolm Day, understands what an

empowering project for women this is (without alienating the men, of course).

"It will be total escapism for men, and for women it's a 'you go, girl'," she was heard to say to AAP, before packing her C-cup for the trip to Cannes.

Of course, my girlfriends and I are grateful to Argyle and her school of two other fish for encompassing that "you go, girl, attitude". I applaud her ability to fish and look good in a bikini simultaneously and am inspired to be able to do the same, although I am afraid the only fish I'll catch will be the ones that die of fright.

But spare a thought for Rex Hunt. He's probably sweating it out on the treadmill as we speak, pumping iron in order to flex butt muscle in his next series, *Flex Hunt's Hook, Line and Thong*. As the girls are catching tuna with their Kaysers, Flex reels in a marlin with his Y-fronts. A man with more than 40 years' fishing experience reduced to the frozen seafood section for his next catch.

One would hope that, while the women are rejoicing, men

will be complaining to the Australian Broadcasting Authority by the post-bag load. I can imagine passionate fishermen offended by three girls who think all it takes is a bit of lip gloss to suck in a big one. I envisage picket lines of men holding placards and chanting "Don't steal our tackle", "There's more to fishing than meets the eye" and "Not in the reel world".

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After all, what man likes to be told how to work his own tackle, even if the woman telling him is 179 centimetres tall and skimpily clad?

Maybe in seasons to come the girls will release 15-centimetre silicone models of themselves with bendable waists and movable arms to cast their plastic rods. The three girls will have nicknames like Hooker, Liner and Stiletto. Young girls will play with them in

the bath and they'll be role models to pre-teens who foolishly dreamt of an education and thankfully saw the error of their ways on prime-time television. Now they dream of wrestling a shark in G-string net bikinis.

Perhaps they'll do a lingerie special – anyone for *Hook, Line and Suspender?* – or maybe a reality special where we get to vote them off.

But what I want to know is, will the girls be throwing the fish back? And if they do, will they do a Rex Hunt and kiss them? Or go one better and slip the tongue in and pash that parrot fish?

In this column you are invited to apply your wit to anything that makes your blood boil. Send 750 words, with your contact details, to speatling@smh.com.au or GPO Box 506, Sydney 2001. Submissions may be edited and may be published on the Internet.