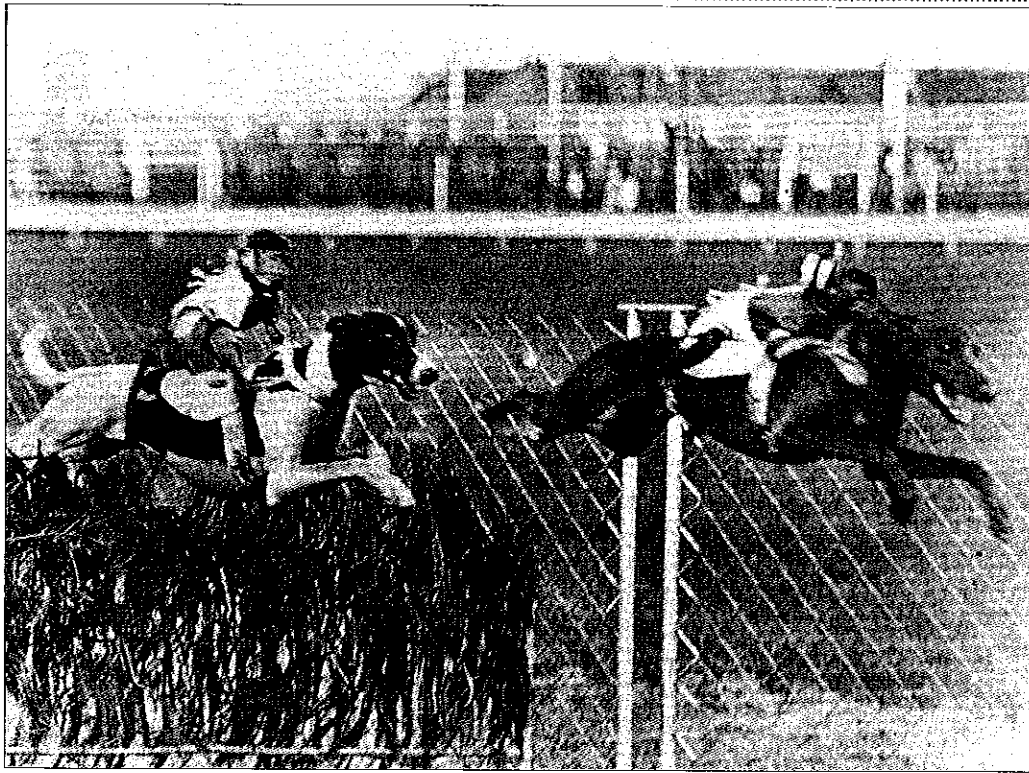


Still life

Monkeys riding greyhounds Mascot, 1930



PAIRIX PHOTOS. GEORGE MCCULLAN/NATIONAL LIBRARY OF AUSTRALIA

Day at the Rhesus Monkey jockeys, said pressmen of the day, "added considerable zest and enjoyment to the sport"

Equine flu may have nobbled the 2007 Spring Racing Carnival but salvation is just a nut away.

Monkeys. Dressed as jockeys. Riding greyhounds. For peanuts.

It's true. In 1930, when greyhound racing attracted crowds of 40,000, Shepherd's Bush Greyhound Track in Mascot hosted such a sensation.

By then, a night at the dogs was so popular, cinema owners successfully campaigned to ban night betting.

But because of their balance and imitative tendencies, simians in silks proved even better riders than humans, hunkering down in their saddles, digging into tiny stirrups and using their tails as whips.

Alas, monkey racing was a short-lived phenomenon in Sydney, shut down for the pocket jockey's own protection. So keen were they to claim a winning purse of peanuts, the monkeys began to gravely injure each other in the quest for victory.

What ever next? Monkey tennis? It's worth a bet...

Local hero

Reinhard Wurtz The Human Stein

Who you? I'm a German plumber who for the past six years has been licensee and manager of the Lowenbrau Keller in The Rocks.

Still use your hands now?

Ya, I'm training to break the world record for holding steins full of bier.

How do you train for that?

A bit of running, some weights, and lots of liquid hydration.

Drinking beer is "training"?

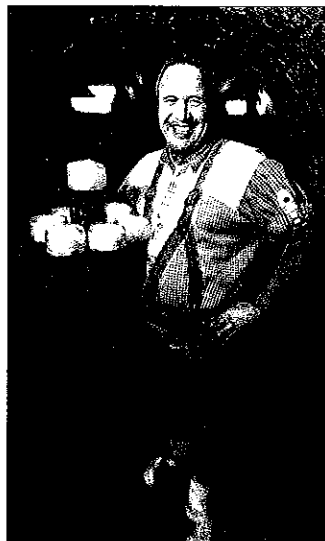
Of course! But I drink more steins than I break because I practice using a rubber mat.

What's the current record?

Sixteen, set by a barmaid in Bavaria. A couple of years back I carried 19 but the Guinness Book of Records refused to register the record because the show they filmed of it never made it to air and the footage went missing.

I smell sabotage...

It's just bad luck. But for me,



it means unfinished business.

That's why this year I'm going for 20. **Talk us through it...**

I'll get six full steins on each arm, balance another eight on top and walk 40 metres in a minute-and-a-half without spilling more than 20 per cent of the Hofbrau.

But your hands are so small?

They've got to be small to fit through the stein handles, see. That's why women are the champions... they can also balance steins on their boobies.

True. What are the hazards?

Twenty steins full of Hofbrau is bloody heavy - about 46kg - and the handles cut off the blood in your hands fast.

But the glory is eternal, eh?

Oh yes, and I'm hoping by then Waverley Council have approved my citizenship - that'd make me an Australian world champion.

Verbatim

"If you're not living in Sydney, you're camping out"

Paul Keating

"There is material for a dozen buccaneering stories to be picked up in the hotels at Circular Quay"

Robert Louis Stevenson

"God made the Harbour... but Satan made Sydney"

Mark Twain

"Sydney is paradise on earth. This is a beautiful scene right here, baby. Put on the barbecue 'cos Snoop is moving to yo' hood"

Calvin 'Snoop Dogg' Broadus

"I hope Time Out Sydney will be must-read journalism... that's what Australians urgently need"

John Pilger

Number cruncher

227

The number of days it'd take *Time Out Sydney* to get a table for two on a Saturday night at Tetsuya's

87

The number of days it'd take us to get the same table even when we ring up pretending to be booking on behalf of Cate Blanchett and Andrew Upton