

WCC suffers mortal wound in Mayoral election bloodbath



Cr Kylie Gaston watches on as Cr Peter Hulin explains why the councillors deserve to be sacked. Image: Annie Cairn Terrier.

Carol Altmann – The Terrier

The Fallout: Oh, if looks could kill.

How on earth does the W'bool City Council come back from the Mayoral showdown?

On Monday night there were more knives out than an episode of Masterchef; more blood on the floor than the Red Wedding, if thankfully of the invisible variety.

(If you missed the audio, it is a must listen. You can find it on the WCC website).

The truth is, it can't recover.

You can't un-say that someone betrayed you, that you were set up, that you were manipulated, or that the place is run by two political wolves in Crs Gaston and Neoh who urge you stick with them, then eat you up for breakfast.

You can't un-say, as our Mayor elect did in a phone call, that you did a c*** act.

So here we are, right back to square one after three years, with a council split right down the middle.

For the council to keep blaming the media for eating its own head off is ludicrous.

This is a shambles all of their own making and it's the natural outcome of backstabbing, disloyalty, power plays...and an obsession with control.

It is the sort of political bastardy that might happen when you are running for state politics, but it doesn't wash here.

So the council will limp along with one arm and half a leg, like the Black Knight from Monty Python's Holy Grail ("a mere flesh wound, sire"), until we get to the next election.

That election is 12 months away, but the search for fresh candidates must start now.

Who would you like to see re-elected? And who do you know who should be there? Your time starts now. [#election2020](#)

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