

PURELY DICTA



THE MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY LAW STUDENTS' JOURNAL
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PURELY DICTA

EDITION N° ONE 2010

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CONTENTS

HOGWARTS v MELBOURNE LAW SCHOOL NUWAN DIAS on the advantages and pitfalls of an education at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. And something or other about Justice Deane.	6
A CRUEL DECEPTION SIMON BREHENY looks to uncover the ‘truth’ behind homeopathic medicine.	8
ICE CREAM POLITICS JENNIFER LIM reveals the ice cream flavours that represent our world leaders. Which one will be your favourite?	12
A LOVE POEM TO APPLE CEO STEVE JOBS HADI MAZLOUM confesses his undying love for Apple Macs. It’s a healthy obsession. Doctors do recommend an Apple a Day.	14
AURAL SEX: WOMEN’S SUSCEPTIBILITY TO WORDS MATTHEW TAYLOR being Matthew Taylor. An article about words. And women.	16
A GRIPE WITH THE LAW SCHOOL MAINTENANCE STAFF JULIA K MAURUS wonders when the toilet doors will stop their squeaky ways.	20
FASHION’S NEW CHANGING ROOM: STYLE ON THE INTERNET TARANG CHAWLA looks at how the Internet is changing the way fashion works.	22
A STORY ABOUT THE LARGE PROFESSOR NICHOLAS MODRZEWSKI has a story about, you guessed it, The Large Professor.	26
CLIFF JUMPING IN THAILAND: A CAUTIONARY TALE ASHLEY GOLDBERG advises against the thrill of an adventure on Koh Phi Phi.	30
APPLICATION TO TRANSFER FROM LLB TO MBBS JACQUELINE CARR challenges the contemporary law student to break the mould.	33
A GUIDE TO PROPER CONDUCT IN THE LAW SCHOOL MADELINE EDWARDS offers etiquette advice from her own experiences.	34
A WEST SIDE STORY JACQUELINE CARR provides a travel guide to Australia’s West Side.	37
TOM CRUISE: A ROLE MODEL FOR ALL CELEBRITIES PAUL ANNABELL wishes all celebrities would be more like Tom Cruise. Make it so, Xenu!	38
INDIE BASHING HELEN BABB asks, ‘Why all the Indie bashing these days?’	42
MY TIME IN THE JURIS DOCTOR (INSERT METAPHOR HERE) MICHAEL CASSIDY on the the real surprises of studying a JD.	45

EDITORIAL

We take great pleasure in welcoming you to Edition One of Purely Dicta 2010. This edition will also be available online at the Purely Dicta blog (www.thepurelydictablog.blogspot.com). Most importantly, we would like to thank all of our contributors for the quality work they have submitted. The delightful cover photograph was taken by VINH HA en route from Hanoi to Kuala Lumpur. We hope you like it as much as we do.

As the examination period looms, we like to think that this journal is a timely reminder that Law School doesn't need to revolve around assessment and future careers. That said, we are delighted to present some great reads which will alleviate tension prior to the harrowing month of June.

If you are contemplating a change of career, may we suggest you read NUWAN DIAS' comparison of Melbourne Law School with Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry (p6)? It is a marvel to us that his entire article goes by without one mention of Emma Watson. Alternatively, why not become a Doctor of Medicine as JACQUELINE CARR suggests (p33)? Though, be mindful not to become too enthralled with homeopathy or SIMON BREHENY may have some harsh words for you (p8).

If you are after a new favourite ice cream flavour, sample JENNIFER LIM's article on the flavours that represent our world leaders (p12). Meanwhile, MAD-ELINE EDWARDS presents an etiquette guide to proper conduct in the Law School (p36) and HADI MAZLOUM shares his love of all things Apple (p14).

Submissions are now open for Edition Two. To submit an article, email us at lss-purelydicta@unimelb.edu.au. For article suggestions, keep an eye out for the content ideas list dropping next semester.

Word.

HOGWARTS

∨

MELBOURNE LAW SCHOOL



by NUWAN DIAS

The dilemma: you study your backside off and finally get accepted into Melbourne Law School. At the same time, a deranged obese man with an absurd pirate accent named Hagrid (above) breaks into your house and delivers you a letter informing you that you have also been accepted into Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

We've all been there. But now it's decision time. To which institution will you set sail for? Well, here is a list of relevant considerations to help you decide.

WHY HOGWARTS?

Because ...

The train to Hogwarts is infinitely more reliable than the Pakenham line. And it is infinitely safer than the Epping Line (even with the odd incursion by Dementors).

Because ...

Hogwarts managed to arrange an intra-school Quidditch tournament, which totally puts the Law Students' Society's "Rock Paper Scissors" tournament to shame.

Because ...

Justice William Deane once said:

'In my view, the actual reasoning in the majority judgments in Viro supports the conclusion that the proper verdict in a case of homicide where self-defence fails as a complete defence by reason only of the fact that the accused's genuine belief that he was acting in reasonable self-defence was not reasonably held is manslaughter regardless of whether the absence of the element of reasonableness is caused by the unreasonableness of the perception of an occasion of self-defence or the unreasonableness of the belief that the force was excessive.'

And, if you go to Law School, you will have to read that and many other pearls of wisdom courtesy of the great man.

Because ...

Upon graduating from Hogwarts, you will be able to derisively refer to lesser mortals as "Muggles". Upon graduating from Melbourne (despite all of the promises made by your parents) you will enjoy no such privilege over Monash students.

Because ...

The gothic design of Hogwarts, with its high vaulted ceilings and oaken tables, really captures the mystique and grandeur of the institution; whereas the interior decorations of the Melbourne Law School appear to have been stolen from the set of Austin Powers.

Because ...

When Professor Dumbledore divines food from the heavens for a feast, it is not just for the postgraduate students.

Because ...

As a student at Hogwarts, you will have the opportunity to drop Latin phrases you've learnt around your friends without being made to feel like an absolute jerk.

Because ...

Hogwarts didn't need to purchase Plasma Screens to remind entrants that they were at Hogwarts.

Because ...

Despite:

- (a) The tumultuous teaching conditions;
- (b) The ever-present danger of being murdered or accused of murder; &
- (c) Ronald Weasley,

Teachers at Hogwarts never go on strike.

WHY LAW SCHOOL?

Because ...

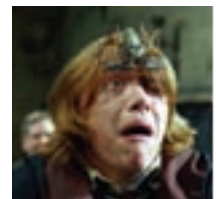
Any community that has mastered the science of teleportation via "port keys" should have replaced its messenger owl service with e-mail years ago.

Because (of)...

Ronald Weasley.

He may well have been your favorite character in the book, but if you ever have to deal with him in person, he will drive you "absolutely mental" (which is, in fact, one of Ronald's favourite phrases). This is because Ronald has a unique genetic mix of ignorance, clumsiness, cowardice and sexual anxiety which makes it biologically impossible for him to contribute positively to anything. Instead, he spends his day alternating between two emotions:

- (a) paralysing fear; and,

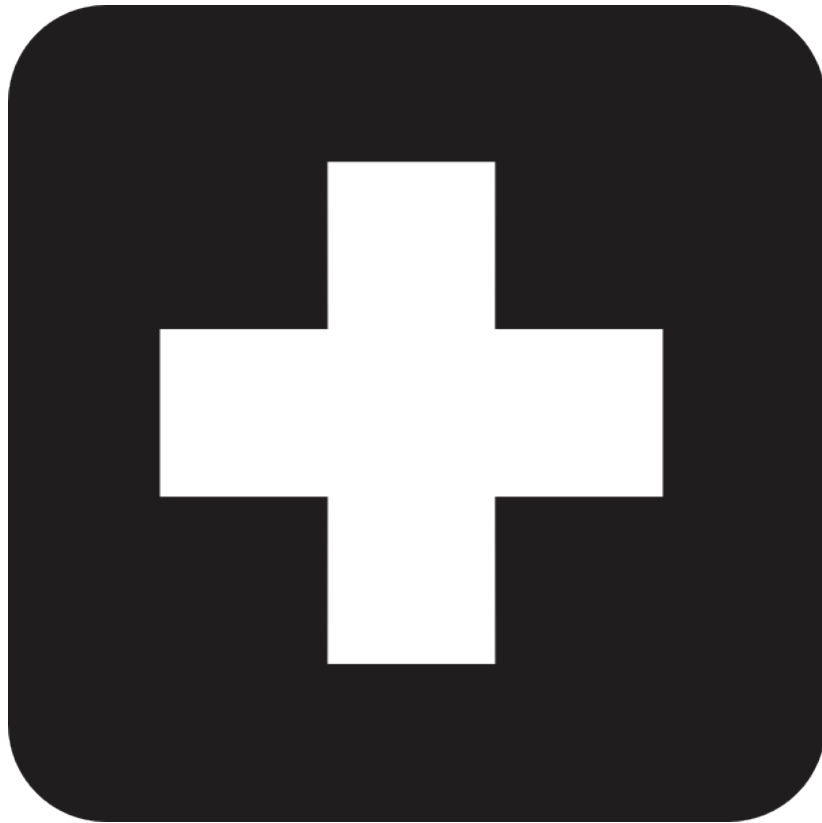


- (b) dejection



You will regularly find him wondering around Hogwarts with his shirt out and his tie undone, not because he is consciously subverting an outdated private school paradigm, but because he lacks the motor skills to get dressed. Suffice to say, the "Weasley Factor" is a major reason to avoid Hogwarts. ▲

A CRUEL DECEPTION



Alternative medicine is just the name given to any ‘health’ practices that are either untested or have failed scientific testing, writes SIMON BREHENY

in the dilute solution via this 'memory'. But wouldn't water also 'remember' other substances with which it has come into contact, like arsenic and urine? Of course, this is a completely unfounded assertion and no scientific data exists that even remotely goes to proving this claim so there is no need to worry about water's memory of heavy metals, bodily waste or anything else. And with that, one would think that this would be the end of it; we would all forget about this silly idea and move onto better things but, amazingly, there are people who have spent time conducting trials into the efficacy of homeopathy.

This is hotly debated stuff. On the one hand, homeopaths claim they are being attacked by big pharmaceutical-paid, conspiracy theorists and on the other, exists the evil perpetrators of these unfair attacks: scientists. In the end, though, it doesn't matter if the homeopaths are right and they are being attacked because all that matters is the science. What possible effect could a particular scientist's personal views on the subject have? As it turns out, most research into alternative 'medicine' isn't conducted by pharmaceutical companies with deep pockets because they're much more interested in proving that their own drugs work. Most of the research is carried out by the alternative therapists themselves, and guess what, a huge majority of it is positive. In 1995, 99% of the articles on alternative medicine published in medical journals were positive. Ninety-nine percent! No self-respecting medical practitioner would look at this and think that there is simply no legitimate criticism of alternative medicine to be had. Instead, what most doctors realise is happening here is what tends to occur in all areas of medical research: publication bias. Positive results are much more likely to get published than negative ones. In many cases, researchers don't even bother going to the publishers with negative results. Whether a conscious effort at concealment by the researcher or not, these cases are important in determining the efficacy of particular medicines and there is no

reason why homeopathy should be any different. Thankfully, the scientific establishment has tools with which it can cut through to the usefulness and validity of each scientific study. It's here that the 'evidence' for homeopathy really looks embarrassing. Most of the positive trials have one of two flaws: either they aren't blind tests or they aren't randomised. One may as well throw these out altogether because they certainly don't adhere to scientific principles. In properly conducted medical trials using good methodology and large numbers of subjects, homeopathic remedies have been shown to have no effect beyond the placebo.

So the only thing left to do is prescribe away and allow the placebo to work its magic, right? Well, no. Successfully administering a placebo requires a level of deception and this would breach the two most important principles of the doctor-patient relationship: informed consent and autonomy. If doctors are to treat their patients successfully, there is a preeminent need for shared honesty and trust. This relationship is built on the aforementioned principles and cannot exist without them. To allow homeopaths to continue to prescribe placebos is unethical and harks back to the ideas of paternalistic Victorians.

The chicanery in homeopathy has gone on long enough. It is unacceptable that we allow homeopaths to act as doctors when all the while they lie to and mislead their patients about the physical ingredients of the 'medicines' they prescribe, the biological impossibility of their effectiveness and their abysmal failure in clinical trials. If modern drugs fail tests, if real doctors mislead their patients or fail to read current literature, commissions of inquiry are called and litigation is initiated. This hypocrisy, this deception, must end. ▲

I AM PAGE ELEVEN

I am Page Eleven. There is no article on me. Unless you count this as an article, which it's not. It's just ink filling space on me, a piece of dead tree.

How does that make you feel? Not good, right? Well, good, because you should look after dead trees.

Remember that article about sea monkeys that you wanted to write? Or about how you think that Jasmine is the best Disney character ever?

Luckily for you there's going to be more dead tree in Edition Two, and there will be more ink on that dead tree. This time, the ink is going to be an article written by YOU.

Don't believe me? Wondering why a page has a personality?
Send submissions to lss-purelydicta@unimelb.edu.au

ICE CREAM POLITICS: COMING TO A FREEZER NEAR YOU



JENNIFER LIM gives you the scoop on the ice cream flavours synonymous with all of our world leaders.

Which one will be your favourite?

Barack Obama. President. Reformer. Leader of the free world. One of a handful of political figures to so pervasively impact our popular culture. Last year Obama beat Jesus Christ by a scrape to be named America's #1 Hero. Devotees have enshrined him in comic books, video games, YouTube clips and rap lyrics. And now his influence has trickled down into the culinary world of ice cream.

Boutique Icecreamery Jock's Ice Cream & Sorbet has encapsulated the very flavour of Obama's presidency in *Obamarama*, an unexpectedly popular tongue-in-cheek treat. But just what should an Obama inspired ice cream taste like? Choc-vanilla swirl for his mixed heritage? Cookie chunks to represent Michelle and the kids?

The flavour architects at Jock's went straight to the essence of the American dream, choosing a delectable combination of peanut ice cream and boysenberry jam. What a perfect tribute to Obama's love of PB&J sandwiches. What an appropriate encapsulation of all-American wholesomeness.

But what of other world leaders who have been left out of the freezer? Surely they are just as full of flavour? Or are they? Here's the scoop on some flavours that never made. You be the judge.

Vanilla & Green Tea Ruddsicles

Promising but ultimately bland ice cream on a stick. A fair shake of the sauce bottle of green tea suggests Oriental influences, but the gooey centre is vanilla through and through. Don't be fooled by the "environmentally friendly packaging" — it's not biodegradable.

Superstar Sarkozy Sherbet

Made from the finest quality candied lemon peel, a scoop sets you back a fair few dollars, but it'll look great next to your Rolex and

actress slash model slash singer wife. Tends to be a little sour and tart.

Very Berry Benny XVI

A cardinal purple blackberry sundae, only for the berry devout. Often makes you feel guilty after consumption. A favourite among young boys.

Banana Bambangbang

Deep-fried banana ice cream, traditional Indonesian style. A little bit fruity and a little bit spicy, but you'll occasionally get a bad batch of explosive chilli. Comes with a special three-track EP of SBY's upbeat Indo-Pop!

Hokey-Pokey Berlus-cone-y

Scandalously colourful with lots of hokey and even more pokey. Added macadamias lend an extra nutty subtext. So tasty it's almost criminal. Only available for purchase if you're under 21 and a blonde showgirl.

Ni Hao Hu Jintao

Big, glorious and endorsed by the CPC, this red-bean and egg yolk flavoured ice cream packs a real punch. True to the colours of the flag and enhanced with a dash of MSG, this dessert will make any patriot proud. Mass sweatshop production means you save Yuan!

Choc-Gordon Brownies

Brown by name, brown by nature - it's chocolate, but barely. Bland, chalky and well... boring. Not much else to say. Only for when you're in the mood for a serious snack.

Please Putin Pistachio

There are so many layers to this vodka, vanilla and pistachio concoction. Salty, sweet, acrid and deep, this is the perfect choice for a man who wants to look manly. Best consumed while horse riding topless, although you may receive a call from the KGB. ▲

A LOVE POEM TO APPLE CEO STEVE JOBS



One of the Purely Dicta Editors loves Apple. In fact, this edition is Microsoft-free and was made on a Mac. The other struggles to operate an iPod! Let's see if HADI MAZLOUM can convince him of the advantages of owning an Apple.

A POEM TO STEVE JOBS

My dumb PC, that little brute
Has just gone down the rubbish chute
And as I very likely thought
That in a case like this I ought
To set the thing completely through
I've done away with Windows too
Down goes that crap machine, down the drain
And here, perhaps, I should explain
That the reason for this sudden rage
Is something incredibly quick to gauge
Freezing, viruses, blue screen of death
All in spite of IP theft.
A system running oh so slow,
'Are you sure you wish to open file?' 'No?'
And many other things as well
Toshiba, Sony and especially Dell!

But now my dears, I think you might
Be wondering, is it really right
That every single bit of blame
And all the scolding and the shame
Should fall upon this horrid machine?
About it alone, we vent our spleen!
Although it's useless and dreadfully so
A machine can't spoil itself you know
Who brought about this piece of shit?
Who are the culprits, who did it?
Alas you needn't look so far
To find out who these sinners are
They are, and this is very sad,
Your loving parents Mum and Dad!
Who brought you up in a household where
PC's were scattered everywhere

Now older and wiser, traditions outgrown
Living the good life, no longer alone
All thanks to my newfound friend
A new beginning, a remarkable trend
And despite the price I had to pay
My lovely Mac is here to stay!

AURAL SEX: WOMEN'S SUSCEPTIBILITY TO WORDS

by MATTHEW TAYLOR

The author advises, dear Reader, that you forgo reading this article if you fall into one (or more) of the following legalistically unsatisfactory and non-commonsensical categories I have purpose-designed for this bubble-wrapped readership:

Unipolar, “feminist”, critical legal theorist;
Puritanical, neo-capital-‘C’-conservative;
Catastrophically conspiratorial, anti-satirical, barbiturate-addicted dysthymic;
One who takes the concepts of sex, and their ‘self’, far too seriously.

“Words are, of course, the most powerful drug used by mankind”

- RUDYARD KIPLING

Forget oysters, dark chocolate and Horny Goat Weed; if you really want to ‘hit the spot’ with women, put your hard-earned savings towards an unabridged English dictionary. “Why?!” you cry, alone in bed, hand cramped from too frequent self-abuse. “Girls want virile features! How on Earth can words compare to chiselled jaws, washboard abs, and bullet-proof buns?” You have a point: Western society is now, more than ever before, obsessed with the paragon of male beauty; a self-esteem depleting preoccupation with perfection. But, as modern research suggests, the most female-friendly foreplay may just be aural sex – the wit, the innuendo, and the sensuality of our wicked and wonderful words!

A common preconception in society and the media is that men are generally more interested and responsive to visual stimuli than women: sex sells, *comme on dit*. *GROAN* “Tell us something we don’t know, Taylor!” In 1891, the Duchess in Oscar Wilde’s *The Picture of Dorian Gray* contended that, “we women ... love with our ears, just as you men love with your eyes.” Importantly, that proclamation is empirically supported. But, whilst the extent to which sociological, physiological, and psychological factors influence sexual arousal is not yet completely understood, one lesson seems abundantly clear: success with women may depend more on being easy on the ear than easy on the eye. French may be the language of love, but words themselves can gain you access to any woman’s... *boudoir*. Just ask Chilean author Isabel Allende: “For women, the best aphrodisiacs are words. The G-spot is in the ears. He who looks for it below there is wasting his time.”

It comes as no surprise that men are visual

creatures. Pornographic magazines and videos directed at men constitute a multi-billion dollar industry worldwide, whereas comparable products designed and produced for women are relatively scarce. Of the 40 million plus adults who visit pornography websites annually, approximately one quarter are female! So if the vast majority of porn is produced by men, for men, where are women getting their salacious fantasy fix? Interestingly, women are twice as likely to favour adult chat-rooms, cyber-realms of dirty talking and rampant sexual imaginations; in essence, “safe-houses” for sexual expression defined by the non-visual. And if on-screen textual ripostes catalyse the female sexual response, then perhaps her most susceptible G-spot is not in the ear itself, but, instead, resides in her mind’s ear. Her particular sexual response will vary due to her subjective registry of, and attachment to, particular uses and abuses of language!

And nothing speaks more intimately to the mind’s ear than literature. Women still pine over Jane Austen’s *Pride and Prejudice* and few will forget the decadent, literary flourishes of Anais Nin’s *Delta of Venus* or the sexual minefield (one tale will blow off a “third leg”) that is Pauline Réage’s *Story of O*. Since most of my female friends have never read those texts, however, it left me with the question: how is the modern woman masturbating her mind’s ear? Then my mind took a bath in Archimedes’ hot-tub: ROMANCE NOVELS! In 2004, almost 55% of all paperback books sold were romance novels. In 2008, romance novels generated \$1.37 billion in sales in North America alone and women make up 90.5% of the romance readership. And what’s one of the fastest growing romance subgenres? You guessed it ... erotic

romance – novels with romance as the plot’s main focus, but characterised by strong, often explicit, sexual content. And, like the vast majority of the visual porn industry, women are devouring literary pornography in private, under the impartial stare of their childhood teddy-bear collections.

The major tenet of Neil Strauss’ bestseller *The Game* – the pop-psychology bible which penetrated the ‘secret society of pick-up artists’ – is that manipulating women, acquiring a man-whore reputation, and collecting STDs like meritless trophies depends more on what you say and how you say it than what you look like or who you are. Although the Machiavellianism (Moral Bankruptcy 101 – no longer offered to LLB students) that lays the foundation of Neil Strauss’ magnum opus is undeniable, advocating a false sense of salvation for the self, the impact and potency of communication (both verbal and non-verbal) is no lie. That’s why rock stars live like porn stars, turning over women like bookstores turn over *Twilight* stock; that’s why writers like Charles Baudelaire, Leo Tolstoy and Oscar Wilde contracted syphilis, their creativity with words rendering them vulnerable to debauchery; it’s hard to fight off women, so say hundreds of communicative alpha males who take no responsibility for their own actions, when they come in droves. There is even a prominent (albeit controversial) approach to psychotherapy and organisational change called Neuro-linguistic programming (NLP) which seeks to educate people in self-awareness and effective communication in order to change patterns of mental and emotional behaviour.

Females of all ages, throughout the ages, have repeatedly confessed that they are most attracted to something different, be it confidence, creativity, or intelligence – whatever happens to set you apart from the sleazy, discomfoting norm! And what better way to tick those value-laden boxes than by proudly showcasing your linguistic, and lascivious, way-with-words. Replace “Babe, you know

you wanna!” with “I’m interested in a torrid love affair”, and “Can’t you(se) try it – just this once?” with “Please, give in to the ravenous fantasies that yearn for sexual emancipation”. With words we can build fervent anticipation, stimulate repressed fantasies, and veil our lewd, crude and carnal desires to copulate in a voluptuousness and sensuality that leaves women salivating and sleepless. Sexually, we are all hedonistic to varying degrees, but the form of stimulation that most arouses men and women appear to be different: words are the virus to which womankind has no vaccine.

Quasi-fin

Inter rusticos, it may seem that I have engineered an article targeting women (and women alone), or worse still, that I am advocating misogyny.

Quite the contrary: this article does not, in any way, identify or promote gender inequality, nor does it advocate cunning stunts or verse you in the dark arts of cunning linguistics. *Inter comicos*, this article merely examines, and pokes fun at, one stroke of uniqueness between men and women. In my opinion, whereas women demonstrate a masochistic propensity for internalising the words and opinions of men, most men never have, and never will, genuinely listen to the siren voice of a woman.

In any event, men, it seems, are too busy reading *The Game* and making egocentric, unadulterated love to Machiavellianism; and we all know that men can’t multi-task.

Fin. ▲

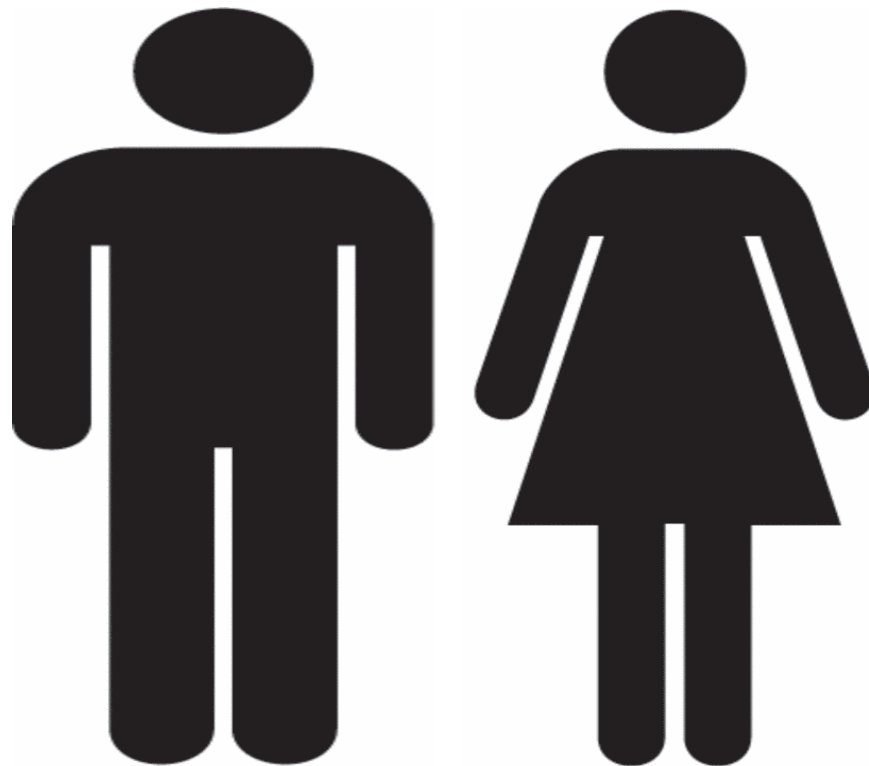
OH DEER!



Oh Deer!

I swear I saw a disclaimer on the inside front cover

A SMALL GRIPE WITH THE LAW SCHOOL MAINTENANCE STAFF



by JULIA K MAURUS

Oh Law School toilet doors,
you screech, you rack my ears —
in the female toilets, at least,
the doors have been squealing for years.

The solution is surely quite simple
though they could just be badly designed.
Actually, it's entirely possible
the doors need to be realigned.

But some oil would likely do the trick;
Nobody should have to ask:
Why hasn't the building manager
set somebody to the task?

It's been a good few years now
so it's really beyond a joke.
It was honestly starting to bother me
so I decided it's time I spoke.

Thus, my fellow Law School dwellers,
I have some news (hear ye!)
I've recently made my sentiments known
to the powers that be.

If at any point this year
the toilet doors swing silent and free
you'll know because I told you:
the whinger who fixed it was me!

FASHION'S NEW CHANGING ROOM: STYLE ON THE INTERNET



TARANG CHAWLA looks at how the Internet is changing the way fashion works and discovers it's a lot closer to home for some Melbourne Law School fashionistas.

“The world changed when fashion, instead of being a monologue, became a conversation.”

- SUZY MENKES
HEAD FASHION EDITOR,
INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

Fashion is changing. I don't mean in the way that sees acid wash jeans now being worn by another generation of trendsetting hipsters or MC Hammer style harem pants as part of couture collections. It's not simply the 'Like' button on Facebook that gives you the opportunity to click on every label you cannot live without, though now we're actually getting warmer. It's the Internet. The whole big thing, and it's changing the way that fashion works.

The effect of the Internet on the world of high fashion has crept towards an almighty crescendo. Runway shows used to be the preserve of society's glitterati, with influential celebrities gracing the front rows alongside trained fashion journalists, to friends of designers in what has always appeared to be an exclusive fashion fraternity. Things have changed. Last season, London-based Burberry streamed its entire catwalk show live on the Internet. This season they're planning to go one better – streaming live in 3D to a host of cities, from Dubai and Tokyo to Paris and New York, with the aim of creating the world's

first truly global fashion show.

Meanwhile, as Rosemount Australian Fashion Week kicks off, Australian denim label Ksubi have announced they will be parading their wares in a show that is to be streamed live on the Harper's Bazaar website. The same goes for Ellery who will be streaming through a variety of shopping sites as well as on Yahoo! Both herald an Australian first, with Ksubi going so far as offering limited edition pieces to be sold only through digital channels after the show.

This convergence of retail fashion and digital media is also changing who gets to actually attend these events in the flesh. Leading the charge of new attendees are fashion bloggers who, through vast Internet exposure, are becoming an increasingly important marketing tool for fashion brands. One blogger named Tavi, who goes by the alias *Style Rookie*, is only thirteen! Last season she was invited to sit front row at Marc Jacobs' runway show in New York. She describes herself as:

'A tiny thirteen year old dork that sits inside all day wearing awk-

“The increased self-reflexivity at play is indicative of a new form of lifestyle consumption.”

ward jackets and pretty hats. Scatters black petals on Rei Kawakubo’s doorsteps and serenades her in rap. Rather cynical and cute as a drained rat. In a sewer. Farting. And spitting out guts.’

Tavi’s success is testament to the fact that the Internet has the potential to give anyone a voice. In fact, when it comes to fashion the blogosphere is full of voices — from Scott Schuman’s blog *The Sartorialist* and countless emulations of the same, to men’s ‘concierge’ sites such as *Valet*, or blogs specifically about women’s fashion such as *fashion toast*, not to mention the rise and rise of fashion e-commerce. Add in those who use fashion on the Internet as a means of promoting tangible social change, such as *The Uniform Project* or members-only sites such as *LookBook.nu*, where members post photos of their own outfits for others to admire, and it’s increasingly clear that the world of fashion is different to how it used to be.

Sites such as *LookBook.nu*, *SuperFuture* and *Street Etiquette* augment the way that people are able to aestheticize their everyday lives. The increased self-reflexivity at play in people’s actions through posting pictures, leaving comments, and using these images as inspiration is indicative of a new form of lifestyle consumption. People forego tradition in favour of a greater emphasis on their dress,

subsequently using this interest to build rapport with online virtual communities through the mutual exchange of ideas. They aspire to become like the well-dressed people they see in the virtual world.

Suzy Menkes, Head Fashion Editor for the International Herald Tribune, says, ‘2010 is a great year to be a fashion blogger’. Fourth-year Melbourne University Law student Rebecca Koh agrees.

Koh started her blog, *Koh & Co*, earlier this year after a relationship break-up. She initially picked up a camera ‘for something to do’, but soon found herself on the prowl for inspirational dressing people around Melbourne.

She says, ‘The aim of what I’m trying to do is to find stylish people in and around Melbourne’. Koh isn’t alone, fashion blogging has been gaining momentum in Melbourne for a number of years now. *Melbourne Street Fashion* is one of a number of websites showcasing street style in Melbourne. Their website reads, ‘Our goal is to promote and improve awareness of young, independent and emerging fashion in Melbourne’.

A number of sites share the common goal of drawing attention to people on the street with a distinct sense of style. In fact, it appears that the increased use of the Internet to commu-

“The aim of what I’m trying to do is to find stylish people in and around Melbourne.”

nicate fashion is a way of democratising how fashion works, but as Koh rightfully points out, ‘You’ll see a lot of blogs and sites and they’re run by people who actually go to fashion shows and work full-time in the industry. But it’s the interesting people you meet and those who you see dressing in an inspirational way (that) make style more accessible’.

Not yet in its fourth month, her blog has followers as far away from Australia as Norway and Denmark. She counts herself lucky that she’s already been able to meet one of her blogging heroes, Vanessa Jackman. Jackman is a former lawyer turned fashion photographer who, after she moved to London, decided that she had had enough of being a lawyer and that a career change was in order. When Jackman visited Australia for Rosemount Australian Fashion Week, the pair met in person after a friendship had formed over the Internet.

On the future of her blog, Koh is content to continue meeting those she dubs as inspirational, but wouldn’t mind an extra follower or two, ‘I like how the blog is going and the international comments are great, but it would be really awesome to have a bigger Melbourne following’.

It won’t be surprising if she has one very soon. Koh gives the people she photographs

a little card that tells them where they can see their picture on the Internet. She has also been known to give them something they can’t get no matter how many style communities they’re a part of on the Internet – chocolate. No matter what your views may be on acid wash jeans and harem pants, everyone’s a sucker for free chocolate. ▲

Rebecca Koh is always on the look out for stylish people to photograph for her blog, Koh & Co. Visit her site at kohandco.blogspot.com.

Tarang Chawla writes on lifestyle consumption and advertising at thebrownman.net.

THE KATRACTAS: A STORY ABOUT THE LARGE PROFESSOR



by NICHOLAS MODRZEWSKI

‘Something blue came down the chimney last night.’ Aaron Hawke sniffed, holding a flap of bird skin on the end of a compass.

‘Is it dead?’ asked Nathan.

‘Don’t think so, it’s got a pulse and it stinks.’ He placed the bird flesh in his mouth. They were sitting around The Table With No Legs eating an uncooked bird that Nathan had killed with a potato cannon two days ago. ‘It’s in the chimney, have a look.’

Nathan had a look.

‘We should kill it,’ he said, ‘I’ll call Raul.’

Raul arrived wearing a yellow raincoat and holding a bag. Inside the bag were some hammers, a torch, a pair of gloves and baked beans in case he got hungry. ‘What is to kill?’ Raul wasn’t very good at English.

‘We dunno Raul, that’s why we called you. You bring your hammers?’

‘I bring hammers.’

Aaron emerged from the living room, naked apart from a robe.

‘It’s blue, Raul, and it’s bleeding and it’s got a pulse.’

Nathan removed the two wooden planks blocking the chimney.

Now there were two blue things.

‘You didn’t tell me there was another one!’ cried Aaron Hawke.

‘I didn’t know. God, they stink.’

‘Shit,’ said Raul, ‘we should kill them.’

He paused for a moment.

‘I call my friend Hernando. He knows best method.’

Hernando smelt of chemicals. He sat down at The Table With No Legs, where he shared the baked beans with Raul and spoke in Spanish.

‘We make decision’ said Raul, ‘that we should kill them.’

‘But,’ said Hernando, who had an even weaker grasp of English, ‘we need a Katracta for job to be realise in future.’ Aaron Hawke stared at him.

‘What the fuck is a Katracta?’

‘Katracta is like, ah, is like a...’

Aaron Hawke turned to Raul.

‘Raul, do you have a Katracta?’

‘No.’

‘Does Hernando have a Katracta?’

‘No.’

‘Well where the fuck are we going to get a Katracta?’

‘The Large Professor,’ said Hernando.

‘Fuck off,’ Aaron Hawke stood up, ‘that toxic cunt’s not coming near my house. Why can’t we just use a hammer to kill the blue things?’

‘No. The Large Professor sells us Katracta’ said Raul.

‘I don’t give a shit. Tell that asshole to give my table legs back.’

‘Can you drop it about the table legs?’ said Nathan.

‘They’re my table legs! And now my table’s on the fucking floor! It’s not even a table anymore. It’s a plank of wood with some plates on it.’

‘I’m calling him.’

Aaron Hawke kicked his pile of compasses and left the room.

Before he received Nathan’s call, The Large Professor was sitting in a hotel room, reading a book that had pictures of mythical creatures inside.

‘That one, that one, and that one,’ he said, ‘and that one. They’re the ones I seen.’

Pissy looked over his shoulder. ‘When you gonna pay me back my money?’

‘I told you, Pissy. I ain’t got it right now.’

‘Yeah but when you gonna pay it back? The judge only gave it to you because you’re so fat he thought you were disabled.’

‘He gave it to me because your house is a fucking mine field.’

The Large Professor had sued Pissy after slipping on a walnut and breaking his wrist while drinking milk at her house. He promised to pay her back half the compensation money, as she was his girlfriend, but instead he had purchased three Katractas. He called

Pissy his money slave and tickled her until she laughed.

‘That’s my medicine’ he’d say.

The Large Professor squeezed through the door of Aaron Hawke’s house.

‘I got three Katractas, four hundred bucks each.’

‘Fuck off’, said Aaron Hawke.

‘Three-fifty.’

‘Where are my table legs, you fat crook?’

‘Two hundred.’

‘This is good price,’ said Raul.

‘Shut up, Raul. Give me my table legs back and we’ll talk.’ Aaron Hawke turned to leave the room.

‘Can’t. Sold ‘em.’

‘You fucking what? I invited you into my house and you stole my table legs and then fucking sold them?’

‘eBay. Thirty bucks.’

Aaron Hawke threw a compass at The Large Professor, hitting him on the shoulder.

‘Hey!’ he cried, spitting at Aaron Hawke.

‘They were expensive legs! My table’s a cripple now. Look at it, it’s on the floor like a wooden rug.’

‘Do you want the Katracta or not? Do you want the Katracta?’

Nathan interrupted. ‘Yes we do. I’m sorry he gets very worked up.’

‘He threw a bloody compass at me! I can sue you for that - I’m disabled, it’s a hate crime.’

‘Okay, let’s just all calm down,’ Nathan stood between them. ‘Did you bring the Katracta?’

‘Yeah I brought it. It’s in the car. I brought three.’

‘Okay, can I see them? We can arrange a deal.’

‘We get cut, yes?’ said Raul.

Hernando said something in Spanish and Raul laughed.

The Large Professor returned from his car carrying a Katracta. He placed it carefully down on The Table With No Legs. Raul and Hernando muttered quietly to each other. Aaron Hawke sulked in the corner.

‘How do we use it to kill the blue things?’ asked Nathan.

‘Just listen,’ The Large Professor said. He fiddled with the Katracta and finally stepped back. A light turned on and a soft buzzing sound echoed from the Katracta. ‘You put the blue thing’s neck here.’

Aaron Hawke walked over. ‘It’s a fucking see-saw.’

The Large Professor sighed. ‘It is not.’

‘It is.’

‘It’s not, it looks nothing like a see-saw, just wait a second.’ He pressed a button. The Katracta moved very slowly up and down.

‘Get the blue things,’ The Large Professor said. ‘Quickly.’

Nathan ran to the chimney. There were now three Blue Things.

‘Shit. They’re breeding.’

‘What?’

‘There are three of them.’

The Large Professor rushed over to the chimney.

‘We’ll just have to kill three. I’ll get the other Katractas.’

The Large Professor set up the other two Katractas while Nathan lifted each blue thing into position. The Katractas swiftly decapitated each one.

‘Nice,’ said Nathan.

‘Bravazo,’ said Raul and Hernando.

Aaron Hawke pretended not to see.

The Large Professor sighed. ‘Six hundred for the three of them,’ he said, and carried the dead blue things outside to his car.

The next day Aaron Hawke was sharpening his compasses as he ate.

‘Something green came down the chimney last night.’ He sniffed, holding a flap of bird skin on the end of a compass.

‘Is it dead?’ asked Nathan.

‘Don’t think so, it’s got a pulse and it stinks.’ He placed the bird flesh in his mouth. They were sitting around The Table With No Legs eating an uncooked bird that Nathan had killed with a potato cannon three days ago.

‘It’s in the chimney, have a look.’

Nathan had a look.

‘We should kill it,’ he said, ‘I’ll call Raul.’ ▲

HUMAN CAT FOR ADOPTION

I will crawl around your house and do cat-like things in exchange for only cat food, water, a litter box, and occasional treats. Cat-cats are more of a hassle than human-cats. If you are looking to adopt a cat-cat and have been researching the matter you already know what I mean. There is less research to be done on human-cats, so let a friendly little fellow into your house today and be one of the first to spearhead a fledgeling community.

I will not speak or do anything human-like, only cat-like. I will look out windows, become enthralled with small objects, run across the house in the middle of the night and make a terrifying sound in the corner, nuzzle you with my head, et cetera.

You must take care of me as you would a cat-cat.

CLIFF JUMPING IN THAILAND: A CAUTIONARY TALE



Although Thailand may be a party goer's paradise, this is not an advertisement; this is a cautionary tale, writes ASHLEY GOLDBERG

“My back! My back!” Jarrod wailed

Thailand, the land of possibility, the party goer’s paradise. A land of opportunity, depravity, decrepitude and debauchery. Needless to say, I have been there twice. However, I’m not writing this as an advertisement for Thailand. This is a cautionary tale.

Phi Phi Island came highly recommended by others who had ventured there. However, Phi Phi is renowned for more than just its party scene - it is the famous island featured in Leonardo Dicaprio’s thrilling film *The Beach*. As the location of a famous film, it was not surprising to find that there were a variety of tours available to explore its sights. Cliff jumping caught the eyes of some of my friends and nothing could dissuade them. As University students travelling on a budget, more interested in adventure than comfort, my friends and I thought we could find a way around the hefty tourist price of 1000 Baht (approximately \$40 AUD). We hired a longboat and driver for the day to take us to the popular cliff jumping spot ourselves.

There we were, the five of us - myself, my three good friends and our recently acquainted travelling companion, Seb, a Danish bouncer, or so he told us. We headed out, crammed into a single, thin longboat, which appeared to be made out of the remnants of another boat that somehow met an untimely end. After spending a certain amount of time in Thailand, amid the humidity and the haze of constant hangovers, it was difficult to maintain the usual level of pedantic concern over the banalities of life, namely our safety.

Hence we proceeded forth in the longboat towards a group of smaller islands.

Our driver anchored the boat near a cliff face. We looked at each other, puzzled. There was nothing there - no carved in-cliff stairwell, no other tourists cliff-jumping, no ledge, nothing - just an open cliff face

“You jump. Up there!” Our guide pointed to the top of the cliff.

It must have been nearly 20 metres up. The jump on the brochure said it was only 10 metres. There was not a brave face among us. Whether it was the hangover or otherwise, I felt my stomach taking a turn for the worse.

“How do we get to the top?” I asked. Our driver smiled and casually pointed to a tiny rope ladder that was being belted against the side of the cliff by the gentle waves. It was at this point that two of us decided to take the sensible, yet spineless option of backing out, both of us eternally grateful that we were not alone in our cowardice.

This left two of my friends, Vlad and Jarrod, along with Seb, the mysterious Dane. Leaving the safety and comfort of the longboat, they swum towards the unconvincing rope ladder. The climb was almost as terrifying as the prospect of the jump itself; hazardous jagged rocks jutting into your knees as you carefully placed your feet on three inch thick wooden rungs, with no visible end to the torment in sight. Finally, having reached the top of the cliff, their heartbeats settling after the perilous

journey, they taunted us from above, mocking our masculinity.

They looked over the edge, and I think it was at that moment that each of them considered climbing back down. However, climbing down unscathed would be almost impossible. They had to jump.

Vlad is a thoroughbred Russian, raised with an entirely unfounded belief that he can do anything without consequence.

And everyone has a friend like Jarrod – the kind who does anything for a dare. Seb, well, we had only known him for a day but after hearing of his exploits in Scandinavia, cliff jumping would have been a breeze.

For the first time in the many years that I've known him, Vlad's ridiculous and unfounded self-assurance seemed to be faltering. Overwhelmed with fear, he proceeded to clench tight his eyes and literally leap off the cliff face. The ear piercing scream of a pre-pubescent girl left his lips as he opened his eyes, tucked up his legs and crashed knees first into the water. Unharmed and jubilant, he called for the others to follow suit. Visibly nervous yet assured by Vlad's successful jump, Seb crept forth to the precipice with eyes wide open and peered at the beckoning waters below. His jump was much more conventional - his dive a resounding success, barring that he forgot to tuck in his arms and would suffer burning under his arms for days to come. Brimming with confidence having observed the previous two jumps, Jarrod adapted Vlad's foolhardy technique. Preparing a short run-up, he blindly propelled himself from the cliff face, his body shifted backwards ever so slightly mid-flight and he landed with the smallest of splashes. We applauded and

cheered, our cliff jumping expedition a seeming success.

"My back! My back!" Jarrod wailed as we dashed out of the boat and helped keep him afloat. With much deliberation and careful handling, we were eventually able to place Jarrod back into the relative "safety" of the longboat. Suddenly my cowardice felt justified, yet this was not how I wished to be proven right. Frantic and scared, Jarrod still had the use of his legs, ruling out paralysis. However it was obvious that he was in an incredible amount of pain. We urged our longboat driver to hasten our return to shore. The driver himself was alarmingly calm about the entire situation, chuckling to himself as he explained to us that Jarrod "not jump right".

Carrying Jarrod out of the boat proved to be even more difficult than getting him in. With persistence we managed to get him to his feet. Phi Phi Island lacks x-ray facilities, so after a brief visit with a local, predominantly non-English speaking medical centre, Jarrod self-prescribed a remedy of Thai massages and rum buckets. His back pain remained for the rest of the trip, but his spirits were never dampened, our hedonistic adventure proceeded as planned, a little wiser to the dangers of cliff jumping in Thailand.

Epilogue

Jarrod never did get a proper medical diagnosis. From what we heard from fellow travellers; he must have landed tilted slightly backwards, as though in a seated position, resulting in the bottom of his spine contacting the water first. This pressure resulted in the compression of several vertebrae and probably stretched ligaments in his back.

We later discovered that from that very same spot that Jarrod blindly leaped; a woman had shattered three vertebrae in her back. ▲

A slightly embellished true story by JACQUELINE CARR

Me, sipping from a Long Island Iced Tea in *Long Room*, surrounded by suits, for a friend's birthday party. The birthday girl's mother sits down next to me and introduces herself. I ask her about her day. She tells me she's just been to the races with the rest of her work mates.

"What do you do?" I ask her politely.

"I work at a law firm," she answers.

"Oh really?" I say, "What kind of law do you do?"

"Oh I'm a PA, not a lawyer. Actually I'm more like their slave most of the time." I laugh awkwardly, nervously.

"Yeah," she adds, "lawyers can be such pricks at times. I tell you." She looks back at me. "So what are you studying?" she asks. I think wildly for a second about whether I should lie, but no plausible alternative comes to mind.

"Law," I answer her. She looks at me as if I'm making a joke. I look back at her with round eyes, as if to say, no, I'm not kidding. At all.

"Oh," she says. We return to quietly sipping our drinks. I take a long gulp of my drink and it goes down bitterly, scorching my throat.

Lawyers make the second least trusted profession, after used car dealers.

I wish I had said that I was studying medicine. Everyone loves a doctor. While lawyers on screen are depicted as brilliant, scheming and bitchy, doctors are seen as brilliant, sensitive and funny.

When my mother tells people that I'm studying law, she tells them I might become a *lawyer*, pronouncing it in a mock Southern drawl so that it sounds like 'liar'. Haha. Good one, mum.

Enter the great lawyer joke. For example, this classic:

"How many lawyers does it take to screw in a light bulb?"

"None, lawyers only screw us."

There are a precious few shining beacons of light: Atticus Finch from *To Kill A Mockingbird* and Alan Shore. However, we are not living in an insulated Southern American town in the 1930s. Nor are we Alan Shore.

Is this is our fate? To wear exquisitely tailored Cantarelli suits, and to embrace our unpopularity. To push aside altruism and become shiftier. Or worse, sleazy and shiftier. To consider the constitutional implications of the native metaphor fighting against the colonist metaphor while watching *Pocahontas* or *Avatar*.

Let us rally! Let us deny our stereotype, and educate the masses as to how fun, nice and interesting we all are. And if we are not fun, nice and interesting, let us pretend and throw money at people! This is my plea to all. ▲

A GUIDE TO PROPER BEHAVIOUR IN THE LAW SCHOOL



by MADELINE EDWARDS

“It is under no circumstances acceptable to take the lift from the Ground Floor to Mezzanine”

I've strutted down the cold institutional-grey foyer of the law building for the past 5 years and have noticed something of late - things are changing around here. It's not just the most recent architectural transformation over summer which has seen the foyer 'upgraded' into an indoor plant 1980s tessellating nightmare, which is so contemporary in design it's already outdated. Nor is it the introduction of the all new over-budget international farce that is the JD program. No - it's what Dennis Denuto famously stated, 'it's the "vibe"'.

Perhaps its because I'm in my final year but I have found myself becoming quite nostalgic and sentimental of late. Whilst my contribution to this Law School will not consist of a scholarly masterpiece or an academic transcript to rival the Dux; I feel as one of the last LLBs this prestigious law school will ever see that I can impart some wisdom onto my fellow law students.

Use of the Elevator

Firstly let me make one thing clear. Unless you have a physical disability it is UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES acceptable to take the lift up (or even worse) down one level! I admit that I have on occasion taken the lift from ground to Mezzanine and then limped out of the lift to disguise my laziness - but this is not acceptable lift etiquette.

And what about etiquette regarding lift-conversation - must one strike up conversation when alone with a stranger? Ways to

avoid this include listening to loud music on your iPod, playing a game on your phone or standing in front of the doors and completely ignoring your fellow commuter. It must be noted that pretending to have a conversation on your phone fools nobody, as there is no reception in the lift shaft. A final note to all you adventurous types out there - the lifts have cameras and it's not a flattering angle.

Finally - unless you find yourself running into your ex (who has escaped the custody of the commerce building and ventured into your law school) it's not acceptable to close the lift door on someone. One might find themselves in the situation where the said person sees you frantically pressing the 'close door' button and still makes the lift - making that next 30 seconds the longest moment of your life.

Eating in the LRC

There are only three reasons one would ever visit the LRC:

1. To look nerdy and intimidate your friends into thinking you spend hours studying;
2. As a last act of desperation when cramming for that assignment or next-day exam; or,
3. To stream copious amounts of *Entourage*, free of charge.

All of these activities require caffeine or glucose. But how does one get such sustenance past the LRC staff? Hide all boxed and sealed food items in your bag and double those odd pieces of fruit as your man-boobs. Word to the wise - hold your grande extra strong latte in your hand and drape your jumper over

“One must be in possession of a laptop in order to survive Law School”

your arm concealing your caffeinated goodness. This has worked a charm for the past five years and has a 100% success rate!

Acquisition of Legal References

There once was an urban law legend that students would hide library books in air-conditioning vents so that others couldn't borrow them. Fact or fiction aside, I prefer daylight robbery. When it comes to sabotaging your fellow student's chances of obtaining the elusive 'H1', one shouldn't bother stuffing books into dusty vents – just borrow the book and never return it.

Appropriate Laptop Use

One must be in possession of a laptop in order to survive Law School – preferably the latest Apple creation. Does this have anything to do with avoiding double-handling of class notes? Hell no! Laptop ownership is about status. It's about having multiple windows open in class as you Facebook chat to the person sitting next to you, while you watch funny YouTube clips, refresh your inbox every 30 seconds, buy shoes on eBay, download the latest hit from iTunes and just to satiate your guilt – have the class slides reformatted in Word and minimised. Hint to those Mac users out there: Apple Key + H will hide your Facebook page if a lecturer walks past!

Coffee Haunts

Which one will it be?

Seven Seeds – Sweet, aromatic and totally unpredictable. *Seven Seeds* is definitely the

coffee *haunt de jour* for those who like to consider themselves more cultured than the typical grammar-schooled law jock. But the coffee bean blends at this gutted-out mechanics warehouse change more often than the law school's marking policy. Sorry guys – but since its debut in *Epicure* the secret is out and *Seven Seeds* is no longer our furtive haven of cultured caffeine.

Porta Via – The successful lovechild of Brunetti's, but managed by the same people who started BluePrint, this prima donna monopolist is ideally situated in the heart of the wind tunnel. Undoubtedly overpriced but the coffee is a dark roast, strong and consistent. This is the brew of choice for us type-A Top Tier overachievers and we aren't afraid to admit it as we carry our skinny chai lattes back to class between breaks!

Adios and farewell Melbourne Law School. Thanks for the comfy seats, the exclusive cocktail evenings, the firm-sponsored BBQs and the power trip. I've made it to the finals of mooting, had the winter vacationship, the law firm paralegal job, the summer clerkship and am now facing Honours, a 57k salary and a 9-9 job.

I'm living the dream. Aren't I? ▲

An informative guide to Australia's West Side by JACQUELINE CARR

While the rest of you were traversing Europe or discovering the Middle East, circumstance found me travelling to where few have gone – Australia's fair west. I went to Perth.

Who goes to Perth? Who lives there? Are people actually born there? These questions confronted me on my week long adventure. Travelling to that Western city, with a flight over 5 hours and a decent time difference, was like going international. The sun sets on the sea over there. I felt like I was on another planet.

Perth is a small city sliced in half by a fat blue river (for the record: the west side is the trendy side) and it is extremely clean. It is full of parks, mining companies and wineries. We tried some fantastic wines on our visit.

Be wary, however: our plan of only visiting the wineries which had 'Free Tasting' signs outside their entrances backfired when, getting very tipsy, we decided that the wine we tasted was so good we had to buy a dozen bottles or so. Try wrapping up a dozen wine bottles in jumpers and stuffing them into your only baggage, which is carry-on, and see what kind of looks the people at the security x-ray checkpoint give you.

Perth-ites may be weird, but they do know a thing or two about living. They have a magical place called Fremantle, where you can

find what I call the golden trifecta: the beach, a fresh seafood market and beer readily on tap at the Little Creatures Brewery.

All of these are a short two minute walk from each other. And the pace of the city seems to be genuinely more leisurely, and more pleasurable to a Melbourne eye.

One last thing, though. When dining at a seafood restaurant, my boyfriend asked for more shaved parmesan on his spaghetti marinara and we found out at the end of our meal that this warranted an extra charge of \$2. You can imagine how traumatic that was.

It was more offensive than that racist remark our taxi driver to the hotel had casually banded about. And it was only slightly less outrageous than seeing a 7-year-old attempt to feed a Subway sandwich to a Quokka, which is a highly protected marsupial only found on one island off Australia's west coast. Oh yes, there is many an adventure to be had on the other side of this vast land.

The worst thing that could happen? This sunny city charms the socks off you and you decide to never leave.

The best? You visit a boutique winery and find that all the complimentary cheese and crackers haven't already been eaten. Uh-huh, that would make this place pretty much heaven. ▲

TOM CRUISE: A ROLE MODEL FOR ALL CELEBRITIES



PAUL ANNABELL once read a *Women's Weekly* at work and now thinks he is an authority on celebrity culture. Don't bother reading this article – it was only published because he's an Editor

“The kid from Harry Potter tried sanity for a while, when all he wanted to do was star in a naked play with a horse”

Benny* is a priest who has recently been awarded an important position in the church, despite an unfortunate stint in the Hitler Youth and an uncanny resemblance to the emperor from Star Wars. As part of this role, Benny is given a sweet car and a Wikipedia page, while Italian grandmothers hang his picture on their mantelpieces. All he is required to do is avoid being seen to shelter paedophiles. One day, he is approached by a paedophile, who asks him for shelter. Advise Benny.

You may assume for this question that sheltering paedophiles is bad.

Tigger* is a global superstar with a billion dollar fortune. His income is based on endorsement deals, which are entirely dependent on his wholesome family image. In his spare time, he occasionally dabbles in golf. Tigger has two children and a wife who looks like a supermodel. One day, Tigger is approached by an overweight and unattractive woman who solicits him for sex. Advise Tigger. Did we mention Tigger has two children and that his wife looks like a supermodel?

*Names may have been changed

It has been a difficult few months for the cult of the wholesome celebrity. Tiger Woods, once regarded as a sponsor's dream, is now stained with the reputation of a pervert and sex addict (not to mention some other stains). Letterman, the grandad figure whose awk-

ward jokes were once forgiven because he seemed like a nice guy, is now known as a serial philanderer. Sarah Palin, who managed to fumble together a semblance of sanity for the duration of an election campaign, has become loopy, deluded and unhinged (read her autobiography – it's good value for all the wrong reasons).

Many celebrities spend years trying to cobble together the reputation of an upstanding citizen. But for those who just can't bear the thought of giving up their KKK membership or not being able to solicit transvestite prostitutes, the strain of fake wholesomeness is enough to eat away at one's soul. Mark Latham couldn't handle it. Mel Gibson managed keep his anti-Semitic hate speech in check just long enough to build a career in the movie industry before it consumed him. The kid from Harry Potter tried sanity for a while, when all he really wanted to do was star in a naked play with a horse.

This begs the question — why go through all the trouble of pretending you aren't mentally deranged?

The obvious answer is that wholesomeness is the standard the public demands. But is this necessarily so? To discover the truth, we must examine the life of a man who found success despite never trying to conceal his raging mental instability. Gentle reader, I present to you Tom Cruise.

Thomas Cruise Mapother IV was born on 3 July, 1962 in New York. After early success

“Watching Cruise act is like being on a pleasure cruise, if pleasure cruises were co-managed by AirAsia staff and Josef Fritzl”

in the movie industry, he quickly changed his surname to Cruise, presumably because watching him act is like being on a pleasure cruise, if pleasure cruises were co-managed by AirAsia staff and Josef Fritzl. His hobbies include motorcycle racing and suing people who accuse him of being gay. Penchant for homophobia aside, the young Tom Cruise would probably have been considered to be a relatively normal person. That changed the day he discovered Scientology.

This is what Scientologists actually believe: millions of years ago, the alien overlord Xenu strapped billions of people to volcanoes around the planet and detonated them with hydrogen bombs. As much as I hate to nit-pick, I feel it's my duty to point out a couple of logistical flaws.

Firstly, it seems like an extraordinary amount of effort to transport billions of people to Earth for the purpose of blowing them up. Wouldn't it have been slightly easier to just flush them out into space, or just kill them on their original planet? And why would you need volcanoes when you were planning to use hydrogen bombs anyway, Xenu? It's a pretty poor effort as far as conservation of resources goes.

Secondly, the story happens to be remarkably similar to a science fiction novel written by L. Ron Hubbard years before the foundation of Scientology. Wouldn't it be remarkable if there was a connection between the two? Oh,

wait. Did I mention that L. Ron Hubbard is *the founder* of Scientology? Say what you will about Christianity and other beliefs, no one has ever tried to sell Jesus alongside Star Trek merchandise before rebranding him as a god.

Thirdly, this still doesn't explain why Tom Cruise jumped on Oprah's couch. Did Xenu tell you to do it, Tom?

Given these beliefs, it is amazing that Tom Cruise is a functioning member of society, let alone given starring roles in movies. In some of these movies, he even plays people that aren't A-grade psychopaths. Perhaps more perplexing is that the man seems happy. Tom Cruise doesn't need approval because he's Tom Cruise. The man will never be dropped by a sponsor for cheating on his wife, nor will people demand his resignation for impropriety. Tom Cruise has discovered what so many celebrities have failed to learn – relying on public goodwill is precarious. Where Tiger Woods or the Pope might suffer from revelations of indecency, Cruise cannot fall in the public's esteem because there simply isn't any room to. If there is a lesson to be learnt here, it is that falling from a great height hurts – it is much easier to start at the bottom.

Please don't sue. ▲

PAGE FORTY-ONE: DO NOT READ!

Oh no! You've started reading Page Forty-One. Unfortunately, this page is cursed. The only way to free yourself from this curse is to submit an article for Edition Two.

David read Page Forty-One and ignored it.
That was the last time anyone heard from him.

Helen read Page Forty-One and wrote a sweet article about Indie Bashing. She is now a billionaire living in the South of France with Johnny Depp.

If you submit just one article, your true love from Law School will be revealed to you by midnight tonight. What, you thought you'd find someone from outside these big, bad, grey walls? Unlikely.

If you submit two articles, all your dreams will come true! Johnny Depp will definitely leave Helen and elope with you. Unless that's not your thing, in which case Angelina is ready and waiting. Either way, whatever, just let us know after you write your articles.

And, if you don't submit an article, Edition Two will be shit. Guaranteed! There will be another piece of crappy writing on Page Forty-One, much like this one.

To submit an article, email lss-purelydicta@unimelb.edu.au.

INDIE BASHING



HELEN BABB asks the question,
'Why all the Indie bashing all of a sudden?'

“No, it’s not a support group for sufferers of Irritable Bowel Syndrome...”

It seems that a new vicious trend is creeping onto the Melbourne social scene. It’s sinister, ugly and emotionally scarring. It’s Indie bashing.

By ‘Indie bashing’ I don’t mean physical harm to Indie kids. Indie bashers work in a way similar to the bitch group at high school. The lone indie kid, prey for this afternoon, is spotted in the distance. The figure approaches, head down, shuffling along Grattan Street towards her Creative Writing tute. The muttering starts so that the target cannot overhear but gets the general idea. And so it begins: “God, look at that ridiculous thing on her head! What! Does she think she’s living in the 80s?”

“I know! I hate those Indie kids who think that smoking rollies and wearing stinky clothes means they’re automatically cool!”

Indie bashing is going on everywhere these days, not just on the privileged law lawns. In fact, the inspiration for this article came from a Facebook group a friend recently joined called ‘We Get It, You’re Indie’. The general description included such lines as “red lipstick only suits certain people, deal” and the obviously defensive “stop assuming I haven’t heard of them!”. The followers (hundreds of them) also left comments about the group, including this one that made me ROFL, ‘I’m so Indie, the musicians I listen to haven’t even heard of themselves!’.

After looking at the comments I thought to myself, Where did all this hate come from? Why have Australian youth moved on from

hating on Emos to hating on Indie kids? The answer was provided to me in the oddly initialed group “I.B.S”.

No, it’s not a support group for sufferers of Irritable Bowel Syndrome; I.B.S stands for ‘Indie Bashing Society’. The ‘Info’ section of the group (which should be re-named ‘write your rambling sentences with bad grammar here’), explains where this animosity comes from. According to I.B.S, an Indie kid ‘thinks he is better than everybody else because he has good taste in music’. So you hate on him because he likes the music you wish you listened to? Rather than finding some ‘good’ music of your own to listen to? Hmm ...

Are people just turning on ‘Indie’ kids because they are bored or jealous? As Claire wrote on another Indie hating group, “Wow, do you guys really have nothing better to do with your time? Get a life. And fuck you Alex”. The angry “fuck you” was legitimate enough, as Alex had previously written “Speaking of Indie, Claire should fucking die”. Although I have to admit that Claire’s profile picture was pretty Indie, being black and white, showing her dancing in a club, with hair covering her face, I still don’t think that meant she deserved to DIE! Indie bashing can be mean and hurtful so maybe people (I’m looking at you, Alex) should tone it down a bit.

However, there is a lighter side to Indie bashing now that it’s become so popular. I couldn’t help but LOL at the Yahoo.com question, “Does anyone hate Indie/vegan/emo/artist dorks as much as I?” You know

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something has gone mainstream when it's being answered on Yahoo.com. This person obviously hates very many of the people around them. I'm guessing that this was written by an American dude, who subscribes to the lifestyle choice of a mediocre haircut and ill-fitting jeans, whose hobbies include hanging on ChatRoulette with his wang out.

But enough of this. As much as everyone enjoys Indie bashing, we all secretly like the feeling of finding a band that no-one we know listens to. Don't deny that you know when the next Hello Sailor Vintage Fair is. And on a Friday night, aren't you hanging out on milk crates at St. Jerome's new offshoot that doesn't exist yet with a longneck even though milk crates hurt your bony ass?

I want to leave you with a funny, rather than hateful, take on Indie kids. It's from Melbourne comedian and songwriter The Bedroom Philosopher. I hope it makes you laugh, LOL and ROFL with those Indie kids rather than bash them.

‘Northcote (So Hungover)’:

Hello. Oh hey Joel how you going?

Ya. I'm just on a, uh, tram, just really hungover... Ya so um, last night we supported uh, Pose Tattoo, like they're fronted by Sad Sand-

erson down at the Fitzroy anti-social club...

(Chorus) Riding around on the 86, so hungover. Gonna go down to Pony, pretend I'm in Kings of Leon ...

Ya, I just, I'm really busy you know, I've just got so much on my plate. I got this, uh, tofu salad and it's just going everywhere man. You know this whole like record contract and stuff I just, I don't want it to go to my head you know the last thing I wanna do is become like a cliched character.

Anyway man I better go I'm like running out of street credit but um, ya, it's a shame you can't come to my party. I know, I just didn't invite you though. Laterz. ▲

The JD is as varied as Melbourne University dreamed writes MICHAEL CASSIDY

When I started the JD, I was nervous. I'm not typically nervous. Thus I knew something different was happening. I was fulfilling a whim that I had picked up while looking in *The Age* nine months earlier. A 'C' student most of my life, Law School was not something I had ever contemplated. However, in the dying months of my undergraduate degree, my marks decided to skyrocket and so I applied. I wanted to know if I could get in, whether it was an option. Seven months later, just as I graduated from my first degree, I knew that it was. This came to the surprise of my parents, who suggested I be realistic and try for Victoria University.

There I was on my first day in a large room with a hundred or so smart looking people, and a decent handful of attractive ones, looking at another three years of university. I wasn't sure if I was going to last a week, let alone that I would like "the law".

I was wrong. First up was LMR with the incomparable CS at the helm of our group. It was a gentle wade into the legal waters. Case law came first. Everything works much the way I expected. Legislation was next. It was a surprise, yet logical how little room there often was to wiggle on definitions, no redefining of boat to include swimming goats for instance. This period was a blur of highlighters and people sustaining eye injuries.

And then came the drinking. The LSS had sponsored a few events here and there, but soon a worrying pattern would emerge. Every Thursday, hours upon hours would be spent at the pub. It would start slowly, beginning with discussions of whatever had happened in class that day: first, LMR concerns; Obligations; and then Torts. Screams of agony were drowned and mocked as we endured Legal Theory. What was not forgotten was all the grease devoured during this time.

The JD is as varied as Melbourne University dreamed; there are wine drinkers, beer drinkers, cider drinkers, non-drinkers, and of course plain ol' drinkers for whom any drink will do.

I will not forget one moment just before second semester during a reunion drinks night at a pub, where I was drinking champagne for no apparent reason other than the fact that I could. Someone asked, "What is your favorite drug?" I must confess that I am virgin-like in this respect; they just don't appeal to me. It was not a surprise that it appealed to everyone else there, nor was the commonality of weed as a drug of choice. No, the surprise was the love for Cocaine; apparently a few had even spent some time in South America getting to know the substance fairly well. As I drank my drink, my stomach felt wrong, I tried to hide my disappointment that I wasn't upset that we were a bunch of Cocaine lovers and alcoholics; no what was bothering me was being a fucking cliché/stereotype.

There would be many parties, birthdays, drinking nights, assignments and Facebook freak-out sessions. There would be inter-cohort hookups, many clandestine and as a by-product, much gossip and rumour. There were, and still are, hurt feelings. It was like high school with liquor, weird déjà vu, and I enjoyed it, relished it and loved it. Ultimately, the message is this, a message relevant to all those worried about the 'Melbourne Model'. Having lived through it, I can tell you that the JD has as little to do with learning the law as the LLB ever did, maybe even less so. The JD experience is the crazy, smart, scary, wonderful people you are forced to be with every day. The JD has given me nightmares and dreams, and just like any other degree, its true value is that it's another distraction from the real world.

See you on the other side. ▲

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