

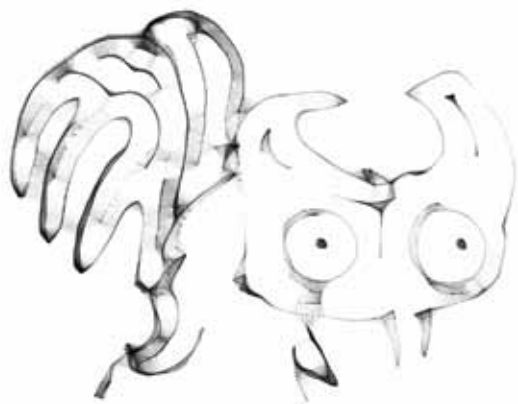
Freerange 3

THE TRICKSTER

FEATURING *Royal de Luxe* ✨ *Edward Bernays*
The Trickster's Dictionary ✨ *David Byrne*
Emil McAvoy ✨ *Mahmoud Darwish*
Martin Creed ✨ *Damien Hirst* & **MORE**







FREERANGE III

The Trickster

FREERANGE III The Trickster

Edited by Chief Egg B.W. Bennett & Gina G Moss

Designed by Makey Shakey Bacon Bits
with further credited artwork throughout.

*Freerange machine would like to acknowledge the contributions
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Trickster Like People

Tricksters are difficult to pin down, so we did some in-depth analysis into all the articles and found out the frequency of word use for the entire issue. The results were very interesting.

As you would expect the word *Trickster* is used more than any other in this volume. Next most frequently used were the words *Like* and *People*, so we can confidently say that people like tricksters and just as surely say that tricksters like people. We also discovered that *New Legal Media Just Might Work* and that *Social Palestinian Theatre Uses One Question...* unfortunately exactly what that question is remains unclear. It could be something to do with *DNA* or *Thinking*, but judging by what many of the Freerange contributors have focused on, it is most likely to be a question about *Art*.

It has been a delight to see a secondary theme emerge unassisted in the creation of this volume of Freerange. We asked our contributors to respond to the theme of *The Trickster*, and they did so in many different ways. There are pieces about trickster characters from history; a call to the legal profession to engage with it's trickster side; observations about the tricky use of reflection in design and the proposition that maybe trickiness is a trait to be found in our DNA. But overwhelmingly this volume became one about tricksters and art. It makes sense; after all, the artists' role in society is often the same as that of the trickster. They hold an important purpose: to push boundaries, to enter realms others are afraid of, stir the waters, provoke thought and discussion, and speak truth to power. Even if their work is not explicitly provocative artists use their practise to look at things in a new light. And if challenging established ways of thinking is not tricky then what is?



ABOUT YOUR FREERANGERS



Hana Bojangles Wellington

Hana Bojangles is a journalist who celebrates the good things. She also teaches people the soil secrets of backyard food production, plays drums in exchange for dinner, makes props, puppets and costumes for whoever's game, and is still figuring out how to really be in many places at once, in a beneficial, community-creating, wonder-reviving, kind of way.

Toby Huddlestone London

Toby Huddlestone is a practising contemporary artist currently based in London. Recent solo, group and curatorial projects and exhibitions have taken him all over the world, from Finland to Turkey and New Zealand.

Federico Monsalve Wellington

Federico Monsalve is a Colombian/New Zealand writer based in Auckland. He is a regular contributor to New York's *ARTnews*.

Rozzy Middleton Auckland

Rozzy Middleton is an Auckland-based writer and gossip queen. She loves a good art opening, a good cocktail and lawn bowls on a Sunday afternoon.

Claire Hollingsworth Melbourne

Claire Hollingsworth has been a Free-Ranger ever since she was old enough to open the front door by herself, cruising the neighbourhood and dropping little bits of old cabbage from the bottom of the crisper so there would always be a trail leading back home. The police would have had far less trouble finding her, had they noticed the trail. You have to keep your wits about you, Detective.

Joe Cedarwall Aotearoa

An Immigration Lawyer seeking to uphold fundamental human rights such as access to information, rights of families to remain together and freedom of movement. A humanist interested in issues of cultural and economic imperialism and cultural diversity. Currently exploring a synthesis based approach to preservation and integration of the rich cultural knowledge and musical traditions of traditional cultures.

Micaela Sahhar Melbourne

Micaela is currently attempting a PhD at the University of Melbourne. She is constantly engaged in matters Palestinian. But her first love for all things was the desire to write: poetry and prose. She awaits the day when she will be a personality of the kind that requires no evidence to speak with authority.

Matthew Landers Travelling

Matthew studied arts and animation at uni and is now on a cycling expedition in Europe. He is keeping a travel blog with his girlfriend Jenny called cycle scribbles where they write about adventures on the road and he does doodles.

Byron Kinnaird Melbourne

Byron Kinnaird studied architecture in Wellington and Copenhagen. He now mostly teaches architecture history, theory, and design in Melbourne, and works on various design projects with colleagues. Recently he and Barnaby Bennett were successful winners and exhibitors of Open Agenda, a design-led research competition from the University of Technology Sydney. He also writes for respeak.net

Greta Gillies Melbourne

Greta moved from Scotland to Melbourne half a decade ago after finishing her studies in Genetics. Her first proper work gig was screening embryos for genetic diseases. After several years of that it was time for change and she moved to South America, staying just long enough to get quite good at Spanish and to learn something about indigenous cultures. On her return she had an epiphany to become a science teacher while out running, which brings her to now; teaching art, maths and health at the Carnegie School.

Warwick McCallum Melbourne

Warwick is the creative idiot, the wise fool, the grey-haired baby, the un-dresser and the speaker of sacred profanities.

Joseph Tipa Wellington

Shru' bro.

Minna Ninova New York

Minna Ninova strives to always look on the bright side of life, as suggested by the 1979 film Monthly Python's Life of Brian. Failing that, she makes maps and writes... or is it takes naps and fights? She's not sure. She'll get back to you. In the meantime, she lives in Brooklyn, USA.

Nick Sargent Sydney

Part architect, part dilettante currently residing in Sydney and working for DRAW. A very occasional paint user.

Anne-Marie Vennel Paris

Anne-Marie Vennel, an experienced theatre performer, came to the Royal de Luxe street performance company in 2001. Since then she has been involved in all its performances (particularly the Giants' Saga) as either a performer or as an artistic collaborator with the company's founder and director Jean-Luc Courcoul.

Penny Spicer Lyon

Penny is a budding translator of Oceanic origin, currently based in France, where she eats cheese and blogs about it, drinks wine, hula hoops, teaches English, is finishing a Masters and attempting to concurrently pursue diverse passions for literature, burlesque, wwoofing, knitting and baking sweet goodness.



A dozen issues of Freerange will emerge in the coming years. Currently there are over one hundred participants from some 30 countries. Contributing to the project are; graphic designers, rockstars, photographers, mathematicians, architects, puppeteers, logicians, former students, doctors, planners, scientists, journalists, dancers, lawyers, teachers, and musicians.

If you are interested in being involved then email us at barnaby@projectfreerange.com



The Trickster's Dictionary

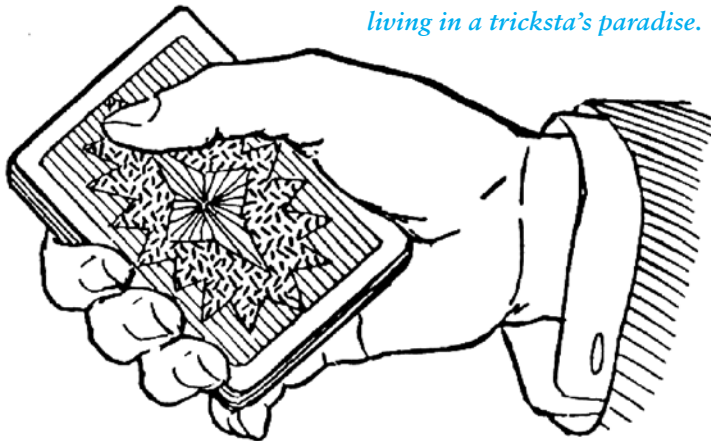
by Hana Bojangles

Everywhere we look there seems to be someone or something exploiting our trust in the idea that 'what we see is what we get'.

Advertising, media, government, science, and religion: each of these have been known to bend the truth when it is to their advantage, usually in the name of money. Things have become so absurd in our modern world that we can't even be sure that Michael Jackson is dead. We can't even really be sure that he existed in the first place.

But it takes two to tango. We are so often willingly deceived, for the sake of convenience, fear or just plain laziness. Sometimes it takes getting bamboozled to make us realise just how much we are voluntarily pulling the wool over our own eyes, to point out just how passive we are in defining our own reality.

*Even Coolio was baffled. Why are we so blind to see?
We've been spending most our lives
living in a tricksta's paradise.*





But tricking the senses, undermining our sense of reality and messing with perception is all part of the evolutionary plan for survival.

Think of the natural world: what we see of so many plants, insects and animals is based on some strategic design that has been fine-tuned to increase the chances of reproduction, to attract prey or as defence from predators.

Once you start looking around, it becomes apparent that tricks come in all sorts, with a whole range of motivations and intentions, and that perhaps there is nothing more deceptive than the simple and static concept of Truth. There is always some other side to the story, some other angle to look at things. Trickiness plays a fundamental role in expanding our ideas—collective and individual—of What is Possible.

The following list, in no particular order, celebrates ten examples in which The Way Things Are is overlooked, challenged and redefined, reminding us that, for better or worse, nothing is ever as it seems.



Lord of Misrule

At the end of the 14th Century, the Catholic Church banned the ecclesiastic tradition known as the Feast of Fools, an occasion of condoned and contained social revolution based on the Roman festival Saturnalia. It was a wild topsy turvy themed celebration, a real life theatrical catharsis. Masters served the servants, the Lord of Misrule served as King and everyone spoke a lot of nonsense.

The reasoning behind the occasion was that disobedience was little more than a laughing matter and in a controlled setting it would purge you of temptation and false reasoning. But it was a tricky scene all around. The more the oppressed servants enjoyed the opportunity to safely mock their authorities, the more slippery became the ladder of social hierarchy. Soon enough the lines between the real and the fake started to blur; the authorities started to feel like the joke was on them, that perhaps they were in fact the fools and that they were being threatened by their temporary loss of control. So, game over.



“That’s it man, game over man, game over! What the fuck are we gonna do now? What are we gonna do?”

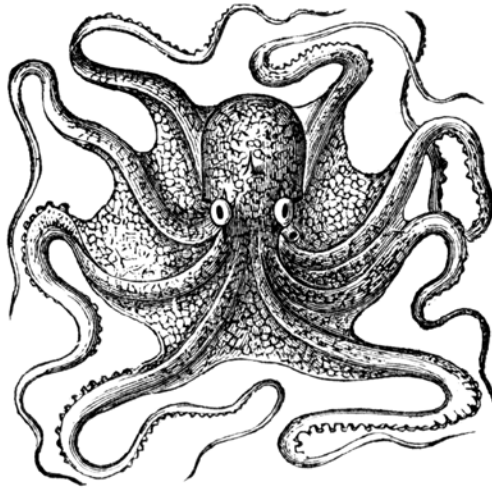
Hudson, *Aliens*

War of the Worlds

As in the Mercury Theatre on the Air series, narrated by Orson Welles on the eve before Halloween, 1938. Broadcast just before WWII, the series caused a wave of panic and confusion that spread among listeners across the U.S. Listen to the parts of this that sound just like a news broadcast and imagine what it would have been like to think that it was real, that on top of everything, Earth was actually being invaded by aliens. It's positively terrifying. *"The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one. But. Still. They come!"* Some people swore they could smell poison gas. The real catch is that the show wasn't intended to be deceptive. It was meant to be nothing more than entertainment. But radio was a relatively new public medium and its main role was as a reliable source of news. Who was to think, considering the times, that fear might have only been part of the 'entertainment'? Which brings up the question: how often is collective fear based on fiction?



"The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one, those motherfuckers said."



Bioluminescence

Specifically, the examples that occur in the deep sea—of which we’ve only explored an estimated 3%! Note the Angler Fish (as seen in *Finding Nemo*), which lures its prey with the beautiful lantern that hangs conveniently just in front of its mouth. Or male squid that continuously switch their visibly aggressive side, the part of their skin that looks uncannily white, to keep it out of view of the female as they swim around each other in courtship.

Not to mention the incredible feats of disguise that octopus can pull off by changing the colour and texture of their bodies. Nature is a great theatre that can stimulate us to observe how these tactics are translated in our own species.

Stone Soup

You know, that old fairy tale where those tricksters get people in a starving town to contribute to a communal pot of soup that starts out as nothing more than a rock in boiling water and ends as a delicious soup made from everything the townsfolk adds?

Sometimes you have to trick people into contributing to something that is ultimately for their own good.



Signifyin’

A word may signify meaning, but it is in the interpretation of the word that meaning is created. As $L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E$ poet Charles Bernstein said of poetry, language itself is “*a machine that spells and dispells illusion upon illusion, so that illusion’s engendering may be witnessed.*” The use of language is an act of creation, it is a set of tools we use to get as close as we can to the ‘real thing’.

Literary critic Henry Louis Jr attempted to disprove poet Audre Lorde’s famous quote, “*The master’s tools will never dismantle the master’s house,*” by applying it to the recurring interaction in African-American folklore between the trickster monkey and the oppressor lion. The monkey always outwits the lion through its use of figurative language, which the lion interprets all too literally. They might share the same words, or the “master’s tools,” but the monkey has mastered how to use them. It’s a familiar story: the lion might think it’s the king of the jungle but in the end it’s obvious who’s got power over who.



Robin Hood

Prince of Thieves, hero and outlaw; he stole from the rich to give to the poor. The scene in the Disney version when Little John kisses all the jewels off of the rings on King Richard's hands, says it all. But what does it say about our world when the everlasting popularity of the Robin Hood folklore is based on the everlasting applicability of the corrupt rich and dispossessed poor dichotomy? Shame.



"C'mon, gimme another one, Shibad are about to come on the main stage."

Situationist International

What more pervasive trick is there than the 'Time is Money' equation? Here we are thinking that money puts a value on our time while all we do is work to live and live to work. According to Situationist International founding member Guy Debord, it is high time we woke up and smelled les roses. The way he saw it, we had witnessed "*the decline of being into having, and having into merely appearing.*"

Capitalism has degraded our quality of life while the media insists that it has improved it. The Situationist response to this was to create situations that jolted us from the stupor. Call it culture jamming, call it subvertising or just call it pranks, the point was, how do we react to the situations we find ourselves in everyday? And what are we gonna do about it?

A Modest Proposal

Jonathan Swift wrote a satirical and convincing essay suggesting that the perfect solution to Ireland's overpopulation, and its consequential economic hardship, was to sell the country's young children as a delicacy dish for the English upper class. A harmless example showing that a very good—and fake—argument can rationalise something so outrageously improbable (for the intended audience anyway) as cannibalism and infanticide. Any argument is only as good as it's presented. Beware of hideous lies in sheep's clothing.



Jack Black

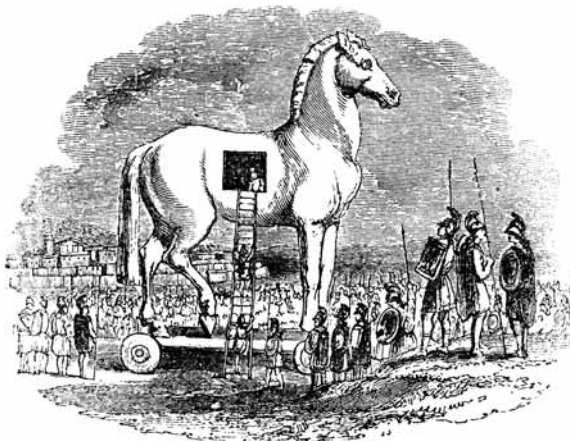
Paradise Lost

There are devil-worshippers and then there are those—Shelley and Blake included—who applaud Milton's Satan in *Paradise Lost* for his rebellion against the tyranny of heaven. Never was there a character more universally associated with Evil, not to mention deception, and yet if you dare invert that ingrained perception of Good vs. Evil you might just find some interesting points. Like, what was the Almighty's plan by putting Satan's own offspring—Sin and Death—as the guardians of the gates of Eden. Hel-lo. Maybe the plan was Free Will after the Fall all along. Or maybe not. It's an age old convoluted theological discussion.

Odysseus

Can't get any better than the Trojan horse. What better disguise for the Greeks to enter Troy, and ultimately win the war, than a large, elaborate gift in the shape of a horse? This bright idea by the cunning Odysseus, as told in *The Aeneid*, brought a whole new meaning to the strategy of being in it to win it.

In his own biographical epic *The Odyssey*, our hero saves his life by telling the Cyclops that his name is Nobody. A name was just about everything in ancient Greece, a link to place and pedigree. In a nice ironic twist the Cyclops, whose real name was Polyphemus, translated to 'Very Famous' in Latin. But Odysseus disguised himself as nobody so that when he jabbed the Cyclops in the eye with his flaming stake, the one-eyed-monster screamed, "Nobody has hurt me," and so of course, nobody came to help him. Odysseus was full of wily plans so it was too bad that he let his hubris get the best of him. Once back in his boat and a safe distance away from the Cyclops he just couldn't help but yell, "*I am not nobody, I am Odysseus, Son of Laertes, King of Ithaca.*" Unfortunately for him and his fellow sailors, the Cyclops was Son of Poseidon, god of sea and storms.



Even More Songs About Buildings and Food

*A Transcript of the Well-Attended, Much-Blogged About Lecture on Contemporary Urban Life by Talking Head David Byrne**

** that Minna Ninova would give if she were, in fact, David Byrne and not, as the actual case may be, an underpaid writer*

by Minna Ninova

DAVID BYRNE: [SHOWS AUDIENCE A PICTURE OF A NICE LUXURY CAR, POSS. GERMAN] Depending on your worldview, the object that you see here is either:

- 1) a problem;*
- 2) an ethically neutral fact of life; or*
- 3) a delicious specimen from the human mind garden that takes you to your office job, then back home to your spouse in your single-family, architecturally indifferently house.*



If you find yourself suited to either of the latter two categories, I'm afraid I have to let you know that you're probably going to Hell. And because I am David Byrne, and I am unnaturally gifted at everything I do, you can trust me when I tell you that Hell is not someplace you want to go unless you really love Houston, Texas. Heh-heh.

But seriously. Do you drive on a regular basis? Do you roll down the window on a sunny day and rest your arm on the doorframe and feel the wind caress you as you speed down the freeway? If yes, then you are ruining our collective urban future. Culpability is radiating from you like the heat of a thousand guilty suns. And for those of you

who drive joylessly and generally try to forget the time you're pressured to spend in your car on a daily basis, you are not off the hook just because you hate your life. I mean, some of you are probably cool people, but that's not what I mean when I say "off the hook". Heh. I'm just kidding around. I mean that your ethical detachment is killing America. I'd like to talk a little bit about that today.

For those of you whose dreams I haven't yet haunted with my multi-platform media empire, I am passionate about approximately 70 to 75 things. And one of those things is cities. Specifically cities I like. I've often asked myself: *why do I like some cities and not others?* I've asked myself this question so often, in fact, that you might say I'm somewhat of an important urban theorist. And because I've been to more cities than you have, I stand a fair chance of coming up with a pretty terrific answer to my own interesting question.

Now, the title of this lecture is "*Even More Songs About Buildings and Food*". First of all, I hope you all got the reference to the Talking Heads' 1978 release, *More Songs About Buildings and Food*. I thought it would be great to use here because it shows that I was interested in the stuff of everyday life even back in my ironically detached, overtly intellectualized art period. But I also wanted to point to something I believe is true about cities, which is that most people, myself included, tend to think about our modern urban existence as being composed of these two things: buildings and food. And I think that's a problem because there's a third, very conspicuous thing missing from this short list: women.

Just kidding. Just making sure you're paying attention. No, seriously. It's cars. OK, technically it's transportation infrastructure, but as any creative genius can tell you, cars sounds better in this particular title. So we're going to go with cars.

So I asked myself why I like some cities and not others. It's a pretty simple question for someone known for his profound complexity, but I'll humor

myself for your benefit. I like big cities, dense cities, whose residents have style and an appreciation of chaos and a preference for public space over parking space. I value these things because I like what they reflect about the society that put them in place. Our urban landscapes are the fixed geographies of our needs and our desires. We build cities in our own image, especially if we are Donald Trump. No, no. I mean metaphorically.

Let me work through a couple of scenarios. In the first scenario we find ourselves enjoying an ice cream cone during a walk on Manhattan's Hudson River paths, in the shadow of the elevated Westside Highway. There are buildings, food, and cars, but they are unimposing—we choose how we interact with them. We're getting off pretty easy because we are a New Yorker and we are an artist and rules don't apply to me. I mean us. However, the second and far more common scenario has us traveling from Bland Building A to Bland Building B in a car, surging past billboards advertising fried chicken and tasteless beer that will bring us popularity and candy bars that will make us happy. There are buildings, there is food, and there are cars but this scenario makes me weep at night. Because this far more typical, accessible, disposable type of urban geography is cast in the image of a society greedy for newness and for quick consumption by the individual at the price of the collective. For an illusion of order and progress. For a cheap thrill.

And it's all rubbish. [\[SHOWS PICTURE OF LANDFILL\]](#)

In Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities*, the citizens of Leonia wake up every morning to meticulously clean streets. Beyond the city walls, however, a mountain of waste is growing which the citizens pretend not to notice. Their dream city is a costly illusion, and so is ours. But where they had one mountain of rubbish, we



There are buildings, there is
food, and there are cars; but
this scenario makes me weep
at night.



*& you may find yourself behind the
wheel of a large automobile*

have hundreds of thousands of mountains of rubbish, more freeways, and more Walmarts. With the production of newness comes more waste—an anxiety-inducing game of grown-up leapfrog. More buildings, more food, more cars, more rubbish, repeat.

Maybe the next new object/building/freeway/burger will make it better? No. It won't.

Michael Thompson argues in *Rubbish Theory* that “in our culture, objects are assigned to one or another of two overt categories... ‘transient’ and ‘durable’. Objects in the transient category decrease in value over time and have finite lifespans. Objects in the durable category increase in value over time and have (ideally) infinite life-spans.” The geography of greed is based on transient, disposable objects whose short life span demands that we constantly repopulate the landscape with low-value stuff. But does it have to be like this? Is this our indelible image?

No! Your mere presence at this lecture indicates to me your willingness to help me change the world. So here's what you're going to do next:

Follow me on Twitter. HA-HA. No, don't do that. Twitter followers are just as stupid as their name suggests. No, I'm sorry, you're not stupid. You're just high from the fumes of Kanye West's radioactive ego. Believe me, I understand the seduction of the internet. It's like one big glossy pond and we're all Narcissus, staring down into the pond, marveling at our collective reflection. We need to wake up, power down the Macs, and read a book. I suggest the one I wrote.

Go outside. I'm serious about this one. Take a camera with you. Take pictures of things you don't like about your environment. Not enough trees? Too much trash? Take a picture. Take the pictures home, look at them, pick one. Think about the problem. Do something about it. Art and action. Change someone's mind. You know the feeling you get when you're

talking to someone ignorant who doesn't understand what's good for the world? Like you might want to act in inappropriately violent, irrational ways? Ignore that feeling. Try to find a common ground and have a conversation. Failing that, find a young child and brainwash her into becoming an environmental activist or progressive politician. Become a guerilla warrior and sabotage your local McDonald's frozen burger delivery. Just kidding. Don't do that either. Shop at farmer's markets. If you don't shop for all your food at farmers markets you are ignorant scum.

You guys, this has been great. Think of our experience today as swallowing a great big pill of Vitamin C. Don't you feel better? Don't you feel like you could go out into the world and write a ballet score or change parking policy? I do. There is so much more to say but my time, like water in California, is a limited resource. I know that my words have inspired you because they have inspired me! And trust me, I know inspiration when I see it. I'm David Byrne.

The working title of my next lecture is "*Bicycles: Conceptual Art in Transit?*" See you then.

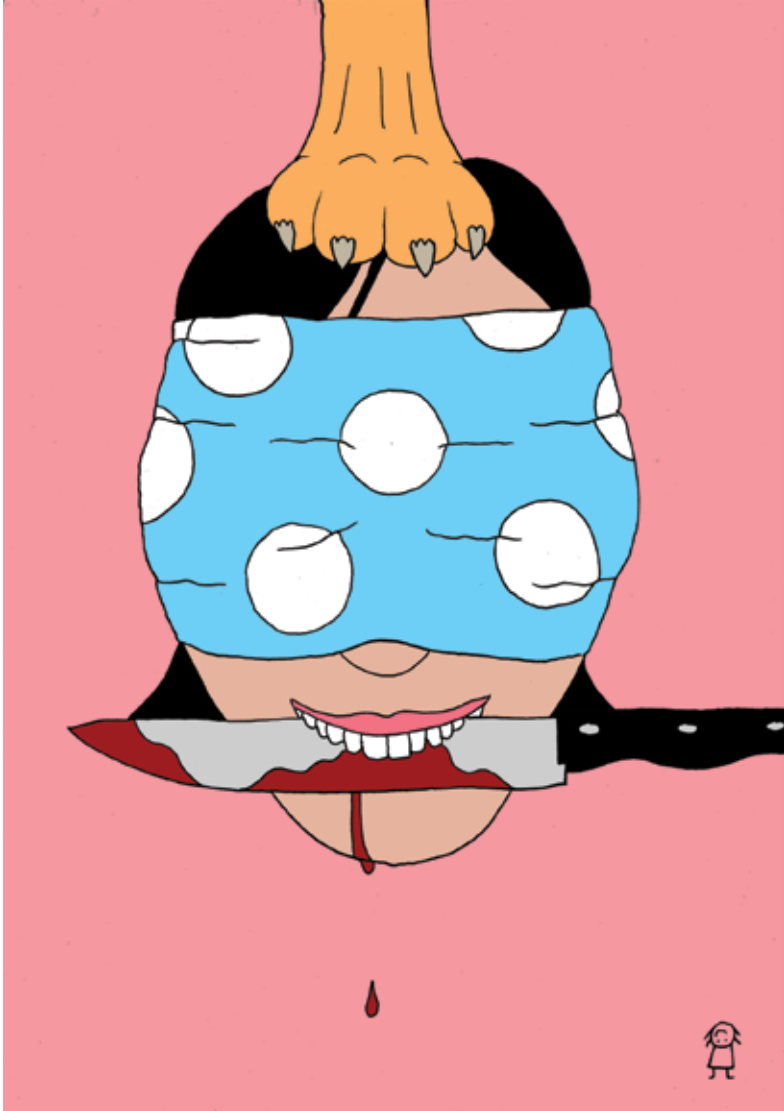
** David Byrne is a Scottish-born musician and artist most associated with his role as a founding member and principal songwriter of the American new wave band Talking Heads, which was active between 1975 and 1991.*

Since then, Byrne has released his own solo recordings and worked with various media including film, photography, opera, and non-fiction. Byrne is also known for his bicycling advocacy efforts as well as his interest in urban planning, both of which he wrote about in his 2009 book, Bicycle Diaries.



Get out of the room

by Warwick McCallum



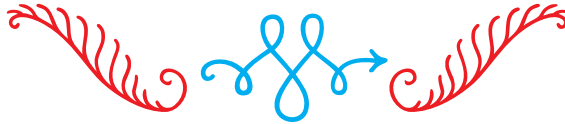
Tell me again



The Litigation Trickster

The trickster archetype is extremely relevant today and offers us a valuable paradigm for viewing the work of those lawyers, litigants and activists engaged in legal battles that seek to change the outdated society around us.

by Joe Cederwall



Psychiatrist Carl Jung identified the trickster as a one of the great archetypal figures, depicting a rebel who refuses to conform to social expectations by utilising ‘wit and trickery’.¹ The trickster character appears when a way of thinking or a system has become outdated and needs to be destroyed or rethought. They exist to question and to provoke society to question the status quo: “*The true trickster’s trickery calls into question fundamental assumptions about the way the world is organised, and reveals the possibility of transforming them.*”²

The trickster archetype is found in most cultural traditions including the legendary ‘Maui’ in Maori and other Pacific Island oral traditions. Maui pulled up New Zealand’s North Island with a fishhook, slowed the Sun’s passage across the sky by roping and beating it and stole fire from the underworld.³ These achievements were clearly considered by early Maori to be fundamental changes to the structure of life as they provided them with earth and sun for growing food as well as fire for cooking. The proliferation of mythological trickster characters like Maui and Jung’s archetype illustrate a strong human desire for dramatic social and cultural change.

Walter Bennett states that the trickster and the lawyer have often been seen as synonymous in Western society: “*The psychic role of the trickster in mythology and cultural orientation is very close to the pejorative image of the lawyer in modern consciousness.*”⁴ This correlation is not confined to Western society, in China the literal translation of the word attorney or lawyer from Chinese to English is “*litigation trickster.*” This may explain why the virtuousness of practising law in China is culturally questionable and is also indicative of the fact that Chinese lawyers are seen as ‘outside of’ and hence opposed to the dominant power structure of the establishment of the People’s Republic of China.⁵

Globally then lawyers, litigants and activists who are engaged in often tedious legal battles for social causes fit well into the trickster archetype and to borrow the Chinese phrase can loosely be termed as ‘litigation tricksters.’

The power of the litigation trickster lies in their ability to use their knowledge of the legal system and its processes in order to challenge the authority and legitimacy of dominant power structures. Many groups across the world are engaging in this role by winning small legal victories for the people against this system, achieving policy or law reform or simply gaining recognition and exposure for important causes.

*“The Law has a long arm and it can reach you, however far back into the recesses of the forest you may travel, and that in every corner of the great empire to which we belong, the King’s Law can reach anyone who offends against him. That is the lesson you people should learn from this trial.”*⁶

Judge F.R Chapman in 1917 made this comment upon sentencing Rua Kenana to prison for the crime of resisting arrest. Kenana was a spiritual and pro-Maori independence leader of the Tuhoe iwi. This charge arose in the context of a fatal armed raid on his peaceful spiritual community by the New Zealand police force and led to one of the longest court proceedings in New Zealand legal history. The fact remains that Tuhoe lands were never ceded to the Crown and arguably still legally remain the sovereign property of Tuhoe iwi under International Law.

If this sounds vaguely familiar to those following recent New Zealand events, that is because in October 2007 17 Tuhoe community and urban based social justice activists supporting their cause were arrested in



The power of the litigation trickster lies in their ability to use their knowledge of the legal system and its processes in order to challenge {...} power structures.



nationwide raids by armed ‘anti terror’ police squads.⁷ The initial charges were laid under the post-911 knee-jerk ‘Terrorism Suppression Act’ but were found to be without substance and thrown out of court by the solicitor general. However, further charges were laid against many of the accused and remain unresolved with 8 August 2011 set as a tentative trial date. Almost one century after the Kenana incident, Tuhoie independence activists and their legal teams are again engaged in a long running court battle in order to justify the exercise of their democratic right to protest and for their self-determination and independence.

This case is representative of citizens’ struggles to challenge the absurd injustices of imperialism and western democracy and is an example of modern citizens playing the role of litigation trickster. In 2008 the Tuhoie legal team took this case to the highest level by addressing their concerns to the United Nations Human Rights Committee. *“Concern was expressed that the arrests of the said 17 individuals may be connected to their activities in defence of the rights of Maori people, and particularly of the land rights of the Ngai Tuhoie community... Concern was further expressed that the planned amendments to the Terrorism Suppression Act, if adopted and implemented, would not be in accordance with international human rights standards.”*⁸

The recent victory in the New Zealand High Court of three ‘activists’ who sabotaged a US operated satellite spy base at Waihopai in the South Island is another example of New Zealand citizens challenging injustice and inequality in the legal forum. The defendants used a clever legal argument known as “the defence of right” meaning that they argued that their actions were justified by the greater good of their intentions in preventing this spy base from operating to aid the US allied war machine: *“The Defendants had used the rare, in New Zealand, defence of the greater good; in this case, that pricking the balloon would force the spy satellite monitoring station to close down, at least for a while, and thus end or temporarily stop the human suffering overseas that the spy activities*

caused.”¹⁰ As Defendant Adrian Leason summarised “We broke a law to protect plastic to uphold a law to protect human life.” This legal argument allowed the defendants to bypass the unjust legal system by appealing to the moral sense of the jury. The trial itself and the ensuing media feast led to the exposure of a large amount of previously undisclosed information on New Zealand’s intelligence role in the US led global ‘war on terror.’

These legal proceedings provide a glimmer of hope with the fact that the concept of the litigation trickster is alive and is having a beneficial impact on New Zealand society. The elements of the trickster archetype possessed by lawyers may in fact be powerful tools for the legal profession to play a positive role in social change and empowerment. The concept of the litigation trickster is the most valuable tool in the long overdue reshaping of the legal profession as a valued and worthwhile contributing force in the society of the future.

1 Timothy Sexton, *Carl Jung's Trickster Archetype and Trickster Deities*, Associated Content, published October 16, 2008
www.associatedcontent.com/article/1074986/carl_jungs_trickster_archetype_and.html?cat=72 http://www.associatedcontent.com/article/1074986/carl_jungs_trickster_archetype_and.html?cat=72

2 Helen Lock, *Transformations of the Trickster*, 2002
<http://southerncrossreview.org/18/trickster.htm> <http://southerncrossreview.org/18/trickster.htm>

3 A. H. McLintock, *Legends of Maui*, Te Ara, the Encyclopedia of New Zealand, 1966 (updated 22-Apr-09) www.teara.govt.nz/en/1966/maui-legends-of/1

4 Walter Bennett, *The Lawyer's Myth: Reviving Ideals in the Legal Profession* Chicago, The University of Chicago Press, 2001. 251)

5 Danita Fleck, *Chinese Tricksters*, San Jose State University, Asian Gateways, 2001
http://gallery.sjsu.edu/oldworld/asiagate/chin_tricksters_full.html

6 R v Rua. Unreported but descriptions of the trial appeared in the *New Zealand Herald* and *Auckland Star*. Discussed in Peter Spiller *The Chapman Legal Family* (Victoria University Press, Wellington, 1992) 206.

7 Background information see: 2007 New Zealand anti-terrorism raids, Wikipedia, last updated May 2010. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/2007_New_Zealand_anti-terrorism_raids#cite_note-2

8 United Nations General Assembly - A/HRC/9/9/Add.1, 15 August 2008, Human Rights Council, Ninth session Agenda item 3: Promotion and protection of all human rights, civil, political, economic, social and cultural rights, including the right to development. Report of the Special Rapporteur on the situation of human rights and fundamental freedoms of indigenous people, S. James Anaya Addendum - Summary of cases transmitted to Governments and replies received

9 Brian Rudman, *Juries stand faultless, despite verdict*, NZ Herald, 24 March 2010.
www.nzherald.co.nz/human-rights/news/article.cfm?c_id=500838&objectid=10633857

10 *ibid*



HIT ME WITH YOUR KNIT- TING STICKS

by Claire Hollingsworth

Do you hate yourself a little bit? Fear not, most people hate themselves, at least a little bit, some of the time. What's more, there are probably people who hate you just as much as you hate yourself. So you are definitely not alone.

Given this, it is not surprising that we might want to punish ourselves from time to time. We all have our little masochistic indulgences, whether in the form of habitual vices, or little adrenaline boosters that catch us by pleasantly terrifying surprise. However, as with any crutch, you might find that these vices can lose their spark.

Has smoking a pack a day become too relaxing? Hard drugs are starting to feel a little soft? Promiscuous sex is feeling a little bit humdrum? Is the thought of drunkenness a little bit sobering?

Take heart, there are a bounty of ways you can flirt with death or near fatal injury which you may not have yet considered.



*Those of us
that somehow
missed the
masochistic
bandwagon of
hard partying*

*(whether
through naïve
ignorance,
rebellion, or
general uptight
prudence)*

*have had to
be a little bit
creative when
it comes to
the fine art of
self-punishment.*



So settle back, pour yourself some peppermint tea (don't be afraid to spill a bit of boiling water on your hand), and light some incense (you might accidentally set fire to the doily underneath it while you are at it), and prepare to be gently incensed.

1) TRY A LITTLE AUDACIOUS GUSTATION:

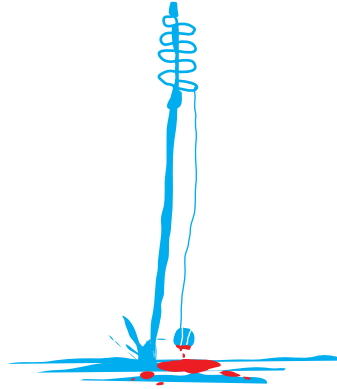
Eat chicken from that ominous little restaurant on the corner; the one that is subject to far more rumours than it is customers. Better yet, order it to take away and leave it on the counter for a couple of hours, put in your fridge for 3 days or more, then consume.

2) GET A BIT DEADLY ON YOUR TREADLY:

Insist on riding your rusty old bike even though the brakes gave out weeks ago. Take the scenic route; down hills and over highways. Stop yourself by bear hugging traffic light poles, feel the exhilaration as the cars and trucks whoosh past. In Melbourne good spots for this include: Little Collins Street, approaching the intersection of Swanston Street; Punt Road approaching Alexandra Avenue.

3) COP A SERVE, TOTEM
TENNIS STYLE:

Who doesn't like a bit of totem tennis? Be sure to hit the ball way too hard, and make uncoordinated attempts to hit it some more as it comes around again.

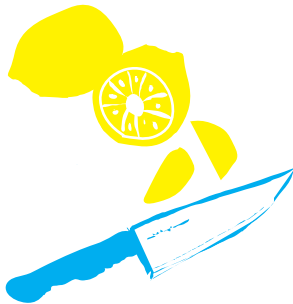


Feel the rush of excitement as it eventually smacks you in the face. Karma has never been so tangible. (Fun for the whole family, or on your own).



4) IF LIFE GIVES YOU LEMONS, STEAL SOME MORE FROM AROUND THE CORNER, JUST FOR THE THRILL OF IT.

That cake you are baking could really use a citrus lift. Why not stroll around the corner and steal some lemons from that grumpy lady's tree for the second time this week? This could be the day she follows through and acts out on her furious threats of violence—you never know your luck. You know what they say, luck comes to those who persist.



5) SEW YOU THINK YOU CAN ACUPUNCTURE?

When sewing lavender pillows for your friends, don't be afraid to turn down the volume on your already mellow Django Reinhardt mix. Odds are, it'll lull you into a dreamy state, a deliriously reckless place to be when operating dangerous machinery such as the humble sewing machine. Nothing quite beats the sheer terror of being jolted awake as you put your finger through a sewing machine. What's more, your friends' lavender pillows will be laced with your blood and tears. Now if that doesn't bond you like a hard night out crashing stolen cars after a crystal meth binge, I don't know what will.

The trickster poetic: *the politic of a* **Palestinian poet**

by Micaela Sahar

When I watched Salt of this Sea, a Palestinian film made by a female director (herself I believe now barred entry to any part of historical Palestine) I identified strongly with its central crisis.

An American Palestinian returns to Palestine on her American passport. She takes the bank statements of her grandfather and attempts to withdraw a contemporary equivalent of the balance. The bank is still there. The money is not. She escapes over checkpoints (I say escape, though there is no reason why on her passport she cannot cross) with a Palestinian from the West Bank for whom passage is even more problematic. She visits the house where her family laid the tiles and stays on the good will of its current Israeli occupant. She is not an easy house-guest, and when asked what she wants she reiterates, as in the bank, *I want what's mine*. I understand the crisis, and the unpopular aesthetic of her predicament. It is hard to be supplanted, such that all evidence of your history, still physically there, is made to vanish. To be written out of law, so that what you might rightfully expect to return to, or expect in return, has no legal lineage left for you to stand on or recuperate. I understand the brute demands of this aesthetic, the importance of articulating their incommensurable nature to the prevailing narratives



**Speaking with the only
one of my Palestinian
friends who has the
pleasure and skill to
read Darwish's poetry
untranslated, his face
is animated.**



that constitute the reality of the Israeli state. I understand all of this, and it is a relief sometimes to hear someone else say it. But it is not the way I have learnt to narrate the demands of a Palestinian identity, with all its attendant inheritances of loss, injustice and invisibility.

I never imagined I would write politically. Academically perhaps it was possible to say. Carefully of course, knowing their version as well as my own, being unassailable and relentlessly reasonable in the narratives I told and conclusions I drew. Knowing I must know more and be better to be heard at all. But this changed somewhere in the year I wrote my honours thesis in creative writing, intending as I was to focus on Palestinian Diaspora only. It was somewhere then in the months of 2005 when the mechanisms of my peaceable willingness to confine my tongue and pen to certain issues switched gears. It must have occurred earlier, but was crystallised when I heard the late Melbourne poet Dorothy Porter ask, *what will it be like when a poet climbs inside the skin of the suicide bomber and speaks from there?* In that year, their spectre was still of great note, not far from the Twin Towers and the Second Jihad; in those early years of the decade a plethora of texts were published trying to psychologise the suicide bomber. Those were nervous times to be an Australian-Palestinian.

The presumption of terrorist, radical and fundamentalist never far from the mind of a political culture which does not engage well with the real guts of an issue, better as we are at talking in economic terms than in terms of justice, particularly at the moments of breach, when the parameters of the nation-state model fails.

My writing project became one of seduction. That I would write with such inexorable skill that a reader could not help but believe in the things I set within the text. Not set as a trap, you understand, but set with such heart-breaking beauty that my narratives would outwit and win over the most politically obstinate opponent. But there are so many contingencies to publication and readership that the project was, I can admit now, somewhat naïve. It is difficult still, but in 2005 it was hard to get hold of worthwhile translations of Arabic poets. Fortunately for me, one of the most famous also happened to be Palestinian, with a political program at that. But there was a didacticism in some of Mahmoud Darwish's best loved poems that didn't translate to either the political aesthetic of subtlety I had come to appreciate as essential in Australia, or indeed at times to the poetic aesthetic of subtlety inherent, I think, to avoiding the sentimentality and pathos of struggle and suffering. Of course the Australians were not his audience, and the literary traditions he wrote into and breached were not ours either. Later I came to realise that I had missed the true subtleties at work, either in translation or tradition, of what the radical politics of a Palestinian poet could do. My friend Yousef recounts how he heard Darwish perform a poem once (in Palestine the poet's popularity, to put it in perspective, could fill the MCG) that hinged around the words 'I' (anaa) and 'here' (hunaa). Their rhythm, repetition and shifting restatements without a single word of hate or treason were acts of defiance about presence, visibility and prevailing, as if a poem could counterweight that inheritance of loss, injustice and invisibility. As if in that stadium a Palestinian poet affirming that he was himself, he was indivisible from his identity, and he was here, was the most radical act of defiance, with a crowd of fans to witness, that a state so problematised by demography could endure.

Speaking with the only one of my Palestinian friends who has the pleasure and skill to read Darwish's poetry untranslated, his face is animated. It was Yousef who once said, in response to the question 'where is Palestine?', Palestine is me, and I am Palestine. When he talks about Palestinian poetry you listen; he is a raconteur fit for the great Levantine courts, laid waste though they were almost a millennium ago. Yousef talks of the strategies most profound in Darwish. His use of the oxymoron is a constant theme playing always between the extremities of home and exile and the way the Palestinian must navigate between the two: 'now, in exile, yes, at home'. That such a humble thing as words on a page, a poem, might defy reason, law and death: 'one day I will become an idea, that a sword cannot carry to an arid land, nor a book'. Or more specifically the unreason of laws and learning in which, in their very contradiction of ourselves, Palestinians recognise the lie. Darwish puts hypothesis to use too, speculating different horizons of how things might have been. His poetic strategies are often humorous but always deadly serious, speaking as he did to a people for whom the stakes—of identification and narrative—run so very high. In poetry Darwish availed himself of the luxury of contradictions and vast plains of the imaginary, claiming to himself a great freedom of speaking. He provided a voice to the defeated ones, and yet, the voice itself is a testament to what remains, that while something remains there is no finality to defeat at all. It is a tragedy of translation that so few of the poems Yousef thought to mention were available to me. One that was, *Mural*, written shortly after Darwish had almost died, plays with ideas of ownership, naming and self. He recapitulates the theme of naming, that names are a powerful incantation of elsewhere, of another geography whose forgetting we refuse. But here he splits naming from self; here the self is hard to hold, it flips out of grip either of fates or determination. Yet it surfaces again and again, that self, an enduring thing – the I, indivisible, resistant to naming after all the acts of naming Darwish stages (the acts of witnessing the reader is implicated in); this I resistant to all ownership, co-option and erasure: 'I am not mine, I am not mine, I am not mine'.

Nowadays, I have learnt to write with political intent sewn up in a poetic of care. I cannot write as Darwish did: historical moments give some writers a license that is inalienable. The moment of the suicide bomber has all but passed from popular terror myths—constructed and fuelled together in media fabrications—that surrounded Palestine, and new myths of horror have taken their place, new too that the villain is not always the archetypal figure of Palestine. To reflect on all the things I have written, it would be truest to say that in hindsight I believe only in part in the politics I assumed eight years ago, five or one. My supervisor commented at the time of Gaza in 2009 on how fed up he was by addressing a talk to people who are so galvanised by Israel and Palestine because, he said, that so often those people had ceased to really think. I look at my poetry now, and am proud of its inconsistencies and manifest political shifts, evidence of that greatest trick amidst what to some has seemed intractable, but which in the end must not be: to refuse consistency, a position commensurable with the obfuscated field of reality in this lengthening history of catastrophe. That is, to retain the practice of thought beyond any definitive statement or act of publication. In short, to remain ineffable.



No.12

Internal subversion - leading to apolitical apathy
(as a flow diagram)

notes on Britain

pre-1997

before new labour we had external subversion

1960's - acid revolution, hippie movement, peace, love, peace protests,
sub-culture became mainstream but rejected authority in
essence.

late 1970's - punk, leading to new romantics, anti-establishment,
record deals signed outside Buckingham Palace, swearing
before the watershed, beginning of recession, depression
as expression, contentment found in trash and detriatus

1981 - race riots on a national scale - brixton, toxteth, st.paul's

1980's - football hooliganism, fascism, (to a certain extent this was
subversion)-destructive but still anti-establishment.
miner's strikes through thatherism, trade unions, clash with
authority.

then came the 1990's...and after...

...everything becomes subsumed/consumed by the establishment:

-the bad boys of rock'n'roll drink with the prime minister at No.10,
-tourettes sufferer wins Big Brother(~~normally~~) (previously a sector
of society snubbed)

-anti-iraq protests controlled and led by the police force not the
protesters (the targets protests to occur around the world in this
century and the last but still they do no good)

-man dies after police intervention at G20 protests

it is clear to see:

we cannot defeat authority by sticking our fingers up to it.

a more subtle and calculated strategy is needed.(playing the authority
at their own game if you like)

we need to internalise subversion, puncture from the inside rather
than the outside.

strategy is key.

Lead an apathetic protest. Declare all is fine. Pronouce satisfaction.

Let the sarcasm do the job. Or is it too smart? Stay political (dressed
as apolitical). Make political the apolitical. Make apolitical the
political.

PROTEST APATHY.

07 NOV 2009



NO: 12 INTERNAL SUBVERSION & PROTEST APATHY



words by Toby Huddleston
photos by Gina Moss

Desire & Deception & Reflection

A brief history of reflections

by Byron Kinnaird

*“Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the loveliest lady in the land?”
The reply was always; “You are, your Majesty,” until the dreadful
day when she heard it say, “Snow White is the loveliest in the land.”*

BROTHERS GRIMM, “SNOW WHITE.” 1812



I. 16TH CENTURY

The *looking-glass* is honed by the Venetians, who use plate glass backed by Mercury to obtain a “*near perfect and undistorted reflection.*”

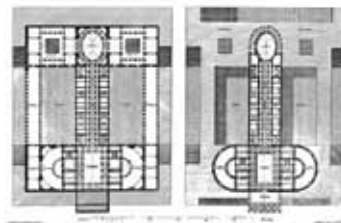
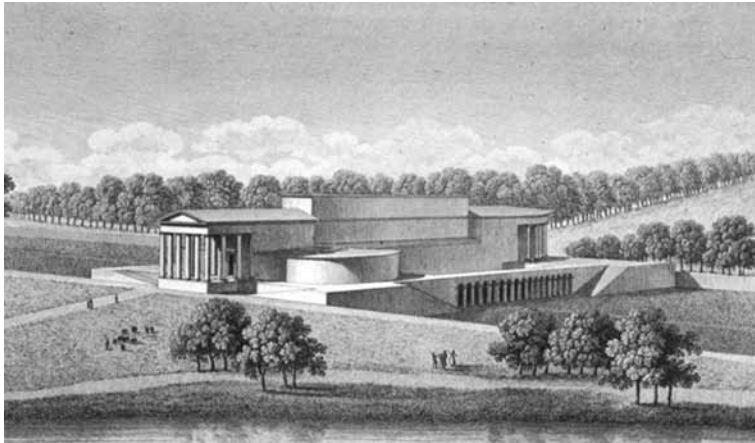
Industrial espionage eventually extends the knowledge of the process to Paris and London in the 17th C., where it is mass produced. The toxicity of Mercury remains a problem for them all.

[MIGUEL MEIRELLES ANTIQUES, FOR SALE:
NAPOLEAN III CUSHION MIRROR, \$8,800.]

2. 1774-1779

Claude Nicolas Ledoux: Cité idéale, manifested by the utopic Royal Salt works at Arc-et-Senans (1774–1779). Significant for its perverse use of the plan as cheeky reflection of function, the ‘house of pleasure’, Oikema, is blatantly planned as a cock.

Although unnoticeable in perspective rendering, the testes house the *Galleria*, with the bath’s lining the penis, climaxing with the *Salon* at its head. The chauvinist glorification of genitalia subverts—just barely—the erotic occupation envisaged for Oikema.



[OIKEMA OU PROJET DE MAISON DE PLAISIR THE HOUSE OF PLEASURE 1779, PERSPECTIVE AND PLAN DRAWING. PUBLIC DOMAIN]



3. 1908

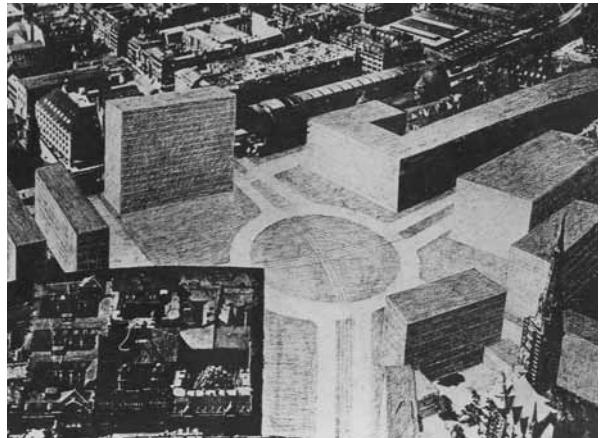
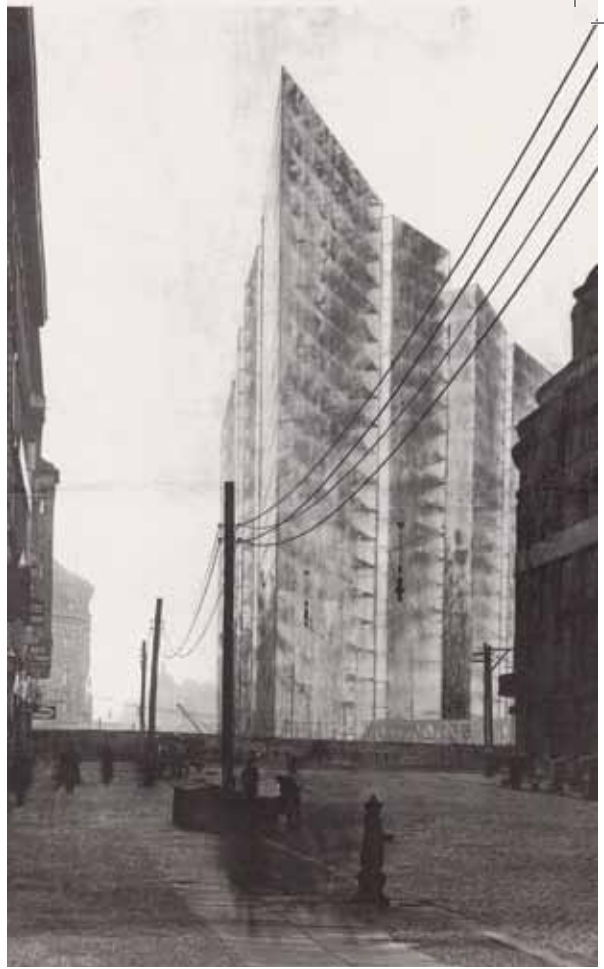
Adolf Loos designs the American Bar, in Vienna. A pokey place cleverly extended to the distracted eye by mirrors that line the upper walls, reflecting the coffered ceiling detail *ad infinitum*.

(PHOTOGRAPH CREDIT: RALF BOCK, ADOLF LOOS: WORKS AND PROJECT, 2007 RIZZOLI)



4. 1921-28

German architect *Mies van der Rohe* produces three significant architectural designs (in drawing and model), the *Friedrichstrasse Skyscraper* and the *Glass Skyscraper* (1921 & 1922), represented in frightening elevations and perspective, and *Alexanderplatz*, a ruthless “fuck-context” urban intervention. All three are radical in their profuse use of glass cladding, as *Mies van der Rohe* confronts the urban Berlin street-dweller with their own reflection. With no option but self-reflection, the modern subject must deal with its first identity crisis: urbanity.



(MIES VAN DER ROHE, DESIGN
ALEXANDERPLATZ OVERVIEW
1928 AND FRIEDRICHSTRASSE
GLASS SKYSCRAPER, 1921)

5. 1950S

Float Glass as a process for mass-producing perfectly flat and finished glass sheets is invented by Sir Alastair Pilkington. The process allows incredibly high quality finish, at previously unrealizable lengths.



[[HTTP://WWW.ARCHITECTMAGAZINE.COM/
NATURAL-METALS/FLOAT-GLASS.ASPX](http://www.architectmagazine.com/natural-metals/float-glass.aspx)]
ALL PHOTOS BY TIM HURSLEY

6. 1960s

American conceptual artist *Dan Graham* engages with self-conscious and repetitive use of the mirror and reflectivity through performance, video and installation/sculpture. Unsettling video-delays that replay you back to yourself 90 seconds later in the previous room, and vision-distorting pavilions layering reflections just beyond comprehension develop a practice of surveillance and the destabilisation of sensory reliability.



(PRESS IMAGE WWW.WANAS.SE, ANDERS NORRSELL. TWO DIFFERENT ANAMORPHIC SURFACES, 2000)

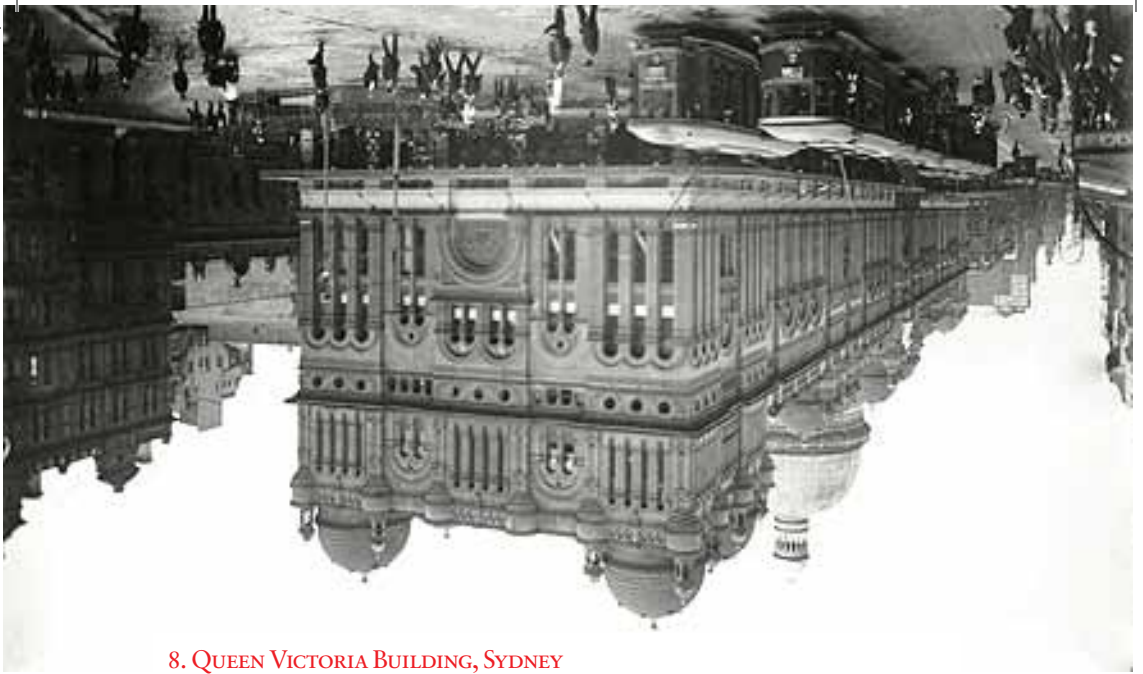
7. MYER DEPARTMENT STORE,
MELBOURNE, 2010.

Now prolific, but its origin uncertain except for the possibility of sheer vanity, the mirrored escalator ride multiplies the self and the view. Watching, being watched and being watched watching, fuels retail-consumer vanity and insecurity. There you are again and again and again, each greener than the last.





(PHOTOGRAPHS: BYRON KINNAIRD)



8. QUEEN VICTORIA BUILDING, SYDNEY

Not content with the incredible light and remarkable Romanesque Revivalist detailing of George McRae's design, this boutique shopping mall renovated by Ipoh is confusingly complicated by mirror-clad escalators. A narcissistic accident occurs when you catch your own flirting glimpse, or nearly apologizing to yourself for nearly walking into yourself, or stumbling sideways, confused by the tilted and multiple floor reflections.

[1920 PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM J.W.C.
PUBLIC DOMAIN, OTHERS ARE AUTHORS.]





“Meanwhile, the servant had returned to the castle, with the heart of a roe deer. He gave it to the cruel stepmother, telling her it belonged to Snow White, so that he could claim the reward. Highly pleased, the stepmother turned again to the magic mirror. But her hopes were dashed, for the mirror replied: “The loveliest in the land is still Snow White, who lives in the seven dwarfs’ cottage, down in the forest.” The stepmother was beside herself with rage.”

BROTHERS GRIMM. “SNOW WHITE”, 1812



NEW LEGAL MEDIA JUST
MIGHT WORK



GEORGETTE
by Shalimma R.

Edward Bernays *and* *the* Undemocratic Republic of Bananas

by Joseph Tipa

*“I decided that if you could use
propaganda for war, you could
certainly use it for peace.”*

Edward Bernays

Edward Bernays (1891-1995) is the father of public relations, a term he coined in response to negative associations that the word propaganda had developed due to its use in places like communist China. He was a firm believer that in democracy could only function in a capitalist society and in his book Propaganda (1928) he wrote:

The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organised habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society. Those who manipulate this unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government, which is the true ruling power of our country... Vast numbers of human beings must cooperate in this manner if they are to live together as a smoothly functioning society...

In almost every act of our daily lives, whether in the sphere of politics or business, in our social conduct or our ethical thinking, we are dominated by the relatively small number of persons...who understand the mental processes and social patterns of the masses. It is they who pull the wires, which control the public mind.



In the 1930's Bernays was influential in propagating a new period of mass consumption, following the period of mass production during the Industrial Revolution. Using his uncle Sigmund Freud's new theories of psychoanalysis, he taught corporations how to bypass people's rational thoughts when buying goods, and instead aimed to directly sell products to their subconscious. He invented techniques such as product placement, focus groups and the employment of third party authorities; that is paying doctors, dieticians and the like to endorse his clients' commodities. It was his famous '*Torches of Freedom*' campaign for Lucky Strike cigarettes that broke the social faux pas of women smoking in America by making it an issue of both sexual equality, and of nationhood. He organised a group of young models to march in the New York City parade telling the press that women's rights marchers would light '*Torches of Freedom*'. The models lit Lucky Strike cigarettes in front of the eager photographers and the New York Times printed: "Group of Girls Puff at Cigarettes as a Gesture of 'Freedom'".

His work for banana importer United Fruit Company (known today as Chiquita) had a substantial impact on the Cold War and the political history of Guatemala, as he twisted conflicts to the requirements of his cliental.

‘When the trumpet sounded everything was prepared on earth, and Jehovah gave the world to Coca-Cola Inc., Anaconda, Ford Motors, and other corporations.

The United Fruit Company reserved for itself the most juicy piece, the central coast of my world, the delicate waist of America.’

Pablo Neruda

For most of the 20th century, American agriculture giant United Fruit Company owned vast plantations throughout nations in Central America, the Caribbean and the West Indies. These were known as ‘banana republics’. In 1951, the newly elected president of Guatemala, Jacobo Arbenz had an agenda to emancipate his country’s arable lands; he created a problem for the American corporates by throwing United Fruit Company’s land ownership into question. The answer to that problem was Edward Bernays.





In 1953 the Soviet Union had just detonated its first hydrogen bomb and America was gripped by the “Red scare”—the fear of nuclear fallout and invasion by communists. The American media had at first tried to quell this fear, but ever the opportunist Bernays saw this potential fear as a tool to distort American perceptions of the new Guatemalan President. He employed a team of journalists to run stories through a fake independent newspaper, assailing upon the US public this new communist threat in their own backyard.

Perhaps US intelligence had genuine fears about the communist nature of Guatemala returning its lands to the people. Or perhaps it was United Fruit Company’s intense lobbying that found favour with the Eisenhower administration. In any case the result of Bernays’ public relations campaign was a CIA led coup d’état in Guatemala. The CIA armed and trained a “Liberation Army” and within the year Arbenz had resigned as president, Guatemala was ceded to the puppet dictator Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, United Fruit Co. kept its land and Bernays’ job was done.

Given his corporate allegiances and manipulation of American hegemony it is easy to demonise an influential figure like Bernays. However when we consider the effect that the terrible manipulation of populations that he witnessed in Europe during WW1 and WW2 must have had, his argument that populations need benevolent control makes more sense.

In his seminal paper *The Engineering of Consent*, Edward Bernays promotes ‘the right of persuasion’ as an expansion on the constitutional right to freedom of speech. Influenced by the Freudian theory that human beings are innately aggressive and must be controlled, it is likely that Bernays felt obligated to manipulate public perceptions for their own good. It pays to be suspicious when geniuses start justifying their abuses of power with intellectual arguments. Bernays will remain one of the most mysterious and deeply influential figures of the 20th Century, without a doubt a first-rate trickster.

For more information go and get your hands on the brilliant documentary series by filmmaker Adam Curtis entitled Century of the Self.

BEING EMIL MCAVOY: **THE ARTIST AS TRICKSTER**

by Rozzy Middleton

Crossing both physical and social boundaries, the Trickster is a traveller, breaking rules and defying authority, he invents clever solutions in order to keep cultures—and our cultural stories—from becoming stagnant.

These characteristics of the Trickster can also be the hallmarks that define the Artist and the Political Protestor. While the latter two may not always adopt a mischievous approach, or make us laugh, all three exist to challenge and explore social conventions, examine established ways of being and create new ways of identifying with the world.

At the centre of Auckland based artist Emil McAvoy's art practice is this ability to cross boundaries and create new meanings. His infamous baton series work, *Better Work Stories (He Patu! Ano)* (2007) was a collection of brightly coloured and explicitly phallic police batons. The title was borrowed from a New Zealand Police recruitment campaign that arguably glamorized police culture. McAvoy's work provoked



debate around historic abuses of power and the limits of control by relating an already controversial policing tool with rape allegations against Police Officers.

When McAvoy spied an opportunity recently to create an art project about the issues surrounding a political debate, he knew he had to be more than a little devious in his approach in order to create a socially charged work.

Being John Minto resulted from the arrest of political activist John Minto in early 2010. McAvoy had followed Minto's political activity for many years and this protest had many complex issues at play. Minto was arrested in January 2010 for leading a protest at the Auckland Tennis Stadium. Minto and others demanded that Israeli player Shahar Peer withdraw from the tournament and denounce the Israeli Government's policies towards Palestinians. Minto and his fellow protesters stood outside the tennis match with loudhailers, attracting the attention of attendant media who were covering this high profile sporting event. Minto said Israel's attacks on the Gaza strip were indefensible and he felt that Peer should sacrifice the tennis match in order to denounce her Government and its actions.

On the third day of protest, Minto and five others were arrested for disorderly behaviour, issued with trespass orders, and their loudhailers were confiscated. This was the first time that Minto had been arrested in 18 years and it came as a surprise. "I don't think we were breaching the peace," he said but nonetheless charges were laid and he appeared at the Auckland District Court.

To the artist, Minto's arrest seemed unwarranted. He hadn't been violent and he and his loud hailer wielding protestors could barely be heard within the stadium. The charge that they were causing public disruption to such a degree that required arrest is debatable. Furthermore, if Minto hadn't been protesting at such a high profile event, and therefore capturing media attention (which was precisely why he'd had chosen such a platform), would the police have taken any notice?

McAvoy wanted to respond to Minto's arrest and the confiscation of his loudhailer. Purchasing a loud hailer of his own from Trade Me, McAvoy painted it with a Palestinian flag and on the day of the trial hearing, held demonstration performances at various locations around Auckland. The trial was scheduled for April Fools Day casting doubt as to the veracity/intention of the press



release, perfect for any self-respecting Trickster. But there was an unusual aspect to McAvoy's protesting style; he didn't bring along any other people. Rather than harnessing the physical power of the people to comment on the issues at hand, McAvoy hacked his loud hailer and harnessed the technology of new media.

Wiring his loudspeaker up through an iPhone, McAvoy had people register their protests on the social networking site Twitter. People's tweets were then spoken through voice generator software and played through the iPhone and out of the loud hailer. The iPhone 'spoke' the tweets that people submitted in the hours that McAvoy held his protest. McAvoy also presented Minto's court statement to be read that day inhabiting further inhabiting aspects of this political protestor.

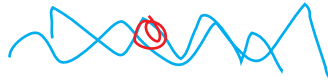
In doing away with the need for people to be physically present, McAvoy broke this one seemingly inviolable rule about public protest. In its place, he brought to the arena something infinitely more interesting. By using social media and technology, McAvoy actually widened the circle of people who could and would become involved in a political protest. People who wouldn't normally show up weighed in on the issue, registered their discontent and showed support for John Minto.

McAvoy ultimately put the loud hailer up for sale on New Zealand auction site Trade Me and donated the proceeds to Doctors without Borders. The sale of the loud hailer also allowed further debate on the auction site's message boards, yet another interesting use of interactive media in the protest.



My kid could do that

by Federico Monsalve



*“Leonardo da Vinci didn’t set up his easel thinking,
‘This will poke a finger in their damned eyes,’ that’s not an
artistic temperament. That’s an adolescent temperament.”*

John Derbyshire

*(in his column for the National Review
reacting to Martin Creed’s work)*

Since Duchamp tripped on the urinal it is hard to think of two artists who have done more for contemporary art with such disregard for norms and with such blatant trickery than Martin Creed and Damian Hirst. Martin Creed gained notoriety when he won the Turner Prize in 2001 (Britain’s largest award for contemporary art) for a piece called *Lights Go On and Off*, which involved a room in a gallery where a couple of lightbulbs did just that.

Damian Hirst became best known for a piece called *The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living* (1993); it was a large shark suspended in a rectangular tank. The work quickly became a key example of the use of shock tactics employed by a group called the Young British Artists and in 2004 the work sold for \$US8 million, one of the highest prices paid for a piece of contemporary art.

Six year old Nuala Edmundson, daughter of Auckland artist Kathryn Stevens, was shown work by these two artists. Here are her reactions, and some commentary from Damien and Martin.

The responses by Damian Hirst and Martin Creed have been constructed from previous interviews and critics' commentary of their work (all of them found online). Those comments have been cut and pasted—a la William Burroughs—to best answer Nuala. In a way the aim of this exercise is to bring into question:

The construction of meaning in contemporary art as a form of semiological trickery (assigning conceptual, aesthetic, metaphorical values to essentially meaningless objects).

The limitations of copyright and quoting in the process of defining and critiquing contemporary art.

Taking the artist's explanation of their own oeuvre out of context in the attempt to pinpoint (Bourdieu would deem it "possessing") the work itself.



Damian Hirst
Away from the Flock (1994)



NUALA EDMUNDSON (NE): It's cute, but is it a sheep or a lamb? It's... unusual. It's good but... Is it alive or dead?

DAMIAN HIRST (DH): Once you get art into a museum, it starts to die. I mean, art lasts for thousands of years; it's been going on for thousands of years and a human's lifetime is less than a hundred years. And the art market is, what, 2000 years old and beyond, of artistic activity. So in a way, buying art guarantees immortality.

NE: [LAUGHING] Oh, I've got my question already, no I've got two, no three questions for Creed! It's quite high with blue balloons... hmm are they balloons? Did you want it to look like the sky was on the ground? Or maybe it's water? What is it?! If you put green on top it would be like the world tipped over. I think the girl is part of the artwork... is she? Why is she is there?

MARTIN CREED [MC]: It's like a cartoon island, a rock sticking out of the sea, like a drawing of an island by a child, or like a planet they land on in *Star Trek* which looks as if it obviously can't be real, that it must be made out cardboard; looking so zingy, bright, shiny and contrasty that it looks fake, done in Photoshop —Alicudi is I think the most beautiful place I have ever been in my life. But it's made of rock, not cardboard. I know that because if you don't wear shoes to go swimming you cut your feet. Also, if Alicudi really was made out of cardboard it would have dissolved into the sea a long time ago.



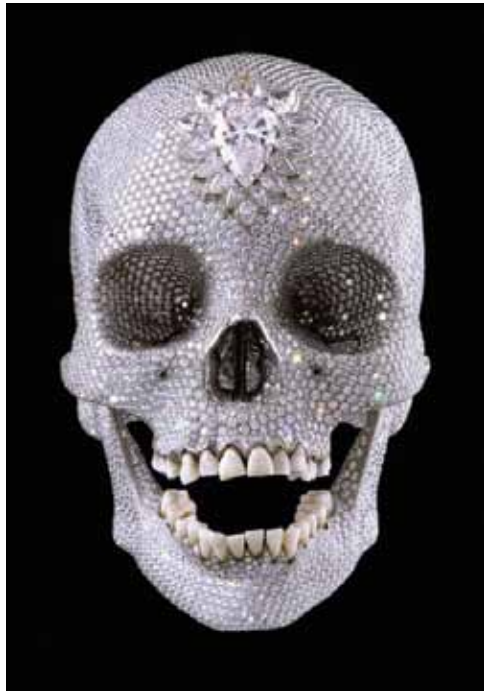
Martin Creed

*Work No. 628 (2007) and Work No. 329 (2004). From the series *Half the Air in a Given Space**



NE: Weird, sparkly, beautiful, that person was smiling when they were dead! Is it a real skull? (*sic*) And if so, then what is inside a skull?

DH: The options are in there. It also kills insects in real life. [At the time when we were art students] you just couldn't fit the size of paintings we wanted to make into [it]. If you were supposed to "fit in" in the art world you would have had to scale the work down. And then we started making work really to fit in there. In a way I want people to say "Wow!" I don't want people to see how my mind works.



Damien Hirst
For the Love of God (2007)





Martin Creed

Work number 876, Boxes (2008)



NE: Why can't you see the ceiling in this? I mean, its five boxes towered up and... it might be quite tall, but why isn't the ceiling in the picture? What I would have done is build it big at the bottom... but I guess it is the other way [around] so it's a sculpture. People notice how it's stacked because it's the wrong way around.

MC: Everything that everyone does is art, or at least a little creation. There's no difference between someone calling a friend or going down to the shops, and someone else waving their arms around and making marks on a canvas. Works of art are just arrangements of colours, or shapes: any meaning they have is given to them by the people who value them, or think they're beautiful. To me it's emotional. Aye. To me that's the starting point. I mean, I do it because I want to make something. I think that's a desire, you know, or a need. I think that I recognise that I want to make something, and so I try to make something. But then you get to thinking about it and that's where the problems start because you can't help thinking about it, wondering whether it's good or bad. But to me it's emotional more than anything else. I want what I want to say to go without saying.

SOCIAL PALESTINIAN THEATRE
USES ONE QUESTION



HANDSOME DAN
by Shalimma R.



Gene Genie

or Gene's Collective Experience

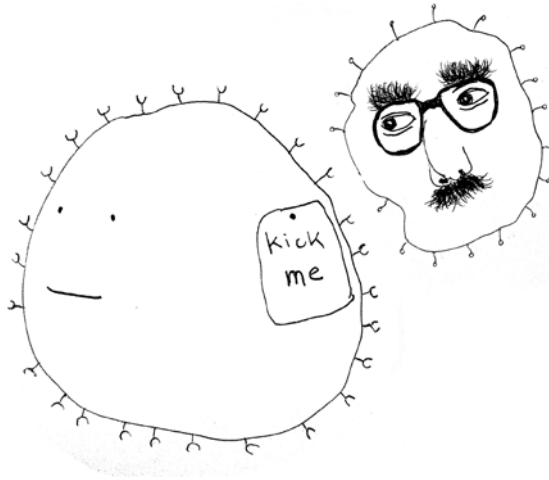
words by Greta Gillies

pictures by Matthew Landers



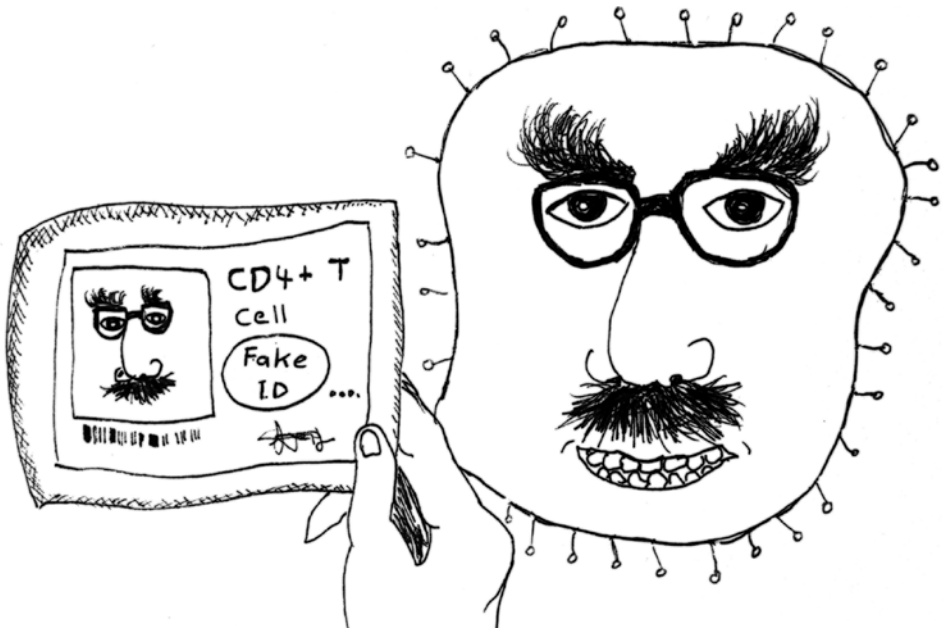
Tricksters are all around us in nature; we need only to become conscious of their presence in our bodies and in our surrounding environment. Take Queensland's bee fly that looks and behaves like a bee to avoid predation from birds or the Australian tongue orchid that tricks male insects into 'mating' with it by eliciting sex signals mimicking those produced by female counterparts.

All species existing today are current 'winners' of natural selection. Each distinct species is a result of many millions of years of evolution affected by numerous DNA changes and cutthroat environmental pressures. Species will continue to exist as long as their physical and behavioral traits suit their environment long enough to reproduce. The trickster trait is common to most, if not all, species and is a major contributor to the continuation of life. Various species deceive to avoid being seen by predators or prey; to be pollinated or maybe just to avoid expending energy as the following example shows. The female common cuckoo is not really the mothering kind. When it is ready to breed it will fly to the reed warbler's nest, push out any native



eggs and lay one bigger but similar coloured egg. The host, seemingly unaware of the deception, incubates and rears the chick when the egg hatches. If the reed warbler should try to have its own biological offspring the parasitic chick will either push the host's egg or chick out of the nest or eat the egg to satisfy its insatiable appetite.

Some species, have taken their deceptions further and have evolved characteristics enabling them to suit not simply one, but many different environments. Like Loki and the vampire, these organisms have the capacity to shape shift. Many varieties of chameleon can change their skin colour in response to social, environmental and psychological changes. The white-faced scops owl shape shifts in two ways: if another owl slightly bigger than itself threatens it, it puffs up to look a bit like a turkey. When an even bigger animal threatens it, it twists itself up to become as invisible (or as sinister, I'm not sure) as possible. The owl moth is another form of shape shifter, becoming owl eyes when it displays its large spot wings to predatory birds.



Complex organisms are not the only tricksters; simple organisms like HIV do a pretty good job of it too. The retrovirus HIV may lack size and complexity but not deadly effectiveness, having contributed to 25 million deaths since it was first recognized nearly 30 years ago. The retrovirus itself will not usually kill you but its hijacking and destruction of white blood cells (CD4+ T cells) so that they no longer work as part of the immune system to overcome infections, will. The first deception concerns the spikes on the virus's coat, which are a perfect fit for receptors of the CD4+ T cells to enable viral entry into the cell. After entry, HIV starts replicating its own genetic material with the help of its own enzymes. The second deception comes about when the viral RNA

is converted to (pro)viral DNA and is mistakenly recognised by the host cell as its own. A second viral enzyme, brings about the integration of the (pro)viral DNA into the cell's own DNA. The hijacked cell now produces viral RNA and proteins that are assembled into more HIV for further cell infection.

Sometimes there is two-fold trickery, where humans deceive other species into engaging their deceptive capacities. In gene therapy techniques for example, scientists are exploiting the effective cell infection capabilities of viruses like HIV, to help treat genetic disease. Here, the genomes of viruses are replaced with normal copies of DNA defective in disease patients. On infection, these modified viruses invade the recipient's cells and the virus's normal DNA incorporates into the recipient's DNA. Successful introduction into the DNA target site facilitates the synthesis of normal proteins and helps to alleviate the disease symptoms caused by an absence of these proteins.

Many societies have trickster type figures that colour their histories. Such cultural synchronicity forms the basis of Carl Jung's theory of a collective unconscious, where certain archetypes, of which the trickster is one, are fundamental to the psychological composition of all humans. His theory follows that the manifestation of the trickster archetype into consciousness gives rise to the trickster figure¹. Many mythological tricksters

are human in form and behaviour and mimic animals of the same name, for example, Coyote, Raven and Br'er Rabbit which makes me wonder if the cultural synchronicity of the creation of the trickster figure comes down to our collective ability to reflect upon ourselves and our surroundings.

As I see it, all trickiness stems from nature. At its most basic it is an instinctual characteristic for survival, at its most developed, it's a product of the mind. How trickiness actually comes about, I credit to the activity of trickster genes within DNA and RNA. I suspect genes for instinctual deception are found in the genetic material shared between species, that higher order species have additional genes that bring about more complex trickster behaviour and that humans have trickster genes active in the brain that generate the trickster archetypes. Some interesting things to think about anyway.

1. Jung, Carl.2003. *Four Archetypes: Mother, Rebirth, Spirit, and Trickster*, London: Routledge

Royal Red Elephant *in the* **room**

Gina Moss *with* Anne Marie Vennel
with translations by Penny Spicer

In May 2005 I was living in Nantes, France. One Thursday I went into town to check out a rocket that had crash-landed in front of the cathedral. And there it was, a huge wooden rocket sitting smoking in a hole. There were big slabs of concrete all around and kids picking over the rubble trying to figure out where it had come from.

The next day I went into town again, this time I had to navigate my way through thousands of people, all there to catch a glimpse of an enormous elephant and a giant girl. I was told that she had come from the future to meet the Sultan of India; he had arrived on his elephant and had brought gifts. These giants were magnificent; both beautifully sculpted from wood and iron, the little girl around 8m tall, and the elephant standing at 15m high. Perched all over and around them were a team of dozens of people wearing royal red jackets. They pulled ropes and levers, giving the giant puppets life and movement in a way I would never have thought possible.



The girl and the elephant stayed with us for four days. They wandered around the city at all hours living their lives in public. I was delighted to see the girl sleep, play on a scooter which the Sultan had given her, eat, shower and even pee on the road. The elephant sprayed me with water from its trunk and dancers performed on its back.

This performance by French theatre company Royal de Luxe is easily one of the most magical and extraordinary things I've seen in my life. Everyone in Nantes was drawn into this beautiful happening; we stood in the rain together and talked about it for weeks afterwards. Royal de Luxe transformed the city into a magical place where anything was possible.

I was lucky enough to see them perform again in 2010 in Wellington when they came over to do one of their

new shows called *Revolt of the Mannequins*. This one went for 10 days and was a series of installations in shopfronts all around central Wellington. In each window was a different story and you could watch it develop day after day as the display changed. Amongst the 10 different stories there were crazy fire-fighter mannequins causing trouble, obsessed lovers, little boys, musicians and a group of fashion mannequins whose very existence was at risk due to a closing down sale.

Since the company was formed in 1979 Royal de Luxe have always performed outside in public places. Artistic director Jean-Luc Courcoult has said that underlying the form of their work is the question “How do you tell a story to a whole town?”

So I interviewed Anne-Marie Vennel, Co-Artistic Director of Royal de Luxe, and asked her just that question...

GINA MOSS (GM): Pourquoi le Royal de Luxe fait toujours les spectacles dans la rue ?

ANNE MARIE VENNEL (AMV): The street is a space that is both free, and free of charge, two notions that we adhere to. First of all, people of all sorts frequent the street so it makes for a broad audience. This allows us to make popular theatre, to intertwine everyday reality with fiction. The street offers multiple spaces: town squares, which are stages to us (next November we will be performing on one of the largest stages in the world, Zocalo square in Mexico). Squares but also round-a-bouts, avenues, roads, parks, lawns, rivers,

shop windows... we encounter our audience in places that allow them to see and hear us from varied perspectives. They watch us from above, from below, from their window, quickly in passing or sometimes gather around for a longer time.

GM: J'ai remarqué que quand Royal de Luxe joue dans l'espace publique la rue devient une scène de théâtre. Pourquoi choisissez-vous de transformer l'espace quotidien ? Quelle est la différence entre apporter le théâtre aux spectateurs et amener les spectateurs au théâtre ?

AMV: We like to surprise people, amuse them, move them, wake them up and also keep ourselves awake by avoiding formulas. In the street there are planned encounters but also chance, and we're far from the "temples of culture" which can frighten a broad audience. Our theatre, which we quite rightly qualify as "imaginary realism", couldn't exist indoors with its spitting volcanos that actually explode, our snow and the real rain...

To be outdoors, to breathe deeply, to use the natural setting, to make the city's architecture, its topography, its history, its music and its people's hearts resonate loud and strong. We love the ephemeral nature of the theatre, the unique momentary encounters it offers. We like the directness, the spontaneity, the immediacy, and the emotional force of the interaction with the audience and at risk of repeating myself, street theatre is a sure means of touching all social classes.



How do we speak to everyone, beyond conventional education, culture (we try to understand it by criss-crossing the world—is there a universal?) and each individual's personal history? In our countries few people go to the theatre, often the same audience, a few more go to the cinema. A change of setting helps to keep performance lively; to capture attention not always where it's expected.

GM: Est-ce que la compagnie a des méthodes et des principes fixes qui sont à l'origine des spectacles ou est-ce qu'ils changent à se convenir à chaque histoire ? Est-ce que vous subvertissez vos propres pratiques ?

AMV: We don't have a fixed method, just an adaptable set of skills that allow us to take risks. It's the stories we tell that are important, as well as the inventions and the technical feats that ensue.

GM: Pourquoi est-ce que les inventions et les prouesses techniques sont si importantes pour la compagnie ? Ce n'est pas juste une question d'un facteur "wow", alors pourquoi construire des machines si impressionnantes ?

AMV: The machines are magic in terms of their mechanics. They have no actual use in the real world but they do have a function. Our machines make people dream. They have within them a singular language, a poetry. But before the machines, there is the invention of a picture and a story for the creation of our performances. They help to tell simple and extraordinary stories in a concrete manner. The fact that they are manipulated live by the performers adds to the emotion of the theatre. We have all sorts of them: big, small, on different scales from the very simple to the more sophisticated.

GM: Jean-Luc Courcoult a dit que la proposition « comment raconter une histoire à toute une ville ? » est une fondation de la forme du Royal de Luxe, le théâtre de la rue et des géants. Alors pourquoi ne pas créer les films, ou bien utiliser l'internet pour raconter ces histoires à tout le monde? Pourquoi vous choisissez de faire du théâtre et utiliser la technologie aussi mécanique ?

AMV: How to tell a story to a whole city is an important question. It's from this that the giants were born. Film? Let's not repeat the discussion on the differences between cinema and theatre. Let's talk instead about the sweat, the tremendous and well practised improvisation, the uncertainty of the direct, the energy required from all the performers and received directly by the audience.



We could perhaps say that telling a story to a whole city over several days is like a live film shoot. It's important for us to be in contact with the audience. It's different with the internet or cinema. Theatre is ephemeral, it is an instant that it finds its feet, it lives, it ends, all within the context of a human interaction.

GM: Je me souviens que pendant La Révolte des Mannequins à Wellington, vous ne voulez pas donner trop de détail sur la spectacle avant qu'elle ne commence – pourquoi ? Est-ce que la surprise et le mystère font partie de la philosophie et de la pratique de la compagnie ?

AMV: For the mystery, you've answered your own question. These days, because of internet, the media etc, it's difficult to preserve but we've noticed that the audience are like kids at Christmas who are very curious about their presents but at the same time don't want to know anything about them. It's a beautiful contradiction! It is in that moment of anticipation that their hunger for the coming encounter takes hold, and that should be respected, n'est-ce pas ?

Cheap and Choice^{#3}

Paint

by Nick Sargent

Insofar as we live within the surface of the world, the wispiest coat of paint can have profound implications.

A thin layer, simply pigmentation suspended in a binding solution, can obliterate history and conceal cracks; it can spread messages and alter moods. A fresh coat of paint can disempower (a developer's beige wash) or empower (a scrawled message on said beige development about the colour of shit perhaps). For these reasons it wins this volume's *Cheap and Choice* award.

Whilst paint has always been choice it certainly hasn't always been cheap. In Roman times the hand crushing of 4 million molluscs would produce a pound of royal purple dye. Indian yellow was made from cows' urine in India and transported to England for production. Then industrialisation freed paint from its expensive context (and undoubtedly some of its romance). Any colour can now be easily and affordably reproduced, technology even allowing paints to change colour, self-clean or collect energy. Paint can be a surface trickster.

The great art forger Elmyr de Hory claimed his skill with paint was such that he could paint even better than the master works he copied, improving them with a technical consistency so that in any direct comparison his work would surely be considered more complete. He would delight in the ease with which he could 'trick' art critics into giving his paintings authority and exorbitant economic value. As Louis Cassou, Joseph Dory-Boutin or any of his other romantic pseudonyms Elmyr lived life as if it were painted, claiming that art - like life - was a trick, its value a phantom.





Freeranger of the issue

We at Freerange want to recognise Julian Assange as the Trickster-Freeranger of this issue. Since 2006 the Wikileaks site run by some 1200 volunteers and led by Assange has released millions of classified documents and videos. The scale of the leaks is unprecedented and the nature of the Internet makes it impossible to control. The material is mostly banal, but does contain explosive footage from Iraq and Afghanistan, and vast amounts of embarrassing diplomatic commentary from diplomats around the world.

History is circling quickly around Julian Assange, and from now until we print who knows where the story will go. He might be head of some new UN whistle blowing body, he might be in hiding, he may very well be dead by 'suicide', or be being tortured in some east European country.

Suffice to say though, Julian Assange's work and that of his colleagues at Wikileaks has changed the rules of the game of politics and how it is played out in the global media. The unprecedented large scale leaking of secret government communications is trickster behaviour because it illuminates the dark corners of diplomacy and geo-politics, upturns our notions of right and wrong, it challenges the status quo, and it fearlessly pioneers an untested role for the media in this digital age. It also makes for a plot so intriguing it feels like there is a scriptwriter unravelling this piece of modern history.

The particularly amazing trickster aspect of this story is the now infamous 'insurance' file that was downloaded by thousands of people and now sits on servers around the world. It is heavily encrypted and Assange has said that if anything should happen to him the code to open this file will be made available so that the contents can be made public. Right now no one knows what it contains, maybe information that could bring down governments, or maybe it is just a red herring and contains nothing at all. Either way the strategy is genius; it is like the ultimate secret society secret that there is no secret. It is cleverly pulling power from the mystery of the unknown.

This 'insurance' policy, and a bit of fame, may be the only thing saving Assange from the sort of grizzly end that many other high profile international whistle blowers have met. There is something vaguely immoral and hypocritical about some of Assange's behaviour but tricksters have never followed the rules and it's impossible to deny the world-changing cleverness, that at least for now is loudly and clearly speaking truth to power, and for this reason we at Freerange salute it.

Honourable mention

Bill "Fuckin'" Murray's dog-chewed face has been a familiar sight for anyone born with eyeballs in the last century. Murray, who infamously once stated "busting makes me feel good", has lived a treasure-trove life of trickster antics. Punching people in the chops at gold tournaments; pretending to be a zombie so all the other zombies don't eat him; and lying to the Wu-Tang Clan about his true identity are but three instances I can think of right now.



FREERANGE EDITING TEAM ROLLCALL



Barnaby "Chief Egg" Bennett Editor

Barnaby Bennett loves the color red so much he wants to wear it every day—even if it means stealing mittens from kittens and wearing his grandfather's underpants!

Current interests include Hominid Rights, Oil Production & Architecture (in that order).



Gina "GG" Moss Deputy Editor

So what do you do? – I'm a puppeteer – oh that's interesting.



Shakey "Robot" Collier Deputy Designer

Shakey lives alone in a damp cave, surrounded by bats, automatic kitchen appliances and the bones of his fallen enemies.

Shakey, we salute you on your induction into the Robot Hall of Fame!

ANTENNA FOR
RADIO LINK

TELEVISION
CAMERA

RANGE
FINDER

ON-BOARD
LOGIC

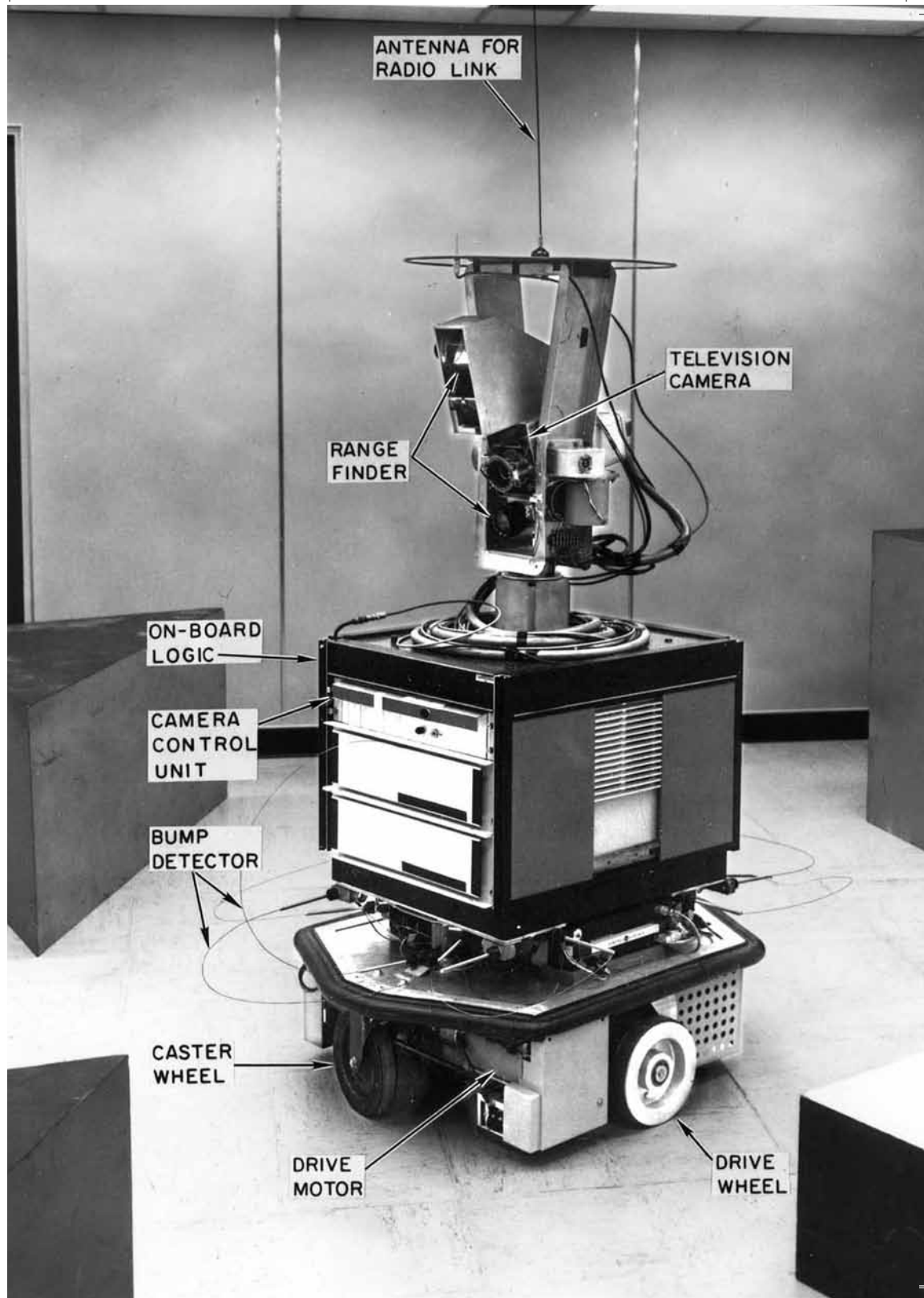
CAMERA
CONTROL
UNIT

BUMP
DETECTOR

CASTER
WHEEL

DRIVE
MOTOR

DRIVE
WHEEL



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FreeRange



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