

d d (1990)



Handwritten musical notation consisting of various symbols, dots, and lines, including a large 'A' at the top left.

(1995)

Handwritten musical notation with various symbols and lines.



Ad d (2008)



Handwritten musical notation with various symbols and lines, including a large 'A' at the top.

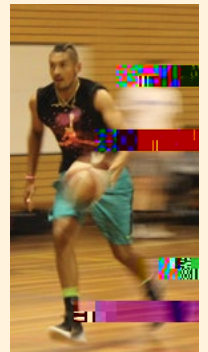
tt (2010).

Handwritten musical notation with various symbols and lines, including a large 'A' at the top.



d (2011)

Handwritten musical notation with various symbols and lines.



(2102)

Handwritten musical notation with various symbols and lines.

20F

Handwritten musical notation with various symbols and lines.

Handwritten musical notation with various symbols and lines.

DARAMALAN ALUMNI

How to – Be Mitchell Pearce.

Just when everyone thought that his performances in State of Origin were the greatest embarrassments Mitchell Pearce would ever suffer.....

Rugby league does a lot of good for the community. Keeping the prison population down for one.

The game was built on controversy. To this day it is what feeds it. Bringing the game into disrepute is nigh on impossible. What happens off the field is often more exciting than what happens on it. Rugby league is the Woman's Weekly of sport. But, it tries hard.

The NRL (Neanderthals Running Loose) provides courses for players on how to treat women. I would have thought that if you need a course on how to treat a woman, when you go to bed at night, it should be in an orange jumpsuit and your door should be bolted from the outside.

The NRL is an advocate for White Ribbon Day which is a bit like Ivan Milat promoting safe hitchhiking.

Past players and beacons of morality Mark Geyer and Matty Johns are employed to guide the public through the societal issues of the day on radio. Whether it be multiculturalism, homophobia or politics. Anything but how to beat the shit out of strangers or gangbang the emotionally vulnerable.

Mal Meninga pours himself a beer, Greg Bird pisses on a cop car and who knows how many of them beat their wives. Entitled men with the IQ's of zucchini are being deified by our children.

The only reason I'd ever encourage my kids to get an NRL players signature is to collect a DNA sample. Maybe I'm jealous. I could never have been a professional rugby league player as I've no idea how to shave my legs or operate an X-Box.

The media is awash with Mitchell Pearce simulating a sex act with a dog and pissing himself. Should he be sacked for either? Probably not. The non-consensual slobbering on a woman's face, however, has barely rated a mention. Does this menace have a mum or sister?

But, it's not all their fault. It's ours too. We are the sychophants. We put them on a pedestal of which they are undeserving. Because they're good at something. A staggeringly brutal sport.

You think the sponsors care? The sponsors product is what got Pearce in the state he was in. Footballers are simply mobile, advertising sandwich boards for them.

Just as there's probably a very good reason Mitchell's dad, Wayne Pearce doesn't drink, there's also a good reason the Romans used to kill or keep captive the gladiators once their entertainment obligations had been fulfilled.

Testosterone-fuelled men are idiots, especially when they're young and in groups. I know, I was one. I still love getting as full as a caterpillar's sock drawer on the drink, but I know to leave women, children, other people and poodles alone when I do. I always did. Famous footballers are not held to the same standards of accountability as everyone else, so disaster is always, merely pending.

It is the parents' fault, too. Excited, blinded even by the joy of having a family member excel at something. They enable, albeit usually unintentionally.

It is the fault of the people who run the game and conducted themselves in the same way twenty years before. Do as I say, not as I did. Let's tick all the politically correct boxes and go on our merry way.

It is the fault of uncoordinated, white-collar parasites who, unatisfied with having climbed a less masculine path to success in the business sector surround themselves with these modern day gladiators, feeding off their fame like filthy leeches. Russell Crowe as a role model?

And, it's Pearce's fault, and Blake Ferguson's, and Andrew Johns', and Craig Field's, and all the other knuckle dragging, slow learners for being massive dickheads.

How on earth anyone with a level of respect for Indigenous Australians can celebrate Australia Day is entirely beyond me anyway, but that's another matter. Mitchell Pearce trending above Noel Pearson on Twitter. There's our problem, right there.

Who knows if Mitchell Pearce is a good bloke or not. I certainly don't. He obviously shouldn't drink, and anyone who poses in a photo with other men like the one attached has serious ego problems. What I do know is, he's a performer, a circus act, who allows me to live vicariously through a television screen, while surreptitiously encouraging me to buy sponsors products, such as beer.

A role model is not someone who is really good at something, but is someone who is really good at doing good things. The only thing that surprises me about the whole sorry saga is that Pearce wasn't wearing an Australian flag as a cape.