

Ben Lee, Open Letter To The Prime Minister (Previously Unreleased)

[spoken]

8 March 1998

dear mr prime minister,

to be honest, im kind of disgusted with the state of this country and i am holding you directly responsible.

ive got no diseases, no obvious birthmarks, im not black, im not female, sure im jewish, but basically im a straight white male, and i still cant understand why there is even a feather left for me to ruffle.

mr prime minister, im queasy every time i read the newspaper.

i read about the new flag the country is demanding and whether our emblem should contain a southern cross or not and i cant believe its even worth the discussion. i want to see a giant penis on our flag. i want it made of velvet and encased in glitter.

i want a flag that is worthy of a solid burning.

i want to know why isnt our prime minister a homosexual? i was personally more interested in whether or not paul keating grabbed the queens arse than any of the issues that you seem to be tackling. mr prime minister, why do you always wear black and grey? are you hiding something? are you afraid of us?

i still cant believe there is a feather left for me to ruffle.

i want to know why there are american accents all over my television set.

as far as im concerned, kant is a german philosopher. why do all australian rock musicians sing in american accents? why are there no australian rock musicians?

mr prime minister, why doesnt australia have a black panther party?

where is our bob dylan?

where is our andy warhol?

why do you make me sound like a third rate allen ginsberg?

dont answer me.

what do you know about poetry anyway.

why dont we learn anything in school? perhaps that was a sweeping generalization but i just finished twelve years of it and i know how to spell your name but cannot be bothered to write it down.

why am i so ashamed of where i am from? i sit up all night watching infomercials and parliamentary sessions and i cannot think of one reason to travel to canberra. i am waiting for you to wear pink. mr prime minister, when are you going to give me a f**king break?

i want to see you dancing in spastic glee outside an islamic shrine, or hard copy footage of you caught doing naughty things in kings cross, and i want to say i knew it right away!

why do you bore me?

every time i walk out the front door, i think you have sent men to watch me in unmarked cars. and i havent even done anything. yet.

mr prime minister, im as ready as you are.

get me some glamour, mr prime minister, some escapism. i want to know why we still havent settled the aboriginal land right issue. ill give up my house right now, if you will put an end to this. we all know this isnt really our home. lets stop kidding around.

mr prime minister, mr hand is tired. i havent slept for five days, ive been waiting up for reruns of good morning america and i think you have forgotten about me.

when did we become a colony?

mr prime minister, im restless.

mr prime minister, i dont like the state we are in, and im holding you directly responsible.

your friend,

benjamin michael lee