‘Peter Dutton’ by Marc Pearson

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‘Peter Dutton’ is a comic. The title, ‘Peter Dutton’, appears on the top left above every panel. All artwork and text is done in black and white with linework emphasising the clothing, hands, and eyes of characters. When scanned with the user's phone, additional commentary is revealed in augmented reality in panels one, five and seven.

# Visual description of panel one

The first panel depicts a crossroads in a leafy park with people going about their business with facemasks on. A person with their shopping has stopped to stare at a rock with two angry eyes, a coned nose pointing down, and flies circling its path. The person exclaims in the text under the panel.

## Text

“Ugh… one of these rocks is leaking… and it smells like sewerage…. Oh, it’s Peter Dutton.”

# Visual description of additional commentary in augmented reality

Marc, a figure with brown hair, facial hair and a grey shirt, is speaking with a fictional doctor with longer, darker hair and a long nose. The doctor is outside, peering through a window with curtains flapping in the breeze in a room with balls of scrunched up paper on the floor and news clippings hanging on a line. Outside, there is a cityscape with tall buildings in the distance.

## Text

Marc: Hi, hello welcome to the commentary track for this ‘Perter Dutton’ comic in G.D.S. 41. My name is Marc, hi. With me here I’ve got a fictional doctor who has written a PhD on the prevalence of the fecoliths in the liberal national party of Australia.

Doctor: Ah, hello, thanks for having me.

Marc: Hello doctor.

Doctor: A fecolith, of course, being a relatively common mass of compacted faeces. What’s uncommon about these fecoliths though is their ability to obtain and wield power in the Australian government. Most fecoliths you’d find in… a colon… or… or an appendix… and would require medical treatment.

# Visual description of panel two

The second panel shows a home office with screen door access to a backyard and clothesline in the top left of the panel. In the top right is Peter Dutton shown as a solid rock of faeces as in the previous panel, surrounded by flies and small animal carcasses on meat hooks. He is placed atop a pile of books on his office desk working on a laptop. At the bottom of the panel are two children holding their noses while they speak to each other.

## Text

I wish Father wasn’t home so much, the stink of fecal is too strong.

# Visual description of panel three

In the third panel, Peter Dutton, as a solid rock of poo, bounces down a pavement next to a butcher shop. The butcher is standing out the front of his shop with a face mask holding a bag that is leaking onto the pavement.

## Text

Eight litres of blood in a sack for my most reliable customer, Peter Dutton, a hardened rock of shit and probably piss, but please, next time, no click-and-collect… The smell…. I cannot bear it.

# Visual description of panel four

Panel four shows the hallways of parliament house with Peter Dutton bouncing hurriedly through the corridors in the background of the panel. Dutton leaves a trail of filth behind him as he moves. In the foreground is a cleaner with a bucket and mop who has been working their way down the corridor Dutton had bounced through.

## Text

Oh no… Now that we’re back at work,

that hardened rock of sewerage, Peter Dutton,

has returned. It’s going to be a long night.

# Visual description of panel five

Panel five shows Dutton’s office in the Department of Home Affairs. The architecture of the room is medieval with an arched door and stained glass cathedral window in the background. A D.H.A sign with two flails hung above the door. Torture equipment decorates the room interspersed with dead plants and banal office furniture. Turd stone, Peter Dutton, is smoking a cigarette in the background of the panel sitting on his desk. He is looking towards an office worker wearing a facemask and filing visibly filthy papers with queasy eyes.

## Text

Peter, the mask, it does little to shield me from the toxic smell of excreta. Before I pass out, what should we do with these folders documenting our endemic ongoing violations of human rights?

# Visual description of additional commentary in augmented reality

The doctor is now climbing through the window into the room, holding onto the flapping curtains. Marc looks at the doctor, puzzled. The breeze from outside seems to have picked up, knocking over a lamp and sending papers flying.

## Text

Marc: –and what is the advice of doctors in treating a fecolith?

Doctor: Well sometimes it’s an enema or oral laxative, but sometimes it’s manual disimpaction.

Marc: Hmm… Okay… I see...

Doctor: –which is a gloved and lubricated hand that fragments the stone, or… there are also water jets that can… that can spray…

# Visual description of panel six

The sixth panel shows a border force boat on the ocean with two border force offices shielding themselves from the smell of Peter Dutton. The border force officer in the foreground of the panel is throwing Peter Dutton overboard. The poo boulder, Peter Dutton, is strapped to a weight and several loose volumes of paper.

## Text

Wow, I knew this job would be tough, but I never imagined I’d be throwing my boss – a hardened rock of shit – into the ocean, to help dispose of evidence of human rights violations.

# Visual description of panel seven

Panel seven shows Peter Dutton, the slab of detritus, at the bottom of the ocean weighing down loose volumes of papers. He is frowning with angry eyes towards the reader and still holding a pipe in his mouth. Two fish circle above looking down towards Dutton and appearing unsatisfied with the mound of waste.

## Text

That large poo rock is ruining the ocean.

# Visual description of additional commentary in augmented reality

The doctor is now sitting on the floor below the window, with knees against their chest. Their hands are open and they are looking at Marc with focussed eyes. Marc looks uncomfortable.

## Text

Marc: Well hopefully there’s enough lubricant in the world.

Doctor: From what I can tell, the LNP has formed a kind of ‘Fecolith Stonehenge’ which acts as a portal to a feudal Australia that craves economic growth at the cost of it’s humanity.

Marc: Thankyou for your time and insight, doctor.