

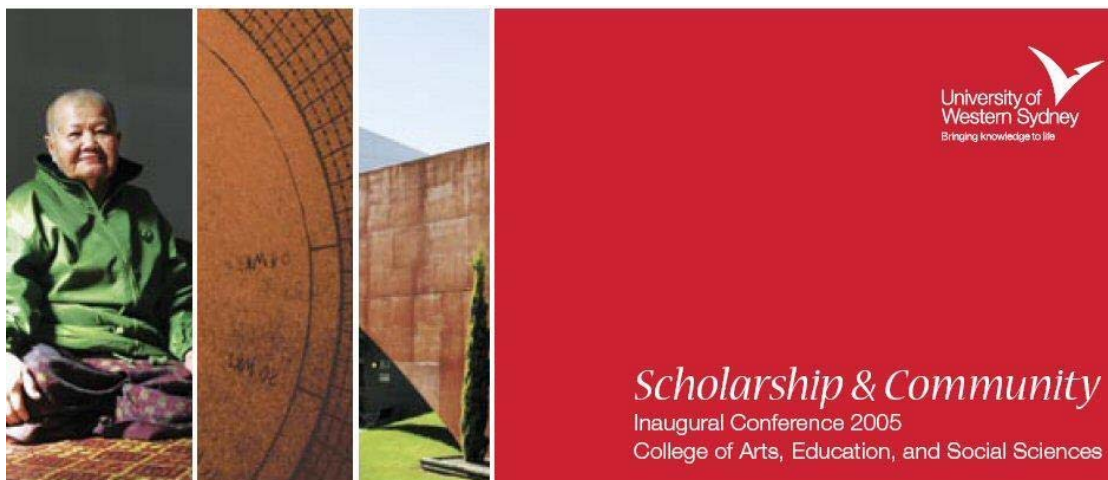


Papers presented at the
COLLEGE OF ARTS, EDUCATION
AND SOCIAL SCIENCES
INAUGURAL RESEARCH CONFERENCE

Scholarship and Community

University of Western Sydney
Bankstown campus

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Scholarship and Community was the theme of the inaugural research conference for the College of Arts, Education and Social Sciences. It was chosen to entice broad participation from all College disciplines as an enabler to thinking about the nexus between research and community. The conference also aimed to enhance the perception of College's research culture and ambience as part of the postgraduate experience. It included keynote addresses from national and international scholars; symposia and workshops; and the presentation of music, sound art and video. Of the 150 papers presented, 68 were blind peer refereed and are included in this publication. The majority of the papers were written by Higher Degree Research candidates of the University.

Other than adhering to submission guidelines and publication style and formatting, the papers have mostly been edited and corrected by their authors in consultation with colleagues, supervisors and peers.

This publication highlights the diverse and interdisciplinary focus of the College's research activities. I commend all the papers to you.

Professor Michael Atherton
Associate Dean (Research)
Editor

NB: All papers within these conference proceedings have been blind peer refereed.

PAPERS

Papers are listed by author alphabetically.

Father-infant interaction: A review of current research.

Brooke Adam, Stephen Malloch, Rudi Črnčec & Ben Bradley

Brooke Adam, Hons Psych (1st Class) 2004 – Title ‘Here’s Looking at You! Eye gaze and Social Interaction of Nine-Month-Old Infants in Trios’. Commenced PhD Psychology 2005 UWS – Topic: What about Fathers? Father-infant interaction when mothers are acutely postnatally depressed. Commenced Masters Clinical Psychology 2006 UNSW Kensington. Research Interests: Perinatal Psychology; Clinical Postnatal Depression and Parent-Infant Interaction; Fathering in Postnatal depression; Parental Attributions. Employed as the First Year Psychology Administrator, School of Psychology UNSW Kensington Campus, undertaking my MClInPsych.

Stephen Malloch works as a Research Fellow with a primary interest in the investigation of the roles of timing and gesture in human interaction during infancy – what he calls communicative musicality.

Dr. Rudi Črnčec is a clinical child psychologist who holds a post-doctoral fellowship at the MARCS Auditory Laboratories, University of Western Sydney in collaboration with Karitane and the Sydney South West Area Health Service.

Successful Inclusive Education: ‘What matters is teacher motivation’.

Joseph Agbenyega

Dr. Joseph Agbenyega trained as an elementary teacher at Accra Training College in Ghana prior to receiving a Diploma of Education and a Bachelor of Education degree in the areas of Special/Mathematics Education from University of Education of Winneba in Ghana. His first class Honours and EdD Degrees from the University of Monash in Melbourne, Australia focused on regular classroom inclusion of students with disabilities in Regular schools. Joseph is currently a lecturer in the Faculty of Special Education at the University of Education, Winneba in Ghana.

Apparitions: Racial Otherness and its Discontent.

Mireille Astore

Mireille Astore is an artist, film maker and poet. She has exhibited and published widely nationally and internationally and is currently a University of Western Sydney scholar. In 2003 she won the National Photographic Art Prize. She has two children and lives in Sydney.

Recent directions in scoring the Australian feature film.

Michael Atherton

Michael Atherton, Professor of Music, has made a sustained contribution to the arts, unique in its breadth and originality, for which he is internationally acclaimed. His creative output includes composition, film scores, performance and direction in many genres and styles. His recordings include *Aurora* (2004); *Sea and Mountain: music in the Korean style* (2003); *Ankh - the sound of ancient Egypt* (1998); and *Melismos* (2003), realisations of ancient Greek music. Michael is an expert in Asia-Pacific musical instruments. His book and CD *Australian Made Australian Played, a study of Australian musical instrument makers* (book and CD) was a breakthrough publication. In 2003 Michael was awarded a Centenary Medal for services to Australian society.

Implementation of innovative transdisciplinary NSW Secondary Global Education Project.

Susan Bliss

Susan Bliss is NSW Manager of Global Education; a lecturer at Sydney and Macquarie universities; written nine textbooks; won state and national writing and teaching awards; President of the NSW Geography Teachers' Association; Director of the Australian Geography Teachers' Association and recently completed a Doctorate on Global Education.

Perceived Discrimination and Academic Motivation Within the School Setting.

Gawaian Bodkin-Andrews, Rhonda G. Craven, and Herbert W. Marsh

Mr. Gawaian Bodkin-Andrews (BA Arts, Hons - Psych): A current PhD student focusing on cross-cultural differences in multidimensional measures of self-concept, student motivation and the effects of perceived discrimination.

Professor Rhonda Craven's research focuses on self-concept structure, measurement, development and enhancement with a focus on large-scale sophisticated quantitative research that makes a difference in maximising human potential in educational settings.

Professor Herb Marsh BA(Hons), Indiana; MA, PhD (UCLA); DSc, University of Western Sydney; Aust Acad of Soc Sci, is Professor of Education and founding Director of the SELF Research Centre. He is the author of internationally recognised psychological tests that measure self-concept, motivation and university students' evaluations of teaching effectiveness. He has published more than 240 articles in top international journals, 22 chapters, 8 monographs, and 225 conference papers. He was recognised as the most productive educational psychologist in the world, as one of the top 10 international researchers in Higher Education and in Social Psychology, and the 11th most productive researcher in the world across all disciplines of psychology. His major research/scholarly interests include self-concept and motivational constructs; evaluations of teaching effectiveness; developmental psychology, quantitative analysis; sports psychology; the peer review; gender differences; peer support and anti-bullying interventions.

Manga/Anime, Media Mix: Scholarship in a Post-Modern, Global Community.

Mio Bryce and Jason Davis

Mio Bryce is a lecturer in Asian Languages at Macquarie University, teaching Japanese language, literature and manga/anime as visual narrative and social commentary. She holds a PhD in Japanese classical literature.

Jason Davis is a Liaison Librarian (Humanities and Languages) at the University of Western Sydney. He has worked as a tutor, teaching and research assistant in a number of university departments including Macquarie University (Education, Cultural Studies and Asian Languages) and University of Technology Sydney (Information and Knowledge Management).

Writer as Celebrity.

Gabrielle Carey

Gabrielle Carey is a writer and a doctoral candidate at UWS.

WRITER AS CELEBRITY

Gabrielle Carey

University of Western Sydney

ABSTRACT

This paper looks at the phenomenon of celebrity and how it has affected publishing and the literary culture of Australia.

Keywords: literary, celebrity, Australia, publishing, culture

About ten years ago there was a small trivia quiz in the *Sydney Morning Herald* offering a prize to anyone who could remember the ‘other author’ of *Puberty Blues*. At first I laughed. Then I was irritated. Finally, I admitted to myself that I wasn’t really sure how I felt. Was I annoyed at being so forgettable? Did I miss the brief period when people recognised me in the street? Or should I just write in to the *Herald* and claim the prize money?

I was twenty when the public eye turned on me after the publication of *Puberty Blues*. It didn’t take long before I realised that being a celebrity wasn’t for me. Being at the centre of a media storm can be fun, just as a child enjoys being the centre of attention, but there’s also a part of it that isn’t so much fun. Or at least, that’s how I found it during my particular fifteen minutes of fame.

Puberty Blues was co-authored so when one author shrank from the attention and the other lapped it up, there was trouble. Whereas I saw it as a loss – a loss of privacy, a loss of individuality, my partner saw it as a gain, as an opportunity to network, to further a career, to establish the kind of status in the world that had thus far eluded us. She was right of course. There is something churlish about turning your nose up at career opportunities - a kind of inverted snobbery. But at the time I

couldn’t comprehend the opportunities on offer or the advantages we might gain because I was too consumed by what we were losing. What we were losing was what had got us to that point in the first place: our friendship.

It’s reasonable to assume that for most teenagers, suddenly becoming the focus for TV, radio and newspapers might come as a shock. But the truth is that by the time *Puberty Blues* was published, I’d already had a fair measure of public exposure. Actually, I’d been performing publicly since the age of sixteen. First, as a street-singer, busking long before it was legal, alongside a fire-eating friend called Tony Turps. Then, at seventeen as part of a singing duo with Kathy Lette called the Salami Sisters. And then, at nineteen as a columnist for the *Sun-Herald*. It was this weekly spot in the Sunday newspaper that really threw us into the spotlight, rather than our live performances around Sydney. Suddenly, instead of singing to a small crowd at Paddington Markets or Balmain Town Hall, we were writing for half a million. The fact that we failed to distinguish between our old audience and our new, rather more conservative Sunday tabloid readership, was an oversight that was to get us into trouble very quickly.

‘A Slice of Life’, written under the name of the Salami Sisters, was intended to be about youth written by youth. Four weeks into the job we wrote a column that was so controversial it was the cause for complaint in Federal Parliament. The article was about dope-smoking in the suburbs, specifically in Sylvania, and explained the different ways that young people used marijuana. We thought the topic was appropriate for a column about youth. But Senator Baume, the then Government Whip, claimed that our article was being ‘passed around primary schools in Sydney’ as a kind of instruction booklet for kiddies. (He had heard this gossip

from his complaining constituents, one of whom, he admitted, was Mr Red Harrison, the then editor of *The Sunday Telegraph*). He was appalled, as was Middle Australia, that a newspaper had printed a 'step-by-step account' of how to make and smoke a bong. The writers responsible were not only encouraging young people to smoke marijuana – they were giving them an exact method of how to do it! The enraged response was so heated that you would have thought we'd written a manual for making bombs, not bongs.

The result was sudden, enforced anonymity. For a few weeks our column didn't appear. Everyone assumed we'd been axed. Then we came back, but this time without our photos, without our names or bi-line, without the 'Slice of Life' title. Just a block of anonymous print. In less than a month we'd gone from the notorious *enfant terribles*, 'a wild double act', according to Nell Schofield, to unnamed nobodies. But our veiled presence didn't last long. Only a few months into writing the column our first book, written two years previously, hit the shelves with a resounding bang.

The book launch was at the Bondi Pavilion. It was a small crowd, the kind of numbers we were used to appearing before as a singing duo. To mark the occasion we sang our own blues version of *Puberty Blues*. We felt happy and accomplished. The publishers beamed. And the publicists – well, they were ecstatic. For them, we were a dream come true. Young, nubile and flirtatious, we could also sing, write, and talk sex. The book industry had never seen anything quite so saleable. We were perfect fodder for instant celebrity status.

Then came the onslaught. The Morning Show, the Midday Show, Nationwide. Don Lane, Bert Newton, George Negus and Mike Willesee (or Won't-He-See, as we called him). And finally, Sixty Minutes. I say finally, not because it was the last of the publicity, but because, for me, it was the final straw. The horror of seeing myself reflected back through the 60 Minutes looking-glass is a memory that still brings on waves of nausea. Our naivety and inexperience were exploited, our comments taken out of context, our worst moments put on show for the entire world (or so it seemed, with an average viewing audience of three million).

We couldn't believe that these reporters and camera crews, these people who had followed us around for days, whose every demand we'd answered – re-shooting scenes over and over, rehearsing 'spontaneous' comments, adjusting facial expressions or voice volume or body angle to order – we just couldn't believe that they had betrayed us. It had been *their* idea that we walk over North Cronulla rocks in high heels. It had been *their* suggestion that we roam the beach in our bikinis flirting with surfies. It never occurred to us to say no. It was their show. They were clearly the bosses. They obviously knew all about making television, whereas we knew nothing. Why wouldn't we trust them?

Too late I got the advice which I now regularly pass on to younger players: "Remember this: they are not your friends."

"Oh but he/she seems so *nice*," says the young author/actress/artist about their publisher/publicist/ agent/radio interviewer/tv producer/profile journalist.

And it's true. They *do* seem so nice. That's why it's so easy to be deceived.

'But I invited him/her/them into my home!'

This is what I regularly hear from Disillusioned Young Things following an unhappy media experience.

That's the bit that always sticks in the craw: the fact that they've accepted your coffee and almond biscuits, they've taken your image from umpteen angles, they've also taken a leak in your toilet and then told you how delightful it was to meet you. It's like a dinner guest who leaves you with a gift of vintage Pinor Noir. Then a few days later you open the bottle (just as you open the magazine, newspaper or turn on the channel) only to find that the wine is actually poison.

The 60 Minutes crew had not only been invited into our home – they had practically moved in – filming us over a period of weeks. (For these kinds of shows the average ratio is two hours of footage to every minute on screen.) George Negus had been charming for the entire time; it never occurred to me that he was out to 'do a job on us'.

If we tell our children not to speak to strangers, why then, as adults, do we happily invite these journalists into our homes? Why the compulsion to tell them our stories and secrets? As a writer and occasional freelance journalist, I am continually amazed by people's openness and willingness to bare all. You've hardly introduced yourself and you're already hearing about the husband's infidelities. Perhaps it just proves that the confessional box really did have a useful social function; that in fact we prefer to tell our innermost feelings to a stranger than a friend. Which would also explain the popularity of therapists, counsellors and life coaches. But it doesn't quite explain why we keep kidding ourselves that we can trust these guys.

As the American writer Janet Malcolm says, the journalist 'is a kind of confidence man, preying on people's vanity, ignorance, or loneliness, gaining their trust and betraying them without remorse.. .The catastrophe suffered by the subject is no simple matter of an unflattering likeness or a misrepresentation of his views; what pains him, what rankles and sometimes drives him to extremes of vengefulness, is the deception that has been practiced on him.'

After the Sixty Minutes story was screened I felt more than just deceived. I felt ashamed. Yes, it had been thrilling, fun, exhilarating for a while. But now it was pure humiliation. I just wanted to crawl under the kitchen table. And I knew that, despite the deception of the Sixty Minutes production team, there was really only one person to blame. Me.

It was my fault because I should have known the golden rule about being in the public eye. The golden rule is that if you're going to enjoy being the centre of attention, if you're take advantage of being on the free list and help yourself to the free champagne, then you've also got to accept the times when the public eye captures you in a not-so-flattering light. That's the deal, the Faustian deal, some might say. It's true that for a while I had enjoyed this deal. Let's face it, being fussed over is fun. Being told you've got talent, that your book is the most wonderful thing people have read for years, that the film deal is only a handshake away – these are things that all make you feel good. Having people to do your hair and make-up, who take you out to sumptuous dinners

where you meet even more celebrities, who hand you cab vouchers to get home as they kiss you goodbye and promise the world. It was a deal that, for a while, didn't seem to have any down side. But after 60 Minutes I decided I wanted to break the contract. The devil could keep his Free List tickets and bubbly, his self-esteem machine and sychophants. I wanted my private life back.

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Being in the public eye has a profound effect. Firstly there's the sense that you no longer have self-sovereignty; you somehow belong to other people. Your stories, your feelings, your opinions are all dragged into the public domain to be examined, criticised, admired or just hung up on show for passive viewing.

As a result of being permanently on show, you start to get performance anxiety about almost every occasion, public or private. You sense people's expectations. 'She's a celebrity. She's sure to be interesting/witty/outrageous/entertaining.' And you feel compelled to perform. And if you're not in the mood, then you just have to fake it.

Of course there's a lot of discussion these days about the difference between real and fake. Discussions of authenticity, of the genuine as opposed to the bogus, of real personalities as opposed to media personalities or internet personalities, of real time as opposed to virtual time. Of natural and unnatural. The distinctions are hotly debated.

I'm certainly not opposed to all kinds of faking. When you're in the public eye, faking is absolutely necessary. It's part of the mask you need to create to survive. But if you're going to use a persona as a shield then you need to find one you feel comfortable behind. And at nineteen I was just too young to invent a suitable and enduring persona I felt at ease with. And anyway, I wasn't ready for the burden of the mask. Because no matter how comfortable it might be – and some people slip into their personas like a second skin - a mask is always an extra weight, an extra burden, like a flak jacket. Useful, yes, but boy, isn't it great to get home and hang it back up on the hook. It's not something you really want to wear all the time.

Self-sovereignty isn't the only thing that becomes threatened by celebrity. As you get more and more attention, you gradually find that your self becomes divided. There's the at-home self and there's the on-show self. There's the masked self and the unmasked self. There's the raconteur and the recluse, the comedian and the manic-depressive. (Spike Milligan was a good example of this kind of divided self; Gary McDonald would be another and perhaps there's also shades of it in Andrew Denton). But what really divides a person most of all is the simultaneous desire for celebrity to continue and the desperate need for it to stop. I suppose it's a bit like a child on the Big Dipper screaming, 'Stop! Stop! I want to get off.' And yet when the ride eventually slows to a halt, he is strangely disappointed.

The fact is that while being permanently on stage can be exhausting and soul-destroying, it is also irresistibly seductive, so while the pressure is enormous, there is also a great rush, like being on speed, that is unbelievably addictive. And the networking is amazing.

So there are definite advantages to even the lowest levels of celebrity status. And to be frank, these advantages involve people, events, invitations, opportunities, meetings and wild nights out - things that are not easy to give up. Being in the company of special people, often in special places, really makes you feel like you've arrived, you've found the centre, finally been given the right address, the proper boarding card, the gold membership to that exclusive club. . You start being referred to as being 'on the map' or 'in the grid'. And you begin to believe that there is something truly, definitively *different* about you, that you don't belong to that mass of ordinary people but rather to this small fellowship of magically-endowed individuals. In short, you've become one of the Beautiful People. And you've got the key to the Beautiful Person's Clubhouse. Who in their right mind would want to hand it back?

And yet, there's a saying about celebrity: "Be nice to the people on your way up because you'll meet them again on your way down." No matter who you are, or what levels of celebrity you reach, there is always the law of physics. After the rise of fame, there will be a fall. What goes up etc. In that way, the rush of

celebrity is a bit like an acid trip, or being on ecstasy. It feels fantastic while you're up but afterwards there's always the come-down. Because once you stop being a celebrity, you have to get off the stage, out of the lights, and go back to the darkened audience with all those Ordinary People. And to be honest, it never feels quite the same.

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Being betrayed by the 60 Minutes team wasn't, of course, the only bad moment during the *Puberty Blues* publicity frenzy. Just days after *Puberty Blues* was published I began to feel guilty. Suddenly I had a terrible sense that Kathy and I had betrayed, not just our friends, but our entire generation. We had revealed what young people really got up to; we had told on them to their parents and teachers. We were *dobbers*.

Of course there wasn't a young person in Sylvania who didn't believe that *they* personally had been portrayed in *Puberty Blues*. Every teenage boy claimed he was Danny or Johnno. And every girl thought she was Debbie or Sue or Cheryl or Kim. They were partly thrilled, of course, but also indignant. How dare we use their likenesses without their permission. How dare we tell their secrets. Their parents were also unhappy. They didn't like what they were hearing and reading about their kids, didn't want to know. It was, after all, 1979.

But the worst betrayal of all was the betrayal of a long-standing friendship. It was the intimate friendship that Kathy and I had developed over almost ten years that had allowed us to collaborate so successfully - first singing and song-writing, and then co-writing the short stories that eventually became *Puberty Blues*. We believed this friendship to be rock-solid - but it wasn't strong enough to survive celebrity.

Perhaps this wasn't a betrayal so much as a sacrifice. Whereas Kathy was keen to take up all the career opportunities offered by our 'big break' - wasn't this what we'd been working for? - I had haughtily refused. So if she wanted to stay on that moving walkway, that stairway to a promised land, she had to go solo. And if I wanted to get off, I also had to wave goodbye. Together we chose to finish the friendship. So that was the end. Which brings me to another of my favourite quotes about celebrity, from one of my

favourite authors - J.D. Salinger. 'But a real artist, I've noticed, can survive anything. Even praise, I happily suspect.'

Puberty Blues is the story, in one sense, of losing innocence. When it was published, I lost another kind of innocence. I'm still proud to have co-written it – not because of its literary qualities – but because of its honesty. I'm not trying to suggest that honesty is a holy virtue we should all aspire to at all times. Often it's quite a bore, particularly when it wilts into earnestness. Nevertheless, it's a quality that still attracts me. And although celebrity has a lot going for it, honesty isn't one of them.

Over the years I've met not a few people whose lives have been ruined by celebrity (although they may not see it that way). Once they get the taste of it, they're addicted and just can't let go. Even people who become celebrities through tragedy can become addicted to the attention. The addiction is so strong that there are many small and large scale celebrities who, once on the ride, or once in the stagelight, will go to any and every length to stay there. And because they don't want it to stop, they have to constantly be inventing ways to stay on stage, to keep the spectators amused, to give them a reason to keep watching. On obvious example is Madonna constantly 'reinventing' herself. But the reinvention goes on with many of the lesser celebrities too. Not to mention aging politicians who are often embarrassingly conspicuous in their scramble for the ever-receding spotlight.

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Celebrity has had a particularly deleterious affect on authors. Once upon a time we just wrote books and people read them. Nowadays, the possibility of publication seems to depend largely on how photogenic you are.

It is perhaps a little banal and obvious to point out the number of books now written (or ghostwritten) by people who aren't writers. In *The Information* Martin Amis describes the office walls of Richard Tull's literary agent: "He was surrounded by well-known novelists; but they were novelists who were well known for something else. Well known for newscasting, cliff-scaling, acting, cooking, dress-designing, javelin-throwing and being related to the Queen." In other words, books by celebrities rather than writers.

As a result of this development writers are encouraged to be more than just writers; publishers would like them to be Personalities. When questioned some years ago about the idea of promoting authors as though they were film stars, Bob Sessions, head of Penguin, didn't hesitate. 'It's a very competitive market,' he said. 'We are competing with film stars so the promotion strategies have to be the same.'

But writers are not the same as film stars. Writers are not, generally, by nature, public people (although there are some obvious exceptions). In the main, we choose to write precisely because it allows us to hide away and stay out of view. And yet, after deliberately choosing a profession that requires solitude, we find ourselves compelled to perform in public. If we lack aptitude we are encouraged to attend courses on public speaking and self-promotion. While the publicists hint that it might also be a good idea to learn how to put on make-up.

Some, especially younger writers, obediently dance to the tune, (because they know no better and their brand-new publishing deal, as far as they're concerned, is the beginning of a long and wonderful career). They perform to order, just as I performed to order for *Sixty Minutes* all those years ago.

If these young writers manage to survive the first-book syndrome, they are then on their way to becoming a *name*. Establishing yourself as a name is essential if you're going to stay relevant to the publishing industry. How a name is achieved exactly is a rather mysterious process. It involves a lot of marketing, numerous photo opportunities and what the advertising industry calls U.S.P., also referred to as 'brand essence'. U.S.P. stands for Unique Selling Point and is integral to establishing brand recognition. Getting and keeping a name as a writer is pretty much the same process as branding. Indeed, I've even heard writers referred to – not just as names – but as *brand* names.

Even when you manage to achieve brand name status, the performance doesn't stop. The publishers and publicists and agents are then onto you to *maintain the name*. A writer does this by *keeping up her profile*.

Profile is hugely important in publishing. The greatest compliment people can say about you is that you have 'a high

profile'. Conversely, if someone describes you as having a low profile, you immediately know you are failing in some essential way.

Keeping up the profile is not exactly a full-time occupation – but it's certainly a serious part-time one. It requires getting into the newspapers at least a few times a year, preferably with a photo, regular spots on radio and as many other appearances in public possible. When it comes to keeping up your profile, even the smallest public engagements are better, we're told, than none. This often involves going to schools to talk to children or libraries to talk to old ladies. Anything to get you 'out there' and 'circulating' because if you're going to maintain that name, or keep any kind of cache, you have to learn to 'network'.

Once you're a name you have brand power. And the value of that name can and is quantified, depending on how it is used. I remember many years ago when I used to work answering phones for Actors Equity, the actors' union. Apart from daily having to answer callers desperately seeking advice on how they could get to appear on *Neighbours* or *Home and Away*, I also had to respond to irate established actors whose names had been used in some illegitimate way. There was one actress who rang regularly because her surname was often misspelt in media articles, which meant that she was confused with another well-known actress. And this meant that her brand power was not only decreased but helped to lend legitimacy to a rival brand. A bit like Vegemite being referred to as Marmite. Not much of an issue for most of us, but for the brand-makers, it is everything.

"You've got to understand," my boss explained, "her name is everything she's got. It's worth, say, a hundred thousand dollars. And every time it's misused, as far as she's concerned, it's devalued and she's losing money on her investment."

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Even now, twenty-something years later, I'm often asked about "why I rejected celebrity". The truth is, Celebrity rejected me. At times I miss Celebrity and often I remind myself of how useful it would have been to have remained good friends, rather than storming off in a huff. But the fact is that, right from the start, Celebrity and I never got along. I didn't have what Celebrity

needed and Celebrity certainly didn't offer what I wanted. So our decision to part ways was mutual.

Since *Puberty Blues* of course I've had my moments of being in the public eye when other books have required publicity rounds; I've even enjoyed the brief weeks of media attention. But I also treasure being able to crawl back into my messy, private office and close the door. It gives me a sense of freedom. Which is what writing, in my view, is really all about.