



Our land might be girt, but its people need to be girdled

The food pyramid is too pot-bellied. The dietmeisters looked at the recommended Australian menu and suffered swift gastric spasms. They clutched at their throats, reached for their pens and started seriously rewriting the Recommended Daily Allowance list.

Too much meat, too much dairy, too much fat and too much sex... nah, just threw that in to check if you were still reading. But truly, the health authorities are drafting a new food pyramid, and this time they're looking at the whole food production set-up. Those of us involved in growing the stuff are getting fidgety because we are to be held accountable to rules imposed by suits. They get to eat and we get told off. It's the showdown between the masticators and the castigated: How much energy did we use? How much land? How many whales/orangutangs/polar bears were harmed?*

How much water does it take to produce that litre of milk? This Angus fillet? Those pork spare ribs dribbling glistening fat down your chin? That chicken-flavoured, dextrose-enhanced, extruded-starch, crescent-shaped snack that you're palming into your face at this very moment? And that glass of merlot? Don't even go there...

Australians are being urged to become 'eco-eaters'. Our stomachs are supposed to leave a smaller footprint. The experts say that if we continue to eat like there's no tomorrow, it will become a self-fulfilling prophesy.

Hold onto your seats, folks. This could be a GOOD THING. At last, we're going to be told to stop accepting

into our lives things that are bad for us. Well, hallelujah and pass the hominy grits, mother.

We should embrace a list drawn up by experts, endorsed by law-makers and executed by an enlightened population. We should lie on our backs and kick our legs in delight at the prospects. Just think of the possibilities...

Canberra, for a start. What a waste of good sheep country. The nation's capital is a social, environmental and moral dustbin – and boring as bat-poo as well. Yep, indefensible on all counts. Ditch it altogether.

And rhino horn – the trifecta of social, environmental and moral turpitude. That's something you don't need a lot of either, unless you're a rhino.

And Twitter. Like, who cares?

We should also argue for a far smaller daily allowance of gag-a-rama morning breakfast announcers on the radio. And reality TV shows: limit the daily intake of that trash, too. Call centres, pre-packaged nails, non-compatible software, HR managers and unmatched drill bits could join the banned list, too. The experts would probably beg to differ but I'd put experts in that box, while the lid was open. If they're going to dictate what I put in my mouth, I want to determine what they put into my brain.

* *How come we never hear about the other 'collateral damage' species? The environment turns turtle and do we ever hear people bleat about starving cuttlefish? If eco-Armageddon hits, who gives a stuff how many cockroaches died? Or laboratory rats? Or single-cell viruses?*



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