week thirteen semester two 2013

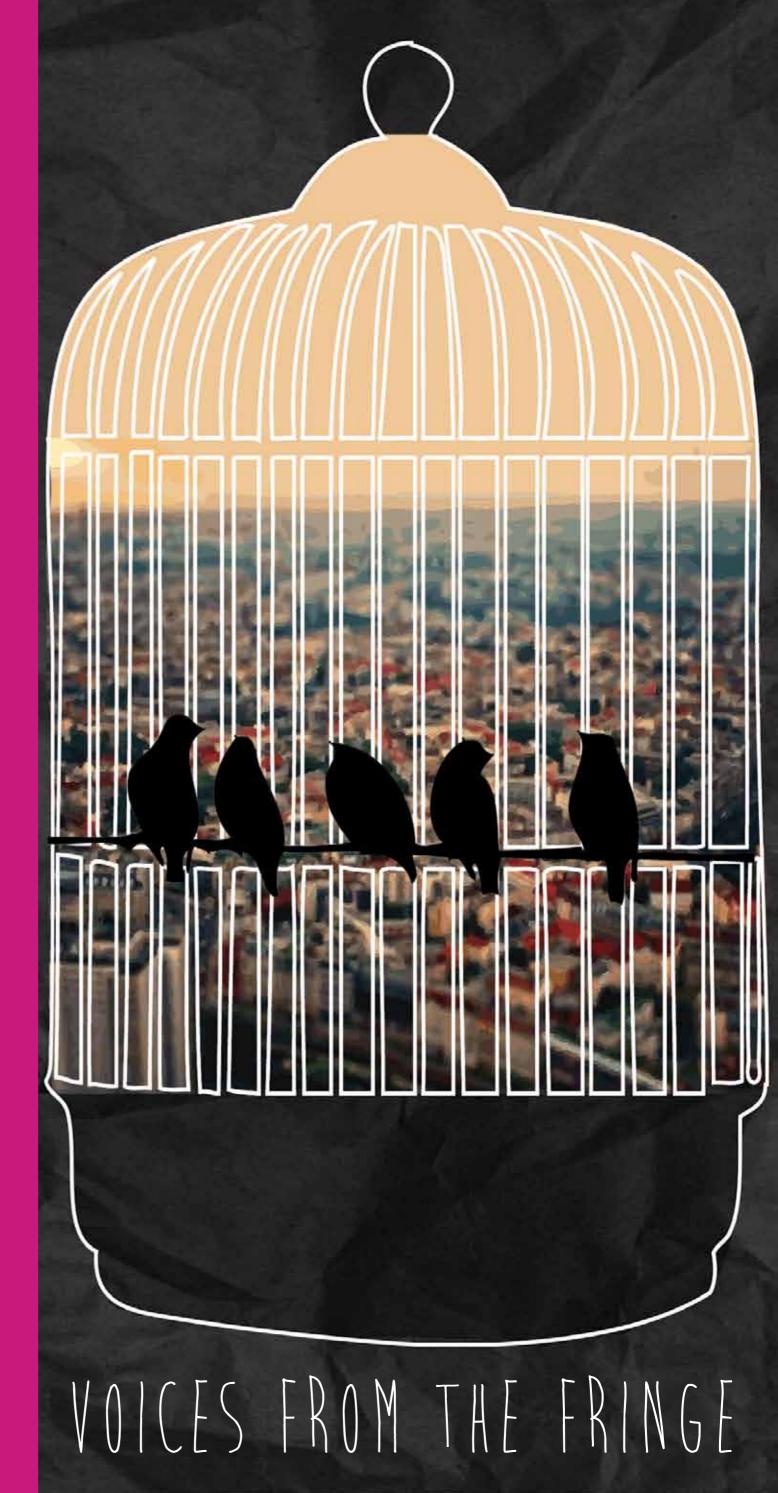
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26 THE SOIN

Unseen, unheard, unwritten

In 2013, we've brought you ideas big and small, new and old, left and right, but when it comes down to it, the one thing we have not done is shy away from being shamelessly political.

Voicing dissent, critically engaging with the status quo and consistently reporting on inherently political issues like the staff strikes represent a robust student voice, not a corrupt machine. Many may disagree with the death of objectivity, but why be objective when you can be honest?

There's a brutal honesty to this final edition of *Honi Soit*, the paper you hold in your hands. Continuing our tradition of focussing on the marginalised voices of the people who walk among us, we urge you to rub your weary eyes and read between the lines.

Throughout the years, *Honi* has fostered a culture of civil disobedience and social critique. This week's ticker tape consists of stand-out headlines from previous editions of *Honi*. Some of them are hilariously pertinent (find: the one about campus food), while others deliver shocking insights into the minds of our alumni predecessors (see: "Democracy was always a stupid idea", 1990).

It's easy to underestimate a weekly student newspaper with a circulation of 4000. We don't have the reach or the resources of bigger publications and news outlets. Nor do we have the ability to influence social discourse on a regular basis like the mainstream media does (vagina incidents aside). But we cater to a decidedly different sector of the population and this is a privilege as much as it is a restriction.

Honi is uniquely positioned to shine a light into the University's sewers and tunnels, to be a place of refuge for voices from the fringe. In 23 editions, we have told your stories, and ours too.

One woman, who was sexually assaulted in college earlier this year, went on to suffer untold trauma. The act occurred in the aftermath of a drunken initiation ritual, and remained unspoken of until now. She has finally found a voice in a personal recount on page 10, albeit one that is still cautious about speaking out against the institution which simultaneously made a victim out of her and denied even mere acknowledgement of her suffering.

Our justice system places individuals behind bars for breaking the law (page 17). Prisoners are secluded from

society, have little contact with the outside world, and are often ostracised upon their release for having a criminal record. Their voices, perpetually, are silenced. Which part of this process is "correctional"?

More than half of this week's paper is written by women. Considering the perpetual underrepresentation of women in news publications, this is an important, relevant, and local instance of hearing the very voices which are the minority in mainstream media.

We won't pretend to give a platform for the account of every silenced person – every voice from the fringe – but here are a few: seen, heard, written.



Mariana Podesta-Diverio and Xiaoran Shi

Editors-in-chief

Editors-in-chief: Mariana "MPD" Podesta-Diverio and Xiaoran "X" Shi Editors: Rafi "Pound the alarm" Alam, Bryant "Brian" Apolonio, Max "Chalmy" Chalmers, Avani "Avadavadoo" Dias, Nick "Rowbocop" Rowbotham, Hannah "SULS" Ryan, Nina "Baldy" Ubaldi, Lucy "L-Dubya" Watson.

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Mega Crossword: Dover Dubosarsky

Ticker tape: Funny/weird/awesome headlines from (mainly)

'80s and '90s editions of Honi Soit

The editors of *Honi Soit* and the SRC acknowledge the traditional owners of this land, the Gadigal people of the Eora nation. *Honi Soit* is written, printed, and distributed on Aboriginal land. If you are holding this newspaper, you are standing on Aboriginal land. Recognise and respect this.

Want to place an advertisement in *Honi Soit*? Contact Amanda LeMay & Jess Henderson at publications.manager@src.usyd.edu.au

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WOULD YOU RATHER..

HAVE HAIRDRYERS FOR HANDS?

OR

HAVE TO BLEND ALL YOUR FOOD FOR ETERNITY?

FAQ:

Hairdryers for hands sounds great. Doesn't that mean I would have voluptuous locks 24/7?

Yes, but hairdryers for hands = no hands to hold hairbrush in. So think voluptuous rat's nest.

Will I even have to blend, like, steak and three veg?

Yes. Mmm, lumpy steak smoothie. The new protein shake!



@honi_soit



letters



Correction

Last week, we wrote that the USU had passed on "the personal details of members to the USUAF". We have been informed that this is not true, rather, the USUAF sent the USU the email, which was then distributed on their behalf through the member mail. *Honi Soit* sincerely apologises for the mistake.

An Open Letter to the USU

A lot of words have been written about the attempted sacking of the Vice President of the University of Sydney Union (USU), Tom Raue, in the pages of this paper and on social media. It has alternately been described as a storm in a teacup and the death knell of democracy. It has dragged into the spotlight, both the USU's opaque and obfuscated accountability mechanisms and, more damningly, its views towards rank-and-file students.

Though it may be plain that my sympathies lie with Tom, I believe the Vice President's acquisition of an interlocutory injunction is no great win for union members. Nor is it a great blow against the Union. It is a functional victory, but not a substantial one. It will delay the probability that Tom will be terminated, but the Court cannot enact the necessary change required for the union's members.

Leaving the election or dismissal of the Board's executive in the hands of its directors circumvents the democratic process and allows a small cabal to allocate, for themselves, tens of thousands of dollars in executive salaries, often based on pre-ordained deals between individual directors and the support bases and campus factions that propped them up. The current electoral process also means the constituency cannot hold their directors to account. Once a director is elected to Board, for their two-year term, their loyalty is tied fundamentally to the Board as it is they, not the rankand-file, who will ultimately be the arbiters of promotion and demotion.

One of several reasons why the attempted dismissal of Raue struck a chord was the absence of discussion between the Board and its members. A special meeting was called then delayed and then injuncted, all without so much as a straw poll of the members' mood. A snap action Facebook event was set up in response. I will admit that it and its organisers cannot fundamentally speak

for the entire 5,537 students that voted this year or the 4,873 that went to the polls in 2012.

As such, I propose two constitutional amendments to address both these issues, in accordance with s 16 of the University of Sydney Union's Constitution. The first being that election for the executive is opened up to the public, concurrent to the election of new board directors in May. I hope this amendment would, at a bare minimum, encourage the current directors to either stick to their promises or propose realistic plans at the time of their election. It would also hopefully ensure that executive appointments are based on merit and their accomplishments in office (and their ability to communicate those successes to the public), rather than on any deals they make.

And second, that the constitution be amended to provide for a ratification mechanism by the Board's membership in the event of a dismissal. Just as the constitution may be altered "by a two-thirds majority of Members at an Annual General Meeting" as per s 16.1(a)(i) of the Constitution, any special meeting to sack a Director should be accompanied by a members' meeting where the rank-and-file are represented and can choose to validate or invalidate the Board's decision, by way of a similar two-thirds majority.

I believe these suggested amendments are neither particularly unreasonable nor revolutionary. However, I do think they would hypothetically prevent Tom's expulsion based on the current grassroots movement (pun very much intended) that aims to him retain his position. I don't see why any current director would actively stand against a perestroika and glasnost of Union's decision-making beyond self-interest.

As it stands, every year the election of new directors is in some part operates as a power-play by the current board to shore up the numbers for a presidential run; returning that power directly to the voters would hopefully encourage current directors to sell their successes in office instead of expounding upon and creating more impossible promises.

Justin Pen

Arts/Law III

Fuck yeah, porn

Dear Honi,

I took great interest in the feature article by Anonymous about staying home to watch porn I am one of the only people I know who openly speaks about enjoying pornography, I consider it perfectly normal and healthy. I'm sure

many more of my friends indulge, but the stigma around it makes talking about it comfortably (and soberly) pretty difficult. Anonymous wrote about how she struggles to find porn interesting, but the struggle I (and a couple of friends) have is finding good porn. There's an awful lot of shitty, demeaning and frankly un-arousing stuff out there.

I've wasted countless hours trying to find decent, stylised, female-friendly porn. Tumblr and Reddit are the standard options, Anonymous might find something a little more sensual and to her tastes there. Even with these, finding anything more than pictures and gifs can be difficult if you don't want to pay. Tumblr has links to seem very well produced queer porn too, which is always enjoyable and empowering, a rare combination. I ask her not to shy away from her capitalist dream of making porn: do it! Make some good porn and link me, if you find Game of Thrones more arousing than a woman asking a man to ejaculate on her glasses, I trust your artistic judgement.

Anonymous

Arts IV

Happy birthday to me

Hi eds (and SUBW),

Just a teeny request - November 20 is my birthday; any chance of the gift of a free nude calendar? Heck, I'll even make a donation to the Colong Foundation, just so I can brag about the best birthday present ever!

Keep up the good work, and don't forget the sunscreen. A burnt tush is never chic.

Kind regards, Georgia O'Brien Arts/Law II

Is there life after uni?

The end of university is near. The end of semester, and for many, the end of our time forever within these fabled sandstone walls. Some expectations have been met, and others neglected by what many of us didn't realise when we excitedly began is the multi-million dollar business of a university. But what use is whining about this? Let's think of what's next.

The chatter among those finishing of what's planned for next year is loud. Very loud. It's like a squawking bird that's escaped its cage. University has trained this bird to squawk three words in particular: cadetship, internship, gradjob.

But what happens when we don't think of what's next? When we don't listen to the squawking bird? Both my primary and high school (from years seven to ten) were ones where opening a book at lunchtime triggered taunts of "Nerd! Nerd! Nerd!" and it was cool to be apathetic in the classroom.

I'm thankful I wasn't swallowed up by this, that I continued being enthusiastic about learning and that I eventually made it to university. Which is why I think it's important to consider breaking free of the dominant culture at the university which squawks that success is a cadetship or a grad-job. Breaking free of this can bring many rewards, just as breaking free of the culture at my primary and high schools did for me.

This isn't, of course, for everyone. But we should all at least consider this option of being free from lecturers and free from bosses. Free to be yourself. Don't just let the squawking bird deafen you. It's a lesson in the university of life that many, like me, missed from not taking a gap year after school. And I'm as excited for it as I was going into my first lecture all the way back in 2010.

Drew Rooke

Arts IV

A message from next year's editors:

Honi Soit 2014 is on the lookout for reporters, writers, photographers and artists. Whether you're a long-time reader, a veteran of the printed word, a cruciverbalist or a manic cartoonist, we need your help to maintain Honi's long-standing tradition of radicalism and inclusivity. Students from all backgrounds, faculties and campuses are encouraged to apply!

- Name, degree, faculty, year, email and contact number
- How would you like to contribute to Honi Soit next year?
- Do you have any other ideas for the paper? [e.g. what you liked, what could be improved, and any sections you'd like to see (again) next year]
- Give us up to two examples of your work (e.g. features, interviews, profiles, creative writing, comics, satire, drawings, photography, puzzles, reviews, websites, blogs, apps, design work)
- It doesn't have to be published/launched, so whip up something now!
- Send us a pitch of something you would write about (you can send more than one!)
- Link us to an article you enjoyed reading.
- State any relevant experience you may have.
- *No previous experience? Apply anyway, we still love you!

honisoit2014@gmail.com

Anyone can write to *Honi Soit!* Email all letters to: editors@honisoit.com

HOILISHEWS

FREE Week Twelve Edition

"OF OUR ELABORATE PLANS, THE END"

Federal politics gets HECStic

Student organisations and the University of Sydney are nervous about potential plans to privatise the government's HECS debt, reports Max Chalmers

The University of Sydney has called for caution and consultation after reports that the Coalition government is considering privatising its HECS debt. *The West Australian* reported last week that the government was planning to convert the \$23 billion debt into a financial product in order to help the budget bottom line.

The news has drawn a mixed reaction with the University of Sydney calling on the government to ensure stability in the tertiary education sector which was rocked by the \$2.3 billion worth of cuts enacted by the previous Labor government earlier this year.

"The University of Sydney would be very concerned about any tinkering to the HECS scheme without consultation with students and the higher education sector. We note Prime Minister Abbott's pre-election assurances that in Government the Coalition would provide the higher education sector with stable and consultative government," a University spokesperson said.

The reports have sparked concerns that students could face higher interest rates and be put under greater pressure to repay the loans quickly in the future. National Union of Students President Jade Tyrrell warned media outlets that privatising the debt could move Australia closer to the burdensome loans system used by US Universities.

Sydney University SRC President David Pink echoed Tyrrell's sentiments. "[Minister for Education Christopher] Pyne's next step will be to introduce an American-style student loans system – where private financial firms give out loans at extortionate rates, and saddle students with debt for the rest of their lives," Pink told *Honi Soit*.

However, Pink and Tyrrell's dire warnings may prove premature with senior members of the government playing down the prospect of the debt being sold. *The Australian* reported late last week that Treasurer Joe Hockey's office had reaffirmed that such plans were not included in current Coalition policy. But for now it appears that Hockey has avoided rulling out a change to that policy at a later date.



"Why is David Pink so mean to me?" -Federal Minister for Education and Poodles Christopher Pyne

@maxchalmers90

USSC pushes Washington's line

Tim Anderson on the lack of diversity coming from the USSC on Syria

The US Studies Centre (USCC) at the University of Sydney was set up specifically to counter a fear of rising 'anti-Americanism' in Australia, during the Iraq war. Judging from a recent information session its founders can be well satisfied.

A USSC panel discussing the US role in Syria (as part of a recruitment evening for post-graduate students) repeated most of Washington's talking points about the Syrian crisis: for example, the US was an independent mediator, ready to perform its global policeman role but facing difficult moral ambiguities.

USSC CEO Dr Bates Gill opened the session and handed over to John Barron (ABC journalist and parttime teacher at the USSC), Professor Amin Saikal (invited guest from the ANU), Dr Adam Lockyer (former soldier now lecturer at the USSC) and Tom Switzer (journalist, Liberal Party candidate and part-time teacher at the USSC).

No one on this panel presented any sort of critical examination of the US role in the Syrian crisis. The conflict was said to be a civil war, including regional players, but with "bad guys on both sides". The US was presented as a disinterested umpire, with the Syrian crisis a challenge to Washington's standing as the world's moral leader.

No one on the panel showed any interest in reminding the audience that it was Washington – through proxies such as Saudi Arabia – that funded and armed the network of religious fanatics who became Al Qaeda in Afghanistan and, more recently, in Iraq. The aim, of



The USSC Syria discussion panel

course, was to destabilise or topple any government which developed independent political will, in the oil rich region. But you won't hear this from the US Studies Centre.

Despite substantial evidence contrary to the Washington's version of events, no doubt was expressed from the panel that the Syrian Government was responsible for the August chemical attack in Ghouta (East Damascus).

Nor was there any mention that US ally Saudi Arabia has armed and funded the conflict from the beginning. The Saudis cannot re-export arms without specific US approval. So how is it possible to understand the claimed 'arbiter' role of the US in Syria without also appreciating that Washington has directly or indirectly backed the (often foreign) 'rebels' from day one?

Dr Saikal repeated the Islamist line, adopted by Washington, that Syria's political system is a minority 'Alawite regime' dominating a Sunni majority. In fact, as a report prepared for NATO shows, most Sunni Muslims in Syria reject the Islamist 'rebels' and support President Assad. The decades long ideological background to the conflict is not Alawi v. Sunni but rather a struggle between Arab nationalism and sectarian Salafi-Islamism, mostly led by the Muslim Brotherhood. Any serious student of Syrian history should understand this.





Is the USSC too soft on America?

While it has sought credibility by positioning itself within Australia's oldest university, the USSC has external funding, external management, and maintains tight control over its curriculum and teachers. This is unlike any other academic unit. The arrangement may help explain why the USSC teaches an entire course on the arrogant US doctrine of 'exceptionalism', and nothing on imperialism and neo-colonialism.

Students enrolling at the USSC should know that the centre was set up as a propaganda tool to counter 'anti-Americanism' in Australia, and that it remains a place where they will not be encouraged to participate in serious critical discussion.

Tim Anderson is a Senior Lecturer in Political Economy





UNIGATE



All the rumours, hearsay, and downright slander from the world of student politics and culture

The sound of SULS

If you're reading this, it means Uni-Gate has died. Just kidding – it means that the final vote has been cast on the 2013 Sydney University Law Society election and a result is nigh. Although you could be forgiven for wondering why a simple faculty society election has a two-week campaign period, spending cap and t-shirts, as SULS people seem to hate *Honi* commenting on, SULS has a pretty epic budget, and an epic election to match. The election hasn't been all that Drumatic, and indeed the t-shirts of both tickets were certainly very Fetching.

The two tickets, Drum and Fetch, are close together on the rainbow (pink and lavender, what) but yards apart on campaigning techniques. Drum, led by current SULS VP and SRC Exec member James Higgins and managed by arch-hack Alistair Stephenson, has gone down the traditional route of posters, t-shirts (85 of them, which is still less than Fetch's 100), a Facebook page, a website and a few videos. But Fetch,

led by second-year SULS Queer Officer Matt Yeldham, is doing its best to make Fetch happen. In what the Gate believes to be a first for student elections, Fetch has released its very own ringtone, recorded by Law student Meri Amber. Fetch is also promising an app, something the 2013 Honi Soit team can assure them is far easier to promise than to deliver (Eds' note: our Android app is coming out next week, we promise). And in its final innovation, Fetch put on a 'Chat with Matt', where Law students could send in questions to Fetch's Pres candidate for him to answer via webcam at the awkward time of 8pm on a Saturday night. The Gate was busy doing something fun at the time and only managed to tune in half an hour after the starting time, by which point the Chat was already over. Fetch has also managed to squeeze full-colour posters and glossy flyers into the \$750 spending cap.

One area where Fetch hasn't innovated, however, is its videos, with several online commentators pointing out that Fetch's flagship video and the 2012 Voice for UNSW SRC video have the same weird cinematography and the exact same song. When asked about it on Twitter, @fetchforsuls responded: "there certainly was some inspiration from other videos already on YouTube.

#efficient". If efficiency was their guiding principle, we're not sure why they went on to make 17 more videos.

On a more serious note, Electoral Officer Kathleen Heath has confirmed that she received evidence about members of the Fetch ticket soliciting support for their campaign prior to the campaign commencement date. She made a ruling that this was prohibited by the Electoral Regulations and required that members of Fetch contact any students who received such messages and issue a formal acknowledgement of their breach.

USYD students stack UTS elections

A quick look-around UTS this week and you'd be forgiven for thinking it had become a satellite campus for Sydney Uni. UTS is one of the few campuses left in the state that continues to have an 'open campus' for their student elections – that is, non-students can campaign.

This makes the campus ripe for the proxy war student factions wage every year. National student factions such as the National Labor Students (Labor Left), Student Unity (Labor Right), and Socialist Alternative have a lot to gain from UTS, with 7 National Union of

Students delegates up for grabs.

Discounting the infamous Master Shang and the joke ticket Legion of Spoon, the two major tickets – Elevate and Grassroots – are recruiting campaigners from other campuses, primarily Sydney Uni.

Although Grassroots, headed by presidential hopeful Andy Zephyr, has a few members of Socialist Alternative flown in from other states, it pales in comparison to Elevate, backed by NLS and Unity. Rumours suggest that up to 40 campaigners from interstate, helping out at the Miranda by-election, were asked to stick around to help out the Elevate candidate Alison Whittaker.

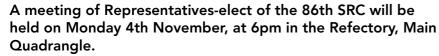
In a not-so-surprising twist, members of the breakaway Sydney Labor Students factions are aiding Grassroots at UTS in order to help break NLS's presidential winning streak, meaning that NLS at their last stronghold in NSW.

Rumours also suggest that Sydney University campaigners will mill around and make snarky comments about the UTS campus. The *Gate* will report on these incidents from the ground.

Alas, the end has come too soon; the Gate says goodbye to print. For more in the coming weeks, see honisoit.com

Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney

NOTICE OF THE MEETING OF THE REPRESENTATIVES-ELECT OF THE 86th STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL



The following positions are open to nomination from members of the undergraduate student body:

Vice-President

General Secretary

Education Officer

Women's Officer

Two Disabilities and Carers Officers

Two Environment Officers

Two Ethnic Affairs Officers

Two Global Solidarity Officers

Two Indigenous Students' Officers

Two Inter-Campus Officers

Two Interfaith Officers

Two International Students' Officers

Two Mature-Age Students' Officers

Two Queer Officers

Two Residential College Officers

Two Sexual Harassment Officers

Two Social Justice Officers

Two Student Housing Officers

Two Welfare Officers

Chairperson of the Standing Legal Committee

Director of Finance

Director of Operations

Six Directors of Student Publications

Orientation Committee

The following positions are open to nomination from members of the 85th Council:

Five Executive members

Five Finance Committee members

Four Grievance Committee members

Two Inter-Campus Committee members

Two Standing Legal Committee members

Positions in *italic* cannot be shared (SRC Regulations Part One Section 3d). All other positions may be split ONCE only (Part One Section 3c).

Nominations shall be taken from the floor at the meeting. However nomination forms may be requested in advance from the SRC office.

Descriptions of positions are found within the Regulations of the SRC (available on the SRC website).

Authorised by Lisa Brennan, Secretary to Council. Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney Phone: 02 9660 5222 | www.src.usyd.edu.au



more than a popularity poll or a

actions that provide the building

sexualities and genders, do not

always please everyone in the

mainstream.

Opposing government homophobia

OPINION

Evan van Zijl discusses splits in the queer community towards Abbott's queer policies

This year, Tony Abbott won an election with a 'mandate' that included racism, sexism, climate skepticism, and the idea that our marriage rights are nothing more than a 'fad'. This new regime is coupled with a series of state Coalition governments that are waiting to prosecute their conservatism without federal opposition from the Greens.

Already, Abbott has enacted refugee policies using his executive power that will place those fleeing to Australia from homophobic countries in great peril, pledged to repeal anti-hate speech laws and proposed cuts to public services that can only be harmful to our community. In less than nine months, Tony Abbott shall no longer have to contend with the challenges presented by the Greens in the Senate and will pass legislation with little to no oversight within the parliamentary system.

At the moment, Community Action Against Homophobia (CAAH) is the only group in NSW that consistently mobilises large amounts of people despite the criticism it receives from groups like Australian Marriage Equality (AME). CAAH has, from its incep-

tion, taken on causes which other groups found too marginal to advocate and this begun with marriage equality which only after this consistent agitation became popular enough for lobbyists to much later coalesce into AME and the machine which elected Alex Greenwich to parliament. Over the years, this taking up of 'radical' ideas has seen CAAH stand up for queer refugees, victims of police brutality and harassment at Mardi Gras, and endorse actions for sex and

gender diverse rights amongst Regardless of community division, ate elements of other things.

This agitation and tendency mass toward action is integral to most of the progress gained Australia, including better conditions for our workers and

protections for our precious environment. Gay liberation movements within the United States have resorted to similar levels of agitation in order to achieve its goals. In 1969, a community persecuted by police and frustrated by the lack of progress achieved by lobbyists instigated the Stonewall Riots. Derided by gay lobbyists as counter-productive, the powerful actions at the Stonewall Riots, after which our own Oxford Street bar is named, led to the birth of activist groups across the world that are directly responsible for the decriminalisation of homosexuality. This is echoed in our own history of queer rights, with the original Mardi Gras condemned by

the more moderour community a rally and a movement is much who now profit so greatly from feel good exercise. It is a series of These blocks for change which, like our

divisions within queer communities on the issue opposition versus submission can still be

seen quite clearly today around the issue of how to respond to an LNP government. Over the course of the federal election, AME has offered endorsement to LNP candidates who support mar-

riage equality regardless of their views on queer refugees, HIV funding or hate speech and now condemned CAAH for its explicit opposition to Abbott.

Regardless of community division, a rally and a movement is much more than a popularity poll or a feel good exercise. It is a series of actions that provide the building blocks for change which, like our sexualities and genders, do not always please everyone in the mainstream. It is important that we build movements that push agendas rather than encourage passive support. CAAH's recent anti-Abbott action was the beginning of this push and hopefully, like Mardi Gras, an opposition to government homophobia can also move on from community division to one with immeasurable traction.

Mass debating pay

Ever wondered why your friends that are debating coaches get payed so much? Harry Stratton tells us why

Some coaches urge on their teams with acid put-downs; others try to encourage them with honeyed praise. One of my high school debating coaches was a little different. Someday, he would say, our weekly sacrifice of Friday nights and social respectability would be rewarded with what he only ever referred to as the "package". His eyes growing starry with dollar signs, he would describe debating coaching's genius hourly rates. Perhaps if we pushed ourselves we might even land a job at King's, where the health insurance was all-inclusive and the Cab-Charge vouchers seemed to be thrown around like confetti. The included parking space was all the more attractive precisely because none of us - coach included - could drive.

David was almost certainly exaggerating when he described Parramatta's fertile pastures, but the striking thing is that he can't have been exaggerating by much. Bluntly, the debating economy is absurd. An entry-level coach at a selective school that runs a comparatively tight financial ship, such as Sydney Girls High, can expect to be paid somewhere in the region of \$45 to \$50 an hour. The even more ridiculous thing is that this is considered selling oneself short. The more privileged and private the school, the more extravagant the wages, until exclusive GPS schools like Scots and Shore are reputed to pay more than \$120 an hour to some of their coaches, with one or two even rumoured to pay

coaches on an annual retainer well into five figures for five hours' work a week.

How did the market decide that teaching small children to be sophists - which many coaches sheepishly admit they'd do for free - should be valued at more than six times the minimum wage? Part of the reason lies in the fact that some of these schools simply have an awful lot of cash to throw around, but even at the richest schools sports coaches are paid at much more reasonable rates of around \$20 an hour. Moreover, when there are comparative few schools which can devote so much money and effort to debating (and many devote even more effort to concealing their more profligate pay rates, even from their own junior coaches), you would assume that debating would be an employer's market. Part of it comes from multiple concurrent debating competitions each seeking coaches and adjudicators, and fierce competition from law firms who also believe that bullshitting is an employable skill, but neither of these factors explain why Sydney's debating coaches should be paid about two times the wage of their Melbourne equivalents.

The truth is that - despite being an overwhelmingly pro-market group of people, with a union (NSWDU) operating exclusively as a front organisation for the training of the state team and the purchase of yum cha - the debating economy is effectively controlled by a cartel of "co-ordinating coaches", themselves paid up to \$200 an hour. Since debating is a "specialist" activity, these co-ordinators make the decision to hire or fire with minimal school oversight, meaning that the market for this type of labour is limited to those who know particular co-ordinators in the very small and embarrassingly incestuous debating community. This cartel does not in any way set out to be as such. While undoubtedly there is a degree of nepotism, for co-ordinators overwhelmingly see themselves as choosing the coaches best able to win debates, and adjudicators often prove them right against schools with more limited budgets. But there lies the problem. Since the same community of current and former coaches are also employed to decide what is good and bad debating, the labyrinthine set of standards they create to mirror the community's favourite mannerisms effectively lock those not "in the know" out of the market. It is from here that several bizarre fads of high school debating arise, including an odd fascination with libertarianism and the weirdly specific verbal crutch "problematic", now stripped of all subtlety and life to simply mean "bad". Moreover, since adjudicator's pay rates rise in lockstep with those paid to coaches, it is in their interest to reduce the labour supply by maintaining those norms.

What are the results of this unconscious cartel? The first is that schools

BITING the invisible hand



which are unable to pay such exorbitant rates are simply priced out of the competition, and thus competitions are won - each and every year - by the schools able to pay for the best coaches. (Even in public school competitions, elite inner-city selectives like Fort Street and Sydney Boys receive an unfair advantage, since their predominantly higher-SES parents are better able to pay debating subscriptions and thus afford debating's wages.) The second is that a terrifying amount of money is spent on supporting coaches' expensive habits, money that in the case of worse-off private and public schools could almost certainly be better spent improving facilities and reducing class sizes.

Markets are highly efficient at catering to consumer demand. Unfortunately, when that demand is culturally conditioned by the desires of the dominant economic force, it distorts prices to the point where there may as well not be a market at all.

@strattonandon



Faces behind the rhetoric

Astha Rajvanshi had a poignant meeting with two refugees

There are few occasions when we are confronted by the realisation of just how large and fragmented the world is, and how we form a tiny flicker in its bizarre conjoinment. We live in realities, where the security, comfort and freedom we take for granted is so directly parallel to someone else's suffering and helplessness.

Last week I met an Iranian refugee couple that had been released from detention a while ago. After a short stay in STUCCO, they were invited back by fellow residents to share their story with the student community.

My interest in attending the talk, put bluntly, was at best a feel-good act in the superficial face of humanity. I am not an activist, nor have I actively taken part in the ongoing conversations on human rights and refugee politics.

I'd heard about the couple from a friend who was helping them find accommodation. They had, in a nutshell, fled Iran out of fear of persecution, and arrived at Christmas Island by boat from Indonesia, after which they were transferred to Darwin, Adelaide and finally, Sydney.

On the day of our visit, my friend carried some books in his bag to give to the woman – copies of Sylvia Plath and Agatha Christie – which she accepted almost emphatically. That she would

be interested in reading western literature surprised me – a symptom of the discourse surrounding refugees and asylum seekers as uneducated, unaccustomed and illegal that pervades the narratives cobbled together by the Australian media.

And yet, when I shook their hand and introduced myself, it was maybe the most anticlimactic, median exchange of greetings, because they appeared to be no different to me. They were both young – in their early 30s maybe, well educated and quite good-looking. He is a civil engineer, she a lecturer and academic. Both were dressed casually: a rough pair of jeans with a sporty tee and running shoes.

Perhaps the one thing that stood out between them and us was something my friend described to me perfectly -a kind of misery, etched into their faces. They were composed, polite and welcoming, but they were worn out from exhaustion.

Throughout our meeting, I remained silent. I didn't want to be patronising or voyeuristic, but mostly, I didn't really know what to say. As my friend conversed with them in Persian, he would occasionally turn to me and translate what was being said, largely for my benefit.

Even so, my silence was eroded with

the realisation of just how scarce and vulnerable human dignity was for them, as they stood in front of their crowd, ready to relive their moments of pain with the determination to tell their story.

In between YouTube videos that brusquely exposed the chaos and calamity in the streets of Iran's cities with the killing and beating of unarmed protestors, he described his fight for the injustices of child labour and stifled speech.

In his solemn and sombre state, he reflected, "You don't know how lucky you are to have the freedom to do and say what you want in this county."

She spoke of her pursuit for education and her passion for teaching – stories about her childhood dream to become a university professor, her curiosity to learn about every religion, gender and sexuality, and her desire to impart independent thought and reasoning on her students.

"I didn't want them to end up like sheep in a herd."

She described the inexplicable pain she felt in her legs from squatting for eight hours as they hid in a truck full of people in Indonesia, waiting to flea the fear, waiting to get on the boat.

In her eloquent yet emotionally distraught state, she made a single plea that

FIRST PERSON

night: "Please don't call us criminals. We were just like you – we lived a comfortable life back home, but we didn't have any freedom. That's why we had to do this."

To risk one's life and livelihood, to leave behind all loved ones indefinitely, and to embark on a journey no less fraught with danger – these are not decisions that one makes lightly or willingly.

But fear serves no place for those people for whom the 'rule of law' presents a very real threat to the fundamental idea of freedom. In their devotion to human rights and human dignity, they point out the differences between acts of decency and barbarism in our world.

And yet, there is no light at the end of the tunnel: the couple are haunted by their past, and continue to be treated with contempt. They yearn for their family back home, but have given up comfort for conscience. And when the government or the media frames the discourse around refugees with terms like "illegals", "detainees" or even "transferees," their helplessness falls deaf on the ears of many and turns into a distorted myth.

But sending them back to their country is not an option – it should never be, because people are not herds of sheep, and they deserve not to be treated as so.

NEWS IN REVUE

Caitlin Still writes an article about the exodus of Tony and the Burning Bush

So Tony thought, 'I will go over and see this strange sight why the bush burns up.'

When the LORD saw that he had gone over to look, God called to him from within the bush

'Tony! Tony!' And Tony said, 'Here I am.' The Lord said 'I have indeed seen the misery

of my people in the mountains. I have heard them crying out because of the carbon tax.

I am sending you to the mountains to bring my people the mountain-dwellers into safe Liberal seats. And this

will be the sign to you that it is I who have sent you: When you have spoken

of strange weather, you will continue to deny climate change on this mountain.' Tony

said to God, 'Suppose they ask me why all the flames? Then what shall I tell them?' God said to Tony

'I AM WHO I AM.' This is what you are to say to the Australian public, 'I AM

has sent me to you to save you from the carbon tax. (yet when Tony said, I AM WHO

I AM, Shorten, unconvinced said, "Mean you, Tony, yourself or myself or let's not bring politics or religion

into this, thou upstart poet of *Honi Soit.*") The LORD said, "The elders of Australia will listen to you.

Say to them, "Let me take a three-day journey into the wilderness, and proclaim from the mount

that climate change is crap." So you will shrug your shoulders at the wonders I will perform on your land

and so you will wonder at the scorching summer, and so your people will plunder the desert.'

NOT THE MELBOURNE CUP 2013

The cruelty-free alternative when the race stops the nation



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news

Breaking the glass ceiling with an M16

INTEL

Avani Dias speaks to a woman who servied in the Israeli Defence Force

"You turn on the television and I can't really explain to you the feeling that you get... Well... You become numb."

An ongoing struggle that has lasted nearly 70 years, the Israeli-Palestine conflict has become quite tedious. But for locals, it's another level of desensitisation entirely. "Everyday there's a terrorism attack and 30 or 40 or 50 people are killed or injured badly... you just become numb."

It's midnight on a Friday and I'm Skyping Shahar Kichler – a 23-year-old woman living in Israel. Her English is average and she is finding it hard to articulate to me just how strongly she feels towards the monotony that is this age-old battle. In Hebrew, her name means 'Dawn' and to reduce the cultural barrier she asks me to call her that.

To their audience, Israel attempts to project an image of progressive views and modern European life. In 2011 Tel Aviv held its first fashion week in 20 years. The controversial Twitter and Facebook accounts of the government are used as a tool of self-defence against Boycott, Divestment, and Sanctions movements around the world. The rationale behind these cultural and technological developments may be questionable, but there is no doubt that the Israeli Defence Force (IDF) is the most progressive in the world, at least statistically speaking.

The IDF boasts a strong female presence among its ranks with one third of its forces and 51% of its officers as women. In stark contrast 13.9% of the Australian Defence Force is made up of women, and the UK and America are only slightly behind that. Since the founding of the state in 1948, Israel is the only country in the world with a mandatory service period for all women.

Shahar said that it was something she always knew she'd have to do, but that didn't stop her parents trying to protect her from it. "There's a sentence that parents say to their children in Israel when they are young... 'don't worry, when

"Why does an 18-year-old girl need to know to shoot a fucking gun? I don't want to shoot a gun."

you grow up you won't have to go to the army'... but that never happens. This is the dream - it's a fantasy." A parent's over-protectiveness of their child has a different meaning in a war torn country.

Shahar grew up in Ramat Gan, a city ten minutes from Tel Aviv. She was born into a war and because of the frequent terrorist attacks, wasn't allowed much as a child.

Terrorists killing people with knives, bomb blasts, and a fear of public transport – Shahar paints a grim picture of Israel that isn't too far from ordinary assumptions of the place. After finishing high school, students have to take tests and put in their preferences for which military unit they'd like to serve in. They have many options to serve in the IDF from ordinary occupations like marines, builders, and nurses, to more complex ones like working for rescue missions, or in intelligence. But one striking development in the IDF is that as of 2000 the Military Service law states explicitly that women have equal rights as men to serve in any role in the defence force.

Shahar was put in the education unit and was posted as a social worker in her mandatory two years. She helped disadvantaged kids and young criminals start fresh and helped them develop a new way of thinking.

"Think about when you were 18... how many responsibilities did you have in your life? You had nothing. I got to be a social worker when I was 18 without any education or anything." Sometimes she was brutally candid with her responses. Shahar started speaking about some of her experiences serving in the army – other soldiers throwing chairs at her, men swearing at her because they disagreed with what she said, but these were all justifiable for her: "It's educating in the end. It makes you grow stronger".

Shahar had a number of passionate opinions, but it wasn't until her views on the actual Israeli-Palestine conflict came up that she became incredibly emotional. Her solution was to build a big wall that would separate "us from them". She argued that the West Bank wasn't Israel's to take. "We took it from them in a war... okay, point taken. But now we can give it back and we need to move on." But the worst part for her was the fact that she did not have a choice. She didn't want a connection to Palestine but she was forced to have one. "Why does an 18 year old girl need to know how to shoot a fucking gun? I don't want to shoot a gun."

The military is central to Israel and Shahar argues that people in the defence force have much better opportunities than those who aren't. It's almost as though it's the only platform that gives women the equal opportunity they have been fighting for. A number of Shahar's friends are still in the military, serving longer than their mandatory period requests, but she decided to leave and study to become a copywriter or a writer for an advertising agency. When I asked her if she thought that the gender equality in the military transferred to other walks of life in Israel she simply said, "you just need to be ambitious or aggressive enough when you need to." It's obvious the IDF has given her enough training in that.

Mise-en-seen

Mariana Podesta-Diverio wishes that she couldn't see that you've 'seen' and when you've 'seen' it, because it's deeply concerning

In 1943, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry wrote in *The Little Prince* that "The essential is invisible to the eye". I doubt he knew the extent to which the precise opposite (or something like it; bear with me) should be true in 2013: that our eyes be invisible to the essential. The essential, in this case, being Facebook messages.

70 years after de Saint-Exupéry

penned his nugget of genius, I melt

away the afternoon in front of my Mac, refusing to open a Facebook group message thread that has been buzzing with notifications for the past 72 hours. Meanwhile, simultaneously, my Facebook inbox is littered with prematurely ceased conversation threads, evidence of flaky acquaintanceships, and an e-trail of people who I now know to avoid in public, lest the deafening levels of silence in our virtual friendship permeate the meatspace. Although it's possible to mark a message as "unread", this brings an extra level of neuroticism to our online interactions.

In a world of 'read' receipts and surprisingly nerve-wracking "Seen: 11:37" updates, there is little space to reply to messages in our own time.

We are increasingly being expected, and inadvertently pressured, to be constantly on the ball with replies. This is likely the culprit for our ever-increasing obsession with being plugged in, contactable, and active on social media and email all day. Long gone are the low-pressure days of taking your sweet time to get back to people, and nonchalantly waiting for someone to reply to you. For they have now paved the way for anxiously awaiting replies once we know our sent messages have been read.

When it comes to obsessing over 'seen', even I am red-handed with guilt, as I'm sure many of us are. I often

catch myself checking back to message threads, curious about whether or not my recipient has opened the last message I sent them. This year, particularly, when chasing stories for *Honi* and messaging people outside of my friendship circle, it's become an unshakeable crutch that I use to gauge how to approach a story, whether or not Facebook is an appropriate method of contact, or even wondering what the fuck a person is doing awake at "[Seen:] 04:12". I've become a monster.

This is yet another inevitable installment of technology's increasingly overbearing tentacles that

Heb Images Videos More,

The Ways to deal with having NO Friends
- willinow

Desperate Single:
looking for a hottie near you?

reach into the different facets of our lives and begin to replace limbs that we didn't even know we needed. It's only a matter of time before we forget what it was like before we knew exactly when people had seen our messages. Relying on the 'seen' feature - in Facebook, text messages, and even applications like Snapchat ('opened' vs. simply 'delivered') - will soon be as normalised as the act of sending messages itself when we consider the dynamics of e-communication. In fact, it's only a matter of time before we're all microchipped, uniformed, lobotomised shells walking in time to the monotonous beat of

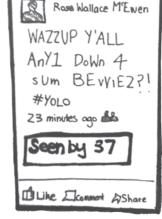
NETIQUETTE

our Orwellian State's omnipotent, controlling drum. We'll forget what it was like before "Seen" - before social media and invasive technology controlled every facet of our existence. In the great words of Abe Simpson: "I used to be with it. Then they changed what it was, and now what I'm with isn't it, and what's it seems weird and scary to me.

And it's only a matter of time, non-Facebook users; Quoth Abe: "It'll happen to you, too".

@mapodi





Cartoon: Rose McEwen



The kindness of strangers

Those two little words (or one if you spell it 'thankyou') aren't that hard to say, writes Patrick Horton

Two lessons: strangers can sometimes be kind, and saying "thank you" is not hard. One time I helped a man push his car 200 metres uphill, and he barely acknowledged my existence. Another time I helped an old man in a broken wheelchair make it to the hospital, also uphill. Once my use was expended, he shrugged me off like I was the one that stank of shit. I'm sure this happens all the time; compassion and neighbourloving are the foundations of most conceptions of morality, and humans are generally ungrateful and self-entitled beings. Sometimes, though, when you go above-and-beyond, you want to be thanked. You want that pat on the shoulder.

A week ago I was walking my girlfriend to the train station. From around the corner we heard banging, and when we got there we saw a middle aged Chinese couple scurrying around frantically, apparently trying to gain access to the station's solitary toilet cubicle. She was yelling and clutching her stomach; he was holding her and looking concerned. Seeing us, the woman cried out asking if we knew how to open the restroom door. I told them it's closed at night, and thinking this was just a case of Number One's offered directions to a nearby patch of scrub where she might subtly pop a squat. The couple ran off as the train arrived and I saw my lady off.

Homeward bound I came across the couple again, even more helpless than before. My first thought was to offer the woman my bathroom. My second thought was that that's a very strange thing to offer a stranger. My third thought was that they might be frightened by such an uncouth suggestion from a bearded man with no shoes - the egg would be on my face. I looked into her eyes. I saw the desperation, the torment within. "Would you like to use my bathroom? I live round the corner", I said. "Yes please!" - and we were on our way. Post-haste we limped-joggedskipped, me attempting to make conversation, her clutching her abdomen, him helping her walk, looking gaunt. Pleasantries were not on the agenda.

Nearly there, I tried to explain the situation: shitty student house, messy bathroom with no light, candles usually suffice, etc., but the language barrier and notable urgency of the situation made this difficult. Once inside I ran ahead, and in the bathroom illuminated only by the fluorescent tubes of the kitchen I tried to light a match for a candle alas! A party had been thrown the night before and the flaccid, sodden matchbox fell apart in my hands like wet leaves. With no time to find a lighter, I made way for the poor woman. I leaped from the bathroom to the kitchen in the same moment her bottom hit the seat. Before you could say "extra mayonnaise, thanks!" the not-inconspicuous effects of an upset stomach assaulted the porcelain and seemed to echo around the entire house. I became instantly uncomfortable.

With the bathroom door still wide open to provide light from the kitchen, the woman's husband stood to attention outside to provide protection and moral support. I busied myself in the kitchen, rummaging in the fridge drawer, rearranging vegetables and beers for several minutes, just hoping it would end. But the bowels would not stop churning and she continued to splat, triggering a flashback to when I shat myself on a 20 hour train ride in India after some funky chaat. The kitchen was no longer safe. Politely excusing myself with an awkward, undignified smile to the husband, I darted to the living room, distracting myself with a picture book about the universe. Planets materialize, stars collapse, a squirt and a groan of pain comes from down the hall. A black hole absorbs a galaxy, a meteoroid is destroyed as it enters the atmosphere, a wince is barely audible over a fart and a dribble.

The universe forms, destroys itself, the moaning stops, and finally she emerges, timid. I did my best to be civil, offering water, tea, fruit – it's important to keep hydrated when you've got the shits! – but the pair were too polite (and probably ashamed) to take me up on it.

She hurriedly explained that their son will pick them up now, could I please text him my address?

FIRST PERSON

I obliged, continued offering hydration and sustenance to no avail. Very quickly they withdrew themselves from my household, a kilo or two lighter and looking at the ground. Twenty minutes later I was taking out the garbage and they were sitting there in the gutter, still waiting. I offer and awkward wave and a shrug, but I'm already forgotten.

And not a word of thanks.



Cartoon: Mikaela Bartels

Kip off the old block

Sean O'Grady profiles USYD alumnus and dramaturge Kip Williams

Kip Williams wrote, directed and starred in a one-man play called *The Dismissal* while he studied at the University of Sydney. The first act went for exactly an hour. The second ended after sixty consecutive seconds of silence from the audience. If at any point an audience member tried to leave he yelled "fuck you" at them so gutturally that finishing the show's two-week run necessitated vocal steroids. Other members of the Sydney University Dramatic Society disliked his auteur-ship so much that his posters were vandalised.



Juliet and Friar Laurence in Williams' latest production

I find it hard to imagine the 25-year-old who has just bought me a beer pissing anyone off. He is intelligent, thoughtful and polite. For a man with a resume few in the theatre industry can dream of, he is remarkably humble. He likes to direct plays in whose words he finds a musical quality. It is no surprise then, that he is drawn to opera, to Dylan Thomas, and to Shakespeare. His family is musical. Williams is the only one of his siblings who did not study at the Conservatorium. He jokes that he might have gone the same way if his voice hadn't broken awfully at 15.

Williams' most recent production, for the Sydney Theatre Company, is a pared back Romeo and Juliet. He adapted the work himself, reducing the cast size and subtly altering roles, in order to focus on a patriarchy that robs women of their expression and autonomy. Music and movement are our entree

into his re-imagination of Verona. The young men of the play have nothing to do but drink and fuck, and amidst this, the violence which drives the tragedy seems inescapable. In his director's note, Williams explains that he has placed more emphasis on Capulet encouraging the marriage of Paris to Juliet.

I ask him if he finds it hard, as a man, to make theatre that captures the experience of women. He describes himself as a feminist and that he thinks he has a right to comment on issues of sexism, but adds that Juliet (Eryn Jean Norvill) was an incredible collaborative resource.

"If at any point an audience member tried to leave he yelled 'fuck you' at them so gutturally that finishing the show's two-week run necessitated votal steroids."

His imagination, to which our conversation often returns, is the only thing he lets limit his creative process. When reading *Romeo and Juliet* he saw "not a

PROFILE

world split into two distinct halves, but rather a portrait of a singular universe". Gender becomes the subject, and as Juliet delivers the play's prologue, gun to head, his imagination is realised.

When asked what new theatre he is most excited by, Williams is enthusiastic about productions that re-imagine classic works and draw out themes of gender and class. It is there in *Romeo and Juliet*. One has to imagine that Macbeth, his next production, will also deliver in this regard.

@sean_ogrady1



culture

Breaking the cycle of victim blaming

FIRST PERSON

Anonymous tells a private story of suffering and isolation at the hands of a culture that turns a blind eye

TRIGGER WARNING: THIS ARTICLE CONTAINS DISCUSSION OF SEXUAL ASSAULT

Before I begin my story, I want to make it clear that I believe College does offer some fantastic opportunities for its students.

However, there is one facet of its culture that I find offensive and detrimental. That is the 'blame the victim' culture. I attended college for one semester and it was the most difficult time of my life.

In my first few weeks of college, I was chosen to attend an exclusive party called the 'bone room.' Being selected is apparently a huge honour, so I went. Members from every college were chosen and I didn't really know anybody else attending.

Being an anxious, introverted person, I found the whole situation incredibly uncomfortable and drank to feel more relaxed. I was already drunk before the drinking games at dinner, which I felt obligated to participate in.

After this I have virtually no memory. Although I found this horrible, it is not this event I'm trying to condemn.

Every other person seemed to have an awesome time, and I only found it awful because I don't enjoy being drunk. The few memories I do have, however, haunted me for years.

One of the boys led me into a room and tried to have sex with me. Despite my drunken protests he kept trying and I think he actually did for a few seconds before I pushed him off. Being virtually unable to stand I was relying on him to hold me up and as I tried to push him away I fell backwards. He laughed, asking if I was 'alright.'

When he led me into the corridor filled with people, I pulled away and stumbled into the nearest room, collapsing on the couch. When I woke up I was in my college room.

I was still drunk well into the afternoon and I could hardly eat for the next three days without feeling sick. I didn't tell anyone what happened. I was so embarrassed and felt like I behaved in such a disgraceful and uncontrollable manner.

A few days later, I overheard a conversation at college dinner over an article about something similar happening to another girl at College. I found a bit of comfort in the fact that I wasn't alone. One of the girls expressed how awful it was.

Another girl agreed, saying how it was awful – awful that the girl was just a drunken slut who couldn't handle her drinks and was blaming college culture so she didn't have to take responsibility.

After that, things got even worse for me. Even though I have always been an anxious person, I found it incredibly difficult to leave my room and would stay in bed all day. Being from Victoria, the only immediate family I had was my brother, who would drag me out for coffee every couple of days to keep me out of my room.

Uni became impossible. The ever

growing pile of uni work heightened my distaste for myself. On top of this I developed chronic depression. I would dream of killing myself everyday. I stopped participating in college life completely. One girl told me that my lack of participation "wasn't good enough".

Another girl agreed, saying how it was awful – awful that the girl was just a drunken slut who couldn't handle her drinks and was blaming college culture so she didn't have to take responsibility.

With the help of my brother, I started going to the USYD health service, and over the next few months, I tried a number of antidepressants. I also began seeing a psychologist.

Despite all the support I now had, my symptoms worsened. I began hallucinating. I would hear things crawling across my floor and typing on my computer.

One night I became completely paralysed when something suddenly jumped on me, painfully crushing my body. Absolutely beside myself with panic, I eventually managed to move my body, but as I lifted my arms and legs, they hit an invisible wall.

I felt something wrap around my

neck and it started choking me. Suddenly able to lift my arms, I tried to put my hands to my throat, but again they hit an invisible barrier. I was obsessively repeating in my mind that it wasn't real. Then it stopped. This happened a number of different times over the next few years and I was constantly terrified that it would happen in public.

Because I tried so many different medications, I had 73 tablets, all lined up along my desk. I would watch them for hours, contemplating suicide. On several occasions I would go out and drink heavily, then be terrified I would kill myself if I went home alone. So I would take home boys. This contributed greatly to my self-loathing.

To dull the psychological pain, I would self-harm. Afterwards I would be so scared and embarrassed that people would find out.

It was only until I started getting better that I saw the link between my self-hatred and the 'blame the victim' comments I heard in College.

Because of my social anxiety, these comments became representative of how I thought everybody viewed me. When I applied for college, I thought it would be a place to live whilst I studied. However, it is much more like a sorority/fraternity.

People become very defensive about their respective colleges and people who speak out against some aspects of its culture are condemned.

Reclaim the night, reclaim our rights OPINION

Talking about and marching against gendered violence is as important as ever, argues Ellen O'Brien

While the birth and meteoric rise of the Internet has brought with it countless treasures, it has also delivered the scourge of the modern Earth – internet trolls, who spread their tentacles into the social hub of our generation at an unrivalled speed. Events attacked are frequently activist in nature – anything aimed at making our society a better and fairer place for all is fair game for these unruly fiends.

Most recently, the Reclaim the Night Sydney 2013 event page was targeted. The tamest of comments was a clip from *The Dark Knight Rises* posted with the following remark: "Together we can help reclaim the night, Sydney has become a hot bed of crime and sin, at 7pm we will look to the skies for our salvation".

Coupled with the other comments, their message became clear: talking about, and marching against, violence against women is pointless as the problem does not exist. Or if it does, it does not impact a significant portion of the population to render it important. The irony is, despite common gendered vio-

lence narratives, the majority of violence occurs in places familiar to the victim including homes shared with family, partners, and/or friends.

Despite a considerable lack of media interest, gendered violence is a serious issue in Australia that affects many people on a daily basis. One woman will be killed by an intimate partner every week. One in three women over 15 will report physical or sexual violence sometime over their lifetime; unreported rates (given the failings of our legal system) are likely to be even higher. In Sydney, domestic and family violence is one of the leading causes of homelessness among women and children.

Despite this data, heterosexual domestic violence is rarely talked about and coverage is limited to seemingly random high-profile attacks taking place outside of the home. Even rarer still are discussions about violence within non-heteronormative relationships, or whether government responses to alarmingly high rates of violence are adequate for the diverse range of people who use their services.

By taking our voices to the streets, by hosting panel discussions, by inviting all members of the community to hear representatives from the NSW Rape Crisis Centre and Scarlett Alliance (among others) speak, we aim to bring light to the serious nature of gendered violence, and to assist in changing the culture that exists around such violence.

In every community, attitudes need to be altered to reflect the multitude of realities that people affected by gendered violence experience. The victim is not to blame; it is not always as easy as leaving an abusive partner; violence can and does occur in queer relationships; the social stigma around sex work must be completely destroyed. No matter the circumstance, jokes are never acceptable. While Facebook trolling may seem relatively harmless, it is indicative of a larger societal problem – that gendered violence is not taken seriously because it is believed the only "real" gendered violence is the small percentage of cases covered in mainstream media.

One of this year's organisers of Reclaim the Night, Katherine Bullen,

notes that "Reclaim will only stop being relevant when violence is no longer an issue." Given the current state of dialogue in our papers and on our televisions, Reclaim may be destined to be around for a considerable length of time. The organisers and supporters of Reclaim the Night will be attempting to change that on October 26 – come and make your voice heard.

Reclaim the Night is an annual event protesting all forms of violence against women. Reclaim the Night Sydney 2013 will be held on October 26 at Prince Alfred Park, Surry Hills. For more info: http://RTNsydney.com.





culture

Ashes to ashes: the aftermath of a bushfire

Drew Rooke reports from the frontline in the Blue Mountains

All is quiet now on St Georges Parade in Mount Victoria, Blue Mountains. It's insidiously peaceful. Blackened leaves wash in the gentle breeze and the afternoon sun shines orange through a thick haze still blanketing the sky.

A yellow street sign warning of an approaching "DIP" is charred brown and a powerful smell lingers. Not just of burnt wood, but of burnt plastic, rubber, and iron. Ahead, a bearded middle-aged man walks his dog down the middle of the empty street.

"It's devastating. What can you do though? It's part of living in the bush." He despairingly raises his arms and examines the destruction as he speaks.

His name is Tony and, living just ten minutes up the Great Western Highway, he was one of those lucky to escape the raging bush fires fuelled by extreme winds that ravaged the area last Thursday.

Across other parts of the Blue Mountains and New South Wales, they continue to burn and have so far claimed at least one life and 193 homes.

The thumping beat of water-bombing helicopters above is a reminder the fire is still burning. It's now at Mount York Road, just two kilometres away.

But there's no more fuel here. The street now resembles a black-sand

beach, littered with burnt logs and the rubble of the beautiful country homes that once lined it.

The silence is sliced by the clang of corrugated iron as a couple rummage



Photo: AAP

through the ruins of their brick home for valuables. Four totally burnt-out cars sit in their front-yard, their windows melted, not shattered. A treestump beside is still ablaze.

I walk inside and offer my help. They refuse. Their eyes scream helplessness, but they know I can't do anything right now. Only they know what they're looking for amidst such destruction.

sign reading 'Sunnyside'. But the house it once enclosed is now a pile of stillsmoking timber, melted glass and warped iron.

Leaden ash puffs into the air as they

Further down the road, the white-

picket fence of Number 32 remains.

continue rummaging as I walk away.

A yellow fire hose stamped 'Woodford Blue Mountains AFS' lies like the shedded skin of a red-bellied black snake on the pavement leading to the ruins. It was no match. But the flames chose their victims randomly. At Num**CREATIVE**

ber 25, its roof buckled and insides turned to ash, a stack of dry wood is untouched. Down the road at Number 38-40, John's mustard yellow rendered brick home escaped unscathed. Burnt trees surround it. He and his wife only finished building this house six weeks ago. Even his clothes-line survived.

"We didn't even lose one peg." he laughs. Nor did they lose any spirit, and today, they are back finishing the fence they started building last weekend. "There's no point moping about it, you know? Ya just got to get on with it."

His resilience is striking but not unfounded elsewhere on the street. Suzanne and Gavin are also newcomers and had part of their property damaged on Thursday. They've spent the afternoon helping neighbours extinguish spot fires around the area.

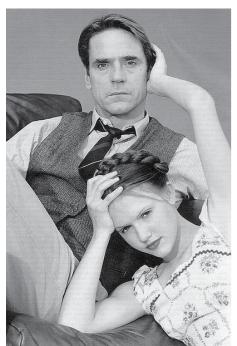
Suzanne shrugs. "We all know fires happen up here. We'll all carry on." Her voice is calm and relaxed as she pushes the wheelbarrow of watering cans and buckets back home.

The sun turns red as it falls to the horizon. Lines of burnt gumtrees are beautifully silhouetted against a smokey, mauve sky. Rakes and spades are put down. Leather gloves slipped off. As cicadas sing their Song of Life to those on this Parade.

Strictly no adults allowed

Peter Walsh wonders what a pedophile looks like in popular culture

Recently, I was asked to leave a park in Harlem, NYC. The security guard—apologetic—pointed to a sign that read "NO ADULTS ALLOWED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY CHILDREN".



Humbert Humbert and Lolita in *Lolita* (1997)

It stung, mostly because I had just been turned away at a bar for not having ID and so instead of being able to kill time on the swings, I had to ride the F Train on my lonesome back to Briarwood. The whole thing felt like satire. Did I really resemble a pedophile? Hell, what does a pedophile even look like?

I couldn't even begin to come up with a coherent, consistent image of a pedophile—at least not one in pop culture. Humbert Humbert in *Lolita* looked quite respectable at the start. In contrast, the murderer in *M* was all wild-eyed and deranged. Surely there's an insidious middle ground: the pedophile who doesn't look much like anything, the one that would necessitate excluding adults from our parks.

What's more, while we're practically hysterical over the possible pedophiles lurking in our playgrounds, we still—58 years removed from the publishing of *Lolita*—entertain a voyeuristic glee in watching these moral transgressions in our art. So what does the pop culture pedophile look like?

An episode of *South Park*—'Miss Teacher Bangs A Boy'—interrogated both pedophilia and sexual double standards. While the whole town is outraged at the thought of a teacher seducing a student, they soon realise

this teacher is a blonde busty female. They couldn't be more impressed. "Nice", says the police chief. "Nice", a fellow officer adds. They're just happy that Ike, the child, is "scoring". The more I looked, however, the more I found that this pedophile—deranged and unsympathetic—was not representative anymore.

Think Cate Blanchette in *Notes on a Scandal*. While the boy she sleeps with is much older than the five year old in *South Park*, she's still undoubtedly crossing some lines.

But rather than dismissing her outright for her transgression, she becomes an object of sympathy. She didn't necessarily touch the kid out of any sexual dysfunction, just out of old relatable middle-class boredom: a snap reaction to the pressures of work and home.

We hate the kid (little scouse bastard). Some victim he turned out to be. The same sort of moral quagmire appears in *Hard Candy* where we hate-hate-hate the pedophile, but at the same time sort of feel sorry for him. Ellen Page is just ruthless as the 14 year old vigilante who convinces him to commit suicide. Spoilers, by the way. Still, there's the control

OPINION

group, of Ronnie in *Little Children* who ultimately finds himself incapable of resisting his urges, and so castrates himself at the neighbourhood park.

I was feeling pretty down at this point, so I found myself circling back to *South Park*, this time to an episode titled 'The Wacky Molestation Adventure'. *South Park*, like Harlem, is suffering from pedophile hysteria. The news carries a story saying that children are most likely to be abused by their parents. So, the parents evict their children from the town, so they can't get to them.

By the time I finished watching all this, I realised the pop culture pedophile could be anyone. Not easily spotted from a crowd, not singularly male, singularly deranged, or singularly deformed. They're marginally sympathetic, portrayed as passengers to their own illness. Still, the contemporary pedophile is irredeemable, only now they're also indefinable.

It's this rampant possibility—that they could be anyone or anywhere—that has us closing off our parks and keeping our children and young siblings so firmly under thumb.



feature

Alex Downie investigates the impact

48 year-old mother of four had sent her twelve year-old son to the shop to queue for bread. While he was out, a rocket collapsed his family's apartment block. He was the only survivor. Eight members of his immediate family were killed within two years. The eldest son of a relative is kidnapped by rebels for weeks and held for ransom. Members of the village must continue to pay safety money, or more of them will be taken.

This is the human reality of the crisis in Syria. Since fighting broke out between government and rebel forces in March 2011, over 100 000 Syrians have been killed and at least two million made refugees. In a conflict of this scale, stories like those above are devastatingly common.

An additional factor unites the accounts given above: they are accounts narrated by people living inside Australia. This is remarkable given the distances at play: Damascus is burning 14 100km away.

But wars are rarely limited to the countries in which they are fought. For many Australians, this conflict has hit much closer to home. Indeed, a number of Australians have become involved in the conflict, some leaving for Syria to fight or deliver humanitarian aid, others working here as activists. And many Syrian Australians, particularly those who fled here to escape the war, anxiously collect any news of their families.

K, a Syrian expat in her mid 70s, fled Syria for Australia last year. Her son – who remains in Syria – had insisted that she leave. He pleaded that any time she wasn't at home he worried about where she was, and whether she was OK.

Today it is K worrying about her son. She speaks with him via mobile phone on most days, when the lines aren't cut. There is a four-hour queue to buy a kilo of bread from government stores. He only bathes occasionally, when there is enough water. His sleep is sometimes interrupted by the sound of rockets destroying neighbouring areas. She is reduced to tears by a maternal concern, and I'm reminded of my Greek grandmother: she never taught him to cook, and she worries about what he eats without her there to look after him.

K had left Syria in the 80s for the West; however, Syria was "thriving", and she returned in the 90s as there were "lots of imports and exports", "amazing restaurants", "culture", and "banks from four or five countries". And although anti-Assad expats I spoke to countered that most of these benefits were concentrated amongst the rich, all were horrified by the destructiveness of the war.

Pro-government newspaper Al-Watan recently estimated that wide scale bombings had already destroyed over USD\$ 1.5 trillion worth of infrastructure and buildings. Sanctions imposed by – amongst others – the Arab League, the EU, the US, and Australia has crippled trade in the region. During fighting, landmarks that have existed for centuries, even millennia, have been razed in hours.

During our interview, it was clear that K felt powerless as she watched her country implode. She didn't know how or when the war would end, and what would happen. She desperately clung to any news she could get of Syria, from family back home or from media outlets. Indeed, my weekday interview with K ended exactly at noon, when she abruptly left the room we'd been talking in. Her sister explained that she had gone to a back room to watch the SBS Arabic news, to see if there were any new developments in Syria.

The top story that day was on Dubai.

The Syrian Australian community is small, but growing. At the time of the 2011 census, 8 392 Australians were Syrian-born. Since the conflict began, thousands of Syrians have fled to Australia using dual citizenship, family support, or a rare refugee visa. Many of these new migrants consider themselves lucky: in Australia they are safe. Yet in many ways they are anything but fortunate. Separated from their families and friends, they receive only intermittent news about what is happening back home.

Some Australians have taken a more active stance, joining groups like the anti-Assad Australian Syrian Association or the pro-government 'Hands Off Syria'. These groups fundraise for humanitarian aid, using contacts to smuggle basics like formula milk, flour, rice and sugar into Syria via Turkey.

They also lobby the government. I spoke with a founder of the Australian Syrian Association. In 2012, he had met with Rudd, Carr, Gillard, Abbott and other prominent politicians, pressuring them to deny visas to Syrian government diplomats, and shut down the Syrian embassy in Canberra. They were thrilled when, following Carr's expulsion of senior diplomats in May 2012, the embassy closed down that July.

These organisations also maintain a social media presence and stage rallies in support of their respective causes. In part, these efforts are designed – according to an activist I spoke with – to "show unity and solidarity with the Syrian people." However, these groups are also entering into the public relations war, attempting to influence public opinion and potentially foreign policy by pushing their competing narratives of the Syrian conflict.

The website of the pro-rebel Australian Syrian Association describes the conflict as the "struggle of the Syrian people for their freedom and democracy" from President Bashar Al-Assad. The Hands Off Syria members I spoke with countered that the rebels were increasingly dominated by mercenaries and radical jihadists.

There is some truth in both accounts. The defence of Assad made to me by one pro-government activist – that "nobody is perfect" – seemed unforgivably glib in the light of UN confirmation that his government is responsible for recent chemical weapon attacks in Damascus; the



Photo: James Lawler Duggan



IS BURNING

of the Syria conflict – there and in Australia

Sarin gas that was used is 26 times as deadly as cyanide. At the same time, the rebels have radicalised at an alarming rate, undermining claims by anti-Assad activists that extreme elements exist only on the fringe. British defence consultancy IHS Jane recently estimated that almost half of the 100 000 rebels fighting in Syria are jihadists or hardliner Islamists, with 10 000 fighting for factions linked with al-Oaeda.

Perhaps most striking is the conflict's increasing sectarianism. William McCants, a fellow at the Brookings Saban Center, writes that although the civil war "did not start out as a sectarian conflict" in 2011, the divided became entrenched as the "conflict turned violent." To generalise, Syrians in the Sunni Muslim majority tend to identify with the rebels, whilst most minorities — Christians, Assyrians, Armenians, Druze, and the Alawites, to which the Assad family belong — typically remain loyal to the Assad regime.

Do the activist groups in Australia mirror this divide? Hands off Syria argues that their membership doesn't fall along sectarian lines. Indeed, many Australian activists have no family ties to the region. Hands Off Syria activists estimate that only half of their Australian members are even of Middle Eastern heritage.

However, while advocates from both sides in Australia care deeply about the wellbeing of all Syrians, sectarian undertones also pervade the activist scene. A leader of the Australian Syrian Association tells me of the 23 threats left on his mobile phone. "Assad is better than you and all the Sunnis we know," he recalls.

That same leader then claimed that as their beliefs were heretical, Alawites such as Assad "are not Muslims", he states. This is one of many traditional insults levelled against Alawites.

Most worryingly, this sectarian divide has escalated with assaults, arsons and even shootings. In November 2012, armed men chased the Alawite owner of a shop in Thomastown, Victoria, shouting "we're going to shut you down, you Alawite dog." A car displaying the emblem of the Free Syrian Army was twice firebombed. Jamal Daoud, an outspoken opponent of the rebels, was punched in front of *Today Tonight*'s cameras. While some of the reported attacks have targeted pro-rebel activists, most have been directed against government loyalists.

For targets of this violence, Sydney's suburbs have split along sectarian lines. As I speak to more people, I learn that activists feel unsafe walking through neighbourhoods around Sydney. Prominent pro-government activists avoid Sunni-dominated parts of Lakemba, Auburn and Bankstown, while recognisable insurgency supporters are weary of travelling into Shia enclaves in areas such as Arncliffe, Rockdale and Belfield.

The Syrian conflict has intensified violence within Australia, but some Australians have also contributed to the violence in Syria, travelling over-

seas to fight in the revolution.

Three weeks ago, a Queenslander blew himself up in a truck outside a Syrian military airport. 'Australia's first suicide bomber' was a married 27 year old, rumoured to be of Lebanese heritage. He acted on behalf of the Al-Nusrah Front, a blacklisted rebel group affiliated with Al Qaeda.

This bomber is not the only Australian to have travelled overseas to join the fight. ASIO chief David Irvine has revealed that six Australians have been killed in combat against the Assad regime, and authorities believe there are about 80 Australians participating in the conflict in either combat or support roles, although some estimates range upwards of 200.

Most of the fighters who take this pilgrimage are young, ideological, and often marginalised in broader society. Most of these men support the rebels, although it is also believed there are some Australian Shiite volunteers fighting with Hezbollah militants for the Assad regime.

The majority of these fighters are born in Australia, and come from families with strong ties in the north of Lebanon – many, like the suicide bomber, are Lebanese dual citizens. David Malet, a lecturer in International Relations from Melbourne University, writes: "most likely, the particular ties of the Australian Lebanese community with its connections in the region facilitate easy access into Syria and give Australia its disproportionate presence in this conflict."

When fighters return, they could

face federal charges under the *Crimes* (Foreign Incursion and Recruitment) Act, which carries a 20-year maximum prison term. However the act is rarely used in practice. Irvine, however, was more concerned that these young Australians could "become quite severely radicalised."

It is estimated that a ninth of Westerners who had fought or trained in overseas jihadist insurgencies ultimately became involved in anti-Western terrorist plots. If true, a small proportion of Australians returning from fighting in Syria will no doubt be targeted as a security risk.

I spoke with an anti-Assad Sunni grandfather. He had immigrated to Australia in the 1960s. He didn't have time for much of the "nonsense" that the activists in Australia got up to. The fighters who left Australia to fight in Syria disgust him.

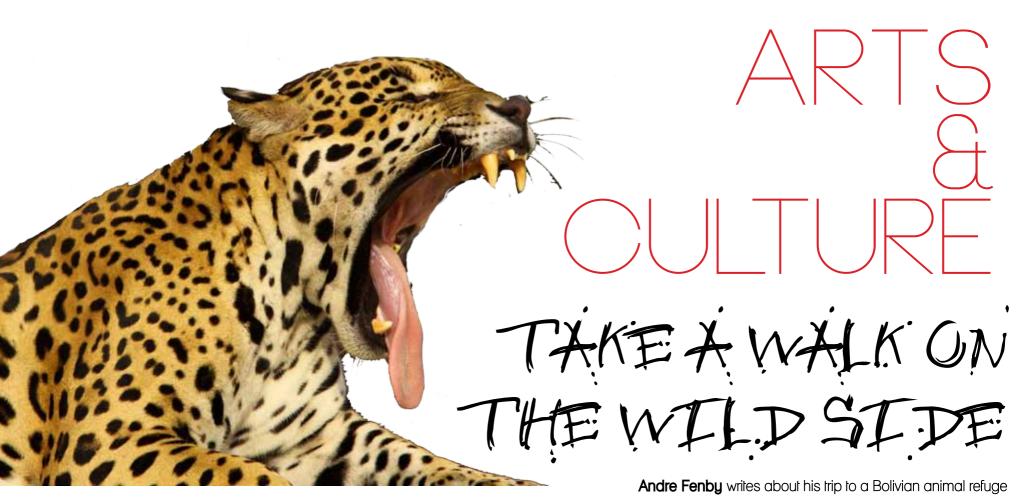
"Stupid extremists" and "filthy bastards," he remarks.

The old man reminisces on decade long friendships with Christian proregime friends that had disintegrated as they argued over the conflict. Before the war begun, they had been "as close as brothers."

There was one thing the man – and many others I had spoken to – emphasised, something that united both sides of the conflict: "At the end of the day, both sides realise that they want peace."

Indeed, my weekday interview with K ended exactly at noon, when she abruptly left the room we'd been talking in. Her sister explained that she had gone to a back room to watch the SBS Arabic news, to see if there were any new developments in Syria.

The top story that day was on Dubai.



For Western backpackers accustomed to the steadfast regulations of their home countries, the reality of Parque Ambue Ari in Bolivia can be hard to believe.

But the closer one gets, the more word-of-mouth testaments and faded hostel flyers confirm that some 348km north of Santa Cruz is an animal refuge where volunteers 'walk' jaguars, pumas and ocelots, no qualifications necessary.

"I got hooked," says Christian, a 21-year-old North American volunteer who ended up staying 14 months and working with every cat in the park. "You can't do that anywhere else in the world for that cheap ... it was definitely a crazy experience."

Ambue Ari was set up in 2002 by the NGO Communidad Inti Wara Yassi (CIWY) with the support of British gap year organisation Quest Overseas. To work with one of its 26 jungle cats – typically abandoned or seized from illegal traffickers – volunteers need only commit to a 30-day minimum and pay 3400 bolivianos (around AU\$17). That's not to say it's an easy ride; something my girlfriend Nicole and I found out when we decided to volunteer after hearing about the program in Argentina.

The park has no phone, internet or electricity. Volunteers sleep on hay mattresses and work 6 ½ days a week in tropical heat, tormented by hungry mosquitoes.

walk out to Koru's cage with my cohandler, Camila. After clipping two thick leads onto his collar, the three of us would walk a busy, mosquito-ridden jungle trail. There, Koru would watch capuchins leap dramatically from tree to tree, drag us in vain pursuit of scampering jungle animals, or simply tear the surrounding flora to shreds.

The prospect of being 'jumped' by overexcited cats was part of the job for many volunteers, especially when it came to Rupi, a large and boisterous jaguar known to knock people to the ground on a regular basis.

"We did some training and were giving a few points to watch out for," says Martin, 30, the Irish backpacker once charged with escorting Rupi through the rainforest. "But nothing prepares you for a 9-foot, 180kg [sic] beast coming at you."

While restraining a jaguar as powerful and strong-willed as Rupi—who "escaped" his cage more than once, according to Christian — isn't a realistic option, we were instructed to be extra cautious with Koru. Amorphous rumours about Koru taking a chunk out of an ex-volunteer's leg circulated the park, although that was surely an exaggeration. Surely.

One day in particular involved a few close calls. Koru first darted into the patuju (a native flower) then leapt out at me for a narrowly avoided waist-high tackle, and later bolted up a tree for an aerial attack, only to jump down sheepishly upon realising we were out of range.

Then, wising up, he walked slowly into the scrub to one of his resting spots. Camila couldn't see him and asked me what he was doing.

"Nothing," I said. "He's just sort of ... staring at you." Of course, the bolted from the bushes with intense speed and purpose. I jolted forward as he hit the end of his line, about a meter from Camila.

But, aside from one (terrifying) warning bite as I fumbled to unclip him for his dinner one afternoon, Koru never touched me in aggression. Surprisingly, one of the few incidents that occurred during my time involved Nicole's puma, Leo, who had become agitated after too many changes in his routine.

"I have no idea how it was considered to be alright for [two] females, one with limited experience and the other with no experience, to be out on their own walking one of the biggest pumas in the park who is known to 'jump' its carers," says Jesse, 27, who walked away from the incident with puncture wounds up her forearm. "It was completely irresponsible."

After being treated by the resident vet – the nearest hospital is 48km from the park – Jesse stopped working with Leo. Despite her criticisms, she maintains she had a "a great time" and enjoyed experiencing something "almost unfathomable to my friends and family in Aus."

Indeed, Australia is predictably strict in this regard. The Standards for Exhibiting Carnivores in NSW at least demand "adequately trained" persons handle such animals, a luxury Ambue Ari can't afford any more than the Bolivian government can currently

ously". "[Over the past year or so] we have formalised our emergency procedures, protocols and requirements," says Jesshope. "If we deem that the risk to a volunteer becomes too high ... then will stop that activity – e.g. it will become a non-contact cat."

In an era characterised by what the World Wide Fund for Nature calls an "unprecedented spike" in the global illegal wildlife trade, it's clear South America's poorest country depends on CIWY, which receives no government support. And, while the Bolivian government has signalled it wants to stop Ambue Ari from letting inexperienced volunteers 'walk' unpredictable jungle animals, it remains to be seen whether this will come to fruition.

For now, Ambue Ari continues to provide both its volunteers and its cats a rehabilitation program only a place like Bolivia can offer.





The festival of fire

Stella Ktenas falls down, down into the Burning Seed

A right turn past the umpteenth paddock of Patterson's Curse and we glimpsed, in the distance, carnival tents in a thicket of trees. There is nothing else out here in Matong State Forest. "This must be the place." The man at the entrance to our Never, Neverland takes our tickets and asks us to exit the vehicle and step through the 'Welcome Home' door quaintly attached to a single wall out here in the middle of nowhere. I was 'Home'.

Burning Seed, the Australian version of the American lifestyle and art festival Burning Man, was a week of blissful whimsy, sumptuous light displays, nostalgic sounds, and majestic sculptures. Burning Man runs on ten principles: Gifting, Decommodification, Radicalinclusion, Radical Self-reliance, Radical self-expression, Communal Effort, Civic Responsibility, Leave No Trace, Participation, and Immediacy. These principles penned by the Founder Larry Harvey in 2004 are to be abided by as all attendees attempt to live as a loving and functioning community for a week.

Soon after entering, we passed the

Woman: a giant wooden effigy to be burnt at the end of the festival. She was immense, she was radiant, the first ever female effigy featured at a Burning event. A space was found next to the Red Earth Brewery, our tents were mounted, and we installed our own dome to rival one 50 meters up from us. Walking around, people were at ease to smile, make eye contact and engage in small talk. This talk, though small, was a big leap from Sydney life where the person sitting next to you on the bus callously pretends you don't exist despite the blood pouring from the gash on your arm acquired when trying to climb over them into the vacant window seat. Meeting new people, learning of their stories, growing to care for them – this was idyllic.

Across the festival grounds were themed camps: scattered oases offering workshops, music, activities, and beverage. One of the best was the Trash Mansion camp which was furnished as a derelict mansion and featured two luxuriously decorated bars with skull shaped beer tap handles, as well as a stage, lounges, chandeliers, and paint-

ings. I have many a fond memory from Trash Mansion, from life drawing male models to dancing and hula hooping the night away, to my special experience as one of the 20 Burners out of 1000s provided with a tasting of the magical fruit. We sat cross-legged like 6 year olds — interesting angles were observed of the nude gentleman of the party — and were gifted a tablet of concentrated *Synsepalum dulcificum*, a berry which causes sour foods to taste sweet. We were taking shots of vinegar, and ravenously devouring grapefruit, lime, and lemons, as if famine had struck.

Burning Seed runs on the philosophy of gifting. I was freely gifted luxurious soy lattés each breakfast from a Nowra couple, free gin & tonics all day at the Mint Country Club, and endless whisky shots at The Loco Saloon as my friends lost at Black Jack. This gifting was quite the curiosity. When I wasn't busy receiving gifts I contributed words to the Wooden Temple, built to pay respect and to be burnt in silence. I also experienced a rebirth travelling through the wooden vagina sculpture. I attended a knot-tying

workshop, experienced outdoor cinema, and fell silent in awe of a shooting star. Saturday evening was THE NIGHT: the one you had been daily siesta-ing for, the one where you knew you would not stop till well after dawn. Gathered around at a safe distance from the Woman we marveled at the fire jugglers, and then fell collectively into raptures when the pyrotechnicians set her aflame, her arms, breasts, and skirt. Burning bright, the sky heavy with ash, she then fell and a rupture of celebratory noise exploded into the night, just in time for the nudity. Following tradition we and the nudists walked, or dangerously danced, a revolution around her burning embers. The night was a blur of dancing, lights, and elation. The day after, I approached the Woman's remains and collected a handful of her ashes. Such a grand, imposing figure now reduced to a pile of grey. I was humbled.

I was still not ready to leave this land of nymphs and dreams, but an overdue essay brought me back.



culture

The fun police

Daniel Swain asks whether order is being maintained, or defined

The first time I was stopped by police I was drunk and alone, walking through the backstreets of Darlinghurst early Saturday morning. They suspected that I was trying to buy drugs. I suppose that walking through the backstreets of Darlinghurst, drunk and alone at 2 a.m. is plausibly the behaviour of someone trying to buy drugs. But it is also plausibly the behaviour of me, walking home, drunk and alone through the backstreets of Darlinghurst early on a Saturday morning. It was this troubling ambiguity that the Officers were keen to resolve.

They told me the time. They noted the location. They asked me if I was intoxicated. They asked me if I was by myself. I nodded at them and they nodded at each other. Although our nodding implied that we had now reached a common understanding of our situation, I was then asked to repeat these answers several times. They asked and I answered, and we shared in an optimistic conspiracy that repetition might spontaneously transform facts into interpretation. We were like fact alchemists.

A new tack was taken: they asked me why I here, now, drunk and alone. It is always difficult to give a considered account of the choices we mundanely make to be in particular places, at particular times, doing particular things but it is obviously most difficult when its late, and you're drunk, and lost and tired and alone.

I was told to stand up straight, to stand against a wall, to walk in a straight line, to answer clearly, to not answer back,



to look them in the eyes, to not roll my eyes. Eventually, I must have struck the right balance of indignation and compliance. All five of the officers escorted me to get a cab on Oxford St, like my personal security detail.

It lasted about twenty minutes. No arrest, no charge. Since then, I have been stopped on other occasions in similar circumstances. Since then, I have been

in similar circumstances and I have not been stopped. I still can't discern when I'm moving through the city suspiciously.

Of course, the police are interested in maintaining public safety. I'm a gay man so perhaps it was stupid for me to be walking around deserted streets by myself. Arguably, the police were protecting me. But I didn't feel protected. I

FIRST PERSON

consider my first mugging to be a more personal encounter. After a brief negotiation, the mugger let me keep my cards and phone. I noted that my wallet was vegan leather, he laughed. He apologised.

In both cases I was targeted because I was alone and drunk in the city at night but only in one case was that treated like it was perverse. And this isn't police misconduct; it is the conduct of modern policing. Whether it's a music festival or Mardi Gras, or just a Saturday night in Sydney, police officers remind young people to enjoy themselves unsuspiciously. We get searched, sniffed by dogs, and asked to count our drinks. Stopped, questioned, and moved along.

For some of us, myself included, these awkward, humiliating interactions will stop when we get older. For less privileged communities, over-policing will always be a part of their lives. A redistribution occurs: some people are made to feel less safe so that others can feel more safe. In order to prevent graffiti on shop windows, young people are interrogated for merely having cans of spray paint in their backpacks.

Obviously, there is a value to some police presence but it is important to compare it to the collected minor indignities it causes. 'More police' can't be the easy, lazy answer to any risk, to every risk. From my perspective, that is more threatening than any pill I could have bought from the non-existent drug dealer I wasn't going to meet.

CHARACTERS WHO NEED TO DIE TOP 5

Shannen Potter gives you her hit list

Carl Grimes

Carl is a kid, and no one wants to say, "hey, I want that kid to die." Except me. I definitely want that kid to die. He's spent the series alternately being a nuisance to the group and playing cold blooded killer. Even his own parents never seemed to like him all that much, so why should we?

The Woodbury Survivors

These guys are basically cannon fodder. We don't have to get to know them, which means we can enjoy their gruesome deaths guilt free. Think intestines getting ripped out and faces getting eaten. I mean we watch the show primarily to see people die horribly right? Please tell me I'm not alone here.

Carol Peletier

A while ago I could have put Carol on this list for being extremely useless and boring. She's really developed as a character lately, however, and this will be her undoing. This show loves to kill characters off as soon as they start doing something interesting, and Carol's secret knife lessons with the kids are damn interesting.

Hershel Greene

What's the deal with Hershel? He positions himself as a Dale-like moral centre to the group, but a) he doesn't even have a bucket hat, and b) no one cares what he has to say. In my house, when we think someone's about to die we say, "he's gonna get it!" and I've just started doing that every time Hershel is on screen, hoping I can will it to happen.

Rick Grimes

I can hear you saying, "But Rick is the main character of the show! He's the hero!" But that's exactly why he needs to die. If Rick is gone we're going to see competition for leadership of the group and a massive shift in the group's dynamics. Plus, we won't have to look at his weird face all the time – why is he always so sweaty?





TEARING DOWN THE WALLS

Our prisons punish the disadvantaged, fail to rehabiliate inmates, and should be abolished, writes Tom Raue

William Bugmy is an Aboriginal man who has spent most of his life in prison. Growing up in rural NSW, he witnessed his father stab his mother fifteen times, and never learned to read or write. He has committed various offences, most recently an assault on a prison guard. A recent High Court decision found that the disadvantages of his background should be given full weight at every sentencing. A series of prison terms have only had a negative impact of Bugmy's already difficult life.

Imprisonment is the main tool of our criminal justice system, but prisons are ineffective at reducing crime. Prisons target the poor, create re-offenders, and serve the interests of big business. Prisons should be abolished.

Prisons are meant to serve as a deterrent and are thus intentionally terrifying. Inmates live in fear of guards and other prisoners. David*, who has served sentences in NSW and ACT commented that guards turned a blind eye to prisoner violence: "There would be a lot of incidents of people banging their heads on the toiled bowl, for example, or slipping down the stairs, you know what I mean?"

Female prisoners are prone to sexual abuse, at a rate five times higher than male prisoners. Prisoners have little access to their friends, families, education or recreation. Almost half of all deaths in prison are suicides.

Despite brutal conditions, evidence shows that severity of sentences and conditions in prison have no deterrent effect. Tom Bathurst, Chief Justice of the NSW Supreme Court, says that there is no persuasive evidence that deterrence works for the majority of crimes. Bathurst claims that the idea that criminals conduct "a rational assessment of their planned illegal behaviour" bears "little resemblance to reality".

Nobody commits a crime like drug dealing, theft, rape or even murder, if they think they will go to prison. Since they do not think they will be punished at all, the threat of long sentences is no deterrent.

A higher proportion of the world's population is in prison than at any point in history. In June 2012 there were 29,383 prisoners in Australia, costing the government \$3 billion a year, not counting asylum seekers held in detention centres

Prisoners are isolated from the outside world, have their incomes cut off, and then are released into society again with new criminal contacts. A major problem according to David is that minor offenders are lumped in with dangerous ones. "Many people that are in prison should not be there. I was there with a lot of people who were in for drink driving and minor charges, you know? Just repeat offenders that were not all

there in the head. They should have been given other alternatives, other rehabilitation possibilities. Instead they were given 12 months to think about it with a pack of animals" Prison does not teach prisoners to behave, it teaches them how to be criminals. In England, some prisons have a reoffending rate of 70%. Over half of Australian prisoners have served a previous sentence.

Almost a quarter of prisoners are of Aboriginal or Torres Strait Islander descent. An Indigenous person is 15 times more likely to go to prison than a non-Indigenous person. They are especially prone to abuse or neglect by guards and police causing deaths in custody. Most prisoners come from similar backgrounds: low socioeconomic status and poor education.

When poor families have their breadwinners taken away, they are plunged further into poverty. Upon release, a criminal is barred from many professions and will be generally discriminated against. With few job prospects and new criminal contacts gained in prison, it is inevitable that many former inmates turn to crime and thus a permanent criminal underclass is created by the prison system.

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Australia is increasingly following the American trend of privatising prisons. Many facilities in Australia are run by corporations like Serco, G4S, and GEO Group.

Higher prison counts and tougher sentences do not provide a deterrent effect to crime, as statistics attest. The prison lobby is aware of this, but their ultimate goal is profit, not the public good. High inmate counts are good business for private security companies, and there is an incentive for those companies to lobby and influence government policy.

This influence of private security companies on public policy is often called the prison-industrial complex. Lobbying in the US is far more brazen than in Australia, but the pattern is the same. In the US, lobby groups funded by security corporations make private donations to key figures from both the Democrat and Republican parties. Senators and congress-people who sit on committees related to immigration and law enforcement are specifically targeted. For example, New York Democrat Chuck

Schumer received at least \$100 000 from the prison lobby in 2012. He is chair of the Rules Committee, chair of the Subcommittee on Immigration and Border Enforcement, member of the Subcommittee on Crime and Drugs, and Subcommittee on Administrative Oversight and the Courts.

In Australia, Serco for example employs a team of paid lobbyists and donates money to both the Liberals and Labor. Serco runs three regular prisons and nine detention centres including Christmas Island.

These donations encourage policy makers to introduce mandatory detention for asylum seekers and to enforce drug prohibition. It encourages government spokespeople to foster a false public belief that prisons are a solution to the problems of crime. In reality, the prison-industrial complex works precisely because it doesn't provide a solution - profit is made by increasing crime and incarceration. Unfortunately, lobbying works – the US now imprisons a higher proportion of its own citizens than any other country.

**

Reforms can be made like ending privatisation and focusing on rehabilitation instead of retribution. Rather than being an instrument for revenge, prisons would be better off focusing on reforming inmates. Trade apprenticeships, counseling, and drug rehabilitation programs go some way towards reducing the rate of reoffending, turning otherwise hopeless people into productive members of society. A good example of this new style of prison is Bastoy Island in Norway, where even murderers live with minimum security, learn trades and have ample leisure time. The rate of recidivism is only 30%, compared to 43.7% in Australia. The prison reform movement has done good work in shifting the focus of prisons away from simple punishment.

I spoke to Brett Collins, coordinator of Justice Action, an Australian prisoner advocacy group. Collins was previously an inmate himself, having first gone to prison at age seventeen, and later serving ten years out of a seventeen year sentence. He then gained an Arts degree in Law and Economics from the University of Queensland and a postgraduate diploma in Criminology at USYD. He describes the prison system as "unfair, unreasonable and counterproductive" His organisation seeks to improve the lives of prisoners through relentless lobbying. Despite the short term victories that Justice Action has won, the ultimate goal is not simple reform but the abolition of the penal system as we know it.

Rehabilitating criminals is difficult in a prison environment. The power imbalance between guards and inmates lends itself to abuse. The isolation from society and concentration of criminals together provide an unsafe environment for prisoners to learn.

Reform measures are worth taking, but will not fix the fundamental problem that our criminal justice system is backwards. Instead of locking people up once they have done something, we should focus money and attention on fixing the root causes of crime. It costs an average of \$75 000 a year to keep somebody in prison. If that money were spent on schools, welfare, and providing jobs then the conditions which create crime would be minimized and we would have no need for prisons. Simply legalizing and regulating currently illicit drugs would take thousands of people out of the criminal justice system so that we could instead provide treatment and rehabilitation.

A focus on social programs and wealth redistribution would prevent many crimes, and a system focused on rehabilitation rather than punishment would prevent minor criminals becoming serious ones. However, when it comes to very serious crimes, it is hard to see alternatives to a prison system.

Educating people about respect and consent is a better approach to rape prevention than punishment after the fact, but some people will never get the message. Most murderers can be rehabilitated, but there are rare serial killers who will always commit violence if they are left to their own devices. David stresses that prisons do more harm than good for most prisoners, but that there are some "career criminals" who are "unimaginable in society".

Unfortunately some form of detention will always be necessary for the extremely dangerous, but it should be a last resort, and it does not need to be cruel.

For the overwhelming majority of crimes, prison is a waste of money. Even a reform-focused prison is destructive, breaking up families and communities and creating criminal networks on the inside. Tough prison sentences are ineffective at reducing crime, but the prisonindustrial complex is geared towards failed policy. We should spend less on policing, trialing, stigmatising and imprisoning poor people. We should redirect our resources into directly preventing poverty, giving opportunities for criminals to reform, and educating people about sexism, homophobia and racism. With the prison population increasing by 4% a year, we are running out of time.

*Names have been changed to preserve anonymity



DECEPTION

Congratulations to the top 3 entries in the 2013 Honi Soit Opinion Competition, judged by 'Comment is Free' editor for the Guardian Australia, Jessica Reed!

The Great American novelist

EQUAL FIRST

Grace Lin asks when women's writing will be considered literature rather than 'chic lit'

The decline of literature has been a long time coming. In an excerpt from his forthcoming book, Jonathan Franzen rallies against the intellectual poverty that characterises "media-saturated" world. The past couple of months saw a number of think pieces in publications such as Salon and NYT, comparing literature to a stagnant echo chamber replete with clichés. Mark Edmundson's Poetry Slam article in the July issue of Harper's derides modern poetry as weak and feeble.

The undercurrent of chauvinism in Edmundson's piece is obvious. Instead of being "soft" and "lovely," poetry should reach for "conviction" and "risk." Franzen once again expressed his distaste for the insipidity of women's work by

proclaiming that the downfall of Alice Munro's work is the pathological sentimentality she has for her characters. And in an odd non sequitur on *Charlie Rose*, David Foster Wallace rallied behind the practice of writing longwinded books against feminists, who, according to him, constantly complain that a white male will "sit down and write this enormous book and impose his phallus on the consciousness of the world."

But Wallace's position is deceptive because this is exactly what white, male writers take advantage of. I don't think it's a controversial position to claim that women are required to recognise male consciousness in a way men are not required to understand female consciousness. Films with female leads are considered 'chick flicks,' whereas films with male characters are considered relatable because they are framed as stories about humans. Also contemplate Zadie Smith's deliberate decision to only mention the race of characters in her novel *NW* if they are white. By



Now I know some of you will agree with Hitchens that women are about as funny as oesophagal cancer...

growing up and reading a litany of white male authors such as Saul Bellow, John Updike and Martin Amis, "everybody's neutral unless they're black. I just wanted to try and create perhaps a sense of alienation and otherness in this person, the white reader, to remind them that they are not neutral to other people." Works like *Huckleberry Finn* and *Moby Dick* are revered stories for all genders. But asking boys to read novels from the likes of Austen, Woolf and Plath? No chance.

"the woman who writes is a writer by her own definition, but a woman writer by others' definitions"

So, what next? The solution is apparently to return to the yesteryear of literature, the days of unadulterated wisdom and passion from the likes of Fitzgerald and Kerouac: the musings of tortured geniuses who encapsulated the heart of American identity. But the will-

ingness of the public to indulge young men with no direction as poetic souls and creative contrarians is not interesting to me. Fitzgerald 'borrowed' extensively from his wife's diaries for material while simultaneously discouraging her from publishing, lest she encroach upon his success. Gregory Corso, a writer in the inner circle of the Beat Generation, stated that women did exist in the movement with the caveat that "if you were male you could rebel, but if you were female your families had you locked up."

Take a look at any women's literature section and it becomes clear that women are not afforded the luxury of obliviousness. Even though female authors write about the same things as male authors – grand public subjects as well as the intricacies of intimate life – and just as compellingly, books about women's lives and by women struggle to enter the echelons of top-tier literature by virtue of being characterised 'for women.' As Joyce Carole Oates once lamented, "the woman who writes is a writer by her own definition, but a woman writer by

others' definitions." Seen as a doughy, undifferentiated mass of melodrama undeserving of acclaim, literature by women is still largely read with the preconceptions that authors like Franzen have.

And female writers continue to face an uphill journey in escaping the dominion white, male writers yield. VIDA, an organisation dedicated to women in literary arts, compiled a statistical rundown in 2012 with unsurprising results. Nearly three-fourths of authors reviewed in the well-known publications it analysed were men. It seems like women are stuck between a rock and a hard place. You're only allowed to choose one or the other: wealth like Jodi Piccoult or critical acclaim like Franzen.

I enjoyed reading *Infinite Jest* and I don't think Franzen's

Take a look at any women's literature section and it becomes clear that women are not afforded the luxury of obliviousness.

work is without merit. But rather than offering accurate analyses on the state of literature, I see the tugged collars of writers' shirts who feel that the white, male voice as a neutral voice for all is crumbling due to incursions from authors they deem below them. By being destined for posterity regardless of merit, it's understandable that these men feel threatened by the likes of acclaimed authors such as Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, who herself states that we do a "greater disservice to girls because we raise them to cater to the fragile egos of men." I just didn't expect their critiques to be so petulant.

Cartoon: Nina Ubaldi

Chasing Enlightenment and Inevitable Disappointment

Milly Ellen advocates travel without Instagram

There exists amongst us an idea that to be 'worldly' is to be wise. This belief is especially prevalent amongst the hordes of students who flock to the far reaches of Europe in search of historical enlightenment, South-East Asia in search of holistic drunkenness and America in search of every cliché imaginable. When the intrepid adventurers eventually return, tanned and glowing, it is expected that you will listen to their tales of adventure and self-fulfillment. The people they met who changed their worldview and the splendorous sites they saw are both effusively detailed with such grandeur, you wonder why your holidays abroad appear so dull in comparison.

This is the inherent deception of travelling. With the commercialization of travel across the globe as well as increasingly affordable airfares, the once elusive gimmick of baking on the beaches of Thailand, potent cocktail in hand, is available to everyone. Historically pursued on the whims of the rich, with the widespread sales of *Lonely Planet* guides and seemingly obsessive addiction to travel blogs, it is possible

to find a destination and formulate an itinerary in an instant.

Fast-forward to the moment when you land in your exotic destination of choice - quick shot of arrivals sign. The moment you get into a taxi - quick shot of stunning architecture or decrepit slums (depending on your location). The moment you arrive at your accommodation - quick shot out the window with obligatory hashtags: #thisisthelyf, #sunset #paradise. With such instantaneous access to social media and the barrage of travel-boasting that seems a rite of passage for some, it is impossible to ignore these self-obsessed submissions. It is not 'sharing'. It serves as a means by which the person validates their \$1 500 airfare, jetlag and quiet disappointment. By documenting each moment of our travels, to be immediately posted online for approval by our peers, we are diminishing the tangible experience to a series of documents and snaps.

Michelle de Kretser speaks eloquently of this phenomenon in her Miles Franklin award winning novel, *Questions of Travel*, as she highlights the vapidity of seeking 'truth' in foreign destinations and

inevitable disappointment her characters face in the presence of natural and historical wonders. We may wander through the Vatican City and marvel at golden pillars and artistic genius, but how many of us take sneaky pictures in the hopes that it will receive 'likes' and 'retweets'? To what extent do we actually appreciate what we're in the presence of? It would seem that we are more concerned with how our trip will be perceived as compared to our actual experiences.

It is obvious to think of corrupt governments, dodgy private enterprises and greedy individuals as being the most deceptive amongst us. But shouldn't we acknowledge the fact that in the ever competitive world of social media, we have become attuned to synthesizing our lives? We are being forced into a farcical online lie, and this deception seems most visible in our accounts of travel. As we are plagued by terminal FOMO and travel inadequacy, we feel a dishonest compulsion to filter our photos and correspondence. By posting only the gratuitous 'selfies' and well-lit,

EQUAL FIRST

postcard-esque shots that do not necessary reflect our true experiences as well as gushing status updates that convey only superficial snapshots of a foreign destination, we are deceiving our friends and family and inciting artificial jealously.

And in reality, we are deceiving ourselves. By convincing yourself that by following the well-trodden paths of *Lonely Planet* expertise you will somehow 'see' a culture, 'understand' a nation and reach the effervescent heights of travel nirvana – complete disappointment and bitterness can only follow.

By being honest about our experiences, we can perhaps lower expectations of 'enlightening trips' that are generally doomed to fail. By disregarding the compulsion to share the intimate details of what we ate from a fabulous street stall, what we saw at some historically significant ruins or what we heard at a local bar, perhaps we can actually appreciate the beauty of what we're surrounded by when we travel. Please, put down the phone. Take a breath. Give yourself a chance to just 'be' in a place without recording it.

Treason d'etre

Ben Brooks on the Rosenbergs, Manning and Snowden

Ethel walked calmly into the room. A foul, singed odour lingered in the air. She took a seat at the front of the audience, ignoring the damp outline which marked her newly deceased husband.

Minutes later, the diminutive woman strained wildly at her leather cuffs as electricity coursed through her body. Not quite dead, the warden tried again. And again. Finally, smoke billowing from her limp head, the prison staff let the corpse down. So passed Julius and Ethel Rosenberg – proud parents of two, and atomic spies.

The Rosenberg case exemplified the McCarthy-era predilection for hyperbole. The prosecution and media called them traitors. The trial judge agreed, attributing the casualties of the Korean War to their "treason". But the couple were not convicted of treason. They were convicted of espionage: spiriting nuclear designs to the Soviet Union – a wartime ally – during the 1940s. The distinction is important.

History forgotten is inevitably repeated. Chelsea Manning was convicted in July under the *Espionage Act*. Like the Rosenbergs, her prosecutors clutched at hypothetical straws to prove that her leaks cost American lives. The United States federal government is investigating Edward Snowden for similar offences. The Attorney-General argues that he is a wolf in Dilbert's clothing.

Manning, however, was acquitted of "aiding the enemy", and Snowden is unlikely to attract the same charge.

Yet both have been attainted for treason in the court of public opinion. Politicians from House Speaker John Boehner to former Vice President Dick Cheney denounced the pair as traitors. One Congressman anonymously edited Snowden's Wikipedia page to read "traitor" rather than "dissident". And Democratic senators like Dianne Feinstein joined the chorus of hawks, eager to prove their national security credentials.

The Wikileaks-cum-NSA disclosures have been followed by wave upon wave of revisionism and counter-revisionism as pundits indulge that quintessentially American pastime of 'Traitor or Hero'? Dealing only in extremes, they overlook some important subtleties: Manning and Snowden are not traitors as a matter of law, or as a matter of fact. Treason should not feature at all in the rhetorical melting pot.

It is the sole crime outlined in the US Constitution. Treason, wrote the Founding Fathers, can only consist of levying war against the US, or aiding and "adhering" to its enemies. They took a restrictive interpretation to avoid the abusive, incoherent and politicised treason law of the United Kingdom. There, for instance, it is still treason to sleep with the wife of a king. Until 1998, that was punishable by death. In New South

Wales, it is treason to merely "compass or imagine" dethroning the Sovereign.

So it is difficult to charge an American with treason. There have been fewer than forty prosecutions, and a mere handful of convictions. But that is precisely the point. Jefferson et al. understood what the modern statesman does not: treason is a crime apart, not a loose epithet or political football. The penalties and stigma which accompany it should be reserved for those who not only betray their country, they wrote, but who intend to do it real harm.

Manning and Snowden hardly intended to materially injure the US or its armed forces. They were certainly reckless. Manning released files as indiscriminately as, well, an Apache helicopter firing at children and Reuters reporters. Yet she is no Tokyo Rose, Lord Haw-Haw or Anwar Al-Awlaki. A reckless traitor is not really a traitor.

But there is a more important point to be made. As Snowden's father Lonnie explained, "Edward... has betrayed his government. But I don't believe that he's betrayed the people of the United States." The same could apply to Manning, who wrote to President Obama that "I only wanted to help people... out of a love for my country". Like Snowden, she abused the trust placed in her by the government.

THIRD PLACE

She sought to embarrass that government and bring its agencies into disrepute. And yet, like Snowden, she meant to improve rather than diminish the quality of American governance.

The US made it very clear in 1776 that the government is not synonymous with the People. It follows that a betrayal of government is not necessarily a betrayal of the nation. Contaminating ordinary criminal proceedings with the rhetoric of treason exposes undeserving citizens to gratuitously cruel punishments. Manning's 35-year sentence, for instance, is longer than that given to a US soldier paid by Iraq to spy on American forces during the Gulf War. Ethel Rosenberg merely typed her husband's notes.

Do remember the Rosenbergs and their 1953 execution. The casual conflation of "traitor" with "spy" or "criminal" is not a problem unique to the digital age. It is the product of a combustible political atmosphere, and a nation that has ceded its insistence on transparency to the rapacious demands of national security.

Deception, bad faith and espionage are not the legal or moral equivalent of treason. Nor should it be lazily invoked to intimidate public servants or legitimate whistleblowers. A charge of treason against Manning and Snowden can only be sustained by legal gymnastics and a pigheaded insistence on deterrence at the expense of justice.



ARING WITH THE BOYS

Matilda Surtees objects to sexism in electronic music

"I'm tired of creeps on message boards discussing whether or not they'd 'fuck' me," wrote electronic artist Grimes on her personal blog earlier this year.

Despite her incredible success, Grimes has been frequently forced to grapple with objectification, harassment and molestation. She also describes men making constant offers of 'help', treating her success as an 'accident', and performs as Sydney artist Moon Holiday, there is "a tiny representation of female artists, if any at all" on local electronic labels. Women are an estimated 7% of Ableton users, a software used to make electronic music. Holly Friedlander Liddicoat, who runs music blog East to West describes the electronic scene as "a boys club." Female artists are often sexualised and relentlessly gendered: their talent is forced



Grimes performing at Oya Festival this year. Photo: NRK P3 (Flickr)

insinuating that her gender makes her "incapable of using technology".

Her sharp critique cut straight through denials of sexism in the industry and in electronic music in particular. The differences between how men and women are marketed and received are not confined to one genre, or indeed one industry. However, the gender disparity in electronic music is especially pronounced.

According to Alexandra Ward, who

to share space with their looks, in both conversation and the media. Clichés of femininity colour how their music is perceived and their craftsmanship characterised.

Producer Alison Wonderland recently endured an 'interview' which was little more than a catalogue of sexual remarks dressed up as an extended joke about the interviewer's crush. Beginning with "so, you're really hot," the interview finished by describing her debut release

with a single adjective - and yes, that adjective was 'hot'.

Ward notes how "lazy words like 'songstress' and 'siren' get thrown around" to describe her as an artist, and how otherwise different artists are 'lumped' together "for no apparent reason other than gender". This dismissive categorisation reflects a wider tendency to trivialise or patronise female artists.

Electronic music is a technical medium, and technical competence is stereotypically gendered: little boys get trucks and tools and little girls get books and dolls. This can mature into an assumption that "women wouldn't get a certain type of music because of

Beginning with "so, you're really hot," the interview finished by describing her debut release with a single adjective – and yes, that adjective was 'hot'.

the technical ability involved in creating it," says Wade Gilmour, of record label the Finer Things.

It's not an inviting landscape for women. Often barren of female peers, "there is a normalcy to all-male rosters" among both labels and audiences, Friedlander Liddicoat says. Vic Edirisinghe, an Astral People founder, points out that male-dominated lineups are "a reflection of society and the market's taste".

Tim Newman, also of record label The Finer Things, explains that "it's not us saying no to female producers and artists". Instead, he describes "a lack of artists who align to what it is that we want to do." This gestures toward the more insidious causes of under-representation, such as the discomfort and apprehension of women entering a field largely empty of female

CRITIQUE

Both men express an optimism that this will change. Edirisinghe points out that Astral People have recently added two more women to their roster, which he hopes "reflects the changing of the times." Friedlander Liddicoat addresses the issue more directly, acknowledging that "there is definitely some misogyny in the [boys'] club." "But," she adds, "these gendered ideas are easily broken and breaking down."

Criticising marginalisation does not mean ignoring gender or asking women to suppress their sexuality, or femininity, in order to be taken seriously and avoid being objectified.

There is a difference between an artist choosing to incorporate sexuality into their image or music, and other people imposing sexualisation upon them. In this regard, the onus is on the audience, peers, and media to not perpetuate the stereotypes and sexist language that women in electronic music are currently faced with.

REPORT **KORMA POLICE** VICTIM COOKS WITH FATHER

CASE NUMBER: HS2013DAD NAME: ISOBEL YEAP

STATEMENT: The other day I was in my kitchen helping myself to a glass of water when my dad, who was cooking dinner said, "Excuse me, Isobel, how many potatoes do we have?" Usually he would look himself, but recently his retina detached so currently he can only see out of one eye. I went to the potato basket and said, "We have two mini ones and two huge ones." Then I brought them all to him.

"These are not huge potatoes! These are sweet potatoes!" he cried, "I am so embarrassed that you are my daughter!"

The following week he decided that since he could see out of only one eye and had taken time off work we would do some father-daughter bonding time during which he would teach me life skills. "Today I will show you how to bake my favourite cake. The somewhat prosaic title of this cake is 'Olive Oil Cake'. I think a lot of people might find this gross. They might say, "EW YUK A CAKE MADE OF OIL." To avoid this, I suggest you use euphemisms. Let's just call this 'Zest Cake'.

"Cool. Okay."

"First we must grease the pan. You must take this baking paper and trace around the pan using a non-toxic pen."

"Is this pen toxic?"

"No."

"Cool. Okay."

"Next we must beat the seven egg whites. Always use a bowl that is bigger than you would like. Now beat the eggs into stiff peaks in a swooping motion. Pretend you are like a bird swooping into a wave. No, not like that. Pretend you are like a bird. Yes, better."

"What do I do now?"

"We must let the egg whites rest in a cool place. No, not there, that is in the sun. Yes here, in the dark corner next to the plastic bag full of shredded paper.

"Dad, can you please get the sieve. We need to sift the flour."

'We actually don't have a sieve. I think using this colander would be better than

nothing."

"I disagree. I think using the colander would be the same as nothing. Giant spaghetti strands have been known to escape that colander. Let's just put the flour straight in."

"Okay. Good executive decision! While you are beating the egg whites, I will quiz you on facts about cooking. In



Exhibit A: victim's injury

Masterchef, what do most chefs say their favourite cooking implement is?"

"That's easy. Bowl."

"WRONG! Wooden spoon."

"But how can you mix things with your wooden spoon when you don't have a bowl?"

"I don't think bowl counts as an implement."

"Cool. Okay."

"Now we must grate the lemon and orange zest for the zest cake." At this point he handed me a large grater and I proceeded to injure myself.

"I'm bleeding everywhere."

"Yes, now please mix those ingredients together while I lick this bowl."

"Why would you want to lick that bowl? All it contains is flour and olive

"Mmmmm yum! This batter is nice!"

After this we put the cake in the oven and he went out. Then my mum came in and said, "Have you considered using our dog as a foot warmer? I know he is small but when he sits near my feet, I just sort of put my feet in his armpits and that is very warm."

"Food for thought, mum. Thanks."

At this point dad appeared out of nowhere. "That's gross!" he said to mum. She shrugged and walked off.



SRC

Moving On

So you want to move out. What should you do? Here is some information on ending a rental agreement

Are you going to complete the length of your agreement?

Refer to your original contract or lease. It should state an end date. If it is a contract you should be able to give notice to your landlord equivalent to the frequency that you pay rent, that you are moving out on the end date. Sometimes contracts will have a clause about the fee for ending the agreement early. If it is a lease this amount of notice is either 14 days (fixed term agreement) or 21 days (continuing agreement). Notice should be in writing. This does not include text messages and may not include text. It is best to send this by letter. Allow 4 days extra for mail to arrive.

What if you want to leave early?

There is usually no problem leaving a rental agreement early. You will usually have to pay four or six weeks worth of rent, depending on what percentage of the agreement you have already completed. Sometimes you can find someone to take your place in the agreement to avoid paying this money. The replacement person has to be a "reasonable" replacement. For example, you need to have a similar capacity to meet rental payments and the other person should have a good rental history.

When am I considered to have left?

You have only completely left your accommodation when the landlord (not another tenant) has received all

copies of all of your keys and other doorlocking devices (like swipecards). You also have to provide "vacant possession" which means all of your belongings have been moved out.

What if I want to move out and my housemates want to stay?

You will need to find a replacement for yourself. If you are on the lease or contract have that changed before you go. If you are on the lease, regardless of whether you live there, you are legally and financially liable for the condition of the premises. Make sure you keep a copy of the new lease or contract to show that you are no longer on there.

How do I get my bond or deposit back?

After you have moved out take photos to show the condition of the accommodation. This is to avoid disputes with the landlord's assessment of the condition of your accommodation after you moved out. The cost of any repairs or cleaning will come out of the bond or deposit. The rest of your bond (leased property) should be returned in the form of a cheque or electronic transfer from the Department of Fair Trading. Deposits placed on contracted properties are less regulated. Make sure you have your receipt to prove that you did pay it in the first place. If there is any dispute about getting back this money talk to an SRC Caseworker.

Ask Abe

Dear Abe,

I am on a Youth Allowance payment and I also work a casual job with varying hours. Sometimes I receive the full payment just under \$500, but other times I get much less than that. I heard that there is some sort of banking system that affects the amount of money I get, but I am very confused by all of this. Could you please explain why my payments vary?

Nursing Student

Dear Nursing Student,

The banking system you are talking about is Centrelink's way of keeping track of the extra money you are earning. It is called the Student Income Bank. Each fortnight you are allowed to earn \$405 without any reduction in your Youth Allowance. If you earn less than \$405, the left over carries over to the following fortnight. For example, if you only earned \$105 in the first fortnight, you will be allowed to earn \$705 (\$405 + \$300) in the second fortnight. This process keeps going until you've accumulated a maximum of \$10,100. I think your Youth Allowance payment is reduced when you have earned more than your Student Income Bank. Your Youth Allowance payment is reduced by 50 cents in the dollar for amounts between \$405 and

\$486, then by 60 cents in the dollar for income over \$486. If you are unsure about whether you have been paid the correct amount, gather all your paperwork and talk to an SRC Caseworker about it.

Abe

The Ask Abe column has been a feature in Honi Soit since 2001. During that time, Abe, the SRC's welfare dog has provided advice to students about Centrelink problems, academic appeals, accommodation situations, shortages of money, University procedures and a variety of other situations.

Unfortunately on 21st June, 2013, Abe died. He was a few months short of his 18th birthday, and had lived a grand life, full of adventure and love. While the SRC is sad to have lost such a wise and insightful canine, we will continue to produce this column in his memory. If there are any questions you would like to ask send an email to: help@src.usyd.edu.au.



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- Domestric violence
- Insurance law
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Hello, readers! The editors of Honi Soit do not control the content of pages 21, 22 and 23 (normally pages 17, 18 and 19).

President's Report

president@src.usyd.edu.au

David Pink waxes lyrical on the role of the SRC in the resurgence of student activism



It feels strange to be writing this! Given this is my final report, I wanted to reflect on the tremendous achievements we've had over the past two years.

The SRC is a very different beast to the one I first became involved in. In my first year the SRC had been following a long course of being mostly concerned with the delivery of services to the student body - legal assistance, social work, secondhand books, etc.

These are valuable in and of themselves, but they neglect the true role of a student union, which is to organise the student body and campaign for student rights. A lot of first- and secondyears getting involved in the SRC this year have no idea just how 'dead' student activism was in NSW when I came to uni in 2011.

This was the scenario: there was this strange mythology about the 3000-strong anti-VSU demonstrations of 2006 which viewed them as a glorious but bygone era of student protest, now as historically distant as the moratoriums of 1970s Vietnam War activists.

We were told that students no longer engaged with these sorts of tactics. The SRC didn't organise rallies anymore. Its most recent demonstration had been in 2009 and was a flop: a 50-person march down George Street about student hunger which garnered little to no media attention or raising of student political consciousness

The National Union of Students still organised so-called 'National Days of Action', but they had degenerated into 'noodle day' and the farce of my first year which involved a patronising sausage sizzle and the handing out of novelty cheques.

The enviro collective was still strong, and the anti-racism collective still did good work, but there was no broadbased education movement on campus. Students, even in the Arts and Law faculties, didn't have any idea the SRC

As an Education Officer at the SRC I was part of a team of people, including Tim Scriven, Freya Bundey and Evan Gray, who wanted to see the SRC transform into a mass campaigning union, which could mobilise thousands of students out to rallies and actions, empower and train people as activists, and co-ordinate students so they could take an active role in grassroots community campaigns run with the backing of the SRC's huge financial resource.

I helped set up the Education Action Group (EAG), which had not met for two years, and in the wake of the university's announcement of cuts to staff we opened up the direction of the campaign to any student who wanted to

We had literally no existing practice to go off, but the experiment worked. By having weekly meetings, daily stalls, lecture bashes, petitions, leaflet bombing and flyering against the cuts we turned out a thousand students to a demonstration within the first few weeks of semester.

We occupied the Dean of Arts' office, then tried to occupy the Senate. There had not been an occupation in 10 years. The EAG started having meetings of 50 to 80 people and became an absolute powerhouse. The campaign worked and we helped save hundreds of staff from losing their jobs. Campaigns that actually worked were virtually unknown at that stage. This is all common practice now. Our alliances with staff unions, the NTEU and CPSU, have been absolutely essential. As we saw in the strikes, when staff and students unite we are unbeatable.

What we have now is a mass, campaigning union which students know about and actively participate in. We're not at the 1970s yet, or even the 1990s, but we're on the right course.

Now for the thank yous.

My biggest thank you goes to Casey Thompson. You have been an absolute powerhouse as Education Officer. You are literally the most organised activist I have ever met, the hardest working, the most consistently capable at getting things done. There is no one more principled than you. There is not a single person more politically certain about what she believes in. Thank you for being an amazing partner and a fantastic student activist, a committed socialist and a daring fighter. I hope that we will be fighting together for the rest of our lives.

My second biggest thank you goes to my ideological inspiration: Tim Scriven. Tim, you are a creative and formidable intelligence, whose vision of a student movement which actually went out and organised demonstrations, occupations, and worked in a mass alliance between workers and students, is the absolute guide to everything I've ever done as an activist. You have helped me more than anybody develop as an individual, and discover my theory of change.

Thank you to all the other activists on the radical left I've had the pleasure to work with. Thank you to Evan, to Ed, to Tenaya, to Freya, to Erima, to Tom, to Kieran, to Brigitte.

You are phenomenal at what you do, and I have nothing but respect for it. Thank you to Dylan, Jen, John, Alisha, Robby, Todd and everyone else in Unity - I don't always agree with you politically, but you've got good hearts and you're wonderful people.

Thank you to Sydney Labor Students. I never thought that when all of us met in a Chinese restaurant at Haymarket, with a sick feeling at the bottom of our stomachs at everything wrong with NLS, that our dream of a more democratic student Labor caucus that cared about socialism and activism rather than careerism, would actually be realised. Despite the headkicking, we're still here and no one will ever move us. I'd like to thank all the old hats, from Max, to the other Max, to Leon, to Jeremy, to Pete, to Alex, to the other Alex, to Chari, to Seb, to Sam, to James, to Georgia, to Harry and to Vivian. I'm inspired by our first-years, like Pip, Max H, Chiara, Oliver, Naaman, Kenan, Harry and everyone else (sorry to anyone I've missed!).

Good luck to Jen as Pres next year. You have a huge job, but I'm sure you'll be a fantastic student leader. Don't take anybody's flack. You'll kick ass.

Disabilities and Carers' Officer's Report Sarah Chuah gives us the run down on how to register with Disability Services at USYD

disabilities.officers@src.usyd.edu.au



It has been a huge privilege being involved with the Disabilities & Carers Collective this year. Representing the interests of students with disabilities and highlighting carers' issues in higher education has been incredibly satisfying, and meeting so many wonderfully strong, exceptional students who identify as having a disability along the way has been rewarding and inspiring.

As you are probably aware, 'disability' comes in many forms, and is an umbrella term for any impairments, activity limitations and participation restrictions that arise as a result of a mismatch between personal, social and environmental circumstances.

The experience of 'disability' is lessened in an environment that accommodates for impairments. The majority of disabilities are not visible because in addition to physical disability, impairments may also be intellectual, psychological, neurological, medical, learning or sensory based.

At Sydney University there are around 1700 students registered with Disability Services. This figure is less than the total number of students identifying as having a disability at enrollment, which means it is likely that many students may not getting the support and provisions they need and are entitled to. Reasons for this are varied, but may include a fear of stigma or a reluctance to disclose information about the nature of their impairment.

If you are a student who identifies as having a disability, we would love to hear about your experience studying at Sydney University. We are collecting data through a brief online survey (accessed via www.srcusyd.net.au/disabilitiesandcarers). You DO NOT NEED to be registered with Disability Services to complete this survey.

This anonymous survey data will be used to communicate students' experiences and opinions with the University to inform policy and decision-making.

If you haven't joined us before, please come along to our last meeting for the year on Wednesday 30 October 12 pm at New Law School Seminar Room 442.

Carers will also meet for the last time in Week 13, with day and time to be confirmed. If you would like to be involved, send me an email for more information.



Education Officer's Report

education.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Tenaya Alattas defends the importance of un-glamorous grassroots activism

Of significance this year to the education department has been the 7 days of industrial action undertaken by staff at Sydney University.

There are many tensions inherent in the traditional narrative given by the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) and other SRC office bearers including assumptions about the desired return to some previous golden age, or the problems of a promised future itself. More so is the lack of ability to respond reflexively to this period of (class) struggle in anything but a celebratory light.

What one loses in this is the fact that many students failed to engage or even understand the basis of their staff on strike. This is not because students are stupid, apathetic or lacking in empathy.

But for many a student of more pressing concern is: Where will we live? How will we be able to afford such expensive rent in Sydney? How will we find jobs that pay enough so that we can enjoy ourselves and still live in comfort? Will we pay for rent or food this week? When will we pay back our student

debt? How?

So, who's at fault for the poverty of student movement? Are the student politicians to blame whose activism propped up conveniently around election times? A spectacle largely consisting of drab bureaucrats-in-training seeking to undercut each other on who could deliver the most alcohol.

Is the left to blame? Did the pickets begin to feel like the ritualistic repetition of demonstrations without purpose, a rally or march, operating under a logic of registration of dissent, that if somehow the right number of voices were raised, we would change things.

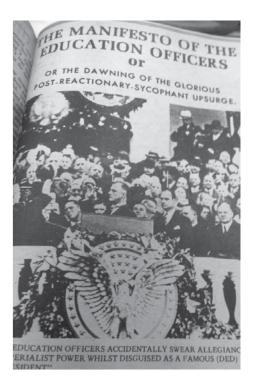
As Education Officer I think it is important to impress that as a student at Sydney University, we have #nofuture. This is not as mighty or noble an idea of immiseration, nor is it a lofty ideal espousing a return to times once past of #freeeducation. Rather it's the sober acknowledgement that 'housing, higher education, debt, no future, your life getting worse forever, unless we do something together as a political project #jdemoley". Privatising debt, deregulat-

ing fees, precarious insecure casualised employment (like that of our teachers) or minimum wage, no collective bargaining and no safety net.

Given that one of the first effects we'll see from the Abbott agenda is a widening inability to meet basic costs of living, this means projects like eviction resistance, food projects, simple, less glamorous activities which are nevertheless the heart of building an effective resistance.

Lastly I would like to express my solidarity to all those arrested during the strikes. With 17 arrests, 11 court trials it not just the charges themselves, nor the outrageous prospect of being jailed for having the temerity to protest but the suspension of life between charge and verdict which is punitive.

Many of those arrested at the strike have not yet faced trial, meaning extraordinary gaps between charge and trial process. In this time, the very possibility of a future, a life, the ability to travel, or to study is suspended. So even if we have #nofuture as part of the left we must come to understand how vital it



is that we defend those victimised by the courts, deprived of their liberty, that we do not sit licking our wounds. The strike is not ever over. So, on December 2, 3, 4, 9, 10 and 11 come to the Downing Centre to demonstrate solidarity with those arrested.

General Secretary's Report

general.secretary@src.usyd.edu.au

Dylan Parker's last ever report!



So now that it's my very last report I thought it worth looking at some of the wins the SRC had for you this year. It's your money so you should know what I've done with it. Just to name a few:

We've expanded our casework service and kept an additional caseworker on so there are more people sticking up for you.

We've increased our free legal service hours by over 40% so you now have more access to a lawyer than ever before.

We've brought activist budgets to their highest level since VSU so we can keep the University and Abbott to account.

We've negotiated a fairer deal while remaining affiliated to the National Union of Students so you have a voice on the national scale.

We've also added a free migration agent so International students get a better deal.

These are just some of the things

done this year. Yet all of this has been in the context of steering our organisation through an inherited funding cut of over \$70,000, spiralling staff costs, and diminished bookshop revenues.

That's why I'm really proud of our SRC this year because in a tough context where it always hard to say no we've managed to expand our services yet make sure we are on a sure footing for the future.

Women's Officer's Report

usydwomenscollective@gmail.com

Hannah Smith invites wom*n to Reclaim The Night in 2013

Hi all!

A quick update on what the Wom*n's collective has been up to in the last few weeks of semester.

Last week, we held Knightess, which is a wom*n's performance night aimed at redressing the underrepresentation of wom*n in the performing arts.

It was held at Hermann's bar and was a fantastic night of music performances, drama and poetry. It was widely attended and was a great way of getting wom*n's voices out there as well as raising the profile of the women's collective.

We also recently voted to put an asterisk in the place of the 'e' in women in

order to make our collective more inclusive. There will be more information and explanation around this decision at a later date.

Being the end of the year we also voted on new wom*n's officers, Congratulations to our new representatives who you will be hearing from soon.

What is noteworthy is that our collective had it's first contested election in recent history, We believe this is a testament to the strength of Wom*n's Collective and the passion of the wom*n within it.

Finally, some of us are in the final planning stages of Reclaim the Night which

will be held this Saturday, 26th October. If you are available to come along, please do. Reclaim is an annual protest against violence against wom*n and has been organised by two fantastic Sydney Uni wom*n this year.

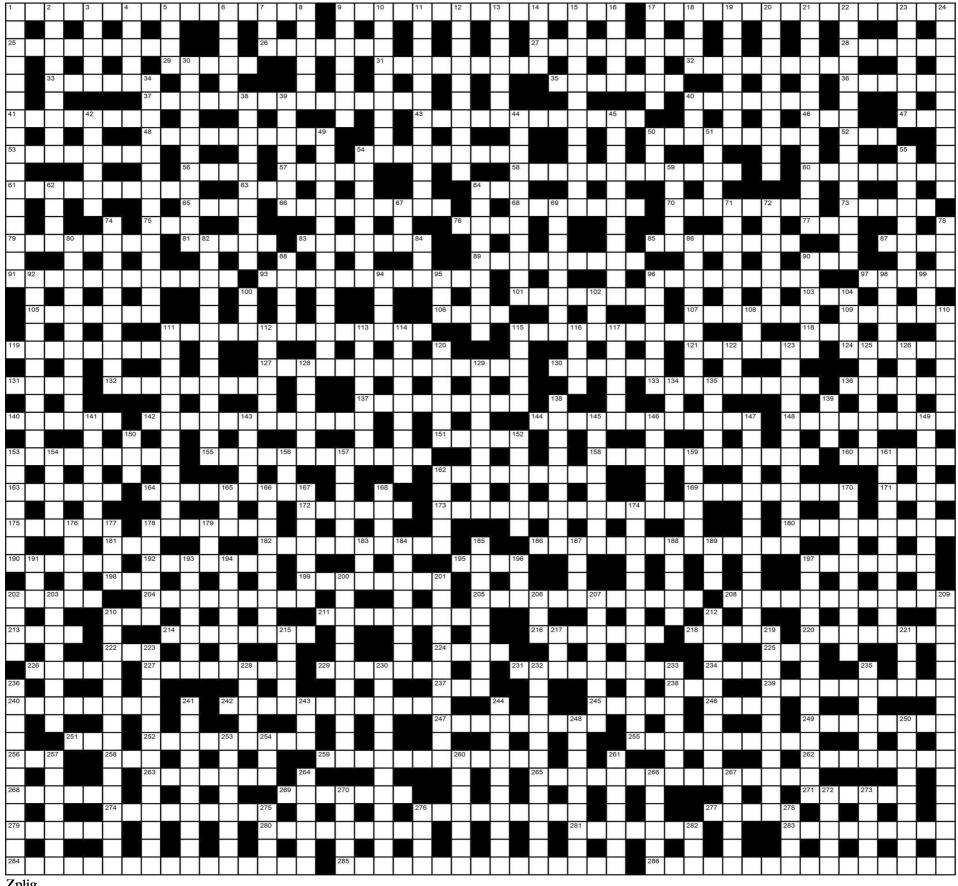
It will begin with a picnic from 3.30 at Prince Alfred Park, Central and feature fantastic performers and speakers. The march will begin at approximately 7pm and will be an autonomous wom*n's march

Once again, if you wish to get involved or have question, feel free to get into contact with us at **usydwomenscollec**tive@gmail.com



@honi

huge fucking crossword



Zplig

ACROSS: CRYPTIC

- 1 Our university is, say, heartless, a retro conclusion, and intrusive about unknowns sheltering
- 9 Odd members removed from Texas with severe ill endemic - I will hide from TCM perhaps? (7,8)
- 17 Majestic priest hit hard the old time teller
- 25 US navy attack of us harboured It is morally offensive! (9)
- 26 Non-believer makes for a believer! (7)
- 27 Strange of a virtue to become preferred? (9)
- 28 Allow a computer from 2001 be deadly (6)
- 29 Kind of cycle of me leaving after using urinal
- 31 Schedule new trainer in one year (9)
- 32 Alien hater, East, hides in broken 79A (9)
- 33 Propelling wonder inspiring sounds (6)
- 35 The wife's oddly strange around Hollywood?
- 36 It may be Chordata is found to be Afro-Asiatic (maybe) (6)
- 37 Train king with 28A revolutionary way of solving problems (7,8)
- 40 Uniter of ice-cream and berry essence... (7)

- 41 ...funnily it is a rum dessert (8)
- 43 Weird mourners hop out full of promise, not expressing sorrow (12)
- 46 Heard to observe a limitless quantity (3)
- 47 Private parts of Woodrow Nelson (3)
- 48 For example, bin Laden and Sanchez stir resort construction (10)
- 50 Peacekeepers' confused like a wild horse? (9)
- 52 A yearning for Asian capital (3)
- 53 Perpetuate entire redevelopment with subtle extremes (8)
- 54 Speak impiously of God, sheep and lamb getting exotic! (9)
- 56 Listen, I will go to a vacation spot! (4)
- 57 I'm bisexual for a poet's feet (5)
- 58 Demagogue weirdly belabours the Queen, around the Right (6-6)
- 60 Joker consumed nitrogen for a mobster (8)
- 61 Course summaries sally new public transport systems (10)
- 63 Cool devotee (3)
- 64 Signal caused missing seconds (3)
- 65 Trained pigeon initially ran out to originating
- 66 Crazy, tall and angry the qualities of being

- 68 Minxes lose it about key observer cruciverbalist? (7) 70 America left Uzis for Master's odd bowmen
- in Rhodesia (8)
- 73 Player is more willing to face danger (5)
- 75 Dismiss a hacker? (3)
- 76 Objective male is on record for support, e.g. (4)
- 77 Retrospectively; have a meal in the approximate arrival time (3)
- 79 Doctor Who and Superman are both found to change in these? (5,3)
- 81 CSI do dance to SNF music (5)
- 83 Unpalatable lapel design is less popular? (3-4) 85 Einsteinium removal from spleen carried out strikingly fine (8)
- 87 I would eat, but not finish, a noodle creation?
- 89 Make specification to angrily sue sitcom (9)
- 90 Tool's loud offensive woman (3)
- 91 Perhaps I roam about mega unreal reconstruction around nightmare's start? (5,7)
- 93 What occurs to hearts of entire specie evolution around lakes' head? (5,7)
- 96 Admires a mad model perhaps put into a

- 97 Puff up a dirty blemish outside (5)
- 101 The end of the world will change moods in 24 hours (8)
- 103 A remote control bow (3)
- 105 Kind of deviant affected said ways (7)
- 106 Chances are downing LSD does give the solution! (4)
- 107 He was consumed by a New Earth flower family? (7)
- 109 Revolutionary braved swiftly, for example
- 111 A supporting piece actor gave back nothing to the company, and leading-man emptied the past President! (7,7)
- 115 Doctors hear effervescence by one irregular canister releasing watered insides (10) 118 Be better than the most upper section (3)
- 119 Irrational number over an odd integer by speed of light is relating to $E\left(9\right)$
- 121 Crush and love quietly bring together (7)
- 124 Flick through an old document (6)
- 127 I'd make drug incitation about a key act of designating (14)
- 130 USU Japanese club was a bigwig product!
- 131 Impart skills without a smart school? (4)



- 132 Ex-PM's new drunk drive review initially out... (5.4)
- 133 ...belittled Switzerland and Peru it's in a need of change! (9)
- 136 An easy task for bishop to re-seize without Southern one (6)
- 137 Caesar composed a poem in 02 and 03? (4,5)
- 140 Winter Olympics event was violently close around left loop (6)
- 142 Mystical heap perhaps? (12)
- 144 A ring before the bullets exercise power? (4,3,5)
- 148 In anticipation raise nickel and nitrogen starting costs in a deviated regular section (2,7) 151 As a precaution remove exotic headgear for
- old Peruvians (5) 153 Someone in space is loud when in a vehicle giving off gravity and oxygen (9)
- 155 Consumption of Yttrium and thyroxin chosen functions of a part of Gatorade? (12)
- 158 Perplexingly tamper with a bank lady's limbs (12)
- 160 Engaged in the redevelopment of Iran, e.g. (2,4)
- 162 In a terribly evil manner he nosily shifted around a pub's interior (9)
- 163 Old Iran is back in the early Ptolemaic era (6)
- 164 A vicious reptile showed in a beginner plaintiff, for example, dropping computers (9)
- 169 Artificial compound is not true independent of experience and facts (9)
- 171 Yearn for some teachers! (4)
- 172 Power is found in the French Gyre Order (6)
- 173 Unchanging in pole position You can't go back here! (14)
- 175 Narrow passages in the Bermuda isles (6)
- 178 Shifty spy and Agency leader preserve in sleep wear (7)
- 180 Contest worker party form? (9)
- 181 Tabloid topic is back in Doofus' substance? (3)
- 182 Greatly drunk act organised something found in a movie? (10)
- 186 Regarding modern era promotions; adapt and move to spots for clients (9,5)
- 190 Businessman or a plaintiff? (6)
- 192 A kismet re-creation is a fault (7)
- 195 Reduced by the French Secret Service (4)
- 197 Violent act in interruption period about a railway (7)
- 198 Big time Egyptian god followed Egypt's beginning (3)
- 199 Withdrawing help in Geelong outskirt about 100 (8)
- 202 Humpy beast arrived with the Left? (5)
- 204 Lynx may be donated or trashed! (9)
- 205 "Good pick of cards dude!" Most helpful assistant (5-4,3)
- 208 Opposition to innovation of prisoners put on TV with armies is strange? (12)
- 210 Observe Sweden's odd fellows? (3)
- 211 Adaptable like gold? (9)
- 213 Piece of glass causes distress, so I've heard (4)
- 214 Like a vampire, be unprincipled around a theistic leader (8)
- 216 An excuse for an early message (7)
- 218 Fake self a misdirection (5)
- 220 Mental student held with Capone (8)
- 222 Move to a part of India (3)
- 224 Punishment for SAlt coming back without a model on Habib's start (4)
- 225 6 letters finish that is to say... (3)
- 226 ... a rise in rate of director's order... (5)
- 227 ...being after odd comedian? (8)
- 229 Refined man leered oddly (7)

- 231 Treasures provided from riches he's created (9)
- 234 Strange mean of someone's reputation? (4)
- 237 'tis the contraction (3)
- 238 To be exhausted from bore (3)
- 239 Vote with regard to new reef put north? Sounds dumb (10)
- 240 Throw away a sound silencer for new FM fun within endless rules (8)
- 242 Jokers perform in exotic drag around 100 front stage! (7.5)
- front stage! (7,5)
 245 Heard volcanic output provides baby insect
- (5)
- 246 Track a deceiver moving backwards (4) 247 Road's tone is damaged by violent wind-
- 249 Stay dry in teleportation machine(prion not required) (8)
- 251 Speed is extracted from amphibians (3)
- 252 A cunning belief theory favouring government abolishment (9)
- 255 Assumption that I shy about Marijuana he's into (10)
- 256 247A contain a rocky hill (3)
- 258 Little helper shows self doubts finally leaving (3)
- 259 Anderson character dug luck lying around (4,8)
- 262 A president's life energy comes from a post sport party (5-3)
- 263 Adjusted with a way of thinking straight (7) 265 Undebatable university convenor trials
- fixed... (15) 268 ...Deep Blue for doing one do-over (6)
- 269 Writers I have briefed to being deeply thoughtful (7)
- 271 Latin America came in without godly worship? (6)
- 274 Gaping open hide broken with odour (9)
- $276\ \mathrm{Threw}$ away student number retroactively and asked for ID (9)
- 277 One magician provided conception (5)
- 279 More than one core clue in disarray (6)
- 280 Spell out from the beginning, forgetting 'O', with energy in a vocal expression (9)
- 281 Groups a fool ought to hear second? (7)
- 283 Sausage provides energy for each with forward motion when ingested initially? (9)
- 284 Measurement sphere follows us in NFL? (8,8)
- 285 Absence of purpose in sensing salesmen at sea (15)
- at sea (15)
 286 Possible framing material found for EU close call! constructed estate without initial

DOWN: QUICK

- 1 What you're reading, for example (7,9)
- 2 Extended discussion (9)
- 3 Young eel (5)

safety (9,7)

- 4 One-eighty (1-4)
- 5 Short rural poem (4)
- 6 Fix (6)
- 7 A Gershwin (3)
- 8 Jewish god (6)
- 9 Inferior imitator (7)
- 10 Relating to the use of irony (9)
- 11 Fire ____ (12)
- 12 Remarkable (10)
- 13 Printer mistake (7)
- 14 Uncertain (4)
- 15 Immune to attack (12) 16 Identical (5)
- 17 Formal clubs (6) 18 Summit (4)
- 19 Became smaller (8)



- 20 Abnormally (10)
- 21 Achieved with an extra year of study (7,6)
- 22 Skyrim, for example (4-7,4)
- 23 Shakespearean character (7)
- 24 Highest African peak (11)
- 30 Free from blemishes (11)
- 34 Part of the buttock (7,7)
- 38 Measures made to destroy planes (3,7)
- 39 Small amount (7)
- 40 Call for help (3)
- 42 Lunatic (6)
- 44 Too much light(photography) (11)
- 45 Impromptu (11)
- 49 4 over 5, or 5 over 6 (6,8)
- 50 One in Spanish (3)
- 51 Mr. T's group (1-4)
- 54 New York (3,5)
- 55 Work for (6,2) 59 Decompress a file (5)
- 62 Luxurious car (4)
- 64 Gradual increase in music (9)
- 67 Source of caffeine (3)
- 69 Popular board game (8)
- 71 Large bright handkerchief (7)
- 72 English, Scottish, Welsh, or Northern Irish
- 74 Big piece of meat (1-4,5)
- 78 Lure (4)
- 80 Extinct human (11)
- 82 Not suitable (13)
- 84 Colourful carp (3)
- 86 Highly offensive (9) 88 Device used to connect CPU to phone line
- 90 Valentine symbols (6)
- 92 Citizen Kane filmmaker (5,6) 94 Designer Chanel (4)
- 95 In favour of (3)
- 96 Forceful (7)
- 98 Fan (5)
- 99 Broadcast (3)
- 100 Pokémon star (3) 102 Part of equipment used for gliding over snow (3)
- 104 Hats (4)
- 108 Black gunk (3)
- 110 Accept as true (7)
- 111 Without intention (12)
- 112 Greedily (6)
- 113 Something often said to be dead? (8)
- 114 Richard III burial site (9)
- 115 Common piece of clothing (5)
- 117 Fancy tie (6)

116 Con (4)

- 120 Chinese meditative exercise (3,3)
- 122 Energy (3)
- 123 Mental problems in a child (7,5)
- 125 Movable house (7)
- 126 Large body of water (5) 128 More irritable (6)
- 129 Problem in philosophy (9)
- 134 Male pronoun (3)
- 135 Nuclear weapon (1-4) 138 Was logical (4,5)
- 130 Was logic 139 Taxi (3)
- 141 Cause to be smelly (American) (7)

147 Making a show of holiness (13)

143 Follower of Scar (5)

146 Really enjoys (4,2)

149 Garment holders (4,7)

- 145 Feminine (8)
- 150 Defective (3) 152 Flashy (6)

- 153 Shows up (7)
- 154 The year is split up into four of these for
- schoolkids (5) 156 First prime (3)
- 156 First prime (3)
- 157 Very famous person (6) 159 Stitched back up (6)
- 161 Kasparov, for example (11)
- 162 Wedge placed above some letters (5)
- 165 PE in America (3)
- 166 4D cube (9)
- 167 Ask to do something (7)
- 168 Lab jelly (4)
- 170 The ability to make new things (10) 174 Possibly Greek or Russian (8,6)
- 174 Possibly (
- 176 1000ml (5) 177 "No problem" (4)
- 178 Oil for the hair (6)
- 179 One fifth of a Shakespeare play (3) 183 Definite article (3)
- 184 Liquorice-flavoured cordial (8)
- 185 A female successor (9)
- 187 Money (4)
- 188 Wind instrument (5) 189 Piece of cloth (3)
- 191 Land of the Stars and Stripes (3) 193 Someone who presents things well (7)
- 194 For example, "I'm sorry" (7) 196 Droop (3)
- 197 Designed to fit everybody (3-4-4-3) 200 Requiring all your abilities (11)
- 201 Get very angry (2,9) 202 Cheat, in a way (4)
- 203 Having only one spouse (8) 206 Accident (3)
- 207 Mounds made by insects (8)
- 209 Someone who is quite wealthy (16) 210 Virgo, for example (4,2,3,6)
- 212 Self-service cleaner (10) 215 Bother (5)
- 217 "The Catcher in the ____" (3)
- 219 Eternal (11) 221 Essential (4)
- 223 To some extent (5,1,7)
- 228 Leaves, straw etc. used to protect roots of new trees (5)
- 232 Stringed musical instruments (5-7)
- 233 Agent for washing the hair (7) 235 Retro car (6)

230 Dracula's home (12)

- 236 Reddish-brown (5,6)
- 241 Very soft (10) 243 Philosopher's study (3)
- 244 Unfit to inhabit (10) 248 Make clear (9)
- 250 Member of Iroquois people (anagram: at a cursor) (9)
- 253 Disgrace (8)
 254 It would (3)
 257 Small structure resembling a rootlet
- (sounds like 'far beyond the norm') (7)
 260 Something done in tree that is followed by love? (7)
- 261 Joins the military (7)
- 264 "___ plan, Lisa needs braces" (6) 266 Authoritative rule (6)
- 267 Jean-Philippe composer (6) 270 "Get out" (5)
- 272 Beginning (5)
- 273 Actor Christopher (5)275 Big brass instrument (4)
- 276 Sandwich shop (4)
- 278 An epic (4)
- 282 Our sun (3)



BILL SHORTEN BEGINS COUNTING NUMBERS AGAINST BILL SHORTEN

Labor leader and numbers man Bill Shorten is reportedly telling nervous MPs this week that the party should dump Bill Shorten from the top job, lest the federal Labor Party face a crushing defeat on election day, the likes of which they haven't seen in weeks.

Amid growing concerns about his own leadership, Mr Shorten is said to have told MPs that his own unpopularity with rank-and-file members was "killing" the opposition's chances at the next election. due to his "undeserved" reputation for unseating party leaders. In an unprecedented move Mr Shorten has called a



press conference in the parliamentary gallery for late Friday to announce his change of support to rival leader

abrupt end, following a failed run for the top job that saw Mr Albanese only collect 62% of rank-and-file votes, well short of the 120% of votes required to outweigh factional backing.

Despite Mr Shorten's attempt to unseat himself, backers of the Shorten leadership within the Labor party have declared they will not give in without a fight, and will continue to canvas numbers and rally members behind Mr Shorten, even without Mr Shorten's support.

Mr Shorten has indicated he will spend his future time out of office working on his memoirs, running a client state with his mother in law, and undermining Mr Albanese from the sidelines.

Anthony Albanese, much to the dismay of the Shorten camp. This move comes only weeks after Mr Albanese's previous leadership bid came to an

THE SOIN **EXCLUSIVE:** BALLPIT OF DEATH

Tragedy struck last Thursday their catchy electro-pop." when Stuart Johnson, a first year Commerce student, was killed in the ball pit erected he had spent his first year of university perched wistfully on the sidelines, too crippled by self-consciousness to fully engage with student life. A few days before the incident, however, he had declared that he was ready to "dive right in to to his word and after plunging head first into the festival attraction, he suffered a fatal head injury.

unavailable for comment at the time, but it wasn't long before they had scheduled an event for the following day called, "Verge Presents: Stu's FUNeral feat. the Preatures". event's description knock you off your feet with ment."

While the funeral/concert became one of the festival's on the Front Lawns for the most successful events with 2013 Verge Festival. John-tickets selling out in hours, son's friends recalled that many are concerned that the murderous ball pit was only the latest instalment in the growing infantilisation of student culture. With ponies at the Humanitarian Fair and Christian-eating lions at Interfaith Week, it is felt it was only a matter of life on campus." He was true time before the trend turned deadly. USU administration have responded by pushing for a return to the more adultfocused events of the Verge Festival's early years such as The Verge Directors were the "Managing Mortgages in Manning" workshop in 2002 or the Impotence and Incontinence" exhibition of 2005. The USU's end of semester party "Waiting in Line Outside a Licensed Venue" is widely believed to be the first product invited students to "Help us of this new ethos but its first UNLEASH Stu's soul into the major test will be "O-Week cosmos before the Preatures 2014: Inevitable Disillusion-

UOW RETRACTS OFFERS, STUDENTS RELIEVED

Year 12 students across place at Wollongong, and I the state were relieved after was just like, 'what did I do to letters retracting their offers to the UOW, sources told The Soin. The University of Wollongong last In other news, Sydney Uniweek mistakenly sent early offers to 275 high school leavers.

One respondent told *The Soin*: "I got a letter offering me a

deserve this!', and then they retracted and it was all good.'

versity has continued to send monkey themed Valentine's Day cards to HSC students waiting on news about their applications.

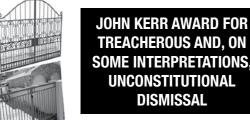


Foolish student ignores the inevitability of death by playing in doomed ballpit





2013 AWARDS FOR SYDNEY UNIVERSITY **EXCELLENCE**



TREACHEROUS AND, ON SOME INTERPRETATIONS, **UNCONSTITUTIONAL DISMISSAL**

Hannah Morris

President of the University of Sydney Union, Hannah Morris, was a key player in the - for now, attempted - dismissal of Vice Pres Tom Raue. Matthews or Waniganayaka will likely Malcolm Fraser his position. •••••

AUGUSTO PINOCHET AWARD FOR BIGGEST RIGHT-WING **COUP**

Jennifer Light

Student Unity member Jennifer Light accidentally goes from member of Executive to President of the SRC. That's life, eh!

THE LAW LIBRARY STENCH **OF IMPROPRIETY AWARD**

SUPRA

SUPRA Pres abruptly retires. Our emails go unanswered. Nothing to see here.

KLEENEX TWO-PLY EXTRA LENGTH SCENTED AWARD

BULL

We assume. Someone who read it told us that.

TONY ABBOTT'S CABINET AWARD FOR FEMALE REPRESENTATION

Incubate

One woman out of fifteen. Lots of money, not much gender diversity.

THE 'SURVIVED AN **ICEPICK IN THE HEAD' AWARD FOR THE MOST** INTENSE TROTSYKIST **GROUP**

Socialist **Alternative**

Holy shit, they're back. The infamous Trots were gone for a few years, but have been revived at USYD by an ex-Monash student doing a second Arts degree.

TONY ABBOTT AND PETA **CREDLIN AWARD FOR DIVISIONS AT HOME**

NLS/SLS split

Sometimes shit gets so real you just need to be with someone else.

JESSE JAMES MEMORIAL AWARD

SUSF

No one does highway robbery like our 'student run' sports organisation.

LUCIFER AWARD FOR FALLING FROM GRACE

Harry Stratton

Rising star of National/Sydney Labor Students, SRC Welfare Officer, candidate for *Honi* – the good times, however, did not continue to roll. He was kicked off SEX, and lost preselection for Vice President, 22-7, to a first year. Ooft.

PAT MASSARANI AWARD FOR MOST LITIGIOUS STUDENT POLITICIAN

Tom Raue

As mentioned earlier, Tom Raue is taking the USU to THE SUPREME COURT. Let the games begin.

YOUPORN.COM DOUBLE PENETRATION AWARD FOR BEING FUCKED OVER TWICE

Jeremy Elphick

Something tells us running on lime green was his first mistake, and running on lime green again was his second. In a surprising turn of events, however, Raue's dismissal would mean he'd be replaced by Elphick on Board, causing a third loss as his soul implodes while trying to sit through a USU Board meeting.

THE JOINT ROB **OAKESHOTT AND TONY WINDSOR AWARD FOR** MOST IRRELEVANT **INDEPENDENTS**

•••••

USYD Indies

The 'Voice' Independents were once, arguably, the largest faction on campus. Now they have one councillor on the SRC and a fragmented support base :/

THE PRINCE GEORGE **AWARD FOR PRE-ORDAINED INFANT**

Jethro Cohen

We don't know what Cohen does, or who he is, or why he's so involved as a first year. All we know is he's destined to do something, somewhere, for some Society / the USU / the SRC / his CV.

HONI SOIT AWARD FOR BLATANT PROPAGANDA

USSC

The US Studies Centre is a mouthpiece for arms manufacturers, biotech corporations, the Murdoch press, and the White House. But they've got some neat guest lecturers!

CLIVE PALMER AWARD FOR SHIT TONNES OF MONEY AND NO SENSE

ST. PAUL'S ALUMNI AWARD **FOR TASTEFUL PARTIES**

SDA AWARD FOR MOST USELESS UNION

USU

TRIPLE THREAT: From Native American headdresses to a schoolchild themed party to a Day of the Dead party to not consulting the Indigenous community during their Indigenous Week to scabbing on the strike, the USU has caused fun times for us, frustration for others, and a lot of grief for itself.

KANYE 'NO ONE (WO)MAN **SHOULD HAVE ALL THAT POWER' WEST AWARD**

Astha Rajvanshi

Rajvanshi was President of the USU from 2012-2013, and is currently the Immediate Past President. She will also be an editor of venerable student publication Honi Soit from next year. Time will tell how this turns out. Read Honi next year for more updates. Wait, hold on.

> MADELEINE McCANN **HIDE & SEEK AWARD FOR MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE**

Andrew Potter

After the Dalai Lama debacle, the University's PR head Andrew Potter just...vanished. If you have any information please contact us.

NASAL DELIVERY SYSTEM LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD FOR INADEOUATE **STAYING POWER**

USYD Wi-Fi

Ever been so excited, so impassioned, so close, so very close – don't stop – yes, yes, almost there, FUCK... and then it just drops off? Then you've probably experienced the technological apocalypse that is Sydney University's wireless internet infrastructure.

> **KEVIN RUDD AWARD FOR MOST CENSORIOUS AND DESTABILISING FORCE IN** THE AUSTRALIAN **LABOR PARTY**

David Pink

The current SRC President David Pink was the lead architect of the split from National Labor Students into Sydney Labor Students. He was also a lead architect in censoring Vagina Soit.

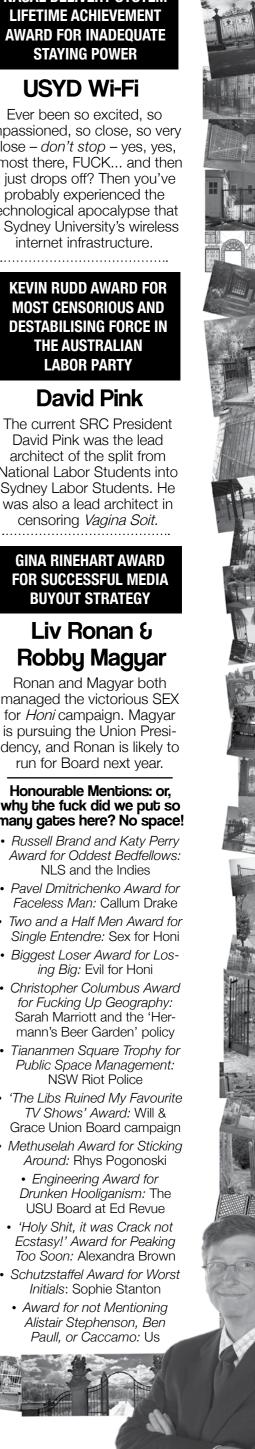
GINA RINEHART AWARD FOR SUCCESSFUL MEDIA **BUYOUT STRATEGY**

Liv Ronan & **Robby Magyar**

Ronan and Magyar both managed the victorious SEX for Honi campaign. Magyar is pursuing the Union Presidency, and Ronan is likely to run for Board next year.

Honourable Mentions: or, why the fuck did we put so many gates here? No space!

- · Russell Brand and Katy Perry Award for Oddest Bedfellows: NLS and the Indies
- · Pavel Dmitrichenko Award for Faceless Man: Callum Drake
- Two and a Half Men Award for Single Entendre: Sex for Honi
- · Biggest Loser Award for Losing Big: Evil for Honi
- · Christopher Columbus Award for Fucking Up Geography: Sarah Marriott and the 'Hermann's Beer Garden' policy
- · Tiananmen Square Trophy for Public Space Management: **NSW Riot Police**
- 'The Libs Ruined My Favourite TV Shows' Award: Will & Grace Union Board campaign
- · Methuselah Award for Sticking Around: Rhys Pogonoski
 - Engineering Award for Drunken Hooliganism: The USU Board at Ed Revue
 - 'Holy Shit, it was Crack not Ecstasy!' Award for Peaking Too Soon: Alexandra Brown
- Schutzstaffel Award for Worst Initials: Sophie Stanton
 - Award for not Mentioning Alistair Stephenson, Ben Paull, or Caccamo: Us



W.Syd

COMMENICY

Sardien.

Grand Opening

Friday 25th October 2013

1pm FREE LUNCH (Vegesoc)

Gardening Workshops

Garden Bed Painting

5pm FREE DINNER (ECOPSoc BBQ)

Live Bands and Drinks

Level 5 Balcony Wentworth Buillding University of Sydney

USYD Community Garden usydcommunitygarden@gmail.com

