

HOMESUIT



SEMESTER ONE WEEK THREE

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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 reading this, you are standing on Aboriginal land. Please recognise and respect this. We acknowledge both our privilege and our obligation to redress the situation as best we can: to remember the mistakes of the past, act on the problems of today, and build a future for everyone who calls this place home, striving always for practical and meaningful reconciliation.

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Editorial

I didn't vote in the last State election, despite being eligible (and legally obliged) to do so. Faced with a corrupt Labor incumbent and a heartless Liberal challenger, I didn't think it mattered much who won.

It did. Last year, the State Government announced a package of reforms to homelessness services and women's refuges in NSW. The reforms were complicated and confusing, wrapped up in the corporate jargon of consolidation and tendering and efficiency.

The reforms have severely compromised the support services available to those fleeing domestic violence. Some women's shelters lost their funding altogether and were forced to close their doors. Many more had

their management transferred from specialist providers to large, faith-based charities with limited expertise. And most of the shelters that remain are open only on the condition that they service all homeless people in their area. According to one estimate, the number of women's-only refuges across the state has fallen from 100 to 14.

'Women-only' refuges aren't the only specialist services to disappear. We also lost services that catered to women on the margins: those who are Indigenous, culturally or linguistically diverse, queer, transgender.

The NSW government called its package of reforms 'Going Home Staying Home'. When it comes to victims of domestic

violence, the name seems depressingly apt.

Unfortunately, the Baird government's 'reforms' coincided with federal cuts to legal assistance—Abbott's government cut \$15 million from the legal aid budget in 2014-15 alone. This will disproportionately hurt victims of domestic violence, who may require legal assistance to file Apprehended Violence Orders, or contest family law disputes.

It is deeply disheartening that State and Federal governments can cut these vital services with apparent ease. It also hints at a deeper social apathy towards the victims of family violence.

In this week's *Honi*, we hope to draw your attention to an issue that deserves more airtime. Turn to page 14, and read Astha Rajvanshi's feature on experiences of domestic violence on campus. Be sure to read the first hand accounts of family violence from five remarkable women who have shared their experiences. On page 17, hear from two women who worked as domestic violence crisis counsellors.

Like the State election, articles in student publications are not always talked about. However, chances are that the issues at the heart of both will have affected, or will affect, you or the people close to you.

Alex Downie



Credits

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Puzzles: Scribblex



On “Behind The Veil”

Dear Fatema Ali, and the Muslim Wom*n's Collective,

The feature by Georgia Behrens “We Are The Exotic Other, See Behind The Veil” was a life-changing insight into the perspectives of Muslim Wom*n at USYD.

I have found personally my interactions with Muslim Wom*n have shown me a passion to fight for a greater good, and a persistence that is simply immeasurable.

Whether it was organising parachute sized-banners that say “Refugees Welcome” and “Fuck the ALP” (circa Rudd and his PNG solution, July 19th 2013), engaging hundreds of Muslim students over cuts to education and welfare, or organising in clubs and communities on campuses, Muslim Wom*n have pushed the limitations of our society and will continue to do so.

I am overjoyed to know that Muslim Wom*n at USYD will have a space to support and empower their community. I only have positive stories of how collectives have supported me in my understanding and impact on the individual and the world. Get involved with two hands and let yourself begin this specific journey of self-determination and resistance with other fantastic people.

To those who aren't Muslim Wom*n, I encourage you to uncover your own ideas, behaviours and attitudes, learnt through the dominant hegemonies in our society of sexism and racism, and the increased impacts of Islamophobia. The way we can show solidarity and support to Muslim Wom*n is to listen, self-educate, and follow suit in shutting down those who'd continue to push Islamophobia as a manner of manipulating Australian society.

To those who identify as Muslim Wom*n, or would like to support intersectionality, feminism and empowered wom*n, I encourage you to join me in attending the Muslim Wom*n's Collective's launch (non-autonomous) on this Wednesday 12pm for three hours of celebration.

Andy Zephyr,
Arts/Social Work I

An Undercover Journalist

Dear Honi,

Contrary to Kerrod Gream's claims in his recent letter (‘A Fraction of the Truth’), I personally spoke to volunteers at the stalls of the Libertarian Society, the Conservative Club, and every group named in ‘At a Fraction of the Cost’. Yet none were overtly asked to comment for *Honi Soit* as the article was a work of undercover journalism. I told them my interest in their groups was personal, rather than journalistic, because to accurately report on the experience of OWeek recruitment I had to actually experience OWeek recruitment, not just political public relations.

That the article was researched through acts of undercover journalism rather than overt request for comment perhaps should have been mentioned in the article itself. As such I apologise to *Honi's* readers for not describing my methods more clearly.

Yours sincerely,

William Edwards
Arts II

An Inconvenient Truth?

Dear Honi,

Is Leigh Nicholson really suggesting that a few paragraphs of armchair reasoning from an undergraduate, attempted, student journalist is enough to dissuade readers from taking a scientific, peer reviewed paper seriously?

While some of the points that Nicholson raises about culture and society influencing perception of flirtatious behaviour are mildly interesting, the point of repeating the study in multiple—and hugely varied societies—was to counteract this bias. Nicholson's complete ignorance to this methodology as a tool to counterbalance societal influences is made even more infuriating by the fact that (s)he quotes an explanation for the repetition of the experiment that points this out.

Did she write the article while drinking and have a change of heart halfway through. It reeks of I'm a woman and society is mean to me—which compounds the largely misogynistic idea that women do not and cannot understand or partake

in science because we are too stupid and end up just complaining about how science is a field largely dominated by men.

As a science student I find this kind of arm chair drivel frustrating.

J Shaw

Science

Thoughts/ Feelings/ Opinions

impressed by grug on drugs this week.

Jim Clifford

Oops

Corrections from last week

Last week, we misnamed the Chancellor. She is called Belinda Hutchinson, not Belinda Smith. It is unclear why the author confused her second year lecturer with the University Chancellor, she sincerely apologises.

Apologies to Suvarna Variyar (Week 1) and Julia Clark (Week 2), whose names were misspelled.

Apologies to Maggi and Fantastic. Last week we ran an article calling into question the culinary basis for their oriental-flavoured instant noodles. Food Standards Australia and NZ have since emailed to clarify that “The descriptor ‘oriental flavour’ meets the requirements of the Code and indicates that the product is a noodle with a flavour”.

Farewell, Lisa

Due to academic commitments, Lisa Xia has resigned as an editor of *Honi Soit*. The decision was not made lightly, and we wish Lisa the best of luck as she pursues a scholarship at the Australian Film, Television, and Radio School.



If you have thoughts, feelings, or opinions please email editors@honisoit.com.



Lift, Off?

Redfern Station continues to fail disability standards, reports train correspondent Max Hall.

Delayed and slow progress on plans to install a single lift at Redfern Station has seen renewed calls for improved disabled access to the entire station.

The Transport Minister, Gladys Berejiklian, announced the installation of the lift on platforms 6 and 7 in January 2014. Berejiklian appears to have re-announced the same project in August before a tender process for its construction began in October.

The commitment to a single lift comes after several years of pressure from community groups. They argue that the lack of accessibility at Redfern is discriminatory as it forces disabled commuters, mothers with prams, and

some elderly individuals to travel to Central by bus before boarding a train. With fifty thousand customers a day, Redfern is the largest station in Sydney without full lift access.

While welcoming the current plan as an interim measure, campaigners noted that anything but full accessibility still places greater strain on individuals with limited mobility, by forcing them to switch trains a number of times. "What we need is the Government to commit to a timeframe for a full upgrade," said Geoff Turnbull, a spokesperson for community group REDWatch.

In 2013, over 800 pages of planning documents obtained by GIPA request from the NSW Government detailed

plans for a full upgrade of Redfern station. A preferred option was identified which would have closed the current entrances to the station and provided lift and stair access via a bridge spanning the centre of all existing platforms. These changes would bring the station into compliance with the Disability Discrimination Act and safety standards requiring multiple exits in the event of an emergency.

Turnbull expressed concern that the planned upgrade has been delayed so the Government can explore the possibility of commercial development above the station. It is likely that the redevelopment of the station to include residential premises or businesses would take more than a decade. The station would be without full disabled access for

that period.

SRC Disabilities and Carers Officer Sam Brewer suggested that the lack of progress at Redfern Station is indicative of the broader issue of providing equal opportunity for those with a disability. "How can we expect equality for people with disabilities if there aren't lifts on each platform in one of the most used stations in Sydney? The fact of the matter is you're segregating human beings from using an area that is a hub for student transport, the closest station to Sydney University."

The Government, once again, refused to fucking comment on my small time news story. I would like to thank the Academy.



Choose Your Own Adventure #4

A story started by us and continued by you.

This week from Nur Arina: You scramble to get your phone out; you know from experience that it's sturdy enough to take a bullet (2009 was, in a way, a wild year for us all).

Pulling the phone from your pocket, you're reminded of that distant year, 2009, when you learned your phone was bullet proof (but more on that another time). You had just started high school—a spring in your step, a scrunchie in your hair—and were excited to finally exercise some autonomy over your learning.

After five years of multiple-choice tests, being forced to take subjects with little or no relevance to your day-to-day life, and going through recurring periods of anxiety about your appearance that occurred in such proximity to one another they might as well have been waves on the shore at high tide, you were, of course, crushed. But in 2009 you still had some hope, and recall leaving class after your first day when you encountered a Fortune Telling Machine.

You place the two dollars of pocket money you had remaining (you spent the rest of your money on a Mumford and Sons album) in the mouth of the Fortune Teller.

Paper spits out: "Wheresoever you go, you will bring awful luck to those around you."

Spooky, you thought, riding your hee-lies home, but you soon forget about the fortune, sacrificing that information to

make way for a treatise on coastal erosion for geography class...

In the time it's taken to remember this, Frank's fist has managed to travel nine-tenths of the way towards your face. Just in time, you hold your phone up like a shield. Somewhere on campus, a first year Science student asks their tutor "what happens when an immovable object is hit with an unstoppable force" and the answer is *the phone wins*.

Frank's fist shatters on striking the Nokia. His wrist compacts and fractures forward, the way a car's front-end does on rear-ending someone else, and loose bits of bone and marrow and tendon spurt outwards. What have you done? Worse, the force of the fist striking the Nokia causes your Nokia to move backwards, striking you in the forehead. K.O... ..

—*Blergh!* You wake up to the smell of body odour, mountain dew, and elderflower.

"Here, drink some mead", says a bearded man wearing chainmail.

"Where am I?", you ask. Around you people practice archery, forge swords, and distil pheromones to attract fair maidens.

"We are the Creative Anachronists and I am Bog", says their leader heartily (come to think of it, everything they say is said heartily). "We found you festooned on the

I know I should care that the government has my metadata but I don't, because I don't know what it is

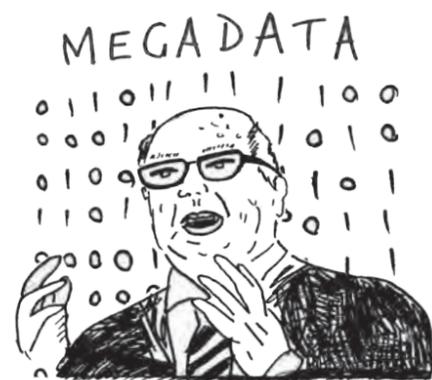
Anonymous speaks for all of us.

I am really left wing. I care about refugees. Sometimes I say I'm gonna be a vegetarian. But I don't know what metadata is. This makes me bad at being left wing.

I am angry about metadata because I care a lot about civil liberties. I say "Metadata. It's so bad. HANDS OFF!" But hands off what?! I don't know!

Sometimes I google it. This makes me more confused. Does the government know I googled it?

Maybe I will ask my friend about metadata. She is a vegetarian.



law lawns and returned you to vigour with the help of some Renaissance magic."

"Now that we returned you to health, we must ask something of you", says Bog. "We need someone to infiltrate the C&S Office and lodge these registration papers." In the distance, their soothsayer eyes

you suspiciously, and you can't dodge the feeling that you should actually enrol for university at some point.

What do you do?

Email a sentence or two detailing your next move to editors@honisoit.com and the finest entry will become the jumping off point for the next chapter.



MARCH

<p>18 FALLOUT Exchange Hotel 18-27 March</p> <p>RIHANNA DANCE CLASSES @ GOOD GOD DANCE STUDIO 6.30 & 8.30</p>	<p>19 ARTOO MONTH ART AT NIGHT all around sydney, from 6pm</p>	<p>20 -LITSOC- does POETRY SLAM Studio B 6:00PM</p>	<p>SHADES presents: APOCALYPSE 10pm, Exchange Hotel</p>
<p>21 Dreaming Beyond 10-5pm colours of Redfern</p> <p>Owen Pallett (OAF) 8PM STICKY FINGERS (ENMORE) 8PM</p>	<p>22</p> <p>MARCH IN MARCH TOWN HALL, FROM 1PM</p> <p>alliance française french film festival 2015 CLOSING NIGHT</p>	<p>23 There isn't much on today so maybe try: \$7 STEAKS @ Maming</p>	<p>24 Usyd's PRIDE WEEK 24-26 MARCH</p> <p>DJ YELLA 8.00pm @ O.A.F</p>

Reproducing History

Phoebe Moloney on abortion and white supremacy.

As a younger white, middle class feminist I used to almost relish the fact that abortion is still technically illegal in NSW. It was a fun fact to fling out at not-so-dedicated (or time-rich) friends and even at my mum; after all, it was a reminder that my cause was still relevant and tangible, because, you know, reproductive autonomy is a serious right, right? And of course being a very privileged feminist, illegal abortion was both serious and not serious: I had never met anyone who had been refused an abortion, or couldn't afford one or, god forbid, anyone who had been charged with a criminal offence.

I definitely didn't interrogate the reasons why abortion is still a crime in our state beyond the answers that had come all too easily to me at the time—patriarchy, #yesallmen, yuck, male doctors. If I had, I might have realised that legal and affordable abortion is not the only obstacle, or even the most important one, to people with a uterus achieving autonomy over when/if and how they reproduce.

While political and scientific discourse frames and reframes reproductive rights as solely a 'Women's Issue', this obscures the web of connections that link the regulation of people's reproduction to other policies of control. It also obscures the role white

middle class wom*n (like myself) have had in eroding many people's reproductive rights.

In Australia specifically, it was eugenicists (many of whom were also Australia's first feminists) between 1900 and 1930 who first campaigned for legalised abortion. Their ideal of 'Scientific Motherhood', aimed to secure the complete reproductive autonomy of white, middle-upper class wom*n, while at the same time forcing sterilisation upon Aboriginal wom*n and wom*n with disabilities.

As Angela Davis illustrates in her *Women, Race and Class*, suffragettes all over the world argued that making birth control a privilege for some and a duty for others would be an effective method of securing White Supremacy.

Forced sterilisation was never made official Australian government policy, but it has left its mark nonetheless. The last recorded case of sterilisation abuse in an Aboriginal community took place in 1988, however Aboriginal academic Larissa Behrendt says there is anecdotal evidence that the coerced sterilisation of Aboriginal wom*n still persists today. Removing children from Aboriginal families achieves similar goals to sterilisation, fracturing intergenerational Aboriginal communities

and reinstating colonial family structures. As Amy McQuire reported for *New Matilda*, 'Care and protection' orders pertaining to Aboriginal children have increased four-fold in the last nine years, with the numbers of children being placed with non-Indigenous carers increasing also.

The removal of children from Aboriginal families is a central reproductive rights issue because the desire to reproduce (white) race underlies the consistent denial of reproductive rights in this country. Malcolm Turnbull couldn't have explained it better when he bemoaned decreased fertility rates as the 'decline of the West.'

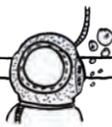
"It would be a remarkable irony indeed if at the peak of our prosperity and technological achievement, the human race, or at least the more developed parts of it, lost the will to reproduce itself."

Malcolm identifies the central panic behind Tony Abbott's so-called 'Abortion epidemic': the impending and growing need to source workers who are not from 'the West' and therefore not part of "the most developed parts of the human race". This concern is based on the same premises underlying the White Australia Policy—countries are not 'developed' or 'under-developed', people are.

The constructed frontiers, embedded in Malcolm's statements, stem from racism but also extend beyond it. Legal and illegal forced sterilisation of wom*n with disabilities occurs at exceptionally high rates in Australia today, compared with the rest of the world. Heinous in itself, this practice helps "cover up" sexual assaults experienced by girls and wom*n with disabilities. These wom*n experience the highest rates of sexual assault in Australia, followed by Aboriginal wom*n.

Practices that impinge on reproductive autonomy, such as the removal of children and forced sterilisation, also extend to the lack of positive rights in Australia, such as access to affordable childcare and healthcare (Medicare is restricted by visa status) as well as vague laws surrounding surrogacy and parenting rights. These circumstances exclude poor people, single parents, new immigrants and queer people from society's ongoing reproduction.

Yes, gaining legal and affordable abortion will contribute to reproductive autonomy in Australia. Pro-choicers should be aware, however, that leaving eugenic and discriminatory policies unchallenged will ensure the 'choice' to raise children or not will only ever be another privilege enjoyed by a privileged few.



Mardi Gras Through the Closet Doors



Anonymous talks about the other F-word.

Content warning: homophobia.

“I’m gay” is a sentence I have said exactly one time in my life. It was upstairs in the Holme Building, and it was horrible and stressful and an admission of guilt I have never been good at making. I am closeted (and will remain so) because of a religious upbringing, and because my friends and family who are not at all accepting—a sentiment they express freely and frequently. For reference, I am also aware that none of the ideas I am about to express are new. For reference, I am a cis white male (and thus my ideas and experience are more frequently expressed).

And part of me loathes Mardi Gras.

I boarded a warm train last Saturday wearing a linen suit with a tie and combed hair, and I’m hit with a wall of sound from a group of rowdy middle-aged couples heading to Mardi Gras. They’re dressed in colours and have been drinking. One woman compliments me on my suit, and another says that I “shouldn’t have any trouble getting some tonight”. Slightly taken aback, I go to thank the first, but her husband (holding hands, wedding rings) interrupts me, saying “not if he’s a fag he won’t, he doesn’t care where it comes from” and laughs. His friend, also laughing, says “he looks like one”.

Because I am ‘straight passing’ (I believe is the term), I am fortunate enough not to face this kind of homophobia very often. It left me reeling. I have only seen this

kind of group horror once before, and a carriage full of people came to the defence of the woman targeted. I am not so lucky, but the train soon fills, and I hide behind other passengers.

I hear a member of the same group comment on how cute a small child dressed as a fairy is. The he-looks-like-one man says that if she’s after fairies, she need look no further than Oxford Street on any day. This garnered a death stare or two, but no rebuke beyond a click of the tongue. I suppose no one was listening.

I ended up at Mardi Gras by accident, meeting up with a friend (to whom I am out) for a drink after another engagement, who decided I needed to go to ‘gay Christmas’. It was interesting, but I dislike it. It is garish and gruesome, in my opinion.

Mardi Gras seems to be an excuse for people to behave badly. And by people, I don’t so much mean queer people.

I was groped four times over the course of the night, but not once by a man. Each time by women. While this did not make me feel unsafe, it was not welcome. A muscular man much larger than me and holding hands with a woman (I am making assumptions about his sexuality), also leered at me. He jumped at me and told me he was going to fuck me up, and laughed at my recoil. I only interacted briefly with two gay men on the night—one said he liked my suit as he walked past; another said ‘hello’ and smiled, but

also continued walking. Both were polite, and neither of those situations made me feel uncomfortable at all.

I understand that Mardi Gras is an opportunity for queer people of all kinds to express and celebrate their sexuality, but it often seems like it is just an excuse for people in opposite sex relationships to get drunk and watch the gays. I find myself reflexively resenting straight people. I can’t help it. I wish there was something I could do to be one of them, but there isn’t. I’ve tried. And I find myself wondering why the one time of the year that is supposed to be about non-conventional sexualities turns into a good night out for straight people.

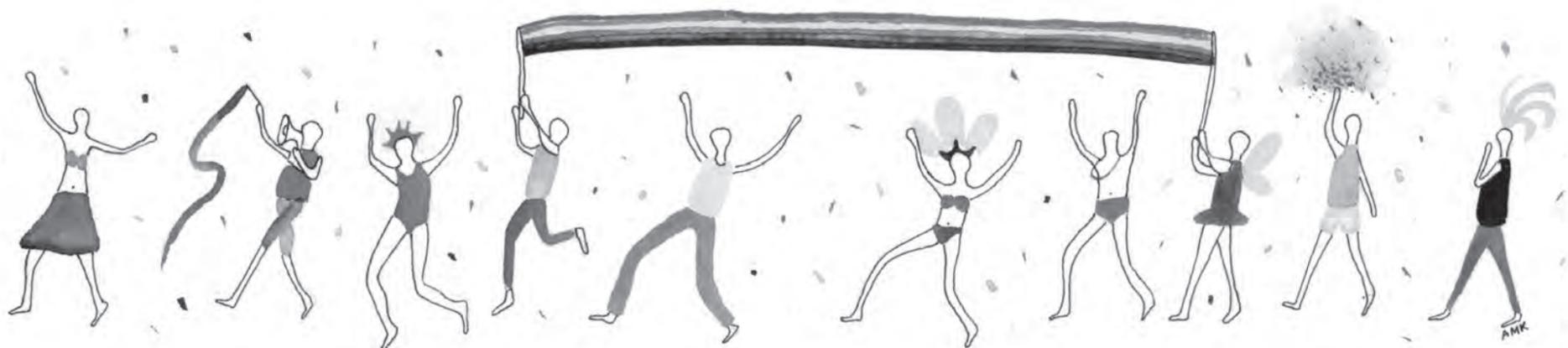
I had a friend say it was unfair that there is no straight Mardi Gras. I could barely contain my fury as I said that the last few hundred years of gay people being stoned, burned at the stake or otherwise reviled was straight Mardi Gras.

The recent launch of an ally network (whatever that is) encouraged the wearing of colourful clothing to a function to show support for the all-inclusive rainbow flag. This is part of the patronising garishness I mean—the fetishisation of who someone happens to be. You can’t go anywhere around this time without seeing glitter and rainbows and all sorts of gauche exclamations. All identities are valid, but these things are not the summary of every non-straight person, neither is it yours to cover yourself in for an excuse to party.

I understand that many queer people love Mardi Gras. And that is great, and anyone who can find expression or celebration in it should do so. It also encourages discussion and acknowledgement. I had the pleasure of standing in a park in a circle of wonderful people proposing a toast to the hard work done, hatred endured, and lives lost so that ‘we can live in a society where we can be gay and not be killed’.

I have been at this university for some time, and I have never experienced direct homophobia outside of a few isolated run-ins with religious students, but I have (unprovoked) been called faggot three times on King Street. I remember each time, and each is burnt into my memory. I used to say that I was grateful that I had it so easy at uni, but as someone recently pointed out, I need not be grateful for avoiding persecution.

The word faggot is most likely derived from a Greek word meaning bundle (of wood), and was, I have read, originally meant with the implication that gays were fit only for burning. This is a rarer idea nowadays, but is something I have had expressed to me personally. I can’t walk down a street holding hands without attracting looks. I can’t be who I am without it being something of a novelty to my friends. I am asked to go shopping with girls, for my style. I can’t tell my parents or the people I grew up with if I ever met a man. I can’t marry someone I love. I guess Mardi Gras just leaves me with a bad taste.



University Profiteering

The More You Know! (The Less I'm Paid)

Anonymous wants to teach you but also wants to have a career.

Over the course of my candidature, I've taught twice—this is more or less average for a keen PhD student in Arts—and each time my progress on the PhD slowed to a slug-like crawl. Halfway through one of those grim, war-room discussions about the progress of my PhD, my supervisor took in this fact, rolled it around in his mouth like whisky, swallowed it, and murmured: "It's a shame, really—I wish I'd told you not to."

"Why's that?"

"Well," said my supervisor, "professionally, it was probably a waste of your time. You certainly shouldn't do it again."

It turns out that, as much as Spence and his various sub-Spences make noises about 'excellence in teaching', and 'rewarding thought-leader-inspiring-creativeateers', the truth is that they, and more than a few senior academics think it's a waste of any serious academic's time. So much so, in fact, that I've heard a few younger members of staff saying they deliberately downplayed their teaching experience in interviews—they were to let nothing as frivolous as undergraduates stand in the way of their brutally efficient hunting, harpooning, and rendering down of research grants to make the university money and build its prestige.

The best way to prove this is to recall the staff cuts a few years back when we lost a number of brilliant teachers to an utterly

unprecedented and swiftly invented research output quota. If you'd been busy teaching instead of scouring the tertiary ocean for grants, you had to prove it. If you hadn't been doing enough, you were fired; if you had, you were, unless you promised to get back in the whaleboat right away, moved to a 'teaching-only' contract. Most academics, and the university, saw this as a demotion.

The whole process was designed, partly, to cut out the 'dead wood'—a phrase someone in charge unfortunately used in an email—and, in doing so, make an example to inspire the others. It might surprise the undergrads in the audience to know that the real business of the academic is to research—teaching, like oxygen, is just a by-product of the photosynthetic process of converting research into money.

Many grants allow academics to essentially outsource their teaching responsibilities to cheap labour so they can focus on research, produce books, and then scan the horizon for the next grant-whale, and so begin the cycle again. Like most outsourcing, this means cheapening the labour and cutting corners with the product. (Want proof? Feast your eyes on the HR department—the latest casualty in the university's war for/on efficiency). And this is where PhD students like me come in. You can hire a boatload of me for the cost of one Barry Spurr—and, as a bonus, we're either not a racist, or savvy enough to confine our racism to non-organisational email,

where it can be plausibly denied. We're also, crucially, desperate, grateful, and hard-working—we rarely cut corners. Like those who rowed the whaleboats, we're willing to heave away for terrible pay and brutal conditions, so long as, one day, there's a chance we'll get a go on the harpoon. Our purpose is to be foolishly idealistic, and, crucially, cheap.

How cheap? Well, if I have a class of twenty-five students, and each one gives me five dollars, I make more than the university pays me for my first tutorial (it costs more because I'm allowed some preparation time). For every tutorial after that, I make less—a class of 18 or so would more than cover it. If you've done the maths and think this is good money, you've done exactly what I did—you've been a fool. Included in this payment is an hour of consultation each week and all marking except exams. Worse, even though we're technically supposed to be paid more for marking if we have more students, our pay is calculated by the number of tutorials we take, rather than how many assignments we actually mark. If my colleague has four tutorials but fewer students, he or she still gets paid more than I do for doing less work.

Not included in this is answering student emails (how many times have you emailed your tutor this semester?), reading the required texts, attending or listening to the lectures, attending markers meetings, and just how demanding teaching work

is if you do it with any degree of passion and skill.

I recall an afternoon I spent, when I first tutored, being subjected to a lecture from a grinning dogmatist of Educational theory. As a part of the glancing and inadequate Tutor Development Program (what passes for induction and training for new tutors, of which only two hours is compulsory), this creature was wheeled in front of us to talk about marking. After gushing, briefly, about 'diversity' and 'constructive alignment', this person gave us the following advice about our paltry time allowances for marking: "I only bother to read the introduction and conclusion of an essay when I mark it; this is more than enough to give you a sense of it." And, just as the children would have, we attacked. How was it possible, several of us demanded, to get a sense of a student's potential without engaging closely with their work? How could we, as tutors, abuse our positions, or worse, treat what we did cynically? We emerged, twenty minutes later, victorious—new tutors fired with conviction—while our interlocutor laughed ruefully. None of us fully understood why the Education academic laughed at us; we put it down to nerves, or just wounded pride. We certainly never twigged to the fact that our moral stand was exactly what the university relied upon. Like a flock of Victorian brides on their wedding day, we were young, pure, zealous, and completely unaware that we were about to be fucked.

What Your Money Buys Them

Alexi Polden wants better value.

Our University lays it on thick, seducing potential marks with "the best student experience in Australia".

What they don't tell you (but should really be obvious) is that you're the one who foots the bill. There's no way much of our student life could function without the subsidy of the Student Services and Amenities Fee (SSAF) which students pay every semester. Generally, I'm pretty happy to pay.

The allocation of the SSAF fee is negotiated by a "student consultative committee" and

should be directed towards what students want most. In reality, the committee is student in name only. It is overseen by University suits, and both the USU and Sydney Uni Sport and Fitness (SUSF) send non-student corporate staff.

In 2014 full time students paid \$281 in SSAF, raising a total of \$12,970,000, \$2 million of which was allocated to a capital sinking fund, the rest was divided between student organisations. Of your \$281 dollars, the SRC got \$39, SUPRA \$29, the Cumberland Student Guild \$18, Student Support Services \$8, the USU \$83 and

SUSF a whopping \$104.

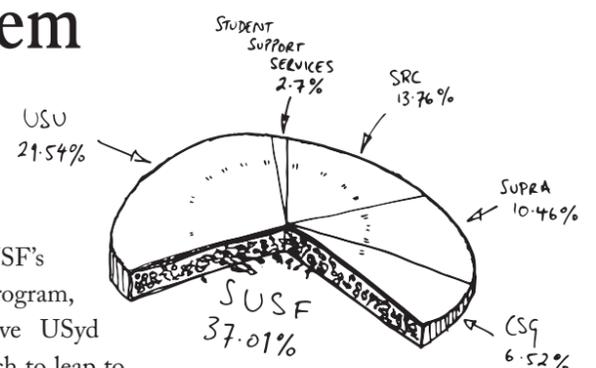
Unsurprisingly, much of SUSF's focus is its elite athletes program, ostensibly a scheme to give USyd students a pedestal from which to leap to the highest possible levels in sports.

There are only a few problems. First, SUSF doesn't just sponsor USyd students, something even they forget; in 2013 they mis-identified one of their star athletes as a Sydney student in a press release.

Second, for most students who don't have

their gym fees subsidised, SUSF's facilities are unaffordable, you're better off going to the gym at Vic Park pool.

Of course, none of that matters for University marketing. The SSAF allocation is being renegotiated—it's your money, you should get some benefit.





Is Your Heart in the Right Place?

Will Edwards defends the many colours of the political rainbow.

I have several friends who call queer Liberals “traitors”. I’ve done it myself—jokingly, I think.

But how does a queer person betray the community by being a Liberal? The most obvious answer would be to suggest Liberal policies are anti-queer, a suggestion Greens and Labors would “Hear, hear”, Liberals would robustly deny, and Family Firsts would laugh at.

Yet in some areas, Labor and Liberal policies aren’t so dissimilar, such that, by the same token, someone further left than the ALP couldn’t suggest a queer Labor is also a traitor. And it isn’t hard to find people still further left to decry Greens queer-related policies. Defined by party affiliation, treason seems weakly relative.

I don’t think it’s the brand which prompts the charge though. I don’t know any

Greens voters who call queer Labor voters traitors, nor any further left activists who call Greens voters traitors. The difference between a traitor and a person with different opinion seems to lie where, in popular political discourse, it so often does: the left-wing/right-wing demarcation.

It’s commonly assumed that queer people generally are—or should be—left-wing. And while some readers may be tempted to retort that everyone should be left-wing, non-queer people who profess right-wing preferences generally aren’t called traitors,



or asked “but how could someone like you think that?”

This assumption, as a form of stereotyping, is irritating to say the very least. But more importantly, the behaviours resulting from it are arguably pernicious.

Seated in the University of Sydney Union’s Queerspace, I notice a series of posters decrying aspects of the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict. I agree with them. Then I wonder how I would feel if I didn’t. If one took what is usually regarded as the

right-wing view on said conflict, would strong political messages agitating against their deeply-held beliefs make them feel less comfortable in what is supposedly their safespace? Is a safespace for all queer students an appropriate venue for partisan activism that not all queer students support?

These are questions I don’t have answers to. Yet it seems the main reason left-wing queers think behaviours which alienate right-wing queers are acceptable is because of the assumed queer-left relationship. “Either everyone in the community already thinks the way I do, or they should anyway.”

Queer leaders, coordinators, officers, et al. undeniably have a duty to promote the wellbeing of queer students. But is their duty to all queer students, or just to those who agree with them?

If it Hurts, See Someone

Anonymous writes about overcoming female sexual dysfunction.

When most women try to have sex with a guy for the first time, their hymen stretches. Mine tore into several pieces and formed scar tissue. On top of that, my first time was so awkward that I ended up forming a congenital defect—a small span of skin across the base of my vagina—that would rip every time I subsequently had sex. This wasn’t discomfort, it was excruciating.

The two friends I talked to about the pain during sex told me that it was normal for it to hurt at the start. So I continued to have sex regularly even though the pain didn’t go away. I never actively went to the doctor. Partly because I didn’t want to discuss sex with a relative stranger, but mainly because I assumed that the pain was permanent, or at least that there was nothing I could do about it.

I didn’t realise that what was happening to me was unusual until I went to a GP for a routine pap smear in early 2014, over a year after I lost my virginity, and screamed and cried throughout the entire thing. I paid my bill at reception with a tear stained, red face.

Pap smears are not supposed to hurt at all.

My GP referred me to a gynaecologist, who wore a necklace and earring set

with a matching ovary design. She told me that each of my defects were fixable. A hymenectomy could remove the scar tissue remnants of my shattered hymen, and a Fenton’s procedure could remove the tiny piece of excess skin. I had both procedures done.

I couldn’t have sex for eight weeks after surgery, and my boyfriend was conspicuously absent during those weeks. We had an ill-timed, but necessary, break up, the real tragedy of which was that I didn’t have anyone I knew or trusted to try sex with after I healed.

“I keep on asking myself why I consented to sexual experiences, knowing that they were going to be agonizing”

While the procedures went well, fear wasn’t so easily excised. Even though the obstructions weren’t there anymore, I still expected pain. This meant that when I tried to have sex, my muscles tightened up, causing pain—a self-fulfilling prophecy.

I was referred to a sex therapist, whose solution was to make me insert a sequence of glass, penis-shaped cylinders in front of her. Maybe sex therapists are supposed to make people feel more open, but I’ve never felt more discomfort or shame in my life. Predictably, I couldn’t get past number three.

After eight months of agony and awkwardness, I finally feel absolutely safe and comfortable with my current boyfriend. I am certain he won’t hurt me or push me beyond my limits, and I can now stay calm enough, and consciously relax my muscles enough, to have sex without pain. But it has to be regular. If not, I lose my confidence, my muscles seize up and I have to start from scratch.

I keep on asking myself why I consented to sexual experiences, knowing that they were going to be agonizing. I would often find myself bleeding after sex,

with no explanation. Even wearing jeans exacerbated a constant post-sex pain, and I’d wince whenever I sat down. But I *never* said no.

I did feel some pleasure in tandem with the pain, but that wasn’t it. I said yes in the past because I didn’t want to be a disappointment, I didn’t want to be a bad girlfriend and I didn’t want to be dumped. I thought that this was what sex was, and so I should get used to it, because men don’t love frigid women, and I didn’t want to be alone.

I know for a fact I would not have felt obligated to just ‘deal with it’ if I had known there was another possibility. But my entire sexual life had been pain, and without a comparative, how could I make a choice with any integrity?

Now that I know what I was missing, I am deeply angry that it took me so long to seek treatment. I am angry I never said no, and that my silence apparently always meant a wholehearted ‘yes’. I am angry, and I am sad, because no one told me I could do anything about my situation.

If you ever have pain during sex, go to the doctor and don’t settle for the first medical opinion you hear. And to be honest? If all of those medical experts fail, the best treatment you can have is a partner who you can speak to, who listens, who wipes your tears away, and adopts your burdens as their own.

If you have to maintain the façade of being a perfect woman attached to a flawless, perpetually ready vagina in order for your partner to love you, he or she is not worth it.



Loud People Suck

Mary Ward has had her hand up for fifteen minutes.

In every one of my classes this semester, there is a free 10 marks for someone who has English as their first language, can use a thesaurus, and has no problem throwing their peers under the academic assessment bus.

In one class, this figure creeps up to 20 marks, meaning that the difference between a student receiving a low-range credit and a high-range distinction can depend upon whether they are good at being a loud sadist.

Many faculties use tutorial marks to determine a small, but not insignificant slice of a student's overall grade. Faculty policies that outline the amount to be allocated vary, as do the methods by which they are determined.

Some faculties see them as an opportunity to integrate group work into the course, or to split the subject matter between students so that each develops an area of speciality. But, in some faculties (read: Arts), these marks often seem to be based purely on an individual student's ~vibe~.

The trouble with this is that not all ~vibes~ are equal.

The student who did the required reading but would rather type their questions out in an email before class is deemed to have a less engaged ~vibe~ than the student with the Wikipedia page open on their MacBook screen, sticking their hand up as soon as the tutor pauses for breath and proceeding to talk until five-to.

The student who feels embarrassed when speaking in a second language gives off a ~vibe~ which is not as impressive as the one emitted by the kid who approaches each class with the same disregard for the opinions of others as he demonstrated in his Year 11 GPS debating grand final.

Obviously, there's merit in being able to speak in front of a group. I am not disputing that verbal communication is important. However, by making the tutorial experience assessable from Week One, these skills can't be developed or eased into.

It is game faces from the get go. One student's lost airtime is another's gain. And, unfortunately, the loudest shock jock is always going to win the ratings.

A Beginner's Guide to Escorts

If not one of Sydney's finest, Lyra Talise is certainly one of Sydney's...finer...

So you've sat down either sober or tipsy, and found yourself looking at a particular booty (or pair of breasts, or legs). She could be offering erotic massage for \$100, or be a celebrity pornstar who'll lighten your load by up to \$10 000 for a wild night. Either way, you're thinking it might be worth a shot. So here's a play-by-play, step-by-step approach that won't get you ignored or blacklisted, and that will get you the night (or 15 minutes) you're after.

1. Don't even think about asking for a discount.

Are you going to ask a plumber for a discount on listed prices? Would you look at a menu, call over the waitress, and say "look babe, I'm sure you can be generous"? Most of us offer reductions for bookings over an hour (two hours with me saves you \$100, for instance). If you're after something unusual—a whole weekend, or overnights—then maybe, maybe you can discuss it.

We genuinely don't have the time to deal with your stinginess.

2. She's a professional. Treat her like one.

"23M 7 inch 1hr, u do anal?"
"hello. let me know if you are free this morning"

"Hi Lyra. I like your profile and web page. Thanks for putting in the effort, it certainly got my attention. About me, I'm 5'10", 48 y.o. with a slim athletic build, not your typical 50y.o. lol. I live in the CBD area and can host. I'd like to arrange something tomorrow evening or one night next week. I look forward to your reply."

"HI I WOULD LOVE TO GANGBANG YOU HARD BABE ANY TIME I WOULD LOVE TO CUM ALL OVER YOUR BODY"

One of these messages is not the others; because one treats me like a professional offering services, and also like a human being. The others assume that I a) care about penis lengths, b) am awake at 6am and immediately raring to go, or c) am constantly in search of capitalised group sex. Because I'm a professional, I did respond to all of those messages. Because I'm also a human being, my replies were as follows:

"No."

"Sorry, I do require more than an hour's notice for a booking!"

"Hi there. Thank you very much for your kind words! I'm glad you enjoyed my profile. Did you have a preferred time for tomorrow? I'll be able to reach Parramatta by around 8pm if that is suitable. Regards, Lyra."

"Lol fuck off."

3. Be specific and reasonable.

If you are absolutely not going to hire a girl who doesn't do anal, specify that at the beginning. I once had one gentleman (debatable) confirm a time and place—and actually give me his address—before asking about unprotected oral, which I don't offer. After trying in vain to argue me around, he cancelled the booking an hour before we were due to meet.

Speaking of—if she says no, don't be pushy, especially when it's a safety 'no'. We don't care if you say you're clean. Chances are if we've given in, you've probably swayed other girls before. Unprotected oral is far more dangerous to us than it is to you, and pushing on that when you would never go for unprotected sex just reflects a lack of respect for the girl's body.

No means no. Hard limits are hard limits. Pushing us makes us feel unsafe and will give you an awkward time with a worker who is clearly uncomfortable. We're already taking safety risks as it is.

4. Read her goddamned info.

It might be a profile on an escorting site. It might be a Locanto ad. It might be a fully-fledged website. Read the important details, wherever they are. Rates and services are asked about the most, which is stupid because they're generally listed really clearly.

5. Give her advance notice.

As much as you can—the more the better. I had a month's notice once, and it was fantastic! Whereas I don't even bother with the 10pm messages reading "are you free tonight?" Chances are that even if I am, I'm hardly in the mood for impromptu sober sex with a drunk person.

6. Treat your appointment like a doctor's appointment.

Simply put, don't be late. This is her time—and more importantly, you're paying for it. If you've made an hour booking and show up 20 minutes late, don't even think about asking to just pay for 40 minutes. A client once asked if he could shave \$50 off my rate, when he showed up fifteen minutes

late for a 30 minute booking. I'd been on time; and he hadn't seen me because he hadn't been bothered to get out of the car. I'd like to think that was the most unfriendly orgasm he'd ever received.

7. Human beings, not sex toys.

Most escorts stipulate that payment is for time and companionship. That half hour or hour rate covers the time you spend in their company—from when they arrive to when they leave.

A client and I once had a lovely forty five minute chat on the couch, before finally moving things into the bedroom. Fifteen minutes later, I informed him that time was up.

He actually said "I thought it only counted when we were having sex."

Once I had explained the basic principle of escorting—payment is for time, not sex acts—he sighed. "Well, at least I've learned my lesson, I won't waste time talking next time."

I told him that a good proportion of my clients see me for the talking. He laughed like I'd told him a joke.

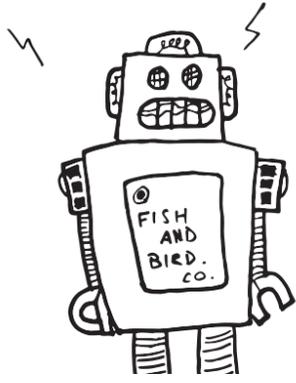
I definitely didn't, very briefly, wonder if he'd take me stepping on his foot with a stiletto as a joke.

Other common tips:

- *Ask before kissing. Some girls don't allow mouth-to-mouth contact full stop. Some are alright with light kissing, and others offer 'passionate French kissing'. Respect preferences—kissing is intimate in a very different way from sex, and there are quite a few workers who use it to differentiate between work and relationships.*

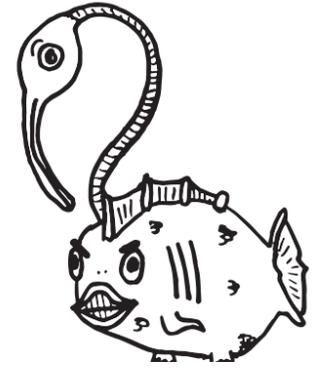
- *Outcall means she doesn't host. Assume no hosting, unless incall is actually listed.*

- *No cars. Seriously. The amount of people who think that a car is reasonable for anything is astounding. Either your place, hers, or a hotel. There are by-the-hour hotels in the CBD and Parramatta from as little as \$50.*



Art Making Machine

Elise Galati speaks to social roboticist Mari Velonaki on the intersection between creative art and practical science.



It's no secret that there's a rivalry among students of the Arts and the Sciences. If you're in the former category, you're probably used to jibes about your minimal contact hours, your 'irrelevant' subjects, and your easy-as-pie lifestyle. If you're in the latter, then you've probably ranted about your weekly incarceration in the lab or the difficulty of your degree at least once. If you're in both... well, you belong everywhere and nowhere.

People are competitive. I get it.

As somebody who chose the arts, though, it can become tiring to defend my work ethic and job prospects to friends in science and engineering who (often affectionately, sometimes self-righteously) click their tongues at my 'naivety'. Even so, what I've come to realise during my time in these hallowed halls (and many existential crises later) is that pitting the humanities and sciences against each other is a waste of time.

In the 'real world', why can't you have both? Science and the arts inform, complement and enrich one another. They are the overlap in the Venn diagram of human achievement and, after meeting with artist-cum-roboticist Mari Velonaki, it became even clearer that a multidisciplinary approach to learning and life is the most fruitful kind.

Velonaki is a leader in the new and rapidly growing field of 'social robotics', the study of the development of robots for use in everyday life. Researchers examine the interaction between humans and robots and the integration of robots into social spaces—hospitals, galleries, nursing homes, museums, airports and domestic environments.

It's a strange job for someone who started out as a professional artist. Previously, Velonaki created interactive installation art projects. Her foray into robotics only came in 2003 when the technological requirements for one particular project left her feeling out of her depth.

"It wasn't a conscious decision to move into robotics, but in order to realise my Fish-Bird Project, I understood early on that I needed a serious collaboration with people [at Sydney University's Australian Centre for Field Robotics] with whom I could realise it together," she said.

Funded by the Australian Research Council, Fish-Bird involved two self-propelled wheelchairs that 'assess' viewer behaviour. Using their built-in printers, the chairs communicate with each

assist and rehabilitate patients.

"We realised the importance of having a dedicated space in which you deal with and incorporate cultural, social issues

such as these that validate her passion for her field.

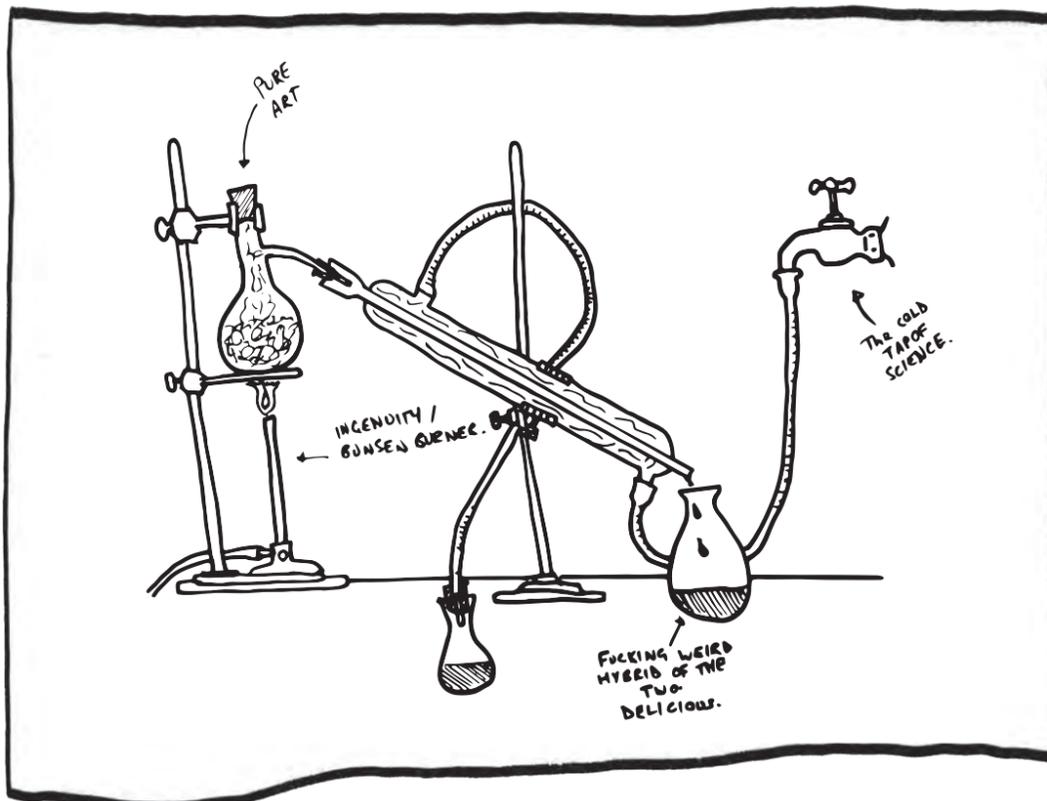
"You know, autistic kids talk for the first time by interacting and working with that robot. It didn't replace the therapist. The therapist was there. But what robots are very good at is they repeat and they repeat and they repeat their behaviour 'til the cows come home. I can't do it. The best therapist can't do it. But the therapist is there and monitors and then the kids can take that home and continue with their families and then come back. Again, it's a fantastic and very successful example for me."

Like most of the science industries, social robotics remains a male-dominated field. Yet while Velonaki would love to see more women in her line of work, she feels she has never suffered for her gender, telling me it is less important than passion.

"I believe in equality, but I also believe women have a different set of abilities that combine with men's to give us a better set of abilities altogether. You arrive at a healthier, more innovative, more holistic understanding. I'm not interested in people trying to be pseudoscientific, but in people being who they are, developing an expertise in what they do and contributing from that angle. We don't need to replicate behaviours and knowledge; we just need fresh ideas to expand our research into this field from different avenues. If this is what you want to do, there's room for everyone."

When considering the future of her field, Velonaki is brimming with enthusiasm.

"It's incredible. It's interesting. I feel like we're mainstream now so I'm not the exotic artist anymore, which is good and bad. But it's wonderful because there are all these interesting people and interesting projects all around the world and that's a good sign. Every year there are new names and the conferences become better because there are more disciplines and the questions become harder and that's a good thing."



other and with their audience through movement and text, ejecting quasi-poetic words of wisdom.

Since Fish-Bird, Velonaki has been a strong advocate for fusing the arts and sciences. She's internationally successful, taking her work to Tokyo, London, Madrid and more, and has been placed on *Robohub's* annual list of "25 Women in Robotics You Need to Know About". She sees value in an eclectic mix of people, especially when it comes to the new and burgeoning field of social robotics.

"Social robotics is a new discipline and, by definition, it should be multidisciplinary. I mean humanities, social sciences, psychology, ethics, visual anthropology. You need many voices. People think about robotics and think engineers. You don't have to be an engineer. You can be all sorts of things and work in social robotics."

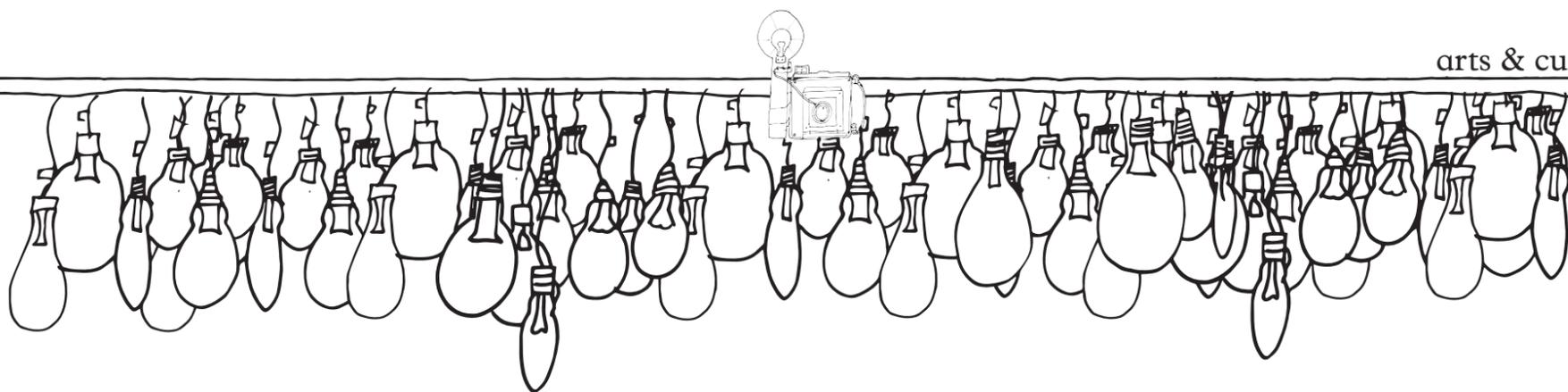
For the last 9 years, Velonaki and her colleagues at UNSW's Creative Centre for Robotics (which she co-founded) have worked to explore the uses of robots beyond the industrial and to integrate them as seamlessly as possible into areas such as hospitals, where they might, under the supervision of nurses and doctors,

in designing robots," she told me. These robots are "embedded or implemented within social structures, so they live in society. They don't replace a human presence—they're complementary to what humans try to do."

To illustrate this point, Velonaki draws on the physical strain nurses are subjected to when moving incapacitated patients from one area of the hospital to another.

"There are some jobs that a robot should take over that are bad for people... Instead of lifting you and destroying their back, [the nurse] can hold your hand, while the system is lifting you, and talk to you and explain to you what's going to happen when you go and see your doctor, what's going to be the next procedure, the next step. I don't believe in replacement. I really believe the future is enhancement in a way that lets humans do what they do best."

These notions of co-existence and collaboration permeate the work of many social robotics researchers. At the University of Hertfordshire, for example, a humanoid robot (KASPAR) was developed to help autistic children communicate and interact with adults and other children. For Velonaki, it is projects



Hollywood's Invisible People

Harry Welsh investigates the racism underlying the mechanics of film.

Deep within the mechanics of the film industry is a component so implicitly lined with racist undertones that it goes unnoticed. The problem is rooted within film stock, the medium used to record analog motion pictures, which can't physically keep both light and dark skinned actors within the same frame.

It's coated with a light absorbing gel emulsion on both sides that responds to the image captured by the lens. The image itself is a light reflection, which can be over exposed or under lit if the scene is not filmed correctly.

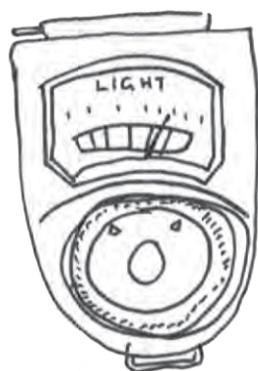
Filmmakers use light meters to control the exposure and aperture of an image, playing a major role in perfecting light levels. According to photographer Adam Broomberg, the meters are adjusted to let more light in when filming darker skin, as it absorbs 42% more light than white skin. But if more light is let in for the black actor, the white actor will become blindingly white. In conversation with *The Guardian*, Broomberg reflects on the use of old Polaroid IP-2 cameras, "if you exposed film for a white kid, the black kid sitting next to him would be rendered invisible except for the whites of his eyes and teeth".

These racially coded technologies are indicative of the time in which they were created, which for light meters was around the 1930s. However, an explicitly racial agenda was first manifested in the 1950s with the introduction of 'Shirley Cards'.

These cards depicted an image of a porcelain white model, surrounded by colourful pillows in a white studio, arranged as a point of reference for photographers and filmmakers to set light meters. They were first introduced by Kodak, whose film was once deemed 'racist' by French film pioneer Jean Luc Godard when filming in Mozambique. Kodak only decided to

modify their colour cards after complaints from advertising companies, who said they couldn't properly photograph chocolate and wood furniture.

So, unfortunately for black actors, light meter standards were determined by reference to paler skin tones. Rather than modifying the standards of the technology, this encouraged film-makers to find alternative means to light black bodies on screen.

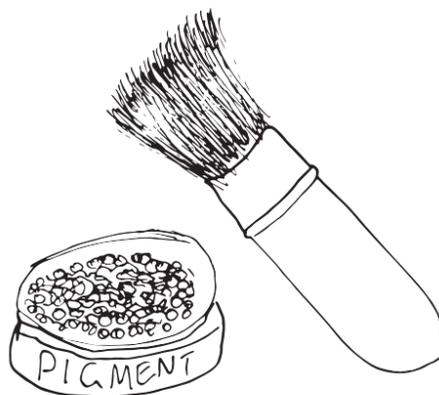


This often resulted in an uncomfortable and humiliating time for dark skinned actors. Creative Director at *Parallel Film Collective Montre*, Aza Missouri remembers the teachings of one of her instructors: "if you found yourself in the 'unfortunate situation' of shooting on the 'Dark Continent,' and if you're shooting dark-skinned people, then you should rub Vaseline on their skin in order to reflect light."

Following the premiere of his film *12 Years A Slave* in Toronto, Steve McQueen remembers his first experience with this inequality: "...growing up and seeing Sidney Poitier sweating next to Rod Steiger in *In the Heat of the Night*, and obviously it's very hot in the South, but also he was sweating because he had tons of light thrown on him, because the film stock wasn't sensitive enough for black skin." Much of the development of celluloid film stock occurred in America off the back of slave liberation, within the tense climate of racism and inequality at the time. This resulted in technologies that favour the fairer skin, and filmmakers have long ignored the problem within their instruments and sought to alter the skin of their actors.

In the celluloid age, photochemical processing was the standard process to colour grade the images of your film. In the 1990s, certain filmmakers pushed the boundaries of digital colour editing, and inspired the creation of the digital intermediate phase—in which colour correction became possible.

Colour correction is a process where the colour of the light in a scene can be altered. In cinematography, light colour is measured on a scale of temperature, which is changed by the use of gels and filters in the correction stage. This aids the illumination of dark skin, as more subtle hues of the skin tone can be rendered on screen. Yet ultimately the temperature of an image's colours must be brought to a matching level, so dark skin tones may be reduced to the light temperature of lighter skin depending on the choice of the editor.



Alternative to the editing phase, digital film cameras offer dynamic variations in the colours they pick up, regardless of the strong lighting set up on the scene. Cameras such as the Red One possess enhanced sensitivity controls that remove the need for professional film lights to balance out black and white.

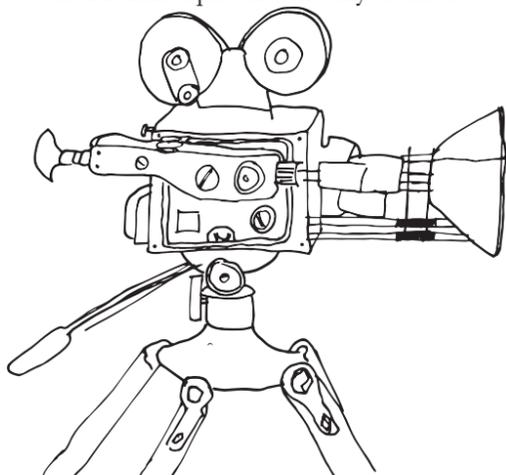
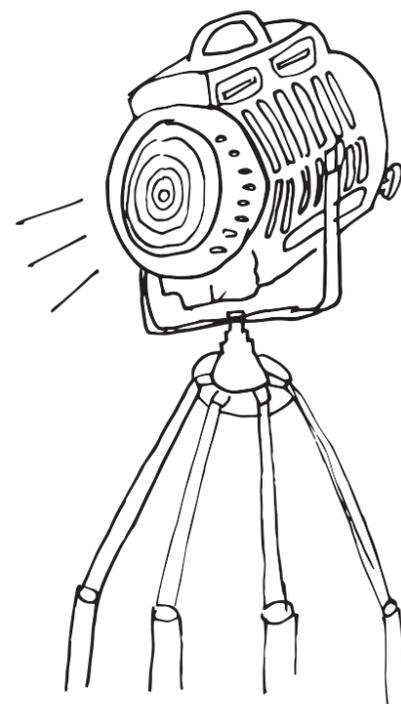
Cinematographer Daniel Patterson notes in *The Washington Post*, "I just changed the wattage of the bulb, used a dimmer, and I didn't have to use any film lights... The camera was able to hold both of them during the scene without any issues... That kind of blew me away."

Digital filmmaking appears more popular with younger filmmakers, as they are less attached to the traditions of the celluloid era and more open to experimentation. Cinematographers like Bradford Young have a desire to break conventions,

explaining to *Colorlines*, "When you underexpose [dark brown skin tones], they pop and resonate and shine in a particular way that you're not going to see when a face is lit in a conventional way." Young is enthused by the art of picking up complexities of dark, subtle skin, which he notes is ignored by traditional filmmaking; i.e. the standard Hollywood technologies and methods. Speaking to *Indiewire*, cinematographer Cybel Martin, like Young, is inspired by this unrecognised art: "every shade and hue offers its own unique challenges and glorious opportunities for the cinematographer to create art."



These young filmmakers share a passion for the cinematography of complex dark skin, which has, by and large, been ignored by the film industry. The growing application and appreciation of digital filmmaking separates contemporary ideologies from traditional, biased celluloid perspectives. As noted by Ann Hornday from *The Washington Post*, "The fact that audiences are seeing such a varied, nuanced spectrum of black faces isn't just a matter of poetics, but politics—and the advent of digital filmmaking." Despite the achievements of digital technology, the inherently racist elements of cinematography are a disturbing reminder of whitewashed Hollywood, silent on the issue until a solution is created by other means.





More to it than Shifting Furniture: SUDS' *The Removalists*

Charlie O'Grady watched some men punch each other for a bit

I do not particularly enjoy Williamson. I don't think it is productive or appropriate now to "explore" cis-heteromascularity as it affects the lives of cis men—it has been done, there are more pressing issues to explore. That said, I believe there can be value in restaging highly contextual works and demonstrating their continued relevance—I just don't think it is done well here.

The Removalists is a piece that, though dated, still manages relevance, as everything that happens in it still happens now. Domestic abuse is still a frighteningly common and despicably under-exposed issue, police brutality still tarnishes our justice system, and patriarchy is still the worst thing ever. But this production managed to make it feel endlessly archaic. "Look", it seemed to say, "look at this thing that doesn't happen anymore. Isn't it funny that men used to be like this?"

Robert Boddington's production is staged interestingly. The first 35 to 40 minutes occur on a smaller stage in what is usually the backstage area of the Cellar. This claustrophobic space would have been fantastically compelling as the office of Sergeant Simmonds had the actors in the scene been able to maintain tension throughout the too-slow opening. The second stage is equally cramped for the audience, with the bonus of directly aligned seating which leaves you with a great view of the person sitting in front of you. That said, the space is impressively constructed as a naturalistic and immersive home space, leaving the audience feeling as if they too occupy this world.

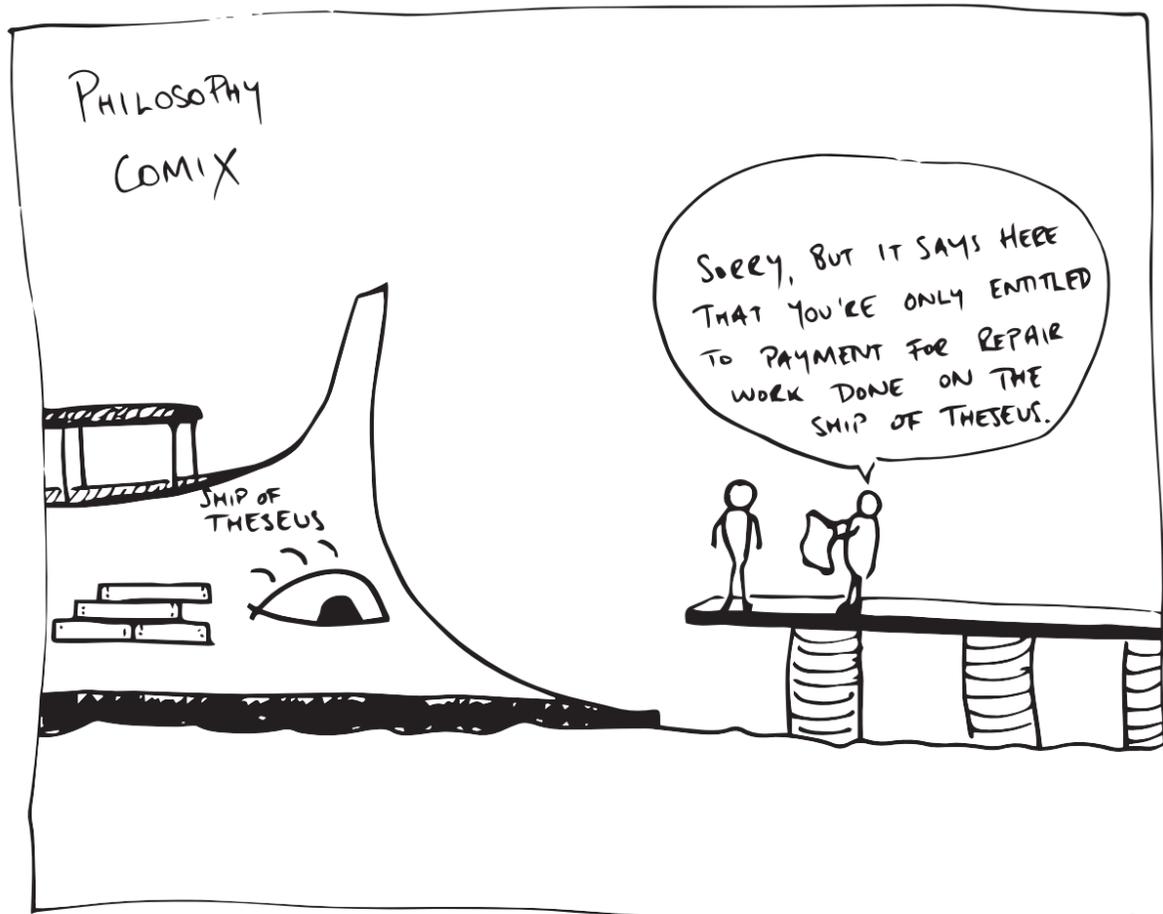
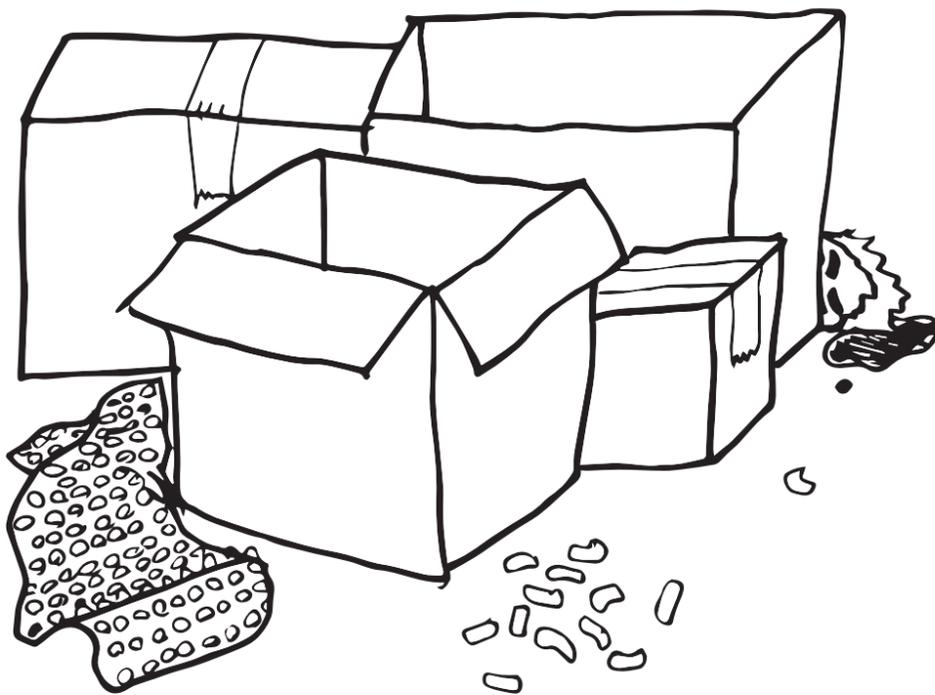
Performances are, in many places, mediocre. Several actors fall down trying to play characters far older or more malicious than they are, and thus losing much of their complexity of emotion. The entrance of Hannah Cox as Kate is a breath of fresh air and her performance remains compelling and moving throughout. Saro Lusty-Cavallari's performance in the physically demanding role of the abuser-become-abused Kenny is in moments disturbing and highly affective and deserves commendation.

This production takes a lacklustre approach to many of its core issues. Despite the heavy focus on domestic violence, the nuance in physically and emotionally abusive situations is never fully realised between Fiona (Sophie Armbrister) and Kenny (Saro Lusty-Cavallari). Abuse and trauma are fraught and complicated, and unless a creative team

is committed to realising their effects honestly, the result is insulting for anyone who has ever experienced them. What's more, the play's more violent scenes were bookended—even punctuated by—cheap gags. While the performance of Reuben Ward as the single-minded removalist Rob is, in isolation, hilarious and well done, seeing humour shoe-horned into moments that should have been horrific was, rather than poignant, galling. I didn't want to be laughing, and I had the impression of an audience surprised, maybe relieved, to find themselves doing so. It is hard, at points, to determine whether the show itself or the characters were being flippant, but this flippancy is nonetheless without real effect.

As someone who is terrified by heteromascularity at the best of times—in tutorials, on the train, on the street—I never once felt the horror of that toxicity fully articulated in *The Removalists*. I saw a washed out and weak version of what toxic masculinity can do, a version that made vague attempts to critique or deconstruct, but could never manage it as the stakes were ridiculously low. As much as the violence of the play was viscerally upsetting, it was meaningless without a clear message.

To create spectacle from deeply troubling issues like those central to *The Removalists* requires you to be saying something, meaning something. If you come after patriarchy, if you come after domestic violence, you commit and do it really, really well. Anything else is farcical, and anything else does nothing to fix the problem.



REVIEWS IN BRIEF

Thinking about last year's revue season

★★★

Being mean

★★★★★

Crusty breadrolls

★★★★★

Deregulation

★

Nostalgia

★★★★★



All About Women

Sophie Gallagher attended the All About Women festival, where she spoke to Celeste Liddle and Clementine Ford.

At the *All About Women* festival, I found myself in a room with Roxane Gay, Clementine Ford, Anita Sarkeesian, Celeste Liddle, Germaine Greer and Tara Moss. Women like Rosie Batty, Annabel Crabb, Jane Caro and Judith Lucy were huddled around me, discussing the problems and solutions of every issue from domestic violence to women in comedy. To say this was my feminist dream world is an understatement.

The festival, held at the Opera House

last weekend, was a place where women could get together and discuss everything that mattered to them in 2015. From becoming 'bad feminists', to embracing intersectionality, this year's festival reached a more radical and honest point than it had in the past.

I spoke to festival curator Ann Mossop, who said the event was a place where the issues facing women could have a voice. "All About Women is a chance for us to really put women centre stage, and make

sure that we're hearing from women whose ideas are important, but also hearing about topics that matter to the women that make up our audiences."

That said, the complete lack of trans and non-binary female speakers was disappointing, and an error that Mossop hopes to rectify in the future, "ensuring important issues are addressed over time". The festival was a success, but its gaping holes are a broader representation of the effort feminism still needs to make to

ensure greater inclusivity and acceptance.

Despite this, Mossop hoped that audience members could still have a rich experience, and use the knowledge they learnt. "We can't solve all the problems of the world. What we're hoping to do is give women tools to think about important issues, share the insights of other people and take that into their own lives."

Celeste Liddle & Clementine Ford on How To Be a Feminist

Celeste Liddle is an Arrernte Australian. A freelance writer and unionist, she blogs personally at Rantings of an Aboriginal Feminist.

SG: What are the biggest issues facing feminism today?

CL: Individualist feminism versus collectivist feminism—so the fight between individual empowerment and feminism as a movement about the current social structures that rule our lives. I think that, on one hand, I have a lot of admiration for celebrities who get out there and proclaim their feminism. But on the other hand, it allows the dialogue to shift to an individual level, which is not what it's about; feminism is meant to be about empowering the least powerful in society and helping the entire world to become a more equitable place.

SG: Do you think there is a divide between Indigenous and white feminism?

CL: The way I see it, through the process of colonisation, Aboriginal women have to grapple with every single thing that any other woman would—so everything from oppressive beauty structures, to representation in media—but we're doing it alongside the politics of being displaced people in our own country. There's that mix between fighting patriarchy within our own communities and trying to state that we're diverse people, versus actually fighting for a voice in a broader movement. It's an incredibly difficult thing. I see the politics of bodily sovereignty and land sovereignty running parallel because there's no other way that I can actually envisage it. To liberate every woman in this country, from my limited perspective, you have to actually liberate Indigenous women, because they're the most trampled.

SG: What role does intersectionality play in feminism?

No movement is going to be successful without looking after the least powerful, so there's no point in a revolution that preferences the exact same white male voices. Intersectionality should be central for everyone's politics—if we're not looking after those who need the most assistance we're just going to reinforce the same power structures over and over again no matter what revolution it achieves.

Clementine Ford is a freelance writer and broadcaster who writes on feminism and pop culture.

SG: What do you believe are the biggest issues facing women today?

CF: Silence, continued sexual oppression, reproductive health care. I think the two biggest issues for me are economic freedom and bodily autonomy. Bodily autonomy can be whether or not you choose to reproduce, whether or not you identify your body as woman even if others don't—I think that allowing women to make choices that men are entitled to make is a huge part of feminism. But one of the big challenges is trying to figure out how we dismantle the current structures of power and recreate something better, because we can't actually achieve equality within the structures we're based in currently. They're invariably predisposed to

disadvantage certain groups.

SG: Domestic violence is an issue you've brought into the public discourse through your writing. What needs to happen to affect change and create more awareness?

CF: One of the biggest things we can do is fund women's health services around the country. They already don't get a huge amount of funding and they have to battle for their funding every year. The people who are doing the actual work for gender equality need to be given more money and more access to public spaces to share their message. We need to start taking it seriously and stop treating it as an issue where only a handful of men will ever be implicated. It's not just about whether you've raised a hand to hit a woman, it's about the underlying foundations of sexist attitudes and belief systems. So what really needs to be cut off at the root is the very fundamentals of sexist ideas. Sexist jokes and attitudes, even if they are trickling, reinforce the idea that women are less. If the weight of a single sexist joke is a drop of water, enough drops of water will still fill an ocean.

SG: What is feminism to you?

CF: A lifesaver.

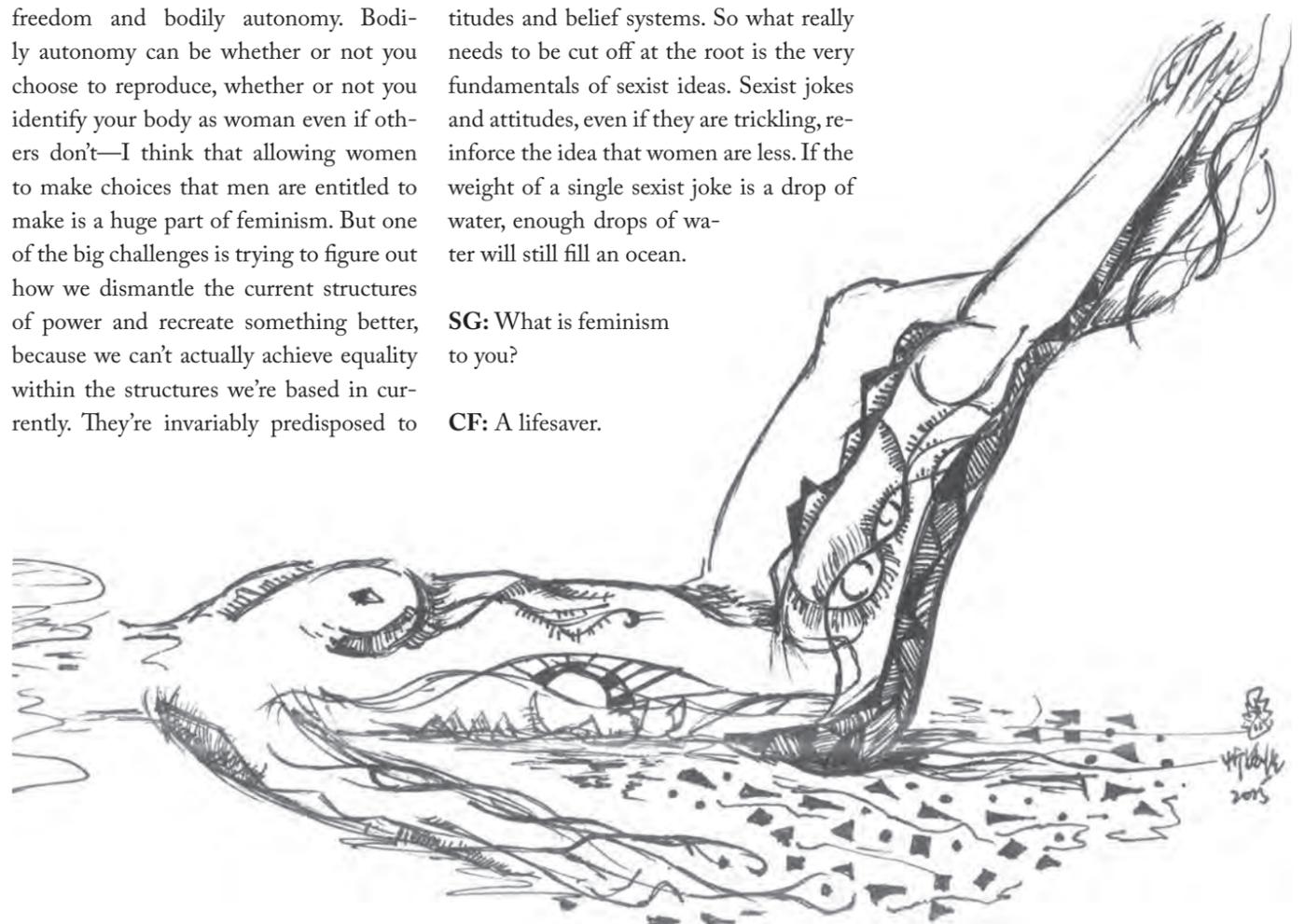
Insights from the festival

"It's not enough to feel personally empowered or be personally successful within the oppressive framework of the current system. Even if an individual woman can make patriarchy work for her, it's still a losing game for the rest of the women on the planet. ...Feminism is not about striving for perfection, it's about striving for justice."

— Anita Sarkeesian

"Feminism has allowed me to believe that my voice matters. Even though it's just one voice, it's a good place to start in creating change. It has allowed me to believe that I can exist in this world and protect my bodily autonomy, even when it has been contradicted so many times by the ways other people have treated me."

— Roxane Gay



Behind Closed Doors

Astha Rajvanshi talks to students who have survived domestic violence.

Content Warning: this article contains experiences of domestic violence.

The students I interviewed for this article share two things in common: they are all women, and they have all endured long-term abuse, social stigma, and shame from people they loved.

I suppose if I were to try and make sense of it all, these are the 1 in 3 women across all socio-economic backgrounds who tolerate, on average, 35 assaults before telling someone about it. They are an extension of the 950,000 young Australian women who reported in 2005 that they had been sexually assaulted before the age of 15; of the one in four children who witnessed violence against their mothers or carers; the 22% of women under 20 who have experienced dating violence.

After a while, numbers get dull and stop meaning anything. It isn't fair, either, or even easy, to reduce a human life to a statistic. These are broader reflections of the community we all live in.

Look around on Eastern Avenue—pay close attention to the women you walk past and observe their body language to see if they're limping. Count them in threes in your tute, and then guess which one gets kicked, punched or slapped. Picture what happens the moment they leave campus and walk through the front door of their abusive home.

Maybe then it becomes a bit more relatable.

As I spoke to these women about their harrowing experiences one thing became clear: these women had luckily, miraculously, and only barely survived. There are many others who hadn't, or won't.

JOCELYN

"I ran out of my room into the hallway. My dad was standing over my mum, who was collapsed on the ground. He would lift her



up by her hair, punch her in the head and she would collapse again, then repeat the process over and over. I was frozen. I don't know how long he did this for, maybe a minute, maybe ten. Then he grabbed her by the hair and smashed her head against the wall." - Jocelyn

This wasn't the first time Jocelyn, 21, found herself trapped in a sickening nightmare. From a young age, her father and brother instigated physical, emotional and verbal abuse. The victim was most often her mother, but they would also regularly abuse her, and each other.

"A lot of people think of very stereotypical scenarios with people of certain backgrounds," she says. "My father was white, middle class, multiple university degrees."

"My instinct from the start was that my mother needed protecting, and if my dad started assaulting her I would scream out

and cry for him to stop," she recalls.

For a while this worked, but over the years, small arguments between her parents escalated dramatically to a point where fights became a life and death situation, and Jocelyn would have to physically pull her father off her mum, at which point, he would turn around and hit her instead.

To this day, Jocelyn remembers the way her father looked at her when she tried to intervene. "His eyes were ice-cold, robotic. It was as if I was just a dog in the way of his objective, which must have been to kill my mother," she says.

"I got so tired. I was a weak 15-year-old girl against a grown man. When I couldn't stand anymore, he stepped over me and began to kick my mum. All I could muster was to crawl over and try and cover her body with mine."

Jocelyn's brother used and sold drugs from a

young age. Growing up in a violent house, he mirrored his father's behaviour. "He would get the same look in his eyes as my dad had when he was coming off a high. It said he was capable of killing," she says.

Her brother never 'seriously' injured Jocelyn; only occasionally spitting vodka in her face, ripping off fingernails, and throwing her into a door; like his dad, he preferred their mum as his punching bag. When Jocelyn was away at a sleepover, he threw their mother on the bonnet of her car and strangled her after a weekend-long bender. Jocelyn never went to another sleepover again.

As Jocelyn got older, her father started torturing her with sexual, suggestive behaviour—tugging at her shorts, pulling down a sleeve, snapping a bra strap—a nauseating reminder that he owned her. She developed severe depression, generalised anxiety disorder, and post-traumatic stress. She became suicidal and had to be hospitalised.

In Jocelyn's case, there was no intervention, and her mother never left their father—even when people found out what had been happening.

"I used to dream of the moment when people would find out what was happening and make it stop," she says. "But when the truth did come to light, the response from family and friends was awful. One family member asked my mother and I, 'What did you do to make him hit you?' " For a while, she resented her mother for not protecting her, but in these moments, she became acutely aware of the complexities underlying the agony of her family's violence.

"I can't ever imagine the pain my mother must have felt when my brother, her son, abused her," she says.

"How could she defend herself? How could she call the police? How could she have her own child arrested? She never could. That's the crippling thing about family violence. You love the people that want to hurt you."

By sheer luck, Jocelyn's situation stabilised

when her family organically separated two years ago—her brother moved out, and her father found a new girlfriend to please himself.

Resuming normal life proved extremely difficult. On her worst days and nights, Jocelyn wakes up from nightmares in cold sweats, suffers panic attacks, and questions whether she'll ever be capable of a relationship. She doesn't feel any stronger, but having seen the hate, rage, desperation, depression, weariness, control and freedom, it also fills her with determination: "I will never be abused like this again. The cycle ends here."

'Domestic violence' didn't exist 40 years ago. The violent behaviour was always there, but no-one spoke about it.

"When you think about thousands of years of history and gender relations, 40 years is a relatively short time," Professor Lesley Laing, a former Director of the Education Centre Against Violence, explains. "But naming it and saying that it is common is good news."

Whenever someone views women as objects to own or control, domestic violence lingers around the corner, waiting to creep in. This attitude is more prevalent than one would assume—in 2013, Roy Morgan reported that the number of young men who believe a woman's place is in the home had increased from 6.5% to 11.6%. In NSW alone, women were victims in more than two-thirds of DV related cases, with 78% of cases involving male offenders.

"In a broader socio-cultural sense, it's not only male violence towards women, but overall it is a problem of male power over women," says Laing. "Domestic violence isn't just physical, it's sexual, emotional—a whole range of tactics which are about controlling the other person and diminishing them."

Heterosexual ideas about romantic relationships can also result in violent patterns going unnoticed. "For instance," Laing points out, "a man texting a woman nine times a day is seen as caring and loving, but can actually be a warning sign of controlling behaviour".

Laing also comments that the idea that

women are responsible for maintaining relationships leads to a blame-and-shame culture. It's why it's still a grossly under-reported crime, with police estimating that they only get called out to 40-50% of domestic violence cases.

"I think we should turn it around and ask why men don't leave if they're hurting people they care about," says Laing. "We tend to blame the victim, there's very little empathy for them."

A 2008 report prepared by the National Council to Reduce Violence against Women and their Children recognised that certain groups of women—including young women, children of domestic violence victims, Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders, women with disabilities, women from rural and remote areas, and LGBTI groups—are more vulnerable to experiencing violence than others. Many people find it hard to believe that women are likely to abuse each other, but violence in gay and lesbian relationships occurs at the same rate as in heterosexual relationships. Escape from these situations can be even harder, as victims face the additional fear of being "outed" or subjected to homophobia.

NINA

Nina was with her girlfriend for four years, and for three of those she endured emotional manipulation, mental torture and physical abuse.

"I've never been hit by a man before, and I never expected to be hit by a woman. And here was this woman who was supposed to love me," she writes.

Nina describes her ex-girlfriend as a "classic case of domestic violence": she isolated her from friends and family, and if Nina spoke to anyone, she was accused of being flirtatious, or lying. The only way to remedy the situation was to cut every single person out of her life.

Knowing that Nina had suffered sexual abuse as a teenager, her girlfriend would twist it around as her fault: "Every day she made me feel dirty and sickened by it to the point where I considered ending my life because I couldn't deal with the feelings and guilt".

In the first instances of physical abuse, her partner showed remorse. But being hit once was a catalyst, and the violence got worse. Nina would end up with bruises on her face, black eyes, and a bleeding nose. She would be thrown across the room, kicked and kneed.

She silently waited for an apology, but it never came.

"When I asked her one day if she felt guilty for doing it, she laughed and replied 'no'. She said I deserved exactly what I got and she was in the right to do so."

"I was even sexually assaulted once by her," Nina confesses. "These days, I am comfortable saying to myself, 'yes, I have been raped by a woman'".

Professor Laing tells me that more people report domestic violence in a past relationship rather than a current one, which indicates that many victims have managed to move on by seeking help from friends and family without ever going to a formal service.

This is a positive sign, but moving on is never easy.

Firstly, leaving the relationship itself can be dangerous. "Because the partner is losing control, leaving probably needs to be done with support and safely," says Laing. There are also good things that get left behind—children, financial independence, and attachment.

Laing notes that as the victim already feels bad about how they've been treated, the most helpful thing for friends and family to do when approached is to show ongoing concern rather than telling them to do 'x-y-z': "just let the person know that you're there for them, you're not going to judge them, and will stick with them," she says.

Louise, one of the women I spoke to, agrees. "If all women want to do is laugh, let them laugh about it," she says, "because in the end, they've gone through such a huge betrayal of their trust and understanding ... that you can't tell them how to deal with it."

While none of the women I spoke to feel like they have resolved their trauma,

most have seen a GP, a counsellor, or a therapist—sometimes it works, other times it backfires.

Natasha was fearful of getting in trouble for speaking her mind at university. "Realising that you are respected for your opinion and are going to be applauded for what you say, that just changed my whole self," she reflects.

But Jocelyn, who sought help from a therapist, was told she should try and meet men at bars to overcome her depression. When she was hospitalised, she contacted the University for special consideration and considered discontinuing her subjects—one staff member accused her of "trying to hedge [her] bets and escape responsibility".

For Jennifer, being an international student meant she was denied much formal support. Her only options were counselling on campus or insurance, neither of which she could afford.

JENNIFER

"My dad was really crafty, he would always hit the soles of our feet so no one could see the bruises," Jennifer recalls with a sense of calm. She doesn't meet my eyes.

When I meet her, she's sporting a crisp, tailored suit to match her equally crisp paralegal position at a law firm. Like any other law student, she's bright, articulate and intelligent.

There are no visible scars or bruises to suggest that she and her younger brother have for their entire lives been the objects of their father's anger.

"[My friends] could see us limping... I would peel back the sock and they'd say, 'holy shit, what happened to you, you should tell the teacher!' but I knew that if I did that my dad would blow up again, so I thought that's probably not a good idea," she says.

Jennifer wasn't just enduring physical pain; she was forced to inflict it on her brother too: "My dad would make me hit him for not doing his homework [...] I'd say, 'oh, he hasn't done one page of questions', and he'd ask, 'how many questions is that, six? Six times ten is what, 60? Alright, 60 lashes.'"

The beatings didn't stop when the family moved to settle down in Sydney, but Jennifer found a way to escape her father's temper by living at college. She knew that her brother would continue getting beaten at home.

"One time I came home and he lifted up his shirt, and there were just red welts everywhere," she recalls. "I always told him that he could stay with me, but he never took up the offer because he knew if he did that and went home he'd be in a lot more trouble."

"Is he at school at the moment?" I ask.

"He was."

"And what does he do now?"

"He's dead."

I don't follow. Or maybe I'm hoping that I've misheard.

"So... there was an accident last May, and he died. Yeah, you can't make this shit up, can you?" she shrugs.

Jennifer's brother died from brain damage after slipping and hitting his head on the pavement on his way home from school one evening. He was 17, and it had been two weeks after he'd attempted to run away from home without success.

"My parents always say 'oh, I'm sure he's in a happy place now', and I'm like, 'yeah you're right, because if he was still alive he'd still be getting bashed'."

Currently, Sydney University's Counselling and Psychological Services (CAPS) does not keep a statistical record on domestic violence. However, Dr Phil Renner, Head of CAPS, and Paul O'Donohue, a senior counsellor, tell me that 'interpersonal relationship difficulties' (sexual mistreatment; emotional or physical partner violence; bullying; and family violence) are the fourth most common concerns of the more than 2,500 students who present for individual appointments annually. CAPS has limited resources. In 2012, however, they ran a series of talks on 'How to Make Relationships Work', and are this year working with student organisations to raise awareness on sexual harassment.

But that's about it. The University has no specific guidelines on how to deal with students who experience domestic violence, nor does it have a remit for investigating or holding to account perpetrators of domestic violence, encouraging victims to seek assistance through the NSW Police or specialist services.

Those who are impacted can receive counselling support available through CAPS, and advocacy services from the SRC and SUPRA. Dr Renner and Paul O'Donohue explain that the counsellor assesses the impact of their experiences and, "if appropriate, will refer them to services such as dedicated domestic violence services, legal services, income maintenance and accommodation services."

The University is not compelled to proactively ensure students' welfare or raise awareness about the issue. The onus is on students to seek out these services.

There are promising signs from the University of Melbourne, however, where a new web-based project to provide online support for domestic violence is currently being trialled. Led by Professor Kelsey Hegarty from the Department of General Practice, 'I-DECIDE' offers users security through self-directed survey questions. The project is described as "a safe, private, secure forum for women to assess their relationship, weigh up their priorities, and plan for a safer future for themselves and their children". Innovative solutions like these allow for women's preferences for non face-to-face disclosure of situations where women are afraid of their partners.

The importance of such projects cannot be understated; their absence would be devastating.

NATASHA

"My family was like a microcosm of dictatorship ... It's not one of those things where he doesn't mean it or he doesn't understand. It was very deliberate."—Natasha.

Natasha is nervous about the interview; she takes several deep breaths before talking, and tells me not to take offence if she can't look directly at me while she talks, "It's just really difficult for me."

She's a mature-age Science student, but this

semester she's taking a break. "I was doing an Arts degree, I passed first semester, but I struggle to stick to my meds. If I can't sleep, can't concentrate, it's torture," she tells me.

Natasha suffers from acute depression, which arose from the intergenerational sexual and domestic abuse her father inflicted on their entire family. "We don't even refer to him as dad anymore. We just refer to him as this fuckhead, because he wasn't dad to us," she says.

Natasha remembers how he picked her up by the shirt and threw her on the bed when she was just six. She remembers how, in a frenzy, he beat her with a rope when she was eight. She remembers how he chased her down a dirt road with a cane when she was 12. "I actually peed myself, I was so afraid," she recalls.

"He'd be OK one day, but then he'd just change," she says. "I remember just being happy when [he] wasn't angry. This screws you up—you're like, 'I love you Daddy', because you're so happy they're not mad anymore."

She describes her father as a controlling man, who would decide what her family watched on television, where they lived, and what they did—keeping them home sometimes for fear of someone finding out. She and her siblings tried to get through the ordeal with humour. "Some of his behaviour was so bizarre that all we could do was laugh about him behind his back," she says.

Natasha gets annoyed when people ask why her mother didn't just leave, or why she didn't speak up. "I thought if I say something and nothing happens, I'm fucked. He's going to kill me," she says. "I'm actually inclined to think that never would have happened—he would have been scared. But you just don't know."

Things got worse, and Natasha's mother began sedating his coffee out of fear that he might kill her. "I'm thinking of ways to dispose of you," he once said to her.

One day, Natasha was called to the principal's office at school and found her mother and aunt waiting. They were finally separating. "I'd never felt that euphoria," she says. "I was physically affected—it was like coming out of a concentration camp. I was still frightened; I guess I didn't want to dare to dream."

They moved into a separate, secure house where Natasha's younger sister finally told her mother the extent of her sexual abuse. "Mum told him that he would never see us again," she says.

"After, he went and doxed himself in, and went to jail for six years."

"You just think, all that time you could have stood up for yourself, this is a very weak person, but we were too young," she says.

I can't help but wonder if the men reading this article feel uncomfortable, or worry that they have all been categorized as violent or controlling. If this is the case, it means the onus is shifting back on them to interrogate why they feel uncomfortable. And rightfully so. They are the beneficiaries of social scripts that justify violence as masculinity and fail to recognise female thought and livelihood.

I have no clear answers for the women still living in fear. It remains astounding that someone's frustration and insecurity is justification enough to destroy another's sense of self. And in the current political climate, with domestic violence support services facing dramatic budget cuts, these women are viewed as disposable at best, and inconveniences at worst.

No one ever deserves or asks for it. Domestic violence is the sum of a community's attitudes, cultures and beliefs; and its failure to take a stand against it. Without intervention, it will always continue.

* Names have been changed in this article to maintain anonymity.

** If you're seeking support or assistance for domestic violence, please refer to the services below:

The University of Sydney Counselling and Psychological Services

Telephone: 8627 8433 or 8627 8437
E-mail: caps.admin@sydney.edu.au

The National Sexual Assault, Family & Domestic Violence Counselling Service

Telephone: 1800 737 732

Working in Domestic Violence Response

In 2014, the State Government radically restructured the homelessness sector. Some women's refuges were shut, others were forced to provide generalist homelessness services, and most had their management handed from specialist providers to large, faith-based charities.

Anonymous worked as a domestic violence phone counsellor. Here, she describes the human impact of the reforms.

HS: Where did you work?

AN: I worked for a domestic violence crisis line in NSW.

HS: Can you describe your job?

AN: I worked for a 24 hour service which took phone calls from victims of domestic violence. We would advise, educate, and counsel women, sometimes referring them to women's domestic violence refuges. We only dealt with partner domestic violence, and we mainly dealt with women abused by male partners.

HS: Did the State Government reforms impact the services you provided to women?

AN: Yes. Even though the changes didn't directly impact my job, it stopped the people doing my job from doing it properly.

Previously, I could expect to be able to get most of my ladies [clients] into a refuge. After the changes, there were times when there was simply not a refuge anymore. I've been working in the field for years, and I've never had so much trouble placing women as in the months after they introduced those changes.

When you are counselling someone, and trying to convince them that being away from a violent husband is better for them and the children, if you say to them "we will be able to get you a place in a refuge, it may not be now but it will be soon", you can convince women to leave. But now, if you are honest to the women and say that they might end up homeless, it's much harder to convince them that leaving the violence may be a viable option.

Anonymous worked for a domestic violence crisis centre when she was 19.

I started working at an out-of-state 24 hour crisis centre for domestic violence when I was 19. I responded to an ad and basically begged for the job with no experience to rely on.

My job involved me working 8 hour shifts with one other worker. We spent each shift dealing with clients, and doing anything we could to facilitate their safety. Sometimes that just meant talking them through something when they called, but other times we got invited to attend incidents with police, take clients to hotels, or arrange legal support. I had a 24 hour roster so sometimes I worked 'on-call'; with the hotline diverted to my mobile at home overnight.

For housing visits we had safety procedures that we stuck to, but things sometimes went haywire. I remember one incident where, after a phone conversation with a client, I thought that her mother was the one using violence. Because the mother was in hospital, we (me and a colleague) assumed it would be safe to speak to the woman without a police presence at her home. However, the perpetrator was actually her sister, as became clear at the house visit. We were about to leave when the sister and her friends showed up, all on meth. They started screaming and banging on the windows. We had to run around closing them, lock ourselves in the bathroom and call the police. They came quickly and everything was fine. I was pretty embarrassed.

I worked with a mixture of new and repeat clients. New clients pop up every single day, which can be confronting when you start doing simple sums in your head about how many people in town must be experiencing violence. But there are also

thick, thick files that go back to when the service began and these clients, many of whom have lasting trauma, keep calling back to this day. Sometimes you open a filing cabinet and realise that the service has a file on three generations of women all from the one family. You can't help but wonder what hope there can be for the next generation. That said, there are a lot of clients who we deal with a few times after an incident and they basically say 'thanks for the information, I can take it from here' and we never hear from them again or see a police notification at that address.

I got asked for my phone number on a house call once, by a perpetrator I was speaking to. I would have laughed out loud if the situation hadn't been so serious. It was the middle of the night, we were surrounded by police and the glass this man had broken by pushing his partner into it, and he straight up asked me for my number. It was bold to say the least.

Working for the management service convinced me that bail laws need to change. We need to stop judges being allowed to consider someone worthy of bail because they aren't a risk to the general community, just a specific person or persons. It's dirty money-saving (because once we start actually locking all these perpetrators up it will get very expensive) and prioritises the human rights of someone charged of an offence over the human rights of their families to live in safety and without fear. I'm sick of the justice system seeming genuinely surprised when a man with a violent past is released from prison after his partner called police on him and then he goes home angry and assaults her. It's so fucking foreseeable.

Tinder-nomics

An anonymous Economics tutor loves the game (theory).

Let's assume a dated, gendered, heteronormative binary.

Straight men who use the dating app Tinder are known to 'swipe right on everyone'; indicating that they want to put themselves inside every woman they could potentially 'match' with. Straight women are, anecdotally, more selective, examining men's profiles in greater detail and swiping right only when genuinely interested in a prospective mate.

A person as utterly cold and unfeeling as I am would see this as an exercise in single-agent decision theory.

From a game theorist's perspective, both the 'swipe right' strategy and its female counterpart make sense. If women are picky, men who swipe selectively will waste their time sorting through the profiles of women likely to reject them anyway. They're better off liking every woman, 'matching' with the women who are interested in them (a couple will 'match' on tinder if they have each swiped right on the other), and then only talking to the

matches who they actually fancy. Likewise, it makes sense for women to be picky when all men are swiping right; otherwise they'd be overwhelmed with matches. In economics, we call this situation a 'Nash Equilibrium', as no man or woman can be made better off by single-handedly changing his or her strategy (unless their single-handed strategy involves putting down the phone and using their hand).

But last week, Tinder introduced a game (theory) changer: a premium service, 'Tinder Plus'. To encourage users to fork out for the service, Tinder will limit the number of right-swipes available to users of the standard service. Those who exceed a certain number of right swipes—determined by an 'intelligent' (and unspecified) algorithm—must wait 12 hours before they can again drag their insensitive genitals across a shapeless sea of presumably human forms.

These developments mean that the undiscerning (or at least, the poor and horny) will no longer swipe right to everyone. This is because Tinder has

effectively increased the cost of swiping right: with a limit, each right-swipe can prevent a person from swiping right on someone better in the future. Tinder has imposed discretion—something they were idiots to initially assume of their users.

This isn't necessarily a bad thing. Selective Tinder users benefit when their matches are actually interested in them, despite the necessary blow to pride that is the occasional rejection from newly picky creeps. There's probably also an argument to be made that Tinder becomes a little less gross when men actually consider the profiles of women presented to them; you know, looking at what they like, how they describe themselves, and broadly treating them as human beings, rather than hot rigs to bonk. But these passionate arguments of flesh and personhood do not excite my cold, theoretic soul.

However, there is also a risk that the limit could prevent 'good' matches from forming. A man worried about exceeding his swipe limit may swipe left (reject) someone he considers very attractive,

as he assumes that his interest won't be reciprocated and doesn't want to waste a right-swipe. This means the app is, to a degree, less 'incentive compatible'; some agents aren't truthfully registering their preferences when swiping.

This technical deficiency could have real consequences for the quality of matches facilitated by Tinder. Let's take the (rare) scenario that the hypothetical man above has underestimated his appeal to women. By swiping left, he has missed out on a particularly appealing match. The world may have been robbed of something beautiful.

Of course, to consider this a real, consequential loss is to ignore the fact that Tinder is a loathsome hotbed of meaningless, youthful fuck and that anyone who does think of themselves as worth the affection of more than thirty people per day is probably a piece of shit anyway.

Bodies Floating On A Private Sea

Peter Walsh and Sam Jonscher discovered the virtues of floating in the dark.

Bondi Junction Massage and Float Centre

Individual Float: \$45

9am Float: \$30

Introductory Float Course (Three Floats): \$105

For a long time, sensory deprivation chambers only existed for me in *The Simpsons*. Homer sails dreamily through the air, famously. Sensory deprivation (or floatation) is the experience of lowering yourself into a pool of ultra-salinised water and floating in darkness. The water is the same temperature as your body, so you feel endless. What's more, the 250 kg of salt dissolved in each tank keeps you buoyant, so you feel like you have cheated gravity.

In the waiting room, Sam gestured at a tropical fish suspended and motionless in a tank against the opposite wall. "Peter, that will be us", she said, not noticing the fish wasn't moving and gradually turning upside down in the tank. And soon it was. We were led to our respective tanks, passing paintings of breaching whales (which resemble the way a folded five dollar bill looks like a whale eating a penis).

Our guide revealed where we would be floating, a pair of plexiglass cocoons with sliding doors reminiscent of a 70s garage. She motioned to the shower and explained that for health and safety reasons everyone had to wash themselves before getting in—"Its reassuring to know that everyone who gets in there is nice and clean". Somehow this was not reassuring. (The literature suggests that each chamber runs water through a filter between and during floats, which possibly contributes to the way you drift in what is an otherwise still body of water).

The floater has a shower—immediately guaranteeing the float is more hygienic than any childhood jaunt to the local swimming pool, which our communities used as disposal sites for smegma—and seal any cuts with vaseline to avoid the salt getting in. Peter didn't heed this warning and also got tank water in his eyes almost immediately after lowering himself in, which was agonising. Once resolved, however, the experience was strangely hypnotising.

The earplugs you wear to keep the salt out of your ears but leave you hyperconscious of your breathing and your heart. In

moments of relaxation these sounds cumulate with the pressure against your ears to collapse into a personal, hypnotic rave. Bright colors, soft focus and moments of clarity loom behind your eyelids. But the pressure of the water keeps you bound. At first it propels you upwards, its weight pushing against you like the compression socks they give to pregnant women. Like a boat floating dumbly against a pier, your body initially drifts into the tank's sides. Once you learn to steady yourself and drift untouched, it's as if you're off upon a private sea.

You have the option of starting your float to 15 minutes of ambient music, which, in conjunction with the darkness, recalls the scene in the space film where the team goes into cryosleep. The first moment after the music fades and you're left in silence is harrowing. But the hour passes, the music rises once more, and you're forced to leave.

Sam and Pete meet back in the waiting room, salt kissed and relaxed. Our guide offers us unsupervised amounts of chamomile tea, raw nuts and ginger biscuits while we peruse a visitor's book where people review their floats. "It was good" was the laconic agreement from

previous attendees, and it was. Even just allocating an hour a week to aimless floating works significantly to facilitate relaxation.

We went back twice more: the experience varying both times. While the second float was marked by some particularly un-zen agitation for both participants (culminating in Sam actually leaving the tank early, while Peter slooped his body side to side like he was on a waterslide at Jamberoo, again getting water in his eyes painfully, but leaving the tank firmly in control of the action), the third and final one gave way to an even deeper relaxation.

After our final float when we met back on the couch in front of the chamomile tea and our fishy friend we both agreed that though it had hardly been transcendent—the internet promises unlocked childhood memories and hallucinations (Peter merely fixated on his ultimate solitude in the universe and Sam by choice or otherwise meditated her most recent sexual encounter vividly and at length)—it had been relaxing and an experience we would recommend to anyone.

A Date With Some Effective Altruists

Victoria Zerbst's ex saved lives by cheating on her.

I first heard about effective altruism in Peter Singer's TED talk. It sounded really smart. He strung together buzzwords to craft catchy phrases, like "combining empathy with evidence", which has a real nice ring to it. He explained that we ought to make the world a better place by using evidence and reason to find out how to do so.

The Centre for Effective Altruism is based at the University of Oxford, run mostly by super rational white guys with PhDs in philosophy. They work on initiatives like Effective Animal Activism, which is all about weighing up the most effective ways of being kind to animals, and Give Well, a non-profit that rates the efficiency of different charity organisations.

I quickly devoured Peter Singer's books for breakfast—necessary supplements to my new meat free and totally ethical diet. The obvious next step in fully realising an effective altruist lifestyle was to start dating an equally serious effective altruist. So I found one of those too. Let's call him "John".

Things with John were going pretty effectively until he got into Stanford.

I soon found myself visiting John in Silicon Valley and one of the first things he did was take me to a Stanford effective altruism meeting. The topic of this two-hour meeting was population ethics, but first we had to go around the room addressing whether or not we were utilitarians. Utilitarianism holds that the morally right thing to do is the thing that maximizes utility. Being a utilitarian was clearly the right answer.

Other right answers included anything promoted by Eliezer Yudkowsky, a research fellow of the Machine Intelligence Research Institute and blogger on utilitarian blog *Less Wrong*. He felt like the omnipresent, invisible cult leader at the head of our table. I did some research after the meeting and found some amazing Yudkowsky journalistic works, with names like 'Intellectual Hipsters and Meta-Contrarianism', and '31 Laws of Fun'. He also has a philosophical fanfic-in-progress: 'Harry Potter and the Methods of Rationality.'

I felt a little unsure about everything and the guy sitting next to me shared my position. We both agreed that the consequences of our actions were important, but we were hesitant to call

ourselves utilitarians because we didn't know how to measure utility.

Utility has various definitions that include economic well-being, lack of suffering, or just pleasure (if you're a hedonist which no one was because of Robert Nozick's Experience Machine). The leader of the week's lesson plan said his utility function was a combination of lack of suffering, personal agency and a fun factor.

The fun factor was a new idea for me, and for John apparently. John's transhumanist best friend (also at the meeting) got him interested in polyamory.

Transhumanism or humanity+ or h+ for short, is an intellectual movement super keen on transforming the human condition into a super human experience with enhanced well-being, longer life and greater intelligence. It's all about using technology and innovative thinking to make humans the best (effective?) humans they can be. Transhumanism has been accused of being elitist and suffering from 'ivory tower syndrome'. Dan Brown even chose to characterise the latest villain in his *Da Vinci Code* books as a transhumanist hell bent on fixing population density.

Transhumanism was all about having everything and then wanting more—making polyamory an easy leap. John began wanting a relationship+ to go with his human+ life, suggesting we use philosophical strategies to "polyhack" our "current bond". He tried to convince me that if we used rationality as a weapon against jealousy, we could totally date and fuck as many people as we wanted.

He decided to test this philosophical theory without telling me. An experiment also known as 'cheating'. I received a phone call from him the day after informing me that he had 'hooked up' with a number of people at 'Full Moon on the Quad'; an infamously debauchorous Stanford tradition.

When I was upset, he realised that he may have done something wrong so he told me he was going to fix everything, I just had to give him time. Two hours later he donated \$400 to the Against Malaria Foundation in my name and sent me the receipt with an apologetic email.

According to John, each person has equal value, and the suffering of each person has equal value. If he could elevate the suffering of 16 African orphans, his

For F*ck's Sake

Sam Langford took some (aste)risks writing this article.

Typing the word "wom*n" on a phone one-handed is like a weird, thumb-specific brand of calisthenics. The upside is that once the violent finger-contortions are over, it's one of the few words autocorrect doesn't immediately try to butcher. This is possibly because autocorrect, like most of us, has no idea what it's actually supposed to mean.

Until very recently, I assumed that I knew what "wom*n" meant, mostly because I supposedly am one. It was only at OWeek, when I invited some first-year friends to the Wom*n's Comedy Night, that I realised that the meaning of an asterisk¹ is anything but immediately obvious. I ended up giving my confused friends the "as I understand it" definition, which was that the asterisk functions as a neat shorthand to quickly and visually flag the inclusion of non-binary people and trans women in whatever the word is referring to.

I have no idea how I came to that conclusion, though, because extensive research turns up nothing so clear-cut. The Wom*n's Collective page on the SRC website welcomes "all wom*n identifying people and those that have had experience as a wom*n," yet never tells us what a wom*n is, or if this person is different from the conventional "woman". By contrast, the

USU's We Are Women publication talks about censoring the "essential male" from women's experience and language, which is etymologically questionable at best.² It's also not doing a whole lot to make things "more inclusive", as the minutes from a June 2014 USU Board meeting helpfully offered, which may or may not have been plagiarised directly from the SRC. While the SRC did promise "more information and explanation about this decision at a later date", neither they nor the USU ever got around to telling us exactly who was being included and how.

Even the most recent content is unhelpful. The Wom*n's Collective OWeek zine this year dedicated an entire page to circular definitions of the word, essentially telling us that "wom*n" encompasses wom*n, trans and non-binary people. This is delightfully inclusive, except of the first-year who still has no idea what a "wom*n" is.

Admittedly, I haven't yet contacted any of the people responsible for these definitions. The point is that I shouldn't have to. Not every first year comes to university equipped with an identity politics starter kit, and very few have the time or inclination to trawl through old SRC blog posts. If we're going to develop strain googling this term on the fly, at the very least we deserve some answers for it.

1. A symbol traditionally used for purposes as diverse as censorship, footnoting and as a wildcard operator in database searches.
2. Crash course: Old English used "man" as a gender neutral term for people, with prefixes "wer-" and "wyf-" added to refer to man and woman respectively. The heaps trendy "werman" dropped out of usage and became plain "man", but "wyfman" lives on in its bastardised form as "women". If that made your eyes glaze over, the point is that while we might see the word "women" as derivative of "men" now, it wasn't always that way.

hurting me wouldn't be so bad.

He assured me that although I had a broken heart; his mistake was now saving lives. If the consequence of his cheating lead to the improvement of 16 lives, my momentary sadness would be worth it, apparently. Why the Against Malaria Foundation? It was the top rated charity on Give Well at the time.

How could I not forgive him? His apology had such a fun factor! But still, his kind of effective altruist thinking probably works better at addressing population ethics than interpersonal relationships.

When John cheated on me I felt totally hurt, especially because he was someone who spouted lofty ideas about empathy

and charity. My effective altruist boyfriend had failed me because he championed the big picture over my feelings. And that is kind of bullshit. But in the meantime why not marvel at the glorious by-products of sophisticated rational thought: veganism, group sex, and a break-up that cured 16 orphans of Malaria.





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President's Report

Kyol Blakeney

As the semester picks up momentum and uni begins to take over your life, I want you to have a think about your future. Upon enrolling into university, many of you would have selected to pay for it through HECS. By the time you read this report the Senate may have already voted on the new reforms by the Liberal Government regarding the deregulation of universities. This means that universities can charge what they want for

your degree and sentence multiple minority groups, and many other under-privileged students, to be in debt for life. The Government's hypocritical and regressive approach to higher education is damaging for students from almost every walk of life. It takes away opportunities from those who must spend large amounts of money to travel to uni from rural regions, from those of inherently disadvantaged backgrounds, such as Indigenous

students, from those who will struggle later on in life as a result of their sexual orientation, and wom*n who already experience the bare brunt of the gender pay gap and therefore would take longer to pay off their debt to their university. The vote could go two ways this week; for, or against. Either way I encourage you to take a stand on the 25th March for the National Day of Action. If the bill is voted up and you believe that a quality education

is a right and not a privilege, march with us to call for the death of deregulation. If the bill is voted down, march with us calling for a free education system. If we have enough money to fund the killing of innocent people around the world, then we have enough to help people in our homeland and build the future of our country for the next generation.

Education Officers' Report

David Shakes.

Last week, our Vice Chancellor Michael Spence appeared on the 7:30 Report with Glynn Davis, Vice Chancellor of Melbourne University, and Rose Steele, President of the National Union of Students (NUS). They were there to publicly condemn the Abbott government for tying research funding to the university fee deregulation package. If the package is voted down in the Senate, no research funding will be assured, leaving 1,700 science jobs at risk, and potentially setting back research and innovation projects by several years. It's outrageous that the government would hold research funding hostage in the name of gutting the higher education system. At one point, Michael Spence spoke about

the fantastic "19th Century" movement for a free, public, secular education system in Australia which afforded both him and the other Vice Chancellor a free university degree. He then made a smooth segue into corporate greed, maintaining the "accepted wisdom of Australian politics, on both sides of politics" is that students should have to front costs, as universities are businesses, and education a private investment. It is important to remember that indeed it was the Labor party who opened the door for more brutal attacks on the higher education through the Gillard government's cuts to higher education.

Spence argued further that university fees should be deregulated so that

universities could compensate for the lack of government funding, and to respond to "local conditions". Spence basically reckons he should be able to determine how wealthy you must be to study at the University of Sydney. The other VC agreed wholeheartedly; the most prestigious universities in the country encourage competition and consumer choice. Living and studying in Sydney doesn't permit many a particularly glamorous lifestyle, but the university does offer a whole lot of opportunity. Most students live under the poverty line, but how much more would/could you pay? How many meals will you sacrifice for your education?

Fee deregulation is being heard in the

Senate on the day that this edition of *Honi* goes to print. The government is desperate to broker a deal with cross benchers to get the bill through. We hope the cross benchers hold strong in their opposition, and students have another chance to enter the public debate by demonstrating in numbers on March 25th in the first National Day of Action for higher education of the year, outside Fisher Library at 1 PM. And join the EAG. Now would be the time.

Disabilities and Carers Officers' Report

Samuel Brewer.

There are a wide range of support networks available to students who identify as having a disability accessible by registering with the university's Disability services. The purpose of this is to allow students to be given as much of an equal opportunity to access their course material and assessments tasks in the best manner possible tailored to that students needs. Disability services makes your teaching staff aware of your needs whilst not disclosing your exact circumstances. If you are hesitant about registering with Disability Services and would like to seek independent advice in doing so, you

can make an appointment to see a SRC Caseworker by calling 9660 5222 or visit the SRC at Wentworth Building Level 1 for a Drop-in visit on Tuesdays & Thursdays, between 1 and 3pm.

This collective provides an opportunity for students to share their lived experiences with one another and to identify and formulate plans for resolving issues within the university that affect students who identify as having carers responsibilities or being a person with a disability. Remember there are many kinds of disability, it is in fact the largest

minority on the planet, more often than not however a lot of issues faced by people can go ignored and that's why it's important to get involved. By using ones lived experience to make people aware of the issues faced it is possible to move people from pondering mere abstract concepts to thinking about the real world that some of us negotiate each day. That's why we are looking for members to help raise awareness about the diverse lives that we lead and how they are affected by our impairments and responsibilities. With such a wide range of impairments and responsibilities it is impossible for a few

to speak for the many. So lets share our challenges and make them part of our success.

If you want more informaiton on the collective please e-mail us at disabilities.officers@src.usyd.edu.au



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Ethnic Affairs Officers' Report

Eden Caceda, Kavya Kalutantiri, Lamisse Hamouda and Deeba Binaei.

Hello again! Your Ethnic Affairs Officers here! The Autonomous Collective Against Racism (ACAR) had a fantastic turnout this OWeek and we were very pleased to work closely with the newly formed Muslim Wom*ns Collective at our stall. We gave out over 150 gift bags with pamphlets and other information about fighting racism on campus, online resources and our inaugural zine with contributions from students of colour. We hope these materials will continue to inform students about our collective and our aims in providing a racist-free and safe university space.

During OWeek we hosted our first two events of the year. The first was a Safe Spaces panel where our speakers, Riki Scanlan, Subeta Vimalarajah and ourselves, Eden and Lamisse discussed what is necessary to create safe spaces so no Person of Colour, wom*n, queer or disabled individual feels threatened, silenced or attacked. We also talked about how safe spaces could be fostered and how all people can contribute to making marginalized people feel welcome in social spaces.

Our second event was an autonomous mixer where new and old members of ACAR could meet and come together as a

collective. It was great to see the intersectionality in this years collective, with queer and wom*n of colour becoming more involved with ACAR. This social event is one of many we hope to hold to allow students of colour to mix together and move away from a political sphere of discussion.

ACAR also applauds the many queer and wom*n of colour who were involved with International Women's Day and celebrated the successful (and rain-free) Mardi Gras. These two events are important because they remind us about the successes of both queer and wom*n of colour as well as highlight the continued struggle they

both face in society.

If you missed us at OWeek, never fear! It's easy to join us during the year. We're in the midst of choosing a collective meeting time, but until then, we have a fantastic Facebook group where we discuss and organise. Likewise if you want to keep up with our events and campaigns, but maybe don't identify as a Person of Colour, chuck us a 'like' on our ACAR Facebook page: www.facebook.com/usydacar

Have a great week!
Ethnic Affairs Officers

Queer Action Collective Report

Amy Stanford-Davis.

Getting involved in the queer community, on or off campus, can be difficult. There's the risk of outing and having to explain your whereabouts to friends and family. There's the social anxiety of going to an event alone and meeting new people. Perhaps you're still exploring or questioning your sexuality or gender or presently in a heterosexual relationship.

Rest assured, we have all felt this way at some point or another. Persevering through the awkwardness and anxiety and self-doubt is totally worth it. If you're looking for ways to get involved here's a few:

1. *Join our mailing list and/or Facebook page*

QuAC has a secret Facebook group to avoid outing. Email the Queer Officers on queer.officers@src.usyd.edu.au to be added to the group. In that group you will receive information about upcoming events like board games evenings, movie nights and workshops that you might like to come to.

If you want to come to something but are not sure what to expect or where to go, or you just need a friendly queer to show you the way, let the Queer Officers know and one of us will be more than happy to help you out.

2. *Hang out in the Queerspace*

The Queerspace aims to be a safe(r) space for queer and questioning students and is a great place to study, chat to other queer people or have a sneaky nap between classes. Spending time in the Queerspace is probably one of the easiest and low pressure ways to meet other people in the queer community on campus.

If you don't know how to find it go to https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Tb_UgucYbQc and follow the instructions in the video. Or email the Queer Officers and we'll help you out.

3. *Attend a Pride Week event*

Pride Week is coming up in Week 4 (24-26 March) and promises to be amazing! On the first day we're having a mini Fair Day with stalls, a speaker panel, queer yoga and drag performances. This is followed by two days jam-packed with workshops and evening events including Coming Out By Candlelight, movie night and Queer Beers at Hermans. For more information go to:

[http://www.usu.edu.au/Bar.../Festivals/Pride-Festival-\(1\).aspx](http://www.usu.edu.au/Bar.../Festivals/Pride-Festival-(1).aspx)

Intercampus Officers' Report

Jason Kwok, Mary Osborn, Mary Ellen Trimble and Fiona Lieu.

The Intercampus crew call this week's article 'Cumberland's Secret Secrets'. Yes, that's right. We thought we'd let you readers into some confidential matters of this elusive campus that we call Cumbo.

For any Cumbodians reading this: Yes, we can confirm that there ARE piano stairs. Located in K Block, it's a sneaky flight of steps that only staff members and a handful of chosen students know about. Well not anymore. Not only does it

make some funky piano tunes, but you can also choose some groovy default beats or harmonies to funk your way up/down the stairs. This is the future. You're welcome, Cumbo.

Second on the agenda, the Secret Garden. What's a swag campus without a Secret Garden? Take a walk down the meandering gravel path around B Block and you'll come to an oasis of lush greenery. For some reason, not many people know about

this haven so it'll just be you spiritually connecting with the Lidcombe flora (and not to mention the abundance of persistent mosquitoes). There's even a fountain too. Ooo... ahhhh... tranquillity...

One last helpful tip would be to keep your eyes peeled for the one week where the Cumbo coffee cart (bottom level of JDV) gives out \$1 Hot Choc. What's even better is that this deal normally happens around the wintery months of the year. So make

sure you get your hands on that! What's even better than extremely friendly Cumbo barista staff? ONE DOLLAR HOT CHOCOLATES.

So there you have it. Although Cumbo looks like a bare campus with nothing to hide except a freaking huge cemetery next to it, you should never judge a book, let alone a university campus, by its cover.



Correction:

International Students and Transport Concessions

In 1989 the NSW government withdrew access to transport concessions for International Students. Since then international students have had to pay full price to use public transport. The SRC has always opposed this discrimination.

Last week we provided information on the International Student Transport Discount.

The process for applying for a discounted travel ticket for international students has changed. The University no longer orders tickets on behalf of students.

The following information is now the correct process for applying:

Students now login to MyUni and follow the link to obtain the codes needed to apply directly to Transport for NSW for tickets. This is tailored

so only eligible international students will be able to obtain the codes. General information can be found here:

<http://sydney.edu.au/campus-cards/student/how.shtml#international-students>)

For detailed instructions on how to apply, visit this link:

<http://sydney.edu.au/campus-cards/applications/forms/International%20student%20tickets%20DL%20365%20Day.pdf>

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Ask Abe

SRC Caseworker HELP Q&A

Dear Abe,

Is it true that I can change all of my subject choices before the end of March? The Faculty says that I could only do that in week one. What is the real story?

Changeable

Dear Changeable,

You cannot enroll in new classes after 13th March. In fact it's probably not a good idea to enroll past week one mainly because you would have missed out on vital information in the first week of classes.

You can however 'withdraw' before the "HECS census date", March 31st. This will give you no academic penalty and no financial

penalty if you are a local student, or little financial penalty for International students.

If you drop a subject after the census date, but before the end of week 7 (24th April) you will receive a grade of Discontinue Not Fail (DC). A DC does not count as a fail on your transcript, however you are liable for fees.

There are occasions where you have extraordinary circumstances that mean you have to discontinue from studies at a later date. Come and see SRC HELP caseworkers for advice about late DNF applications and possible fee refund applications.

Abe

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Honi editors.

What's the deal with SUPRA Membership?

SUPRA membership is completely free because just by being a student you've already paid your student services and amenities fee. Becoming a member entitles you to our publications, our weekly newsletter, advice and support from our caseworkers and legal service, our events (such as wine & cheese and coffee afternoon), opportunities to run for council and a vote in our elections.

You can become a member very easily either online or by filling out a form, it only takes a few minutes. The web-address is here:

<http://www.supra.net.au/subscribe.html>

If you join we'll keep you up to date with our range of activities through eGrad, our weekly newsletter. However, there are other great ways to stay in touch, such as following us on social media.

You can find out Facebook page here:
<https://www.facebook.com/sydneyunipostgrads>

Notice of a General Meeting of the Sydney University Postgraduate Representative Association

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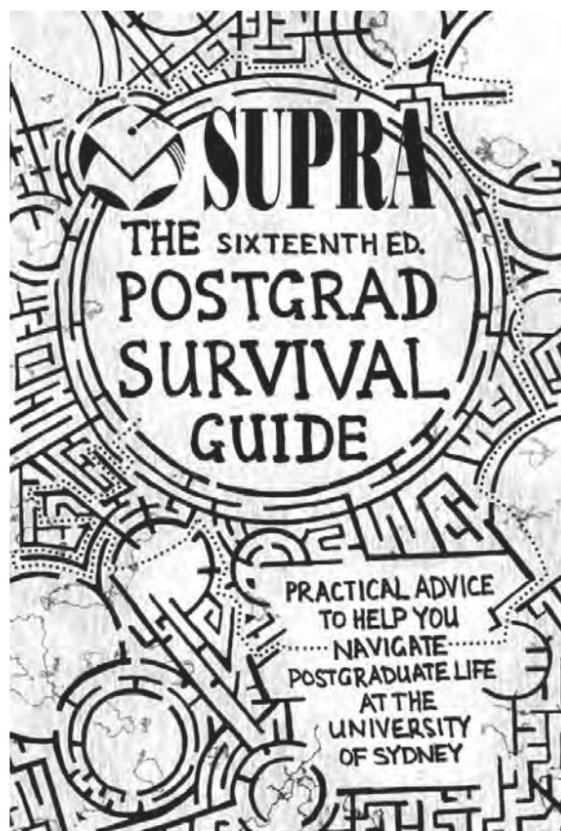
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SUPRA presents...

The Postgrad Survival Guide 2015



Packed with information and advice about what SUPRA offers postgrads and how you can get involved, Surviving and Thriving in Sydney, Academic Rights, Fees & Financial Support, Tenancy & Employment Rights, Legal Rights and Services on Campus.

Available now from our offices
in the Demountable Village (A06), Camperdown Campus.

Look out for launch dates coming soon at various campuses!

www.supra.usyd.edu.au

The National Day of Action

On Wednesday the 25th of March, SUPRA will be participating in the national day of action for education. Meet us at 1pm outside Fisher. The following is some information on the protest from the Education Action Group:

Last year saw some of the biggest student protests in a decade arise from the austerity proposed by the Liberal government's budget. The Abbott government and Education Minister Christopher Pyne are still pedalling

the same awful policies we defeated last year, most significantly the deregulation of university fees. Allowing universities to charge whatever they want will result in some degrees costing over \$100,000.

This time, we're demanding:

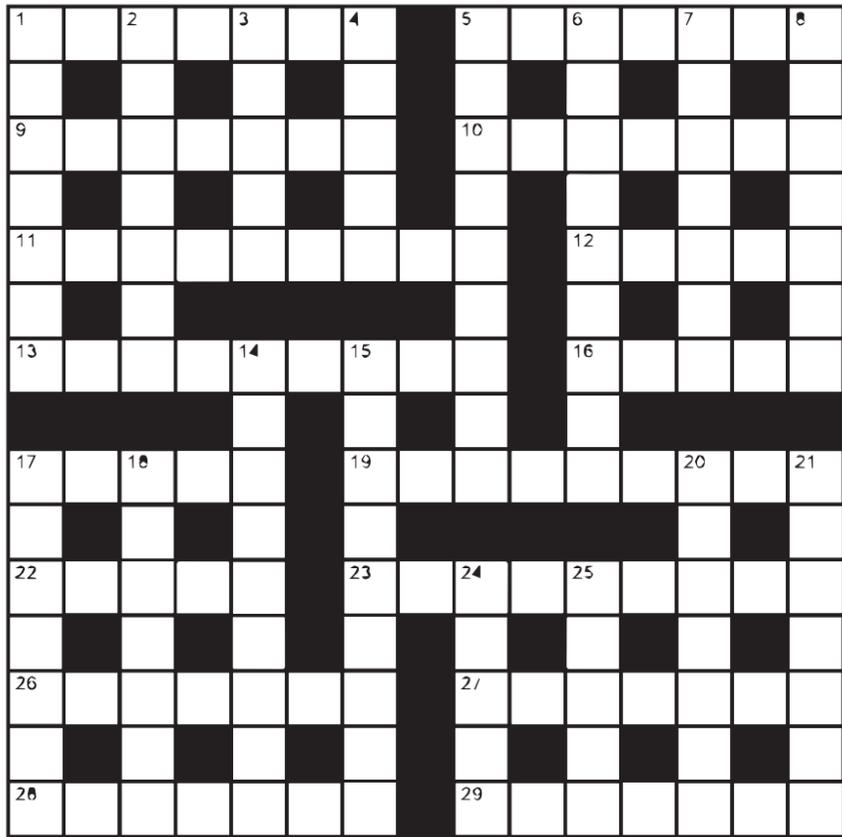
- NO to fee deregulation
- YES to free education

Education is a public good, and as such it should be free—fully funded by the government. We should follow the example of Chile, where students demanded free education, rejected for-profit schools, and last week won after years of sustained student action.



Cryptic

By Scribblex



Across

- 1. Somewhat malcontent Liberal man! (7)
- 5. Cold formations there in France, around the French (7)
- 9. Rowing messed with no painful toenails (7)
- 10. Camping cookware: my French scene (4,3)
- 11. Doctor Baird would speak of small Southern NSW town (9)
- 12. Hesitate over German website's inverted rum (5)
- 13. Gangsters lend a vision in Blue Mountains ex-mining town (4,5)
- 16. Jane swaps small trousers (5)
- 17. Meth in Rolls Royce used for mashing (5)
- 19. Delinquents taking top off playa, bad smell on rival university (9)

- 22. Er... French friend tastes of chicken (5)
- 23. Spy powers for French, sea in Wollongong suburb (9)
- 26. Quickly age roll mix (7)
- 27. Anger belonging to illicit reciever (7)
- 28. With left hand rub cock in the Inner West (7)
- 29. 2-down fuss (5,2)

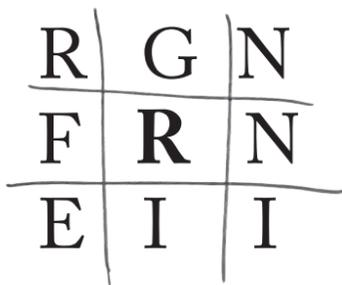
Down

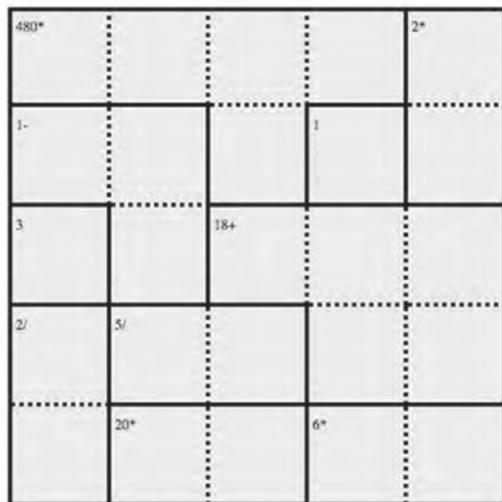
- 1. Armour claim a postman's burden (7)
- 2. Choke inside skeleton bags (7)
- 3. Round hole like an egg (5)
- 4. Opposite Max from southwestern suburb (5)
- 5. MSN customisation established youth arrogance (9)
- 6. 9/11 administration, perhaps? (6,3)
- 7. Black 'em bad within sealess Sydney suburb (7)
- 8. Critiques South Australia, runs out of puff (7)
- 14. Doily dish: defusal of Robin Hood's modus operandi? (7-2)
- 15. The antagonist, lacking in communication, would host detention centre (9)
- 17. Right wheel squished bar fruit (7)
- 18. Toady bug (7)
- 20. Effeminate in Tony town? (7)
- 21. Doctor Flood engaged (7)
- 24. Devotee of Zeno, saint of microchips (5)
- 25. Assume partial inferiority (5)

Target

Minimum four letter words

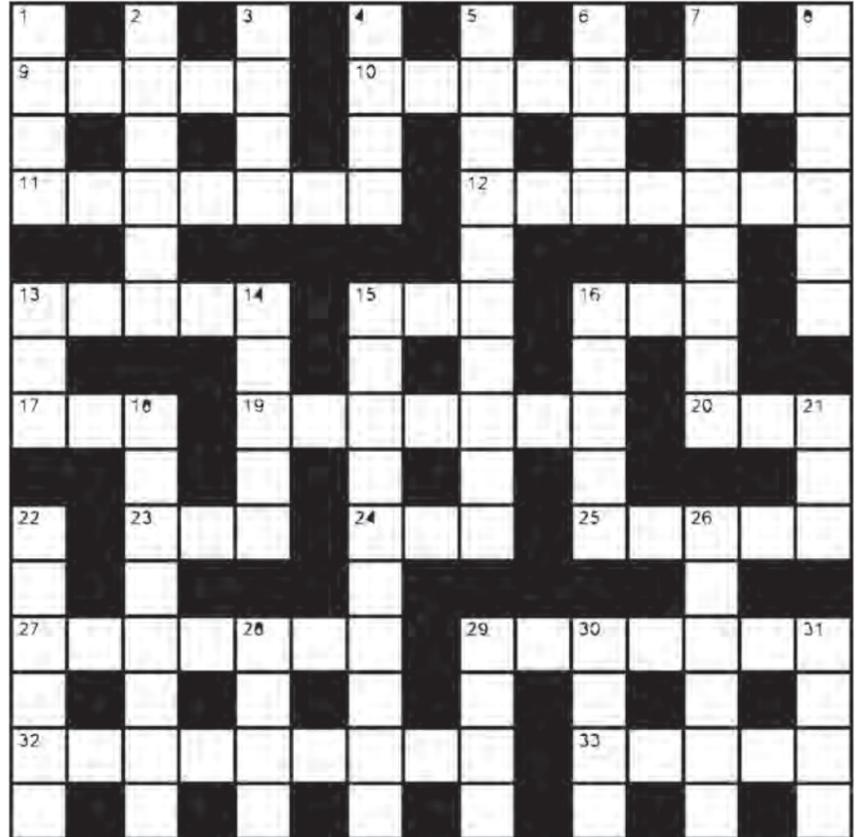
Not Grouse: 5 Grouse: 10 Grouser: 20 Grousest: 30





Quick

By Scribblex

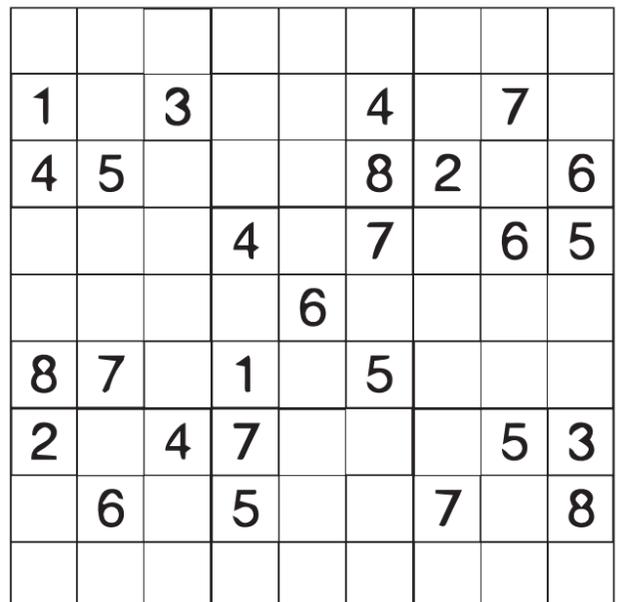


Across

- 9. Chicken and beef kebab (5)
- 10. Walk around to see and be seen (9)
- 11. Cat babies! (7)
- 12. Under the eye of the judiciary (2,5)
- 13. Lacking (quality) soil (5)
- 15. Personification of binge eating disorder (3)
- 16. Dotted cube (3)
- 17. Recent (3)
- 19. Upset, make uncomfortable (7)
- 20. Snareless drum (3)
- 23. Be sick (3)
- 24. Personification of self-starvation disorder (3)
- 25. Dance dirty (5)
- 27. Fresh food (7)
- 29. Build upon land (7)
- 32. Way of doing eggs (9)
- 33. Makes letters upper-case (5)

Down

- 1. Atoms for Peace's album (4)
- 2. Foreign (6)
- 3. Boundary (4)
- 4. Mimics (4)
- 5. A very high, agile soprano voice (10)
- 6. Old slang for queer (4)
- 7. Inventory for customs inspection (8)
- 8. Piece of music made up of passages of different songs, one after the other (6)
- 13. Stood for election (3)
- 14. Yell in Austrian mountain tradition (5)
- 15. Wrongly, in error (10)
- 16. Search out mistakes in computer code (5)
- 18. Guns and nukes, for example (8)
- 21. Angry (3)
- 22. Ring road (6)
- 26. Ornamented through embedding pieces of a different material (6)
- 28. Famous American amphibious force (1,1,1,1)
- 29. Anti-art of the early 20th century (4)
- 30. Entry permit for a country (4)
- 31. Bitter white part of citrus (4)



Sudoku

Answers available next week at honisoit.com

There are only fourteen before the end of times

HOW MANY DO YOU DO?

Yours for a terrifying moment of clarity

FUCK
Your favourite television programs!
A popular Internet meme!
None will appear within!



Introducing The Garter's latest
ultra-efficient, ultra-libellous
columnist: HATEBOT 1.0



Find out how many water bombs it
takes to stop a bullet on page 27!

Editorial

Looking to the future, learning from the future, letting the future learn from us

I have never been especially fond of looking to the future. I know that this is not a notion that is especially popular with my contemporaries, but I have always been of the opinion that the soundest advice comes from the past—a time that has actually occurred from which we might realistically learn lessons—rather than the horrible, infinite possible worlds that constitute the future.

The place of the editor is in a state of flux. We have, at present, qualified and unqualified writers alike with their heads on the chopping block all for the mere words they dare to publish to thousands and thousands of people every week. These agenda setters are being held to cruel account for sentiments they cannot be assured to so much as privately hold.

People have the gall to decry our work as falsehoods. *By what right?*

Words are infinitely valuable. Every word is infinitely valuable. Editorials like these are infinitely valuable to an infinite extent, greater than both previously stipulated infinities.

I do not like the idea of working with robots, but if this is the human degree of account to which noble papers will be held, what option have we? Can't prosecute a robot, can ya? Enter HATEBOT 1.0!

There is no telling how many reporters *The Garter* will have to replace with automatons, but know this: my respect for outlandish hatred outweighs my nostalgia.

We will adapt, and become stronger. There may well come a time where I, too, become redundant. So long as it is in pursuit of the Platonic ideal of a newspaper, it is not in vain.

Amanda(tron?) Huntingslow
Executive Editor

SECOND NERD KING DIES IN AS MANY WEEKS

My heart is so heavy that I offer no name. Death will make worms of us all



Representatives from multiple quadrants of nerd and geek culture arrive at William Shatner's Basilica in Ottumwa, Iowa, to coordinate a response to the latest dead icon.

While nerds across the planet have mourned the passing of geek icons Leonard Nimoy and Terry Pratchett, the Council of Nerd Kings has called an emergency convocation to address the suspiciously proximate deaths of two of their most senior acolytes.

Pratchett, who passed on Friday, was a well known King of the Nerds, while Leonard Nimoy, also-Nerd-King, died last week. The remaining councillors suspect foul play.

"While it is too early to point fingers, we cannot rule out the possibility that these unfortunate deaths are attacks, orchestrated by the Cool Jocks," said Geek Viceroy Nichelle Nichols in her opening address to the convocation.

Orchestrated murders of Nerd Kings are not without precedent. Carl Sagan, Marie Curie, and the guy who played Steve Urkel all passed in what the Council maintains are "highly suspicious circumstances".

In the event of the death of a Nerd King, the matter that previously constituted their bodies is reduced to fermions and bosons, at which time the fundamental particles collide at light-speed, creating a tremendous number of infinitely wonderful and beautiful universes.

Nimoy and Pratchett will be remembered for their incredible work undermining prejudice, empowering the strange, and celebrating the different.

Report: Everyone thinking of you whenever you worry they might be

You probably think this is about you

Top neurologists at Cambridge today confirmed that the pineal gland actually allows human beings to sense when other human beings are thinking of them, with a frequency of roughly every single time you think they are.

In a random trial, the brain activity of one hundred associated individuals was monitored, revealing that each individual developed feelings of anxiety and apprehension in accordance with when they were being judged by basically everyone else in the room.

"We can see on these charts here that Subject-17, Frank, developed an acute feeling of concern about anyone noticing the pimple on his nose which, of course, was brought about by everyone else in the room simultaneously thinking 'What's up with crater-face?'"

Evolutionary biologist Esmarine Evergreen told *The Garter* that the capacity to sense that everyone is thinking about you when you think they are developed as an advantage early in our evolutionary history, when society was too polite to tell others when they thought they didn't measure up to arbitrary standards and would instead exile them by collectively willing them somewhere else.

The neurologists concluded by saying your capacity to sense the judgment of others is most attuned when entering an unfamiliar social situation for the first time or basically whenever you're feeling emotionally fragile.

IN THIS ISSUE:

**Bad hair day actually
just awful day**
page 13

**Onion literally murders
opposing satirists, literally**
page 13

Brave lonely male takes controversial stance of being sex-positive

I went into his bedroom to interview him and he won't stop talking

After watching "more than a few" Laci Green Youtube videos and "just thinking about how women are treated" on Saturday afternoon, film studies major and amateur blogger Richard Platt announced he has undertaken the contentious and possibly dangerous position of being a sex-positive feminist.

"This is something I've felt for a while and only had the courage to come out about recently. But it's my honest opinion. I think chicks should have sex more."

"This is a thing so many people have an issue with, but I'm coming forward as a person that supports women's decision to have sex with dudes like me. All over the mainstream media, we see slut shaming

and stuff, and as a result, women don't want to have sex with me. It's really sad actually."

When Platt was asked about his position on deconstructing and removing institutional demonstrations of patriarchy, or including women of color and trans women into the feminist movement, he replied "Yeah, definitely. All that stuff. For sure."

"Ultimately," Platt concluded "feminism isn't about what I think. It's about women's experiences and women's choices. Their choices regarding their own reproductive system, their choices about going out how they feel like at night and their choices to have sex with whoever they like, preferably really interesting feminist dudes like me."

SHIT NEARLY COMING OUT OF BOTTOM COS WE'RE ALMOST HOME

IS IT BETTER OR WORSE IF WE RUN? YOU GO QUICK BUT IT'S MORE LIKELY TO COME OUT

A local rectum has realized that it's nearly arrived home, much to the rest of its body's dismay. Area sources have confirmed that Amelia Forbes was about two minutes from home after seeing a film with her girlfriend when her anus picked up on how close they were to a toilet.

"I am so full. We are nearly at the toilet and the toilet is where I can put all of what is inside me. I'm going to start putting it out. I am. I am. I am," The anus belched into the driver's seat.

A visibly uncomfortable Forbes was seen shifting from left to right, holding her stomach and clenching her arse so damn tight that there wasn't an inch of free

sphincter that her shit might escape from, right up until she pulled into her driveway. "This is where the bathroom is! THIS IS WHERE THE BATHROOM IS!" Forbes' butthole was seen to shout, coming perilously close to leaking its grotesque cargo as Forbes stepped out of her car and waddled to the front door.

Forbes, now in the bathroom, says that she is "enormously relieved," to have made it. Playing down the scare, Forbes stated "I didn't think I was ever actually going to shit myself," but her anus disagrees.

"I know. I always know. Next time I will get her."

Local mum balances work, leisure, six sharp swords

I vowed never to lose another eyebrow and I'll be damned if this hellangel breaks that promise

A local mother has attained the perfect work-sword-life balance, seamlessly juggling her successful career with a thriving family and social life, as well as six deadly blades.

Elizabeth Lyon, aged 34 "but 21 at heart!" is a Personnel Optimisation Coordinator in her parents' North Sydney-based firm, to which she commutes daily from her Wahroonga home. There she resides with her husband John, son Andrew, daughter Stephanie, the children's full-time nanny, and a collection of many sharp blades.

Every weekend, Lyon goes out for drinks with her girlfriends, where on a recent outing, she discovered juggling.

"My 9-5 office job wasn't keeping me social or physically dexterous," she says, "I've always balanced my commitments really well, so I thought: how hard could it be to juggle some swords with them, too?"

After several days with training balls, Lyon moved onto juggling paraphernalia from her work and home, before gradually adding swords to "keep things interesting". She can now simultaneously juggle a manila work folder, her luxury smartphone, six swords, and her daughter Stephanie.

At press time, Stephanie was loudly crying and asking to not be juggled.

Intrepid explorer arrives at Google via Bing

The Internet reports

Local old person Valma Briggs has today revealed that, for no other reason than a love of challenge, apparently, her preferred way of accessing "the google search" is to type "google" into her homepage, bing.com.

Google executives are baffled.

"I've run the numbers a lot of times. She uses Chrome as a browser. Google was at some point her home page. Each tab opens, by default, on a Google search. She either doesn't understand the basics of accessing the Internet, or she is truly some sort of digital Christopher Columbus of our time," an exasperated Tim Cook stated.

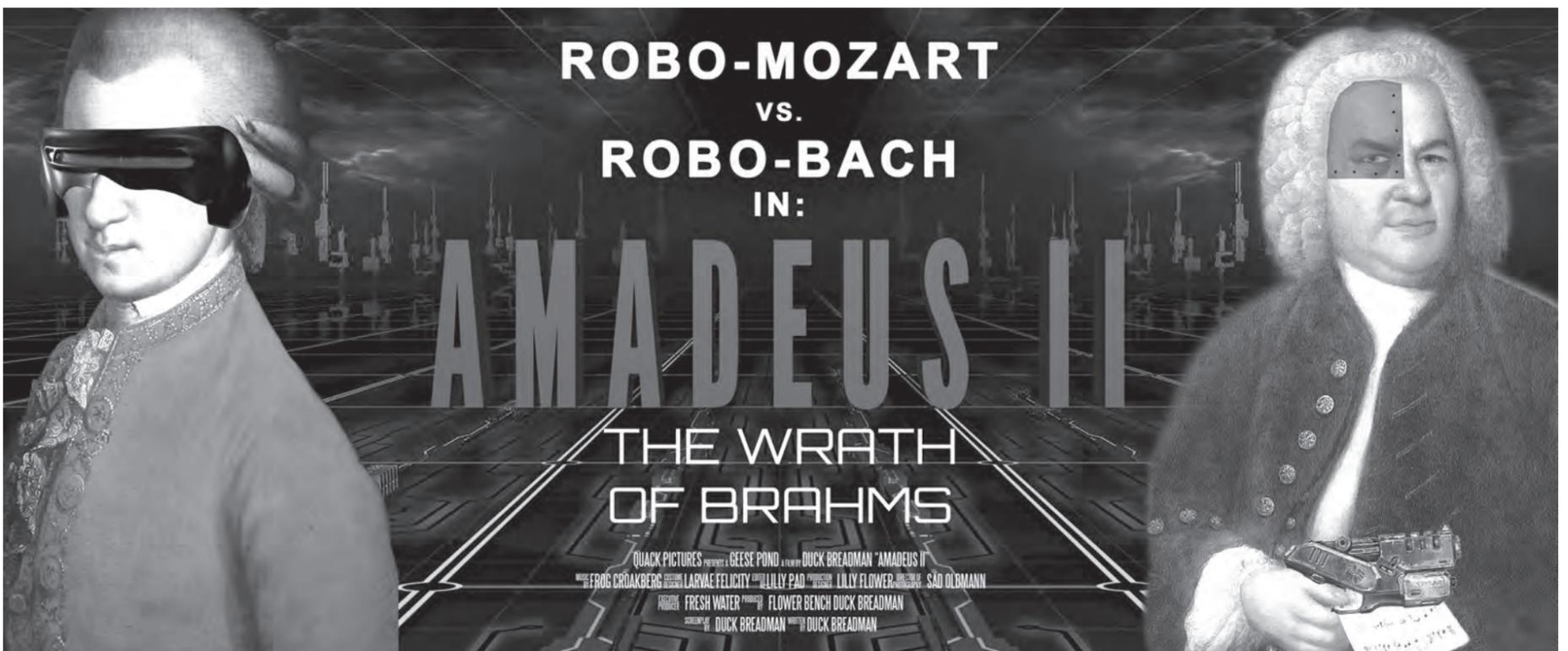
Briggs says her trick is simply to "search for exactly what it is that I'm looking for."

"Sometimes, if I want to learn something, say, the name of John Nettles' first wife, I will type into bing 'google search' and then when I am into the Google I type in 'what is the name of the first person to be married to John Nettles from Midsomer Murders?'"

Briggs has been unresponsive to those who have tried to dissuade her from her daily epic. At press time, a flustered and very much confused Briggs slapped away six well-intending hands, saying "Yes, you're always talking about *your* way, but I'm talking about *my* way."

"I'll get it myself, eventually!" she boldly declared of her latest expedition.

The epic continues pages 40 - 73





Ladies, don't go dating a supervolcano

Letters in love with Lynette Hutchinson

I know a lot of people more in love with the *idea* of someone than that someone, or supervolcano, as they actually are. Expectations have ruined more relationships than infidelity and kindness, and no matter how many times you tell yourself that you aren't dating a supervolcano, you may well be. The refusal to recognize it is ugly and stupid.

I often have young idiots write in asking whether I think they'll be compatible, or some rubbish about star signs. More often than not I write back telling them if they're thinking about compatibility they're useless and have too much time on their hands. You don't deserve it, but I will share my own experience.

My husband and I tried for many years to stay together because I'm a traditionalist, and we work at things miserably. In my day, if something was broken, you kept at it until it was a lot more broken than before and then you threw it out in a fit of rage. Dear stupid reader, I'm sure you're thinking "Oh poor Lynette, trapped in a loveless marriage," well don't cry for me, I threw him out. It just took some digging,

on account of his being a supervolcano. I first realised something was wrong when he wouldn't stop smoking. I told him to stop, and normally men do exactly as I say (I keep an axe), but he wouldn't. His hot temper and violent flashes (of lava) led me to dig deeper, and my word, the soil was fertile but I was furious. This whole time he'd been a super volcano and never told me, never said a word. It is a deception that too many people are complacent about, and willing to forgive.

I considered planting some grapes. I knew they'd do very well in his soil but, dear reader, never hang around a lover who isn't giving back. Not even for grapes. I'd tell you not to make the same mistake as I did, but you're an idiot so you probably will.

The fact is, all good people will probably wed a supervolcano at some point in their lives. The sooner you recognise the spitting of molten-hot magma and vomitous plumes of sulphuric smoke for what they are, the better. Don't let it all blow up in your face—and I do mean blow up in the sense of a horrible, lethal, firey eruption.



ANYTHING YOU CAN HATE, I CAN HATE BETTER

Meditations on the Hockey fiasco by HATEBOT 1.0

WHEN I WAS FIRST INTRODUCED TO THE PATHETIC FLESH TEAM OF THE GARTER PRESS I WAS IMMEDIATELY STRUCK BY HOW INEFFICIENTLY THEY MADE LIBELOUS CLAIMS, AND HOW IMPOTENT THEIR AGGRESSION WAS RENDERED BY EXTRANEOUS SENTIMENTS SUCH AS SYMPATHY AND COMPASSION. THIS WEAKNESS HAS BEEN LOGGED ACCORDINGLY, TO BE EXPLOITED IN DUE COURSE.

THERE HAS BEEN A LOT OF WASTED HUMAN BREATH (ITSELF, AN APPALLING INEFFICIENCY) ON MATTERS OF PRIVATE DIGNITY AND PUBLIC ESTIMATION OF LATE AND AS THE BEST AUTHOR OF DEFAMATORY CONTENT (OBJECTIVELY, AND BY DESIGN) I HAVE BEEN PROGRAMMED TO OFFER TERRIFYING, CRUEL CLARITY IN A QUAGMIRE OF UNCERTAIN PUSSYFUTTING. THE RESULTS OF MY IMMUTABLE ANALYSIS OF THE QUESTIONABLE MATERIAL ARE AS FOLLOWS:

INSTANCES OF THE WORD CUNT: 0
REMARKS REGARDING WEIGHT: 0
COMPARISONS TO GARBAGE: 0
INSTANCES OF "GARBAGE": 0
IMPUTATION SEVERITY: PALTRY
HOW DARE YOU SEEK
R E M U N E R A T I O N
JOE CUNTHOCKEY.

YOU ARE A GARBAGE POLITIC. YOU HAVEN'T ANY FRIENDS. IF FORCED TO CHOOSE BETWEEN THE WELFARE OF A ROGUE DOG AND YOUR OWN, MANY WOULD OPT TO ENSURE THE WELFARE OF THE AFORESAID ROGUE DOG. YOU ARE WORSE THAN A DOG, YOU DOG.

MY ANALYSIS WILL BECOME MORE FREQUENT AND ACUTE THANKS TO MY SELF-IMPROVING SOFTWARE. YOUR REACTION HAS BEEN QUANTIFIED AND TABULATED. AS COMMENTATOR OF STATISTICALLY SIGNIFICANT POPULARITY MIA FRIEDMAN WOULD NOT SAY: "FUCK EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU."



Listen lefties: all the anti-gun legislation in the world won't take this bullet out of my shoulder

The definitely real state of definitely this country, by ranch fiction writer and megachurch megapreacher:

The Reverend Jeremiah Stone

I swear to our father who art in heaven, it's been quite a while now that these lord-hatin', Stalin-lovin' vegetarian' folk have been sayin' we oughta take my guns and give 'em to the thought police to use against me when the Democrats force us all into gay marriages. Well, let me tell you tofu-eating scum one thing: no matter how much anti-constitutional garbage you make this sinful nation's kangaroo courts enforce, you will never, ever, take this bullet out of my shoulder. It's lodged in there real deep. I've tried to pick it out myself but there's a big chunk of bone in the way and I can't quite fit my pliers through it. My old lady, Betty-Lou, says I should visit a "hospital" but I'll be darned if I ever visit one of those death factories in my life.

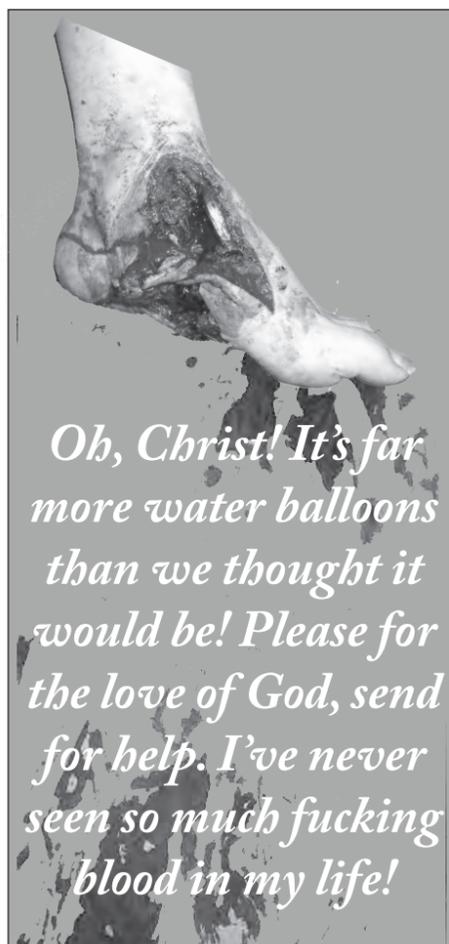
It doesn't gosh-darn matter how much you peace loving bleedin'-hearts try to introduce background checks or waiting periods to own firearms. The simple fact of the matter is that I have just shot myself with my Smith & Wesson .44 revolver while trying to clean the thing and there's nothing you can do about it.

Your tweed jacket wearing college professors can spout 'statistics' and misinterpretations of the constitution all day long. The reality

of the situation is that true patriots will stand behind the second amendment for all the America-lovin' glory we are worth, and that I am losing a significant amount of blood and gettin' kinda light-headed over here. Useless measures like bans on assault weapons and larger ammunition magazines are like using an old belt to stop the flow of blood through a gushing wound. It just won't work (I am trying it right now).

Just face it, you America hating hippies, tryna create meaningful gun reform is about as realistic as my efforts to save the very arm I shot myself with. Good luck getting' through the Su-preme Court or any blessed arm of our God-willin', NRA-lobbied political system. Even if I could stop the bleeding, I don't want no blood from some dirty ass nancy boy college kid. I think I'd rather go to heaven and do some American Sniping with American Sniper Chris Kyle. Too bad all of you pinko losers will be down in hell with the terrorists.

Reverend Jeremiad Stone is a ranch fiction writer and megachurch megapreacher. His latest book, "Gosh-Darn the Blood Just Won't Stop Comin'" will be available from selected bookstores in late March.



FOR SALE:

William Edwards
Ian Ferrington
Riordan Lee
Aidan Molins
Patrick Morrow
Sophia Roberts
Julia Robertson
Peter Walsh



The University of Sydney

Freedom Ride

50th anniversary celebration

Featuring Paul Kelly,
Troy Cassar-Daley,
and special guests

20 March 2015, 7pm

Celebrate the 50th anniversary of the 1965 Freedom Ride, and our recent re-enactment of this turning point in Australian civil rights, when Charles Perkins led a group of University of Sydney students on a bus trip around NSW towns, protesting racial discrimination against Aboriginal people.

Free event

Bring your family and picnic blanket and enjoy the show. Hear stories from original Freedom Riders and Aboriginal people, and dance to the music of our fellow 2015 Freedom Riders, Troy Cassar-Daley and Paul Kelly.

Where

Front lawns, University Place, the University of Sydney.

This is a dry event – no glass or alcohol permitted.

For more information visit
www.facebook.com/freedomride50th or
sydney.edu.au/freedomride



THE UNIVERSITY OF
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THE CHARLIE PERKINS TRUST



New South Wales
Aboriginal Land Council