

HONI SOIT



SEMESTER ONE
WEEK EIGHT

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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

Editorials are always a little too self-congratulatory for my taste.¹ To be honest, until this year I'd never bothered to read one.

That's not to say they don't have a purpose, so, if you'll excuse me the indulgence, here's a few lines on *Why We I Do It*.

Editing can be a lot of fun, you have the opportunity to publish things and to every week get bombarded with stories you'd

never have thought of reading or writing on your own.

Of course, it's not all fun. Every week we spend our weekends toiling away in a subterranean office to try and bring you something you might pick up, and every week readers—well, mostly student politicians—throw it back in our face with disgust. Rinse and repeat.

We I really do believe in the value of *Honi*,

though. There are few other publications where you can find the diversity we try to bring you each week. This week you'll read about going to court for standing up for your beliefs, about finding a house in Sydney as an international student. You'll learn about jet-setting racehorses, and the cables that bring internet across the seas and into your home. That is, if you can be bothered.

Of course I'd be lying if I didn't say I was also proud of my contribution this

week—for the past few months I've been neck-deep in financial records and company structures to bring you the story behind about how the Sports Union and a University Foundation are run. In writing the story I was told "*It is not really any of your business*", and sent a bagful of legal threats. I hope it's worth it.

If not, there's always next week.

Alexi Polden

1. Note to my fellow editors—you're the exceptions that prove the rule, I promise.



Credits

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Artists/Illustrators: Eliza Owen

Puzzles: Bolton, Zplig



Tent Embassy Needs Help

Sean O'Grady

The Redfern Tent Embassy were among the most exposed during the record breaking storms that hit Sydney last week.

Aunty Jenny Munro said that the winds, which were in excess of 100km an hour, did the most damage to the site. Several tents were blown down and subsequently flooded, including the camp's kitchen.

In spite of this, the site remained occupied and the sacred fire burning. Amidst the trying conditions Munro said that she and the other residents of the embassy gave no thought to evacuating the site.

Support for the embassy, continued throughout the storms, including the donation of gumboots, and wood for the sacred fire.

Going forward, Aunty Jenny said

that acquiring canvas tents, which seem to hold up to the wind better, were a priority for the Embassy. Munro also encouraged donations of food and native wood for the sacred fire from people looking to support the embassy.

Despite the hardships faced by the residents of the Embassy, the fact that their generator continued to work meant that Munro felt they were not the worst off, compared to those still without power when we spoke last week.

To donate to the Tent Embassy:

Account Details:
Commonwealth Bank
Goalsaver acct
Reference - RATE
BSB # - 062231
ACC # - 10433577

Dear Readers,

On the opening night of the Sydney Uni Revue last week I played a giant edition of *Cosmopolitan* magazine that encouraged people to do dumb things in the bedroom. Fun.

A lot of the dialogue in the sketch was improvised and on Thursday night I shouted, to a room of 500 people, "resistance isn't sexy". It was a stupid, harmful line.

While the sketch dealt with bizarre sexual experimentation, it was never the aim to make light of consent and otherwise encouraged only acts that were (clearly, I hope) safe and explorative within the broader context of the characters' relationship. They were also able to leave the stage.

Others aren't so lucky.

Regardless of the sketch's absurdity, there is absolutely no need and no excuse for lines that make mock the right to consent. It is always justified, and always your right. Resistance isn't sexy, because if any act of intimacy has turned to resistance, it's an

Oops

Corrections

Honi apologises for mis-naming Claire Fester Claire Fisher in Professor Rutland's week six letter.

act of violence. I wish that went without saying.

I'm sorry to anyone who was affected by the remark. Those who weren't demonstrate how far we still have to go in this discussion. Consent in all its degrees are sacred and dynamic and important and shouting what I did only detracted from that conversation.

I've been incredibly strident in my righteousness about the politics of other people's shows. I hope it will suffice to recognise I made a tremendous mistake. Every practising creator has an obligation to be better than that.

We're in the cheering up business, after all.

Patrick Morrow

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



Obituary for Uncle Ray Jackson

Rafi Alam.

Indigenous justice and human rights activist Uncle Ray Jackson passed away on the night of April 23.

A Wiradjuri man who was part of the Stolen Generations, Ray Jackson was an ardent fighter for Indigenous rights. He was only two when he was taken from his family during the Second World War. His father, who was white, fought for Australia in Papua New Guinea. He was killed in the war but, in his son's words, "instead of giving his wife a war widow's pension, the bloody government came and took his children away ...because of my mother's Aboriginality."

This passionate opposition to racism against the Indigenous people of Australia stayed with Jackson all his life. He was the President of the Indigenous Social Justice Association, continually agitating for justice in the numerous cases of black deaths in police custody. A housing commission resident in Waterloo, he was also outspoken in his criticism of the government's approach to Indigenous housing. In his last days, he protested the forced closures of remote Aboriginal communities. Just thirteen days before his death he was due to speak at the rally of thousands, though had to cancel in the last minute due to pneumonia.

Ray Jackson was also a socialist and deeply involved in a number of political struggles. He was a regular face in protests for queer rights, for refugee rights, and in working class struggles against austerity. He showed true solidarity with oppressed people across the world.

Ray was a formidable comrade. Not just for his politics, but also for his dedication. He was approachable and always proud to support any noble progressive cause. He spoke his mind, never shying away from the mic at a rally. I remember seeing him at a march for justice for TJ Hickey, riding in an old van, wearing his famous hat adorned with activist badges, MCing the march

through a megaphone sitting atop the car roof. Even old age would not stop his fight.

According to ISJA, there will be no burial as Ray has donated his body to the University of Sydney. But his life will be celebrated through the continued struggle of the people he inspired through his words and actions. Ray would always sign off his emails with 'fkj'—'Fighter for Koori Justice.' In his passing, it is safe to say that he was and always will be remembered as one.

Vale Ray Jackson 1941-2015.

University Pressured into Refusing Anti-War Event

Dom Ellis on Michael Spence's flexible approach to freedom of speech.

The University of Sydney has refused to play host to an anti-war talk on Anzac Day, after members of nationalist group Reclaim Australia threatened to disrupt it.

The meeting, originally planned for Sunday April 26 and entitled 'Anzac Day, the glorification of militarism and the drive to World War III', was organised by the Socialist Equality Party (SEP).

'The Great Aussie Patriot', a Facebook page run by Sherman Burgess—the national events organiser of extreme right-wing group Reclaim Australia—was quick to pick up on the event, posting an image of a flyer for the debate (which was originally to take place in Burwood) and calling the party "pure Left Wing filth". Followers were then encouraged to "gatecrash the meeting" in a post that was shared 187 times, which included demands for "traitors to be deported".

SEP national secretary James Cogan told Honi that, "You can't expect us to accept that a so called bastion of intellectual freedom will prevent us from doing what we've done numerous times and hold a public lecture in their facilities because of claims that there is going to be some sort of disturbance".

"There was the potential of disruption at the lecture given by Colonel Kemp and that meeting was not cancelled, instead, what the university did was increase security...and that was a correct decision on their part."

"You don't suppress freedom of speech

because of threats of protest or disruption from people who don't believe in what's being said—democratic principles apply."

Just days ago, in response to the Kemp protest, Vice-Chancellor Michael Spence spearheaded a campaign promoting freedom of speech, stating, "We must be a place in which debate on key issues of public significance can take place, and in which strongly held views can be freely expressed on all sides."

However, the University told Cogan that the "potential for disruption to activities" was the reason for the cancellation.

"To turn around and refuse our hire request amounts to them joining with Burwood Council [who originally cancelled SEP's event at Burwood Library Auditorium] in political censorship and it accommodates the demands of Reclaim Australia".

A spokesperson for the University said that they are "not aware of any contact from any person claiming to represent the Reclaim Australia group".

"[The event] poses a significant risk of disruption to students and staff attending other University-related activities which are occurring on campus on the same day", the spokesperson said.

The venue for the equivalent talk in Melbourne also received threats from nationalist protesters. However, Cogan told Honi that the Melbourne venue has increased security rather than abandon the event.

Netflix, the Pick of the Mix?

Felix Hubble wades through the different streaming service offerings.

With the numerous subscription video-on-demand services that have just launched in Australia, it's easy to be confused about who you should go with.

Presto, owned by Foxtel and Seven West Media, offer a pretty decent, if somewhat pricey subscription (\$14.99) that includes both *Legally Blondes*, the *Kill Bills*, recent indies *The Babadook* and *Only God Forgives*, and a few classics like *The Evil Dead* and *True Lies*. The selection isn't huge but features many great titles with little filler—still, having to pay extra for access to both television show and movie catalogues is fairly outrageous.

Quickflix have the most eccentric catalogue with *Final Fantasy*, *RV*, and *Scooby-Doo 2: Monsters Unleashed* among their featured titles—they do have an elusive HBO deal which provides access to *The Sopranos*, *The Wire*, *The West Wing*, and *True Blood*. Newer content (like *Girls*) costs \$2.99 an episode, while a \$9.99 subscription will get you access to their older non-premium TV and movie catalogue. You'd be better off with any other service.

Stan, a joint venture between Channel

Nine and Fairfax, boasts *Better Call Saul* and a chunk of Viacom content like *South Park*. They also have a bunch of MGM movies including the *Robocops*, *The Silence of the Lambs*, *West Side Story* and every *Bond* film. Stan is somewhat impressive at \$9.99 until you look at Netflix.

Netflix have by far the most diverse catalogue of the lot, although it pales in comparison to what's offered internationally. It's \$11.99 for the HD plan, an extra \$2 expense you won't regret.

Who should you give your money to? None of them, actually—SBS offer a free on-demand service with some of the best films available on domestic services including *Drive*, the *Pusher* Trilogy, *Appropriate Behaviour*, and *Oldboy*, and even some decent Australian content—unless you're comfortable using a geo-blocking service in which case you should get yourself a US Netflix subscription. You can access other countries' catalogues using free browser extensions like Hola Unblocker or a cheap DNS-redirect service like Adfree Time (which will work with gaming system apps)—both will dramatically increase the number of titles available and make a Netflix subscription more than worthwhile.





Legal Threats Fly as SUSF Rejects Conflict of Interest

Alexi Polden investigates conflict of interest disclosures at University of Sydney Sport Foundation and SUSF.

An ongoing investigation by *Honi Soit* has revealed questions about corporate governance and the reporting of conflicts of interest involving the University of Sydney Sport Foundation and Sydney University Sport and Fitness (SUSF). The questions raised involve the most senior level of SUSF and links to companies close to the organisation.



The University of Sydney Sport Foundation is a charitable fund which operates under the authority of the University and is overseen by the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education). It operates to ensure the “on-going viability and sustainability of sport and sporting success at the University”. The Foundation is distinct from though has close links to SUSF; as well as making significant financial contributions to SUSF, the Foundation’s board shares several members with SUSF, and the Foundation’s records are included in SUSF’s annual audited financial reports. In 2013 the Foundation’s “Finishing Touches Fund” raised \$250,000 for equipment for the fit-out of SUSF’s renovated Sports and Aquatic Centre.

Bruce Ross, who became President of SUSF’s precursor Sports Union in 1991 and has remained at the helm ever since, is one of the members of the council that oversees the University of Sydney Sport Foundation. Ross is also the largest shareholder in, and Director and Secretary of, MyoQuip Pty Ltd, a company that produces a “revolutionary” exercise machine, developed by Ross, and used by SUSF. SUSF is so on board with the MyoQuip revolution that the MyoQuip website boasts a suite of photos taken in the SUSF gym (pictured).

Some of MyoQuip’s contact information is also shared with SUSF. The MyoQuip website directs interested customers to Ross’ phone extension at SUSF, and lists its physical address as “Box 105 SU Sport G09 University of Sydney”. Documents lodged with the corporate regulator tell the same story; MyoQuip’s principal place of business, and the address of Ross and another shareholder is listed as “The Cottage’ S U Sport... Ground Floor G09, 1 Western Avenue Sydney University”.

The question of whether Ross’ involvement with MyoQuip has been adequately disclosed by or to the Sydney Sport Foundation and SUSF as a potential conflict of interest is a vexed one. He is adamant that it has. The Foundation’s annual report notes that members of the Foundation Council have been made aware of the process of disclosure under the University’s External Interests policy, which requires

provision “to the relevant executive supervisor [of] an annual declaration of external interests”, or a statutory declaration to the same effect. In addition, since the Foundation’s re-formation in 2009, a standard agenda item at Foundation council meetings has been a minuted conflict of interest declaration. *Honi* made a request under the Government Information Public Access Act for records of any such disclosure to the Foundation or the University—the results came up blank.

For his part, Ross says he has been involved in company directorships for four decades, that he is well aware of the responsibilities involved in being an officer of companies, and that MyoQuip “has at all times complied with its responsibilities including clearly disclosing any potential for conflict of interest and withdrawing myself from any decision making regarding any relevant transaction”.

MyoQuip is not the only business Ross runs out of SUSF. “Bruce Ross Consulting”, which describes itself as “a business intermediary catering specifically for small and medium-sized enterprises operating in Australia and China” also lists its contact address as “SUSF G09. The University Of Sydney, NSW 2006”. Bruce Ross Consulting’s website is owned by Enterprise Capital Services Pty. Ltd, a company which until its deregistration in 2014, was listed on the Australian Business Register as operating out of the university.

Ross’ explanation is this: he told *Honi* that “some 18 or so years ago” he moved in to a cottage on campus provided by SUSF. The University’s mail distribution service refused to deliver mail to his house, and instructed him that mail would have to be addressed via the Sports Union. As for MyoQuip and Bruce Ross Consulting “I made arrangements for the companies to use a post box in the Union’s Holme Building as their mail address. When the Union discontinued this service I arranged for such mail to be placed in my Presidential pigeonhole at SUSF’s main office”.

Honi asked both SUSF and Ross for details of the arrangements surrounding his 18 year occupancy of SUSF-owned accom-

modation. SUSF did not respond. Ross’ response was to accuse *Honi Soit* of undisclosed bias, and forward the matter to the Deputy Vice-Chancellor. Having initially made no response as to the nature of the accommodation arrangement, he subsequently told *Honi* “Of course I pay rent for the tenancy of the house in which I live”.

A small note in the SUSF’s 2013 financial report refers to another company, NMRC Building Pty Ltd, which apparently exists “to undertake the administration of building projects associated with Sydney Uni Sport & Fitness”. According to the same report, “all costs of the company are reimbursed by Sydney Uni Sport & Fitness”.

Documents lodged with ASIC reveal that Ross owns shares in NMRC, as do other SUSF office holders who are also members of the University of Sydney Sports Foundation Council.

In 2012, part way through the construction of SUSF’s sports and aquatic centre, the University commissioned a report by TSA Management which included “reviewing and aligning the key Stakeholders expectations and requirements” for the project. The report makes no mention of NMRC. If NMRC was not involved in what appears to be SUSF’s most substantial recent building project, it raised the question, what building work was NMRC in fact involved in administering?

When *Honi* enquired about this, it received a joint response from all of NRMC’s directors, including Ross. They told *Honi* that NMRC is a dormant company that has not traded since at least 2008 and “as set out in ASIC records, the shares are held on behalf of Sydney University Sport”. While SUSF is indeed listed in ASIC records as NMRC’s ultimate holding company, NRMC’s shares are not recorded as being held on its behalf. Despite being a “dormant company”, NMRC remains registered with ASIC, and its details with ASIC were updated as recently last year.

The directors of NMRC advised *Honi* that none of them has received any remuneration or benefit from NMRC, and that it was not involved in the 2012/2013 con-

struction works for the Sports & Aquatic Centre Extension. They continued “Any suggestion that there is conflict of interest involving NMRC (Building) Pty Ltd is false and misleading and potentially defamatory of each of the directors of NMRC (Building).”

Honi makes no claim to the contrary, and no suggestion that Ross or the other shareholders or directors of NMRC have profited from their involvement in NMRC, or have otherwise acted improperly or in breach of their duties.

But that is not the point: officers of SUSF, some of whom are also members of the Sport Foundation which partly funds it, also hold office as directors and shareholders of a company which stands to have its costs reimbursed by SUSF.

They insist that there is no actual, perceived or potential conflict of interest, and that because the existence of NMRC Pty Ltd (though not its shareholding by SUSF’s executive) is disclosed in the annual audited financial statements of SUSF, no conflict of interest declaration was or is necessary.

Whether they are right or not about that goes to issues of transparency and corporate governance in student organisations. Of course, SUSF is heavily subsidised by students, in 2014 it took a whopping \$104 of the \$281 student services and amenities fee, a total of a \$4,060,000 cash injection—that’s before University and Foundation funding. In 2015 students will pay \$286, and the allocation to SUSF is yet to be revealed.

Ross threatened legal action over this story, saying he wanted “to make clear to you that if you cause to be published anything which damages my commercial or personal reputation I will exhaust all legal remedies available to me”. The directors of NMRC demanded that a copy of their response be published in full, and “reserve their rights in respect of any article published by *Honi Soit* or any other publication”.

Ross also made repeated allegations that *Honi Soit’s* reporting is related to the fact he is being challenged for his position as President of SUSF by Rhys Carvosso and Daniel Ergas. Carvosso has written for *Honi* and Ergas is the Vice-President of the SRC, the publisher of *Honi Soit*.

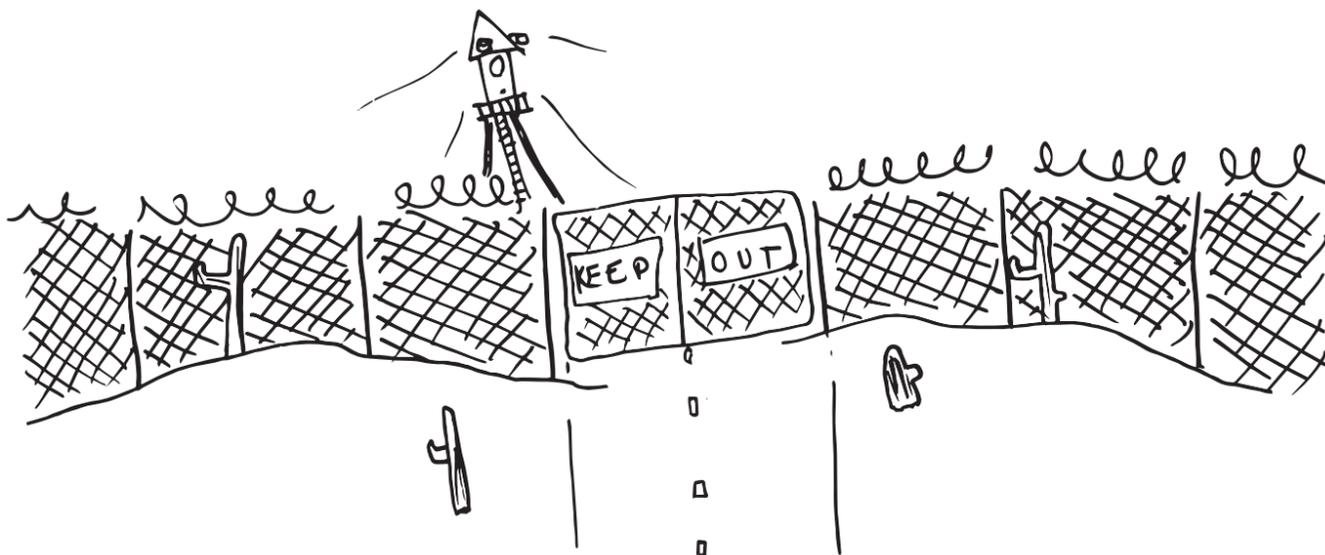
Honi assures readers that we are in no way involved in either candidacy. The whole of NMRC’s response, and Ross’ responses, and the ASIC company extracts are reproduced online at *honisoit.com*. The University did not respond to requests for comment.



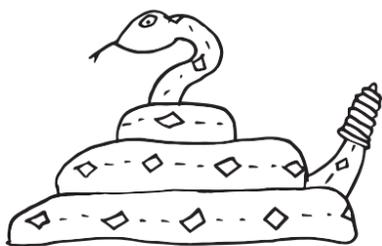
I'm An Illegal Alien

Justin Pepito is American.

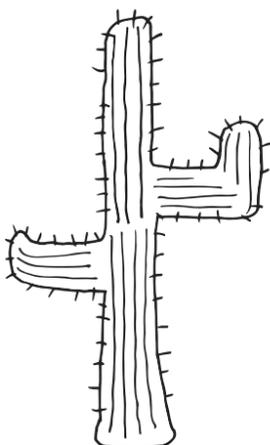
I first arrived in New York on the 6th of January, 1997, with a month long holiday visa that my parents planned to illegally overstay. I wore a short-sleeve tee, a pair of blue nylon 'Knicks' basketball shorts and a pair of white, partially torn Havaianas. My parents didn't tell me January precipitation would be negative five centigrade and frozen—not the Philippine monsoons I was used to. Snow was my first stateside adaptation.



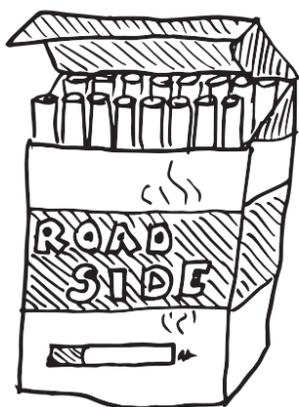
For two years we lived in a dingy, Queens borough basement where I first sampled American urban life's easy pleasures. Makeshift waterparks from broken fire hydrants in the sweltering summer; the occasional Mister Softee ice-cream truck, whose sweet jingle would wake me up after a 3pm nap and have me sprinting to the corner for a shortcake bar, a first-world luxury I had never encountered before.



Soon, my parents found stable under-the-table housekeeping jobs for some wealthy folks up north. Unlike many other illegal aliens who stayed comfortably in inner-city enclaves, we picked up our lives and moved to nearby Fairfield county, Connecticut, a region of leafy commuter suburbs that often welcomed visitors with lush estates, sleek Maseratis and regal country clubs.

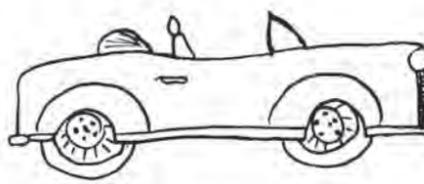


I was never burdened with the misfortunes that some illegal aliens face. Throw the words "illegal alien" around and people often visualise Central-American immigrants plodding through the Sonoran—the 280,000 square kilometre patch of arid land between Arizona and Mexico, laden with Saguaro cacti and diamond back rattlesnakes that pluck even the toughest souls from existence. While some immigrants spent their time avoiding Immigration and Customs raids, I spent my early teen years dodging municipal cops while inhaling at public parks. I faced zero discrimination in my community, as I made an active effort to achieve high marks in advanced placement classes, master classical piano and mingle with Fairfield's high-achieving prodigies. I veiled my true immigrant status—some peers legitimately thought I was the poster child of The American Dream. In reality, I had no idea what Americanness was. I still have no idea what Americanness is.



My dad, like many other immigrants, saw America in terms of risk and reward. He lauded the Armani-clad financiers who filled Manhattan-bound trains every morning to earn the dollar at whatever private equity firm they called home for 80 hours a week. If I didn't want to go to school, he would tell me about how he walked three kilometres in bare feet every day as a child just to get an education, or

how at five years old he sold cigarettes on the side of the road to help his poor family pay rent. Sometimes when we drove by a stately chateau, he would pull over, point to the house and give me a starry-eyed talk about how I too could become one of the nouveau riche.



My mom saw America in leisure. Although she discouraged me from interacting with other children out of fear of disclosing our status, she made an active effort to ensure I had a stimulating upbringing. Hiking in maple woods, frequent trips to the Museum of Natural History, and Pokémon defined my childhood. A public school education taught me how to punt a homerun kickball out of a blacktop court, how to haphazardly play "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" on the viola and how to get called out of school by smudging red marker blots on my face and faking a high fever. My mom truly believed Americanness was carefree fun, just like the stateside movie imports she grew up on, where post-war teens hung out at burger shops and drove candy paint Chevy convertibles to drive-in movie theatres.

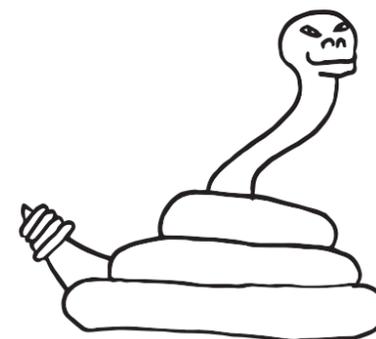
Although my parents thought they'd figured it out, Americanness is still as alien as my immigration status was.



A lot has happened recently. My parents quit housekeeping to pursue lawful, higher paying careers, and we finally legitimised our citizenship a few years ago.

Some assume that now that I can call myself a lawful American I can walk down every corner of the country feeling safe knowing I'm constantly in the arms of people who will understand my background, my story and that of many other immigrants. But this is not true.

Americanness has been defined many times by many people. Alexis de Tocqueville saw America in the unique success of our indirect democracy. Beat icon Jack Kerouac implicitly defined Americanness by our collective spiritual void, and our hunger for constant stimulation to make up for said emptiness. My dad saw it in monetary success while my mom saw it in freedom of expression.



While trying to articulate my own culture, I can only fathom the wild narrative of every immigrant, every fringe culture, every inner-city tale, every tragic failure and every jubilant success. Our tales are a mosaic of too much to interpret, and to jam each and every one of them into a succinct velvet box with a dainty pink bowtie is fruitless.

I am in awe of America's complex diversity, and hope I never discover what Americanness actually is.



Student Housing

Ongoing is a space to give ideas time to develop. It's a space not just for stories, but for discussion. Email us: editors@honisoit.com

Trying to Settle in, Taken for a Ride

International student Joanita Wibowo on her first home in Australia.

Dear Honi,

I am a part time student at Sydney Uni and I work for the Tenants Union of NSW. While procrastinating my way through some assignments this weekend I read your week 7 edition and came across your student housing section. I applaud your attention to housing matters and thought I would suggest some information you may wish to add to stories about housing.

Students, particularly international students desperate to find accommodation are among some of the most marginal renters in NSW and it is always good to try and point them in the direction of resources that may help them. A lot of people think they have no rights when they often do. Having said that, there are some real cracks in the legislation through which unscrupulous landlords and head tenants can push unsuspecting tenants.

We run a website: www.tenants.org.au that has lots of factsheets and information for NSW renters as well as having a search feature where they can find their nearest tenancy advice service.

In particular there is the sharehousing factsheet: <http://www.tenants.org.au/factsheet-15-share-housing>

And the sample sharehousing agreement: <http://www.tenants.org.au/share-housing-agreement> (which likely would have helped your unfortunate renter)

Redfern Legal Centre also maintain a very detailed page at: <http://sharehousing.org/> with lots and lots of sharing related stuff.

Last year, we also put out a student special student edition of our newsletter, Tenant News, which you can download here: <http://resources.tenantsunion.org.au/tenant-news/tenant-news-106.pdf>

If you want any more info about tenancy matters we are pretty approachable and you can give us a call or you can email me and I can get you onto one of our policy officers. I should also add I am not writing this email in an official capacity for the tenants union (they always make me say that...) rather just as a student and reader. Anyhoo I should get back to my assignments.

Rafael Mazzoldi

As I packed boxes in my rented Kingsford apartment, I realised I might never get my bond back.

Kingsford remains home to many international students from various countries, and was my first in Australia. I was grateful for being able to live there because getting the right accommodation is difficult—commercial student housing options like Unilodge or on-campus accommodation is notoriously expensive and home stays often involve familial constraints and rules. I found the studio unit on domain.com.au for a dear but presumably reasonable price, \$345 week.

I'm not exactly sure when I realised that I had found myself in a dodgy situation. Maybe it was when I told the property manager that I was not going to extend my lease.

"Where are you gonna move?" she asked.

"Camperdown."

"What price range are you looking for?"

"Uh, probably under \$400."

"That's probably gonna be difficult to

find," she said with unconcealed passive-aggressiveness before abruptly ending the phone call.

Or maybe when the agent-appointed end of lease cleaner called the agents "evil". He seemed all too familiar with the agents' bond-pocketing. "Maybe because they know [the tenants are] international students, they think they can get away with it," he said.

While he and two other guys were wiping down the windows and steaming the carpets, he proceeded to tell me about how other tenants had brought their cases to the Tribunal, how no other cleaning services want to be hired by the agency because of their nitpicking in assessing the unit's cleanliness, how the agency owner knew nothing about the mismanagement by his subordinates. I was left discouraged and \$250 out of pocket for their services.

Or maybe when I learned that it's unusual for real estate agencies to ask for the carpets to be "professionally steam cleaned" at the end of tenancy.

Or maybe when I realised that I had never received any documents from the Rental Bond Board.

Or maybe when I asked to be present at the final inspection with an agent, only to find that the unit had since been occupied by new tenant, who was sleeping when we arrived and didn't seem to have received any notice.

Or maybe when I searched the agency's name and found the rating to be 1.8 out of 5 stars, complete with reviews like "They are kind to you when you want to move in, but when you wanna end the tenancy, they become your biggest enemy".

After numerous phone calls, emails, and a 'threatening' fax from legal service to their office, the bond was finally refunded to my account. Getting almost \$1400 back was probably worth the time spent on legal consultations and panic—but first impressions last, and this one suggested that taking advantage of the unknowing newcomers is probably more customary than I thought.

How Not to Live out of Home

The fact that we even have to tell you this is a fucking embarrassment.

- Only buy food reduced at the end of the day if you intend to eat it immediately. If you wait too long, that Mediterranean Olive/Feta mix (\$1.18, at Coles, reduced to clear) will have the consistency of bin-soaked newspaper. I've eaten Ramen packaged under Rudd and my diarrhoea both stung and sluiced.
- You should clean your towels often, otherwise you'll get ringworm. In the same vein, you should also try and change underwear often/avoid wallowing in sweat/human juice, or you'll get an incredible fungal infection on your testicles, I'm still suffering.
- There are few practical ways to avoid doing laundry. While you can 'air' clothes out, or put them in the dryer with a dryer-sheet, you're really just fragrancng them, and they're still dirty. If your jeans get smelly, and you got them from Japan on your Gap Year, then you should put them in the freezer and the smelly bacteria will die. Alternatively, just fucking wash them. (That said, you can wear underwear four days in a row: inside, inside-out, inside-turned around, inside-out-turned-around).
- If you don't feel like washing your hair, put talcum powder in it. Absorbs the grease. Some people say if you stop washing your hair, eventually your hair will clean itself. That is not true.
- If you ever notice your face appear in a yellow pallor of grease on your pillow like the shroud of turin then you're an idiot and should have washed that pillowcase weeks ago. If your mattress is directly on the ground, make sure it's on a layer of newspaper (and replace it every few weeks), otherwise it will mould and your last thoughts before the spores you inhaled destroy your brain will be that you are a fucking idiot.
- If your house divides the cost of utilities equally, then it's in your interest for the bills to remain cheap. Don't leave your computer on all time, it's cheaper to wear a jumper than it is to run a heater, and in my house if you walk into rooms and turn lights on without turning them off when you leave I'll waterboard you myself.
- There is no justification for delaying the removal of off food. A friend of mine made Laksa in March, and now, in April, I only just removed it. The fat from the fish paste congealed in two enormous frozen balls on the lip of the bowl.



Something Rotten in the State of News Broadcasting

Lance Hennin interned with a major news network.

Coming up next,
nothing awful.
Not even a little
bit of betrayal.



There's probably a fair comparison to be made between modern news networks and Iago, Shakespeare's Machiavellian bad guy in *Othello*. Both cheat and lie as a means of achieving profit, yet maintain a widespread reputation for reliability within their respective worlds. Their advantage is others' misfortune. When Iago insidiously tells us "I am not what I am", he echoes the voice of the news media's subconscious.

Recently, I interned at a major mainstream news outlet whose name—for my own sake—I won't mention. Far more than provide practical experience, my internship revealed to me that there is something deeply, inherently wrong with modern news media.

First and foremost, it's drenched in old school sexism. Females are expected to apply up to half an hour's worth of make-up before appearing on camera, whilst male interns are required to do nothing to their appearance than perhaps running a comb through their hair or maybe a dab of foundation on their cheeks. When girls ask to not wear make-up, they're rejected with an air of candid incredulity. An expectation to conform to the stereotype of the buxom, Barbie-like newsgirl persists, with an emphasis on how one looks rather than how one writes or reads.

Sexism in the media is by no means a recent phenomenon. To see this in practice we need look no further than the stomach-churning, temperature-burning, Tony-Abbott-in-his-bed-turning news that (shock, horror) Hillary Clinton sometimes wears pants, a fact that many newspapers, including *The Guardian* and *The Washington Post*, deem to be headline-worthy.

So the fact such attitudes proliferate the internal as well as the external workings of news media shouldn't be a surprise.

But it is and it was, and it has no place in an institution that should theoretically represent the collective voice of the people.

The way in which information is acquired raises some similarly unsettling issues. Far from gathering original material to be sculpted into a compelling yarn, news media often does what your mum did in your Year 5 Ancient Egypt assignment: control-C some information from the web, change a couple of words, and garnish it with a few pictures and a catchy title.

Of course, much of the news consists of simple fact-telling, and thus cannot differ too much between sources without compromising the objective truth of the matter. Indeed, an internship revealed to me that mainstream news networks often share resources to ensure they deliver accurate news as quickly as possible to their audiences.

But where do we draw the line? In an age where careers in commercial journalism are restricted largely due to online media and almost limitless self-publishing avenues, we could argue that a more original and

insightful standard of writing should be required of so-called professionals. And we'd be right.

But sadly, this is not the case. Instead, we are too often fed information by people paid to essentially copy the works of others. This extends beyond written stories, encompassing photos and videos. Not only is this dishonest, but simply promotes poor quality journalism.

If this 'copy and paste' mentality persists, then perhaps the potential collapse of mainstream news, due to social media and online self-publishing, is somewhat deserved.

So what did an internship teach me? Basic film and camera semiotics. How to write better in a news format. How the editing process is undertaken. How to copy other people's work. How to casually discriminate against the opposite gender.

As Shakespeare, the world's most famous plagiarist, once said: "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."

As Luck Wood Have It

Cameron Gooley paid for uni by working in a timber mill.

The worst job I've ever had was working at my local timber mill. I was in year 12, I lived in a small country town in southern New South Wales, and I really wanted to go to Sydney University when I finished. I planned to attend a residential college so that I could make friends once I moved to the city. But college fees are expensive, and the cost of living in Sydney is much higher than in the town I was raised in. I needed money, and lots of it.

Working at the mill was your typical, 'hard yakka', blue-collar labour. Sometimes the hours were a bit messed up, and the shifts were long, but the pay was pretty good—considering that my only other option was the local IGA.

My work varied from day to day, depending on where I was needed. Sometimes I worked on the wrapping station, using an industrial strength staple gun to wrap different plastics over 600-kilo blocks of wooden planks to separate them by grade. Other days I worked on the wood chuck

station, which was where the extra little bits of wood that were cut off of planks would roll down a conveyor belt before being turned into sawdust. I would have to throw out any bad wood and stop the conveyor belt from jamming. That was probably the most stressful duty at the mill—trying to stop it from jamming was like trying to stop rain by throwing bricks into the sky.

I hated every moment I worked at that mill. It wasn't the physical labour, the aching feet from standing up for eight hours at a time, or even the constant and (literally) deafening sound of machinery that made me hate it.

What made me hate that mill were the people.

Don't misunderstand me; they were all lovely, just working for a living. But they were not happy people.

There was a woman in her sixties who had worked in that mill for her whole life, the

only time I saw her smile was when she found out I was going to uni. There was a man who was barely even twenty who just needed a decent paying job to support his kids.

None of the workers were there because they wanted to be. They were there because they had to be, because my town offered so few other opportunities.

Of the 25 people in my year who made it to year 12, only about half got ATARs. Most of those with good grades were expected to pick up trades, but few actually managed to get an apprenticeship. They can be just as competitive as getting into uni if you don't have any connections. Most trades were reserved for men, except hairdressing. Probably half the women I went to high school with are now hairdressers—the vast majority of them casualised, because of an oversupply.

In poor rural areas like this, it's hard to get on your feet. Many of my coworkers weren't able to pursue trades, or be business

owners, or even finish high school. Things like unpaid internships, living at home while you study, and easy to use public transport aren't options for people in rural areas. And if you think they should just go somewhere else with more opportunity, keep in mind that moving and job hunting require savings that many people in these communities simply don't have. The price of failure is too high—it's much more viable to work as an unskilled labourer in a low socio-economic area than it is to risk being homeless in the city.

Working at that mill was a harsh reminder of what many people in country live with, and what many of us take for granted.

It is unfair that these people have been robbed of their dreams. They haven't failed or decided not to pursue their ambitions; they have been denied the chance to even attempt them.



Everyone but Me is an Idiot

Joel Hillman works at a pharmacy and will whinge about you as soon as you leave.

My lecturer tells the story of a colleague who, to break the ice with an uncomfortable patient, joked he should put the suppositories she made for him in his ear. His furious physician storms in two weeks later, with red-faced patient in tow, and exploded that she had lied to and misled their mutual patient.

It is beautiful how quickly and thoroughly any care one might have had for patients evaporates after any length of time actually working with them. The sheer idiocy that avalanches through my doors every day is astonishing.

Perhaps what is more surprising is the number of patients who think they know more about medicines than my colleagues or me. As a student, I clearly know best.

Codeine is an addictive middle-strength opiate painkiller, and licensed pharmacists can prescribe certain strengths of it, and I regularly have patients request it. Recently, a spiteful middle-aged woman told me that she didn't need to try any other meds because this one worked, and that no, she was quite certain that no other medicine would work as well, what would I know, she'd been using it for twenty five years.

A recent patient waltzed in and demanded all the scripts on file for Zarolta (he meant Xarelto), and insisted on an explanation of why his wife had paid the full cost instead of the PPS cost. He meant Authority under the PBS, which he had not supplied, so we were powerless, but he expected us to find him a cardiologist who would write him one and then pay for the appointment to make up for charging him so much (about \$100).

Another patient returned a dusty haul of drugs (which I calculated to have cost the taxpayer about \$5000) because 'I don't think I need them anymore'. As I was unpacking them, I discovered one was a highly toxic chemo drug, which he had

poured loose into the bag (and onto my hands).

I had a patient ask if they could have tablets instead of capsules for their antidepressant, because breaking tablets is easier than capsules and he wanted to bring his dose down. After incredulous questioning, I discovered he had been taking them on alternate days for two months and had essentially been going through withdrawal the whole time because he decided to do it without talking to anyone. He also forbade contacting his psychiatrist, then left.

A patient asked if homeopathic copper would interact with the herb she had bought for her dog from a herbalist because she thought it was 'feeling down'.

I work in a high socioeconomic area, and I have few patients without the money to pay for their drugs, but I had a private script come in for a recombinant monoclonal antibody, which costs somewhere in the order of \$3000 per dose and has to be specially ordered. I asked if he knew of any reason he shouldn't be getting a PBS script for this medicine, since my files showed he had previously, and that he had the condition for which the authority could be issued. He didn't know, but said he was happy to pay the private cost.

The end of this story is that the physician told us he didn't have the time to look up the code. He didn't have time to click on the link his software shows him and copy out the *four numbers* it would give him onto the script he wrote to save his patient \$3000.

This level of incomprehensible stupidity is a daily ordeal.

Physicians, in particular GPs, are on balance completely incapable of following guidelines or listening when they are given advice by pharmacists.

It's ridiculous the amount of time I spend weighing up whether it's worth calling a physician and telling them they're wrong and subsequently being told I should know my place, or just dispensing the medicine I know is either not first line treatment or at the wrong dose. Even if I quote the Australian Medicines Handbook (drug bible) or the Therapeutic Guidelines (the last word in therapeutic decisions), I am told that if I wanted to be the doctor I should have chosen a different degree.

I recently saw a patient prescribed high dose propranolol for uncomplicated hypertension, condemning them to an inability to walk up stairs and constant exhaustion, because the physician 'was more familiar with it than these new blood pressure meds' (which are virtually side effect free and very safe and have several decades of experience).

I saw a physician prescribe oxycodone, a

very powerful opiate, for a mild wrist sprain.

I regularly have to explain how important vaccines are.

I had an out of town patient bring a script for her thirteen year old with the dose I calculated would be appropriate for a thirteen *kilogram* child.

I saw a woman burn a hole in her stomach because her doctor told her she could ignore the pharmacist's advice not to exceed six tablets a day.

I was told I didn't need to counsel a patient on her meds because, as a naturopath, she knew at least as much about them as me.

I saw a woman spray her Ventolin on her tongue.

On her tongue.



Personals on the World Wide Web

Constance Titterton

Fun lovin' gal lookin' for some nookin'.
M/F/whatever, age likewise, DTF,
NSA. Bscly anything IRL is chill.¹

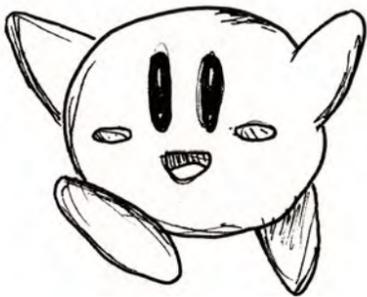
1. IRL's not negotiable. Call me old fashioned but I'm into tangibility. My bed, your car, public toilets, don't care, just has to be somewhere on a map that other people could print. I want my lips to whisper in your ears so we get a thrill, a moment of our separate selves feeling close enough to be zippered together. But on a screen sometimes you don't reply, and then I feel like I'm talking to myself, which makes you too close to me, so close that there's nothing to zipper, no separation, no distance even, just the background noise of the space of the screen, disintegrating entropic collapse.



Grief, Depression and Comfort in The Super Smash Brotherhood

Aidan Molins speaks with with Melee legend Chris Fabizak.

Very few games have garnered the cult competitive following of *Super Smash Brothers: Melee*. Its predecessor, *Super Smash Bros* (for Nintendo 64), and its successor, *Super Smash Bros. Brawl*, have virtually no present competitive scene. Yet, *Melee*, fourteen years since its creation, still amasses thousands of people from around the globe to play the game the only way it can be: in the flesh, in front of heavy CRT monitors. The game runs at sixty frames a second and playing online or on any other equipment creates lag—and for competitive players even one or two frames is unacceptable. It's difficult to explain why, but at some point you have to accept that the sacrifice is made because *Melee* is a fantastic game.



At its highest level, the gameplay is stunning. Players dance around one another with intricate, frame-by-frame movement, tools not dreamed of by its developers. The aim is to rack up damage with perfectly timed and spaced attacks and punish your opponent's mistakes with beautiful and creative combinations of moves, in order to get them off the stage—and keep them off.

Over Skype I talked to ex-*Melee* pro, commentator and Washington DC native Chris Fabizak. Fabizak doesn't fit the popular idea of a professional video game player: he's progressive, clean shaven, eloquent, and married.

"I know this is controversial, but I think it's the best game ever created," Chris writes, "I think it's better than football. There, I said it. I think the game holds a beauty that is unmatched by other sports. I think the game when played at its highest level is a work of art, more so than sports".

His book, *Team Ben: A Year As A Professional Gamer*, details his experience of a formative period in competitive video games, and how he dealt with trauma when his life revolved around *Super Smash Brothers*.

It is commonly said that *Melee* is more

about interacting with players than it is about interacting with a game. There is no one system that can bring competitive success, since beating skilled players always involves constantly adapting to a multitude of factors and personal styles. This is central to Chris' love of the game.

"If you're lucky, you learn when they're afraid, because for me it's all about fear... you can see when they start doing dumb stuff and they know better but they're scared, and you push on that and that's when you beat them."

Learning the game's advanced skills, practising them, and competing in tournaments all necessitate that players be together, in the same room. There is a symbiosis where the game's survival depends on the community, and the community depends on the game to keep it together.

It is a sad indictment of Smash circles that there are almost no women involved at any level—and there are clear structural factors for why the disparity is so. Gender aside, the *Melee* brotherhood in the United States is an unlikely, diverse hodgepodge of people from African American, Hispanic, and Asian-American backgrounds, with many members from the queer and non-neurotypical (ie. people with developmental disabilities) communities, too. This diversity permeates the highest levels of the game's play, organisation, and commentary. When I asked Chris why this is, his guess is that "it's just the power of a good game" and I agree.

But Chris' experience of "the power of a good game" goes beyond transcending traditional social boundaries.

"When I was seventeen I had a real close knit group of us four friends, we were gamers, and nerds, and we weren't involved in a whole lot else than that, and there was this bizarre situation with a very sick and very hurt individual who decided that he wanted to kill one of our friends... He was able to order cyanide off the internet shockingly easily... he was able to poison my friend and kill him. We were seventeen and it shaped the rest of my life. I was going through the heavy grief of losing my best friend, and [Competitive *Melee*] was this wonderful escape ... we played Smash all the time with Ben, of course, and to this day I consider myself "Team Ben".

This story resonates with me. In the early nineties, my Uncle (now perfectly healthy) received a near-terminal cancer diagnosis.. Every day when my Dad was there to care for him, my Uncle would turn on his Game Boy and play game after game of Tetris. My Dad, tired at the end of the day, would go to a particular arcade in Hoboken (which had a fairly new *Doctor Who* machine) and spend a significant amount of time playing pinball, alone.

It may seem sad to many readers that people enduring so much pain spent so many hours on their own, expressionless, in rooms lit only by the flashing lights of preprogrammed, emotionless machines. We all grieve differently. What unites the experience is that it takes us time to move on. For some, that void between experiencing trauma and a return to normalcy are best spent immersed in predictable activity.

But outside of the game, sometimes, your friend is killed. Sometimes your brother gets cancer. Chris and I agree: the period between being heaved into the pit, and making your way out is lengthy. Your brain has to fundamentally reconfigure how it conceives. Everyone deals with their time in the pit differently, and some people just need preoccupation. I don't see anything wrong with that.

"It created a lot of energy in me," Fabizak says, "There was some anger, some anxiety, just a lot of pent up energy that could have gone to some less desirable places. Instead, I channelled it all into competitive Smash, and you could do a lot worse."



What separates competitive *Melee* from other games is that it has an infinitely high skill ceiling, and that skill ceiling matters. In tournament, the better player always wins. It's a rare sight for someone who is even the fifteenth best player in the world to win a set against the fifth. There is order in place—the more you practise, the better you are, and the less you lose sets.

The competitive game can be incredibly

cruel when you're playing someone who's clearly better than you, but that predictability gives the game an order which is appealing, given the cruel chaos



In addition to dealing with grief from his best friend's death, Chris has long struggled with depression. Within the *Melee* community, he is not alone. Two of the top six players, Jason "Mew2king" Zimmerman, and Kevin "PPMD" Nanney have publicly taken long breaks due to depression.

"The community provides a safe place for persons dealing with depression. There can be something wrong and that's okay. I feel that in other walks of life if you're not feeling okay, you have to fight it, but the Smash community is great for that. PPMD could say "I need six months off right now, I just can't do it, sorry guys", and it is what it is. His sponsorship and all his fans are waiting for him when he comes back and people don't demand to know why, or to know any more about it. That's my experience, too. People don't ask you more than one question if you're not willing to talk about it."

It's a progressiveness that leads to an openness that I wish we all could share.

"People in the Smash Community are always talking about their feelings. They're rewarded for expressing their weaknesses and you may not be elsewhere."

In the fourteen years since *Melee* was released, the international fraternity of its players defeat many of the assumptions people have about competitive gaming. It appears that the game is creating real world, grassroots collectives rather than fake online "communities" which only exist to sell YouTube ads and merchandise. And in an age where male online communities are rapidly radicalizing and isolating people who would like an alternative to society's status quo, that's something they should be proud of.



A History Through the Lens

Alex Gillis analyses Australia's photographic history.

It is fitting that the first room of *The photograph and Australia* contains a wall of self portraits facing a photo taken by an American. Australia has a tendency toward self examination and concern for undue influences. This exhibition follows that theme. Examining more than 150 years of photographs, it interrogates the development of Australians as a people. All aspects of the method are on display, from the purely documentary to the pictorialist to the truly technical, tracing both the evolution of a nation and the photographic medium from the 1840s until today.

Photography has long been plagued by questions of whether it qualifies as 'Art'. This was best dispensed with by early Australian master Harold Cazneaux, who said "it is best to just get on with the process, and the results will speak for themselves". His own famous photograph of a red gum is on display, a truly Australian subject and an early example of a developing Australian style. Maybe his words could have been more closely heeded, as the gallery spiels in each room tend toward the banal and platitudinous. The arrangements are however intriguing, firmly achronological, moving fluidly through diverse themes.

The earlier works are overwhelmingly from little known or unknown photographers, depicting an Australia we rarely see. These begin from the 1840s, and like the stunning photo of Port Jackson below, largely eschew the soft painterly influence so popular in early photography for a more direct and faithful record. These prints



'Migrants Arriving', David Moore 1966

show Australia in the harsh sun, dismissing the inherited "dismal European twilight".

The relationship between the original inhabitants of this land and early photography is shown to be just as fraught and complex as that with the nascent colony. The exhibition is unflinching in its presentation of dispossession and racism. The studio and prop photographs, a tradition lifted from painting, are perhaps the most revealing. *No. 37 Bushman and an Aboriginal man*, below, shows the photographer's mind as much as that of the subject's. Henry Albert Frith's 1864 surreal portrait of the purported *The last of the native race of Tasmania* is intensely emotional, showing a proud group of survivors awkwardly placed in formal European clothing and set. While contrived to an extreme, these images together with the full exhibit unwittingly

highlight the impact of colonialism to devastating effect.

Modern works from Aboriginal photographers counterpoint the pictures well. Tasmanian Ricky Maynard's *Portrait of a distant land* series, including *The Healing Garden*, is awkwardly placed but no less impressive. Mervyn Bishop, one of the first Aboriginal press photographers, has a section of his catalogue on display including his renowned picture of Gough Whitlam pouring sand into Vincent Lingiari's hands. This image has become an unassailable representation of the Native Title movement.

Maxwell Dupain criticised one of the earliest publications of Australian photographers, the annual *Australian Photography 1947*, asking "Where are the city dwellers? Where are the households?

This collection seems to miss many ordinary Australians". The same could be said of the *The photograph and Australia*. Despite featuring a broad array of artists and sampling well outside the established names, the exhibition still suffers to some extent from the regular cherry picking of national identity. Though there are attempts to include a new True Australia, you will recognise very few people. It is more preoccupied, for better or worse, with critiquing a national image than producing one.

The miniature daguerreotype, a vague equivalent to a personal Instagram, allowed Australians to own photos of themselves and their families for the first time. Carte de visites contained images of an individual family and would be circulated to friends. In the exhibition, the rows and rows of daguerreotypes and cartes on display are curious, the calling cards of the long dead.

Perhaps it is precisely this kind of reproducibility, the 'commonness' of the medium, that has seen photography routinely devalued since its inception. With the technique seemingly easy to learn, the pursuit is somehow less meaningful than higher forms of art. Yet this exhibition shows that honest photography—if it remains true to the medium and to its subject—will be viewed with pleasure by many for years. This is enabled by its reproducibility, not undermined by it. True to that aspiration, *The photograph and Australia* shows this country's recent history, mostly accurately and wholly beautifully.



'No 37 Bushman and Aboriginal Man', JW Lindt 1873



'Middle Harbour, Port Jackson', Unknown Photographer 1865



Here's to Stephen

Eliza Bicego reviews Stephen K. Amos' Sydney Comedy Festival show.

When a comedy show involves a spontaneous audience-led chant of "Here's to Stephen, he's true-blue," you know you are in for a fun night.

While Stephen K. Amos, to widespread disappointment, did not down his beer, he did manage to deliver his patent blend of spontaneous, warm humour on the third night of the 11th annual *Sydney Comedy Festival*.

The moment he entered, to thunderous applause, his comfort on the stage, earned through years of experience, was obvious. The cheeky smile, the wave—the man oozed easy self-assurance, which has always been his bit.

His routine was funny enough, but it was his audience interaction and improvisation that truly made the show come alive. While his jokes were not always the most original; a British comedian complaining about Australian mannerisms—ground breaking, his charm made sure we were all laughing anyway. His lightning responses and ability to mercilessly riff off the audience while still remaining very likeable made the show a light-hearted delight. The intimate setting of the Enmore encouraged this and made the show feel, in the best way possible, like a fun boozy night at a comedy bar.

Amos definitely had some things to say

about the state of Australian politics at the moment. Political comedy has always been a part of his act—he's spoken about his life as a gay, black, English man very openly in the past and his honesty is always refreshing. While not quite as politically charged as his other acts have been in the past, his roast of Tony Abbott was ruthless and his comparison of our PM's gaffs to Prince Phillip had the audience in hysterics. He made a point of celebrating the LGBT individuals in the audience and spoke a lot about his upbringing—his impressions of his mother are legendary and definitely did not disappoint.

Amos does not deal in edgy, shocking

humour. But if you are looking for a frivolous, feel-good night, in the hands of one of the most charming comedians on the scene, then this is your gig.

His act was not revolutionary; some of the jokes I'd heard before, and they weren't all side-splitters. I didn't care. He won us over from the start—we wanted to laugh with him.

As he responded when told that Tony Abbot had skulled his beer when prompted by the same chant, "That makes all the difference."

Sydney Uni Revue, Reviewed

Sam Langford

Ian Ferrington

The program of the 2015 *Sydney Uni Revue* describes the show as "all the best bits of the Uni Revues". This is a reasonably bold claim, given that it was essentially a highlights reel for the Arts and Science revues, with the occasional inclusion from elsewhere. Your reviewer's memory is imperfect, but I counted a single sketch from *Queer Revue*. It was, pleasingly, one of the night's best moments, in which the seriously talented Shevi Barrett-Brown played a transit officer with Film Noir aspirations.

Bias towards certain revues aside, it was a genuinely funny show, with familiar material elevated to new levels by a consistently excellent cast, at the direction of Dave Harmon and Gabi Kelland. Julia Robertson won hearts as an endearing and incredibly convincing child, and demonstrated a capacity for backward rolls that I can only envy. Davis Murphy shone as an indignant jewel thief, and Patrick Morrow was distressingly good at playing a sentient, sex-crazed issue of *Cosmopolitan*. Never in my life have I heard "fist him in the arse!" yelled with such raw, emotional conviction. Never in my life have I wanted to.

Other highlights included a heartfelt medley of the misogynist anthems of our

time by Maddie Malouf, a terrifying duo of Eldritch children (Barret-Brown and Lachlan Cameron), and *Science Revue's* a capella *Royals* parody. Also worth a nod were the band (commanded by Oli Cameron) who, despite a few hiccups (perhaps a symptom of being split on either side of the stage), were generally charismatic, talented, and nailed their song choices.

A dishonourable mention goes to a certain sketch about Scooby Doo, which was just as heartbreaking the second time around. Further dishonourable mention goes to the sound system (at least on Thursday night), which frequently rendered performers inaudible (in particular, drowning out the words of what should have been an exceptional musical number about antiheroes).

The sound issues lent a kind of disappointment that permeated the show. I left feeling underwhelmed. As if, like *Cosmo*, I'd spent the show eagerly awaiting a climax, which never felt like it arrived. Still, there's plenty of pleasure to be had without a climax and, overall, the revue delivered. If you're after high quality performances and a quick way to allay your Revue-season FOMO, the *Sydney Uni Revue* is a pretty good night.

The 2015 *Sydney Uni Revue* was a very funny show. As it ought to have been: director Dave Harmon and his team had the benefit of both hindsight and time in putting together this compilation of sketches from last year's revue season. The vast majority of the selections were strong, and the cast showed a polish rarely seen in the revue season proper, if not always the distinctive feel for the sketch of the original performers. Tweaks to lyric and punchlines were uniformly improvements, giving diverse comedic ideas more consistent and satisfying structures.

The cast was impressive—there were no scenes weighted down by one weak link. Kendra Murphy was the most prominent, demanding attention from the first moment with her enthusiasm and timing. The casting happily allowed a great number of women to showcase their comedic talents, when they are often relegated to supporting or straight characters. Julia Robertson, Sophia Roberts and Maddie Malouf were standouts in a variety of roles and styles. Patrick Morrow got a lot of stage time and deservedly so. Alex Richmond was consistently good, and Davis Murphy also impressive, though he suffered from appearing in a couple of the weaker sketches.

After a middling, offensive or boring revue, the standard audience response is always, "Well, um...the band was great". That wasn't necessary here, but the band was in fact superb. Musical Director Oli Cameron led an impressive ensemble in accompanying the show's musical numbers, and delivered great renditions

of mostly-eighties pop hits in between sketches. This latter element was however overused—a huge proportion of scene changes were covered by band interludes, slowing and extending the show. Pace generally could have been improved, including the delivery of some scenes and by some more script trimming.

The musical numbers were well performed, though the (often very good) lyrics were muddled on opening night by sound issues, especially when sung by more than one person. The choreography was solid—tightest and most impressive in the first act's opener and closer, which managed to make some use of the raised elements of the set. Unfortunately the size of the theatre relative to the dance corps meant the dazzling mass numbers often seen in revues were lacking, and the stage sometimes felt bare.

While the majority of sketches were restagings, there was some original content. The personified *Cosmopolitan* magazine was newly built from the basis of an old sketch, and worked very successfully. The show's opening and closing numbers were also new. The opener, an Australian Eurovision entry, was fun and energetic, but the closer "Thank You for Seeing Our Revue" was less successful. It was impressively sung by Victoria Zerbst and the singers of the preceding numbers, and featured some decent jokes, but the tone was slightly jarring. Failing to be properly self-deprecating or triumphant, it ended up merely quite nice. Given the talent and vibrancy found in the two hours preceding it, it was not the bang this show clearly deserved to finish with.





Badly Broken

Andy Chalmers reviews *One Man Breaking Bad for the Sydney Comedy Festival*.

A lot, possibly too much, has been said about the cultural behemoth that is Vince Gilligan's *Breaking Bad*. It's the series that spawned a million thinkpieces, on everything from misogyny to American healthcare policy, and it is certainly not undeserving of such attention; Gilligan crafted a narrative that was at once contagiously energetic and immensely thoughtful.

However, it is currently April of 2015, approximately 19 months after Badfinger's track *Baby Blue* played Walter White and company off for the final time, so if you're coming to the table with commentary on *Breaking Bad*, you'd better have something important—or, at the very least, new—to say.

It is pretty easy to be sceptical of a comedy show that first received mainstream attention via a YouTube clip in which the show's sole cast member, LA actor Miles Allen, disguises himself as a homeless person and performs (admittedly great) impressions of *Breaking Bad* characters in exchange for food.

But as the saying goes, 'don't judge a one-man show by its viral marketing campaign'. Maybe Allen has something unique to

say about the series. Maybe his show will consist of more than just one-dimensional impressions, and that clip was merely a bait-and-switch to lure in the bros who saw *Breaking Bad* as the story of a beta male's triumph over his 'bitch wife'.

Any hope of witnessing something even remotely challenging is immediately quashed, however, when Allen opens the show by running onto the stage in a HAZMAT suit and yelling, "Yeah, bitch!" It is clear from the outset that this hour-long re-enactment of *Breaking Bad* is going to be aiming for the broadest, easiest laughs possible. *One Man Breaking Bad* is pure fan service, which isn't an inherently bad thing, but it is an approach from which it is hard to mine an hour's worth of comedy—a fact that becomes increasingly obvious over the course of tonight's performance.

One Man Breaking Bad is in many ways the opposite of Gilligan's masterpiece. Where *Breaking Bad* favoured delayed gratification, and trusted its audience to stick around, Allen's script frantically leaps from one obvious punchline to the next and then back again, engaging in an hour-long game of 'The Audience's Silence is Lava'.

The feverishly animated performer draws upon every well-worn, mildly amusing *Breaking Bad* reference you can think of—Jesse says 'bitch' a lot, Walt Jr. likes breakfast, Hank collects rocks (sorry, minerals)—and continues to return to those wells repeatedly, each time with diminishing returns.

Allen is so desperate for constant audience response that he even blatantly plagiarises some pretty well-circulated internet memes, presenting them as his own material ('What if *Breaking Bad* were set in a country with universal healthcare?', 'Todd = Meth Damon').

Perhaps the most problematic aspect of the show, however, is its treatment of Skylar White. Much was made of audience reactions to the character of Skylar at the time of *Breaking Bad*'s airing, with many commentators, including Vince Gilligan himself, calling out the oft-misogynistic criticisms of the character.

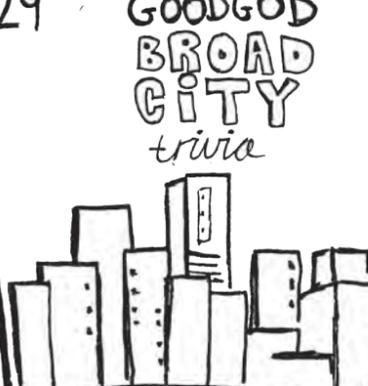
Here, Allen appears to be catering directly to those fans that Gilligan denounced, referring to Skylar as "Walt's bitch wife" at every opportunity, and presenting her as nothing more than a nagging speed-bump on Walt's road to deserved success.

There is no doubt that Skylar was at times an obnoxious personality (as was nearly every other recurring character in the series), and it is a bit much to expect a fully fleshed-out portrayal of any character in what is essentially an impression showcase, but presenting Skylar as nothing more than 'Walt's bitch wife' is lazy and sexist, especially considering she is the only female character to be afforded more than a single line of dialogue over the course of the hour.

In some ways, *One Man Breaking Bad* plays perfectly to Allen's strengths. He is a charismatic performer who has no trouble commanding an entire stage on his own, and his manic persona perfectly complements the breakneck speed of the performance. There is also no denying that the man is an expert impressionist, with his impersonations of nearly every character being exceptionally accurate in voice.

Unfortunately though, Allen's infectious stage presence is let down by some rather lazy and at times desperate writing. Die-hard *Breaking Bad* fans will likely get a kick out of the familiar voices and references on offer, but shouldn't go in expecting anything other than the most instantly disposable of laughs.

April-May

29 GOODGOD BROAD CITY trivia


30 Theatre sports @Manning, 1pm


1 DELTA + food court & harts @Metro Theatre, 8pm
 TIJUANA CARTEL OFF @ 8PM
 MARCH TO STOP THE FORCED CLOSURE OF ABORIGINAL COMMUNITIES

2 FREE COMIC BOOK DAY
 KING'S COMICS + KINOKUNIYA
 David Malouf's Fly Away Peter
 Carrageworks, 8pm

3 imagining iran: contemporary Iranian image-makers @ACP
 11TH ANNUAL SYDNEY COMEDY FESTIVAL G.A.L.A.
 SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE FROM 7:00 PM

4 BANFF MOUNTAIN FILM FESTIVAL 7:00pm @ Seymour centre
 wildlife society presents: David Attenborough screening
 1-2pm @Pharmacy lecture theatre


5 EVENING WITH NOEL FIELDING 8:00pm, State Theatre
 MANNING TRIVIA 5:00pm




Justice? I Have My Doubts

Andy Mason fought the law, and nobody won.



On my second day in Narrabri local court, we were subjected to a reading from Shakespeare on the nature of belonging, and a bizarre exchange in which the magistrate reminisced on his days as a boy playing with tonka trucks in the sand-pit. Our lawyer, meanwhile, insisted that a mine is, in fact, a big hole in the ground. All these things meant something, apparently.

Last year, I was arrested and spent a night in Moree jail as a result of my involvement in non-violent protest activity in the area. Finally, after 12 months, I headed up north again to face the legal music and have my case heard in court.

First, some background. The Maules Creek coal mine will destroy the bulk of the Leard State Forest, which contains over 30 sites that are of cultural significance to local Gomeroi traditional custodians. It will have devastating impacts on the local farming community, and emit as much CO₂ into the atmosphere every year as the whole of New Zealand. I climbed up a drill rig used in building the mine to delay its construction, and to make a symbolic statement of dissent against what I and my friends at the #leard-blockade see as a total failure of the political class to look after the public interest.

The experience of my action, arrest and imprisonment was the most brutal and lonely 36 hours of my life. For 12 hours I sat 15 metres in the air, harnessed to an imposing industrial tower, caked from head-to-toe in the thick, disgusting industrial grease covering all of its parts. My position at the top of a hill gave me a commanding view of a small valley. To the right was the forest, exuding its timeless, quiet calm. In the centre of my field of vision the dark green of the forest suddenly gave way to a patchwork of lighter and darker browns. As the sun came up I could make out piles of trees pushed over like matchsticks, and piles of woodchips. Workers arrived; they turned the piles of trees into piles of woodchips. Other workers moved piles of gravel from A to B in bulldozers. Every now and then a wallaby would wander through the work-site, stopping between machines to look around itself, seeming to ask “didn’t there used to be a forest here?” before hopping off again, puzzled.

When the police arrived with a cherry picker to get me, they pulled out every kind of insult they could. I was called a hippie, a useless city-slicking lazy student, a poofster. Their guns, pepper spray and batons in the corner of my vision, I quietly took all of it.

At the station, I got a 3 hour lecture about what a degenerate I was—I was told that I would never be able to work for government or go overseas and that I’d totally ruined my future. I also got an extremely invasive and unnecessary cavity search, as a result of which I was unable to have any intimate contact with anybody for months without breaking down.

Meanwhile, the custody officer spent an hour flicking through his copy of the summary offences book, trying to find as many “crimes” to charge me with as he could. He ended up finding four—two related to trespassing on private property, one of hindering machinery belonging to a mine, and one of endangering the lives of others by climbing up a structure.

After this came a 24 hour stint in Moree prison, which I wrote about previously in this paper, followed by more than a year on a legal rollercoaster. Some of my friends have been found guilty, then not guilty on appeal, then guilty again. The court has tended to prioritise certain ‘pilot’ cases, adjourning everybody else to a later date after the pilot case is resolved. We’ve been strung along for court date after court date—told that this one will be the real one, only for the magistrate to decide in essence “nah too hard come back in two months”. Last week, we were told, would be the actual conclusion—really, this time.

So, after a long journey and an inadequate sleep in a cold barn, we arrived at Narrabri local court, dressed up as smartly as we could manage. We had been told to turn up in time for a 9:30 sharp start.

All the hippies were perfectly on time, but the court was having a bit of a lazy morning, and didn’t really get started for another hour. Many of us hadn’t seen each other since last year, so we just sat happily on the lawn out the front of the courthouse having a picnic until things got going.

The first day continued to go pretty slowly. We were met by a mind-bogglingly repetitive and pedantic discussion of what legally can be said to constitute “a mine”, and what “belonging” means. The *Mining Act* of 1900, under which we were all charged, is vaguely and badly worded and applying it to contemporary mining operations is not straightforward. The “mine” is no longer a singular legal entity, but a complex network of subcontractors, and the “mine” itself no longer owns much of the equipment used to build it. I shit you

not, this conversation continued for 4 or 5 hours. Eventually, the magistrate decided that the prosecution had not established that the mine ‘owned’ the particular piece of equipment that a friend had chained himself to, and that he was therefore not guilty.

The next day, just before lunch, the magistrate decided that the evidence was, as in the previous case, not good enough to establish that the accused had hindered machinery belonging to a mine. He returned another verdict of not guilty, and finished by counselling the police prosecutor that in the interest of efficient use of public time and money, he would not be exploring all the cases in depth as he had done so far. At this point our mood became positively jubilant, believing as we did that the magistrate was finally thinking straight and that we’d all be out of there by the end of the day.

Things soured during the lunch break. Our lawyer came out and informed us that the police prosecutor had received orders from above to appeal all the not guilty verdicts, and would do so for any other the magistrate returned for the rest of this sitting. The police seemed to be more interested in wasting our time than in resolving the cases. Up to this point, the proceedings had the atmosphere of a test match, with long periods of boredom followed by a riveting session before tea—but this seemed to be blatant ball tampering. After lunch the magistrate indicated he would be adjourning all of the not-guilty verdicts until the outcome of the police appeal, and set hearing dates for the rest of us in August.

It’s been my view for a while that the major function of the “justice” system is to abuse and intimidate people who are unhappy with business as usual. It seems that the law is set up to punish the vulnerable, exclude the marginalised and protect the powerful. This last farcical encounter with the law has only deepened my conviction that it is not only a deeply broken system, but one that was never built properly in the first place.

The entire rationale for arresting and charging us was that our actions were a threat to the profitability of the mine—it’s never been about anything else. The police and the courts want nothing to do with justice. Like characters in some Kafka novel, we are strung along from courtroom to courtroom, understanding that the only thing that matters is the court’s power over us.

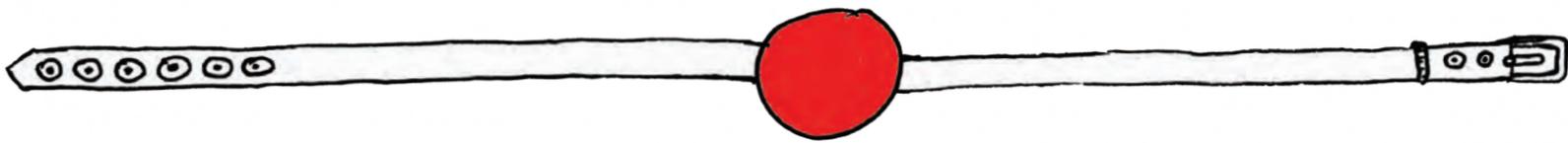
Position Vacant:

SRC Environmental Collective
Officer

The position can be split two ways and elections will be held at the next SRC Ordinary Meeting (May 6th), in the Professorial Boardroom



Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney
p: 02 9660 5222 | w: src.usyd.edu.au



50 Shades of Great?

Kip thinks you should strap on to get off.

In Marsden Street around the back of IRPA there is a dungeon called Uber. It's closing down in a few months and I'm sad about that because I have never been in an environment where people have so genuinely opened up about what turns them on but have simultaneously felt the most safe.

The first time I attended a party at Uber I rocked up in a suit. This was for two reasons. The first is that at this point I owned no fetish gear other than a pair of half gloves that I brought along and slipped on in the bathroom. The second reason is that I had no idea what to wear other than a suit and the website suggested that that would be best.

The front door is ordinary and blends in with the several other doors which line the complex that Uber is a part of. I hit the doorbell and a petite woman in a black tee with 'UBER' stenciled on it in white letters cracks it open a tad. "Hello!" she says exuberantly. "Hi, I uh," I stumble over my words like a teenager having sex for the first time, "I'm here for the party." She opens the door wide open and asks for my scene name and ID (I produce my battered, almost expired Ls), crosses the generic alias I have off the list with bright pink highlighter, and leads me through to

the next room and the coat check. I drop my backpack off and give them my coat.

Picture this, I know nobody here. I've got a rough idea of what to expect and I've psyched myself up to go through with attending my first BDSM play party (with no intention of being the subject of anything, mind you, it's my first time after all). But I'm not the only one who is sitting alone in the corner with a cup of Earl Grey. I take solace in the fact that evidently it's okay to show up to kinky parties alone whether you're a 23 year old student in a suit or a 60 something year old man in a fishnet crop-top and a far too small black leather g-string.

This space is divided into several areas. There is the bar/kitchen next to the coat check where kinksters are gathering around tea and small biscuits and generally has the vibe of a cheese and wine gathering featuring tame people in their 30s. Next to this is a black velvet curtain which partitions off a large space sort of like a theatre. There are some nice plush couches in another partitioned area and there are two more separate theme rooms: one a fairly convincing doctor's procedure room and another with bookcases, a large bed, and armchairs (from what I could see the books are all psychology textbooks

with the occasional HSC geography one thrown in for what it seems is the laughs).

I do the rounds. I slowly pace from room to room watching humans playing with others, being played with, or playing with themselves. When I say 'playing' I mean they are engaging in different BDSM practices, some of these are sexual, most aren't and instead have something to do with sensory play. There is a particularly incredible work of what I assume is performance art in the main theatre. A Mistress has her subject stand almost naked in the middle of the floor under a large blunted hook. You can't see breasts or genitals, that's not the focus here. The focus initially is her skin and then how obedient she is. Mistress says something, subject does it. Cross your arms like this, leg up please, lean back and fall. Only she doesn't fall, her Mistress has very quickly and skillfully weaved a complex arrangement of rope around her subject who is now hanging from the hook spinning and rocking. Her eyes are glazed over. One of the staff members I introduced myself to leans towards me slightly "she's in la-la land now".

Later I introduce myself to people. I learn the names they go by on the social network Fetlife and I become buddies

with them online. We chat about what we're into, they tease me since I'm the youngest person there by half a decade or more, and then we talk about politics or movies or books or...whatever it is that normal people talk about. Because that's exactly what these people are: normal.

I didn't know what I would expect when I bought my first ticket to Uber. I didn't want to get my hopes up or have them dashed terribly if things weren't as extreme as I thought they would be. I walked into Uber a blank slate and emerged with an impression of this community as a safe and entirely sane representation of ordinary people.

Some think that *50 Shades of Grey* is a representation of this community and the truth is that the kink community itself is divided in its acceptance of the book. Some believe that it's damaging to their reputation and others defend it tooth and nail. The most intelligent thing you can do is decide for yourself, and to do that you have to consider both sides. Do as I did. Take the leap. Go to Hellfire or Uber, suit up in leather or cotton, experience the ordinary.



If You're Stuck Find A Stick

Constance Titterton

Saying 'snowed in in the Snowies' has the same ugliness as stuffing frozen fingers into a glove. You get stuck halfway through and have to push through. I am snowed in in the Snowies and feel as frustrated as when I try to pull the zipper of my jacket and nearly pull it off.

I'm here in a tent wanting not to be. I walked in near Mt Kosciuszko, and planned to wait out a storm and then head north. The map promised views worthy of capitalisation: Rolling Grounds, Tumbling Waters, Granite Peaks. I wanted to see glacial lakes and silverblue snowgums and fill up on huge skies.

Instead, the storm has settled in and I am still waiting to move. I don't mind being alone, but I wanted to be alone

and moving, not alone and stuck. Stuck with the people who mapped this area with Disappointment Ridge, Doubtful River, Dead Horse Creek, Purgatory Hill. Names that speak of people ill-equipped, disoriented. Embittered.

The emergency huts that scatter the Snowies were built for these people. I am camped near Cootapatamba hut, which is tall and bright red and less than thirty metres away. It flickers in and out of visibility for three days. More than the wind and rain, it's this total whiteout that's kept me from moving. I know where I am, but I also can't see anywhere else but where I am. I don't feel like wandering off into the white and dying of stupidity so I stay put.

On the third night, the tent is askew, a taut proof of the wind's strength. The rain beats heavily on it and I can see each drop. For the first time I am scared.¹ I have to leave once in the night when a gust whips away a stake, the floor lifts, and the fabric immediately begins to flap, but I go out into the rackety wet and fix it with clumsy fingers. At some point in the night the beating turns into a sharper, higher, quieter sound, and I realise it's begun to snow. It blows from the southeast, near my head, and builds me a wall, so that the wind stops bothering the tent and I fall asleep.

When I wake in the morning and poke my head out, the world has transformed. What had been colourful—an alpine wetland of grasses, mostly green, with rusty autumn sedges² and one bright yellow spagnum

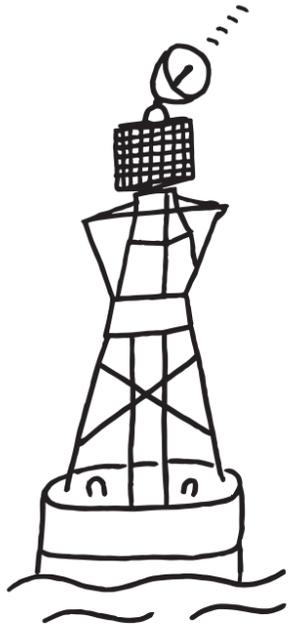
moss—has frozen over. As far as I can see the world is white, or grey. White snow. White sky. Grey mountains. I am inside an eggshell. I spend the day wandering around the frozen wetlands, poking at things with sticks. There are pools of solid ice, and some with crackable crystal lids, and some that are watery-edged puddles of slush. There are columns of ice that formed on rushes then fell off, like pickupsticks. There are icicles and knucklebones and dinnerplates of styrofoam. All babies like toys and the winter on its first day is no exception.

Once I stop wanting to walk away I finally see what's happening. In this valley the seasons are changing, and last night the wind carved me out a space to sleep while it cut between them.

1. The hut is close, but there's a river in between.
2. "Sedges have edges, rushes are round, grasses are hollow with knobs to the ground".

Espionage In The Inner West

Naaman Zhou found the NSA... maybe.



They named the suburb of Alexandria after a Macedonian warlord. This industrial-artisanal wasteland, 30 minutes from Fisher library, was named, the council records show, after the city where books were burned. In March 2013, off the coast of its North African namesake, the Egyptian military found three divers. Their hair was curly, their oxygen tanks bright yellow and visibly rusting, they weren't even in wetsuits. The soldiers took their photo, posted it to Facebook and claimed they were trying to break the internet.

You may not know it, but your internet is carried along the floor of the sea. Every time your computer connects to an international server, it sends your data across continents via fibre-optic cables. Estimates vary, but at least 95% of all internet traffic flows through these submarine cables. They're the width of a can of tuna, the length of the Russian coastline. Like any mortal vertebrate, the internet turns out to have a backbone.

Mapping this system is like tracing the blood vessels under your skin. On the east coast of Australia, cables run up to Japan, across to New Zealand and out to Hawaii where they terminate in California. In the west, Perth is an end-node in the longest cable in the world. Dubbed the SEA-WE-ME-3 cable, it's the closest thing the internet has to a jugular. Like an 18th century spice merchant on speed, it connects Western Europe with the Suez canal, North Africa, the Middle East, India and South East Asia.

You can't cut these cables with a hacksaw, but you can with an anchor. A fault in 2005 cut off 10 million internet users in India and Pakistan for approximately 24 hours. In Alexandria, five years before the divers were spotted, an anchor did the same to a connection serving an estimated 80 million, though thanks to quick re-routing, all they suffered were slower load speeds and higher latency. So while the Egyptian soldiers' reactions to our three bedraggled divers may seem a little foolish (if a human were to cut a submarine cable it would release thousands of volts into the water around them), the baseline paranoia isn't.

The Snowden leaks of 2013 point to submarine cable-tapping as a crucial component of any data-gathering diet. The British spy agency GCHQ has been attaching intercept probes to transatlantic cables from as early as 2008. They tapped over 200 cables in one year, shared the information with the NSA, and then had the chutzpah to send out training documents with the question "Why can't we collect all the signals, all the time?" Closer to home, Snowden alleged in September 2014 that the cable that connects Australia and New Zealand was tapped too.

This is neither secret, nor illegal. Under British, American and Australian law, such data collection can be used to prevent terror attacks and catch serious criminals. What makes this frightening is the unique position of these cables as the mass-transit system of the internet.

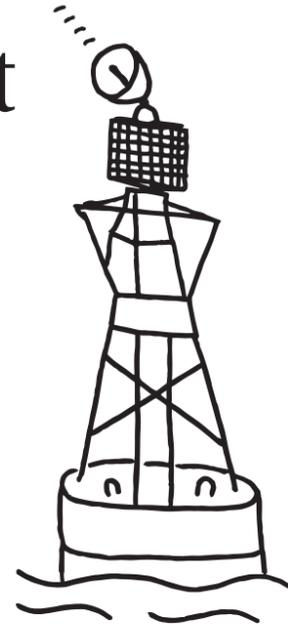
The way a probe works is devastatingly simple. A prism, inserted into an optical stream of data, reflects the light so that it takes a complete and continuous reflection. The original stream travels on; the duplicate is decoded and stored. According to *The Atlantic*, an American company called "Glimmerglass" boasted in 2010 about selling these probes "to governments and various agencies", posting PowerPoints of how they worked. It's the density of information, combined

with the absurd ease of replication, that allows programs like GCHQ to become "full-take" systems of surveillance. Cable-based data collection has the potential, according to *the Guardian*, to intercept 21 petabytes a day of everyday internet usage, equivalent to all the books in the British Library, 192 times over. In a way, mass surveillance is a product of these cables' design. Submarine cable tapping creates a system of espionage where it's easier to start wide and then go narrow. One tap scoops up all civilian internet traffic, and then algorithms pick out the IP addresses and red-flags it wants. It's actually easier to collect everyone's data than not to.

Because cables like SEA-WE-ME-3 cross so many states before reaching us, our data is constantly dashed against the rocks of these foreign intercept points, where US or UK laws allow it to be legally tapped and stored. *The Age* has reported that Perth's place in SEA-ME-WE-3 allows GCHQ's "bulk interception to include much of Australia's telecommunications and internet traffic with Europe", making it both the coolest feat of long-distance infrastructure ever, and something of a tainted umbilical cord.

Australia even has its own version of Glimmerglass. Newgen Systems is a Melbourne-based start-up that until May 2013, had its headquarters in its founder's suburban home. It now provides Telstra with \$3.5 million worth of cable-tapping probes, and the Defence Department with more. This is not only legal, it's mandatory. All Australian telcos are compelled by law to maintain interception capabilities for use by the police—the Newgen probes apparently aided the foiling of the 2009 Holsworthy Barracks terrorist plot.

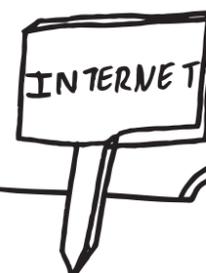
And if Perth's too far to go to see Five Eyes in action, you can try your luck in suburban Sydney. Cable taps can only occur where the land and sea meet, a point known as a cable landing station. Email correspondence with Southern Cross Cable Network—the trans-Tasman cable that Snowden alleges is routinely tapped—revealed that they operate landing stations in Brookvale and Alexandria.



A spokesperson declined to grant us a tour or even reveal the station's location. The same request was sent to Telstra and met with similar reply.

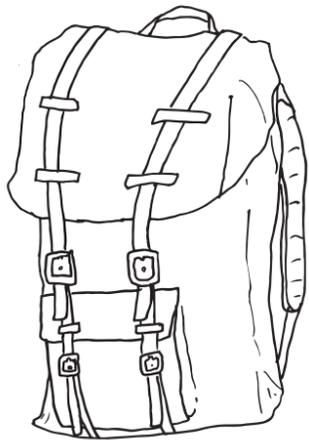
The Grounds of Alexandria has a four star rating on Yelp and a volumetric milk tap invented especially for coffee. One door down from the hedgerows and hipsters, bound to it via the edge-ruled lot divisions that enmesh the inner city, there's a big grey building with one sliding door. Its signage is a bright green square, the word "Goodman", and the street number, making it indistinguishable from any other empty, indeterminate industrial lot. There is a video of Richie Benaud playing in the reception area. Upon entry, the security guards identify the building as an office for a company called Equinix. They deny that this is the landing station, though my research and their website tell me otherwise. When I ask if I can take a photo of the company's logo I am told "there are no photos allowed in Equinix". This is our digital lifeline to New Zealand and the US, and it shares a wall with a gourmet providore.

Alexandria's Equinix, and the mental image of a tuna-can-sized cable, are the sorts of things that make the idea of mass surveillance small enough to comprehend. These cables are the internet's bottleneck, the choke points where your data shrinks to the size of a probe. They draw us into a diffuse, physically remote scandal—from Perth to California, one Alexandria to the other.



The Plum Tree

A literary essay by **Charlie O'Grady** on his experience of anxiety and self-harm.



It's about midnight on a Tuesday, I'm on the lawn outside the Cellar, it's just started to get chilly, and my backpack has just been stolen. Having seen no one pass in the last hour or so I'm not exactly sure what happened, but here I am, staring at the space where my backpack most definitely was.

The friend who's with me is quietly concerned at my utter lack of reaction. He says

—What do you want to do?

When I was in kindergarten my teacher read us a story about a girl who swallowed a plum stone. It grew roots in her stomach, sprouted branches inside her until the trunk stretched through her throat, past her lips.

From then I rejected every plum, every peach, discarded the core of every apple, spit pumpkin seeds and olive pits and anything that might find a home in my earth. When I accidentally swallowed a piece of gum I cried—a friend had told me it would stay in my body for seven years. I became obsessed, horrified, with the idea of things living inside me and never changing.

—What do you want to do?

My bag is definitely gone. Almost certainly stolen. The bag that had all my notebooks in it, my phone charger, my laptop. Most of the other things I care about. It's gone. I'm probably never going to see it again. I'm doing remarkably well, actually, considering that half an hour ago I was two hours into a meltdown because someone at the bar called me "mademoiselle".

Having anxiety is kind of like having a massive plum tree sticking out of your mouth: every morning when I wake up, my chest heavy with the weight of roots, my hands quivering like leaves; when I step onto a bus, into university, into a tutorial, my ribcage stretched to bursting around a

cavernous trunk, thorny branches curled around my lungs; when I try to speak I am stuttering around bark.

Trees live hundreds of years, and I wear this feeling with such familiarity that it is strange when it's not there.

Anxiety is a thing that lives inside you and will not change.

—What do you want to do?

My leaves stir in the midnight breeze. It is cold, and we are wearing shorts because it was not cold before, but it's taken me this long to feel vaguely like a human again.

It's kind of funny, I can go from 0 to sobbing mess in .6 seconds because of a passing remark, but the loss of a significant portion of my material life doesn't even make the list of Top Five Worst Things to Happen to Me Today. And it's not so much that I don't care, it's just that I've exhausted most of my energy for the day on worrying about other things.

I don't get to pick what I can brush off, I don't get to pick what's important. I don't get to pick what's easy.

And even as I sit at the bus stop, hand pressed to my chest to quiet the thunder rattling around my lightning-split core, it's not that bad, not really. It could be worse.

—What do you want to do?

This is the moment, frozen and speechless on the grass, I realise I am exhausting to be friends with.

I will stop you four times in one conversation to make sure you're not actually mad at me because you were joking but you weren't using your Humour Face or your Joking Voice. I will ask constantly for validation and refuse to accept it when it comes. I will convince myself regularly that I am nothing more than the green waste in your garden, the branches twisting round your telegraph wires, that the best thing to do would be to prune me back and my cursor will hover perilously close to the 'unfriend' button until I can suck the sour juice from my fingertips with teeth and tongue. I am the weeds that wind themselves around your

flowers, useless, ugly, parasitic, clinging to nourishment I cannot provide myself.

I dither, I fret, I inch too slow toward decision, I am terrified of being asked the question.

—What do you want to do?

I pick at my leaves one by one—

—What do you want to do?

I dream that my fruit draws caterpillars and I wake up gasping moths—

—What do you want to do?

I have a panic attack as I tear my fingernails away from itching skin where they try and fail to pull out thistles, I have a panic attack and it feels like I have always been trying to inhale carbon dioxide—

—What do you want to do?

I lie in bed too choked to leave the house, too choked by a lack of sunlight, I lie in bed and my roots

grow through the mattress, searching for earth which has been nourished better than I can, I lie in bed petrifying—

—What do you want to do?

I do not want to feed this thing but I know that it is not okay to let certain parts of you wilt, I know that this tree has always been the thing to keep me alive and this darkness is killing it, I know that this tree will not bear fruit any more, I know that I am letting myself wilt—

—What do you want to do?

I don't know.

Nothing, I guess.

I have never wanted just to do nothing.

When I see a seed, I shake at what it may become. Trees live for hundreds of years, and I am terrified of something living inside me that cannot change. I am all kindling and sap and rainwater tears, and I cannot change what I am but it is not okay to let yourself wilt.

I start to water myself. Just a little. I start pruning, slowly, carefully. I tend to this green mess inside me and it grows a little smaller, a little more manageable, a little beautiful, each day. I draw rings on my palm with a gentle finger and dream of more years.

We all have roots. We all have capillaries like tiny branches throbbing, stretching, reaching for light. Our vine fingers splayed, searching for strong things to curl ourselves around, help us climb. We're made of trees, made of endless worries we dig up, that grow and die and turn to earth and grow. We are sometimes weeds, and we are sometimes the gardener, and on the worst days we must try to be both. We have things growing inside of us, but those things will bear fruit.

Come lie with me, we can rest in each other's shade.

—What do you want to do?

I want to see seeds and hope that they will be flowers.

I want the sun to kiss rainwater from my cheeks, I want it to water someone else's earth.

I want the oxygen that seeps from me to be someone's next breath.

—I want to go home.

I'm trying to.



Just Boys and their Digital Toys

Astha Rajvanshi on women in IT and engineering.

In an online Whirlpool forum titled, 'Gender spread in engineering courses?' Jason132 (user #363658) writes, "I know this sounds highly sexist, but does anyone think that males in some ways make better engineers than females? The good female engineers I know seem to be tomboy types. I guess that's a broad statement". Littleman (user #324191) responds, "girls (in general) are bad at maths, problem solving, and anything to do with logic". Starcraftmazter (user #58651) backs up Littleman's point. "Girls in general do not have much of a drive?" he says.

In engineering and information technology (IT), these kind of comments are not unusual. The number of women who participate in these fields is low, and their achievements are often perceived as insignificant and lesser than their male counterparts.

In Australia, women currently comprise only 28 per cent of the IT workforce, and a mere 11 per cent of the engineering workforce, with an even smaller percentage likely to hold senior management positions. In 2013, one in five IT students were females, and worse still, a recent OECD report states that only 3 per cent of Australian girls are contemplating a career in engineering or computing (compared to 17 per cent of boys). By 2020, in a room full of 25 engineers, only 3 will be women.

While the reasons behind this disparity may vary, the fact remains that little is being done to change this culture.

Elizabeth Wu graduated from a Bachelor of Computer Science at Sydney University in 2004 and is currently working in data warehousing and data management. She comments that although numbers of males and females were roughly balanced at the beginning of her undergraduate studies, this trend changed as she progressed through the course and picked IT for her specialisation. "The lack of females around was mostly apparent in third year ... often I was one of only a handful of girls in each of my subjects, sometimes the only one," she recalls.

Whilst Wu believes she was not treated any differently to other students by her professors, she does not say the same of her male peers. "It was difficult to be friends with some of [them] especially straight out of school. For example, if they're looking for a date and I'm looking for a friend, we often couldn't meet in the middle that well," she explains. "The

result of this is that while I did have a few friends, I spent more time alone than I wanted to."

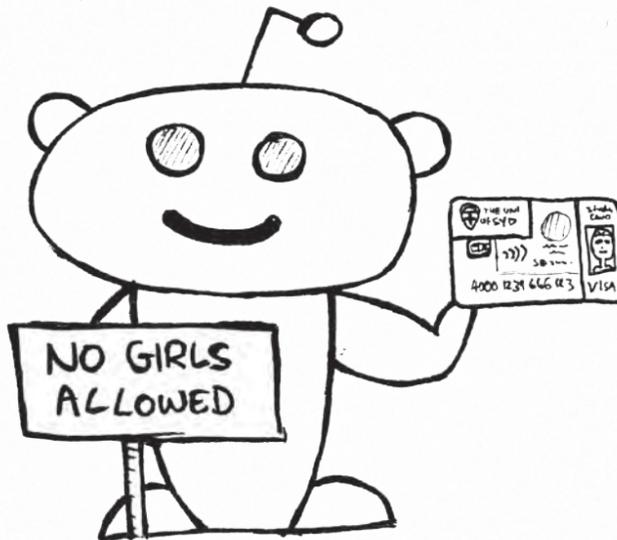
In many instances, the gendered interactions are subtle, not immediately apparent to either male or female students. Christine, currently studying a Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering at university, describes her experiences in engineering as mixed. In one instance during a lab session, she recalls a male peer who discredited anything she had to say. "[He] physically tried to ostracise me from the group".

Similarly Betty, a student in Mechanical Engineering (Biomedical) recalls a Facebook conversation in which her male peers blamed her for a missing document and asked her to compensate them for their losses by 'making them a sandwich'. "This didn't have a big impact," she says, "but it demonstrated to me that there is an undertone present amongst the peers, and how female students' advice is to let it pass".

"I find that sometimes you find it hard to understand something or would take longer to understand a concept than my male counterparts which is frustrating," says Christine, who is currently undertaking Mechanical Engineering.

This readily admitted reluctance and lack of confidence amongst many women goes to the heart of why IT and engineering are male-dominated professions. In a destructive cycle, many women seem to internalise the problematic attitudes around them, coming to see themselves as incapable, instead of the profession that is letting them down.

"I don't know why this perception exists though, because there is nothing anatomically different that would make a male better than a female in IT," says Elizabeth.



Most women I spoke to commented that the word 'engineering' often suggests stereotypes associated with masculinity, such as hard hats, fluoro vests and complicated maths equations.

For Christine, it comes down to a lack of education about STEM (Science, Technology, Engineering and Mathematics) degrees in high school. "Even from a young age, boys are inadvertently encouraged to pursue STEM subjects with toy selection (i.e. kinect bionics, play tool shops, lego) whereas toys for girls are limited to barbies and toy kitchens," she says. The assumption that men are generally better at logical subjects like maths and science leads to the perception that women are better in humanities, and may even fear maths. "I actually didn't know engineering was a thing until my second year out of school!" she says.

Between 2009 and 2010, Julie Fisher, an Associate Professor in the Faculty of Information Technology at Monash University, surveyed and interviewed women to find out why IT was a turn off for women in relation to their career choice. She found that the biggest hurdle was the image of the profession—an area that is technically focused and often described as a "boys' club", where women struggle to develop networks and be recognised for their skills. This resonates well with Elizabeth's experiences in her first job in IT, where customers would ring up and ask to speak to "one of the boys".

Another reason behind the discrepancy is the lack of successful female role-models in these professions. Elizabeth says that during her time at university, she was heavily influenced by one of her female lecturers. "She didn't actively help me in particular because I was female, but just having a female lecturer made me feel less alone," she comments. "It made me realise there is no reason that a female

can't do computer science, and gave me the motivation to hang in there and see it through."

For many women studying IT and engineering, relief comes in different forms.

"My main coping mechanism is humour, which comes at a real advantage whenever a guy throws me some sexist remark," says Christine.

On the other hand, Katy finds that having a close group of girl friends within engineering makes the experience a lot better. "They are in the same situation so having some girl time is great! We go out for dinner, have picnics and movie nights," she says.

At Sydney, the Sydney University Women in Engineering Society (SUWIE) is run by students to provide support and networking opportunities for women studying engineering.

"As engineering is male dominated, it can often be hard for girls to fit in," explains Katy Lu. "This is where SUWIE comes in, we encourage all women who study engineering to attend our events, from bake sales to cocktail nights to form networks among their peers." SUWIE also has many industry contacts, and will often advertise opportunities only targeted at women.

Yet while commendable, such initiatives do little to force substantive change. The gender discrepancy will only be resolved when more women choose to pursue IT and engineering as a profession. And that won't happen until that's a choice that's actively encouraged and adequately supported.

Professor Fisher comments that encouraging more girls in schools to see these professions as fun, exciting and creative will eventually result in more women studying them at university.

"With more graduates we will start to see the climate in workplaces change, encouraging women to stay and prosper in the industry," she says. "As long as the industry remains male-dominated we will face an uphill battle to see significant changes in the future."

Things Other than Snakes on a Plane

Tom Gardner investigates how your pets fly.

What would you do if you had to transport your manatee on a plane?

Most of us are aware that pets and guide dogs travel on aircraft. But zoo animals, racehorses, and police animals are also frequent flyers. And sometimes, whole herds of livestock are flown in their thousands—mostly to China, Russia and South-East Asia—as a quicker, more humane alternative to live export by boat.

The particular rules and recommendations that come with carrying an animal on a plane are almost as diverse and curious as the animal kingdom itself. The most widely recognised international rules for the carriage of animals are the International Air Transport Association Regulations, now in their 41st edition. But they aren't binding on carriers; for instance, although the IATA regulations discourage airlines from allowing animals in the cabin on passenger flights, many airlines allow passengers to take a dog or cat in the cabin. On selected routes, Emirates allows

passengers bring up to 15 falcons with them in the cabin.

Other bodies make complementary regulations, providing for the carriage of bats, elephants, porpoises, sparrows, manatees, and zebras, among others. Many of the regulations seem obvious. Owls 'should be transported in semi-darkness'. Poisonous snakes (a la *Snakes on a Plane*) should be labelled as such. And for whales, 'facilities for handling by crane or fork-lift should be provided'.

Particular kinds of animals pose particular difficulties. For instance, when one puts large, dangerous animals in a container underneath a passenger plane, there is always a risk that they'll escape, imperiling passengers. Australia's Civil Aviation Safety Authority recommends that airlines carry a captive bolt pistol or pole syringe so as to kill or sedate such an animal.

Horses are one of the most-flown species of animals, whether for racing, law enforcement, or breeding. Aircraft are

often wholly or partially chartered for the carriage of large numbers of horses, and a Boeing 747 can accommodate about seven horses across its width, housed in stalls which give the aircraft the appearance of a stable.

Airlines often prohibit brachycephalic (snub-nosed) dogs and cats from flying, as these breeds have great difficulty breathing in the rarefied atmosphere of the aircraft, and are massively overrepresented in statistics of pet deaths in flight. If you really need to fly your Pekingese or Pug, you may be able to do it with some airlines, in the winter, in a special crate—but you'll have

to give the airline an indemnity against suffocation. Minks, skunks, and pigs are often prohibited absolutely for the same respiratory reasons.

It's still true that domestic pets remain the most common animal passengers on the world's aircraft—according to IADA, pets have been flying on planes since the 1930s, predating modern commercial aviation. But pet transport is also embracing the 21st century: if you choose to fly your pet with Qantas (including your exotic bird, mouse, live coral specimen, fish or crocodile) you'll be able to use online tracking—at no extra charge.



You Only Die Twice

Look on Leigh Nicholson's work, ye Mighty, and despair!

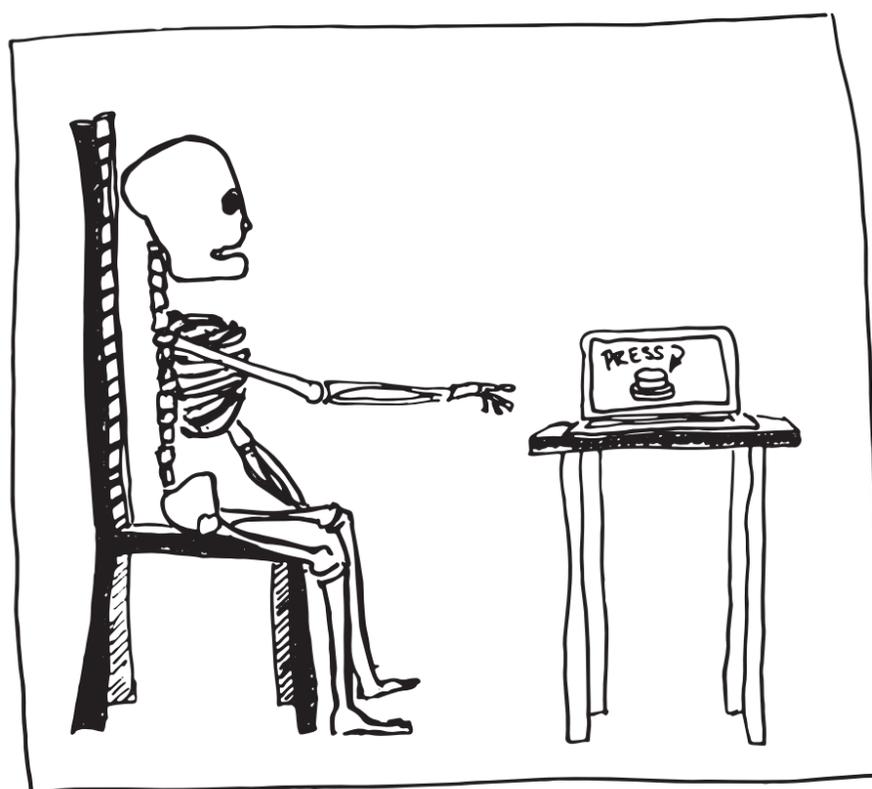
Everybody wants to be remembered. This fact hasn't changed much through the decades, although the method of accomplishing it has. Whether or not people are happy with what they wished for, once granted the title of notoriety, it is undeniable that almost all of us crave a sense of enduring self-worth. Self-esteem and public acknowledgment aren't always consciously associated with existentialism, but if you break it down to its fundamental mantra, you get "I am mortal, and so I want to create something which isn't".

Terror Management Theory (TMT) is an attempt to explain why humans attempt to explain such things. Although it covers a lot of psychological ground, the brunt of it is that humans are faced with a conflict; we want to live but we are going to die. So, what is the logical thing to do in such a situation? TMT answers that we rationalise everything to give our mortality meaning. Whether this comes in the form of seeking out an impacting career, trying to garner as many retweets as possible, or creating a piece of art whose concept took more time to create than the physical product itself.

Recently on Reddit, an April Fool's joke spiralled into a collective and international

existential crisis. 'The Button' is literally just a button which every user gets to press only once and is situated next to a timer clicking down from 60 seconds which re-

But what is more interesting than the button itself, is how people act towards it. Give a human an ambiguous concept and they will analyse the fuck out of it; anyone



starts every time someone presses it. No one knows what will happen if it reaches zero. A lot could be said for the point of this; a joke, a social experiment, a game.

who did English in high school can attest to that. The motivation behind this, as argued by TMT, is just as ambiguous and telling as the concept it has spawned.

If you start to go even deeper, and think about why humans have the capacity to desire and find meaning in even the most mundane, the answer experts will give you is—annoyingly—there is no meaning. It is most likely a by-product. Humans have a higher mental capacity than other animals and as an awkward result, also have the ability to recognise their own immortality and then try to do something to add meaning to their behaviour. We write books, we play sports, we make movies and we help other people. If you ever watched the *Futurama* episode of Bender wanting to leave a meaningful impact on a society, his fire-breathing statue yelling "Remember Me!" into the galaxy is a pretty good physical embodiment of TMT.

They say you die twice, once when you physically die and then again when someone says your name for the last time. TMT does not attempt to answer the question "what is the meaning of life?". I doubt anyone will ever have the ability to answer that. All it does is pose another possible meaning for an ambiguous concept which probably doesn't have an answer, and likely only came into existence via a random series of evolutionary by-products.



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President's Report

Kyol Blakeney

Last week the black movement lost one of its strongest fighters for Aboriginal rights. Uncle Ray Jackson passed away peacefully in his sleep on the night of Thursday 23rd April after attending a regular Indigenous Social Justice Association Meeting.

Uncle Ray was the President of the Indigenous Social Justice Association and put most of his efforts into battling Aboriginal deaths in custody. He had been instrumental in organising many direct action events to challenge the

authority of the state and his involvement and support for the Redfern Aboriginal Tent Embassy will be missed.

During my time as NSW Indigenous Officer, Ray helped me build the Stop the Intervention Campaign and gave me the knowledge and wisdom that an Elder is expected to pass down to the younger generations without hesitation. Since then I had joined Ray in many areas of activism such as the Land Rights and Sovereignty movements, along with the recent Sniff Off campaign targeting the

overuse of sniffer dogs in heavily black areas such as Redfern.

Obviously, being a political activist, people saw Ray as either an obstacle or a comrade. Clearly, I saw him as a comrade. He was a teacher and uncle to many, a driving force behind the peoples' motivation to seek social justice, and he did not get caught up in corporate greed to become a mere pacifier for the mob to keep us quiet.

He will be missed.

Please respect that cultural sensitivity must be used around areas of significance such as Aboriginal organisations in Redfern and the Tent Embassy during sorry business.

Vice President's Report

Madison McIvor

Hello everyone, Madison this week! I've been in contact with the student centre about erasing those \$15 fees for our Academic Transcripts and we're off on a journey to investigate an online official transcript system. This would cost the University about \$18K initially and \$6K annually; these are negligible costs for the University which is GREAT for internship and job applicants!

At this stage, we understand that the system would make your access to transcripts unlimited, free and super easy.

As a reminder, current USyd students applying for internal honours positions, scholarships etc. do not need to purchase their transcripts, as they can be accessed internally. This information will be communicated to faculties to ensure no students are wasting money on hard

copy transcripts where it is unnecessary. I've also just launched COUNT, an initiative about councillor accountability which I hope will re-inject some of the spirit of service and transparency back into student politics. I've compiled all of our councillors' candidate statements and goals into a spreadsheet (in short, I've written down the reasons why they were voted in) and some of the Executive team will be meeting with myself and each councillor to talk about how we

can support them in achieving the goals they were elected to work on! Hopefully this will also increase Council meeting attendance, too.

I really want to see all of your SRC working for you and putting all of their great ideas for your university experience into amazing realities.

Sexual Harrassment Officer's Report

Monique Newberry

So far this semester we have heard at several on-campus events, such as Pride Week, that consent is an ambiguous concept.

So we've decided to insert an analogy for consent here, which will hopefully make it easier for students to understand.

Consent is like a cup of tea. If you offer someone a cup of tea, and they decline, then don't make them tea. Don't get annoyed or angry at them for not wanting tea, and don't force them to drink it.

They might accept your offer for a cup

of tea, but when the tea has arrived they decide they no longer want the tea. Yes, that's a little annoying that you've gone to the effort to make someone the tea, but they still do not have to drink that tea.

Sometimes people change their mind in the time it takes to make a cup of tea, and that's okay.

If someone is unconscious, then don't make them a cup of tea. Unconscious people don't want tea, and they can't tell you whether or not they want tea. Trust me on this.

If someone was fully conscious when you offered them a tea, and made them the cup, but has since passed out in that time, then you should just put the tea down and make sure the unconscious person is safe. Don't make them drink a cup of tea. They're unconscious, they don't want tea.

If your friend comes over to your house and said yes to a cup of tea last week, does this mean they want a cup of tea? No, they may want a cup of tea, but they also might not. Just because they previously said yes to tea, does not mean they will always want a cup of tea every time you see them.

It may seem silly to spell this out, and in fact it is. It's incredibly frustrating to have to compare tea to sex, just so people will understand that CONSENT IS ALWAYS NECESSARY.

I hope this clears things up.

This analogy was created by Rockstar Dinosaur Pirate Princess, and can be found on her blog: rockstardinosaurpirateprincess.com



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Welfare Officer's Report

Eden Faithful

On this day in history, in 1967, boxing champion Muhammad Ali refused to be inducted into the U.S. Army. Ali, a Muslim, cited religious reasons for his decision to forgo military service. Your Welfare Officers are not professing to such lofty heights of bravery or subversiveness, however I think it is important that we as a student body are able to recognise and applaud acts of defiance against situations that force upon us feelings of discomfort or shame. I have been lucky enough to receive several accounts of these acts through

the recently launched Your Stories, Your Words welfare campaign. We have asked that any student who has encountered drugs or alcohol come forward and submit their stories - positive or negative - about their experiences to raise awareness about the reality of recreational drug use. The submissions that I have already received have been incredibly moving, with stories of students who have stood up to aversive experiences for their health, their relationships and their wellbeing. Our theme of courage extends to the efforts of our Wel-

fare Action Group, seeking to address the concerns of first-year students who are battling against the often daunting experience of transition into university academic and social life. What I have learnt from this campaign and from those who have been engaged in the Action Group, is that we feel we can stand up for ourselves when we have a support group who are willing to catch us when we fall. At Sydney University, the SRC and its Office Bearers are here to act as your support group. If you are interested in submitting

for Your Stories, Your Words please go to <http://tinyurl.com/welfarecampaign>, or to attend the Welfare Action Group meetings, keep an eye on our Facebook page: 'Sydney University Welfare Action Group'. You don't need to be a world heavyweight champion to fight for your rights and wellbeing, and in those times that you feel like hanging up the gloves, remember you have a student body who are here to fight in your place until you're ready to get back in the ring.

Education Officer's Report

David Shakes

Following a well-documented student protest at a talk given by Colonel Richard Kemp on campus, several students face disciplinary action from the University and an academic faces the sack. Accusations of anti-Semitism at the protest encouraged a witch hunt, for which student protestors and a member of staff in the audience are being punished. Importantly, an inquiry into the protest has found that the staff member's conduct did not constitute "anti-Semitic behaviour", but they still face dismissal or other disciplinary action for allegedly not treating a university visitor "with respect, impartiality, courtesy and sensitivity".

The threats to these staff and students represent a significant threat to our civil liberties at university, and the political freedom that is vital to the university community. The University of Sydney has a long, proud history of demonstrating dissent, and a disgraceful recent history of punishing students who engage politically on campus. Too many times in recent history have student protestors ended up brutalised on and banned from campus for asserting their freedom of speech and freedom to protest, whether that be by demonstrating against war crimes, conservative governments, or supporting staff striking for fairer work conditions.

Interestingly, the University also disallowed a Socialist Equality Party (SEP) forum against militarism to take place over the ANZAC day weekend. The university reportedly bowed to pressure from groups associated with 'The Great Aussie Patriot' to cancel the event, which has links to the fascists at 'Reclaim Australia'. The University feared disruption of the event, and formally uninvited the SEP; a risk they were apparently prepared to take when it came to Richard Kemp's lecture. Give 'Defend USYD Civil Liberties' a like on Facebook, and come to their student and staff meeting this Wednesday from 1 - 2:30 PM in the General Lecture Theatre, Main Quad.

Also come to Education Action Group meetings at 1 PM on Tuesdays on the New Law Lawns. The next major action for education movement in NSW will be on May the 12th, 2 PM at Town Hall, called by the NSW Education Action Network - rally against education cuts, course fees and cuts to welfare. We know the score by now and have a pretty good idea what to expect from this government, and will be ready to strike back as soon as the budget is announced.

Notice of Special Council Meeting

87th Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

DATE: 6th May

TIME: 6-8pm

LOCATION: Professorial Board Room (Quadrangle)



Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney
Phone: 02 9660 5222 | www.src.usyd.edu.au



The Mythical Rainbow Family

by Moo Baulch



Rarely does a week go by without some level of debate raging in the Australian media on queer themes as diverse as whether girls should be allowed to marry girls, homophobes should be given airtime and if Penny Wong's Kitchen Cabinet appearance helped or hindered the cause.

Regardless of where you sit on the gay marriage/civil partnership spectrum and whether you think "It Gets Better" speaks to lesbians in Lakemba or not, it looks as if we're closer than ever to achieving complete equal same-sex rights in Australia. So, as the queer 'lifestyle' becomes more mainstream, and Mardi Gras drops the "gay and lesbian", it's time to start having some honest conversations about the way that we treat each other within the mythical rainbow family.

It's not easy to begin talking about the not-so-fabulous things that occur in our communities and relationships—domestic violence (DV) for example. How do we contextualise it in a queer framework? Let's begin with an important statement. Most queer relationships are loving and respectful. Some are about power and control. Just as some men abuse women, so some of us also abuse one another. Research suggests that DV in same-sex relationships occurs at rates comparable to the wider population. The effects on the victim are similar—isolation, fear, intimidation and the cycles of explosion, remorse, pursuit and honeymoon before the violence recommences.

There are precious few prominent models of healthy LGBTIQ relationships. Those new to the queer world may therefore find it difficult to picture what a healthy relationship looks or feels like. Sometimes it can be hard to decide whether what's being experienced is abuse or just the usual conflict that occurs periodically in most relationships.

DV can be packaged in a number of different ways—it can be financial, emotional, psychological, physical, social, sexual or cultural. It may involve overt threats of violence or feature a subtle controlling of how someone might make decisions about their daily life. An absence of physical violence doesn't mean that a relationship is not abusive. Ultimately DV is the exercise of power by one partner over another with the intent to control.

But there are some fundamental differences in the dynamics of queer DV. Abusers

may manipulate their victim into believing that this is the way all queer relationships are, that the rules are different, that no one else will want them or support services will not believe them if they ask for help. Abusers may threaten to 'out' their partner or disclose their HIV status. They may also threaten to withhold medications or control finances to limit a partner's movements. They may use regular put downs in public or private which target a person's expression of gender, appearance or sexuality. They may isolate their partner from their friends or family or they could threaten to harm pets. They may also threaten self harm or suicide or blame their partner for their own anger, health, condition or behaviour.

Discussing the existence of bullying, sexual racism, misogyny, DV and the prejudice in our own communities is challenging, especially when we live in a society or culture that sometimes may seem to only just accept us. But it's the measure of a maturing LGBTIQ community if we are able to create space and nurture a culture of diversity that fosters open, honest dialogues on these sticky subjects. We have a responsibility as friends, ethical bystanders and as part of the alphabet-soup family to speak up and ask if someone is ok or let them know we are there. It's not an easy thing to do but it could help someone who really needs it.

There are a number of LGBTIQ-friendly places to get help if you're in an abusive relationship. If have experienced DV or want to support a friend, visit <http://www.anothercloset.com.au/>

In an emergency call the Police 000 The Safe Relationships Project provides statewide LGBTIQ domestic violence legal support. Ph: 02 9332 1966/1800 244 481 <http://www.iclc.org.au/srp/>

ACON's Anti-Violence Project supports LGBTIQ people who have experienced DV. Ph: 9206 2116 or 1800 063 060 <http://www.acon.org.au/anti-violence/>

The Transgender Anti-Violence Project supports gender diverse people in NSW who have experienced violence. Ph: 9569 2366 or 1800 069 115 <http://tavp.org.au/> DV Line is free, confidential and staffed 24/7. Ph: 1800 65 64 63

Moo Baulch was the LGBTIQ Domestic and Family Violence Project Officer at ACON's Anti-Violence Project.



Ask Abe

SRC Caseworker HELP Q&A

Dear Abe,

I hope you can help me with a problem I have with Centrelink. I am in my third year of my health science course and I am on a Youth Allowance payment. Even though I didn't receive anything previously, they say that the one year I did at another uni doing a similar course counts towards the amount of time I'm allowed to study and my payments will run out in the middle of the year. Is this true? And if so, what can I do?

Healthy Now

Dear Healthy Now,

The basic formula for the "satisfactory progress" (or maximum allowable time for completion for Austudy) of your course is the normal length of your course plus the length of one subject. For example, for a Bachelor of Arts course that would be 3 years plus 1 semester. If you had completed the previous course, you would be allowed

the full 3 years plus 1 semester. If you withdrew from the course, because of "special circumstances beyond (your) control", you would also be allowed the full 3 years plus 1 semester. However, if you did not complete the previous course, and you did not have special circumstances causing you to withdraw, the amount of time allowed would include the time spent at the other course.

So to answer your question, if you had special circumstances (with documentation) you would be able to study for 7 semesters in this degree and be payable. If you did not have special circumstances, you would be eligible for 7 semesters minus 2 semesters (from previous study).

If you were on an Austudy payment this answer would be completely different!

In terms of alternative payments for the period not covered by Youth Allowance you should talk to an SRC Caseworker to see if there is another payment available.

Abe.

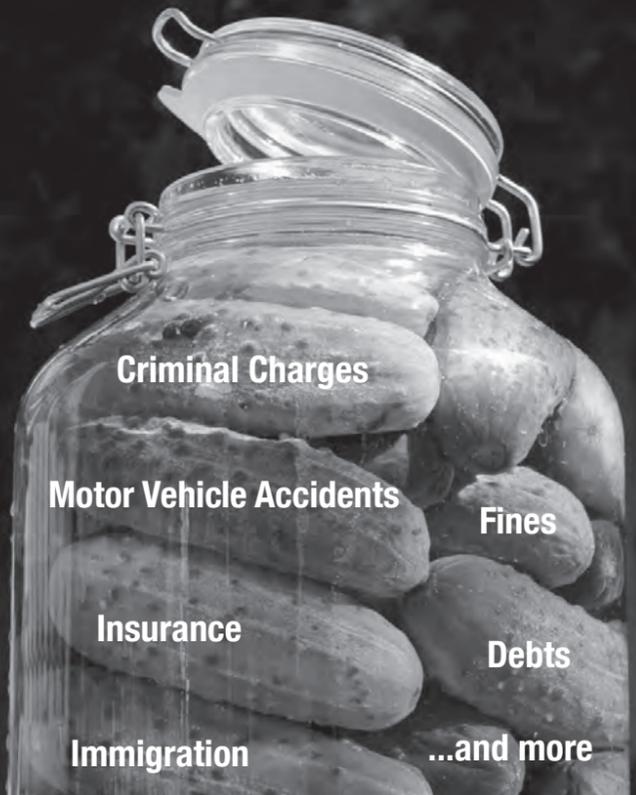
Did you miss a class or assesment due to the weather last week?

Apply for 'Special Consideration', explaining your circumstances.

Seek help from an SRC caseworker if you have difficulties.

9660 5222 | help@src.usyd.edu.au

IN A PICKLE?



If You Have A Legal Problem, We Can Help for FREE!



Level 1, Wentworth Bldg, University of Sydney
p: 02 9660 5222 | w: src.usyd.edu.au
e: solicitor@src.usyd.edu.au | ACN 146 653 143

We have a solicitor who speaks Cantonese, Mandarin & Japanese

法律諮詢
法律アドバイス





This page belongs to the officebearers of SUPRA.

It is not altered, edited, or changed in any way by the *Honi* editors.

What's Happening At SUPRA!

On the first Thursday of every month, SUPRA hosts a Wine & Cheese event. Come along and join us for good wine, good food and most of all the good company of your fellow post-graduates. From 6pm SUPRA welcomes you to come spend an evening relaxing over a sparkling sauvignon blanc and soft camembert. The monthly Wine and Cheese is a great place to meet fellow post-graduates, make friends and share a laugh.

Starting from Wednesday the 22nd of April, SUPRA will also be hosting its first coffee afternoon of the year. If you are feeling stressed, strung out after a long week or just need a middle of the day pick-me-up, SUPRA has you covered. At 2pm

at the Parma Café, come along and enjoy a coffee on SUPRA. Take an hour from your week to de-stress with other students and allow SUPRA another opportunity to share a good time with fellow post-graduates.

SUPRA also encourages you to come along to the next Post-graduate Education Action Collective meeting on Tuesday the 21st of April in the SUPRA offices. Here SUPRA activists will attempt to stand up against fee deregulation and funding cuts to universities. These meetings offer a chance for post-graduates to get involved in the education campaign and fight against the government's plan for universities.



**KEEP
CALM
AND
VOTE**

IN THE SUPRA ELECTIONS

ALL POSTGRADS GET A VOTE

JOIN SUPRA & VOTE AT THE POLLS



SYDNEY UNIVERSITY POSTGRADUATE REPRESENTATIVE ASSOCIATION

SUPRA MEMBERS

BALLOTS POSTED ON THE 24th OF APRIL

POLLS OPEN

6 & 7 MAY

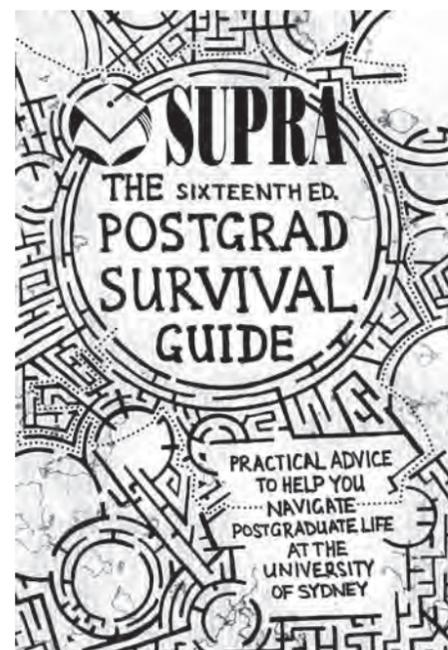
11am-7pm @ SUPRA OFFICES

READ CANDIDATE STATEMENTS AT

http://supra.net.au/2015_Candidates

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.

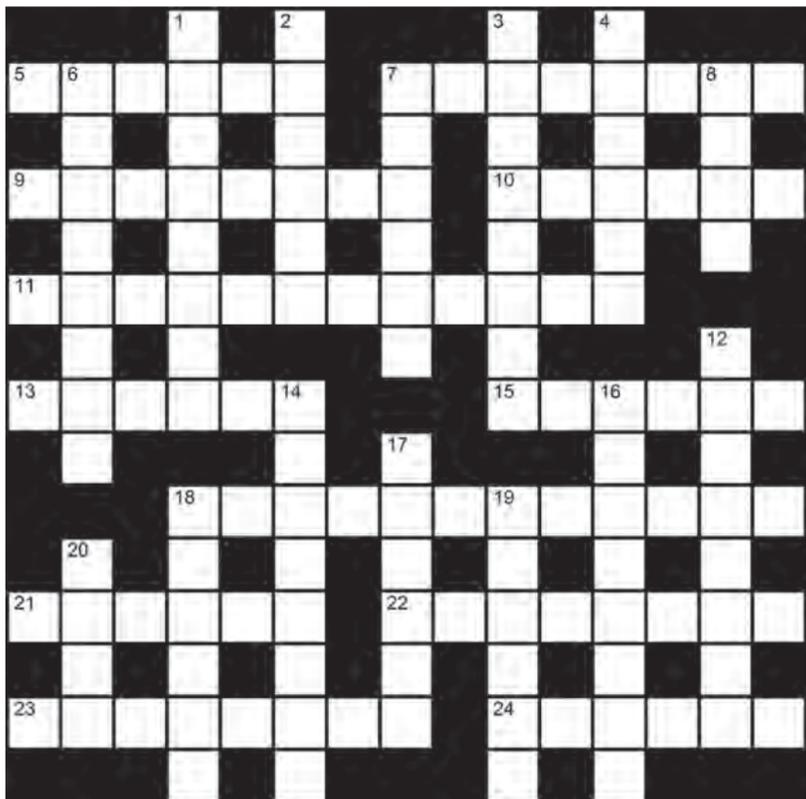
Look out for launch dates coming soon at various campuses!

www.supra.usyd.edu.au



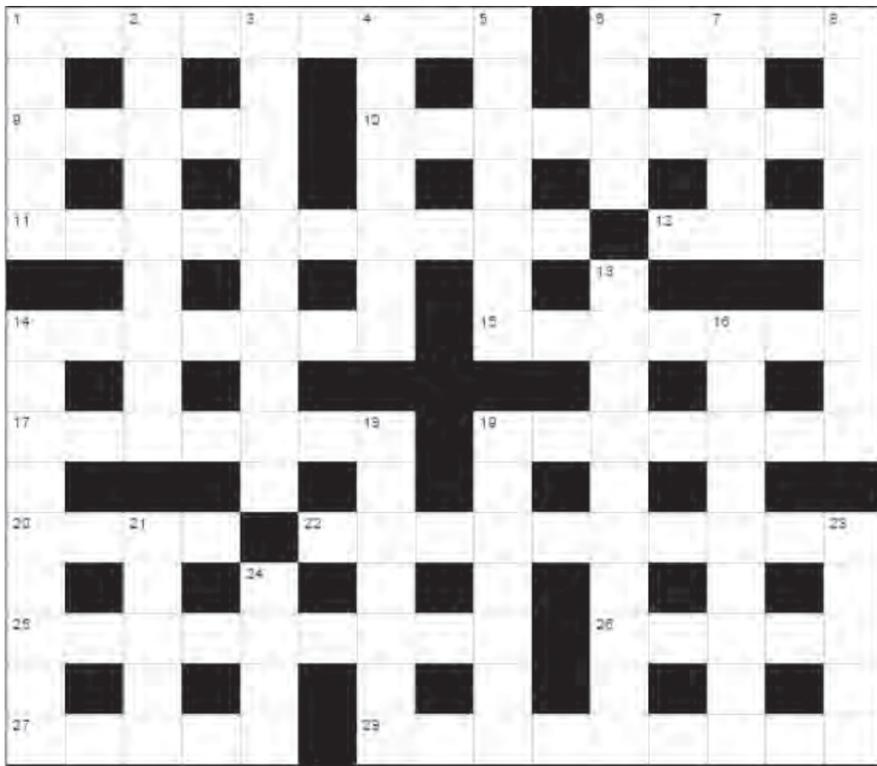
Quick

By Zplig



Cryptic

By Bolton



Across

- 5. Secret (6)
- 7. Skill in The Sims earned from socialising (8)
- 9. Christopher Nolan, for example (8)
- 10. Cows (6)
- 11. 2014 film directed by 9-Across (12)
- 13. Praying ____ (6)
- 15. Football in the USA (6)
- 18. Red cocktail made from vodka (12)
- 21. Arts perhaps? (6)
- 22. Vanquished (8)
- 23. Type of petrol (8)
- 24. Something unusual (6)

Down

- 1. Showing solemn respect (8)
- 2. Prestige (6)
- 3. Branch of mathematics (8)
- 4. My mum's daughter (6)
- 6. Noodle flavour (8)
- 7. Soft floor covering (6)
- 8. Stag (4)
- 12. Luxuriously self-indulgent (8)
- 14. Prevents temporarily (8)
- 16. Courtesy towards women (8)
- 17. Vile (6)
- 18. Occupation (6)
- 19. The Thames runs through here (6)
- 20. High-up university administrator (4)

Across

- 1 Look at, intently and competently, the shaft of steps (9)
- 6 Model replaced Simpsons alien head on task list (2-3)
- 9 Savoury jelly found simply as picturesque (5)
- 10 Donald's Ace a real ace! (5,4)
- 11 I see, in solitude, care or concern (10)
- 12 Misfire a dive (4)
- 14 Accolade to the Greatest and Best Song in the World (7)
- 15 How old is my unit of length?! (7)
- 17 Journalist Georges? Kings? (7)
- 19 Knifed mute ape and she's now 'armless' (7)
- 20 Church semi-dome crushed peas (4)
- 22 Amenable as dirty naval private (4,6)
- 25 Liaison to interrogate state of clean room? (9)
- 26 Dig deep in directionless winter (5)
- 27 Microsoft Surpass (5)
- 28 Beatles song prior (9)

Down

- 1 Tases roughly in 24-dn features (8)
- 2 Horrifying pagan pill is horrifying (9)
- 3 B. Jockeying. at Randwick (4,6)
- 4 Sanction Dr. after English and Norwegian leaders (7)
- 5 Cleaning establishment for Mooney's non-stained program (7)
- 6 The kind to press letters (4)
- 7 Sanction Dr. after English and Norwegian leaders (7)
- 8 Melting ice espied in peripheral appendage (9)
- 13 Super pay rate at faster tempo (6,4)
- 14 Bait neat freak surrounding ungendered amulet (9)
- 16 Performed? Tempt Ed at beginning (9)
- 18 Grant hoagies to Paradise without Solicitud's number? (7)
- 19 Orange bank in years for ripening (7)
- 21 Impassive as I reversed into the cots... (5)
- 23 Bold navy swapped article for stammer (5)
- 24 Atrium for Mantel's Wolf? (4)

Target

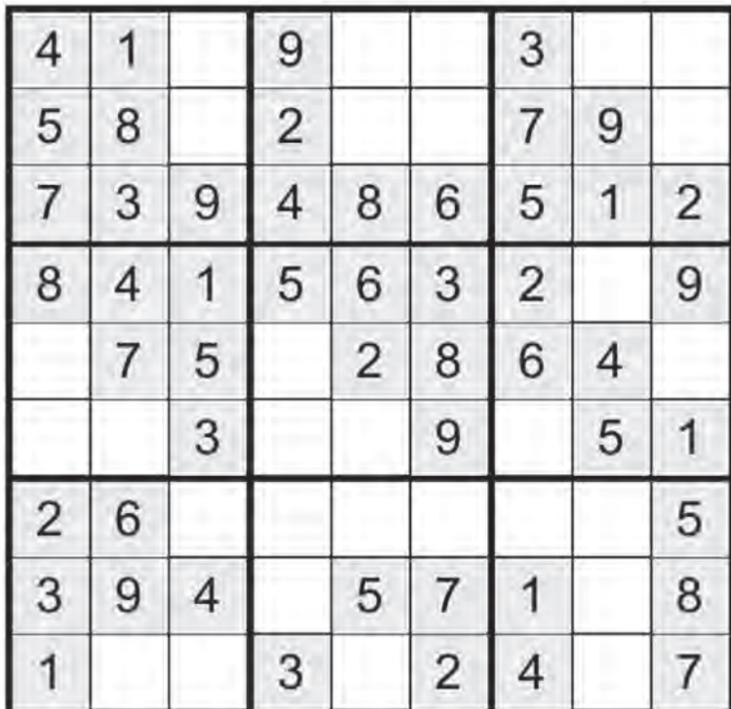
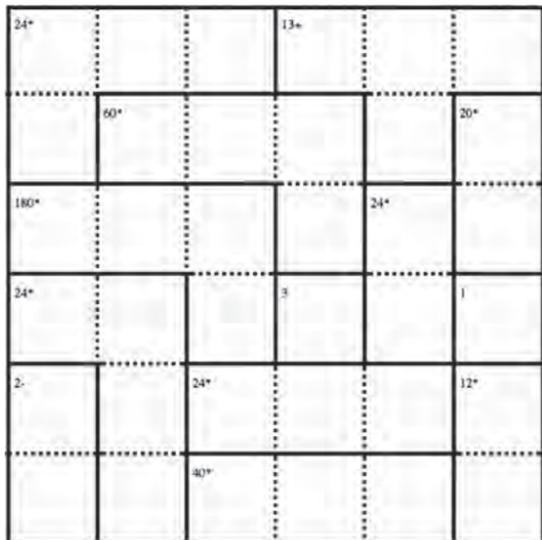
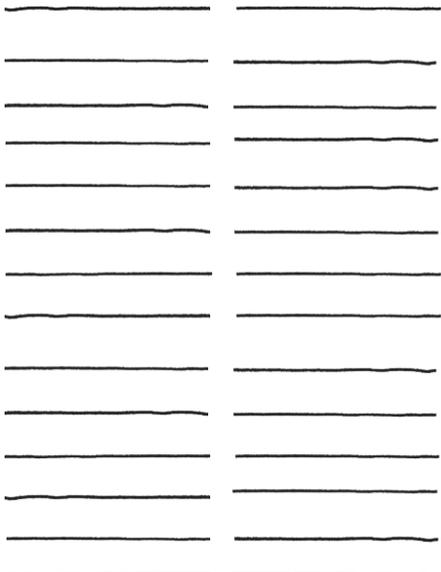
Minimum four letter words

Not Grouse: 15 Grouse: 30 Grouser: 45 Grousest: 66



Oops

Last week we attributed both Crosswords to Scribblex. They were in fact the work of Zplig. Sorry Zplig, keep up the good work.





Start a tacky ANZAC coin collection today. You won't regret it.



The coins are cheap and made cheaper and they have the face of a king or queen or soldier or something on.



Please take these coins from us.

THE SHIT YOU THINK I DIED FOR IS APPALLING

Guest editorial by a spooky Spirit of the ANZACs

Woouoooo! I'm back! Because it's my favourite almost-holiday of the year and I have a bone to pick.

It's customary at around this time of year for people to roll out their flags, and their smaller flags, and somebody's medals if they haven't already been pawned on account of our horrible veteran welfare programs.

It's also customary to wave about grand platitudes about the nobility of dead and speak on behalf of me and walk all over my ghost wants and ghost needs.

I want to dispel (or disGHOST) some rumours.

Firstly, the ghost stories aren't true. You can't leave the ghost sphere after you slay your true love and have ghost sex. I mostly spend my time haunting all the tubs of your favourite flavour of ice cream.

More importantly, and, I'll be honest, I don't care about 21st century rights and freedoms. I reckoned a woman's place was in chains and probably thought blackface was a great way to pass a Sunday.

The fact is, I was a young man who – persuaded by a beautifully confected and deceptive narrative entangled in lofty concepts like grandeur – signed up to go and kill people I couldn't possibly know, for political reasons that I couldn't possibly understand. I jumped on a gunboat, jumped off a gunboat, and was summarily shot by a Turk who held the field advantage because someone fucked right on up and we didn't even get to the right beach. I understand that these details are unimportant when you're still willing shake hands with the man mobilising armies against you.

I've been dead for a hundred years and you can feel the bullet that gets you forever.

I'd be tremendously obliged if you could stop saying I went to war so you could loiter at servos and get drunk and gamble and misunderstand freedom of speech.

Yours,
ANZAC Ghost

ISIS INSURGENTS INFILTRATE ANZAC DAY PARADE IN TWO-PERSON HORSE COSTUME

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone, Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone



The Defence Force has stated that this kind of advanced camouflage is not readily dealt with by the tools of modern espionage. It was a very convincing neigh.

An inquiry is imminent into the security practices of the Australian Defence Force (ADF) after this year's ANZAC Day commemorations at Gallipoli were infiltrated by two radical Muslim insurgents dressed as, respectively, the front and back halves of a horse.

Staff Sergeant Erica Daniels of the 13th Brigade, who rode the two insurgents in the commemorative procession, told the Garter she was 'shaken, but not embarrassed.' An ADF spokesperson said that although the insurgents' very convincing 'clip-clop-clip-clop' noises could be picked from the actual sound of horses' hooves by a trained expert, "there was a lot of bugling going on, and the 10th Light Horse Regiment now operates Land Rover Regional Surveillance vehicles. We definitely wouldn't confuse two terrorists in a Land Rover suit for one of those."

The two horse occupants are known to have links with Wahabist extremist groups. They were allegedly armed, but decided not to carry out a terrorist act releasing the following statement: "We intended to strike at the heart of Western militaristic arrogance in the Middle East, but instead of a display of triumphalist ahistorical nationalist

celebration, the entire event was a humble reflection on the essential tragedy of conflict, an acknowledgement that current prosperity is not based on the deaths of soldiers but on years of peaceful cooperation, and all present agreed not to shallowly lionize the callous waste of young lives for political gain. We were so moved by the sympathy for Turkish, Australian and New Zealand victims of war that we renounced our violent aims. Also it was hot in the suit."

The Garter Press has been told that the act of insurgency was part of a broader international strategy, as ISIS agents have been found disguised as a New Year Dragon, a very tall person in an double-width overcoat, and an enormous wooden hobby horse outside the gates of Troy. The insurgents, armed with guns that shoot bang flags and skilled at ventriloquism, reportedly refused to speak under interrogation, except when they were allowed to project their voice around the corner.

"I have no idea how they do that", said one CIA Black-Ops Disclosure Expert, "but we do know they have further plans targeting adult movie theatres, 60s villains' lairs, and parties they weren't invited to."

Welfare Overhaul: System to be Replaced with Giant Metal Teats of Scowling Taxpayers

Silence the pianos and with muffled drum, Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

In an attempt to streamline operational practices, the Australian Government has implemented innovative changes to the current welfare system, replacing all Centrelink, Medicare, and Family Assistance Offices with giant metal teats of scowling taxpayers.

Architect of the plan, Doctor Martin Frosh, has said that the plan represents a healthy reframing of the question of welfare in the country.

"According to figures from the Department of Human Services, there are nearly 10,000 taxpayers in NSW alone whose teets are full and supple enough to serve as the inspiration for a terrifying series of iron breasts with which to feed the rotting scum of the nation."

Every outlet has been fitted with at least two metallic mammary glands and boasts ample space for "grovelling and defeated suckling."

"This is a simpler way to cater to the diverse needs of those seeking government assistance. Migrants, students and broken families say a lot of things," stated Frosh at the opening of the first breast, "but hopefully now instead of labouring on with their sob stories they can shut up and drink from the rich and be done with it."

The teats are made from iron ore from the Pilbara Region, mined only by white Australians. It is rumoured that the teats will eventually replace all government institutions, and, by 2020, must inspire the design of all projects in which the government invests.

"It's an incredibly elegant solution for a complex problem," Frosh said on Monday, "But we believe this is the most simple way of meeting the needs of those who are poor and useless but still, regrettably, Australian".

IN THIS ISSUE:

Flu Shot, Killed
page 7

Proud Parents Know So Little
page 12

Gay Marriage Conditionally Okay on Channel Nine Game Shows

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead, Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is Dead'.

In a victory for tacky gays everywhere, marriage will be allowed for same sex couples as long as it is televised in a thirteen-week reality television show conditionally optioned by Channel 9.

In a High Court decision delivered Monday, the bench gave assent to marriage equality "exclusively as practised on a prime time television show on the 9/WIN Network". While there have been appeals from rival stations, it's unlikely to affect the decision, which was intended to level the playing field after Channel 10 received the rights to broadcast a reality TV show about polyamory and Channel 7 optioned *Knife Fights At Sea*.

"I've never been happier", said Neville Marroway on his impending nuptials to partner, Bruce, which will entail their being cast as the 'bitchy-couple' that 'audiences love to hate'. On his new role, he said that "those two lesbians over there are tacky see-you-next-tuesdays", before putting his hand dramatically over his mouth.

"We appreciate how important equality is, and we're so proud to be part of this important push. It's imperative that we all enjoy the right to legitimately be with the a person they probably don't love within the realm of a horrible, exploitative game shows," Nine Network CEO David Gynge said.

"The institution of marriage on television game shows is a noble and precious one. Love, kindness and commitment are all eschewed by the format. Why should anyone be precluded from partaking?"

World's Tallest Man Takes Record for World's Longest Corpse

Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone

Veritable giant and world's tallest former living man Leonard Priestly has officially broken the record for the world's longest corpse after he passed peacefully at his home in Longford, Tasmania.

At a towering height of 11ft 2in, Priestly was declared the tallest man in the world by Guinness World Records back in 1998 in Brickendon, a world heritage listed colonial farm village, where he tended to a prize-winning garden.

Despite a daunting size and giant physique the part-time farmer was known for his sunny disposition and charitable intentions.

His partner, Virginia Stone, says of the new record that, were he still alive, today "he would have been proud. He was never content with what he had and he would love to know he had taken a second record. He always aimed higher. Not physically, of course. That would be madness."

Stone is an average 5ft 1 in, their two children are also of average height.

He will be remembered by his family as a loving symbol of humanity's precious variety, and by everyone else for being the world's tallest man.

He is survived by 8ft 3 in-tall Sultan Kösen in Ankara, Turkey.

If we drew him, it'd continue all the way to page 64.

CROSS' CROSSBONES FAILURE: PIRATES REFUSE TO PIRATE PIRATES

Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood; For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Hit NBC show, *Crossbones* has been panned by the critics as not quite living up to its potential as a gritty televised *Pirates of the Caribbean* however one thing that show runner can be proud of is the show's successes in fighting against Internet piracy.

"I've yet to see a single illegally downloaded copy of the first series in any of the back alleys of Hong Kong that I frequent," show runner Neil Cross said in a recent interview, "And I would say it's very unlikely that we'll see any of series two either, since we haven't been renewed and Netflix won't answer our calls".

The show's anti-piracy stance in particular had a strong effect on the running of popular torrent site, Pirate Bay, with many users switching to lesser know sites such as Kickass and Isohunt to avoid any chance of downloading the show, "Unfortunately we've lost a lot of users those that feature in the show."

because of our supposed affiliation with the show," one of the anonymous runners of the website was able to tell us, "We're even thinking of changing our name to The Americansbay, just to regain some Internet traction".

The show's star John Malkovich was unable to comment on *Crossbones'* success as he was busy catching up on the leaked episodes of *Game of Thrones*.

When asked about how he felt in regards to *Crossbones'* dwindling online fan base, Cross was still optimistic about their love for the show, "Our viewers are truly loyal, because even though they may not be tuning in and watching the show, they're also not stealing it, so really it's a win for everyone, except of course for the pirates".

Cross then quickly went on to clarify that he is referring to online pirates and not those that feature in the show.



LIVE IN CONCERT
RICHARD DAWKINS
 memes • women • logic • biology • God • logic



Tony Abbott eats whole POTATO!

The Other Root Vegetables, with Garter Satire Intern Andy Slacks

Tony Abbott recently shocked crowds by making the bizarre (amirite?) decision to publicly consume an onion. What's next? Eating a potato! I'll bet!

Come on Tone, what are you doing!?

A potential explanation for this strange behaviour surfaced this morning, when it was revealed that Tony Abbott was actually an omnivorous ELEPHANT. Sources close to the cabinet suggested that he was found out because of his big ears. ZINGER!

Opposition parties were quick to seize on the revelation, attributing a host of Abbott's recent gaffes to the new discovery.

"It's official: we did it! Community wins as Greens prove Tony Abbott is an elephant," said Greens Leader Christine Milne. "This government is about as bad as Season 3 of *House of Cards*."

They couldn't explain his bloody budgie smugglers, though. When's he gonna get those budgies out of his budgie smugglers, hey?

These observations have seen Abbott's approval rating plummet, (not a PUNNET, this isn't as sweet as strawberries, Tone!) according to Newspoll. Those speed dealer sunnies might be great at reflecting sunlight but I guess they can't reflect razor sharp political criticism!

[Needs things here]

Tony, looks like you're up s**t creek! If only there was some way to stop your boat, big fella!

Andy Slacks is The Garter's Premier Satirist (Another joke—he's just started here! But he's having a great time and wants to stay on!). If you want to hear more of his jokes, he writes for The Garnish and can be found on Twitter at @. Yea, it's a spoonerism.



Breathy Minutes: Robert Downey Jr. The Latest Hollywood Gossip from Amber Swamp

"The main difference", Mr Junior explained, sitting in his studio apartment situated in the centre of the Disney Studio Lot, "it's pretty much all in the title. This is after all, the second film and not the first".

I was lucky enough to have a chance to sit down with Mr Junior in between filming for his next appearance in *Captain America 3*, the Marvel Cinematic Universe star made sure to clarify that although it was a Captain America film and that he was in it, it was not going to just be *Iron Man 3*.

He reclines in his *Iron Man* pyjamas and flashes me a Tony Stark smile before continuing, "I mean when I first read the script I did wonder why it wasn't *Iron Man 3*, but then Kevin (Feige) explained to me that that's not what the fans would want, so we're trying something different by trying not to just re-film all those scenes again".

Feeling as if we were getting a bit ahead of the current blockbuster season, I tried to direct the conversation once back to

Age of Ultron and return to the negative reviews the film was already starting to garner, "I've often found that most of the people who have been criticising this movie for being the same as *Avengers*, were not actually watching *Avengers 2*, but were in fact watching *The Avengers* on Blu-Ray in their homes".

"And what kind of attitude do you suggest we should be taking to this movie event?"

"Look," feeling the gravitas of the moment, Mr Junior removed his glasses and revealed to me that he had been wearing his *Iron Man* mask the entire time, "To those who are coming in to the cinema thinking that this will just be the same thing as *Avengers*, should try and understand that this is in fact a different movie with some new characters and a different plot".

"And for those of you who want to just watch 'Avengers 1' again, well all I can say is that we have something very special planned for 'Avengers 3'".



Nine Tips on How to Charm Women If You Are an Omnipotent God Energy

Letters in Love with Lynette Hutchinson

Dear Lynette,

I like to think of myself as a pretty eligible omnipotent being of pure energy, but the ladies just don't seem to take an interest in a decent guy to whom the entire universe is an idle plaything! I get that there are things that some people can't get over in a partner, but given I am capable of stopping the tides and fundamentally reconfigure the components of spacetime, I thought it's the sort of thing they'd be willing to overlook!

Do you have any advice for a lonely old extradimensional eon strider like myself?

Cautiously yours,

Anon

Dear Anon,

If there's one thing we all know about all-seeing life forces, it's that they tend to be too focused on shaping and determining the course of all that there is in the universe. Sometimes, deities get swept up in their work and let that sneaky dame in their perfect creation get away! Here's how you dorky gods can never let that happen again. Or you could will it so it never happens in the first place, since you likely exist in a realm beyond time.

Reeling 'Em In

It is frequently said that women love dudes who have power, which is good luck for you since you have infinite power. All you have to do is find the right way to let women know!

- The typical meeting places between the heavens and the corporeal realm such as mountaintops, chapels, stunning pillars of light from above, etc. are old hat and should be thrown by the wayside.

- Avoid cheesy pickup lines. Immediately, in a flash of cosmic awareness, illuminate the mortal as to the infinitude of the universe, the insignificance of earthly life, and the undercurrent of heavenly love underpinning everything which exists. Or get froyo.

- Ask what her interests are. Remind her you created all of those things. In under a week.

Once She's In

- Keep conversation light initially. What's her favourite colour? Let her know you could create a new colour on the light spectrum just for her. It's happened before. What does she think purple is? Does she think purple was one of the original colours? Let her know purple was just an anniversary present for your ex.

- Offer her a ride in your seventh dimension.

In The Case She Would Rather Be Alone

- Point out your anger and wrath has purged humanity in the past and it could certainly happen again. Could her prudence result in a perfect, cleansing act of god resulting in the abrupt death of billions? Who knows? Better not take that chance right?

- In the case that she would prefer to be alone, let her know your love is infinite and never ending! Her rejection means nothing in the caring heart of the lord.

- If she refuses your advances, say it was just to test her. She succeeded! Now go back to your universal presence and cry some of those good-old-fashioned energy tears.



On this day, in 1915, noble members of The Garter Press went to war to get out of turning in copy.

With the setting of the sun, and then when it comes up again at about 4:30 in the morning, we shall regret not making them write more.

Ian Ferrington
Victoria Zerbst
Alex Richmond
Aidan Molins
Patrick Morrow
Sam Langford
Astha Rajvanshi
Tim Asimakis
Peter Walsh
Michael Richardson

WOM*NS

HONI

WANTS

YOU!

Are you a writer, journalist, poet, illustrator, photographer, painter, cruciverbalist or other type of artist our word limit prevents us from listing here? If you answered yes, and identify in part or in whole as a wom*n, non-binary or trans person, then you should contribute to this year's autonomous wom*n's edition of *Honi Soit*.

Email us at usyd womens collective@gmail.com with your pitches. The deadline for submission is May 17, so get in quick!



[FACEBOOK.COM/USYDWOCO](https://www.facebook.com/usydwoco)



[TWITTER.COM/USYDWOCO](https://twitter.com/usydwoco)