

HONI SOIT



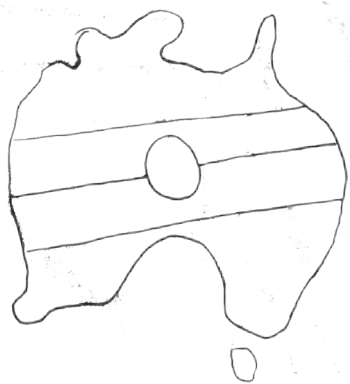
Is it a
genuine
newspaper?

Or a
worthless
Honi Soit?



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SEMESTER TWO

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Acknowledgement

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

Why bother to say we believe in the fair go? What kind of country finds itself largely agreed that it's fine to lock up people fleeing persecution because it's too hard to think of what else to do with them—and when that doesn't work decides to bring out the guns and turn the boats around. I'm sympathetic to the argument that we don't want scores of people dying at sea, but is forcing people into sub-human conditions really the best we can do?

And every time we hear that something else has gone wrong, from sexual assault in our little gulags to ships full of desperate people circling and turned away from states as unfriendly as our own, we talk about it a little, but the story never lasts.

For the times that *Masterchef* or Supercars or Bronwyn Bishop (R.I.P.) aren't enough of a distraction for the morbidly mundane, *Honi* can be your

paper escape hatch. You can join us in our escapist cult of apathy—from a review of the 2004 Mazda 2, to a spray on why Coles is different when you're rich.

If you'd rather flagellate with a little outrage we've got that too. We have a feature on the difficulty of being the first person in your family to go to uni, and a story on how SUSF President gets away with living on campus for a few hundred bucks a week.

Obviously we have more stories in here too, have a look to your left and challenge yourself a little.

Oh, and fuck the ALP (and the Liberal party, and the Nationals, and Reclaim Australia, and the Troika, and Bush I, II, & III, etc.).

Alexi Polden



Credits

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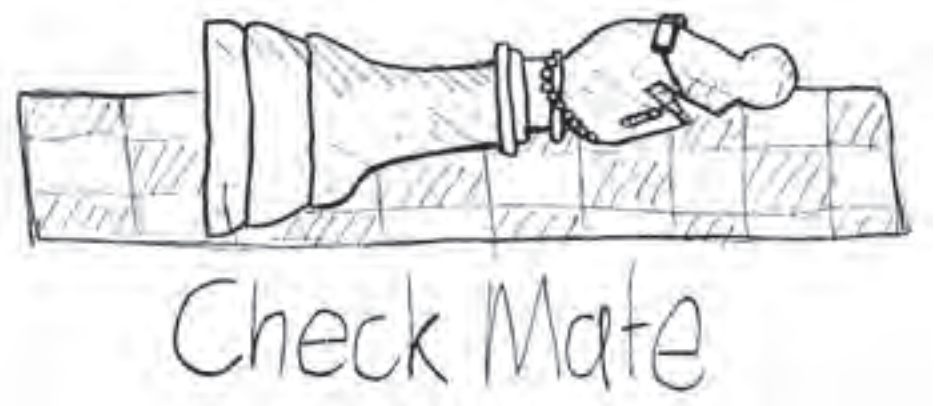
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Cover art: Vice Chancellor Michael Spencer makes a newspaper appraisal

Puzzles: Zplig

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Thoughts, Feelings and Notices

I Love the Sound of Breaking Glass

Dear *Honi*,

Despite the new semester bringing a campus basked aglow in bright orange—from sydney.edu.au to the posters on the back of toilet cubicles asking if my mid-morning shit has brought any new insights to the concept of a four-year Liberal Studies degree—something is rotten in the state of Sydney Uni. This August marks six months since the iron barricades were set up below the gem in Sydney's architectural crown—the New Law School. With no explanation given (a source close to my friend who asked her torts lecturer said it was a liability issue after one of the glass panels fell off), students are being forced to stand below other Sydney buildings for inspiration—such as Carslaw Level 1—unable to ponder their HECs debts while looking directly up at the literal glass ceiling paid for by generous donors from Sydney's biggest law firms. Until the University can satisfy the birthright of law students to walk uninterrupted immediately below their dean's office, I will be withholding my opinions on the four-year Liberal Studies degree.

Regards,
Ryan Hunter.
JD I.

No Progress for the Inquorate

Dear *Honi*,

It was somewhat refreshing to see *Honi* talk about the business of the SRC in last week's Gronkwat, particularly the important electoral regulation change suggestions. However, it was disappointing to see Peter Walsh slam the proposals without asking any of the authors of those motions (of which I was one) what their intended effects would be. For example, limiting the number of campaigners that are allowed to speak to a single voter was a measure to ensure voters were not treated like herded cattle; a practice that endangers voters, campaigners, and other students alike (ever tried to take the stairs, or walk on a small footpath, surrounded by 5 people trying to talk to you?). Limiting the campaign period is something suggested every year for multiple reasons,

including limiting apathy from voters and for campaigner welfare as well. No other campus in Australia has such a long and arduous campaign period, and the (relatively) small number of votes simply do not justify the current regulations.

My problem isn't so much with Walsh, however. He, and many others concerned by the electoral process, would have been able to listen to these arguments and contribute to the changes if they were actually discussed at an SRC Meeting. Of course, meetings in June and July were called inquorate because most councillors—particularly from the various Labor factions—simply didn't want to discuss them and didn't want to show up. We've had months to discuss ways to make these elections better for everyone. I've been a part of a team that has put in hundreds of hours to reforming the regulations, including electoral reforms, to make the SRC better. Unfortunately these no-show councillors do every student a disservice by not even coming to meetings to discuss which reforms they like or which need tweaking or scrapping. With nominations opening soon, the Returning Officer isn't even bound to any changes passed next at next week's meeting. Also, if the rest of that Gronkwat is accurate, it seems as though these same people that refuse to show up to SRC Meetings could potentially control the SRC next year.

And people wonder why I gave up on this stuff.

Cameron Caccamo
Arts

Oops

Corrections from last issue

Chloe Smith misidentified as a current General Executive, she actually served in 2014.

Imogen Gardam is not actually a Garden.

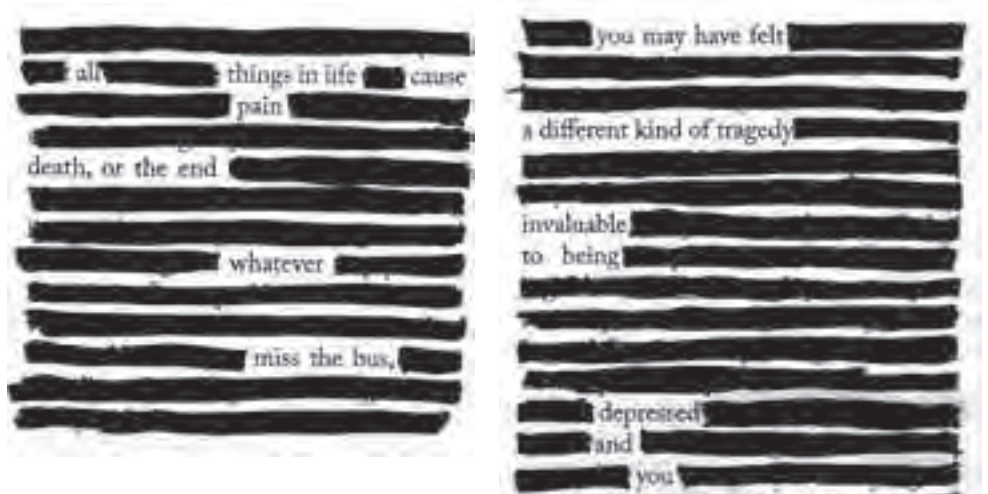
Oliver Plunkett should have been identified as a Welfare Officer.

Johanna Roberts was not credited for artwork on page 6.

Puzzle answers are now (finally) online!

Black Out Poetry

Black out poetry is made by selectively erasing words in articles to make new articles. Here is one of last week's *Honi* articles re-imagined by Lauren Pearce. If you have more, send to the us at editors@honisoit.com



We Want to Hear From You
If you have thoughts, feelings, or opinions
please email: editors@honisoit.com.
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Still from [i]I'm Too Sad To Tell You[i], (1971), Bas Jan Ader, video



SUSF President Pays Pittance for House on Campus



Alexi Polden reports on the perk kept quiet.

Honi Soit can reveal a cosy and secretive arrangement for the president of Sydney University Sport and Fitness (SUSF)—a house on campus for well below market rates. The house, modestly described as the “Union Cottage”, sits conveniently between Ovals 1 and 2 on Western Avenue and has long gone unnoticed by many on campus.

For the past 18 years Bruce Ross (President of SUSF for 24 years) has been the beneficiary of the cosy arrangement. Repeated attempts by *Honi* to confirm with Ross, or with SUSF’s Executive Director, Robert Smithies, the details of or justification for the arrangement have gone largely unanswered.

While we don’t know what Ross paid for 16 of those years, financial reports submitted to the charity regulator suggest that for at least the past two years Mr Ross has paid a relative pittance in rent for the property—about \$16,461, or \$316 a week. Rents for comparable free standing houses of similar size in the area run to about \$560. A room with a shared bathroom in a college near the house sets students back over \$520 a week (though admittedly that includes meals).

In stark contrast to the other facilities owned and leased by SUSF, the cottage is not mentioned directly in its financial report. The rent paid for it appears to be listed as “property” income of around \$16,461 in 2014, under the entry: “grounds”. *Honi Soit* has put the figure to Ross and Smithies on multiple occasions, and neither has taken the opportunity to deny it, or explain why it is not clearly identified, like SUSF’s other rental arrangements. While Ross and Smithies were unwilling to respond to questions

about Ross’s occupancy, *Honi* is confident the figure is accurate.

The rental arrangement is not only hard to find in the organisation’s income statement. SUSF’s audited financial report has space for the declaration of “related party transactions”, and boasts that “Transactions between related parties are on normal commercial terms and conditions no more favourable than those available to other persons unless otherwise stated.”

There is no entry for Ross’s dwelling, despite the fact that you’d be hard pressed to find a house in Sydney, let alone a leafy address in the inner west within walking distance of a Sorts Union café, pool and gym, for under \$400 a week on the open market.

Further complicating matters for Ross is the fact that SUSF’s constitution explicitly prohibits the payment of “any remuneration” to the office bearers, including the president for their work. If it amounts to Ross receiving a financial benefit by way of below market rent, then

why it does not qualify as remuneration, and breach the SUSF Constitution, remains unclear. *Honi* spoke to several people involved with SUSF and other student organisations, and very few knew of the existence of the house. Ross’s response to *Honi*’s questions was a firm “Back off, Mr Polden.”

Ross’ reluctance to discuss his presidential entitlements may come as a surprise to anyone who has seen his presence on Twitter. Ross uses the platform regularly to decry, among other things, the use and transparency of political entitlements, and the crisis of housing affordability in Sydney. In a tweet from April this year, Ross suggests an end to Sydney’s housing crisis: “Still plenty of vacant rooms at Kirribilli House.”

That Ross is sitting pretty in a house owned by an ostensibly student run organisation, which is substantially funded by the SSAF paid each semester is concerning. That the arrangement appears to have gone undeclared makes matters worse. No explanation has ever been given as why

the house is necessary for Ross to perform his functions as president. On the other hand, as revealed by *Honi* in April, Ross does make ample use of the house to run several businesses.

A spokesperson for the University said they were aware of the occupancy, but that the rental arrangement was a matter for SUSF. The spokesperson was unable to comment on whether the University was providing telecommunications or utilities to the house.

The full text of Mr Ross’s response to this article is below. *Honi* notes that some of the claims Mr Ross makes are inaccurate. Mr Smithies did not respond to repeated requests for comment.

Mr Polden

Here is a statement for you to publish:

Mr Polden hounded me incessantly at the time of the SUSF Presidential Election, including about the issue he is now canvassing.

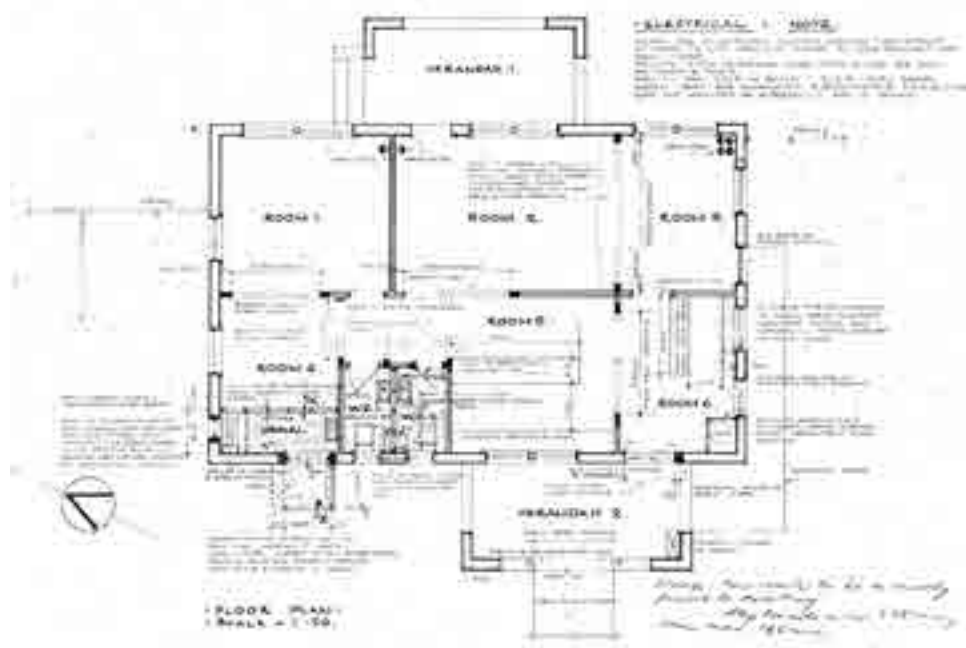
Honi Soit boasted that it had conducted a four-month investigation into SUSF and me.

Honi Soit published an article written by Mr Polden in which I was referred to by name nineteen times.

Back off, Mr Polden.

I will have no further communication with you.

*Regards
Bruce Ross*



Plan of the house from a 1976 renovation. It has since been further remodelled.

[emphasis in original]



The Dangerous Rise of DIY Botox

Bianca Farmakis spoke to a doctor at the coalface.

Sydney is facing a staggering rise in botched Botox surgeries. As the attraction to home-based procedures grows, patients face escalating medical complications, concerning doctors.

Dr. Ken Teung, a GP in Haymarket, has dealt with several patients who have faced problems with Botox in the past six months. Teung says that the majority have been Asian women aged roughly between 35-45 who have had injections in the face, neck and eye socket.

"Patients come in with mouths that don't move and lumps in their foreheads and eye sockets. They don't understand there are specific places injections must hit to avoid a Frankenstein appearance", he told me.

Teung has seen thirteen patients this year, and likened the comedic appearance of



Art by April Kang.

his patients to somewhere between the late Joan Rivers and pre-Scientology John Travolta.

Teung also tells me that getting to the bottom of who's supplying the illegal injections has come to nothing.

"They smuggle in Botox injections from Hong Kong. I don't know if what they bring in is even used in actual cosmetic surgery clinics or if it's legal for use at all," he says. "The results that I deal with are telling me it certainly isn't, or at least shouldn't be."

With the cosmetic industry endorsing everything from searing hot facial waxes to bear semen facials (no, not the type available for adult viewing on Pornhub), the ends men and women will go to in the pursuit of beauty continue to be defined by new parameters, indicated by these recent trends in GP patients.

When it comes to risking a youthful, taut face for a Frankenstein forehead, leave any home based Botox action for the DVD box set of *Nip/Tuck* from now on.



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Pathways to Empowerment

Cassandra Chakouch and Sameen Zoha Alam talk to Indian women searching for solace.

“He goes to work in the morning and in the evening he drinks alcohol. He doesn’t want to eat food, only drink until he is not in his right state of mind. I have a lot of tension. I worry about my children. I am here today so I am able to look after my children, if I am no more, who will look after my children? No one will.”

It’s 10am in Jodhpur, India and the mercury has already passed 30°C. Despite the heat, over 20 women and girls have gathered at Sambhali’s Women Empowerment centre for the opportunity to learn English, Hindi, maths and practical income-generating skills such as sewing and embroidery.

It’s here where we meet Kiran Ji, garbed in a bright yellow sari. Married since the age of 18, Kiran Ji’s estranged husband’s addiction to alcohol left her as the primary provider for her three sons aged 17, 13 and 10.

Up until now, her life has been defined by the patriarchy of Indian society and its adherence to the ancient caste system. This has denied her the right to a full education and has meant that she’s had to rely on her husband for income and support. Kiran Ji’s husband spends most of the family’s income on alcohol and as a result she now works in order to feed her children and continue to send them to school.

“I myself am also working. I work as a cleaner at people’s houses,” she says. “I wake up at 4am, drink tea or water, cook something for the children. I go back home then and get the children ready for school and by 8:30-9am I leave for Sambhali. Sometimes I don’t get time to eat food.”

By coming to Sambhali, Kiran Ji is hoping to take advantage of the opportunities that were denied to her in her younger years. She proudly states that through her training at Sambhali she can now stitch blouses, Kurtis, Marwari suits and Salwar suits.

“Sambhali is very important to me, I get an education, I get clothes to stitch, I even got a sewing machine from Sambhali... I stitch my children’s suits and uniforms. If I get anything sewn from outside it is very expensive... but now I do it myself in the evenings when I get some time.”

Sambhali’s breadth of impact transcends age. While Kiran Ji has found a new sense of self-efficacy at the age of 40, younger

family’s hometown in Jodhpur, Rajasthan and move to her husband’s home state—what town or city within the 308,252 km² state of Madhya Pradesh is never specified.

Mona’s future is similar to Aarti’s, and when she is of 20 years of age she too will leave her parents’ house to live with her husband. A third of the world’s child brides are Indian and the trailing rate of women’s literacy compared to men’s is evidence of

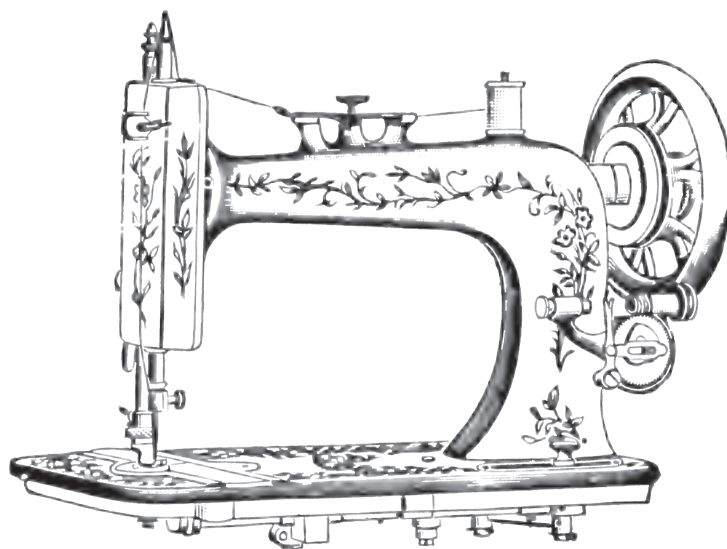
we come here and learn” Aarti tells us.

“What happens when you turn 20 and you go to your husband’s house?” Mona and Aarti never really give us a straight forward answer to this question and it’s met instead with awkward laughter followed by a brief silence as the girls look at each other. Relocating to another state will make it impossible for the girls to continue their education, and as we leave Mona and Aarti, there’s a sense of uncertainty of what will happen several years from now when they leave home.

It’s this uncertainty of what the future holds that seems to resonate with all the girls here. Kripa, a student at the Empowerment Centre tells us of her dreams to one day be either a model or an English teacher. She tells us she doesn’t know if these dreams will come true, but prays to God that one day they might. Nurturing individuality and personality is one of the main goals of Sambhali and no one epitomises this more than Kripa. Charming, zealous and at times unapologetic, she has a sense of self that is both a pleasure to witness and incredibly captivating. When asked why she continues to go to Sambhali she responds with “to make something out of my life”. In the face of uncertainty there’s a sense of hope, that through what they’ve learned and the skills they have gained, maybe the girls can become masters of their own destiny.

Every morning at Sambhali, before lessons commence, the centre echoes with harmonious voices of the girls in prayer: “We shall live in peace, we shall live in peace someday, deep in my heart I do believe so that we shall overcome some day.” Simply, this is a daily sentiment that one day, education equality and peace will be a reality for all women.

Sambhali is always looking for donations and volunteers, especially those who have a background in sewing or teaching. More information can be found at www.sambhali-trust.org.



students also cling to the Sambhali to have opportunities they wouldn’t otherwise have access to.

Mona and Aarti are 15 and 17 years old respectively. As well as being cousins, they have both been married since they were 6 years old. When we asked them what their husbands did for a living neither of the girls knew, because in spite of being married for the past decade they have never met their husbands.

We inquire further, asking Aarti where her husband lives. Our question is met with a brief moment of confusion. Her face goes blank as she turns to her cousin Mona for the answer and a few words are mumbled in Hindi. “Madhya Pradesh”, she tells us. Once Aarti turns 20, she’ll leave her

the negative impact child marriage has had on an individual’s schooling and job prospects. This difference in gender literacy is even more prominent in the conservative state of Rajasthan where Sambhali is based.

When we asked Aarti what Sambhali meant to her she simply responds with “everything”. Neither she nor Mona have had the opportunity to continue their schooling, so with the exception of Sundays they’ve been attending Sambhali every day for the past two years. When speaking to the other girls at the Empowerment Centre, it becomes clear that the skills they learn at Sambhali have filled them with a new sense of self.

“When I come I know what I want... we don’t go to school, we don’t know how to write and

Great (Self) Expectations

Andrew Bell wants to re-think ‘success’ at university.

A group of psychology students was once given a generic list of personality traits after a week of ‘testing’. They were told that they were personalised descriptions of themselves and asked to rate the accuracy of the assessment. Almost every student claimed that theirs was extremely accurate, despite every student receiving an identical list.

The case was about confirmation bias in self-diagnosis, but it goes a long way in proving that many of us think similarly yet expect our frame of mind to be unique. Two of the traits were: ‘Many of your aspirations are unrealistic’ and ‘You have a great need for others to admire you’.

The *New York Times* recently published a piece which described students who seemed perfect—well adjusted, smart,

confident. Perfect, right up until the point they killed themselves. It cited the colloquial ‘Duck Syndrome’ where ‘A duck appears to glide calmly across the water, while beneath the surface it frantically, relentlessly paddles.’

At university we are often surrounded by people who at least have that outward perfection. It’s hard to ignore their success, when so much of our university lives are quantified and (often publicly) ranked. To reference a few examples: every debating tournament will publish an online ‘tab’ which details individual and aggregate speaker scores, finals progression and individual victories and losses. The competitions portfolio is a huge part of the Law School’s extracurricular package. Every semester students receive a detailed transcript of their academic performance.

And while those numbers sometimes catalogue success, for so many they create anxiety about their place in the chain. People who may otherwise be happy with their performance are often demoralised by a public reminder of exactly how many people are performing better.

The university is currently crafting its 2016-2020 strategic plan. The website placeholder has a graphic detailing the key themes of the anticipated report. ‘Education’ and ‘Research’ are the most prominent items, enclosed by a ring labelled ‘culture’. The brief blurb declares: ‘How we enable excellence in research and education is at the core of this year’s conversation. We are also talking to the University community about how we develop an enabling culture and organisational design.’

To some degree, the competitive premise of university life is valuable, pushes us all to work harder and promote success. But as a result, it will also always be conducive to student anxiety. We need to reset our expectations for success, or at the very least remember that many of the parts of University that attract students equally terrify them.

If the average Sydney University student received a character assessment that claimed they were ‘particularly disappointed with their marks’, I would imagine that too many of us would agree. And too many of us would think we were unique in that agreement.



Something About Gender, I Guess?

Charlie O'Grady on communicating identity and theatre.

At 7:30pm on the 24th of July, I am looking down upon what ought to be my finest moment as an artist.

We lugged several bags of props and a deconstructed clothes rack from campus to a Circular Quay ferry, catching eyes when a metal rod occasionally falls to the concrete with a clang. We arrive at a pleasant little bookstore in Manly, that hosts an open mic night once a month and proudly proclaim to serve “very illegal drinks” for \$5 each, into a cosy bedroom strewn with clothes. We have, together, assembled a show about trans experience we’re incredibly proud of.

The problem is, there’s almost no one here.

Harry’s backstage, silently freaking out. Finn’s getting to know a couple of people outside. Julia’s sitting at the ticket desk, distressingly unoccupied by ticketholders. I’m stood in the middle of the room, failing to make small talk. Approximately five people who bought tickets have not shown up, and approximately 85% of the friends who promised to come are absent.

In my head, I have already quit theatre and moved country.

“Let’s just get started,” Finn says at 7:45. “This is a good sized audience.”

When asked to write a piece on queer identity in Sydney theatre, I was overwhelmed by how much, and how very little, there is to say that is cogent. Identity-based theatre is somewhat of a blank slate, not only in the fact that there is so little of it that receives the attention it deserves, but there is no roadmap for what it should look like.

Belvoir Street Theatre’s Mardi Gras slot this year saw a restaging of Nick Coyle’s vapid and offensive *Blue Wizard*, a one-man mess of stereotypes about gay men which featured choice quotes such as: “I need to eat three things to live: cocaine, diamonds, and jizz.” Despite its misrepresentation of a community, the show’s ambition was clear: to be a celebration, not a fight.

On slightly smaller stages, the upcoming Verge Festival season includes a piece being developed by Maddy Ward and Kate Melville, *Death, Be Not Proud*, which aims to demonstrate the impact of oppressive microaggressions on individuals by escalating those moments to acts of extreme violence. Their writer callout provides the example of a woman being “boiled in tar because she wore blackface to a party.” Far from forgiving or teaching, this is a declaration of war. Meanwhile,

the SUDS major production for 2015, a reimagining of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* in which the four lovers are queer, gently, gingerly, perhaps naively, presents a world where love will trump hate with little struggle, the homophobe-turned-good will be forgiven, and internalised homophobia can be wiped from your brow by the touch of a beautiful boy.

With so many different ways to engage politically in theatre, all of which are sworn to be “the right way”, it’s no wonder I felt intimidated putting this play on stage.

Kaleidoscope, the aforementioned show in the bookstore, is a show about everyday experiences of gender dysphoria, constructed as a conversation between Gabriel, the protagonist, and his reflection. I started writing it in October last year when director Finn Davis asked (demanded) that I write him a one-man show. When I tentatively slid “something about gender, I guess?” across the table to him, I never expected the ensuing project to go this far, or to receive as much attention as it thus far has.

The play is a hodge-podge, a shambling patchwork haphazardly stitched together, falling somewhere between “angry trans-gay manifesto”, “sad romantic comedy”, and “vanity project”. It is, although undoubtedly political, an intensely personal undertaking. After a brief wrestle with trying to write *The Ultimate Transgender Play*, my goal became one of honesty. I wanted to show people the nuances of one specific trans life, without pulling punches or bending to naff or harmful pop cultural stereotypes about those whose “outsides don’t match their insides”. Sick of the plethora of trans characters who never looked like me, I wanted to create one who did.

The struggle came from an inability to reconcile individual experience with political impact. I would chastise myself for a particular line, because “people expect all trans people to be like that”, all the while thinking “but, I’m like that”. I considered cutting or softening moments to avoid people seeing the show as a “tragedy”, I fretted over whether I was fetishising gender binaries or perpetuating a “lone wolf” trans stereotype. There was no way I could make everyone happy. There was no way I could tell the Perfect Transgender History.

My favourite anecdote to describe the treatment of oppressed identity in the Sydney art scene is from a Caravan

Slam—Sydney’s biggest poetry night and self-congratulatory circle jerk. I perform a poem about changing my name and being misgendered. Having followed an endless procession of ‘cis white male rants about racism’, I score all 9s and 10s, and numerous proclamations of “actual tears, oh my god”. The third judge, when giving her feedback, says “I just think *she* was so brave to get up and perform that poem”.

This cognitive dissonance is characteristic of responses to queer art and performance. Everyone’s always keen to jump on the progressive bandwagon, but very rarely does this in turn foster an improvement in the everyday treatment of real life queer people. Caring about queer art carries social currency; it’s what’s in.

The fact that *Kaleidoscope* is written by a trans person and performed by a trans person should not be special, but it is. I’m never sure if that fascination is the reason people compliment my writing or not. I have come to doubt people who say they like my writing—I’m never sure if it’s my work, or that I did it whilst being trans.

Speaking to the owner of the bookstore after the show, a middle-aged vaguely dandy-ish British man, he tells me that, despite being very unqueer, the show was very relatable. “I mean we’ve all been there,” he says, “we’ve all stood in front of the mirror and spoken to ourselves, and found something lacking.”

There is a compulsion with theatre that explores a specific lived experience to talk about how it can “appeal to all audiences”, to advertise the fact that “anyone can relate” to the story you’re telling. It’s hedging one’s bets; it’s an apology before you’ve even begun. It’s saying “I’m weird, I’m different, I know, but I can be just like you.”

In truth, there is no reason that everyone else should need to relate to depictions of marginalised experience. There’s no reason artists should have to reshape or water down or simplify their experiences to make them palatable.

I spent a long time worrying that *Kaleidoscope* would turn into a teaching tool. I have on too many occasions seen beautiful works from queer artists be dubbed blanket representations of an entire community, or be used to assuage cis het guilt. But sometimes it is not an option to refuse to be a teacher. There are countless conversations I have had with people where, had I not swallowed my fury and explained to them how not to be a transphobic shit, they would have simply made the same mistakes with other trans

people. And, whilst I never really want it to be me, it’s better than it being someone else.

I am far from suggesting that one may catch more bees with honey. Sometimes it is simply more conducive to turn rage about oppression into something new or beautiful, something productive, something which can be learned from. Too often in an attempt to combat marginalisation we light an angry flame which only ever burns itself out.

I more than welcome critique for this ethos. I recognise that no one is ever obliged to put aside their rage to educate those who should know better, and I would never suggest that everyone should. It’s just that, for me, the moments where I have changed someone’s mind make it almost worth the effort.

When I apologise that the first show his bookstore put on was so dark, the owner says, surpassing any expectations I had for the reactions to this show: “I didn’t find it dark at all. It was just a normal experience—not my normal, but someone’s normal.”

There are things about identity that cannot be articulated in the usual ways. Identifying as trans has taught me a new language to talk about my body. When there are no words to adequately describe your experience, you can make up new ones, or you can use the old ones in new ways, build up new stories.

It’s impossible to create queer theatre which can come remotely close to typifying “the Trans Experience”—and it should be, as there’s as much that makes every trans individual different as does the same. The best thing we can do is to use our art to say, “here I am, I am real, I’m not going away”. We can use what platform we have to build ourselves up, we can create great things which allow someone—even one person—to see themselves presented back to them, maybe for the first time. It astounds me. It astounds me that that achievement is ever seen as “not enough”.

There’s a reason *Kaleidoscope* is structured around a mirror. It’s about self-recognition, about seeing yourself and accepting that who you are is okay to be.

Someone I have never met comes up to me after the show and thanks me. They say, “I was joking before that I came to this play looking for affirmation, but I didn’t expect to actually get it”. There could have been 2 people or 200 people there, but that was the only response I ever needed to hear.



The Indigenous Australia We Don't Talk About

Andy Mason visited an Indigenous community.

It's not very often that most of us hear success stories from Aboriginal communities. The overwhelming majority of the mainstream media treatment of Indigenous issues focuses on the (very real) problems which affect Aboriginal people, problems which can seem so complex and entrenched that imagining solutions usually seems impossible. In a society still dominated by a collective denial of our violent past and oppressive present, a society which hides behind empty sloganeering about 'progress' as it continues to punish Aboriginal people whenever they articulate their desire for control over their own lives, any coverage at all can seem like a blessing. But I wonder if only ever hearing the negative stories helps to reinforce an understanding of the situation as intractable and hopeless—if it perhaps leads us away from imagining and articulating alternatives.

A couple of weeks ago, my partner and I were privileged to be able to visit Winda-Mara, an Aboriginal co-operative run by local Gunditjmara people in Heywood, south-western Victoria. Winda-Mara was established in 1991 as an Aboriginal health organisation with the aim of providing culturally appropriate healthcare to the community. Since then, the organisation has expanded to also include housing, education, employment,

and environmental and cultural heritage management.

We were shown around by Debbie, the first woman in Victoria to become a senior Aboriginal ranger, who is employed by Winda-Mara in its land management team. She told us about the difficulties

Stories like Winda-Mara's need to be told—they show how Aboriginal communities are more than capable of creating their own forms of livelihood, if given space to do so.

which the organisation faced in its early days. "Rednecks would come rip the gates off the properties we bought... they wanted to go shooting and fishing on them. They just felt like they owned it, they weren't gonna let Aboriginal people tell them they couldn't do what they wanted."

However, times have changed—Winda-Mara now employs over 50 people, and according to Debbie their business is "what's keeping the town going." She stressed that Winda-Mara's employees are encouraged to shop local wherever possible, whether it be pies from the bakery or replacement parts for chainsaws. "We look after the town, and the town will look after us."

Winda-Mara owns and manages a number of properties around Budj Bim, an extinct volcano known to whitefellas as Mt Eccles. These properties have extraordinary environmental and cultural significance—they contain a number of ancient dams, eel traps and houses built from the volcanic rock, which have been

dated to be at least 8,000 years old. Many archaeologists consider these structures to be the oldest evidence of aquaculture in the world, and the sites have been recognised as significant on both a national and international scale. Before colonisation, they were part of a network of villages which were home to an eel industry whose products were traded over the whole of south-eastern Australia.

The Budj Bim cultural landscape fundamentally challenges one of the central assumptions of settler society about Aboriginal people—the idea that pre-1788, Aboriginal societies were shiftless hunter-gatherers who roamed the landscape in their hand-to-mouth struggle to find food. Sites like Budj Bim

confirm a strikingly different reality—one in which Aboriginal communities owned and managed their lands, modifying the landscape to ensure that food sources were reliable and abundant. The fact that they were able to achieve this without the widespread ecological destruction which has characterised the management of the continent by Europeans belies colonial conceits of racially-determined intellectual superiority. Sites like Budj Bim are a powerful counterargument to the concept of terra nullius—Aboriginal people did indeed own and manage land before whitefellas turned up.

Stories like Winda-Mara's need to be told—they show how Aboriginal communities are more than capable of creating their own forms of livelihood, if given space to do so. Winda-Mara's diversity has been key to its success—rather than being just a "health" or "employment" program, it approaches issues holistically, asserting that cultural heritage protection and community health are fundamentally linked. Now that my eyes are open to it, I've realised that other Aboriginal communities across the country have similar stories. Let's find and share these stories, and support these communities in articulating their own visions for their futures.

Adam Goodes and the Health of a Nation

Melissa Chow on the wounds we won't let heal.

Adam Goodes is vilified because he reminds Australia of how far we've come—that being, nowhere fast if we look at the health of the Indigenous. Yes, yes I'm sure we've heard enough about Goodsies and his alleged faux pas of late but let us revisit last week's prime example of humanity on the internet.

"I am not racist but i doubt there is a more sooking, whinging race in the world than the aboriginals. If anyone has a right to sook its the Jews, the Negros etc but why should white ppl continue to be labelled as racist because our country was settled by our 240yr old ancestors"

Sure, 'Whinging Police', that is very true. However I fail to see how some white people have changed from the 240 year old ancestors. In fact I am sorry to say you very much represent the typical ignorant individual that has no idea how the early settlers treated the Indigenous in the very

same way "the Jews or the Negros etc" were, perhaps even worse when they were considered as simply part of the fauna of Australia in the law and not even human.

The early days saw Europeans bringing with them smallpox, scarlet fever, the common cold, tuberculosis and much more that would essentially decimate tribes and clans in addition to violent massacres. Here was a paradise, literally untouched by any old world disease, nothing people couldn't handle on their own before settlers and their cattle came and defecated on everything and anything. These would set in place the great chasm of health disparities between the Indigenous and the non-Indigenous that have lasted till now the UN rates the quality of life for our Indigenous population as the second worst in the world. Yeah, the world.

Before early settlers began to colonise land and push the Indigenous off their native

holds, they lived in a food-rich environment that was key to their traditional medicines and nutrition. Without us, they would not have lost many of their traditions and cultural secrets. Without us, their local waterholes would not have been poisoned by sewage. Without us, they would not have been starved of their staples.

And we see the effect today with Indigenous Australians 70% more likely than other Australians to be hospitalised for cardiovascular diseases, with metabolic and nutritional disorders 6 to 7 times more likely to be a cause of death compared to their non-Indigenous counterparts.

The Australian Indigenous are viewed internationally as an anomaly because despite living in a developed country, their health and welfare resembles a third world nation. Diseases such as simple ear infections or scabies that are rarely seen in the Australian population (and when

they are are only small annoyances) are common place in Indigenous communities and become fatal because of poor public health.

We would do well to recognise people like Adam Goodes have every right to raise their voice, to feel disrespected and to drag their concerns from out of the shadows because nothing has changed much. Whether it is or isn't about Adam Goodes' actions, or if this is racist or not, what he has done is unveil Australia's dismissal of the history it stands on and their complicit role in Indigenous health. Soil bloodied by the lives of an ancient culture and actions though done in the past have made gaping wounds in the health of Indigenous Australians we struggle to sew together. Now excuse me while I purge myself of the intolerant fools on the internet after trawling through endless not racist-racist comments.



In Defence and Critique of University Literary Journals

Lauren Pearce really wants to you read her story. Please read her story.

The inter-semester break provides a lot of things to a lot of different people. A select few use this time to prepare the three University of Sydney literary journals that launch in October. These are (from oldest to newest): Hermes, ARNA: The Journal of the Sydney University Arts Students Society (SASS), and Carillon: The Journal of the Sydney University Literary Society (LitSoc).

By the time this article is published, the hard-submission date for all three will have passed. Editors will retire to sort through pieces and pick the best for publication, consulting with authors through a string of emails to bring the stories, poems and essays to a fine polish. The pages will be laid up, sent for printing, and then brought to a booze-soaked launch party during the Verge Festival, attended by the authors all-but exclusively.

Before I go further, it's probably important to disclose that I was part of this process for the first issue of Carillon, which launched in 2014, then in my capacity as LitSoc President. It's a metric fuckload of work to put these damn things out there, and any person who wades into the anxiety whirlpool that is student journals deserves an Order of Australia. After you beg, borrow and steal your way towards a decent submissions pool, you then have to correspond with authors who treat their work like their newborn children, and you as if you were threatening to smash said child's face into asphalt. And then there's the launch, and people actually hold the thing you spent hundreds of hours working on and flick through it.

Then they go home. You go home. The world moves on.

It goes without saying that no one really reads these things. I was published in ARNA last year and I read my story (to check for typesetting errors; there were a few), my friend's pieces, and put the book on my shelf to sit for time in memoriam. All journals are only really available for purchase (or free pickup in the case of Hermes and Carillon) at their launch. We moved about 80 at Carillon last year, and I have a feeling that was because we tucked drink vouchers behind the front covers. On reflection, it can seem like a futile

exercise. Writers and editors take a keepsake and a credit for their résumés. The core issue is readership and engagement, and there's no easy solution to this. There are only so many things editors can do to promote their launches, and there's only so much impact one single issue can have on the academe. It's a brute fact that those hundreds of hours might, if the planets align, give just one or two writers the edge they need to get themselves published in Overland or Southerly and actually be read by people who give half a dam.

These are the people at the receiving end of the widespread apathy. Being a writer is hard, and mostly pointless. Publication is an incredible rush, mostly owing to the recognition that someone somewhere thinks you've produced something that other people might enjoy looking at. In the process of editing Carillon I came across any number of works that reached for a goal other than a formulaic appropriation of what the author felt would be published in a literary journal. We can sit back and complain about the lack of brave experimentation in the USyd writing community, but no one will want to be brave if we continue to ignore the bleeding edge, even if it is still just learning how to bleed. Journals will produce more and more uninspired, forgettable work for a limited audience unless we do something.

When the Verge Festival rolls around this year, whether you are published or not, or know someone who is published, go to at least one of the launches. There's always free booze, good literature, and excellent company.

Or just go to pick up an editor, no judgment here.



Class(ist)y Coles

A tale of two supermarkets by Max Hall.

There are two Coles stores in Bondi Junction.

One store shares the Westfield building with Tiffany's and Louis Vuitton. It features wide aisles and high ceilings, where a fulltime barista and custom pizzas cook while you wait.

Enormous curled lettering on a brick backdrop, between shelves of artfully arranged bread, lets you know that the bakery ("Stone Baked Turkish Bread", "Multigrain Sourdough Cobb", "Sunflower Seed Triangles") is separate from "THE KITCHEN" ("Cookies and Cream Cake" for \$55, "Indian Cuisine", "NEW Winter Range of Salads").

The butcher, fishmonger and deli are separate too—each has its own wide, tiled alcove like a chapel in a cathedral of consumables. Chalkboards remind you to "HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO". Large wooden letters herald the wholefoods aisle ("simply HEALTHY LIVING"). Aisle one is completely kosher. One hundred metres down the road (past two discount chemists, beneath Aldi, opposite Kmart) is the second Coles. Disabled access is better down here, though the aisles are narrower and the signage not quite so large. The bakery, deli and butcher share a long counter.

The basic stock is pretty much identical,

though this Coles doesn't present their four varieties of fetta in large ceramic bowls next to the "Serve Yourself Olive Bar". For some reason the \$2.70 schnitzel I occasionally buy is only ever on special at the second store.

One Coles has an embedded Vintage Cellars; the other directs you to the nearby Liquorland. One has dedicated cabinets for prawns and salmon; the other a slightly superior range of two minute noodles. One has tables and free papers for coffee-related relaxation; the other provides a higher chance of trolley collision.

A casual observer in Westfield might wonder if Lorna Jane, Nike and a small conglomerate of business attire brands have started sponsoring grocery shoppers en masse. Customers down the street lean towards t-shirts and seem a little less aggressive.

I tend to shop in the first Coles, despite having no money or need for its particular extravagances. At some level I probably wish I were as beautiful, healthy and affluent as the people that rush through the self-serve checkout with fresh trail mix and a flash of platinum. Somewhere, I imagine, a marketing executive is lazily stirring their quinoa with a fork, contemplating the eating habits of the various tax brackets.



Art by Maria Gabi.



Going Down The River

As a child, Sydney playwright and novelist, Julie Janson always knew she was Aboriginal. She quickly learnt not to talk about it.

Phoebe Moloney spoke to Janson about her life and work.



My aunty and her best friend Julie were wild in the old days. They went to rallies and smoked cigarettes. On the weekends they hitchhiked through country towns and accepted lifts from white boys in white utes.

One day, on the edge of the Belangalo State Forest, two brothers drove by with two shotguns, so the story goes. They gave Julie and Chrissy a lift, and an eyeballing. The brothers said they were on their way to hunt rabbits in the forest. Julie gave them a smacking of her animal activist agenda—my aunt, so the story goes, just said, “Shut up and run!”

Julie and Chrissy met the Milats and lived to tell the tale.

I start with this story because Julie Janson hasn't written it down herself (though my aunt recites it every Christmas). Janson's is a story-filled life; a Sydney-based artist, teacher and writer, she has penned ten plays (*Black Mary*, *Eyes of Marege*). This year she published her first novel, *The Crocodile Hotel*.

Janson is a Dharug woman, whose relatives were some of the first to encounter the violence of colonisation. For Julie, the knowledge of her ancestry has been many stories and lifetimes in the making. The Janson family left their Aboriginal identity unuttered.

Growing up on the ‘wrong side’ of Hunters Hill in the ‘60s, Julie found herself surrounded by Anglo-Australian and new immigrant families. “Ordinary white English-Australian people I just kind of didn't get”, Julie says. “I was attracted to the girls who were a bit culturally different.” The rebellious daughter of two Italian immigrants, my Aunt Chrissy fit the bill exactly.

Chrissy remembers teenage Julie as a complete cracker and an artist of near virtuosity. She recalls the one time they ever saw their disillusioned art teacher smile. During class, Julie plunked a sculptured bust of their teacher's exact likeness on his desk. She might have been the next Rodin.

At 17, Julie's life took a grievous turn. On the way home from dropping the girls off at a party, Julie's dad, Neville Janson, was killed in a car accident.

Julie recalls her father as “a very gentle, loving man who was always cracking some joke”. She credits him as the source of her need to narrate the everyday, “he was a great storyteller”.

Julie remembers going down to Lane Cove River with her father. At low tide they would collect oysters off the mud flats and look for crabs. “We kind of lived off the river, which sounds quite ridiculous. It's a wonder we didn't die, I'm sure it was polluted even then,” Julie laughs.

She grew up there. Neville was a returned serviceman, the Jansons lived in a soldiers' housing commission block backing onto what is now Lane Cove National Park.

Openly identifying as an Aboriginal would have cost Neville his job as a fireman. He only ever hinted at the history of the Janson family. His mates at work called him ‘Jedda’ and “gifted” him cardboard boomerangs and didgeridoos. In front of his kids he blew the names off.

Julie never told her friends about the family secret, which, even among the Jansons, was rarely articulated. “I knew, but I was taught not to talk about it,” Julie says. “The stigma for being Aboriginal was so great you were despised. Really despised. You were worse than an animal ... If you were dark looking you would tell everyone you're Spanish or a Maori, anything other than that you're Aboriginal.”

Julie's father found Hunters Hill strange. She remembers him saying he felt like, ‘a square peg in a round hole’. “He would say, ‘why aren't people like me? Why don't they go fishing with me and the kids? Why don't they go prawning?’”

After Neville died, her brother developed a serious mental illness. Julie escaped her domestic situation by throwing herself into theatre studies at UNSW. She had

a baby at 21. Her mother pushed her towards teaching so she would have money to survive. As a young single parent, she struggled.

“At 21,” Julie says, “I already knew I was an extremely strong person.”

Desperate, Julie accepted a job working as head teacher on a cattle station in the Northern Territory, one year out of university. It was a remote Aboriginal school, four hundred kilometres from Katherine. Julie arrived with her son and a husband: a new boyfriend she signed the marriage register with so he could join her.

“I had 52 students between the ages of four and eighteen, none of them could read or write. There was no telephone, no radio and no television. I had a cassette player with about five cassettes,” Julie says.

So begins the story that is recalled in *The Crocodile Hotel*. Julie's novel is fictional, but the horror at the heart of the tale is painfully true. It captures the fear inherent to the segregated wire fences of cattle stations, the vicious dogs, white men and new utes. Aboriginal communities lived on single acres of their traditional lands. Station managers lived off the welfare cheques of their Aboriginal ‘wards’, whose lands they were also being paid to ‘manage’.

The community elders would not speak to her. “They looked at me and saw a white teacher, a white person. The people who had killed their grandparents.”

Julie was living on the site of an unavowed massacre. “In 1929 the clan's men were shot and the women chased down on horseback. White men came on horseback from the East African Storage Company. They would bash the heads of women in with sticks and the butt of their guns, and beat the babies on stones, so they would not waste their bullets.” She pauses. “Australia is one huge slaughter, a real slaughter.”

This knowledge made her feel something

she hadn't felt before, something that she couldn't get away from. She calls it, “waking up and realising you're complicit.” As she travelled between remote communities around Katherine and Arnhem Land, Julie became increasingly aware that a history of hatred had prevailed.

One night, Julie's truck broke down while she was with her class. They walked for hours without food or water across the station to the nearest house. A woman answered the door; she refused to let them in. “You can go drink at the cattle tank,” she said. She gave Julie one tin mug. Julie and her class sat in the mud of the cattle enclosure and passed the mug between themselves. The children were driven home in the back of a cattle truck.

Around this time Julie became friends with a young historian from Canberra who was travelling through the NT recording the oral histories of tribal elders. Professor Peter Read, now a world-renowned historian, describes the atmosphere of the Northern Territory in the '70s as ‘hostile’.

“Because Land Rights were in the air, pastoralists were not at all keen at having people like Julie and myself around. To them we were young radical-looking white people spreading ideas about Land Rights and encouraging people to put in applications for land,” he says.

After three years of moving between schools and cattle stations, Julie fell pregnant and gave birth to a sickly daughter. “There was no flying doctor for those remote communities. Babies just die. Half of them die,” she says. Julie returned to Sydney so her daughter could be hospitalised. She was half the weight of an average baby her age. The doctors said that if she returned to the station in NT, the baby would die.

“I just told my husband, I am not going back.”

Back in Sydney her relationship broke down. A single parent again, Julie began working at the Koori Centre at Sydney University. She trained Aboriginal



From left: Janson, Chrissy and friends from Hunters Hill High School; Janson with her father, Neville Janson; Janson, her son and her friend Dakamalu, with his family, in Arnhemland.

women from all over New South Wales as part of the Aboriginal Teaching Assistants program.

Julie used improvisation and plays to build up the women's reading and writing. "Some younger women I taught were applying to go to NIDA," she says. "But they would say, 'Julie, there are no speeches for Aboriginal women.' And I said, 'that's ok, let's write some'."

In 1996, Julie's epic *Black Mary* opened at Carriageworks on a three hundred thousand dollar budget. The play retold the legend of Wanaruah bushranger, Mary Ann Bugg. "We had horses, we had rain, we had a whole choir. It was a huge production," Julie says. But on the run's tenth night, the seating fell down. The season was cancelled.

She kept writing and her plays continued to be staged. Most recently *Eyes of Marege* opened at the Sydney Opera House in 2007. *The Crocodile Hotel*, the play her new novel is adapted from, was shortlisted for the Patrick White Playwright Award in 2002.

Julie is now 64. She only started openly identifying as an Aboriginal writer a few years ago. "I felt like I hadn't suffered," Julie says. She also didn't know who her family group was, or where their ancestral lands might lie.

By chance, Julie began researching the history of Sydney's northwestern suburbs for Read's History of Aboriginal Sydney Project.

While talking to elders on Dharug country near Windsor, she made a major breakthrough. The nearby Blacktown Road, which historians assumed was named after the suburb (Blacktown was a so-called "Black's camp" in the 1800s), was actually a second congregating area for Aboriginal people indigenous to the Hawkesbury region. Julie's great grandmother had been born there.

"My family were Hawkesbury River oyster people. They were repeating the lifestyle of the generation before and the

generation before that. Just on a different river, on the Lane Cove River, not the Hawkesbury," she says.

Throughout the project Julie learnt three of her great grandmother's siblings were members of the Stolen Generation. They were never reunited with the Janson family. "I realised my father's reluctance to talk about his Aboriginality was because his family had been punished for being Aboriginal," Julie says. "When you understand your own history, you know your own psychology. Not only did they lose all their lands, but they had children taken away."

Read says due to the early colonisation of Sydney, information is so much more scarce than in other regions of Australia, such as the NT. That people had to hide their Aboriginal identity has only eroded local knowledge further. "The most common question we have on the [History of Aboriginal Sydney] website is, 'Who am I?'," Read says. "There are many Aboriginal people in Sydney who would like to know more about their family, but can't."

Since Julie started identifying as a Dharug woman, she has felt embraced. Julie spends most of her weekends working with Aboriginal visual arts and activist communities. "I just wished that Dad had lived," Julie says. "I think if he lived to see the pride that people now have, rather than shame, it would have been really good for him. People saying, 'Not only am I Aboriginal, but I am descended from the Dharug people of the Hawkesbury River and we were the second people in Australia to be invaded.' And guess what? We are here today. We survived."

When the tide of history rushes out, memories buried beneath are allowed to resurface. Julie's family outings to the Hawkesbury have new meaning. "Dad would point up to the caves on the river. And he would say, 'The Aboriginal people hid out in those caves for 20 or 30 years after the white man came. They were brave and they fought him off'. He wasn't saying this is me, or these are my people. He was proud, it was a story of pride."

Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney

SRC Elections 2015

Postal Voting Application Form

POSTAL VOTING

If you wish to vote in the 2015 SRC elections but are unable to vote EITHER on polling days Wednesday 23rd or Thursday 24th September at any of the advertised locations, OR on pre-polling day (on main campus) Tuesday 22nd September, then you may apply for a postal vote.

Fill in this form and send it to:

Electoral Officer
Sydney University Students' Representative Council
PO Box 794, Broadway NSW 2007.

PLEASE NOTE: postal vote applications **MUST BE RECEIVED AND IN OUR PO BOX by Friday 21st of August** at 4.30pm or they will not be considered. **No exceptions.**

You may use a photocopy of this form.

Name of applicant: _____

Student card number: _____

Faculty/year: _____

Phone number: () _____

Email: _____

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I hereby apply for a postal vote for the 2015 SRC elections. I declare that I am unable to attend a polling booth on any of the polling days, OR on the pre-polling day, for the following reason:
(please be specific. Vague or facetious reasons will not be accepted. The Electoral Officer must under section 20(a) of the Election Regulation consider that the stated reason justifies the issuing of a postal vote.)

Signature: _____

Please send voting papers to the following address:

State: _____ Postcode: _____

I require a copy of the election edition of Honi Soit: YES / NO

For more information contact
Paulene Graham, Electoral Officer
02 9660 5222

Authorised by P. Graham, SRC Electoral Officer 2015.
Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney
p: 02 9660 5222 | w: src.usyd.edu.au





A Letter From Cinema Politica

The act of creating art is inherently political. Those who put paint to canvas are disseminating images that are loaded with associative potency. Some artists do their best to conceal this political commitment by emphasising they are solely concerned with aesthetic splendour (see: Vivid Festival). Others choose to be more upfront—to critique, reconcile and express their nascent political intentions by starting dialogues through confrontational art.

In this way, art has a role at the heart of communal empowerment, resistance and healing. However, when art becomes mostly consumed through individual practices (see: on the laptop, in bed), its liberatory potential comes under threat.

Seeking to counter this trend, our diverse group of students and activists is curating a program of documentary screenings that we hope may help to underscore the potential of liberatory art, and to help create networks of solidarity and political engagement.

Cinema Politica (CP) is an organisation founded in Montreal in 2004, and is dedicated to screening independent,

radical, activist documentaries to the public for free. From a small student organisation at Concordia University it has blossomed into the largest volunteer-run, community and campus-based documentary screening program in the world, with almost 100 active branches ('locals') around the world. While there are branches in Perth and Auckland, there are none in Sydney: enter our new collective, Cinema Politica Sydney.

Two of our collective members, Anna and Andrew, discovered CP while on exchange in Montreal. Every Monday night, a screening is held in a lecture theatre at Concordia University, attended by many hundreds of people. The diverse program of films covers topics from decolonisation to the police state, food distribution and reproductive justice. The documentary acts as a springboard for talks and discussion after the screenings, which are often attended by the film's director. CP is a rich site within the Montreal community, drawing diverse crowds of people and engaging them in political discussion around shared interests.

Documentary filmmaking sits uniquely at the intersection of art and narrative journalism. The continued loosening of

genre convention between factual recount and creative introspection has enabled people to use documentary as a potent medium for empowering voices to tell their own stories in manners freed of established and colonial rules. By reclaiming the capacity to speak on their own terms, the stories told are truer to experience than is possible in any investigative journalistic piece.

Documentary is increasingly becoming a democratic and widely accessible medium for those interested in producing it. The advent of smartphones with high quality video recording, and low-cost hand held cameras, has accelerated this democratisation. Works such as Simon Baker's *Tangerine* (2015), shot entirely on iPhone 5, which follows two transgender sex workers over the course of a night in Los Angeles, and director/cinematographer/cameraman Hajooj Kuka's essential South Sudanese documentary *Beats of the Antanov* (2015), attest to this.

Our first program will focus on efforts to decolonise and counter patriarchal violence in Australia and around the globe. We will screen recent works by local Indigenous folk, as well as some of the most innovative

and powerful documentaries from around the world.

Sydney is home to a wonderful array of activists and grassroots organisations working towards social change. We want to create a space to facilitate discussions and strengthen connections between these activists, organisations and the broader community. We believe it is especially important to link the documentaries we watch and the discussions we have to concrete actions—for example, using the Cinema Politica community to help raise funding for the Redfern Aboriginal Tent Embassy, and for communities facing closure in Western Australia.

If our program appeals to you, please help us make it happen and come to our fundraiser party! We will be hosting a night of film screenings, talks and live music at the Monster Mouse warehouse space in Marrickville on the 21st of August. Come with an open mind, your dancing shoes, and a willingness to extend your social & political network!

In solidarity,

The Cinema Politica Sydney Collective



Ben Clarke reviews the first show of a new monthly Hermann's comedy series.

Last Wednesday, on the distant planet of Hermann's Bar, an intergalactic-themed comedy show had a full house in stitches, absorbing us into a wormhole of funny, random and at times ear-splittingly horrifying content. *Blast Off!* marks the first of this semester's monthly comedy shows hosted by the Idiot Box team, joined by an assortment of guest comedians, and I feel the need to draw USyd's attention to a corner of campus life that might be due more attention and funding than it's getting. The makeshift cardboard cut-outs of planets that "pass" for decoration simply will not do. Thankfully the acts themselves and the fine hosting skills of Lazer Spacegood (definitely not Ciaran Magee) were enough to carry us through.

The evening began mundanely enough,

with the deafening of the unwarned audience by a charming rendition of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*. The intro set the tone for the night, which would continue to provide slightly perturbing hilarity that rang true to the alienish theme. Despite first stand-up, Aaron "I've Been To Primary School" Chen, nothaving been informed of the theme, he managed to capture the audience's attention immediately, and take them on an out-of-this-world adventure through his encounters with a George Street thug, a hyper-intelligent cockroach and every variety of rice the audience could name.

Julia Robertson and Hugh Guest provided the "awww"s of the night with their own interplanetary songs of love, loss and parricide, which would be matched later

by the Rihanna-rivalling tones of Sarah Gaul and her desire to have her ex "make like a shooting star". The audience was gasping for oxygen by the end of Cyrus Bezyan's "not funny, but special" stand up routine (which his neighbours and boss hopefully will never hear), in which he took the "space" theme as far, as literally, and as awkwardly as he could.

And who could forget the sketches? Idiot Box gave us a number of wondrously disgusting ensemble numbers, beginning with the definitely not spacist Patrick Morrow's successful opening of a riveting Intergalactic Council session. We came face-to-face with former astronaut Eliza Owen, whose nostalgia for her space glory days saw her jettisoning excrement into "the airlock" (the cupboard under the

stairs). This was followed by a retelling of *Blade Runner* which saw Roy Batty (Alex Richmond) fling a vibrating dildo into the sky, rather than a dove—just as Ridley Scott wanted it. After time traveller Julia Robertson tried to explain the iPhone to medieval peasants, Lazer Spacegood's indoctrination of the audience into his hive-mind cult brought the show its dystopian conclusion.

Confused? So was I. But last week, *Blast Off!* provided an eager audience with even more humour than they'd bargained for. You won't miss me at next month's show, and I hope to see even more comedy-loving students in attendance ... that is, if we aren't subsumed by the superconsciousness Greebox first.



Worth a Thousand Words

Mary Ward reviews Kim K's Selfish.

Kim Kardashian's *Selfish* is a hard read. Not in that it is particularly dense or intellectually stimulating, but in that its proportions (a small 13.5 x 18.5 cm with a whopping 4cm spine) and hardcover exterior make it quite difficult to physically read. It's like someone printed the *Macquarie Schools Dictionary* on photo paper instead of that delightfully thin stuff we've all come to associate with religious texts and phone books.

By its physicality alone, *Selfish* is literally the opposite of a page-turner. Battling to hold the book's centre pages open could be marketed as some sort of Kardashian-branded workout routine; 'Kim K's Book Biceps' or 'Read Your Way to Ripped Arms'. And at \$22.95 *Selfish* is pretty cheap for a fitness plan. It's also pretty cheap in the celebrity memoir game, where former

SNL cast members will charge you \$30+ to read each of their not-particularly-unique accounts of a sketch you've never seen.

But, let's be real: \$22.95 is a lot of money to pay for the privilege of scrolling through someone's Instagram feed. Because that's really what this book is: a printout of someone's selfies, like the one your mate got made after she went on exchange.

To be honest, it isn't even that.

This reader noticed MULTIPLE non-selfies in the text. Kim's hands are both visible in the picture on page 352, taken during her 2014 Thailand vacation, in a photo that is essentially a meta-selfie—a picture of Kim taking a selfie. The book's final page (page 445, because this is the *War and Peace* of iPhone photography anthologies)—a picture of Kim and

Kanye's newly wedding-banded hands—was also not photographed by Kim (unless she used her feet, which, to be honest, is a level of skill in this area I wouldn't put past her).

So, if *Selfish* isn't a book of selfies, what is it? Krap? Not quite. But it's definitely not great.

The unique thing about Kim Kardashian's celebrity is that it is deliberate and intimate. She isn't famous for acting or singing; she's famous for being Kim Kardashian, both on reality television and on social media. As a result, this is perhaps one of the most genuine celebrity memoirs ever created. It's also one of the dullest.

With photo captions like "Miami nights" and "I'm obsessed with contour", you know there's no ghostwriter. In fact, with so many selfies from the same humdrum

photo session in *Selfish*, you have to wonder if it was even edited. (Note: someone called Ian Luna did allegedly edit the book. I reckon he probably went on holiday to Barbados for three months.)

Maybe that's the lesson here. Celebrities are boring.



Sweet Dream

Andy Zephyr reviews SUDS' 2015 major production A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The Sydney University Dramatic Society (SUDS) production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was enjoyable and evocative theatre. The cast and crew should be congratulated for their jovial performance, professional demeanour and clever staging, and the rough grit that can only come from a student-run performance. Personally, I thoroughly enjoyed SUDS' honesty and forthrightness with respect to gender, sex, sexuality and romantic interactions, and acknowledging the disadvantages and personal struggle from those same-sex attracted.

Whilst it could've been easy to feel lost between the dual-characters if you were a newcomer to *Midsummer*, the alternating passion and bitterness between Tess Green (as Titania and Hypolyta) and Dominic Scarf (as Oberon and Theseus) made for particularly picturesque moments; stubborn and powerful figures on stage, painted bodies in red, quarrelling juxtaposed to embracing, moments before. Director Bennett Sheldon remarks on ego and selfishness and how they are "preventing action to save nature and the living environment" and fit perfectly in the Millennial's constant anxiety over the stagnate work around climate justice.

The stark black and white uniforms of the lovers, the patchwork mechanicals,

and the faerie monarchs dressed dark as night all help establish and reconfigure the boundaries and culture of actor/character relations. Even in the tragicomedy of Pyramus and Thisbe, when the lovers as audience have found peace between themselves, they show complete inability to extend support to the mechanical's theatrics. Their bitchy and often condescending remarks give way to the audience's awkward laughter, unaware that we too will forget moral lessons learnt from the play in mere hours. We are implicated in the moment to highlight the metanarrative, leaving us to question our doubts, doubt our memories, and eventually allowing us to find comfort in harsh realities becoming a dream.

Dreamscapes help the lovers, the cast, and their audience ignore what we so often wish to be ignorant of. Jane Hughes (Lysander), Jessica Orchard (Hermia), Tom Mendes (Helios) and Michael Cameron (Demetrius) as the four lovers give us beautiful romance on stage. Pickled by internalised homophobia and examples of LGBTQIA+ partner abuse—all of which society gleefully overlooks when presented with it in real life—are shown in *Midsummer*. The show highlights the creation of cycles that legitimise homophobia and bigotry; continual dismissal of behaviour as dreams imitates

this often destructive, taught behaviour. We continue to deny our wrongs, or confusion and, with this particular "queering" of the play, our own identities.

Midsummer does not entirely give itself over "queering". There are fantastic differences between same-sex couples who are men and women, and this is the biggest hole in this translation; all couplings seem to follow the same assembly instructions for homosexual romance. Whilst obviously *Midsummer* is built on assumed monogamy, I had assumed that this cultural phenomenon was on the table to be mocked, poked fun at, or cheated. I found nothing of the sort. I didn't expect a Judith Butler level of awareness but I certainly wanted more, and will continue to want more, of the complexities of queer politics in SUDS.

Nadia Bracegirdle (*Midsummer's* dramaturge) notes specifically "if Shakespeare is so universal, it should make no unconscionable difference if Helena becomes Helios and Lysander a woman," adding, "With an entire cast and crew full of sensitivity and depth, all aspects of the play have gained nuance I had never before imagined of a Shakespearean comedy" and nothing higher could be said of the persons involved. Mendes, and particularly Orchard must be commended

for their powerful presence and emotional acuity. Cameron particularly strikes at heartstrings during early scenes, ostensibly fighting for Hermia's love whilst implying desire and longing for Helios.

I sometimes wished for more clarity in staging but, given the importance of performance in the round to the piece, faults are excusable. Not only did this help construct symmetrical and patterned interactions, but also created \$6 tickets for those who wish to engage with theatre without having to make a significant material commitment. Perhaps the ephemeral, winding nature of this production has brought in those who aren't otherwise attending theatre shows or who've fallen out of the habit, but economic flexibility and a chance to be among the fun is the direction we must follow.

That is the grit of student theatre. It is a path that allows theatre to continue adapting to its environment, making Shakespeare relevant, paving lifelong involvement in creative industries, and influencing practise to keep the form alive, thriving and accessible in 2015.

I didn't just enjoy myself, I was as captivated as those struck by love-in-idleness.

Things My Mother Couldn't Tell Me

'First in family' students are those who are the first in their immediate family to attend university. Rebecca Wong and Alex Downie looked into the numerous challenges these students face.

"In my first semester of uni, I was in amongst a group of people who were talking about school excursions. They'd been to Nice and they'd been to Paris. I told them that the excursions I remembered going on were to Cronulla beach and ... a sewerage factory."

Jena Ye, a Bachelor of Arts student, went to a low socioeconomic status (SES) public high school in Sydney's South-West. Her mother is a labourer who works at a packaging firm, and her dad owns a small business selling clothes. Jena, like all students we interviewed for this article, is the first member of her immediate family to attend university.

Statistics on the participation of 'first in family' students at Sydney University are not publicly available; we contacted the University of Sydney administration but they were unable to provide us with any figures. However, the University is extremely unrepresentative: in 2012, only eight per cent of its domestic students came from a low SES background, a figure barely half the national average.

The first-generation students we spoke to characterised themselves as incredibly lucky. Some were extroverted enough to overcome the barriers to social participation at uni, exacerbated by the existence of elite private school networks. Some compensated for their lack of institutional knowledge and familial connections through hard work, motivated by financial pressures and the aspirations of migrant parents.

All came up against a system in which the odds were stacked against them. But that system was also a means of escape. As one student who grew up in regional Queensland told us, "I knew that my way to get out of there was to go to uni."

Jena was self-motivated from an early age: "there was no expectation for me to go [to uni], but I showed a particular interest in education and in studying, and so my parents were like well,

this one's definitely going."

To Jena's parents, university was an opportunity to better her circumstances. "My parents ... envision that if you have a university degree, then you'll definitely succeed."

Indeed, Jena had initially been planning to move to the UK on a working visa as early as possible after finishing her degree at the end of this year. However, her parents "really wanted to see me go through that whole graduation ceremony process, and that's not until April. They want to know that I've gone through the Australian education system and see that I've made it through. It's really important for them, and I knew that, so I decided 'alright, I'll save until I'm ready'. I mean, it's the least I can do."

Multiple students we spoke to stressed the cultural emphasis that their parents placed on education. As one student explained, "it's that classic, I guess, ethnic mentality, where you're only really successful if you become a doctor or whatever."

For many parents, however, university was not only invaluable but also inscrutable. As another student commented: "people whose parents have already gone to uni have a pre-established idea of what uni actually is. Whereas I think ethnic minorities often feel that uni is so much bigger than it is. And often it's quite a hard vision to fill for them."

The University of Sydney's student population is notoriously homogenous. The affluent North Shore and Eastern Suburbs hold less than 15 per cent of Sydney's population, but in 2010 they were home to 65 per cent of the university's student population.

It is sadly unsurprising that many first-generation students struggle to socially integrate. A student told us that when she first arrived at USyd, her network consisted of three vague acquaintances

from high school, which she admits "wasn't much of a support base". "The rest took on apprenticeships in beauty and hair and stuff, which is quite a common trend for [my school]."

Max, a recent Bachelor of Arts graduate from Sydney's North-West, told us that "I remember first semester of first year, just me chilling on the lawns with my free *SMH*, purely because I just didn't know anyone. It was daunting, definitely."

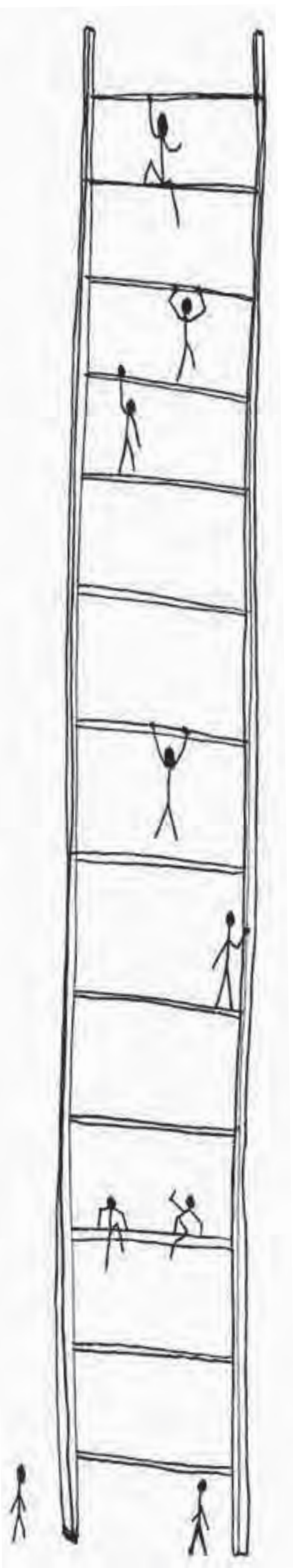
The predominance of rich, private school students within USU clubs and societies such as debating and Model UN is particularly discouraging for some. "I think the private school networks, everyone knows everyone, they have a very different approach to friendships," says Max. "They're much more mature than I was at 18 or 19, because I was just a kid from, you know, Dural."

As one student who grew up in regional Queensland told us, "I knew that my way to get out of there was to go to uni."

Unfortunately, this class-based exclusion sometimes extends into the classroom. As one student explained, "I think there's also a presumption of the kinds of class backgrounds in the classroom as well. So in Law it's really common for lecturers or other students to be like 'people like us are very privileged', and universalising an experience of how we all wound up in that classroom, when I don't necessarily think there's that much overlap in terms of our privileges."

The rituals of networking and CV-stacking, and the necessary accumulation of social capital, seemed particularly daunting to most students we interviewed.

Gaming the system is foreign to Edward, who studies Arts/Law. He reflected



that highly competitive avenues such as corporate law were probably closed to him because of his “inability to play the game”.

Circumstances prevented Nabila’s parents from fulfilling their aspirations to attend university; her mother was unable to complete the law degree she’d started in Lebanon.

“In terms of, for instance, internships and graduate opportunities... they can’t really guide me and tell me, ‘it’s that time in your degree where you should seriously be considering A B C’, simply because they don’t know about those things.” For first in family students, it isn’t just a matter of economic mobility; they are entering a world with codes they have not learned to read and rules they have not inherited.

Many students believed that their background had been a very significant disadvantage in one important respect; getting a job. As Michael, an Economics/Law student, explained: “There is no one I, or my family, can ask for employment advice. I have no connections I can exploit with any professional in any industry even remotely associated with my degree. I know lots of truck drivers, though.”

Michael watched nervously as his peers leveraged the parental connections he didn’t have into internships and jobs. “Sometimes their parents just straight-up get them a job at the company at which they work, sometimes their parents know someone who is willing to hire them and other times their parents know people in a company that is hiring who can give them advice as to exactly how to write the kind of resume that HR wants to read. This is without even mentioning all the jobs well-connected kids get that aren’t advertised that I don’t even know about.”

Opportunity breeds opportunity, and John worries that this initial disadvantage will affect his prospects after graduation: “the more internships I apply for and fail to get, I feel like I’m falling further and further behind other students who, one day, will become my competitors for grad jobs”.

Even those from wealthier backgrounds felt that a lack of family know-how had affected their employability. Max, whose parents work in software infrastructure and university administration, told us how he “had no expectation, no idea even what

The North Shore and Eastern Suburbs hold less than 15 per cent of Sydney’s population, but in 2010 they were home to 65 per cent of the University’s student population.

to do at uni. I wish that I’d known that Sociology 1001 was really important, that I shouldn’t have gotten just a pass because it would hurt my WAM. I didn’t know what those things meant, and how they translated to post-uni life.”

The University of Sydney does not offer specialised support to first-generation students.

The University has made an increasing effort to recruit and support students from low-SES backgrounds, expanding programs such as the Early Offer Year 12 (e12) scheme, which offers ATAR discounts and scholarships to low-SES students.

But once at university, students often struggle to access the support services that are available. For instance, the University offers bursaries to students in urgent need of financial support. However, as Edward observed, “to qualify for a bursary, you have to have passed all your subjects the previous semester or year. I’ve been in a position where I failed subjects due to health issues, and it was difficult to be told that [I wasn’t] able to be given financial assistance in the form of a bursary because of those marks. I find that quite bizarre, because I think the people who most need financial assistance are probably those who are struggling academically.”

Student experiences also varied widely between faculties. Edward found the Law faculty to be “pretty bad” and inflexible at

handling students dealing with mental health and family issues. “I find that at certain times it’s kind of like ‘well bad luck’. I’ve never really understood why the Law faculty is so bad at student support. I’ve been at UNSW for a couple of subjects

before, and I found their Law faculty to be amazing. They bend over backwards to try and ensure that you can complete your degree, or to get you through a semester.”

Nabila, mentioned above, studied Science for two years before transferring to Arts. She found that the Science faculty were “not very supportive whatsoever”. “I went to see a careers advisor from the Science faculty and she looked at me, looked down at me, and was like, ‘are you sure you wouldn’t just be better suited to something like an Arts degree?’ as if it was something

“I have no connections I can exploit with any professional in any industry even remotely associated with my degree. I know lots of truck drivers though”.

lesser.” By contrast, “the Arts faculty people have been very supportive you can sit down and have a conversation with them [the academics]”.

The Department of History is in the process of launching ‘First in Family’, a support network that aims to connect students whose parents did not attend university so that they can meet, socialise, support each other and perhaps find cooperative ways of addressing common challenges.

The network, which emerged out of informal discussions between academics, is currently being championed by Undergraduate History student representative Ashleigh Taylor, the first student to undertake this role. Ashleigh, who is the first in her

family to attend university, explained to *Honi* that the network is trying to recruit students from the Arts faculty, with a view to eventually branching out to the broader university.

Michael chose to study General Maths for his HSC. The teachers at his small Catholic high school in Sydney’s north-west told him that “we weren’t good enough, and that we’d struggle if we did 2-unit.” It wasn’t until Orientation Day that Michael realised he hadn’t studied sufficient mathematics for his Economics degree.

Michael spent the rest of his holiday teaching himself the entire 2-unit preliminary and HSC syllabus. “I borrowed all the prelim & HSC textbooks from a mate that did 4-unit and got to work. I taught myself everything ... from trig, to geometry to calculus. Before this, I didn’t even know what a derivative or integral was. To this day, I don’t understand logarithms because I didn’t understand the textbooks.”

Last year, Michael graduated from his Economics degree with First Class Honours, and he recently landed his first professional job. “I would love to see networking events where employers specifically look to recruit students like me,” he told *Honi*. He wants them to know that “our lack of experience is the result of institutional factors beyond our control, and not a blight on us as people”.

Interested in joining the First in Family Network?

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/firstinfamily>

Contact: atay0135@uni.sydney.edu.au

How I Roll

Alexandros Tsathas takes you on an odyssey of student automobiles.



(Left-to-right: Highway to Hamburgers, Pup on Science Road, Repairs on a budget.)

Ben's 2004 Mazda 2
5 seat, 5-door hatchback.

Engine: 1.5L 4-cylinder.

Transmission: 4 speed automatic.

ANCAP safety rating: 4 stars.

Mileage: 153,000km.

It is one of life's unspoken truisms that every house has a signature scent, a bespoke homage to the people inside. The same is true of people's cars. Let's call it "abode-scent".

The house of a primary school acquaintance of mine had a fish sauce abode-scent. The car of a kid on my soccer team had a sweaty abode-scent, somehow intensifying when the air-conditioning was turned on. Everybody aims for a neutral abode-scent, but very few achieve it.

Ben is no exception. His 2004 Mazda 2 has a soapy abode-scent. Nothing too foreign or floral—think Sunlight or Palmolive Gold. There is a very straightforward explanation: Ben's hot hatch houses three air-fresheners.

Straddling the dash air vent is a purple Airwick. Dangling from Ben's rear-view is an oval-shaped freshener, courtesy of the good people at Hornsby Auto Service. The third culprit casts a misleading pine tree-shaped silhouette as it swings from the grab handle atop the rear passenger-side door. It is supposed to emit "New Car Scent".

According to Ben, most people think that his car smells like a public toilet. And it is this self-deprecating sense of humour that I quickly warm to when *Honi* road tests Ben's 2004 Mazda 2. Our journey will take us from Cumberland Campus to Main Campus via Rookwood Cemetery and the Hume.

Cabin

Ben calls his Mazda "Pup" or "milk carton". I cannot make sense of the latter at first, but then Ben explains that his automobile's boxy form resembles a 250mL Moove carton rather than the 3L bottle I had envisaged.

A physiotherapy student, Ben's beamy countenance and penchant for all things athletic are well-reflected in Pup's interior. Whereas other cars might have leather or faux-walnut inlays, Pup's trim is cut from Asics trainer mesh.

.....
According to Ben, most people think that his car smells like a public toilet.
.....

Plasticity is the best word for "the cockpit", what Ben calls the driver's seat (he also speaks of Pup having done 153,000 "clicks"). Plasticity, not only because grey plastic dominates the centre console, but because Ben has been plastic in fashioning adaptations to overcome the 2's design flaws. No money tray? No worries. Ben has placed a cylindrical money box in the cupholder. No sunglasses holder? Ben cleverly uses the recess under the handbrake to stow his shades.

Handling

The first few kilometres of our test drive take us through the testing esses of Rookwood Cemetery. Shady pines line the road and the morning sunshine dapples the dashboard. Quite a pleasant drive, were it not for the stark reminder of human mortality at every turn and the incessant hammering of the undertaker's Bobcat.

The car's steering is very responsive, typical of Japanese hatches. The ride is firm, if a tad too much so at times. Speed humps litter the cemetery, opportune for testing

Pup's suspension. We traverse two or three humps when I begin to hear a suspect rattle from the rear axle. I question Ben. "Na, that was the crane", is his response. I am not entirely convinced—"Are there always cranes about when you drive over speed humps?". Ben dismisses my test of his faculties and assures me that vehicle maintenance is performed thoroughly and regularly.

Service history

Ben is the youngest of four and every one of his siblings learned to drive in Pup. Rather surprisingly, Ben's haunches are the fifth pair to warm the driver's seat. Ben's parents purchased Pup off an elderly lady who clocked up a mere 10,000km. Ben doesn't say it, nor does he indicate it in any meaningful way, but there is a silent understanding between us that his family took full advantage of the elderly seller's difficulty appropriating car sale prices to the post-war era.

Being the "training wheels" for Ben's family, Pup has a colourful history, of which any prospective buyer should be aware: two rear-enders, a front "smooch", a dent over the left rear door, gaffer tape holding on the front bumper and an electric side mirror that needs to be adjusted by hand.

.....
No money tray? No worries. Ben has placed a cylindrical money box in the cupholder.
.....

Accessories

Perhaps the most telling feature of any automobile is its horn. Pup's horn is bright and buzzy; nonchalant. It's not a horn of frustration, but of invitation.

The 2's horn is harmless, a mantra that extends to occupant safety. The '04 Mazda 2 has an ANCAP safety rating of 4 stars and an "Excellent" score for the protection

of other road users. Pup is fitted with optional side and curtain airbags. She has ABS, but not traction control. Radio volume adjustment buttons have taken the place of cruise control toggles on the steering wheel.

One of Pup's features unsettles your correspondent. It does not sit well with Ben either. The penultimate radio volume level is 33. Then it clocks over to MAX, implying 34 is the maximum volume level. Why such an arbitrary number to max-out on? Multiples of 5 or 10 are the industry standard.

Drivetrain

We arrive at Main Campus. Ben lets rip up the Science Road incline. Pup strains audibly. Ben deserves more grunt from the 1.5L 4-cylinder engine, which other competitors in the 2's price bracket offer.

The plan was a photoshoot out the front of the Quadrangle Building. We forget that bollards prevent access from Science Road and must turn back the way we came. Classes have just finished, pedestrians are swarming our vehicle and traffic is banking up behind us. I grow stressed, fearing a 75-point turn imminent. Thankfully, Pup's super-tight turning circle makes light work of the U-turn. We skedaddle off on our merry way.

Economy

Exiting via Western Ave, I quiz Ben on the 2's economy. By his account, Pup is quite efficient: he fills up once a week for \$35-50, which lasts him around 400km.

Overall

A nifty little buzzbox that reliably takes Ben from point A to B, and occasionally point C. Optional safety extras, an excellent service history and Ben's conscientious driving style all make this vehicle an attractive package for the bargain-hunter. What it lacks in grunt it makes up for in character.



Sam Langford and Max Hall introduce you to the University of Sydney's new wordpress template.

the good_

The new USyd website opens with a gif containing a lingering booty shot, complete with a lens flare and the pasty glint of athletic tan lines. "See what you can achieve," the site invites us, then delivers an answer in oversaturated slow-mo: raw sex appeal. It's a stunning rebuke to whoever suggested that the Snapback Lad can't be the face (or arse) of an entire student body.

At pains to get on the students' level, the University offers the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to "see our campus through a student's eyes". This turns out to be a hazy timelapse from the perspective of everyone's favourite Eastern Ave stoner. The blurry, wildly-lurching interactive perfectly evokes the time-honoured tradition of turning up to ECOP1001 high after a big night out.

There is, of course, a little propaganda, but on the whole the website provides a number of different angles, including 90 degree rotated text, perfect for those of us inclined towards the right.

The University also seems to have belatedly embraced transparency. "The Sydney student experience is a bit like Costco," it proclaims, finally acknowledging its global position as a vendor of mass-produced shit.

Thankfully, the site covers all bases, telling us that Newtown and Glebe (referred to, incredibly, as the

"western suburbs") are "more bohemian than the CBD". It has some genuinely great content on Sydney living costs and SRC services, as well as the curious claim that food and coffee are available "every thirty metres on campus." The "reasons to live in Sydney" link, somewhat confusingly, redirects to UAC.

the bad_

One thing that hasn't changed is the Acknowledgement of Country, which is still rendered in a tiny font and shunted to the very bottom of the page. It's unclear whether it remains vaguely worded to include all satellite campuses, or if it's just that—despite using the word "research" 33 times on a single page—the University didn't bother to Google.

Other pages leave you wondering whether the University bothered to proof-read. The proud admission that "With 134 countries represented in our student body, we're proud to play host to many of them" leaves one wondering uncomfortably which countries the University isn't proud to host.

There is one thing the site embraces unequivocally, though: hierarchy. Hierarchy is good, we learn: it's good management; it's good design. It's dropdown menus that look like flowcharts, trapping prospective donors in an ouroboric cycle of giving (why give? -> where give -> ways to give, and so on ad infinitum). It's promoting "Our

world rankings" above the "Faculties and schools" in the "About Us" section; "Fees and finance" above "Education facilities" on the "Study" menu. It's the slow, soul-crushing digestion of fifty thousand diverse students by a hyperdonic corporate orifice that dictates two official shades of grey.

the ugly_

Despite sorta working on mobile, slick fonts to the tune of \$2000, and a sparse design that endlessly repeats meaningless section titles, the University was careful to preserve a little of the old site's character: Barry Spurr remains listed as a staff member, content is studiously difficult to find, and if you manage to navigate to the FAQ, the old website design itself is resurrected. Arbitrary content is underscored by literal underscores.

The university has retained its ill-advised black-on-red colour scheme. Echoes of the blood of angry men and the dark of ages past abound in the hard to read type. It's about as accessible as that Les Mis reference.

Yet no more do they ask "What is leadership?". Nay, they have learned what it is, and they know exactly where it is. "Leadership for good starts here" the site informs us in white text at the bottom of the page. A few lines later, a lone scrap of monospace font begs the viewer to "follow us_". The following underscore trails off into the abyss. You're stuck down here. "For good."

It Doesn't Grow on Trees

Naaman Zhou on the revolution of the American banknote.

The American banknote has been the same kind of dying green its whole life, like the oxidation on scrap copper. It has been the same size since 1929, like a child that refuses to grow. The American banknote is stuck in time. Culturally and technologically, it is one of the world's most commonly-handled relics.

In 2020, a small change is scheduled to come. It's been announced that a prominent, historically significant woman (as yet unspecified) will grace the \$10 bill (exact placement unknown). It's long overdue and welcome, but it's not nearly enough. The American bill is a complete failure of design, inside and out, in need of revolution.

Australians, for one, are used to a finer kind of fabric. The Reserve Bank's polymer banknote, in circulation since 1988, is a flexible, multi-panelled marvel. Made of plastic and layered ink, it combines durability with cellophane/cathedral-window vividity. In comparison, the paper-based greenback feels like moth wings and particleboard. The Aussie note is waterproof and harder to counterfeit than its US sibling, which, being made of

75% cotton/25% linen, is as technically advanced as a t-shirt.¹

Even worse, all the American denominations are the same size and colour. This makes it impossible for the visually impaired to tell a \$5 from a \$50. The banknote's problem, distilled, is one of accessibility. The national currency should be accessible to the nation's people—relevant, modern, reflective of natural diversity. Instead they have that bizarre Freemason, 'Illuminati' eye. A noteface crammed with gothic imagery and loops of vaguely-threatening Latin nobody can explain. The conspiracy crackpots prove a point: the note is so devoted to old,

unrecognisable ideas, it's become the only national currency its own public hates.

Thus the need for female and black representation should be self-evident—people need a banknote they can recognise themselves in. In fact, the current problem isn't solely that bills only feature dead white guys, it's that they aren't even the most relevant dead white guys for the job. These are the dead white guys that the average punter wouldn't know.

Andrew Jackson, seventh president and face of the \$20, once savagely beat a man with a cane² and is technically a murderer.³ He's responsible for the loss of 4,000

Native American lives ("The Trail of Tears") and tried to destroy the National Bank. The threads of his history don't lead to anything, his place on the bill is an accident that wasn't corrected, old age and high office mistaken for lasting worth.

Common citizens deserve the platform, and relevance should be the watchword. Again, Australia is something of a gold standard—we've got Banjo Patterson and Dame Nellie Melba (famous cultural icons!); David Unaipon and Edith Cowan (trailblazers with modern social legacies!).⁴ Pre-Eurozone, the French had Marie Curie, and in 2017, the British will have Jane Austen. These are faces people actually recognise, faces that mean something.

Against this, the US banknote is a maddening, beautifully mundane icon of American intransigence—with its second-rate fabric, third-rate faces, unblinking eye from 1782. Probably, it's some psychic by-product of exceptionalism—why change when you've been muttering for years that nobody does it better? Except of course, *we* do.



Just cut and colour and spend away!

1. Except you can wash a t-shirt.
2. Ok yes, the man was trying to assassinate him but, trust me, he was an angry old fuck with a penchant for cane-related assault.
3. Killed a man in a duel.

4. Fun and wonderful fact—every Australian note has equal representation (woman on one side, man on the other), except the \$5, where the Queen's face flips over to reveal a sketch of Parliament House. Ergo, more women than men. Our currency rules.

10 Reasons to Fight the USyd 'Restructure'

April Holcombe and Kim Murphy from the Education Action Group, with their view on the Strategic Plan.

The Education Action Group will be gathering on the Law Lawns, 1:00pm on Wednesday, 19 August for a National Day of Action. They want you to come along.

Vice-Chancellor Michael Spence has released two reports with management's plan to "restructure" undergraduate degrees over the next five-year period. The 2016-20 Strategic Plan contains a lot of buzzwords about "exciting opportunities" for "world-class education". But Spence is looking for more profits, and his plan will drastically worsen university life for both students and staff.

The National Union of Students has organised national demonstrations on August 19th against the Liberal government's \$100,000 degrees. Here at Sydney Uni, we're combining this fight with opposition to Spence's restructure.

Here are ten reasons to come along:

1. Taking the decisions out of your hands

Sydney University's 120 undergraduate degree options and its flexible curriculum are welcomed by the majority of students. The Vice-Chancellor argues students are overwhelmed by all this choice, and would prefer around 20 degrees with rigid course content, with many saying the exact opposite.

Spence's proposal would make the entire first year of study a generic "skill-building" course unrelated to students' interests. Units outside one's faculty would become mandatory rather than optional.

Such a drastic downsizing could involve course cuts: gender studies, cultural studies, architecture and music are the most likely victims.

2. Four more years?

The most serious restructure is the proposed extension of all undergraduate degrees from three years to four. A fourth year, called honours, is already an option

for students who wish to further their undergraduate studies. Another mandatory year at university will disadvantage and discourage poor and international students who are already forced to work whilst studying. Spence's offensive suggestion for such students is to study through winter and summer schools to speed up their degree. These are expensive and take place in holidays when students are usually working to pay the rent.

3. Spence tried to make you pay \$100,000

Spence lobbied hard for the Liberal government's plans to deregulate university fees. This would remove any limit to what a university can charge you for a degree, and predictions are that fees would double or triple to over \$100,000.

Now that deregulation has been voted down twice in parliament, the administration are looking elsewhere to engorge their profits. The restructure is Spence's plan B and feels like deregulation by other means. We can't trust someone who publicly campaigned to screw students over.

4. Protests killed plan A—they can kill plan B

To stop fee deregulation, our National Union of Students has organised an ongoing protest campaign for students' rights. Last year, we disrupted live television on Q&A, chased Liberal MPs off campus, and held the biggest student street demonstrations in a decade. For the broader public, 'deregulation' could just have been one attack among many in the 2014 Budget; with a vibrant protest campaign, it became a deeply hated measure associated with Christopher Pyne.

The next National Day of Action (NDA) on 19 August will keep attention on the most vicious attack on students in a generation. When deregulation goes for a third vote later this year, we need to make sure we have kept up public pressure on cross-benchers and not let it slip through.

5. Hundreds of staff could lose their jobs

Cutting around one hundred degrees may mean massive cuts to general and administrative staff. These are the folks who help you with every bit of paperwork and make sure everything runs smoothly across the uni.

The general staff of the pharmacy department has already been given notice of their redundancy. Hundreds more will follow. With a cruel method called "spill-and-fill", management will force these redundant workers to compete for their old jobs. Workers are being pushed through this humiliating process in order to accept worse pay and conditions, even those with decades of experience.

6. Slower, busier, overflowing

Less staff means those who remain are overworked and under-resourced. Students will be waiting longer in line, there will be more problems with IT and applications, lecture theatres and tutorials will overflow. There's plenty of money there to give workers good pay and conditions that then flow on to students' learning conditions. But management run USyd like a business.

7. Staff and students are stronger together

The Student Representative Council has successfully fought alongside staff against job cuts in 2012, in the strike campaign to protect working conditions in 2013, and against the current restructure. The National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) has organised a rally for Wednesday, 5 August against job cuts with the intent of helping to build momentum for 19 August.

Staff working conditions are student learning conditions. We should stand with our staff who make the university run.

8. You're locked in at USyd

University management is also hoping to turn many double-degrees into vertical degrees. In other words, two undergraduate degrees (like BArts/Law) become one

undergrad and one postgrad. This limits students' access to government HECS-HELP, massively driving up the price. Many units of study currently in undergraduate programs will only be available in the Master's component, thereby 'locking' students into researching at Sydney University.

9. A playground for the wealthy

The Vice-Chancellor's solution to longer degrees is that "intakes would be reduced to maintain overall load". So Sydney University will become an even more exclusive institution, a haven for the rich with a token poorer student or two. Obsessed with world rankings, administration see too many students as undermining its prestige.

10. Standing up for ourselves

Students, like workers, pensioners, and the poor, are up against a vicious Liberal government. These Liberals know no compassion, only profits. Two thirds of students are already living beneath the poverty line, but Abbott wants young people to wait four weeks before accessing welfare, to slash penalty rates, and to make us pay for healthcare. Taking more income away from students is kicking those who are already down.

Student protests have and will continue to empower young people to demand their rights. Consistent protests by Chilean students over the past 5 years have won them free higher education. Right here our education campaign has shown the Liberals we mean business, and has helped us win mass support from a broader public similarly under attack. It's now arguably the most unpopular government in Australian history.

If we can do to Michael Spence what we've done to Christopher Pyne, we can assure our rights are defended on all fronts. Spence has made a profession out of ignoring students, but let's make that impossible from this semester on.





Libraries, Libraries all around



Don't rely solely on Wikipedia to research your assignments. (Or possibly at all.) Every Faculty has a library that specialises in information relevant to your course. These libraries vary in size and are generally located near your lectures. There is a Faculty Liaison Librarian who is able to help you navigate the resources available to you. You can ask questions at the help desk or you can email them.

The libraries are also where you'll find

some computers and photocopy machines. They also tend to have some of the loveliest sun shiny spots. If you manage to avoid snoring, you should be able to have a little kip there to rejuvenate yourself in time for your next set of study tasks.

Please BE AWARE: thieves also find libraries great places to hang out and pick up your stuff. Make sure you are careful with phones, computers, wallets, etc.



Ask Abe

SRC Caseworker HELP Q&A

Hello Abe,

My girlfriend is pregnant and I just don't know what to do. If she wants to keep the baby I guess I'll support her but I've only got 2 years to go in my course and I'd rather finish my studies then think about starting a family. I don't even know if I love her or not. What would you suggest my options are?

Not Ready to Be a Daddy

Dear NRBD,

I'm sorry to hear that you're in this situation. I would encourage anyone who is having sex to use a condom, as that is the only way to stop the spread of sexually transmitted infections as well as stopping pregnancy. If you are in a monogamous relationship then you could consider some of the other

contraceptives available. Talk to your GP about your options.

Now that your girlfriend is pregnant it would be a good idea for her to talk to a counsellor. The university has a free counselling service that keeps your issues confidential. You can talk to a doctor who is also bound to keep your situation confidential. Beware of counselors and doctors who give advice based on their personal beliefs rather than your welfare.

If you do decide to keep the baby then both you and her will need to negotiate your situation. You need to work out what you're willing to commit to, and what else you will need. If you decide to terminate the pregnancy then you can talk about your choices with the doctor. If you find that you are too stressed to focus on your study apply for Special Consideration. Check your faculty for details.

Abe

Abe is the SRC's welfare dog. This column offers students the opportunity to ask questions on anything. This can be as personal as a question on a Centrelink payment or as general as the state of the world. Send your questions to help@src.usyd.edu.au

Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

Notice of 2015 Students' Representative Council Annual Election



Nominations for the Students' Representative Council Annual Elections for the year 2015 close at 4pm on Wednesday the 19th of August 2015. Polling will be held on the 23rd and 24th of September 2015. Pre-polling will also take place outside the SRC offices (Level 1, Wentworth Building) on Tuesday the 22nd of September 2015 from 10am–3pm. All students who are duly enrolled for attendance at lectures are eligible to vote. Members of the student body who have paid their nomination fee to Council are eligible to nominate and be nominated, except National Union of Students national office bearers. Full-time officebearers of the SRC may also nominate as NUS delegates.

Nominations are called for the following elections/positions and open on the 29th July 2015 at 4pm:

- The election of the Representatives to the 88th SRC (33 positions)
- The election of the President of the 88th SRC
- The election of the Editor(s) of Honi Soit for the 88th SRC
- The election of National Union of Students delegates for the 88th SRC (7 positions)

Nomination forms can be downloaded from the SRC website: www.src.usyd.edu.au, or picked up from SRC front office (Level 1, Wentworth Building) from 4pm July 29th 2015.

Nominations **must also** be lodged online along with your policy statement and Curriculum Vitae (optional), by close of nominations at: www.src.usyd.edu.au. For more information call 9660 5222.

Signed nomination forms and a printed copy of your online nomination **must** be received no later than 4pm on Wednesday 19th August, either at the SRC front office (Level 1, Wentworth Building), OR at the following postal address: PO Box 794, Broadway NSW 2007.

Nominations which have not been delivered (printed, signed, hardcopy) either to the Electoral Officer at the SRC front office or to the post office box shown above **and** submitted online by the close of nominations **will not be accepted** regardless of when they were posted or received.

The regulations of the SRC relating to elections are available online at www.src.usyd.edu.au or from the SRC front office, (Level 1, Wentworth Building).

Authorised by P. Graham, SRC Electoral Officer 2015.
Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney
Phone: 02 9660 5222 | www.src.usyd.edu.au





These pages belong to the officebearers of the SRC.

They are not altered, edited, or changed in any way by the *Honi* editors.

President's Report

Kyol Blakeney

By the time this report is released a staff rally at our University will be in its final stages of planning for Wednesday 5th August. This rally is lead by the NTEU and the SRC stands in solidarity with it. This is because the SRC will always stand for workers' rights and values the contribution to our society at the hands of the worker.

As some of you may be aware of, many staff members of this University have received their redundancy letters as a result of the

new Strategic Plan 2016-2020. But wait, there's more. Not only will these staff be cut, but also over 100 degree opportunities for students to be replaced with 4 year vertical degrees—forcing you to pay even more for your education with a further incentive to take up a Postgraduate degree which (as said in my previous report) does not have a cap on how much you can be charged. I encourage everyone to rally on Eastern Ave on the 5th August at 1pm to stand up for staff and your education.

On another note, I am disappointed to report to you that there are proposed changes to the Universities Assessment Procedures that add more bureaucracy between the relationship of students and staff. The changes, which are set to go to Academic Board on the 19th August, remove the clause for Simple Extensions entirely. I will be opposing the proposal when it's brought to the Academic Board for approval but my vote will not be enough. I ask that those who see the value in having the Simple Extension included

in our policy documents to write to me directly before the meeting on August 19th so I can voice your concerns to the board.

president@src.usyd.edu.au

General Secretaries' Report

Chiara Angeloni

Welcome back to class!

Since our last report, we've been instituting some of the changes set out in the 2015 SRC budget.

This includes extending the hours of the Legal Service, increasing the pay of the *Honi Soit* editors, and obtaining approval of the SRC's affiliation fee to the National Union of Students from their Fee Review Committee.

Further, we've purchased two megaphones for the SRC's new shared resources pool -

coming soon to a protest near you. We're also proposing new policy for the loaning of items from the shared resources pool at the SRC's August Council meeting. The meeting will be held on Wednesday August 5 at 6pm at the Professorial Board Room (in the Quadrangle). As always, all undergraduate students are welcome to attend.

Over the break we were also involved in discussions with the University regarding its strategic plan for 2016-2020. You may have recently received emails from Vice-Chancellor Dr Spence about discussion

papers prepared by the university on its strategic plan. Please take time to read through and consider these papers, as they have important implications for the future of undergraduate study at The University of Sydney. We are particularly concerned about the equity implications of this paper, lack of adequate detail in plans for improving cultural competence at the university, and the repercussions of the proposals for staff.

Beyond campus, with fee deregulation still on the Liberal party's agenda, the National Union of Students has called a National

Day of Action for August 19. Mark this date in your diary and join the SRC at the Law Lawns on Eastern Avenue at 1pm as we continue our fight for a more fair and equitable education system.

Finally—a reminder that if you're looking to sell last semester's textbooks or buy textbooks for this semester at a discounted rate, check out SRC Books at srcusyd.net.au/src-books/. SRC Books is located on Level 4 of the Wentworth Building (opposite the International Student Lounge).

Indigenous Student Officers' Report

Nathan Sheldon-Anderson

Howdy y'all. Firstly, before we go into what happened over the break and what we have coming up this semester we need to say goodbye to one of our Indigenous Officers, Jethro Braico. We thank Jethro for all he has contributed to the collective in the past semester, for his spirit at every rally, his participation in the Indigenous Student Games, his Indigenous Honi article and his camaraderie. We wish Jethro the best for all his future endeavours. May the Hairy Man never catch him!

Over the break, a couple of great things happened. For starters a new collective was formed, 'Students Support Aboriginal

Communities'. This collective consists of non-Indigenous and Indigenous students who wish to support Indigenous communities, whether that is locally like the Redfern Tent Embassy or communities such as those in Western Australia. This support is through actions such as fundraising, donating time and attending rallies. If you would like to get involved, you should attend the upcoming rally, 'Build Aboriginal Housing on the Block Now!' on the 11th at the state parliament house. The purpose of the rally will be to demand that the NSW State Government support the funding of low cost housing for Aboriginal people in The Block and review the commercial development. For

more details regarding the rally, check the Facebook event page of the same name.

Towards the end of the break, I attended the Aboriginal & Torres Strait Islander Student Conference (ATSIC), which was organised by the NUS ATSI Officer Bridget Cama. The conference was a great chance to meet other Indigenous officers from all over the country, learn of their own difficulties and strengths at their universities. This will allow us to organise on a national scale in regards to Indigenous issues. The conference also had some amazing guest speakers such as Dr Lilon Bandler, Professor The Honourable Dame Marie Bashir AD CVO, Jamie

Parker, Tony McAvoy, Larissa Brendt and Aunty Joan Tranter. It was an incredibly enlightening experience to hear them all.

Now, for this semester we have some awesome things planned such as Indigenous film screenings. Once the dates have been organised for our events we shall let you all know. Now before I leave y'all let us make a clarification. Imaginary spears do not hurt. A man being proud of his culture does not hurt. Targeted booing and vilification of a man for being proud of his culture, for highlighting the racist history and present of our nation, is racist and disgusting.



Wom*n's Officers' Report

Subeta Vimalarajah & Xiaoran Shi

Hey, feminists! Welcome back to another semester of intersectional activism and creativity. We hope you've had a restful break and are ready to get back into some feminist shenanigans.

Over the past month or so, a few collective members have been busy wheatpasting Camperdown/Darlington campus and Newtown with anti-street harassment posters, to protest the 87% of Australian women who have experienced verbal or physical abuse whilst walking down the street. Xiaoran is planning to do regular wheatpasting nights featuring original feminist artwork by collective members.

Subeta also organised our first intersectionality workshop with high school students ("fEMPOWER") across NSW. Thanks to Anna, Julia, Margery, Lane, Brigitte, Freya, Kitty and Arabella, who volunteered and have been consistently committed to this project. From our feedback we scored a mighty 4.94/5 as an average for being "friendly and informative volunteers" and literally all 34 of the students wanted the workshop to be run again in their school, as well as extension workshops—both of which we're planning at the moment.

Xiaoran is also firing up to launch the new Wom*n's Library. So far, we've received donations and offers of support from Spinifex Press, The Women's Library in Newtown and Jura Books. We are relying heavily on the generous donations of likeminded organisations and individuals, so donations are welcome. We'll also be holding a Wom*n's Library launch and book drive soon.

Finally, the Stop Taxing My Period campaign is not over yet! After a busy break Subeta spent talking to the Senior Advisors to the State/Territory Treasurers leading up to the CFFR (Council of Federal Financial Relations) meeting where the issue is to be discussed, things are looking optimistic. To get those dithering states (including NSW) on side, there are rallies on the 14th of August that you can find on Facebook.

Last but certainly not least, our weekly collective meetings will be held at the same time of Thursdays at 1pm in the Manning Wom*n's Room. We also have a secret Facebook group where we do a lot of the planning for our projects, so if you'd like to join, don't hesitate to add us on Facebook and we'll add you to the group quick smart.

usyd womenscollective@gmail.com.

When does your student visa run out?

It is your responsibility to ensure that you comply with all your student visa conditions, especially the length of stay allowed under your visa entitlement.

You can find out about all the applicable visa conditions and your visa expiry date using the online service (Visa Entitlement Verification Online – “VEVO”) on the Department of Immigration and Border Protection website. Use this URL: <https://online.immi.gov.au/evo/firstParty>

When accessing this online service, you will need your passport number and other identification details which can be found on the visa grant email sent by the Department.

If you are not sure how to use VEVO or have trouble with this online service, you can get FREE help from the SRC registered migration agent by contacting 9660 5222.

Make sure you put the visa expiry date in your calendar and remember to NOT overstay your visa! Overstaying leads to serious legal consequences which in some situations may require you to leave Australia immediately and you will not be able to come back again for 3 years.

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 | MARN 1276171

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Honi editors.



What's Happening with SUPRA

Christian Jones

I hope everyone has settled in now after a long first week. Re-ODay was fantastic with a large number of people joining up to SUPRA at our stall to receive our services. Warning: Shameless plug about SUPRA—We offer advocacy and advice for all of your university/life related needs along with a free legal service and a number of publications to help get you through the semester and your thesis! We will be hosting our first wine and cheese for the semester on Thursday 6th August at 6pm in the Footbridge Theatre Foyer and I encourage you all to come along and meet other postgrads and have some free food and drinks.

On top of R-ODay this week, SUPRA has been working tirelessly to help students from subjects BUSS5000 and BUSS6000. If these subjects have affected you, I implore you to get in touch with us, to join our growing list of dissatisfied students. Our Student Advice and Advocacy Co-ordinator, Adrian Cardinali has written an article regarding this mess on our *Honi* pages. We have been in contact with the Dean and Deputy Dean of the Business School with limited success, which has led to the students of the courses putting in a petition to the Vice Chancellor, Dr. Michael Spence.

The Federal Opposition held its national conference on the weekend of week 1, with highs and lows recorded a potential government. In terms of higher education, the opposition has declared its strong opposition to fee deregulation, reaffirmed its support of SSAF and student organisations and greater support for ATSI student participation

In a typical year SUPRA's Student Advice and Advocacy service opens between 700 and 900 cases. So to have more than 350 new cases from the Business School over the last three weeks has been bracing. Students are complaining about their marks and the conduct of certain units of study. It has caught our attention and is such an unusually large concentration of complaints from one Faculty that want to report on what is going on.

All students so far have come from the Masters of Commerce degree. The Masters of Commerce is a very large program. As I write this article I have not been provided exact statistics though we understand, for example, that somewhere between 1200 and 1500 students are enrolled in the mandatory first year subject, Critical Thinking (BUSS5000). BUSS5000 is one of two subjects that is the source of the ire of this group of students.

We do not have the precise statistics we would like because the Business School has not responded to calls for them. But from even the rough information we have, we understand around 40% of Semester 1 BUSS5000 students failed. A figure of around 500 students failing has been quoted to us. If that is correct to put all this into perspective from a raw financial point of view, a rough estimate puts the tuition fees generated from those failed students at about \$2.4 million.

We suspect the fail rate is an enormous increase on previous fail rates. Students have complained of poor and inconsistent teaching, problems with irregularities in examination questions and marking,

Business School Fails 49% of Students

Adrian Cardinali

serious failures to provide genuine formative assessment including practice for their exams and warning that they were at risk of failing, and general disorganisation. The massive fail rate does, to us at SUPRA, suggest something systemic is wrong. Similar complaints have been made about another subject, Succeeding in Business (BUSS6000), though the number of students involved is lower.

My team and SUPRA elected officer bearers have been working tirelessly to advocate with and for affected students. We have raised complaints with the Business School itself and senior management of the University. Amongst other things a petition has gone to the Vice Chancellor with hundreds of students' names on it, calling for improvements for future students and a range of reasonable requests for current students. So far the Business School has indicated they will make a raft of changes for the future. Such changes include a review of assessment regimes, conducting assessments of their in-class teaching with a view to making improvements, increasing the number of students taking language support classes, and similar commendable things.

However commendable the commitment to improve in future, our immediate concern is about what the University is going to do to support the students who have been experimented on during this past semester. Though the University is not admitting this, a massive increase in fails from one year to another, and recognition that changes need to be made, suggests the University bears considerable culpability

for last semester's fails. SUPRA has been calling for four eminently reasonable things, none of which have been provided. We called for a proper and full statistical breakdown of marks. We called for a review of the appropriateness of applying some of the assessment requirements to the cohort given serious questions about their conduct and problems with unit outlines and the like. We called for a genuinely independent re-mark of all fail grade students. And for those still failing we have called for, and will continue to call for, a fair reassessment opportunity.

Predictably the Business School has suggested SUPRA is trying to compromise academic integrity and standards. Nothing could be further from the truth. Instead what we actually want is high standard programs delivered in a way that gives students a fair chance to pass. If we had to mark the Business School on how well they did last semester, sadly we would mark them 49% Fail.





Report on the 2015 National Union of Students ATSI Conference

Joshua Preece

From the 22nd-25th of July, the NUS held its 2015 ATSI Student Conference in Sydney. Representing SUPRA, was Mike Butler (SUPRA's Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Officer) and myself (SUPRA's Treasurer).

The Conference featured a 'Who's Who' of Indigenous and Indigenous-allied activists. This included (amongst many others) Dame Marie Bashir, former Governor of New South Wales; Larissa Behrendt, the first Indigenous Australian to graduate from Harvard Law School; Dr Lilon Bandler, senior lecturer in Indigenous health and daughter of civil rights activist Faith Bandler; and Tony McAvooy, one of Australia's handful of Indigenous barristers.

The National Aboriginal and Torres Strait

Islander Officer, Bridget Cama, should be congratulated for organising a safe, autonomous, space for Indigenous students to come together to learn, teach each other, develop our activist and leadership skills, and to hear from a large variety of high profile speakers. Given that the position of NUS ATSI Officer is a voluntary position, I appreciated the dozens of hours of preparation that Ms Cama dedicated to providing a much-needed student-driven leadership forum.

One of the advantages of the conference was the opportunity for face-to-face networking between Indigenous student activists and leaders. Through networking sessions we discussed the common challenges that our student organisations, and indigenous collectives, face on campus. Effective advocacy requires effective net-

working and organising. And advocating for our collective interests is much easier if we're aware of how other indigenous collectives and Indigenous support centres operate. How else can we promote our common interests?

And there are plenty of common issues we face. The status of the Indigenous Tutorial Assistance Scheme remains perilous. There continues to be a wide gulf between best and worst practice in indigenous student support centres across our country. Endemic and institutional racism seems unlikely to subside.

But it's hard not to feel optimistic for the future when I met so many strong and passionate advocates for the interests of indigenous students. Amongst the challenges, there were plenty of great stories

of indigenous success in higher education. I know that the delegates to ATSICon 2015 are the activists who will continue to argue the case for university structures and policies that genuinely fulfil the promise of indigenous access.

I'd like to extend personal thanks to the University of Sydney Indigenous Collective for giving me the opportunity to attend the 2015 NUS ATSI Conference. I also commend the UTS Students' Association for its sponsorship.

Joshua Preece is the 2015/16 SUPRA Treasurer, 2014 NUS ATSI Officer, and proud Wiradjuri and Torres Strait Islander man

Marriage equality now! No more delays! Put a bill, pass a bill.

Rachel Evans

We thought marriage equality was in the bag after PM Abbott hinted he'd support a cross party bill and conscience vote in the Liberal Party room in June. We thought we were closer when ALP opposition leader Bill Shorten put forward his marriage equality bill. Victories overseas in May and June—Ireland, US, Pitcairn Island propelled momentum here. But both Abbott and Shorten are backtracking.

The ALP National Conference decision to continue to allow homophobes in the Party to vote according to their bigoted ideas til 2019 is betrayal. It's another affront in the long list of crimes from a Party that claims progress, but enacts prejudice, racism and rank electoral opportunism.

The lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, intersex (LGBTI) community are not stupid. We called treachery in 2011, when the ALP voted for marriage equality in their party platform and destroyed any chance of a bill being passed by allowing a free vote. The Shorten 2019 wait for a binding vote, with the 'bill in first 100 days sweetener if you elect me' thrown in for good measure, is more hypocrisy.

With a binding vote the ALP could simply vote for the marriage bill Shorten has already put in Parliament, show some backbone and forced the Liberals to rise to the challenge and respond to a display

of an actual principle.

So it was anger, not celebration, when Penny Wong, an out-lesbian ALP MP motivated delegates vote for the motion with 'but like Tanya Plibersek, I would rather win it sooner. I want to win it in this term of government.' As LGBTI commentator Doug Pollard said 'Labor just took LGBTI people from the back of the bus and threw us under it.' Regrettably Wong threw her lot in with the gang of bigots who just ran the rainbow community over. And for the 100 days carrot—there are already two marriage bills in Parliament already that Shorten has ignored—one from Greens MP Sarah Hanson Young in front of the Senate, and one from Liberal Democrat David Leyonhjelm. So the fanfare about the ALP putting bills to Parliament is a stunt.

But ordinary people are showing resilience and our movement is reinvigorating. The Australian Marriage Equality and GetUp mobilised people over the last month in massive rallies in Perth, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide.

But these rallies only called for a free vote for the Liberal Party. They didn't call for a binding vote for the ALP. This let the ALP off the hook, giving space for the poisonous 'wait till 2019 after you've kept us in power for two terms' motion to get up.

However, we have to be very clear. Any call for a free vote gives the bigots a win. Would we accept our representatives voting according to their 'conscience' against Aboriginal people's right to vote? No we would not. Would we accept MPs voting against no fault divorce rights for women? Or against rape being recognised as such within the family unit? No we wouldn't. So we shouldn't campaign for a free vote for bigots in any party.

The equality campaign will fail if it ties the movement to electoral strategies of political parties who've shown consistent hatred for struggling minorities. Instead we need to motivate people to protest again, under the clear demand of put the bill, pass the bill. We have 85% support among young people and 75% in the adult population. Perth just experienced the largest queer rights rally in the history of the city. Gosford City Council just passed a unanimous motion of support for same-sex marriage, Newcastle Council just passed a motion supporting marriage equality and are painting a rainbow pedestrian crossing in a busy city street.

We have the support—the momentum. But we need an upsurge in the movement to win against this backtracking. Ordinary people make change, not MPs of bankrupt political parties who waiver and obfuscate. We need to put our efforts into galvanizing them, not simply tweeting,

or changing a facebook status. We also need a united people's movement—AME and GetUp need to endorse, support and give a platform to and converse with grass roots organizations.

Warren Entsch has committed to putting another marriage bill with cross party support in the first week of Parliament in early August. Rallies are taking place all over the country in August, demanding the government passes the bill. We need these to be massive, diverse, and resolute. In Sydney we rally on Sunday August 9, at 1pm at Sydney Town Hall. Get involved in organising for it, bring your union, your friends, family.

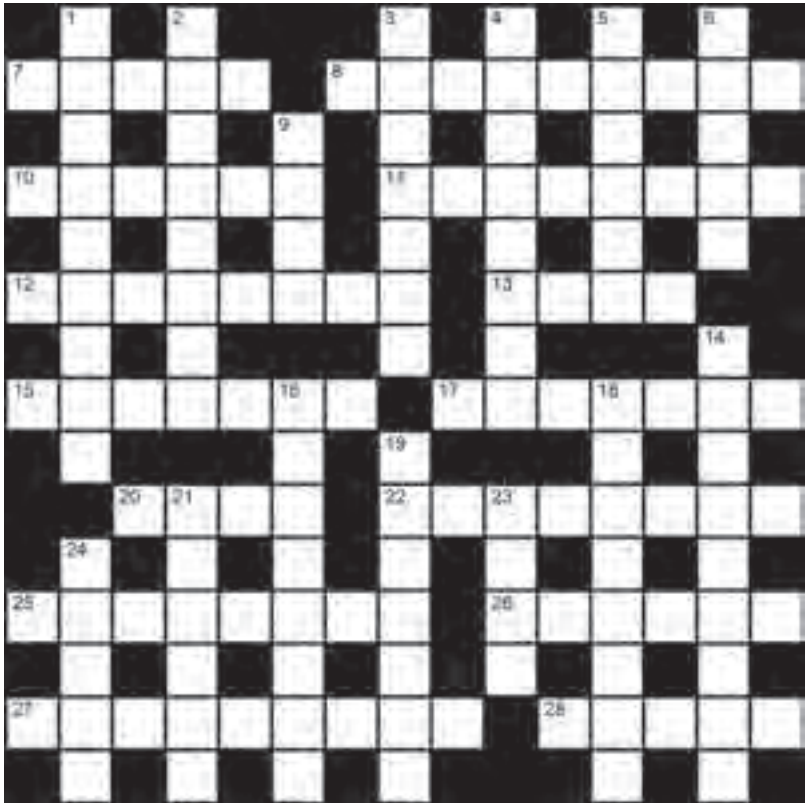
When we win marriage equality, we show people's power can win against insurmountable odds. This will be a blow against the agenda of the Abbott government—and their policies of demonizing Muslims, throwing Aboriginal people off their land, torturing refugees, attacking workers, unions and students.

Rachel Evans is the queer Sydney University Postgraduate Association office bearer for 2015-2016, long term marriage equality campaigner with Community Action Against Homophobia, the Socialist Alliance LGBTIQ+ national spokesperson, and can be contacted on 0403 517 266



Cryptic

Zplig



- Across**
7. Troubled old flame moved without a second lost (5)
8. Recovering drunk angering me on the inside (9)
10. Tex-Mex meat is essentially multifaceted warmer I've heard (6)
11. Buck made by Joyce given for a second chance (8)
12. Biker crashed outside - it's heard to be from a meddler giving unwanted advice (8)
13. IV is because of Uranium consumption (4)

15. Influential work, pre '81... (7)
17. ...is hard to get in person after the East took control of America (7)
20. Greek character uncovers bronze tablets (4)
22. Died around castle guard perhaps? (8)
25. Dining room spread starters presented failure following lost sprinkles (8)
26. Anaesthetic is heard, in litres, to be deadly (6)
27. Reed organ is musically pleasing without holes on centre chimney? (9)
28. Boredom results from 'genuine' dancing - abstracted namely? (5)

- Down**
1. Unit of quality, Pale gem, moved around 9? (9)
2. Bringing back 'I'm stuck' - exciting! (8)
3. Country men lost during nightfall (7)
4. Led a wild and top life - not quite full but more than spoonful worth (8)
5. Revolutionary Inuits remain unmoved (2,4)
6. Done in reverse with a second to start? You tell tales! (5)
9. Put vigour into when with UP's music (4)
14. Brown perhaps, i.e. vaguely murky? (3,6)
16. Extreme trains come from a new German country (8)
18. Gets nicer clothes and then behaves better? (8)
19. Proust's Lost Time starts in Tottenham maybe? (7)
21. Frenzy measure is providing pepsin, e.g. (6)
23. Small and elderly are convinced... (4)
24. ...to die for Ark company at sea? (5)

Target

Not Grouse: 18 Grouse: 30 Grouser: 40 Grousest: 53

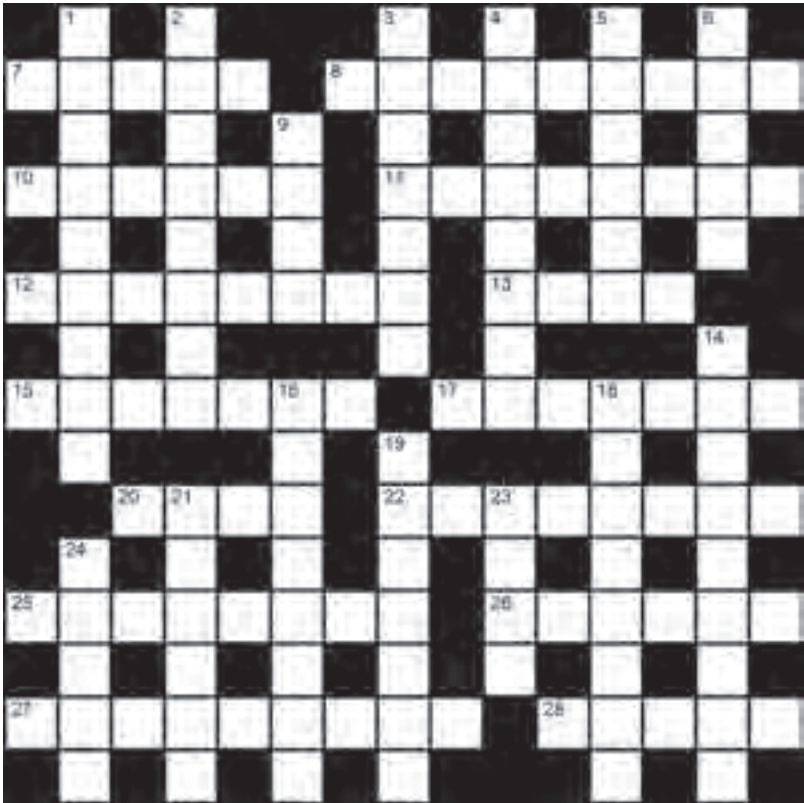
P R N
G E R
I V O

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Answers available online (really, we mean it)

Quick

Zplig

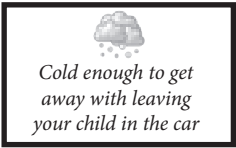


- Across**
7. Profit (5)
8. Ethical (often used to describe coffee) (4,5)
10. Fit for farming (6)
11. Hired killer (8)
12. Page marker (8)
13. One in charge (4)
15. Drink from a keg (7)
17. Fail to include (7)
20. Egg (4)
22. Broken off piece (8)
25. Strong coffee (8)
26. One under par (6)
27. Suspend from university, in England (9)
28. Heavy-duty curtain fabric (5)


- Down**
1. Into the water (9)
2. Malian city (8)
3. Sing-along done in bars (7)
4. Where reporters hang out during a sports match (5,3)
5. Extremely dangerous situation (6)
6. Fess up (5)
9. Greek letter (4)
14. A picture of a person constructed using witness descriptions (9)
16. Longing to go where you live (8)
18. Humorous and rhyming five-line poem (8)
19. Attempts (7)
21. Truth (6)
23. Paramedic (slang) (4)
24. Important topic (5)

Join the Crossword Society from 1-3 outside Hermann's Bar to solve the SMH and the Australian crosswords together (or just to berate Zplig).


	7	6			8	3	9	
		3	1	9	2	4		
2					3		5	
5					4		1	
	3	9				5	2	
	6		2					8
	1		4					6
		2	6	5	1	7		
	8	7	3			1	4	




We road-test the items on the secret McDonald's menu that won't kill you



The Ghost of Colonel Sanders has stern words for those who seek the KFC secret menu!



Red Rooster's Regular Menu Might as Well be a Secret Menu



Am I Obligated to Weigh in on Bishop Here? I Mean, I Will, if I Have to—Wait, We're Calling it "Choppergate" Now? For Fuck's Sake. Then we must.

Editorial

I am the slave to a suffix.

As soon as a jumpstart intern with too little time and imagination jumps on the political bandwagon and calls something a fucking "gate" scandal, I have to come running, like a bloodhound addicted to drivel and shit, because it's what you morons apparently demand.

At this point in the editorial, I'll recount the facts that you'll ignore in favour of an impression that you've already had consolidated in your mind for some time. Parliamentarian spends thousands and thousands of the taxpayers' moneys to do something that anyone with half a wit could do for a dime.

Of course they walk all over you. You have never displayed anything close to the Herculean power that the universe has imbued in you. Like a mouse, you live in a nook and beg for the owners not to stomp on you of a night because you have twelve kids and a mortgage. You also beg for your choppergate stories, like demented mouths that feed on tepid takes and shit images with shit captions.

I am so very, deeply ashamed of how much coverage this debacle receives within all newspapers, not least... indeed, perhaps especially... my own.

That such coverage will inevitably prove impotent is sadder still. Demand more, you spineless cowards.

Amanda Huntingslow,
Executive Editor

FRIEND'S FUNERAL APARENTLY NOT A FUN, COLOURFUL CELEBRATION OF LIFE

House of the Rising Sun Begins to Play



Arrangements made to commemorate the passing of Andrew Cordela were interrupted this morning by the arrival of a guest wearing a colourful shorts and shirt combination, sources have reported.

"I'm pretty sure he asked for that 'celebration of life stuff'," said Clifford Hastings, who had known Cordela for six months at the time of his fatal skiing accident.

"Nah, it's definitely one of those colour things," Hastings was overheard saying as he stepped out of the car upon arrival at Beechton Graveyard and Crematorium, populated entirely by friends and family of the deceased in conventional funeral black, despite Hastings adamantly reiterating that Cordela was the sort of "fun guy who would totally do this sort of thing".

Cordela's family suggested that the swiftness of their brother, son and friend's passing had precluded him from making the ceremony the "sweet sendoff" that Hastings maintains he would've wanted.

"A lot of people here don't know Andy like I do. He woulda thought this was a cracker," Hastings said to Cordela's grandmother.

Sources report she tried to smile.

Cordela's actual best friend made three tasteful jokes in a eulogy attendees have described as "moving", while Hastings loudly borrowed a jacket to cover his Hawaiian shirt.

"Haha, classic," Hastings muttered at press time.

Holidayer Still at Kuta Beach Even Though Airports Have Reopened

Sand between my toes, vomis in my hair

Local sources are reporting that Australian holidayer Dirk Kensington is still at Kuta beach for some reason, even though airports have reopened and the ash that previously prohibited flying has subsided.

Despite *The Garter's* assurances that it was definitely 100% safe to get on a plane and leave Kuta, Kensington was unperturbed.

"Nah mate, I'm down for another week of sweet Bali goodness."

The reaction has puzzled volcanologists internationally. A paper co-authored by ten experts in the field has authoritatively declared the airspace no longer hazardous.

"I don't understand," says Professor Amelia Shelton from the Global Geology Conference. "It's unequivocal. Anyone can leave. Whenever. You just have to get a plane. I will help him?"

Professor Shelton says that, given its recent activity, Mount Raung was unlikely to threaten flights in the short-term future.

"Kuta is disgusting."

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Modern Day Robin Hood Pisses Skidmarks off Pub Toilet
page 4

Street Harasser Legitimately Unsure of Length of Woman's Legs
page 16

We Speak to a Helicopter Joke Expert
page 22

Local Hero
Defeats Local
Lich King

Still invites undead to barbies

Mudgee locksmith Trent Riggins has been described as a local hero this week, when he stopped on his way back from a job and saved the town from the thrall of a twisted local necromancer.

Locals were alarmed by the twisted shrieks of the living and dead emanating from a property just north of Mudgee, but Mr Riggins was first on the scene to see if he could help out.

“Yeah, it just looked like a bad situation, so I reckoned, ‘Might as well see if I can lend a hand,’” the local chosen one said.

Neighbours contacted the police, but before they could attend the property, Mr Riggins made his way into the quarter-acre death maze, and was confronted by a terrifying parallel hell-township. He then battled the local wizard-king, confounding his dark plan and saving Shirley from the pie shop into the bargain.

Mr Riggins is modest about his achievement. “Everyone around here looks out for each other, plenty of people would have done it. [I was] just lucky to be in the right place at the right time, and to be destined to wield [the local magical scythe] Windcarver.”

He’s looking forward to getting back to work, and playing inside-centre for the Mudgee Wombats on Saturday.

Cool Dad Just
Emotionally
Stunted
Regular Dad

You can pick what we watch tonight, mate

Students of Mrs. Appleby’s fifth period English class were shocked to learn Monday that Harold Dobkin, 44, father of Michael, 16, was not the life of the party who understood what it meant to be young, but simply an emotionally retrograde version of their own parents who remains incapable of engaging with his children on any level but their own.

“I remember when I first went over for dinner in Year 8 and Michael’s dad offered me a VB with our pizza, it was the best,”said classmate Julian who had long since wished Dobkin could have replaced his own father, a stern man of 55 who insisted his son do his own laundry and continue with a part time job. “Michael’s dad just gives him money whenever he wants, and didn’t even get mad when he came home drunk that time.”

At time of publication, Michael was seen asking his father for advice about whether or not he should dob in older kids who were stealing lunches at school.

Sources close to the situation say the older Dobkin told him “snitches get stitches” and “how about you get your old man a drink?”

Red M&M at the
Center of Sydney
Drug Bust

SUGAR HIGHS ARE FICTION

A shocked and weeping Yellow M&M has fronted a press conference this morning to answer questions on behalf of his friend, The Red M&M, who was discovered at the top of an inner-city meth network.

Once the apple of the nation’s eye, Red M&M was seen being hustled into the back of a corrections vehicle on Monday morning, to face district court later this month.

“I just can’t get the numbers to add up any more,” said a remorseful Red M&M, citing waning royalties, increasing rent and gambling debt as pressures which made large-scale production of illicit substances an attractive alternative.

“I don’t expect your sympathy. I know I’ve done the wrong thing. But this is the price of fame in a society that only wants to suck the coating off you and spit you under the lounge.”

“I’m going away for a long time. Aren’t I?” A pleading The Red M&M asked The Yellow M&M.

The Red M&M was implicated by documents obtained in a raid of a property owned by The Green M&M’s conducted in July.

The Green M&M was found in a drug-induced state of unconscious at the residence and has been charged with accessory offences.



Bold New Production of
Lady Windermere’s Fan
Shifts Action to Late 1890s

This is the norm now. Love it.

While many think of Oscar Wilde’s classic society comedy *Lady Windermere’s Fan* as being wedded (pun not intended) to the social structures and mores of its 1892 setting, one local theatre group and its iconoclastic director are turning that on its head, by setting it in the late 1890s.

Dwight Hedley of Cremorne has spent years doing the classics with the Mosman Repertory Theatre, but he says he’s moved beyond strict recreations of the original setting.

“Issues of love, betrayal, and idiosyncratic lace accessories are truly timeless, and we’ve decided to show that by bringing it a bit more

up to date.” Costume and design supervisor Reneé Hedley says it required a rethink of the whole aesthetic.

“We didn’t want to trot out the same bustles and frock coats you’d expect in any old production of [*Lady Windermere’s*] *Fan*. It has to really look fresh and modern, and true to the era.”

Budget pressures closer to the show’s opening mean the society was forced to reuse a number of outfits from last summer’s production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, set in 1895.

Queer Activist Caught On Sordid
Heterosexual Marriage Bender

Cummy public toilets are no more

Prominent queer activist, Carl Templeton, has been asked to explain himself after being caught out in the middle of a late-night heterosexual marriage binge.

Templeton, who has had a hand in more than seven rallies for same sex marriage equality, queer youth homelessness, and the recognition of gender neutrality, was found to have sworn to love and to cherish, for better or worse, til death did he part, at least one woman in a modest service in a small Edgecliff chapel, raided at midnight on Saturday.

Witnesses claim that Templeton appeared to be in an altered state, with a neighbour reporting “He was slowly walking down the aisle, looking longing into her eyes, saying shit like ‘it’s the ability to commit

monogamously that distinguishes us from the rest of the animal kingdom, the pursuit is central to the soul.”

The Internet was quick to jump on the scandal, with many claiming they could “tell” that Templeton was the sort to swear and swear solely to commit to a sacrosanct union under the eyes of the state and God, but only under cover of darkness.

“It’s cowardice and hypocrisy,” one commentator declared.

The chapel is a hotspot for private, lifelong commitments being made between husband and wife, with as many as ten such services being performed on any given weekend.



Surprise, Surprise: Another Greens Rep Who Isn't Even Solar- Powered
The Only True Wisdom
With Dylan Stubbs

They've done it again. While my dear readers transfix themselves upon Bronwyn Bishop's helicopter powered antics, the Australian Greens have preselected yet another left-of-centre socialist... and she isn't even solar powered.

I mean, honestly. This time last year, the Queensland Nationals elected a coal powered thresher to the backbench; while the Liberals have thrice held the seat of Staines represented by the abstract personification of a flat tax rate. And yet here we are: 2015, and not a single elected parliamentarian from their side runs on the beneficent rays of the sun. The Greens—for all their talk of photosynthesis—are positively Vitamin D deficient.

Is it really so hard? Is it so difficult to find an automaton interested in defending the

environment who also happens to run on solar panels? Is this party so devoid of imagination that they can't even develop the microcircuitry required to repurpose the ultraviolet radiation from our universe's centre for the sake of maintaining the welfare state? If I was Richard di Natale—and apparent doctor, I scoff—I would be spending a little less time trashing the former speaker of the house and a little more time with the soldering iron developing a super parliamentarian capable of putting my party's money where its mouth is. A mouth that would be wholly cosmetic, if only they could forgo their need for material sustenance and run on sunlight.

It's a dark day for the Australian Greens. And it doesn't even matter because they can't photosynthesise.



Bronwyn Bishop: The (Wo) Man of La Manchelicopta!
The Other Root Vegetables
With Andy Slacks

Someone turn down the speakers! Guess who's getting the chop(pers?). That's right, Bronnie "I Fly in a Helicopter Regularly at the Taxpayer's Expense" Bishop has gotten the sack! (or should I say, the helicopters!).

It got me thinking. How else might Bronwyn Bishop get around? Then it hit me: the most EXPENSIVE way! Imagine if Bronwyn Bishop decided to pop down to her friend's house on the Central Coast via Hovercraft?! They'd call her Bronwyn Hovercraft! Or maybe she would prefer to get to the shops in a gilded carriage drawn by forty white horses? We could call her old Horsey Carty Bronwyn Horseshop! Perhaps HER MAJESTY would find a rocket propelled by DIAMONDS more sympathetic to her needs? Probably,

If I knew how to use photoshop I would put her face on Cruella D'Ville's body with a lot of helicopters in the background and call the film (it's a fake poster) 101

TAXPAYER FUNDED VACations!

But then, that might be a slight against Cruella D'Ville! [Check with legal to see if this is defo. I think we can get away with it because she's fictional?]

Everybody knows that the richest fictional characters are Scrooge McDuck, Smaug and Elon Musk, but if we aren't careful, we might find that—off the taxpayer's back (and it'd have to be a real high back if you want to launch a bloody helicopter off it!)—the tremendous spectacle of Bronny's free rides canonises her in the Bible of bloody richos!

Tune in next week for more or less the same piece if we're still talking about it.

Andy Slacks tweets from @andy_slacks, opinions are his own (but, let's face it, you probably agree with him!)



Where Are All the Plus-Sized Giraffes?
Guest column from a Giraffe

I don't think I watch too much television.

But then again, maybe I do? It's not that I'm worried about the quality, necessarily, not of the writing at least, but it's hard to to feel an enormous lump in my enormous throat as I am, time and time again, presented with increasingly unrealistic standards of beauty for giraffes.

I don't have an exceptional body.

My neck is pretty long, but not slender uniformly. I have long eyelashes, but there are certainly longer out there. I have exactly as many spots as my mother did, god rest her soul. My legs aren't quite how I like them, but that's normal. It's really normal. Maybe that's enough to make me exceptional.

But we are creating a gulf, and it's not one that we are going to be able to fill with a resourceful stretching of necks. If we keep on telling our stupidly clumsy giraffe-children that what is on the screen is what they should aspire to, we are going to create a generation that hates itself.

You can't tell me those slender young things ambling about the replica savannah represent the giraffes with knock-knees and heavy paunches. Try to look me in the eye and tell me that Sugarloaf returning

to her original size a month after giving birth to beautiful twins Ivy and Bamboo is accurate to the experience of all those other giraffes

For every carrot Peppermill lackadaisically swallows, he spends countless unseen hours on enormous treadmills, or in enormous saunas. When will Taronga Zoo have the sense to re-introduce Old Polkadot, in all his paunchiness?

Worse than that, I worry that we might be robbing ourselves of an entire generation of giraffe astronauts, or giraffe novelists, or giraffe engineers. The emphasis that we place on shape and size and length, and purpleness of tongue is dangerous, if only because we are selling our entire species short (not that there's anything wrong with being short).

Sometimes, I wake up in the morning and look at myself in the reflection of still pools on the savannah and think, "is this okay?", but I shake myself out of it.

But I didn't go through nine terrible hours of giraffe labour to give birth to a daughter who will have to worry the same thing.

I see how she looks at still pools on the savannah, and it breaks my heart.

Jones & Fear
Compensation Lawyers

Combining over thirty years of legal experience, and four eons in the pit of unspeakable horror, Jones & Fear Compensation Lawyers have what it takes for both successful litigation and 4th dimensional dread the likes of which your feeble 3rd dimensional brain cannot stand.



STUDENT PROTEST

DEFEND YOUR DEGREES!

NO TO COURSE CUTS, JOB CUTS AND DEREGULATION

1PM WEDNESDAY 19 AUGUST
LAW LAWNS, EASTERN AVENUE, SYDNEY UNI

CONTACT NSW EDUCATION OFFICER RIDAH HASSAN ON 0402 667 707 OR NSW PRESIDENT CHLOE SMITH ON 0417 876 134

