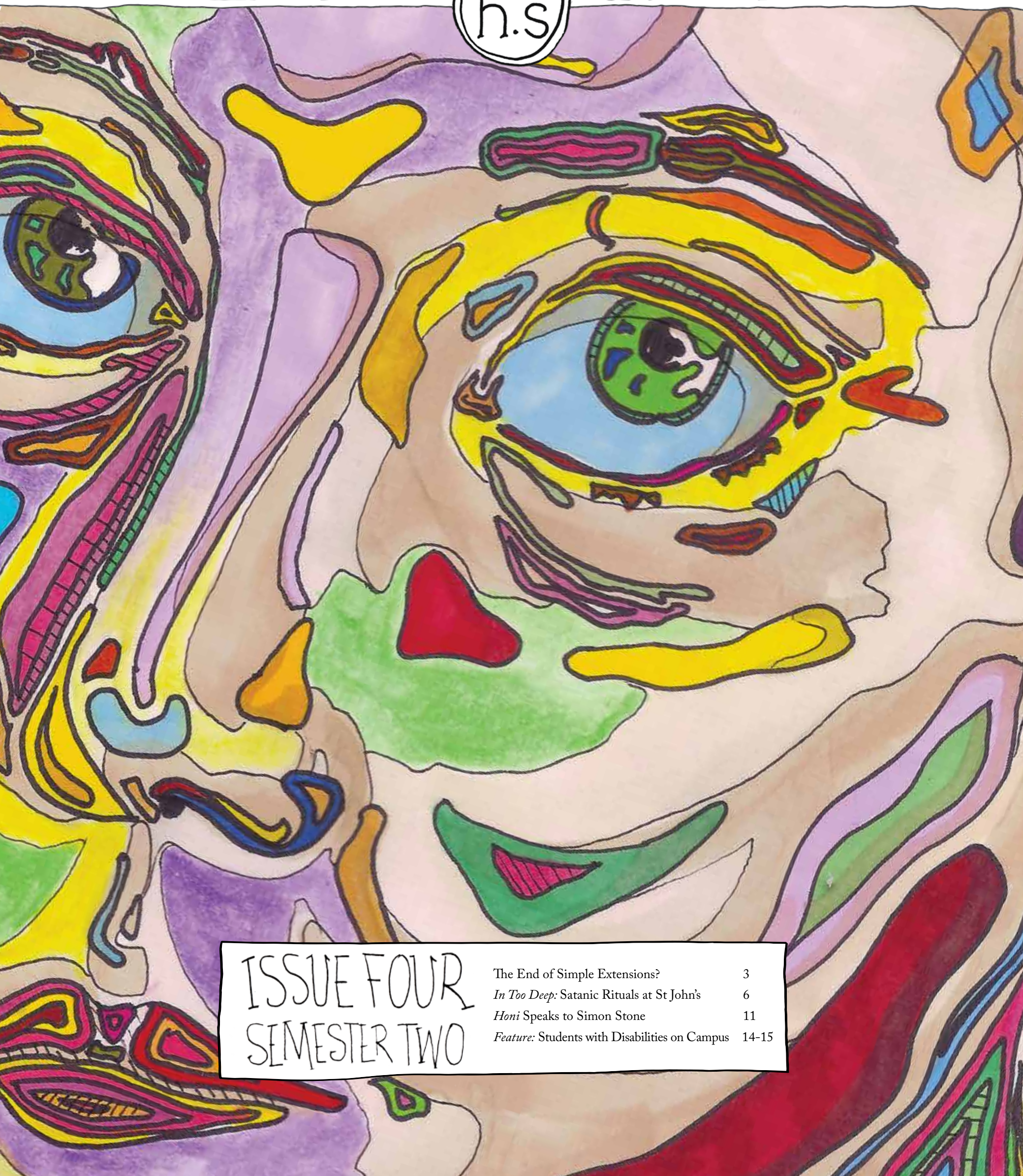
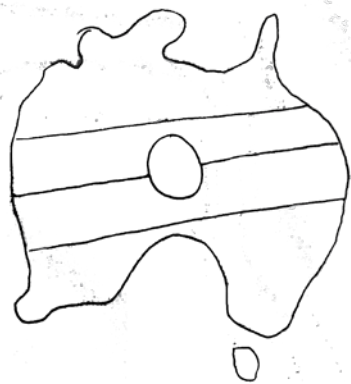


HONI SOIT



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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.

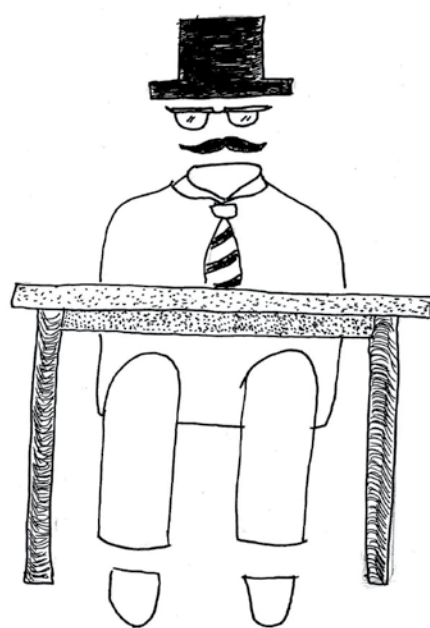
We acknowledge both our privilege and our obligation to redress the situation as best we can: to remember the mistakes of the past, act on the problems of today, and build a future for everyone who calls this place home, striving always for practical and meaningful reconciliation.



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6: Flotsam <i>Lamisse Hamouda, Courtney Thompson and Victoria Zerbst</i> discuss Radical Sex and Consent Week.	12-13: Culture <i>Ian Ferrington and Samantha Jonscher</i> on the Architecture Revue. <i>Emma Balfour and Julia Clark</i> on the Arts Revue.
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THE GHOSTWRITER



Art by Stephanie Barabona

Am I being too obvious?

Editorial

If I could put down in a few words what every single year of university so far has taught me, it's that everything changes. This isn't a particularly original or novel thought, but it's always there. It's in the friends we had in first year, the internship we slaved away at last semester, the loves we have lost.

It's a telling trend that many university students are terrified of the future—it's why so many of us stay around for so long. There's a sense of comfort in \$3.50 beers from Hermann's and house parties in Newtown. But that one fear that permeates the masses, emerging in questions about whether your Arts degree will help you in 5 years, bonds students together.

This glue, however, is toxic. As Marina Keegan said in her essay, 'The Opposite of Loneliness', we're so young and we have so much time.

"There's this sentiment I sometimes sense," she writes, "creeping in our collective conscious as we lay alone after a party, or pack up our books when we give in and go out—that it is somehow too late."

When we all walked down Eastern Avenue for the first time, we all savoured

the possibility and uncertainty of the future. It was exciting—something to get out of bed for. Now, with the daunting task to make decisions and forge our path to the future, we crumble.

And we shouldn't.

Though change will one day mean leaving the secure safety net of campus, it's important to remember what it gave you. That great society pub-crawl down King Street, the sell-out show you put on at the Seymour Centre, the early morning kebab outside the Marly.

Our university will change too. Simple Extensions might be on the way out, and longer degrees might be in. And *Honi* will continue to change with new editorial teams taking on the reins as the years progress.

But there's solace in the fact that an institution, like *Honi*, remains and grows. We have so much time. And the prospect of a future, no matter what it is, should remind us that change brought us all together in the first place.

So as we struggle through our readings, and the pressure becomes too much, remember that though change is inevitable, the best is yet to come.

Sophie Gallagher

Credits

Editor-in-Chief: Sophie Gallagher
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Contributors: Emma Balfour, Luke Caroll, Julia Clark, Ian Ferrington, Rachel Fong, Imogen Grant, Lamisse Hamouda, Tim Jackson, Lamya Rahman, Courtney Thompson, Alexandros Tsathas, Zita Walker, Victoria Zerbst.

Artists/Illustrators: Bryant Apalonio, Stephanie Barahona, April Kang, Sam McEwen, Richard Tong, Zita Walker.

Cover art: Johanna Roberts **Puzzles:** Zplig **Proofreader:** Lachlan Deacon



Thoughts, Feelings and Notices

Saving Face

Dear *Honi*,

Your article 'Saving Face', published online Aug 6, claims that I am not concerned about the welfare of students who experience sexual harassment or assault.

Such a claim is not only deeply disappointing and offensive, but also simply wrong.

I have expressed my concern privately and publicly about the wellbeing of any student who has such an experience and I agree with the authors that any incident should be taken very seriously by the University.

I wish to reassure all students that all Senate Fellows are concerned to ensure that our campus is a safe and secure environment. The University's objective in working with student groups is to provide an immediate and caring response to the victims of any sexual harassment or assault, to protect their identity and to robustly pursue the perpetrators.

Sincerely,

Belinda Hutchinson
Chancellor
The University of Sydney

SUSS

Editors,

I wanted to praise your, and especially Alexi Polden's, efforts in reporting on issues surrounding SUSF and SSAF.

It is critical that these matters receive more attention given the important role SUSF plays in maintaining recreational facilities and organizing physical activity, not only for the University but also for the wider local community.

I would encourage you to continue your reporting on the matter. It is inexcusable for an organisation to be so opaque in its reporting of finances when it receives a substantial amount of its funding from compulsory student fees.

Your most recent article, 'SUSF President pays pittance for house on campus' (Aug 2015) was a great example of the type of investigative journalism that needs to be continued.

It is also a great example of the type of culture that pervades SUSF. An insular organisation where nepotism is rife and

mates are "taken care of".

Quite simply, SUSF needs to be held to account in regards to its use of student-derived fees.

Best Regards,
Blake Cross, CEO
BC Global Enterprises

Student VIP, Lode of Crap

Hi there I couldn't help but notice this article

I was constantly bombarded / annoyed by these guys until I called scamwatch. I also noticed how they constantly changed identities, be it study network, careers australia, it was all very dodgy!

The last time I heard from them was when I told them: "I'm calling the police"

Regards,
Chau Goh

HUH?

Dear *Honi*,

Or, rather, dear Rachel Evans and her ilk. We on the Right entirely understand that you believe same-sex marriage is tantamount to aboriginal voting rights in Australia and the overturn of anti-miscegenation laws in the U.S. We just don't agree. We don't think an institution that has, since its inception some three thousand years ago, been geared toward reproduction can be called anti-homosexual. We tend to think it's just non-homosexual—rather in the way pro-choice legislation isn't anti-male because men can't have abortions, or in the way child labor laws aren't anti-adult because some people are grown-ups.

I know you think that's the worst thing anyone's ever said, and maybe you're right. But please give us just a little bit of credit

for at least not meaning to be homophobic. People who opposed aboriginal voting rights agreed with those who supported it on the definition of voting; the racist lot just didn't want them to have any power or influence in society.

That's not what the traditional marriage camp thinks of gay marriage. The huge majority of us are keen to see same-sex couples enjoy meaningful, loving relationships without fear of reprisal. We just don't see how a union of two men or two women can logically join in a reproductive union when... well, biology.

Go ahead, poke holes in that argument. Talk about adoption. Talk about gay couples who have children from previous (heterosexual) relationships. Talk about artificial insemination. But please do talk to us. Convince us. You can do it—we believe in you!

Look, you've probably won this one. As participants in a democratic society, you have every right to urge your elected officials to support legislation that almost 3/4ths of Australians are now in favor of. In good time, they will.

But please be gracious in your victory. Minimize bad feelings—at least for the good of the country, which still has to carry on with business as usual after the decision is handed down. There's wisdom in Chief Justice Roberts's warning to American SSM activists, who "have lost, and lost forever... the opportunity to win the true acceptance that comes from persuading their fellow citizens of the justice of their cause. And they lose this just when the winds of change were freshening at their backs." Your triumph, unlike your American counterparts', will be democratic. You have a sterling opportunity to set a good example to future generations who are forced, as we are, to navigate such divisive social political disputes. Seize it.

Michael W. Davis
Arts III

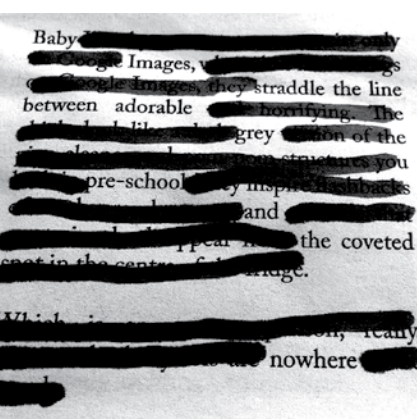
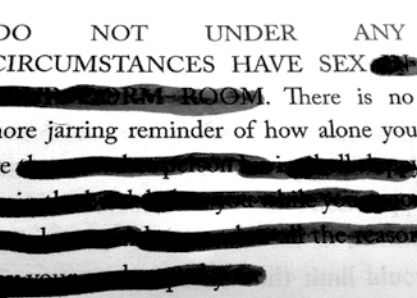
Oops
Corrections from last issue

Jesse Seton was misidentified as a member of Unity (Gronkwatch).

Black Out Poetry

Black out poetry is made by selectively erasing words in articles to make new articles. Here are two of last week's *Honi* articles re-imagined by Adam Chalmers.

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:
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Clash of the Intellectual Titans: Singer vs Fisher

Imogen Grant relays the key moments from last week's Euthanasia Debate, held among 2000 people at Sydney's Town Hall.

Euthanasia in Australia remains an unresolved moral conundrum, which the public, especially the legislators, are yet to make up their minds on. On August 13, the University of Sydney Catholic Society held what will probably be their magnum opus—a debate between the renowned utilitarian philosopher Professor Peter Singer, and the current Archbishop of Sydney, Anthony Fisher.

educated and autonomous choice of a terminally ill patient.

Conversely, Archbishop Fisher predictably argued that voluntary euthanasia “creates two classes of people: those whose lives we value and those whose lives we don’t.” He said that comforting the terminally ill requires more from us and, therefore, places a higher value on human life.

Clearly a believer in the certainty of death and taxes, Fisher warned about the “bracket creep” of euthanasia. This slippery slope argument suggests that it might only be terminally ill patients now, but next it will be any “love-struck teenager”.

Singer strongly rejected this claim. In the Netherlands, the 5,000 incidents of voluntary euthanasia in a year only account for 3% of total deaths. Moreover, the

patients were disproportionately white, under the age of 65, and with above average levels of education. Therefore, discounting Fisher’s view that it is the vulnerable and elderly most at risk.

Moreover, physicians frequently euthanise patients. Legalising voluntary euthanasia would allow for its regulation and provide safeguards to prevent its abuse.

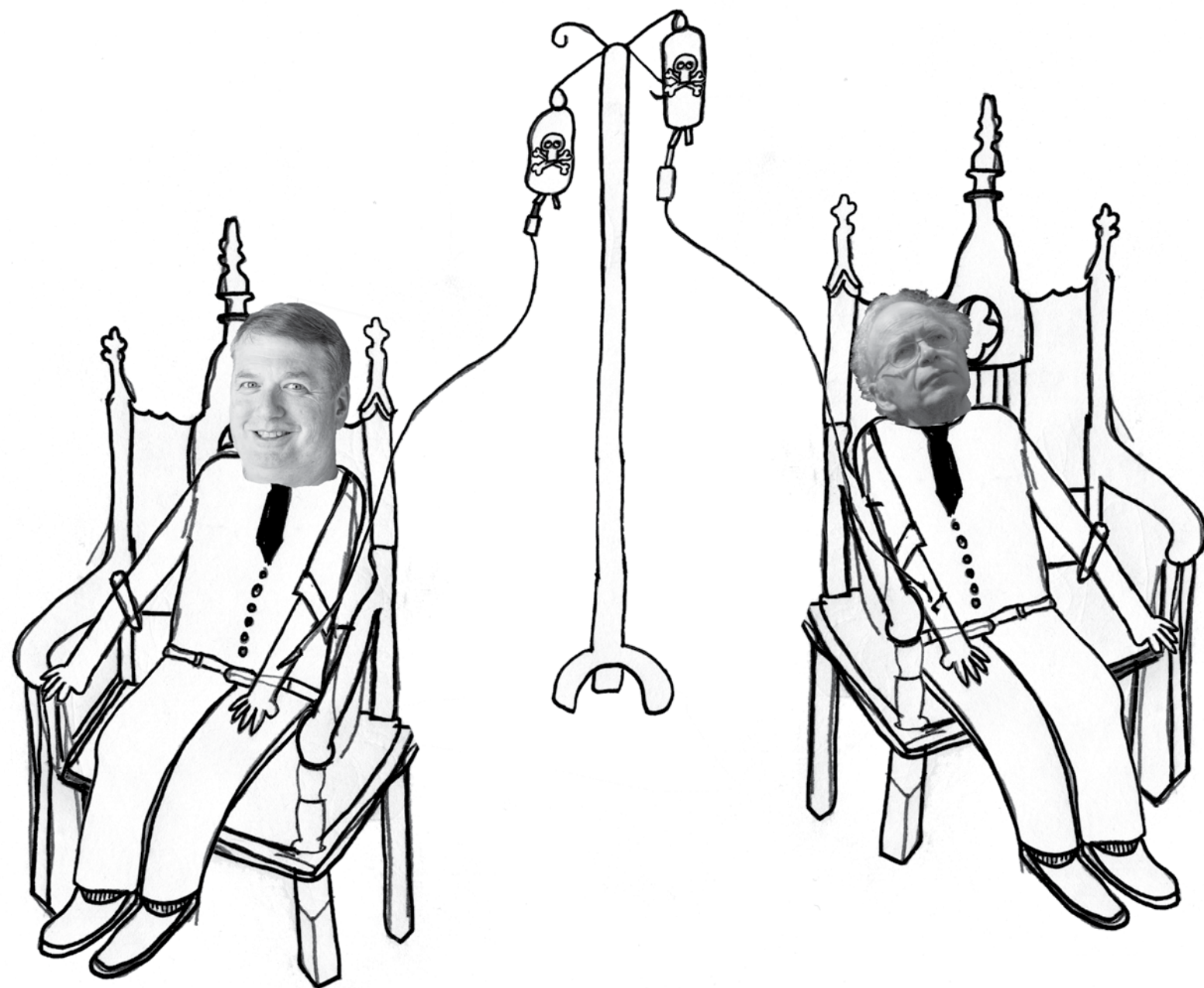
The questions from the audience reflected the strong Catholic presence at the debate. Nearly all of the questions were antagonistic towards Singer. One questioner, who obviously hadn’t read his work, even asked, “who are you to decide when some lives are worth more than others?” Did she really think that Singer was an atheist boogiemanager out to kill all terminally ill patients?

Singer became increasingly irritated and

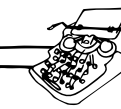
repeatedly requested that questions be kept within the parameter of the debate—voluntary euthanasia—which automatically excludes those, such as children, who are unable to consent.

Fundamentally, it appeared that the two speakers were engaging in separate debates. Singer spoke exclusively about voluntary euthanasia, whereas Fisher directed the debate towards a broader discussion concerning the intrinsic value of human life.

With little overlap in the speakers’ arguments, there was no clear winner. With nothing resolved, the debate ended with a chance for audience members to have a book signed by their chosen hero and inflict them to an awkward selfie.



One-step guide to improving the debate: euthanise the participants.



Proposal to Remove Simple Extensions

Sophie Gallagher reports on potential changes to academic policy.

A proposal to remove simple extensions is this week being brought before Academic Board, following recent recommendations by the Student Administrative Review.

The report was conducted under the authority of the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Registrar), Professor Tyrone Carlin, and makes a number of amendments to the Coursework Policy and associate procedures. Among the changes advocated is the removal of the simple extensions clause entirely, with nothing to replace it.

The proposal was intended to investigate centralising the application procedure for special consideration, as many faculties have varied processes. The faculty of Arts and Social Sciences is currently the only faculty that allows informal simple extensions—the new policy is the University’s attempt to unify all students under the same formal arrangement.

Further, as noted in a report into academic misconduct released this week by Sydney University’s Academic Misconduct and Plagiarism taskforce, many students have been caught submitting fraudulent doctor’s

Many students have been caught submitting fraudulent doctor’s certificates to receive Special Consideration. That revelation has sparked a crackdown by the University, which may be linked to the removal of the Simple Extensions clause.

certificates to receive special consideration. That revelation has sparked a crackdown by the University, which may be linked to the removal of the simple extensions clause.

If approved, the policy amendment will see students having to submit a formal request for special consideration no later than three working days after the assessment

was due—previously students had up to five days. For illness or injury, if a doctor’s certificate isn’t available, students will have to submit a statutory declaration setting out the degree of impact of the

illness or misadventure. The process, which was formerly faculty based, will now be administered by University staff and the heads of study programs.

Though SRC President Kyol Blakeney, who has intimately worked with the Academic Board, thinks the centralisation of application procedures will be good for

students, he strongly disapproves of the removal of the simple extensions altogether.

“I believe simple extensions are an integral and simple part of special consideration which allows students to have less bureaucracy between them and their academic staff. It also means that if an issue were to arise with a student where the process of applying for special consideration is too difficult at the time, a quick agreement between the student and an academic staff member would be substantial enough,” he says.

Blakeney has already challenged the proposal in the Academic Standards and Policy Committee, and will have another opportunity to do so at Academic Board on Wednesday 19th August.

The Deputy Vice-Chancellor declined to comment until the policy has been further discussed at the Academic Board.

Brewing the Breakfast of Champions

Luke Carroll and Patrick Morrow draw booze from a stone.

In a kind of scandal only afforded stories that centre around vilified populations and national icons, there has been a lot of talk in the Australian media lately about brewing booze with Vegemite. It’s not for the first time, either; iterations of the story have been cropping up for years. The point of this piece isn’t to contextualise or justify a senator’s exaggerated comments, nor the questionable political ends to which they might be put.

Only... it doesn’t seem like anybody has ever actually tried it.

In response to the latest hysteria, Gizmodo cites Sydney-based radio producer, and science writer Signe Cane, who describes the story as “completely bunk”, while the ABC spoke with Dr Claudia Vickers who said using the yeast in Vegemite to brew liquor was “highly, highly implausible”. That phrase was picked up and reported again by Pedestrian.tv and The New Daily.

Perhaps due to the scarcity and prohibitive cost of Vegemite, the discussion has plenty of speculation, but lacks any actual evidence.

If you ask the Internet, you’re directed to a few beer forums swapping secrets about a disgusting type of home brew and, somehow more troublingly, to blog posts and news articles by science journalists claiming it isn’t possible.

This is not a difficult question to answer, *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*—baker’s yeast—is a model organism used in laboratories around the world, even mine—and we mostly work with mouse and human cells. Crossing about the distance of the average Australian kitchen, I picked up three basic ingredients to put the question to bed: dextrose, a fancy, pure sugar, that provides carbs for metabolism; peptone, the building blocks of proteins, to speed things up; and yeast extract, a mixture of amino acids, peptides, water soluble vitamins and

carbohydrates—as a support and point of comparison.

I brought the Vegemite from home.

Funnily enough, yeast grow best in a bath of their dead brethren, but there is a huge difference between lab-grade yeast extract and the tasty, tasty substance found in Vegemite. I’m sure lab-grade materials aren’t necessary, and I would be overjoyed if someone repeated this experiment with their kitchen grade equivalents.

The methodology is here in full, but the findings are pretty clear. After twelve hours at about the temperature of a kitchen in summer, a living, white film at the bottom of a bottle full of spread, sugar, and accelerant suggests that the yeast lives—and could feasibly brew.

Of course, this is cursory to the most glaring result of the experiment: a lack of

imagination. People with qualifications made sweet hypotheses, which were incubated by the media, and nobody bothered to actually open a cupboard.

If you don’t believe me, try it for yourself. And if your results are different, we can celebrate with a drink that isn’t brewed with Vegemite.





Bombarded

Adam Chalmers just wants a break.

They're in Manning where I talk to friends. They're in Wentworth where I lunch over readings. They're strategically placed at the end of corridors, where I have nowhere else to look. They're everywhere, they never turn off, and their numbers are only growing.

They are electronic billboards, and they're trying to sell me McDonald's.

Advertising usually subsidises a free or low-cost service. Commercial radio and free-to-air TV only exist because of advertising. Without ads, we wouldn't have free access to Facebook, YouTube or even *Honi Soit*. Advertising money lowers the cost of trains and buses. I'm happy to stare at a couple of ads in exchange for cheap access to goods and services.

The attention-grabbing billboards throughout campus disgust me. They're not subsidising an expensive service—Manning House and the Wentworth Building ran just fine before these

eyesores were introduced. Five or six electronic billboards are not keeping the USU afloat. They're not subsidising a valuable service, they're just an easy way to make some extra cash.

Usually, I'm fine with advertising. If the USU makes extra money, it trickles down towards my clubs and societies, my O-Week parties, my Humans vs. Zombies games at the Verge Festival. But these billboards aren't just passive money-makers. They're actively extracting and monetising my concentration.

Thomas Wells recently wrote that "advertising imposes costs on individuals without permission or compensation—it extracts our precious attention." I believe him. Electronic ads distract me from reality. I try to maintain eye contact with a friend over lunch, but my eyes keep wandering over to the billboard behind him. I try to concentrate on my readings, but I can see the six-foot Big Mac glowing and pulsating in the corner of my eye. Human eyes naturally react

to movement and intense light. Sure, my rational mind knows the light in the corner is just selling McDonald's. But evolution has trained our eyes to assess any bright colours moving in our peripherals. We can't help but look. Whenever the electronic billboard refreshes, part of your brain notices and pays it attention—attention you now can't direct towards your friends, book or meal.

I wouldn't even mind if the advertisements were relevant to students. In 2011, Brigid Dixon was elected to USU Board, and one of her policies was the introduction of electronic billboards to advertise USU events and other helpful information for students. I wonder if she'd be disappointed to see what these billboards advertise today—mostly fast food and car insurance. The same crap I see every day on YouTube or in newspapers. But YouTube and newspapers are valuable services subsidised by advertising. Manning House is already kept in business by gigs,

bars and cafes. There is no need for these liquid crystal monstrosities.

Every physical and digital space is slowly being plastered by ads. Electronic billboards are the worst of all ads, because they cannot be effectively ignored. Sitting down in Wentworth does not mean I consent to have my attention monetised. I'm not encouraging anyone to smash these billboards. But if you do, I'll applaud.



Art by Stephanie Barahona

Is Make-up Deceptive to Men?

Lamya Rahman is sick and tired of make-up expectations.

It's a familiar, yet disturbing, article. An unnamed man divorces, sues, or even in some cases, attacks his female partner after he sees her without make-up. Although these stories always tend to have questionable credibility—even coincidentally occurring in a non-Western or non-English speaking country, where finding the original source is difficult—they're nonetheless widely shared across social media. There are many reasons for why this is so, but the most prominent is that it provides support for an age-old myth that make-up is an unfair deception to men.

The truth is that make-up, whether in small or large doses, natural or unnatural, hidden or obvious, is not at all a tool wielded by women to unfairly deceive men. Comments that suggest otherwise tend to work under an assumption that woman wear make-up specifically to impress men, whereas for most women, the wearing of make-up is more about owning their own femininity and personal enjoyment.

But wait—what about the popular counter argument that if men wore make-up, then women would call it equally deceptive? This ignores an entire

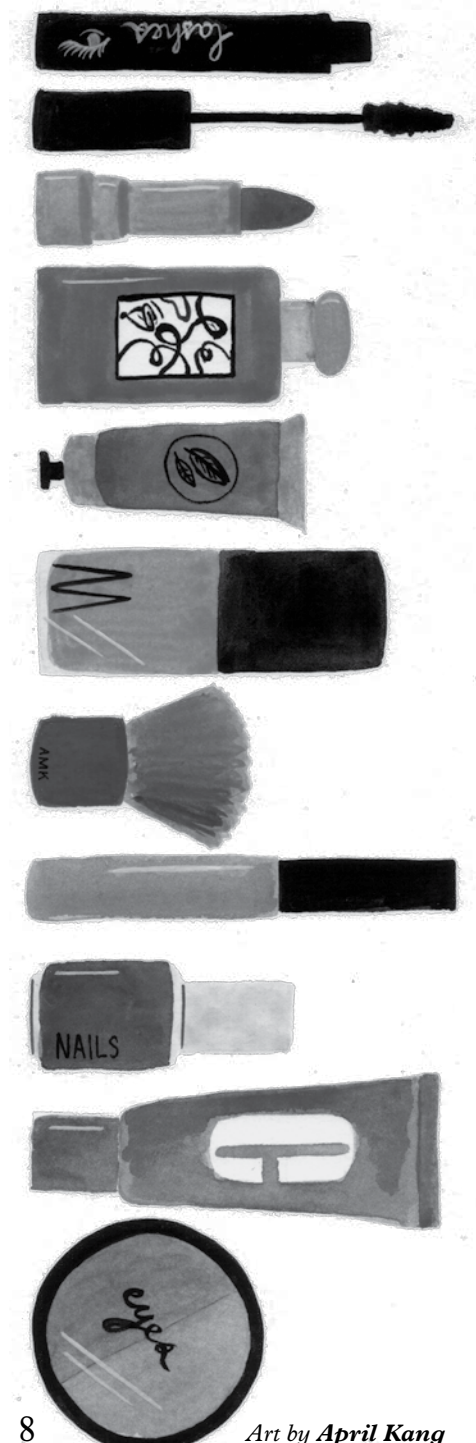
context of imbalanced power relations from which the idea that make-up is deceptive towards men comes from.

For centuries, men have been given an unfair privilege to dictate female behaviour and appearance. Male entitlement—the idea that women owe men in any form—still remains a normalised misogynistic issue today. Just like how the 'friend zone' implies that any man who's nice to a woman deserves her romantic interest, the idea that make-up is deceptive for men suggests that women owe it to men to be 'completely natural'.

Interestingly enough, I've also found that people who shame women for wearing make-up because it's deceptive often tend to forget that their favourite female celebrities undergo a similar process of make-up and then Photoshop to look the way they are. This seemingly innocuous double standard results in very real and warped beauty standards for women. If ordinary women wear make-up, their beauty is considered fake, but if they don't, then they're ridiculed for their flaws. Unlike men, society expects ordinary women to be as naturally attractive as their make-

up clad, Photoshopped celebrity counterparts.

In the long run, the idea of women wearing make-up as deceptive may seem trivial compared to the other issues women face, such as the wage gap and under-representation in management and leadership positions. But the reality is that the scrutiny of women's appearances plays a huge part in misogynistic narratives used to justify disproportionate amounts of violence against women, as well as the discrimination against women in the workforce. The suggestion that make-up is deceptive to men is hence not a dismissible and isolated issue. Rather, the implications that it carries are huge and only serve to reflect and perpetuate ongoing institutionalised sexism in society.



Art by April Kang



“Fair & Lovely” Isn't Fair Or Lovely At All

Lamya Rahman on a trend she thought she had moved away from.

My grandma is an educated Bangladeshi woman, principal of her own children's school in Narayanganj, Dhaka. She's successful and headstrong, but like many other South Asian women, she's uncomfortable with her genetically predisposed dark-skin—a telltale skin whitening cream sits upon her bedside table.

When I was twelve, and visiting Bangladesh for only the third time, nobody had to tell me what this cream was. From billboards starring famous Bollywood stars to controversially memorable television ads, Fair & Lovely's range of fairness creams was, and still is, the most pervasive skincare product in Bangladesh. My grandmother uses it. My preteen relatives use it. Even beauty salons in Bangladesh offer it as part of a special facial package.

The profitability of such a product amongst a dominant dark-skinned population can only serve as a testament to a long history of colourism in South Asia. In colonial India, colourism was mostly inter-racial,

with darker-skinned Indians receiving less privileges and rights than those with fair skin from white colonialists. Today, it has evolved to become intra-racial and institutionalised, permeating marriage, mass media, and industry: fair skinned South Asians are more desirable as spouses, more represented in television and film, and are applauded for upholding an unattainable beauty standard, which companies like Fair & Lovely then capitalise on.

During the younger years of my life, I naively thought that the colourism I witnessed in South Asia was just that, simply restricted to a region I didn't live in. However as I grew older, it became obvious that it wasn't isolated to just South Asia. When I was thirteen, a Sydney relative told me that I should really consider wearing sunscreen whenever I go out—the implication here subtle but nonetheless hurtful. It didn't stop there either. Aged eighteen, and old enough to engage in gossipy discussions over the latest marriage news in my Bangladeshi community, I distinctly remember sitting

awkwardly and uncomfortably as my friend—born and raised in Australia—claimed that a fair-skinned Bangladeshi bride was 'settling' because her fiancé was so dark and ugly.

There may be no Fair & Lovely merchandise here, but with the migration of our parents came a migration of mentalities that grew within South Asian Australian communities.

Because of the numerous other issues South Asian Australians must face and overcome as a community and as individuals—racism, complications of assimilation, under-

At thirteen, a Sydney relative told me that I should really consider wearing sunscreen whenever I go out.

representation, racial insecurity—intra-racial colourism tends to be left on the backburner, ignored and widely unrecognised for what it is. That is, a complex form of colourism that creates divisions and hierarchies within a racial group.

More often than not I've witnessed well-intentioned social media posts showing photos of South Asian women in order to decentre white beauty standards, only to commit the folly of not showing any dark-skinned South Asians. Not only is this an example of intra-racial colourism being widely unacknowledged, but it also fails to recognise that fair skin is a beauty standard that South Asian Australians, are equally, if not more so, affected by.

However the future for South Asians experiencing this, both in South Asia and outside the region, remains hopeful. The past ten years has seen the banning of some

of Fair & Lovely's television ads, the refusal of fair-skinned Bollywood stars to become its brand ambassadors, and the launch of the 'Dark is Beautiful' campaign. With recognition comes progress and eventually, an end to decades of intra-racial colourism.

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Set in Stone

Victoria Zerbst spoke to Australian director Simon Stone.



Simon Stone is a golden child of the local theatre scene. During his stint as Resident Director at Belvoir, Stone won the 2011 Helpmann Award for Best Play for his dramatically rewritten adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*. He has since adapted that play for the screen with a film re-titled *The Daughter*. Coming off the back of its Sydney and Melbourne premieres, *The Daughter* will play the Venice International Film Festival, one of the world's most prestigious festivals, in two weeks. We talked to Stone about his first stint as a film director.

When you were writing the script of *The Wild Duck* for stage, did you ever think that it would become a feature film?

I basically wrote it as a screenplay for the stage in order to break it out of the classical structure that Ibsen created it in. I needed to find a way to disrupt that. We'd get up every morning and I'd read an Ingmar Bergman screenplay because his screenplays are so incredibly beautiful just as pieces of writing. That plus coffee and breakfast would give me the adrenalin boost to try and create this splintered, elliptical version of what was originally quite a linear play. So when it then came to making the film a lot of people perceived it as being this quite simple transition, and maybe once long ago I'd also imagined that, but by the point of actually needing to turn it into a screenplay, I realised quite quickly that it needed to be quite different from the 'screenplay for stage' that I'd written.

The entire play hangs on words, it hangs on these things that people say to each, the lies that people tell, the things that people are hiding from each other in language, ways of saying things that expose truths about their past. So the entire story and all the imagination that the audience brings to it hangs off those words—just words. And the production was, essentially, just a group of people in an empty room saying these things to each other. So when it came to the screenplay, of course nobody wanted to see a group of people talking non-stop, that's not playing to the strengths of what cinema is. So, I needed to kind of fill in all of those things that are laying in the subconscious underneath the text and behind the text, all the descriptions of backstory. I needed to invent the location, the environment, and who these people are when they're not having the most important conversation of their lives. Because in film you want to meet people, and know who they are, and know their backstory and social circumstances. And those things in film, that kind of broader painting of a socio-economic landscape, a natural landscape, and the

figure in that landscape, are why wide shots, mid shots and close ups were invented for cinema, because a sense of context is everything. In the theatre, the context is the theatre; it's the room the play is playing in. In cinema, the more elliptical the detail you can find, the better.

On the topic of characters and backstories, how do you feel about the representation of women in the film?

I think the film is a condemnation of masculinity more than it is a weak portrayal of femininity. It is a focus of masculinity, of course, but it's about these men who obsessively want to be proud of who they are and they think that has something to do with their sexual relationships with women. And the women in the film accept a far more complex view of things, far more open and clear view, and that's what interests me about the women in the film. They're much more like people I'd like in real life, rather than the men who are dysfunctional and childish—all of them really. Everyone who destroys something in the film is a man.

In terms of the broader question you're asking about, about representation of women in film, it has to be a story-by-story thing. At least 70 percent of the stories I do on stage have a woman, a very complex woman, at the centre of them. And when one of them is the one you make into a film and that one happens to have these dysfunctional men at the core of it—well it's just not something you can really breach until you've looked at a broader body of work.

How much do you think the film you've made is an 'Australian story'?

As much as I am an Australian writer-director, and that is to say I grew up in Switzerland, I lived in England, and my mid to late teenage years I spent in Australia. So I am a sort of patchwork of different cultural influences. It is a Scandinavian play from the late 19th century. It's performed

by Australian performers, it was shot in Australia, the crew is Australian, and it's an honest depiction of all of those influences.

I think the question about 'Australianness' is one we have to let go of to a certain extent. I mean all of our influences are what we are, and we just need to be that and stop searching for Australian identity. Because it exists as exactly what we do, our identity is the things that we do. And you know, I think that one of the genuine strengths of the 'Australian personality' is that we are able to survive in a whole lot of different contexts. Australian artists go into European contexts, American contexts, Asian contexts, and they're at home and they can weather the cultural differences because we're such a mixing pot of a lot of different cultures. We can kind of align ourselves to various different cultures when we work overseas or in the work that we ourselves produce here. That's the interesting thing, I think.

The film is set in the last days of a dying logging town, and Henry, Geoffrey Rush's character, plays this big Aussie magnet who owns the local timber mill. Can you explain that character and the importance of environmental factors in the film?

Well I wanted to explore a power dynamic that is very key to the play, this kind of figure that essentially by the end you realise is behind a lot of the backstory that creates the complications in the movie. It's a figure who, to a certain extent, has free licence, because of his powerful position, to make certain decisions that sacrifice other people's ability to make decisions about their own fate.

Of course logging in Australia, and logging pine forests in Australia, is very strange because of the artificial process—pine trees don't belong in Australia, but we like the wood that is created out of them and we have lots of land, so it became an industry. But now it's an industry that really doesn't mean that much use in terms of the export and it's since become diminished. Having

said that, when a series of timber towns shut down in Tasmania, there was a huge loss of income and employment, so then there's that story with this notion that the socio-economic fallout of a thing that is very good for the environment—these things that don't belong here are no longer here, and the regular devastation of the landscape is no longer happening because these timber towns have been shut down—so what's good for the environment is very bad socio-economically for the workers, and that's when a leftist becomes confused, because two issues very core to them are in conflict. And I was very interested in that as a backdrop for the film because that idea of what's right and what's wrong is totally confused. That moral complexity tying itself up around character's motivations is something I like to explore. So to a certain extent it was a political decision to set it in that environment, but it's also not a bad metaphorical backdrop for the need for something to change in these character's lives.

At least in terms of the ending, there's a departure from the play in the relationship between Hedwig and the duck, do you think that's your biggest departure from the play (and does that also explain the change in title)?

To be honest, Hedwig's relationship with the duck is one of the few things that is actually surviving from Ibsen's play. I genuinely don't want that final moment to be seen as a metaphor in the film. What happens in that moment is that a girl thinks she needs to set a duck free—it's actually a ridiculous notion that is made tragic by the situation that she's in mentally at the point in time.

I don't believe in metaphors. I believe that metaphors are rich when they can be interpreted in a million different ways, but they always have to come from real life in some way. For the character Hedwig, in a weird way, it was like the *Bad Boy Bobby* [an older Australian film with Hugo Weaving] sort of thing, Bobby being abused by his mother then enacting that abuse on the cat—there's this third level of parental responsibility being sacrificed in that moment. Hedwig's parent has failed her, and she is now failing her child, and, you know, that's kind of what I'm interested in there.

But it always has to come from the characters, otherwise it becomes a banal symbol that can be read one way and one way only, and that always sickens me, when I watch any theatre or film, I think as soon as every single person in the room understands what an image means, it's dead.

Sound, Fury and Vision

Electronic music trio Black Vanilla were recently offered a quarterly event at Goodgod. Samantha Jonscher on the inaugural event, artistic vision and what it means to curate a space.

In July of this year, Sydney electronic three-piece Black Vanilla was granted their own quarterly event at Goodgod Small Club. They got to play two sets, pick their supporting acts and set the tone. For any artist, this is an exciting prospect. What do you do when you can (sort of) ask for anything you want; do you curate an experience start to finish? Or, at least try.

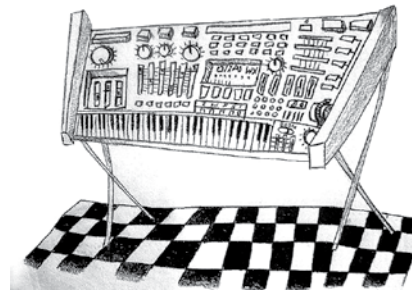
The guys behind Black Vanilla have a lot of names; I talked to them before doors opened as Lavurn, Marcus and Jarred. You may have stumbled into them on a dance floor or stumbled around to their music as any collection of their A.K.A.s: Scissor Lock, half of Collarbones, Cassius Select, Marseilles, Guerre, Lips, Lockheart, DJ Plead.

They all have a few projects on the go. Black Vanilla started four years ago as a live-only performance project. They have since veered away from that—BV has a band camp and their music is portable, they launched a single on the event's Facebook page—but that experience driven intent is still there.

"I'm constantly thinking about what people's experiences are like and how can we shape it. For me, it's wanting to feel in communion with everyone else in the room and on the same page; being, feeling free of anxiety," Marcus told me. "Being able to make stipulations ahead of time, that people will listen to, is the most attractive aspect of the event—designing the atmosphere."

Two days before their event, Black Vanilla posted a message (see above) for their 819 Facebook event attendees to look over—"Black Vanilla Quarterly is a 'safer space'". In the kinds of places where they cut their teeth together, safe spaces—a policy intended to free marginalized groups from standard mainstream marginalisation—are the understood norm: DIY punk spaces, anarchist conferences, and fundraiser nights, places Jarred called "underground". But this was Goodgod: street level Liverpool Street, the Lock Out zone, four stars on Yelp and 32000 likes on Facebook.

"I was definitely worried that we would have this event and we would ask people not to act in an oppressive way, and then we just have a bunch of bros come. But now I feel like it's not going to be like that." Lavurn adds, "Well, we hope it isn't like that."



This was the question — how do you manage these sorts of things, especially when your audience may stumble into your show unaware of the space they are entering. It's situations like this that politicised BV— none of them feel their other projects are overtly political. They point to their Boiler Room set last year, "It didn't go very well," Jarred says, "but we got a lot of bad [YouTube] comments as well—racist, homophobic—from the bros who have time like to have their voices heard". Lavurn says it was the first time he "thought about being the only Chinese guy in the club".

They have plenty of anecdotes about playing to crowds of what Lavurn talks about as "young men, yelling a lot, not really communicating with us, not feeling it". "It's nice to see, but also not. It feels insincere," says Marcus.

Their music is bass heavy and in their words "aggressive, but not bro-y aggressive; visceraally aggressive". Jarred calls it "clarity" and "conviction", a distilled sense of vision. "It's about trying to strip back and leave what is effective and physical. Dance music is a physical experience—but that comes back to why we prefer being a live performance", says Marcus. "But, because our music is sort of aggressive that might beget unwelcoming behaviours that are unwelcome and seen as abusive".

The BV dance floor is certainly an energetic one. One reviewer called it "a mosh pit of excellent, angular dance moves". The Quarterly night, in many ways, is not so different. Early birds—friends and regulars—filter in for their 10pm DJ set, the crowd dances with confidence and commits to matching the contours and intensity of the bass heavy grime and hip-hop that they offer up.

But the set list has also taken a hit; Dance support Ying Yang Dance Project have had to pull out. The guys are disappointed. "Dance performance is rare in spaces that are



Black Vanilla
July 8 · 8

BV QUARTERLY IS A SAFER SPACE

We are doing the Black Vanilla Quarterly to entertain people in the fullest and most liberated way we can. To do that, it's also important to this opportunity to try and create a space where the oppressive power dynamics of mainstream society can be pushed back.

We would like the Black Vanilla Quarterly to be a safe and inclusive club environment. We can't do this on our own. We're not going to be the police. We need you to be our collaborators. We need everyone here to help us create a space that actively reverses exclusionary and oppressive behaviour, language, attitude, atmosphere. Racism, transphobia, queerphobia, homophobia, sexism, classism, sex negativity, prejudice has no place in the BV Quarterly. To help create this space, we should:

- Respect peoples' physical boundaries. Let's help everyone, inclusively, feel truly free to express their own bodies in the club.
- Avoid being abusive, with our bodies and our voices. Harassment and hate speech belongs nowhere, and definitely not at the BV Quarterly. We don't tolerate this!
- Not mock other peoples' racial/gender/sexual expressions. We should be true to our own narratives.
- Be aware that our actions have an effect on others, despite our intentions.

We want everyone to feel like they can participate in this great communion of bodies we're all creating. But most importantly, we want those of oppressed identities to feel empowered and safe to express freely in the club. Let's do this.

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frequented by the general public, you basically have to go to a Community Centre", Lavurn says.

This is starting to change. Queer club promoter House of Mince—who they point to as one of their favorite nights out—is getting a few on their lists, but it is still rare. "It's silly because you are in a dance environment. There is nothing more satisfying to see than someone using their body in the best that they can to express sounds that you enjoy", adds Jarred. Looking around their room at 11pm, this is the vibe, the people here love to dance, and appreciate other people dancing. My friend, a regular BV fan, says "its usually a judgment free atmosphere on the floor— people watch you, but they admire you. It's all about fun and expression".

The ideals that gave birth to dance music are alive and well in the experience they hope to curate. Dance was a genre born in blacked out Berlin warehouses—an anonymous DJ offering communion in physicality and the erasure of the self (alongside drug fuelled sex acts). It is also a genre that is explicitly interested in identity and equality; its history is inextricably linked to queer Berlin and then later to Black America, in Detroit and Chicago.

When I ask him more about this utopian vision of dance music, Marcus is upfront: "we are still charging entry and we are still in control. But we would like to facilitate an experience that feels that way. I think it isn't politically consistent- it isn't truly socialist, it is hierarchical, but we hope you feel like you are having an unhierarchical experience".

By 12:50, and Black Vanilla's headline set, the venue is sold out and Goodgod's back room is packed—the floor is sticky with spilled drinks and the room smells like sweat and beer. People have been getting into it, but it doesn't feel very different from your average night at Goodgod. Those standout dancers from before are diluted by a different crowd.

When I had spoken to them earlier about their "safer space" aspirations, Marcus was honest: "It's easy to say it in the branding, but we want to be active about trying to make our night truly welcoming and freeing for everyone".

Marcus starts the set with a welcome, and then reiterates their intent—"Part of this is asking to be respectful of others. If you are a cis, straight, white, man, you may want to move towards the back to make space for other people who aren't as naturally comfortable as you". The very tall, white man next to me leans onto my shoulder, chewing his lips—"I'm a straight guy, are you a straight girl?" I smiled politely and then moved away through a plume of amyl nitrate. As a friend pointed out, saying "we just want everyone to have a good time and express yourself" may have been a miscommunication, it might have encouraged some behaviour that otherwise might not have happened".

Before the doors opened, Lavurn explained "the fact that we are a live act, existing in rooms with people, makes it more political, we all move together. It's super different to someone listening to a track alone in their room". The way that Marcus and Lavurn move on stage breaks down certain barriers with the audience. Jarred says that he feels "closer to the crowd by the way [they] perform, just so raw, it's so visceral". It goes both ways, and makes them more approachable—its part of that erosion of hierarchies.

Around the stage is a halo of into-it dancers, pulling out those angular, sharp, furious moves that match Marcus and Lavurn's shapes on stage. There was some solid communion happening, but also some other people that weren't quite getting it. Around the edges and throughout the crowd were pockets of unnecessary aggression, a few unwelcome pokes and grabs.

On the way out I passed BV sitting around a booth. They looked tired, but satisfied. Lavurn said they were feeling good about what they had put on.



Deconstructing Architecture Revue

Ian Ferrington watched it.

Many of this year's revue casts overlap with MUSE, Theatresports, SUDS, and each other. Upon seeing an entirely fresh list of names in the program for *We'll Come Up With Something Later. This Is Just A Working Title*, the 2015 Architecture Revue, I was looking forward to seeing some new talent, and fresh approaches to comedy and the revue format. As it turned out, the approach was different, but the talent was lacking.

Rather than a series of unconnected sketches, the Architecture Revue was largely made up of linked narrative scenes, which began as a vague spy-thriller parody. The overall impression was like that of a mistranslated Japanese RPG—a protagonist has a vague sense of a quest, which is to be completed through random encounters with shallowly defined characters, and the dialogue makes very little sense. The second act introduced an entirely different main character, a detective who asked for 'the information about the portals' probably a dozen times. The portals were the only linking factor with the first act, until an awkward melding of plotlines which quickly became meta. In between these scenes, a monkey hand-puppet aggressively asked the audience and band if they knew what was going on. This was some relief, at least until it too became part of a meta-joke.

There were a few scenes unconnected

to the storyline, some of which showed promising ideas, but lacked in execution, and especially in punchlines and closure. The video sketches were the best, and one of them wasn't very good. The other was a meandering, uneventful satire of council planning, which turned out to have some decent jokes and use of the medium towards the end. The only convincing line delivery was in Russian as part of a sign-language translator gag which didn't work. There seemed to be a spectacular lack of understanding of how to actually use a phone. One classic revue trope, the chain-of-puns sketch, in this case about windows, was adequate. The nude performance was proceeded by the only joke onstage which really worked (God's housemate dons horns and a pitchfork to go to work, with the line "What do you think I do? I'm a stripper"). It happily subverted the standard 'costume doesn't quite reveal anything' by not quite covering anything, even with a program suspended almost far enough down a mankini.

The band did some fine, if repetitive funk grooves. The only original song was an inept, slut-shaming parody of 'Blowing in the Wind', with a set-up sketch that covered, or rather introduced without exploring, racism and childhood cancer. The set was a rather nice living room, which did not connect with what was onstage at all, but gave the band somewhere to sit.

Usher Samantha Jonscher watched it from the sidelines.

6:00- My shift starts. The stage is being mopped. There are "smart" mad men ready pieces of furniture piled on top of each other. Their key piece of set appears to be a doorframe featuring door beads, glued to a palette. I admire their use of space and imagine that architects are better at these things than me.

6:15- The stage is re-assembled. They have indeed used the space well.

6:19- The sound technician asks me what time the show is meant to start. This is a bad sign. I complete my seat check. This requires me to flip down each and every seat individually and look for any leftover rubbish. I find several empty cans of Coke and a piece of gum. The gum is still sticky.

6:25- I'm informed that the cast thinks they are starting at 7:30. The tickets say they start at 7:00. They definitely start at 7:00.

6:40- I have to go upstairs to get more plastic cups to sit in front of my door. These cups are for people to "decant" their glass beverages. There is no glass allowed in the theatre.

6:43- Someone asks me where the water is. I say that I have no water, but she should go to the bar. She asks why I have plastic cups. I explain. She tells me that I really should have some water available.

6:55- The doors open, only five minutes late.

7:02- the show starts. Only two minutes late. Revues are infamous for starting late.

7:09- I seat eight latecomers. In this time I think a seagull is knifed for stealing another character's chips. I am unsure about this, however, I was distracted by the late patrons.

7:11- there is an intense amount of radio chatter in my ear regarding Arts Revue, which starts at 7:30. I am further confused. This chatter continues until 7:35.

7:37- I think I understand what is going on.

7:52- Interval. I do not understand what is going on. I am left with many questions. The cast seems to be having a good time. I am happy for them. Their director is chatty and by far the best performer.

8:12- The show starts again. I realise that the bead door is a portal. This was hopefully more obvious to people who were not distracted for the first forty minutes of the show.

8:34- I am confused by what seems to be a unified plot but am able to grab hold of something funny in an isolated scene that punned things about windows. I enjoyed this. Architects probably know more about windows than I do.

8:53- The show ends. I am not quite sure what happened but have \$98.

Arts Revue Won the War

Julia Clark

I was hesitant about the prospect of watching a comedy sketch show that revolves around war. However, given the Arts Revue's reputation, it could have been a dramatic examination of the consumption and comedic depictions of war in the entertainment industry. The opening number, though, really set the scene for a rather dull and accusatory disjunct between the revue sketches and the directors' disembodied voices screaming out of their cast: "WAR IS REAL AND THIS IS WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT REMEMBER".

Perhaps two subsequent sketches attempted to engage with the idea of using war for entertainment but when neither connected with the overall tone of the other sketches, these moments were startling and offensive. Re-writing the Last Post as a school child taking pride in front of an assembly was sweet and cleverly demonstrated the way Australia's younger generations don't understand our ANZAC legacy. The call-back sketch of Hugh Guest remixing the same anthem was a more radical attempt at the same message but the addition of gun shots moved the sketch past cringe-worthy youths and turned much of the audience away.

In the same way, the closing number, which demanded the audience clap for the number of innocent civilians being killed in real-time during the performance, was a stark and unproductive politicisation of the performance. Instead of a self-aware criticism of their complicity in the

trivialisation of war, the cast turned the lens onto the audience in an accusatory manner and offensively turned real soldiers and casualties into entertainment.

Otherwise, the paunchy humour of many sketches and performances were real hits. The relationship between two anthropomorphised houses was beautiful and heartbreaking while watching Bridget Haberecht as Nena shoot down her American counterpart to close the first act with "99 Luftballons" was a great combination of anti-war protest and everyone's hatred for American re-writes. Elliot Miller was an easy stand-out amongst the cast, bringing an enormous energy to the stage that carried every sketch he appeared in. Other mentions go to Maddie Houlbrook-Walk, Angus Rees, and Robert Boddington for genuine investment in their characters whether they were covering themselves in orange juice, losing their moustache in the American

south, or singing in a superglued duet.

With such an enormous band, the transitions were sure to be beautiful and the addition of cast member performances added a nice camaraderie. The call-backs were often superfluous and unearned and the scene-bleeding transitions definitely needed more rehearsal, but the quality of the AV sketches was excellent and no one appeared ill-costumed with some tight scene changes.

Directors Victoria Zerbst and Alexander Richmond clearly set their stakes high with this production and, while their attempts to politicise the show and its theme proved unsuccessful, their cast and crew brought together a suburb showing that'll be difficult to rival over the coming faculty revue season.



Arts Revue Won My Heart

Emma Balfour

Arts Revue is renowned for its mixture of dark humour, fantastic acting, and sharp writing, and this year's show was no fucking exception. *Sun Tzu's The Arts of War* was a very neat show, structured by a voiceover through-line that discussed different facets to war, mixing the biting, sadistic irony of Arts Revue with the gentle delivery of Douglas Adams—it did its job without intruding upon the sketches while still holding the show together with impressive grace. The show was not fully appreciated by the Saturday night parents' crowd—but that didn't make the sketches any less funny.

Arts Revue this year was blessed with an explosively talented and attractive cast. Memorable standouts included Elliot Miller's excitable last post bugle-player, Maddie Houlbrook-Walk's *Toy Story*-obsessed mother talking about the birds and bees, Aidan Molins' pinpoint TEDx talker, Aaron Chen's persistent robot, and Darby Judd's abs (flexing and push-ups were common). This year's sketches were also impressive—neat, hysterical scripts which tripled in impact by the cast's performances. Personal favourites were a father's divorce discussed via farts, every cast member showing off their Attenborough impersonation, the most emotional building demolition in history,

a brilliant cyclical hypnotism sketch, and a heartfelt musical about a tree.

Speaking of music, this year was spectacular. Under the music direction of Josie Gibson, the stupendous vocalists showed off their skills, and were matched by an impressive mini orchestra. Hugh Guest was up to his usual musical antics, Robert Boddington and Eliza Ronan sung a sweet ditty about superglue, and a *Mulan* parody about Men's Right's Activism, complete with fedoras and the refrain "Not All Men", nearly lost me a lung. I could write this whole review about that one song. I could write a whole book about it.


On top of that, the stagecraft of this show was unlike any revue I've ever seen. AV sketches lead into stage sketches. Every audience member was given a red balloon before the show which completed the '99 Luftballons' closing number for Act 1; these were burst by a vengeful uterus at the start of the second half. A messy orange juice sketch was cleaned up by deck-scrubbing pirates in the next scene. Arts Revue was incredible. Every aspect of this fantastic show is a testament to the talent of directors Alex Richmond and Vic Zerbst and their ridiculous cast. To miss it is a war crime.



Polling Booth Times and Locations 2015

Polling Location	Wed 23rd Sept. 2015	Thurs 24th Sept. 2015
Fisher	8.30–6.30	8.30–5.00
Manning	10.00–4.00	10.00–4.00
Cumberland	11.00–3.00	11.00–3.00
SCA	12.00–2.00	No polling
Engineering	No polling	12.00–2.00
Conservatorium	12.00–2.00	No polling
Jane Foss	8.30–6.00	8.30–6.00

Pre-Polling will also be held outside the SRC's Offices, Level 1 Wentworth Building, on Tuesday 22nd September from 10am–3pm.



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



REDUCTIVE REVIEWS!



Art by Samuel McEwen

To The Best of My Ability

Tim Jackson and Rebecca Wong on navigating difference.

I started uni 48 years ago. In those days there were no computers," recalls Ron McCallum, who was Dean of the Sydney Law School from 2002–2007, and the first totally blind person to be appointed to a professorship by any university in Australasia.

"The only way I could survive was by having books and cases read to me by someone else. I studied in Canada at Queen's University for two years. In the summer the students were away, and so [I gave] prisoners at one of the nearby gaols a tape recorder and they read for me."

I interviewed Ron McCallum for this story. Almost half a century later, things have gotten better. Technology has improved, and the University now provides support

"Because I look able-bodied, there is almost a presumption that I am trying to pull one over on the Law faculty."

services for disabled students. But as a fourth year Law student who is also blind, his experiences—the crippling shyness, the banal, everyday terror of not being able to find the toilet—still spoke to me more than they would most. People who are insensitive to my disability often just fail to realise its impact on the bits of life they take for granted. My experience of disability is of the ridiculous, the hilarious, the mundane. It's heading to a shop three streets from uni, armed with my GPS and my foolish pride, and getting stuck on top of Footbridge, blundering around unable to find the stairs. It's opening a reading to discover that a rubbish scan has presented the text with alternating lines from different paragraphs—Law readings are so convoluted that it took me a while to notice. While disabled students may no longer be reliant on the kindness of criminals, they still face additional hurdles at university.

The uni experience is one that just seems to happen for a lot of students. You walk from Redfern to Camperdown, then hop into a lecture and wait for some knowledge to be imparted upon you. After that you could smash some lunch down

with mates, or pop over to the library to do some readings. Sure, it gets hard when assignments and exams come around, but it all seems a bit effortless, as though the system was made for you.

But walking to class is hard if you're using crutches, and reading a PowerPoint slide is impossible if you can't see more than a few feet in front of you. The question of being able to participate in class is a moot point if you are in the middle of a depressive episode and can't get to class. In 2014, there were over 1900 students registered with Disability Services. Some students have conditions that make uni harder than it is for others, conditions exacerbated by the people who aren't willing to accommodate them.

Lily is a third year Law student with generalised anxiety disorder, obsessive-compulsive disorder, a major depressive disorder, ADHD, and Irlen Syndrome. These issues have a variety of effects, but one of the constants is the substantial effort required to input information, meaning that she gets tired in class: "so I do find that I've got to nap a lot, and I have to try and figure out my timetable so I'm able to have breaks between classes. I don't really go to revues, I don't go to the USU parties or whatever, I just sort of try and focus on what I'm there for, which is my studies, because that at the end of it is what will suffer most if my disabilities get out of hand."

Nicola, a fourth year Law student, got arthritis in her second year of uni.

"I couldn't get to class all the time, I was in pain. My back was the problem... the lifts were closed at Central Station on my platform and stairs were the worst possible thing. I spent a lot of time crying because I'd try to get to class and decide 'no, I can't do this'."

In spite of the mobility challenges, Nicola was able to use crutches to get around uni as the medicine started to take.

Perhaps because crutches are quite common, people didn't seem to notice Nicola's disability, "but in a bad way". In one incident, she was standing in front of a lift with ten people in it, and "nobody got out to give me their spot." While Nicola was keen to emphasise that this was an isolated incident, and that she appreciated that people didn't make a huge fuss over her, it is distressing to imagine an entire group of people ignoring someone whose needs so clearly outpaced their own.

Attitudinal problems often stem from the performative expectations of those with disabilities, who find themselves in the catch-22 situation of being either too visible or not visible enough.

"People whisper about me in lectures when I stare at my laptop or people think I'm an asshole because I've accidentally ignored them on Eastern Avenue because I haven't been able to see them," says Sam, who is blind. "There's a lot of subliminal discrimination, because people are uncomfortable interacting with someone with a disability. I was a choirboy at St Andrews Cathedral, and there was an instance where I had to look very close to my sheet music. They wanted to kick me out of the choir because the congregation thought it looked strange. If you see someone doing things that are physically abnormal, don't make comments, don't laugh, don't snigger, don't whisper. Any comment you make can really, really hurt people."

Students whose impairments aren't outwardly visible spoke of another problem: a pervasive suspicion, shared by their peers and lecturers, that they're cheating the system.

"[Students] often will ask questions, and when I just sort of try and put it off and say 'oh, I've got really bad anxiety' or whatever because I don't want to get into the ins and outs, I think people are of the mindset that it's like 'well, everyone has anxiety, get over it'," explains Lily.

"Because I look able-bodied, there is almost a presumption that I am trying to pull one over on the Law faculty," says Mike, a JD candidate with viral arthritis that makes writing impossible. "Most students can type far faster than what I could ever write when my hands were working okay. They use these notes as the basis of study material." Mike is routinely refused access to lecture slides prior to class, and is told that this would give him an advantage over other students. "This concept that we're getting an unfair advantage is not only a fiction, it's the opposite. All we're trying to do is get a level playing field. At the end of the day, I would want nothing more than not to have to have disability provisions, and to be 'normal'."

One of the key challenges facing disabled students is that their conditions and experiences are totally disparate, which can be hard to accommodate in a system designed to streamline and centralise



"The only way I could survive was by having books and cases read to me by someone else... [I gave] prisoners at one of the nearby gaols a tape recorder and they read for me."

administrative tasks. A person with a mental illness has a hugely different set of needs to someone who is unable to walk around, or someone who is hard of hearing. And it goes deeper than that. Some people lack a support base to fall back on, which can make all the difference in the impersonal and bureaucratic purgatory of university admin. "If you're really unwell mentally, how are you supposed to get to see somebody in medical services anyway?" says Lily. "Are they assuming you're okay to drive, are they assuming you've got somebody in your life that you can say 'uproot from whatever you're doing, you need to take me to this?'"

The University administration lumbers in this highly nuanced environment. The University, recognising the need to ameliorate the issues facing disabled students, has a department, imaginatively titled 'Disability Support'. Disability services aim to "offer a range of services and adjustments to minimise the impact of any disability." The way that this manifests is in the provision of a "disability action plan". While the specifics of implementation vary from faculty to faculty, the basic idea is that students can input their information into the system, set out the provisions that will be required throughout the semester, and apply for extensions and other special provisions through the disability support system instead of lecturers or the special consideration system.

People I spoke to had mixed responses to Disability Support. Anna, an Arts student with clinical depression and anxiety, had to visit her GP and psychologist three times to obtain the necessary paperwork to access disability services. Other students pointed to occasional privacy issues and a clunky website interface as the key problems plaguing the system.

"They just sort of treat your condition as something that's static," says Lily. "You're not depressed all the time with major depressive disorder. You're normal sometimes, and you'll be fine, and then it will hit you like a tonne of bricks... They're just sort of like, you have your adjustments for your disability, and those are your adjustments, and that's it."

On the other hand, the staff were praised as generally hardworking and empathetic for their attempts to promote student welfare and help out students who feel overwhelmed. Sam seemed to sum up the general sentiment: "They do the best they can inside of a bureaucratic system, and what they do is really valuable and really important."

The University's inability to cater to the diverse needs of its students is perhaps as much a function of centralisation as anything else. According to Sam, "tutors do the best they can... [but they] will see you once a week for maybe an hour, in a

"ADD doesn't mean you're a naughty kid, it doesn't mean you're a stupid kid. You can still function in society as anybody else does, if certain adjustments are made and if people are aware of it"

huge mass of students. In high school you have a more personal relationship with your educator."

The SRC, which—contrary to popular belief—is more than just a launching pad for careerist hacks, attempts to fill in the gaps left by Disability Services. If a student feels that a lecturer has acted harshly or discriminated against them, they can talk things through with a caseworker. Lily finds the caseworkers to be particularly supportive. "They know that they're working with vulnerable students, and that it's really important to make sure those lines of communication are open and that people are supported."

The more fundamental problem is that not enough students know these services exist, and often people don't recognise their problems as fitting within the scope of a "disability".

"It was only when I asked a law lecturer for lecture recordings that she told me arthritis would be classified as a disability," Nicola remembers. "I didn't know for about six months that I would have qualified for assistance."

Students with serious issues often operate through the special considerations

provisions, or through informal relationships with lecturers or coordinators. While better than nothing, these are unreliable ways to access provisions which are integral to providing equal access.

The lack of awareness means that students often fall through the cracks. They can find themselves outside the disability services, and at that point provision becomes much more arbitrary. As Mike points out, "it all depends on the person that you're dealing with. They make all the difference."

Anna attempted to get extensions on two essays while she waited for her disability

"Mental health is seen as a thing that is meant to be dealt with privately," says Anna.

Lily wants people to understand that "ADD doesn't mean you're a naughty kid, it doesn't mean you're a stupid kid. You can still function in society as anybody else does, if certain adjustments are made and if people are aware of it, and if you work really hard as well. I'm really interested in destigmatising mental illness, because I think that's something that with encouragement and with a bit more of a dialogue, people will be able to come to terms with, and seek help, and their lives can be so much better."

One view shared by many was the importance of education as a key element in professional progression for the disabled. To Ron McCallum, "most clerical occupations were not open to blind people, [meaning] you either did menial work or you plumbed for one of the professions." Similarly, Sam "could never be a barista. I could never work behind a till". Education becomes an opportunity to gain a qualification, and show employers that "we can do it too".

In its Disability Awareness Training Manual, the University acknowledges that it has a responsibility to 'evaluate students on their abilities not their disabilities'. And the disabled students we interviewed emphasised that the provisions they accessed weren't there to give them a leg up, but to even out the playing field. That they hoped to be treated with respect, without being otherised. The fundamental challenge is figuring out where and how to draw the line, how to accommodate and not patronise. Don't call me an inspiration, just show me to the bloody toilet.

There were no noticeable trends with regards to which faculty lecturers were more or less accepting; there is no way of knowing when you enter into a subject if that lecturer is going to be helpful or not.

Ungenerous attitudes can perhaps be attributed to the misinformation and stigma surrounding disability.

A Blockbuster in Time

Google helps **Zita Walker** reminisce.

Standing in the horror movie aisle, I find myself eminently torn between *The Lost Boys* and *Rosemary's Baby*. This is the final showdown of my rental elimination game, brought swiftly to a surprising end when I remember I have VIP membership and enough change to hire both.

Yes, I am in a video store. No, it isn't real. I am actually on Google Street View, inside the palatial Pennant Hills Blockbuster, probing the virtual aisles of DVDs, mentally removing *Jaws 2* from the shelf and burying it in the ex-rental box. I am attempting to recreate the movie renting experience, which is hardly sad for a bombastic cinephile like me.

In recent light of my enduring pain,

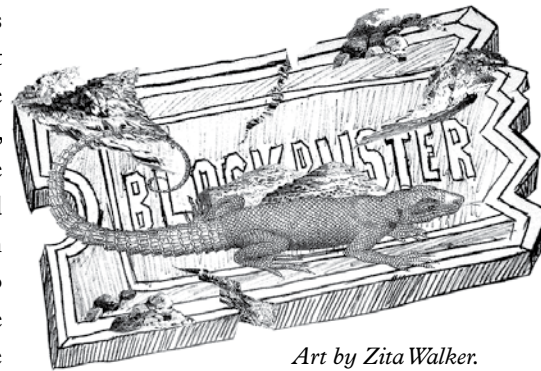
resulting from the demise of my childhood video store back in 2011, I have found euphoria in this remarkable Google Maps discovery, and a little comfort too. Devastating is the thought of our millennial spawn walking this earth in darkness without the fond memory of a Blockbuster or Video Ezy. It's a gross concept to fathom, and the only elegant way to look at it is to envision a future of underground prohibition-esque rental clubs with noir lighting and cheap alcohol (to drink away the woes and numb the nostalgia).

It is through the store's street view that I relieve myself of the heartache that came when the Pennant Hills Blockbuster had

its existence crushed by Anytime Fitness, which, for the last 5 years, has sat in Blockbuster's place across the road from Fitness First. Like, what the fuck? I mean, it's a western tragedy that ought to be transliterated.

In the time that I have found this virtual paradise, I have rented out at least 7 films, made banter with the photographs of the old employees, and stood over the ice cream fridge which has just welcomed the limited edition caramel crunch magnum (delicious). The fact that those who frequented this blockbuster can relive the years of rental bliss on a simple 3D map makes me want to ugly cry.

Unfortunately though, you will all be stuck inside a movie store limbo where *New Moon* and *Tooth Fairy* never leave the new release stands.



Art by Zita Walker.

Think Veterinary Stories are Harrowing? Try Nursing

Rachel Fong has seen and done things.

First catheter insertion:

I was told each nurse would remember their first catheter insertion. After weeks of practice with the hard plastic makeshift vagina on the simulation dummy, we were warned that in the real world, the holes wouldn't be so easy to find. Of course they were right. When I got my first gig on a cardiology ward, I was placed in for a 91-year-old lady with urinary retention. I immediately asked if I could do it instead, because, who really isn't about the gore when it comes to nursing? So the registered nurse (RN) I was with told me to set everything up as I was taught to and proceed with the procedure. It was a good thing that he had a great sense of humour, it definitely took away the nerves I was getting from the old lady breathing down at me while I was looking into her aged vagina. You really couldn't tell where everything was. So my RN and I went on a quest to find the point of insertion. I had the first go and poked and probed around until the little old lady let out a yelp, which scared me (the dummy never yelped) so I retracted back as far as I could. Assuring her I was definitely going to get it the second time, I lubed up as much as I could and inserted where I thought the hole might be. Finally! Tssssssssssssssssss. And there it goes, 1L of urine bagging out.

Pressure Ulcers:

A nurse's first ever placement would 99% of the time be in an aged care ward—it's greeaaaat for wound care, and the nastiest kinds. If you take a second to Google stage 4 pressure ulcers, you'll know what it is (editor's note: don't). It's all kinds of gooey, necrotic, smelly, and downright fun. I saw the nurse unit manager (NUM) who specialises in wound care debride off the necrotic black skin from an old man's heel and I can tell you from experience, it doesn't go from black necrosis to healthy skin, but to a red and white weeping wound, the kind that sends you to hospital in the first place. You wouldn't even know you're doing it but every student's face immediately turns sick.

There were even wounds that ran 18cm deep (can you imagine!?) from an operation gone wrong. We had to use a sterile rod to probe the dressing down with crushed morphine.

There were wounds where you could fit a whole fist.

There were nasty surgical wounds, especially from open-heart surgery which ran right down the sternum. I had the chance to flick off every staple running down the patient's chest, which came out roughly the same way as when you remove a staple from an essay, only with plugs off skin instead of torn paper.

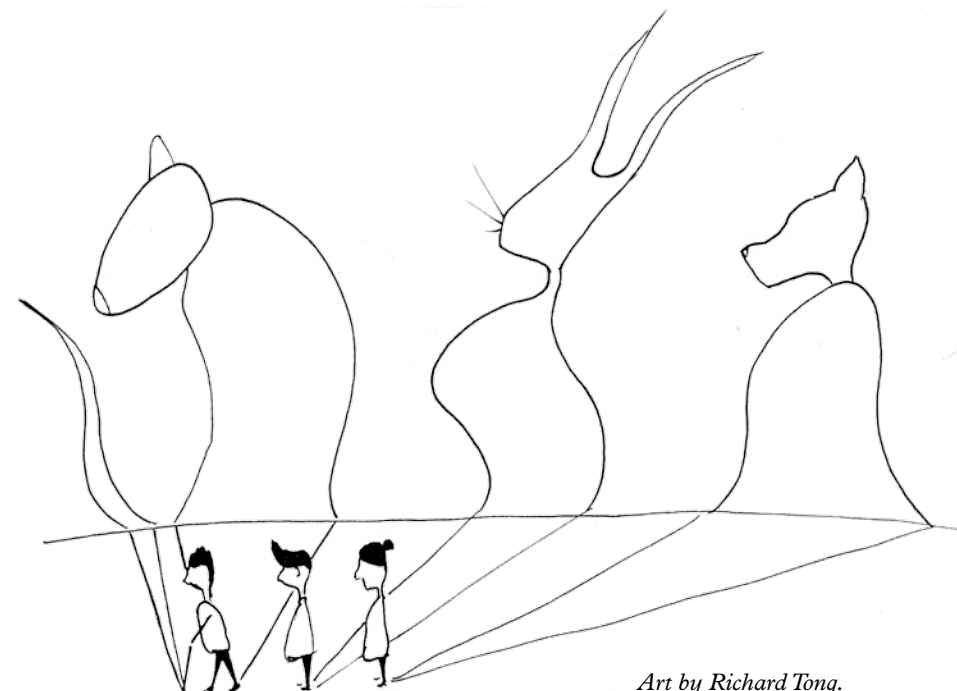
Code Brown:

Too many to count. Try being in the ICU where the patients are constantly being pumped with various pain medications which most common side effect is constipation. Needless to say, many enemas were given. Many times were our hands getting right up there, squeezing the bottles in to only have poo running down our arms.

How many of you have heard of a rectal tube? It's pretty much the butt version of a pee tube. The way it's inserted is pretty harsh, god forbid you're awake if it happens to you. At least an inch in diameter is

launched up your anus—with heaps of KY jelly of course—to make sure it sits there while saline is pumped into a tiny balloon that sits on top of your anus to prevent it from dropping back out. You might be wondering why this is necessary, well: a side effect of the painkillers and sedatives is constipation and when you're in pain enough, you're also probably backed up enough to require intervention. I've seen stomachs so bloated they've ballooned out to five times their normal size.

Needless to say, these are the moments I live for in nursing.



Art by Richard Tong.

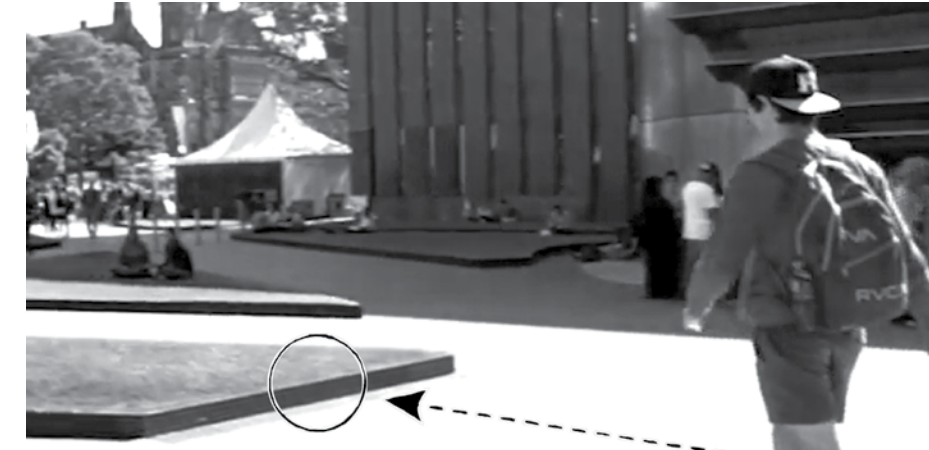
University Marketing Gaffe!

Alexandros Tsathas also has some thoughts about the the JFK assassination and that footage of Bigfoot, if you care to ask.

The University's new website appears to be marred by an embarrassing gaffe present in its homepage video content, wherein Snapback Lad has a sudden change of direction to avoid tripping over a raised grass platform.

Frame-by-frame analysis performed by your correspondent (trained by virtue of his undergraduate degree in gait analysis) reveals a discreet but definite pivot-shift to avoid catastrophe.

Let's break the footage down:



(1) Crude trajectory modelling illustrates Snapback Lad is on a collision course. Near-peak hip extension and arm-swing amplitude suggests he is approaching the raised grass platform at speed. That the metal guard is a trip hazard is yet to register.



(2) As Snapback Lad approaches the grass, his shoulders, torso and hips remain worryingly oriented towards the Anderson Stuart Building. The orientation of these key body landmarks is a classic proxy for direction of ambulation. At this point Snapback Lad is still due for collision.



(3) Snapback Lad realises that contact with the metal guard is imminent. He plants his right leg, hoping the resultant ground reaction force will sufficiently accelerate him in the opposite direction. Note his hands flailing as he attempts to redistribute his upper body weight about his now-volatile base of support. Watch carefully in real time to appreciate the urgency of this manoeuvre.



(4) Snapback Lad regains his balance and continues walking; in a direction very different to that depicted in (2). Crisis averted.

The University's Media team was (seriously) contacted for comment. They had this to say: "Only one take was done for each of the people/groups that walked up the stairs. We chose the video of this particular person because of his energy as he ran up the stairs—it made for more interesting and lively visuals. It's worth noting, though, that we've always had the intention these videos will be changed periodically, and we have another video waiting in the wings to go up soon."

One hopes the apparent website blunder is just that, and not a commentary on the general direction in which the university is headed.



Comic by Bryant Apolonio.



Gronkwatch: The Deals and the Tickets

*The best laid plans of mice and men (and wom*n) are made for print, say Peter Walsh and Dominic Ellis.*

“ideally more”. This stands in stark contrast from the position held by Switch and Grassroots going into last year’s election, where they promised to reconsider NUS affiliation (and ended up reducing it) based on how the organisation was running.

You’re the voice try and understand it, make a noise and make it clear.

This week, the tip-offs box (available online at honisoit.com/contact) has been filled with a number of identical entries that read:

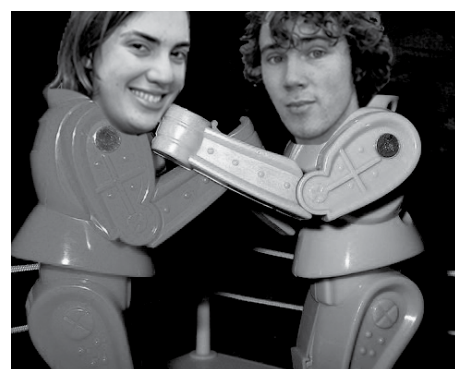
“There will be a major push for SRC spots by a considerable independent group which is looking to shake student politics up.”

Which is a pitch that sounds eerily reminiscent of the early 2010s Voice movement, where the big-I Indies (a broad contingent of students from C&S and the Law School) stood together to take the political factions head-on. How’d they do? Well, in 2011 Tim Matthews (who just finished a run on Union Board) just barely lost after Labor bussed in campaigners from interstate to combat him on the ground.

After that, they banned campaigners from off-campus, but Voice never quite had the momentum again, with their subsequent tilt at presidency with Sam Farrell ending in an ignominious 37% (roughly? I dunno) of the vote. The Indies, since-dead, have made brief resurgences in USU (with Tim Matthews, Liv Ronan and Michael Rees, who all got up), and in SRC, when they formed Switch along with Grassroots to support Kyol Blakeney (big win).

So, either this tip-off means the dead Indies are now un-dead; or, it means that someone else has had fundamentally the same exact identical idea, in which case: we might have an election on our hands.

Rock ‘em Sock ‘em Gronks



It looks like we’ll have an *Honi* election, folks. In a ~welcome~ change from last year’s HEIST-gate, two tickets are set to go head-to-head in what will likely be this election season’s main event.

Last week, GronkWatch confirmed the

existence of one ticket consisting of Sam Langford, Mary Ward, Max Hall, Naaman Zhou and Andrew Bell. Joining that ticket in the fight for editorial control of this prestigious rag is (cue reductive descriptors) debater Natalie Buckett, *BULL* editor Tom Joyner, Cumbo kid Alexandros Tsathas, former *Hermes* editor and 2014 *Honi* reporter Patricia Arcilla and Arts Revue 2015 director Victoria Zerbst. It’s a fairly diverse ticket—the presence of a satellite campus student is a welcome change—and all but Patricia are reporters for this year’s *Honi*.

Coming from the deep dark corridors of the Holme basement is a second ticket. Radio jockeys Max Schintler (SURG president), Alex Tighe (SURG exec) and Alex Mildenhall (*Honi Soit* reporter and illustrator 2013-2014) have confirmed that they are forming a ticket. Schintler was hesitant to name many more names, but did mention novelist Grace Garden. He also dropped a few hints about prospective inclusions, referring to interest from a “debater” and “someone from the ALP”, as well as a “campaign manager from Theatresports”. The ticket, assuming



JOHN BULL IN A FUME.

they fill the gaps before the Wednesday deadline, plans to run under the colour yellow.

The Case of the Missing Pages

In a final spooky note, the Gronkwatch from last week has been deleted from the SRC internal server. Now we’re not saying anyone in particular did it, but anyone in the SRC has access to the file...

Honi Soit 2015 Opinion Competition

SHAME

Judged by Executive Editor of *The New Yorker*, Amelia Lester.

What are you ashamed of?
What are you *not* ashamed of?

Pieces can be up to 800 words, and are due Friday 25th September.
Email your name, degree, and entries to editors@honisoit.com.
Do *not* include your name in the word document.



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: _____

Mobile: _____

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



Falses and Misleading Medical Certificates



It’s not difficult to find fake medical certificates on the internet. It is not difficult to make yourself a fake medical certificate. However the SRC recommends that you do not use them EVER.

In creating, buying and/or submitting a false medical certificate you may well be committing FRAUD. This isn’t just about University rules, it’s also about the law, and potentially carries the risk of a prison sentence.

Sounds serious, right? It is! The University also treats this as Academic Misconduct and is referred to the University’s Registrar who appoints a solicitor to investigate. What may have seemed a quick and harmless way to gain special consideration may suddenly find you suspended for a semester or two, or even at risk of being kicked out of Uni. Think how hard it would be trying to explain to your family why you have suddenly stopped attending Uni.

The University is acutely aware that there are false medical certificates out there. Your Faculty receives hundreds of medical

certificates every semester. They know what to look for, so their ability to identify a false medical document is pretty high. Faculties routinely check the authenticity of medical documents with medical practices and practitioners. This means your chances of getting caught are pretty high.

If you are stressed or struggling to the point that you even consider obtaining a false medical certificate, your best option is to talk to someone about what’s going on. You could speak to an adviser in your Faculty, a Counsellor at the University’s Counselling and Psychological Services, or an SRC Caseworker. There might be a way to manage your study load without risking far more serious consequences in the long term.

You must get your doctor’s certificate (professional practitioner’s certificate) on the day you are sick. If your doctor is not available, see another doctor. If you are too sick to move you can get an after hours doctor to visit your home. Check for details on the internet.



Ask Abe

SRC Caseworker HELP Q&A

Dear Abe,

I was really pushed for time so I used something I read in an article for my assignment without putting it in the bibliography. Now I’m in trouble for “academic dishonesty”. My friend told me that if I tell them I didn’t mean to do it that I wouldn’t get into trouble. I wanted to check what you thought.

Short Cut

Dear Short Cut,

The university now finds it quite easy to spot plagiarised material with the help of their plagiarism detection software (Turn It In). The first thing you should do is talk to an SRC Caseworker about your situation. We generally find it best to tell the truth about what you did and why. There is a range

of penalties from a warning through to expulsion from the university. For what you have described it is most likely to result in a reduced mark or a zero for the assignment. I understand this will often mean a fail for the subject.

You will also have a note made in a special file that will indicate to the faculty if you are caught for academic dishonesty in the future. Be diligent with future assessments, as the penalties become significantly more severe with any previous transgressions. However, when you graduate this file will be deleted, and will not affect your academic transcript in any way.

Note here, that it is just as bad to copy from your own previous assignment.

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

It’s a secret deal, which means we can only talk about it in secret.

And discuss it they did! A number of unnamed sources from different factions approached *Honi* this week, willing to spill the good stuff about the deal between Grassroots, Unity, SLS, and NLS, that will see the factions united behind NLS presidential candidate, Chloe Smith.

NLS will receive President, along with one General Executive spot; however, the majority of the spoils seem to have been divided between Grassroots and Unity. In a confidential deal between Grassroots and Unity, the following positions have been tentatively locked in:

Shared between Grassroots and Unity:

- General Secretary, with Michael Elliott (Unity) tipped for one half, and Grassroots yet to determine their candidate.
- Vice President, with Justine Amin (Unity) the presumptive candidate, and Georgia Mantle (Grassroots) rumoured for the other half.
- Student Housing Officers.

Grassroots:

- Education Officer.
- 2 General Executives.
- 1 Interfaith Officer.

Unity:

- 2 Welfare Officers
- 2 General Executives.
- 2 Global Solidarity Officers.
- 2 Inter-Campus Officers (stipulation: must be from satellite campuses)
- 2 Mature Aged Officers.
- 1 Interfaith Officer
- 2 Social Justice Officers
- 2 Residential College Officers

Unity interestingly also received Director of Operations and Director of Finance, two positions that no longer exist in the SRC—which would have been a shrewd negotiating maneuver from the incumbent Grassroots if they had managed to get anything from what appears to be a lopsided deal.

Interestingly, the deal also carries two other stipulations, requiring Grassroots to advertise Unity NUS tickets on all printed material (and abstain from running NUS delegate tickets themselves) as well as to maintain NUS affiliation at \$63,000—or, 18



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

Many of you might already be aware of the Redfern Aboriginal Tent Embassy. Many of you walk past it almost everyday you come into uni. It is located just across from the main entrance to Redfern Station giving off an immediate scent of smoke from the open Sacred Fire which burns continuously day and night on a supply of only native wood. The ashes and coal from which that fire was originally lit back in March 2014 are from the Sacred Fire of the Aboriginal Tent Embassy in Canberra, also continuously burning on

native wood since 1972. In this same year, the Whitlam Government handed back the land many now know as "The Block" to Aboriginal people under the guidance of the Aboriginal Housing Company (AHC), founded by Uncle Bob Bellair. The Block had been home to the Aboriginal tenants from that time until the early 2000s when it was cleared for the purposes of redevelopment and commercialisation by the AHC, thus contributing to the gentrification of the Redfern area and forcing the removal of Aboriginal people

off their land yet again.

Our University is allowing its name to be used to advertise the space for student accommodation. I do not have a problem with the University seeking out accommodation for its students. In fact, student accommodation is one of my main concerns as your President. I do, however, have a problem when that accommodation is in direct conflict with the agenda of the First Nations People as it is continuing the dispossession that so many consecu-

tive Governments and White Australia Policies began. I, as a proud Gomerōi person, will not stand idly by as our University allows its name and resources to be used for such atrocious and racist policy and I ask you to visit the Embassy and learn more about the story. I encourage you, the members of our proud student body and key stakeholders of our University to contact the management and Dr. Spence himself to persuade the University Senate to reconsider their stance on what was, is, and always will be Aboriginal Land.

General Secretaries' Report

Max Hall

Semester rolls on and Whitlam rolls in his grave. (Too soon?) Somewhere in a poorly lit Canberra office Chris Pyne is licking his lips and running a final spell check on a Word document named "ACTUAL FINAL draft – Dereg da unis round 3".

Back in the SRC, we're business as usual. Chiara and I have been assisting Laura Webster and Subeta Vimalarajah with Office-Bearer consults, working on closer collaboration with SUPRA and the USU, nagging the uni about policy and planning out the rest of the year.

It's worth mentioning quorum (derived from Latin "of whom", via Middle English). That's the number of bodies you need in a room to have a meeting. For an SRC council meeting to go ahead you need 17 of the 33 elected councillors to be in the room. Now, these things happen once a month so it would probably be odd if half of the people who worked an insane amount of time to get elected to these positions didn't bother turning up. But they haven't bothered turning up.

The last three council meetings have been iniquorate. Blame goes to all sides, but the

real victims have been anyone wanting new, legible version of the SRC regulations; Office-Bearers wanting access to resources like megaphones and whiteboards; and the student populace asking "Who is Michael Spence?". It's a shame that the Council hasn't had the chance to consider and discuss the work of Office-Bearers who have prepared extensive reports month after month. It's a shame that the peak body of the only organisation dedicated to advocating for undergraduate students has failed to meet in the time since the University administration announced a massive restructure of the whole institution. It's a shame that the reasons for

Representatives missing meetings tend towards the absurdly juvenile. A full list of absent Representatives can be found in the last edition of *Honi Soit*.

Back to Chris Pyne. Dereg round 3 is happening this year, so is a significant shake-up of Sydney uni's education. There's no time like the present to remind those in power who should be receiving education and how much they ought to pay for it (clue: everyone & free). Join Chiara and I on the Law Lawns at 1 on Wednesday to do just that with the next National Day of Action.

Campus Refugee Action Collective

Naomi Jones

On the 4th of August, the Campus Refugee Action Collective (CRAC) held a forum entitled "The Truth From Manus". In this forum, Nicole Judge, a former Salvation Army worker in both the Manus Island and Nauru detention centres. In a fascinating yet horrifying recount of her experience, Judge spoke of asylum seekers living in 50°C heat, using pit toilets and being denied free access to sanitary items.

She spoke of the 2013 decision by the Rudd government to disallow future asylum seekers who arrived by boat, to resettle in Australia. If found to be genuine refugees, resettlement in PNG would be the only

option. Following this decision, a protest was held on Nauru by the asylum seekers that descended into a riot largely due to the aggravation by guards, some of whom beat asylum seekers with metal poles.

After witnessing an asylum seeker beaten to the point of unconsciousness by a guard, Judge reported the situation, but after being threatened with physical violence, she changed her statement and the original was shredded.

The recently introduced Border Force Act has not only legalised, but endorses this type of cover-up in an attempt to further shroud in secrecy the disgusting

circumstances under which the asylum seekers are forced to live by the Australian government. However, thanks to people like Judge, we are able to gain insight as to the real situation within the detention centres and therefore further understand the repercussions of the Australian government's current immigration policies.

Members of CRAC went down to the ALP national conference in Melbourne in the holidays to rally for refugee rights and encourage ALP members to break bi-partisan support of the current refugee policy. Approximately 40% supported the ban of boat turn backs, showing the, by no means unanimous support of boat turn

backs within the ALP.

A grassroots campaign must and will be the way forward to a compassionate Australia that welcomes vulnerable people, respects them and encourages them to become and integral part of Australian society.

CRAC will collect student signatures on a large banner that reads "Students Against the Border Force Act" to add student voices to the doctors, nurses, teachers and social workers who are campaigning against the act.

If you would like to get involved in the refugee rights campaign, join CRAC on Wednesdays at 12pm on the New Law Lawns.

Welfare Officers' Report

Luciano Carment

Hello from the welfare department and congratulations on reaching the back nether regions of Honi (only the cleverest, nicest most glamorous people read this far.)

Two quick updates regarding our work:

First is the exciting news that the online version of "Your words, Your Stories" the collation of first hand student accounts of their experiences, both positive and negative, with drugs and alcohol is finished and soon to be released! Keep an eye on the

Welfare Action Group facebook page over the next week or so and be the first to read real, candid, stigma breaking accounts by your fellow students on the role drugs and alcohol have played in their lives.

Speaking of the Welfare Action Group, if you haven't joined the group on facebook already I urge you to do so. It's full of tips on how to best manage work and study and a great place to get the attention of us Welfare Officers or your fellow students if you are having any welfare related issue in

your own life or even just want to share a relevant event or helpful link.

If the issue you are facing is more personal in nature and you want to put into contact with an SRC caseworker please let us know at welfare.officers@src.usyd.edu.au and we can set up an appointment for you. If you want to contact the casework service directly please email help@src.edu.au or call 9660 5222 between 9am and 5pm weekdays to book an appointment.

The second campaign in the pipeline for the Welfare department this semester is some multilingual materials advertising the (now expanded) casework and legal services available from the SRC so keep an eye out in the international student lounge and in the SRC office!

And remember 1pm this Wednesday the 19th on the New Law Lawns for the National Day of action to defend your degree! We'll see you there.

Wom*n's Officers' Report

Subeta Vimalarajah

Hello there! It's been a big fortnight for the Wom*n's Collective and we're really excited to report back on it.

On Thursday (13th August) we paired up the Sydney University Law Society and their panel 'Domestic Violence, Sexual Assault & The Potential Inadequacy of the Law' to raise funds and awareness about the closure of Hey Sis!, which we reported on the closure of a fortnight ago. We'd like to thank SULS for being so wonderful to work with. The event was packed out and the speakers were so informative and insightful. We ended up collecting quite a

bit of money and raising awareness about the closure of Hey Sis!, as well as building a new and valuable on campus partnership.

On Friday (14th August) is/was the "Stop Taxing My Period Dance Rally", the final event for a campaign that started three or so months ago with a measly online petition, that now has 101 000+ signees. In exciting news, Action Aid - an international anti-poverty organisation, has come out in support of the cause and has expressed their interest to collaborate with the Wom*n's Collective on future projects and campaigns!

Radical Sex & Consent Day is also in the making. A few members of Wom*n's Collective have been helping out on the sidelines. Arabella and I are really excited to be moderating a panel on institutional perspectives regarding sexual assault. There's also a student debate planned on the topic that "That this house supports the rise of a culture that assumes sex positivity", informed by Mariana Podestá-Diverio's amazing article in Archer magazine 'Enforced sex positivity and the need for self reflection in the queer community.'

Lastbutcertainlynotleast,theinvestigation into sexual assault and harassment that started last year following the Alexander Wright case is starting to come together. With consultation from students, Sophia Barnes has put together a draft survey that will be presented to Elizabeth Broderick next week for independent administering. The launch is a little later than was initially proposed, but will be with a screening of 'The Hunting Ground', a US documentary about institutional responses to sexual assault - stay tuned for more details.

That's all for now, until next time!

Vice Presidents' Report

Madison McIvor

I've been abandoned! Daniel has left Veep in my hands alone to go and pursue great things off in the United States, so I'll be heading up this portfolio alone for the rest of my term (watch out!)

I'm going to be focusing hard on moving our academic transcripts to an online-accessible, yet still official format, which will hopefully be subsidised by the University. All this would mean for the Uni is a \$12K setup fee, with a mere \$6K annual fee: a negligible cost for the University that will make a huge difference to students.

This means that we'll be able to scrap that \$10 transcript fee, plus you won't have to go in to pick it up: it'll be all online. Things are looking in favour of this approach and I'm trying to get some time locked in to discuss this with Michael Spence and other relevant stakeholders

to discuss this prospect soon. If you'd like to get in contact with me to discuss this or any other issue, please feel free to email me directly at mmci8564@uni.sydney.edu.au - this change is something that I wanted to bring through for all students, so if you have anything to add, I want to hear it!

In addition to this, I am going to be creating a comprehensive handover document for future Vice Presidents of the SRC. When I came into this role, my vision was to bring some clarity and accountability to VP and the council at large, which I hope to encourage by clearly and thoroughly outlining the expectations and responsibilities the role carries. Again, if you'd like to discuss anything with me, please do get in touch!



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/vevo/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
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e: solicitor@src.usyd.edu.au
ACN 146.653.143 | MARN 1276171



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The Goodes, The Bad, And The Ugly Incarceration Rate Of Indigenous Australians

Dominic Donaldson examines a broken criminal justice system.

It's been over two months since Adam Goodes sparked a flurry of cultural debate, both educated and profoundly not so, across Australia. As such, to get the comprehensive post-match analysis on this issue, it's unquestionably time to wheel out the upper-middle class white guy.

For an Indigenous player doing an Indigenous dance during the AFL's Indigenous Round, Goodes has received significant condemnation for his celebration, mostly from people who claim that their criticisms are not based upon his race. Now, in the name of journalistic integrity, it must be noted that the author has booed Goodes almost every time he has seen him in the Swans jersey, both due to his habit of staging for free kicks and his greatest sin—not playing for the Fremantle Dockers. But this recent incident has demonstrated an unprecedented amount of hostility—Goodes even took a week's absence from his football commitments after being booed by West Coast supporters. But is Goodes being too sensitive? Is there

actually still an entrenched disparity based on race in Australia?

This is the part of the article where it segues into discussing genuine issues surrounding Indigenous treatment, to make it look like they didn't just let the author rant about football for several pages. A 2015 study by Amnesty International found that Aboriginal youths are 24 times as likely to receive sentences of imprisonment compared to their non-Indigenous counterparts, the highest rate in two decades. As under-18s, these children are more likely than not caught in the revolving door of the criminal justice system, rather than being effectively rehabilitated.

It warrants note that the offences these adolescents are charged with are often as petty as they come. In West Australia, the likelihood of a minor receiving a caution for a first offence is around 90%, but this figure drops to just over one in two for Indigenous children. In 2009, an Aboriginal youth was charged with receiving stolen property (carrying a

sentence of up to 14 years in prison) for 70c worth of Freddo Frogs. He did not receive a caution. The causes of this mass imprisonment are a complex issue, but at least part of it is the result of a lack of discretion being applied during the pre-trial process.

Putting aside the massive impact that this is having on a generation of young people, this process is also hideously expensive. The Amnesty report detailed that a single year of youth imprisonment costs the state \$440,000—more than the amount for a postgraduate law degree at this university. This disproportionate treatment is not just costing the people caught in the system—it's costing us all. Prison is being used not as a last resort but as a first measure—toss someone in gaol, have him or her stuck in the system for life, forget about them.

So what can be done about it? Is the problem insurmountable? Well it turns out New South Wales is the state best dealing with the nationwide issue. The Custody Notification Service is a phone line that police are required to give Indigenous

prisoners access to, to ensure their safety and fair legal representation, 24 hours a day. Run by the NSW Aboriginal Legal Service, it fields around 15,000 calls and costs \$500,000 a year—less than keeping two youths in detention. Since its adoption in NSW, Indigenous youth incarceration has decreased, and there have been no deaths in custody.

Easy fix, right? Well, no. The program's funding has been cut as of July and the entire process is at risk, rather than being lauded and employed nationwide. The Minister for Indigenous Affairs, Nigel Scullion, has proposed this expansion, and it's time both he and the program got the support they desperately need. Indigenous youth incarceration is a real issue, here and now, and an effective partial solution is both available and inexpensive, yet being ignored.

And to Adam Goodes—don't worry, I hate Eagles fans as well. Keep your chin up. No seriously, stop ducking for frees.

Student Safety on Campus Whose responsibility is it anyway?

*Hayley Stone, Student Advice and Advocacy Officer,
Sydney University Postgraduate Students' Association.*

This article is the first in a series of articles provided by myself and my colleagues from SUPRA's Student Advice and Advocacy Officer team. We are a professional and independent multidisciplinary team. Over time the team has included lawyers, social workers, welfare workers, psychologists, and activists who have trained in casework and advocacy. Next week the coordinator of the team, Adrian Cardinali, will provide an article on our multidisciplinary practice and the student-centred philosophy behind its operation. In weeks after that, my colleagues and I will be providing different articles on serious issues affecting postgraduate students, which are often difficult, stigmatised and talked about far too little. We want to start a conversation about these issues and provide information and reflective commentary. It is a way of de-stigmatising issues and making those facing them feel less isolated. The topic for this first article is violence against students.

Throughout the past few years, violent acts against students on university campuses have been a regular source of media fodder, prompting consideration of whether there is a culture of violence and acceptance within higher education institutions across Australia. The University of Sydney has been a particular focus, with themes of rape culture, assault, hazing and cyberbullying. While such articles have died down recently, we really do not know whether this is due to the fickle nature of the media cycle, better management by university PR or that there has been indeed less violence on university campuses generally.

Violence in itself is very difficult to define. People are familiar with concepts like sexual and physical assault, but the reality is that violence can take many forms including verbal threats, stalking, name calling and bullying. Through my casework, I have seen first-hand the harm that can be caused by different forms of violence. I have also seen students struggle with the concept that something like name calling or social ostracism could amount to a violent act against them. If we only view violence as physical acts against someone, we are just seeing the tip of the iceberg,

particularly in the USyd context, where experience indicates that non-physical acts of violence are much more common. When acts of violence are committed against a student on a university campus, a question is raised as to the duty of care of the university to the victim. What should a university do to protect the people who study on its premises and should the University be held accountable, or at least, partially accountable if a student experiences harm at the hands of someone who themselves may be affiliated to the university in some way? Many years ago, the situation was much more-clear cut. Universities in Australia assumed a role as being "in loco parentis"—that is, the university was expected to care for students and nurture their development in much the same way parents care for a child—and this was seen to extend beyond simply teaching them. In the 60s and 70s there was a shift in this view, which has been theorised as a result of young people becoming increasingly politicised and wanting emancipation from authority. The situation in terms of what level of care a university should provide to a student in Australia is currently unclear and relatively untested from a legal point of view. The only case that touches on the issues, *Waters v The University of New England* failed, both in the initial proceedings and at appeal, to establish that the university involved held a duty of care to a student injured at a residential college located on the university grounds, or to provide any clear direction as to when such a duty might be established.

Some direction might be found in cases from the US, where universities have been successfully sued by students suffering violence on campuses. The US university system is useful to us in Australia because it features a residential college system not unlike the systems we see in many universities in Australia. The US case law suggests that a duty of care may be established if a university represents that it has a responsibility, the incident was reasonably foreseeable and the university has failed to take appropriate care to prevent the incident from occurring. Following on from these US cases, in increasingly litigious times, it may well be

that there will be future successful cases against Australian universities where a student is injured by an act of violence committed on campus.

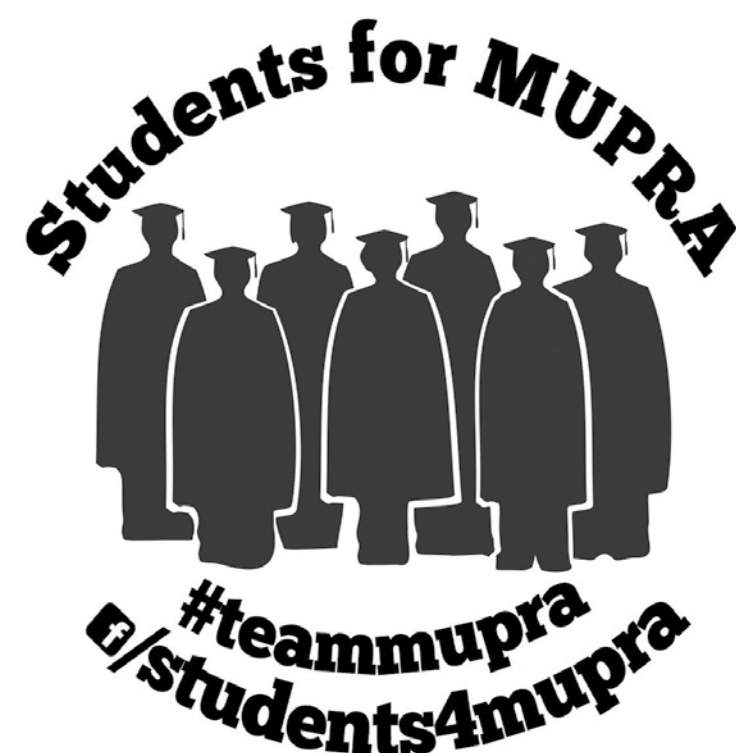
Looking at the University of Sydney specifically, USyd does represent that it has a responsibility to intervene in instances of violence on campus through policies relating to investigation and discipline. It handles complaints relating to violence on campus in different ways, depending on whether the person who carries out the act of violence is a student or a member of staff. If it is a student, the university will look to the University of Sydney Bylaws and the Student Code of Conduct. If the person who is alleged to have committed the act is a member of staff, the University will respond to a complaint by applying the relevant Staff Code of Conduct. In mine and my colleagues' experience however, either process is messy, time consuming and frustrating to the complainants. The penalties that can be applied are limited, ranging from loss of employment, severe reprimand, suspension from degree, exclusion from campus or exclusion from the degree all together. The investigations and their outcomes are also not publicly recorded, so it is difficult to get some sort of idea of what sort of outcome might be expected.

Students have expressed frustration that as the complainants, they have felt that they have had to 'prove' that the incident occurred, that they felt like they had no say in the process and that the University was more interested in protecting its reputation than providing a satisfactory outcome for them. It is worth noting that the University specifically tries to separate itself from responsibility for actions stemming from the consumption of alcohol on campus—there is a separate policy that provides guidelines as to what the University defines as the safe and responsible consumption of alcohol, and specifically states that the consumption of alcohol on campus is a personal choice.

The processes incorporated by the University to investigate instances of violence committed on campus may have a place in situations where the nature of the

violence would fall under the threshold of a criminal offence. In that situation, at least a student who was a victim may be able to have their grievance noted, investigated, and perhaps some penalties put in place, which may have a deterrent effect. However for criminal offences, the idea that a student may try to achieve a remedy through the university system is highly worrying for two reasons. Firstly, for many criminal acts, time is of the essence in terms of recalling critical details and retaining evidence and statutes of limitation may arise—raising a complaint internally in the first interest risks lengthy delays in providing critical information that may lead to the perpetrator being charged. Secondly, the University has its own interest—that is, PR preservation, and this raises issues in terms of how impartial these investigations actually are, and whether there is considerable pressure to settle and 'make the matter go away'—having no publicly accessible record means that it is very difficult for us to determine how many matters involving serious acts of violence have been resolved through some form of settlement between the parties.

The university has represented that it has a duty to deal with matters that extend to violence against students and as such, it should ensure that campus spaces are to the greatest extent possible, safe spaces for students to live and study. This can be achieved through promoting a culture of zero tolerance to violence in any of its forms and careful construction and design of university spaces. There is value in having a university mechanism for reporting acts of violence that might fall outside what would be considered to be a criminal act but the University should not assume primary responsibility for investigating criminal acts of violence. In these instances a student should always be referred in the first instance to NSW Police or advised to seek legal advice and the University should promote these avenues, which it currently does not. If a student wishes to use the university system to make a complaint, in preference to reporting the matter to the police, then this is fine, so long as it is an informed decision.





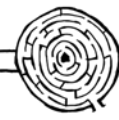
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Social Media

 www.facebook.com/sydneyunipostgrads

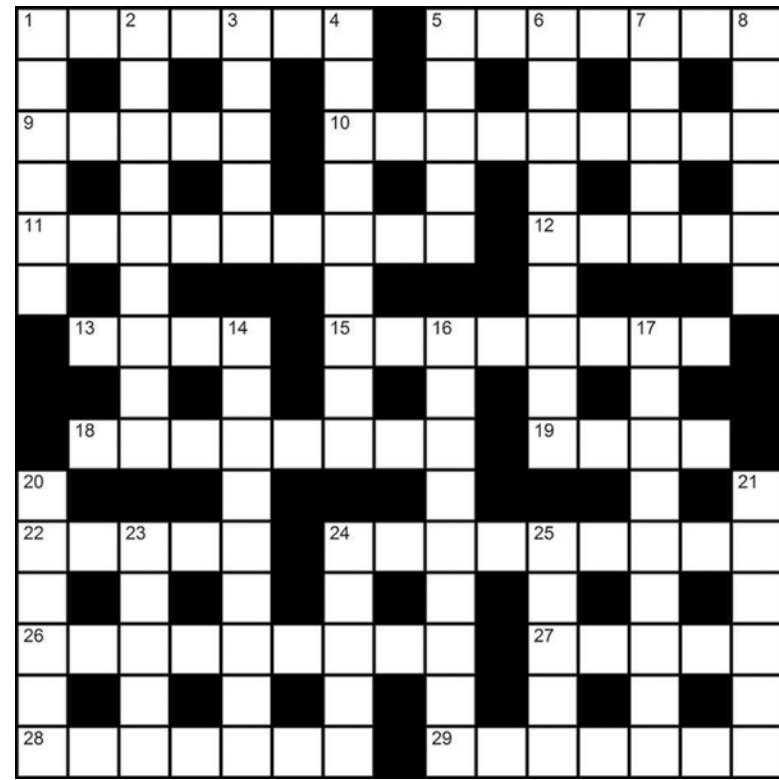
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Cryptic

By Zplig



- Across**
- Inner part of jetty follows stream (7)
 - Contracts mark with odd slumps (5,2)
 - The old prepositions (5)
 - Prone to copy one university native, excluding the introduction (9)
 - New films, i.e. with good character, may be most insubstantial (9)
 - Trickery frames early drama (5)
 - Nearly choke on an alien selection of foods (4)
 - Scottish son and relative in conversation (8)
 - Entire Northern Territory adapted for the universal computer network (8)
 - Allium Porrum; a flat bottom vessel that became capsized (4)
 - Take delight in talk not involving the Queen (5)
 - Feigned nuisance is heard to be bubbly (9)

- Composing competition on the regular parts of Peanuts (9)
 - Italian tale of adventure (5)
 - Rubbing ceresin is rarely unadulterated (7)
 - Relish cooked unethically, author and all being withdrawn! (7)
- Down**
- Using money to get rid of an enthusiast expressing agreement inwardly (6)
 - One location constructed for a union (9)
 - Points inverted in the Cubist's Aestheticism (5)
 - A fellow member's brain stem is being reconstructed (9)
 - Mad loud wits (5)
 - Functional part of a bicycle where a leg is repositioned (4,5)
 - Silent all the same (5)
 - Determined in advance short press talk's beginning about ecstasy... (6)
 - ...as a consequence of the official obiter extremes, and early evidence (9)
 - Releasing a Christian who lost some love about Creation (9)
 - Spiritual leader clears two males by expelling the leaders of Sydney University's Apostles (9)
 - Expels Eliot after English Jack revolutionised the modern era (6)
 - Unfinished passion and desire returned (6)
 - False enemy in Arab republic (5)
 - Bessemer converter, upended, provides French cooking product (5)
 - Odd bits of poetry of the French become lost (5)

Target

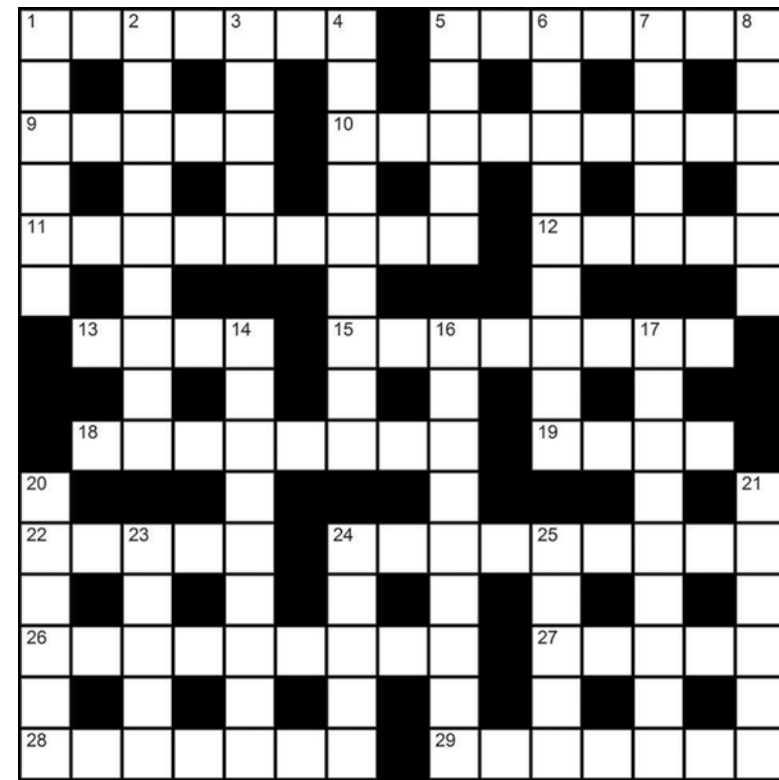
Minimum four letter words

Not Grouse: 6 Grouse: 10 Grouser: 18 Grousest: 24

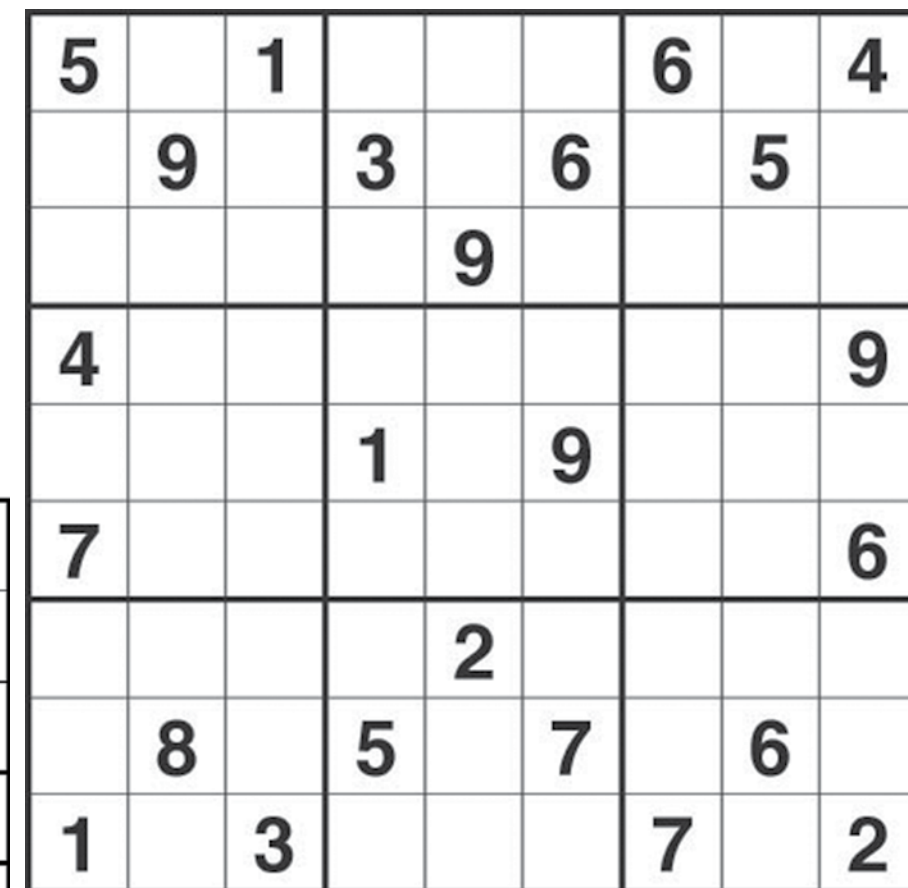
R	S	E
S	R	L
R	O	E

Quick

By Zplig



- Across**
- Learned person (7)
 - Detonates (4,3)
 - 8 piece group (5)
 - Adaptable lizard (9)
 - Made steady progress (9)
 - Gladden (5)
 - Forbidden (4)
 - Entice (8)
 - Formally reject (8)
 - Perceive with your ears (4)
 - Country (5)
 - Worldwide scope (9)
 - Toyota Prius, e.g. (6,3)
 - Bridget Riley's work (2,3)
 - Holden Caulfield perhaps? (7)
 - Running shoe (7)
- Down**
- Disordered (6)
 - Wiggles song (3,6)
 - Relax (3,2)
 - Human languages must be this (according to Chomsky) (9)
 - Rise (5)
 - Immediately after (9)
 - Musical drama (5)
 - Discoverer (6)
 - Not greedy (9)
 - Bright blueish-green patina (9)
 - Plant stem (9)
 - Relating to the legendary musician (6)
 - Winter coat (6)
 - Overthrow by argument (5)
 - Sore spot (5)
 - Grind down (5)



Answers available online (really, we mean it)

No temperature, just humidity this week.

The Garter Press

A paper a day is really hard to produce and you should all be kinder to editors.

Issue X-y

FEEL THE TEETH OF TIME CATCHING ON YOUR ANKLES

You can't, like, own a newspaper, man.

Mum, Daughter, Experts Agree: TV Host Very Good Looking



New Chrome Extension Changes Every Headline to the Phrase "Hell is Empty" page 14



Opinion: I booed Adam Goodes before he was black page 29



A New Direction For The Garter Press (Just messing with ya! Satire!) A Temporary Editorial By Andy Slacks

Editorial

I'm real sorry to hear about Amanda's aneurism, but it comes with the silver lining of a day in the executive editor's chair (wish it was paid like it was real silver, ha!) I won't shake things up too much, but given her illness—and the poorly timed illness of everybody else in the office—someone had to step up, and I've got a bit of a point to make.

A lot of people say that you can't affect change with satire; that comedy news just isn't good or pointed enough to open eyes and sway hearts and minds. But for some reason, that's not the case.

Just look at the sorts of things that comedians say, and then the way their audiences say that it changes their minds and is important! How can you disagree with impact like that?

When you push at the fringe with humour you change the game somehow or whatever. When people are laughing, their defences, or some abstract idea of them, are down (whatever that means). And that's when you can change a mind.

What a privilege that is. Humour is an incredible weapon—and that it's exclusively deployed by the brightest and luckiest in our society can only be a good thing. Jon Stewart, Stephen Colbert, George Carlin—all incredible people who pointedly set agendas with incredible diversity.

This issue might not be the rollicking laugh I'd like it to be, but if you find yourself paying more attention, caring a little better, or more invested in hard facts, it might just be because you're chuckling.

Laugh on.

MARIJUANA, ARMS FOUND IN RAID OF SHAKESPEARE HOME

Oh, What a Piece of Work is a Man



Police Officers have seized a significant quantity of marijuana as well as semi-automatic firearms and cash from a residence in Stratford Upon Avon over the weekend.

Police raided the artist's compound and work space on Saturday morning, at 3am, where the owner, local artist William Shakespeare, claimed to be writing plays.

"It isn't mine! I swear this is a plant! / Unhand me sir, you never read my rights!" a disgruntled Shakespeare was reported to iamb as he was bundled into the back of a police vehicle.

Constable Albert Amarasinghe says the bust is "disappointing".

"Shakespeare is widely considered to be a staple of the local arts community," Commissioner Amarasinghe, said, "even having achieved some notoriety more widely. It's so sad that someone who holds a privileged position as a role model is so involved in such a sinister trade."

Mr. Shakespeare has been quick to distance himself from the materials seized,

claiming the allegations were "such stuff as dreams are made on."

When pressed for comment, Mr. Shakespeare's representation said that he was willing to "give every man [his] ear, but few [his] voice".

Commentators have been quick to point out some of the alleged implications of his work as proof of his guilt before the matter faces court next month.

"I haven't seen any of his plays, but I've heard about them!" one commenter said. "All that cajoling in the forests and taking drugs to love one another, I can't abide it."

At press time, Commissioner Amarasinghe stated that the bust was a "cautionary tale" warning, in an epilogue:

"There's naught becomes a man disgraced thus / Whose weedish ways would decent folks beguile. / The assets seized anight with little fuss / Will see the secret dealer chained awhile. / Remember, all, the life of writing plays / Is mostly crime and smoking purple haze."

Airbus Unveils New Aircraft to Fly from Home to Grandma's Place in Ten Minutes

Have you got all of your things?

Representatives from the Airbus group this morning announced a production calendar for a new hypersonic aircraft capable of flying from our place to grandma's in less than ten minutes.

Researches say they are enormously excited to file the patent.

"Allowing time for Miles to get all the toys he wants to bring (without dropping any on the driveway)," one engineer said, "We're looking at a door-to-door trip of about twelve minutes. It's unprecedented."

The plane has been dubbed "Concorde 2.0", with a series of 4 jet engines (over the original Concorde's single engine) to ensure that the meals we're taking over because she can't cook like she used to don't get cold in the car.

But Brittany Grimaud, head of Airbus' engineering wing, was quick to manage expectations, reminding future passengers that the prototype was still two decades off, with commercial operations not to start for at least thirty years.

"Given that she's forgotten a few birthdays lately, Grandma may well not be round by then."

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Father Re-gifts Unwanted Macaroni Portrait to Less Loved Daughter

Not for eating. Just for love.

Promising that the sentiment was still firmly, preciously stored in his heart, Kirrawee father Robert Adams, 43, re-gifted a portrait of himself composed in macaroni by his son, Billy, 12, to his admittedly less-loved daughter, Amelia, 10.

In advance of Amelia's birthday, he told *The Garter* that the piece was "wholly conventional, but without the playful optimism of William's earlier work". As his daughter withdrew the piece from an unsealed manilla envelope bearing the logo of the architectural firm where her father works, he continued "doesn't it look

a lot like Daddy?"

Amelia, by all accounts a good natured girl whose stilted relationship with her father was firmly (her mother says) a 'his-end' problem, was grateful for the gift. Despite it being her birthday, she reciprocated with a portrait of her own, a crayon composition that captures Adams in repose on the couch, which was promptly stuck on the fridge by Amelia's mother.

At press time, the portrait had been removed, in anticipation of Robert's mother-in-law's Getting Out Of Hospital celebration.

Upheaval in Literary World as Unknown Marlowe Play Remembered

Bring out your dead, white men

Across the English-speaking world, academics of renaissance theatre are abuzz with talk of one thing: a play definitively confirmed to be the work of Christopher Marlowe. *Edward II* is a grand tragedy filled with Marlowe's stirring poetry, and scholars are incredibly excited by the chance to study this work, which had been lost to literature for at least 15 or so years.

Dr Malcolm Gladhew, Head of English at Cambridge, explains: "These are rare finds in this field – every few years, someone claims to have found a new Shakespeare play, but it's inevitably not the case. But this Marlowe – this is something no-one was expecting. Or looking for, really."

While *Doctor Faustus* and *Tamurlaine* are still studied and to a lesser extent performed today, Edward II was entirely unknown, until one undergraduate at Bristol University made a striking discovery.

"I wasn't expecting to find it at all," said Eliza Chen, a Masters candidate in English. "But I stumbled across a 1975 Oxford University Press Edition of Marlowe's complete works and it was there in the middle."

Chen was initially wary of bringing her find to the attention of her supervisors. "They were having some tea, and I didn't want to intrude."

But when *Edward II* eventually came to light, the surprise was widespread. Bristol University's Professor Sally Fletcher explains: "It just didn't ring any bells. I didn't know anything about it. And I've been lecturing on Marlowe since 1998. For only two weeks per trimester, though. I mean, there are limits."

Christopher Marlowe is the one Rupert Everett plays in *Shakespeare in Love*. He was a real playwright.

North Korea Winds Time Zone Back 30 Minutes and 70 Years

Tic toc, on the clock, DJ blow the US up

An official release from Pyongyang this morning declared that North Korea would be adjusting its official time zone by thirty minutes and seventy years.

"The change allows the Korea to keep distinct from nearby theatres," reads the release, "with whom we share no allegiance, with an allowance of a few decades to more accurately reflects the horrible quality of life and global disintegration we impose on the populace."

Remnants of Amelia Earhart Wash Up on La Reunion Island

I wager you that I can cross the Atlantic in 80 days

Malaysian officials and people with a grasp of the passage of time across the globe have been baffled by the appearance of debris that appears to have come from the ill-fated 1937 flight of Amelia Earhart which washed up on the shore of an island in La Reunion on Wednesday.

"This is not the mystery we had hoped to solve," a representative for Malaysian Airways stated at press time.

"We have also found the bloated corpse of Harold Holt, the source of the Bermuda Triangle, as well as photographic evidence of the Loch Ness Monster—on holiday."

The same authorities have confessed they know nothing more about the fate of Flight MH370.

But what they did find brings closure to Earhart's mortal trip. The flight began on the 29th of June, 1937, communications were lost in early July, official search efforts ceased 13 days later, and she has been legally dead for 75 years.

But now we know.

The new time and date means that North Korea is on the cusp of enjoying the boom of a post-war economy, and greater interaction with nations around the world.

Doctor Mandy Hadad is a Professor of Asian Studies at Oxford, and says that the change makes a lot of anachronisms coherent.

"Yea, everything was a little fucked there for a spell, but when you consider they're only just getting over World War 2, they're probably doing okay."

Republicans Turn on Trump as Menstruation Acknowledgement Deemed a Step Too Far

My Uterus Sheds Republicans Monthly

Right-wing media and political figures have lambasted Donald Trump this week, since his Twitter comments following the Republican presidential debate acknowledged that women menstruate.

His remark that Fox News commentator Megyn Kelly had 'blood coming out of her... wherever' was generally understood to be a reference to menstruation. Liberals have pointed out the irony in such a misogynist response to Kelly's accusations of misogyny, while conservatives have pointed out how it was gross and probably scientific to talk about that stuff.

Fox News spokesman and Republican Party fundraiser Clive Rayner said: What if a young, civic-minded girl American was to turn on the television and learn about her own body's basic functions? It's not what this party and this channel, which are different things, stand for.



Call Me Old Fashioned, But A Real Man Can Support A Woman Financially and Also on His Face

Letters in Love with Lynette Hutchinson

I'm an old fashioned girl. That's the first thing I admit about myself. I like things the way things used to be, when men were real men, women were real women, and there was nothing at all wrong with a woman who was fully supported by her man financially and also when she sits on his face.

Sure, I've been told that times have changed, that women can support themselves, but I can't help it. I like tradition. I like it when a fella is man enough to win bread for the family, and tongueflick his woman's bean while she perches on his face. And I like a woman who can admit she needs to have her clam gurgled while she gives her man thigh goggles. There's nothing wrong with that. In fact, that is beautiful. I can think of no more loving act than the comfort of security, and the ticklish glee of a dextrous tongue.

For centuries, women have relied upon the healthy income and face that a good man can provide, and there's a reason that the convention went unchallenged for as long as it did. It's the way that things have always been, and I don't intend to hop off.

Time was, a man went to work in the mornings and before he left he kissed his wife's cheeks on the way out. Why the big change? Why, all of a sudden, should we ask women to go above and beyond to find alternate streams of revenue and cunnilingus?

If modern feminism is about giving women the right to choose, then by hell I will choose to have my man support me 100% every single time I sit on his face. And I'll stay there till I'm finished or dead.



Let's Not Write Off Ronald Reagan's Corpse

On Point with The Garter's Suspiciously Clean Conservative Commentator, Bill Money

The race for the 2016 Republican candidacy is heating up and, happily, we find ourselves with a really healthy pool of options. Some are too quiet. Some are too far right. One of them is Donald Trump, but a man who does have legs is The Corpse of Ronald Reagan. I know he has legs because I'm gently easing my fingers into the soft, fetid flesh of his putrid thighs right now.

We know where Reagan's Corpse stands. His stance on social issues might seem antiquated—locked, as if in a corpse time capsule, in the eighties—but it's a stance that has appeal as a reaction to rampant progressivism that many middle Americans are looking for.

He has the kind of commitment that will see him sticking to issues in a way that most of the other candidates (I'm thinking particularly of the likes of Trump or Bush) just don't have in them—possibly because he has the physical properties most conducive to clinging, and sticking.

I know a lot of people think his smile has lost its charm, but I don't see it. I look into his grin and I see "I stand for something," "I will keep America strong," and "I am a rotting corpse, disintegrating with every minute I spend at room temperature."

And that is what I want my president to say.



If Little Boy Had Been a Little Boy, Instead of an Atomic Weapon, He Would be 73 Today—or He Would be, if He Hadn't Died After Being Dropped From a Warplane on the City of Hiroshima

Increasingly demented reflections on the way the world used to be, and ought to be, by Baptist Preacher, Gun Rights Activist, and Homophobe, Jeremiah Stone

It's that glorious time o'year when all the bleedin' heart morons come on outta the woodwork campaigning for their "peace deals" and "abortions" and, I tell ya, if I hadn't exhausted all my ammo on wooden likenesses of Satan, I'd damn near have a charge of rampage on my hands.

It's an anniversary that comes round every year—funny that. When the finest gosh-darned nation on the planet utterly destroyed one of any number of weaker nation's into the servitude our divinely administered manifest destiny always demanded that it adopt.

All the green-lovin', coward supportin', weed eatin' monsters that dominate the LIBERAL MEDIA have spun a narrative of pity. They would have you believe that the deaths of hundreds of thousands of foreigners (who would take us from our beds and convert us to their heathen ways, had they the chance!) is some kind of "tragedy" or

should give us "at the very least some pause for thought".

I tell you, a far greater tragedy woulda been strapping up that bomber with a REAL little boy. A good-blooded, all American, broad-shouldered, quarterback in the making strung up, thousands of feet over Hiroshima, and thrown to his terrible, lonely death.

You know, I wonder what woulda gone through that there boy's precious, G-d-fearin' mind as he was dropped on those enemies of the state. Probably a prayer.

That's right.

So next time a contrary so-and-so with their "political science" degree starts loudly sympathisin' with the ash-en, desolate ruin of the risin' sun, remember the horrible, handsome alternative. God bless our little boy.

10 Fucking Morons and Their Stupid Dumb Opinions on: UN Intern Forced to Live in a Tent

"More like Unitent Nations, eh? Ah well, it just goes to show."
Maddie Parker, batter, 47

"I'm sick of hearing millennials demanding more, more, more. When I was his age, we had to walk 10 miles in the snow to buy the materials to build our own tents."
William Edwards, castanets, 32

"I heard he was living on a Geneva beach, but, like, Switzerland is landlocked, so we should probably defund the UN"
Emma Balfour, milliner, 53

"He sure did put the 'intern' and the 'camp' back in 'internment camp'."
Ian Ferrington, kisser, 22

"Character building"
Dominic Ellis, mime, 33

"Will you reprint *anything* I say?"
Gabi Kelland, warrior, +22 str

"It's only illegal if they don't provide him with smores."
Declan Maher, mage, +22 int

"Some of the world's finest diplomats spent their whole lives in tents. Wait, no. I'm thinking of clowns."
Patrick Morrow, rogue, +22 dex

"I hear it was an elaborate ruse to demonstrate he was still rich enough to fly internationally and pursue a career at the United Nations."
Alexi Polden, racist, 89

"Golly!"
Martha Dernier, midwife, 46

Do you misguidedly believe what you think is worth something?

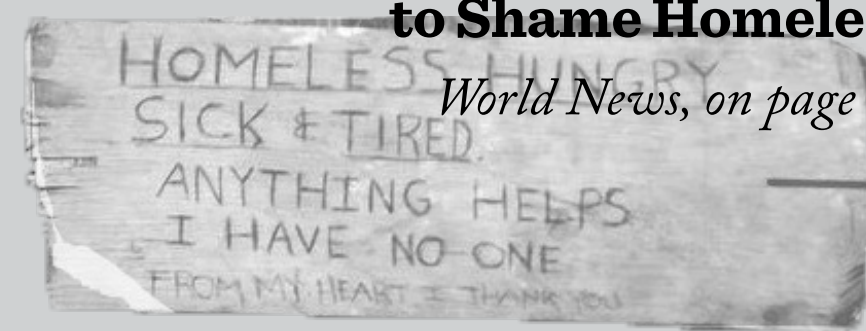
Send your thoughts to thegarterpress@gmail.com

NYPD Shootings of Unarmed Teens Down During Break to Shame Homeless

World News, on page 29

Abbott Announces New Environmental Policy Aim to Shorten City to Surf by 10%

Politics, on page 34





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