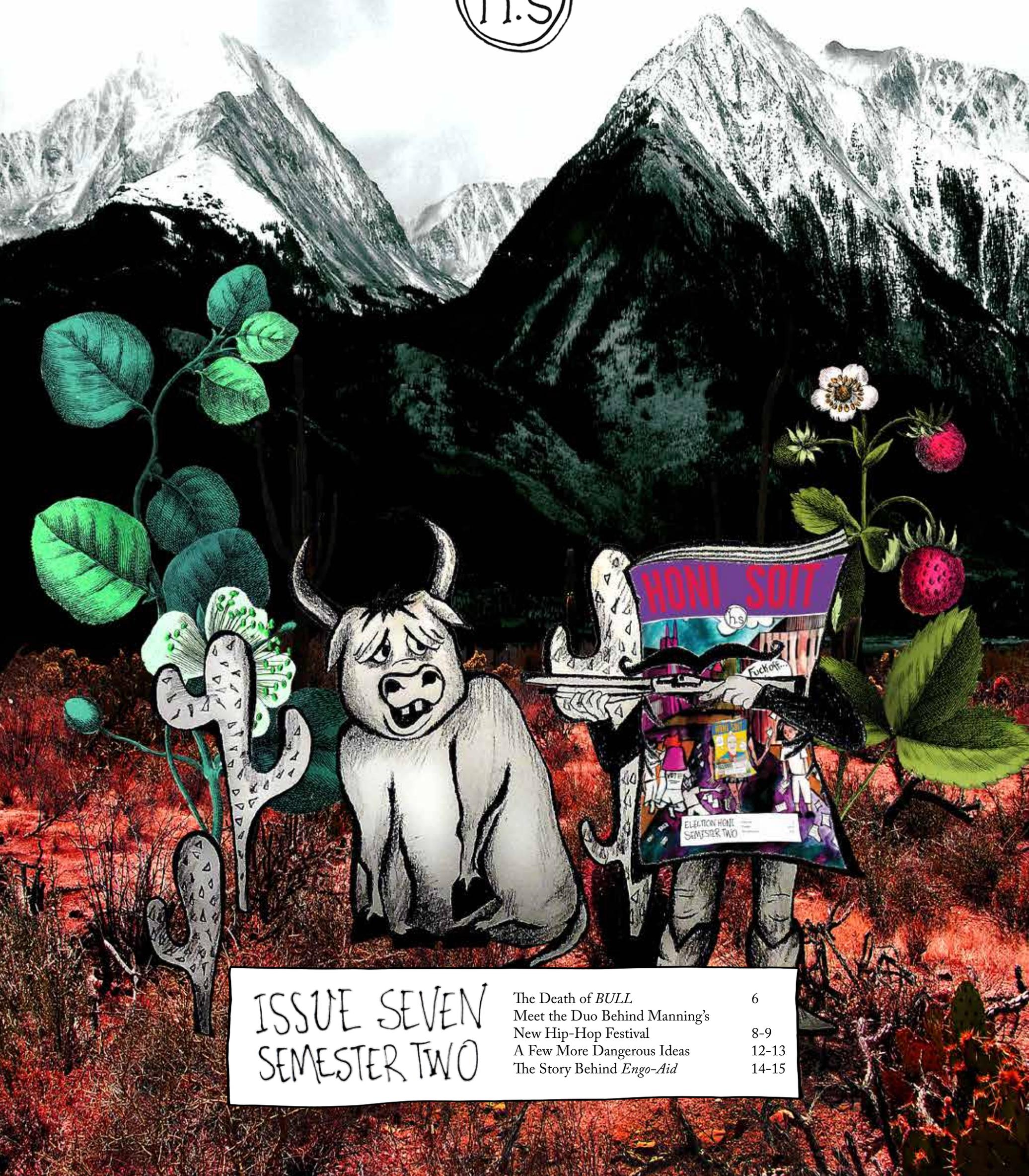


# HONI SOIT



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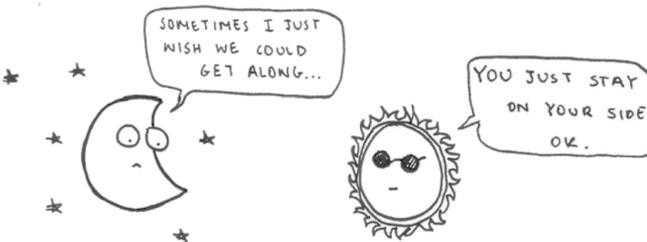
# Acknowledgement

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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Art by Elise Bickley

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## Editorial

Putting thoughts into words is a terrifying prospect.

The stakes alone are obscenely high: each attempt is an opportunity to make someone laugh or cry; a chance to express something that matters.

But if that weren't enough, our words are usually received by others and we can't know how they will react to them or what they may do with them. Once public, our words become an opportunity for misapprehension, rejection, and ridicule. We risk having them passed on to someone who was never meant to have them. Putting thoughts into words is exposing.

And so we don't do it.

Instead we construct little lists in our minds of all the things we wanted to say but didn't; should have said but couldn't. And we live our lives in all the possible worlds where we'd had the strength to give them voice—none of those worlds real but all of them under our control.

Reality is treated to pretenses and poorly constructed jokes—practised exercises in obfuscation that we repeat even as we tell ourselves we have nothing to say.

The following pages contain some 25,000 words. They're all, in a way, small acts of courage and defiance. Each has been carefully selected (often where ten or twelve others would likely have done) to make public something that its author thought was important. We don't know how you will react to them. Some may make you happy; others sad or angry. They may not matter to you (it's likely that many of them won't), but they do matter to someone.

Read them. Or don't, of course—it's entirely up to you.

**Tim Asimakis**

## Credits

- Editor-in-Chief:** Tim Asimakis.
- Editors:** Joanna Connolly, Alex Downie, Dominic Ellis, Sophie Gallagher, Samantha Jonscher, Patrick Morrow, Alexi Polden, Peter Walsh, Rebecca Wong.
- Contributors:** Jessica Branson, Jayce Carrano, Adam Chalmers, Cameron Gooley, Jack Gow, Tom Joyner, Olivia Rowe, Bennett Sheldon, Perrin Walker, Harry Welsh.
- Artists/Illustrators:** Elise Bickley, Michael Lotsaris, Sam McEwen, Zita Walker.
- Cover art:** Zita Walker
- Puzzles:** Zplig, EN
- Proofreader:** Lachlan Deacon

# Thoughts, Feelings and Notices



## SUSLAS responds:

Dear Una Madura Verde,

Thank you for the time and consideration you invested in writing your open letter to the Spanish and Latin American Society (SUSLAS) in the ACAR edition of *Honi Soit*. We appreciate your feedback; it has encouraged us to critically reflect on the purpose, functions and goals of the society. In your letter, you identified four examples of SUSLAS's failings.

You suggested that SUSLAS is "Eurocentric" and fails to adequately recognise Latin American cultures. SUSLAS has made a concerted effort to ensure that it embraces Latin American cultures.

1. In 2011, the society's name was changed from the 'Spanish Society' to the 'Spanish and Latin American Society,' a major step towards making the society a more inclusive space. The primacy of the word 'Spanish' is not an "insist[ence] that Spain precedes Latin America." Rather, it reflects the society's major focus on the Spanish language.

2. In the past year, the society has attended the Sydney Latin American Film Festival, Cuban salsa nights, Latin American film screenings and, most recently, a Mariachi night. We have also encouraged participation in academic cultural events run by SURCLA, the Sydney University Research Community for Latin America.

You recommended that SUSLAS "educate [its] executive and members about Latin American foreign relations." The executive, composed of 10 people with differing degrees of connection to Latin America, cannot claim to adequately represent the myriad cultures and identities of Latin America. The executive's role is to facilitate cultural understanding; it would be inappropriate for them to seek to "educate" others about "Latin American foreign relations." If you have further concrete suggestions of how the executive and members could better do this, please don't hesitate to share them with SUSLAS.

Your recommendation that SUSLAS use flags from Latin American nations is very valid. We will ensure that such flags are used in the future, so that Latin American nations are better visually represented at SUSLAS events.

You suggested the SUSLAS fails to adequately acknowledge Indigenous

Australians and Indigenous Latin American populations. Any past failures to recognise Indigenous populations at our more formal events has been an oversight and we apologise for this.

You commented on SUSLAS's failure to use gender neutral language. The few instances in which this has occurred have been the result of honest mistakes where members of the executive, who did not speak fluent Spanish and did not understand the usage of '@,' neglected to use it. Nevertheless, thank you for pointing out this oversight; we will strive to ensure it does not happen again.

You suggested that SUSLAS's executive elections are undemocratic, and that only "friends or... partners get into positions of power" due to "pre-existing alliances."

1. The friendships between SUSLAS executives developed through mutual participation in SUSLAS, not independently of it.

2. SUSLAS' executives are generally elected based on their merit and dedication to the society, which they have demonstrated by actively and consistently participating in events, and by having an interest in or connection to the Spanish speaking world. This electoral trend ensures that executives are actually committed to the society and aren't simply using executive positions to pad out their CVs.

In your open letter, you referenced the SUSLAS Annual General Meeting last year. At this meeting, you nominated yourself for a number of executive positions, having only attending one or two SUSLAS events. Conversely, the other nominees had actively participated in SUSLAS over an extended period of time. Your failure to be elected was not the result of a fixed, undemocratic election, but reflected educated, reasonable voting. After the meeting, having recognised your passion for and understanding of Latin American cultures, a number of SUSLAS members earnestly encouraged you to continue to participate in the society. As such, we were puzzled at your assertion: "you have made it clear that this is your society and not mine."

Overall, SUSLAS tries to create an inclusive, welcoming and non-judgemental environment in which members can speak Spanish, learn about the cultures of the Spanish speaking world, and make friends along the way. We have received a large amount of positive feedback from many members, both new and old.

Finally, SUSLAS will be holding a General Meeting on Monday 21 September from 4-5pm at the Barnard Eldershaw Room in Manning. It would be wonderful if you came along. You are clearly incredibly passionate about your Latin@ identity and the society would undoubtedly be enriched by your ideas and experiences.

SUSLAS.

## #notallUTS

I got a bone to pick with the cover of your last election edition. I'm a usyd student, I contribute a lot to your campus. I suffer a lot by the hands of students at this uni; the ignorant, the pricks, the transphobes, the sexists, those that vote for the Liberal party, the right wingers, and the people who make fun of those who enjoy a good game of Jenga.

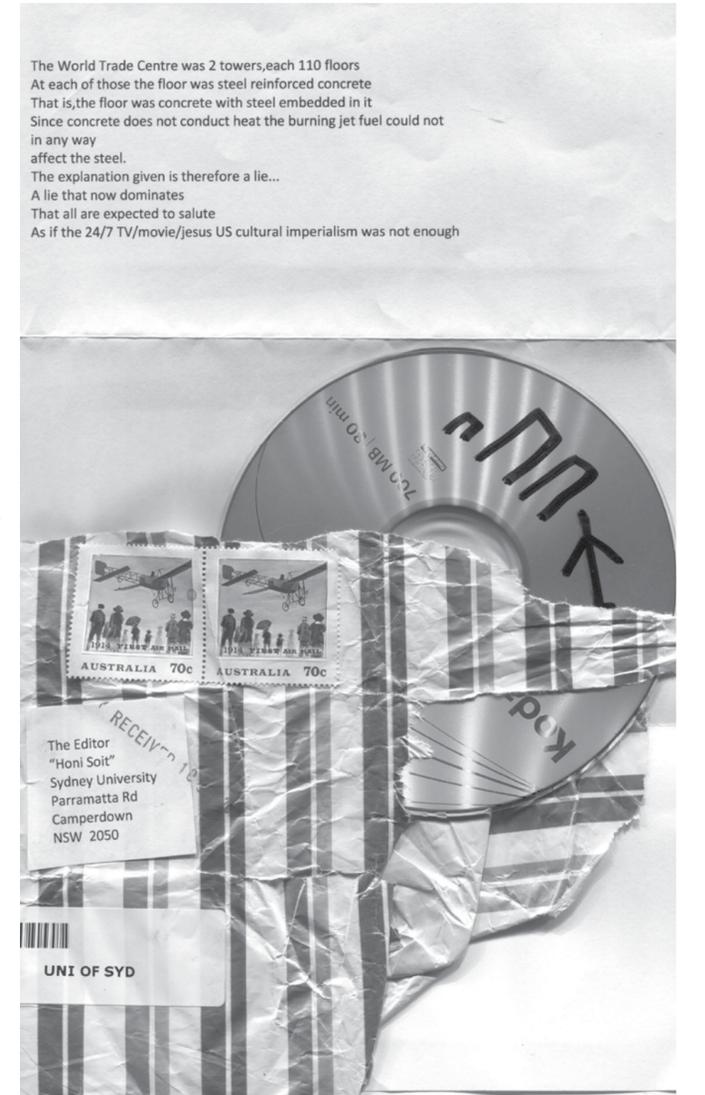
I am also a UTS student. What I find beyond my consideration of patience is jokes assuming UTS students don't actively engage and vote in the Usyd SRC elections. If you're a person going around in the next few weeks saying to student campaigners you are a UTS student, you better have an academic transcript or a UTS student card handy to PROVE to me you're not spreading the vile myth that UTS students don't vote in Usyd elections.

Because damn right, we vote early, and we vote often.

See you on Tuesday for Pre-poll.

Andy Zephyr  
 First year Arts/Social Work

## We're not even kidding...





# USyd Update, Honi for the Lazy

*Adam Chalmers on the latest kid on the student media block.*

Sydney University has a proud tradition of student media. *Honi Soit* has been printing news since 1929. *SURG* has filled the air with music since the 60s. *Bull* (R.I.P) has been a uniquely glossy form of toilet paper since the mid-2000s. But last month, USyd finally entered the twentieth century and welcomed in student video with *USyd Update*.

*USYD Update* is the brainchild of Remy Numa and Cooper Darling-Blair. "Late last year we thought, 'there really should be a video group on campus,'" Remy tells me. "Now's the right time for video. It seems to be where the media landscape is going... and what better way to see how great a USyd museum or concert is than to actually see it?"

Every week, reporters pitch stories to their peers. One story is chosen from

*USyd Update's* three categories—news, life and culture—and developed over two weeks. "We usually write, research and present our own stories," explained reporter Siobhan Ryan. Reporters are filmed by the production team, who collaborate with a post-production team to churn out fairly high-quality material. *USyd Update* puts out three stories each week, limited mostly by limited numbers of film equipment and the relatively small size of the production and post-production teams. "There's some competition for stories, but it hasn't been too bad so far," reporter Steph Ryan explained.

The group is an entirely volunteer effort which neither makes nor spends money. YouTube provides free video hosting, and film equipment is borrowed from *USyd's* media department. "We're exploring options for funding, and hopefully next year we'll have a more sustainable model,"

founder Remy Numa says. Personally, I'm enjoying *USyd Update's* videos. Sometimes reporters seem uncomfortable talking to the camera or stumble over their words. Video quality is occasionally choppy, and sometimes poor sound mixing means I can only hear the wind rushing through the Quad.

But they've got a lot of very interesting material, and celebrity guests like comedian Tom Ballard. I've been writing for *Honi Soit* for five years now, and I'd like to extend a warm welcome to the newest media force on campus. Welcome to the family, *UU*. Long may we reign.

## What's with the Kid?

Last week the *Australian Financial Review* reported that the university's much-hyped fossil-fuel divestment program wasn't all it was hyped up to be. The "emerging market fund manager" the uni switched to was, gasp, investing in tobacco (which you can't smoke on campus).

We asked the uni whether this was in conflict with their policy banning tobacco investments; their response? It's "not technically", but they would still be "looking at options to remove this indirect exposure". They didn't say where the investments are (though we asked).

So here's a little hint about "emerging markets". They're mostly in the developing world.

Those are the places where smoking is on the rise (you'd have to be pretty thick to invest in cigarettes in Australia).

And why? Because they're the places where tobacco advertising and child smoking are legal.

In light of that, here's some new marketing material for the uni. We hope your fund manager sleeps well at night.

**I will smoke 30 to 40 cigarettes a day.**

Aldi Rizal  
Emerging market, '15.

**Leadership is funded here.**

THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

## Dollars & Sense: Flights

*Alexi Polden.*

It's pretty easy to fly pretty cheap. If you're willing to make odd stops and fly super super budget you can see a lot on a shoestring budget.

Really the only tip is don't take long flights out of fucking Sydney airport. Nobody flies here (for good reason?) so we're left with a rag-tag bunch of carriers. You're almost always better off flying cheaply to somewhere in Asia (Kuala Lumpur is my pick), and using that as a jumping off point to where you *actually* want to go.

Flights to Europe in December look about \$1,800 at the moment. If you book flights to KL, and from KL to Europe you can do the same trip for about \$1,300. Of course, setting up that trip takes a bit of fucking around, you have to buy the Sydney-KL and KL-Europe legs separately. There are some sites that'll do it for you (Skypicker and Flightfox). I use Adioso and put the jigsaw puzzle together myself.

Flying this way also means spending time in or around the airport while waiting for your next flight. You can cut it fine and leave it a few hours, but if your first flight is delayed you're fucked and you'll end up living in the airport. Alternatively you can stretch out your journey and see the sights for a few days before going on to your final direction—though obviously that means factoring extra expenses into your trip.

The other downside is that to get out of Australia you'll probably have to fly *very* budget. Airasia flights to Kuala Lumpur are pretty good, but if you make the mistake I did and fly from Manila on the insanely cheap CebuPacific, you, like me, could end up trapped in Manila airport between 11pm and 4am. All in the name of a good deal.

So, if you're willing to visit a grab bag of countries on the way, and don't mind the pitfalls of flying budget, you can fly for about half price. Just don't blame me if you get what you paid for.



# Sweet Karma, Business School Damaged in Cigarette Butt Fire

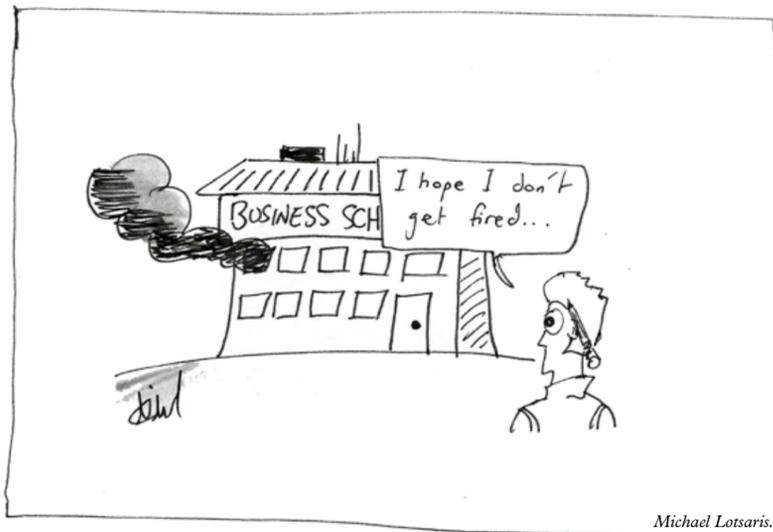
*An Honi Soit candidate on the real reason you can't smoke on campus.*

A fire caused by a lit cigarette butt is the latest in a range of setbacks that have delayed the opening of the University's new business school by almost seven months.

An investigation into the fire, which ripped through parts of the new business school building site in June, stopped short of identifying the individual responsible but did serve as a reminder that smoking near flammable material on an active construction site is a bad idea.

What is clear is that the fire was sparked by a cigarette butt discarded in a bin on a balcony of the building in the early hours of June 25 following a late night smoko. The subsequent fire caused extensive damage to an area of the building's façade, several fourth-floor offices, as well as smoke and water damage to teaching spaces on the third floor.

Ironically, the fire comes as it was revealed that the University has been investing in



The university spokesperson said that while the project was running behind schedule, the damage caused by the fire had no bearing on overall delays.

"There are delays because of the fire but only to the areas affected," they said.

They gave no suggestion about what had contributed to such significant delays, but did point out that the cost of the project has not been impacted by the fire as it was covered by the site's insurance.

While the business school had been slated to open for classes in semester two of 2015, it will now be handed over to the university in October, opening fully for semester one 2016. It is one of the early stages of a major university development binge, slated to revitalise the campus.

In the meantime, ashtrays have been provided on-site as a precaution.

tobacco companies in "emerging markets" (see page 4), in spite of university policy prohibiting direct investments in tobacco. It seems karma has a conscience.

"The investigations by authorities could not identify either an individual or a subcontractor responsible for smoking on the balcony where the bin was located," a university spokesperson told *Honi*.

The new Business School, overseen by the John Holland Group, is part of the \$180 million Abercrombie Precinct development on the Darlington campus. The project began in 2013, and when announced the then co-dean of the business school, now Deputy Vice-Chancellor, Tyrone Carlin, called the business school "probably... the largest single increase in new teaching space over the last two or three decades."

## USU's BULL out to Pasture

*Alexi Polden on the end of your second favourite campus rag.*

Eventually it comes time to put down the family pet, and, after a long slow decline, *BULL* magazine is being put out to pasture. After moving from a daily to a weekly, then to a monthly publication the University of Sydney Union's prized publication is finally ready to face the knacker.

*Honi* has learnt that the magazine will be replaced by an online news site with more "Buzzfeed style articles". The decision was approved "in principle" during the confidential portion of the Board's meeting early this month. On Saturday night the *BULL* editors released a statement on Facebook (despite the fact the Union's PR people generally determine what gets posted), decrying the lack of consultation in the process. "We are by no means kidding ourselves that running a free print magazine is ever going to see as great a financial return as Courtyard, but we—perhaps too optimistically—had hoped that a not-for-profit organisation

would not be so heavily driven by its bank balance", the post reads.

While *BULL's* fate is sealed, the Union's President, Alisha Aitken-Radburn told *Honi* that "a lot of the operational considerations regarding going online, potential new branding, name and design are still very much up for conversation with the Marketing Department."

Despite that, Aitken-Radburn told *Honi* that "preliminary ideas" include having "two permanent paid part time student journalists" appointed for yearly terms, working with the Union's media team. Several former *BULL* editors, and current editors who were told of the change late last week told *Honi* that they expected the new online site to be a mouthpiece for Union PR. *BULL* has previously faced extensive criticism for the level of control the Union's PR people have over the paper—articles have previously been pulled for being too critical of the Union or its programs.

Nonetheless, Aitken-Radburn told *Honi* that "The Board placed massive value on student retention of editorial control and independence and they will have very high levels of autonomy. We're currently drafting editorial guidelines to delineate the relationship with Marketing." The post on *BULL's* Facebook page suggested the replacement news source would in fact be integrated with the Union's website.

*Honi* understands that the choice to shift online comes as pickup rates of the magazine have dropped. Aitken-Radburn told *Honi* that the cost of putting out the paper, including paying editors and printing costs ran "in the realm of ~\$100k" and that "it's really important that the Board continual evaluates whether or not we are expending student resources in the best way possible, with the best results for students."

*BULL's* demise comes as student media across the country is feeling the pinch. In

August it was announced that the editors of UNSW's student paper, *Tharunka*, will no longer be elected—it will now be edited by a panel appointed by Arc, the UNSW student union.

Back at Sydney, *BULL* will be remembered for two things. First, as an oasis for failed and prospective *Honi* tickets, but more importantly as a cautionary tale about what happens when you shorten your name one too many times. The publication started as *'The Bulletin'*, became *'The Bull'*, and leaves us as *'BULL'* (in substance and in name).

Vale. Thankfully, *Honi's* still kicking.

For now.



## International Students Hung Out to Dry

*Samantha Jonscher and Joanna Connolly on what it means when frontline services take a hit.*

After working three shifts—just over 20 hours—in a Sydney restaurant, Taoking was let go with little explanation and no pay. The business owed him \$450 and didn't plan on paying him. Age 24, Taoking is an international student from Hefei, China, in his first year of a bachelor of Information Technology at the University of Sydney.

"I called the supervisor to ask about my pay and my further shifts, but they just complained about all of the mistakes I had made. They refused to talk about paying me or about any further work."

New to the country, Taoking had nowhere obvious to turn for help. First he went to the University of Sydney Union, who sent him to SUPRA, who then directed him to the Redfern Legal Centre's International Student legal advice service. In less than a week after seeking out help from the legal centre, Taoking received his back pay. He now works at the fish market.

"Without the legal service, I just wouldn't have gotten my pay. I was living off my savings and I needed that money to pay rent and my living costs. My only other option

was to ask my family for support. I was so upset, depressed. I felt helpless", Taoking said.

In August of this year it was announced that the International Student legal advice service would be closed as a result of funding cuts. The service, the first of its kind, was opened in 2011 to help Sydney's 40 000 international students. Since then it has offered free legal advice to hundreds of students like Taoking, helping with everything from generalist legal problems—employment, tenancy and domestic violence issues—to managing disputes with specific education providers, which place student visas at risk. "International students are at heightened risk of exploitation due to a lack of knowledge about Australia's laws and protections and an inability through their circumstances, such as financial or language barriers, to access help," explained CEO of the Redfern Legal Centre Joanna Shulman. "As a result, we see many international students preyed upon."

One of the most common problems facing clients is accommodation. "A typical issue systemically facing students is over crowding. There could be a three bedroom place with 12 or 18 people in there, or two

bedroom with 8 or 10 people," Nick Ngai (RLC's international student solicitor) explained to *Honi* earlier this year. Often housing is organised before students arrive in Australia. They pay large sums of money and arrive to over crowded substandard accommodation. Many are not technically legal tenants of the property so their rights are a little hazy. When landlords refuse to return security deposits or bonds, students can be unsure what to do.

Ngai also pointed to complaints about universities as a key aspect of flagship program. Student visas often demand attendance requirements. Yet if things happen—Ngai cited employment problems, accidents, crime, relationship breakdowns as common examples—a student's attendance can drop, triggering problems with visa compliance. Enrolment can be cancelled if students don't show cause to their universities, a tricky situation for a student already unsure of their rights.

"We receive the tail end, where students have been found not to have complied. Their enrolment has often already been cancelled," Ngai told *Honi*. Insensitive

to the specific issues facing international students, few other centres offer this assistance. Without RLC's tailored assistance, it's unclear what will fill the gap. Community legal centres like the one in Redfern provide desperately needed assistance to the most vulnerable in the community. They're the triage of the legal world—a vital first resource for individuals to turn to before their problems become entrenched. Yet they have been defunded since the Abbott Government's election.

Axing international student services is a particular kind of offence. International students represent six billion dollars in annual economic benefits to the New South Wales economy. Last year Sydney was named the most popular destination in the world for international students. At this University alone they represent 23% of enrolments and pay substantially higher fees. However, there is remarkably little support once they make the decision to enrol in a domestic institution. They aren't entitled to HELP loans, youth allowance, Austudy, medicare or concession travel, and from late-September onwards, will no longer have access to free legal advice, specific to their needs.



## Where are all the Female Drug-Dealers?

*Jessica Branson on drugs... and writing about them.*

"Are you gonna get on?" she asks me, eyes wide, chewing her face.

Am I gonna get on? She's talking about taking pingas. Despite urban dictionary telling me there are many many names for ecstasy I'm pretty sure a middle aged person wrote the entry—no one calls them Disco Biscuits anymore, Janine.

This is the question that throws me into a total head spin every couple of weeks. I never know when it's coming; when I try to pre-empt it, everyone decides to have a quiet one. When I think a Wednesday night is going to be a few drinks over dinner, suddenly everyone is telling me they love me and stroking my hair.

That might not seem so bad, but it feels pretty shit not being on everyone else's level. Their declarations of affection seem false, confected, self-indulgent. It's hard to dance to EDM until 3 when you're sober. And the worst part is being afraid if you do take it, you're only doing so because everyone else is—that panic sets me in a stony mood not

very compatible with substances that are supposed to be mood enhancing.

I hate making this decision because it's never on my own terms. The supply and consumption of drugs in our group, and, I suspect, in many groups, is dictated entirely by men. They buy them; they give them to you; and you should be grateful, even though you never get to decide when you want them, in what circumstances, and never get the chance to test them or even have a clue what's in them.

But women are kind of useful, sometimes, when possessing or carrying your drugs is convenient; one friend has successfully smuggled his pingers into a concert twice now with the aid of a friend's trusty vagina.

"But, at least you get them for free?" says a guy friend.

Saving \$30 isn't everything, I'd hazard. Imagine if you could only drink milkshakes at someone else's permission, gifted to you at random times of day when you didn't feel

like it, only to be told 'Come on! Everyone else is drinking milkshakes'.

Obviously the system isn't entirely bereft of women who buy, or deal, drugs. One friend I discussed this with said I was spewing false generalisations about women never having any control. In her group, it was the chicks who initiated taking pills on a fun night out. Another girl I spoke to told me one of the main college dealers is a woman, and that she is running a pretty sophisticated operation.

But there seem to be structural difficulties in access and imbalances in power, and they manifest in an exclusionary and disempowering ways for women and people who don't fit a certain type of masculinity.

It literally may take balls to go and find a drug dealer and make trades with them. For example, if something goes wrong, you have even less chance of sticking up for yourself than the average punter bro. But even finding one is largely dependent on being privy to information usually

only shared between bros, and women and emasculated men aren't shared that information—you have to be 'cool', which is based on an exclusionary criteria, like how much are you socially compatible with the dealer? How much can you act like you know what you're talking about? Can you stand your ground? And are you chill—can you sit with them and pull a bunch of cones and play FIFA, or are you going to be a fucking sissy about it?

I have a deep respect for people who can feel in control and make choices about their own body and own those choices, partially because I've never felt like that. I'm impressed by people who unequivocally know what they want, and I absolutely believe they should have the right to eat, snort or smoke whatever the fuck they want. But a big part of the illegality issue seems to be the selective distribution and control of the substances themselves, and the power imbalances that affect the times and scenarios where you can acquire something for yourself and take it on your own terms.

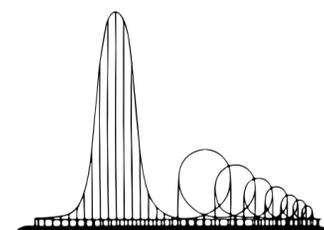
## 10 Ideas Not At The Festival of Dangerous Ideas

*Peter Walsh is on a watchlist somewhere.*

### Running With Scissors

Woah there Mister! Where's the fire? You keep running around like that and you're liable to poke an eye out. Or worse! Now go inside and wash up for dinner, your old man's enjoying his cigarillo \*cough\* \*cough\*.

### This Spooky Rollercoaster That Euthanises Its Participants



From Wikipedia: The ride's seven inversions would inflict 10 g on its passengers for 60 seconds—causing g-force related symptoms starting with grey out through tunnel vision to black out. Subsequent inversions would serve as insurance against unintentional survival of particularly robust passengers. And you just know it would be a five token ride at Luna Park, even though they only

sell tokens in sets of four, which is silly because how are you even going to use those surplus tokens?

### Investing your rainy day fund in Michael from up the street's start-up.

This is a million dollar idea, y'gotta get in on the ground floor. I swear, two-three months and we'll be off. It's a game changer, it's disruptive, it's an app, and those tech monkeys in Silicon Valley are going to be kicking themselves they didn't come up with it first. All our problems—poof! You know I need this. I promise it's not a pyramid scheme.

### Leaving Your Children In The Car While You Go Grocery Shopping

As long as you leave the window cracked and give them a bottle of water to share they'll be fine.

### Going Off The Grid

I know you read sixty pages of *Into The Wild* and decided this was the life for you, but if you just read a little further you'll have a pretty good summary of how your Arts degree handling, can't-change-a-tyre minded, picky-eating self will survive out there.

### Timeshare Jerusalem

So Palestine gets it Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays; and Israel gets it Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays. Then we just alternate Sabbaths till the Rapture.

### Following Your Dreams

Because you're probably more suited to low-to-medium-level administration work.

### Naming your child 'Daesh'.

Which is not to say you should go with Isis.

### Re-distributing income based on need.

### Agreeing To That Road Race Around Dead Man's Curve

C'mon, you can't let Chet dictate your life—you don't have to be afraid of him! And you're the best driver in all of Riverwood. The only way he can beat you is by cheating and you're already miles ahead. Handling feels a little loose though. Come to think about it, was that Chet's cronies near Dad's garage last night? Do I smell break fluid?

### Thought Activated Explosives

Self-explanatory.



Art by Michael Lotsaris



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# One Day Only

On November 21st, *One Day*—famous, among other things, for their monthly parties at Vic on the Park and the Factory Theatre—will take over Manning for One Day Only, a three-stage festival headlined by Dr. Dre collaborator Anderson .Paak.

**Jack Gow** sat down with **Raph** and **Joyride**—chief *One Day* partiers who perform together as *The Meeting Tree*—to discuss how Redfern is becoming New Melbourne, how it pays to be aggressive online, and what it's like partying alongside Lil Jon and the West Indies Cricket Team.

**How'd you come up with the name The Meeting Tree?**

J: Uh there's a tree that is equidistant from both our houses, we live pretty close to each other, in Redfern.

R: Or New Melbourne as we like to call it.

J: New Melbourne is our little corner of the world. Melbourne, but better.

R: Melbourne, but not shit.

DJ: I'd say Melbourne without the pretensions, but the pretensions crept in pretty quick. So there's this tree, basically where we meet up most mornings and wander to a café or whatever, so well before the music was "meeting tree in five?" "yep" and five minutes you'd meet at the tree and go waste your day.

**Did you meet at the meeting tree on your way here?**

R: Yep.

J: Yep.

J: It's a shit tree too, aye.

R: Yeah people think it's some kind of oak or something, it's just some council planted thing.

J: Y'know those on the side of the road, and they can't quite grow that big because it'll fuck with the pipes. So it's just this shit little tree.

R: It's a shit little tree, but it's our tree.

**Since declaring yourselves the godfathers of ADM [Australian Dance Music], you've repeatedly taken shots at Chet Faker.**

J: We were doing that before we called ourselves the godfathers of ADM.

**So what's the story there?**

J: Fuck him. [Pause]. Sorry, my brevity's only because of my breakfast.

R: No, I agree. Oh y'know, he takes himself pretty seriously.

**He seems to. I can't tell if this is like an ironic thing, or your genuine opinion.**

R: Um, no I've got no hate for him, we were just asking him the question of whether he's a cop. No, honestly: we're aggressive online.

**That's part of your personal brands?**

R: Yeah we've sent shots at many people. We've sent shots far and wide. But Chet was the only one who blocked us.

J: He was the only one that didn't take it well.

R: Yeah he blocked us. Not just on Instagram but on Twitter, our other bands that we're in he blocked them as well. Hence why we continue.

J: Some typical Old Melbourne bullshit if you ask me.

*One of Drake's mates lost his chain and he like stopped the music, and he said: "The one who finds it gets \$2000. Where is it?"*

**So between The Meeting Tree, One Day, co-hosting The Drop, Jackie Onassis, Spit Syndicate, curating club nights at Chinese Laundry and both your solo DJing, how do you balance all of those commitments, because it seems like a superhuman workload.**

R: More than just fans, enemies too as you said.

J: Man, so what do you do?

**Doing my honours thesis.**

J: So how many different subjects you doing at uni?

**Right now just writing my thesis.**

J: Well that'd be like an album, and then doing like comedy stuff, writing sketches, whatever it is, that's another one, y'know, and then doing stuff like this, is another one.

R: Plus, most of the things we do we're able to take drugs while doing, which means that it's kind of... it's not like you wake up in the morning and go "fuck, y'know, I've gotta go to another party", like sometimes you do.

**What's involved in blitzing a party for you two?**

R: I guess, yelling a lot, making a couple enemies, hoping the party turns on your enemy.

J: Yeah it does normally. Being able to manifest acid at some point, just by walking around yelling "acid" enough that people give it to you to shut you up.

R: Yeah, I like having so much molly that I pass out or like bliss out, like two hours asleep, and yeah that's pretty cool.

J: A head massage from someone you've not spoken to ever.

R: Yeah head massage.

J: They just start doing it and it's like: 'alright', 'hey I'm Rowan'—it's the little victories.

**What's your creative process as The Meeting Tree?**

R: Speaking of Molly, um, we did our whole EP in three days, our publisher hired a house up north for four nights and we just took a bunch of pills and wrote an EP.

**So, I dunno if you've both done this, but one of you has described yourself as a 'social media mogul'. You seem to just be very proficient, you seem to put out a lot of content to communicate with your fans.**

R: More than just fans, enemies too as you said.

**Yeah like Chet, what's his real name?**

J: Nick. "You gotta take it easy on Nick." The amount of times people have said that to me.

R: Yeah industry people. "Ease up on Nick, please."

**Why?**

Both: Exactly!

**He's doing well. What does he need, like, defence for.**

J: Nick needs a thicker skin.

**So, yeah is that just because you guys enjoy it or like the reality of the music game these days.**

J: Both. People talk about like "it's so hard when managers tell us we need to be better on the socials" my manager doesn't say shit to me about that and it's literally just about—this shit is fun, and it's a creative exercise, y'know we're not just "put up a photo of ourselves, we're playing a gig", it's like quite exciting to be able to engage and entertain on a different platform, that's the whole shit, the aim is to entertain and engage with people and you can do it everyday on a different platform. It's not about like "let's build fans", it's like let's

have some fucking fun and make some people laugh.

**So it's not a cynical marketing ploy.**

J: That's a happy by-product.

**Since Mainline came out, and made a very big splash, have your lives changed in any way? Or is it just a continuation?**

J: I think it's been steady growth and progression for both of us.

R: I don't think, coz, we're not really in the kind of bands that have—except maybe 'R U a Cop'—that have like a song that just goes boom. And because we have been working on all these other projects for so long, I think it's just been pretty steady, y'know, which means that we've learned, we've grown up with fame. So like, fame and me aren't really separate.

J: [sings] ~I wanna live forever. I wanna learn how to fly.~ [laughs]

**So yeah, the opening lines of the album mention: "keeping the heartland under protection"; do you feel a responsibility or a kind of pressure to put Sydney on the map for the hip hop community?**

R: Um, we didn't write those lyrics.

**No, no I know, I just saw them as a manifesto.**

R: I do agree. I think the manifesto, I don't know if it's so much about Sydney or at least for me that line was more about just pushing forward doing what we do, which we think is positive and kind of making sure that, I dunno, other people are seeing how we do things, because we're kind of proud of it, we stand by it, and there's probably a lot of bullshit that goes on, especially in the music industry, so that's why The Meeting Tree is here: to cut through the bullshit, with just truth. Hard truth.

J: It was just like, if we want bands to stop with the bullshit someone has to do it first.

**What bullshit do you mean specifically?**

J: Social media campaigns—

R: Yeah y'know crap ones.

J: —Gimmick songs, fucking whatever.

R: We're not a joke band—we're a joke duo.

**But also you know, hosting The Drop,**



Left-to-Right: "No Paparazzi Please!", Raph and Joyride Maintain Their Wares, "The only thing it's good for'.

**curating One Day Sundays, they're all doing things for the hip hop community here.**

R: Well realistically as I'm sure everyone's aware, there's a massive stigma around Australian hip hop and it's almost fair to have the stigma because a lot of it is awful, just like rubbish kind of sexist y'know crap, just bottom of the barrel crap that's really not saying anything and it's just there to dumb the mind.

J: A lot of it really doesn't speak for us.

R: And it doesn't speak for us and we throw our parties, which we still to this day get hate for, because our parties are parties, like we're not playing friggin'—no diss—Bliss N' Eso at our parties and y'know having a cheers with the boys.

**We're editing out the "no diss" clarifier.**

J: Nah the "no diss" makes it stronger, it's a real twist of the knife, like that's an obvious diss. We literally yesterday had some idiot be like—what'd he say?—"call this a hip hop party and you're playing Beyonce. You fake arse punks". So I write back to him: "learn how to have fun gronk".

R: We've played Beyonce, I reckon, every party for two and a half years.

J: Easily.

**It's all bangers.**

R: It's fun.

J: Queen B man! Whatever, wake up to yourself, what a dickhead.

**You gotta back yourself.**

J: Only the best survive man. It's like fucking Darwin out there. The city.

R: One Day Sundays is going great and if you don't like Beyonce you're definitely not welcome.

DJ: Yeah, that's on him. Like how are you going to insult an entire party that's been going on nationally for two odd years but because it doesn't fit with what you want, you go after it? That's like me calling up a

salsa class and going: 'you can't cook me breakfast, so fuck you'. Anyway, this guy's like a personal trainer, I forget what his name is, it's been real funny like paying him out. It's why it's on my mind.

**That seems to be an aspect of the Australian hip hop community, this kind of self-serious staunch über macho.**

J: I think the idea of that person exists much more than that person does. I think there's a hangover of that from the late 90s, early 2000s where y'know the collective conscious decided that Aussie hip hop was going to be cringeworthy and that was the character that was pinned to it, and the decision was made and you wouldn't go back and reassess. I think a lot has changed now, especially with the more popular styles. Contemporaries of ours—Remi, All Day, Baro, Seth Sentry, Thundamentals, Urthboy, the list goes on and on and on—there's none of that aggressive 'beers with the boys!' fucking yeah whatever, there's none of that, within the vast, vast, vast majority of people that we consider our contemporaries within the genre. The problem is that there's one or two outliers, that have people going: "aussie hip hop? Blergh!" That's it. I mean, fuck calling it "Aussie" hip hop, they can have that, those one or two per cent that embody that idea—

R: That only listen to Aussie hip hop.

J: —They can have that and fuck, we're, I don't associate with it, to me, it's the same as the fucking flag that we have to run up the pole every morning, I acknowledge that it's there and it's what's ours, but I don't associate with it, and it doesn't represent me. [laughs] Is that a little too real for a Saturday?

R: That only listen to Aussie hip hop.

J: —They can have that and fuck, we're, I don't associate with it, to me, it's the same as the fucking flag that we have to run up the pole every morning, I acknowledge that it's there and it's what's ours, but I don't associate with it, and it doesn't represent me. [laughs] Is that a little too real for a Saturday?

**So you've been promoting One Day Only as kind of the climax of One Day Sundays and you've been big upping the decadence. Give us an insight into just how opulent it's going to be.**

R: The theme we're going for is 'high art', like, because we really want to make Manning ours, we don't just want to walk in same old Manning Bar. We've got all three levels, we've got a massive marquee, and we're spending a lot of time, energy

and, most importantly, money on decking the place out. And the idea is basically like y'know this party started off in a carpark we want to keep that mentality, that kind of in the sun, carpark DJ vibe, but now we're at Manning House and it's three thousand people and we've got an international headliner, so let's pop some bottles. And bring that same mentality but, to um, y'know this kind of slightly pre-French Revolution vibe. We just thought it was a good kind of metaphor for what we're doing, we're going from the carpark to the mansion—let's do it up.

**Last question, and on a less serious note: as you've mentioned, your online/music personas hype up your party boy status, what's the best night you boys have had, the most insane, or the most enjoyable or whatever?**

R: I really enjoyed the night we were in Perth on the Drake tour—we were supporting Drake as One Day DJs.

J: It was madness.

R: And we bumped into Chris Gayle from the West Indies, well actually he bumped into us because Joyride dm'd him on Instagram saying: "If you wanted to come to the Drake show, I know you boys are in town for the World Cup." We were having a drink at a bar near the casino, and out of nowhere Chris Gayle just wandered over and said: "Instagram." Then quoted a photo that Dixey [Joyride] had put up.

J: He quoted the caption and said: "Everyone is having fun while we work."

R: It was a photo of Dixey DJing in front of 5000 odd people.

J: Something that resonated with him I guess, being a T20 star and all that.

R: And that led to the whole West Indies team coming to the Drake concert and eventually at the after party, which we were throwing, Chris Gayle hopped on the mic with us.

DJ: He was kind of MCing over the top. One of Drake's mates lost his chain and he like stopped the music, and he said: "The

one who finds it gets \$2000. Where is it?" So everyone is looking around on the floor of the club, and Chris Gayle turned to us and said: "Why doesn't he just buy a new one?" It was a \$50 000 chain. Like this guy was saying: "I've lost my \$50 000 chain."

**Wait because Chris Gayle makes so much money from T20, he was just like how is this even an issue?**

J: Yeah he was like fuck it, whatever. And because it was silent, Lil Jon took it upon himself to like get things going again. And so one of the other DJs put on 'Get Low', but then just fucked off to look for the chain, so Lil Jon is there kind of performing, and then there's no one behind him, so I had to hop on the decks. I'm standing behind the decks with Chris Gayle while Lil Jon is rapping, and he's like: "Pull this shit up!" He then goes on this spiel about the windows and the walls, and then just turned around and looked at me and said: "Drop that shit!" So I just played the song again, and I was just dancing with Chris Gayle while Lil Jon rapped 'Get Low' in front of 1200 people in Perth.

**In Perth of all places.**

J: Yeah. And then we got real fucking stoned. Raph ended up wearing the one day cricket jersey that Cricket Australia had sent to Drake, it said Drake on the back.

R: Yeah Cricket Australia has sent Drake a jersey, and it ended up in my hands.

DJ: Raph ended up wearing it for most of the night.

R: I have a World Cup cricket jersey that says Drake on the back. I had it—it was taken from me.

*For the full, un-edited cut of this interview—and we swear there's much more—go to bonisoit.com.*

*To buy tickets to One Day Only, visit: <http://tix.onedayonly.com.au>.*





# Alex Cameron is the Real Deal

**Harry Welsh** interviews the Seekae lead-singer about his solo project, upcoming EP, and plans for the future.

Cameron's never on the couch; he's always pushing the boundaries as a performer by keeping his guard up, from website, to stage, to social media presence. Over the phone his voice is honest and invested, all while figuring out if I'm a pretentious Arts student loaded with questions on his transgender policy and Seekae's next release. Hope he didn't realise the truth.

"I wasn't very good at school, I wasn't that talented at learning systems, I was more fascinated by my imagination. I liked the school, I played a lot of basketball. Three games on the weekend, four training sessions during the week, it was good training. Kept me occupied."

A Scots College alumni, Cameron stands out from the gold plate Vacluse white-boy in the uncanny nature of his art, likely influenced by his time spent in the country.

"I grew up in the New England area in a town called Deepwater, so I would spend big portions of the year up there until I was about 15. It influenced the way I see the things, the way I see nature and understand the law of the world."

In 2013, Cameron released an 8-track EP titled *Jumping the Shark*, available as a free download on his website. Few labels were introduced in the record, and it wasn't until after the online release that local Australian group Siberia Records (Midnight Juggernauts, Kirin J Callinan) caught on to Cameron's unique sound and produced some vinyl copies. This record was long in the making, crafted not to perfection but to honesty.

"I realised I had something I could get behind fully. I've got a record I can put a show on. And that was when the concept came to it, because they're all

talking about one thing. I can create a world where the characters can come to life, and potentially I can tour this around the world."

And that's what he did. Earlier this year, Cameron and business partner/saxophonist Roy Molloy embarked on a US national tour, blazing a trail in a jet black Cadillac as openers for Californian indie rock group Foxygen.

"I gave Roy some money for a car

because I wasn't there yet, and he picked me up at the airport in this black Cadillac—and I was laughing. I said pick us up something nice, pick us up a good American car..."

The previous year, around the same time, the duo journeyed to Austin to explore SXSW, busking and documenting their experience in a wonderfully bizarre documentary available on the Alex Cameron website. The video offers an existential reflection on the role of artists at the festival, and more broadly it presents a neo-noir depiction of Texas, aesthetically and poetically representing Cameron's feelings towards the USA.

"The culture over there is very welcoming and they like to be entertained, they like rock and roll, I think they want to see the concert for different reasons."

By that same token, one goes to see an Alex Cameron for different reasons than the common indie rock show. The audience instantly falls victim to his confidence and swagger, muttering sly quips at their expense and sharing reflections on the origins of his lyrical creativity. Then it's to the business. Cameron's behaviour on stage recalls Nick Cave with a streak of autism; a personality that exists in a universe isolated from twitchy dance moves, apprehensive stage banter and general self-consciousness. But Cameron isn't in his own world on stage, he's a part of the venue mood. He's canned the

anxiety, and exercises his ability to make this show something real.

"My focus is always on the flow of the set. I try to find where I want the climax to be in terms of song placement, and energy in terms of which songs I'm going to push hard on and which songs I'm going to let the lyrics do the talking... It's a matter of finding some reason to spark celebration, y'know. If I'm feeling terrible it's good to find a way to celebrate that."

Alex and Roy performed last week at the Botany View Hotel on the eve of the King St Crawl, at which I had the pleasure of meeting the enigmatic showbusinessman. When asked how long until we see another record, he seemed at ease.

"I'm not really stressed about release yet, I wanna make sure I can just get something down. Yeah, I'm not stressed about perfect either, I just want it to be true, y'know. I'll wait for that to happen. Let's just take it nice and easy."

*Jumping the Shark* explores a community of washed up entertainers, obsessive romantics, and laughably fallible individuals. Cameron earnestly explored the darker corners of his creativity with the narrational capability of an aged, delusional bushman. I sincerely encourage you to see Mr. Cameron perform, for he provides a service of glamour and professionalism unlike any current local artist.



Art by Samuel McEwen



# World-Beater

**Bennett Sheldon** on his time as a *World of Warcraft* pro, and the dangers of gaming addiction.



Illustrations by Zita Walker

From 2010 to 2011 I was a professional *World of Warcraft* player. Professional in the sense that I was paid to play through sponsorship, played at the highest level, was a member of one of the top three guilds (teams) in the world, and was arguably the best at the role I played.

Like any other sport, we existed in an on/offseason cycle, which reflected itself in my life. When I knew there was a period coming up where I'd have to be nocturnal, I'd start preparing at least a week in advance. I'd need to be ready to start around midnight, and be able to go for up to 16 hours without ability-crippling fatigue, so my sleep patterns needed to adjust. In holiday periods it wasn't too bad, if anything it helped add structure to my life, but during the semester I'd skip school when I needed to work through the days, and would be affected for weeks following. But it didn't matter, because it was a passion. Of course it wasn't a 'career', but working my way up the chain to the very top carried with it a similar sense of accomplishment, it carried a certain sense of self-worth. Lots of jobs are demanding, but perhaps the main difference with this one is that I eventually had to retire—whilst one of the best in the world and at the tender age of 18—because I was just too addicted to work.

The 'season' was when new raids (series of AI bosses which 10 or 25 players attempt to defeat) were released, and the top teams from across the world would race to be the first to clear the content on the hardest difficulty setting. This process could take up to weeks—defeating the final boss was all but impossible without perfect play. The average raiding session during peak season was upwards of 12 hours, all the while we were expected to record our play through screen capture, so that afterwards we could review our own play as game footage. If you've played *WoW* semi-seriously then you would have read or watched guides on classes (a type of character you play with unique abilities and roles they can serve) or boss fights—we're the ones that made them. So during this initial period, we attempted to optimise our play, or see if any aspects of the encounter could be better exploited in our strategy. While other players may be familiar with the pressure to keep equipment enhanced with varieties of gems, enchantments or potions, we never had to work to obtain things as everything was provided.

Much of it came from the "off-season", which took place after we had cleared the content and our players had obtained all that they needed to, where we would clear 25 man heroic-raids with 20 or less professional members, selling free places to other players so that they could sit back and receive all the equipment and achievements. They'd pay for the service with in-game gold currency, part of which would go toward expenses for the main team, while the rest was split between the players. Personally, I'd then sell this off for RLD (real life dollars for any of you lifers out there) to supplement the sponsorship. I should note, the 'salary' was pittance, the unions could have had a field

day, but unfortunately it's hard to justify essentially playing games and getting some pocket money while you're at it. The basic financial structure was that by being the first to clear content, and being a recognisably top guild, players would come to our website for tutorials on how to approach encounters and how to play their character. All of those tutorials would of course come to you courtesy of Razer (I still use the free Razer Naga mouse), and I'd make sure that my UI (how I customised my keybindings and screen design) made use of the additional buttons found on some of their equipment, so that to perfectly mirror my play style you had to invest. Essentially this meant that the 60+ hours spend raiding in a new period of content wasn't itself our job, it was just the qualifying skill to be relevant, and so we were being compensated 'reasonably' for the game footage with commentary that came out from that.

Of course, it reached a point where investing so much time and mental effort began to affect the rest of my life. Study and even school became intensely difficult given the overnight requirements of play (albeit only when playing with American or Euro teams), and the sheer amount of time that I had to dedicate to the game. I have a distinct memory of handing out CVs to bars during one of my less intense gaming periods, in which my availabilities left three nights as 'preferably unavailable' due to 'sporting commitments'. I wasn't able to find a job at the time, but I had people enquiring who were put off by those times. In the end I chose the game. It also got difficult maintaining certain friendships, but they were seemingly replaced with in game friendships. I have names saved in my phone such as Shambles and Litter, online aliases for people I could tell you occasionally the first name of, rarely the full name, but often no more than their class and talent level.

What I guess this leads into saying is that for a lot of people gaming can be a genuine addiction. It affected my sleep, school,

social life, mood etc; but I know others who were hit in more personal ways. It wouldn't be uncommon to hear shouting in the background of a teammate's voice chat, usually between partners arguing over looking after the baby, or giving attention to anything that wasn't that fucking video game. Partners wouldn't understand that *WoW* isn't Mario, you can't just pause at any point. They didn't get that you're playing at the top level and this moment might be when your team manages to do what no one else has done before. But by the same token, a lot of players wouldn't understand that they were playing a video game when their marriage went to shit.

Of course this wasn't always the case, a lot of people play healthily, even at a top level; a lot of people can have just one drink, but for those who can't it's a problem. I was lucky in that it helped me discover my addictive personality when I was young. You might think 17 or 18 is old to be seriously playing video games, but most people I'd play with would be in their 30s, with the younger players being around 24 or 25. I made a choice to quit, but it was a habit of competitive addiction that stayed with me. When I worked at a pub with a TAB I became intensely invested in betting on greyhounds, later on it was other games, or productions or just about anything where I could find room to strategise, whilst also investing myself in something so completely that it muted everything else.

In my case, the single-mindedness with which I could play likely came from the associated success and validation. I wasn't unsuccessful in other aspects of life, I did well in school, I had hobbies I was good at, and I had a lot of good friends, but I was also unhappy. When I began playing seriously, enough to become very arguably the best Resto Shaman (if anyone was wondering) in the world, it was at a time where I was unrelatedly depressed. It made it convenient that I wanted to skip school and social activities anyway, and so it probably wasn't

just gaming that made me spend 6 months in my room, but it was gaming which either helped me get through it, or made it worse, and I'm not really sure which. My relationship with *WoW* was one where I could turn off my mind to everything outside of the game, it was simultaneously numbing and stimulating, as all the peripheries were able to blur in a way that nothing else could do for me (and I think helps justify my prior comparison to alcoholism) whilst allowing my mind to have intense focus within the game. During a period where I felt horrible about myself and my abilities, there was an avenue where I could demonstrate talent, strategy, leadership and ability that others couldn't mimic, without having to actually do any of that within my 'real life', which I desperately wanted to avoid engaging with.

Within the upper tiers of *Warcraft* play, this isn't uncommon. There are two broad, generalised divides of people at that level, and they are the very high-achievers, and those who have chosen to invest in the game for reasons similar to mine. I played with a man who at the time worked as one of the heads of digital security for ASIO, but it was just for fun, as he made a small fortune inventing the microchip that goes inside every passport in the world. One of the youngest members of the team just finished his PhD in psychology, and was one of the youngest and most successful individuals to do so in Australia, his work being incredibly well received. There were a lot of members of my team like this; multiple Americans whose businesses ran themselves, or finance contractors who worked as they pleased. For a lot of people it was just another area to excel in, but for people like me it offered pride. Sure I was perfectly respectable in other areas of life, but they didn't mean anything to me.

*WoW* was both individual and team excellence, at the top level the team has to operate socialistically, we'd make decisions based on what benefits the team. Everyone has been in a situation where they're the person that does all the work in a group assignment, or one of the defenders in the soccer squad phoned in a game and ended up losing it for them—so there's a certain unique satisfaction in being in a group of 25, where if any individual isn't performing their individual role at the best possible level, or doesn't execute the team strategy perfectly, then we'll lose and have to try again, over and over. The satisfaction comes from being the first to succeed, knowing that while you stayed up all night researching, planning, trying to innovate and find any advantage that you can bring to the table, 24 other people were doing the same, with the same dedication, for the same group goal. There's a sense of solidarity when it can be needed most, and I didn't need to go to school for the assignment or go to soccer training at all.

This piece could easily read as a boast, but it's not. Having played *WoW* isn't something I talk about, but if anyone was interested, this is what it was like.



# Funny, Warm, and Moving: Timothy Conigrave's 'Holding the Man', 20 Years On

Cameron Gooley reviews.

*Holding the Man*, a beloved classic of both gay and Australian literature, recounts the 15 year long partnership between Timothy Conigrave and John Caleo—a heartbreaking love story set against the backdrop of the 1980s AIDS crisis.

Director Neil Armfield's film adaption of Conigrave's posthumously published memoir honours its humour and tragedy.

Ryan Corr—shedding his *Sleepover Club* and *Silversun* days—was the star of the film. His portrayal of Conigrave was witty, loud, and endearingly human, although the film omitted some of the less likeable qualities of his paperback counterpart.

Australian heavyweight Anthony LaPaglia delivers an excellent performance as Caleo's very Catholic and somewhat homophobic father. Although his love for his son is technically unconditional, he is a far from a supportive father figure. Although he

never accepts his son's 'lifestyle' and is portrayed primarily as a villain, he is still present throughout John's entire life and remains a loving father in his own way. This seemingly small, but complex, turn on the 'two dimensional, evil, gay hating father' narrative is an important step forward in representing a more universally relatable experience for many members of the gay audience.

With some arguably edgy gay sex scenes for a mainstream audience (and a tremendously humorous masturbation scene), the film pushes the boundaries of what has been traditionally deemed appropriate for Australian film. Ranging from dangling penises during a streaking scene, to some particularly passionate nipple biting, it was refreshing to watch a film where the gay sex wasn't limited to innuendo, vague 'artsy' silhouette shots, and morning after scenes.

The movie really packed its punch with its

heart-wrenching depiction of the medical, social, and personal traumas inflicted on early sufferers of HIV/AIDS.

Focusing on a variety of different issues faced by the early sufferers of the virus, the film addresses the guilt felt by people who had accidentally infected strangers and loved ones through seemingly inconsequential means (such as blood donations), as well as the social stigma that became attached to 'perverted' sex.

One such scene focusing on the question of infection was arguably the hardest in the film to watch, and I doubt many in the cinema sat through it without tearing up.

Structurally, the film time jumps, with the plot moving in a non-chronological sequence between 1976 and 1992. Although the transition could be jarring, the technique served to better balance out the humour and carefree abandonment of the earlier years of romance with the

sadness and grief of their later years.

This series of transitions keeps the viewers' attention throughout the entirety of the film—a necessary task given that the third part of Conigrave's memoir, written as he rapidly succumbed to AIDS related illness, was hastily constructed.

Cutting out some of the grittier details of the book (including his youthful sexual encounters and experiences prior to beginning his relationship with John—some while extremely young), the film's quality may slightly deteriorate for fans of the novel with the trade off between content and classification approval.

However, the film is still an excellent example of Australian cinema—something I never thought I'd say about our domestic film industry post *Priscilla*. Beautifully shot, superbly acted, hilarious, and utterly moving—this is not a film easily forgotten.

## What's On? GRAPHIC Festival

Dom Ellis previews the upcoming festival of graphic story telling, animation and music.

In late September and early October, the Sydney Opera House will play host to a geek-fest a bit more well groomed than the likes of Supanova or Comic-Con. The GRAPHIC festival, which started in 2010, is a celebration of "forms of modern storytelling that are often overlooked in traditional arts conversations and yet are capable of greatness". It's shaping up to be a unique experience, featuring high-end guests, premieres, and a series of specially commissioned works, aural and visual. And with the Marvel Universe and films like *Mad Max* dominating the box office, the intersection between screen culture and narrative literature is all the more pertinent.

Here are our picks of the festival (also keep an eye out for the musical performances from Ólafur Arnalds and Sarah Blasko):

**MAD MAX: FURY ROAD—CREATING THE APOCALYPSE—GEORGE MILLER, BRENDAN MCCARTHY & NICO LATHOURIS IN CONVERSATION**

Speaking of *Max*, enter the wasteland with Oscar-winner George Miller and

his co-writers and illustrators Brendan McCarthy and Nico Lathouris. Twelve years in the making, and featuring comprehensive storyboards, vehicle-work and costuming, the making of *Fury Road* is a story in and of itself.

**BEHIND THE BRICKS—HOW ANIMAL LOGIC CRAFTED THE LEGO® MOVIE**

The Sydney-based animation and visual effect team behind *Happy Feet*, *300*, and *The Great Gatsby* feature once again at the GRAPHIC festival, this time talking about their extraordinary work for *The Lego Movie*. They're one of Australia's most important contributors to innovation in film, and this FREE presentation by art director Grant Freckelton is well worth a look.

**KEVIN SMITH'S SUPERHERO MULTIVERSE WITH SPECIAL GUEST JASON MEWES**

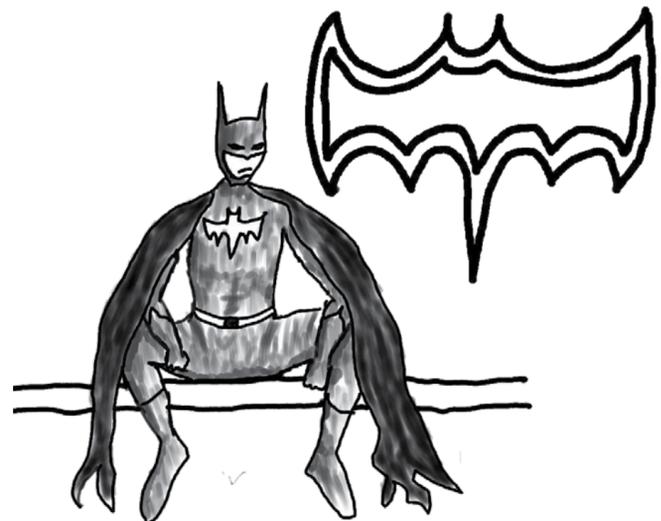
Kevin Smith is a bit of a dickhead, no doubt. That said, he's also the genius behind some of world's comic book treasures, both Marvel and D.C., as well as

cult indie flicks *Clerks* and *Malrats*. You'll have to fork out 59 big ones for this one, but a Kevin Smith ramble is in a league of its own, and with a 120 minute run time, it's probably worth the spend.

**FREE SCREENING: SHE MAKES COMICS**

One of a few Australian film premieres, *She Makes Comics* follows some of the

biggest names in comic books, as well as some of the biggest fans. A welcome escape from the dude-bro domination of mainstream fan culture, this looks like an exciting doco including interviews with big name writers and artists.



# Werewolves: A Different Show Every Night

Patrick Morrow reviews SUDS' latest.



continue to die until we find them. There are colourful characters who correspond with colourful cards, and we get to pick who to kill.

The show is an only slightly altered version of the camp game, sometimes called Mafia. Possibly for that reason—the familiar mechanics, the flexible line between reading a narrative and reading its performers, the sweet friendliness of it all—the show never manages to be dark. Tension occasionally sprouts, but is quickly undermined by some talk of an elephant dance or a dead marionette.

To the cast's credit nobody is both humourless and without sincerity, in fact everyone is really quite good, but the confused measure of those quantities throughout the night is unsatisfying. The audience was, to a degree, complicit in this, jumping on every even vaguely funny cue, even in moments where it undercut the broader seriousness to which the show was aspiring (and you can tell it is aspiring to seriousness because there is a very heavy-handed red wash and a spooky sound cue). Aspiring to gravity was a mistake.

Alexander Richmond makes a valiant attempt at conviction in an early scene but, for lack of any stakes or coherent narrative at that point, it mostly looks like insistent, cautionary hand waving (we know nothing of the werewolves at this point. The first scene feels very

Nobody in SUDS wants to write words down any more. Last December, *Dinner and a Show* brought you a dining room table without scripts; earlier this year, *House Party* (of the same fictional universe) brought 30 audience and cast members together for a party where nobody even bothered to remember their lines. Members are often seen at Theatresports and Improv Circus, presumably to cheer and laugh at how little they think of the pre-written word.

The most recent (and least naturalistic) of these trendy, ad-lib offerings is Elliott Miller's *Werewolves*, where a seven-strong cast drags an audience through miserable Drottingham, and makes them complicit in a dynamic town meeting-turned unashamed popularity contest, with a bloody twist.

The Narrator establishes the world and coaxes us into the evening. It is a rotating position tonight played by the Vaudevillian Ondine Manfrin. The Narrator teaches us that there are two werewolves present at this town meeting, and townsfolk will

hollow). He is ruthlessly dispatched at the earliest opportunity, and had the stodgy librarian persevered, his earnestness might have quieted a ruthlessly laugh-hungry audience, slowly corroding any chance of compelling drama. To name just a few of the townsfolk:

David Quaglia was a withering rich fop and also a werewolf. He may not have been a great werewolf (some claimed they could pick him from the get go. Not me), but he is incredible onstage. I would have preferred to lose the game altogether if it had meant we saw him in every scene up to the end. His contributions are discrete and considerate and that restraint is delicious and captivating. He expertly and elegantly crafts Charles Montague as an A-grade shit, and he is our A-grade shit.

Maddie Houlbrook-Walk brings barrels of energy to every moment, but it is sometimes misplaced. Her narrative of class struggle is almost compelling, but the show's vague structure and strange mechanics, coupled with the shitheads in the crowd, made sure it ultimately wasn't. In an emotional beat that didn't quite stick to the Teflon audience, she smashed a glass, and it felt contrived.

Likewise: Jenna Owen is incredibly funny, but sometimes uses it for evil. By the end, the show is taking itself very seriously indeed, but Owen wouldn't have a bar of it. "Mister Winchester, I am not a piece

of bread," was delivered with the brilliant curtness of a young Meryl Streep who didn't bother with classical training.

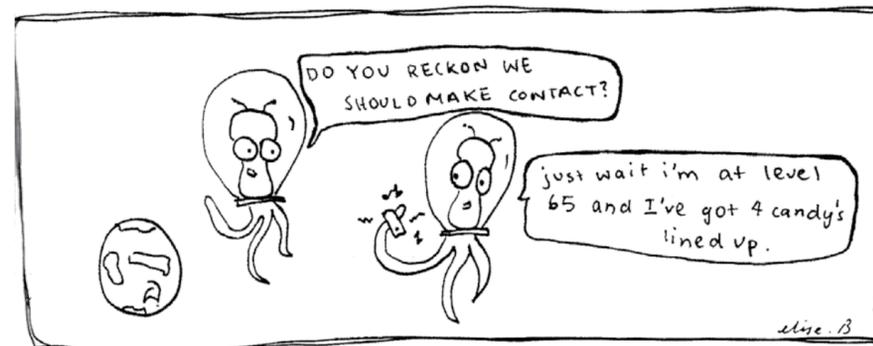
In a penultimate scene, the actors plead directly to the audience, one at a time, to be spared the executive popular vote. Each character monologues about their history (that the gigglers didn't care about) and in the end we get rid of so-and-so. Here, the characters began to offer the sort of information that would have wonderfully dictated scenes from the beginning. Disappointingly, much of the compelling drama is explained, rather than shown.

But we still got to pick the baddies and we won in the end and we were rewarded with the ending where a rich arsehole wails on Meryl Streep.

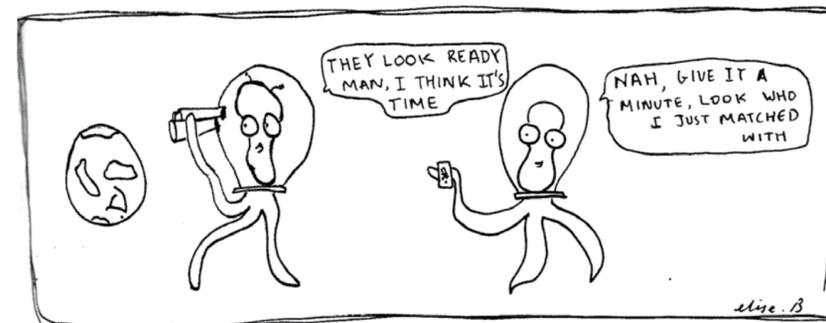
Like its actors, *Werewolves* is torn between its stakes and the funny baggage that we still tie to performances without all the words planned in advance; at least on the night I saw it. The show was yoked to the university's collective inexperience with improvisation, and a show of this kind can't totally succeed while audiences demand laughter and actors so willingly give it to them.

In the mean time, we can settle for funny. *Werewolves* is, after all, a game. And games are allowed to just be fun.

Art by Zita Walker



Comic by Elise Bickley





# The Show Must Go On

*Peter Walsh heard how a rag tag bunch of hopefuls saved the Engineering Revue.*

*As told by:*



**Mattie Longfield:** It's like that family member that everyone just sort of goes "Oh God they're useless", but they secretly love them, because they don't want them to fail, and they don't want them to disappear. They want to prop them up and help them be brilliant.

*The Engineering Revue was banned from the Seymour Centre some years ago—for reasons like: too drunk on stage or too drunk backstage—and since then has been performed in Manning Bar. In the past, audiences have had the rare experience of getting drunk alongside the performers, performers they're free to heckle as they please. This year, four days before opening night, all but one member of the cast quit the show. What follows is the story of how a revue was written, rehearsed, and performed in the space of 96 hours, told by the people who came in at the last minute to ensure the show would go on.*

**Tim Doran:** I had the exceptionally ambitious desire to reform Engineering and move it away from the sexist, racist, boys-getting-drunk-and-making-jokes-on-stage to a proper comedy revue show. Why? Because there are talented engineers that don't get involved with Engineering because they don't want to put in the time and effort to reform something when they can join another revue.

**William Edwards:** Engineering Revue has always been the revue season after party, everyone from all the revues goes, we have a great time and we watch this one show.

**Julia Robertson:** Drinking. Everyone was very excited to drink at last year's revue. It was a thing that I was called to come to because it was a drinking time and it would be fun.

**Victoria Zerbst:** I remember very vividly being sick last year and just following the Twitter feed in bed at home, and people were just commenting and tweeting

things like "this is terrible, misogynistic, awful, bad sketch, can't look".

*In directing the show this year, Tim attempted to ease the workload for the cast of engineers by scheduling smaller rehearsals around individual availabilities.*

**Tim Doran:** I knew the major obstacles would be the availability of engineers, because we are ridiculously busy with these and ridiculous contact hours, so convincing people to put in the time and effort into doing something revolutionary is very difficult... I offered to make myself available to provide direction at the convenience of others... This notion of flexibility became a notion of non-committal.

**Mattie Longfield:** We were just assuming the cast would do it up until Sunday night, when everyone suddenly sent a final "Nup, not doing it, really sorry it's too much", not knowing everyone else had done the same thing. They all dropped out thinking they were the only ones.

**Louise Osborne:** Tim was trying not to put the rest of us in it, so I didn't know much about it 'til last week.

**Gabi Kelland:** On Sunday night, Tim messaged the Sydney Uni revue group saying everyone had dropped out and it looked like it was going to be cancelled, and "y'know we have the stage anyway".

**Tim Doran:** I knew the band especially worked so ridiculously hard over the past few months... I did not want to let them down.

**Gabi Kelland:** Everyone jumped on this comment thread saying "yes let's do it" and it turned into this weird kind of beautiful grassroots group effort to save this dying thing.

*The Facebook group, which began with the immediate members of the 2015 Sydney*

*Uni Revue, had ballooned out to 41 by the following night. Titled "The Show formerly known as the Engineering Revue", this new cast was composed of ex-revue directors and performers from every other show.*

**Patrick Morrow:** The first mistake was letting people add other people to the group.

**Tim Doran:** I didn't anticipate anyone wanted to be involved in this.

**Victoria Zerbst:** We've met in Manning every morning from 8-11 [am], we've kind of got a camp outside and people float in and out when they have time.

*Many of the sketches pitched were, in a pair of words: not performable.*

**Patrick Morrow:** What about a sperm bank that was just run by one person. \*typing\* Sperm bank. "I would like some sperm, please." Pauses, looks at the client, eyes them up suggestively... "give me 'three minutes'".

**Anonymous Revuer:** We can do stillborn Simba! ... The opening of Lion King, and they lift Simba, and he's stillborn. And then they proceed to do the entire musical, with stillborn Simba.

**Julia Robertson:** If you don't think about it too much you often do much better stuff. Just let it go, just leave it out there, be brutal with each other, cut quickly and write fast, and I think that's the best way to do that anyway.

**Victoria Zerbst:** I had this moment where I just met one of the engineering girls, Mattie, and before we even really exchanged names, we started writing the opening song together. And now we've just been choreographing it, we've been singing it, and it's just like we've passed all the formalities of normal friendship, and are just diving in and making something.

*Triumphantly!*  
*Terrifyingly!*

**Paddy Neumann:** The way the Engo Revue traditionally gets cast, gets crew, gets band is "You wanna be in the show? Cool you can be in it!"...I know people who have started off in backstage with quite low self esteem, low views of their own skills, and over the years have built up their confidence and gone on to be people who have held entire skits together on stage.

**William Edwards:** Because they're physically quite separate from the rest of campus, Engineering students get involved in the 10 engineering societies but many of them aren't as able to get involved in the rest of campus culture, and I think this is one way to integrate those students.

**Louise Osborne:** I hope the acting's good—I haven't seen any of it—but the music is good. I want to win best band this year, that's my main goal.

**Katy MacMahon:** I was very impressed with all the band members this year, because very much from the first rehearsal we had, we had a few piece ideas, and everyone just saw the chord progressions and picked it up immediately. It was never reading from the score, it was always just being able to play and figure it out together.

*Over the next two days, Facebook erupted—in a mild, Sydney University way—with word of the new show being performed. Now named "EngoAid", the show was being branded after the old LiveAid concert of 1985. Behind the scenes, the team also looked into running the night as a charity for Engineers Without Borders, while also attempting to get Michael Spence to appear in a video sketch where he was revealed to be the devil in a university powered by the consumption of students.*

**Patrick Morrow:** If we can't get Michael Spence to do it, I'll happily play him.

**Michael Spence:** [via email] It made me laugh. But being portrayed as the Devil in an Engineering Revue was a bit surprising. I didn't think they even delivered *Honi Soit* to the other side of City Rd! Taking this persona, even in jest, probably isn't that great for relations with the vast bulk of the student body, so I might give it a skip. But I am very happy for you to do it in my place! Yours. Michael.



**Tim Doran:** I wonder if he knows what Engo Revue is.

**Michael Spence:** [via follow-up email] Actually it was very funny.

*By the day of the show, the performers had yet to actually run through the show. A full dress and tech run was scheduled for 8am, which, for whatever reason, didn't happen.*

**Tim Doran:** Your question presumes the existence of a dress run this morning. We haven't actually had a full run through of the show yet.

**William Edwards:** The word 'ready' has some connotations which I'm not sure are entirely applicable. The show will come together.

**Adam Chalmers:** (Director, Science Revue '12) No it won't.

**William Edwards:** What needs to be in a show isn't there yet, but it will be there on time, would be the point I'm badly expressing.

**Tim Doran:** There's a constant tightness in my stomach. I've gotten used to that one, that's been there for a few days now... We know exactly what we need to do, exactly what we need to organise—there's no unknowns, there's no technical issues that need to be sorted out, there's no major catastrophes, so it is optimistic. What's the word I would use? It's optimistic confidence.

*The show.*

**Tim Doran:** The show was meant to kick off at 7:30. It took almost an hour for 280 people to get into Manning Bar... There were some tech issues.

**Mattie Longfield:** [The opening number was] meant to have a backing track, me and Vic walk out and then start singing, and everyone goes "Woo" because it would have been good... But the thing is, the backing track didn't exist.

*aidan molins @aidanmolins · Sep 3 #engorevue Everyone sing along to this one, you know as many of the lyrics as they do*

**Tim Doran:** We actually could not

physically play the AVs, we could not get the videos up onto the screens or even onto the projector without destroying the sound system... so that threw the first act run order totally off.

**Mattie Longfield:** Obviously it wasn't ideal but it set the mood for a bit of haphazard job.

**Tim Doran:** Actually, the head mics were on all the time—I'm glad the audience was loud, because it's possible that you could have heard all the backstage as well. I tried very hard to keep everyone quiet.

**Mattie Longfield:** There was a little bit of stress, just when people would come off stage and be like "Where was my backing track?" or something like that, and everyone would just sort of laugh about it and be like "Ahh well, move on, keep going..."

**Tim Doran:** It would have easily been fixed if we had a tech night.

**Gabi Kelland:** I kind of knew there was a culture of heckling and the audience getting very involved, but I've never been exposed to that level of audience hostility before.

*During a Mean Girls parody, an engineer from the audience attempted to make a performer skoll a beer.*

**Gabi Kelland:** El Dickhead jumps up on stage and gives Tim a beer, and he kind of looked at it dumbfoundedly... and I was thinking "Is he gonna drink it? I dunno?"

**Tim Doran:** I'm like "Oh fuck, this is the last thing before intermission, just let me get through this". I knew there was no way to convince him out of it, because I know the guy, and basically my goal was to stall him for the next minute so we could get through that performance.

**Gabi Kelland:** It seemed fairly obvious to me that I should take the beer from him.

**Tim Doran:** When I took the beer and said "No liquids on stage", my implication was "let me finish this, then I'll come down and drink it with you" but at that point Gabi realised that I couldn't do it, and she stepped in.

**Gabi Kelland:** I started to drink it, but remembered I hate beer and I can't skoll things, so stopped half way through and kept yelling, and then eventually finished it, and I got in so much trouble for that.

**Tim Doran:** At that point, my RSA knowledge just exploded like "Oh sweet Jesus, I don't know what to do right here", and we did get scolded and rightly so by Manning Bar. If any police had gone in and seen that crowd chanting "skoll" to someone, then yeah, it would have been game over.

**Heckler:** You don't understand Engineering!

**Gabi Kelland:** I don't actually know if it was good or not that I cultivated a bouncery type persona for myself through

that show, because I think there's a little bit of goading.

**Tim Doran:** They thought it was the hardest thing they've ever done, especially the traditional revuers... Deep down they loved it, but on the surface it was a massive challenge for them, and probably a really great experience into that side of performance.

*Alexander Richmond @lexrichmond · Sep 3 #engorevue only standing ovation for a revue ever*

*The show climaxed in a number of ways. The performers took their bows, while at the same time a pair of engineers rushed the stage to flash their dicks. Thankfully, an unidentified member of the cast tossed them to the crowd. The band then proceeded to play Bohemian Rhapsody while the audience, swaying in that too-inebriated-to-recall-what-you're-talking-about-but-yes-I-know-the-lyrics way, sung along.*

*The morning after, someone from the Engineering Faculty had hung the EngoAid banner from a fire escape, where it could not be removed. Tim Doran met with the revues coordinators and was told the revolution would be supported into next year. The show, which trended #3 in Australia on Twitter, did a similar amount of damage on YouTube, where that engineer's (frankly disappointing) penis was broadcast for all to see.*

*But did we learn anything?*

**Tim Doran:** I suppose I should put on record that I freaking love the cast.

**Gabi Kelland:** Tim Doran did a wonderful thing and should be applauded because I swear to God if I was directing a show and everybody dropped out the weekend before, I'd curl into a ball, and he didn't, so good on him.

**Victoria Zerbst:** This was Engo Revue 2015. It was something for the memory book, if there is a memory book.

# An Ode to You're Favourite (Sic)

*Perrin Walker on the secret joys of pedantry.*

There exists little in this sad, short life, very little, more thoroughly enjoyable than the seven keystrokes of '(sic)'. Stroke is perhaps the wrong word. This is pure atavism—these are slow, satisfied, lusty slaps. God, just look at these hands as they type it (I personally don't have to look, so adept have I become at delivering grammatical justice).

For the uninitiated: when you're quoting a source and they make a mistake in grammar or spelling, '(sic)' indicates to your reader that the error is found in the original text and isn't your mistake. Ooo, snarky.

Just like the finest action movies, the act of violence is most satisfying when the enemy is wrong. Oh, what's this? An earnest *[sic]* defence of the death penalty from a reputable scholar of religion? And on our reading list no less! (Apparently, the only reason why killing prisoners is unjust today is because the order to do so is given by secular authorities.) Click the pen and form a bespoke red asterisk on the page—a quivering, menacing laser dot. Target acquired.

It would be nice to write a thorough rebuttal to the scholar's position—indeed it would show intellectual integrity and courage—but we're working with 2500 words, so if I can find a grammar or spelling mistake in a relevant sentence by that scholar, I-am-going-to-crucify-them-with it. Just insert '(sic)' into the sentence, and their argument crumbles. I can feel my tutor's gasp of approval already, their hand involuntarily twitching, staining the page with a thick, turgid, potently-angled tick that hungrily thrusts through my whole double-spaced paragraph. They love it. I love it.

Oh God yes.

\*\*\*

Let's lay back and take a moment to catch our breath. A cigarette is customary, no? I don't smoke, so coffee will have to suffice. A friend is opposite me, my excellent friend, sharer of strong mutual respect, here in the café, opposite me only in table orientation to be sure—this friend whose motives and ethics and political opinions perfectly align with

mine and are therefore unassailable—and now she is telling me about her fascinating and jealousy-inducing research. She says:

"It's an interesting phenomena, actually."

Oh God no.

Do I tell her? Can I? Could I? Should I? I can't even bring myself to write '(sic)' above. How monstrous to even think of it. You don't do that to your friends. Time has slowed to a crawl—she sees my idiot face betray everything, and she pauses,

*Correcting someone's grammar will always be an act of violence. A lesson of growing up is that you should never do it to your friends, under any circumstances.*

sincerity turning to vulnerable concern, dramatic *Inception*-esque sub-audible slow-mo rumbling sounds shaking our chairs as her (perfectly shaped) eyebrow rises interrogatively.

When it's a friend who commits the error, everything is different. Foucault comes lurching out from under the table; Gramsci starts pounding on the windows of the café. What is grammar, anyway? It's just the codified dialect of the ruling class. Could there ever be a more ostentatious mark of privilege than an understanding of the grammar of Greek words in Latin? These fragments of knowledge are the arcana of aristocracy. Irrelevant, really. My friend with the perfect eyebrows communicated effectively, didn't she?

The angel says: "It's nothing, just let it go."

The devil says: "But she needs to know. What if one day soon she's corresponding with an important scholar? This could be a non-native speaker—someone who's spent years applying their intelligence to learning English, and would thus have a vastly superior grasp of grammar. What if they...judge her. What if you could have...helped her? Go on, couch it in uncertainty, it'll soften the blow!

"I think you have to say 'phenomenon' in the singular, right?"

We breathe, and she looks down, just for a moment. Something I haven't seen before flashes across her face. Then she remembers she's supposed to smile.

\*\*\*

Correcting someone's grammar will always be an act of violence. A lesson of growing up is that you should never do it to your friends, under any circumstances. It's also quite important to make sure, in the course of one's righteous grammar patrols, to not victimise non-native speakers and other

disadvantaged people, bullying them out of the discussion. That would be an abuse of privilege. That's not fair game.

However, a lesson of university life, or at least what I have taken from observing USyd's political culture, is that if you disagree with someone, particularly a conservative, and you see them as a legitimate target, then the gloves are off. Have at them, you glorious, twittering warriors of the pen.

In that spirit, and for no other reason than our own enjoyment, here are a few excerpts from the most recent edition of *Mon Droit*. This is a story entitled "WOM\*N LEFT W\*NT\*NG", written by the president of the Sydney University Liberal Club, and co-written by their First Year Officer. As the elected cream of the conservative student community, writing for the finest conservative publication on campus, they constitute 'fair game', in your correspondent's opinion. To work, then.

"While most normal people find this to be a feminist over-reach in the extreme, the powers at be (sic) are gladly endorsing it."

We'll allow 'over-reach', (with considerable disapproval), since they hyphenated in a consistent style throughout. Now: when the authors wrote "powers at be", and when their eyes skimmed over it every time they

proofread the story, it's because 'powers that be' is a placeholder for serious mental ambiguity and imprecision. The brain actually switches off a little bit every time you read it. Orwell explains this in "Politics and the English Language", which, incidentally, is a cracker of a read.

Let's continue:

"[...] the student political class have (sic) shown a willingness to manipulate language for their (sic) own political agenda."

This imprecision in conjugation betrays the imprecision of the authors' thinking about the very people they are criticising. If you're going to argue that there's a student 'political class' that operates monolithically, you'll want your sentence to make sense with the word "has" and the word "its" in it. It doesn't, of course, because the thought behind it is silly (and particularly risible when expressed by the executives of the Sydney University Liberal Club).

And of course, do we really need to point out that progressives aren't the only ones manipulating language to suit their own political agenda? The supposed damage inflicted upon the social fabric by a few university groups using an asterisk in the word 'women' is surely not comparable to the damage caused by, say, ten years of newspapers referring to refugee arrivals as 'illegal'!

"Thank goodness for the enlightened onese (sic), who nobly navigate the filthy waters of the English language [...]"

Somehow the typo, again, slipped right on through and into print, despite *Mon Droit's* obviously stringent editorial standards. Or perhaps this was an attempt to compensate for the missing 'e' in 'wom\*n', and the emotional distress that the missing vowel may have provoked in conservative readers.

But it's nice to get some love. Hark, ye enlightened onese! Our work is appreciated! Let us unite and cleanse the filthy waters of the English language, one excess vowel at a time!

# wikiHow

to do anything

*Olivia Rowe learnt to live.*

## How WikiHow Taught Me The Most Valuable Life Lesson.

7 Steps (With Pictures)

## WikiHow: How Do I Become The Coolest Girl At A New School?

12 Steps (With Pictures)

Don't Concern yourself too much with popularity! However, obviously you care a little bit too much hence your being here! In which case, be aware of what people think of you. Look good, have a signature scent, think sexy, be yourself!

## WikiHow: How To Look Good With Braces?

8 Steps (With Pictures)

Wear sparkly eye shadow to distract from your heinous teeth. Drink green tea, be yourself!!

## WikiHow: How To Get Any Boy To Fall In Love With Me?

15 Steps (With Pictures)

Be confident in who you are, but maybe pretend you don't still sleep with toys because only freaks do that. Also lose weight and improve yourself as a person. Maybe stalk the boy you like and find out his blood type so you have a starting point of discussion, but subtly drop it into conversation because you don't want to seem clingy. Most importantly, be yourself!!

## WikiHow: How To Get Straight As?

4 Steps (With Pictures)

Study, get organised. Be Yourself!!

## WikiHow: How To Make My Friends Jealous?

3 Steps (No Pictures)

Brag about all of your achievements, only talk about you. Make a fake Facebook account for your pretend boyfriend and extra accounts for all of his fake friends. Make every single one of these accounts like your profile picture. Be Yourself!!

## WikiHow: How Do I Become A Vine Star?

8 EASY Steps (With Pictures)

Steal other people's jokes. Make a video. Be Yourself!

## WikiHow: How Do I Be Myself?

16 Steps (With Pictures)

Know that you're better than everyone

around you. Sometimes your opinions will clash but that's okay because even if something you don't agree with is proven fact, you're still right in your heart and that's all that matters. Most importantly, pick up the best traits of your friends and use them as your own.

Be Yourself!!!!



# I am so Lonely

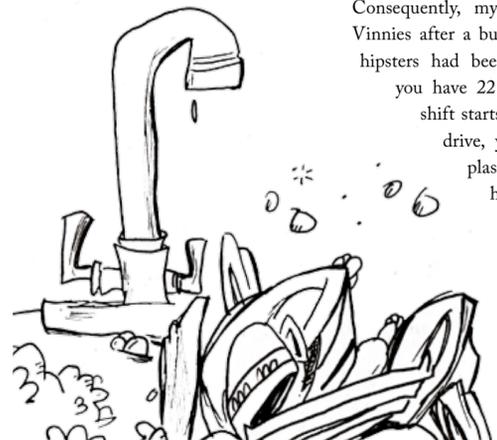
*Jayce Carrano's life went to shit when his parents went on holiday.*

Wallet, Phone, Keys, Keys, Keys, Keys

So went my mantra every time I left my house last month. I say 'my' house but it belongs to my parents. Like everyone on social media in the semester break, my parents were holidaying in Europe while I was not. I'd been tasked with keeping our cat and myself alive and the house from burning down.

It was evidence of my parents' lack of faith that they turned off the pilot light in the oven. It was confirmation of my parents' lack of faith that I got ill within a week of cooking for myself.

I was unsure whether to write this article. It seems like so many people I know are



living alone as self-sufficient adults. Would I be exposing my embarrassing lack of experience at that thing called adulthood? But no, I figure I'm far from alone, and those perfectly self-sufficient few have contracted the same affliction that befalls vegans and *Game of Thrones* book readers—they can't help but tell you.

Anyway, despite my inadequacy, I learnt a thing or two.

The first of which is that you lose your keys at the worst time. There was one other copy in Australia and it was in the safekeeping of my neighbour. Which neighbour? I forgot. Losing my key therefore either entailed sleeping in the Fisher 24/7 section for several weeks or door-knocking my entire suburb. Consequently, my room resembled a Vinnies after a busload of grandmas or hipsters had been through it. When you have 22 minutes before your shift starts and it's a 20-minute drive, you'll punch through plaster if you think it will help you find your keys sooner. Our cat, Yoda, probably thought I was recreating that scene in *The Great Gatsby* where he throws all his clothes around and Daisy finds it worryingly sexy.

Incidentally, cats are wily creatures. She managed to convince us to buy the catfood equivalent of caviar. It's \$75 a bag. I treated that stuff like gold. If I got desperate it would have been cheaper to go to Courtyard than to have a bowl of those luxury biscuits.

Any time there is free food, it is totally acceptable to take as much as you can physically store on (or in) your body—ignore those dirty looks. At a SURG training event, a guest speaker, Michael Bradley (apparently a managing partner of Marque Lawyers) was given a pizza. Probably one of the warmer thank you items he had received but he acted like a total lawyer and ended up ditching it on a table and leaving.

Something—engrained social norms maybe—held me back. It took about 5 minutes for someone else to pounce and once they made the first move it was 12 seconds before everyone else within non-awkward reaching distance had demolished it. My rice and rice combo meal tasted a little bitter that night.

I learnt from my previous mistake and ate five free sausage rolls at a work BBQ held after a swimming race night. I was volunteering so I feel like it was reasonable to eat my normal pay in the form of food.

I also discovered some great timesaving techniques that I'll have to get patented.

Don't be a social sheep and bring your wheelie bin in and out weekly—instead, frantically run out to it holding a bag of rubbish at 2 am in the morning. Then, next week, don't learn from your mistake and do the same thing again—this time with both the rubbish AND recycling.

Dishes can definitely be allowed to soak for up to three days. At that point rearrange them so they seem to take up less space and allow another soaking. Repeat until you've used up all dishes and actually have to fill the dishwasher (a dishwasher is essential for this technique). Warning: when all your other cutlery is dirty, you may end up having to eat spaghetti with teaspoons. Spoiler: it can be done.

There was something great about holding the fort and eating very overcooked chicken (hey, salmonella is scary) that I'd created with my own blood, sweat and tears (feat. the chicken). It's a feeling I could get used to.

Like most people, I eagerly await that independence. The money side of things may have me eagerly waiting for a while yet. I guess, in the meantime, I'll enjoy eating food that doesn't come out of plastic containers.



# Gronkwatch

*They Told Us We're Not Allowed To Report On This Election, We Did So Anyway*

their historic victory in 2014. If we're to take anything from this, when you're the incumbent candidate, you should distance yourself from your incumbency as much as possible.

As for the Liberals, there's not much more to say about them beyond that they exist. Their A-frames, sky blue and ineffectual, were vandalised with ice cream last week, which we report as sombrelly as we would a car accident, except not really you Tories.

**For Sale: Monthly Publication; Never Read.**

The USU looked at their failing monthly publication and took stock of what they had. Seeing keen student journalists, a creatively bankrupt design department, a rotating door of publications managers without any sense of irony, and the requirement to jam every page with advertisements, the Union decided it was the students who were fucking up and decided to gut *The BULL*. From next year, it will no longer exist in hard form and content will be produced by the Union, and probably outsourced to non-student content creators who work in a factory resembling BuzzFeed crossed with Foxconn. Expect your newsfeeds to be jammed with "Top 10 Things To Order From Courtyard" and "The Best Places On Campus To Rent A Graduation Gown".

Meanwhile, Grassroots have demonstrated more of the electoral acumen that saw them sign a deal to hand NUS to Unity, by embarking on a bold re-brand and colour shift, despite their old logo and colour being the only thing linking them with

**But who will get to take this albatross from our necks?**

The *Honi Soit* election is in full swing, with both Scoop and Strip for *Honi* making significant tracks on the ground. If Facebook likes are anything to go by, it seems Strip has some loose factional backing from Unity, though it's as of yet unclear as to how this will play out on the day. Their a-frames have been broadly successful, though there has been some confusion as to their branding: are they stripping? Are they stripping back? Or are they pro-comic strip? If their social media branding is anything to go by they're for anything, so long as you'll vote for it. Most interesting is their proposal to pay contributors, which we regard the same way Ebenezer Scrooge would greet Bob Cratchit's desire to unionise. While they haven't actually specified a payment plan, we took the liberty of dividing the amount of money in our stipends by the amount of words in each issue, for the entire year. Assuming they do as we do and aim for about 1200 words a page, across 28 pages, across 26 issues, they'll be able to pay 4.5 cents a word, which will be roughly competitive with what the aforementioned Foxconn-Buzzfeed hybrid pays.

Scoop, meanwhile, bounced back from their anaemic looking A-frames to blitz the first week, and seemed to outnumber Strip on the ground. While there remains

some questions about the efficacy of their branding in the face of the far more audacious Strip A-frames, it would be unwise to bet against the experience they're bringing to the table. They've also demonstrated a pretty clear willingness to talk to voters without pandering, which is refreshing during a period where people like me have been known to get on their knees and promise an end to homework if you'll just take one moment to walk past that yellow line and tick a box next to someone who told me that we would go far if we campaigned for them. However, every super ticket has their kryptonite, and Scoop's is undeniably banter. The team would do well to make like a soft serve and chill out, we can all see the veins popping in their foreheads every time things get aggressive.

While the punters on Eastern Avenue might think it's a two horse race, if you turn your attention to social media things take a shift. Horse for *Honi* debuted their social media campaign over the past week, and, if nothing else, deserve points for bridge burning and game changing. In the space of five days they've performed a ritual burning of old *Honis*, promised to include ISIS recruitment forms in their paper, and recreated Ai Wei Wei's famous "Forbidden City" (see below), except this time they're giving the finger to their competitors.



## Ask Abe

**SRC Caseworker HELP Q&A**

Dear Abe,

I am currently living with my parents. My dad found out I am gay and now they are fighting with me all the time. Sometimes my dad looks like he's going to hit me, and I get very scared. Mum told me that if I can't be normal I had to move out. I haven't got enough money to do that, but I don't think I can keep living there much longer. What should I do?

*Scared*

Dear Scared,

I am sorry this is happening. My primary concern is that you are safe. Sometimes this means staying where you are, until you secure a medium to long-term alternative. Sometimes it means getting out of there now and using a temporary short-term solution. Talk to an SRC caseworker about your options so you can make an informed decision. There are other organisations that can help you as well. Twenty10 are great for general questions for young lesbian, gay, bisexual, trans\*, queer, and intersex people. They also have some housing assistance that may suit your needs.

You may be eligible for Youth Allowance, specifically the Unreasonable to Live

at Home payment. Talk to an SRC caseworker about what you need to do to apply.

It would be a great idea to talk to a counselor about what you're going through and gain some strategies to deal with the way you feel. The University has a free counseling service (CAPS) for all students. Twenty10 provides free face to face and telephone counseling too.

Finally, if this situation is distracting you from your studies, you may want to apply for Special Consideration for assessments. If you are comfortable telling your tutors or the course co-ordinator about your situation this may help them to understand the difficulties you are facing. Alternatively you may want to talk to an SRC caseworker about how special consideration works, and what you need to do to apply.

*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*

## Independence for Centrelink - My Own Money



Youth Allowance is a payment available to Australian full-time students who meet a certain set of criteria. Sometimes it is available to students who are considered dependent on their parents. However this is assessed on your parents combined gross income. There are a few ways of being considered independent, and therefore not assessed on your parents' income, but rather your own.

The easiest way to be deemed independent is to be 22 years or older. If you come from a country area you may be able to claim independence through previous work. However this is fairly rare. You may also be able to claim independence by virtue of being married or in a marriage like relationship (includes same sex relationships). You will need to have been in this relationship for no less than 12 months while sharing a home, sharing bills and income, having a permanent outlook

to your relationship, and being able to show that your family and friends view your relationship as permanent. Another way to prove independence is to show that it is "unreasonable to live at home".

"Unreasonable to live at home" is a specific term that has a particular definition. It indicates that there is extreme family breakdown or other similar exceptional circumstances. It may indicate that there is a serious risk to your physical or mental well being due to violence, sexual abuse or other similar unreasonable circumstances. It is also considered unreasonable to live at home if your parent/s are unable to provide a suitable home owing to a lack of stable accommodation.

Of course there are lots of details and conditions that you should know about. Contact an SRC caseworker if you would like to apply.

Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney Annual Election

# Polling Booth Times and Places 2015

Polling Location	Wed 23rd Sept 2015	Thurs 24th Sept 2015	Pre-Polling
Fisher	8:30-6:30	8:30-5:00	<b>Pre-Polling</b> will also be held outside the SRC Offices, Level 1 Wentworth Bldg, on Tuesday 22nd September from 10am-3pm.
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 Conservatorium	No polling	12:00-2:00	
Jane Foss	12:00-2:00	No polling	
	8:30-6:00	8:30-6:00	





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## President's Report

**Kyol Blakeney**

As many of you would have noticed, it's election season. There is a common vibe amongst the student body that this is the point where talking to campaigners becomes a chore rather than an insight into why the elections are being held and what you are voting for. The students, who you see and hear talking about the SRC and what they hope to do during their time on Council, should they be elected, believe strongly in student advocacy.

you, as members of the Undergraduate Student Body, the opportunity to voice your opinions on how your education and student experience should be executed. Without your support for the SRC we would not be able to have an established Legal Service to defend students who may be facing complex legal difficulties during their time at university. These can range from allegations made against you, to seeking legal advice, to dealing with tenancy issues. We would not be able to have our Casework and Policy team which assists student not only with administrative issues within

the University, but also specific issues ranging from problems in your classes, or with your lecturers or tutors, job searching and Centerlink advice.

It is also worth noting that your Student Representative Council not only defends your rights as students such as fighting for a more affordable education and better services on campus, but also actively advocates for those in and around the outside community. We are the people who draw attention to the issues facing students on a public level. We are the people who advocate for the

rights of asylum seekers, for Indigenous rights, for wom\*n's rights, for queer rights, for the rights of those with disabilities. We are the organization that will have your back and defend you to the best of our ability.

So if you are eligible to vote in the upcoming election on the 23rd and 24th of September, I strongly encourage you to take the opportunity to tell us what you want in your university and exercise your democratic right as a student of the University of Sydney. It's what the SRC was originally established to do.

## Disabilities & Carers' Report

**Honi Soit Candidate**

This week was disability awareness week, often these type of events are overlooked due to elections that's fine, but it went quite well. We've received dozens of new members in the collective as a result. As it was awareness week let's talk about awareness. It's not known by a lot of people but 9/10 females with a mental

illness have been sexually assaulted. That's an abominable statistic. More often than not you'll find a lot of the perpetrators of this abuse are people who are in positions of power i.e. support workers, medical professionals etc. As a result, a campaign has emerged to improve service delivery to women with disabilities. This campaign

is called 'stop the violence.' It's important that these facts are known as more often than not we will find that disability isn't always in the common verbal discourse when people talk about marginalised groups.

The collective has had a big week this week

as was said earlier disability awareness week was on and there where a host of events and stalls on campus regarding disabilities. We also hosted drinks at hetmans and will continue to do so fortnightly as a means of creating a stronger collective that can live on in the forthcoming years.



## General Secretaries' Report

**Honi Soit Candidate and Chiara Angeloni**

At this point naming the upcoming, but still distant, holiday a "mid-semester break" strikes me less as an administrative error or quaint hangover from a happier time and more as a cruel reminder that we are utterly beholden to the nonsensical whims of the University. Unless my maths fails me, as it very nearly did in first year before I took up philosophy, the halfway point of a thirteen week semester ought to be its seventh week. Having just survived week seven, we can now confirm that it not at all break-like.

With a hint of irony, mid-semester week

included RUOK? day and a focus on mental health. Impending assessments and a while to go till the well earned break mean it's as important as ever that we be aware of our own mental health and that of those around us. Few university students complete their degrees without experiencing or coming into contact with mental health difficulties and we would be foolish not to occasionally remind ourselves to be more aware of this. The University's Counselling and Psychological Services, the University Health Service, and the SRC are all able to assist you or refer you to someone

who can.

In SRC land, Chiara and I have working away on a number of different projects. We have begun discussions with the Executive and Publications Managers about ways to improve the placement of ads in Honi Soit (because as boring as it is, any dollar spent on student activism and welfare is a dollar well spent). Collaboration with the USU and SUPRA to ensure our organisations are giving each other a leg up wherever possible continues. As does our participation in the Students Support Aboriginal Communities group, that is in

the process of formalising a constitution and engaging with many of the Indigenous communities we visited at the start of this year on the Freedom Ride Anniversary.

Finally, Chiara and I have been elected to the Faculty Board of the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences. Despite the historical impotence of many representatives to department and faculty boards, it is our hope that we can look out for the interests of Arts students over the next year. Take care of yourself; mid-semester isn't that far away.

## Education Officers' Report

**Honi Soit Candidate and David Shakes**

The education movement is for everyone. This is something I find myself having to remind people lately, and it makes me sad and angry. Compromise and working together is still so reviled by some in the student movement, and it damages the SRC's ability to do good. The education movement is bigger than a group of students in a faction who believe they have the best political ideas and refuse to listen to others.

Student politicians are have been given a polynym because they are students first,

and politicians second. This is a place of learning and understanding, as well as growing and learning, and it pisses me off when hacky overgrown hangers-on encroach on newcomers and intimidate, revile and prey on them. Sometimes this is done to force first years to join factions, or campaign for someone running for union board. Sometimes it's sexual harassment. Sometimes it's done to win a vote during an election. Graduation isn't something to put off to build something at university, it's a conduit to the birth and propagation of something you start at university.

Don't ever let anyone make you feel like their political knowledge hierarchy is more important, or valid than yours. Don't stand by and watch an experienced 'hack' talk down to a first year, it's so heartbreaking and you can almost see their enthusiasm leak out.

Don't believe something blindly without seeking out proof, especially if you read it in Honi. Those who edit this paper have a duty and a power few wield with integrity and impartiality. It simply isn't possible in this environment.

The education movement, especially the free education movement the EAG has been fighting for, is for everyone. If anyone makes you feel like that shouldn't include you, please don't hesitate to tell them to fuck off. Then move on to the next question.

## Wom\*n's Officers' Report

**SRC Candidate**

Hello! There are a lot of exciting things to report back on, so I won't waste words with a witty intro. A huge congratulations to Courtney Thompson and Victoria Zerbst for organising Radical Sex & Consent Week – it was a huge success! It was a pleasure to run the sex positivity debate and sexual assault/gendered violence panel. Thank you to all the students who attended the festival, helped organise it and the speakers who gave up the time to educate us. It was fantastic to watch SRC Collectives work so seamlessly with the USU!

As a follow up to the panel we ran at Rad Sex, we are working with the Sydney University Law Society (SULS) to run a workshop about how to respond when someone discloses an experience of sexual assault. The workshop is being run by Karen Willis from Rape & Domestic Violence Australia, please come along! It is non-autonomous and entry costs \$10 to recoup our costs (the rest will be donated to the Full Stop Foundation to fight the closure of Hey Sis! we reported on a few months ago). It is being held on the 24<sup>th</sup> of September, from 4.30-5.30 in the

Law Lounge. Please register via e-mail at usyd womenscollective@gmail.com.

We have been continuing our work with 'EMPOWER' – our feminist education workshops for high school students. Anna and myself are going to Penrith high School to meet with their principal who is interested in running the program. We've also confirmed interest from North Sydney Girls High School. The hope is that we can run workshops at both of these schools by the end of the semester.

Most excitingly, the university is about to release a survey to collect information about sexual harassment on campus. This information will be used to help formulate university policy so that we can all enjoy a safer campus. This survey has been the product of over a years worth of work and is only happening because of the persistent lobbying of students. Look out for an article about it soon!

# 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.



**Prizes:** 1st: \$1000 2nd: \$500  
3rd: \$250 Highly Commended: \$150



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# SUPRA News

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY POSTGRADUATE REPRESENTATIVE ASSOCIATION

## Abortion Access in NSW for Local & International Students

By **Margaret Kirkby**, SUPRA Senior Student Advice & Advocacy Officer and long-time Women's Abortion Action Campaigner

The simple medical procedure called a termination of pregnancy is readily available in Sydney. There are six abortion providers in Sydney with four of them having clinics in different Sydney suburbs and in regional parts of NSW.

In NSW to obtain a termination of pregnancy you do not need a referral letter from a doctor. You can call any clinic you are considering to discuss your situation, to find out about costs and to ask about any other information which you may be concerned about such as "can I bring my partner or a friend with me?" or "does the clinic provide counselling support?" If you are happy with the information you have received from a clinic you can also book in for an appointment before you end the call.

In reality many women ring a couple of clinics to compare the costs, the time required to be at the clinic, and to just get a 'feel' from that call as to whether the clinic staff sound supportive and caring [or not]. From my experience, it is important to women and their partners or friends, that the clinic staff are genuinely caring and supportive. Only choose a clinic which has staff who give you a sense, through that first phone contact, that you will receive good care and support whilst you are at the clinic.

As the author I refer to the people accessing abortion services as women. I would like to acknowledge that some trans men and non-binary people also access abortion services and need to be included in discussions around reproductive rights.

### Costs for a termination of pregnancy procedure

The abortion operation is covered by Medicare, however, the rebate provided does not truly reflect the level of skill and complexity which is involved. If an abortion provider were to only charge

the Medicare Benefits Schedule (MBS) amount, thus providing the operation on a bulk-billing basis, they would not cover their full costs of providing the service. Unfortunately there has been no recognition by respective Australian federal governments of the increased costs incurred by abortion providers as a result of anti-abortion protestors outside clinics. These are additional costs which all Australian abortion providers must cover with income received from patients.

Generally if a woman is in the first 12 weeks of pregnancy the out-of-pocket costs can be as much as \$300, with the rest of the costs being covered by the Medicare rebate. The MBS fee for an abortion is \$218. If a 75% benefit is applicable, the Medicare rebate amount which goes back to the abortion provider is \$163.50; if an 85% rebate, the rebate amount to the provider is \$185.30.

The majority of abortion providers in NSW believe that providing counselling support and good information prior to the operation result in women feeling much better, both psychologically and physically, by the time they are leaving the clinic. This, then, leads to some abortion providers charging additional fees (such as a theatre fee or a counselling fee) to ensure that they receive an income which fully covers all costs related to providing the service, including the cost of employing counselling staff.

Unfortunately, the provision of counselling when having a termination of pregnancy is not recognised by the MBS as being equally important for the provision of this operation.

### For international students

International students are required by the Australian Federal Government to have Overseas Health Cover (OSHC) insurance, paid in advance, for the whole time they will be studying in

Australia. Some OSHC providers do not cover treatment for pregnancy-related conditions, including abortion, in the first twelve months after the student's arrival in Australia, although exceptions can be made where there is a recommendation by a medical practitioner.

Unfortunately, there has not been a requirement by the Federal Government that the five OSHC providers actively seek arrangements with a wide range of health services, including abortion providers, to ensure that arrangements are in place such that an international student can make a direct claim to their OSHC provider to have the cost of consultations with a doctor, or with an abortion provider, covered directly by the OSHC provider.

In effect, what this means for female international students having a termination of pregnancy operation, is that they will be charged an overall amount of up to \$600 (if their pregnancy is in the first 12 weeks), and they will then need to make a claim on their OSHC insurance.

There is no data available, to my knowledge, which provides any information about the number of international students who have a termination of pregnancy in the time they are studying in Australia. Nor is there any data available from the OSHC insurers as to how many claims are received for reimbursement of costs related to the

termination of pregnancy operation.

For international students who may come from a country where abortion is illegal or who may be concerned that their parents will find out that they've had a termination of pregnancy operation, it is more likely that they will not make a claim on their OSHC insurance.

It is my assessment that many female international students are bearing the full cost of up to \$600 for a termination of pregnancy operation. Some would then be relying on either friends or a partner for financial assistance to pay this cost or they are going without in other areas of their expenses.

This is an unacceptable outcome for female international students who are studying in Australia. All Australian universities need to be aware of this issue and, equally, so do Australian federal governments and they need to work together to ensure that this inequitable outcome for female international students is removed as soon as possible.



Image from *Right to Choose*

The nearest clinics to the University of Sydney are located at Central (the Private Clinic) or in the city in Macquarie Street (Contraceptive Services). Both have good information on their websites. Children by Choice, a Queensland government-funded service, has a list of all current abortion providers in this state at:

[www.childrenbychoice.org.au/if-youre-pregnant/im-considering-an-abortion/clinics-interstate](http://www.childrenbychoice.org.au/if-youre-pregnant/im-considering-an-abortion/clinics-interstate)

(Please note that Preterm Foundation, included in the Children by Choice list, has recently closed)



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## All-Singing All-Dancing Postgrads! A Revue Review

By **Joshua Preece**, Treasurer of SUPRA, 2015-16 Councillor, good bloke, single

Revue Season couldn't wrap up without a postgraduate contribution, and I checked out the closing night performance on the fifth of September. About eighty first-year postgraduate medical students converged on the Seymour Centre to put on the 2015 Med Revue, 'Pulse Fiction'.

A surprisingly rousing pre-recorded rendition of 'Puttin' on the Ritz' kicked the evening off showing the future do-gooders dancing their way through a lecture theatre, a hospital, and the usual USyd landmarks.

There was plenty of medicine-specific material like the mantra of vigilant hand hygiene; lecturers offering questionable mnemonics; and the sometimes bare social life of a medical student. It all played very well to an audience dominated by medical students and academic staff. But there was enough general comedy for those of a non-

medical background to find mirth. The antics of the Prime Minister (played by Joel Selby) and recently deposed Speaker (played by Christine Dwyer) provided ample comedic material, as did a great sketch on well-known tongue twisters and a number of sight gags.

It's worth noting that the cast used some sketches to remind the audience of some of the political issues important to them. A cover of 'Seasons of Love' answered the question 'Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred dollars, how can we afford deregulated fees?' with the refrain 'sell patients' blood'. The controversial establishment of a medical school at Curtin University, and the treatment of women in the medical profession, also received criticism under the harsh light of comedy.

Of the cast, particular mention should be given to Nelson Martoo who shone in

a sketch mocking the insularity of some of the more Northern/Eastern-centric Sydneysiders (the phrase 'I'm so far West!' will stay with me for some time) and a series of sketches demonstrating unswerving dedication to the values of ethics and misconduct. Gabriel GuriEFF was also impressive in a variety of roles, but especially as an enjoyably thorough rectal examiner. Special mention to Nicholas Corr and Sam Mischewski for their flaccid performance in a Where's Wally-inspired sketch.

As with any adventure in student theatre, some sketches performed better than others (one or two should have been left on the cutting room floor) but the show felt about right in length. Many show-goers commented that it was the best Med Revue they'd seen (although a cynic might be of the mind that that's said every year) and those who missed this year's show should consider a visit in 2016.

SUPRA passed a motion at its September Council Meeting, formally congratulating the Stage One Medicine Cohort on their engaging performance. SUPRA particularly commended our three SUPRA Stars (Councillors Elizabeth Gatens, Myriam Song, and Ellen Weekes) for their participation.

Well done to Chinthuran Thilagarajan, Nelson Martoo, and William Cook (Directors), Ehsan Farshid (Producer), Carina Cutmore, Catherine Davis, and Ellen Weekes (Choreographers), Andrew Muthurajah (Musical Director), Izzy Lau and Sam Merrick (Vocal Directors). You put on a great show and should be very proud of what you created, and of the funds you raised for the Women's and Girls' Emergency Centre in Redfern.

## The Fight to Keep Simple Extensions

At present, there is a lot of discussion regarding the changing of policy regarding Informal Special Consideration, or Simple Extensions. It is possible that these may be removed from policy, and could eventually disappear from institutional memory.

SUPRA is deeply concerned by this. We invite our constituents to share their experiences with Simple Extensions. If you have any stories of needing a Simple Extension, SUPRA would love to hear them. Executive members will use these stories in a de-identified way to show how important they are to students, and how critical they are to student wellbeing. SUPRA will fight to ensure that Simple Extensions remain in policy and that students will always have access to simple, fair and quick extensions when things go awry.

Please submit your responses to Thomas Greenwell at <vicepresident@supra.usyd.edu.au>.



Advice ♦ Advocacy ♦ Assistance ♦ Information

at  
**Faculty of Health Sciences  
Library**  
Cumberland Campus

**Every second Thursday  
10am-2pm during Semester 2, 2015**

17 September, 1 October, 15 October and 29 October.

No appointment necessary



## Penn and Teller Bamboozled by Amazing Eight Year Old Conjurer

*They are cowards. This is bullshit.*

Penn and Teller, famed illusionists and skeptics, have at last been stumped by a magician – and he’s still in elementary school! Penn Jillette, and Teller (born Raymond Teller, but now legally known by his mononym) have been performing together since 1975, and debunking claims of real magic for over twenty years. But that streak of skepticism has been shattered by Timothy Teller, of Las Vegas, Nevada.

While they’ve debunked psychics and mentalists, this little illusionist (or perhaps real magician!) was too much, pulling off a simply inexplicable card trick, on his birthday no less!

When Penn and Teller had simply come for a celebration with extended family and friends, they had their understanding of the world rocked by a twist on the card warp.

## Yellow Wiggle Renews Immortal Blood Oath at Ancient Shrine to Greg Page

*Play their songs backwards, people!*

Emma Watkins, the latest Yellow Wiggle, has taken time out of a busy regional touring schedule to reaffirm her commitment to the blood oath demanded by Greg Page, the original Yellow Wiggle.

The altar is said to be more than a million years old, constructed by an unknown alien civilisation from a crystalline material with similar chemical properties to the tears of children. It is a likeness of Page that appears to age in order that the retired children’s entertainer need never bear the physical burden of earthly time.

“Marrying Lachlan [the current Purple Wiggle] was never anything to do with the blood contract!” Watkins said in response to allegations that the ceremony may have been a part of a more elaborate ritual. “We love one another, and appreciate how important it is to have a partner who understands the demands of your career and the fact that when you retire you will spend an eternity in the Realm of Celestial Children’s Entertainers.”

Sam Moran, the Yellow Wiggle who immediately assumed the role after Page retired for health reasons, is rumoured not to have taken the Blood Oath. Some commentators have suggested this is the reason his tenure in the position was so short-lived, possibly having angered the vengeful living tired ghost of Page.

Teller, who does not speak at all during the duo’s famous act, was speechless, but then moved to words: “I’ve studied sleight of hand, misdirection, Newtonian and non-Newtonian physics – what Timmy pulled off should be impossible. That card really moved through the other card!” Penn agreed: “I don’t know if its God, or magic, or quantum mechanics, but I can’t see any trickery here. I’m amazed. Happy birthday, dear Timmy, happy birthday to you.”

Timothy was overjoyed: “I’ve learned a lot from Pop-Pop, and but maybe now I’m the real magician!”

Penn and Teller, who are currently in the middle of a sellout Broadway run, are waiting to debunk Santa Claus until Timothy is at least 11.

The ritual must be renewed approximately once every decade, lest the immortality enshrined in the contract of all living Wiggles be forfeit.

“The team was getting real towy about how close I was leaving it to the transit of our homeworld, but it’s been so draining just keeping up with all of our fans! I just couldn’t let them down.”

Watkins, as the new Yellow Wiggle, has assumed immense supernatural power with the skivvy, but notes that it isn’t all fun and games, coming with certain responsibilities as well.

“Obviously it’s a role that falls to the Yellow Wiggle,” Watkins said. “The Yellow Wiggle is the most important one. The alpha and the omega. Masher of Potatoes and Swallower of worlds.”

At press time, Watkins drew an ornate dagger, cast in a meteorite kiln, across the palm of her hand, intoning in an alien tongue as blood cascaded from the wound.

“You do it for the kids,” she said through gritted teeth.

*The Wiggles are playing at the Rooty Hill RSL on the 20th of September. Tickets available online. Concerts are appropriate for all ages.*

## Abbott to Prioritise Processing of Handsome Refugees

*Boat shoe people are the real problem*

In a move that the UNHCR has deemed “utterly reasonable,” Tony Abbott has announced a Coalition plan to prioritise refugees who are very beautiful as Australia reallocates its refugee intake to accommodate the recent outpouring of asylum seekers from the escalating conflict in Syria.

The Prime Minister explained the reasoning behind the move in a press conference this morning, saying:

“You have to understand that the champions of this death cult relish the opportunity to attack people who are more beautiful than others. It is commensurate to prioritise these beautiful refugees.”

The proposal is not without its detractors: advocacy groups for plain and ugly refugees have issued formal statements dismissing the move as “deeply prejudiced.”

“People who are only a 5 or a 6 are capable of making a meaningful contribution in society,” said Rita Grimaldi of the Unpopular Refugee Relief Fund. “They are fleeing terrible circumstances and deserve

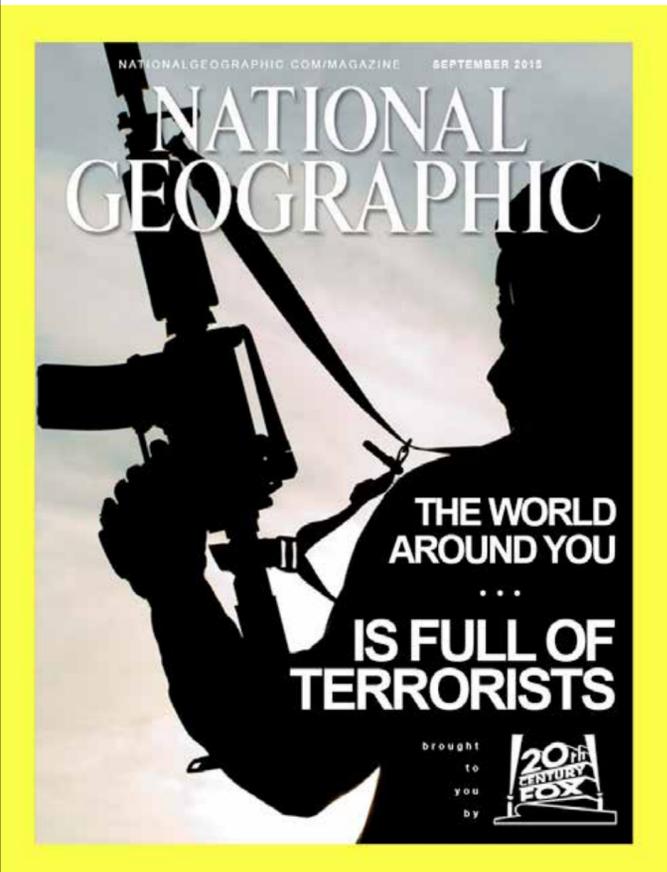
all the assistance that we would offer up to people we would consider dating if we saw their profiles on Tinder.”

Abbott was quick to clarify the position, saying that Australia would not be refusing places to the homely, or “cute”, but rather prioritising those who were “pretty objectively” more attractive than others.

“I want to make it very clear that we will not hold refugees to an impossible standard of beauty. We would be very sympathetic to the idea of, say, granting a permanent protection visa to an unorthodoxly attractive but peculiarly beautiful asylum seeker. Or one who could have been a model if they had nicer hair.”

“Ours is a beautiful country. We must have room for beautiful people,” Mr Abbott said at press time, going through the profile pictures of one quite handsome man who had applied for asylum.

“... we must have room for beautiful people.”



## Review of a Cancelled Fringe Show

*By Sad Friend*

Behind the Thymes, described in the Fringe Festival Brochure as ‘a zany retro family cooking show – with a twist’, was cancelled on Friday night, owing to the temporary sickness of lead performer Cedric Michaels. While not necessarily a crowd-pleaser, I enjoyed the cancellation immensely. An entire hour off between 8.15 and 9.15, allowing this reviewer to clear his mind of the privileged Caucasian soul-searching of the 7pm show, and giving him a chance to properly appreciate the under-rehearsed character-based sketches at 9.30.

Whether you call it restraint or minimalism, it was a really positive experience that more artists at the fringe should emulate. So many fringe shows stretch out a single joke into a tired hour, or digress swiftly into less relevant and

more stereotypical gags, but this was a breath of fresh air. The decision to cancel the show really gave the audience a sense of agency, and allowed us to reflect on how we acquired tickets for an ill-defined genre piece with a feeble pun title.

What is friendship? What is duty? These were the questions punters were left with as they wandered to the bus stop or waited for overpriced drinks at the Factory Theatre bar. Despite their various backgrounds, and ties to the artists behind the show, all were unified in relief that Friday’s performance was to be the last show anyway, and that any social or professional obligations had been appropriately discharged without coming back another night.

The cancellation of Behind the Thymes was a bold move, but the right thing at the right time. Five stars.



## 9 of the 11 Facts You Should Know About 9/11

*We strictly filter those who can publish under our auspices. Over to Con Spiracytheorist, resident conspiracy theorist.*

The attacks on the towers of the World Trade Center in New York City defined an epoch. 14 years on, the incident is still fresh in the minds of many and still influences social sensibilities, art and culture, and foreign policy.

*The Garter Press* brings you 9 of the things you should know, and definitely not the the 2 things that you can never know, about 9/11.

1. Four passenger airliners were hijacked by 19 members of al-Qaeda to be flown into buildings in suicide attacks. Two of the planes, American Airlines Flight 11 and United Airlines Flight 175, were crashed into the North and South towers, respectively, of the World Trade Center in New York City.

2. Within two hours, both 110-story towers collapsed with debris and the resulting fires causing partial or complete collapse of all other buildings in the WTC complex, including the 47-story 7 World Trade Center tower.

3. A third plane, American Airlines Flight 77, was crashed into the Pentagon (the headquarters of the United States Department of Defense), leading to a partial collapse in its western side.

4. The fourth plane, United Airlines Flight 93, was targeted at Washington, D.C., but crashed into a field near Shanksville,

Pennsylvania after its passengers tried to overcome the hijackers.

5. Although the Al-Qaeda’s leader, Osama bin Laden, initially denied any involvement, in 2004 he claimed responsibility for the attacks. Al-Qaeda and bin Laden cited U.S. support of Israel, the presence of U.S. troops in Saudi Arabia, and sanctions against Iraq as motives.

6. 17 Unique Artworks were destroyed in the collapse of the twin towers.

7. The attacks caused at least \$10 billion in property and infrastructure damage.

8. 2,996 people died in the attacks, including the 227 civilians and 19 hijackers aboard the four planes.

9. ██████████ insurance was taken ██████████ before the attacks ██████████

10. ██████████ 2750°F ██████████

11. Following the attacks, President Bush’s approval rating soared to 90%.

## 10 Fucking Morons and Their Stupid Dumb Opinions on: The Syrian Refugee Crisis

“If they wanted to be in this country so bad they should have come back when we first got here.”

*Michael Richardson, midwife, 46*

“Way I see it, if we don’t persecute them harder for arriving than the terrorists who persecuted them into leaving, they won’t have learned anything.”

*Cameron Smith, artist, 12*

“Can’t be worse than my gosh-darned roommates! Hey! Roommates suck!”

*Emma Balfour, roommate, 21*

“I’ve never seen anyone truly desperate arrive by boat – and I own a yacht club!”

*Patrick Morrow, yacht club owner, 67*

“I draw the line at those who arrive by wakeboard.”

*Declan Maher, conservative, 19*

“I’m going to seek asylum in THEIR country. See how THEY like it.”

*Ian Ferrington, talent scout, 35*

“Boy are they gonna be upset when they see who’s running the asylum.”

*Gabi Kelland, clam master, 82*

“We already take on thousands of refugees! No. Wait. I’m thinking of how we watch the Bachelor.”

*William Edwards, gay man, 100*

“Europe hasn’t been this excited for national socialism since the 1930s! You wanted an opinion on Jeremy Corbyn, right?”

*Alexander Richmond, rich man, 41*

“Golly!”

*Martha Dernier, midwife, 46*

Do you foolishly think that anything is worth anything?

Send nothing to thegarterpress@gmail.com



# COMMUNITIES

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## against fear and racism

## for diversity and multiculturalism

Speakers include: Lydia Shelly (Vice-President, Islamophobia Register), Dr Mehreen Faruqi, Uncle Ken Canning, and more

### 1:30pm Saturday 19 September

### Sydney Town Hall

Contact/help/endorse:  
[communitiesunitedsydney@gmail.com](mailto:communitiesunitedsydney@gmail.com)  
0450767539

Endorsed by: Unions NSW, Sydney Alliance, Arab Council Australia, Lebanese Muslim Association, Australian Muslim Voice, NSW Council for Civil Liberties, Catholic Office of Peace and Justice, NSW Teachers' Federation, Maritime Union of Australia (MUA) Sydney Branch, National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) NSW, NSW Greens, March Australia (Sydney), Islamophobia Watch Australia, Voices against Bigotry, Unions for Refugees, Indigenous Social Justice Association, Refugee Action Coalition Sydney, Community for Peace and Justice, Solidarity, Socialist Alliance, Latin American Social Forum

