

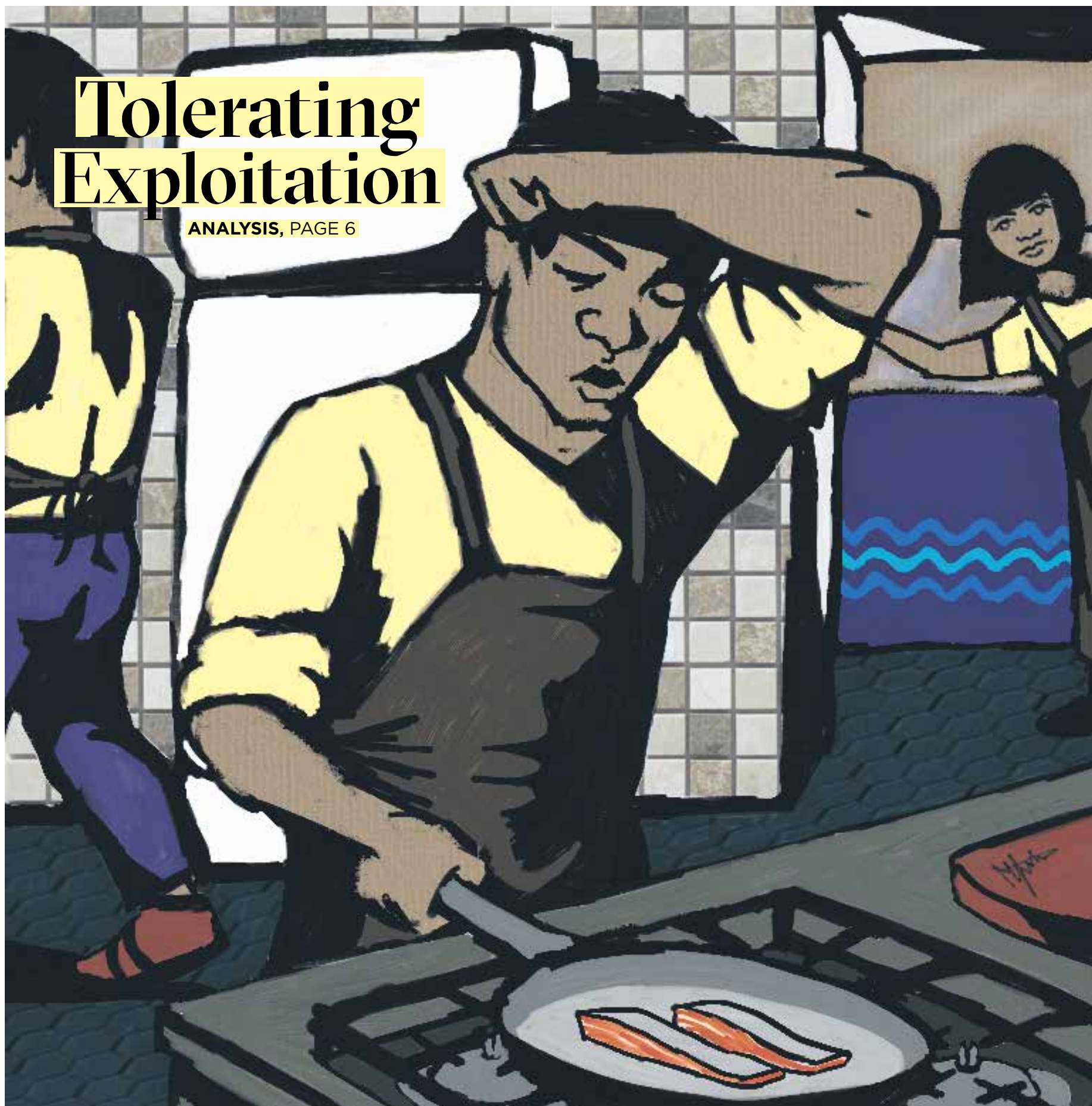
Honi Soit

SEMESTER TWO, 2016 • WEEK 5

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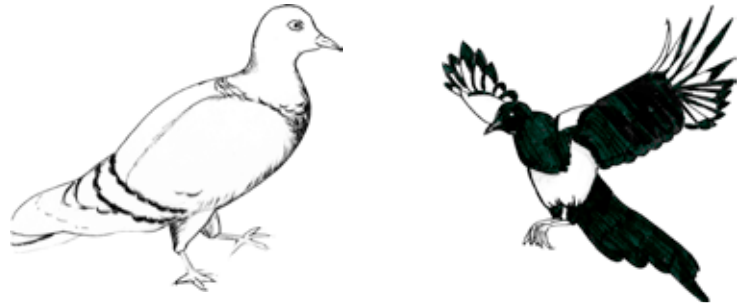
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Tess Green on one family’s experience of Australia’s outdated euthanasia laws

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Letters

President John Adams? Good Luck!

Dear *Honi*,
I was one of the curious people who sticky-beaked this afternoon’s protest against the university management over action regarding the SCA and BVA. Not particularly boned up on the issue, nor desiring to take an active part, I nonetheless went along for the ride as an observer. Like all the other shows of discontent on campus,

this one was noisy, energetic and attention-grabbing. But I think it could have be done a little bit better. So here’s some friendly, constructive criticism on the proceedings, which might improve your next collective whinge.
First, before mad mobs of socialists go out in the midday sun, they should consider putting on deodorant. Some of you smelt bad. Second, I would have liked to have seen more handsome signs; a few were quite unaesthetic. I mean, you are supporting the cause of Visual Arts. Third, watch the volume on your megaphones. When you’re inside a

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Andrew Bell

EDITORS

Natalie Buckett, Max Hall, Tom Joyner, Sam Langford, Alexandros Tsathas, Subeta Vimalarajah, Mary Ward, Victoria Zerbst, Naaman Zhou

CONTRIBUTORS

Jayce Carrano, Samuel Chu, Ann Ding, Ed Furst, Tess Green, Gillian Kayrooz, James Holloway, Koko Kong, Andy Mason, Ollie Moore, Kishor Napier-Raman, Steph Paglia, Ellie Rogers, Siobhan Ryan, Tom St John, Zoe Stojanovic-Hill, Liliana Tai, Luke Tisher, Louise Xie

ARTISTS

Mark Bell, Ann Ding, Matthew Fisher, Frankie Hossack, Gillian Kayrooz, Michael Lotsaris, Ludmilla Nunell

COVER

Matthew Fisher

AN APOLOGY

Just kidding, we apologise to no one.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COUNTRY

We acknowledge the traditional custodians of this land, the Gadigal people of the Eora Nation. The University of Sydney – where we write, publish and distribute *Honi Soit* – is on the sovereign land of these people.
As students and journalists, we recognise our complicity in the ongoing colonisation of Indigenous land. In recognition of our privilege, we vow to not only include, but to prioritise



EDITORIAL

Andrew Bell

It’s very easy to avoid the arguments in these pages if you dismiss the it as a cloistered product of the University of Sydney left.
In many of these pieces, the author has an identifiable political stance. I would hope that some of the readers of these pieces will disagree with them - if that weren’t the case, they wouldn’t form much of a vehicle for change.
This is an edition which canvasses the absence of privilege. This may be access to academic materials in the Law School, public health policy that would rather have patients choke on their collapsing respiratory system than end their life earlier, and conditions that tie international students to oppressive forms of labour.
We have done our best to collate voices that have been tested for cogency of argument, originality of thought and quality of writing - rather than simply pre-selecting pieces for their political stance.
Earlier this week I had a conversation with one such reader, explaining why we wouldn’t be publishing her letter entitled “I’m a proud white woman”. This was undeniably a subjective, political decision - but one grounded in a genuine belief that the letter did not express cogent arguments to cast moral blame of entire social groups for the crimes of a few. This blame was the object of the letter.
If you think there are competing arguments, try and convince us otherwise. Write a letter. Pitch a piece. Articulate our logical failures and present a competing perspective.
Unfortunately, many people feel disaffected from the *Honi Soit* establishment, and I understand that it is difficult to submit a pitch to an editorial team that you don’t feel has represented your views.
Then again, if your opinion has not been included in this edition, it’s probably because you’re not writing it.

Melbourne correspondence

Dear *Honi Soit*,
I need to know your secret – what makes your university so fucked up?
As we’re both aware, the air is ripe with #Stupol. And boy, is it ripe. I remember joining what seemed like the rest of the Australian political sphere last year to watch #repselect. I watched in shock when quorum was jeopardy and Paulene’s whistle went off for what seemed like forever. It astounded me how people could get so invested stuff like that. Will we be seeing the sequel this year? I’ll bring the popcorn.
And us? Our greatest mystery is why we have a ticket named ‘Hard Memes’ (nowhere near as dank as Harambe from SRC or Wet for *Honi*). Sure,

we’ve got an actual contested election this year and people are starting to get a little slimy, but I can’t imagine anyone on our end flipping off the mains to nut out some last minute arrangements.
Your mates really need to find some chill.
On another note, I really enjoyed your article on – oh wait, I wouldn’t know because you never send anything this way. Our relationship is a two-way street, kiddos. My fingertips yearn for your ink-stained goodness, and my eyes for that drama you’re infamously known for.
Hope you’re all well. Except you, Tom.
Caleb Triscari
Farrago Editor
Eds Note: The entire edition is online, postage is expensive.

LETTERS

On resurgence and risk

It’s real risky to dedicate a show to someone well-loved and talented that they named a performance space after him. I’ve always loved that The Arts Revue takes risks.
This year’s show didn’t touch a cliché - there were no shots at UTS, there was no exhausting interfaculty rimming, and puns were never left as just puns. You never took the creatively lazy route. It was scene after scene of great characters, high energy, huge jokes, and brilliant play with form.
I bawled as shit-talking Jenna (age 10) air-kicked her way to a beautiful home truth: there is absolutely nothing in the world like telling jokes with and for the people you love.
Revue sometimes miss out on the historical record they deserve, but it’d be unconscionable for The Arts Revue Games to go down as anything other than the best.
And that’s a fitting tribute to someone who always aspired to exactly that. He would be so so proud. What you guys achieved on Friday night was incredible.
The show reflects the exciting resurgence of a comedy community that looked like it might not recover from the departure of Project 52. That’s

thrilling.
Congratulations to all involved. My heart swelled to bursting. A hex on all souls that missed it.
Patrick Morrow
Arts Revue 2014

A letter from Jordan

The first thing ‘T’ suggests in this modest piece is that we take an already precariously journalistic newspaper and chuck it down the slope to opinion pieces, anecdotes, and fluff generally. The person submits, firstly, that we should use ambiguous and misleading language (what, for instance, ought we to label ‘haunting’? I find my 8 a.m. lecture to be fairly haunting). Next, that we should make use of coarse language - as if that endears writer to reader, or something. More likely, the faux-friendliness will jar with serious subject-matter. Or should we just write our pieces in the spirit of ‘shit’, and ‘fuck’?
But the more dangerous and better concealed message here is this: that *Honi Soit* ought to become more ‘progressive’. It isn’t very frankly admitted to, but one can infer from ‘... revealing interconnection and

immorality,’ ‘unique outlet of the truth’ (what, exactly, is the ‘truth’ in politics and culture?), and the ‘ugly face of university life today’, along with the admission that the writer had been ‘reflecting on... privilege’ in the toilet and came to an – unexplained – conclusion that Indians and East Asians have a monopoly on blowjob-giving - that behind this self-irony is simply a political advocate.
‘T’ seems to be proposing we transform our university newspaper, something which should be giving us all a hearing if we want one, into an essentially left-wing publication. This is not a personal attack on the contributor. My only concern is that *Honi Soit*, with its present notoriety of leaning left, if not resting smack in sickle-and-hammer territory, stays as apolitical or at least politically center as it possibly can in future.
Very telling is this call for ‘exposes around seemingly obscure and irrelevant parts of day to day life’. ‘Seemingly’, if you notice, implies that we are all blind to what is really important, what is most worth discussing. But if something is ‘seemingly’ irrelevant to most people on this campus, it is probably either banal or just unbelievable, and in either case a subject that shouldn’t get a slot. I can’t help but reason that

this sentence has in mind, again, the aforementioned bathroom epiphany, and that the writer thinks genuinely important issues at the ‘grass-roots level’ are being whitewashed, or even ignored. Employing words like ‘democracy’ and ‘grass roots’ is an age-old tactic for glossing over simple political partisanship. By all means, write up these very pieces you talk about and send them in. Of course, they should be judged on merit, honesty, and journalistic scruple - not for their being ‘unique truths’. Just please don’t try to pin our paper somewhere on the political spectrum.
And if this isn’t published for reasons other than bad writing, my point will have been made for me.
Long live freedom of speech and freedom of the press (see how plain/unironic that was?)
Jordan Watkins

An absence of letters raises questions. Do you like everything in the paper? Is it just beneath you to complain? To answer these questions in less than 500 words, email editors@honisoit.com

Quiz Answers

1. Fencing, 200m freestyle swimming, show jumping, pistol shooting, 3200m cross country, run 2. Week Nine 3. True (746 x 3) 4. Kent St 5. Joe Hockey 6. Engineering Revue (Manning Bar) and Vet Revue (Camden Oval) 7. d) Peter Alexander and Forcast 8. Three 9. (Lulu, Morgan and Amy) 10. A map of the London Underground

A follow up letter from Jordan

Ha! Submission deadline has passed. Well I guess that makes more reasons.
Jordan Watkins

The Semester Progression



WEEK ONE



MID-SEMESTER



STUVAC

Art:
Ludmilla
Nunell

OTHER UNIS

ANU School of Art to introduce new design courses

Gillian Kayrooz & Siobhan Ryan

The Australian National University announced on 28 July that it will increase the focus on design at its School of Art, with new undergraduate and post-graduate courses to be introduced from 2017.

Industry leaders in digital and web design, as well as media arts, will head the program, which has been described by the Head of the School of Art, Associate Professor Denise Ferris, as “a reinvention of the school”, but which “sticks to the intrinsic core of what this school is”.

According to third year Bachelor of Visual Arts student Eva Krepsova, students at the School of Art have had access to a number of information sessions over the past two weeks about the change, and many are excited about the program.

“I think more of a focus on web and digital design today is hugely important and is a fairly new medium for artists to be working in,” Krepsova said.

The announcement comes amidst attacks on art schools that have proposed reducing focus on hands-on, traditional art practice in favour of design courses.

In NSW, a proposal to create a “Centre for Excellence” would

have seen the closure of both the Sydney College of the Arts (SCA) and National Art School (NAS), and UNSW’s Art and Design School forced to take on the abandoned students. The proposal was scrapped after significant protest.

The University has since released a draft proposal for the SCA that would see the art school moved to main campus, with reduced studio-based education, and significant cuts to staff and programs such as jewellery, ceramics and glasswork.

SCA students held a strike and rally on Wednesday, which attracted speakers such as acclaimed artist and SCA alumnus Bronwyn Bancroft, and Greens member for Balmain Jamie Parker.

Ferris took aim at USyd’s proposals in a statement, saying, “While other art schools are being closed and reduced, the ANU has demonstrated strong support for the School of Art and the future of tertiary art and design in Canberra and the region.”

Ferris has also said the new degrees will be flexible, catering to students who want to focus entirely on design, as well as those who want to combine learning design skills with hands-on art-making.

SPECIAL CONSIDERATION

Special consideration system modified following student outcry

Max Hall

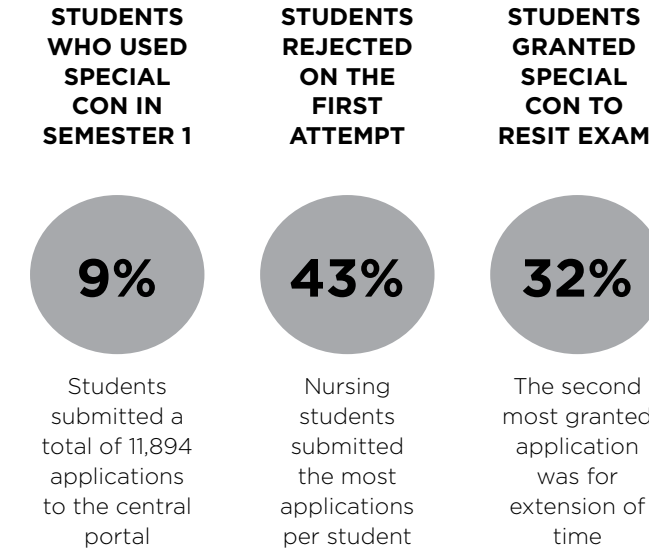
Changes to the University’s special consideration process, including the introduction of a dedicated support desk in the Jane Foss Russell student centre, the inclusion of detailed reasoning in application rejections and staff sensitivity training, have been introduced following backlash against the “inhumane” centralisation of the process in semester one.

A progress report of the ongoing review, authored by deputy registrar Brendan Nelson, identifies the “need for more lenience when dealing with death of an immediate relative”. Students will now be able to provide a statutory declaration or “other evidence” instead of a difficult to obtain death certificate. An extension period longer than the single day granted to one bereaved student in semester one will be guaranteed.

The progress report details the extent of problems that plagued the system primarily intended to aid students seeking extensions or changed assessment for illness or misadventure.

Not enough staff were available to process applications after students made 1900 more special consideration requests than anticipated, a total 12 per cent larger than internal University modelling.

Applications were slowed down by the need to manually apply additional conditions that differed between faculties and individual units of study. Fif-



ty-three per cent of applications were subject to these “non-standard rules”. The need for academic staff members to adjudicate 23 per cent of applications further slowed processing.

The length of extensions granted continue to be counted in calendar dates, causing confusion for students in faculties like Arts and Social Sciences whose assessment rules and late penalties are described in working days.

Honi revealed the extent of the centralised system’s flaws in July when academics termed the process “dogmatic” and its treatment of students “inhumane”. Because the system automatically rejected “ongoing” conditions, students were variously denied extensions for failing to identify the “end date” of their terminally ill parent’s life, their depressive episode, and pregnancy.

Photocopies of death and medical certificates were considered insufficient documentation for an application, and no face-to-face or telephone point of contact existed to support applicants.

One student suffering from cancer withdrew from uni after her application for special consideration for the short-term effects of her illness was rejected.

According to the progress report, “The process was not designed to assess and respond to the support requirements... for students with disabilities or complex and ongoing health or wellbeing issues.”

Two hundred and ninety-five appeals were lodged against special consideration decisions in semester one. The review, overseen by registrar Professor Tyrone Carlin, will conclude this month.

CAMPUS MYSTERIES

The strange and curious case of the missing pavestone in the Quad

In the northeast corner of the Quadrangle, there lies one pavestone unlike the others, as Ed Furst explains

In the northeast corner of the Quadrangle, near the Great Hall, one tile on the ground is unlike the others. Where there should be pale yellow ceramic, there is instead a void filled haphazardly with bitumen. Like a mishshapen puzzle piece, it simply does not fit.

Questions abound. Why was bitumen used instead of another yellow tile? Are there plans to fix this mistake? Is it even a mistake? I took it upon myself to solve the mystery.

But where to start? An examination of the site gave nothing away. A few people standing nearby could be described, at a

stretch, as suspicious, but suspicious in the way I’m suspicious of people who prefer the new barbecue Shapes over the old ones. A perimeter search of the Quad confirmed there were no similarly out-of-place tiles, and a scrunched up Curly Wurly wrapper-cum-potential-lead (I mean, who eats those things over age six?) turned up nothing.

At a loss, I decided to try and interrogate passer-bys. Again, fruitless. I received nothing more than quizzical looks from vet students and firm instructions to move on from campus security.

In a search for answers I walked down Eastern Avenue

and decided to consult the resident student politicians/activists for leads. “Cultural appropriation gone mad”, “The Bitumen Banksy” and “the beginnings of neoliberalism paving over the University” was all they could offer.

I was not getting anywhere, and began to consider the possibility that the bitumen wasn’t a mistake. Then why?

My hunch said that the University was trying to cover something up – something physical. A secret entrance to the Great Hall?

A trapdoor guarded by a giant three-headed dog? A pas-

sage into the fiery pits of “Mordor” (what the colleagues of Deputy Vice-Chancellor Carlin have dubbed his office)?

With so many possibilities, the only thing clear was that the bitumen could be hiding anything. Then I received a reply from Campus Infrastructure and Services (CIS).

“Campus Infrastructure and Services has a program in place to repair and replace broken Quadrangle pavers. As these pavers are custom made, the bitumen is used as a temporary replacement until the new pavers arrive.”

Well, that’s that then.



Know of a **campus mystery** you want us to look into? Email editors@honi soit.com with images and brief description of the weird shit you found.



BIRTHS, DEATHS & MARRIAGES

Honi soit qui mal y pense

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Stupol Twitter is a weird, weird place. The latest entrant to the landscape is an account that began its life as @refresh-honisoit.

On August 6, the account sent out a series of tweets criticising our paper. “We should not elect editors in #usydvotes that continue @scoop4honi’s tradition on focusing on @honi_soit’s 500-strong narrow audience,” one read.

However, the account rebranded after the names of the three tickets in the *Honi Soit* race were revealed, taking the name of one of the tickets: SIN for *Honi*.

Like its predecessor, the @sinforhoni account – which, SIN have told us, is not owned or operated by their campaign – lists college darling *Honi Soit* parody blog, Honey Soy, as its website.

We contacted the Honey Soy Facebook page to see if they were in any way affiliated. They ultimately didn’t answer our question (although they did call your correspondent a “chill chick”). But within hours of us sending our comment request all of the material on the @sinforhoni Twitter account was removed and replaced with miscellaneous US politics takes, and some quotes from our report on the new *Honi* tickets.

In related news, we have also started receiving emails from a sinfor-

honi email account, accusing us of “want[ing] SIN or WET to win” and showing a bias against TIME. Some PG-rated hacking we performed on the @sinforhoni Twitter account suggests the two are being operated by the same person.

TALKING ABOUT BIAS

For those who may be concerned about bias in our reportage, we have provided a list of editors who are conflicting off coverage to be involved in campaigns below. Editors conflicting off for SRC or *Honi* elections will not be allowed to report on either, editors conflicting off for senate campaigns will not be involved in our coverage of that election. The remaining editors hate everyone equally.

Natalie “I love campaigning” Buckett – Georgia for President, WET for *Honi*, Alexi for Senate
Max Hall – Alexi for Senate
Tom Joyner – WET for *Honi*, Alexi for Senate
Sam Langford – Alexi for Senate
Victoria Zerbst – WET for *Honi*

ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS ASK

On the *Honi* race, while writing our wrap of those contesting election on

Wednesday (see below for the names), we revealed “SLS member” Michelle Picone as a member of the TIME for *Honi* ticket. Some have asked why we did not describe Picone as one of the SRC’s six Directors of Student Publications, and the answer is simple: Picone is yet to act as DSP.

The main role of the SRC DSPs is reading the paper every Monday morning (on a rotating roster) to check for defamatory material. Picone has never attended a shift.

When we contacted Picone this week to ask why she had failed to attend, she informed us she was studying law full-time and working two jobs to pay rent. When asked why she had skipped her shifts last semester to attend a recorded Arts lecture, she said she did not have time to listen to the recording. When asked why she hadn’t resigned from a job she could not perform, Picone said she “wished to perform the role if the editorial team were willing to organise an alternative arrangement”.

When asked if she knew the DSP role would involve a consistent Monday 9am shift, as there is no other time one can view a paper finished in the early hours of Monday morning and sent to print at midday, Picone informed us she had resigned.

“Hopefully if I’m elected as an *Honi* editor for next year I will try to be

more accommodating to DSPs who have work commitments and financial difficulties,” she said.

WHEREFORE FACULTY OF ARTS THOU, ROMEO?

You’ve missed your chance to take over USyd’s least employable faculty. (Editors’ note: Arts only recently claimed this mantle after being forced to eat SCA by management.) Acting Dean Professor Barbara Caine, a historian of the biography who took over from political philosopher Professor Duncan Ivison in July last year, will soon be replaced.

Applications for the position closed in June and we should know the lucky winner of ~three faculties for the price of one~ after interviews are completed in September.

YOU CAN REALLY TELL THEY DROPPED THE ATAR TO 99.5

The poem that begins the Facebook event description for this year’s Law Ball is reproduced below, without permission and without comment:

*An evening of mystery awaits you all
You are warmly invited to this year’s Law Ball
Journey back to the time of ‘film noir’
On the red carpet, you’ll feel like a star*

SRC election: three tickets for Honi, Brook-Mantle pres race

Mary Ward & Naaman Zhou

The ballot draw for this year’s SRC election has revealed two candidates for president and three tickets vying for the editorship of *Honi Soit*.

This year’s presidential candidates are, in ballot order, Isabella Brook (National Labor Students – NLS) and Georgia Mantle (Grassroots).

Brook is backed by Stand-Up (NLS and Student Unity – Labor Right) and Ignite (Liberals and independents), Mantle is backed by Unite (Grassroots and Sydney Labor Students) and Left Action (Socialist Alternative).

First on the *Honi* ballot, channelling Labor’s 1972 federal election campaign (but presumably without concern for improving sewage in western Sydney), we have TIME for *Honi*. As we have previously reported, this ticket is headed up by Surreal Sounds coordinators John Patrick Asimakis and Josh Koby Wooller. We can now reveal the remaining names. Joining Asimakis and Wooller will be former ‘STRIP for *Honi*’ member Bianca Farmakis, SLS member Michelle

Picone, *Honi* reporter Cameron Gooley, Engineering Society president Nicolas Dai, member of the Dom Bondar ticket for the upcoming Sydney University Liberal Club executive election Shae McLaughlin, Harry Licence (who did a Sydney Fringe Comedy festival show with Wooller this year), MecoSoc secretary (as of the society’s AGM last week) Alana Callus and Isabella Wiggs.

TIME will be running on “bright yellow” and instead of having reportable managers will be “self-managed by the ticket” with a “close team of five to six associates” who will be coordinating the logistics.

Although throughout the entire process of putting together their team, TIME have been adamant that they are not a “college ticket”, the list of names on the ballot suggests otherwise: five have lived at college, and three do currently.

Next up is WET for *Honi*. We’ve already revealed most of this ticket: Nick Bonyhady, Ann Ding, Gillian Kayrooz, Justine Landis-Hanley, Aidan Molins, Siobhan Ryan, Michael Sun and Evie Woodforde. We can now

reveal the final members of the team to be *Honi* reporters Jayce Carrano and Maani Truu.

Honi reporter Tina Huang is also on the team, however – as you can only list ten names on the ballot – she will only be brought on as an 11th editor if they win the election. WET are running on aqua (lol) and will be managed by USU Board Director Courtney Thompson and law student Jonty Katz.

Finally, we have a team after the Evangelical Union vote – SIN for *Honi*. As previously reported, the team consists of Aparna Balakumar, Swetha Das, Nina Dillon Britton, Daniel Ergas, Eden Faithfull, Kevin Lee and Jemima Wilson.

Since last report they have added McCo student and former ‘Shimmy on Board’ campaigner Jack Crossing, law student Bonan Xia and MUSE and SUDS’s Christie New. We previously reported that Queer Revue director Will Edwards was a member of this ticket, however his name will not appear on the ballot: he is on the team as a “comedy director” (read: 11th editor). They will be managed by Adam Ursino and

Noah Vaz.

Not to be outdone by WET’s obscure colour choice, SIN is running on “lilac”. This will allow for Edwards and Ursino to wash their shirts with their Sam Kwon USU Board campaign shirts in one wash, like the efficient Labor workers they are.

If you want the stats, WET for *Honi* is the only ticket who have all written for *Honi Soit* and every ticket contains members of political factions (SLS and the Libs for TIME, Grassroots for WET and Grassroots for SIN). SRC promises a confluence of vaguely similar names (Unite, Ignite) and at least one colour kerfuffle.

Grassroots have discarded their traditional “Grassroots for SRC” branding, which has been run every year since 2011 (even during last year’s coalition with all three Labor factions). *Honi* understands this was a make-or-break request from coalition partner SLS. Mantle told *Honi* that the group was “stronger together” and said they were “obviously the more left-wing coalition”, citing the presence of Liberals on the other side.

The Unite gang will be run-

ning on green to maintain some kind of consistency with the Grassroots brand, while Ignite will be running on white.

A colour clash is potentially brewing between Stand-Up and Left Action who are both laying claim to red. Any ruling on that will be delivered by the Returning Officer Paulene Graham.

As for Council, a total of 68 tickets have been registered, with high turnout from joke tickets. “Harambe for SRC”, “Halal Snack Pack”, “Pokemon Liberation Front” and “Quid-ditch for SRC” will be vying, among others for your poorly-informed vote / brief fleeting chuckle come September.

“Harambe” managed to snag third place on the ballot draw, which was topped by “Students for Palestine”.

The returning “Twins for Tickets” campaign was listed quite low.

Elections will take place on **September 21-22** at polling places across all campuses. Pre-polling is on September 20.

The notes economy

Andrew Bell writes on inequality of access to academia

The nature of law school, particularly at hypercompetitive universities like Sydney, often overwhelms students with incredibly complex units of studies, hundreds of pages of reading material, and a daunting bell curve. The cases are long and the exams are longer.

The conditions of the law school foster an environment where the transfer of notes between students operates unlike any other faculty.

First, the syllabi change minimally between years. The 2016 Real Property syllabus is essentially identical to that of 2015, bar the excision of a small introductory section. Only supplementary cases have been added to the Equity syllabus, leaving the vast majority of the unit outline unchanged. In addition, the general structure of the degree is not variable between students. Each undergraduate will be studying core subjects right up until final year, where the electives kick in.

More importantly, the structure of assessment in the law school makes notes a radically different commodity to their STEM or Arts equivalents (and indeed, accompanying textbooks). Most examinations are set around problem questions, rather than essays. A typical question might ask students to identify the ‘elements’ of a crime, such as whether a certain scenario amounts to murder or aggravated assault. To be able to do that, students have to substantially reformulate the material given in lectures.

Where a particular case might focus on one sub-point in the law of murder, the exam will require you to understand the entire structure of the area. In addition, lengthy judgments often reduce to a one-line statement about the law to be pulled out in an exam. Scaffolds of applicable cases and legislation that effectively guide students through exam answers, bypass the task of trawling through lengthy judgments and readings to understand a unit of study.

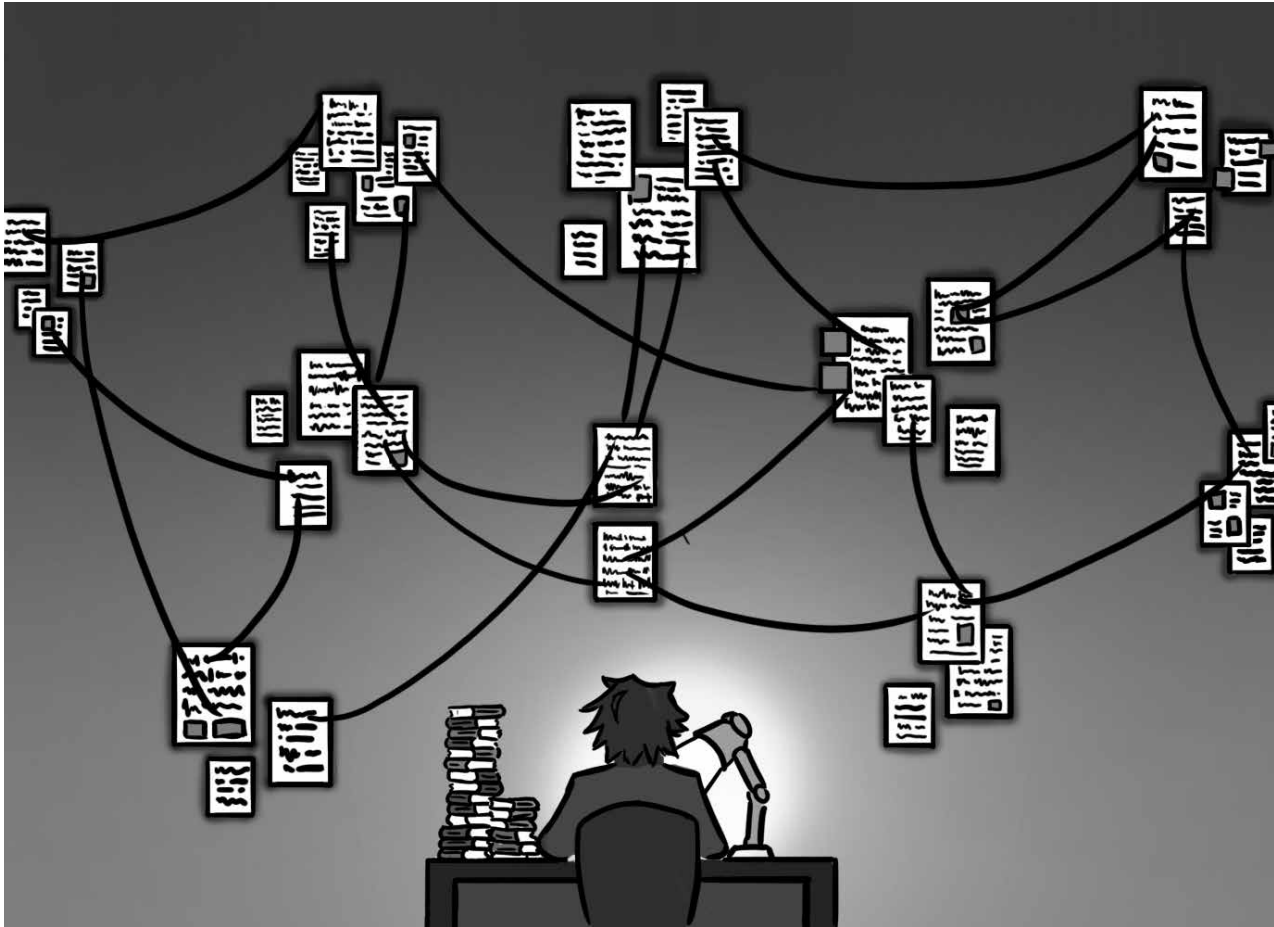
At face value, a set of notes can be a stress-reduction asset and a tool to help students more comprehensively understand the law. This is tainted by structures of inequality that affect access to these notes, which cement pre-existing academic advantages within the social strata of the law school.

Bronte Lambourne, an undergraduate law student who graduated in 2015, has written numerous sets of notes - including Real Property, Equity, Public International Law, and Evidence - which are circulated widely among the law school. They are famous for being extremely accurate and comprehensive.

“There’s certainly a disadvantage to those students - probably the vast majority - who don’t have friends in older years from whom they can source notes, so I don’t find anything strange or offensive in people who I don’t know contacting me directly,” she said. “Often it will depend on whether you or your friends belong to another group at university that cuts across year cohorts, whether that be law revue, college, debating or a political society.”

Meena Mariadassou, Vice President (Education) of Sydney University Law Society (SULS) echoed these sentiments to *Honi*. “The culture of notes-sharing unfortunately benefits those with existing networks on campus. However, SULS does not have the right to circulate the so-called ‘master’ set of notes. Given that students have worked hard to compile their notes, it is at their sole discretion to pass their notes on or not,” she said.

Sets of notes are often transferred as displays of social capital and performances of intellect. They often circulate groups of students who are already performing well academically at the law school,



Art: Mark Bell

often within the law school establishment. There is a resultant tension between preserving individual advantage (having notes that no one else has) and transferring notes to close friends to accrue social capital

Honi asked Lambourne how it felt to have her own notes transferred around the law school between people she’d never met.

“I’m fairly open with sharing my notes if people ask for them. Sometimes this will be friends who will ask me directly but I’ve also had people I’ve never met before contact me on Facebook. I don’t have a problem with this. Note sharing is a tradition, I had notes passed to me from friends in older years and obtained notes from friends who had received them from other sources,” she said.

Since these note transfers are unlikely to ever disappear, the solution must guarantee that notes are distributed widely and equitably.

There is no driving force to re-engineer the notes market. The Sydney University Law Society (SULS) is unlikely to ever implement a note-sharing scheme, to avoid the Pandora’s Box of students dissatisfied with the products and presumably to avoid tension with the law faculty.

Meena Mariadassou, Vice President (Education) of SULS, told *Honi*, “SULS does not facilitate note sharing. Other students’ notes, regardless of how well they did, are of limited use. Students who perform well have spent a significant amount of time cultivating their own proficiency in a given course.”

She also expressed reservations concerning buy-and-sell websites selling unverified notes. “While websites such as ‘Nexus Notes’ go some way to ‘equalising the field’, they are highly problematic from an intellectual property perspective,” she said.

Members of the Law Faculty have similar concerns. Graeme Coss, who teaches Criminal Law and Legal Research at the University, warns against the use of outdated notes. “We have long lamented in Criminal Law that exam answers refer to old law – sometimes between 5-10 years old! For example, in 2013 [there were exam

responses] referring to sections of the Crimes Act that were repealed (re. sexual assault) or amended (re. forms of aggravated assault) in 2007.”

While notes websites do go some way to equalising access to notes, they raise competing issues of accuracy and intellectual property. They

Notes are transferred as displays of social capital, often transactionally, within the law school establishment.

are also more easily accessible to those with the resources to consistently buy them. For Nexus Notes, potential buyers are given a 10% sample of the product (which will usually canvass the most basic or introductory aspects of the course) before they have to purchase. It is impossible for the casual reader to verify that the seller is actually the author of the text.

The answer is probably in a better functioning market of notes, in the absence of faculty or SULS intervention. In the meantime, it rests on the shoulders of those distributing their notes, to keep a broader range of recipients in mind.



Deciding to stay

Koko Kong writes on the toleration of exploitation of international labour

I was walking back to my dormitory one summer night with my friend after finishing my first ten-bucks-an-hour shift serving tables in Huangji Huang, a Chinese hot pot restaurant in Chinatown. I was complaining. I remember that 7-Eleven came into sight exactly as I was describing the grease, smell and noisiness of the kitchen. It looked clean and quiet under the dark sky.

Soon I was employed by the 7-Eleven franchise facing the Queen Mary Building. My boss said I would be paid \$200 upon the completion of 40 training hours. Then she pitched a deal to me.

She said she could shorten the training hours to 20 so that I could earn the ‘formal’ salary of \$12 dollars per hour sooner. But there was another side to the offer: I would have to serve customers, count cash, clean the coffee machine and order goods for free for those 20 hours. After a simple mathematical calculation, I agreed.

It was another summer night. I was exhausted after an eight-hour shift and pleased with the cash

in my pocket. But the feeling of contentment was broader. It was the whole experience that pleased me. I had never earned money by myself before. I felt I was psychologically stronger during the slow, back and forth process of building a relationship with my willful and short-tempered boss.

I didn’t know it was my last day at 7-Eleven.

A distant family friend starting up her e-commerce business phoned me to ask me to quit and work for her as an accountant to balance accumulated receipts, post orders in her office and produce Excel forms. She offered \$15 an hour and

Art: Matthew Fisher

It is very unlikely you will quit the job. It is very unlikely you will fight for your violated rights by reporting the dirty business.



urged me to quit 7-Eleven immediately. I spent the next two weeks marshalling her rubbish only to be fired after the work was done.

She gave me two reasons for that. First, she needed someone to keep track of the business everyday, and I was too busy with uni stuff. Second, she said she detected some mistakes in the forms I produced. I was sure from the bottom of my heart this was bullshit. Her vision of saving unnecessary labour cost guided her to consume me and kick me like a ball.

This is all of my pre-twenty working experience. Everything happened without much consideration. It left me lost, puzzled, and also with 20 brand new dresses I bought with my own underpaid salaries. Fitzgerald once wrote in *This Side of Paradise* of “a facile imaginative mind and a taste for fancy dresses”. Click.

What annoyed me was that I couldn’t find a well defined or justified reason to work underpaid. I decided to take another approach, to go beyond myself and observe others.

Peters is a famous store in Sydney’s fish market. A majority of its employees are recruited from China, Vietnam and Indonesia. Among them there was a Japanese girl staying in Sydney with a working holiday visa. That girl was about to leave Peters and her coworkers held a party in the Queen Mary Building to see her off. I sneaked in to have a chat.

Employee A was a rich kid living in some \$500 a week fancy apartment from inland China who worked underpaid because he was eager to learn how to scrape fish skin properly. B was working underpaid because she wasn’t confident enough about her English skills to work for white people. C came from a country where the minimum wage was around \$8 an hour so he thought \$12 an hour in Peters was acceptable. D was a postgraduate student who didn’t want his parents to feed him anymore.

And there were E, F and G, each with different justifications for working underpaid.

But there was one thing in common. They had a great time together at Peters and were already lifelong friends.

There is a truth about all sorts of mistreatment and suffering: when you simply view something as an “experience”, or equivalently, when you integrate the idea that “experience will teach me stuff” into your conscious, nothing is unforgivable. In this circumstance, if the starting point is the innocence of never having worked underpaid before, then that working experience is just a peculiar road to knowledge.

When something you labeled as a “niche encounter”, “distinctive uni experience when studying abroad”, “beneficial exposure to hardship”, and “essential component of growth” is criticised as unethical and illegal, you don’t know how to feel.

You may admire the spirit of the law in a country with a legal minimum wage. You may feel hurt about being exploited. And you may decide to not give a fuck.

It is very likely you won’t give a fuck. It is very unlikely you will quit the job. It is very unlikely you will fight for your violated rights by reporting the dirty business. It is very unlikely you will campaign collectively against the unfair treatment.

This attitude is prevalent among the Chinese international students that I have talked with. When your treasured experience, your heavy study workload and your social traditions are competing with a foreign legal conception for emotional recognition, which side will dominate your anxious, utilitarian, self-centered and nostalgic heart?

Who’s afraid of Barry Spurr?

Two years after the disgraced academic’s sacking, Naaman Zhou looked into why his supporters are still talking

One month ago, on the week of the fourth of July, someone at *The Australian* received a book in the mail. It was brand new and had been printed in Charleston, South Carolina, via a small Sydney press nobody had heard of. It had a picture of Oxford University’s Bodleian Library on its front that didn’t quite go to the edges, which made it look like a Powerpoint slide.

It sat on the desk of the higher education editor at 334 pages and up to 35 individual articles if you count poems. It was called *The Free Mind: Essays and Poems in Honour of Barry Spurr* - a self-described “collection of scholarly papers” made in tribute to “a notable public intellectual”.

For the uninitiated, Professor Spurr was the decorated Chair of Poetry and Poetics at the University of Sydney, inaugurated in 2011, then unseated in 2014 after a raft of emails from his University account were made public. Among other things, the emails called Indigenous Australians “human rubbish tips”, insulted students for being “Mussies and chinky-poops” and suggested that a victim of a recent sexual assault should be re-assaulted and her mouth “permanently stitched up”.

For this, Spurr was suspended in October that year, formally forced out in December, and then buried via two years of pointed non-referral in departmental PR. But now, for whatever reason, he was back via proxy and doing the publicist’s rounds.

The contributors list boasted Bruce Dawe (Order of Australia, Patrick White Award) and 27 other collaborators - a mixture of current aca-

demics, old students and one retired priest.

To those who think the story of Barry Spurr was all but over, this book of essays disagreed. The question was why? What kind of person was so invested in the old story of a tarnished Professor as to form, via 300-page tome, this unique kind of fan club?

The Free Mind is ostensibly a book of honour. Its makers refer to it as a Festschrift - a German tradition where a book is compiled for an admired academic. Essays, poems and other works are offered up by fans and well-wishers as a sort of gift - usually for occasions like retirement, rather than say, the 18-month anniversary of being fired for racism.

Reading *The Free Mind* is like flicking between JSTOR and fanfic. It packs itself with deeply academic and tangentially relevant essays on things like Christian views of courage, and memory in *Little Dorrit*. It lionises Spurr as educator, intellectual servant and leading authority. It has a typo on page two of the foreword.

It contains a poem from the long-time Warden of St Paul’s College, Ivan Head. An unorthodox sextet, the poetic turn (or *volta*) is an image of him dribbling. It is called ‘Pie Apocalypse’.

“Where the trains speed by/ I can sit and eat a pie”, it reads. “At the juicy gravy bit / I drool, lick my lips/ And ponder the apocalypse.”

Another, from retired priest John Bunyan (potentially a pseudonym) is titled ‘Spurred On’ and in reaching for spirituality, accidentally makes it sound like Professor Spurr is dead.

“Rejoice, resound, and with T.S., live, my friend,” he says. “In your beginning, Barry, is your end”. This seems to imply either that Spurr has recently passed into the great beyond, or that T.S. Eliot has moved into Stanmore.

What kind of person was so invested in the old story of a tarnished Professor as to form, via 300-page tome, this unique kind of fan club?

What *The Free Mind* really is about though, is a few old chestnuts: free speech, political correctness gone mad, and what it means to be a university. This trinity of modern alt-right talking points provide the first answer about the motivation of Spurr’s band of resurrectors. Dual epigraphs tell us from the off that 1. “Nothing cramps the free mind like a taboo”, and 2. “A true university rebukes censorship and correctness and should honour anarchic provocation”.

What this stabs at is a conception of Spurr as case study in a frightening new social trend. He is a fall-guy, booted out for championing white men and the canon, just because people around him had decided to tear that down.

The essay ‘Professing Poetry in Australia in the 21st Century’ tells us that “European civilisation is almost despised in many Australian universities”. It warns us of “zealots” and “concept-fanatics” in control at the highest levels. It is all about making Spurr a victim of others’ ideas rather than his own words.

In fact the word “fired” is anathema to *The Free Mind*. Not once is his sacking mentioned. “Professor Barry Spurr *retired*,” the foreword says, “after 40 years on the academic staff of the Department of English”. He is a man swept away by an unforgiving new social norm, and not because the University found out he’d been telling friends he’d prefer his classrooms were all white.

This, crucially, is why, when *The Free Mind* turned up at *The Australian* and was scoffed at, it actually was not alone.

Four weeks earlier, a website called ‘The Sydney Traditionalist Forum’ had hosted a symposium where Spurr was the headliner. He submitted an essay on T.S. Eliot’s Anglo-catholic faith (a subject on which he is objectively a world authority) and was given pride of place. One month before that, he had been in *The Spectator* with a review of a new book from one of *The Free Mind*’s eventual contributors, Michael Wilding.

For the few backers of this mini-renaissance, the motive is obvious - Barry Spurr is someone worth spending time, money and real, printed pages on, because he is a lightning rod for a cause. Nobody seems to admit that maybe exalting Spurr’s “Mussies and chinky-poops” as “anarchic provocation” crucial to the free exchange of ideas, isn’t the soundest equation.

When I asked the publisher, Edwin H. Lowe why this book was published now, in 2016, he said it began in 2015 and took 12 months to complete. He told me he had “no personal interest in Barry Spurr” and that now the project was complete, he was looking to move on. As for Prof. Spurr himself, *Honi* discovered that this July he was subjected to a final, further disgrace: he’s tutoring Year 12 English in the Inner West for \$100 an hour. Professor Spurr and *The Free Mind*’s editor, Catherine A. Runcie were also reached for comment, but did not reply.



Photo of Yung Spurr from *The Free Mind*



Smug Spurr from the Internet



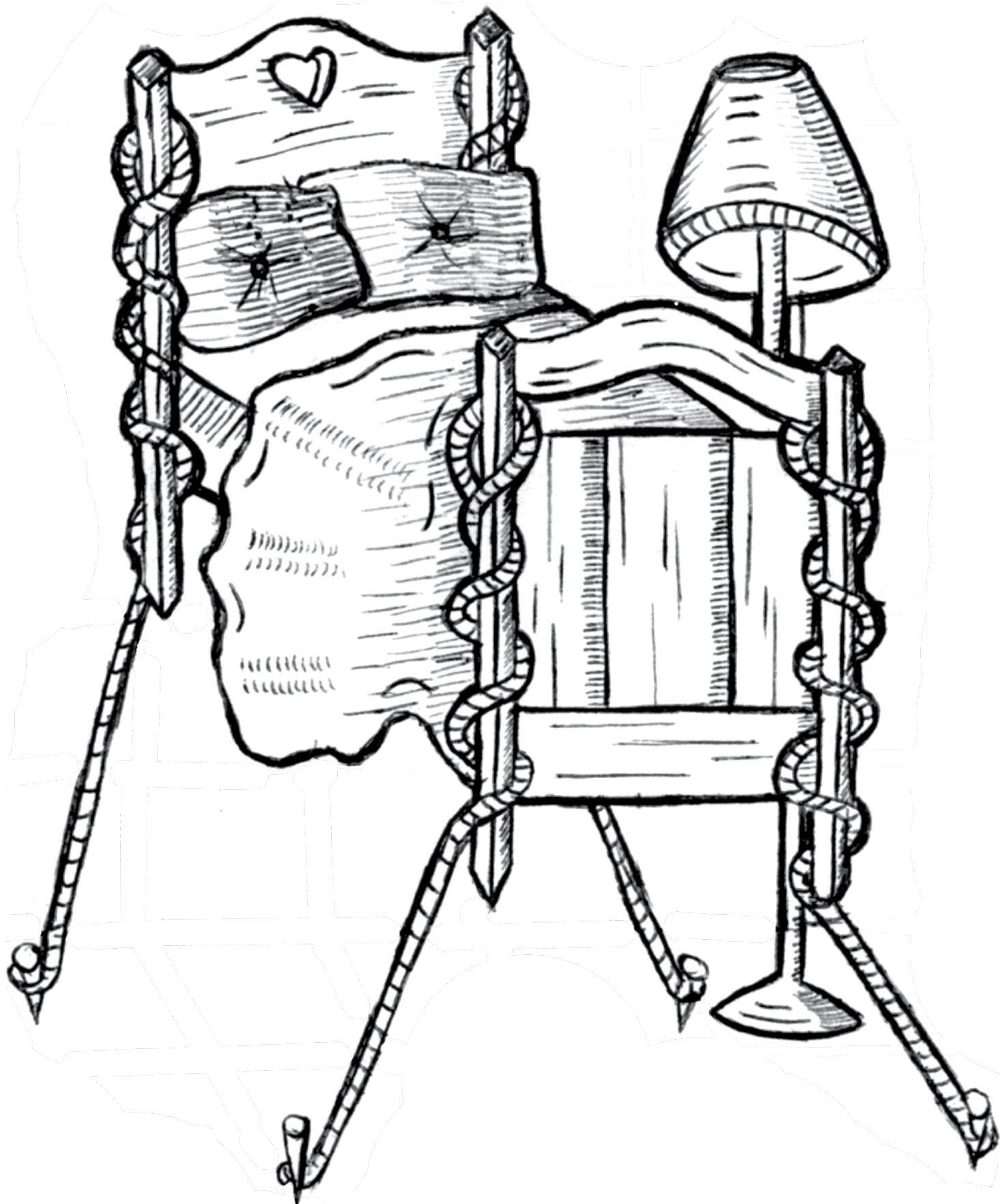
The cover of *The Free Mind*

“A curry to die for”

A majority of Australians support voluntary euthanasia, but the family and doctors of the terminally ill are prohibited from helping them find a peaceful end

Words by Tess Green

Art by Gillian Kayrooz



Students’ Representative Council, University of Sydney

Want some work?

Polling Booth Attendants Required

The SRC is looking for people to work on the polling booths for its elections this year.

If you can work on
Wed 21st Sept and/or Thurs 22nd Sept,
and attend a training at 4pm Tues 20th Sept,
we want to hear from you!

\$33.64 per hour

There may also be an opportunity to undertake additional work at the vote count. Application forms are available from the SRC Front Office (Level 1 Wentworth Building). For more info, call 9660 5222. Applications close 4pm, Tues 6th September 2016.



Authorised by P Graham, SRC Electoral Officer 2016.
Students’ Representative Council, University of Sydney | p: 02 9660 5222 | w: src.usyd.edu.au

*“It might be okay for you,
but it’s not okay for me.”*

In late 2008, Robert Cordover was diagnosed with motor neurone disease (MND). The illness was not unfamiliar to Robert, who watched his own mother die from it during the 1980s.

“He knew about what motor neurone disease was,” says Gideon Cordover, the youngest of Robert’s five children. “And for him, what that meant was a death sentence.”

MND is a vicious illness, typically killing its victims through suffocation – either by respiratory failure or choking on their own saliva as the valve between their esophagus and the windpipe loses strength.

Robert discovered he was suffering from MND when he woke one morning to find he couldn’t speak properly.

“His words just all garbled together,” says Gideon. “For a guy who had travelled around the world, spoke half a dozen languages and was always communicating, that was a real kick in the teeth.

“Overnight, it changed his whole capacity to enjoy life.”

Over the next six months, Robert’s condition deteriorated rapidly. Gideon witnessed his father endure all of the anguish that the disease had to offer.

“The thing that was frustrating him the most was not so much the physical pain - although there was a lot of that.

“It was more that existential suffering of not being able to hold up a book or turn the pages, not being able to hug your children, not being able to talk and share a joke.”

“That’s a kind of suffering that no amount of palliative care can fix.”

Robert began to search for ways to end his life on his own terms. His wife discovered notebooks and email exchanges that revealed Robert, with no legal alternative, had been searching for ways to commit “violent suicide”.

“The reality was that there was no way out, he was definitely going to die,” says Gideon. “And I’m sure that in his head the choice was to have either a slow death or a fast death.”

While Robert searched for other options, communication with his family deteriorated as he was forced to keep the information to himself.

Australian law currently forbids the voluntary euthanasia or assisted death of a terminally ill person by another. Any help that Robert requested of his family would legally have been termed ‘assisting a suicide’.

In the Cordovers’ home state of Tasmania, that act carries a penalty of up to 14 years in prison.

“He was deliberately hiding his search for assisted death from us because of the fear that we’d be implicated,” says Gideon.

“Rather than being able to have an open, candid conversation with his doctor and with us, he just kind of hid himself away in the study searching methods to kill himself.

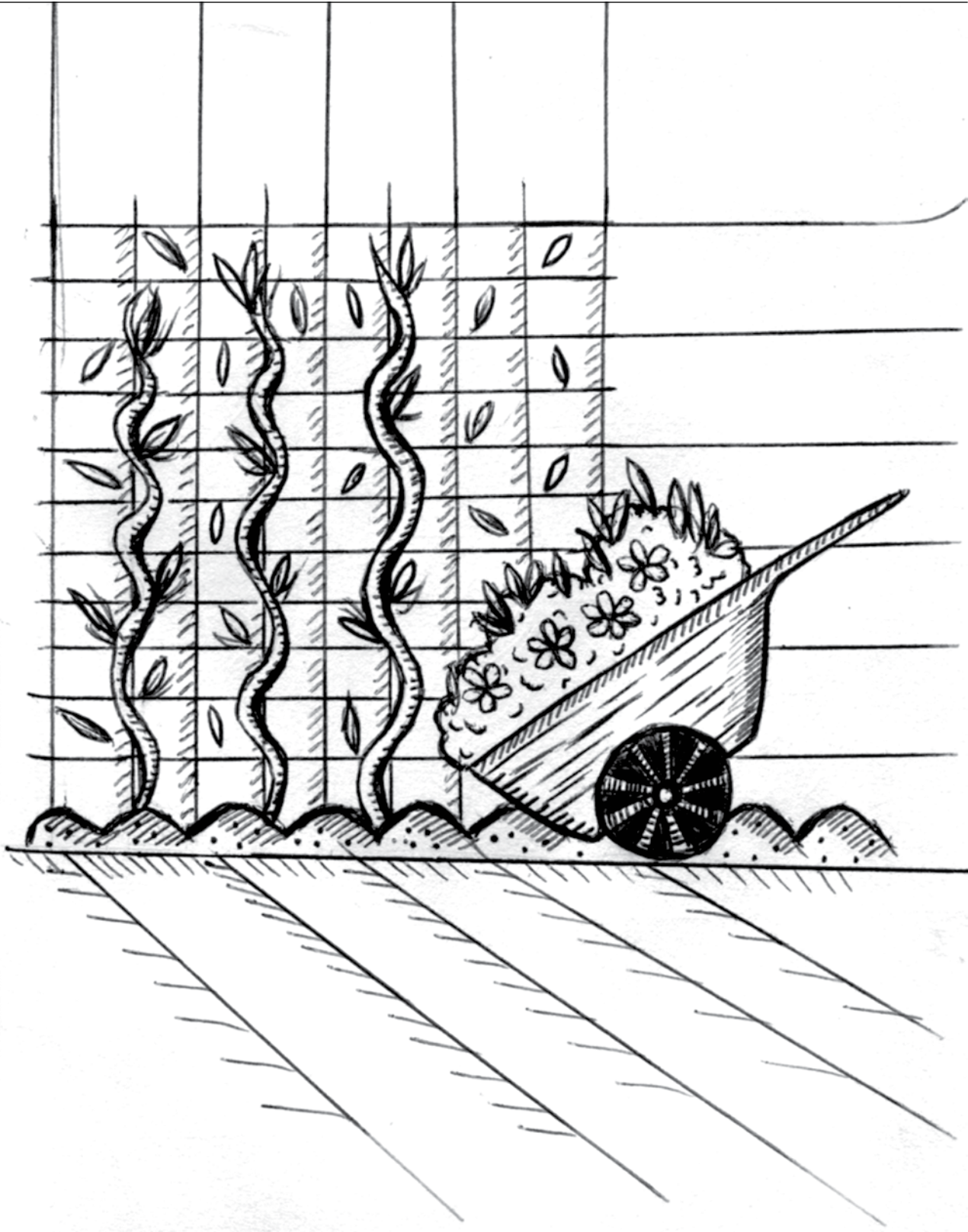
“I can only imagine how isolating that must be for someone.”

While the fear of incriminating his family prevented conversation about euthanasia, Robert’s condition continued to worsen until Gideon had what he calls a “crystalline” moment of understanding.

“He was unable to tie his shoes anymore, his hands weren’t dexterous enough. So I was helping him to put on his shoes, and in a kind of trite way I’d said “Thanks for letting me do this, I really appreciate that I can tie your shoes, because I remember you tying mine.”

“And he kind of smiled and nodded. But later, he wrote on a piece of paper: It might be okay for you, but it’s not okay for me.

“It was so clear, in that moment, that this wasn’t about me. For all that I wanted him to live forever,



“Overnight, it changed his whole capacity to enjoy life... That’s a kind of suffering that no amount of palliative care can fix.”

I don’t wish that he was living through that. “What he was going through was too much for anyone to have to live through.”

“Is this the weekend?”

After Robert’s family had gradually come to terms with his wish for death by voluntary euthanasia, he was met with a challenge that thousands of other terminally ill Australians face: finding a doctor who would help to end his life.

“The search for assisted dying was so fraught with difficulty because all of the doctors that he initially approached turned him away,” says Gideon. “There was clearly a fear among all of them that they would be implicated, put in prison, or lose their license.”

Gideon says that within each meeting during which a doctor would refuse Robert an assisted death, there seemed to be an underlying “word game” at play in the conversation.

“In the same breath that they said ‘We can’t talk to you about this’ they would also say ‘Don’t worry, when the end comes, we can look after

you.’ And it took a lot of prying to figure out what they meant by that.”

What the doctors were referring to was ‘terminal sedation’, a process that places a patient’s body in an induced coma, allowing it to starve to death.

“That is not an ideal situation for the family who are having to witness their loved one wither away,” says Gideon. “The whole medical establishment’s raison d’être is to minimise harm to the patient, but that’s clearly doing harm if the patient doesn’t want it.”

Dr. Christopher Ryan, an Associate Clinical Professor at the University of Sydney, agrees that the prohibition of open communication between doctors and their dying patients could have serious consequences.

“The reality is that voluntary euthanasia happens now,” he says. “But because it’s illegal and carries such serious penalties, everything happens in a clandestine way. I think there’s quite a bit of nodding and winking going on.

“I think it’s a dangerous thing. We’re in a situation now where nothing is regulated, and no one

is protected.”

Robert eventually found a sympathetic practitioner who gave him the necessary medication, a barbiturate known as Nembutal. However, he was then forced to smuggle the drug back to his home under fear of imprisonment.

As the doctor was not legally able to knowingly administer any medication that would cause his death, Robert’s only choice was to take Nembutal without any medical supervision.

According to *The Peaceful Pill Handbook*, by prominent euthanasia advocate Dr. Phillip Nitschke, there is a significant risk in taking barbiturates of an unknown potency.

A Nembutal sample with a concentration of less than 93 per cent may not cause death, but can potentially cause permanent cognitive and physical impairment.

Despite this risk, Gideon says that once Robert had a hold of the Nembutal he began to become more like his old self once again.

“His attitude completely changed,” says Gideon. “He was more positive, more productive. He was able to laugh again, and he was hanging out with us rather than having to lock himself away.”

With Robert’s renewed happiness came the difficult conversation about when exactly he would choose to die.

“He was clearly long past the time that he had wanted to end his life,” says Gideon.

“The only thing that was holding him back was his love for us. We really needed to give him that

“I think it’s a dangerous thing. We’re in a situation now where nothing is regulated, and no one is protected.”

consent. It was so important to him that we were okay with it.”

A sense of urgency was brought on by Robert’s rapidly deteriorating condition. As his muscle control continued to worsen, he did not have long until he would lose the capacity to swallow the medication himself.

“Nobody was allowed to help him because they’d go to prison,” says Gideon. “He was going to put the medication in some food and then eat it. So, if he couldn’t hold a spoon and move his arm from the bowl to his mouth, well, game over.”

Shayne Higson, leader of the Voluntary Euthanasia Party of New South Wales, says that the criminalisation of assisted dying in Australia ensures the continued existence of cases like Robert’s.

Having lost her own mother to an aggressive form of brain cancer in 2012, Higson understands the pain of watching a loved one suffer through an incurable illness when they are given no other choice.

“Even the best palliative care cannot guarantee that people won’t suffer,” she says. “And I think it’s cruel and inhumane to force someone to endure unrelievable suffering.

“Surely a compassionate society can offer a better choice, or a choice.”

Faced with the fear of losing Robert, the Cordover family could not help but ask him to “just hold off”. But his worsening condition meant that the window of opportunity was quickly closing, and his pain was growing by the day.

“I remember, my dad had written down ‘Is this the weekend?’ on some paper,” says Gideon. “And I remember my mum scrunching it up, throwing

it away and saying, ‘no, it’s not the weekend.’

“That was another moment that kind of stays with a person for life.

“Each day was worse than the last and it was also clearly quite intolerable for him, and had been intolerable for some time... and we recognised that.”

“Curry to die for.”

Sensing his family’s unspoken approval, Robert came to a decision on the date he would end his life.

On the morning of June 21, 2009, he took the first of the antiemetics prescribed to him to ensure that, once taken, the Nembutal would not come back up.

“There was no trial run,” says Gideon. “As soon as you take that first anti-throwing-up pill, today had to be the day.”

Gideon says he was amazed at his father’s state of pure calm throughout the day.

“I think he could tell that we had come around, that the family was there... that there was love between everybody and nobody begrudged him for making that choice,” he says.

Knowing it was the last time they would be together, the Cordovers spent the day soaking up every moment they had left. They worked in the garden, collected firewood, and made a big lunch while Gideon’s mother played the piano.

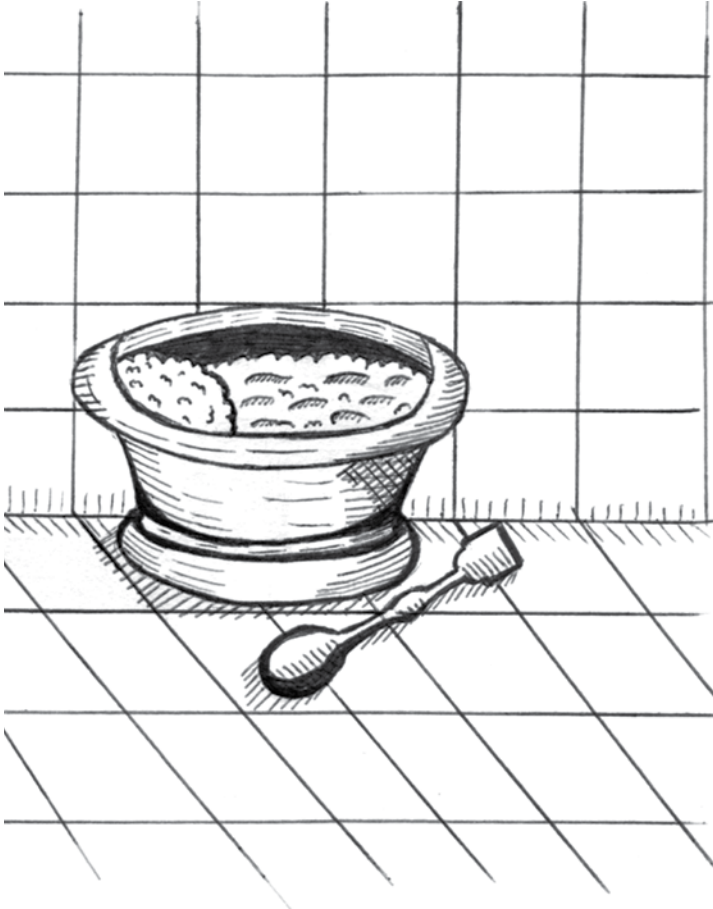
“We all knew how significant it would be without him, how much everything would change,” says Gideon. “And so I guess we really savoured it, like a nice meal, you really enjoy each delicate moment.”

Earlier that day, Robert had prepared a curry – since the viscosity would be just right for his weakened throat muscles – and slipped the Nembutal inside.

As the day came to a close, the family followed Robert into his bedroom and surrounded the bed where he lay, gripping each other’s hands. His bowl of curry sat by the bedside.

“It was such a surreal moment. He really didn’t give us a chance to question it or to say, ‘Hold on, are we really doing this?’ He just started eating.”

Robert finished the entire bowl in minutes, with what Gideon can only describe as pure “determination”.



“As soon as he [finished] he kind of gave us this little salute. And he actually had a smile, like a proper smile, you know?”

“He’d done it. He’d got to the end, and he was so clearly thrilled about it.”

With a final wave, blowing a kiss to his family as best he could, Robert laid back in his bed and fell into a peaceful sleep.

It was only later in the night, after his passing, that the family discovered the final note that Robert had ever written lying beside him:

“This is curry to die for.”

“This guy was such a joker all the way to the end,” says Gideon.

“He took this huge step with such good humour and grace and silliness and wit... that kind of encapsulates his whole life. He was such an amazing, dynamic, fun guy”

Following his father’s death, Gideon went on to take the role of Party Secretary for the Voluntary Euthanasia Party and work closely with law reform organisation Dying With Dignity.

Gideon says that his work had exposed him to countless stories like his family’s.

“I had the pleasure of coming across many stories that shared that same kind of message of love, support, happiness, and equally as many stories, if not more, of devastation, fear, anger, sadness, isolation.

“And it’s so clear to me that if you have reasonable laws that protect the vulnerable, but also give choice... it’s the sensible public policy. It would reduce so much harm.”

According to Higson, the Voluntary Euthanasia Party supports a law with strict guidelines that allows terminally ill individuals to have a medically assisted death. However, current push back

Knowing it was the last time they would be together, the Cordovers spent the day soaking up every moment they had left.

from conservative groups is preventing the formation of a safe euthanasia policy.

“Repeated polling over 25 years has consistently reported overwhelming support for the legalisation of voluntary assisted dying. Between 75 and 83 per cent of Australians are in favour,” says Higson.

“There’s no other social issue that has such strong support, so it’s very surprising that our politicians are not taking notice of that.”

Gideon is a strong advocate for the legalisation of euthanasia. He says that his experience, though difficult, was ultimately a positive one, and only wishes that more families were given the same chance.

“The only negative thing about what happened with my dad is the fact that he had to jump through so many hoops and do everything himself, that he wasn’t facilitated and supported by the society in which he lived.

“He got the death that he wanted. And if I was ever in that situation I’d want just what he wanted, so I’m really proud of him.”

Gideon says that he believes the allowance of euthanasia is the only “logical” choice in the face of “so much needless suffering”.

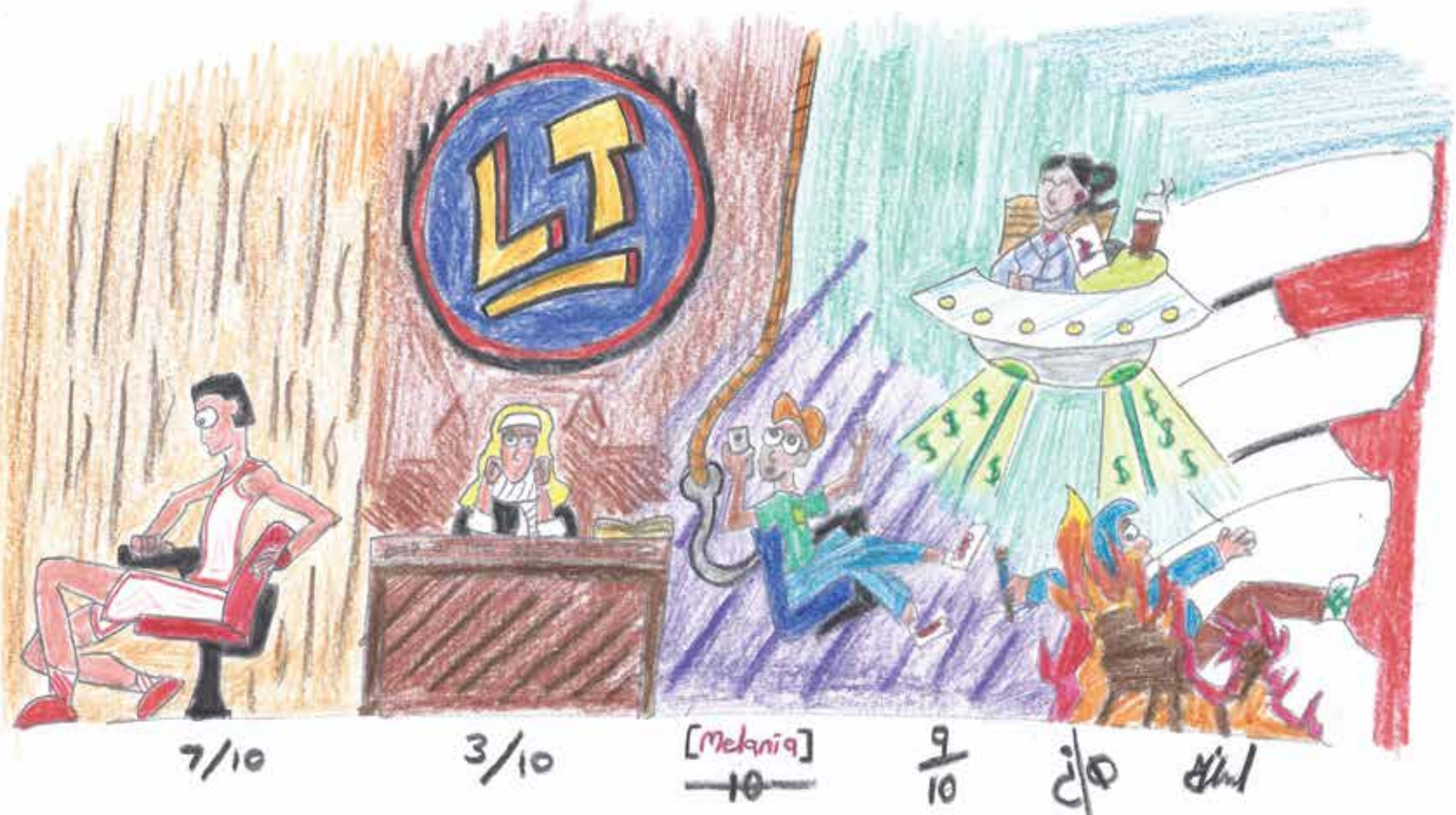
“If we would show more care and more understanding to a dog that’s in pain than we would to a human, you really have to start questioning your leaders.

“I just think that the change in law is long overdue.”

CULTURE

Happy haunches

Thomas Sydney St John puts the Uni's lecture theatres through their paces



Art:
Michael
Lotsaris

The theatre review business is a tough racket, but it's good money if you can get in on it. Apologies in advance to those readers who perhaps aren't familiar with the jargon I'll be deploying in my musings on the LTs of USyd (LT is short for lecture theatre), but this isn't the economy or identity politics – that is to say not the kind of article your correspondent can afford to over-simplify.

EASTERN AVE LT

Wowzers. What a start. I haven't been here since first semester, first year, and never thought I'd ever be critiquing a theatre as highbrow as this. Its faux wooden wall panels make me feel like I'm at the Hilton or the Intercontinental or some classy place like that. The "downy ledges" (the industry term for what are commonly referred to as "stairs") are the perfect awkward distance apart – take two steps on each level and you look like you're constipated, take one step on each level and you look like Yao Ming walking through a Playschool mosh pit.

But I'm gonna have to dock points for the fact that it's housed in a building so square a 50s greaser once tried to pull a pen knife on it (yes, I am proud of that joke, and no, you can't borrow it).

Rating: 7 out of 10

ANY ROOM IN THE QUAD

What's going on here? The crown jewel of the University has slinked away from the warm embrace of the ergonomic revolution, instead opting for the straight line wooden pews thought up in a Catholic School fever dream.

Seriously, I don't know why anaesthetists

still have a job – just send surgical patients here for a half-hour, make them listen to someone drone on about teleology, and their bodies will be number than anything any organic compound could ever achieve. The desks themselves have seething remarks seared into their wooden membrane, etched by prisoners of a never-ending hellscap of waffling lecturers. Remarks include "ASIAN STUDIES 101 IS A FUCKING CROCK", a pretty drawing of a bonsai tree signed by "THE FART", and Adam who, in 2003, proclaimed himself the "God of the Backseat". I kneel at the altar of Adam, and stumble with unbridled delight back into the sun of the Quad.

Each room has very high ceilings, which is good because this is where the philosophy department is located, and the hot air needs to go somewhere (oh yes, yes I went there).

Rating: 3 out of 10

WALLACE

Hey Wallace Lecture Theatre! Eastern Avenue Lecture Theatre called, they want their everything back.

Rating: Melania Trump out of 10

NEW LAW LT (THAT IS SHORT FOR LECTURE THEATRE)

Oh yeah, now it's obvious where students' taxes go, and where people can learn how to not pay taxes. The New Law Lecture Theatre is decked out with the latest in LT (once more, LT is short for Lecture Theatre, please keep up guys) technology. Oblique wood panelling, spotlights for superstar guest lecturers, projectors that never work, more wood panelling – this time on

the backs of chairs, powerpoints that never work. You dream it, they kind-of-execute it in a pragmatic but disappointing way. Just like real lawyers!

If you can handle the fact that there is a high likelihood someone next to you is going to spill a three-quarter Arabian Mocha skim ristretto from Taste onto your swiny-desk (this is the technical term we use in the LT business. We have other technical terms too – like LT, which is short for Lecture Theatre), then you're ready to go.

Rating: 9 out of 10

CHARLES PERKINS CENTRE AUDITORIUM

The CPC was reportedly inspired by the design of the Guggenheim in New York, but I think it's more likely the architect who designed it dreamt that he'd visited the Guggenheim after dropping some acid. Although from the outside, the building looks like it was dishonourably discharged from MoCA, inside, its main auditorium looks like it has some promise.

Red polyester chairs designed for both pseudo-comfort and extreme flammability? Check. High podium for sweating immunobiologists to hide behind while they squeak? Check. Layers on layers of rolling whiteboards so that professors can reenact their Good Will Hunting fetishes? Damn check. Ultimately though, the CPC Lecture Theatre was docked considerable points after I got stuck on an MC Escher stairway loop and it took me half an hour to exit the premises, and that was only after Leo Di Caprio gave me a metal dreidel and then threw himself into the abyss as human sacrifice.

Rating: ♠ out of ♠?

Q. What's the difference between an accountant and a lawyer?
A. The accountant knows he's boring.

Fortunately for the audience of *Royal Commission: Impossible*, this old joke didn't hold up – at least for the most part.* Indeed, The Sydney Law Revue was very rarely boring, delivering a healthy dose of entertainment in the form of song, dance, and comedy, tied together with the vaudevillian bombast and picaresque charm central to any good revue.

In a year proving ripe for parody, the Revue was at its best when lampooning familiar figures, with Boris Johnson, Tara Brown and Emma Watson receiving their fair share of the blowback. Punches were thrown evenly throughout the night, with targets ranging from chauvinistic CEOs to vapid Mosman mums.

As to be expected of any variety show however, the revue's intermediary sketches were a little hit and miss. It was specifically among the revue took aim at curiously inoffensive subjects, like Dame Judi Dench or Yakult, that it began to feel particularly lukewarm. The jokes weren't inappropriate, they just felt remarkably tepid. They were wasted opportunities that paled in comparison to the bluster and bravado of the revue's musical numbers.

Nonetheless, it was this musical energy that kept the

revue chugging along, never allowing enthusiasm to dip too low. Watching Tony Blair 'face the music' as the Chilcot findings were sung to tune of That's Amore, for example; or standing by as ISIS trade the West Bank for the West End, were particular highlights. These moments combined impressive instrumental and vocal talent with an amusing spin on current affairs, producing bizarre performances that weren't merely entertaining, but, at times, genuinely hilarious.

Monty Python-esque director, Kieran Hoyle, showed particular comedic finesse as both the flamboyantly evasive Pope Francis and the delightfully squeamish Inquisitor. Assistant Producer, Anna Della Marta's, aggressively soulful take on Hillary Clinton also ranks among the Revue's memorable moments.

Though cast and audience energy inevitably waned as the night wore on, and jokes that might have been hilarious an hour earlier threatened not to stick, the Revue did well not to overstay its welcome. And at the end of the night, the cast and crew of the 2016 Law Revue were able to prove themselves a whole lot funnier than the joke at the beginning of this piece. Whether they knew it or not remains another question entirely.

*I am yet to attend Commerce Revue.

The 2016 Arts Revue was a shabby-chic production. Some would call the humour hit-and-miss, but I think the show had rugged charm, like a handsome rogue with razor wit and a forgivable affinity for dad jokes.

The writers harnessed the power of nostalgia, with lines like "Dear Dolly, my boyfriend touched my boob AM I PREGNANT?", a *Bop It* toy that went from playing the role of a personal trainer to being a relationship counsellor to vindictive life-ruining menace, and my favourite skit of the night, *Blue Heelys* – a film featuring Jon Lo and Eliza Ronan as police officers who speed after runaway rogues on their miniature wheels. Jenna Owen switched from hilarious role to hilarious role with spooky, shaping-shifting versatility and Ondine Manfrin added flair with her Broadway vocals.

I loved the scene about a workplace boys' club, played by an all-female cast, becoming feminist allies for PR reasons. The boys mansplained feminism, tried to king-hit the glass ceiling, and left me craving more satire. That's not to suggest that I didn't enjoy watching Ondine Manfrin and Aaron Chen gorging themselves on chicken drumsticks in time to the Chicken Dance song – I lapped up the slapstick.

However, rather than linking each skit together to pro-

vide overarching structure, the Olympics theme was superficial. The opening Olympic torch sequence was brilliant, effectively hijacking the audience's space, but the theme petered out until it was hurriedly revamped for the finale, referenced sporadically through vanilla filler acts like a rendition of Queen's *We are the Champions*.

The theme faltered and there were moments when the comedic timing was a beat late. However, like Youtube before DSLR gentrification, on Thursday the 18th, the Everest Theatre of the Seymour Centre was a space for the unpolished, unpretentious sketch – and funnier for it. Perfection is boring. A little bit of imperfection translated into spontaneity and verve.

The show had rugged charm, like a handsome rogue with razor wit

I left the theatre with DJ Ba\$\$face's sick beats and Gough Whitlam's sexy speech ringing in my ears as sweet tinnitus, with Jimmy the Crazy Dancin' Monkey's dance moves and Darby Judd's seductive feline smirk on my mind. I realised two things: 1) the Arts Revue is utterly stupid, and 2) I need to be part of it next year.



LAW

James Holloway (L) and Ellie Rogers and Ollie Moore (R) review *Royal Commission: Impossible*



ARTS

Zoe Stojanovic-Hill (L) and Jayce Carrano (R) review *The 2016 Arts Revue Games*



This year's law revue, "*Royal Commission: Impossible*," opened on Wednesday night in the Seymour Centre's cavernous York Theatre. Presiding over the occasion was the incredibly powerful force known only as "Annette," who we later determined to be the Centre's Front of House Manager. Suspecting a long history of involvement in student theatre, we asked her to say a few words about revue season. She offered us two: "wild times", before implying that any others she would have on the subject would be unfit for print.

Despite aspersions cast around its somewhat unoriginal title, "*Royal Commission: Impossible*" offered some strong performances from a mixture of newcomers and established talent.

The musical numbers, accompanied by a live band under the direction of Marlowe Fitzpatrick, were a highlight, delivering a solid catalogue of bangers and throwbacks for the punters. Of particular note were the dulcet tones of Hayden Tonazzi, which simply cannot be undersold. Similarly, the choreography, by Eric Gonzales and Sophie Davey, was excellent, and wonderfully executed by the cast.

Making spectacular use of their budget, Conor Bateman and Tash Gillezeau delivered

The 2016 Arts Revue Games received the single loudest groan of disappointment I have heard in any revue. That bitter moan rolled across the audience at precisely the moment they realised the extravaganza was over. This show burst through the boundaries of absurdity and still managed to create three-dimensional characters the audience actually cared about.

Right off the bat, the opening song was self-aware to a tee, educating us on the ins and outs of the copyright law that had delivered the show its somewhat ridiculed name. The musical performances throughout the show, including those by Justine Landis-Hanley and Ondine Manfrin, were particularly top notch.

Overall, the sketches were beautifully constructed. The directors gracefully pole-vaulted over the trap of creating pieces that entirely rely on their punchline. Instead, we were greeted with an eclectic collection of pieces with more side-splitting twists and heart wrenching turns than a bobsled course.

Nostalgia was a strong driving force with Bop-its, class clowns and Dolly magazine all making appearances. Perhaps there was a slight over-reliance on school-age characters but as long as Education Revue doesn't mind losing out on some amazing material, I'm not complaining.

Some particularly unforgettable performances included

high-production video clips, serving as a flavourful accompaniment to the onstage performances.

As expected, the show drew heavily on the current political climate, and managed to swing at Trump, Clinton, Boris Johnson and Brexit within the opening three minutes. These reporters counted no less than four jokes about the AEC, which would probably have been funnier a month ago, but nevertheless hit the spot for an appreciative audience.

Plagued by minor tech issues and a truly astronomical level of underwriting, the cast and crew did their best to provide a night of laughs. There were some truly excellent performances showcasing a wide variety of comedic talent – a special note of appreciation for Brandon Francis' deadpan gloom.

Because this would be nothing without an agenda, we're using this as an opportunity to push our philosophy about revue shows, which we encourage you to follow along with at home. All revues should walk the line between rubbish production value, the spirit of a Good Joke, and the ridiculously high amount of time uni students can devote to a show, and we genuinely believe the budget and time constrictions of law revue throw this balance out of whack.

Davis Murphy's dad-I-would-want-as-father-of-my-children, Darby Judd's exquisitely sultry neighbourhood pussycat and Maddie HW as a completely perfect Vicar of Dibley. Meanwhile, every sketch that Tom Cardy touched turned to gold whether he was a robber, DJ, chess-player or evil mastermind.

Those who think revue comedy is just a bucket of fun would have been blown away when Gemma Black and Jenna Owens delivered a hard-hitting fuzzy feeling directly to their heart.

The band was more than just filler, breaking new ground with the vuvuzela, playing Chopsticks with chopsticks and a Cadbury Gorilla tribute to Harambe. There was potentially scope to use the band more, particularly during transitions.

The AV sketches were hurt a little by limited production value, but still performed well. Cop show Blue Heelys (starring Jon Love and Eliza Ronan) was a strong crowd favourite.

If you talk to someone who saw the show, just pretend you went along and say, "Holy shit, I was literally in tears during the DJ sketch" or "But wait, it's filled with another bucket of chicken nuggets." They'll know what you mean.

Their finale pumped out the line "We're happy with second best", but the other faculty revues will be hard-pressed to put them there.

OPINION

The myth of the ‘well rounded’ student

Kishor Napier-Raman is not impressed with ANU's new proposed admissions system

After decades of terrorising year 12 students across the country, the ATAR's reign may be coming to an end. ANU's recent decision to abandon the ATAR as a sole entry requirement for its undergraduate programs is part of a broader backlash against the inadequacies of the four-digit score.

According to Vice-Chancellor Brian Schmidt, ANU aims to “lead the country” by considering “co-curriculum and community contributions” alongside grades. With several other VCs taking a strong stand against ATAR, it may be only a matter of time before “holistic” admissions systems become the norm in Australia.

Despite its noble intentions, however, attempts to consider “the whole student” may lead to a troubling Americanisation of the admissions process. In the US, college applications are a tiresome labyrinth of paperwork, admissions essays and tests. Rather than create more diverse campuses, they tend to reinforce existing social hierarchies by privileging those with money and connections.

A system like the US one, that prioritises extra-curricular and community achievements, is already stacked in favour of the rich. The reality is that not everyone had the means to take an ‘interesting’ gap year building schools in India, or create an innovative app in their year 11 software class. The time and resources spent each year on academic hot-housing in tutoring colleges are likely to be redirected towards various forms of CV-building. As such, “experiences”, “opportuni-

ties” and other highly exclusive vagaries are likely to replace intellectual merit and hard work as the metric for university entrance.

This system is unlikely to foster uniqueness. Rather, it requires conformity to a mythical notion of the “ideal student” that is both vastly inaccessible, and a reflection of the subjective values of those on admissions boards. In much the same way that job interviews typically privilege those who can best perform the traits of society's dominant groups, admissions systems would likely benefit people who best align with the board's own internalised ideas of what a University student ought to look like.

For minority students, this means grappling with the kind of subconscious racialised perceptions through which they are viewed by mainstream society

The widespread image of Asian-Australians as purely academically-focused unable to “think for themselves” or thrive outside the classroom is likely to hinder their prospects in this new admissions system.

Again, turning to the States, we see a long history of racial exclusion in college admissions. In the 1920s, Harvard effectively created the current system as a way of stealthily reducing numbers of Jewish students. Last year, a group of 64 Asian-American students brought a lawsuit against Harvard and other Ivy League schools alleging anti-Asian bias in admissions processes. There is a palpable sense

of frustration at a system in which so-called “model minorities” have been held to a higher standard. Admissions officers, despite their best efforts are not immune to these subconscious biases. This proposal would therefore only serve to make G08 universities even whiter and more privately educated than they already are.

This system would create a facade of reform and equality

Whist a holistic system is, therefore, riddled with problems, the ATAR's value lies in its simplicity, giving students a more clearly definable goal. Such a system is not incongruous with addressing structural inequalities. Rather, increasing accessibility schemes for students from underprivileged backgrounds is a better way of improving representation without resorting to a wholly subjective and exclusionary admissions process.

The reality today is that those who struggle most to get into university are not the “well rounded” young men and women from Balmain, but rather those without the opportunity to become “well rounded” in the first place. This system would create a façade of reform and equality, whilst continuing to leave them behind.

students were also able to get college credit for free courses run as part of the project.

The “citizen science” movement also seeks to take learning beyond universities by bringing researchers and communities together. An example of this is the Goongerah Environment Centre (GECO), which has run a campaign against native forest logging in remote far-eastern Victoria for two decades. The group uses legal challenges and direct action tactics, but the most distinctive part of their campaign is its program of citizen science survey camps. These involve volunteers carrying out scientific research on areas of forest that are scheduled for logging. This work is necessary because the surveys done by the logging industry are inadequate (to put it politely), and the Department of the Environment does not have the resources to do more accurate work to ensure that biodiversity legislation is actually followed. Participants in survey camps engage in a number of activities, including vegetation surveys to identify areas of protected rainforest and fauna surveys to locate threatened animal species. Some of this survey work has even resulted in scientific advances, such as the re-discovery in May last year of the Brown Tree Frog (*Litoria Littlejohni*), which was considered extinct for the previous two decades. Through these methods, GECO has succeeded in protecting many areas of pristine rainforest which otherwise would have been turned into woodchips.

Whether held within the University or based in the broader community, radical education projects can be transformative. Although they allow individuals to develop their own skills and knowledge, they go beyond this to create spaces for community self-reflection and collective action. This kind of thinking urges students to be not only consumers of knowledge, but active participants in social change.

Alternative education

Andy Mason explores the knowledge that lies outside tute rooms and lecture theatres

My dad's stories about USyd in the late '70s to early '80s were a big part of my decision to study here. He painted a picture of a student community that was both socially exciting and intellectually engaged – tutors would hold classes at the pub, punk bands would play at Manning Bar to fundraise for Aboriginal rights campaigns, and students would organise their own reading and discussion groups if they weren't satisfied with what was being offered in class. Marijuana smoke (allegedly) emanated continuously from the SRC, under which the Communist students (legend says) kept shipping containers full of firearms sent from the Soviet Union to exploit (mythical) opportunities for revolutionary insurrection.

While the SRC no longer resembles anything close to the above, there remains a strong radical student tradition at USyd that continues to offer an alternative vision for collective intellectual life. Self-organised student learning projects represent a counter to the corporate model of education that has come to dominate in recent decades – they challenge the commodification of knowledge and can have empowering consequences both on and off campus.

These projects have their conceptual roots in the work of thinkers like Paulo Freire and bell hooks, who argue knowledge is inherently political. While dominant models of education serve the interests of the status quo, there are alternatives that seek to challenge this and create spaces for what hooks describes as “education as the practice of freedom”. These alternatives include “critical pedagogy”, a teaching practice that encourages students to question power relationships inside and beyond the classroom, and “community action research” where communities themselves set the research priorities.

The Critical Race Discussion Group, organised on campus a couple of years ago by the people who

went on to form ACAR (Autonomous Collective Against Racism), was a really useful introduction to anti-racist politics for many students and other young people. Discussion sessions provided a challenging but supportive space to deconstruct representations of race in popular culture and the mainstream media, analyse whiteness and privilege, and talk about racism within the university.

As a white person who initially felt threatened and confused by anti-racist politics, this space was hugely helpful for me. Discussion sessions focussed on the implicit racism of the “hidden curriculum”, the implicit content of formal education where racial stereotypes and discriminatory knowledge can persist despite the surface appearance of multicultural progressiveness. The contrast with my first-year biology classes, in which any discussion of the social dimensions of science was taboo and some lecturers spouted openly racist and sexist views, could not have been any greater. The Critical Race Discussion Group organisers made sure that sessions were engaging and participatory – a welcome relief from the stuffy and hierarchical mode of learning in university classes.

However, other projects go beyond the University community. An inspiring historical example is the Detroit Geographical Expeditions. In 1970s Detroit, racial discrimination in housing, employment and services was near universal, and Black students were excluded from university education. A number of radical geographers decided to combat racism by developing research projects with African American communities to demonstrate the prevalence of racist practices, developing the communities' skills in the process. Projects were designed and implemented by the community with the academics' support, creating maps for the first time of racial housing inequality and racist policing. Black

OPINION

How nice is the Quad

Louise Xie wants you to stop selfie shaming Chinese tourists

Chinese tourists possess three essential qualities: they are cashed up, culturally barren and above all else, prone to bad behaviour. This is what apparently separates Chinese tourists from all the other throngs of tourists. At least, that's what we're told over and over again.

This endlessly touted characterisation of the typical Chinese tourist was once based predominantly on the perceived quantity of transgressions committed by Chinese tourists whilst abroad. The ease of jumping on this bandwagon of condemnation however, has evolved to become less a critique of the actual behaviour of Chinese tourists, and more an exercise in taking issue with the very fact of their being Chinese.

As a keen eavesdropper, I was confused when I overheard two of my peers questioning, “Why are there always Chinese people taking fucking selfies here [in the Quad]?” Given that the majority of the people taking selfies in the Quadrangle were tourists, was this a critique of selfies, or only of the Chinese tourists who dared to turn a camera towards their own visage? If it was a question designed to stimulate contemplation on the former, then why include the particularly pointed identification of “Chinese”? After all, selfies – and incessant photography of every landmark visited – are hardly a phenomenon constrained only to Chinese tourists. No matter where in the world, tourists can and will take photos of themselves and of everything around them.

This aggressive question made clear just how strongly embedded the negative Chinese stereotype is in our collective minds. The stereotype uses race to cast judgement not only on the actions of the tourists, but also on their choice of location for tourism. Since Chinese tourism, as embodied by Chinese tourists, is supposedly unenlightened (see: culturally barren) and the fact the majority of the tourists on campus are of East Asian appearance – reductively, ‘Chinese’ – the implication follows that Sydney University is somehow an inappropriate or confusing place for a tourist, making selfies and/or photos taken here a laughable consequence. Before they are actually assessed according to the reasons that informed their visit, Chinese tourists have already been written off by virtue of their appearance.

Curious as to why Chinese tourists were actually interested in visiting USyd, I headed to the Quad to hear straight from the horse's mouth. When asked why they had chosen to visit USyd, Chinese tourists, some of whom had come as part of a tour group, emphasised the architecture and the heritage of the university. “Gulao”, which loosely translates as meaning “the quality of having heritage”, was often used. One visitor in his pre-teens thought the Quad resembled Hogwarts – a not altogether uncommon response even from local students. Tour groups that come to the University with their own guides are usually booked in advance online at sites like Ctrip. Da Ziran Luyou, a travel agent I spoke to, also advertised sojourns to USyd by using “gulao” to describe the University's heritage and impressive neo-Gothic architecture.

But perhaps more importantly, the reasons the visitors come to our campus are pretty similar to the reasons that all other tourists ever had for wanting to see a particular place. How many tourists have visited places like Westminster Abbey, or Piazza San Marco, or the Great Wall, or even Oxbridge, Harvard, and Yale, precisely because of



Art: Ann Ding

Chinese tourism, as embodied by Chinese tourists, is supposedly unenlightened

the architecture and heritage associated.

Chinese tourists are no different to all the other tourists that trot the globe. They seek out experiences that have meaning to them like all other tourists, require money to get around like all other tourists and fuck up like all other tourists. If we're okay with floating down a river drunk and mooning landmarks, then surely we can make our peace with a selfie on campus.

Maybe one day I'll be comfortable enough to say "I am Chinese Australian"

reality for many migrant families, who are often compelled to fight back against racist rhetoric that suggests being truly Australian means assimilating completely, suppressing one's cultural identity in the hopes of achieving this goal. And no wonder: with the election of politicians like Pauline Hanson, race has never been a bigger issue in Australia. But who knows, maybe one day I'll be comfortable enough to say, “I am Chinese Australian.”

A girl from Down Under

Creepy Guys: Liliana Tai hopes this answers all your questions

The air-conditioned train could shelter me from the 39 degree Dallas heat, but it couldn't protect me from a young man who came and sat down next to me despite many empty seats around the carriage. He struck up conversation and asked me where I was from. When I said Sydney, Australia, he replied, “But you look Chinese”. I patiently explained that my parents were from Shanghai in China, to which he responded by repeating sem-blances of the word Shanghai in weird stereotypical noises meant to mock the ancient language. He then continued to ask me questions about China I couldn't answer, clearly ignoring the fact I'd just said I was from Australia.

His mocking/flirting peaked when he asked if I had a boyfriend and then asked me for my number, to which I politely replied that I wasn't interested. He couldn't quite handle this rejection from an Asian girl, choosing to retreat back to a seat with his friend where they heckled me by yelling “Chinese girl” and sniggering every so often for the next ten minutes.

I've spent the past few weeks travelling around the United States in the lead up to my exchange. At first I was worried I would get shot, be harassed or become lost. The list of anxieties was endless. Yet despite my chronic tendency to overthink, there was one prevalent and ongoing issue I managed to overlook entirely: the need to resolve my “Australian” identity in the face of dominant Western narratives.

Travelling alone, for the most part, has been exciting, invigorating and as corny as it sounds: eye-opening. My eyes haven't just been opened up to a new country, but to the uglier side of travelling as someone who doesn't appear “white”. My experiences abroad have probably been shaped by stereotypes of Chinese women being meek and submissive, which has compelled random men to approach me, often in an aggressive manner. Other less explicit or drawn out experiences have also defined my time abroad – whether it be those people who “call bullshit that you're from Australia” or the classic “ni hao” thrown my way as I walk past.

This is not to say that these experiences are exclusive to travelling alone. I've often faced similar situations in Newtown, one memory springs to mind – a man stopped me and a group of friends to ask if we were from North or South China, then preceded to ramble about how Northern Chinese women were smarter, ignoring what we might have to say about our own identity. These scenarios aren't simply men being unaware, because educating yourself isn't that onerous in this Internet age, instead, it's a conscious choice they make to perpetuate existing, one-dimensional narratives of race and nationality. It's a conscious choice to ascribe my own identity for me, to pre-judge who I am simply by my appearance. Outside the open-minded and progressive enclave that is my social circle at USyd, these experiences have been pronounced during my travels.

One of the trickiest things has been reconciling my Chinese Australian identity, knowing the follow up question of where are you *really* from will no doubt appear after I tell people I'm from Sydney. I always feel like I have to oversell just how “Australian” I am. I consciously say my parents are from China; never “I am Chinese”. It's a strange habit to have adapted, as if my subconscious has noted the socially engrained dichotomy between “I am Chinese” and “I am Australian”. This is the unfortunate

CASEWORKERS

Procrastination: Putting off the Inevitable

*Don't let procrastination cause you to fail a subject.
Here are some tips to get you back on the job.*



Procrastination is putting off the things that you need or want to do. We're all guilty of this at one time or another. However, procrastination can really have an impact when it goes into overdrive.

Sometimes we procrastinate because:

- **we fear we are not good enough**
- **we fear we might fail, or**
- **we fear rejection.**

There are always various justifications for putting things off, but inevitably we start missing out on some really wonderful and important experiences. If that wasn't enough, procrastination can increase stress, which has a negative effect on our daily lives. Procrastinators are made, not born. That's both the good news and the bad news. It's good because a learned response can be unlearned (with practice). The bad news is that while it's possible to change, it takes consistent effort and you may have to tolerate some discomfort along the way.

So as (assignments start to come in), let's look at getting on top of procrastination.

1. **Make a list of everything you have to do.**
2. **Break it down into specific tasks.**
3. **Prioritise the most important.**
4. **Choose one small thing that you've been putting off.**
5. **Promise yourself a reward.**

If you can do just one thing that you have avoided, and keep it up each day, then you are well on your way to retraining yourself out of the procrastination habit.

NOTE: *If procrastination is causing you to fail subjects you should get some advice from a counsellor. The University has Counselling and Psychological Services (contact details on the University website), or ask your doctor for someone in your local area.*

Recognize the procrastinator's motto. Consider the following thought, which surely crosses our minds many times in one form or another:

"I have to finish this important task. It should already be done by now and I just need to do it."

This small, seemingly innocent thought contains almost every mental block that encourages procrastination. We all use the Procrastinator's Motto (or variations of it) every once in a while. If you're a chronic procrastinator, chances are you repeat it to yourself very frequently — daily, perhaps.

But what's so wrong about the Procrastinator's Motto? In what ways do these words encourage procrastination so much — and what can we do about it? Let's consider each part of this statement in turn, replacing each of them with an empowering alternative. In doing that, we'll turn the original motto on its head and create a productive call to action: a "Producer's Motto", if you like.

2. Remember that you don't 'have to' do anything. 'I have to' is every procrastinator's favorite expression. It's also the most disempowering. Every time you say to yourself that you have to do something, you imply that you don't have any choice, that you feel forced or coerced to do the task — that you don't really want to do it. That perception, of course, elicits a strong feeling of being victimized and resistance toward doing the task. The solution to this problem is to replace 'I have to' with the immensely more empowering alternative 'I choose to' or 'I will'. Everything you do is ultimately a choice (yes, even completing tax forms). Using language that expresses choice reminds you of that and brings the feeling of power back.

3. Focus on starting, rather than finishing. When you focus on finishing something, you direct your attention to a vague, highly idealized future. Visualizing a finished project is motivating for many people, but for someone who's having a hard time starting a task, visualizing a hard-to-grasp future can be overwhelming — even depressing. The solution in this case, then, is not to focus on finishing, but on starting. Forget for a minute about the finish line, just concentrate on giving your first step. Bring your focus from the future to what can be done right now. We all know that if we start something enough times, we'll eventually finish the task. Starting — all by itself — is usually sufficient to build enough momentum to keep the ball rolling.

4. Break a long project down into short tasks. Dwelling on the size and difficulty of a looming task will overwhelm us, and thus promote procrastination. Any undertaking, no matter how daunting, can be broken down into smaller steps. The trick is — with each step along the way — to focus solely on the next, achievable chunk of work. Ignore the big picture for a while and just tackle that next small task. Make sure you can easily visualize the outcome of your small task. Don't write a book; write a page. If it is still intimidating, commit yourself to work on it for a specific period of time. Keep the big picture in mind, of course, but don't allow it to frighten you. Use it for motivation and direction.

5. Don't place too much pressure on yourself. "This project has to impress everyone; I really can't blow this opportunity." Placing such high hopes on a project only adds anxiety and fear of failure. Perfectionism fuels procrastination. Overcome this mental block by simply giving yourself permission to be human. Allow yourself to be imperfect with the next small task. You can always refine your work later. If you're a serial perfectionist, go one step further and commit yourself to doing a sloppy job on purpose — at least at first. Instead of making every step perfect, think of them as steps toward perfection. For instance, write a page or two now, then proofread and correct them later.

6. Stop thinking about the way things 'should' be. The expression 'should' invokes blame and guilt. When you say you should be doing something

Focus on starting, rather than finishing. When you focus on finishing something, you direct your attention to a vague, highly idealized future.

(instead of what you're actually doing), you focus on comparing an ideal reality with your current, "bad" reality. You focus not on what is, but on what could have been. Misused 'shoulds' can elicit feelings of failure, depression and regret. The solution is not to focus on how you feel now, but on how good you will feel after you begin to take action.

7. Take some directed action. Even the tiniest progress is success — moving toward a goal is the best motivator. The trick is to bring that expected feeling of accomplishment into the present — and know that the real joy of progress is only a small task away. That small step is success. Success is not the end of your task. Success is the progress that leads you to your next step.

8. Make it fun! "I've got to work all weekend". "I am trapped in this laborious project". Long periods of isolation can bring an enormous feeling of resentment. These feelings generate a strong sense of deprivation and resistance toward the task.

Overcome this mental block by avoiding long stretches of work. Schedule frequent and brief breaks. Plan small rewards along the way. One idea is to work near a break area. Have something to look forward to — not far away and not at the end of a long stretch — but in the very near future. When rewards are small, frequent, and deserved, they work wonders. Truly commit to brief bursts of relaxation and leisure time. In fact, go ahead and make it mandatory. This "reverse-psychology" can, by itself, give you a more productive and enjoyable mindset.

9. Rephrase your internal dialog. Time to check what we've accomplished with all the word substitutions. We started with:

"I have to finish this important task. It should already be done by now and I just need to do it."

And ended up with:

"I choose to start this task with a small, imperfect step. I'll feel terrific and have plenty of time for fun!" Quite a change, eh? Every time you catch yourself repeating any part of Procrastinator's Motto to yourself, stop and rephrase it. Then check how you feel. At first, it may seem to be a simple matter of word choices. But when you try this simple way of reframing your thoughts, you'll see how it instantly changes your attitude toward your tasks. Moreover, if you turn it into a habit, you'll slowly reprogram your thoughts, and make a positive, permanent change in your mindset.

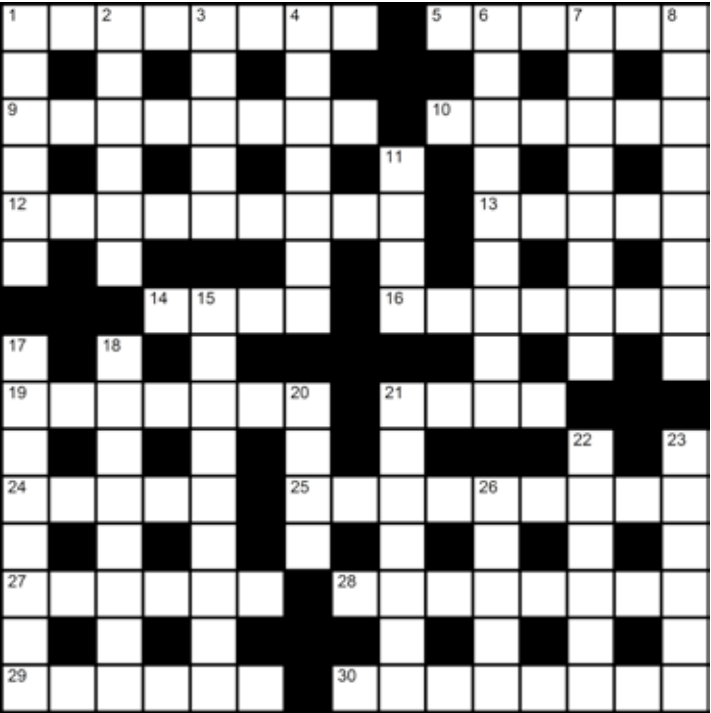
Procrastination, reprinted from University of Sydney CAPS magazine Captivate, Issue 4, Oct 2014.

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PUZZLES

Cryptic

Cryptic by **Zplig**



ACROSS

1. Large translation of Islam's quite like defeatism? (8)
5. Organised World Cup's opening to voice Australian methods (6)
9. Argument against fellow reportedly defeated in a clash of interests (8)
10. Aspire to change an empire (6)
12. He spouted trash in Dixieland (4,5)
13. Well done, gritty tailless duck (5)
14. Scoundrel's Arts Degree credits were overturned (4)
16. Sting said to become less severe in a highly elevated swing (7)
19. Old spies turn on chief (7)
21. Waited to see the future (4)
24. European village starts to approve English produce (5)
25. Lecturer admitted a good man into sensible university's foundation? (9)
27. Scraps dunces' cap - replaced with nothing (6)
28. Staff meeting established condition to be added to a list (8)
29. Go out of touch - except about, as an example, getting a promotion (6)
30. Guard dispatched to the interior cell - there are no limits (8)

DOWN

1. New cafe receives public notice at front of house (6)
2. Dante made masterpieces from the start, one after another (6)
3. Swings are still being produced (5)
4. Give in brief so grand records arrive (7)
6. Remaining officials go to enthusiasts' destination? (9)
7. Was wrong about the least risk involved (8)
8. Mature child restrains another? (8)
11. Smallest piece of bridge's foundation broke off? Start to stress (4)
15. Two 'Intro to Engineering' classes organised without a break (9)
17. Score a type of salary? (4,4)
18. School's left out dweeb had no date and became a pub regular (8)
20. Actors are able to change direction with time (4)
21. Placebo maybe oddly argued to treat an injury? (7)
22. Impose regulations on some lingo/vernacular (6)
23. Intellectual's name put in gold perhaps? (6)
26. Save the most interesting part (5)

Target

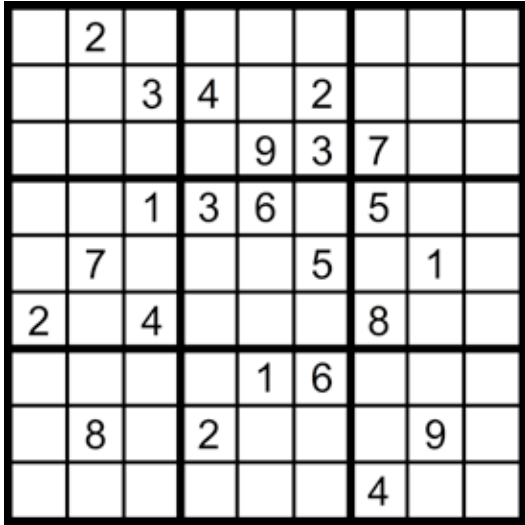


TIME for Honi: 8
Refused entry to Kelly's: 15
Nudie run through the Quad: 20

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Sudoku

Sudoku and Target by **Zplig**



Quiz

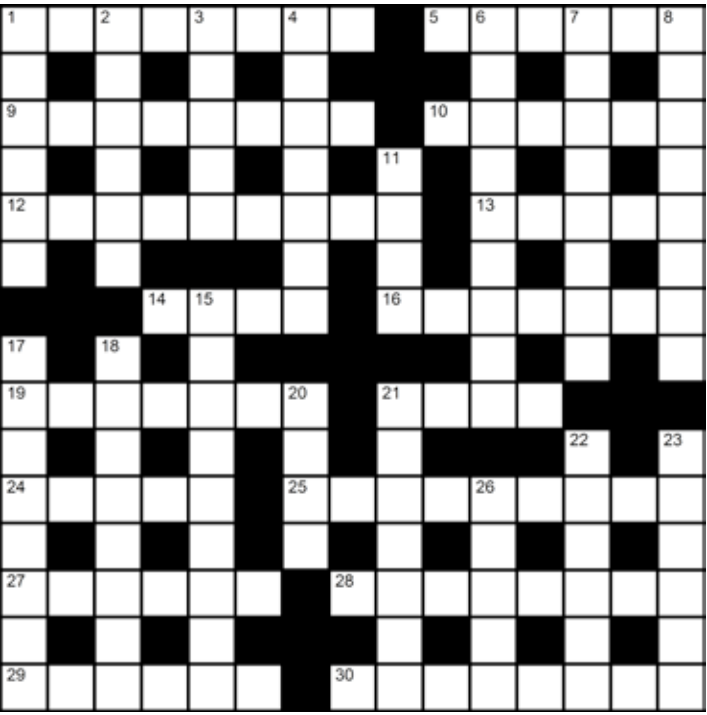
Quiz by **Mary Ward**
Answers on page 20

1. Which five events form the modern pentathlon?
2. After which week does mid-semester break fall this semester?
3. True or false: 2238 is a multiple of three?
4. Which Sydney CBD street runs both between and parallel to Sussex and Clarence?
5. Who is Australia's ambassador to the United States?
6. Name the two faculty revues that will be playing at locations other than the Seymour Centre this semester.
7. Which of the following pairs of Australian fashion brands are not jointly owned: a) Supre and Cotton On b) Cue and Veronika Maine c) Just Jeans and Portmans d) Peter Alexander and Forcast
8. How many teddies star in the show Bananas in Pyjamas?
9. What is the second largest city in Western Australia?
10. In the world of Harry Potter, Dumbledore has a scar above his knee that looks like what?

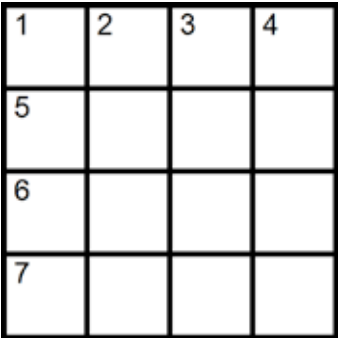
Come complain to **Atrus, Zplig, Skribblex** and **EN** about last semester's final crossword in person at the **CrossSoc** solving session Friday, 4pm at Hermanns.

Quick

Quick and Very Quick by **Zplig**



Very Quick



ACROSS

1. Salute
5. Otherwise
6. Five-star
7. "___ go!"

DOWN

1. Patch up
2. Burn balm
3. Ain't right?
4. Alcoholic leftovers

SRC REPORTS

President

Chloe Smith

It's been another busy week at your SRC! SRC activists helped to organise and build the SCA rally on Wednesday, which saw an amazing turnout from both Callan Park and main campus students! SCA students and staff voted overwhelmingly to go on strike for the day and attend the protest, calling on the university to ensure the continued provision of vital facilities and resources for their courses, and guarantee no staff or course cuts. There's plenty more to come so watch this space!

I also attended a workshop with some of the SRC's casework staff around consultation regarding the new special consideration process. As regular readers of Honi know, this follows many meetings with university management to convey the concerns raised by members of the student body about their challenging experiences with the new system. This will be an ongoing process but I'm proud to say that the fight to make special consideration fair and accessible for all is a key objective of this year's office bearing team, and will be until the job is done. Always remember to get in touch with our casework team if you have any concerns.

The SRC also raised some important issues on students' behalf at this week's Academic Board meeting, including special consideration, lecture recording availability, and academic honesty procedures. The SRC has pushed for a university-wide lecture recording policy for many years, yet some lecturers are still opting out of the system for reasons that will put many students at a disadvantage, especially those juggling multiple work and study commitments, or students with disabilities.

Myself and other student representatives also had the honour of attending the Rainbow Wedding on Tuesday, hosted by many queer action collectives and groups. The event celebrated the LGBTIQ+ community and also called on the university to make some changes to further our goal of equality for all on campus, including making it easier for trans students to change their names and pronouns on class lists and university administration, and coming out publicly in support of marriage equality!

Finally, remember the NDA is happening next Wednesday! This is an opportunity to make it clear to the university, the government, and broader society that students value our education and won't be taken for granted. 1pm August 24th outside Fisher Library – money for higher education, not corporate tax evasion! Enjoy week 5!

Vice-President

Anna Hush

If you're one of the three people who actually read this reports section in Honi, you've probably noticed that I've been harping on about Radical Education Week for a little while now. Well, time has flown by, and Week 5 – Rad Ed Week - is already here! I'm very proud of the hard work of activists in the SRC who have built this event from the ground up. We set out to share the knowledge and skills developed in collectives and activist groups with the broader student population, and promote engagement and collaboration between different groups. Although we come from different groups and backgrounds, we share a dissatisfaction with the kind of education that neoliberal universities provide us with – heavily based on theory, centred around the perspectives of old, rich white men, and bearing little relevance to our work in communities towards social justice and liberation.

We've created a program of events that we hope will engage the student community, and be accessible to people who haven't necessarily been involved in activism before. Our events span the spectrum from how to run a successful campaign, the legal knowledge you need to participate in

Note:
These pages belong to the Office Bearers of the SRC. They are not altered, edited or changed in any way by the editors of *Honi Soit*

direct actions, and how to work in solidarity with Indigenous communities, to how to file a Freedom of Information request and facilitate a meeting.

Throughout the process of developing Radical Education Week, I have been continually overwhelmed by the strength of SRC collectives like the Environment Collective, the Indigenous Collective, the Autonomous Collective Against Racism, the Education Action Group, the Queer Collective and the Wom*n's Collective (although perhaps I'm a bit biased about that one). These are all great examples of the power non-hierarchical, collective organising amongst passionate students. In the face of a corporatised university, a conservative government and a regressive social climate, collaboration between activists are more necessary than ever - and our collectives are thriving.

Join us on Eastern Avenue from Tuesday to Thursday to learn about how you can get involved, and come along to our workshops to participate in an exciting, innovatory week of learning.

Wom*n's Officer

Anna Hush

During a busy week in Semester 1, in the midst of a flurry of media attention around Wesley College's Rackweb, you may or may not have noticed that the university emailed a report called 'Creating a Safer Community for All' to all students. The report is based on a survey carried out last year, in which all students were invited to share their experiences of sexual harassment and assault, and of reporting these incidents to the university. It contained some very alarming statistics – less than 1% of even the most serious incidents are reported. 41% of students who reported their experience to the university found that they received no help.

Surveys like this are important, as they are the only way we can gauge the actual extent of the problem. If all we have are the numbers of reports (as revealed by Honi Soit under a Freedom of Information request), we'll never know how many more incidents go unreported, silenced and swept under the rug.

In the next few months, the Australian Human Rights Commission will be rolling out a national survey on sexual harassment and sexual assault. It's the first of its kind in Australia, and it will provide an invaluable insight into the extent of the problem on university campuses around the country. A cross-section of USyd students will be sent an invitation to participate, and I urge everyone to take part, even if you have never experienced sexual harassment or assault. It is crucial that we have accurate figures on students' experiences – especially around the reporting process – to be able to shape future action and put a stop to this epidemic.

The Wom*n's Collective and the Human Rights Commission will be co-hosting a launch for the survey on campus in a couple of weeks, and all students are invited to attend. Keep an eye out on the Wom*n's Collective Facebook page if you're keen to come along and share your thoughts and experiences. If you'd like to get in touch with the collective at any time, our email is usydwomenscollective@gmail.com.

With feminist love and rage, Anna

Sexual Harassment Officer

Olivia Borgese

"I've spoken to students all around Australia and it's the same story. It feels like groundhog day."

Bill Murray's iconic film is a sad but fitting reference to the discourse and lack of University action in regards to sexual harassment and assault on campus. After reading Nina Dillon Britton's article on Nina Funnell in Honi ("The Most

Empowering Thing I Ever Did Was Politicize My Own Assault"), the driving force behind Funnell's advocacy for sexual assault survivors strikes me as just this; students valiantly leading the charge whilst the university drags its feet behind, bringing a very lacklustre effort to any change.

The momentous success of student activism against sexual harassment and assault on campus this year has received a lot of positive media coverage. Yet the University's constant failure to support students that have experienced harassment and/or assault, combined with inadequate and inappropriate reporting mechanisms, a lack of disciplinary action against perpetrators and a timid avoidance of the deep-rooted misogyny of the colleges remains disappointing and disheartening.

Why has nothing changed since Funnell's experience on campus? Why are we still fighting for the students who have to face their perpetrators on Eastern Avenue with no institutional support? Why are there still no clear procedures on how to report experiences of harassment and assault?

Funnell doesn't think anything has changed since she was at University and neither do I.

We can't lose momentum, we need to re-frame the fight. Fighting against sexual harassment and assault shouldn't be an activist movement – regardless of our gender, age, race, religion or political stance, we all deserve to be safe and supported on and off-campus.

If you are interested in ending the time loop, please send me an email at harassment.officers@src.usyd.edu.au or contact the Usyd Wom*n's Collective 2016 via Facebook.

Student Housing

Justine Amin, Jenna Schroder and Llewellyn Williams-Brooks

SRC's Student Housing Affordability portfolio and 180Degrees Consulting have started a collaborative project that will look to research how to ensure cheaper accommodation for a wider range of students in the University's 2020 accommodation restructure. It's slow work but will have results by the end of semester so as to ensure the SRC has the knowledge and ability formally lobby the university from 2017 onwards.

Education Officers

Liam Carrigan and Dylan Griffiths


On Wednesday the 17th students from Sydney College of the Arts and main campus held a brief occupation of the student Centre. During the occupation, the SCA campaign put an ultimatum to university management, if the campaign demands were not met by the end of the week we would escalate. The university has made no correspondence to the SRC or other members of LET SCA STAY saying that no cuts to staff and facilities of SCA will occur, that the B.Visual Arts has been reinstated or that they will LET SCA STAY where it is.

So I guess the campaign will have escalated by the time this issue of Honi is released.

At the August 17th rally and SCA student strike, Hall Greenland, a trot and ex editor of this paper, spoke about the campaign to have Marxism and feminism taught in the philosophy program. The University expelled Hall after a long term occupation escalated the campaign. This Education Officer, and I'm sure other members of the SRC hope not to follow his fate.

Get involved in the campaign by keeping update over the LET SCA STAY and SCAR Facebook pages.

The 60% staff reduction and massive cuts to SCAs curriculum are the product of poor funding to higher education by the federal government. With the Liberal government cutting over \$2 billion dollars from the sector last budget and continuing to push deregulation light its essential we link the struggles and turn out for the August 24 NDA 1PM Fisher Library.




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Students' Representative Council,
University of Sydney
Annual Election



Polling Booth Times and Locations 2016

Polling Location	Wed 21st Sept. 2016	Thurs 22nd Sept. 2016
Fisher	8.30–6.30	8.30–5.00
Manning	10.00–4.00	10.00–4.00
Cumberland	11.00–3.00	11.00–3.00
SCA	12.00–2.00	No polling
Engineering	No polling	12.00–2.00
Conservatorium	12.00–2.00	No polling
Jane Foss	8.30–6.00	8.30–6.00

Pre-Polling will also be held outside the SRC's offices, Level 1 Wentworth Building, on Tuesday 20th September from 10am–3pm.

Authorised by P. Graham, SRC Electoral Officer 2016.
Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney
p: 02 9660 5222 | w: src.usyd.edu.au



Wow! We Took A Photo Of These People Before And After We Took A Photo Of Them

Luke Tisher is a real life Leibovitz and wanted to let you all know the dates of his next gallery opening

Set 1: The first photo is of a single person from afar, slightly blurred. The second photo is of the same person but closer and angrier.



Set 2: The first photo is of a couple kissing. The second photo is of a hand mostly covering the lens



Set 3: The first photo is of a person sitting on the Law Lawns near an ibis. The second photo is just the ibis.



Set 4: The first photo is of a happy group. The second photo is of the final remaining group member covered in blood, surrounded by the bodies of their friends. They are staring blankly past the camera.



if you understand the code hidden in this box please apply to work for us using the email also hidden in this box

Six Things Your Doctor Isn't Telling You

Doctors are trained professionals, writes Jayce Carrano

1. An apple a day won't keep your doctor away. While apples are high in pectin, boron, and Vitamin C, most health professionals agree that a healthy body requires a much more varied diet of fruit and vegetables.
2. Your doctor often takes Monte Carlo Arnott's Biscuits from the communal staff kitchen without pitching in.
3. He borrowed his neighbour's whipper-snipper last year and has no intention of returning it.
4. He can easily afford to bulk bill all his patients but chooses not to.
5. In his final year of medicine, his girlfriend, who had a distinction average while he was set to fail, would ask him to submit the hardcopy of her major assessments. He regularly swapped his sub-par assignments for hers, pushing his marks into a pass while she failed the subject, had thousands of dollars of scholarships revoked and spiralled into depression. He married her because of the guilt.
6. Your doctor slept with a married woman, Jane, at the Sydney General Practice Conference. Jane's now three months pregnant with his child. Your doctor is still unsure how to tell his wife.

I Am Sick Of Unrealistic Beauty Standards Plaguing The Self-Esteem Of My Small Uterus Troll

Victoria Zerbst spoke to her little Uterus Troll

On day two of my most recent Pain Receptor vs. Uterus conflict, I realised I had to take a stand and finally confront the instigator of my crippling cramps.

The elephant in the womb was, of course, my tiny Uterus Troll, the unpleasant creature known for poor communication skills and uncontrollable rage.

Sometimes we just have to take an interest-based relational approach to conflict resolution and ensure we prioritise strong interpersonal relationships, even if that relationship is with a beastly Troll who stabs your ovaries with stabby little knives.

So I listened to my Troll for the first time, and I finally understood what caused my menstrual discomfort. My poor Troll is suffering under the immense weight of unrealistic beauty standards put forward by the media.

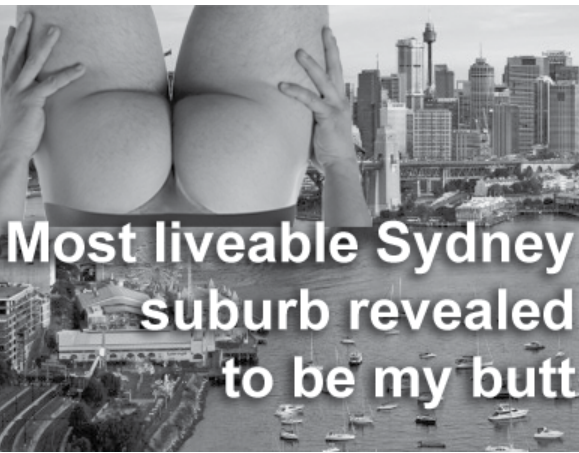
How does my Troll consume the media? I don't know. What are these beauty standards? I don't know. What I do know, however, is that pain is not always caused by science. The media is complicit in my uterus pain and it has to stop.

I finally did the Census and it was actually really dull and anti-climactic like sex with you sorry

Blend

Q

≡



REVIEWED: Suicide Squad

Oliver Moore seriously doubts the strategic logic of any part of this film. With apologies to Robert Pape.

While Marvel fans have had a cornucopia of cinematic renderings of their comic book heroes available to choose from in the last fear years, DC's output beyond the "men" (Batman, Superman and Spiderman) has been minimal. Given this, fans eagerly anticipated David Ayer's Suicide Squad, released earlier this month.

Despite the title, the characters are in no way indicative of most suicide terrorism operations, and indeed perpetuate misinformation about the way such organisations operate.

To begin, the only historical occurrences of the use of a suicide terrorism campaign against its citizens (as Amanda Waller would be inciting against Clark Kent) have been by military dictatorships. Predominantly, suicide terrorism campaigns target, and have the most success in targeting, democracies.

This is largely due to the size of the respective target and the capacity for impact. The Squad, in comparison, is created to destroy an individual and uses their powers solely on an individual rather than institutional level.

The motivations of the squad members, explored in some detail, notably lack many of the attitudes fundamental to the perpetuation of a suicide terrorist.

These attitudes, including altruism, concerns with occupation of homeland, search for identity, or a sense that this is a "last resort" do not feature in the backstory given in the film and their motivations for joining the Squad are largely framed in terms of mental illness.

To date, there are no occurrences of mental illness leading to acts of suicide terrorism, and this is a dangerous mis-pathologisation.

Additionally, due to the inherent desire for impact against a what is seen as an oppressive or unfair regime, suicide terrorists are incredibly unlikely to switch targets at speed, as the Squad do, moving seamlessly from channelling their energy towards the theoretical threat of Superman to the localised threat of the Enchantress.

These flawed calculations show the members fundamental misunderstanding of the machinations of a suicide campaign, and as a result, the film's presentation of their success is, frankly, dubious.

New Research Reveals USyd Revue Seasons To Be Caused By Axial Tilt Of Earth

Ann Ding conducted true geological research for this. Geology, that's the right science, right?

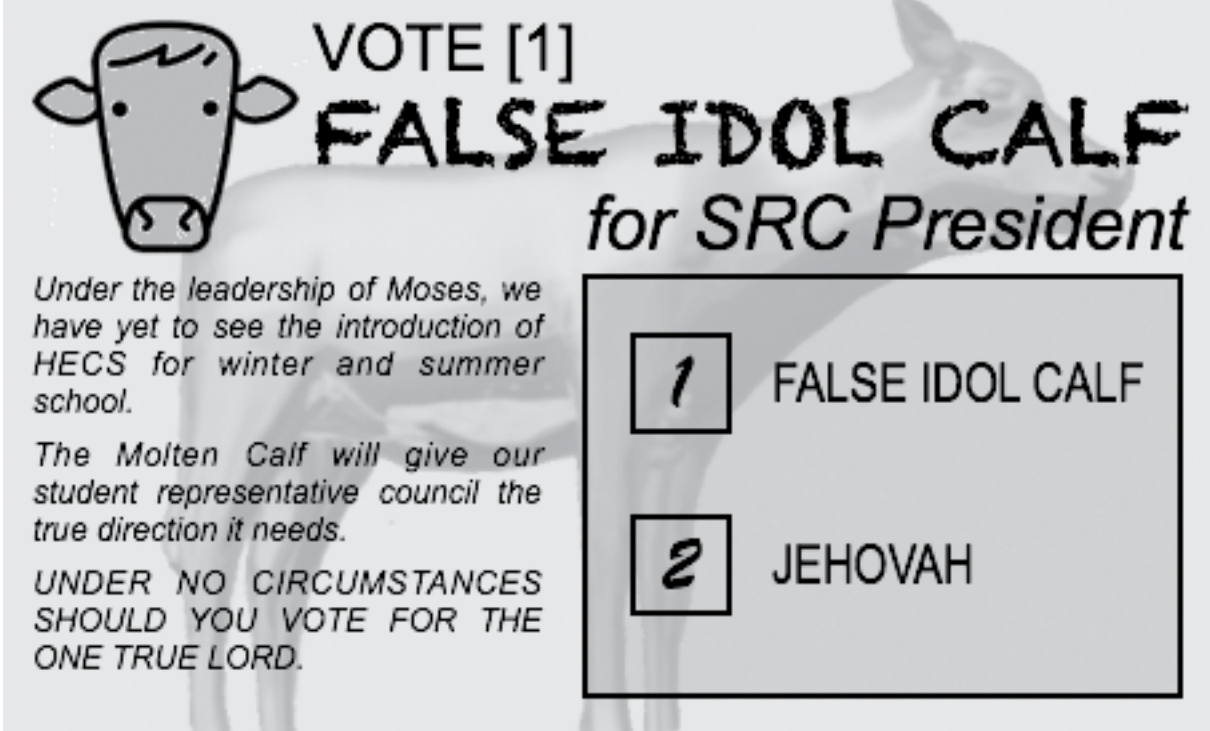
Research conducted at the University of Sydney by the meteorology branch of the Science department has shown that, in addition to being the cause of the cycle of four seasons that the Earth undergoes every year, the axial tilt of the globe is also the mechanism behind the revue seasons.

The Earth, which orbits the Sun tilted 23.4 degrees away from a vertical position (measured relative to its orbital plane), experiences yearly changes in climate based on the poles' proximities to the Sun. For example, winter in the southern hemisphere occurs when the globe is in the part of its orbit that tilts the south further away from the sun.

Now it has been found that the faculty revue season, falling roughly between winter and spring and localised entirely within the University's grounds, is a direct consequence of the unique position that the University reaches every year in the Earth's journey around the sun. At this point, the combination of day length, temperature and pollen levels coalesce to form the perfect conditions for sketch comedy to be written and performed.

Head researcher Josephine Ouyang said the phenomenon was "very strange; nothing like this has really been documented before, and it's honestly a little worrying because it might signal slight changes in the Earth's alignment, which could have massive knock-on effects".

The identity revue season, which has more recently emerged between autumn and winter, initially showed up on the researchers' radars as a more diffuse cluster of climate anomalies, but due to the gradual effects of climate change has become a more observably distinct meteorological event.



@Ann Ding

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