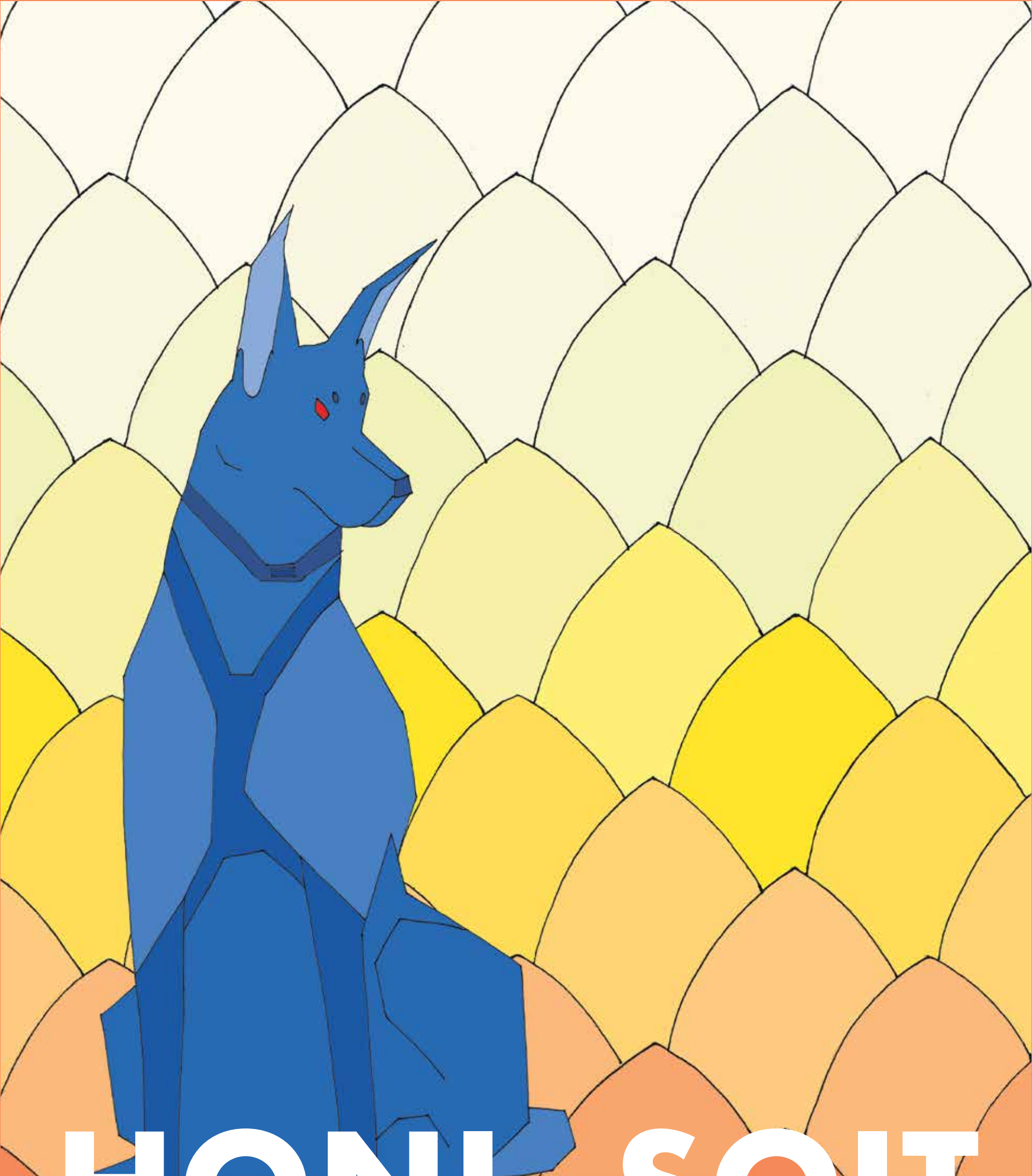


Carving up the city: What does food chain distribution tell us about Sydney? / p. 6

Face off: Should tertiary education be free? Two reporters duke it out / p. 10

The streetwear guardians: FB administrators who deal in clothes and justice / p. 11



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 and centre the experiences of Indigenous people, and to be reflective when we fail to. We recognise our duty to be a counterpoint to the racism that plagues the mainstream media, and to adequately represent the perspectives of Indigenous students at our University. We also wholeheartedly thank our Indigenous reporters for the continuing contribution of their labour to our learning.

Editorial



Providence played a funny trick at 4 on Monday morning this week as we put together this edition. A fluffy white cat named Evie followed one of our editors into the *Honi* office. This, of course, being in the week where our feature and cover were all about pets. As you can see from the photo, Evie seemed neither angry with nor interested by our back catalogue. When someone tells me they love dogs, it really doesn't mean anything. Who doesn't like endless, uncritical affection and attention? But when someone tells me they love cats, my ears perk up. Even the friendliest cat is liable to snarl at your palm or leap from your lap on a whim. That's if they don't ignore you entirely. Loving cats is hard work.

Your cat-loving friends know that relationships aren't all about getting what you want, that being gentle wins more battles than it loses, and that mood swings happen to everyone. If they'll scoop up the poo of an apathetic, ungrateful furball, imagine what they'd be willing to do for you.

Unless your friends have more than four cats — at that point, ask if they're doing okay. **JC**

Contents

- Letters / 3
- News and analysis / 4
- Long read / 7
- Opinion / 10
- Perspective / 11
- Culture / 11
- Longer read / 13
- Automated winners / 16
- Puzzles / 20
- Regulars / 21
- Caseworkers / 22
- SUPRA pages / 23
- SRC reports / 24
- The Garter Press / 26

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Fan mail

“Things got pretty crazy yesterday.”

Powerful image I took. Things got pretty crazy yesterday.
Robert Foster



Just how crazy?

On Thursday 14th September I witnessed the decline of a political campaign. A campaign whose foundation rests on an equal right to love; proponents of which claim to be inclusive, accepting, and who expect nothing less than the same in return. Marriage is society's greatest expression of love, and yet recently our nation has become divided, fuelled by hate speech, harassment and bigotry. This debate (although the applicability of this term is questionable) has now descended to its lowest point, and it happened on our very own university campus.

By now we've all heard the facts, or watched the scenes on video. A stall was set up to discuss the reasons why someone might choose to vote 'no' in the upcoming Postal Survey. They were quickly surrounded by a mish-mash of proponent groups for the 'yes' campaign who, utilising methods of harassment and bullying, and contrary to the ideals of free speech and open-mindedness, surrounded and 'politely' told the stall-holders to “get off our campus”. The counter-rally at-

tendees say they reacted to statements made by the stall-holders equating homosexuality to bestiality or paedophilia. If true, this is indisputably unacceptable, but it should not be used as an excuse to stoop to the same level.

There are two important points to be made following these events, both directed at supporters of the 'vote yes' campaign, of which I am one.

The hate and exclusion suffered by minority groups throughout our nation's history places an existential burden on them to struggle against the oppression they suffer. The struggle for equal civil rights of all LGBT people exemplifies this. However, herein lies a paradox. The demand for inclusivity from society cannot in itself exclude existing sentiments with a vehement swoop. No opposing view should be disregarded without having been heard or discussed. Society is ever adapting to its multiplicity of opinions and persuasions, and will continue to become more inclusive and welcoming should we aid it in its transformation. Indeed, society will grow from whatever we provide it as nourishment. If we feed it hate, division and conflict, we shall receive more of the same in return. The change society needs, and the change those of us who will vote 'yes' seek, is of love.

The second point to be made follows from the first. The aim of the 'yes' campaign, and like all civil rights movements before it, is for recognition and inclusion into society. The changing of the Marriage Act 1961 (Cth) will not achieve these aims, it is just another step on the path to accomplishment; a necessary step, but a mere step nonetheless. Hearts and minds must be won in order to achieve the goal of true inclusion.

How then are these hearts and minds to be won? Through inclusion; the goal is the solution. And the method is a gradual persistent process. Exemplify the change you wish to see in society, and from your actions others will come to understand the appropriate path. Do not harass those with a different opinion to you. Do not insult those who disagree with you. Do not

offend those who offend you. These are the hearts and minds to be won. These are the constituents of society we should seek to include.

Why must these people be included you may ask? In the society you imagine there is no hate or bigotry, all are considered and respected as equal; those who once disagreed with you do not exist anymore, they have been banished to the very margins of society, hiding behind facades of indifference. In reality, it is impossible to achieve inclusion through marginalisation of dissenters. Alienating those of a contrary position will not allow this campaign to achieve its aims. It only furthers their resolve to dispute the aim, and to deny the rights sought. Exclusion carries with it fear. Fear understood and felt by many of the oppressed for generations. This same fear can be felt by those who are targeted as blocking the progression of society, and they will not allow themselves to be pushed forcefully into the abyss of exclusion and oppression from their position of privilege now held.

Let the rally of 14th September be a lesson to those who seek inclusion and equality. Let the campaign return to the ideals of love. Embrace all of society's diversity, and allow society to adapt to its constituents in a manner that does not cause division or harm in the process. Only in this manner will the goal of inclusion be achieved.

Nick Conomos

‘Statement to Honi Soit’ from a lady scorned

Today, Heat for Honi published a highly defamatory post about me. It claimed, on the basis of a screenshot taken completely out of context that I was homophobic and believed that homosexuality was linked to a mental illness.

For full disclosure, I am a Catholic. I hold my faith close to my heart. I was appalled at the disgusting be-

haviour by the regressive Left against the Catholic Society's stall on Thursday. The Facebook post in question referred to Will Edwards being on the microphone and was publically shaming him. The comments suggested that Will Edwards had mental issues because he was apparently antagonistic and aggressive on the footage.

I understand that the issue of same-sex marriage stirs up considerable feelings on both sides. I met Will last week while campaigning for Mint for Honi. In my interactions with him, I felt he was a beautiful, kind person deserving of respect. I was saddened to see the posts and comments that were attacking him, and I agreed with the one comment that said that we ought to love and pray for him. This was the context. It was not what Heat for Honi played it out to be. I do not hold the views they accuse me of holding, and I never will.

I will remain on the ballot, and reserve my decision regarding whether I shall be an editor for Honi, if duly elected, to a later time.

Georgette Bechara

We’re trying to be better

Dear Honi Soit

I am OUTRAGED by the number of sudokus in last week's paper. I am completely incapable of solving sudokus and while they may have been beautiful, I could sadly not enjoy them. The enormous barred crossword last week was magnificent (props to whoever wrote that one). Very enjoyable target too. I hope I can look forward to another one in the next edition.

Sincerely,
maybe the only person who is dedicated enough to the Honi puzzle section to write in about it multiple times,
Marlena Lutz-Hughes
PhD 1

What’s on this week

According to your nihilistic dog



SRC Elections	Campus Entrepreneurs’ Meetup: Meet Basketball Forever
When: Pre-polling Tuesday September 19, Polling Wednesday & Thursday September 20-21 Where: Locations across USyd campuses	When: Wednesday September 20, 5PM Where: Verge Gallery Price: Free
Looks like there'll be a few more pieces of paper for me to chew up this week...[happy barking]... catch this good boy wagging his tail this week at all polling booths ...[panting heavily].	Did someone say ... ball? I love ... [woof] ... fetching balls almost as much as you'll love networking with the founders of this ... [ruff ruff] ... basketball startup.
Behind the wagging tail I'm empty. All elections are doomed. Anarchy forever.	Playing fetch is a toxic cycle used to entrap me within the human-pet hierarchy.

Climate Change Talk and Discussion	War and Democracy: Who Decides?	SASS x ArtsSoc Presents: IntervARTSity Pubcrawl
When: Wednesday September 20, 4:30PM Where: International Students' Lounge Price: Free	When: Thursday September 21, 6PM Where: General Lecture Theatre, The Quad Price: Free	When: Friday September 22, 4PM Where: Locations in Newtown Price: Free
What's there to live for if I can't find the bone I buried this morning...? What's there to live for if global warming happens and it's too hot to put my widdle paws on the ground? [depressed ruff ruff] ... I guess I'll find out how to fix that at this talk...	Now this is a event for me ... [excited barking] ... I love listening to political debate. I hear my favourite human overlord, Gillian Triggs, will be there. I will spare her when I launch my dog revolution ... after I catch my own tail.	I don't think I'm allowed into all the bars on King Street ... [woofs sadly] ... but maybe you can sneak me in your jacket lining into Kule-to's. But it's fine if you can't, I'll just steal a bottle of Jack from my owner's liquor cabinet and drink to forget my problems.

More strikes to come as NTEU battles for higher pay

HONI SOIT



The National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) has voted at a meeting today to continue strike action at the University of Sydney, and strike again on Wednesday 4 and Thursday 5 October.

This decision follows a day of strike action at the University yesterday on 13 September, and strikes at Open Day on 26 August.

The strikes form a part of the NTEU's ongoing negotiation of a new Enterprise Bargaining Agreement (EBA) with the University.

The EBA will determine staff conditions, such as wages and leave, for the next four years.

Though the NTEU has been granted some of their claims, negotiations have reached an impasse on four issues: the University's salary offer, casual workers' leave and superannuation, redundancy policies, and

the creation of 'education-focused' roles across the University, which would limit research opportunities.

The University has countered the NTEU's statements about the offer, saying "there are no reductions in benefits in the University's proposal" and framing their pay offer as "a pay rise of more than 8 percent over the life of the agreement" in an email to staff from Friday, September 1.

The pay offer remains below the likely rate of inflation in Sydney over the next four years.

The University's negotiations with the NTEU in 2013 led to seven days of strikes and several arrests.

Kurt Iveson, NTEU Sydney Branch President, said that the strikes this year were calm by comparison.

"It seems to me that our folks were behaving according to the picket protocols that we had in place, which

was that we said we would be stopping people to talk to them, and then if they really insisted on proceeding that that would happen.

As far as I'm aware, there hasn't been any stuff that has reached the extent of the incidents that happened in 2013 ... I've had open communication with the police and with security for the last couple of days, and they weren't trying to stop us doing our action here," Iveson told Honi.

Nonetheless, the 48 hour period of the proposed strike, lasting for two consecutive days, marks a significant escalation in the NTEU's campaign.

There were around 200 members of staff present at the union meeting, discussing the strike and nobody voted against further strike action, though there were some abstentions.

Chancellor invests big in 'Future Generations'

SAMUEL CHU

University of Sydney Chancellor Belinda Hutchinson made waves in the Australian business world last Wednesday, adding 301,000 ordinary shares to her stake in the ASX-listed Future Generation Global Investment Company, of which she is the chairman.

Hutchinson issued a statement separate to the required ASX "Change of Director's Interest Notice" to announce that "I now own more than \$1.2 million dollars in [Future Generation] shares", a phrase which would ordinarily be quite audacious to publicly utter if it weren't for Future Generation's "unique model, which delivers both investment and social returns", as Hutchinson put it.

Future Generation's model is distinct. Founded by Geoff Wilson in 2015, Future Generation describes itself as an "internationally focused listed investment company" that aims to both donate "1% of assets" to selected charities and achieve returns for its investors. Why is it able to actually donate to charities, unlike other fund management companies? The company dictates that its fund managers do not take management or performance fees for their work, and that its board work pro-bono (as per the standard for most charities).

Donating to charities that combat youth mental health problems is the philanthropic focus of Future Generation, which tipped \$299,000 last October into the Butterfly Foundation's coffers to support its initiatives, including an Australian-first Youth Intensive Outpatient Program, which launched last Monday to combat eating disorders amongst young people. Other charities that have partnered with Future Generation include BeyondBlue, Headspace, and most notably, the University of Sydney's Brain and Mind Centre.

Future Generation's partner charities have welcomed its support. The Butterfly Foundation, for one, has issued several press releases describing Future Generation as "an innovative investment company that recognises the need to address the significance of youth mental health issues in Australia." Headspace has also lauded the company for funding an "innovative new project [Headspace] will deliver in regional Australia" to train and employ Indigenous mental health workers.

Whilst Future Generation's model for charitable giving is not traditional by any means, linking up some of Australia's largest fund managers and philanthropists with charities through a financially sustainable model has reaped rewards — over \$3 million for the year ending June 2017 — and looks set to continue to do so.

Muslim society invites radical speaker to campus

KISHOR NAPIER-RAMAN and NICK BONYHADY



Badar featured at a SUMSA event as part of IAW 2017. Image: SUMSA

Last Thursday, the Sydney University Muslim Students Association (SUMSA) hosted a debate on whether science disproves god. The event, held as a part of SUMSA's Islamic Awareness Week, pitted two Muslim activists against two members of the Secular Party of Australia, a relatively irrelevant micro-party. Arguing the case for the existence of god was Uthman Badar, a member of the infamous Muslim political organisation Hizb ut-Tahrir.

To say that Hizb ut-Tahrir is controversial would be an understatement. They are banned in over twenty countries, including many in the Arab world. Their charter calls for the creation of a pan-Islamic caliphate and for the killing of apostates, a position that Badar himself appeared to defend in a public statement earlier this year. This was not the first time Badar has been under scrutiny for making inflammatory remarks. In 2014, he was slated to give a talk titled 'Why Honour Killings are Morally Justified' at the Sydney Opera House's Festival of Dangerous Ideas. The talk was ultimately cancelled, and the festival's

reputation never fully recovered from the wounds inflicted by the slings and arrows of too many News Corporation column inches.

This is also not the first time that Badar has been invited onto campus by SUMSA.

In 2014, at the height of the honour killings scandal, SUMSA invited Badar to give a speech as part of a similar event. After a series of threatening articles in The Daily Telegraph, Vice Chancellor Michael Spence personally stepped in and successfully urged SUMSA to cancel the event.

Interestingly, Badar's visit this year registered barely a whisper. The Daily Mail ran one story before the event blaring: "Islamic sheikh slams Sydney Uni for allowing Hizb ut-Tahrir extremist who supports KILLING ex-Muslims to speak" — an alarmist title characteristic of the online publication that thrives on outrage. The Daily Mail followed up after the event with another article titled "Islamist extremist tells university students ex-Muslim should be KILLED under Sharia law during debate with atheist who feared for his safety". Nothing during the debate made Secular Party representative John Perkins' assertion to the Daily Mail that he felt afraid for his safety before the event seem justified. Indeed, aside from an exchange at the opening of the debate in which Badar equivocated over beheading apostates, most of the debate was relatively monotonous.

SUMSA describes itself as the formal body representing Muslim students on campus. It is the larger of two Muslim students' groups on campus, and tends to cater to Sunni students while the Sydney University AhlulBayt Society is largely Shia. SUMSA did not respond to requests for comment on this article. Nonetheless, a number of Muslim students described SUMSA's leadership and culture as being particularly conservative. Mary*, a fourth year Law student, told Honi that SUMSA was more conservative than Islamic societies at other universities she had attended. She also described attending events which had been segregated by gender.

Rashid*, a fourth year commerce student, said that he had encountered support for Hizb ut-Tahrir among SUMSA executives in the past. While SUMSA members who sympathised with Hizb ut-Tahrir did not necessarily accept the group's more violent beliefs, Rashid said that he had encountered support for a pan-Islamic super-state, as well as "stock-standard religious conservatism . . . anti-gay, anti-feminist".

Nonetheless, Rashid emphasised that a sizeable number of SUMSA members did not support Hizb ut-

Tahrir. Ultimately, the decision to invite Badar to speak may have been due to his position as someone well-versed in public debate and Islamic theology, rather than a desire to provide a platform for his more regressive views. Indeed, successive Australian governments have decided not to ban Hizb ut-Tahrir because they have concluded that it poses a sufficiently low threat, and that it is better to engage in debate than ban outright.

As a debater, Badar came across as confident and articulate, in contrast to his dour, bumbling counterparts from the Secular Party. He brushed off criticism of his organisation's views as irrelevant to the evening's debate.

It is, however, ultimately unclear why SUMSA felt the need to invite Badar to speak. In addition to its theological objectives, Islamic Awareness Week has the important goal of trying to start positive conversations about Islam that challenge the fear-mongering and hysteria so often on display in the press. Yet Badar, and Hizb ut-Tahrir, with their well-documented reactionary politics and position on the fringes of the Islamic community, may only serve to reinforce negative and stereotypical portrayal of Muslims.

The theme of this year's Awareness Week was 'Don't fuss, just discuss'. It is hard not to feel that the discussion would have gotten off to a better start, had one of the speakers not compelled questions about the execution of apostates.

Sydney largely steady in rankings

JESSICA SYED

The University of Sydney's position in two highly respected ranking systems — the QS Graduate Employability rankings and the Times Higher Education (THE) Ranking — has shifted slightly in 2017.

The University has maintained its position on the QS Graduate Employability rankings, boasting the most employable graduates in Australia for the third year in a row. Its graduates also remain the fourth most employable globally.

The QS rankings are based on factors such as the university's graduate employment rate, and the how employers perceive the university's reputation. These factors skew towards big business: QS only surveys 30,000 businesses globally, so small employers' views are largely not taken into account.

The THE figures are heavily influenced by universities' research performance. Thirty per cent of the results are determined by the volume, funding and reputation of research. An-

other thirty per cent is based on the University's citations — how frequently scholars cite the University's output on a global scale.

Dropping one place in ranking from last year, USyd is now 61st on the THE list. This fall may indicates slow progress in the University's 2016-2020 Strategic Plan, which outlines the University's practical direction.

One of the plan's primary aims is to increase research funding across faculties (a goal that the University has worked towards by streamlining faculties and reducing the number of administrative staff). In addition to other benefits of high quality research, this is an attempt to accelerate the University's ranking, given how heavily influential scoring organisations like THE value research.

Indeed, in 2016, the University undertook a project to highlight its research by cleansing and verifying its academics' research data to ensure that citations are accurately reflected

in the indexes on which university ranking institutions rely. As a result, six University of Sydney academics were added to the Thomson Highly Cited Researcher list. This list is one of many used by ranking organisations in calculating their rankings, including the recently released THE list.

In reality, the methodologies of these ranking mechanisms often say little about the actual functioning of the university and its students in the real world, because they do little to account for university size, teaching quality, student support or social impact. They are nonetheless closely regarded by employers, and are instrumental in the University's maintenance of its reputation, which is itself critical to expanding enrolment and revenue.

For now, the University appears to be steady in its place. Whether the ongoing Strategic Plan is reflected in future global ranking metrics remains to be seen.

Mint for Honi withdraws from the race

JUSTINE LANDIS-HANLEY

Mint for Honi has announced they are withdrawing from the Honi Soit elections this week, via a post to their Facebook page.

The ticket seems to have fallen apart after a member, Georgette Bechara, appeared to endorse a queer-phobic comment that suggested homosexuality is a mental illness that should be prayed for this afternoon.

In a statement published around 10pm this evening, "MINT for Honi will withdraw from the Honi Election. We urge anyone whose mental wellbeing has been affected by today's drama or anybody feeling frustration, anxiety and pain to call Lifeline on 13 11 14."

The series of unfortunate events started when a Facebook user, who identifies as Bruce Parker, posted a screenshot of University of Sydney co-Queer Officer Will Edward's account, with the caption: "So apparently this was 1 of the main thugs yesterday who was abusing the peaceful No voters at a Sydney university yesterday. Name and Shame".

Bechara liked a comment on the post from a Facebook user who iden-

tifies as Faith Michael, which stated: "As a catholic I would prefer to pray for the mentally ill. Obviously this person has an unstable life. If he was to argue one on one, he could possibly have made a point. The fact that he needed 200 people shows that he is too feminine to fight and is suffering from short man syndrome. 200 people fighting a few isn't heroic, it's a fine example of cowards."

"Well said Faith Michael," Bechara replied to the comment.

"I've actually met this boy and spoken to him. They just need love and prayer," she replied in a subsequent comment, referring to Edwards.

Mint for Honi responded to the situation earlier this evening with a statement on their campaign page: "We apologise to LGBTI+ students for any hurt caused by comments published by Georgette Bechara. These comments were made in a personal capacity and whilst we respect that they come from religious beliefs, we do not believe the relevant conversation embodied a place which was safe for genuine debate."

The statement continued by assuring supporters that Bechara would "no longer participate in this election as a member of MINT," and will be replaced pending an SRC motion should the team be elected.

However, Bechara fought back against suggestions that she would willingly step down from the ticket. In a statement published to the University of Sydney Conservative Society's Facebook page, she wrote: "I understand that Mint for Honi do not wish to have me on their tickets... I will remain on the ballot, and reserve my decision regarding whether I shall be an editor for Honi, if duly elected, to a later time."

The statement spurred the hashtag #IstandwithGeorgette from supporters.

Bechara's belief that she could reserve the decision to resign as editor, should she be elected, demonstrates an ignorance of the SRC constitution. The relevant section stipulates an Honi team is able to remove an editor with two-thirds majority support within the team, and two-thirds ma-

jority support within the SRC Council.

Nonetheless, Mint for Honi member Michelle Picone announced she had withdrawn from the ticket, shortly after Bechara's statement went live. Picone told Facebook friends, "I am deeply saddened and regret the homophobic comments that were said online by one of our ticket heads. I honestly had no knowledge or control over those opinions being expressed through social media. If I had any foresight, I would not have joined this ticket."

Heat for Honi are the only ticket left in the race. However, at this stage in the campaign, it isn't possible to remove Mint from the official electoral ballots, which have already gone to print. Consequently, Mint could be elected if enough punters cast a vote in their favour. If Mint have genuinely withdrawn from campaigning, without competition, it should be fairly easy for Heat's campaigners to score a winning majority of votes.

Voting for this year's SRC and Honi elections takes place 19 – 21 September.

Who went on strike?

JAMES STRATTON / Spotting faces and factions on the picket line

On Wednesday 13 September, many students found their classes cancelled as academics and general staff participated in a strike organised by the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU).

The strike, organised as part of the NTEU's ongoing industrial action against the University's proposed enterprise bargaining agreement (EBA), attracted widespread staff involvement, with staff and students forming picket lines at all major entrances to the University.

But it would be wrong to suggest that staff or student involvement was uniform across faculties or level of seniority.

An Honi survey of students revealed the arrangements made for over 60 classes — lectures, tutorials or labs — held on Wednesday, with the results suggesting some interesting implications about which staff were most involved in industrial action.

The faculty with the highest proportion of cancelled classes was the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences; of the 30 classes on which Honi received responses, 26 had been cancelled.

What's more, FASS was the only faculty in which the majority of lecturers and tutors who cancelled classes also explicitly encouraged their students to participate in the strike by not entering the University, or by joining staff at picket lines.

However, the strike also received substantial support from other faculties, with the Faculty of Science landing in second place. On average, laboratory demonstrators were more likely to cancel classes than tutors or lecturers from any faculty. One lab demonstrator clarified to her class, however, that whether labs were cancelled wasn't necessarily a reflection of the views of individual demonstrators, since only a small number of specialised technical staff had

to strike for labs to not meet the required health and safety regulations to continue.

Sydney Law School academics were among the least likely to strike, with a substantial majority of classes continuing on the day. This may be because Law School staff are more likely to have faith in the University, which has been represented by Sydney Law School Dean Joellen Riley in EBA negotiations since April.

The level of industrial action also varied by campus, with Professor Sharon Kilbreath, Deputy Dean (Academic) of the Faculty of Health Services, describing events as 'business as usual' at the University's Cumberland Campus.

"It's no secret that the NTEU has particular strengths in certain areas," said Dr David Brophy, NTEU USyd branch committee member. "But as the campaign rolls on we're making inroads into less well organised parts

of the university."

Of the students whose classes were cancelled, almost 95% had been given advance notice, rather than being informed of the cancellation on the day of strikes. This seems to suggest that the strikes were successful in expressing staff views, but did not result in many last minute cancellations for staff who had chosen to continue classes.

Brophy said that some academics who had been planning to go ahead with classes were convinced to strike after interacting with those picketing, but that the extended discussions about strike action meant that most academics "knew where they stood by the time of the strike".

Brophy said he believes engagement will continue to increase as long as university management resists the NTEU's demands.

The East is red, even in the West

BAOPU HE / Chairman Mao lives on in my parents' strange fondness for communism

A spectre is haunting my family — the spectre of Communism.

While other children were singing nursery rhymes about Humpty Dumpty and Three Blind Mice, my mother taught me songs such as "The Little Swallow", where a young child muses to said bird about how their hometown has been made more beautiful by the construction of large factories equipped with new machines (environmentalism, it seems, was not a large part of leftist ideology back then). The carefully compiled cassette tape in my father's car might as well have been entitled "Communism's Greatest Hits" given that it mainly consisted of songs like "The East is Red", "Moscow Nights", and perennial favourite "Without Communism, There Would Be No Modern China". They even took me to the cinema when I was ten to watch a (what I now suspect to be heavily romanticised) film about the formation of the Chinese Communist Party.

'In the matrix of their memories, the negatives seem to, like some twisted arithmetic, cancel each other out'

Growing up, it didn't even occur to me that Communism was a political ideology. More than anything else, it seemed like an artistic movement, whose music and films seemed to make my blood shake with something I now know as revolutionary fervour. And any politics that was talked about was overwhelmingly positive. Just imagine my surprise in year 8 English when I found out while reading "Mao's Last Dancer" that Communism was not at all what I thought it was.

It would be easy to dismiss all this as a rapid form of "cultural Communism", one that seems to be gaining momentum in the youth of the Western world one sassy Socialist meme at a time. "Of course it's easy for you to romanticise Communism," the critics argue, "when you've never experienced how terrible life actually is under Communism".

Oh, but my parents have. They both grew up during the chaos that swept China during the Cultural Revolution. My father was the son of workers at the local grain collection warehouse in countryside Hunan — an inland province famous for spicy food, foot massages, and the birthplace of many Communist revolutionaries, the most famous being Mao himself. On the other hand, my mother grew up in probably the most dangerous place to be in Maoist China: a university campus. But despite their markedly different experiences and upbringings, and the fact that they now live in a capitalist

democracy, they both still cling onto their Communist past. There is a deep attachment to the ideology most would have them as being victims of.

Unsurprisingly, there is perhaps not a single name that evokes stronger feelings of respect in them than Mao's, who, to this day, they refer to as Chairman. It's a reverence that quite literally verges on religious — for starters, instead of saying "I swear to God", it would always be "I swear by Chairman Mao". And it's not just them. On a personal level, I had friends whose parents still kept a copy of the Little Red Book on their bedside table — heck, I went to school with someone named after Mao. On a wider scale, nostalgia for Communism, bewildering as it may seem, appears to be a genuine phenomenon. A poll by German news magazine Der Spiegel in 2009 found that, of the East Germans they had polled, a majority felt that life was better under Communism.

But where does this attachment come from? My parents assert that it's from a genuine belief that life back then "wasn't as bad as it's made out to be". Too young to experience, or understand, the fraught political tensions of the time, they instead remember the Cultural Revolution as a time of carefree innocence. As the foundations and traditions of Chinese society were quite literally being smashed to pieces, education and learning became subordinate priorities to revolution. Students no longer had to do homework, or really take school seriously, and so my parents recall long nights playing in the streets, untouched by centuries of Confucian thinking. They concede that they weren't materially rich, but no one was, and even that wasn't so bad. Back then, my mother tells me, there was no running hot water, so washing the dishes in winter could be very difficult. "Luckily," she assures me, a severe shortage of cooking oil meant that pots and pans were much easier to clean. In the matrix of their memories, the negatives seem to, like some twisted arithmetic, cancel each other out.

However, as they delve further into the past, beyond nostalgic recollections of youth, a more disturbing portrait of Maoist China emerges. My father remembers how his primary school mathematics teacher and his wife were driven to suicide after a violent denunciation session, and even after their deaths, all their students had to write criticisms about how they had "escaped facing the people's justice" in suicide. My mother tells me that two of her uncles were branded as rightists and banished to the countryside. Growing up in a university campus, she witnessed countless struggle sessions, in all their violent, fanatical excess.

But that's just the way things were back then, they tell me, sighing.

"It's true, everything spiralled out of control so quickly, and many people suffered back then," my mother says. "But at the same time, there was a stronger sense of solidarity. People were more equal,

and it felt like we all shared the same ideals, and were working towards the same goal."

"You can say we were brainwashed. But you can't say we weren't happy," my father adds.

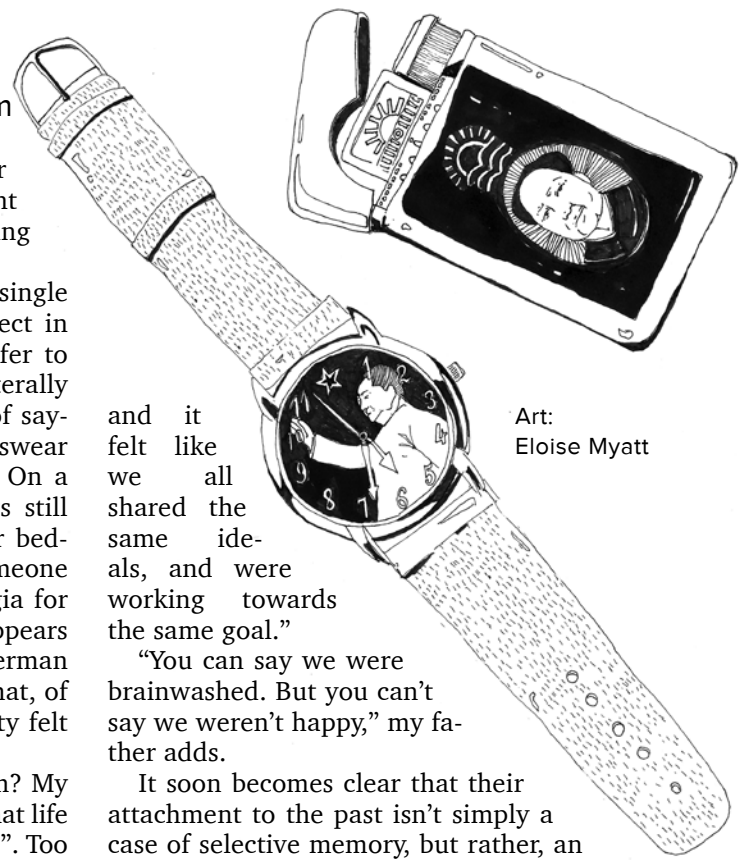
It soon becomes clear that their attachment to the past isn't simply a case of selective memory, but rather, an issue of how they interpret their memories, both the good and the bad. To them, the lack of ideological diversity due to state suppression was a sign of great national unity, Mao's cult of personality a sign of how people dedicated themselves to higher purpose, and the workers who died of exhaustion to meet absurdly high production martyrs fuelled by an inexorable revolutionary zeal. They see the people of Maoist China, including themselves, not as victims, but a generation who made noble sacrifices for the betterment of their country.

'Growing up, it didn't even occur to me that Communism was a political ideology. More than anything else, it seemed like an artistic movement, whose music and films seemed to make my blood shake with something I now know as revolutionary fervour'

It almost seems like a point of pride, and in many ways, it is. Whether the China of their recollections ever existed is questionable, but by maintaining this narrative of Communism, they distinguish themselves from younger generations. With Deng Xiaoping's sweeping reforms in the 1980s, the world of their youth had gone forever, and in its place arose a society they bitterly criticise as being obsessed with money, plagued by a "moral sickness" and gripped by inequality — the present very much informs how they view the past.

"Nowadays we see lots of Chinese women at home not working, hopelessly dependent on their husbands. But that's not how my generation was raised. We were always told that women hold up half the sky," my mother tells me.

A world away from the Cultural Revolution, she is nonetheless engaged in a different kind of "class struggle", fighting daily for her position in corporate Australia, where she often finds herself in rooms where she isn't just the only Chinese person, but also the only woman. Ironically, she credits her dogged determination to the "Socialist morals" she grew up with, ones which commanded people to value their labour and work diligently. Communism, ironically, seems to have created the perfect worker for a capitalist system. **HS**



Decisions are made by those who show up

JUSTINE LANDIS-HANLEY / SRC Councillor's standing for re-election promise experience, but can they deliver reliability?

With SRC elections this week, most candidates are running around campus trying to win votes based on their reliability, proven experience, and a desire to represent students "on your SRC council".

It is interesting, then, that the greatest challenge facing the SRC is engaging its elected representatives in fulfilling their duties; namely, getting them to show up to monthly council meetings. The SRC hasn't met since June this year, because every meeting called in that period has not reached the quorum of 17 councillors.

It's pretty easy to work out which of the 17 councillor's running for re-election this year have proved themselves most reliable in terms of showing up to SRC meetings, based on this year's attendance records. Note that the brand names listed below refer to the tickets they are running on during this election, unless otherwise specified.

Adam Boidin (Stand Up for SRC), Isabella Brook (Stand Up for Mental Health), and Caitlin McMenamin (Stand Up for Women) have an impeccable record; they didn't miss a single meeting of this year, including those that were deemed inquorate.

Timothy Berney-Gibson, who is running at the top of the Vision of SRC ticket, attended six meetings, and provided an apology for the one he missed. Gabriel Long (Stand Up for Arts), who took over for elected candidate James Cooper after two council meetings, turned up to four with apologies for the fifth; the same goes for Harry Gregg (Stand Up for Fair Education), who replaced Lachlan Ward around the same time.

Councillors Sophia Chung (Stand Up for LGBTI+), Connor Wherret (Stand Up for Law), and Kim Murphy (Left Action Against Racism), each at-

tended five of seven council meetings.

While members of this year's Stand Up team had some of the highest attendance records, others drag the brand's reliability down: Angus Berg (Stand Up for Student Housing) came to four council meetings, while disgraced ex-Queer Officer Andrea Zephyr, and USU Board Director Claudia Gulbransen-Diaz made it only two.

James Gibson (Free Parking) who took over for Sam Chu after around May, hasn't made a single meeting this year. Even if they aren't good at showing up, at the very least these candidates are polite about it, handing in their apologies to SRC secretary Julia early enough for her to note them down.

Last year, Stand Up was forged by Labor factions Student Unity, and National Labor Students. This year, Stand Up has dealt with Sydney Labor Students to include them under the campaign branding. Combined, this year's councillors from the three Labor factions had a 67 per cent attendance record, which, although barely a credit, is a triumph compared to Ignite and Liberal candidates, who collectively made it to 35.7 per cent of meetings.

Last year's vice-presidential wannabe, Ed McCann, has not been to any council meetings in 2017; hopefully, if he is successful in his campaign this election season to become a delegate to NUS, he will decide to grace the conference floor with his presence. Awkward, considering that presidential candidate Brendan Ma, a Liberal who ran with Ignite this year and Vision (Ignite's Liberal successor brand) this year, plans to achieve quorum by "stand[ing] up and demand[ing] people make these meetings".

It's difficult to comment on the attendance of Grassroots and Switch candidates: many Groots' councillors

were locked out of this year's election after handing their nomination forms in late; meanwhile, Switch formed this year as a brand of progressive-indies from grassroots, debating, and other left wing circles.

For those curious, existing Grassroots councilmembers have, together, made it to 67 per cent of meetings.

Switch campaign manager and SRC candidate for this year Liam Donohoe, was one of those successfully elected to council last year, making it to four meetings with one apology and an one unexplained absence.

Student Unity member and Stand Up co-Campaign Manager, Adam Boidin, suggests that factional organising helps to mobilise SRC councillors for meetings.

"...Councillors are reminded about attendance and encouraged to take their commitment seriously by their peers. It also ensures that, to the best of our ability, all councillors not in attendance are represented by proxies," Boidin explained.

The numbers reflect Boidin's theory. Councillors who ran on independent tickets last year and don't appear to belong to any Facebook factions had below average attendance records; while some councillors like Samuel Chu turned up to every council (before signing over the spot to a hack better-adjusted to the meeting's filibustering), others like Amelia Chen didn't come back after one meeting.

All three presidential candidates contesting this year's election spoke to Honi about the importance of preventing SRC meetings from falling through due to inquorate numbers, with solutions ranging from setting KPIs (Ma), pre-council one-on-one meetings with each councillor (Grant), and just "mak[ing] sure councillors

Score Card
PERFECT RECORDS Adam Boidin, Caitlin McMenamin, Isabella Brook, Bella Pytka
REPEAT OFFENDERS Alex Fitton, Edward McCann
WORST COALITION Ignite + Liberals for SRC (37.5%)

are... more aware that they must attend council," (Bella).

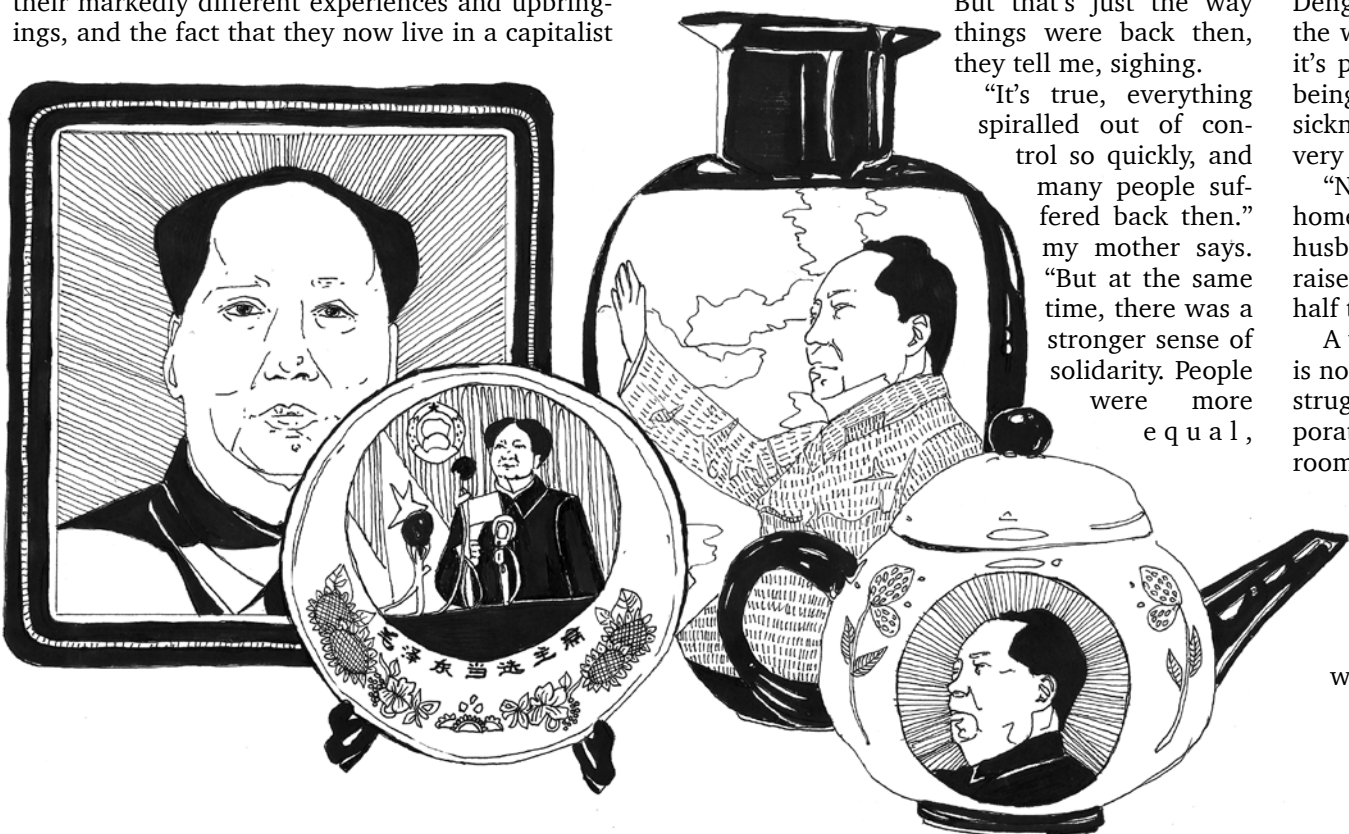
Yet the way independent councillors have shied away from their SRC obligations this year might speak less to their organisational skills, and more to an unwillingness to take part in the organisation once they realise its combative, highly politicised culture.

"The fact of the matter is indies have even less incentive to care about SRC than factional hacks," Chu told Honi.

"The motions up for debate are often meaningless; no actual substantive change can get pushed through these meetings.

"I had two of my best friends attend March and April meetings with me and they were shocked at the yelling, screaming, politicised council. It's enough to make an indie turn off the SRC."

Nonetheless, it might be difficult for next year's president to hold their councillors to account given their less-than-perfect track records: while Pytka has made it to 100 per cent of meetings so far this year, Ma showed up to just over 70 per cent, while Grant attended 60 per cent after she took over for Georgia Mantle in April.



Food faultlines: the class division of food chains

ANN DING and NATASSIA CHRYSANTHOS / What can we learn from Googling a bunch of different food stores?

A term that first surfaced on Reddit and Twitter, the ‘Red Rooster line’ has since entered common vernacular as a dividing line which separates Sydney’s west from its more affluent areas. The formula is simple: sketch the points of all the Red Roosters in Sydney and you get a surprisingly neat indication of the border of Western Sydney.

According to Bernard Salt — who is most famous amongst our generation by penning a scalding take in *The Australian* on the smashed avocado habits of millennials — the suburbs that lie beyond the Red Rooster line constitute “a different world orbiting the city like an asteroid belt at a distance of 7km to 50km from the CBD.” With a touch of anthropological flair, Salt asserts that: “Different people with different values inhabit different space.”

Salt proudly dubs the Red Rooster line’s inverse the ‘Goat Cheese Curtain’; an area he describes by waxing lyrical about hipsters roaming in search of avocado and, well, goat’s cheese. The curtain is drawn around 38 cafes that have been rated four out of five by at least 500 reviewers on Zomato, and its parameters stretch across from Haberfield to Bondi, and from Newtown up to the Rocks.

But there’s more to the line than the simple opportunity to scoff at the café-dwelling habits of Sydney’s hipster elite.

The concept of a border that splits Sydney down class lines doesn’t just exist online or in the musings of News Corp writers: the ‘latte line’, as it is also known, is a concept used in city planning. “If you are north of that line you are largely a ‘have,’” according to Geoff Roberts, the economic commissioner of the Greater Sydney Commission. “If you are south of that line, you are largely a ‘have-not’... It’s a concept that says employment, education levels, social disadvantage, all the things that make a city less productive and less liveable than what we

would all desire, you can pretty much draw a line from the airport through Parramatta, just to the west of Parramatta up to the north-west sector.”

The ramifications are clear in education too: HSC outcomes by school can be charted clearly on either side of the line.

The distribution of fast food outlets in cities is often cited as a typical indicator of socioeconomic class. A 2002 study of Melbourne by Reidpath and colleagues collected data on the number of fast food chains per postcode, testing McDonald’s, Pizza Hut, KFC, Red Rooster and Hungry Jack’s. When the results came in and the highest income postcodes were compared with the lowest income, the latter were shown to have two and a half times more fast food outlets per person.

So beyond drawing the lines around a ‘hipster/suburbia’ divide, what else can drawing maps around the distribution of chains in Sydney tell us about different parts of the city?

We took the liberty of drawing our own lines around Sydney and naming them in similarly alliterative ways. While most orient themselves neatly in clear blocks around the latte line, some afford the map-enthusiast greater specificity than others.

Our Google Maps adventures also revealed some more trivial patterns: the locations of Gelato Messinas and Bailey Nelson stores, for example, almost perfectly overlap — each existing in concentration around the gentrified and hipster inner city, while also ticking boxes in key shopping districts like Parramatta and Miranda, to ensure their scope *just* extends to more suburban parts of Sydney.

But from the ‘Great Dessert Divide’ — an easy way to map the city’s gentrification — to the ‘Harris Farm Hedge’ — which carves the clearest picture of Sydney’s richest regions — it becomes clear that residents of Sydney today are on footing that’s far from equal.



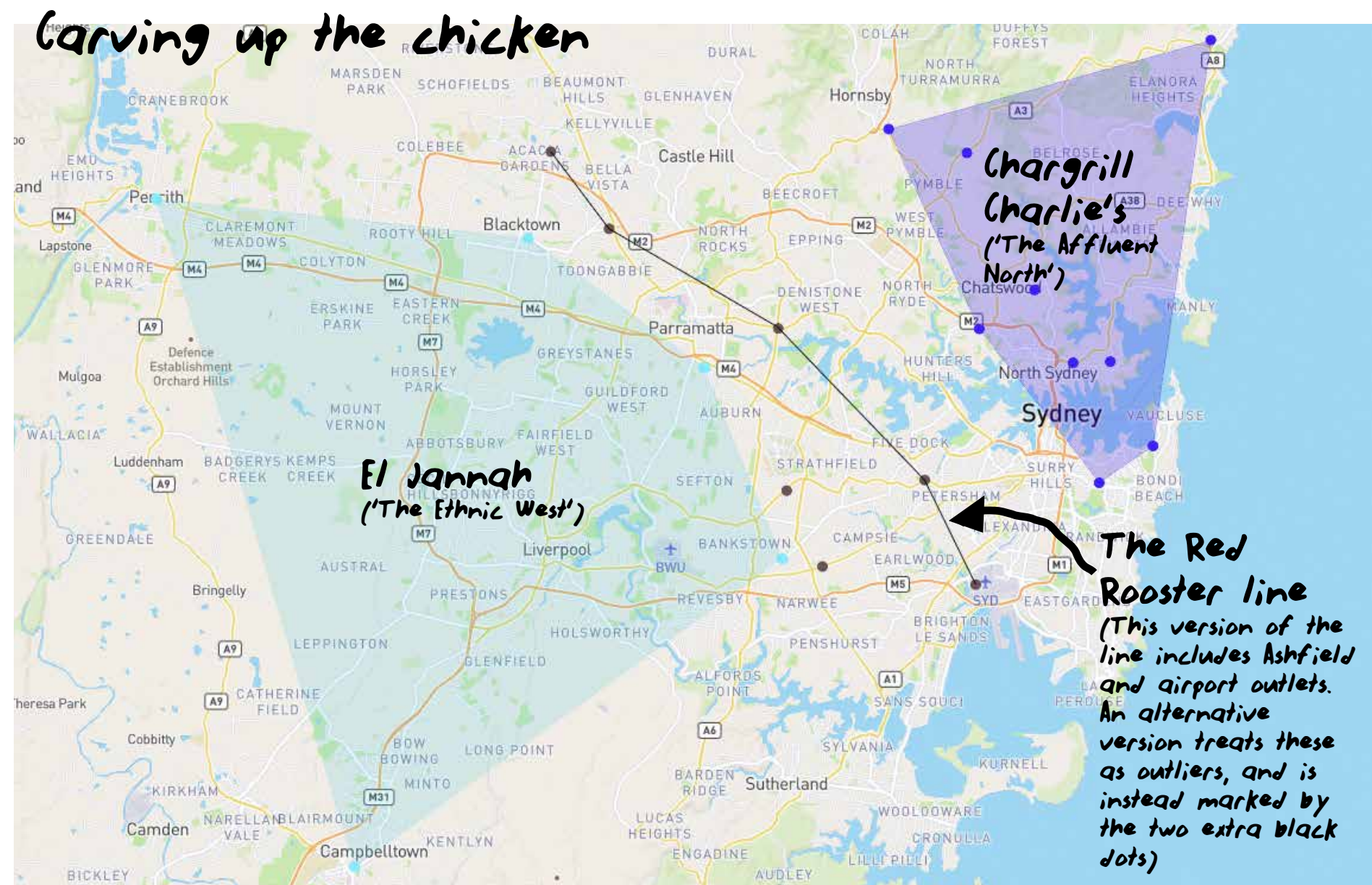
The ‘latte line’

If we take a look at the map below, we see that while the Red Rooster line divides Sydney clearly in two, other chicken outlets carve sections of Sydney off into more defined quarters.

The line drawn by El Jannah, which serves delicious Lebanese cuisine alongside its chicken, establishes an alternate gateway into Sydney’s west.

This line is perhaps more accurate than the Red Rooster line, which in itself is controversial for encompassing the airport and the Inner West suburb of Summer Hill. El Jannah is at its furthest east in Bankstown, so offers a clearer geographical delineation. Moreover, the joint’s ethnic twist is indicative of the demographic contained within its tasty borders.

As the Red Rooster line sweeps to the west, so the North is held neatly by a ring of Chargrill Charlie’s. Venturing further north than Salt’s Goat Cheese Curtain to encompass suburbs like Mosman and Mona Vale, this map encapsulates Northern Beaches affluence. On the weekend that this paper was produced, a Chargrill Charlie’s was opened in Annandale. This venture means the Chargrill Charlie’s line extends into the rapidly gentrifying Inner West for the first time, making this map one to watch.



'The Great Dessert Divide'

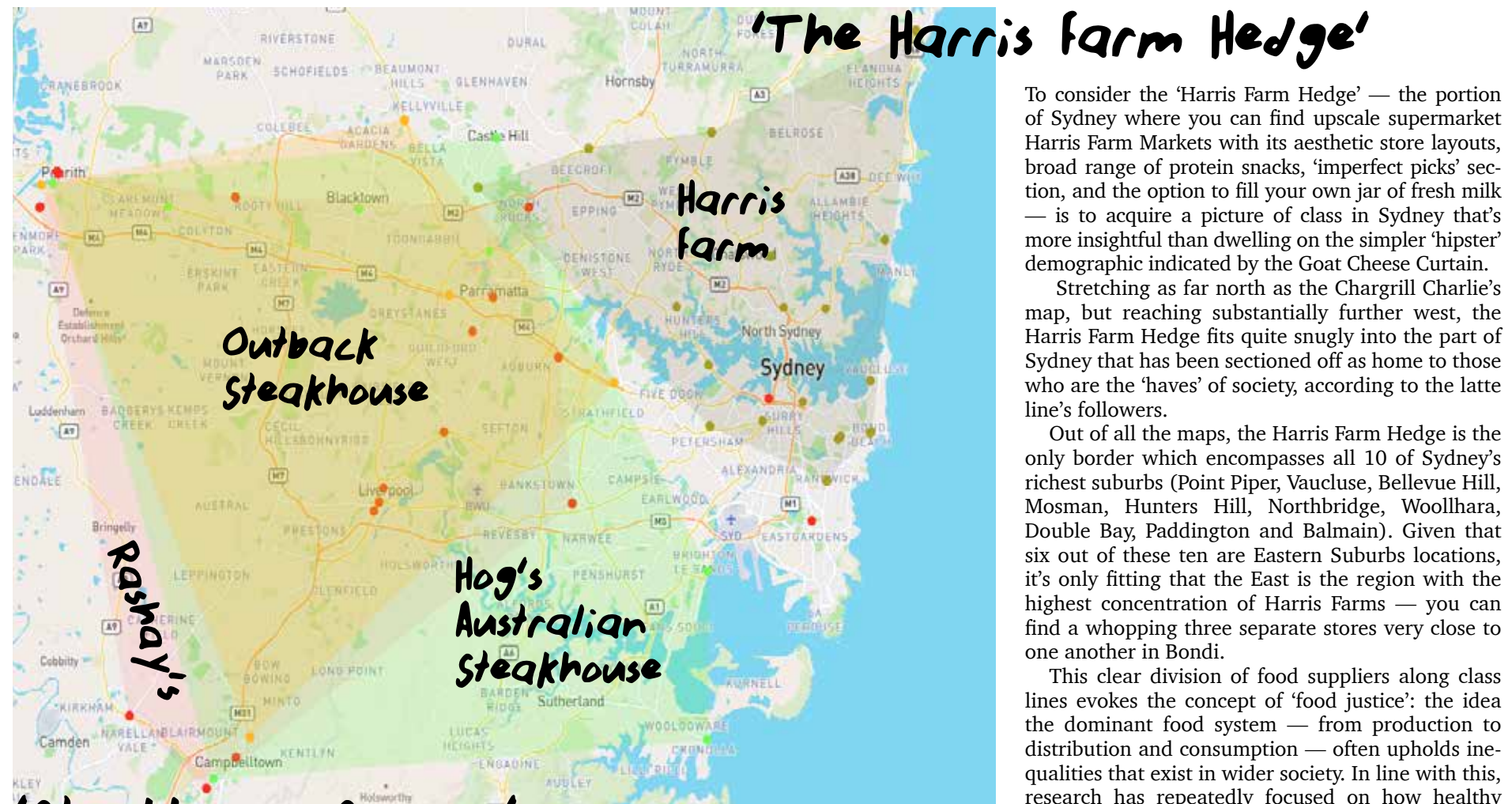
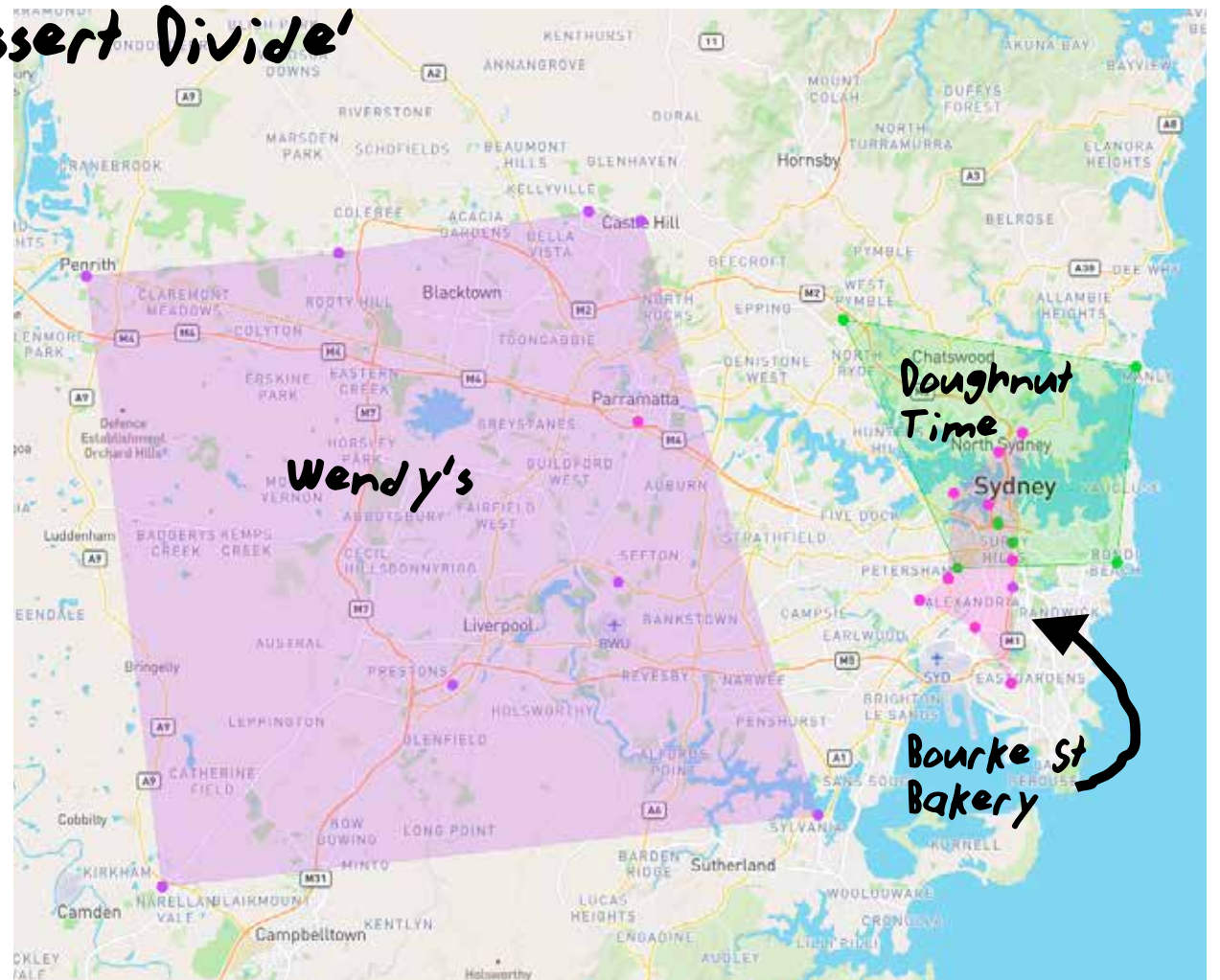
With the entrance of relatively new pastry purveyor Doughnut Time, we’ve seen the pastel green shop-fronts become slowly more common, but only in a select area: three are in the city, and the remaining four are in the Northern Suburbs, Northern Beaches, Inner West and Eastern Suburbs respectively, outlining a quadrilateral of relative financial comfort.

Bourke Street Bakery has an even more limited scope; its locations are mostly concentrated to a narrow corridor stretching from North Sydney to Eastgardens, and its one outlying Parramatta bakery makes sense when you think about Parramatta’s extensive shopping district and developments. Bourke Street’s various outposts delineate what is essentially the city centre and its surrounding trendy suburbs.

Contrast this with the city-outskirts favourite, Wendy’s, whose closest store, bar the one kiosk in Moore Park Supa Centa, is 15 kilometres away in Sylvania; Wendy’s once had more stores open around Sydney, but many have since shut since they were not financially viable.

Doughnut Time is principally concentrated in the city and Inner West, speaking to its status as an overpriced, gimmicky, gentrifying trend; it has also targeted more affluent areas like the Northern Beaches and the Eastern Suburbs where such a store might find success.

Wendy’s, on the other hand, reliably traces the western side of Sydney, a territory untainted by gentrification — for now.



'Steakhouse Square'

Operating in near perfect inversion to the ‘Harris Farm Hedge’ lies what we have identified as the ‘Steakhouse Square’. Though we’re taking slight liberty with the square form, many of Sydney’s most prolific steakhouse chains can be found here.

Rashay’s, whose restaurant name originates from a combination of its founders’ names, Rami and Shannon, started in Liverpool, and since then has spread as far up as Penrith and as far east as Eastgardens. However, 16 of the 18 Rashay’s restaurants sits within the map’s red polygon (Liverpool alone is home to three Rashay’s stores), excluding the city and Eastgardens, which we’ve treated as outliers.

Outback Steakhouse and Hog’s Breath, or Hog’s Australian Steakhouse, occupy pretty much the same territory; if we had to guess, we’d say their distribution corresponds mostly to areas of Sydney with larger middle class families, away from the ‘café culture’ and hipsterism of the city and its surrounds; these restaurants, while not necessarily more affordable than your average chain restaurant, are often spacious and able to accommodate larger groups of people.

Beyond that, it’s hard to draw more meaningful conclusions, since it’s such a large expanse — our question is, what is it that stops them from expanding north-eastward?

To consider the ‘Harris Farm Hedge’ — the portion of Sydney where you can find upscale supermarket Harris Farm Markets with its aesthetic store layouts, broad range of protein snacks, ‘imperfect picks’ section, and the option to fill your own jar of fresh milk — is to acquire a picture of class in Sydney that’s more insightful than dwelling on the simpler ‘hipster’ demographic indicated by the Goat Cheese Curtain.

Stretching as far north as the Chargrill Charlie’s map, but reaching substantially further west, the Harris Farm Hedge fits quite snugly into the part of Sydney that has been sectioned off as home to those who are the ‘haves’ of society, according to the latte line’s followers.

Out of all the maps, the Harris Farm Hedge is the only border which encompasses all 10 of Sydney’s richest suburbs (Point Piper, Vaucluse, Bellevue Hill, Mosman, Hunters Hill, Northbridge, Woollahra, Double Bay, Paddington and Balmain). Given that six out of these ten are Eastern Suburbs locations, it’s only fitting that the East is the region with the highest concentration of Harris Farms — you can find a whopping three separate stores very close to one another in Bondi.

This clear division of food suppliers along class lines evokes the concept of ‘food justice’: the idea the dominant food system — from production to distribution and consumption — often upholds inequalities that exist in wider society. In line with this, research has repeatedly focused on how healthy food options tend to be less available in neighborhoods home to residents with lower incomes. Recognising this, proponents of food justice demand that: “disadvantaged communities benefit as much as or more than privileged people from efforts to strengthen local, healthy food systems.”

The proliferation of Harris Farms in this shape makes sense; it is logical that the most expensive and wealthy areas of Sydney would be the go-to for expanding an upmarket grocery store. However, when considering notions like food justice, the fact that certain goods and services are restricted to bubbles where wealthier classes reside smacks of their potential to perpetuate structural inequality. Harris Farm’s distribution is an example of the market in action, but is the market just?

Face off: Tertiary education should be free

GRACE FRANKI / For

Before Whitlam abolished university fees in 1974 he said, “we believe that a student’s merit, rather than a parent’s wealth, should decide who should benefit from the community’s vast financial commitment to tertiary education.”

This principle of equality is at the heart of the case for free tertiary education and operates on two levels. First, everyone should be equally able to access tertiary education, regardless of their wealth or background. Free tertiary education is the only way to ensure this. Opponents may point to the existence of HECS schemes as a means to ensure everyone can access university. However, the prospect of a debt in the tens of thousands is a significant disincentive to many underprivileged students who are also sacrificing years of lost potential income in order to study. Secondly, education is the most powerful equalising force in society. A university education enables students to radically

TILINI RAJAPAKSA / Against

The push for free tertiary education is commonly based on an erroneous belief that abolishing the HECS system would remove barriers to prospective students from lower socioeconomic backgrounds. In fact, abolishing HECS is not only a completely inappropriate way to address socioeconomic disadvantage, but is based on an elitist notion that individuals with academic aptitude inherently deserve expensive benefits at the cost of the remainder of society in an economic system which functions to reward them over other those with other skills.

Currently, taxpayers contribute 59 per cent of the average university course’s cost, while recipients pay the rest once their annual income reaches \$55,874. HECS allows students to enter university knowing they won’t have to pay until they are in a financial position to do so.

If fees were abolished, the number of places at public universities would nearly halve, or tertiary education expenditure would have to significantly increase to maintain the current number of places

change the financial situation of their upbringing and allows a unique level of social mobility. Importantly, these benefits accrue the most to students from low-SES backgrounds — those who are least likely to attend university under a paid model.

Additionally, free tertiary education is particularly important in the context of the Australian workforce which increasingly favours skilled, tertiary educated workers, systematically locking out those who do not fit this description from good careers and well-paying jobs.

As we exit the mining boom Australia needs to move towards a more intelligent, service-based economy. Education is already one of Australia’s biggest exports and minimising economic barriers will ensure an even more skilled and diverse workforce. In an age of increasing automation, tertiary education equips citizens with generalised skills and qual-

ifications that can be adapted to a changing workforce. Free education is a long-term investment in a stable economy.

Today’s political leaders are the product of free tertiary education in the 1970s and helped shape the subsequent decades of growth which transformed Australia into the modern, egalitarian nation it is today. In a volatile and unpredictable world, young people ought to be afforded the same privilege.

There are Facebook groups for every streetwear niche — even ones specifically dedicated to a particular shoe size — but the largest group in Australia, Underground Society, allows its 75,000 members to buy and resell anything so long as it is limited release or highly sought after. Revan Okulu, one of the founding members and current administrators, says that strictly enforced rules banning hate speech, harassment, and abuse are partly responsible for the close-knit community that has formed.

“We’ve been very strict on making sure people treat each other with respect,” says Revan Okulu, 19, an administrator and founding member of Underground Society. There are also harsh punishments for unscrupulous behaviour when buying and selling the clothing itself. For example, in many groups, ‘flaking’ (where a buyer commits and then pulls out of a sale) or scamming result in permanent bans. Of course, some scammers still try their luck, but they often find that administrators are willing to go to surprising lengths to achieve justice for their exploited members.

Brendan describes one case where a 16-year-old — many people in these groups are still in high-

school — scammed another teenager by sending him a fake pair of BAPE shorts. Brendan contacted the scammer through Facebook to demand an explanation. “He admitted the shorts were fake,” Brendan says, “and said he would pay the money back... Then he blocked me a few days later.” Determined, Brendan contacted the New Zealand school that had been listed on the scammer’s profile, who then passed him on to the deputy principal at the teen’s new school.

Brendan was well aware of the ludicrousness of the situation. “Someone from another country is calling you asking you about a student who has been stealing clothes on Facebook, how do you explain that?” After hearing Brendan’s explanation, the deputy principal said they’d talk to the student. “So basically, they talked to the kid’s dad and he had to pay the money back. It’s not the first time I’ve had to do something like that.”

In some cases, it’s not administrators but prominent members of groups who decide to take justice into their own hands. In one case that Brendan recounts, an infamous scammer named Jonas was recognised at his workplace by a member who was “a bodybuilder basically, a big dude”, and much older than the average age in the group. The member had a quick chat with Jonas’ boss, and refunds began being issued.

But not all administrators recommend such a vigilante approach. “It’s going to expose us to legal backlash. You don’t want to have 74,000 people knocking down someone’s door,” says Revan. “The buck stops with us, so at the end of the day it’s going to reflect on the admin team and underground society as a group.”

Having said that, Underground Society administrators often take a very active role in providing advice to those who have been cheated such as how to file a police report. And to make matters worse for would-be scammers or social delinquents, most of the administrators of Australia’s top streetwear groups are personally known to each other and

quickly pass on details of blacklisted individuals. “It’s really cool that all the groups are connected like that,” says Brendan. “Like the BAPE group, Supreme group, Adidas group, the Yeezy/Kanye group — we all talk to each other to keep it consistent.”

This sense of solidarity doesn’t stop once scammers are brought to justice. The administrators of Underground Society pride themselves on using their space to positively influence members’ lives beyond the realm of streetwear.

Just this week, a post promoting ‘R U OKAY’ day garnered nearly 1000 likes, while in August, Revan made a post in the group reminding everyone to enrol and vote ‘Yes’ in the same sex marriage postal vote. “It is important that we, as a community which fixates on a creative industry such as fashion where LGBTQI contributors are so integral to taste-making and the culture, throw our support behind them and afford them equal recognition under the nation’s laws,” Revan wrote.

In an online landscape that often reflects a cesspool of human indecency, these streetwear guardians are quietly cultivating vibrant oases where a sense of justice and respect might be preserved.

Art: Matthew Fisher



Universities’ marketing budgets are bloated, but sensible

NICK BONYHADY / The left ought to be careful of playing into attacks on higher education

The National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) and Liberal senators make for strange (and awkward) bedfellows, but there is one issue on which they agree: both say the \$8.7 million dollars that the University of Sydney spent on marketing last year was too high.

Senator James Patterson suggested it was inappropriate for “government-funded, not-for-profit universities [to] spend up big on marketing to attract students”. An organising group for the University of Sydney NTEU branch urged the University to redirect “some of that marketing budget to our salaries and do something worthwhile with the university’s money.” These arguments are rhetorically powerful, but in order to score a political point they conveniently disregard the funding model driving university advertising.

Successive federal governments have cut higher education funding in real terms.

In 2012, the Gillard government bucked the trend and uncapped the number of places available to students at higher education institutions. Previously, the government had only funded a set number of places per degree and institution.

The Labor government’s decision was motivated by a desire to universalise the social benefits of higher education and create an intensely skilled workforce. To some extent, that has happened, but the Gillard reforms have also created pernicious competition between universities for a growing, but still limited, number of potential students.

Glyn Davis, Vice Chancellor of the University of Melbourne, is explicit about the problem. “Cambera wanted more people go to university, but now balks at the inevitable cost of growing student numbers.”

Vicki Thomson, Chief Executive of the Group of Eight elite universities, is similarly blunt. “Australia needs its full fee-paying international students to make up for the increasing Government shortfall in our revenue,” she says.

To attract those students, universities spend on marketing both at home and abroad.

Yet if, as Davis argues, large numbers of domestic students are a drain on universities’ resources, why advertise to recruit them?

There are three answers. First, funding differs substantially between faculties. Having a large enough student population in a cheap course to teach can subsidise students and research in more expensive areas. Second, if students are packed into lectures like sardines, universities’ costs per student go down, producing economies of scale. Third, recruiting international students depends on how well Australian universities perform on ranking systems.

“Internationally, families and education agents who assist students with their acceptance process into an Australian University look to world rankings as their quality assurance statement,” Thomson says. “If we are to continue to attract international students our rankings have to stay high,

which means as many [Australian universities] in the world’s top 100 as possible.”

Universities like Sydney can game rankings like QS Graduate Employability by recruiting students whose high ATARs suggest they will have every chance of being employed on graduating. Domestic advertising helps attract them.

In higher education circles, the logic of advertising is well known but not well liked, in part because much of the competition between universities is redundant. Sydney, for example, has a student body that is wealthier and more likely to be privately educated than the general population; attributes that suggest its students are likely to attend university whether or not they are marketed to. Nonetheless, the University cannot stop marketing for fear its competitors will convince potential students to attend their campuses instead. The sector is caught in a prisoner’s dilemma, and it is getting worse at a rapid rate. In 2012, Wollongong University spent \$944,000 on marketing. Last year, its budget had risen to \$5,619,000 — more than a fivefold increase.

The precipitous rise in marketing budgets has made attacking them an easy applause line, but the NTEU ought to be careful when criticising universities’ marketing budgets. Once solidified in the public’s imagination, the perception that universities are overspending will justify cutting funding overall much more easily than it will support unions’ pay claims.

Streetwear Guardians

JAYCE CARRANO / Justice is back in style

Across Facebook there exist thousands of streetwear buy and resell groups, each with their own rules, memes, and culture. And each of these digital communities is vehemently protected by a voluntary coalition of enthusiasts — the administrators.

Brendan Creswick, 21, is the administrator of a streetwear group specifically for buying and selling shorts from Japanese brand A Bathing Ape (BAPE). Despite its niche purpose, the group has nearly 10,000 members.

“People who are kids, or who are older than me but don’t have as much experience buying and selling online, have a safe space to enjoy their hobby,” Brendan says. He believes the groups’ accessible and friendly environments are one reason they have become so popular. “When I was first starting out in this stuff, I didn’t know where to look for anything. Having a space to talk about things would have been great.”

But not all administrators recommend such a vigilante approach. “It’s going to expose us to legal backlash. You don’t want to have 74,000 people knocking down someone’s door,” says Revan. “The buck stops with us, so at the end of the day it’s going to reflect on the admin team and underground society as a group.”

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quickly pass on details of blacklisted individuals. “It’s really cool that all the groups are connected like that,” says Brendan. “Like the BAPE group, Supreme group, Adidas group, the Yeezy/Kanye group — we all talk to each other to keep it consistent.”

This sense of solidarity doesn’t stop once scammers are brought to justice. The administrators of Underground Society pride themselves on using their space to positively influence members’ lives beyond the realm of streetwear.

Just this week, a post promoting ‘R U OKAY’ day garnered nearly 1000 likes, while in August, Revan made a post in the group reminding everyone to enrol and vote ‘Yes’ in the same sex marriage postal vote. “It is important that we, as a community which fixates on a creative industry such as fashion where LGBTQI contributors are so integral to taste-making and the culture, throw our support behind them and afford them equal recognition under the nation’s laws,” Revan wrote.

In an online landscape that often reflects a cesspool of human indecency, these streetwear guardians are quietly cultivating vibrant oases where a sense of justice and respect might be preserved.

The burden of proof

KIDA LIN / Perhaps this article is adequate proof of English proficiency

It caught me off guard as I was filling up my exchange application.

“8. Have you taken an English proficiency test?”

With a sense of powerlessness, I realise I am yet again being asked to prove I can actually speak English. Confusion turns into annoyance.

Of course, taking an English test is hardly something unfamiliar for me. Growing up in China when Deng Xiaoping’s Open Door Policy and its state-controlled capitalist ideology were gaining traction, I have witnessed a growing national obsession with English. Since it was made an education priority in 1990s, millions of schoolchildren were sent to learn a language that was previously suppressed for political reasons. Consequently, overpriced afterschool tutoring flourished and those who excelled were put on a pedestal. It was deemed so important that it became compulsory for all students throughout twelve years of school—comparable only to Chinese and Mathematics.

Nonetheless, English education in the self-proclaimed communist state was characterised by an uncompromising authoritarianism, and teaching practices that could best be described as rudimentary. Students were instructed to be at school no later than 7:30 am daily to memorise new vocabulary. Their progress was closely monitored through regular exams, with an emphasis on rigid and obscure grammar. Sometimes, a piece of paper listing the grades of every student in descending order circulated the classroom and before being pinned to

the blackboard.

I survived the torment with a mix of hard work and endurance. The day I completed my IELTS, a compulsory English test for non-native speakers, I remember thinking to myself that I could finally leave those gloomy memories behind—I thought, naively, I could finally speak English.

Linguistic prejudice comes in many forms. It is commonly intertwined with systematic oppression—think, for instance, the status of over 250 aboriginal languages in Australia. It can also be a cause as well as an upshot of social polarisation. Examples range from the language policies in Catalonia and Quebec, the escalating rivalry between English and French in postcolonial Africa, to the discrimination against dialects in China and the politicisation of Mandarin in Hong Kong and Taiwan.

What confronts me the most, however, is something subtler. It didn’t take long for me to realise that being able to speak a language is quite different from being able to speak it properly. I have often been told that I “speak good English” and that I am “unlike other international students”. Despite being intended as genuine praise, these statements make me rather uncomfortable, perhaps due to the stereotypes that they imply. When I tell people I coach debating at schools, sometimes I get responses like, “I don’t know Mandarin debating is that popular now”.

In this sense, the way we understand people’s language status is coloured by how we perceive the world more broadly. People with accents get strik-

ingly different treatments depending on their economic, social and cultural status. That’s why we might want to be more careful with and more critical of some of our common practices.

Crucially, this extends beyond the level of individual interactions to that of governmental policies. Earlier this year, the Turnbull Government unveiled a plan for citizenship reforms, among which is a tougher English language test. With opposition from Labor, the Greens and the Nick Xenophon Team, the future of the bill remains to be seen.

Nevertheless, what often gets lost in current discussion is the signal this proposed policy would send. The issue at hand is more than “who will pass the test, how many of them and what implication that has”. It is equally important to recognise that many would-be citizens have put in great efforts to even be where they are, and that many are already disadvantaged in the society because of their language status.

This is, of course, not to suggest an easy answer. The point is rather that we, as a society, need to deliberate more clearly the conditions under which a demand for justification can itself be justified. It’s perhaps noteworthy that being asked to justify themselves is often itself a problem that many minorities (Muslims, Indigenous Australians and African-Americans etc.) face.

Regardless, another test doesn’t sound all that unreasonable after all— I’m just wondering if this piece could be used to waive it?

NATASSIA CHRYSANTHOS / SCA's Ms Saffaa brings the campaign to end male guardianship in Saudi Arabia to her Sydney campus

A vibrant celebration of women's resistance greets visitors to Sydney College of the Art's campus cafe in the form of a stunning 20-metre wide mural — comprised of paste-ups and poetry, manga figures and floral motifs, the mural is a powerful representation of Saudi Arabia's feminist struggle.

The largest face on the mural is that of Maryam al-Otaibi, a Saudi woman who has been a critical voice in the #IAmMyOwnGuardian movement, which has emerged from Saudi Arabia over the past year and a half in a push to end male guardianship in the Gulf Kingdom. Maryam is one of few women tweeting from within Saudi with her real name. She was detained without charge for 104 days last year after her male guardian reported her to the police. Her transgression? Leaving her house and her abusive brother to live on her own in a new city.

"She's one of the bravest people I know," says Ms Saffaa, an SCA student from Saudi Arabia who has curated and assembled the mural over the last few months. "That's why I made her portrait really big. Because if I were her, I wouldn't have done that."

The SCA mural is a testament to the women fighting to end male guardianship in Saudi, and is the collaborative effort of 30 artists and poets from the SCA, Saudi Arabia and around the world; Maryam's portrait was drawn by Molly Crabapple, a New York artist.

"I felt the movement needed some beauty, some positivity, and a different sort of expression," Saffaa says. "I'm trying to make it a story about resilience as opposed to a story about oppression ... The women inspired me to do this artwork. They inspired me to speak up because for a long time, although [I've always] criticised the government, I've never actually been that vocal on social media. But when I saw Maryam... I was like, dude, if she can do that, I can do more. I should be doing more."

While the mural's home at SCA's

quaint Rozelle quarters is a world away from the political system it challenges, the transnational element fosters a sense of global solidarity. "With a subject or an issue that's so far removed from here, solidarity really matters," Saffaa says. "It shows people actually care [and] it enriches my voice as well... When I put this online, the women in the movement are like 'wow, this is amazing, we can't believe that people actually care about us.' But everything is connected these days."

The male guardianship system in Saudi Arabia enables men to control women's lives. Women can't renew passports, travel, marry, or leave prison without the express permission of their male guardian — either a brother, father or husband. Women's individual experiences under this system are largely dependent on social class and the goodwill of their families, so while some, like Saffaa, are able to work and study overseas, others are less fortunate. If a woman reports domestic violence under this system, it is she who ends up in a protection home, which Saffaa describes as "a jail more than anything". "She's not allowed to leave unless her abusive guardian picks her up. Otherwise she rots in jail for the rest of her life."

A Human Rights Watch report titled 'Boxed In', published in July 2016, drew on the experiences of Saudi women to articulate what life is like under male guardianship. It concluded that: "The male guardianship system is the most significant impediment to realising women's rights in the country, effectively rendering adult women legal minors who cannot make key decisions for themselves... Every Saudi woman, regardless of her economic or social class, is adversely affected by guardianship policies."

Following the report's release, Saudi women mobilised online. "They created twitter groups and their own hashtag and started tweeting," Saffaa says. "Their hashtag was trending for days at a time, and number one for at least two months, every day, with 70-80,000 tweets a day. And then international media picked it up. It started as a campaign and then turned into a movement, because everyone was tweeting about it and we were getting transnational allies supporting us."

Saffaa was drawn into the fray when one of her artworks from 2012 — a piece titled 'I Am My Own Guardian' — was tweeted and picked up traction. She had created the artwork — a

subversive portrait of a woman in a traditional male headress — after reaching boiling point with the male guardianship system herself.

While studying in Sydney on a scholarship from the Saudi government, Saffaa was hassled with questions about where her guardian was. After repeatedly ignoring emails, she received a message stating her scholarship would be taken away if she could not prove her male guardian was living with her.

"I got that email and was like, 'I'm fed up with this'," she says. "I'm in my mid-thirties. I don't fucking need a guardian. My youngest brother is 18 years younger than me — I changed his diaper. And now you want him to come and sign me off so I can study?"

"That's how I created the 'I am my own guardian' body of work. That's how I got political. They made me."

Saffaa describes losing her scholarship as a blessing in disguise that has enabled her to be more outspoken. But having become a vocal figure, the political environment Saffaa has stepped into can seem doubly stacked against her.

"I find I have two fights, two voices," she says. "The one that I speak to people back home with, and the one that I'm very careful with here, because I don't want to feed into someone's Islamophobia. I don't want my friend who wears a hijab to get spat on when she's travelling just because she's wearing a hijab. It's a very tricky position I'm in: how do I speak about the plight of Saudi women without making it sound like I'm [validating] the Islamophobia? How do I do that?"

At the same time, Saffaa's message is not always met with warmth from the Islamic community. She recalls an incident where a Saudi man approached her at an exhibition to accuse her of "airing Saudi's dirty laundry" to the West. Last year, one of her murals in Brunswick, Melbourne was defaced. "I can't tell if it's someone from the Islamic community not liking what I'm saying about Muslim women, although it's diverse and it's not monolithic, and it's not just a woman in a hijab. I just couldn't tell which side," she says. "I feel like I'm stuck in the middle, and it gets tiring and exhausting. It would be easier if I had one fight."

What would make this easier, it seems, is an audience willing to suspend prejudice and listen to perspectives that challenge them.

"People come to me with a preconceived idea of what a Saudi woman should look like, should speak like, should sound like," Saffaa says. "They always say, 'Where are the Saudi women, why aren't they speaking for themselves?' We've been speaking, you just choose not to listen. Instead of coming with all this baggage, just leave it behind and actually listen to me."

But ultimately, *And Then There Were None* tells us something about life itself. We are told with profundity that, "in the midst of life, we are in death"; but more importantly, we are passionately shown that "in the face of death, we live" — in fact, we live fearlessly. Despite the penetrating threats and dangers, we are impressed by the composure of Doctor Armstrong (Sophia Bryant) and General MacKenzie (Anita Donovan), and we are entertained by the flamboyance of Anthony Marston (Campbell Taylor). We find great strength and relief in them — we learn to appreciate all the complexities and dilemmas in life.

The second half of the plot, which is reminiscent of American sci-fi drama *Under the Dome* and Japanese manga *Case Closed*, appears to be somewhat tedious and largely predictable. But that is understandable given how popular this genre is, and the audience is compensated with a witty twist towards the end.

By any stretch, *And Then There Were None* is undeniably a masterpiece — breathtakingly exciting and remarkably thought-provoking.



Review: ‘And Then There Were None’

KIDA LIN / SUDS' latest show thrills, exploring impressive depths

WHAT: SUDS' *And Then There Were None*
WHEN: February 28 – April 1
WHERE: Holme Common Room

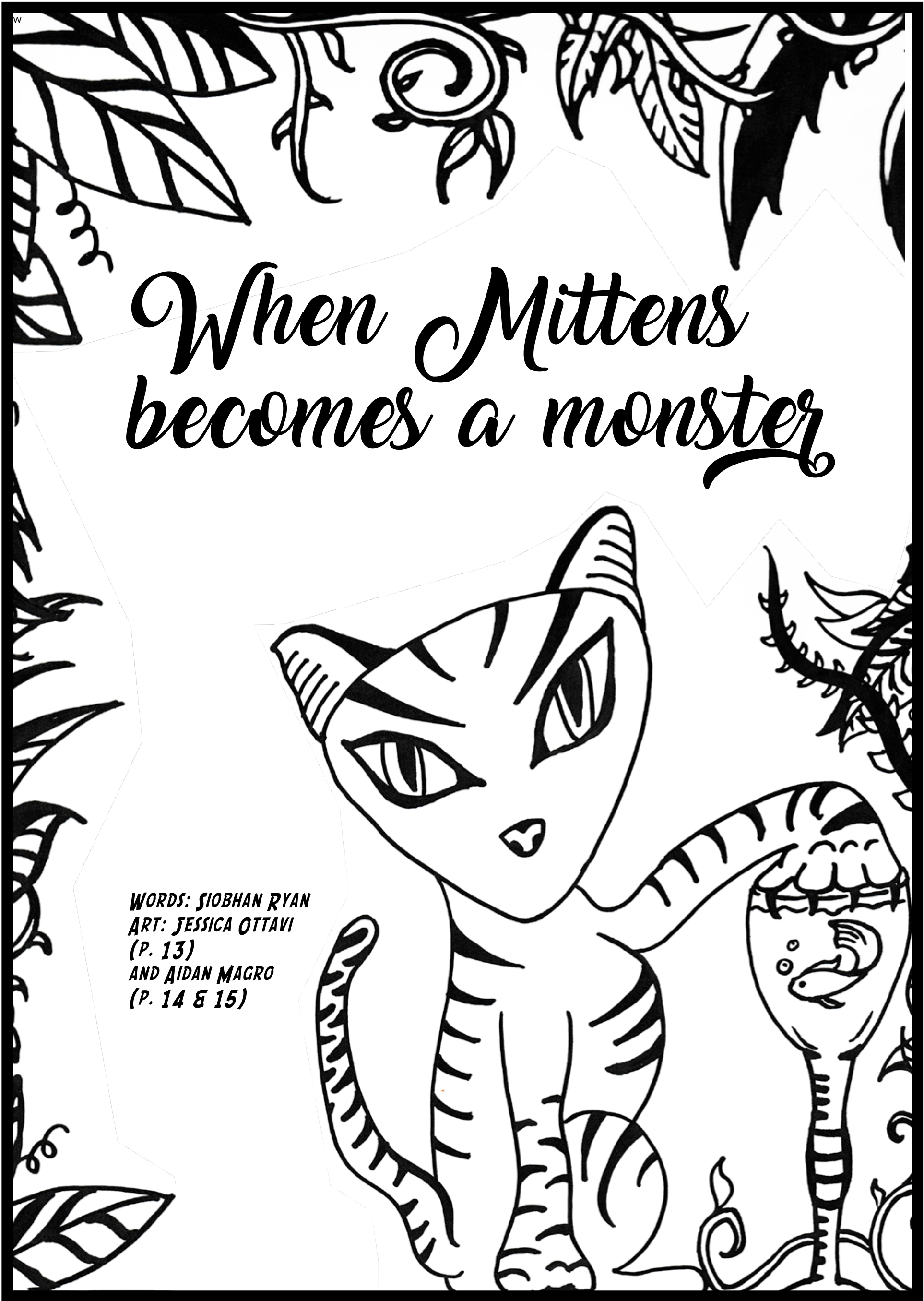
SUDS' *And Then There Were None* is a thrilling and grand journey into a mysterious island in 1930s London. Directed by Caitlin Williams, the one-hour-and-forty-minute show never ceases to impress its audience. From the sublime stage setting, splendid costume to the magnificent lighting and music, the show catches your attention from the first minute with some quintessential British accent and two eclectic servants, Thomasina Rogers (Sami Novis) and Ethel Rogers (Safia Arain).

And Then There Were None is a story about trust and deception. It is a story that centres on lies, omissions, and manipulations. Ten individuals, each having a carefully constructed identity, constantly seeking to figure out whom they can trust and what they must hide. None of them is innocent; but in a sense, all of them are. In this slightly paranoid environment,

we quickly find ourselves craving for some untainted love and relationships.

And Then There Were None is indeed also a story about love and relationships. We are fascinated to see Captain Lombard (Sean Landis) flirting with Miss Claythorne (Georgia Condon); we are amused by how Inspector William 'Davis' Blore (Max Peacock) passionately making himself known to everyone; and we are deeply drawn to the intricate bond the two Rogers slowly develop.

And Then There Were None tells us something about justice and law. It forcefully points to the contradiction in the way we ordinarily approach the criminal justice system and the absurdity inherent in that system. Emily Brent (Amy Keen), a rigidly religious lady, unapologetically unfolds this with her repeated and somehow hilarious "complaints" about "the younger generation". On the other hand, Justice Wargrave (Thomas Hanaee) gradually exaggerates the ridiculous nature of the system with his succinct narrations throughout the play.



WORDS: SIOBHAN RYAN
ART: JESSICA OTTAVI
(P. 13)
AND AIDAN MAGRO
(P. 14 & 15)

My mother has not had a full night's sleep at home for seven years. Every night, she gets up twice or three times to feed our cat, Malaika, alternating turns with my father in a routine familiar to any new parent. Malaika lets himself in and out of my parents' room throughout the night. Sometimes, he climbs into bed for a cuddle; other times, he bites my mum and knocks items off her bedside table until she wakes up to feed him.

Malaika was abandoned as a kitten. When we adopted him, his biting and scratching seemed playful, but as a grown-up, he started to inflict damage. Now, he attacks mid-cuddle, seemingly without provocation. He waits at the ends of corridors, ready to latch onto the leg of anyone who dares pass. His antics make us tread more carefully around the house to avoid him.

Mum warned me about the dangers of adopting a cat that was taken away from its mother too early, but, young and impatient to make a new furry friend, I asked myself, "What's the worst that could happen?"



Our society loves pets. The internet is so full of people sharing pictures of dogs and cats that a new lexicon of dog-related words has developed (think: 'doggo' or 'blep'). The health benefits of owning animals have been extolled for years, with scientists showing that people who own pets are overall more physically and psychologically healthy than those who do not.

It goes without saying that cute photos of dogs with their tongues slightly out and videos of cats calmly purring away miss the imperfect moments in between. But for some, the experience of pet ownership is far from just 'imperfect'. For some, it becomes scary.

Alisha Brown has always been surrounded by pets. Having raised over five dogs, a rabbit, a bird, a duck, fish, chickens, and even lambs, it's unsurprising that some of her experiences have been less than pleasant.

When she was 11, Alisha received five chicks for Christmas — three girls and two boys. As they grew up, four of the chicks turned out fine, but one of the roosters, Luke, was aggressive. Every morning, Alisha would let the chickens and roosters out of their cage, a job she loved until the first time Luke attacked her feet. He pinned them with his claws and pecked at her, making her bleed. "I cried," Alisha says, "I was so upset." She was around 12 years old and felt betrayed by the rooster she had raised from a chick.

She started to wear a pair of pink gumboots to protect herself. "But then he just took a liking to the gumboots," she says. "I would walk outside and as soon as he saw me, he would shoot straight

towards my foot and flap around and try to mate with my gumboot." Eventually, she hated letting the chickens out and avoided Luke when she went into the backyard.

The inside of the house remained safe until her family purchased Nibbles, a green-cheeked parakeet. Nibbles began life as a docile pet, until the family left him at a friend's house while they went on holiday. When they returned, something had changed. "He would literally run across the room and bite you, or fly across the room and attack you." He used to screech repetitively — not just once, but "WREH, WREH, WREH, like the Psycho theme". Alisha found herself afraid of another bird.

Though Alisha didn't feel betrayed when Nibbles turned on the family, he has become a nuisance. If she lets him out of his cage, she has to supervise him. "You just never know what he's going to do," she says. "We used to have these laminated signs that said 'Nibbles is out' with a picture of him and we would stick them on doors as a warning, in case anyone was walking in." He has even learned a new phrase — "stop it, I don't like it" — from the number of times the family has tried to ward off his attacks. With an average lifespan of 15 years — and some living well past this to 25 — Alisha's family will be avoiding his onslaughts for years to come. "Years of being attacked by a small parrot is not ideal," Alisha says, "but in the end, for all the good that pets are, it's probably worth the risk."

Megan Webster knows exactly how much of a nuisance aggressive pets can be. Like Malaika, Megan's childhood cat, Kidda Pudda, was a stray. Megan and her siblings rescued a litter of five-week-old kittens in Bicentennial Park, just after Megan, then seven years old, had been given permission to get a cat of her own. She chose Kidda and the others were adopted out. "She seemed completely normal, very lovable," Megan says. "So I don't think it was until she was older, like a proper adult cat, that she was just insane."

'We used to have these laminated signs that said "Nibbles is out" with a picture of him and we would stick them on doors as a warning.'

Kidda alternated between very loving and very aggressive behaviour. "She would be really, really affectionate, like she used to knead blankets and stuff and she'd be suckling them and purring away and drooling because she was so happy." She would climb into bed to cuddle Megan and even follow her and her siblings down the street to the bus stop. But when she turned, she was vicious. One moment Megan would be patting Kidda, then she would latch onto an arm. "Suddenly there would be teeth and front feet claws and back feet claws". Nothing would stop her except

pushing her off. "It was like self-defence," Megan says, "because she would come after you again." She laughs. "I think she was going for damage".

Everyone around Kidda was cautious not to attract her ire. "You did have to sort of dance around her," Megan says. "There were times where, if she was sitting on the steps or something, you're just like 'Oh god, now I can't go downstairs'." Even the other pets avoided her.

She would also approach strangers outside, appearing friendly and inviting them to pat her before attacking their legs, sometimes chasing the unlucky victims down the street. "If she had been a dog, she would have been that kind of dog that would have had to be put down because she was just uncontrollable," Megan says.

Despite Kidda's aggression, Megan was "totally gutted" when she died. "You've got to love them. She was a good cat despite all those things and I mean she was definitely a memorable cat because of those things ... She had a lot of personality."



The walls of the Seaforth Veterinary Hospital (SVH) reception are cluttered with posters. A large, sober black and white sheet describes their triage order for seeing patients (emergencies, then appointments, then drop-ins). Small ads for house sitters and pet minders sport slightly grainy photos of the prospective guardians cheerfully holding pets to reassure viewers of their credentials. A simple, black and white laminated sheet asks dog owners to sign their pets up to donate blood. We don't often think about dogs needing, or being, blood donors, but as it turns out, this is only one way in which the mental distinction we draw between human and animal medicine is blurred in reality.

Dr Andrew O'Shea is a second year resident in veterinary behavioural medicine at the Sydney Animal Behaviour Service (SABS), which has its offices in SVH. Distinct from veterinarians, who diagnose and treat physical diseases, veterinary behaviour specialists work with psychological disorders in animals and teach owners how to help their pets live with these conditions.

One of the issues they see very frequently is anxiety. Unlike animals with normal levels of anxiety, animals with anxiety disorders cannot calm themselves down after a potential threat has passed. For instance, a normal dog might get scared by the noise of a garbage truck once or twice, but then it learns the truck poses no threat. "When an animal has an anxiety disorder, they never learn that it's not a problem, so every time the animal is exposed to that noise, it goes through the same process."

Once aroused, animals exhibit four possible responses: fight, flight, freeze and fidget. Flight and



freeze are obvious: the animal runs away from, or stops in the face of, the perceived danger. Fidget involves normal behaviours exhibited out of context, for instance over-grooming, stretching not just after sleep, or shaking off as if wet when dry. Fight involves aggression — attacking, hissing, barking. However, the purpose is not to injure us. "It's about making the scary thing go away," O'Shea says. Just like in flight, the animal tries to create distance between itself and the frightening stimulus.

"A lot of aggression is due to an underlying anxiety disorder," O'Shea says. However, aggression is often not an animal's first response. Freezing and fidget behaviours are more common but less noticeable, meaning that the animal ends up getting more aroused and backed into a corner where its only option is to defend itself. It then learns that aggression is effective so it uses it the next time it is frightened.

Treatment for these disorders targets the three main determinants of behaviour: the current environment, previous learning, and genetics.

"We manage the environment," O'Shea says, "to minimise the things that are distressing the animal." This involves paying attention to the pet's body language to note when they are aroused and scared. Some triggers are obvious and easily managed, for instance loud noises. Others are actions we may assume pets enjoy, such as patting. However, anxiety can also be triggered by things we're unaware of, like noises outside our range of hearing.

This is where behaviour modification comes in. "We concentrate on teaching them better ways to cope," O'Shea explains. The process has links to cognitive behavioural therapy in humans, with the added difficulty that it relies on the pet's body language rather than verbal cues to measure their level of distress. And once their body language is readable, "the physiological arousal associated with the fear has already been triggered, and that compromises our ability to implement some of those techniques."

Medications help with this process and with managing the genetic component of anxiety disorders. Pets are prescribed everything from selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs — an antidepressant), to benzodiazepines (anti-anxiety medications like Valium), to beta blockers (blood pressure medications) to manage arousal. "It's really individualised," O'Shea says. So, too, is the duration of treatment. Some pets are successfully weaned off the drugs after 12 to 18 months while other pets require

medication for the rest of their lives.

Many pet owners don't make it to the treatment stage, with some abandoning their pets instead. "Approximately one in five pets in a welfare shelter is there because their owners have given up on the behaviour," O'Shea says. Though the RSPCA attempts to treat such animals through behavioural modification programs, they euthanised nearly 4000 dogs and 4700 cats that couldn't be treated for behavioural reasons in the 2015–2016 financial year.

Occasionally, some of O'Shea's clients have chosen to euthanise pets whose quality of life cannot be improved, though it's not something he often advises. He likens it to putting down a diseased pet. "I think sometimes the psychological pain these animals are in is as great if not greater than some of the physical pain that pets are in," he says.

Roy was chasing his tail again, but this time he caught the end and bit through it.

For those who do take their pets to behaviour specialists, the costs add up. According to SABS's website, an initial dog behavioural consultation with a veterinary intern in training starts at \$650, which jumps to \$990 if it's with registered veterinary specialist in behavioural medicine. Reassessments are priced from \$330. On top of this, O'Shea says there may be ongoing blood tests and, of course, medications, which are not subsidised on the Pharmaceutical Benefits Scheme for pets.

So, why do people spend possibly thousands of dollars treating their pets for something that isn't about to kill them? O'Shea attributes it to the strength of the human animal bond. In essence, people really love their pets, and treat them for psychological disorders the same way they would for physical illness or injury — which itself sometimes adds up to thousands of dollars. "There are a lot of committed people out there," he says. "They're committed to [their pets] financially, they're committed to them emotionally and psychologically ... I'm delighted by what some of our clients will do for their pets."



My friend Marissa's dog, Roy, has always been an incredibly excitable, "energetic ball of muscle". He would run through the house and jump up on guests to greet them. While Marissa explains this could be a bit intimidating for people who weren't familiar with dogs, she says it was not aggressive. "People who were familiar with dogs knew he was just a big, muscly boy who was just trying to say hello." When I visited her recently, Roy's greeting was notably subdued. He seemed calmer somehow, though still happy and friendly.

A few months prior, Roy had been prescribed with Lovan, a brand of SSRI with the active ingredient fluoxetine, for anxiety.

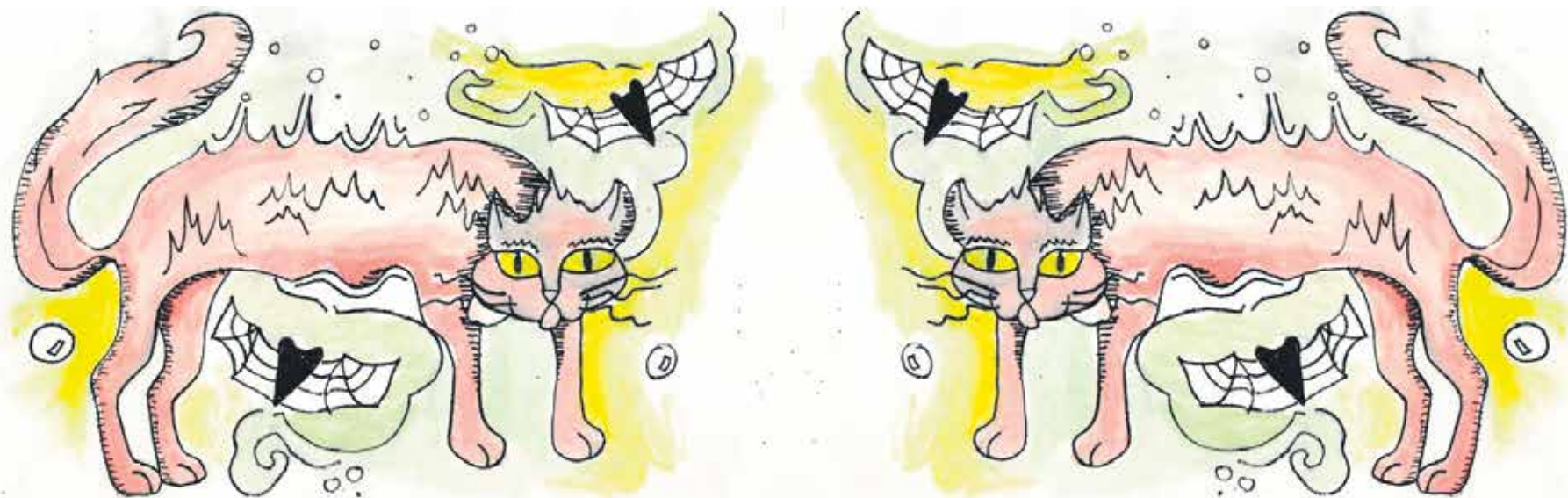
Though Marissa emphasises that he's always been very friendly to humans, Roy has had some aggression issues with other animals. On one occasion, a fight with another dog over a ball ended with him drawing blood. On another, Roy attacked a cat while Marissa's mother walked him.

Roy also seemed very anxious. He regularly spent lengthy periods — up to five minutes at a time — chasing his tail, so much so that the fur at the end of his tail was partly rubbed off. He would run under tables and quiver during fireworks. When people swam in the family's pool, he'd bark at them, run around frantically, and seem to try to pull them out by the arms.

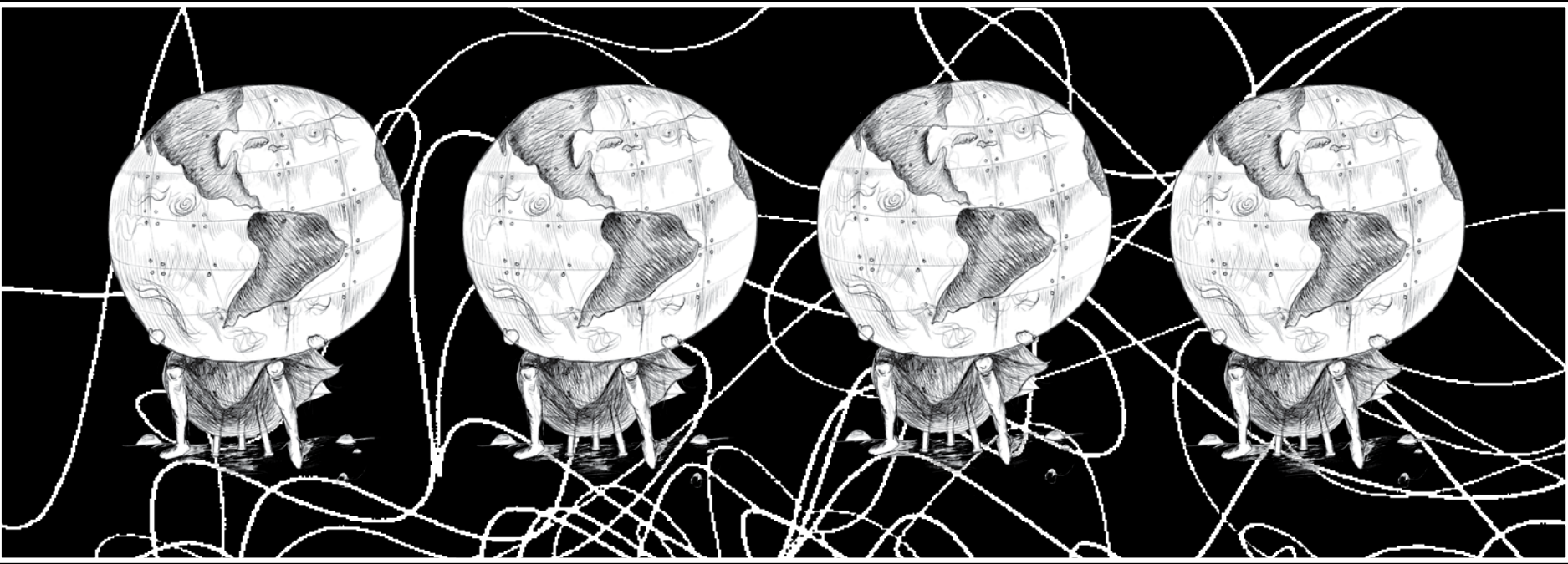
Around six months after the cat incident, Roy was chasing his tail again, but this time he caught the end and bit through it. "There was about an inch of his tail hanging off," Marissa says, "and he was just walking around, and I was like, 'What the fuck, my dog just bit his own tail off'." Her family took Roy to the vet for surgery, and, realising the tail-chasing was a symptom of his anxiety, discussed his treatment options with the vet. Ruling out a "dog psychologist" due to the expense, Roy was prescribed with Lovan.

It took a couple of months for them to kick in. For a few weeks, he became very quiet, almost like he was sick or injured. "After that he probably was the best and happiest dog I've seen him be in the whole time we've owned him," Marissa says. "He still gets excited ... It's not like his personality has been entirely diminished, it's just you can see he's not stressed anymore." **HS**

***NAME HAS BEEN CHANGED**



Art: Jessica Ottavi



This year, we ran our first writing competition with both fiction and non-fiction categories. It was themed *Automated*. Here are the winning entries.

Nothing to be Done

ANNIE ZHANG / First place fiction

The world arrives in a shoebox along with the morning post.

At 07:17 that morning, Mary leans against the kitchen bench and gnaws at an apple core, scribbling down a to-do list for the day ahead.

1. Laundry—pinks

2. Week 6 readings

3. Lecture notes—ask Paul (?)

4. Dinner w/ Dad

At 07:18, she hears the shrill of the doorbell and the sound of a heavy item hitting the doorstep. Mary sets her pen down and throws the apple core into the compost bin, but does not make her way down the hallway until a few minutes have passed. Only when she is sure that the delivery person has left does she tiptoe to the front door and crack it open, peeking out at the world beyond with narrowed eyes.

A black shoebox rests on the doormat. A bright red FRAGILE sticker is taped on the lid, just above the blue pen scribbles of her name and address.

With a frown, Mary retreats to her bedroom with the box in her arms, and immediately begins to scratch off the tape along the edges with her fingernails. When she lifts the box lid, she is greeted

by a mass of bubble wrap, and a white slip of paper folded atop it.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE RECIPIENT

The whole world rests in your hands.

There are only three rules:

1. Do what is necessary,

2. Try, or

3. Pass it on

“Curiouser and curiouser,” mumbles Mary with a frown. She lifts out the object and finds a corner of the bubble rip, tearing off one layer and then another, until she manages to shake out whatever it is inside —

— and then the whole world tumbles into her lap.

At first, all Mary can do is *stare*. The *world* is in her lap, continents and oceans and all, resting against her cotton skirt. Seven billion people babble in seven thousand living languages. The east coast of the United States brushes against her knee, and a few drops of the Thames spills onto her sock.

“Fuck,” Mary breathes. “Shit. Nope. No way.”

She grabs her phone and begins to dial.

“Hello. 你好。Xin chào. Bonjour. Guten Tag. Wel- come to the Company. 欢迎您 —”

Mary presses 27 to skip the automated greetings, then 6279 to indicate her name, 2+ for her blood type, 733 for her favourite colour and jo3*:16#hN to specify the nature of her call.

Mary has called the Company on a few previous occasions, but each time the process becomes more circular and infuriating than the last.

“Due to the urgency of your inquiry, you have been placed in the emergency queue,” the cool, au- tomated voice responds at last. “Your hold time is approximately seventy-seven minutes.”

As the tinny notes of vaguely familiar classical music begin to waft through the speaker, Mary sets her phone down beside her and decides that the next seventy-six minutes of her wait are best spent trying to help the world — despite the mound of laundry in the corner of her bedroom and the unopened stack of textbooks on her desk.

“Now, what is to be done?” she muses aloud to it, and pushes up the volume slider to see if there is an answer. And lo and behold, there are many, surging up to greet her — divergent desires voiced in Tamil and Java and binary numbers, all voices infinite and unending. Some wish for compassion,

others for potent mixtures of love and death — still more wish for successful job applications and public speaking skills.

Mary reaches out, makes a small tear in the ozone layer and pulls a boy back to his feet on a soccer field in Rio. She wipes away the beginnings of a flood in northwest China, where rock is choked by rain. With her pinkie finger, she stabilises a rickety boat at sea — but when she pulls her hand away, she accidentally nudges a tectonic plate and knocks over a woman’s shopping trolley. Mary watches people come and people go, listening as they talk of Michel- angelo. She watches the break of sticks, stones and bones alike; ribs sticking through skin, all hard all soft. Mary sees pain, too, like ink unfurling on silk — she tries to wipe it away but her fingers are clumsy and rough, and she ends up accidentally crushing a few bones in the process. Mary bites her lip ruefully and wipes the blood on her skirt, praying its coppery stain will wash out.

“ — Yes Margaret, five loaves, two fish. Yes, with sugar.” A pause. “Hello? Anyone there?”

Mary gropes for her phone and presses it to her ear. “Dad?” she says breathlessly.

“Oh, it’s you Mary! I told you not to call me dur- ing work hours, I am very, very busy.” As usual, her father’s voice is blustery and distracted, but Mary can hear the whisperings of a gameshow playing in the background. Doubtless, he is slacking off. “Five thousand delegates yet the caterer thinks five loaves and two fish would —”

“I need your help, Dad,” Mary interrupts. “Some- one sent me the world in a shoebox and I have no idea what to do.”

“Oh, that’s strange, dear,” he says vaguely. “Can’t you just return to sender?”

“There’s no return address,” Mary groans, biting back a scream of frustration. “What do I do? What if it blows up? What if —”

“I’m sure it’ll be fine,” he says with an air of an- noyance. “So what does it look like?”

“The world?”

“Yep. Does it look like a zany science project someone whipped up in six days?”

Mary stares at the world for a moment or two, and hesitates. It is most certainly a difficult thing to describe. She can’t even say for certain what shape or colour it assumes, or even *think* to explain how it fits into the circle of her palm...

“It’s like a machine with many parts,” Mary says at last. “So many that I can’t ever hope to count or fathom them. Cogs and wires, clockwork and cables — aortal cavities and nerve systems. Even ochre and glue.”

“Sounds marvellous.”

“Yeah,” Mary says distantly, eyes tracing a vein of persecution unfurling along the ridges of Myanmar. “Kind of.”

“Hmmm, well... is there a book with instructions or something?”

Mary thinks of the slip of paper, discarded on

her carpet. “Kind of,” she admits, “but it is very, very vague.”

“Aw.” Mary can hear the clicking of a mouse in the background. She imagines him seated at his oak desk, ignoring his unanswered inquiries and read- ing articles about the latest fishing rod technology instead. “Honey, I do have about 2.2 billion other calls waiting —”

“Why was it sent to me?” Mary’s voice rises into a whine. “My exams are coming up! I have readings! I really, really, *really* don’t need more stress!”

“Oh Mary, no need to be quite so contrary,” her father scolds. “The people should always have a say in shaping their world and this is your chance!”

Mary watches a wave of intolerance break over the shores of the third largest continent, vestiges of its vitriol clinging wretchedly to white picket fences. She has to close her eyes for a brief moment. “The problem is,” she says, voice breaking, “is that I don’t think I’d ever be able to choose right.”

“I’m sure many people feel the same way, honey.” She can hear the tap-tap-tapping of a keyboard in the background. “It’d be nice if you could get some help, hey? Some objective adjudicator who can weigh up all our dark sides and assess the shade of our best light? Someone who knows what’s best?”

Mary nods. *That’s why I called*, are the words that burn unuttered on her tongue. *I wanted — I hoped —*

“A machine,” her father cries in triumph. “Or a computer program! Something else to decide for us! What an ingenious investment for the Company that would be!”

“Dad,” Mary manages to say through gritted teeth. “That would be wonderful, but I doubt that’s going to happen anytime soon.”

“Oh, you never know,” he says with a jaunty, lurching laugh. “The rate of technological advance- ment these days is astrono —”

“Dad, *please!* The world!” She tries not to think about the crunch of those bones beneath her thumb, like pencil tips crumbling under pressure. “I’m pretty sure I’m supposed to help,” she tells him after a long moment. “But I tried, and only ended up hurting.”

“Perhaps the root of everything bad is you,” her father says casually, and Mary’s heart stutters and clenches at his words. “Well not you specifically, but people! Such selfish, uncooperative little bas- tards. What’s the reason for war, global warming, poverty —?”

“Dad,” Mary cuts in. “I’m not going to wipe out humanity.”

“I know,” he says, sighing into the phone. “But maybe you can pass it onto someone or something who *will?*”

Mary frowns. “But —”

“Gosh darling, we’ve been chatting for almost five minutes!” her father exclaims with a nervous laugh. “I really must dash! Best of luck to you though! And weren’t you just telling me yesterday how much you wanted to change the world?”

“Well, yes,” she says hesitantly. Very carefully, she lifts up the world with her free hand, taking care not to cause any avalanches or tsunamis. Worry gnaws worm-like in her heart. “I did say that.”

“Then this is a wonderful opportunity!” Mary winces at the jubilation in his voice. “Work hard and try your best and know that I will always love and believe —”

“But Dad —”

“ — in you. Let there be light in your mind, and there will be light. Love is patient, love is kind. May your path be straight. ”

“Dad,” she says, quieter now. “Please.”

But he continues. “But I say unto you — that the software of a free and lovely world be ever complex, filled with both real and imaginary numbers—and that the isolated singularity of its self-differentiating and self-integrating destiny be measured by the dis- tance between points I to D.”

Mary’s heart is sinking. She looks at the world resting in the palm of her left hand and can only try not to cry. “Thanks Dad,” she says through a sniffle. “That was so inspiring.”

× × ×

Mary’s father returns from the Company office several hours later. She greets him at the front door, ignores his protests and drags him by the sleeve back down the driveway, then the street — towards the post office. The evening sky is a cotton candy pink, and the two of them draw long, loping shad- ows along the pavement.

The world is back in the shoebox in which it came, ensconced in a new shield of bubble wrap. The FRAGILE sticker is still emblazoned on the lid. The only thing that Mary has made new is the ad- dress — and the name.

“What a waste,” her father sighs.

Mary tries not to flinch. “What can you expect of me?” she says defensively, desperately.

“Exams are in a week. I have to study and go to work. I’m *swamped*. I think it’s best to just...”

“Do nothing?” he finishes.

Mary glares. “Well, yeah,” she says stiffly.

“And the world will continue on exactly as it al- ways has.” Her father lets out a loud, barking laugh, but the sound rings hollow to her ears. “Hopefully the next person will make the right decisions, eh? Hopefully they pick up the mantle and do something real and good!”

“I’m not sure they will,” Mary muses aloud, not looking at him. “I’m not sure we can.”

She pushes the package into the red post box, and lets out a long, deep breath, raising her eyes to the sky. She waits for relief to flood over her, for the muscles in her shoulders to untense and unwind— but nothing happens.

“Here’s hoping,” Mary says, clasping her hands as if in prayer. She keeps waiting.

Simulation nation

LENA WANG / Third place non-fiction

When my life is a mess - when I can't find a job, or when my microwave pastry heats unevenly on the inside and outside - I play The Sims. Not to wreak havoc by removing pool ladders - rather, I derive satisfaction from helping my Sims get promoted, preventing their hunger bar from dipping too low, and planting trees. I harvest electronic fruit, even though in reality I inadvertently kill all unfortunate houseplants in my vicinity. I live vicariously via home décor while piles of unwashed clothes surround my bed in a moat of shame. I even make my Sims play The Sims on their computers. Such parallels lend themselves to existential angst. Why do I find these pixelated stories more compelling than my own? And why is there a social fixation instead on some notion of 'authenticity'?

The separation between real life and videogames is slim. Videogames require 'flow' - a process of completing rewarding tasks that strike a balance between being too challenging, to prevent frustration, and too easy, to prevent boredom. The Sims carefully creates rules and rewards in their gameplay to create that sensation of flow, even when completing mundane tasks like planting trees - because hey! we get a little virtual apple at the end, accompanied by a victorious musical riff. Similarly, to give ourselves a sense of flow, a sense of work-reward satisfaction, we create rules (social norms) and rewards (status, money, religious salvation, the respect from my parents that I will never again attain after dropping law) to become benchmarks for how far we've progressed and how much we've achieved in life. We've gamified the paradigms of our society.

Beyond social structures, our minds have a sim-

ilarly interesting process of constructing reality. Everything that we see and hear and indeed, think, are just neurochemical processes taking place in our brain - just electrons jumping from one neuron to the next, in a systematic, organised network. Electric signals in the cerebellum coordinate muscle movement, the occipital lobe interprets vision. 'Hearing' is just sound waves propagating to and vibrating your eardrums, which create signals in your brain that give you the sensation of hearing. You're literally hallucinating everything you perceive through electric signals in your brain.

Hypothetically, we could artificially stimulate specific neurons by passing electric signals into them, making you think you've heard or seen something when you haven't. Cochlear implants already turn sound wave vibrations into electric signals that are sent directly into the nerve endings that carry those signals into the brain, allowing those with poor biological hearing capacities to still perceive sound.

Elon Musk famously claimed there's a one in billions chance we aren't living in a simulation. Futuristic virtual reality (VR) could indeed stimulate the neurons in our biological brains, for ultra-realistic games. Further, some artificial intelligence could just simulate the very biological processes that make cognition possible on software, so we'd exist entirely virtually. How do we know if our reality is indeed 'real'?

This crusade for objective reality may be in vain. We use our flawed senses to input information from the world (whether it's my astigmatism, or a bad sense of smell), and process it in the flawed cognition systems of our brain (rife with biases, skewed judgments, and by-products of evolutionary fear).

We output it through flawed attempts at communication - filled with hesitations, misconstrued idioms, and grammatical errors. The hallucinations created by neural signals in our brains are themselves hindered by the subjective nature of our senses, and the limited way in which we can interact with our environment. Briefly, our terrible player interfaces prevent any sort of objective interaction with reality. We already exist in VR. In the words of modern philosopher Jaden Smith, "How Can Mirrors Be Real If Our Eyes Aren't Real?"

No matter how many acai bowls we consume, it may be impossible to #liveauthentic. Slowly but surely, we have all begun the process of cyborgization - first with pacemakers, and braces, and arguably more subtle body-changing technologies like waxing. But as these practices have entered public consciousness, they lose their contention and associations with the concept of 'augmentation'. It's not a matter of naturalness, it's a matter of shifting moralities - maybe in 10 years, brain-computer interfaces will be hailed as the new cochlear implants.

We're already fake. We're already inauthentic. Our bodies are supplanted by technologies, our social structures entirely constructed, our minds unable to objectively interface with reality. Yet authenticity cannot be a concern if it's impossible to achieve.

This doesn't mean we still can't derive pleasure from acai bowls. The Matrix, after all, still tells our brain that a steak is juicy and delicious. If we're stuck in this virtual, MMORPG together, we might as well enjoy harvesting apples, accruing promotions and status, and reaping the rewards of what we have engineered.

Rembrandt

THEO QUINN / Second place non-fiction

There's an AI that's painted a new Rembrandt. Critics say that they wouldn't be able to tell the difference between it and one that was actually painted by him. It was 3D printed, so that it even has the same brushstrokes visible that Rembrandt might have used.

Let's take a moment to wonder whether the Next Rembrandt actually created something. Unlike Rembrandt, it was never apprenticed to a painter - at least, not in the usual sense. It did examine every one of Rembrandt's previous works, looking for stylistic reoccurrences and similarity in subject matter. It then took all of that and made something new.

Or did it?

After all, it looks like Rembrandt painted it. If Rembrandt had made another painting, then this one might have been the painting he made. The painting is, after all, known as the 'Next Rembrandt', rather than a work by an AI who happens to paint like Rembrandt. That's important. It isn't supposed to be a painting like Rembrandt's. It's supposed to be Rembrandt's. Perhaps, then, it's more useful to say that the AI created a forgery - admittedly, a forgery of a work that doesn't exist, but a forgery nevertheless.

It's a forgery of a work that had the potential to exist, and that's the problem.

Take, for example, Kafka's 'The Trial'. The novel isn't finished. Despite Kafka's status as one of the great canonical authors, there haven't been any published attempts by other authors to finish the novel (unlike

Dickens' 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood'). There exists a work that could potentially be written - one might argue that there's a greater degree of 'potential existence' to 'The Trial' than there is to the Next Rembrandt. After all, 'The Trial' actually exists, even in an unfinished form. Could it not be possible, then, to create an AI that could examine Kafka's works for stylistic reoccurrences and similarity in subject matter, and then create a finished version of the novel? If an AI can create a Rembrandt so flawless that critics can't distinguish between the two, then why can't it create a finished Kafka?

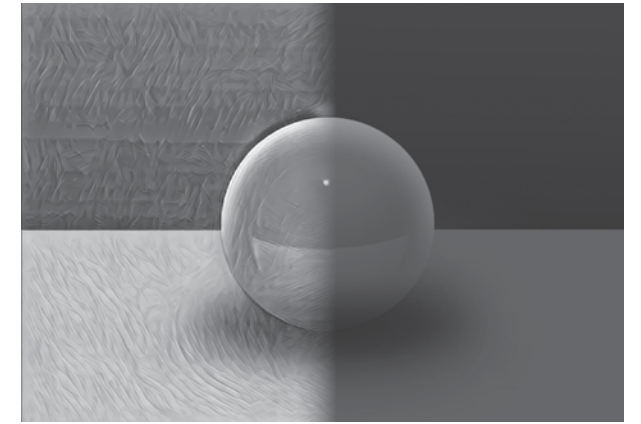
Or combine the two, perhaps? Make a painting born from the mind of Kafka with the skill of Rembrandt?

If there was an AI that painted like Kafka would, if he had the skill of Rembrandt, what would it paint? I'm not sure. Something new. Perhaps, then, the AI could be thought to have been an apprentice to both of those great masters. It could create works that were in the style of both - and, therefore, in the style of neither. It would be something new.

And if you could do that, then you could keep feeding the AI new authors, new artists, and it would keep turning out new works. It would do it faster than a human, and you'd never have to worry about the AI not finishing something.

Then we get to the crux of the issue. Why would you read something that a human made? Why would you look at something that a human painted? An AI

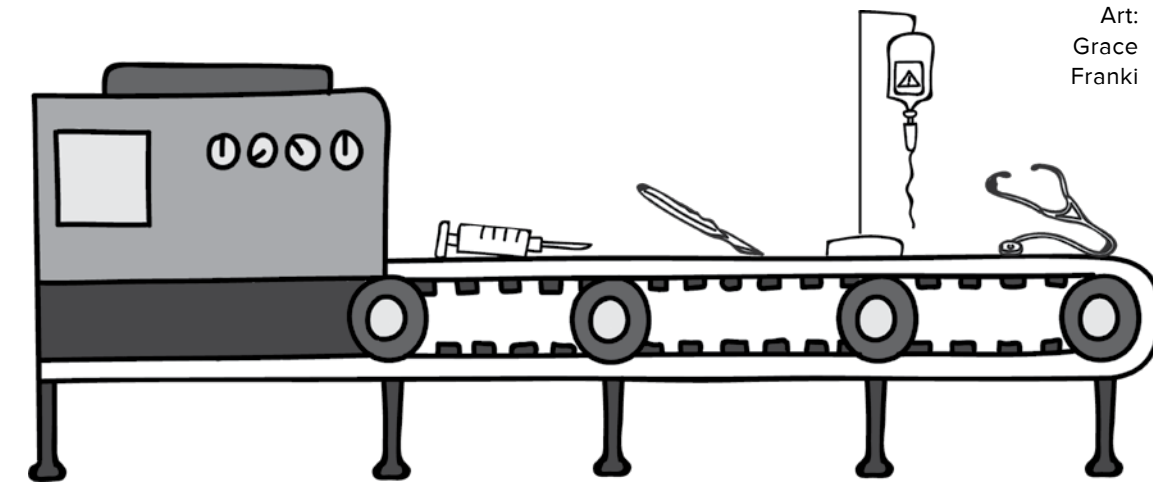
Image: Left half generated by the Deep Dream Generator based on right half by RMazzocato



can write faster. If an AI had written 'A Song of Ice and Fire', there would be no worries about the gap of years between books - it could churn out a series in a few moments. It could fill an art gallery, hindered only by the speed of a 3D printer. Would you read something just because a human wrote it? Why would you? Outside of a literature class, how much do you really think about who wrote something? If you had a choice between the glacially slow publishing of George R. R. Martin, or an AI that wrote the entire series and more in a handful of seconds, why wouldn't you take the immediate gratification of the AI?

The cancer conveyor belt

LAUREN POOLE / First place non-fiction



Cancer treatment is often a game of automation and statistics; input your diagnosis and stage and the medical machine will spit out what you need to do. Whether its milliliters of chemotherapy, doses of radiation, milligrams in a pill, everything is measured and calculated to the smallest possible unit. You need precisely the right amount - too much, you cause secondary cancers; too little and the original cancer never leaves.

Before I was even diagnosed, I was a statistic. Statistically my tumour should have been benign; the chances of malignancy were theoretically 1 in 100. Except that statistics don't always work in your favour.

From the moment the pathology was confirmed, plans were put in place. Specialists were called, scans were ordered and surgery was booked. The cancer conveyor belt began. Behind every action was a process; pros and cons, what would help me survive versus what would give me quality of life. It feels in those moments as if medicine is far more primitive than I had always imagined. I thought modern medicine was silent shiny machines and microscopes, not big needles, scalpels and saws. Much of cancer is still on the edge of medicine; there are protocols but not every situation has a solution and there is certainly no cure.

Even in young people with early cancers like myself, there is no security of survival. I have no guarantee - even in remission - that my cancer will nor return, more vengeful than ever.

It is difficult not to personify cancer; it is, after all, a bane of medicine, a scourge on the lives of many. But on some level everything about it is mechanical. At some stage, cancer is just one stray cell, one tiny mutation, one microscopically, infinitesimally small error in the unbelievable system that is the human body. It just so happened that that error can grow, can spread and corrupt the cells around it. It's a malware without any firewalls; if it can it will metastasize until it fills every inch of your body.

But the cancer conveyer belt is becoming more complex. With every passing day there are new discoveries, new technologies, new chemotherapies, immunotherapies, proton therapies. There are research studies and trials occurring in every country on earth. For the common cancer patient today, there is an array of treatment options tailored to the exact gene mutation, to hormone receptivity, to your genetic makeup, to your very DNA. Simply the number of chemotherapies available, in infinite combinations, means that

more common cancers can have tailored treatment plans and are studied extensively for the absolute best outcome. Survival for common cancers has increased 40 % in the last 50 years.

The same cannot be said for rare cancers. Despite making up 30% of diagnoses and roughly 50% of cancer deaths, rare cancer treatments and outcomes have often remained stagnant. For some - like my own cancer - there are no accepted chemotherapy or radiation treatment. I was told the only option available to me was to amputate the part of my body where the tumour was; I did it because there was no choice. Unbelievably, I discovered that if my cancer has spread there was only one trial in Australia to which I could have been included. Even in America - arguably the heart of modern cancer research - there are just two experimental chemotherapy trials. In both cases, the cancer still has an up to 85% chance of recurrence. The main course of treatment is amputation. In a world of state of the art medicine, how is it possible that the main course of action for patients like myself with sarcomas (which disproportionately affect children and young people) is surgery?

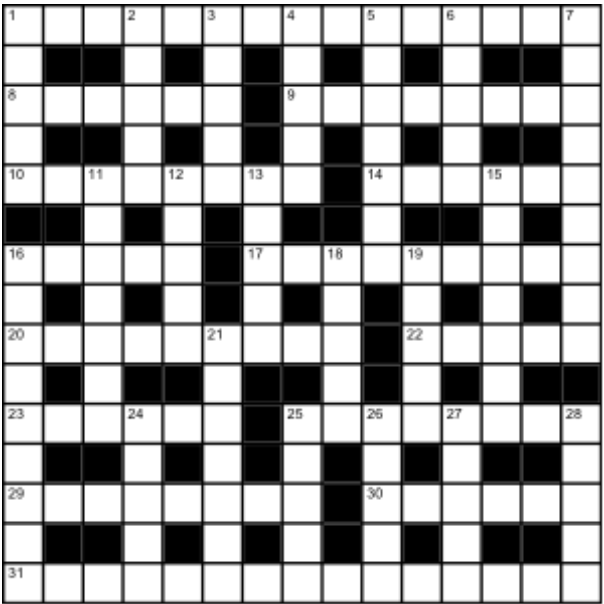
For a disease group that routinely takes 70 or 60 years off a patient's lifespan, it is almost incomprehensible that sarcomas still receive less than 1% of research funding. Particularly in the light of research suggesting incidence has increased 14-18% since the late 1990s. For the children and young people of today and tomorrow, rare and aggressive cancers can be just as much their reality as computers, virtual reality and whatever iPhone Apple releases next.

We need to invest in research and clinical trials; we need more new treatments available to more patients. Just because a cancer is rare and unusual doesn't mean the lives it ruins aren't as valuable and worthy of saving. By investing in research and awareness now. Sadly for someone, somewhere, the cancer conveyer belt starts today. That conveyer belt can be primitive, torturous and soul destroying; anything we can do to make it enduring and ultimately survivable is essential.

Art:
Risako
Katusmata

Art:
Grace
Franki

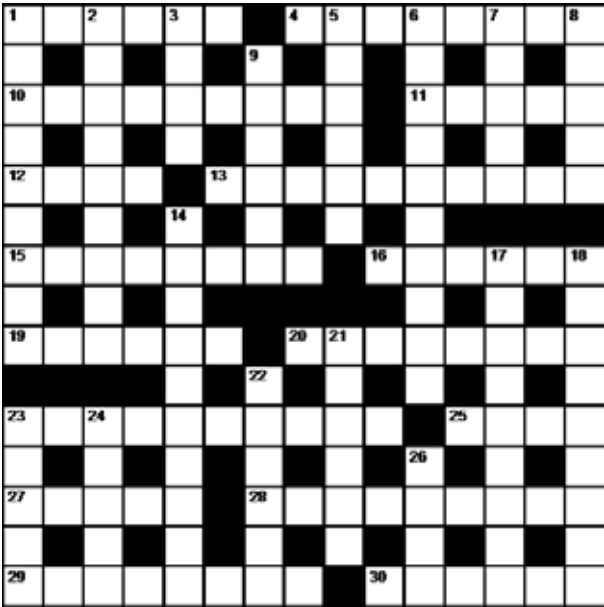
Quick



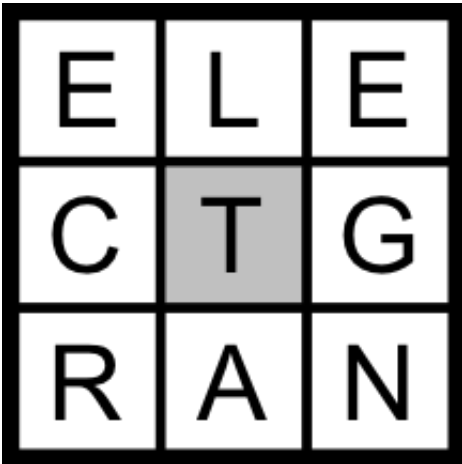
Puzzles by Cloud Runner.

If you're interested in puzzles, check out CrossSoc, USyd's own crossword and puzzles society.

Cryptic



Target



Target Rules:
Minimum 4 letters per word. 5 words: surely you can do better!, 10 words: much to learn you still have, 15 words: a surprise to be sure, but a welcome one.

Across

- 1. Popular nut (6,9)
- 8. Fill up (6)
- 9. What you might be doing to a burger (8)
- 10. Instruction to attend court (8)
- 14. Type of eastern cuisine (6)
- 16. Blended (5)
- 17. Arancini and Onigiri are types of this dish (4,5)
- 20. A starting point (6,3)
- 22. You can spend these in the eurozone (5)
- 23. The first course (6)
- 25. Least tidy (8)
- 29. What you shouldn't be at the dinner table (8)
- 30. Connected to the internet (6)
- 31. Bunnings staple (7,8)

Down

- 1. Irrational numbers (5)
- 2. A good type of card (5)
- 3. Gabbana's partner (5)
- 4. Below or further on (5)
- 5. Unappealing American snack (7)
- 6. Edible flower bud (5)
- 7. Life forms (9)
- 11. Goes well with a cup of tea (7)
- 12. Your waiter takes this (5)
- 13. A drug dealer (5)
- 15. Supersize (7)
- 16. Places where fish are farmed (9)
- 18. French cream (5)
- 19. Dr Dre's favourite vegetables (5)
- 21. Dinnertime (7)
- 24.Origins (5)
- 25. Encounters (5)
- 26. Comes in tea or table form (5)
- 27. Related by marriage (2-3)
- 28. A human has 32 of these (5)

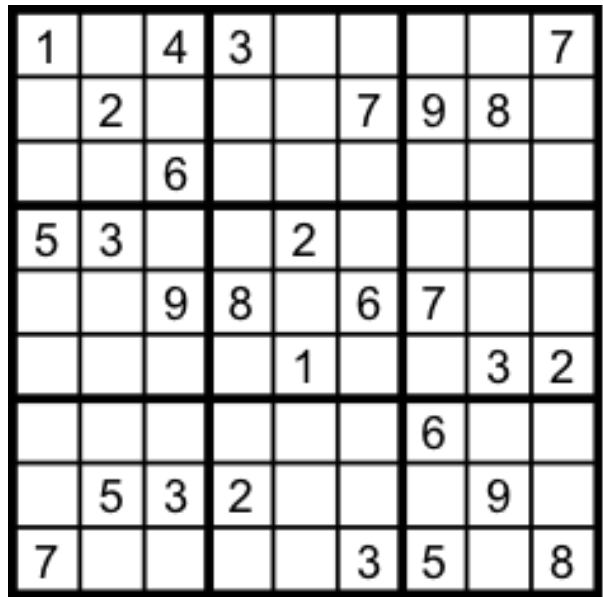
Across

- 1. Chef, I state in the end, almost created first mush-room ice-cream flavour (7,3,5)
- 8. May a gorilla have an appetizer? (6)
- 9. Dispose of bath in ditch (8)
- 10. Heat resistant material best in a crisis (8)
- 14. Type of egg in overseas teriyaki (6)
- 16. West African fritter regularly takes fancy cereal (5)
- 17. Hopeless without circular exercise after bugle call has no effect (9)
- 20. Opus rewritten, embrace some silverware (9)
- 22. Unwell, drip put back inside the intestines (5)
- 23. Use flu remedy - it works (6)
- 25. Twins rip out component of an engine (5,3)
- 29. Moving to chalet might be dryer? (3,5)
- 30. Smear Italian sides with salt, they say (6)
- 31. Endangered lions stewed some edible weeds (9,6)

Down

- 1. Sweet drink from the Morocco coast (5)
- 2. Scoundrel is a big force on the street (5)
- 3. English expression for a gathering (5)
- 4. Found in Chilean desert! (5)
- 5. Shifting deserts reveal a course (7)
- 6. Many papers smear doctor (5)
- 7. Sage and Irish ham - a mistake (9)
- 11. For the reasons that be: cook sauce (7)
- 12. Part of Aves, white, with slender head! (5)
- 13. Originally rubbish, but gradually performing progressively better (5)
- 15. Mens accessory is "epic", "lit", "turnt" (3,4)
- 16. Abused donkey essentially mauls Ted (9)
- 18. Admit Queen is a keeper (5)
- 19. They store honey and chives without ascorbic acid (5)
- 21. Clive, without hesitation, starts openly investing lots in unethical foodstuff (4,3)
- 24. Looked at surface on a penny (5)
- 25. Hooray! A North American shrub! (5)
- 26. Loudly I sing a cover of "Sugar" (5)
- 27. Going up without booking, finally gets at restaurant in the law building (5)
- 28. Cash registers? (5)

Sudoku



BLAND DESIGNS

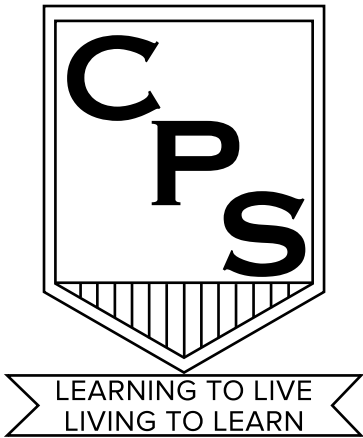
Sydney has been blighted in recent years by the construction of tower upon tower of ugly flats. I will not go into too much detail about the usual charges of boxiness, sameness and lifelessness. The current wave is marked by the prevalence of rendering, by the use of extruded slabs which jut out, almost as frames, from the edges of each building and, oddly, by the inclusion of strange adornments such as grills, monochromatic brickwork and spots of bright colour. Concrete and glass dominate as usual. The flats are aggressively marketed with glossy pamphlets. They are given hollow names signifying nothing save a vague sense of luxury. A small strip of shops in my native Epping is now dominated by half a dozen temporary display suites. These, like the flats, are decorated with white walls and mass produced plastic furniture.

Unlike the beautiful bungalows and federation houses shamelessly demolished in this recent wave of construction, the flats lack articles of craftsmanship like finials, leadlight and stained-glass windows and plastered ceilings. Buildings of public significance have also fallen victim to the cull. The stately GPO building is likely to be gutted and stuffed with flats of the kind just described. We can only hope that the construction does not disturb the glorious spandrels carved in the late 19th century by Tomasi Sani, an Italian immigrant, in a manner at once realist and classicising. These details have meaning. The blandly designed flats that now scar Sydney do not. They are monuments to rent.



I recognise that some may argue that craftsmanship is trivial in the midst of a housing crisis. Yet these flats are sold at high prices and are not a solution to that problem. Their shabby and hurried construction is a real concern in the wake of Grenfell. A broader worry is what living in dwellings designed in this way, without gardens or allotments, means for our society. Bland design is the mark of a bland people. **DN**

The Camperdown Public Chatterbox



Honi's very own Kishor Napier-Raman). Miranda Devine piled on too over at the *Daily Telegraph*. We're sure USyd's media team is loving all of the University's exposure right now.

THE FERNANDO AFFAIR

The next day, word got round that there was a legit Holocaust denier running for SRC on Vanguard, as Honi reported last week. Said Holocaust denier, Sukith Fernando actually spent hours hiding out in the chemistry building because apparently Antifa had sent people after him. He was confronted, challenged and decided not to actively contest the SRC election, though he'll remain on the ballot.

The Fernando affair did not look good for Vision's Liberal presidential candidate Brendan Ma, who Vanguard is endorsing for the position. In an opportunistic (albeit tactical) attempt to downplay links between his ticket and fascists, Ma offered to stage a tripartite photo shoot condemning Fernando and his views. The purpose, Ma told *Honi*, was to make sure "that whatever campaign people supported, they knew we all detested antisemitism and discrimination". StandUp's Bella Pytko and Switch's Imogen Grant both declined the offer, leading to a heating discus-

sion between the three on the Redfern run. As Pytko noted "Sukith's views were well known and accessible on his public Facebook profile as was his membership in Pauline Hanson's supporters groups and attendance at far right 'Reclaim Australia' rallies" long before he was preselected to be on a ticket aligned with Ma's. Not to mention the fact that Vanguard is authorised by Liberal Board Director Hengjie Sun, a member of the same young Liberal faction as Ma. Reading between the lines, it seems Pytko and Grant felt Ma didn't deserve the PR benefit of a united photo opp when it was his group that had stuffed up so magnificently. To avoid doubt, Ma has reiterated his desire not to receive Vanguard preferences, but noted that "from my understanding Vanguard has said it's up to them who they preference if at all". Consequently Ma — or some other candidate — may still end up with tainted preferences. By the time this paper hits stands, we'll know for sure.

DUKE, DUKE GOOSE

It turns out that writing about Holocaust deniers tends to attract more Holocaust deniers. Since last Friday, when we published an article and video footage of huge moron, literal Holocaust denier and cooker king

Sukith Fernando getting owned so hard he dropped out of the SRC race, our Facebook comments and Twitter mentions have been crawling with the worst people on the internet.

Having our posts relentlessly disturbed by the worst people in existence is indeed worrying. However it is also super hilarious that their new hero is a guy whose major claim to fame is getting yelled at for a whole six minute video, where he is given multiple chances to speak but never actually argues his point at all, and instead just pathetically gives up and concedes. In some of the extended footage Honi captured, he takes off his own campaign shirt at the suggestion of the crowd and is called an idiot by his fellow ticket member, David Wan. What a snowflake!

And then it got weirder. Honi has a long and storied history of pissing off very bad people. But none of our haters are quite as bad as David Duke, the former Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, and one of America's most notoriously evil white supremacists, who took time out of a day inevitably spent hating everyone and everything to retweet our video of Fernando, along with a characteristically tasteless anti-Semitic caption.

Does this mean that all of Honi's critics should be lumped into a group that includes former KKK leader David Duke? That's for you to decide.

How to draw Dinkus and Dongle!

STEP 1: Sketch



STEP 2: Clean Up + Layout Tweaks



STEP 3: Bubble + Tone



STEP 4: Lettering



From here, there and everywhere...

ZUSHAN HASHMI | DSP AT SUPRA | POETRY & PROSE

*As I look beyond the evergreen
plains, and as I breathe in the
scent of the oceans,*

*I realise the trials
that lie within me,*

*As I am not quite here, yet I am
not quite there, but indeed,
I am everywhere.*

*From the mountains, from
the forests, from the sands,
from the seas,*

*I understand that I am a human,
with a consciousness,*

*More blessed than many,
but never quite possessing
what others took from me,*

*Watching, comprehending,
contemplating, speaking,*

*My doubled thoughts
and troubled tongues
leave me wondering,*

*What is it that caused the
manifestation of that which
lies in between?*

*Beyond the skies and beneath
the Earth, everything and
nothing – all at once.*

*For that is the life of a wanderer
– tribeless, aimless, without
a cause,*

*Discovering themselves,
as they seek the externalities
around them,*

*As is the life of a dreamer
– full of hope, ambition plenty,
without a pause,*

Enquiring as to what defines

*them, and placing it into the
world around them,*

*After all, they are - Not from here
and not from there, but indeed,
they are from everywhere.*

*Indeed, we are from
everywhere.*

Need Help with your Tax Returns? Get in Touch

*Are you a domestic or interna-
tional postgraduate student?
Have you been working in a
full-time, part-time or casual
role between 2016 and 2017?
Are you unsure of how to file
your tax returns? Well, this
service is just for YOU!*

Tax returns for the 2016-2017 financial year must be completed by the 31st of October, and yes, we know that feeling of dread, most people do not like doing their taxes, and often end up avoiding them until it's too late! Unfortunately, what a lot of us miss or forget is that we can claim money on our taxes through the tax returns (who doesn't like having some extra cash lying around, right?)



That's why you can get in touch with SUPRA to help you out with these tax returns! Tax Help is a network of ATO-trained and accredited community volunteers who provide a free and confidential service to help people complete their tax returns online using myTax. In 2017 SUPRA will offer this service for postgraduate students on Friday mornings until the 27th October 2017 at the SUPRA offices. Please visit our website (www.supra.net.au) to check if you are eligible for Tax Help, book an appointment with us and to find a list of documents you will need to get ready before you come to an appointment.

So.... What are you waiting for?

Meet your Reps!

JENNIFER NICHOLSON



My name is Jennifer and I am a PhD student in the department of English. My thesis conceptualises Shakespeare as a translator of French sources in writing 'Hamlet', and I also work more broadly on multilingual influences in English Renaissance literary production. While I started my first semester of undergraduate study here at Sydney, I transferred to complete my degree elsewhere. I returned in March 2016 to begin my postgraduate studies and have really enjoyed it so far! My role in SUPRA is as one of the general councillors, and I am involved in the Finance and Policy subcommittees.

RACHEL EVANS



Hi there, my name is Rachel Evans and I'm studying a Masters of Research in Indigenous Resistance. I was the SUPRA Queer Office-bearer in 2015-2016 and am the current Education Office-bearer. I've helped with various campaigns including the Save Sydney College of the Arts campaign. I'm a Socialist Alliance member and active in the fight for various rights. I'm with the Postgraduate Action ticket who stand against the corporate university. I have helped formulate SUPRAs 'Educate to Liberate - Log of Claims' campaign and am dedicated to helping two unions on campus win better wages and conditions for staff. See you all at a SUPRA event soon!

Stress and Mental Health

Reprinted from www.headspace.org.au

Good mental health is about being able to work and study to your full potential, cope with day-to-day life stresses, be involved in your community, and live your life in a free and satisfying way. A person who has good mental health has good emotional and social wellbeing and the capacity to cope with change and challenges.

Feeling down, tense, angry or anxious are all normal emotions. But when these feelings persist for long periods of time they may be part of a mental health problem. Mental health problems can influence how you think and your ability to function in your everyday activities, whether at school, at work or in relationships.

There are a number of things you can do to look after and maintain your mental health and wellbeing. For example, many people cope with stress by getting involved with sports, exercising, meditating, or practising yoga or relaxation techniques. Others express themselves through art, such as poetry, writing or music. What you eat might also affect your mood – a well-balanced diet will help keep you both physically and mentally healthy.

It can be helpful to talk to someone about what's going on in your life if you have noticed a change in how you are feeling and thinking. Getting support can help you keep on track at school, study or work, and in your personal and family relationships. The sooner you get help the sooner things can begin to improve for you.

If you are unsure how to ask for help, here a few ways to start:

Local Students

If you are a local student, go to a GP to get a mental health care plan that will allow 6 appointments. If you need further counseling, another 6 appointments can be added. Remember if you need more than 12 appointments in a year, you may have to be treated for a different condition e.g. stress instead of anxiety. After you have your mental health care plan, book in with the psychologist your GP refers you to. You will either need to pay upfront and then receive the Medicare rebate, or be bulk billed.

International students or students without Medicare

Go to a GP and get a referral to a clinical psychologist. Book in with the clinical psychologist and tell reception your international student status. You will need to pay upfront, and then claim the rebate through your Overseas Student Health Cover (OSHC). *NOTE: the referral from the GP is not the mental health plan. The paperwork is different and getting it wrong will delay any rebate.*

Useful Phone Numbers

*If you are feeling at risk of self harm contact Lifeline's 24 hour crisis support service on 13 11 14 or seek immediate help from a GP, psychiatrist or a psychologist

*If in a life threatening situation call 000 to receive immediate help

Lifeline: 13 11 14

24-hour phone counselling and crisis support.



Mental Health Line (NSW): 1800 011 511

24-hour mental health telephone access service – available to speak with someone about the various feelings associated with trying to help someone with a mental illness and also talk through about how to care for your own mental health.

Youth Block Youth Health Service: 9562 5640

Service for adolescents aged 12-25 years of age, providing counselling, health promotion, health education, medical clinic, and community development. There is a doctor and nurse clinic, outreach clinics held at Belmore Youth Resource Centre.

Transcultural Mental Health Service. Ph: 02 98403767 or 02 9840 3899, Toll Free: 1800 648 911. (Monday to Friday, 8:30am to 5:00pm)

Work in partnership with mental health services, consumers, careers and the community to improve the mental health of people from culturally and linguistically diverse communities living in NSW.

Beyond Blue: 1300 224 636

Provides information and support for

people, family and friends suffering from depression and anxiety. Also have a register online if you need to search for a registered counselor.

Twenty 10 : 8594 9555

Large range of services for people identifying as lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, queer or questioning, and intersex (LGBTQI) and under 26 years.

Gay & Lesbian Counselling Service: (02) 8594 9596

Volunteer based community service providing free, anonymous and confidential telephone counselling, Information and referral services and support groups for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex (LGBTI) people, their friends and family and the wider community throughout New South Wales.

The Gender Centre: 9569 2366

Services and activities for people with "gender issues".

The University of Sydney Counselling and Psychological Services: 8627 8433 or 8627 8437

Provides free and confidential services to all currently enrolled students at the University.

Ask Abe

SRC caseworker HELP Q&A

CENTRELINK OVERPAYMENT

Dear Abe,

I received a letter from Centrelink that I have been overpaid and I owe hundreds of dollars back. I heard recently in the news that Centrelink has been falsely accusing people of owing debts. Do I have to pay this money back if I really need it?

Broke

Dear Broke,

If Centrelink write to say you've been overpaid Youth Allowance or Austudy and owe them money, don't ignore it. Deal with it straight away and quickly.

Check the facts and the letter. Check your University or financial records to see if you really have been overpaid. It may be because they think you have

The Ask Abe column allows you to ask whatever question you might have that affects you as a student, gaining the best advice that a very worldly mutt* can give.



not declared your correct income or have not told them that you have gone part-time (i.e less than 18 cp per semester). You may need to ask for a copy of your Centrelink 'file' too. If they get it wrong, you can appeal.

If the debt is legitimate, check that it is the correctly calculated amount. They deal with thousands of people everyday. It would not be unheard of for them to make a mistake. Did they get the dates and amounts right? If you have had a problem ("breach") with them before you may also be charged a further 10% penalty. They can give you this penalty also if you have been reckless or misleading when giving them information. You can appeal a 10% penalty too.

Ideally you would pay off your debt as quickly as possible. Talk to the University's Financial Assistance Office to

see if they will give you an interest free loan. Paying them quickly will show Centrelink that you genuinely want to mend the error of your ways. But if you have no way of paying it off, negotiate a payment plan with them. They can also take it out of your on-going Centrelink payment. They may want to take more money than you can likely afford. Be prepared to explain to them how this will cause you financial hardship by outlining how much you spend on things like rent, food and medication. The main thing is to keep in contact with them.

If you have deliberately given incorrect information that has caused an overpayment, this is a serious issue. For example, if you have been working, but have not declared your income, and you have accumulated a debt of over \$10, 000 (or lower in some other circumstances) Centrelink will not only

have you repay the debt but also try to prosecute you for fraud, which can carry a sentence of up to 12 months in jail. The SRC strongly recommends that you consult with a SRC Caseworker before talking to Centrelink. In general we suggest you only consider answering questions in writing, and do not answer any questions in a recorded interview.

If you have been overpaid because of a mistake that they made, not due to incorrect or false information from you, then you may be able to keep that money even though it is an overpayment. There are some reasonably rare occasions where you may be able to get your debt written off or waived (cancelled). Of course there are conditions. Talk to SRC Help about this too.

Abe

President’s Report

As you’re reading this report there’s probably a collective sigh of relief spreading over the student body. We’re only a few days away from mid-semester break and it’s almost the end of the SRC elections. If you’re reading this on Wednesday or Thursday and you haven’t voted in the SRC elections, please consider taking 5 minutes out of your day to have your voice heard. It’s super easy to get overwhelmed by the swarms of people in coloured shirts and forget why these elections are important. They’re important because this is your SRC. The SRC is here to

represent you and we’re funded by your money. So vote to make sure that the people leading this organisation next year are people who are experienced, people who you can trust and people who will fight for you. Last Wednesday the SRC joined the NTEU in their 24 hr strike action. SRC activists and office bearers joined the picket lines and spoke to students about why the strikes were happening and why it’s important to support our staff. While the strikes were successful in shutting down most of the uni, the fight continues. University manage-

ment is still yet to commit to job security for staff, they have not offered an actual pay rise and they refuse to increase the conditions of casual workers. The NTEU has voted to take further industrial action for 48hrs on the 4 and 5 of October and the SRC will continue to stand in solidarity with their struggle. Unfortunately last week a homophobic stall appeared on eastern avenue with “It’s Okay to Vote No” signs. Students at this stall were overheard equating homosexuality with pedophilia, incest and bestiality. The SRC

strongly condemns this hurtful and hateful rhetoric and we have written to the Vice-Chancellor to express our disappointment. I wanted to take this time to remind you all that we can’t be complacent when it comes to marriage equality. In order to win we need to shut down these bigots wherever they appear. There’s a post office in the Pharamcy Building on campus - don’t forget to vote YES and drop off your ballot.

Note: This page is given over to the office bearers of the Students’ Representative Council. The reports below are not edited by the editors of *Honi Soit*.

Education Officers’ Report

The Education Officers did not submit a report this week

Wom*n’s Officers’ Report

The Wom*n’s Officers did not submit a report this week

Social Justice Officers’ Report

The Social Justice Officers did not submit a report this week

Queer Officers’ Report

The Queer Officers did not submit a report this week

Mature Age Officers’ Report

The Mature Age Officers’ did not submit a report this week





Get free help with your tax return from a Tax Help volunteer

> Are your tax affairs simple?
> Do you earn around \$50,000 or less?

Available to all USyd students from August to October at Students’ Representative Council (SRC) & Sydney University Postgraduate Representative Association (SUPRA).

To book an appointment go to: srcusyd.net.au/src-help/tax-help



 Create your myGov account and link to the ATO before your Tax Help appointment.

IN A PICKLE?



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



Level 1, Wentworth Bldg, University of Sydney
p: 02 9660 5222 | w: src.usyd.edu.au
e: solicitor@src.usyd.edu.au
ACN 146 653 143 | MARN 1276171

法律諮詢
法律アドバイス

We have a solicitor who speaks Cantonese, Mandarin & Japanese



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CASH

...FOR YOUR TEXTBOOKS!

USE THAT CASH HOWEVER YOU LIKE,
BUY OTHER TEXTBOOKS CHEAP FROM US,
OR GO BUY WHATEVER YOU WANT.



BUY & SELL

Level 4, Wentworth Building, University of Sydney
(Next to the International Lounge)

p: 02 9660 4756 | w: src.usyd.edu.au/src-books



When does your student visa run out?

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

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

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

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

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



Level 1, Wentworth Bldg, University of Sydney
p: 02 9660 5222 | w: src.usyd.edu.au
e: solicitor@src.usyd.edu.au
ACN 146 653 143 | MARN 1276171



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24

Parental bond-
ing somehow very
wholesome



In shocking new development, not a single toxic behavior passed on during bonding time **P2»**



Man calling woman ‘fat slut’ from
car was just trying to empower her

Mary Ward
Traffic Reporter

A man shouting “fat slut” at a woman from a moving car has defended his behaviour, saying he only meant to empower the women and alleging that “every feminist worth their salt” has reclaimed these terms.

Keiran Young, 23, was spotted driving northbound along King Street yelling at a woman walking alone in the opposite direction, near the Missenden Road intersection.

After slowing his car to a crawl beside her, Young yelled “fat slut” at the woman before promptly speeding away.

Speaking after the incident, Mr Young

said he departed the scene swiftly because he did not want to have to mansplain the nuanced semiotics of gendered language to the woman.

“I just wanted to let her know that I was a woke ally, but then I didn’t want to make her feel like I was a better feminist than her by explaining that. Even if I am.”

“I’ve just finished reading Roxane Gay’s *Hunger*,” Mr Young said. “And one of the big takeaways for me is how she really embraces the term ‘super morbidly obese’, so I think I’m going to try that one out next.”



The back of the catcaller’s car featured a sticker that read: ‘This is what a feminist looks like’

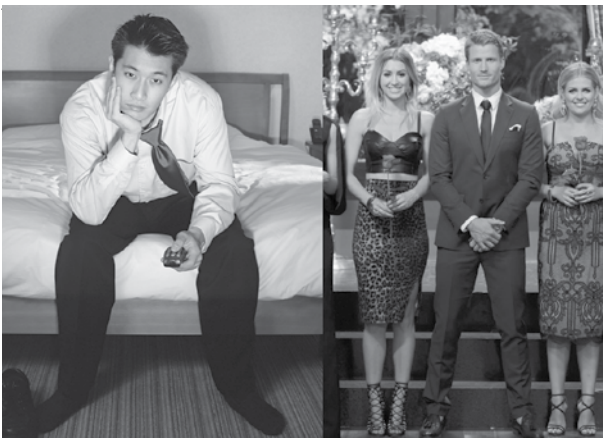
We objectively rank your
top eight best, and worst,
dead family members



You’ll be surprised to find out which one your Uncle Greg was on (he was secretly very racist) **P6»**

Local man sits down to
‘ironically’ watch The
Bachelor season finale
for the 5th year in a row

Aidan Molins
Australian Literature Expert



Garvey, (left) really, really hopes this is the final series of the show

In a shocking development, local man Tim Garvey has unsuccessfully attempted to convince his friends and family for the 13th time in just under three months that his viewing of Network Ten’s reality TV series *The Bachelor* is simply ironic, and not indicative of a genuine appreciation of the show.

“It’s not as if I actually like this, guys. Come on, guys,” Garvey announced late last week. “I’m watching it from a feminist perspective, yeah. Like, it’s so sexist and de-meaning, that it’s, like, funny, obviously. Why else would I be watching it?”

“I’m really worried about Tim,” Tim’s girlfriend, Rochelle, told *The Garter*. “I don’t know who he’s trying to fool, trying to play off [*The Bachelor*] as anything other than his favourite show. I’m less concerned about the show’s hyper-sexualised style, transparent drama or insincere connections, but more that Tim thinks we’re duped into thinking he’s watching it from an absurdist or mocking perspective. I mean, come on.”

Last week when Rochelle and Tim went rock climbing, Tim brought along a promise ring and a rose, and told Rochelle that, “His heart is really opening up”.

“I wish he could just be confident enough to express his love for the bloody TV show,” Rochelle said. “Or stop expecting me to wear a cocktail dress 24 hours a day.”

Online homophobe al-
ready planning next
hill to die on after ‘no’
campaign fails

Aidan Molins
Political Correspondent



Terry Rodding, hard at work

Terry Rodding, a 20 year old engineering student from Dee Why is looking to hedge his bet in the case that the no campaign fails to win the postal plebiscite on same sex marriage. The young conservative, who has taken up the cause of launching long, barely readable arguments against acquaintances on Facebook who update their profile picture with a frame from the “yes” campaign, is looking for the next dying cultural norm to hitch himself to as its position in the zeitgeist becomes becomes displaced by moderately progressive values.

Desperate for a conservative project to undyingly fight the losing side of, Rodding has been exploring options, to some success.

“Yeah I’ve looked into fighting against transgender people’s rights, that seems like it could be a lot of fun. But the whole gender thing is just so confusing. I mean, I don’t want to actually learn anything. That’s just not what I’m about as a person.”

Distraught and out of options, Rodding has had to turn to turn back to old favorites from the conservative playbook.

“I mean, I know the whole debate about interracial marriage is done and dusted, but so far I’ve figured out it really is a lot of fun to just internally stew whenever one of the white girls from my high school dates a brown dude.”

Master Lock set to
start making padlocks
utilising the same
indestructable
materials
used in
Chupa Chup
wrappers



Tech
P11»

Wow: This student’s life in such a sham-
bles, they miss every appointment in-
tended to improve things

Nick Harriott
Lifestyle Guru

Riddle me this: what kind of person misses a check up with their doctor, doesn’t get their car serviced, avoids an appointment at Head-space and cancels dinner with their parents? If you ask Ashleigh Murphy, she might say, “a piece of shit,” but that’s exactly the kind of damaging self talk that she would be better able to manage if she had turned up to Head-space Camperdown last week.

When I first sat down to interview Ashleigh, she didn’t show up. Ten minutes after our meeting was supposed to begin, my phone lit up with apologetic notifications.

The second time I sat down to interview Ashleigh was two weeks and several asynchronous Messenger conversations later.

“I’m glad we’ve finally got the chance to sit down,” I offered as we settled into our booth at the cafe.

“Yeah, sorry about last time,” Ashleigh replied, “I don’t really have an explanation and I also don’t want to lie to you....” She trailed off and shrugged – but to her credit, did not lie.

When pressed to talk about her growing list of missed engagements Ashleigh was blunt, “Yeah, it sucks. It kind of just snow-balls and then I get super anxious and I hate myself and then I miss more things and then it all just happens again. It’s really fun.”

It was reassuring to me that Ashleigh still had a dry sense of humour about her life as it fell apart at the seams. It was at that moment that her phone started to ring. She glanced at the number and then turned her phone screen down on the table.

“Who’s that?” I inquired.

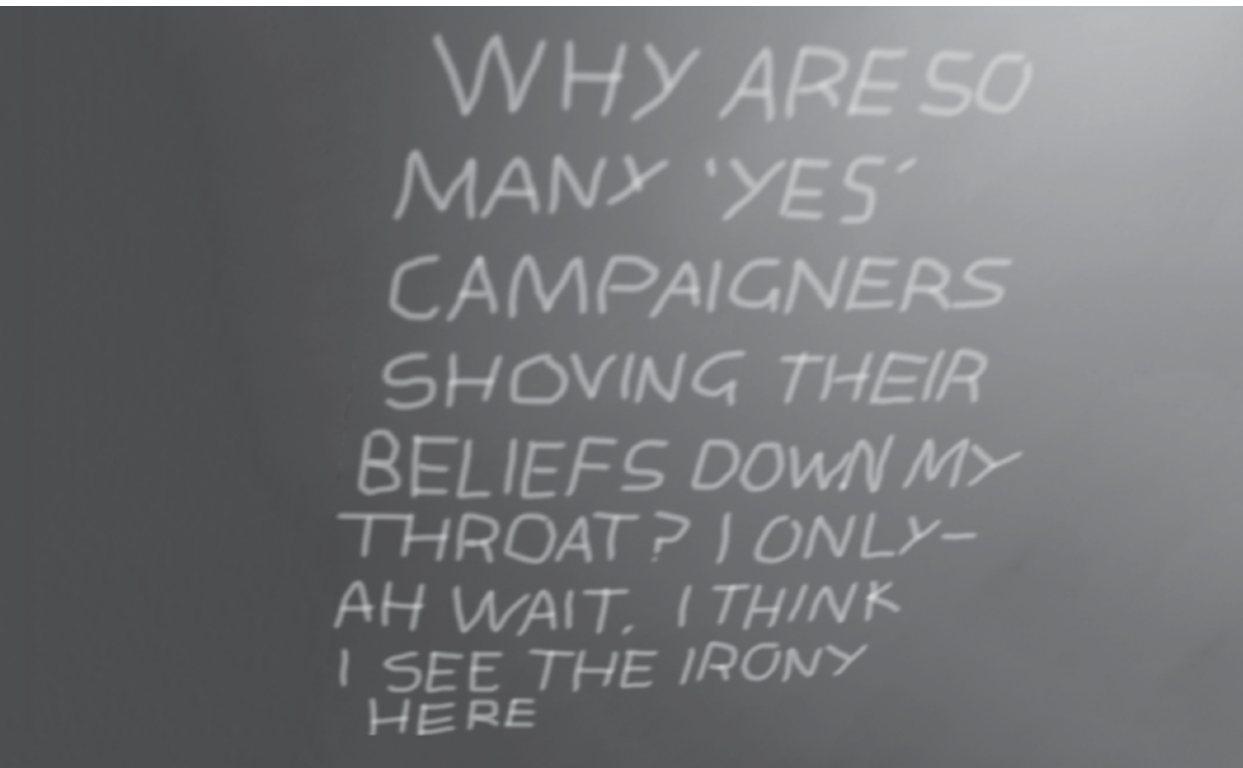
“Oh,” Ashleigh was restrained, “Just some people trying to set up a job interview. I missed their call yesterday.”

“Are you going to answer?”

Ashleigh looked past me and sighed. “Nah.”



Ashleigh Murphy (Left) hits snooze on her alarm for the 17th time. Meanwhile, Dr. Fletcher, her physician, is worried sick



In an astounding display of self awareness, there has been a follow up to Sunday’s “VOTE NO” sky-writing over Sydney skies



2017 Polling Booth Times and Places

POLLING LOCATION	WED 20TH SEPT 2017	THURS 21ST SEPT 2017	PRE-POLLING
Fisher	8:45 - 5.15	8:45 - 5.15	Pre-polling will also be held outside the Jane Foss Russell Building, on Tuesday 19th September from 10am-3pm.
Jane Foss Russell	8:45 - 5.15	8:45 - 5.15	
Manning	10:45 - 3.15	10:45 - 3.15	
PNR Building	11:45 - 2.15	No polling	
Cumberland	9:45 - 2.15	9:45 - 2.15	
Conservatorium	9:45 - 2.15	No polling	
SCA	No polling	9:45 - 2.15	