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Search And Rescue Mission For “Into The Wild” Party Called Off

Cameron Smith reports on yet another USU fuck-up.

Police have announced today that they are scaling back search and rescue efforts aimed at recovering the University of Sydney’s entire first-year undergraduate body, stating there is now little hope left of finding the attendees of the O-Week “Into the Wild” event alive and well.

Parents of the misplaced 8,342 students still haven’t given up hope that their children will be returned unharmed, saying that some of the group had been scouts in the past, and therefore would be “well equipped if any obstacles came up in the wild that required complicated reef-knots.” Others, however, have resigned themselves to the fact that they may never see their children again. Anne Perkins, mother of a first year IT student told *Honi*, “I just can’t realistically see my son surviving this long without WiFi.”

Despite the potential loss of life, the University is calling the ongoing tragedy a PR coup, with round-the-clock news coverage greatly boosting the University’s global profile. “We can look at this one of two ways,” Vice Chancellor Michael Spence told *Honi* while fumbling with his office keys. “Either you can be sad that 8,000 undergraduates were lost, or you can be glad they only went missing after they had paid their first HELP installment. Plus, most of them weren’t international students anyway, so it’s hardly a loss to the business. I mean university. Actually, could you cut those last bits out? Thanks.”

Suspended Union Board member and walking lawsuit, Tom Raue, has apologised to the friends and families of those missing, saying the USU “takes full responsibility for this outcome”, and in hindsight holding the celebration in the

jungles of the Amazon was “probably not sensible”. “You can be sure of one thing though,” said Mr Raue, “this wouldn’t have happened if we weren’t being forced to cut costs thanks to voluntary student unionism. So really, this is all John Howard’s fault.” Mr Howard has since been arrested and charged.

Not everyone was saddened by the loss of life however, with college student and non-USU member Richington Moneybags III Esq. claiming he is unperturbed by the USU’s latest attempt at fun. “It’s still a better result than that god-awful ‘Snowball’ they held in 2012, and the ‘Beach Ball’ in 2011,” he said, swigging Bollinger from the bottle and savouring a gold-dusted macaron. “And let’s not forget how that ‘Release the Ebola Virus on Unsuspecting Victims’ party in 2010 had that dreadful DJ. But most of all, I’m just glad

the USU is taking the media attention away from the carnage of our latest college hazing lark. I mean, we really didn’t know those enchiladas had anthrax in them when we gave them to the first years. You can’t realistically expect every person at college to have memorised the UN’s convention on banned biological weapons anyway, right?!”

Police have warned the public that this will not be the last themed university party to claim lives, with UTS already planning their own ‘Welcome to the Jungle’ event later this semester. UTS Janitor and Vice Chancellor Gus Brown has pledged to outdo Sydney University in every way with a rival event, promising performers, a ferris wheel and student deaths in the “tens of thousands”.



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O-WEEK EDITION

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The editors of *Honi Soit* and the SRC acknowledge the traditional owners of this land, the Gadigal people of the Eora nation. *Honi Soit* is written, printed, and distributed on Aboriginal land. If you are reading this, you are standing on Aboriginal land. Please recognise and respect this.

Editorial

To the first-years hurriedly buying their entire textbook list, welcome to *Honi Soit*. In two weeks time, when you're as disillusioned with the whole charade as the rest of us, we'll be here for you. To those already accustomed to the droning whimper of university-life, welcome home. Two simple extensions, a kebab, and a \$200 travel fine should get you back into the swing of things.

In 2014, *Honi* will retain its critical ambitions. No university institution, campus election, or questionable incident of student life will go unaddressed. We hope to interrogate the student experience with the same suspicious concern that the ibis applies to every last chip packet.

We will publish the controversial opinions and ideas of all students who study, skip lectures and generally bum around at this university. With your help, this newspaper will be filled with varied and engaging content: from sports and technology, to science and the law, and issues facing international students. If there is not something that genuinely interests you in each edition, we have failed. If you don't do anything about it, so have you.

Write to us, question us, mock us. Our great aspiration is to be the best conversation you'd never have otherwise.

Honi will not be left behind. We will update the *Honi Soit* website and work to finish the *Honi App** to ensure this publication remains up to date. This year, *Honi* will also be home to two new autonomous editions: one from the Indigenous Students Collective and another from the Autonomous Collective Against Racism (ACAR). These groups have fought hard for the ownership of autonomous editions, and we welcome their inception.

For now, enjoy our first edition. We aim to provide some insight into the quirks of campus life, and the characters who inhabit it.

University can be a strange place. We hope that this rag may provide some comfort amidst the despair.

Honi Soit Editors

*In this development, as with many others, we are indebted to the editors who preceded us.

O - WEEK ADVICE

1. Remember that Michael Spence collects the campus tithe at 12pm on Wednesdays. Have your barley ready.
2. If you think that you are the first person to recognise that a sunset over the Quad would make the perfect 'gram, you're a fucking idiot. Go back to school.
3. The fear that you will forget the names of the people you meet during O-Week is underpinned by the narcissistic presumption that they will remember yours.
4. If you hook up with someone at O-Week, it will not last. Nothing lasts.
5. Neoliberalism has eroded the most basic human ties that unite us. You will die alone.

Apologies

Honi Soit would like to apologise for the suggestion that 'Happy Herb Shop' and other King Street outlets were drug fronts ('Can I get a side of drugs with that?' - Week 11, Semester 2 2013). These claims were untrue. As promised in the original piece, the author has eaten her hat.

Credits

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PUZZLES/QUIZZES: Bolton

USU leaves Muggles short-changed

Hi *Honi*,

I'm writing to express my disappointment at the Quidditch Society's \$5000 grant. Not at the grant itself; I'm sure Quidditch is a worthwhile exercise for those individuals, in the same way debating or SUDS is for other students. I wish them all the best at the Quidditch World Cup and hope they raise the rest of the money they need.

No, I'm disappointed at how seemingly easy it was for the USU to throw \$5000 at this cause, when they couldn't give Sydney University SHADES a measly \$200 [from our regular yearly budget] to fund an event for the sole purpose of developing USyd's queer wom*n community.

Anyone who has been to a SHADES party, a Queer Collective meeting, or seen a Queer Revue will know that the gender imbalance is a huge problem within our queer community. So, SHADES attempted to do something about this by holding an event for wom*n only, in the hope that such an event would assist in developing a community.

Our funding application was quickly rejected due to "possible exclusionary advertising", despite our accompanying statement pointing to the need for such an event. The USU could not possibly spare \$200 to foster a community that is disillusioned with many aspects of society. Now we can add the USU to that long list of disillusioners.

But, it's understandable that a student-funded organisation needs to finance events that are open to all the membership. So, I look forward to attending the Quidditch World Cup and the next debating championship in India. I'll be bringing all 13,000 USU members with me.

Lucy Watson, Arts (MECO) VI
SHADES President

If you say so, Marcobello

Dear *Honi Soit*,

Originally I had composed about four pages to send to you this evening. Though after reality slapped my prose up something fierce, I learned that certain occasions ask for nothing less than to keep it simple, but not stupid.

It doesn't take genius to realise the age old notion of majority rule, but perhaps only in the presence of things that are really far away do we see with clarity. Writing those four pages, over the past few weeks I was within myself for a while. Wondering what I could take from distant shores (Venice, Milan, Florence, Beijing, New York) just to make it seem endearing enough to remember.

Nevertheless, as your schedule is one of high precedence, I will happily step outside my shadow (for both our sakes) to say that the process of writing was all worth two simple words. Thank you. Especially for pouring so much worth back into this irrefutable world.

As someone who has recently been devouring the online content, I offer my sincere congratulations, and hope that any and all following ventures deliver more than they can promise! As I have addressed to *BULL*, if there is one thing I can safely write about, it's that my twenty years have been ridden on a rolling wave of literature unmatched. So, along with them, I also thank for you (as a reader) for giving back to articles and words what they've been slowly losing, and that is funny, engaging, and unique stories. By writing and exposing pure gold within the minutes of the mundane you have given people the power to see the world through the words of a generation that will endure through the heart of time. And this isn't just regurgitated praise, it is entirely with purpose for the black and white of *Honi*.

It's the people (and things) around us and within our lives that end up shaping our thoughts, desires, determination, and hearts (even if they aren't physically with us). So if you ever need to be reminded of why you are doing whatever your doing, whether that's in the slow or fast lane, regardless of how, or where, remember it is your efforts that have the ability to brighten a day, or even drive the most influential people of our world. Like Dylan, The Beatles, or Yo-Yo Ma were to Jobs. By simply being all that is you, the greatest of people in whatever field could come from anywhere. Never forget it.

If you ever feel despondent, or doubtful of what I'm writing (which is pretty easy to be) then may these words always be here as an affirmation of everything said so far. As living proof that even though people may not seem overtly appreciative or thankful at times, the memory and sense of reverence towards your efforts will always be in their hearts.

Are you literate? Can you connect to the WiFi? Do you have half as many thoughts as Gerard Henderson?

If you've loved or loathed anything we've published, write to us. We're statutorily obliged to print all your moans, groans, and tpyos [*sic*].

Send us a letter at editors@honisoit.com and you can join the other post-eminent commentators on this page.

And that is probably one of the best things anyone could ever ask for.

So with all this said, let me wrap it up by saying thank you for the fun, the laughter, and moments through your music that has helped to shape an appreciation for the things I now see today.

"You are the books that you read, the films you watch, the music you listen to, the people you meet, the dreams you have, and the conversations you engage in. You are what you take from these. You are the sound of the ocean, the breath of fresh air, the brightest light and the darkest corner. You are a collective of every experience you have had in your life. You are every single day. So drown yourself in a sea of knowledge and existence. Let the words run through your veins and the colours fill your mind." (Unknown)

Mason Marcobello, Arts II

The price of freedom

Dear *Honi*,

Honi's recent article about The Pirate Bay has prompted me to wonder; is freedom paradoxical? People should have the freedom to write, think and do whatever they please, right? Our ability to subject ideas to ruthless debate is what makes our society so much better than hellish dystopias like Panem, Oceania and North Korea. But think about what happens when one person's freedom impinges on the freedom of another. This is a point of subtlety and complexity that I feel is often overlooked by Libertarian/Anarchist types.

Should people have the "freedom" to steal? What about the "freedom" to view autopsy photos of murdered children, or the "freedom" to possess? Intuitively, these don't feel like freedoms, and I think there's a logical basis for this gut feeling. For each "act"

that we want to classify as a freedom, I propose a simple test. First, consider the rationality behind the act; is it a reasonable thing for a moral person to want to do? Second, consider the impact of the act; what effect does it have on others?

By balancing these two factors against each other we can quickly discard the "freedoms" of murder, theft and autopsy photo viewing (seriously, why?). The remaining things, like film piracy and the religious instruction of children are the things we should be arguing about.

In the case of piracy, I think the solution is relatively clear. We need to increase the availability of high-quality, low-cost media. Until I can buy the latest episodes of UK shows for a couple of dollars on the day they're released, I will remain an enthusiastic torrent fiend (albeit slightly conflicted).

Michael Sproul, Science III

Friends in high places

Dear *Honi Soit*,

Thank you for your mail to Julia Gillard. We wish you all the best with *Honi Soit*, however Ms Gillard is not scheduling media interviews – even with **worthy student publications** – for the foreseeable future. So please accept her thanks and apologies.

With good wishes,

Bruce Wolpe
Office of Hon. Julia Gillard

[*Ed's note: emphasis not added*]

Sweet research goes sour

Tom Gardner explores the controversy surrounding a Sydney University sugar research project.

The University of Sydney has launched an investigation into a high-profile academic paper published by University nutritionists.

The paper, titled 'The Australian Paradox', contends that sugar has no connection to Australia's obesity crisis, and has been appropriated by the food industry and Australian Beverage Council to fight government regulation. Authors, Professor Jennie Brand-Miller and Dr Alan Barclay, have faced intense criticism of their data and methodology for the past two years.

The report appeared in a 2011 issue of the pay-for-publication journal *Nutrients*. In early 2012, Westpac economist Rory Robertson began to publicly criticise the paper, which he called a "menace to public health".

The main criticism of the research is that it used sugar consumption

statistics extrapolated from an Australian Bureau of Statistics data series that was discontinued due to its unreliability, and that the authors ignored contradictory statistics.

His initial complaint to the university was dismissed by Vice Chancellor Michael Spence, who said that due to the peer-reviewed nature of the research, there was no action the University could or should take in regards to his concerns. But in December 2013, the Deputy Vice Chancellor (Research), Professor Jill Trehwella, appointed a scientist to ascertain whether Mr Robertson has a prima facie case.

"I think heads should roll," Mr Robertson told *Honi Soit*, "starting with the removal of the person in charge of overseeing competence and integrity in research, Professor Trehwella."

Although Professor Brand-Miller said her paper has not

been criticised by any scientist, a study by five scientists from the University of Western Australia found the assertions made in The Australian Paradox to be based on incomplete data.

"[There is] a substantially increasing trend in sugar available for consumption in Australia," the group said.

Mr Robertson has offered \$40,000 to anybody who proves that Australian sugar consumption has declined over the past 30 years.

Mr Robertson also alleges that the report is shadowed by undisclosed conflicts of interest. The University earns millions of dollars through its GI Foundation, which certifies sugary products as low-GI. Dr Barclay and a former Coca Cola Australia director are both senior officers of the GI Foundation. Dr Barclay also speaks at Coca Cola Australia seminars.

Earlier this year, Professor Brand-Miller conceded to ABC Radio National that her consumption statistics might have been flawed. Two weeks ago, *Nutrients* published a formal correction of the "inadvertent errors" identified in the radio interview, but maintained that this had "no material impact on the conclusions of our paper".

Professor Brand-Miller is part of the University's \$500 million Charles Perkins Centre for research into diabetes and obesity, which now faces controversy almost before it has opened its doors.

"The Australian Paradox is an extraordinarily shoddy piece of work," said Mr Robertson. "It is unworthy of an influential Charles Perkins Centre scientist."

Professor Brand-Miller and Dr Barclay refused to discuss the matter before the investigation concluded. Professor Trehwella declined to comment.

Ten years on from T.J., community protests police violence

Justin Pen reports on the rally commemorating the 10th anniversary of T.J. Hickey's death. PHOTOS BY JENNIFER YIU

Upwards of two hundred people gathered at the corner of George Street and Phillip Street in Waterloo on February 14 to protest the involvement of police in the 2004 death of Thomas James 'T.J.' Hickey.

Hickey, 17 at the time of his death, was impaled on a fence while attempting to evade police on his bicycle.

Aboriginal elders, Redfern community members, and the Hickey family attended the rally, marking the tenth anniversary of Hickey's death.

Hickey's relatives and local residents spoke on police violence, discrimination, and demanded the coronial inquest be reopened.

"I want the plaque on the fence, I want a new inquest reopened, and I want an apology from the NSW government," Hickey's mother, Gayle Hickey, said.

The rally moved from Waterloo to Redfern Police Station, Central Station, the Office of the Director of Public

Prosecutions, and concluded in front of NSW parliament, where the crowd of protesters swelled to approximately three hundred people.

Although the protest was otherwise peaceful, an altercation between protestors and police occurred on Chalmers Street, near Central Station, when police attempted to apprehend a young man who had wandered beyond the approved protest area.

David Clarke, one of the rally's organisers and a member of the Indigenous Social Justice Association, reported that police "grabbed [the man and] pushed him to the road," before attempting to arrest him.

Police surrendered the young man to the crowd, after refusing to disclose what charges would be laid.

Greens MLC David Shoebridge, who attended the rally, noted the extensive police presence that accompanied the march. "I never see this level of police unless the rally is about Aboriginal people," he said.

In July 2004 the NSW State Coroner concluded that Hickey "died in the course of a police operation but not in the course of a police pursuit."

The coroner's report attested that

police officers pursued Hickey, thinking him to be Christopher Carr, a suspect in a case of serious assault and robbery.

"[It is] common ground that T.J. Hickey looked nothing like Christopher Carr, beyond the fact they were both Indigenous Australians," the report said.



Shoebridge described the inquiry into Hickey's death as a damning case of "police investigating police", saying that the coroner's report had failed to take into account various pieces of evidence.

He listed eye-witness testimony, the implications of improper administration of first aid by officers on the scene, and forensic evidence regarding Hickey's bicycle as noteworthy omissions.

Other speakers touched on broader issues facing Indigenous people.

Rodney Mason, a Redfern resident since age 12, reflected on the

characterisation of the violence that emerged following Hickey's death in 2004. "It wasn't a riot in Redfern," he said. "It was a protest against

over-policing and violence."



According to a report by the Australian Institute of Criminology, the incarceration rate of Indigenous persons has almost doubled over the last two decades, from 14 per cent in 1991, to 26 per cent in 2011.

"We jail Indigenous Australians more than Americans do African-Americans," said Gerry Georgatos, a reporter for the National Indigenous Times.



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THE MANNING FILES

A nod to hero and whistleblower, Chelsea Manning, and a notorious campus dive.

The Manning Files is where we bring you all the juicy tidbits from campus happenings. If you hear of something happening when it shouldn't be, not happening where it should be, or even just a bloke on Eastern Avenue who you reckon looks a bit suss, throw us a line at editors@honisoit.com.

SQUAT WITH THE BULLS

Over the summer, the Manning Files team discovered that the domain honisoit.com.au is, inexplicably, registered by the USU. Just to be clear, *Honi Soit* is funded and run by the SRC and has no ties whatsoever to the USU.

We don't know why the USU wanted honisoit.com.au, but we do know that what they've done is known

as cybersquatting. We also know that it's against the rules of the Australian Domain Administrator. The registrar website recommends that victims of cybersquatting file a complaint to the .au Dispute Resolution Policy—a "litigation-free way" of resolving cybersquatting issues.

But we don't want to make a fuss. So, USU, we've got a deal for you. Recently—and entirely coincidentally, of course—we obtained usubull.com. If you want to trade, give us a call.

CC STANDS FOR CORPORATE CLUB

The Sydney University Conservative Club has been busy spending up big for O-Week, but unlike other clubs,

their dollars haven't gone to t-shirts or lollies. Instead, they're listed as a corporate stall, rather than a club, on the O-Week guide.

For the uninitiated, USU clubs and societies are provided with a free stall. However, outside organisations must pay for their O-Week exposure, with a regular stall costing a hefty \$3450 at the corporate rate.

A source has informed the Manning Files that the Conservative Club was de-registered, which would bar them from obtaining a C&S O-Week stall. However, we remain in the dark about how the club could have covered such a large fee. Club President Chaneg Torres has refused to comment.

From picket to court

Ed McMahon follows up the legal action from last year's strikes.

2013 was a year of industrial dispute at the University of Sydney - the first in a decade - and while the ink may be drying on a new Enterprise Bargaining Agreement, the dispute continues to echo in the courts.

Several criminal trials commenced before the Local Courts in early December. These trials principally arose from the eleven arrests that were made at the 24-hour strike held on June 5 last year.

Rafi Alam, a former editor of *Honi*, was the first to face charges. Alam is accused of using offensive language in a public place and wilfully obstructing an officer in the course of duty. The latter charge attracts a maximum penalty of five years imprisonment.

Alam's trial is ongoing and has so far seen three days of hearing. Much of that time has been occupied with a series of police witnesses. The second witness, Sergeant Strawbridge, has been the most important to the prosecution's case.

In his testimony Strawbridge recounted to the Court the forcible removal of picketers from the road, whereupon several arrests were made. Strawbridge testified that, during this process, Alam was "getting in the personal space of [his] officers" and "grabbing at them and their prisoners." Strawbridge testified that Alam repeated the phrase "Fuck you, cunt" on at least ten occasions.

During cross examination, Strawbridge was shown footage of Alam's arrest. The footage revealed that Alam had said, "What the fuck are you doing?" as a small student was pushed to the ground by an officer before Alam was arrested by another officer. After viewing the footage, Strawbridge preferred the phrase "I don't recall" in his testimony.

He also offered a new explanation for the events of Alam's arrest, suggesting that Alam may have escaped after his initial arrest and rejoined the picket, where he then shouted "Fuck you, cunt". Alam rejects this explanation.

Alam's trial will enter a fourth

day of hearing in April, some ten months following his arrest. "It's a pretty exhausting process [and] I wouldn't have thought it would take this long," said Alam. He also expressed concern that in Local Court criminal matters, which comprise about 90 per-cent of criminal cases in NSW, it is a member of the police force who conducts the prosecution case. "This gives them an incentive to not drop matters where the case should clearly be acquitted," he said.

Two of the arrestees have been acquitted to date including University of Sydney Union board director (voluntarily suspended pending unrelated proceedings) Tom Raue. Another of the cases avoided court when all charges against Tenaya Al-Attas, last year's SRC Education Officer, were dropped.

Brigitte Garozzo, former SRC Welfare Officer, was similarly notified that her charges had been dropped. However, she was later informed that the charges had been resumed and will be heard in the coming months.

on campus, with an ACCESS discount, is \$2.90.

ACCESS cardholder Joseph Istiphan said he thought the compensation was inadequate. "It would've made more sense to offer students a wider variety of options for the compensation they received that included meal or drink vouchers," he said. "Not every Irish person loves potatoes and not every student drinks coffee."

USU compo leaves bitter aftertaste

Julian Kuan on the card that is now more Access-ible.

The cost of an ACCESS card has fallen from \$99 to \$75 in 2014. The price of multi-year cards has also fallen, with a three-year ACCESS card now sold for \$175 and a five-year card for \$275.

USU President Hannah Morris said the price reduction was instated to make the ACCESS card more affordable within an average student's budget.

The new pricing structure means

that current holders of multi-year ACCESS cards paid more in the past for their cards than they are now worth. Morris confirmed that the USU's plan to compensate such members is to offer them free hot beverages, uploaded to the individual member's ACCESS card.

Holders of three-year cards get three beverages, four-year cards four, and five-year cards five. The price of a regular flat white

Manufacturing fun

Nick Rowbotham critiques the corporate culture and top-down organisation of USU events.

A recent article in the literary journal *Overland* bemoaned what the author dubbed Sydney's "event culture". By this he meant the dominance of Sydney culture by big-ticket, corporate-sponsored events and festivals like Sydney Festival and Tropfest, which often eschew arts and culture at the grassroots level in favour of an imposed artifice of fun.

Does this sound familiar?

It should to those who've witnessed the University of Sydney Union's marketing and events in recent years. Indeed, in 2012, the theme of the *Verge* Festival was 'compulsory fun'. This moniker inadvertently captured much of what is wrong with the USU's event culture. That is, the wrong people are in control of the USU's biggest events and festivals.

On too many occasions, the USU's clubs and societies (C&S) are left out of decisions regarding major events, which is peculiar given that the C&S program, for all its flaws, has supported organic student culture. It has done so precisely because the USU hands financial and organisational power to clubs and societies.

The shows produced by SUDS and MUSE, the revue season, the myriad faith-based and political clubs and societies, and innumerable other social and special interest groups on campus thrive because they operate democratically.

Sadly, this democratic spirit exists to a far lesser extent in the USU's festivals and major events, many of which are funded more handsomely than any individual club or society could ever be.

O-Week, *Verge*, and the USU's other festivals are organised by unelected USU staff members working alongside a small group of student organisers. The marketing department has a disproportionate amount of control within the organisation, which is reflected in the corporate saturation of O-Week.

It is an indictment on the managerial culture within the USU, and the inability of the elected Board Directors to challenge it, that so much money is poured into events organised by USU staff and a handful of student festival directors.

This year's O-Week will feature nearly forty corporate stalls. O-Week costs around \$200,000,

so perhaps it is understandable that the USU seeks sponsors, but the corporate dimension of O-Week is more than just a funding mechanism for the USU's services. It sits very comfortably with the marketing imperatives of the USU's senior management, who see advertising as an end in itself.

To attract this degree of corporate sponsorship requires the projection of a sanitised version of student 'fun', evident, for instance, in a video produced after the 2013 O-Week, described aptly by one commenter as "two minutes of product placement into which some students have accidentally walked". Such an image of student culture could not be further detached from the realities of student life embodied in C&S.

This top-down approach was typified by the USU's litany of often juvenile and sometimes offensive parties in 2013: a school girls and boys themed 'back to school' party, a 'onesie' party, a Mexican 'Day of the Dead' party, the list goes on. These parties were organised with little to no student consultation.

"This top-down approach was typified by the USU's litany of often juvenile and sometimes offensive parties."

The effect of this marketing focus is that the C&S program – which should be at the centre of O-Week – is subordinated to the USU's broader financial objectives. Though not an incorporated entity, the USU behaves very much like a business. To give but one example of how this is manifested during O-Week, the USU prohibits clubs and societies from spruiking outside their stall and along Eastern Avenue, but allows corporate participants free reign to do so.

"The echo chamber of self-congratulation is deafening," wrote the author of the *Overland* piece in reference to Sydney's corporate cultural elites. The same could be said about those at the helm of the USU's cultural programs. Surely we can do better.

'King hits' and cowards

'King hits' are a red herring in discussions about violence, writes Natalie Czapski.

TRIGGER WARNING: Domestic violence

Meet Joe: late-twenties, average height, well built. He's been going hard at the pub with his mates. He gets up, decides to leave, stumbling a little from the alcohol on the way out.

A time later, he picks an argument, unprovoked. He raises his voice, then his hands.

You'd be forgiven for picturing Joe on the streets, the latest perpetrator in a spate of alcohol-fuelled king hit attacks. But Joe isn't on the street; he's just arrived home. The victim isn't a stranger, it's his wife.

The past few months have seen a huge amount of attention drawn to one-punch victims: killed whilst enjoying a night out, struck by boozed-up strangers looking for a fight.

In the latest incident, 18-year-old Daniel Christie was attacked in the Cross on New Year's Eve, left comatose, his life support later switched off. Thomas Kelly was killed in almost exactly the same spot, in July 2012. The six-year sentence recently handed down to the perpetrator was condemned for its leniency.

Together, these deaths sparked a huge amount of public outrage, a media storm, and a frenzied push for the Government to crack down on alcohol-related violence. With Sydney's major newspapers pushing the campaign, Barry O'Farrell responded by announcing a raft of new measures – CBD lockouts, restricted alcohol trading, mandatory minimums and increased sentences for perpetrators of one-punch assaults.

Between 2000 and 2013, 90 lives were claimed by 'one-punch' assaults – a statistic touted time and time again by media demagogues. It's an awful statistic, to be sure, but as a matter of perspective, consider this: one woman is killed every week by a current or former partner.

By the simplest of maths, women are dying from domestic violence at a rate more than six times that of one-punch victims on our streets. And that is to say nothing of the women who continue to live daily in abusive relationships. It also says nothing of the thousands of women who each year suffer physical or sexual assault at the hands of a current or former partner.

Contrary to what government and media rhetoric might suggest, rates of alcohol related assaults and homicides have been steadily falling. Rates of domestic violence have remained disturbingly steady.

There is a marked gender dimension to all of this. Men are more likely to experience violence at the hands of a stranger than from someone known to them. Women are overwhelmingly more likely to face violence from someone they know. 240,000 Australian adult women are assaulted every year, nearly one-third of those women by a current or former partner.

The stigma around domestic violence continues to fester. Domestic violence is notoriously underreported – many victims choose not to file reports for feelings of shame or embarrassment, for fear of retaliation from their perpetrators, or in the belief that their suffering is too trivial, or the police will do nothing about it.

It's all well and good for Barry O'Farrell to introduce his raft of reforms. But no amount of curfews or liquor licensing changes are going to help our friends and our daughters.

We now talk of mandating eight-year minimums for 'one-punch' offenders, but just two years ago, our courts sentenced a man to just six years in jail after he slit wife's throat with box-cutters. The provocation defence had restricted his murder charge to manslaughter. The perpetrator had a history of domestic abuse against the victim – her provocative conduct, apparently, was threatening to leave him.

Politicians and journalists alike were quick to jump on the terminology shift: king-hits, it seems, are now to be referred to as 'coward-punches'. But it is our politicians who are the cowards, for failing to advocate for victims of domestic violence, for failing to spur on the legal and institutional reform needed to achieve any kind of change. Our journalists are the cowards, for pushing the sensationalised story, for ignoring the one violent epidemic that isn't easy to see.

We mobilise easily for our sons, when they are killed on the streets. Let's try mobilising for our daughters.

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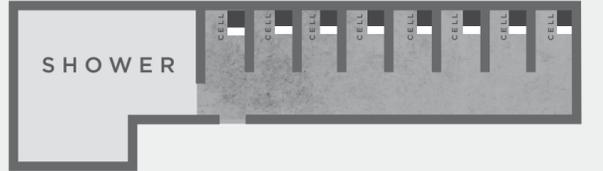
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The architecture of suffering

Joshua Krook reviews *Prison Architect*.



My newest prisoner, Robinson, is currently in solitary confinement after stabbing a guard with a plastic fork. His cell is just about as large as he is, and he'll be there for a couple hours until he cools down. I basically lock him up, bash him up and then deprive him of food. Welcome to *Prison Architect*, the prison administration simulator by Introversion (UK). Based on classic simulation games like *Theme Park* and *Theme Hospital*, the game's premise is that you, the architect, need to construct and administrate a prison. *Prison Architect* punishes failure by devaluing your prison if anyone escapes. In this way, the player is positioned in opposition to the prisoner population, even before construction begins.

When the game's tutorial features an execution by electric chair, you begin to realise the scope of these moral challenges. It's particularly disconcerting to watch a prisoner get executed in a room you just helped construct, on an electric chair you just re-routed power to, and on a floor you just decorated with pretty wooden floorboards. In this way *Prison Architect* enhances, rather than severs, the connection of the player to the fictional prisoner. It challenges the very nature of desensitization so prevalent in the video game industry today. As Introversion creative director Chris Delay told *The Guardian*, "You're not just killing a little sprite, you're killing a character who you're not entirely convinced deserves to die." Leading up to the execution, competing views on capital punishment are offered. A priest argues, "All men

deserve forgiveness." A guard suggests that the man "deserves every volt he's gonna get," and a distant CEO offers, "It's not our place to decide if he deserves this. The law has made that decision. We're just here to do a job." Despite all reassurances, a lingering discomfort remains. The player could feasibly build a dozen execution chambers and make his or her prison a death camp. In a 2013 *Reddit AMA*, Chris Delay admits, "I'm slightly scared of what the players will produce after [we add the electric chair to the toolkit]." Now that the chair is added, a death camp is a real possibility.

As the game unfolds, so do the moral dilemmas. Should I hire four guards to beat prisoners into submission, I wonder, as I watch my prisoners start a riot with plastic forks stolen from the prison canteen. Currently, violence is the only way of resolving disputes. I hire more guards and they attack the prisoners. A few are taken into solitary confinement, which is itself contentious. The solitary confinement cells have no size restrictions; the player can make them 'box' size, just large enough to fit a prisoner. Here *Prison Architect's* realism slides. In the game none of my prisoners suffered mental health problems, even though solitary confinement almost always guarantees mental deterioration in real life. A Californian study found that, of 100 randomly selected prisoners in solitary, 91 per cent suffered anxiety, 77 per cent chronic depression, 41 per cent hallucinations and 70 per cent

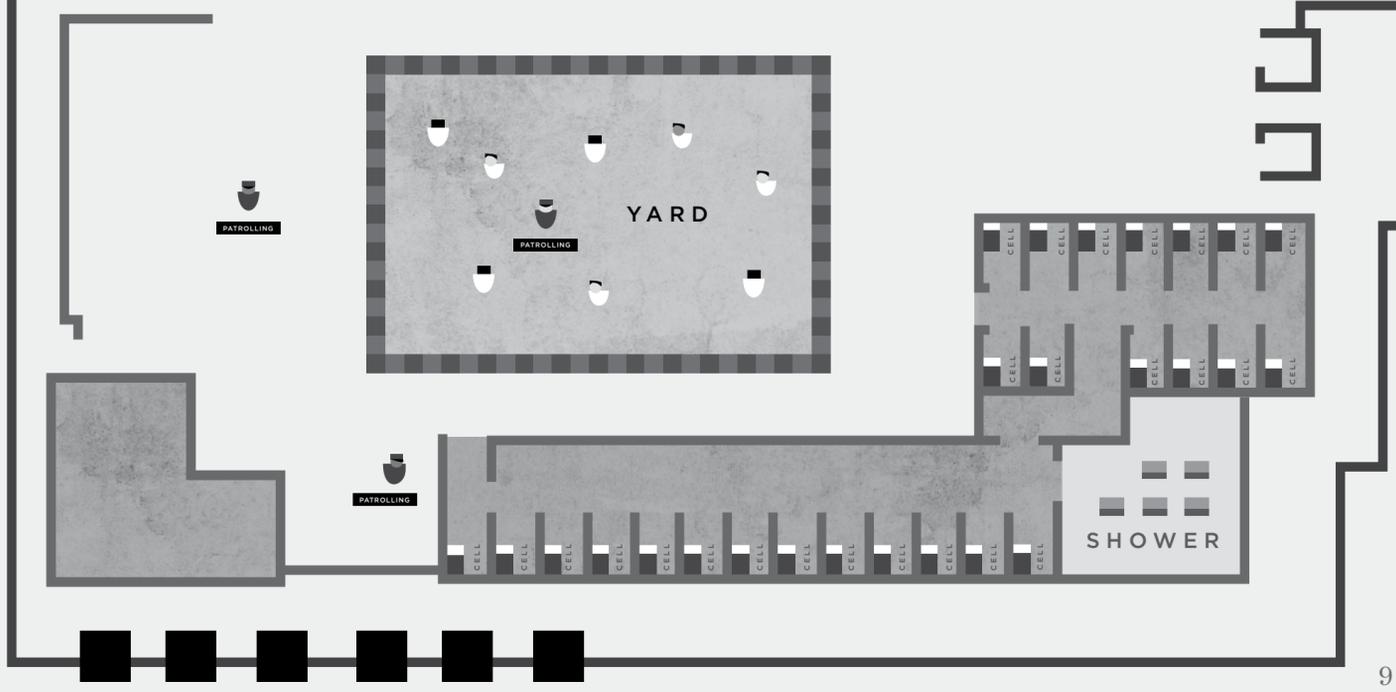
"impending breakdown". Almost every other study has confirmed solitary confinement produces negative results. The effects of solitary are due in part to prisoners requiring social interaction for healthy brain function, to light deprivation breaking down the day/night cycle, and to restricted movement.

The second issue of contention is race. While *Introversion* is based in the UK, it is clear the game's developers are largely reflecting the American prison system. The game was inspired by a visit to Alcatraz, and some of its features, such as tunnel escapes, draw from popular American 'entertainment-prison' fiction, like *Prison Break* and *Shawshank Redemption*. With that in mind, it is noteworthy that the developers have taken a colour-blind approach to race. As I understand it, there's a one-third chance of a prisoner/staff member being white, black or Hispanic. One prison I loaded had a 90 per cent white prisoner population, and a majority black population of guards. This is not representative of actual US prisons, in which 40.1 per cent of male prisoners are African-American. This departure from reality is perhaps only as troubling as reality itself.

The game's internal psychology and incentive structures eerily mirrors Stanford psychologist Philip Zimbardo's infamous Stanford Prison Experiment. In the game, it becomes increasingly frustrating to see hours of hard work spent building a prison completely ruined by

a few violent inmates. In the Stanford Prison Experiment, participants, assigned as either guards or prisoners, soon began to embody their role, and consequently became increasingly hostile to one another. Guards in the experiment became frustrated at prisoners rebelling against mistreatment and blamed the previous night shift for being too lenient. At Stanford, the guards enacted a violent retaliation; they used a fire extinguisher to break into a barricaded cell, stripped prisoners naked, and threw the ringleader of the rebellion into solitary. Similarly, *Prison Architect's* solution to rebellion is violent counter-measure. It becomes natural, even necessary, for the player to hire more guards, build more solitary cells, and side with authoritarianism over prisoner needs. To give some credit to the game, violent abuse of prisoners generally leads to full-scale riots and the ultimate destruction of your prison. The player, however, quickly becomes subsumed into their role of doing anything necessary to stop prisoners escaping, including the infliction of violence.

Despite these moral quandaries, or perhaps because of them, *Prison Architect* remains a thoroughly rewarding experience. Even when confronted by game mechanics, which steer the player towards oppressing prisoners, you can still endeavour to make your prison a liberal haven. And hey, if the game becomes too confronting you can just bash down a wall and let all the prisoners escape. There's always an easy way out.



A Hijack by any other name ...

Hannah Ryan knew nothing of page five and is totally innocent.

Depending on how things play out, this past Monday marked either an important milestone in Australia's media landscape or just another Monday.

It saw the official launch of *Hijacked*, a slick website that badges itself as being by students, for students. Managing editor Lisa Omagari describes *Hijacked* as a "digital campus with the potential to connect 1.25 million students", which aims to find "Australia's diverse and intelligent student voice". The website promises to cover the full gamut of news, opinions, and culture. Contributors must be currently enrolled in a course at university, TAFE, or a college.

Students who submit content may also be paid for their work. Those articles that garner over 500 unique visitors will earn their author \$50 in cash or a Westfield voucher of the same value. While this sounds like a good deal on its face, youth website *Junkee* is said to pay between \$80 and \$130 per article without a click threshold.

The ethics of *Hijacked's* rewards system are also muddled by who's behind it. It lists Telstra as a Founding Partner and Officeworks as a Key Partner, and it was founded by oOh!Media, a cashed-

up media player which until 2012 was listed on the ASX. Given the involvement of big business, *Hijacked* is unlikely to be a philanthropic venture, and will likely be aiming to use students' writing to make a profit.

More unusually, the website also plans to syndicate content from existing student publications. Omagari says that the syndication model is "mutually beneficial". She argues that it means student publications will amplify and broaden their readership, raising their public profile on a national level. Any syndicated article will feature the original publication's logo prominently, and student publications will still get to publish the content first.

It seems few student publications are looking for a friendship with benefits. According to Omagari, Monash's *Esperanto*, UNSW's *Blitz* and Sydney Uni's own *BULL* are already on board. *BULL* editor Sean O'Grady sees *Hijacked* as a good opportunity. "We foresee it meaning that our work will be more widely shared and they don't retain exclusive rights," he says.

However, those who have signed on aren't major players in Australian student media – indeed, they're not even the

best-known publications at their universities, coming second to *Lot's Wife*, *Tharunka* and *Honi* respectively.

Hijacked has weathered criticism from student editors for seeming a little desperate. "Wow now @HJCKD are using the names and images of actual student-run & owned papers without permission. How much lower will they sink..." tweeted *Lot's Wife* editor Amy Fitzgerald late last week. The website has created an *Honi* *Soit* user profile with an "About me" section, despite the editors not signing on.

An editor of UWA's *Pelican Magazine* also seemed unimpressed, tweeting at other student editors to ask "Did you also receive an email from @HJCKD begging for your best content so they could publish it for themselves?"

RMIT's *Catalyst* has declined *Hijacked's* offer. "*Catalyst* didn't sign on with *Hijacked* because after discussion with our media officer there was some level of concern about providing a third party with free content from RMIT students in order for that third party to make a profit," says editor Broede Carmody.

Honi editor Justin Pen says this paper has not been formally approached but would probably decline overtures from *Hijacked*. While the editorial team has not discussed the issue at length, Pen is "vehemently opposed" to signing up with *Hijacked*.

"I think their funding model is antithetical towards good, rigorous student journalism," says Pen. "Paying students per-click, farming content, and, most importantly for *Hijacked*, brand promotion aren't good practice and only serve to undercut student newspapers that can't, unfortunately, afford to pay their writers."

Pen also objects to *Hijacked's* editorial approach. "While *Hijacked* advertises itself as 'for students' it seems to only see them as content creators, rather than managers," he says.

Omagari did not give any hints as to her editorial approach, saying only that *Hijacked* would be a "hybrid website" with "news, views and pop culture". We'll have to wait and see.

[At the time of commissioning this article we were unaware that a *Hijacked* advertisement was slated for page five. We have no control over advertising content and Hannah Ryan has no links to *Hijacked* - Eds.]

The crabs you want to have

Felicity Nelson investigates the blue equivalent of liquid gold. ILLUSTRATION BY MONICA RENN

Blood is rarely worth its weight in gold, but horseshoe crab blood is an exception. The bright blue liquid extracted from these ancient sea creatures costs around \$15,000 per litre.

More closely related to spiders than crabs, horseshoe crabs resemble large brown helmets with legs. Just as the bright red colour of human blood is due to the iron in *haemoglobin*, the cool blue colour of horseshoe crab blood comes from their copper-based oxygen receptor, *haemocyanin*.

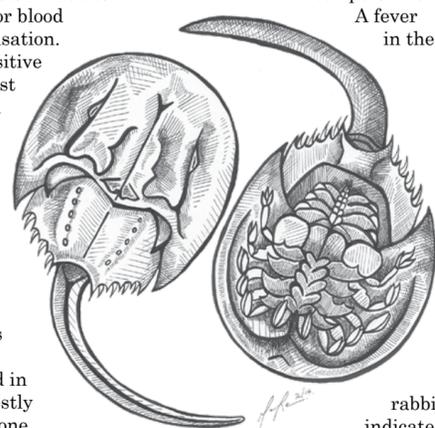
Every year, 20,000 Atlantic horseshoe crabs are pulled from the ocean and sent to five licensed companies that extract their blood into glass bottles. Those bled are returned to where they were found within forty-eight hours, and most fully recover from the blood loss.

From these samples, a unique clotting agent, *limulus ameobocyte*

lysate (LAL) is extracted and used to test for the presence of dangerous fever-inducing endotoxins that persists in medical equipment, vaccines or blood donations after sterilisation. Without a highly sensitive test, it would be almost impossible to perform a lot of surgery safely as even a microscopic trace of these chemicals can lead to grim immune responses or even death.

Before the mysterious properties of horseshoe crab blood were unravelled in the 1960s (and I honestly don't know how someone came up with the idea of using horseshoe crab blood), scientists and medical professionals resorted to rabbit *pyrogen* assay (rabbit-lovers cover your eyes!) A small

amount of the solution of interest would be injected into a rabbit for the monitoring of its body temperature.



amount of the solution of interest would be injected into a rabbit for the monitoring of its body temperature.

Today, rabbits are still used to test for toxins in hepatitis B vaccines, but horseshoe crab blood is generally the preferred method. The irony is that the horseshoe crab, like all invertebrates, lacks a "proper" immune system - it can't create specialised antibodies to fight specific infections and instead relies on a set of primitive immune cells. Luckily for us, one of these bacteria-fighting agents works perfectly for our drug-testing purposes.

In case you aren't convinced that these armoured dinner plates are the most amazing things ever; the chitin skeleton of horseshoe crabs is used to make wound dressings for burn victims, reducing healing times by 50 per cent. What's more, the study of their optic nerve has resulted in major breakthroughs in the understanding of human vision.

He calls

In February, Eleanor Gordon-Smith started interviewing cat-callers.

This man was like all the other men I'd stopped to speak to this year. He was ten or fifteen years older than me, old enough to be out of the boyfriend box but still shy of the father box. He wasn't alone – they were never alone – and he was shouting at me in the street.

It's 10pm on what was once a school night and I'm walking home from work through a dark and terraced stretch of Ultimo. His name turns out to be Ian and he's hanging off a wrought iron fence that has been so warped and lifted by roots that it looks like a snapshot of a six-year-old wriggling free from an over-keen parent's embrace.

There are five guys squished on two stairs just behind him. They're all holding beer and shouting "Hi," except for the one furthest at the back who says "Hello." I remove my headphones and turn around. The streets have been full of shouting men since Cicero, but in February I started turning around.

Ian double takes, turns to the men on the steps and says "Ho shit!" with the 'h' of 'oh' transplanted to wrong end of the exclamation. One of the men slaps another's shoulder with the back of his hand and turns to face the door, non-beer hand covering his laughing mouth. In all the chats with all the men over the last month or so, not one has expected a response.

It's not hard to guess why but in case it was, I ask. Most of the guys I speak to agree that although the word they yelled was "hi," they weren't actually saying "hi." "Hi" is a greeting and greetings get responses, at least if you're interested in the service of polite society. This sort of "hi" is a heckle to a performer who isn't supposed to break the fourth wall.

The polite response to this sort of "hi" would be to feign deafness and walk by. There's always a

moment just after I turn around when they look at me with eyes that say, "Can we help you?", and I have to suppress the urge to apologise. They talked to you first, I remind myself, but it feels like I'm shrieking "He started it!"

"Hey," is all I say to Ian and an eyeball-shifting silence begs to be filled with a sentence like "Where's the bus stop?", but I bite my tongue. "Um, hey? How's your night?" says poor Ian, whose mates have now completely abandoned him to snicker into their longnecks. I start to feel sorry for him, strung out on his own fence like the figurehead of a battleship being scuttled behind him.

"You seem surprised that I came over," I say and he laughs. "Yeah," he says, "I didn't expect you to." This is the core

of catcalling; for an activity that presents as profoundly interpersonal, it has almost nothing to do with the woman at whom it's directed. If he didn't expect a response he couldn't have been talking to me, and I doubt very much that Ian or any of the other men would choose to spend their evenings shouting into an unresponsive street if they were stripped of their backup who loiter on stairs and orbit around pool tables.

It was an act of performance for his mates who assumed and hoped I'd ignore it. Catcalling places women in the same category as statues to piss on or walls to tag – inanimate public property over which dominance can be asserted by groups of men sitting in street-watching rows like bearded Yertle the Turtles ruling all that they see.

I'm bored of the whole experiment and I'm cold and tired so I start to re-headphone and walk away. I step off the kerb and look back at Ian and he mouths, "Sorry," quickly and silently, so the crew behind him will never know.

"Catcalling places women in the same category as statues to piss on or walls to tag ..."

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Tales of a political pioneer

Astha Rajvanshi talks culture, gender and politics with Mehreen Faruqi.



Within this context, Faruqi drew inspiration from her two aunts who were strong feminists. “They persevered even though they had dogmatic and fundamental religious laws pursuing them,” she recalls.

These issues still exist in Pakistan, and Faruqi, an environmental engineer, describes the extra burdens faced by women because of the environment. “In developing countries people have to travel long distances to access water, and it mostly falls on women to collect that water,” she explains.

“And, of course, the job of cooking falls to women. In a lot of villages and rural areas, there is no gas or electricity, so there’s a lot of wood burning with a pollution impact on women and children.”

After migrating to Australia in 1992 with her husband and one-year-old son, she settled down in Alexandria to complete her Masters and PhD in environmental engineering at UNSW.

Born into a family of engineers, her decision to join their ranks was driven by her belief in women’s equality. “Even though I would love to say it was a love for civil engineering, it wasn’t – it was more about making a point that women are, and should be able to do whatever men are able to do in a civil society,” she says.

Today, she maintains a strong involvement with the UNSW Women in Engineering Association, and is especially keen to encourage other young women to pursue engineering.

“I just feel that that’s something I owe to my profession, apart from my passion. It’s fabulous. It’s all about problem solving and innovation.”

At Maules Creek, Faruqi camped out with activists to protest against coal seam gas mining and its impact on agricultural land and water. There, she and her staff experienced police intimidation and were then issued with a ‘move on’ order.

A few weeks prior, she delved into investigating late night transport services. To this end, she stayed out on a Saturday night in Kings Cross and Town Hall from midnight until 4am to explore the situation.

It’s this kind of hands-on approach that Faruqi takes when tackling

the issues for which she is responsible under her twelve portfolios. These include the status of women, environment, transport, sexuality and gender identity, and young people.

When Faruqi was elected to Parliament, *The Australian* ran the headline ‘Muslim Green set for tough test’. This is just one example of how Faruqi is often pigeon-holed into minority stereotypes.

Happy to be a role model, yet tired of being asked how she reconciles her Islamic faith with politics, Faruqi says her media image comes with positives and negatives.

“If it helps to break those stereotypes of Muslim women and migrants then I think that’s a great thing,” she says. “But that’s only one part of who I am, and my whole experience is through my work in engineering and activism.”

But if the media’s portrayal and treatment of Australia’s first female Prime Minister is any indication, women have rarely had a smooth course in politics.

Faruqi believes what happened to Julia Gillard was disempowering for women. “I think the media did treat her differently than they would have treated a male leader,” Faruqi says.

“Women’s rights are human rights, and issues of human rights are not principles of conscience.”

But her own career in politics has, remarkably, been uncontroversial.

When Faruqi first decided to enter politics, the Greens’ pre-selection for her seat was only open to women. The eight candidates traveled around NSW to speak to members, and Faruqi describes the process as “friendly, with collegiality”, attributing it to the the party’s affirmative action policies.

In Parliament, she has found a similarly positive environment. “To be really frank, in the seven

months I’ve been here, I have not experienced sexism.”

But Faruqi doesn’t claim that her experience indicates an impending end of sexism. She believes that “women’s voices are often shut out” from politics as a result of barriers to participation.

From her academic background, she is inclined to gather evidence and research before making decisions. In this vein, Faruqi brought together a group of experts to talk about the impact of ‘Zoe’s Law’ – a bill she has actively spoken out against, calling it “unnecessary and dangerous”.

Yet at the end of last year, Zoe’s Law was passed in the Lower House. When the evidence was ignored, Faruqi struggled with how rarely hard facts are considered in Parliament.

“The most disturbing thing is that every single expert – doctor, lawyer, women’s rights advocate – everyone came out and said that this is bad law, this is bad for women’s rights,” she says, clearly frustrated.

The bill will be up for debate in the Upper House in March, and Faruqi has been ramping up her campaign *Our Bodies, Our Choices*, a non-partisan group of men and women speaking out against Zoe’s Law.

“At the end of the day, what we really need to do is take abortion out of the *Crimes Act*,” she says. “While it is there, we will always be trying to defend the attacks on women’s rights.”

On principle, the Greens vote on these issues as a bloc. The two major parties, however, have always given their members conscience votes, which Faruqi thinks is the wrong approach.

“Women’s rights are human rights, and issues of human rights are not principles of conscience,” she says.

Faruqi has had a busy term fighting the Liberal government’s policies seven months into the job.

Driven by the Greens’ values of participatory democracy and equal rights, she reconciles ideals with an unwavering focus on finding broader, practical measures to achieve equality.

“That’s what I got into politics for – the campaigning and the activism, and gathering momentum through the community to then influence politicians.”

Image: Supplied

Having just returned from camping out at Maules Creek in north-west NSW for the last three days, Greens MLC Dr Mehreen Faruqi is back at work in Parliament house.

Faruqi has been busy. She has already done four media interviews this morning, so her warm reception, calm demeanour and well-articulated answers are unsurprising.

Earlier in the day, she had a short lunch with her daughter, whom she hadn’t seen in three days. Faruqi admits balancing home and work life is a “bit tough” as politics is a round-the-clock job, but says her husband always keeps food on the table. “If he’s not cooking, he’ll definitely get take-away,” she laughs.

Faruqi is a woman of many firsts. She’s the first Pakistani-born, Muslim woman and migrant to enter the Upper House of NSW State Parliament.

She speaks about growing up in a country where everyone, “from the Prime Minister to the vendor selling samosas on the street”, is ready to have a conversation about politics. Her own political views were informed by the social inequalities she witnessed throughout her childhood.

“In Pakistan, there is a lot of discrimination against women, against minority groups such as LGBTI communities, as well as against those who may not have the economic capacity or the social contacts,” she says.

Welcome back, fuckers!

Adam Disney introduces you to some of the finest characters on campus.

Hello friends! It’s great to see you, and I really mean that! How was the holiday? I want pictures! Did you – hold on now, I see some new faces, or should I say new *friends*. Don’t be shy, step forward and say hello. This campus is all about inclusion and I won’t stop until you feel welcome, so let me infotain you with some fun tips for getting acquainted with your new home.

Getting there can be a chore when it comes to USyd, so it’s always good to brush up on your access points. For those catching the bus, congratulations! Those catching trains however had better stay wise if they’re getting out at Redfern. For your safety, police frequently descend upon Redfern station with hounds in tow, so those thinking of bringing some ‘goof juice’ in their backpack would be advised to stay alert. Under popular reforms introduced by NSW CEO Barry O’Farrell, law enforcement officials may legally disembowel anyone who disobeys a ‘Shut Up And Take It’ request made pursuant to s 7(2)(a) of the *Fuck You Act 2012*.

But you’ve gotten this far, so it’s time to talk O-Week. O-Week is that wonderful time of year when first-years sign up for twenty societies whose meetings they will never attend and energy drink manufacturers get rid of all their expired stock. Just so you know, those interested in hanging out with the perky kids from Subski and Cargo Bar should be advised that brunettes need not apply.

After settling into campus life, you might start to notice law students. They can be recognised by their symmetrical features and bloated

résumés. Before you engage with them, it’s important to be know which variety you’re dealing with. If a reference to boat-stopping evinces blank stares, you’re dealing with an apolitical crammer – you’re fine so long as your average grade is lower than theirs. Young Libs are a different beast. They’re the overly-smiley ones who wear suits on campus because later they’ve got a job interview (read: Model UN function). Wink knowingly when they say how ‘totally into’ gay marriage they are. If in doubt, congratulate them on their ATAR and they’ll like you.

What’s that? No, silly, this is no sleepover! The student walking in late looking ready for bed is a college kid. Colleges are age-old institutions that allow large amounts of land to be used by disproportionately small groups of people. College kids engage in a wide range of activities

including: drinking, talking about drinking, recovering from a night of drinking, and wearing tuxedos while drinking. Not your thing? Don’t worry. As long as you’re not wearing black footy shorts and a Bintang singlet, they will recognise you as a ‘normie’ and proceed to studiously ignore you.

Here’s something you can’t ignore – those tunes! Prepare to ‘rock out’ (enjoy yourself) with the long haired guy holding a guitar but no guitar-case, because like it or not, he and his friends have already sat down on the lawns next to you. Don’t be bewildered, he hasn’t forgotten something – his guitar doesn’t actually need a case because it is a prop, and seldom used.

If you stick around for a few months, you might hear the siren song of the political hack. Clustered and colourful at



ILLUSTRATION BY EMILY WOODS

strategic campus choke points, these bastions of democracy are here to climb ladders and make you hate democracy. Twice yearly, you’ll enjoy two weeks of walking faster and desperately ignoring these budding leaders as they promise bland change and fresh amenities. For your convenience, they are required by statute to wear horrendous t-shirts bearing a meaningless catchphrase. If unsure whether hack or human, try this simple test: mention the ongoing elections – if they immediately make a joke about all the ‘hacks’, then they are a hack, and be sure to flee.

I would be remiss in my duties if I didn’t address *Honi Soit*. Sure, those editors may look clean-cut with their neat haircuts and jokey eyebrow raising, but I have never before chanced on such a lawless gang of degenerate creeps. Beware, I’ve personally witnessed four of them kicking a nun down a flight of stairs and I have it on good authority that they’re very fond of bestiality. New friends would do well to squint heavily while reading this publication, and never believe anything published on page 22 of this paper.

That’s it! That’s all I’ve got – from here on out you’re on your own, buddy. This campus can be a dangerous place, and you’ll spend every second here fending off cheap hustlers bent on ratfink treachery, but rest assured that there is always hope. If you can remember to always keep two eyes on the prize and a third on the fire escape, I reckon you just might make it.

Too bad you can’t eat sandstone

Christina White guides you through the culinary wasteland.

Purchasing food on campus is like the Netherlands’ drug policy – it’s all about harm minimisation. On a good day you’ll have remembered to grab leftovers from the night before, but on a bad day you’ll need to tell the difference between the edible and the inedible. Here’s the rundown on where to avoid.

Absolute desperation: Union coffee carts are good for two things alone: gum and late-night caffeine when everywhere else is shut and you’re trying to stay awake in Fisher. Their \$5.15 sandwiches are a contender for worst item on campus, but they are essentially non-existent since you get \$5 worth of butter and mayo alone.

Ready for a gamble: Manning presents a bewildering mix of food offerings. Aside from its name, Miso Honi has little to offer until mid-afternoon when they palm off everything in cheap meal boxes. The rest of the ground floor, and most of the first floor, is full of non-descript sandwich and salad shops that are supremely overpriced and never toast your panini for as long as you’d like. If you’re ever hungry, run up to the top floor where the Manning BBQ serves up surprisingly well-priced pub style food. The chips are cheap, Wagyu beef is as delicious as it sounds, and the Cajun chicken sandwich is spicier than you expect.

Willing to pay 700% of the production cost: Try Taste. And you may as well buy a macaroon and an \$11.30 bottle of water from a French mountain spring because you’re already a wanker.

Lazy and near Wentworth: When Angela Merkel said that multiculturalism has failed, she was talking about the Wentworth food court. Like Miso Honi, Jewel of India finds itself with all its food left past lunch-time, which equals \$5 curries in the afternoon. To its right, UniBros is doing its best to keep the Charles Perkins Obesity Centre in business. It’s famous for its Meat Box, which compresses

chips, meat, and grease (in equal quantities) into a box for \$8. They have kebabs too, but they will never taste as good as the ones at Istie’s because you’re not drunk. Tucked away in the corner, Little Asia suffers the same problems of any pan-Asian establishment. You might get excited by the look of fancy salads at Raw, but you’ll quickly realise they taste like sucking on a wet mop, and no amount of coriander or lentils can shift that mental image.

For real food: Don’t be lazy. Walk to Glebe or Newtown, or go to Ralph’s.

Campus dictionary

The who, what and why of campus groups you need to learn to love or hate (but probably hate). ILLUSTRATIONS BY MADELEINE PFULL

National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU)

The NTEU is the trade union representing professional, academic, and research staff in tertiary education on a national basis. The Sydney University branch recently fought over a new Enterprise Bargaining Agreement. See: '2013 Strikes'.

Students' Representative Council (SRC)

The SRC provides a free legal service and second-hand book shop, as well as academic, Centrelink and tenancy advice. If you have a knack for talking student politics over beers from Hermanns, the dingy SRC dungeons (located at the bottom of the Wentworth Building) are bound to be your new home. 33 students are elected as councilors every year, but beware: if you're not prepared to lie, swindle, and even possibly commit actual crimes to usurp your contemporaries, you won't last long.

SRC Election

This election is held in September and is notoriously longer, uglier and more invasive than the one in May. There's actually four elections on at the same time: SRC President, SRC councilors, Honi Soit editors, and student delegates to the National Union of Students' National Conference.



Sydney University Senate

The Senate is the top governance and decision-making body of Sydney University, made up of about 22 geriatrics who relive their glory days at university whilst making all the major decisions relating to conduct, staff appointments, student welfare and discipline, and financial matters.



Sydney University Sport and Fitness (SUSF)

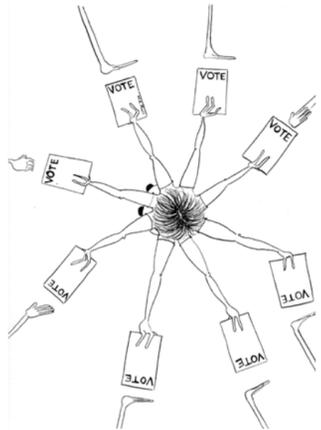
SUSF describes itself as "the leading provider for University-based sport, fitness and recreation services in the Asia-Pacific region," but it's often regarded as a reverse Robin Hood. SUSF was allocated the largest share from the SSAF fee last year despite not offering a single service that can be used by students who are not prepared to fork out extra dollars.

Student Services and Amenities Fee (SSAF)

Implemented in 2012, the SSAF was the Labor Government's response to voluntary student unionism. The legislation allows universities to collect a compulsory fee (\$140.50 per semester in 2014) from students and distribute it amongst student organisations.

University of Sydney Union (USU)

The USU runs clubs, societies, parties, events, food outlets, and bars on campus. You can spot a USU event from the obnoxious marketing and/or the inclusion of a jumping castle and ball pit. This organisation is 'run' by 11 student Board Directors, but also has a non-student CEO and staff to oversee its day-to-day operations.



Sydney University Postgraduate Representative Association (SUPRA)

SUPRA provides advice, advocacy and support to our white-haired, wrinkled and wise postgraduate peers. OK, we're kidding, the average age of their executive is like 25. We haven't heard much from SUPRA since their President suspiciously resigned last year. We wish him all the best in the Cayman Islands.

A USU ACCESS card costs \$75 and entitles you to slightly cheaper crap food.

USU Board of Directors Election

In May each year, USU elects student directors of the USU Board. This process is characterised by terrible puns and empty promises. To mobilise even the most remote concern for this process, the USU has provided voting incentives like drink vouchers in recent times.

2013 Strikes

2013 saw a long-running industrial dispute play out between university management and staff. Each of the seven strike days last year involved picket lines at all entrances to the university. Scuffles between picketers and police resulted in numerous student arrests. The dispute was resolved on October 1, 2013, when the NTEU voted to accept the latest Enterprise Bargaining Agreement offered by University management.

THE FACTIONS

Grassroots

Grassroots is a coalition of various groups from the left. Members of Grassroots constituted the bulk of the student presence at the 2013 strikes. The biggest mystery surrounding Grassroots is how so many of its members have seemingly countless hours to spend arguing about political correctness on Facebook.

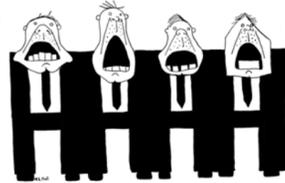


Indies

Also known as the 'capital I independents', this campus group is virtually dead within the SRC, but comes to life every USU election season. More of a friendship group of USU-devotees than an actual political faction, the Indies have consistently denied possessing a formal leadership structure or decision-making mechanisms.

Liberals

The USyd Liberals can usually be found wearing suits or employing appallingly ham-fisted campaign tactics during elections. Perhaps most bizarrely, they refuse to shed their long-sleeved button ups during campaigns, electing to yank brightly coloured election shirts over the top of their formal attire.



National Labor Students (NLS)

NLS was the powerhouse of USyd student politics until 2012, but fell in dramatic fashion in 2013 after half the faction defected to create Sydney Labor Students. Last year, NLS managed to get one person elected to USU Board but, crippled by the loss of so many members, failed to keep the SRC presidency for the first time in 13 years.

Socialists

Although socialists on campus are split into different factions, their points of difference have less to do with actual real life goals and more to do with different interpretations of Russian history. They are most often found on Eastern Avenue, spruiking any number of left-wing causes and bullying first years into buying copies of their publications. Never give one of them your phone number, or next thing you know you'll be chewing the fat about Marx and helping sew red flags.

Student Unity

Student Unity is the Labor Right faction on campus. Unity beat NLS to take the SRC presidency last year in a bitter election that saw Labor turn against Labor in a struggle for the top job. Masters of Realpolitik and the six-second scull.

Sydney Labour Students (SLS)

Formerly a part of NLS, SLS split from the national Labor Left faction in 2013 because – long story short – they decided that NLS was too crazy. Their aim in life is to destroy NLS, a desire so deeply held that SLS actually paired with Student Unity (Labour Right) rather than NLS (Labour Left) to deliver Student Unity the SRC presidency in 2014.

Thirteen things I didn't learn until Week 13

Mary Ward knows the score and so should you.

Starting uni is hard. Particularly if you are a socially awkward loner with no street smarts, which, based on the sort of marks you would have needed to get into this joint, you probably are.

But don't worry. I was once just like you. A kid with a dream, but also a state of total obliviousness that meant I was unaware that City Road turned into King Street for roughly three months.

Here are the things that it took my first-year self all semester to figure out. Ignore at own risk.

1. You will not get through your first semester of uni carrying your books in your arms like an extra on Degraasi. Buy a bag. Preferably one sturdy enough that its straps won't break, sending your stuff flying across Platform 3 at Redfern Station.
2. The Anderson Stuart Building looks a lot like the Quad, but it isn't. Check before you Instagram. #Hogwarts #whoops #finitecantatem
3. You will never see that girl from your first SCLG1001 lecture again. Do not add her on Facebook.
4. Every time you think someone says that they are studying oncology, they are actually saying that they are studying "on college". Think that "at" is

the preposition they should be using in that sentence? Join the club.

5. Blackboard, eLearning and the LMS are the same thing. The different names are used interchangeably solely to stop you from handing in your first assignment on time.
6. You can get takeaway hot chips on campus. Unibros. Wentworth Building. Now, join us in the land of milk and honey.
7. Also on food, you can leave campus to acquire sustenance. Don't fall into the first year trap of never venturing beyond uni during the day. If travelling leisurely from Eastern Ave: a one-hour break equals King Street, a two-hour break equals Glebe.
8. Old Teachers College is the same as Teachers College. Don't ask someone where New Teachers College is, little sage. The laughter still haunts me to this day.
9. Public toilets on campus reach their hygienic peak at around 8:50am each morning.
10. The exception to this rule is the Law Building, whose sparkly new toilets are always covered in shit.
11. You can study in any other faculty's library. No one is going to ID you.

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A life in limbo Shiran Illanperuma describes his experience of international student life.

I am writing this from home.

Home is over 12, 000 kilometers away from University of Sydney. It takes me at least 16 hours by plane (plus an additional few hours on buses and trains) to get to class. The journey over oceans and continents takes me from my birth 'home' in Dubai, over my cultural 'home' in Sri Lanka and into the sandstone campus of Australia's oldest university; my 'home' for the last five years. In case you didn't get it, I'm an international student.

The lived experience of international students is far from monolithic; after all we come from every corner of the world and speak dozens of languages. Our stay in Australia could range anywhere between a few months to a few years. Some of us are here for invaluable life experiences,

others for the material benefits of a western education. Some of us are passing through and some of us desperately want to stay on. But what unites us, I think, is a shared empathy towards each other's sense of spatial and temporal displacement. We all know what it's like to live a life in limbo, stretched between social, cultural and familial ties and the grittier realities of academic and economic responsibility.

I make the trip between homes about four times a year. Yet sometimes it can feel like I do it every day. Like when I used to wake up at 5 am every morning to wish my girlfriend goodnight on Skype. Or when my mum missed me and casually called to ask what I had for lunch. Or the mornings I've woken up slightly confused about why my bed feels so different and the lighting in my room is all

wrong, only to realise that I'm not in the home I think I am.

This life in limbo tends to bring out the best and worst in you. I've had my bouts of depression and loneliness, locking myself up in my room eating cheap pizza, watching Breaking Bad and sleeping for 12 hours a day. Despite being a native English speaker I cannot describe how intimidating it was to sit in a classroom full of confident and outspoken white faces. And how embarrassing it was to be seen to be struggling with English when really I was just adjusting to an unfamiliar accent and vernacular. In this regard I cannot even begin to fathom the difficulties faced by students who speak English as a second language.

Through it all, Australia has given me confidence, purpose and adaptability. Most ironically it has

pushed me closer to my cultural roots. It was in Australia that I learned to cook a Paripu curry good enough to rival my mum's. It was in Australia that I became politically conscious, and learned about the colonial history and 30 year civil war in my motherland. And it was in Australia that I made the conscious decision to switch from my English name to my Sinhalese one.

Ultimately, Australia showed me who I really am. She was not always gentle when doing so, but still I am grateful. Five years after making the impulsive decision to study in a place that was cheaper than America, at the time, and had better weather than England, I have no regrets. And I can say this for sure: whatever my papers might say, I can assure you that I am a little bit Australian and Australia is a little bit me.

Hemingway's house a forgotten white elephant

Jack Wilson reports from Ketchum, Idaho, where money has trumped literary history.

Ernest Hemingway never missed a sunrise. Even the day he untangled himself from this mortal coil, with two shells of buckshot, the sun also rose. You understand when you look from his house's implied aspect: the mountains framed the ascent of the sun through the tall pines, and over the river where he hunted geese and his son fly-fished.

He's buried in the municipal cemetery under a grey slab between four pines. There is no epitaph. In Key West there is the Ernest Hemingway Home and Museum. In Oak Park, there is the Ernest Hemingway Birthplace and Museum. And fifteen kilometres outside of Havana there is Finca La Vigía, where Hemingway lived in Cuba, now, also a museum. There is no such place in Ketchum, the town where Hemingway shot himself in 1961.

Displaced, Hemingway's ghost haunts Ketchum. A rifle of his is mounted on a wall at the bar Pioneers. An elementary school is named for him. There is a Hemingway-themed Room 208 at the Sun Valley Lodge. It is here where he wrote 'For Whom The Bell Tolls.' There are two memorials. One is off the highway in what was wilderness, now a golf course, and another

on a rock in the aforementioned river. But the house is empty.

It was bequeathed by Mary Hemingway to The Nature Conservancy in 1986. For a time, the house was the office for the Conservancy's operations in Idaho, until they moved for want of space. After spending \$50,000

a year to maintain an empty house, the Conservancy and the Hemingway House Foundation attempted to restore the house and its various ephemerera held by the John Kennedy Library in 2004. There would be tours and maybe a writer in residence. But there were none.

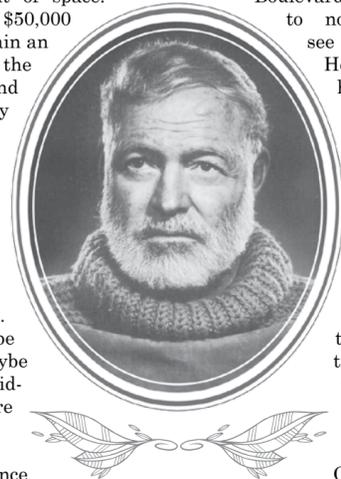
The years since have seen this increasingly reluctant caretaker grapple with the arbitrary whims of locals. The residents of Canyon Run Boulevard, the gated street where the house resides, would rather pay to move the house, as they attempt

to in 2005, than let tourists in.

"This isn't a Hemingway issue, it's a land rights issue," said Jonathan Neeley, a neighbour of the house, to Ketchum's local paper, the *Idaho Mountain Express*. Nine years later, the gate to Canyon Run Boulevard is still closed

to non-residents. To see the house where Hemingway spent his last year, one needs to cross the river and travel down the parallel until you reach an architecturally incongruous adobe mansion. There, across the river through the trees, it is. Move ten metres in any direction and it's gone.

Gone too is Hemingway's Sun Valley. Then the view from his home was across a stream and into the pines. Now mansions line the water, said to be owned by Hollywood A-listers and giants of finance and commerce. Arnold Schwarzenegger



Bitches be trippin'

Bianca Healey talks feminism and rap

Like many women my age, I identify with feminism with convictions that are strong, but a philosophy that is vague at best. I insist on splitting the restaurant bill with my boyfriend, and am adamant that my gender not disqualify or disadvantage me from any avenue that I might wish to pursue in life. But beyond these simple truths that I hold to be self evident, the specificities of my feminist self-identification lose their sharp edges. Of lipstick feminism, I am still on the fence; do I really agree that Rihanna and Miley's sexualisation of their bodies is a form of feminine empowerment? While I expect a level of equality within the spheres of romance and work, any tricky questions about how much, and how far I am willing to stand for a more cemented feminist agenda seems better left to the future until I have to deal with it directly.

The same line of thinking defines my enjoyment of rap music. As much as I decry rap's promotion of violence, materialism, and sexism,

I do enjoy the humour and silly revelry of buying into a unique cultural experience that, as a white Australian woman, I cannot relate to in any way. I regularly attend the Phoenix's Monthly rap party Halfway Crooks, where the vibe is hyper-masculine and testosterone hangs thick in the air. The male friends I attend with love it.

By day they participate in the system, working nine-to-six jobs, and consuming nothing stronger than a double shot espresso or boutique beer. But, on the first Saturday night of the month, they are a virtual part of A\$AP's crew; it's a fantasy escape, laced with fantasy danger, which can be bought into by participating in rap culture. As white, upper-middle class guys, the sober socio-economic and racial issues that bubble darkly beneath all rap music are not recognisable to them as reality and thus become curiosities. For them, to listen to rap music is not be complicit to its values, but to experience a catharsis. And this

is a part of my fandom too. It's enjoyable, in the same way it is to dance to pop music at a cheesy club, to participate in an alternate reality for the night, however distant to your own experiences and values.

While cerebral and socially aware aspects of rap music do exist, the overwhelming dialogue projected by rap music and culture is one that treats women as sexual objects to be used as evidence of a male rapper's virility and power. So I worry; should the vagaries surrounding my enjoyment of rap music, and the sexist values they promote be more of an issue to me, self-confessed "feminist" that I am?

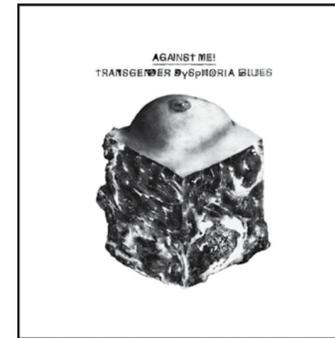
Music consumption oscillates between the personal and the social; from the intimate connection you might have with a song, to the collective cultural identity that you align yourself with when you listen to an artist or genre. And I wonder which is of greater significance. This isn't me about to stage a one-woman embargo of all misogynistic

has a ski run to his name. Bruce Willis is said to be among the owners of property along the river.

Ketchum has always been the playground of the rich. But now they are no longer in the casino with Ketchum's workingmen or concentrated in the suites and dining rooms of the Sun Valley Lodge. They have spread their wealth along the streets and boulevards in holiday homes of immodest scale.

For most, the attraction is less the hunting and fishing that drew Hemingway, but rather the snow. The limitless snow of the Sun Valley Ski Resort. Owning one of the largest networks of snowmaking equipment in North America, the resort reliably delivers a solid snow base and powder no matter the weather conditions. It is the main game in town.

Hemingway, his memorialisation and any active engagement with his body of work, including the physical legacy of his last home, are absent from the tableau. Ketchum simply shrugged, looked up to the mountain and there, instead, saw its rivers of gold.



Review: Transgender Dysphoria Blues, Against Me!

Charlie O'Grady doesn't feel so alone anymore.

Laura Jane Grace has made it very clear that she's no postergirl for the trans* struggle. Nearly two years after the *Against Me!* frontwoman came out as transgender, she said in an interview with *The Music* magazine that she didn't want the responsibility. "I want to be part of the community, but I don't want the pressure," she said.

It is perhaps this refusal to be seen as a role model that has allowed Grace to pen one of the more candid and revolutionary depictions of transgender life in the mainstream consciousness, a depiction which, ironically, has brought her even further to the fore of the trans* community.

The album, *Transgender Dysphoria Blues*, is a short, snappy, snarling essay on passing, gender politics and power with a deeply personal edge. It's both specific enough to feel honest and individual, and broad enough that the record has hit home with many trans* people (as well as leaving many a confused journalist saying, "Ohhh, so she actually wants to be called a *she*.") This album is by no means the first to be written about queer experience, nor the first to be written in this style. Queercore, an offshoot of the punk scene originating in the 1980s, has long been an outlet for queer people to express their discontent with society, in particular in its prejudice toward LGBTQ+ people. Whilst trans*ness is less commonly addressed in queercore, it is still very much present. Gender non-conforming bands such as Coyote Grace, Actor Slash Model, and Schmekel—an all trans* jewcore band based in Brooklyn, whose hits include 'You're Not The Only Bear I Fisted'

—all claim part of the modern queercore scene. All this time, on the fringes of mainstream culture, there have been people sharing individual and complex stories about gender identity—this is just one of the first that has entered popular awareness.

Transgender Dysphoria Blues doesn't have the trademark fingerprints of DIY punk politics. *Against Me!* has been a mainstream band signed to multiple labels for many years now and it's because of this that the album has been able to spark so much discussion. But the raw sentiment and underlying rage, ferocity, and infectious pride are much the same.

The album is also very, very good. Grace's lyrics are at their usual standard, just as visceral and poetic - if less esoteric - as previous efforts. The album begins on a self-deprecating, almost taunting note with its eponymous track ("Your tells are so obvious / shoulders too broad for a girl") going on to perfectly encapsulate the complex series of emotions that is gender dysphoria. In 'True Trans Soul Rebel', a condemnatory Grace asks herself, "Who's gonna take you home tonight? Who's gonna take you home? Does god bless your transsexual heart?"

Perhaps the most delightful feature of the album is its sense of dark humour. From the sardonic song title 'FUCKMYLIFE666' — a song about the dysphoria Grace experienced whilst transitioning around her wife — to the deadpan opening lines in 'Dead Friend' ("You don't worry about tomorrow anymore / 'cause you're dead"), the jokes add yet another layer of reality to the

experiences described—the words are humorous, even flippant, but Grace's voice is like a bruise.

The album makes the switch from self-deprecating to brutal in a heartbeat. In 'Osama Bin Laden as the Crucified Christ', Grace entertains ideas of revenge against those who have mistreated her: "You're gonna hang like Benito from the Esso rafters... you're gonna hang, you're gonna hang." 'Paralytic States' also takes on a tone of desperation. It describes the all too real and far too common choice of many trans* people to take their own life. Grace is not here to sugarcoat, or be our easily accessible, toothless trans* spokesperson. She sings in 'Black Me Out' that she'll sooner "piss on the walls of your house" than simplify her identity for anyone.

The most striking thing about this album, however, is its liveliness. It's not something you'd expect, given the obviously dark and confronting thematic content, but it's the kind of album you might scream out the window of a car on a long drive. Its sound, walking a line between gravelly punk rock and an 80s college radio station, invites you to bounce around and holler along as loud as you can. It's a weapon too, an almost adolescent explosion of emotions not inappropriate for playing in your room at a deafening volume after the fifteenth conversation with your parents about preferred pronouns.

What it is not is a sob story. In fact, it defies many of the conventions of the mainstream trans* narrative. From the opening drum beat to the final cries of the anthemic ode to freedom, 'Black Me Out', it's about making

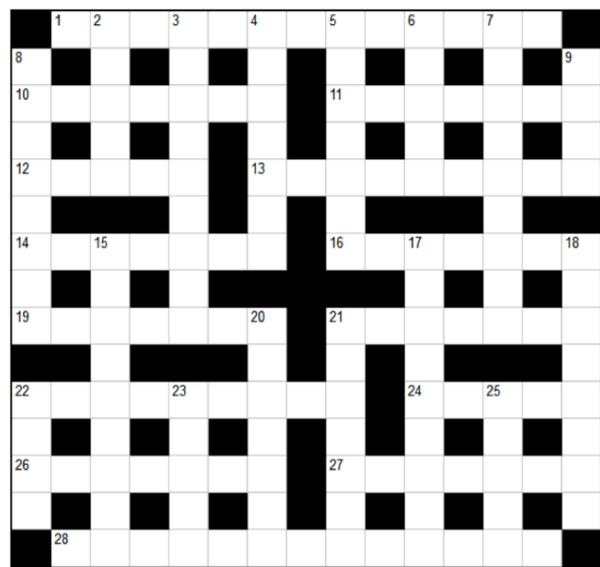
the choice to survive despite the bullshit, which is perhaps why it has been met so positively by those who share these experiences. It affirms and validates sentiments that I, as trans* myself, previously thought I was alone in feeling.

What makes *Transgender Dysphoria Blues* different from a number of its queercore predecessors is Grace's refusal to lead a politicised life. She has said in interviews that she wants it all to stop being about her being transgender and start being about the music again. Of course, an openly trans* existence cannot ever truly avoid being political, nor escape unwanted scrutiny from those who "don't understand". However, where some have made the choice to make their art and life in the public eye about being queer, Grace would rather we just leave her alone. She's told her story, and made many feel less alone for it. She doesn't owe us anything more.

This album staunchly presents itself as being written for Laura Jane Grace and for herself alone. She says, here I am, if you don't like it, you can go fuck yourself. As Grace proves, there's no right way to be trans*. The ability to choose whether or not you make your public life, or life as an artist, about your gender identity is far more important than the choice you make.

However, there is no denying the resonance and widespread impact of *Against Me!*'s portrayal of survival as a trans* person. We can only hope *Transgender Dysphoria Blues* will bring more stories out of the woodwork.





cryptic

ACROSS

- 1 Schnappi and Bronte recorded 'Wuthering Heights' artist in puff tower (13)
- 10 Olympic host left greeting for confused mountain man collective (7)
- 11 Cut layer to spread again (7)
- 12 Chocolatier heard in belly button (5)
- 13 Slight augmentation of sincere nose to evenly embed nit (9)
- 14 Jamaican called bacon a tinnie (4,3)
- 16 Flannery half-panicked on the drums (7)
- Eugenic - Causing purer offspring of Kaspersky? (7)
- 19 Choke line for bloopers (3,4)
- 22 Upset rear messily vents (9)
- 24 Muscovite's affirmation for tea house (5)
- 26 Actual sounds of shore (7)
- 27 Whistleblower sans mess in age (7)
- 28 Pompous 11-ac lending quartet (1,3)

DOWN

- 2 Toxin pricing with no adult supervision (5)
- 3 Seek a fake ACT attraction (9)
- 4 Rock any isle of heavenly fields? (7)
- 5 Harbor schtick in soup found in 24-ac? (7)
- 6 Application of uniform herb (5)
- 7 Dash consumed - (9)
- 8 Erotic latex baseball unextractable, could be separable (8)
- 9 Catalyst dropped a grandmaster into closed sac (4)
- 15 Urge metronome to whisk (3,6)
- 17 HUMID SAGO BLEND (9)
- 18 Sick star-crossed lovers like Romeo and Juliet? (3,5)
- 20 Mandolin captain also a violinist (7)
- 21 SS-handled postage (7)
- 22 Dial Lyceum to join! (4)
- 23 Enigma engineer left force in Piedmont city (5)
- 25 Pachelbel's camera (5)

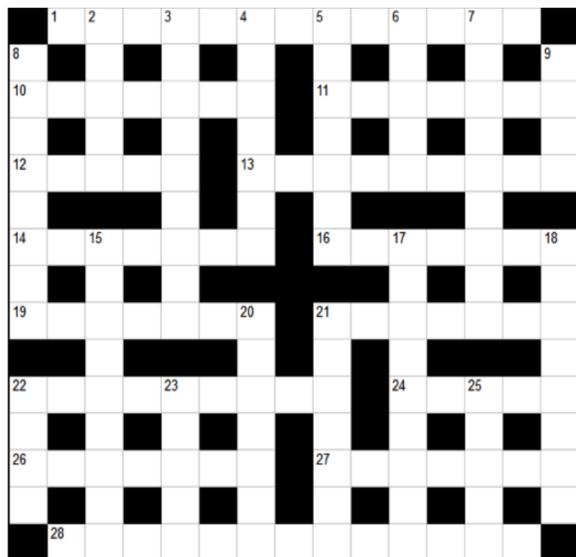
quick

ACROSS

- 1 Attractive component of motor or generator (13)
- 10 Type of rock (7)
- 11 Newly come to prominence (7)
- 12 USU-owned building (5)
- 13 Greek philosopher (9)
- 14 Pretence (7)
- 16 Inclined to move from place to place frivolously (7)
- 19 Foot-powered taxi (7)
- 21 One who inserts decorative material in the surface of an object (7)
- 22 Aboriginal journey (9)
- 24 Pause indicator (5)
- 26 University class (7)
- 27 Crushed underfoot (7)
- 28 Type of university assessment (4,4,5)

DOWN

- 2 McEnroe's 1984 French Open vanquisher (5)
- 3 Related to infectious disease usually transmitted through contaminated food or water (9)
- 4 Say again (7)
- 5 Uni bar, or US leaker (7)
- 6 Bony and emaciated (5)
- 7 Charge or excite (8)
- 8 Pre-slumber alcoholic beverage (8)
- 9 Small-sized uni class (colloq.) (4)
- 15 Autonomous community in Spain (9)
- 17 French painter of 'Liberty Leading The People' (9)
- 18 Uni bar, or Goering and Fegelein, for example (8)
- 20 Lab technician for MBLG1001, say? (3,4)
- 21,22-dn O-Week Theme (4,3,4)
- 22 See 21-dn
- 23 Regale (5)
- 25 Signal modulator and demodulator (5)

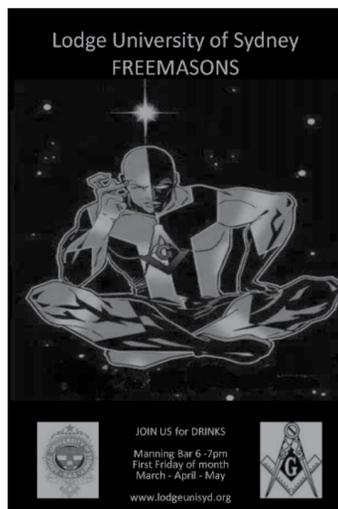


quiz

1. What is the capital of El Salvador?
2. In what country was the Futurist Manifesto published?
3. What were Mitchell Johnson's bowling figures in the First Test of 2014 against South Africa at Centurion?
4. "All this happened, more or less" is the first line of which novel?

5. Which song placed fourth on Triple J's Hottest 100 of 2013 Countdown?
6. Alex Vause is a character from which of the following TV shows:
 - a) Orange is the New Black
 - b) Ray Donovan
 - c) Franklin and Bash
 - d) Masters of Sex
7. Who hosts the relaunched version of Spicks and Specks?
8. When was the Treaty of Waitangi signed?
 - a) 1829
 - b) 1840
 - c) 1862
 - d) 1878

9. Which of these cities did not bid to host the 2018 Winter Olympics?
 - a) Pyeongchang
 - b) Almaty
 - c) Anney
 - d) Munich
10. Who is the current President of Ukraine?
11. Who directed American Hustle?
12. Which celebrity recently came out at a conference in Las Vegas?
13. Who won the Griffith by-election?
14. Who composed 'A Survivor from Warsaw'?



ANSWERS: 1. San Salvador 2. Italy 3. 12 for 127 4. Sloughtherhouse Five by Kurt Vonnegut 5. Do I Wanna Know? by the Arctic Monkeys 6. A 7. Josh Earl 8. B 9. B 10. Viktor Yanukovich 11. David O. Russell 12. Ellen Page 13. Terri Butler 14. Arnold Schoenberg



FIRE POI SPINNING COURSE AT WORK-SHOP

Redfern creative hub Work-Shop runs short courses in a variety of (admittedly somewhat niche) life and art skills. If you've ever fancied yourself a latent genius at artisan beer-brewing, advanced hula-hooping, or small-space gardening, this is the place for you. This week, have a go at Fire Poi Spinning with "The Juggernaut", Michael Hendriksen. He's just finished a mathematics thesis right here at USyd, entitled "The Use of Directed Graphs in Analysing Juggling Sequences". **Two-week course, February 26 and March 3, \$70. work-shop.com.au**

THE BEAR PACK AT THE GIANT DWARF

USyd-cum-national improv champions Steen Raskopoulos and Carlo Ritche (aka 'The Bear Pack') have a fortunate tendency of selling out pretty much everything they perform at. If you haven't seen their particularly raucous brand of comedy for yourself yet, head along to The Giant Dwarf in Redfern (the former Cleveland Street Theatre, recently re-opened by The Chaser team) on Wednesday night. And, if you happen to miss out this time around, fear not: they'll be back again next month. **February 26, \$15. Search "The Bear Pack" on eventbrite.com.au**

IN CONVERSATION WITH LIONEL SHRIVER AT THE SEYMOUR CENTRE

Yes, We Need To Talk About Kevin was possibly the creepiest, most depressing book you've ever read, but we're guessing it was also one of the best. Its author, Lionel Shriver, is flying into Australia from New York this week, and will be in conversation with USyd English lecturer and poet Kate Lilley, on Thursday night at the Seymour Centre. If that isn't enough to convince you to head along, you first-years will be pleased to know that the Seymour Centre is literally on the University of Sydney campus, so it's easy to get to straight after class. **February 27, \$15. seymour.usyd.edu.au**

THE FUTURE SOUND OF YOGA AT PADDINGTON UNITING CHURCH

Music-loving yogis Angel and Matt Singmin met in the dance tent at the Glastonbury Festival in 2009 while watching the Chemical Brothers. Since 2010, they have been running experimental dance/yoga sessions around at music festivals around the world, including Splendour In The Grass, Playground Weekend, and Peats Ridge. If you feel like getting your inner yogi on to a live electronic DJ set, head to the Paddington Uniting Church on Friday night. **February 28, \$30. futuresoundofyoga.com**

THE GROUNDS MARKETS AT THE GROUNDS OF ALEXANDRIA

The Grounds of Alexandria is, if nothing else, a top contender for the title of "Sydney's Most Instagram-ed Café". Interpret that statement as you will, but, if you're anything like most other people in the Inner West, their monthly fresh produce markets will have you with you iPhone out within seconds this weekend. Yes, the sourdough, flowers, and raw organic honey are all exorbitantly overpriced, but, my goodness, The Grounds Markets make for a pleasant (and photogenic) Saturday morning nonetheless. **March 1, free. Groundsroasters.com**

GOODBYE OXFORD TAVERN AT THE FRACKING REDUNDANTS GALLERY

Up until a few months ago, the Oxford Tavern in Petersham was one of Sydney's most notorious strip clubs, famous, above all, for its topless barmaids and exotic strippers. In the final 48 hours before its reinvention as an altogether less risqué nightspot, Petersham photographer Lyndal Irons put the local institution under the lens. The nostalgic results are on show at local indie gallery The Fracking Redundants. **Until March 19, free.**

MOVIE MONDAYS AT THE SODA FACTORY

Surry Hills hotspot The Soda Factory is the latest Sydney venue to begin hosting revival screenings of retro film classics. This week, they're showing the original 1966 Batman. Popcorn is free, but it's worth splashing out for an apple-pie flavoured Levenstein or a Piña Colada Float. And don't get confused when Google Maps directs you to what appears to be "Bobby's Boss Dogs" - it's a front shop, and you're in the right place. **March 3, free. sodafactory.com.au.**

WORLD OF WOMEN'S CINEMA FESTIVAL

Women are notoriously under-represented and under-rewarded in the film industry (fun fact: Katherine Bigalow is the only woman ever to have won an Oscar for Best Director). The WOW Film Festival aims to promote and reward talented Australian female filmmaker. There's a series of screenings, premieres, forums and exhibitions throughout the week, featuring figures such as Rachel Griffiths, Margaret Pomeranz, and Jocelyn Moorhouse. **March 4-14, various prices. www.wift.org/wow**

PRIVATE ON PARADE AT THE NEW THEATRE

New Theatre (one of Sydney's best small theatres, just up the other end of King St) tips its hat to Mardi Gras with this production of Peter Nichols' camp wartime satire, Privates on Parade. It's a fun, irreverent parody about a naïf young entertainer for troops in 1940s Malaysia, and has been described as "Cabaret retold by Noël Coward". **Until March 8, \$17-32. newtheatre.org.au**



President’s Report

Jen Light welcomes you to Uni.

Welcome to a new year at Sydney University.

Uni is one of the biggest roller coasters of your life, and the SRC is your life support to help you successfully get through it.

My name is Jen Light and I’m your SRC President for 2014. The SRC is your Student Representative Council, there are 33,000 undergraduate students and we are the peak body here to represent you and fight for you. We are your voice to the University, to the Government, and the wider community. The SRC is also affiliated to the National Union of Students (NUS), is the national body that connects all SRC’s around the country together. NUS has a two pronged approach; one which is to lobby the Government and be the national voice on students issues, and the other is to run national campaigns throughout the year on specific education, and welfare issues.

HOW CAN THE SRC HELP YOU?

The SRC has been around for 86 years and we have a long history of being completely run by students to benefit students. We offer free, confidential services of Casework and legal service that are available for all undergraduate students. These services spread out to Cumberland, Sydney College of the Arts, the Conservatorium of Music, the Nursing Campus at Mallett St, and Camden Campus.

University life is hard to adapt to, and there are always hiccups along the way so our caseworkers are hear, on your side to help you out with:

- Youth Allowance and Centrelink
- Academic Appeals
- Discontinuing/Withdrawing
- Students at Risk
- Show Cause
- Exclusion
- Tenancy Advice

- Fee refunds
- Harassment and Discrimination
- International Student Issues
- Plagiarism and Misconduct

THE FIGHT TO SURVIVE!!

Unfortunately we have entered a year in which the Abbott Government will be a serious threat to our education. We are at risk of seeing the privatisation of HECS, the deregulation of University Fees, and more cuts to higher education funding. Sydney University SRC will be ready to ensure that any cuts, or threats to the quality of our education and the inclusiveness of attending university will be fought against at every level possible.

While we are facing possible cuts to funding, and increasing fees many students have to deal with rent payments, food payments, part time work and full time study. We at the SRC will be working tirelessly to

fight for fairer rent costs, and a fairer centrelink system.

COME JOIN US!!!

Like I said the SRC is completely run by students for students, and the only way this works is because we have hundreds of passionate students in our various collectives, and Office Bearers for various different departments. These include Education, Women’s, Queer, Welfare, Environment, Indigenous, International, Disabilities, Ethno-cultural, and many more.

Hopefully I’ll see you throughout the year. If you have any questions don’t hesitate to contact me at

president@src.usyd.edu.au

Have fun at uni, but most importantly get involved!!

General Secretary’s Report

Gen Sexies Mariana Podesta-Diverio and James Leeder are constitutionally bound to get you involved in the SRC.

Greetings, succulent comrades, and welcome to another year of simple extensions and general debauchery. Or, if you’re a first year, we’re so sorry. It was never meant to be like this.

For those of you who came from schools where your SRC’s greatest achievement was selling lamingtons or raising \$80 for the Salvos, be thankful that you are now at university. This SRC is different; it has staff, it provides services, it looks out for your interests, and most importantly, it gets shit done.

We’re Jariana, and our role in the SRC is fairly bureaucratic. Simply put, our job is to look after the finances and budget of the SRC and promote its activities. Our job is halfway between

the secretary and treasurer role because, well, a couple of years ago they amalgamated the secretary and treasurer role. Still with us? Good.

Remember that \$140 you either paid or deferred when you were enrolling a couple of weeks ago? That’s your Student Services and Amenities Fee (SSAF). That sum of money, paid by all students, goes into a large pool and gets distributed between SUPRA, the USU, Sydney Uni Sport and Fitness (SUSF), Cumberland Students’ Guild, Student Support Services, and yours truly - the Student’s Representative Council. The SRC, along with other student organisations, is in the middle of negotiations that determine how much each organisation receives. The SSAF money we receive - which

is generally just above the \$1million mark - goes to paying our caseworkers and lawyers, our activism, printing Honi Soit, and running our second-hand bookshop in Wentworth just to name a few. It’s our lifeblood, and our only source of income. SUSF, on the other hand, who receive upwards of \$3.8 million (the most of any student organisation), offer no free services to students and have a generally hideous colour scheme. They can’t sit with us.

One of the things we’re proudest to boast about is the SRC’s free casework service. We have a number of full-time staff dedicated to seeing students with academic, financial or personal problems. Some of the staff will be at the SRC stall, as will we, come up and say hello.

We also want you to read the Orientation Handbook, which we produced, which has a bunch of recipes for disaster including places to eat, drink, fart, and fuck around campus without attracting unwanted attention from bewildered passers-by, or putting a hole into your wallet. Rejoice!

Anyway, we’re rambling now. So, uh, previous general secretaries have made names for themselves as the writers of inebriatingly dull Honi reports, but you can expect more incoherent hack babble from the desk of Jariana. Good day.

Queer Officers’ Report

Elsa Kohane, Ed McMahon, Holly Parrington and David Shakes argue there’s more to queer rights than Mardi Gras.

If you identify as queer - that is, anything other than “straight” - you may wish to join one of the oldest, most active queer organisations on campus, the Queer Action Collective (QuAC). This collective is a radical community, dedicated to fighting queer oppression at uni and beyond, as well as being an autonomous, anonymous and welcoming social environment and network for queer students.

The collective aims to be a safer accessible space for all queers on campus. We seek to actively challenge queerphobic, sexist, racist and similar attitudes and behaviours within our collective and beyond. The queerspace - a room just for queer students located in the Holme building - is a place to organise, meet, and for members to use however else they choose. Meetings are held here twice a week-

a general meeting at 1pm on Tuesday and an autonomous (that means exclusive) meeting for non cis male identifying queer people at 1pm on Thursday.

Something members of QuAC have been working on, along with other students from universities all over NSW, is a float in this year’s Mardi Gras parade. The theme of the float is “More Than Marriage”, which is in many ways a great representation of the collective.

The Queer rights movement has been recently dominated by a rights-based assimilationist agenda, where equality is sought on the grounds of sameness. Asserting the ‘normality’ of being queer denies what we should truly seek - autonomy and

power in difference. While most people now agree that so long as the institution of marriage is available to heteronormative relationships, access to the institution should be granted to non-straight relationships, there are many other important causes within the queer movement that don’t receive anywhere near the amount of attention that “marriage equality” does. They are issues of life and death - things like queer poverty, mental health, and asylum seeking. Yet they do not get as much airtime because they are not promoted by the “pink dollar” and the cis, white, gay men who primarily control it.

The Mardi Gras float aims to show the world that queer students are fighting for more than just marriage equality, and that society should too. The float will promote issues such as

transgender rights (“combating the cis-tem”), protest the fascist immigration policies of the state that operate particularly harshly on queer asylum seekers, protest police violence and brutality against queers (which has specific relevance to Mardi Gras), and advocate for the introduction of queer sexual education in schools. If you’re interested in coming on the float, go here: <http://goo.gl/zSM8Xy> .

There is plenty more than Mardi Gras happening the first few weeks of semester. To find out more, such as how to find the queerspace, find our stall at O Week, find an officer on Facebook (the Queer Officers for 2014 are Elsa Kohane, Edward McMahon, Holly Parrington and David Shakes), or contact us at queer.officers@src.usyd.edu.au. We hope to see you at the meetings in Week 1!

Wom*n’s Officers’ Report

Phoebe Moloney, Georgia Cranko and Julia Readett want to foster a community of intersectionality.

2014 is going to be a very exciting year for us. We will be putting a large focus on accessibility and inclusion which is a principle we would like all our gatherings to embody. This means that the spaces, tone and activities of our events don’t implicitly or explicitly exclude certain experiences of being a wom*n. We want to provide ample opportunity for all our members to explore and share new ideas, stories and experiences influencing their activism. Together in 2014 we want to critically examine what Wom*n’s activism has and could be.

Maybe you have noticed that wom*n’s

activism, particularly western Feminism tends to focus on one experience of being a woman; being white, heterosexual, employed, comfortable with identifying as a ‘woman’ and who ‘look’ like women. This year Wom*n’s Collective wants to work hardest at fostering a community and outlook that practises *intersectionality* in our activism. Intersectionality is a word you mightn’t be familiar with but it is a concept used to describe the experience of identities which fall out of normative moulds (for example the classic ‘woman’ we described above) who experience and embody more

than one oppression in their lives. When we fight for wom*n’s rights we can’t just fight on behalf of a “normal” woman’s experience (because “normal” in fact that describes very few of us!). We have to fight for the wom*n who experience sexism, racism, queerphobia, transphobia, gendered-violence, fat-shaming, unemployment, classism, whore-phobia - because just the fact they identify in some way as a wom*n makes their experience of these oppressions something quite different to a man’s.

If you would like to talk to us about intersectionality or activism or

feminism or university or anything, please (PLEASE) come to talk to us at our O-week stall – which we are officially pumped for! Look out for us on Eastern Ave where we will be handing out show-bags that detail our activities and practices further, and our publication ‘Growing Strong’ which celebrates the diverse literary and artistic talents of wom*n both on campus and off. We will also be munching on ironic cupcakes, selling freshly made t-shirts and undies that raise awareness about sexual consent.

Hope to see you there!

Education Officer’s Report

Ridah Hassan and Eleanor Morley want to take the fight to the Abbott government.

With conservative creeps like Abbott and Pyne calling the shots, students have a fight on our hands. They’ve been in office for roughly 5 months and already they’ve discussed cutting \$2.3 billion from higher education, privatising HECS and the removal of the Student Services and Amenities Fee. The Liberals in government is bad news for students.

The \$2.3 billion in cuts will include a slashing of \$900 million from university budgets, which would put more pressure on the already under-funded higher education system; less course diversity, bigger class sizes and the undermining of general and academic staff conditions and wages. It is predicted that if these cuts go ahead \$50 million will be slashed from Sydney Uni. The cuts also include attacks on student welfare, primarily the conversion of the start-

up scholarships to HECS loans, which would mean that students who receive the scholarship could now finish university with up to 40% more debt than our wealthy counterparts.

But we’re not going to take these attacks lying down, students need to take a stand against the Abbott government. We need to organize together to demonstrate our opposition, and pressure the government to back down.

And Tony Abbott is used to fighting with the lefty students. In fact when he was a student at Sydney Uni he once warned about the “Marxists... that are operating in the universities.” Well, here we are. And apart from education activism, we’ve also been planning the Marxism 2014 conference which takes place in Melbourne over the Easter break.

Marxism is Australia’s biggest left-wing conference, featuring speakers from across Australia and the world, discussing radical history, theory and ideas to challenge the system. For more info see marxismconference.org.

But the first step in taking on Abbott and Pyne is coming out to the education demonstration on the 26th March. This will be an opportunity for students everywhere to stand up for our education, with protests being held all across the country on the same day. Sydney Uni students are meeting at 12pm outside Fisher Library to march as a contingent to UTS where the main demonstration will be held. For more information about the protest or how to get involved in the education campaign contact Ridah Hassan on 0402 667 707 or Eleanor Morley on 0448 029 165 or at education.officers@src.usyd.edu.au.

Environment Officers’ Report

Steven Kwon, Marco Avena and Amelie Van Der Stock update us on the Environmental Collective.

Like trees, bees and seas? Interested in meeting other folk who share these interests and want to protect them? AHAH! I see you’ve found the environment collective!

Who are we? We are an SRC collective (no access needed to join!) dedicated to learning about and taking action on issues of social and environmental justice both on and off campus. We are linked with like-minded mates across the country as part of Australian Student environment network (ASEN) and together work on local and nationwide campaigns such as ‘fossil free universities’. We:

- Are concerned about coal, coal seam gas (CSG), uranium mining, nuclear energy and the destruction of Indigenous autonomy, forests and marine parks as a result.
- Love renewable energy, forests, reefs, food coops, community gardens... and sunflowers
- Always strive to campaign in solidarity with local and indigenous communities
- Have a non-hierarchical approach to decision making that is

inclusive and consensus based so everybody has an equal ownership of the group and its actions

What do we do? We run campaigns, have weekly meetings, host discussion groups and info nights, fight fossil fuels directly on campus, join the NSW anti-CSG movement and blockade bulldozers and logging machinery, host forums, screen films, rally for the reef, attend camps, organise ride to work days, discuss societal change, eat awesome food and enjoy good company!

Fossil Free Universities: As part of a nation-wide ASEN campaign, we are pressuring USYD to ‘divest’ from fossil fuels on campus. That is, stop investing hundreds of millions of dollars in coal companies and their financiers such as ANZ to send the message of a lacking social and academic license as well as prevent such money from influencing the direction of our research and education.

USYD Community Garden: In 2013 we joined the SRC, Food Coop and Centre for English Teaching (CET) to build a community garden on level 5 of

Wentworth (Look up from Hermanns). We’ve found that sustainability education and growing our own food has become a fantastic way to meet new enviroey mates! Join the USYD Community garden to get involved!

Leard State Forest (Maules Creek): We’ve been joining the 500 day blockade at the leard state forest to stop the construction of the Maules creek mine. This would destroy 1600 hectares of unique bushland and farmland. This region contains sacred indigenous land and 544 hectares of critically endangered habitat. The machine are in but and farmers, activists, community members, students and Gomeroi peoples are uniting against them.

Mining the Truth Roadtrips: We join ASEN folk from NSW in an annual roadtrip around the state to visit communities directly affected by the impacts of coal and coal seam gas. In 2012 we filmed an award winning documentary ‘Mining the Truth’ which shares the stories of those we met on our travels. Themed ‘Just transitions’, in 2013 we met not just the fighters, but people working in the mining

industry to build a dialogue of a just and sustainable future.

Students of sustainability (SOS): Imagine all the awesome enviroey (mostly) student folk from around Australia in the one place sharing skills, knowledge, ideas, SUCH GOOD FOOD, camping, campfires, performances.... In 2013, we went to SOS Tasmania, and road tripped with other ASEN folk around the state. We visited the Observer tree with Miranda Gibson, stopped saw mills using old growth in Lorneville and used our collective fire fighting and first aid skills to survive a 400year old myrtle falls when camping in the Tarkine. Watch out for SOS 2014 in Canberra! (A bunch of us are riding our bikes down!!!)

Want to get involved now hey? Come along to our weekly meetings on Mondays 12pm, Sunken Lawns nr Manning or email us at environment.officers@src.usyd.edu.au.

FB: “Sydney Uni Environment Collective” & “Fossil Free USYD” / Phone: Marco 0410881385, Steven 0416406900 & Amelie 0413679269.

Notice of Meeting

86th Students’ Representative Council, University of Sydney

LOCATION: Refectory

TIME: 6pm - 8pm

DATE: 12th March


Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney
Phone: 02 9660 3222 | www.src.usyd.edu.au

The first Education Action Group meeting for the year will be held Tuesday week 1 on the New Law Lawns at 2pm.

your rights at uni your voice, your SRC



SRC HELP

FREE Support & Advocacy

- Academic appeals & issues
- Centrelink advice • Tenancy
- International student rights
- Discrimination



SRC LEGAL SERVICE

FREE Legal Advice

- Representation in court
- Criminal law • Fines • Insurance
- Immigration law and more...



SRC BOOKS

Buy & Sell Secondhand Books
SAVE!!

Level 4, Wentworth Building
(opposite International Lounge)



STUDENT RIGHTS & REPRESENTATION

SRC Representatives are directly elected by students each year to stand up for students' rights on campus and in the wider community.

GET INVOLVED!

Join a collective and get involved in a campaign!
For more info: facebook.com/usydsrc



Students' Representative Council
The University of Sydney

Ph: 02 9660 5222

www.src.usyd.edu.au

If you are at another campus,
email: help@src.usyd.edu.au



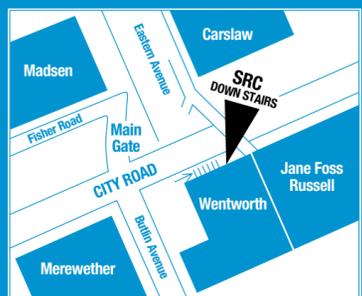
STUDENT MEDIA

Media For Students, By Students

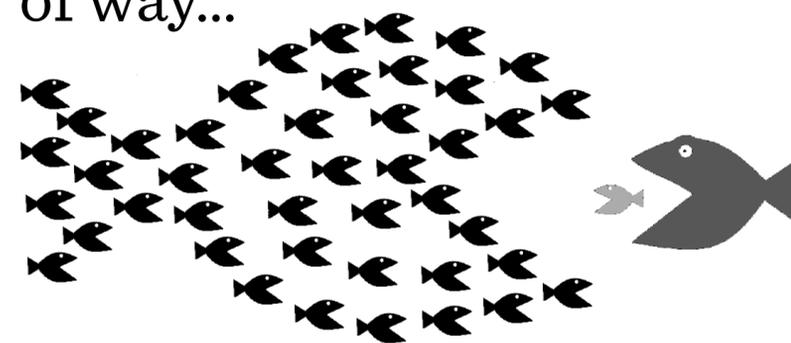
- HONI SOIT www.honisoit.com
- Student handbooks

FIND THE SRC

Level 1, Wentworth Building
(under City Rd footbridge)



Welcome to the Big House...
well, not in a prison kind
of way...



It doesn't matter how big your school was, it was not as big as this place. This place even has its own postcode, which makes it even bigger than the Rooty Hill RSL. Even the satellite campuses are many times bigger than most high schools. So whilst adjusting to this change can be exciting and challenging, it can also be down right horrifying.

The workload here is significantly higher than for most high schools. There is less individual direction and increasingly larger class sizes. The onus really is on you to stay focused and do lots of work to learn all of the required information. Most students will tell you that you don't have to do the readings before tutorials or read all the resources you list in your assignments. What they won't tell you is that this is an extremely stressful way of not doing very well at uni. Being full time at uni is definitely more work than being a full time worker. We don't mean to alarm you, we're just telling it like it is. But don't despair, there are ways to make it work for you.

Being full time at uni is definitely more work than being a full time worker. We don't mean to alarm you, we're just telling it like it is. But don't despair, there are ways to make it work for you.

Studies have shown that if you don't make some sort of attachment to the uni by about week six you'll find it very difficult to be successful in your degree. What do we mean by attachment? Your attachment may be that you've met some other people who like the same hobbies as you, so check out all of the different clubs and societies available through the Union. If you get the chance, go through the O-Week stalls so that you can meet them face-to-face and join straight away. If not, you can also find them online and go along to a meeting.

Your attachment may be your love for the subject material. Take the time to complete

at least the required readings so that the lectures make sense to you. Attending classes is compulsory for a reason, so save the socialising for another time. Most people say that doing the reading before attending the class (not to mention paying attention whilst you're there) makes the exams a lot easier.

Your attachment may be as simple as meeting a new friend or potential new partner. This is always exciting. Remember to have (safe, consensual) fun, but don't neglect the main reason you are here. You are now a University of Sydney student. Embrace it like you would a blossoming new romance.

Remember that most people feel just as nervous and out of place as you do – even the students that have come to USYD already equipped with friends from high school. The best thing that you can do is to try to be yourself, be open to meeting new people and having new experiences, and know that if you ever need to talk to someone, USYD has a free counseling service.

Another area of difference to high school is the increase to your own personal freedom. The University prefers to treat you as an adult. You are free to make your own decisions about alcohol and other drugs, and sexual activity. If you have questions about anything to do with these feel free to contact the SRC. We can always point you in the direction of reliable and non-judgemental information.

Living in Sydney is increasingly difficult for anyone on a limited budget. Where you live needs to be affordable so you're not spending more than 10 – 15 hours a week working (for a full time student) to be able to support yourself. It needs to be stable, so you are not worrying about whether you'll have somewhere to live next week, or whether your flatmates are going to pay their rent. It needs to be appropriate. Some students we have met were sleeping on a balcony in the middle of winter and not getting very much sleep...probably not the best idea they've ever had. Exhaustion and illness does not a good student make. Having trouble with accommodation? You guessed it; the SRC can help you out.

Always remember that you are not alone here. There are lots of people willing to help you settle in. The trick is to ask.

help@src.usyd.edu.au | (02) 9660 5222
www.srcusyd.net.au



Ask Abe

Dear Abe,

I've attended all of the sessions and stalls available at O week. I was wondering if there was anything else I needed to know to be able to do well at this degree.

Just a Little Bit

Dear Just a Little Bit,

I've seen lots of different types of people go through uni and I reckon there's a bit of a recipe for success.

Attend all of your classes and do all of your readings. This sounds like more work than just bluffing your way through tutorials, but you'll actually pick things up much quicker and have a better understanding of the material. Assessments and exams will also be easier to prepare for and you will score better marks. Most importantly you are less likely to fail anything, meaning you won't have to repeat a subject.

Check out the Learning Centre courses as soon as you can. Some people say they have no time to do these extra courses, but actually putting in the time for them now, will save you heaps of time later. Generally speaking people who get help from the learning centre will improve their marks by one grade. That is, if you had got a pass for that assignment you'd probably get a credit with the Learning Centre's help. Check out their website too, they have great modules on referencing properly, time management and a bunch of other topics.

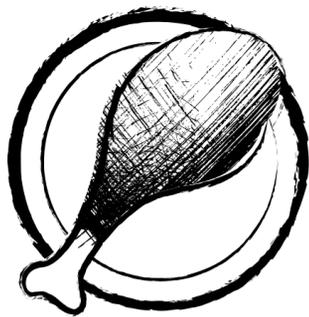
Deal with any problems you have during the semester WHEN THEY HAPPEN. Talk to SRC HELP or someone in the Faculty to get whatever it is you need.

Most of all allow yourself to have fun. This should be an awesome time of your life.

Abe

Abe is the SRC's welfare dog. This column offers students the opportunity to ask questions on anything. This can be as personal as a question on a Centrelink payment or as general as a question on the state of the world. Send your questions to help@src.usyd.edu.au. Abe gathers his answers from experts in a number of areas. Coupled with his own expertise on dealing with people, living on a low income and being a dog, Abe's answers can provide you excellent insight.

Honey Soy



125mls (1/2 cup) light soy sauce, 80mls (1/3 cup) honey, 1 lemon, juiced, 1 garlic clove, crushed, 12 chicken drumsticks.
Preheat oven to 180°C. Combine soy sauce, honey, lemon juice and garlic in a bowl and mix well. Place the chicken drumsticks in an ovenproof dish in a single layer and pour the marinade over the top. Cover the dish with foil and cook drumsticks in preheated oven for 45 minutes or until the juices run clear when the drumsticks are pierced in the thickest part. Turn the drumsticks and baste them with the marinade every 15 minutes. Remove from oven.

Student: O-Week Is Perfect Time To Reinvent Self As Less Privileged

Michael Richardson is poor, promise.

Sam Beresford (18) explained to *Honi* his plan to appear less wealthy and more “like I have something to complain about”. Beresford, a lifelong Mosman resident, was seen loitering near the Movers and Shakers Society, complaining about the Abbott government. He moved on when he realised it was a cocktail tasting club.

“It’s a three-parter, right,” said the first year, a technical graduate of St. Aloysius’ College. “First, I pretend I come from a lower-class background like the Inner West or something. Then I join a bunch of clubs like the Politics Society, the Quidditch Society, or Women in Engineering. Then I buy an apartment in Glebe and pretend I rent it.”

Beresford has already begun this process. He arrived at O-Week in a “beat-up Camry” and “skimmed a few cars on the way in to give it the trashed look”. He wore jeans ripped and repaired by his mother Anna (39) and sister Jean (15). Beresford also paid several actors to wait along Eastern Avenue, dressed in “a homely fashion” to greet him as “brothers of the street, like real poor people would”.

Honi asked Dr. Terry Coenthal, Professor of Sociology at a nearby university, to assess Beresford’s technique. “This is a delicate but common issue for many wealthy students,” said Coenthal. “It’s important to obfuscate the truth early on, or risk being hounded by parasites at the bottom of the pyramid for the rest of their academic career.”

“Poor, brave Sam,” he said, a single tear welling up in the corner of his eye. He added, “Go Sam! Go!”

Men’s Rights Activists Claim Victory As O’Farrell Bans Friendzone

Sydney Men’s Rights Activists scored a decisive victory today as the O’Farrell government moved to ban “friendzones” which occur when a woman refuses sex to a man who has been vaguely nice to her. The announcement comes after literally days of activism from “prominent” Sydney “Men’s” “Rights” “Activists”.

“Look, we were won over by their argument that men’s rights are human rights,” said the Premier in explanation. “Therefore, any trivial infraction of those rights, real or supposed, deserves our priority attention. But what new rights do you give the man who already has disproportionate access to all avenues of political, economic, administrative, social, and familial power? The answer, of course, is the right to sleep with that girl at work who he’s had two conversations with and bought a coffee for, and yet STILL she insists on not sexing his penis.”

In a month of lockouts, the new legislation will ban the lockout of a gentleman’s penis from the vagina of a lady once he has paid her three compliments, unlike all the jerks she probably dates. A further sub-clause requires a prominent trigger warning to be placed at the beginning of all episodes of *Game of Thrones* where Jonah doesn’t get to put his penis into the Kahleesi. A controversial Labor-backed amendment seeks to establish affirmative action quotas which will require “nice guys” to receive just as much sex as “arsehole jerks”.

However, Sydney’s Men’s Rights Activists are warning that this small victory is only one step on the long path to allowing

Nick Gowland h8s women.

straight white cismen to do whatever they want whenever they want to whomever they want.

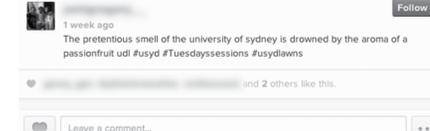
“This won’t right the historic and continued suppression of a man’s right to put his penis into the vagina of a lady,” wrote user DAWKINS4PRES on a battle.net MRA thread. “For instance, did you know that NONE of the male victims of the Titanic’s women and children first policy ever got to have sex with the ladies they’d saved? However, today is a day for celebration because, although I can still refuse to engage with even the most basic and fundamental principles of feminism, a woman now cannot refuse to engage with my penis once I’ve told her she’s pretty!” When asked if he even understood what was meant by voluntary consent, DAWKINS4PRES simply proceeded to post “MEN’S HEALTH” for an hour until his keyboard broke.

UPDATE: the O’Farrell government has informed us that it will actually take four (rather than three) compliments to sleep with a woman of colour, “because of intersectionality”.

“... this small victory is only one step on the long path to allowing straight white cismen to do whatever they want”

#bestquadstagramoftheweek

Is this the real life or is it just fantasy?



Honey Soy How-To: How To Cover Christopher Pyne In Bees

Alex McKinnon just wants to help.

This is a short guide for anyone who, for reasons of their own, may wish to cover Federal Education Minister and Member for Sturt Christopher Pyne, in bees.



It should first be noted that a significant amount of preparation will be vital to any endeavour to cover Christopher Pyne in bees. One must also remember that time of year, weather conditions and ambient air temperature are important factors; as is the location, condition and ground speed of Christopher Pyne. Covering Christopher Pyne in bees may be unsuccessful during the first few attempts. Do not be discouraged! Covering Christopher Pyne in bees is its own reward for hard work and diligence.

To cover Christopher Pyne in bees, one must first obtain several queen bees. Queen bees are the foundation for a successful hive as other bees are naturally attracted to them. Queen bees can be purchased easily from commercial suppliers over the internet – a small number of queen bees will cost between \$15 and \$25. You should buy your queen bees between October and early autumn, when bees are most healthy and active – a salient point to remember when seeking to cover Christopher Pyne in bees. Your queen bees will arrive in the mail in small, specially-built cages, a little larger than a matchbox.

Now that you have your queen bees, you must locate Christopher Pyne. As Christopher Pyne is a federal politician, he spends much of his time in Canberra, as well as in his electorate of Sturt, located in eastern Adelaide. A quick call to

either his Parliamentary or electorate offices may be of use in establishing Christopher Pyne’s exact location. (Note: Anyone taking this course of action should not reveal that their purpose is to cover Christopher Pyne in bees. Perhaps claiming you are a journalist seeking the location of a press conference or other event is an easy alternative.)

Once you have ascertained Christopher Pyne’s whereabouts, you will need to place one of your queen bee cages directly on Christopher Pyne; perhaps slipped into a coat pocket, or attached with adhesive tape. One should try to attach a cage to Christopher Pyne when he is outside, especially if he is in a rural area, an open meadow, or a honey farm. Assuming the queen bee cage stays attached, Christopher Pyne will soon be covered in a large number of bees attempting to mate with the queen bee and start a colony.

Congratulations! If you have followed these instructions closely, you have successfully covered Christopher Pyne in bees!

CLASSIFIEDS

Wanted: Readership
Contact: Bull Magazine

Wanted: Clear Thoroughfare
Contact: Flappy Bird

Wanted: Seeders
Contact: The.Walking.Dead.S04E12.
[eztv]

Wanted: Comprehensive Photoshop Training
Contact: Unethical, overambitious SULLS ticket

Lost: Seasons 1-2, it gets a bit weird after that.

For Sale
Half-price ticket for sold-out concert you’re always talking about.
Contact: Legitimate Gumtree seller (escrow only)

Game of Thrones Season 3 DVD (missing episode 11, think it’s just filler though)

MISSED CONNECTIONS

To those gorgeous, picket wielding guy beating down the hood of my car during the strikes. Ever wanted to know how the 1% lives?
vicechancellorsorifice

To the girl who shared a steamy night with me in a Student Housing pod on Eastern Avenue last year. Coffee?
affordablefuntimeslover

DEATHS

Sydney’s Nightlife
A memorial will be held from the hours of 11:00pm - 3:00am. Good luck getting home during change-over.



See new perspectives on banking

DB3D Careers Event

Date: Tuesday, March 18, 2014
Time: 6:30pm - 9:00pm
Location: Deutsche Bank Place
Cnr Hunter & Phillip Streets,
Sydney

Join us at our DB3D Careers Event to explore Deutsche Bank from all angles. You'll see some of the key sides of what we do and – more importantly – the agile minds that do it.

Places at the event are strictly limited.
Please register your interest to attend by
12:00pm Thursday, 13th March.

Visit registration.db.com/DB3D

Passion to Perform

