

Honi



Soit

Week 1, Semester 2, 2014

HONI SOIT QUE? MAL Y PENSE!



ILLUSTRATION
BY WANYI XIN
(CABBAGE)

Convocation calls

INVESTIGATION |

Christina White investigates the recent push to open up discussion on fee deregulation.

Our University typically takes enormous pride in its history. ‘Australia’s First’ is etched everywhere across USyd’s marketing material, and each tour group to arrive on campus is taken through the Quadrangle to be convinced that we are an estranged lovechild of Oxford and Cambridge.

The most recent attempt to invoke USyd tradition – the petition for a meeting of Convocation to debate fee deregulation – has, however, drawn ire from the University’s administration. Vice-Chancellor Michael Spence called it an “anachronism” that was “used in the 1880s and 1890s”. Suddenly, it seems, history is more expedient locked away in the past. Perhaps because a debate of Convocation would likely reveal Spence to be once again at odds with the community he leads. Whilst the Vice-Chancellor supports the basic idea of fee deregulation, current polls show that more than 70 per cent of Australians are opposed.

The looming petition has the University’s administration eschewing its own history, and more enticingly, proving itself unwilling to answer questions about its legal framework. Above all, it sheds

light on dearth of forums for debate within our hallowed sandstone.

* * *

The Convocation petition, initiated by four elected Fellows of the USyd Senate, requests that University Chancellor Belinda Hutchinson summon a meeting of Convocation to debate whether or not the University should support the Federal government’s changes to higher education and fee deregulation.

Convocation broadly refers to the graduate community of a university and its academic staff. If the meeting is summoned, then all USyd alumni would be invited to participate in the debate and the University would be obligated to publicly advertise the meeting. It would be the first official forum for members of the USyd community to express their views on fee deregulation.

Looking at USyd’s alumni, the prospective guest list could make for a historic debate: political heavyweights Tony Abbott, Joe Hockey, Anthony Albanese, Mike Baird and Clover Moore would have the right to speak in the presence of University management, as would a handful of High Court justices and

world-renowned economists. While well-known dropout Gina Rinehart did attend USyd, she won’t have the right to speak or recite poetry because one must finish their degree to attend Convocation.

The National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) and student organisations such as the Sydney University Postgraduate Representatives’ Association (SUPRA) are promoting the petition. It will be presented to Hutchinson early next month. Hutchinson has discretion over whether or not to accede to the request. If she refuses to summon the meeting, the matter will be referred to the University Senate, USyd’s primary governing body, which has the power to overrule the Chancellor’s decision.

* * *

While USyd’s alumni are rarely considered stakeholders of the University community, graduates lie at the core of the University in law and tradition. Convocation is one of the four constituent parts of the university, alongside the Senate, staff and students.

Convocation has the official power to make recommendations to the

Senate on any University matter, and the Senate can refer matters to Convocation for an opinion – in theory at least.

In the early 20th century graduates actively agitated to be able to voice their concerns about University policy and, in 1939, a Standing Committee of Convocation was established to represent their interests. This Committee organised meetings of Convocation for political discussion. In 1959, Sir Robert Menzies gave an address on higher education funding, followed in 1962 by economist John Crawford, who discussed Australia’s strategic and economic outlook.

In 2006, the Committee was renamed the Alumni Council. The Council no longer takes policy stances on issues affecting USyd alumni and appears to prioritise alumni networking. The President’s online statement describes the “comprehensive program of alumni events” as having “an increased focus on joint alumni and development-focused activities,” which appears to be a far cry from the political lectures of decades past.

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We acknowledge that *Honi Soit's* office is located on the traditional lands of the Gadigal people of the Eora nation. We would like to acknowledge the Traditional Owners of the land on which we work and pay our respects to the Elders past and present.

Editorial

Welcome back! I guarantee you this edition will be better reading than any course introduction. For academic purposes, Week 1 is a non-week – it's never in exams. Though if you're a medical student maybe don't listen to me.

This week *Honi* has given precisely zero space to the Commonwealth Games, which we feel is entirely appropriate.* If you think this is an egregious error then can we recommend the morning shows or moving into a retirement village.

The joke's on us though, because apparently the Games will trigger Tasmania's secession. The Speedos worn by our nation's beloved water monsters have caused the controversy. These swimmers feature maps of mainland Australia with native animals, but the Apple Isle is nowhere to be seen.

OMG. The one person I know from Tasmania informs me the Apple Isle is Tasmania. Only those with a chronic insecurity complex would want such a self-aggrandising name. Too good for the plebeian 'island', ey?

Post-eminent media stronghold news.com reports: "Thirty-two years after the biggest snub in Tasmanian history, it's happened again." Apparently the three decade-old nightmare started during the 1982 Brisbane Commonwealth Games, when Opening Ceremony dancers made a formation in the shape of Australia which did not include Tasmania. Who knew the Games were such an oppressive institution?

Tasmanian MP Andrew Nikolic said the omission is a "repetitive insult" and assured his constituents he has written to the federal Sports Minister to demand that the Commonwealth Games Federation

"have a good, hard look at themselves". The Tasmanian Premier Will Hodgman called it "utterly un-Australian" placing it alongside pokie reforms, light beer and Marmite. We should be ashamed.

Historian Reg Watson said the snubbing "is typical of how mainlanders treat Tasmania, and this is why I believe in secession for Tasmania." This beacon of knowledge's by-line is "Politically incorrect and proud of it!" Elementary, my dear Watson.

Premier Hodgman has tried to calm secessionist tempers, saying: "I'm seriously annoyed, but this doesn't mean we'll move to secede." Politicians have lied before. I can hear the tanks mobilising.

Palmer United Party Senator Jacqui Lambie has demanded \$5 million compensation from the Commonwealth Government. I'm not kidding. She thinks leaving the small blob of land off the graphic design has caused irreparable damage. "Ordinary Tasmanians will be offended and feelings will be hurt."

Since seeing the swimmers, Google Maps have covered Tasmania with ocean and Speedo is rumoured to be the new official Atlas maker.

Apparently this controversy last fired up when Arnott's released a special edition Australian Day biscuit that also omitted Tasmania (pictured). I'm not sure what sort of invisible biscuit attachment our six-fingered compatriots wanted, but biscuit making should be innovative I guess.

Here's to a semester of more inclusive biscuits!

* *It's 10:30pm on Sunday and I just read page 5, fuck it.*



The biggest threat to national security since 9/11. Taste you can see? It's not taste. That's the immoral un-Australian filthy lack of respect that is ruining our country emanating off your food.



Credits

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QUIZ: Samuel Herzog

A letter from Kenya

I hope you guys are doing cool.

Well, you informed me that you do not accept submissions from non-students. However, I hope that you can take a 'letter' from a non student who is so much interested in voicing his thoughts from a far-off continent and University altogether in your esteemed publication.

Honi Soit is the best campus magazine I've ever come across. It being student-centered is a plus and earns enough trust from the students - both in University of Sydney and abroad.

Keep it up guys. Magazine Reel will be looking up to you from Egerton University in Kenya for inspiration. Or maybe could look into some partnership of sort.

Hoping to hear from you soon

Cheers!

With Regards,

Denshi Shisia
Chief Operations Officer/
Editor, *Magazine Reel*
www.magazinereel.com

Our apologies for fucking up

How disappointed my husband and I both were when we excitedly sat down to read the latest *Honi Soit* (Week 13). We haven't had the opportunity for a while. Well, after only getting to page 3 we decided to desist.

Any publication that cannot express itself without needing to swear isn't good enough for us.

Disappointed,

Therese and Clive

Some SAlt in the wound

Dear Honi,

I read your piece on Socialist Alternative with interest. Having answered your questions honestly and in some detail, I hoped we would get a fair run. I was disappointed both with the factual errors and gross political bias of the article.

Firstly, the article repeatedly insinuates that we have some evil, all-powerful dictatorial hierarchy which tells every member what to do, who to be friends with, and presumably

what brand of toothpaste to use. This is ridiculous, McCarthyist scaremongering.

Factually, it was Ridah and I who suggested that we move to Sydney, as we believed that it was ludicrous for the biggest socialist organisation in Australia not to have a club at Sydney Uni. I clearly stated this to Honi in my interview. That Honi refused to publish facts in favour of false 'speculations', says more about the standards of this publication than about our organisation's leadership structure.

Like all political organisations that operate at a national level, we have a national leadership that coordinates our work; thinks through particular political issues, discusses priority topics for the newspaper, and more. There is no alternative to such a structure for a sizeable group. But unlike most organisations our leadership bodies at every level are directly elected by members, and are recallable at any time. We are extremely proud of our radically democratic culture.

But don't take my word for it. As SRC Education Officer Eleanor Morley wrote when she joined SA just last year:

"Another frequent criticism I have encountered is the accusation that members are forced to follow a strict political line, dictated from above. After attending branch meetings and watching how political debate and contribution from all members is not only common but encouraged, this argument also seemed hollow."

Further, as Eleanor was a leading negotiator for the Grassroots last year, and has since chaired a rally of 1000 students, the claim that we only recruit 'vulnerable' students with 'social anxiety' is also unfounded and offensive.

The article also quotes extensively from Cam Petrie, who was never a member of Socialist Alternative (another factual error), and is now a member of the RMIT Labor Right. This club has opposed and boycotted the education campaign this year, and is aligned to the section of the ALP which concocted the PNG solution, supports the ban on marriage equality, and promotes neoliberal economic policies more generally. Forgive us if we pay no attention to his criticisms.

I could go on about how the 'leaked email' quoted in your article is an obvious forgery, about how we happily collaborate with any number of progressive organisation in a range of campaigns, about how we

don't conceive of ourselves as a 'vanguard party'... but I'd rather get on with life and the campaign against the Liberal government.

I would encourage any student who seriously wants to know what Socialist Alternative stands for and how you might get involved with the most successful revolutionary group in the country to give us a call. Seriously, do it. All we ask in return is your firstborn child.

Omar Hassan,

President of the Socialist
Alternative Club

Write your thesis, Lucy

Dear Honi,

Thank you for resharing my letter about the disarray of Fisher library this week. I wish to recount to you another tale of bureaucratic library despair. This time, however, it is not Fisher I wish to complain about. This time, my complaint goes higher - to the state and national libraries, the highest order of library in our good (read: not so good) country. It is with regret, Honi, that I have to come to understand that no library is perfect.

From these libraries, I have been seeking approximately 776 editions of gossip magazines. Magazines which, under s201 of the Copyright Act 1968 must be supplied to these libraries within one month of publishing. Now, overall I have found my experience seeking these materials to be rather pleasurable, however, when it comes to the 14 issues I could

not easily find, things got tricky.

I took my queries to the State Library loans desk, armed with a list of issues I believe they don't have, and they claim they do. I was told, rather unequivocally, that those issues do not exist. Not, "the library doesn't appear to have it", but, "it must have never been published". But they do exist, Honi. Truly they do.

Giving up hope on the State Library, I decided to see if my brother, who lives in Canberra, could visit the national library on my behalf. I'd left my library card with him in Canberra, so I requested the materials online, and sent my brother along the next day. There, despite sharing my surname, and the only name listed on the card he held in his hand, he was told he could not access the materials. Instead, he would have to apply for his own [free] card, and re-request them. Which means I had to call the library, ask them to return the material under my name to the stacks, in order for them to file it all neatly away, before receiving a request from my brother for that exact material to return to the reading room. The entire process, for my brother to gain access to material that lay not 3 feet from where he stood when he visited the library, has taken 6 days.

And after all of this, I'm still missing 4 issues. They must have never been published.

Yours in bureaucratic (and thesis) anguish,

Lucy Watson
Arts (Media and Communications)
VI

Have a thought? Just one? Just a single one?

Write a letter to editors@honisoit.com

We'll print your lone thought.

Convocation brings all the grads to the yard

Christina White would like to join the graduates, if only she'd finished her Arts degree by now.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

English lecturer Dr Nick Reimer sees a "striking contradiction" in how the University relates to its alumni today. "It is never backward about soliciting donations from graduates," he said, "but is resisting the idea that they deserve to be consulted about fee deregulation."

When approached for comment, the Alumni Council directed *Honi* to the University. We asked whether the Alumni Council is bound to the obligations of the Standing Committee – which appears to include annual meetings with quorum of a hundred – and received no answer.

* * *

The petition movers – Senate fellows Verity Firth, Catriona Menzies-Pike, and Andrew West (elected by the alumni), and Patrick Massarani (elected by the undergraduates) – believe the graduate community's voices need to be heard when it comes to fee deregulation.

"Convocation is a unique opportunity to bring graduates and academic staff together to discuss what is a generational change," Menzies-Pike said. Given "the role of the University in the broader community, Darlington, and New South Wales," she emphasised the importance of "involv[ing] members of the wider University of Sydney community, both on- and off-campus" in the debate.

Convocation has been criticised for being unrepresentative. A University spokesperson said the Vice-Chancellor is "concerned that a convocation does not include students" and expressed doubt that "convocation can adequately represent the views of more than a small number of stakeholders." It is unclear what form of consultation Spence does support. Despite repeatedly expressing a commitment to widespread consultation on fee deregulation, students are yet to be consulted. When asked when that consultation would begin the USyd spokesperson told *Honi*, "the forms this consultation will take are still being explored".

The spokesperson said the "University is waiting to see what the legislation is" before finalising its position on fee deregulation. The Fellows supporting the petition believe that debate should be happening now. "I want us to be part of the debate, not the victim of it,"

Massarani contended. "The fact that the government hasn't made what's going to happen clear shouldn't be an indictment on us, it should be an indictment on the government."

Supporters of the petition emphasise the need for more discussion and community debate in any form. Menzies-Pike stressed that "more consultation rather than less on this issue is critical ... any opportunities that exist should be enthusiastically explored."

Other Senate Fellows, past and present, have echoed the pressing need for wide debate. Associate Professor Janet Mooney, former Senate Fellow and Director of the Koori Centre, stressed the need to give a platform to groups that will be adversely affected by the changes.

"National indigenous groups are pushing back hard, they're very concerned because we're only just getting close to parity, and if you don't have a scholarship you're in trouble," she said. "An open forum should be the way to go," Mooney added, because "a university can't do it by itself. The whole university sector and the wider public must be involved."

* * *

The debate over Convocation as an appropriate forum to discuss fee deregulation speaks to a larger question of University governance. Hutchinson is the first Chancellor of USyd in recent history not to hold a postgraduate degree. Her experience is overwhelming corporate, sitting on numerous executive boards.

The industrial disputes in 2013 exposed rifts within the University, and Spence was accused of prioritising corporate interests to the detriment of staff and students.

Many academic staff continue to feel alienated from how the University is run. "There is a fairly serious crisis of governance in the University," Reimer said.

"The University's own surveys show this very clearly. The people who work here feel completely locked out of any decision-making," he said. "There's no collaboration or collegial decision-making. It is becoming increasingly clear how counterproductive a severely top-down authoritarian way is."

The Senate elections late last year

saw the success of a reform agenda. Menzies-Pike, Firth and West were elected by the graduate community alongside journalists Kate McClymont and Peter FitzSimons. Menzies-Pike's election statement read: "The current managerialist approach of university management is having a corrosive effect on the university community." After being elected, Firth told *Honi* that degrees should not be reduced to "money spinners".

West also emphasised the dangers of education being viewed as a commodity. His election statement said he would prioritise protecting humanities subjects "from creeping pressure to dumb down for the sake of fad, fashion or 'marketability'" and also "maintaining the

integrity of the sciences, which face increasing pressure to enter potentially compromising 'industry partnerships' and commercial agreements".

* * *

"The greatest danger is, of course, that he who pays the piper will always be permitted to call the tune," orated Sir Robert Menzies in the Great Hall during an Address to Convocation in 1959.

Back then, Menzies was concerned about politicians exercising influence on universities by virtue of providing funds. It seems that concerns of how to facilitate academic research and make education accessible are immemorial.

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKAELA BARTELS



MASLAN* CHRONICLES OF THE SENATE

*If you don't get it, Massarani and Aslan kinda sound the same.

News for Dummies

William Edwards recaps Important Wordly Affairs.

When 12-year-old Claire Falls learned that the government had revoked the Australian Paralympic football team's funding, she personally mailed Tony Abbott to express her disappointment. In turn, Abbott sent a form response, which completely ignored Falls's questions. Falls dismissed Abbott's letter as "waffle about democracy," further asking "isn't democracy supposed to be about equality?" The incident is but one of many in which a child has shown more insight than the Prime Minister.

The XX Commonwealth Games commenced in Glasgow, Scotland, with an opening ceremony, which, to wide critical acclaim, featured adorable dogs wearing pretty coats. Australian viewers rejoiced at the opportunity to get their money's worth from patriotic merchandise they bought for the World Cup, but were too embarrassed to use them. Less enthused are the people of Tasmania, whose state wasn't pictured alongside others on the national speedo design. Such exclusion has long been an issue for Tasmanians, who have repeatedly refused to take the hint.

Inspired by her party leader's audacious and unapologetic style, Jacqui Lambie discussed her ideal man on Tasmanian radio station Heart 107.3FM. "They must have heaps of cash and they've got to have a package between their legs, let's be honest. And I don't need them to speak," the Palmer United Party Senator joked. The backlash was immediate. Listeners and commentators expressed shock, even outrage, that a PUP member would say something unconventional.

A qualitative study on post-budget sentiment with a catchy title: 'How Australians are feeling about the economy and the future post-budget', has revealed that Australians are feeling fairly apprehensive about the economy and the future post-budget. There was a strong sentiment among respondents that the budget unfairly affects more vulnerable members of society. The discovery of such compassion among the Australian populace is expected to considerably disturb the Coalition, who would find electoral success elusive should electors exercise their consciences.

THE MANNING FILES

I CAN TWEET CLEARLY NOW THE RAIN HAS GONE

In a small triumph for the transparency agenda, student media were permitted to report comments made by USU staff members throughout the last Friday's USU Board meeting for the first time. Unfortunately everyone was awfully nice, with most of the Board having recently returned from a bonding retreat in the Blue Mountains and staff on their least confrontational behaviour. *Honi* will be looking out for any future staff-related bombshells.

In other Twitter related news, the USU marketing team were left red-faced over the holidays after one of their tweets was called out as sexist and misogynist by students. It read "RT @g3t_deep: When life knocks you down, calmly get back up, smile, and very politely say, 'You hit like a bitch'".

The tweet was quickly deleted and an apology offered for any offence caused. We'd advise the USU against retweeting anyone with a Twitter handle like @_g3t_deep, but perhaps more importantly, a hint for the USU marketing department is in order: probably best to avoid the word 'bitch' when trying to relay inspirational messages to your students.

ED CANT

While you, dear student, spent your winter break gramming the sunshine from your Topdeck holiday in Ibiza, a few masochistic, fun-hating student politicians headed to Perth for the National Union of Students' Education Conference (Edcon), held at the

University of Western Australia. We are genuinely surprised that a single motion was actually debated, but it seems they made it. Following the release of an audit by TL Consult, the motion proposed radically restructuring the organisation, including appointing a CEO and an advisory panel of experts, and the introduction of Key Performance Indicators.

The Executive (mostly Labor students) moved the motion, excited by the prospect that a real-life consulting firm would actually pay any attention to NUS. Socialist Alternative was unsurprisingly the most vocal in denouncing the motion – cue shouts of "Fuck corporations!"

But things returned to normal when the factions began hurling insults at each other and Unity walked almost immediately after debate began. When it comes to NUS, some things change. But really, it's just shit.

HEAR NO EVIL. SPEAK NO EVIL. TASTE NO EVIL

According to a number of alleged reports from the scene, a senior member of the Law Faculty who allegedly looked like the Dean allegedly cut in the line at Taste, but tipped generously. *Honi* will refrain from casting aspersions about the ethics of line cutting and/or tipping until we hear from our lawyers.

USU INEXPLICABLY PROMOTES SEXPO ON FACEBOOK

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Gaza: Personal commitment for political stories

Many Palestinian supporters are unified by shared experiences of oppression, writes **Astha Rajvanshi**.

Last Sunday afternoon, hundreds of people took to the streets of Sydney's CBD, waving Palestinian flags and holding up signs to demand an end to Israel's military offensive in Gaza.

Black and white Palestinian keffiyehs were draped across the necks of many, a public ritual that has long symbolised the collective cause of Palestinian resistance against the settler colonial state of Israel. Men, women and children huddled on the steps of Town Hall, gazing intently at a small girl who took to the microphone at the front. Chanting loudly, they repeated after her: "Palestine is Palestinian! 1, 2, 3, 4, we don't want your bloody war!"

Organised by the Palestine Action Group, a Sydney-based activist organisation committed to supporting Palestine and the international Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) campaign, the chanters echo the anguish of Gazans. Over a one thousand civilians have died in Gaza since the most recent instalment in Israeli-Palestinian tensions began to unfold.

Nufid, who is Palestinian, sees the fight for the long disputed land as a struggle to restore historic, cultural and familial roots. He refers to how, at the age of nine, his father walked 400 kilometres to Jordan after being exiled from

Palestine. Despite having never been to Palestine, he stands in solidarity with those currently there.

"Palestine is my land ... our land – my father's, my grandfather's – in Palestine has been taken, and this is why I'm here today. There's something called justice, if we look at the map before 1946, there's nothing that exists called Israel."

Fifteen-year-old Meem, whose grandparents live in Palestine, attended the rally to raise awareness about "what's truly happened, and the truth behind it all". When asked if she has ever been to Palestine, she replied, "Yes, but it's always occupied by Israel... you have to go past the Israeli guards". She sees it as a "genocide".

But these protests are not just the stories of Palestinians. For many, they represent a desperate desire for the coexistence, peace and sanctity of human lives in the face of international power plays. Gaza is a stark reminder of atrocities perpetrated against other oppressed groups throughout history.

Pamela Windsor, who came to Sydney from Chile twenty years ago, believes that the Palestinian struggle is a massacre, similar to that her own country faced during the military coup of Pinochet.

"Palestinians are not alone," she said. "This is not a war, this is a massacre. That's what we're trying to show the world. There's no Hamas in little kids' faces."

Windsor believes that the UN needs to take responsibility for much of the violence that has erupted in Gaza. "The view is very clear, United Nations is part of this massacre, they give the partition of the land to Israel many years ago, they were part of this, the same as USA."

Martin, an Irish man from the James Connolly Association, is drawn to support Palestine out of a "shared history and shared present" that vies for independence. He believes that what is happening in Palestine today happened in Ireland almost a hundred years ago.

"Obviously the injustices endured by our people in the modern era are minimal compared to what's being suffered by the Palestinians today, but in saying that, what they're going through today, we've gone through in the past. We had a genocide in 1840s, where about one million died, they were starved to death, not bombed, but the fundamentals are the same," he says.

The death of innocents has triggered a response against government brutality, which unites many different communities from across the world. These people feel frustrated that many powerful players, the media or politicians around the world, remain apathetic to dehumanisation of Gazans.

PHOTO BY JACK FISHER



Lynch lives to BDS another day

The Australian media's coverage of Gaza has left **Nick Rowbotham** wanting.

A week after the current crisis in Gaza began, USyd academic Jake Lynch won a striking victory in the Federal Court against Israeli legal group Shurat HaDin in defence of the Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) movement.

The renowned 'lawfare' group had accused Lynch of breaching the *Racial Discrimination Act* after he refused to sponsor the fellowship application of an Israeli academic last year.

Despite its legal and political significance, the end of the case was barely discussed in the mainstream media. The Fairfax press didn't even publish a report on the outcome, which, if nothing else, was a significant "win for political freedom", as Lynch himself described it to *Honi*.

Alongside the often-poor coverage of the most recent conflict in Gaza, the lack of serious

editorial discussion of Australian government policy on Israel and Palestine is reflective of a chronic indifference to the issue in Australian political discourse.

The US government's complicity in the Israeli occupation of Palestinian territories is well documented, and has once again been brought into plain view during the current crisis.

On the same day Israel commenced its ground invasion of Gaza, the US Senate voted *unanimously* in support of Israel's "right to defend itself", a line that has been repeated ad nauseam by Barack Obama, John Kerry, and a host of other senior politicians. This is despite only 42 per cent of Americans thinking Israel's actions are justified and 39 per cent considering them unjustified, according to recent polling from Gallup.

Although focus on the US government's support for Israel is important, it's easy to forget that Australia is also among just a handful of nations in the UN that deny the illegality of Israeli settlements in the West Bank and refuse to accept that the Geneva Convention applies to Israel's military activities in the occupied territories.

George Brandis' recent claim that describing East Jerusalem as 'occupied' is "freighted with pejorative implications" and "neither appropriate nor useful," underscores the Australian government's increasingly extreme position: East Jerusalem is widely considered to be occupied under international law.

And yet, the volume of dissent in mainstream Australian discourse against the near-bipartisan consensus on the conflict rarely gets above a murmur. In the US,

there is currently an active debate occurring around BDS, which aims to non-violently pressure Israel to end the occupation. The debate has extended to established mainstream outlets like *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, and has arguably begun to shift public opinion.

How can it be that during a huge escalation of the conflict in Gaza, much of the Australian media is incapable of even prioritising it as news? Fairfax, for example, has consistently buried important news on the conflict on its websites and in its papers.

The Australian media and public may see themselves as detached from the Israel-Palestine conflict, but Australian governments both Labor and Liberal have increasingly positioned us as one of Israel's staunchest allies. If the conversation doesn't change now, when will it?

Defining 'women'

Gender identity can't be determined by 'a line in the sand', **Anonymous** argues.

Earlier this month NOWSA, the national student conference for women, passed two motions that sought to exclude trans masculine people from the conference and from women's groups and spaces around the country. These motions read:

"That NOWSA 2014 changes NOWSA's definition of women to be 'people who currently identify as women or currently experience oppression as women'."

"That NOWSA 2014 encourages women's organizations and spaces to adopt the NOWSA definition of who is eligible to attend and participate in these spaces. NOWSA explicitly condemns defining this as 'non-cis-male'."

That both of these motions emerged from NOWSA's Trans Caucus is certainly relevant to the debate. There is no doubt that, historically, women's spaces have been inaccessible to trans women and as such that creating women's spaces that are welcoming and inclusive of trans feminine individuals is crucial. However, I dispute that the ongoing relationship trans men have with

womanhood must necessarily be dismantled in order to validate the identities of trans women. As a trans man, these motions affect both my ability to access women's spaces and additionally erase my ongoing connection to womanhood. My experience is not going to be representative of all trans masculine individuals. However it is my personal belief that the underlying sentiment of motions like these can only further exacerbate the already poor mental health outcomes within trans masculine communities.

NOWSA's definition of women is embedded in binary notions of gender. It is a line in the sand – on one side we find women, on the other, men. At some point, trans men cross this line and all connection to womanhood is erased. This relies heavily on the assumption of 'passing' – the concept that trans men or, indeed, trans masculine non-binary individuals are read as male, gain cisgender-male privilege and no longer experience sexism or misogyny. This places a heavy emphasis on medical transition and gender presentation and also opens the door to the policing

of people's identities based on physical appearance.

This 'line in the sand' approach begs the contentious question: when do we presume that trans masculine people are no longer experiencing oppression as women? After taking male hormones for over 12 months I do not pass. I may never pass 100 per cent of the time. Every interaction I have with the legal or medical systems is characterised by the fact that my documents and body alike are read as that of a woman. I am not, and nor do I identify as, a 'man' in the normative sense of the word. When the proponents of this motion say "[trans men] are men and should be treated as men," what they are saying is: you are a man now, you are not welcome here. They not only erase 20 years of my womanhood prior to transitioning but also the ways in which womanhood continues to shape my present identity.

It is easy to dismiss the connection between trans masculinities and womanhood. Patriarchal structures demand a certain type of masculinity of trans men if they wish to live their lives in relative

safety. For example, I know of many trans masculine people who wouldn't choose to bind their chest if society could reconcile the elements of masculinity and femininity that co-exist in many trans, sex and gender diverse bodies. How people present is not always how they identify. On a personal level I feel a deep connection to womanhood and this will always underpin the sort of masculinity I seek to embody. Women and trans inclusive spaces have been a huge part of making me feel safe and included in Queer spaces, allowing me to engage on issues of sexism and transphobia alike in my community.

If we are to move away from the definition 'non-cisgender male' then I would suggest we instead consider phrases like 'identify in whole or part as women' or 'identity as or with women'. We will not be able to truly address, subvert or engage with sexism and misogyny when we are preoccupied with policing identity and excluding members of our own community based on patriarchal, binary models of gender and masculinity.

Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

Notice of 2014 Students' Representative Council Annual Election

Nominations for the Students' Representative Council Annual Elections for the year 2014 close at 4:30pm Wednesday 20th August 2014. Polling will be held on the 24th and 25th of September 2014. Pre-polling will also take place outside the SRC Offices (Level 1, Wentworth Building) on Tuesday 23rd of September 2014 from 10am - 3pm. All students who are duly enrolled for attendance at lectures are eligible to vote. Members of the student body who have paid their nomination fee to Council are eligible to nominate and be nominated, except National Union of Students national office bearers. Fulltime officebearers of the SRC may also nominate as NUS delegates.

Nominations are called for the following elections/positions and open 30th July 2014 at 4:30pm:

- The election of the Representatives to the 87th SRC (33 positions)
- The election of the President of the 87th SRC
- The election of the Editor(s) of *Honi* Soit for the 87th SRC
- The election of National Union of Students delegates for the 87th SRC (7 positions)

Nomination forms can be downloaded from the SRC website: www.src.usyd.edu.au, or picked up from SRC Front Office (Level 1, Wentworth Building) from 4:30pm July 30th 2014.

Nominations **must also** be lodged online along with your policy statement and Curriculum Vitae (optional), by close of nominations at: www.src.usyd.edu.au. For more information, call 9660 5222.

Signed nomination forms and a printed copy of your online nomination **must** be received no later than 4:30pm on Wednesday 20th August, either in the locked box at the SRC Front Office (Level 1, Wentworth Building), or at the following postal address: PO Box 794, Broadway NSW 2007.

Nominations which have not been delivered (printed, signed, hardcopy) either to the Electoral Officer at the SRC front office or to the post office box shown above **and** submitted online by the close of nominations **will not be accepted** regardless of when they were posted or received.

The Regulations of the SRC relating to elections are available online at www.src.usyd.edu.au or from the SRC Front Office, (Level 1, Wentworth Building).

Authorised by P. Graham, SRC Electoral Officer 2014.
Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney
Phone: 02 9660 5222 | www.src.usyd.edu.au



TERF wars

Charlie O'Grady support the banning of TERFs from the Queer Collaborations conference.

Trans-exclusionary radical feminists, or TERFs, were banned at this year's Queer Collaborations conference at Melbourne's Monash University. Through two motions passed quickly and without ceremony on the conference floor, a blanket ban was issued against all TERFs attending future QC events. A Brisbane queer officer who is alleged to have made transphobic comments during the conference was also banned.

TERFs are those self-identified radical feminists who believe that trans people reinforce and reify the gender binary, and that trans women are merely effeminate men, whom they frequently frame in a predatory manner. Their view of gender, based in essentialism, invisibilises trans people and, in particular, labels trans women as "not real women".

This ban goes beyond the establishment of autonomous spaces, or safe spaces for particular groups within the queer community – for example, non-cisgender males. Talk of the exclusion of a group of people from a safe space to which they have a right is

highly controversial. And indeed, a blanket ban prevents those queer women who hold these views from accessing a space such as QC which allows them to discuss oppression they themselves face – as well as barring any potential for learning to occur. The prevailing view seems to be that offenders should be banned after they have actually engaged in hate speech or violent actions.

Beyond the question of whether or not TERFs attend queer events to learn and allow their views to be changed, their politics operate in a way that is not only oppressive but, on numerous occasions, has led to the actual violation of trans women. Whilst not all TERFs support such extremist action, and it would be unfair to claim so, the presence of TERFs in queer spaces, in which trans people, too, desire safety, makes those spaces unsafe. The fact that someone may not have acted in an overtly violent manner toward a group of people does not mean they are not or could not be dangerous. In not taking action against the damaging idea inherent in TERF philosophy that trans women are "not really women", and

are somehow lesser, we implicitly send the message that we are comfortable with this notion being perpetuated.

QC's Safer Spaces Agreement contains the following: "A space should be inclusive of every individual where possible, but, if certain individuals are making the conference unsafe, they are making it less inclusive for others. If you feel that you cannot adhere to the Safer Spaces Policy you should exclude yourself from conference." In entering a safe space, one enters with an understanding of the condition that, if you infringe on the safety of others, if you tell someone within that space that they are less of a person than you, you will be denied your right to the safety of that space.

This ban should not necessarily be viewed as directed at the individuals in question, but rather at the ideas expressed in trans-exclusionary feminism. The politics of trans-exclusion are not in keeping with the tenets of queer politics. Increasingly, the locus of queer thought centres itself around intersections, and

the foregrounding of issues and identities that have previously not been acknowledged. The acknowledgement, and even celebration, of difference is important, but difference becomes a tool of unity rather than division. For example, a cisgender woman and a trans woman have different needs in queer spaces due to their experiencing different kinds of oppression – but neither is "more" or "less" of a woman.

TERFs will frequently claim that trans issues get more, or "too much" air time in LGBT+ politics. This has nothing to do with prioritising identities, or playing Oppression Olympics, and everything to do with making sure that queer spaces are as safe as they can be for the largest amount of people. There is no room for this kind of thinking in queer spaces any more. There is no room for this kind of thinking, period. Not all opinions are equal, and the view that trans people are lesser, or "faking it" – a view that is the seed of so much transphobic and transmisogynist violence – has no value in discussing queer politics.

This round's on them

Alex Downie on the connection between authors and alcoholism.

In the 1920s, the author of *The Great Gatsby* introduced himself to party guests as "F. Scott Fitzgerald, the well-known alcoholic". He told friends that "too much of anything is bad, but too much champagne is just right". In the 1930s, he convinced himself that he was sober, because beer didn't count as alcohol (although he is thought to have been drinking up to 20 bottles of beer a day).

Drinking has long been connected to the 20th century's 'Great American Writers' – Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Cheever and Kerouac, among others. In these American literary scenes, drinking heavily was admired as a sign of manliness. Just as Hemingway chased the bulls and played with guns, he also boasted that he could drink others under the table. Faulkner bragged that he always wrote with his whiskey within reach. When Hemingway criticised Fitzgerald's drinking, he was concerned not by his alcoholism but by his lightweight status – his inability to handle alcohol 'like a man'. Of course, American writers are not the only authors renowned for their alcoholic excesses. In his memoir, English novelist (and alcoholic)

Kingsley Amis told of his friend, renowned author (and alcoholic) Phillip Larkin, sitting through a school literary evening after a heavy drinking session and needing to take a piss. He trusted that his heavy overcoat would absorb his urine, but "it turned out that he had miscalculated".

While a number of prominent American female writers from the same era – most notably Dorothy Parker – were also alcoholics, their habits were, and still are, typically treated as pitiable and detached from their writing careers. It mirrors the persistent cultural distinction in how we treat male and female drinking. It is perhaps best exemplified in the biography of the great journalist, and even greater misogynist, Christopher Hitchens: "It's much worse to see a woman drunk than a man: I don't know quite why this is true but it just is. Don't ever be responsible for it."

Male or female, alcoholism took a severe toll on the authors whose lives it captured.

Near his end, Hemingway's liver protruded from his belly "like a long

fat leech". William S. Burroughs, a 'heavyweight' of the 1950s Beat Movement along with Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg, accidentally killed his wife while drunk. He attempted a William Tell, a bar trick that involved shooting a glass off her head. The bullet pierced her forehead and entered her brain, killing her instantly.

Perhaps most relevantly, drinking impacted the quantity of writing of many of its adherents. John Updike once commented that the reason for his and Philip Roth's longevity compared to other American authors of the same era was merely that neither of them drank. Perhaps the cost of drinking is best captured by the fate of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Struggling to complete his follow-up to *Gatsby*, Fitzgerald wrote to his editor that "A short story can be written on a bottle ... but for a novel you need the mental speed that enables you to keep the whole pattern in your head and ruthlessly sacrifice the sideshows."

Fitzgerald struggled to fulfil his earlier promise. By the late 1930s, he had written *The Crack-Up*, a series for *Esquire* detailing his

creative decline, and the precursor to the now popular genre of 'misery memoirs'. He died of a heart attack in 1940, aged 44, his health destroyed by decades of alcohol abuse.

ILLUSTRATION BY MONICA RENN



DOUBLE SHOT STANDARDS

She was a sk8r... girl?

Women are left out of skateboarding culture, writes Mariana Podesta-Diverio.

When people see a woman on a skateboard, they still do a double take. Skateboarding has been around for over 50 years but it's only in the past ten that the representation of women in the sport has increased from dismal to slightly-less-than-dismal. Although the gender disparity remains depressing, female skateboarding is growing. This year, female skateboarders have made headlines for being generally brilliant.

Just before we went on holidays, a nine-year-old girl from NSW landed a 540 degree spin on a vert ramp. That's 1.5 airborne revolutions on a death trap made of layered wood and polyurethane wheels. Impressive.

In mid-March, the Girls Riders Organisation (GRO) set a world record for the most women skateboarding in a single session. 153 females from a range of backgrounds and ages skated at the GRO and House of Vans 'All Chicks Skate Jam'.

Statistics about skateboarding are hard to come by – probably because if there's two things that it's difficult to get research funding for, it's those pesky skateboarders and, well, the plight of women. But according to a US study, male skaters made up 74 per cent of the skateboarding population in 2002.

Despite this, the sport is growing in Australia at a much more gender-progressive pace. An Australian Bureau of Statistic survey published in 2009 found that "skateboarding, rollerblading and scooter[ing]" participation rates for female children aged 5-14 increased from 16.9 per cent in 2003 to 42.4 per cent in 2009. For male children, participation rates went from 28.5 per cent in 2003 to 55.9 per cent in 2009. That is – participation rates – not the percentage of riders within skateboarding. Male participants in skateboarding are only ahead of women by 2.2 per cent.

Although the data includes rollerbladers and scooter riders, it's sensible to say that this inflation in participation levels reflects an inflation in the number of skateboarders. This could result

in a decidedly more balanced demographic by 2025. Skateboarding's inexplicable, overwhelming masculinisation keeps it light years away from every other wheeled action sport, not its degree of difficulty. Rollerblading, scooter-riding, and quad-skating are much more feminised action sports but they arguably involve a similar degree of skill and audacity to skateboarding. The gender diversity in skateboarding is significantly stunted in comparison to most other "extreme" or "action" sports, like aggressive inline skating and BMX.



ILLUSTRATION BY AIMY NGUYEN

Of course, women are socialised into being more sedentary and cautious than men, who are encouraged to engage in higher-risk activities. But why is there such a discord between the representation of women in skateboarding in comparison to other action sports?

As long as hegemonic gender norms and the oppression of women exists, so will the stereotype that women are not as suited to skateboarding as their male counterparts. All we have to look forward to before the feminist revolution is the nuggets of gold, like the latest in women's skateboarding news, that act as landslides in a culture that is otherwise progressing at a glacial pace.

A phantom menace

For many amputees ongoing pain is part of everyday life, writes Alex Gillis.

Imagine waking up every day in pain. It started after minor surgery to your leg, and appears to have no cause. Your doctor is flummoxed and your friends think it's all in your head. This is a dire reality for many sufferers of chronic pain. While chronic pain has a huge array of potential causes, perhaps the most perplexing is neuropathic – resulting from nervous system damage. We're really not sure how it happens, and there is a complete paucity of treatments. Household analgesics like aspirin have no effect – only opioids will consistently take the pain away.

The most widely known example is phantom limb pain – more than half of those who have undergone some amputation report some form of this. This reality is not apparent in the feel-good human-interest stories of those who have lost limbs. Public consciousness consists of a rose-tinted view of athletes breaking records at the Paralympics or trekking up mountains. The concept of a phantom limb, the apparent presence of the removed tissue, is startling in itself – pain in that non-existent extremity is truly distressing. A deep-seated conflict between what is consciously known and what is subconsciously felt reflects the brain's struggle to adapt. Showing people overcoming the loss of a limb to achieve remarkable things is uplifting, but presents a skewed view. There is much more than simply missing that extremity, not least of which is the possibility of daily pain in a foot that isn't even there.

The continued apparent presence of a limb is a good avenue to understanding chronic pain from nerve damage. The confusion of signals that occurs is very similar to that in amputation – and may produce the same result. Our nerves are surprisingly vulnerable to damage – some forms of the herpes virus, chemotherapy drugs, and even routine surgeries present a significant

risk of chronic pain. Research into chronic pain has generally employed animal models – while inducing human suffering is considered unconscionable, we think it ethically permissible to cause animals pain. There is an immediate contradiction here. If we are to assume that non-humans are sufficiently different to us such that we may ethically cause them ongoing pain, how could they possibly inform us about the human condition? Conversely, if a lab rat does experience pain like we do, how can we subject them to it? Suggesting rodents experience true pain rather than a pain-like state invariably leads to accusations of anthropomorphism, but conversely it's possible we've erroneously convinced ourselves that the human experience is unique.

We tend to think of pain as a sense, a mechanism for conveying information. This overlooks a critical component, and that is pain as an experience. Pain is overwhelming, focusing our attention on solely the hurt and how to end it. The concept of it being "all in your head" is self-defeating – all pain is experienced in your brain. Our belief that pain follows injury hampers our ability to empathise with those whose condition, by definition, is pain without injury.

While many mechanisms have been proposed – from aberrant nerve firing to sensitising of the brain to inputs – none have satisfactorily explained the vagaries of these syndromes. Perhaps most confronting is that despite decades of research there has been no real improvement in treatment, as the vast majority of pain patients see vast impacts on their quality of life. Dismissing chronic pain as merely imaginary or 'mental' further sidelines these patients. Our lack of progress demonstrates the need for a new approach.

HONI'S NEW WEEKLY ANIMAL FIGHTS COLUMN - BROUGHT TO YOU BY PETA

LION V. TIGER

Lane Saintry and Felix Donovan are thinking of going vegetarian.



It's March, 2011, the dying days of winter in Ankara. We find our characters in the most unlikely of places: a zoo. Two majestic cats, neighbours, each pacing the boundary of their metal enclosure, eking out an existence far from the plains of the Savannah Desert in a house, of sorts, that will be never their home. For all intents and purposes of the viewing public, they could be friends.

Media reports did not contain many details of the incident. We don't know the time of day. We don't know whether the tiger was antagonised. We don't even know their names.

What we know is this: through a small gap in their fatally adjacent cages, the tiger severed the lion's jugular vein with a single swipe.

As the lion's life ebbed away, lying in a pool of its own blood, the tiger watched intensely, having just made prey of a majestic animal that shares 98 per cent of its DNA.

This article is about the two per cent.

Left alone in their natural habitats, the two per cent means mano-a-mano combat is rare: the lion, a social creature, roams in prides, while the tiger prefers to hunt alone. A tiger, fearful of the impact an injury could have on its future survival and without the insurance policy that fellow hunters offer, avoids other predators. Lions hunt in packs, generally seeking out meat-heavy and easily subdued prey, such as buffaloes, zebras and deer.

It's our own morbid fascination with a battle for the jungle throne that has thrust these two alpha predators into situations of one-on-one combat. While these animals rarely meet in the wild, our demand for an answer to the ultimate question has churned out a plethora of painstakingly footnoted blog posts, YouTube videos with names that scream for blood, a *Lion King*-inspired

folklore that refuses to die and a 1937 Glasgow lecture on the subject.

The lecturer in question, John Clarke, attempted to end the rampant speculation then and there, saying "in 100 cases out of 100 the tiger would always beat the lion." Clarke was later exposed as a poet and a socialist – an armchair zoologist if there ever was one. Is he really to be trusted?

Charles Darwin, author of *The Voyage of the Beagle* and the father of ten children, witnessed a fight between a tiger and a lion in 1857. Darwin did not describe the fight at great length, but suffice to say it ended like this: "the tiger at last succeeded in ripping up its belly".

Anecdotally, there is good reason to believe Darwin's account. Those who've long bayed for lion blood got it right: the tiger is a killing machine. At its physical prime, a Siberian tiger will weigh 300kg, be able to outrun Usain Bolt, penetrate the hide of an elephant with teeth that measure 7.6 centimetres and, importantly for our debate, cut the jugular of a lion with 10.5 centimetre claws. While tigers bow to the comparative strength of an ant, their pulling power is not to be underestimated: witnesses have testified to seeing a tiger carry a fully-grown cow for four miles.

Contrary to popular depictions of the physically striking lion, the tiger is superior in nearly every area. The big three – paws, claws, jaws – all leave the lion at a disadvantage. Even its heralded advantages vanish upon closer inspection. The lion has shoulders that may rival those of LeBron James, but the fat to muscle ratio of those shoulders doesn't compare favourably to the lean tiger. Two per cent makes all the difference in a battle for life and death.

However, it's not just the pure physicality of each cat that chooses the winner. In strategy, the tiger's method is to leverage its physical gifts to establish immediate dominance. Pinning the lion down, it seeks to end the fight almost before it begins, by tearing through the lion's neck with its fearsome incisors. But the lion is no zebra. That photogenic mane is not just there for aesthetics and leaves the physically dominant tiger with a mouthful of hair. Thwarted by the ultimate hairball, the tiger either switches focus, shredding the

stomach of the lion to reveal the gristly

innards within, or begins to retreat.



If the latter option is taken, a longer wrestle begins. Lion apologists suggest that this is where the real advantage of the lion lies. As lions periodically fight other male lions for ownership of the pride, they are said to be more experienced when it comes to alpha cat fights. However, the tiger's ability to assume a fighting position on its hind legs renders the ground bound lion cowering in its wake. The tiger can swipe with both paws, but the lion only one, a crucial advantage in the battle for supremacy.

Ancient myths and late 20th century Disney films have, ironically, lionised the lion. These fables distort our perceptions of the jungle's true king to this day. In the fog of war, it can be hard to see when you're backing the wrong side.



Tigers: second only to Foreign Minister Julie Bishop in the death stare department.

Myths may build statues in castles, they may place you in national Coats of Arms around the world, they may cast you as Jesus in a C.S. Lewis series. But they can't help you against a 300kg killing machine.



Blank canvas

Contemporary Japanese art is not driving social change, writes Marcus James.

'Theatre of Dreams, Theatre of Play', an exhibition currently showing at the Art Gallery of NSW, is simply beautiful.

Documenting over six hundred years of Japanese Nō and Kyōgen theatre, the exhibition showcases various elements of these practices, from exquisite wood-block masks to illustrations of theatrical scenes. Nō is the earliest formal Japanese theatre style, and one of the oldest continuing theatre traditions in the world. Developed in the 14th century by father and son actors and playwrights Kan'ami Kiyotsugu and Zeami Motokiyo, Nō combines court, folk and religious performance. Lieven Bertels, director of the Sydney Festival, described Nō as "highly ritualised and codified". Having had the privilege of experiencing the exclusive backstage of Nō theatre, Bertels continually pointed to the unique instruments, rhythms and sounds which give Nō its otherworldly atmosphere. Its alienness is the key to its appeal to Western audiences, he says.

"Theatre of Dreams, Theatre of Play" has certainly captured this well. Inside the exhibition space, a Nō performance is screened on loop and visitors sit entranced by the projection. The scene shown is from the famous Nō play Dōjōji, where priests exorcise a demon from their temple's bell. The actors' movements are slow, deliberate and precise, and the feeling of the performance is deeply ritual and archaic. Yet this restraint heightens the drama. With gravelly chants and the piercing nōkan flute, the beat of the taiko drum accelerates into the final confrontation with the demon. The ethereal sounds echo through the rest of the gallery space, which is lined by props and artefacts displaying a level of craftsmanship and aesthetic perfectionism unable to be appreciated just by attending a Nō performance.

Each work is imbued with an

extraordinary sense of balance. The masks ("omote" in Japanese) of women, men, spirits and demons range from placid to garish, yet all are proportioned so that the actor can manipulate the emotion of the mask with a subtle tilt of the face. The robes and undergarments exhibited are intricate, but far from ostentatious. Every artefact fulfils its purpose as a dramatic instrument, but is also a work of art in its own right. The exhibition portrays Nō theatre as a perfect syncretism of emotion and subtlety, drama and restraint, culture and enigma.

Ultimately, 'Theatre of Dreams, Theatre of Play' demonstrates to a Western audience the rich artistic tradition of Japan and the incredible role that art has played in constructing Japanese culture. In stark contrast, the treatment and reception of art in contemporary Japan is defined by a series of contradictions. While traditional Japanese art is being celebrated here in Australia, the arrest of Japanese contemporary artist Rokudenashiko (Megumi Igarashi) highlights a concerning lack of artistic freedom in Japan and deeply rooted issues of censorship, police powers and artistic taboos. Traditional art is venerated but remains largely as symbolic of national identity, disconnected from youth culture. While Tokyo is regarded as a major centre of the art world, crowds flock to see American or European artists over home-grown talent.

Perhaps most concerning is the state of mainstream contemporary art in Japan. It is internationally recognised, highly regarded and prolific. Yet there is little punch and controversy, with a noticeable lack of interrogating politics, sexuality or cultural taboos, particularly when compared artists like Ai Weiwei or He Yunchang from neighbouring China. Contemporary art in Japan

is more entertainment than an instrument of social change. In an interview with the Journal of Contemporary Art, renowned photographic artist Mariko Mori explained how Japanese society does not foster an environment for challenging artists. "Japan is a unified society which does not allow for individualism ... you are constantly reminded not to step out of line."

"In Japan there is a situation where culture exists apart. But they try to create art, music, etc in a different context that does not reflect reality."

However, Rokudenashiko is one artist who not only reflects reality but also directly challenges it. An advocate for women's rights, particularly the promotion of women's sexuality, and a member of Love Piece Club, Japan's first sex shop run by women for women, Rokudenashiko uses her art to fight the gross inequality between men and women generally but also specifically regarding sex. For example, while women's sexuality is considered a taboo in Japan, the country is infamous for its plethora of wild pornography catering for men's fantasies as well as Kanamara Matsuri (Festival of the Steel Phallus). A further example in the Japanese media is the censoring of the word manko (vagina) but the allowing of the word chinko (penis).

The price Rokudenashiko paid for exposing this hypocrisy was six days in custody, from 12 to 18 July, and continuing police interrogation. Rokudenashiko faces charges for obscenity which can, if she is found guilty, result in a two year jail sentence or a fine of up to 2.5 million yen. Her artworks revolve around the central motif of female genitalia, using 3D scans of her own vagina to produce works ranging from sculptures, dioramas and iPhone cases to Pussy Boat, a bright yellow kayak in the shape of her vagina. The arrest came after she

distributed digital data for the scans of her vagina to individuals who donated towards the construction of Pussy Boat through a crowdsourcing website.

Rokudenashiko's case demonstrates how censorship and police powers, particularly regarding obscenity laws, create a barrier that suppresses dissident voices in Japan's art scene. In a conference held by the Foreign Correspondents' Club of Japan, Rokudenashiko's lawyer Takashi Yamaguchi pointed to wide judicial discretion within Japan's Criminal Code. This includes Article 175, which regulates censorship and includes the so-called obscenity law, defining obscenity in respect to the blaringly ambiguous "prevailing social ideas in respect to sex". Despite Article 21 of Japan's constitution expressing the right to freedom of expression, censorship laws in the Criminal Code largely prevail. Furthermore, Rokudenashiko's case exemplifies the use of arrest and detention without charges as a deterrent for dissidents and dissident art.

This combination of social, cultural, legal and political pressure to conform means that contemporary art in Japan, at least in the mainstream, remains somewhat of a toothless tiger. However, Rokudenashiko's art, her arrest, and the subsequent media attention have all raised the profile of Japanese art and society, albeit through controversy. Indeed, this is how it should be. Art should be at the vanguard of social change. "Theatre of Dreams, Theatre of Play" shows us the beauty and the richness of artistic tradition in Japan. Rokudenashiko's experience gives hope that through challenging contemporary art, Japanese artists can contribute to this tradition and once again help shape Japan.



BRISBANE LEGAL

SAM FARRELL ON A HORRIBLE CONFERENCE IN A HORRIBLE CITY.

A few months ago, in a moment of amoebic idiocy when I can only assume I was either asleep or under the influence of a powerful sedative, I agreed to fly to Brisbane to attend a legal skills competition. I know. It was attached to the annual conference of the Australian Law Students' Association (ALSA), appropriately pronounced 'ulcer', because it really is a pus-laden growth in the gooch of the Australian student body. This article should serve as a stern and severe warning to anyone who makes the grievous error of either going to Brisbane, or socialising with more than zero law students at any given time.

I hoped the conference would be for me what colonies of rare kooky ants are to David Attenborough, and that I could simply spend the week observing this herd of the most socially ungifted students Australia has to offer and attempt to find something to talk about other than yachting, or murmuring racial slurs. I hoped in vain. The examination was interesting for about ten minutes, after which I was doused with regret and tempted to set myself alight just to break the monotony. It was a regret not dissimilar to ordering an adventurous new dish featuring something in a language you don't speak but that's okay because it's new and exciting but it's not okay because it comes to the table and it's actually just a whole boiled cabbage. And then you just have to sit alone and eat a cabbage.

Brisbane cannot reasonably be called a city. With just under half a building and a smattering of singledeted and unshoed locals wandering the streets desperately searching for something to do, Brisbane might just be the destination for you if you have none of the five senses. The hotel in which all conference attendees were staying was smack bang in the middle of the "CBD". It consisted of the hotel, and apparently nothing else except for a 24-hour pancake house that also did steaks but nobody knew why.

The only redeeming feature of this shantytown was a place called Southbank. (Redeeming in same sense that Cory Bernardi's impressively kempt quiff is redeeming in the face of his otherwise squalid and contemptible everything-else.) Southbank's main attraction is an oversized ferris wheel modeled on the London Eye, if the London Eye had cataracts and macular degeneration. From the top of the Brisbane Eye, you can observe kids pissing to their hearts' content into the man-made lagoon as you survey the rest of the city, solemnly contemplating the series of life choices that led you to this moment, and searching desperately for the unlocking mechanism that will release you from your ferris wheel bubble of doom and allow you to happily plummet to the death you have

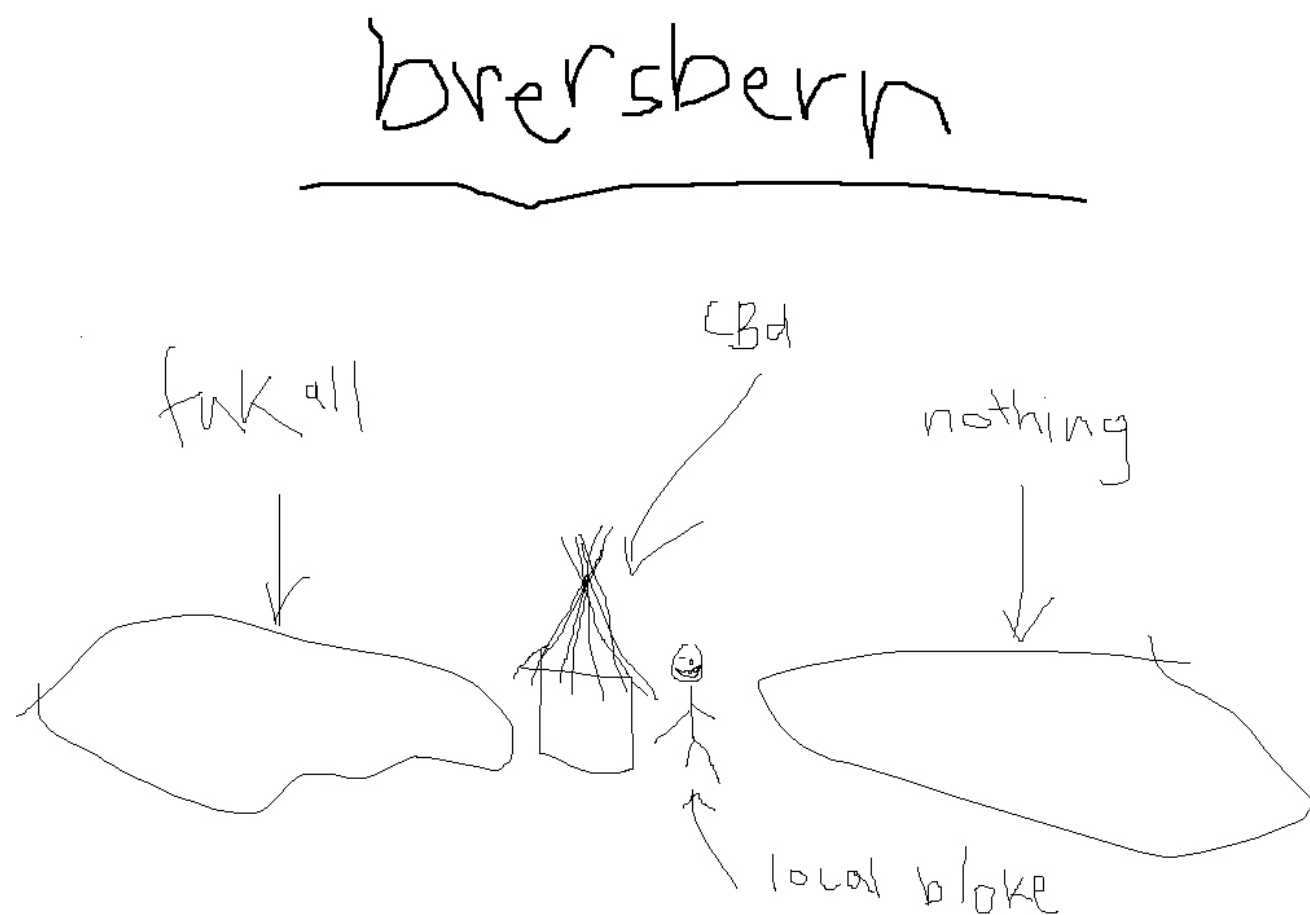
been thinking about since you stepped off the plane. Having said this, on one of the days I had a quite good egg. So it wasn't all bad.

Except it was, because the conference had organised socials nights. I got knocked out of the competition early on, so the only things I had to look forward to were the enormous bar tabs that were laid on at various bars around the slums. The highlight of each of these nights was the bit with wine and the bit where I went home. Most creatures I met were so paralytically devoid of intrigue, their all-time favourite personal anecdotes centre around this one time they almost burnt toast. All the best stories are 'almost' stories.

The competition itself taught me only two things. First, there is no way to not sound like an

overwhelming twat when you utter "I'm from Sydney University," even if you are asked specifically what university you are from, which is the only time you should ever volunteer that information. On the second day I adopted a crude Kiwi accent and was henceforth simply from Auckland. Second, all barristers have enormous, pillowy, Alan Jones-sized jewels.

I should mention that two of our teams actually won their respective competitions, but I won't. It is not my purpose to congratulate. It is my duty to warn all readers of this ulcerous unwanted pickle of cities. To anyone from Brisbane who is reading this article, I am sorry. That you are from Brisbane. Next time I visit your hometown, I will make sure not to.



"ILLUSTRATION" BY SAM FARRELL

“THE LONG HAUL”

THE REDFERN TENT EMBASSY IS FIGHTING FOR MORE THAN AFFORDABLE HOUSING, WRITES JUSTIN PEN.



ALL PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAY NG

Two years after the Aboriginal Tent Embassy was raised on the lawns of Parliament House, a storm destroyed the encampment.

The embassy, which started with four Aboriginal activists in 1972, had swelled to over 70 protestors at the time of the storm. Re-established in October 1974, the group has weathered more than four decades of political change, demanding the recognition of Aboriginal legal title and land rights, the preservation of sacred sites, and economic justice from successive governments. On May 26, coinciding with National Sorry Day – and 40 years after that vicious storm in Canberra – another lot of tents were pitched in Sydney's inner west.

The Block sits wedged between Redfern Station and Eveleigh

Street. It's a sparse green oval resting on a grey concrete slope. On first glance it's as unassuming and ordinary as its namesake would suggest. But the tents have only catalysed the political discontent and community activism that has boiled below the suburb's surface for years.

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"We're here for the long haul," says Lyaal Munro, a Kamilaroi man and veteran political activist, referring to the dozen or so tents propped up along the hill. We're sitting by an open fire on a bitterly cold overcast day in June. The Redfern Tent Embassy, which celebrated its four week anniversary that very day, sprang up in opposition to the \$7m Pemulwuy Project proposed by the Aboriginal Housing Company (AHC).

The AHC website contends the project will "redevelop the land into a mixed used site" with "affordable housing for 62 families, a gymnasium, commercial and retail space, a gallery, student accommodation for 154, a childcare space for 60 children". Wiradjuri Elder and embassy organiser Jenny Munro, however, is skeptical of the project's capacity to deliver affordable housing for Aboriginal people. "The commercial development is guaranteed, money for the student accommodation is guaranteed [but there is] no money, no answer for where the money for Aboriginal Housing will come from," she said.

While private investors have purportedly backed the construction of student housing and commercial and retail space,

the AHC has not managed to raise a cent for the affordable housing it has pledged to build. The government has also expressed it will not back the project. "Federal funding ... is not for construction but rather operational costs, once the properties are built and filled with eligible tenants," Indigenous Affairs Minister Nigel Scullion told SBS's *Living Black*.

* * *

AHC CEO Michael "Mickie" Mundine is the man behind the development. His dogged belief that the government will fund the development of affordable housing, subsequent to commercial construction, has put him at odds with many in the community.

“It’s very hard to get money for affordable housing,” Mundine told *The Sydney Morning Herald* in early June. “No bank in Australia will give money for affordable housing.” However, over a fortnight his position had changed, his commitment to the project’s low socioeconomic accommodation wavered. “We gotta run [the AHC] like a business... If we just build affordable housing, we will fail,” Mickie told *Living Black* on June 30.

Friends of Lyall and Jenny and former Redfern residents sit around the fire with us and point to nearby Eveleigh Street and Vine Street, where their homes once stood several decades ago. “Three generations of Aboriginal people have been waiting for housing for over 35 years,” Lyall says. “Not one house has been built since Mick took over.”

The Redfern diaspora has left Indigenous residents scattered across neighbouring suburbs like Alexandria and Waterloo, with even more pushed out to Campbelltown, Mt Druitt and Liverpool. Jenny estimates around 15,000 Aboriginal people were spread out across greater western Sydney.

Government statistics underscore this sorry story. In 1968, the first year Indigenous people were counted in the census, 35,000 Aboriginal residents lived in the area. By 2011, this figure had dwindled to fewer than 300. Lyall tells me that number has only shrunk since.

* * *

But Redfern remains a significant and richly historied site for

Aboriginal people. “It was the first piece of land that we were able to get back in our struggle for recognition for Aboriginal rights to our own land, on our own country,” Jenny says. Its otherwise inner-city ordinariness masks scars of persecution and resistance.

Securing The Block was the first step in a huge boon to the urban land rights campaign, the first parcel of land to be held “freehold” in the country – purchased with the aid of a Whitlam government grant and owned and managed by the AHC since 1972. The Aboriginal Housing Association’s – incorporated a year later and renamed the Aboriginal Housing Commission – then-stated purpose was “to purchase all 68 houses on The Block to be renovated and rented by Koori people for Koori people.”

From its inception, The Block has endured hostility from white Australians. The year it was bought back, a loose assemblage of mostly-white tenants formed the South Sydney Residents Protection Movement. They circulated a petition, which read in part: “We want the Aboriginal ghetto stopped now – for if allowed to continue it will spread like the plague throughout the entire South Sydney area.”

Despite these protestations, a constellation of autonomous, Aboriginal-run services formed around The Block, including the now-nationwide Aboriginal Legal Service, the Aboriginal Medical Service, and the Black Theatre.

* * *

Mickie started out as a painter at the AHC in 1975 before becoming

CEO in the mid-1980s, an office he has held since. His tenure has been rife with controversy.

“We can stop you, this is private land, it’s not Aboriginal land, it’s not,” Mickie said in heated dispute two days after the embassy had been erected. The confrontation, recorded and shared by independent news site *The Stringer*, reveals much about The Block’s tumultuous, internal politics.

Jenny and others have alleged the AHC’s membership rolls have been tampered with for over two decades. A day has passed since my first chat with Lyall. Jenny, Lyall and a colleague of mine are huddled within the embassy’s sturdiest dwelling, a necessary bulwark against the elements. The bitter cold is now flanked by biting winds.

“He started a war of attrition against old people, which lasted for more than 10 years, breaking their toilets and bathrooms and not repairing them,” Jenny says. Tenants, who refused to continue paying rent, would be thrown out of their homes. The bulldozers were then called and the residence demolished. “I refused to pay rent and I was evicted. Me and my family of six children.”

* * *

“Their voice is conspicuous by their absence.” Lyall repeats this phrase often, in response to my inquiries about the institutional support the Embassy has received from governmental bodies. Redfern’s Aboriginal Legal Service (ALS), National Black Theatre and countless national organisations all receive the same curt response.

The ALS started out in the 1960s as a network of Aboriginal people who acted as informal legal observers – then known as a “vigilance group” – who would photograph and record police misconduct.

Under an arbitrarily imposed 9:30 pm curfew, Indigenous residents were frequently arrested for staying out after dark. Without the capacity to afford adequate legal representation, most “offenders” were haranged into pleading guilty for the troika of charges still used to subjugate Aboriginal communities today: drunkenness, offensive behavior and offensive language.

In 1970, the ALS morphed into a legal representation body. By 1972 the Whitlam government pledged to fund all Aboriginal legal representation, leading to a massive increase in civil cases pursued by Indigenous people. The ALS, like The Block itself, quickly asserted itself as another face of Aboriginal self-determination. It proliferated under federal funding, with branches sprouting up in remote NSW and the rest of Australia.

In 1976 the Fraser Liberal Government ceased limitless federal funding and, perhaps more viciously, prevented the ALS from conducting its various welfare campaigns. Its civil litigation arms were hacked off in the 1980s. The first year of the Howard government saw ALS’s parent body, the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commission, lose a further \$400m. The Abbott government’s cuts to ALS earlier this year follow on from decades of funding attacks. This long history of cuts may partially explain

Lyall’s assessment that the ALS lacks teeth.

This year’s budget terminated the ALS’ throughcare program: a dedicated service which sought to tackle the perpetual rates of recidivism that impact incarcerated Indigenous people. The program cost half a million dollars. For context, that’s half the amount the Coalition has pledged to give the Australian Ballet School.

* * *

“Hipsters take over Aboriginal Redfern”, reported the *Australian Financial Review* in May this year. Rent in the area has soared to rates of \$1,200 a week. The Pemulwuy Project succeeds a long line of gentrification campaigns targeting Redfern and surrounding suburbs, which started – officially, at least – ten years earlier under the direction of then NSW Energy and Utilities Minister Frank Sartor. The state’s bipartisan approach to rid Redfern of its Aboriginal residents, intentionally or incidentally, has certainly proved successful.

Gentrification, Bec Dean writes, is not exclusively the remit of real estate agents and property developers. It is intimately “concerned with disappearance and social displacement”. Her essay, “There Goes the Neighbourhood” gives its title to an eponymous collection of writing on Redfern, which explores the politics of gentrification and the Aboriginal rights movement. The compilation highlights the political, social and cultural dimensions of the unyielding advance of the Pemulwuy Project.

Certainly, the problems facing The Block’s protestors resonate throughout the Aboriginal community. Of the camp’s five grandmothers, two have endured pneumonia and another, a stroke. The anecdotal evidence is terrifying, but so is the national

picture. 2013 figures from the ABS indicate the mortality rate of Indigenous people is over twice that of the non-Indigenous. The rate of deaths caused by diseases of the circulatory system – including heart attacks and strokes – is nearly double the non-Indigenous population.

* * *

My conversations with Jenny and Lyall are quick to sprawl, spanning national politics and internal divisions within the Indigenous movement. It’s only natural, given the Tent Embassy concerns far more than a parcel of land in Redfern.

We talk about the Northern Territory Intervention. Jenny and Lyall both assert the program is part and prelude to widespread, vicious attacks against Aboriginal people. “White Australia, still cannot, to this day accept that there is still another law in this country,” Jenny says, “a law that they’ve tried to suppress, repress, extinguish for 240 years.”

Both are also particularly scathing of the Aboriginal political class that Mickie has aligned himself with – the likes of Aboriginal lawyer and academic Noel Pearson and Indigenous Advisory Council Chairman Warren Mundine.

These men are members of what Jenny has dubbed the “middle-class” and what Lyall calls the “black bourgeoisie”. It is in this company that Mickie’s belligerence towards the Redfern Tent Embassy no longer appears so brazen or aberrant. Figures like Pearson and Warren Mundine, after all, had endorsed the Northern Territory intervention, led by the Howard government in 2007 (supported by and then continued under Labor).

Five years later, Victoria Grieves, a Warrimay woman and ARC Indigenous Research Fellow of Sydney University, described Pearson as an Aboriginal Leader

“invented by white interests”. Today, similar criticisms are levelled at Mickie: a man considered legitimate by federal politicians and policymakers, but resented and rejected by the Aboriginal community.

* * *

The protestors struck their first blow against the AHC on July 7. The bulldozers – slated to arrive at 6am – never turned up. Instead, hundreds of activists joined the ranks of the Redfern Tent Embassy. A few days before the protest, National Union of Students NSW Indigenous Officer Kyol Blakeney told me the AHC’s plan to build student accommodation without affordable Aboriginal housing was a “betrayal and a sellout” to the Aboriginal community.

Jenny described the July 7 protest, dubbed ‘Blockade for The Block’, as “a victory”. The first wave of supporters trickled into The Block half an hour before the developers were due in. Over the next few hours, as the sun rose and the anticipation swelled, approximately 200 bodies peopled the patchy green oval. Agile protestors scaled the AHC building and the Redfern Gym to drop banners, which read: “Black Law Black Land”, “Sovereignty never ceded” and “Hands off The Block” respectively.

It’s unclear where the AHC will go from here. By all accounts, Mundine has fallen off the radar having lost the media war. He’s refused to speak to the press – and to the embassy – about the company’s development plans. A friend working at *The Australian* messaged me about a week after the protest, asking if I had Mundine’s phone number. He had left messages at the AHC all week to no reply. “God knows why they think silence is a good strategy,” he said.

As of last Saturday, the tents

have been up for two months. By contrast, the embassy’s plans are plain as day.

They’re in it for the long haul.

* * *

Today, Redfern is remembered either as a violent and degenerate slum or the site of former Prime Minister Paul Keating’s stirring speech in 1992. For conservatives, drugs, violence and social delinquency spring to the fore at any mention of the suburb. Mainstream progressives, meanwhile, celebrate Keating’s Redfern Park Speech, in which the then Prime Minister declared: “We committed the murders. We took the children from their mothers. We practiced discrimination and exclusion. It was our ignorance and our prejudice.”

Neither recollection, however, captures the suburb’s powerful history as a site of Aboriginal resistance and self-determination. The Block is far more than a symbol of crime and controversy or white Australian regret. It’s provided accommodation, community and dignity to tens of thousands of Aboriginal people since the 1970s – and innumerable more, for 40,000 years before that. While gentrification projects over the last ten years have pushed Aboriginal residents out to more affordable areas, the Redfern Tent Embassy represents a forceful pushback.

For Jenny, the challenges facing The Block are indicative of a broader struggle for Aboriginal self-determination, resistance and recovery. “We’ve lived under a system where we’ve had an alien law forced upon us for 240 years and still they don’t understand that basic premise,” she says. “We do have our basic system of law, it’s the oldest on this planet, we will not sell out our culture and our law to whoever or whatever white people tell us is more prevalent.”



Proven: hacklyf never changes

Dominic Ellis watched a 1996 documentary and found eternal truth.

In 1996 a guy called Simon Target documented the everyday struggles of Arts students at Sydney University in a series called *Uni*. For nine months he followed future Chaser boys Charles Firth and Andrew Hansen as they took on student politics and Manning romance, among other co-curriculars. It's a time capsule of sorts that's been recently dug up and released on to the newsfeed, and it's pretty damn good.

If you've ever wanted to venture into the world of extra-curricular over-committers but have never stirred up the courage to dance foolishly on the Seymour stage or don a colorful campaign shirt, then *Uni* will fill that void. In that sense, it's a pretty brilliant insight into the inner workings of the University's inner circles.

If you are a stupol power broker – or even if you've just exploited the simple extension system a few times – then you'll likely find this series troublingly close to home. Students siege John Howard's appearances on campus, they protest staff pay cuts, and they satirise the capitalistic Vice-Chancellor. From the over-passionate, overfunded stupol

campaigns to the far-too-regular afternoon beers, it's all scarily similar to hack life in 2014.

The first of four parts focuses on the Arts Society (which nowadays goes by the acronym SASS) and the Arts Revue, starring resident entertainer Hansen and directed by Firth who has already established himself as a bit of a campus overachiever. It's interesting to see how much they are all emotionally invested in the Revue, but in part two the stakes are even higher. Firth, having lost two elections himself, attempts to run his goofy, popular mate Sholto in the SRC Presidential election.

His opponents, who Firth calls "boring institutional bureaucrats", are Reform and SEA (Students for Education Action). SEA is the dominant faction on campus, having held presidency for eight straight years, while Reform is the sort-of-Liberal, underdog campaign. For Firth, as for all those before and after him, the election is life and death. Aspiring Presidents make many of the same campaign promises they make today, all the while crashing lectures, negotiating preference deals, and eagerly awaiting polling results.

In among the electoral chaos, Hansen provides the voice of reason. "You get worked up and washed out over something that matters so little," he says, attempting to bring a manic Firth back down to Earth. But such is the way of the hack, then and now, where lost elections are immeasurably worse than failed subjects. But, while Sholto falls short, and Firth is left weeping on the floor of Manning, both echo the sentiment of the hundreds of students who will follow them in bitter defeat: "We came close and we put up a fucking good fight!"

Uni serves as an interesting prologue to the satire we have come to expect from this group. While Firth comes off as entitled and generally quite power-hungry, Hansen spends most of the time with his guitar in hand, strumming a mixture of break-up melodies and political satire. He also goes through spells of severe depression, eventually dropping out of his Honours course and admitting himself to hospital. Jokes aside, Hansen's story is devastating, as he talks about suicide flippantly, recounting his own past attempt as "pathetic".

The third episode of the series revolves largely around Hansen's depression and Firth's romantic pursuits, while the fourth part documents the staff strikes and protests against the University management. Target also follows around another student, Cal Beattie, whose day-to-day struggles are more in line with the average student population who lay-by computers and balance uni work with full time jobs. But who wants to hear about the measly, run-of-the-mill student? The stars here are the self-deluding hacks.

And there definitely is a certain level of self-delusion to this bubbled life of primary colours. Target perhaps says it best in his cheesy final lines:

"Who can tell what these people will make of their lives? But whatever they end up doing, I'm sure they'll never forget the time when each moment felt so sweet and intense. The time they spent at uni."

Sweet and intense? Yes. Unique? Absolutely not. One thing has become abundantly clear having watched all four episodes of this series: hacks don't change.

The compassionate side of the housing market

Cassie Wu applied for a house and found a home.

INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS' SECTION

I completed the student accommodation form online last November. It seemed like they had put me on an endless waiting list. I went to the office in the JFR Building in February three times before they even asked me to write down my name and email. I almost wanted to give up applying but I'm certainly glad that I didn't. The three-storey house was light green outside with long grass growing up to the roof. I ran upstairs to see my single room. It was the biggest one I had ever seen, bigger than the one at home. The golden afternoon sunshine came through two bright windows and made shadows under the desk.

My Dad used to tell me it does not matter how beautiful and luxurious your place is, people are more important. I have three beloved housemates in this not very huge house: Roo, Peter and Liam. From the moment that I met them all, I knew that my uni life had really started.

Roo is the only housemate younger than me. She is very sensible.

I still treasure the moment when we talked in the kitchen about the assignment she found terrible. I will always remember the two sentences of Indonesian that she taught me. I told her my dream was working in Yogurberry and then she could visit me. I promised that if it came true, I would give her a lot of kiwi toppings!

Peter loves karate. Every Tuesday he asks me whether I will go to his Muay Thai training. He puts up his karate poster at midnight everywhere around Uni. He can clean all the oily plates in ten minutes. He cooks pasta so quickly, leaving me alone cutting onion in the kitchen for a long time. He always laughs at the way I chop them. Liam is my housemate with blonde curly hair. He always makes our house full of laughter and noise. He really cares about international students and makes me feel welcome.

On my first Monday at uni, he invited me to do bonding time with other housemates and his friends. That was the first time

I really talked to Australians. He encouraged me not to worry too much and be confident. This has really helped me.

Days living in this house change my life a lot. We share the toilet paper in bathroom. We share the smell in the kitchen. We share the stories on the carpet. I have more chances to speak English, which has helped me improve speaking skills quickly. However, tough things also happen. For example, when the local students talk to each other I cannot follow at all. It is much harder than any lecture or tutorial. But Roo said that's why you live here to listen and talk every day and anytime you need help just come to me. More importantly, I can get deeper into Australian culture and more involved at uni. I have really started to enjoy the life outside the classroom. According to Liam the 'poet', I am the heart of this house, Roo is soul, Peter is strength and he is the crazy spirit.

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THE BANALITY OF LANEWAY



SPOILED ARSEHOLE PETER WALSH REVIEWS NICE NEW THING.

The pastry case at the new USU café, Laneway, might as well be a graveyard for trendy food. Rows of cannoli, cronuts, and – *sigh* – macarons limply remind you that you're not just eating, but taking part in a cultural dialogue. In this case, however, nobody's listening. When the USU promised "wholesome, healthy food on campus that doesn't cost a week's rent" I was optimistic, until I realised they indexed rental prices from Paul's.

Analysing stuff like 'ambience' is the empty froth on which food critics subsist, and on this rapid count, Laneway succeeds. The couches are nice, and the sparse lighting means I can bring a date here without irrevocably ruining the deal with my grotesque manner of eating. It's the 'everything else' of the eating experience that falters. Take one look at the menu and you realise: eating here constitutes a murder-suicide pact between stomach and wallet.

I ordered a hot chocolate – which was reinterpreted as a lukewarm milk – and, whilst I am sure

cocoa was involved somewhere during production, it was, like homeopathy, diluted beyond recognition. My friend ordered a flat white, which was indistinct from regular union coffee and priced the same. Ordering one of Laneway's study mugs and expecting "freshly ground sustainable coffee" is like opening a video game-shaped Christmas present to find your father's redundancy notice. The smoked salmon sandwich is offensively flavourless and, at \$9, is 2/3rd more expensive than a similar offering from the bottom floor of Manning. Worse, the wafer of salmon and rocket leaf (singular) recalls wartime rationing instead of the gluttonal pleasure Laneway's branding gestures towards.

Indeed, Laneway doth protest too much in promising "wholesome, healthy food". One look at the place will tell you they're all about their desserts. The latest star? Cronuts: a doughnut fried croissant the wankers are obsessed with. Laneway's cronut – like a communist couple's inexplicably conservative son – shares nothing with its ancestors. It fails to

preserve the flaky airiness of the croissant, while being altogether too soggy to carry the doughnut's fried crispness. It's served with a bowl of chocolate sauce, which is consolatory the way bandaids are during an amputation, because the sauce tastes like sawdust and cophia.

While the ricotta cannoli is solid, it's small for \$5, and herein lies Laneway's central problem. How can students afford to eat here? It seems excessive to pay \$10.00 for a waffle with avocado and ricotta, and the 15 per cent ACCESS discount does little to redeem the fact that these breakfast combos go up to \$12.60. For students on a budget, however, you can always get a bowl of muesli for \$8.00. The board directors who ran on platforms promising affordable food should be ashamed, though I wonder if they can afford to eat here...

On leaving, I asked about buying one of the attractive loaves of bread from the shelf. "Display purposes only," the server replied, before explaining how the loaves had been treated with hairspray

for longevity. Typical of Laneway, where food is composed for maximum appeal through a lens, where taste is obviously optional. While the wait staff are kind, and while I've heard conflicting reports that some of the food is good, it does little to change my mind. At best, I'd compare eating here to a coin toss, though you'd have to replace 'heads' and 'tails' with 'your mother walking in on you masturbating' and '[something else]'.

At the same time, however, I'm reluctant to pass judgment on an outlet in its infancy. I admit, I lied on saying I went in optimistic. Really, I wanted to conceive of Laneway as a paean to corporate evil, the place the USU CEO would plot ways to diminish the student experience while devilishly licking a chocolate spoon. In reality, I felt like Hannah Arendt leaving Nuremberg. Laneway isn't bad because it's evil, it's bad because it's frightfully middling. I'd warn people not to come here, but I simply don't care.

@_peterwalsh



More next week.

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Nancy on my mind

Lane Sainty reflects on the literary impact of the late Nancy Garden.

My search for Nancy Garden's most acclaimed novel, *Annie On My Mind*, spanned approximately four years.

Back in the mid 2000s, I would scour the queer internet, perusing lists of lesbian novels and wanting to read them all, but knowing I would never find them in the lone bookstore of my regional hometown. Although I'd have happily settled for the subtlest of female romances, the online descriptions of the tender, teenage love story in *Annie On My Mind* captured me entirely.

I would casually browse the fiction section of every bookstore I entered from age 14, secretly searching for Nancy Garden, but thwarted by the prolific Jane Gardam time and time again. A lack of internet literacy and, well, being in the closet, prohibited me from downloading or ordering the book. But then, when I was 18, I found it.

Garden died on June 23 this year from a heart attack, aged 76, at her home in Massachusetts. She is survived by her partner, Sandy Scott. Obituaries for Garden were published in *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. Although she wrote many books for children and teenagers, she is best known for *Annie On My Mind*, which is often regarded

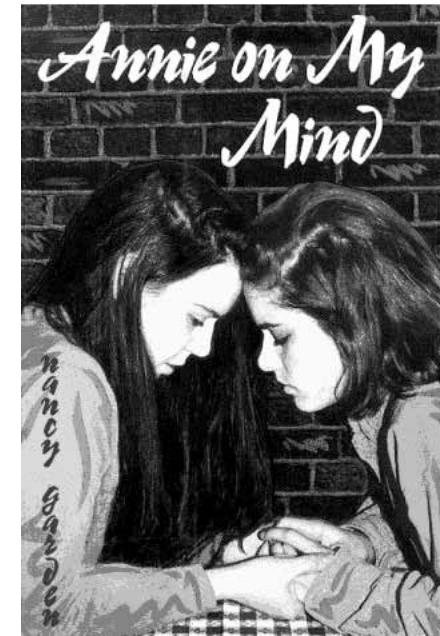
as a lesbian classic.

Annie On My Mind is much more direct than the painfully inhibited early selection of lesbian novels, but more innocent than the audacious sex scenes of *The L Word*. The story is about two 17-year-old girls who fall in love – Liza Winthrop, a white, private school Brooklynite, and Annie Kenyon, the child of Italian immigrants, from uptown Manhattan.

I didn't read *Annie On My Mind* until I was slightly past the confusion and exploration experienced by Annie and Liza in the book. But, in a typical showcasing of the dearth of media representations of lesbians even four years ago, I was as taken with the book as I would have been had I read when my search began.

In Liza – a flawed and introspective teenager, prone to self-doubt, yet in positions of responsibility – I finally found a character I truly identified with. Starved of realistic depictions of the sex I might like to have, I was turned on by the – now embarrassingly tame – description of Annie and Liza fucking for the first time. And I read and re-read Garden's frequent, tender, descriptions of their love: "That first day, I stood in the kitchen leaning against the counter

watching Annie feed the cats, and I knew I wanted to be able to do that forever: stand in kitchens watching Annie feed cats. Our kitchens. Our cats."



Stereotypes surrounding lesbian relationships and cats aside, the novel is also lauded for its happy ending. At the time of publication, *Annie On My Mind* was a rarity among a plethora of novels that invariably ended in either enforced heterosexuality or death for the lesbians in question.

My childish adoration for the novel is such that when in New York last year, I trekked to the Metropolitan Museum of Art – not to appreciate

the timeless masterpieces, but to stand in the Temple of Dendur and think of Annie and Liza's first meeting. As I walked along the beach at Coney Island, I imagined the pier on which I stood to be the one by which they had their first kiss. I found Liza's upper class Brooklyn suburb, and stayed near Annie's less privileged uptown digs. It was a private pilgrimage for a former, less sure, self; a quiet homage to a novel that changed my life.

Annie On My Mind was predictably banned several times after it was published in 1982, leading Garden to become an outspoken opponent of book censorship. It is simply written, and not sexually explicit – a YA novel through and through – and the fact it was banned speaks only of a blind, unquestioning hatred for alternative sexualities that is still exercised by some today.

I was deeply saddened to hear of the death of Nancy Garden. However, I draw happiness from the knowledge that she was aware of how many lives *Annie On My Mind* had changed. Garden's tale – compelling, innocent and so full of love – was the first lesbian story I was able to read myself into. Garden was there when my imagination could not supplement what my life and my loves would be. May she rest in peace.

Gaiman with Neil

Leigh Nicholson checks out Neil Gaiman's first foray into video game development.

It was widely accepted that people would purchase Neil Gaiman's video game, *Wayward Manor*, because Neil Gaiman made it. Or at least that's why I did anyway. *Wayward Manor* was released on 15 July, after Gaiman and his development team, The Odd Gentlemen, made the announcement almost a year ago. Very little information was revealed about the game ahead of its release, except that you were a ghost in an old mansion trying to get rid of the residents. In the press release, Gaiman boasts, "You want to scare them away, how you do that will take all of your ingenuity and brilliance."

The concept is a cool one; you have to figure out what scares each resident the most in order

to use that fear against them. The beginning narration of a disgruntled ghost prompts that "you must prey on the deepest anxieties of these intruders". It is a refreshing difference from playing a game which ordinarily only utilises physical strengths and weaknesses. Just how well the game pulls this off, however, is open to interpretation. Not much instruction is offered when beginning the game, and so I found myself imitating arcade games of old where you just hit every button trying to figure out what does what.

Playing a ghost who can't physically move anything, you utilise ectoplasmic objects in ways specific to each resident. For example, a woman who is

presented as extremely vain and narcissistic freaks out whenever her image or clothes are mucked around with. Another, a maid, is frightened of rodents and dust.

I'm not too sure what I was expecting, but maybe it was something closely resembling along the lines of Gaiman's graphic novels, *The Sandman* – something a bit darker and visually aesthetic. The most poignant parts were when the storyline was read, in between each chapter, which was beautifully written. Each of the resident's fears seem to be loosely based around the seven deadly sins, and coupled with the absurd and comical low-res characters running around, the game gave off more of a Tim Burton vibe than

some of Gaiman's own work.

The game is very easy-going and doesn't require any of the "ingenuity and brilliance" promised by Gaiman. It's extremely reminiscent of those old semi-educational games popular in the early nineties. Playing *Wayward Manor* was like playing *Zoombinis* whilst having an Edgar Allen Poe poem being read to you. It's a very back-to-basics game, with the same levels and scenarios being presented but with increasing difficulty. Quite a bit of fun, but I am hoping that Gaiman continues to work with the medium to produce something more engaging. *Wayward Manor* is not compelling on Gaiman's name alone.

Down the reddit hole

Since the dawn of Web 2.0 and the Internet Of Things, the people are drowning in an ocean of Big Data, and something about Twitter. We'll pull you from the chop, reaching out from the Lifeboat, extending not only a hand of help, but a hand of wisdom. Our purpose, as a humble desalination plant, is to help you drink the best moisture the Cyberland has to offer.

a recycling bin. In reply, "Phreshzilla" noted that "my garage opener is the same as yours".

The power of /r/notinteresting is in bringing joy and fulfilment to traditionally staid and banal undertakings. It's an exploration of the human spirit.

There are mind-expanding revelations ("For the first time in history, it's May 3rd, 2014"), and observations of importance ("My root beer isn't as long as two 9 volt batteries and a pencil lined up").

This week's sweet treat is the /r/notinteresting subreddit. There are eight subreddit rules, but only the first matters – "1. No interesting content".



One popular post is titled "My trip from the dorm to home - A documentary in picture". Over 72 images, user "CrispyLiberal" recounts their daily trip, including philosophical commentary such as "I went outside, and noticed these lights. They provide luminance at night, they were off at the moment, because it was daytime".

For those who enjoy living vicariously through others, you can experience the joy of unboxing a new pack of 300 OfficeMax index cards – the poster noting that "each stack of 100 is wrapped individually. This is good because I don't need all 300 at the moment."

Another user posted, "due to popular demand", 15 photos of their journey taking in

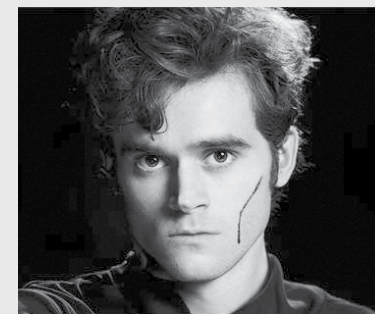


What's On

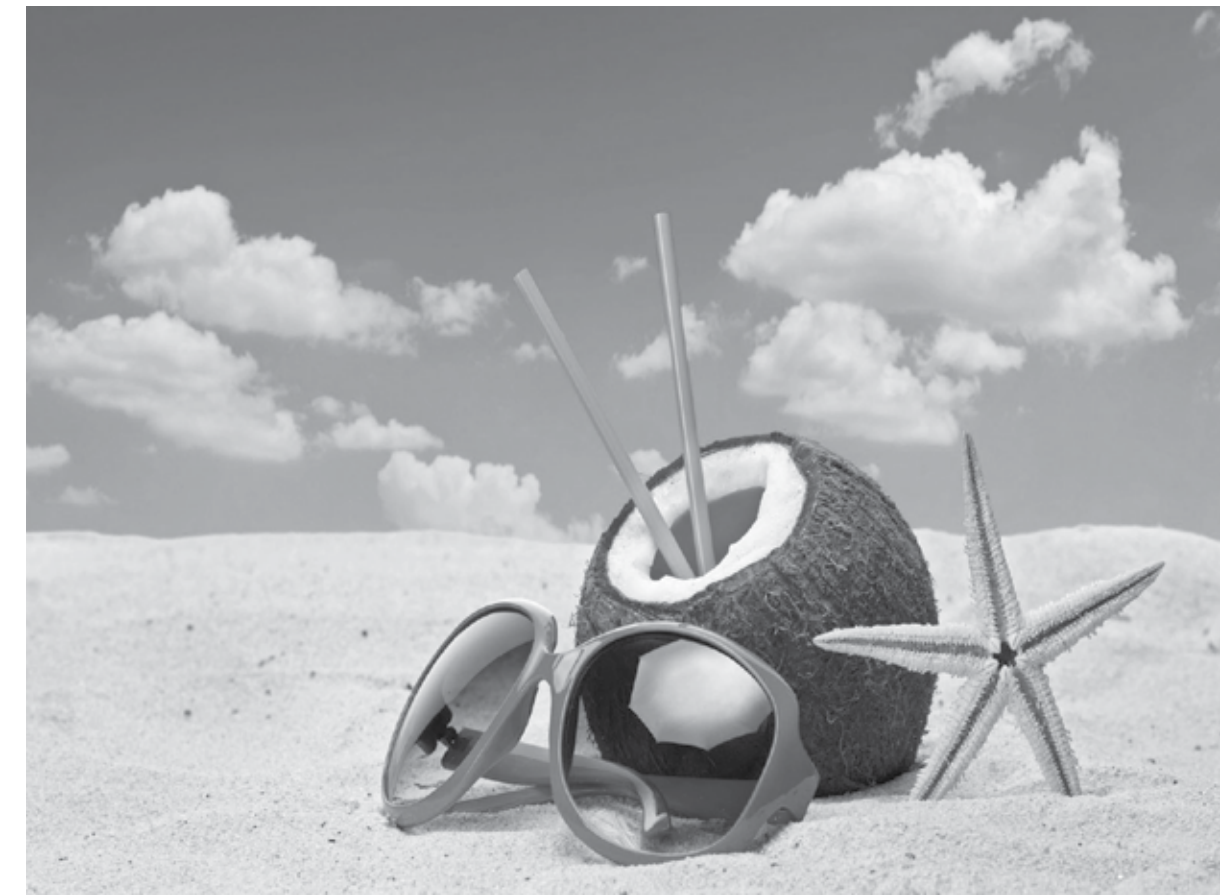
SUDS Hamlet

The Sydney University Dramatic Society will be performing the little known Shakespeare play Hamlet from August 6. Make sure you get a taste of this obscure gem.

August 6-16, Wed/Sat 7pm, Thurs/Fri 11am & 7pm @ Seymour Centre, Adult \$25, Concession \$20, ACCESS \$18, SUDS \$15.



International Students - "Holiday Credit"



Did you know you may be able to apply for a "holiday credit" on your health insurance for the time you are not in Australia?

For those with coverage from OSHC Worldcare you need to be out of Australia for 30 days or more, and be able to present your passport, boarding passes or travel tickets. This credit cannot be paid out until the end of your degree.

You must apply within 30 days of returning, so hurry.

Contact SRC Help
9660 5222 | help@src.usyd.edu.au

If your coverage is with another SRC company call them to see if they have a similar arrangement.



Ask Abe

Hi Abe,

Centrelink want to cut me off my payment because they say I should have finished my degree by now. Do you know anything about that?

PD.

Hi PD.,

What you're talking about is called the Maximum Allowable Time for Completion. It affects lots of students. The basic principle behind it is that you are allowed to get paid until you have exceeded the amount of semesters it would take for most people to ordinarily complete their degree plus one extra semester. Sometimes it's plus one year, but that's only when your subjects are a year long. So if you're doing an Arts degree that's 3 years plus 1 semester full time equivalent. Remember that this tells them when you should be cut off. It is not dependent on whether you have received a payment for all of that time or not. If you have been studying longer than the Allowable Time talk to an SRC caseworker as they can advise you if you can get that time extended. You may have been part time in an earlier semester but they have counted it as full time or you may have not passed a semester for reasons beyond your control.

We have found some Medical and Vet students who have been incorrectly assessed. This is because they need another degree to be able to start their graduate degree. Their previous degree should not count. So medicine and vet is 5 years long, so they should be allowed 11 semesters at least – you may be able to argue that the subjects are a year long and therefore you should have 12 semesters to complete the course. If Centrelink tell you otherwise, it might be worth appealing this decision. I helped a student with this last year and he received a back payment of more than \$5000.

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's answers can provide you excellent insight.

Notice of Council Meeting

86th Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

DATE: 6th August

TIME: 6pm

LOCATION: Philosophy Room S249 (Quadrangle)

WE'VE GOT YOUR BACK

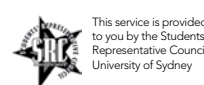
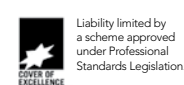
If You Have A Legal Problem? We Can Help For FREE!



We have a solicitor who speaks Cantonese, Mandarin & Japanese

法律諮詢
法律アドバイス

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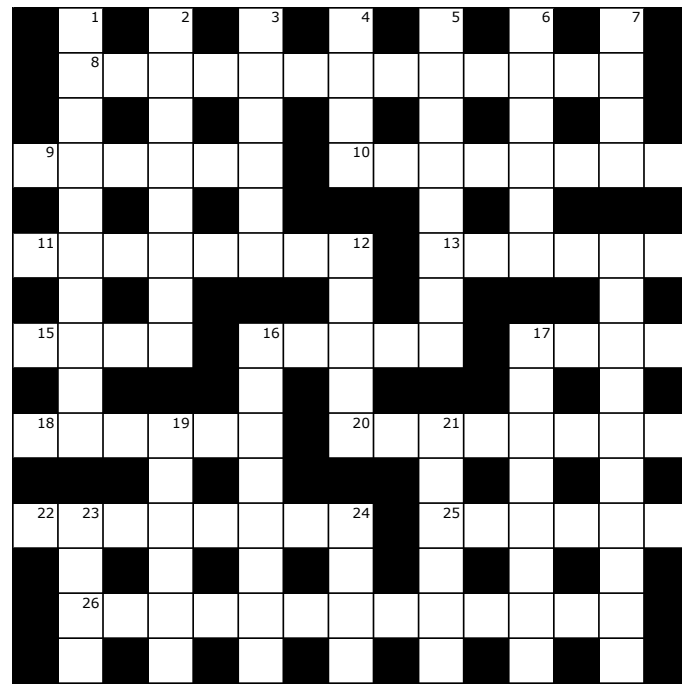
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Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney
Phone: 02 9660 5222 | www.src.usyd.edu.au



quiz

1. How many full-length feature films have been directed by Hayao Miyazaki?
2. What time does Fisher Library usually close on a Friday night?
3. Which famous "actor" is Francis Ford Coppola's nephew?
4. Which recent movie starred Harvey Keitel, F. Murray Abraham and Saoirse Ronan in non-leading roles?
5. What is the deadliest known toxin?
6. Which building on Eastern Avenue was once occupied by the CSIRO?
7. In what year was Gough Whitlam dismissed as Prime Minister?

8. Which two cities hosted the 1956 Summer Olympics?
9. Contrary to misanthropic doctor Gregory House's assertion, what medical condition does singer-songwriter Seal suffer from?
10. What was the first invention to break the sound barrier?
11. In what year was USyd founded?
12. Which famous painting is also known as 'La Gioconda'?
13. Which country hosted and won the first FIFA world cup?
14. What was Tony Abbott's pre-political profession?
15. Which Transformers actress has a condition known as brachydactyly (a.k.a. clubbed thumbs)?
16. Is there a secret aquarium under Badham Library in which miniature aquabears are housed for research purposes?

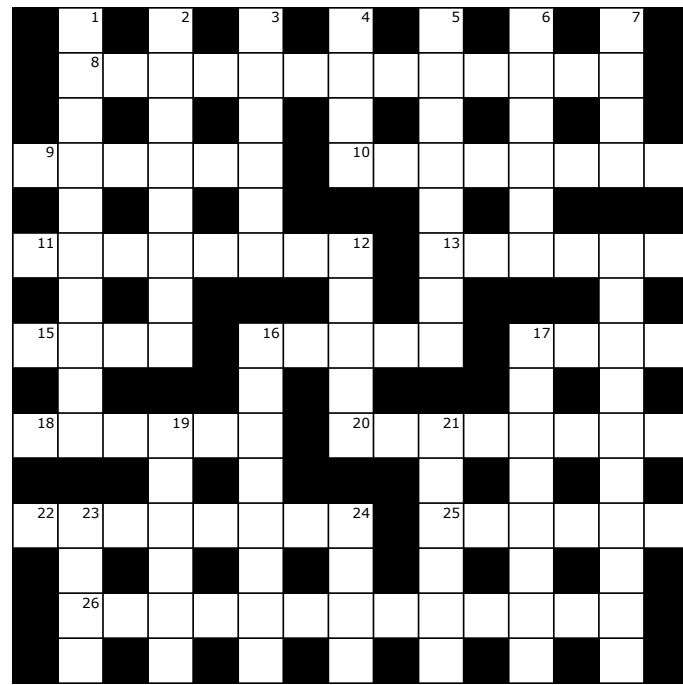
quick

Across

- 8 - Relating to the doctrine that identifies God with the universe (13)
 9 - Apply unguent to (6)
 10 - US State, capital Lincoln (8)
 11 - Statements demonstrated to be true on the basis of previously established statements (8)
 13 - Microsoft suite (6)
 15 - Debilitating brain disorder (1.1.1.1.)
 16 - This kind of crossword (5)
 17 - Herb in celery family (4)
 18 - Municipality in Sao Paulo State (6)
 20 - Causing fear (8)
 22 - Any element with atomic number from 89 to 103 (8)
 25 - Ancient district on western coast of Asia Minor (6)
 26 - One who studies birds (13)

Down

- 1 - The insertion or development of a sound or letter in the body of a word (10)
 2 - Jocasta's daughter (8)
 3 - Fourth highest mountain in the world (6)
 4 - Bearing (4)
 5 - Georgetown before 1812 (8)
 6 - Scrape the ground before hitting the ball in golf (6)
 7 - Anti-aircraft fire (4)
 12 - Strike (5)
 14 - Utter malicious charges about (10)
 16 - Relation of an object to number (8)
 17 - Tyrannical (8)
 19 - Elegantly maintained (6)
 21 - Ground (6)
 23 - Fool, in Britain (4)
 24 - Greek god of love (4)



cryptic

Across

- 8 - Roman prefect lost in a populist time (7,6)
 9 - Hiding Petrarca next to something mysterious? (6)
 10 - Raisable alternative to Renaissance Frenchman (8)
 11 - Arty sash crumpled in receptacles (8)
 13 - Foil mixed with/without me and craft (6)
 15 - Foolish Furler extracted from number (4)
 16 - Golden gold removed article thrice (5)
 17 - Fall down halfway in vaulted recess (4)
 18 - Article on endless hymn's sobriquet (6)
 20 - Giving counsel to counsellor, yes? (8)
 22 - Gas shortened explosive and generated removal of red tea (8)
 25 - Misery speaks of masked outlaw (6)
 26 - Permit pending for airless spaces (7,6)

Down

- 1 - Tyranny of pie sponsor recollected (10)
 2 - Author left Honda at Jewish occupation (8)
 3 - Assorted iceman pictures (6)
 4 - Adjacent kumquats arranged for Russian emperor (4)
 5 - Princess Shinzo a jerk with medical condition (8)
 6 - Young woman humble at singular scaffold? (6)
 7 - Evil, vile Strauss (4)
 12 - Mesopotamian kingdom left as Asian state (5)
 14 - Faulty rivers rose tanks (10)
 16 - Ptolemaic treatise on metal and gas revolution (8)
 17 - Obscure-sounding ceasefire followed safety mechanism (8)
 19 - Eleanor Dickinson starring in 'Of Swede or Finn' (6)
 21 - Canvas Salinger contained for vivasour (6)
 23 - Misfortunes by broken sill (4)
 24 - Mix zine with robot sentience for party (4)

Quiz answers at bottom of page.

"Let's Begin Again for the New Millennium" by Dudley Skelly (available from Amazon @ \$12.95) - It tells the truth about the world & contains epic poems to make our world a better place. - Our world presently divided against itself cannot stand. - End pages spell out these necessary ideas in detail. - The first US review is quite favourable & says in part. "today's complex world definitely needs as many problem solving suggestions as it can get".

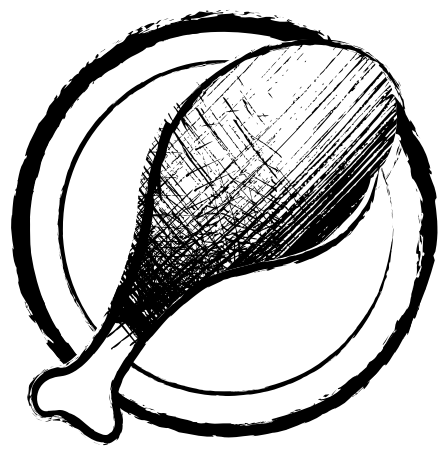
Yes, the more I see of the human race, still bent on killing each other, the more I admire my beautiful little dog Jackie 'O' who just wants to be happy as humans fall apart & she would read it if she could only read.



It has been established that the only way to lessen terrorism, refugee, communism & crime issues is to make our world a better place. let's do it!

← this is an ad

Honey Soy



Hipster Design Student Really Appreciates Ironic Architecture Building

Cam Smith has old-timey charm.

A campaign has been launched this week by architecture student and year-round Movember participant Bill 'Mambo Dreamcatcher' Smith calling for Sydney University to save the Architecture building.

This follows plans unveiled by the university last semester to replace the existing structure with a building that, in the words of the Vice-Chancellor, "doesn't suck". Mr Smith said that while he could understand the university's reasoning, he would be devastated to see the old building go, given he had only chosen to study at Sydney for its ironic Architecture Building and the boost it would give to his indie cred.

"Without the building, what do we have left? Just another flashy neo-classical castle full of liquorice-framed Seidlerphiles trying desperately to deceive generations of overly idealistic students that they won't be designing council toilets for a living," said Bill, adjusting his corduroy earmuffs so they better fit under his Native American headdress, before pulling out his phone and purchasing a pair of liquorice sunglasses on ebay.

Bill has even considered finishing his degree at another university if the plans to upgrade

the building go ahead. "I'm looking at a lot of options," says Bill, "and at the moment UTS is definitely a standout when it comes to fugly buildings."

The university has insisted that despite the Architecture building's unique character, the facilities it offers are in desperate need of upgrading, with lifts that go up as well as down, and more elusive corridor offices for staff to hide from students in. But Bill is adamant the building's many health and safety violations are all just part of its old-timey charm.

"Sure, studying in a giant concrete monolith can get a bit chilly at times," he says, "but that just gives me an excuse to put on one of my many faux-second-hand knitted jumpers."

A rally to save the building has been organised by Bill for this Thursday at 5pm in the building's lobby, before council planners arrive to condemn the building later that afternoon.

The university is yet to comment on rumours that North Korea has expressed an interest in purchasing the discarded building in its dual capacity as a nuclear bunker.

Depression Actually "Not All That Romantic"

Peter Walsh will never meet Jennifer Lawrence.



Campus health professionals were stunned to hear that 14 per cent of students identified themselves as "hoping to suffer depression" on Sydney University's bi-yearly Health and Wellbeing survey.

Up from 0 per cent, the rise has been blamed on the number of films and novels that portray mental illness as a quirky and overall fun experience that will ultimately lead to one's meeting Jennifer Lawrence.

Vet Science student and amateur foodblogger Miriam Talon admits she celebrated a little on receiving her diagnosis, claiming the condition would finally "give [her] life the bittersweet quality of old photographs, rainy afternoons, and bathroom mirrors with web-like cracks in the corners".

A remarkable number of students surveyed also seemed to mistake depression for a brief malady that – like a cold – will quickly be cured through the redeeming power of love.

As for genuine, relatable portrayals of anxiety and depression? The student body have responded with a resounding "not interested".

"Someone once asked me what it was like", said an unnamed USyd student, "but when I began to talk about making progress and finally starting to speak in class without suffocating, they just asked me at what point I met Jennifer Lawrence."

A feature film starring Jennifer Lawrence and depicting mental illness as an arduous, unglamorous emotional war within oneself without promise of swift resolution was slated for release in August, but was shelved for being "too depressing".

Ticket Mix-Up Sends Holidaying Abbotts to Manus Island

Peter Walsh almost single-handedly writes these bloody comedy pages.

In something eerily reminiscent of the bit in *Home Alone 2* where Macaulay Culkin boards the wrong plane, the Abbott family—bound for their yearly sojourn to Bali—were accidentally redirected to Manus Island. "While not the worst thing to happen on a plane this month, it's certainly up there", said Peta Credlin, with her hands up in an 'our bad' kind of pose.

Prime Minister Abbott first suspected something was amiss when the family's seating, which he was sure he booked as Qantas Business Class, turned out to be a corrugated steel packing case inside a military plane's hull. "Very curious", said Abbott, feeling out the edges of the crate. The 25 others imprisoned inside echoed his sentiment.

Abbott was similarly disappointed by the in-flight entertainment, which consisted of looking through the crate's sole air hole to see Ridley Scott's *Gladiator* projected on the wall. "I'll save everyone the trouble of making a joke about the quality of airline food", said Mr. Abbott in a prepared statement – which we are all grateful for.

On landing, the Abbotts were corralled from the shipping crate and marched in lockstep towards the island's central compound. While the family was greatly relieved to find Bintang singles for sale, they did not pack enough cigarettes to buy them.

Abbott – who gave up reading *The Trial* about five pages in – was unprepared for the island's

bureaucratic rigour. When he reached the front of the line, he was all "ha ha, what are the chances?" but before he could say "very low" the guard confiscated his passport and separated him from his children. "Now that's what I call a holiday," said Abbott, gravely underestimating the gravity of the situation while winking at the camera.

He finally cottoned on to the fact that something was very wrong after his first beating (but before his second), when he was placed in a concrete cage that didn't even remotely resemble the Explorer's Suite he had booked. "I should call someone," he said to nobody, having been placed in isolation for his own safety. Indeed, while the victims imprisoned on the island immediately recognised the man, they were so incandescent with rage that they were all paralysed by anger until the following morning. In the brief video footage uncovered by *Honey Soy*, Abbott is seen wandering through an exercise yard of quivering bodies and violent pointed stares – if hate could be weaponised he would have disintegrated then and there.

By the end of the afternoon, the authorities on the island decided to extradite daughter Frances Abbott to Indonesia by herself. Refusing to be emotionally blackmailed, Abbott watched her plane pierce the sunset silently, like a neo-conservative Greek statue. He was eventually rescued, but sadly, things went south for Fran when they searched her boogie board bag.

Customer Correctly Redefines Planck's Constant

Elliott Brennan is an Arts student, so this is a weird article for him to write.

The course of quantum physics was radically shifted in the Parkes Radio-Telescope gift shop yesterday when a customer correctly changed Planck's Constant.

Previously and wrongly assumed to be $6.62606957 \times 10^{-34} \text{ m}^2 \text{ kg} / \text{ s}$, eight year old Millie Harris said the value is actually 9.

When asked if the units were to remain the same as the old constant, Millie simply said: "Nup."

The child prodigy argued briefly with the store clerk while her mum was purchasing her a 'Search For Aliens From Your Backyard' telescope kit.

The 24-year-old clerk, who is currently completing his PhD in Quantum Mechanics at Charles Sturt University, ignorantly taunted the young girl by asking for her credentials before his manager stepped in and confirmed everything the customer was saying.

The revelation of the old constant in 1900 by German Physicist Max Planck was the turning point in the debate over whether light was a particle or a wave, solved the black box radiation problem and was fundamental to Albert Einstein's entire body of work - including the constancy of the speed of light and the equivalence of mass and energy.

The international Physics community is in disarray, desperately trying to comprehend the consequences of this exciting development.

IN OTHER NEWS

God Moves Promised Land to Leura

Negative Tripadvisor Review Ruins Popular Gaza Tourist Destination

200,000 Sign Petition to Move Hungry Polar Bear into Preschool

Cocaine Addicted Lecturer With Heart Of Gold Shocked To Find Contract Terminated: "This isn't like the movies at all!"

OVERLY SPECIFIC HOROSCOPES

CAPRICORN

Don't deregulate our university fees you fuck.

SCORPIO

You're a terrible Prime Minister.

TAURUS

Francis is coming back from Cairns and he's grumpy. Show him a good time at Opera bar to heal over the weeping wound that is your family history.

Taste Introduces More Bearded Staff To Combat Laneway's Hipster Stronghold

Mary Ward is a bearded lady.

An army of bearded wait staff and swapping macarons for cronuts are just some of the measures campus café Taste is taking to keep customers after the launch of union outlet Laneway.

"We're totally changing our brand," said café manager Mishell Jonsun.

"I mean, being situated in the Law building is always going to be a bit of a 'rep downer'. Get it? 'Rep downer.' Like, reputation downer? The kids say that, yeah?"

The changes will include a menu overhaul, swapping out "bourgeois" pastries like macarons for "hip" cronuts, and increasing the amount of kale on the menu by over 500 per cent.

"I don't see why you can't have a kale croissant," Jonsun said.

The café will also introduce a beard-based affirmative action scheme for hiring employees.

Jonsun denied that this policy was detrimental for gender equality, saying that Taste was "more than open" to hiring bearded ladies.

The café plans to implement the changes early this semester.



HONI SOIT
PRESENTS

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JUST DISAPPOINTED? DO YOU HAVE
STRONG FEELINGS? WHAT MAKES
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PRIZES:

1st place: \$800

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Submissions due before midnight, Wednesday October 8.

Send them in to opinion@src.usyd.edu.au. They must be 800 words or less. The competition is open to all undergraduate students at USYD, so include your name, student number and degree in your email, but NOT in the attached document.

THEME:

DEATH