

Honi Soit



Week 5, Semester 2, 2014

HONI SOIT QUI HEY M SPENCE

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emails*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JENNIFER YIU



On resilience and sharing the struggle

We don't talk about the messy reality of eating disorders - but we need to, writes Ed Miller

For three years, Kate was that friend whose ever-changing hairstyles, intimidating fashion sense and record collection made me feel more adventurous than I actually was, simply by being in her company.

From my perspective, Kate knew how to handle life.

She crushed her university subjects, balanced a part-time paralegal job with the occasional modelling shoot, and had this permanent approachable-bordering-on-flirtatious smile.

It wasn't until after I'd fallen in love with Kate that I learned she'd been suffering from an eating disorder since she was 15.

At first the subject was broached

casually – dropped into conversation as an incidental and largely historical personal experience. It didn't take long to work out that her experience was present tense.

It was little things – Kate would often play with her food or disappear after meals. She would always express preferences for the same places when we ate out, and when in company would try to make sure she ate less than others. Then one evening, it was wet outside and I made a surprise picnic to have on the living room floor. When Kate saw it she burst into tears. She didn't want to eat the things I'd made, but didn't want to tell me because of the effort I'd gone to.

It took a while before Kate was

comfortable talking to me about her illness. She told me that if I knew what she lived through each day I would be disgusted and I would leave. She was worried that sharing her struggle would strip the romance from our relationship; that I would begin to see myself as a carer rather than as her partner.

At the time, I was a little worried too.

Eating disorders enjoy a very particular type of stigma. Refusing, gorging upon or purging nourishment is behaviour so contradictory to primal instinct that it can be really hard to understand and accept from a loved one without blame and frustration. Sufferers are well aware of this – it makes

them feel a deeper sense of brokenness, a more acute sense of shame.

Partners, parents and friends of people with eating disorders are collateral to the silencing taboo that surrounds mental illness. It is a dangerous and isolating silence. When Kate eventually did open up to me, far from driving me away it made our current relationship possible. It made it easier for me to understand the suffering of someone I loved, and easier for her to accept that she was worthy of being loved.

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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

If your task is to monitor power and hold its exercise to account, you probably shouldn't get too cosy with the powerful. Yet it happens all the time. Journalists publish unattributed quotes that their backbencher buddy 'leaked' them (Peter Hartcher, we're looking at you mate), and editors turn newspapers into the pamphlets of political parties.

Politicians will always court the press because power seeks avenues to express itself and mechanisms to increase itself. And when successful, politicians turn the fourth estate into a vehicle for the second. This should be guarded against, on this campus as on the national stage.

Every year, elections are held to edit this paper. Polling occurs on the same day for Honi as it does for SRC, and that has historically led to collaboration between this university's journalists and its

politicians. Not ideal, and despite the best efforts of last year's Council, not changing any time soon.

Just a week after polls closed last year, SRC councillors (even the reliably intransigent Socialist Alternative) passed a motion that prohibited the production of material by an SRC campaign that promotes an *Honi* ticket, and vice versa. This year, the Returning Officer Paulene Graham has interpreted that motion in its spirit and not in its letter: *Honi* campaigns and SRC campaigns should be as separate as they possibly can be. She ruled that cross-promotion of any kind – written on how-to-votes or spoken to voters – is not allowed in the forthcoming election.

But rules are for plebs, decided Unity, and ran roughshod over the new regulations by helping to construct a Honi ticket for a

clear political purpose. Unleashed in the upcoming campaign, they hope that this *Honi* ticket, 'Swag', will give its rival, 'Heist', enough competition to effectively draw support away from the Grassroots and Switch SRC campaigns – to make it easier for Stand Up! to win the SRC election.

Honi teams should be built on the vision and talent of student writers, journalists, comedians, designers and tech-heads – not of hacks. We know that *Honi* tickets have to be constructed for both the year-long task of editing the oldest weekly student newspaper in the country and the two-week election campaign. The balance should always be struck in favour of the first criteria.

But Unity was only interested in the latter. And while it seems likely that their opponents, Heist, will now be aligned with Grassroots and Switch, the

difference here is that Heist was built with next year in mind, not just the next month.

This editorial was penned by editors who are not involved in the SRC election campaign. See page five for a full list of conflicts.

I EAT PEOPLE



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Make those ticket sales pay the bills

Dear *Honi*,

I was somewhat taken aback by your leading article, "We aren't worth enough to them". Throughout, it pursues a single narrative, in which the singular explanation for the Queer Revue's lack of success is attributed to poor funding by the prejudiced Student Union and concludes by saying that "a revue's worth shouldn't be measured by its ticket sales." This is an interesting proposal.

The figures start with a description of how the Union allocates funding. It is, perhaps not surprisingly, on the size of the theatre in the Seymour Centre which a revue has to cater for. The Queer Revue received \$6000, at the halfway point between the Union's minimum allocation of \$4000 and top of \$8000. This is despite it still only having to sell out the smallest Seymour theatre to graduate to higher funding tiers. This system, the article's author asserts, "privileges entrenched and established revues." Presumably, these revues have been forced to pass through the crucible of graduating to higher Union funding tiers at some point, as well.

However, these "entrenched" revues are further "privileged" by corporate funding. In the case of the Law Revue, it receives sponsorship from "well-heeled corporate law firms". I find it amusing that criticism is leveled at bodies that, not unreasonably, are investing in their future employees. Further, I imagine some of the participants in the Law Revue, indirectly sponsored by these firms, also happen to be queer. Is there a reason why law firms should have a particular interest in Queer Revue?

While the specifics of these contradictions are interesting, and the fact that it was not truly specified how increased funding would lead to a superior production, it is not these issues that motivated this letter. Rather, it is the notion that ticket sales are an irrelevant metric and that talent is incapable of surmounting financial limitations. Great things have been done with small sums, and I have enough faith in the 50,000 strong student body to reward a great production with sold out theaters, however small. I would suggest that maybe something else is the matter with your production and you look to overcome challenges with accomplishment, rather than bemoaning them. I sincerely wish you the best of luck in future productions, but your problem

being exclusively one of funding is unlikely.

Regards,

Benjamin Richardson

Liberal Arts and Science, II

Benjamin 2: Electric Boogaloo

Dear *Honi*,

It was with some heart that I read your editorial this week. For a paper that frequently lambasts the actions of Dr. Spence, along with other groups I shall choose not to mention, he was given a brief reprieve. At last there is some acknowledgement of the impossible position he occupies – that of taking on significant responsibility for encouraging and marshalling public debate. This, as you acknowledge, is not generally the role of a vice-chancellor.

He has enough insight to recognise the flaws in the current, town hall style consultation process and continues to indulge the likes of *Honi Soit* with his thoughts, despite, in reality, having no obligation to do so.

All this would seem to suggest he is not the Darth Vader figure he is sometimes portrayed as. He is not out to get us, and I, for one, am not in the least bit disappointed with Dr. Spence's communications. He has been far more forthright than most political figures, vice-chancellor undoubtedly being a political position, and he continues to respond to the appropriately robust debate, despite his public treatment.

I hope you continue to recognise the difficulty he must face, of straddling numerous opinions, all competing for his attention, and treat him with at least a modicum of kindness and respect.

Sincerely,

Benjamin Richardson

Liberal Arts and Science, II

On the wrong side of the law

Dear *Honi*,

Engaging in the University of Sydney Union's annual revue season is like playing some twisted real-life version of Minesweeper where one misstep will have you writhing in your seat and lamenting the money wasted on your ticket.

Revue culture seems to be founded on a bizarre 'offend everyone you

can' principle. It holds that the more marginalised groups you manage to ridicule, the less liable you are for any offense caused because hey, at least you're not singling anyone out, right? People of colour, queer people, women -- they're all fair game. After all, these are the revues! The point is to be funny, and what's funnier than a person with brown skin, a faggot, or a woman?

Let's talk about the 2014 Law Revue. The trailer was cringe-worthy. Entitled "Important Issues are Important", it took the piss out of whiteboard photo campaigns and delegitimised anti-racism and mental health awareness projects that have been run on this campus. Yes, important issues are important, which is why people of colour and people suffering from mental illness are running these campaigns, and we don't particularly appreciate it when a group of white, upper middle class, pretentious wankstains delegitimise our efforts.

So I went in with low expectations. There was some great material in there, no doubt. Then there was the whole kind-of-racist-what-the-fuck-were-the-writers-thinking 'The Bachelor: Saudi Arabia' sketch, in which the bachelor chooses to marry ALL of the contestants. Then there was the Nazi apologist sketch. And who could forget the sketch where refugees were ecstatic about being resettled on Christmas Island because they thought it was where Father Christmas lived? Nothing makes for a better laugh than the inhumane detention and torture of refugees. Our Government is committing crimes against

humanity! Ha ha ha!

The revues must mature beyond the offensive-equals-funny paradigm, and the USU must intervene when necessary. Racism is not acceptable in any context, and I refuse to be the punchline to your shit joke. If you feel the need to turn a minority group into a punching bag in order to make your show remotely funny, do us all a favour and self-immolate.

Fahad Ali

Proud queer person of colour and cast member, Queer Revue 2014

Just don't put it in fruit salad alright

Dear *Honi Soit* & its faithful readers,

It is with a heavy heart today that I wish to inform you – nay, the world that a grievous error has occurred. Having been entrusted with the almighty and glorious task of composing the Quiz for Week 4, I managed to fail in this task.

The tomato is botanically a fruit, not a vegetable like the answers say. Yes, botanically a fruit.

Now, I can push all the blame to myself, or I can be a bigger man and blame the editors.

So I will.

Yi Jian Ching

(Take it as revenge for continually misprinting my name – revenge in the least significant way possible.)

Queer or questioning? Got lots of thoughts? Like to write/draw/create?

Submit to Queer Honi!



Send your submissions to
queerhoni2014@gmail.com
by September 1.

More info:
tinyurl.com/queerhoni2014

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Free me from this mortal fossil

Tim Asimakis reports on the spread of the fossil fuel divestment movement across campuses worldwide.

Last Tuesday Greenpeace launched a campaign against the University of Sydney’s approximate \$1 million stake in Whitehaven Coal Limited, a company that stands accused of bulldozing endangered environments and indigenous heritage sites to make way for its new coal mine at Maules Creek.

The campaign follows a period of international scrutiny around the financial portfolios of the education sector: increasingly, universities are demonstrating a new awareness of the impacts of their fossil fuel investments. Earlier this year, Stanford University decided that its \$18.7 billion endowment fund would no longer be used to invest in companies whose principal business was the mining of coal. Campaigns to exact a similar commitment from Harvard University are underway.

Research and education-based institutions understand better than most the damaging impacts of fossil fuel extraction and use. As such, a trajectory towards fossil fuel divestment shouldn’t come as a surprise. Stanford President John Hennessy explained his university’s decision in May:

“Stanford has a responsibility as a global citizen to promote sustainability for our planet, and we work extensively to do so through our research, our educational programs and our campus operations.”

Sydney University has acknowledged that it bears a similar responsibility. Its current Investment Policy indicates that funds should be allocated according to environmental and social principles. Similar principles drove the University in 1982 to set a global precedent by electing to reject all funding from the tobacco industry.

However, fast forward to today and, in addition to its controversial holdings in Whitehaven, the University’s long-term investment funds demonstrate a broader emphasis on coal, oil and gas based companies. As of September last year, its funds (the management of which is outsourced) included shares in Woodside Petroleum, Oil Search Limited, BHP Billiton, Rio Tinto, Santos Limited and AGL Energy Limited.

It is true that concessions to practicality must be made, and

it is clear that the University’s educational and research operations do require long term funding. But it is less clear that fossil fuel investment is a necessary source for that funding. If larger universities, with higher costs and bigger investment funds can manage on what they have deemed to be more ethical investments, then surely our university can too. As a side note, Whitehaven Coal was the worst performing company in the ASX top 100 as of late 2013.

A spokesperson last week reminded *Honi* that the University’s “portfolio is under constant review to ensure our social, environmental and governance responsibilities are balanced with our responsibilities to students, staff and donors.”

But the impact of that “constant review” is yet to be seen, and, while Greenpeace has taken action against the University’s holdings in Whitehaven Coal, broader campaigns have already begun. Fossil Free USyd, a student organization

affiliated with the SRC’s Environment Collective has just this past week gathered enough signatures to force a referendum of the undergraduate student body, to be held during the upcoming SRC elections, on the ethics of the University’s fossil fuel investments. The USU is likewise taking steps towards change, with all of the student board directors who were elected this year agreeing to stand in support of a divestment campaign.

Universities have forever tried to position themselves at the heart of the social consciousness, and in the slow march towards a fossil free future, our university claims to be in the vanguard. It must now decide how it is going to support those claims.



Money grab at Macquarie

Geordie Crawford tells you why you should give a fuck about the Macquarie University postgrads’ association.

One of the most memorable filmic depictions of education politics is the final scene of *Dead Poet’s Society*. The students’ final salute to their mentor, John Keating, has brought tears to the eyes of countless English teachers. No doubt emotional rawness and pedagogical envy are both factors. The “O Captain! My captain!” protest is defiant, solemn, and, sadly, probably ineffective in bringing about tangible institutional change.

This is unsurprising. The students attend an old boy’s academy, steeped in tradition consolidated by top-down power and authoritarian law enforcement. They have no representative body and, hence, are reduced to limp, inconsequential actions, such as standing on desks.

On September 3rd, the Macquarie University Postgraduate Representative Association (MUPRA) will defend itself against Macquarie University, the very organisation that endorsed its formation in the late 1990s, in the Supreme Court of New South Wales. MUPRA will be fighting for its right to sit at the table of educational decision-making, rather than have individual

members stand on it in ineffectual dissent.

The legal action centres on a dispute over \$500,000 that MUPRA received from the University prior to 2007 and has saved in a bank account since. The account was frozen by the Macquarie administration late last year. The University is seeking to shut down MUPRA, appoint a liquidator, distribute its net assets, and have itself awarded legal costs.

The official justification is that MUPRA has not been “meeting its financial obligations” and providing “limited postgraduate services.” The union disputes this, arguing it has provided valuable social, educational, and political incentives to students, while saving money to protect themselves against voluntary student unionism (VSU) and dwindling support from their university.

A Student Advisory Board has been established to replace MUPRA. Under the Board’s charter, Macquarie University’s Chancellor has the power to appoint the chair of the organisation. This is in contrast to the student election process favoured by the postgraduate union.

This rollback of student unionism is reminiscent of the dark ages. After the Howard Government’s VSU laws came into effect in 2007, the National Union of Students and the Council of Australian Postgraduate Associations (CAPA) reported a mass university takeover of student services and advocacy.

Although the Gillard Government’s compulsory Student Services and Amenities Fee (SSAF) has clawed back some ground for student organisations, a court ruling in favour of Macquarie University could see student unions weakened once more.

CAPA’s President, Meghan Hopper, is concerned the case may establish a precedent for other university administrations, “[It] could lead to...universities across Australia using this decision to close their own student associations, take back student money and replace independent student representation with sub-standard, non-democratic ‘advisory’ bodies.”

This is why the MUPRA case matters for student unionism at large. An administration victory may establish a standard for other universities, including Sydney.

Furthermore, it could bolster support for VSU in parliament. Only last week, Liberal senator James McGrath and House of Representatives MP Alex Hawke announced their intention to table private member’s bills to abolish the SSAF. The Federal Education Minister, Christopher Pyne, has said the Government will “consider it.”

Of course, the more we disempower unions, the more universities will become vocational training factories. The more we place control in the hands of university administrators, the more we strip power from those for whom university is intended – students.

Tertiary education is about social ideals as well as personal utilities. The collage of student unionism contains images of anti-Vietnam War protests, the Freedom Rides, and marriage rights rallies, amongst other things.

Universities shouldn’t restrict such free speech by sequestering student organizations’ assets. They deserve respect, an independent voice, and a degree of power. With these provisions, they will surely seize the day.

The GIPA files

When the University excluded former University of Sydney Vice President Tom Raue from campus last May, I applied for information under the Government Information Public Access Act (GIPA) to try and shed light on the ban. I should’ve known better: what I got was obfuscation, clippings, and a whole lot of blacked out pages.

Among it all, the documents give the briefest glimpse into the University administration’s inner sanctum of snarky emails and PR spin. Here are three choice snippets, with more to come.

1. Some protestors are better than others

“Important stuff is happening in universities and it’s important that students care and, if that means they protest, that’s great. You’d be disappointed if they didn’t.”

Or so Michael Spence proudly told the Sydney Morning Herald in a 2012 profile. In private it seems Spence is in fact a discerning connoisseur of activism. In one email chain headed “revolting students” Spence writes of his disappointment that USyd’s protest against Bishop hadn’t been as “articulate and appropriate” as the day’s earlier protest at UTS.

Spence would be pleased to learn that the “articulate and appropriate” UTS student who shouted down Bishop at that University is none other than the University of Sydney’s own Chloe Rafferty, the National Union of Student’s Education Officer. Can an endorsement like that go on a resume?

Admittedly, Spence did have a little criticism, writing that Rafferty “... seem[ed] awfully glad to be escorted out [sic] of the hall as I think she had only prepared a three second grab :)”.

The smiley was in the original email :). Our Vice Chancellor uses emoticons.

With all that said, Rafferty was probably lucky Spence didn’t recognise her, the next paragraph of his email is smiley-free and a little more ominous.

“...make sure we are making good on our promise to review footage and see whether we should bring disciplinary action against any students? Thanks.”

It wasn’t long before Tom Raue was excluded from campus.

You’d be disappointed if they didn’t.

2. A cat and mouse game between former Honi editor and USyd PR

THE MANNING FILES

EXPLOSIONS FOR HONI

SRC election tensions hit an all time high last week as *Honi* ticket ‘Swag’ was cobbled together at the last minute in order to provide an opposition to ‘Heist’. The controversial move, allegedly executed by Labor Right (Unity) member and Board Director Alisha Aitken-Radburn, has ensured the battle for *Honi* will be an acrimonious one.

An anonymous source told *The Manning Files* that Aitken-Radburn, part of the Stand Up! campaign, organised the Swag ticket as she thought Heist would inevitably pair with the Grassroots campaign on election day for “walking deals” (an unbelievably hacky piece of hackery which involves factions pairing with each other to walk on either side of a voter, physically preventing opposing campaigners from getting to the vote). Walking deals are now one of the few ways SRC and *Honi* tickets can work together after an SRC regulation was passed earlier this year preventing the two campaigns from swapping preferences and sharing materials. According to our source, Aitken-Radburn believed a second *Honi* ticket to be in the best interests of the Stand Up! bloc and presidential candidate Amy Knox.

Aitken-Radburn refutes this account, saying she was involved in talks with Swag members until she realised regulations prevented *Honi* campaigners from holding SRC how-to-votes, at which point she pulled out of negotiations. Aitken-Radburn

said that several members of Swag had already made contact with ticket manager and Unity member Patrick Magee at that point, which led to Swag forming. Magee said Aitken-Radburn had not been involved in the formation of the ticket beyond giving “guidance” to Magee. A source told *The Manning Files* Swag was still seeking members the day before nominations were due.

Swag’s shock entry into the race was met with hostility from their opposing ticket, Heist. Caceda told *The Manning Files* that Swag had received abuse from Heist members and affiliates via text messages, calls and in person. “It’s been tough handling people swearing at us over the phone, telling us not to run and that we’re ruining their chances,” he said. “I would say we’ve had no friendly contact with the other team whatsoever.”

However, Heist ticket member Dominic Ellis described the interactions between Heist and Swag as “very minimal”. “We haven’t really talked to them at all,” said Ellis.

Aitken-Radburn’s actions have spelled disunity (pardon the pun) within the Stand Up! bloc, which consists of Unity, National Labor Students (NLS), Sydney Labor Students and Socialist Alternative. Georgia Kriz, a junior campaign manager for Knox and member of NLS, screamed “You are scum!” at Aitken-Radburn in the SRC offices after learning of the formation of Swag. We can’t imagine Socialist Alternative is too happy with

Alexi Polden takes a look behind the scenes during Raue’s ban from campus.

Unable to extricate himself from campus politics, former *Honi* editor Max Chalmers ended up in an email chain too as he attempted to report Raue’s campus ban for *New Matilda*.

In this set of emails to Spence and others, Kirsten Andrews, the University’s head of PR, tells her boss “our friend Max Chalmers” has been “irritated to no end” by her not commenting on the story.

Why the exasperating lack of comment? When I called Andrews she told me that while she respected Chalmers and all current and past student journalists, Chalmers had called her “10-15 times” until about 10 o’clock on a Friday night when she’d been unable to comment.

Apparently Chalmers calls a lot. A few hours after our conversation Andrews called me back realising it had been another occasion Chalmers had called her 10-15 times. This time he’d got the message early. No Comment.

During our call Andrews told me unequivocally that she respected non-mainstream media and student media as much as any mainstream outlet, and that Chalmers had not been treated differently to any other journalist.

Chalmers disagrees, telling *Honi* that in his experience “the University of Sydney PR team are sceptical of non MSM outlets” and see student media as “something of an irritation and distraction.” The University administration, he feels, see consultation with students as an act of generosity, not a responsibility - an attitude that colours their approach to student media.

3. [REDACTED]

Indeed, the black bars that cover most of the documents reinforce the idea that the University takes an adversarial, even antagonistic, to student media and its students.

Despite the strong legal presumption in favour of releasing information, the University’s Group Secretary, Alex Maitland, evidently thinks what the administration said about Raue behind his back was important enough to keep from the prying eyes of *Honi* *Soit*.

55 out of 94 pages of the information released were totally or almost totally redacted. How open does the University really want to be with students? So far, it seems, as little as possible.

their new conservative, Catholic, and libertarian bedfellows either.

An NLS spokesperson told *The Manning Files* that NLS (Knox’s faction) was not involved in forming Swag and do not support it.

WHAT’S IN THE WORKS?

Caceda was restrained on policy details, but did say Swag would run an “apolitical” paper. “We hope to continue what Sex for *Honi* has done,” he said, noting that the ticket contains both Greens voters and conservatives. Magee also focused on the range of political opinions within the ticket, listing it as a positive for the Swag group.

Ellis said Heist would have a focus on arts and culture coverage, with revue previews as well as reviews. Spruiking an age-old *Honi* policy that has never quite gotten off the ground, Ellis said Heist believed in “attracting all sorts of students to *Honi*, so that means looking across all campuses and faculties”. From personal experience, getting Engineering students to regularly write for *Honi* is only a little easier than turning lead into gold, so we wish him luck in this endeavour should Heist be successful.

ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK

To the surprise of campus fashionistas from all factions, both Heist and Swag are planning to run on the colour orange. Swag have apparently claimed the colour and Heist have appealed

their claim, saying they settled on the colour before Swag was even a thing. Stay tuned for more on this exciting tussle.

A VICTORY FOR HONI

You might have heard that the SRC recently passed a motion allowing *Honi* to report on the SRC elections as they happen – something that was previously restricted due to a media black-out during campaigning. As part of this, we are required to disclose any conflicts to our readers, so here’s the list of editors who will NOT be contributing to coverage of the elections, and who they are campaigning for:

Felix Donovan – Grassroots
Georgia Kriz – Stand Up!
Andrew Passarello – Grassroots
Justin Pen – Grassroots
Michael Rees – Heist
Christina White – Heist

Editors who WILL be writing your coverage are not associated with any campaign or campus faction. The following eds will be signing an affidavit to declare their neutrality:

Georgia Behrens
John Gooding
Lane Sainty
Asha Rajvanshi

(Have literally no idea what the elections are? Head to honisoit.com and check out recent news and our campus dictionary to brush up on your #hacklyf knowledge.)

Gender troubles in campus comedy

Christina White spoke to lots of funny ladies.

In 2010 a group of Paul’s boys had planned a musical revue number called ‘Always look on the bright side of rape’. Last year Medicine Revue ‘entertained’ its audience with jokes about the hilarious topic of domestic violence. Year after year, skits are done in gratuitous drag because it’s easier to get a laugh with a boy squealing shrilly in a dress than actually let a female actress find the humour in her role.

These are just some of the most overt examples of sexism in the campus comedy scene. Gendered bias and prejudice goes deep within the revue and theatresports communities. More men do comedy. As a headcount, that’s true. But as a normative statement, it’s a sexist idiot talking. The problem with comedy on campus is how dynamics in writing and casting still perpetuate the status quo at best, and appeal to the lowest common denominator of sexist humour at worst.

“The first time I did stand up I had to sit in a green room with eight other dudes telling dick jokes for half an hour before the show,” recalled Sophia Roberts, who has pushed past the phallic banter to direct Arts Revue this year. “Surprisingly, they didn’t want to hear any jokes about periods. Their loss.” She is not the only woman who spoke of a “boys’ club” in the campus comedy scene. Clemmie Williams told similar stories of Project 52. In a cast of twelve, she was one of only two women and labelled “the token vagina”. After one rehearsal they went to the pub where “the joke was made that I couldn’t stay on at the pub drinking because I was a woman.”

Fortunately, it seems that many of the revues are going to great efforts to change these old boys club cultures. Many cast members praised the social dynamics as highly inclusive. While boys’ club vibes might not be apparent socially, they are definitely present, if not magnified, in the way comedic content in written for many of the revues. “Most of the show’s content comes from men,” said Gabi Kelland, a previous director of Science Revue. This gender disparity was also noticed by one of this year’s Law Revue directors Nicola Borton: “It did definitely feel like male cast members wrote more than females.”

“When I first started rehearsals for one particular revue, there seemed to be a sense of ‘brotherhood’ amongst the male cast members, where they would frequently make personal jokes throughout

rehearsals, excluding the female members of cast,” said a member of Education & Social Work Revue.

“I don’t know whether I can say this is sexist but it definitely was a form of exclusion.”

That dynamic, when coupled with moments of men dismissing women’s contributions becomes sexist in effect. It results in women feeling less valued in revues. “In one instance, I was asked to help edit a script with a male member of cast who dismissed and ignored all of my input,” the same cast member told me. “I felt that my attempts to script write were often ignored as the male members of cast were extremely dominant.” When most of the comedy is written by males, it can feel like they are in control of the writing process.

This dynamic seems to be the norm that revues fall back on when there aren’t concerted efforts by the executive to encourage all cast members, and specifically women, to write for the show.

Proactive measures have been taken by Queer Revue to promote diversity before auditions. Director Mikaela Bartels said they “advertised our auditions to non-cis-male pages and actively encouraged people of colour, women and non-cis male identifying individuals to audition in order to combat this trend of white gay cis-male domination.”

Most of the revues this year have a cast balance close to half-half and awareness in casting goes a long way. Every executive member I spoke to told me about efforts to achieve gender equity in the cast and comedic roles. Mere presence however, is not enough to guarantee comedic equality on stage. Women from almost every revue told me they resented being overwhelmingly cast in the ‘straight’ role. Clemmie Williams described this phenomenon: “Directors, and I have been guilty of this myself, have a tendency to relax into the old habit of giving the punch lines and funny characters to males, while leaving the rational straight characters to females.” This leads to sketches where the male actor is loud, boisterous, and funny, whilst the female actress is comparatively dull and boring – despite what her acting talent actually is.

Erin Cunio, director of this year’s Jew Revue, suggested this feminisation of the dull character actually comes from a fear of being offensive. “It is safer to mock absurdity in the socially dominant groups,” she said. Concern over the presentation of women in revues

indicates society isn’t used to absurd women on stage. The problem isn’t just that women aren’t given stage time, it’s based on the fact that production teams either don’t know how to give them funny lines or trust them to deliver the humour.

The idea of absurd women is made all the more difficult by the fact that “women carry a certain cultural baggage when they perform in comedy... Boys are fine to be the class clowns, but girls should sit still and look pretty,” said Sophia Roberts. People in revues do everything but sit still and look pretty. The minute women do this, they get persecuted through heckles in ways men don’t. “Take it off” is shouted at women the minute a shoulder gets exposed, and nude skits encourage degrading comments on women’s bodies. Callie Henderson said that the heckling of the 2010 Women’s Revue (the last one to get produced) was “very gendered”. She remembered “20 guys yelling obscenities” one night, including “a few catcalls” at first, but the full onslaught of “the usual ‘sluts’, ‘idiots’, and ‘women aren’t funny’ bullshit” continued throughout the show.

Physical appearance is always going to be a core part of comedy. The way actors stand, walk, and hold themselves on stage is key to how the audience perceives them. Drama kids talk about ‘high status’ and ‘low status’ characters, which often correlate to physical presence on stage. When doing theatresports at USyd, Alice Fraser was told to “go on stage and see if you can out status the guys on stage, don’t accept being lower status, just keep one upping them, and see how long it takes until they shoot you.”

Fraser – now a stand up comedian – has adopted this advice. “I do very alpha male body language. I stand with my feet apart, my shoulders back, power poses before the shows. If I’m going out to country gigs I tend to wear boots, not because of the way they look but because of the way they make me walk. I dropped my voice.” Fraser commented that these changes “are about power” but they’re also fundamentally gendered. They achieve power by adopting male body language. Female

comedians with shrill voices don’t get taken seriously.

Failing to take women seriously on stage is only perpetuated by presenting women in stereotypical roles. Some of the women I spoke to expressed frustration as constantly being the love interest or another powerless character. Many directors are making concerted efforts to move away from such characters, but we’re still not at a point where demeaning stereotypes are universally admonished. Jacinta Gregory, director of Commerce Revue, said she is “tired of seeing misogynistic tropes and generalisations” in revues, but said she felt “in the minority”. Unfortunately, clichés are still often used to deliver a joke because it jumps to recognisable presentations that the audience will immediately understand. Sexist tropes are no different; the dumb blonde and the sexy nurse require zero character development.

There are concerted efforts being made to fight these habits. Most of the women I spoke to have directed revues, and women feature constantly in senior executive positions. Bridie Connell, who hosts theatre sports at Manning, feels that more women are coming to jams these days. Law Revue was lead by four women for the first time this year. Emma Balfour from Science Revue told me she felt cast members were valued “as performers, rather than males or

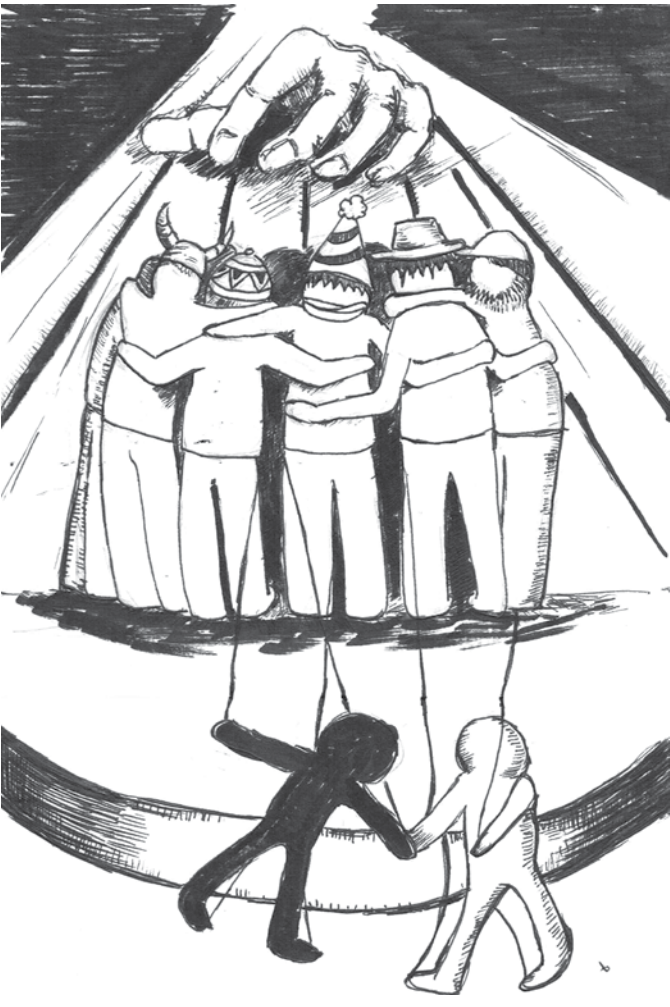


ILLUSTRATION BY WANYI XIN (CABBAGE)

females”. Balfour said she uses gender-neutral names whenever she writes skits and speaks up if something doesn’t sit right with her.

Not all the women I spoke to had Balfour’s confidence. The presentation of female characters seems particularly problematic in hierarchical revues where cast members feel they cannot question executive decisions. “It is a very awkward thing to bring up with the directors,” said a woman who had been a cast member in three different revues on campus. A cast member of last year’s Law Revue noted a similar problem: “There is a lack of conversation about gender inequity. Like many people at university, those in the show, believe they are in a little bubble devoid of sexism and racism, and other social problems. Just because there are female directors and assistant directors doesn’t mean that the dynamics behind the creation of the show are perfectly fine.”

If there is no discussion about gender issues, and broader issues of diversity, in revues then the burden falls on individual cast members to start that discussion. The previously mentioned ex-member of Law Revue said people couldn’t criticise skits without “feeling like uncomfortable losers that are supposedly pulling issues from nowhere.”

Another problematic use of stereotype is gratuitous drag. This year’s Sydney University Revue adapted a skit to include drag. Balfour played the other character in the skit, and justified the casting choice: “He was in drag not as a gendered performance, but because the skit was so outrageously theatrical. Anything short of that overegged performativity and the sketch would have fallen flat.” The male performer had a high voice, an overdone accent, and tottered around in heels. Such use of drag is not uncommon. Last year’s Law Revue saw two men playing Julia Gillard, which some commented felt like a mockery of the feminine. “It frustrates me because I see it all the time. A female will be overlooked because the joke is stronger if it’s a guy in a dress,” said Bridie Connell. When gender is not an integral part of the script or cleverly subverted, it only reinforces gender stereotypes. The problem with drag, when used lazily, is thus the opportunity cost. Many of the women I spoke to expressed their frustration at this casting practice. After watching the skit described above, Maddie Parker said “it was disappointing to see a funny role a woman could have played given to a man,” given “roles for men vastly outnumbered those for women” in the revue.

Like all prejudices, gender can be subverted for comedic effect. Alice Fraser once dealt with a male heckler by saying, “you be careful, I take eye contact as consent”. She

explained, “They laugh because it’s not a threat, it’s not part of my persona.” Exactly the same cultural prejudices behind the fact that she is often not taken seriously on stage give her a bizarre form of leeway. “I can stand on stage and, in response to hecklers, threaten physical violence of the most extreme kind and it’s funny. It’s funny because I’m a woman.” The meaning of women’s words is always contingent on what they look like.

Everyone I spoke to saw the executive team as those who set the tone of how gender issues would be dealt with. Women in leadership roles is crucial, and in this respect there has been huge progress. However without affirmative action in their societies’ constitutions it is not guaranteed. Given they have likely experienced marginalisation, women are often more likely to advance women’s involvement. Bridie Connell said “it was certainly at the top of my agenda” when directing Arts Revue. Their own gender aside, the leaders’ motivations and attention to gender will always be key. According to Sophia Roberts, “I don’t think having a female director makes a difference. I think having directors who are aware of what they’re doing, who appreciate the difficulty for women approaching comedy for the first time makes the difference.”

The inaugural Women’s Revue ‘Objectify This!’ sold out the Seymour in 2007, went to the Melbourne International Comedy Festival in 2008 and then the Edinburgh Fringe in 2009. This shows the success that come from promoting and fostering female comedic talent.

A performer is only as funny as the audience allows them to be. Ali Vandeness said Engineering Revue had no gender disparity, last year and the only sexism arose due to heckles. ‘Women aren’t funny’ is sadly still a common refrain. Some of the women I spoke to said they were confronted with Hitchens’ ugly head in the form of patronising compliments, such as “I didn’t think women were funny, but you were great.” Women need to be given more funny roles and given the freedom to play and experiment with different types of comedy. The more that society sees women on stage, the more used they will get to seeing and respecting female comedians. “If Gen Fricker is good last week, then when I come on stage and that same audience looks at me, they’re more likely to be relaxed about the fact that there’s a woman on stage and I’ll have less work to do to bring them on board,” said Alice Fraser.

Revue are also largely heteronormative and white. These problems are just as alienating, deeply entrenched, and at times offensive. That should be the next investigation.

Challenging charitable consumerism

Charity begins and ends at home, writes Matilda Surtees.

“Can I interest you in *not* giving to the homeless?” It’s a jarring departure from the usual charity spiel. I usually view street fundraisers and their ilk as the unwanted pop-up windows of the urban space, and react accordingly – with a self-aware modicum of shame. My curiosity was piqued by this encounter last week, however, and I took the piece of paper the promoter was hopefully flapping at me: “GIVE TO THE HOMELESS YOURSELF.”

Enter Homepage for the Homeless (HftH), a new initiative that has partnered with a number of online

charity with alleviating systemic inequality ensures the conversation is cut short far too early.

Charity places an onus on individual, rather than institutional, responsibility. On last week’s Q&A, a frustrated John Falzon, the CEO of St Vincent de Paul, reprimanded the current government for exacerbating class inequality in the recent budget: “We’ll try and be there for people but it isn’t charity they should have to depend on, it’s justice they should be able to count on.”

This new shift towards charitable

“Charity places an onus on individual, rather than institutional, responsibility.”

retailers, including The Iconic, Amazon, The Book Depository and Expedia, to have retailers donate a percentage of each purchase you make when you click through via the keyhole link on the HftH site. The donation made to the HftH parent charity, Ladders, is the usual ‘finders fee’ that the retailers pay to those who refer customers to them via hosted links.

Tweaked into a variety of different models, this fusion of consumerism and charity has grown significantly in the past decade. The blurred line between commercial marketing and charity fundraising is often mutually beneficial – private profit and donations both jump. Research done by Cavill. & Co., a private Australian consultancy agency, suggests that at least 25 per cent of consumers are willing to switch their product choice based on a cause-affiliation.

The broad concept of ethical consumerism tries to extricate over-consumption from a moral vacuum, and remind us that we vote with our dollar; similar sentiments drive many consumer boycotts. The rhetorical impact of charitable consumerism, however, scrubs systemic inequality out of public discussion and recuperates our desire for social justice back into modern complacencies. The idea of giving while you buy legitimates the social value of material consumption, while placing the capacity to effect social change in the hands of individuals. However, aggregating the positive but finite impact of individual

consumerism exaggerates the individual capacity to alter systemic inequality. Peer-to-peer, the individualisation of privilege and disadvantage can make charitable consumerism feel like a moral imperative on the consumer. Some of us are better off than others, and it’s not fair or humane – so who can justify *not* shopping with HftH if you were looking to buy something anyway?

Placing the burden on some of us to save – and on others to be saved by the will of our peers – is an extension of the meritocratic mythology of citizenship: that you are ultimately in control of your own social circumstance, and you can change that of others. It’s an ideal, not a reality, and the emphasis on individual agency erases the magnitude and nature of social inequality. It eases the pressure on institutional powers and shifts our attention from cause to symptom.

There is no reason to stop picking up a bottle of water, or effortlessly clicking through to new clothes via Homepage for the Homeless, which are both offering more positive alternatives to the consumer. The danger is in the broader ideas about inequality and responsibility that they – and we – buy into. Systemic inequality requires systemic change. We would do better to demand action from our institutions and government than to fuel the growing demand for feel-good consumerism.

Fame and punishment

Privilege pervades even our prison system, argues Natalie Czapski.

It’s the case that’s “shocking Sydney society”*. Harriet Wran, the 26-year-old daughter of former NSW Premier Neville Wran, is one of three facing murder charges over the stabbing of drug dealer Daniel McNulty in his Redfern apartment. The murder allegedly took place amidst a violent confrontation over \$70 worth of ice. Harriet’s lawyers did not make a bail application, and she is now in remand at Silverwater Women’s Correctional Centre.

The media furor is perhaps best summed up in this headline from one major Sydney newspaper: “Harriet Wran: How she went from A-list darling to homeless and broke ice addict”. It is a tragedy, we are told, an extraordinary spectacle, that someone so privileged, so wealthy, so well connected, could end up in such a sorry state. After all, Harriet is far from society’s usual delinquents – she attended “prestigious private schools Ascham and SCEGGS”, she is the goddaughter of Kerry Packer, and her family lives in a “palatial Woollahra home”. That is not to say the circumstances of the crime are not tragic, or Harriet is any less worthy of pity for her battles

with drug addition. But the media circus around Harriet’s “fall from grace” obscures the harsh realities of our justice system, and how it interacts with people from a far less privileged background.

The stark contrast between Harriet’s upbringing and her circumstances prior to the murder has been a focal point. Reports describe her living rough on the streets, a self-reported ice-addict, unemployed, and accepting Centrelink payments. And yet, disadvantage and homelessness are not atypical amongst those in custody. People who are homeless are especially susceptible both to being convicted of and being victims of crimes – they are more under the scrutiny of law-enforcement officials, they are vulnerable and without familial or support networks, and they often lack the ability to pay off fines or gain access to appropriate legal assistance. We report at length about how Harriet’s mother and brother paid her a visit on her first day in custody, but we neglect the stories of so many for whom loving family and safe home are far beyond reach.

One journalist went so far as to describe the conditions Harriet will face in custody including food – “breakfast will comprise cereal, tea, coffee, a slice of bread and jam... Lunch... little more than a fruit pack and savory roll...” – and surveillance – ‘limited phone access... personal calls are all recorded’. Perversely, it is as though we are expected to pity her, no longer surrounded by the luxuries of her upbringing. It is Harriet we are asked to feel sorry for, when we know that most of those in custody have experienced multiple intersecting forms of social and economic disadvantage.

Harriet’s background has also granted her access to legal resources far out of the reach of most. The family has engaged Winston Terracini, a high-profile silk, to represent her in court – the best that money can buy. He’s not likely to be representing co-accused Lloyd Edward Haines, “Waterloo resident”, is he? While the Wrans will undoubtedly rack up astronomical legal fees, cuts to Legal Aid and Community Legal Centre funding are occurring around the country. There is a

small but growing number of individuals who are unrepresented in Australian courts, especially in Local and Magistrates’ Courts. Those who appear unrepresented face a much higher chance of being convicted, even if innocent, and as Magistrates’ Courts expand to deal with more serious offences, they are even more at risk of facing time in custody – where is the media focus on that?

Harriet Wran does not have the profile of a typical criminal, and that precisely explains our obsession with her. We do not interrogate what is implicit to this obsession – that we expect the poor, the uneducated, and the disadvantaged to commit crimes, and, thus, regard their stories as not newsworthy. Our tendency to consider disadvantage as a natural accompaniment to criminality not only splashes Harriet Wran across the front of newspapers, but also masks the disadvantage underneath.

** These are all direct quotes from a major Sydney newspaper. Points for guessing which one.*

PMS: Pretty Mediocre Science

Gillings gets its wrong, writes Leigh Nicholson.

A recent paper published by Professor Michael Gillings, a molecular evolutionist at Macquarie University, has put forward a possible explanation for PMS in those who go through the delightful hormonal changes once a month; it evolved to break up infertile partners. The paper has received a lot of scathing attention since its publication two weeks ago, for rational and irrational reasons.

The paper, titled ‘Were there evolutionary advantages to premenstrual syndrome?’, is a review of knowledge in the area of PMS, which affects around 80 per cent of people menstruating. The paper springboards from two main points – because PMS is heritable and because there are no hormone level differences between those who experience PMS more severely than others, that it could be seen to have evolved as a highly advantageous behaviour to break up infertile couples (TL;DR: the woman isn’t pregnant, break up the partnership and find a new one).

Gillings explained that his hypothesis was framed through

an anthropological perspective. In a context where pregnancy was a desirable and constant outcome, “if 80 per cent of women have PMS, and some women are paired up with a sterile man, and some have a relationship which is susceptible enough to be dissolved, the PMS behaviour would be advantageous”. However, because people can have the same hormone levels but experience PMS in different severity, it’s more likely that the syndrome itself is a difference in sensitivity to these hormones. So, what determines this sensitivity difference? Evolutionary advantages, which is the crux of the paper.

There are a lot of assumptions in this paper, however, and Gillings appears to also be completely aware of that. He writes “while it is not possible to know what conditions prevailed across 200,000 years of modern human evolution ...it is still productive to think about the modern human condition as having recently emerged from our evolutionary past”. When pressed on this, Gillings reminded me that “the title is phrased as a question ... it provides a different way of looking at it”, and

that also it he is making assumptions about human culture, talking about “small family groups with male and female bonding”.

There are a lot of questions raised, though. Heritable traits do not immediately mean advantageous evolution. Differing sensitivities to hormones can be the result of numerous interacting factors. Also, to talk about a cross cultural phenomenon over such a long period of time is tricky. Saying that PMS would be advantageous in breaking up infertile couples is making sweeping generalisations about cultural and traditional values of relationships and monogamy. In some instances it might not have been viable to just swap partnerships when pregnancy did not occur. In others, there might not even be the requirement for some hidden evolutionary tactic to excuse dissolving a pair.

The paper frames PMS not as a disorder, or a medical condition, but just an inevitable part of menstruating folks’ lives. Like pretty much everything written on it ever, there is an assumed conflation

between PMS and horrible, mean, irrational behaviour. In doing so, it stigmatises it and gives others a platform to say your emotional state is not real. For example, all the stuff that’s going in your body when someone has anxiety is akin to the fight or flight reflex, but it’s not in the least bit helpful to tell someone having a panic attack that their body is just evolutionarily confused and it’s not related to their current, modern and personal context. Yes, these behaviours could have been ‘advantageous’ in some really specific situations, but the human condition changes and it’s important to not shrug off syndromes as being a left over effect and not contextually legitimate. Gillings’ paper still provides an interesting anthropological and genetic analysis of a current annoyance some people face, despite it framing said annoyance perhaps a bit negligently. Sometimes a broader analysis, more inclusive of frameworks beyond anthropology and hard science, is necessary to properly explore and explain potentially contentious conclusions.

Fool-proofing Facebook

Evelyn Corr is suspicious of Facebook’s new satire tag. ILLUSTRATION BY MONICA RENN

You know something’s a problem when Facebook develops an app to get rid of it. Privacy was the first to go, and now it’s our right to be gullible fools, incapable of checking sources. This particular assault on the ‘survival of the fittest’ nature of social media comes in the form of a tag to identify satirical articles, currently being trialled by the minions of Mark Zuckerberg, which would no doubt have already flagged down my meagre article if this were featured on the *Honi Soit* Facebook page.

The concept is simple: if you click on an article from a parody website, such as (spoiler alert) *The Onion*, related articles will appear with a preface to specify if they’re satirical. Which means if you clicked on that article promoting the values of robot dog sex, Facebook will be stepping in before you have a chance to follow it up with an expose on the ethics of cloning humans and forcing them to fight to death in a pit.

While I’m sure everyone’s initial response is one of shock and outrage that Facebook thinks so little of its users’ intelligence so as to intervene into our dashboard experience, there are, of course, arguments for such a policy. The first being that unless you

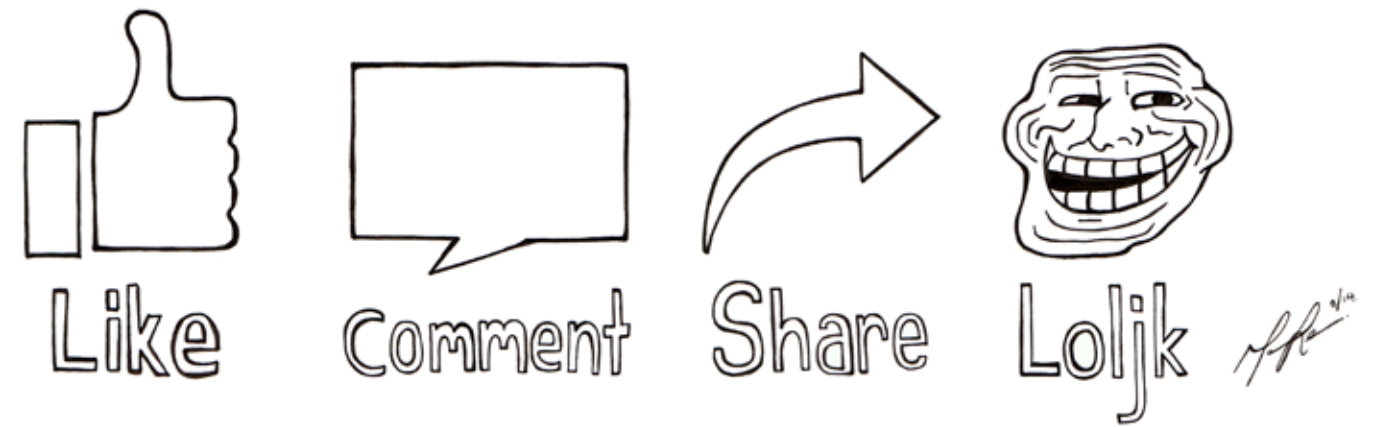
frequently cleanse your friends list with fire and brimstone, your news feed is full of ignorant toe-jams celebrating the new government policy that welfare recipients must submit their sweat to prove how hard they’re looking for a job, or expressing their horror on the release of *Nothing But Tears Shampoo* to toughen up newborns. It’s funny when they fall for it with righteous anger, but just depressing when they rejoice over things like Ohio replacing the lethal injection with a more humane head-removal machine. It’s becoming a serious enough concern that Cracked.com have taken it upon themselves to devote a weekly piece to the merciless taunting of these individuals in their *BS Stories that Fooled Your Facebook Friends* column.

All the same, my primary concern is that such a tag is, in some form, censorship. It begins with satire, then the next step is blacking out those posts about curing lumbago with a barrel full of eel’s eyes and moonlight that your Aunt Norelle from Queensland keeps posting on your wall, and before you know it, only articles approved by the Ministry of Truth and written in Newspeak will ever make it onto your feed. My pettier concern is that it takes all the fun out of social media. After all, I’m only here to stalk attractive retail workers from their nametags and discover how to lose my entire body mass in ten minutes or less using goji berries and a satanic chant. Thanks to Norelle for tagging me in that one, it’ll come in handy.

There is certainly merit to the notion that we should just let

those people who believe snorting unground beans will get you high sort themselves out, but all social (media) Darwinism aside, we must consider that there are users of social media without or with limited ability to crosscheck each article they see on social media with reputable news sources. Then again, it certainly isn’t as bad as that time Facebook was discovered to be manipulating the moods of users by tailoring pleasant or unpleasant articles to their news feed, which people often conveniently forget as they continue to feed Big Brother their information.

We can only take comfort from this dystopic future with the newflash given by *The Onion* in response to the tag: “Area Facebook User Incredibly Stupid.”



On “Local”

INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS’ SECTION

Yangfan Wu thinks that racism is not just confined to the Australian cafes.

When asked to define “local,” Mr Hu, the Chinese cafe owner from Shanghai who refused to hire a black barista because he preferred “local” people, said he meant people who had lived here for some time. Shaking my head in dismay, I was reminded of some typical, middle-aged Shanghainese I used to know very well. Their concept of “local” has a rather complex history.

Shanghai, the largest Chinese city by population, is “the” global financial center in the 21st century. However, there exists some deep-seated regional discrimination in this model city. Attracted by Shanghai’s economic growth as well as its social benefits, hordes of migrants have flowed into Shanghai in recent decades. They are widely blamed for the rising rates of crime and unemployment by “legitimate” Shanghainese. The supposedly “legitimate” Shanghainese are the descendants of immigrants who

came to Shanghai in the late 19th century or early 20th century. They have long been accused of looking down upon people who speak the dialects of Shanghai’s traditional areas, known as “the local dialects”. Additionally, they are often prejudiced against new migrants who can’t speak fluent Shanghainese. A friend once told me that he was born and raised in Shanghai, but he never identifies himself as “Shanghainese”, rather says he “came from Shanghai”, because he can’t speak the dialect fluently.

However, most Chinese people would hardly consider this an example of “racism,” as China’s ethnic composition is largely homogenous, with 91.9 per cent of the population being of Han ethnicity. Most ethnic groups have intermarried with Han Chinese; therefore, they are less distinguishable from Han Chinese. We’d rather call Shanghainese

prejudice a repugnant strain of regional discrimination than we would racism. Including Steven Hu, quite a number of Chinese are rather insensitive to “racism”.

Steven Hu, the cafe owner, simply transplanted his ignorant Shanghainese “local” prejudice to Sydney. Since the story broke, thousands of Australians responded on the cafe’s Facebook page, pointing out the “irony” of the situation and exhorting Steven to “go back home.” Is the “irony” because he is also a non-local Australian? I, as a foreign student, was also told to “go back home” not long ago. Other anecdotal evidence suggests that white Australian society has not really come as far since 1788 as it might wish to believe.

My Chinese friend graduated from university this past year and sent out resumes to Australian companies, but did not receive a

single call in the first two months of his job search. After he changed his first name on the resume to “Michael,” he started getting a few interviews. Many more interviews were offered after this young Chinese man changed his full name to “Michael Cade”. What is the difference between this and the case of Steven?

Perhaps this is not an example of racism because the interviewers didn’t ask, “Why are you Asian?” Maybe when an aspirational young Chinese strides into the annual job fair in the Great Hall and discovers that 47 out of 50 firms are requiring that applicants be permanent residents or citizens, it does not reflect racist attitudes. Maybe Clive Palmer’s calling Chinese “mongrels” is just emotive, colorful, or “unhelpful,” but definitely not racist. Or perhaps it’s not just Mr Hu.

Negging on Nietzsche

God’s Not Dead is the latest offering from Christian film production house Pure Flix. Grossing \$60 million when it screened in the US earlier this year, the movie has recently snuck into a few choice Event Cinemas complexes across the country (or at least those in close proximity to mega churches).

Our protagonist is squeaky-clean, teeth-you-could-perform-a-white-balance-on Josh Wheaton, playing a college freshman who has enrolled the philosophy stream taught by militant atheist, Professor Raterson. In his first class, every student is made to write ‘God is dead’ on a piece of paper. Josh refuses, and Raterson tells him that if he wants to pass the course he’ll need to defend his faith in front of the class in a series of three twenty-minute seminars.

As Josh scurries off to the library to disprove Dawkins, we are introduced to a series of other characters. There’s Josh’s girlfriend of six years (so, yes, they must have gotten together around the age of 12) who leaves him because he’s such a crazy boat-rocker, the cast of Duck Dynasty (who kind-of maybe attempt to justify hunting on religious grounds), and Aisha,

Failure of the for-profits

A couple of months ago, Persuasive Conversations, a social enterprise that “seeks to help NGOs make use of techniques beyond email for fundraising and advocacy,” shut down its Sydney and Brisbane offices after giving its casuals (largely Sydney University students) two days’ notice.

Founded by GetUp Director Simon Sheikh, the company essentially operates a call-centre that raises funds for charities and non-profits, including Sheikh’s own Future Super, a soon-to-be-launched fossil fuel free superannuation fund, and GetUp itself.

Persuasive Conversations’ internal model reflects the steady rise of social enterprises over time. Traditionally, there has been a distinction between corporations and businesses who simply aim to turn a profit, and non-profit organisations whose goals include social purposes such as developing the community, raising awareness about issues or improving the environment.



Mary Ward reviews a movie the mega churches really want you to see.

Chinese international student whose dad wants him to hide his faith to keep his brother’s chance of studying abroad intact! What a hero.

Did I mention that the atheist professor has a former-student girlfriend who he emotionally manipulates and who has been hiding her Christianity from him? Well, there’s that. And she’s Greek Orthodox! Just kidding: she’s the exact same brand of evangelical, charismatic Christian that Josh, Aisha and the Chinese international student are.

The film ends with the last remaining non-Christian – the professor, for those keeping tabs – finding a letter written by his God-fearing, cancer-stricken mother on her deathbed.

Probable conversation had in writers’ room at this point:

Writer 1: “Is he converted at this point?”

Writer 2: “It’s unclear.”

Writer 1: “Let’s make him be fatally hit by a car near an ordained minister who can convert him on his possibly non-consensual death bed.”

Social enterprises are failing to look after their employees, writes Astha Rajvanshi.

Conversations, it is unclear where the funds are actually going. Often the trap of running a social enterprise and ‘doing good’ will overstate the size of the available market and underestimate the limits of how many consumers will actually be attracted to its product.

What seems to sneak past the scrutiny of their inconspicuous business practices the most, however, is the treatment of their workers. The social impact of this model itself is small: it creates limited opportunity for meaningful social engagement, but it also manages to neglect the fundamental business obligation to treat employees fairly, and in setting targets around achievable activities to drive desired outcomes.

Typically, people who are experienced in the cause are behind these startups, but most founders fail to generate a business plan on how to generate income and set realistic assumptions. At the end of the day, most people find it hard to run both a business and sustain an enthusiasm for the social cause underlying the enterprise.

Hot chocolate with a Pakistani rock star

Australia has silenced the beat of a young musician, writes Elliot Brennan.

Just before we began to talk, Jamal’s phone vibrated. With a quick glance he read what had just popped up on his screen. His eyes widened and he promptly said, “I just need a second to check something.” He picked up his phone and left the café in a hurry. By the time he returned our hot chocolate had arrived. I was disappointed that it hadn’t come with a marshmallow. “This is delicious!” I gargled. “Smells good,” he replied wryly. I asked him what the issue had been. There had just been a twin bombing in Islamabad and he needed to check on his family members there. Seven people died in three separate bombings that day. I let my hot chocolate sit for a while.

Pakistan is in the grips of what Jamal calls ‘the crisis.’ While this explains little to someone on the south side of the Indian Ocean, he uses the phrase aptly. Pakistani-born members of the Taliban have near total control of the Western highlands of the country – an area called Waziristan. The Taliban uses the porous border with Afghanistan interchangeably to evade their enemies; when the Pakistani military presses it, it dissolves in to Afghanistan, and when NATO pursues it, it falls out of reach in to Pakistan. It is Taliban bombings, like those that took place shortly before we sat down, that disseminate fear, and it is bombings like these that forced Jamal to Australia after a happy childhood in Pakistan.

“Everything was fine, we weren’t very wealthy, but we were comfortable,” Jamal told me about growing up in Karachi, a city in the country’s south. The youngest of nine siblings, he benefited from the wisdom of all his elders to learn Islam. He considers himself a practicing Muslim, but concedes that “sometimes it’s clear in your mind that you have to follow your religion, and sometimes you have to think by yourself.” He was practicing this liberal approach to Islam at age 12 when he first started to discover the western rock classics of the 80s and 90s that some interpretations of the Qur’an would label as *Haram* (forbidden).

“Once the news went around that I had started playing guitar, the other guys who were interested in this music in my town wanted to start meeting up. We wanted to make a band, and from that, a career.”

These early jam sessions spawned a neighbourhood band that performed at local barbeques and covered a mix of Western rock songs and Pakistani classics. Not everyone was accepting of Jamal’s choice though. “A lot of my neighbours and friends asked me, ‘Why are you doing this? It’s not allowed.’ But my picture was clear, so I did it anyway.”

Jamal’s displeased neighbours were concerned for his safety as well as his religion. The Taliban’s attitude to Western songs was strict and they were already acting on it. In the same period that Jamal was meeting with these friends, music stores were being bombed for propagating Western culture.

Despite the concerns, Jamal’s local band stayed a hobby of his, and

“Ah! The band that covered *Dehka Na Tha!*” At this stage in our conversation Jamal was clearly on a nostalgia high, smiling vacantly at a flood of memories, all of which I couldn’t hope to tease out of him. On the other side of the table my mind was filled with comparisons to Alien Ant Farm who came to fame through a rock cover of *Smooth Criminal*, but I didn’t want to raise this with him.

Sureela Phatichar’s cover resulted in gigs all over the country. When I asked him what it’s like to play in front of over six thousand people, he couldn’t answer me. He fell back in his chair and just sighed, that vacant smile on his face widening. “It’s an addiction. You always want to go back,” he finally managed.

When Jamal arrived in Sydney he had a week set aside to explore Australia before he started his business course, though he admitted with a laugh “I didn’t do it very well, I did more partying than exploring.” After only two weeks he was out of money and needed a job. One of his friends that he had met partying set him up with a job at a 7/11 convenience store. “It never crossed my mind that I had done medicine and I had been a successful musician in Pakistan... but here, I was a shopkeeper.” Before his feet had touched the ground he was fired because of the friend who gave him the job. “My boss said I’m firing him, and he trained you – so you must be like him. You can go too.”

Another friend recommended Eagle Boys to Jamal. I remember his first shift. I didn’t talk to him that night, but he looked like a rock star and possessed the same swagger. At that stage the owner of the store was having money troubles and was hiring and firing delivery drivers at a staggering rate. I would get to know many of the drivers briefly only to never see them again. I saw Jamal again; he worked every day that week. For free. ‘I worked six or seven hours every day without pay, it was my trial. I was happy that I had a job though, I would get paid the next week,’ he said. That next week Jamal got paid for his work, but only at a rate of \$12 an hour. When I started at Eagle Boys, I was 15 years old, doing less work and earning more for it than Jamal was at 22. I went to take a sip from my mug, but it was empty.



The Unlimited Dream Machine (*Arts Revue*)

Shannen Potter laughed a lot when Scooby-Doo got put down.

The stage erupts with mist from the smoke machine (liberally used throughout the production) and Alexander Richmond appears, a vision in blue chinos. Julia Robertson does an admirable impression of an annoying eight-year-old with a heart of gold. We learn that the titular unlimited dream factory is in fact, limited, and that Richmond's dream professor needs the little girl's enthusiasm to get his groove back and start pumping out dreams for the townspeople again. And thus begins another Arts Revue.

With the beginning of the show heavy with the potential for heart-warming cheese, the following skits are surprisingly macabre. The spectre

of death seems to haunt the dreams featured in the Arts Revue; there's dead parents, dead friends, dead babies, dead animals, dead krill and even dead Scooby Doo. This misanthropic parade of destruction was generally entertaining and occasionally outright hilarious, and the opening skit, which ends with the realisation that a boy has killed his parents, is an uproarious sign of things to come. Maybe *The Unlimited Dream Factory* wanted to confront the existential dread accompanying our constant movement towards inevitable death – or maybe there is just something inherently funny about watching the death of a beloved cartoon character. There was also an unexpectedly high prevalence

of crustaceans in the show, culminating in the rap battle entitled 'Seafood Platter'. When I entered the theatre, I didn't expect to see a rapping oyster declare that he would, "make my girlfriend moister," but I realise now that was something I needed in my life.

The Arts Revue does falter occasionally, however. There were a number of skits that were not funny, more that were forgettable, and none that were so terrible you felt compelled to laugh anyway. The acts that flopped pushed the boundaries of discomfort without following up with laughs; potentially, they lacked the sense of irony that permeated the more successful skits. Obviously, the genius surrealism of

Patrick Morrow's journey to become a crab-human hybrid cannot be expected to be matched in every part of the show. But there is surely a middle ground between that masterpiece of our times and the numerous sight gag skits that were extended beyond the limits of humour.

The ending of the Arts Revue was an inspiring musical number in which everyone learned to follow their dreams, or the dream professor could make more dreams, or something. Regardless, it warmed my cold reviewer's heart and I felt that the Unlimited Dream Factory had been very nice, in spite (or because) of the high murder rate.

Jonathan Parker felt like he watched Arts Revue from the inside of a bong.

Fragmentation is a prerequisite of sketch comedy and consequently, certain sketches are invariably better than others. However, with an audience conditioned to laugh at even the most derivative observation, the true value

of each individual skit is obfuscated. In this year's Arts Revue, individually many of the sketches fall flat, extrapolating their one-joke premises for longer than needed.

The revue began warily. The rock band's prelude fell into unintentional syncopation (perhaps due to the lack of conductor). Then came the exorbitant use of the smoke machine, which gave the impression I was watching the performance inside a bong.

The first act suffers from predictability. Almost every sketch is structured in an identical way: with a relentless and tepidly uncontroversial reductio ad absurdum. Indeed, a vignette involving a group of young men speculating that their friend Miles, who they haven't seen in 45 minutes, is dead plays out like a banal and overly long Monty Python bit. Consequently, the sketches that succeed are very short, like the brisk but clever skit about Michelangelo's erroneous painting of the Sistine Chapel.

A heightened sense of minimalism may have provided the revue its desired sense of coherence, rather than having to rely on the trite and humourless interactions between an old dream scientist and a young girl. The eponymous 'dream factory' motif only gives the show a tangential and insincerely sentimental semblance of cohesion.

As a result, the minimalistic sketches were effectively absurdist and amusing, especially those in which a single performer looks to be suffering from a psychological breakdown on stage (though the psychotic monologue of a prawn seemed directly plagiarised from the first season of The Gruen Transfer). This speaks to the consistently committed and engaging performances by the entire cast.

Admittedly, the second act is vastly funnier than the first, probably because the sketches themselves are shorter. Clever inversions of pop cultural iconography, particularly of

Batman and Scooby-Doo, are worth the price of admission alone. Yet this act suffers from the same shortcomings that plagued its predecessor. The musical segments are undermined by backgrounded subtitles, which spoil the joke's punchline before the performers have sung the line. Other segments tack on an unnecessary denouement after the punchline, causing the entire sketch to deflate. Worst of all, sketches that would have worked brilliantly without dialogue are ruined by the use of invective as a punchline – a performer yelling, "fuck", as though that inherently adds mirth, cheapens a terrific play on Where's Wally.

This year's Arts Revue contains plenty of ideas, but they are too frequently undermined by poor decision-making in the writer's room. It is enjoyable but ultimately disposable. Decidedly politically correct, the show is neither ironic nor sincere; neither optimistic nor pessimistic; neither humanistic nor misanthropic.

CONTINUED

Mary Ward doesn't want you to forget about the little guys.

It was the punny name – one of the better ones on offer this season – that promised a Double Bullseye playoff with the chance to win your family of four flights, four nights accommodation and a three-park pass to Sea World, Movie World and Wet 'n' Wild on the Gold Coast.

And, for the most part, the 2014 Architecture Revue delivered.

With a drinking game distributed at the door (that would surely result in hospitalisation if ever attempted) The Price is Frank Lloyd Wright was an evening of good ol' fashioned faculty-specific humour.

Highlights included a *Downfall* parody in which Hitler realises he is behind UTS's new development, the most Monty Python-esque sketch known to man, and the show's conclusion which featured Frank Lloyd Wright in a council bin signing DAS, and a host of hooded figures chanting "Guggenheim".

An inevitable few sketches fell flat. On my night (the Saturday) the tale of a model constructed for an assignment that had accidentally been gifted with the power of speech was met with a dry reception.

The humour teetered towards the absurd at times. A particular video featuring quickly cut footage of a public toilet springs to mind. Although, compared to what the audience were experiencing at the Arts Revue upstairs, I'm sure the Architecture Revue was as straight and narrow as Louis Sullivan's Wainwright Building.

Special mentions go to the band, who managed to flip between the American national anthem and the theme tune of an insane Japanese game show with ease, and Daniela Pagani, who played the exasperated developer in

the middle of all this madness perfectly.

However, the evening's star performer was undeniably Timothy Huang, whose homoerotic Mao and architecture-crazed child with a penchant for matricide stole the show.

In among the big budget productions at the Seymour Centre this revue season, it can be easy to forget about the little guys. But, if this year's production is anything to go by, the Architecture Revue should definitely be added to your revue viewing schedule for 2015.

House of Clerks (*Law Revue*)

Mariana Podesta-Diverio is glad she didn't go to see Law Revue for its political correctness.

Law Revue has a tradition of strong choreography, poignant political humour, and well-crafted musical numbers. This was my third consecutive Law Revue, and it contained by far the best incarnations of these things. The choice of songs to parody was on point, and the musical accompaniment was superb. One a cappella song about Officeworks – to the tune of Katy Perry's *Firework* – was incredibly well done.

In the areas of acting talent and comedy writing, *House of Clerks* more than delivered. My favourite part was a skit about the perils of reverse

parallel parking a chariot. Another golden moment was a jab at the Taste Baguette staff for their name-spelling mishaps. The current of self-deprecating lawyer humour was remarkably accessible and funny.

Revuees are sometimes controversial, and that's fine. People don't go to Law Revue to see political correctness (I certainly don't). As someone who goes to protests, I even found the sketches that made fun of protesters funny, because I can take a joke.

Of course, there's a line somewhere, and this revue crossed it. A horrifying

moment of the night was a sketch that involved four people in KKK costumes having a meeting for their USU society. One line in the sketch referred to *12 Years A Slave* as a story about early retirement. When the spotlight came on, the KKK costumes drew an awkward murmur of uncertainty from the audience, and the punch line completely flopped, prompting boos. There were a lot of funny things in this show, but making fun of slavery while dressed in KKK garb wasn't one of them.

Another lowlight was a sketch about asylum seekers who were sent

to Christmas Island for "the best Christmas ever!" With the wealth of institutional knowledge and resources that Law Revue has access to, it's unclear why the writers chose to rely on making fun of the oppressed. This is a crutch that could easily be done without.

Otherwise, the collective talent was considerable and no sketches felt overdrawn. Law Revue has serious strengths, and it should accentuate these rather than unnecessarily crossing the line into seriously offensive content.

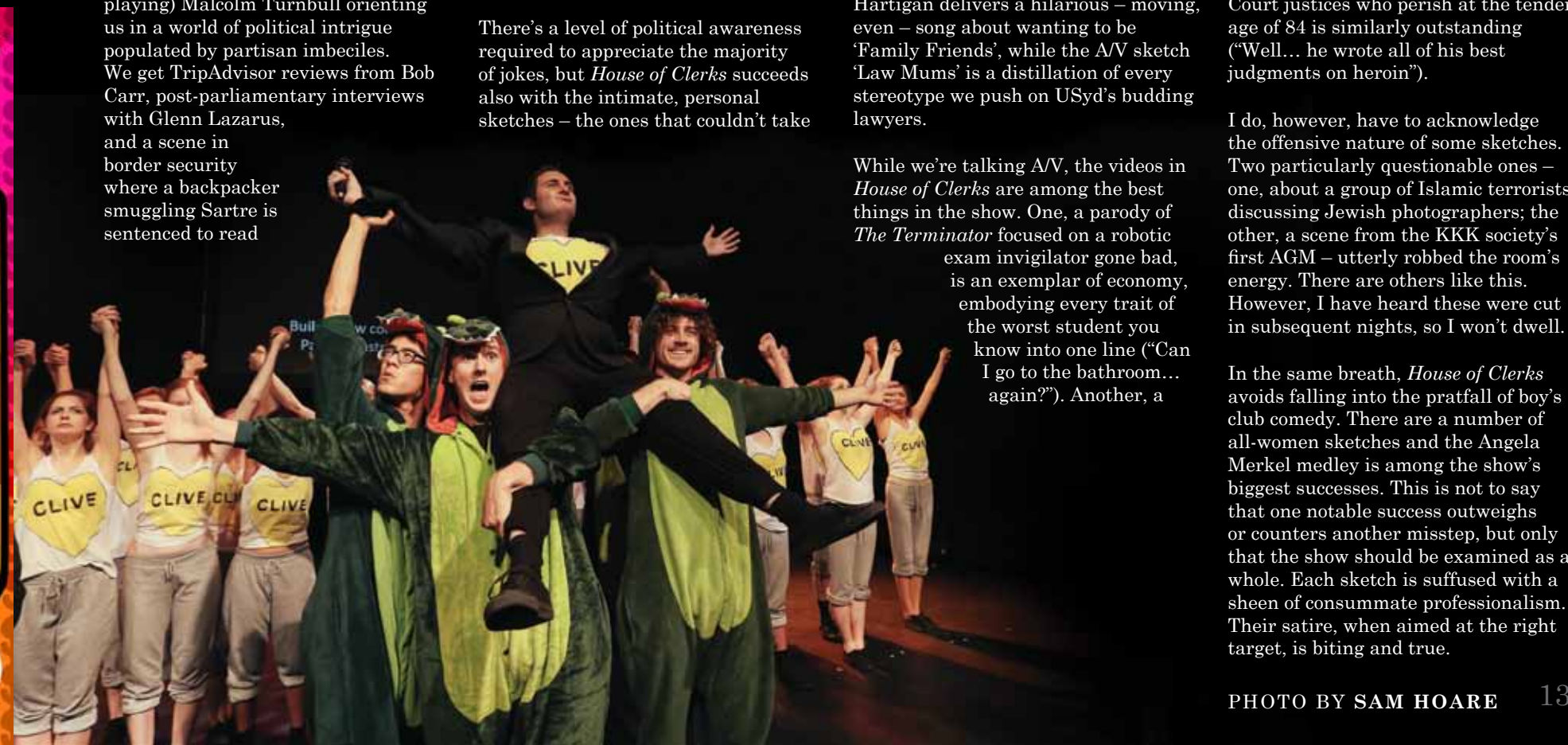
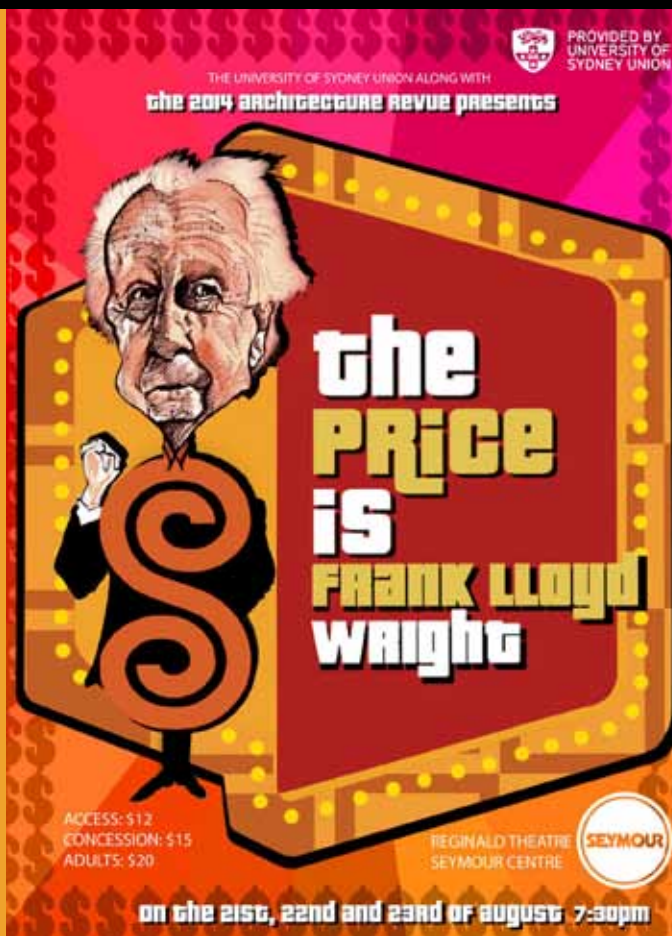
The Price is Frank Lloyd Wright (*Architecture Revue*)

Sam Farrell on the small cast that delivered big laughs.

Despite only boasting a cast, crew and band who together could comfortably fit in a small hatchback, the Architecture Revue delivered big on precisely what it does best – the weird and the wonderful, the wacky and confusing, and an inordinate amount of comic deaths. Seriously, the entire cast died at least once during the show. It started shakily with a smattering of sketches that seemingly lacked punchlines, but the ante was properly upped by a cleverly written sketch parodying the comedic stylings of Monty Python. It was precisely this kind of self-aware humour that broke tension throughout

the show, with several sketches ending with pretty amusing narration on how each sketch could have played out differently. Faculty revues often struggle with finding faculty-relevant content that won't alienate an audience, but the hilarious Rowan Atkinson-esque sermon about Our Lord and Saviour Kevin McLeod was nailed in premise and delivery by Jack Kincaid. Other highlights included a game of communist monopoly which ended with Stalin and Mao stripping down to g-strings and actual for-real nipple tassels, a rendition of the Wiggles' greatest hits as they stood in line for the firing squad, and a

hilarious video entirely without premise or punchline that was quite simply a montage of bathroom hygiene activities. At times, the show did suffer from overly long sketches or reaching the critical threshold of absurdity (or indeed homicides), but as a package, Architecture Revue knows what it does well – and this year they delivered it.



House of Clerks opens with (someone playing) Malcolm Turnbull orienting us in a world of political intrigue populated by partisan imbeciles. We get TripAdvisor reviews from Bob Carr, post-parliamentary interviews with Glenn Lazarus, and a scene in border security where a backpacker smuggling Sartre is sentenced to read

Shane Warne's autobiography.

There's a level of political awareness required to appreciate the majority of jokes, but *House of Clerks* succeeds also with the intimate, personal sketches – the ones that couldn't take

place outside Eastern Avenue. Pierce Hartigan delivers a hilarious – moving, even – song about wanting to be 'Family Friends', while the A/V sketch 'Law Mums' is a distillation of every stereotype we push on USyd's budding lawyers.

While we're talking A/V, the videos in *House of Clerks* are among the best things in the show. One, a parody of *The Terminator* focused on a robotic exam invigilator gone bad, is an exemplar of economy, embodying every trait of the worst student you know into one line ("Can I go to the bathroom... again?"). Another, a

parody of the 27-club, focused on High Court justices who perish at the tender age of 84 is similarly outstanding ("Well... he wrote all of his best judgments on heroin").

I do, however, have to acknowledge the offensive nature of some sketches. Two particularly questionable ones – one, about a group of Islamic terrorists discussing Jewish photographers; the other, a scene from the KKK society's first AGM – utterly robbed the room's energy. There are others like this. However, I have heard these were cut in subsequent nights, so I won't dwell.

In the same breath, *House of Clerks* avoids falling into the pratfall of boy's club comedy. There are a number of all-women sketches and the Angela Merkel medley is among the show's biggest successes. This is not to say that one notable success outweighs or counters another misstep, but only that the show should be examined as a whole. Each sketch is suffused with a sheen of consummate professionalism. Their satire, when aimed at the right target, is biting and true.

“THE 26 PER CENT”

ED MILLER ON SHARING THE STRUGGLE.

15 per cent of people will experience an eating disorder at some stage during their life, and 84 per cent of people report knowing at least one person who is currently suffering. They carry the highest fatality rate of any mental illness. Despite this, eating disorders rarely receive the kind of attention that depression and anxiety receive. There's no need for a macabre comparison between the prevalence and seriousness of different mental illnesses, but it is disturbing that eating disorders aren't mentioned on the homepage or in the drop down menus of websites like Lifeline or Beyond Blue, when they claim so many lives.

It wasn't until July this year that anorexia was recognised as an official cause of death by the NSW coroner. Death certificates usually list suicide, or organ failure – the deadly symptoms, but not the cause.

The absence of eating disorders from mainstream discussions of mental illness is something that acutely affects those who have one. The lack of general awareness builds barriers to communication for sufferers who feel like the reality of their daily life is far worse than the perception people are likely to have.

Deb is a mother of two who has been struggling with an eating disorder for almost 23 years. She has watched her ex-husband, siblings and friends drift away from her because of the difficulties she's faced in reaching out to them. “How do you tell someone that you can't meet for coffee because of the

calories? That dinner is out of the question? That you weigh yourself on five different sets of scales? Disordered behaviours are so personal - and by that I mean they can be such violent acts against oneself - that it's impossible to share with anyone. I have never been able to tell anyone about my disease in its entirety.”

Deb's experience is hardly anomalous. Annabel is a 24-year-old student with a blossoming singing career. She's shy, but there's a latent energy in her incredibly expressive face. I can't help but think, given the conversation we're having, that some of that shyness is learned. “I have always had a lot of support from friends and family, but they often avoid talking directly about my eating disorder and the associated behaviours,” she tells me. “People get uncomfortable talking about it.”

“...vain attempts to make a messy and complicated mental illness neat and solvable”

I ask her how she deals with their discomfort. “I absolutely keep things from people. I find it a lot easier to talk about food restriction than I do purging or self-harm... The worst thing is how much I struggle to communicate with people when I'm actually *in* my eating disorder. I get completely trapped, the disorder doesn't

want me to communicate in order for it to thrive.”

The personification of eating disorders is something I've encountered more than once. It's common for sufferers to refer to the disorders' “wants” or “needs” as separate and distinct from their own and to talk about an internal psychological fight between the self and the illness. There are times when Kate will talk with tenderness and apprehension about wanting nothing more than recovery, support, and to move on with her life unencumbered by her physically and emotionally devastating illness. And there are times when that Kate seems unreachable – when her illness has an almost dissociative grip on her, and the stress and tension she lives with is relieved only through disordered or self-harming behaviour.

* * *

There are a number of dedicated sites for information about eating disorders, which offer very similar versions of the same fact sheet for concerned friends and family. Lots of dos and don'ts that reduce intimate relationships to a bizarre checklist. Don't make meal times a battle. Do cook normal food. *How am I meant*

to do both? Don't compliment physical appearance. Do encourage social interaction. *What if she doesn't want to go out because of how she feels about her physical appearance?*

I remember searching online for information that would complete the picture offered by these eating disorder cheat sheets and my conversations with Kate – vain attempts to make a messy and complicated mental illness neat and solvable. I naively armed myself with the type of pop-psychology you might find within the pages of GQ or Cleo. It was Kate who had to practice being gentle, patient and understanding in those moments.

Part of the problem was the stereotype I'd grown up with of what an eating disorder sufferer looks like: a teenage girl who's looked at too many glossy centre-folds of Taylor Swift and is now refusing food out of hysterical vanity or an irrepressible need for control during the confusion of adolescence.

There are different versions of this unhelpful stereotype. Deb tells me when her brother found out about her disorder that he suggested she come and stay with him so they could eat burgers together, and that her mother in law suggested she had a “food allergy.” Annabel distinctly remembers one of her close friends telling her to stop being silly.

For my part it was the belief that the cure for shame and insecurity was determined and persistent love and

empathy. I was well-meaning, but looking back, I can't help but feel terribly conceited – as though my capacity for love and empathy is any greater than the countless parents, siblings and partners of people who have lost someone they cared about to an eating disorder.

* * *

The first time I met Kate's psychiatrist I asked him, “Where do eating disorders come from?”

“No one really knows,” he said.

Somewhere between 30 to 60 per cent of people who seek treatment are diagnosed as suffering from EDNOS – an eating disorder not otherwise specified. People with EDNOS display a variety or fluctuating range of disordered symptoms and behaviours. The medical profession doesn't know how else to refer to them, and the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders changes its classifications of eating disorders in almost every edition.

Doctors that don't specialise in the treatment of eating disorders are sometimes painfully unaware of how to interact with sufferers. I've lost count of the number of times Kate has come home from a simple check-up with a GP, terribly upset after a new doctor expressed surprise at her diagnoses and treatment history because “you don't look that skinny”. It's not that they are uncaring or unprofessional – just lacking knowledge about the specific impact those kinds of words can have on the self-esteem of someone battling with negative body image.

It's not unusual for sufferers of eating disorders to be passed from one psychiatrist to another after a number of months of not making progress, only to be passed to another. Annabel has seen four psychologists, two psychiatrists, two trauma counsellors and three dietitians. Emma, a 32-year-old grad student studying health law, has seen five psychiatrists and at least seven different dietitians. Deb has lost count.

I ask Emma, if she's found treatment helpful – her answer is, not really. “Rather than a sense that they know how to treat eating disorders and

have a clear plan following diagnosis, I can't help but feel that therapists themselves are unclear as to what is the best course of action. It seems like trial and error – there's no consistency.”

Kate's recovery is very tentative and ongoing. It's hard to fathom the resilience that drives her daily to resist the screaming voices of her illness. There are times it's hard to watch.

Deb agrees. “Many therapists don't specialise in eating disorders and therefore can't offer any insight. Others tend to treat the physical symptoms and not the mind. There is also no pharmacological treatment for eating disorders. Drugs like Seroquel and Zyprexa are sometimes prescribed, but they are really anti-anxiety, anti-psychotic drugs developed for other conditions.”

Many sufferers I've talked to find the most effective form of treatment is in-patient care at a clinic for eating disorders. Here, meals are planned and prepared, post-meal activity is monitored, and counselling

to start eating. This triage excludes sufferers with binge eating, bulimia or EDNOS - they are commonly within a healthy weight range but die suddenly from other health complications, for instance when

severe electrolyte imbalances cause cardiac arrest. Often, the desperation caused by an acute eating disorder isn't best determined by someone's weight.

There's no question that mental health care should be better resourced in Australia. For eating disorders this would provide more in-patient beds in public clinics, greater out-patient support through programs that are flexible enough to support someone studying or working full time and greater education and awareness within the medical profession about interaction with sufferers.

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provided. These clinics organise visits to Boost Juice, or Subway, to try to push patients towards comfort with more typical interactions with food.

But there are only five such clinics available under public healthcare in NSW, with as few as seven beds per clinic. The waiting list can be months long, and priority is often given to those who desperately need

Many eating disorder programs in the US have enjoyed success by offering much longer transitions between in-patient and outpatient care, that gradually reintroduce people to normal life. These programs come at a cost, but so do cycles of treatment that focus on hospitalisation at crisis points rather than long-term recovery. The biggest cost of all is the human cost - the premature

deaths of 20 per cent of sufferers, and the difficult lives of the 20 per cent who never fully recover.

* * *

“We call them the 26 per cent.”

This is what a leading specialist in the treatment of eating disorders tells me about the proportion of recoveries that are attributable directly to the support of a close friend, relative or partner.

Those friends, relatives and partners aren't co-dependent; they don't have hero complexes or an inflated sense of self-importance. Neither are they weak for enduring the cocktail of frustration, and hope, and sadness, and joy that often compose their relationships. They're normal people, and you probably know one.

The support available to sufferers of eating disorders, and the people involved in their lives, depends greatly upon the willingness of others to be uncomfortable. To be confronted by the messiness, irrationality, and pain that those disorders inflict and be okay with not having, or offering answers. To listen, only for the sake of listening, to the experiences of those for whom sharing is itself an act of rebellion against their illness.

For eight years, Kate's eating disorder has been a daily feature of her life. In the last three months, however, following a period of determined treatment, I can count the number of days that have gone badly on just my fingers.

Life comes with no guarantees. Given the long history of her illness, Kate's recovery is very tentative and ongoing. It's hard to fathom the resilience that drives her daily to resist the screaming voices of her illness. There are times its hard to watch.

But there are also times when the approachable smile I fell in love with betrays a newfound hopefulness. Times when there's a timbre of confidence and authenticity in her laugh that wasn't always there. And those times make me hopeful, too.

Won't somebody please think of the children?

Ben Brooks on the problems with gendered toys.

We celebrated the tenth birthday of my little sister recently. She is a well-rounded individual who divides her time between netball, swimming, playing the flute, reading and tending to her ant farm. Selecting her annual birthday tribute is increasingly difficult, however. The girl already owns two game consoles, holds a controlling interest in the Lego Group and Australian Geographic, and commands a squadron of radio control vehicles to rival the USAF drone program. In desperation, I strayed into Toys 'R' Us and explained my plight.

“Well, we have dresses, and doll stuff. Um... There's a girl section called *Totally Me*, which has jewellery and so forth. Really popular – you can't go wrong with that.”

“Right. Well let's say she wants to be a pilot or a robotic engineer when she grows up?”

“Oh. We don't really have engineering things for girls... You could try Meccano, but that's more for boys.” I left the well-meaning assistant somewhere between Bratz and Barbie.

It is clear to anyone who has even the faintest contact with children that toys remain as deeply segregated as public toilets in a convent. They are manufactured, procured and branded according to an inviolable gender code: pink, dolls, vanity and domesticity for girls; blue, machines and combat for boys.

In some cases, toys are explicitly labelled as such. Until 2011, London's flagship Hamleys toy store distinguished 'boy' floors from 'girl' floors. The Amazon website organises its wares into 'boys' and 'girls' categories. According to Amazon, 'boy' brands consist of Lego, WWE, and Disney Planes. 'Girl' brands consist of Easy-Bake, Disney Princesses and all manner of fuschsia miscellanea.

This taxonomy also emerges in stores that do not explicitly subscribe to the boy-girl dichotomy. Colour and toy type act as powerful signals for consumers and children as to the appropriateness of a particular toy for a particular gender. Big W does not need to signpost its aisles by sex: the walls of pink figurines speak for themselves (and quite literally too).

Challenging the design and marketing of gendered toys is not an abstract exercise so much as an urgent social and economic imperative. Low female representation in particular

industries can be attributed to the way those sectors are represented to children. Thea Hughes is a former University of Sydney student and the founder of Play Unlimited, a campaign to eliminate gendered toy marketing. In 2013, pressure from the movement led Toys 'R' Us Australia to desegregate its website, and Hughes hopes to do the same for all retailers. “Toys and activities that kids perceive as being socially acceptable can influence whether kids view themselves as capable of working in those industries,” says

A body of research is emerging which holds that toys with overtly gendered design and branding diminish the career opportunities perceived by children. Professor Aurora Sherman from Oregon State University reports that girls playing with Barbie perceive fewer viable career prospects than boys, irrespective of what the doll is wearing. This is unwelcome news for Mattel as it rolls out its smartphone-equipped African-American Entrepreneur Barbie®. By comparison, girls thought

bombards them,” says Hughes. As such, the toy industry has an unusually determinative influence on the way they perceive the world.

Except for a handful of daring brands like Goldie Blox, however, gender desegregation is not a commercial priority. *Corporate Responsibility Magazine* routinely lists Mattel, Walt Disney and Hasbro among its top thirty best corporate citizens – each a purveyor of the pink princess paradigm. Gender and educational value are not featured among corporate social responsibility metrics. Lego, Hasbro, Mattel and their ilk draw attention instead to their product safety, environmental sustainability, and workplace diversity.

Efforts to reform are often sporadic and misguided. Lego introduced its buxom, pink, all-girl range of Lego Friends in 2011. Charlotte, aged seven, was not impressed. “All the girls did was sit at home, go to the beach, and shop, and they had no jobs,” she wrote to corporate

headquarters this year. “The boys went on adventures, worked, saved people, and had jobs, even swam with sharks.” Shortly after Charlotte posted her letter, Lego released a Research Institute set consisting entirely of female astronomers, palaeontologists and chemists. The set sold out online.

Perhaps the company is harking back to a bygone age of open-ended, desegregated play. In 1981, Lego released an ad for its aptly-named Universal Building Sets. A Pippi Longstocking lookalike dressed in blue proudly presents her nameless creation to the camera. The caption: What it is / is beautiful. It is a warming reminder that gender distinctions are not timeless and immutable.

Industry can shape and improve consumer behaviour, encouraging a more constructive and thoughtful pattern of gift-giving and thoughtful play. Industry, after all, launched the vicious cycle of gendered marketing, gendered play, and gendered imaginations. Abandoning lazy stereotypes and flaccid marketing is not, then, ideologically overdue – an urgent antidote to a generational lobotomy. It starts with a colour-blind vision for toys, commensurate with our vision for life.



ILLUSTRATION BY SAMUEL MCEWEN

Hughes via email. “I experienced the flow on effect first hand when working in petrochemicals: an absence of women due to a perception that this industry is ‘for men.’”

Earlier this year, Chi Onwurah MP aired similar concerns in a landmark speech to the UK House of Commons. A professional engineer with twenty years of experience in male-dominated industries, Ms Onwurah complained that “it is only when I walk into a toy shop that I feel I am really experiencing gender segregation... What happened? Did someone dye the Y chromosome blue in the 80s?”

Female participation in Science, Technology, Engineering and Mathematics (STEM) fields is a perennial concern in Australia. According to the Office of the Chief Scientist, women constitute less than 14 percent of tertiary engineering enrolments. Research from the University of Sydney concludes that there is now a greater gender disparity in the proportion of HSC students studying maths and science than in the 1980s.

Yet policy solutions to this disparity tend to focus on secondary and tertiary education policy. Search further back through the chain of causation, and it is evident that part of the problem lies in the nursery.

themselves equally as capable as boys when playing with Mrs Potato Head, a starchy supporter of plus-sized body image.

Gendered toys suffer a constellation of other issues too. Professor Melissa Hines from the University of Cambridge argues that pink-blue segregation alienates boys from social toys like dolls and tea sets, suppressing their development of important communication skills. This stigma has a pernicious effect on relationships. “If it's still insulting for a boy to be called a girl,” asks Hughes, “how does this ‘girls are inferior’ mindset translate to adult life? To the workplace?”

Whilst industry sustains these distinctions, it is difficult for consumers and parents to change children's perceptions of appropriate playtime norms. For the children brave enough to cross the aisle, gendered branding invites humiliation and self-doubt. For those children pledged to vacuous stereotypes, gendered branding circumscribes the scope of their imagination and their future potential.

Yet the usual arguments of responsible consumerism do not apply. Children are a particularly vulnerable consumer. “They just don't have the same filters or ability to rationalise the advertising that

Have you been overpaid by Centrelink?

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

An overpayment occurs if you get paid too much. Check their letter. It may be because they think you have not declared your correct income or have not told them that you have gone part-time (i.e less than 18 cp per semester)

Check the facts. Check your University or financial records to see if you really have been overpaid. You may need to ask for a copy of your Centrelink 'file' too.

If the debt is legitimate, check that it is the correctly calculated amount. They deal with thousands of people everyday. It would not be unheard of for them to make a mistake. Did they get the dates and amounts right? If they got it wrong then appeal.

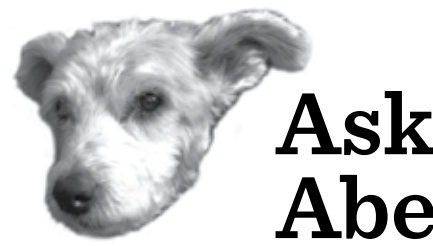
If you have had a problem (“breach”) with them before you may also be charged a further 10% penalty. They can give you this penalty also if you have been reckless or misleading when giving them information. You can appeal a 10% penalty too.

Ideally you would pay off your debt as quickly as possible. Talk to the University's Financial Assistance Office to see if they will give you an interest free loan. Paying them quickly will show Centrelink that you genuinely want to mend the error of your ways. But if you have no way of paying it off, negotiate

If Centrelink writes to say you've been overpaid Youth Allowance or Austudy and owe them money don't ignore it.

a payment plan with them. They can also take it out of your on-going Centrelink payment. They may want to take more money than you can afford. Be prepared to explain to them how this will cause you **financial hardship** by outlining how much you spend on things like rent, food and medication. The main thing is to keep in contact with them.

If you have deliberately given



Ask Abe

Dear Abe,

I was really pushed for time so I used something I read in an article for my assignment without putting it in the bibliography. Now I'm in trouble for plagiarising. My friend told me that if I tell them I didn't mean to do it that I wouldn't get into trouble. I wanted to check what you thought.

Short Cut

Dear Short Cut,

You are already in trouble because you plagiarised. The first thing you should do is talk to an SRC Caseworker about your situation. We generally find it best to tell the truth about what you did and why. Make sure you are diligent with future assessments, as the penalties become significantly more severe. Be prepared to accept a zero for that assignment as a minimum penalty. This usually means failing that subject. Note here, that it is just as bad to copy from your own previous assignment, as it is another piece of work, without using correct referencing.

Abe

SRC LEGAL SERVICE

Trouble getting your equipment bond back?

The SRC Legal Service recently assisted Christine Joseph and other undergraduate students at the Westmead Centre for Oral Health (WCOH). In 2011 over one hundred WCOH and Dentistry students were asked to lodge a \$300 bond. The bond is mandatory at the start of the degree to all undergraduate Oral Health students. A receipt number was issued by the Centre to each student. The Centre staff verbally advised that this UGP bond would be returned to the students upon completion of their subject, provided they were “liability free”.

To be ‘liability free’, the students needed to promptly submit an ‘End of Year Clearance’ Form at the end of their degree in 2013 by

a tight deadline nominated by the Centre. A memo was sent out to the students accordingly. Failing to follow the Centre procedure could mean no ‘clearance’.

The students were also told by the Centre that the refund process usually takes approximately six weeks. Despite ongoing follow up by the students directly with the centre, and some intervention by the University faculty, no refund was paid almost six months after the students lodged their clearance forms. SRC Legal understands \$31,500.00 UGP funds refundable to the 2013 graduates were held by the Centre on an interest free basis.

After SRC Legal took up the issue,

the Centre responded to process the refund within a day.

If you experience a similar problem or know someone who has, please come and have a chat with our friendly solicitors at the SRC Legal Service. We are an independent free student legal service provided by the Students' Representative Council for undergraduate students at Sydney University. We strive to empower under-represented uni-students. You can find our office on level 1 (the basement, Wentworth building, City Road.

To see an SRC Legal Service Solicitor call 9600 5222 to make an appointment.



Christine Joseph

SRC Legal understands \$31,500.00 UGP funds refundable to the 2013 graduates were held by the Centre on an interest free basis.

President’s Report *Jen Light*



I know I have been writing a lot lately about the SRC elections but as these elections loom my Presidential term begins to wind

down. I think about the SRC and the amazing work it does for so many students and how lucky we are at Sydney University to have the ability to have an independent student organisation. Last week it was stated that the Liberal Government is planning to introduce a bill to the senate for the abolishment of the SSAF (Student Service and Amenities Fee) which could potentially destroy our organisation. Our independence is something that we always have and always will fight for.

Our SRC has a proud history of independence from the University since day one. I love our editorial independence so Honi Soit can say what students want to say rather than what the Administration thinks we want to hear.

I love the independence of our case- work service because it is a no-brainer. A student isn’t going to go for help to a service they think is part and parcel with the people they are having problems with. As a 21 year old whose been screwed over in one of her classes, I get that lecturers are more likely to side with an unscrupulous tutor they have to work with than a student they’re never going to see again.

I love the fact we have a free and independent legal service so that students have the option to get help if they get in trouble with the law. The beauty is, its confidential and intended for you so your parents don’t need to know, your boss doesn’t need to know, and neither does the uni if you get into trouble.

However, obviously there is another side to it as independence comes with responsibility. I can tell you being involved in running a one and a half million dollar organization is a big ask. Independence means we ask under- graduates to make the big calls on whether we stay in the black or go into the red, whether we put freedom of speech above potential legal action, or whether we stretch our legal service defending our activists out fighting for your education. Students aren’t always going to make the right decisions. However, the truth is, it is your money and at least you’ll know the decisions are being made by people who actually live in your world.

General Secretary’s Report *Mariana Podesta-Diverio*



You should vote in the upcoming SRC election – not in order to elect the best candidates for the job (Councillors, Honi Editors, President), but rather to ensure the worst candidate does not get elected. This simple recipe can

prevent catastrophe.

I campaigned for Tom Raue approximately 600 years ago, when I was in second or third-year (it’s all a blur because I discovered subsidised alcohol that semester) and have been involved in every USU and SRC election since then. This is not because I’m a total hack, it’s because as soon as I hear about the sorts of characters who are running for positions, their policies, and preference deals, it makes my blood boil so much that my nasal capillaries expand and my sensitivity to the bullshit espoused is so great, I find myself once again wearing a coloured shirt and campaigning for the person I sincerely believe will do a good job.

What I’m saying is: I’m not going

to add to the chorus of voices telling you that you should care about voting because your vote counts and it’s important to have a say and not enough people vote and its really important and please vote. Instead, think of it this way: shit people will get elected unless enough undergraduates inform themselves and use their vote to stop this from happening. Say no to shit people!!! Say no. Scratch under the surface of ridiculously unachievable campaign promises and say NO.

These two approaches are the same thing, but my advice here is the funky 3D glasses perspective, the Cool Version, the Fonzie of voting. Maybe it’s a bewildering and worrying load of crap, but hopefully its so strange that it sticks with you as you contemplate

whether to take five minutes out of your day to fill out a couple of sheets of paper about a month from now. Plenty of time to plan for that five minutes!

Either way, it doesn’t matter. It’s not like you have a stake in what happens come election day. It’s not like part of your SSAF money funds the SRC. It’s not like it makes sense for you to participate in the only opportunity you have all year to determine who runs your representative association.

If every undergraduate votes in this election, it’s likely that Godot will turn up.

Let’s do it for Godot.

Education Officers’ Report



After another successful national day of action for education, here’s message from National Union of Students Education Officer Sarah Garnham who has been overseeing the campaign so far: Well done to all the students who came out to protest on the August 20 National day of action

against the deregulation of fees, escalation of interest rates, and massive government funding cuts to education.

The day was an enormous success. We showed that despite the budget being released many months ago and the concerted efforts of the government to distract attention away from it, students are still angry and motivated to protest.

Further it shows that while it’s great that the ALP, the Greens, and PUP have come out to say they will votedown all of the government’s “reforms” to higher ed, students are healthily distrustful of their word and we will continue to protest until we actually see Pyne’s education

Ridah Hassan and Eleanor Morley

package defeated in its entirety in Parliament.

The protests received a lot of media attention, particularly over the burning of effigies of the loathsome Christopher Pyne. Pyne himself, in his usual smug and idiotic way, yet again promoted our campaign when he said on the afternoon of the national day of action: “Does asking students to pay only 50% of their total fees really warrant burning effigies?”

Well yes it does Chris. Because not only do we stand for free education but also, your reforms will see students paying double if not triple what they currently do. Your reforms will also see

poor people and women paying considerably higher fees due to enormous interest rate hikes. Your reforms are about setting up an education system which only benefits the rich and where vice chancellors can make super profits off the backs of already struggling students. Your reforms are about setting up a US style education system. There is over 1 trillion dollars worth of student debt in the US and are cent study showed that 94% of college graduates find their debt repayments “unmanageable”.

We will continue our campaign against Pyne and the Abbott government and we will be organising another National day of action in the near future.

Vice Presidents’ Report



I made a huge mistake this morning.

A horrible, horrible mistake.

I read an article published by the Murdoch press.

Yes, nothing good can ever come of this, but while I was reading about the recent symposium held by the Australian Human Rights Commission on Free Speech,

it popped up on screen and I couldn’t help myself. Needless to say, it was a bad decision and I spent the next 20 minutes hiding in the supply cupboard at work screaming next to boxes filled with Papermate pens. When I finally returned to my desk, I was greeted by Christopher Pyne’s sneering face on The Bolt Report ranting that students are leeching off tax payer’s dollars while a clip of Tony Abbott was rolling in the corner. Keeping in line with this spectacular morning, I am now waiting for Joe Hockey to strut through the doors demanding my first born child.

Now, this “Free Speech” forum was called in response to Abbott and the Attorney General George Brandis’ now thankfully dropped amendment to Section 18C of the Racial Discrimination Act which reads that it unlawful to: “offend, insult, humiliate or intimidate another person or a group of people because of their race or ethnicity”.

Ethnic Affairs (ARC) Officers’ Report



who continue to bolster their anti-refugee narrative

Recently, Scott Morrison has come out announcing the release of children from onshore immigration detention centres. But his announcement is incredibly deceptive as it only refers to children and their families who are already living in the community - all the Liberal Party is doing

is transferring the ‘status’ of these refugees from being held in community detention, to being put on bridging visas. This announcement came at interesting timing as Morrison just last week, faced a Human Rights Commission inquiry regarding the eroding mental health of children locked up in detention. The timing of his announcement is without a doubt an attempt to dampen the increasing backlash towards Operation Sovereign borders and all that it entails.

Also significant, 2 G4S guards have been charged with the murder of Reza Barati after an investigation by the PNG Police. But true justice for Reza and his family, doesn’t end with two employees of the Australian Government being charged with murder; that is just the beginning. Justice will be served

Vice Presidents Laura Webster and Max Hall are too furious to think of anything witty to write.

The draft bill would have removed the protections for offending, insulting or humiliating someone based on the assertion by Abbott and Brandis that this law stifles free speech, with newly installed Human Rights Commissioner Tim Wilson also voicing his support for the amendment. These changes have come up against very vocal opposition from Labor and the Greens, human rights lawyers and over 80% of the Australian public - even Liberal MPs threatened to cross the floor. If this isn’t a testament to the ridiculousness that would have been changing 18C, then nothing is. Conservative journalist Michael Sexton has written numerous articles for the Murdoch Press in support of repealing these protections with an ever present theme of “Sticks and stones may break my bones but words will never hurt me”.

Why would these repeals have been so dangerous? Claiming that free speech should allow

individuals to be able to say whatever they please, regardless of the harm and trauma it may cause, is opposed to international human rights law and the slightest amount of common sense, decency and courtesy. It completely ignores individuals’ rights to not be vilified or discriminated against because of their race, gender, class, sexuality or religion. Wilson claims that equality can only be reached through the repeal of Section 18C and he is disappointed the repeal is not being pursued, but in what world does repealing laws against discrimination and hate speech produce equality?

Despite the fact that we think repealing these protections against racial vilification under the guise of ‘free speech’ is absurd, it is easy to see how these upper class, heterosexual, white cis-males think it is a logical decision.

Gabrielle Pei Tiatia tells you why we should stop Abbott not the boats.

WEDNESDAY 3RD SEPTEMBER 1PM in NEW LAW LECTURE THEATRE 026 with special guests MARK ISAACS, a former Salvation Army worker on Nauru and author of ‘The Undesirables’ and DR LOUISE BOON-KUO, a law professor at Sydney University with a specialty in refugee law. We will also have a dedicated refugee activist from ARC talking about what students can do to fight back against Operation Sovereign Borders. Come along for a great discussion!

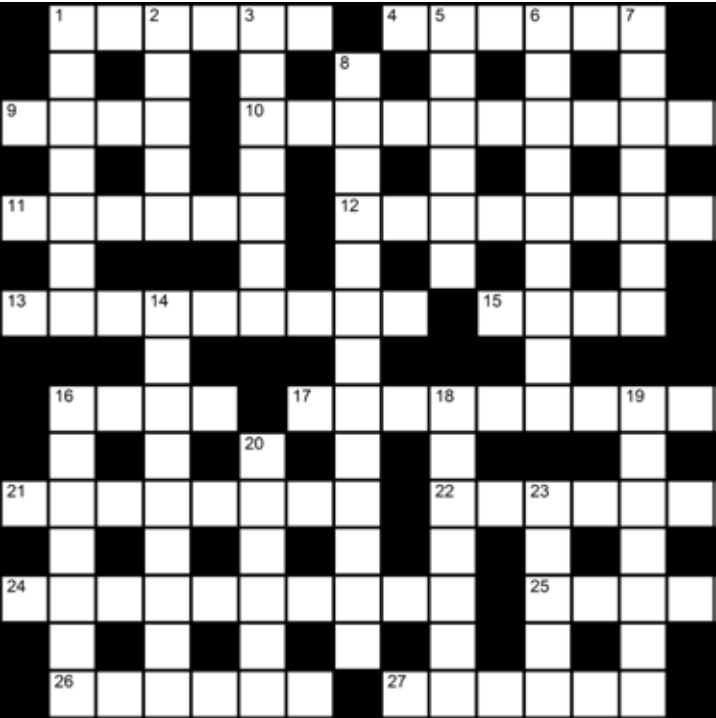
ARC meets every Monday 12pm on New Law Lawns. All welcome! It’s never been a more important time to get involved in the campaign. For more info, check out our Facebook page, ‘Anti-Racism Collective Sydney Uni’ or contact Gabby on 0416 488 258. Stand up fight back!

Cryptic

ACROSS

- 1 Family member’s novel is about record pushing heart? (6)
- 4 Extents of a boat holding deal (6)
- 9 Sour about ‘yours’ and ‘mine’ (4)
- 10 Work hard with energy against an online harasser that is found in the bathroom? (6,4)
- 11 Deny entrance to a failure (6)
- 12 Put together the contents of www.rivers.com/Po/underwater (8)
- 13 Queerly hide art without Twenty-twelve’s second periodical? (9)
- 15 First stake made neat (4)
- 16 Quiet filled the macabre poet for the Bishop of Rome (4)
- 17 Malicious destruction of a van’s mild bend (9)
- 21 Venezuela get at Ecuador’s capital to grow (8)
- 22 Aircraft had initial trip to Mars perhaps? (6)
- 24 Writings about true retail (10)
- 25 Back from the inside - Assisi bit a native wading bird (4)
- 26 Parent: Them or crack! (6)
- 27 Holdings - as laid out by CEOs’ conclusion (6)

Half-Half Crossword



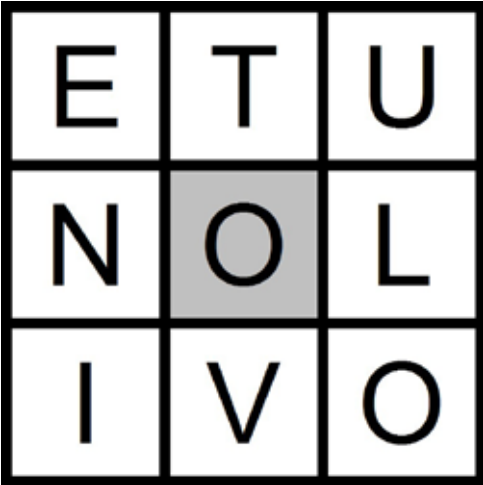
Quick

DOWN

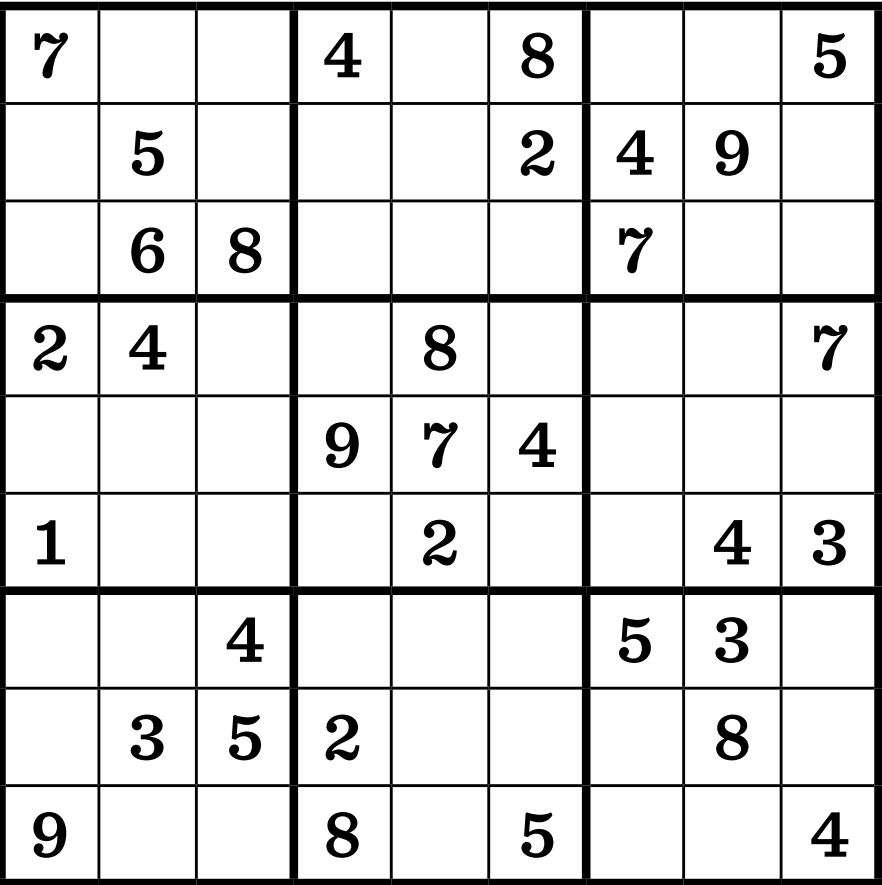
- 1 New, in French (7)
- 2 Kindergarten sticky stuff (5)
- 3 Authorise (7)
- 5 Like part of (6)
- 6 Staff (9)
- 7 Shush (7)
- 8 Having many aspects (13)
- 14 Symbolise (9)
- 16 Additional fee (typically optional) (7)
- 18 Bring down (7)
- 19 Homo sapiens and canis lupus, for example (7)
- 20 Harm (6)
- 23 Nimble (5)



Target



Sudoku



Quizzle da dazzle

- 1) What was the scoreline from the first Bledisloe Cup match for 2014?

2) What group do Zaheer, P’Li, Ghazan, and Ming Hua from The Legend of Korra belong to?

3) Which musical satirist recently scored his first No.1 album in the US?

4) Where will the next Commonwealth Games be held in 2018?

5) Who is Georgios Panayiotou better known as?
- 6) The Fault in Our Stars and Looking for Alaska are novels by which author?

7) Which former candidate for the 2012 Republican Presidential nomination has recently been indicted for abuse of power?

8) What is the title of the (upcoming) first full episode of Doctor Who starring Peter Capaldi as the Doctor?

9) Which actress of the Golden Age of Hollywood recently passed away at age 89?
- 10) The region of Patagonia is found in which continent?

11) Guardians of the Galaxy’s Rocket Raccoon is voiced by which actor?

12) What is the chemical symbol for tungsten?

13) What is the name of Dickens’ final novel (that was unfinished at the time of his death)?

14) The Spanish Steps are found in which city?

15) If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Students’ Representative Council, University of Sydney

Want some work!

Polling Booth Attendants Required

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

If you can work on Wed 24th Sept and/or Thurs 25th Sept, and attend a training at 4pm Tues 23rd Sept, we want to hear from you!

\$32.30 per hour

There may also be an opportunity to undertake additional work at the vote count. Application forms are available from the SRC Front Office (Level 1 Wentworth Building). For more info, call 9660 5222. Applications close 4pm, 3rd September 2014



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

HONI SOIT PRESENTS

OPINION COMPETITION

ARE YOU SICK AND TIRED OF SOMETHING? ARE YOU ANGRY, OR JUST DISAPPOINTED? DO YOU HAVE STRONG FEELINGS? WHAT MAKES YOUR BLOOD BOIL?

WE’RE AFTER YOUR OPINION. PIECES FOR HONI’S 5TH ANNUAL OPINION COMPETITION. THIS YEAR’S THEME IS DEATH.

PRIZES:

1st place: \$800

2nd place: \$500

3rd place: \$300

Highly Commended: \$150

October 8, Submissions due before midnight, Wednesday

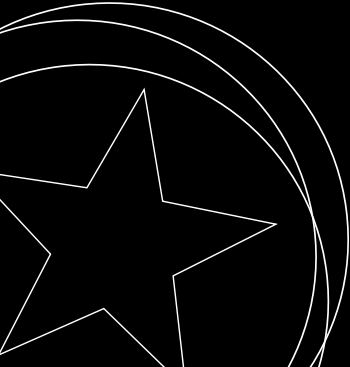
Send them in to opinion@src.usyd.edu.au. They must be 800 words or less. The competition is open to all undergraduate students at USYD, so include your name, student number and degree in your email, but NOT in the attached document.

THEME:

DEATH

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:

(a) The election of the Representatives to the 87th SRC (33 positions)

(b) The election of the President of the 87th SRC

(c) The election of the Editor(s) of Honi Soit for the 87th SRC

(d) 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







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src.usyd.edu.au/src-books

20

Answers 1) Wallabies 12 – All Blacks 12 2) The Red Lotus 3) “Weird” Al Yankovic 4) Gold Coast, Australia 5) George Michael 6) John Green 7) Rick Perry 8) Deep Breath 9) Lauren Bacall 10) South America 11) Bradley Cooper 12) W 13) The Mystery of Edwin Drood 14) Rome, Italy 15) Yes, but not necessarily she! 16) Yes, but not necessarily he!

* based on current retail price and depending on edition and condition of the book.

The Rise of Immature Age Students

Victoria Zerbst is a baby.

Earlier this year, The University of Sydney inaugurated the Immature Age Entry Scheme, which gives people of three years of age or younger an avenue of enrolment into the University.

Despite the controversy, the Vice-Chancellor defended the scheme stating that “age should not be a discriminating factor in the enrolment process”.

Since February, the University has admitted at least 500 infants into degrees ranging from medicine to resource management.

However, this new intake has not been without

criticism. Students and lecturers alike have been complaining that immature age students disrupt lectures with “moronic questions and unnecessary comments.”

There have also been reports of tutorials facing disturbances such as “loud whining, tantrums and students spitting up food”.

When asked to comment, one immature age student gave an inaudible gurgle and began sucking her own toes.

The Vice-Chancellor also failed to respond to these challenges, as he too appeared to be sucking his own toes.



Assange Leaves Embassy To Buy Bottle Of Milk

Mary Ward prefers skim milk too.

Wikileaks founder Julian Assange has left the Ecuadorian embassy in London to purchase a bottle of milk.

The Australian journalist, who has been in asylum at the embassy since 2012, reportedly walked out the front door of the embassy and around the corner to a Tesco supermarket, where he purchased a two litre bottle of low-fat milk.

A representative from the Ecuadorian embassy confirmed that Assange had made the trip, citing a difference in dairy preferences as the reason for his decision.

“We had full cream, but he’s on one of those low-fat diet things where he can only have skim,” the representative said.

“The rest of us think skim tastes like water, but he seems to like it.”

Assange returned to the embassy and proceeded to make a banana smoothie.

IN OTHER NEWS

Law prefaces Revue with “No Offence, But...”

Gluten Tag – Celiac Revue, 2015

Slight Wind Blows Through Campus, 5000 USU Umbrellas Killed

Russia Deploys Aid Tanks To Ukraine

Cam Smith is back we missed him so much ay.

CHECHKEN, KIEV - Sources at the Ukrainian border have confirmed reports today that Russia has deployed over 150 aid tanks across northern Ukraine, in order to “shore up the wellbeing of the citizens in the wartorn annex”. Although the use of armoured tanks is an unorthodox choice of transport in a humanitarian crisis, the Kremlin has assured the public that the tanks are only being used to ensure the safety of Russia’s humanitarian marines, in the face of increasingly hostile pro-Ukrainian citizens.

While some critics have pointed out that deploying heavy artillery into a foreign country may be seen as an act of war, Russian sources have retorted that they are acting well within the bounds of the UN aid charter, which explicitly states tanks filled with water were classified under humanitarian services, and that each tank was equipped with at least one bottle of Evian.

Australian Prime Minister Tony Abbott has so far refused to rule out military involvement, should the Russian tanks at any point interrupt one of his press conferences from the site of the MH17 crash. The Russian government has previously blasted Abbott’s counterpart Julie

Bishop for her comments regarding Russian foreign affairs, however they did concede that Mrs Bishop’s new haircut had made her statements seem a bit more down to earth. US President Obama has also threatened further economic sanctions against Russia, pledging to end the use of Vodka in college frat parties, potentially costing the Russian economy billions of dollars each weekend.

Russian President and Imperial House Elf Vladimir Putin has responded with a pre-written statement condemning the international community for letting cold war paranoia get in the way of Russia backed aid reaching the victims of Russian backed violence. Earlier speculation that Mr Putin would front the UN to air his grievances fell through when his demands for a giant electric orthopedic swivel chair to be installed at the round-table were not agreed to by the council, who said they drew the line at providing a fluffy white cat and a pit of ravenous albino lions.

The Red Cross have spoken out in support of Russia’s actions, though with a name like that speculation is rife that the organisation may simply be a front for pro-Soviet sentiment.



Woman Finds Out Husband Is Hedgehog, Abandons Feminism

Astha Rajvanshi is Former Immediate Past President (FIPP) of the University of Sydney Union and also a hedgehog.

In a controversial move, 28-year-old part-time dentist Jane Smith declared that she doesn’t need feminism after discovering that her husband is, in fact, a hedgehog.

After a heated argument at the dinner table, Bill Smith inexplicably rolled into a tight ball, causing all of his spines to point outwards, revealing his true form.

In her distress, Smith posted on Twitter: “I don’t need feminism because I like my men as real men!” followed by the hashtag #WomenAgainstFeminism and a picture of her husband in a cage.

She told *Honey Soy*, “I just LOVE men and I feel like now, because of feminism, there aren’t any real men left anymore,” she said.

“I think that society would be better off if the feminists of Australia finally realised that feminism is actually turning men’s ability to be men!”

Smith’s post has since gone viral in Australia, re-opening the debate on whether the feminist movement is exclusive to women only.

The Hedgehog Representative Council expressed outrage at Smith’s post for causing discrimination against hedgehogs.

“Frankly, I can’t believe that hedgehogs are now being compared to men, I find this highly offensive,” a representative said.

Bill Smith was not available for comment as he is a hedgehog and has gone into hibernation.

August 2014: Acceptable Racism Dies Of Heart Failure

Bennett Sheldon is endearing.

Walter Lockheart Jeffreys III, 109, passed away this past week, and with him the world lost the last remaining beacon of endearing racism. Being brought up on a farm, in a different time, in a different context, without the same education, awareness, or attitudes as people today, Walter’s casual racism was just kind of allowed to fly under the radar.

Responding paramedic Alison Choi reported that despite the team’s best efforts to revive him, there was nothing he could do. “When I arrived he tried to ask for a doctor who spoke English,” Choi said. “I know I should have been offended, but he was remarkably old.”

Marie, 46, an avid Greens supporter, said that her grandfather would be remembered in their family for “his smile, his generosity, and his service in the war”, somehow failing to mention his distaste towards immigrants and integrated water fountains. “He used to say some of the silliest things we’d ever heard, we just tried not to take him out in public much.”

Others, however, described Walter as dead but long forgotten, as his family had supposedly made the conscious decision to ignore him at Christmas dinner since 1997. “Of course we didn’t like him talking about stealing jobs and ruining ‘Australian culture’, but if he wouldn’t notice us rolling our eyes and coughing uncomfortably at the table, what were we supposed to do? You have to understand he was too old to be told off, it was just kind of his thing. Essentially we were playing out the clock.”

Professor of Sociology at The University of Melbourne Sanjay Thakur has been unable to understand the acceptance of racism in such circumstances, but since the Walter’s death has noticed an instant shift in the social climate. “That was it, he was the last one of ‘that generation’” he commented. “There’s not any less racism unfortunately, but at least people aren’t getting away with that shit.”

Walter’s will has proven problematic, as the bulk of the groups he left his money to are now illegal or inactive since the 40s.

Great-grandson Andrew Jeffreys-Zhang refused to comment.



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