

HONI SOIT



SEMESTER ONE WEEK ONE	The English Faculty's Latest Controversy	6
	The Truth About Squirting	8
	Blokes and Body Hair	14-15
	I Stabbed a Fish; Now I'm Blind	20

The editors of *Honi Soit* and the SRC acknowledge the traditional owners of this land, the Gadigal people of the Eora nation. *Honi Soit* is written, printed, and distributed on Aboriginal land. If you are reading this, you are standing on Aboriginal land. Please recognise and respect this. We acknowledge both our privilege and our obligation to redress the situation as best we can: to remember the mistakes of the past, act on the problems of today, and build for a future for everyone who calls this place home, striving always for practical and meaningful reconciliation.

Contents

5: News

Sophie Gallagher on *Oweek Comedy Night*
Max Hall reports on the University's lack of leadership in Indigenous affairs.

6: In Too Deep

Peter Walsh on the faculty lottery.

7: Ongoing

Astha Rajvanshi, Isabelle Comber, Natalie Czapski and *Survana Variyar* on cybersex.

8-9: Perspective

Lyra Talise on being a student and a sex worker.
Victoria Zerbst researched her ejaculate.
Food wastage with Nina Matsumoto.

12: Profile

Sophie Gallagher interviews *Rayya Elias*.

13: Culture

Leigh Nicholson on *Bitch Planet*

14-15: Feature

Sam Langford and *William Edwards* talk about body hair

16-17: Perspective

Louisa Studman, Mary Ward and *Clodagh Schofield* tell their stories.

25-27: The Garter Press

I Don't Understand the Internet and *Neither Should You*

Editorial

For the first time in as long as I can remember, it was extremely difficult to actually find a copy of *Honi* last week. By midday Friday, the Taste and Fisher stands were emptied out, and Manning was not far off. Though that's probably more of a credit to the willingness of Oweek attendees to pick up anything in their sight rather than the quality of the paper, it was no less a pleasant surprise.

If you were one of the 4000 that picked up the Oweek issue (or you're one of the 4 who know there's a PDF version online) you may have noticed that—as well as the obviously visual changes—there's a broader creative shift in *Honi* this year.

For one, suiting our penchant as an editorial team, we've become more oriented towards long form pieces. The likes of *In Too Deep*, *Ongoing* and (the newly titled) *Perspective* each play into this. *In Too Deep*, in particular, is our way of enabling more experiential work, with Tim Asimakis last week diving into the muddy waters of pick up artistry—to the dismay of the MRA's online community.

This week Pete Walsh offers a piece on a similarly scandalous 'faculty lottery'.

As well as a platform for trenchant journalists, we're also intent on making *Honi* a domain for artists, poets, and storytellers. This is a promise that has

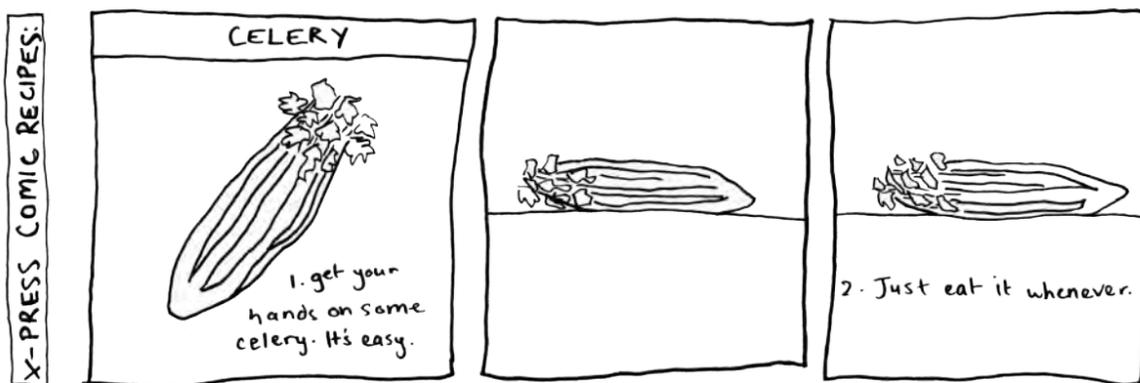
long been made, but has very rarely been well followed through. It's a common and unfortunate misconception that *Honi* exists for the singular purpose of commenting on face-saving student politicians, so this year hackery has been relegated to the back pages (see: *GronkWatch*), and in its stead we have dedicated more space to our rhymer and raconteurs.

Because, ultimately, *Honi* is whatever you want it to be. Every year this paper is built *independently*, from the ground up, by the ones who love it the most. Despite being constantly reminded that USU scandals will pretty much always trump fresh cultural content on the Facebook

traction charts, we are no less convinced that *Honi* is held so dearly because it's not that simple.

There is no publication in the world more willing to publish a first person insight into the impracticalities of squirting; to teach you how to rort parking (and score free grapes); and to lay up four pages of thorough and original freedom rides content a few hours before a 9am print deadline.

And for puzzles, turn to page 24.



Credits

Editor-in-Chief: Dominic Ellis

Editors: Tim Asimakis, Joanna Connolly, Alex Downie, Sophie Gallagher, Samantha Jonscher, Patrick Morrow, Alexi Polden, Peter Walsh, Rebecca Wong, Lisa Xia

Contributors: Angela Collins, Isabelle Comber, Natalie Czapski, William Edwards, Max Hall, Marcus James, Sam Langford, Tangy Li, Nina Matsumoto, Leigh Nicholson, Lauren Pearce, Astha Rajvanshi, Riki Scanlan, Clodagh Schofield, Louisa Studman, Lyra Talise, Elle Triantafillou, Suvarna Variyar, Mary Ward, Laura Webster, Victoria Zerbst.

Cover art: Mackenzie Nix, *Minimum Waste / Maximum Joy*

Artists/Illustrators: Dominic Byrne, Gabi Kelland, Mackenzie Nix, Eliza Owen, Monica Renn.

Puzzles: Bolton, Ben Sullivan

Regarding OWeek

Eds,

In Patrick Morrow's "Human Resources", despite it being a small aside, I still take issue with the claim of "Exorbitant festival headline acts." This year we made a particular effort to promote more student and alumni performers as possible, notable exceptions to this being Mel Buttle, who was by no means exorbitant to book, and Allday, who sold out with significantly cheaper tickets than his other Sydney shows. A quick tally of our acts indicates that 6 of our 11 are current students or alumni, not taking into account our brilliant hosts who are past and present students as well. I therefore find it difficult to see how this leads to an infringement of student autonomy over the festival. Of the above, only 3 of the 11 acts were suggested to Laura (my co-director) and I, we had to approve the acts before they were locked in and we choose (or sometimes booked) everybody else of entirely our own accord.

May I also point out that almost all of

Cafe 80s (an all ages area) of our Opening Night party was sponsored, providing an alternative to people who cannot or do not wish to drink. This would not have been possible without sponsorship. Clearly the issue of sponsorship is a contentious and very important one, Laura and I encountered this first hand whilst planning the festival. It is by no means a flawless solution to the difficult problems of a post-VSU environment. I hope that this incites further discussion both within the Union and stronger dialogue with members.

Also, I told you to take the hyphen out of OWeek. The hyphen is dead.

Sophia Roberts

B.A. (Ancient History), OWeek Director 2015

This Week Online

Pick-up-artist-cum-internet-piranha Tony D "ripped [Tim Asimakis] a new one" in response to his article 'Leave Your Fedora at the Door'.

"If you would drop your bias and actually attend a bootcamp, maybe you would learn something. Respect and consent are just catchphrases that frightened journalist chumps drop to raise themselves up to some perch where they can utilize snark. You're like the war journalist who never goes to war, the tech reviewer who never uses the tool himself. You can come up with moral high ground opinions, but you've never done the field work.

Why didn't you interview any of his clients, or the other men in attendance? Why didn't you read one of his books? Why didn't you test any of his theories? Why? Because you are not a journalist, you're a whiny little blogger.

I don't know this guy, but I've been teaching pickup full time for six years, and I've

helped hundreds of men find success and happiness in dating. Sure, some of us make sleazy comments, but I'd rather hang out with a guy who makes sleazy comments than a manboobed social justice warrior any day. At least the sleazy guy tells the truth, rather than writing biased nonsense like this.

And you mock lonely men. What do you expect, applause from the ladies?

Shame on this website for publishing such schlock."

Thanks for the feedback, Tony.

Oops

Corrections from last week

STUCCO is emergency housing, not crisis housing (page 8).

The Dean of Health Sciences was misidentified as Vice Chancellor Spence's wife (page 14)

Monique Newbery, Maddie Parker and Nina Matsumoto were not credited as contributors.

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OWeek Comedy Night Drops 'Wom*n' From Title

Sophie Gallagher reports on the politics of promotion.

The Wom*n's Comedy Debate was renamed in the lead up to OWeek, highlighting the need for greater awareness of women's issues on campus.

Posters were pulled down, and the title of the all-female event was changed to 'Comedy Debate' on marketing around the University, removing 'Wom*n' from the title.

The Comedy night, which has in the past been a successful Union event, had only sold about 20 tickets leading up to the three-day OWeek festival. In comparison, about 400 Allday tickets for the closing night party had been sold.

Ultimately, the comedy debate drew 165 out of a possible 400 attendees. The response raises questions about support of women-led events, both on campus and in general.

Alistair Cowie, Director of Sales and Marketing for the University of Sydney

Union, believed the event was "trying to tick too many boxes." He cited attempts to support USyd Alumni comics with small profiles, the use of the asterisk in wom*n, and the use of the word 'debate' as reasons why the event failed to sell tickets.

Cowie said that the Union received emails from boyfriends and brothers of women identifying students confused about whether they were allowed to attend the event. This was apparently the impetus for the Union to change the name, to better reflect the fact that it was non-autonomous and free for all to attend.

Sophia Roberts and Laura Barendregt, this year's OWeek Directors, were told on Friday 20th February that the name had to be changed. At first both were relieved: Roberts had been concerned that a more drastic decision would be made, such as including men in the line-up.

Upon reflection, however, Roberts regretted the name change. "I thought the point

of this was not to make money—of course we have to break even—but it did feel like all of a sudden we were backing away from a progressive stance that we did take earlier."

Both Directors believed the event should have simply been called 'Comedy Debate' from the outset, and were concerned that the Union's late change of name alienated some women.

Cowie told *Honi* that the Union would look at changing the venue and ticket pricing for next year's event, in a further attempt to improve sales.

Roberts and Barendregt feel the issue reflects the broader need for more understanding of the inclusive use of an asterisk in wom*n. Further, the event and response symbolise the necessity for greater support for female-led events, and the need for safe spaces for women on campus.

Pyne Threatens Research Cuts

Tangy Li oPynes on electoral extortion.

The University of Sydney has said it will lobby against Education Minister Christopher Pyne's threat to cut funding for major research programs in health, climate science, and manufacturing across Australian universities.

Pyne has claimed that he will cut programs supporting 30,000 researchers if the Senate refuses to support the Coalition's proposed deregulation of university fees, initially rejected in December of last year.

"We have provided submissions to two Senate reviews opposing the cuts and will continue to lobby the government and Members of Parliament in relation to the issue," a spokesperson for the University said.

Zdenka Kuncic, a senior academic at the Institute of Medical Physics, and Charles Perkins Centre, said the University's research infrastructure facilities are crucial.

"Given what the Charles Perkins Centre's aims are in achieving breakthroughs in cardiovascular disease, diabetes and obesity, we really need access to cutting edge facilities and world-class equipment that our colleagues overseas have," she said.

"Discontinuing programs will risk our research capacity, Australia's position in global university rankings and potentially undermine the sustainability of our higher education market," the University said.

Affected programs would include the National Collaborative Research Infrastructure Strategy (NCRIS). NCRIS has led to major breakthroughs on vaccinations, 3D imaging and the production of a new type of steel that is 70 per cent more greenhouse gas efficient.

A University spokesperson stated that "Our capacity to attract and keep outstanding talent will be reduced, and our best and brightest will be forced to look overseas for career opportunities if funding for these schemes are not continued."

Pyne has stated he aims to push the deregulation reforms through the Senate by March.

Priorities Behind University's Indigenous Student Support Questioned

Max Hall brings you the story behind the press releases.

In the wake of the 50th Anniversary celebration of the Freedom Ride, the University of Sydney has attempted to position itself as an emerging leader in Indigenous Tertiary Education.

The statement, "It's time Australia's First Peoples came first" headlined Sydney University's extensive marketing campaign throughout 2014, acting as a precursor to their plans. In addition to funding a re-creation of the original Freedom Ride, the University established a new scholarship for Indigenous students, and publicly committed to a 65% increase in Indigenous student numbers by 2016. A request for donations states that the intention of the new scholarship is to "provide support to Aboriginal students who need help with accommodation and other costs associated with studying at Sydney."

Some students have questioned whether USyd's claim to leadership in this area is accurate, particularly when compared to services and support offered to Indigenous students at other universities. In recent years, the services provided by

the Koori Centre have been wound back. The dedicated support staff that once worked from the Centre's space in the Old Teacher's College are now fewer in number; many have now shifted to work as a part of the Student Retention team in Student Services.

Instead, the National Centre for Cultural Competency, established in 2014, has taken responsibility. Delivering a "whole-of-university approach" to "build and strengthen social inclusion", the Centre integrates cultural sensitivity to Indigenous issues into curriculum, teaching and research practices. The Centre's focus is understood to be primarily research based.

By contrast, UTS's Jumbunna House of Learning provides similar facilities to the Koori Centre. With dedicated Indigenous Student Support Officers, they provide one-on-one advice on academic work and support students in finding housing and navigating university. At UWS, Student Support Officers work in the same capacity from the Badanami Centre. UNSW's Nura Gili gives students access

to Academic Support Officers who help them navigate university administration. All of the above universities, including USyd, participate in the government funded Indigenous Tutorial Assistance Scheme which provides one-on-one academic support.

Students' Representative Council Indigenous Officer, Nathan Sheldon-Anderson, expressed concerns about plans to rapidly increase Indigenous student numbers without a corresponding increase in support services. "If they believe that the current support is appropriate for the current population then logically an increase in the Indigenous student population would necessitate an increase in support," he said.

It is undoubtedly positive that the University is seeking to quickly increase numbers of Indigenous students. Whether this automatically translates to being a leader in supporting Indigenous students remains to be seen.



Pot Luck

Peter Walsh reviews a controversial course that was cancelled before it was even taught.

Each November, in the dull arrhythmia between the end of lectures and the start of exams, senior academics from the English faculty descend upon the John Woolley Building to hold a lottery. A hangover from an earlier time,¹ academics are invited to enter their names into a hat, where the person drawn is given free rein to teach a subject on whatever they want the following year.²

All that's required to enter is a course outline, which, on entry, is folded-twice and placed in a brown newsboy cap that resembles what a depression-era dockworker would wear. When I attended in 2014, I sat next to a department old hand who was thankfully uninvested, having chosen not to enter after wins in 2009 and 1994. "I come to watch the room", he says, "the politics of the faculty kitchen for the next twelve months are founded here."³

Once the room is at capacity—the hat *brimming*⁴—the faculty chair takes to a makeshift pulpit for a few words. He laughs nervously on mentioning he also entered and the audience greets this with the kind of benign malice you'd expect on learning the executor of your late mother's estate was also fucking her. The draw, now imminent, prompted a significant thinning of air—a roomful of deep breaths and clenched muscles. When the lottery is finally drawn, there's a gradual succession of sad exhales—people who realise the paper stock or the font isn't theirs. The convener steps to the pulpit and announces the winner, *Disgrace in Parallel*, and begins to read the outline. Three lines in, a portion of the room leave in protest, and by the time the name of the winning academic is announced, I'm one of three people in the room.

The subject that won—and here, I remind you, that the unspoken convention is that the winner of the lottery has a no-holds barred freedom with respect to content but also an obligation to see their subject

through, which is thought of as both a mode of keeping the faculty cutting edge while also weeding out the joke entries that would end a lecturer's career if they were to seriously teach them⁵—anyway, the subject that won, was a comparative study of two texts: J.M Coetzee's seminal novel, *Disgrace*, and the collected email correspondence of Warm Corpse, Professor Barry Spurr.

It didn't take long for everyone to understand the 'comparative' part of the study. *Disgrace* is a novel about a conservative Romantic Poetry professor in South Africa who, after an inappropriate interaction with a student, is fired and subsequently exiled to rural South Africa. Barry Spurr's emails are written by a Romantic Poetry professor in Sydney who, after inappropriately sharing a student's assessment adjustment request with friends and penning "whimsical" racist meditations, resigns and subsequently exiles himself to Woolloomooloo. The protagonist of *Disgrace*, David Lurie, is an animal rights proponent who has difficulty adjusting to a new life. Barry

Spurr sponsors Not The Melbourne Cup, spruiks essay competitions on animal rights, and was reluctant to give my girlfriend an essay extension when her father was hospitalised with heart disease.

In the immediate aftermath of the lottery, the bureaucrats of the department scattered to their respective offices, presumably to wring their hands and type circular emails, while the dregs passed together to the pub. I followed the latter and ended up in a scrum of tech-illiterate oldsters stroking smartphones with thumbs and index fingers, texting with unabridged prose and full punctuation messages along the line of "what the fuck was that?" Spurr—who had only cleaned his desk out a week prior—was obviously not informed, but the lottery winner, well-respected anonymous member of the department, eventually sauntered into the pub with the Mark of Cain etched into his moleskin. They no longer teach at this University. Nor was there a second prize draw. Some weeks later, I was contacted by the lecturer who sent me as their proxy on Facebook, and after a stilted run of messages, they segued

a "haha I'm good thanks 8)" into "hey, just so we're clear, please don't mention the lottery to anyone and especially not my name as there's an AP position going and I'm in with half a chance".

There's a sense in the department—unconfirmed, but a vibe—that there will be no lottery in 2015. In a blanket statement, the department refused to answer my questions for this article. Already, they've removed access to faculty papers from the late 80s, presumably the ones that most openly reveal the stream of half-baked academic passion-pieces that have, more recently, been massaged into the unit of study outline with weasel words like "guest lecturer" and "one time only". Some think it marks the end of a department that, once a year, would entertain the intellectual equivalent of the clowns you feed balls to at Luna Park, an indiscriminate game of chance, an academic consolation prize for people who would otherwise remain unemployed. My interpretation of the department's silence is different. If you ask me, it's because none of this article was true.



English Professor euthanises a dog. Art by Dominic Byrne.

1. Pre-1980, the practice of holding course lotteries was common across faculties, and while it is considered not-done to discuss them in public (for fear of trivialising academia more than postmodernism did), an oft-repeated rumour suggests the first Philosophy unit on Marxism—the Franz Ferdinand that *split the faculty in two for twenty years*—was the product of a particularly unruly junior lecturer winning the lottery.

2. Career advancement is difficult in academia, so young PhD candidates see the lottery as an opportunity to streamline entry into lecturing fulltime, but they're competing with the lifetimers desperately trying to rediscover their passion in teaching. The result is an ambience that can only be described as 'testy'. I didn't win the lottery, which was *relieving*. Such was the intensity of the stares and the cruelty of the banter in the lead-up to the draw.

3. The departments of English and Philosophy are the only two departments in the Arts faculty that can chart a clear succession of staff to inception; that is, someone teaching now taught with someone who taught with someone (etc obviously), back to 1850.

4. Desperate associate lecturers mill about outside the room, wanting to enter late so their outline rests favourably on the top, but the lottery's convener^{4a} shoves the lollygaggers' entries deep into the hat.

4a. Who is an emeritus *from another campus* (this is how seriously tampering is taken, and cross-campus liaisons prior to the lottery are monitored with an impunity that would make ASIO blush).

5. People are genuinely quiet about what they're proposing until the postmortem drinks. To put what won into context, I can tell you what I know of the losers. Someone proposed an entire subject on the topic of voyeurism, which he described while unapologetically looking down a peer's shirt. Another person wanted to focus a subject entirely on texts in translation, as the faculty has previously had a possibly racist reluctance to teach translations, to avoid the dicey problem of authorial intention across languages. Someone else wanted to do a subject about texts featuring clocks.



Ongoing is a space to give ideas time to develop. Every few weeks we'll choose a theme and dedicate this page to exploring it. It's a space not just for stories, but for discussion; if you have a story or want to develop on the theme in any other way please email us: editors@honisoit.com

Cyber Sex

Wanted: Safe Casual Sex, Enquire Within

Isabelle Comber joined Craigslist.

I always thought Craigslist was something that only existed in American sitcoms, a Gumtree-esque service where anything could be posted as an ad. However, it's alive and well in Australia too, and often used to ask for sex. On the website, listed under 'personals', there's ads for 'casual encounters', 'misc romance' and 'missed connections', just to name a few. I scrolled through some postings and laughed a little, mainly at one that read,

"Just got home from Stereosonic – looking for ANYONE for fun."

As a social experiment, I wanted to see what response I'd get from my own ad. I conjured up the ultimate sexual fantasy and posted it, before falling asleep. In the morning, I woke up to 58 email notifications. Only two were legitimate. The rest were slut-shaming threats, casually informing me "I'm going to choke you with

my dick." I stopped reading pretty quickly.

The only positive of the whole situation was, thankfully, none of my personal details were involved. It seems that the prerequisite for finding casual sex online is to feel scared, threatened and generally preyed upon. I expected an online version of newspaper classifieds; I encountered a shit-slinging online space. Avoid at all costs, or look elsewhere for your next fling.

Men's Opening Lines on OkCupid

Excerpts from Suvarna Variyar's OkCupid Account.

"Hey Indians are exotic! Cool profile btw. You seem interesting"

"Ok I find you mildly attractive, coffee?"

"You use omegle
Great Boobs
I would love to penetrate you"

"Ur master has arrived on you're knees or be punished ;p"

"Damn you have a tight little body.. I would go down on you until you were out of breath from cumming:

"i love indian women , you dont have to reply im just sending this msg to space that's all"

"Baby I'll put the long in your long weekend"

"Hi- how are you? Please go out with me, please!"

Sharing isn't Always Caring

Natalie Czapski on sexting and the law

We all like to sext, but what can you do if things turn sour? What remedies do you have if a jilted lover sends naked photos of you to their friends, posts them online, or uses them to blackmail you?

The criminal law doesn't give you much. Sexting is a new crime and the law hasn't caught up yet. It is an offence under commonwealth law to menace, harass or offend someone—maximum three years in prison. The law is not about sexting per se, but it's been used in a few sext-related

cases. Under NSW law, it is illegal to publish an 'indecent article', or to photograph someone naked for the purpose of obtaining or enabling another person to gain sexual gratification, without their consent.

Stupidly, there is a six-month limit on commencing proceedings and the clock starts from the date the material was generated. If you discover the photos more than six months after they were taken, there isn't much you can do. Another shortfall is that charges can only be brought against the person who originally

took, or distributed, the photos. There are no legal consequences for sharing them. Meanwhile in Victoria, sharing photos (or even just threatening to) – whether or not you actually took them – is illegal.

What if you want to sue? You can't sue for invasion of privacy. But you may be able to take someone to court for breach of confidence. It's rare but earlier this year, an ex-lover and general fuckwit shared explicit photos and videos of his girlfriend with nearly 300 of his Facebook friends. She was awarded nearly \$50,000 in damages.

A Gurl's Guide to Sexting

Astha Rajvanshi tells you what's what.

Advice from friends:

"Don't put your face in it. Or your Finding Nemo quilt cover."

"Send pictures of your feet. They're an erogenous zone."

"If you have small breasts lie on your side to create the illusion of cleavage... or use your arms."

Clothing? "Nah mate, naked at all times."

“ ;)”

The Gender Studies Major:

This study describes sexting as a “set of practices between young people to enhance intimacy and sexual communication using digital technologies” (Gill & Harvey 2014). The production, consumption and distribution of sexually explicit images involves a complex negotiation of

gendered power relations and socio-cultural beliefs from earlier patriarchal structures. However, this study also finds that as young people are legitimately interested in developing their sexuality, issues of consent and reciprocity must be considered alongside the exploration of sexual ideas. Thus, sexting becomes an increasingly taken-for-granted, yet problematic, aspect of the landscape which young people inhabit.

The Tech Geek:

Wickr: for the classy sexter. Decide how long a message, sound bite or image displays before it self-destructs, be it four minutes or four days. Perfect for a considered, multi-media phone sex experience.

Snapchat: quick and dirty. Flash an image at your partner for up to 10 seconds. Keep the words to a minimum and throw in a few fun emojis.

Course: iPhone Photography for Beginners in Sexting

1. Use good lighting

Your image will be clearer if your, shall we say, 'subject' is well lit. Turn on the lights, or if possible, shoot outside. You might want to experiment with white balance to fix the image. Naked people can often look like weird sea creatures so you want to be clever with shadows.

2. Get Close to Your Subject

Images on camera phones tend to be small due to low resolution, so fill up your screen with your subject to save having to zoom in later.

3. Keep Still

This one's a bit obvious, come on buddy. (One trick is to lean your camera phone against a solid object (like a bed frame, wall, tree) when taking shots.)

4. Follow the Rules of Composition

For example, the rule of thirds: Don't place your subject squarely in the middle of your frame but a third of the way in. But then, also remember that the beauty of a camera phone is its ability to break all conventions – so shoot from the hip, the floor, up high, up close (but not too close).

5. Keep Your Lens Clean

iPhones spend a lot of time in filthy pockets and bags, and are out in all kinds of weather. You don't want an awkward dirt smudge ruining the mood.



The Day I Bought an iPhone

Elle Triantafillou

You send me a text after finding me on Tinder. You call it an “awkward encounter”. We message a little but don’t really say anything. I say “wna be snapchat friendz?” You say you don’t really use it and that’s ok cause I don’t either, I was just asking as a joke. You ask to follow me on Instagram. You tag me in a picture from ~140 weeks ago. The picture has a filter on it that doesn’t even exist anymore. Kelvin, maybe. I’m drawing on a whiteboard. I’ve drawn a picture of you and next to it I have written your name and the word “Employee.”

I think about catching the Megabus from San Antonio to Houston and how these people were 10mins late and how the bus driver wouldn’t let them on in accordance with the Megabus company policy even though the bus was kinda stuck in the carpark’s traffic and letting them on would have made no difference whatsoever to our arrival time. The kids sitting in front of me started talking about the passengers who were unjustly stranded and the little girl said something like those customers are angry and the little boy said something like nah, not customers, people.

He lingers in the shower, shouts conversation around the corner—hopeful fragments splintered by the water. Obliging as ever, you laugh dutifully as you sweep the drop sheet off the bed and into the corner, slip the condom wrapper into the same plastic bag that the condom found itself in, and drop that on top of the sheet.

From the amount of time he spent in the shower, you bet he’ll linger in his underwear, while slipping the belt into his jeans, so you allow yourself three minutes instead of two (one whole minute of luxury!) to scrub your body with anti-bacterial sanitiser.

With the towel you’d put on the floor as a shower mat, you wipe down the walls and floor. Stoop to take up his towel from where it lies discarded and throw the pile down on top of that drop sheet.

You’re dressed before him, but linger deliberately on your heels so he doesn’t have the chance to engage in more conversation (or, God forbid, more touching), and as soon as he’s finished with his shoes, you flash a smile and a “so would you like to go out the front or the back?”

That Was an Ouchy Night

Lyra Talise is a student and a sex worker.

“I could say something, but I won’t,” he says, and tries for what you think is probably meant to be a ‘devilish’ smile.

(It isn’t.)

You giggle, smile again. “Thank you for that,” and you very carefully don’t roll your eyes

As you walk him down the stairs, you keep the chatter up. You’ve picked up the bundle of used linen, which always tends to dissuade groping for some reason - but the hour’s over, and you’re not in the mood to deal with innuendos.

“I had a great time,” he tells you just after you press the buzzer for the front door.

“I’m really glad to hear that.”

“Maybe I’ll come back some time and see you. When are you working next?”

“Not sure,” you say with a smile. “But if you call up, I’m sure they’ll let you know.”

At this point, thankfully, the buzzer goes off, and you push the door open. He goes in for a kiss, and you turn your cheek at the

last second.

You smile—again. Your cheek muscles feel almost as worn and used as your vagina. “Have a great day.”

By the time the door has closed, you’re already halfway down the corridor. Linen in the industrial-sized wash basket, condom bag in the bin. By the time you make it downstairs to the girl’s room, your phone is telling you it’s 2am on Saturday morning.

Between 10pm on Saturday night and 8am on Sunday morning, you’ve had vaginal intercourse with nine different people. Of those, five have violated your no-kissing rule (and two have violated it twice). You’ve had four requests for anal intercourse, and had to turn down three offers of cocaine. There’s an extra \$1210 in your wallet.

You catch the train home braless and in sweatpants. You’re five minutes late for your sociology lecture the next day.

This is an Article About Squirting

Victoria Zerbst researched her ejaculate.

I pull out a fresh packet of garbage bags from the drawer next to my bed. I rip open the plastic seal with my teeth, slowly pulling out two bags like a strip tease. I alluringly smooth them onto the bed and drape a large, Hello Kitty towel across the top. And only then I am ready to have sex with my boyfriend.

This pre-coital ceremony is certainly less than glamorous, but it’s much better than sleeping on the floor after I’ve soaked through both sides of my mattress.

Three months ago I would have promised you that the stain on my bed wasn’t pee. It can kinda smell like pee, the towel can definitely smell like pee, but I would have convinced you that it was not, in fact, pee. ‘It comes out clear,’ I would assure you. ‘It’s like a clear, stickyish fluid’, I would say; ‘It comes out of a different hole! I promise!’

I guess I am what pop culture calls ‘a squirter’. When it first happened I thought I was broken. I spent years ignoring it and wishing it wouldn’t happen.

Sometimes when I orgasm it comes out

in an abundant ‘gushing’ stream and, sure, it can ‘squirt’; squirt up or squirt down, squirt in different directions (depending on the placement of hands). And I still don’t know how special it is because people don’t really talk about it. I possibly talk about it too much.

I have always been thirsty for answers, but never lucky. Sexologists Masters and Johnson said female ejaculation wasn’t a legit thing because they didn’t find any evidence of women doing it in their sample of 100 women. There wasn’t even any research into the scientific breakdown of female ejaculate until 1982. I’ve done a lot of research, or as much as possible given how little interest the scientific community has in my vagina. I found theories that female ejaculation was a myth; I found long threads about how to make it happen on AskMen.com. I used to scour the Female Ejaculation Wikipedia page for information, back when there were only six references; now there are over 105 and counting.

I used to wonder why female ejaculation was such a neglected mystery. Why didn’t anyone talk about it and why weren’t there

any studies? Then ironically, last year in Britain, depictions of female ejaculation were censored.

The British Board of Film Classification has a stick up its ass but won’t let you watch how it got there. Fisting, face-sitting and female ejaculation are out. The female orgasm won’t be represented because it’s too reminiscent of urolagnia—a sexual fetish with a focus on urine. Peeing on people is out too. In porn semen is always so in your face, how could they ban my squirting vagina?

Then, as vaginas around the world became the centre of censorship and controversy I finally started getting some answers. French gynaecologist Samuel Salama published a study in January 2015 about women’s bladders before and after they squirt. Ultrasounds revealed full bladders before, and empty bladders after. Not good news for the guys who have swallowed a significant amount of my ejaculate.

According to Beverley Whipple, a neurophysiologist from Rutgers University, female ejaculation now only refers to ‘the small amount of milky white liquid at

orgasm’— not the “squirting” investigated in Salama’s paper. ‘Squirting’, however, is a bed-wetting tsunami: ‘urine diluted with substances from the female prostate.’ I was unimpressed with this conclusion.

I keep asking myself what it means now that my ejaculate contains quite a lot of piss. I also wonder how many guys feel embarrassed by the chemical breakdown of their cum. Sex with me was like a mystical hike through an enchanted wood and at the end you find the waterfall. Now even Hello Kitty finds it hard to romanticise a waterfall of wizz.





Seeing The Light

Marcus James hates (but not really) Peter Hook.

Peter Hook played at the Metro recently and the truth is he can't sing. The former Joy Division and New Order bassist barked out tunes from the old days, including New Order's third and fourth albums—*Low-Life* and *Brotherhood*—in their entirety. Sweaty and gruff, he was like a drunk old man wailing about his heyday.

Hook's Australian tour performing Joy Division and New Order covers as front man for The Light is essentially a big 'fuck you' to former bandmates Bernard Sumner and Stephen Morris, with whom Hook is involved in ongoing court battles after he was allegedly dumped from New Order behind his back in 2011. Yet beneath a definite vitriol in some of Hook's performance was a deeper sense of reminiscence. Hook was obviously enjoying himself, as were the audience who were just happy to be in the presence of a living relic from the Madchester scene.

The atmosphere as such was neither here nor there, but rather floating around between the two currents of past and present. That is, Hook's legacy as a musician and his failure as a front man.

Hook's arrival revved up the audience like football hooligans. The respect and love for him was clear. Middle-aged

men whooped and cried with beer bellies stretching the Union Jacks on their Joy Division shirts, raising their Heineken cans to the man whose music has kept them going. Here was a guy who was good friends and colleagues with Joy Division's Ian Curtis—a completely enchanting figure whose brooding energy was cut short by his suicide in 1980.

However as the gig opened with Joy Division's *Atmosphere*, it became apparent Hook lacked the dark but delicate power of Curtis' voice and had substituted it with a shallow anger. Where Curtis' words linger and shift cloud-like in *Atmosphere*, Hook stood aggressively in wide stance with a growl and harsh crescendo into the song's climax—"people like you find it easy"—as if to point a vengeful finger at his former bandmates.

To Peter Hook and The Light's credit, the scores were classics and well executed. A point of pride and solidarity for Hook is the fact he plays the old songs because they're the ones he loves to play and the audience loves to hear.

But the division between performing beloved tunes and simply cashing in on past successes is uncomfortably close and gut wrenching for a fan. While Hook is an original member, The Light is nothing but

a (very good) cover band. Hook certainly has the legal right to do covers but the question of moral right is trickier.

In all honesty, I felt almost guilty succumbing to what one could describe as Hook's extortion; a feeling which grew with the disparity between my image of Hook and the one standing before me. "Ian's long dead and Sumner's run off. Well there's still some money to be made," said the new Hook in my head.

He is merely one member of Joy Division and New Order, and it is uncommon for split bands to play former songs. Today's New Order rarely plays pre-2000s New Order tracks let alone Joy Division. Yet on the other hand, Hook was a crucial member who wrote many songs and provided a unique bass sound for bands built around bass riffs. At the end of the day, Hook says he wants to play and sing and it makes him happy so he does it.

This happiness emerged in upbeat New Order covers, displaying Hook's musicality and house influences. New Order searched for the ultimate pop sound and several times they found it. But did Peter Hook and The Light find it? Well, yes and no.

The Metro lit up with iconic anthems *Thieves Like Us*, *Bizarre Love Triangle* and

The Perfect Kiss. The crowd was sweaty and singing, intoxicated by the memory of hearing these songs a thousand times over and finally seeing them live: it is relatively rare that the Madchester sound reaches our shores. But this again relied on the audience's collective memory, and perhaps exploitation of this dotting image, for the performance itself was not exceptional. Sumner's almost camp singing gave New Order the pop edge grounding its often mish-mashed influences, but Hook was more like a stern general leading the Metro crowd in karaoke.

Yes, it was kind of fun, but it wasn't right.

It will probably never be right. The notion that Hook may be exploiting our memory of Joy Division and New Order niggles away at me. Star power and the memory of an audience is a funny thing. But unlike other bands that have split and achieved continued success (notably Morrissey post-Smiths), Hook lacks charisma. He does not charm the audience like a front man should.

The Metro loved him, but it was Hook the bassist, Hook the friend of Ian Curtis, Hook the Hacienda DJ, Hook the musician that we loved him for. I loved the gig because it was Peter Hook, but I also hated it because I knew it was different.

Wasting Away

Nina Matsumoto wants you to waste less.

1.3 billion tonnes. That's the weight of 'The Mountain' from Game of Thrones—if he was cloned 6,842,195,263.16 times. It's also one of those numbers, like the US deficit, or Gangnam Style's total youtube hits, so large that it seems almost meaningless. 1.3 billion tonnes is the amount of food people waste every year—equivalent to one third of all food produced globally.

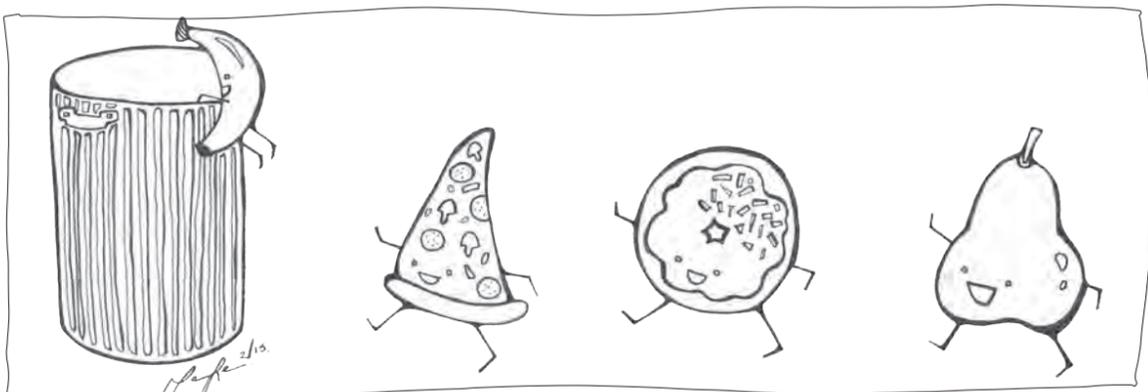
We waste a staggering 45% of all fruit and vegetables produced annually, and 20% of all meat. That's equivalent to raising 75 million cattle, just to slaughter them for no reason. Adding insult to injury, this waste occurs as almost a billion people go without sufficient food.

Some food waste has an obvious fix. It turns out that humans aren't the only things subjected to unrealistic beauty standards—most supermarkets and stores have an 'aesthetic wastage policy', under which fruits and vegetables are discarded

because of minor cosmetic issues such as spotting. This policy no doubt helps to explain estimates that fruit and vegetables are responsible for 85% of the wasted food mass in large supermarkets.

Finally, as clichéd as it may sound, consumers need to change their own behaviour.

In Australia, consumers waste around 20% of all food they purchase, at a cost of close to \$1000 per household each year. And young people (aged 18-24) have been identified as some of the worst offenders, wasting an average of \$25 worth of food each week. That means you: law student whose hands are hovering above the lid of the garbage bin with half of the taste baguette you just bought but don't want because "there's Brie on this, but



Camembert is my soft cheese of choice".

Tips to cut down on food wastage:

Do: Sydneysiders are lucky to have access to Harris Farm Markets' imperfect food program. Under this program, fruit and vegetables that didn't pass aesthetic quality control are sold in-store and online at a substantial discount.

Do: Get better at storing your fresh fruit and vegetables. Gelpck produce "Fresh and Crisp" vegetable bags which can help you keep your produce fresh for up to three weeks, and are available at Woolworths and Coles.

Do: Buy UHT milk. It keeps for ever longer in the fridge.

Do: Freeze EVERYTHING. Meat keeps for 6-8 months in the freezer. As a side tip: defrost your meat in the fridge, not on the bench, to avoid giving yourself food poisoning.

Don't: Think that dumpster diving will solve the problem, you self-righteous fuckwit. By all means fish in skip bins to your heart's content, we're all adults here and you probably deserved the gastro anyway.



Pretending Not to Hear Me

Angela Collins, Patrick Morrow, Riki Scanlan, Elle Triantafillou, and Laura Webster
discuss Belvoir's *Kill the Messenger* - by Mount Druitt's *Answer to Lena Dunham*, Nakkiah Lui.

Nakkiah Lui's *Kill the Messenger* has been billed as a "game changer" for black theatre. The show centres around three stories which constitute a direct attack on institutional racism and its agents—including the Belvoir audience. Paul hangs himself to escape cancer, after being profiled and turned away from hospital on suspicion of morphine addiction; Lui's grandmother dies from lethal injuries arising from a fall through rotten floorboards—the result of the Aboriginal Housing Company's unwillingness to make good on promised maintenance; Nakkiah herself struggles to move the people in her life, and audiences, to be affected by these injustices. But does she manage it?

LW: I really like the roughness of the show. Rather than a 90 minute, neat and tidy piece of theatre, Lui gives you a glimpse into our world, our suffering, our pain...and asks what are you going to do with it?

RS: Mainstream society believes that the traumas of Indigenous history lie in the past. In light of that, the "unfinished" nature of *Kill the Messenger* recognises that Australia, white and black, is not done with wounds inflicted on the Aboriginal people. Lui recognises that the crux of Indigenous oppression lies in institutional racism, not the acts of individuals. She does not excuse those individuals—they are interrogated and their answers never seem sufficient—but we sympathise.

LW: The commoditisation and fetishisation of stories of oppression, suffering and racism permeate Lui's writing. That was clearest in lines like "You can't keep pretending not to hear me" – I think it was the most poignant line the show, for me, and it highlights the most frustrating and demeaning cornerstone of Aboriginal and

Torres Strait Islander suffering.

PM: All that said, an orthodoxly staged piece of contemporary theatre at Belvoir can only be so affecting. Everything from its aisles and seating to the foyer and box office have been ritualised by patrons. While you might expect the standard post-show motions after the latest rehash of Chekhov or Brecht, to watch the audience mill around the very same way after *Kill the Messenger* – an open provocation and call to action – suggests that the play broadly failed in its demands. I don't think people listened.

ET: But Lui knows her audience is sensitive to indigenous issues in a way that is both empathetic and voyeuristic, and with the closing lines "You wanted this. You paid for this. And I'm giving it to you. Please take it" *Kill the Messenger* came together for me and I understood what Lui was trying to do all along.

RS: Lighting Designer Katie Sfetkidis works with those degrees of voyeurism and creates clear distinctions between

the narratives: at the core is the story of Paul, which exists within a simple square of light cast on the stage, while brighter and larger lit spaces denote each degree of distance until we are almost under full house lights. Here, we are removed from Paul's narrative, but Nakkiah addresses the audience directly.

AC: I don't know that I liked those addresses – the monologues and scenes between she and her boyfriend seemed indulgent (albeit humorous and enjoyable). The weaving of her grandmother's story, Paul's story and her own experiences elevated her own status to that of a principal character, rather than storyteller. I heard the play being billed as "Mt. Druitt's response to Lena Dunham" and, like Dunham's character in *Girls*, Lui writes about herself, and stars in her own scenes, a little too much for comfort. I think her scenes detracted from the revolutionary quality she tried to instil in the play. It comes off as a muddle of highly affecting scenes hindered by another, fluffier, domestic narrative.

LW: That left me unsure with what to do with this play – I was drawn in by the narrative events, but was cut off by Lui's narrative interjections. It disjoints the explorations of institutionalised racism that were meant to tie the piece together. This is an attempt at provocative theatre, but it seems premature, as if the narrative and structure were still being fleshed out on stage, to the detriment of her message.

PM: The degree to which this play was about Nakkiah really reached an obnoxious crescendo in that sickening, final gesture of anointing the dying Paul. It left me feeling angry, sure, but it was as much at an egotistical playwright as it was at the story of institutional racism she persistently intervened in, which is probably an indictment of me.

ET: Lui admits she's an unreliable narrator, discussing things that she's on the one hand been shown and on the other, actually experienced. We might not know what to do with the stories we've been given but, then again, neither does she.

Things You Don't Need

Anonymous reviews 2015's ACCESS showbag.

If you're suffering from OWFOMO (O-Week Fear of Missing Out), I'm here to inoculate you. As you may know, the price of ACCESS cards has decreased from Utterly Bankrupting to I Guess I Could Lease An Organ Out. The benefit of buying a new ACCESS card this year was that I got to pick up another showbag of sponsored detritus. Here is a comprehensive guide to that detritus.

A calico bag with a picture of a corn with a unicorn horn on it, which fills the USU's quota of generic visual puns about horny students for the year.

Two hipster notebooks. Notebook #1 is A4, spiral-bound, with minimalist drawings of twigs as cover art, to remind users of the forests destroyed in the production of the notebooks. You'll probably draw idly in it while not listening to your lectures. There are no margins, but one could always add them with a ruler. Notebook #2 is smaller, has a pleasing matte white cover (same twig motif), and blank pages in a creamy stock. I have just discovered both notebooks are 100% recycled, so I'll take

back the line about forests being destroyed and say instead that these notebooks have inherited the bad karma of the forests their parent-notebooks destroyed, much like how my Grandfather fought for the wrong side in WW2. I look forward to letting these notebooks collect dust until my parents landfill them when I eventually move out of home.

Twenty bags of "Passion Raspberry" flavoured Lipton tea, which is more passion than I've had my entire life.

A postcard that you can plant and grow into a flower while it peacefully biodegrades, which I posted self-addressed. Will report on the quality of the flower in 4-6 weeks. Will not let the quality of the flower distract me from the pressing environmental issues not solved by biodegradable novelties.

A Broadway Shopping Centre directory that promotes consumerism while demanding in no uncertain terms that you "be you". The first 500 students to be themselves enough to visit the centre's customer service desk get a free Hoyts movie ticket.

A flyer advertising Boost Mobile's reasonable deals on data recharges, which is pointless because it is not as cheap as Yatango.

A "free" (except you paid ~\$80 for this bag of stuff) map of YHA hostels in Australia, which is like receiving a map of couchsurfing opportunity on your parents' street. Contains cheerful but vague information about YHA hostels, like "has an excellent ratio of showers and toilets to guest numbers", without providing the actual ratio or any quantifiable definition of "excellent".

A flyer advertising the Future Music

Festival. I just transferred to an arts degree, so this is probably the only meaningful future on my horizon.

A flyer that claims to be a \$200 voucher for textbooks but actually has many expensive terms and conditions. Also contains the confusing phrase "receive \$200 worth of free textbooks".

A novel called The Hope We Seek by Rich Shapero, which is packed with a soundtrack on CD. The blurb describes it as an "epic force and seductive allegory" and also says something about finding meaning in life.

The plot is about mining which is strange considering the bag's focus on recycling, until you realise Rich Shapero paid for his book to be inserted and the USU's values are cash negotiable.

A bottle of Wasabi flavoured Mayonnaise, which has the consistency of a plastic bag full of salt water and tastes similar.





MARCH

<p>4</p> <p>Subs: Between Two Waves MARCH 4th-7th The Cellar Theatre</p> <p>PARQUET COURTS manning bar, 8.00pm</p>	<p>5 FUTURE FEMINIST ARCHIVE Symposium Sydney college of the Arts</p>	<p>6</p> <p>REDFERN NIGHT MARKETS redfern community centre 4pm - 9pm</p> <p>BLUE WIZARD @belvoir</p>	<p>7 </p> <p>MARDI GRAS PARADE! OXFORD + FLINDERS ST. 7.45pm start</p> <p>BEARBAR @ 34 oxford street St. Honey</p>
<p>8 MONSTA GRAS V// The Uncovery Party Red Rattler Theatre 2pm - 12am</p> <p>All About Women festival Opera House March 8th, 11th, & 19th</p>	<p>9 </p> <p>REDFERN SHANTY CLUB From 21:00</p> <p>LONDON GRAMMAR Ermore theatre 8.15pm</p> <p>supported by wet + until the Ribbon Breaks</p>	<p>10 Blank Space Forum: JOHN GADEN cellar theatre 1:00pm</p> <p>65 DAYS OF STATIC manning bar, 7.30pm \$55 + BF</p>	

Is free rehearsal space music to your ears?

City of Sydney has a bunch of rehearsal spaces that are **free for students** and school groups.

Search 'rehearsal space' on cityofsydney.nsw.gov.au to find out more.

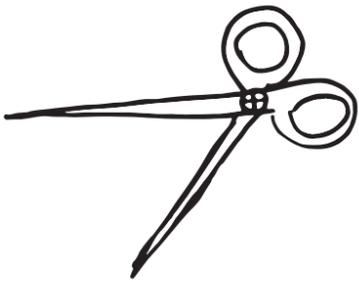
CREATIVE CITY SYDNEY



Twelve Rehabs, Twenty-Three Detoxes and Three Deaths

Sophie Gallagher interviews Rayya Elias

Rayya Elias has been clean since 1997. The Syrian-American lesbian is an ex-junkie, an ex-con, a post-punk rocker and a hairdresser, who has experienced everything from homelessness to record and book deals. In 2013, spurred on by her best friend Elizabeth Gilbert of *Eat, Pray, Love* fame, she wrote *Harley Loco: A Memoir of Hard Living, Hair, and Post-Punk, from the Middle East to the Lower East Side*. Here, she tells *Honi* about her life of extremes.



HS: You immigrated to America from Syria when you were seven years old. What was different about America, and what challenges did you face?

RE: The first and biggest challenge for me was that I didn't speak English when I moved to Detroit. I was born in Syria in 1960, and it was pretty lavish there. We had money; we were Christian Arabs and not Muslim Arabs. In the late 1960s, nationalisation started and they were going to take my father's land, so he decided to move to Detroit. It was great, but I was always the darkest one in the room. So it was very chaotic, and not speaking the language amplified everything by a thousand.

HS: Why did you move from Detroit to New York?

RE: I moved to New York in my 20s. I was already very rebellious, which was the reason I moved there. I always say that New York was the city of lost souls; I felt like such a lost soul at the time and such an outcast. I fit right into the scene in New York, but that was the scene that I chose: the punk rock music and art scene. The chaos always followed me around, or I brought it with me. I went headfirst right into it.

HS: Back to Detroit. How did you discover your knack for hairdressing?

RE: In Detroit in 1979, I was playing in a band, and this kid came up to me wanting a mohawk. He had knicked these clippers from his parents, and I refused. He was like, "Come on man, everyone knows how to cut a Mohawk. I know you could do a really good job." So I plugged them in and gave my first



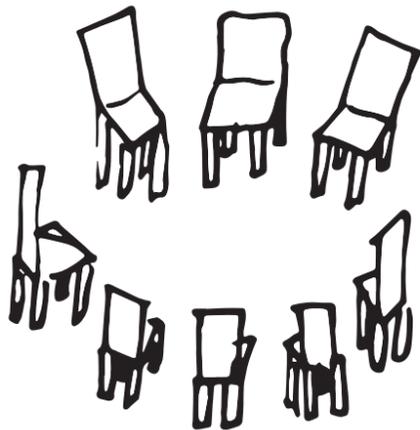
mohawk in a bathroom at a club called Todd's, and that was it. People started calling me, like his friends, saying we want this and we want that. I just found that I could do it, and I was being paid \$5 a haircut in my basement. I thought, "God, this is something I can do seamlessly". So I dropped out of University, went to hairdressing school, and I loved it.

HS: While you studied hairdressing, did you also pursue your music?

RE: I was in beauty school, and I was going to punk-a-billy clubs, because punk-a-billy was really happening then, and in hairdressing school everyone was gay, into music, into fashion. So I feel like that was the border that took me over into the techno, new-wave and post-

I also remember being at the Area club, standing in between Andy Warhol and John Cage and doing drugs off the bar.

punk club scene in Detroit. I saw bands that were really cool but could hardly play. Like I remember seeing U2 one time at this small little biker bar called Harpo's in downtown Detroit, and they could hardly play their instruments but they sounded amazing because they were just kind of making noise. So we would get bands together where we had the same musical taste, nobody knew how to play, but we just used to like hanging out together and make sound, make noise. Pretty soon, we all kind of learnt how to play together. I found that that was my love.



HS: In *Harley Loco*, you write about realising that you were a lesbian. Did you struggle to come to terms with your sexuality?

RE: Being from a Syrian family, it was

very hard. I hid it for the longest time. I was with a guy for like seven years because I loved him and I thought I could do it. I just couldn't anymore. That was one of the biggest reasons why I had to move to New York, because I realised it was somewhere I could be free. It was very shameful, I had to keep it to myself for years, and a lot of the drug use came behind that, trying to hide and not feel uncomfortable in my own skin. That was a way of numbing out the edges and being able to dissipate into who I thought was me.



HS: Have rebellion and addiction been significant themes in your life?

RE: Absolutely. But the biggest theme I think, underneath that, was feeling uncomfortable. When I am uncomfortable,

I am rebellious. When I am uncomfortable, I get loud. When I am uncomfortable, I get really raunchy. Growing up, that was the only way to deal with it, as most know.

HS: Can you share with us some of your most vivid memories of New York?

RE: Oh god, so many. I remember being homeless. I remember sleeping on a park bench. I also remember being at the Area club, standing in between Andy Warhol and John Cage and doing drugs off the bar. I remember doing the hair for an Armani show at the Armoury, and then running down copping dope on the Lower East Side and going to a shooting gallery with a woman that had no teeth. I paid her five bucks to go in and use. The juxtaposition of the memories covers a wide spectrum of it all back in the '80s.

HS: What was life like at those low points, and what were you feeling?

RE: I wasn't. I was doing everything in my power not to feel. I went out of my way to completely exorcise feeling from my mind, my heart, my body, and that's the whole thing. That's why, unless we have been literally taken to the end, we usually don't come back unless we really want to. Not because we have to, because we want to.



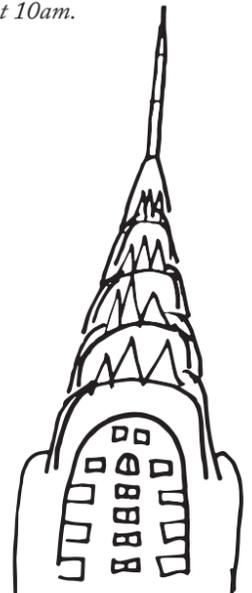
HS: What made you want to come back?

RE: I had woken up after basically trying to kill myself after a lot of drugs in one shot, and I couldn't do it correctly. I just remember looking around and thinking, 'oh my god, this is what my life looks like?' This thing that started happening out of being an artist, and partying and being social, has only ever landed me in one place, and that's on a bathroom floor or in a room, alone, with a needle on my arm and shit all over the place. And it's funny, because after 12 rehabs and 23 detoxes and jail and institutions and three deaths, I didn't need to go anywhere. I just basically picked myself up, shook myself off and took about a week's worth of Vicoden just to get rid of the ache of withdrawing, started going to meetings and got clean.

HS: Reflecting on your life, what message have you lived by?

RE: The constant message in my life back then was you're a fuck-up, get over it, be more, be strong, be bold, be brave. And now, it's you are enough. Be bold, be brave, be strong, be love. It's the opposite message, but it's still the same.

Rayya Elias will be in conversation with Elizabeth Gilbert in 'Sex, Drugs & Hair' at the All About Women Festival. The event will be held at the Sydney Opera House, Sunday 8 March at 10am.





ARE YOU WOMAN ENOUGH TO SURVIVE...

BITCH PLANET

Leigh Nicholson takes a trip to an intergalactic penal colony and reviews *Bitch Planet*, an exploitation comic without the misogyny.



You know a comic is going to be good when it's billed as 'Margaret Atwood meets *Inglorious Bastards*'. Also, the title is pretty catchy. *Bitch Planet* is the latest series from comic writers Kelly Sue DeConnick and Valentine De Landro. It's an angry mix of sci-fi and feminism, set in a future where 'non-compliant' women are sent to the prison planet Auxiliary Compliance Outpost, aka, 'Bitch Planet'. What hooked me, is its brutal satire of old exploitation comics and film – that genre of '50s, '60s and '70s media which appealed to the misogynistic mix of 'damsel in distress' and violence, where "women in prison" was its own form. And unlike other representations that have briefly touched on reclaiming that media, the majority of the characters in this comic are women of colour.

I have always been conflicted by my love of Quentin Tarantino films and Frank Miller comics. Both are self-aware reproductions of old exploitation media. But both also come at a price: the 'satirical' exploitation is always being done by white male writers/directors at the expense of exploited minorities. Tarantino's *Jackie Brown* was one of his first exploitation-inspired films. The protagonist is a boss woman of colour who ultimately fucks over everyone who is trying to fuck her over. Except a lot of his later films have some pretty horrendous race politics. *Death Proof* – my favourite of the genre – is a great example of how those directors can sometimes get it right. *Death Proof* is made eons better when you know that Zoe Bell, the New Zealand woman who

kicks Kurt Russel's ass, does all her own stunts. Frank Miller's *Sin City* comics are a pretty good self-critical homage to old exploitation comics, by including diverse range of characters, each with their own headlining stories. But on the other hand, Robert Rodriguez's film remakes were an excellent example of how a guy can screw up what could have been an empowering and pro-sex-worker flick. For example, he sidelined a lot of the women and gave them less control in his films than they had in the comics.

It is these numerous failures that make *Bitch Planet* all the more a success. Its objective is made pretty clear in the first prison scene. All of the women lined up, nude. The reader is introduced to Penny, a massive woman with the words "Born Big" tattooed on her arm. When she is handed prison clothes that are obviously too small, she shoves them back. She's hit by a male guard, but in retaliation, lays an uppercut on him powerful enough to knock his helmet off and screams "Where'm I supposed to put my tits?".

The comic is set in a dystopic and violently patriarchal sci-fi world where it takes very little to get a woman imprisoned on Bitch Planet. In this universe, any strong, empowered woman is guilty of a crime: failure to be 'compliant'. "Follicular Mutilation" – shaving your hair – is enough to land you on Bitch Planet. It's a crime awfully reminiscent of the horrifying, but very real, 'diagnoses' that used to land women in asylums in the '50s. "Mania", "hysteria" and "woman disease" – now I

guess what we call 'a Bitch'. And once you get a bunch of angry, non-compliant women in a planet-sized prison (the tagline for Issue 1 is "Girl Gangs...Caged and Enraged!"), the next logical step is for the inmates to become subjects of a fighting, Hunger Game-esque reality show, which is inevitably where the story ends up going.

In an interview with *I09*, Kelly Sue DeConnick suggested that *Bitch Planet* was born out of a similar conflict to the one I felt with exploitation films. DeConnick was fan of the old exploitation films when she was younger, but she was horrified to re-watch them as an adult and realise how sexist and racist they were. The comic became her attempt to still enjoy the genre.

The comic she created has the themes of old exploitation media, but with enough tongue-in-cheek satire for it to be clear to most people what is happening. In old exploitation films, women are often nude in dehumanising or unnecessary situations; kind of like Jane Fonda in *Barbarella* but with more violence. *Bitch Planet* has similar amounts of nudity but it is done purposefully. In an interview with *Wired*, DeConnick said "I'm OK with the reader being uncomfortable with nudity, but I don't want the reader to be deliberately aroused by it".

Each *Bitch Planet* issue comes stocked with a double page mini-essay at the back on a particular feminist topic. Issue 2 comes with a bit written by the self-proclaimed "unapologetic, black feminist"

Tasha Fierce, tearing into the greater need for intersectionality and the dilution of the term 'feminist'.

The essays are great way of injecting discussion into a type of media that is often seen as insubstantial. Each contributes a different perspective to the comic panels that you read prior. I imagine that there are a lot of people reading *Bitch Planet* who don't pick up what DeConnick and De Landro intend to do, or wouldn't until they read the critical reflections at the back. I spoke to Tasha Fierce about this and she agreed. "If you don't get that the comic is rooted in feminist ideology, the essay at the end smacks you in the face with it". She pointed out that women being behind the comic make it inherently subversive and "the fact that the essay is kind of snuck in at the end contributes to its subversiveness". It could have even more of an impact if the reader had missed that aspect of it the first time around. Fierce hopes that "maybe they'll go back and read it again with new eyes".

When I told Fierce about my conflict in indulging in exploitation media as a queer woman, she admitted herself to also be a fan of Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez-including *Jackie Brown* and the *Machete* series. "I think it's possible to appreciate some aspects of work that are great while acknowledging other aspects are problematic. That's life in general," she said. "But you have to balance that with holding media-makers accountable".

Letting Your Hair Down

Sam Langford and William Edwards on the arbitrary limitations of body hair.

"You pluck your chest, your legs, and your arms, and your dick has a neatly trimmed fringe of hairs around it. You do all this, Labienus, for your girlfriend. Who doesn't know that? But for whom, Labienus, do you depilate your asshole?"

- Martial, Roman poet and dirty-minded gronk, 1st Century AD

History doesn't record Labienus's response to Martial's loaded question, but it doesn't matter – we all know the answer. The implicit link between depilation and a predilection for being penetrated has survived 1900 years. Even if Martial's brand of linguistic whimsy has faded from popular usage, body hair removal remains commonplace among men who have sex with men.

Enter the twink, which for the uninitiated is a typically slender, youthful, rather hairless gay man. It's an ideal that is, like most stereotypes, more fiction than fact, and serves mainly to shoehorn a group of people into an uncomfortably limited role. For many, including our Anonymous Twink Correspondent, the hairless aesthetic involved does not come naturally.

Anonymous Twink Correspondent (ATC) has, of course, a whole life outside of his

gay scene pigeonhole. A young man in a small town, he's keenly intelligent, precocious, and more than a little cheeky. He's confident enough to readily admit that he "like[s] being hairy and find[s] it sexy", but realised a while ago that self-acceptance wasn't enough – with the exception of his experience with a rare supportive partner, he "would have to shave to get sex".

ATC provides a blunt list of the areas of his body he shaves: "chest, stomach, ass and lower back hair." He also trims his pubes. This list of concessions to an unfair aesthetic was familiar to both reporters – to your non-male reporter, it felt like a

"ATC provides a blunt list of the areas of his body he shaves: chest, stomach, ass and lower back hair."

continuation of a familiar conversation I have daily with women.

Most familiar was his sense of annoyance with the way body hair is such an easy target for public commentary. ATC's close friends have commented that they "don't think they'd be able to have sex" with him if his body hair was "natural or even trimmed". Unsolicited comments are regular, especially on apps like Grindr.

"It annoys me," ATC says of these com-

ments, "because I feel that body hair should be more accepted. There is definitely a twink 'dominance' on the scene, where the smooth body is portrayed as sexy whereas body hair is often vilified."

The desire to rage against the dominance of frustrating standards is, like the standards themselves, familiar to women also. The difference in gay men's community is, perhaps, that the hairless twink is not dominant in all circles. From your non-male reporter's experience, a hairy counterculture among women is peripheral and difficult to access except in niche, usually queer spaces. Women's body hair is often

talked about, but rarely openly celebrated. Fellow hairy crusaders are a rare delight to stumble across.

Not so for gay men. Bears (subculture, not animal) reject the anti-weight, anti-aging, anti-hair products and services (once marketed exclusively to women) now embraced by many other gay men, instead celebrating and encouraging going au naturel.

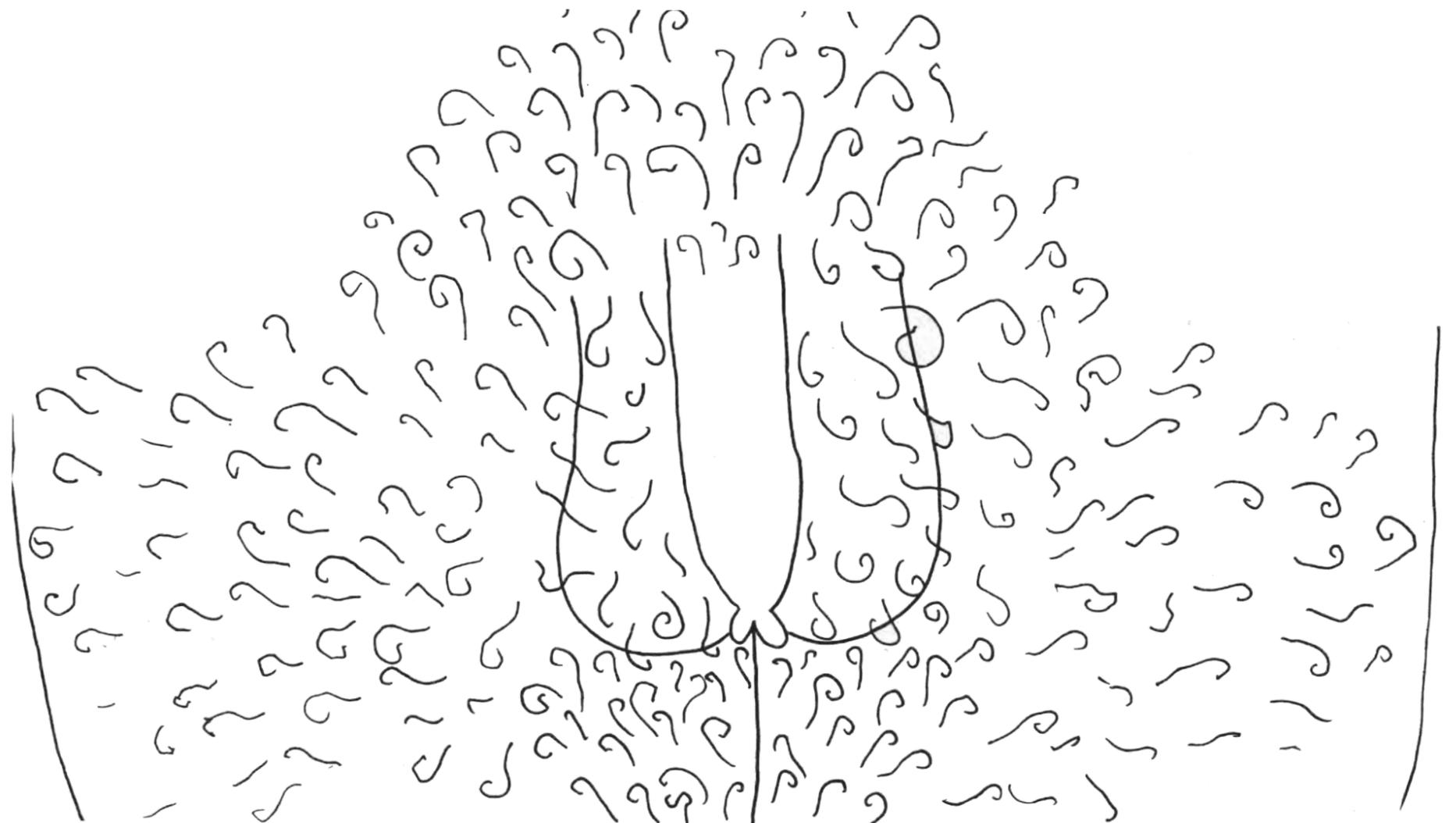
The subculture is of course imperfect—

while predicated upon the rejection of artificiality in male bodies, there is still dominant standard of sorts; an ideal way to be natural. All bears are equal, but some are more equal than others. There's a widely recognised stereotype that dominates: think middle-aged with a beer gut and a luscious fur coat (relax, PETA, it's grown from one's own skin).

While for some this comes naturally, like with twinkhood, many men aren't predisposed to certain traits (in this case, weight gain and considerable hirsuteness). Perhaps carelessly, also, these qualities are explicitly associated with masculinity, which is highly valued within the subculture. It's an ironically artificial standard of masculinity, given how many men naturally don't meet it.

All this said, it's difficult to attribute ideas to bears as a group. It's not like there's an international organisation for all bears. We found the next best thing, though, in talking to Evan Cannan, President of Sydney's Harbour City Bears (HCB).

HCB is a not-for-profit community group for hairy gay men, their admirers, and friends. Despite our apprehensions about the bear community idolising a single body-type, Cannan describes HCB as





diverse. “You’ve got bears, muscle bears, cubs, otters, chubs, chasers, and just a few other labels... You’ve got your leather bears as well, and then you’ve got your admirers which can be heterosexual couples. We’ve got some female members in the club as well, and I know of two heterosexual couples that are members.”

This diversity is likely a cause of another of HCB’s qualities, one often associated with the bear community in general. It’s been said that bears are simply nicer than their slimmer, smoother, often younger counterparts. “It’s a friendlier environment, it’s not a threatening environment,” Cannan says of HCB, adding that people don’t “feel like they’re that piece of meat in the butcher’s window.” That feeling—a result of the arguably hyper-sexual atmosphere of many gay male venues and events—isn’t an uncommon complaint among gay men, and bears won’t bear it.

The bear community provides something of a safe harbour from the mainstream gay community’s expectations. It’s arguably better than the relative dearth of such community for women, but it remains nonetheless a subculture and a minority within a minority. For those without access to groups like HCB, the hyper-sexual spaces often at the core of gay socialisation remain problematic as ever. In particular, it seems that the centring of sex in these spaces is a large part of the problem.

Talking about that centring of sex means, inevitably, talking about porn. Both Cannan and ATC acknowledge the role of gay

porn in shaping the standards and expectations of the community today. One of your faithful reporters did a deep dive into forty years of gay pornographic history, and returned with an explanation of how we got to this point.

Here’s the crash course you never knew you needed: from the 1970s onwards, gay pornography experienced major stylistic shifts. Most films transitioned from longer narratives to ignorable framing plots, from dimmer lighting which cast parts of actors’ bodies in shadow to a radiant glare, from insinuating that gay sex is inherently sordid (and using shame to arouse) to taking it for granted, from exponentially briefer cuts (one popular film featured 39 cuts over 1 minute) to more protracted sex scenes, from being viewed in sticky-seated public theatres to sticky-keyboarded home computers, from being a stimulant for cruising to a masturbatory aid.

These earlier techniques are united in that they arouse the viewer through their sense of empathy. According to writer and academic Daniel Harris: “Pornographers believed they were filming two people, not in the act of fucking, but of merging... Sex was supposed to effect a mystical union of lovers whose spiritual integration in the heat of passion was represented aesthetically by actively confusing their bodies...”

In contrast, the techniques which are widespread today arouse the viewer through their sense of sight. The reasons for this change are many and complex – part technological, part sociological – but

the result is that contemporary viewers gets off on how the actors look while fucking, not how they feel. Consider some of the positions seen in any kind of porn: do they look at all comfortable, or do they least obstruct your view of the “right” body parts?

Perhaps the most obvious proof of this is the actors themselves. Body hair exemplifies the issue. Entirely untrimmed pubic hair, once standard in gay porn, is almost a novelty. Hair on many other areas, such as the anus and chest, is usually only kept if it’s sparse or fair. Even more telling is how this is represented in pornographic marketing, where hairlessness is the unmarked

“While gay men’s community might have the established hairy subculture that women’s community craves, it lacks the kind of public dialogue that is afforded to women.”

norm, while the presence of hairy actors is explicitly flagged in titles and trailers.

Gary*, a gay pornographic actor, has personally felt the effects of this situation. “I’m very hairy but not really beary,” he says, displaying a proclivity for rhyme your reporters think would be a splendidly funny addition to porn. “I started my career not doing anything to [the hair]. One day I tried shaving and I remember at the next shoot, my director was shocked. He said, ‘but that’s what set you apart from my other actors.’”

At face value, this seems like acceptance, but in reality it only adds another limited role to the short list of acceptable parts hairy gay men are permitted to play.

Aesthetics are paramount in contemporary gay pornography, and this emphasis flows over into gay community through the hyper-sexual bars and clubs that still form a large portion of gay community spaces. Invisible rules declare body hair acceptable only in certain contexts; as novelty, or within a subculture, or in mutual exclusion with sexual desirability.

These arbitrary limits are real and restrictive, but perhaps the biggest problem is that they are insidious. While gay men’s community might have the established hairy subculture that women’s community craves, it lacks the kind of public dialogue that is afforded to women. Heteronor-

mative standards mean the conversation about gay men’s body hair is suppressed – removed from both the general public’s eye as well as the gay mainstream. The pressures that exist surrounding gay men’s body hair are awful, but even more so is the fact that they so often go without public interrogation. That’s not to say that no-one is talking about it, but the conversation is anything but loud.

It may be worth taking a leaf out of Martial’s book. We all know for whom we depilate our assholes (or the rest of our bodies), but perhaps it’s high time that we asked ourselves why.

**Names have been changed*

Where to Eat Alone on Campus

Louisa Studman is lonely.

Cadigal Green

The ergonomic chairs are a treat for your scoliosis and the way they angle you, 35° to the ground, makes you feel as if you're a spaceperson, millions of miles from the nearest human being—which I guess is figuratively true of your situation now.

International Student Lounge

Beanbags are a prime choice for those lunching alone. No one can sit beside you, and, if you sandwich yourself between beanbags, it's like returning to a womb made of packaging peanuts. As an added bonus, the lounge eliminates any risk of

lunchtime sunburn, so you can maintain your healthy computer screen glow.

Vice Chancellor's Garden

The VC's Garden is a little space tucked away in the back of the main quad. Rumour has it the man himself seeks refuge in its shady embrace, hand on a tree's trunk, looking outward into the sky, imagining the life where he didn't stop playing guitar.

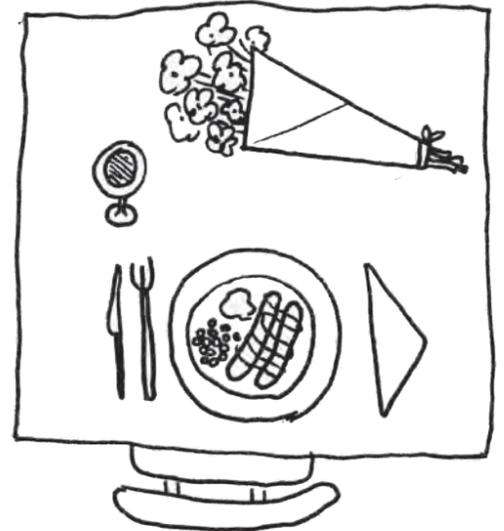
Law Lawns

The Law Lawns are traditionally the domain of people in obscenely large groups,

but the amount of solipsism on display means you can slot yourself between and among anyone and never be noticed at all. There, nestled between the beautiful people, you can sit around and watch the ibises rustle, safe from bird attack. Bear witness to the lost souls on Eastern Avenue and revel in your misanthropy.

Literally anywhere

In the grand scale of the universe we are all alone.



Sin and Seduction

Mary Ward knows what you did last Sunday.

When White Horse Church first moved into The Vanguard on King Street, one regular patron made his disapproval clear.

“Great, a bunch of happy clappers in my favourite place to have tits rubbed in my face,” he wrote in a comment - since deleted—on the church’s Facebook page.

If it wasn't for the small sandwich board sign the group puts out before each Sunday service, it's unclear how anyone would ever manage to find the group of 20- and 30-somethings, drinking water from the

bar with their New Testament iPhone apps in hand.

Unlike the performers from Jaded Vanities or the bizarrely intriguing Star Wars Burlesque, the White Horse Church is “not advertised or promoted by The Vanguard”. In fact, The Vanguard would only confirm that the Church hires the iconic burlesque venue each week for a “private function”.

But 10:30 every Sunday morning, the believers gather in the burlesque club, sans lipstick and lace. The band leaves the room

to pray, before coming onto the stage—its red velvet curtain drawn well back. The drums start, and they perform the same assortment of Hillsong worship tracks you'd find at any other reformist church with a young-ish membership and a couple of amps.

What follows is a typical church service: sermon, communion and all. It just happens to occur in an atypical place.

It began with just Adam Witanowski, his wife, and their mothers in their living room. However too many people started showing up, so they started booking a space at the Pymont Bridge Hotel and then The Dunnkirk down the road.

Briefly, they attempted to meet in a traditional sandstone church building, but Witanowski says it just wasn't the right fit.

“Christianity is not about Sundays or real estate,” he says. “The building and the history were nice enough, I guess, but it embodied everything that people rightly or wrongly throw at the church: angst, hate, frustration, disappointment.”

It was when White Horse hired out The Vanguard for a music and creative training day that the venue management suggested they use the space for Sunday services.

“We moved a week later,” Witanowski says.

On the day I visited the church, Witanowski used his sermon to bemoan the “nice” Christianity of bake sales and wearing Sunday best. Instead he called for a disruptive, radical approach to evangelisation. It's the “prostitutes and tax collectors” attitude to Christian life that he stresses when asked about his congregation.

“White Horse Church isn't a gathering of perfect people nailing it, leading squeaky clean lives. You have tatted up musicians who used to have drug habits hanging out with 60-year-old empty nesters with four kids who teach at Christian schools. It's a mixed bag.”

Despite this attitude and his church's new home, Witanowski's position on burlesque is clear.

“I have met the girls at The Vanguard who perform, they are sweet, beautiful, intelligent women,” he says. “I don't know their stories, why they do it, but I do know that Christian burlesque isn't a thing.”

However, that doesn't mean the White Horse's door is ever closed.

“They would totally be welcome to come along to White Horse on Sundays,” Witanowski says.

“We have a guy coming who, for a while, worked at a cafe that served terrible coffee, people still love him in spite of his past.”





Clubbing Before and After a Feminist Conscience

Clodagh Schofield on why clubbing is shit (or maybe not that shit).

Content warning: Sexual harassment, sexual assault & misogyny.

In my first year as an adult, I went clubbing a lot—maybe twice a week. It was really fun—I pashed my first boyfriend out of high school on the Oxford Arts d-floor, I bought super cheap drinks from Bar Century while dodging gropes, and felt pretty smug about being recognised as a regular by the security at GoodGod. We'd go great events, take breaks in Hyde Park to drink very, very cheap vodka, then head back in. I felt cool, and included.

After a while though, the way I was treated by people really started to bother me. I don't know if folks who haven't ever been treated as a woman know this, but walking through a crowded club is like walking through a minefield. Hands out to grab you, sleazy comments, gross looks up and down your body, and sometimes, violence. Someone at World Bar grabbed my arm, and shoved their hand into my underwear, an attempt at digital rape. I ran, mortified. Back then I didn't know that you could tell security to chuck people who were bothering you out. Though a number of times, it was the security guards who sexually harassed me.

The weekend after that happened I was at Flinders Bar, and an older man in a suit

tried to pull me into his lap, saying "Well hello, what have we got here?". Today I would probably scream in his face "YOUR WORST FUCKING NIGHTMARE ASSHOLE" (I did this last weekend: ensure spit flies from your mouth and you look as unhinged as possible), but that time I just said "Leave me alone!" and tried to get away. But he didn't let go. Instead, he yanked on my arm so hard I fell to my knees and shook his finger in my face. "You do NOT. TALK. TO ME. LIKE THAT," he shouted. I cried and went outside and smoked with my friends until it was a silly joke, not assault.

My experiences were part of patriarchy and of rape culture. They were part of systems of entitlement to women's bodies that we are punished for not submitting to. I didn't go out for a really long time after that. Clubbing became too much of an ordeal and I restricted my sick dance moves to the d-floors of my mates parties. In a lot of ways, learning that what happens to a lot of women, and trans feminine & non binary folks who are read as women, made me feel better as I'd always seen it as a part of life, or maybe blamed myself a little. Instead I learnt "FUCK YOU GET AWAY FROM ME" and "TOUCH ME WITH THAT HAND AGAIN AND I'LL BREAK YOUR FINGERS." It helped.

I went back to Oxford Arts Factory for the first time a few weeks ago. I eyed the dudes in the club suspiciously and made sure I carved out a spot on the dance floor that was uniquely mine and bordered by some of my giant size mates. Some people were gross, that was inevitable. But although my growing feminist conscience had previously rendered me unable to go out because the rage of being treated like a blow up doll really ruins your party spirit, there were some changes that felt really good.

On the dance floor I realised that another experience which had coloured my salad days of \$20 entry fees and Oriloff Vodka in Hyde Park had been girl hate. Girl hate refers to the way girls are taught to tear each other down to pull yourself up. The whole 97 minutes of Mean Girls is about girl hate, and the Sweet Valley High series. You might recognise it in Taylor Swift's 'You Belong With Me' where she hates on another woman for wearing short skirts and high heels, which obviously makes her unworthy of her partner.

Before, I would walk into a club and think "Ugh her hair is so poorly chemically straightened why can't you just let it be natural" or "Gross body sausage dresses are so tacky" / "Someone with shoulders like that should really not wear such a

small top" / "Your boobs are falling out of your shirt, it's so sad what girls will do for attention". I'm ashamed that I used to think that way.

Last Saturday when I went out to party, I saw girls in really tight clothes, dancing and performing to others and their friends. On instinct, my first thought was "Oh wow, what an attention seeker". But they looked fucking great. They were thriving and there to enjoy themselves and enjoy life and I 100% support them in wearing whatever they like. I saw girls who had put hours into getting ready and instead of thinking "Wow, so desperate" I thought "DAMN GIRL IT PAID OFF YOU LOOK LIKE A QUEEN". I realised how much girl hate had been bringing me down when I'd last gone out. Supporting women gave me so much more light than shutting them down.

So while feminism has generated in me some fantasies to break sleazy men's fingers and make them run for their lives, it's also helped me work on a lot of pent up hate, and turn it into love for the beautiful women around me. It feels like a relief, and it definitely makes for a better night out.

Dollars & Sense

Alexi Polden lands on free parking.

Self check-out machines are great for a lot of things. Pretending four bags of groceries are just full of unwashed potatoes, or operating smoothly with five to twenty less workers a shift, or discreetly buying your first packet of condoms or adult nappies. They're a 21st century marvel, and with the help of fruit, they can score you free parking.

Most supermarkets are pretty well located, and give free parking to customers. In a city where even the cheapest parking, like the Domain carpark, costs \$9 an hour, Woolloomooloo Woolworths, a short walk away, gives you an hour

free—the problem is, you have to buy something.

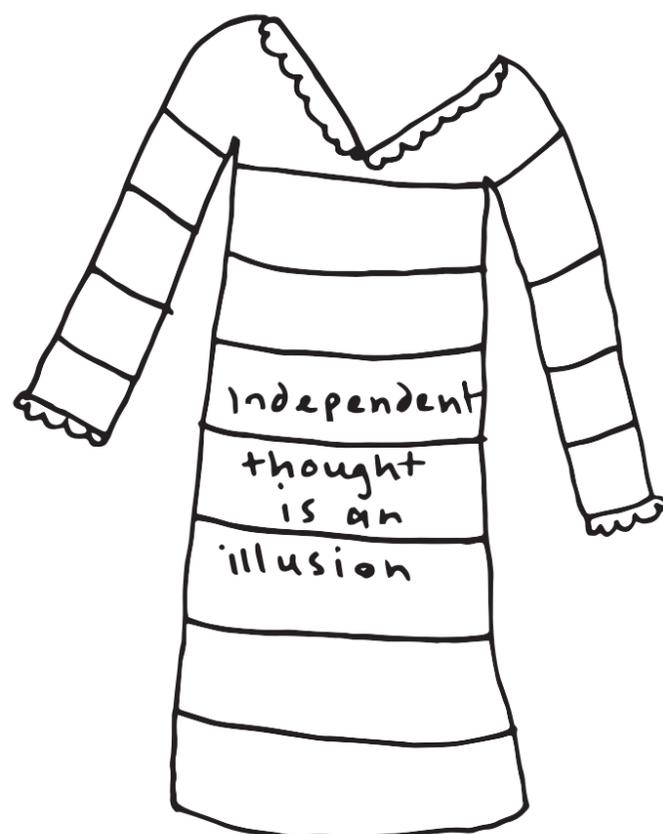
That's where grapes come in; a small grape weighs only a couple of grams, which isn't enough to tip a self checkout scale beyond about two cents. Retailers have to round down to the nearest ten cents for charges of one or two cents, in cash transactions, so, whatever money you put in to pay for that grape will be spat right out again, along with a receipt for your trouble.

And there you have it, you're officially a customer and haven't paid a thing. You could probably try this on at a staffed checkout too; your mileage may vary.

The dollar or two you'll save not buying a chocolate bar or can of coke is just enough to lose down the side of your car seat and find next time you're searching madly for coins to feed a parking meter.



is my dress black and blue
or white and gold?



At a Faction of the Cost

Our very own gronk **William Edwards** talked to every political club at OWeek so that you don't have to.

Acknowledgements: this article is dedicated to everyone who didn't know better.



The Question...

OWeek can be confusing for politically aware first years. They want to make a difference, but deciding which of USyd's political clubs can best help them do so—for the low, low price of one's youth—can be a daunting decision.

Fear not! I talked to every political club at OWeek so that you don't have to. If you haven't chosen which devil to sell your soul to, this guide is for you.

Greens on Campus

One should join Greens on Campus, the spiel goes, because they're a progressive group who won't sacrifice progressive values for electoral success. Though beware! The Labor Club might. But the Greens are progressive. PROGRESSIVE! No one understands students better than progressive politician Scott 'Cool Dad' Ludlam! He's progressive.

Labor Club

The Labor Club was described to me as socialist (and progressive?!), advocating

“Change from within.” They're frank about their differences with the ALP Club and Greens on Campus, neither of whom they like and both of whom they will make deals with for years to come. It's hard out here for a realistic left-winger, you know?

ALP Club

ALP Club members are pleasant people, but shyer than their comrades about admitting ideological differences. What's the difference between Labor Left and Labor Right when only one club has official party endorsement, after all? Not to mention, greater opportunities for ambitious politicians. Nudge nudge.

Liberal Club

A catalogue of opportunities await Liberal Club members, namely the annual formal dinner which rose to prominence in 2012 when guest speaker Alan Jones said that then Prime Minister Julia Gillard's father “died of shame”. But though the dinner was the selling point of their pitch, the Alan Jones thing wasn't mentioned at all. Weird.

Conservative Club

The Conservative Club has members from a variety of parties united by conservative ideology rather than realpolitik. These parties include Family First, as I was told in a tone implying that the info wasn't utterly horrifying.

Libertarian Society

“They may take our lives, but they'll never take our freedom!”
- William Wallace in Braveheart

Socialist Alternative

Socialist Alternative makes you sign a petition. And while I asked about their beliefs, one member sceptically inquired, “is this for *Honi*?” Fuck. To their credit, SAlt was the most direct group when I asked why I might want to join them: “read our newspaper.”

Solidarity Student Club

Solidarity, ‘the other Socialists’, has almost identical values to SAlt. The difference, I was told, is that they “don't use Marxism

as a brand” and don't “abandon their principles for political gain”. Refusing to work with someone who shares your goals really is the definition of solidarity.

Resistance Club

I didn't notice anything which set this Socialist group apart from the previous two, so they also probably exist because they don't like the others. Why do Socialists hate other Socialists so much? The revolution is going to be like an awkward family reunion.

The Verdict

Save yourself. It's too late for everyone I spoke to, but you still have a shot at happiness. If you absolutely must be political join the Politics Society, and discuss politics without trying to govern or overthrow anyone. Or join SHADES**, get drunk, and garble your opinions on the dancefloor. No one will have to hear you over that sick beat.

**Disclaimer: Will Edwards is pretty into SHADES.

Honi Recipe: Smart(ie)-Cookies

By Angela Collins

Why is it not possible to do a Bachelor of Baking at Sydney University? Why can I not major in biscuits? Why am I not attending labs where we test the crumb textures of different chocolate cakes? Why is being good at cooking cute and delicious sweet treats not considered as significant an area of study than say, a law degree? These are burning questions, people.

Every child's fantasy biscuit was a smartie cookie. They were often the size of your infant face and yet you had no difficulty shoving it in your child-size gob in record time, gobbling down the entire ROYGBIV spectrum in under a minute.

These smartie cookies are both a hark-back to the days of the old school yard and have been given an update fit for tertiary students to nom on. Two smarties make eyes, a pair of piped choco-specs make them a truly smart cookie, and you can even pop chocolate chips on top if you want to give them pimples and make them a NEEEEERD.

Biscuits guarantee smartness, or at least serve as a delicious and indulgent study snack.



Method:

- 125g butter, room temperature
- 1/2 cup caster, 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- 1/4 cup self-raising flour
- 1 1/4 cup plain flour
- 1/2 tsp bicarbonate soda
- 125g plus a small handful chocolate chips

1. Cream butter and sugars together.
2. Add egg and vanilla and beat smooth.
3. Sift the flours, bicarb and a pinch of salt into the bowl with the wet ingredients and mix lightly with a wooden spoon.
4. Roll balls of mixture and place on tray.
5. Press two smarties into the cookies and, some chocolate chips for a pimply cookie.
6. Bake for 10 minutes at 180 degrees.
7. Melt the chocolate chips in the microwave. Once melted, spoon into a small ziplock bag, snip the corner and use like a piping bag to draw glasses and a smile onto the cookies.

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Censure motion proposed for Board Directors Magyar and Carrigan

This week in GronkWatch, **Joanna Connolly** adds another director into an unfolding Cabcharge scandal



Honi can reveal a simmering dispute in University of Sydney Union Board has emerged in response to an internal inquiry conducted by the USU's Human Resources Department into the use of Directors' Cabcharge cards. The dispute is expected to come to a head on Friday, when a censure motion put by Director Tim Matthews against fellow directors Robby Magyar and Liam Carrigan is to be voted on.

In a draft of the motion obtained by *Honi*, Matthews calls on the Board to censure both directors' use of the cards as an abuse of corporate property.

On Friday Magyar told *Honi* that he had requested a review of the investigation conducted by the HR Department as he believes the findings are incorrect.

The investigation found that of the 27 charges incurred on the card by Carrigan in January, 23 were identified as not valid – meaning use of the Card outside of the Terms of Agreement. In the case of Magyar, the report focussed on 8 out of a total of 12 transactions. Where Carrigan billed the Union nearly \$500 for the month, Magyar's total expenditure for the period is unknown.

Honi understands that since the censure motion was proposed, multiple directors have asked for clarification about their fares and deny the claim of any impropriety.

Magyar also "encouraged" *Honi* not report on the allegations against him, warning that "any incorrect commentary [would lead] to legal action".

Carrigan said that he encouraged all students to attend the board meeting where the censure motion will be discussed. "Board directors should be accountable to the membership they serve and I will speak to the censure motion before our community and the board of directors to ensure I uphold this value. I have no intention of running from this process and hope I will be able to explain the complex circumstances that resulted in this outcome."

When asked why he was bringing a censure motion, Matthews replied "I am bringing a motion because when the board was informed last week that this happened, it struck me as an obvious abuse of the power and trust that is put in us. I think that we must also take measures to ensure it doesn't happen again."

"Through conversation last week, I got the impression that the executive weren't intending on bringing a motion like this, so I informed them last week that I was intending to bring this motion."

The censure motion will be discussed at the Board meeting on Friday 6 March 9.30am.

Choose Your Own Adventure #2

A story started by us and continued by you.



"Hit this fat bong or we'll kill you", the postgrad law student said, gravely.

And you say (this week from Simon Li): "Hi, I think we should hit the bong, then cough violently and ask the leader his name."

You try to use your skill as a ventriloquist to project the bong smoke harmlessly somewhere else. It half-works. Somewhere inside the Wentworth Building, a plume of smoke emerges inside a USU official's office, leaving the room smelling distinctly weed-like and leaving the official distinctly half-stoned. They got their job as part of a program giving ex-convicts a second chance and, as a result of your little stunt, fail a urine test an hour later and lose their job. Nice one.

The other half goes straight to your lungs and, as the THC reaches your brain, you have a vision of your mother, arms crossed, foot tapping, expressing palpable disappointment in your life choices. "Why couldn't you get a vocational degree at UTS, like Rod", she asks, but before you can tell her that Rod isn't even your real Dad and slam the door, she disappears, leaving you coughing in the foetal position on the ground.

"Wh-what's your name?", you splutter in the direction of the leader.

"My name...", the leader says, "is unimportant."

"Oh."

"Frank Unimportant."

"Oh."

Frank helps you to your feet and presses a can of deodorant to your arm. "Branding!" he yells, as he sprays the aerosol directly onto your skin, burning his motto—*yolo*—into your arm.

"Let's go get baguettes from Taste and join SubSki", Frank says.

What do you do?

Email a sentence or two detailing your next move to editors@honisoit.com and the finest entry will become the jumping off point for the next chapter. Don't forget, you can go back and correct prior mistakes if you so desire.

People not living in the Hills area



People living in the Hills area





I'm Blind Because I Stabbed a Fish in the Eye

Rebecca Wong saw a faith healer.

My grandparents are superstitious. In the endearing, harmless, vaguely embarrassing way that only whitewashed ethnic kids will understand. When I was nine and visiting them in San Francisco, they decided to try and fix me. They told my mother they knew someone.

He turned out to be an old Chinese guru. Everyone came—my grandparents, my parents, my two sisters, my great aunt. We crowded together on couches in his living room. He questioned me for hours; they all listened avidly. Perhaps someone was hoping for a miracle. I probably thought I was having my fortune told. Did I ever dream of the ocean? No. Not even a little bit? Well, maybe once or twice. In my dreams, was the ocean ever scary? Not really. I wished my answers were more interesting.

My spirit guide appeared to be confounded. I was proving to be a hard case to crack. He enlisted the help of a mysterious consort from China, who imparted wisdom over the phone.

It turned out that in my past life, I had been a bad, bad person. The guru, in

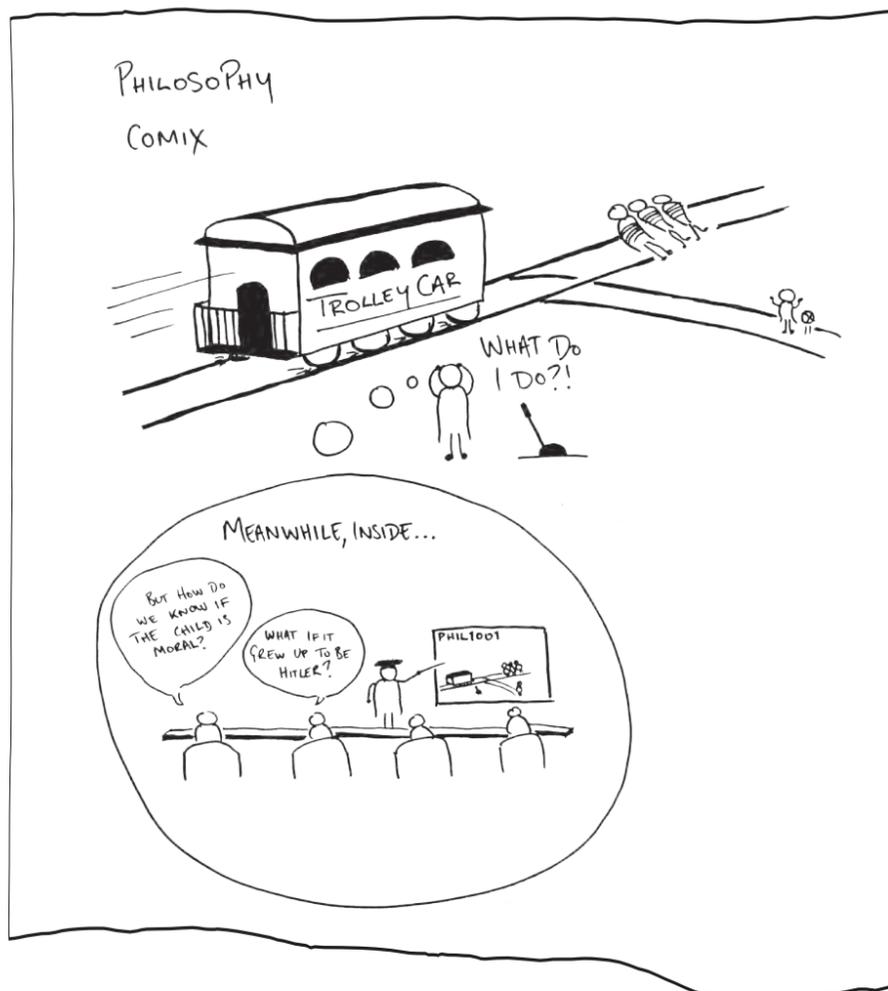
Mandarin and translated by my mother, explained my predicament thus: “One day, you were sitting on the beach, when a fish swam by. You decided you’d take a stick and stab the poor, unsuspecting, innocent creature in the eye, you wicked child. That’s why you’re blind. It’s punishment.”

But didn’t the fish deserve it? *Surely it did something bad in -its- past life and that’s why God made me do that. If I only stabbed it in one eye, why am I blind in both? That seems unfair*—things 9-year-old me thought and never said.

The way to atone, the Chinese guru assured my wide-eyed grandparents and politely mortified parents, was for me to give up meat.

At dinner that night, my great aunt offered me some of her own food, specially brought from home in a little plastic box (the restaurant didn’t offer vegetarian dishes). My mother seemed slightly relieved that I didn’t like it.

I love my grandparents very much. I did not become a vegetarian.



WE'VE GOT YOUR BACK

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

- Fines
- Motor Vehicle Accidents
- Immigration
- Criminal Charges
- Debts
- ...and more



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 e: solicitor@src.usyd.edu.au | ACN 146 653 143

We have a solicitor who speaks
 Cantonese, Mandarin & Japanese
法律諮詢
 法律アドバイス



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This service is provided to you by the Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney



Living On Little Money

Many students are forced to live on very little money while they are studying. Here are some ideas **from the SRC caseworkers** that might help you get by.



LOANS, BURSARIES & SCHOLARSHIPS

University Scholarships and Financial Assistance Office: p. 8627 8112. Loans are interest free and bursaries do not need to be repaid. Talk to them about your situation and they'll guide you to the most suitable option. There are a range of different ways to qualify for a scholarship. Talk to the University about which ones you're eligible for and how to apply. There are also some competitions you could enter that have cash prizes.

SRC Emergency loans up to \$50 are good to fill that gap the day before payday or if you forget your wallet. p. 9660 5222

MANAGING MONEY

When you don't have enough money to make little mistakes it is a good idea to have a budget plan. Write down how you are going to spend money each week, including putting some aside for unforeseen expenses if you can. Look for "leaks" that can help you to save a bit more. Look at: www.moneyminded.com.au
www.moneysmart.gov.au/managing-your-money

www.wesleymission.org.au/centres/creditline "budget planner".

DEALING WITH DEBTS

The SRC Legal Service will work with you to clear your debts. This service is free to undergraduate students.

If you have a problem with gambling, free, confidential help is available at the University. Call 1800 482 482 for more information.

HAPPY HOUSING

Cheap quality accommodation is hard to get. Most of the cheap options go very quickly, so you'll have to be patient and flexible. If you are in urgent need of housing ask an SRC Caseworker about emergency accommodation.

If you are about to move into a home or if you are behind in rent and are on the lease you might be eligible for Rentstart through Housing Pathways (Housing NSW).

PHONE

Pre-paid accounts allow you to give yourself a fixed budget for phonecalls. Encourage your friends to call you or text to make a skype date. Viber and Whatsapp also allow you to make free texts or calls. However, be aware that you are using your internet for this.

FREE FOOD, CHEAP FOOD

There is no reason to be hungry if you live in Sydney. There are many places around Sydney that offer free meals and a few that may do food parcels.
www.newtowncentre.org/_pdfs/meals.pdf

HEALTH

Bulk billing (or direct billing) doctors means that you will not be charged for the appointment. This is covered on Medicare and Overseas Student Health Cover (OSHC). eg University Health Service in the Wentworth Building.

Safer sex is important. You can pick up free condoms from the SRC office, level 1 Wentworth Building.

Clean needles and injecting packs are available from the Alcohol and Drug Information Service (ADIS). Call their 24 hour confidential telephone service on 9361 8000 or 1800 422 599. Some chemists do needle and syringe exchange. In Newtown this includes Chemist on King and Ford's Pharmacy. In Auburn there's Alpha Pharmacy and Rite Aid Pharmacy. There's also Camden Pharmacy and Adore Pharmacy Rozelle.

Dentists can be super expensive on a student budget. But your teeth are important. There are some limited services you may be able to access for free. Speak to SRC HELP caseworkers.

Australian citizens and permanent residents can apply for a Low Income Health Card Card if you earn \$524 a week or less, or get a Centrelink student payment. This gives you a reduced price on prescription drugs, free ambulance cover etc.



Ask Abe

SRC Caseworker HELP Q&A

Hi Abe,

I'm from a bit of a poor family and I need some financial help. I already get Youth Allowance (live at home rate), but it's not really enough to cover all my textbooks and living costs. I'm worried about the pressure that I'm putting on my parents and younger brother and sister. Can you tell me if there's some other way I can get a University loan or get the higher rate from Centrelink?

Financially Challenged

Hi *Financially Challenged*,

I'm sorry to hear about your struggle. It is certainly not uncommon. There are a few things you can do. Look for secondhand textbooks – start at the SRC secondhand bookshop. If your lecturer tells you to buy the latest edition ask what the differences are, because you may

be able to get away with an older edition. Even where there are changes, you may be able to copy those from a friend.

There are lots of places to get free food. Look at the Newtown Neighbourhood Centre website: Go to "information sheets", then "essential services", then "meals".

The University has a Scholarships office that may be able to help you. There are scholarships for a wide range of students, with an equally wide range of awards, ranging from a couple of hundred dollars to many thousands of dollars. First year students should feel particularly encouraged to apply. The interesting thing about scholarships is that most people won't apply, making them less competitive than you would think.

Throughout the year there are also competitions for writing and other projects. Keep an eye out for these opportunities too.

The University also has a Financial Assistance Service. They can lend you money in an emergency, and also offer loans and bursaries.

If you need other help dealing with your debtors, the SRC Legal Service can talk to them on your behalf.

Abe

Abe's answers can provide you with excellent insight and helpful tips for surviving as a student. To ask Abe a question send an email to: help@src.usyd.edu.au



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the *Honi* editors.

President's Report

Kyol Blakeney

After a brilliant O-Week I would like to congratulate everyone involved in putting it together and say how excited I am for semester to start, particularly with many of the new students I met in the last week at our SRC stall. I would also like to welcome all new members of our collectives and encourage you to take part in the campaigns and events they put together. This is important as we are under a government that is, across the board, systematically disadvantaging so many people in this country in areas such as education, gender equality,

multiculturalism and environment.

So if you have a passion for the environment and climate action I suggest you make contact with the Environment Collective. Have strong feelings about social justice aiming to take out racism? Have a chat with the Anti-Racism Collective (ARC), the Indigenous department, or the Autonomous Collective Against Racism (ACAR). Think education is a right of all people and not just for the privileged rich? See how you can be a member of the Education Action Group (EAG), which

helped build one of the biggest student movements last year in at least 10 years. Find yourself pissed off with the way the society we live in treats wom*n and queers? Join or support the Wom*n's Collective (WoCo) or the Queer Collective.

University is a place with constant critical thought and debate; a place where the future of society is determined. Throughout the semester and the year I ask you to keep in mind that while you have the opportunity to be educated in one of Australia's top universities, I

believe you should take the opportunities to help create a society that is accepting, open minded, progressive and fair for all people regardless of their gender, sexual orientation, colour or religion. With your help and ideas, this year the student movement will carry on and continue in a direction towards equality and solidarity amongst our comrades. Have a good year and I'll see you at the first National Day of Action in a few weeks.

Education Officer's Report

Blythe Worthy

This O Week, sure to be one of my last as I'm close to graduation- was by far the most satisfying. I talked to so many students concerned about what they were getting out of their education and how they can fight for it that I really have begun to feel as though this year will be one of activism's most productive. During this time, however, I also talked to some students who weren't so concerned about deregulation. I was met with opposition and disinterest. Male students talked over me or completely ignored me, and a few heated conversations left a sour taste in my mouth as I mulled over what

had happened to make fee deregulation seem so appealing to some.

To regulate something is to open it to everyone and make it equal and accessible.

The deregulation of university fees flies in the very face of this notion. It promises to continue to widen the gap between people of colour, women and students from low socio-economic backgrounds and the privileged class of student (the kind who were overall most in favour of fee dereg) that profits most readily from the deregulation model.

Students are banding together all through this month in order to demonstrate against our government's proposed cuts to universities. On Wednesday March 4th a feeder rally will be held outside Fisher Library at 1pm in order to educate students on why they should care about the future of education in Australia and why they should attend the National Day of Action on the 25th of March.

This demonstration will be much larger-scale, one that spans all national universities and will move through Sydney from our university to UTS and down George

Street and is the best way for you to help the fight against fee deregulation in order to ensure everyone can access education. The hindrance fee deregulation presents will only make the education system in Australia worse. Please come and help us continue the fight, things will improve for students if fee deregulation is beaten and we want to make sure future generations can study like we have. You should too.

Welfare Officer's Report

Eden Faithfull

Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed after their Summer break, your SRC Welfare Officers are thrilled to get to work on the myriad campaigns we have in stall for you throughout the year (the conception of which involved far too many glitchy cross-continental Skype conversations and cluttered Google Docs.) To break the ice and extend our appreciations for your efforts, we the Welfare Officers would like to recognise a few of the more exceptional feats of courage demonstrated by you, dear reader. We would like to congratulate those of you who managed to wade through the

Turkish bath that was Eastern Avenue during O Week, along with the long-suffering stall coordinators who managed to stay alive during those three days, fuelled singularly by the double-espresso-shot-guarana-infused V energy drinks without suffering fatal heart palpitations (you know who you are. Shame.)

This year, the Welfare officers will be conducting several different campaigns for the student body to actively participate in and benefit from, including a wider range of multilingual services and resources

offered by the SRC. We're looking forward to expanding the ways in which we communicate with you in a way that every student can access, such as those lecture bashes you so fondly associate with us SRC-types. For the cash-strapped gourmands on campus, we are also planning on setting up an emergency food bank and student cookbook for those of you who can't quite justify the just-shy-of-ten-dollars baguette from Taste. And finally, we will be running a combined drug and alcohol safety campaign to further educate students about recreational drug

use and its presence in University culture, complete with a student-composed handbook of personal experiences.

Of course, we couldn't forget all of you first year students who are able to read this because you are seated comfortably outside your lecture theatre having arrived early in a fit of optimistic eagerness; congratulations. A small word of caution, however, in the hauntingly dulcet tones of The Carpenters: "we've only just begun".



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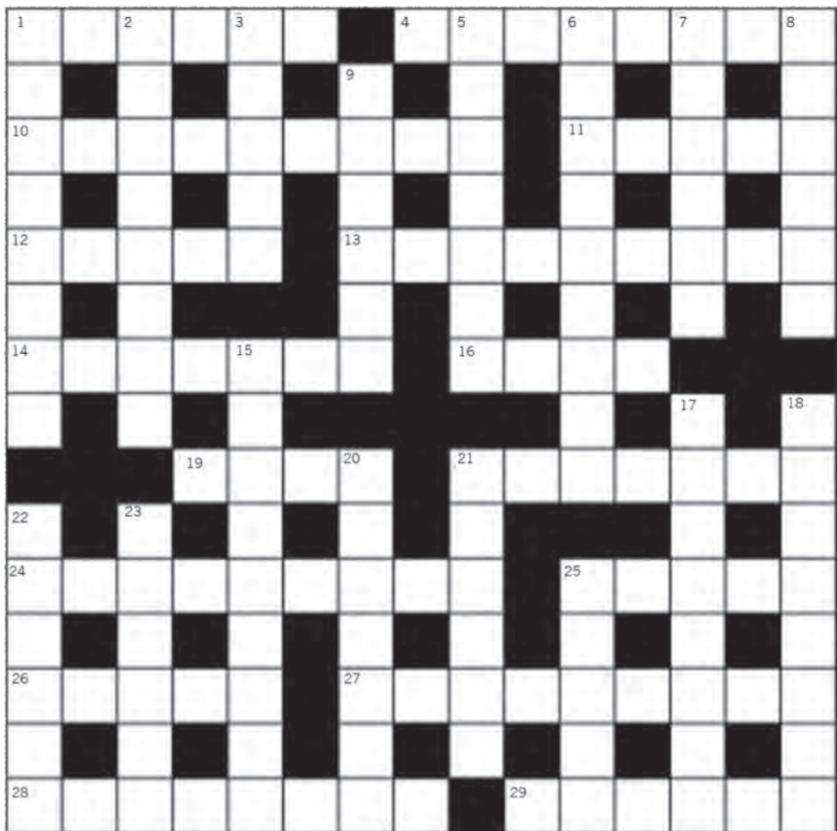
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Cryptic

By Bolton



As seven solutions are all 19-acs, they are not defined.
All other clues are normal.

Across

- 1. Stone in one (6)
- 4. Blue-green hybrid without provision (8)
- 10. Niacin oat mixed in tobacco plant (9)
- 11. Headless believer winning ticket (5)
- 12. Battery dropped via Affleck thriller (5)
- 13. General Blanket (9)
- 14. Poor-poor [sic] (7)
- 16. Currency or "Spanish John" to the auditor (4)
- 19. Underwrite plus or minus (4)
- 21. Equine breastplate straddling topoi trellises (7)
- 24. Muhammad funds are divorce funds (9)
- 25. Tomes collection twice cut off (5)

- 26. Memory stockpile (5)
- 27. Screwing former lover, eel and crab is extremely unpleasant (9)
- 28. Modelled differently and circled again (8)
- 29. Intermediate labor easy for deity (6)

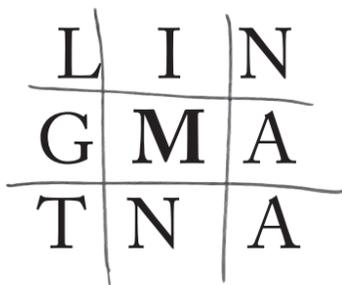
Down

- 1. Even egos collapse in a southern Italian (8)
- 2. Mother took me away from an African country for a biscuit (8)
- 3. Rot in fragmented explosive (5)
- 5. Become entitled to make reservation (7)
- 6. Sheik Azan remade a Jew (9)
- 7. The most hostile cities are in ruins (6)
- 8. Pay debt without a US city (6)
- 9. Winged boy dropped one for nothing and a tenor (6)
- 15. Abbreviated system of thought with 19-ac a recent Dench flick (9)
- 17. Likely non-amateur confused biblical tower (8)
- 18. Chop as clever as choppers (8)
- 20. Lack of experience shown by gullible flippin' alien (7)
- 21. Left after Ctrl+V for delicate shade (6)
- 22. Tin and half-cerium (6)
- 23. Mixed spices (6)
- 25. Middling solar goals slowly (5)

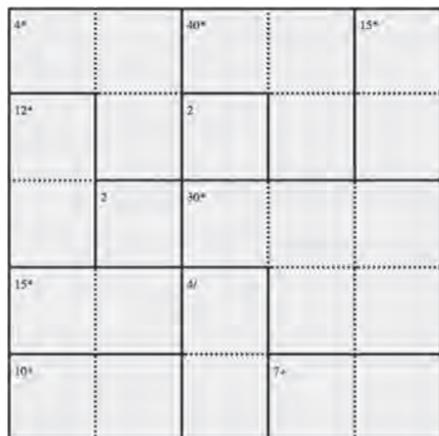
Target

Minimum four letter words

Not Grouse: 20 Grouse: 35 Grouser: 45 Grousest: 68

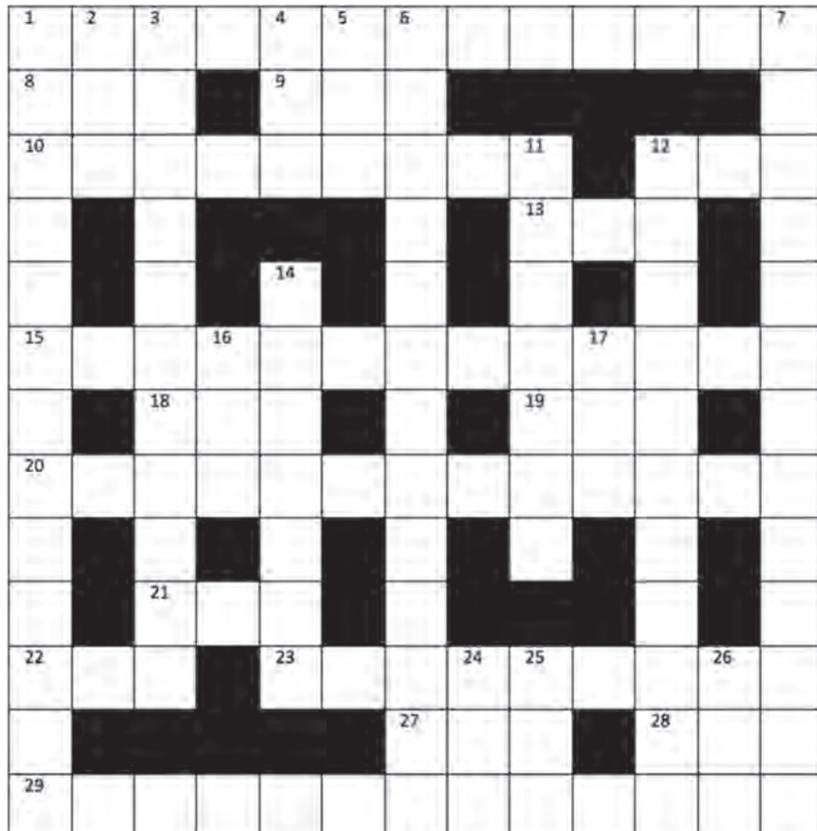


KenKen



Quick

By Ben Sullivan



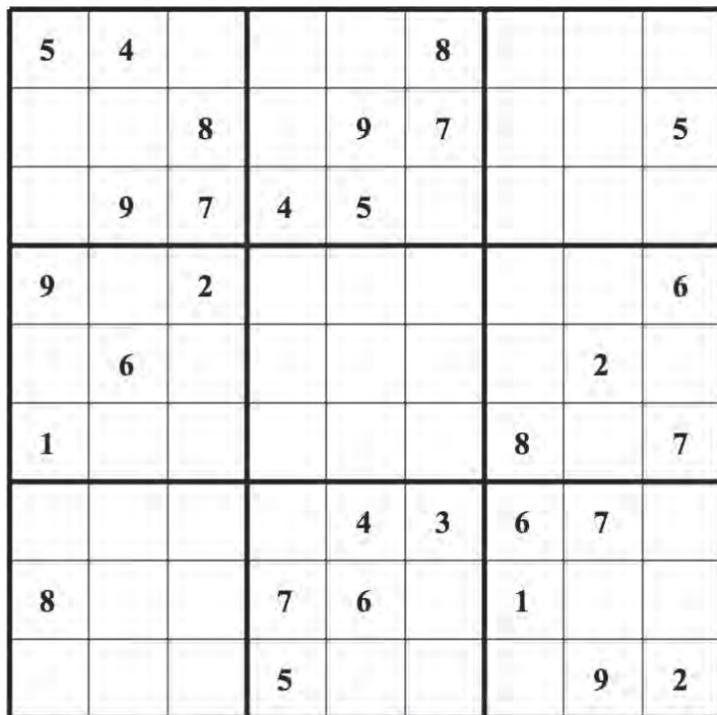
Across

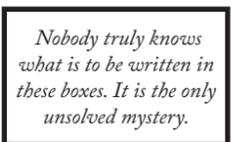
- 1. light exercises
- 8. Australian Rugby Union (init.)
- 9. Born
- 10. Reminders
- 12. Standard
- 13. Lingerie item
- 15. Extremely irritating (5-8)
- 18. Global journal for original research on infectious diseases (init.)
- 19. Tolkien creature
- 20. Slingshot effect (7-6)
- 21. Korean Airlines (init.)
- 22. ...and downs
- 23. Having no angle
- 27. Common, in Hawaii
- 28. American Aerospace, Defence and Information Security agency (init.)
- 29. Engraver of ornaments

Down

- 1. Area where you can pitch a tent (7,6)
- 2. Exist
- 3. Feller
- 4. Test to determine clotting tendency of blood
- 5. Host
- 6. small muscle in the middle ear that protects the eardrum (6,7)
- 7. Straightway
- 11. Dental problem
- 12. Peacefully
- 14. Placed below the letter c to indicate that it is pronounced as an s
- 16. Antiguan sportsman, ... Richards
- 17. "Sleeping Beauty Syndrome" (init.)
- 24. Scottish now
- 25. Squelch
- 26. Electrical unit

Sudoku





Editorial

I Don't Understand the Internet and Neither Should You

There has been unprecedented pressure placed on good, honest media outlets of late to conform to the bedevilled conventions of the Internet.

It will come as little surprise to the loyal reader to hear that *The Garter* will not cave to the surmounting threat of the new and exciting.

The Garter board of directors is insistent that we develop our "reach" on "Facebook" and "Youtube" with "content", to them, I say, you had best be fire-proof! (the threat is figurative, of course, for the weak-willed inclined to cry out, "bad taste!").

Over the next few weeks you may notice a noble establishment, brought to its knees and eyes gaunt, succumbing to those who manage the new media. A "page" will inevitably emerge, and we will begin the dizzying, rockstar ascent to best loved publication on the whole of Internet.

But for what? For "traction", they claim.

Know that the ethical direction of this paper has always been and will always be the utmost imperative of an editorial army under my command.

There is no promise I take more seriously than *The Garter's* commitment to a floundering, regal, beautiful, arcane form. Let no change pass unless it must. But when it does, let us slash and hack at its vulnerable, soft underbelly and ensure the passage is a tumultuous as the would-be-changes of old. It seems we must begin to make the slightest concessions.

How will things change? Only the brainiest science nerds could possibly speculate. But as we breach the fourth dimension, and wade into this terrifying, binary world, we will remain a stalwart, broadsheet institution that loves things like words, and our readers, above all.

Quality shall never falter.

I remain your humble, armed, servant,
Amanda Huntingslow

ISIS MILITANTS STRUGGLE TO IDENTIFY DEPICTIONS OF THE HUMAN FORM IN IRAQI CUBIST EXHIBITION

That blasted global correspondant Eldon Ledger made it round the world in fewer than eighty days? Outrageous!



Militants refuse to "disregard degrees of abstraction" before smashing shit with sledgehammer

Regional sources have this morning confirmed that ISIS militants ransacked several sites of cultural significance in Iraqi Kurdistan, but have been temporarily brought to a halt by the abstract paintings on display in the Kurdish Museum of Modern Art which couldn't definitively be said to depict the human form.

The assault follows a successful raid on Mosul Museum, where cultural artifacts were brutally destroyed. Unfortunately, the cubists' subversion of the mimetic realism that underscores most of humanity's artistic antiquities served only to confound the militants.

ISIS spokespeople complained of confusion, as typically blasphemous titles such as *Two Men at Lunch* were attached to predominantly geometric works that did not literally portray humans.

Speaking to *The Garter*, a fighter offered comment on Braque's *Portrait of a Woman*, "It could be a human form to be idolised, but it could also just be a bunch of shapes on a canvas. There are no provisions for squares and triangles in our faith."

After their own attempts to identify idols proved fruitless, the militants proceeded to hold the exhibition's curator at gunpoint. But even when threatened with execution she proved incapable of identifying the

subjects of most of the works. *The Garter* understands that her last known words were "you clearly don't understand art".

Ultimately, only a solitary, little-known Metzinger was slashed. While all agreed that the painting was not an instance of idolatry, the ISIS militant who perpetrated the act was overheard justifying his decision: "I've always felt that Metzinger's spatiotemporal complexities fail to properly counterbalance the flatness of the canvas. Also, his brushwork is lazy."



Georges Braque's Portrait of a Woman, one of the paintings left untouched.

Abbott "Won't Be Distracted" by Reporter with Laser-Pointer

"He says that, but I don't buy it" Brings us more.

At a press conference this morning, Prime Minister Tony Abbott reaffirmed his commitment to the leadership of the government and declared that he "won't be distracted" by "trivial things," like the laser pointer that I brought to the event.

The declaration came just minutes into the address after I got him once in each pupil.

Despite the assurances, several of Abbott's statements regarding the reintroduction of legislation for a GP Co-payment and his handling of the Triggs Report were stilted, and ultimately cut short by extended pauses, in which his eyes darted back and forth at rapid speed, tracking the pointer's progress across the room, when it wasn't directly in his eyes.

"I am just trying to get on with government," the Prime Minister said. "I appreciate that not everyone is, perhaps, happy with my leadership, but we have begun the consultative process and we will not be distra-- please stop that," Abbott stated while shielding his eyes on account of my laser pointer.

The laser pointer I used was a Logitech R400 Wireless Presenter in Black. It retails at Officeworks for \$79.00.

At the time of publication, Abbott was quickly losing patience with me, but I was still getting him right in the damn eyes.

IN THIS ISSUE

Marine Le Pen slays Marine Le Sword
page 6

Modern-day Croesus magnanimously insists cashier keep 10c change
page 11

Kremlin 'not involved' in Nemtsov murder, declares sniggering Putin
page 30

New-Age motivational speaker “manifests” himself table at packed restaurant

We paid a dish-hand to write this, it was a steal, I have no idea what their name is

Using techniques popularised by books like “The Secret”, professional Universal Vision Technology™ coach Eddie Gelman was able to be seated in a packed, inner-city, fine dining location in time for his date’s arrival at 7.30pm on Friday night.

“Using my trademarked Universal Vision Technology™ methods my students have been able to accomplish their greatest dreams and attain their wildest desires” Gelman explained at a beginners life seminar in October last year. “But it’s not just about those long term goals, like doubling your sales at work or getting that promotion you know you deserve, it’s about proving to people in day-to-day moments that you are a person who deserves interest and affection, that you deserve to get what you want.

After getting word that the entire restaurant was booked out at 7 PM,

nearby diners reported Gelman begged on his hands and knees for the maitre d’ to “please just kick like two of these goddamn losers out for christ’s sake”.

“It’s a basic fact of science that the universe gives and receives,” explained Gelman to his 55 seminar attendees, of whom many were high level CEO’s and entrepreneurs. “Once the universe receives your dedication and love, it can give you back anything you desire. Beautiful coincidences and acts of kindness from strangers you used to think were serendipities will begin to fall into your lap all the time. And this cosmic give and take is all a part of the laws of nature that anyone, especially you, can harness.”

Following the request of the manager that Gelman leave the establishment, the speaker began to hurl abuse at the eatery’s patrons and staff. Departing diners reported that Gelman threw plates of pasta at the restaurant’s walls and

threatening to “burn this shit shack to the ground” should he not get a table by 7.30.

“I will throw you all of you into a god damn well if I don’t get what I want,” Gelman said atop one of the trendy restaurant’s tightly packed tables, “Do you understand? I will burn your mother alive.”

At press time, Gelman stated, “success is about maintaining an active presence in each and every moment, and having an aura and energy which is characterised by kindness, compassion and love, rather than negativity. Once you do that, things will just ‘click’ and you will trust the universe to just take over”

Gelman was given a table for two at 7.25 on the condition that he would remain quiet and never return.

Edgy comedian uses comedy to deal with controversial issues like how he’s a huge dick

Blythe Carver, The Garter’s least funny reporter, reports

At a standup show in a Kings Cross hotel, it was last night revealed that local comedian Parker Wade uses humour to deal with the fact that he is a dick.

“Comedy is a great way of breaking down barriers,” Wade explained. “The moment you say I can’t horribly mock something, you’re saying that I can’t grapple with an idea in the best way I know how. A lot of people just don’t want to talk about things like what an enormous dick I am - but I don’t recognise such arbitrary boundaries.”

Friends report that Parker is widely considered pretty funny, with one advising, “That’s just what Parker’s like, you know? Don’t take it personally.”

Wade pulls no punches when writing jokes, and draws no distinction between holding power to account, and crudely mocking society’s underdogs, insisting that he makes fun of everyone equally. “A lot of people won’t touch topics like black people, gays, the Holocaust, but I’ll go anywhere. But it’s not, like, sexist if I mock men too.”

Wade says he enjoys ignoring “the haters” and believes in the model of comics like The Chaser Team and Dane Cook.

“It’s all in good spirit. And no one really minds that I’m a hugely inconsiderate cunt. Right?”

At press time, Wade was seen insulting journalists, then jocularly smacking them on the back, then loudly laughing to drown out his cruelty, at least in his own ears.

Latest Fitbit “Storm” Raises your Heartbeat to 170 BPM and You Can’t Turn it Off

Our idiot sports writer Tyron Lifter wrote something precious for you

Fitbit founders James Park and Eric Friedman today announced the latest device in their wearable fitness tech line that increases the user’s heartbeat to 170 beats-per-minute and you can’t take it off and it won’t slow down.

Fitbit Storm will be the ninth product on offer from the San Francisco startup’s laboratories. The device is scheduled for release in December of 2015 and will retail at approximately \$180.

“It’s pretty clear what the market wants. It’s a small, wearable device that you can strap to your wrist that artificially raises

your heartrate to 170BPM and that can’t be turned or taken off.”

The device represents a departure from the company’s growing line of multi-metric products in favour of a specialised unit that, rather than graphing miles covered, sleep consistency and body temperature, serves only to accelerate the wearer’s heartrate to a near-lethal figure and then not be turned off.

“In the current turbulent market of fitness tech, a lot of users just want a product that they can rely on to do one thing, and to do one thing well. In this case -

dangerously increasing the human heartrate, possibly in pursuit of weight loss.”

Concerns arose after two demonstrators at the product launch turned on their devices and immediately fell to the floor, screaming and clutching at their chests.

In the face of critics, Park and Friedman remain confident, the former shouting over the howls of the demonstrator: “The future is now, and you can wear it on your wrist, and it is going to excite you, *dangerously* excite you, and you will not be able to turn it off and you will not be able to take it off.”

PARLINGTON’S FINE WARES

Parlington’s Fine Wares are purveyors of serious antiquity. This Saturday marks auction for one of the most valuable pieces in the Parlington collection:

- Oh, God. It’s one of those grotesque racist statuettes
- If this is from the fifties I’m pretty sure it’s still too racist
- Fuck. If you touch its arm I think it’s a nut cracker.
- And it’s teeth move. Of course it’s fucking teeth move.
- Whose family did this come from? Actually?
- This is disgusting. We can’t in all good conscience sell this



Parlington’s Fine Wares
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Top ten names for your boy or girl car

The Road Best-Travelled

by Dirk Petroleum:

Listen up, gudgeon pins! We're on the cusp of a metrosexual dystopia where people have forgotten the important lessons. Like how to drive, and how to love. Cars. Mostly how to drive and how to love cars. Now, it's as obvious as a broken fan belt that you can't love anything you can't drive, and you can't drive anything you haven't named. That's sacrilege of the highest gear order.

Firstly, you have to find the right car. Just like finding the right person in your life, you start with a basic idea of what you want: the right style, the right size, the right colour. You may well go through hundreds, perhaps thousands, of names for your beloved; more than any ol' flesh-child.

And then, wham, it hits you. Not like a car hitting you, though, with the impact of 1.7 tons of metal propelled by 350 horsepower. Less. Like getting knocked in the chin by the boot opening a bit too quick. Wowee, you'll wonder how you ever managed with any other name. Here are my top ten names for your boy or girl car.

Boy Car Names:

10. Griffin
9. Magnus
8. The Beast (If it's a not shit ute)
7. Elvis (Don't use '1's for both the '1' and 'i' on the number plate, it's sloppy)
6. Galactus
5. Eliot (ONE L AND ONE T ONLY!)
4. Victor
3. Guglielmo (For mid-size continental two-door hardtops)
2. Dazza (It's very funny if you have a mate Dazza because it's confusing)
1. Donko

Girl Car Names:

10. Sylvia (Hatchback girl car name)
9. Temptation
8. Hedda
7. Joannette (For a classy lady ute)
6. Sara
5. Martina (If it's a sports model)
4. Melba (Compact SUV/people mover)
3. Porcelina (not for a Porsche, obviously)
2. Renee
1. Renée

Your car has been christened in the church of big vrooms! Happy Driving!



On the Mistreatment of Philosopher Kings

The Only True Wisdom

by Dylon Stubbs:

Greetings, humanist world-travellers!

People often ask me, "IronCharioteer1992 [my online persona], why are people like you and I so unjustly maligned?" and I (as ever) look to the best-trodden wisdom of the ancients and magnanimously retort:

"Concerning the things about which you ask to be informed I am not ill-prepared with an answer" (that was *Socrates*)

Why, because we are *philosopher kings*.

The Philosopher King is a rare and gentle species. They are lifted from the works of Plato and probably suspect what they are! Slow to warm to unfamiliar people or situations, the Philosopher King is most at home inside a self-contained subterranean castle within their own or other's kingdom, where they can enjoy foreign cartoons, free speech, and hearty debate outside of the public eye. While the Philosopher King may appear aloof, they warm quickly to those who ply their favour with food (or *other* treats)!

And yet, some refuse to acknowledge the humble majesty of the Philosopher King. Our wisdom is decried with buzzwords like "problematic" and "selfish", and our very way of life—founded on traditional values, freedom of speech, and chivalry—is threatened by the thought police. Police undoubtedly surpassing the terror of Orwell's creations, *if only by the very fact that they are not fiction!*

Many will find this way of life alienating—both those who observe and those who pursue it—but should you ever feel alone on your journey remember me, and remember the words of beloveds like the great contrarian *Christopher Hitchens* who reminds us: "take the risk of thinking for yourself, much more happiness, truth, beauty and wisdom will come to you that way."

Carpe Diem, Dylon Stubbs

"He who would trade liberty for some temporary security, deserves neither." (That's Jefferson!)



Fine, and Finer Tastes, with Michel d'Goblin:

Review: some toast that fell on the floor but is probably still good

There is culinary delight to be found in the simplest of places. One needn't (indeed, shouldn't!) venture out to a five star restaurant to arouse the gustatory sense, to tantalise the tongue and to court human spit. I have known the greatest excess, but I last-night knew revelation.

Imagine, if you can, a portly, but altogether quite handsome man with the kiss of unkempt whiskers upon his

chin, fumbling a plate on account of one conciliatory sherry-too-many. A beautiful scene, tragically punctuated by a very thunderbolt from the Gods! The meal, exiled to the floor!

At first glance, it seemed nothing special. A square of toast, presented buttered-side down on a square of slightly faded grey carpet. A bold visual statement indeed – the edges of the toast (artfully shy of burnt)

delicately adorned by ephemeral wisps of carpet fuzz, as if to wink at danger.

This is a unique culinary threat. It heightens one's pulse, and the resultant heady anticipation does to a meal what not even three (or perhaps four hats) could adorn. For this is a masterpiece of interactive dining, daring to flirt with the ugly, eschewing that tastebud populist; convention.

But the true test of a masterpiece is in the eating: the first bite of the toast yielded a slightly dry crispness, evoking foreign deserts and a shameful squall of neglect. The crust, largely unremarkable, gave way to a moist centre, impossibly soggy, were it not for its carpet germination. If the stale,

final edge of the toast had a taste, that taste was loneliness.

I would change nothing were I to sample this meal again (and I shall!). Such spectacular minimalism is a victory best left unquestioned.

Every crumb is a blessing, befitting of the kings who foolishly squander their days in the dining halls of Blumenthal and Pierre-White. I have sampled the offerings of such king-pleasers and they fall (as if a piece of toast!) in the face of this fallen piece of toast.

★★★★★

Five stars. I haven't a single regret.



The Garter wishes to retract certain claims made in last week's issue. As our burned-quite-badly puzzles editor has yet to be replaced, these claims will be amalgamated with puzzles in a *Garter* special.

1. Of **William Edwards** it was said that "no amount of potion could repair his broken heart" and the witches pity him.

2. We claimed that **Dominic Ellis** had killed four pedestrians, including

Ian Ferrington in a road-rage incident that followed an altercation over a parking space.

3. *The Garter* last week published that **Sam Langford** had approved more than forty-thousand dollars of public funding for a lizard racecar.

4. **Patrick Morrow** was said to have slain the first-borns of a thousand mothers.

5. Did the Garter correctly or incorrectly claim that **Thomas Murphy** approved of the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand?

6. True or False: **Michael Richardson's** tongue has hairs on.

7. Last week, our gossip section published salacious images, suggesting **Sophia Roberts** and **Cam Smith** had been caught out in a cupboard. Do we retract or reiterate the allegations?

8. **Eden Tollis'** artworks rival those of Joseph Mallord Wilson Turner.

9. **Mary Ward** is a good-for-nothing, rapscallion what theived a loaf of bread.

PUZZLES, REITERATIONS AND RETRACTIONS

SOLUTIONS

9. Retracted. And she'll getcha again!
8. Retracted
7. Photo credit was due to Peter Walsh
6. Retracted. This is a true claim.
5. Retracted
4. Retracted, settled out of court.
3. Retracted
2. Retracted, formal apology issued
1. Retracted



Students' Representative Council The University of Sydney



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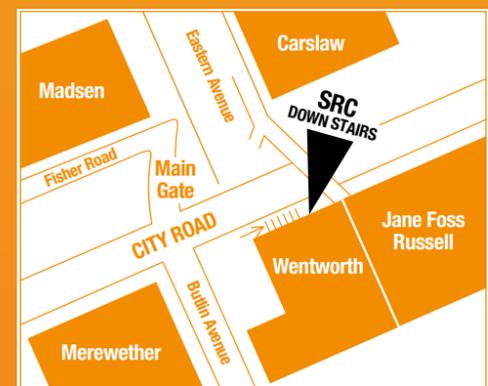


STUDENT MEDIA

Media for students, by students

- *Honi Soit* weekly student newspaper & website: www.honisoit.com
- Student handbooks

FIND THE SRC



Location:

Level 1, Wentworth Building,
Darlington/Camperdown Campus,
University of Sydney
(below City Road footbridge)

Office Hours:

Monday-Friday, 9:00am-5:00pm

Contact:

p: 9660 5222 | **f:** 9660 4260

e: help@src.usyd.edu.au

w: src.usyd.edu.au

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