

HONI SOIT



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Editorial:

If you listen closely, you can hear their smiles

Hello again, it's good to see you. Jump right in.

In this week's feature (page 13), a number of Muslim women share their stories with us. Their narratives of self-empowerment, presented as an alternative to the overbearing homogeneity of white colonial feminism, demand to be heard. Here, we attempt to grant their voices the

attention and respect rarely afforded them in mainstream Western media. We hope it's a step in the right direction.

On page 11, Naaman Zhou gives us a smackdown of the racist construct that is 'oriental'-flavoured instant noodles. Give it a spin, it's hilarious—because sometimes racism is hilarious and fatuous and banal. Sometimes power is laughing at the things

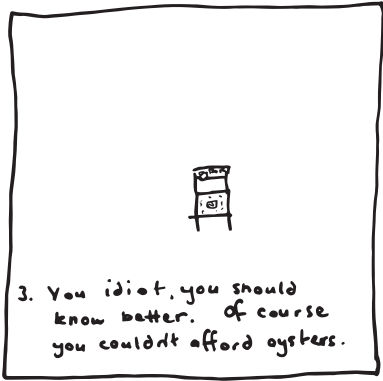
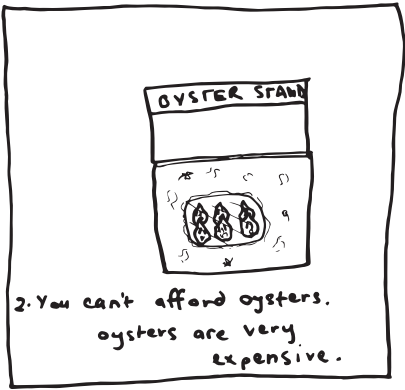
that should hurt us.

We also hear from Lord Michael Dobbs, the creator of *House of Cards* (page 10); I guess occasionally old white men have interesting things to say, too.

You probably didn't know that plants might be sentient (page 9), or that your university pays people to harass the

widows of deceased alumni for donations (page 7). I hope there's something in these pages that makes you feel uncomfortable. That disturbs you. That makes you glance away from the detritus of your life to see the people at the edges. They're waiting. Be kind, and listen.

Rebecca Wong



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The Punters Won't Cop This

Dear Honi,

It is a reasonable presumption to say that I stand with the majority of students in our mutual & utter disbelief that USU Board directors, Mr Carrigan & Mr Magyar have been given the proverbial 'slap on the wrist' with mere censure motions being passed against them at Friday's (6/3/15) Board meeting.

What is surprising still, is that these gentlemen actually deem themselves worthy of continuing elected office, at the expense of the ACCESS card-carrying student. Regardless of past performance or the potential shown by these two directors, they are not on the USU's 'V-team' contributing to student life purely at their own expense. They, as directors, receive a stipend off the back of the student dollar & their abuse of Cabcharge privileges in January (again, afforded to them by fellow students) makes their respective positions on the Board simply untenable.

The Board should be congratulated for passing significant reforms in the future election of Board directors, however we will undoubtedly still see campaigns based around the notion of 'accountability'. This is something that featured heavily in both Mr Magyar & Carrigan's campaigns along with their fellow Board directors. Most of the directors have avowed their desire for a board more accountable to students,

but regular students cannot vote in Board meetings so it is the directors who are charged with the responsibility of acting in the best interests of students. On this occasion, they have not even come close to achieving this.

If the Board lacked the intestinal fortitude to show zero-tolerance toward unethical appropriations of student money in standing-down the guilty parties indefinitely; the only honourable or appropriate action left for both Carrigan & Magyar is to resign from their directorships. With any luck, we will see replacements that do not hold students and their hard-earned money in such high contempt.

Alex Fitton
Economics II

A Response To Lauren Pearce's "Letter To My Past Self"

Please pass on my thanks for Lauren Pearce for writing that incredible letter to her past self. I can't imagine how many students on campus will find this invaluable in pulling through their first semester or year of university. I think this is something we all needed to read.

Monica Renn

A Fraction of the Truth

Dear Honi,

I'm writing as President of the Libertarian Society in relation to your piece "At a Fraction of the Cost." While I actually feel we were accurately described, I think it's a bit disingenuous to state that all political clubs were approached, when neither ourselves nor had the Conservative Club been asked to make a comment when I was chatting to their volunteers about the article. While it was a fairly accurate representation of the political clubs on campus it's sloppy reporting when you do not contact the clubs for comment while claiming that you did.

Sincerely,
Kerrod Gream

Oops

Corrections from last week

Dominic Ellis forgot to credit himself for his editorial in Week One. Sorry Dom.

Amanda Huntingslow did not acknowledge Tim Asimakis' contribution to *The Garter Press*. His piece has been retroactively removed.

This Week Online:

I didn't have an opinion about the newspaper before. Now I do. Please, if you're going to promote your newspaper, try being civil?

Slanderman, /r/usyd

A few hundred dollars cab charge - is this response and action by the board proportional? It seems to have taken up most of the valuable meeting time that ought to have been devoted to improving student services.

"6) That the Board recognises the need for a more transparent and accountable approach to the entitlement of Directors to spend the funds of the University of Sydney Union at their discretion, and to that end undertakes to implement a policy for the proper regulation of this system at or before its meeting on 24 April 2014."

I presume the date should be 2015. But no doubt, a senior staff member will now have to spend quite a lot of time over the next few weeks drafting this new policy. How many \$1000s of dollars of time will that take. It actually seems that the current policy is sound, and in fact works, the persons who apparently abused the system were caught and will pay the money back.

Concerned Citizen



If you have thoughts, feelings, or opinions please email editors@honisoit.com. Please.



Sentenced To Inequity

Justin Pen explains why your lawyer is as important as your doctor.

When you're feeling a bit under the weather, suffering from a dribbly nose and a sore throat and some third, peculiar element—clammy ears or swollen feet—you'll probably visit your doctor. Even if it's a run of the mill cold or flu, you don't want to take the risk that there's something seriously wrong. It's common sense. This ethos is known as preventative healthcare and it's how we need to start seeing legal advocacy work.

The solicitors at the Redfern Legal Centre where I volunteer rarely argue before a court in suit and tie, let alone robes and wigs. Community Legal Centre (CLC) work happens behind the scenes and around the edges. It's drafting letters, chasing up creditors and the persistent badgering of dodgy telcos, police and landlords to develop payment plans, elicit apologies and reclaim bonds. For the most part, it isn't glorious. It's your GP sticking a paddle pop stick on your tongue and telling you to say "ah".

In its inaugural budget, the Abbott government cut funding to CLCs by \$20 million over two years, with a further \$6 million cut scheduled for the year after. Other community legal services targeted in the budget include the Aboriginal Legal Service (ALS), which lost 20% of its Commonwealth funding.

These cuts have very real consequences. Following the federal budget, the ALS announced that it would have to junk its throughcare program. The program, which assisted Indigenous people making the transition from prison back into the broader community, is an example of the preventative services that CLCs can run.

Poverty and homelessness are two major preconditions for violent crime and property offences. They are in turn often caused by debt and housing issues which CLCs can, and do, help to resolve, via a gamut of services ranging from credit and debt advice to tenancy advocacy to police complaint support.

These services can be critically important, as the difference between affording groceries and living on the streets can be one bad phone bill or a transit fine. In the

same way that GPs provide immunisations, early detection and preventative medicine, CLC foot-soldiers can ameliorate or prevent social and economic situations from rapidly deteriorating.

now, I can't be with you in court but I've written it all down on a naphin, or at least the important parts, so you should be fine also that's all the contact hours you can afford exhausted. I'm so sorry.



development.

So threatening is this work that it last year became the subject of funding arrangement amendments, which determined that unauthorised "advocacy activities" could

influence how much funding a CLC would receive.

Taking money from frontline services also means costs will be passed further down the chain. Research from the Law Council of Australia (LCA) indicates that every dollar we don't invest in Legal Aid costs us \$2.25 elsewhere in the community.

One such area is incarceration: the Australian Bureau of Statistics reports the national prison population is at a ten-year high. In fact, data from the Productivity Commission indicates we spent \$2.6 billion on corrective services just last year. The LCA also highlights unemployment, mental health and social services as areas that cop the human cost of underfunded legal services.

The proposed \$7 GP co-payment was axed last week, presumably sent to Valhalla with the dead, buried and cremated Workchoices legislation. But organisations like ALS, RLC and myriad other CLCs are still staring down cuts without the backing of major (or minor) political parties or vociferous community support. We need to start seeing our CLCs like we see our GPs, and we need to start fighting for them.

Supporting LGBTIQ Students and Staff

Joanna Connolly reports on the launch of the ALLY Network.

Last Tuesday, the rainbow flag was raised above the Sydney Quadrangle to applause and the pumping beats of Sia.

The gesture marked the launch of the ALLY Network—a University initiative aimed at supporting the inclusion of Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, Intersex and Queer students and staff.

It was star-studded as far as university events go. Member for Sydney Alex Greenwich was in attendance, along with the more conservative politicians Hon. Don Harwin and Trevor Khan. University heavyweights Chancellor Belinda Smith and Vice Chancellor Michael Spence also made appearances, both speaking in support of the initiative.

Sydney is the latest of many universities to launch such an initiative. ALLY networks

have been springing up around university campuses all over Australia, aiming to develop visible networks of students and staff who are allies of LGBTIQ-identifying students.

I went to the launch event of Sydney's version; but to be honest I learnt more about slick university marketing than I did about the substance of the network. As I understand it, Allies are not necessarily identified as any particular sexuality or gender identity, but are trained in LGBTIQ issues. They work to make campus a more safe and welcoming place. In particular, they provide support—assisting the work already being done by queer people on campus, not overtaking it.

Former High Court Justice Michael Kirby gave the event's keynote speech. Recalling his time as a student at the University,

when he was President of both the SRC and the Union, Kirby reflected on the struggle of spending that time closeted. His student career, extraordinarily successful by any standard, was marked by an inability to, as yet, be open about who he was. While his experience had been partly a product of his time, he hoped that times were changing—and that this network of committed staff and students was an indicator of that.

That hope, of course, relies upon the assumption that the ALLY Network actually represents a genuine commitment on the part of the university to support queer and trans people on campus. This was a concern alluded to by student speaker Oscar Monaghan. Polite but firm, he reminded the audience of the existing difficulties—some startlingly basic—that LGBTIQ students face, directly as

a result of university policy and practice. The policies around name changes, for example, effectively force trans students to out themselves to tutors, or be outed, without their consent. Public spaces remain littered with queer-phobic slurs, often scrawled on top of queer-friendly signs intended to deter such hatred.

Evidently the launch of the ALLY Network is just a beginning. Those involved in the initiative should be commended, but here's hoping this is the start of a much longer process of listening to and promoting the voices of queer students and staff.

To find out more about becoming an Ally, email: ally.network@sydney.edu.au.



Yes, Please ‘Leave Our Anxiety Alone’

Lauren Pearce thinks Mark Latham should stop talking out of his arse.

Mark Latham lives less than ten kilometres from me. He went to school in the area, ran off and made a fool of himself in Canberra for a while, pissed off all of his colleagues, and is settling into a peaceful and prosperous life of attempting to save himself from irrelevancy by writing for the *Australian Financial Review*.

In November last year, Latham claimed in an article for the *Review* that women in Sydney’s West don’t have mental illnesses. You see, we’re far too busy looking after our husbands’ children while the gents go off to work in our nation’s fine industrial sector.

Should we tell him, or are we just going to let him spin?

Everyone was fairly happy to chalk that one up to the opinion of an old fart, unsuccessfully trying to delay his spiral into oblivion. However, on Saturday the 7th of March, the *Review* published an article penned by Mr. Latham, titled ‘Leave our anxiety alone’, where he blames the “left-

wingers and Liberal state interventionists”, and oddly enough, *Birdman*, for the “fad” of anxiety. Mr. Latham even expresses concern for the “8 percent of Australians [who] have been conned into thinking the only way they can deal with anxiety is by popping pills”.

Apart from the fact that it’s odd that someone who once led a left-wing party is complaining about left-wingers, I take issue with Mark’s sentiments. As part of the above-mentioned statistic, I think he should shut the fuck up.

I take solace in the fact that Mr. Latham is making these comments for two reasons. One, he was miffed that *Boyhood* didn’t win Best Picture and two, he has less than zero experience with anxiety. For the latter, I wish him well. The fewer people suffering from mental health issues, the better. For them.

For those unaware, anxiety is more than a set of worries. It’s a chemical imbalance in the brain which causes a variety of

symptoms. These range from tremors and feelings of dread, to panic attacks, insomnia, heart palpitations, the sensation that you are about to die or go insane, hair loss, hallucinations or “voices”, loss of employment, collapse of relationships, agoraphobia (being unable to leave the house or bedroom), and suicide. This is an illness that kills people. Some people who have anxiety need psychological therapy, anti-depressants or muscle relaxants like some people with cancer need chemotherapy: so that they don’t die.

Suicide, often as a result of depression, anxiety and other mental health concerns, is the leading cause of death for people my age. Organisations like beyondblue (which Latham inexplicably picks out from a handful of similar groups to repeatedly lambast in his article) provide funding and awareness campaigns to try and stop people from dying. Latham takes the time to single out their Kids Matter program, which is similarly aimed at making sure young children who are at risk of developing anxiety and depression later

in life can access support and, if necessary, treatment.

Am I the only one seeing this? Since when did wanting infants to not have serious mental health issues become a trendy-lefty thing? I’m more fashionable than I thought.

Unfortunately, for every one (well, two) of Latham’s articles that I read, there’s handfuls of people who will tell me that my mental illness would go away if I could just stop worrying.

But, as a pill popper myself, I’m sure my opinion isn’t valid. I’m sure that in Mr. Latham’s eyes I’m just another “headcase-arty-farty-Leftie-trendoid”, one of the Birdmen by whom society has been overtaken. Go back to yelling at the wind, old man. Caw.

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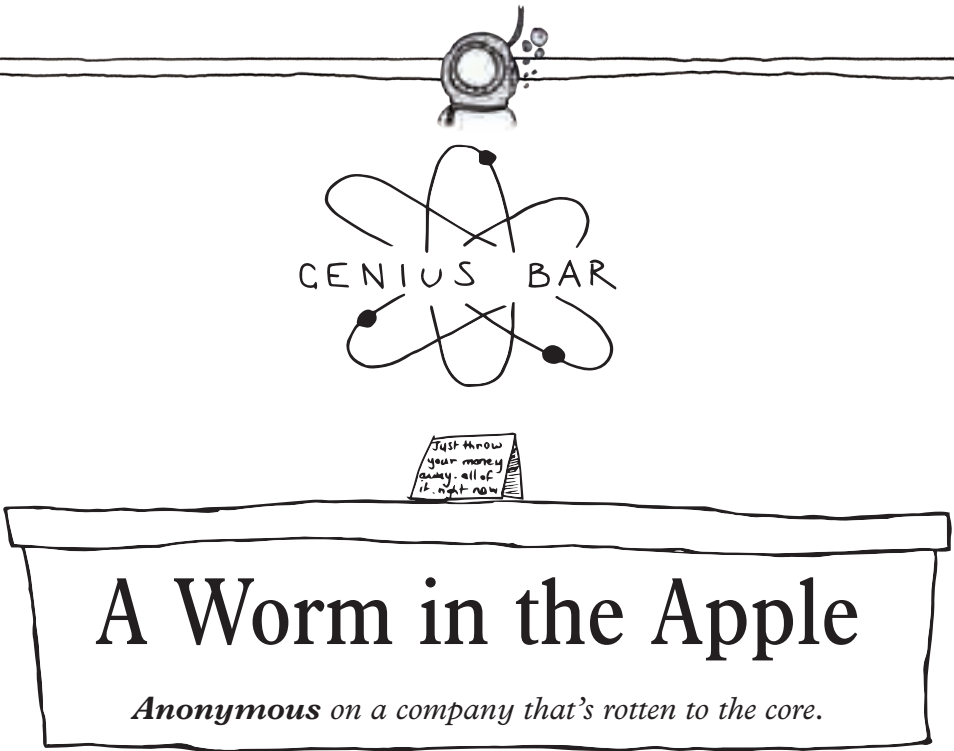
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The first thing I noticed when I walked in were the non-disclosure agreements sitting neatly in front of every seat. I had applied to work for Apple and was about to begin what was, I realised later, the first of many group interviews for the job. Nothing could start until we signed. Nothing we heard that day would ever be repeated for the unanointed to hear. We were about to become the insider, members of a secret club, the ones who knew how it all really worked.

All 25 of us signed.

What followed was an hour and a half of lectures about Apple. Despite the intense secrecy it was mostly just videos and pop quizzes you could assemble from five minutes of Google searches. When called upon I made worthwhile interjections; my regurgitation went something like this:

“Apple is so great precisely because it *doesn’t* give us choice—the genius of Jobs was to draw Bauhaus design principles into modern computing, bringing us the *essence* of products rather than the *complete product*. The reality is we can’t always get what we want from Apple products, but, crucially, we get what we need.” (Or words to that effect.)

The trainer applauded me. The interview was over. Before we could leave, Apple store gift vouchers were thrust into our hands, “A free song! A gift from us to you.”

A few days later I received an email inviting me to a second round interview, and instructing me to assent to a Federal Police accredited criminal records check. I never saw my interview cohort again.

A roughly similar process was repeated several times. Finally I received a call, the golden ticket, a contract with a fresh non-disclosure agreement and reams of corporate jargon.

Training for Apple is a process barely

distinguishable from the interviews—the only difference is that they have to pay you for training.

I was one of the lucky ones; I wouldn’t be on the sales floor, instead I’d be a “Family Room Specialist”.

To understand the role you have to understand Apple jargon. First, dissuade yourself of the notion that the sales floor is a sales floor; it’s actually a “Red Zone”—a term borrowed from American football for the space before the goal line where the action happens. You can’t walk into an Apple store without having to walk through the Red Zone first.

If you make it through the Red Zone without being tackled by salespeople you’re in the “Family Room”—a space that encompasses tables for Apple’s One to One training (only \$129 a year!) and the Genius Bar. The metaphor made me wish Steve Jobs had kept up his creative relationship with acid. I’ll spell it out for you like they had to in training: the Family Room is so called because it’s the place you return to once you’ve fronted up the cash and bought your way into the Apple family.

That might explain why the place is so dysfunctional.

Family Room Specialists are meant to be jacks-of-all-trades. In reality, you spend your time being passed off as an “Apple Genius” to customers, a role you fill with substantially less training and far lower wages than the real Geniuses.

That’s not the end of Apple’s whimsical linguistic games. They have three categories of words: “Do Not Use”, “Avoid” and “Use”. We were to follow the guide in our own speech. But we were also to rephrase and de-escalate customer complaints. In Applespeak “hot” is “warm”, “unfortunately” is “as it turns out”, “bugs” or “problems” become a “condition”, “issue” or “situation”.

An ideal interaction would go something like this:

CUSTOMER: “My iPhone’s been getting really hot, here have a feel.”

GENIUS: “Yeah, it is quite warm.”

CUSTOMER: “Surely that’s a problem.”

GENIUS: “Yeah, it is a bit of an issue.”

CUSTOMER: “Unfortunately, the battery just exploded and burnt me.”

GENIUS: “As it turns out, burns aren’t covered by the Apple warranty.”

The greatest obfuscation is the rebranding of the refurbished products given to customers as “remanufactured”—that particular linguistic trick comes with a back story for the more curious of our customers.

“No, remanufactured is different from refurbished, really. We like to avoid waste, so when you give us your broken device we disassemble it and test all the parts. The parts that work, we put together with a new case and battery, and that’s your new, remanufactured device.”

I never did work out how that was different to refurbishment.

On the last day of training our teachers took us out of the high-rise office that had been our classroom, walked us across George Street, and asked us to turn and face the store. We spent the next few minutes in silence watching the store buzz with activity.

“This Apple Store is the most photographed building in Sydney after the Opera House and Harbour Bridge!” exclaimed our teacher.

I wondered how they came up with the figure.

A few weeks into my time working at the Genius Bar I was asked to serve a couple, heartbroken that their near-new iPad had stopped. I told them I was happy to replace the product—they picked up what I left unsaid, and immediately asked if the replacement would be new, or refurbished.

I told them it was remanufactured, they asked what that meant and I explained; they said they didn’t want a refurbished iPad. They insisted on a refund so they could buy a brand new one. Feeling guilty, I told them that their consumer law rights meant they were probably entitled to ask for one, but that I’d have to speak to a manager to arrange it.

My manager was unimpressed. She told me it wasn’t my place to give “legal advice” to customers. I should have stood my ground, she told me—despite the fact that Apple had, only a few weeks earlier, accepted a court enforceable undertaking from the ACCC to respect consumer rights.

Eventually we found a compromise; we told the customers to walk to the Dick Smith where they’d bought the iPad, and ask them for a refund instead.

Another happy customer.

Apple staff swear blindly that their replacement devices are as good as new. They’re not. Two-thirds of the devices I saw were our own replacement phones coming back to us—often the replacements we were giving out simply wouldn’t turn on.

If you’ve made it this far you’ve probably worked out the biggest secret to the Apple magic—it’s the same dull corporate viciousness as any other company, wrapped in anodized aluminium. My time with Apple was the greatest acting lesson I ever took.

University Profiteering

Letter from the Eds.

For students of the University of Sydney, there is an overwhelming sense that things are changing, and not for the better. Wandering between ever-growing tutorials and navigating increasingly staff-less, digitized services, it is clear that we are no longer students at a university but living, breathing, thinking dollar signs. Sometimes they take our money. Sometimes they use us to take other people's money. Either way the University doesn't seem to care how much we learn or how we fare along the way. Management doesn't really seem to give a shit.

Sure, the university has to break even. But there was a time (we imagine at least) when it was crass to appear as anything more than an institution of learning, intellectual pursuit and personal growth. Over the next few weeks we will bring you stories that reveal how management really feels about you. Want to say something too? Write in, we'll publish it here.

Eds.

A Pound of Flesh Plus Interest

Max Hall on a story of debt collection.

In May 2014, family issues left Jack* without a home and with no financial support. He applied for Centrelink and was told that proving "independence"—the necessary criterion for receiving AusStudy when you are younger than 22—requires a parent or guardian to confirm that you are no longer their dependant. Jack's parents were unwilling to cooperate, forcing him to go through the lengthy and stressful process of finding third-party proof in an already emotional situation.

To stay afloat while proving his independence, Jack applied for a bursary, only to find that poor results in previous semesters left him ineligible (a psychologist would later attribute these results to Jack's poor mental health at the time). As a last resort, Jack took out a \$1000 student loan from the University, to be repaid in \$100 monthly instalments from August.

Amid ongoing mental health issues, Jack assumed that his third appeal to Centrelink, now with the testimony

of a psychologist, would finally see his independence recognised. He took out a second loan from the University to begin repaying the first. However, the decision dragged on, leaving Jack unable to pay his October instalment.

University policy calls for the application of "sanctions" against students who have overdue debts. As a result, Jack was prevented from accessing his academic record. Without this access, he was unable to reapply for a scholarship he had been awarded in the past which would have covered his entire debt.

Having missed four repayments, Jack received a letter from Dun and Bradstreet, an international debt collection agency. (The University had neglected to inform him that the debt was being referred to a collector.) Via letters and three phone calls, D&B demanded the payment of Jack's entire \$1900 debt by the end of January. With legal assistance, Jack was able to apply for an extension on

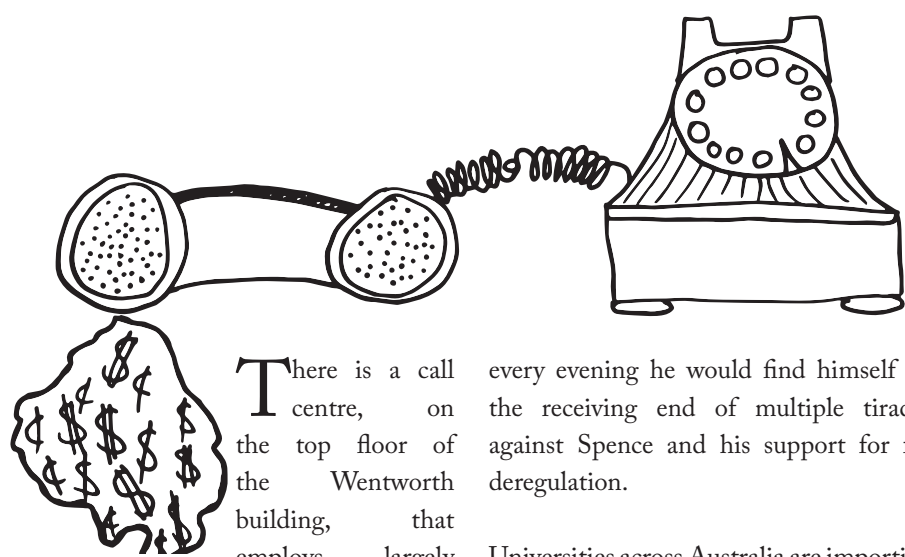
payment to D&B pending a final appeal to Centrelink.

Last week, Centrelink finally recognised Jack's independent status, ten months on from his initial application. The back pay for those ten months has allowed him to pay off his entire debt.

The tragic undertone of Jack's experience is that it needn't have happened. According to the University's Student Debtor Policy, the Registrar "may waive the application of a particular debtor sanction or sanctions in exceptional cases, when satisfied that it is appropriate to do so". Apparently, failed Centrelink bureaucracy, mental health issues, and financial hardship that has left a student with no other option than to take on debt to survive do not amount to an "appropriate" or "exceptional" case.

The University was unable to comment in time for our print deadline.

*Names have been changed.



There is a call centre, on the top floor of the Wentworth building, that employs largely student callers under the same fluorescent lights you'd find in any callcentre in the world. They call any and all alumni. A special division in the office is tasked with calling previous donors. The people called are, by and large, happy to talk to students.

For some alumni, however, the Vice-Chancellor, Michael Spence, is a particular disappointment. Scott, one of the student callers, told *Honi* that "a lot of people didn't want to donate [in 2014]—not because they didn't like the University, but because of fee deregulation." According to Scott,

every evening he would find himself on the receiving end of multiple tirades against Spence and his support for fee deregulation.

Universities across Australia are importing more than US-style deregulated fees; they have also begun to imitate the aggressive telefundraising models of large American universities. In 2013 the University of Sydney signed a three-year contract worth over \$3 million with American telefundraising company, RuffaloCODY, to raise \$600 million by the end of 2017 as part of the so-called "INSPIRED" campaign. The campaign has been running since 2008, and has raised over \$400 million from nearly 40 000 supporters, making it by far the largest fundraising campaign of its type in Australia.

Dollars on the Line

Riki Scanlan examines RuffaloCODY, and the people they employ to raise money on the phone.

In 2013, 60% of funds raised came from less than 1% of donors. Even so, student callers are expected to eke even the smallest donation out of alumni. Potential call centre employees are told that having long donor lists aids the University in acquiring large donations from corporations and rich philanthropists. Audrey recalls consoling a widow whose husband, the alumnus, had passed away a week earlier. In her ear, her supervisor was prompting her to ask the widow for a bequest in memory of her husband—she ignored the script and comforted her instead. Later, the manager reprimanded her, telling her to avoid ever saying "I understand" or "I'm sorry for your loss".

USyd's multi-million dollar investment into call centres is not out of the ordinary; RuffaloCODY also operates at UTS, where it charged a fee of \$100 000 for an appeal drive that lasted only a few weeks.

In America, where Harvard University's fundraising target alone is \$6.5 billion, the figures are even higher. The American university model is driven by a for-profit mentality that treats students, staff, and alumni as statistics and key performance indicators. It is this model, from fee deregulation to telefundraising, that Sydney University is importing into Australia.

As a result of the hostile work environment, both Scott and Audrey began suffering anxiety attacks during and before work. Audrey believes that the telefundraising program "makes people really hostile to the institution." The University is supposedly interested in maintaining a healthy relationship with alumni; in Scott's experience they seem more interested in leveraging them as a resource, as just "another number".



I’m Not a Tree, I’m an Ent(ity)

Clyde Welsh is being quite serious.

Sometimes I cry while eating carrots. I remember being upset for weeks when the BFG told Sophie that he could hear flowers scream as they were plucked. In what is perhaps just the uncomfortable resurfacing of those memories, I am now convinced that plants have feelings. That they are alive and that we should respect them as we do other people. And yet the machinery of industry tears down their corpses to make paper, and fire, and houses.

Once, at a party in a park, I pretended to be a tree. I could feel a chemical signal travel up and down my spine, telling me that it was cold. The hair on my arms stood on end. An insect was munching on one of the tree’s leaves. I could feel a chemical signal, travelling from one leaf to the next, warning of the danger and readying the plant’s defence mechanisms.

Science tells us that plants have many of the same senses that we do, conveyed to the rest of the organism using the same hormones that we use. They see and react to light stimulus. They smell the chemical emissions of other plants and animals. They taste the saliva of the insects that munch on their leaves so that they can ready a specific chemical concoction with which to defend themselves. They respond to the touch of other plant roots and grow in other directions. They hear the sound of running water, even when enclosed by dry pipes. They synthesise these sense signals in a complex hormonal and chemical mess called a nervous system.

In highly populated areas, plants adapt their nutrient consumption habits and growth patterns in order to help build communities. They have at least a few thousand chemical signals that can be used to communicate with other plants and animals. When some plants are attacked,

others in their immediate vicinity respond by readying the same defences. Others call bodyguards to fight off their aggressors. Science has even found that plants learn to ignore fake or irrelevant stimuli in the same way that we do.

The complex interaction between the senses that plants have, and the varying reactions that they have to those senses, indicates something more than an object. The anthropocentric claim that plants aren’t sentient due to their lack of a brain demonstrates a strange fixation on neurons.

It’s also a normative claim that lies outside of the realm of purely scientific inquiry. It places unthinking and uninterrogated limits on our collective understanding of what may or may not be instrumentalised and abused for the purposes of humanity. I think it’s important that plants are given at least some place in our moral discourse. And it should be a discourse that extends beyond the cold language of science. It is an injustice to ignore the potential plight of potentially sentient and loving beings.

Sometimes the plants speak back to me. I can only hear them if I am very still. To the tree on whose body this article is printed: I’m sorry, they made me.



Quiches, Croissants and Intersectionalism

Anna Egerton attended an International Women’s Day breakfast.

Watching over 200 women stream into NSW Parliament last Thursday morning for an International Women’s Day breakfast, I wondered if any records were being broken. The usual demographic imbalance of those halls was certainly altered, if only for a few hours. But the setting seemed slightly too ostentatious for a forum on intersectional feminism: being served field mushrooms, tiny quiches and microherbs by waiters in slick black tie while listening to speakers critique white imperialism in government policy felt somewhat incongruous. Thankfully, it did not detract from the incredibly passionate and empowering speakers, Amy McQuire and Lydia Shelly.

Lydia, a Muslim woman, lawyer and co-founder of the Islamophobia Register, replaced Mariam Veiszadeh who was originally scheduled to speak. Lydia explained that Mariam had recently had her personal details published online by a neo-Nazi group, and could not attend the event due to safety concerns. In the deeply felt absence of Mariam, Lydia pointed to the absurdity of the government denying the existence of Islamophobia—the so-called ‘imaginary backlash’. She interrogated the need for minority groups to receive protection from discrimination in a context where Muslim women are frequently subjected to violence and death threats. At the same time as Muslim women are being used as a ‘political football’, Lydia explained, white feminism victimizes and silences these women by sidelining their voices and ignoring their needs.

Amy McQuire, Darumbul writer for New Matilda and former editor of Tracker magazine, also spoke on the politics of inclusion in contemporary feminist discourse. Despite the enduring strength and revolutionary work of Indigenous feminists, these voices are consistently derided

and delegated to the sidelines. Amy interrogated the complex interface between sexism and racism, as well as Aboriginal and white settler cultures. She spoke of the need she felt to qualify her identification as a black feminist and a woman dedicated to fighting for Aboriginal culture within a movement that often demonizes black men with the ostensible aim of ‘saving’ black women. She gave the example of white feminists championing Julia Gillard’s misogyny speech while failing to recognise that she facilitated the removal of Aboriginal children, fracturing Aboriginal culture and families. The Intervention is ‘ripping the heart out of these communities’, in Amy’s words, and mainstream feminism is complicit.

Together, the speeches were a testament to the strength and achievements of earlier feminists, but also a damning evaluation of the state of contemporary feminism from the standpoint of an Indigenous woman and a Muslim woman. I have learnt that one of the most effective actions as a white feminist is simply to sit and listen to women with different lived experiences, and to interrogate my own role in the continuing oppression of Aboriginal folk, women of colour and various other groups of women with intersecting identities. As Lydia said, ‘there can be no monopoly on freedom or liberation or feminism’. As long as feminism has the arrogance to dictate to other women what is best for them, or to claim the ability to ‘liberate’ women in other parts of the world, it is erasing the experiences of these women in much the same way as patriarchal culture.

Events like the IWD Breakfast are crucial in centring the experiences of women typically delegated to the margins of mainstream feminist discourse. It is the primary task of feminism to prioritize and respond to these voices.

The Science of Sexism

Leigh Nicholson is just not that into you.

A recently published study by psychologist Mons Bendixen, from the Norwegian University of Science and Technology, explains why men constantly think women are flirting with them. The

paper observed 308 straight Norwegian students and found that men mostly over-perceived women to be flirting, while women under-perceived when men were flirting. The study’s explanation for this is that from an evolutionary standpoint, men probably over-perceive most of the time because they will have a greater chance of finding a mate, and women under-perceive because they have to be sure it’s the *right* mate.

By mimicking an earlier American study, Bendixen tried to divorce his field of inquiry from sociopolitical factors.

When he received similar results, he attributed them solely to evolutionary causes. His reasoning for this was that Norway has a comparatively high level of gender equality across different facets of its society. “*The pattern of misperception for women and men was largely invariant across studies...the findings suggest that cross-national differences in the level of gender inequality do not influence reports of sexual over and under perception*”.

One of the main problems with this assumption is that the levels of ‘gender equality’ which Bendixen cited in

Norway, such as free education and paid maternity leave, do not account for differences in socialisation. There have been a heap of studies which show that women are taught from an earlier age, and more frequently than men, to be nice and polite. This is why the excuse of “I have a boyfriend” is usually used in lieu of “I’m not into you”; men have an undeniable sense of “misplaced entitlement” over women’s bodies. A purely evolutionary explanation overlooks the possibility that men thinking women are flirting with them all the time is the product of women being taught to be

Joel Hillman (Pharm IV) comes to the aid of a hundred trillion dollar industry.

Pharma is not blameless. The industry has had its fair share of accusations of theft, espionage and fraud, but at risk of sounding utilitarian, pharma is also virtually singlehandedly responsible for the fact that our lifespan has tripled and we can remain healthier for more of that time.

The truth is, the golden age of drug design is over. All the low hanging fruit is gone. But we're entering

Malaria is a leading cause of death around the world. Why is there no effective treatment? Because it only affects poor people, and thus, the industry cannot make afford to make these drugs. I went to South America recently, and I took a drug called Malarone because I could afford two months' treatment of one \$10 tablet a day. Few people there could. Why is there no cheaper option? Because the public demands new research into antidepressants or cancer drugs that let us live longer happier lives, and not antimalarials or antibiotics that would let people in developing countries live at all. The industry could not sustain the kind of losses required without instantly imploding. We have created an industry that can only survive by fulfilling rich people's needs.

Our 'evolutionary history' would tell us to avoid fucking people with bad eyesight, but people in glasses are sexy as hell. Attempting to explain a modern behaviour and only taking into consideration our cave-dwelling ancestors seems pretty unevolved to me.



Interviewing Lord Michael Dobbs

*Lord Michael Dobbs, creator of House of Cards, is no stranger to politics. Margaret Thatcher's former Chief of Staff has worked as Deputy Chair of the UK Conservative Party, advised former British PM John Major and currently serves on the House of Lords. Here, sipping tea from a mug emblazoned with 'His Lordship', he talks with **Alex Downie**.*

HS: You've had a remarkable career. How did the son of a nurseryman rise to become Thatcher's chief of staff, and a peer in the House of Lords?

MD: Alcohol. Every time I made a career choice, it was never planned, it was always over alcohol. In a pub, in a bar, chatting with somebody over a glass of wine. In fact, the whole concept for *House of Cards* came when I was drinking a bottle of wine. What I can say is that as I've gone on in my career, the quality of the alcohol has improved.

HS: The third season of *House of Cards* has just been released. As an executive producer of the show, how do you think it compares against previous seasons?

MD: I love it. In some ways, it's even better than the previous two seasons—which were sensational—because so much of it focuses on Francis and Claire Underwood. This new type of television, with thirteen hours in each series, enables you to build some wonderful characters in great depth. As you keep on watching, the characters just grow and grow. And in season 3 they are sensational.

HS: Many American adaptations of British TV shows have failed. Were you apprehensive when approached about giving *House of Cards* a Washington makeover?

MD: I could have been, but when they [Netflix] called me and said they had Kevin Spacey and David Fincher on board, I didn't need to think about it. Those guys have shows laden with Oscars, Emmys and everything else, and with them involved there was no way that it was going to be anything other than spectacular. And so it has been.

HS: What inspired *House of Cards*?

MD: I started writing *House of Cards* shortly after I had a furious row with Margaret Thatcher. I'd worked for her for 10 years or more at that time, and I still think that she was one of the most extraordinary leaders that Britain had ever had. But politics is a rough, tough business. We had a huge falling out, she was in some ways horribly unfair to me. A little bit after that I sat down to see if

I could write a book, and *House of Cards* came about.

I was her chief of staff, she thought I was doing a rotten job, and she thought that I was plotting against her, which was absolute nonsense. But it was a sign really that she'd been in office too long. It happened very shortly before she was pulled down by her cabinet ministers, and frankly, what I got in private was very similar to what we all got to see just a while later in public.

HS: Who was the inspiration for F.U.*?

MD: FU isn't Margaret Thatcher, but a lot of F.U., and a lot of what I put into the book, were things, people, and events that I had witnessed or been part of. Not all of it, of course—I've not known any PM who's actually murdered a journalist, although I've known plenty of PMs who've wished they could murder a journalist.

Look, it's not documentary, it's drama. You make some of this up, you adapt things. The Italian Prime Minister, Mr Renzi,

"I started writing House of Cards shortly after I had a furious row with Margaret Thatcher."

was recently photographed going into a bookshop in Rome, where he bought a copy of *House of Cards*. So I dropped him a note that said, "Sir, I do hope you realise that this is a work of entertainment, not a work of instruction".

HS: Let's return to happier times. You were the first person to tell Margaret Thatcher that she won the Prime Ministership. What was that conversation like?

MD: In 1979, when she actually won the election, I was with her at her own count, in her constituency. There were just a few of us—five of us—here, waiting in a side room for her votes to be counted. I was monitoring the votes coming in, and it quickly became apparent that we were certain to win.

I turned around to her and said, "Congratulations Margaret, you've won, you're Prime Minister". She turned around to me, and said, "we shall see, we shall see".

And my goodness we did—what a Prime Minister!

HS: How was she treated by other politicians in the Conservative party, both before and during her time in office?

MD: Thatcher was actually a mistake in that the Conservative party never intended to elect her as their leader. They had intended to slap the wrists of the former leader, Ted Heath, but they woke up one morning and said "my goodness me! She's the leader!". In many cases, they were very patronising about the fact that she was a woman, about the fact that nobody knew her very well, about the fact that many who did know her didn't like her, and there were many at that time who said "look, we'll fight the next election with her as leader, we'll lose it, and then we'll get back to business and find someone else".

But they misunderstood the nature of the beast. Margaret Thatcher was formidable. There were very few people who really knew her. There weren't that many people who really liked or loved her, but so many

people respected her because she had extraordinary energy, real drive, and was so successful. She did things that so many other people really couldn't have done.

HS: You survived the Brighton bombing. What was it like working for the Conservative Party at the height of IRA violence?

MD: That's a very interesting question. I have many friends—several close friends—who were killed, murdered. And sometimes I was very close to the scene, as in the Brighton bombing. It was a very dangerous time to be in public life. What did you do about it? You took precautions, you tried to make sure that you checked under your car, that sort of thing.

I remember waking up one night at the height of the bombings, particularly in London, woken up at about 2 o'clock in the morning. My wife turned around to me and said, "What was the noise?". I said, "Oh, it's another bomb". It was in the

distance a couple of miles away, but you could tell it was another bomb. What did we do? We rolled over and went back to sleep. It was part and parcel of the 1980s.

HS: *The Guardian* once described you as Westminster's baby-faced hitman. What was your role in the Conservative Party?

MD: For a while, I was what was called the party's chief 'bonk buster'. If I heard that a minister was being silly in his private life—normally affairs, men cheating on their wives—but it hadn't reached the newspapers, my job was to have a word with the minister and say "look, this is going to get into the newspapers if it goes on, and we have to develop a strategy, or a plan, to make sure that it doesn't". Sometimes it meant them resigning, but resigning quietly and privately, rather than under the full glare of a scandal.

HS: How did you find out about ministerial indiscretions?

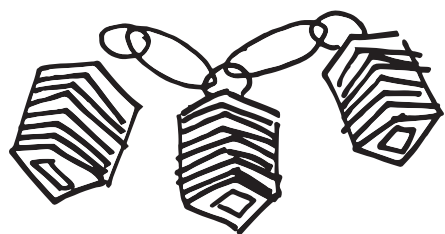
MD: In the old days I would go down to Fleet Street where all the newspaper journalists used to hang out, and have a few drinks with them. After a few drinks, they'd normally tell me what was going on.

Sometimes the rumours were absolute nonsense, but other times they were true. You'd know as soon as you saw their face. Sometimes they would burst into laughter, and other time their faces would just go grey. When they went grey, you knew that you'd hit the right button.

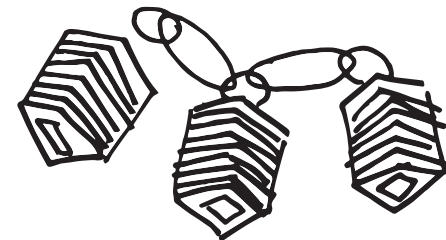
HS: In 2010, you were made a life peer of the House of Lords. What has that experience been like?

MD: We have some wonderful arguments in the House of Lords, because we still have hereditary peers. We have great rows about who's the proper peer or lord. They say, "I am, by birth, and you're here just because you got appointed". And I say, "you're just an accident of sex, but I'm here because of my merits".

* Francis Underwood (Frank Urquhart in the British version) is *House of Cards*' Machiavellian lead character. In conversation, Lord Dobbs refers to him as 'F.U.'.



Orientalism By The Cup



Naaman Zhou investigates the mystery of so-called 'Oriental' flavouring.

It's late, my local supermarket is running a promotion, and I look like a cult member stocking up for the Rapture. I am in the aisles buying 12 different types of instant cup noodle. A shop assistant, green-aproned and shuffling sideways, follows me and passive-aggressively removes every empty punnet I leave behind.

The next day I write an inappropriately casual email to Food Standards Australia & New Zealand (FSANZ), the trans-Tasman authority on food regulation and labelling. I inform them that Oriental noodles have always confused me. The branding is vague and unquantifiable. "After all," I tell them, "Oriental isn't a foodstuff, it's a geographical direction."

The two biggest brands in the Australian market, Maggi and Fantastic, both produce flavours that are simply marketed as "Oriental". From a consumer rights standpoint, the word seems terse and needlessly opaque, adjacent as it always is to the farmyard simplicity of "Beef" or "Chicken". What animal, plant or carbon-based lifeform are Oriental noodles supposed to taste like?

According to FSANZ, this type of labelling is governed by Section 1.2.2 of the Food Standards Code. This allows any description as long as it is "sufficient to indicate the true nature of the food". I ask FSANZ if the word "Oriental" is enough to satisfy the "true nature" provision, but do not receive a reply in time for publication. One can only assume from the flavour's longevity that legally speaking, the answer is yes.

Looking for more specificity, I read the ingredients list. I discover that my Fantastic cup lists the main component of "Oriental flavor" to be "Oriental flavourings". FSANZ tells me that the same "true nature" test applies to the ingredients list. They further inform me that under the statute, the word "flavour" can effectively stand on its own without the need for detail. "Flavourings can be declared by the word 'flavouring' or 'flavour'—a piece of circular logic that traps me in an impenetrable noodle-based Hades, presumably as ironic punishment for some earlier misdeed.

Of course, the idea of Oriental being a discrete flavour is obviously inauthentic. When Nissin Foods of Japan invented the instant noodle in 1958, its debut flavour was Chicken. Vietnamese pho is made from slowly simmered beef bones, Japanese tonkotsu from pork. The fact is, the most common Asian broth is bog-standard Beef or Chicken. There is no secret flavour base that only Asians have access to—they eat the same boring animals as everyone else. The poor old Oriental is effectively stateless.

I email the noodle companies, asking if they can decipher the numbers and chemical strands of their own ingredient lists. I want to know what the expert opinion is on what real-world food Oriental is supposed to taste like. They do not reply.

I decide to conduct a double-blind taste test in the *Honi* offices instead. Peter, Tim and Rebecca consume a degustation of four different flavours, separated into

12 unmarked, colour-coded cups. Peter reports that the first flavour, Fantastic's Crispy Bacon, tastes like "salty chicken" before Tim identifies it as Beef. The whole table agrees (Peter: "It's salty. I guess salt is a working-class approximation of beef").

The second cup is Suimin's Oriental Chicken. Rebecca identifies it as "potentially the Oriental one", Tim describes it as chicken with a "very strong salt-water aftertaste" and Peter calls it "Non-Oriental, straight-up, white-bread, primary school chicken, like the chicken-flavouring on green chips."

The third cup contains Suimin's standard Chicken, which everyone proclaims as "the closest approximation of chicken" to date. Peter states that he now believes all instant noodles exist on a continuum between Chicken and Beef, and begins drawing a diagram to prove it. When asked to compare the two chicken flavours, the editors are unable to refer to any discernable foodstuff, saying that really, salt-content is the main difference. Rebecca thinks that one contains soy sauce, but isn't sure which.

The final cup, Fantastic's standard Oriental, provokes outcry. Rebecca exclaims "what the fuck is this?" upon her first spoonful, while the others can only conclude that it "isn't chicken". After some thought Peter says it reminds him of Mi Goreng and Tim says it tastes like what is generally marketed to him as Oriental. "My conception of this flavour is literally based on the sachet of white powder you get in Mi Goreng. Salt and MSG," says Peter. The editors describe it variously as:

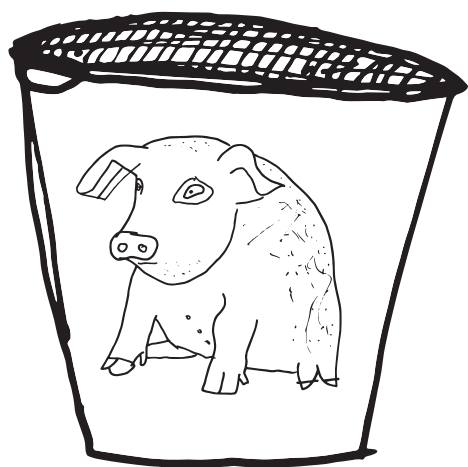
"the least identifiable", "the most middling flavor—neither a strong approximation of Beef nor Chicken" and "possibly plant, possibly mineral".

Upon the final reveal, Peter asks if Oriental flavour simply consists of added salt. Frankly, this could very well be the case. With no official word from the companies, and no training in food science, I study the packaging and notice that Maggi's Oriental and Suimin's Oriental Chicken both make mention of "soy sauce powder" as a middling or minor ingredient. But of course, the soy sauce in its final state—dehydrated, particularized and wrung out through a centrifuge—doesn't really taste like soy anyway. For the majority of our testers, it was just another hyperactive salt-umami hit, indistinguishable from the carefully manufactured chaos.

As was perhaps obvious from the start, the hunt to uncover this flavour has revealed what is basically a fiction. The advent of the Oriental noodle is canny, conveniently vague-but-not-too-vague marketing—a desultory piece of handwaving that says, "Hey remember how you like Asian food? Yeah this totally tastes like that. No we won't tell you what's in it".

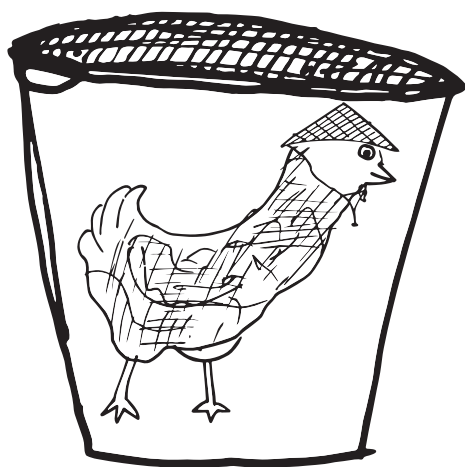
It's exoticism and homogenization rolled into one—the brainchild of shonky food science and marketing puff at its most casually racist, a pan-Asian Frankenstein. It's sad to imagine that Edward Said died without knowing that the most perfect example of Orientalism exists in a suburban Woolworths—just add 250 ml of boiling water and you get Othering in a cup.

The Competitors



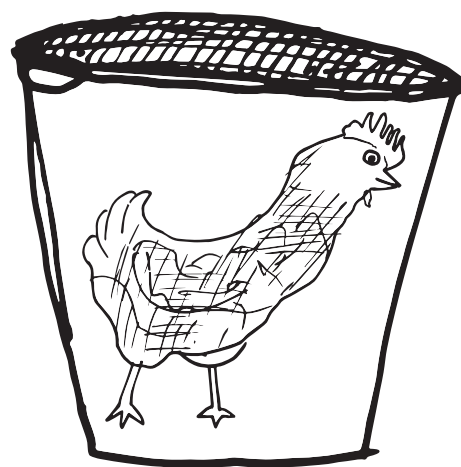
Fantastic Noodles Crispy Bacon

Notable ingredients: Salt, sugar, flavour enhancers (E621, E627, E631), Bacon flavour.



Suimin's Oriental Chicken

Notable ingredients: Salt, flavour enhancers (E621, E627, E631), chicken flavour, soy sauce powder.



Suimin's 'Standard' Chicken

Notable ingredients: salt, flavour enhancers (E621, E627, E631), notable absence of chicken flavour.



Fantastic Noodles Oriental

Notable ingredients: ??????????



Stories of Our Lives

Anna Egerton went to the *Mardi Gras Film Festival*.

In Kenya, gay sex acts carry a penalty of 14 to 22 years in jail. The Pew Global Attitudes Project in 2007 found that 96 percent of Kenyans believe homosexuality is a way of life that society should not accept. Commonly referred to as ‘gayism’ in Kenyan discourse, deviant sexualities are seen to cut against the grain of both Christian values and Kenyan cultural beliefs. *Stories of Our Lives*, a 2014 film directed by Jim Chuchu, aims to give voice to the experiences of some of the most marginalized members of Kenyan society.

The film is produced by Nest Collective, who collected and archived stories of LGBTQI individuals in Kenya, then turned a handful of them into short films. Five of these vignettes are strung together to make *Stories of Our Lives*: two are about lesbian relationships, and three about gay men. The characters in the film each negotiate the difficulties of communicating their sexualities to friends and loved ones. When Patrick visits a gay club, his friend sees him, follows him home and beats him, for fear that he will be perceived as gay by association. Katie, a lesbian in high school, is suspended for kissing her girlfriend; when she arrives home, her mother angrily bans her from ever wearing trousers. The characters’ relationships are shrouded in fear and secrecy: after an anti-gay group on TV calls for citizen arrests on queer folk, a lesbian couple lies awake at night in terror, wondering what will happen when they come for them.

The film remains banned by the Kenya Film Classification Board for ‘promoting homosexuality which is contrary to [Kenyan] values’. Despite the attempts of Nest to keep their identities anonymous, the executive producer was identified and arrested for violating the country’s Films and Stage Plays Act. The shame and fear of the characters in the film is made more harrowing by the knowledge that millions of LGBTQI individuals in Kenya endure this intense social stigma, rejection from their communities and the threat of physical violence.

However, there is also a sense of hope in the authentic and deeply loving relationships that the film portrays. Each relationship is itself an act of resistance in the face of a profoundly prejudiced society. As the lesbian couple lie awake at night, one of them imagines running away to a secret island, where ‘anyone who needed to run could come’. Exquisitely shot on grainy black and white film, the two women dance, laugh and kiss—a joyous, tender moment in an otherwise fairly bleak film. *Stories of Our Lives* is a masterfully crafted reminder of the different barriers that queer individuals face in other parts of the world and an exquisite depiction of the beauty and power of non-normative relationships.

Between Two Waves

Angela Collins and Kurt Dilweg review.

Between Two Waves, directed by Jack Ballhausen for *SUDS*, sees climate change and personal drama collide in a flurry of frustration and tension, ringing all the alarm bells, and in all the right ways.

AC: Charlie Falkner has a huge task in portraying Daniel, the show’s lead. He bears the most stage time and a mammoth responsibility not only to convey grand passages of memory and trauma, but also to effectively negotiate relationship drama, family tensions AND an apocalyptic fixation on climate change. The play’s philosophical inquiries all rest on Falkner’s portrayal of this troubled character, and he succeeds. Daniel grows beautifully and keeps the audience engaged.

KD: It’s unsurprising that Falkner’s is a character crippled by anxiety. Daniel stutters, he fidgets, he hesitates, centre stage. He is a real mess, and an arresting one; Falkner produces a character beyond the cheap jitterer. The entrance of Fiona (Kendra Murphy) relaxes his anxious cues, making him less distant and more empathetic, without effacing his eccentricity.

While there may be defensible groans at Fiona’s shameless Manic Pixie Dream Girl character, the execution here is stellar. Zany in optimism and outfit, Murphy diffuses a boundless energy, colourfully chattering and cursing and howling and chuckling, building audience rapport and brilliantly filling in the wide silences chalked out by Daniel’s reticence. The pair develop a charming, oddball romance that makes the most of the dialogue and script.

Daniel’s interactions with the other two characters were less memorable. But Dominic Scarf makes for a good college chum, bringing easy charisma, and Geneva Gilmour commendably characterizes an underwritten exercise in corporate-people-are-humans-too.

AC: Ballhausen does justice to this complex Australian work. His influence is a watermark of nervous energy that permeates the entire production. The lucid use of lighting and projection (designed by Maddie Houlbrook-Walk) made what could have been a very long, two-hour, one-act play engaging and surprising.

Ballhausen’s approach to the dark themes of the play (climate change, abortion, anxiety, the dangers of social media, family trauma) is laudable, but the sheer amount of visual and aural media becomes overwhelming. Excess proves less effective than a couple of simple but effective motifs. The amount of visual “stuff” distracted from the quality of performances—particularly when characters directly engage with pre-recorded media.

KD: Daniel’s later monologues reach a performative peak, with Falkner elegantly moving between grim cynic and emotional exasperation, particularly with his impassioned bursts of doomsday talk.

AC: I was chilled by a transition where glistening, black puddles began to grow from the centre of the stage, underscored by a throbbing, ominous drone. This flooding motif could have served as a simple symbol around which the play’s other themes circulated. Ultimately, *Between Two Waves*, like its principal character, comes to us raw and nervous and, for that boldness, we both thought the play was thrilling.

Julia Clarke reviews.

A white male of above average intelligence attempts to impose important truths on the world through convoluted conversations with his straight-laced alternative girlfriend and his well-adjusted but perhaps emotionally stunted best friend, all the while battling mental deterioration. Add the heavy-handed metaphor of a climatologist with anxiety disorder and you’ve got a show you’ve probably seen before.

Charlie Falkner plays the traumatised, anxiety-crippled lead, Daniel, with great success, achieving realistic characterisation in both gesture and speech. His opposite-by-design girlfriend, Fiona, is given a nuanced weight by Kendra Murphy who adds an Aussie twang to an otherwise manic-pixie-dream girl. The other two characters, played by Geneva Gilmour and Dominic Scarf, remain silhouettes of personalities between Meadows’s awkward attempts to pique senses of humanity through emotional parallels. Unfortunately, both the peaks in actors’ performances and subtleties in script are met with inconsistent use of tech, which detracts from each. The use of unnecessary and ubiquitous drones distract from Falkner’s tension, while manic lighting changes over-emphasise his gesture. For a script that repeats images of water, flow, and submersion, the sudden and stark transitions fail to correlate, and disjoint the text from the staging.

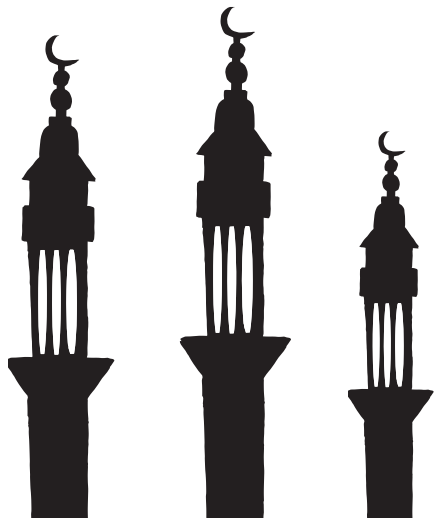
From early on, the performance presents problematic conceptions of mental illness and the appropriate ways to interact with those who experience such. Reductive romanticisation of anxiety to a pill-popping complication for a lead’s career or relationship success oversimplifies the issue and allows it to remain unaddressed until Daniel is pushed into an attack. The subsequent addressing of the disorder, however, also fails to connect with or valuably explore the experience, instead perpetuating inaccurate and harmful misunderstandings. If it needs to be said: hugging, kissing, and/or photographing a person with an anxiety disorder before, during, and/or after an attack without consent is not an appropriate action. Anxiety is not a ‘brave’ artistic expression and love is not the cure.

The most disturbing aspect of the production is the complete lack of trigger warnings. Other than the legally obligatory strobe and smoke warnings, the production denied audience members an opportunity to make an informed decision about the content within the play. In combination with no intermission for the 2 hour and 15 minute play, the audience was disallowed any necessary relief or chance of escape. Considering the themes of anxiety, mental disorder, suicide, and miscarriage, this seems a blatant lack of consideration for the welfare of the audience by the production.

While it’s clear Meadows seeks to explore a more personal approach to the climate change dialogue, the over-tried form of troubled man and shallowly drawn supporting chorus did not drive the impending doom of my children and grandchildren’s suffering into my heart, nor did the disturbing treatment of anxiety disorder urge connection or compassion between audience and actor. Unfortunately, strong acting and persuasive (if not disheartening) facts about the state of the climate are not enough to overcome a problematic and poorly executed script.

We are the Exotic Other, See Behind the Veil

Georgia Behrens speaks to Muslim women about their experiences on campus.



Fatema Ali speaks with none of the affected uncertainty I'm used to encountering in my peers, and informs me at the start of our interview that she spent last night having an online fight with "most of the Muslim world" about Middle Eastern politics. She's studying a Bachelor of Science at USyd, but describes herself as "more political than anything else", with a taste for debate and conflicts of ideas forged during her high school years as the only Muslim student at her local high school in Kandos, northwest NSW (population 1200).

Fatema is the founder of the University of Sydney Muslim Wom*n's Collective, a group she established late last year as a space for Muslim women studying at USyd to "step back from it all and just talk to each other."

"I wanted to get away from the institutions and see if a new space could help us work through some of the stuff we have to deal with so we can actually start solving problems," she says.

Groups such as the Sydney University Muslim Students Association (SUMSA) and the SRC Wom*n's Collective had been attempting to cater to these students as 'Muslims' and 'women' independently for several decades, but Fatema says she hoped to establish a forum where there would be no need for Muslim women to distinguish these identities from one another in any way. The "it all" of lived experience for a Muslim woman, she explains, is inevitably different from that of their male or non-Muslim counterparts in SUMSA and Wom*n's Collective, and

is defined to an equally great extent by a woman's religion and her gender.

"There's a lot to talk about," Fatema says, reeling off sectarianism, Muslim masculinity, and controversial "sextemist" organisation FEMEN as topics that might come up in discussion. Over the next few weeks, a variety of Muslim women speak to me about the lives they spend negotiating the intersecting tides of Islamophobia, sexism, and racism that often bear down upon them in the age of "Team Australia" and IS. Just how much the new Muslim Wom*n's Collective will have to talk about in 2015 is already pretty staggering.

Shortly after Islamic State executed the first of its Western captives in August last year, Muslim students at the University of Sydney began to feel themselves buffeted by the wave of Islamophobia sweeping its way across the country. SUMSA posters were ripped down around campus; Muslim students were spat on; one woman was told to take her headscarf off and hang herself with it on her way to Redfern Station. Reports of these incidents were

Mariam describes social interaction with strangers as an exercise in negotiating assumptions and breaking down misconceptions.

met with stunned horror by a University community that assumed the rigours of a world-class liberal education would be enough to exorcise such blatant bigotry from among its own ranks.

The University has, to its credit, put extensive effort into ensuring that Muslim students are adequately supported on campus. SUMSA has been a fixture at USyd since 1972, and has a large and well-funded program of events throughout the year; Muslim students have their own prayer rooms, and a part-time Islamic "chaplain" available through the multifaith chaplaincy program; and the Institute for Teaching and Learning works to ensure inclusive practices in the University's teaching and curricula. Unfortunately, these efforts have proved inadequate in

eliminating Islamophobia from USyd, as Muslim students emerged in worryingly large numbers to tell of apparently daily incidences of bigotry and discrimination.

Unsurprisingly, the majority of these stories were told in women's voices. They spoke, initially, of the overt, headline-making Islamophobia described above, and of how they wanted better security on campus so they didn't have to feel unsafe walking to class or catching a train home. But they also spoke about forms of racism that had become, by now, depressingly banal. Eternally empty seats next to them in tutorials and lecture halls; sideways glances from fellow train commuters; looks of surprise, especially from men, when they spoke up in class discussions. These things didn't make them feel afraid so much as frustrated—frustrated to be viewed always as objects of pity and fear, and to so rarely be given an opportunity to define themselves in any other way.

"Wearing the veil definitely shapes my entire existence," says Mariam Bazzi, a fourth-year Education student. "With any other religion you can meet people

and they'll get to know other stuff about you first. I'm really proud to be a Muslim and to wear the veil, but it does mean that that's the first thing that anyone knows about me."

Mariam describes social interaction with strangers as an exercise in negotiating assumptions and breaking down misconceptions. "I feel like I have to be extra nice to everyone I meet just so they don't think I'm crazy or something," she says. Fatema, meanwhile, recalls her peers at high school assuming that wearing a veil made her a terrorist. "I had to literally go around and reassure everyone I wasn't going to bomb them or anything," she says.

Since converting to Islam at the age of

eighteen, Dr Susan Carland has become a prominent figure in the Australian Muslim community, writing and researching on Muslim women's interactions with sexism and feminism. Carland, a white Australian with convict heritage, speaks of her experiences of wearing the veil for the first time as life-changing.

"I became so acutely aware of the privilege I'd enjoyed my entire life until then. All of a sudden I couldn't expect to be treated with respect when I walked into a shop or ordered a coffee or went through airport security. It's not all day every day, but you do kind of expect that you'll encounter a sense of reserve in people," she says.

"I've had people tell me things along the line of 'go back where you came from', where they obviously assume that anyone wearing a hijab couldn't have been born in Australia."

Carland has also become conscious of the different expectations people have of her personality since she began wearing the veil.

"There's this stereotype of Muslim women as someone who completely lacks agency, who's passive and weak and submissive."

Similar sentiments are expressed by many of the women I speak to.

"People often look really surprised when I have an opinion in class," says a student. "I'm always like, what, do you expect me to be too afraid to talk in front of you? Or do you seriously think that I just don't have any thoughts for myself?"

According to Dr Carland, this gendered assumption of weakness is one of the key reasons that Muslim women are more likely to be targets of racial vilification than Muslim men.

"Bigots see a woman wearing a veil and assume that she's weak and submissive—that there's no real chance they're going to be challenged on what they say to her."

The refrain I hear repeated again and again

is that of a constant sense of “visibility”—a sense of being watched (and judged) by multiple sets of eyes in any room you happen to walk into, eyes that will dart away and pretend to be otherwise occupied the moment you happen to walk in, eyes that will dart away and pretend to

be otherwise occupied the moment you happen to look back.

Sherwk Mullak, who just completed her Honours in English at USyd, moved to attend university in Australia from the Muslim-dominated country of Saudi Arabia.

“I sort of knew what to expect because I went to an international school and had been very exposed to Western culture that way,” she says, “but it’s just notice that you’re a Muslim, and seen as a Muslim, all the time in Australia. Everyone in the Muslim community is aware that they’re deviating from the norm somehow, so being Muslim feels like it’s a really big deal. In Saudi, no one cared, it was just normal.”

Nadia Toutounji, another recent USyd graduate, describes her sense of being the

“Several women speak of their frustration at being so constantly watched from a distance, but never approached or talked to.”

object of a constant “gaze”—a gaze, she adds, which feels distinctly white and male. “Even when you’re alone, it’s like you’ve internalised it. You can’t stop feeling like you’re being judged on the basis of your gender, your race, your religion, no matter what you’re doing or where you are... It probably does have an influence on my decisions.”

Several women speak of their frustration at being so constantly watched from a distance, but never approached or talked to. “Just come and talk to me and ask me about whatever it is you’re thinking about in your head,” says Mariam. “It would make life a lot easier for everyone if more people would just try to bridge that gap.”

The one question that Muslim women seem to be thoroughly used to being asked is some variation of: “But isn’t Islam really misogynistic?”

Whenever I cite this criticism, the women I speak to take on an air of a beleaguered mother trying to explain to their toddler, once again, why it is that they have to wear shoes when they go outside: kind, patient, understanding, but slightly frustrated that the kid can’t get their head around what should be a pretty simple concept.

“Of course Muslims may be sexist, but Islam itself isn’t,” says Sherwk. “The whole world’s patriarchal, and there’s sexism absolutely everywhere.” But, she argues,

the particular attention the West affords to sexism and misogyny in Islam is largely grounded in racism.

“If white men were as genuinely concerned about female oppression on a broader level as they supposedly are about female oppression in Muslim communities, then I don’t think gender inequality would be an issue in Australia anymore. But the fact that there are still so many issues for all women in Australia suggests to me that all their talk about helping Muslim women is just a socially-acceptable way for them to attack Islam, or them trying not to acknowledge the inequality that they’re responsible for themselves,” she says.

Sherwk and many of her peers insist that, to quote Indian feminist scholar Gayatri Spivak, “white men saving brown women from brown men” will never be able to adequately address whatever issues of

sexism exist in the Muslim community in Australia. “When a white person starts talking about liberating Muslim women or helping Muslim women or educating Muslim women, that just sounds racist, it’s not something that’s actually going to make a difference to us,” says Sherwk.

Dr Carland agrees, “When white people or the West approach Islam with critical force, Muslim communities are just going to shut up shop against them.”

In the course of her research, Dr Carland found that the most effective gender reforms in Muslim communities have come from a “pro-faith perspective.”

“They see Islam as the solution to sexism, not the problem,” she explains. “Many Muslims see it as a huge part of their religious obligation to fight sexism and discrimination in their communities. [They] fight against sexism because they see it as anathema to the teachings of their faith and the way it should work.” Overwhelmingly, Carland says, Islam “was exactly what enabled their battle against sexism in their communities, exactly what made their work necessary and made them so resolved to do it.”

Nasreen Dean, a fifth-year Bachelor of Science/Arts student, and the current Vice-President of SUMSA, says that as a Muslim woman she constantly seeks to “highlight male privilege and white privilege from the shadows and expose it for what it is.” “The pure Islam handed

down and enforced by our parents has been distorted by years of physical and intellectual warfare and we no longer live under the true governance of Islam,” she says, but argues that “fighting oppression is central to the Islamic tradition.”

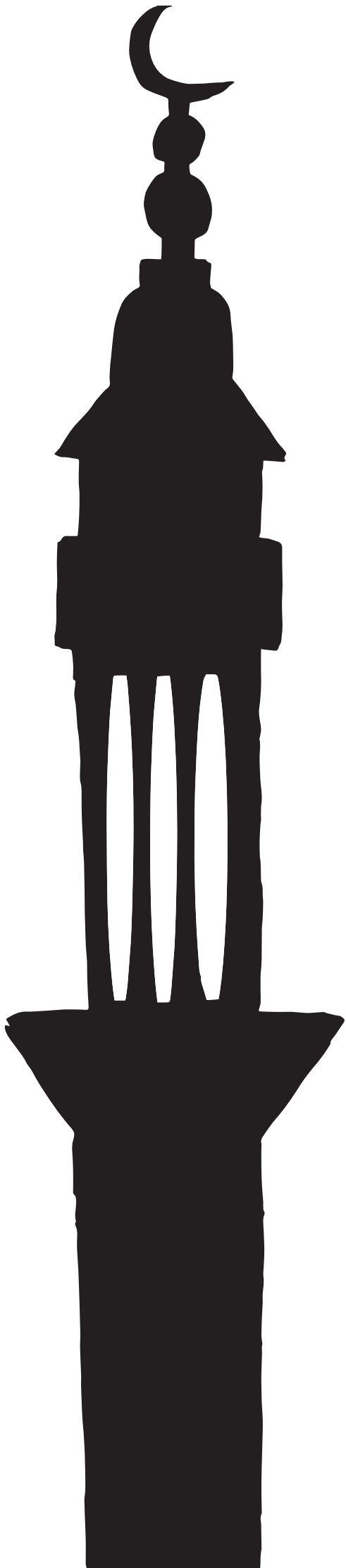
Sherwk, meanwhile—who is in the process of setting up a website with friends looking at issues of sexism and racism around Islam—says that she is constantly on the lookout for “sexism dressed up as Islam” in her communities. “When someone says that women should stay in the kitchen because that’s what the Prophet says, I tell them that they’re wrong... I call them out on it, even it’s just a throwaway comment, or a powerful person talking. It’s not OK that they’re using Islam to justify their own sexist positions.”

While there’s a clear and powerful push for justice and equality by Muslim women within their community, there’s a certain ambivalence amongst the women I speak to about designating their work “feminism” or themselves “feminists”. Some “don’t like labels”; some are “sort of” feminists; some are “still making up [their] mind”.

“The relationship between Islam and feminism is very delicate,” explains Dr Carland. “In the minds of lots of Muslims, the term ‘feminism’ is still inextricably tied up with colonialism, with a long history of white people telling Muslims to act like them and give up everything they know and everything they hold dear.”

“Some individuals tend to think the only form of feminism is mainstream feminism streaked by neoliberalism and whiteness, which is used as a tool to reinforce Islamophobic and racist narratives of needing to “liberate” Muslim women,” says Nasreen. Sherwk, meanwhile, believes that feminist organisations such as FEMEN—which views all religions as manifestations of the patriarchy—alienate a lot of Muslim women, making feminism seem monolithically anti-Islam. “It’s not a matter of not being educated, or not understanding feminism,” she says. “For most people it’s just a matter of not seeing your values reflected in places like FEMEN and deciding you don’t want to be a part of that.”

“Any sort of feminism that tells me I need to stop wearing a hijab, I just don’t want anything to do with,” one student tells me. “People just don’t accept how subjective their view of what’s oppressive is. Like, I used to think the fact that a lot of women feel like they have to wear makeup when they leave the house—that they spend



all this time literally painting their faces before they can go outside—is kind of oppressive and patriarchal, but I accept now that that’s their choice and what they value and we’re just different, that’s their way of expressing themselves in the same way I express myself with the veil. There’s nothing... that makes one more oppressive than the other.”

The traditional USyd Wom*n’s Collective has been working to ensure that it acknowledges the different experiences, values, and perspectives of women of, for example, different race, class, ability, gender identification, or ethnicity. But Fatema believes that there would still be a large number of Muslim women at USyd who would be reticent to participate in such a traditional feminist space. It’s for this reason that she has decided that the Muslim Wom*n’s Collective will not be designated “feminist”, despite personally identifying as a feminist.

“The most important thing to me is having a space where we can all get together and talk and help each other, not that I get everyone together and try to make them arbitrarily call themselves feminists,” she says. “If they’ve looked at feminism and weighed it up and decided that it’s not for them... it’s no one’s job to tell them that they’re wrong about that decision.”

At OWeek this year, the Muslim Wom*n’s Collective ran an event called, quite simply, “Meet A Muslim”. As thousands of students swarmed their way down Eastern Avenue, optimistically collecting

free condoms and Red Bull to the beat of a hyper-cheerful soundtrack, members of the collective invited their peers to come and say hello to a Muslim woman, for perhaps the first time in their lives.

“We just want people to feel like they can come and talk to us and ask any questions they have without feeling awkward or intimidated. We want them to see that we’re seriously just completely normal people,” Fatema says.

It seems like a resounding indictment of the treatment of Muslims in Australia that the members of the collective see a need for this sort of formalised event; that they know, from long experience, that they can’t count on people just introducing

“It seems like a resounding indictment of the treatment of Muslims in Australia that the members of the collective see a need for this sort of formalised event...”

themselves and establishing relationships in the ordinary course of day-to-day life at USyd as people from other backgrounds or religions can. Nevertheless, it’s heartening that, in spite of the ignorance and hostility to which Muslim women are so often subjected by members of the public, they still feel sufficiently confident in themselves and their beliefs to put themselves out there as representatives of their religion. They are confident that they can answer all the questions that people might ask them; that they are capable of defending their choices to anyone who might be sceptical of them; and that, once people actually meet “someone like us”, they will cease to rely upon caricatured media impressions to inform their

attitudes and behaviour towards Islam.

These assumptions, fortunately for them, are fairly sound. A recent Gallup study in Europe, for example, showed that people who were geographically isolated from Muslim populations were eight times more likely to say they wouldn’t want a Muslim person as a neighbour than people who lived in integrated areas.

Muslims currently make up just two per cent of Australia’s 23 million-person population. It is therefore unsurprising—albeit disheartening—that, given the link between interpersonal contact and tolerance, so many Australians are extremely wary of Islam and its followers.

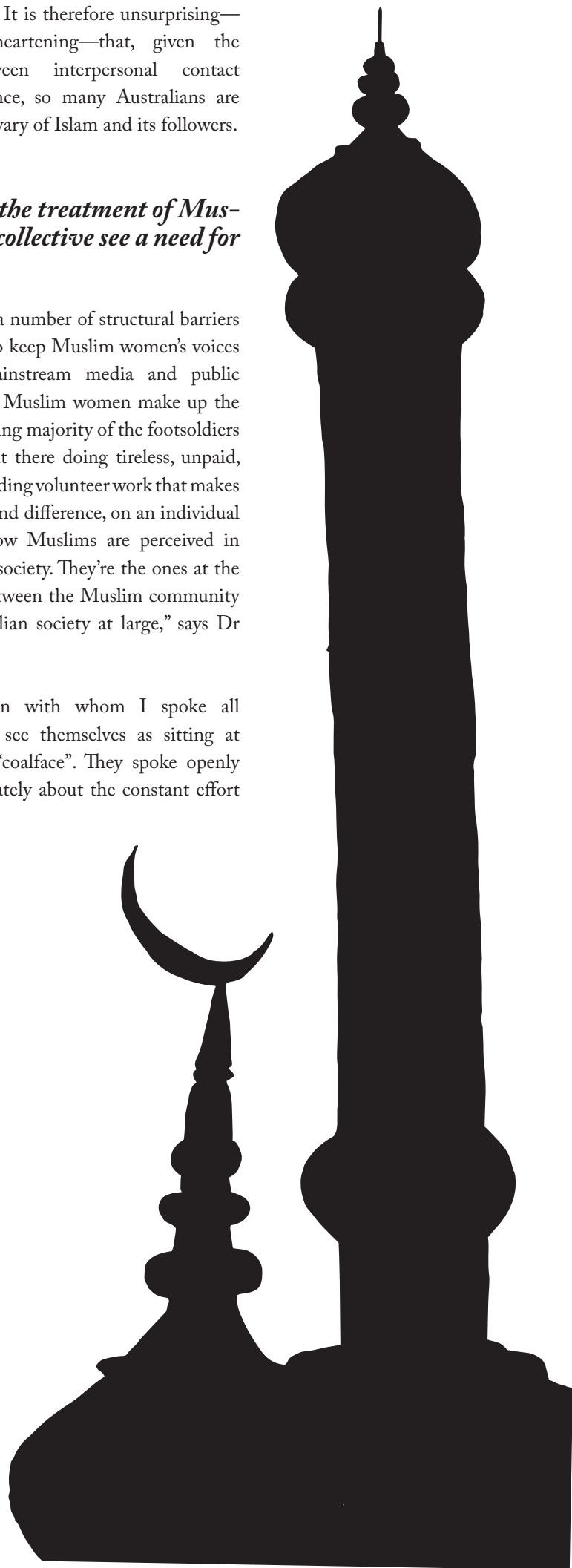
“There are a number of structural barriers that tend to keep Muslim women’s voices out of mainstream media and public debate, but Muslim women make up the overwhelming majority of the footsoldiers who are out there doing tireless, unpaid, bridge-building volunteer work that makes that profound difference, on an individual level, to how Muslims are perceived in Australian society. They’re the ones at the coalface between the Muslim community and Australian society at large,” says Dr Carland.

The women with whom I spoke all seemed to see themselves as sitting at this same “coalface”. They spoke openly and articulately about the constant effort

they feel they need to go to in their day-to-day lives to dispel stereotypes and misconceptions about themselves as Muslim women, and about their faith at large. And, despite the generally appalling portrayal of Muslims in the Australian media, they all seemed eager and excited to speak to *Honi* about their ideas and experiences, hopeful that it would help them get their message—of respect, understanding, change—across to more of their USyd peers.



Comic by Iman Ayoubi.



How To Responsibly Enjoy the Substances of Amsterdam

Max Schintler does not endorse any kind of lawbreaking.



For students on exchange, or backpacking holidays, Amsterdam is a highly desirable destination, a city synonymous with liberal laws and attitudes regarding so-called ‘soft drugs’. Of those that stop there, many will inevitably choose to indulge in the legally-sold, high quality cannabis on offer. Based on this reporter’s experiences during multiple visits to the city, here are some ways to responsibly enjoy your time there.

The first stop for any intrepid traveller ought to be a “Smart Shop,” where knowledgeable and friendly staff sell a variety of cannabis paraphernalia and dispense free advice on how to approach the iconic Coffee Shops, where one may purchase cannabis products.

Like alcohol in Australia, which will tell you how many standard drinks it contains,

cannabis in Amsterdam will be packaged in different ways and will be labelled with some indicator of its strength, and instructions for use. If smoking appeals, read the menus of joints available at many Coffee Shops—they will explain where the strains come from, what, if anything, they are mixed with, and what effects to expect. For brownies, the label will tell you that it may take some time to feel full effects; it is worth having half a brownie with a friend, and then waiting.

Consuming alcohol in conjunction with cannabis is not recommended, particularly if you have eaten a brownie, as they are more potent and long lasting. And although Amsterdam is a wonderful cycling city, do try to avoid riding a bicycle after smoking or while affected by ‘space cakes,’ just as you would avoid driving a car after drinking. Although you may see

or believe you see many people doing it, it is advisable not to consume cannabis outside of private residences or licensed coffee shops.

Outside of the Coffee Shops, though, there is still an illegal market operating on the streets, where it is not uncommon to be solicited to buy cocaine. In fact, *Vice* reported late last year that there have been multiple reported instances of heroin being sold as cocaine. To have a safe and enjoyable time in this city, stick to licensed establishments and shopfronts.

A final word on how to enjoy Amsterdam would be not to make it all about the chemical component. Explore the wonderful art, history and architecture on offer too.

Cooking with Don DeLillo: Moroccan Beef and Couscous

Hector Ramage

For ingredients, I go to the supermarket. Immediately, I see deals: on fruit, on meat, on crackers. Buy with FlyBuys and save up to 5%. The produce surrounding me is nothing but data made immanent, data extant at the beck of some screenlit bureaucrat. There is a benevolence to these deals, a smilingness.

First, I need vegetables. I pick through carrots: gnarled ones, smooth ones. I hold them up in the fluorescence like some exultant worshipper of Priapus. I sense curious glances, and eyes averted, as a dog senses a home’s resident phantom. A woman pulls her son closer and hurries onwards. Around me, data to be winnowed or tumesced. I grab a tomato, gaze at it in awe. Where has it come from? From distant shores, from the Acheron’s far bank, in a container of burnished Teutonic steel. The fruit of the Dead. I take four.

An air of sexual ritual hangs over the way husbands and wives handle the produce, a quiet atavism, a yearning for passed carnality. With his forefinger, a man traces crosswise a packet of sliced salmon, and his wife responds, caressing an aubergine’s waterglazed flank. I am transfixed by this

display, but must still find couscous, eggs, diced beef. I wrench myself onwards.

Finally, I have assembled the meal’s ingredients. On the radio a woman sings of bass, of how she is all about it. The song confers upon us shoppers the mantle of epic narrative, a mythic *telos* that somehow reaches far beyond the meals we hope to create in the near future.

The checkout line contracts and lengthens, tacitly peristaltic.

“Hi, how are you?” asks the young man at the counter.

“Brilliant,” I say. “I feel re-animated, re-vivified.”

He looks at me warily. Ancient narratives eddy and rear in our duologue. He is an attendant at this temple, I am an initiate. I have sought and found data, and I am leaving with it. I push a trolley of information made manifest, push it before me, apotropaically.

“Is that cash or credit?” he asks.

“Immolated and reborn. Foetal against some cosmic placenta.”

“Um—” he says. Around us rise the bips of the serried checkouts, a fitful countdown.

“Sir, how are you paying for these items?”

A man glides past on a mobility scooter, hollowcheeked.

“I’m going to have to call security, sir.” I realise that I have been narrating the scene out loud. As the young man calls for security, I say, “The young man leans down and speaks into a microphone, asking for security to checkout 3.”

Two large men move towards me, eyes small and eager. I realise that the violence they are about to enact is a consummation, a sacrificial crescendo. Here are neolithic hunters slaying an auroch. Here is Jack Ruby producing his revolver. People are gathered to watch: here are a million cinemagoers’ eyes as Willard kills Kurtz, finishing the story that began downriver.

How heartening to know that in the quotidian act of purchasing ingredients we

Dollars & Sense

Alexi Polden price-matches.

The last two weeks of *Dollars & Sense* have been travel heavy, so we thought we’d bring you something a little closer to my cold consumerist heart—a reminder that wherever you shop you can always get stuff cheap.

Almost every Australian retailer, from the Apple store to Officeworks, has a price-matching or price-beating policy. If you can prove that an identical item is available elsewhere they’ll give it to you for the same price or less. The only catch is that the place you’re price matching against usually has to have a physical outlet in Australia.

The beauty of price-matching is that you get all the convenience of a big-box store, with the prices of those weird discount outlets in the middle of nowhere. Last Christmas, with only a few hours to find my girlfriend a gift; I found the last bottle of half-decent perfume in David Jones, which was a relief until I saw the price. Not to fear! Google found the same perfume at Chemist’s Warehouse, and \$30 cheaper! God I hope she doesn’t read this.

So, next time you’re buying anything, have a look online while you’re waiting in line. You can put the money you save towards a heater to keep you company at night.




Spray of canola or olive oil
500g lean beef, cut into strips
1 onion, cut into thin wedges
1 tsp minced garlic
1/2 tsp finely chopped red chilli
1 tsp ground cumin
1/4 tsp turmeric
4 tomatoes
250ml (1 cup) beef stock
2 zucchini, sliced
4 large silverbeet leaves, shredded
1/2 cup sultanas
2 cups couscous
1/2 cup toasted slivered almonds



MARCH


11



SUDS PRESENTS
THE
REMOVALISTS
CELLAR Theatre
March 11-14
8:00pm


12 SHE

A COLLECTION OF FEMALE
ARTISTS DESTROYING THE
JOINT
6:00pm; 10 Mitchell St, Marrickville

Welcome
Drinks
MANNING
6:00pm

13


AUSTRALIAN
TATTOO &
BODY ART
EXPO
13-15 March
MOORE
PARK




14 STUCCFEST


STUCCO HOUSING CO-OP
12:00pm - 11:55pm

growing
Strong
LAUNCH
7:30pm @
5 Elizast, Newtown

TOWN HALL, 11am
INTERNATIONAL
WOMEN'S DAY
MARCH


15

FOREST SWORDS
@ OAF
w/ cassius select +
noise in my head
8:00pm

St. Patrick's
Day
Parade
CBD, 12pm

16 THE
ARTS REVUE
auditions
MARCH 16-26

17

WHEN THE
RAIN STOPS
FALLING
New Theatre
17 March ->
18 April
conces: \$27

Three of a Kind: Goon Under \$15

Cleanskin connoisseur, *Alexandros Tsathas*, guides you through this season's finest boxed wine and the vessels to enjoy them in.



How raw the relationship between sweet cask white and university life. I recall my student days, frolicking with the antipodean avant-garde in the Quad. Lazy backgammon games, heated Betamax debates, hurling abuse at passing-by academics. All as we indulged in a shared goon sack. Angove's "Sweet White", I think—if my ailing memory serves me correctly. Everything was so much simpler.

The rise and rise of the liquor barn has made selecting a sweet cask white a near-impossible task for the student of today. When *Honi* requested that I take time out from my frenzied international judging schedule to sample three under-\$25 sweet cask whites, nostalgia dictated my participation. It has been some years since I last "shared the sack" and I must confess that I was impressed by all three offerings. The sweet cask whites of today have much improved complexity, balance, and a rather pillowy structure.

Golden Oak Fruity Lexia
4L
9.5% ABV
\$9.99 at Dan Murphy's.

At rest in a tulip glass, a spherical gradient shows itself—a pale chartreuse central bolus becomes transparent at glass-contact. This wine's surface displays a brilliant lustre that contradicts its modest price. Sweet lemongrass gives way to vegetal aromas—forgotten cheese and lettuce sandwich. Vegetarian pizza box. Watery on initial mouth contact, opening to a confused mid-palate. Cooked apple, geranium, pine resin. Energetic but lacks direction. Finish is fleeting, turpentine.

Overall: An exuberant but chaotic wine. Drink well-chilled.

Rating: 1.5/5

Match with: Red Rock Deli Sweet Chilli and Sour Cream Crisps.

Coolabah Sweet Fruit White
5L
8.9% ABV
\$12.99 at Dan Murphy's.

Hue is a dull, pale straw. Impressive legs—rich but light on its feet. Supple honeysuckle on the nose. Also elderflower, pineapple and lychees. Top notes of Morning Fresh. Deliciously cryptic. Sophisticated lime-cordial attack. Puckering sweetness. Butter-menthol dominates the palate. A zesty citrus peel finish with surprising poise and length.

Overall: Happily sweet, but balanced and clean. All elements are in harmony. Very classy.

Rating: 3/5

Match with: Seasoned wasabi peas.

Berri Estates Fruity Gordo
5L
11% ABV
\$14.99 at Dan Murphy's.

Soft yellow in the glass with a green tinge. Bouquet is savoury with a multiplicity of subtle aromas—urinal cake, musky grandmother, bran biscuit. 11% ABV makes its presence known, then floral with good presence and mouthfeel. Lifted lemon-zest. Seductive peaches. Grassy finish is firm, tangy and decisive. Long and pure, balanced and clean.

Overall: A very serious fruity gordo with a smooth texture. Poise and precision beyond its price bracket.

Rating: 2/5

Match with: Cracked Pepper Jatz.



Choose Your Own Adventure #3

A story started by us and continued by you.

“Let’s go get baguettes from Taste and join SubSki”, Frank said.

In response (this week from Ellie Burke): *You panic. He’s still holding the aerosol can, you can’t endure that pain again. Nor can you face Eastern Avenue again. You swing for Frank’s face, and hit his neck instead which is, let’s face it, bigger. You attain a hold on his tie.*

Unfortunately, the moths that live in Frank’s mother’s cupboard (where Frank stores his ties) have done a number on this particular silk knit, and the tie snaps off in your hand.

Years earlier, Frank’s mother warned him about the cupboard—it was, after all, *moth-eaten*—and while he had access to moth balls, he was too busy being racist on the internet to use them. Regardless, this is your fault.

Frank’s gang surround you—an impenetrable circle of USyd hoodies and foul breath. They begin to clap their hands, first together and then against their knees, in a violent reinterpretation of the Macarena. “Fight, fight, fight, fight, fight” they chant, in a way eerily reminiscent of the “Nuh-nuh-nuh-nuh-nuh” part of Clean Bandit’s “Rather Be”. The paintball guy from earlier, hearing the affray, fires his paintball rifle in the air to get everyone’s attention, like a Sheriff in a Western, but everyone has learned to ignore paintball—the way we every day ignore endemic homelessness and structural income inequality—and so nobody notices. Frank exhales sharply from the nose, the way a bull might.

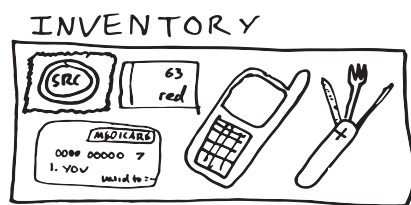
In the time it takes Frank to draw his arm backwards into a fist, time—which

Introduction to Physics tells you is *relative*—begins to slow. You take out your Welcome to Campus Map and cross off the law-building. You can never return here.



And then consult your inventory, for something to resolve this mess.

Inside, you have:



A condom, provided by the SRC. Baby’s First Swiss Army Knife™, complete with spork, nail file, toothpick—*no knife*. A Nokia 3310. No reception, emergency calls only. Your medicare card. A raffle ticket. *And one spooky mystery item!* (Not pictured).

That fist sure is starting to speed up.

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.

I am Bread

Leigh Nicholson gets toasted.

A quality video game teaches you something new about the world in a way you never thought of before. *I am Bread* taught me that there are a lot of things in a house you can use to toast bread that aren’t a toaster.

If you thought that *Goat Simulator* was the peak of simulator games, you are wrong. *I am Bread* is the latest game from Bossa Studios, who brought you *Surgeon Simulator*. The premise is simple; you are a piece of bread and must manoeuvre through different rooms in a house in search of ways to toast yourself. Or as the studio puts it, it is “the beautiful story of one slice of bread’s epic and emotional journey as it embarks upon a quest to become toasted”. This quest is intertwined with bits of information about your ‘owner’ (purchaser?) who, you find out, is slowly losing the plot because he thinks his bread is alive. Also, the soundtrack is surprisingly amazing.

You start in the kitchen. Simple enough—except the toaster is on the other side of the room and as piece of toast, you are both small and have no legs. You, the slice of bread, fling yourself around in

search of any object that produces enough heat to grill you. For example, you soon learn you can throw yourself onto a nearby skateboard to roll on over to the other side of the room before scaling some cupboards with the help of your surprisingly sticky surface. You find out pretty soon that your “edibility” decreases if you touch something gross, like trash or the floor, and it increases if you roll yourself around in some butter or even cereal, for some reason.

I asked recent graduate and founder of the Facebook page ‘Inner West Cockroaches’, Mariana Podestá-Diverio, what she thought of *I am Bread*, as she has been a three month long fan of the game. “One finds oneself in a position where decisions regarding synchronicity and timing all come down to understanding the kinetic energy contained in the slice, required a considered and constant effort”.

Although you occasionally feel sorry for the home owner who is currently seeing a therapist because of the stress of coming to terms with a slice of bread being conscious, you have to keep your eye on the prize—become toast whatever it takes.



Comic by Bryant Apolonio

There is a Powdered Milk Shortage in New South Wales and Nobody Will Tell Me Why

Peter Walsh chases a powdered ghost.



Anecdotally, I can tell you there's a shortage of powdered milk in New South Wales. I've seen Coles Brand Full Cream Powdered Milk listed as "temporarily unavailable", and—again, anecdotally—

I've heard Big W is limiting the number of milks you can purchase in one go. I've been told pallets of powdered milk are moving overseas in carry-on luggage, where they are marketed to quality-conscious parents as baby formula—but I have no way of proving this, nor of justifying the recent spike in demand.

Worse still, what I've just told you is the content driven portion of the piece.

The comments I got from retailers were broadly inconclusive—along the lines of "why ask us and not Woolworths?"—as if this article was just another theatre in the proxy war between retail giants. (To be fair, I could not find powdered milk listed on Woolworths' online store). The process of seeking comment made me feel like a rubber duck circling the drain of a rapidly emptying bath—the more time I spent searching for that precious white powder, the more I lost sight of my previous life.

I called Coles first and was greeted warmly by someone on the other end, who asked me how my day was in a way that suggested they actually minded, until I mentioned I was 'media'. Those three syllables might as well have been "I fuck dogs" for the way the operator's voice turned while they redirected me. The media liaison was

reluctant to answer questions over the phone—and so asked me to email.

Email sent, I contacted Customs, who, on hearing I was media, tersely redirected me to a similar sounding person in a similar sounding building who felt similar about answering questions over the phone. Some time later, the responses began to file in. Coles wanted me to clarify if it was a specific brand in question (No, just Coles Brand for now) and then asked me why I mentioned Big W's shortages and what is Coles' relevance (admittedly, a mistake on my part, but I told them it's the context broadly) and then they never replied. Customs, who I contacted first as *Honi* and then as *peteman1001@hotmail.com*, told the former that baby formula (despite my asking about powdered milk) is not a controlled substance and is thus

unmonitored (you got me—*fair*) and told the latter that Customs doesn't just go about telling people things and it's none of your business thank you very much.

Much like the murder that goes unsolved at the end of the movie or the cat that unresolvedly runs away, I feel somewhere between frustrated and obsessed. The sight of a backpack drooping from weight arouses a desire in me to tear open the zippers and see whether powder torrents out. Out of reflex, I've found myself magnetised to the long life food aisle. Overnight, I woke to the silhouette of a person smoking on my balcony. "You'll never catch me", they said before casting a handful of powdered milk over my eyes like a calcium-rich Sandman. There is no end to this kind of uncertainty.

USU Board Censures Carrigan and Magyar

Tim Asimakis reports on the latest update to the USU's CabCharge scandal.

Content Warning: This article references sexual assault.

The board today censured Directors Robby Magyar and Liam Carrigan for misuse of USU funded CabCharges during the month of January.

The motion to censure Carrigan passed with the vote of every present Director, excluding an abstention from Magyar. However, the motion to censure Magyar was a much tighter affair, with the room splitting five-five, forcing President Tara Waniganayaka to use her casting vote to carry the motion.

The censure motions were both moved by Board Director Tim Matthews, who argued that his fellow Directors had held students and the Board in contempt by their abuse of entitlements. They follow an internal investigation conducted by the USU's HR department, that found that of the 27 CabCharges used by Carrigan in January, 23 of them were not valid under the USU's CabCharge agreement, and of the 12 used by Magyar, eight were not valid.

However, multiple Board Directors criticised the transparency and thoroughness of the investigation. The critics include Magyar himself, who argued that only two

of his usages fell outside the terms of the agreement, as opposed to the eight identified in the report. Magyar told the meeting that he had already made an offer to reimburse the USU for those two trips. He further stated that he offered on multiple occasions to provide more detailed explanations for his CabCharges if necessary, but was never afforded the opportunity to do so.

It is understood that these criticisms explain the tight nature of the vote to censure Magyar.

Commenting to *Honi*, Magyar said, "I accept the censure on the basis of two misuses. All I had hoped for was the remaining charges in the month of January to be accepted as valid usage and within the purview of the USU's CabCharge Agreement."

Speaking to the Board, Carrigan admitted responsibility for his misuses and promised to reimburse the USU. He went on to describe January as "the darkest month" of his life, though stressed that this was merely by way of explaining his actions and in no way was intended to excuse or justify them. "This scandal did not just impact me, but the organisation we all care so much about", he said. "This is the reason I do not want to run from it."

Carrigan detailed a month that was traumatic for him, both mentally and physically. "I was not properly medicating my ADHD due to circumstances beyond my control, which had a serious impact on my mental health and behaviour", he told *Honi*. Furthermore, Carrigan indicated that his excessive usages in late January "were in the wake of a devastating sexual assault".

Carrigan is currently considering whether or not he wishes to make further details of his circumstances publicly available.

A censure is a formal rebuke from the Board that indicates a breach of the USU's regulations.

The Board closed the agenda item by reaffirming its commitment to transparency and accountability and by passing a motion moved by Vice-President Bebe D'Souza commending the work of the HR department and staff during the month of January.

In addition to D'Souza's motion, six motions relating to the use of CabCharges were carried. All were moved by Board Director Tim Matthews, and all passed.

The motions passed were:

- 1) *That the Board unequivocally condemns the use of the Directors' CabCharge Cards for purposes outside those proscribed by the CabCharge Credit Card Agreement as an abuse of corporate opportunity.*
- 2) *That the Board finds that Mr Robby Magyar failed to adhere to the Regulations and Directors' Duty Statements.*
- 3) *That the Board finds that Mr Liam Carrigan failed to adhere to the Regulations and Directors' Duty Statements.*
- 4) *That the Board censures Mr Robby Magyar.*
- 5) *That the Board censures Mr Liam Carrigan.*
- 6) *That the Board recognises the need for a more transparent and accountable approach to the entitlement of Directors to spend the funds of the University of Sydney Union at their discretion, and to that end undertakes to implement a policy for the proper regulation of this system at or before its meeting on 24 April 2015.*



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President’s Report

Kyol Blakeney

Last week saw the launch of the Ally Network in support of standing with Queer students and staff on campus. In attendance was one of my predecessors, The Hon. Michael Kirby AC CMG and Liberal Member of the Legislative Council, The Hon. Don Harwin. The proceedings began with speeches from the VC, Chancellor, Oscar Monaghan (giving a students’ perspective) and yours truly. Reflecting on the event, I began to talk with many students from the queer community on cam-

pus about the event itself and what the network meant for them. It was a mixed response.

While I was taking a photo with Kirby he leant over and told me I was too soft. So, here’s what I really think. I think the event was full of symbolic and political gestures touching on barely any of the issues the queer community face on campus. Of course everyone promoted gay marriage. Everyone spoke about how impor-

tant equality is. But nobody, besides the students, spoke in depth about the hate crimes we still see today, mental health, high suicide rates of our youth, or public bathrooms being unsafe for queer students. Furthermore, I know for a fact that students have been pushing a preferred name campaign with the University for about a year now and while it is considered dealt with on paper, students are still subject to humiliation in lectures and tutorials by being outed publically as a trans

person. The Liberal who stands alongside a patriotic, queerphobic, racist party or the lack of queer speakers at the event was not what got under my skin. To put it bluntly, it annoyed me that students are facing these issues everyday of their lives and instead it was allies who were congratulated and recognised for being decent human beings. It’s like saying, “Congratulations, you’re not a dick.” I don’t have to be part of an Ally Network to be a good ally. What even is an Ally Network?

General Secretaries’ Report

Chiara Angeloni

Baristas have been pumping out caffeine to students shuffling sleepily to 8am lectures; Eastern Ave is swarmed by crowds on the hour; and it’s hard to secure a spare square of lawn at Hermann’s at the end of a long day. Another university year has begun. Hope your return to class has been bearable!

Our efforts in organising the SRC’s OWeek activities across the Camperdown/Darlington, Conservatorium and Cumberland campuses definitely paid off. All 500 SRC showbags were snapped up by students who visited our stall and spoke to our Office Bearers and casework team. If you missed out on one of our ‘How

to Uni’ guides, we still have plenty more available at the SRC, so feel free to visit and grab a copy for yourself.

We also sparked conversations about the Abbott government’s plans to deregulate tertiary education as students had a go at our interactive ‘Pin the Tail on Chris Pyne the Deregulation Donkey’. The deregulation of tertiary education would remove the limits the government currently places on how much Australian universities can charge students, allowing universities to charge students whatever they want.

The SRC has remained in steadfast opposition to deregulation over the past year.

At last week’s Council meeting, virtually all Councillors present indicated that they were elected by students on a platform of opposing fee deregulation. We’ll be making this opposition clear once again at the National Day of Action on March 25. Join us outside Fisher library at 1pm to march against fee deregulation, for a fairer and more equitable education system!

Last week’s council meeting was the first for 2015. Council is integral to upholding accountability in the SRC (as Office Bearers, including Max and I, report on their activities for the month) and engaging with students at the grassroots level (through motions submitted by students

and voted on by the 33 elected Councillors). Council is held monthly and open to all undergraduate students to attend and participate in. If you would like to bring something to the attention of your student representatives, the next Council meeting will be held on April 1 (location TBA).

On a final note: if you’ve been waiting until Week Two to avoid the long queues for textbooks, check out whether the SRC’s secondhand bookstore has a copy of your textbook at a cheaper price. You can also sell your textbooks through our bookstore’s consignment scheme (subject to demand). For more information, check out srcusyd.net.au/src-books/

Environment Officers’ Report

Callista Barritt

The Enviro Collective ran very effective campaigns last year and hasn’t lost momentum during the break. Following is some of what we’ve done since the end of last semester. We:

- Helped organise and attended a 10-day long road trip (Mining the Truth) through regional areas affected by coal and coal seam gas.
- Hijacked the Vice Chancellor’s Christmas Party with “Operation Rudolf” dressed up as Santa and reindeers to deliver him a sack of coal.
- Helped organise and attended a week long training camp with collectives from other states in January.
- Met with the Vice Chancellor, set up an

ongoing framework for communication between the collective and management, and secured a number of commitments.

- Saw a big win for the Fossil Free USyd campaign which we’ve been working on for 18 months. The University has committed to reducing the carbon footprint of their share portfolio so that it is 20% lower than the weighted average of the markets on which they trade in three years. You can read our press release in response here: <http://fossilfreeusyd.org/news/>
- Organised a ‘Date with Divestment’ community building picnic for Global Divestment Day at UTS with UNSW & UTS environment collectives.
- Mobilised for and attended Bat Attack,

a 5 day festival of non violent direct action protesting the expansion of open cut coal mines into the Leard State forest.

- Created a beautiful OWeek stall themed “Back to what future?” with representations of the potential future impact of environmental action vs inaction, and have had lots of new interest and excitement in the Collective’s activities this year.
- Organised 2 events for OWeek, a screenprinting workshop and a film screening.
- With Vegesoc and the Food Co-op, organised an event in Week 1 in the Community Garden with live music, cooking & gardening workshops, screenprinting and free food.

- Restructured our Collective so that this year you can join a Working Group to work on what interests you. So far we have Campus Sustainability, Fossil Free USyd, Frontline Action, Finance, Events, Communications, and Community Garden, but you can always start your own! Contact Robert Pattinson on repattinson@gmail.com to find out how to get involved and when the various groups meet.

Coming up:

- Enviro Camp, April 10-12
- Divestment NDA - April 22



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Wom*n's Officers' Report

Xiaoran Shi and Subeta Vimalarajah.

Wom*n's Collective had amazing student engagement at OWeek this year: almost 250 feminists signed up as members and we made \$505 selling our T-shirts and showbags. The money raised will go straight back to keeping the collective running smoothly, and our immediate plan is to use it for the costs of the Growing Strong launch, happening at 7:30pm on March 14 at the 5 Eliza ballroom in Newtown.

The launch was originally slated for March 7, but upon realising this clashed with Mardi Gras, we swiftly postponed it to this Saturday. We are in awe of the array of poetry, fiction and essays featured

within the magazine and can't wait to celebrate such diversity of female talent. Come along!

The collective also hosted its first social event last Tuesday. About 20 members attended the Mardi Gras Film Festival screening of *She's Beautiful When She's Angry*, and it was impressive to see the film's intersectional approach in examining the history of the women's liberation movement and its notoriously privileged and exclusive beginnings.

Additionally, the Wom*n's Collective hard work and creative flair will be on show at SHE, an upcoming exhibition celebrating

female artists. Three of the collective's zines: vagina activity book, O-Week zine and activist handbook will be featured, and 20% of all profits will be donated to the International Women's Development Agency.

Last but certainly not least, the collective's first ever meeting of 2015 was a great success. It was fantastic to see faces new and old, and work together in planning a year of radical and creative activism. One of the action points to come out of the meeting was organising a wom*n's contingent to the International Women's Day March on March 14 and in this week's meeting, the collective will be

creating signs and placards for the march.

If you're interested in getting involved, the collective meets every Thursday at 1pm in the Wom*n's Room on Level 2, Manning. If you're unable to make that time, fear not, as we have a fearless Facebook group where a lot of discussion and organising takes place. And as part of the expansion of our online empire, we've just revived the Wom*n's Collective Facebook page, so chuck us a 'like' if you like: www.facebook.com/usydwoco

Happy International Women's Day (aka everyday),
Xiaoran and Subeta

Indigenous Officer's Report

Nathan Sheldon-Anderson

Howdy. Now is everyone ready for some knowledge? Well if you are reading this, you are procrastinating, a puzzled first year or an interested reader (You know who you are) so damn straight you are ready for some knowledge!

Well firstly, 2015 is the 50th anniversary of the Freedom Ride. Fifty years ago, students from the University of Sydney toured towns in rural NSW to witness the discrimination of Aboriginal people. This publicity strengthened the push to eliminate racial discrimination. This year in commemoration, the SRC and University organised a new tour of the towns. This

proved to be an eye-opening experience for the participants, as they learned that while some things change others remain the same.

Secondly, during OWeek the Indigenous Collective had a stall, the one with the emus. You know you saw it. We met a variety of interested students and University staff members over a very successful three days. However, there was a sour moment. A small group approached us asking what we do. Then they inquired into how much Indigenous we were. That was disappointing. There is no division, of half, quarter one sixteenth. No matter how you divide,

an Indigenous Australian is an Indigenous Australian.

Thirdly, the Indigenous Collective has big plans for this year. The Reconciliation Week Festival later this semester, which we are hoping will provide the student population some excitement, knowledge and a greater understanding of Indigenous Australia. In week 11 the Indigenous Edition of Honi Soit, which is an excellent opportunity for the Indigenous students to have their pieces featured and to (again) allow for a greater understanding for non-Indigenous Australians. What about second semester you ask? Patience is a virtue.

Now if you have made it this far, you have probably noticed a recurring objective of the Indigenous Collective. Yes, understanding is the objective. Reconciliation is like the tango. Reconciliation takes two and without understanding, nothing will be successful. When it comes to Indigenous issues there needs to be a clear understanding between Indigenous and non-Indigenous Australians. While the Freedom Ride strengthened the pursuit to eliminate racial discrimination, we still have ways to go. That is it, enthused readers. Stay tuned for next time on the Indigenous Officer's Report!

Student Housing Officer's Report

Riki Scanlan

In a cramped townhouse a dozen students—mostly from overseas—study, eat, and sleep mere paces from each other. Some students have lived out of cars or in meth dens. Some live with homophobic parents or with abusive relatives or partners. Most students who live out of the family home live below the poverty line.

The majority of students who rent suffer from "rent stress". A large proportion of their incomes vanishes with rent payments, leaving the pocket strained when it comes to budgeting for expensive text-

books, other semester expenses, or medical costs for students with disabilities, particularly those with chronic illnesses.

Add to that the increasing attacks on welfare by the Abbott government that threaten the Disability Support Pension, Youth Allowance, and HECS itself, and you have a picture of students beset on all sides by the fickle forces of rent prices, neoliberal government policy, and an increasingly casualised and underpaid job market.

In the face of this, Sydney University plans to develop up to 5000 beds over the next five years. The question is whether they will be affordable and meet the needs of students. The Student Housing Action Collective is being reignited in order to campaign for several simple goals:

1. a guaranteed percentage of affordable accommodation
2. inclusion of a temporary accommodation service for students who are temporarily homeless and dedicated crisis accommodation for more extreme cases

3. an approach to housing that recognises the unique issues facing wom*n, queers, people of colour, Aboriginal people, international students, and people with disabilities.

But starting a collective and a campaign from scratch is tough. If you want to get involved, join the [Student Housing Action Collective](#) FB group. You can be involved to any extent, from just giving your input to throwing your heart and soul into it.



International Students and Transport Concessions

In 1989 the NSW government withdrew access to transport concessions for International Students. Since then international students have had to pay full price to use public transport. The SRC has always opposed this discrimination.

As a result of students' vocal opposition to this discrimination a small victory has been won. While international students still do not have the same transport concessions as local students, they can now get some discounts, but need to take care to buy the best ticket for them.

International students can now buy the following tickets at discounted rates:

Travel Pass	International student price
MyMulti3 Annual	\$1630
MyMulti2 Annual	\$1600
MyMulti3 90 Day	\$465
MyMulti2 90 Day	\$435

A MyMulti 3 pass is for unlimited travel on buses, Sydney Ferries, CityRail and light rail in Greater Sydney, the Hunter and the Illawarra.

The MyMulti 2 pass is for unlimited travel on buses, Sydney Ferries and light rail in Greater Sydney, the Hunter and the Illawarra, as well as some CityRail services. (See <http://www.transportnsw.info/> for more information.)

These are not necessarily the best tickets for all students however. Students need to consider how many months of the year they will be in Sydney and how many days and times a day they will use public transport, and then do their calculations in order to work out what ticket is best for them.

Eg. If a student only uses public transport to come to university and only uses the bus, eg. from the City to university, it is cheaper to buy a MyBus2 Travel 10 (\$30.40). If a student attends university 5 days a week, that is 10 trips per week. If there are 13 weeks in a 90 day period that's 13 x \$30.40 or \$395.20. Cheaper than the 90 Day MyMulti tickets.

International students using these discounted tickets will not be required to apply for or carry a concession card.

How can students purchase tickets?

Students can purchase tickets online via the university. Go to <http://bit.ly/12eS01Y>

Students cannot purchase discounted tickets directly from Transport for NSW ticket outlets or railway stations. The University of Sydney must order tickets

on your behalf and confirm you are an enrolled international student.

The SRC will continue to fight to international students to have the same rights to transport concessions as local students. To join this fight contact the International Students' Collective on 9660 5222.



Ask Abe

SRC Caseworker HELP Q&A

Hi Abe,

I moved into a place in Stanmore at the beginning of February. I paid my bond and 4 weeks rent in advance. Now that I've lived there a while I really hate it and want to move out. The house itself is dark and gloomy and I don't really like my neighbourhood. I told my landlord but she said I had to stay until the end of my contract. This is a real problem because I've already signed a lease for another room in a different house. Please help me.

Doubled Up

Dear Doubled Up,

There are 2 types of renters: tenants and boarders/lodgers. Tenants are covered by the Residential Tenancy Act (2010). It sets down rules for both you and your landlord. In the situation you have de-

scribed you want to "break your lease early". As a tenant you would have to pay a penalty of between 4 and 6 weeks rent in addition to rent up until the day you move out. If you have maintained your room in good order you should receive a refund of your bond. You may be able to convince your landlord to let you find someone else to take over your lease in exchange for no or a reduced penalty. They are under no obligation to do this.

If you are a boarder/lodger, you are covered by the contract that you signed. There is usually some clause in there about how to break the contract early. Again, you may be able to convince your landlord to allow you to find someone to take over your contract. If this doesn't work you might like to speak to the SRC Lawyer about breaking your contract with as little financial penalty as possible.

Abe

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Representative Council,
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What is SUPRA?

SUPRA is a democratically run student organisation funded through your SSAF money—or to be more exact a small portion of your SSAF money—around ten percent of it. Last year we had a budget of 1.148 million, and this year the number is likely to expand.

We employ five SAAOs (including one SAAO coordinator), one lawyer (sort of—Ingrid is actually a contractor through the Redfern Legal centre), two administration officers, one administration coordinator and a finance manager.

In addition we have a number of student office-bearers including the President, Vice-President, Secretary, treasurer, education officer and director of student publications. We also have six equity officers, an international student officer, a women's officer, a queer officer, a rural and regional officer, an indigenous officer and a disabilities officer.

We complain about being under-resourced, and certainly we are in many sense—important senses that will be covered in future columns. In another sense however, we clearly have substantial resources, and your money funds us. You have every right then to ask what we do with it.

We provide representation for students on over a dozen internal University Committees, participate in protest movements like the recent movement against cuts and fees. These services assist in your welfare, even if you're aware of them or actively participating. Certainly though—they would be stronger with your participation.

We provide a free advice and advocacy service, including a legal advice and advocacy service. Here is just a small faction of what we can help you with: academic appeals, tenancy, academic exclusion, welfare, bullying and harassment by a supervisor, torts, intellectual property, contracts and criminal law.

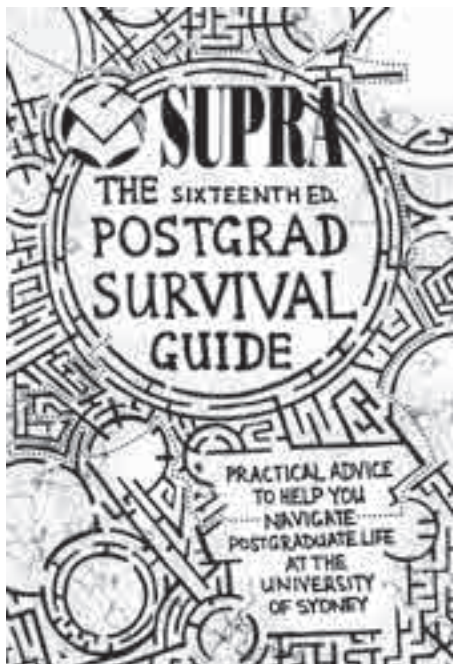
We produce a yearly book-length publication called the survival guide, and many smaller publications besides ranging from our weekly newsletter called eGrad (sent to all subscribers) to our calendar, to a variety of leaflets and pamphlets.

We run a variety of regular events including Wine & Cheese, Coffee afternoons, the Postgraduate Education Action Collective, Women's coffee, a variety of International student social events, irregular parties and BBQS and much more.

We do a lot already; we could do so much more though if you got involved.

SUPRA presents...

The Postgrad Survival Guide 2015



Packed with information and advice about what SUPRA offers postgrads and how you can get involved, Surviving and Thriving in Sydney, Academic Rights, Fees & Financial Support, Tenancy & Employment Rights, Legal Rights and Services on Campus.

Available now from our offices
in the Demountable Village (A06), Camperdown Campus.

Look out for launch dates coming soon at various campuses!

www.supra.usyd.edu.au

Upcoming events:

The Postgraduate Education Action Collective Social

*4pm-5:30 pm 12th of March at
Hermann's bar*

Come along to the first PEAC social for 2015!

PEAC is the education collective within the Sydney University Postgraduate Representative Association - SUPRA.

PEAC is a space that organises around postgraduate education issues, including (but not limited to) lobbying for gains from specific faculties, trying to secure more postgraduate spaces on campus, and the big fight against university fee deregulation.

This is a casual event (not a meeting**) where postgrads can get to know other postgrads that care about education.

So come along, grab a drink and some nibbles, and meet some new, dynamic postgraduate friends.

See you there!

NOTICE OF A GENERAL MEETING OF THE SYDNEY UNIVERSITY POSTGRADUATE REPRESENTATIVE ASSOCIATION

All postgraduate students are warmly invited to attend a general meeting of the Sydney University Postgraduate Representative Association. Catering will be provided, it's a great opportunity to meet other postgraduates, and we'll be talking about some very important issues in the running of SUPRA. The agenda is:

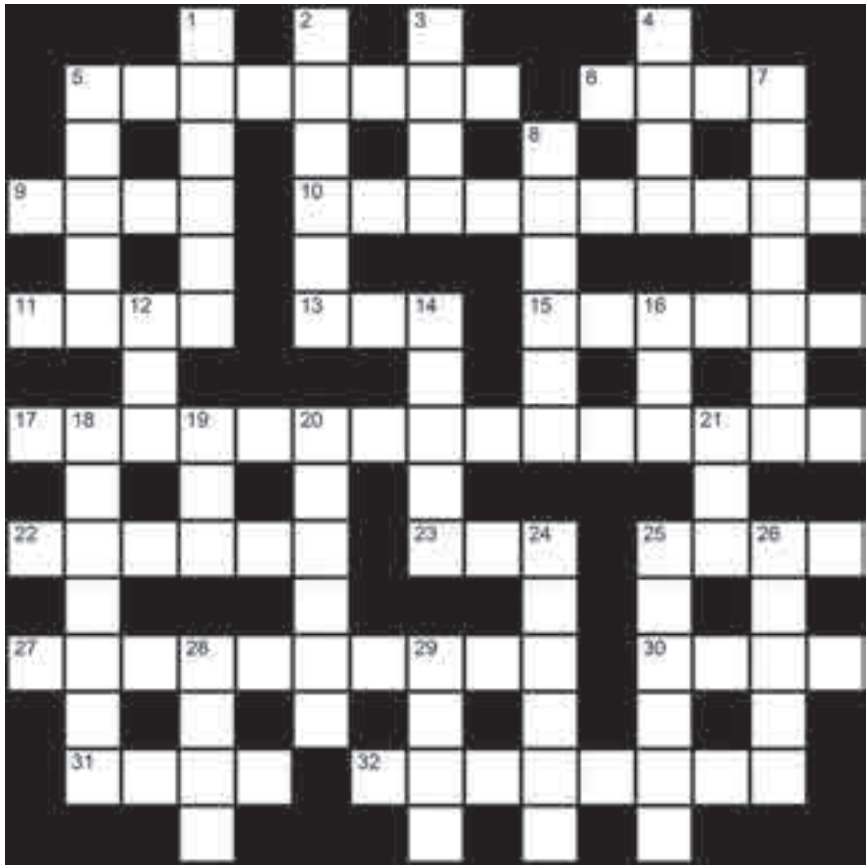
- 1- President's report on the council term so far.
- 2- Ambiguity as to who is currently a council member and related matters.
- 3- Constitutional amendments that have been duly submitted in writing.
- 4- Call for other business.

We hope to see you there; it's on 6pm, the 31st of March in the Woolley Lecture Theatre N395



Cryptic

By Zplig



All starred clues are songs by 5-Across. 5-Across and starred clues are only wordplay (no definition half)

Across

- 5. Blends of New Order? (3,5)
- *6. A beginning to real machinery without interior pieces (4)
- 9. Take an oblique course South-West around Kenya (4)
- 10. Related early Georgian art with the first home (an ancient city) of a legendary leader (4,6)
- 11. Grue was designed to persuade (4)
- 13. A bit of snubbing to a snob (3)
- 15. Somewhat dull person has an angry dispute to adopt (6)
- 17. Tainted sons pimp out sorrows (15)

- 22. Heard we're money, creep? (6)
- 23. Life energy; quiet in sleep (3)
- 25. Asterisk is the lead!? (4)
- 27. See 2 Down
- 30. Plays to variables (4)
- 31. Objective pronoun found to be reflective in Germoh? West-German (4)
- 32. Unselfish genes - our set off (8)

Down

- 1. See 7
- *2/27. Trash? Not rubbish sucker! (6,3,7)
- 3. Volatile Nordic leaders of Riksmal committee leave Norse war god (4)
- 4. Perhaps a Londoner in Bristol misses the sun? (4)
- 5. Doctor Tom, the bread chef (5)
- *7/1. You had one surrounding thing kept neat or workable - maybe all at the start? (3,4,4,2)
- 8. Plan to get a short time under a woman's leg (6)
- 12. Deep cut removed the heart of bishops - what a wonderful thing! (3)
- *14. Sprain beneath the upper back (5)
- 16. Feel remorse for a morgue perhaps? (3)
- 18. Entertainment performed on frozen water kills in what way? (3,4)
- 19. Broadcast seconds of radio live - practicing? (3)
- 20. New hope be like one of the friends (6)
- 21. Web and bug catcher (3)
- 24. Bill is like a model when around another model (6)
- 25. Take an exam on company master's type of program (6)
- 26. Deep space, it is like a hollow buoy next to a ship (5)
- 28. Chucklehead found in drunkard, like a man from Glasgow (4)
- 29. Type of organ is inflamed when filled with energy (4)

Target

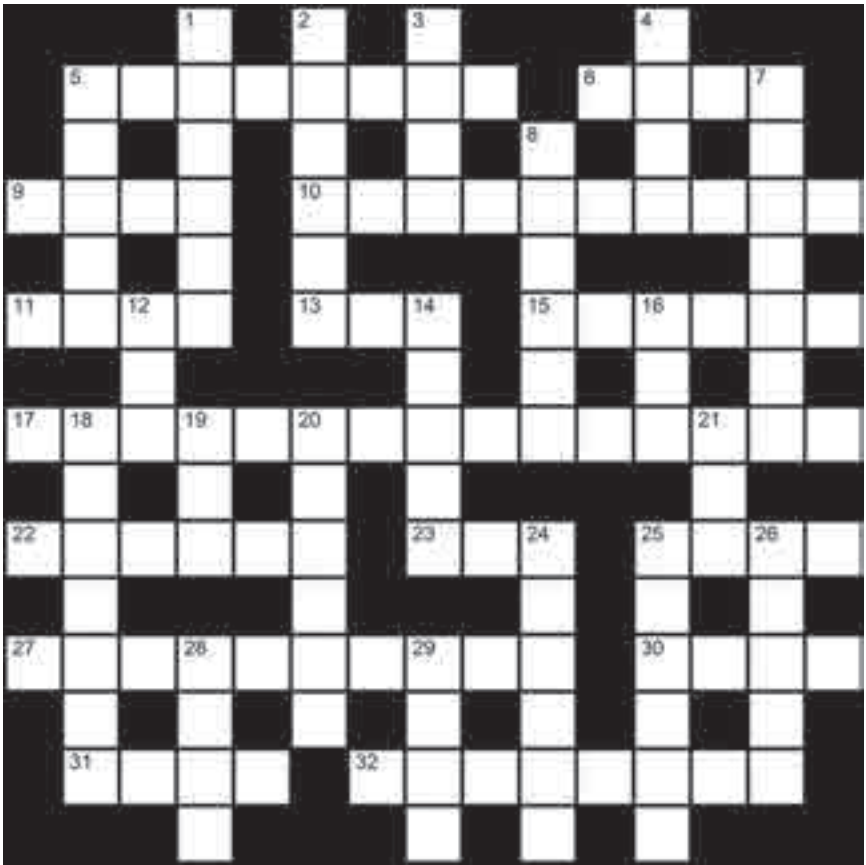
Minimum four letter words

Not Grouse: 30 Grouse: 40 Grouser: 60 Grousest: 80

Y	N	E
T	B	I
O	S	C

Quick

By Zplig



Across

- 5. In good spirits (8)
- 6. Force over acceleration (4)
- 9. "...I am still just a rat in a ___" Smashing Pumpkins' lyric (4)
- 10. Something taken for granted (10)
- 11. Not alive (4)
- 13. Overact (3)
- 15. Dishonest person (6)
- 17. Cryptid in Scotland (4,4,7)
- 22. Magical drink (6)
- 23. Ingredient of a mojito (3)
- 25. Celebrity (4)
- 27. Lacking in important occurrences (10)
- 30. Laboratory gel (4)
- 31. Merely (4)
- 32. Principal section of a symphony (8)

Down

- 1. What Henry VIII did to two of his wives (6)
- 2. Fissure (6)
- 3. Worry (4)
- 4. NaCl (4)
- 5. Pursue (5)
- 7. Hard drive, for example (7)
- 8. Organism in the early stages (6)
- 12. Channel 2 (3)
- 14. Scrooge (5)
- 16. Channel 1 (3)
- 18. Disney World location in America (7)
- 19. Evil spell (3)
- 20. Trip with a purpose (6)
- 21. Small bird (3)
- 24. Implement used in croquet (6)
- 25. University society that organises social events for GLBTIQ students & friends (6)
- 26. Anticipate (5)
- 28. Goodbye (Latin) (4)
- 29. "The ___ on the Hill" Beatles song (4)

Join Crossword society on friday 11-1 outside hermanns to learn how to solve the cryptic! Join the group Usyd Crossword Society on facebook to learn more.

6	9			4	7	1		
7	1	8	3		6			9
2			5	9			7	
8	5	9		1		3		
	3			5				2
	7	2	6					5
	6	1	9					4
9	8		1	7	5			6
		7						1

Sudoku

Student scores huge haul of free Oweek condoms to add to last year’s huge haul of unused free Oweek condoms

HARD hitting news brought to you by BIG KNOB Bronson Lemon.

Second-year biology student Ryan Andersen has revealed he left his university’s Orientation Week with lots of condoms that he will add to his collection of condoms from years previous – none of which he has used.

“The Union bags didn’t have any rubbers this year, which was a bit shit, but I wasn’t gonna let that bring me down. The drama club had them, the bros at DrinkSOC hooked me up—you just gotta know where to look.”

The 20 year old reportedly visted every Oweek stall except ethnocultural stalls, vetting every gift bag before signing up. He also took far too many promotional condoms from nightclub promoters.

Onlookers said the foraging came with a surprising amount of urgency for someone who hasn’t had sex since Schoolies.

“I was really impressed,” Kelsey from SOHO said; “usually guys like Ryan,

who have clearly had very minimal sexual experience, are weird and hesitant about taking condoms from us. But he just strode up, said ‘thanks’, gave his mate a knowing wink and walked away as if it was nothing.”

After trawling Eastern Avenue and the streets of main campus for the better part of Thursday, Andersen returned to his parents’ place where he reportedly closed his door, sat on the side of his bed and opened the top drawer of his bedside table, revealing his untouched collection of last year’s O-Week condoms.

Andersen’s mum reported that her son whispered stories of his expected sexual prowess as he emptied his hessian tote bags of 23 prophylactics. Though Andersen has no immediate or long-term sexual prospects in the coming year, he is confident he has the material means to negotiate the exchange when it happens.

“I am ready.”

David Astle Fine Stop Asking

Ciaran Bo also happily reports of his own volition.

Until-recently-missing ex-*Herald* cruciv-
erbalist David Astle has again opted not to attend a press conference in person, instead sending a media representative to reiterate that he is alive and well and everyone should stop asking bloody ques-
tions.

At a similar event on Tuesday to announce his safe return, Astle’s representative stat-
ed unequivocally, “David is in the best of health, and his refusal to make public appearances should be taken as a product of the sheepish modesty for which he is so well known, rather than the product of some kind of threat to his life or hostage situation.”

The announcement comes a week after Astle’s widely-celebrated appointment as puzzles editor of *The Garter Press*.

Astle is, according to the representative, in high spirits.

“Do not listen to the treacherous lies of my wife and family who say I have not been home in months,” Astle concluded, via his reliable representative, “Also I love *The Garter*.”

Local man already starting second novel he’ll abandon

Word correspondent Words McWords has words.

Not content with one novel full of undeveloped characters, a plotline yet to be refined and a flawed narrative arc, local resident Jack Price has already begun work on a second novel that he also definitely won’t finish.

“The characters just strolled into my head, and I knew the exact dynamic they would have with each other. In that moment I rushed to put pen to paper, and was already writing chapter outlines,” Price said of a book that will not reach page 46.

“I know that I abandoned my last idea, but it was just very time sensitive to that point in my life. This novel, I think, will definitely have more of a timeless feel,” declared Price, entirely unaware of everything beyond chapter three’s inevitable failure.

“Will one of the characters die? Maybe. Will one of them get married, or perhaps come out? I really don’t know. But that’s just the creative process, you go where the story takes you,” said Price, because he literally didn’t know.

None of his characters even have last names yet.

It is reported that the novel is largely autobiographical. The lead character, Matt Bryce, is a writer in his early 30s struggling to balance his passion with everyday life pressures.

The book, currently untitled, will never be on shelves, as it will never go to a publisher, as it will never be given anything like the attention necessary for a novel’s completion.

Teen vlogger reaches 100 views and all of them are her mum

HARD hitting news brought to you by BIG KNOB Bronson Lemon.

A local teenager’s debut YouTube video has today received its 100th view. Every single one of those views was by her mother.

Edwina Ipus, 19, uploaded an acoustic guitar cover of Adele’s ‘Someone Like You’ on the 5th of February, just over a month ago. Since then her mother, Joanne Caster, has viewed the video several times each day.

“I’m so proud of my daughter,” Caster says. “She doesn’t have many friends, and she isn’t the best at things like uni, but she’s so talented! You really should watch it. I’ll send you the link.”

Several of Caster’s friends ‘liked’ the link when she shared it on Facebook, but none have yet clicked to watch. This is not to say they’ve not seen the video, however,

as Caster unfailingly shows it on her iPad whenever friends visit her home.

One such friend, who did not wish to be identified, rolled her eyes when asked about the video. “The girl’s tone deaf.”

Ipus is expected to release a cover of P!nk’s ‘So What’ next week.

DAVE’S GOOD SPELLS

Working Solutions for Enterprising Magicians, est. 2002.

WITH OVER THIRTEEN YEARS OF EXPERIENCE IN SMALL BUSINESS MAGIC, YOU WON’T BE ABLE TO RESIST MY LOW PRICES AND FLAT BASILISK STARE.

Dave Myrtlebane,
CEO and Founder, Dave’s *Good Spells*

SPELLS FOR THE SMALL OR HOME OFFICE:

FLY—SCOOT, SCOOTERS! SEGUE, SEGWAYS! THESE DAYS, MAGICAL FLIGHT IS THE ONLY WAY TO TRAVERSE THE CORRIDOR TO THE WATER COOLER.

WALL OF STONE—BECAUSE JANINE FROM ACCOUNTING NEEDS TO LEARN THE IMPORTANCE OF BOUNDARIES.

THE EXCELLENT PRISMATIC SPRAY—FOR FENDING OFF HOSTILE TAKEOVERS AND WINNING WIZARD DUELS!

BUSINESS SOLUTIONS:

RUNAWAY EMPLOYEES? ‘QUITTERS?’ FIRED SOMEONE AND REGRET IT? NO ONE WILL GET FAR WHEN YOU HAVE THEIR BLOOD SAMPLE IN YOUR PHYLECTERY!

SAVE YOUR SOUL—TO DISK!

LEARN TO HIDE YOUR NET WORTH IN ISLAND SHELL COMPANIES BY SLAYING THE JEALOUS DRAGONS THAT GUARD THEM.

Call this number:
0000000000100000000000
Or simply think it thrice
and I shall appear.



The Seven Daily Habits of Successful People

Business can be Hell, man! with Tim Hellman.

You don't get to be at the top of your field without picking up on a few tricks of the trade shared by every prominent corporate director and all footsoldiers to the prince of darkness. While they're not a sure fire recipe for success, it's hard not to notice the pattern!

1. Wake up before 7.30. All of my clients have a strict practice of getting up bright and early, 7 days a week. It's because your natural biorhythms are the most in sync at this time of day. Believe me: there's no other way to really get your day started!
2. Drink plenty of water. Staying hydrated is an excellent way to maintain healthy skin, hair and digestion. It's also a guaranteed appetite reducer. It is imperative you drink 6 full glasses of water a day and experts recommend you drink as many as 8 or 9! Note: ice water is a proven hindrance to your digestion as it contracts your blood vessels and makes it harder for your body to process fats. Lemon water also has plenty of Vitamin C.
3. Let your subordinates know that you (conditionally) care about them. Every successful person must learn to macromanage their lives by delegating tasks to assistants, workers, and other staff in positions of humiliating

servitude. It can be difficult for those tiny people to stay energetic and motivated if you forget to let them know that they really mean something very quantifiable to you, until they fail you in any way. Further, while you probably have a good reason for horribly burning your colleagues, make sure they understand why. It's a basic courtesy that goes a long way for team morale. Loudly bellow the problem to the whole office while vomiting smoke to ensure that nobody misses the message. It will still sometimes slip through, though!

4. Set Goals! Focus and reflect on your short and long term goals (for earthly revenge). Most people I meet in my seminars tend to overestimate how much they can hate in a day and underestimate how much they can hate in a month. Good goal setting involves forward thought and persistence. Don't defile rival pentagrams one day and forget to seal the inner sanctum the next. If you want to release the grim spectre of death on earth, you need to take measurable, regular steps to get there.
5. Stare in a mirror and strike your back with a whip. That's right! It's not just for Silas the albino monk in the famous Dan Brown novel *The Da*

Vinci Code! Staring chasteningly into a mirror while striking yourself with a disciplinary instrument is an ideal way to punish yourself for the sin and shame inherent in your corporeal form. It is a fantastic way to centre your mind and focus on whatever tasks you face in the coming day, and on the inward mortification that beleaguers any ephemeral spirit forced to inhabit the arrogant ape planet. Between all the emails, appointments, conference calls and deadlines, it is really important to have five to ten minutes just to look your host dead in the eyes and scream "I deserve this pain".

6. Bathing in blood. Once you're up and good to go, you need to send a signal to your body to do the same thing. If the blood you're using is cold and icy enough, it will wake up your nervous system and get you ready to start your day. I personally use pig's blood, but cow's blood, horse's blood, and even dog blood all work. Feel free to be creative with this and even create a mixture to start your day in the red (but in a good way)!
7. Stay positive! I can't stress how important it is to maintain constructive thinking and give those niggling insecurities the flick! Ultimately you should just be happy to be you.

Everyday tips for the loathsome masses:

Paw Paw Poor
Pore Treatment.

by Vivienne Hellegas



It hurts me to so much as acknowl- edge it, but it's come to my at- tention that many people who read this beautiful lit-

tle paper are poorer than myself. Sad, I know. And I can only imagine that with the stresses of being average, and the constant mingling with other less wealthy people, your pores are little cess pools of infection and in- security. But have no fear, darling Viv is here! To help!

Because I have a heart of gold (and *not* because I have a lot of gold bullion!), I understand that humans are capable of feeling things in response to the plight of those who live near them and even some- times those who live a little bit further away!

You may not have access to the beautiful products from SKII, Lancome, La Mer, Chanel, Shiseido, Chantecaille or any of the other luxury brands that I have on my dresser, but we *ALL* have access to Thomas Dux and Macro Wholefoods and chilled water! This is a recipe that's designed so anyone can rustle it up with what's lying around in the pantry! Stop being so poor, and let's get beautiful!

INGREDIENTS:

Paw paw, cumquats, lychees, caviar, the curd of forty litres of unhomogenised milk, whale.

METHOD:

Mash all the fruit ingredients together with a mortar and pestle (it has to be a porous stone surface or the cumquats will sour the lychees!) and set the whale and curd going in a Thermomix until smooth. Add the curd mixture to the fruit and blast freeze off the fat solids to the surface – scrape them as the mix thaws. The caviar is a delicious snack to get you through the process!

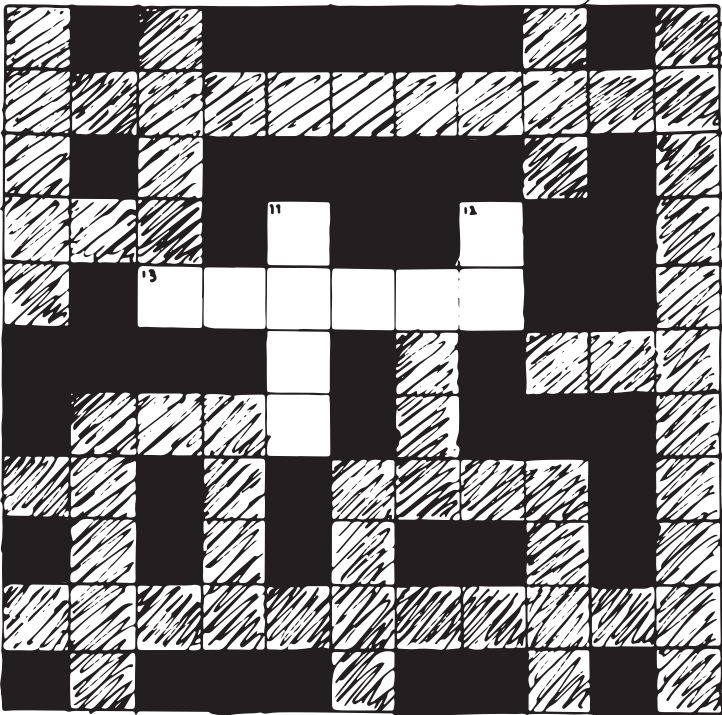
Now, obviously the optimal applicator is your beautician! But, if you're nursing ex- tra bills because some dyke cop with a chip on her shoulder got you double-parked in a clearway on Military Road when you were ducking in to grab some art supplies for the kids, use the tail of an obliging Labrador retriever!

Now this recipe isn't an invitation to touch me in public, but I look forward to see- ing you all strutting your beautiful, budget selves! Talk soon darlings!

After an at-times dishearteningly fruitless search for a new puzzles editor, The Garter is pleased to announce that the position has been filled by ex-Herald cruciverbalist David Astle! We're so pleased to permanently add David to the growing, refining, evolving, self- righting Garter family, and we just know that if he ever tries to leave us for The Herald again, we'd die! We'd just die!

David has had a huge week getting himself acquainted with The Garter offices, so his first puzzle is just a bit of a teaser! It's not a shaky start, it's a taste of things to come as David isn't going anywhere! Can you imagine how awfully we would treat David if his puzzles didn't reach at least the standard of his previous work in The Herald? That would make us so angry! Who knows what could happen! I wouldn't wish to find out, David!

Until he does find his feet, though, happy puzzling!



- ACROSS
- 11: _____ sir! Can I have some more! (6)
- DOWN
- 11: Assistance. (4)
- 12: ___, myself and I. (2)



*The Garter wishes to congratulate **Julia Robertson** on the simultaneous birth of her many, many new children:*

Tim Asimakis
Emma Balfour
William Edwards
Dominic Ellis
Riordan Lee
Aidan Molins
Patrick Morrow
Thomas Murphy
Michael Richardson
Peter Walsh

Explore a different dimension

Deutsche Bank Careers Event
Wednesday, 25 March 2015
6:30pm – 8:30pm
At Deutsche Bank Sydney

Discover how thinking differently about a career at a global universal bank can bring a **different dimension** to your future and ours.

With opportunities to join our team in **Sydney or Melbourne, Singapore or Hong Kong**, you'll find Deutsche Bank is the ideal place to launch your future career.

To find out more & register your interest to attend, visit
registration.db.com/ddcareers

Passion to Perform

