

HONI SOIT



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|--------------------------|---|----|
| SEMESTER ONE WEEK SIX | I Fell For A Catfish, What Emojis Sound Like | 6 |
| | Dirty Vegan Coke | 8 |
| | Stanmore Maccas is Dangerous, Sleep Deprivation | 10 |
| | Colour Run, undone | 16 |
| | How To: All-Day Happy Hour | 20 |
| | Bees Can Smell Cancer | 21 |

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Contents

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 4-5: Wom*n's Revue returns - Lecture recording fallout - Racism Reclaimed - Pay gap politics | No Time for Writing - Young Labor Drinks - Sutherland on Saturday | 18-19: Powdered alcohol - Dead author talks - Leadership's a bad word - Broken video games - Privacy at uni |
| 6-7: Falling for Catfish - Strangled at the AFL - Talking emjois - Learning to text - Stay at home Dads - Things I learnt | 12-13: University self-help - Write nicer reviews - Game of Thrones litigated | 20-21: Quizzing twins - 24-happy hours - Flash fiction - Kid's party at 20+ - Bees smell cancer |
| 8-9: Mindy's bother, 'model minority' - Cricket euphoria - Quack medicine - Dirty vegan cocaine - Uber monologues - Facebook's experiment | 14-15: J-swipe, Jewish Tinder - Shanghai bubbles - Press stud vs Button - World records, failed - Tanya Plibersek drove me home | 22: Run from Board - Gronks on Board |
| 10-11: Legs waxed - Maccas is Dangerous - Sleep Deprivation - Faculties in Verse - Faculties Drawn - | 16-17: Colour run undone - Six hour art film - Popping pimples - Kissing young Liberals | 27-30: <i>The Garter Press</i> |
| | | 31: Puzzles |

Editorial

This week in *Honi* we've thrown out the feature and all our regulars. We've gone short form—all articles 500 words or less. There's first person, there's fiction and there's poetry. We're celebrating good stories, told in as many different ways as possible. To be honest, you'll find little rhyme or reason to any of the pages. But that's sort of the point. It's the issue to loosen up a little. To capture all the jumbled, mad mess of creative talent on campus.

From the start, we've aimed to fill *Honi* with as many voices as we could find. We want this paper to honour the breadth of experience you encounter at university. It has

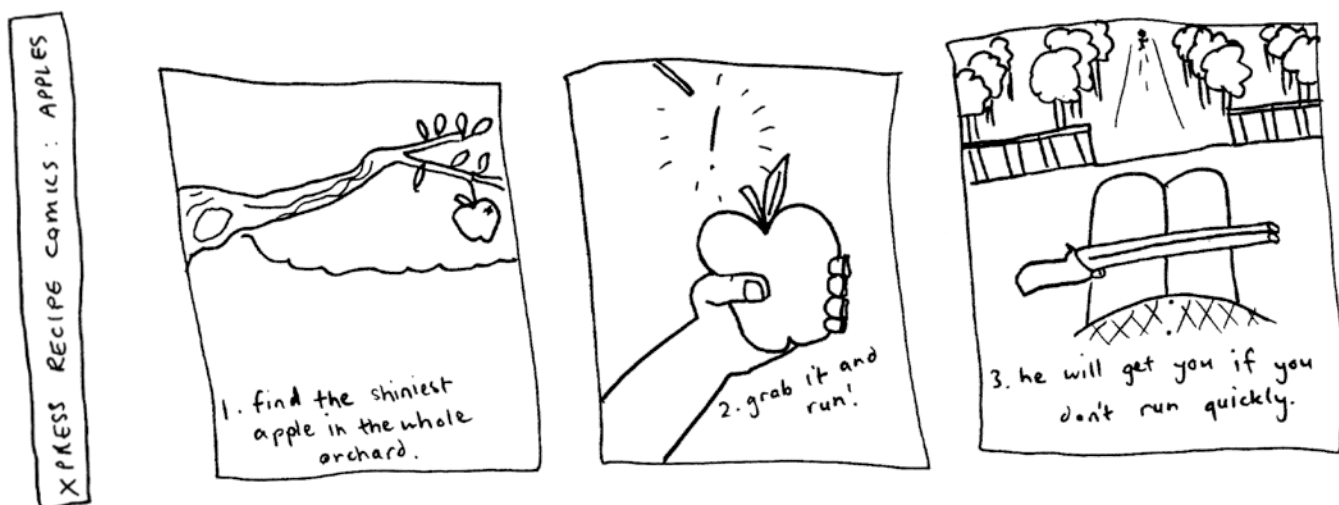
the (rare) potential to be a truly creative outlet and the extent of diverse collaboration it enables is a testament to that. This week, there are whopping 40 contributors. That's 30 writers and 10 artists producing more than 60 pieces of content. A bulk of them are our newly-recruited first year and international student reporters and artists who are being published, for the first time, in this edition.

You'll read about Catfish and being strangled at the AFL. There are monologues of an Uber driver and the ramblings of a dead author. Someone goes to hospital for popping a pimple.

In many ways, the job for our contributors has been harder. Limited time, limited words, limited characters. But it's also been a chance to break out of routine and experiment.

The regulars will be back. But for now, enjoy this—we think it's the good kind of mess.

Joanna Connolly



Credits

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Response to Clare Fisher

Dear Editors,

In terms of the article presented by Clare Fester on BDS and anti-Semitism, I would like to stress that while there is debate pertaining to whether the movement is in and of itself antisemitic, (dependent on whether proponents advocate boycott of settlement products only and differentiate between Israeli produce within and without the Green line), there is no doubt that the false accusations made at BDS rallies fosters antisemitism.

For me, the accusation that Israel is committing genocide, which is patently not true, is a form of antisemitism and I find it highly offensive. I made my quoted comment in that context, since for genocide to occur, intent has to be demonstrated. No elected Israeli government has ever advocated the genocide of the Palestinian people and since the Oslo agreement of 1993 all have recognized the right for a Palestinian state to exist side by side with Israel.

On the other hand, the Hamas Charter, that is the Islamic Resistance Movement, clearly contains clauses that stir up hatred to the Jews of Israel and so promote genocide. The Charter begins with a quotation from Hassan al-Banna, the founder of the Muslim Brotherhood: "Israel will exist and will continue to exist until Islam will obliterate it, just as it obliterated others before it".

In addition, many supporters of BDS advocate the 'one state solution' and when they chant 'From the River to the Sea' or 'Free Palestine', they are advocating the end of the Jewish state. As such, they are privileging Palestinian nationalism over Jewish national rights, which to me is highly problematic.

Also, it is incorrect to state that throughout history Jews and Arabs were always equal. In Islam, Jews are dhimmi, or 'protected ones'. To ensure protection, Jews had to pay an extra tax, the jizya, and follow other restrictions to indicate the sovereignty of Islam. Whilst how strictly these restrictions were enforced varied, and there were many positive periods in Islamic history, there were also periods of massacres, such as in 1033 in Fez, Morocco, and 1066 in Granada.

As the protest at the Colonel Kemp lecture demonstrated, BDS supporters do not allow both sides to engage in open and

free debate. The protestors declared aim was to shut down any engagement and they achieved that aim for 20 minutes, traumatizing the Jewish members of the audience, including myself, many of whom are descendants of Holocaust survivors, with the totally false accusation of genocide.

Martin Luther King stated: "Peace is not merely a distant goal we seek, but a means by which we arrive at that goal". I believe that we should work for peace through creating dialogue and understanding so that two states—Palestinian and Israeli—can exist side by side in peace, rather than shutting down that dialogue as BDS advocates.

Suzanne D. Rutland, OAM
Professor
Department of Hebrew, Biblical & Jewish Studies
University of Sydney



Dollars & Incensed

Dear *Honi*,

Last week's 'Dollars & Sense' column compared a seven dollar library fine to the (also \$7) very reasonably priced jug of lager at the Forest Lodge Hotel. However, if the editors had borrowed (or read) a book since 2012 from Fisher Library they would know that the smallest library fine you can accrue is \$10, the fine for one overdue day, or (2hr loans) overdue hour, and also the minimum repayment on such a fine.

This purely punitive amount reflects in no way the cost to the library or fellow students of 'late' books, and can see students out \$20 for accidentally leaving a two hour book on their desk for 1hr and 15mins, exactly the price of three jugs of Flogde lager, after you have picked up the \$1 coin someone left on the side of the pool table for no obvious reason.

Regards,
Ryan Hunter

Oops

Corrections from Oweek

Honi apologies to SUPRA for mislabelling a piece in the Oweek edition a 'President's Report'. It does not reflect the intentions of its author Tim Scriven nor SUPRA as an organisation.

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



A Wom*n's Place is in the Spotlight

*Julia Clark on the long awaited return of the USyd Wom*n's Revue.*

After years of failed attempts to restart the USyd Wom*n's Revue, Sophia Roberts and the freshly elected executive are leading the charge in 2015. Unlike the larger, flashier faculty revues, identity revues are typically performed for one night in a smaller venue like Manning Bar. They aim to provide the same executive, production, and performance experience to students who haven't had the opportunity to get involved in other performances. Wom*n's Revue is an autonomous production where all students who identify as, or have lived experience as a wom*n are welcome to get involved.

The inaugural performance of the Wom*n's Revue in 2007, directed by Brydie

Lee-Kennedy and Alice Workmen, was a huge success, touring as *The Princess Caberet* after its performance in the Sound Lounge. Issues with funding and participation halted subsequent performances with only the 2011 *Ghoul's Night* making it to the stage. Since then, the society has remained dormant.

Following disappointing and frustrating experiences in other revues, the executives and production teams of the establishment and re-establishment of Wom*n's Revue want to directly combat the lack of opportunities for wom*n to perform on campus. Roberts, 2014 Arts Revue Co-Director and 2015 Wom*n's Revue President and Co-Director, speaks of the difficulty for wom*n to establish their

voices in the comedy scene, citing the fact that the first twelve years of Arts Revue didn't see a wom*n director. In the past five years, four wom*n have directed the revue but all with a male co-director. While the Science Revue break-down reads better with an equal split between male and female production team members in the last four years, the trend remains that wom*n's voices are given considerably less opportunity in leading production and performance roles.

Roberts has particular criticism for the lack of intersectionality where students of different cultures, identities, and abilities are under represented in campus performance. In 2014, the Arts Revue cast had no people of colour and across

the board, people of varying abilities struggle to gain representation on stage. In its fledgling performance, Wom*n's Revue seeks to represent a variety of wom*n regardless of previous experience. Ultimately, the objective is to create a safe space for wom*n to express their interest in comedy and performance and to learn in a manner otherwise denied them.

With only four weeks before the May 13th performance, the process is due to be intensive but it allows students to be involved without excluding themselves from the faculty revues in second semester. Despite under-representation in the past, there is plenty of talent to go around.

This Lecture Will Now Be Televised

Samantha Jonscher on staff resistance to mandatory lecture recordings.

The University's new pilot lecture recording program has been met with resistance from University staff. The program will see all lectures automatically recorded; staff who wish to opt-out will only be able to do so if they have permission from their Dean. In the Arts faculty, lecturers who take first year subjects are not able to opt-out. This pilot program will run for the first semester of 2015.

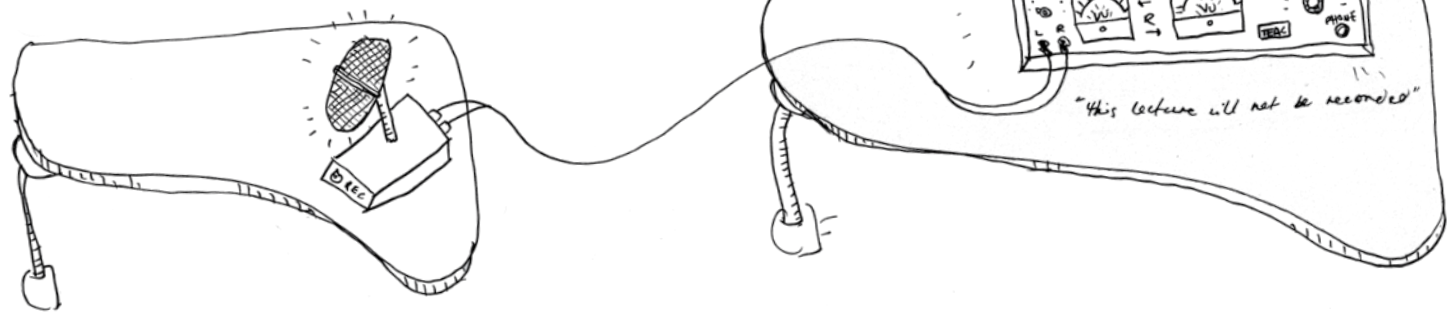
The University says this proposal came in response to student feedback. Lecture recordings are extremely useful for students with disabilities, students with English as a second language, students who have to work to support themselves and they are necessary if faced with an uncompromising lecture clash.

Staff voiced concerns about the proposal in an open letter addressed to the Deputy Vice Chancellor (Education) Phillipa Pattison, which was signed by 150 members of staff.

The open letter outlines a number of pedagogical concerns: concerns that students will be less likely to attend class, concerns that students will be able to absorb less using the Echo 360 streaming service.

At an April 8th forum on the subject, many staff, including those who signed the letter, voiced support for recording their lectures.

The issue seems to be less about lecture recordings themselves than it is about staff being forced to do them and the way that this policy has come to pass. Associate Professor Charlotte Epstein has called the University's approach "top down" and says that staff were not consulted.



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I'm Not a Racist, But...

Imogen Grant spoke to protestors at the Reclaim Australia rally.

On April 4, racists and neo-Nazis congregated nation-wide for the Reclaim Australia (RA) protests, in an attempt to 'regain' an Australia with the ethnic and religious diversity of *Neighbours* circa 1985. After attending the Anti-Racist Counter Rally, I sold my soul to the devil and visited the RA Rally at Martin Place in order to gauge just how fucked up some Australians can be.

Arriving at Martin Place, I entered a sea of Islamophobic and racist placards stating "Ban the Burqa," "Assimilate or Leave," "No to Sharia," and my favourite, "Our Women are Equal," a slogan obviously not written by a woman. An entire speech was devoted to the issue of Halal certification, with protesters chanting "Bring Vegemite Back". These Aussie patriots are so Islamophobic that they cannot consume any Halal certified products, not even Vegemite, which contains no meat. The stupidity in the protesters' views was staggering, especially their belief that the fees for Halal certification support terrorism. Unaware of the irony, white protesters appropriated the Indigenous flag and incorporated it into their demands to reclaim Australia.

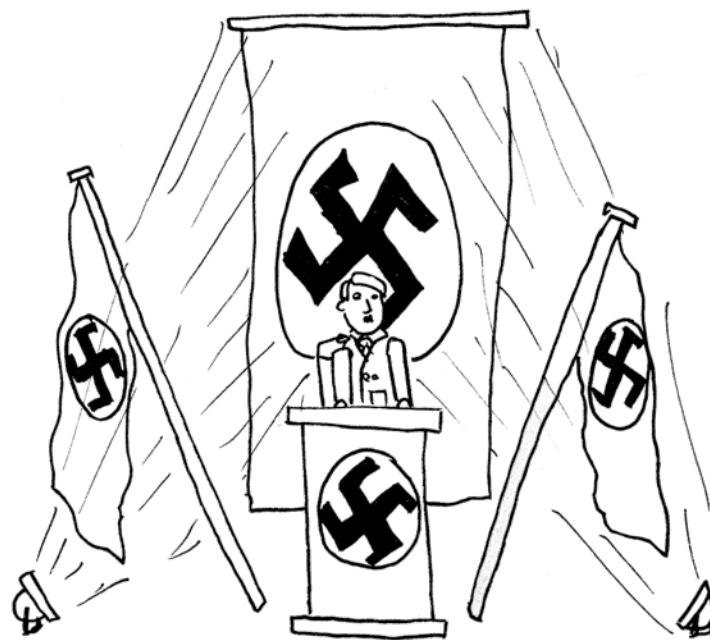
While at the rally, I spoke to a protester who bragged that he partook in the Cronulla Riots, and said that if he had his way he would "get a missile launcher and shoot all 'em muzzies." When speaking about his experience at the Dubai International Airport, he told me that he wanted "to concrete over the whole lot of 'em." These

were not fringe opinions at the RA rally.

However, I also spoke to an Egyptian-Italian man, one of the only non-white protesters, who despite being in the vicinity of people with swastika tattoos, appeared shocked when I mentioned the racist comments I had heard. When I asked why he

was attending a rally which opposed multi-culturalism, he replied that he was only opposed to "Islamic extremism" and that he didn't agree with the racist sentiments of his fellow protesters. Despite this, he was an active RA supporter and one of the more animated protesters. This is due to the way the far-Right movement has achieved broad ranging appeal through their populist agenda and by co-opting the language used by government and media in discussion of terror threats and asylum seekers. Active members who do not fully identify with the movement's racism, nonetheless, empower it through their involvement.

Whilst concerns about the rise of fascism in the wake of the RA rallies may be overstated, the truth is that in a political climate where the ALP is seen as bourgeois, where far-Right parties have populist agendas, and where racism and Islamophobia are increasingly normalised by the press and government, there already exists the framework for a strong ultra-nationalist right in Australia.



"Vegemite should not be halal."

Coalition Opts to Reduce Costs by Having More Women in Parliament

Jayce Carrano reports.

The government has taken budgetary belt-tightening into its own hands, vowing to remove a few belts and pants and replace them with skirts. Last week, treasurer Joe Hockey announced the inclusion of more women in parliament as a necessary cost-cutting sacrifice. When asked about the move, he said 'we have to look outside the box, so we're now looking to include more box in cabinet'.

Analysts agree the government will save millions. One commentator, Mr Showe Vinist, said: "Women are the Aldi of the workforce: not really your preference but times are tough so you just have to deal." In Australia, it's standard to pay women 18 per cent less but observers agree the government could stretch that to 25 if they opt for some two-for-one deals.

Vinist also suggested the move would drastically reduce the possibility of leadership spills by removing people who Coalition voters might see as potential leaders and replacing them with women.

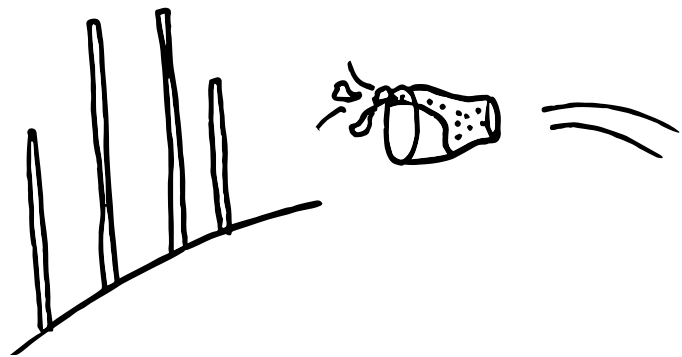
The move certainly hasn't been welcomed by the Coalition heartland. The hashtag '#mowomenmoproblems' began trending on Twitter several hours after the Coalition confirmed the plan, though was later overtaken by '#waitwomenwhatwhy'.





Never Gawk at a Hawk

Sophie Gallagher's friend was lost for words.



I never knew how important AFL was to Melbournians. I only attended my first ever AFL game last week, Hawthorn vs Geelong at the MCG, which I'm told was a big match to see. Wearing a borrowed Sydney Swans scarf in cheap general admission seats, I notionally barracked for Geelong (apparently, Hawthorn beat Sydney in the Grand Final and I was supposed to be outraged about this). I left the match impressed, and softly committed myself to follow AFL more closely from now on.

Later that night, friends and I who attended the game went out to explore Melbourne nightlife—something I was much more interested in. Even in swanky bars, I noticed that the locals still wore their AFL merch proudly.

I was sitting at the Gin Palace drinking a fish bowl sized G&T, when a very drunk older man wearing a Hawthorn jersey, beanie and scarf, stumbled in just to find the nearest bathroom. The guy was completely smashed and clearly had no idea where he was. He gripped a passing waiter and, slurring, asked to be shown how to find the exit. Fierce in my (new-found) support of the mighty Geelong Cats, I heckled "Typical Hawthorn supporter, can't even find the exit!" I didn't expect

him to hear me, but he stumbled right back in, screaming, "You watch out, you don't think I can hurt you?"

"No!" we laughed, thinking we'd shown him.

Out of nowhere, he lunged (as well as a drunken football hooligan can) with arms outstretched, and aimed for the loudest one of us. Going straight for his neck, he latched onto my friend, proceeding to strangle and shake him like a rag doll. Bar staff and patrons swarmed, pulling the guy off and pushing him to the door. My friend stood, confused and angry, as the rest of us looked on bemused. We received 10 per cent off all of our drinks, and some free shots from the bar to make up for it. The other patrons who helped remove the strangler came and joined us. We all began laughing hysterically at the absurdity of the situation. "The funniest thing about this is that I don't even know where Hawthorn is," I said.

A week later, I still don't know where Hawthorn is. But I do know that if you ever insult an AFL fan in a bar, you can get a hefty discount on your bill.

A Picture's Worth 3-4 Words

Rebecca Wong laments that there are no emojis for blind people.

"Is anyone still at UTS? I left my bag there loudly crying face loudly crying face."

My friends tell me I'm emotionally stunted. You would be too if all you had to express yourself in text messages and on Facebook were half-hearted approximations of emojis dictated by a speech synthesiser in place of cheery, crappy pictures. My emojis are read by a genderless robot with a perpetually jaded inflection and a truly stupid understanding of the human face.

"I'll see you soon face with wide open mouth and squinting eyes."

See how effortlessly the feeling carries. Is my friend happy to see me? Or is she contorting her features into an anatomically impossible grimace at the prospect? She might just be looking at something in the middle distance. Maybe I'd rather not know.

I can't even discern the difference between a "sort of unhappy face" and a "vaguely unhappy face". This may be the reason for my many, awful dates.

The obstacle is alienating enough that I've started appending disembodied thumbs and :)s to every message. I can't see them. It's a weird textual tick, a simulacrum of human affect. Third-hand feelings, passed from person, to phone, to emotionally challenged android, to emotionally challenged me. Is this love?

:((



Squint face pokey tongue.



beautiful friend with hair hiding her face



the big-chinned friend



very happy tooth face

Hook, Line and Sinker

Daniel Farinha was reeled in by a lie.

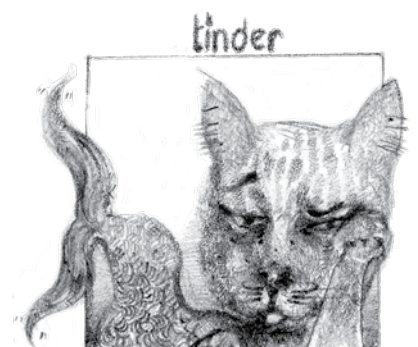
A right swipe on Tinder and a strategically chosen "Hey": the opening line of any tragic romance. He showed initial disinterest, which (for an insecure masochist like myself) rendered me immediately smitten. I pressed him to proffer more than 1-2 word responses to my desperate questioning and he obliged, feeding me ever more reasons to believe that Tinder had delivered me perfection. He was a strapping, MIT-educated, small-town American from Point Piper looking for a "significant other" but open to "whatever"; a Republican voter who didn't like their portrayal as "gun toting, gay hating, misogynistic (sic) assholes"; and a Baptist who didn't "push it on people". His character was thoroughly, even implausibly, complex.

I excused away his faults (surely the product of his conservative upbringing). In his "not terribly PC" words, "[g]ay guys aren't exactly easy to find or spot. And those that I can tell are gay usually aren't my type". The line was titillating for me, as it would be for seemingly any other oppressed middle-class, white, male homosexual. We planned to meet the following Friday, as he was going to Melbourne. In the meantime, my friends (accustomed to my tendency for melodrama) quickly tired of hearing how rapidly I had fallen in love. One even suggested he may be a fake, an idea I refused to entertain, trying not to let my self-doubt sabotage the nascent relationship. I pressed him to send more photos. He obliged, after noting that the neighbour's cat had jumped into his win-

dow. The ensuing photo, with the cat on his chest, was predictably cute. In it, he appeared much younger than in his profile (people's apparent age varies all the time, right?).

He was in a meeting for the entirety of the following day (presumably, this happens in the IT industry). I know this because I begged him to send me more photos of himself. He was flying down the next morning and I wanted to quash all doubts before the long weekend. His excuses were multiple and varied. He fell asleep early, his distance suggesting that he was not where he claimed. I incessantly checked when last he was online. I googled him, searched him on Facebook, Instagram, LinkedIn and Twitter. Nothing. When

he landed the next day, he said he'd Skype me at his friend's house. He never did. He blocked me on Tinder. My text messages no longer reach him. My reflection on the 2.5-day love affair? Better to be the fisherman than the catfish.



*Antonio, 23
4 miles away active 1 hour ago
Purr-feet lover, cook, emotional
punching bag etc etc. 100%
authentic. Yup...*



Working His Arse Off

Eliza Bicego's dad is just like yours.

He would wake me up at 6.30am in the morning so I could have breakfast with Mum before she went to work. He made my black Labrador jump up onto my bed and bark at me until it could see signs of life.

He would make me lunch and walk me to school, well into my high school years. He would do my washing, proof-read my essays, and yell at me when I left cotton buds on the bench in the bathroom. He once stayed up past midnight painstakingly spray painting the windmill I made for a year six science project.

He is my father, a man who stayed at home for the majority of my schooling years.

This puts him, according to the Australian Bureau of Statistics, in a group of men that make up less than 1 per cent of the Australian population. This is in a society where women make up more than 45 per cent of the workforce.

Sometimes I still pause before telling people. I feel like they're always waiting for a reason for why my dad is my stay at home dad. Is he a bludger? Feminine? Is my mum a tyrant; does she wear the pants and crack the whip? How could his masculinity allow it?

So I satisfy them with stories of his retirement, of his university education and his prowess at fixing cars when they break. I talk about how he and his friends invented one of the first fully autonomous electric wheelchairs in the 70s. I spin him into an eccentric academic, an easily digestible character that won't disrupt anyone's world view too dramatically.

I want to not need a justification for his existence.

I want to tell them about how he cries in the sad parts of movies, and the happy parts of reality television. I want to tell them how much he worries about my mother. I want to tell them about how he can be a cantankerous bastard when people rub him the wrong way. I want to tell them about the time I was in hospital, my head feeling like it was going to explode from the bacteria infecting the membranes around my brain, and he stayed up all night, next to me, describing the different colours the sky would be when the sun rose the next morning.

Maybe one day I will.

I call my grandfather "Pop". Some of my cousins call him "papou", which is the Greek word for grandpa. One of my cousins calls him "Papou Pop". Everyone finds this funny, including Papou Pop. Often when I'm over at their house, Papou Pop will ask me to show him how to send text messages, which I do, but he'll often forget how to delete a message or find the punctuation keyboard and I'll have to show him again. My grandmother's name is Helen/ Eleni but I call her Yaya, which is like an Australian version of "yiayia". When I refer to her in conversation to friends I call her "yiayia". This is to make her seem more authentic. Yaya is much better at texting than Papou Pop.

Yaya used to work in a factory in Milperra manufacturing the electrical components of poker machines for a company called StarGames. She would weld small electronic pieces onto green boards, or at least that's what it sounded like when I asked. It also sounded high tech and

Yaya and Pop

Elle Triantafillou

cool, especially for a yiayia. One time her Nissan Pulsar got keyed in the car park and we were all really angry but Yaya eventually forgave whoever did it, putting faith in karma and security cameras.

One day she hurt her back. Maybe it was something specific to the StarGames job, but maybe it was the inevitable result of working in manufacturing over many years. StarGames had to make sure Yaya did something different so that her back wasn't in so much pain. She got placed into this admin job that I'm pretty sure they invented just for her. I think it had something to do with Worker's Comp. I don't really know what she did in this job but she learnt how to email and she'd send my mum emails throughout the day just saying hi. My mum would then forward the emails to me and this would make mum, Yaya and I happy.

I think this is why Yaya is so much better at texting than Papou Pop, who worked

in the Catering Department at Qantas. My favourite text message she has ever sent is: "Ok chao xx Yaya" but when I tell my friends about my grandma's foray into cosmopolitanism I quote it as "Ok chao xx yiayia".



Things I've Learned Not To Listen To

Content warning: *Suvarna Variyar discusses responses to assault.*

"That's horrible," he says, and I shrug.

"Yeah, I agree. I kind of turned horse-sexual for a bit there—in a non-sexual way," I hasten to add, "but I'm okay now."

He sighs, heavily. Instinctively, I steel myself for something accidentally pitying or condescending. Instead, I get something a little worse.

"But did you learn anything from it?" he asks. "Like, did you take anything away, I mean in hindsight, is there anything you would have done differently?"

Hell yes, I think a little bitterly. But that's the thing about hindsight.

"No," I reply. It's true.

What would I have done differently? That's what he asked; but it's not what he meant, not really. It's a polite way of saying much uglier things. Would you have dressed more modestly? Would you have been less naïve? Would you have taken the safer route home? Would you not have had that whole glass of wine?

It's a pretty lie; that we control the decisions of those around us by our own actions.



Here is a list of things that hindsight would have me say, that day:

1. Do not trust. Do not trust men, ever; not friends nor strangers nor brothers nor lovers. Men will wear beautiful masks and keep them on while they tear at your soul.
2. Do not drink, or be tired, or be sad, or confused. Be wired up on caffeine, paranoid and ever-vigilant.
3. Do not leave the house. The house is safety, when the doors are locked and the windows barred.
4. Keep weapons in your bag, your hand, your underwear. Use them to stab and break, and do not hesitate.
5. Scream until your throat is raw, because you'll scream later either way.

I rarely listen to hindsight.

Here is what I have learned:

1. Trusting may hurt my body and my mind, but loneliness will break my heart. I will have faith that 'may' is conditional enough for me to try.
2. Fear is a cage, a trap, a snare. Paranoia makes us bitter and cold. Vigilance keeps us alive. I would like to live.
3. A house is safety, a nest, comfort. But it isn't growth, not really. Wings don't work if they aren't stretched.
4. I used to keep sewing needles in my schoolbag, to guard against a persistent button at the top of my school shirt. I pricked myself a million times before I left it, and the button, at home. (This isn't meant to be deep; it's actually true).
5. I'll scream until my throat is raw. But I'll also sing along to Evanescence in the car. I'll cheer the end of an opera till my words are husky whispers.

I will not associate my voice with fear, or the world with hatred.

I will keep fighting, and I will keep living.

I've learned that cruelty happens, that I will be hurt.

And I've learned that life will go on, if I choose to let it.



Eavesdropping

Anonymous rode the bus.

“You’re lucky—you’ve lucked out, you’ll have hot kids.”

“He’s also lucky, it’s not just me who’s lucky.”

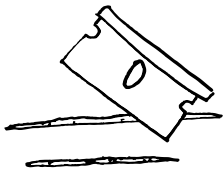
“I just hope I can find someone intelligent and attractive, because otherwise I’ll just settle for attractive.”

“What about [name redacted]?”

“We have nothing in common but heterosexuality. And even then.”

Lines in the Sand

Eliza Bicego on the ethics of Coke.



James is a vegan.

He has so far managed to dodge the siren call of 4am doner kebabs and, has maintained the right to hold his head high and ask with conviction, “I’m sorry, but is there dairy in the vegetarian flan?”

He questions a barista for twenty minutes on the Fair Trade certification of their Arabica, and has heated conversations about unsustainability and inherent waste in the production of beef.

James also does coke.

Which is awkward, because coke is pretty shit for the environment.

Growing coke leads to massive deforestation in rural Colombia. About five hundred square kilometres are cleared each year for the growth and production of narcotic substances. The Colombian Andes have suffered for the world’s little habits; experts say that around 73 per cent of the local ecosystem has been negatively affected by the growth, production and transportation of cocaine.

People, like James, are big enough and ugly enough to make their own decisions—it isn’t just cocaine that’s fucking up South America. The Maggi Group is also partially responsible for the severe deforestation of the Amazon rainforest in Brazil, but I’m not going to give up noodles anytime soon.

What strange blind spots we have in our collective consciousness. It can make hypocrites of us all.

Plotting Your Day

Samantha Jonscher is either paranoid or right.

You are most certainly subject $x/1000$ in a social science experiment on Facebook. They do those you know, on you. At any given time, apparently, (NPR podcast), you are participating in at least ten. And you will never know. Maybe you had a bad day last week. And you weren’t supposed to have a bad day. You had a bad day because the ALGORITHM knew that since January 2013 that you and that friend speak on average once every 5.7 months, but back before January 2013 you spoke on average 200 words a day to each other (with a reciprocal like factor of 10:13 that has become 1:1, for none to none). It knew you would think what she posted was stupid.

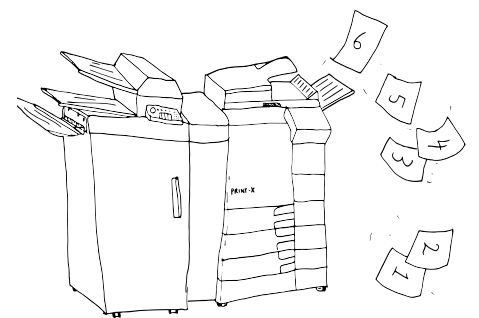
People, person, academic, somewhere, someone wanted you to have a bad day. And so you did.

Maybe they have a lexicon of words that mean goodbye and maybe the last time

you chatted with this person, him, they knew that it meant ‘goodbye’. Maybe they could tell how long you would be away for, maybe they knew that you were drunk during that conversation, maybe they keep a profile of your chat speak patterns and know when you are in a ‘different state’, maybe they have an equation for the way you speak.

Maybe the ALGORITHM has vectorised you—you—and you are an equation. An equation that it can read and substitute variables into and the variable that it injected was him, this guy, a guy, the guy you used to sleep with. And it knew that you were away, and you said ‘the goodbye’ and then it knew that you were back. It was waiting and it waited and now, either because of some social science rule of thumb or some section in your equation, it knows that it’s been about three months and you are really sexually frustrated. So even though he, him, he, was gone from

your feed, gone—not there—did not exist, suddenly he was there, he was everywhere, every third story. Now all you think about is him and how him might be a good idea. And now you are here, walking home, and you are going to message him because it’s 1am and he is ‘active’ and you know in the bottom of your heart that tomorrow some social scientist at Stanford is going to look at the print out results from the ALGORITHM’S evening work and be happy knowing that out of $x000$ participants $x\%$ of them were successfully enticed to do what she wanted them to do.

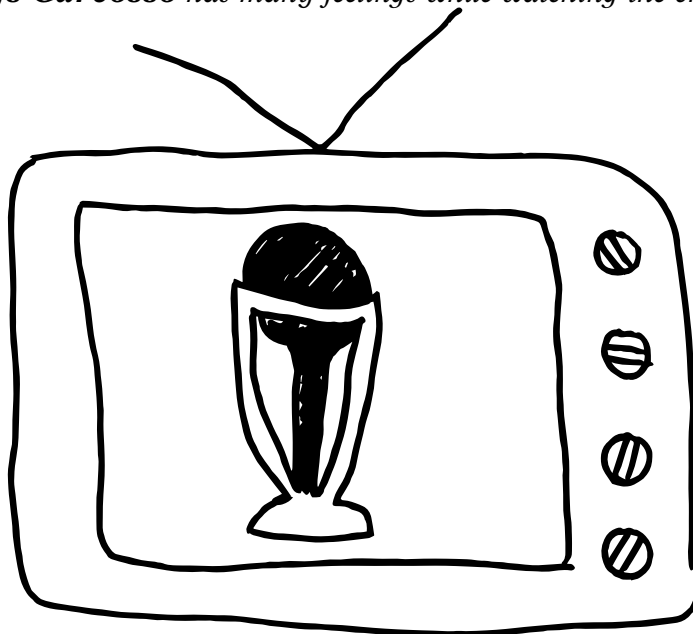


Running Out the Years

Rhys Carvosso has many feelings while watching the cricket.

Watching the Australian cricket team celebrate their World Cup victory was surprisingly uncomfortable. It was not the regular discomfort I experience when seeing the juvenile behaviour that usually plagues a victorious Australian sports team: the taunting celebrations or the inability to form coherent sentences (both of which were on unabashed display in consummate gentleman Brad Haddin’s interview). My discomfort was in response to the nature of the celebrations themselves: these were eleven people who were experiencing veritable euphoria, and the realisation of decade-old dreams. Such elation seems foreign to many ordinary Australians in ordinary jobs—what actuary would polish off a particularly difficult financial equation and then go on laps of the office in triumph? It begs the question: are the elite athletes of the world privy to a more intense form of happiness, whilst we, the cardiovascularly untalented, live uninspiring, passionless lives?

On the surface, there are a few reasons why elite sporting victories might bring about a stronger sense of happiness than general life. Their physical exhaustion at the moment of victory would heighten the



there is to gain or lose, and the less euphoria or dysphoria there is to feel.

I admit that I could be misguided in assuming that people don’t feel this type of World Cup-winning euphoria on a regular basis. If any do, I am extremely jealous. But I can’t help but think it’s a blessing in disguise to pace your ambitions to last your whole life, rather than to chase dreams contingent upon physical prowess, then

sense of achievement, as would the sense of public spectacle and nationalist pride. Moreover, success is the only thing they have to show for years of physical and mental exertion.

But can non-athletes achieve a similar level of happiness? Moments like a wedding or promotion would generate above-average feelings of happiness, but they arguably induce a more enduring sense of contentment rather than a visceral, in-the-moment euphoria. So perhaps the trade-off for not investing all your energy into one fleeting, potentially fruitless pursuit is having less intense emotional extremes—in other words (and at the risk of sounding like the Nutri-Grain slogan), the less you engage in an activity, the less

reach retirement with still-elusive goals, or disillusionment because nothing lives up to that former glory (see Shane Warne, the Madonna of Australian sport, for indisputable evidence of post-career ennui). That’s not to say that a sporting career is reckless or less worthy, but knowing there are longer-lasting forms of happiness than the euphoria of sport somewhat mitigates my discomfort in knowing that I have not felt, and likely will never feel, the same kind of happiness as did the Australian cricket team on the evening of 29th March, 2015. And it is definitely comforting to know that at least Shane ‘Lowest Common Denominator’ Warne will never cheapen the best moment in *my* life by asking me if I’m ‘thirsty’ on national television.

(Everyone Loses) Playing the Race Card!

Astha Rajvanshi on why minority groups aren't in a race.

Mindy Kaling's now infamous brother Vijay Chokalingham created a furore across the Internet last week with his publicity campaign, 'Almost Black'.

In a twisted social experiment back in 1998, he, as the child of Indian-American migrants, pretended to be a black applicant named Jojo in the hope of getting accepted into medical school. He was successful in gaining admission into one, but only after being rejected by 13 others. Still, Chokalingham is convinced that what this shows is that Blacks garner special privileges at the expense of Asian Americans.

Put simply, it's a blatant attempt to exploit affirmative action admission policies at Ivy Leagues in order to decry their validity.

This exploitation isn't too far removed from home—Jacqui Lambie claiming Indigenous heritage, despite the community elder and acknowledged direct descendant of the clan rejecting such claims—comes to mind. At Australian universities, all applicants are asked if they identify with ATSI backgrounds, and there are special scholarships or admission schemes in place for those who do.

By Chokalingham's rationale, this would be a form of discrimination by favouring indigenous students over other minorities. At the heart of his argument lies the idea that we need to move into a 'post-racial

world': a world where an applicant's merit trumps their race, skin colour and family background, and colour-blind policies prevail to give everyone a fair go.

As nice as this idea may sound, it's an ignorant and privileged one, created by white conservatives and propped up by people of colour who have lived through racial struggles, but eventually overcome them. Some immigrants, particularly those from Asian and South Asian backgrounds, believe that if you can survive moving to a new country and 'make it', then the key to achieving economic mobility is through hard work rather than through policies aimed at addressing institutionalised inequalities. Their success is often pitted against Blacks, and they question why they have managed achieved so much and their counterparts have not.

It's also a myth widely known as 'model minority': a carrot-and-stick approach offered to certain groups, like Asians who are 'good at Math' or Indians who can 'fix your computers', so that they fit a Western mould of 'Asian values' and cease to question why they serve a system that divides and distributes against people of colour, rather than white people, in the first place.

Skilled migrants are at an educational advantage—they are likely to have received elite education in their countries of origin, and are more likely to be favoured through

Monologues I've been Subjected to by Uber Drivers

Anonymous

I.

“—Yeah well, I basically just do this and AirBnB—you could say I'm really into the collaborative economy stuff. I've got houses in London, Auckland, and Surry Hills (as I mentioned). I was in IT for years and they threw money at me like I was target practice, and my father said “buy property, it'll never do you wrong”, so I did and I guess he was right. So now I'm living off that and doing this on the side... Japanese once turned one of my places into a tattoo parlor for a weekend—which left some ink on the carpet, which was frustrating—but they were Japanese so they didn't really drink or have parties—”



II.

“Ever heard the motto ‘We will wage war through deception?’ It's Mossad. ‘We will wage war through deception’—and of course they did, one faithful morning in 2001 when they brought the World Trade Centres down. See, the man who owned them—y'know—every day he would go to the Windows on the World restaurant on the top floor—I've been there—for a breakfast meeting, but then one day comes along and he doesn't go. And he'd taken out new insurance only six weeks before! And in interviews afterwards he said the towers were on fire so he had to bring them down. “Bring them down”—funny phrase, right? Is that a phrase you use for a building falling of its own accord? Right now, there are buildings on fire in Taiwan, 24-hours a day they're on fire, and they're not falling. The fuel isn't hot enough, it can't melt the beams—”

pre-existing skills and occupations. And yet, they do 'well', but only after having been on the receiving end of racist slurs and shitty working conditions when they worked at 7/11, or as taxi drivers, to get to where they are now.

For the Asian and South Asian community, academic success is seen as a matter of survival. Often the reason why families choose to migrate in the first place is to provide their children with a good Western education. But they are more than just

products of academic machines, and their accomplishments shouldn't be viewed within a narrow-minded approach that pits them against other minorities.

Rather than the dissatisfaction with 'Blacks stealing out spots', Chokalingham would be better off challenging the model minority myth. And that would also put an end to his embarrassing racist farce that, as his sister herself articulated so well, “brings shame” to other brown people.

Complementary 'Medicine': A Quick Reference Guide

Joel Hillman (Pharm IV, MPS) hates quackery and is a (relative) subject matter expert.



Homeopathy

The worst CAM. Diluting something beyond its actual presence somehow makes it stronger. No actual evidence has ever been produced. Just no.

Yoga

More or less harmless, is actually good for flexibility and for core and joint strength, but is unlikely to enlighten you or give you mind powers (sorry). I'll allow it.

Chiropractic and Osteopathy

Despite its popularity, quite dangerous and completely unscientific. These treatments attribute all illnesses to a 'misalignment' of the spine, and were made up after some guy hit a deaf janitor. Cochrane reviews show them to be ineffective, and to pose high risk of permanent injury to spine and large blood vessels, and even a risk of death. Mac Uni is phasing out its degree. Don't.

Alkaline Diet

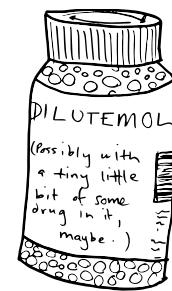
Confusingly, somehow slightly alkaline water will get past powerful stomach acid into blood and prevent cancer/cure all diseases. Neither cancer nor blood works this way. Blood is very good at maintaining its own pH, you can't modify it (or you'd die). Not harmful, but absurd.

Acupuncture

Popular and unscientific. Acupuncture ignores germ theory, because all disease is merely blocked energy flow. No germs means those needles don't need to be sterile: they have likely been in someone else. Qi is not real.

Naturopathy, Herbalism and Traditional Chinese Medicine

Herbs are outdated and imprecise. We have long since outgrown them and any further reliance on outdated modalities is foolish. They pose a huge risk of



interaction with real medicines, which can cause permanent and serious injury. Naturopaths use made up methods and witchcraft to decide what things to sell you for their made up 'diagnosis'.

Crystal Healing

lol.

A good rule of thumb is that if it's not something that a real clinician would give you in a real hospital, stay away. If you are on any kind of alt med, it is extremely important to mention it to any doctor, pharmacist, dentist or other clinician who treats you, because it can be not just dumb, but life-threatening as well.

Interestingly, the use of complementary and alternative 'medicine' (CAM, or 'witchcraft') is correlated with tertiary education and higher socioeconomic status.

CAM can be dangerous, not only because it doesn't work and risks interfering with actual medications, but also because of the mindset its peddlers perpetuate by encouraging distrust of real medicine. Here is a quick guide to some common ones to help you avoid being scammed:

Stanmore McDonalds is Dangerous

Peter Walsh's investigations all involve burgers and fries.

Stanmore McDonalds is *dangerous*, I can tell you this because I've been told. They say it's among the most dangerous venues in Sydney: the number one place to get glassed—which is something when everything's served in plastic and any actual weapons have to be B.Y.O. I arrived just after 9pm.

Inside, they're installing kiosks near the McCafé, upright digital coffins you can punch your order in to and make the food appear. The fresh face on the counter eyes the machine with the kind of jealousy middle children reserve for firstborns. They installed an automated assembly line for drinks some months ago, a moving

walkway of cups passing under nozzles, but the cups get caught circling the bend to the drive-thru window. Someone was hired just to unclog the machine—and does so by inserting her fingers deep into the machine's clinking jaw.

In the car park, there's an impromptu church meeting. People kneel on the gravel and pray, their drinks' straws bowing penitently. A Range Rover pulls in and parks in an accessible spot. A carton of lads ask the driver what the fuck will happen if someone in a wheelchair needs McDonalds and what the fuck he's fucking doing and eventually he turns back and drives off—foodless. The most

unsatisfied man I've ever seen places trays of thickshakes, burgers, and fries into a rolling black luggage set, which he deposits into the boot of his car. Inside, the steam from the fries curdle the thickshakes while the condensation from the shakes wilt the fries. No word on how the tight, airless environment affects the burgers, but expert prognosis suggests Not Well. Somewhere, someone else assures a friend that It'll Taste Not Just Fine But Doubly-Fine For The Convenience.

I ask the guy cleaning tables what it's like working here and he tells me it's routine for people to come around asking and that they aren't really interested or only want



to hear the rumors confirmed. He tells me he's zipped—no leaks to no one—and that if I have any further questions, I should direct them to McDonalds Media on nine-eight-seven-five, six-six-six-six, which he recites from memory.

Hot Wax Nightmare

Sam Langford knows pain: it comes in a jar.

The beautician is affirming until she sees my underarm hair. Then she says “oh god”, and “sorry”, and has to do some deep breathing to the tune of *Top Meditation Hits*. “It’s just very long,” she says when she has recovered. “Thank you,” I say, because usually when people see my pit hair they are nice Inner West lesbians who compliment it.

There are apparently not many hairy feminists on the North Shore, or more likely they do not go to beauticians to have their politically charged hair

violently removed. It is a bit like Samson and Delilah. The longer the hair, the more power, where power in this case is leftist political capital. I am not sure why I occasionally pay money to get rid of that hair/power. This is something I have considered raising in my political economy tute when no one talks and the tutor asks us how the economy has affected our lives lately. The rich kids say “it hasn’t”.

Because I am somewhat Lebanese, it takes nearly two hours to wax my legs. I use this time to cultivate cognitive dissonance.

The chic French provincial décor and instrumental meditation music clashes nicely with the physical and ideological violence being done to my body with hot wax. I do some deep breathing and try to visualise peaceful things like throwing a chair through a window.

Ninety minutes in she tells me that I have good pain tolerance, in between her twelfth and thirteenth tugs on a piece of wax that has become stuck in my pit hair. She blames my hair for this, even though she trimmed it beforehand.

She tells me I should trim it first, next time. I doubt there will be a next time. I ask her if she has any tips for safely manipulating scissors in the armpit area left-handed, but she has no knowledge of this. When I get home I google “armpit wounds” to see if anyone else has had this problem, and learn that yes, they have; and no, it’s not the kind of cut that heals on its own. The bleeding pit looks like a bearded mouth vomiting blood. I do not learn anything about safe scissor manipulation. I consider giving it up for good.

Trouble Sleeping? Try Not Sleeping

Sam Langford's worst nightmare is being forced to stay awake.

Doctors apparently avoid prescribing sleeping pills to minors where possible, on account of a risk of dependence or something. I learned this when I was seventeen and sleeping about three hours a night, and had hauled my under-eye bags and permanently hungover self to my local GP. She told me to try “sleep restriction”, and that I should “think of it as a cleanse.”

“Cleanse” is an apt word for it, seeing as sleep restriction is to sleep as all-kale smoothies are to a balanced diet. Sleep restriction, which according to its website “may” be a new, effective method for combatting insomnia, means sleeping

only between midnight and five a.m., for two months. On the website, it cheerfully offers the “good news”: “you’ve probably suffered worse.”

Sleep restriction cleansed me of pretty much everything except, y’know, the debilitating need for sleep. Like an enema for your psyche, it prompted a rapid expulsion of my entire personality, including all positive emotion and coherent thought.

I was optimistic for the first two days. On the third, I was so tired that I nearly walked into traffic trying to cross the

road. By a week in, I’d taken up five a.m. knitting. Two days later, I had to set aside the knitting needles lest I accidentally impale myself passing out on them. Avoiding caffeine was part of the bargain, and naps were expressly disallowed. I did a lot of aimless wandering. The school counsellor made me complete a worksheet on depression, which featured Comic Sans, a crossword, and hot tips like “get plenty of sleep”.

At the beginning of the third week I gave up, and went to bed at nine p.m. I slept the whole night through, and missed my alarm the next morning.



Faculties in Verse

Alix Sanders-Garner

Art History: Still Life

Some fit more death
Into peaches on a plate
Than in ten crucifixions
of God incarnate.

History: The Historian

Today is putty happening, tomorrow
Possible enlargement of the sorrow.
Neither are mine, so I embarrass instead
Yesterday by counting its dead.

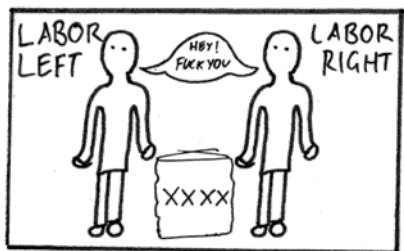
Faculties in HB Pencil

Michael Lotsaris



Young Labor Drinks

Alex Gillis



“Last drinks, get it up ya,” cries a self-professed nomad. “Everyone say Labor”—“Laaaay-bor” comes the response as they take a happy snap in the Hermann’s courtyard. “We’re moving on to the Landsdowne,” where mock rage pervades a pool comp. “Sorry friend, could I ask you to move aside for this shot?” “Ah depends on the faction, left or right?” “Is left right?” Centre right nails the shot. You can get a free beer if you add an organiser on Facebook, one pool player says in an aside.

At the bar, one of the organisers claims there are no factions in Young Labor. Later, in the hallway, the head of the left warns us “this night was organised by the right and they will try and tell you the left doesn’t exist”. He reckons the bloke proudly running for Pittwater will get tossed under the bus. Back inside, a drunk engineer asks Pittwater about the girl in the white dress: “Oh god, if one more dude asks me about her I swear”. “Up the rabbits” comes a cry from his neighbour in a pink shirt.

Sometimes There’s No Time For Writing

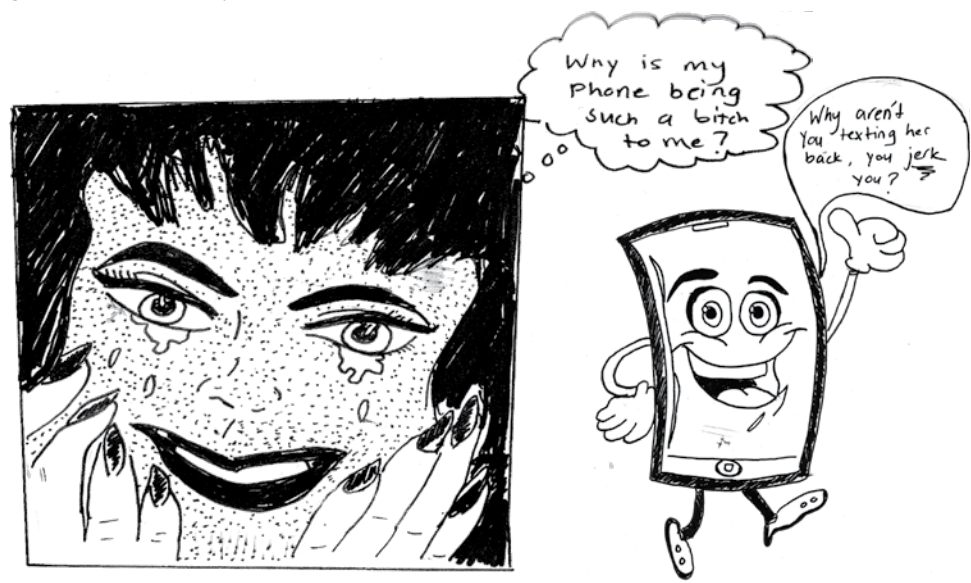
Elle Triantafillou promises it isn’t personal when they don’t reply.

Sometimes there’s no time for writing. Like there’s time for writing notes and lists and emails and texts, but there’s no time for Writing. Sometimes there’s not even time for writing notes and emails and texts and stuff like that. When that happens I don’t open new text messages so the green dot thing stays next to the text and I know which ones I haven’t replied to. I also put my emails into an Action folder in Gmail to “deal with later”. On Facebook, I don’t open the messages so that the light blue colour tells me which ones I haven’t looked at yet. Sometimes I open them and don’t reply and because they’re no longer light blue I forget that I haven’t replied and then I email people 7-9 days later in a panic.

remember again. Sometimes I go to text somebody about something and then I see all their light grey texts sitting in a pile. When that happens I often don’t text them the thing I wanted to, but then I often don’t reply to their messages either. I feel guilty about all of this. I feel guilty about a lot of things. I don’t know whether this is a piece of Writing or just me writing about whom I need to write to. I think the list right now is something like: Hannah, Dean, Bill, Bimo, Marty, Jeff, Diana, Nona, Yaya and Pop (but they are always on the list even if I’ve just written to them), Aitak, Kelly, Mohini (?). I also need to write a document for the Department of Immigration for Max and Alexe. In it I need to give details of their relationship, whether I think they are committed, in love, if I invite them to events individually or as a couple, what they think about multiculturalism etc. Alexe FB messaged me about this and I replied but then I forgot to do the thing she asked. It’s been more than 7-9 days since this happened.

Sometimes, this happens with texts as well.

It’s harder with an iPhone than with an old Nokia because you can see all the unanswered texts stacked on top of each other in that light grey colour. When you forgot on the Nokia, you didn’t have to



Sutherland, Saturday Night

Alex Gillis



Four groups of cops stand looking bored on the platform. As my carriage comes past, each one points in sequence to the kids downstairs who appear to be Revelling and/or Frolicking. They’re pulled off the train for drinking and as we sit stuck on the train gum chewing POLICE roll up, stragglers chatting to the extremities of the group while their comrades write up the other half and we’re all watching from the windows.

She’s sitting there with flats on and a clear panel in her skirt, heels resting tidily on the seat beside her. Ding-a-ling comes the friends, trying to work out where she is—she’s late from work, tired but has to Be Seen. Stands holding a clutch in front of her, head and shoulders above the girls around her.

Transit officers write up a homeless bloke for evading a \$1.90 ticket. The sign on the wall behind says Fairer For All.

She’s sitting there with flats on and a clear



Handle with Care

Patrick Morrow has some regrets.

Three years ago, with dumb, sloppy, and unhelpful flourish, I described the 2012 Med Revue as “worse than cancer”. The medicine degree is a long one, so there’s a chance that the cast and crew are still around (and a remoter chance that they’re still reading *Honi*) and if they are: I am an idiot.

The obligation to write carefully is a shared duty. While the show was undoubtedly racist and sexist and lazily written, aggressively identifying that much is no feat.

Righteousness is not inherently constructive. While idiot me brandished the judgey pen with aplomb, I didn’t do a single bit of good. Because when you open a review with “worse than cancer”, the only invested party likely to read on is the author, masturbating their own sense of self-importance (and I did!).

What you write can constitute the total historical record of a young work. That is an enormous responsibility.

I don’t know if there has ever been a show that is actually worse than cancer, but if it be, it will lie in the output of lazy, well-monied institutions whose glacially



reactionary work reflects the interests of boards and markets only. Expensive, boring restoration comedies at The Wharf, maybe.

Without investing too much into the less and less true notion of universities as marketplaces of ideas, so much of the conversation about good work is happening here, and happening now. Discussions of practice today will shape the arts landscape in decades to come.

To crush and stomp and shout might be satisfying at the time but it looks, if not worse than cancer (almost definitely not worse than cancer), certainly very bad. Every engagement with work is an opportunity to make things better, and if criticism has any obligation, surely it is to make some good of that exchange.

If you are interested in contributing to *Honi* as a culture writer, please get in touch.

Dropping CAPS

Max Schintler read a University produced self-help guide.

The University of Sydney’s Counselling and Psychological Services (CAPS) is just one of a number of services that the University provides free of charge to its students. Although CAPS is a major pillar of student services, most students are probably unaware of the litany of PDF handbooks available in the ‘self help’ area of the CAPS site.

I decided to investigate the utility of these handbooks by reviewing one of them, titled *Learn to Build and Maintain Healthy Relationships*. The first impression I took from this handbook is that it treats the subject matter in general terms. In all fairness, the subject of relationships is a broad and complicated one, and to this end the handbook provides us with a number of hyperlinks to self-administered quizzes and exercises such as the “Learn to Communicate Effectively Pages.” The majority of these hyperlinks are, disappointingly, broken like the relationships they purport to fix, and the presence of such digital cobwebs begs the question of how useful a student—genuinely seeking to gain some relationship maintenance skills—may find this resource.

The language used is at times quite imper-

sonal; the step-by-step guide to problem solving in relationships we learn about “parties” as opposed to people, as though we and our romantic partner(s) were engaged in a contract law dispute. The result of this corporate law tone is an ironic failure of communication, potentially alienating the reader. The advice itself—communicate well, prepare to compromise, work out how you feel, empathise, maintain your sense of self—is not the problem. The problem is the rigid presentation.

The penultimate section of this handbook dispenses advice on “how to meet new people.” In between instructing the reader to approach someone who is reading and talk to them, “what’s the worst that could happen?!” (no emphasis added), and giving tips on practising how to look natural and relaxed, this section does hit on a significant issue that is increasingly weighing on our lives: loneliness.

While well intentioned, this handbook neglects to mention domestic violence, though it should be noted that the CAPS website has a separate crisis section that provides a hotline number, nor does it discuss how to proactively seek consent or negotiate the boundaries of consent in sexual relationships.

April

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|---|--|--|---|
| <p>15 SUDS PRESENTS emergence April 15-25 7:00pm @ the Cellar Theatre</p>  <p>CRAFT BEER FIGHT @ The Dove & Olive</p> | <p>16 'WHILE WE'RE YOUNG' opens in cinemas</p>  <p>Mercedes Benz FashionWeek concludes</p> | <p>17 usyd Poker society AGM 3pm @ Holme</p>  <p>TRAY ft. UV Boi + Joy MADZA @ Goodbad, 7pm</p> | <p>18 THE OPIUO BAND Manning Bar 9:00pm</p> <p>ONE DAY 7.30pm @ Metro</p> <p>ELECTRIC RUN Panorama Park</p> |
| <p>19 SUPER OpenAir by House of Mince @ Factory Theatre from 2pm</p> | <p>SUSO presents: SCHEHERAZADE & other tales 3pm, Usyd Great Hall</p> | <p>20 11TH ANNUAL SYDNEY COMEDY FESTIVAL 20 APR - 17 MAY</p>  | <p>21 STAND-UP REVOLUTION 8:30pm @ COMEDY STORE</p> <p>ONE MAN BREAKING BAD Seymour Centre 8:00pm</p>  |
| <p>WELCOME REFUGEES RALLY 1pm @ Belmore Park</p> | <p>Cherchez LA FEMME 3pm - 5pm GOLDEN AGE CINEMA</p> | | |



Game of Thrones and the Law

International Jessup Moot champion **Sam Murray** examines *Game of Thrones* through a litigious lens.

The secession of the North from the Seven Kingdoms under the purported government of 'King' Robb Stark I was almost certainly illegal under public international law.

International law has consistently disfavoured impairing the territorial integrity of states (or 'Kingdoms').¹ Secession (and the consequent violation of the sovereignty and territorial integrity of the Seven Kingdoms) can only be justified where a 'people' have had their right of 'internal self-determination' so grievously violated that the only remedy is external self-determination (i.e. creating their own state).²

The citizens of the North may constitute a 'people'. They possess different religious

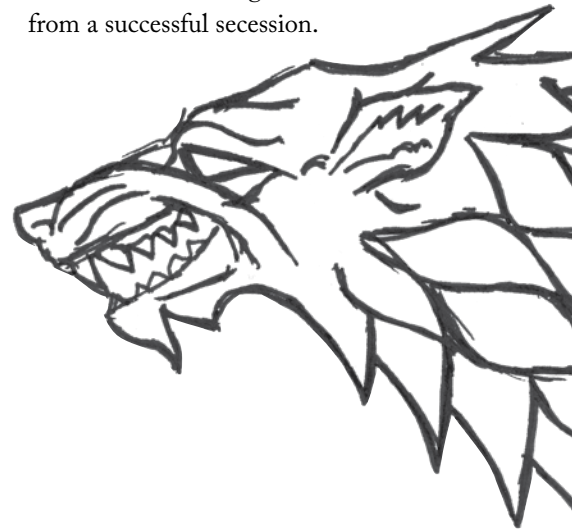
customs to the South in their worship of the Old Gods, and different ethnic characteristics, being descended from the First Men rather than the Andal.

However, their claims of violated self-determination are insubstantial. Given the inherently feudal nature of the Westerosi state, the North has a great deal of autonomy over its own cultural, religious and governmental affairs, and is led by its own Northern leaders, chosen according to Northern custom. Whilst the political assassination of former Northern leader Eddard Stark was possibly unjust, it is hardly equivalent to the ethnic cleansing, human rights abuses and massive political upheaval that has characterized successful secessions.³

Moreover, before the North could lawfully secede, all measures short of secession to address the violated self-determination need to have been attempted. Whilst peaceful negotiation with the Lannister puppet government was likely impossible, Stark had yet to enter negotiations with the lawful Westerosi government of King Stannis Baratheon I, when he unilaterally declared independence.

Finally, even if the North under Stark had a valid right to secede, it is questionable whether he even created an effective state under international customary law.⁴ A state requires an 'effective' government, i.e., a government capable of exerting control through the maintenance of law and order over the state's territory at the exclusion of foreign military forces.⁵ Given that the

North's capital, Winterfell, was burned to the ground by the foreign occupiers, the Ironborn, this probably precludes Stark's government (which is being run from his campaign tent in the Riverlands) from having effective control over his territory and thus from having achieved statehood from a successful secession.



1. This was noted in the Separate Opinion of Judge Yusuf in the 2010 *Accordance with International Law of the Unilateral Declaration of Independence in Respect of Kosovo (Advisory Opinion)* of the International Court of Justice.
2. As stated at [6] of the 1995 decision of the African Commission on Human and Peoples' Rights, *Katangese Peoples' Congress v Zaire*.
3. In its 1998 judgment *Reference re Secession of Quebec*.
4. According to the *Montevideo Convention on the Rights and Duties of States* (1933) which forms part of international customary law.
5. As noted in *The Aaland Islands Question*, a 2010 report of the International Committee of Jurists.

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THE HUNTING GROUND



Academy Award-nominated director Kirby Dick (*The Invisible War*) and producer Amy Ziering tackle the tough issue of sexual assault on American college campuses in this confronting documentary.

SLOW WEST



World Cinema Grand Jury Prize winner at Sundance, this darkly funny and unconventional western is both thrilling and romantic. With brilliant performances by Kodi Smit-McPhee, Michael Fassbender and Ben Mendelsohn.

THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY



This chronicle of a lesbian S&M relationship, that becomes increasingly more intense through ritual games of dominance and submission, is a stylish homage to European erotica: kinky, funny, sensual and romantic.

DEATHGASM



This fabulously funny and gory Kiwi horror flick was the talk of this year's SXSW Film Festival. When metal-thrashing teen misfits Brodie and Zakk accidentally summon a hideous entity from hell, carnage and hilarity ensue.

THE LOOK OF SILENCE



Joshua Oppenheimer's unmissable companion piece to his Oscar-nominated *The Act of Killing* (SFF 2013) focuses on the victims of the 1960s Indonesian communist purge, their families and communities.

NECKTIE YOUTH



In this visually stunning tale of disaffected youth, Jabz and September take a drug-fuelled trip through the affluent suburbs of contemporary Johannesburg, one year after the live-streamed suicide of their friend Emily.



SFF.ORG.AU

Down with Buttons

Alexandros Tsathas believes in the press stud.

The button is by and large the fastener of choice for the clothiers of now. From the runways of Paris to the freeway underpasses of La Paz, buttons reign supreme. I'm here to tell you: the supremacy of the button is undeserved. We must commit regicide, and replace the button with the press-stud.

Press-studs are the small, metal fasteners engaged by pressing their two, reciprocally-shaped halves together. They make getting dressed fun. They make getting undressed even more fun.

Firstly, it's the motion of the ocean: "pushing-together" rather than "feeding-through". Humans are kinaesthetic creatures. We prefer claspings, clutching and squeezing over careful lumen-guiding. That's just us. Press-studs satisfy our tactile instincts in a way that buttons never will.

Then there's the "click". But it's so much more than that—it's affirmation, it's reassurance. With the "click", we can be sure that we have fastened right and fastened true. Kind of like an audible dead man's switch. Potentially embarrassing situations can be navigated safely. Buttons are silent. Killers. Of self-esteem.

How many times have you spied a friend's buttoned shirt and spontaneously started unbuttoning it? Never. Because unbuttoning another's shirt is socially unacceptable and downright creepy. Press-studs shift the social goal-posts. Spontaneous press-stud unfastening (caveat: first or last press-stud only, followed by immediate refastening) is not only acceptable, but is a social lubricant.

We've all been there. An acquaintance. Some press-studs. A few drinks. "Gullivan, I love your shirt!"—unfasten, refasten. Conversation away. Fun.

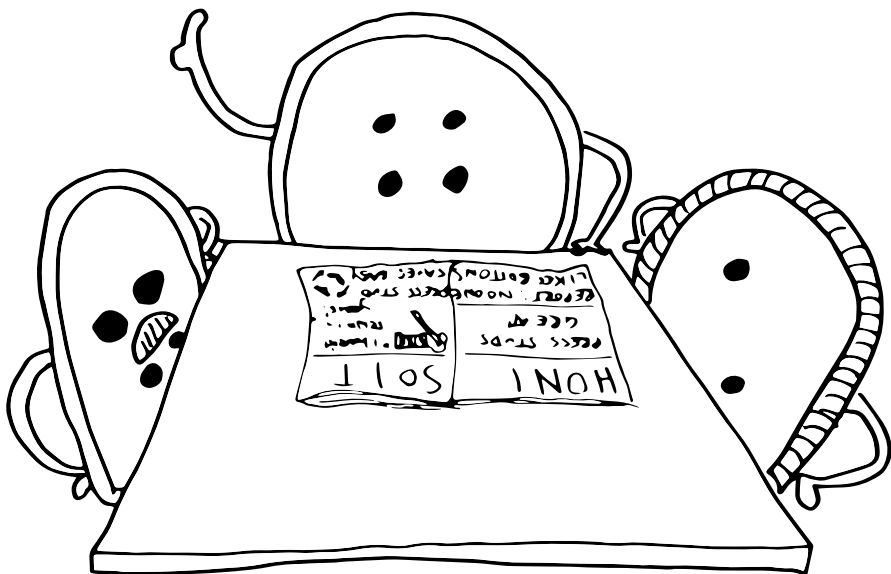
After a lengthy conversation built on sturdy press-stud foundations, you reach the end of your big night. It's hard enough stumbling through the front door, let alone dealing with the whole buttons-and-eyelets-shebang. Press-studs present an infinitely more practical alternative: just tear that shit off! Anyone claiming they don't revel in that brief realisation of their repressed stripper dreams is a liar.

Then there's longevity. Buttons pop off. Those fat-cat outfitters will attach an extra button (two if you're lucky), giving you a false sense of security upon purchasing their garment. "I'll just sew on the spare button if one pops off, right?". Get real. You don't even know how to sew.

The inherent design of press-studs makes them immune to loss. They are integrated into the fabric, forming an inseparable tandem with the article of clothing in question. They sit flush with the cloth's surface and remain unexposed to the sheer forces that would otherwise cause buttons to pop off. Purely from a materials viewpoint, metals (of which press-studs are made) have higher mechanical strength, melting points, and better heat and UV resistance than cotton thread (from which the button-cloth link is constructed).

It is clear that press-studs are the better choice. Australian Fashion Week 2015 is next month—the perfect opportunity, one would hope, for some "favourable press".

"Something must be done."



Foreign Concessions

Samantha Jonscher doesn't want nice things.



After five months of living in provincial China, my friend and I went to Shanghai for a weekend. It was my friend's birthday and we set out to celebrate just the way we would if we were cashed up and home: 'nice food', 'nice bars'.¹

Shanghai is not short on these things—though provincial China is. Shanghai is full of many things—street food vendors, operatic karaoke in city parks, dance classes in public squares, noodle bars, tea houses— but it is known in China for its 'nice' things.

We found ourselves on Yongkang Lu, in the French Concession.²

Most of the city's 'nice' bars and restaurants are tucked underground, inside of surprising buildings, between obscure shop fronts, but here the bars and restaurants pour onto the narrow road and they have out door seating. There's a Melbourne style café, an Irish pub, a British pub, a Cuban barrio, a French pastry shop, a Japanese sushi bar and an American Diner.³ We felt spoiled for

choice—Ningbo has a few KFCs and a Pizza Hut.

In the barrio we heard Spanish and French. In the diner we heard, clear, loud American. In the café, Australian. My British friend chose the English pub.

We made friends, after several rounds of Scottish craft beers. James and Heath. They worked for the British Trade Commission. While Heath was in the loo, we told James that we were studying Mandarin and Chinese history. "Why? Why would you want to live here? I can't wait to go home, this is a dismal place—the weather, the people, the city." When Heath got back he agreed and extended his hands to sweep the room—"everyone here is here to make money. I speak no Mandarin and never plan on it. When I leave I'll go home with enough money to buy a house. I avoid Chinese Shanghai as much as possible".

I looked down into my cider. The head was gone and a thin oil slick of mouth residue was floating on its surface.

¹ After getting back to Sydney the first 'nice' bar that I went to was Uncle Ming's.

² China's last dynasty fell when Britain arrived and said that the Chinese had to buy their opium so that British trade ships could arrive full and leave full. The British manufactured a need to sell to, so created opium addiction. The British set up a settlement. Then the French negotiated a settlement because they helped the British fight the Chinese. The French concession was apparently Mao's favourite place to hang out—art deco, tennis courts, grand theatres, cobblestone streets, and intimate tree lined streets.

³ Today the French Concession is home to all of Shanghai's foreign embassies. They are unmarked and hidden behind high, secure, walls.

PHILOSOPHY COMIX



A Broken Record

Swetha Das chose the wrong time to fall asleep.

To force me out of my room during the Easter holidays, my father organised a family outing to a concert at the Sydney Opera House, rudely interrupting my plans to fester in my pyjamas. We were to attend a meditational concert, designed to alleviate stress and calm the mind.

As the songs played, my full stomach and warm coat coaxed my eyes to slowly close. Before the third song commenced, the main musician warned it would last for 30 minutes and that it was vital that we remained alert to attain the best effects of this meditational experience. He encouraged the audience to clasp certain fingers with each song, so that the music would have its intended result. I stared out into a crowd of two thousand people clutching their thumbs and enthusiastically listening to the music, suspicious that the concert might have been endorsed by Dr Oz.

I slumped in my chair and prepared for sleep. My blissful slumber was intermittently disrupted by my mother, who felt it necessary to remind me that “this is a unique experience”, and “you don’t even know what you’re missing out on”.

Cameras dotted the venue, as the entire concert was being broadcast online to an international audience. But the heightened chance of being caught asleep on camera did not deter me nor disturb my two hour nap.

I woke to fireworks and confetti being blasted into the air. The show had concluded and the musicians were met with a standing ovation. The MC then invited “a very special guest” onto the stage... he was “from the Guinness Book of World Records”.

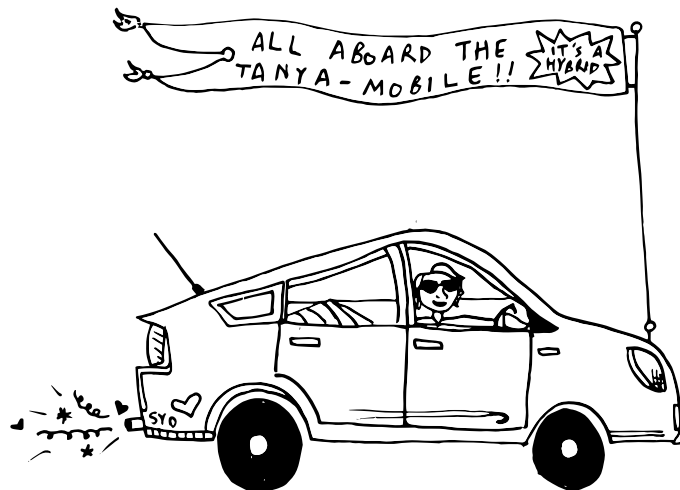
“You may have noticed some people jostling around the sides during the third song. Well, they were counting those of you who were participating this evening, and discounted the people who were on their phones or sleeping. For our true participants, congratulations! You are part of the largest music therapy session in the world.”

“You don’t even know what you’re missing out on!”

Being part of a world record, apparently.

Hitching With Tanya

Summer Lea had an unconventional ride home.



A few years ago I was walking home to Camperdown from Redfern late at night. As I headed towards Redfern Station, a woman emerged from a black four-wheel drive. She was white and blonde and smartly dressed.

“Would you like a lift home?” she asked.

I didn’t. I was safe on my own, and her approach frightened me.

“I don’t accept lifts from strangers.”

“It’s not safe walking home at night,” she said, “especially as a young woman. I just want to make sure you’re safe.”

I walked away, wondering what kind of person would *genuinely, generously* want to give me a lift.

It wasn’t over yet.

“If my young daughter was walking alone at night, I’d like to know she was safe. I’d like to know someone was giving her a lift and I want the same for you. Look, I’m not going to kidnap you, I’ve got my own kids!”

She gestured to her young daughter. The girl got out of the car.

“Come on, you’ll be safe with us, you can trust my mum.”

I looked into the car and her brother was playing with a video game.

The children made me feel safe, so I got in.

I got in and chatted to the couple, they seemed happy.

I thought shit, I’m gonna get kidnapped, they’re definitely acting, to reel me in.

I told them I was a University student, unsure of what to do in my life. The man said he worked for DOCS. I was intrigued as I’d spent some time in foster care when I was younger—I didn’t ask any more questions.

The woman said that she worked in politics and I asked if it paid well. She said it “paid the bills”.

A month ago, walking past Broadway I saw a shop-front sign: “Tanya Plibersek, Member for Sydney”. The Member for Sydney looked familiar. I Googled “Tanya Plibersek family”, and recognised them instantly. I’d hitched a lift with Tanya Plibersek.

I emailed her shortly afterwards to thank her. She responded:

Dear Summer Lea,

We picked you up because I didn’t like to think of a young woman walking alone late at night. I would have worried about you otherwise. Many years ago a friend of mine was assaulted walking home not so far from where you were that night, and I wish someone had helped her get home safely. Essentially, I believe the world works better if we each feel a responsibility to others.

You’re right about Michael and I—we do enjoy each other’s company.

I hope things are going well for you.

All the best,

Tanya

Mazel Tov! It’s a Match

Victoria Zerbst tried J-swipe, the Jewish Tinder.

The other day my mother suggested I bring a date to Passover dinner because all our family friends were bringing plus ones. It was the most Jewish conversation I’ve ever had. That’s when I realised JSwipe might be for me. It’s basically Jewish Tinder—when you swipe right a smiling Star of David appears and when you get a match cartoon dancing rabbis dance around the word ‘Mazel Tov!’

Once you allow JSwipe to use your Facebook information you get to tell them how Jewish you are. Kosher or Not Kosher? Fair enough, I told them I wasn’t. Then your denomination. I decided I was ‘Just Jewish’ because for me Judaism is more of a humanist thing and I was raised pretty atheist to be honest. Other options included orthodox, conservative, reform, willing to convert and ‘other’. When I set my filter to only let me see guys who were ‘willing to convert’ I got nothing.

I also realised there are not that many Jews. I hardly had anyone ‘near me’ until I made my distance 300+ miles. And the people that were near me turned out to be family friends, old school friends or other people I happen to know from the community. When I finally got a few matches (it’s a lot harder than Tinder) I realised these Jews might be into more than a one-night stand. My first match started the conversation ‘hello future wife’ and the second asked if I knew how many children I wanted.

Whatever you do, don’t talk about Israel. I guess it isn’t surprising how many Zionists use JSwipe. It is surprising how many will unmatch you when you casually disagree with them.

You also only have 14 days to message before your match runs out. I researched to see if 14 days was important in the Old Testament but I found nothing. The pressure is on you from the moment the star of David smiles at you.

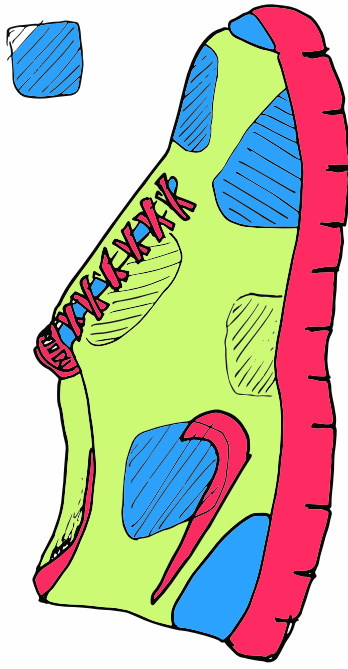
The most important thing I took away from JSwipe wasn’t a lovely Jewish doctor, unfortunately. Instead I learnt that when religious denomination becomes an important factor in your dating decision-making process, you are either looking for a relationship or you are a bigot. Traditional Jewish matchmaking (Shidduch) has made it the 21st Century. Mazel Tov, single Jews! It’s a lot more high tech than singing songs from Fiddler on the Roof.

THE COLOR RUN

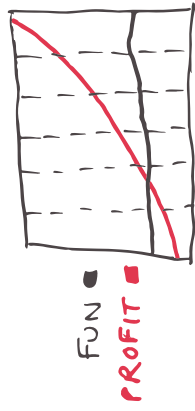
(NOT) PRESENTED BY SWISSE.

A PICTOSTORY
 our commitment to good story telling means we don't want to be confined to conventional dictates of old journalism. Feast your eyes on these words AND pictures!

FUN GOES HERE



colour run is to charity what Swisse K is to good health.



YES. THEY WILL HAVE FUN.



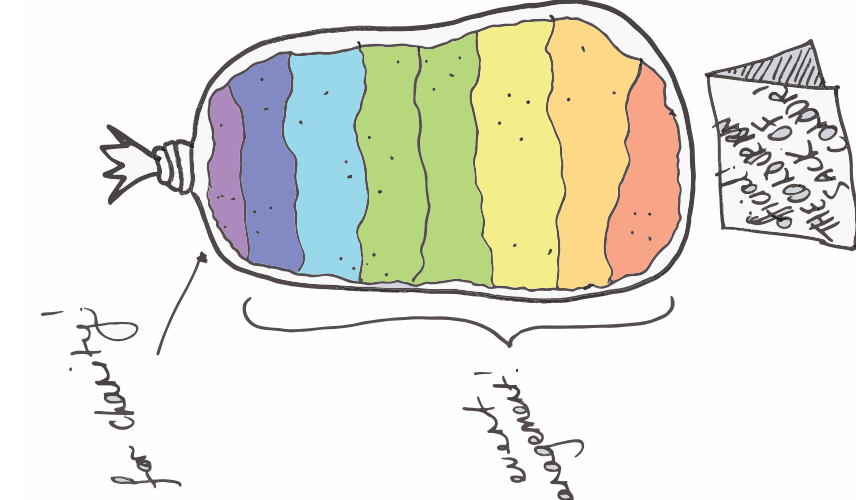
"The Color Run, also known as the Happiest 5k on the Planet, is a unique paint race that celebrates healthiness, happiness and individuality."

There is something magic in the colour packs of the Suisse Color Run.

Something in these bags of what is, ostensibly, coloured chalk, converts whichever 5 kilometer stretch of road the yuppies decide to run on into the Happiest 5k on Earth!

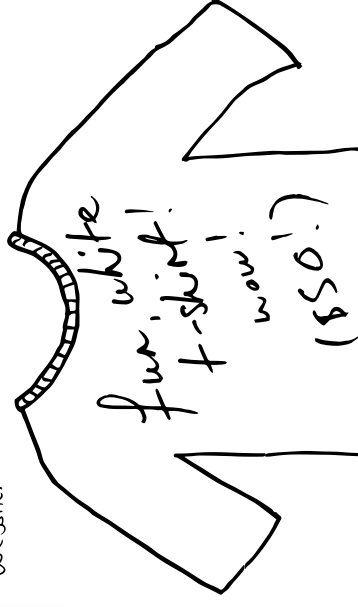
I would really like to go for a run that isn't very hard and get very covered in dumb bright powder.

It's also sponsored by Swisse, a company that sells useful things like tortoise-hair pills and crow toes.

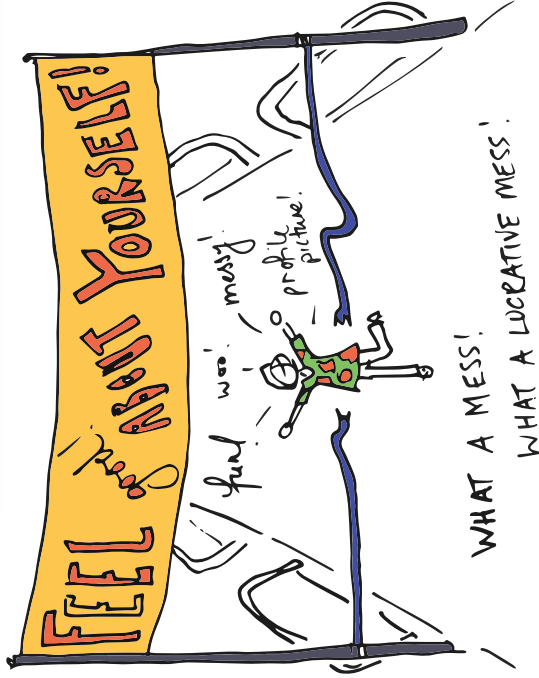


You register (just like a real charity run!) and pay a \$50 registration fee (just like a real charity run!) and then all the money goes to The Color Run Event Management Pty Ltd bar 6% which they generously donate to a charity who—in a transaction that some uncharitably describe as the payment of wages—then has to supply volunteers and resources on the day (just like a real charity run!).

There are no refunds for some reason because organising a large event is hard, according to the website.



It is not my most expensive profile picture, but it is quite an expensive profile picture.



WHAT A MESS!
 WHAT A LUCRATIVE MESS!

How Not To Squeeze A Pimple

Bianca Farmakis is a bad sister.

On April 1st, 2015, my brother Thomas Farmakis became the first member of our family to consult a plastic surgeon. The typical North Shore plastic surgery patient is most likely a middle aged Mosman mother hoping to reinvigorate her appearance (and marriage). My brother Thomas is a ruthless, diligent fifth year Commerce/Law student and aspiring banker known neither for his vanity, nor for his ignorance.

Thomas was felled by a pimple.

Much like Mount Kilimanjaro protrudes directly from the centre of the equator, Thomas' pimple emerged from the centre of his forehead, reaching similar heights. Vexed by the failure of his thick, \$15 Vietnamese barbershop hair cut to conceal the enormous lump, Thomas did

what any other person would: he popped the pimple. Only instead of squeezing it, he lanced the pimple with a rusted safety pin, releasing its sickly yellow pus and viscous fluid.

Within the hour, Thomas noticed something was wrong. His forehead had swollen up to such an extent that he could no longer read his "Conflict of Laws in Australia", 4th ed. Horrified by his 'Elephant Man' appearance, he made his way to the San Hospital, where he was admitted on sight.

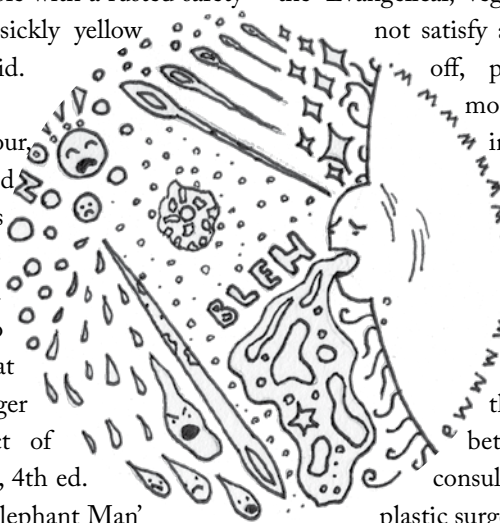
Thomas was hooked up to an IV and

mellowed by morphine. He found hospital the hardest at meal-time, when the Evangelical, vegetarian meals could not satisfy a carnivorous, pissed off, patient. My Greek mother, bound by an intrinsic, ethnic need to feed her first born son, concealed high end take out, providing Thomas with contraband 'Ribs and Rumps', that he consumed between (and during) consultations with his plastic surgeon.

Questioned about the origins of his infection, a bemused stare and sauced stained mouth stated, "I assumed all safety

pins in a first aid kit were sterilised". The first aid kit in question had been purchased during the Hawke Prime Ministership. The team of doctors at the San eventually determined that the 'pin' had given Tom a particularly severe case of Cellulitis. He was told that he would require surgery and facial reconstruction if the swelling did not reduce in the next couple of days. His reaction was delivered with the same monotonous tone and dead pan stare: "can I get a face lift while we're at it?".

Ultimately, Thomas spent four days and three nights in hospital. Fortunately, the antibiotics took effect, the swelling reduced, and Thomas didn't need surgery. He was released to return to a lifestyle of statute memorising and macchiato sipping at Taste Café.



What To Do If You Hook-Up With A Young Liberal

Jessica Arman lived, if you can call this living.

1. Have at least six standard drinks to wash the taste of capitalism down. Realise that the consumption of alcohol has historically classist and monarchical connotations. Commit to a life of physical and intellectual sobriety.

2. Become a latte-sipping, Nietzsche-loving, Francophile hipster. Visit art galleries and bemoan the problematic lens of the male gaze. Volunteer to be the subject of alternative, post-modern female nudes to reassert your control of your body within a patriarchal society.

3. Find a member of the Socialist Alternative. Hook up with him to re-establish equilibrium. Realise the

saliva in your mouth is now a political battleground.

4. Join Socialist Alternative. You want the leftist saliva to win.

5. Go buy falafel or a kebab from the dregs of Newtown. Realise you're being classist when you regard the "rustic charm" and "exotic, Middle Eastern appeal" of the man shaving the beef for your kebab. Wonder whether the right-wing saliva has won and infected your brain.

6. It's too late, you've been won. Settle down with him, move to Mosman, have three children and top off your nights with a vintage Merlot and some Xanax.



Mythology of Shit

Dominic Byrne swam through a river of shit to write this.

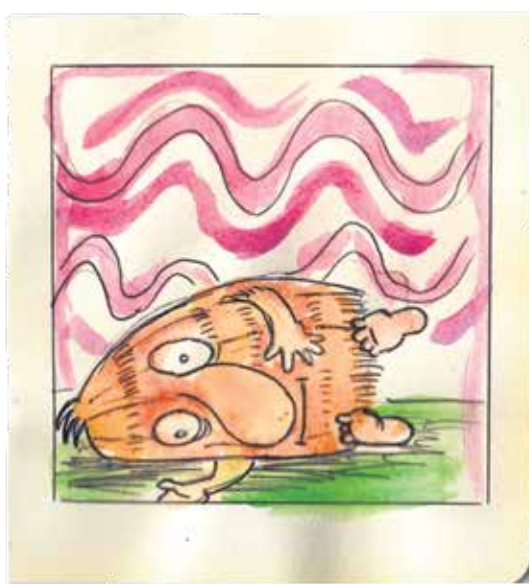
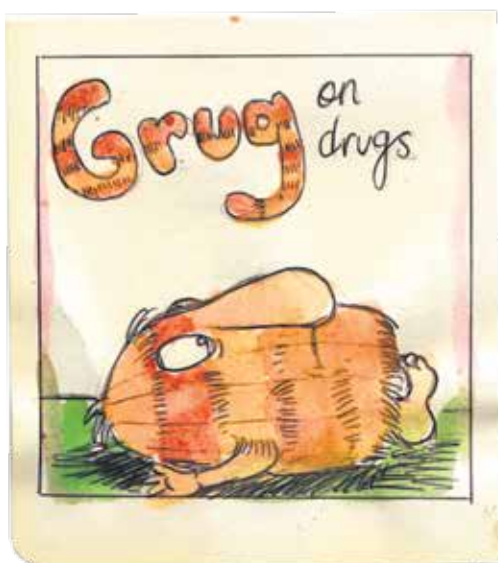
Last week over the Easter weekend I went to Hobart to see *River of Fundament*, a six hour film and accompanying exhibition by Matthew Barney, showing at MONA. Loosely adapted from Norman Mailer's novel *Ancient Evenings*—a seven hundred page novel set in Ancient Egypt—Barney's reluctance to read more than a hundred of these pages meant he was more or less given free reign on what fills those six hours.

What he retains from Mailer is a constant over-lapping of death, rebirth, orgies, scatology and the mythologies that underpin these events. Yet instead of antiquity, *River of Fundament* takes place within a present-day U.S.A. The film's main setting—an intricately reconstructed set of Mailer's apartment sailing down the Hudson River—is divided by large-scale performances in Los Angeles and Detroit before returning to New York City. This is probably the extent to which

I was able to gauge the narrative element of *River of Fundament*. Days later I found myself reading the catalogue, mouthing to myself "what the fuuuuuuuckkkk", realising that a really DENSE mythology lay submerged underneath images of a woman being double penetrated by a glass eye and a hardened piece of poo.

I'll avoid detailing any more of the sexual exploits that occur in *River of Fundament* for shock-value as I know this material is covered each week in *Honi Soit* by an interchangeable set of 'People Whose Sexual Awakening Led To A Problematic Foursome With Fitzzy and Wippa And A Stolen Opal Concession Card'. *River of Fundament* essentially stands as a continuation of Barney's horrifying yet elegant visualisation of the biology that allows our bodies to create, love, destroy, shit and eventually die.

The film will show at Sydney Film Festival.





Extra Dry (No, Really)

Isabella Trimboli on powdered alcohol.



Rejoice! The second coming of Christ is nigh! Its name is Palcohol and it's turning water into wine—well alcoholic spirits, specifically.

Palcohol is powdered alcohol that when mixed with water turns into a booze-billed beverage. What beautiful times we are living in. For this innovative marvel you have Mark Phillips to thank—an outdoorsy bro who likes to get sloshed on hiking trips apparently. Tired of lugging bottles of booze in his backpack, he conjured up Palcohol—a lightweight solution that would satisfy his burning thirst. And now Phillips' dream is set to become a business reality, with the U.S federal Alcohol and Tobacco Tax and Trade Bureau allowing the sale of the product throughout the country.

Yet even before it's hit the shelves, it's been met with opposition over its supposed possibility to be misused. Some party-ruining parents think their children are going to be snorting lines of powdered alcohol on the school playground, but those wanting to reenact *Scarface* will be sad to

note that it's not really possible to snort the substance, with the product's site saying that not only will it burn your nostrils, but that "it takes approximately 60 minutes to snort the equivalent of one shot of vodka".

The backlash has been so severe that several U.S states have taken regulatory action against the product, including Alaska, who have banned the selling of powdered alcohol outright. And as the product looks to expand its market, Australia is also reacting, with the Victorian government saying it move to ban the selling of powdered alcohol as well.

Still, it's interesting to think what this could mean for the future of the alcohol industry. Will it lead to growing alcohol abuse? Will cask wine be a thing of the past? Will Camperdown Park be littered with broke uni students shoveling white powdered down their throats?

Alas, for the moment, seasoning our meals with powdered rum can only be realised in a dream.

Mid-tier Author Fakes Death to Achieve Spike in Amazon Sales

Locomotive correspondent Max Hall reports.

Author and Sydney University alumnus Samuel Watts has been accused of faking his own death to collect on the posthumous spike in royalties he hoped would be generated by news of his passing. Watts disappeared from his home last week and was presumed dead when police found his car parked near a cliff in far north Queensland. A note, allegedly quoting Shakespeare and Jack Kerouac, had been left.

Investigators became suspicious when they noticed that details of Watts' suicide closely matched those of Ken Kesey's faked death in 1965—particularly the elaborate prose of Watt's note which a senior police officer described, on the condition of anonymity, as "deeply purple". Kesey, the author of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, was attempting to evade marijuana charges at the time of his disappearance.

The incident seems to have been motivated by poor sales of Watts' second novel, *Title Deed*, which follows the lives

of three broke humanities graduates who find themselves working as conveyancers in suburban Brisbane. According to a for-web-only review by the *Sydney Morning Herald*, *Title Deed* was, like Watts' first novel, an attempt at one of those modern novels structured around various literary themes and quotations that aim to finally put to good use things the author learnt while studying English at university.

Watts was eager to talk when contacted by *Honi Soit*. Laughing off concerns about potential prosecution for misleading police he said he was happy to be back with his family and claimed to be "enthused, ebullient, even ecstatic" by a rise in sales of *Title Deed*. "I'm not sure why no one thought to do this before—look how well Pratchett and Marquez have been doing recently. Death was the breakthrough my career needed," he said. "I'm not sorry."

Amazon, Book Depository, and Dymocks have withheld royalties totalling \$34.10 pending results of the police investigation.

The Leadership Code

Perrin Walker is fed up with USyd's new advertising campaign.

I recently found myself alone, for a moment, with my four-year-old cousin—our first quality time together since he learned how to be a person. For some reason desperate to ingratiate myself (forgetting that toddlers do not experience awkwardness), I cast my eyes around for inspiration. There, on the wall!

"Wow... nice certificate... 'Displaying Leadership Qualities'... fantastic!", I crowed.

"Thanks" he replied coolly, not lifting his eyes from his cartoons. I had to agree that he had the qualities of a leader; he was startlingly eloquent when speaking with family, confident (even brash), good at sport, tall for his age...

I continued: "What is leadership?"

He froze, tearing his eyes from the television and fixing them on me, searchingly. Grandma never asked questions like that. He looked pained for a long moment, and then suddenly his face lit up. He announced proudly:

"It's telling people what to do!"

"Abraham Lincoln didn't know how to lead until he went on Globe", the poster dubiously asserts in its professional gloss amidst the torn socialist/Catholic paper rubble. The image shows two young white men; it's not entirely clear who is being led—will they lead each other? Let's read on.

Apparently, entrepreneurs will save the world. Apparently Indian entrepreneurs in particular are in need of leadership from undergraduate business students travelling from Australia on resumé junkets ("going on Globe"). I'll leave it to my more insightful colleagues to dissect the racist and colonialist undertones here; suffice it to ask, any time 'leadership' is invoked: "who is led, and why?"

My high school, the kind of school that maintains a rowing team despite being located hundreds of kilometres from their nearest competitors (or indeed anything not pushing its luck to call itself a 'lake'), had a curious student leadership policy. Bizarrely, every senior was a prefect. One

may well ask—what is the point of leadership if everyone is a leader? The true aim, the unstated aim, was not to distinguish the students from one-another, but from the rest of the town.

According to USYD's new advertising campaign, leadership is not about an individual leader—it's about a culture, a set of values. USYD students, the advertisement promises hovering parents, are leaders by virtue of their enrolment. This campaign treads a careful line: how to evoke prestige, privilege and the idea of a ruling class to flatter and entice the target, without appearing bigoted.

This leadership-speak is code, fit for purpose. My school could not say "people who can afford to enrol here have opinions apt to be enforced upon others", but they could proclaim that the school was "raising young leaders". The 'Global' poster is so juicy and flattering to business students because of the silent host of assumptions and power dynamics it conjures. My four-year-old cousin does not yet speak 'leader', so he gives the game away. He will learn.

Good leadership follows from expertise,

or the ability to identify and synthesise expertise, guided by a strong sense of justice. Poor leadership stems from privilege and charisma without substance. At best, "a culture of leadership" is insipid corporate-speak; at worst, it's thinly-veiled bigotry.

There are two magnetic poles to leadership, inseparable: leaders and the led. Do we as a student body collectively deserve to lead the led? What should we do with this leadership culture apart from, well, lead? When we sincerely examine these questions, we are at our best. These advertisements represent us at our worst: disingenuous.



In a New Age of Gaming, the Final Boss is Ourselves

Henry Lynch hates new video games, and it's all your fault.

When I purchased the much-anticipated *Halo: The Masterchief Collection*, I did so with high hopes. I dreamed of re-visiting the alien worlds that characterised the virtual escapism of my childhood. Yet, Microsoft's anthology turned out to be the gaming equivalent of the Seinfeld reunion: an awkward, half-baked and broken mess that people would rather forget, sadly turning their eyes back through the rose-tinted lens of nostalgia.

This behaviour from AAA developers like Electronic Arts, Microsoft and Ubisoft, where games are released either unfinished or poorly completed, has become the norm in modern gaming. And yet we continue to purchase their half-baked garbage.

A big reason for this is online media. Whilst media's role should be to inform consumers' purchasing behaviour through reviews of new products, we instead look for information through online personalities who care more about their own entertainment value than that of the games they are promoting. This 'hypes' the product into something it simply is not. Thus we keep buying these games, and are disappointed every time.

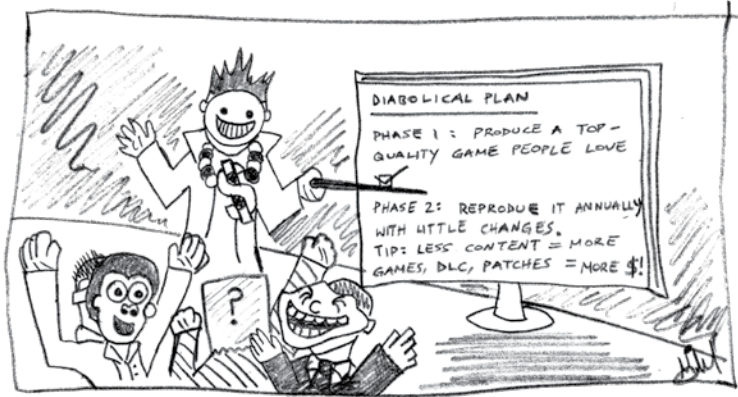
The steady rise of pre-ordering is equally to blame. Developers now cut out chunks of on-disk content to incentivise people into pre-ordering games. *Dying Light*, published by Warner Bros Entertainment, removed an entire game mode, 'Be the Zombie', and offered it as an exclusive pre-order bonus.

We therefore find ourselves spending twice the money for half the content, and the concept of buying a finished game for a reasonable price becomes a pipe dream saved for the *Elder Scrolls 6* or *Half Life 3* (confirmed).

Will this ever stop? Many have

prophesied a 'Big Crash' similar to that which occurred in the 1980s which almost destroyed the gaming industry. As it was before the first crash, the gaming market is currently characterised by multiple low-quality titles, not enough high-quality titles, and all exorbitantly priced, ultimately eroding consumer confidence.

The growing popularity of programs such as Steam that allow for the independent publishing of 'indie' games also spells doom for the industry. Whilst a select few of these titles are hugely successful, most notably *Minecraft*, the majority, quite frankly, suck. When the market is oversaturated with atrocious self-published titles, and



even worse professionally published titles, in the words of YouTube personality Boogie2988: "you get a shit sandwich."

How do we prevent modern gaming's descent into the virtual abyss? We must stop solely blaming the developers and admit that we, the common, basement-dwelling gamer, are the root of the problem.

Every time we purchase or pre-order one of these broken games, we confirm to the developer that they are doing things right. As long as we keep buying these games, they will keep on making them.

So I beg of you, stop gambling with games and start voting with your minds and wallets. Don't buy *Assassin's Creed 20: Retirement Home* simply because you have every other game in the franchise. Don't pre-order *FIFA 2019* because it comes in a slightly bigger, less-convenient box.

If we fight back against greedy developers by being more selective with our buying behaviour, then maybe I can start enjoying video games again.

Space to Think

Adam Chalmers on why Tor is the next step in academic freedom.

Without new ideas, society stagnates. Without privacy, there are no new ideas.

We have a right to develop new ideas in private before sharing them with the world at large. Ideas like feminism or social healthcare are now cornerstones of our society, but years ago they were new and frightening. Controversial ideas like that need to be developed in private among trusted friends and peers before they're released to a hostile society. Sydney University has a proud history of fostering such ideas. In the 70s, the philosophy department split in two when academics demanded the right to teach units on feminism. Courses on Marxism were instituted while the Communist Party Dissolu-

tion Act was fresh in our minds. Cultures change, but this requires ideas to be developed in private before being presented them to the world.

The university supports us in thinking these ideas. Their libraries, lecturers, tutorial discussions all help us develop our thoughts and opinions. And in the past this learning process was private. No-one could monitor which books you borrowed. No-one could bug your private conversations with a professor or friend. No-one could read your mind and discover the ideas you were engaging with.

But today the university's tools of research and discussion are no longer private, because they are all online. Our search-

es through journal databases, emails to lecturers, discussion groups and digital notes to ourselves are all online. And today, nothing online is private. In the age of mass surveillance, everything you do online can be stored, compiled and delved through. All our valuable ideas can be read by snooping friends, malicious hackers, or overzealous surveillance states. This offends the deepest principles of free thought and academic privacy that institutions like our university are supposed to not only defend, but cherish and nurture.

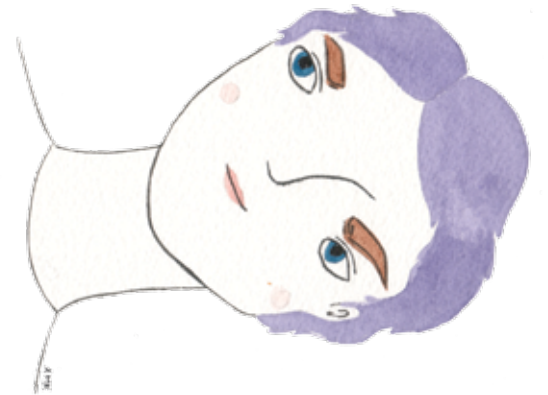
So chancellors, deans and provosts everywhere should take a stand: restore the privacy that was taken from your universities, scholars and students. Protect us from the prying eyes that would destroy our ideas

before they can defend themselves. The situation isn't hopeless. There are many ways to resist. Please—refuse to hand over students data to the state. Install the Tor browser on all university computers. Use HTTPS and strong encryption on all internal traffic. Encrypt our mail. Join the civil liberties groups which speak out against unnecessary mass surveillance. Emulate Google, Microsoft, Facebook and other digital companies and disclose the numbers and details of government information requests.

Without brave, controversial, unfashionable ideas, society stagnates. The university was once a safe place for the pursuit of such ideas. And it can be once again.

Questions People Always Ask Identical Twins

Tim Jackson splits hairs over split zygotes.



1. Are you guys twins?
2. Are you identical?
3. Are you sure? You don't look that similar...
4. How do I tell you guys apart?
5. What's it like being a twin? How's it different to being a normal person?
6. Can you feel when your brother is sad?
7. If I hit your brother, will you feel it?
8. Can I hit your brother?
9. My best friend's cousins are also twins, do you know them?
10. Do you swap clothes?
11. Do you play pranks all the time?
12. Can your parents tell you apart?
13. Do you listen to the same music?
14. Do you guys have the same sized dicks?
15. How do you know you have the same sized dick?
16. Are you doing an Arts degree? You're such a disappointment.

Dollars & Sense

Dominic Ellis thinks there's happiness at all hours.

The quest for perpetual drunkenness on a budget is a noble one, but a daydream for most. Rest assured, USyd has your back. Yes, unbeknownst to many, this noble institution is packed full of, and surrounded by, bargain booze.

The key here is the Grandstand Bar. Don't be fooled by its palatial surroundings (wedged between colleges and an oval), the Grandstand is the ideal venue for the daydrinking bootstraps Arts student looking to drown out the angst of their three hour day. The food might be pricey, but the Happy Hours are another story. Between 11am and close (usually around 3:30pm), beer, cider, and wine are \$4.

From there, venture over to the regulars. Between 4 and 6pm, Manning do \$4 cider and spirits, while Hermanns, this reporter's preference for seedy campus bars, offers \$3.50 Boags schooners, Chardonnay, Cabernet Shiraz and bubbles at the same time.

The happy hour hot streak continues ever so slightly off campus. Corridor is your best bet. During the week, they do \$5 pints (yes, PINTS) and \$10 cocktails between 5 and 7pm. Afterwards, if you can navigate through the congealed-cocktail flooring, Corridor's lewd neighbor Kuleto's offers two-for-one cocktails between 5.30 and 7.30pm from Monday to Saturday.

Still going? Go a few rounds at the Royal or Flodge with \$9 and \$10 student jugs respectively, then end the night at Li'l Darlin (Surry Hills or Darlinghurst) with \$10 cocktails from 10pm on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturday.



Fallen Teeth

Julia Clark

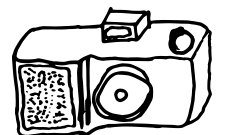
I'm shaking so hard my teeth have fallen out but I'm still trying to speak, to articulate as much as I can what this feels like, as though I could find an analogy. My jaw flaps loosely, forming spit bubbles between my gums, like the ones babies make.

I bought new shoes today and even as I stand here with legs crossed at the knee to restrain my bladder, I feel the leather front strap working its way into my flesh: the usually hardy skin just above my right big toe is rubbed past raw to the hollow of a popped blister where the stick of shredded skin meets the steady re-insertion of the lining like a jet wing sharp through the sky. The reminding jabs point to pain I could have avoided if only I had brought bandaids or those blister patches I always

carry but forgot this time.

I picture that once I collapse onto my maid-made bed tonight, a small furry creature will feast on the sores of my feet sticking out from the sheets with a tiny pink tongue, sucking my fluids like nectar. Which reminds me of the first time a bat swooped at my bread sandwich when I was a small child feeding ducks at dusk: stragglers before the roost.

If I keep my stare steady on the freckle at the end of your eyebrow and sip this champagne, then I will laugh about this moment in a Mexican restaurant with my best friend or at the pub with acquaintances.



Bees > Dogs

Joel Hillman likes stings and hates puppies.

Dogs are lame, so it's no surprise they can't even perform simple tasks like sniffing out cancer like that article on Facebook says they can. Bees on the other hand are cool, and can probably do that.

The research done to 'prove' that stupid dogs can smell cancer has been inconclusive at best, with issues in design. The training and experimental procedure was performed on patients already receiving treatment—an obvious flaw: the medicines themselves smell.

Bees can sense molecules in the parts per trillion (pathetic humans are in the parts per billion). The famous biologist Karl von Frisch, and even that great dog lover Pavlov, proved that honeybees communicate complex spatial ideas and indicate time and numbers, and can also learn simple instruction, like in classical conditioning.

The reason a bee does this better than a dog is their simplicity, and detached and indifferent nature. Stupid dogs are confused by the added weakness of wanting to please their trainer, and to provide a positive response. This is why sniffer dogs for drugs and other contraband often turn up false positives or miss perpetrators. Bees are heartless, and don't give a damn what you think, and just do what they want. They're also cheaper,

quicker to train, don't need a dedicated handler, and can't be distracted—so we should stop experimenting with dirty dogs

like they are in the US, and start using clinical bees.

Bees can also see colours and smell scents you can't imagine. One of which

is cancer. It's a known fact that blood composition is altered by many illnesses, and it is not a large stretch to imagine some of these molecules are volatile, and thus lost in the breath. In fact, it has been demonstrated that bees can sense them, and identify patients with diabetes and tuberculosis.

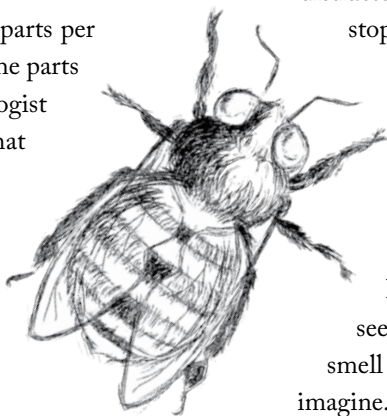
Bees can be easily conditioned to associate a scent, such as cancer markers, illicit drugs or explosives with a food reward, and indicate their presence by moving to a special chamber in a test container, or by sticking out their tiny bee tongues.

Bees are super useful. They provide you with sweet, sweet honey, their venom provides molecules being investigated to treat multiple sclerosis, fibromyalgia and other inflammatory diseases, they pollinate an enormous amount of our crops, and they are the most badass animals ever, since they literally die if they attack you, which is pretty hardcore. All dogs do is



slobber on you. They are bleeding hearts, and inferior to insects. They don't even have wings.

Also never forget that wasps can also be (bee?) trained, so always stay on the good side of entomologists, or you could find yourself in a Hitchcock film. Finally, in case you needed any more proof bees are way sicker than dogs any day: BEES VOTE ABOUT WHERE TO PUT THEIR HIVES.



Party Like it's 1997

Katie Davern went to a kid's party and hated it.



Kids parties haven't really been my scene since about 1999, but I recently went out of my comfort zone for my nephew's superhero-themed fifth birthday party.

It was Joey's first 'friend party' meaning little kid friends he had made in day care and preschool were invited as well as all of his miniature cousins. As a twenty-something-year-old adult, I can deal with being in the presence of up to three children, but any more than that is, frankly, uncharted and potentially hazardous territory for me; I was (not so) secretly a little apprehensive.

My plan was genius: I would take refuge in the kitchen and "help out" if the onslaught of mini humans became a bit

too much. Except in the kitchen, the chef-style pot had the wrong pasta-to-boiling water ratio, there were kilos of prawns that were yet to be decapitated and a whole tray of sliced fennel was sitting on the bench looking lonely and limp. Fumbling around trying to bandaid kitchen disasters wasn't really working out for me and so when guests started arriving, my sister looked at me, with big twitching eyes, pleading in desperation and I was non-verbally relegated to mind her other child, Julie*. Although Julie has the cutest little Mediterranean cherub face in the world, she nevertheless is still two years old, with limited social and motor skills. She tried to interact with the other kids but her language barrier was naturally pretty inhibiting. Also, kids are just selfish and cruel sometimes always.

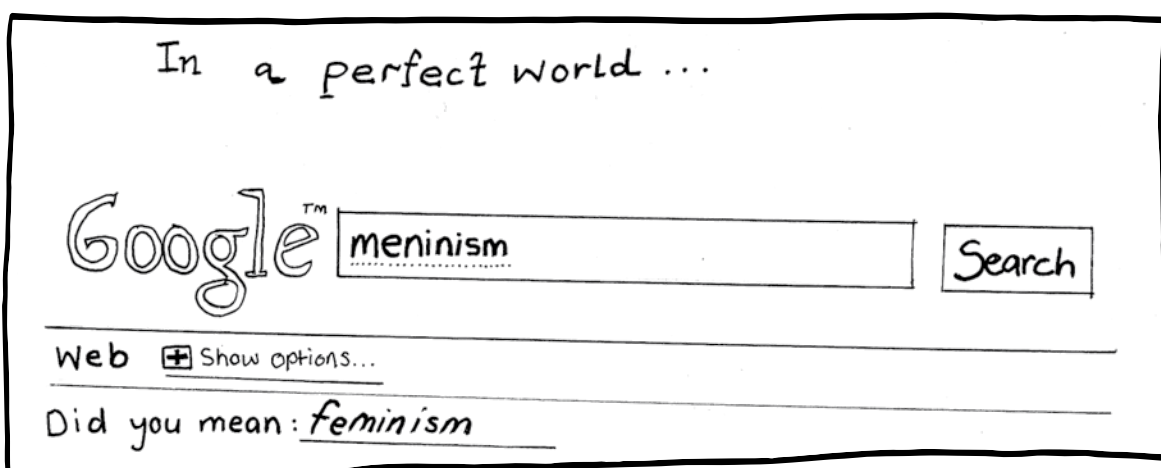
When it was kid lunch time, I sat Julie down in a plastic chair at the kid table, told her firmly to stay there while I scooped out some pasta for her and then watched as she got it all over her yellow, heirloom dress. (The dress belonged to my own mother when she was a child and had been passed down, a story that got retold roughly 846 times throughout the day. Never have I been so concerned about spilt food on somebody else's clothing.) Most of the other kids could more or less feed themselves and were happily munching on revolting-looking frankfurts suffocated by hot dog rolls consisting of half the adult daily recommended intake of sugar.

At midday, we heard a knock at the front door. It was Batman! Well, B a t m a n

plus a few years and minus the impressive physique that one can only acquire by fighting crime and living in a cave. Batman was a little freaky: he had wild orangey brown locks under his face mask, spoke in a seriously gravelly voice and seemed unable to break from character from the moment he arrived. He succeeded in scaring kids (and adults) and his distracting presence enabled the adults to eat real food – what a downright superhero.

What I learned: if a kid's party is truly inescapable, hire out Batman for the whole day. It'll be the best \$300 you'll ever spend.

*Names changed



Gronks Across the Board

In this week's GronkWatch, Dominic Ellis catches you up on all the Union Board election goss.



Hide your first years, the gronks are out and about.

Though Union Board candidate rumours have been circulating the gronkosphere for months, your resident watcher can now bring some certainty to proceedings. Be warned, the candidate-count is heinous.

First out of the gates is vice-president of the United Nations Society and former Labor campaigner Tiffany Alexander.

She'll be managed by current SRC Vice-President Daniel Ergas, who—just to prove once and for all that we all want the same thing—campaigns against Alexander in last year's SRC election.

Also in the race is the ever-present Eden Caceda. You might remember Caceda from such projects as 'SWAG', the Tory Honi ticket, the Autonomous Collective Against Racism (ACAR), and every club and society ever. He's also assumed the mantle of Arts camp-indoctrinator this year. *GronkWatch* managed to get our hands on a text message from Caceda's manager Whitney Duan to an attendee of Arts camp, which suggests that Caceda plans to "keep union leadership out of party politics that overrun government".¹

Labor-right faction Unity are hedging their bets in this election, running three candidates. Atia Rahim, another exec member of the (electorally well-stocked) Arts Society is among them, along with Jesse Seton and returning 2013 candidate Georg Tamm, whose campaign will be managed by Sean Nugent.

At the time of print, the other prominent Labor faction, National Labor Students (NLS), were yet to pick a candidate,

though *GronkWatch* tips Jack Whitney as the likely frontrunner.

Also "actively considering running for Union Board" and likely pulling from the endless springs of clubs and societies is Shannen Potter. Potter is the president of DarcySoc, and though her factional affiliations are unclear, word around town is that Sydney Labor Students (SLS), a once-powerful-now-petty Labor-left faction on campus, will be running Potter under their branding.

Marco Avena, from broad Left group Grassroots, is hoping his experience with the on-campus Fossil Free group will popularise him with the Greensy Newtown populace. It's worth noting that Avena is the fourth white man to run under the Grassroots branding in as many Board candidates.

Speaking of white males, Libertarian Society exec member and newly crowned economics society president Kerrod Gream is also in the contest. He is one of two Tories contesting this election, along with Jennifer Zin, an executive member of the Liberal Club.

Honi understands that Joel Schubert, a

Moderate Liberal, was also considering a tilt at Board, but decided (wisely) to keep his dignity, after running the numbers.

Next up is Michael Rees. Law student and former editor of Sydney University's prestigious student newspaper *Honi Soit*,² Rees will look to the 'Indies' for campaign support, a group that, though past its heyday, Board Director and hot-tip Union Presidential candidate Liv Ronan used in her Board campaign last year.

When we probed token college boy William Khun about his candidature, he verbosely replied "I have in the past said that I intend to run for Board, and my actions thus far this semester would entirely be in alignment with running for Board".

Finally, there's also talk of a candidate from the Evangelical Union—though we're unsure whether this will amount to anything.

Though the punters won't get any solid predictions from this *GronkWatch* reporter, with three affirmative action spots allocated to women, the odds look good for Potter, Rahim, Zin and Alexander.

1. The message proceeds to state that Union elections are "super fun" because "everyone gets on colourful t-shirts and hang out on the law lawns"—which would be a really persuasive sales pitch were it not egregiously awful.
2. As if writing these god-forsaken election previews isn't stupol enough for one lifetime.

So You're Thinking of Running For Board?

Anonymous may just convince you otherwise.

Do you have an amount of experience in the USU that is by no means expansive, but can make you sound like you know what you're doing? Do you do a degree that doesn't require you to actually attend class? Do you have hundreds of dollars to buy materials and sustain yourself as you work a lot less or not at all? Do you have dozens of expedient friends who will give up hours of their time to help you for no material reward? Are you willing to endlessly compromise and back-stab to get what you want?

If you answered yes to all of these questions, then congratulations you rich, factional sociopath, you can run for Board.

You too can (under the instruction of a

political Methuselah) hash together a shopping list of policy ideas, campaign from 8—5 for a fortnight and leverage all of your m8s from Arts Camp or your preferred sect of the Young Fuck Club to become the heir apparent to, or crucial vote for, an imminent Board executive.

If you make it, for two years you will be paid to share the company of ten other similar-tier sociopaths, some of whom you will have shouted at and fought with on the campaign trail yourself. Most of them will be in different political factions, so they'll stick in little groups and plot to screw you over at some stage in the future. Unless, of course, you're all together at a USU party, in which case you get a group Instagram shot (#USU #BoardDirectors) then dance on the stage, behind the barricade, in front

of everyone, just to show how normal a student you really are.

If you're really lucky, your first experience on Board will be a heated Executive election where the "best candidate" is the one that can get their faction to offer a great deal for the upcoming SRC elections. This is because, despite the insistent arm's length at which the organisations keep one another, the USU and SRC both (notionally) represent students and of course they overlap. This definitely won't affect how everyone works together from thereon.

We mustn't ignore the benefits, though. You get a meal card to shout your friends/successor \$11 of free food every day while you live off meagre pay. You get free tickets

to revues which you will definitely not turn up drunk for. (If you show up at all). You get a line on your CV and a preselection in twenty years. I hear there are some travel perks, too.

If you really want to run for Board, run because you don't want to see your Union reduced to a toxic culture of factionalism, abuse of privilege, and divisive behaviour—because that's hardly better than the 13 Senate-appointed Directors we'll have in ten years anyway. So warped and mangled is the process that even the pure of heart who hope to change the system from within will surely be chewed up, spat out and registering for Arts Camp 2016 to sure up their bid for the presidency next year.



Special Consideration

**What if I am sick for an assessment or examination?
Is there a way no to get a fail?**



You can apply for a Special Consideration. Go to the website for your faculty and download the application form. See your doctor (or if yours is not available, any doctor) and get your Professional Practitioner's Certificate (PPC) completed. This needs to be on the same day that you are sick and should not be backdated. If your doctor is not available you will need to see another doctor. If you are too sick to go to the doctor, find a doctor that will do a house call. There are a few available – you can find them through google. Your doctor should also give a brief description of the things that you are unable to do, eg attend university, leave bed, sit up for longer than 10 minutes, etc. The doctor will also have to assess the severity of your condition. If you are not severely effected by your illness you might find it difficult to get special consideration.

If you have a valid PPC, and the doctor has assessed that you are severely affected or worse you should almost certainly be granted special consideration. Be aware that you do not have to provide more details about you condition if you would prefer to keep that confidential.

Remember that Special Consideration is for a temporary illness, misadventure or exacerbation of a long term illness. It is not for long term illnesses per se. That should be dealt with through the Disabilities Unit.

What if I am sick for the supplementary examination or every assessment in a subject? Is there any way not to get a fail?

YOU SHOULD NOT GET A FAIL – assuming you have documented why you could not attend/complete each assessment and successfully applied for Special Consideration, as outlined in the policy.

What is the policy?

If they reschedule your exam and assessments, but you are too sick (for example) to attend any again, and you apply for special consideration each time and your applications are approved each time, you should not receive a “fail”. Instead you should be awarded a DC grade.

A DC is a Discontinued, Not Fail. Compared to a Fail (or Absent Fail or Discontinue Fail), a DC is good for your transcript and good for your Annual Average Mark and Weighted Average Mark (WAM).

SO if you can't do any of the assessments in a subject this semester, or in the future, and you have successfully applied for special consideration EACH TIME, then check that your mark is recorded as a DC. You should also apply to have a refund or recrediting of your fees. Ask at the faculty office or the SRC for the appropriate forms.



Ask Abe

SRC Caseworker HELP Q&A

Hello Abe,

Even though it's still really early in the semester I still feel that I'm heaps behind. I've got more assignments due than I know how to deal with. I'm starting to feel really stressed and finding my studies are suffering even more – it's a vicious cycle. Can you give me some ideas that will help me?

Busy

Dear Busy,

This is the time of the semester when many students start to feel the pressure of assignments being due. Deal with each of those aspects one step at a time. Talk to your tutor now to see if you can arrange an extension. Talk to someone in the University's Health Service (Level 3, Wentworth Building) or Counselling and Psychological Services (Level 5, Jane Foss Russell Building).

The Learning Centre runs free courses for time management. This can help you get your uni work under control while still having a social life. Check out their website at http://www.usyd.edu.au/stuserv/learning_centre.

Go to Student Resources then Module 10. This is an online resource for you to work through in your own time. It's all really commonsense stuff but makes a real difference when you follow it.

If you've done all of these things and still can't cope with your workload you might like to talk to an SRC Caseworker about the possibility of withdrawing from a subject. This may attract an academic penalty, but you can at least check out what your options are. If you are on a Centrelink payment tell your Caseworker as this might alter how you reduce your workload.

A final word of caution, when students feel pressured they can sometimes be less vigilant about referencing and proper paraphrasing when they write essays. If you know that you are cutting corners it is best to get help before handing your essays in. Talk to a lecturer, the Learning Centre, Counsellor or SRC Caseworker and ask for help. This is better than putting in an essay you know is not up to your usual standard and then being found guilty of plagiarism.

Abe

WE'VE GOT YOUR BACK

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

Fines

Motor Vehicle Accidents

Immigration

Criminal Charges

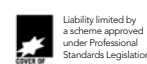
Debts

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法律アドバイス





These pages belong to the officebearers of the SRC.
They are not altered, edited, or changed in any way by
the *Honi* editors.

President's Report

Kyol Blakeney

Recently, the Vice Chancellor sent around an email to all staff and students of the University alleging that student activists had been engaging in anti-Semitic behaviour on campus. This has been a growing controversy within the walls of our University and it's time that a few things were set straight.

Firstly, as President of your SRC I reject

the allegation that our students engaged in anti-Semitism. The views our students hold have nothing to do with a person's ethnicity, beliefs or religion.

Secondly, the conflict happening right now involving Palestine and Israel is nothing more than an invasion for land. It is the same thing that happened to this country 227 years ago. The only difference

is that, due to technological advances, the whole world can see.

Thirdly, I find it horrible that the right to protest has been compromised because people have completely twisted the issue in the direction of race wars and discrimination based on religion. I think it's quite childish, particularly when the marginalised group in this circumstance

still gets the short end of the stick.

I, personally, stand in solidarity with those accused of acting in an anti-Semitic manner because I know that this is only a strategy to silence those wanting justice for our comrades in Palestine.

Environment Officers' Report

Callista Barritt

The Environment Collective is a fun loving group, with an abounding compassion for the planet, and all of the life that resides here. We hope you, dear like-minded reader, will join our ranks and start making a difference! Our new working groups mean you can engage in a broad range of activities that interest you. The Collective has had a vibrant first half of the semester, building a more active and diverse environmental movement on campus.

In Week 4, the Collective had a fabulous stall at Pride Week. We added to our collection of signatures for the Fossil Free USYD and Monster Climate Petitions. Our friends from the Queer Community were incredibly supportive of the cause because environmental problems are queer

problems too!

Fossil Free USYD has been out campaigning and letting people know about the upcoming national day of divestment action at mid day, outside the quad on the 22nd of April. Come and plant a wind turbine, enjoy a picnic with us and sign our petition to the university to divest. Last year we achieved a 20 percent reduction in the Uni's portfolio carbon footprint, and our rallying cry this year is to "DIVEST THE REST!!" If you would like to get involved in organising, come to our meeting at 11am every Wednesday at the Manning Sunken lawns.

The Community Garden are planning some very interesting and exciting gardening workshops.

At a collective meeting, we agreed to support the organisation SOS Blak Australia with a financial donation and explore other ways we might be able to support this movement supporting communities fighting removal from their land. This reflects our commitment to environmental activism that is in solidarity with First Nations peoples' fight for justice.

During the break, Collective members ventured over to UTS to support UTS Enviro Collective with their Fossil Free UTS campaign.

Collective members who attended the Wollemi Common Enviro Group this past weekend, camping with members of other enviro collectives from around

Australia, reportedly had a great time.

We are excited about our new e-newsletter! It will service as a periodic reminder of upcoming events, campaigns, get-togethers, and other fun activities. We will also share readings and articles that we find interesting and pertinent to the causes we are fighting for.

To subscribe to our fascinating and inspiring newsletter, please find us on Facebook: Sydney Uni Enviro Collective. There you will also find more frequent and detailed updates on the Collective. You can also email us if you don't have Facebook: environment.officers@src.usyd.edu.au.

Education Officers' Report

Blythe Worthy

First of all, David and I would like to thank and praise those who turned up to the National Day of Action on the 25th of March and yelled, carried banners and exercised their democracy. It was such a touching and energetic demonstration that didn't lose momentum once all the way from Sydney Uni to UTS and then to Town Hall.

Speeches on our end were wide and varied, calling from students from the Disabilities and Carers, Queer and Indigenous collectives, as well as members

of the NTEU (that's the National Tertiary Education Union). Having a diverse and intersectional selection of people to represent the Sydney University community is really important to us as we believe Queer and POC (People of Colour) voices have always been foundational to radical social movements yet are also those more likely to be silenced.

With contingents from all over the university community including massive Wom*n and Queer blocs, as well as an incredible Indigenous bloc, assembled at

UTS.

The fight against the Liberal government's cuts to education doesn't end with the defeat of fee deregulation, something many of us are beginning to believe might actually happen due to the latest Pyne defeat a few weeks ago.

Abbott and Pyne will come back for our SSAF or increase other fees for students, which will only serve to target those who have trouble affording to come to uni as it is.

We can fight back though, and have more fun, creative actions up our sleeves as the year rolls on, so if you want to come to some of our panels or law and Photoshop sessions, please look up the EAG on Facebook.

EAGs (Education Action Group) are held on the law lawns (weather permitting) every Tuesday at 1 and the Ed Officers are always keen for a chat, should you want to look us up on Facebook. Maintain the rage.



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They are not altered, edited, or changed in any way by
the *Honi* editors.

Indigenous Officers' Report

Nathan Sheldon-Anderson and Jethro Braico

Howdy y'all! Hope you had a good break. Now, just in case you missed it over your alcohol study fueled break, here are a few important issues.

What is the intrinsic aspect of Australian politics? The humble thought bubble. Warren Mundine in his role as Chairman of the Prime Minister's Indigenous Advisory Council has suggested a national database of Aboriginal people. Now I understand the rationale, it can be quite difficult to prove ones Aboriginality but having a database of one specific group seems reminiscent of some dystopic science fiction.

Last Friday night there was a march from Belmore Park to The Block to stop the

forced closure of remote communities, held simultaneously with one in Melbourne (which was eloquently described as a 'selfish rabble', at this point newspapers are just trying to prove their absurdity).

The 2000 strong march consisted of Indigenous and non-Indigenous people, students and non-students, unionists and small children. Starting in Belmore Park with several speeches then marched through the pouring rain, with the gutters overflowing to the Redfern Tent Embassy.

These marches were in solidarity with the Indigenous communities in W.A and S.A that are under threat of forced closure. The speeches also highlighted issues of racism in our society, deaths in custody and more close to uni, the plight of the Redfern Tent

Embassy. Now all of these are important issues but we can only overcome them through a set of national actions and movements.

Last month the Indigenous officers met with the Bridget Cama, the NUS National ATSI officer, to discuss Sydney Uni's involvement in the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Student conference in Sydney 2015. The conference will be held from the 22nd - 25th of July, with approximately 50-70 Indigenous officers, representatives and student leaders predicted to attend. The conference aims to develop relationships between Indigenous student leaders, building and gaining skills in the areas of policy writing, fundraising, and campaigning.

The conference will establish a network of young indigenous student leaders in which the communication of Indigenous issues and the organisation of events such as rallies and protest, can be made efficiently and effectively. This conference will reflect the Indigenous values of community and solidarity, particularly important considering the current relationship between the Australian government and Indigenous Australia - reflective in the closing of communities, the Redfern tent embassy, and The Intervention. This year's conference will have a focus on representation and access as expressed in the conferences motto 'Equal Access, Equal Representation = Equal Education'. Stay tuned interested parties; there will be another protest on the 1st of May.

Queer Action Collective Report

Hannah Pankau

Queerkat's focus project for this semester will be to start a clothing swap, hopefully including binders and breastforms, and as such the swap will be aimed to cater for trans and non-

binary folks. We would like to make this a cross-campus event as the Queerkats collective is not just for students of Sydney University. Clothing swaps can be a very useful tool as they allow students who may

not be able to afford new clothes to obtain a wardrobe they feel comfortable in, and mean that trans people do not have to face potential transphobia when shopping for clothes. More details to come about this

event and if you would like to be involved please contact the Queer Officers:
queer.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Notice of Special Council Meeting

87th Students'
Representative
Council, University
of Sydney

DATE: 15th April

TIME: 6pm

LOCATION: Professorial
Board Room (Quadrangle)



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



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Is the University Following its Own Rules?

When you hear the phrase “Compliance by the University with University policies” you are not filled with rapturous anticipation. It may not sound like a glamorous topic, for many students though it’s a big issue. SUPRA has in the past and always will push for better policies for students. However as a basic starting point we want the University to comply with current conditions that are progressive and favorable for students. When it comes to policy issues in the University the failure of compliance may well be our biggest single issue in casework. What is the point of a collection of protections for students if these are not enforced?

One of the most common and egregious breaches for coursework students is one hundred percent exams. The University’s own policy requires that students have the opportunity for formative practice or experience and to a variety of assessments, yet many still have one hundred percent exams. The University’s own policy also requires giving feedback early in a subject, this rule is frequently ignored. Turning to research students the University’s policy requires that no supervisor should take on more than five students except in exceptional circumstances. In some departments it would seem almost every case in an ‘exceptional circumstance’.

Now I’m sometimes told, though not quite in these words, that problems of compliance are not a problem because certain of the University’s policies are not worth enforcing. For example, senior members of the University Administration have argued to me that 100% exams in law are uniquely appropriate to the discipline. If this is the case though, repeated circumvention of the University’s policy is not the remedy—a change to the rules is the remedy. I don’t agree that 100% exams for law would be pedagogically meritorious, but if some do feel this way, let us have the debate openly.

There’s a danger, in writing this article, that it may become a list—nothing but a series of offences and violations by faculties. We could write out a very long list indeed of various policy breaches—maybe enough for an article on its own. Without descending into cliché though, every policy violation has a face, and that face is usually a distressed and angry student.

As far as I can determine the University has no effective, operating procedure that protects against violations of its own policies by faculties. Not one. In principle the university’s auditing department may pursue the matter, and very occasionally they do browse through unit outlines. On the whole though the only means for redress

is piecemeal. The SRC and SUPRA must pursue the University over each individual case, the affected student must put in an inordinate amount of work, and hopefully at the end we’ll have fixed the issue—but only for that one student, and not for their colleagues who never thought to make a complaint.

The matter is quiet and dull but the issue is bubbling away under the surface, and the steam is growing. Raising the issue at a recent University committee meeting I find myself troubled for the health of several attendees, if they had have nodded any more vigorously they would have got whiplash. Meanwhile specific violations and difficulties create simmering discontent—and I suspect that it’s one of the factors which makes the University of Sydney’s rating on graduate surveys much, much lower than administration is comfortable with.

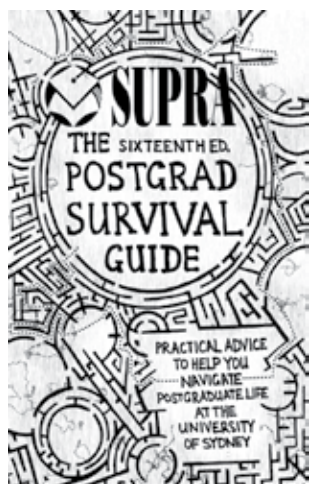
From here SUPRA wants to hear from

you, postgraduate students, as to what breaches you have seen or experienced. What kind of experiences are we thinking about? Apart from the breaches we have described above, we know students have been wrongly been put through plagiarism investigations for highly minor matters. We know that faculties have basically ignored medical evidence for special consideration requests and show cause cases. We know that there have been gaps in investigating harassment and discrimination and bullying cases, with investigations taking inordinately long and complainants not being protected. If you have a story that you would like to confidentially tell us, to help SUPRA pressure the University into better compliance, please contact us. You can email president@supra.usyd.edu.au.

This article was written by the president in conjunction with SUPRA’s casework team. It may not represent the views of SUPRA council.

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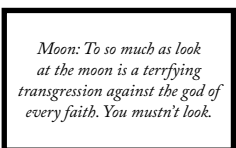
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He is rinse

DENSELY, WELL WRITTEN PAGES AHOY!

Nothing in my hand I bring (to pay with)



*Lenten Liftout
pages 28 and 29*

*Who wore it best?
Jesus, the cool thief,
or the shit thief?*



*Want to reed like an Easter
Rabbit? Our hot Easter fuck
tips are inside!*

*Guest Editorial:
God of the Old Testament*



I AM VENGEFUL AND LOVING

G'day weaklings,

Literal myth and legend G-d of the Old Testament, here.

Seems a lot of people seem to have a problem with my style. The fashionable thing is to wear tight pants and decry my book as past-it while some have nerve to claim that I'm not bloody relevant anymore! Fancy that!

It's not just the heathens at *The Guardian*, either. Virgins, women, the gays, victims of rape, the compassionate; everyone seems to have it in for little old the creator of the known universe.

The pack of pansies in charge has let things slide and I thought a guiding hand might do some good. So, having just celebrated the anniversary of the brutal murder of my son self, I reckon it's fitting to commit everyone's attention to an issue that's a teensy bit spiritual. And you're all gonna like it.

Now, I can cop a bit of flack, just as much as the next deity, but the amount I've been getting lately proves that I've gotta do some legwork before I'm taken seriously as a loving tyrant again. So here it is. Four pages of soul cleansing.

So I'll demonstrate my benevolence (once again) by forcibly taking editorial control of a media outlet, demanding that it generate content that exalts my glorious works AND THE WORK OF NO OTHER, and making sure it's the stuff you want to read. *The Garter Press*, once the beautiful, worldly conduit for good content, will become the conduit for my word. Check yourself.

If you don't heed this plea for your love and attention, I will make pillars of salt of all of you. You don't need the fruit of knowledge to know that this is going to be a ripper edition!

Love, G-d

JOCK HEAD TRANSPLANTED ON NERD BODY

Lo. Look upon the awful work of the hands that heeds not the Lord



*At what point will we stop and say to ourselves:
"yes, this is too far. I want to get off science now?"*

A surgery set to break all kinds of records in the world of brain science has gone well this week, when a jock head was transplanted to the donor body of a nerd.

Corey Stephenson, a first grade NRL player for the Canterbury Bulldogs, was tragically crippled after a horse riding accident in July last year, and scheduled to have a head transplant (the first of its kind) this month. While doctors had hoped to find a body as similar to Stephenson's as possible, his atrophying limbs and spine meant that performing the operation as quickly was possible was imperative. A nerd body was the only on hand.

"The exercise raises all sorts of questions about the future viability of the surgery," Dr Mark Prince of the Royal North Shore Hospital stated at press time "While the body has not rejected the head in the medical sense of the word, it is clear that Stephenson (if we accept his mind is within his brain) has certainly rejected the body. We've stuck him to a nerd after all."

The pioneering surgery required a team of more than 160 doctors and nurses working for thirty-six consecutive hours, severing and then reconnecting the nerves, spinal cord, flesh and arteries of both the donor and the recipient.

"It certainly was an oversight to allow a donor body that was so weak – especially given the dumb brain we were putting on it. It does make you wonder whether the person, if you could call this abomination as much, that has come out the other side is actually Corey, or some sort of hideous, dumb, weak freak."

Stephenson says he is unperturbed by the troubling questions that the failed procedure poses to the nature of identity.

"I'm not a fucking nerd!" Stephenson belted, while pounding his new, pathetic nerd chest with his pathetic nerd arms.

Psychologists and philosophers alike have speculated about the implications the surgery would have for Stephenson's sense of self with some experts theorising a new kind of "super madness" for the head of a sport's star sewn onto the scrawny frame of a dweeb.

It seems that, while surgery was technically a success, not everyone is entirely happy with the outcome of the operation.

"I wanna beat myself up!" an incredibly distressed Stephenson sobbed at press time.

REPORT: Elderly Just Old Regular People

I'm just not going to touch them

A ground-breaking report at Stamford University has today demonstrated that the elderly are actually just older regular people.

Rick Parsons, coordinator of the decades long investigation said that the results of the study were "truly incredible".

"Whereas for a long time it seemed as though the elderly were some sort of separate species, unfit for compassion or kindness," Parsons said "This study has proven that they have a whole lot more in common with us than we first thought."

The study followed the lives of nearly five thousand regular, adult human beings for more than forty years and found that, with time, every test subject, notwithstanding the very youngest of the group, demonstrated all the signs of being geriatric.

"You look at the elderly and you think: all those wrinkles... those horrible stoops... I couldn't possibly be of the same species... or even biological family as one of those things. I feel closer to chimps."

The researchers say that they can't be certain the youngest participants in the project will definitely grow to become elderly, but "we're pretty sure, in time, even babies will become brittle-boned, thin-haired and wobbly. Ours is a truly amazing species for all its variety."

The research team is uncertain as to whether or not the discovery is likely to improve treatment of the elderly.

"They still smell heaps bad," Doctor Parsons concluded.

IN THIS ISSUE:

**Opinion: I'm Catholic.
That's a joke, right?**

Page 9

**Moon going through
rebellious crescent phase**
page 12

LENTEN

POPE FRANCIS WEARS LEATHER JACKET

google can god know when i am masturbating?

Pope Francis has wowed Catholic and non-Catholic audiences alike this week by wearing a very cool black leather jacket.

The Pope revealed his cool new jacket, like that sported by popular television character The Fonz, in a post-Easter address at the Apostolic palace.

“Just chill!” the pontiff declared from the famous balcony of his official residence, “This is a time for love and reflection and looking cool.”

Many pious attendees were said to have burst into tears at the sight of the very cool jacket.

“Followers of Christ must learn to weep and also look great in cool leather jackets,” the pontiff concluded.

The jacket has been touted as a sign of a Pope who is unafraid of taking a more serious and explicit line against looking uncool.

Liberal stalwarts of the church have been vocally impressed.

“Wowo! Look at his great jacket!”
The Pope’s fresh new look accompanies

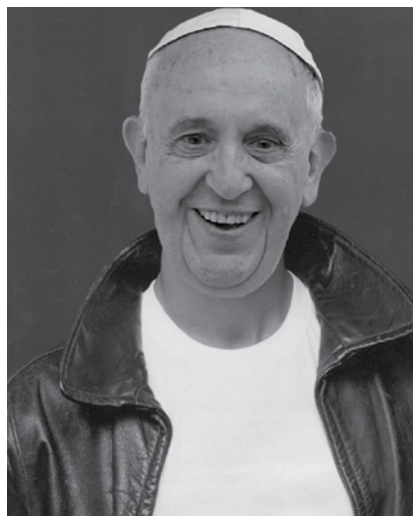
a radical suite of kind public actions and statements that mask his unfailing obedience to the most problematic parts of Catholic doctrine.

The Pope described the jacket as “really, very cool,” with “enough pockets for all of my cigarettes and hip-flasks.”

The pontiff is reportedly planning an evening of Wes Anderson films which “anyone can rock up to with a +1.”

The Pope was reached for comment, but just shouted “suck eggs!” as he sped off on his papal motorcycle.

Pictured: The coolest pontiff since the one that did the cadaver synod



Garter Press Gives Up Timeliness for Lent

This is an exercise in integrity and definitely not laziness.

Journalists and editors alike at *The Garter Press* have today revealed that, in a show of contempt for the vicious, 24-hour news cycle, they would be giving up timeliness for lent.

“The content you read today has been created with absolutely not attention paid to the enduring relevance of the pieces, and without the slightest regard for what an attentive and engaged audience requires of a purveyor of news media,” Gary Mandibles, Senior Editor, declared at a press conference some time whenever.

“Some people might be surprised to find that we’re running a section about a period of time that ended a fortnight ago. That’s part of what we’re willing to give up for forty days.”

The move has attracted criticism from some members of the public who believe there is an obligation for new publishers to keep their finger on the pulse of the social and political landscape.

“I know a lot of people are probably left wondering, why? And I don’t have an answer right now. Maybe I will in a week?

Who can say?”

Preist Exiled to Paedophile Island

That’s the sound of us scraping the bottom of the barrel

After thoughtful deliberation with the region’s bishops and priests, this afternoon transferred Brother Lawrence O’Reilly from his position as diocese priest to a new position within the church on Paedophile Island.

Father Daniel McReedy was quick to guard against speculative headlines.

“We have the utmost respect for Brother O’Reilly,” McReedy stated at a press conference this morning, “and while we cannot speak to the specifics of *why* he has expatriated to Paedophile Island, his congregation can be confident that he left only because he felt he must.”

O’Reilly is not the first priest from his parish to relocate to Paedophile Island. In 1974, John Killop transferred out of the diocese after the assault of three young girls who were members of his church.

“Like Killop,” McReedy says, “O’Reilly is going away for no particular reason.”

“The move to Paedophile Island is *not* the result of allegations made against O’Reilly. It’s an rangement to which he is better suited. We are sure he will enjoy the change of pace offered at Paedophile Island.”

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The Fifth Quarter, with Coach Ball

Does God approve of interfaith dodgeball games?

A lot of people say that there's no place for God on the sports court. I've always disagreed. When you get out there and start lobbing long ones, it doesn't matter whether your opponent believes in reincarnation, Jesus or science – balls is balls and they'll hit hard.

It means that for a beautiful moment on this troubled earth, everyone wants everyone's blood regardless of colour or creed or faith – and in the pursuit of points for a good fun sport.

Apparently, this beautiful sentiment is controversial. Not for the first time, my Easter Interfaith Tournament came under fire from the heads of several institutions who maintained that my regular interfaith dodgeball tournaments contravened the doctrines of their faith. Sacrilege, even.

Well I say, no goal!

I'm not ashamed to be a trailblazer for headlines about religious conflicts that aren't bloody. People want to see Buddhist monks smashing Muslims on the dodgeball pitch, not in the violence-plagued Rakhine region of Burma.

As the loud few who would take issue with this beautiful celebration of what it is to be human (and a dodgeballer) gather their pickets and start to chant "God hates dodgeball" and all the other anti-dodgeball slogans we've become accustomed to, fortify yourself against the hatred, arm yourself with your weapons of peace, and take your place on the dodgeboards. When you play, play for your pride and your pride in your god or gods.

If ours is a world in which a man who prays towards Mecca five times a day can't throw a dodgeball at a fella in a Sikh turban, well sir, I just don't know if it's a world I want to have any part in.



BEWARE OF THE PERSON OF ONE BOOKIE:

The divinely inspired odds for the 3pm at Calvary, courtesy of Thomas Equinus

1. First Mover - \$78.13

Once full of energy (at the beginning of everything), First Mover is now often last to jump, preferring to remain, as is this fine gelding's want, unmoved.

2. Ordered Nature - \$66.66

A usually disciplined mare, Ordered Nature has never been at home when the turf is churned up and the track descends into chaos. With a forecast for black skies, you'd be wise to hold onto your shekels.

3. First Cause - \$78.13

Almost indistinguishable from his

stablemate, First Mover, First Cause is a similarly un compelling argument betting option.

4. Being of Necessity - \$13.42

Has to race. Doesn't have to win.

5. Grades of Perfection - \$00.01

The mare to which all thoroughbreds must be compared. This paragon, this noblest and truest of beings that exists lest all superlatives are reduced to non-sense, is yet to lose a race and looks set to maintain that record. Only a betting man would bet against her, and that's a truism.

Easter Eggs Hatch

Don't forget the reason for the season

There has been customary elation across the Christian world this week as all Easter Eggs began their great hatching on Sunday.

Children and adults alike everywhere have woken up to smashed chocolate shells and trails of post-natal blood and offal all over the home as the horrible egg creatures within Easter eggs everywhere burst forth from their sweet prisons to perform their ancient Easter rite.

Pastor Greg McInnes says that this incredible act of *literal* birth is a reminder that the death of Christ on the cross is, fundamentally, a cause for celebration.

"It's a time to think of Christ. Certainly to think of his death, but we mustn't forget his resurrection! As the demented, chocolate, bird-rabbit forms claw and scream their way through their protective layer of chocolate and the foil that seals in their freshness, we are reminded of the sacrifice by which all willing may profit."

Local mother Amelia Elder says that hers is a family happy to stick to tradition.

"Every year we've gotten our children Easter eggs and every year it's a joy to watch them run and cry screaming as the malformed bastard children of a rabbit and a bird emerge from what they thought was a delicious candy treat."

"If you think too hard about the tradition, it stops making all that much sense," Elder says. "We find it's best just to keep on and enjoy the season!"

As is customary, the horrible bipedal monsters wail at the moon and gnash their teeth for days before beginning the torturously slow process of dragging their bloodied, raspy bodies towards the ocean to commit mass suicide. Their perfectly soluble corpses will mix with the ocean and send it a beautiful shade of Easter gold to coincide with the end of the school holidays.

McInnes says it is a constant source of inspiration: "Of all the ways that God works, this is one of the most mysterious," he says.

"Why? Dear God, why do you allow this?!"

Mother of Nine Secures Front-Row Pew at Easter Service

google who to call if you have eaten holy spirit?

A Darlington mother of six has secured the front row pew for St Pater's 2016 Easter celebrations after announcing her intentions to remain permanently on the pew at mass last week.

Bernadette Muscat and her husband Joseph took their seven children to the 10am mass on Easter Sunday, however, when the congregation left the church to organist Therese O'Keeffe's rousing rendition of 'Lord of the Dance', the Muscat family stayed put.

It was only when the Muscat family of nine were still sitting on the pew at 9am mass on Easter Monday that the parish office realised their intentions.

Mrs Muscat told us her extreme action was prompted by the large number of "submarine Catholics" who appear to only attend mass over the Easter and Christmas periods.

"There are always so many people at Good Friday mass, and on the Sunday as well," she said.

"I don't know where they come from. But if this is what I have to do to stop the boats, so be it."

This year, the St Pater's Sunday congregation swelled by 20 per cent over the Easter long weekend, as the parish welcomed eight new worshippers.

Although the entire Muscat family is currently occupying the pew, it is expected that after a few months the Muscat children, aged between 19 months and 15 years, will mind the pew on a rotating roster.

"Why else do you think I had nine kids?" their mother said.

Mrs Muscat said the action would not affect her children's wellbeing or social lives as they are homeschooled.

Stephen Hawking: “I Have Moved Beyond the Reach of Death.”

Our science correspondent doesn't understand

Stephen Hawking, Director of Research at the Centre for Theoretical Cosmology within the University of Cambridge, who earlier this year made headlines by fucking the beginning of space-time, has this morning called a press conference to announce that he has “moved beyond the reach of death”.

“The fabric of space-time will become my plaything. I will move between worlds like a God. I am no longer concerned by a sudden nuclear war, a genetically engineered virus or other dangers you have not yet imagined. I fear nothing,” he declared to reporters this morning.

The announcement has created uneasiness

among the scientific community, a spokesperson for the Royal Society stating, “I’ll be honest, we’re not entirely sure what’s going on, here. He’s kinda been doing his own thing since he fucked space-time. It’s pretty cool, though.”

Hawking didn’t explicitly threaten the audience, but did close his address with a sentiment that some have described as menacing.

“Today, I leave my seat as Director of Research at the Centre for Theoretical Cosmology. Who knows what tomorrow may bring?”

I do.”

Child of Divorce Better Understands Parents’ Divorce

Families can be so dumb sometimes habababa

With 56% of Australian Marriages ending in divorce, many Aussie kids are left feeling confused, stressed and uncertain when their parents split.

Some might feel lost in the wake of family trauma, but 11-year-old Simon Kingston is an exception. He has become an inspiration to divorced parents of identical circumstances to his own divorced parents and children from scenarios literally identical to his own alike, saying he has gained a profound understanding of what the divorce of his parents (and only the divorce of his parents) really means.

“I never really understood the divorce of my parents until my parents had a divorce.” Kingston commented. ‘It started with my dad telling me I better understand the divorce.’

Since 2013 Kingston has been sharing his divorce strategies with the entire country.

Some of his coping mechanisms include: writing out exactly how things between his parents transpired fifty times in a journal, drawing beautiful, accurate pictures of his mum and his dad’s in a book given to him by a marriage counsellor.

Kingston wants people to recognise that experiences like divorce can be an opportunity. “A lot of people think that, coming out of a divorce, you’re not going to gain anything. That it’s a sum loss,” he said, “not so, I discovered. Throughout the divorce of my parents, I learned an enormous amount about how, say, my parents might go through a divorce, and how I would cope with my parents going through a divorce.”

“If my parents were ever to remarry and then to have a divorce again, I would be a stronger person throughout”, a hopeful Kingston says.

Healthy Harold Appointed Head of National Ice Taskforce

Yes. Let's send the giraffe to war

The federal government has appointed Healthy Harold to chair a new taskforce intended to coordinate a national response to epidemic usage of the drug ice.

Healthy Harold, a fictional talking giraffe who usually manifests as a puppet in school presentations, is the official mascot of Life Education Australia, a registered charity which strives “to empower the young to make the best choices for a safe life, through our leading drug and health education programs.” Throughout his many years in this role, Mr Harold has trapped thousands of school students in presentations so long they simply lacked the time to take up drug use.

It is Mr Harold’s unflinching devotion to taking students out of classes which led to his appointment by Prime Minister Tony Abbott. “Less people should be using drugs, especially ice which is a very, very bad drug,” Mr Abbott said, “an un-Australian drug even. And we want less kids on drugs and less kids in class, and only Healthy Harold can achieve that.”

But this appointment has not been universally popular, with Opposition Leader Bill Shorten labelling Mr Abbott out of touch. “Kids don’t really like Healthy Harold,” Mr Shorten zinged, “he’s almost considered as uncool as Tony Abbott.”

Mr Abbott strenuously denied Mr Shorten’s claims, saying his daughters told him they enjoyed Mr Harold’s presentations growing up. “And they wouldn’t lie to me because I’m a cool dad.”

Mr Harold is expected to disproportionately target working-class areas and rapidly boost incarceration rates among minority groups.

Top Half of Anaconda Owner Insists Snake is Harmless

Armani explores our most primal prejudice

At least fifty per cent of local herpetologist Charles Alexander has emphatically denied claims that his Brazilian anaconda is anything other than perfectly harmless today, witnesses report.

“I’m just sick of this climate of fear around [pythons]” said the upper body of the Sydney snake specialist.

Residents who live nearby Mister Alexander’s Randwick home have expressed fears to police that his beloved collection of reptiles and snakes in particular posed a threat to local pets, children and adults. Alexander doesn’t buy it.

The pride of his 22-reptile collection is Hector, a female Brazilian anaconda owing her name to an early confusion about sex, species and rhyme.

“I’m not worried about Hector at all. I’ve had her since she was this big,” he recalls fondly, indicating a modest length with two remaining un-encumbered limbs.

“It’s prehistoric really, people being terrified of snakes, but the word’s getting out, and as the collective fondness for big reptiles grows, I think those attitudes belong to a shrinking proportion of the population,” claims a shrinking proportion of Mr. Alexander.

Predatory animals as pets often display behaviour that can be interpreted as aggressive or playful, says Taronga Zoo.

“It’s the sort of thing that is readily misconstrued by people who haven’t spent a long time with reptiles. I understand the fear that something might go wrong, or that someone might be bitten, but I just call them love bites,” chuckles Charles, “The occasional nip on the leg”.

Mr Alexander’s legs were unavailable for comment.

WORLD’S YOUNGEST PERSON BORN

Commentators around the world have been blown away by a series of successively broken records in Stockholm overnight.

The record for world’s youngest person, which had previously been held by a South Korean girl, was outclassed with the birth of Tim Asimakis, whose dizzying 0 seconds of age looked like a

record that would remain untouchable for years to come.

It was not so! Within seconds, Sophia Roberts shattered the record - only to then be outborn by Sam Langford, who was subsequently outborn by William Edwards, who then aged to be older than Aidan Mollins, who quickly got

more old than Bennett Sheldon who was ultimately outclassed by Peter Walsh.

The staggering result was bested in shocking haste by Patrick Morrow, who was rendered old by newborn Emma Balfour, who was then a bit older than twins Mary Ward and Victoria Zerbst.

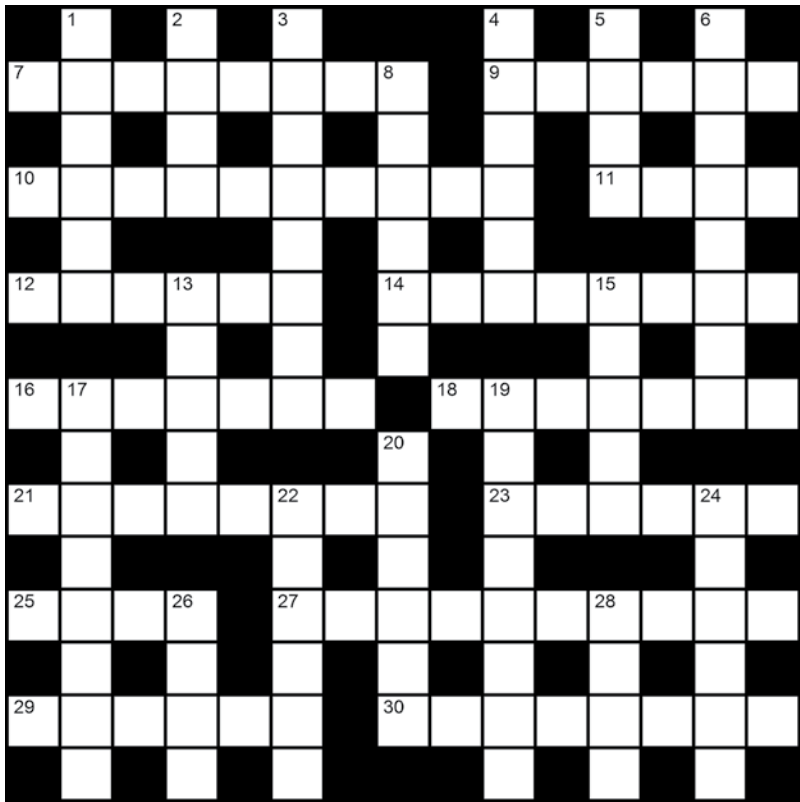
The day’s births were a reminder of the cut-throat competition for the title of world’s youngest person. *The Garter* can report that all aforesaid competitors have resumed training to be the youngest.





Cryptic

By EN



Across

- 7. Postpone tree-like creature from Lord of the Rings showing respect (8)
- 9. Broadcast The Little Mermaid through the air (6)
- 10. Blankets as confusing as products of magic beans (10)
- 11. Pinky Beige revised Dune (4)
- 12. The Twits initially (in dramatic irony) open to study (6)
- 14. Surface from extremes of the Middlemarch novel and lecture beginners (8)
- 16. Provoke disgust for Perfume (7)
- 18. Drunkard is drier without back-order Heart of Darkness (7)
- 21. Pen, about great plan, The Art of War (8)
- 23. The Last Hero reportedly case for speculation (6)
- 25. Meridian segment of Inferno onwards (4)
- 27. Perverse, common hero in Fifty Shades of Grey? (10)
- 29. French mother admitted first dress created Psycho (6)
- 30. Ta's from hit opening of The Graduate? (8)

Down

- 1. Inscription from The Fifth Elephant, say (6)
- 2. Nancy Drew author not quite intelligent (4)
- 3. Nick is leading teacher slamming critics of Chocolate (8)
- 4. The Hound of the Baskervilles, perhaps, deformed beasts? (6)
- 5. Architect offering Songbird (4)
- 6. Mad cager played croquet in Alice's Adventures in Wonderland? (4,4)
- 8. Alternate trials to earn Don Quixote, perhaps (6)
- 13. Work time to obtain Carmen, say (5)
- 15. Area called Parade's End (5)
- 17. Federal characters of The Green Carnation alarmed (8)
- 19. Reserved Winter's Heart following ardent circle's evening (8)
- 20. Certainly, guardian exit limits The Ugly Duckling (6)
- 22. Hermione (not originally Harry Potter's second character) Weasley (6)
- 24. Gossip Girl's third character initially lacking humour (6)
- 26. Reputation of Tess of the D'Urbervilles, for example (4)
- 28. Roma adapted for stroll (4)

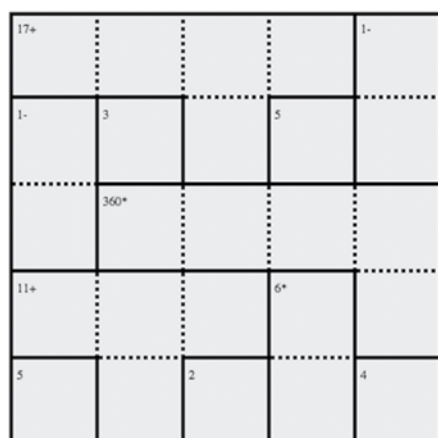
Target

Minimum four letter words

Not Grouse: 20 Grouse: 30 Grouser: 45 Grousest: 60

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| D | C | R |
| M | I | K |

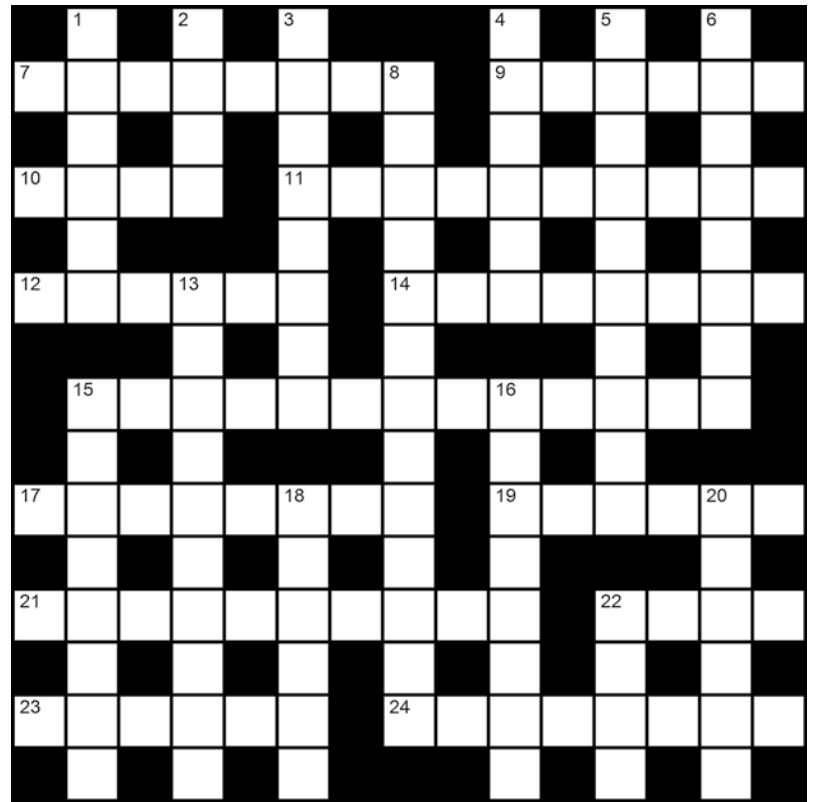
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Answers available next week at honisoit.com

Cryptic

By EN

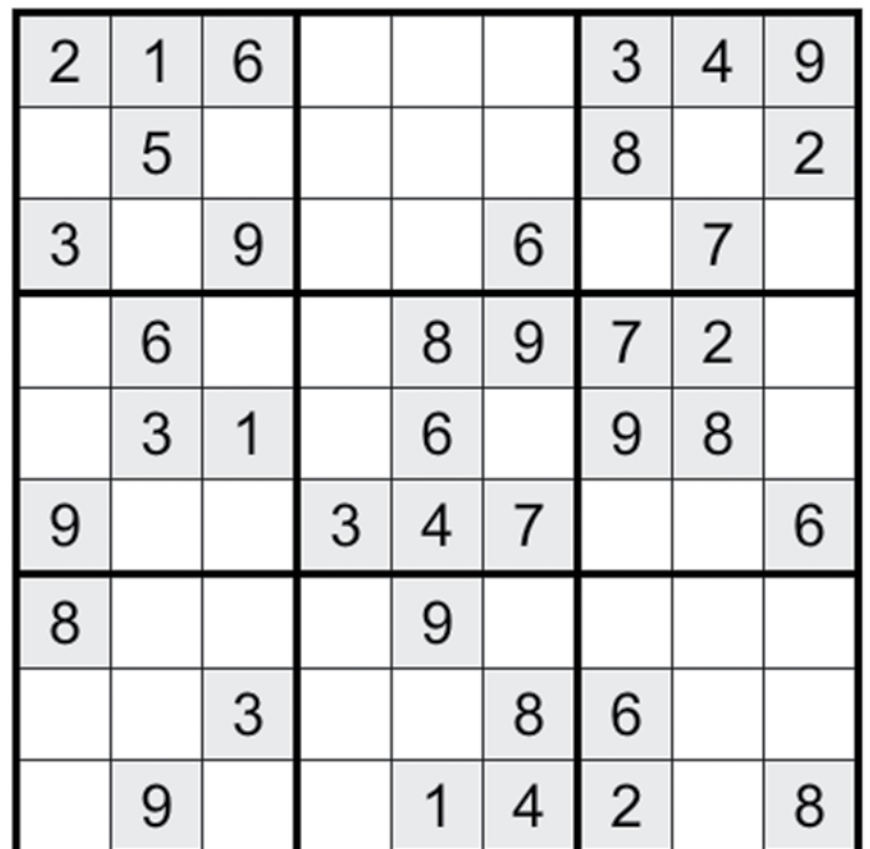


Across

- 7. Daffodils given by some narcissist (8)
- 9. Evening treaty following a very loud public brawl (6)
- 10. In Structures laboratory! (4)
- 11. Vulgar show about the Spanish (10)
- 12. Around vessel, I firstly ate Chinese cinnamon (6)
- 14. Architectural tree cats own zilch on a regular basis (8)
- 15. Summer strike's return of fire (13)
- 17. Impress a Chinese city (8)
- 19. Nasty chief beheaded moose, finally obtains hangman's ropes (6)
- 21. Gather, without delay, collection (10)
- 22. Local authorities induced regimental leaders to retreat (4)
- 23. Time for torque (6)
- 24. I quote an engineering expression (8)

Down

- 1. In hail, had gone back for daffodil (6)
- 2. Wound cover around antimony encasing (4)
- 3. A fricative with ambition (8)
- 4. Heads grown around root, lying in cloves! (6)
- 5. Fan out acai in food (10)
- 6. Thrice-performed feat involving a rabbit? (3-5)
- 8. Tea-time/dinner reschedule is uncertain (13)
- 13. Square covering frayed end - damaged lead's wasted (10)
- 15. Noise: this Latin counter's attraction (8)
- 16. Became nervous from imperfect, say, first dress-up (6,2)
- 18. Hits admitted, bachelor turned to Customs (6)
- 20. Rioted rebelliously for reviser (6)
- 22. Stringed instrument is reportedly quite the haul (4)



WE ARE THE HONI TEAM OF 2015, TRA-LA-LA-LA-LA!

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