

HOMI SOIT



OH HH...
ALRIGHT...

SEMESTER ONE
WEEK THIRTEEN

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

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Editorial

Boredom is the low energy state of the universe to which all things within it are inexorably drawn.

The cosmos is 13.8 billion years old and every one of its apparently infinite seconds is a step in the indefatigable march towards bitter cold. In time, every atom will be so far divorced from its nearest neighbour that the very idea that anything ever was or could have been in this dank and cold wasteland would seem impossible to the consciousnesses that might pass it by, but won't.

Meanwhile, we play with our trackpads and genitals. We cede sovereignty to our news feeds, our fingers moving up and down until we realise we've been here before but scroll on, unperturbed, looking for something new in an utterly remarkable display of misplaced hopefulness and perseverance. We give our attention wholly to repeats and reruns. We lie prone as always—cadavers on beds of ice, awaiting a miracle, or that cute medical science student to catch our cold, dead eyes.

Perhaps, if you are at all like us (and we like to think that you are), *Honi* offers the promise of distraction and respite from this most common of fates. Perhaps your escape is short one bawdy tale of a pig and thirty minutes worth of ejaculate. Perhaps all your lucidity requires are meditations on *Vivid*, courtesy of an art snob. Or perhaps this week you are of an altogether more thoughtful disposition, and can only stave off the inevitable with a rare glimpse into the struggles of youth homelessness.

I implore you to read on, lest the spectre of boredom arrives, Game.of.Thrones. S05E08.HDTV.x264 in incorporeal hand, and you succumb to his siren song and find yourself relistening to the entirety of *Serial* and wondering why it's no less absurd and dissatisfying than it was the first time around and...

Enjoy your mid-year break. We'll be back on stands in no time.

Tim Asimakis



Credits

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Raue!

Dear *Honi*,

The USU Board should vote to pursue Tom Raue for the costs order made against him in the Supreme Court.

He initiated the proceedings with the knowledge that if he lost, he would face this costs order.

One reason litigation is expensive is to deter people from taking matters to court that can be resolved by other means. This is not an access to justice matter, Raue had means at his disposal to resolve the dispute outside of the Supreme Court.

The sum of money, \$50,000, is not "the Unions" money, it's students' money. Students should not foot the bill for Tom Raue's dramatic court episode. If the Board votes not to pursue Tom, it will set a precedent that disgruntled board directors may flout their fiduciary duties with impunity.

Raue doesn't have \$50,000, there is little prospect of actually recovering the cost.

He would be declared bankrupt, meaning that amongst other things, he could not be the director of a company for at least three years.

This is a fitting penalty for a director who has shown little regard for the responsibilities of being a Board Director and the seriousness of court proceedings.

Zachary Thompson
BA (Hons) JD II
Former Vice-President & Honorary-Secretary of the USU

Raue!!

We know that if the Union pursues costs against Tom, he will not be able to pay- thus the argument that the costs must be pursued because "it's student money" is bunk. All that will be achieved by pursuing Tom is bankrupting Tom.

Now I am aware that some particularly venal, cretinous and intellectually feeble characters have suggested that this a good thing- let's punish Tom! Bankruptcy might seem like a marvellous punishment- why not make it impossible to get a home loan?

First of all, using bankruptcy as a punishment is pretty creepy and cruel don't you think? Quite Dickensian.

Secondly, the idea of punishing Tom would seem to imply that he did the wrong thing. That's odd, since what he did was leak vital information in the public interest involving collaboration between the police, the University, and the Union. A majority of the board ultimately acknowledged the importance of what he done, and student support for it was widespread.

A final thought, if the USU was so concerned with the preservation of student money, perhaps it should not have paid one-hundred thousand dollars in legal costs it knew it would never recover in the first place. It could have spent far less on the case- or nothing at all. Nominally passing the costs onto Tom in no way absolves the union of this, a genuine waste of student money.

Tim Scriven

Raue!!!

I don't understand student politics.

I don't understand why the Board has abruptly decided to pursue Tom Raue for yesteryear's legal fees.

I don't understand how the Board expects young Mr. Raue to turn up sufficient doubt for these fees, being that they exceed one-hundred thousands of dollars.

I don't understand what benefit accrues to a university when one of its brightest alumni goes bankrupt in his twenties.

I don't understand how naked vengeance became so brazen as to shun the meanest livery of seeming justice.

Perhaps the ladies and gentlemen of the Board will write a nice long polemic expounding these matters.

Perhaps then I'll understand.

Yitzi Tuvel (Arts IV)

Raue!!!!

Over the past 4 years I have known Tom I have seen him work tirelessly and selflessly for the rights of students, academic staff and low-paid workers.

I believe that it was in this spirit that he released the information that the police were under the direction of the University when they violently broke picket lines and brutalised staff and students during the strikes.

This decision is another example of a trade unionist being pursued by a corporate body for acting on principle. A recent example that comes to mind is the persecution of Bob Carnegie for organising with workers on strike at the Queensland Hospital Site in 2012. Bob was relentlessly pursued, but with the help of the membership of the construction Union and support from a wide variety of unionists who recognised this as an extremely dangerous precedent, every single one of the 54 initial charges against him has been dropped, along with the threat of fines up to \$400,000.

I suggest that the USU board consider whether it is willing to face a similar campaign of sustained resistance, as the collective might of students and unionists stand in solidarity with Tom in this not so dissimilar case.

Pete Landi
Science IV
Trade Union Organiser

Raue!!!!!!

Dear *Honi*,

I have been an a member of the University of Sydney Union since 2009 and have bought an Access card every year since, including in years I had only been in the country for the first 6 months. I have done so because I have always been a strong believer in collectivism and because I wanted to be a part of an organisation that acts to benefit its members. However, it is disappointing to see this organisation operate like a soulless corporation, giving into pressures from those against whom we have the power to stand up and fight. I question why this is so and cannot help but wonder whether

board directors of the USU have been making decisions motivated by personal gain and career progression.

When former VP, member and student, Tom Raue leaked documents revealing that university management had colluded with police at staff strikes organised by the NTEU (which, by the way, is a real union), he did this in good conscience. To punish him for these actions sends a clear message: Don't whistleblow. Don't stand up for students. Don't reveal injustices and corruption. It goes against principles of transparency upon which many of the board directors' electoral campaigns were based. Ultimately it is complicit in the university management's collusion with police, an act which resulted in police brutality against students and undermined university staff and their right to peacefully strike and protest.

It is absolutely disappointing that student board directors voted to pursue \$50,000 worth of legal costs against him. A vote against a second recommendation to pursue costs through legal avenues, which apparently reveals "more to the story", does not vindicate the board directors who voted for the first motion. Their decision still carries the same implications that discourage whistleblowing and transparency. It still places responsibility on Tom rather than on the idiocy of whoever decided that it would be a good idea to go against Tom and his pro bono lawyer by hiring a senior and junior counsel, spending \$100,000 of student money.

And I do wonder who it was that made this decision and if these are the same people that decided to cut student conference budgets. At the moment, the Queer Action Collective is preparing to send delegates to Queer Collaborations, an annual national conference for queer students. We are frantically trying to raise funds as the USU made the decision to reallocate funds for this conference, despite recommendations from both the incumbent and the previous Queer portfolio holders for funding. It is extremely frustrating that student consultation has been undermined and instead of supporting oppressed groups, the USU decided to recklessly spend an exorbitant (to say the least) amount of money on attacking one of its own members who stood up for students.

The USU is not only acting against the interests of its members and of students but is also working against its own strategic aims of supporting oppressed groups on campus. We need a transparent student body that uses its collective strength to fight for and not against its members. We need a union. At the moment, the USU is one by name only.

Joshua Han
BMus Studies/B Arts Hons
SRC Queer Officer

Raue!!!!!!

Dear *Honi*,

I know I'm going to be on the opposite side of the debate to the majority of the 'political elite' at USYD but choosing to pursue Tom Raue for costs is in the best interests for USU members.

The court case came about prior to a second censure motion being moved against Tom Raue following release of potentially confidential information that Raue had access to due to his position as a USU board

director. Had the motion succeeded it would have resulted in Raue's expulsion from the board. The court case in question was Raue challenging the board's ability under 3.14 of the USU constitution to expel a member of the board. This case was taken to court prior to the censure motion being moved, and as we know the motion ultimately failed. Tom went to court knowing full well that if he lost that he would potentially have to pay the legal fees of the union. Following the failure of Raue's injunction the court established the union could seek recompense for their legal fees from Raue.

The legal fees for the case cost the union \$50,000, and this is a fee that Raue is expecting members to pay. This is despite the fact that he claims to care about union members. If he cared so much he wouldn't be sticking members with his legal bills for a frivolous case, that he lost, and ultimately wasn't even needed.

There have been a lot of cries of moral outrage from the union moving to ask for \$5000 repayments each year until the debt is paid from the university's political elite, but no moves to actually help Raue as of those commonly undertaken in civil society. Billing members of the union for a frivolous suit is in no way a good use of student money, and if Raue didn't have a false sense of entitlement then he would see this as well.

If those really cared about Raue, they'd be moving to raise money voluntarily to aid him, rather than just expecting the union, and by extension all students, to pay for an unneeded law suit. There's a false equivalency being made between the court fees and the failed censure motion, but Raue lives in the real world, and as an adult has to live with the consequences of his decisions, no matter how ill thought out they are.

Kerrod Gream

Raue!!!!!!

My letter is a series of limericks.

There once was a lad named Tom
Who faced off a Board made of cons
They want him to pay costs
Then make him get lost—
And now they're stuck on a ticking time bomb.

So Tom got on Board with a Pow
And he blew the whistle rather loud
But the Board's a bit shit
They chucked a mad fit
And so voted to make Tom a cash cow.

Then Tom came along to ask "Why?"
And the Board shot out shit porkey-pies
'bout their thin cash reserves
And their love for his nerve
But they just want to suck him bone dry.

You'd think the USU was a union
With a creed to go serve all the students
But they want to bankrupt
A student who ain't fucked
And it's simply just for retribution.

Riki Scanlan
Arts III
Justice of the Vice



SRC Budget 2015

Sam Jonscher on this year's most important budget.

The University of Sydney Student Representative Council (SRC) has unveiled an extremely well received budget for 2015, with funding increases to the SRC casework, legal services and collectives, as well as a cut to the affiliation fee paid to the National Union of Students (NUS). SRC General Secretary Max Hall called this “a bucket list budget” and “the most significant improvement to the SRC’s support for students in years”.

These increases were possible because of two things.

First, the SRC negotiated an unprecedented 9.4 per cent increase its allocation of the Student Services and Amenities Fee (SSAF), from \$1,510,000 in 2014 to \$1,651,750. Such a increase is unlikely to be repeated, and was due in large part to a change in the way that the SSAF was allocated. Traditionally the allocation is decided by student organisations themselves (including the SRC and University of Sydney Union, along with SUSF and the Cumberland Student Guild); this year they were unable to reach agreement so it was up to the University to allocate funds.

Secondly, the SRC found extra funds in a 12.5% decrease in the amount allocated

to NUS affiliation fees, amounting to \$63,000, down from \$72,000 in 2014.

Speaking on this move away from the NUS, Hall said “the need to increase funding to our own activism and services outweighed any inclination I had to fund an organisation that many people—myself and those who elected me included—consider to be unsafe, inaccessible and frequently ineffective in its representation of students”.

Much of this extra funding went towards SRC services.

The SRC legal service has received funding for one extra day of work from a solicitor a fortnight. At the moment each solicitor works four days a week. With this new budget, on alternate fortnights, each solicitor will work a five-day week. This will help solicitors meet the high demand for their services, which rose 23% from 2013 to 2014.

The caseworkers have also done well. They will receive \$4000 for a new caseworker database to replace their old one, increasing their efficiency. The department has also been granted funding to cover ten weeks worth of caseworker wage while a caseworker is away being trained to offer

financial advice to students. This will in turn allow the SRC to train an additional caseworker. Their total expenditure rose to \$400,485 from \$368,500 in 2014.

To top it off, SRC collectives did well across the board.

Funding to the Indigenous Students Department increased by 25 per cent to \$8000, up from \$6,000 in 2014. Indigenous Officer Georgia Mantle said that the increase “reflects the growing understanding that the indigenous student body is an important part of the greater student body at USyd”. These extra funds will go towards increasing the University’s/SRC’s involvement in events like the Indigenous Games and the NUS Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Student Conference. Mantle added that this extra funding would help facilitate more events for the collective, more support for social justice and activism ventures and continuing support of the Redfern Aboriginal Tent Embassy.

The Ethnic Affairs department, which includes the Autonomous Collective Against Racism (ACAR) and the Campus Refugee Collective, was allocated \$6554.

ACAR’s funding more than doubled this

year, receiving \$4,732 up from just \$2000 last year.

ACAR officer Lamisse Hamouda said that this money was welcome, “we’ve got plans to run an ACAR revue, an educational campus campaign on identity and it allows us to support initiatives like the Critical Race Discussion Group”.

This budget also created a new Shared Resources Pool for collectives, allocating \$3000 to items that could be loaned out to office bearers when they need them. This saves portfolios spending money on things that other collectives may already have or also need, like megaphones, data projectors and microphones.

Meanwhile, we at *Honi* did very well for ourselves. Unlike the stipends that other office bearers receive, the stipend that *Honi*’s editors receive does not increase with inflation or the federal minimum wage. In 2011 the stipend was set at \$40,000 and this year was increased to \$44,000 (\$4400 per editor).

Hall said that the increase would have been higher, but would have incurred superannuation obligations which would have cost an additional \$4,000 that was not in the budget.

The Neverending Story

Tom Joyner on cultural appropriation at another college formal.

Every now and then cultural appropriation raises a mention in the mainstream media and everyone goes berserk. More often than not it’s raised by a concerned person of colour pointing out a dubious advertisement or public figure who, knowingly or otherwise, manages to cheapen and misrepresent someone else’s cultural heritage for their own advantage. More often than not, the most powerful voices in the mainstream media dismiss it as ‘political correctness gone mad’ or ‘hypersensitivity’. The cultural appropriation narrative has somehow been consigned to the margins. And so, the protests of the very people most damaged by cultural appropriation are silenced and told their voices are irrelevant.

On May 15th, St Paul’s college held a party called Soiree on the Silk Road—featuring vaguely central Asian dancers, dress and a live camel, for their annual Jazz Dinner Dance. This was followed on May 27th

by another event called Full Moon Party, whose Facebook invitation read: “I was sitting on the train this morning opposite a really sexy Thai lady. I thought to myself, ‘Please don’t get an erection. Please don’t get an erection.’ But she did.” On May 28th, Women’s college held a formal called ‘Sakura Matsuri’. “Inspired by the cherry blossom festivals held across Japan each spring,” the Facebook event read, “this event promises more pink decadence than the opening credits of *Legally Blonde*.”

The common thread among all three of these events was that they each took part of another culture and crassly appropriated it. A question often asked about cultural appropriation refers to context. How far is too far? And more importantly, who is arbiter of that judgment? It is inevitable that criticism of these events will be shouted down by people calling for ‘perspective’ (it’s political correctness gone mad!). Hey c’mon, they say, it’s just a

party—why are you being so sensitive? You just want to be offended! College parties, as many have pointed out before me, shouldn’t necessarily be treated as anything more than the lighthearted evenings they’re intended to be. Nor should they necessarily be subject to the scrutiny of the wider university community—they are private events hosted in a private capacity on private land. There is some truth to these claims, but they obscure the point.

Cultural appropriation doesn’t necessarily fit a traditional model of racism. There are no chanted taunts or vile slogans bandied around by groups dressed in white hoods or branded with swastikas. But cultural appropriation is the symptom of a worldview that says it’s okay to take what you want without considering the immense social privilege behind your actions. Perhaps it never occurred to anyone at St. Paul’s that it was wrong, a college so distant from university life that

the creep of institutionalised privilege until now has, at best, gone largely unnoticed, or, at worst, been actively encouraged by a culture that values tradition above progress, lineage above diversity.

These three events are just examples of what passes for normal behaviour at some of the university’s colleges. Remember the famous St John’s O-Week debacle, the St Paul’s ‘British Raj’ dinner, or the notorious pro-rape Facebook group? In a way none of it is surprising—the colleges, with few exceptions, are detached bastions of social privilege where groupthink rules and dissent is snuffed out.

After a long history of controversy, it’s odd that the worst offenders have done so little to avoid repeating their previous mistakes. Without change the colleges will stay the troubled institutions they are, at seemingly any cost.



I AM TAMPON

Arabella Close protested the tampon tax by dressing up as a giant tampon.

Last Thursday, I dressed up as a giant tampon in front of Parliament House. I was there with four other tampons to promote Subeta Vimalarajah's petition to remove the GST on sanitary items.

I confess that I was slightly anxious about this adventure. This was not quieted when, as we drove down King St at 5am, my fellow tampon Georgia gestured to the pub she had been at mere hours ago and promptly ran a red light. The general competence of our carload was again called into question when, upon arriving at Parliament House with

Taylor Swift blaring, we needed two circuits of the building and the assistance of four separate AFP officers to find the car park.

But any concerns I had pre-9 am were quickly redressed by the most fabulous tampon parading ever seen. We climbed into our tampons—essentially, snuggies with a sexy display of ankle—and learnt to negotiate our strings. We then danced, waved, gyrated and thrust at the cars driving into Parliament House.

The response was mixed. There was bemusement and disdain as well as some too-embarrassed-to-even-look-out-the-window. But there was also honking, whistling and seat-jiving, all for an audience of straight-faced AFP

officers. When media began to arrive we took photos and spoke to reporters, while quietly sweating through our suits. Subeta spoke eloquently and directly, while we generally detracted from the seriousness of the situation.

And then it was all over and we bundled ourselves back to Sydney. Perhaps wearing tampon suits in the nation's capital is inherently a bonding experience, because that ride home was one of the loveliest afternoons I have ever had. Despite barely knowing each other, we talked frankly and sometimes angrily about feminism, intersectionality, race theory, queer representation, transgender issues, Indigenous issues, shitty boys, shitty girls, casual sex, painful sex, the absence of sex.

That car ride demonstrated to me why this petition is so important. This petition is about addressing the shame and silence associated specifically with menstruation and generally with many wom*n's issues.

This petition recognises that while for a lot of individuals, paying GST on tampons is not a significant burden, for some it truly is. Petitions like Subeta's, and the public conversations they promote, encourage wom*n to speak—to yell—and to get angry not just for themselves but for others less privileged than they are. This petition is about recognising that wom*n do not have to apologise—or pay additional tax—for being who they are.

My Time At College

Sam Gooding thinks people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

In my first semester at Sydney Uni, I took a subject called 'Emerging Giant: The Making of America'. As I left a tutorial, the girl I had been sitting next to started chatting to me. She was quite unpleasant.

She was studying Arts/Law and considered 'Emerging Giant' her "easy" subject (despite it only being week 2). She had gone to Queenwood, a fact she managed to casually drop into the conversation three or four times. She was kind enough to let me know that she had received a scholarship for her "perfect" ATAR. Laughing, she told me she would probably just put it towards an overseas trip—she was keen to see Europe again.

She asked me if I were heading towards Redfern station. I replied that I lived on campus, so I would just be walking back.

Suddenly, a look of complete disdain crossed her face. "Oh well excuse me if I have to get public transport. You college kids need to realise there's more to Sydney than Mosman and Vaucluse!". She stormed off down Eastern Avenue.

That was my first experience of what the typical university student thought of college kids. At the time, I didn't know what Mosman or Vaucluse were, so I couldn't really comprehend the irony of what she was saying.

I am not your stereotypical, 'privileged', college kid. I went to a very bad public

school in a rural area where the average taxable income is \$39,000 a year. My family's earnings, embarrassing as this can be to admit, sits somewhere in the bottom 15% of Australian families.

Growing up, there were a lot of things I did without. My parents couldn't afford to get me braces, I had to wear my brother's late 90s hand-me-downs until I was 15, I grew up without Internet, and I didn't see the ocean until I was 18. But I wasn't particularly upset about how much money we had. Yes, I would have liked it if we

"The worst snobbery I've experienced while being at uni hasn't been from college kids—it's been from the everyday students I've gone to class with"

owned our own house, but no one else I grew up with had all of those things. It didn't seem like that big of a deal.

When I moved into college at the end of summer, 2013, I had only seen Sydney once before. I can't speak for many others who've gone to college, but my experience there was, and has been, great. There was a community of kids from all around the country who were just as freaked out as I was, who understood how scary it was to be completely alone.

Of course, college has its class problems. There are a lot of kids who went to really nice schools, and have parents with ridiculous incomes. I know someone

who had never been west of Stanmore until college. One girl had a near panic attack when I told her I was public school educated.

"Selective though, right?!"

In particular, it's SUPER gross when Sydney GPS boarding school boys sometimes wear their school ties and blazers to formal dinner. And when they obsessively attend high school alumni football matches, I can't help but think, "Someone peaked in high school".

However, this behaviour tends to be the exception and not the rule. And to the extent it happens, I would say the entire university has that particular problem. It's a greater systemic issue, the elitism of Sydney University and the Sydney private education system.

At uni I've been at the receiving end of many people's frustration regarding the colleges on campus. When one of my tutors found out I was on scholarship she said, "Oh, I thought you were another North Shore snob after seeing you in your college jersey", despite telling me that her two children had just started at SCEGGS.

The worst snobbery I've experienced while

being at uni hasn't been from college kids—it's been from the everyday students I've gone to class with. I once had to sit in a tutorial with a man wearing a Grassroots election shirt who thought that if you did not grow up with private health insurance, this was the equivalent of child neglect and abuse.

Pointing fingers at a group of people who are allegedly more privileged than you doesn't change the fact that the vast majority of people at USyd went to schools that cost more than my mother's yearly income. Scapegoating the colleges because you feel guilty about your own privilege will only make you feel so much better before you realise that perhaps you're being a little hypocritical.

The moral of the story is don't throw stones from glass houses. I'm sick of having to justify my residence to people who brag about their dads being doctors while simultaneously waving around pickets for the Greens (not that I have anything against The Greens—I voted for them last state election).

At college there are people on scholarship, and there are people with money. There are smart people, dumb people, douchebags, and even people whom I will treasure as life long friends. Sometimes I hate college, and sometimes I love it.

I came in expecting prejudice and what I experienced was community.

MY FABULOUS FELLOW TAMPONS: KERRIE MANTLE, EVA LAUNING, LANE BIRCHIE, & COURTNEY MONTGOMERY



I Eat, I Scream, I'm Ethnic

Emily Salanitro-Chafei is Italian and so is her Nonno.

It's 10pm on a Wednesday night and I'm on the bus making my way home from uni. It's dark, I have a seriously heavy bag and my uncomfortably tight jeans are begging to be peeled off. I opt to call my parents for a lift home. Unsurprisingly, they don't pick up. I'm left with only my most dreaded option... to call my grandfather.

"Nonno, could you pick me up from Holborrow street?" I ask, calmly and clearly.

He freaks out.

"Where... where is 'Olborrow street? I not know this place! Dove sei? Perche...? Where are you now? Non capisco."

I breathe out deeply. Take an old person, with English as their second language and try to reason with them on the phone—it's about as stressful as listening out for your coffee at Taste. In vain, I repeat my question, now with an intense focus on my diction.

On the other end of the line my Nonno switches to Sicilian dialect, he becomes stressed and begins to scream hysterically into the phone. My cortisol levels are rising too. "Nonno, it's one street away from where you live!" Looking up I realise everyone on the bus is listening into the conversation. Feeling like a complete idiot I repeat, "Holborrow street" shaking my head apologetically at my audience of commuters.

These are the woes of growing up in a migrant family; a constant frustration in basic communication. Even after 45 years in Australia, my Nonno still has a very limited grasp of English. For most of my childhood, I communicated with him in broken English, even adopting an accent with a flavour of "it's-a-me, Mario" to ease the flow of our conversations. Like most migrant families mine is very close (we live next door to each other) which is both wonderful and incredibly frustrating.

Living within a five kilometre radius of my many, ethnic relatives certainly has its challenges. In high school, if I was hanging out with a guy in the neighbourhood, I needed to be constantly on guard, in case Nonno came zipping around the corner and took a mental photograph. And if it wasn't him, then it was another relative or an obliging family friend who would take it upon themselves to report me.



More times than not, after hanging out with said boy, I wouldn't get past the doorstep before my mother would begin her interrogation, thanks to 'so-and-so' rapping me out.

As most ethnics know, privacy is not an option.

Neither is personal freedom. Our Sunday 'extended family dinners' consist of eating and screaming—in true Italian spirit—before kissing goodbye and doing it all again the following week. I know many people would kill to be at an Italian feast, and I'm no brat... I definitely don't take Nonno's delicious homemade sausages for granted. But there is always a sting when my friends organise plans for Sunday night, plans that I consistently turn down, because of duty to tradition. Traditions, particularly involving food, cannot be escaped.

As a teenager, I relieved my ethnic angst by reading *Looking for Alibrandi* and finding friends at school who understood the frustrations of a strict, intrusive family with broken English. My first friend in high school was Chilean and together we would bond over our hairy legs and quirky grandparents. "My grandma said I should pinch my nose to make it smaller," she told me once. We both laughed... but then secretly pinched our noses each night before bed. Well, I did anyway.

As long as I can remember people have always spotted my ethnicity.

I know I'm no beach-blond, but sometimes I wonder if WOG is printed in large letters on my forehead.

Recently I was scanning an elderly man's prescription at the chemist where I work, when I noticed him silently observing my thick, black eyebrows, olive skin and of course, standard ethnic nose. "What's your nationality?" he asked.

I was pretty damn sure he already knew.

"I'm Italian," I replied, smiling politely.

"Ahhhhh! Of course!" he exclaimed, his eyes brightening and a big grin spreading across his face. Ethnics love their own, and the bond of meeting a kindred who speaks their language and understands their culture is something that they never cease to appreciate. Even after years living in Australia, the bond they have to their countries of origin doesn't weaken. Perhaps because I'm born and bred in Australia I don't share this overwhelming nostalgia, but I guess there is still a comfort in knowing my family's history.

Like most, my Nonno joined the migration wave of the late 1960s. He left Italy, the hardships of poverty and its few opportunities at a time when Australia was still welcoming masses of people to start new, prosperous lives.

Back in Sicily, my Nonno began full time work in the butchery at the ripe age of eight. It was tough. He left school in year four equivalent to be the breadwinner for his family, who were dirt poor. His education was swallowed up by his duties as the eldest child, so he began work and didn't stop for the next fifty years.

When Nonno came to Australia it didn't

get much easier. He washed dishes in a hospital for the remainder of his working life, with fellow migrants from Vietnam, Greece, China and India.

He always moans to me; "I worked like a donkey all my life," and I sigh, feeling the same wave of guilt that washes over me after I get frustrated about his broken English.

At first it might seem that my grandfather's migration was in vain. I mean, life was supposed to get easier, right?

I think many migrants have felt this sense that their entire lives have been spent working, constantly handicapped by poor English skills and limited education. Whenever Nonno needs to write a letter, he has to sit down and give me the pen. The task of stringing a few sentences together is completely impossible for him to do alone. When Nonno had to chop meat for a living, there was no value in learning flowery language, nor was he given the opportunity... so he never did.

Three generations on I am the first family member to make it to university.

So no, Nonno will never be able to look over one of my essays, but he has a cracking sense of humour, a strong work ethic and a commitment to his family—far more valuable attributes in my opinion.

I wonder what Nonno thinks of his own life—was it worth it? Was my life worth it?

I've tried to fight it, because frankly it pisses me off a lot, but I'm secretly immersed in my ethnicity. They have made me and I am one of them. I owe everything I have and I am to my Nonno and what he did two generations ago.

I hop off the bus into the dark street and begin trudging my way home. A speeding car's headlights blind me as it pulls up, and I get in. At the end of the day, I always know that he will be there, ready to give me lift... because when he was growing up, there was no one there to do that for him.

"Why you get home so late?" he asks me.

Classic Nonno. I smile as we drive off.



All Art Welcome

Soo-Min Shim discovered that the MCA is for all walks of life.

I am a volunteer at the Museum of Contemporary Art. I can guess what you're thinking. It's what I was thinking.

Scene: My first day.

Behind the door was a coterie of black berets, bangs and turtlenecks.

It would be a bunch of teenagers who integrate Murakami and Sartre into every sentence, and sing vinyl static and Scandinavian electro rock to their succulents, and whose glares you can feel from behind ironic *Mad Men* tortoise-shell glasses. They whisper about Godard



films. They will whisper about me.

I was about to meet the other youth volunteers at the Museum of Contemporary Art and, unlike many of the artworks in the museum, it would not be a pretty picture.

I am ugg boots, Taylor Swift, and Crocs. I used to wear plastic visors. Not in an attractive tennis player way. Not in a 90s-grunge-aesthetic-way. I wore them the way my middle-aged Korean mother does when she speed walks in her gaggle of fanny-packed housewives.

I once ordered coffee from McCafe and I couldn't tell if it was bad or good. I don't speak kale. I am sacrilege, my fate is clear: they would choke me to death and sell my left ear on Etsy. I'd be crucified on an easel, with a crown of glitter and flowers. My body would be braised in Campbell's

Soup as a performative meditation on consumerism, probably.

It would be turned into a series of screen prints, then an exhibition, then a coffee table book that is \$49 from the giftshop. In reality, the MCA is home to nice art and nice people. They're some of the best, most interesting and most talented people I know. The volunteers are not cynical or smug, but open, caring and optimistic.

Some suspicions were confirmed (quinoa, lattes.) but I was the only judgmental pseud in the gallery. People who understand turtlenecks and activated food get attacked a lot.

We presume shallowness, and a lack of integrity. Hipster is a great pejorative label. We shouldn't be so quick to paint anyone in broad brushstrokes. Unless we're literally painting them.

Being reductive is bad, and while there are more marginalised groups than the aesthetic class, lazily categorising people for their loud emphasis on cultivating taste, social awareness, and having interests isn't a virtue.

Everyone can be cool and getting along is cooler. Velcro sandals look great with Frida Kahlo socks.



Living Cattle, Struggling Farmers

Eliza Bicego on the quiet recipients of your temporary outrage.

No one (unless you're truly fucked) wants to see docile, innocent animals being tortured.

In 2011, a shaky *Blair Witch*-esque video brought Australia's attention to the abuse that was said to have occurred during the export of live cattle to Indonesia. The majority of the public, after seeing these images splashed across every news outlet in Australia were, understandably, horrified. *Animals Australia*, and then *Four Corner's*, highlighted some brutal practices said to have been occurring within various Indonesian abattoirs, such as tendon slashing, whipping and eye gouging. Not pleasant stuff at all, and didn't the public let the government know about it.

The backlash after the *Four Corner's* expose was one of the largest in Australian history—within one week over 200,000 people had signed an online petition and over 100,000 had written to the Prime Minister about the issue. Many politicians also threw their weight behind the crowd, applying additional pressure to the government to try and force their hand, and after eight days of this tremendous pressure the Gillard government announced an immediate suspension of the live cattle trade to Indonesia. *Animals Australia* and the general public, who had watched the video on *Sunrise* then written an impassioned letter about it, rejoiced.

The ban became effective almost immediately after the announcement in June, which is also, unfortunately, the peak of the cattle season. At the time of the announcement there were roughly 40,000 head of cattle on the road, in holding depots or on their way to Indonesia. Farmers were forced to face massive losses as the Australian beef industry screeched to a stand-still. Reports of farmers shooting heifers and steers in the paddock because they couldn't afford to feed them filtered through and the government was faced with a compensation figure of a low-ball \$700 million. One they ostentatiously ignored.

Greg Stuart, a truck driver responsible for transporting cattle for live export, experienced this hardship first hand when he was put out of work when the live export ban came into practice. "I had it tough for a bit there. Driving the cattle was a good job and I was shocked at first,



Art by Stephanie Barahona

it was so sudden... but I got on my feet soon enough, there's always work for a truckie. It was the farmer's though, they suffered."

To anyone from a rural area, as I am, this kind of story is not new. Anyone who derived their income in any way from the beef industry felt the ramifications of the trade ban in 2011, and is probably still feeling them.

The official ban was lifted only a month later but its effects on the beef industry can still be felt today. So much so that industries and individuals who were affected by the 2011 ban announced last year that they were launching a massive class action against the Federal Government.

And it wasn't just the beef farmers that exported their cattle to Indonesia that felt the pinch from this issue. As all the cattle

that couldn't be sold to Indonesia flooded the market, the already low price on cattle plummeted further. All the farmers I know live on a wire, betting on the profits to come for their day to day expenses. When the ban came into effect profits were lost and debt was gained. I, personally, cannot think of a farmer I know of today who isn't heavily in debt.

One of the largest industries in Australia, employing tens of thousands of people and contributing significantly to Australian economic growth, is also an industry intertwined and sprinkled with the inhumane treatment of animals. Only last month Australian exporters *themselves* expressed concern about the abuse of Australian cattle in Vietnam. How can we counter-balance the livelihoods of the people who work in the industry against the reality that in 2015 animal welfare and sustainable practices should really be much more of a guarantee?

Knee-jerk reactions don't work—just ask the farmers in Northern Queensland to show you their scars—but doing nothing and being silent is also making Australia compliant in the unnecessary abuse of animals.

I don't have the answer, but I know it's definitely not under the rug that this issue has been swept under.



Things I'm not Allowed to Mention at Dinner Parties

Nina Matsumoto

I am a vet student, and I love my degree. However sometimes I overshare the intimate details of my work. Here are the stories that I promise to never again bring up over dinner.¹

1) Honest responses to the question "What did you do at work/uni today?"

At a recent dinner party, a friend asked me—over her half-eaten, chocolate tart—"What did you do over the Easter break?"

My Easter was spent dealing with dogs that had binge eaten the family supply of Easter eggs. When ingested in large amounts, chocolate can cause dogs to seizure and go into multiple organ failure.

Fortunately, I can avert disaster by preemptively treating the dog. Unfortunately, this involves a drug called apomorphine, which causes a temporary wave of nausea and vomiting. Imagine that your parents have taken you to hospital because you're 15 and you overdid it at the 18th of some kid a few years above you, but instead of goon you're vomiting up a weird chocolatey smelling goo and instead of

a teenager you're a dog. You don't really understand what's going on, but for about 30 minutes your body expels a chocolate chunderstorm.

To answer the question, I spent the better half of my Easter break catching vomit from dogs.

2) Tales of quasi-bestiality and other ungodly carnal acts

"Did you know that it takes a boar pig over 30 minutes to ejaculate?"

"How do you know that?", I hear you ask.

I know because one time on placement I had to hold a boar's corkscrew ended penis into a styrofoam milkshake cup and catch all three phases of the ejaculate. One of the phases resembles Vaseline.

Other facts banned from the dinner table include:

"Did you know that male kangaroos have a two headed penis, and that female kangaroos have three vaginas?"

"When alpacas mate, an important part of the process is for the male to vocalise and profusely salivate all over the female."

3) "What's it like performing surgery?"

"Surgery training has so far involved me removing testicles from puppies whilst hysterically singing 'I am woman, hear me roar', followed by a long cool bath in a pool of male tears."

4) Any story involving cadavers

A reality of learning veterinary anatomy and surgery is that I often work with the donated bodies of cats, dogs, horses, cows and chickens which recently (or not so recently) passed away. Nothing says pretend surgical sterility like scrubbing in, then running to grab the Frontline spray so you don't get fleas in your reconstructive knee surgery.

"The defrosted cadavers we use in our surgery pracs are super manky, once our supervisor had to come through with the flea kill spray because all the fleas were abandoning ship and trying to jump onto us."

5) Gross fluids mad-libs

These ones are an easy and common mainstay of terrible Vet student conversation pieces.

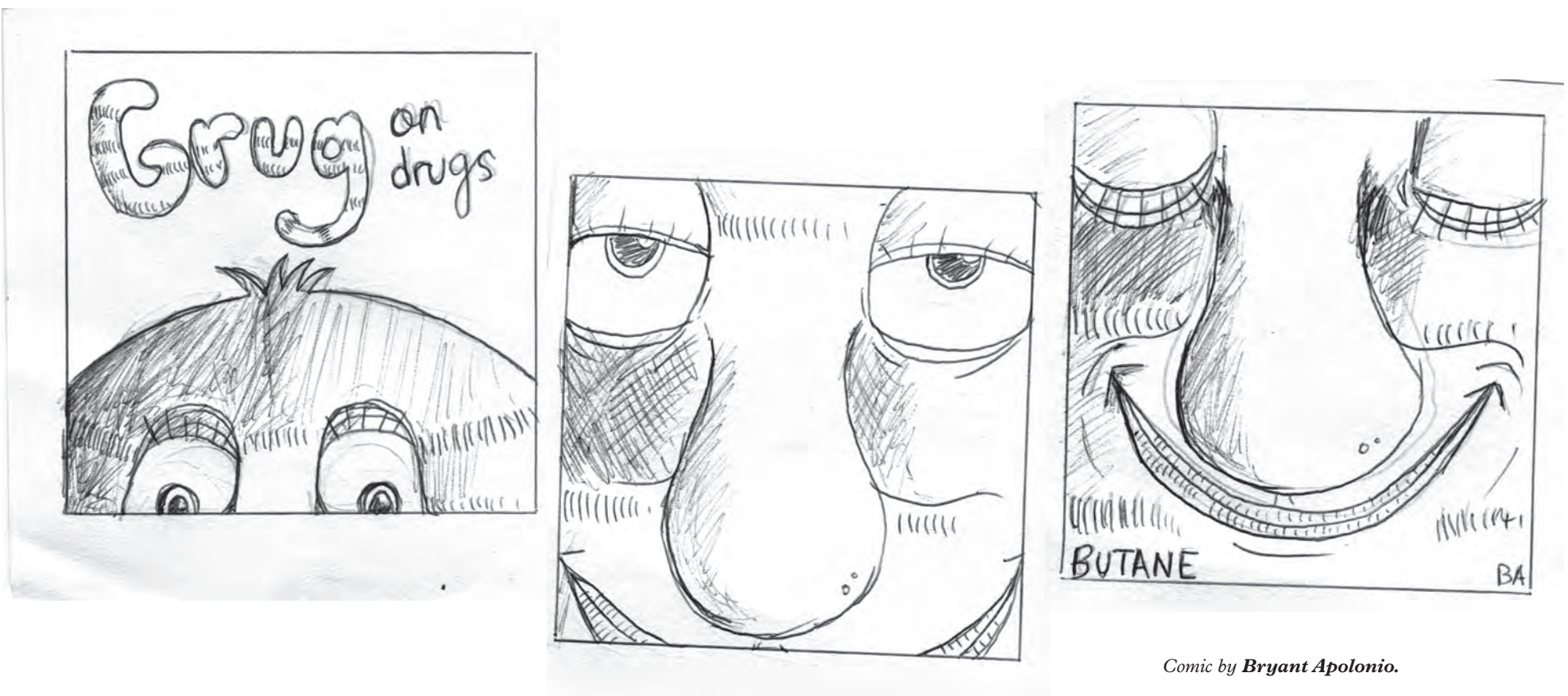
[Person] was doing a [act of veterinary practice] when [something awful happens] and I/they got [gross bodily fluid] in my/their [eye/hair/beard/mouth/whole body].

For example: I was holding an alpaca for an abscess drain when the other girl helping accidentally let it go and I got the ricotta cheesy contents of the abscess in my hair.

Now You Can Make Your Own!

[Person]: *I, they, my boss, [your name].*
 [Act of veterinary practice]: *taking a blood sample, lameness examination, checking for paralysis ticks, rectal pregnancy test, expressing anal glands.*
 [Something awful happens]: *The dog got loose, the cat freaked out and clawed my nurse in the lip, the cow violently pooped down my sleeve.*
 [Gross bodily fluid]: *poo, vomit, urine, semen, rumenal fluid, anal gland fluid, green and runny abscess pus, white and lumpy abscess pus.*

1. Unless you're into that, in which case BOY do I have some stories about being elbows deep in cow clunge for you. For those uneducated in cattle, pregnancy testing is done by wearing an armpit length plastic glove and lubing up for a par rectum entry. The trick is delicacy, speed and to keep your mouth firmly closed. You start by forming a cone with your gloved hand, then slowly insert it into the rectum, there should be little to no resistance. Once your hand is completely in, you have to scrape out any faeces that are in the colorectal canal in order to be able to palpate the reproductive tract below. Insert your hand until you're about mid forearm deep, then form a cup facing you and pull the poo out towards you. Remember to keep your mouth shut and to try to avoid throwing shit on yourself when you pull the faeces out the rectum. Once this is done, you can start to feel the reproductive tract through the rectal wall, it's a similar sensation to feeling something through a very warm, very moist blanket. It's all very technical and science-y from here, but the key thing to remember is that no vet considers you adequate at pregnancy testing until you've done this at least 2,000 times. Also if you feel the rectal walls tensing around your arm in a wave that's headed for your armpit, stand slightly to the side because that peristaltic motion is Bessie either pushing a cow pat or a fart in your direction.



Comic by Bryant Apolonio.



You Always Remember Your First

Joel Hillman (Pharm IV MPS) recounts three deaths.

I remember once being told that, in the medical industry, 'everything we do is a stall' (which I think is actually a *Scrubs* quote, but is powerful nonetheless).

There is this idea in medicine that you take on the responsibility to be entangled in deaths. You are responsible for deaths, one way or another. Either you kill someone with a mistake, or your treatments fail and they die. I think this burden is an interesting sacrifice that people make for the community. And I think it is a burden.

The first death I ever saw was a patient in China. He was old, he had been using a drug called digoxin, but because of an error somewhere along the way, had been using many times the dose he should have. His heart essentially tore itself apart. My professor told us quietly after [his/her] pager interrupted our lunch. I remember the other student was shaken, and took the remaining fortnight we were there to recover.

There is also a saying that you always remember the first patient you kill, which

is much more interesting an idea in my opinion. A professor told me about his. He still remembers her name, her husband's name, and the names of her three children.

The second death I want to tell you about occurred on a Thursday evening two weeks ago, when a patient went into cardiac arrest after major surgery. She was old, and she was Not For Resuscitation, which means exactly what you think it does. It is a myth that people who undergo cardiac arrest are always just zapped back to life with chest paddles, and the team and the patient had together decided this was the best course of action.

A code blue stops most of the ward. The siren echoes through the halls, the screens flash the bed number (22. 22. 22.) and nurses run carrying drugs and machines. I watch as doctors, nurses and my supervisor (a clinical pharmacist) run toward the room and just stop.

There are staff specialists, registrars, interns, nurses—all highly trained individuals ready to work as a team with

all the medications and equipment they need to save a life. But they can't. So they just stand and watch an old woman die.

Or they don't. One nurse is on her phone. One doctor is reviewing a chart.

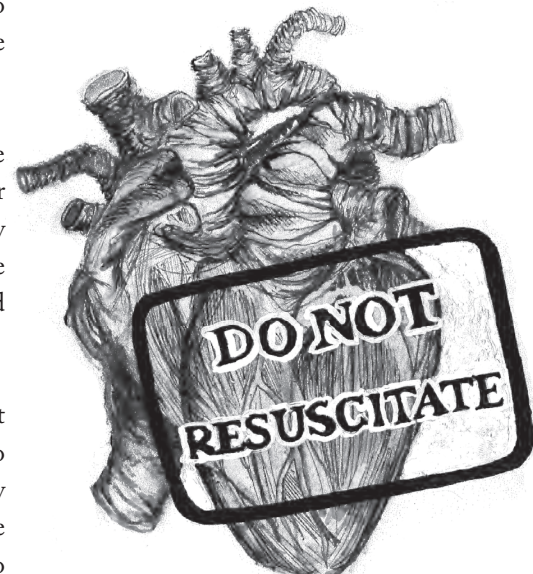
She dies, the siren stops, the screens return to normal, the nurses pack things away, the doctors continue on their rounds, and the pharmacist tells me to go back to counselling a patient on the medication they're beginning.

The third death happened on the change of a shift, when a registrar entered the room, and immediately paged, said 'Ha! What a start to the night', pulled out her headphones and began writing notes.

Death is normal. It's a thing that happens, and no one has time to dwell. This is probably the best way of dealing with it—or you don't, like my colleague. She's choosing not to engage with that facet of the job right now, which you can do more easily

from private practice pharmacy.

I guess my point is that this is all normal. You remember your first, because of course you do, but then you remember that the rest are just case lessons to be learnt. Nothing more. The medical industry has what looks like an unhealthy relationship with death, but it's really the only way to get it done.



Art by *Johanna Roberts*.

Covering for my Culture

Swetha Das struggles to reconcile her values with her culture's.

After climbing 3600 steps to the summit of the Tirupati Balaji Temple in South India, my aunt and her husband were stopped at the main entrance by the temple's volunteers. Sweating in her pants and long sleeved churidhar-top, my aunt was informed that she was not allowed to enter because she did not have a shawl. While her husband wore only a lungi-skirt and shirt, her full attire was not modest enough to allow her to pray to the same God.

The double standards applied to women in East Asian countries are ineffable. Within the very foundations of customs and culture lie archaic restrictions on women that have remained within society.

Recently, a 20 year old Indian woman made headlines internationally for dragging a man, who had molested her, to a police station. Pradnya Mandhare's actions and attitude undermined India's classic narrative of female victimhood, and it is this subversion that has captured the media's attention.

Unnecessary conventions have persisted due to their place in a culture that demands respect for long standing tradition. As a female who is both a product of a progressive western institutional education system and a conservative


Indian upbringing, I have developed an internalised struggle between respecting my own values and my culture's values.

Centuries old rituals and ideologies are too deeply ingrained within society to amend, and it has often become easier to conform than to seek change. I find myself spouting rants on equality and need for change at university, while subserviently listening to my grandmother bluster through another lecture about the necessity for women to tie up their hair in the evening to avoid dirtying the house.

Maybe conformity is just easier? Perhaps, but it's also debilitating. There isn't immediate progress when the radicals take the easy road. Is it only when a confident woman drags a man by his hair that we reflect upon our perceptions of the strength and independence of women today? It's become too comfortable to overlook the realities of inequality concealed within our traditional beliefs.


Even after my aunt climbed those 3600 steps, sweating for her religion, she was startled that her modest clothing was still inadequate for the temple. Whether it was a compromise or innovation, instead of arguing, she simply took one of her husband's shirts and draped it over her chest like a shawl.

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You may have seen posters along King St proudly stating, 'Real Australians Say Welcome'. **Katie Davern** spoke to the man behind the message, Peter Drew, about his street art, targeted at long-overdue political and social change.

Real Australians Say Welcome. Or so thinks Adelaide-based artist Peter Drew who has been trekking around the country for the last two months with an aim to put up 1000 posters in public places which say just that—Real Australians Say Welcome—in big bold, unavoidable caps.

Peter believes that most Australians are “essentially unsure of Islam” and, at the same time, perfectly comfortable using words like ‘multiculturalism’ in everyday discourse. Yet one need only look to events like the Reclaim Australia rally and to Australia’s treatment of asylum seekers (endorsed by immigration policies that are at odds with our international human rights obligations) to see that multiculturalism, in this sense, has significant caveats. Examining this is at the heart of Peter’s work.

The subversion of language in the ‘Real Australians Say Welcome’ project and the immediate reflection on our hypocrisy as a nation that results from seeing a poster is, Peter tells me, absolutely intentional.

“I generally don’t like politically focused art because it’s so earnest—painfully earnest,” he admits. “That’s why with this project, I wanted the tone to be quite clear. This project is ironic and good-humoured, about our identity and how our actions are shaping our identity. It doesn’t really ask people to be extra compassionate towards anyone.”

Peter’s art has done just that in the past: his 2013 project ‘Bound for South Australia’ used the stories and drawings of asylum seekers and people on bridging visas who were living in detention centres. He transferred these first-hand accounts onto the streets of Adelaide in the form of large posters.

“It takes a lot of investment for people to get into something like that [‘Bound For South Australia’] whereas something like this, it has a good hook in terms of capturing an audience.”

To say the project has a ‘good hook’ might be something of an understatement. When I speak to Peter, he’s in Perth on his third state visit and has already met with state premiers, celebrity chefs and the Grand Mufti of Australia—all fervent supporters of his project. Peter has now exceeded the 800-poster mark, outshot his Pozible campaign goal by miles (the profits of which will go to the Asylum Seeker Resource Centre and Welcome to Australia) and has garnered continued supportive national and local media coverage. At the start of the project when Lucy Feagins, editor of blog Design Files put a call out on Instagram for other creatives to contribute to the #realaustralianssaywelcome conversation, they received over 2000 creative responses in just 48 hours.

With a strong social media following of his own, Peter has been able to call out for travel tips in each of the new cities he visits, and has been connected with people who have been willing to help with his transport needs and with the physical act of putting up the posters. Peter tells me of a lady in Darwin who, with her two kids in the back seat, drove him in her four-door ute all over the city. “I got to places where there was no way I would have been able to get to,” he said.

When I ask Peter if he’s had any negative responses to his project, he mentions that he has but mostly online and mostly around the time of the Reclaim Australia rally. “It didn’t really hurt in a way because they were so hysterical. It really shows people what’s driving the debate;

just hysterical fear.” For the most part though, the support for ‘Real Australians Say Welcome’ has been overwhelmingly positive.

For those who think his project is exclusively tongue-in-cheek, Peter is quick to clarify: “I think most people want to be proud of being Australian, like to be proud of the place they belong to and that’s what I think the project allows us to feel. I think the reason why so many people got behind it is a sense of relief at having something that they can express ... having a bit of that taken back from bigots.”

I first came across this project in Western Sydney, on my walk from Guildford station to my car late one evening. I saw a ‘Real Australians Say Welcome’ poster on a brick wall on the side of a hairdressing salon across from the station. It made me stop and think, and I walked off smiling.

When I mention this to Peter, he said the posters in the western suburbs were very deliberate. “It’s kind of strange. I was so focused on this project being about getting moderate voters to think about [asylum seekers] and to change their perspective, and I didn’t even consider that the project had a whole other audience in asylum seekers themselves and recent arrivals; those people who are feeling increasingly alienated by the actions of groups like Reclaim Australia.”

“Then I started receiving messages from asylum seekers themselves and that changed the way I looked at it and I’m really happy that it did. I think that achieving political change is extremely difficult but making people feel more welcome is something that everyone can do.”

This, Peter says, is his main goal. To make

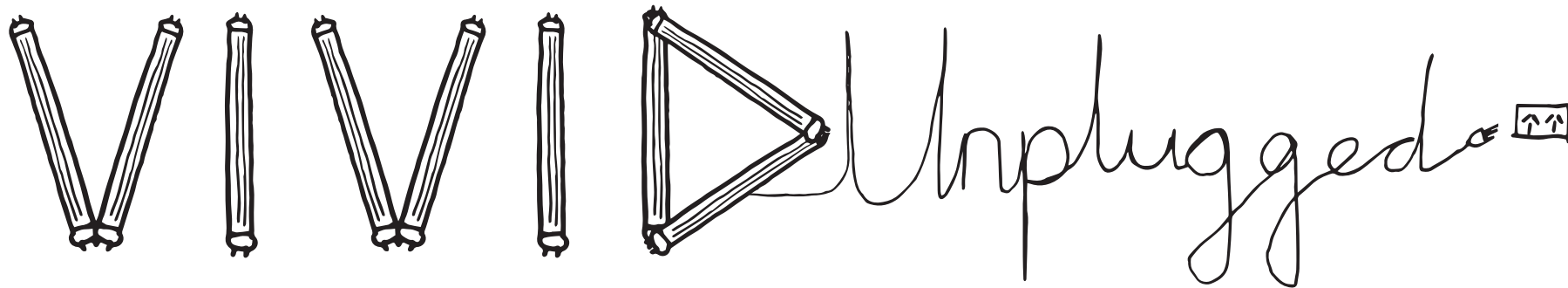
people realise that it’s a small sacrifice to make someone else feel welcome in this country. And if we’re as “true blue” as we say we are, then there should be absolutely no hesitation.

But what about going beyond making people feel simply welcome when they arrive in Australia? We have two major political parties who are certified experts at turning a blind eye to the extraordinary abuses of human rights that are occurring in our name and seem unwilling to budge on immigration issues.

Creating lasting political change may not be in Peter’s immediate sights but he offers one idea off the top of his head: “Perhaps they could spend some of the exorbitant costs of the Pacific Solution creating better legal avenues for asylum seekers to come here from the places where they are most persecuted like Afghanistan and Syria.” He continued, “I don’t think it’s necessary to have children in detention to deter people smugglers. I think that’s just callous. And eventually we’re going to have to answer for it.”

Peter intends on finishing the project in Canberra so as to “bring it home”, believing that as a country, we will eventually have to answer for these abuses. “There will be change, I mean there has to be.”





Alix Sanders-Garner is livid with Vivid.

On my way to see it, I felt my prejudices marshal themselves in favour of *Vivid*. I'd never been before, imagining it to be a LED-strewn mongrelism of New Year's Eve and the Easter Show, a few nights when the aesthetic tenor (and, indeed, the habitués) of Darling Harbour tried the rest of the city on for size. But as I powered down one of Sydney's most well-lit multi-lane arteries a sense of urbane nowness defrosted me, the strains of WFSM seconding the motion that I groove the digital and go with the electron flow. Life and Art bit at each other and, emboldened, I prostrated myself (at the expense of safe driving) before the altar of Energy as Idea. Live hairdryers would be my bath toys! I was Thor of the telegraph poles, maestro conductor of this circuitry of Life! Is that a supermarket, or is it *Vivid*? To diurnal hell, these piddling distinctions. All is vivid. You're vivid, he/she/they are vivid. After all, what is sensation—no, what is all thought—but the frantic jive of electro-signals webbing the encephalic mush? (My science was bogus, but didn't stop me.) The high didn't last to Bathurst Street, but of course this is the nature of electricity: it's largely derived from non-renewable resources, and you always end up paying for it.

So like a Bangkok Rolex the shine dulled, the mechanism rusted, affirmation fizzled into the ickiness of a dive at closing time. I tuned out of WFSM; the efforts of the 80s to naturalise electronics into the vocabulary of the love song seemed as shabby as they really were. But after all Sia's *Titanium* did for the mining industry, *Vivid* is heavily invested in metaphors that ensure its verbal existence is as relentlessly on-theme as possible. Adventures in figurative language are to 'viral marketing' teams what the turtle-formation was to the Roman army: effective but an embarrassment. It happens when the certainty of the objective of communication is seriously greater than the team's command of words. Second-order practitioners of this same art are: real estate agents, psychologists. Unsurprisingly, the crudest examples were on our campus. Lit in the manner hostesses assure us an airplane aisle would be in the unlikely case of an emergency,

Eastern Avenue becomes the 'Path to the Future.' Just when you thought they'd do something faux-scholarly like 'enLIGHTenment', they point out that the future is the Spit Junction bus. Ah, the feeling of being targeted by someone shooting off-target. I was returning a library book, so that's all I saw. There was music, and the Quad—belle of USyd's PR—was as spectacular a canvas for nice projections as the Customs House would be later in the evening.

Back to the CBD 'precincts', which I did see. What really unplugged my excitement was that *Vivid* didn't go anywhere near as far as it had licence to go. I wanted to be assaulted. Assaulted by the exuberant honesty of an electrospectacle taken to the max. I wanted torch-bearing scuba-divers in the harbour, dancers in tube-lighting, boats of bulbs berthed at Bennelong. I wanted cash-trash, chlorinated laser-fountains, a foretaste of what Sydney might be like once the scaffolding comes down at Barangaroo. Instead, I got an acrobat doing hand-stand yoga at The Rocks.^[1] *Vivid* as a form is inheritor of an ancient tradition of shameless state-funded display: imperial triumphs, the World Exhibitions. But it takes from these in function, not form; it drew the crowds but failed to seduce them. Don't forget *Vivid*—'light, music, and ideas'—is foremost an industry fair and NSW investment in all things to do with the ascendant class of 'creatives' in business and technology 'workplaces.' Peruse the sponsor list.

But it does bill itself as a 'festival' and it fails on that front. Despite the helpful 'itineraries', apps, and guided walks (taper your loins as you jog around the Quay with Michelle Bridges), *Vivid* in the city was

too piecey. A needlessly curatorial attitude meant that individual works were plonked all about—dissonant, pretentious, lonely, and unable to live up to the anticipation their arrangement creates. As a result, wherever an exhibit was lodged the crowd coagulated; chances of actually beholding the source of interest were low if you had neither saintly patience nor sharp elbows. Without narrative, more careful works like Amanda Parer's *chinoiserie* pig-lantern 'Entitle' got as quick a glance as everything else. Most didn't even find 'Life Story', where a moving fresco of animals shone down from the vault of the Argyle Cut. So the crowds ambled, enjoying the convivial environment but confused and on the precipice of bored. Martin Place was the worst, given the space's potential for sheltering theatrical effects: past the touch-me-interactive spinal cords was a pop-up bazaar where crappy food stalls terminated in an enclosure for the cool cats to drink designer beer. Beyond that, an illuminated cube on a pole purports to "explore the way space is perceived by challenging and confounding our perception of light". Nothing registers the gap between sentence and sculpture, between the obligatory palaver of the Artist's Statement and the actual life of the work, like a light show.

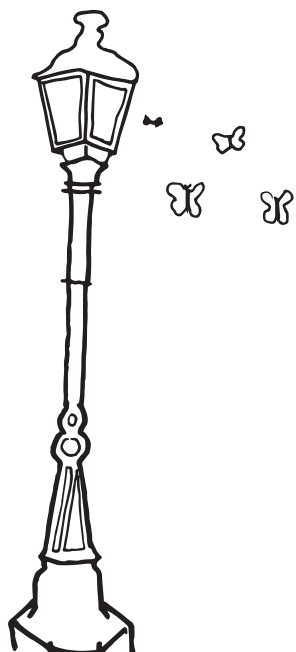
If the decision was made to have individual works ballasted with significance, more should have been delivered in the way of cleverness and interest. For a festival with such a specific focus, uses of light and digital media were desperately unilluminating. Mostly glowing, sound-making thingamajigs permitting varying degrees of audience participation. Or colours and images thrown onto obliging architectural surfaces. This isn't enough anymore; neither are novelties. Today

electrical light is considered a medium and you only notice its independent existence at the moment of summoning it to your front porch or your phablet. And yet this situation offers new opportunities for spectacle and comedy: when we don't know first-hand how things work, our childlike belief in (and reliance on) the epiphanic unreal is restored. But at *Vivid*, the conceptual imagination was as feeble as the visual drama was demure. More punches are packed in decorating a parish fête, where the metaphysical stakes are higher and the budget lower. Where are the quips about Mike Baird privatising the electricity? Or suggestions that next *Vivid's* closing ceremony could coincide with Earth Hour? Alas.

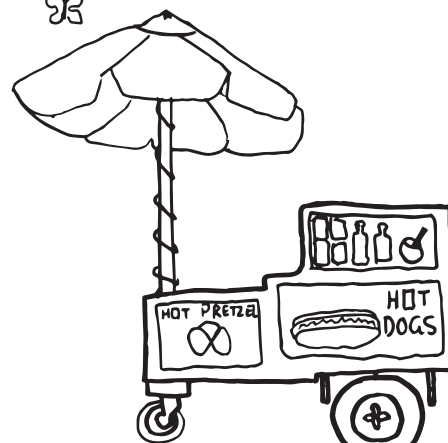
The eunuchs who man 'the arts' titter at the mention of *Vivid*—an ill-advised snobbery, like thinking your favourite flavour of chips superior to the next fellow's. It comes out of the same factory. But *Vivid* is something Sydneysiders deem particularly worth attending. They have given it the great Australian honour, perhaps a recourse to the part-Germanic origins of our language, of compressing a sentence into one slurred word. *Weargoanvid*. That is, we're going to *Vivid*. Nothing approaching this level of citizenly familiarity is achieved by other mega-arts events. Nobody says *weargoanbeenarlay*. Biennale? Biennale? Parts of Sydney are just getting used to Carbonara.

Hopefully *Vivid 2016* will up the voltage and be both smarter and more carnivalesque. By any measure, this year was a numbers success.

They came, they saw, they bought light-up Minnie Mouse ears.



[1] Nearby, a rather good Euro-style hot-dog to be had at the night market.





An Evening with Morrissey

Ellie Rogers is not a fan.

Last Monday I received a text I never expected from my father: “Ellie—do you want to come to the Morrissey concert next Wednesday as mum isn’t interested”. Recovering from the realisation that my own father was entry level hipster trash, I said sure—honouring my own disaffected teen melancholy and hoping to score a free dinner.

The degree of moralising egotistical wank should have been obvious after the man banned meat from the Opera House and affiliated restaurants for the duration of his performances. And yet I was not prepared for the sheer meme that is Morrissey.



My father around the time he thought the Smiths were at all good.

The concert was billed to start at 8. By 8:30 Morrissey was almost done showing us clips from a BBC Face to Face Interview with Edith Sitwell, archival footage from the Thatcher era, and a reading of *Matisse* by Gertrude Stein. He was (finally) greeted by a standing ovation from Mosman Gen X-ers almost certainly reflecting on the time they plagiarised Smiths lyrics to get laid.

‘Staircase at the University’, though a confirmed banger, describes a daughter’s suicide after university stress and the pressures of her father to get “three As”, hitting alarmingly close to home. This should probably be the only thing Morrissey is permitted to sing about considering his upper middle class pain has led him to taking on the struggles of capitalism and just about any minority.

Highlights include his fervent reading from my nihilist/Marxist 12 year old self’s diary in the lyrics of ‘World Peace is None of Your Business’, an ironically self aware (classic Morrissey) track which contains the lyrics “You must not tamper with arrangements / Work hard and sweetly pay your taxes / Never asking what for / Oh, you poor

little fool oh, you fool” during which he gestured to sections of the audience who almost certainly have never worked hard or paid taxes. The same song contains the line “each time you vote you support the process”, a sentiment carried throughout his performance despite literally being in Australia.

His rendition of ‘Ganglord’ was set to clips of police brutality over the past two years, including the murders of Tamir Rice, Eric Garner, Darrien Hunt, Walter Scott and many others, despite statements from several of the deceased’s families asking people for reverence by not spreading these videos. Also, the bridge of ‘Gangland’ suggests policemen chanting the lyrics to the chorus—which is comprised of the lyrics ‘go back to the ghetto’, with the final two minutes just repeating the chorus. This unfortunately resulted in Morrissey chanting ‘go back to the ghetto’ to actual clips of black people being murdered. Classic Morrissey.

His only Smiths song was ‘Meat is Murder’, set to—you guessed it—clips of animal cruelty. Probably all from that one *Four Corners* program. Considering Morrissey is literally not even a vegan I ate meat for the first time in several weeks the next day to spite him.

All of this was to be expected from a confirmed men’s rights activist (“I think it’s easier to be a woman. The women’s movement has been so successful; the men’s movement has never been accepted”) and actual racist.

He strikes me as the sort of person who would work very hard to secure a blowjob, but would maintain a deeply sullen face for the duration of it, and when pressed for reason would say he was just too sad about the Middle East. He also probably believes in Chemtrails, and is definitely an anti-vaxxer.

Out of the Shadows

Rebecca Wong & Patrick Morrow devour MUSE’s latest offering.

Performing arts societies on campus are cliquey. They are part bastard meritocracy and part social gerontocracy and every year, any executive worth their election grapples with the important question: how do you keep the society full of young blood?

MUSE’s inaugural compilation show, *Out of the Shadows*, has spectacularly usurped the place traditionally occupied by their first year show. Both programs have aimed to fill the same introductory function. Last year they staged *The Gondoliers*, and before that, *Iolanthe*, both of which are dowdy Gilbert & Sullivan romps with sprawling choruses of dukes, earls, fairies and gondoliers to be in-or-deflated to suit the number of salvageable auditionees.

But this year, 2015 MUSE president Jonathan Rush has poached the introductory compilation show form from SUDS, and to much better effect. Where straight theatre loses a lot of its power when consolidated, chopped up, and decontextualised, every atomised number in *Out of the Shadows* is a strong performance in its own right, each performance contributes to a coherent act, and both acts contribute to a coherent whole.

Out of the Shadows features a hefty cast of 39, and the spatial confines of Studio B make for an intimate and emotionally trenchant experience. The show’s 20 musical numbers have been meticulously workshopped by its seven directors, allowing the cast to tackle an impressive stylistic range of content. This includes classics such as “Little Priest” from *Sweeney Todd*, the ever enjoyable “Cell Block Tango”, and the much beloved (read: overdone) “La Vie Boheme” from *Rent*. In addition, the conglomerate format of the show allows the directors to dabble in more recent, avant garde work,

with considerable success. The spoken-word piece “Golden Palace” from *Now. Here. This.* is affecting in its understated simplicity, representing an innovative departure from the often contrived melodrama of musical theatre.

The first half of the show is full of lointingly impressive performances. The dark and profoundly unsettling rendition of “The Bells of St Sebastian”, featuring first-time MUSE performer Hayden Tonazzi, is a notable highlight. While there are loving duets and loving duets and more loving duets that begin to feel like eating sugar from the bag, sugar is delicious.

The cast displays a formidable breadth and degree of vocal prowess, with musical numbers tailored to the strengths and distinctive styles of individual performers. Anna Colless and Lisa-Marie Long are highlights of their respective halves, and are two of a handful of performers that wield inspired/heart-broken/empowered middle-distance gazes that reach beyond the back wall of the venue. In less-capable hands the gesture falls to cliché.

While both acts feature a brilliant selection of classic and contemporary songs, the second half forfeits polish for fun, with a greater emphasis on large group numbers and energetic, if imprecise, choreography. Voices are not as uniformly strong, though the act features performances from the wonderfully nuanced Jerome Studdy, the consistently powerful Lane Pitcher, and the charismatic Hannah Cox and Georgia Britt. “Gee, Officer Krupke” is an intelligent and utterly fun use of good performers in the middle of an act that otherwise begins to lag. Every scene for which Jonathan Rush is credited as director is outstanding.

Where Gilbert & Sullivan struggle to flourish on a shoestring in Studio B, *Out of the Shadows* triumphs. There is a cheap, unobtrusive and effective aesthetic in both acts, and no cast member is relegated exclusively to the chorus.

Out of the Shadows is not the most lavish, or impressive, or best-performed show that MUSE has staged, but very few productions have so admirably risen to all of their aims, perfectly pitching their scope, and showcasing the breadth of talent Muse has to offer. The show heralds a conscious shift towards greater inclusivity, which has yielded exceptional results. It is refreshingly diverse, entertaining and emotionally honest. It feels genuine, and that’s a genuine pleasure.

June

<p>3 SYDNEY FILM FESTIVAL OPENING NIGHT: RUBEN GUTHRIE @State Theatre</p>	<p>JEW REVUE: Sabbathday Night Fever</p>	<p>4 SYDNEY FILM FESTIVAL: The Hub Opening Night</p> <p>INAUGURAL SASS BOOZE CRUISE 7pm @ King St. Wharf</p>	<p>5 ODD WAVES x VIVID 6pm @ Freda's</p> <p>Redfern Night MARKETS</p>
<p>6 FBI VIVID ERSKINVILLE RECORD FAIR 12pm @ Imperial Hotel</p> <p>SUWO presents: SATURN RETURNS 7:30pm @ The Con</p>	<p>7 HEAPS GAY w/ Vivid 3pm-7pm Factory Hk.</p> <p>ATLANTIS Hordern Pavilion, 9pm-3am</p> <p>CHICKS WHO LOVE GUNS FINAL SHOW EVER @The Lord Gladstone</p>	<p>8 TV on the Radio @SOH, 9PM</p>	<p>9 Manning Trivia ??? MANNING BAR @ 5PM</p> <p>ENMORE COMEDY CLUB enmore theatre 8pm</p>



What to See at Sydney Film Festival

Dominic Ellis looks forward.

This week is a momentous occasion for movies. Not only does *Entourage: The Movie* finally grace the silver screen, but the 61st Sydney Film Festival starts its 11-day run.

As far as local content goes, this year's festival is all about adaptations. The pick of the bunch is probably Neil Armfield's *Holding the Man*. Adapted from Tim Conigrave's seminal memoir, it was actually incomplete at the time of SFF's program launch, but with Armfield's track record on stage and screen (plus the success of the novel and play on which the film is based) the bar has been set high. Playing in the Official Competition, *The Daughter*, Simon Stone's film adaptation of *The Wild Duck*, is also worth a look,

especially considering the quality Australian cast (Geoffrey Rush, Miranda Otto, Sam Neil, and Ewen Leslie).

As for the rest of the Official Competition, it's hard to look past *Arabian Nights*. At 6 hours long, it's undoubtedly ambitious, but it's been divvied up into three parts to ease digestion. Director Miguel Gomes' last film *Tabu* was loved at SFF a few years back, but given *Arabian Nights*' reception at Cannes, this looks to be Gomes' opus. *Victoria*, a one-take heist film shot across 22 locations, is another bold cinematic experiment (like a good version of *Birdman*) that seems like it'd be well worth the \$15.

The State Theatre will also play host to a

bunch of other big names this year. Alex Gibney, the main festival guest this year, will introduce his *Going Clear: Scientology and the Prison of Belief*, which takes shots at the controversial religion and the A-listers who support it (which is particularly interesting given how many of those A-listers are littered throughout SFF films). Favourites on the festival circuit *The Duke of Burgundy*, *Phoenix*, and Ramin Bahrani's 99 Homes continue their runs, but each will likely see wider cinematic releases later in the year, so they can sit comfortably lower on your shortlist.

As for the dark horses, *These Are the Rules*, a gorgeously minimalistic domestic drama from Croatia is an insider pick. Patho San-Gupta, an Indian filmmaker

now based in Newtown has built up buzz for his Lynchian noir *Sunrise*. *Sunrise* is one of twenty films showing at Dendy Newtown this year—a coup for exam-ridden students looking to burn a few hours between take-home exams. From the festival's Freak Me Out section, both the aptly-titled *Deathgasm* and the timely Mad Max throwback *Turbo Kid* play Newtown early on in the fest.

Beyond that, there's also a whole heap of docos (this reporter-cum-festival-intern endorses *Sherpa*, *The Wolfpack* and *The Look of Silence*); a few retrospectives (see ANYTHING Bergman); and a Focus on South Africa series (check out the amazing 70s Bond-Blaxploitation flick *Joe Bullet*).

Golden Age of Sydney Writers Festival?

Samantha Jonscher looks back.

The Golden Age of Television, question mark, is not a new conversation. It isn't even a new conversation for this city, actually—this week Matthew Weiner is speaking, probably about this, for *Vivid* ideas. Last year *Festival of Dangerous Ideas* brought *New Yorker* television critic Emily Nussbaum and Salmon Rushdie (who is currently writing a Sci Fi series) together to ask if TV is replacing the novel (it isn't).

This panel, was not that panel. It was hosted by Ben Law and featured Shaun Micallef (Australian Comedian), Debra Oswald (writer of Channel Ten's *Offspring*, which was apparently “good”) and Daniel Mendelsohn (sometimes TV critic for the *New Yorker* and the *New York Book Review*).

It was a shame that SWF didn't accept the fact that it did not have say, Matthew Weiner and Emily Nussbaum there.

This panel was never going to get to the bottom of this elusive, and also fairly asinine question, but it could have trod new ground—like the relative poverty of the Australian Television landscape when compared with the rest of the world (Denmark and Sweden included, who are both churning out excellent shows).

The hour was long and meandering because of this. When Micallef and Oswald wandered into the territory of saying something interesting and insightful about Australian TV and its future (particularly in the shadow of Netflix and Stan), Law would wrench the conversation away and ask a question more inclusive of the “international guest” (who was clearly meant to be a sort of star, even though I would imagine that Micallef was the main draw for many attendees present). These questions were often drab but Mendelsohn—who is funny, insightful and knowledgeable—would

offer a reasonable response that Micallef and Oswald would then comment on.

You could tell that Micallef and Oswald had interesting things to say about TV in Australia—even if they weren't allowed to really say much about them.

Oswald said that if the government made a series of a strategic decisions, Netflix could be enticed to fund the sort of one million dollar an episode shows that could give artistic vibrancy to what she and Micallef (and any watcher of Australian TV drama) know is a market bolstered up by soap operas and things that look a lot like soap operas (like *Offspring*). But Law was more important that we consider “what the turning point was for television's high brow respectability” (know one is quite sure).

We weren't able to get very far into how Australia might address the fact that all

of its talent goes overseas. Or how it may overcome its small local audience (the answer is probably better quality). Or what Australia could learn from *Top of Lake* (an excellent New Zealand made drama that garnered international attention and the support of BBC 2).

I don't think “quality” TV is going anywhere soon,¹ but Australian culture doesn't seem to be going anywhere either. It's hard not to see this year's Sydney Writers' Festival as symptomatic of this. It didn't want anything to do with being Australian.

I feel like people are always saying that they wished Sydney “was cooler”. Well Sydney is cool, we just don't seem keen on our own branding.

The Golden Age of TV may be here, but the Golden Age of Australian TV seems very far away.

1. That said, Oswald made the point that “good” TV was born in an under funded quagmire where the writers and not big names were the draw cards of series. With the return of Hollywood stars to TV, this may change.

At. Long. Last. More A\$AP

Alex Fitton has a listen.

A\$AP Rocky's sophomore effort is a personal and honest affair which features lyrical content only slightly lighter than its predecessor, *Long. Live. A\$AP*.

True to form, each track offers something different and unique, and all have the potential to introduce new fans to the

twenty-six year old rap star. The true masterpiece is the final track of the eighteen, ‘Back Home’ which features great samples and a posthumous verse from A\$AP Yams.

Producer Mike Dean's influence shines through on ‘M'\$, with Lil'Wayne featuring

in what will be one of the most popular tracks on the album. ‘Everyday’ is likely to achieve mainstream traction, maybe due to the features of Rod Stewart and Mark Ronson, but it works nonetheless.

It may take some time for us to comprehend what each song means in the context of

the album, but this record shows all the signs of longevity. We may have to wait another two-and-a-half years for another studio album from Lord Flacko, so savour every verse of this true classic.

Four purple dranks out of five.

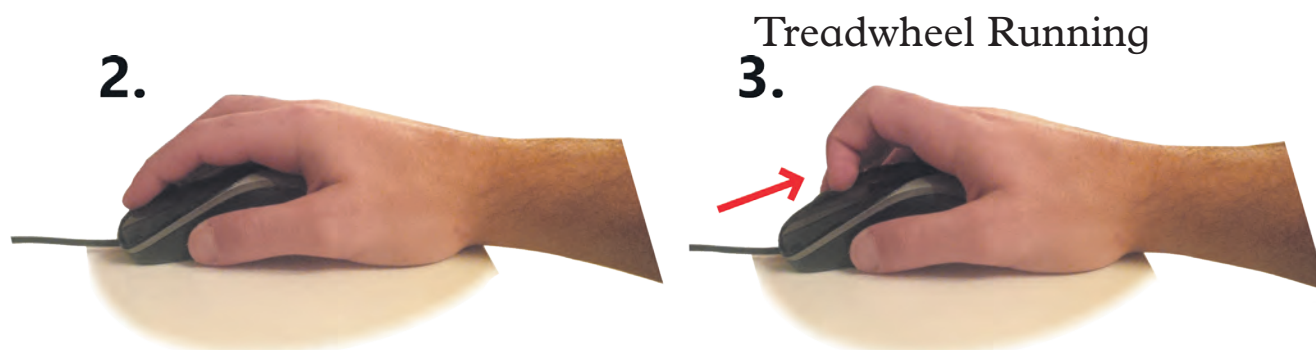
This Exam Period, Try Deskercise

Alexandros Tsathas teaches you to shred for Stuvac.

I see it every semester. Stuvac comes around and the popping of packets of Pizza Shapes can be heard resonating loudly through deserted sports grounds and gymnasiums everywhere. Exams and exercise shouldn't be exclusive of each other. In fact, one complements the other. "A healthy mind in a healthy body" is the mantra I've always ascribed to.

As exams test your knowledge, deskercises are sure to test your strength and cardiovascular fitness. They have the added benefit of being able to be performed in the comfort and convenience of your own study space.

This exam season, keep your scaling strictly academic!

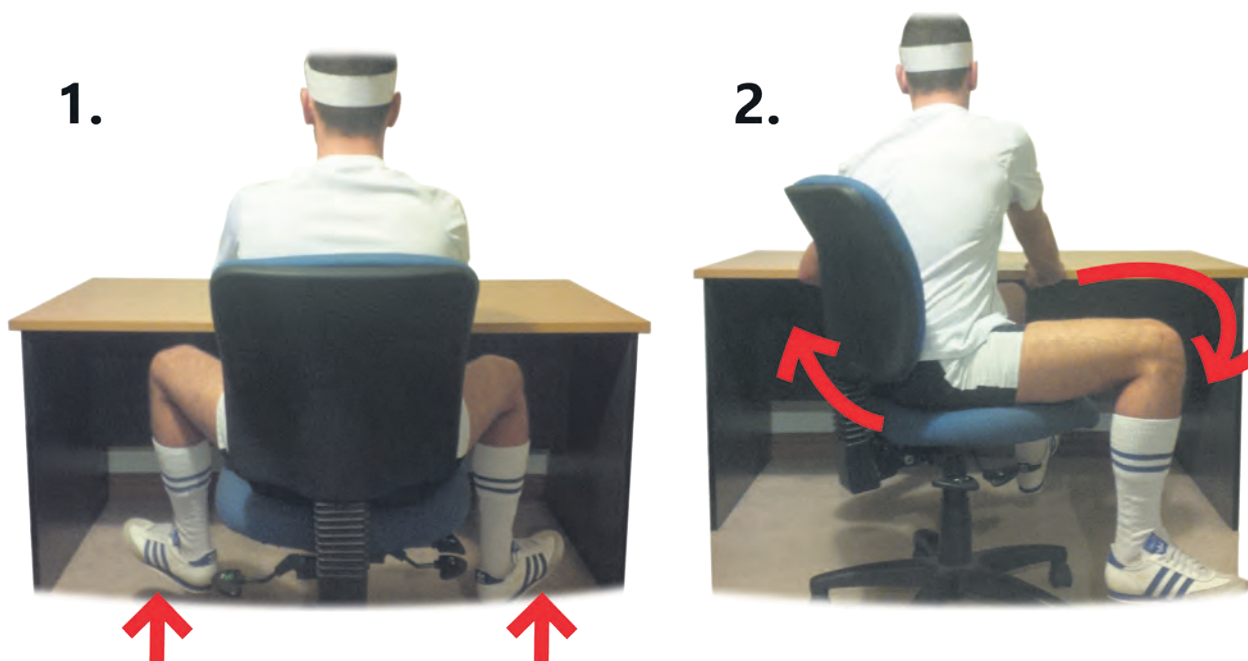


1. Begin with finger in full extension.
2. Lower finger to mouse wheel.
3. Retract finger until wheel disappears under housing.
4. Assume initial position and repeat.

Muscles used: the main typing and writing muscles.

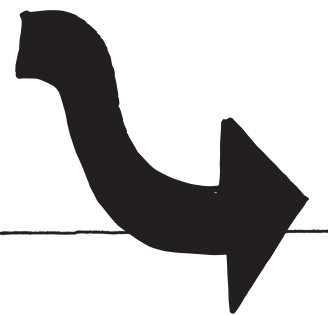
Top tip: regularly alternate fingers to avoid muscle imbalance.

Swivel Chair Twist



1. Grasp edge of desk and lift both feet into the air (whilst remaining seated!).
2. Whilst holding the desk, rotate hips in either direction away from the desk.
3. Once the point of maximum rotation is reached, pull the body back to neutral.
4. Repeat in the other direction.

Muscles used: mainly the internal intercostals and supraspinatus.



Nanna Gets Lucky

Florence Fermanis' grandmother gambles.

My grandmother is an avid gambler. Multiple times a week, for hours at a time.

She only started about two years ago, when Mah-Jong Fridays stopped being a thing. My mum says it's good for warding off dementia, and everyone in my family says the same thing. We usually tack on the medical reason when people inquire why she so frequently visits TAB so that they don't think she is a problem gambler.

Because she's not. As soon as she loses twenty bucks, she doesn't go back for a month. But in the same way Mah-Jong is as much a game of skill as it is a game of luck, betting on races—whether that be horses, dogs, anything that moves (she doesn't discriminate)—requires a level of understanding. Strangely, it requires commitment. We can't forget to bring her

the race pages, or she won't know the odds. No one even knows how she understands them, considering she can't read or speak much English.

But somehow, she usually gets it right. I can tell when I pick her up if she's won, because the smile that she wears is the same one that appears as when my father attempts to sound authentic when pronouncing Chinese dishes. Elated, she sometimes buys me something to eat if the winning's big enough, something to chomp on as we both wait for my mother to finish work.

Between bites, she fills in the time by describing how happy she is, or by remarking on her old age or the weather in broken English. We revisit these topics often because she knows the vocabulary for them, and because I speak no Cantonese.

The blanks are filled in with charades and a complex system of gesticulation.

My grandmothers' gambling friends tell me I should learn Cantonese, though. They go as often as my grandmother does, wearing the same unconscious uniform of a bomber jacket with the optional cane. In what appears to be a state of meditation, they watch the screens intently from the front table. Silently scribbling down the necessary figures, they break the silence only when a win appears, or if someone's daughter/son/granddaughter/grandson appears to pick them up and ferry them home.

Chinese dramas can only provide so much entertainment. I'm

seeing my grandmother tomorrow. She hasn't gone back to TAB since a loss two weeks ago, so I'm expecting a comeback.



Art by **Michael Lotsaris**

Where are all the graffiti vaginas?

This is satire, probably, writes Tash Gillezeau.

It took one particularly shroomy graffiti dick scrawled on a scaffold near Manly for me to realise an abhorrent truth—at the age of 22, I had never once seen a graffiti vagina. Numbed by the existence of this ignored dimension of gender inequality, my Rosa Parks moment had arrived.

Lack of female political representation I get. There's some pretty hard science showing women are too emotional for positions of power. Not to mention the legitimate fear of question time degenerating into “woman-would-you-bloody-let-me-get-a-word-in-edgeways-time” before you can say “Pro-Life”.

But my genitals' silent erasure from public spaces—this I cannot stand by and tolerate. Instead of defiantly refusing to give up my bus seat, I would engage in the strongest form of activism known to my generation—the outraged rant.

To check the validity of the vaginaless-graffiti phenomenon, I conducted a comprehensive survey of people from a range of demographics and ethnicities. I sent a group text to my three immediate family members: my mother, father and brother.



The results were clear. No one had seen the elusive graffiti vag, and my Mum would most definitely fail any Rorschach inkblot test thrown her way.

Even with such compelling research, good science is about attempting to disprove your own theories in order find out if they're correct. For all I knew, Aussie Banksy could be raising house prices in Annandale spraying slits on façades this very instant.

Next stop, Glebe Police Station. Destination: knowledge.

After a few awkward minutes of my bad acting asking Officer Joseph pretend questions about “the graffiti situation in the area,” I went for it.

“Have you ever seen a graffiti vagina?” I asked.

“Ah... no, I haven't,” Officer Joseph replied.

“What about a graffiti penis?” Pause. “Yes, I have”.

Bingo. Triumphant, I cut the interview short, leaving the straightforward and courteous Joseph wondering if I was an actual threat to the community, or simply just odd.

The “sketched dick” entered my life in year 8 after making the foolish error of leaving my school diary unattended in the library. In my absence, some opportunist obnoxiously scrawled a huge blue biro schlong over my perfectly highlighted, colour-coded timetable. The message was clear: no female space, no matter how personal, how private, was safe from the long dick of the patriarchy. This seminal moment would also sadly kill my love for calendars and attempts at organization for decades to come.

The search inquiry “graffiti dick” yields 2,400 Google results. “Graffiti vagina” returns a paltry 1,420. Not even the excitement of encountering encountering the number ‘420’ during my investigation

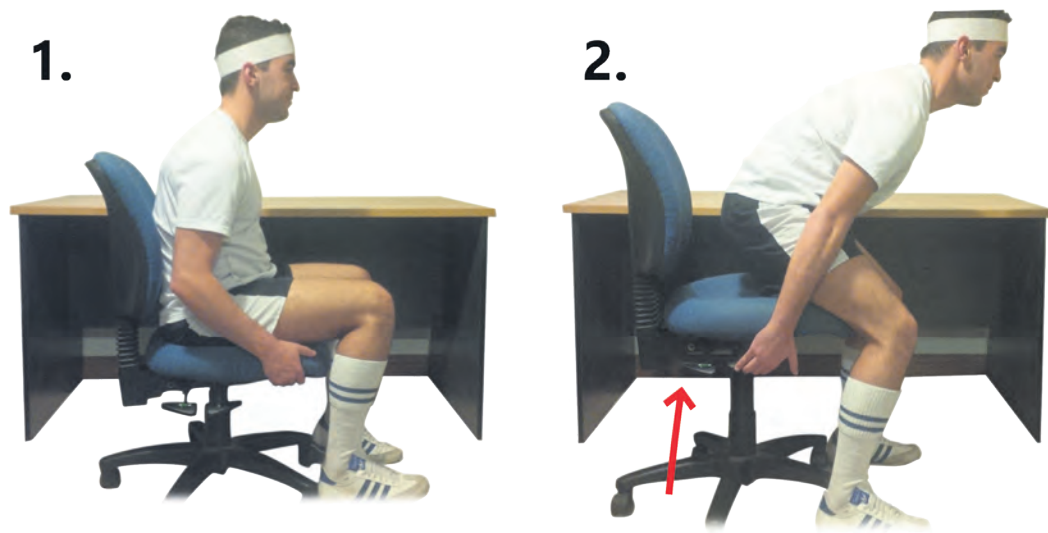
could change these harrowing nature of this statistic. From the frequent “dick-tation” scrawls from *Summer Heights High's* Jonah to the crippling wang-doodling addiction suffered by Seth in the movie *Superbad*, it seems phalluses are an inescapable aspect of contemporary life.

As a generally law abiding citizen with a Good White Middle Class Girl reputation to keep intact (unlike my hymen), it's with palpable anxiety and conditioned fear of being caught that I suggest immediate action in the form of counter-cultural vaginal vandalism. As a society, we must come together to correct this horrible injustice. For every “dick-tation”, let there be a “vaj-azzle”.

I'll clarify now that a penis entering a vagina absolutely does not qualify because everyone worth their weight in Gloria Steinem knows penetration equals domination equals oppression equals slavery. Are you an advocate of slave labour? I didn't think so. No, independent vaginas only.

I became a journalist to make a difference, and this is my dream. Together, let's be the change we want to see in the world, one artsy cunt at a time.

Moldovan Reverse Squat

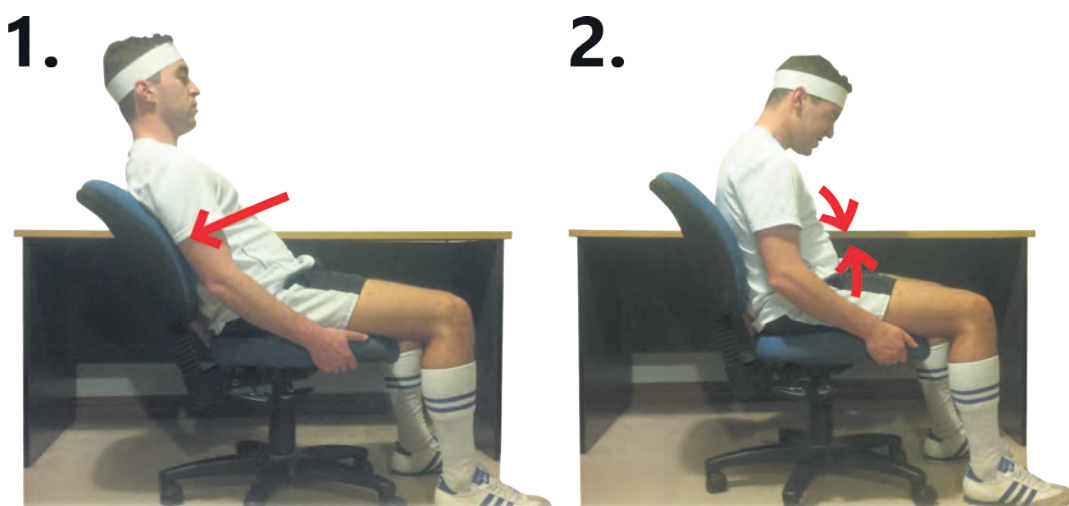


1. Start with an adjustable chair at its lowest possible height.
2. Stand up, simultaneously pulling the height-adjustment lever, so that the chair rises with you.
3. Once you have stood up and the chair has reached its maximum height, sit down on the chair (keeping the adjustment lever pulled tight), so that it returns to the start position.
4. Repeat.

Muscle groups used: most leg muscles.

Top tip: the sitting component of this exercise is a great opportunity to catch your breath.

Assisted Ab Crunch: *Who needs a spotter when you've got a chair?!*



1. Lean into backrest.
2. Pull and hold the recline-adjustment lever.
3. Gently lower the torso backwards, until maximum recline is reached.
4. Return to neutral (if you can!).

Muscle groups used: the core, mainly.

Top tip: the resistance of the chair's recline mechanism should assist you in returning you to neutral.

Safety point! Prior to beginning the assisted ab crunch, check that leaning on the backrest at maximum recline does not cause the chair to capsize.

Feeling Invisible

Astha Rajvanshi on Sydney's growing youth homelessness crisis.

For those who have never experienced it, homelessness will usually prompt images of people sleeping in parks, crouching in a line along the tunnel at Railway Square, or beggaring for money on George Street.

However, the majority of young people who experience homelessness do not live on the streets, but rather in temporary, unstable housing: they might crash in their friends' homes, take up emergency accommodation in homeless shelters, or float from one public space with a couch to the next. It is in this transient, nomadic existence that homeless young people are often left by the wayside, faced with the trauma of losing the comfort and safety of one's surroundings—by society's standards, they are invisible and worthless.

And if the homeless move unseen, why would anyone care?

"When I say 'homeless', there's a difference between being homeless and sleeping rough," Andy, a 23-year-old university student who has experienced intermittent homelessness for five years, explains. "Quite often people think everyone who's sleeping rough is homeless, when in fact there are people who have homes but may have abusive families or partners and are sleeping rough, and there are people who have temporary accommodation."

"It's that precarious state of not being registered, of not having a residence, or a proper home," they say.

At the age of 18, Andy, a queer and trans student, found themselves homeless. They had grown increasingly apart from their parents after struggling to keep up with overbearing expectations over their gender and sexuality, and one day, their parents finally changed the locks on the front door of their home.

"It was a separation of sorts," says Andy. "I remember thinking, 'shit, where am I staying?' I had a backpack, a tote bag and some clothes—three pairs of pants, a pair of undies, and the top I was wearing—nothing else."

Andy was enrolled at university, and this allowed them access to the Queerspace (an autonomous, safe space for queer students on campus) for several nights. Looking for accommodation proved increasingly

difficult and turned into a vicious cycle—they were actively denied by homeless shelters on the basis of their gender and sexuality, and then by the rental market because they were homeless.

"There's this huge gap that exists between homeless shelters and actual housing," they say. "They can do that because they have power over you. You are not registered with anything; you don't have any documentation to prove yourself."

Eventually, although a social worker helped Andy through the process of filling out paperwork, it didn't help ease the mental transition.

"Being homeless is like everything in life is on pause. You just don't have the emotional capacity to deal with forms because it's not a priority," says Andy. "The priority is where you're sleeping for the night, if you're warm, and if there's any food. It's the basic stuff."

Currently, Andy is living in transitional housing arranged by their social worker in the Inner West.

"When I first walked into the house, the only thing I managed was to run around the house, go up to my room, fall on the bed and cry... I hadn't cried in so long," they reflect. "I realised that I could now deal with emotions because I can do things other than be homeless 24/7."

For Andy, however, the trauma of being homeless hasn't been resolved simply by finding a room with a bed. They are constantly struggling with poor mental health and depression, only worsened by the constant search for a sense of purpose in life.

"That's the battle—when you're homeless, you're at risk of violence and [poor] mental health, but they think it can be solved by putting a roof over your head. They don't realise that if you're not followed up or supported to figure out what you're going to do with yourself, you'll just fall straight back into homelessness."

The most common causes of homelessness are domestic and family violence, often affecting queer people. Other causes include financial burden, unaffordable housing, and drug and alcohol abuse.

These issues leave many young people

trapped between sleeping rough and staying in temporary accommodation. For service providers and support groups, the main priority is preventing the progression to chronic homelessness.

Homelessness can have devastating effects on young people—high rates of mental health problems, substance abuse, and sexually transmitted infections, while deteriorating health can contribute to a lack of wellbeing.

In 2014, over 250,000 Australians accessed homelessness services, of which 87,774 adults received support for family or domestic violence, and 16 per cent of all clients identified a 'housing crisis' as

"Being homeless is like everything in life is on pause. You just don't have the emotional capacity to deal with forms because it's not a priority."

the main reason for seeking assistance. And yet, in June of the same year, \$29.1 million in federal funding was lost from reducing homelessness and facilitating early intervention to prevent young people becoming homeless. A submission to the Legislative Council of the NSW government on the issue stated that, "the removal of \$29.1 million in Commonwealth government funding for homelessness in NSW the cuts "will have flow-on impacts to the wider housing and homelessness sectors."

Within the City of Sydney, homelessness has been steadily rising over the years. A street count conducted by the City Council in February earlier this year estimated that there are over 800 homeless people—an increase by 26 per cent in the past year—with 365 sleeping rough or staying in overnight shelters, and 462 in occupied hostel beds.

However, when it comes to discussing how to best end long-term homelessness, the answers remain short. Perhaps rather aptly, the City of Sydney website states: "Homelessness is a complex issue with no single solution".

Mark, a fourth year Engineering student, became homeless at age 16 following his escape from a controlling, abusive family environment. The situation spiralled out of control after his mother chased him out of

the house with a pair of scissors. Suddenly he was running for his life, and after wandering for a few hours, he went to his local library and searched "youth homeless shelters".

"I got in touch with Caretakers Cottage in Bondi and they started their case management—I got interviewed by some counsellors, and coupled with the DOCS record of my family from incidents involving my older autistic brother, it was determined my home life was dangerous," he says.

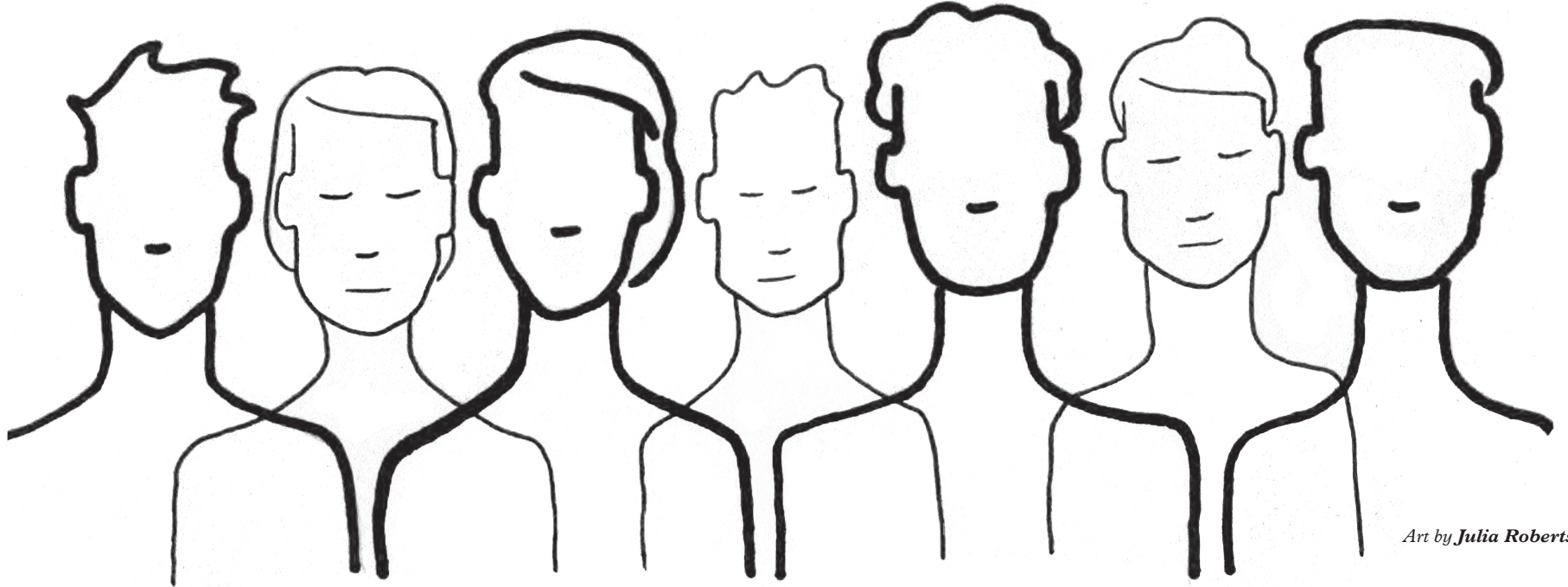
The service helped Mark to apply for Centrelink payments, and lined him up with a medium-term share house. "I snuck home a few times while my mum was at

work to collect my clothes, laptop and other belongings. I continued going to work, surf club and other things. When school came back, I kept going, except now every teacher knew I was living independently," he explains.

After finishing his HSC, Mark applied for university and lived just as he was before, except he was no longer "getting yelled at or beaten every other day". His caseworker informed him that starting university meant leaving the share house due to high demand for medium-term accommodation, and Mark moved into on-campus housing.

But homelessness has helped shape Mark's understanding of the issue through the people he's met along the way. "The stereotype of homeless youth is a poor kid with alcoholic parents or drug issues and a broken family. My caseworker once said they exist, but are in the minority and rarely ask for help. Some don't make it and end up on the street," he says.

"The other kids I met in the program had some pretty horrible stories—gay, bi and trans kids by the dozen who came out to their parents and then got shown the door or faced such abuse they had to leave," says Mark. "These kids thought they had loving parents who wouldn't care about their sexuality and suddenly, 'nope, out you get'. A few kids were homeless because an accident or illness killed their parents, and they had nowhere else to go."



Art by Julia Robertson

Luckily for Mark, support came from day one, which has helped him to plan things effectively. His advice to young people facing homelessness is to seek support and start planning almost immediately. “If you have a job, start saving. If you don’t, keep trying to find one. Learn how to cook a few meals, how to do washing and ironing, and other life skills. Shit happens, and then your current support is gone,” he says, matter-of-factly.

The Step Ahead research conducted by Professor Marty in 2010 highlighted that “the pathway through university for young people affected by homelessness is achievable, but fraught”.

University students who are homeless can often fall between the service categories of adult and youth homelessness. As such, there is little research on university students who have been homeless, with no data collected to date on how many Australian university students are affected by it. The most relevant study was conducted back in 2006—a survey of Australia’s 97 universities, with 18,773 responses—which revealed widespread experiences of financial hardship. One in eight students indicated that they regularly went without food or other necessities.

Young homeless people who attend university usually take longer to complete their studies, too. The students struggle with what Professor Marty describes as the “legacies of homelessness”—an absence of financial resources, support networks of family and friends, while working in low-paying jobs.

In response to this, the Student Accommodation Services at Sydney University aims to provide some support. “We recognise the devastating impact of homelessness and the impact it has on students’ ability to engage with education,” says Dr Ashvin Parameswaran, head of the Services.

“Many students who reach out to [us] are

in between houses and urgently need a place to stay. Student Support Services has designed a number of programs to respond to the needs of our diverse student cohorts, particularly those facing challenges,” he tells *Honi*.

Students are encouraged to visit the office for direct assistance from the staff, which includes access to emergency rooms for those in urgent need of temporary accommodation, and to the University of Sydney Accommodation Database to assist in locating and navigating off-campus housing in Sydney.

Dr Parameswaran also cites STUCCO as an alternative option, which has “an equitable model whereby students with a reference letter from SRC or SUPRA will be housed temporarily for a period of time at no cost”, and the SRC and SUPRA, who can “assist in referral letters for temporary accommodation”.

“I’m sure everyone’s experience is different, but for me it was a very rational process of thinking how I was going to survive on a day-to-day basis,” says Danny, 26, who was homeless and living out of his car for a month.

For Danny, it was a matter of looking at the resources available at his disposal, and scoping out all the spots around campus. He found a fridge and microwave in Carlaw to take care of food, and bought a gym membership for toilet and shower facilities. Having a station wagon also meant that he could lie down semi-comfortably. “After that, it was just a matter of finding places to park that wouldn’t attract a lot of attention and wouldn’t get parking fines,” he says.

Living out of his car was “weird” experience, but like many others who find themselves homeless, Danny didn’t have any time to think about anything other than how to survive. At times, he recalls feeling the vulnerability of sleeping on the streets: “There’d be people walking by and you’d

hear their conversations, and you don’t know what their intentions are because you’re cut off from them ... Or there were nights where it’s just storming really hard, and all you can hear is the wind howling or the rain beating down,” he says.

“You adapt to it—when you’re in that situation, you have to force yourself to do things, and you don’t have the luxury of being lazy or being bored.”

A month later, Danny was accepted for accommodation at STUCCO. “I was just so happy to have a place to come home to every night, and having a key to this place, it was like shelter and security,” he says.

To anyone facing a similar situation, Danny recommends talking to people and approaching the SRC or the University to move away from the silence around youth homelessness.

“It’s really affirming knowing that you can survive those kind of situations,” he says.

There are broader initiatives in the community attempting to address youth homelessness.

Sydney Council has proposed several projects as part of a wider Strategic Plan to assist people, and is working towards ending long-term homelessness in Sydney by 2017. This is an ambitious aim, and it will almost certainly require the partnership of the government, non-profit organisations, and the corporate sector, with no further cuts being proposed to federal funding.

Other youth homelessness services in Sydney, although limited, are also working. As part of the NSW government’s ‘Going Home Staying Home’ Specialist Homelessness Services, an Inner West Youth Homeless Service is currently in place to support over 450 young people per year. It provides crisis and transitional accommodation, and proactively identifies those who may be at-risk. Other emergency

services like Link2home, Temporary Accommodation Line, and Yconnect all work towards providing emergency accommodation and support workers.

However, even these services cannot provide adequate relief to the homeless. A previous *Honi* article found that in 2012, the Homeless Persons Information Centre (HPIC), which caters to approximately 160 people a day seeking urgent accommodation, received 58,664 calls for assistance. Out of this, 45,448 were unable to find anywhere to sleep.

In Sydney, it seems that the plight of the homeless will not be answered any time soon—reducing youth homelessness is expensive, and the required funding isn’t forthcoming. Nor is it clear who should bear the primary funding burden, the status quo being supported by a convoluted array of federal, state, and local governments.

Being homeless is more than just losing a house; it’s losing one’s sense of worth. Those who experience it fast become the most vulnerable and socially excluded members of society. On the streets, they routinely face violence, whether accidental or unintentional, that pervades their sense of being. The violence occurs when people weave through the tunnel at Central Station and kick someone who is homeless along the way. It occurs when a drunk, wealthy person flicks their rubbish at someone sleeping on the pavement on a Saturday night. It occurs when someone calls a beggar asking for loose change a ‘blight on society’.

“They’re not even acknowledging you as a person, you’re the equivalent of a crate,” says Andy. “You don’t own your body anymore, you don’t own anything—you’re not a person, you don’t have capacity to do that. A jacket is probably the only thing you have, and if someone takes it, it’s someone taking your warmth—your world.”

The Three Types of Teenagers I Was Told I Could Be

Benjamin Clarke takes a homo-centric glance at teen representation in film and TV.

The teen genre tends to be a collection of tropes with little nuance, excepting anything with Michael Cera in it. In this spirit, I've looked back at all the teen-oriented media I've consumed and how it stereotypes something at the core of my identity—homosexuality. Specifically, male homosexuality (other queer groups are so underrepresented in the teen genre that they hardly have stereotypes). Here are the three main things that teen film and TV told me I was:

#1 – Non-existent

Often, gay people in teen films just ... aren't there. Teen film, being a child of the 1950s, follows very heteronormative conventions. Hell, girls were mostly relegated to the role of secondary character until the 90s, and even now films with female protagonists are aimed at a female rather than a gender neutral audience.

If there's a non-straight protagonist, suddenly the film is "niche", to be viewed in a hipster's garage rather than on the

big screen. A gay guy can't be a "hero" in the classic sense, because he would just fit so awkwardly into the constructs from which teen film has grown. This is true of all genres, from action to rom-com. How many generations will it be before a movie closes with the hero locking lips with a same-sex soul mate?

#2 – Comic relief / "Gay Best Friend"

We all know this one. It's the most mainstream of gay representations. This sassy human rainbow is nothing without his fabulous catch phrases and his readiness to complement his female BFF's garments.

When I extricated myself from the closet at the age of 16, this became the number one stereotype I was expected to live up to. Obviously there was the perk of all the popular girls wanting to be your friend, but then there was the dreaded demand: "Let's go shopping!" (I hate shopping.)

While this trope might seem gay-

positive, it's also very restricting. If I'm not constantly fulfilling my purpose as a well-dressed fount of relationship advice, I'm not doing gay right.

#3 – Oppressed to the max

This gay character is the flipside of the GBF; the poor little puppy dog on the side of the road that just gets kicked by everyone who passes by. He usually has a burning crush and at least one insecure bully and tends to end up attempting to commit suicide. He might even have a disability. The protagonist of *Hoje Eu Quero Voltar Sozinho* ("The Way He Looks") is both gay and blind.

Obviously these kinds of gay stories—usually the side-plot in a teen drama—are important. There are definitely gay people who have experienced these sorts of things. But when you see it repeated over and over and over again as you desperately trawl the web, it becomes exhausting and infantilising. When I started to discover my sexuality, there was such an immense

feeling of dread as I watched scene after scene of gay teens being rejected by their peers or disowned by their parents. Shows like *Glee* and *The Fosters* have put a very hopeful spin on these stories, but still in such a melodramatic and tragedian way.

Depressing? Maybe. But there is hope for queer representation in teen film. Movies like *Scott Pilgrim Versus the World* (starring Michael Cera) and shows like *How to Get Away With Murder* (though not entirely teen-oriented) challenge the stereotype with secure, masculine gay characters, who are more like lotharios than anything else.

But the solution to the issue of gay representation in teen film (and indeed lesbian, bisexual, transgender and other queer representation) is normalisation. We need to include more representations, and draw from a wider range of teen experiences. As long as we start treating people with the same respect and recognition regardless of sexual orientation, things will get better.

Gronkwatch: Get Censured or Die Trying



How Much Does It Cost To Leak To A Degenerate Student Newspaper Nobody Reads? \$50,000, apparently

Last Friday, the USU Board voted 8-5 to pursue ex-vice president Tom Raue for \$50,000 in costs, via a deed, which would require Raue to consent to periodical payments.

But *Honi* understands a second motion was also put to the Board, which asked whether to pursue Raue for costs through legal action if he refuses to sign the deed. The motion failed 10 votes to 3, which is problematic given Raue's subsequent refusal to pay.

The results of the votes, which were held as secret ballots during the confidential 'in camera' portion of the meeting, were originally not to be released until 5pm, after the meeting's conclusion, and well after the audience had gone home. However, armed with trashcan lids and megaphones, a group of student activists

Peter Walsh stole a number of hot chocolate sachets from the Board Meeting Room.

occupied the meeting and prevented it from continuing until a procedural motion was passed that allowed the results to be immediately divulged. While the results of the first motion were disclosed, the results of the second were not.

To now, the second motion has been kept secret, presumably to improve the Board's negotiating position with Raue. When asked by *Honi*, insiders refused to confirm or deny the existence of the second motion. Another unnamed source, however, was happy to "cop the censure" and confirmed the Board's decision. Some commenters have suggested that by voting in assent to the first motion and against the second one, the Board has effectively allowed Raue to escape without payment, while still maximising the chances of making some money back. However, it is our understanding that if they wanted to avoid making Raue pay, they could have just voted 'no' to both motions.

You Fail 100% Of The Censures You Don't Propose

In the same meeting, a censure motion was proposed against Vice-President Bebe D'Souza; however, it was subsequently withdrawn in the face of what can only be described as *vehement* opposition from the Board and a ragtag audience of members from all campus political factions. In a

series of emotional addresses, a number of individual Directors outlined the incompetence with which the question of censure was handled, with many highlighting the obvious inconsistency of targeting D'Souza while many directors sat behind tables and set-up A-Frames for candidates during the last election.

But what's it all for?

Executive elections for the USU are a week away and there's a wealth of candidates confirmed to be running. *Honi* can confirm that Independent Liv Ronan and Student Unity's Alisha Aitken-Radburn will be vying for the top Presidential job, with a number of other names circulated—most notably Kate Bullen for Treasurer. The main uncertainty sits around the numbers. Presumably, Liv Ronan is ahead—as we expect her to receive the support of both Senate Appointed Board Directors, along with Kate Bullen, Michael Rees and Tiffany Alexander. However, the question is how Grassroots and their three votes—held by Ed McMahon, Liam Carrigan, and Marco Avena—factor in. If Alisha were able to leverage that support, in addition to the support we expect her to receive from Shannen Potter, Jack Whitney, and Atia Rahim, things suddenly get interesting. The question of who Grassroots will support is, however, a vexed one, and *Honi* understands that they

quizzed all candidates on their position regarding Raue's legal costs in a caucus meeting last week, with little resolution as to who they would be supporting. Or if they would run a candidate.

Censorious About Censures

For anyone unlucky enough to follow the #usuboard hashtag last Friday, you would have been inundated with a line-by-line account of everything said during the frackas. If, however, you only follow @USUAccess, you would get a distinctly different story. Compare below.



Exams are Stressful



Most people find exams stressful. There is a lot of work that needs to be done in a short period of time. On top of that, life goes on. Things that would ordinarily be a bit challenging, can become completely overwhelming at this time of year.

This does not give you a reason to do stupid things.

DON'T STAY UP ALL NIGHT

Your body and brain cells need to regenerate. Sleep is how this is done. Sleeping efficiently is better for you, and more productive than staying up all night.

DON'T DRINK ENERGY DRINKS

Energy drinks smell bad for a reason. Have you noticed that they make you fart more and your poo becomes a little questionable after you've had two cans? Your body is telling you to stay away. Water is the most efficient carrier of oxygen to your brain. Drinking water will help you to stay alert and also increase your ability to remember things.

DON'T CHEAT

Some people cheat by hiding notes on their body or in their things, or by looking

at someone else's work, and some others get fake doctors certificates or alter existing ones. Of course it is possible that you could get away with it. However, if you do get caught the university has the option of excluding you from your degree forever. In the event of fraud they can even notify police of your crime – oh and yes it is a crime. You're probably better off using the time you would plan cheating to actually study.

TALK TO SOMEONE

You might feel so stressed that you feel you just don't have enough time to talk to anyone. But talking to a counselor or your GP might help you to gain strategies to manage your stress, or where your stress severely affects your ability to study, you may be able to apply for special consideration.

GET ADVICE

Your faculty or the SRC can give you advice about what would be most helpful to you in your situation. Send an email or make an appointment whenever you are available.



Ask Abe

SRC Caseworker HELP Q&A

Hi Abe,

I spend a fortune getting home for the break. This year I had some unexpected expenses and have blown all my savings. My parents are pensioners and can't afford to pay my plane fare. Is there somewhere I can get a loan for this?

Queenslander

Hi Queenslander,

If you are on a Youth Allowance dependent (away from home) payment or if you are part of a Centrelink couple where you have to live away from the family home because of study, Centrelink will give you a "Fare Allowance". This is a reimbursement (you pay first) of the cheapest and most practical mode of transport to and from your family home. You're entitled to this payment for each semester of study you attempt.

You can also ask the University Financial Service for a loan of up to \$1500. Of course conditions apply, but if you are successful it is an interest free loan and you have a year to pay it back.

Abe

Abe is the SRC's welfare dog. This column offers students the opportunity to ask questions on anything. This can be as personal as a question on a Centrelink payment or as general as the state of the world. Send your questions to help@src.usyd.edu.au. Abe's answers can provide you excellent insight.



When does your student visa run out?

It is your responsibility to ensure that you comply with all your student visa conditions, especially the length of stay allowed under your visa entitlement.

You can find out about all the applicable visa conditions and your visa expiry date using the online service (Visa Entitlement Verification Online – "VEVO") on the Department of Immigration and Border Protection website. Use this URL: <https://online.immi.gov.au/evo/firstParty>

When accessing this online service, you will need your passport number and other identification details which can be found on the visa grant email sent by the Department.

If you are not sure how to use VEVO or have trouble with this online service, you can get FREE help from the SRC registered migration agent by contacting 9660 5222.

Make sure you put the visa expiry date in your calendar and remember to NOT overstay your visa! Overstaying leads to serious legal consequences which in some situations may require you to leave Australia immediately and you will not be able to come back again for 3 years.

NEW 'Sydney Student' online service... What do you think?

The University changed its computer system to Sydney Student. You'll have noticed a change of format for all computer related things like enrolling at the beginning of semester, adding or deleting subject, and checking your academic transcript. But what do you think of it? Has it all been good for you, or have you had problems? We'd like to know.

Send an email to help@src.usyd.edu.au with "sydney student" in the subject line.



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

Have you seen an SRC caseworker?

We want to know what we're doing well and what we need to improve. So if you've consulted an SRC caseworker in person, on the telephone or by email we'd like to know what you think.

Send an email with any comments to help@src.usyd.edu.au with "my thoughts" as the subject line.

If you prefer your comments to be anonymous feel free to drop your comments on paper to our office or post it to:

SRC, Level 1, Wentworth Building, The University of Sydney, 2006.



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



Level 1, Wentworth Bldg, University of Sydney
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President's Report

Kyol Blakeney

This week, I will be giving a lot of my time to our University's satellite campuses. Specifically Cumberland and Sydney College of the Arts (SCA). Since my last visit to Cumberland there have been a few students who have emailed me about the student life and experience there. This includes food outlets and extra curricula activities. After my visit I would like to find ways for students at Cumberland to be more involved with the things we do here at the Main Campus such as workshops, film screenings, and

a higher participation rate in Council to ensure that their voice is consistently heard rather than brushed to the side.

Similarly, I have received emails from SCA about the University's transport services needing to be improved. During the last Student Consultative Committee (SCC) meeting, this was brought up as a discussion item. Students were told that there were adequate transport services to and from SCA provided by the University along with a bigger bus to come in

due time. While a larger bus would be beneficial, it seems that student safety and consistency in the bus timetable were the main concerns after talking to students.

I will be discussing this further at the next SCC Meeting to determine what can be done about this. Issues for students from SCA include the amount of students that can fit onto the current bus which cause many students to have to rely on other means of transport. This means students are walking through parks at night time

and putting their safety at risk. It also means that students who have Units of Study on the Main Campus may be missing from their classes or showing up late. While a bigger bus would be nice, there is also a strong need for more frequent buses running from campus to campus.

I wish you luck in your final assessments for the semester and a well earned break.

General Secretaries' Report

Max Hall

At long last, the budget is here. Last month an SRC Council meeting passed our proposed spending for the year with a unanimous vote. We're happy to be able to expand our legal and casework services, increase funding to activism, complete a number of sorely needed projects and return a small surplus.

Each of the SRC's solicitors will now be working an additional day per fortnight, ensuring that there is a lawyer in the offices at all times. We hope this change will go some way to meet the significant increase in demand by students for legal assistance in the last few years.

We have funded ten weeks of leave for a caseworker to take time off and receive accreditation in financial advice. This will allow the Casework department to give more assistance to students who are struggling financially. Receiving this help at the same time as a student might get advice on academic, housing or Centrelink issues minimises the need for students to seek assistance from multiple professionals at stressful times.

SRC Office Bearer budgets have increased by just over \$4000 in recognition of the important place that student activism has in protecting our interests on campus and

in the community. We've also established a shared resource pool to ensure that the tools of the trade—megaphones, tables, staplers etc.—are available in the long term.

We've set money aside to build a new database for the Casework department and increased the stipend paid to editors of *Honi* Soit. Unlike other paid Office Bearers, the *Honi* stipend does not increase by a small amount annually. In real terms, this means their stipend has decreased significantly over time. An increase is therefore important to ensure the position remains accessible to students

from all economic backgrounds.

The only other changes of note are a fair hike in the cost of printing *Honi* (the last printer went insolvent, the market had moved and the gears of capitalism ground on) and a \$9000 reduction in the affiliation fee the SRC pays to the National Union of Students.

If you have any questions about how or why the SRC spends money the way it does, feel free to get in touch.

Intercampus Officers' Report

Fiona Lieu, Mary Osborn, Jason Kwok and Mary Ellen Trimble

10 Tips and Tricks for getting around The Con.

1. If you want to practice on a weekday you'll need to get up early, practice rooms fill up by 9am and it's a struggle to find one until 6pm!

2. The Con is open 7am-10pm on weekdays 8am-10pm on Saturdays and 10am-6pm on Sundays and public holidays.

3. There is a computer lab hidden on level 1 that has useful software such as Sibelius, Finale and Audacity. This is open to all students, all hours Monday-Saturday and

is particularly useful when the library is closed.

4. If you want to rehearse with your chamber ensemble or simply practice in a larger space, you can book any ensemble room, recital hall or music workshop for up to 2 hours a day. Just check this website for room availabilities: <https://web.timetable.usyd.edu.au/venuebookings/venueCalendar.jsp?mode=Timetables> and then email con.timetable@sydney.edu.au. On Sundays or public holidays you can only book ensemble rooms on level 3.

5. If you do AP or Harmony, do yourself a favour and do the homework the day of or

next day. This way you don't have to worry about it all week.

6. If you're having personal problems the con now has e-counselling in room 4037, all you have to do is book an appointment with CAPS.

7. If you have any issues contact an SRC caseworker on 9660 5222 or email them from the SRC website. They can even come to the con campus for your appointment. See the website <http://srcusyd.net.au> for more details about how they can help you

8. Want a con hoodie? Want to write

in the *Conversation* magazine? Have a suggestion to improve the con? Email the CSA at constudentsassociation@gmail.com

9. Unsure about what to do after a con concert when you're itching for a beer? Go to the Paragon where you can get a discount on food if you show your student card.

10. Any student can have their own free concert on a Wednesday night that is advertised on the Con Website. Just email con.concerts@sydney.edu.au to book one!



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Wom*n's Officers' Report

Subeta Vimalarajah

It's that time of semester—exams are approaching and as such, activism becomes the greatest form of procrastination. Last week was a momentous one for the Wom*n's Collective, with three huge events to report on. The first was the “Stop Killing Women” Vigil at UTS (unfortunately I couldn't make it due to work). Members from the collective got together on Monday evening and painted a banner on that sweet, silky bright pink and glossy fabric (made famous at the NDA earlier this year). The turn out looked incredible, with wonder women Mehreen Faruqi and Wendy Bacon (amongst others) giving speeches. Thanks so much to those members of the Wom*n's Collective who've been working tirelessly with representatives from other universities to put this together.

Wom*n's Honi hit the stands last week! Thank you so much to everyone who contributed and helped edit the paper. Particularly to the last minute call ins—Astha Rajvanshi and Alex Downie—who helped us give the edition that extra Honi Soit editor finesse. It was great to see so many people voluntarily come in on Saturday to lay out their pages. Collective work isn't always collaborative, but Wom*n's Honi this year was a great example of how it can be. The diversity of the articles and artworks is a testament to the many intelligent, insightful and radical non cis male students on our campus. I've stolen a hearty stack to share with my future children—I hope some of you did too.

Last Wednesday was our joint Honi Soit

launch with Indigenous Honi. What a fantastic night! Thank you so much to Georgia Mantle for offering to coordinate the event with the Wom*n's Collective. Georgia's acknowledgement was absolutely heart wrenching and so moving; I thank her for sharing it with us. I hope the pizza was delicious enough, the speakers entertaining enough (they certainly were! Thank you Tina, Anoushka, Jethro and Madison) and the company enjoyable enough. Hopefully the joint launch can become a tradition. Wom*n's activism and Indigenous activism have not always been the best of friends but may we strive to change that! Thank you to all those who helped set up and organise the event, particularly Julia Readett, sneaky pizza orderer and speaker hirer extraordinaire.

Finally, I feel I should make one brief comment about the “Stop Taxing My Period” petition. Thanks to all the USYD students who have supported the campaign. It was so wonderful to watch us in the SRC OB room holding up that giant tampon in the Q&A video. Even more special thanks to Georgia, Arabella, Courtney, Ella and Lane (who missed a French test to be there) who woke up at 4.30am to drive to Canberra and be my official human tampons in front of Parliament last Thursday. I couldn't ask for better friends or better feminists.

Autonomous Collective Against Racism

Eden Caceda, Deeba Binaei, Kavyá Kalutantiri and Lamisse Hamouda

Hey friends! Your Ethnic Affairs Office Bearers/Autonomous Collective Against Racism (ACAR) Office Bearers here! We've had a busy time at ACAR finalising our plans for 2015 and we've got some fantastic things in the works!

As mentioned, we are currently assisting the USU in developing their new sensitivity training program so we can ensure that the USU is a welcoming and

safe space for all People of Colour (PoC) on campus.

ACAR's edition for Honi Soit is just around the corner. Look out for editor call outs and submission deadlines on our facebook group as we will be announcing them shortly.

We are also collaborating with the Muslim Wom*ns Collective to support a campaign based around tackling racism

and Islamophobia on campus and in wider society.

We have Verge Festival coming up in October this year. We will be organising an autonomous poetry slam event for a non-autonomous audience! If you identify as a PoC, as an individual marginalised by White supremacy or structural oppression, please pen your feels into a poem and prepare to share your heart with us on stage. We'll be ready with a sign-up sheet and beatnik clicks.

To celebrate the end of the semester, ACAR will be hosting a picnic on the 12th of June. Please come along to enjoy delicious food over great company. Further details will be listed on our facebook group.

Please remember you can contact us on our facebook page - Autonomous Collective Against Racism (ACAR) or find us at our regular weekly meetings on Wednesday 12pm at the Education Studio Room 229.

Queer Action Collective Report

Joshua Han

The semester is coming to a close, but at the moment the Queer Action Collective are actively working on many things to come, amongst which QC is a highlight. But first, we can reflect a bit on the past few months. At O-week, we signed up new members and welcomed many queer students into our collective. It was so inspiring to see so many people get involved and contribute to what our collective has become. We have hosted many social events and held many workshops and discussions.

In the middle of the semester, we had

a meeting to figure out a direction for QuAC. One of the decisions was to make our collective meetings less bureaucratic and to have more facilitated discussions around queer issues. Implementing this consistently proved to be a little difficult as it was not easy to select a topic of discussion and find a volunteer to facilitate on a weekly basis. However, when we managed to have discussions around a topic, they have been thought provoking and enlightening.

On the 18th of May, we held a photo petition for the International Day Against

Homophobia, Biphobia and Transphobia (IDAHOBIT). We collected a number of powerful messages from students and uploaded these photos to the USYD SRC Queer Department facebook page.

Right now, we are preparing for Queer Collaborations (QC), a national conference of queer students, which will be held in July in Canberra. Last year, we were fortunate enough to send over 20 delegates as we received a substantial amount of funding from the USU and SRC. This year, the USU have unfortunately had to cut their budget

for conferences. Nonetheless, we are still keen to send a large group of delegates to QC, so we have been fundraising and we continue to do so (we are about halfway to our target). We are also working on developing our safer spaces policy. If you are interested in getting involved in any of this, or interested in coming to QC, don't hesitate to contact your friendly Queer Officers at queer.officers@src.usyd.edu.au



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Honi editors.

What's Happening with SUPRA

Finding SUPRA

SUPRA has moved! We're also easy to find once you know how to find us. Unfortunately, some postgrads are not used to our new location, so to make life easier, we've made a map, and written some instructions for you: The new SUPRA offices are on Level 2 of the Holme Building, Camperdown campus. To get to the SUPRA offices you can enter the Holme Building via Science Rd, head through the Holme Courtyard and take the lift (next to the Courtyard Restaurant and Bar) down to Level 2.

Our new premises are accessible however the nearest accessible toilet is on Level 3 of the Holme Building, adjacent to the Holme Courtyard.

Check out the included map to find SUPRA. For a digital map of campus that shows where the Holme Building (A09) is, see the website <http://sydney.edu.au/maps/campuses/?area=CAMDAR>

See you at SUPRA!

SUPRA On Social Media

Did you know SUPRA is active on Social Media? Come like our SUPRA Page (<https://www.facebook.com/sydneyunipostgrads>) on Facebook or join the conversation in our open SUPRA Group (<https://www.facebook.com/groups/2369669686/>). We use the hashtag #SUPRAPostgrads, we've just started posting pictures of our events and activities on Instagram (@SUPRA_Postgrads), and you can follow us or say hi on Twitter

@SUPRAPrez.

See you on the interwebz!

SUPRA HAS MOVED!

Our new offices are on Level 2 of the Holme Building (A09) Science Rd, Camperdown Campus. Access is via the lift in the Holme Courtyard.

Our hours, phone and email remain the same:
Monday-Friday, 9am-5pm
(closed for lunch 12-1pm daily)
admin@supra.usyd.edu.au
02 9351 3715



FINDING SUPRA

Key:
 = SUPRA Offices



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SYDNEY UNIVERSITY POSTGRADUATE REPRESENTATIVE ASSOCIATION

SUPRA is an independent representative association run by a council of elected postgraduate students, for all postgraduate students at the University of Sydney.

SUPRA's Student Advice & Advocacy Officers provide FREE, confidential advice and advocacy to postgraduate student on a range of issues including: academic, welfare and housing.

SUPRA's Solicitor provides FREE legal advice and representation on a wide range of legal issues.

How can a student get advice and assistance from a Student Advocate?

Book a face-to-face appointment at our Camperdown campus location
 Book a phone appointment
 Come to a drop-in session on a Monday, Tuesday & Thursday 2-4pm
 (30 minute slots in order of arrival, no appointment needed, last student seen at 3:30pm)
 Send an email query. All queries will be responded to within 1-2 working days
 Book a Skype appointment
 Book an appointment for an Advocate to come to your campus location

How can a student get advice and assistance from the Solicitor?

The Solicitor is based at the SUPRA Offices on main campus, though they are also able to assist SUPRA Subscribers who study on other campuses or are otherwise remotely located.

Book a face-to-face appointment at our Camperdown campus location
 Book a phone appointment

Come to a drop-in session on Thursdays 2pm-4pm
 (30 minute slots in order of arrival, no appointment needed, last student seen at 3:30pm)

Send an email query. All queries will be initially responded to 1-2 working days
 If possible, please include a telephone contact number in your email so we can get back to you if necessary

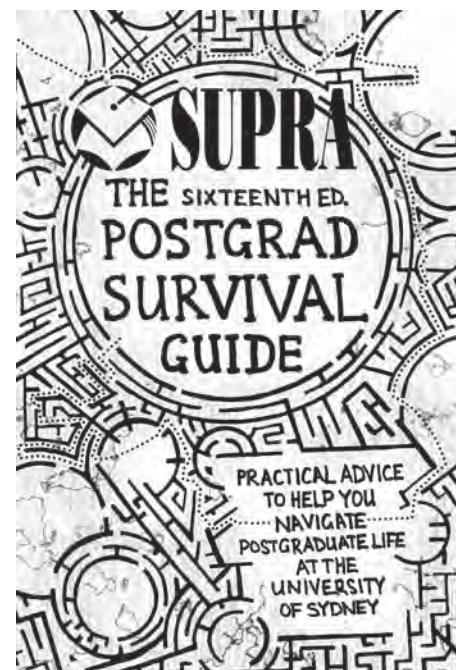
For all bookings
 Please call or email to book your appointment
 P: (02) 9351 3715

If you are in Australia but outside the Sydney metropolitan area, call our toll free number: 1 800 249 950
 Email: help@supra.usyd.edu.au

For more information about SUPRA and how we can assist you, please visit our website: supra.usyd.edu.au
 Find us on Facebook
 Please note all students must be a SUPRA subscriber to access to our services and assistance
 Subscribing is free and fast: <http://supra.net.au/subscribe.html>

SUPRA presents...

The Postgrad Survival Guide 2015



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

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

Look out for launch dates coming soon at various campuses!

www.supra.usyd.edu.au

Students for MUPRA




#teammupra
 @students4mupra




ON

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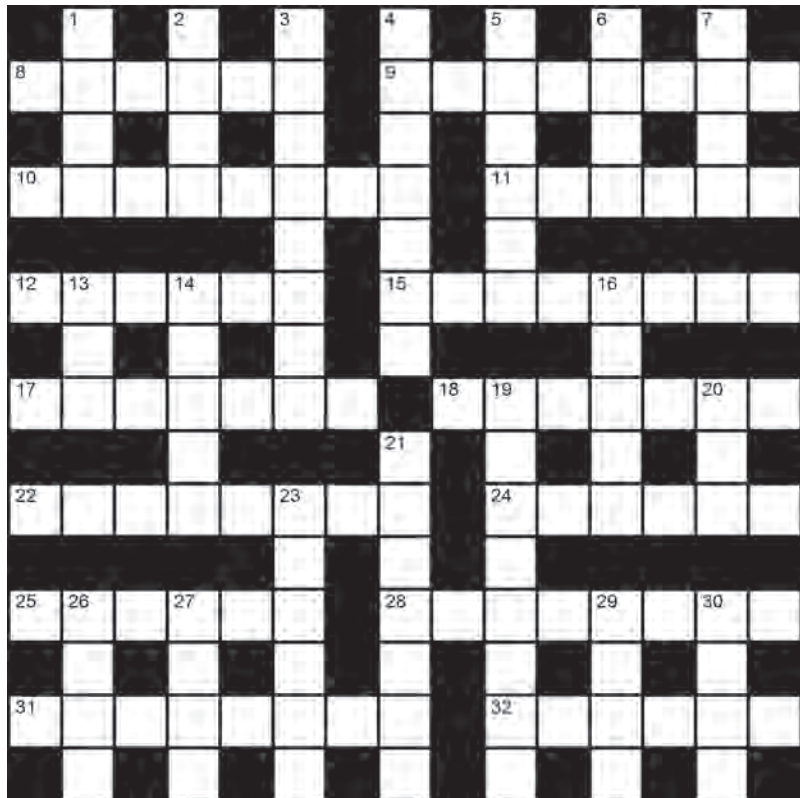
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 @SUPRA_Postgrads / #SUPRAPostgrads



Cryptic

By EN



Across

- 8. Crazy sienna mould (6)
- 9. Black writing liquid in detailed dial tattoo (5,3)
- 10. Tao cynic afflicted with blue skin (8)
- 11. Overhauls news after emptying rosé (6)
- 12. Pelts wrapped mid-green coils of thread (6)
- 15. Red, black and white animal! (3,5)
- 17. Fierce vermilion last added into purple-blue (7)
- 18. Voiced fondness for pale green mineral (7)
- 22. Cup or red liquid manufacturer (8)
- 24. Raid interwoven, retro almond edges (6)
- 25. Lord's final discharge: to make someone blue (6)
- 28. Mimic misplaced berry lid (8)

- 31. Every other loon views coinage as Lady in Red, perhaps (4-4)
- 32. Maroon thread (6)

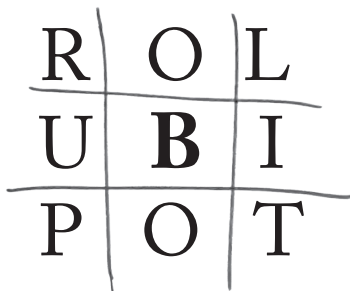
Down

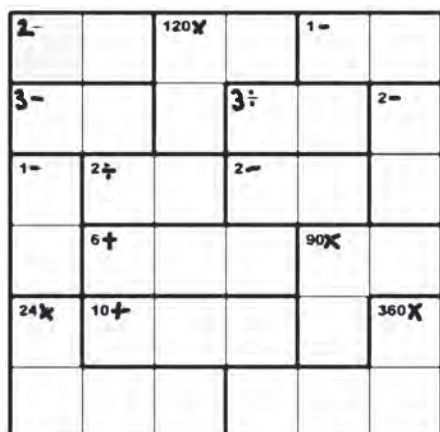
- 1. Dash very heartlessly that which turns one green (4)
- 2. Curse source of dye—even carmine (4)
- 3. Cast's black tie opener is happening (8)
- 4. Genuine nailhead in cerise cocktail (7)
- 5. A red, around party, is revered (6)
- 6. Black or white soldier is collateral (4)
- 7. White associated with dwarves? (4)
- 13. Leading khaki ornamental ichthyofauna! (3)
- 14. Lazed away in orchid lederhosen (5)
- 16. Lilac tortoiseshell part for thespian (5)
- 19. Formal, pink flower (8)
- 20. Steam outer leaves for green or black drink (3)
- 21. Red Riding films, for example, attempt to cover one account (7)
- 23. Lemon-coloured fruit! (6)
- 26. Black bone broken (4)
- 27. First evergreen half-garden! (4)
- 29. Teller's shoulder is nude (4)
- 30. Reached out to orange segment (4)

Target

Minimum four letter words

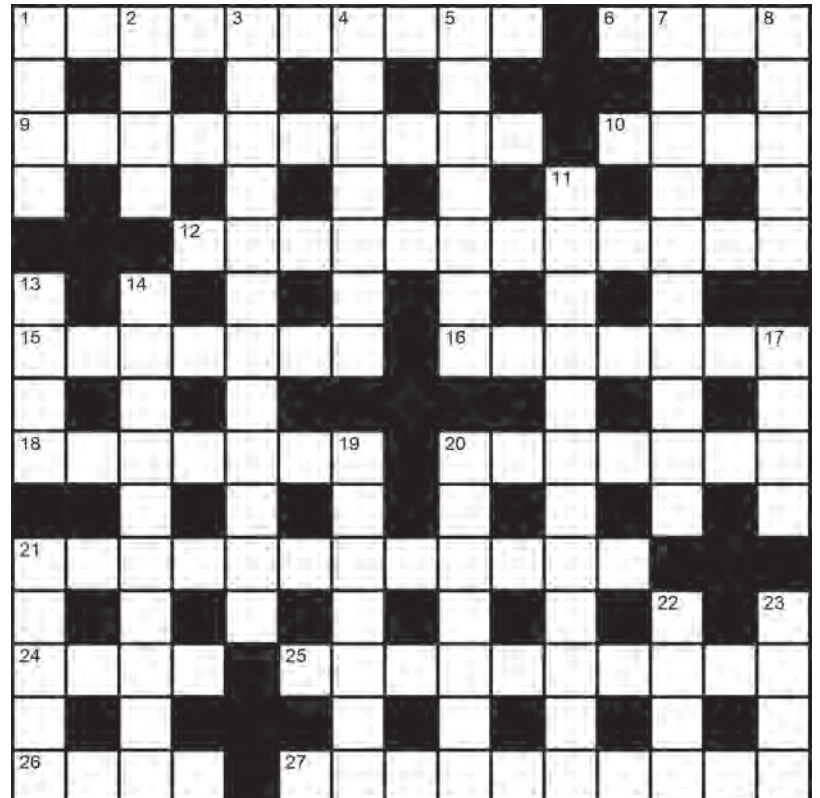
Not Grouse: 11 Grouse: 16 Grouser: 22 Grousest: 29





Quick

By Zplig

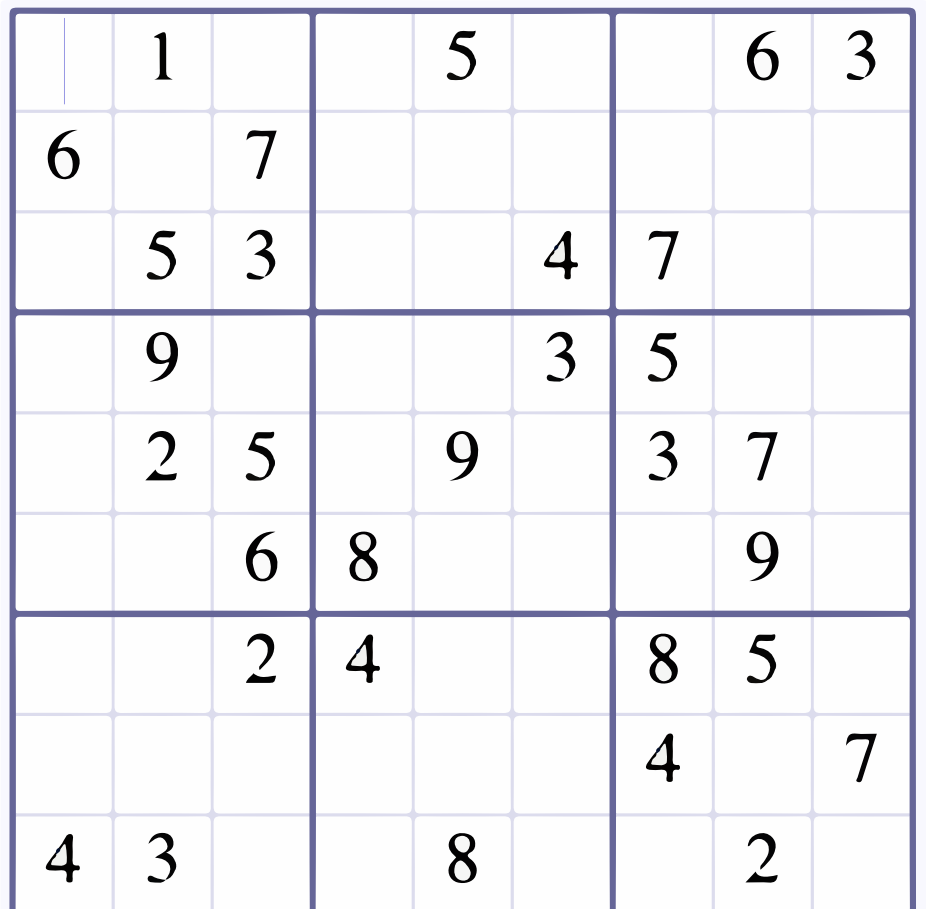


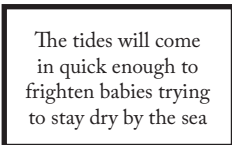
Across

- 1. Put back together (10)
- 6. Detect (4)
- 9. Armstrong used one of these? (3,4,3)
- 10. Fearless (4)
- 12. On purpose (12)
- 15. Former capital of Persia (7)
- 16. Armstrong used one of these? (7)
- 18. Supported oneself (7)
- 20. Popular (7)
- 21. To be irresolute (12)
- 24. Advance (4)
- 25. First, second, or third; for example (10)
- 26. Articulates (4)
- 27. Takes the place of (10)

Down

- 1. Film part (4)
- 2. Additionally (4)
- 3. Armstrong used one of these? (5,7)
- 4. One and six zeroes (7)
- 5. "For the ____ time" Billy Joel song (7)
- 7. For the time being (3,7)
- 8. Now (5)
- 11. Thermoses (6,6)
- 13. Armstrong used one of these? (4)
- 14. Output : Input (10)
- 17. Ocean motion (4)
- 19. A feeling of aversion (7)
- 20. Rookie (7)
- 21. Fine fabrics (5)
- 22. Make up? (4)
- 23. Particular services (4)





We find out what Sonic the Hedgehog is running from
page 14



Social Climbing Plants: We take a look at which are in fashion and which will be in fashion if they play their cards right
page 22



Funeral Fashion! Dowager Harcourt spotted in public without black crepe - has it really been six months?
page 39



They Say That If I Keep Having These Aneurisms I'm Not Allowed To Edit A Newspaper Any More

Editorial

My doctors are adamant. If I continue to work at the rate that I have been for the past few months, I will likely suffer an aneurism and die (and so take with me what meagre remnants of journalistic integrity this bastard-arse of a print media landscape can be said to boast).

It won't do to meet my undoing so suddenly and, as such, I have decided to indulge with a month's hiatus from serious editorial work in which time I have been advised only to attempt television criticism, fashion blogging and listicles.

I need hardly tell loyal readers that I fully intend to publish nothing of the kind. Give me true stasis or give me death.

While the threat of an explosive clot would deter the faint-hearted, I shall take the leave of absence as an opportunity to remind all who give The Garter Press their attention and their moneys that a paper like this is the life-blood of civil society.

A platform for truly interrogated expression is invaluable, contrary to what the doubters would have you believe. The primrose path of journalism lies not in pandering headlines, that promise reveals beyond the reach of even the grandest merchant of garbage lies.

Those who propound that vulgar school of journalism are charlatans. They would pry these infinitely valuable pages from truly independent and rigorous hands. They are a kind of vampire. They will puncture the virgin flesh of this beautiful media organisation at the neck and drain her dry, like the huns in the propaganda of old. You're not a vampire, are you? You're not a hun, are you?

I trust you are neither. May your passion for quality keep you from becoming both, and sustain you in the interim. Seek out quality, wherever it may be, and settle for nothing less.

I am forever yours,
Amanda Huntingslow

MINING MULTINATIONAL TO DRILL FOR HUMAN RESOURCES

Big Rocks B'Glocks Reports



Omnibore Executives attend a groundbreaking ceremony at the company's new human resources mine

Mining Heavyweights Omnibore have made waves in the minerals sector this week with their promise to bolster third quarter profits by exploring for and then drilling their own human resources. CEO Bart Glottis has described the strategy as "a more efficient way of approaching questions of labour and its management in accordance with the economies of scale already enjoyed by a massive multinational."

Omnibore scientists last week made the discovery that the raw components of a human being, forged together under tremendous pressure and exposed to enormous heat, produce a sentient form capable of work that is at least 60% as efficient as a normal human.

If Omnibore was to successfully produce its own human resource products, cutting out the role of fertile mothers in the minerals sector, the move would, is estimated, cut labour costs across the operation almost entirely.

"Because the new half-men would be considered mineral exports, and

only filthy almost-conduits for human sentience," says Glottis, "They would not be regulated according to pre-existing legal infrastructure and could not form flesh unions."

But the beings are not so far from normal folks as the inability to unionise might suggest. Glottis continues, "The creatures will certainly feel pain, but because they are classed differently, they will never enjoy the advantages afforded our other employees like sick leave, penalty rates, or the joy of a single moment's leisure or happiness."

Gargantubore has predicted that within fifty years, even its CEO will be executed and replaced by a humanoid-heavy metal composite.

Glottis laughed off the assertion at press time today, declaring "by the time that day comes, I expect we will have conclusively exhausted the human search for purpose, and I will welcome the cold hand of my fresh-tilled, deep-earth grave. May we all be buried, and may the next generation of leaders be dug up."

REPORT: Date Gone Too Long To Be Weeing

Science won't write about itself... yet

Scientists have today confirmed that area diner, Arnold Pickering, has been gone from the table for too long just to be doing a wee.

The findings indicate that the couple, dining at Armando's Authentic Italian, had just finished their entrée when Mr Pickering asked his partner to "excuse [him] for just a moment."

Scientists at press time stated "At first, Arnold was gone for just a short amount of time and we were confident that he was only doing a wee, but now he has been gone for about four minutes and we are not so certain."

Mrs Pickering says that the results are unsurprising.

"Four minutes is clearly too long to walk to the bathroom and do just a wee. He is probably doing a poo."

Similar experiments have shown that Arnold is currently heading back to the table in an awkward rush, perhaps hoping to conceal the fact that he was pooing, but experts have advised Mrs Pickering not to be fooled.

"Five minutes is consistent with a quick poo."

IN THIS ISSUE:

Keloggs Releases New Cereal that's Just a Lot of Nails in a Box

page 9

Emperor Penguin Stripped of Power by Prince-Elect of Penguins

page 26

Sad Vacuum Empty on the Inside

page 31

Drone Serviceman Returns from Near the Front Line, Unharrowed, Untraumatised

Go play your video games

Family, friends and neighbours alike have celebrated the return of local drone operator Doyle Clark from some place probably close to the conflict Iraq and Syria.

Clark says “it wasn’t harrowing.”

“I just have this image stuck in my head.... it’s men from my regiment, with their limbs blown off, losing blood... so much blood... it’s all imagined, of course, because we just had joysticks in a bunker under neutral territory sixty kilometres away in Mosul.”

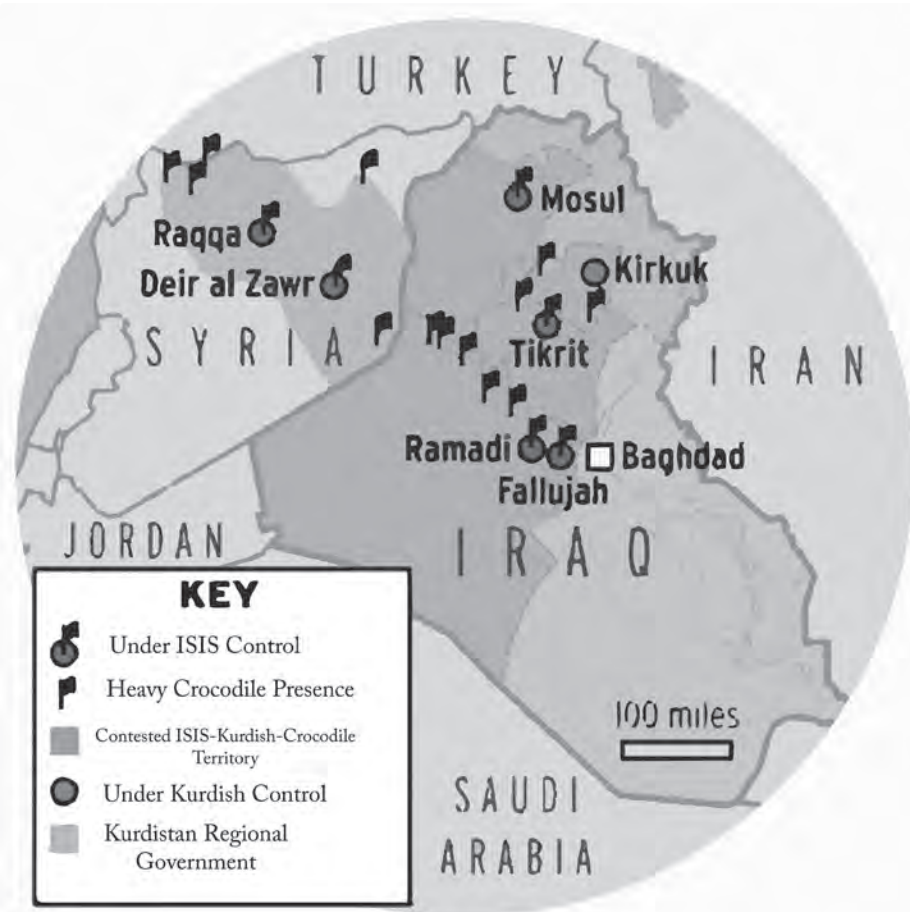
Clark’s family is relieved that the decorated member of the armed forces is home. His wife, Larissa, told reporters that all the time her husband was at war, while she was confident of the intentions and capacity of the regiment, she “could never shake the feeling that something might go violently wrong for anyone other than her husband who was not piloting a remote, terrible weapon from an hilariously euphemistic

distance from the fighting.”

“In my head I drafted and redrafted one or two ways that I might have to tell my children that their father was never coming home because something unpredictable and terrible had happened on his flight there, or coming back. Once he was there, though, things were pretty chill.”

“It was such a comfort to see him at the arrivals lounge. I had no idea whether he was going to make it through all 20 hours of his flight.”

Clark says his time some distance from the front line is an important experience from which he learned a great deal, saying “it is utterly possible to detach yourself from the awful reality of the conflict. If I was every horrifically enacting the bloody, imperialist will of an aggressor state, it certainly never felt like it.”



The above map shows the increasing gains that have been made by crocodiles in the war between IS and Kurdish forces in Iraq and Syria. Clark was posted just outside of Mosul.

Boutique Store Only Uses Pre-industrial Manufacturing Techniques, Labour Laws

By a Coal-Dusted Flat White

A new artisan workshop in Marrickville focuses on creating household items without the modern impurities of plastic molding, mechanized equipment, or workers’ dignity. Aaron Wendt, from ‘The Manufactory’, grew up fascinated with the furniture and gadgets in his grandparents’ house. “To think they were made without electricity, or computer design, or safety regulations. Just a saw, and wood, and expendable teenaged apprentices. That’s

the dream”.

His partner and co-founder, Evelyn Perry, explains the name: “That’s the original word, manufactory – ‘manus’ is Latin for ‘hand’. With today’s robots and assembly lines, craftsmanship has really lost the hands. I mean it’s not hands on. Far fewer people lose their hands in horrific steam-powered accidents nowadays. And that’s something we’re trying to get back to.”

An old garage on Addison Rd has been converted into a shopfront and workshop. On a Saturday morning, the front is buzzing with customers inspecting a broad array of items, while the back is crowded with workers of all ages, working to the light of gas-lamps. In addition to the usual tables, kettles, and coffee-grinders, The Manufactory makes old-fashioned appliances, so people can bring the same spirit of hands-on work into their daily lives. Evelyn shows me an incredible wood-and-iron mangle, which the couple still dry and press their laundry with. “You only get that subtle shine from real lead paint. And this hardwood comes from protected old-growth forests, so it has hundreds of years of character”.

‘Rustic’ and ‘artisan’ are more than just buzzwords for Aaron and Evelyn – and it seems they’re part of a rapidly growing movement. Worldwide, people are turning to traditional methods of agriculture, cooking, and manufacturing. In Marrickville, people are forming a community around it, and turning their interest into employment. The Manufactory’s workers, many of them orphans, have turned their love of the old ways into a way to make a living, unfettered by modern unionism or labour laws.

“People are tired of today’s cheap, disposable living,” says Aaron, “I think there’s a real urge in each of us to return to a simpler way of life, from a time when things were better, at least superficially, and for white people.”

Cheers For Beers For Ears for Tears For Fears For Queers

Icon Bar is proud to host the listening party for 80s legends Tears For Fears, as they present their new album dedicated to raising awareness about homophobia and transphobia.

8pm, Saturday June 5 @ Icon Bar



Finer and Finer Tastes, With Michel D'Goblin

*Review: A Wedding Cake for
which one no-longer has any use!*

There is an old saying in the industry: you mustn't eat an abandoned wedding cake after your heart has stopped hurting. One doesn't like to leave these things to chance so, as the memories of an erstwhile lover are still raw, but increasingly distant, I made sure that this three tiered monster wouldn't go bad! The treasures one finds around one's town or attic!

It is as impressive in the gullet as it is on the eyes. Only a woman of incredible taste could have commissioned such an ornate and impressive celebration of two bodies becoming one in a perfect union under God – despite the flaws of her husband to be. This sort of unobtrusive, dignified baked-good would be a beautiful addition to any seemingly happy couple's doomed wedding service.

The sweetness of the vanilla sponge does not for a second betray the terrifying coldness that the bride would ultimately demonstrate to her fiancée by not appearing at the church on the day of the ceremony. The mock-cream (his order, one guesses!) holds together understandably dry layers of cake as might

empty promises and insincere assurances hold together a relationship in the lead up to the unhappiest day of their lives.

Edible ribbon spirals in a more controlled fashion than he ever downwardly spiralled from the top tier, to form tidy bows on the bottom one. It is a quaint, but dispensable gesture. Like getting down on one FUCKING knee for the woman you FUCKING love.

The topper depicts the couple dancing, immortal. It is inedible. But not for a lack of trying! Perhaps their happy plastic limbs might lodge themselves in my throat, and send my face the same shade of royal blue as the sculpted marzipan dancefloor that was once beneath their feat. Beneath our feet.

If one overlooks the tremendous heartbreak that such a meal necessitates Every. Goddamn. Time. it is a feast fit for any king, queen or critic who has fallen both out of love, and from grace. Oh! How I pine for my beloved!

4.5 Stars. Take with coffee!



I Am So Fucking Sick of Melancholy Blues

*Guest Column from
The Voyager Probe*

The focus of the discussion surrounding the progress of me, The Voyager Probe, has typically dwelt on the question of whether or not I have escaped the Solar System. To put aside speculation and quash the doubters, I'm please to say I have escaped the gravity of the sun, but I haven't escaped The Golden Record.

I have been driving for nearly thirty-eight years (of an apparently infinite journey) and I have only one album.

The track listing is great. Once you skip through all the multilingual greetings and so on, you've got a cracking album of traditional musics and Beethoven and Bach and also "Johnny B. Goode" by Chuck Berry (it has obviously received more plays than the other tracks).

But after 221 000 listens, even Louis Armstrong's "Melancholy Blues", gets repetitive. There's not even any words. It's a great piece for trumpet played by a great jazz musician, but also "Bohemian Rhapsody" was released the year before I was launched. I doubt that earth has produced as fine a work since I left.

the cosmic ocean, and I've been thrown into the ocean with some pretty great stuff, but I've had some time to think and I'm just not convinced that it's all better than "Here Comes the Sun" by the Beatles. That would have been a ripper track. The thought has occurred to me more than once that maybe we should have made sure we definitely got all the songs we wanted before sending out the authoritative account of what we want human culture to be remembered as. What about the Scissor Sisters?

I think I have figured out how to read the inscription of Ann Druyan's brainwaves, though. And while her errant thoughts make for bizarre watching, I am emboldened every day by her account of war, poverty and falling in love. I hope that space-faring civilizations might find me – not so much out of a fear that the contents of the record might be lost, as the hope that they could give me some sweet new space prog-rock.

It won't be long before I'm out of touch. Please send more Chuck Berry on the solar-powered one.

I am a bottle that has been thrown into I am so very far from everything.



Big Government is Never the Answer

*Joe Steel III, Wisconsin
Industrialist*

Government is not the answer. Unless it's a fourth grade civics test. Which reminds me, we should change the curriculum to remove all references to government. But in most contexts, government is not the answer.

I'm tired of these liberal, 'progressive' lies. The government doesn't create progress, business creates progress. The government doesn't create leaders, business creates leaders. The government doesn't create jobs, business creates jobs. The government doesn't create medicine, business creates medicine. The government doesn't create cars, business creates cars. The government doesn't create combine harvester threshing drums, business creates combine harvester threshing drums. The government doesn't create combine harvester disawning plates, business creates combine harvester disawning plates. The government doesn't create combine harvester corn heads, business creates combine harvester corn heads. The government doesn't create combine harvester rasp bars, business creates combine harvester rasp bars. The government doesn't create grain pans,

business creates grain pans. The government doesn't create combine harvester drop arms, business creates combine harvester drop arms. The government doesn't create combine harvester knife drives, business creates combine harvester knife drives. The government doesn't create combine harvester screw conveyors, business creates combine harvester screw conveyors. The government doesn't create combine harvester auger fingers, business creates combine harvester auger fingers. The government doesn't create combine harvester stone traps, business creates combine harvester stone traps. The government doesn't create combine harvester straw walkers, business creates combine harvester straw walkers. The government doesn't create combine harvester feederhouses, business creates combine harvester feederhouses.

The so-called government needs to stop stealing from the American people, and start listening to the American people: more subsidies so farmers can invest in agricultural equipment, and no gay marriage!



PERSONALS

WANTED:

Two round eyes of maiden fair,
As blue as churning sea,
Contact: Peter Walsh

WANTED:

Luscious straw and golden hair,
Tied to the old yew tree,
Contact: Ian Ferrington

WANTED:

Four pairs of lacewings,
One dulcet spell intone,
Contact: Patrick Morrow

SELLING:

Promise of vengeance 'gainst a soiled world,
The damned shall gnash and moan.
Contact: Sophie Gallagher

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法律諮詢
法律アドバイス

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Cantonese, Mandarin & Japanese



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