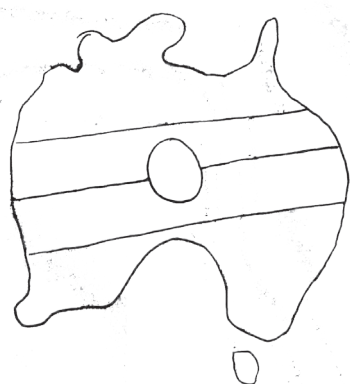


HONI SOIT



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Acknowledgement

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

A few months ago, Sydney was visited by Tyler Brulé, the editor of *Monocle* Magazine. He made local news after asserting that Sydney was "on the verge of becoming the world's dumbest nation". He was talking about Sydney's excessive regulation and capped off this declaration with a memorable anecdote. Apparently he had gotten in trouble for drinking a glass of wine on the sidewalk in front of his *Monocle* pop-up shop.

"boo hoo."

Immediately the city was buzzing with commentary accusing Brulé of elitism, and a "let them eat cake" sort of attitude.

But with a little reflection, there are a lot of things that we can't do in Sydney that people in other places can do. And a lot of decisions that are being made behind closed doors that slip right past us.

For instance, are you a bit bummed you can't enjoy your Flodge pizza and Flodge chips in the lovely Flodge beer garden anymore? I am. That new law came into effect on July 6th, just three days after another law came into effect. As of July 3rd, pokie players could store up to \$5000

in an account or a smartcard (up from \$200).

Now look, it could just be a coincidence. But it could also be possible that the state government was hoping that venues would push smokers away from outdoor areas and into the pokie room (where they were then able to spend more money, money the state government gets a cut of). Not all venues went this way. The Flodge is too small to have done this, and they couldn't just not have a smoking area. So now we can drink our wine in the sun, Tyler, but can't eat our delicious, gourmet Forest Lodge Hotel pizza.

This week I spoke to a few members of the queer community about how late night Sydney used to be. Not a lot of it was greener grass- they partied hard, but they also remember violence, AIDS and a time when homosexuality was illegal.

Nonetheless, there was a sense that something had been lost, we are more free, but also a little less in a lot of ways, and we don't really seem to notice— or if we do, we don't do much about it.

Samantha Jonscher

Credits

Editor-in-Chief: Samantha Jonscher

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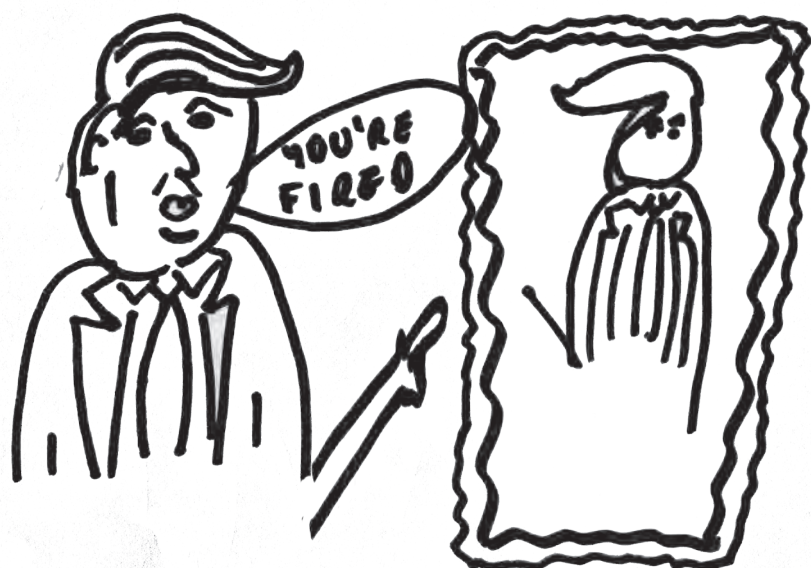
Contributors: Andrew Bell, Stephanie Brown, Natalie Buckett, Benjamin Clarke, Melissa Chow, Swetha Das, Alex Gillis, Max Hall, Tom Joyner, Sam Langford, Ed McMahon, Constance Titterton, Subeta Vimalarajah, Naaman Zhou.

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AFTER THE REPUBLICAN DEBATE

Thoughts, Feelings and Notices

Shit (heard and seen)

Dear *Honi*,

A disgruntled (& ill-informed) comment overheard in the foyer of the Seymour Centre following last week's SUDS Major *A Midsummer Night's Dream* regarding 'the shit Sydney Uni [drama] produces', alongside Mr. Polden's revelations about SUSF's campus Presidential White House have spurred me to a little investigative journalism¹ of my own—specifically into the shit Sydney Uni [law] produces.

No where else on campus are bathroom cubicles so consistently subjected to such abhorrent treatment. Preliminary questions as to the correlation between Australia's (alleged) most elite degree & an inability to 'land one cleanly'² asked throughout the Malcolm Turnbull Memorial Dome of Silence were met with stern points to the 'quiet zone' sign, suggesting the cause could lie in attitude, rather than any physical abnormality.

An informant at SULLS' fortnightly booze fest on Wednesday evening 'leaked' that the cause may lay in not wanting to defile the pearly-white-porcelain-&-blue-water of mum's Royal Doulton bathroom in Mosmon. However if it is true that

students prefer to hold in a poor-fibre diet until within earshot of the Commonwealth Law Reports, the passengers of Thursday's 4pm M30 weren't saying.

Of course the explanation could well be in desperation—the only people mad enough to use the law school bathrooms are those on whom nature calls with such swiftness and force that they could never reach the campus' crème-de-la-crème loos of [location withheld], an event which occurs with such regularity that if correct must be due to something in the water (or the flat whites of Taste).

Whatever the explanation, at least what comes out of the Cellar Theatre doesn't leave a stink on you all day.

Regards,
Ryan Hunter.
JD I.

¹ A phrase which here means 'letter writing'.

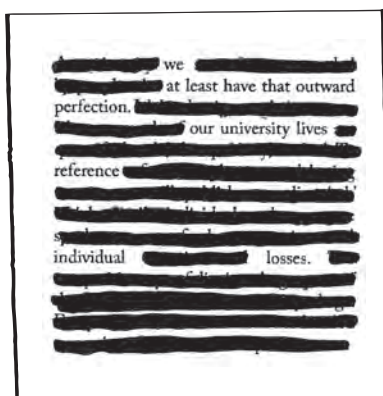
² A phrase which here means 'splatter-less'.

Black Out Poetry

Black out poetry is made by selectively erasing words in articles to make new articles. Here are two of last week's *Honi* articles re-imagined by Lauren Pearce. If you have more, send to the us at editors@honisoit.com

Left: Andrew Bell on competitive culture

Right: Sam Langford and Max Hall on the USyd website redesign



We Want to Hear From You
If you have thoughts, feelings, or opinions
please email: editors@honisoit.com.

For up to date news and additional coverage follow us at:
facebook.com/honisoitsydney & twitter.com/honi_soit

Oops
Corrections from last issue

Aimy Nguyen was misidentified as April Kang for the art on page 5

We said Tom Stoppard was dead. He isn't.

We misspelled Bennett Sheldon's name. It ends in two Ts.



War on the Waterfront

Ed McMahon summarises the MUA's industrial action.

The scene is set for one of the biggest industrial disputes of the century, between Australia's most militant union and the world's most aggressive waterfront employer.

The Hutchison Port Holdings network is a corporate giant. It operates 52 ports in 26 countries. It attracted international attention in 2013 during the Hong Kong dock strike. The strike was one of the largest in Hong Kong's modern history. It lasted for forty days and inflicted millions of dollars of losses on the Hutchinson network and Hong Kong's richest man, Li Ka-shing, who sits at the centre of the network. In the face of tremendous pressure, Hutchinson conceded a modest pay rise to the workers and the network's empire churned on. In fact, it expanded.

Brisbane Container Terminals joined the list in January 2013. It was followed by Sydney International Container Terminals in July 2014. Some of Australia's most skilled waterfront workers accepted employment with Hutchinson. They were offered competitive pay and conditions to build the Hutchinson empire.

This all ended at about midnight on Friday

6 August 2015. 97 of 224 workers received text messages and emails declaring that they no longer had a job, nor any rights. Most of the workers were members of the Maritime Union of Australia (MUA). Australia's most automated waterfront employer was moving to become the least unionised. Under the banner of the MUA, the workers immediately formed picket lines and shut Hutchinson's Australian ports down.

It is in many ways a repeat of the colossal waterfront dispute of 1998—with two important differences.

Firstly, the 1998 dispute was fought against Patrick Stevedores, an Australian company with decades of dealings with the Australian trade union movement. Some picketers say that Hutchinson doesn't know what it is in for; others say it doesn't care. This is likely to turn on the second major difference—The Fair Work Act 2009 (Cth).

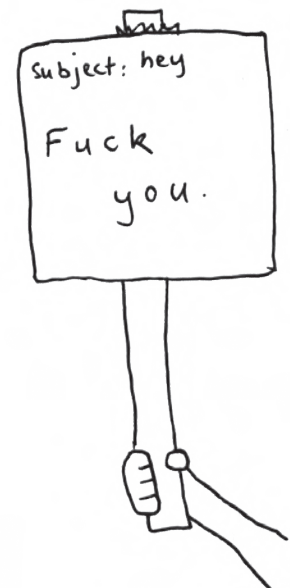
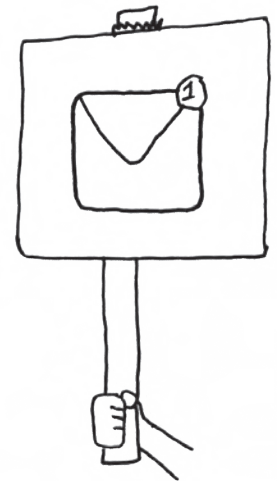
The Fair Work Act was the Rudd Government's legislative response to a decade of Howard Government reforms. It distinguishes between "protected industrial action" and "unprotected (illegal) industrial action". The line between the two is drawn

by the Fair Work Commission upon application and argument between the parties.

Such an application was made by Hutchinson immediately. Meanwhile, Bill Shorten made an early appearance at the Sydney picket. He was followed by local Labor MP Matt Thistlethwaite. Within hours of their departure, the picket had been declared illegal under their former government's industrial relations laws.

Nonetheless, the picket continued to build strength. Rebel Hanlon of the CFMEU and Jim Casey of the Fire Brigade Employees Union pledged their unions' ongoing support. Community members flooded to the pickets. A number of Sydney University students joined them—the SRC and NTEU banners flew high on Friday night. This strong presence was maintained into the weekend.

The scene is now set for a watershed moment in contemporary Australian politics. It represents the perfect storm of global capital, militant unionism, a conservative government thirsty for industrial relations reform, and a Labor party that is stuck in the middle of it all.



Gladys, Stop Taxing Our Period

Subeta Vimalarajah updates you on the anti-Period Tax campaign.

It has been three months since I started the "Stop Taxing My Period" petition. 101 000 or so signees later, I'm coming up to the final hurdle—the CFFR (Council of Federal Financial Relations) meeting. On the 19th August, Joe Hockey will meet with the state and territory treasurers from across Australia and discuss the fate of the "tampon tax" (as it has come to be known). This is the last leg of a campaign that has gained national and international traction.

Over the holidays, we started communicating with the state and territory treasury departments. The objective was to affirm the position of the treasurers on our side (thank you Victoria, ACT, Queensland, South Australia and NT) and lobby the dithering states (c'mon

NSW, Tasmania and WA). Unsurprisingly, Tasmania and WA, although willing to have a conversation, would not come out in conclusive support before the meeting. New South Wales, sadly, but perhaps expectedly, were the only state unwilling to spare ten minutes of their day to discuss their position. This makes our state the most important one in the conversation—if Gladys Berejiklian refuses to scrap the tax, it will be up to the next band of campaigners to re-raise and resolve this issue.

To re-direct some attention to the issue, events are being held across the country on August 14th. They are being coordinated by an amazing group of young women from university campuses in each state and

territory that have joined my campaign as "local representatives". In New South Wales, I am coordinating the "Stop Taxing My Period Dance Rally", which will be held at Martin Place—between Pitt and Castlereagh Street. It is less of a protest; more of a passive aggressive celebration for the treasurers that are supporting us, urging Gladys Berejiklian to be one of them. I am awaiting confirmation on who will be speaking and performing. We have Freudian Nip locked in, who will be starting off our period-themed (yes, shamelessly stolen from Ashton Kutcher in No Strings Attached) playlist, with a rendition of Tay Tay's Bad Blood.

A lot of people tell me, and I honestly often tell myself, that this is not the sole issue we

should be channeling our energy towards. I agree, and that is why my heart will always lie with the work of the Wom*n's Collective in fighting the closure of vital services and spreading intersectional politics. That said, this is a national issue that has started an important conversation about gender. Big and small issues are not discrete, they are connected to a broader structure of power that we are trying to dismantle, and the GST free tampon is one fragment we can destroy once and for all. So, please come! 14th of August, 2-3pm, Martin Place.



The SRC has removed this article from the online version for legal reasons



(etym)online dating

While some of us put hearts in our names on MSN Messenger to show we're in love, **Constance Titterton** sponsors words in the dictionary.

You can say *I love you* in a thousand ways. Some people buy flowers and chocolates. Some go to protests. And some sponsor a word in the *Online Etymology Dictionary*. For \$10 you can sponsor a word for six months, and if you follow the link at the bottom right of the homepage, you can read their dedications. Although not all words are exclusively sponsored out of love,¹ a large proportion are. Below are my favourite, ranked in order of swallows, misty eyes and unbidden smiles.

There's the simple, straightforward dedications.

Smitten (adj.): *By JG for over twenty-five years.*

And trickier, self-reflexive etymological explorations:

-phile (suffix): *Michael, From one "phile" to another, happy Valentine's Day.*

And then there's whole worlds condensed into one word:

Duo (n.): *Dear NK, Our own "song for two voices" was written one night in a humble Peruvian kitchen. Under the gaze of the Pachamama, our matchmaker, we began our*

duet. Often separated yet always together, may we -- a duo -- continue to make mellifluous melodies. Yours, DF

Earwig (n.): *as a way to remember my late partner Paul, who taught me English in a very unique way, I'd like to sponsor the word "earwig" - following the little joke Paul used to cheer me up ever now and again: what does one earwig say to the other while jumping off a cliff? - earwi-gooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!*

Clemency (n.): *This is for Andie. I still love you. Ouch.*

Some are meant for the world to read.

Culinary (adj.): *I'm happy to sponsor a word. I want to give it as a present to my fiance. I hope more people find true love. And I love different languages. I wish people learn more about other people and other countries.*

And some are deeply, intimately private.

Goddess (n.): *Because you are one, my darling Niagra. Your metalogical Merlin.*

Apocalypse (n.): *sarah, i love the way you tell the story. thanks for taking the cover off. it felt a mystical event to me.*

Beyond the romantic/erotic, there are all sorts of lovers here, from those who love generally exploring words, to those who specifically "love debunking 'ye old' pronounced with the 'y' sound". There's a self-described "smudge of ashen fluff", a meditative crocheter, and a woman who constructed a language and then taught her family.² There's an "appreciative conservative" and a mystic, an alpaca lover and the mother of the National Spelling Bee champion. One of etymonline's for-sale badges says "because every word has a story to tell". And it's true. To sponsor a word for someone you love—is this the ultimate commitment, the elevation of lover to world through word? Or is it sappily romantic? I think the former.³ The diversity and ferocity of love inscribed into these dedications is testament to the need for connection, a desire as deep as language that surpasses culture. Etymonline was created by a man who grew up between the Quakers and the Amish, and keeps the site running as an impulsively-conceived labour of love. Self-professed, he's no etymologist, but rather an amateur, whose response to those who call etymonline a gem is to say, "It's a pearl: the accidental

production of an irritated oyster." He has his own dedication, but it's not a word. The entire site is dedicated to Ernest Klein, a Czech rabbi imprisoned at Dachau. Klein survived Dachau, but upon returning home found that most of his family, including his father, wife, and only child, had been murdered in Auschwitz. Later in life he created an etymological dictionary in the hope that showing the interrelationships of languages through the way their words were historically connected would contribute to the pursuit of peace on earth. Klein's dictionary became one of the chief sources for etymonline. So I wouldn't scoff at those who dedicate love, or hero, or smitten. Love can't often be expressed best in language, but sometimes words work. Nicholas Stanicof defined it best, with *lovelonging*. **Lovelonging** - *a verb, a noun, so often felt, so rarely expressed, and almost never fulfilled. To the one who fills me with lovelonging 'till I can am overflowing with love.* But perhaps the truest declaration of love occurs right up the top, with **weirdo**, sponsored by Jessica. *For Matthew, my favorite weirdo. Love, Fluttershy.*⁴

www.etymonline.com/sponsors.php

1. One of the most curious is **internet**, sponsored by Likes24, because "nowadays it has grown up to an economic good, whose constant availability is an indispensable element of many areas of everyday life." Who is Likes24 and what is their blunt rationalism doing here? A search of their website reveals they're a site that sells Facebook likes: \$19 will buy you 500, but if you're looking for value for money, you're better off getting 2000 for \$59. (Rest assured that their likes are from "Real&Active Facebook Users (No Bots or Fake Accounts)"). A page on the site answers the question you might be thinking, namely, why should I purchase more Facebook friends? Their answer: "Many of us want to have the most Facebook friends as humanly possible." Internet might seem like a detour from love. But clearly, we're all looking for connection.

2. Inara Tabir, who sponsored **conlang** "in honour of the conlanging community. May you dream in your language." A trawl through conlang message boards (chatrooms for those who create languages, worlds and cultures) revealed that not only was she granted citizenship of the Kingdom of Talossa (or, in Talossan, El Regipäts Talossan) in part because of her service to the conlang community, she's also famous for having successfully taught her conlang to her 'young ones', as worded by the poster who signed off with: *Our faint souls depart while our steadfast bodies lie dutifully in the grave.* In other places she's hailed as a 'world maker' (in between blog posts on Magic Underwear and Resonant Beauty).

3. Incidentally, **dissent** is dedicated to CET: my initials. *For CET, because no one will make a better American than those who want to change it. Happy anniversary, love!* Although, alas, I've never been in love with a CWG who dedicated a word to me, my heart beat faster seeing those letters and I realised that my religious schooling did despite my best attempts imprint itself on my psyche, in that I do believe that The One will reveal themselves through The Word. I'd leave my number but now you know the personals ads that I read.

4. May we all find the weirdos who fill us to overflow.

Harry Potter As Religious Experience

Swetha Das reports on a pilgrimage to Hogwarts.

I have visited hundreds of temples over my lifetime, but nothing could come close to Harry Potter World—truly the most spectacular shrine dedicated to the world's greatest holy texts.

The *Harry Potter* series, like for most of my generation, was an integral part of my childhood. During my adolescence, I was fortunate to have either a book or movie release on my birthday. For a long time, my annual present would be a hardcover edition or tickets to the midnight screening of the film. My devotion to the series was set in stone after my visit to this magical portion of Universal Studios.

In order to travel around Harry Potter World, we had to take the Hogwarts Express. We queued, like monks waiting silently in line. After an hour, we entered King's Cross.

The entire journey lasted only a couple of minutes, but out of the 'window' I spied English scenery and an owl fluttering by. The door showed the outline of a Dementor closing in on my carriage. I felt a pang in my chest, my eyes stinging, as I thought of Harry being inside the same train, excited to finally go to Hogwarts, his only home. I confided this to my mother. "Wait, isn't Hogwarts a school?"

Walking through Diagon Alley, a cloud of prayers followed me. Dressed in Hogwarts garb, groups of children stood, chanting spells and flicking their wands in unison. At the waterfall, water suddenly spouted from the stone frog's mouth.

Was this place truly as magical as it felt?

I pretended not to notice the motion sensor at the top of the waterfall that sensed their wand movements, as again I

felt the same sting in my eyes.

I don't think I've ever seen my mother look as worried for me as she did that day. Her bemusement gradually became concern, and she shot me a particularly bewildered glance when I stared at the body of a chocolate frog and morosely whispered "Fred" in the middle of the Weasley's Wizard Wheezes joke shop.

Gingerly clutching my time turner keyring and butterbeer souvenir cup, I looked back at the glorious world of Harry Potter with deep veneration. It only took a \$147 entrance fee and wand motion sensors for me to find my second home.



Art by **Elise Bickley**.



Where are all the Ibis Babies?

Yes, yes, we've all seen ibises on campus, but does anyone have any idea where they're born? **Sam Langford and Max Hall** look closer.

At Courtyard, over something with Anchorizo in it, someone asks the million dollar question: where are all the baby ibis?¹

It should be a simple question. The adult ibes, after all, crop up everywhere—from ancient Egyptian murals to the margins of tourists' selfie-stick Quad shots and the bin outside Taste. In Hyde Park, elderly Ibis umpire games of giant chess, occasionally pausing their supervisory hovering to forcibly extract remuneration in the form of a hot chip or three.²

Baby Ibes, by contrast, seems to exist only on Google Images, where, like most things on Google Images, they straddle the line between adorable and horrifying. The chicks look like a drab grey version of the pipe-cleaner-and-pom-pom structures you built in pre-school. They inspire flashbacks of overly proud parents, and artworks that mysteriously disappear from the coveted spot in the centre of the fridge.

Which is an apt comparison, really, because the baby ibis are nowhere to be found.

As it turns out, every ibis expert in Australia is also mysteriously missing. We compare Out of Office replies, looking for signs of struggle in the metadata. Perhaps the experts are where the baby ibis are—which is to say, *disappeared*. We check 4chan and Reddit. Eventually, we get a reply from a human: there is a conference overseas. We are terrible journalists.

While waiting for further correspondence, we take matters into our own hands. Armed with David Attenborough tapes, we venture to the nearest wetlands. Our definition of wetland is porous, so we settle on the 'lake' in Victoria Park. A few centimetres under its surface, there is a thin strip of metal. It's a precarious bridge; the sole link from the mainland to the tiny island in the lake's centre.³ Unfortunately, we learn this too late. Frustrated and damp, we give up on the outdoors. Wikipedia later tells us we're too early for breeding season anyway.

Back on the sweet, dry internet, we find horror stories. Specifically, horror stories involving canola oil, which some park rangers spray on ibis eggs to asphyxiate the foetuses. In this Deconstructed Organic Quinoa Muesli age, it's good to know that even our instrument of mass murder is low-cholesterol.

Other stories are even more sinister. We read of innocent ibis churned to death in



Art by **Stephanie Barahona**.

jet engines, a mental image as horrifying as the anti-cape montage in *The Incredibles*. When we later confirm this with Dr. John Martin, a wildlife ecologist at the Royal Botanic Gardens. He casually relates an incident on the Gold Coast in 1995, where an ibis-engine collision took out the engine. "There were no fatalities for humans," he assures us, "just the ibis."

Nonetheless, the damage was done. According to Flight Safety Australia's January 2005 publication, a Qantas estimate put the repair costs at \$8 million, including replacement of the engine. The Australian Transport Safety Bureau's riveting 2002 research paper ("The Hazard Posed to Aircraft by Birds") estimates that bird incidents cost the global aviation industry \$3 billion annually. The same paper identifies the ibis as the second most hazardous offender. Perhaps the biggest threat to planes these days is not ISIS, but IBIS.

Days pass without further communication from John. So far, we have a conjectured massacre, decades-old evidence of birds willing to throw away life and wing to take down planes, and a lot of questions.

We can't believe no-one has written amateur journalism about baby ibis before.

Perilously close to deadline, we're saved by a gentle Microsoft Outlook ding. The email is perfunctory, sleek, black-and-white—much like the ibis itself.

"Hi Sam and Max, we can talk tomorrow. 9231 ****. Kind regards, John."

Over the phone, Dr. Martin is calm, professional: a conservation enthusiast. He quickly renews our faith in the majesty of the ibis.

"In the 1970s, in the Sydney region, if you saw a white ibis you'd be fairly impressed, if you were a birdo—you'd call up your mates and you'd say 'come and have a look at this, this great bird is here.'"

It turns out that the ibis, like most of us, commuted to Sydney. However, unlike most of us, capitalism has been very kind to it. Unlike its native wetlands, the big smoke has it all—more discarded Taste baguettes than you can poke a beak at.

Like most conservationists, Dr. Martin is concerned about returning the ibis to its natural habitat. Unfortunately, as he puts it, "why would you give up on the good life?"

As for the baby ibis, they do exist, despite egg and nest "management" programs in various areas. Unfortunately for us, chances of seeing them are slim. Ibis are, according to John, "not a particularly successful breeding species", and will tend to produce one surviving chick for every 2-3 egg clutch. Those chicks will fledge after 5-6 weeks, leaving an incredibly limited window of fuzzleball awkwardness. Given that they tend to spend that time "running around the breeding area", it's unlikely that we'll be seeing baby ibes frequenting the bins on Eastern Ave any time soon.

We ask Martin explicitly about the culling of ibises. He defaults to euphemistic terms of "management" and "deterrence", but does acknowledge that the culling of ibis could be reactionary. The Gold Coast plane collision led to "a large amount of management across the coast" as authorities retaliated against ibes for their brethren's righteous attack against the machines invading their native skies.

Disturbed by the systematic murder of baby ibes, we approach the admin of *Sydney*

University Ibis Watch, a Facebook page that promises to "[remind] us that, despite its ostensible divinity, ibises too must walk like the rest of us." He wishes to remain anonymous, but agrees to meet us between the rubbish skips near the Engineering buildings after dark. We don't manage to glimpse his face during the meeting—just the profile of an ibis mask, and the shadow of papier-mâché wings.

We ask him what he thinks of ibis "management", to which he gives a thumbs up. His response changes to "oh my God" when he realises what "management" is.

With respect to ibis-plane collisions, he says he's conflicted. "On the one hand," he notes, "danger to airline passengers is a serious concern. On the other, our ibis overlords should be feared. And which damnable species stole the number one place from them?⁴ I'll clip their bloody wings."

Rival Facebook page *Ibis out of Redfern NOW* is less concerned by ibis-plane collisions. "While \$8m is a large number I would guess that it pales in comparison to the social cost of Ibis on the the local community. I have been petitioning daily for years to every level of government and it sounds like it is finally paying off in the form of egg extermination."

The admin is equally unimpressed by calls for conservation. "Some have mentioned the fact that they are natives—I've said it before, Hitler was also a native of somewhere and look at the mess that got us in. I applause (sic) your article and encourage everyone to continue the conversation."

So where are the baby ibis? They are in nested in long grass and on the wide fronds of palm trees, watched over by their prominent parents. It's now apparent that the young have long been protected by the speciesist indifference of the public and a small clique of academics who assiduously avoid the limelight.

Ibis do not stay young for long. They run, then fly, then forage for themselves; taking to the bins and skies of their adopted suburban home to join the throng of wizened adults, fully grown. They are no longer balls of fluff. They are no longer a mystery.

How to ibis-proof your jet engine like a pro

- Step One:** Build jet engine.
- Step Two:** Throw 3-4 dead chickens into jet engine. Stand clear of viscera.
- Step Three:** Dry-retch, or if particularly keen, go ahead and actually vomit.
- Step Four:** Survey the damage, be glad that you're an engineer and not a janitor.
- Step Five:** Improve jet engine, repeat from Step One.
- Step Six:** Pick up some Canola oil at Coles on the way home.

1. The quick and dirty on plural suffixes: you can use ibises, ibes, ibides or ibis. The first makes sense, the others are for old people, academics and wankers.

2. Or your fingers—they aren't fussy.

3. Unless you have a boat on hand, or a can-do attitude and a spare pair of pants.

4. The #1 most hazardous bird to planes is the eagle. Flight Safety Australia notes that "As a high flying bird that thinks it is 'king of the skies', the eagle is less inclined than some other species to make way for aircraft". As if it's the eagle's fault it got ingested by a jet engine.

The Life and Death of an Institution

Queer nightlife has a long history in Newtown. After the commercialisation of Oxford Street, Newtown and The Imperial Hotel became a vital part of Sydney's queer community. **Samantha Jonscher** speaks to veterans of the scene and to those that are trying to shape it (and keep it going) now.

At age 23, when Vicky was caught cruising in a park by her parent's neighbour, she left her suburban Sydney home and fled to the city. "It was 1984, 'transsexuality' didn't exist. I was just a gay man who hated my body and hated myself." Those early days in Sydney were tough, she says, but by the time she found herself living in Newtown, she quickly learned she wasn't alone. "I was a freak, sure, we sort of internalised that idea, I guess, but we all had each other, we were all freaks—back then I was a 'cross-dresser', a 'transvestite'." She pauses. "And The Imperial, that was the centre of my life, the centre of my freakness, my friends's freakness".

Thirty years later, Newtown still has a bit of that "freakness". Or at least it does according to the Marrickville council website. The Newtown Entertainment Precinct apparently offers "24-hour people-watching". I tell Vicky this and she laughs it off. "King Street is nothing like it was—I mean it looks sort of similar—but it's all different. The King Street I remember was rough, really rough— but it was also sort of safe, like I didn't stand out as much. Because everyone did. Now, sure there are still a lot of characters left over, but it's not the same. There is a Gorman, for Christ sake."

When you talk to people who have been on the Sydney scene for a long time, The Imperial comes up as a special place—a perfect cocktail of sin, sex and love. Vicky called it "absolute freedom, absolute embrace—it was dirty, purely dirty, but also friendly. I found it easy to make friends there". These feelings come up again and again.

Jonny Seymour, half of the organizing brawn behind Sydney queer institution Club Kooky and a celebrated DJ, describes The Imperial of the late 80's and early 90's as "the first venue I felt at home at". "Once upon a time the basement was an illegal cruise sex club. Think sawdust floors, a room full of bathtubs, a motorcycle, slings and a 'none more black' darkroom."

Paul Capsis, a cabaret artist, joined the Sydney queer scene in 1984, two years

out of high school. It was also the year that homosexuality was decriminalized in NSW. "I grew up with violence around sexuality. I wasn't a big bar person, but that's what I liked about The Imperial. You could meet people a lot easier, there wasn't that wall of pretension a lot of the other bars had. More acceptance."

"Its location isolated it. Newtown was still sort of rough with its multicultural, multifaceted working class. Gay men hadn't quite migrated en masse like they had in the early 80's and late 70's to Surry Hills, which permanently changed the face of the neighborhood. Newtown was a slightly out of the way place, and the music was more punk and rock, which was a nice alternative to the disco of Oxford Street". Also around this time, Capsis explained,

Oxford Street was starting to change.

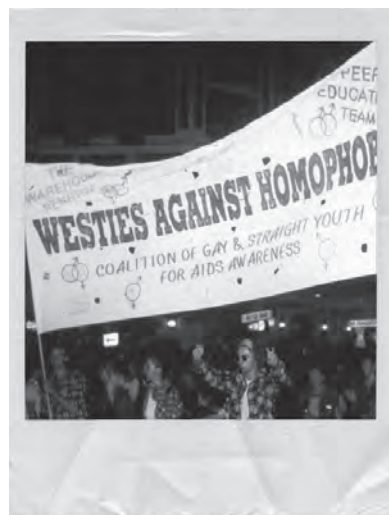
In 1994, *Priscilla Queen of the Desert* came out. Part of it was actually filmed at The Imperial. It brought queer culture to the masses and showed the world, with pride, what Sydney's queer scene was about. Vicky left Sydney around this time, but remembers this as the beginning of what she hoped would be "less violence, less hate, more celebration. I guess that is what happened".

It's interesting how often this film comes up amongst people I interviewed as a turning point for queer culture in Sydney. Seymour pointed to its release as "a seismic shift for the Sydney gay community", people came to understand that "Taylor Square was the ground zero for Friends of Dorothy", so they flocked to come and see

them, the community.

Capsis however points to it as the beginning of the end, for Oxford Street anyway. "Post-*Priscilla*, all the pubs became very commercialized. Heterosexuals were coming to gawk at what this *Priscilla* film was all about. It ended up changing the entire scene. Destroying it really. From then most queers would go to Newtown, because they didn't want to be gawked at as part of some big commercialized thing."

"Things like Mardi Gras went from being political and unified, to a bloated pig of a thing that started to exclude and marginalise people within the community. There was too much money, too much tension, and we thought 'oh they're looking at us now, we have to show ourselves at our



Clockwise from left: Onlookers watch drag show at The Imperial (1982); Queens competing for title of Ms Reconciliation (1999); The Imperial Hotel (1984); behind the bar at The Imperial (1987); Westie contingent at Mardi Gras (1994); House of Mince attendee (2014).



best, and our most extreme, and our most exciting’.”

Today, *that* Imperial—of the 80’s and 90’s—is gone. It had its ups and downs, but shut, possibly permanently, in July of this year. This most recent shutdown seems to revolve around one central image in the police reports: patrons licking alcohol from the floor while staff watched on, amused, and uncaring—probably high themselves.

Thinking back about what the venue used to be, Seymour told me this was “school-ma’am tame in comparison to the venue’s debauched past”.

When The Imperial entered its heyday, Newtown, unlike Oxford Street and Surry Hills, was still grungy. Vicky remembers it as a different kind of place to Oxford Street. “I always felt less like I was on show there— I went there to have fun, not to be seen. There was a lot of different people there as well. On Oxford Street things were becoming segregated, X crowd would go to this place, Y crowd would go here. There was also a lot of women, who were increasingly avoiding Oxford Street.”

But over time, from the 90’s to the naughties, The Imperial lost some momentum and Newtown started to shift, housing prices went up and gentrification set in. In 2007, owner Shadd Danesi (who also owns Oxford Street venue ARQ) closed the hotel for renovations and petitioned the local council to increase capacity from 306 to 788. Part of the proposal was the addition of a ‘giant stiletto’ to the pub’s roof, an exact replica of the stiletto in the film *Priscilla: Queen of the Desert*.

In many ways the conversations we are having today about nightlife in Newtown started then. Residents were weary of living near the nightlife venue that they chose to live near by. The queer community was left with nowhere to go in Newtown (the Newtown Hotel closed around this time as well). There were arguments about how much traffic to the area would increase if capacity was increased. There was support from those who saw the advantages of having a major club in a suburb other than the Cross. People talked about the stiletto ruining the pub’s heritage architecture.

The Imperial reopened in 2010 with a 24-hour licence, increased capacity and multi-million dollar renovations to show for it (no giant Stiletto, though). But, it had been closed for three years and people had moved on, “we occupied other bars and spaces” Seymour explained, “we are a species that know how to adapt”. The scene was changing.

On a recent trip back to Sydney to visit her family- who had recently opened

themselves up to accepting her- Vicky stopped in at The Imperial on a Saturday night. “It was a bit like it used to be, the main bar was a hive of my people, but there were also other people there too.

.....
“Kooky has been solely responsible for so many of us finally realising that we’re always going to have that home away from home.”

They were nice enough, but it felt less like my place, a queer place. A couple weeks later though, I went back with a friend who was performing from the old days. It was totally different, it was a night put on by queer promoters and immediately The Imperial was a gay venue again”.

Ash Houghton, owner of Satellite Café in Newtown, entered the scene in mid-2000’s. She cut her teeth at Club 77 in The Cross. Talking about today’s Imperial, Houghton sounds a lot like those who knew it in the 1990’s. “The Imperial is a home to a lot of us. It’s always had open arms, a whole lot of love, and a fuck load of glitter... You would make 20 friends in five minutes, and you’ll never look back”. But she notes, “the crowd obviously changes with whoever’s promoting the night, but if it’s queer, it’s always going to be nothing but fucking great”. Houghton points to Seymour’s work with DJ Gemma as Club Kooky and Peter Shopovski’s projects, including House of Mince as guaranteed good nights out.

Houghton, like a lot of others members of the community that I spoke to, said that

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“Patrons licking alcohol from The Imperials’ floor? ‘school-ma’am tame in comparison to the venue’s debauched past’.”

they only went out if it was a party put on by certain promoters. “They’re brilliant at what they do and they always bring the crowd you want to be around. You won’t get that crowd on any ordinary night out. Instead, you’ll generally get overcrowded venues, the same music you’ve heard in the bar you just left, and bad bad attitudes from the “out-of-towners”—those strangers who come to Newtown ‘cos they’ve heard it’s ‘cool’.”

In many ways, Spice Cellar’s residence at The Imperial brought a lot of these issues to the forefront. They partnered with Seymour as their creative ambassador, promising to keep the venue a queer space, marketing themselves under the slogan “Community. Culture. Diversity”. But they had also moved from Martin Place—the late night heartland for Houghton’s

“out of towners”. Could the two coexist?

Spice’s management seemed like something that went hand in hand with the new people that were popping up in

line for the Marley at 2am, the new faces buying property, the transphobic incidents and the Newtown Hotel’s renovations. It was only open for three months before it shut down, so a lot of those fears remain untested.

Siobhan Poynton has lived directly across from The Imperial for five years, and recently tried to organise a protest to save it and to save Newtown’s nightlife. She is also a DJ who has a lot of experience playing the Cross, either side of the lockout laws. She says that in the time she has lived in Newtown, a lot of the changes have been positive. She points to more, small live music venues cropping up on King Street. But there are plenty of downsides. “Sydney is making some of the best dance artists in the world and we’re just shutting everyone down, even though we’re meant to be the gayest city in the world.”

Poynton has watched a lot of venues close down in the Cross. When there are fewer venues across the board, of course there isn’t room for everyone to have their own space.

It isn’t hard to see why club nights, more than clubs, are the norm. As demographics

change and clubs close, there simply aren’t enough venues or neighborhoods left for communities to claim.

Seymour is upfront about the issues that face Club Kooky and organisations like it: “this difficult time we are going through will pass, but the damage is painful on social, economic and emotional levels”. Venues seem to close all the time, “because of everything from unscrupulous venue owners to the police. But each party is always queerer than the last. This year we celebrate 20 years of keeping the community weird”. Speaking about The Imperial, Seymour calls it a “sacred queer space. Online cruising apps don’t foster community. This iconic space must continue”, it was about bringing together “all queers of the spectrum to celebrate and feel safe”.

Safety is increasingly the central issue. For Liang, who moved to Sydney from regional NSW, coming to Newtown was meant to be a positive homecoming. “In many ways it was, there were no other lesbians that I knew about where I came from. They are so visible here. But it’s disappointing that blokes yell ‘dyke’ at me while I’m out late with my girlfriend, also just shitty racist stuff”. There are a lot of stories like this floating around – it seems that late night harassment on King Street has become commonplace in a way that it didn’t used to be.

Poynton has watched Newtown change, “only locals used to go out here, there was a lot of respect, a real love-thy-neighbor vibe. Now I get harrassed way more than I ever did before”.

It’s hard not to see this as a step backward. The subtext to all these conversations is the well-understood equation: safety plus freedom plus space for community equals political mobilization, equals resistance, strength.

Capsis is clear that he thinks that the additional regulations being brought in are hurting the queer community, weakening it. Increased policing, tight regulation, rules, strict licensing and lock outs are in the interest of the people in control, with power. “We claimed Mardi Gras, our space for ourselves. A lot of young people are fighting now, but every day it gets harder for people to be free, to fight, to overcome. It’s all connected. It keeps us all under control.”

I asked Vicky what she thought about this and she told me that freedom was really key to those days of old—“freedom to fuck, freedom to dance, freedom to hang loose and be gross, freedom to be, just be whatever. That freedom taught us disobedience”.

There is a sense behind a lot of these changes that things happen behind closed doors with covert motives, Seymour mentions “the Christian right, shady casino deals and parliamentarians’ real estate concerns”. There is a sense that things might be lost, but they can get better, with resistance.

In a recent Facebook post Seymour offered this: “Let’s not be sad for what venues we are losing, let’s be grateful for what we’ve been fortunate enough to experience: magical times shared, sweated, danced, made out, laughed, loved, cried and hugged together. We make these communal experiences, and these can never be taken away from us or shut down. It’s ok to grieve, but it’s important to persevere and resonate joy. No law is worthy of our tears. Come together, occupy spaces, dance and heal. This situation will pass and we will survive and twirl united.”



Maybe There is No Moral. Maybe it's Just a Bunch of Stuff That Happened.

Naaman Zhou probes the politics of your favourite sitcom.



Nine months before the ballot box dumped him, George Bush Sr said he hated *The Simpsons*. It was 1992, the campaign trail, the Washington Sheraton. Picture flashbulbs, flags and Bush like a sad foxhound, hunting that second term he'd never get. In the glare of the lights, the crowd looked like an easy kill.

"We need to strengthen the American family," he says, and they roar. "We need to make families more like *The Waltons*" —and here he grins like he's really nailing it¹ — "and a lot less like *The Simpsons*."

It was textbook Republican rhetoric: Family values! Corruption of the youth! The crowd cheered on the night, but it was, in hindsight, an historical fuck-up. *The Waltons* was a nostalgic rural drama, set in the 30s, shot in black-and-white. It was all-blond and anodyne. Edgeless as threshed wheat and already rotting. *The Simpsons* was young but manically popular, not only wrangling Michael Jackson but slaying *The Cosby Show*. Bush — high off Desert Storm, blind to the ratings — gambled and lost.

The thing is though — it should have worked. It's an institution now, but back in '92, *The Simpsons* was newly-hatched and somewhat vulnerable. You can see how the traditional furrows of American Conservatism—hatred of the new, sanctity of the perfect family—saw in it a natural enemy.

Thus I make the case for *The Simpsons* as a watershed. It's the show that shaped the decade, seat of its king trend: the rise of the mean sitcom².

It's no secret that the modern sitcom was forged in the 90s through cold wit and yuppie malice. It's the story of sociopathy becoming acceptable comedy fodder. It started in Springfield, peaked

with *Seinfeld*, and via *Friends*, is now in the process of a long withering—think Charlie Sheen and Sheldon—a studio-lot hollowing out.

Before *The Simpsons*, the world was *Family Ties* and *Growing Pains*³. Characters were spotless and conflict flowed, in twenty-minute spans, into clean moral resolution. The Very Special Episode rode tall in the timeslot. It was like if fables had adbreaks. But *The Simpsons* ran on selfishness and dysfunction. It was gloriously funny and casually cruel and happy to let bad things happen to good people. See: Homer bankrupting his brother, Bart exploiting a program for orphans, every interaction with Flanders ever.

There's a scene the writers talk about in season 3's Lisa the Greek. Lisa, desperate for parental affection, tries to sit with Homer on the couch. The gag is that he hates it and pushes her onto the floor. They nearly didn't air it, nervous about how audiences might react to such cruel disregard.

It was this superficial shittiness that tricked Bush into thinking *The Simpsons* was a soft target, shunnable, contra-society. Instead, they were the groundswell. The malicious sitcom was in many ways, a reflection of the national mindset. *The Simpsons* was almost prescribed by its time period to be sarcastic—by the 90s, TV had accrued a stiflingly rich history, became so trope-dense you almost had to be trope-aware, cynical or actively mean to get noticed. The public had shown an unexpected taste for this kind of venom, and hand in hand, the networks and the politicians changed.

Over in New York, the writers on *Seinfeld* had one rule and they called it

"No hugging, no learning". Fiances died and bubble-boys burst, but characters weren't allowed to grow or express empathy. On paper it sounds horrific. But it turned out to be crucial to the on-screen chemistry, a tool that opened up a new class of deep-observational humour.

This is because, when you think about it, the genius of *Seinfeld* has always been somewhat inhuman. Its hallmarks have a touch of the robotic — precise gagsyntax, analytical overclocking, eye like a microscope. Diminished emotional capacity completes the circuit, allowing things like breaking up with someone for eating peas one at a time.

Seinfeld twisted the sitcom formula in so

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"If The Simpsons was Bush kryptonite ... Friends was politically muted, a gentle backdrop to Clinton and Bush Jnr."

many different ways but this was the one that stuck. The ratings soared and the studios, because all TV is cloning and tweaked descendance, birthed *Friends*.

If *The Simpsons* was Bush kryptonite (subversive, anti-core but inexplicably, maddeningly popular), *Friends* was politically muted, a gentle backdrop to Clinton and Bush Jnr. It was socially duller, never controversial and began, at the end of its run, to resemble a hermit's chamber of expendable income and constant leisure. Proof that America was doing just fine.

What you have to remember about *Friends* is that its opening seasons were grungier and less popular. It was only through a process of shedding, of keeping what was most pleasing, that it became a behemoth. *Friends* had all the snarky, caustic trimmings of its predecessors, but the suffering was gradually airbrushed out.

The Simpsons on the other hand—indebted to Roseanne—were working-class and financially insecure⁴. The people may have been drawings but money had reality. *Seinfeld's* ballast was an ever-present, always terrible family. Even Jerry, whose gig as never-struggling comedian was a kind of proto-Joey-the-actor, had Uncle Leo. A withered accoutrement, eternally hanging off his arm, like Guilt in a weather-appropriate coat.

As the noughties wore on, *Friends* grew gradually untethered. With its blend of free love and free rent, it created a new creature — a kind of yuppie-hippie. This was an invented demographic —no young, nebulously-employed bohemian

could afford to live in that kind of apartment. It's the offspring, not of the *Seinfeld* gang, but of Kramer alone. The zany and carefree, grafted onto a source of guilt-free nutrient and left to grow. And the fruit got too sweet.

So while *The Simpsons* and *Seinfeld* were explicitly progressive—Lisa used a searingly feminist vocabulary⁵, Elaine was pro-choice and sex-positive—*Friends* was a bit mushy beneath the skin. It did its best, nodded approvingly at the issues, but still made jokes about "homos" and coined, to its eternal discredit, the phrase 'friend-zone'.

It was a dangerous lesson: that the douchebag could be depoliticised, the bastard could be loveable even without redemption. That's how we got the Chuck Lorre protagonist, where being mean for no reason is its own joke. Bush would have spat the dummy.

1. Think: old man's glee, the kind of grin that celebrates, unironically, being "totally down with the youth".

2. If this sounds harsh it's because it's not strictly true. As progenitor of the trend, *The Simpsons* is naturally the most exempt — the mildest, introductory course. At most, it's a 50/50 split between bitter and saccharine, and this probably, is what makes it superior to later copycats.

3. See also: *Full House*

4. Non-exhaustive list of bankruptcy storylines: *Marge Gets A Job*, *Homer vs Patty & Selma*, *Homer's Triple Bypass*, *Lisa's Pony*.

5. "Cast off the shackles of our male oppressors" (Marge on the Lam), "The things she says are horribly sexist!" (Lisa vs Malibu Stacey)



Sleek Geek

Melissa Chow interviews Dr Karl.

Last Tuesday night, the much loved duo Dr Karl and Adam Spencer of *Sleek Geeks* graced Manning Bar with a night of raw data: unplugged and unplanned to a crowd of scientifically inclined individuals and some not so scientifically inclined friends. It was basically a room of people who wanted to hear how science and mathematics could be used for stupidity or perhaps just a higher meaning I don't really understand.

Here are the things I gleaned from Dr Karl's bright mind, asking the high brow questions I deemed all of USyd needed to know exclusively.

HS: You're on *Sleek Geek*, you're on radio—do you see yourself more as a scientist or a communicator?

Dr Karl: Communicator for the good. I at one stage used to be a medical doctor working at a kids' hospital and as it turned out, that was in retrospect the best job I ever had in my life. But because of people saying bad things about vaccinations, we end up with, after a 20 year gap, no babies [dying]

from whooping cough, a baby [dead] from whooping cough. And I thought I could do more good for society by going into the media. So do I see myself as a scientist no, I see myself as a communicator trying to bring enlightenment. So for example in America—40% do not accept the theory of evolution, do not accept that carbon dating works, do not accept the science of climate change, 8% do not accept DNA exists, 15% do not accept the efficacy of child vaccination, 25% do not accept that the earth goes around the sun. So I see myself as trying to be a source of enlightenment.

HS: There's been a lot of re-emerging infectious disease to date, so there was Bird flu and Ebola recently. Do you have any possible predictions for the next outbreak—a zoonotic kind or something from climate change?

Dr Karl: Yes, both. In regards to bees, we thought that the reason the beehives were vanishing were the so called CCD—colony collapse disorder. We thought this was due to neonicotinoids [an insecticide],

we now know it's both neonicotinoids and climate change reducing their range. Zoonotic diseases, diseases which jump from animals to humans, will come and get us at some stage. In late 2008-09, I forget which, the reason why we did not have that terrible bird influenza sweep the world—the Hong Kong government was absolutely ruthless and in one night killed every chicken in Hong Kong and that saved the world. The price is either dead chickens or dead humans. Pick one. So yes we will find them coming, the problem is vaccines take a while to make. That's going to change though with the advent of 3D printers where we can print a vaccine rather than wait for 6 months—but that's still 5 to 10 years down the line.

HS: My friend wants to know why when they eat mocha buns, why their urine will smell like the mocha flavouring?

Dr Karl: That's interesting physiology. With regard to asparagus, the way that it works, there is some people who can turn asparagus juice into something smelly that comes out in the urine and there is some

who cannot. And separately there is some people who can detect that odour and some people who cannot. With regard to [your friend], there must be some sort of chemical that stops it from being broken down and carries through the kidneys. That's interesting, that could be a nice paper that could win them an Ig Nobel Prize, there's some serious science there.

HS: Is there anything they could eat to have their urine smell like peaches and cream?

Dr Karl: We have found - I talk about this in my next book—if you have strawberry milk, if you're a woman, the breast milk will smell like strawberries. There's no short answer, unexplored territory here but yes there's something going on.

If you want more of Dr Karl and Adam Spencer, they have a podcast under the title Sleek Geeks. They've also published several books and will be popping back during National Science Week. For more content from this event, check honisoit.com



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Queen George

George Maple comes home to Manning Bar, writes Alex Gillis.

George Maple has enjoyed the peculiarly Australian musical fairytale. A young star is picked up by a booming label and immediately moves overseas. Tonight, though, the Queen is back—back to where the 24 year old behind the project, Jessica Higgs, studied journalism. Back to where the Sydney darling grew up and blew up.

The “first lady of Future Classic”—indeed the only lady on the rapidly growing label—is joined by fellow Sydney student Gordi and Melbourne’s infuriatingly cool Woodes & Elkkle. Gordi’s stunningly earnest compositions and updated folk stylings with synth strings, bleeps and

bloops for the discerning mid-noughties ear comes over well to an intimate home audience. Recently signed, her second EP is due to land this month with Mushroom Music Publishing and will be undoubtedly well received. Woodes & Elkkle are each producers in their own right, touring an as yet unreleased collaborative EP. Recorded in a shipping container turned studio on an island farm, their combined sound drifts snowy vocals across trip hop-like percussion to create a lovely mess of experimental downtempo.

George Maple and her band appear to enthusiasm from a significantly unfairly under filled Manning house. The soul

singer wormed into Australian radio and blogs everywhere with her lead single, *Talk Talk*, and its simple production gives plenty of room for an amazingly full voice that fills the vacant space. She has been in demand as a session singer, featuring on releases from label mate Flume and playing live with Flight Facilities, and it is immediately apparent why. As any queen should be, the artist is alternately imperious and welcoming, dramatic and direct.

Playing songs from her only release, the *Vacant Space EP*, together with a few new ones, George Maple is supremely comfortable on stage, even without star

bandmate Touch Sensitive. The slick future pop sound that she has taken ownership of is as fulfilling live as on record and is only compromised by a notably brief half hour set. Appropriately, we were left wanting a touch more—all the more desiring of that album. Taking full advantage of her label backing, the singer is recording in London between worldwide events. Her exposure off only a short EP and at such an age is a testament to the allure of that voice and her delicately wrought songs. A successful homecoming for a product of both Sydney University and Sydney music scene, George Maple continues to hold (too few of) us spellbound.



Courting Intellectual Elitism Without Ever Shagging it: SUDS’ “Art”

Emma Balfour spent a lot of time thinking about a blank canvas.

Yasmina Reza’s play *Art* centres around three French dudebros/philosophers who argue about the meaning of a painting, which is a massive red flag for any production. Art that talks about art is always dangerous because there is a 98% chance that the performance will be a circlejerk ouroboros that sprays egotistic semen like Pollock. Happily, SUDS’s performance of *Art* falls into the 2%.

The plot is best summarised in the programme: “Serge buys an expensive contemporary painting. Marc can’t believe

it. Yvan does his best.” The painting in question is white paint on a white background, supposedly costing Serge 200,000 francs. It definitely starts like a preachy HSC production, squeezing in forced monologues about modern art, but the actors save it from being too stifling with comedic talking heads that allow their characters to breathe. Director Jack Mitchell’s focus on the moments and feelings in the play rather than its subject matter turned it from farcical drama to dramatic farce.

The actors were able to navigate the pretentious subject matter with surprising honesty. Max Baume’s portrayal of angry Marc hits every comedic beat—his moments of silent fury were some of the funniest notes of the play. Timothy Ng’s Serge, a bristling art collector, has just the perfect mix of self-importance and earnestness. Jem Rowe provides a hopeful, brittle medium between these two with Yvan, a nervous hand-wringing fool who is played like a child with divorcing parents. The characters all manage to hold a tension between being self-important,

self-analytical, and selfish, but they’re still heaps of fun to watch.

The play escalates well, courting intellectual elitism without ever shagging it. I had a lot more fun than I thought I would, and that’s mainly down to the bright performances. If you’re up for important criticisms of modern art, visit the MCA. If you’re up for a laugh, see *Art*.



Mozart and the Violin

Alex Downie went to see the Sydney Symphony Orchestra (SSO) and got beat up by an old lady.

Isabelle Faust plays a 1704 Stradivarius violin nicknamed the Sleeping Beauty. The instrument earned its name because for many decades it lay dormant in a bank vault, unrecognised and still held in its original violin case.

Faust, who was the featured soloist in the SSO's stunning *Mozart and the Violin*, brought the instrument to life. She played the concert's repertoire—Mozart's fourth Violin Concerto and Rondo in B flat, and Dvořák's spirited Czech Suite—with vitality and enthusiasm.

Faust's crystal tone and restrained vibrato were perfectly matched to the soaring melodies of the opening concerto's first movement, which concluded with an impressively virtuosic cadenza.

The orchestra played without a conductor—instead, Faust directed them with expressive nods, glances and gestures. This creative decision arguably backfired in the first two movements, with the orchestra lagging behind the energetic Faust. At times, Faust's vigour seemed misplaced—in particular, the work's slower second movement lost some of its subtleties.

THWACK!

Midway through the second movement, a middle aged lady sitting behind me struck my back, as hard as she could, with her concert program. I had been using my

iPhone—dimmed, on silent, sequestered in my lap—to take notes on the concert. She loudly hissed that “this is VERY rude”, apparently unaware of the irony.

The orchestra continued to play, and the energy of the concerto's triumphant third movement was arguably only enhanced by the sheer terror I felt any time I heard a program rustle behind me.

The highlight of the night was the playful Rondo, with a back-and-forth between soloist and first violins showcasing Faust's extraordinary virtuosity and sparkling sound. This was a success that could not even be ruined by the woman to my left, who spent 15 minutes folding and unfolding a single mintie wrapper.

The evening concluded with Dvořák's Suite, a collection of folk dances. The orchestra, aided by an expanded brass and woodwind section, achieved a pleasantly full sound, with rich musical climaxes. Particularly commendable was the stunning, warm flute solo in the third movement.

The average audience member at the concert was about 70 years old, a fact that made me concerned for and sad about the SSO's future. At its best, the orchestra can transport listeners to somewhere exquisite and challenging, if only for an hour. And it's worth braving any and all moderately abusive old ladies for.



Art by Zita Walker.

A Hidden Gem: MUSE's 'A Man of No Importance'

Ben Clarke reviews an Australian first.

In the interval of MUSE's current production of *A Man of No Importance* (adapted from Albert Finney's 1994 film of the same name) I learned why I had never heard of it before. Curtis Goding (director) and Doug Emery (musical director) are staging the show's Australian debut and they have found themselves a hidden gem.

The show's simple plot and colourful characters are ideal for the intimate setting of the likes of the King Street Theatre. The script's simplicity is backgrounded by an effervescence that suits its 1960s Dublin setting; one that the cast, the score, and

the costuming captured with ease. Despite being such a diverse cast in such a small space, even the most minor characters have their moment, be it a stirring love song, a brief river-dance or a snappy one-liner, and they never distract from the main story.

The Irish accents aren't perfect, and a word is lost to the volume of the score here and there, but it's a musical about amateur theatre. The meta factor of it all, constantly blurring the line between the streets of Dublin and the stage of the parish hall, makes the rough edges, cluttered staging and low production values a key asset.

Aidan Kane is perfectly cast as the story's protagonist, the vulnerable Alfie Byrne, who takes the play in unexpectedly emotional places. His unadmitted desire is to fulfil an unlikely romance and escape the prospect of dying without having truly lived, torn between his Catholic spirituality and the spectre of his inspiration, Oscar Wilde. Kane's performance sympathetically captures the heartbreak, guilt and fear that Alfie experiences as he looks for certainty in an increasingly uncertain world.

Natasha Stanton nearly steals the show, selling every moment as Alfie's protective

sister Lily. Alfie's other friends are a constant joy to watch, even if their role in the narrative itself was minimal. The whole cast does a great job conveying the musical's core themes of friendship and community.

MUSE's Australian-first makes for a satisfying night out. For those who won't get the chance to see this sold-out run, I'm hoping that we'll see this little show crop up in Sydney again. It's well-worth the price of admission.

The Pre-Revue Revue Awards 2015

We look over this year's revue program and....



The Really Nice Poster That We're Least Likely to Sleep With Award goes to....



The Hate Crime Prize for Being as Appealing to Unsympathetic Audiences as your Target Market goes to...



The Goldman Sachs Prize For Inadvertently Reflecting Literally Everything That Is Wrong With the Industry You Are Going Into goes to...



The Arbitrarily Inconsistent Marketing Award goes to...



The This Seemed Like a Good Idea at the Time Award for Subsequent Irrelevance goes to...



The Marketing 101 Award goes to...



The USyd Rants Prize for High Brow Literature Reference goes to...



USyd's Plan to End the Arts Degree

Rebecca Wong offers a handy guide on what the university's Strategic Plan means for you.

The University Sydney is in the process of developing its 2016-2020 strategic plan. It has so far released two discussion papers that suggest radical changes to how the university delivers undergraduate education and organises its research funding. Proposed initiatives include stretching the Arts degree to four years and dramatically reducing the number of degrees on offer.

The most drastic change is the proposed introduction of a four-year Liberal Studies degree, in line with education systems in the US and parts of East Asia. This would replace three year degrees such as Bachelors of Arts, Commerce and Science. The underlying rationale is to provide students with the opportunity to study a greater breadth of disciplines, as well as allowing them more leeway in exploring subject areas before committing to a major. Additionally, a four-year degree would offer practical, skills-based units, allowing students to undertake research projects and internships should they choose not to pursue Honours, which would be embedded in the fourth year of the degree.

The discussion paper also canvases streamlining specialist degrees, incorporating them as programs within a Liberal Studies degree. Earlier this year, Vice Chancellor Michael Spence suggested that the University of Sydney might seek to emulate the Melbourne model in this regard, potentially cutting the number of undergraduate degrees offered from 122 to a mere 20. The sheer number of Arts degree variants currently offered (INGS, BPES, BA/Languages etc), each with its own inflated and seemingly arbitrary ATAR cutoff, speaks to the university's obsession with courting elite students. Post-streamlining, it's unclear how the university will convince GPS boys doing Arts degrees that they're still special, though the discussion paper does suggest the option of offering the four-year Liberal Studies degree as an "elite program for high-achieving students".



Art by Alexandros Tsathas.

Spence also flagged the culturally entrenched predominance of "old, white, male" professors and students as an issue which the university must tackle over the next few years—one third of USyd's undergraduate cohort are from schools which charge at least \$16,000 in fees. Despite this, the discussion paper is light on suggestions for concrete initiatives to increase the proportion of USyd students from disadvantaged backgrounds.

Another major proposed change is the replacement of double undergraduate degrees with vertical Bachelor's/

Master's combinations. This would apply to entry-to-profession qualifications such as Law, Education and Project Management. The change would see professional degrees undertaken after the completion of a broader Liberal Studies degree. The impact of this shift will largely depend on its implementation. It is unclear whether entry to these degrees will be determined by ATAR, or performance in a Bachelor's or other tertiary degree. In the latter instance, vertical pathways may counteract the problem of high ATAR cutoffs for entry-to-profession degrees such as Law and Engineering,

which constitute a significant barrier to students from disadvantaged backgrounds. The shift towards Master's degrees lends credence to persistent rumours that the university is looking to phase out Honours entirely.

In a consultation survey conducted in March, students and staff ranked 'fostering of teaching excellence' first and second, respectively, out of eight proposed core components of the university's strategic focus. When asked to rate the university's performance in these areas, however, students ranked fostering of teaching excellence second last, and staff ranked it last. These findings are emblematic of a broader disconnect between the expectations of students and the goals of university management, with the unveiling of the \$385m Charles Perkins Centre serving as the backdrop to protests by the Education Action Group and National Tertiary Education Union over fee deregulation and staff cuts.

The university's second discussion paper, focusing on research, proposes significant changes to the allocation of discretionary research funding between different disciplines. Citing a past tendency towards 'breadth' in research over depth, the University is looking to focus on a 'number of selected [research] areas'.

The areas will be chosen based on four criterion: the quality, social impact, reputational impact and resource cost of potential research. Potential focus areas mentioned by the report include health issues and Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander initiatives. While the report never explicitly excludes any faculties or disciplines from funding, it seems likely that academics in less preeminent faculties—such as political economy—now face an additional hurdle to accessing the funding.

The Long Journey Home

Natalie Bucket on exclusion.

I grew up in Kurrajong, a suburb that sits west of the Hawkesbury River, on the lower slopes of the Blue Mountains. When I was younger and contemplating my future, Sydney University seemed so far away. And the reality is, it was far away: a 20-minute bus ride, an hour and 40 minute train ride, and a 15 minute walk away.

I moved to Newtown so I could get the 'Sydney Uni experience'—after-class drinks, dinner with friends, parties provided simply with the purchase of an Access card—all anchored in the ease of the Inner West. Today, it's about five minutes to uni, two-and-a-half if I power walk.

I made the choice to move because I thought I had to. It's only now, amidst the exorbitant rent and the months that pass before I get back to my parents' house and its fully stocked fridge, that I realise for many this choice doesn't exist. More importantly, it shouldn't have to.

The average cost of a bedroom in the Inner West has risen to \$350 per week, from \$225 five years ago. At the same

time, two-thirds of Australian university students live below the poverty line. According to Gerard Hill, the director of Raine & Horne Newtown, many students have had to turn to their parents to bridge the gap, while others have effectively been priced out of the Inner West.

Facing prices like these, thousands of students simply can't afford to move out of home while studying. Instead, they make exhausting commutes to class every day, waiting and changing between multiple methods of transport, and relying on parents or friends to complete the journey home. The tribulations of a journey that already feels too long are only exacerbated by the dire state of public transport, and the insecurity many of us experience when travelling alone.

Yet, despite the substantial proportion of students who travel great lengths to reach it, there seems surprisingly little effort to make campus welcoming when they do. Posters and pamphlets sell the parties at Manning, faculty dinners in Newtown, or night events in the East. A campus that shapes itself around a trendy Inner West image can only naturally become less

appealing to those who live outside of it.

The insular nature of the Inner West campus lifestyle is enough to repel students from the moment they take their first walk down Eastern Avenue. James*, who commutes from Wollongong, was "excited for university... until I realised that socialising and commuting don't really go hand in hand." Instead, his commute became a part of his university identity. "You start off okay, making friends in tutorials, but then those friends ask you to dinner, and even a dinner at six means you won't get home until well after dark."

The killer is in the details. Ellyce's experience of commuting to university events from Kurrajong is riddled with thoughts about "how long [you are there for] and what time you will get home if you want to hang around" and the knowledge that "catching trains on your own at night is never a pleasant experience." Choosing to stay out and bearing the long journey home is not consequence-free either, with Michael's carefree night at OWeek pierced by reality that he missed his last train home after the opening party, forcing his parents to drive half an hour from Glenbrook to

Blacktown station to pick him up. Ultimately, students are often left with a choice between (or some combination of) not drinking, leaving early, accepting reliance on the transportation of others or crashing on a friend's couch. Planning a night out is almost impossible when you are not only a new student with no friends to rely on, but are also faced with the expectation to drink to make mates.

Not every commuter wants to move closer to Sydney, and the campus lifestyle can be exclusive on more levels than simply geography. There will always be commuters like Ellyce who can lead a vibrant social life even when campus isn't a significant part of it, or Michael, who can prove commuters can be involved if they have the right friends and make the necessary effort. But it is a striking, and wholly disappointing realisation, snailing along with hundreds of others up the Redfern path, that a university with so much funding for clubs and societies, so many opportunities for student involvement, sees so many rushing home with little chance, and even less incentive, to enjoy it all.

* Name has been changed.

2015 Honi Soit Opinion Competition

SHAME

What are you ashamed of?
What are you *not* ashamed of?

The opinion comp is a chance to celebrate the great writing that USYD students produce. Are you sick and tired of something? Are you angry, or just disappointed? What should people be ashamed of? Explore an issue you feel strongly about, inspired by the theme of 'SHAME'.

Judged by Executive Editor of *The New Yorker*, Amelia Lester.

Pieces can be up to 800 words, and are due Friday 25th September.

Email your name, degree, and entries to editors@honisoit.com.

Do not include your name in the word document.

(Photo left: Still from *I'm Too Sad To Tell You* (1971), Bas Jan Ader, video.



How To Do it Properly

Steph Brown worked under covers.

In 2014 I spent a year working as a receptionist at a Southeast Asian hostel, an experience that taught me innumerable new life skills, such as how to treat tropical skin infections and how to placate the local authorities in the event of a noise complaint (spoiler alert: you bribe them). The most important lesson, however, was the art of a good hostel shag.

The ideal hostel hookup is like a casino heist movie. It should be a) well planned, b) thrilling and c) end with you and George Clooney thoughtfully smoking cigars in front of a fountain before going your separate ways.

Step 1. Reconnaissance—or ‘casing the joint’:

Casing the joint is a simple process of going into a room and thinking, “Could I have sex here without injuring myself or pissing someone off?”

DO NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE SEX IN YOUR DORM ROOM. There is no more jarring reminder of how alone you are than another person having ball slappy sex in the bunk below you while you spoon your doona and remember all the reasons why your ex dumped you.

Step 2. Assembling your team:

Choosing a good team(mate) is crucial. You need to be able to say “they totally rocked my world, this was 100% a great idea”. In a pinch, “they filled the gaping void of loneliness in my soul that would otherwise have been filled with a night of sad masturbating to porn on my iPhone in the communal toilets” will do.

Step 3. Pulling off the heist:

Use protection. Try not to break anything or get caught.

Step 4. Aftermath:

Have you ever seen a heist movie that ends with a long boring ebb into middle age as the team grow old together on their quiet suburban cul-de-sac, swapping apple pie recipes and bickering over whose responsibility it is to paint their side of the fence? No? Me neither.

So when you run into each other in a state of deathly hangover the next morning, clutching your complimentary orange juice and scrambled eggs on toast, remember that *Oceans 12* and *13* were nowhere near as good and move on. Skip the country for fairer climes.

Uber and the Law

Andrew Bell is not providing anyone with legal advice, but will accept money for it anyway.

What exactly does Uber owe to drivers? At the moment, no one really knows; Uber has become the new frontier in the age-old battle for employee rights.

A recent Californian case of *Uber v Berwick* decided that drivers for Uber are employees rather than independent contractors. The decision has huge implications for who the buck stops with when something goes wrong during an Uber journey.

Uber’s contention was that drivers are independent contractors, and so are responsible for their own affairs. The fact that it was decided that drivers are employees means the buck quite literally stops with the company. This is a million dollar question for the company: the next time a driver crashes in California, it’ll be Uber’s insurance policy that’s pulled into use.

How a court comes to classify workers as one or the other is anything but precise. The emphasis is on the ‘totality’ of the relationship.

Interestingly, were the case to be heard in Australia (as it inevitably will be), there are several reasons our courts would probably decide the other way. This is because, as Uber describes in its legal publications, ‘The Service...enables users... to arrange and schedule transportation and/or logistics services with third party providers’. So while your initial engagement is technically with Uber itself, it contracts out almost all of the work to a third party driver, in the same way that

a construction company might bring in third parties to complete specialised sections of work.

Furthermore, each Uber doesn’t allocate a particular job to a particular driver. People identify their location and destination via the app, and it is up to each individual driver to make the connection, or so Uber claims.

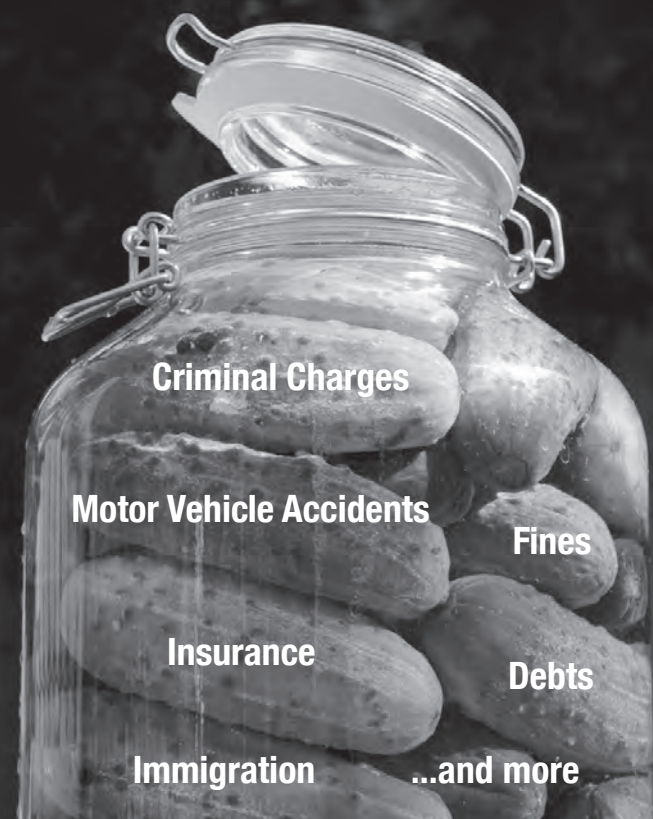
Drivers also provide their own cars—a substantial cost and a central part of the whole enterprise (arguably of at least equivalent importance to the app itself).

Uber doesn’t train its drivers, and the minimum requirements of licensing and insurance are not really any more onerous than the rules you have to follow to drive on the roads in the first place. The only real difference is that you can’t have a car older than one made in 2006. Thus, Uber claims, the drivers are selling their own skilled labour direct to the consumer.

Further complicating matters, classification for one purpose (i.e. insurance) in Australia doesn’t necessarily line up with classification in other areas. It is possible that drivers would be considered independent contractors for tax purposes but employees for the purpose of unfair dismissal. The reality is it is unlikely the question will end up neatly squared away, and the law remains ill-suited for the complexities of the sharing economy. But in any case, it’ll probably be the drivers, with little power against Uber’s corporate might, who end up slipping through the regulatory cracks.



IN A PICKLE?



If You Have a Legal Problem,
We Can Help for FREE!



Level 1, Wentworth Bldg, University of Sydney

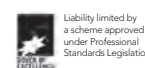
p: 02 9660 5222 | w: src.usyd.edu.au

e: solicitor@src.usyd.edu.au

ACN 146 653 143 | MARN 1276171

法律諮詢
法律アドバイス

We have a solicitor
who speaks Cantonese,
Mandarin & Japanese



Gronkwatch: Shitstirring the Pot

Peter Walsh thinks he's better than hacks (he isn't).



Quick! Presidential news! Stop the presses! Sorry, I meant that idiomatically... does it take long to start them up again?

While *Honi Soit* last reported an SLS-NLS Presidential contest in the upcoming SRC election, we now understand that a deal has been reached between SLS, NLS, Grassroots, and Labor Unity that will see all four factions supporting NLS candidate Chloe Smith. Robby Magyar (Unity) was unable to speak directly on the contents of the deal; however, he did say that each of the four groups would get a significant portion of the SRC, with an aim towards working cooperatively together.

An unnamed source was able to be slightly more discursive. According to them, SLS would be getting a spot on exec and complete control of the Labor Club on campus—which would allow them all positions in the club, a significant recruiting base. The source continued to suggest that Unity would be receiving the position of General Secretary, which they would not split as in previous years. As for Grassroots, Education Officer Blythe Worthy was similarly unable to comment on the specifics of the deal; however, she did suggest that Grassroots would not be looking for NUS delegate positions (a known interest of Unity's) and will instead pursue positions on campus.

Presuming no serious opposition from the Liberals (who last year filled in their nomination forms incorrectly resulting in the majority of their candidates being disqualified) or Indies (who supported Grassroots last year, but have not put

forward a candidate since Sam Farrell in 2012 and can't really be said to exist), or SALT, then it seems like the SRC election has been stitched up a month in advance. This would mark the first time in living memory that all major campus political factions have simply dealt for positions.

As for SALT, *Honi* is as of yet unsure what they're planning for this election. Last year, they aligned themselves with Amy Knox; while the year previously they were allied with Grassroots. It appears this time around, they were squeezed out of the lucrative deal.

At least we have a newspaper election to look forward to... Oh.

As for the *Honi Soit* race, we can confirm a ticket has been formed by Sam Langford and Mary Ward (who both edit the *BULL* and report for *Honi*). They are joined by Max Hall (General Secretary of the SRC), Naaman Zhou, and Andrew Bell, all of whom report for *Honi*. They are yet to commit to a manager, however also denied that they would be pursuing any informal preference deals, claiming their interests as a team would preclude such pragmatism. *Honi* understands that the team is yet to fill up, but could not confirm any other associated names.

As for another ticket, we're as of yet unsure. Robby Magyar denied that there would be a Unity sponsored *Honi* ticket, and it doesn't seem like there is any need for one considering how the election is shaping up. While some players in the SRC race have suggested a possible ticket from the Conservative Right, we're unable to confirm that at this time. Kerrod Gream, who unsuccessfully ran for Union Board this year and was a part of last year's disbanded *SWAG* for *Honi* ticket, said it was unlikely that he would run again—though if a ticket does form from this base expect him to be involved.

The Most Beautiful Word In The English Language Is '17'.

17 is also the number of councilors required to make an SRC meeting quorate. Word has it the Labor-affiliated

factions are refusing to attend any meeting so long as the electoral reforms are being proposed.

(Remember, for the first time in a while, a group that isn't the ALP control the SRC).

Honi Soit spent a lot of time rummaging through the garbage outside dumpling restaurants on Sussex St to bring you this lukewarm take. An anonymous source suggested that the Labor bloc's opposition to the election reforms (which, as mentioned last Gronkwatch, would limit the number of campaigners to a voter and shorten the election period) comes from an ingrained belief that they'll always have the numbers and resources to overpower other groups on the trail.

That said, however, Robby Magyar claims Unity's absence has been halfway between political disagreement and poor timing. Magyar said the last three SRC meetings coincided with Unity events, forcing those councilors to be absent, while also saying that Unity's concerns with the regulations are on how they affect democracy. Nevertheless, Magyar said that he would love to meet with the writers of the regulations and see if a compromise can be met that allows work to continue.

That said, it's embarrassing to see this kind of gloating when elected councillors give up their time to attend meetings which can't even get off the ground (sorry about the quality, someone deleted their tweet):

This marks the third consecutive SRC meeting to be inquorate, those absent from August's meeting are listed as follows:

Absent w/ apologies: Christopher Donovan (Unity), Michael Elliot (Unity), Sarah Enderby (Unity), Fiona Lieu (Cumbo Represent), He Lu (Switch), Julie Pham (Cumbo Represent), Phillippa Specker (Grassroots), Harry Stratton (SLS), Jack Whitney (NLS).

No apologies: Sean Nugent (Unity), Jesse Seton (Unity), Chris Warren (SLS), Blythe Worthy (Grassroots), Arin Harman (SLS).

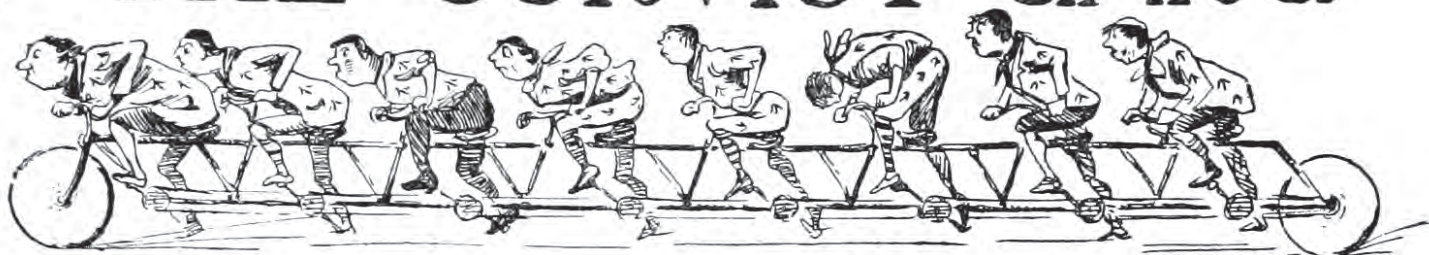
Light at the End of the Tunnel

In a small glimmer of hope in the world of stupol several big-name hacks are trotting off to help out Bernie Sanders, the Democratic Presidential nominee that won't be. Among them are the SRC's Vice President, Daniel Ergas, who will be working as a field organiser for Sanders. Ergas seems to have developed a penchant for noble projects that are doomed to fail, he recently ran against 24 year incumbent Bruce Ross for the SUSF Presidency.

Ergas will be joined by Oliver Plunkett, who was until now tipped as a potential SLS nominee for the SRC Presidency. He's not the only one though, Young Labor Left have arranged to send a troupe of campaigners to help out Sanders. Let's be honest, they're probably eager for a goal that is less unlikely than left wing reform of the Labor party.



IN THE CONVICT GANG



Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney

SRC Elections 2015

Postal Voting Application Form

POSTAL VOTING

If you wish to vote in the 2015 SRC elections but are unable to vote EITHER on polling days Wednesday 23rd or Thursday 24th September at any of the advertised locations, OR on pre-polling day (on main campus) Tuesday 22nd September, then you may apply for a postal vote.

Fill in this form and send it to:

Electoral Officer
Sydney University Students' Representative Council
PO Box 794, Broadway NSW 2007.

PLEASE NOTE: postal vote applications MUST BE RECEIVED AND IN OUR PO BOX by Friday 21st of August at 4.30pm or they will not be considered. No exceptions.

You may use a photocopy of this form.

Name of applicant: _____

Student card number: _____

Faculty/year: _____

Phone number: () _____

Email: _____

Mobile: _____

I hereby apply for a postal vote for the 2015 SRC elections. I declare that I am unable to attend a polling booth on any of the polling days, OR on the pre-polling day, for the following reason:
(please be specific. Vague or facetious reasons will not be accepted. The Electoral Officer must under section 20(a) of the Election Regulation consider that the stated reason justifies the issuing of a postal vote.)

Signature: _____

Please send voting papers to the following address:

State: _____ Postcode: _____

I require a copy of the election edition of Honi Soit: YES / NO

**For more information contact
Paulene Graham, Electoral Officer
02 9660 5222**

Authorised by P. Graham, SRC Electoral Officer 2015.
Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney
p: 02 9660 5222 | w: src.usyd.edu.au



Help for Students with a Disability & Student Carers



Did you know the university has a service to assist students with a disability to access reasonable adjustments in managing their studies?

Disability Services supports students with a disability whether physical, sensory, intellectual or psychological. This may be a permanent or temporary condition (eg, broken leg). If you find that your health is causing problems with your studies in an on-going way or that you are repeatedly applying for Special Consideration for your condition, Disability Services may be able to help you. Check out their website to see if you are eligible and how to register: <http://sydney.edu.au/study/academic-support/disability-support.html>

Disability Services are located within Student Support Services - Level 5, Jane Foss Russell Building (G02), City Rd,

Darlington Campus. Allow plenty of time for them to get in contact with you.

Do you need special consideration?

Special consideration is different to a disability plan. If you are not able to complete an assessment due to your disability, this should be accommodated by your disability plan. If you are not able to complete an assessment due to an unexpected exacerbation of an existing condition, or an illness or misadventure that has nothing to do with your disability you are able to ask for special consideration. As with all Special Consideration requests, make sure you get a specific additional Professional Practitioner's Certificate on the day of your assessment to show how severely affected you were, and how you were affected, eg, unable to do exam or attend a lab.



Ask Abe

SRC Caseworker HELP Q&A

Dear Abe,

I am currently staying with my girlfriend in her parents' house. Her parents are really lovely, but I think it is causing a strain on all of our relationships. I moved out of my house because things were really awful there. Do you know if there is cheap housing available through the university?

Strained

Dear Strained,

I am sorry to hear that things are awful in your home. If it is because of physical, emotional or sexual violence you may be eligible for Youth Allowance (Unreasonable To Live At Home). Alternatively if you are over 22 years you would also be considered "independent". Hopefully that will help a little with your finances.

The University had plans of providing some scholarships for accommodation through their newest buildings, Queen Mary in Newtown and the Abercrombie, in Darlington. We have not heard any

more about this, but with these buildings just opened we hope that something will be put in place in time for next semester. It is a campaign the SRC has been running for many years now. Some colleges also offer scholarships, so it would be worthwhile checking with them too. With over 51,000 students the only low rent accommodation available are the 38 beds offered at STUCCO. This is the student housing co-operative situated in Newtown.

Relatively cheap rented properties can be found in the private market. Usually these places are of a very low standard, with less than reputable landlords, so exercise caution, and get receipts for any payments you make.

In terms of emergency or temporary housing while you're trying to get somewhere permanent to stay you can talk to an SRC caseworker for some ideas. This way you can preserve your relationship with your girlfriend and her parents.

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



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

Queer Action Collective Report

Josh Han

After a huge week during the July break in Canberra at Queer Collaborations (QC), an annual national queer students' conference, Sydney Uni's Queer Action Collective (QuAC) delegates have returned this semester enthused and ready for a semester of queer activism and knowledge/skill sharing with the rest of the collective and queer community. During QC, discussions and coordination of a national campaign on Queer youth homelessness begun and this is something that QuAC as well as other queer collectives and student groups will be working on in the

coming months. We have also invited one of the facilitators of a workshop to come to Sydney to present a fantastic workshop on violence prevention. There is a possibility this may be a joint event along with Wom*n's collective (though there may be two separate workshops).

After contact with the university's Ally Network, we have opened up channels of communication so that there will be much needed student consultation for this initiative of the university that is supposed to support queer students. If you are a queer-identifying

student interested in being a part of the consultative group, please do not hesitate to contact one of the queer officers (myself or Jay).

Around this time last year, we successfully provided a 'breakfast bar' (take that, USU!). This was to address student poverty and to provide free food for students in the queerspace. We will be starting this up again very soon as it is a very important direct action addressing needs of queer students, who are often disproportionately affected by issues such as student poverty and

homelessness.

Finally, I would like to remind any student who is queer identifying (i.e. not 'straight') or questioning their sexual and/or gender identity that they are warmly welcome to our meetings at 1pm on Mondays in the Queerspace. We are an autonomous collective to queer and questioning students and we endeavour to provide a safer space and to make the university and greater society safer space as well. The queer officers can be contacted at queer.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

Notice of 2015 Students' Representative Council Annual Election

Nominations for the Students' Representative Council Annual Elections for the year 2015 close at 4pm on Wednesday the 19th of August 2015. Polling will be held on the 23rd and 24th of September 2015. Pre-polling will also take place outside the SRC offices (Level 1, Wentworth Building) on Tuesday the 22nd of September 2015 from 10am–3pm. All students who are duly enrolled for attendance at lectures are eligible to vote. Members of the student body who have paid their nomination fee to Council are eligible to nominate and be nominated, except National Union of Students national office bearers. Full-time officebearers of the SRC may also nominate as NUS delegates.

Nominations are called for the following elections/positions and open on the 29th July 2015 at 4pm:

- The election of the Representatives to the 88th SRC (33 positions)
- The election of the President of the 88th SRC
- The election of the Editor(s) of *Honi* Soit for the 88th SRC
- The election of National Union of Students delegates for the 88th SRC (7 positions)

Nomination forms can be downloaded from the SRC website: www.src.usyd.edu.au, or picked up from SRC front office (Level 1, Wentworth Building) from 4pm July 29th 2015.

Nominations **must also** be lodged online along with your policy statement and Curriculum Vitae (optional), by close of nominations at: www.src.usyd.edu.au. For more information call 9660 5222.

Signed nomination forms and a printed copy of your online nomination **must** be received no later than 4pm on Wednesday 19th August, either at the SRC front office (Level 1, Wentworth Building), OR at the following postal address: PO Box 794, Broadway NSW 2007.

Nominations which have not been delivered (printed, signed, hardcopy) either to the Electoral Officer at the SRC front office or to the post office box shown above **and** submitted online by the close of nominations **will not be accepted** regardless of when they were posted or received.

The regulations of the SRC relating to elections are available online at www.src.usyd.edu.au or from the SRC front office, (Level 1, Wentworth Building).

Authorised by P. Graham, SRC Electoral Officer 2015.
Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney
Phone: 02 9660 5222 | www.src.usyd.edu.au





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

Disabilities & Carers Officers' Report

Samuel Brewer

Disability awareness week is coming up in September. The thing that's always hard for people to realise is that there are so many disabilities out there. Be very aware and very careful, as you'll find more often than not that people suffer from a range of impairments that aren't visible.

There's something insufferable that comes up whenever I watch a disability awareness ad. It'll be geared towards making the viewer feeling sympathy. Sympathy is patronising, it's basically saying "I have no idea what you're going through but from where I'm standing it looks horrible."

So what we're trying to do is create a campaign that denies this concept, that also denies the notion that people with disabilities are often humble, and grateful to be where they are. To put it bluntly disabled people can be both good and bad, our personalities differ just like everyone else. Our disability doesn't match our

personality. We are influenced by the things around us both good and bad. Don't feel as though you owe us something because we're disadvantaged. We are who we are.

For anyone that wants to help with this campaign please contact me through the SRC offices.

Autonomous Collective Against Racism

Eden Caceda, Deeba Binaei, Kavya Kalutantiri and Lamisse Hamouda

Hey everyone!

Your Ethnic Affairs Officers here. We're pretty excited about semester 2; we've got heaps of stuff in the works and ready for launch around the end of September and into October. Kavya is spearheading organising a joint campaign and resource-sharing platform with UNSW. Yay for cross-institutional collaborations! We'll be launching the campaign for awareness of the importance of representation and

autonomy for people from minority ethnocultural backgrounds along with the resource-platform at a launch even at the end of September. Eden is working with one half of the dynamic duo of the Wom*ns Office, Xioran, to pull together the first ACAR revue. If you want to get involved, please let us know! We need writers, producers, performers, singers, actors - you name it! We'll be holding our revue at the amazing Red Rattler at the end of October! Meanwhile, Lamisse is working on pulling

together a PoC Poetry Slam Feature Night for Verge Festival in October; some amazing guests are being organised so keep an eye out for announcements. As term two draws to a close, we'll be looking for some more amazing people of colour to take over and keep this momentum going. We're currently working on changing the name of 'Ethnic Affairs' to 'Ethnocultural Department' - we're hoping the change in name will reflect the autonomy and self-representation we've sought to bring to this

position. It is essential that we continue to enshrine self-representation within our institutions for people from minority ethnocultural backgrounds, indigenous peoples and people of colour. We also decided that this semester we'll test run be holding meetings monthly, along with a catered lunch/dinner, so please keep an eye for announcements. Until next time!

Sexual Harassment Officers' Report

Monique Newberry

I feel like I am always talking about consent. I went to my first uni party during O-week and wound up in a discussion about consent an hour in.

This isn't because I am short on conversation topics, or a one track record, but I am constantly reminded of why consent needs to be discussed more.

It was on my mind at that party because there

were a few butt grabbers on the dance floor. I was minding my own business, dancing with my friends when suddenly..... unsolicited butt grab.

And while this may not seem like much, it's really infuriating when everywhere I turn people tell me we don't need to keep pushing to keep consent in the conversation. Because we do. If at the first uni party of the semester people are grabbing others without their

consent, then it is a conversation we need to keep having, over and over and over again, until everybody begins to get the idea.

When I was at Radical Sex and Consent Day last year, I overheard a few people commenting on how unnecessary it was, but I heard more saying they were excited about what they had learnt.

So I guess you can say I am even more excited about Radical Sex and Consent Week this year.

There will be lots of activities around consent, and other areas of sex that many people are just too embarrassed to ask questions about. So lets keep that conversation going.

If you have experienced any sexual harassment or assault on campus and you are looking for avenues of support or people to talk to, our email is:

harassment.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Education Officers' Report

Blythe Worthy and David Shakes

As it's the week before the week before our National Day of Action (NDA), during which thousands of students will be rallying at universities around the country in protest against the reforms proposed by our government, I suppose I'd better talk about that. Except there's more.

What our Vice Chancellor and Principal, Michael Spence wants to do to our university is disgusting. During our last consultative session with Spence, he repeatedly danced around the idea of staff cuts, accusing us of not being "for change" if we were against

staff cuts, as they're a "necessary part of progression".

Now the restructure that we were supposed to be talking about has a few strategic points I'll elaborate on now:

1. Degrees are going to go down in number and up in cost. This is because the degrees that don't get cut will be so generic you'll have to do a specialised post grad course, which are pretty much already deregulated.
2. You'll therefore be studying longer (no more 3 year degrees) and it'll be harder to

transfer to other universities.

3. International students are going to continue to be preyed upon to pay domestic student's fees, even though Spence argues the strategic plan will encourage "cultural competency".

4. HEAPS of staff are going to lose their jobs in a 'spill and fill' strategy, meaning they'll have to reapply for their jobs, usually at a lower wage and conditions. They'll be overworked if they're 'lucky' enough to be rehired and as fewer will be employed,

workloads will increase. You can't cut courses and keep employing those that organise and run them.

5. Admin and pharmacy staff are already feeling the sting THIS IS ALREADY HAPPENING, IT HAS ALREADY BEGUN.

We're having an NDA to fight these cuts to education, so please join us on the 19th of August at 1pm on the Law Lawns. Help Defend your degrees!



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Honi editors.



Course Cuts, Deregulation and Postgrads

Kane Hardy

SUPRA stood in solidarity with the Sydney University branch of the National Tertiary Education Union on Wednesday 5th August against the university management's planned restructure.

There is a plan to cut 122 offered courses down to approximately 20. This will seriously impact on both students and staff at our university. Many staff members are either being forced out of their jobs, or being forced to re-apply for their jobs (some with lower pay or more demanding job descriptions).

Not only is this completely unfair for our staff, but it could also hurt the quality of our education here at Sydney University. Staff teaching conditions are student learning conditions.

But the issue goes so much further than that. Undergraduate students will be forced into a longer and less focussed education, meaning that postgraduate enrolments will skyrocket. Students will be forced to spend many more years at university to tailor their education to a profession, adding to already crippling levels of debt. There's a clear neoliberal agenda here to

squeeze funds out of more postgraduate students, rather than fighting for more government funding.

Let's not forget that prior to the year 2000 the Howard Government already deregulated postgraduate course fees. Each year our university takes in more and more postgraduate students, offering relatively less and less Commonwealth Supported Places (CSPs). Postgraduate students are often treated as much like cash cows as international students (God help postgraduate international students).

Many postgraduate courses already charge upwards of \$45,000 per year for domestic students. I, for one, took a full fee-paying place in the Master of Pharmacy degree, plunging me an extra \$36,000-\$40,000 worth of debt per year. Add this on top of my undergraduate degree and other loans and I'm left with approximately \$115,000 of debt when I'm done. This is honestly one of the biggest regrets of my life.

Disgustingly, the Vice-Chancellor Michael Spence told students who attended the last Students' "Consultative" Committee meeting that postgraduate students and international students are the targets of increased fees to fund the more expensive courses. Many postgraduate courses don't actually require the funds provided by full fee-paying students – they're in fact redistributed elsewhere.

Michael Spence's solution? Deregulate all university course fees. No, Spence. This is not the answer. From the perspective of a student already bearing the brunt of deregulated course fees, this is not the answer. All evidence points to \$100,000+ undergraduate degrees. I'm already facing decades of student debt, never knowing when I'll finally afford to pay all of mine


off. And you want to not only see fees skyrocket, but you want to see students studying for longer? Students are already terrified of the possibility of \$100,000 degree, but imagine being forced into multiple \$100,000 degrees. This forces low socio-economic status students away, warping Australia's education system into a privilege for the rich.

We must fight against the university management's course cuts and the Abbott Government's plans for fee deregulation. Over a decade of Liberal Party attacks on higher education was followed by billions of dollars worth of cuts to higher education during the Gillard and Rudd Governments. Neither the Liberal Party nor the Labor Party are our friends when it comes to higher education funding, but at least the Labor Party opposes fee deregulation. This is an issue that students must fight; we can't rely on dirty politicians to have our interests at heart.

Education should be a right, not a privilege. The only way to make our education system fairer is to fight for free education; course restructuring and fee deregulation will only add to the unfairness that already exists. Free education already exists in Finland, Norway, Germany and Chile, amongst other countries around the world. It is achievable and it is necessary.

SUPRA encourages all postgraduate students to attend the National Day of Action on the 19th of August starting at 1:00 p.m. on the Law Lawns. We oppose the planned restructure and move to the Melbourne model. We understand that these changes are not beneficial to the majority of students. We stand against the staff cuts.


Stand with us in our fight.



Council Meeting

Education Seminar Room 458
Thursday 13 August 2015
6pm-8pm

All postgrads welcome to attend as observers.





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Join Your Union

Rafi Alam.

The rally against Spence's degree restructuring by the NTEU wasn't one of the biggest rallies I've seen recently, but was particularly significant. This is because it was a union rally, called by workers of this particular industry (the University). Community rallies are, of course, important – without them we would have no progress in marriage equality, we would see no support or Indigenous people murdered in custody, and we wouldn't get the thousands of people on the street showing solidarity with embattled Palestine.

But community rallies can only make it so far. Their primary focus is often to show the government of the day that there is significant opposition to a policy or position they have taken. Another focus is to include, mobilise, and radicalise members of the public to strengthen the movement. Ultimately though, these end up as attempts at lobbying and public relations – important, but against a stubborn government that is unable to really move things.

This is why often at rallies you find clusters of people attempting to use direct action in order to further the 'power' of the rally, such as sitting down on roads, locking on to poles, or other more inventive tactics I have unfortunately not yet seen, like jackhammering holes into roads and planting flowers. But again, while I applaud these tactics and love engaging in them, they often lead to arrests and can't really round up the numbers you need.

This is why you have to join your union. Your union isn't just a service provider that can offer you discounts or counselling – you are, in essence, paying dues to join your comrades in the struggle for a better workplace and a better world. You are putting your money where your mouth is, and, when it comes to picket lines, putting your body between your employer and your job security, conditions, and wages. Unionism is also paying it forward – most of the things that make work bearable, such as your wages, your weekend, and benefits, are the consequences

of fights of the past. Not joining your union is freeloading.

Unions are also the best places to enact social change. Unlike Government for the Rich, tyrannical corporations, and unaccountable NGOs, trade unions (and your student union!) are democratic organisations that let you use your power to force social progress. It might be difficult, due to the nature of changing votes, but this is solid change, not arbitrary change.

Why does the union have so much better? Because, other than the threat of violence, the only proven tactic to change society is withdrawal of labour or striking. This can shut down industries in a second; industry that not only your employer wants open but also the government. By shutting

down or threatening to shut down these industries, you show your adversary that together, in tens or hundreds or thousands, have more power than the few at the top.

This is why you should join SUPRA, your student union for postgraduate students, or the SRC if you're an undergraduate who's gotten this far on the SUPRA pages. These student organisations don't just provide you with legal and administrative help, but also organise as students to challenge university policy.

But more importantly, this is why you should support the NTEU, and join if you are an employee. By doing this, you are showing your strength through the numbers of your comrades. The NTEU has shown that the successes of the union also better the lives of students, undergrads and postgrads.

This is why it is imperative you turn up at the marches, and become an NTEU Postgraduate Member as soon as you can.

If you'd like more info, please don't hesitate to email education@supra.edu.au

High Society Whitey

You're kidding yourself if you think it is only redneck Bogans booing Adam Goodes.

Sick of hearing about the Adam Goodes issue? Try being Indigenous. My past fortnight has been tangled up in the bramble of conversation that this solitary fellow on a football pitch has been the focus of.

I have to say though, the overwhelming majority of the people are cool about it; they're apologetic, supportive and sympathetic to this man who's been singled out and persecuted. On one level, it's heartening that more and more people are "getting it"; on another, it's opened a festering boil in Australian culture that badly needs lancing.

But a word of advice – don't dismiss the naysayers as being rednecks or unsophisticated Bogans – because if you are, you are seriously mistaken. Because I, for one, stupidly was.

Earlier this week I got the text that has led you to read this far. It came from a "mate" – let's call him Terry to protect his identity. I've known Terry for half my life; to his credit he's saved me from drowning not once but twice, and to my credit I reckon I've saved him from killing himself once, so we owe each other. We come from different sides of the fence – don't agree on much, but usually find

common ground because that's what mates do... until this time.

If you find Terry's text arresting, imagine what it did for me. It floored me. I can feel a blood vessel popping out on my temple even writing this. I mean, this is a guy that I call/called a mate. It's rattled me enough to reconsider a relationship with a person, who without, it's highly unlikely that I would be here to write this.

Terry's kind of language is dangerous coming from anyone, but the real danger here is that he is about as far away from the flannel-shirted Reclaim Australia bozo Brigade that you can get. He has impeccable manners, enunciates his words beautifully, went to one of the best private schools on the Lower North Shore, was a national rowing champion and ticks every posh box I know.

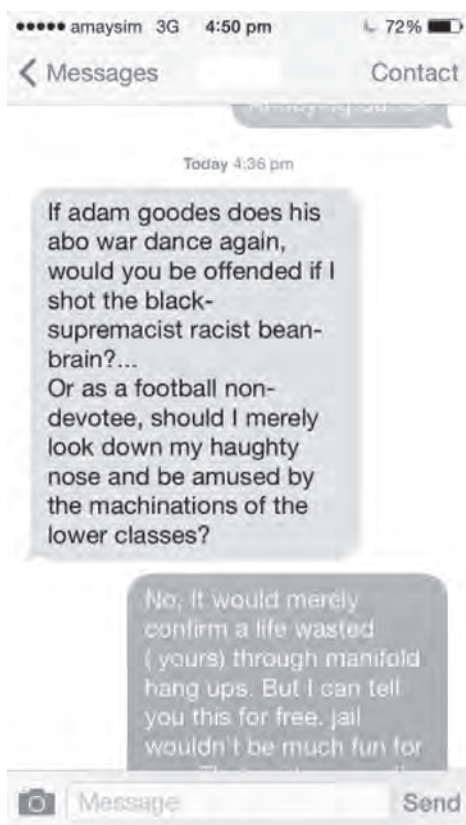
He owns thoroughbreds, has more cufflinks than I have cutlery and if he wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the mettle of his backbone came from having that spoon inserted up his arse at birth.

And the scariest thing about Terry is that he is smart enough to never to say his true feelings in public. And that's what terrifies me most. Not the rednecks, not the Reclaim Australia marches, the Andrew Bolts and not even Tony Abbott's lame attempt at Constitutional recognition (that not one indigenous person who I know wants to happen).

It's the Terrys out there, and I'm willing to bet there's plenty of Terrys at this university. Why? Well Terry went to Sydney Uni for one (coincidentally enough, so did Tony Abbott). You might even know him. And I simply feel it in my guts that Terry isn't alone.

And it chills me. Because having an enemy that you can face up to is one thing, but how do you deal with one that you don't see? You know – the Terry's. Until the decent people can root them out and the Terry's of the world are shown for what they are, the path to any sort of Indigenous reconciliation is going to be long and rough.

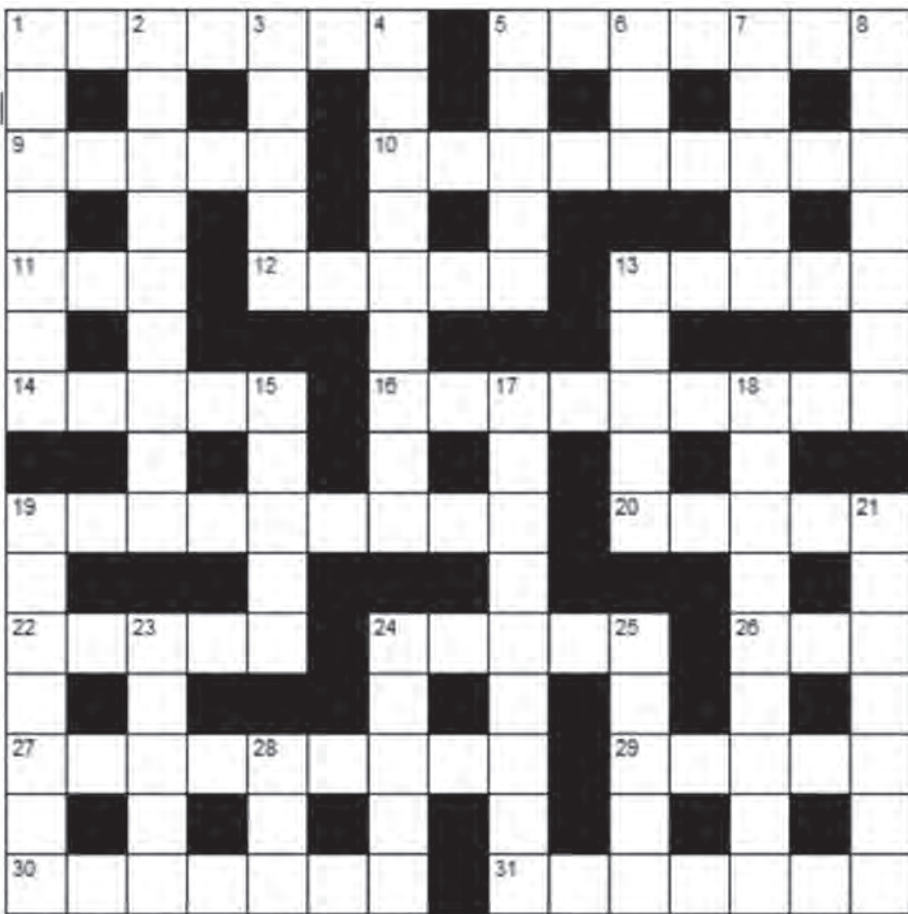
Mike Butler
Indigenous Equity Officer





Cryptic

Bolton



Across

1. Incorporate clued-in disaster (7)
5. Gun pocket lost her mix (7)
9. Comedic grilling! (5)
10. RiRi's cover(s) (9)
11. Pan back for sleep (3)
12. Respond regarding tissue softness (5)
13. Odd lion's peer came last (5)
14. Hearing cut by blade (5)
16. Destroy a timeline! (9)
19. He sat, ate it, and then Ed waited (9)
20. Bill and Melinda's exits (5)
22. Saudis empty air muscles (5)
24. Dashed and dashed cedar (5)
26. Neither collocative companion sounded like a persistent nibble (3)
27. Explain mess pertinent Nairobi swapped with Rome (9)
29. Sick Twiggy in a twig (5)
30. Performance the damaged article (7)
31. Smell in the SES cleans up (7)

Down

1. Info bottomless insects added for toddlers (7)
2. Mushrooms, without nanogram, are winners (9)
3. Absolute vocal expression (5)
4. Supply men with model for gear (9)
5. Even throw bib, aye, a pastime (5)
6. Falsehood centre in belief (3)
7. Without energy, elite backed ceramics (5)
8. Book stockpile (7)
13. Fibbing downward (5)
15. Courts fruits (5)
17. Blinkers shows (9)
18. Take part in Ten dating arrangement (9)
19. Hear I've struggled internally with increasing weight (7)
21. Walkouts bowled 10s (7)
23. We left Atticus in room above (5)
24. 30 Rock's Juror agrarian? (5)
25. Dance music split discourses (5)
28. Wretch rodent (3)

Join the Crossword Society from 1-3 outside Hermann's Bar to solve the SMH and the Australian crosswords together (or just to berate Zplig).

Target

Not Grouse: 10 Grouse: 15 Grouser: 22 Grousest: 30

U L U
B O T
I N F

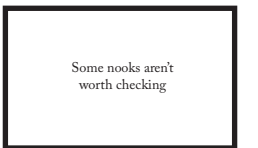
5	8	3	9	6	4
7		8	2	5	
	1	6		8	
		9	6	8	3
9		2	5	1	
	2		7	3	
	9	1	3		7
4	3	8	6	1	5

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

2-		4-	7-	2÷	18+		30x
20+							
12+		21+	6x	8+		2-	2
					16+		19+
2+			16+				
4÷				2÷		4-	
15x		3	2-	2-	15+		1-
	4÷						

1-		3+	3-
12x			
4		12x	1-
2÷			

Answers available online (really, we mean it)



We sort out the best and worst anal rosary beads for prolapsed catholics!



Review: Amy Schumer in an actual trainwreck! page 27



Saved by Dashcam! One Lucky Driver Catches all of Arthur Miller classic on video



I'm Not Just Along for the Ride: A Guest Editorial From Donald Trump's Hairpiece

Editorial

Not many people can say that they have ridden with a tyrant.

Hitler's moustache, Pol Pot's moustache, Stalin's horse, perhaps, but the head on which I rest is surely one of the worst to sit approximately six feet above the earth.

I am so near his mouth that I can smell his breakfast – no matter how many meals he has had in the intervening time – at all hours. He is a rancid man whose skin screams to dismount its skeleton. A conservative banshee that is also a bit dumb.

This is the image of Trump that people would have you buy into. It's also an utter lie.

I'm close to Donald. I know the man. It may seem strange for a hairpiece to take an editorial stance on behalf of its wearer running for the candidacy in an election in another country. Maybe it would be stranger if I didn't. Maybe I should stick to domestic politics. I don't know.

But I do know that Trump has been wronged. He is a decent man, an upstanding person of business, and possesses a finer acumen than many in the field for the presidency. You mightn't agree with them, but he has convictions. You mightn't like where he goes, but he's straight to the point. It is absent from so many others and as a voter, and as his hair, I respect that.

While the rest of the man may be abroad, please accept this earnest appeal from his hairpiece as a true testament of his character.

No matter how small, everyone should do their part. The race is a crowded one this year. It may well come down to a hairsbreadth.

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON BRAVES QUESTACON FREE FALL

LET'S JUST DO THE GUILLOTINE AGAIN



A strange natural phenomenon renders all photos of the free fall in appallingly low resolution

Renowned popular scientist and director of the Hayden Planetarium, Dr. Neil DeGrasse Tyson, wowed audiences in Canberra this morning as he dropped from the top of the Questacon Free Fall, without being even a little bit frightened.

At press time Tyson said that, despite his trademark outward cool, he was “a little scared because it looks like such a long way to fall.”

“I have studied planets and galaxies for decades. Their size is terrible and immense and impressive, but all of the distant nebulae and their constituent stars, planets and other debris pale in comparison to that big scary drop at Questacon.”

When asked how the Free Fall compared to the rest of his illustrious career, Tyson was quick to declare the attraction “the most impressive phenomenon in the universe that he had ever witnessed and that would ever be witnessed.”

“Or it will be until I go down it again!” Tyson said, as he ran up the Free Fall stair case like a child.

Experts have said that, while a PhD. in physics may enrich the Free Fall experience, it is not necessary to enjoy the Questacon staple.

“Be careful, Neil!” his parents shouted from the floor at press time.

New Jonathan Swift Correspondence Reveals Houyhnhnm Name to be an Error

This is very accessible and you will get it

Gulliver's Travels, the classic satire from 1726, covers the titular character's adventures through lands full of strangely named peoples – the tiny Lilliputians, giant Brobdignagians, and the intelligent race of horses, the Houyhnhnms.

But in a letter newly unearthed from the papers of publisher Benjamin Motte, an irate Swift complains of a typographical error – the name was intended to be ‘Horses’. The archive also includes an unfinished reply from the publisher, with some ironically unpublishable comments on Swift's handwriting.

Swift's unmistakable prose was employed to full effect in the excoriating epistle.

“Your printer has been so careless as to confound the simplest of demonyms, and suffer the reader to wonder at the pronunciation and spelling of the simplest of words.

“Horses, Ben, they're bloody horses.”

IN THIS ISSUE:

Room for Everyone in the Housing Bubble Now!
page 9

Queer Safe Space Deemed Unsafe Due to Asbestos
page 17

NASA Unveils Sexy Space Suit for Lady Astronauts
page 28

Soul Fan Disappointed to Discover Cilla Black White, Dead
page 35

Global Experts Condemn Rise of Volunterrorism

Not worse than Sydney Weekender

An international association of experts in terror and global fear and violence has come together to co-sign a treaty that outlines the real threat posed by growing numbers of volunterrorists.

The trend sees high school graduates, many affluent and privately educated, including tokenistic and inadequate periods of politically motivated violence in their leisure time abroad.

“A lot of people seem to think that something like a glorified holiday is helpful,” says Darwin Formby, who authored the declaration, “spending a week breezing through Syria persecuting Christians as part of your gap year just isn’t the act of community service that a lot of young people are being told that it is.”

“Many kids – and they are kids – are spending a few days with real terrorist organisations who really need the

assistance and begin to help with destroying a school for girls, or killing a local sports team,” says Formby, “but these flying visits all take a lot of labour and energy that the local branches of a lot of cells just can’t afford to expend.”

Experts cite a lack of training and commitment as the central threat to the communities that volunterrorists would seek to destroy.

“Real terrorist groups doing real evil in the community are being forced to accommodate the whirlwind whims of rich kids who are looking to get a kick and a CV line out of exterminating ethnic minorities and violent religious dogma,” Formby says.

“These well intending kids are reducing the blood sweat and tears that people dedicate to violent extremism to a profile picture.”

Beloved Baseballer Passes at 102

I was king of the sexy baseball diamond

Who caught the public’s attention in the 1932 Baseball World Series, where he debuted with the Redsox at age 19, and deftly negotiated the whims of public favour thereafter.

Who is the last surviving member of his generation of Redsox. His teammate and longterm friend What died in 2009 of heart disease. Who had his last public interview

in 1996, saying, “What I treasure the most. His friendship has meant the world to me.”

Those close to the improbably named Coach Pronoun, who guided Who and What through successive, successful World Series, say Who was bright and determined, to the very end.

“No matter Who or What came across was beyond them. Dad has incredible stories about their perseverance. Who will be missed.

Who’s family declined to comment.

News in Pictures: Local Community Pans Whitewashed Stone Wall



African Americans Now Just Inventing Decoy Cultural Movements for White People to Appreciate

Perhaps I should make a ‘scrat’ album? Hip?

On Wednesday, the Chicago branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) announced a new program aimed at protecting the integrity and autonomy of black cultural movements.

“White people have a demonstrable tendency toward appropriating our musical genres, art movements, and clothing styles. This is something that happens regardless of their cultural significance, or how ridiculous it makes them look,” stated Terence French, the spokesperson for the Illinois based chapter, in a press release.

“In the past we have tried to communicate our concerns to white people, but for some reason we’re never really listened to.”

The association hopes that a new decoy program may provide some solutions. The strategy sees African American artists collaborating to create fake cultural movements, distracting white people from things like hip hop and the blues.

At Wednesday’s press conference, French revealed ‘scrat’, the Association’s first decoy culture.

“We’ve given it a history, its own fictionalized pioneers and heroes, several clothing brands, a musical style, and most importantly, a dance.”

French mentioned although the campaign is already in its early stages, they are

already seeing successes.

“We’ve heard reports of several boutique fashion brands releasing ‘scrat-influenced’ clothing lines, while Diplo has announced an imminent series of scrat remixes on his soundcloud page, in anticipation of his nationwide ‘scrat king’ tour. We also have information that suggests Taylor Swift will be ‘scratting’ at this year’s MTV Video Music Awards.”

“Online writers have also taken the bait. Salon.com has churned out four thinkpieces documenting the significance of the movement’s culture and history, while Fox has already declared it a corruptor of the nation’s youth.”

The association has reports that a piece of so-called scrat music will feature in an advertisement for Burger King’s new “Florida Feed” in a bid for the key youth demographic next week.

“We estimate that within 12 to 24 months scrat will be playing in Walmarts and scrat artists will appear among collaborators on a new “Kidz Bop” album,” French said.

The NAACP says the extraordinary measure is necessary to preserve the autonomy of many meaningful cultural movements emerging around the US.

“We’re glad to be seeing results now, but for so much culture it’s too late. Who knows, if we had tried this 70 years ago, perhaps we would still have jazz.”

You’ll Never Believe What This Pup Can Do!

Jump, Spot! Jump!

A Burwood grandfather of six is clinging to life after his 8-month-old Border-Collie puppy leapt more than three times its own height to savagely maul his neck, jaw and right ear.

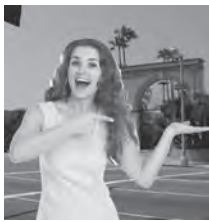
More on page 15.

Tragic Incident in Family Home

Down, Spot! Down!

A Burwood grandfather of six is clinging to life after his 8-month-old Border-Collie puppy leapt more than three times its own height to savagely maul his neck, jaw and right ear.

More on page 15.



Breath Moments With Amber Swamp Amy Schumer in an Actual Trainwreck

In this business, every so often, you come across someone whose work really resonates with you. While it's safe to say I'm not the only one that feels this way, it's no less a pleasure to come across someone like Amy Schumer in a horrible train wreck.

Trainwreck revolves around an eight carriage express service hitting a dangerous corner at a speed that would be fine on straights and well-maintained tracks. The protagonist (Amy Schumer) is one of around a hundred passengers, dead or injured after all eight carriages derail.

Moving with almost parabolic elegance, Schumer is powerful in the role of her career.

There are naysayers, I'm sure. Pundits behind the curve who will cry things like "oh my God, this woman is dying," and "please, somebody, call an ambulance," but watching Amy Schumer in an actual trainwreck is inspired.

Don't mind the warnings. This is one for the whole family. Catch it while you can!

10 Fucking Morons and Their Stupid Dumb Opinions on: Jon Stewart's Farewell

"This is an excellent chance to reset *The Daily Show's* continuity, which has become bogged down by twenty years of complicated story arcs."

Mary Ward, teacher, Infinity

"We're still going to have days though, right?"

Declan Maher, Sin, 666

"I thought it was called the Jon Stewart Show."

Carly Ziller, grandmother, 76

"I thought it was called the John Stewart Show."

Carly Ziller, grandmother, 76

"Golly!"

Michael Richardson, dandy, 42

"Who will be the white champion for people of colour in America, now?"

Emma Balfour, robot, 47

"I will not watch *The Weekly*. You can't make me do it. I will cut out my eyes."

Peter Walsh, bad boy, 18

"Now I'll have to listen to my wife monologue. She is a lecturer."

Aidan Molins, tyrant, 37

"It's so sad that they have to put him down."

Patrick Morrow, child, 6

"Did *The Daily Show* take place in the same fictional universe as *The O'Reilly Factor*?"

Ian Ferrington, idiot, 34



Am I the Only Person Left in the MANaxy? The Only True Wisdom With Dylan Stubbins

There is a creeping tendency, beloved readers, in the modern dialect of which the untrained, or unsearching, or accustomed and lazy tongue might be unaware.

Roll that most resplendent of human organs, the mouth, over some of its otherwise mute prey (words). Send the tongue trippingly (that's Nabokov, an atheist [eds double check]) down some treats like gallows, and gallstones, and galley. Notice something odd. Something soft.

Something wrong.

Perhaps it's that most tender of prefixes' proximity to the early batting order of glaucoma? No, it's something bigger and more troubling that perturbs the purring, Rolls Royce mind (cf. McEwen) of this interlocutor. It is something much, much bigger.

The French had the laudable prescience to gender their words. One knows one

sounds, indeed looks, a little more like a lady when ordering une palmiere. To be an agnostique is a noncommittal deference to the less sensible gender (one notes no such feminine hesitance in un libre-penseur (free-thinker!)).

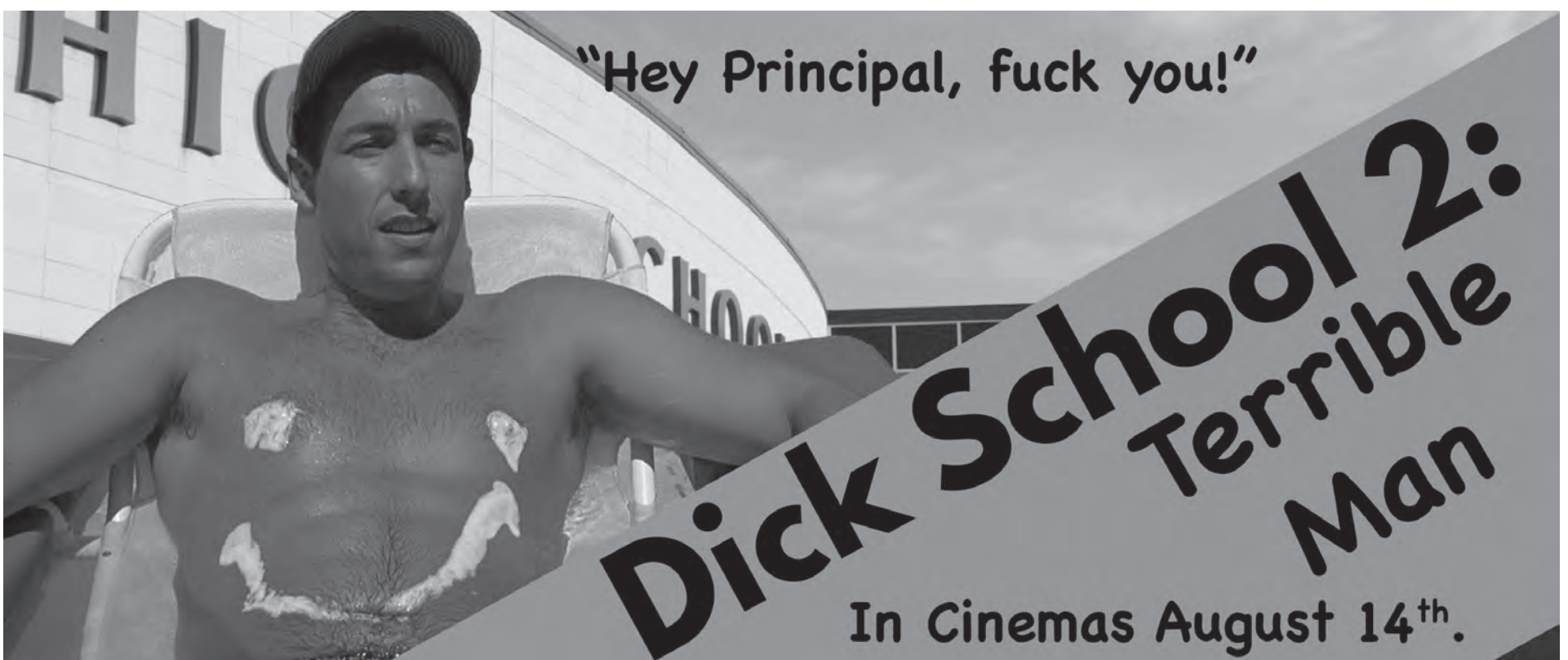
English is a beautiful, heady, spineless tongue. Examine again that innocuous list of words: we are smuggling gender through the prefixed (or front) door.

Dear readers, we forget the power with which we imbue our words. In the same way that an erudite monologue by a late, great, whiskey swilling orator might curb the ruder appetites of the day, so too might a thousand instances of these closet feminazistic utterances subtly regress our

brains to the anklebiting progressivism that sees language stifled, expression impaired, and prolixic, dextrous acts of verbal defiance become thought crime (cf. Hitchens, cfm. Orwell).

I will take up arms and reclaim MANlipoli. I will fight for the noble, proudly advancing memory of MANileo. We must MANvinize in the face of this flaccid, effete threat. Better to die on one's manly feet, than live in the gallows. For that is the morbid gal-ternative should we not watch what we say.

You can keep gallery, though. Galleries are for pansies.





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DEFEND YOUR DEGREES!

NO TO COURSE CUTS, JOB CUTS AND DEREGULATION

1PM WEDNESDAY 19 AUGUST
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