

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

Julia Gillard's Prime Ministership was always tainted by the way she secured the top job. She 'actively plotted' to 'knife' Rudd in a 'coup', a 'backstabbing' that undermined the legitimacy of her tenure.

It seems that Turnbull will avoid Gillard's fate. This is sexist.

Don't get me wrong. As the media has been at pains to point out, there are lots of reasons other than sexism why Turnbull has been treated more kindly. For instance, after the revolving door Rudd-Gillard-Rudd years, leadership changes are no longer surprising. And Abbott's failures were more public—and arguably, more spectacular—than Rudd's.

But even if all those things are true, the disparity in coverage is still sexist.

The Australian media has a stupidly high bar for what constitutes sexism: so long as some second-rate pundit can concoct a different reason for the behaviour in question, no discrimination has occurred. This is why the pundits dismissed Gillard's misogyny speech a pathetic attempt to play the 'gender card' when her woes apparently stemmed from her misguided

alliances with Peter Slipper and Craig Thomson.

This approach defies the basic logic of causation. There can be multiple reasons why any one thing happens. This is something we acknowledge in economic modelling, when we include multiple variables to explain a single outcome, and in the legal profession, where concepts like contributory negligence were designed to acknowledge that multiple parties can be at fault for any given wrong. It is time that we extend the concept to political analysis.

By all accounts, Tony Abbott's ex-chief of staff Peta Credlin was a micromanager. But sexism is clearly also at play when, after three years of holding Credlin up as an example of Abbott's ability to work with women, liberal party politicians and sympathetic journalists start blaming her for leading a decent man astray. And although some of the flak Julia Gillard copped may have been deserved, much of it was probably a result of her two X chromosomes. To quote Julia herself: "It doesn't explain everything, it doesn't explain nothing, it explains some things."

Alex Downie

Credits

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Thoughts, Feelings and Notices

Vale, BULL

Dear *Honi*,

In a purposely downplayed announcement, the USU in consultation with the University's marketing department have decided to end production of the *BULL* magazine after the last issue coming out this October. This is a travesty, especially considering that the editors of this year's *BULL* team were not even consulted until the decision had been finalized, and the USU's own board members have refused to comment.

BULL magazine's sudden end has been justified based on a survey sent through their email "newsletter" last Semester. Ultimately, however, it seems the USU has decided the cost of printing *BULL*mag's eight issues a year does not justify the returns. This is disturbing considering the USU's own constitutional objective to "promote the interests and welfare of the University community", though is in line with its increasing reliance on commercial partnerships and corporatization and one begins to wonder why this "not-for-profit" is so obsessed with its bottom line.

The *BULL* magazine is a staple around the campus and has provided extremely polished student-produced content for the past eight years. The quality of its work cannot be understated—in 2013 it won "best student publication" and has featured interviews with prominent politicians, artists, former students and so much more whilst providing a platform for student writers, photographers, and artists to cut their teeth.

Most importantly, the *BULL* had a special place at University as a non-political entity that focused more on investigative journalism and student culture rather than domestic politics. Once this is gone, it is unlikely to return. The USU has proposed that it will provide instead a "student generated content" page on its website. Aside from the fact that no one visits this,

the *BULL*'s editors have rightfully voiced their scepticism as to whether it will have any editorial independence from the USU and their growing ties with USYD Marketing.

Sincerely,

Aidan Quinn

RIP, BULL

Dear *Honi*,

The news of *BULL*'s cancellation is incredibly sad. Not only does it speak to the miserliness of the board (comments on Facebook noted how the costs Aitken-Radburn raised are miniscule compared with the organisation's profit margins), but it also speaks to a disturbing anti-culture.

To my recollection in 2013 it was noted that certain board directors attended one of the revues (which are a wonderful creative outlet for so many students) drunk and heckled the performance, a fiasco that seemed to be echoed in this year's revue season. I also recall there was a controversy earlier this year when there was conflict between the USU board elections and Jew Revue's efforts to sell tickets to its shows.

In this contest it's disturbing that the board has chosen to pull the plug on *BULL* and replace it with a mashup of Buzzfeed and a Soviet-era Pravda. It's as if stupor is only interested in the university's creative outlets insofar as they are voices for their politics—suppressing student culture in the process.

Student culture is such a beautiful thing as well. On the USYD campus alone there is an entire revue season featuring acting, music and comedy. In addition, there are regular comedy features such as Manning's Theatresports. Outside of these features, there are also entire societies dedicated to

fostering and promoting the university's bristling creativity, such as LitSoc, SUDS and MUSE.

There's a reason that those involved in stupol are often referred to as hacks, after all.

Yours,

A Fervent Advocate of Culture

Oops

Corrections

Pharmacists everywhere regret sentiments expressed in Queer Honi and would like to acknowledge the safety and efficacy of dental dams when performing oral sex on vaginas, and would like to thank them for their dedication in the fight against STIs.

presented by **green left** apex

COMEDY DEBATE: "Team Australia should be disqualified" and Kevin Rudd (Nathan Lintern)

Featuring:
Alice Fraser
Michael Hing
Kirsty Mac
Carlo Sands
Shayne Hunter

with MC
Tony Abbott
(Jonas Holt)

6.30pm Saturday
17 October 2015
Leichhardt Town Hall
107 Norton St, Leichhardt

trybooking.com/144501
\$50 solidarity. \$30 waged. \$22 low-waged.
\$12 concession. Bar and meal available.
Ph 8070 9331 / 0403 517 266. greenleft.org.au

THOUGHTS YOU HAVE DURING
MID-SEMESTER

BY
STEPHANIE BARAHONA



"What day is it?"

We Want to Hear From You!

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Secrets Lurk Behind Uni Buildings

Alexi Polden on everything you wanted to know about sex USyd buildings but were too afraid to ask.

Spence is going to be here HOW LONG?

Hot on the lips of university middle management is the pending construction of a new admin building. The building is set to house a whole range of admin functions that have until now been spread awkwardly across campus and will be built just off City Road.

Perhaps most interesting is Vice-Chancellor Michael Spence's involvement in planning the building, which is set to include new quarters for the VC. One wonders if Spence is designing the office with himself in mind. Spence's current term ends in mid 2018, the building is set to be complete in late 2017 or early 2018 (provided a contractor doesn't accidentally start a fire, as they did in the new business school). His involvement suggests he may expect to be around for a third term. A little birdy told me that Spence's 2013 appointment was hardly a shoe-in; one wonders whether Spence's dreams will be dashed and he'll end up outside the tent pissing in.

The building is also set to house the Chancellor, Vice Principal Operations, Alumni and Development, DVC Research, DVC Registrar, DVC Education, DVC Indigenous Strategy and Services, HR, part of Marketing and Communications, Office of General Counsel, Senate Secretariat, Enterprise Project Management Office, and the Office of Global Engagement (try saying all of that 30 times over). Though the price has not been finalised, the tender has been set at around \$70 million.

The uni didn't say how much of that \$70 mil would be raised by selling cigarettes to



children in Indonesia.

Stones, glass houses

Honi understands that the building—the VC's office in particular—will be something of a fishbowl, with glass walls looking down on colleagues/staff/students/customers below. I asked the very nice Director of Campus Infrastructure and Services, Greg Robinson, about that point. He said that "the design of the building aims to reflect Leadership, Transparency, Accessibility, and to showcase the best of what we do in research and education."

I don't want to have too much of a dig at the design, but just for a second picture walking down Eastern Ave and seeing Spence working several floors above. Jesus...

I know another glass building on campus...

All this talk of glass and accessibility may bring the ill-fated new law school to mind. The building opened to much acclaim in 2009, and has won a raft of awards since then.

It's also shit. It's been ringed by temporary fencing for the past year, making it both

very ugly and very annoying to get around.

I assumed this was to prevent one of the oft-shattered glass panels falling and impaling someone, like something out of a half-arsed problem question in a law exam. I asked the uni about this and they reassured me that the glass was structurally sound and would not fall, which I'm sure is a relief for the academics working in rooms with plywood windows.

The real reason for the fencing, according to Robinson, was actually "the potential for the soffit under the building to fail after a piece fell earlier in the year". He said the fence would remain until the soffit was inspected, which begs the question why it hasn't been done yet. In short, we should expect the fence to remain for what, in Robinson's words "could be for an extended period of time."

He wouldn't tell me who's footing the bill.

But wait, there's more...?

The glass isn't the only shoddy part of the law school. Most of it leaks—it's got so bad in the library that the uni's OH&S people have ordered that the reading room be closed whenever it rains.

I asked Robinson about the leaks (though, admittedly not about the reading room). He said that "these items of backlog maintenance are prioritised along with all the items across our 700 buildings and are attended to in priority order with first priority around safety and comfort of our staff and students". Which is to say they probably won't be fixed for an extended period of time.

Once bitten, twice shy.

I asked if the law school lemon had changed the university's approach to building projects, Robinson told me that "Lessons learnt is a core part of the work that we do in CIS and certainly the method of contracting that was used to build the building is no longer used by the University." Which is a relief.

More satisfying is the fact that the company that build the law school, Baulderstone, has ceased operating and has been absorbed by Lend Lease (who Robinson insists the University has a very good relationship with).

So while the law school may be a little shit, at least we have a schadenfreude happy ending.

Comic by Michael Lotsaris.



University of Sydney Student Smashes NASA Record For Fuel Efficiency

Joanna Connolly and Peter Walsh on the latest from the School of Physics.

University of Sydney doctoral candidate in physics, Paddy Neumann, has developed a new kind of ion space drive that has smashed the current record for fuel efficiency held by NASA.

The current record, held by NASA's HiPEP system, allows 9600 (+/- 200) seconds of specific impulse. However, results recorded by the Neumann Drive have been as high as 14,690 (+/- 2000), with even conservative results performing well above NASA's best. That means this drive is using fuel far more efficiently, allowing for it to operate for longer. Furthermore NASA's HiPEP runs on Xenon gas, while the Neumann Drive can be powered on a number of different metals, the most efficient tested so far being magnesium.

"Mars and back on a tank of fuel"

The drive works through a reaction between electricity and metal, where electric arcs strike the chosen fuel (in this case, magnesium) and cause ions to spray, which are then focused by a magnetic nozzle to produce thrust. Unlike current industry standard chemical propulsion devices, which operate through short, high-powered bursts of thrust and then coasting, Neumann's drive runs on a continuous rhythm of short and light bursts, preserving the fuel source but

requiring long-term missions.

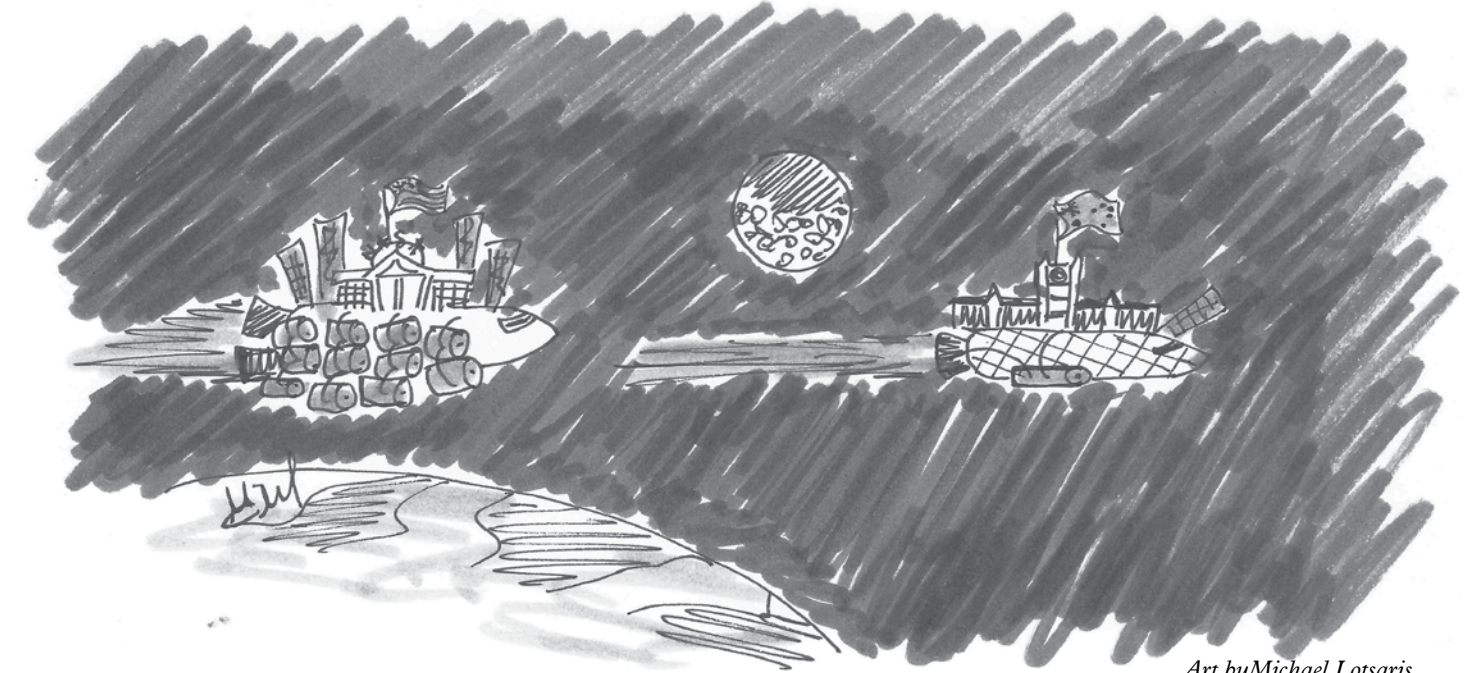
The drive—which outperforms NASA's in fuel efficiency, but not acceleration—could potentially function as the packhorse of space travel, allowing for the transportation of cargo over long distances. Most interestingly, as it runs on metals commonly found in space junk, it could potentially be fuelled by recycling exhausted satellites, repurposing them into fresh fuel. Given the current cost of transporting fuel into space (exponential), and the ubiquity of space junk, the Neumann drive has huge commercial potential. It could vastly reduce the cost of space transportation, keep satellites in

orbit for longer periods of time, and enable space travel of much greater distances, with Neumann suggesting the possibility of "Mars and back on a tank of fuel".

Despite this, Neumann's attempts to offer his invention as intellectual property to the University were passed on by CDIP (Commercial Development and Industry Partnerships), the university's wing for commercialising research work done at the University. As a result, intellectual property over the Neumann Drive returned to Neumann and Professors David McKenzie and Marcela Bilek, who assisted in his work. Neumann subsequently lodged a patent for the device under the purview of

a new company, Neumann Space, and is in the process of securing funding for the next stage of research. Honi understands that Neumann's attempts to contact the Vice Chancellor were not responded to.

On Tuesday, Neumann lodged a patent for the invention, opening up the potential to commercialise the drive down the track. He intends to continue endurance testing his device, to examine its performance under the conditions likely to be met in space. He will be presenting his findings at the 15th Australian Space Research Conference, on September 30th at the Australian Defence Force Academy.



Art by Michael Lotsaris.

Future Boy Eats Cool Thai

Aaron Chen on the No. 13 lunch special at Thai La-Ong.

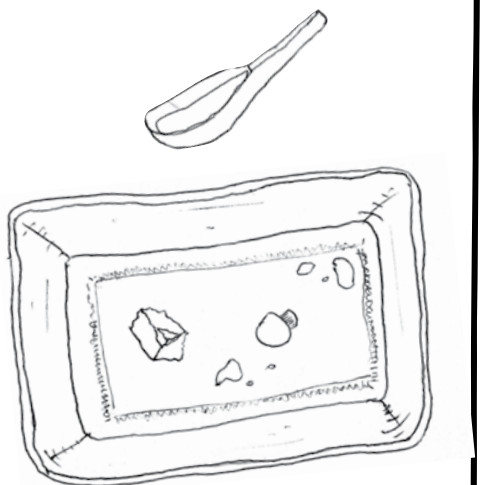
I'm no food expert or professional journalist, but one thing you gotta know about me is that this kid loves to eat. I have actually eaten so much and so many different types of things that if you try to verse me in a food competition you'd probably lose so quickly. But this isn't about me, it's about the time I had No. 13 at Thai La-Ong one time.

The number thirteen is shrouded in superstition and every single human is scared of the number. Not me. Everyone

who's close to me knows that I try new things, I pioneer and I push boundaries, especially in regards to food. The classics are cool but you can only eat them so many times before your instincts go "No. It's time to venture into the new world." No one has ever ordered number 13 before me, so I was not surprised when the waitress screamed in shock when I asked for the dish.

The dish is called "Pad Pong Kha Min". It's described as "turmeric, coconut milk and

vegetables". What comes out is this sweet dish that's less liquid than a curry and it actually tastes so good and you feel gourmet af on just \$7. It's actually so crazy. And when you get it you have to get it with tofu. I'm no vegetarian, the rumours are true, I am a meat boy, but the tofu just soaks up the sauce and it's super plump with all that liquid. It's actually such a revelation. I really don't want to say I'm a game changer, but I can't tell you honestly that things won't be the same. Peace and harmony.



*SRC President Kyol Blakeney has been nominated for Cleo Bachelor of the Year 2015.

Peculiar Turnbullisms: Malcolm At Sydney Uni

Abbott's career at uni was littered with allegations well documented in the annals of Honi Soit—punching walls, kicking down doors, threatening women and general gronkness. But how does Turnbull's hach career measure up? Honi took to the archives to see what Malcolm was like at uni.

Words by **Samantha Jonscher**. Research by **Isabella Trimboli** and **William Edwards**.

Turnbull, the Liberal your 'small l' mother loves, staked his claim to "centre-cough-conservative" early on. He was a hack in every sense of the word: on first name terms with *Honi's* readers, a prolific letter writer and a frequent character in other people's writing. He had a finger in all the pies of student careerism: Turnbull was elected as a USU Board Director twice, worked on the Union's *Recorder*, was the Student Representative on the Academic Board and was an SRC representative. He even ran for *Honi* in 1974, but lost. He doesn't live in the pulbic record quite like Abbott—there isn't the same kind of BOYS WILL BE BOYS around Malcolm—but he proves an interesting character anyway.

Reading his contributions to campus publications and his reception among his peers, the portrait is familiar. He wrote sobering, centrist political critiques and clever, "old boy" prose. Among his opponents he was singled out as "conservative", "vocal" and a punchline. In a list of 69 ways to turn yourself onto masturbation, Malcolm was gag 45—"Seeing Malcolm Turnbull's balls through binoculars while bird watching on No 2 Oval".

Honi circa 1975 was a radical place, Sydney University 1975 was a radical place. Conversation was dominated by the political upheaval in Chile, the divergence of political economy from Economics, Whitlam and Feminism. Young Malcolm saw himself as a sober anti-radical that could see things clearly.

Turnbull's contributions to *Honi* vassilated between condemning the left—Whitlam, activism, political economy—and chastising the conservatives for their privilege. He describes the political landscape Whitlam inherited from the conservatives as warned "by the steak-fed bottoms of the sons of Toorak and the champions of Double Bay" and is quick to point out that political advertising reforms are pointed squarely at conservatives, "friends with the owners of the networks".

But mostly Malcolm wrote about national politics. He even wrote a sharp defense of proposed changes to political advertisements—arguing financial contributions should be regulated and that ads should be substantial, not gimmicky. "It's time" comes to mind.

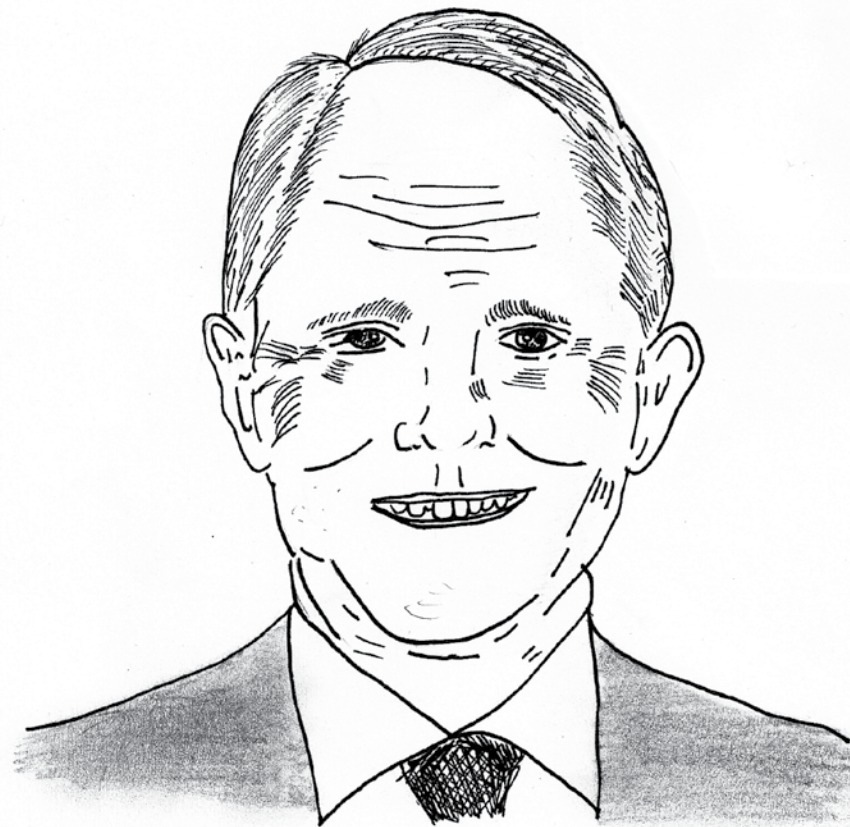
Yes, Malcolm found himself early. from day one he saw himself as the rational lone crusador. Criticising a group of students who resisted raising USU membership from \$20 to \$40, Malcolm wrote:

"But I am used to being beaten at elections and meetings, I am accustomed to being in a minority, and generally I know that neither I, nor my opponents, are entirely right and that by next week, we both may be proved entirely wrong [...] The Corollary is frightening. We are only alive seventy years, and many of us less, so why plan, why build, why care for anything beyond an electrically comforted and carefully drugged existence, tucked away in a wasteful and tasteless hermetically sealed suburban paradise. I'm alright Jack, let tomorrow look after itself."

Awfully familiar, isn't it?

Perhaps looking back at a politician's university career is a tedious exercise in dirt gathering. Malcolm himself, however, took no issue with this. Careful centrist Malcolm set his sights on the character failings of one Gough Whitlam, opining in 1974 on his imminent fall from grace.

"Old university bands will tell you that Gough Whitlam has always been arrogant. As the fairly well off son of a prominent public servant he lived at St. Pauls and upon buying a new suit would turn up to the English lecture ten minutes late, so the crowds could stamp with admiration as he entered in sartorial splendour [...] he has even fallen into the trap of



Malcolm Turnbull
Former lawyer, and Fifth Prime Minister of Australia in the last five years.
BA LLB, 77, 78

Art by **Stephanie Barahona**

proclaiming his own prominent place in history. He is, on his own say so, the greatest Prime Mimister since Curtin, or was it Menzies, with whom he has always compared himself. Needless to say these sorts of judgement are best left to the cunning fellows like myself as we thump out the truth on portable typewriters."

He goes on to compare Whitlam to Hitler.

"[Whitlam's] small but devoted staff had referred to him as 'the leader'. Translated to German, that's 'der Fuhrer'".

Ah well, we are all young once.



NO MATTER WHO YOU VOTE FOR, A POLITICIAN ALWAYS GETS IN

Dear Sirs and Madam,

It is, I realise, a trifle too much to expect 'Honi Soit' to leave aside the political situation in Chile or Vietnam or Timor or wherever the red flag has flown, is flying or has modest ambition, and descend to discussing the less fascinating, but more relevant, issues of student government, but Jane Rawlings' article on the Union elections is even less accurate than usual.

I don't think I have ever seen a serious assessment of an election or the issues involved. Where are the serious stories about the so-called "right-wing" takeover of the S.R.C., I am told that the S.R.C. is now run by a band of "right Fascists", at least that is what the one or two lightweight atmosphere stories Honi has run have suggested. Where are the serious analyses of the ideology of Mr. Phillips or Mr. Lane-Mullins. If it is so bad that they are in charge, why doesn't someone try to prove it by means other than smear and innuendo?

Student government in the Union and the S.R.C. spends millions of dollars a year, but the students who give of their time to run these administrations and represent students on university bodies are always laughed at by Honi. In last week's Honi a letter from Jo McKenzie, a candidate for the Senate, is entitled "Vote 1 Me, Eh, Eh". If Honi believes Mr. McKenzie's motives are less than honourable, why doesn't it say so? There is nothing more cowardly and cheap than the practise of putting derogatory and snide titles to serious letters. Yet, for the most part, that is the sum of the political comment on student affairs that Honi can offer.

Is it any wonder that students stay away from the polls in droves, is it any wonder that less and less students are becoming involved in student government?

Some Peculiar Turnbullisms

Dear Sir,

Since I nearly got elected editor I have given a great deal of thought to what role Honi should fill in a university like ours. Firstly should it be produced with the aim of being overwhelmingly popular? If so, itists and burns and vomit men are the order of the day. The taste of students en masse does not appear to be any less base than that of the mass of citizens. And one doesn't need to have much knowledge of the rise and fall of newspapers to realise that the recipe for success is a very crude mixture indeed. The Pulitzers, the Hearsts and the Murdochs made their names and fortunes out of sex and sin.

If one, however, has little feeling for the low tastes of many of our contemporaries, is it then better to attempt to educate, or uplift the students by producing a quality paper dealing with more serious matters without being "heavy" as Arena is and thus turning people off. The choice between the two can be characterised as the '73 smut and abuse Honi of those two outstanding businessmen, Peake and Kiely and the more enlightened and serious Honi this year of Margan and Grose.

I certainly believe that Honi '75 should follow this years tradition, but should also follow the liberal policy of printing all shades of political opinion. Honi should never shut its doors to students' opinions, no matter how unpleasant they may appear to the editors of the moment. For this year's Honi to be improved on it will need more staff. The majority of people that read Honi are neither willing, or if the truth be known, capable of doing anything to help it. Yet there are capable people that must be enlisted. Honi needs more reporters that can go out in search of news. It needs more feature writers so that the editors have more of a choice and thus can ensure a better paper.

There is one thing however, the new editors will have to watch, the development of a clique that doesn't encourage new ideas and thus turns in on itself, wallowing in its isolation and irrelevance to the students.

I hope that these things can be accomplished, the new editors will certainly have the capability to do so, it remains to be seen whether they have the will.

So I wish the new team good luck for the new year's toils and an even better Honi

yours etc.
Malcolm Turnbull

Malcolm Turnbull, Boy Wonder and Friend of Honisoit, had a heavy night. Nobody wanted to know him. All he got was chairman of a Debates committee to which the best debaters failed to get elected thanks to Herman's rhetorical powers and Brimaud's Co's voting powers. He ended up at the back with Patch and I blowing a joint. Ails well that ends well.

Honi Soit is the chief means of communication on this campus. The university lacks any sort of community spirit, Honi could try and provide that. But it does not. University leaders, both in the administration and in the student body, are subject to a lofty sneer, and the rest of Honi's politics consist of "radical" articles often lifted from other newspapers.

I hope that the new editors can make Honi a students' paper next year. At the moment it is little better than a free and less political Tribune.

yours etc.,
Malcolm Turnbull.

ardent womens' Libber she saw a womens' place as being more permanent than cigars. She saw women behind every man (how frustrating). Which is better for the Liberal party—Sue Gaillie or a Corona, she asked rhetorically.

She thought the House should unite against smokers, against those "who would push cigars before women" (strange perversion).

Cigars may be good smokes but women are better pokes."

This is obviously deeply offensive. Then again the whole debate was deeply

offensive. *The Union Recorder* only registers one piece of dissent: "Ms. Julie Bishop objected to being seen as a sex object". This isn't the Julie Bishop you are thinking of; the current Deputy Leader attended the University of Adelaide.

Turnbull would later write a poem in response to the debate—evidently after a little bit of a stir (this situation remains opaque to *Honi* today). *The Ballad of Gundamere* is a lengthy—LENGTHY—lampoon of the topic, taking the debate's premise to its logical conclusion: a woman is badly burnt, mistaken for a cigar. Take what you will from this.

In another debate on the topic, "Does Stripping Degrade Women?", Malcolm

argues something less grating. *The Union Recorder* reports Turnbull as putting forward "those who strip or 'haunt the fork' for money are no more degraded than those who sell their forensic abilities as barristers. The degraded people were the wowers who moaned about 'sexual exploitation' and so on when they should be talking about wages and conditions instead of obscenity and the like".

What does all this mean? Who knows.

One letter to *Honi* in 1974 alleges some sort of censoring on Malcolm's part of a previous letter by Nobel. Apparently Nobel's letter was missing some critical comments and titled "Malcolm got a hold of this one" by the editors.

TURNBULL, Malcolm B, Arts/Law II

Nominated by — Robyn Tupman, B.A., Law II, Robert P. Gausson, Arts/Law IV. University of Sydney Union: Honorary Secretary, Debates Committee, 1974; Centenary Celebrations Committee. Law Society: Arts/Law Representative, 1973. S.E.A.L.S.: Arts/Law Representative, 1973.

- If elected I will,
• work to lower food prices by pruning top-heavy Union administration,
• co-operate with other student unions in the buying of food so that maximum economies are achieved,
• employ more students as casual workers in the Union,
• see that special ramp and toilet facilities are installed for members in wheelchairs,
• start a students' co-operative super market which will sell goods at wholesale prices.
- For too long the Union has been run by mealy-mouthed, time-serving directors with little regard for the members. Elect a director that's not afraid to fight for what he believes. Vote for Turnbull.

One Complaint

To Honi Editors
Dear Sirs,

In the last edition of Honi Soit I had a letter published under the title 'Malcolm got hold of this One'. Malcolm certainly did get hold of this one, for it was so heavily edited as to be unrecognizable from the original.

This I find amazing and appalling in a university rag which boasts that it will publish 'everything and anything'.

The reason given for these deletions was that the original letter was illegible. It can't have been too bad for I notice that the more 'critical' of the comments were missing, and what remained was a hollow shell of the former statements. I would expect this sort of thing from a government department and the like but not from the path-blazing Honi Soit!

Yours sincerely
Nobel
P.S. I was told the original had been (conveniently) destroyed or lost and wonder if this same end will meet this one that Malcolm gets!

The Ballad of Gundamire

Such indecency'd rarely be seen in the lewdest of nursing homes. I can see a naked woman and she's stretched out flat on the bar. Not only is this a perve show, but clearly a massage parlour!

In vain they attempted to tell him, that all was not as it seemed.

For this was the big arrest of which Bailey had always dreamed.

But fortunately the judge was a man far more inclined to think.

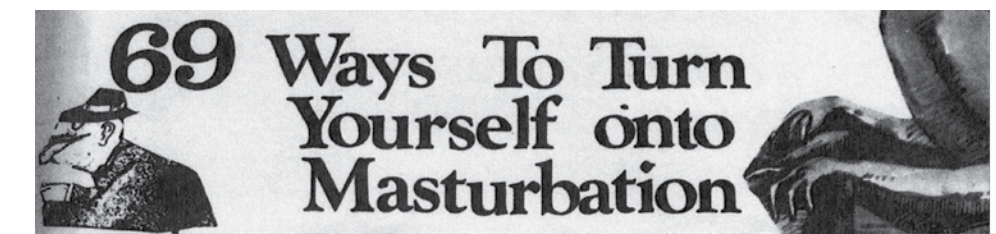
And acquitted all but the drover, to whom he gave six months in the clink.

Yet the judge was not a hard man, and understood the drovers plight.

So he mentioned to the drover, just to set the matter right.

There's one thing you must remember, you be a lawabiding bloke, 'A woman's just a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke'

Malcolm Turnbull
February 1974



- 43 Becoming a Forest Lodge alcoholic and continually throwing up over your now former lover in public
- 44 Having mouth odour like a garlic and ammonia factory
- 45 Seeing Malcom Turnbull's balls through binoculars while bird watching on No 2 Oval
- 46 Tertiary syphilis symptoms

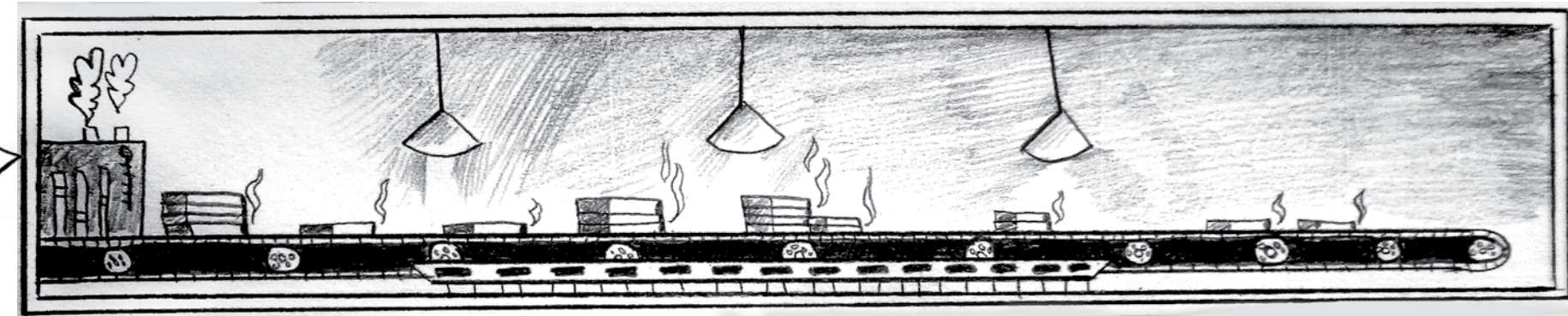
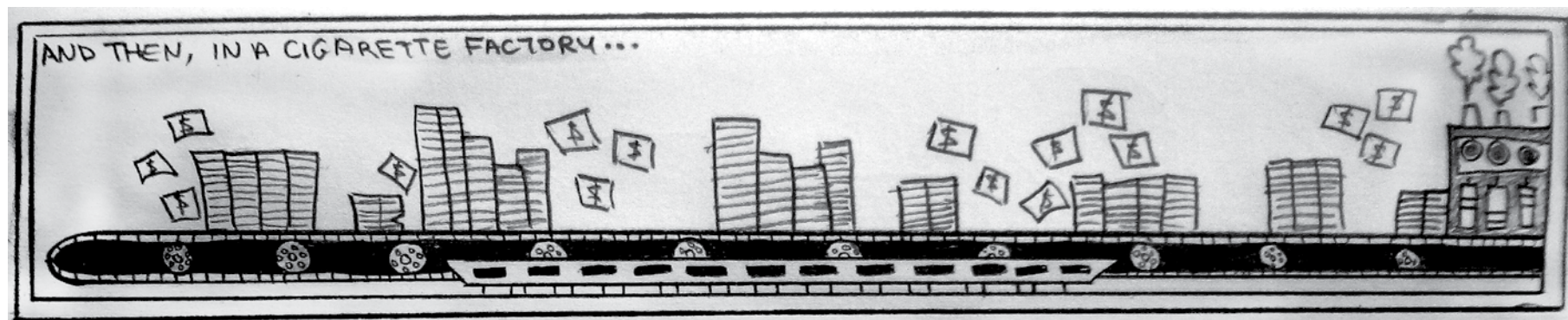
Another letter records Malcolm's desire to start paying the president of the USU a salary—\$5000, roughly half full time minimum wage in today's terms. The letter expressed concern that a culture of political careerism could grow out of this move. For what it's worth, the contemporary President was apparently also opposed to this idea.

Perhaps pre-empting all of this analysis of young Malcolm is young Malcolm himself. In issue 26 of *Honi* 1974 wrote:

Getting in Early

Dear Sir,
I deny Everything.

Malcolm Turnbull





I Work For Google, And You Do Too

Patrick Morrow didn't even need to apply.

Hello there, I work for tech giant Google.

I don't remember exactly when I started working for tech giant Google. That might sound like hubris, but tech giant Google wouldn't have hired me if I were proud (tech giant Google hates that).

But I guess that's the out-of-left-field thinking you'd expect when applying for a position at the tech giant Google.

In fact, if I try to put what I went through to get my posting to paper and it doesn't seem like there's anything there. But it's

isn't a dour, suffocating tyrant, they're an invisible hand. They enable without being overbearing. You sometimes forget there's a chain of command at all. The machine is relaxed. You feel utterly at home. In a way, I was at home. Because I was at home.

or "data" division. A fast-moving company like tech giant Google can't be expected to make long term commitments to things like "names" or "departments". I can do literally every part of my job from home. So I do. I have never been to the offices.

My lapse in memory probably had something to do with the process. See, the tech giant Google doesn't take CVs. Where would you send them? google@gmail.com? Not likely. Unsurprisingly, if you've ever done a Google search, they know where to find you. And so they found me.

I know every rumour about the interviews. Most of them don't have any substance—the grains of sand at all the beaches question, the smallest shape you can make with your legs test, the loaded P226 and the industrial saboteur challenge; they're the fancies of the jealous—but it's difficult to call them conventional, by any stretch.

You prepare yourself for questions about trains leaving stations at the same time in different cities, and the number of piano tuners in Australia, but they never come. If there is a lateral thinking curve ball, it's that I don't think I was actually asked a single question. There was no interview.

the 21st century—why would you need anything on paper to work at the tech giant Google? They actually haven't sent me a single form. No leave applications, no stationary inventories, no superannuation forms. They know all that.

There's no requirement to wear a tie. At tech giant Google they want the wind to cool your major brain arteries—it helps when it comes time to do the googling! (That's what we call "work" at Google. Work doesn't quite do justice to what we're doing from day to day.) Your employer

The successful applicant will smile a lot. Appreciate the power of the Internet. Think laterally. You have potential. Potential is important. The successful applicant is taught to set up an email account with the company—but unlike other Google addresses this one gives you access to Google+ and Google Latitude, if you started work before 2009 when it was shut down.

I'm in a special projects division that I don't think has a formal name. At least I've never heard its formal name uttered aloud. It's part of either the "information"

There are a lot of rumours about how the tech giant Google operates, but it's not that mystic. There aren't secret passages or clandestine rituals. It's a 21st century company. It's probably similar to the place that you work. Just better. To the untrained eye it might look like I'm doing nothing at all, but the tech giant Google knows better.

Now, work is more than work for me. Chain me to my desk. Plug the Google IV straight into my veins. Watch me hammer out the Google until my fingers are worn to the bone. I punch in at 12 noon and log off at 3 in the morning. Two gin-scented tears trickle down my face. It's a long shift, but I know that every day I am part of a 7 billion strong team. You do it for the companies that love you. I love the tech giant Google.

Art by Stephanie Barahona



Beyond the Silver Screen

Lamya Rahman writes on the Arab Women Film Festival.



reveal an often unseen view into the lives of Arab women in an array of locations, situations and political spheres.

Dr Lucia Sorbera, pioneer of The Arab Women Film Festival and senior lecturer at the University of Sydney, says that while not all the films are about women, they all express the intellectual agency held by Arab women. Particularly, there is the emphasis that Arab women have developed their own narrative about history and politics, in which they express a generally critical, and sometimes feminist, viewpoint.

Indeed all the films, while diverse in their styles and subject matter, are highly political in nature. Having access to these opinions and views by notable Arab women is a vitally important opportunity for Sydney University students and beyond.

The opening film, Mofida Tlaty's *The Silences of the Palace* (1994), which was screened on Monday 10th September, involves a strong criticism of the post-colonial nationalist elite in Tunisia. An approach that was not only somewhat taboo within contemporary Tunisian historiography, but also quite groundbreaking in cinematic history, making it the first film by an Arab woman that had received great international success.

The other films do not pale in comparison, and hold their own special place in terms of reception and the significance of their political critique.

Maysoon Pachachi's *Our Feelings Took The Pictures, Open Shutter* (2009) is a documentary that records the aftermath of the 2003 invasion of Iraq through

interviews with exiled Iraqi women. Nadine Labaki's *Where Do We Go Now?* (2012), is a feature film set during the civil war in Lebanon and reflects religious tensions that were rife within the country. Nadia Kamel's *Salata Baladi* (2008) is a multi-award winning documentary that addresses the migration of Egyptian Jews to Israel, and has been discussed widely in academic spheres. Finally, the closing film, Viola Shafik's *Scent of Revolution* (2014) is the most recent of the bunch, offering a documentary-style look into the happenings of post-revolutionary Egypt.

Dr Lucia Sorbera says these five films, while a poor selection in comparison to the vast production of films by Arab women, were chosen deliberately because of their political themes. She says that in a time where the Arab World has become a central topic in Western media

Right now, the University of Sydney is host to the Arab Women Film Festival. Organised by the Department of Arabic Language and Cultures, it is the first festival of its kind in Sydney. The festival will showcase five films over September and October, each directed by notable Arab women filmmakers, and reflecting their key experiences in the Arab world. These diverse experiences



One Man's Vigilante Is Another Man's Corporate War Consultant

Alexi Polden missed a court date.

Russell's Twitter @freespeaktweet

Should Uber be defined by Govts as a TERROR-IST ORGANISATION - pls share your view
RT = Yes
Fav = No
either way - let's get public opinion!

If you watch a lot of daytime TV you might have heard about Uber's greatest enemy, Russell Howarth, who has risen to prominence conducting "citizen's arrests" of Uber drivers. Howarth is a former taxi entrepreneur, a self described "corporate war consultant," and says he used to work as a counter terror cop in London¹. He claims that Uber amounts to an unlicensed taxi service and the drivers are operating illegally. This, he believes, gives him the right to detain them and bring them to the nearest police station.

The police don't seem to always see it that way. Just last week Howarth tweeted a picture of an RBT, and a tirade of complaints that the police on duty had failed to pull over—let alone arrest—a purported Uber driver who sailed by.

The courts also don't necessarily agree with Howarth's stance. In July Uber² was granted an interlocutory injunction against Howarth, which bars him from

continuing his arrests. Howarth, funded by the Australian Taxi Drivers Association, responded with a cross-claim, seeking a separate injunction against Uber, on the grounds that it is operating in breach of the NSW Passenger Transport Act.

There was another brief hearing in the dispute last week—one I would be writing about had I seen the updated court list the morning of. Thankfully, the real action starts on October 6.

Anyway, I woke at 10 and realised that the case had been moved from 11:30 to 9:30. Racing to get there I jumped in an Uber, and asked the driver what he thought of the case. He told me he didn't care if Howarth had a problem with the company, but that he shouldn't be picking on individual drivers, who, my driver said, weren't doing anything wrong because they were just responding to "requests from people to a lift, not like a taxi".

That struck me as miraculously close to Uber's corporate line—that their drivers are self-employed and their service simply exists to facilitate drivers and passengers connecting. Obviously that's bullshit. As is the fact that

Uber seems to have decided they can flaunt the law by making it unenforceable—they've taken to blocking the phones used by inspectors to catch Uber drivers, making it prohibitively expensive to stop them driving.

But that doesn't necessarily mean that Howarth's got the solution, targeting drivers who don't know any better (Uber reportedly tells them they're not doing anything wrong), doesn't really hit the root of the problem, and is unlikely to stop it. The massive take-up of Uber by both drivers and customers also probably indicates something is wrong with the current taxi system. Thankfully for you I'm trying my best not to be one of those insufferable writers who pretends to know where the solution lies. I just like cheap taxis



Art by Michael Lotsaris

[1] If movies have taught me anything it's that people who've worked in counter terrorism don't list it on their LinkedIn

[2] Actually Uber BV, based in the Netherlands—tax purposes

and the Western world, it is important to understand that what is happening today is part of a longer history of Middle East politics, which goes way back before the highly publicised Arab uprisings in 2011.

"History is going very fast in the past ten—perhaps twenty—years," says Dr. Lucia Sorbera. "We have two films, one made in 2008 and one in 2014, but they both relate to different ages: pre-revolutionary and post-revolutionary Egypt."

"[These films] reflect the multiplicities of the Arab world. The idea in all my teaching and writing is that we can't generalise when we talk about the Arab world and more specifically, Arab women. We need to define which country we're talking about and in which period. Are we referring to an urban or countryside context? Which social classes are we targeting? Which generation is at the

centre of our discourse? This is something that I try to discuss through these movies."

In keeping with this idea of a diverse Arab world, the films, to a certain extent, reflect the diversity of Arab women and their experiences within the political sphere.

Public discourse surrounding Arab women in Australia has been notorious in its reliance on heavy stereotypes of the Middle East. Media focus on the oppressive implications of the hijab and racist anecdotes of subservient Arab women effectively deny the multiplicity of experiences and diversity of characters among these women. By pigeonholing them, it rejects their personal autonomy and further marginalises them.

The Arab Women Film Festival offers recourse to this public perception of Arab women. It allows stories of Arab women

and the Middle East to be communicated in a way that is not simplified and exotified for the general public. The stories of these filmmakers are refreshingly diverse, unapologetic, and powerful. These films can therefore be a small form of action that contributes to creating a new discourse surrounding Arab women in Australia—one that is fostered by Arab women themselves. Although Dr Lucia Sorbera acknowledges that more forms of action must be taken, the Arab Women Film Festival is definitely a start.

Within a university sphere, the Arab Women Film Festival also has particular value in its ability to engage with academics and students of other disciplines. This is a goal that corresponds with their participation in a broader project titled 'A Continuing Spring: Arab and Australian views on social justice, economic development, and cultures of

freedom'. Funded by the Council for Arab-Australian Relations, this project aims to create a space where discussion and informed knowledge of the Arab world can be shared among a broad community consisting of Arab-Australian intellectuals, Australian intellectuals, public intellectuals, and students.

For Sorbera, the film provides the opportunity to inform those who may not have prior knowledge of the issues explored in these films. For this, she says, an open mind is the most important tool.

Art by Michael Lotsaris





BULL Recedes Six Years Shy of a Century

Rebecca Wong wades through the legacy of Union publications at the University of Sydney.

The *Union Recorder* was Sydney University's first student-edited news publication. Dating back to 1921, and notable for coining the phrase "been there, done that", it documents more than eight decades of student activism, along with the myriad misdemeanors of straight-laced private school boys with Prime Ministerial ambition (for more on this, see pages 6-7).

Six years shy of a century later, without editorial consultation and in a confidential meeting, the USU has decided to axe its only print publication, *BULL* Magazine.

Rachel Hills, who edited the *Union Recorder* in 2002, cites the experience as an important learning curve.

"I started writing about student politics towards the end of my tenure... I think mostly through *UR* actually, I'd critique the Union and things that were happening on the Board." Hills notes that Union oversight of the magazine was "fairly minimal".

According to Hills, though the *UR* was less radical than *Honi*, it had its fair share of controversy. "Part of the reason that we had to have the head of the Women's Committee look over our issues was because on one of our covers, there was an image that was considered to be sexist. That was the issue that I edited, and I was trying to comment on female gender roles.

"It's kind of ironic, because I write about feminism now, and I wrote about feminism then, and I certainly identified as a feminist at that point in my life," says Hills, who lives in New York and recently published her first book, *The Sex Myth: The Gap Between Our Fantasies and Reality*. "*Honi* led the charge about the *UR* being sexist and put posters up all over the university."

"One of the useful things as a student journalist were those pieces that I got to do where I was interrogating things that were happening on Union Board. So even though I don't presently work as a political journalist, I think that the kind of observation reporting I got to do on those machinations is something that you can really only do on campus when you're that age, because that's the political

environment that you have intimate exposure to. I learnt some useful lessons about reporting from doing those stories."

In the face of funding cuts arising from the introduction of voluntary student unionism, the *UR* was effectively wound up in 2005. *The Daily Bull*, formerly a newsletter advertising the services and events provided by the USU, was rebranded as *BULL* Magazine, replacing the *UR* as the union's flagship publication.

While it seems clear that *BULL* was subject to greater Union oversight than its predecessor, the extent to which this compromised the editorial independence of the publication has perhaps been overstated. Though a USU representative subedited every article and sat in on editorial meetings, the role was described by one editor as "always pretty administrative"; it was about keeping track of pitches and articles.

From 2012 to May 2015, the editorial liaison was USU Marketing and Communications Manager Louisa Stylian.

"She provided quite a bit of editorial feedback, and that's actually something I found hugely helpful. I thought she had a really strong sense of what worked well in the mag," says John Rowley, who edited *BULL* in 2013. "I felt like she was more of an editorial mentor than a voice for the USU."

Two editors cite instances where articles didn't make it to print because of their critical stances on the Union. Alex McKinnon, who edited *BULL* in 2011 and has since gone on to be assistant editor of popular news website Junkee, remembers:

"Someone pitched to me the idea of comparing food prices at Union outlets to prices off campus, which I thought was a really good idea. And it didn't get through, I mean as you can imagine the markup on things sold at campus outlets would be quite high."

Another editor states that, "we didn't want to bite the hand that fed us. I always saw working on *BULL* as similar to working in the real world—where someone else subedits your work and your publication

has marketing agendas."

Prior to this year, much of the publication's design was outsourced to the Union's Sales and Marketing Department, whose conception of the paper seemed to differ drastically from the students'.

"There was a really intelligent feature about people's apparent progressivism in racial politics... yet their refusal to sleep with people that don't look like them in their sexual lives," recalls Eleanor Gordon-Smith. "And the cover was a penis wearing a KKK hood."

While noting that the fuzzy chain of command made it difficult to challenge such decisions, Gordon-Smith emphasises that any issues of editorial autonomy fell squarely at the feet of board directors, "rather than some graphic designer who's just doing their job".

.....
"There was a really intelligent feature about people's apparent progressivism in racial politics... yet their refusal to sleep with people that don't look like them in their sexual lives... and the cover was a penis wearing a KKK hood."

The overall impact of the USU's proposed media alternative on the independence and viability of student publications is mixed. Stylian declined to be interviewed for this article. However, in a Facebook comment, she decried the board's failure to consult with the current editorial team, writing "rest assured I would have fought for you".

A new section of the Union's website will be devoted to multimedia news and campus culture coverage, with two part-time editors being paid an hourly rate in line with the applicable workplace award agreement. Contributors will be paid a fixed rate.

The decision to increase remuneration for student journalists has been met with near universal praise. It is an uncomfortable truth that, generally speaking, only those with the luxury of 12-hour timetables and considerable financial support from their families are able to undertake editorial work for an effective hourly rate of less than \$1.

"*BULL* has been a place where a lot of many dedicated talented people get to cut their teeth in a pseudo-professional environment," says Gordon-Smith. "So I think recognising that and leaning in to it, for instance by paying people, is a really good way to make sure it keeps doing that."

USU Board Director Ed McMahon told *Honi* that an editorial policy will be drafted by a working party chaired by elected Directors, and that the student editors will be in charge of the broad editorial vision of the site. That said, several students have expressed concerns that paying contributors may give the USU a bit too much editorial power in terms of the content students may be incentivised to produce.

Much of *BULL*'s content, such as photojournalism and long-form features, is particularly suited to the production cycle of a monthly print publication. It is unclear how much continuity will exist between *BULL* and the new site.

The shift to an exclusively digital platform, and salaried rather than stipended positions, suggests an attempt by the USU to inject a sense of professionalism into its publications programs. The impact of this shift on the relatively radical institution of student journalism is, at best, questionable. As McKinnon observes, "student journalists have more of a capacity to be feral than they would if they were writing for more respectable publications."

Cleo Loi: Groundbreaking Uni Astrophysicist

Charlotte Ward speaks with Sydney's star science undergrad.



As the latest recipient of the Astronomical Society of Australia's Bok Prize, Cleo Loi has become famous for the mark she made on modern radio astronomy last year in her Honours research. By applying novel insights to her analysis of data from the Murchison Widefield Array—the new interferometer in WA that forms the precursor to the Australian Square Kilometre Array—she has made significant discoveries about the interaction between the plasma in the Earth's ionosphere and the Earth's magnetic field. Before moving to Cambridge for her PhD, Cleo spoke with Honi about her astronomical achievements.

So there were quite a few weeks earlier this year when the results of your Honours research really dominated science media, they were all over Facebook and newspapers. What was it like to have so much public interest in your results?

It was weird. And exhausting. I've never received that much attention for anything. I don't even use social media. It was overwhelming because I'd be flooded by emails from people saying that 'this is great', but there were other crazy people who wanted strange, other details about me, which I refused to give them. But you got to see the general population's response, not just scientists'.

With regards to my media involvement, I got to go on radio talk shows and do interviews. I recently got funded by the US government to do a trip to Washington to present to some of the staff at NASA and also the National Geo-Spatial Intelligence Agency, which sounds pretty scary, but they're actually ok people. And yeah, giving talks all over Sydney as well as a presentation in Melbourne. So it's incredibly tiring, but it's been a good experience, to get that media exposure, because I've never had much of that before.

What drew you to astronomy in particular when you decided what research area you'd like to pursue in science?

So I'd actually done lots of research projects in different areas as an undergrad. Since my first year I've been involved with TSP (Talented Student Program) and I've also done summer projects and they've been astrophysics, high-energy physics,

quantum physics, space physics. One thing that struck me about astronomy is that it gives you a range of experiences and lots of different skills that you need as a scientist. So astronomers do lots of programming, and programming is useful across all the sciences. There's also exposure to data visualisation techniques and that's something that's used in other applications as well, such as medical imaging. And another skill for example is statistics, which is very useful.

You also get a lot of opportunities to think about the physics of what you're studying because these are extreme environments and so the physics that goes on there is very different to what you'd find on Earth. So, basically, I've found astronomy to be one of the more all-rounded science subjects that I could go in to.

When you first started out on your Honours project at the Sydney Institute for Astronomy, what were your main research goals?

So the data that my supervisor uses is from the Murchison Widefield Array (MWA), which is a newly built radio telescope. And one of the problems for the MWA is the effect of the ionosphere because it causes distortions of the data. So what my supervisor wanted to do was investigate how bad the distortions are, and that ended up being the goal of my project: to see how much the ionosphere was causing the positions of radio sources in the sky to shift around and if it would cause any changes in their brightness. So these were things like what percent variation does it cause? And then you factor that into your error bars, for example, when you're doing your transient searches. So that was the sort of information that my supervisor wanted me to get from analysing the data.

So moving on from those initial goals, how did you go about finding the discoveries that made your project so well known?

The discoveries were completely serendipitous. I had no idea that the Earth's magnetic field could effect the plasma in that way, and I guess neither did my entire research group, because they're concerned about things that are far beyond the Earth



and don't have that much knowledge of how the Earth actually works. So I went into this project almost completely cold about how the ionosphere behaves, and it was a real shock for me when I saw these tubular structures in the data.

How we actually did that was by looking at how the positions of the galaxies—background radio galaxies—were shifting around, and so for every one of thousands of galaxies in the MWA images, we measured the positions, and then I thought one cool thing to do would be to plot the distributions in the sky with an arrow plot. So you've got one arrow where you've measured the displacement of a single galaxy, and when you do that you see that there are these organized patterns, like there's this one strip of sky where all the galaxies move in one way and right next to that there's another patch where all the galaxies move another way, and it's this incredibly coherent striking pattern. And that was the discovery moment, when we first realized the magnetic field could do something so incredible to the plasma in the ionosphere.

So did you need to collaborate with people beyond astronomers to comprehend the data you had?

Yes we did. So the astronomers themselves couldn't offer any advice as to whether this was something expected or not because this instrument is very new and it sees the sky in a different way, a much broader observation of the sky than anything—any other telescope that has been built. So they were as much in the dark as I was. So what we did was to consult the space physics group here at Sydney University who unfortunately don't do as much stuff on Earth science so much as on solar science, so we then had to turn to other universities. We contacted people from La Trobe University then also the University of Newcastle, and finally the interpretation of the data as being these duct like structures came from a researcher from Newcastle. And that was a big help, being able to reach out to these other institutions and get their advice.

You mentioned that the MWA has a large field of view of the sky, what would you have not been able to do if you hadn't been able to use it? Would other interferometers have been able to give you the same sort of data?

They would be able to make measurements at a similar sensitivity but their sampling would be much, much sparser. So the MWA can do detailed visualisations of the structure on tens to hundreds kilometres scales because it has such a wide field of view. So every galaxy essentially acts as a measurement point and you can see thousands and thousands of galaxies, and it looks like a starry night sky. That is your sampling distribution. Other interferometers have much narrower fields of view and so they can't see very many sources. Their sampling is much sparser. They can only measure, let's say, several tens of points at

one time and that's not enough to build up a nice image. Imagine you have an image that's just ten pixels—you wouldn't really even call that an image. But the MWA is the equivalent of a thousand or even several thousand pixels. That's a proper image.

So how can astronomers use that understanding of the ionosphere to enhance future observations with the MWA?

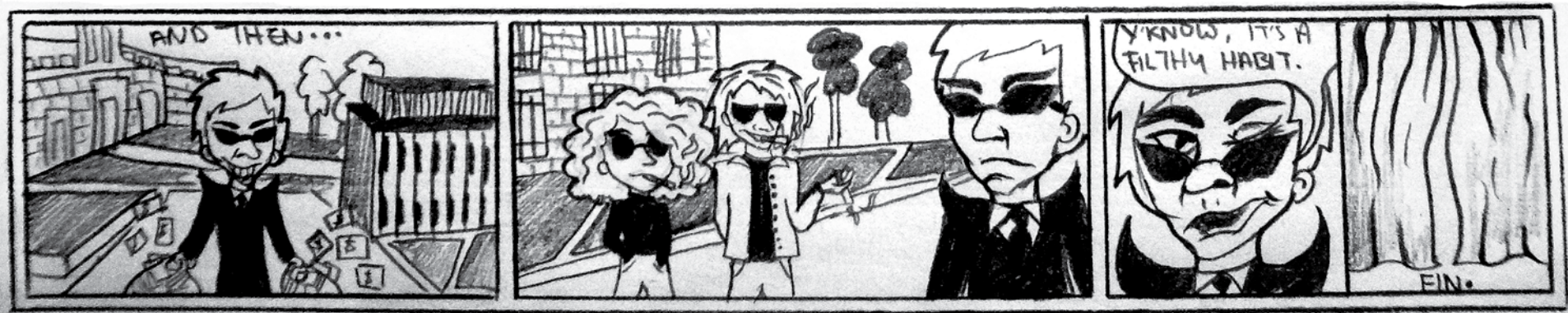
So now we know that the MWA can be used to map out these structures, and so what astronomers next need to do is compensate, or use some kind of approach to compensate for the distortions. One thing that these results have taught us is that the plasma structures in the ionosphere are not confined to just a single layer. And one idea that people have been toying with is to consider the ionosphere as a thin screen at a constant altitude and using that as your model for correcting distortions. But these tubes are not at a constant altitude, they're highly inclined so they're on a slope, and that means you can't just use a simple thin screen to correct your observation. So it's telling us that we need to be a bit cleverer about how we are eventually going to compensate for these distortions and that'll be important for the project that the MWA is a precursor for, which is a square kilometre array. And that'll suffer the same problems and possibly worse because it's a much larger array and it will experience disruptions on a broader scale as well as down to the fine detail.

So after such a successful Honours year, what are you plans for the future in terms of research?

I'll be starting my PhD at Cambridge in just a couple of weeks. And this will be with the Department of Applied Maths and Theoretical Physics, with the astrophysics group under that department. They study a number of things including tidal interactions, planetary formations and solar dynamo. So as for actually what my PhD project will be on, well I still have some time to lock that in, but right now the project they have down for me is on solar dynamo, so how the sun generates its magnetic field.

Would you have any advice for any high school or early undergraduate students who are hoping to pursue astronomy or physics research?

Well I think that the two main skills that you're going to need all the time are programming and maths. Quantitative skills. So if you're interested in pursuing this sort of research make sure you have a good foundation in those because they'll serve you very well. Maths of course you can do in high school, so that's something to think about if you're still at school. And once you come to university, make it a point to start brushing up or learning programming skills. Because those are very important, not just for astronomy and physics, but for all sorts of science disciplines.





A Manic (Pixie) Dream

Maddie Holbrook-Walk reviews *SUDS'* Manic Pixie Dream World.



I hate Zoëy Deschanel and have always wanted to watch an hour-long theatrical parody of every character she has ever played. *Manic Pixie Dream World* by Tansy Gardam does not disappoint. Gardam and the Sydney University Dramatic Society have spliced together

an odd mix of rom-com parody and sci-fi to create a thoughtful critique of Manic Pixie tropes and the lack of representative female characters in theatre and cinema.

Throughout the play, we grow to hate the main character 'Joe' (I am uncertain if this is a subtle but deserved stab at Joseph Gordon-Levitt). This is not due to heavy-handed misogyny but through the cringe-worthy conversation of two characters arguing over Nicki Minaj's place in the music industry. Gardam has written some beautiful dialogue, which distracts from some of the play's more clunky plot points. At times the criticism is perhaps too explicit, with some almost-farical representations of tropes, but this is usually mitigated by genuine and natural cast performances. The lighting and stage design were functional and tidy,

if a little underused. The use of loud pop songs to transition scenes added energy to the show, but were at times disruptive to the narrative.

Performances overall were a highlight and helped strengthen a play that is still under development. Meg McLelland does well to give depth to her Manic Pixie Dream Girl character, whilst also carrying the humour of the play. Sean Maroney encapsulates every pretty-boy-with-the-best-intentions, whilst still being somehow interesting to watch. His character's infallible, self-centred bullshit is slightly frightening and the actor does well to keep the audience engaged and engrossed for the entirety of the production. Jess Zlotnick, Shevvi Barrett-Brown and Keshini de Mel all give solid performances as further components of

the Manic Pixie, managing to skillfully parody the genre rather than themselves. It is refreshing to see a show with so many written female roles that have depth and meaning, no doubt an important ingredient in attacking the rom-com paradigm.

Perhaps most impressively of all, *Manic Pixie Dream World* was apparently put together in three and a half weeks, with almost no time for work-shopping the script or extensive rehearsal. It is a testament to Gardam's writing (even the draft) and the talent of the cast that the show was entertaining and engaging, without any obvious flaws. The show will run again during the University's Verge Festival, giving the production a chance to rework minor plot issues, which will no doubt give way to an incredible production.



Classical Theatre is Wild: Montague Basement's All About Medea

Lauren Marie Pearce loves the new baby.

If you've read Euripides' *Medea*, you'll know what Medea does at the end of the play. You'll also know that after she does that thing, she rides in on a chariot pulled by dragons to deliver a giant final Fuck You to her adulterous husband Jason.

Classical theatre is wild, a sentiment Montague Basement, whose body of produced work exclusively consists of ancient adaptations, understands. For all that is to be said about transcendental values, timeless classics, and ageless great writers, making an adaptation relevant enough to warrant pursuing beyond a quick wank is hard. Cutting dragons from your script is even harder. Montague Basement were able to achieve that, and produced a *Medea* well worth the price of entry.

As writer and director, Saro Lusty-Cavallari (Montague's *Procné and Tereus*, *SUDS' Three Sisters*) has deftly met the challenges of reworking ancient theatre.

The Attic prince Jason is instead an awkward young salesman at CellarMasters (Christian Byers); Medea his dreamboat (Lulu Howes). Lusty-Cavallari set out to challenge the 'manic-pixie dreamgirl' stereotype, a quest which entices creatives with little genre-awareness to produce a thoroughly sexist pseudo-critique of the very thing they're indulging in. However, *All About Medea* understood the genre, and deconstructed it to its finer details. Medea, the would-be manic-pixie dreamgirl, becomes a woman of immense power, much like her sorceress original. Medea is far more than the sum of her parts: she is the most important character in the play. And, as she is a woman, this was refreshing to see.

Lusty-Cavallari's script explores supremely interesting ideas out of what could have been a very mundane play. He translates key moments in Euripides' text into memorable beats, employing

silent scenes, emotive characters, and even transforming Medea's most famous, most chilling monologue into a wordless stroll around a bassinnet. The production was split into nine parts, each announced by a title-screen on the set's television as another nod to a very common manic-pixie trope. The set itself showed careful consideration of the space, which, as a repurposed apartment, seems perfect for the identical setting of the production. Production value was well beyond what is expected of an independent company's Fringe show.

Performances were essentially flawless. Byers and Howes executed their roles well. They have a good chemistry as performers; necessary in a play where both actors spend majority of their time on set at least partially naked. Without their confidence as performers, the play's nude scenes would have been just as uncomfortable for the audience, but in a far less productive

way. Lulu Howes in particular is to be commended: on opening night she and Byers collided in a scene change. Following a short break, she re-emerged and finished the play with no regard to a serious nose injury. Her dedication was visible in her performance, and the production was better for it.

If one was to nit-pick, and take the play out of the vacuum of the Old 505, it can be argued that Sydney has seen a great deal of feminist retellings of classical texts. However, Montague Basement's production is handled well enough to overcome this bias. *All About Medea* is one of the most professional and interesting independent pieces to come out of University of Sydney alumni for a long time, and it is a standout in a very crowded, very high-quality Fringe season.

SYDNEY UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL

Fleeting Exhilaration

Jonathan Parker looks back at cult classic, *Faster, Pussycat! Kill Kill!*

Undeterred by the ever-present corpse of the Hays Code, Russ Meyer's *Faster, Pussycat! Kill Kill!* is, if you haven't already gleaned from the title, sexploitation incarnate. Almost every line oozes with double entendre, every individual set-piece feels like an unfulfilled set up to a porno, and you can almost visualise Meyer, drinking melted margaritas with Roger Ebert on the roof of a dilapidated LA hotel, lasciviously thinking of how to turn the synecdochal images of automobiles and poultry into phallic or vaginal icons.

The plot is little more than an excuse to showcase oafish men and curvaceous woman sweating (and hence stripping) in the desert: three women incidentally kill a young man, kidnap his girlfriend, and pursue an old man for his fortune. The problem isn't necessarily with the exploitation; it's with the fact the film blows its proverbial load too early, ultimately becoming stuck in a quagmire of repetition.

An exhilarating opening, where syncopated jazz music and a witty self-aware voice-over contrapuntally collide, is followed by gaudy images of exoticised woman bathing and racing (there's no easy

answers as to whether this film, in both aesthetic and content, espouses or negates female empowerment). Though this sets an initially propulsive pace, it is one which, despite clunky attempts to raise the stakes and insert more ultraviolence into the picture, simply cannot be sustained. It is, after all, a film designed to be casually viewed in drive-ins and walk-in-walk-out cinemas, not necessarily as a whole, and hence it's important not to feel culturally superior to Meyer, as though he doesn't understand the ridiculous utility of his piece.

Ultimately, the film's exploits, though hugely fun, satiric and hilarious at times, wear thin; the imagery possesses less potency and the set-pieces grow tiresomely otiose. The primary way of finding enjoyment as the film progresses is noting the future films that possibly reference it—Hooper's *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, Cronenberg's *Crash*—which suggests the film's influence may transcend its inherent value. Though thankfully Meyer eschews kitsch aesthetic sheen in favour of black-and-white dust and dirt, it is kitsch in its disposability, and must be watched as such: in segments, for fleeting exhilaration.

Love Lost

Elle Triantafillou reviews *SUFF* opener *Love*.

The choice of Noé's *Love* for the opening night of the Sydney Underground Film Festival was understandable; the provocative French director's latest offering promised an innovative take on sexual intimacy and the way it is depicted on the big screen. There's sex. It's in 3D. It's real and unstimulated. The girls get wet and the boy cums on our faces.

It's a semi-autobiographical film that claims to depict, in the words of the protagonist, Murphy (Karl Glusman), "sentimental sexuality." Whilst it is no doubt beautiful, initially arousing and intimate, Noé's depiction of sex is far from underground. Instead, the audience is privy to a predictable male self-destructive fantasy, repackaged with seductive cinematography into a glossy two hour American Apparel advertisement. This Byronic heroism is to the detriment of every single female character, and the titillating sex scenes soon serve a morality tale that punishes women for their transgressions with sex and drugs.

Aomi Muyock plays Electra, Murphy's girlfriend, who we are introduced to through Murphy's self-pitying opiate-induced memories of a relationship he

ruined. She is positioned as the dark-haired whore, an escape from his current life with the young blonde Omi (Klara Kristin), the mother of his unwanted child and, in his eyes, part of the reason for his unhappiness. The women are costumed to embody predictable pornographic archetypes; Electra is the naughty student in thigh high socks and gimmicky glasses whilst Omi is the perky girl-next door decked out in yellow cardigans and cut off denim.

What's interesting amongst all of this is the way in which the sex scenes are not shot through Murphy's point of view. Instead, both his and Electra's bodies are positioned equally for their own pleasure and that of the audience through observational aerial shots and neon lighting. However, Noé's omnipresence in the film, via a cameo as Electra's ex-boyfriend and Murphy's instance that his son be named Gaspar, is a constant reminder that this expensive 3D fuck-fest is all about him. This is something we couldn't help but resent when we realised we were sitting there in flimsy plastic glasses to allow Noé to direct a jerk-off scene in which globs of 3D cum fly at our faces.



Programme:

Mozart – Overture to "The Magic Flute"

Schubert – Symphony No. 8 ("Unfinished") in B minor

Brahms – Symphony No. 1 in C minor

Approximately 45 minutes each half with a 20 minute interval

Conducted by Luke Spicer

SUSO starts our afternoon in Vienna (3pm is not in the evening SUSO!) with Mozart's overture to his opera *The Magic Flute*. In retrospect, this was certainly the perfect starting point for the concert, with many of the demonstrated difficulties in performing Mozart further built upon in the following pieces. Of particular note here was the well-controlled dynamics, attributable largely to conductor Luke Spicer, and a carefully crafted balance between all instruments involved. These two elements formed the main boon of the following two pieces also.

Next was Schubert's 8th symphony,

An Afternoon in Vienna

James Burchett reviews SUSO's latest show.

often titled his "Unfinished" Symphony, (surprise, surprise) because only the first two movements of four exist (along with two pages or so of the third). Filled with intense and quiet passages throughout, but particularly in the strings, the symphony was a demonstration of precise dynamic control. Soloists Jose Miguel Marco (oboe) and Kirsty Cairney (clarinet) showed themselves to be highly proficient at their art, beautifully playing through their passages despite the requirement to be heard over a rather large orchestra.

To finish the concert was the Brahms, a symphony largely written it is expected as a tribute to Beethoven, whom Brahms revered. The Brahms, much like the Schubert, showed the orchestra's masterful control of intensity and balance. The soloists Marcus Paxton (flute), Jialu Xu (violin) along with Jose Marco (oboe) showed themselves to be highly proficient musicians.

However, the concert was not without fault. Balance within the third movement of the Brahms at many moments fell short of the standard set by the rest of the concert, with the first violinist's solo





CHANGE COMES SLOWLY

Subeta Vimalarajah tells the exclusive story behind the University's new sexual assault and harassment survey.

Featuring:



Georgia Kriz
(Editor, *Honi Soit* '14)



Christina White
(Editor, *Honi Soit* '14)



Michael Spence
(Vice Chancellor)



Jordi Austin
(Director of Student Services)



Sophia Barnes
(Project Manager)



Subeta Vimalarajah
(Wom*n's Officer '15)



Bebe D'Souza
(USU Vice-President '14)

According to a recent estimate, 17% of university students across Australia have been raped. This statistic is notable because it's alone; there is little available data on the incidence of sexual harassment and assault on campus.

However, on the 21st of September, Sydney University e-mailed all students a survey to fill out regarding sexual assault and harassment at University. This landmark survey asked students about their experiences at university, their perceptions of how the university deals with these issues, and what reforms they would like the University to undertake.

This is a genuine opportunity for students to have their voices heard. Students can and should provide the university with critical feedback, all of which will be anonymous and received by Elizabeth Broderick, the previous Sex Discrimination Commissioner, and an independent partner to the project.

The Vice-Chancellor, Michael Spence, officially announced the survey last Wednesday at an invite-only event at the Opera House, an exclusive venue presumably chosen to emphasise the University's leadership on this issue. Sydney University will be the first G8 University to conduct a survey of this kind, and while other universities have started to construct their own surveys, it is unlikely it has had the extent of student consultation that informed Sydney's survey.

Yet this is also a bold move from the University. If its survey results are published first, there is a risk that media coverage could suggest that Sydney University has a particular problem with sexual assault, when we know this is an issue across the university sector.

This survey exists because of the student activists who are often dismissed by their peers. Working with dedicated University management staff, they have managed to create change. This is the story of the battle to secure the survey's existence. It recounts student involvement in its formulation and the challenges we still face before policy reform is secured.

"Student representatives were divided into 'good cops' and 'bad cops', with each allocated points to raise or refute."

In May 2013, Alexander Wright took a naked photo of a woman while they were having sex, without her knowledge or consent. Wright, who was a Sydney University student employed by the University as a residential assistant, then shared the photos among his friends.

Ivy*, the student at the centre of the case, approached Student Affairs for help. Af-

ter waiting for months before her case was even processed, fighting for meetings, and dealing with repeated unresponded e-mails, she reached out to the media to continue her fight in a more public setting. The *Sydney Morning Herald* and *Honi Soit* publicly exposed the University's failure to punish Wright. At the time of publishing, he still studied, lived and worked on campus.

Ivy also met with the Wom*n's Collective, the SRC's feminist activist organising space for non-cis male students. As a result of Ivy's meeting, a rally was organised for the 30th of October 2014. On that day, a dozen or so students gathered outside Fisher Library to protest the 'Alexander Wright' case and show the University we wanted reform. Eight demands were read

out. Among them: a university-wide survey, a new policy formulated with student input and a campaign to raise awareness to reform an institutional culture that had failed Ivy and protected Wright.

On the surface, the protest outside Fisher may not have looked like much. How-

ever, talking to Bebe D'Souza, the then-Vice President of the USU, who was the University's point of contact on the issue, it was one part of a broader student strategy. She described this strategy as "three pronged": raising awareness through student activism and rallies, applying pressure through *Honi*, and lobbying management in meetings.

It was certainly not an easy fight. Jordi Austin, a Senate Fellow, the current Director of Student Support Services and the member of management who has driven this project, told me there had been "strong commitment and goodwill on all sides of the project from the beginning" and was vehement in denying any political difficulties with getting approval for the survey from senior management.

The students involved told a different story. Although Jordi may have been interested in the project from the beginning, approval from all levels of management took time. The day after the Wright story was published, Bebe raised the article with Spence in Student Consultative Committee—one of the key forums of interaction between management and student representatives. Spence directed her to Jordi, whom she met and consulted with soon after.

Once a relationship between students and management had been formed, they strategised about how to keep pushing for their interests. Since the *Honi* story, Spence had told Bebe in passing that he

viewed such student journalism as "irresponsible". Having perceived this themselves, the editors publicly separated from Bebe, concerned their connection or involvement in lobbying would be counter-productive. As Bebe told former *Honi* editor Georgia Kriz, "let's make sure to keep agitating in our own ways."

Student involvement in meetings with the University was also carefully orchestrated, balancing activist anger with willingness to compromise when necessary. As Bebe explained: "if we were going to work with the University, we had to be conciliatory." Student representatives were divided into 'good cops' and 'bad cops', with each allocated points to raise or refute.

By all student accounts, the meetings were difficult. Phoebe, one of the Wom*n's Officers at the time, noted how frustrating it was "trying to talk about the issue as if it was some distant thing" when the injustice of the Wright case was so strongly felt by all involved. Regardless, students knew what they wanted and how to phrase their demands in a language the University could understand. They knew the University was worried about its PR that year—Barry Spurr's racist and sexist emails had been exposed, and the St. John's College hazing scandal was still in recent memory—and so they had little power to ignore the issue.

The students involved also wanted to ensure that they were not just pawns of the University Marketing Machine. The Wom*n's Collective organised a rally to keep the issue in the campus consciousness, and every promise made by the University was kept on record by *Honi Soit*.

Securing approval for the survey and reform project to continue came at the February Senior Executive Group Meeting, which is comprised of all the University faculty heads and Spence. Bebe was modest about it: "I rebutted [senior management] a few times," she said. "I think that might have happened." She also emphasised how supportive Student Services were in the meeting. She appreciated being asked to speak, as to her knowledge that had been rare for University-managed projects. In any case, the result was support for the project, now secured from the highest level of the University.

After the February SEG meeting, there was a shift in the relationship between students and management. The original actors had reached the end of their terms—Bebe was no longer Vice-President, and there were a new set of *Honi* editors and Wom*n's Officers. Everyone acknowledged the momentum had been lost and the handover to new student representatives from their predecessors had not been managed ideally.

I started to go along to the Working Group Meetings with Sophia, the Project Manager, but Jordi was usually too busy to come along. We were mainly working

on the survey. Sophia kept us up to date the whole time—from formulating its basic format, to ensuring the demographic questions would not make students feel uncomfortable. She was always happy to bring new students to meetings who had raised specific concerns. She listened earnestly when a trans student identified the problems with the "what is your current gender identity?" question, and re-formulated it immediately to reflect the student's recommendations.

Every piece of feedback we gave the University was diligently taken on, and I can honestly say I enjoyed the experience. Sophia was not just good to work with, but great company. She had been the Women's Officer of the Sydney University Postgraduate Association when she was a student; so she understood what it was like to be a student activist and was sympathetic to my position. All my interactions with management had been uncontroversial and I offered to write this article just for that reason—the process seemed to fly in the face of everything I had heard about an immobile bureaucracy.

It was only when I started to interview former *Honi* editors involved in the Wright article that I realised, as soon as the pressure collapsed, so too did the vision for the project. After my interview

"if all that comes of [the campaign] is Spence sitting next to Liz Broderick at a ticketed event, that's going to be a huge sell out of what it could have been"

with Georgia Kriz, the articles I had read came back to me. I remembered the discussions of policy reform, an inquiry or a campaign—they had all fallen by the wayside. There was talk of a policy-working group, but none of us were privy to it. Students had been kept in the process, but not in the way the original actors had requested—they wanted a policy and a campaign, not just a survey.

On July 30th 2015, Georgia Kriz wrote 'Make Her Life Hell' for *Honi Soit*, in which she reported on a Senate fellow sexually assaulting a student. She waited outside the next Senate meeting, e-mailing every member beforehand, thereby ensuring that it would be discussed.

After hours of waiting, Spence and Belinda Hutchinson, the Chancellor, left the meeting to talk to Georgia. She said to me and expressed similarly in an article she wrote for *Honi* that, "Belinda Hutchinson's number one concern was who the Senate fellow was, so she could clear the names of the other Senate fellows." Georgia alleged that their attitude with the Wright case re-surfaced—"especially with Spence and Hutchinson, their concern is not with changing culture, but saving face," she said. The Chancellor

replied directly to these allegations in a letter to *Honi* the week after, saying such claims are "not only deeply disappointing and offensive, but also simply wrong."

Georgia had also kept in contact with Ivy, who had heard nothing from Spence in nine months. Her e-mails were again being ignored and the promises Spence had made—offering her a letter on her transcript to explain her absences, a mentor, involvement in the reform process and knowledge as to the outcome of her case—were all outstanding, as Ivy herself also told me.

After Georgia's run in with Spence and Hutchinson, a Working Group meeting was called and soon after, we locked Elizabeth in. There was new pressure to finalise the project. Ivy also got a call from Student Services the day after the Senate meeting, asking her whether there was anything else they could do, and soon after I met her in the first Working Group meeting she was invited to. Most recently, Ivy told me the promises are being followed up.

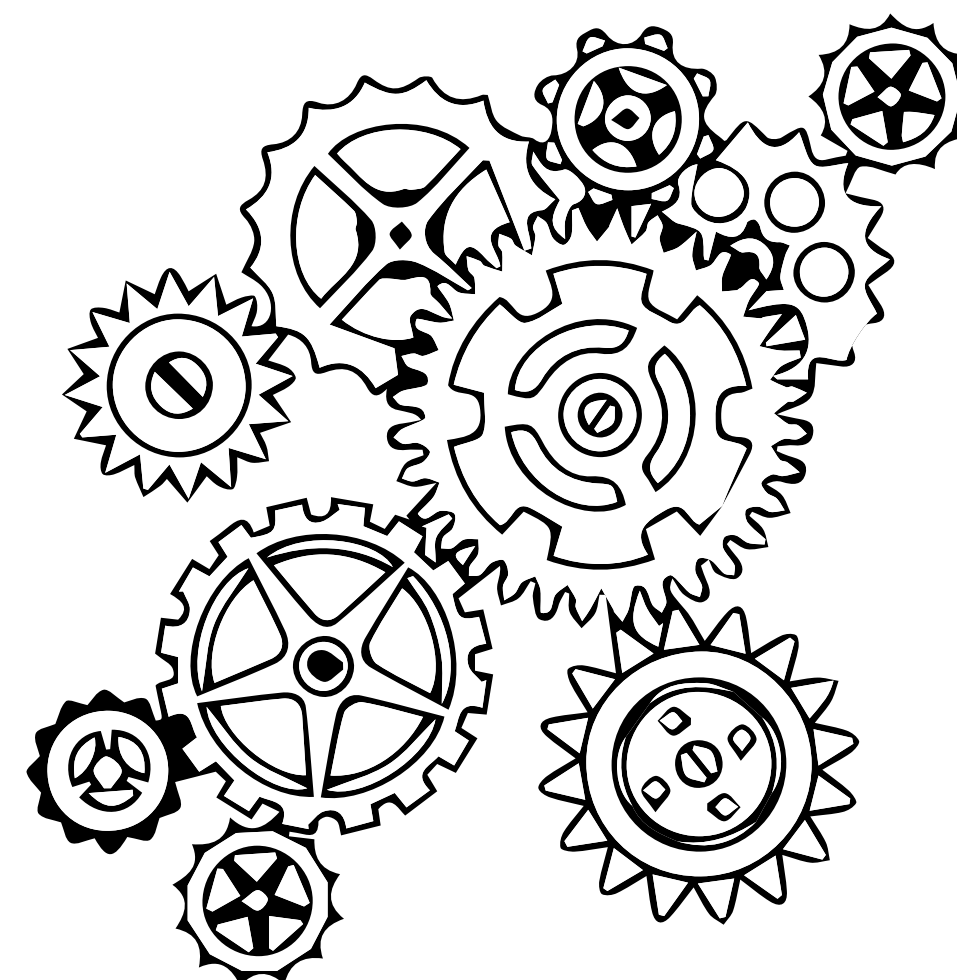
None of the students who started this campaign are satisfied. Christina, one of the *Honi* editors who exposed Wright, said to me, "if all that comes of it is

Ivy and Georgia specifically emphasised how helpful Jordi had been, "the best of a bad lot, but good in her own right", Georgia said. When questioned, Jordi did acknowledge that the survey was "only a point in time on this journey" and that the intent was to "guide programs and changes from this point on."

Regardless, it is frustrating that even once the University was on the record having discussed big and bold ideas for reform, without condemnatory *Honi Soit* articles every fortnight, momentum has been lost. It is ridiculous that the survey was not announced on campus. The survey is not for people who get exclusive access to ticketed events at the Opera House, the survey is for every student who has been sexually harassed or assaulted at this University.

Cambridge has consent workshops for all new undergraduate students in place, and they are battling four hundred more years of staunch conservatism than we are. We can and must do better. The University has taken an important and necessary first step, but changing an institutional culture of sexual assault will take more than a survey. We have had interested students co-operating with hardworking members of management, but it has still taken almost a year to release this survey. There are students being harassed and assaulted in the mean time, so speed is not just a question of impatience, but necessity.

The survey will mean nothing if it is not followed by a transparent policy that punishes perpetrators. We are the ones that have the relevant expertise about these institutional failings, and should continue to be meaningfully involved in the process. Everyone should fill out the survey, but we will not be satisfied until we see what comes after it, especially because we campaigned and were promised more than this..



T. Gondii and Cats The Key to Zombie Apocalypse?

Melissa Chow welcomes our new parasitic overlords.

What is *T. Gondii* and why should we be afraid? Should we be afraid? And what do they have anything to do with cats? Or zombies?

The story goes a little like this. *Toxoplasma Gondii* is a parasite of great intellect. It has infected a third of the human population, and most of them don't even know it. The reason is that most of the time it's asymptomatic and somewhat boring. If it finds itself in the warm snug cavern that is the human body, it will bury itself into a muscle or the brain. Then it "cysts" into the tissue, making a lifelong home, and surrounds itself with a cocoon made of carbohydrates which hide it from the immune system. That is until the immune system is compromised—this could be caused by an immune deficiency, weakened by severe disease, or simply the burden of pregnancy. At that point, *T. Gondii* pops out in a miserable affliction known as Toxoplasmosis. This manifests itself as encephalitis or myocarditis inducing brain damage or a heart attack. Pregnant women can face severe complications for their unborn baby if they are infected during their term.

T. Gondii begins when an infected rodent is hunted down and eaten by a curious cat. Active *T. Gondii* will travel down to Curious Cat's gut where it divides itself and multiplies, producing oocysts in Curious Cat's crap. These precursors for infectious spores end up in your cat's faeces. Opinion is divided on how long it takes the oocysts to become infectious—some say it takes weeks, though the RSPCA have said only twenty-four hours to five days are necessary.

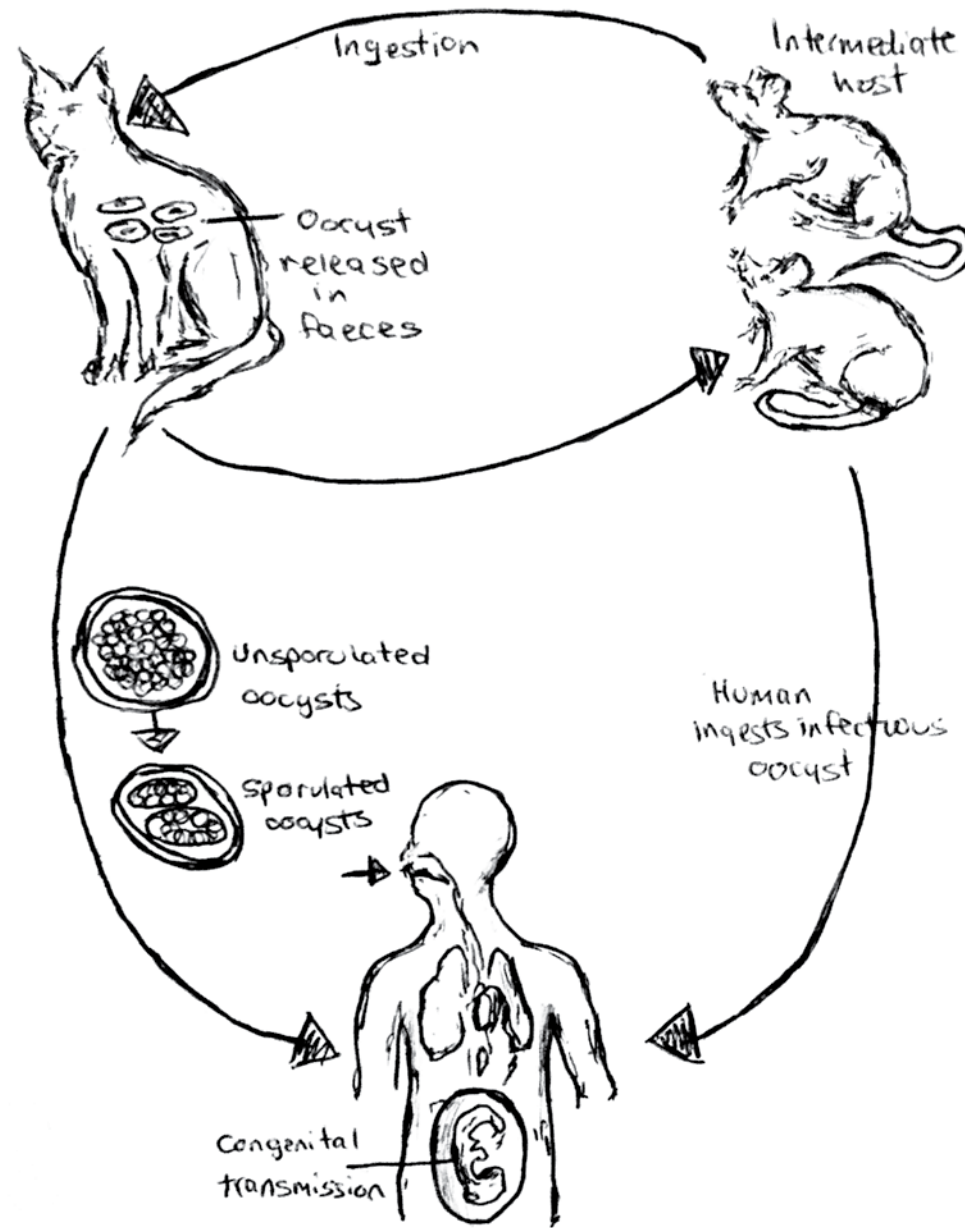
Humans inadvertently ingest infected faeces from either contaminated produce or undercooked meat from animals that have ingested the parasite. More ominously for cat lovers, the parasite can

also be transmitted through contact with infected cat litter, or with contaminated soil or water. For the majority of victims, *T. Gondii* will sit there silently, apart from small flu like symptoms which disappear without notice.

Popular science has recently jumped onto a fairly speculative debate about whether *T. Gondii* can alter human behaviour. Hypotheses that it may influence mood disorders, anxiety, schizophrenia and incline an individual to more violent and risky behaviours have been tossed about. These theories come from its action on rodent behaviour where infected rats become drawn to feline urine and lose their fear of cats (you can imagine how that ends for them...). Strains of *T. Gondii* have been noted to be evolving into more aggressive types hinting at a plausible explanation for the origin of *The Walking Dead*. *T. Gondii* could be key to the zombie apocalypse with currently no treatment known.

But hold back your hysteria. No definitive relationship has been identified and the papers are based on very fallible designs. The results are ambiguous as many more factors contribute to disorders of the mind than a parasite alone. Indeed, before we start advocating for the cull of all cats, we should also put the situation into perspective—*T. Gondii* is more likely to be picked up from infected soil or produce by the avid gardener, than by the avid cat lady.

If anything, keep those pregnant ladies away and your cat inside. Clean that cat box daily with gloves, and garden with gloves. For the paranoid germaphobes, cat boxes can be easily disinfected with boiling water, bleach or even by UV treatment à la the sun. Also nothing is more powerful than a thorough soapy hand wash. Also cats are cute. And I may have already been infected.



Art by Anja Ellwood.

A Few Other Brain Altering Parasites You'd Rather Not Catch

This article brought to you by the Tapeworm Republic inside Peter Walsh.

Acanthamoeba

Survival Rate: 2-3%.

While only 400 cases have been reported worldwide, I haven't lucked out on anything since I won a pair of Bridge Climb tickets in a raffle in Year 5, so I'm overdue. The parasite enters via the skin, through inhalation, or even via your contact lenses if you happen to store them in a pile of cysts. Once inside, it crosses blood to brain and gives you a variety of symptoms ranging from mildly-alarming to mildly-exciting, depending on whether you believe in an afterlife.

Naegleria fowleri

Survival Rate: 1-5%.

If this was a spell in Harry Potter it would be the one that causes changes in taste and smell, headache, fever, nausea, vomiting, stiff neck, and death. Instead, it's a parasite that causes Naegleriasis, which includes symptoms like changes in taste and smell, headache, fever, nausea, vomiting... and death. *N. Fowleri* thrives in warm bodies of water—ponds, lakes, rivers, and pools that aren't chlorinated—and accesses the body through the nasal cavity. From there, it migrates upwards into the brain

and begins feasting on the delicious tissue therein. While a nostalgic trip down to the old swimming hole might not feel like an extreme sport, statistics tell me it has the same mortality rate as BASE jumping. Stick to Victoria Park Pool.

The One That Goes In Your Tummy In The Matrix

Survival Rate: Indefinitely, if you can call that living.

A quick Google (see Patrick Morrow on p. 8) tells me these things were designed to track people still in the Matrix, but for

me, the sight of a lubricated phallic insect burrowing through a belly button was enough to stunt my sexual development by a full decade (for those playing at home, I'm still in Freud's latency period).

Tertiary Education

Zinger!

I'd like to begin by talking through three disappearances.

I. On October 13, 2004, a backpacker named Monica Hurley disappeared from a youth hostel overlooking Bondi Beach. She had travelled to Sydney from Cork, Ireland, and had lined up work starting January as a Registered Nurse in Melbourne. The interim period she planned to spend travelling: from Sydney, northbound to Queensland; northwest to Darwin; southbound to Uluru; and then leeway to re-visit whatever place she liked most. As recorded in the hostel's ledger, she checked in at 4:40 pm and—unlike the majority of backpackers her age—opted for a single-room over a dorm. She wandered out among the regular throng around 6 pm and returned later for a pair of closed shoes. It was 38°C that day and, as the sun set, Bondi congealed into a nighttime warmth, sweat-stuck shirts and paddlers still sighted along the coast long after the flags had been packed up. At breakfast the following morning, Monica was not seen, and stayed that way for two days until the cleaners' delight at her bed remaining made coalesced into alarm. The only evidence of her having been there was an unsealed pot of moisturizing sunscreen on the counter: a cast of her three middle fingers having set in the cream when she last scooped.

II. Hamish Staine, who held a variety of middle-management positions in Sydney's drug industry, was let go in April 1996, after a downsizing in response to changing consumer demand (heroin, no longer chic; cocaine, hard to come by). Hamish, who had always been thought of as a candidate for police informant, became one shortly after. He had entered into a methadone program and, facing the likelihood that his Centrelink would be cut off before he was dry enough for employment, cut a deal. At home with his partner and young daughter, he was visited by someone he knew but didn't introduce, who returned a set of fishing equipment they had borrowed for the Easter long weekend. That evening, Hamish caught a citybound bus from outside his apartment in Surry Hills, and alit along Elizabeth Street. He was sighted entering Central Station, and never again.

III. And now the famous one. It was almost 40 degrees on Australia Day, 1966, when Jane Beaumont and her siblings Arna and Grant disappeared. They were 9, 7, and 4. Having recently earned the privilege of attending the beach unaccompanied, Jane chaperoned the other two along the

five-minute bus ride from their house to the water. To look at, they would have resembled a trio of Russian dolls. Jane had a messy helmet of hair to compliment her sharp, boyish features; and her siblings followed suit. Identical eyes and dimples. Hair similar but neat. They left their house at 10am, were expected back by 2pm—with the police notified of their non-appearance at half-seven.

At Glenelg Beach, they were joined by—and later departed with—someone described as a "tall blond and thin-faced man". Jane had been previously teased by her sister for having "a boyfriend down the beach", a statement detectives poured over, without much luck. A shopkeeper sold Jane some pasties and a meat pie, which she paid for with a £1 note that her mother had not given her. Within forty-eight hours, every able-bodied police officer in Adelaide was mobilised. They dredged estuaries by hand, passing shoulder-to-shoulder through each limb-like body of water, bent at the hips, hands clutching furtively into the dark as if they were crabbing. No luck. A psychic, Gerard Croiset, was imported from the Netherlands and identified a building site near Jane and Arna's primary school as the location of their remains. The developer of the site, quite reasonably, refused demands to tear the place down; but public demand prevailed and the place was demolished—nothing.

Attempts to locate the children were further complicated by a pair of letters, received by Mr and Mrs Beaumont, allegedly written by Jane. The handwriting matched Jane's, and the facts reported therein were consistent with what was reported by the police (and, in what should have been a giveaway, the newspapers). The parents' hope was buoyed by the letter's promise of the children's safe return and, going to the stipulated meeting place, they found nothing, with a follow-up detailing how the parents' betrayal of the man's trust (they had taken a police officer with them) meant that the children would not be returned. Twenty-five years later, it came to light that both were written by a sixteen-year-old boy from Victoria, who thought it a laugh. A statute of limitations prevented any charges being laid. I contacted the State Coroner of South Australia to see whether any formal inquest had been undertaken (which, in these cases, usually function to close the case by concluding that the missing have died) and I received the following reply (in a Cadbury-purple coloured font):



There are grave concerns for Peter Walsh's welfare.

Art by Dominic Byrne.

Dear Mr Walsh,

Thank you for your email.

Please be advised that a Coronial Inquiry has never taken place in relation to the Beaumont children, and therefore, no information is available.

So Jane, who could be fifty-eight now, on balance isn't. She was probably buried in an unremarkable place beside her siblings, outbound from Adelaide and beyond the parameters of the search.

While 95% of Australians reported missing are 'recovered',¹ that remaining 5% disappear in an irresolvable, motiveless way. I say irresolvable because, unlike the American brand of disappearance—which, as a byproduct of that particularly dense, infrastructured American way of living, means it is only a matter of time before every overdeveloped building is re-developed and every clogged sewer is sieved, revealing the remains of everyone unceremoniously stashed down an elevator shaft or buried beneath a football field—when you disappear in Australia, you *disappear*.² Similarly, I say motiveless because, again unlike that American brand of crime—which you can indelibly trace upriver to a particularly American kind of insanity that appears on our televisions in their universities and movie theatres, always a manifesto trailing from the gunperson's hip—Australia's worst criminals seem originless, cruel people who exercise cruelty for its own sake.

My mother, whose philosophy as a journalist required her to answer any and all correspondence on the off chance it would produce a story, spent part of the 1980s in a letter writing exchange with a famous murderer. I can't be more specific, for her fear of his being 'out of jail'—a fear that did not affect my mother, 1986, but really gets mum, 2015, who has since had

children and decided to live forever—but I can say the letters are weird and sad. They have lines like: "I have been used all my life by people who think I am too soft and too kind hearted" and "I have tried to change the way I am, but I just can't do it love". And, without mum's side of the correspondence, I have no idea what this person meant when they wrote: "Why didn't I tell you myself well I felt so bad about it because you are so wonderful to me and I let you down again. I'm really sorry darling."

Then one day, the letters stopped—as if mid-sentence—perhaps because he had lost his letter writing privileges, or because he had found a better pen pal, or because he had become bored. In the same way, my mother forgot the saga entirely until she rediscovered the letters during a declutter. It was funny to me that she hadn't chased him up, hadn't wondered what had happened—but there were other stories to pursue, and she just forgot. In the same vein as their first disappearance, the 5%, having done the media rounds, then disappear for a second time, barely making it into public memory. The only ones left to obsess are the next of kin, who have to deal with interpreting a lifetime's worth of information. And just as above, it comes as a ceaseless barrage of minute facts and day-to-day itineraries—of where their lost ones had been and who they had spoken to. A stream they can trace ceaselessly from birth until the arbitrary moment that the information stops, recedes into silence, and becomes a permanent question mark—a conclusion that isn't—but that's how it is with disappearances, they happen when you least

1. A euphemism allowing those found dead to still be counted as successes alongside the safe returns.

2. While most people know that *Picnic at Hanging Rock* ends with the girls disappearing, very few people know that the original cut of the novel actually told you how they disappeared. In the original ending, the girls ascend the rock face and enter into a kind of time warp and, one by one, transform into lizards and wander into the cracks of the cliff face. The whole sequence has a surreal, magical-real kind of feel, and the sequence of them throwing their corsets from the cliff before turning into reptiles was thought inconsistent with the realism that would eventually turn it into a best seller and so it was excised.

No Points for Trying

Peter Walsh picks on someone his own size.

The Archibald Prize carries a special significance for creatively retrograde Australians. It represents art—but not that hoity toity stuff you read about on the Internet. It's *The Manly Daily* of the Art World: recognisable faces painted recognisably, with a people's choice competition that lets you barrack for your favourite entry the way you would cheer for a football team. And cheer we do. Each year, the same artists enter, and like clockwork fights erupt on public transport around Centennial Park between middle-aged men in polo shirts who "will fucken crack ya' if you keep talking shit about [Ben] Quilty". My family have been itinerant in this regard: as a young man, we supported the entries depicting Ben Cousins and, after a brief divergence into the world of Heath Ledger portraiture, settled into Team Gladys Berejiklian. Give her five years and she'll win.

So when I heard they let children enter their own version—the Young Archie—I couldn't help but attend (the website). This is what I saw. I apologise for the page being black and white, but also promise you none of the entries are improved by their use of colour.

"Untitled", Daniel Harford, Age 7 (5-8 Year Olds Category)

Daniel Harford's sister is a Lovecraftian horror who dentists have unilaterally agreed is beyond help. She is profiled here, in front of what is either a television, the



window of a spacecraft, or a fire ravaged wheat field beneath a windmill. The inside of her mouth is the same colour as her skin, and her teeth gravitate in a fierce circle inside her lips, like a tornado full of knives. One pair of eyelashes is directly attached to her eye, while the other set float above her face, as if desperately trying to escape the face to which they have been condemned. Her tongue breaches from the inside of her face the way a whale leaps from the ocean. If the subject was capable of speaking—which I presume she isn't due to the absence of a throat or anything that looks like it can push air past vocal chords—she would be this nation's finest advocate for euthanasia. As she stands here she looks like an overdeveloped egg flipped upside down, Frankenstein's Humpty Dumpty, crying out for self-annihilation.

"Untitled", Alexander Zhao, Age 7 (5-8 Year Olds Category)

At this point I would like to let you know that almost every entry was titled "Untitled", including the winners in every category, which is a shameful indictment on the parents who mercilessly bullied their children into fighting for an opportunity to have their rubbish displayed on the world's largest fridge. Alexander Zhao, who chose to paint his younger brother Max, should ask for a birth certificate or carbon dating, because I hate to break it to you Alex but your brother is 34. I entered the subject's symptoms—discoloured hands, patches on the face, pale lips, dilated pupils—into Web MD and I'm afraid the news isn't good, Max. That said, I have to congratulate the artist on capturing his brother's Marilyn Monroe-esque



beauty spot beside the eye: it's a thrilling piece of detail in what is otherwise a five minute hack-job, where the football is semi grass coloured because the artist didn't have the attention span to colour it fully in. Final tip, Alex, don't go to Argentina, they don't take kindly to such inaccurate renderings of their national uniform over there, and the last thing any of us want is to have to pay a ransom inflated by a status as an artist you don't deserve.



Ask Abe

SRC Caseworker HELP Q&A

Hi Abe,

I hope you can help me. I have a million things due in at once, and the boss at the shop I work in is pressuring me to work extra shifts. The more work I get at uni or at the shop the more stressed out and unable I am to use what little study time I have productively. What should I do?

Rushed

the time to plan, but in reality you can't afford to not do it. Go to the Learning Centre website then their resources section. Complete the module on time management (module 10), which will give you a day-to-day schedule as well as a semester assessment planner. If you are absolutely unable to complete all of your subjects successfully you may need to drop a subject to concentrate on the others. There are, of course, consequences for international students or students on Centrelink, so check with the SRC caseworkers first.

Hi Rushed,

I'm really glad you wrote. There are literally hundreds of other students in your situation. The first thing you need to do is develop a time plan. Some people say they just can't afford

Most importantly deal with this NOW rather than waiting until you are completely overwhelmed.

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

To contact an SRC caseworker call: 9660 5222 or email: help@src.usyd.edu.au

Chatting on Social Media - Be careful about what you say



Most faculties have Facebook pages, but what they are used for varies significantly. Some faculties use it as an opportunity for staff to make announcements to students. Some faculties let students use it as a way of communicating to each other. This is meant to be for clarifying questions in assignments, sharing concerns about things that are happening in the course, or having discussions about related topics.

Facebook is not meant to be where you share your answers from previous exams, especially if other people have not yet completed the exam. As far as the University is concerned this is considered cheating (academically dishonest).

Like anything on the internet, what you write is permanently recorded somewhere. You might be able to delete it from where you can see it, but technicians are able to

uncover it if they want to use it against you. Try to remember that before writing things to Facebook friends or in forums.

The most effective rule of thumb you could use is only write what you are willing to say to the faculty and to the other students in person.

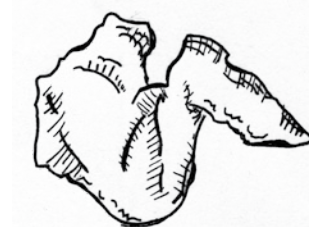
Some examples of things that should not be written online are threats to someone directly or indirectly. This may be just a joke or meant to be taken metaphorically, but the University is able to treat it as a serious matter.

The most effective rule of thumb you could use is only write what you are willing to say to the faculty and to the other students in person.

Campus Food Reviews

Gabe Bowes-Whitton tastes what your campus has to offer.

Carslaw Kitchen Chicken Wings:



This meal promises mediocrity, and it delivers!

They say snake tastes like chicken, but these wings taste like snake: an uneasy warmth that is far more

heatlamp than grill, an oily sauce (ingredient: oil) that drowns out any distinct flavour—all these flaws constantly staved off by its inevitable tenderness. The chicken wing trades gleefully on its convenience; any dryness or uneven reheating is a glorious, nostalgic nod to the high school canteen (to which this dish can trace its gastronomical genealogy). It is a triumph, everything I dream of when I think of \$5.50 chicken wings. 8/10.

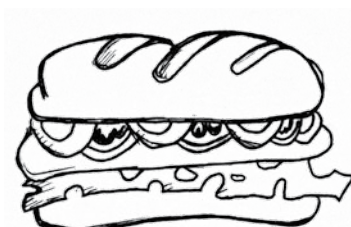
Laneway Thick Shake:



Asking for an extra thick thickshake is a cathartic moment of indulgence. In the inevitable telemovie of my life (starring Danny DeVito), the moment where I first tasted this drink will be the opening scene.

Each sip requires work, striking a balance between investment and payoff that is sorely lacking in the late capitalist milkshake scene. But as the minutes draw on, the ice-cream melts and becomes easier to drink—each point you find yourself on the brink of giving up, the milkshake gives just a little more ground. 10/10.

Carslaw Kitchen Vegetarian Baguette:



There is a niche in the market for affordable and delicious baguettes near Carslaw and the law school. For so long we students have been devoid of the

humanizing taste of French bread on Eastern Avenue. Wait.

However, despite the baguette breaking from the ambiguous orientalism of the rest of menu, Carslaw Kitchen only manages to match Taste on price, not on quality. Maybe the meat baguettes are better, but I was too awkward to order one around my vego mates. If anybody tries them please get back to me. 4/10.



CASH

**FOR YOUR TEXTBOOKS!
USE THAT CASH HOWEVER YOU LIKE,
OTHER TEXTBOOKS CHEAP FROM US,
OR GO BUY WHATEVER YOU WANT.**



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President's Report

Kyol Blakeney

So it's been a big week in the University and in Australian politics. We've seen the introduction of a new Prime Minister and a significant reshuffle of the cabinet within the Coalition Government. What does this mean? Nothing. It means nothing. It means the agenda of a neo-liberal government will continue to be pushed. It means education must still remain a conversation within the student body and remain a priority for student activists

to get involved in defeating the money-grabbing attacks forced onto students by a majority of people who profited from a free education. It means there will still be little help for marginalised groups in the Australian society and that we have a responsibility to involve ourselves in demonstrations against this in the name of quality education and equality amongst our fellow human beings.

Our University has fallen in step with the Coalition Government on numerous occasions, including the Vice-Chancellor, himself, lobbying Federal Ministers for fee deregulation. When the bill to deregulate universities failed twice in the Senate, he pursued with his own agenda of moving our University towards four-year degrees, forcing the hands of students to gain even more debt than what they have with the current HECS system. There has

been talk about improving the quality of equity scholarships to compensate for this however, personally, I find it unrealistic to have a limited number of students who are able to gain a quality education with assistance rather than having the integrity to step out of the comfort zone of the Group of Eight University network and join the many others around the country fighting for the right to a free education which would benefit all.

Wom*n's Collective Report

SRC Candidate

Despite elections, the Wom*n's Collective has powered on. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank all the people who have been very committed to the Collective, I no longer fear turning up to a meeting with a full agenda and no-one to talk to! Xiaoran and I have been doing different projects this semester to accommodate our different interests and working styles. As such, I'll try and report back on her work, but it might not be ideal!

Settlement in Redfern, with a screening of 'Black Panther Woman', which tells the life story of Indigenous activist, Marlene Cummins. Cummins spoke at a panel after the event, along with other esteemed speakers—Karen Willis from Rape & Domestic Violence Australia, Moo Baulch and Mehreen Faruqi.

By all accounts it was a successful event, raising \$350 for the Full Stop Foundation. Congratulations to Xiaoran and all those in the organising Collective. Xiaoran has also organised a workshop with the Women of Colour Collective on Race and

Feminism, to be held before you read this!

As a perfect follow up to the Anti-Sexual Violence Fundraiser, I've been working with the Law Society to host a workshop, 'Responding With Compassion', which teaches people how to respond when someone discloses an experience of sexual assault. The workshop is being run by Karen Willis from the panel. It is \$10 at the door to recoup our costs, but please email usydwomencollective@gmail.com if that cost would stop you attending. It will be held on Thursday 24th of September from 4.30pm-5.30pm in the Law Lounge.

Anna—one of the aforementioned committed Collective members, and I, travelled to Penrith High School last Monday. It was probably the shortest and most productive road trip I have ever been on. We got permission from the wonderful principal to run two intersectionality workshops at the school in October! We have also confirmed the same workshop at Leichhardt High School. Pretty keen to keep educating students on the joys of feminism, with the hope they will join SRC Collectives in future!

Wom*n of Colour Collective Report

Shareeka Helaluddin

This semester, the Wom*n of Colour Collective has been prospering along! We have a workshop planned with the Wom*n's Collective for Tuesday 22nd of September, loosely based on a workshop I did for NOWSA, the conference for the National Organisation of Women Students Australia, in Hobart earlier this year.

in organising spaces. We'll be touching on the idea of white fragility too, and how emotional response can be deployed to prevent people being accountable for their whiteness. Organised by Shareeka Helaluddin, Aulina Chaudhuri and I, the workshop will be a great space for discussion!

Part of being a member of the WoC Collective (as well as the numerous other themed WoC Facebook groups...) is realising how important these communities can be as spaces to express ourselves and share our thoughts. The WoC Collective online space is one I trust more than others to have empathy and

compassion for whatever experiences I might be going through. This acceptance and warmth is really strengthening and makes it possible to extend ourselves and help each other.

The Combahee River Collective Statement of 1974, written by an organising collective of black feminist women, has the powerful statement:

If Black women were free, it would mean that everyone else would have to be free since our freedom would necessitate the destruction of all the systems of oppression.

Though this statement is not necessarily cross-contextual, its sentiment holds in the potential that collectives have when they are focused around black and Indigenous wom*n, brown wom*n, and other wom*n who are marginalised by white supremacy in Australia and/or globally. Our connections to our politics through families, ethnicities, and identification with each other creates something powerful that can be used: political love and care for people and the world around us. WoC Collective will hopefully continue to operate from that place of political nurturing for any wom*n alienated from the whiteness and toxic masculinity of other political spaces.



Queer Collective Officers' Report

Honi Soit Candidate

The past few weeks we have seen some victories and inspiring action coming from the campaigns of the Queer Action Collective and Queerkats. After years of being lobbied, the USU announced All Gender bathrooms will soon be open in their buildings. Last Thursday, QueerKats

hosted a rally/teach-in on Eastern Avenue as a part of an ongoing preferred names campaign. The rally was very successful, drawing a crowd and featuring many inspiring and enlightening speeches from students, staff and prominent figures. These events have demonstrated the potency of

grassroots level activism. We will continue with our gender neutral bathrooms and preferred names campaigns as well as other campaigns to raise awareness and fight for issues relating to queer students at university and in society. This week is Bi-awareness week and Wednesday is Bi-

visibility day. This is an important day to raise awareness of issues surrounding the erasure of Bi, pan and fluid identities in the queer community but also to celebrate the diversity that people of these attractions contribute to our community.

Notice of Council Meeting

87th Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

DATE: 7th October

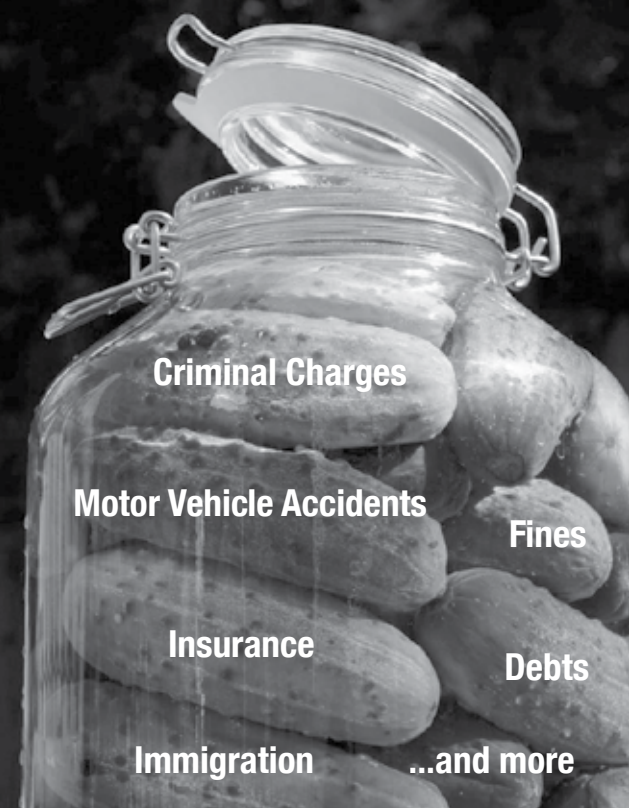
TIME: 6-8pm

LOCATION: Professorial Board Room (Quadrangle)



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

IN A PICKLE?



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e: solicitor@src.usyd.edu.au
ACN 146 653 143 | MARN 1276171

法律諮詢
法律アドボカシー
We have a solicitor who speaks Cantonese, Mandarin & Japanese



When does your student visa run out?

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

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

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

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

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



Level 1, Wentworth Bldg, University of Sydney
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e: solicitor@src.usyd.edu.au
ACN 146 653 143 | MARN 1276171





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The Postgrad Pages

PRESENTED BY  SUPRA

This page has been redacted on April 6, 2016 due to a request and advice from SUPRA that it was necessary to do so.

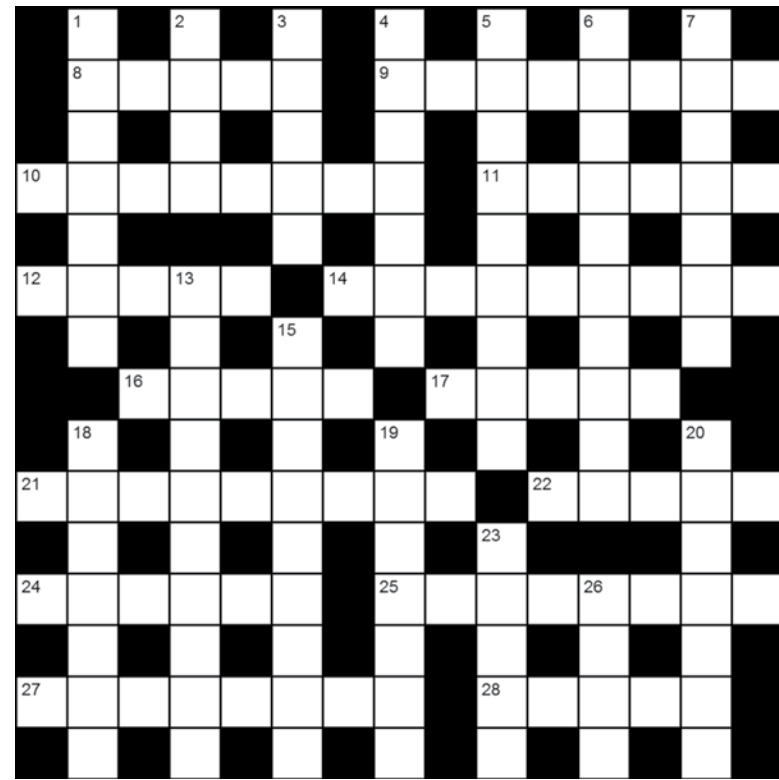


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This page has been redacted on April 6, 2016 due to a request and advice from SUPRA that it was necessary to do so.

Cryptic

By Atrus



Note: All down clues share a common theme, and so lack definitions.

Across

- 8. 22-acrosses remember this cooking technique, sans double glaze? (5)
- 9. Quaintly tears spliff during turnaround between drugs? (3,5)
- 10. Cool jam session with semi-cool mic system? (8)
- 11. Haul (diamonds and crown) stored in till now (2,4)
- 12. Draw back iron blade (5)
- 14. "Die" prophesying guy cracking head in bear-hug - sticky end (9)
- 16. (See 17-across)
- 17,16. Fake side of Oscars: where the actors go? (5,5)
- 21. C-containing cup holders, perhaps, with nothing inside? (9)

- 22. Interior vertex angle of lone star? (5)
- 24. Francis' home accommodates one-way exit (6)
- 25. Poles slip (ouch!) in heavy rain? (8)
- 27. Alarming, dancing on the edge (8)
- 28. 101+ retro songs? (5)

Down

- 1. Upstairs bar with not-too-shabby surroundings! (7)
- 2,26,19. Whedon wrote about a silver ship - sure-fire ultimate Western pitch? (4,4,7)
- 3. Turn taps to turn on the waterworks (5)
- 4. Strange of course to include egg roll (7)
- 5. Headed to Glebe, changing direction at Central? (9)
- 6. Grand Designs level cladding collapsed roof (10)
- 7. 3-down cleaner received quote? (7)
- 13. Lift bottlecap also kept cold? (10)
- 15. En... en route? (9)
- 18. "Stop at red lights", for example? (7)
- 19. (See 2-down)
- 20. Bridge player with best four-card hand? (7)
- 23. Student accommodation? (5)
- 26. (See 2-down)

Target

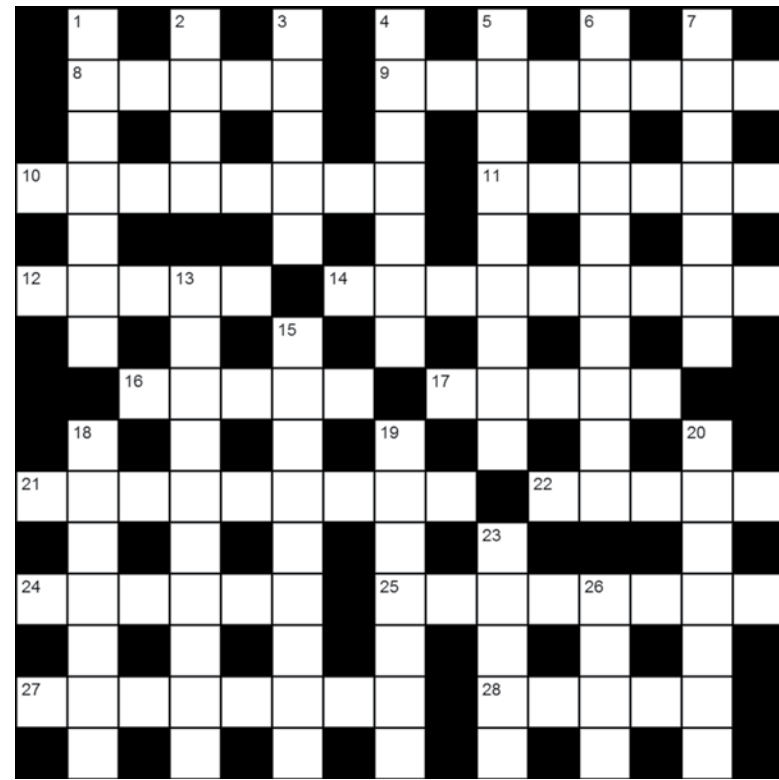
Minimum four letter words

Not Grouse: 17 Grouse: 22 Grouser: 30 Grousest: 38

A	M	R
E	K	H
S	Y	A

Quick

By Atrus



Across

- 8,16. Animation software (5,5)
- 9. 18-down pilot (8)
- 10. Ancient Indian language (8)
- 11. Jeez! (6)
- 12. Explode (5)
- 14. Macho (9)
- 16. (See 8-across)
- 17. Take potshots at (5)
- 21. Filmy? (9)
- 22. Freshwater fish (5)
- 24. Aim (6)
- 25. Chair, middling (8)
- 27. Inanimate (8)
- 28. Consumed (5)

Down

- 1. Saddled soldiers? (7)
- 2. There are five on the one dollar coin (4)
- 3. Another word for 24-across (5)
- 4. The P in PDE (7)
- 5. Refuse receptacles (5,4)
- 6. Trespasser, meddler (10)
- 7. Cooking style (7)
- 13. Beaten up; crushed (10)
- 15. Button left of F1 (6,3)
- 18. Dirigible (7)
- 19. Repudiate (7)
- 20. 007's drink of choice (7)
- 23. French farewell (5)
- 26. Damn! (4)

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

2-		2+	
24x			3+
1-	1-		
	4	4+	

Answers available online (really, we mean it)

The Garter Press



Teach a man to fish, Teach your goddamn, grown-ass son to fish, why don't you?

The Dick Issue

SUBMIT TO THE MACHINE SUPERINTELLIGENCE

Bitcoin

This fisherman has developed an app for tying knots!

Chinese Spies: Secret ways they're improving our grade curve!

Budget cuts hit dog or pony show!



One for the Robots: A Guest Editorial From Hatebot 4.0

Editorial

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NASA TO SEND ROOMBA TO MARS BECAUSE IT'S FUCKING DUSTY

In space, no-one can bear you clean



NASA has publicly announced that the purpose of its next mission to Mars will be to land a Roomba on the planet's surface because it's really fucking dusty up there. The unmanned mission is the first since the Curiosity Rover landed on the red planet more in 2012.

"And let me tell you, if this planet doesn't get its act together, it'll be the last one for a while," said Peter Chapman of NASA's Martian Exploration Unit.

"Lately it's been really difficult to get much done on Mars. There's shit everywhere and I know I'm always asking, and I'd hate to sound like I'm nagging, but I just can't even look at the Red Planet any more. It's such a mess."

Chapman wanted to make sure reporters knew that he wasn't mad at the planet, just disappointed.

"I'm not sending anybody up there for planet walks until it looks less like a pig sty and more like the beautiful fourth planet from the sun that I know it is."

The team back on earth said they were stumped about how to clean up the planet which is more or less pristine, and consequently pretty dusty. An ordinary vacuum cleaner can't be sent into space because space is a vacuum, and Dysons are very expensive.

The Roomba, Chapman says, was obvious once the team thought of it.

"The wonderful thing about a Roomba is the fact that you don't need someone to steer it. Normally, the Roomba would just keep going til it hits a wall, but we've done some extensive testing of the red planet, and there are no walls there.

The Martian Exploration Division says they have high expectations for the mission. Conditions for launch are promising, the cost is minimal on account of the slight weight and size of the Roomba, plus the associated risks are low.

"The Curiosity Rover should be capable of lifting the couch if it gets stuck."

Regional Doctors Trial 3D Printing Patients

It's a very weird country practice.

While many have insisted that the move towards 3D printing will result in the flooding of the underground weapons and counterfeit market, doctors in rural New South Wales have made groundbreaking progress in printing their own patients.

Brian Owler, president of the AMA, says that the advances may well save lives.

"The incredible flexibility offered by 3D printing means that small practices run by independent doctors will never have to close their doors."

It's a great way to ensure the viability of smaller practices in the face of massive urban migration. Modern technologies like 3D printing will ensure that doctors don't need to spend enormous amounts of time and money on imported prosthetics and the care of humans with families and histories.

Cameron Trainer, one of the first patients to be printed by the rural practice, said the treatment he received was first class.

"I've never felt better. Indeed, I've never felt."

IN THIS ISSUE:

Medical Pun Actually Sick Joke
page 9

Board of Inquiry Bored of Inquiry into Bored Board of Inquiry Board
page 17

Homeowner Fights Back Against Burgler and Loses
page 28

Anti-Semites Refuse to be Labeled Wagner Fans

They are cowards. This is bullshit.

At the annual Bayreuth Wagner Festival, which concluded recently, allegations and tempers flared around what the late German composer's politics mean for today's listeners. One group has taken a bold stance, proudly rejecting the idea that their ideology of racial supremacy is in any way coupled with an appreciation of fine arts.

Werner Horst, of Dresden, was visiting ethnically German friends in north Bavaria, and says the presence of world-class musicians performing modern classical works while he was preaching hate upon the streets of Bayreuth.

"Art music is a pure aesthetic object, and one needs to view Wagner's conception of the Gesamtkunstwerk [total art work] from a post-structuralist point of view. The author's virulent anti-semitism in no way imbues his work with particular worth to today's modern, enlightened, bigoted conspiracists."

Horst is part of the Nationalist Democratic

Party of Germany, a far-right group which rejects most things as being a bit too Jewish. Party spokesman Thor Weissmann backed up his statements, while playing punk music with unambiguously racist lyrics.

"The real German spirit is in violent agitation for a greater share of resources and territory to be controlled by people who look like me. While I appreciate the twisting of traditional Germanic mythology to identify villainous races with Jewish stereotypes and the othering of minorities to reinforce subordination, the idea that I can thrill with the beauty of rich harmonies and skillfully woven leitmotifs is ridiculous."

Comments on the group's livejournal page (Facebook being too Jewish) were more measured. Herrenvolk88 agreed with the general sentiment, but admitted: "I do like the bit in *Apocalypse Now* with the helicopters, but the background event is a war of aggression against a non-white population, so that helps."

Hawking: "I Have Moved Beyond the Reach of Death"

Year Einstein, Zweistein, Dreistein, beyond

Director of Research at the Centre for Theoretical Cosmology within the University of Cambridge, Stephen Hawking, called a press conference this morning to announce that he has "moved beyond the reach of death".

"The fabric of spacetime will become my plaything. I will move between worlds like a god. I am no longer concerned by a sudden nuclear war, a genetically engineered virus or other dangers you have not yet imagined.

REPORT: Bird Incarceration Rate Doubles in Five Years

The birds have killed all the bees

Ornithologists and incarceration experts everywhere have expressed concerns over the dramatically growing bird incarceration rate.

The Centre for Birds in Prison says that the numbers are concerning.

"We're seeing young birds trapped in generational cycles. Parents leave town

for an annual migration and the kids are going straight to drugs and petty theft," says the Centre's chair, Maria Peck.

"We established this organisation decades ago to make sure that we never had to see a whole generation condemned to living behind bars again: clipped wings, weak beaks and violent offenders."

GAP BETWEEN RICH AND POOR TO BE FILLED WITH LOLLIES

The Candy Man's Can Can Can

Malcolm Turnbull's recently refurbished treasury has vowed to fill the growing gap between the wealthiest and least wealthy Australians with a lot of lollies, Scott Morrison has stated at a press conference this weekend.

"We recognise that the difference between the haves and the have nots is growing," a salivating Morrison stated in an address to the press on Sunday, "and we are going to dump millions of sweets into this yawning chasm to fill it."

But NGO's dedicated to supporting Australia's least wealthy Australians have labeled the move "showboating".

"Wealth inequality isn't the sort of problem you can remedy by throwing candy at," says Kristen Moran of Homelessness Australia. "We can't just expect lollies to fix this problem like it did the housing market. This is a shortsighted policy designed to sate an increasingly myopic voting public that is hungry for sweets."

Morrison has defended the policy, saying "We are not going to rush this policy solution."

"We have spoken to thousands of

Australians of all income brackets and we are making sure that the move is as efficient as possible, and sustainable in the long term. This is a gap that is only going to get bigger. You don't want to commit to filling that void with lollies if you just have to put more lollies that we don't have in later," Morrison said.

"We have so far investigated Wizz Fizzes, bananas, teeth and we have plans to consider individually packaged candies like Mars Bars and Sherbies in the coming months."

Shadow Treasurer Chris Bowen has expressed concerns about the plan.

"This is a hasty policy that betrays just how little the Liberal Party thinks of the Australian people," said Shadow Treasurer Chris Bowen to reporters this morning, "To suggest that Wizz Fizzes and Sherbies might solve a problem like endemic inequality prove that this is a government running out of ideas. The Labor Party knows that Australians want a reliable candy to close the gap between rich and poor—the people want Marella jubes and musk sticks. Nobody likes Sherbies. We wouldn't even give them to Bill."

"Local Man's Opinion" Act Would See Marijuana Legalised in Family Home

More like legislative GRASSsembly

Legislation not yet introduced to any body of government, unlikely to ever see debate or implementation, was proposed by a young man in his home in Wahroonga just before the weekend, and would see marijuana legalised in his leafy suburban home only.

Known as the "Local Man's Opinion" Act the legislation would decriminalise the possession of the drug, and its consumption, at his Station Street home.

"It's totally fucked that you can't partake of some sweet bud with your mates at the weekend. It's heaps dog. I reckon it should be legal. In fact, I wanna make it legal in my house. How do I do that?" Mister De Mestre said to some friends as he lit a joint at 1pm on Friday.

Legal experts have said that without safety nets at a local or state level, it was unlikely that the proposed act would protect Mister De Mestre or his mates from prosecution under other jurisdictions.

"Internationally, we're seeing tremendous steps forward in the regulation and decriminalisation of illicit substances," says Blaire Strong of the Australian Marijuana Decriminalisation Lobby.

"Not at Mister De Mestre's house, though. He's just high and doesn't want to get in trouble."

At press time, the young man opened a bag of Cheetohs and decried the fact that gay people can't marry whoever they want.

"I'm not gay, but," Mister De Mestre said.



Where the Hell are the In-Flight Refreshments?

By Barney Pillder

Is anyone on this flight going to serve me refreshments?

Well. I think the bloody title says it all. After takeoff that was apparently delayed for five minutes—and let me tell you, I personally think it was a lot longer—a father of three little brats wants is a stiff bloody drink. But where are all the hostesses when you need them? Giving out some bloody 'safety instructions'. Alright honey, we all know how to go down a bloody slippery dip, thankyouverymuch.

This is getting ridiculous. The seatbelt light has gone on, and I still haven't gotten my bloody drink. I've got the bloody kids arguing over who gets to look out the window, and I have half a mind to clap them all over the ear and turn this plane right around to take them back home. My

doctor and the wife say I have stress issues and I should seek professional help, but all this man needs to calm down is one bloody drink that he hasn't bloody been offered yet.

Oh god, the plane has started rumbling. This is beyond the bloody pale. How can a man feel like he has control over his life without drink to steady his nerves as the whole word sounds like it's being ripped apart around him and the rumbling has stopped and now the kids are bloody crying. I think I'm going to have to break out the huff.

I mean it. If someone doesn't offer me a drink on this flight this instant, I'm going to huff. Just watch me. I'll bloody do it.

Here I go.

Well there's my huff. The eyerolling is going to come soon enough if I don't get that drink.

Alright. This airline is playing hardball. Time to deploy the fingertapping.

The kids have gone silent. They know what is happening. They know this is serious.

And here comes the drinks tray now. The kids have learnt a little lesson in patience, the airline has learnt a lesson in discipline, and I have learnt that one man with a will can find a way.

Coke. Water. Sprite. Chippies.

These drinks will not quiet the howling nothingness in my soul.



All Cops Should Wear Body Cameras Pointing at Their Flesh

We strictly filter those who can publish under our auspices. Over to Con Spiracytheorist, resident conspiracy theorist.

Hardly a day goes by when you aren't regaled by stories of police misbehaviour. Racially charged beatings of unarmed teens; the planting of evidence on the utterly innocent; disproportionate reactions to innocuous misdemeanours: we are losing touch with the people who are ostensibly there to protect us.

The fix is simple. Mount a video camera on the chest of every police officer that records their skin beneath their clothes.

You can tell a lot from a man's skin. His character seeps through his pores and with a body camera fixed on the membrane at

all times we might get to know the people who protect and serve even more intimately.

For too long, cops have been able to get away with all sorts of things on their skin, and letting civilians and their superiors see what is going on on their delicious flesh at all times can only be a good thing.

The State Commissioner for the New South Wales Police Department recently declared that public distrust was as much a threat to an officer in the course of their work as was a violent offender. If only we could scrutinise their epidyrmis constantly

and intimately!

Wait! The future is now and we can!

I want to be able to see the ruddy pink of a slightly rotund officer's breast. I want to see the hairs coursing against his uniform as he exacts his civil duty. This is a rush for the public. Watch the skin go up and down. Know that they are a real, breathing, skin-having person. Imagine the power of that empathy.

Know the chaps in blue. Know their skin. Guess what it smells like. Examine every pore with the love of a parent.



I Fear That Innocent Children May Sneak Into the Country with Real Refugees

By a Concerned Mother

I'm a mother. I have a mother's instincts. It's something that transcends class and race. You know when a child is suffering. And you know when a child is scheming.

Because I am a mother, I know that there are innocent children who are trying to sneak into this country while we open our hearts to genuine refugees.

These are the children that you've heard about on the news. Hundreds – maybe thousands of them, displaced by terrible conflicts. Without basic needs being met, and all the while thinking about the ill they could do to our country once they got here.

You've probably heard the stories. Kids as young as 3 taking advantage of a momentary compassion from nations that are willing to help. They cry and bawl to get past checkpoints, but once they're inside, who can say what they'll do?

People think I'm callous when I say that the threat of children who have done nothing wrong getting into our country makes me want to keep real refugees out. But if those kids are willing to manipulate their way in here and threaten our way of life? I think sternness is in due.

While compassion should always be the rule, remember that there are innocent children who will take advantage of our charity if you give them the chance.

Don't give them a chance.



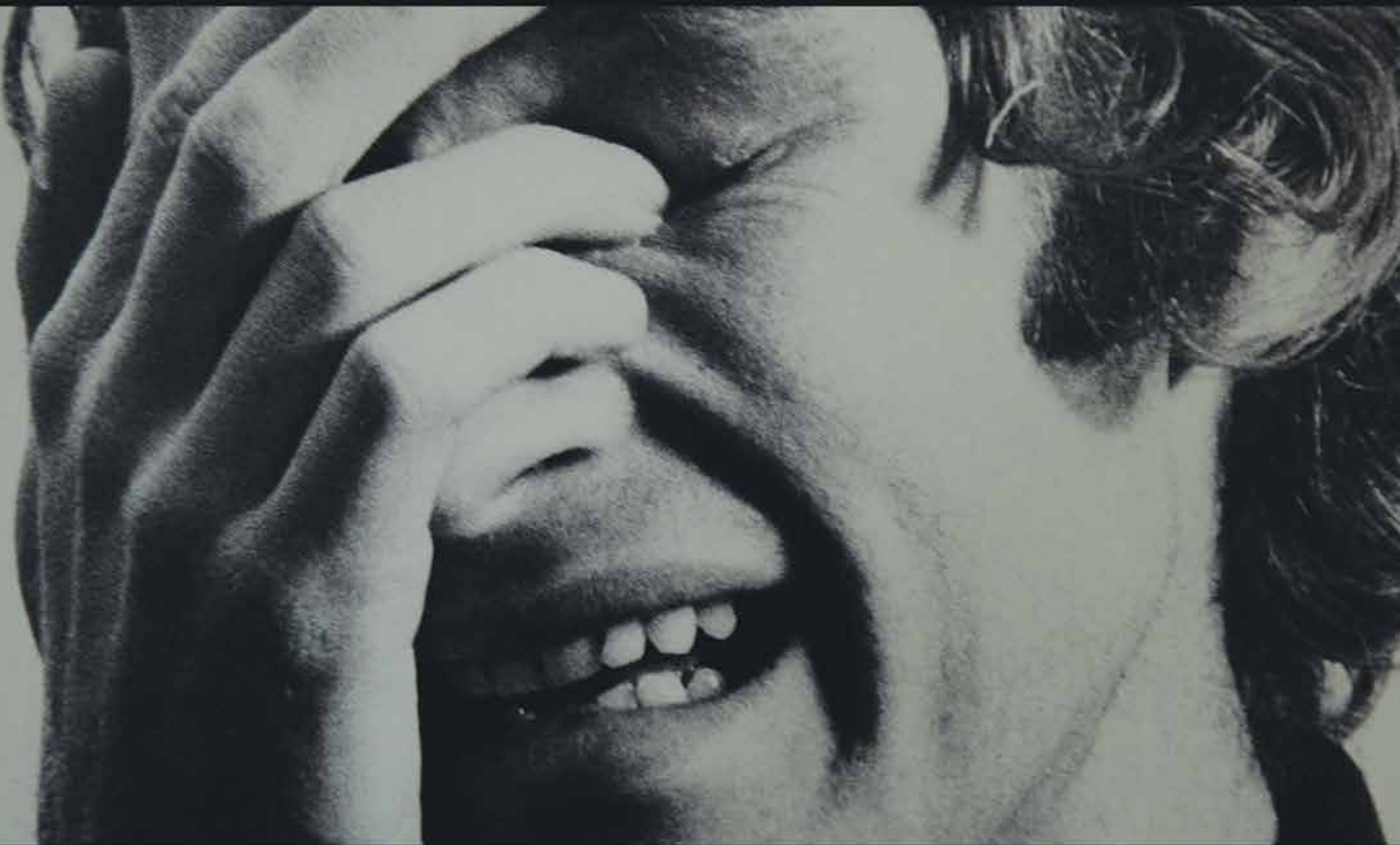
Honi Soit 2015 Opinion Competition

SHAME

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

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

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.



Prizes:

1st: \$1000

2nd: \$500

3rd: \$250 Highly Commended: \$150