

THARUNKA

APRIL 2016 / FOOD FOR THOUGHT



UNSW STUDENT MAGAZINE

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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

When you search, “Politicians are like...” on Google, myriad analogies are suggested. Some of them are interesting, to say the least, although we prefer this one: “Politicians are like pickles”. Once a crisp, ripe vegetable; now a soggy, sour condiment. Their presence in a burger divides the nation, and asks the real questions: If you have to eat them, how do you prefer them? And does it matter if they all leave the same sour taste in your mouth?

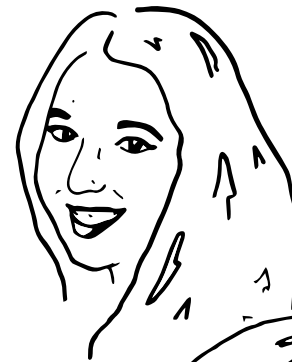
But the worst thing about pickles is that even if you ~~vote~~ throw them out, they just appear on another burger. Not only does this analogy conform to our theme of ‘food for thought’, it certainly hits the nail on the head when it comes to politicians’ knack for sticking around; often to pursue their own agenda, independent of their party.

One such sticky pickle is former Prime Minister, Tony Abbott, who has been in the public eye since the #libspill last September for his controversial relationship with his former chief of staff, Peta Credlin. There is also talk he’ll contest Malcolm Turnbull’s leadership but let’s face it, he’s no K-Rudd. And even though Turnbull has been criticised, more recently by Former Victorian Liberal premier, Jeff Kennett, for his stances on gay marriage, the Safe Schools

program and negative gearing, the Liberal Party knows Abbott isn’t popular with the electorate.

How could he be? Particularly after flying down to the States to address one of the religious right’s most conservative bodies, the Alliance Defending Freedom, at a lobby in January. No surprise what the topic of his speech was. Preaching to the converted about “the importance of family”, he surely crushed the tireless efforts of the LGBTQIA+ community with respect to same-sex marriage, and severely failed to consider the bodily autonomy of half the world’s population.

Ultimately though, a bigger question than, “Why is there a pickle on my burger?” is “Why are we still talking about our irrelevant ex-politians?” Alleged affairs and budgie smugglers - they make great news but where is the real discussion about the socio-political issues actually affecting our country? Just some food for thought.



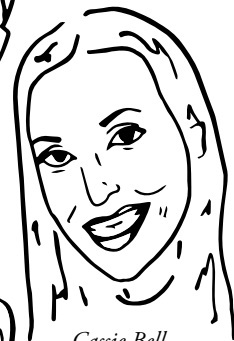
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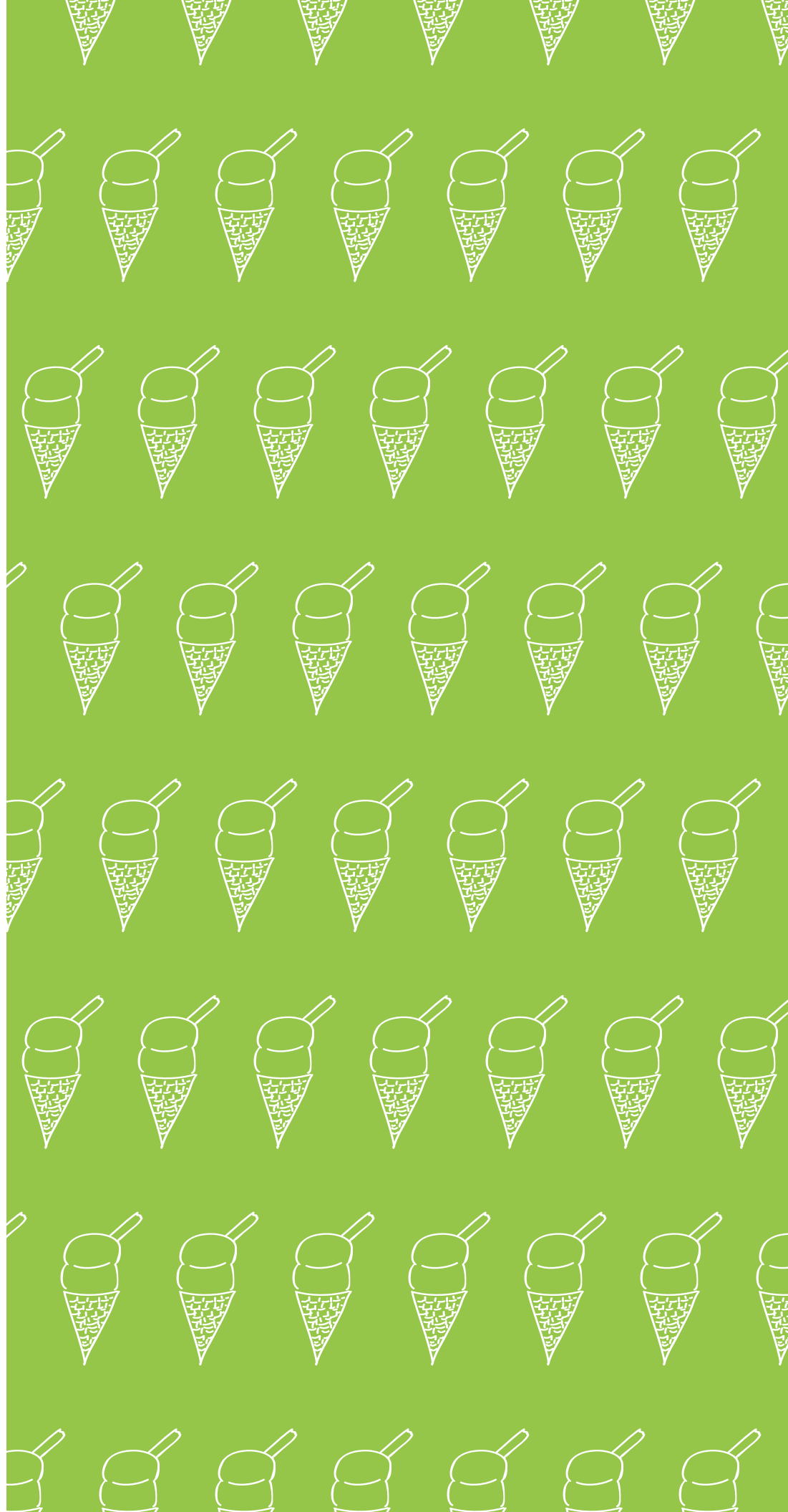
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Tharunka acknowledges
the traditional custodians of this land,
the Gadigal and Bedigal people of the
Eora nation, on which our university
now stands.

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TRIGGER WARNING:
CONTAINS SENSITIVE
MATERIAL

CONTENTS

12 What Will You Fight For?	7
13 Be Patient: Listen To The Album	News
14 Eat Me	/
15 Must Rhodes Fall?	11
16 Food Choices	Features
17 See Food Diet; See Food. Eat It.	/
18 What Even Is A Male Feminist?	19
20 Home I	Creative
21 Thinking Of A Quiet, Easy Memory / Joy	/
22 Masterpiece	23
24 Tinder Tales: Chapter 1	Regulars
25 An Hour From Campus	/
26 Spotlight On	36
28 Reviews	SRC
32 GREAT! Reviews	
34 Shepherd's Pie	
35 MOSS	





NEWS



CALL TO MAKE HIGHER EDUCATION A POLITICAL PRIORITY

W / CASSIE BELL

Universities Australia Chair, Professor Barney Glover, has called for higher education funding and progress to be a priority issue in the upcoming federal election.

In a speech delivered to the National Press Club, Professor Glover called for politicians to give more insight into their party's respective plans, in regards to tertiary institutions. In particular, policies that propose to improve the relationships of universities with both the government and the broader business community.

"Almost two years of policy insecurity and uncertainty is taking its toll on the ability of universities to plan and allocate resources in their student's best interests," he said.

"Yet when it comes to higher education—a \$140 billion contributor to our economy in 2014—the rules are different.

"There can be no innovation without investment, and no technology transfer without deep and sustained collaboration between government, universities and industry."

In response to Professor Glover's address, the Minister for Education and Training, Simon Birmingham, said, "I am determined that the process I undertake will be neither rushed nor involve surprises".

"I won't sugar-coat the future for you, but I do promise that the Turnbull Government backs the autonomy of universities and will deliver higher education policies that will enable your institutions to transition into the new economy," he said.

"Where we have deficiencies—such as our inability to convert our great research into commercial outcomes—we need to acknowledge it and try to do something about it."

NEW AWARD FOR STUDENT WRITERS

The crowd sourced online news feed Art News Portal has recently launched the Young Art Journalism Awards (YAJA). A writing competition, which aims to showcase exceptional work from journalism students around the world.

To be eligible to enter, you must be a current university student or a very recent graduate. Entries can either be previously published or written specifically for the competition, but must be between 300-1000 words, and art, design or culture related. They also need an accompanying image, and a short video clip or audio file.

Judging the awards are a number of Australian journalists, including the online editor of Limelight Magazine, Maxim Boon, and Author and Adjunct Professor, Dr John Cokely.

The awards night will be held in October, so there is plenty of time to get your entries together—an official deadline is yet to be announced.

Tharunka will publish more details as they come to light but for basic information, visit: <http://www.artnewsportal.com/YAJA/about>

NO CHILDREN LEFT BEHIND

W / STEPHEN CHRISTODOULOU

Following George Pell's appearance, via video, at the Royal Commission this week, an opinion piece was published in *The Australian*, where a journalist praised Pell for his 'courage' in calling out the Church on years of cover-ups, lies and deceptions.

Well, would you expect him not to? Given his track record however, it would not be inconceivable. Pell was an integral cog in the cover up machine, working overtime to protect paedophilic priests and the public's perception of the Catholic faith. He chose to do this instead of listening to and helping the victims of these unspeakable acts, victims who have now have to live with the effects of the abuse their entire lives.

What makes these crimes especially heinous is the subversion of the church's most powerful ethos to care for the weak and the vulnerable. Contradicting this completely is Pell's callous act of walking away. He should have instead been a Christian leader, who spoke up for the victims. And yet, Pell knowingly became a traitor to justice, truth and goodness by standing with Gerald Risdale, one of Australia's worst paedophiles.

On the day of Risdale's trial, Pell was seen walking shoulder to shoulder with the monster that was about to plead guilty. Pell walked beside this man, a member of his own church, who he knew raped and abused a child. He did this in full view of the victims and their families, instead of taking a stand against acts of wickedness. Pell sympathised with this man and, by doing so, spat on the victims and the families of those who, at the hands of Risdale, experienced unspeakable harm. He felt a duty towards the church, to protect its members, but lacked the same moral conscience when it came to the victims.

It's absurd that a journalist can argue that Pell showed 'courage' by 'calling out' the church for years of atrocities. Pell should have shown that same courage when the light was on Risdale and the extent of his action were exposed, not after he was publically roasted. That would have been courage, an action worth the very word. Pell is now simply covering his bases.

If he wishes to remain a part of the church, he must work towards earning the public's respect. We must not give him the benefit of the doubt simply because he wears a nicely ironed black bed sheet on his posterior, a dog collar around his neck and a cross by his side. No, Pell must regain our trust by showing he is a man of strong moral passion, who protects the weak, by standing with the victims, not the perpetrators.

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Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse

Call:

*Within Australia call 1800 099 340
From overseas call 61 2 8815 2319*

*Open Monday to Friday
between the hours of 8am and 8pm
AEST*

*Email: [contact@
childabuseroyalcommission.gov.au](mailto:contact@childabuseroyalcommission.gov.au)*

*Mail:
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Sydney NSW 2001*



FEATURES

WHAT ARE YOUR
THOUGHTS ON THESE STORIES?

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HAVE YOUR SAY BY SENDING A
LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

WHAT WILL YOU FIGHT FOR?

W / TIMOTHY KO

For 5 days in May, thousands of Australians are taking part in the Live Below the Line challenge, feeding themselves on \$2 a day in an effort to bring the issue of extreme poverty closer to home.

Meet Australia. She's great. She's pretty unpredictable; her leadership changes as often as her weather, but her beauty remains. She has this beautiful big rock right at her centre, her core. This keeps her grounded, I think. You see, she makes it so easy to forget her flaws. When you explore her, you'll see. Her beaches are endless, her landscapes vibrant. She's brimming with opportunity, buzzing all the time. And yet in amongst all this bustle and noise, she is safe and she is secure. She ranks first in quality of life, among all her peers. She works in the sunshine and dances in the moonlight. And her universities? Don't even get me started. This is where the youth of the country walk and work and play. This is where all of the above comes to light all at the same time. Their parents fought for the things that they can now enjoy every day. And they are currently fighting for things their kids will enjoy in the days to come.

Then, there is you. You live in Australia. Your lungs breathe this air and your feet walk this soil. What you have explored? What opportunities have you had and will you have? What do you think or feel when you see the world's ache in words and pictures and people? What do you think is worth fighting for? And what, may I ask, will you fight for?

Meet Cambodia, a country that lies in the tropics. She's growing just as fast as the crops on its fertile farmland. In fact, a fifth of her is farmland. She is known for her breathtaking temples, fertile open plains, proud culture and unique history – a troubled history. A history that has made her people eager to rebuild her. There is so much beauty, but such little opportunity. She has seen bombing from the United States, which destabilised her government. A revolution under the genocidal Khmer Rouge. Starvation, Disease and Murder. 2.2 million deaths.

Today Cambodia is a young country. Youth represent about a third of her population. She is rebuilding her schools, brick by brick, teacher by teacher. All of which were closed down. The road ahead is challenging. There is poverty, there is corruption and there is exploitation. But her people, like us, are in the springtime of life, and they are full of hope for their country.

There are two main obstacles standing in-between you and Cambodia's vision of hope. One is the Australian government, who, on behalf of you (and/or your parent's)

tax paying money, lends a hand to a neighbour in need. I want you to stop and think. Guess. Assume. How much money, as a percentage do you think the Government gives to foreign aid projects per year? 2%? 0.8%? 3%? The Federal Government currently gives 0.25% of its budget to foreign aid. It is also said to drop to 0.22% in the next year. This is the lowest we have ever pledged to give to foreign aid projects, ever.

Thousands of Australians know this. Each year, close to 10,000 people sign up to Live Below the Line, feeding themselves on \$2 a day for 5 days in May. When I realised my efforts fundraising and doing the challenge could organically empower others, it made me consider it deeply. The fact that in a physical sense, those living under the poverty line could have a real and constructive education because of the contribution I have made by doing the challenge is what has motivated me to sign up again this year. Rice, pasta, canned tomatoes, lentils and almonds and tomato paste. Experiencing hunger because of an inability to "have", really made me consider how unjust the issue really is. That's why I wholeheartedly believe everyone should take the challenge.

The one other factor in between you and powering the hope that Cambodia has for itself, is, well, you. Every single day we experience what is being tirelessly fought for. Food, health, education, income, housing, hygiene sanitation, water. You have the capacity to empower young people to rebuild their own country. Extreme poverty has halved in the last decade and together we can end it. We're the only generation that can say that.

You take responsive action against an injustice that can end in our lifetime. You are able. Are you willing?

Sign up to the challenge.

Live Below the Line happens annually in May, and has engaged people nation-wide with the issue of extreme poverty through a personal and tangible journey. This year, Live Below the Line invites you to take part in the challenge.

Sign up at:


<https://www.livebelowtheline.com.au>



BE PATIENT: LISTEN TO THE ALBUM

W / LAURA KENNY

The Album: a lost art form comes crawling back




In the boom of singer-song-writing that burst out of the 1960s and 70s, no one was worried by singles or hits – the true form of music, was a really good album. A long and dynamic storyline, or a kind of narrativeless rollercoaster, more coherent than grape-hubba-bubba to a shoe. Since first falling in love with *Blue* by Joni Mitchell, *Asylum Years* by Tom Waits, *Bridge Over Troubled Water* by Simon and Garfunkel and *Grace* by Jeff Buckley, I have been aching to find the musicians of my generation who hold a candle to them. But recently, I have been entranced and powerless to escape the near perfection of these four albums that do just that:

*The first is Hopelessness Blues by Fleet Foxes.
The second is The Positions by Gang of Youths.
The third is The Phosphorescent Blues by Punch Brothers.
The fourth is Blood by Lianne La Havas.*

I write this to implore you to take the time to undress your favourite music. The album is an incredibly expressive form – and so very neat. Each a full and buxom flavour of their own, these albums unfold tender spots, and ragey-spots alongside each other. So I whisper, half praise, half prayer, the album is back on the rise. These musicians are lifting the game of the whole industry simply by leading in it, and if you don't believe me yet, here's why in 50 words or less:

*1. Helplessness Blues by Fleet Foxes,
Folk/Blues/Rock/UtterPoetry*



If the opening line, 'So now I am older than my mother and father when they had their daughter, now what does that say about me', doesn't catch your throat like a little fishing hook of reality, then wait a few years and listen to this again. The lyrical mud-cake of this album explores through harmony reminiscent of Crosby, Stills and Nash, the tang of growing older. Uncompromising realism fights glowing optimism in this soul-searching album that chronicles the emotional sin-wave of any twenty-something on a monthly basis.

*2. The Positions by Gang of Youths, Rock/
Indie*

Somehow Gang of Youths has succeeded in capturing the sound of Sydney: tenacious, transcendent and that hard to pinpoint dream-fatigue. But more than the wrenching narrative of the album that gets you teary-eyed and swinging for a fight, their ability to marry brutality and delicacy in lyrics will leave you out of your own skin for an hour. All of this besides the plain and undeniable greatness of them calling their genre 'basically dad rock.'

*3. The Phosphorescent Blues by Punch
Brothers, Bluegrass/Progressive*

Leaving the magnitude of frontman, Chris Thiele's musical capability aside, this blues album breaks all the rules in the tastiest way. Like all Punch Brothers' work, the technical work is what pushes them into the stratosphere. However, this album is characterised by lyrics with real smack and a continuous narrative of frustration and fulfilment in the music scene around them.

4. Blood by Lianne La Havas

Firstly, her voice will arrest you – a nimble flickering between strength and husky depth to marshmallow loopy heights sure to strike you dumb. Stories of brazen independence and vulnerable dependence bounce the album between her two selves. Unexpectedly, twisty sonics and delving lyrics will call you back to her with your full attention for each song. The most truly feminine composer and lyricist since Joni Mitchell herself.

EAT ME

W / NICOLA RAY

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a foodie with an Instagram account is in want of social media attention. So much so that it may drive them mad. I stand behind the counter at work, trying desperately to placate and console a 20-something year old woman who won't stop sobbing.

"They're for social media" she croaks. The source of her misery? This woman did not know the alphabetical order of the 72 macarons she had just purchased for the sole purpose of displaying them on her Instagram.

Whilst taking photos at high-end patisseries and gourmet stores used to be a clandestine practice, it has now become encouraged, if not implored, behaviour. Social media, in particular Instagram, has given birth to a symbiotic relationship between business and customer. The new face of PR is now in fact the client, whose social media presence propels both themselves, and the food they eat, to foodie fame. However, as innocent as this may seem, for some the obsession has become too much. A line must be drawn between harmless fangirling, and an obsessive desire for social media glory.

Much like art in a gallery, food is a spectacle, and a celebration of human achievement. Its gallery? Social media. The curator? Us. We use social media to pepper others' creations and

display them on the walls of our own virtual galleries. This is seemingly considered one of the many perks of social media; being able to contrive a manicured version of ourselves and our lives. However the question begs; does an Instagram pic of your plate truly do justice to the product, or just trivialise it? Social media by definition does more for us and our egos than it does for anything else. My customer's wasted tears are a manifestation of this.

Dropping exorbitant amounts of money for social media purposes has become such a cult-like tradition that we tend to forget how precious a commodity it is. Heating up our food budgets to be repaid in likes and followers illustrates a far greater obsession with the self than with anything else. Not only is this practice narcissistic and ostentatious, it tarnishes the value and purpose of food. It is what sustains us, not what validates us.

What the over-indulged Instagram fiends seemingly tend to forget is that excessive and wasteful purchases are not only economically and environmentally irresponsible, they're downright selfish. If I am to thank my customer for anything, it would be for exposing me to the reality that social media does a pretty poor job at paying tribute to that which sustains you, and those who create it.

/

MUST RHODES FALL?

W / TOBY WALMSLEY

A critique of Josh Wooller's article, "Must Rhodes Fall?" in Honi Soit, which fails to consider the greater problem of British attitudes towards the nation's colonial past.

Students at Oxford University have staged protests, calling for the removal of a statue of Cecil Rhodes, an English imperialist and benefactor of the university, on the grounds he committed barbaric acts during the colonisation of Africa. Defenders of the statue claim that the statue should remain as a vestige of Oxford's, and indeed English, history - for better or worse.

One such defence of the statue comes from Josh Wooller, who argues in his *Honi Soit* article that whilst Rhodes' values are certainly abhorrent, historical figures cannot be judged by modern values as this creates an "impossible standard for the past" and endorses historical revisionism. He also maintains that the Rhodes scholarship, one of Rhodes' most famous legacies, has transcended the heritage of its namesake by providing students access to education.

It is easy to conflate the issues of the Rhodes scholarship and the Rhodes statue, but fundamentally they are different. There is some delicacy surrounding the issue of whether Oxford has a right to use colonial money. The issue of Rhodes' statue is much clearer.

Wooller misses the point if he thinks that the call to remove the statue is about historical revisionism. Its real focus is on the values that British society has today, and how flexible national identity should be. A statue is more than history: it is idolisation.

When the statue of Saddam Hussein fell in the Iraq War, we did not condemn this as historical revisionism. We claimed instead that it was a step towards adopting new, liberal, democratic values. Nor do we decry the destruction of the numerous statues of Lenin in ex-Soviet countries, as the new states disconnect themselves from their Soviet past. Statues can be more meaningful than history because they denote a respect for the individuals they commemorate. Oxford should certainly think twice about keeping a statue that pays tribute to an advocate of imperialism and outright racism.

There have been successful attempts at removing colonial symbols from various educational institutions. Harvard Law School recently voted to change its coat of arms, after protesters claimed that the Law School's founder, Isaac Royall Sr., who earned his fortune from slave trading and slave plantations, was not an appropriate representative of their school.

Their justification was spot on. Harvard Law School needs an emblem that represents their values, the committee report said, "which the current shield does not."

However, this view is not the norm. A recent *YouGov* poll found that around 43% of British citizens believed the nation's colonialism was part of a history they should be proud

of. Only 21% stated it was something they regret. There's still a long way to go. Knocking down the statue would be a clear cultural and attitudinal statement about where Brits stand in regard to their values and identity.

At its core, the discussion about Cecil Rhodes is not historical. Statues and idols are often symbolic and reflect the values of the community in which they stand in. Ultimately, it comes down to the question: Should modern British society be proud of its colonial past?

Wooller's defence of the statue on the grounds that it would be historical revisionism suggests that we are rewriting history to suit us. But history is not a statue - it's a record, one that will remain in Britain's past until the end of time. Destroying idols such as the Rhodes statue shows that we've learnt from our past, and shifts focus onto modern views of morality and civil rights. It shows that we are forging a new national identity for ourselves (*or in this case Britain*), one based on respect for decency and righteousness and not the antiquated, racist attitudes of colonial patriarchs.

/

FOOD CHOICES

W / BREANA MACPHERSON-RICE

b: What should we have for dinner?

a: God, I don't know - it's so complicated. I feel overwhelmed by all that food out there. I just don't know where to begin.

b: Don't be a goose, we have to eat. What are you worried about?

a: I feel like any choice I make will be wrong. I'm just always alone in the kitchen, alone in the supermarket or wherever - and it's impossible for me to make choices that don't harm me, or animals, or forests or communities somewhere.

b: I can relate to that. I always feel really anxious whenever I'm in a supermarket - I go in with this idea that I can make my purchases align with my values, but it always seems futile, especially on my measly budget.

a: And sometimes it just feels impossible to do the right thing. I'll be buying stuff to make mum a Mother's Day breakfast - she really likes smoked salmon & scrambled eggs on toast - so, I'll go to buy salmon and eggs and my vegan friends will stare daggers at me or tell me I'm doing something awful.

b: Yeah, that's something I've always found so confusing. Like, I find it really hard to see what I eat as this solely ethical issue where things are either right or wrong - I mean, food is such a social thing, and it's so tied to identity.

a: Absolutely. My vegan friends say stuff about the effects of the meat, dairy and fish industries on the environment. It turns out that all industrial farming is pretty awful, no matter what they're growing. It still involves lots of nasty chemicals, fertilisers, land clearing and erosion. Even tofu is grown under these kind of practices!

b: Totally. I think it's really important to remember that there's no good reason to assume humans are better than any other species, but at the same time, a blanket rule of not eating animals or animal products won't fix this systematic discrimination. That reminds me of when I was living with friends in Nepal - 90 per cent of what we ate came from the

fields around our house, and when we rarely did eat meat it was usually goat from the neighbour or the market. I'm not saying it was all completely rosy over there, but that part of it worked - you know where food comes from, it's a community effort.

a: Yeah, I always get angry when people talk about this stuff as if it's in the past, as if there's some ladder of progress from garden to supermarket or something. Nobody ever told my grandparents! Before they got sick, they were both doing something similar - all the houses in their neighbourhood had awesome gardens and everybody would swap veggies, jam, fish, cakes etc with each other.

b: I have so many fond memories of going to my nan's place and picking tomatoes that we would make into relish with her grandmother's recipe. That knowledge is only a generation away - yet it feels like we've lost it so quickly, but it's really easy to re-establish that connection.

a: And look at our garden - a couple of weekends' work and we've already got beans, basil, coriander, parsley, rocket, chillies, potatoes, passionfruit, cumquats, sweet potato, onions, leeks, beetroot, carrots, spinach, silverbeet, bok choy, eggplant, oranges, limes, lemons, it'll all be ready within a couple of months.

b: Exactly. And thanks to the community of people who put in a little effort every week, heaps of people are able to eat a bunch of fresh veggies.

a: Like you said, food should be a social thing. It should be bringing people together.

b: That's what makes the difference to me. If I'm eating alone, I'll probably just have cereal. But when I'm cooking with someone else it's always a great time.

a: Definitely. Hey, there's a bunch of rocket and basil in the garden - want to make pesto?

b: Love to.

/

SEE FOOD DIET; SEE FOOD. EAT IT.

W / CHARLOTTE GOODSIR

Dieting is weird. Everyone has this idea that they want to look fit and in line with today's (*utterly terrifying*) beauty standards, but simultaneously live off Ben and Jerry's. I know, because I am one of them. For some reason, even though I know it doesn't work, dieting seems to be something I always go back to. At any one time, 50% of the Australian population admit to dieting, the other 48% are probably babies and it's ok for them to be chubby because we all seem to like squeezing their faces.

Throwback to 2005 when The Atkins Diet was all the rage, even Kimmmy K was doing it. A diet resulting in bad breath, a dry mouth, tiredness, dizziness, insomnia, nausea and constipation, but all you can eat bacon and no vegetables promoted a balanced (*meat*) diet. Although it was questioned and really rejected by many nutritionists, it continues to be one of the biggest fads even today.

Going internationally, there is the Mexico's Diet tongue patch. Remember when you first got braces and you couldn't eat anything because you had the rings of Saturn around your teeth? This is the same, but with a medical grade mesh sewn onto your tongue so it's too painful to eat. The theory is that you will think about what you eat and be less likely to binge. China's Sun Eating Diet is composed of skipping a meal and staring into the sun for 44 minutes a day. Seems legit right? Like a solar lamp that scares the neighbours cat out of your petunias, you'll absorb solar energy to fuel your body, rather than scientifically proven nourishment through food.

Not weird enough for you? There is always the Fletcherism diet, chewing each mouthful of food for at least 32 times, or until it was in liquid form. The Sleeping Beauty diet, where you literally sleep so you don't eat. Kangatarianism, a diet where the only thing you can eat is the meat from our humble emblem #straya. And now, my personal favourite: The Werewolf Diet (*aka Moon diet*). Stick with me on this one ok, the idea is that since the human body is mostly made up of water (*true*) and the moon has been shown to affect water (*true, for large bodies of water*), then we can take advantage of the gravitational pull of the moon on the water in our bodies to detoxify and lose weight (*um, what?*).

These last few I guess are just ones I thought were interesting/ genius/ plot of B-grade sci-fi:

The Paintball Diet

Picture this: a board room, 5-6 marketing executives in smart suits sit around a table, "So I just finished reading the Hunger Games Brian, I have an idea for our new marketing strategy". Brian looks up from his Long Black, "Ahh yes, Roger?" "Well we put everyone into a giant stadium, hire professional shooters and make them run or we shoot them, and there is no-where to hide." "Roger, you're thinking of crossfit."

The Tapeworm Diet

The theory is that if the parasite's eating the food you consume, you won't gain weight. Rumour has it that opera singer Maria Callas achieved her impressive weight loss in the 1950s by swallowing a tapeworm.

Luigi Cornaro's Diet

400g of food a day (*but 500g of wine, because yolo*)

Now we look at these diets and laugh, a tapeworm? Kangaroo? The moon? How gullible do these people think we are? Essentially, we are all a part of this elaborate con. Gyms, health food and dieting cost Australians \$6.6 billion dollars annually and with #activewear still going strong this number is only set to rise this year.

WHAT EVEN IS A MALE FEMINIST?

W / NED HIRST

In *The Second Sex*, Simone de Beauvoir recounts the comments of one of her (*male*) students explaining why he isn't a feminist. For every female doctor or lawyer, he explained, they're taking one of our places. This argument retains its capacity to shock today because it is so nakedly self-interested and entitled. It is also to a certain extent wrong-headed: the more women actively participate in the workforce the bigger the workforce becomes, meaning more employment opportunities in total. To a certain extent, however, the argument is undeniably correct. Men have benefited from structural inequality and gains made by the feminist movement come, at least partly, at the expense of male opportunities.

I must protest from the outset that I don't think that is at all a bad thing. A clearly unfair society should be made more fair, but I merely observe that such a move is necessarily detrimental to the people that have profited from its unfairness. This why the UN's *He for She* campaign and male feminism more generally rests slightly uneasily with me. To my mind it's a little like a billionaire proclaiming himself a communist. His intentions may be pure, but it's a little hard to escape the conclusion that a devastating critique of inequality made by someone who has profited from it is a little wanting in integrity.

My suspicion is that a lot of men who call themselves feminists do so in order to embrace a very superficial kind of feminism; one that does nothing to address structural roots of gender inequality. But equality is a messy word, and Germaine Greer has notably claimed to be a "liberation" rather than "equality" feminist. To be clear, when I talk about equality I don't mean equality of outcome, but equality of opportunity. To my mind, feminism can be said to have served its purpose when someone born female has the same opportunities as someone born male.

An example: In many professions like law and medicine, female graduates earn the same as their male counterparts but their income levels diverge as women have fewer promotion opportunities. Part of the reason for this is that if women choose to have children they take maternity leave and then find themselves placed at a disadvantage on their return to the workforce. The only way this is ever going to be combated is by instigating a level of social change whereby raising a child is genuinely considered the domain of both

mothers and fathers. There are more layers of patriarchal oppression than a superficial analysis of feminism supports. However, this is starting to veer into the territory that many alleged male feminists find uncomfortable because it begins to grapple with the extent of the structural advantage they enjoy.

Of course, being accused of being the beneficiary of undeserved privilege is unpleasant. Anyone born into a high socio-economic situation can understand that. Anyone born into a functioning Western liberal democracy instead of a corrupt African dictatorship can understand that. It is unfair that we should be in a better position than other people when we haven't merited it and it makes us feel guilty. But more than that, it makes us feel that our efforts and talents are depreciated. Anyone who attains a level of success wants to be able to attribute it to themselves and their hard work, but in most cases it must also be conceded that there were many factors at play that worked to their advantage. Unless you excuse it through some morally Objectivist view (*I am using Objectivism here in its batshit crazy Ayn Rand sense*) and say that anything that is possible is fair, in which case you may remain philosophically consistent but with the trade-off you are ethically hollow.

So the reason men must relinquish their privilege is that it is fundamentally unfair and unethical that they don't. But how many men really want to? This is the question I ask myself when a man calls himself a feminist. Another question, too: Why do you think feminism needs you?

There is something insufferably arrogant to my ears about the proposition that feminism will finally take off now that men have embraced it, as though it would have achieved its goals much faster if only men were involved. Men are in a far worse position to advance feminism because they haven't got any first-hand experience of what structural gender inequality feels like. I have my own opinions about these things (*you have burdened yourself by reading some of them right now*). Do I call these feminist opinions though? They are the opinions of a man who is fully in sympathy with the aims and ideals of feminism, that is the highest that I will put it. Because as ideologically committed to the cause as I am, I have no material need for feminism, and I am sure that it has appreciably less need of me.

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CREATIVE

HOME I

W / BRITTNEY RIGBY

The two trains that take me back to where I grew up are like small, moving homes: a tortoise's shell, the caravan that the snail carries on his back.

One is the double-decker, slippery city metal capsule, and the second an old, rattling thing just trying to wheeze its way back in time for dinner.

I think the first time I properly realised that the place I grew up wasn't my "real" home anymore was one Friday night after I finished work, waitressing at the same restaurant I'd been working at since I was fifteen.

I used to go back there on the weekends, to make some extra cash for university textbooks and Sydney rent.

I got home at around 11pm, and when I felt my way through the dark to the kitchen, fingers stumbling, smelling like garlic, I couldn't instinctively find the light switch.

The light switch: a simple thing, a silly thing.

But a moment that made me realise that I didn't know this place as well as I once did.

When I was on my way to bed, after brushing my teeth over the sink I once sat in whilst watching Mum paint herself with make up, I didn't remember the creak in the floor that I had avoided ever since I could remember.

I didn't remember, intimately remember, the bricks and mortar that had raised me anymore.



THINKING OF A QUIET, EASY MEMORY

W / ZARA KHAN

Thinking of a quiet, easy memory
On a night when the window's left open.
My eyes are getting swollen,
And my mind won't let me go free.

Thinking of a quiet, easy memory,
Is difficult when
The memories aren't as placid
As I thought they would be.

You told me to
Think
Of a quiet, easy memory
But it seems as though I haven't thought of any.

JOY

W / LEIGH GORDAN

There is mango juice
dripping down my chin and I
wish you were here to
see it.

I think this is what it means
to be happy that somebody exists
even though they do not exist
with you,

but I never understood
the power of joy until
I met you and I'm not sure
I know how to do it without you.

I can't remember the last time I
smiled like this:
my mouth overflowing with
starlight and my hands
sticky with moon dust and
you,

whispering into my hair from a table
thousands of miles away,
not even realising you're talking
to me,
never knowing the power
of your joy over mine.



MASTERPIECE

W / CATHERINE TORRISI

You paint me
with your fists.
Shades of crimson,
and lilac.
Each stroke,
rendered from
my silence.

You etch
your name,
into my skin.
You press
your finger,
against my lips.

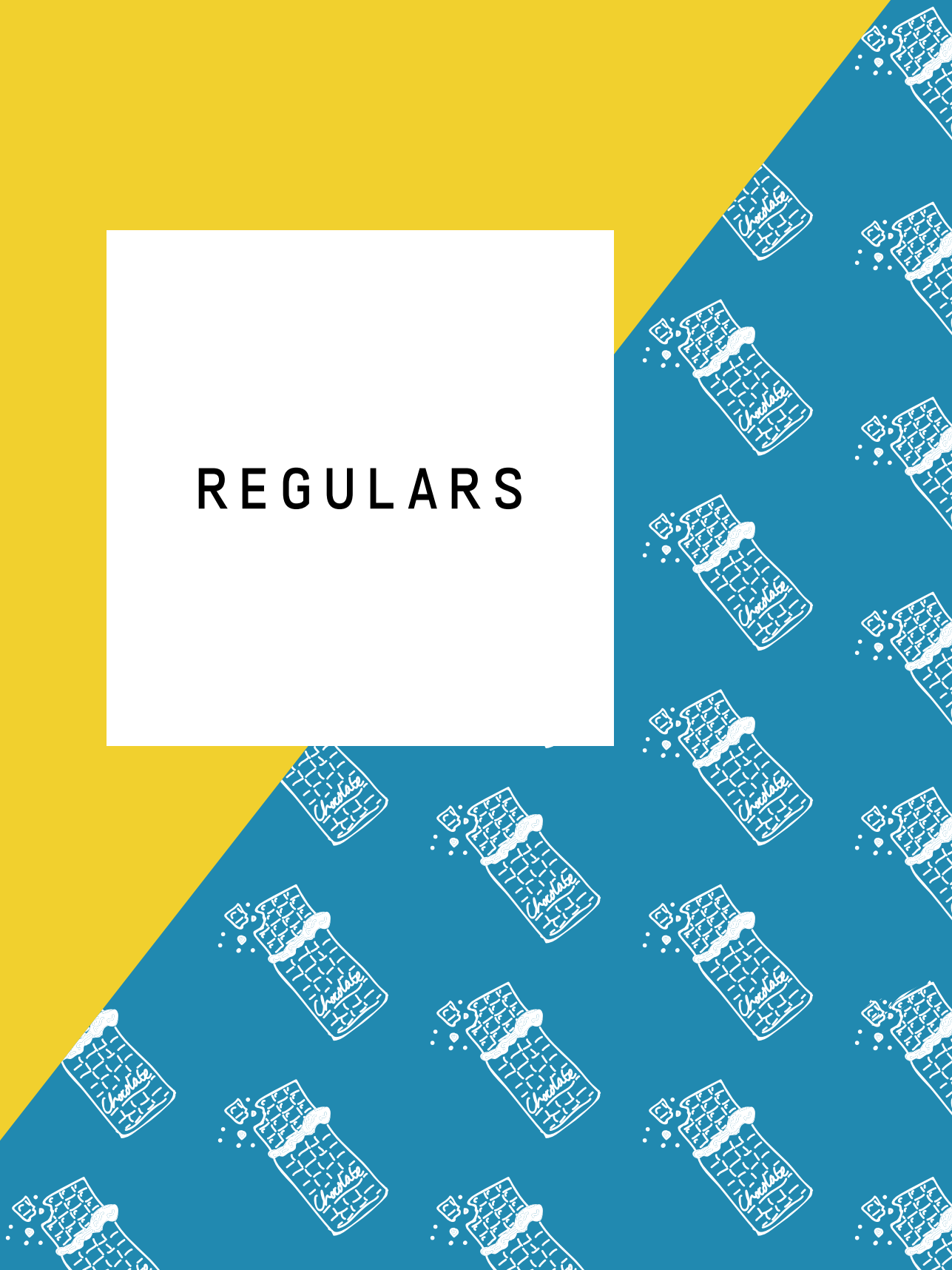
Framed and
behind glass,
no one hears me scream:

I am more
than a piece in your gallery.
I was never
your canvas
to paint.

I have my own gallery.

And I am,
The masterpiece

REGULARS



THE BOY WITH THE BROKEN HALO PART 1

W / GIGI V

"Well, it's been a long slow collision, you're a pitbull, I'm a dog. Baby, you're foul in clear conditions; but you're handsome in the fog"

- 'I need some fine wine, you need to be nicer' The Cardigans (2005)

Demanding D's full attention, I thrust my phone in her face.

"Read it. What does he want? What does he mean?!"

D shoots me a withering look, takes my phone and peers at the small screen. Finally looking up, a smirk playing listlessly on her lips, she comes to her conclusion. "Such a Fuckboi. He's irrelevant. You're both just performing for each other."

"What do you mean he's irrelevant! I like him! He's funny!" I whine.

D throws her head back and guffaws. She clears her throat and knits her brows together in mock severity - "Gigi Gigi, hiding in pizza boxes the besotted fool, eating your slices while keeping her cool."

I roll my eyes.

There's a new term being bandied about - 'Fuckboi'. I still haven't gotten myself around it. I've asked D to explain it to me numerous times. Sighing, she sits me down and proceeds to wave her hands about, admonishing my tasteless male companions. According to D, the irreverent and elusive brand of 'Fuckboi' is one who is apt to say all the things you want to hear. He supposedly zeros in on your likes and dislikes and makes them his own, inevitably luring you into a sometimes passionate but most of the time disappointing bedroom rumpus.

I know I'm not alone in this - women, straight or gay, tend to romanticise the inevitable Fuckboi. Surely, he's just misunderstood! And ooft! That broodiness and half lidded look he gives you - he's obviously been through a lot - heartbreak, mental anguish - the works! He becomes something to fix, a broken and broody

young man, constantly at unease with regards to his place in the world. I assume this aesthetic is what initially drew Hadley Richardson into Hemingway's arms - that unruly mop of dark hair and a dimple on his left cheek you could just fall into. And yes, I am asserting that Ernest Hemingway, of For Whom The Bell Tolls fame is a Fuckboi.

And so, I invite you to introduce yourself to a young man I shall call C. 5 ft 6'. Dark hair. Orb like green eyes. And a Cheshire Cat smile to boot.

Squeezing into my tightest pair of black jeans, and grabbing my leather jacket, I click-ety-clacked my way down York Street. My friend L had informed me that young men of C's demeanor had a penchant for the alternative punky gal, clad in inky leather and the unobtrusive regalia of old-school punk bands. I straightened my ragged Jim Morrison tank top and carefully popped a cigarette in the corner of my mouth whilst musing up my already unruly and curly hair.

Fashionably ten minutes late, I found him sequestered in a booth, ripped jeans and striped jumper. Sauntering over to him, I reached out a hand and plastered on my best effortless smile. He grinned up at me, a loose strand of dark hair falling across his brow, which he carelessly swept aside. Here was C, the elusive Bogart to my Bergman.

He beamed up at me. I shook my head, and taking it upon myself, asked him his choice of drink. Somewhat taken aback, but nonetheless impressed, he rattled off a complex, hoity-toity concoction of alcohol. I shouldn't have expected anything less from a Roosevelt Bar 'Mixologist'

I had shamelessly poured over C's Tinder Profile; marveling loudly, to any friend who would listen, at his high cheek bones, full lips and

Hugh Grant-esque floppy hair. I couldn't pin point it at the time, but looking back, he seems to resemble a more articulate and acerbic Emile Hirsch, circa 'The Girl Next Door'. It took only the one drink for the two of us to sink into a warm and smoky companionability.

Traipsing between pubs along York and Kent, we finally made the decision for pizza. Gripping my hand tightly in his he pulled me towards Martin Place, steadying me every now and then with a well placed hand and throaty laugh at my wibbly-wobbling. I remember looking up at C in that moment, his green eyes shining in the dark and his lips stretched in a playful grin - the still point in my drunken and turning field of vision.

"You wanna make out?" I murmur, in my best impression of a husky siren.

"Absolutely."

I'll leave you with this: if you happen to venture into the underground cocktail den after 9pm at Frankie's By The Slice, you will most likely find Eddie. A tall, tattooed and bearded bartender with permanent cheek. If you look closer, behind him, you may even spot an artistically liberal representation of a young, bare chested Scottish woman - "By C and Gigi" it'll read. Oh, and be sure to buy a shot for Eddie and Andy. Don't forget to tip your hat to both the Christians at the door either.

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AN HOUR FROM CAMPUS

W / CAM KENNEDY

BANKSTOWN

Bankstown is a thriving hub of multicultural cuisine and arts from South East Asia to the Middle East. Whether you're looking for something new, seeking out qualities of a different country or reconnecting with your own heritage; I guarantee you'll find it here.

Getting There

The city (*and cultural*) centre of Bankstown surrounds the train station, a little more than an hour from campus by public transport.

The best thing about Bankstown is that the shopping centre's parking station – just across the train line – is plentiful and free! Getting there by car is also less than a forty-minute drive down the M5 (*with or without a toll*).

Where To Eat

From China to Greece, take your tastebuds on a tour along the Silk Road.

Start your day with a Vietnamese drip filter coffee from *Café Nho*. *Cà phê sua* can be served hot or cold but always with a weighty serving of condensed milk. Then grab some fresh fruit (*soursop, rambutan, mangosteen*) from one of the many green grocers on Saigon Lane.

For lunch, head either of the two incredible yum cha restaurants on opposite sides of Greenfield Place. Great Century Restaurant and Bankstown Sports' Imperial Jade have

been mainstays in the suburb for years, even in the face of an \$80 million retail development nearby.

Head from east to west, culinarily, to *Jasmine1* – heavy in taste, light in price! A dozen falafels with a side of pickled veggies, flat bread, humus and chilli paste will set you back \$7.

Splurge on dessert across the road at the award-winning *Sweet Fantasy Cakes*. Specialising in Middle Eastern and Mediterranean desserts like tiramisu, traditional coconut macaroons and baklava. All three will cost you less than \$10, considering you'll be hard pressed to stop at one.

What To Do

The Bankstown Arts Centre is a purpose built centre for all performing and creative arts. At this community-based arts hub, there are cheap (*and even free!*) performances, courses, events and programs that run all throughout the year.

An emerging community of slam poets has been growing steadily in Bankstown for a few years. If you haven't yet heard about slam poetry, wake up from under that rock and take to YouTube for a quick schooling. Bankstown Poetry Slam hosts a showcase on the last Tuesday of every month. They also undertake (*free*) workshops with renowned slam poets.

A black and white photograph of a man with curly hair, wearing a patterned shirt, sitting outdoors. He is looking to the right. In the background, there are plants with white flowers and a building. A white rectangular box is overlaid on the top center of the image, containing the text "SPOTLIGHT ON" and "W / JAYDEN RATHSAM-HUA". Another white rectangular box is overlaid on the bottom center of the image, containing the text "WILLIAM CAMPION".

SPOTLIGHT ON

W / JAYDEN RATHSAM-HUA

WILLIAM CAMPION

1. Name, degree and favourite plant.

My name is William Campion and I'm 23. I have an Advanced Arts (*Honours*) Degree and a Masters of Media Practice from USYD and I'm currently studying JD postgrad law at UNSW. My favorite plants are peace lilies.

2. How would you describe the sound and vibe of *World Champion* tunes?

We've been described as a 'psychedelic-pop' outfit, which is pretty on point, but there are also elements of disco, electronica and soul infused into our tunes. I'm a big fan of groups like LCD Soundsystem, Toro Y Moi, Gorillaz and Broadcast, so that's probably a good sonic reference point. Basically, vintage synthesizers, creamy guitar tones and silvery vocals are our bread and butter at the moment.

3. Tell us about some of your greatest role models or inspirations.

As a group we all have different perspectives on I've always been fascinated by David Bowie, but then again who hasn't? Bowie stretched our imaginations on the fluidity of gender, the absurdity of sexual and racial discrimination, and constantly reinvented himself as an artist. I've been listening to his final album *Blackstar* a lot recently and I'm in awe of how he managed to transform his death into an artistic statement. Whether or not the album was actually intended to mirror his passing away or not, it certainly added a touching final note to the mythology of Bowie. He was a class act 'til the very end. My close friends are also definitely an inspiration. I'm really lucky in that I get to hang out with a lot of creative, hardworking and intelligent people.

4. One of your biggest songs is called "*Avocado Galaxy*". Is this because you're a big fan of brunch?

I'm a massive brunch fan but that actually wasn't the inspiration for "*Avocado Galaxy*". The tune was based on a nightmare Julian (*the second half of WC*) had after going to Splendour in the Grass two years ago. We decided to write it down as a bit of fun and the notes became the basis for the song's lyrics. To be honest, I think we had always intended to change it but after sitting with the tune for a while it just became the definitive version and we couldn't imagine it working any other way.

5. What is the most chaotic/tragic thing that has happened to you or your band during a live performance?

We played Secret Garden not too long ago and we were looking forward to showing off some of our new tunes. The set had been changed around to make it more appealing to a festival audience, we had a friend joining us on stage to play saxophone, and to top it all off we were all dressed in sparkling sequin unitards and gypsy kaftans (*it was a strong look*). I won't bore you with the details but essentially the sound team turned out to be volunteers without much experience using the mixing desk. My microphone was turned off for the first half of the show and the monitors on stage were cranked to full volume so that they screeching and distorting like a beast from the depths of hell! Just as a side note though, one thing you come to realise from playing shows regularly is that it is very rare that a live set will all go according to plan. The best thing you can do is to keep your cool.

6. You're alone, it's late, and you're confronted with a long drive home. No one's going to hear what you feed through the sub woofers during the ride. What's your biggest musical guilty pleasure?

Easy. Hall & Oates. Anytime, anywhere...

7. What advice do you have for people who want to start their own band and break into the industry themselves?

I'm no expert on the music industry but besides the obvious necessity of practicing a lot and writing your own material, it's really important that you get to know like-minded people in the industry. There are so many talented people out there trying to get their foot in the door and who you know can make all the difference.

Also, don't be a douchebag.

8. As a band, what are your 2016 #goals?

We're currently doing a small tour of Australia, but once that's finished we're going to get back to work on our next EP. We're sitting on a bunch of new material which I can't wait to record. There's also a third person playing with us now (*and possibly more to come*), so we're looking forward to getting into the studio with

him and seeing what kind of tasty numbers we can cook up. *World Champion* was originally intended to be a studio project, so I think we're really at home when we're sitting behind the faders recording our songs.

9. Can you tell us about any new music or projects that you're working on at present?

There have been a lot of suggestions for collaborations on our next EP. It's a little too early to tell what suggestions will come to fruition and what will remain pie in the sky ideas. Either way, we would love to work with some of the other artists on the Future Classic roster, particularly artists like Seekae, Flight Facilities and Taku (*to name a few*).

10. Any upcoming performances?

There are shows every weekend for the next month. The next Sydney show is on the 13th March at the Newport Arms.

Check out **World Champion Music** on Facebook, Instagram, Spotify, iTunes & Soundcloud

HAIL, CAESAR!

BY JOEL AND ETHAN COEN

W / CLAIRE CAO

Hail, Caesar! is a film for film-lovers. It features clandestine meetings in Chinese restaurants, and nefarious communist gatherings in seaside lairs. The Coen brothers don't set out to realistically depict a particular era. Instead, they capture the essence of Old Hollywood, in all its romantic and manufactured glory.

The trailer suggests the movie is about superstar Baird Whitlock (*played by real superstar George Clooney*), who is kidnapped by a mysterious faction. In reality, Clooney spends most of the movie reclining on a deck chair with his new communist buddies-slash-kidnappers. The film is actually about Hollywood "fixer" Eddie Mannix, who runs from room to room in a tireless factory of dreams, mending the problems of eccentric people. Scarlett Johansson's character squeezes her pregnant belly into a mermaid's outfit so she can perform a kaleidoscopic aquatic dance. Ralph Fiennes plays a director who almost loses his British stoicism trying to get a cowboy to pronounce his lines. And Channing Tatum appears in a sailor's outfit, bronzed within an inch of his life. We're reminded of an era where heartthrobs were expected to sing, do cheesy tap dances and grin winningly at the camera. It has a nostalgic kind of charm – something that's maintained even though the plot remains slippery.

However, the anti-climatic final may leave you wanting. It shows the film never intended to be anything but cheerfully diverting. Clooney's fool ponders the triviality of Hollywood films, decrying them as "lollipops" that distract us from capitalist greed. His reward? Eddie Mannix bitch-slapping him four times, symbolising the movie's breezy reluctance to have a real agenda.

Miraculously, the Coen brothers' mastery of tongue-in-cheek humour and love of candy-coated entertainment, manages to keep *Hail, Caesar!* aloft. While it doesn't feature the psychological grip of *No Country for Old Men* or the unique thrills of *Fargo*, *Hail, Caesar!* delivers a whole lot of fun.

THE HATEFUL EIGHT

BY QUENTIN TARANTINO

W / JACK MANGOS

After watching Tarantino's latest film, *The Hateful Eight*, I was reminded of a review that he gave of a horror movie called *It Follows*. Tarantino, in an interview with Vulture, said of the film that, "It's one of those movies that's so good you get mad at it for not being great". I thought similarly about *The Hateful Eight* – while it's entertaining and very well made, it falls short of what was its extremely high potential.

As one would expect, *The Hateful Eight* is unabashedly 'Tarantino'. Set in the years immediately after the Civil War, eight bounty hunters, criminals, cowboys, and lawmen, (*of course, all armed*), converge on Minnie's Haberdashery, a stagecoach lodge, in the midst of a blizzard, trapping everyone inside and creating a one-room drama for its almost three hour runtime. The first act is what I would describe as a game of liars – it is never clear, even toward the very end of the film, which of the characters are telling the truth, nor what their true agendas may be. This uncertainty, in combination with racial tension, the cramped, oppressive setting, and the length of the first act, (*which arguably drags on a little*), generates an atmosphere ripe with violent suspense.

Warning: Spoiler Alert.

While the second act breaks the drama created in the first, Tarantino attempts to inject it back into the film through Channing Tatum's character. It is revealed that he has been hiding in the basement of the Haberdashery for the entire movie, with unfortunate results for Samuel L. Jackson's testicles. (*Hint: He has none by the end of the film*). This move by Tarantino was disappointing. In introducing a new character to what was previously a closed environment, the claustrophobic magic of the one-room drama disappeared.

This film could have been incredible. This is why I feel similar frustration to Tarantino's *It Follows*. Ennio Morricone's soundtrack was wonderful, as it contributed to an ominous, but also playful atmosphere. The physical effects were predictably excellent, and the movie was hilarious when it wanted to be. Yet, despite how well-executed the film was, I left the cinema wishing Tarantino had used *The Hateful Eight's* potential to its fullest.

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THE FAT DUCK COOKBOOK

BY HESTON BLUMENTHAL

W / LILIANA OCCHIUTO

Heston Blumenthal's masterpiece should be heralded as one of the greatest cookbooks of all time. It completely allows the reader to gain full insight into the workings of his prestigious restaurant, The Fat Duck. By including three large sectors in this 524-page monster, this book is crucial for any Heston Blumenthal fanatic. With every visual element being composed and shot perfectly, the Blumenthal's food looks luscious and downright delectable.

He dedicates over one hundred pages to the history of his iconic restaurant, as well as his journey as a chef. His cookbook really does allow you to explore his mindset. With a detailed autobiography and perfectly arranged visuals, you can see that it was composed with the utmost sense of love and care.

The reader instantly likes young Heston, as they read about the moment he first set foot in a Michelin star restaurant and discovered his sole passion in life was the master the art of cooking. The lengthy historical set-up may seem excessive to some, but it really allows us to see things from his perspective, removed from pretention.

His recipes cater to a variety of palates, as they range from more traditional dishes like cinnamon ice cream to more adventurous ones like salmon poached in a liquorice gel. Critically speaking, I would say that the cookbook's one flaw is the nature in which the recipes are described and set out. With so many components involved even in the simplest recipes, Heston's menu can be daunting at times.

Nevertheless, the recipes themselves are a fantastic example of the work that goes into the construction of these dishes. With each recipe providing an introduction into the concept behind the dishes, the reader appreciates them a whole lot more, and is more willing to experiment with them.

Towards the end, he discusses both the science and equipment used to create the extravagant dishes. By having pages dedicated to 'cooking meat perfectly' and 'using dry ice', the reader is truly given all they need to develop their skills.

It is clear that it's more than a traditional cookbook. It's for anyone who's curious about Heston and his wondrous culinary creations.

UNTITLED UNMASTERED.

BY KENDRICK LAMAR

W / AARON TAVERNITI

You'd be forgiven for thinking that Kendrick Lamar's latest offering is a bit like your mum's pasta from the night before. It's still pasta, just not as good as the real thing. But you'd be wrong. Kendrick has taken those cold leftovers, chucked them into a pan with some butter and produced something so freakishly special that it almost deserves its own spot on the dinner table.

The eight-track, 34-minute release, appropriately dubbed "*untitled unmastered.*", is a collection of demos amassed over the expansive "*To Pimp A Butterfly*" sessions dating back to 2013. It's a free-form record - part jam session, part spoken word - that feels like an extended coda to his Grammy-winning major label debut. It is the capstone on a series of live performances by Kendrick, teasing fans as to how much gold he still had in the vault.

The first such song, "*untitled 03 | 05.28.2013.*", was first performed on *The Colbert Report* in December 2014. Featuring frequent collaborators Thundercat, Bilal, Terrace Martin and Anna Wise, the track sees Kendrick making poignant, if not generalised, observations on race and the music industry. It's classic Kendrick - insightful, uncomfortable, even offensive. In the song, several minorities offer life advice. But the majority, the white man, is all about taking. "A piece of mine's/ That's what the white man wanted when I rhyme."

Kendrick debuted parts of "*untitled 05 | 09.21.2014*" at this year's Grammys as an epilogue to his empowering, survivalist anthem, "*Alright*". "*Untitled 05*" is a stark reminder, however, that the status quo may yet be far from 'alright'. Kendrick, joined by labmates, Punch and Jay Rock, attack the classism and power disparities that feed the prison-industrial complex, commodifying black violence. "Professional dream killers reason why I'm awake," he spits over a busy, cymbal-heavy track underscored by a classic Thundercat bass line.

It is difficult to think of another recording artist right now who has attracted so much attention over the last year, while releasing so little music and sharing as little about themselves. But when he does let us in, he demands to be heard.

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REVIEWS

ARCADIA

BY TOM STOPPARD
DIRECTED BY RICHARD COTTRELL

W / ERIC QIAN

Tutor and tutee sit absorbed in their readings. She resembles like Dorothy; him, Mr Darcy. The former gives us a hint of the dash of fantastic that's to come – though bestowed by science instead of hallucinatory fever. They sit in an entirely pale-white decorated room, with a sky entering sunset behind them. From this idle scene, we move through changing landscapes, inspired by characters and their theories of the future and past. The only certainty is the inevitable heat death of the universe.

This is a play of many words – most of which are just really, really funny. Superficially, it's a comedy, offering zippy dialogue that's breathtaking to see performed. Ryan Corr as the tutor, Septimus, shines – darting along with all manner of verbal prods and slaps.

Almost all of the main characters are reaching for answers or algorithms, and all are given the chance to reach for a theory and tease its implications with compelling language. Time, thermodynamics and knowledge – they're all touched upon, made palatable with metaphor rather than intellectual rigor. It's expressed best by the tutee, Thomasina, who's completely driven to find an equation mapping all shapes of the universe. She remarks: "God's truth, Septimus, if there is an equation for a bell, then there must be an equation for a bluebell, and if a bluebell, why not a rose?"

Georgia Flood stars as Thomasina and gives a well-realised performance. She's utterly believable and delivers her lines with thrilling but unpretentious poise. However, I would have favoured a slightly more mature interpretation – she leans, perhaps, too much on her "childishness", which dampens the chemistry between her and Septimus.

We're then taken to the same room 200 years into the future with another cast and plot, and back again, and again till both stories are enveloped by each other. The events of the "future" are less magnetic – characters prefer to comment

on and cut apart academia, which still contributes to some of the play's most hilarious beats. Andrea Demetriades is perfect as Hannah, a literary historian in search of what has happened 200 years ago. Demetriades lends a very natural comedy to the role (*a nice contrast to the controlled bursts of patter from Corr's Septimus*), possessing enough measured warmth and snark to carry the events of the era.

While the complexities of the "past" amplify the drama of the "future" setting, the play in its second half feels a bit hot and bothered without clear purpose. For all its reaching for Ideas, capitalised, by pathologically impassioned individuals, and parallel, time-bending sequencing, none of this amounts to much unless there's a central human narrative. Satisfaction doesn't come from merely seeing isolated frames link up.

Warning: Spoiler Alert.

Here the humanness is provided by the tragically entwined Thomasina and Septimus – people we care about, at least individually. It's obviously telling that after so many words and exhausting rants, we're given a final scene in which all Thomasina and Septimus do is dance, experiencing a profound moment of togetherness after having spent much of the play on opposite sides of the stage, exchanging banter. It's a quietly sad and beautiful place for us to depart their story, though with a lack of growing chemistry between them throughout it left me wanting.

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MONA

W / NED HIRST

In 2011, Michael Connor, online editor of conservative journal *Quadrant* reviewed the Museum of Old and New Art (MONA). He didn't like it. "MONA is the art of the exhausted, of a decaying civilisation. Display lights and taste and stunning effects illuminate moral bankruptcy. What is highlighted melds perfectly with contemporary high fashion, design, architecture, cinema. It is expensive and tense decay," he wrote. Of course, because he's a conservative, Connor can't help but indignantly insist that things weren't always thus: "The Victorians built museums and galleries for education and moral uplift. MONA is David Walsh's ego and his desire to outrage a society that has long outdistanced his capacity to shock." To which the objection might be raised that precious few people are hankering for Victorian puritanism to be resurrected, and indeed that said puritanism was always rather hypocritical relying as it did on the subjugation of women and the colonies for its sustenance. Not that these criticisms would deter Connor who can't resist having a dig at his progressive counterparts. Describing the gonzo text on the MONA handsets, he writes: "*In general the prose is smug, pretentious and narrow-minded—like a copy of Overland.*" Ooft.

Since reading this scathing review, I have been particular eager to visit MONA. If *Quadrant* despised it, I figured it was likely right up my alley. Having finally made it this summer, I have to admit that Connor has a point, albeit a slight one. Or I can at least understand why he hated it because I enjoyed it as much as I expected. From the machine that makes faeces from food to the blocks of concrete from Hiroshima, MONA shoves the vagaries of the human condition into the faces of its audience. The museum is a paeon to meaninglessness; this is art to fill the nihilist void that opened up after Nietzsche killed God. Even the funding, which came from David Walsh's gambling exploits, seems a pointed reference to emptiness. It is money earned without producing anything, merely the arbitrary and unconfined movement of capital. Although by that measure, derivatives trading could

be seen as existentialist performance art. (*I remain to be convinced that it isn't, incidentally.*)

Having said that, to criticise MONA for having art sans message would be unwarranted. After all, nobody except maybe Michael Connor would welcome a return to Victorian didacticism. Even Renaissance artists relied on their benefactors, usually the Vatican or the Medici family, money at least as dubiously acquired as David Walsh's. The relationship between art and money has always been a fractious one, but MONA revels in it. The museum also encourages snap judgements of the kind social media has conditioned us to – the handset (*a modified iPhone 4*) lets you "love" or "hate" whatever piece of art you happen to be looking at and tells you how many visitors have registered the same response as you. I couldn't help checking how many people hated all of my favourite pieces, feeling that surge of indignation that I always feel looking at a Donald Trump campaign comment thread. A feeling of indignation that I wasn't previously aware I was addicted to.

However outraged I was at the empty-headed wastrels who failed to appreciate Sidney Nolan's Snake or Brigita Ozolins' Kyrptos, I didn't feel too squeamish clicking 'hate' whenever I found something vacuous or a little bit dumb. Which is perhaps just a reflection of my hypocrisy, but reinforcing our own narrow world-views is a sin we're all guilty of in the modern age, I suspect. This is perhaps why, if you're a fan of *Quadrant*, you shouldn't make the trek to MONA. But if you're not, trust me, you'll love it.

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SHAKE WEIGHT

W / JAYDEN RATHSAM-HUA

hi today I'm reviewing a shake weight by shake weight industries Inc. and honestly I've never shaken a weight so much it's that great now to begin my in depth discussion of the shake weight let's go!

shake weight by shake weight industries Inc. admittedly has a steep learning curve because when I got it in the mail it is very difficult to work out what to do with it. after two weeks I discovered it was for exercising arms! but. if you have extremely long toes and can grip all around the grip you can even exercise your legs in a similar fashion so now start feeling great if you have extremely long toes. i gave my shake weight to my friend with extremely long toes and watched her shake fitness into her legs and it was great to watch sssh don't tell her.

now for the purpose of the review I should tell you how to use the shake weight and how to make the most out of it! when looking at the shake weight you may think that it looks exactly like a big corn cob with no corn on it and thick UFOs which have landed on each side and this thought is completely natural so don't scream! first step is to hold the corn cob bit with your hand and then when you are ready hold your hand with the other hand. to clarify don't let go of the corn cob grip before you hold your first hand with your second hand otherwise you are just clasping your hands together with the shake weight in front of you and looking just plain unprofessional. basically what you want is the shake weight in both hands so you can shake it ok!

now once you have the shake weight by shake weight industries Inc. in your hand start moving it back and forth from your chest (*if you are a man*) or chest and breasts (*if you are a woman*) as if your baby just won't go to sleep! now that you are shaking the weight you will start to feel the shake weight reaching for the stars. if you don't do physics it's time for a quick lesson ok. the more you shake something the kinetic energy builds into air energy and that's when you know the object has decided to reach for the stars. so after shaking the shake weight for at least fifty seconds it should start to pull you into the sky so this is where the challenge really begins. most of the time people will use thick leather straps to attach

their feet to the ground but seriously this is cheating in my opinion and if you want to call yourself a winner just keep reading. you see if you tense your abs and make them really heavy you can seriously keep your body from floating into space and also get a really great core workout. poking out your tongue increases your overall body surface area and weight, as well as turning your pockets inside out to hang out of your pants so all of these little things combined makes the shake weight a really effective body workout so you can expect to start losing at least 3kg every day as long as you shake the shake weight for at least 24 hrs a day.

the shake weight not only gives you sexy bumps but also fulfils a whole range of functions beyond giving you sexy bumps. firstly I was at a family picnic/slash/barbecue with a family friend eating delicious cole slaw with a purple plastic spork which I got from IKEA in a 20 pack for only nineteen dollars seriously the spork picked up so much slaw and sauce it was like greek gods were shooting my tongue with flavour. anyway when it was pool time me and my son walked down to the pool and I said don't go into the deep end or you will sink and die because I know that you are a bad swimmer. looking at his face i could tell he was still planning to swim in the deep end so it was time for a visual demonstration ok. i pulled one of my shake weights by shake weight industries Inc. out of my pocket and proceeded to chuck it into the deep end and surely as I predicted it sunk to the bottom. now for the important part of my demonstration because i asked my son: how long can you hold your breath. my son said definitely less than fifty three minutes. i told him to imagine that he was the shake weight at the bottom of the pool and there we stood for fifty three minutes watching the shake weight sit underwater with no sign of life. it was at the fifty four minute mark that my son was forced to accept that the shake weight was not coming back for air and realised that this could be him so he suffered from a full anxiety attack and now goes to psychological counselling four times a week but the point is that the shake weight saved his life.

now go buy one the shake weight is great this review is done.

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most of the time funerals are so sad but i brought my shake weight to distract and cheer all these people up and they started crying with happiness.



attending my son's birthday party was tiring so I refreshed myself with a serious workout with the shake weight and all the kids loved it.



just look at how easy it was for me to entertain this lovely brother and sister enjoying some dinner with my shake weight tips.

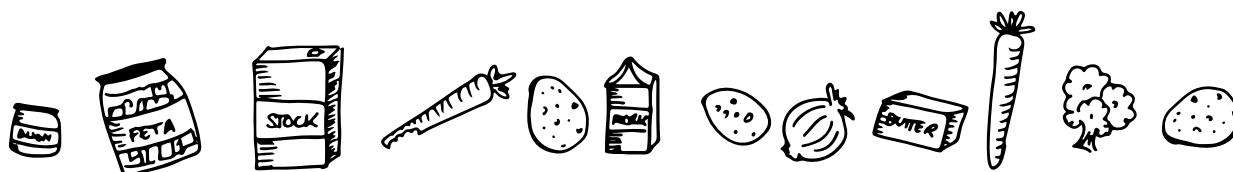


science says that sitting for over 45 seconds will give you cancer so don't be silly stand up and shake your shake weight every 10 seconds ok.

SHEPHERD'S PIE

SERVES 4

W / JOHANNA HAGENAUER

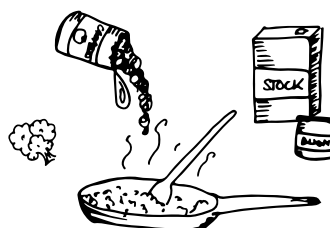


Ingredients

- 1 tbsp olive oil
- 1 red or white onion, chopped
- 1 garlic clove, chopped
- 1 cup leftover vegetables, chopped
- ½ can diced tomatoes
- ½ cup vegetable stock
- 1 tbsp Dijon mustard
- 1 tsp dried paprika
- 1 tsp dried thyme
- 1 tsp dried rosemary
- 1 tsp fresh parsley
- 400g beef mince
- 100g goat's feta cheese
- Salt /
- Pepper

Method

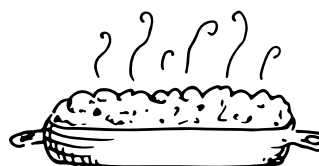
1. Preheat the oven to 220°C or 200°C fan-forced.
2. Heat the oil on medium heat in a frying pan.
3. Fry the garlic, onion, and leftover vegetables for 5 minutes.
4. Add the mince and cook until browned.
5. Add the canned tomatoes, stock, mustard and herbs. Simmer for about 25 minutes. Season to taste. Transfer to an ovenproof dish.



6. To make the mash, cook pumpkin/potato in a pan of boiling water until tender. Drain. Add butter and mash until smooth. Add milk until combined. Season to taste.
7. Put mash on top of meat mixture made in step 5. Crumble feta on top of mash and add freshly ground pepper.
8. Bake the pie for about 20 minutes or until the mash is golden brown.
9. Serve on its own, with salad or steamed vegetables.

Mash Ingredients

- 4 cups mash – either potato, or pumpkin
- 40g butter
- ½ cup milk



Have a recipe you want to share in The Student Cookbook? Email cookbook@arc.unsw.edu.au

MOSS

W / BART DANIELS

Welcome to the Cool Moss Column.

The confusion you're feeling is normal, so embrace it and open your mind. Now you should be ready to come to terms with the experience of fully appreciating moss. The Cool Moss Column was founded in 2016, and seeks to promote a balanced and healthy lifestyle centred around the appreciation of moss.

Members of the Cool Moss Group follow a strict code, which has been distilled into three simple rules:

1. moss.
2. moss.
3. moss.
- 3(a). moss.

We hope you enjoy your time reading the Cool Moss Column, and are confident that you, dear reader, will be as fertile as our growing influence over the botanical hierarchy.

Our first letter of moss appreciation comes from Bart Daniels- an active participant in moss appreciation. He writes to us from Japan...

Dear Cool Moss Group,
Japan - a mosst exciting country.

The longer I stayed, the more I seemed to notice the character of these prehistoric pillows - playfully peeking out from behind a baby Buddha or their purifying presence on a putrid storm water drain.

A number of times during my stay I was struck by a powerful urge to defy the barrier of chains and wood separating me from the moss and lie, spread eagled in a rapture of zen bliss. Now readers, it was not, as you may have supposed, the fear of irate horticulturalists and a hateful storm of pigmy rakes and other novelty sized garden implements which prevented me from acting on this most exciting vision. Rather, it was the knowledge that the very second my derrière was received my mosst accommodating host, I would be rendered immobile for the duration of my time on this planet. In my weaker moments I cast my mind back to the crossroads of my past and imagine with fristed eyes the pleasure such a life would have afforded me.

Often times I remain stuck in the iridescent green auroborous of that zen garden for hours at a time.

Paradoxically as moss is my gaoler, it is also the agent of my liberation. The distant memory of a vein of moss in North Bondi, or a prim pouf from versais will slip through the bars of my emerald prison and whisper to me of the wonders the sanctuary of my garden can not - nay could never offer. Moss is not a pristine blanket thrown over a tortured garden. Its forms are many and varied and it is the duty of all moss lovers to embark on a lifetime journey to understand and appreciate cool moss. Truly these sumptuous velvet delights have no rival in the natural world.

Signed,
Bart Daniels

EDUCATION



G'Day UNSW students -

O-Week and the first week of semester have been a really exciting time for the Education Collective. We've been working with state and national groups to build campaigns for the year (*like the National Union of Students' National Day of Action!*) and meeting with staff groups like the NTEU (*National Tertiary Education Union*) to discuss how staff and students can work together to demand a better future for education! Most excitingly, our first Collective meeting (*featuring free donuts!!!*) saw heaps of new faces get involved in education activism and learn about what it means to fight for fair and accessible education here on campus and across the country!

If you want to come and have a chat to us, find out more about our campaigns or get more involved – we'll be on stalls up at the Library from 1 – 2pm on Thursdays right before our Collective meeting. Come and say hi and find out how you can be a part of a real movement for the betterment of education – and possibly score yourself some free food!

Aislinn Stein-Magee
SRC Education Officer

WELFARE



Hi everyone,

O Week was a great success for the Welfare Collective! We received many signatures on our petitions and sign-up sheets and we have no doubt an exciting year ahead. Don't forget that anyone can join up!

Our Collective has participated in numerous activities and initiatives over the past month. We attended the Medicare Rally on the 20th of February to protest against cuts to the health care system by the Australian Government, which will have disastrous effects on the underprivileged within our society. This links in with our goal to maintain strong and accessible health care services for students on campus. Our Collective has also begun a campaign for more places to sleep on campus, through the introduction of sleep pods. Our Collective has noticed that there are certain students with disabilities who require access to a place to rest during the day and we need to make sure that these services are available to them.

Our Collective has also engaged in the Fight for a Fair Price campaign by the National Union of Students which focuses on reducing the prices of textbooks. This concept of protecting the everyday rights of students has also been reflected in our regular free breakfasts that have been occurring near the Library Lawn every Monday and Thursday. If you are interested in volunteering for the free breakfast initiative then please let me know!

We have also released a comprehensive list of Welfare services on campus to the Collective which can be viewed on our social media page. There is so much that is going on within our Collective so please get involved and come along to our weekly meetings or consultation times!

Michael Murdocca, Welfare Officer

QUEER



You're welcome UNSW, campus is now 12.8% gayer thanks to the Rainbow Basser steps. O-Week went off spectacularly! 250 gaytimes, 489 Yassssses, and several dozen boxes of pizza later we can finally sign off on the commencing of the 2016 academic year. We like our stairs colourful, our flags waving, and our gays flaming.

A close relation to the 2016 academic calendar is the 2016 Gay Agenda (first cousin, once removed) starting with, you guessed it, Mardi Gras. After an irresponsible amount of glittering and behind the scenes twerking, UNSW did its bit to make sure gay Christmas went without a hitch with a contingent of Queer Collective members.

With so much planned in the coming weeks (*IDAHOT, THE BIG GAY MOOT, more PIZZA*) come and join the UNSW Gay Agenda on Mondays 2-4pm in room 921 of Chemical Sciences, or email us at queer@arc.unsw.edu.au to get involved!

QUEER OFFICERS

WOMENS



We've kicked off to a great start to the year in the Women's Collective, with plenty of new members getting involved in our social events and activities, including fabulous celebrations for International Women's Day!

Heaps of super talented women students showcased their awesome artworks in our IWD Exhibition creating an inspiring space where the perspectives and experiences of women were represented and various mediums. The guest speeches from academics and emerging artists alike were wonderful.

Thanks also to everyone who shared their voice in our IWD photo campaign to Step It Up for Gender Equality! It was great to have the support of so many different students of all backgrounds who wanted to see changes for women like 'equal pay', 'an end to gendered violence', 'breaking down the barriers in careers and education', 'legalised abortion' and 'more women in leadership'. We also marched in a Sydney-wide IWD Rally to call for changes like these and fight for equal rights for all women.

The Women's Collective is currently planning ideas around how to tackle the issue of sexual assault and harassment on campus, and will be starting a campaign to raise awareness and shift the culture on campus. We're working together with the University to agitate for real action, a zero tolerance and ensuring victims have all the information and support they need. There'll be a screening of the Hunting Ground movie in May and a Survey you can participate in which address this issue, so stay tuned.

There's also plenty of fun upcoming social events and activities, so find us on FB to find out more and come along!

SWD



Now that we have passed the hectic chaos of O-Week and have settled into the start of this semester, the Students with Disabilities Collective and I as Students With Disabilities Officer have begun the process of preparing to start our accessibility audit and survey.

This semester the collective and myself would like to focus on accessibility issues around UNSW's major campus (Kensington and Art and Design/COFA).

Our collective meetings are at 11 AM on Thursdays in the Students With Disabilities and Welfare Room at the top of the basser steps, all students with disabilities are welcome to join.

The collective and I can be reached at disabilities@arc.unsw.edu.au

INTERNATIONAL



International students enhance Australian communities, making diversity, and also creating a more various skills base. Lots of international students have returned to their home and taking leadership roles in government and industry, this contributes Australia as global reputation.

We are international collective who represent international students at UNSW as a bridge of communication between the university and international students.

What we had done during O-week;

- a number of international students are interested in the services provided by UNSW for international students.
- Language exchange event was successful on purpose of helping international students to engage with others and also local students.
- International collective has reached the high level of new members to join the collective.
- A significant number of students not only international students but also local students have contributed "Travel Concession Campaign for International Students" yet we still keep going!

What are the big issues for international students?

We are waiting to hear from you!

Come and join our activities or you can send your ideas to improve quality of international students' lives at international@arc.unsw.edu.au.

INDIGENOUS



Oweek:

The most effective promotion of the Indigenous collective and society was by speaking at targeted events in O-week. This included the Ngurra camp (*targeted at 1st year students*) and the welcome back BBQ. Need to speak at targeted events in first / second week lectures.

The next month:

- AGM of Indigenous society held Tuesday 1st March
- Planning the culture and trivia night 10th March
- Setting up regular “yarn and eat” nights for once a fortnight including talking to
- Nura Gili to book the venue regularly and starting to look and book in first 2 sessions speakers/performers etc.
- Table at the SRC meeting to support students and working towards raising funds to attend the Indigenous tertiary education games
- Be active and aware of current issues and have a cohort of students attend/host event
- Working towards making UNSW a more culturally appropriate and aware campus
- Running cultural workshops
- Working with Women’s collective – Weaving session
- Supporting Fiji through collecting items after Cyclone Winston
- Indigenous society jumpers to be made and sold as fundraiser
- National close the gap day 17th March - event to be organised

Culture and trivia night (Week 2 / S1)

Details for this event will start being finalized.

These include:

- Venue: Nura Gili (to be confirmed)
- Date: Thursday 10th March
- Time: 6:00 p.m. – 8:30 p.m.
- UNSW Indigenous collective/society
- Free for Indigenous society members
- Sponsorship for prizes letters sent out
- Pizzas and cans provided
- Sign up sheet at door
- Budget TBC

Indigenous tertiary education games

The National Indigenous Tertiary Education Student Games (NITESG) began as a joint-class project between thirteen students enrolled in a Diploma of Aboriginal Studies (*Community Recreation*) at the then Wollotuka School for Aboriginal Studies, the University of Newcastle, in 1996. The first NITESG were attended by around 30 students, and has since grown to host hundreds of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander tertiary students from Universities across Australia. UNSW has sent a team of approx. 12-20 students each year and hopes to continue to do so. Previously funding has been achieved through fundraising and hard work of the team from UNSW and contributions from team members. The Indigenous society will be working to support and seek sponsorship for the UNSW team in 2016 to attend the games in Brisbane. I will be looking for support from the SRC in opening up a conversation about potential means of sponsorship/support.

ENVIRO



Hello and welcome to all our new and old enviro friends!

We were so stoked to see and meet so many new faces at o-week, and we’re very much looking forward to seeing those faces again and again and again this year. We’ve got a ripper of a semester in planning, with a whole bunch of environmental issues to tackle and lot of hummus to eat while we do it. As usual, we’ll be working hard to make our campus more sustainable and environmentally conscious as well as continuing our RenewUNSW and Fossil Free UNSW campaigns- maybe you even saw us disguised as Climate Angels during O-week! If this sounds like something you’d love to be a part of look us up on Facebook as the UNSW Environment Collective and the UNSW SRC Environment Office, or shoot us an email enviro@arc.unsw.edu.au if you’ve got any questions.

We meet upstairs in the ARC space on Thursdays from 12-1pm, so if you’re even mildly interested in what the Environment Collective does, we’d love for you to pop by and say hi!



APRIL

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					01	02
03	04	05	06	07	08	09
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

IMPORTANT DATES:

MID-SEMESTER BREAK
EASTER DAY
EASTER MONDAY (*PUBLIC HOLIDAY*)
ANZAC DAY

MARCH 26TH
MARCH 27TH
MARCH 28TH
APRIL 25TH

