

p.24



*survey only conducted within the Chancellery

Trimesters a resounding success!*

p.26



UNSW Students Celebrate 5 Year Anniversary of Light Rail Construction

facebooked



Tharunka Foundation Day

1 July at 5:00PM 🌐

Congratulations to the 29th old white man to hold the role of Australia's Prime Minister, Scott Morrison.

"UNSW taught me everything I don't know about climate science, diversity, equality, and basic human decency... more importantly it equipped me for the power-grabbing that lay ahead of me. I thank UNSW for the free education I received and I know that it's going to be an institution that continues to prioritise profit over education and serve me well into the future."

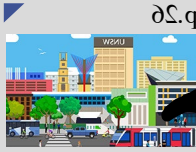


66.6k people reacted to this



Student z3003135 @unsw @scomos cheers for the debt lads, pay u back in 30 years xx

UNSW Students Celebrate
2 Year Anniversary of Light
Rail Construction



Success! Timers & a resounding
survey only conducted within the Chancellor



facebook

Tharuka Foundation Day
1 July at 5:00 PM



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Student 3003135 @unsw @scommo cheers
for the debt lads pay u back in 30 years xx



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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UNSW Find-A-Word

DEAR READER

Welcome to the 2019 annual Foundation Day Issue of *Tharunka* in which we endeavour to honour the passing of UNSW's 70th Anniversary by...taking the piss?

Well, yes and no. Mainly yes.

A university is a living, breathing organism that must evolve with the times and UNSW has certainly only made it this far thanks to the relentless energy of its staff and students and their determination to make it the best institution that it can possibly be. Over the last few years, in particular, emotions have run high within the student body about what the UNSW student experience has come to mean. As UNSW has implemented the trimester system and so opposed the vast majority of students' wishes, openly supported a Prime Minister who backs education budget cuts (see front cover), and has continuously appeared to prioritise profit over education standards, students have been feeling mounting frustration, anger, and despair.

So what do we do when we can no longer shout and rally and cry? We take the piss and we try to make each other laugh.

Humour has a way of highlighting the absurdity of politics, power, and bureaucracy and in this

satirically-minded issue of *Tharunka* we hope you'll find catharsis reading our contributors' sassy and salty takes on everything from the forever-delayed Eastern Suburbs Light Rail, to Stupol rivalries (pg. 12), to life as a student in various UNSW faculties, and to PM Scott Morrison's infamous trip to a certain Engadine Macca's (pg. 8). You know we had to do it 'im.

Of course, millennials' famously labelled "weird" humour is not limited only to UNSW's political and organisational going-ons but to every aspect of life in 2019. Throughout this issue, you can expect to receive some questionable advice on dealing with heartbreak (pg. 28), read some hilarious creative writing (pg. 30), and perhaps take a break in between classes to play a surprisingly difficult game of "Find a Word" (pg. 38).

Uni, and life, are a lot sometimes. So for a minute or two, sit back to flick through the pages of this issue, and enjoy a sensible chuckle while you keep raging against the machine.

Lydia Morgan
Managing Editor



MANAGING EDITOR
Lydia Morgan

SUB-EDITORS
Levent Dilsiz
Joshua Fayez
Lungol Wekina

GRAPHIC DESIGNER
Sunny Lei



Levent Dilsiz
Sub-editor



Joshua Fayez
Sub-editor

Let it be known that my natural response to stress is laughing. Wikipedia calls it nervous laughter. It has worked out for the best for me as I have entirely supplemented my comedy reading and watching time with reading and watching the news. This means I get to; one, stay informed; and two, laugh while staying informed! It really is a win-win situation.

This issue of *Tharunka* packed with some fantastic pieces that tackle the depressingly farcical nature of our world. Notably, as UNSW turns 70 years old, many writers have highlighted the few peaks and gigantic troughs of the institution that *Tharunka* was born from. From climate denialism, to the corporatisation of our very own university, to racism, to dealing with crippling heartbreak—there are some absolute gems in here that intelligently cut local and global issues straight to the bone using wit, humour, and a no-fucks-given attitude.

I can truly say, from the bottom of my heart, that whilst working with these writers, I was not laughing from stress, but from the absolute genius of their written words. Enjoy.

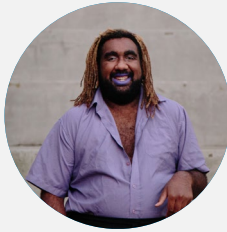
Tharunka is published periodically by Arc @ UNSW. The views expressed herein are not necessarily the views of Arc, the Representative Council or the *Tharunka* editing team, unless expressly stated. Arc accepts no responsibility for the accuracy of any of the opinions or information contained in this issue of *Tharunka*.

Any complaints should be made in writing to the Marketing & Publications Manager.

A crucial feature of any enduring institution of learning is the ability to take criticism and satire in stride, and be able to accept all student sentiment no matter how irreverent it may be towards university policy. We rail against the recent changes to UNSW's major systems, such as the updated special consideration rules and trimesters; we raise our eyebrows in suspicion when we discover the uni's murky ties to arms corporations and funding of the fossil fuel industry. We say what we say, whether mirthful or in earnest, in an attempt to better UNSW for its own sake and for the wider welfare of students on campus. Our protest is never for the sake of subversion itself (that is reserved for racialized global capitalism only).

This is what forms in large part the purpose of our foundation day edition, where we hope UNSW may take some instruction from students, who reflect on their experiences and troubles with the university through their many comedic and satirical slants. This is only so that it may live up to its own proclamations as a world-class institution.

Out of our brilliant pieces, I loved Yvette's chronicle of the fumbled light-rail in a zany apocalyptic future where amid climate catastrophe, purple-haired leftists are still seen as the problem; Claire's expose on the silent [majority of?] students who have a different perspective on trimesters; and Rohit's description of the law student everyman. If only they had the decency to put their blue and orange constitutional law textbook in their bag instead of carrying it everywhere to announce to the world that they study law!



Lungol Wekina
Sub-editor

Oh, hello.

Thought I was gone, did you?

Well, like feelings for an ex or last summer's herpes, I have returned with a vengeance to wish UNSW another Happy Birthday and to continue to promote the gay agenda. Foundation Day in 2019 begs questions about what our university's very foundations truly are. Are they our pretentiously Latin "Scientia Manu et Mente" - or "Knowledge by Hand and Mind"? Or are they the corporate greed that has manifested in the epicentre of this year's zeitgeist- trimesters?

As old as UNSW is, *Tharunka* has been around for almost just as long. We've been telling the truth, taking the piss, and keeping the powers that be accountable for longer than any of us have been alive. Sure, our extravagant Foundation Day pranks have faded into a distant memory, but something tells me that this international ethnic queer will have a lot more trouble getting out of trouble than the cishet white men that came before me. Instead, I'm bringing you quality journalism - yes, that is shade to the aforementioned ystr80s #ComeForMe.

In this issue, we celebrate our esteemed university by exploring the ways in which it ruins all of our lives. Enjoy the wonders that lie in the following pages as some of UNSW's best and brightest (no, this does not include ScoMo) bring you piping hot tea and even hotter takes to commemorate seventy years of students making our university what it really is and management pretending that we don't.

So laugh, cry, and send photos of this issue to your mates as you pretend that the deadline you've been ignoring will somehow disappear like our collective hope for functional trimesters.



Sunny Lei
Graphic Designer

What would Facebook look like if it was a publication?

The design of this issue *Tharunka* was prompted by the controversial Facebook post by UNSW 'congratulating' Scott Morrison as 'the first UNSW alumnus to hold the role of Australia's Prime Minister'. We wanted to create an issue that merged the aesthetic of Facebook and newspapers.

Designing this issue was an interesting challenge. I had the chance to research about newspaper design (and fun fact: 'Poynter' is the most common typeface family used in newspapers). A limited colour palette of Facebook blue and light grey, and orange as the highlight colour was chosen.

I hope you enjoy this fun issue of satire, comics and badly photoshopped images.



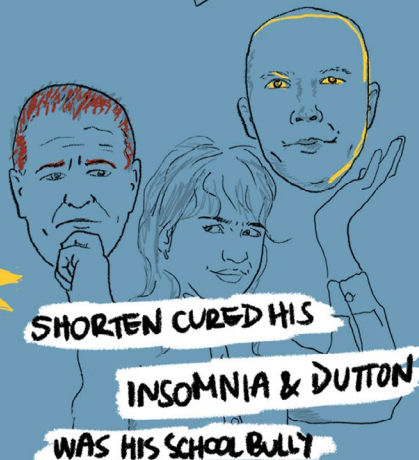
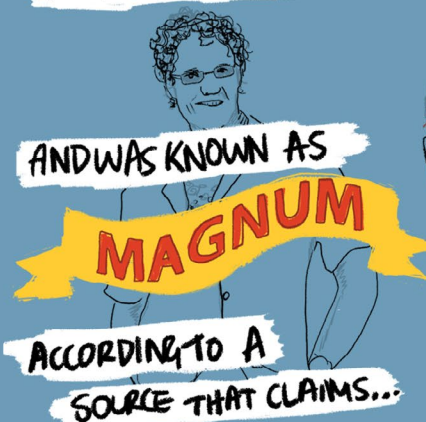
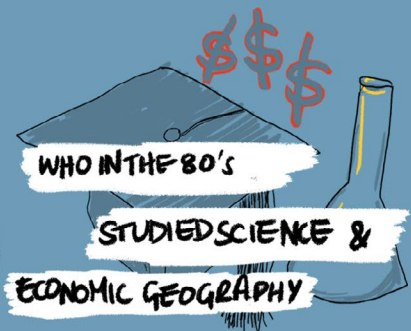
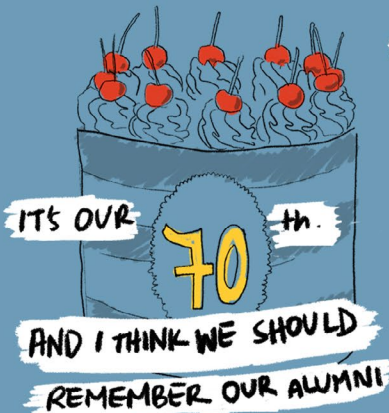
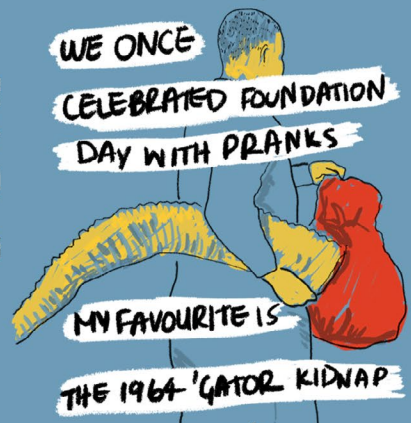
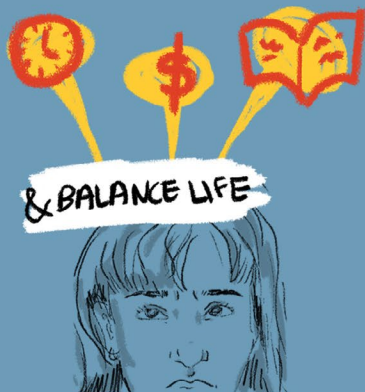
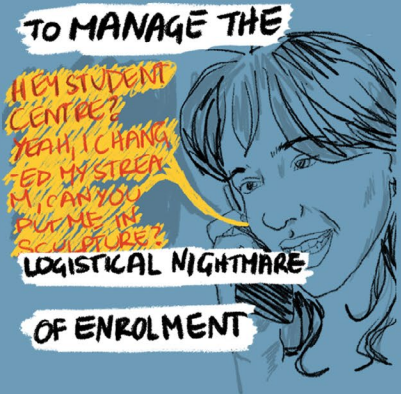
The comic on the following page was written and illustrated by Laura Lucy Muller, co-written by Cassandra Bruce.

Laura Lucy Muller (@laura1uciana) is a Fine Arts and Education student with no indication of when she might finish. Her long-time comedic collaborator and platonic soulmate Cassandra Bruce is a law and arts (history) student. Laura is a "degenerate" who's "ruined everything" according to her mother, and Cassandra is an overcommitted overachiever whose personality is akin to that of an 85 year old.



WHAT HAPPENED

CO WRITTEN BY CASSANDRA BRUCE & LAURA LUCY MULLER



AT ENGADINE MACCAS?

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURA LUCY MULLER

WHAT YOU DONT KNOW...
IS WHAT HAPPENED
AT ENGADINE MACCAS



IT WAS A DARK &
STORMY NIGHT IN 1997



THE SHARKS STOOD

DEFEATED



AFTER A LONG
DAY OF MIXING



BEER, HOT
CHIPS, & CASUAL
RACISM,



SCOMO DECIDED TO
PAY A

VISIT TO MACCAS

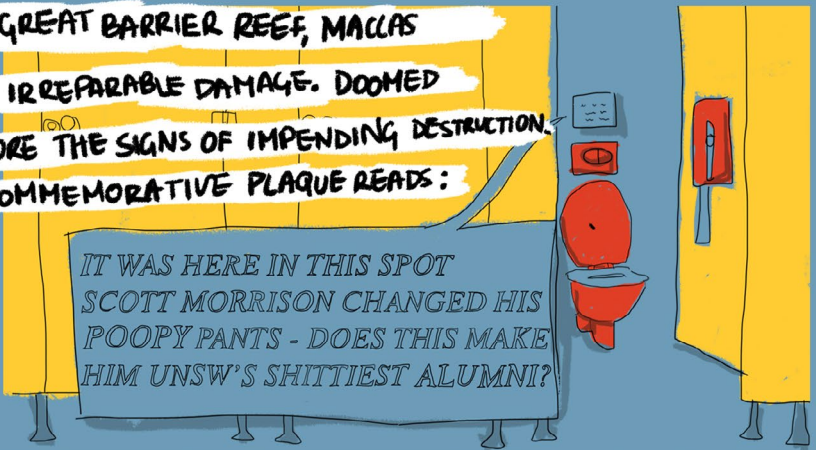


WITH THE INTENTION
OF SMASHING
4 QUARTER
POUNDERS



LIKE THE GREAT BARRIER REEF, MACCAS
SUFFERED IRREPARABLE DAMAGE. DOOMED
TO IGNORE THE SIGNS OF IMPENDING DESTRUCTION.
THE COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE READS:

IT WAS HERE IN THIS SPOT
SCOTT MORRISON CHANGED HIS
POOPY PANTS - DOES THIS MAKE
HIM UNSW'S SHITTIEST ALUMNI?



UNSW Students Celebrate!

5 Year Anniversary of Light Rail Construction

JIMMY WISEAU

Thousands of UNSW students have gathered to celebrate, swap well-wishes, and even taken to Moodle forums to express their joy at the recent five-year anniversary since the CBD South East Light Rail (CSELR) was approved for construction. Students of the university were reportedly impressed and overcome with emotion at the most recent announcement from the NSW Government in May 2019, that the line is going to be opened only a short 14 months late. This announcement has come hot on the heels of the similarly joyful news of the out-of-court settlement between the Government and the Light Rail's primary contractor, *Acciona*; the \$576 million dent taking the total construction cost to \$2.7 billion, a bill thankfully picked up by eager, community-minded taxpayers.

"I for one am so happy that my tax dollars are being used to pay the contractor the settlement for the lawsuit" says one student waiting for a Central express bus that will never appear. "It wasn't the Government's fault they purposely omitted a significant amount of detail from

the contract! "Acciona simply should have known that the NSW Govt would have done this, what do they expect? Look around Sydney at all the other 'well planned', 'city-building', 'non-controversial' major infrastructure projects currently underway. The system works!".

Another student we caught leaving the inexplicably-named "Nucleus Hub" at UNSW's Main Library after a relaxing 35-minute wait and refreshing 2 minutes of assistance, stopped to share with us their favourite design flaws of the rail line.

"My favourite design flaw of the network would have to be... the fact it can't ever be integrated with the existing Inner West Light Rail line... actually, I think it's that the light rail vehicles will be 67 meters long... or actually that it won't even have the same capacity as the buses it was designed to replace...or that the Federal Government body Infrastructure Australia refused to contribute any funding because it was economically unviable? Oh god there's just too many to choose from!" The length of the new CBD Light Rail

carriages has been highly anticipated by students and smugly flaunted by the Government. Clocking in at 67 meters, they will be the longest in the world; far above the global average of 27 meters, and will travel at speeds of up to 70km/hr on inner city streets, above the world average of 35km/hr. According to our dear Government, this is an obvious indication that the rail will be best in the world, as soon as it is finally unveiled.

"Size matters", said a Sydney Light Rail spokesperson, "...and no, we aren't compensating for anything at all, I don't know why you would even ask that".

"I have been told by many satisfied light rail riders that the faster it goes, the quicker they can get off and get on with their days".

For size comparison, a standard Sydney bus is 12.5 meters, the current Inner West light rail vehicles are 30 meters, and a standard suburban rail carriage is 20 meters. As June 4 marks the fifth anniversary of the approval of

the CSELR for construction, we thought we would take a trip down memory lane to mark the key milestones along the long journey of this highly anticipated project.

1. Not quite a milestone, but a worthy first mention: in May 2015, the Government announced a potential December 2018 opening date, boldly declaring the latest possible opening date March 2019.
Checks calendar
Hmm...

2. Major construction started in the city on George St in October 2015, slowly ramping up early into 2016 across the alignment.

3. January 2016 marks the beginning of a widespread tree removal program - the end for hundreds of historic trees across central and eastern Sydney. Over 40 trees estimated to be 100 years old were pulled down along Allison Road, near the Randwick Racecourse. January and February also saw the destruction of 17 fig trees along Anzac Parade at Moore Park, thought to be from the 1870's, some planted in the 1920's to commemorate the ANZAC's contribution to World



War One.

Lest we forgot...whoops. By mid-2016 the tree cutting contractors set their eyes on UNSW, and the 14-meter-tall “Tree of Knowledge” on the corner of Wansey Rd and High Street in Randwick, and cut it down branch by inconvenient branch. Crowds gathered to watch the 150-year-old tree, with a canopy the size of a quarter acre block, being removed.

4. August took a turn for the worse for the now very highly contentious project when along George Street in the city, hundreds of previously unknown utilities and services were uncovered. Over the years, these hundreds turned into thousands and would become one of the primary causes for the overall project delay. At the George and Market Street intersection alone, works that were supposed to take two weekends ended up taking dozens to complete. Let us break it down: NSW Government says that Ausgrid will deal with it; Ausgrid has no plans to deal with it; Acciona must deal with it; one \$576 million lawsuit settlement later and we’re on our way to success, baby!

5. Jump to early 2018, construction on the line had

come to almost a complete standstill and it really begins to hit home that the line’s cost and delivery timeframe have ever so slightly blown out of control. With the scheduled opening less than a year away, not a single work zone was complete, and workers revealed left, right, and centre to the media that *Acciona* was using go-slow tactics as a result of the escalating lawsuit.

6. Uh-oh, skeletons! In November, human remains were found at Central Station adjacent to the former Devonshire Street Cemetery and Acciona announced they had been removed respectfully. Only three days later, a scathing video from a worker showed the bones being removed, thrown from the hole by a cranky supervisor, who joked, “looks like a hip, anyone need a hip replacement, only used once”. Although the supervisor was most likely fired, he won the “Best Dad Joke Award” at the *Acciona* Christmas party.

7. Fighting...against the little people? On top of the out of court settlement this month, the Government is also fighting local mum-and-dad business owners in court - a \$400 million class action lawsuit

comprising of over 150 business owners along the alignment whose businesses have been forced into liquidation or onto the edge of financial collapse. Luckily for Transport for NSW, they have the *NSW Civil Liability Act 2002* to fall back on, preventing government agencies from being sued as a result of major infrastructure projects.

We caught up with another student who grew up in Guangzhou, China:

“At first, I thought that the construction was for an underground metro line, but then I saw them putting track on the road? I was so confused. New metro lines are built in China every year, but 5 years for tracks on the road? Huh? I’ll be graduating before this shit show is finished.”

Arguably the most offensive part of Sydney’s new love of constructing metro rail everywhere except for in the eastern suburbs that is you can use “Macquarie University” and “World Class” in the same sentence – for their public transport access.

Thankfully, due to the widespread success and unwavering public support for the light rail line, the government has committed to two further lines in busy pedestrianised areas around Parramatta, traversing world heritage sites, one of NSW’s biggest hospitals, and closing some of Parramatta’s most popular streets, for hopefully no more than a tiny decade.

No doubt the inevitable archeological finds, small business owners, and environmental concerns of these up-and-coming lines will be treated with the same nuanced sensitivity that has seen such success throughout the development of the CSELR line.

Welcome to the future, Sydney!



I think private life should be private life, the professional life should be the professional life, and that’s where I stand, and I have right to do that. Whilst details of my personal life remain unverified, I can admit that I study within the Built Environment faculty, I am in my final year, and I love trains.

An Appreciation of Peacocks

*UNSW Conservatives and the Socialist
Alternative find common ground*

BELIS BEATTIE

A shocking recent discovery, made simultaneously by both UNSW Conservatives and the Socialist Alternative, has revealed that peacocks are actually like, really cool.

This realisation comes after one of the said peacock species was found at UNSW's upper campus on the Library Lawn. Reports indicate that the peacock was promptly removed as it had been terrorising students, by aggressively attempting to eat everyone's lunches. Later, the peacock was officially deemed a threat to UNSW's beloved ibis population.

Many students expressed relief regarding the peacock's removal.

"I can't believe it's gone," revealed a 5th year Med student.
"I thought it'd never leave. I was prepared to never have another serene lunch on the Library Lawn eating my W.H. Smith cup noodles."

However, some students felt otherwise about the now-infamous, shunned peacock.

"That bird is f*cking legendary!" a member of the UNSW Conservatives expressed during one of the group's weekly meetings.

"[The peacock] is a symbol of the new world. Do whatever you want, serve only your best interests. Screw anyone who doesn't have more power than you because you are on top!"

The Socialist Alternative have also demonstrated their respect for the peacock.

"We don't care what anyone says – that peacock was the best thing that has happened to UNSW. We will support the shit out of anything that distracts us from trimesters and the delayed Light Rail," they announced on the Socialist Alternative Facebook page.

In a surprising move that shocked many, the two groups have together founded the UNSW Cock Society, aiming to unite students of all political beliefs through a shared appreciation of the peacock, as well as other flightless birds.

Tharunka was able to obtain exclusive access to the Cock Society's first meeting.

"Peacocks are just so epic," said the Social Alternative Leader, gin and tonic in hand.

"Like, when they're not attracting a mate with all their feathers, they just strut around the place like headless chooks."

"I agree," said Treasurer of the Conservatives who sipped a beer throughout the event.

"Peacocks are the honey badgers of the bird world. They just don't give a shit."

"You know what birds are also epic?" asked a first year member of the Cock Society, rhetorically.
"Chickens!"

Wishing to facilitate more discussions into peacocks and other flightless birds, the Cock Society is in discussions with Arc to hold a bi-annual CockFest.

More to come as this story unfolds.



Belis is a first year Media (Comms and Journalism) student. She loves piccolos, travelling, and sci-fi/action/apocalypse movies. Her hero is the late Kim Wall and one day, besides becoming a journalist, hopes to write a novel.

Instagram: @belisbeattie

Diary of a Non-Terrorist

JOSHUA FAYEZ



Current Sub-Editor at *Tharunka*, Josh is a graduate Bachelor of Arts student looking to pursue his Honours year in History. Catch him nose-deep in postcolonial theory or the specifics of his powerlifting program, there is usually no in between.

Dear Diary,

I'm a 25-year-old UNSW student who has recently graduated after studying hard and contributing to campus life, and I'm looking forward to planning my future and fulfilling my career aspirations in Australia. Sounds much like the story of thousands of other international students at UNSW, don't you think?

Hold on a minute now, diary, while my life is turned upside down, as riot squad police raid my home overnight and take me away without any questioning, idea, or explanation of what was happening.

Instead of getting started with my life, I found myself charged with terror offences, thrown into solitary confinement in a supermax prison, and categorised as a national security risk (the highest classification possible in Australia). All in under a day.

All for what? A vague suspicion with a flimsy piece of evidence – a notebook – found in the desk of my *old* office at the university.

Plotting to murder political leaders and blow up landmarks? Sounds like something from a 4chan thread some kid wrote as a joke and now the university has to have police stationed. Just to make the accusation final, Australia's finest detectives also declared that I have potential links to terror groups in the Middle East. Only makes sense with a name like mine, right? No fact-checking required.

Having been released on bail after experts could not find any link between the handwriting in the notebook and mine, nor any links to any supposed terrorist groups, I find myself studying the media response to my incarceration.

At this point, if you know anything about how the media operates when it comes to discussions on Islam and terrorism, you'll know that it is a continuous ritual of sensationalism. A ritual which combines half-truths and whole assumptions to piece together a great fable for an easy-to-consume spectacle: the spectacle of the threat of Islamic extremism to Western society.

A muslim name and status as an international student? My background provided perfect to position me as the latest character in this fable. The well-meaning people at *The Daily Telegraph* (one of our finest media outlets which of course holds itself to the highest journalistic standards) must have been frothing at the mouth when they published their headline "poster boy for terrorism". My accusation was perfect in reinforcing the narrative of the fable: foreigners and outsiders sneak into Australia under the cover of their profession in order to undermine Australian society.

The media circus did have its perks though. Somewhere along the lines the 'fact' that I was completing a PhD was inserted into the quality journalism of the Murdoch press, even though I've never even considered undertaking a PhD. I guess in the end, it was there to serve to reinforce my supposed fall from grace: from aspiring academic to undercover terrorist.

It needn't be said, diary, that none of the charges of the police nor accusations of the media were found to be at all true, and the investigations into my past revealed no connection to, nor any inclination towards, terrorism. What the conversation did reveal however is the urgency of the media to latch onto whatever fake news that they can in order to reinforce their ritual. Perhaps this is the only ritual the Western world still holds sacred: the ritual of perpetuating an Islamophobic discourse, orientalist tropes and all, in order to purify its social space and cast out its excesses on the otherized figure of the muslim.

I did very little to nothing in the whole saga of my criminalisation. It wasn't really about me, after all. It was the media and Australia's discriminatory anti-terror laws which exploited me to preserve their fantasy of a pure Australia through the existential threat of the muslim terrorist – the terrorist which I never was.

Kamer Nizamudeen is currently back in his homeland of Sri Lanka and commencing litigation against Australia Police for wrongful detainment, and media outlets for defamation.



Light Rail Opening Disrupted by Climate Change

Heated debate erupts as Eastern Suburbs Light Rail finally opens only to be submerged in waves

YVETTE HAMMERSCHMIDT

After years of delays, cost blowouts, and the unending tears of hundreds of small business owners, the day of the Anzac Parade light rail opening was meant to be a joyous occasion. The day started in a celebratory fashion, complete with ribbon cutting and the exciting announcement of a new world record: 'the longest time to construct...anything.' But before long, waves surfaced and a brawl ensued at the scene.

O

nly seconds into its maiden voyage, the once ultra-modern tram line was immediately brought to a standstill as 5-metre high waves, complete with the last of the local population of whales, dolphins, and sharks, crashed into the light rail cables. According to emergency personnel at the scene, the waves travelled 3.5 km uphill from Coogee, in what is being described as a terrifying burst of flash flooding, that of which has only been seen 127 times since the UN reported the world had 12 years to “get its shit together and save the planet.”

The question of what caused the monstrous waves soon became the topic of a brawl before the light rail, chaos ensuing amidst the flood of waves. The heated conversation, comparable to the present state of our climate, occurred between Liberty Orion - a 25 year old, self-employed climate change activist, and Barry Oldman - a local 75 year old retiree.

Constable Clifford of the local Randwick Police, issued a statement post-incident saying “as our goal is to ensure society’s decorum, we were naturally busy fining jaywalkers on Anzac Parade at the time and threatening youths who were suspiciously laughing too much.

However, the deafening shrill of the elderly man and the bright-haired woman involved, caused us to abandon our duties.”

As the waves subsided, those involved were interviewed at the scene.

Despite clear evidence that the catastrophic event would have otherwise been impossible if the climate had maintained the stability of the last 400 years, Oldman told police “that purple-haired leftie is the problem” and explained that the monstrous waves were “actually part of a

natural cycle”, before arguing that climate change is not real because of “something to do with the polar vortex”, which he cited as “further proof it’s still cold, aye?”

He continued, “I don’t suppose you’ve heard of Sco-Mo? A few years ago, the bloke kissed some coal like you’d kiss ya sheila! After seeing the lust in his eyes, I knew we had nothin’ to worry about.”

The other named culprit, Liberty Orion, told police “old people like him are the reason for climate change. He raves about how mining creates jobs but he’s too old to even work. I bet he still drinks the breast-milk of cows too!”

When asked her reasons for her anger toward the elderly, despite not contributing to the economy with a paid job herself, Liberty said “I work very hard shouting at people on the street. How else will they start caring about the planet?”

A recent study revealed that 97% of peer-reviewed papers agree climate change is real and that humans are the main cause of recent climate catastrophes, including the recent wildfires that resulted in the saddening destruction of an architectural landmark - the beloved UTS Tower.

When asked what she saw of the brawl, key witness Molly Peters, a 21 year old aspiring influencer and student of Media at UNSW stated “I was like, actually looking at Kylie Jenner’s new post where she suggested breathing less to, like, stop CO2 output. It even helps you lose weight. So amazing!”

When asked what she is doing to combat the climate crisis, Molly said “personally, I use a keep cup”, which she showed off to cameras, holding a plastic water bottle in her other hand.

Digby Thatcher, Vaucluse native and student of Commerce at UNSW, who plans to become a big-time corporate CEO like his Dad, had plans which were disturbed by the brawl that occurred.

“Today was my first time on public transport,” he said.

Even though the light rail is state-of-the-art and still free of gum litter and graffiti, Digby claimed “I’m going back to getting dropped off in the Porsche. Nothing beats the smell of diesel fuel.”

Thatcher’s own ideas about the catalyst for the abnormal waves echoed Barry’s. “Even though animals are going extinct and every day feels like summer, we really need a stable economy” he said, seeming to disregard the finding that the economy will be further screwed as climate change worsens.

What is shown by the events of today is that humans favour a robust debate over meaningful action, especially when there’s nothing to debate. At the centre of the issue however, is the idea that despite science solving a multitude of issues and increasing our understanding of the world 100-fold, what remains most powerful is humanity’s inherent self-interest, and steadfast belief some hold that they know more than scientists.



Yvette is a final year Commerce/Media student and a walking cliché: spends all her money on restaurants, tells everyone avocado is a “superfood”, talks to dogs like babies and looks weird doing it. “She loves animals even more than me!” - David Attenborough.

Ranking the Greatest Foundation Day Pranks *by how many laws were broken*

NADIA HIRST

As a testament to the distinguished reputation that UNSW has cultivated since its establishment 70 years ago, successive cohorts of university students have broken no less than twenty laws in their attempts to pull off some of Sydney's most memorable pranks. Kidnapping. Arson. Theft. From the staging of public disturbances to provoking a police response, UNSW students set a high standard in making nuisances of themselves.

#8

'Danger zone'

In 1987, an opportunistic university club spilled coloured water and dry ice down the tunnel of Town Hall station as assembled students posed as commuters gasping for breath and collapsing from the fumes of a 'chemical spill.' Panicked pedestrians were sold copies of *Tharunka* and told it would help explain the feigned attack. This ingenious prank would have earned a slap on the wrist for conveying false information regarding danger in a public area.

#7

'Sydney for sale'

Although the exhibition of gambling advertisements on the side of the Sydney Opera House is scandalously legal, climbing on public structures and buildings is apparently not. This law was broken rather spectacularly when students scaled the Sydney Harbour Bridge in 1978 and hung a 'for sale' sign from it. If caught, students probably would have faced a penalty of three months in prison.

#6

'Hard-core horror'

In the same year that Bill Clinton was elected President of the United States, UNSW students absurdly projected a hard-core 90-minute porn film onto a building in the middle of George street. This prank could have earned the students criminal records for publishing indecent material and displaying products associated with sexual behaviour. The police were notified by angry bystanders, but luckily no one was charged.

#5

'Kidnapping close to home'

In 1981, students pulled off an astonishing human heist when they kidnapped the former UNSW Chancellor Gordon Samuels from outside his home and forced him to drive to the Supreme Court Building. From there, they

racked up another crime in demanding that the University Council pay a ransom for his release, which they diligently acquiesced to.

#4

‘Crocodile Dundee’

Perhaps one of the most jaw-dropping pranks ever pulled off by students also required them to break multiple laws relating to robbery and animal welfare. In 1964, four students kidnapped a 1.75m alligator from Taronga Park Zoo. Eighty biology students screened off the reptile enclosure so that staff would not see the kidnappers scale the fence, after which they tied the alligator’s mouth and escaped with it stuffed in a cricket bag. The kidnappers then demanded a ransom of one hundred pounds from the zoo staff, who initially did not believe the reptile had even been stolen. The alligator was kept in a flooded university field until it was picked up and paid for.

#3

‘Mistaken identity’

Although it was pulled off a year prior to Foundation Day, Sydney students broke a staggering five laws when they unknowingly incited a violent brawl as a result of cunning prank. The story goes that students told nearby construction workers that some other students disguised as police officers would try to stop them from completing road work. At the same time, they called the local police station to complain that students dressed as construction workers were vandalising and obstructing the road. When both parties arrived, several people were detained as a result of the misunderstanding.

#2

‘Rebellious rookies’

Finally, a record-breaking six laws were broken in the inaugural year of Foundation Day, 1961, when students commandeered a Mosman ferry while masquerading as pirates, contravening multiple maritime laws. They also installed a three-storey long banner from the Sydney

Morning Herald building advertising the ‘Sydney Moaning *Tharunka* edition’, breaking another law for offensive conduct. The headline for the brilliant edition was the collapse of the Harbour Bridge. But the prize for most illegal, most insane prank that year goes to students who kidnapped TV host Brian Henderson while he was performing live for the music show *Bandstand*. They also demanded a ransom of one hundred pounds, which was quickly paid by a Sydney paper in return for an interview with one of the perpetrators of the prank.

#1

‘Pure pandemonium’

In anticipation of Foundation Day 2019, a group of audacious students banded together to carry the cars of UNSW management and leave them on top of the Roundhouse. They also kidnapped five Fortune 500 members and left them stranded in the vehicles, demanding a ransom of \$51,957, which was paid by the Coalition government for their immediate return. When asked about it, the students said they decided on the prank as a measured response to the hoax UNSW had pulled off earlier by establishing the trimester system.



Nadia is a second year student and writer studying Journalism/International Studies at UNSW. She is passionate about social justice, politics, and challenging the status quo. She plans to travel to Spain in 2020 and continue her writing abroad.

A Day in the Life of an Arts Student *in 10 ½ Hours*

RHYS RUSHTON

Report commissioned by The University of New South Wales
into the Viability and Utility of Arts Degrees.

This is but one excerpt of an upcoming report into the strange being that is the Arts student. Misunderstood and much maligned, I have decided to let the subjects speak for themselves by merely observing them and collating these observations with information divulged by the students in questionnaires. What follows is one such case from a sample of five hundred students. At this time we recommend further research be conducted into the utility of these students and their use at UNSW.

11am

An Arts student's day does not begin until eleven o'clock. Fact. Perhaps I'm being generous. It may start even later. Anyway. Our subject stumbles about their bedsit looking for clothes, all of which are strewn across the floor. They've already missed a class, but it doesn't matter, they tell themselves, because it's being recorded. This has never proven conducive to the Arts student catching up on missed material.

A quick glance at the sink and the empty fridge indicates the necessity of a trip to the future employer of most Arts students: McDonalds.

Our subject feels slightly dishonest as he takes a bite of his egg McMuffin. Why? He's currently doing an unpaid internship at Burger King, and is this not aiding the competition? He ponders the moral quandaries of his breakfast choice as he boards the 893.

12pm

He decides to skip his class. What was it? What degree is he even doing? Oh my god! Existential angst seizes him for the fourth time this week and he wonders why he didn't just stick with Business School.

He paces in the smoking area, hyping himself up to do his first reading of the trimester. It is currently the end of week six.

Yes, a couple of hours in the library and then go to class, a great idea! And then after class go back to the library and study.



Rhys is currently recovering from his experiences in ACCT1501. Following the resultant trauma he switched from economics to philosophy and is now in his third year. He enjoys reading and attempting to write. His favourite books are *The Ballad of the Sad Café*, *The Aleph and Other Stories*, *Culture and Value* and *Le Grande Meaulnes*.

Oh the best laid plans...

12.15pm

Our subject sits across from a bearded friend at the Roundhouse. Another Arts student, currently on his sixth beer. They don't say much, not much needs to be said. It's the fifth time this week that they've met like this. It is Wednesday.

"So did you hear what happened to the Morven Brown?" asks his friend. "No. What?"

"They demolished it." Our subject feels the warmth of understanding somewhere in his Toohey's-numbed consciousness. Ah, it makes sense now, why he hadn't been able to find the room for his history class.

"Yeah man, they demolished it, last Friday. The Vice-Chancellor took a wrecking ball to it. Sat there smoking a cigar lit from a fifty-dollar bill. The usual stuff. Anyway, we're having all our classes in the Barker Street car park. Gonna split the different faculties up by floor. And you've got to pay the entrance fee for the car park too."

His friend stroked

the ragged hirsute drapery requisite of anyone majoring in philosophy and sighed.

"What about the teachers?"

"Oh, they'll just work out of their cars, I think they get half price on the parking, which is pretty generous."

2pm

First stop after any midday session at the Roundhouse? Coffee Cart.

Morven Brown smolders as law students take selfies next to the remains.

Our subject feels a tear begin to crawl out from beneath the crust in his eyes, but he blinks it away. He must've looked odd because a girl asks him, "Are you ok?"

Wow. Good work. The first girl to talk to you since that literature class and it's because you looked like you were having a breakdown.

"Ah yeah thanks I'm all good, just a bit tired, was up late studying." Blatant lie.

She smiles and nods towards the wreckage, "What do you think about the new building they're

putting up here?"

"Oh, what is it?"

"It's going to be an oil well. Apparently there's loads of it beneath the uni. They're gonna have a refinery as well. And with the whole trimester thing it means that no one can get internships mid-year, so they're offering positions at the refinery. Pretty cool."

Our subject puts his eyes back into their sockets and swallows. An engineering student for sure.

3pm

He meanders through the different educational squats that have been erected in the car park, and finds his class. Everyone sits in a placid circle as if it were normal to have a wheel for back support as opposed to a chair.

The lecturer leans against the hood of her car and begins to talk about dialectics or something and then someone asks if that's like Austrian or something and then

the class has to get out of the way of a student doing burnouts.

9pm

Another session of YouTube and Netflix, wonderful. Anathema to productivity though. Ah well, there's always tomorrow. Get an early night and start fresh. New beginnings and all that, yes. And with that, he turns off the lights and closes his eyes.

The End.

9.20pm

"Hey man I know it's only midweek but me and some of they guys are hitting up the Landsdowne, let me know if you're free."

The message promises so little, just circular arguments and VB, but still...he listens to the message a third time.

Ok. Fine.

TRIMESTERS SO FAR:

A Report



TOM KENNEDY

SRC Councillor

Now more than halfway through the academic year, it's no secret that the introduction of trimesters at UNSW has been incredibly disruptive to students across every faculty, bar perhaps those studying Medicine.

Officially known as the UNSW 3+ model, the system is part of UNSW's 2025 Strategy, a list of major policy changes in the university that has the aim of making UNSW a top 50 University by 2025. Trimesters promised students increased flexibility with their courses, better alignment for exchanges, and better utilisation of the university campus for a longer portion of the year.

At the time, many students and staff were very worried about the impacts on learning conditions, teaching conditions and job security, internship opportunities, and the reduction in breaks between teaching periods. The university tried to brush over these concerns and refused to release the results of a student survey on the system as it was "not a referendum" on trimesters.

In response, UNSW students gathered for the largest protest held in years, with over 500 people in attendance campaigning against the trimester model.

Management persisted. But after almost half a year under the new model, it seems that the most pessimistic predictions of students and staff have come true.

The SRC designed and released a **student survey** on Trimesters in T1 2019. Despite an average response time of over 30 minutes, the survey received significant engagement from the student body with almost 1100 responses in the weeks following its release.

While the data is still being compiled into a report to be released to students, management and news organisations, the SRC has agreed to share some key data points with *Tharunka*.

The results are bleak but not surprising.

On the following page are some responses to key questions:



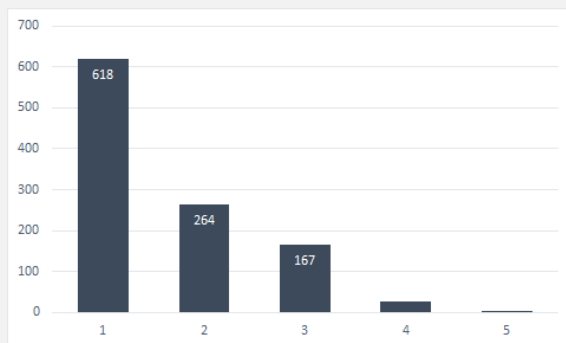
Tom is a councillor on the SRC for 2019. He is responsible for the creation, distribution, and data analysis of the SRC Trimesters survey, which he developed in order to capture the breadth and severity of disruption after a term under the 3+ system.



How severely has your ability to catch up on coursework been impacted by the change to Trimesters?

1 = Very negatively

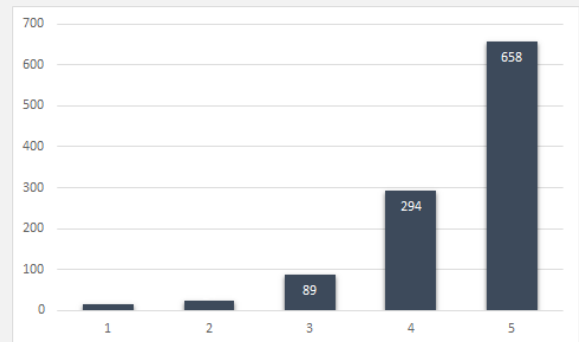
5 = Not at all



The new enrolment system requires students to enrol in their subjects before class information (days & times, locations, etc) is released. How strongly has this lack of information affected you?

1=Not at all

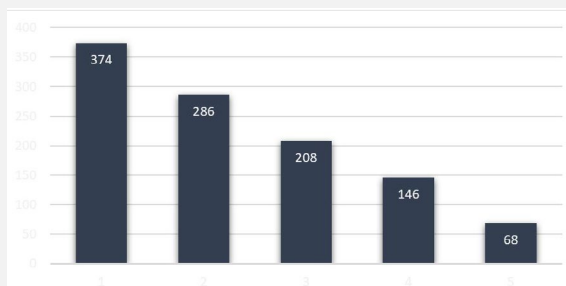
5=Very severely



How severely has your mental health been impacted by the change to Trimesters?

1 = Very negatively

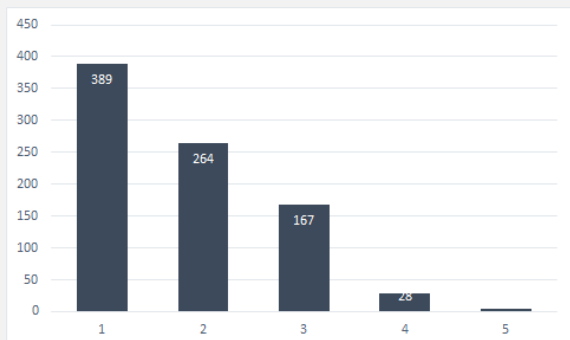
5 = Not at all



The selling point to students of the 3+ system was greater flexibility in subjects and classes (being offered more often and at more convenient times). In your personal experience, do you think flexibility has become better?

1= Much Worse

5= Much better



And perhaps the most compelling result:
When asked to assess how trimesters had impacted them overall, **90.01% of students responded negatively.**

It's clear that the current system is wildly unpopular: the massive engagement that the Cancel Trimesters campaign has received from UNSW students is more than enough proof of that. What remains to be seen is how the university will respond.

Found outside the Chancellery,
a message written in blood:

'CANCEL TRIMESTERS'

CLAIRE KEENAN



Claire "Keenan" is a journalist student and published freelance writer, who covers topics from the drought to the taboo of taking nudes. She works at a bookshop so she can read on the job, loves cups of tea, and living with friends. If you date her she will write about you.

S

tudents are in despair, one Environmental Science student that we spoke to stating that despite having spent years fighting against the mould of institution and raising awareness for every student-centred movement on campus, having to hand out one just more ‘cancel trimesters’ flyer had finally convinced him that every tree is precious, no matter the cause.

Meanwhile, an Arts student told us that although she drooled at the thought of sipping Aperol Spritz on the Amalfi Coast during mid-semester break, asking her father for one more loan wasn’t worth what she would eventually have to ask for, post-degree. *
Trimesters – now in the flesh.

Blood has been found dripping from the opening of the “Chamber of Less Weeks”, collecting in a pool outside the library.

And now the enemies of the heir, beware.

But what about the students who aren’t scrubbing blood or gouging their way out of a pile of bones left from term one? They sure aren’t formulating a witty response to the Vice Chancellor’s recent email.

At best, they’ll be seen avoiding student journalists and standing on the other side of the barbed-wire fence. Their lips pursed, unwilling to betray their sins to the mob, for fear of crucifixion, or worse.

I’m talking about those who are impartial to the new trimester system, or maybe even prefer it.

These students will probably be scoffed at, disregarded, or even shamed for their opinion. And as we’ve seen throughout the course of history, the voices of the minority are usually undermined by the will of the collective and the strong.

So if we can’t hear them right now, over the booming protests and the rebellious commentary in the Sydney Morning Herald, where are they hiding?

Lurking on level 8 (the quiet floor) of the library we find Tom Houlden, student of Philosophy and Psychology. Asked about the change from semesters to trimesters, he whispers “I reckon it’s pretty good. One’s company, two’s a crowd, and three’s a party”.

I laughed in pleasant surprise, only to be immediately shushed by those around us. Tom then led me to his best mate, Aram Perez, a student of Renewable Energy Engineering and Commerce who was loitering near the coffee cart, trying his best to avoid the protesters.

“I think it’s a change we all need to accept and work with,” he shrugged. “Each subject drags on for less time now”.

As simple as that. He grabbed his coffee but was hesitant as he went to walk away. Perhaps I was going to get the “you shouldn’t write about this” warning but instead he smirked, “Even then, there are still more

weeks in a term than passes on my academic transcript”. Maybe he wasn’t the best person to ask, but the reusable coffee cup had been such a teaser.

Even beyond such brief interactions, I was steadily finding this common ground among a minority of students who admitted, as if telling me a secret, that they thought trimesters weren’t all that bad.

At the first tutorial for a third-year Media course, the tutor asked three questions in order:

“Does anyone here love trimesters?”

Five hesitant students raised their

hands.

“Does anyone hate trimesters?”

No movement.

“Does anyone not really care either way?”

The remainder of the class raised their hands.

From my own experience, three weeks off from university was a perfect amount of time to detox from assignment stress, save money, and refresh for another demanding set of ten weeks. I’ve found in life that when you have just the right amount of time to spare, you tend not to waste your precious days moping away and drifting towards pointless activities. Sometimes, too many days off is a procrastinator’s worst nightmare.

I know that this is a minority perspective within the enormous institution that is UNSW. Trust me when I say that I can gauge how many other perspectives there are – you could fit my hometown’s population more than three times into the university’s 59,000 students. I am also aware of the negative experiences of trimesters, such as the stress of thirteen weeks of content now being crammed into ten.

But that’s what is staring me straight in the face as I sit down to write about trimesters: change.

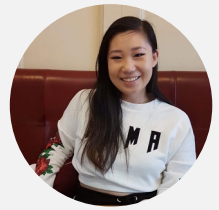
As humans, we are fearful of change. We initially perceive it as an interference to our autonomy. We prefer what is known and has been around long enough to afford us a safe and consistent space. Outside of university, when I first began experiencing anxiety, my doctor put it down to stress induced by change. Situations that test stability and familiarity is a shock to any system, as it was to my physical and mental health.

To steer back to the conundrum most teachers and students are currently residing in, the real question we should be asking – is it all a shock because of change? Right now, everyone is processing the first real change to a major university system. Of course, there is upheaval. Of course, there is strain.

I am hopeful like many other media students, thinking to myself that perhaps time will heal all, as we adapt to this new way of doing things. Or I will be confirmed wrong. Either way, time will tell.

Law student wasn't going to do his readings anyway

ROHIT TURNER



Tanya is an aspiring illustrator and design student at UNSW Art and Design. Her artwork is inspired by surrealism, pop-art and sarcasm. She believes that Art should be relatable and not taken too seriously. In ArtSob, Tanya uses her own student experience to remind students that art should be fun.



It's week two of the new trimester, and fourth year Law student Jamie Chu has decided to not do his assigned law readings for the foreseeable future, at least until finals.

"I really thought it would be a new beginning with these trimesters" he sighs, flicking aimlessly through an old moth-eared edition of Australian Constitutional Law he had accidentally bought from an opportunistic final year student. Jamie reaches for his BSOC engraved keep cup, gagging on his half cold Atomic Brew skim latte. He rubs his eyes and yawns.

"The Vice Chancellor told us that we would have more time and flexibility. I mean, at first it made sense, a maximum of three subjects would mean more opportunity to choose better class times, and a ten-week semester would mean less readings overall. And **surely they would adjust the course content to a reasonable amount given less weeks to work with.** I thought this would be the perfect time to finally maximise class participation marks and make my own notes for once".

When asked whether his hopes had become reality, Jamie pauses to survey the surroundings of the Law Library upper floor. Noticing a large number of engineering textbooks, Jamie guffaws with a heavy hint of self-pity.

"Who was I kidding. All they've done is compress an entire semester worth of content into ten weeks. You know what that means? Almost double the readings. They have online lectures to compensate for the lost time.

ONLINE LECTURES. FOR LAW. I'm basically dropping 12k a month for distance education, and that's not counting the hour commute from Casula".

"Don't even get me started on choosing

lecture times. Every single semester, the servers crash during enrolment. Every single one, without fail. Do you think anything changed once they moved to these trimesters? There's a reason why I have two 9am starts and an entire day of just sitting here waiting for a 4 pm tute."

Jamie stares at the fraying blue edges of the Constitutional Law book cover, as if searching for some consolation.

"You know what, fuck this.

There is no way I'm reading through 72 pages of the WorkChoices Case when I can just buy Damian Morris' notes off of StudentVIP.

I mean, it's not just me, everyone has those colour coded bibles when they step into a final law school exam. It's not like I'd do any better if I wrote my own notes. The only ones that do, work at Allens".

When asked about his clerkship chances, Jamie closes his laptop lid and drains the remainder of his, now cold, coffee.

"Yeah look, the way these trimesters are going, I'd be lucky to get into HWL Ebsworth".

Noticing a large group of UNSW Debsoc members approaching his desk, Jamie quickly gathers his belongings and briskly walks towards the men's bathroom.



Rohit* is a final year law student who only did the degree for the money and prestige. * May or may not be a pseudonym.



ARTSOB

FOR THE PERPETUALLY FORGETFUL ART STUDENT



STUDENT HAIR PREMIUM
ACRYLIC BRUSHES



GUESSO HOW MANY HOURS
I SLEPT?



SPIT OF A COMMERCE
STUDENT SCREENPASTE



PERFECTIONIST
FIXATIVE



TAPE MY EYES OPEN
MASKING TAPE



TEARS OF A
PROCRASTINATOR
RESIN

* 20c FROM EVERY PURCHASE IS DONATED TO THE CHARITY 'THE HUNGRY CREATIVE'
TOAST IS ALSO ACCEPTED

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National Reconciliation Week

LEXMAN PALANIRAJAN

Given the target demographic of this student magazine, it may come as a surprise to many of you that it was recently National Reconciliation Week. Frankly, on behalf of every non-Indigenous Australian, believe me when I say that it felt exceptionally unexceptional. Even more so given that just last month, history was made when the first Indigenous person was sworn into a cabinet position.

Don't get me wrong, I think reconciliation is an important issue— I just don't think that a reconciliation week is the right way to go about it.

Think about it this way: the only time I remembered it was reconciliation week in high school was when about 20 Aboriginal people suddenly appeared at my school. To put that into perspective, the usual Aboriginal head count was half of that.

These guest speakers would always spend the assembly time teaching us about Aboriginal culture with the excitement and enthusiasm of a 7-year-old watching *Frozen* for the 50th time. And trust me when I say that excitement didn't translate very well to the gym full of horny, pubescent teenagers in attendance. If the speakers were 7 year olds watching *Frozen*, then we were as excited as the mums and dads watching it with them.

Looking back, one wonders what might've been had the government invested even half of the effort they spent tightening the country's border, on closing the gap between our cultures. At the very least, maybe the assembly wouldn't have felt like a funeral with an interesting soundtrack.

Speaking of assemblies, the thing that has always struck me about them is the way that they start. With the "Acknowledgement of Traditional Custodians". For those who don't know what it is, that was the whole "I would like to acknowledge that this meeting is held on the traditional lands..." thing that the principal would always start the assembly with. To this day, during that acknowledgement, one question always pops into my head: why? Who does this help?

Being of Indian descent, trust me when I say that my ancestors (and the

ancestors of every colonised nation) suffered atrocities that were deserving of a little more than just an acknowledgement of said atrocities. For one, I'd like to think that they believed that someday their descendants wouldn't suffer the same prejudices and injustices that plagued their existences.

I often wonder: if they were here today, what would they think of the world? More importantly, would I be able to stomach the look of disappointment on their faces?

And then there's the statement itself. It merely acknowledges the Indigenous claims to the land, and how we (which is to say modern non-Indigenous Australia) are merely occupying the land. Am I the only one that thinks this is absurd? Think about it this way, imagine it's been a long day and you're about to sit down and have some well-deserved dinner, when you hear a knock on your door. Who could it be? Why it's your landlord of course, here for the outstanding rent. So, you sit him down, hand him a glass of water, reach into your pocket and pull out your palm cards. You take a deep breath and say "We acknowledge the Traditional Owners of this 25m2 apartment and recognise their continuing connection to the beige carpets, water bills and life-threatening black mould in the bathroom. We pay our respects to their Bank Lenders past, present and emerging." Sure it's a little unorthodox but at this rate it might be the only way to solve Sydney's housing affordability crisis.

But let's come back to the original question: who does this help? Does the acknowledgement help the thousands of Indigenous Australians suffering from chronic alcoholism? Does it address the catastrophic 20% literacy gap between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal students? Does it educate the millions of Australians that still think "ape" is a perfectly fine description of an Aboriginal footy player? It's funny, I think there's one thing that the acknowledgement of country and the university's Indigenous scholarships have in common. They both make you ask: why offer it when there's no one to receive it?

So, on the 11th anniversary of former Prime Minister Kevin Rudd's landmark "Sorry" parliamentary speech, maybe it's time for all Australians (not just politicians at election time) to reassess just what we as a nation believe our first peoples deserve.

Rather than acknowledging the claims of the Indigenous people to the land; maybe we should acknowledge the 200-year-old debt that we've yet to repay.



Lexman is pursuing an Honours degree in Mechanical Engineering, so he has plenty of experience writing needlessly long pieces of writing. When he's not busy procrastinating on Youtube, he likes to spend his time feeling superior to civil engineers.

How I Overcame Heartbreak In

Three



Simple



Steps



Hamish Duncan was born in Melbourne and lives in Marrickville. He is currently completing a Criminology & Criminal Justice degree at UNSW. He has previously written for *Acidic Fiction*, *The Rumpus* and *Toppermost*.

used to think that I had it all. A good job, high marks at uni, and a wonderful relationship with a beautiful girl. The world was my oyster. But one day my girl said those four dreaded words: *We need to talk.*

I was shocked, but I knew what was coming. I picked a neutral place where we could meet, and we had the conversation. She broke up with me.

It ruined me. But after a torturous month of feeling sorry for myself, and gaining an unsightly amount of weight in the meantime, I decided that it was time to do something. I took three drastic steps to change my life for the better, and it's time I shared these steps with the rest of the world. It's a three point plan for getting yourself back on your feet after a breakup.

1. HIT THE GYM

The gym is your friend. In a few short weeks the weight was falling off of me, and my confidence was at an all-time high. Not only did I feel better, but I looked better, and the two played off each other. I also made a lot of life-long friends at the gym! Mostly older men.

2. REMOVE YOUR EX FROM SOCIAL MEDIA

You don't have to block, delete or unfriend your ex if you don't want to, but it's a good idea to unfollow them; a drama-free workaround to an awkward situation. Seeing their face will bring you pain, especially if they're with someone new. Ease off on social media and you'll reap the rewards.

3. PRETEND YOU ARE ONE OF THE ENTOURAGE FROM 'ENTOURAGE'

This was the key change I made that helped me get over my ex. I'd always loved following the adventures of Vincent Chase, E, Ari Gold, Turtle, Drama, Jayne, Shemp, Crime, and good old Chicjx. *Entourage* made me want to be a better person, because successful people are inherently better people than you or I. Whenever I watched *Entourage*, whether it was on TV, DVD, Blu-ray or just the regular way (on my ex's iPad), I could feel myself becoming a better, more successful version of myself.

But the problem was, I was an outsider, looking in. I knew I couldn't sustain these blissful feelings I was having for very long. At first I tried taping a photo of myself to the screen, and watching the show with my face in every shot. Sadly that didn't always work; the photo I used was one of me smiling, but in sad scenes I just looked out of place. When Turtle gets lost in the woods in season 4, should I be standing there on the sidelines, with a smile on my face? No. That would be unhelpful and rude.

And my clothing was wrong most of the time too. When the gang go back in time

in season 12 to stop Desmond Jones' evil twin from being born,

I was standing there in my modern day tank-top and cargo shorts, while they had all changed into Victorian-era clothing. I was disgusted with myself over how foolish I was being.

So for my next step, I projected the show onto my wall, and over the next few weeks I spent my nights acting along with the projection. However, this caused problems; my housemates, for one, were upset with me for taking over the living room space, and there was that costume problem again...

So I had to come up with a different way of convincing the imbalanced chemicals in my brain that I was, in fact, a member of Vinnie Chase's entourage (that's where they got the name of the show by the way) and not just a lowly pleb, clinging to the bottom rung of life's ladder.

Instead of trying to pretend that I was inside the show, I brought the show to me. I stapled pictures of all of the cast members to various body pillows that I owned and left them around the house. This way I could enter Entourage at will. I could wake up listening to one of Ari Gold's insane rants. When I was awake late at night, relaxing after lifting weights, I could spread out and hang with the boys. My boys. *Entourage*.

My housemates eventually moved out. It didn't matter, because I already had the best housemates one could ask for: the cast of HBO's hit TV show *Entourage*. Turtle. E. Joe Gippman. Ari Gold. And who could forget the Drama Man, TV's most beloved thespian?

They were my friends, and they were there with me, in full three-dimensional quality. And at night, I spooned them and told them my secrets.

Before long, I didn't even think about my ex, didn't think about the way her deceit tore my heart apart like a hungry dog tearing into a loaf of rye bread. All I felt was acceptance, forgiveness, *Entourage*.

And I think if you try this method, you could feel the same way too.

FINAL THOUGHTS

Entourage went off the air in September 2011. I believe that day was the beginning of the end of all human civilisation. I pray that an icy wind will emerge from the poles and freeze all of society.

Until then, I have my *Entourage*.

Maurine

Mrs Maurine lived on Old Bakerdean,
And was known for her cupcakes, lemon, and tea.
She cooked night and day at her storefront canteen,
And charged a slight fee.
Her story is truly obscene.

Called “Killer Kreations”
Known for thriller sensations!
In colour and flavour
They’ll make you salivate and savour
Every bite, taste and smell.
But there’s much more to tell...

See, she was cunning, conniving, one might say plain evil.
Her methods were almost medieval.
Her pies stuffed with crows,
Tea filled with snot of bull’s nose.
Her cupcakes mistrusting,
The cookies disgusting!

She did not care for health,
Old Mrs. Maurine cared only for her personal wealth.
She was rolling in cash; it was left, right, and centre.
But that would all change with one TV presenter.
His name Harry Notch, he was a top bloke,
He was known for daily downing 12 cans of coke.

Now Harry Notch was a brilliant young boy,
But he never intended to crack Mrs Maurine’s plays and ploys.
On January 3rd he knocked on her door,
To say only that his viewers wanted more!
He flirted and flattered, making her flush,
And she beckoned him in while hiding her blush.

They chatted and laughed and drank some hot tea,
As she brought out her cake made of only black-pea.
My new creation! She said,
As she pushed the plate to his nose.
He politely declined then firmly said no,
Which filled Mrs Maurine with such terrible, aching woe.
Mrs. Maurine sat and cried and lamented her schemes,
A tale much more interesting than her hopes and her dreams.
She told him of cakes iced sprinkled with nail clippings,
And chocolate chips made of tree chippings.
The idea was repulsing but he unraveled her plan,
The revenge she sought against one bitter, old man.

Mrs

It was never intended to be for the town,
 Just one boy who'd broken her heart: Eddie McFown.
 He was handsome and funny and laughed at her jokes,
 Bliss until young Eddie revealed the terrible hoax.
 See, their relationship, it had all been a lie,
 And so Mrs. Maurine began her quest for revenge - over some silly old
 guy.

He pulled out her heart and left her shunned,
 Their relationship was over before it'd begun.
 She was broken for days and lonely for years,
 When the idea of vengeance whispered between her ears.
 It came in a dream, a deliciously cruel vision,
 That would send Eddie quickly to heaven.

So she baked and she toiled and made it taste nice,
 The bugs and the snot and even head-lice.
 Then she packed up her goods and sent him the gift,
 And found that his death was easy and swift.
 But not before long others heard of her cake,
 And came knocking and asking for something to take.

See others had had the same dispute,
 Of a boy or a girl in need of the boot.
 So they came under secret and asked in a mumble,
 For pastry that would help their partner to take a deathly tumble.
 But killing someone, oh, she did not approve,
 Merely harming or maiming was more Mrs. Maurine's groove.

So she baked and she baked and went on with her trade,
 And cut her ingredients daily with her long, sharp blade.
 She mixed them together to create that great taste,
 Her cupcakes and cookies, sweet and two-faced.
 Not one thing was cleaned, no ingredient left out,
 The horror she caused was beyond reasonable doubt.

So you see, she said, it isn't a choice,
 I am doing good for the scorned and should be rejoiced.
 I am helping relationships and fixing disputes,
 And help people to pull out their withered dead roots.
 I took away the pain and the suffering of relations,
 It's right in the name, after all: "Killer Kreations".



Maddy is a hopeless twenty something stumbling through life while simultaneously attempting to study a Bachelor of Arts. Writer and pun enthusiast who lacks budgeting skills but does possess an abundance of sweet dad jokes.

5 Reasons Why UNSW should



Claim ScoMo

CW: Racism, Homophobia

DEXTER GORDON

PHOTO: Prime Minister Scott Morrison has set up a familiar election battle with Labor over border security. (AAP: Lukas Coch)

1. Mr Morrison's poor record on marriage equality does not reflect UNSW's principles of equity, diversity and inclusion

Let's be clear: the PM's attitudes toward marriage equality, both during the plebiscite and during the passage of the bill, directly clash with the UNSW Chancellery's own message on one of our generation's landmark human rights debates.

While the Chancellery shied away from making an overtly political statement during the plebiscite, to its credit, UNSW did attempt to reach out to the LGBTIQ+ community as they faced an incredibly intense and confronting campaign that saw powerful voices in society seeking to erase the entire concept of their identities.

The university's "clear and explicit ambition to contribute to equity, diversity, and inclusion for students and staff", as stated by President and Vice Chancellor Ian Jacobs, should extend to rejecting the continuously harmful statements that ScoMo espoused throughout and following the plebiscite.

So, what exactly did ScoMo say during the plebiscite

campaign? Put simply, every response Morrison has made to this issue has been an explicit insult to the LGBTIQ+ community.

Throughout the campaign, Morrison made it clear that he was voting No, parroting one of the No campaign's ridiculous slogans, "It's OK to Say No".

He couldn't even muster the courage to take his seat in Parliament to cast a vote on the final bill, despite the noise made by Coalition MPs on the plebiscite being the will of the people.

Finally, after marriage equality had been signed into law, Morrison dodged questions on whether LGBTIQ+ Australians will supposedly go to hell, before a spectacular reversal of his opinion, seemingly trying to hide his outdated views from the Australian public.

UNSW should not be proud to have someone with such hurtful and ignorant views representing the institution and its students.

2. Morrison voted to rip funds out of universities and make students pay more

Australian students breathed a sigh of relief in 2014 when the *Higher Education and Research Reform Amendment Bill 2014* floundered in the Senate, after the Government failed to gain the support of crossbench Senators. The then-Minister for Education and Training in the Abbott Government, Christopher Pyne, tried to push through a series of reforms that would have made students pay more to go to university, and rip Commonwealth funding from the higher education system.

Scott Morrison, as Member for Cook, voted for the following damaging reforms that would hurt students:

- Reducing the HECS repayment threshold from \$51,309 to \$50,368 per year;
- Increasing the interest rates of Government higher education loans;

- Allow universities to charge more money for degrees in line with "market-driven rates", which would rip out 20 percent of Commonwealth funding for university fees.

Why would our university be proud of an alumnus that voted to rip a significant amount of Commonwealth funding from higher education?

3. Morrison's views on climate science undermine tUNSW's efforts to combat climate change

UNSW students should be proud of the research done by our university's Climate Change Research Centre (CCRC). Meanwhile,

anyone remember our PM breaking Parliamentary standing orders to wave a lump of coal around in Parliament - loudly claiming "don't be afraid, don't be scared, it won't hurt you. It's coal"?

Given that Morrison's political assent was boosted by the Coalition's paralysis over Turnbull's ill-fated National Energy Guarantee, nobody should be surprised that his views on climate science are horrifically out of date. After Morrison lectured school students at the 2018 Student Strike for the Climate to be "less activist", Stephen Healy, the Research Coordinator for UNSW's Centre for Energy and Environmental Markets, rebuffed remarks like those from the PM, stating that school students "deserve to be heard, not silenced".

If our university wants to reflect well on the meaningful work of its own Climate Change Research Centre, it can start by disowning one of the Coalition party room's most prominent backers of a failed Abbott-era energy policy.

4. Morrison's dirty deals with far-right fringe parties have hurt our international student communities

It's no secret that our Prime Minister's return to the Lodge after the 2019 federal election was on the back of dirty deals with Clive Palmer's United Australia Party and Pauline Hanson's One Nation.

That our PM returned to power off the back of a deal with fringe parties that deal in fear and division (remember Pauline Hanson's "swamped by Asians" comments in her maiden speech to Parliament in 1998?) is an insult to the diverse communities of international students that study at UNSW today.

Remember when ScoMo was rebuked by his own Foreign Minister at the time for referring to China as a "customer" of Australia?

UNSW should do the right thing, and not celebrate the return to power of a figure whose ascendancy was elevated by fear and division, peddled by fringe far-right parties.

5. UNSW's commitment to Indigenous recognition is marred by Morrison's comments on our history

Many students and academics at UNSW agree that the Kensington campus was built on the traditional lands of the Bedegal people - that the land was stolen, and sovereignty was never ceded.

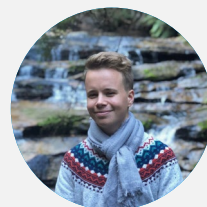
ScoMo is clear that he doesn't think the same way - so why should UNSW give tacit support to his outdated and offensive beliefs? In his 2008 maiden speech to Parliament, Morrison stated that he "did not share the armband view of history, black or otherwise" and that "a strong country is at peace with its past" - failing to appropriately acknowledge the injustices that still exist today as a result of heinous crimes committed by European invaders.

In fact, in his own electorate of Cook, Morrison spent \$48.7 million on commemorating his electorate's namesake's arrival to Australia, a move condemned by Indigenous activists as an inappropriate celebration of the beginning of the European invasion.

Morrison's harmful views on our history contradict those of the students and staff at UNSW, so why should we celebrate them?

Our Prime Minister may have studied at UNSW, but his beliefs and his actions contradict many of UNSW's own policies and attitudes on marriage equality, climate change, higher education funding, diversity, and Indigenous issues.

It's time the University took a stance against Morrison's outdated views, and stop claiming him as an alumnus of our proud and forward-thinking campus.



Dexter is a fourth-year chemistry student, President of the UNSW Labor Club, and an SRC Councillor. While working as a building management systems engineer, he uses his spare time to fight for progressive causes and a Labor Government.

Photograph: an ode to friendship under the warmth of the Indian sun

MADELEINE THOMAS

From the official selection at the Sundance Film Festival, Rishi Bashra's *Photograph* is a delight for the senses and a story sure to ignite compassion in everyone.

On the streets of Mumbai, India, struggling street photographer Rafi (Nawazuddin Siddiqui) is under pressure from his aging grandmother to marry before it's too late. Struck by the beauty of young Miloni (Sanya Malhotra), he tracks her down after taking her photo and asks her to pose as his fiancée.

What follows is a slow burn romance, devoid of chaos, and imbued with subtlety and lessons on the importance of kindness.

First and foremost *Photograph* is a film about expectations; of love, of ambition, of humanity. At an ambling pace, it works hard to envelop you in its poignancy. The small tinkering of Indian songs, the street vendors bathed in golden light, and pattering rain on the plastic roofs of slums insist on the film's potential to move you.

When Rafi's grandmother Dadi (Farrukh Jaffar) arrives, she is a force to be reckoned with. A form of comic relief, her exasperation at her grandson's relationship is potent, as is her skepticism despite her warm welcome of Miloni as his bride.

Bashra likes to experiment, choosing to focus on toes, hands, stolen glances and the lens of Rafi's camera instead of the titular photograph that remains hidden from our eyes. Embracing carefully crafted dialogue and moments of silence equally, *Photograph* celebrates the power of using our senses.

Like Bashra's debut feature, *The Lunchbox* (2013), which was

lauded for its charming deep-dive into emotions and innovative epistolary romance, *Photograph* may not be his masterpiece, but it has the same beating heart at its core: Life is a search for connection.

Miloni first emerges from the crowd as one amongst the chaos of Mumbai's landmark Gateway of India. While she may also be only one of millions to Rafi's camera at first, her insecurity is palpable and alluring to him. 27-year-old Malhotra's magnetic energy as Miloni is acted almost entirely under her breath and through her gaze, commandeering both Rafi and the audience with her soft voice.

Photograph may be primarily about the characters' ambitions, hopes and dreams, but the film does a good job of portraying day-to-day life – the warmth of chai in the rain, the jingle of anklets, or the pleasure in the chaos of Mumbai's traffic – our view is easily steered away from the conventions of a romantic narrative. However, in *Photograph's* effort to not pollute the flow of the film with fussy

dialogue, we are sometimes left with a hole where a confrontational tête-à-tête is needed.

Without a doubt, the best part of *Photograph* is its final flourish. The ending celebrates ambiguity, fuels passion, and comes quickly and quietly from nowhere.

The film's abrupt finale confused some in the audience around me who had drifted through a leisurely, left-of-field romance, with characters who experiences no huge highs and no huge lows. I listened to utterances of "weird", "unusual," and "unexpected." Whether or not it truly was those things, there was one key takeaway for the audience. We expect a lot from the movies; conflict and peace, a scandal, an escape to another world. Perhaps what we should expect more of is to be challenged to think about who we want to be and what we want to understand, and the helping hands that get us there.





Booksmart

A refreshing take
on the coming-of-
age teen comedy

SOPHIE COLBRAN

While it is an achievement already to have the whole audience glued to the screen and laughing within the first minute of a film, it is another to hold said audience's attention captive for the entire two hour run time.

Thanks to *Booksmart*'s refreshing and youthful energy, it was able to do both. The film never faltered, even as the characters found themselves in trouble or facing obstacles, it was never long before another the audience was provided with a beat of hope, spirited humour, or teenage charm.

The film managed to capture the coming-of-age experience through the bright, wide eyes of a millennial with the sophistication and attention to technical detail of a director with industry maturity (rightful commendation to Olivia Wilde's first time directing a feature length film). This rhythm mimicked the highs and lows of a fast-paced teenage life on the brink of entering the rest of the world, with a realism that almost reinvents the wheel of coming of age stories. The perfectly chosen music mirrored the characters' emotions in each scene, with an attention to detail that magnifies individual character personalities that enhances both the visuals and the moments of great significance in the world of a highschool senior.

Amy and Molly's relationship rings true to the millennial audience, representing the modern friendship between two young women navigating life on the cusp of adulthood with a unique accuracy. As they push each other out of their comfort zones, navigate crushes and unexpected situations, their laughter is infectious and organic. *Booksmart* delivers the strong, uncompetitive and aggressively supportive female friendship that is long overdue to the screen. The film's only letdown was perhaps its clinging to archetypes of cool kids, stoners and losers. Though they were expansions of the overused paradigm, they cling just tightly enough that moments of realism in the classroom were lost. However, its inclusivity and diversity are subtle and causal, and its progressiveness does not sacrifice an ounce of spark.

Floating on the energy that carried the audience out of the cinema, I felt strangely re-energised after sitting down for 2 hours. To conclude: believe the hype and follow the buzz because it really is that good. *Booksmart*'s youthful buzz may just add years to your life.

Excuse me while I go and download the soundtrack.

SRC Report

Hi there! It's Angela here! Your 2019 SRC President welcoming you back to term 2. And for the SRC, term 2 has started with a bang. Get involved in the following campaigns:

1. Cancel Trimesters! – Are you angry about the trimester change? Well look no further than the Cancel Trimesters! campaign being run through the SRC Education Collective. Now that the first term is over, the verdict is clear: trimesters are hurting students and staff. There is less opportunity to get paid employment, be engaged in extracurriculars and internships, as well as the overwhelmingly fast pace of a ten week term means that the trimester system is clearly broken. The Cancel Trimesters! campaign is here to fix it.

Get involved by coming along to a planning meeting held every Tuesday at 2pm in the SRC space (upstairs in Arc Reception).

2. Queer Week – Week 3 is Queer Week at UNSW, organised by the SRC Queer Collective. This week will be a celebration of very letter of the LGBTIQ+ alphabet in a full 5 days of writing, rights, socials, music and more. Come along for a Queer Concert at the Whitehouse, Queer Health & Treatment and many more events and workshops all week. For more details find the Queer Week Facebook event.

3. NOWSA – From 22nd-26th July, Macquarie University will be hosting the National Organisation of Women Students Association national conference. This conference is an amazing opportunity to meet feminists from all over the country and brainstorm ideas on how to fight sexism and misogyny on Australian university campuses. The conference will have a number of prestigious speakers and workshops on a range of topics including sex worker rights, decolonization, and bodily autonomy.

The UNSW Women's Collective are sending along a contingent to NOWSA and if you are interested in attending, please contact the Women's Officer, Ruby Leonard at women@arc.unsw.edu.au.

4. UNSW Contingent to Fund 100% Renewables & Climate Jobs Rally

– On the 7th July at 1pm, the UNSW Enviro Collective will be attending this rally to call on the new Liberal Government to commit to the development of clean energy, guaranteed jobs and the reskilling of workers in a just transition from fossil fuels to climate job.

The UNSW Enviro Collective know that the argument isn't between jobs and the climate, it is simply a matter of good government committing to the future of the planet by allowing workers to transition to green energy occupations. If you are concerned with the future of our planet please come along!

To find out more: find the UNSW Enviro Collective on Facebook.

Want to join an SRC Collective?

SRC Collectives meet once a week to discuss issues on campus specific to that collective and plan action to make UNSW a better place.

Come along and have your voice heard.

Indigenous Collective:

An autonomous collective for Indigenous students.

Officer: Jake Fing

Contact: indigenous@arc.unsw.edu.au

Meetings: Contact Jake for meeting times.

Enviro Collective:

A collective for students wanting to create positive environmental change on and off UNSW campus.

Officer: Alexander Biscu

Contact: enviro@arc.unsw.edu.au

Meetings: 4pm Mondays in the SRC Space above Arc Reception.

Education Collective:

A collective for students wanting to improve student life.

Officer: Caitlin Keogh

Contact: education@arc.unsw.edu.au

Meetings: 2pm Tuesdays in the SRC Space above Arc Reception.

Welfare Collective:

A collective for students wanting to act on improving student welfare at UNSW. The Welfare Collective also has a non-autonomous space for any student to access and use as a safe space at any time of day. It is located below Basser College.

Officer: Manu Risoldi

Contact: welfare@arc.unsw.edu.au

Meetings: 3pm Tuesdays in the Welfare & Disabilities Room, below Basser College.

Queer Collective:

An autonomous collective for LGBTIQ+ students. The Queer Collective also have an autonomous space only for queer-identifying students located on Level 9 of the Chemical Sciences Building. This space is open for students to use as a safe space any time of the day.

Officers: Jacqui Orme, Emily Lu & Charlie Bradford

Contact: queer@arc.unsw.edu.au

Meetings: 1pm Wednesdays in the Queer Space, Room 9.21, Level 9, Chemical Science Building.

Women's Collective:

An autonomous collective for women-identifying and non-binary students.

The Women's Collective also have an autonomous space located below Basser College. This space is open for students to use as a safe space any time of the day.

Officer: Ruby Leonard

Contact: women@arc.unsw.edu.au

Meetings: 11am Thursdays in the Women's Room, below Basser College.

Ethno-Cultural Collective:

An autonomous collective for ethnically and linguistically diverse students. The Ethno-Cultural Collective also have an autonomous space below Basser College. This space is open for students to use as a safe space any time of the day.

Officer: Christina Kim

Contact: ethno@arc.unsw.edu.au

Meetings: 12pm Thursdays in the Ethno-Cultural & International room, below Basser College.

International Collective:

An autonomous collective for UNSW international students. The International Collective have a room located below Basser College. This space is open for students to use as a safe space any time of the day.

Officer: Nayonika Bhattacharya

Contact: international@arc.unsw.edu.au

Meetings: 3pm Thursdays in the Ethno-Cultural & International Room, below Basser College.

Students with Disabilities Collective:

An autonomous collective for UNSW students with disabilities. The Students with Disabilities Collective have a room located below Basser College. This space is open for students to use as a safe space any time of the day.

Officer: Donna Hogan

Contact: disabilities@arc.unsw.edu.au

Meetings: 4pm Thursdays in the Welfare & Disabilities Room, below Basser College.



UNSW EDITION FIND-A-WORD!!

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CAN YOU FIND THESE WORDS?

SEMESTERS

SHORT COMMUTES!

The elderly

STUDENT SATISFACTION

hey hey its satURDAY

GLOBAL UNIVERSITY

STUPOL

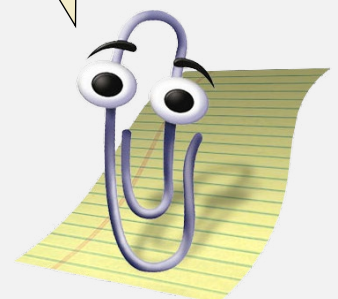
NICE! buildings

EARLOBES

MldsemBREAK

I am a student at unsw :)
parking?

It looks like you've reached the middle and/or end of TRImester. Need some help?



Tharunka wants YOU

Keen to get your work published but not sure where to start?

As UNSW's longest-running student publication, *Tharunka* is the political, social, and cultural journal for all students on campus and we are always looking for a wide range of fresh content for both our print and online platforms.

We're looking for:

Non-fiction essays
UNSW campus reports & updates
Social commentary
Opinion pieces
Reviews
Short fiction

Poetry
Online columns
Drawings
Comics
Photography
Everything in between

How to pitch:

Do you have a killer idea but need some editorial guidance?

E-mail us at tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au with the following info:

1. Your name:
2. Your pitch in 100 - 200 words: what do you want to write/make?
3. Word count/medium/platform
4. Include any examples of previous work (optional)

Stay in the loop:

Make sure to join our THARUNKA 2019 CONTRIBUTORS Facebook group to keep up to date with call-outs for the next issue and follow us online at www.facebook.com/Tharunka and [@tharunkaunsw](https://www.instagram.com/tharunkaunsw) on Instagram.

Belis Beattie	
Hamish Duncan	3m
Joshua Fayez	10m
Maddy Flook	27m
Dexter Gordon	
Yvette Hammerschmidt	
Nadia Hirst	1m
Tanya Hong	
Claire Keenan	
Laura Muller	4h
Lexman Palanirajan	1h
Rhys Rushton	
Rohit Turner	
Jimmy Wiseau	1y

