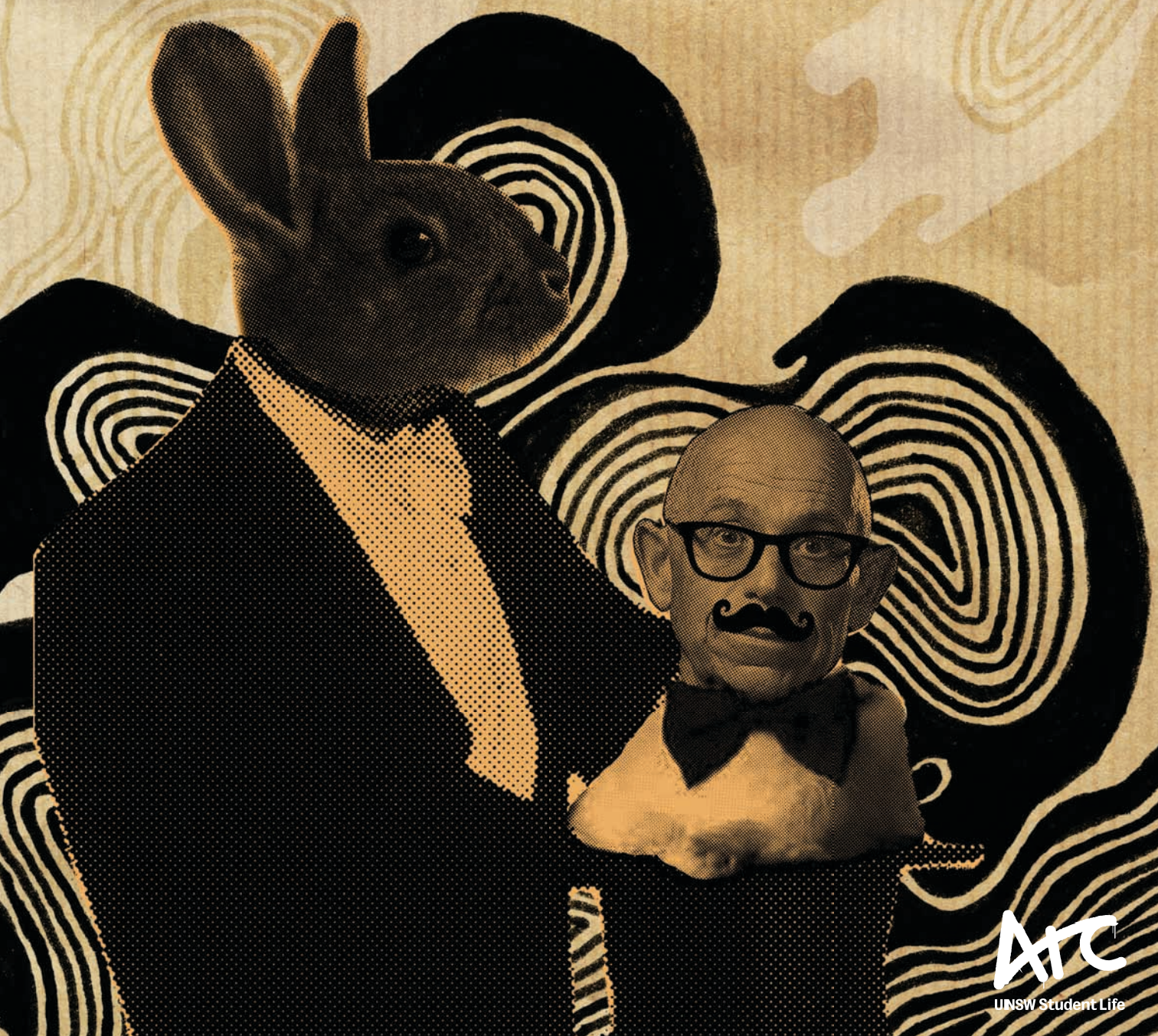


# THARUNKA

UNSW STUDENT PUBLICATION   ISSUE ONE   VOLUME 57





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# Editorial

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Dear UNSW

Welcome to the first edition of Tharunka 2011! The start of a new year always brings about lots of changes, reflections and projections, and there is a bit of that for you here. Irina Belsky writes about the amazing other-worldliness of the Moscow subway, Tom Geba gets philosophical about animal testing, Liz Stern hangs aRound with the Doctor and James Cater makes the trek from Kensington to the western suburbs on the election campaign trail.

We've also thrown in a couple of rather spiffing pieces of creative fiction on the eclectic themes of a jilted bush poet and a cynically, morally questionable teen cancer patient. Lastly, Kate Farquharson navigates culture and identity through a transfixing, COFA exhibited body of photos.

Happy reading and much love (hoping you enjoy our origami surprise!),

**THARUNKA** Editorial '11.

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Tharunka acknowledges the traditional custodians of  
the land on which the University now stands.

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Tharunka editing team.

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# Comments & Letters

Dear Editors,

I write to you with a pressing concern that I believe affects all UNSW students. Recently, I noticed that general student elections are being held on campus. Stopping to quiz the candidates, I asked whether UNSW intends to re-affiliate with the National Union of Students (NUS). Candidates from both tickets affirmed it was their intention to re-affiliate with the union.

This year will be the sixth year I have spent on campus as a full time student. During that time I never seen or heard any evidence of an NUS presence on campus. I've seen not a flier, nor a poster. I've heard about no NUS campaigns or whether they were a success or a failure.

I am not anti-union, nor am I a Young Liberal or associated with the Young Liberals in any way. On the contrary, I have been a member of the MEAA and have also helped with the ACTU climate change program - 'the union climate connectors'. In 2005, I also travelled to an NUS conference as a media observer. Given this experience, it is my belief that NUS does little or nothing to serve the everyday needs of students on the UNSW campus.

I strongly believe that the money that goes to NUS affiliation could be better spent on local, practical programs for students. Such programs could include childcare places, better transport, better campus sustainability or additional opening hours of food facilities for post-graduate students such as myself who are on campus late at night.

I would like a (printed) response from the UNSW Representative Council on this issue in Tharunka. In this response please include the following information for the benefit of readers and transparency:

- A) How much is currently spent on NUS affiliation?
- B) How much has historically been spent on NUS affiliation?
- C) Why does the UNSW Representative Council believe the money spent on NUS affiliation is more worthwhile than local services for students?

**Alex Serpo**

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## Short List

Admittance to UNSW through its elite Athletics and performers program has increased to 267 in 2011, up from 30 in 2009, the first year the program ran. The program allows students up to a five point bonus on their ATAR rank and flexible study arrangements, eligible to students who demonstrate 'excellence through performing arts, scholastic achievement or leadership on a national or international level.'

The centre for refugee research will offer several internships in India and Thailand in November for students enrolled in the Master of Social Development and Master of Arts Development Studies programs. Applications close March 15th, through their website.

The NSW Department of Health has announced funding of \$1.5 million over five years for the establishment of a Healthy Built Environments Program in the Faculty of Built Environment. The Program has the suitably vague mission of "providing leadership on health and the built environment, and deliver innovative education and workplace development." The set-up phase is envisaged to take six months, over which time a committee will undertake clarification of the mission jargon.

Penny Griffin, at the School of Social Sciences and International Studies, has been awarded the annual IPEG prize for her book *Gendering the World Bank: Neoliberalism and the Gendered Foundations of Global Governance*, concerned with "the performativity of the World Bank and its discursive (heteronormative) articulation of neoliberalism." The book, which offers

"fresh and innovative analysis of the manner in which neoliberal development strategy is gendered through heterosexual configurations of World Bank discourse", is also a shoe-in for the New York Times Best Seller wooden spoon award.

Applications for the Social Policy Research Centre Internship Program close in three weeks. The internship is open for postgraduate or senior undergraduate students who are considering a career or further study in social policy. Four internships will be offered, and these commence in the second half of 2011. See the Intern Coordinator at the Social Policy Research Centre.

Interesting developments on the Building Electricity Usage Leaderboard (at <http://sustainability.unsw.edu.au>) show the colleges (International House, Baxter, Basser and Goldstein) with large reductions in electricity usage from last year (down 44.5%), whilst there have been increases at the Blockhouse (up 4%), the Library (up 43%) and the Law Building (up 40%).

## Calendar

The School of English, Media & Performing Arts are presenting a new work based on the works of Euripides. *Women of Troy*, supported by the Creative Practice & Research Unit, is set in the days following the destruction of Troy by the Greek armies. "It is an epic drama of moral struggles of faith, doubt and reason," the blurb reads. "Through the voices of the women we hear a clear

indictment of the futility of war and our human potential for cruelty." *Women of Troy* is directed by Jeremy James. Io Myers Theatre, 7.30pm 7th-12th March, \$15/\$8.

The 16th annual folio exhibition of final year works by Master of Urban Development & Design students will showcase urban projects from Venice, Portland & Sydney. Professor Karl Fischer (School of Architecture, Urban Landscape & Planning at University of Kassel, Germany) will give the Paul Reid lecture. UNSW Scientia Auditorium & Red Centre Gallery, 7pm 9th March.

The COFA Annual Alumni Exhibition will feature works from John Aslanidis, Denis Beaubois, Shaun Gladwell, Angelica Mesiti and Khaled Sabsabi. Kudos Gallery, 6 Napier St. Paddington, Wed to Fri 11am - 6pm, Sat 11am - 4pm, 9th - 19th March.

The John Hume Institute for Global Irish Studies presents Siobhán McHugh from the University of Wollongong on the topic of "Mixed marriage and the myth of 'Anglo-Celtic' Australia." Siobhán McHugh has written three books, non-fiction work, and has produced content for ABC Radio and Television. Robert Webster 327, 11th March, 6pm.

A retrospective of works by Jim Anderson, co-editor of counter culture magazine *Oz* between 1967 and 1973 is now showing at the Tin Shed gallery. *Lampoon - An Historical Trajectory* is a collection of Anderson's magazine covers, photography and photo montage work. Tin Shed Gallery, 148 City Rd Darlington, till 12th March, Tue to Sat 11am - 5pm.

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# Anger and Apathy on the Campaign Trail

*By James Cater*

The M4 takes me into a part of the city seldom seen: I'm heading west, into the sprawl. My destination is St. Mary's in the Western Sydney seat of Mulgoa. High-rise has eroded into a flat horizon of one and two stories, most houses are built with brick, with shutters on the windows and double bolted locks. Some of the luxurious McMansions armour themselves in tacky, fleur de lice spear fences, burglar alarms and security cameras. It's going to be a hot day. Probably 37°C or more- but the political-news cycle carries on regardless.

Carl von Clausewitz said that "War is the continuation of politics by other means". It seems that in modern times, the opposite is true. Politics, or at least 'the campaign', has taken on the form of a battlefield. Even a politician as inept, uncharismatic and dull as Tony Abbott knows this much. The language of war and politics run parallel to each other, and the vocabulary of war leaks into political rhetoric. In extreme cases, political leaders have even declared 'war' on abstract nouns; like drugs, terror and crime. Decisive conflict and strategy are what the Australian political struggle of Labor and Liberal used to be about. Currently, Australia's political conflict has become so diluted that it has developed into a stalemate of anger and apathy. From the front lines, the duel between two parties seems to have no ideological base; it's become a mechanized, grinding, war of attrition.

Commands have been passed down the line from Head Office to office bearers- those who coordinate the sweep of suburbia. I'm along for the ride, front seat of this air-conditioned Commodore. Behind the wheel, sits Adam; a veteran of the trail. Volunteering in his part time, and working for a trade union; he's fully immersed. I am merely a pawn, a rookie, an outside observer. One of many in the fields of rank and file, a paperboy to be delivered into Census Collection Districts, by the Commodore cavalry. On arrival I am greeted by an excited policy discussion,

taking place amongst the party mix of veterans, rookies and office bearers. As soon as our running candidate Prue Guillaume arrives, we get to business. While the purple shirts, maps and fliers are distributed, she gives a quick pep talk. These speeches remind us that "Labor's strength comes from holding true to its principles. People vote for us because we believe and fight for workers' rights and public services."

Sadly, but understandably, most of the people you meet in the streets don't give a fuck anymore. Sometimes it seems that the only people who take this battle seriously are those who fight it- those young political animals who work in packs, assaulting mail boxes with fliers, pamphlets and propaganda. When gathered together, we may appear all smiles and jokes; but underlying the atmosphere is grave seriousness. There is a job to be done; these people have come to fight 'the good fight'. I'm "Doing What's Right"; just like the brochures say, marching the red line marked on my map, spreading the word, for the party. Many of my friends and associates within Labor have already completed their degrees, or have full time jobs, and yet they are out here with me; in the 37° heat, doing paperboy work for free.

Beneath the pleasantries that come with the collective 'solidarity', an internal conflict simmers below the surface: the factions 'Socialist Left' and 'Centre Unity'. In a quiet word with me, my comrade informs me of the difference between them: "The Left believe that in the 1980's and 90's the party lost its socialist tradition. Centre Unity or 'the Right' is the more progressive faction, which is socially conservative and economically liberal. The Left criticizes us for being 'Machiavellian', but it's about building a broader constituent base to get the votes, and incorporating Middle Australia". He asks me how I joined the Labor party.

"The Whitlam Club pavilion at O-Week," I reply- the Labor Left society at UNSW.

Adam tells me that he originally joined the Left in university, like me, then changed over to the Right when he realized that 'they were ones that got things done.' And I can't argue with him there. The Right are the ones in command. They are the ones that manufacture the glossy paper, provide the transport, give the speeches and organize the rank and file into action. These future leaders come along for the ride; always moving, on the go, meeting people, erecting A-frames, cooking barbeques, shaking hands, looking busy- which they are; busy with the career, playing politics like a game.

But I hold my tongue- on the trail it is an unwritten rule, that the Left and Right bury their disagreements and factions are not discussed. One of the first things they teach you in the Labor Party is Solidarity. As Faulkner said in the senate in 2005: "There is nothing inherently wrong or undemocratic about like-minded people voting together to maximize their chances of success. It is, after all, the principle of Party politics. When such groupings are based not on shared beliefs but on shared venality, factionalism goes bad." And it's factionalism that's strangling the ALP, and why the Left are fighting a losing battle to keep as many of the good people as they can. Labor stagnated because party memberships dropped, allowing factional influence to manipulate the party's traditional socialist ideology to better their interests.

So that's why nobody cares. Because politics has been watered down by all the low content, high-color, slogans and campaigning. During the '80s and '90s under Hawke and Keating, party values were abandoned and society underwent a radical change through microeconomic reform. Australians were already cynical of the politician, then witnessed all the 'non-core' election promises of the





Howard Years, while their cost of living rose, their public services deteriorated and more of our homegrown assets were sold overseas for short term profit. People lost interest completely when the individual's struggle for survival took priority, and their representation became diluted by wealth's growing influence over the media.

With the letterboxing over and done with and the day cooling down, we cruise back on the M4- leaving the suburbs. Arcade Fire burns on the radio: Let's take a drive, through the sprawl- through these towns they built to change. Shuttered, barred and bolted fortresses pass me by; fearful of intruders and invaders, apathetic to my uninspired junk that is stuffed in their mailbox. Big, black dogs patrol some of their yards. I don't even go near those houses. Fuck that. Delivering a pamphlet is not worth the risk of getting my jugular ripped open.

Rottweiler's aside; there are good people here. I've met them door knocking. Most people are patient and understanding, they listen to what you have to say- it's just that we don't have much to offer apart from rehearsed dialogue and scrap paper.

Away from the grinding attrition, with the ocean coming into view and a cool breeze blowing through my passenger window, things are a little more clear. In order to end this stalemate, I believe we must revive Clausewitz's First Extreme of war and politics: The Maximum Use of Force. To escalate the Australian political engagement back to what it used to be, we need to bring in greater numbers. More people involved within party politics, is after all, what dissolves factional dominance. Not just more careerist hacks, or political animals- we need normal people most of all.

The wheel's break to a smooth halt in front of the driveway.

"We'll need people next weekend for door knocking. Are you free next Saturday?"

"Fuck yeah, I am. Count me in."

"Good to hear it."

Dropped off outside my house, Adam wishes me farewell and the Commodore flies away. Inside, away from the subsiding afternoon heat, I get comfortable on the

couch and flick on ABC 24 to watch the PR marionettes dance; competing on camera for the 'who can look the saddest for flood victims' award. Tony's frustrated attempts to display human emotion are upstaged as Julia turns on the waterworks. Performance, not policy, is what wins elections today.

I campaign because Labor, despite its sickness, is still capable of renewal. It still represents a large basis of popular support for progressive social and economic policy, and isn't just an anti-political protest party like the Greens. Our dated party 'machine' needs to forget the textbook style campaign management and political science 101. If we can no longer maintain the squeaky clean, rubber facade that divides people from government, then it's time to rip it off and show the reality to the public. Politics must rid itself of its reactionary tendency to the news cycle. For this to occur; better journalism, an improved class of reporting standard and professionalism are what we must demand from our media.

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# Rusland Underground

Moscow squeezed through 300 kilometres of concrete tube.

*By Irina Belsky*

All it takes to enter the tunnels of Moscow's Metro Underground is 28 rubles (equivalent to 1 American dollar). Beyond the turnstile, there are no further ticket checks- after you enter, you are free to travel the spider web of railway that spans the entire city. Peak hour and the intimidating pulse of the crowd and claustrophobic tunnels awaits below me. Nine million people use these underground trains per day, and to do so they must descend some of the longest escalators in the world.

I grip the handrail a little tighter- a childhood fear of tripping into the abyss plays at the back of my mind so to distract myself from the thought of slipping I focus on the commercial boards on the walls that sail past me. Sluggishly, I'm towed along on the steep automatic stairs that run down to the platform. Going back up is even more precarious; the decrepit electric motors struggle against gravity, making the climb agonisingly slower.

Metro train trips are the complete opposite of the journeys up and down the vertical conveyer. They carry a real sense of danger about them; bursting out from the coagulated arteries of the city, hitting platform lights with a loud, distressing scream. When the doors open at peak hour, people break out from the crowded train, ready to shove aside anyone in their way. Then once you are seated or standing within the carriages themselves, the strangers begin to lose their anonymity- staring at each other from seats lining opposing walls (or pressed close together when the trains get packed tighter than a spam can on a paint shaker). There must be a constant awareness of your own



footing- any jolt has the potential to throw you off your balance at high speed, to the floor or onto a newfound comrade's lap.

Strangers cease to be strangers once you ride together; drunk men with swollen faces collapse onto the seats in a stupor, spreading the stench of a three day booze fest around them. Next to me is a homeless man with miles of cotton bandage wrapped around his swollen feet, puss stubbornly seeping through the multiple layers. His shoes had been cut open because the combination of the swelling and the bandages were too big to be contained. Only the soles remained, tied down to the feet somehow. A young, good-looking gypsy boy comes through the carriage with an accordion, busking. He sits down opposite me and counts his earnings, ignoring the world for a moment. Dried blood on his knuckles and dead, tired eyes.

The people you meet on the surreal expeditions into Moscow's subterranean microcosm have a tendency to culture shock the unprepared. Six years ago, while visiting my family, I believed that I was gradually becoming reaccustomed to the city, and traversed the tunnels confidently, caught up in the never ending beat.

It was on a seemingly typical, calm afternoon that I went through the motions- the ticket machines, the escalators, the stairs, the platform bustle, the train doors- and managed to grab a seat. With peak hour past, the carriage was almost empty. Feeling drowsy, I stared vacantly at the writing on the doors ('Do not lean'), which was completely ignored by a tired man in a suit, who slumped lazily against them. The train stopped at Kitai Gorod



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station. Sliding doors opened and closed, and as I turned my head they came in from the platform: a boy not much older than thirteen pushing a wheelchair. The old man sitting in it, with bitter blue eyes and pale sickly skin, seemed almost unaware of his surroundings, seeing nothing. Hanging from an old, dirty and worn out military jacket were partisan medals. A veteran of World War II or, in Russian speak, the Great Patriotic War, begging for petty cash. A hideous destruction of dignity and pride was taking place right before me and all I could do was watch.

He remained silent. The boy accompanying him called out to beg: "Show some kindness, please give something to the veteran of the Great Patriotic War, he has suffered enough and anything you can give will be appreciated, God bless you, please spare some change!" As he spoke, the boy offered up a worn out hat to the passengers for change.

The veteran did not speak. His arm thrust out an empty open palm almost viciously. It as though he resented everyone, without distinguishing between the apathetic or the charitable. I reached into my handbag for coins but my wallet had fallen to the

very bottom, lost in the usual clutter. Rummaging desperately for it, I was afraid that they would pass me by. As the train screamed through the tunnels, its noise reduced the boy's pleas to fragments of sound. By the time the wheelchair had stopped right in front of me, I had found no money to give. I lifted my eyes. Him in his chair, me in my seat, our eyes levelled and met.

I had never ever in my entire life, seen an expression like his- desperation, hatred, shame, disgust, bitterness, hopelessness, exhaustion, pain. He looked at me for a long excruciating moment, my hand frozen around my empty wallet. When he finally turned away I realised that not only had I given him nothing- I was also in his way; my legs outstretched and blocking his path. I made a frantic attempt to move, going red in the face, but he didn't wait. Violently, the chair was pushed forward- I saved my feet just in time. Moving on, the veteran continued to thrust his hand into faces of indifferent passengers as if I had never existed. The boy had grown tired of shouting out his slogans and the pair continued down the carriage silently, while some stared, others looked away. When the train came to a halt they got off quietly, without ever saying one word to each other then disappeared into the crowd.

That man and his boy were victims of the controversial reforms to the social benefits system introduced by President Putin around the same time, six years ago. Initially, the Russian social security system covered multiple demographics of people (military conscripts, pensioners, people with disabilities and people who



received disabilities in WWII, those who lived through the Leningrad Siege) and was based on preferences- non monetary benefits such as free medicines, free local transport and medical treatment.

The reforms replaced these benefits and subsidies with cash payments which were meant to be of equivalent values to the non monetary preferences. Unfortunately, many felt that the changes were unfair and that the cash payments they would receive were nowhere close to covering the initial value of the benefits. At the time of the protests, living expenses were expected to rise between 30-40 per cent and thus for groups such as pensioners in particular, the payments were not even enough to cover basic essentials. For some people from poorer regions the changes meant that they could potentially be deprived of the cash benefits as well, if the budget of regional governments was insufficient to cover their costs.

Hundreds and thousands of people from different regions of the country, including pensioners, had spilled out onto the streets to protest against the monetization of social benefits. Despite





**Sergei Sobyanin, Moscow's new mayor**

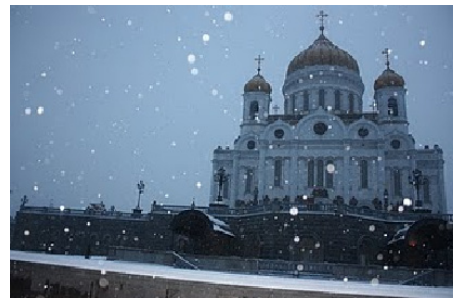


the protests and the evident shortcomings of the new policies, the government got its way, as it always does in Russia. Some concessions were made to pacify the public. The protests were suppressed, the most active participants arrested. Discussion closed.

All of that was more than six years ago. I had been to Russia numerous times since then and had never again come across a scene quite so tragic in the metro. Things are slowly improving, in people's eyes and the look of the city. Moscow's newly appointed mayor, Sergei Sobyenin has promised to reaffirm social stability in the city, taking a particular concern to many of the city's forgotten veterans and pensioners. There is renewed optimism for Moscow's future, despite a long history of economic instability, high unemployment, and a corrupt and inefficient bureaucracy. Many great challenges await Sobyenin and the city of Moscow- structural economic change, major pollution problems, a global financial crisis and a rapidly shifting social geography, yet hope for a better future endures.

As I wait to hit steady ground and make my run onto the next train along with hundreds of Muscovites, the images of poverty are replaced by images of the places I had seen and the people who have been kind to me. I am reminded again why I love this place, and why I will always return.

Passing down the old Arbat streets echoes of a distant past hit me and I am reminded of the beauty of Moscow's architecture- the might of the Red Square and the Kremlin and the secrets it holds inside its walls; the gigantic buildings, highways and trading complexes; the impressive winters and the icy rain, covering all trees, roofs, sign posts, cars and any other available surface in a thick chunky layer of frozen water; the abundance of culture, food, music, history, hospitality, humour and kindness. And, despite everything, or maybe even because of it - the beauty of the city's metro.

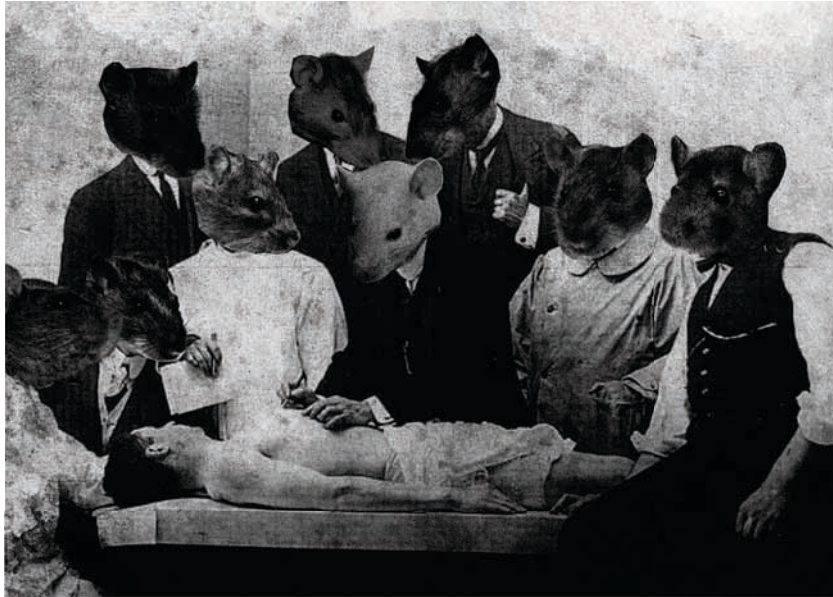




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# Justifying the Means in Animal Research

*By Tom Geba*



Ryland Taylor and Melissa Moore are a pair of cancer researchers at the ANZAC Institute in Concord. They study the effects of cachexia, a condition that affects some 80% of cancer sufferers. It is responsible for the drastic loss of fat and muscle tissue and is ultimately the cause of 30% cancer deaths.

This research relies on live mice – the creatures are injected with cancer cells that grow in their bodies. The short lifespan and fast metabolism of mice allows them to develop disease symptoms that would take years to exhibit in humans. But, when the research phase is over, the mice are euthanised through cervical dislocation and their tissues prepared for post-mortem study.

Or, more simply, “we break their necks” - oncologist Moore explains in layman’s terms.

This is where a lot of people’s problem with animal research begins – the paradox being animals can be tested on because

they are similar to people, yet different enough so that moral and ethical issues are not an issue. “It all comes down to how society perceives it,” Taylor says, noting that animal research is but a small percentage of the millions of animals killed for consumption or use in the textile industry.

“It is considered more taboo that killing and eating a pig or setting down traps.” And keeping the mice as pets or allowing them to live would be too cruel, Moore says.

The two researchers reassure that cervical dislocation is quick, clean and a relatively painless death for their subjects. But they make it clear the ugly aspect of their work does not leave them without some moral guilt.

“I didn’t enjoy it,” Moore says, recalling her very first mouse euthanasia. “I felt I was going to pass out.”

“It was tough,” Taylor agrees. “My main concern was not to cause the mouse a lot of pain, that I didn’t screw it up.”

But for animal rights activists choosing the most humane way to kill a mouse is not the only problem. “Our greater concern is the suffering that can incur during experimental procedures,” Animal Rights Australia liaison Sarah Evans says, adding that lab animals are often kept in impoverished conditions that negatively affect their physical and mental wellbeing.

And while modern animal research carries a certain promise of strict regulations that improve on a lot of past practices, the public’s consciousness remains burdened by the more extreme procedures conducted in the name of science. For years, the flag example of animal cruelty was the Draize eye test, used by some cosmetics companies, which has rabbits’ eyes exposed to irritating substances causing unbearable pain.

Taylor says this test is no longer carried out in Australia, given its high standard of animal ethics.

“No animal research may be conducted without the approval of an Animal Ethics Committee,” Industry & Investment NSW spokesperson Tom Braz says. “Australia and New South Wales have leading animal research legislation.”

These committees are composed of a researcher, a veterinarian, an animal welfare representative and an independent member of the public. They decide which organisations get to work on animals and which don’t, and can penalise those who deviate from the law.

Before being allowed to work on mice, Moore and Taylor went through a series of compulsory animal handling and ethics courses.

“You treat the animal with as much respect as you possibly can and not cause them excessive harm,” Taylor says.

“You never feel happy that you have to kill an animal,” Moore adds.

But what use are these stringent laws if research can be outsourced overseas? In 2009, an Indian-owned biotech centre opened in Malaysia, where low to non-

existent animal welfare regulations allow live research on dogs and primates. A Malaysian Government official sparked further outrage when he argued animals were created by God purely for human benefit.

But the second and perhaps more significant criticism of animal research is that it may not be as useful as commonly believed.

“Not all scientists believe that animal experimentation is necessary for progress in human health” Evans says, naming numerous examples. Many dangerous substances such as asbestos and arsenic (and cigarettes) have originally passed for safe in animal testing. In the US, 92% of new drugs that work on animals fail in clinical trials on humans.

And animal testing seems more guesswork than science to Dr Ralph Haywood of Huntington Life Sciences, the “correlation of adverse toxic relations between human and animal data” at less than 25%, Evans says.

“We certainly can do better, in fact it would be hard to do worse.”

“It is folly to base human cancer research on mice or any other animal species.”

Moore and Taylor disagree. They say foregoing animals would equate the loss of a guarantee that new medications and health products are safe for use. They claim most medications, including antibiotics, would not be readily available without animal testing.

“It comes down to what you’re capable to do with research that doesn’t involve animals and what is acceptable to do with research on humans, unfortunately those [options] are rather limited” Taylor says.

Evans argues that these options are only limited by the research organisations’ reluctance to change established scientific methods. She lists some alternatives, such as micro-dosing of medication (human testing using smaller doses), growing human cell cultures and building computer DNA models.

But Moore and Taylor claim there is currently no suitable synthetic or cell culture model that could yield the same results as working on a live animal, especially with advanced illnesses like cancer cachexia, which affects multiple organs in the body.

It seems animal research is not only limited by progress - it is constantly defined by the boundaries of what we consider ethical and justifiable.



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# Walama Muru\*

*By Cameron McPhedran*



One Sunday last semester, at around seven in the morning, an eclectic group of bleary-eyed strangers set off for rural New South Wales. We were taking part in a program called Walama Muru, which has visited Nanima and Wellington since 2008 as part of a reconciliation strategy involving both indigenous and non-indigenous students. By the evening of the following Friday we were more than a little fucked for uni, but it was totally worth it.

Our program had a few main objectives. The most time and energy consuming of these was to dig up the grass and turf of the Nanima pre-school, resurface it, and put in a new playground. Some of the

kids took the day off to work alongside us. They were industrious, cheeky and had boundless energy in the battle against weeds and bindies. Later they became our formidable adversaries in touch football and bull rush, manically charging around and making us feel clunky and old. They became Kev, Tia, Charles and G-Unit to us, and we became figures such as ‘the World’s Strongest Man’ and ‘the World’s Strongest Woman’ to them.

Another objective was to improve our understanding of the Nanima and Wellington indigenous community. Nanima is a small village, and over the past three months the organisation in charge of its maintenance had closed down. This

meant that there was no-one to clean the streets or pick up the garbage, and the only grocery shop had gone insolvent. There were heartbreaking stories, including that of an old woman stuck in her house for health reasons, and dependent on her emphysema ridden husband. For over three years, she had unsuccessfully applied to various government agencies for the installation of carpet and heating to stop the continuing decline in her health.

It wasn’t all bleak. We were privileged to witness numerous stories of hope and resilience in Nanima and Wellington, including a campfire talk from a local tribal elder revealing how his people had successfully preserved traditional culture

despite policies of forced removal. We heard how since the shop in Nanima had closed, residents had carpooled to ensure that those without a vehicle could get necessities. Hardship has drawn Nanima's residents even closer than before.

On Wednesday we visited Wellington Public School to participate in NAIDOC celebrations. We conducted clinics with the kids in basketball, soccer and rugby league and did had reading sessions, hip hop and dance classes. I loved the nostalgia of reading "How the Kangaroos Got Their Tails" out loud just as my own primary school teacher had so many years ago. At lunch we shared a kangaroo barbeque with the kids, and in the afternoon we were invited to watch the school's Rock Eisteddfod and its small but determined eight member band.

In the evenings we became addicted to card games like Mafia, and in the mornings we walked while the sun glistened on the cold leaves.

Paul Kelly sang that 'from little things big things grow'. I can only hope that we transfer the impetus for reconciliation throughout the University and our lives as successfully as we did in Nanima and Wellington. Because if there's one thing I learnt from Walama Muru, it's is that we can most positively enable change in indigenous and non-indigenous



relationships from our own communities, and that this is the most challenging but ultimately empowering way to achieve social change. Because beyond the Intervention, Palm Island and the Redfern Riots, there is a world of hope out there which we at Walama Muru are building on year after year!

**\* Walama Muru is a program where Arc members visit Nanima and Wellington in the mid-semester break of Semester Two each year. The Arc co-ordinators each year change, but the Nuru Gili co-ordinators are Mick Peachey and Cheryl Ah-See. Walama Muru is currently seeking volunteers for 2011 under the co-ordination of Michael Cox and Billie Heron.**





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# Hanging aRound with the Doctor

By Elizabeth Stern

There is something rather intimidating about interviewing someone whose job primarily involves interviewing people, and speaking with the world-famous. Indeed, triple j radio personality and host The Doctor, or Lindsay McDougall in his spare time, was certainly a character famous enough to elicit many 'wow!'s from my friends and colleagues. Yet the man himself proved to be much like his radio station – laid-back yet enthusiastic, very engaging, and yet not afraid to label himself as 'a pretentious dickhead' about his music.

The reason I was lucky enough to speak with the Doctor was that on the 3rd of March, Thursday Wk 1, triple j will be broadcasting Live from the Roundhouse, with the Doctor joined by special guests rapper Illy and M-Phazes, indie band Boy and Bear, and the illustrious Chaser boys, along with the gents of triple j's breakfast radio and our own lovely ladies from UNSW CheerSoc.

With this promotional spiel completed, the Doctor and I discussed his reasons for the student-based event – he had apparently become 'very jealous' of everyone talking about going back to university (having only spent 3 months there himself, many moons ago), and decided to go back to class too. Hence the mixed bag of university 'drop-outs and success stories' assembled as guests and acts – for instance, Illy is studying law, and the Chaser boys are all graduates of Sydney University. I promised not to hold this against them, even though a few of them edited our rival, the USyd magazine Honi Soit, back in the day.

But for the Doctor, this live broadcast is more about directly connecting with students, who make up a large part of triple j's 18-30 year old market. By getting out of his 'little capsule' in the office, the

Doctor hopes to get into the audience itself & hear them actually groan at his bad jokes. When asked what he thought students really wanted from their music, apart from it being free, the Doctor went psychological; '(it's about) stuff they can identify with...not stuff that is being beamed AT them, but stuff that is being written and recorded FOR them'. This, he thinks, is to do with the impact of better and faster technology upon the music

scene; modern music is now about more product getting out more quickly. Because of course, 'no matter how many people are making music, there's only going to be only so much GOOD music out there'. Thus, it's our generation that gets fixated on finding a great new song or band before everyone else, given the rapidity of social networking.

Triple j gets into this act too – mega acts such as Boy and Bear were first 'discovered' on their talent search machine, triple j 'Unearthed.' The Doctor finds this feeling of contribution to the Australian music scene most gratifying; 'it's amazing seeing so many bands we (triple j) had championed from the start... and thinking, I guess we got it right!' And for a man like Lindsay McDougall, who seems to eat, breathe and sleep music (describing his 8-9 hour work days as not only 'unheard of', but also how he spends his spare time), this involvement is a real 'music nerd' thing, seeing the styles and influences on new acts being developed into something different and beautiful.

In parting, the Doctor said he was looking forward to writing more music himself for his band Frenzal Rhomb, which he describes as more of a 'boutique, heritage act' now, given its inception in his early 20s. He also hopes that UNSW students will feel happy to bring along their 'slightly dumber mates', because the show is open to all comers. After all, with radio shows like triple j, and especially with break-out acts like the one's appearing at the Round, sometimes it really is all about the music.

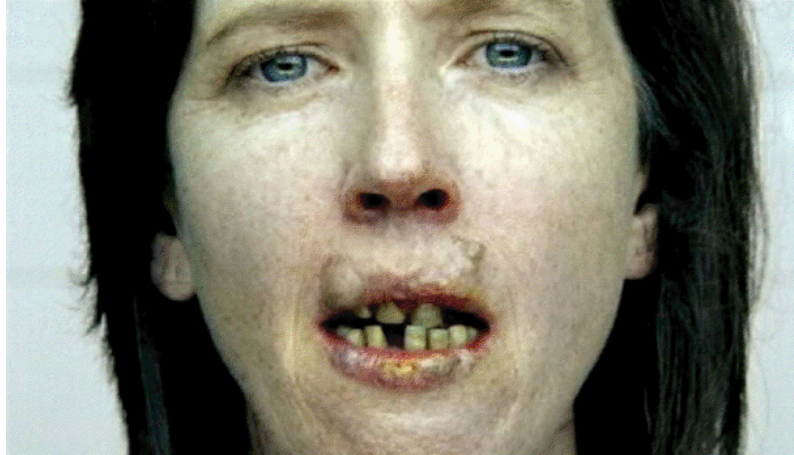
*triple j's The Doctor broadcast live from the UNSW Roundhouse, with a host of special guests, on Thursday 3rd March.*



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# Cancer, Remember?

By Betty Wheezer



Today I woke up as an ugly, 16 year old girl with cancer. It was a crude shock but I suppose the packaging of those delicious death sticks warned me plenty enough. I'd become a festering second-hand smoker, a bed-ridden adolescent, with the words **DON'T LET YOUR CHILDREN BREATHE YOUR SMOKE** emblazoned in bold across my hideous portrait.

My mother brings lunch to my bedside. It's something fancy. I don't really care to eat but do anyway. Stan, my former self, was hungry.

After that my mother gives me five minutes to myself. She must realise I have cancer not retardation. I go to the pisser. She hasn't cleaned it in a while and that pisses me off.

I lift up my dress. It's gross. I feel like a teenager uncovering gold, but when your 42 and grew up in the "shave era" you're seen better. This girl hasn't hit a razor. I decide to help her out. I became the slut I've wanted to be as an adolescent boy. I begin to chizzle between my thighs. You smoke a pack a day for 20 years and suddenly you're a frigid mother lover, a horse face who can't finish her English essay.

Now I'm a slut, so maybe I can woo the teacher with a handy, sleep my way to the top. Better than smoking your way to the bottom. One coughing fit later reminds me of The Cancer again. "FML", I say as a teenager.

I slap off my dirty hospital gown. It's soiled with three days worth of sweat. I throw my skinny bones into the shower, soaking the shit out of my hair and skin; I feel less grimy, but still cancerous.

I tell my mum to get me my fucking coffee. What have I got to lose? I have cancer, remember.

"But you don't drink coffee" she replied. She's fat. She's a fat bitch in an apron. She reminds me of my mother-in-law.

"Get me my coffee bitch!" I repeat. "Three spoons, I'm tired". She goes to stop me. "I have cancer, remember?"

She brings it to my room. She leaves. I go for a wank but am confused. I drink more coffee. Having cancer is boring.

I raid my mother's closet. She's got some slutty clothes. I'm happy. I put it on and prance around.

I go to a bar. The drip is still in my arm. People look at me. Some creep in the corner wants to fuck me. People don't give a shit about I.D. Having cancer when you don't feel like horseshit is fun. People let you do things without question. And anyway you can drink those horseshit blues right to the grave. What have I got to lose?

I sit down on some creep's lap. He sits alone in the corner alone. He's a Jew. Mother would not approve. He has a hard on. Father would not approve. I should fuck this guy.

I whisper in his ear "The cancer held my period back for a few years..." and stroke his leg.

He takes me home. We have sex. It's not satisfying. I make him wear a 'domy. He's too polite, too sweet. I expect him to brutalise the shit out of this body, but no, he holds open my door.

I leave and start trying to bum a lift out the front. People of course stop for a little girl with a drip plugged into her arm. The cars line up around the block. I take the creepiest.

The guy offers me a smoke. I am happy. I smoke the fuck out of it and he laughs at my metal stand jammed in the back.

“What’s that for?” he asks through gold plated teeth and a cowboy hat. He has weasel-like features. I didn’t think he’s my type.  
“Cancer,” I cough. My girly lungs aren’t used to the tobacco. “Let me out you sick cunt. I have cancer.”

He pulls over. I go into a nightclub on some strip I’m unfamiliar with. Strippers are everywhere. I want to pick myself up one of those dykes. I buy myself a lap dance.

The performer is reluctant. I tell the bitch to dance. I pull her harder onto my moist groin.

“Grind harder bitch!” I say, clawing at her arse with my feeble hands.

“Hey you can’t do that! Get off me,” she screams.

“But I have cancer,” and start with the waterworks. Now she’s grinding like a good girl.

When I’m sated, I go into the den and try to pick up a dyke, the fattest with the most piercings. She seems a little interested. I rub up her thighs. They invite me back to their place. I go with them.  
By now, bedtime, my mother is going nuts. Fuck her. I have cancer and want some fun.

Their place is a shithole. It smells of cashews, tomato sauce, tequila and cat piss. There’s junk in the yard. I disapprove. We get sloshed there and I get nasty with a few of the dykes. They must have taken pity.

The next morning I get a lift home. My mother is pissed. I tell her she has a fat arse.

“You have a fat arse” Her arse is like a three foot wide bowling ball. “I needed some fun... I have cancer.”

Then I start chucking blood. I hate cancer. I spent the day in bed ordering my mother around because I can. It’s very entertaining. The doctor comes around and I only have a 10 per cent chance of living; a month or two. That works for me. I hate this fucking body. I might try and get myself killed.

I go to one strip club after another. In every joint I scab drinks from losers who pity a little girl with cancer. It’s easy with a drip. I fuck around, act like the lost bimboette from Gilligan’s Island. Helpless and disabled.

Everyone enjoys themselves.  
I go to some teeny parties and throw myself at boys with girlfriends and experimenting teen sluts, who are experimenting. I have some bongs. I take some pills and fuck some boys, then some girls, then both, at the same time.  
I go on a road trip and take some acid with dicers, roamers; drugged up Mexican hippies after endless waves. I let a few fuck me. We find some coke. I rub it into my gums.

Then I’m dead.

I wake up a 42-year old Stan with wifey pampering me. She gets cigarettes and I don’t, not with this thing hooked in.

“Where’s my pills?”

Fuck I love life.

“More coffee bitch.”



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# Bush Poets

*By Jack Jelbart*



Harry Chapman, 35, poet, is sitting at a table on the veranda of The Silverton Hotel, in Silverton, NSW. He is not at all happy about this; about being in Silverton, about why he's come to Silverton.

Silverton, which is in the vicinity of Broken Hill, is about as 'bush' as civilization gets, it's pressed right up against the savagery. Chapman is able to watch the savagery from the relative safety and comfort of his station at the veranda, where he peruses the comforting dual indulgences of cigarettes and booze.

Chapman and Randal, also a poet, have come here for the desert. To see the desert, which now that it is seen – and from this vantage can't be unseen – strikes Chapman as not in the least bit absurd.

"There is no way of describing what I see," he addresses Randal, who's stepped outside now, and is looking at Chapman, visoring his eyes against the sun with his hand, "it's useless for me."

"That is because you surround yourself with a screen of smoke." Chapman extinguishes his cigarette.

"Oh, now I see a bannister. It's reassuringly ornate. But there's nothing beyond it." Randal nods, says nothing, moves to a table adjacent to Chapman's and sits, unfurling his paper and holding it up, so that he disappears behind it.

The boredom here is incredible. It's all wretched. The poets take beer now with breakfast, drink themselves into a stupor and retire early; relations between the two have suffered, are still suffering. Things have been frosty since the night they arrived. Since before they arrived.

They came here via the Greyhound Line. A 'red eye.' A service which had taken the best part of a night, and which would have seemed awful and unpleasant and terrible enough for its duration, if Chapman had not also been devastatingly hungover. He'd had that kind of deeply physical

hangover, a sickness which had made the bumps, vibrations, noises and also gentle pitching of the coach (because coaches do pitch, if gently, side to side) excruciating. This is how they came into the bush.

Also, the bus had arrived at the kind of hour few people know even exists. So early the poets were able to see and do everything the town – which has a population of just 56 – "has to offer" before the pub opened at midday. It was during this time, the most sober time they've spent here, that their relationship began to sour.

Chapman says to Randal, "How is it you convinced me to come here?"

"I told you you were getting old," Chapman laughs.

"And why here, of all places?"

"Because here is where men are men."

Randal, who is financially supported in part by his mother, is afforded the luxury of a discretionary income; Chapman is in Silverton by his charity.

Randal says,

“I will show you what I mean. Tonight we will be manly.”

He means, Chapman thinks, that tonight they will die. That’s one of the problems with being of a poetic persuasion, the metaphoric marriage of manliness and death.

The two, who have worked and traveled together for years, are professional performance poets. That is what they call themselves, professional poets. They do the rounds: conventions, festivals, slams; and are about as famous in their world (the world of performance poetry) as you can be without crossing over into The Mainstream and becoming Actually Famous. Like most people who exist on the fringes of cultural scenes, they believe that the modicums of success they have experienced in their careers are more precious than any accolade The Real World can bestow.

This is how they’ve validated the journey into Australia’s interior, they believe they need it. Artistically.

Of the two, Harry Chapman has been the more successful, is the more highly regarded inside The Scene. He possesses An Edge, which Randal puts down to his style. He is stylistically consistent with what people expect from a poet. He looks like a poet; is filthy like a poet; smokes a strength called *Unrefined: Old-Fashioned*, like a poet must; chain smokes them; suffers for his art, and suffers indignity poorly.

And because he is a struggling poet Chapman is regularly subjected to indignities. He is a Poet for Hire, and has built boxes, cleaned hospitals, gardened, and once even appeared as “Disgruntled



Santa-Claus” in an surreal advertorial for toothpaste. He’s been subjected to the type of work which cripples dignity, inspires diffidence and existential angst. He lives out of the type of backpack that rarely ever contains soap. He suffers for his art; and this, Randal believes, is a measure of his friends’ success: his ability to face life with a resolute dissolution. He also believes it’s his friends’ weakness.

Harry Chapman needs so much to believe he is a poet that he lives every second poetically. Randal had occasion recently to witness Chapman pruning an elderly woman’s garden. He pruned like a poet. He brings with him to all of his odd jobs the tropes and trappings of his ‘self’: the heavy woollen overcoat, the obligatory cigarette, the myopic attitude. He is completely devoted to his image. Why even now, in the desert heat, the coat has made its way somehow out onto the veranda. It is slung over an empty chair. And the problem with this kind of devotion is that you can never let it rest. When aping such a farcical and romanticised character as The Poet, even a successful imitation will always look like an imitation. There are cracks in its surface, and Randal has begun wondering if the reason Chapman has been taking some of his recent failures so hard mightn’t be because The Real World is starting to get in the way of his game.

The trip itself was planned two weeks ago, while the two were doing shows in Melbourne. They’d both bombed at a

slam and were about to leave for Sydney when their gig there was cancelled. So they hung out with some impressionable kids that night, and had fun for a while, forgetting their troubles, until Randal had said (and the circumstances in which he said it escape him),

“See, these kids treat you like a god,” which was true enough.

And at first Chapman had been jovial about this revelation, it had lifted him, and they’d chatted a bit more. But the chatter had shortly lapsed into silence, and right there, in front of the offending parties (who were not really kids, obviously) Chapman had said,

“Well that’s shit, isn’t it? I don’t want their adoration. What does that even mean? I’m *like* a god? From the *before-time*? Some vague mythological forerunner of the new, the improved... Poetry is a joke, we’re treated like jokes. All I want to do is say something, to express the pain that I feel, because I feel it so keenly. It burns my heart. And what do I get? Receptive ears? No! The slutty adoration of stupid teenagers!” and with that he’d finished his glass and left.

The two had been bunking in the same hostel, they’d already paid for their room, but Randal didn’t see Chapman for days. It was during this period that Randal had formulated his plan: it would be desirable that they see Australia quickly, understand it quickly, become men quickly, so that they could move on to other, more important matters, like saving their reputations. This (becoming men), he’d said, required their complete “absorption” [sic] into a culture/ place, for no less than one (1) month. He said his hypothesis was that the journey would facilitate a reinvention of their styles; a rejuvenation of their roots. Which is how the poets came to be in The Outback.

Some time has passed on the veranda, the sun is setting and it’s quickly becoming night. Chapman is wearing his coat now,

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was wearing it as soon as the temperature would allow. He'd recently gone out for cigarettes and come back with a girl he's trying half-heartedly to impress. She's a tourist, from England, maybe 30, or late twenties. Pretty enough. Smart enough. He's telling her farcical lies about Australia. This is how he picks up chicks. He lies to them, weaves elaborate stories, so elaborate that the girls know they are being lied to. It's kind of charming.

Less charming is his explanation of why this is a floorless technique:

"If you start off with lies they can't possibly expect anything like truth. Ever. If they do they're kidding themselves. They should be made to know they'll be disposable without being made to realise it."

For a man of Chapman's age, and dubious and filthy appearance, he has a surprising number of disposable girls at his disposal. Or at least attests to. Randal rarely meets them, these girls. He was told it was one such that Chapman had stayed with when he'd gone AWAL in Melbourne, but Randal believed he'd been sleeping on the street. Furthermore, Chapman believed Randal knew he'd been sleeping on the street. The two rarely spoke about this period; neither one wanting to confirm what the other suspected he knew, or believed the other to know about the incident.

The dubious nature of Chapman's Girls aside, he's having some success with the Brit, and is becoming more and more excitable and enthusiastic as he explains to her about dingoes,

"You can smell the difference between a Dingo and a dog, sure. It's like an accent of nutmeg. No, it's not actually nutmeg, but it's a pretty reasonable approximation. Yes, I can smell the difference, I think you'll find most Australians can, it's in our national character. Yes, it is in the anthem! We girt them: girt is an archaic word for smelling, or for differentiating by scent. Now now, you can trust me, I'm the poet."

And then "Yes," he suddenly cries "emphatically yes: I have been published. Have you heard of the Paris Review? ...Paris, Texas actually I think..."

Randal enjoys watching Chapman work on girls; he's so unapologetic about it, about working on them. It makes for good entertainment. Randal also likes to get involved.

"Poet Chapman," he says.

"Yes, Poet Randal?"

"Shall I ready the supplies? Are you ready to become a man?" Randal winks at the girl.

"The supplies?" She asks, putting on a sort of wistful, pirate(y) list, "are you setting sail?"

They all look out, over the bannister, at the desert, and laugh a little.

"Ney lass," says Chapman, in an embarrassingly accurate imitation of the way pirates speak in movies, "tonight we go walkabout."

Randal leaves Chapman to the girl, and goes to their tent to fetch the supplies: One (1) 6L cask Premium brand red wine, one (1) carton of cigarettes, two (2) notepads,

lined and two (2) pencils. When he returns to the Silverton Hotel the girl has vanished and Chapman is once more alone, reading, or at least holding, a well thumbed paperback entitled *The Internal Angst of the Solitary Male*. He is not really paying much attention to the volume; he's staring out into the road. When he sees Chapman he gets up and, leaning over the banister, points at a dog, sitting on the far side of the car park. He calls.

"I think it's a dingo."

"Why, does it smell like nutmeg?" Randal reposts, quickening his pace. "Where's the girl?"

"She got away. I think it was my pirate impersonation. She left soon afterwards. Saddled up with a local type."

Randal shakes his head, in a way which seems to say "that too often happens," and says,

"Well, shall we?"

Chapman thinks, "why not?" and grabs from his table two empty wine glasses, and with these in hand he comes down off of the veranda, and the two leave the car park, the town, walking north, into the dark, quite desert, discussing the artistic integrity of emptiness.





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# RE: Job Application

*By Adam Wagner*

Dear Felicia, to whom this may concern,

We appreciate your interest in the position of accountant at Nix Electronics. In fact, we appreciate it a lot, but not too much. However, after reviewing the applications received by the deadline, we regret to congratulate you that your application has been considered by our staff and that a decision has been reached. This year we had many impressive and qualified applicants; you were one of them. And, after much consideration, we have decided to extend our hands and welcome you to the harsh reality that there simply isn't enough room at Nix to accept all of the people who apply, but there is enough room to accept some of those people.

We encourage you to apply for posted and advertised positions in our company for which you qualify in the future as that is the method for moving upwards within the company once a job has been secured. We wish you every personal and professional success, as we do with both our employees and all of the applicants. Thank you again for your interest in Nix, and we'll see you Monday if we happen to bump into you as a result of any number of potentially serendipitous or rational circumstances.

Thank you,  
Adam Wagner  
Co-Head of Accounts

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# Bloodline

By Kate Farquharson

Bloodline is an attempt to resolve a split identity which confronts the confusion and dislocation of one caught between cultures and families, and separated by migration and death. In dealing with a mixed heritage of English, Scottish and Sri Lankan Burgher descent, objects of nostalgia within the context of the personal archive, and the family album are transformed into something more sinister. The original moment in time is obscured, and these memories become a means of dissecting past narratives and personal histories. Bloodline is the rumination of the

obsessive collector, encapsulating the desire to inevitably grasp knowledge of the past.

The work currently stands as a set of ten diptychs, triptychs and stand-alone images derived from old family photos and negatives printed on Aquarelle Rag. The dimensions vary from 420 x 420 mm (one stand alone image), 1000 x 480 mm (two diptychs) to 592 x 480 mm (five diptychs, one triptych and one stand alone image). This body of work was created for exhibition in the 2010 COFA Annual.

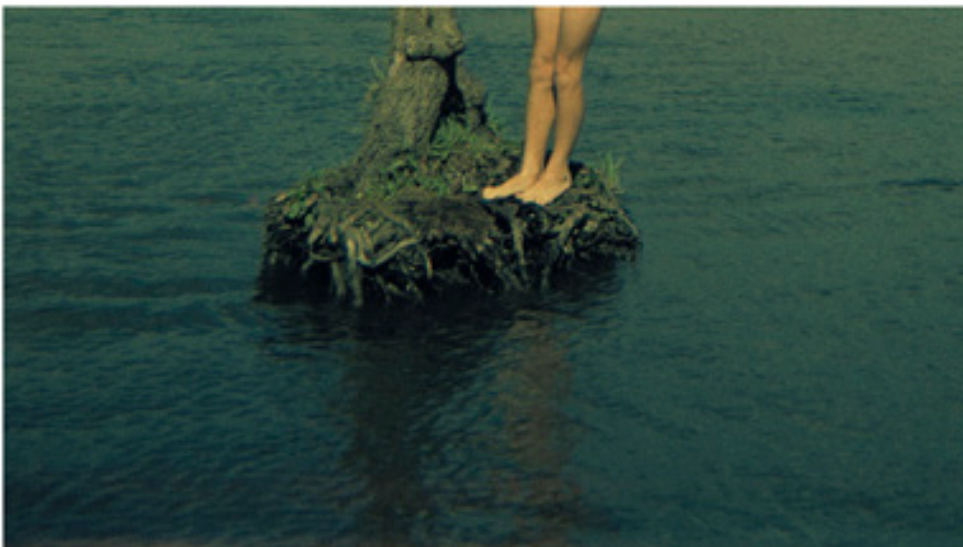


1. Antics





2. Youth







6. Farquharsons



5. Schoolboys



7. *Socialite*



8. *James Meek*

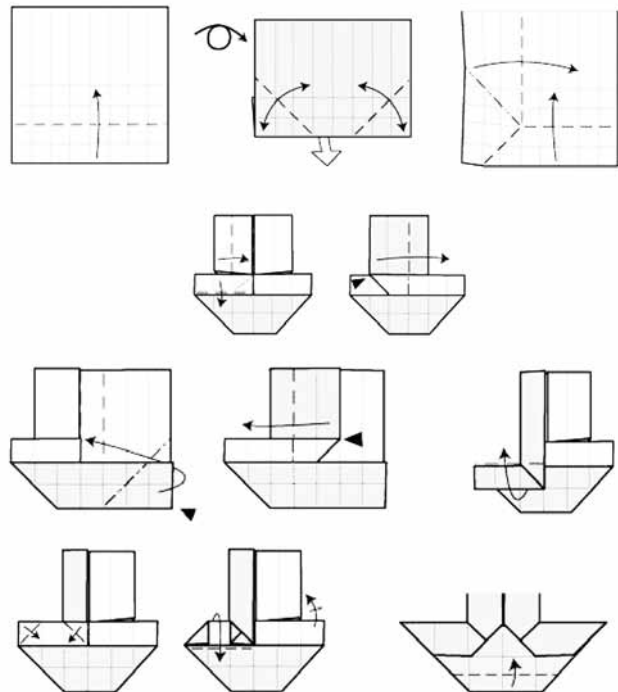
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# How to Fold Your Student Newspaper into an Origami Penis

You're lucky enough to hold in your hands the latest issue of student media toilet paper: Tharunka. The subtle art of crafting this fetid latte-left rag and your remaining vanity into a fabulous origami penis is not easy to master. If Vietnam has taught us anything it must be the greatest insult to any feminist, GLBT, communist, egg-headed, middle-class proletariat is this: a hollow, paper thin penis, formed from their last repugnant hopes that student activism hasn't already been swept away in the name of corporate student unionism.

Behold! You can now recycle these amateur words into a top quality pleasure device for your self-righteous arseholes:

1. Tear out this page and cut it into a square! Fold the closest edge of the square into the middle.
2. With the folded side facing down, fold the nearest corners to you into the centre.
3. Turn over to the original side of the paper and open the folds. Fold the left side across to the right and fold the bottom side upwards.
4. Fold the left side across to meet the middle. Then a small fold in the left middle across the base of the page.
5. Flip over. Ignore the article about student poverty written by the Law Student who lives in an apartment in Darlinghurst with his parents. Fold the left side in again and open the right.





6. Repeat step five by folding page and repeating. Fold the bottom left strip back over and fold corners into triangles.

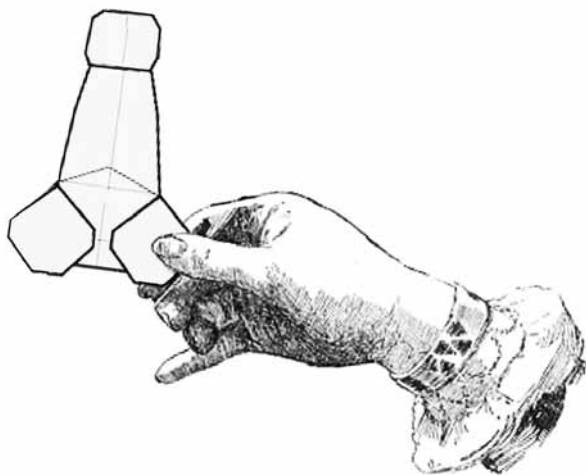
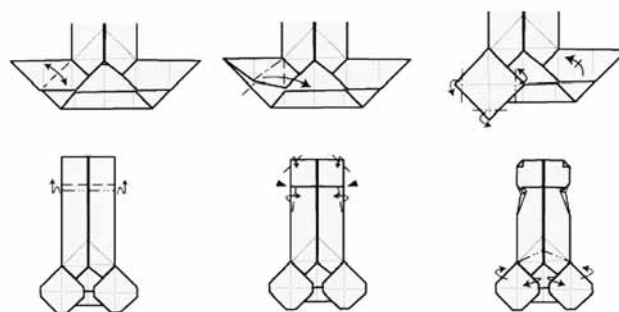
7. Fold the section with those triangles back over the base and repeat with the right side. Fold the very bottom of the base upwards.

8. Fold the left side in to make a crease and then fold downward to create a diamond.

9. Fold the right side of the base to mirror the left side and fold in the tips of the diamond very slightly.

10. Fold the top of the shaft down in and back over, then make smaller folds around the tip of the shaft to create the right look for your penis. If lacking creative inspiration, whip out your own or borrow a friend's.

11. Make small adjustments to the base and mail back to the editors, so they can lick your papery balls.



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Please send completed Origami Penises  
care of Tharunka PO Box 173, Kingsford,  
2032

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# The Modern Guide to Chess Openings

*By Jamie Brew*

## The Emperor's Gambit

Once the pieces are in place but before the first move has been made, White loudly and confidently announces "checkmate." If Black falls for it, the game is over. However, Black may "decline the gambit" by pointing out that his king is, in fact, not in check at all. White continues as usual and pretends not to have said anything.

## The Mirror

White insists that Black move first. Then White mirrors whatever Black does, on the opposite side of the board. For example, if Black plays 1. f5, White responds with f4. If Black strokes his chin in thought or holds his hand above the board, so does White. White continues to copy Black even after he asks White to stop copying him. In this way, White convinces Black that he is sitting in front of an actual mirror.

## The DiCaprio Offense

White leads Black to believe that he is struck inside a dream within a dream and must kill himself in order to wake up.

## The Boxer Gambit

White begins by playing his king's knight to the outside with 1. Nh3. While Black pauses to consider this unconventional opening, White launches a surprise attack, overturning the chess board and knocking Black out with a devastating right hook. White must do this in a single blow, since if the gambit fails there are a number of viable responses available to Black, notably the Mace defense and reverse boxer gambit.

## The French Stratagem

Following each of Black's moves, White chuckles and asks if Black is sure he wants to do that, slowly undermining Black's confidence as the game progresses.

## The San Antonio Game

White challenges Black to a game of "suicide chess" where the goal is to sacrifice your own king. Just when White is one move away from checkmating Black, he says he should have explained earlier that he sometimes gets suicide chess and regular chess mixed up, and that they have been playing regular chess the whole time. Black pauses to consider this, and White proceeds as in the standard boxer gambit.

## The Englishman's Opening

White detonates a smoke grenade at e5. In the confusion, he switches his queen's rook (a1) with Black's king's bishop (c8). After the smoke clears, white takes Black's king (Rxd8) and the game is over.

## The Wilkins Gambit

Apologising profusely, White says he needs to run home to check on a rhubarb pie he put in the oven about an hour ago.

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# The Story of Lawsoc:

One Students Tireless Journey to a Book a Room

## Facebook message to prospective attendees of a talk by Kerry O'Brien

Hey Everyone,

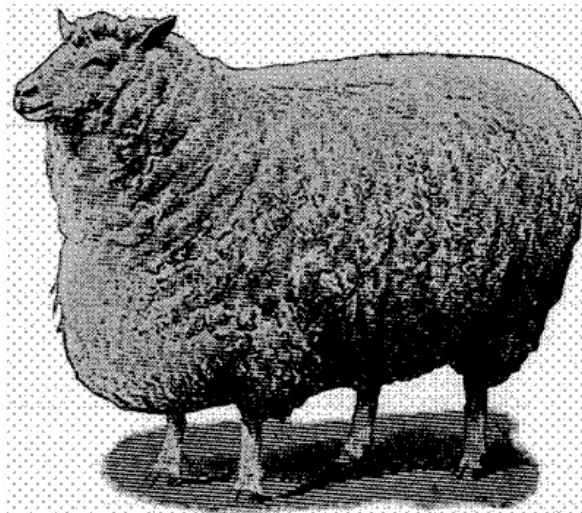
I regret to inform everyone that although we have worked tirelessly to find a room to fit everyone, we have been unsuccessful. This event is organized by the UNSW Law Society and we are only able to book rooms in the Law Building for free. If we were to book rooms in another building, everyone would have to pay for this event. We have tried to collaborate with other societies to find a different venue but without success. Therefore with great regret I inform everyone that these will be the current measures:

THE EVENT IS OPENED TO UNSW LAW STUDENTS ONLY.

Seating will be available to 60 such people on a first-come-first-serve basis.

If you are not a UNSW Law Student, please do not try your luck. We will be checking IDs at the venue.

Thank you for your understanding.







**Osman Faruqi**  
**SRC President**

srcpresident@arc.unsw.edu.au

Hi to all new and returning students!

Hopefully you all made the most of O-Week and have signed up to a bunch of UNSW's amazing clubs and societies.

The SRC had a strong presence at O-Week with all our departments and collectives represented and our councillors and office-bearers talking to students about upcoming campaigns and event.

This year the SRC will continue its campaign for quality education at UNSW and is putting together a submission for the federal government's review into higher education funding.

The SRC Women's Collective will be hosting the annual Network of Women Student's Australia and the whole SRC is looking forward to showing off our student organisation and our university.

The SRC will be hosting a huge amount of events this Semester so keep checking Blitz and Tharunka to stay up to date.

To get involved in the SRC or to find out about our campaigns feel free to email me at srcpresident@arc.unsw.edu.au

Cheers and enjoy 2011!

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**Kathy Martin,**  
**Students with Disabilities**  
**Representative**

k.martin@arc.unsw.edu.au

Studying at university is a challenging experience for anyone, but can be even more challenging for those of us

with a disability. I know that the more resources available the more accessible and equitable university life can be.

I am Kathy and I am the student with disabilities representative for 2011.

This year I am organizing a Disability Awareness Week on campus as well as Mental Health Week.

The Disability and Welfare Room will reopen in O-Week and is a wonderful place to chill out and get away from the stresses of uni life.

It is located in the Blockhouse on level 1 so grab yourself a coffee and relax. I will also continue to have student papers in accessible format online.

The only way we can improve and meet the challenges that confront us at university is by you getting involved!

Together we can make UNSW a more disabled friendly campus so drop me a line or find me in the SRC wing of the Blockhouse.

My email is k.martin@arc.unsw.edu.au

I look forward to meeting you this year!

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**Samantha Guo & Mike Lin,**  
**International Collective**  
international@arc.unsw.edu.au

In the International Collective, events and activities for the new semester are under discussion. Last year's International Festival has been a great success and we hope that this year we can have more international students and also local students involved and celebrate this great event together. Some of the activities we're thinking of for this year include: a new website for the collective so that students can be updated with the seminars and activities promptly, an international student ambassador program, and various immigration seminars.

The collective meeting time has been set to be Tuesday 12-1pm. A BBQ is also planned to welcome all the new members of the collective during the weekend of the semester.

**Sandra Kaltoum,**  
**Ethnic Affairs Representative**  
ethnic@arc.unsw.edu.au

The year has just begun. You have promised yourself that this year you will be organised, you will succeed academically and socially. You have set out to make your mark... well don't let me stop you. I just wanted to let you know that this year I will serve as Ethnic Affairs Officer to promote racial equality on campus and inform students from different cultural groups of the many services available to them.

Unfortunately, there tends to be a lack of knowledge amongst many student groups about where to go when they have a problem or what the appropriate course of action is. I will strive this year, through the position, to increase access to many of the vital services that are on offer. I also hope to raise awareness about contentious issues and overcome prejudices and stereotypes that may exist between different people.

If your new year's resolutions need a positive spin then join me at the Ethnic Affairs collective on Tuesdays 12-1pm or contact s.kaltoum@arc.unsw.edu.au.

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**Ray, Tim, Squish and Lucinda,**  
**Queer Officers**  
queer@arc.unsw.edu.au

We'd like to introduce ourselves as the ALMOST all brand new 2011 SRC office bearers for the Queer Collective.

There's the two new Non-Female Identifying co-queer officers Raymond and Tim, the Female Identifying queer officer carrying over from last year, Squish, and the new COFA queer officer Lucinda.

It's our job to ensure all queer and GLBT students on campus have their voices heard.

We have our very own room on campus called the Queer Space, which is located in room 920 on level 9 of the UNSW Chemical Sciences building. We have regular weekly social meetings on Mondays 2-4pm, and Thursdays 4-6pm.

If you'd like to get involved in our society, please feel free to attend our meetings, or you can join our mailing list called UNSW Queer Play by visiting our website [www.queer.unsw.edu.au](http://www.queer.unsw.edu.au) and entering your email at the bottom of the page.

Hope to see you soon – we have plenty of fantastic events coming up and we can't wait to have newcomers getting involved.

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**Kimberley Lowe,**  
**Women's Collective Representative**  
[womens@arc.unsw.edu.au](mailto:womens@arc.unsw.edu.au)

The Women's Department is located on the first level of the Blockhouse and has all kinds of great resources for female students to use. Our collective engages in lively debates as well as some awesome craftivisms – badge making, screen printing, sign making and much more! This year marks two important events – one international, the 100th anniversary of International Women's Day, and one closer to home, the Network of Women Students Australia Conference, being hosted by our collective this year on the Kensington Campus.

To get involved contact me via email, drop by the Women's Office or even poke your head (or whole body) into our collective meeting (Friday 3 – 4pm) to find out what it's all about.

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**Tim Kaliyanda,**  
**Education Officer**  
[t.kaliyanda@arc.unsw.edu.au](mailto:t.kaliyanda@arc.unsw.edu.au)

Hey there! Welcome to UNSW! I'm sure many of you reading this are probably curious first-years wondering why exactly we need an SRC. If your high school experience is anything to go by then perhaps many of you have concluded that it's merely a small, snotty group of students prancing around with badges, blazers and an air of grandiosity.

Fortunately, you couldn't be more wrong.

After the excitement of O-Week inevitably wears away and you eagerly stride into that first lecture or tutorial

class, some of you will find yourself having to sit in the aisle or up the back of a jam-packed classroom.

Nothing puts a downer on your time at university than having to deal with experiences like that.

Every year, the SRC, through the Education Department, organises campaigns, lobbies UNSW's leadership and meets with policy makers to improve the quality and accessibility of education offered at UNSW.

So if you, like us, believe that a world-class education should be within the grasp of all students, not simply a privileged few, then be sure to get involved!

The Education Collective meets on Wednesdays from 1.30-2.30pm in Level 1, Blockhouse.

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**Josh & Hamish,**  
**Co-Indigenous Representatives**  
**The Indigenous Collective**  
[indigenous@arc.unsw.edu.au](mailto:indigenous@arc.unsw.edu.au)

In this year, we hope to promote Indigenous culture and students on campus through facilitating the Indigenous Collective, which is a group formed by interested students of both Indigenous and non-Indigenous backgrounds.

Both of us are on campus five days a week and would be more than happy to talk to you if you have any questions about what we hope to achieve as the co-Indigenous representatives. Our office is located in the Blockhouse Level 1; we meet as a collective on Monday from 1-2pm. Hope to see you at our next meeting!

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**Aidan & Ben,**  
**Co-representatives**  
**Environmental Collective**  
[enviro@arc.unsw.edu.au](mailto:enviro@arc.unsw.edu.au)

We are a group of environmentally minded students who meet to discuss and work to achieve sustainability projects on campus. We run campaigns and events, attend actions and get-

togethers locally and nationally, and work alongside other collectives in universities all over Australia.

If this sounds like your type of fun, come along to one of our weekly meetings in the quad, or drop us an email! Check out the upcoming issue of Blitz or our website for meeting times.

On the 13th of March we will be heading up to Newcastle to join hundreds of others in the People's Blockade of the World's Biggest Coal Port. It should be a fun, relaxing day kayaking around the harbour, and it would be great to see you there.

Look forward to seeing you around campus!

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**James Fehon,**  
**COFA Representative**  
[cofarep@arc.unsw.edu.au](mailto:cofarep@arc.unsw.edu.au)

Welcome to the new uni year. Arc at COFA is off to a great start holding O-Week activities at two campuses last week, and kicking off the first two Kudos exhibitions for the year.

Your SRC and SRC@CoFA are looking forward to representing and campaigning for student interests within the university and more broadly over the coming year. We're here for you so check out [cofa.arc.unsw.edu.au](http://cofa.arc.unsw.edu.au) and get in touch.

See you around campus or at an Arc event in the next few weeks.

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**Scarlett Ha,**  
**SDC Convenor**

If you missed them during O-Week, you can check out all of our Clubs and Volunteer Programs on the Arc website. I can guarantee that you'll find something there that will interest you but if you have a particular interest that isn't represented, why not start your own Club or propose a Volunteer Program? You can get more information about the application & proposal processes by emailing [clubs@arc.unsw.edu.au](mailto:clubs@arc.unsw.edu.au) or [volunteer@arc.unsw.edu.au](mailto:volunteer@arc.unsw.edu.au)





## Submit to **THARUNKA**



**T**harunka, in the language of the Eora people, means 'message stick'. These were solid pieces of wood, etched with messages and carried by the traditional 'mailmen' of Australia hundreds of miles; inviting neighbouring tribes to corroborees and spreading news. Today, the message stick's use continues- Tharunka has been the voice for UNSW's student community since 1953.

This paper is yours. It's made by people like you; the everyday contributors, sharing their stories, opinions, ideas or photographs. It's a message board that keeps you in touch with what's happening on and off campus, and a venue to share your own experiences and knowledge.

There's also now a real opportunity to have yourself broadcasted across the world, as Tharunka goes online this year, through a joint partnership with Homepage Daily - the global student media website. For those who are serious and passionate about journalism or creative writing, Homepage Daily is offering an internship for those who can demonstrate their abilities.

So we need contributions! Send them to us! Or if you want to get involved, but don't know what to do, email us and we can hopefully find you an assignment.

**Facebook us! And send us a message!**  
**<http://www.facebook.com/Tharunka>**

**Email us! [tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au](mailto:tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au)**

So join in, and pass on the message stick to those who don't know about it.