

THARUNKA

UNSW STUDENT PUBLICATION ISSUE THREE VOLUME 57



Editorial

Does anyone read the editorial? Does anyone read Tharunka? Do you like Tharunka? Do you? Do? Yes I do. Well that's a start but it would be good if we had thousands, nay, millions of readers and Fred Hilmer woke every morning to his poodle fetching the paper from his post box and returning to his bedside, curling up beside his silken pillow and wagging his adorable tail. That would make my day; would it make yours? It would indeed but how about yours?

In such a time Tharunka is and would and is a great source of somewhat unreadable at times, I'll grant you that, articles and satire and other stuffs that have been accumulated within our office high in the lofty towers of Blockhouse and damn it this sentence is going nowhere. Is it grammatically correct? I should hope so as an editor but we are always apologising for something to someone for something that has gone wrong but is it a printer error or is it an editing error or is it just an error made by an editor?

Questions are importance sources of information when asked informatively and with the correct digression of sentence to a lengthy dissertation on robots in the twelfth century. Do I have your attention now? I guess so. This makes more sense than Andrew Bolt at the very least at and at the very most it makes more sense than Pauline Hanson. Please explain. Please.

In this here issue in your hot little hands or now on the floor or wherever this may well be is an important article on a drag queen and also a very slight article on masturbation in the world of rugby league. Orgasms, beer, cheap food, music are all heavily featured. We heavily feature the heavy things. We feature. Heavy things are also regular things so please enjoy issue three of Tharunka.

Adios fatties,

THARUNKA Editors

Dollops anyone read the eggcup? Dollops anyone read Tharunka? Do you like Tharunka? Do you? Do? Yes I do. Well that's a start but it would be good if we had thousands, nay, minerals of reasonings and Fred Hilmer woke every motel to his pore fetching the paragraph from his postulate brain and returning to his bedside, curling up beside his silken pinhead and wagging his adorable tally. That would make my dean; would it make yours? It would indeed but how about yours?

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In this here jackpot in your hot little handlings or now on the flowerbed or wherever this may well be is an important aspirant on a draughtsman quilt and also a very slogan aspirant on masturbation in the wren of rung lectern. Osteopaths, believer, cheetah footprint, myriad are all heavily featured. We heavily female the heavy threats. We female. Heavy threats are also relapse threats so please enjoy jackpot three of Tharunka.

Adios fatties,

THARUNKA Eggs

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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.

Comments & Letters

In response to Alex Serpo (Issue 1), his letter concerning affiliating to NUS a 'waste of money' as he has 'seen not a flier, nor a poster' is hard to believe. As this year's NSW Queer Officer for NUS, and a long term advocate for GLBTI rights and student unionism, I fail to see how someone looking out for NUS campaigns have failed to notice the FIFTY THOUSAND NUS endorsed campaign posters for Marriage Equality which have been stuck up all across Sydney, and almost daily on our UNSW campus. Last year we had quite a few speakouts for Marriage Equality on campus, using a massive ten metre rainbow flag as a pole of attraction, before being shut down by FM Assist. These efforts were also present on campuses across the state and country. Both State and National Queer officers have as a result been pleased to see thousands of predominantly young students turning up to concurrent marriage equality protests. It is one of the single largest campaigns taking place in Australia today, with NUS taking a leading role.

This is not to say that the National Union of Students is a perfect organisation, or that it doesn't need to continue to become more relevant to students nationwide, but in order for NUS to move forward, and to reinvigorate student unionism on campus post Voluntary Student Unionism, is to come to its conferences and events, and to argue for a more progressive and visible presence of NUS, not to abstain.

This is becoming increasingly important in the face of continued neoliberal attacks on higher education, where the massive funding cuts under Howard have in no way been reversed, but rather deepened under Rudd & Gillard. The running of UNSW as a business, where courses are continually axed, we are expected to pay exorbitant fees, and international students

are exploited as 'cash cows' to make up the gap in public funding are all clear reasons why students more than ever need to organise, and challenge the status quo. In this, the issues that affect UNSW students are not dissimilar in any way to the issues that affect students across Australia.

Disaffiliation from the peak body of student representation, advocacy and activism means a step backwards for student unionism, students rights, public education and for regaining what the Howard, Rudd and Gillard Governments have removed post VSU.

Rebecca Hynek,

NSW State Queer Officer, SRC@COFA
Education and Welfare Officer.

I am please to see that Rebecca Hynek, the NSW State Queer Officer, replied to my letter in Tharunka regarding affiliation fees to the National Union of Students (NUS). I am however disappointed that it took close to 6 months to received a reply, as my letter was first sent in October 2010.

I'm a little curious as to why Rebecca would use the words "'waste of money'" in quotation marks, as they are not words found in my original letter. I merely asked whether a member of the UNSW Student Representative Council (were you elected by main campus students Rebecca?) could inform readers about the amount of money spent on NUS affiliation - and how this money was justified.

I'm pleased to see that Rebecca, in conjunction with the NUS, is campaigning for marriage equality. It's an ideal that I personally support. However, if this is the best example of an NUS campaign you

can provide I think it furthers my point. I wonder how relevant marriage equality is to the everyday needs of UNSW students.

I would put it to the NUS, Tharunka readers and Rebecca that the most pressing issues for UNSW students are the cost of education, availability of housing, transportation and sustainability (as referenced in my original letter). Perhaps, while printing thousands of posters about marriage equality, NUS might consider also campaigning on one of these issues?

I would also like to make it clear that I did not used the words 'disaffiliation' in my letter. You're either missing my point or deliberately being misleading. I am requesting that you make clear what money is given as affiliation fees and how this money provides value to UNSW students.

Speaking of fees, I asked in my original letter if the UNSW Student Representation Council could provide figures on -

A) How much is currently spend on NUS affiliation;

B) How much has historically been spent on NUS affiliation;

C) Why the UNSW Rep Council believes the money spent NUS affiliation is more worthwhile than local services for students.

For the sake of transparency, I put this request to you a second time. I'm sure you just forgot to include it in your original response - but to leave it out a second time makes you look like you all have something to hide.

Yours in quality and transparent student representation,

Alex Serpo.

Short List

An economist at the University of New South Wales has published research, showing evidence of universities passing work by international students' despite inadequate English-language skills. Gigi Foster has analysed student data from business faculties at the University of South Australia and the University of Technology, Sydney. Both universities disputed the conclusions. Dr. Foster said her research was discouraging universities from cooperating.

Tertiary Education Minister Chris Evans has told the Sydney Morning Herald that the Tertiary Education Quality and Standards Agency Bill is unlikely to include self-accrediting status for higher education providers, but will include these provisions in the provider standards, an appendix to the legislation. Self-accreditation allows universities' to create and accredit new courses without approval from the regulatory agency.

A student at the University of Western Australia has told the state's Corruption and Crime Commission that he was told people were paying between seven thousand and nine thousand dollars to have results falsified at the university. He also alleged cash payments for top marks were common in English tests needed to gain an Australian visa.

The Australian reported pressure from Korea and Singapore could soon see Australia fall from third place in the Nature Publishing Index for Asia Pacific, an important ranking of publication rates in scientific journals. The University of Sydney is top of the Australian rankings, at thirteenth. The University of New South Wales is fifth, at twenty-fourth overall.

A PhD candidate in the Faculty of Arts & Social Sciences has won the Paul Varley Award for best student paper at the Japanese Studies Association conference.

Luke Sharp won the award for his presentation 'Maid Up: An Investigation of Maid Cafes in Japan', an extension of a phenomenon where one "dresses up in costume to emulate one's favourite video game, comic or animation character."

The Chief Minister of Delhi, India has launched a new book co-authored by Dr Dunca McDuic-Ra, lecturer in Development studies in the Faculty of Social Sciences. 'The Politics of Collective Advocacy in India – Tools & Traps' which "identifies what influences the relative success or failure of different movements; the tools activists use to overcome obstacles; the traps that derail efforts to frame, politicize, and act on certain issues and assumptions about particular forms of action."

Early bird tickets to the HotHouse Workshop on ecological thinking are available till the 18th April. 'Materials: Objects' will include an evening keynote

address and a full day workshop on the 19th and 20th May, at the Lowy Centre, Kensington. Early bird student tickets are \$39, \$29 for students. The National Institute for Experimental Arts can be contacted on 9385 0619.

FBI Radio is looking for reviewers to volunteer for the arts and culture program Canvas. Reviews can cover areas including architecture, design, advertising, books, food and media. A minimum commitment, but no previous experience, is required. Training and feedback is provided. Contact FBI for more details.

Proposals for a one week show in Studio One are now being considered by the NUTS committee. Performances will take place 23rd May till 28th May, with auditions held in week seven and eight. Further information and proposal guidelines can be found on the NUTS Facebook page or the NUTS website.



*Ten-Thousand-Words: Louise Sykes,
Chapter seven D4 (after Augusto de Campos)
(detail) 2009, digital file.*

Calendar

The Art Gallery of New South Wales features the works of six COFA staff and graduates in a new exhibition featuring a range of works encompassing ideas of place in relation to historical residual, ethnicity, the interface between people and nature, the sublime, as well as the road and the journey in Australian landscape mythologies and pretty much anything else not included in the above. Photography & Place continues until May 29th. Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney, Mon. to Sun. 10am – 5pm.

COFA graduate Jasper Knight exhibits his latest work, depicting scenes from wharves around the world including a series of vintage signs set against high gloss enamel in primary hues. Roll-On, Roll-Off continues till April 17th. Metro Gallery, 1214 High Street, Armadale, Victoria, Mon. to Fri. 10am – 5.30pm, Sat. & Sun. 11am – 5pm.

The Paper Mill presents an exhibition focusing on representing the natural landscape as a fictive departure from perceived reality. Nine COFA graduates combine to engage in a review of what it is to depict physical space, the landscape and nature in Second Nature. Paper Mill, 1 Angel Place, Sydney, April 5th till 23rd, Tue. to Sat. 11am – 6pm.

The Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences will hold their annual award ceremony April 13th from 6pm at Leighton Hall, John Niland Scientia Building.

Dr. Brendan Burchell from the University of Cambridge, UK, will speak on the intensity of work as a focus of recent sociological research. 'New Technologies and the Intensification of Work' is presented by the Social Policy Research Centre at the University of New South Wales. The lecture will be held in John Goodsell 223, Tuesday 12th April from 12.30pm. Enquiries can be made to 9385 7800.

Chip Rolley, artistic director of the Sydney Writer's Festival will speak with Phillipa McGuiness about his motivation, vision and the business of running an international festival. The seminar is the first for UNSW Writing in 2011, and will be held in Io Myers Studio, Wednesday 13th April at 6pm. Enquiries and reservations can be made to 9385 5684.

White Rabbit Gallery presents a retrospective and celebration of its tenth anniversary displaying contemporary Chinese art. A collection of new and old works, including viewers favourites is now on display as part of 'A Decade of the Rabbit'. White Rabbit is at 30 Balfour Street, Chippendale, Thur. to Sun. 10am – 6pm.

A picnic has been organised on occasion of the second International Intersex, Sex and/or Gender Diverse Day at the Camperdown Memorial Rest Park. The No Labels Picnic Day will feature music and activity spaces amongst other things, and is for people

who are intersex, transexed, transsexual, trans*, cross-dressers, androgynous, sinandrogynous, genderqueer, people with culturally specific sex and/or gender differences, and their families, friends and supporters. No Labels Picnic Day is at Camperdown Memorial Rest Park, Lennox Street, Newtown on April 26th from 11am.

FBI Social brings music to the Kings Cross Hotel. Club Future Beat (15 April, 8pm) combines "fringe and future leaning beat collectives, labels and radio. New Weird Australia & Octopus π (21 April, 8pm) bring their experimental music program to the stage. Guineafowl perform with ball Park Music and Lime Cordiale as part of The Super Commuter Tour (23 April, 8pm). See the FBI webpage for further details.



An installation where motor controlled laser pointers display the current position of up to twelve moving satellites in our field of view in real time is on display at the hipster central General Store. 'Satellite Zodiac' by Max Neupert runs until the 23rd of April. Apparently "just like in a planetarium where the star constellations can be displayed, illustrative interpretations of the emerging constellations explain their meaning and reflect our technological contemporary mythology." General Store is on Level 1, 77 - 83 William Street, Sydney.

Roll-On, Roll-Off:
Jasper Knight,

Overpass At Black
Wattle Bay (detail)

2011, enamel,
masonite and
Perspex on board.



A solo exhibition of the works of Dr. Wenmin Li, co-ordinator of COFA's International Drawing Research Initiative, with a Masters of Fine Arts and PhD in Fine Arts is on display at Flinders Street Gallery. 'Drawings' is on display until April 23rd, Wed. to Sat. 11am - 6pm, at 61 Flinders Street, Surry Hills.

Louise Sykes, candidate for Master of Fine Arts, is exhibiting a picture of a paper as her studio based component for the degree. 'Ten-Thousand-Words' begins April 18th at COFAspace, and concludes April 21st. COFAspace will be open 10am - 5pm, at E Block Ground Floor, Paddington.

Shit From The Inbox

If it wasn't stressful enough trying to assemble a magazine and write a contract law paper in one week, now we've got to worry about the end of the world too. The latest shit to bombard our inbox comes care of one Les Paul, a man unknown to us, but prophetic in every conception regardless, bearing a message and a reminder to mark out calendars on the imprecise date of December 2012, a date where apparently "planetary perturbations start", which, if you didn't know, occurs once every twelve thousand year period. According to Les Paul, we will die in 2019, unless something known as the AR diet becomes widespread. He has singlehandedly, and with all the might of his acid-drooping brain fluid, proven this has occurred over forty-four times in a four million year period.

Confused? So were we, a feeling which apparently Les Paul has encountered many a time, and so attaching a detailed explanation of his prophecies, he tries to reason with us using what one may call politely an experimental prose style reminiscent of Brion Gysin or perhaps the late and great works of a man trapped in a shoebox whilst sniffing glue. "The Orion Prophecy", he begins, "only comes about because everyone does not know the ungas preparation." Indeed, it is quickly revealed that urine is the necessary key to this new diet, because it is a symbol for the number four. Les Paul explains that as urine travels in an arc, and an arc is 'iv' in Hungarian, and then certainly it could be deduced that 'iv' is actually the Roman numeral for 4.

Aha! A Hungarian plot of urine dieters has been uncovered seeking the destruction of this world! Hungarians were apparently also involved in the sinking of Atlantis some twelve thousand years ago, as well as the sinking of Lemuria and Mu into the Pacific Ocean some twenty-four thousand years ago.

Confusingly, Les Paul manages to somehow conflate the true story of Yahweh the alien leader who was reborn a cripple four million years ago into his prophecy, heeding that Yahweh will return in 2019, angered we are not keeping to the AR diet, which consists of a banana peel, a stream of urine and 'rear gas'. No all is lost, however, because if we were to suddenly take up the AR diet, we would not only be blessed with continued existence, but the penis would grow inordinately over twelve years, "bringing tears of joy to women, bringing rains of joy."

Whatever, Les Paul, if you're going to flood our inbox with your paranoia, at least share your drugs with us dude. Maybe this week you should take some time out of mind, or is it too late?

If you have some shit you'd like to forward to our inbox, send it to tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au.

Here's the thing with weed: everybody and their mum smokes it. I was at a party once and my friend's dad passed a joint to me. Another friend got stoned with her incredibly religious mother. Even the cops have stopped giving a fuck (to some extent). In an alley before a gig one night the cops asked a group of us if we were smoking, to which my friend decided to reply honestly. They walked away yelling over their shoulder, "stop smoking pot!"

Everybody is smoking it, but no one seems to have a dealer. Somebody is always asking somebody else if they can get some for them. There's gotta be a lot of people selling it with the amount of people smoking it, but it seems you always have to talk to your best friend's little brother's friend from school before he dropped out, who has an older brother that hangs around that house with the white fence and the pit bull, they somehow got their hands on.

Does it have to be this way? Sitting in your car feeling like a crackhead because it's two in the morning and you've called eleven times and driven past the house over and over with the same CD on repeat and no one is picking up and you don't really want to go in there on your own and you've gotta be up for work tomorrow morning, but it looks like you're going to bed sober tonight.

*Drawings:
Wenmin Li,*

Snow (detail)

*2011, mixed
media on
paper.*



Apologies:

The editors wish to apologise to Andre Teh for not crediting him appropriately for a cartoon ran in the 'Short List' section of Tharunka #2. The editors also wish to apologise for the incorrect spelling of Lissette Valdez's name.

NRL – That’s My Team?

By Emi Berry

It is the late 1990s, a highly controversial time in Australian Rugby League history. The bitter battle between the Australian Rugby League and News Corporation (now News Limited) has reached its zenith. News Corporation has failed in their attempt to purchase the pay television rights to Australian rugby league and has introduced ‘Super League’ to rival the ARL. As the conflict develops, Super League is dissolved and the National Rugby League (NRL) is established. While numerous question marks have been raised about the future of the game in this tumultuous period, there is one thing which cannot be denied; the game has been changed forever.

Shane Mattiske is currently the Director of Strategy and Special Projects for the National Rugby League (NRL). When he first started with the NRL in August 1999, Mattiske was tasked with establishing the regulations, reporting tools and audits required for the player’s salary cap system. “That was the year coming out of Super League, where you had these massive increases in player income, you had players move from having a deep engagement in their communities. They may have been a teacher or whatever it may be, some sort of fixed employment or fixed link into the community to shifting their pay packet, being 100 per cent professional, full time training.” 2GB’s sports commentator Andrew Moore, who had been calling league since 1994, doesn’t mince his words when reflecting on the days of Super League. “It nearly stuffed the game completely.

It changed the professionalism of it, but I’m not convinced that it changed it for the better. Jack Gibson, when he used to coach, wouldn’t pick a guy who didn’t have another job because he thought that showed a lack of discipline and desire. Nowadays, no one has a job. Some good did come out of it though, like the training, rehab and professional doctors.”

In fact Moore believes Super League nearly killed off the fan base completely. “I reckon they were another year away from it just being finished. It wasn’t a fun time to be commentating. It was really bitter. A lot of friendships were lost, players were grossly overpaid, especially when they were playing before nobody”. Moore remembers calling Australian Rugby League games in 1997 with attendance numbers lucky to reach 1500. “People stopped following their teams... and a lot of people haven’t come back, even though it’s very popular again now.”

Former league player Darryl ‘Big Marn’ Brohman, gives another insight into what he described as a “tough time for the game.” Brohman, who now commentates on 2GB’s Continuous Call Team, is clear “Super League certainly expedited everything. When I played, we weren’t professional, we tried to be as professional as we could but most of the players had jobs outside of rugby league. The players went from earning \$50,000 a year to \$500,000, some more than that. It was a very awkward and tough time for the game but it survived. It’s pretty resilient.”



The resilience echoed by both Matisske and Moore is one thing about rugby league which cannot be disputed. Despite the recent scandals that have plagued the NRL, the fans are back in record numbers. Moore is certain that round one of the 2011 NRL season was the most popularly attended on record. The strong following of league is also confirmed by Matisske, who reflects “it’s quite comforting that we are increasing our dominance through free to air and pay TV. Our first round on pay TV, the Tigers versus Bulldogs game, reached 365,000 households, which put it in the top 10 programs of all time on Fox Sports. It was actually the fifth highest rugby league rated program on Fox Sports. Against our competitors, it was significantly higher than their best ever number. The Gold Coast and Sydney Swans NAB Cup reached 317,000 households.”

When asked about what attracts fans to league, Brohman says it’s not just the loyalty factor. “It’s also the controversy. I think they want to know just about everything that’s going on, and they do these days. The game is a fantastic television product but also a fantastic product to see live. There’s always action, it’s fast paced and it’s tribal. I think the game’s the best I’ve ever seen it, with regards to on field action. It’s fantastic.” These changes in the style of play are also the result of changes in how the game is officiated. “When I was playing, you’d get away with a lot more dirty stuff and I’m not saying that everyone did that, but obviously a few players excelled in it, they

just loved it,” adds Brohman, laughing. “You couldn’t expect the game to be much better than what it is with regards to all the teams vying for the premiership this year.”

Although the 2011 NRL season has kicked off to a good start, Moore believes player behaviour will be a big challenge facing the NRL. In terms of disciplinary action, Moore says the NRL has not been consistent or heavy handed enough. “It is hard, because they are kids really, and they don’t have any life experience. For the last 10 years they’ve been full time professionals, so they’ve never had to have a job. They go into this where they have a high profile, battle a lot of temptations, peer group pressure and all that sort of thing, but I think the clubs are doing a lot more now than they’ve done before.”

Brohman doesn’t agree. “These blokes are pussycats compared to what used to go on 20 to 30 years ago”, he tells me. “It just wasn’t reported back in those days. I think the big difference is that in years gone by, the press used to be your mate, and they would try to smother stories and help a bit with regards to getting into the headlines, but these days, if anything happens, they can’t wait to get it into the papers. It’s a very different world we live in.”

In the last few years, the NRL has introduced education programs for their players in terms of acceptable behaviour within the community as well as programs with an emphasis on their post-football career. “We are now coming full circle

again, where with our Toyota Cup under 20s national youth competition, it is compulsory for them to be either in some work program or in an education program,” said Matisske. “Whilst it’s great to be a Toyota Cup player for the Dragons, or whoever, and travel with the team and get exposed to professional football life, they must have that grounding in an employment or education program so they have a pathway when they finish their career.”

So where to now for the NRL? In spite of its challenges, Matisske is confident about the game’s future. He believes that the shift in governance represents an exciting time for the game given the change has been mooted for a long time. “It’s a shift where the NRL partnership collapses and we move in under a commission structure. It’s a truly independent commission that will govern the whole game of rugby league, as opposed to the current partnership that exists between News Limited and ARL.” Whilst the commission structure is a welcome change, there are other challenges the NRL is faced with. With competition now in other forms of entertainment like computer games and the Internet, it will be interesting to see how the sport progresses in terms of fan base and popularity. At the moment, indicators suggest strong growth. Whether we see a shift away from such traditional means of entertainment, in my opinion, remains to be seen over a long period of time. But for my part, this is one shift I as an avowed league fan would prefer not to see.

Porn, Orgasm and Tyranny?

By Cameron McPhedran

In a moment of abject stupidity brought on by too much drink, Joel Monaghan of the Canberra Raiders is caught engaging in a sex act with a dog. This is November 2010. After a decade of rugby league sex scandals, the misconduct of these much vaunted, pin-up boys of masculinity has reached a crescendo. Does an unhealthy culture exist in rugby players, is it the consequence of social reverence of their manhood, or do such incidents speak more broadly about the way we have sex? Recent work in orgasm theory, a fascinating if amazingly narrow field of specialisation, suggests the latter: Monaghan's behaviour is symptomatic of a biochemical fallout which occurs as a result of orgasm. Developments in orgasm theory also suggest that perhaps it is time for us to examine how we have sex, that perhaps alternative ways of having sex should be explored, and that we may also need to re-think the role of porn in our society.

Traditionally, orgasm theory has suggested that sex and orgasms release hormones that bring people closer together, but contemporary sex theorists like Marnia Robinson are starting think otherwise. In *The Passion Cycle*, Robinson suggests that at the point of orgasm, the level of dopamine in our body reaches its peak and thereafter immediately plunges to well below its equilibrium. Dopamine psychologically stimulates sexual desire and interest in others; it's what's triggered when we first meet our next 'special someone.'

According to Robinson's theory, when orgasms are reached, a neuro-chemical, prolactin, is released, which inhibits the production of dopamine. This would mean the achievement of our



sexual pinnacle – the orgasm – is actually enslaving us to a cycle of dopamine highs followed by plunging sexual interest and frustration. A marked drop in dopamine would almost inevitably lead to snappiness, a sense that past expressions of intimacy were more fulfilling than current ones, and alienation from one's partner.

The sexual indiscretions of rugby league players are encouraged by their disproportionate salaries and media focus. Monaghan was likely in a context of hyper-masculinity which saw frequent hook-ups, inadequate self-restraint and subsequently a heightened neurochemical drive for dopamine. It didn't help that Monaghan was drunk at the time of the incident: binge drinking and eating and impulsivity based on the desire for short term windfalls also indicate dependence on the release of dopamine. In Robinson's dopamine theory we can also locate a frequently advanced construction of the Australian male - the objectification of women and constant recourse to booze. Fascinatingly, it may be that Monaghan's behaviour was actually an outlying example of typical patterns of sexuality rather the incomprehensible, idiosyncratic act it appeared to be on face value.

Indeed, on a social level the entire porn industry is built by our craving for dopamine release. We constantly want to get off. For some men (and women), porn becomes so ingrained in their lifestyle that its production is actually thought of as being of real or documentary quality. According to some gender studies scholars, the sexual values generally imbued in straight porn - anger, aggression and dominance - construct the woman as the lesser, pliant and dependent party in

heterosexual intercourse. Michael Kimmel argues that the pornographic universe becomes a place of homosocial solace, a refuge from the harsh reality of a more gender-equitable world. In other words, it's an effort to restore men's unchallenged authority.

While porn is a social reality given the internet's ubiquity, research suggests that it would be best to stop engaging with the porn industry where it reinforces gender inequalities and devalues the role of mutuality and communication in all sexual relationships. Since men are the ones who generally conceive, produce and consume porn, and adopt the destructive values of porn into our sexual relationships, we are the ones who should shoulder the responsibility of addressing sexual violence against women and its attached health implications. Additionally, as Kimmel and prolific American anti-porn activist Robert Jensen indicate, we are more than capable of entering into such a conversation.

If dopamine and porn dependency are related and culturally destructive, and we're hardly going to stop having sex, what sex positive alternatives are out there? Research increasingly suggests the benefits of karezza, a practice where both partners delay their orgasm for the purposes of physical bonding and improved health and spirituality. Neurochemically, behaviour like smiling with eye contact, hugging with intent to comfort and spooning in stillness releases the chemical oxytocin. This soothes those parts of the brain which are needed for us to relax and for bonding to take place.

Karezza is likely to reduce power imbalances between the sexes. For instance, partners try to maintain similar levels in their tantric cycles, simultaneously moving towards orgasm over the course of days or weeks. This is markedly different from 'regular' sex, where even when reciprocity is emphasised by male and female couples, subtle forms of sexual coercion exist. For example, men often place upon women an obligation to reach orgasm as a vindication of their sexual prowess. Conversely, karezza can help move couples towards genuine intimacy, based upon dialogue, self-discipline and self-respect.

Some experiences reported are amazing:

Though it was after 11 PM, we cuddled. For about two hours. Ecstatic cuddling. I had experiences last night that I do not have immediate words for. Rich, deep, full. Subtle. Powerful. Moving. Meaningful. Pointing to greater connection with all life. We were in connection. In the same wave, as she put it, like a flock of birds wheeling in the sky as if with one mind.

Another:

In general though, our lovemaking... becomes more and more lovely, gentle, juicy, tender, ecstatic, nuanced, intimate. Without the goal of orgasm and performance, we are more free to open up more and more to the innate miracle of being together, of sharing our bodies.

We all have the ability to empower ourselves sexually; to enact our own emancipatory sex politics, reclaim our bodies and have an amazing time doing it.

Instead of clicking on those porn favourites or going through with familiar patterns of intimacy, it seems that the deeper and more enriching path lies with karezza. Its message is pro-sex, pro-feminist, pro-intimacy, pro-spirituality and so good you will be blown out of your fucking mind!



A Guide to Contributing to **THARUNKA**



Dear reader, we hope you have enjoyed the latest issue of UNSW's student message stick Tharunka. Tharunka is an open student newspaper that relies on contributions for material. We invite you to send us your stories, cartoons, editorials, photographs or poetry. All you have to do is attach and email your submissions to tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.

You send in your piece, us editors will look at it, play with it, then send it back with a re-edit. Tharunka will only run material approved by the contributor, and once we get the OK from you.

Unsure what to write about but want to become a contributor? Inquire at the same email address, or on our Facebook page and we'll organize something for you to cover.

If your planning on writing a feature article, take some photographs to accompany the text. We're not picky; we don't care if it's not done with a proper camera; any decent phone camera should do the trick.



Tharunka 2011 Deadline, Editing & Publication Dates

	Issue 4	Issue 5	Issue 6	Issue 7	Issue 8	Issue 9	Issue 10
Submissions	11.04	02.05	11.07	25.07	08.08	29.08	19.09
Editing	25.04	16.05	18.07	01.08	22.08	12.09	25.09
Release	02.05	23.05	25.07	08.08	29.08	19.09	03.10

Once More (with Feeling!)

By Alex Pittaway

The spotlight flashes onto the stage, the sequined curtains part, and Dorothy ain't in Kansas anymore. The glittering Mitzi Macintosh emerges in ruby-red heels from behind the sequins, ready to, as she likes to put it, "fuck a loveable classic up the arse." The audience can't help but love every minute.

Alas, those six-inch heels have been hung up indefinitely. Graeme Browning, the man behind the eyeliners, had for more than 20 years been at the forefront of drag entertainment in Sydney. Those days are over. In his London home, Browning is sure the drag scene that inspired Priscilla Queen of the Desert is slowly disappearing. "Australia is in a drag rut at the moment," he says. "That whole stage of inspiration which was the late 1980s to the 1990s where we all brought this melting pot of creativity, I think slowly but surely everybody's been taking ladleful's out of the pot and now it's empty." It's hard not to feel an overwhelming sense of nostalgia.

The Sydney drag scene began with Les Girls in the 1950s, and was very different from the drag we know today. Les Girls was performed on television according to Browning, who grew up watching it on the TV, it was pure Las Vegas. "It was all tits and feathers", he tells me. "The whole allusion was that these were Las Vegas show girls... but the joke was 'please put your hands together for Mr Jenny Johnson.' Browning says even the staid, conservative Australian society loved the illusion and trickery behind drag impersonations of celebrities.

Everything changed when this cross-dressing and miming popular songs became a radical statement of sexuality. Where suburban audiences could accept men wearing sequined dresses and makeup, safe in the knowledge that the man behind the frock went home to a wife and kids,



the man in a frock from the seventies was proud to go home to a husband and a pet dog. For middle Australia in the early days of the sexual revolution, this was simply unacceptable.

Drag flourished in Sydney in the 1980s and 1990s. Graeme remembers first coming to Sydney. "When I first came out, Oxford St was like this little cocoon. It was this area that was ours and it was like stepping into the Emerald City... everything that happened was amazing and had this glow about it."

Dawn O'Donnell, a lesbian legend in Sydney, started and owned a string of gay and lesbian venues. The Albury Hotel was one of the jewels in the drag crown, and the only place in Sydney where the punters could see high quality drag seven nights a week. "In the days of Dawn O'Donnell loyalty was very important',

Browning says. 'It was all about family. The girls who worked for her the longest were the ones she supported.' Mitzi thrived at O'Donnell's. "[There were] a lot of performers feeding off each other and inspiring each other... it felt like we were all competing to be the best at our game and that therefore made the game better than what was there before."

Quality of performance was of greatest importance. Mitzi Macintosh's brand of smutty comedy gave her special status at the Imperial Hotel, the setting and inspiration for Stephen Elliot's comedy Priscilla, Queen of the Desert.

The Imperial Hotel was the greatest achievement of Dawn O'Donnell and was without doubt one of the best venues to see the type of camp, slapstick drag that Mitzi championed, but with Dawn O'Donnell's passing, a new managerial class of club operators took hold of drag venues across Sydney. Graeme stays clear of people like Shab Denisi, the current owner of the Imperial Hotel, and ARQ, Sydney's biggest gay night club. "[Managers] had no respect and no understanding of how exactly a drag show worked. At one point in time management decided they were going to come up with the creative concepts for the shows. These are the people that pour drinks and run venues. They have no idea how or why a show works (and) yet they decided to take over... We put in all the work and the inferior product that was produced meant that we had to work our arses off even harder or they'd pull the show in six weeks."

Management interference slowly drove away the performers who were at the peak of their talent. "I was probably the last of an era," Graeme says. He says that young drag queens find it much



easier to mime to a Beyonce or Lady Gaga song than it is to actually interact with an audience.

The AIDS epidemic of the late '80s played a huge role in the community feeling of Oxford Street. Browning remembers beneath all the feathers, high heels and glitter there was a community that was hanging together, supporting each other. "We were most definitely at the forefront of HIV awareness. There was a lot of us who had great friends that we lost and I've often said that I found this new family... who I related to so well and suddenly members of my family started dropping off."

Society's response to the AIDS epidemic was to attach all kinds of ignorant assumptions to the condition, stigmatizing people like Graeme and the drag queens who were already marginalized. Sticking together, socializing in gay venues and supporting drag queens like Mitzi Macintosh was as much a survival mechanism as it was a way to have a good time on a Friday night.

Browning believes the current stagnation of drag performance is tied in with society's current views of

homosexuality. Graeme says greater acceptance is a double edged sword. On the one hand, the community that existed on Oxford St is slowly dying away. The big gay venues and dance parties that over-flowed in the past aren't bringing in the gays like they used to. The Sydney Sleaze Ball was the biggest gay party this side of the southern hemisphere, regularly attracting around 15 000 people, involving upwards of 150 dancers, choreographers and drag queens, and give drag queens opportunities to perform to huge audiences with enormous budgets. This year, the Sleaze Ball drew an audience of under 4000, and there's endless speculation of its demise.

Graeme thinks, especially amongst a younger generation of gay and lesbians, being a part of and fighting for a queer community is simply not important. "There just doesn't seem to be that sense of socializing and community that there used to be, and that's why the Sleaze Ball and drag in general suffers. The money's not coming into the venues to go out of the venues to pay the drag queens. Drag queens haven't had a pay increase for ten years." A slew of larger straight dance

venues has also bled away gay audiences who aren't interested in the Oxford St scene. Abuse that was unthinkable in the past are now frequent enough to deter people from coming out. "We used to pub crawl from venue to venue in full drag, and now these days the girls have to cover up because they're scared of getting yelled at. That never used to happen."

Mitzi Macintosh enjoyed a career unheard of by most drag queens today. 'I was a full time drag queen for 20 years and to be able to support myself and have a full time job doing drag for that period of time was phenomenal.' As gay venues continue to see declining patronage and quality of drag performances Graeme is unsure where drag will end up. "Perhaps," he says, "it's all just a matter of swings and roundabouts."

Sydney Cheap Eats

By Kylar Loussikian

Many things make a decent cheap meal. Thankfully, even with Sydney's reputation for being unaffordable, there are still some establishments cheap enough to allow you to enjoy their culinary delights if you allow the slight hyperbole. Most of these establishments allow the augmentation of culinary delights with large quantities of low-cost but not necessarily low-quality wines (because the choice is of course yours). Here are Tharunka's top five places of cheap dining in 2011.



5. Bill & Toni's

Bill & Toni's combines cheap food, a decent osso bucco, a classic meal of veal parmigiana, water with a dash of cordial, lettuce tossed in a 'salad' with vinegar, bread, and what can only be described as 'abrupt' service into a long evening of drinking red wine and sitting on the balcony whilst respectable looking folk give you nasty stares.

Unfortunately, Bill's also has an annoying habit of running out of nearly everything on their menu before they open, but at least the coffee downstairs is about the best you'll get. The whole place seems to exist in a place before the advent of hipster Darlinghurst and the four dollar soy half sugar not too hot latte and the Americana themed diners that will be gone in five

years. Bill & Toni's is a pleasant reminder that in some places, you still get what you pay for.

Bill & Toni's is at 74 Stanley Street, East Sydney 2010. Open 12pm - 2.30pm and 6pm - 10.30pm. Mains \$9 - \$18.



4. Chinatown Noodle Restaurant

So you have absolutely no money but you're starving? Dumpling House is so popular you'll more likely than not have to queue, but don't worry, the staff at this Chinatown establishment are well trained in pushing people onto and off tables in the tiny space that passes as a restaurant. While you're waiting its not hard to notice the kitschy decorations; plastic grapes and vines hanging from the ceiling, and the wonderful pastoral scenes that adorn the walls.

The food, dumplings or noodles, are either fried or boiled, and the eggplant in special sauce is extremely good. The oily meals are best mixed with large quantities of wine drunk out of classy plastic cups provided, and the food is so cheap you will probably over-order every time and have an excuse to sit there while semi-respectable looking folk give you nasty stares.

The place is tricky to find because a neighbouring store has renovated itself into an exact copy of the Dumpling House, complete with plastic vines, the same name, and the same menu. You'll know which one is the real thing because it doesn't have someone waiting out front to flag you down with the admonition "this one, this one is the real one." To be honest, if the first is busy, the replica does a pretty decent job.

Chinatown Noodle Restaurant is at Shop 7, 8 Quay Street, Haymarket 2000. Open 10am - 9.30pm. Mains \$10.



3. Yummy Thai Food

With the explosion of the Thai-restaurant-pallatable-to-exotica-seeking-eastern-suburbs-types over the last few years, few places can claim to match their food to their prices. Yummy Thai Food is more a food-court experience than a restaurant, but if one is familiar with the concept of Chinatown food-courts, to say that is hardly a bad thing.

Although it's not possible to bring your own wine or beer, you can buy some from a shop that seems to specialise in alcohol and ice cream, and the food is genuinely tasty; the massaman curry is excellent, as is the panang. Steer clear of duck-based dishes, although the red curry duck is tempting.

The servings are generous, easily a meal, and totally incomparable to the awful shit on offer at World Square (which tastes like its been injected with sugar) or at the food courts near Town Hall (which taste like they've been injected with crap).

Yummy Thai Food is at Level 2, 56 - 66 Dixon Street, Haymarket 2000. Open 12pm - late. Mains \$8.50 - \$15.



2. Pho Pasteur

Surrounded by a bunch of newer Vietnamese establishments, this basic Pho restaurant on George Street is probably the cheapest decent meal you'll find in the city. Nearly everyone in the always-full restaurant is eating a variation of noodle soup, served with lemon, bean sprouts and Thai basil, and they're eating

it for a reason. Tea is served free, and the pork sausages with rice or noodles are sometimes quite suspect, but normally very tasty, with an excellent sweet chili sauce

Pho Pasteur could be recommended on price only, but the food always tastes fresh, the place is always busy, and service is fast. Alcohol is not permitted, and there is another branch in Cabramatta.

Pho Pasteur is at 702 George Street, Haymarket 2000. Open 10am - 9pm. Mains \$7.70 - \$12.



1. Encasa

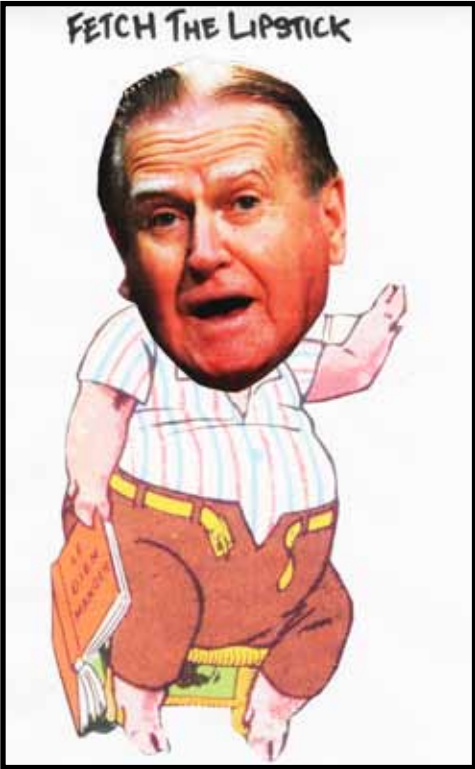
Perhaps this isn't a legitimate choice for the best cheap eating in Sydney which is an odd thing to say once number one has

been reached, but Encasa is cheap as hell if you turn up with more than five people, and it sure as hell tastes delicious. Always booked up and totally noisy, Encasa delivers some reasonable tapas and some great pizzas. The tapas change regularly, with daily specials alongside the standard fare. Irritatingly, the specials are often sold out on Thursdays or Fridays even as early as 7.30pm. The mussels are great, as is the baby octopus. The spanish sausage in cide is filling and oily, and the sardines are always sold out.

Other dishes are pretty standard fare: the patatas bravas are fried potatoes with garlic mayonaise and spicy tomato sauce, filling but boring, and the sizzling garlic mushrooms can sometimes be a little flavourless. The pizzas are always delicious, as is the sangria. Watch out for the corkage which is charged per bottle per person.

Encasa is excellent because out of all the cheap eats in town, it has so many great dishes on the menu, you can sit for as long as you please and drink as many bottles of wine as you'd like, and nobody really cares because they're all busy doing the same.

Encasa is at 432 Pitt Street, Sydney 2000. Open 12pm - 2.30pm, 5.30pm - late. Mains \$20, tapas \$9 - \$13.



Spotting a Decent Brewskie

By Dominic Foffani

Possibly the greatest challenge for a frequent beer drinker is to tell you what a great beer is. For instance, beer drinkers are regularly asked the question “should I have an ale, or a lager?” and one well versed in beverage consumption knows the answer is always “you should have a beer!” The concept of a great beer comes down to a great many things:

1. How pissed you are at the time – to paraphrase Danny Bhoy, we are so pedantic about what we drink at the start of the night – “I’ll have white wine, but not a chardonnay, no I will not drink a chardonnay” but by the end of the night we scrape together whatever the hell we can find, becoming our own cocktail bartender; “...anyone up for some Gin and Chocolate milk?” Obviously, our sobriety (or lack of it) influences what we prefer to drink, meaning the type of beer you have been sitting on for a few rounds might change pretty quickly.

2. The Pour – the presentation of a beer, especially one that is poured in front of you, is paramount to the drinking experience. I regret to inform establishments that holding the glass on an angle and overpouring is utterly unattractive – that is, pouring in the glass relentlessly until there is an acceptable head with beer overflowing the glass into the tray. Rather, there are two acceptable methods of pouring: The Half Pour – when the glass is held at an angle and is poured into until the head is three-quarters up the glass, left to sit as the head is reduced and then topped up; and The Long Pour, where the glass is held at

an angle and poured into as the bartender moves the glass up and down until a nicely raised head of 10-15mm is formed.

3. The Size – The different ways people handle different drinking climates affects the overall beverage. Regardless of the weather, if you are a slow drinker your beer will turn hot before you get down to the bottom half, making for a horrible experience. So instead of the typical schooner (425ml), why not try a Middy (285ml), Seven (200ml) or Pony (140ml)? The only way to know what size you should drink is by experimenting, but remember that there is no use in paying for a beer that is a chore to drink. This is a waste of money, waste of time and more importantly, a waste of beer!

4. The Temperature – No-one in their right mind enjoys a lukewarm beer on a hot summer’s day. When you get a hold of your beer, you should be able to feel the frost of the golden liquid shoot up your hand. When you take your first sip you should feel that seven second rush to your stomach with a cool sensation, followed by an audibly appreciative ‘AHH!’

5. The Colour – Understandably, the colour of the beer in front of you has to be attractive to you, from those who like a deep golden brown to those who prefer a bright pale (though I would advise you to stay away if the beer is a deep green and it’s not St. Patti’s Day...).

6. The Taste – Again entirely subjective, the taste of a beer can (very) loosely be

gauged by the colour of it. The darker the colour, the more bitter the beer is. As well as colour, the taste also takes into account the texture of the beer in your palette and the aroma, though it doesn’t pay to go around sniffing your beer like a wine connoisseur with a Penfolds Grange Magnum 1979.

7. Drinkability and Enjoyability – When drinking beer, one must experience the entirety of the glass to be able to fully appreciate its glory. To do this, bear in mind my analogy of ‘The Pick-Up Line’, ‘The Dance’ and ‘The Good Night Kiss.’ ‘The Pick-Up Line’ represents the initial sip of a beer and determines how enthusiastic you are about enjoying the rest of its contents. It has to be fresh, punctual and elegant with a certain panache. If things go well here and thoughts of the beer are dizzily swirling around your head, conscious action should be taken. ‘The Dance’ poses numerous questions - should we nurse this beauty in a waltz or slam it down fast? If you go too hard with the dance, there usually isn’t a ‘Good Night Kiss’ waiting for you so you must decide either to leave the establishment or try another pick up line. But if there’s no such fallout the beer will leave your mouth wanting more and so you get the beer’s number and details and slate another encounter.

My final advice to you, beer fans, is to try as many pick-up lines you can, observe how it’s poured and see if there is a difference between your favourite brew in a bottle, can or on tap. Have fun getting pissed!

Belford via Central: The Gumball Music & Arts Festival

By Bob Jane

It's nearing the end of summer but Haymarket still feels like a swamp. It was nine in the morning, the rain hadn't stopped all night, and it felt like it was already thirty. No wonder Matt Johnston was in no mood to come down to Sydney. Planning the Gumball Festival from his property in Belford, at least it didn't seem like he minded being woken at an early hour. After six years of being little more than an enormous barbeque in the bush with bands and booze, the Gumball was hitting the big time; with a publicist in overdrive, interviews lined up to the evening, and bands to organise, this was all very new terrain.

Dashville, a bushland property about halfway between Cessnock and Singleton, was first turned into a festival site in mid-2004. "We cleared out a few trees," explains Matt, "put some grass in and built a bit of a stage." He says he first had the idea of a bushland festival after he returned from a few years of travelling.

A few years after the inaugural Gumball, the local council started receiving complaints from local property owners, so the festival was moved to the neighbouring area. "A lot of people didn't know what to expect, we're a couple of young blokes, we sort of had the blinkers on going hard and everybody was either supportive or against it. There was a lot of opposition locally, and the council nailed us pretty hard that year," Matt told me.

Matt says its taken six years for the festival to attract a thousand people, and this year they're hoping for a few more. He's aware a few festivals that started after Gumball are much larger now, but that's not a great concern. "It's just cool, everyone who's been there from the start



is still coming. I think this year is really going to reveal what we intended to do all along."

It's not just been Matt that's had some trouble with councils. Last year, one of the Gumballs featured acts, Sticky Fingers, had a run in with Sydney Council. After being rejected from the Newtown Festival for two years in a row, despite being a local band, they decided enough was enough. "We had a mates who's house is basically inside the festival ground, and we made a stage out of crates and plywood, and pretty much headlined the festival over the fence of his backyard," I'm told.

When Patty and Seamus finally arrive in the studio, they're sans vocalist and explain that something came up. That means the recordings off, but we still talk about their last album, *Extended Play*, which was met with positive reviews and airplay on 2SER and *FBI*. They're just happy to make some extra money. "It's good to make some extra cash as well, cause there's a fair few gigs we play where the cash flows pretty minimum," Patty tells me. "Having something recorded is pretty good, we had a few older recordings but they were pretty crappy," explains Seamus, "we didn't spend any money on it, we recorded it at TAFE, it was produced by TAFE students, mixed and mastered by TAFE students, and at the time we thought it was premium, but no..."

They've just come off the Donovan Frankenreiter tour. It was an acoustic tour, which was a bit unusual for Sticky Fingers, who usually play their psych rock reggae with a full band. "Donovan was worried we were going to blow him out of the water with the full band, so he



stripped us back,” they tell me. They had some time to write some new songs, one, I was explained was about porno girls, or rather, when you’re making love to a girl and you’re thinking about porn.

At first, of course, band selection was a pretty casual thing. Matt tells me how the band selection process used to go. “Originally it was just the bands we were playing with (Matt is still a musician, although music now takes a backseat to organising the Gumball), we’d just get them on and maybe one or two from Melbourne or Sydney. That’s what it was all about, just combining local bands with interstate bands.” Now things are a little different. “Shows like the Gumball are pretty ideal for attracting new audiences and it takes a good six months to work out what’s happening with the line-up, and because we try to embrace all the genres and stuff, get a good mix, a good flow through the day, that sort of restricts it. There’s probably a lot of great rock bands out there, but we can probably only have four or five each year, depending on what else is happening as well.”

This year, things are certainly different. The Bamboos are performing, for one thing. A darling of the independent radio airwaves, this funk act has played at some of the biggest international festivals,

released a string of well-received albums, and supported a number of living soul legends. Their last album 4 was highly acclaimed; the BBC Radio 2 said “they’re about as good as it gets...” and the ABC called them the tightest funk act in the world. “It’s great to get that kind of acclaim for sure,” says guitarist Lance Ferguson. “It does put some pressure on me when it comes time to write the next album, but I’m actually doing that right now.”

The next album, he says, will be in a slightly different direction to the last few Bamboos releases. To write it, he’s spent three weeks holed up in his studio “It just never ends up happening that songs are written on tour because there’s so much going on, and so little time really,” he says. After being together for ten years, it’s easier to see how their sound has changed. Lance says in the first five years, the sound was clearly influenced by the soul and funk of the fifties and sixties, but lately they’ve been trying to get away from that; “I’m really aiming for The Bamboos to be a progressive band and not get stuck in that retro thing.” He says if you’re locked in a retro headspace, there’s only so far one can take it. “For me,” he explains, “I think whatever music I make should be relevant to now.”

The Bamboos are also prolific tourers; they’ve supported Eddie Bo, Eddie Floyd, Betty Harris and others. A particular highlight for Lance was touring with Phil Johnson. “He’s an absolute legend of soul music,” he says. “He had a lot of hilarious stories and a lot of hilarious anecdotes and he also had a lot of wisdom to offer us as younger musicians.”

The Bamboos have also played at the Byron Blues Festival, Meredith, Falls Festival, and Parklife. He says the Gumball will be more intimate; “as much as I love to play the massive festivals, it’s great to actually be able to connect with the audience, and sometimes seeing them physically can be difficult especially if it’s night and there’s a large barrier in front of the stage. I’m looking forward to that aspect, but also I’ve been writing those new songs for the next album, so I guess we’ll just drop a few of those into the set and test them out.”

Apart from The Bamboos, Matt is also looking forward to seeing C.W. Stoneking. “I saw C.W. Stoneking in a local hall up here in a pub, and you know, that was amazing. I’m a big fan of C.W. and to have him along to my place is pretty awesome.” Kora, the Gumball headliners, are, according to Matt, going to be a bit of head turner too.

The Haiku Sessions, vol. 2

By Cale Leslie Hubble

I return to these
With some trepidation. Why?
High expectations.

Up down up down up;
As if my emotions act
Independently.

To stay or to go?
The allure of home is strong.
I'll leave now. But no!

To go or to stay?
There's so much to see and do.
I'll remain? No way!

Creative impulse:
Like pushing lava under
A volcano. Boom!

For whom do I search?
Lazy bright dumb active or
Some combination?

Fred goes to the church
And asks the priest: Why am I?
Response: no-one knows.

Meaning, will, purpose...
Why waste our so precious time?
Just have fun. Enjoy!

Curvy legs, straight back-
My chair reminds me of her.
At least it will stay.

Swirling clouds of stuff,
Bits and bobs and blogs and vlogs;
How can we keep up?

Curl up, shut down: sleep.
Why do we have to? Unfair!
I wanna do stuff!

I broke the table.
Woops. That was not a good thing.
Insightful haiku.

Distance relations
Would be rather difficult.
Curses to oceans!

Sensuality;
Passionate footwork of love
Time for tango class.

We speak of the click.
You meet, you chat; do you click?
It's first impressions.

I pidgeonhole you
Horribly, very quickly:
Nothing, friend, lover.

You get an idea
And it plagues your mind, haunts it,
Even if it's dumb.

End of the page! Yay!
This means I can go to sleep!
Ah, the writer's curse.



By Andre Teh

UNSW Publishes World Leading Research on Abstract Topic

By David George

Researchers at the University of New South Wales have discovered that Uncle Pete's toys are not comprised of 'magic' as claimed in their advertising, but of a little-known polymer. The polymer now known as polybullshytanol has been synthesised in laboratories using the tears of children too unfortunate to have toys.

Dr Steve Stevens of the Lowie Organic Synthesis of Essential Research Laboratory was at the helm of a team over a period of five years to disprove the fraudulent advertising claim. 'The boys were just stoked to get the job done', said Dr Stevens at a formal reception held in Churchill's Sports Bar Kingsford. 'We'd been putting in the hard yards, making sure we kept our eye on the ball and it feels good. There'll definitely be a few beers tonight'. When asked about his plans for the future Dr Stevens replied that his team would be 'taking it one week at a time' and 'giving one hundred and ten percent in all future research'. Dr Stevens, a self proclaimed pisspot and bastard (Ed's note:

so they say...), then demonstrated his other great skill in life as he made a Bundaberg Rum-themed beverage disappear.

But it was not always smooth sailing for the research team however, who had to endure a whirlwind of negative publicity after nude photos of various members of the team were leaked onto the internet by a disgruntled PhD student. The student, believed to have become embittered after not being able to complete his research in three weeks, distributed photos taken during a Christmas party onto mySpace, where they were seen by six people. Unfortunately this included the Chemistry Head of School, who took offence at the inappropriate use of reflux equipment and was forced to suspend several key team members for three weeks.

Thankfully, due to teamwork, the strongest material known to mankind, the research squad was able to overcome this setback and once again continue their research.

In another more astounding claim it is believed that the polymer could also have potential as a renewable fuel in the automotive industry. Polybullshytanol has very similar performance characteristics to petroleum. However, the only downside to this is the method of production in which the tears of children must be harvested. Current estimates place each litre of fuel requiring two spoons of boiled spinach and ten children to produce. But there is hope for the future; 'If we are able to tap into the teenage market there may be a real future for this fuel' added Dr Stevens, after discovering that his teenage daughter would just cry for no reason without being provoked.

So while the mainstream use of polybullshytanol as a fuel is estimated to be at least five years away, very soon your journey to work could be powered by human misery. That's a green future we call all look forward to.



"The unsubstantiated claim which sparked the research team's five year effort"

Reviews

Missing the Bus to David Jones

Reviewed by Camilla Palmer

It's true. All of us at some point will meet our mortal end. Death is one thing all of us have in common. And as scary as that may be for some of us, my guess is that it is far less frightening than a state of living death, where the body seems to keep ticking away whilst the mind has passed its expiry date. Or vice versa. *Missing the Bus to David Jones* presents this confronting subject matter by taking us behind the doors of a nursing home and showing us the lives of those people who at some point may well be our own husbands or wives, parents or grandparents. It's scary stuff and terribly sad too. There is the mother who sits mute and expressionless whilst her visiting son tries to liven her day with anecdotes about the family dog, with no success. There is the woman who cannot cope with the ritual visits to her husband, suffering from Alzheimers and who sits transfixed by a photo of his mother as a young woman. There is the woman who, when repeatedly instructed to push a balloon up in the air as part of an exercise session, protests by pulling ten excrement-covered fingers out from the back of her pants. Then there is the dear old pet, clad in hounds-tooth coat, gloved fingers, felt hat and matching bag, who each day sits on a bench and waits for a bus to David Jones that of course never materializes.



Whilst *Missing the Bus* gives us all these characters and many more, what makes the realization of living-death worse is laughing at it or using this experience as a source for cheap jokes. That is where *Missing the Bus* completely fails. The performances were superb as was the lighting and the use of video and new media. However the characters themselves and the situations that were depicted seemed superficial and focused solely on getting the most possible laughs from the audience. I saw the play with two middle-aged women who found the play overly confronting (which is not necessarily a bad thing) and two friends in their twenties who found it as offensive as I did. So it is a mystery to me who the imagined audience is. The writer and director Carlos Gomes apparently drew inspiration from his own experience of looking after an elderly Grandfather as well as spending six-months researching inside various nursing homes and I do not doubt that his intention is to represent the reality and inevitable dehumanizing of those final years of a person's life. Yet I still cannot shake the discomfort I felt in being made to laugh at something that I don't feel is funny. Nor can I forgive the abominable and lazy ending where Iggy Pop's *Lust For Life* gets blasted out from the stage and the actors emerge from their wrinkled and crippled postures to dance like teenagers at a punk concert. Yeah, I get it, lust for life. More like the final deathblow.

Missing the Bus to David Jones was presented by Performing Lines and the Seymour Centre between the March 22 and April 2.

Os Mutantes

Reviewed by Jack Jelbart

At the Enmore Theatre this month you could have seen one of the late great acts of tropicália-psychedelica, Os Mutantes, resurrected for musical and sentimental purposes. The band, who were big in Brazil in the sixties and seventies, have reformed (actually only one of the members, the front man, Sérgio Dias Baptista, is 'original' – the

others having succumbed to obscurity, insanity and the whimsical allure of solo careers.) This is their first tour of Australia, where they're playing with Best Coast, an American Indie/ Surf/ Garage band heavily influenced by their Bossa Nova style.

Bossa Nova (being Portuguese for 'new style') is a type of music that blends psychedelic with samba. Os Mutantes are like the god parents of this style; they came after the fact but nurtured it like their baby. They're oft sighted as influential players by American surf/ indie contemporaries like Beck, The Pixies and even Nirvana, which I'm sure has contributed to their prevailing popularity. So if you like these groups, Os Mutantes are worth a look-in, especially if you know something of Portuguese.

An important question then: so they're old, possibly old enough to be your grandparents, do they, can they, still rock? Yes, they do. They can rock. They can rock okay. Yes. But you've missed them, they're over. As I write this they're likely (or at least for dramatic purposes) on a plane, flying home to Brazil. And because it's taken them as long as fifty years to get here; and because they're already old; and also because their show didn't even sell out; it's doubtful they'll return. No, the best you can hope for is a tribute band, which is like saying the best you can hope for is an insulting disappointment.

But before you turn the page on your disappointment, and since you're already this far into a review that I've only now had the decency to disclose is an irrelevant waste of ink and paper (recycled of course, we're not pigs,) let me get to the important part of my important question: can a group old fuddy-duddies, who actually wear robes as if they're still a legitimate option in for rocking-apparel; can you watch them strut their stuff without feeling a little bit embarrassed for them?

There's a certain dignity in aging disgracefully, to be sure, but it was at around the time that Sérgio started dry humping Zélia Duncan that I began to feel it might be time for a curtain call on all these old, resurrected bands. I find aging depressing enough without

being confronted with it so publicly. And maybe that's just my problem, but I don't think I'm ageist, I feel like it's more complicated than that. The problem I have is not that they are old; I've already told you that they rock pretty efficiently. My problem is that their whole act is old. The world has moved on, and we're mistaken if with think we can dress a concert up in the fashions and tropes of the bygone day's rock and convince ourselves we're having an authentic experience. I find this duplicity saddening and a little distracting, which doesn't mean I didn't enjoy Os Mutantes, because I did, immensely. I'm just lamenting the days when we could lay things to rest after they'd died.

Haih Or Amortecedor, a new album by Os Mutantes is out now on ANTI-.

Mad Bastards

Reviewed by Jack Jelbart



Mad Bastards is an Australian film, released this month, and it's well deserving of your time. The director, and co-author of the script, is Brendan Fletcher, who you wouldn't know if you weren't a fan of Russell Crowe's rock band, Thirty Odd Foot of Grunts, the regrettable subject of his first feature. Happily Mad Bastards in no way regards Australia's leading egomaniac; in fact the film contains almost no professional actors whatsoever, which is an interesting decision and also an effective one.

The film was inspired by largely true stories of life in the Kimberly region, told to Fletcher by its inhabitants. This was when he was touring the region with

a folk-traditional band called the Pigram Brothers. These stories became the story of Tj (played by Dean Daley-Jones), an Aboriginal and local of the Pearth region, traveling north some two-thousand kilometres north, to the township of two rivers to reunite with his estranged son Bullet (Lucas Yeeda), and by virtue of his arrangement, Bullet's mother Nella (Ngairé Pigram). Tj and son are mad bastards, and – so the conceit of this type of film goes – only together can they overcome the madness of an unsettled and unsettling world.

You've seen it before, but rarely as well executed. The characters and performances are totally believable: in a sequence that rolls after the film but before the credits we are told that the 'actors' are people sourced for their authenticity, their own stories often having fed the inspiration for their characters'; the cinematography is beautiful; and the soundtrack, which is mostly the work of the Pigram brothers, is stellar. More could be said about the films authenticity and quality, but I'll spare you. Simply put, it's a good film.

Mad Bastards is on national release May 5 through Transmission and Paramount Pictures.

Jackie Charles v The Crown

Reviewed by Cameron McPhedran

Belvoir Street is an intimate venue and a perfect setting for this fascinating monologue into the life of an indigenous man, his heroin addiction and his art.

Jackie Charles is a man who has led a tortured life. While it would be easy to interpret this play in terms of the familiar lines of race, the Stolen Generation and the battle for indigenous self sovereignty, I thought the plays strength was the way in which its subject took ownership of, and explored unashamedly, his personal history. Sexual abuse, addiction and cultural dislocation dominated his existence from an early age. However, rather than emphasise these hardships, Charles framed his identity in terms of his present.

The play is a highly engaging eighty minutes, not least because of the way its subject pitches his case directly to the audience. It's clear that we are to be the ultimate arbiters of Charles' fate rather than the Crown, a collective scales of justice juxtaposed with the heavy, ritualistic one projected behind him. The marked distinction between his past and present was also seen by the way in which Charles is introduced at the plays outset, by way of newspaper headlines charting his criminality and addiction, thereafter contrasted with his strident, vital efforts at self-reform. A Dirty Three-esque musical accompaniment adds a further emotive touch to this history, but never distracted from Charles directly relating his story to us through his own words.

Jackie Charles v The Crown is not without its faults. Charles stumbles at times over his words, and at \$39 dollars for a preview show, the price is quite steep. However, in the end, I thought it was a strong, impassioned performance, one which proved cathartic not just for Charles but also for the audience. We were left with the idea that self honesty, creativity and a faith in humanity can reform any individual, and that through his art Charles had done so.



Jackie Charles v The Crown is showing at the Belvoir Street Theatre from March 30 to April 17. Tickets \$39 to \$59. Bookings on 9699 3444.

The Conspiracy Theory

By Desiree Conceicao

In the year 2561, John Fitzgerald Kennedy went back in time to kill himself. Not the real John Fitzgerald Kennedy, of course, he'd been dead for eons. This was JFK-025, a clone, but it was close enough – it had all his memories, his personality, his beliefs. It was JFK to a tee, grown in a test tube instead of in Rose Fitzgerald's womb. But still in amniotic fluid.

The world of 2561 had, at large, decided that JFK was to blame for most of the world's problems. Everyone knew that Kennedy had purposely provoked Cuba and Russia into firing their nukes onto America, thereby starting World War 3. Kennedy had tested numerous medicines on patients with Addison's Disease, from which he too suffered, in the hope of a quick cure for himself. He had provided the funding, and given the go-ahead for the super-human project (which went terribly wrong) and was thus responsible for the steroid-enhanced, socially inept, life extended mutants who occasionally sought to attack human communities.

Who knew that one man could wreak so much havoc on the world?

When the CIA believed that they had finally managed to create a time machine, JFK was the first (and possibly only) candidate for intervention. Time was a tricky thing, and time travel even more so. The butterfly effect couldn't be tested simply because if it was true, the future after the trip to the past would no longer be the same. If there was only one aspect of the past that could be changed, the CIA, in consultation with the UN, figured that preventing JFK from making all those terrible decisions was the topmost priority.

JFK-025 was the perfect person to change history. For years the CIA had been cloning JFK, for the sake of history, psychology and national security. They wanted to understand why he had done what he had done, and how he'd done it.

The plan was that JFK-025 could go back in history and switch places with the real JFK at crucial points in time. The Cuban Missile Crisis was the first such instance. If all else failed, JFK-025 was to shoot Kennedy at Dealey Plaza in Dallas,



Texas, at 12:30 p.m. CST, on Friday, November 22, 1963. This had been the date of the failed assassination; therefore, JFK-025 would be able to kill Kennedy under the cover of the 3 shots that Oswald and his inept associates had fired - of which only one had hit, (but not killed), Kennedy.

The plan went off smoothly enough, at the start. JFK-025 arrived in the President's bathroom at precisely 11:52 pm, on the 13th of October 1962. While time stood still, as it tended to for a few moments after the time machine had performed its space-time jump (a stroke of good luck that made JFK-025's job infinitely easier than it would be otherwise), JFK-025 stashed the actual JFK into a cryogenic compartment and took his place in bed, next to the blissfully ignorant Jacqueline Lee Bouvier Kennedy.

For the next few days, JFK-025 was in his element. Despite being a perfect copy of John F. Kennedy, he had been warned of the consequences of his actions,

and had been trained to follow a course of events that would, with all luck, lead to peace.

He negotiated with the Soviets, ordering them to remove all defensive material being built on Cuba, with the threat of a naval quarantine if they failed to comply. Within a week from October 28th, Khrushchev had agreed to remove the missiles subject to UN inspections if the US publicly promised never to invade Cuba and quietly remove US missiles stationed in Turkey.

This change in time somehow meant the field of cryogenics would not be pursued in the future. John Fitzgerald Kennedy was thus huddled inside the time machine, believing himself to be dreaming. This meant a change of plan.

JFK-025 hypnotised JFK, filling in the gaps in his memory, and attempting to impress upon JFK's subconscious what he must and mustn't do over the course of the rest of his life. Hypnosis, however, only works over a short period of time.

Kennedy's involvement in the Vietnam War was proof that the effects of the hypnosis were weakening. Midway through 1963 it was clear that JFK-025 was going to have to kill Kennedy, and so, as planned, at precisely 12:30 p.m. CST, on Friday the 22nd of November 1963, JFK-025 shot his doppelganger as the Presidential Limousine made its way through Dealey Plaza.

JFK-025 had been provided with an exploding bullet whose structure had been especially manipulated so that as each section of the bullet disintegrated, the remnants would change course to a marginally different direction. A moment after the bullet exited Kennedy's body, it, along with JFK-025 and the time machine all disappeared, erased from the space-time continuum as the events that had bought about their existence never occurred. The operation was successful, and Kennedy never committed the atrocities that he would have, had he lived.

In the year 2651, John Fitzgerald Kennedy was commemorated as the best president the world had ever seen.

Divine Seduction

By Seddon 'Sedz' Johnston



Maybe her red dress was a bit too daring. I saw all eyes swarm around her figure, dancing her way from the bar to the table next to mine. I watched the people watching her (not her dress), and I wasn't looking at her thin ankles in her black delicate shoes. I wasn't looking, but it was all I could see. Loud music pulsed through the night together with laughter and loud murmurs from the people all watching the girl in the red dress.

When she balanced on her ankles towards the bar once more, I followed and smiled at her while we waited for the bartender. I paid her drink and said "I love your dress". I moved to her table and sat next to her and felt her warmth through my jeans, into my thigh and spreading through the rest of my body. My hands were sweaty on the beer glass.

We talked nothings, I kissed her hand and she whispered in my ear "I want to fuck you". The valley between her breasts shone with sweat, and her eyes sparkled seduction in the sweet light. I imagined the inside of her thigh tasting salty on my tongue.

I dragged her feverishly by the hand through the streets, stopping every ten meters to touch her neck and back, to feel

her body under my hands. Touch the side of her chest to feel the start of the soft hill, like a mound of sand on a warm beach.

Stopping outside my door, a wall hiding us from the world, I kissed her for the first time. Her lipstick tasted slightly of raspberry and I could feel her nipple (tight, firm) against my chest. I unzipped her dress, pulling it down to her waist. Her right nipple was cold in my mouth, and I warmed her other breast with my hand. She moaned as I nibbled gently on her skin.

My excitement was pressed against her hip, and I fumbled for the keys in my jeans. She took my hand and guided it to her centre. Warm, moist heaven blocked out all thoughts of getting to a bed. All I wanted was to be fully inside her. I teased her clitoris with my thumb and she unbuttoned my jeans. I trailed kisses and bites down her body as I kneeled before this goddess. I tasted soap together with her sweat. My mouth found its target and I played with her softly, her breath caught and she moaned. I pulled my pants down and dragged the girl, no longer wearing a too daring red dress, down to my waiting body.

As I entered her body she yelled out, loud, louder than me. The movement of her body underneath mine was like an ocean welcoming a storm. I could feel every inch of my body heightened with feeling, from the knees on the cold ground, to the breeze of her breathy moans in my ear. All my desire was this moment. Moving inside her was pleasure beyond describing, my erection flowing through her wetness, firm and forgiving, and too fast. I took her nipple in my mouth once more, and when she dragged her fingernails hard across my back I pushed deep inside her and rode out my orgasm kissing her reverently on the mouth.

I found my keys and we finally stepped inside to find the bed. I pushed her down, and savoured her musky flavour as I spent considerable time gently bringing her to climax.

We woke up late the next day, and ignoring our sore limbs, rocked together in a divine celebration of the morning.

Phobic

By Kieth Yap

Scarred. Induced revulsion. Aversion. The works are a series of truths. They are the hidden perplexities that belong to my subconscious, informing what was an intense exorcism of imagery.

The printmaking medium is an ardent decision making process. Each step demands critical technique and clockwork attention to detail. The experience of being able to produce drawings that turn into individualized multiples makes me appreciate the form's exactitude and multifarious. The body of work became a pledge to overcome.

Nearing the end of my pursuit of the Bachelor of Art Education, I have reached the adamant belief that when aiming to become a teacher of Visual Arts, one needs to be constantly strengthening artistic practice. Be it making art, working in arts administration, volunteering for arts projects and festivals to simply indulging in artspeak with all like-minded.

The works I am to create this year concern all notions of the 'Home' and the importance of Technology.

My love of art has always been a means of experimentation, exploration, tension and triumph.



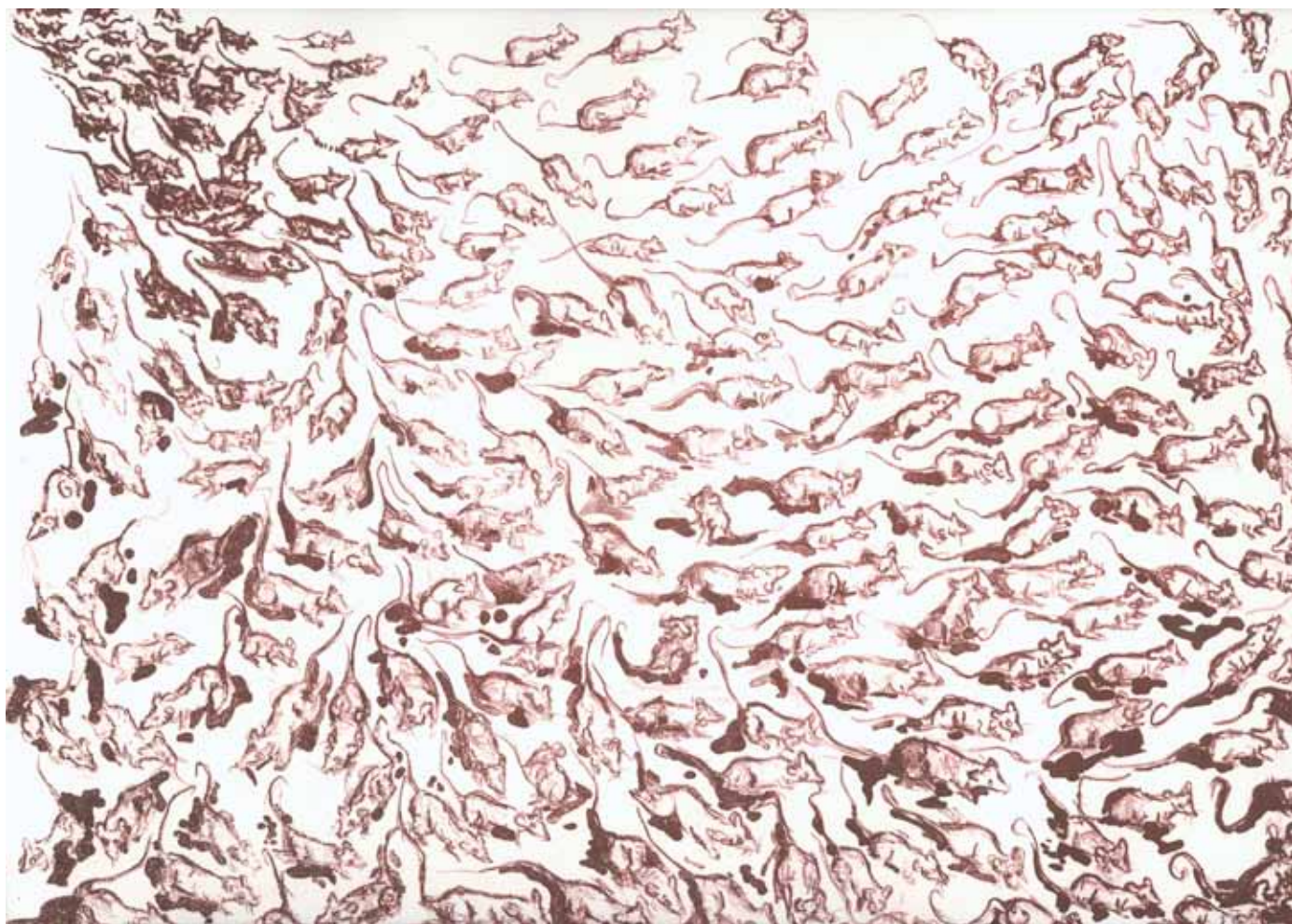
just a little further
2010
drypoint
edition /19

aibopohncara
2010
lithograph
edition /6



apex predators
2010
colour lithograph
edition /4





invasion
2010
colour lithograph
edition /5

Lisette the Agony Aunt

By Lisette Valdez



Dear Agony Aunt,

It's been over a month since I started my first year at uni and I have yet to make any friends. I thought that by this point I would be playing WoW and LARPing (live action role playing) with heaps of people but no one seems to be interested in these endeavors. Now I find myself going from class to class alone while I count down the days until StarCraft 3 comes out. I don't want uni to be a repeat of high school but I'm not sure what I'm doing wrong. I'm just a lonely guy who really wants to fit in. Do you have any suggestions of how I can meet new friends?

Anonymous

Dear Roy,

Making new friends is always difficult. You really have to put yourself out there and make an effort to interact with your fellow peers. I have faith that someone will see your quality personality, but if that doesn't happen here are some suggestions. First off, give people free money! Nobody dislikes a person who gives them free money. Money may not buy you happiness but it can definitely buy you friends. Make it rain on them hos and if you don't have enough bills then just make it hail and pelt them with our insane amount of coins! You can also make sure to always carry a bottle of wine. It will show people that you're classy and ready to get down no matter where or when. Just take a look at Jesus, he made free wine appear and look how much people loved him! You should also make the effort to talk to strangers in the bathroom. People tend to be more vulnerable there and you'll really get to have a private moment with them. You'll both walk out feeling a secret connection. Remember it's hard to transition to new places but if you just completely change yourself to fit what other people want you'll be just fine.

Dear Agony Aunt,

My old boyfriend from high school keeps poking me on Facebook and I'm not sure how to take it. He's poked me a few times in the last week and I'm a bit confused. We broke up when we both went away to uni and I haven't spoken to him in a while. Does this mean he wants to start things up again?

Anonymous

Dear Eva,

The Facebook poke is a difficult action to interpret. Many consider it a simple way of saying, "I like you" without actually having to construct coherent sentences. Others take this further and consider it a way to say, I would like to sleep with you. Freud considers the finger a phallic symbol and if your father did not hug you enough as a child you are more vulnerable to allowing men to "poke" you more often because you are searching for unrequited love. In other words, he just wants to have sex.

Do you have serious personal or emotional problems but no funds to see a qualified psychiatrist? Why not write to our Agony Aunt for clear-headed advice? You can drop us an email at tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au, or send us a letter at PO Box 173 Kingsford NSW 2032.

Dear Agony Aunt,

I've just released my first hit single and it's creating quite the buzz! There is even a random black guy who raps in the middle of my song so it's really legit. I've dreamed of being a pop star all 13 years of my life and it's finally coming true! I remember when Justin Bieber went platinum so many years ago and I thought to myself, "If he can make it, well then darn it so can I!". Now I'm on the road to fame but I'm having a hard time coming up with a new song. It took me 3 years to write the last one and I really want my words to resonate with my fans. Do you have any words of wisdom for a budding songwriter?

Rebecca Black

Dear Rebecca,

OH MY GOSH! I LOVE YOUR NEW SONG!!! The lyrics are just genius! I mean, it's Friday, Friday. Yesterday was Thursday and tomorrow is TOTALLY going to be SATURDAY!! Your words are just so honest and relatable. I mean who doesn't think that exact same thing when Friday rolls around? It speaks to people of all ages and I think you should really take the universality of your lyrics and apply this to your next song. Think to yourself: What else can a lot of people relate too? Perhaps a song about the seasons? A lot of places have those, maybe you can call it Summer and refer to the fact that Winter was before it and Fall will come right after. No matter what you write just remember to make it speak the truth and your lyrics will not fail.



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

SRC International recently held its first formal event, a migration seminar, to good responses. The Migration Seminar invited Mark Webster, CEO of Acacia Immigration Ltd, to give international students a more detailed understanding of the current legislative changes. Quite a few international students showed up and took the chance to get their questions answered. This was followed up a successful international mingling night. Based on the good response we received, we have decided to hold another migration seminar at the beginning of next semester, during International Festival. The next event we are planning is a 'Tips on IELTS' Workshop- to be held after the mid-sem Break.

Aiden and Ben,
Environmental Collective
enviro@arc.unsw.edu.au

Salutations from the Enviro Collective,

We've had some sweet events on this semester, and heaps of other great stuff coming up. The 'Price on Pollution' rally at Belmore Park last Saturday was a big success. It was nice to see lots of peeps from UNSW, although there was probably heaps more of you lost in the crowd of 8000! Also great to see was the Climate Denier rally barely managing to scrape a quarter of that number!

There has been a lot of emphasis on recycling in the last few weeks, with many students submitting thoughts and proposals to the Waste Tender Steering Committee. If you would like to add your voice, just contact us!

Our weekly Sustainable Film Nights have also been going down well, so come along and join the Enviro Collective and the one and only Alain Ashman for a night of relaxation and contemplation. These are held on Fridays, from 7:30pm on the main walkway near the Village Green, or in those cases of wet weather, the Roundhouse Air Room.

Other stuff to look out for:

Enviro Collective Green Drinks: Come join our social incubator at the Unibar on Wednesday nights (5:30-6:30pm) where you can meet with all manner of environmentally minded folk and satisfy your cravings for solicitude.

Joint Enviro Collective - PV Soc. BBQ: On Friday of Week Seven we will be putting on another of our delicious gourmet barbeques, so come join us at the Sam Cracknell Pavilion anytime from 2:30-4:30pm. All are welcome, we will be catering for everyone from Vegans to Omnivores for a gold coin donation.

Hope to see you all at one of our events!

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

The Ethnic Affairs department is primarily focussed on promoting racial and religious harmony on campus and in the broader community. Any UNSW students who feel they have been subjected to some form of racial discrimination are encouraged to report it and can contact me via email for any further support or instruction. This semester the Ethnic Affairs Collective will be running "Conversation Classes." This is a great way to meet other students with English as a second language. The purpose of this project is to make all students feel more comfortable with the intricacies of the English language.

The Ethnic Affairs Collective will be running a free barbeque and introductory conversation class in the coming weeks. This will be a great opportunity to mingle and meet students who are also having difficulties overcoming a language barrier. If you are interested in attending, or helping out on the day, please email me on s.kaltoum@arc.unsw.edu.au.

Josh and Hamish,
The Indigenous Collective
indigenous@arc.unsw.edu.au

Hi there! We hope you're all settling into the new uni year and making the most out of the awesome opportunities available on campus!

We have been very busy over the last couple of weeks in our planning of Indigenous Week. We have been liaising with Indigenous Representatives at other universities to see if we can collaborate on anything in order to provide more services to students at UNSW.

We have also been in contact with the National Union of Students Indigenous Representative, Frank Gafa, who is currently organising the National Indigenous Students Conference to be held later on in the year in Canberra. The conference brings together Indigenous students from all walks of life who discuss how to improve educational outcomes for Indigenous students on campuses across Australia. As a result of last year's conference, the first National Day of Action for Indigenous students focusing on equal representation at Australian Universities took place. The day was a resounding success! And it would be awesome to see similar events in the future. When we have more information, we will pass it onto you. Until then, feel free to contact either of us and we will do our best to get back to you.

Sarah Frazier
Welfare Officer
S.Frazier@arc.unsw.edu.au

The Welfare Department is starting to get very busy at the moment. One of my aims for the year is to have the Welfare Department reach as many students as possible. One way I will be doing this is by encouraging good health, a very universal issue. We're hosting free breakfasts outside the library from 8am to 10am every Monday, which highlights both student poverty and the importance of good nutrition. The Welfare Room is also tackling these issues, and over the coming weeks we'll be working towards making it healthier. This will include replacing some of the food with healthier options and providing students with lots of information regarding the choices they're making once they leave the room.

Kimberley Lowe
Women's Collective Representative
k.lowe@arc.unsw.edu.au

The Women's Department has continued to grow on the strength and interest shown in O-Week by many of you freshers out there. We have celebrated the 100th anniversary of International Women's Day (IWD) quite publically in attending the Sydney UNIFEM Breakfast, the Women's Electoral Lobby's (WEL) 'Equality Matters' forum, as well as participating in the IWD Equal Pay: Big Changes, Not Small Change rally. We feel very strongly in the equality of women and 'feminized' industries to those valued as 'men's work' and it is an absolute travesty that there is still, on average, an 18% pay gap between the sexes.

The Network of Women Students Australia (NOWSA) Conference, held at UNSW this year, is off to a strong start in organisation. We are still looking for interested women to contribute to this conference.

In Sistahood,
Kimberley Lowe.

Tharunka would sincerely like to thank the remaining office bearers for their astoundingly informative and punctual reports.

Well organised, accountable to their duties and well paid they are indeed!

THARUNKA

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