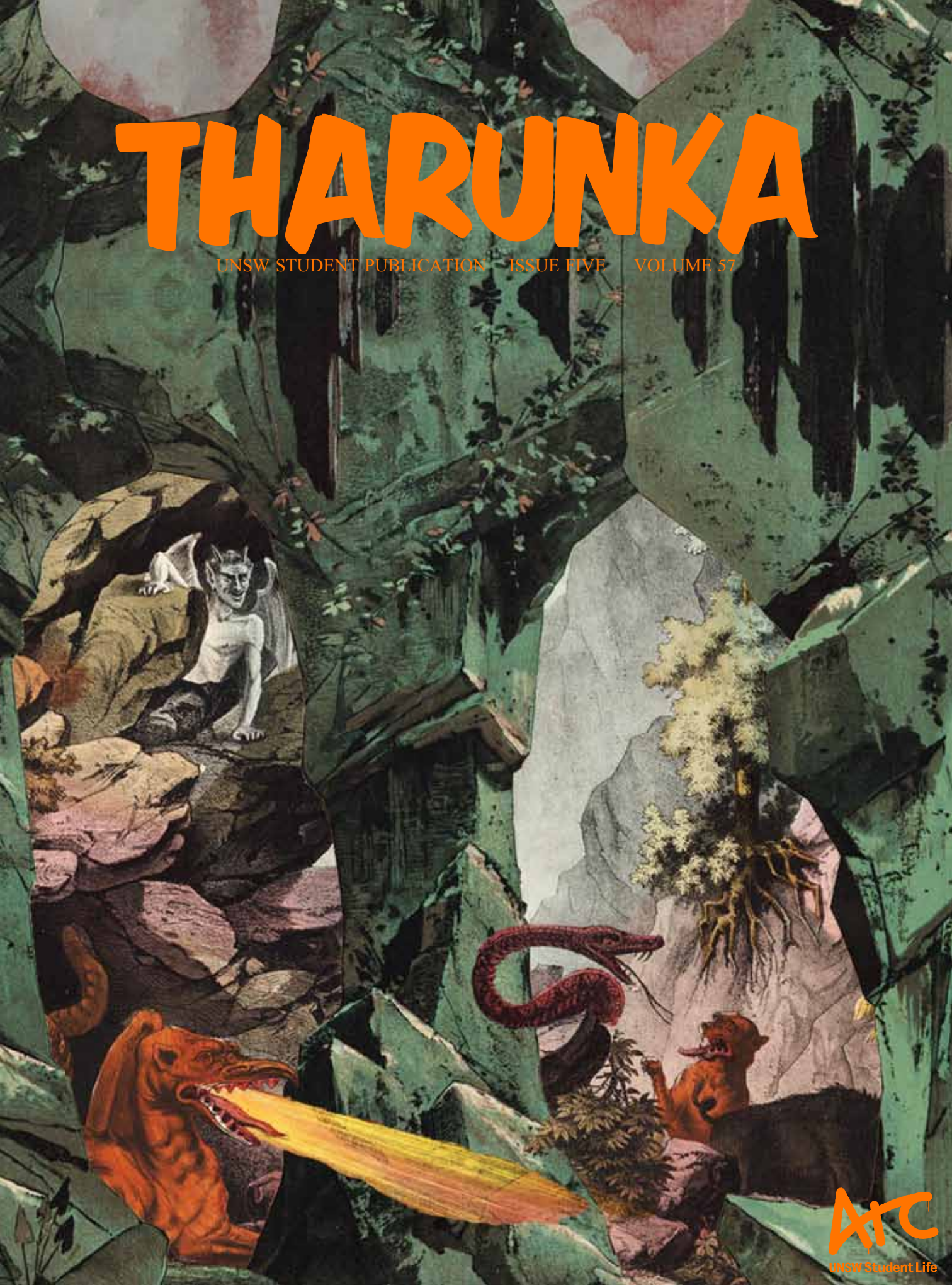


# THARUNKA

UNSW STUDENT PUBLICATION ISSUE FIVE VOLUME 57





# Editorial

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Transparent - everyone knows that our word and image of choice is 'penis.'  
Hard to beat when we give you a guide to how to best get stoned each edition.  
Anyone else offering you \$800 to be published in a student magazine?!  
Really, political correctness is so overrated...  
Understated, modest and THE BEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD REALLY.  
Non-sequiturs and nonsense to keep you on your toes- clavicle.  
Kan't spell and kan't write on occasion, subversion of conventions of language- hellz yeah!  
Articles from the archives, shit from the inbox, spotlight on UNSW and waging  
war with SRC office bearers: so many new concepts, so little time.

V

Hallowed and time honoured- since when did tradition get you anywhere?  
Once a week, self important, much?!  
Now ask yourself, can you really be bothered to read that shit?  
Interesting enough at least for our guinea pig Squeaky to munch on every once in a while.

Sydney uni, get some edge,  
Only once upon a blue moon do you come up with a decent sledge,  
In Matthews or CLB, in Wentworth or the Great Hall,  
Ten editors don't match our pithy four: despite such a score we have so much more gall!

Consider yourself privileged to have Sydney's most fantabulous, amazing  
student magazine at your disposal for one last time this semester,  
Missing you already,

**THARUNKA** Editors

# Contents

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<b>Regulars</b>	
Comments & Letters	04
Short List	05
Spotlight on UNSW	18
Reviews	26
Lisette the Agony Aunt	29
OB Reports	30
<b>Readings</b>	
Kicks	09
A Connoisseur Guide to Cigarettes	11
Modernity's Poisoned Chalice	12
Sleeping with Strangers	20
<b>Creative</b>	
Two People	13
Maxine	14
I Can Feel This Fog	21
Two Poems	28
<b>Images</b>	
The Toxteth	08
Rocking Horse Terminated	04
Urban Kingdoms	23



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

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views of Arc, the Representative Council or the  
Tharunka editing team.

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# Comments & Letters

Dear Editors,

In regards to Matt's comments about the cover art from the previous week (from his perspective) cover art, I must add that the previous weeks cover art from the perspective of this weeks readers, (this weeks as I write this letter (read email (who writes letters these days?))) has thus far provided much amusement and the creator should be commended with a statue in his honour, or at least a meat tray.

Also in regards to your response to Matt's comments about the previous weeks (from his perspective) cover art, I believe the word you were looking for is "brought" as the medium of prints ability to purchase art installations is severely diminished by the fact that its is an inanimate object.

Idiot.

Brady Watkinson

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Dear Readers,

I find it necessary to personally apologise to every one of you for my lack of commitment in the OB reports section last issue, as I realise I have done you all a grave injustice. I do solemnly swear to provide something for the editors to publish, such that you do not have to read second hand articles from the Melbourne student rag, and last-resort re-runs dug up from 1988.

Perhaps if I am running short on time I might be permitted to send in a hand-drawn phallus, as it seems to have been an acceptable substitute for an article the last 97 issues or so.

Yours remorsefully,  
Aidan Runagall-McNaull  
Co-Enviro Officer

Dear Aidan,

Not only was the article from Farrago relevant to campus and union life, but it was recent, and Tharunka felt it was appropriate to reprint, since UNSW students don't particularly have access to Melbourne University student media. You may also note the continuity of the article's exploration of the value of the National Union of Students to concerns on that same topic raised in letters to the editors in numerous prior editions this year.

However, we understand how someone could confuse the difficulty of compiling a thirty-two page document with writing one hundred words every few weeks. I'm sure the enviro collective is busy meeting with its ten members and has far too little time to get around to telling us about the latest campus composting strategy.

You are welcome to send in a hand-drawn phallus, as you may see this issue is noting one, but we suspect that perhaps your letter will count just fine in it's place.

Regards,  
Editors



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# Short List

Fisher Library at the University of Sydney has revealed plans to remove half a million books and journals from the stack as part of the library's renovation. University of Sydney student Jo Ball, organised a protest involving a mass book-borrowing. "I don't think books should have an expiry date," said Ms Ball. The library renovations will see an increase in study space, new air-conditioning, a coffee cart, improved lifts and has the support of the University of Sydney Union Student Representative Council.

Tertiary Education Minister Chris Evans has agreed to adopt all substantive recommendations made in regards to the new Tertiary Education Quality and Standards Agency. The bill will now make explicit the right of universities to self-accredit their own courses.

*The Australian* reported some universities have begun cutting course prices to keep a steady flow of students arriving from Asian markets. The Queensland University of Technology was named in establishing a four thousand dollar scholarship for students from China, as the Australian Bureau of Statistics confirmed a fall in overseas student spending of close to five percent in the March quarter.

A presentation on William Faulkner and his Hollywood life has won the School of English, Media and Performing Arts Three Minute Thesis Competition. Presented by Stefan Solomon, *William Faulkner - A Hollywood Fable* will compete in the 2011 UNSW Interfaculty Final on September 1. Runners up were Charlotte Farrell (*Barrie Kosky's Post-Tragedies: the Affective Politics of Performance*) and Chiara Gamboz (*Australian Indigenous Petitions*).

The Centre for Refugee Research is holding its annual Refugee Conference, marking the sixtieth anniversary of the 1951 Refugee Convention. The conference "will consider what further action is needed to secure the rights of refugees during flight, in countries of asylum and in resettlement". The Centre

for Refugee Research Conference will take place June 14. For more information, contact the centre on 9385 1961.

The Social Policy Research Centre, bringing together researchers, practitioners and policy makers to discuss the topic 'Social Policy in a Complex World', will run this years Australian Social Policy Conference. The conference will also feature a Chinese Social Policy Workshop and a Higher Degree Research Workshop, and will run between July 6 and 8. For more information, contact the centre on 9385 7800.

The UK Financial Times has rated the Australian Graduate School of Management at UNSW as the best Custom Programs provider in the Asia Pacific region and thirty-first in the world. The AGSM was awarded fifty-first place in the Open Programs ranking, rising five points from 2010.

A team of AGSM students has received second place in the National University of Singapore Asian MBA Stock Pitch Competition. Teams from several Asia-Pacific business programs compete to research and pick stocks for a panel of judges. Anthony Yarrow, Garrett McLaughlin and Jay Untiedt represented UNSW, and finished second behind the Indian School of Business.

AGSM has been victorious over the Melbourne Business School in this year's AGSM - MBS Cup. Tensions were raised; cheer girls screamed; and calculators roared, with the AGSM MBA team winning three of four events. The topic for debate was "Management Consulting Firms have no place in Government", whilst victory in touch rugby and beach volleyball meant MBS has no chance of winning, despite winning the soccer event.

The Faculty of Science Parents & Students Evening, for finishing HSC students, will take place May 24, 6pm till 8.30pm. Registration, through the faculty website, is essential.

The School of Public Health and Community Medicine is hosting a forum on adult vaccination against pneumococcal disease. Featured speakers include Professor David Goldblatt from University College, London, and Dr John Grabenstein from West Point. The forum commences 2.30pm August 29.

Julia Mansour, graduate of the UNSW Law School, has been awarded a Fulbright Postgraduate Scholarship to Columbia Law School to study human rights law. Her study will focus on domestic violence and women's rights in the context of sustainable development. "A strong knowledge of each of these areas of law is essential training for me to in order to advocate for women's rights in situations of violence," says Mansour.

Fourth year students from the Bachelor of Interior Architecture program will exhibit their work as part of Sydney Design Week. The work is for the redesign of the former Taylor Square Hotel site into a multipurpose facility for cycling including facilities for bicycle hire, sales, storage, cafe and offices for cycle tours and events. In 2010, the City of Sydney purchased 1-5 Flinders St as a future Cycle Hub. For more information, contact the Faculty of Built Environment.



Amy Thornett



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## Calendar

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EMPA will launch the Centre for Modernism Studies with a lecture given by director of the new centre, Professor Julian Murphet. *Modernism, Now and Then*, will discuss the undeath of modernism, by taking stock of the “current situation in terms of the uneven development of geographical cultural domains, and of media technologies, within an overarching economic drive toward ‘convergence culture’ and digitization”. Panadol will not be provided. The launch of the Centre for Modernism Studies and the lecture will take place May 26, Tyree Room, John Niland Scientia Building from 6pm. RSVP on 9385 8512.

Blacktown Arts Centre presents works of five emerging artists in an exhibit entitled *Yes I Can/No Can Do*. Curated by COFA graduate Tom Polo, and featuring work of four COFA students and graduates, *Yes I Can/No I Can't* runs till June 4, at the Blacktown Arts Centre, 78 Flushcombe Rd, Blacktown, Tues – Sat 10am till 5pm.

Chloe Hughes and Amy Thornett will represent UNSW at this years Hatched: National Graduate Show, alongside works from nineteen other institutions. Both have graduated with Bachelor of Fine Arts (Honours) degrees majoring in photomedia. Hatched runs till June 5 at PICA Perth Cultural Centre, James Street, Perth, Tues – Sun 11am till 6pm.

Bed linen, tablecloths and curtains are used in an exhibition by Nicole Barakat at the Campbelltown Arts Centre. New Work Old Tricks is a collaboration between Barakat and local women, hand spinning and crocheting hundreds of meters of thread to create Common Threads. New Works Old Tricks runs until August 7 at the Campbelltown Arts Centre, Corner Camden & Appin Rd, Campbelltown, 10am till 4pm.

The Environmental Research Initiative for Art presents a show curated by Allan Giddy, comprising of eighteen Australian and international artists energizing Sydney wit solar-powered, experimental and sustainable art. The exhibition follows an artist talk at COFA in May. *Buffer Zone* runs until July 31 at the Armory Gallery, Newington Armory, Jamieson Street, Homebush, on weekends 10am till 4pm.

*As Brave As You Are* is an exhibition that deals with “curiosities, attempts and knowledge learnt whilst working within the space between initial idea and

outcome, success and failure and what is known and unknown.” Seven artists present their work at Kudos Gallery, 6 Napier St, Paddington, Wed – Fri, 11am till 6pm, Saturday 11am – 4pm, till May 28.

*The Free Market* is an installation of surplus foods and goods collected from local business. The exhibition “will point to socially and environmentally sustainable alternatives to the current for-profit system of food distribution, divert perfectly safe food and goods from landfill, and provide a service for those in need.” *The Free Market*, by Lauren Carroll Harris, runs from June 1 till June 11 at Kudos Gallery, 6 Napier St, Paddington, Wed - Fri 11am till 6pm, Saturday 11am till 4pm.

Cindy Chen presents an installation which “explores whether the notion of spiritual attachment to a place of origin, although vital to a sense of identity in traditional cultures, relates to us now in a contemporary context of rapid social change and global movement.” Using traditional ink and brush, *Drawing Breath* will run from June 14 till 18 at Kudos Gallery, Wed - Fri 11am till 6pm, Saturday 11am till 4pm.

David Corbet presents an exploration of language systems in a studio based work. *Serialworks. Ontologies for a Small Planet* engages with artworks that are still made and assembled, and some seem to generate

a palpable ‘hum of power’, but increasingly function as expendable containers for ascribed meanings.” *Serialworks* will be at Kudos Gallery, June 22 till July 2, Wed to Fri 11am till 6pm, Saturday 11am till 4pm.

Embroideries, digital prints and low tech animations are presented by Tracey Clement, a current COFA staff member, in her exhibit *1+1=1*. Using embroidery, one of the several traditional ‘women’s work’ skills handed down to her by her Mother, Clement redraws with thread drawings her father made years ago. *1+1=1* will show at the James Dorahy Project Space, 111 Macleay St, Potts Point, till June 12, Tues - Sat 11am till 6pm, Sunday 11am till 5pm.

The National Institute for Experimental Arts presents British composer Michael Nyman and the Australian premiere of his work *Cine Opera*, a collection of visual diaries of everyday life across a diversity of cultures installed in the old kilns of the Brickworks at Sydney Park. *Cine Opera* runs from May 27 till June 13, at Sydney Park Brickworks, Corner Sydney Park Rd and Princes Highway, St Peters, 10am till 5pm.

COFA Talks presents Peter Alwast, lecturer in the School of Art History and Art Education, Tom Melick, member of the Bababa art collective and Dr. Toni Ross, senior lecturer at the School of Art History



Deborah West

and Art Education, discussing the meaning of politics in contemporary art, and responding to recent contributions to this topic by philosopher of aesthetics Jacques Rancière. The Politics of Aesthetics takes place at 6.30pm May 24 at COFA Lecture Theatre EGO2, Paddington.

The next Astronomy Outreach event at the Faculty of Science will be run by Lisa Harvey-Smith, a CSIRO scientist. Discover the Square Kilometre Array will focus on what the SKA will look like, how it will work, and the discoveries it could make about the universe. The event will take place 6pm Friday June 17 at the Physics Theatre, Old Main Building, Kensington. Enquiries can be made at 9385 4053.

The School of Public Health and Community Medicine will host the third annual SPHCM Research Symposium, on “Advances in Public Health and Health Services Research at UNSW”. The conference will showcase elements of recent research, and will feature an address from Dr Tom Calma, former Aboriginal Social Justice Commissioner, who will talk on tobacco and alcohol control. RSVP is essential by July 20, through the faculty website. The Symposium will take place from 8.30am, August 5.

The School of Medical Sciences invites Dr Hazel Goldberg, respiratory medicine specialist, to talk about TB and how antibiotic resistance is making it a clear danger in modern medicine. The talk will take place at the Museum of Human Disease, Samuels Building, May 23, 7pm till 9pm. Reservations can be made on 9385 1522.

NUTS’ end of semester party will be held at GOODGOD Small Club, themed ‘Bring a Stranger’. The end of semester party will take place June 1, GOODGOD Small Club, 55 Liverpool St, Chinatown. Entry is \$5, or \$8 on the door. For more information, see NUTS’ Facebook event page.

## Shit From The Inbox

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Recently, we have recieved a constant stream of updates (THANK GOD!) from the people at Liberty Counsel, a valiant defender of the right to be an enormous bigot. Mathew Staver, Chairman, President and General ObamaCare Destroyer (GOD)

of Liberty Council, has launched a lawsuit against the socialist healthcare ‘reform’ that Obama bought about late last year. He emails us this week to tell of a shocking revelation by the defenders of this heinous law, the Department of Justice. Apparently, in reply to an argument that the reform went past the limits of the constitution, the Department said that the Government could mandate anything it wants! We’ll have to take Mathew for his word, however, because I guess, overcome by his shock and anger, he forgot to affix any sort of quote or speech outline or audio recording for us to hear these words from the Department of Justice.

Not to worry, because Mathew and the Liberty Counsel spell out exactly what this could mean for ordinary Americans: “Congress could FORCE individuals to purchase certain kinds of food” and sure, today the debate might be on healthcare, “but tomorrow it could be food, transportation, housing, or whatever!” Taking the passing of a health reform to it’s logical ends, Mathew begins foaming at the mouth: “Big Brother would be the CEO of every business and dictate all of our private choices. The implications are staggering. Mark my words: The stakes in the outcome of this litigation could not possibly be higher!”

That’s right! If you don’t donate to GOD, then Obama will take over your business and command you around like Stalin could never imagine. Donation is an easy, easy option. Mathew has taken the time to past almost twenty links to GOD’s treasury, where simple donations will lead to the presence of God in that courtroom. Obviously, GOD has a high hourly rate not to be there for free, considering Mathew believes that the battle is His!

So, from these emails what have we learnt about God?

God doesn’t like healthcare.  
God is a Republican.  
God is a capitalist.  
God hates democrates.  
God likes gifts, not donations.  
Gifts to God are tax deductible.  
God believes Tharunka’s editor is named Harold Shroom.

If you have some shit you’d like to forward to our inbox, send it to [tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au](mailto:tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au).

Writing a regular column is a very difficult task for someone who identifies as a stoner. We aren’t renowned for being terribly motivated or for possessing the best short-term memories. My stoner self has changed in recent times. Weed used to be the backbone of my academic self and my creative self. In the acknowledgments for my Honours thesis I subtly thanked my friends for supplying me with weed throughout the year. Without it I would have been a mess of anxiety and panic attacks.

These days I smoke mostly to fall asleep. I avoid weed in social situations. I find myself trying to enjoy some TV show or movie or some stand-up, then waking up at three in the morning shivering on the couch with my hand still inside a bowl of chips with a blank computer screen in front of me, thinking there could be nothing more difficult in the world than getting up to brush my teeth. I was always envious of productive stoners. The people who want to wander around all day marvelling at the details in the city’s architecture or going out of their way for a certain type of food they’re craving or staying up all night writing or painting or drawing.

These days I get in my pyjamas, make my bed and brush my teeth before I smoke. That way I can just curl up and fall asleep. I wonder if this is what retirement feels like.

### Apologies:

Tharunka apologises to the SRC for it’s overly-harsh commentary on the Office Bearer reports page. The SRC is a hardworking student organisation and deserves our support. Deadline’s in, like, three months guys, so, like, try to make this one won’t you?



Nicole Barakat

# The Toxteth BOTTLE SHOP



By Leigh Rigozzi



*By Kylar Loussikian*

– Hunter S. Thompson

– Timothy Leary

– Joseph Califano, National Center  
on Addicition and Substance Abuse  
(Columbia University)

Tracking down marijuana users is not difficult. A stroll through the drama studio blocks and around Gate Ave is enough to glance a few red eyes, a few shadows slinking away into the Village, several empty packets of cigarettes. Finding someone to talk is surprisingly easy. Tom\*, a third-year media student, tells me pot is his definite favourite. "I have quite a patchy history with drugs," he tells me. "I was taking acid a lot for a while, back when I was DJ'ing. I have a mixed relationship with acid. Sometimes I love it, sometimes it does my head in."

[illegible]

The Yale Herald reported that marijuana use was highest amongst colleges, and on their campus wasn't associated with a drug culture, but was a mere part of college life. Speaking to a former dealer, the Yale Herald found that campus smokers were diverse, from people who had encountered pot only a few times, people who were 'idealistically against it', and even included a handful of tutors and even one professor. Speaking on buying or smoking trends, the dealer said beginnings of the month were popular, probably because that's when students were paid or parents added funds to their accounts, and business was especially brisk during reading weeks and immediately after mid-terms.

I asked him about some of his friends who have moved out of campus into a house near Kings Cross. Their regular weekend parties involve crack use, and just recently one of them broke up with his girlfriend after she discovered he had begun to smoke crack in the morning. I asked him how they dealt with assessments and assignments and exams with that

lifestyle. “I don’t think it’s as life-ruining as people make out,” Roman says. “It can damage your academic record, but some people are able to pocket their lives into productive bits and relaxing bits.”

UNSW was, at one time, responsible for producing some of Australia’s most prolific counter-culture and drug-affiliated media. Previous editors and writers at Tharunka included Richard Neville, Ian Davison, and Martin Sharp, who, in the early sixties, were responsible for several college pranks including kidnapping Bandstand host Brian Henderson, submitting articles about local brothels to the Sydney Morning Herald and others. Most notably, Neville and Sharp went on to found Oz Magazine, arguably one of the most influential counter-culture magazines in the world. Frank articles on drug use were often accompanied by travelogues and other pieces, notably a travel piece on Timothy Leary dropping acid in Algeria.

Grabbing a passerby in front of Blockhouse, however, shows how much times have indeed changed. When asked how many people he knew took drugs, this poor soul thought he knew no one. “I can’t even imagine smoking. Why would you do that to yourself?” he said. “I wouldn’t know where to buy it first, I don’t know what it would do to me, and I hear about these flashback things where if I smoke a joint I’ll immediately flashback and feel high again.” He drinks though, sometimes heavily, and while he has no problem associating with other heavy drinkers, he says the one person he knows who smokes pot is in his class and he doesn’t particularly get along with him. Sometimes he comes to class smelling of weed.

This same sentiment was echoed by numerous people Tharunka spoke to. Another student said whilst she wouldn’t want to be friends with either heavy drinkers or drug users, she thought drinking was more acceptable because it was legal. “You don’t get involved in all of the sort of criminal activity you do when you have to buy illegal drugs,” she told me. “I think that breaks people and it changes them and it makes things that aren’t acceptable acceptable in their minds and who knows what boundaries they are going to end up crossing later.”

Others are less sure. Tom’s friends start discussing where their favourite campus smoking spots are. “Sometimes I like to lay out in the sun, and if you can light up on the grass there, it’s so fucking



amazing.” They do worry, however, that they may be caught by one of their lecturers. “I have this slow burn fear,” says Tom. “I mean some of them probably smoke all the time, but I don’t necessarily feel like they would be terribly happy with me being there, then, smoking a joint before their class.” He says he knows at least one lecturer who would, however, love the idea of students being stoned in his class. At the end of the day, though, he says when he considers it, he doesn’t think anyone really gives a damn, he doesn’t think half the people who would give a damn know what he’s doing and the other half don’t really care about interfering with his life anyway. The others? Well, fuck them, he says.

Is drug use, then acceptable to other students? According to the National Drug Strategy Household Survey, over 33% of Australians have smoked marijuana, nearly 5% are addicted to painkillers, analgesics, tranquilisers or sleeping pills, 6% have tried meth-amphetamines, 6% have tried cocaine and 7% have taken hallucinogens. Research, however, in tertiary student use of drugs, is minimal. In America, this is not the case. The National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse at Columbia University regularly publishes survey results on drug use on campuses. It’s president, Joseph Califano, says the



situation on campuses is deteriorating, even after several campaigns aimed at reducing drug use amongst students. The abuse of prescription drugs and marijuana has increased dramatically, it’s latest report found, since the mid-1990’s. Cocaine use more than doubled between 1993 and 2005, and heroin use tripled.

The Yale Herald report found motivation for use was varied. Students spoke about ‘social anxiety’, because at places like Yale, where it is hard to stand out academically, it is easier to do so with drug use. Others have simply continued habits formed in high-school. As Tom had suggested was the case at UNSW, the Yale Herald spoke to one student who said that although drug use on campus was not acceptable, drugs were concentrated in certain social circles.

I pointed out to another smoker who agreed to be interviewed that some students had specifically mentioned illegality was their major problem with drugs like marijuana, as opposed to drinking. He said that since his last dealer had stopped selling, he’d switched to a product sold at several head shops around Sydney, which had a similar effect but was legal. Herbal smoke mixtures have begun to be sold around Australia, and he said there were many kinds available. “I’ve tried the middle one, purple haze, which is meant to make you relaxed, but encourage conversation, and the last one I tried, tropical infusion or something, was amazing,” he said. “I think that was meant to bake you out.” I asked if that’s what the product description was on the packet. He couldn’t remember. I guess it worked.

I questioned him on if he believed the herbal mixtures were popular. He thought they were. “Well, they’re always out, always running out. I’ve been three times and they’ve been sold out of a few flavours. There are other brands too I think, but they only had one and a quarter grams, so I don’t bother with that.” The minimum he said he’d buy would be seven grams. He’d prefer to be smoking real pot, but it’s more conspicuous. Would he smoke the herbal mixture on campus, I asked. Why not, he said, no-one would know.

The Yale Herald finished their report with a senior who thought a drug culture still exists. He spoke of eliciting crack from strangers. He said his story wasn’t particularly unique.

*\* Names have been changed to protect identities*

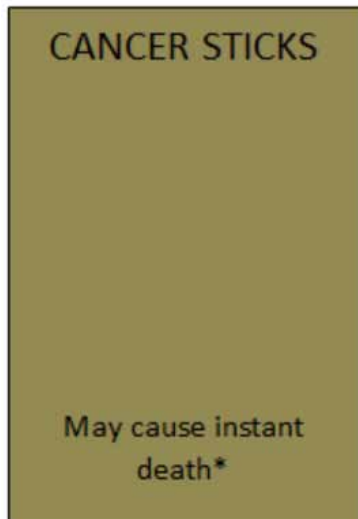
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# A Connoisseur's Guide to Cigarettes

By Jack Jelbart

You can cough and splutter until you're spitting blood my fellow imbibers, but Babylon hath ended: the Australian tobacco industry is wilting like my pallid lungs, and if this is treason then may glaucoma cloud my vision and a cardiac arrest strike me down mid puff - but I may as well admit what I see to be the way. A way that will consign to the history books our noble sport. But before I get all jelly eyed and watery legged let me impart some wisdom down the line, so that the young may not suffer for the over-indulgences of the old:

In a short while, cigarette packets will look like this:



And the amateur smokers of tomorrow will be left in a lurch. How will they know which cancer stick tastes like what? How will they pick their poison? The subtlety of so many refined recipes and marketing slogans will be lost. This is for you, youngens. I have brought myself considerably closer to death so that you may know what brand names mean what. These are the tasting notes:

## Dunhill/Benson & Hedges:

The cigarettes of gentlemen, or at least they were before gentlemen gave up the game and took to Wholefoods' Protein Replacement Therapy, cocaine and crassness. Now these brands are more representative of diversity because they come in a bewildering array of strengths and "mildnesses" that all taste faintly of rat poison and juniper - a strangely pleasing combination. These are dry cigarettes, better suited to your umpteenth glass of merlot-type-cask-blend than a morning coffee, but nonetheless a respectable staple.

## **Smoke Now.**

## Champion Gold:

Champion is the DIY choice for the avid consumer. Roll-it-yourself or "rollies," as they're known on the street, are also sometimes called The Taste of Death, because when burned, they're strong enough that you can smell them a block away, and they'll give you head spins and palpitations out the who-ha. I don't think I speak just for myself when I say that I hope death does taste like a well rolled Champion Gold. Because of its strength, its DIY nature, and because it and its accoutrements (i.e. papers/filters) are useful in the preparation of doobies (i.e. happy cigarettes) Champion has become the indie brand of choice. And you have to admit nothing says sticking it to the man like multifaceted consumer dependency.

*Try to Smoke Poetically in front of your favourite live venue that's closing soon because like no one, you know (I don't), appreciates the live quality of music anymore; only you're too drunk or generally thick and pathetic to roll it properly, so you have to bum a "tail" off of someone you only recently met, which because cigarettes are so expensive now is actually a bit of a faux-pas.*

## Cloves, or other flavoured cigarettes:

Want a little diversity? A conversation starter? An eighties throw-back? Just because smoking kills your taste-buds and sense of smell, doesn't mean you shouldn't be able to enjoy in the sensation with the spicy aroma of burning cloves. Only you shouldn't, because even my singed senses know that these things taste like your drunk uncle's overdone Christmas ham.

## **Smoke Never.**

## Marlboro:

Full-bodied, but not unnatural, the Marlboro Gold is the most subtle cigarette that borders almost on being a not-cigarette. It could be in your hand, but no-one would notice. There's no pungent aroma, a discrete smoke. No wonder it was the cigarette of choice for everyone from age fourteen upward. Marlboro is the cigarette of Barack Obama, the cigarette of liberalism, of modern democracy. Even whilst diffusing stressful issues like Iraq, Libya and Donald Trump, Obama maintains he smokes only four per day. Imagine if he was smoking a pack a day - world peace.

## **Smoke Constantly.**

## Holiday:

Lighter, a bargain, excellent for chain smoking. Twenty three dollars for a forty-pack. CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP.

*Smoke discretely, unless cheap bogan is the look you're going for, and maybe if you are, consider switching to Alpine's or Longbeach, 'cause then you'll look swell in some uggs-boots and wrap-around Gucci sunglasses. Also acceptable in the Gold Coast at any function.*



# Modernity's Poisoned Chalice

*By Cameron McPhedran*

Evil bastard  
As mad as a meat axe  
Pariah  
Public enemy number one

Tune into a crime show any night of the week and witness a slew of such descriptors be directed at the unfortunate, pathological individual depicted in front of you. Then, the rest of the hour gives us the chance to take a collective sigh of relief, unwind, and reflect on the fact that “at least we’re not as bad as him”. Thankfully, there is a place for people like him: prisons, as much a part of our modern society as the air we breathe and the ground on which we tread.

(Un)surprisingly, behind the amorphous ‘him’ is a human being, with a history, a present, and the chance to live a more fulfilling and socially engaged future. What are the implications of prisons for such people and how do they relate to notions of democracy, human rights and society, and what alternatives exist to prisons? Just as every individual has a story, so does every institution, and given the sanctity of prisons in western liberal democracies, this is one institution that deserves exploration.

Brett Collins, from the prisoners’ advocacy group ‘Justice Action’ is one well qualified to comment on prisons and prison life. Convicted of the armed robbery of a bank and assault, Collins was imprisoned for ten years, and since his release, strongly advocates against imprisonment as a form of punishment on social, humanitarian and economic grounds. International human rights law says the primary goal of prisons should be reformation and social rehabilitation, but for Collins, the achievement of this goal is impossible given the nature of prisons. Acknowledging the fact that people often enter prison marginalised and with a raft of mental health, drug and alcohol problems, he says these problems are only made worse through the loss of contact with social support and the stigmatisation prisoners are confronted with. “You walk out homeless because prison has



become your home, you have lost your job, you have lost whatever course you are doing. So you are effectively totally disorientated,” Collins continues, “I have no doubt at all that I did some much worse things when I came out from jail than I did before I went in. I was a much harder man. Much harder, more determined.”

Indeed, it is apparent that the rights of both the offender and the community are eroded through prisons. Offenders often commit criminal acts as a result of social disadvantage, which is consolidated within prison walls. Collins refers to this as a process of ‘cross-fertilisation’ where prisoners learn about other ways of misbehaving and making contacts which previously didn’t exist in their mind. More fundamentally, prisons undermine community development as they exist as a reactive form of punishment which drains resources from the funding of socially positive institutions. The Australian Productivity Commission reveals that Australians spent \$2.9 billion on corrective detention in 2010, a 4.5% increase on the previous year. In the ACT, while \$130 million was spent on the construction of a new prison, 32 schools were closed down.

Investment in education and a democratic dialogue which genuinely reaches all sections of society, particularly those socially marginalised, is easily the most important factor in protecting the rights of communities. Without these supportive structures, individuals are predisposed to crime and are punished due to their social circumstances. This also leads to the over-policing of at-risk groups such as juveniles and indigenous Australians. Even today, approximately 20% of indigenous children find the figure they identify as their role model in jail as a result of often abject living conditions.

Collins presents community justice models as a viable alternative. Restorative justice is a practice where the offender is confronted with the implications of their behaviour by the victim, relevant witnesses and support people, and then a consensus is reached about how to deal with the

present situation. The effectiveness of restorative justice lies in the fact that the matter is dealt with in the same context in which the offending act took place. There is a direct understanding of those factors which contributed to the social harm; an opportunity to address this collaboratively amongst the parties; and the engagement of the community in addressing any underlying structural factors which predispose individuals to criminal behaviour. Similarly, peer mentoring practices see mentors trusted by both the offender and the community work beside the offender, non-judgmentally, to ensure there is support for the individual in their social reintegration. As someone who had been subjected to the dehumanising, alienating prison environment, Collins says dialogue is important in building a sense of social connection in the offender.

“There aren’t these stereotypical monsters who hate everyone and want to do damage to people, what you have are people who feel isolated by the community and disrespected by the community and they feel that they want to hurt others because they feel themselves hurt. And that is an understandable response and one with which we can all identify.”

Imprisonment is an issue of immense symbolic importance. Prisons and detention centres fundamentally challenge notions of social progress by suggesting that it is justifiable to further marginalise those in society whose life circumstances have led them to social exclusion. By colouring people as fundamentally different from ‘us’ (whoever ‘we’ may be) and worthy of punishment rather than understanding and respect, we are engaging in a violent and

cynical act. At the core of human rights is a philosophy, an adamant conviction that as people we must recognise the inherent dignity of each and every individual and therefore strive to enlarge our collective liberties. For this reason beyond the crimes of offenders there is far deeper, more tragic harm perpetrated by the institution of prisons themselves: the severing of offenders from their families, communities, and the context in which they offended. Only with support, understanding and compassion can the self-worth and potential for growth in offenders be fostered. After all, as the activism of Collins shows, building the future of these individuals rather than segregating them because their past is the most rewarding path to take.

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## Two People

*By Catherine Torrisi*

Rain hits the pavement  
Drop by drop, in unison  
The street, busy, yet desolate  
The air, stale with Monday’s drone

Coughing its way up the street  
The bus, dressed in blue and white  
Carries suits and pencil skirts  
Moving, yet going nowhere

A man screaming obscenities  
Clothing torn and mismatching  
On the bus he sits  
Alone, yet surrounded

A woman, on her way to work  
Her hair, pinned back.  
Smile, painted on  
Trying to blend in with the crowd  
While fighting a silent battle

He speaks to himself  
Because no one else will listen  
Even though he looks conspicuous  
He feels invisible

She hides behind a mask  
of expectations  
Pretending to be like everyone else  
Squeezing into their pencil skirts  
And feigning book-  
learned confidence

Crazy is not always  
white walls and padded cells  
It is the man, painfully alone  
And the girl, lost in her reflection

Two people  
So different, yet the same  
One, screaming on the outside  
The other, on the inside

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# Maxine

*By Camilla Palmer*

When Maxine woke up that morning, she decided she wasn't going to school. She looked at her bedside clock and saw that it was seven o'clock; she had fifteen minutes before her mother would come in to wake her. She needed to decide what illness had afflicted her during the night. Had she been vomiting all night? Had her throat become sore and red and her temperature dangerously elevated? Did she have a migraine? Maxine went to her cupboard and got out two woolen jumpers and put them on before getting back under the covers. She lay on her side and imagined that she really was ill. She made her eyelids heavy and folded her arms and legs in toward her tummy like a fetus. She practiced a groan that made it sound as though she were dying. When her mother came in to wake her, small beads of sweat had already formed on the bridge of her nose and at her hairline. She had taken off the jumpers when she heard her mother coming down the stairs so as not to arouse suspicion and so for all intents and purposes, it appeared to Maxine's mother as though her daughter really did have a raging temperature. She hadn't even needed the groan. Though, to be sure, Maxine feigned protest when her mother told her she had to stay home and then refused breakfast before falling back into a fictional sleep. Within an hour both her parents would have gone to work and then she would have the day to herself.

Once her parents had left, Maxine went downstairs for food. Her mother had left a plate of scrambled eggs but the eggs were cold now and had started to harden. A little note lay next to the plate telling Maxine to rest and to take some of the medicine she had left on the counter. She had drawn a little love heart at the end of the note. Maxine got the medicine, two Panadol tablets, and buried them with her finger deep inside the mound of yellow rubberised egg. Then she called

out to Dodge who trotted in and wagged his tail when Maxine put the plate on the floor in front of him. Maxine found some blueberry pop-tarts in the cupboard that she toasted and smothered in maple syrup. She drank a bottle of cola that her mum kept at the back of the pantry as a treat and then she ate three more pop-tarts. She turned on the television but at this time of the morning there was only boring talk shows with helmet-haired women and men who looked like they were wearing foundation. Maxine sifted through some drawers but found nothing of interest. She opened out her mother's collection of Babushka dolls all the way to the tiny wooden baby with the golden bead painted on its tummy. She lined them all up in a procession on the coffee table and then tried to make them fall on one another like a row of dominoes. After a while she put the dolls back inside each other and wondered what she would do next. Finally she decided she would go for a walk down to Corey's Creek. It was about a fifteen-minute walk from the house. She would go out the back, cross over the neighbour's back paddock and cut back up on to the main road, walk a bit further until the road deviated, then she would take the dirt track through the scrub and down the ridge until she met the creek. She went to the laundry room, took off her nightie and found some clean undies, shorts and a t-shirt from the pile of washing her mother had ironed the night before. She went back to the pantry, put a kitchen chair in its middle and then stood on it so she could reach the biscuit tins, chocolates and vanilla-cream wafers that her mother kept for special occasions. She also took another bottle of cola.

It was hot and the sun burnt the back of Maxine's neck. She cursed herself for not having thought of a hat. She found a rock that was partly shaded and took off her shoes and socks and dangled her feet in the water. She ate three vanilla-cream

wafers and sipped some of the cola. The creek was moving slowly and the water felt nice and cool moving through her toes. The water was so clear that she could see her reflection in the smooth, liquid-mirror surface. She had forgotten to tie her long hair back and as she bent forward looking in to her own eyes, thick tendrils of her black hair fell over her bony shoulder, grazed the surface of the water and clumped together, wet and clogged, at the ends. Maxine listened for the sounds of birds and the whistle-snap-crackle sound that she always heard but could never identify and laid down on the rock and closed her eyes. There was a breeze so gentle, it mollified Maxine into a dreamy state and she started to think about Lenny Sparks, the boy in her class she had a crush on. She thought about kissing Lenny and whether Lenny had ever kissed anyone. Maxine had heard that Lenny and Josephine Seyling had pashed behind the cricket nets after PE last term but she didn't know if it was true. Josephine always smelt funny and her skin was like sweating cheese. Maxine had never kissed a boy before. She thought about it all the time, wondered how it happened, how it worked. Sometimes she would look at the faces of her classmates and try and work out who had been kissed before, who had been touched between their legs and who had touched someone else. For a while she didn't believe it was even true, that people really did it. She couldn't understand how putting your mouth on someone else's and swishing and swashing your tongues around inside the little cave between your lips could be fun. At Sunday school she had a friend called Stacey and sometimes Stacey and Maxine would touch tongues. She can't remember why they had decided to touch tongues but she remembers the strange taste of Stacey's tongue; almost like rubber but then not. But she and Stacey were not kissing, they were just



touching tongues and Maxine instinctively knew that there was some fundamental difference between the two. But what it was, she did not know. Once, when her mother had sent her up the road to buy a block of butter, Maxine had walked past a man and a woman sitting at the bus stop. Maxine had noticed the woman first because she had a big shock of Fanta-coloured hair but a few seconds later, for no reason that seemed clear to Maxine at the time, the man had lent close to the woman's face and they all of a sudden had started kissing. Their kissing was intense and almost violent, as though they were trying to suck the flesh off their faces. Maxine had thought they looked like aliens using their tongues to implant alien babies in to each other's body. It wasn't like she had seen in the movies. Maxine kept walking and went and bought the butter, still thinking about their faces smashed together all rubbery and wet. It was nothing like what she and Stacey had done. For a while after she had seen that couple at the bus stop, she would lie in bed at night in the dark under her sheets and practice kissing her hand. She would hold her hand side on, her thumb and forefinger pressed together like a pair of lips and then press her mouth against them, working her tongue between the finger and the thumb and moving her hand as though it were a real head. But her hand would just get all wet and after a while her tongue would ache like an overworked muscle and she would fall asleep, confused and dissatisfied.

She didn't know how long she was laying there before she opened her eyes and saw him standing above her. He was holding a sling-shot in one hand and a bottle of water was half hanging out of his left pocket. His right knee was grazed and a scab was starting to form over the wound. Maxine sat up and pulled her feet out of the water. For a moment they just stared at each other, Maxine with surprise and the boy with a defiant blankness.

"Who are you?" She had to put her hand up to shield her eyes from the sun that was so bright she couldn't really make out the boy's face.

"Todd. Who are you?" He said it as though he had found her in his own home, some deviant, an unwanted intruder.

"Maxine." They looked at each other like two animals trying to size each other up.

"Why were you standing there staring at me? I was sleeping you know." She hadn't really been asleep but Maxine was embarrassed that she hadn't even heard the boy approach her.

"I dunno. Five minutes. I'm good at being quiet."

"Why aren't you at school?" She asked the question as though she were his mother but even with the blinding light she could tell he was easily a year or two older than herself. Todd didn't answer and instead picked up a small stone that he jettisoned across the creek with his sling shot. Then he picked up another and this time aimed for a bigger rock in the middle of the creek whose top was half exposed. He shot the stone and hit the big rock, cleanly, perfectly.

"You wanna try?" He handed her the sling-shot but Maxine shook her head.

"Can I have one of them?" Todd looked at the Kingston biscuits she had laid out beside her; the chocolate filling was softened and gooey. She handed him one and he put it whole in his mouth and looked over the water and up at the sky as he chewed, little bits of crumbled biscuit puffing from his mouth as he ate. With his mouth still full he said "You meant to be at school now?"

She nodded and offered him some of her cola but he shook his head and patted the water bottle in his pocket.

"I was feeling sick this morning. I had a temperature and my Mum said I wasn't allowed to go to school." Maxine didn't know why she lied about it and she knew by the way he looked at her with his crooked smile that he saw straight through it.

"Yeah school sucks." Maxine didn't really think school sucked, just sometimes she didn't feel like going but she nodded anyway. Todd sat down next to Maxine and they began to eat the rest of the biscuits and Maxine finished the cola.

Then Todd turned to her with his leg bent up and his elbow propped on his knee, "You feel like trying to catch something?"

"What like a fish? My Dad says there isn't anything worth catching in Corey's."

"Nah, not a fish. Like a bird or something. Across there... in the scrub." He pointed his finger languidly across the water. Maxine had never crossed the creek before. She'd never thought to. She'd always just come to this spot and laid out on the rocks like a lizard. That was the main reason why her skin was the colour of toffee.

"Have you ever caught anything there before?" Todd nodded, "Yeah plenty of times. My aim's real good. How much ya wanna bet I can strike that little pile of leaves just there?" Maxine looked up the creek bed and saw the little pile of leaves, dry and crackled like the paper her mother used to line their kitchen drawers. She had three boiled lollies in her pocket which she had planned to eat on her way home but she offered them anyway, "I bet you three boiled lollies."

Todd laughed a haughty old man laugh which Maxine took as a slight, then he picked up a rock from the dirt beside him, aimed and shot the little missile, hitting his target square in its middle. The leaves fluttered momentarily and then fell in a heap again.

"See." Maxine smiled and took the lollies from her pocket. Todd took the green one, "keep em, this's fine." They stood up and started to cross the creek. The water was still low and only just went above Maxine's ankles. She carried her shoes and socks in her hand and when they reached the other side Todd gestured to them which she took as instruction to put them on. His own feet were clad in Blundstones, his socks looked tatty and as though they had once been navy blue. His legs were skinny but muscular and decorated with a gauzy pattern of fine, dark hairs. His hair, Maxine could now see, was as dark as hers but cropped close to his head and slightly longer in front. His skin was pale and coated in a fine mist of dirt and grime and coagulated sweat. He reminded Maxine of the men she saw building the new project houses on the other side of town. They walked through the scrub for a while, Maxine following Todd about a meter or two behind. It was cooler here, inside the bush, the canopy shielding them from the heat of the sun. Maxine guessed it must be close to lunchtime. Todd was picking up rocks as he walked. He didn't pick up every rock, just ones he seemed to compare against some system he had

in his mind for what made a good rock. Maxine saw a rock that looked good and she picked it up. "Here, what about this one?" Todd took the rock and she could tell by the way his eyebrows furrowed that it wasn't a good one but he took it anyway and said "Ta Maxine." They kept on walking and Maxine started to feel her legs getting tired. She could still hear the creek but couldn't see it anymore. Then Todd stopped and held his hand back behind him and Maxine stopped too. He turned his head around to face her and held his finger up to his mouth, instructing her to be quiet. Maxine stood as still as she could, not wanting to crunch the leaves beneath her feet, for a few seconds she even held her breath. She still couldn't see what Todd was looking at, only that whatever it was, it was above them, somewhere up in one of the tawny coloured eucalypts that palisaded them. He held his sling shot up and aimed, holding his pose for what seemed like minutes. He held two spare rocks in his hand but one was all he needed. He discharged the bullet and struck something, there was a squawk and Maxine saw a ball of feathers fall from a tree above her. The shot had startled all the other birds in the nearby trees and there was a mass exodus, a flurry of wings and warbles and branches left flailing. Todd went over to where the bird had fallen and picked it up, bringing it back to show Maxine. Maxine gasped when she saw the bird lying limp and floppy like a jelly snake in his hand. Above the back of its left wing was a huge gash where the stone had struck and the many-coloured feathers were now mottled and contorted by blood that was wet and rich red. "A real beauty, eh."

Maxine looked at Todd, still stunned. She looked again at the bird, ran her forefinger down the length of its beak and then she began to cry. She cried soft tears that gathered quietly at the edge of her eyes and then fell in supine drops onto the bird. "Hey, what's wrong? Why you crying?" He placed his hand on her shoulder but she flung it off with a fierceness that surprised them both. Then Maxine turned and started to run. She ran back the way they had come with the sound of her feet crushing on the ground, almost blotting out the sound of the creek. The trees were beleaguering but she ran on, not feeling the cuts and scrubs

of bark and twigs. She could hear Todd running behind her, calling her name and asking her to stop. But she kept running and finally she reached the creek. She stopped at the water which by now had risen to her knees. Todd was behind her within seconds and he placed his hand on her shoulder but she threw it off. She sat down on the ground and began untying her shoelaces. He sat down next to her. "Oi, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you cry, honest. I thought you wanted to catch something. I didn't wanna make you all sad, really." But she didn't want to look at him. She was untying her second shoe now. Her dried tears had given way to a queer anger, something she had not felt before, not like this. "Please Maxine, really. You wanna bury it? We can go now and bury it, give it a real nice funeral. Maxine?" He gently hooked his finger between two lengths of hair that obscured her face from him and swept them over her shoulder. Her shoulders and her legs had lots of tiny scratches all over them and on her cheek just below her eye was another from when she had swiped past a twig in her rampage to the creek. He ran a finger over her cheek and up over the ridge of the wound. Maxine looked at him, her eyes clear again but the lashes still wet and stubby.

She thought about the wretched falling of the bird, the shock of the wounded body and the cruel randomness of its death. Her gut felt like an over-pumped inner tube, almost bursting. Brusquely she placed both her hands on Todd's face, almost slapping him, jerked him close to her and then shoved her mouth convulsively onto his, her tongue lapped and licked and lashed at the gap between his lips, saliva erupted in little wet rivulets, covering her chin and parts of her cheeks. She held his face there against hers, hard and rampageous, tasting the nothingness of his mouth, the heat of his breath that was still sweet from the biscuits they had eaten earlier. She sucked his lips and ran her tongue up behind his teeth, exploring the empty hole like one does a cave or a volcano. When she stopped she looked at him, the bird still in his hand, impotent and dead. Todd said nothing and he didn't move. She thought for a moment she might have choked him, sucked all the air out of him but then he wiped his chin and she knew he was all right. Maxine stood

up, she looked down at Todd and then she calmly took the bird out of his hand. She walked to the water and washed the bird clean, rubbing down its brilliant feathers, smoothing its beak and tiny splayed claws. When Maxine had finished washing it she picked up her socks, stuffed them inside her shoes and started to walk back across the creek. When she reached the other side she looked back at Todd. He smiled at her pallidly but Maxine didn't smile back. She walked home barefoot, carrying her shoes and socks and the little bird. When she reached home, Maxine dug a little hole in the soft soil under the orange tree in the garden. She placed the bird inside one of the socks, kissed it and then put it in the hole and covered it with dirt. She went inside and went to the laundry room, took off her shorts and t-shirt and put them in the dirty-clothes basket. She put on her nightie and went upstairs where she put the odd sock under her mattress before getting into her bed. The sheets were cold and clean and felt good against her bruised legs. Maxine would tell her mother that she hadn't even noticed the scratch on her face, that she didn't know how it got there. She closed her eyes and ran her tongue over her lips then touched them with her finger.

At five o'clock the front door opened and then closed. Footsteps and voices and the sounds of keys and bags being discarded. Her mother came up to check on Maxine, placing a hand on her forehead. She frowned when she noticed the scar, running her finger over the ridge of split skin. "What's this?" Maxine said nothing and then said "I don't know" as she ran her own finger over the wound. Her mother bent down and kissed her daughter on the forehead. "Is everything alright love?" Maxine shrugged her shoulders and nodded her head in unison. "I think you better stay in bed. I'll bring your dinner up to you." Her mother left the room and Maxine sunk down into her pillow and turned to face the window. She thought of the bird, it's body beneath the earth and wondered if it's spirit could separate, turn away from it's flesh and find another route out from under the tree, like they taught her at Sunday school. But the sun was falling below the hem of the sky now like a dead weight, taking the day down with it and she felt a great discomfort settle inside her.

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# Spotlight on UNSW

By Amy Burton

**A**ssociate Professor Chris Mitchell of the UNSW School of Psychology is famous amongst his students for his entertaining teaching style that makes his lectures seem more like a stand-up comedy act. Unsurprisingly, last year Chris received the award for Outstanding Lecturer in Psychology at UNSW. There is even a Facebook page dedicated to the man and his unique approach - The Chris Mitchell Appreciation Group - created by his student fans as a place to share favourite quotations and funny moments from lectures. Sadly though, Chris Mitchell is soon due to leave UNSW to return home to the UK.

**Firstly, congratulations on receiving the award for Outstanding Lecturer in Psychology 2010! How did you feel when you found out that you were to receive it?**

Completely thrilled! It is the only prize I have ever really cared about. I was totally gutted last year when Tom Denson won it. I then upped my game to beat him this year, only to discover that he wasn't eligible (because he won it last year). So I didn't get to beat him fair and square. One day Denson, one day.... It is also the first prize I've been awarded since I came top of the class for art in Year 3!

**Has anyone been an inspiration to your lecturing style or is it originally Chris Mitchell?**

There's an English comedian called Eddy Izzard who has been a massive influence. Only recently a little Russell Brand has started to get into the style too. I hated lectures as a student. I promised myself that, at the very least, my students would do two things in my classes: 1) laugh 2) stay awake. I hope I have achieved that. I think the learning will then follow naturally (even if that's not true, you can be sure that sleeping students aren't learning anything). The prize was very reassuring. We lecturers never really know how good the lectures are. If you ask a student whether a lecture went ok, they just lie politely.



**What were you like when you were a student?**

I went to University College London. It's probably best I don't tell you what I was like as a student.

**Your research focuses on learning and memory processes. Are there any tricks that you have stumbled across in your research that will help to improve learning abilities or memory that you are willing to share, so that we may be able to implement before the end of session exams?**

Probably the most important thing you need to know is that you can't learn by accident (e.g. when you're asleep). Many psychologists say you can, but they're wrong in my view. When we learn new things, it feels hard and it hurts. Simply reading the lecture notes is easy. In contrast, translating the lecture notes into your own words to explain to your Grandma is hard. This tells you that when you translate the notes into your own words, you're learning. So it's easy to tell when your revision is working - you experience pain.

**What are you currently working on?**

My work focuses on two areas. One is the relationship between reasoning memory and learning. It's related to the previous question; I spent 10 years showing that you can't learn by accident (incidentally). The second is called perceptual learning - how we learn to discriminate very similar things in our environment. For example, identical twins look, well, identical when

you first meet them. But when you know them well, they are easy to tell apart. My work investigates how this happens.

**You have contributed to over 40 articles published in respected psychological journals. So far, which of your many discoveries do you consider to be the most significant?**

This is a very difficult question to answer. Findings can turn out to be significant only years after they were made. Other findings have a more immediate impact. I just don't know. One of my favourites is my early work with Peter Lovibond looking at the role of reasoning in apparently very simple learning processes. It involved giving electric shocks to first year psychology students. They loved it!

**You are to be leaving us soon to head back to the UK. Are you excited to be heading back? What is it that takes you back?**

It depends entirely when you ask me. I swing from excited to petrified, hourly. When my second son Joe was born, I became quite homesick. He's 4 years old on May 5th, and things have stayed pretty much the same. So it's family really, and just a feeling of home.

**What are you most looking forward to?**

The real answer to your previous question - warm beer, small pubs and the Premiership.

**What have you enjoyed about working at UNSW?**

I've loved the people and the climate most. I also love the distance from Europe/America, where most psychology is conducted. It's given me the freedom to say things that go against the current. I have got into a bit of trouble recently by saying things that most psychologists disagree with. But I'm so far away they can't hurt me. I'm a bit scared to go back, to be honest. There are, of course, also people here in Sydney who disagree with me. But they're Australian, so they're always nice about it.

**Do you have a favourite moment/  
memory from your time at UNSW?**

Millions of memories of drinking coffee from the coffee cart, by the library lawn with dear friends (discussing psychology, of course). Also, the last 1st year lecture of the year in the Clancy Auditorium is always a huge moment – the students here are so generous (with applause I mean – no money changes hands).

**Finally, would you share with us your  
favourite piece of psych-related trivia?**

Thanks for putting me on the spot. I'm completely rubbish at remembering trivia. Which reminds me of Tatiana Cooley, the mega memory champion. She could

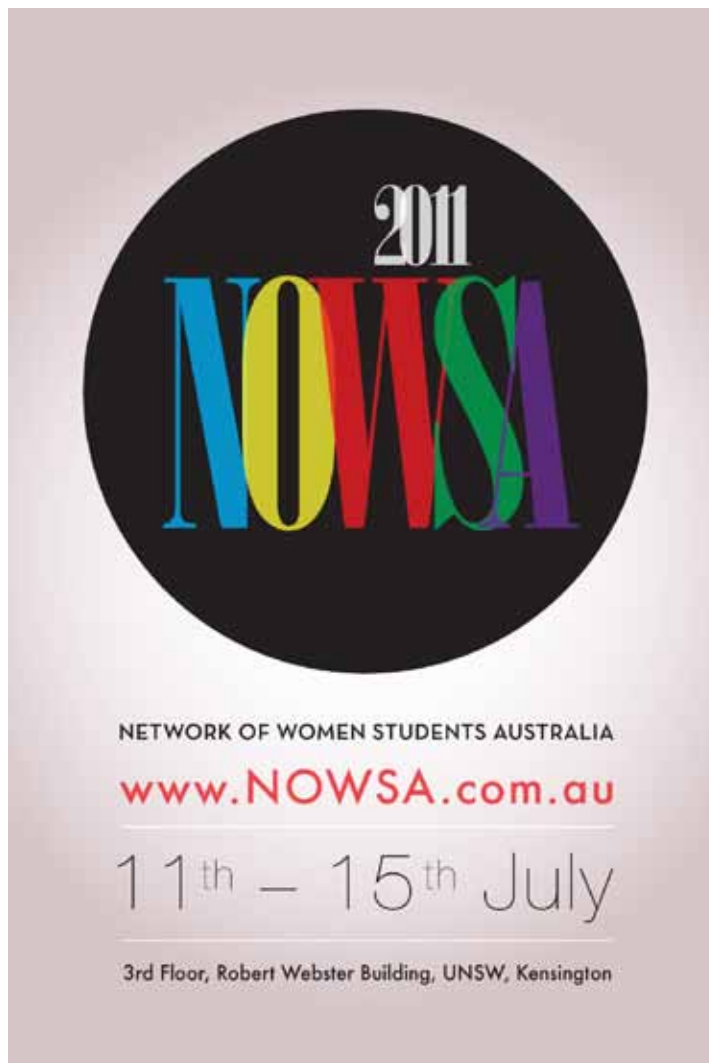
remember hundreds of trivial things, like the order in which two decks of cards were dealt, or 1000 randomly generated numbers. But she could never remember what she'd arranged to do that day. Her house was covered in post-it notes, reminding her what to do next. So, I guess the moral of the story is to use your memory for something useful, unless you can actually make a living from entering pub quizzes.

**Chris Mitchell, you will be sorely missed  
by all your students and friends here at  
UNSW. All the best for your return to  
Devon!**

*Quotations from the Facebook page:*

“So we know that love is activation of the limbic system but what does that mean? When you're sitting across from your partner at the dinner table you don't say, “darling my limbic system is activated right now”; your partner would probably slap you and tell you not to be dirty!”

“You are all on the path to nerd-dom. I am a nerd. You are a partial nerd. In a few years you will definitely be a complete and utter nerd. And if you do a PhD, then you will be a TOTAL nerd!”



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# Sleeping with Strangers

*By Tegan Smyth*



“In my opinion, in the world there are two types of the homosexual: the gay and the FAGGOT. The gay is not so annoying but I do not like the faggot, they are arrogant,” vehemently seethed my first couch surfing host Marek in Warsaw, Poland over lunch. Little did he know the sexuality of my male friend dining with us, in what was surely one of the most awkward lunches I have ever had to sit through in my life. We didn’t really know what to expect, on his profile it had said he said he was very passionate about geography and consequently, “familiar with almost everything – what makes me a good partner to conversation.” Well the conversation had certainly taken quite an unexpected turn, my sidelong looks of apology and awkward laughter marking a highly inauspicious start to our European couch surfing adventure.

So what led me to couch surfing? Simply put, during exchange in the south of France I almost compulsively craved travel but realised that to get by having big dreams on a small budget you need to do the unconventional. And if there is one thing couch surfing yields it is the unconventional. Contrary to popular opinion, couch surfing is not a dating site nor a link up for sex without strings attached. It is a way of meeting people, staying with them and connecting to the culture of the place you are visiting. And if there is one thing couch surfing yields it is the unconventional and unexpected, from Marek in Warsaw to Tallinn, Estonia, where my host whipped off his towel to show me his goods. Yep, couch surfing is definitely for the open minded.

Back to my adventures, Marek didn’t just like geography. That was a bit of an understatement. He adored it, and

he really – to his credit, knew Warsaw better than the back of his hand. He would read geography textbooks in his spare time from working hard in a commercial law firm; a position he had attained very precociously in life as he informed us that he was “wonder-child.” Walking past a long boulevard of foreign consulates, he informed us that his previous map of Warsaw had been stolen by his most recent couch surfers, a troupe of French guys who had not only acquired the map but a vendetta against them. We promised we wouldn’t take his map. The following day we met his girlfriend in the old part of Warsaw and she lent us her map. She was a real sweetheart and we were told conspiratorially by Marek that they had met on Poland’s number one dating site, “sympathy dot com.” However, in rushing to our flight and getting embarrassingly lost, we forgot to give her the map back.



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She was definitely way cooler than Marek though, even concealing the fact we ‘appropriated’ her map so we were exempt from the wrath of her boyfriend!

Our next couch surfing experience was in Tallinn, Estonia. Our host was the owner of a sauna, an ex-DJ, a computer science student and a real ladies man. Covered all four corners, really. We were forced to undergo a very Estonian rite of passage – drinking copious amounts during the day. The vodka over there is 80% proof and the locals down it like water. Me and my two travel companions thought that being Australian, regular trips to the Roundhouse and our fairly adequate exposure to heavy drinking would have made our tolerance something to be remarked upon. Not a chance. Siim could drink the three of us under the table and get the neighbour’s dog Bosse to wee all over us to reiterate just how pathetic our effort was.

Finally, no story is complete without elaborating on the plain bizarre. The singularly most eccentric couch surfing experience was with Maren in Hamburg. I’d been previously acquainted with her, having gone clubbing together in Shanghai. I really didn’t know her too well but seeing as she was inviting me to visit, who was I to resist? It turned out she had two young kids and gave meaning to “hostess with the mostess:” she went out of her way to show us around despite a menacing storm looming in the sky. The

storm may have been pathetic fallacy for the massive fall-out she had with her ex-boyfriend/father of her children during our stay. Picture screaming, manical gesturing and hysterics in German; dramatic advances and haughty retorts. It would be the essence of an Oscar winning drama, if it wasn’t so scary and real. Chairs literally flew across the room and I tried to make myself scarce as things got physical. At the conclusion of the episode I tried to cheer Maren up however she felt embarrassed about what I had just witnessed. Instead of proposing a quiet night in, perhaps a good deep and meaningful conversation... she decided the best way to cool down was for us to go to a strip club! I’d honestly never had the “pleasure” before of extracting bank notes from the crotch of a male stripper using only my teeth, but I suppose there is a first for everything! I’m not sure if I’m eager to relive the moment but there is definitely a market for it in Hamburg.

Back in Sydney, I write this with no little nostalgia. Travelling anywhere and being out of the bubble of Sydney friends, academia and familiarity was such an exhilarating experience- second to none. In the following months, I made more trips around France and the equally amazing sights of southern and western Europe. As for all the doubt I may have had in my mind about roughing it in a dangerous way – I’ve learnt that even the most uncomfortable of experiences will often become amusing in time. I attribute this

new found positivity to just how grateful I am for all the colourful personalities who opened their doors and generously lent out their couches and floor space to us.

My message to all would-be backpackers is to ditch the hostel for some legs of the trip, because there are some really wonderful people out there that could change your life and give you memories of what could be the excursion of a lifetime. The solidarity of fellow travellers is just amazing... the extent to which people will go to put themselves out for you would send even the biggest misanthrope a really positive message. The underlying mission of the Couch Surfing project is to essentially create a world without strangers. The founders on their flagship website state they “envision a world where everyone can create meaningful connections with people and places they encounter”. And to me this ode to diversity was boundlessly fruitful as I abandoned places like the twenty-five to a room, death camp of a hostel in Prague we started off with in for people and experiences the average traveller couldn’t encounter. But ultimately, couch surfing gave me the most precious thing imaginable - a new philosophy on life. Indeed as my trip continued I began to ask myself why I didn’t ‘surf’ everywhere I went. So get on it, sleep with strangers. It’s the sort of promiscuity that’ll only make you more popular.

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## I Can Feel This Fog

*By Raymond Baltas*

I can feel this fog  
Inside

This unaquaintable  
Shroud

This fog,  
Its slow treble,  
Turning over like  
A body

Born into a bed  
Of bottomless

Sleep



# THARUNKA WANTS YOU!

Readers,

Tharunka is a student magazine and we welcome contributions of prose, poetry, non-fiction essay, ficto-criticism, satire and visual media. We are interested in work that engages with UNSW, Sydney, the arts, music, politics and the media. Because some work may be unsuitable for Tharunka, please email us a short pitch or blurb before submitting an article.

Keep in mind we do not usually have space for pieces over two pages in length.

## **Letters & Comments**

We accept letter relating to content in past Tharunka issues, opinions on university developments and politics, or just random shit you feel people need to know.

## **News & Reviews**

Tharunka publishes relevant news in the 'Short List' section, as well as events in the 'Calendar' section. If you'd like for us to publicise an event, or have some campus or Sydney news, please email us.

Tharunka is regularly asked to review works of theatre, film, art and recordings. If you'd like to send us a piece to review, or would like to be included in our regular reviewers email, contact us now. Do it.

## **Comics, Cartoons & Visual Media**

Tharunka especially welcomes visual pieces from COFA students and from artists outside UNSW. We also accept and regularly publish satirical cartoons, pieces of comic art and collage.

## **Submission Deadlines**

Issue 06: July 11  
Issue 07: July 25  
Issue 08: August 8  
Issue 09: August 29  
Issue 10: September 19

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# Urban Kingdoms

*By Cameron McPhedran*

In my work, I aim to explore how we perceive public spaces and the assumptions which underpin our perceptions. A key factor of the political dynamics of any urban environment is graffiti and how it constructs our political identity. From my experiences, those cities which are most politically dynamic, such as Berlin, San Francisco and Buenos Aires, have a graffiti culture which is highly connected to the history of these cities and suggest respect and collaboration rather than competition among graffiti artists.

However, clearly graffiti is not the endpoint of how we express collective ownership of public spaces. For this reason, I have chosen to invert the atomised, ahistorical feel of many Sydney streets by constructing a series of images

where symbols of our 'private' identities and spaces are placed in a Camperdown laneway. This inversion makes the point that the streets are ours; that we can and should express our historical and social identities in such sites; and that this is a rewarding and liberating endeavour. I have informed my art from the viewpoint that such an act of reclamation is our moral imperative, that it is achievable, and that Sydney is at its most culturally rewarding at times when public spaces are in the hands of the people, such as the 2000 Walk for Reconciliation along the Harbour Bridge and the yearly Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras along Oxford St. Finally, by taking the photos at varying times of the day and with varying symbols, I suggest that our ownership is not subject to the constraints of time, but rather permanent.











# Reviews

## *Ama and Chan*

Reviewed by Camilla Palmer

*Ama and Chan* come from wildly different backgrounds but their shared love of fusion food and their insatiable quest for fame has erased all cultural borders and now they live in, almost happy, union. Ama, played by Ghanaian-Australian Effie Nkrumah and Chan, played by Chinese-Australian Alan Lao, are two wanna-be celebrity chefs who bicker and shout and laugh and chide their way through life. Added to the mix is a strange guy who has suddenly appeared in their spare room and glides around the stage on roller-sneakers and the somewhat dubious, somewhat suave, Frank, who seems to be vying for Ama's affections, with little resistance on her part.

The play opens before it has begun, in effect, when *Ama and Chan* meet and greet their audience who are still milling around in the theatre foyer. En masse, we enter the theatre all together. Google Earth swoops and Facebook pages provide the background to their story before we are launched into the crisis that besets them – their furniture has been lost somewhere along the M4 on the day they are to move to their new house and that strange guy in the spare room turns out to be an Indonesian musician who helps himself to their food.

So what must they do to solve their problems? Create an on-line cooking show with the help of the fawning Frank, a fusion of their Ghanaian and Chinese culinary expertise. Fame, fortune and world domination are surely to follow. I'll leave it up to you to go and see the show to see if their dreams are fulfilled.

Lao and Nkrumah met whilst at the University of Western Sydney and they have been developing these characters for quite a while. Lao has amassed quite the fan base with his funny rants on YouTube, the most recent being Chan's tirade against the weather and City Rail. Their performances are passionate and energetic, and their ability to play with stereotypes and go to inappropriate lengths with their racially inflected insults not only makes the audience laugh, it also makes them think. The fusion is not just in their cooking. It is also in the way they combine social networking, Internet

celebrity culture and cultural diversity to make a statement about the changing face of society. They seem to be offering a way, via Facebook, YouTube et al, of breaking down cultural differences and racial stereotyping. Heavy stuff for such a funny show, but these two pull it off. Expect big things to come from Lao and Nkrumah.

*Ama and Chan* ran at the Banskown Arts Centre Theatre till May 14.

## *Triple J's Hottest 100 Vol. 10 DVD Edition*

Reviewed by Jenn McLean



So, this is what the verdict from a 155,222 person-strong jury looks like. That's right, this year's *Triple J Hottest 100* music poll raked up 1.26 million votes from 155,222 people, voting from 152 countries across the globe. Not just any people I might add – these are people who are passionate about their music and whose votes have led to the production of one of the greatest music compilations of the year.

Of course, following the release of the countdown in January has come the *Hottest 100 DVD*, which – somewhat misleading in its name – consists of 45 music videos from the countdown's collection. These clips are really as diverse as the songs themselves, taking us everywhere from

the streets of Tokyo in the Wombats' Tokyo (*Vampires and Wolves*) to the lonely aisles of a supermarket in Angus and Julia's *Big Jet Plane*. Washington puts a song-and-dance spin on the French film-noir in *Sunday Best* while Adrian Lux hits us with the saucy, the sensual and the little bit naughty in sex-saturated clip for *Teenage Crimes*.

Cinematography hits its peak with the Jezebels' clip for *Mace Spray*, which takes us into a forest (God knows where) and holds somewhat of a sublime beauty in its depiction of a rugged coastline on which the forest stands. Second to this would have to be the sci-fi landscapes in Gotye's *Eyes Wide Open*. The Belgium-born Aussie singer is certainly set for big things with his unique sound and the video for this track, being just plain cool, definitely supports that notion.

For a bit of comic relief, Cee Lo Green's *Fuck You* tells a story of unrequited love through a tubby-ten year old, set in a downtown Afro-American diner that resembles a 1960s Motown clip. Unfortunately, Green's recently self-proclaimed desire for mega-stardom means that the clip lacks a lot of his previous originality and creative drive. The song itself verges on pop and the video, while indeed amusing, looks a little too much like a scene from the 2007 teen-musical *Hairspray*.

Pretty much regardless of all this, however, is the fact that with an RRP of over \$30, the film-clip compilation is a somewhat unnecessary accessory to the *Hottest 100* itself. While the tracks reflect another really great year for originality in sound and style, the release of a music-DVD seems almost like another way for the industry to exploit our music-loving culture.

I guess what I'm saying is that while this year's *Triple J Hottest 100 DVD* is indeed a cool collection of some really artistic short films, you don't need to see the videos to enjoy the songs themselves or even tell if they're any good. Instead, I'd probably recommend you just get your mitts on the music and plug your ears, not your eyes, into what is a sweet collection of tunes.

*Triple J's Hottest 100: Volume 10 DVD* is on sale now. \$38.95.



## *A Winter Tale by Bobby Long*

*Reviewed by Jenn McLean*

*A Winter Tale*, the debut album from British singer-songwriter-guitarist Bobby Long, is a smooth combination of country, folk and blues that facilely seduces and soothes the soul. Reminiscent of the pre-electric Dylan days, Long demonstrates his agility over the guitar and poetic way with words in a carefully compiled album produced by Grammy-winner Liam Watson.

Honing his style on a US touring circuit from April 2009, Long's excitement and passion resonates through each song, his finger-licking acoustics and harrowing lyrics described by Seattle PI as "sin and silk, honey and grit". Indeed this is what the album delivers, with the Bobby's husky voice telling tales of small-town glories and lost love that withhold neither the deepest confessions nor the most honest pleasures of the artist himself.

Having grown up near Manchester in Northern England, Long's musical career began officially in 2004, when he moved to London at age 18 and studied sound and media. The youngin's catchy compositions set him apart on the open-Mic circuit and his song *Let me Sign* was picked up by buddy Robert Pattinson and featured in the 2008 cult-teen-flick *Twilight*. Don't let that throw you, though, because *A Winter Tale* is a far cry from cult-teen-music, with allusions to Johnny Cash and the laid-back feel of Canadian singer Harry Manx that would surely go over the heads of the Cullen-loving, teeny-bopping type.

Long's self-proclaimed influences include Bob Dylan, Neil Young and Leonard Cohen and indeed, many tracks reflect the long-ranger, country-blues style so typical of these one-men acts. At other times, however, it is the harmonious interplay of voices, resonant of modern troubadours such as Connor Oberst (particularly his work in Bright Eyes), and even Mumford and Sons, that greatest shines through.

In parts, such as the latter half of "Two Years Old", a combination of the familiar country-baseline and a heavy use of snare fringes on the toe tapping, spoon accompanied side of country so frequently dismissed by contemporary city listeners. At times like these, however, genre-prejudices should be set aside so that the underlying talent of Long is not overlooked, because it truly is worth listening to. In other

tracks, notably "The Bounty of Mary Jane", Long's musicianship and lyrical skill shines through as he slides up and down the neck of the guitar and tells an imaginative story that one could easily get lost in on a rainy day. There is a definite rawness to Long's music, and it is this lack of polish that lets the listener in and invites us to relax into some really sweet sounds.

All up, *A Winter Tale* is definitely worth getting your mitts on, providing you're up for something a little different and ready to put preconceived notions of the country genre aside. There's something about this growling country stud that leaves you feeling fresh, even on the doorstep of winter.

*A Winter Tale*, an album by Bobby Long, is out now through ATO Records.

## *Helplessness Blues by Fleet Foxes*

*Reviewed by Tom Grant*

When Fleet Foxes self-titled debut album hit us way back when, we all considered it to be a fresh new take on a folk genre that was waning, a combination of it's traditional roots and a distinct pop sensibility simply made it so goddamn listenable. We were so enamoured with it because there was nothing quite like it, nothing to compare it to, no competition. But times have changed; we live in an age where every Mumford and his sons are starting a folk band, an almost irrepressible force that shows no signs of dying down. So perhaps the increased expectation derived from this competition rests a little too heavy on their shoulders, because with second offering *Helplessness Blues*, they do not meet the lofty standards set.

Sonically, *Helplessness Blues* is a relatively large leap from the accessible styling of their previous album, with the baroque cuteness that we found so endearing making way for a more extensive palette of folk music, although golden sheen distinctive of the band still lingers prominently. Though as Robin Pecknold and co. meander through the sonic landscape of their inspirations, they never manage to pinpoint an exact theme or cohesive narrative, causing the album to jar through admirable songs that never act as a collective piece.

Highlights pop up through the already released single and titular piece *Helplessness Blues*, which meanders through an identity crisis or two with stunning magnificence and the epic *The Shrine / An Argument* which breaks down into captivating jazz jams and sees Pecknold bringing a hefty scream into his vocal repertoire. However *Sim Sala Bim* is the strongest indictment of the album in general, a sprawling semi-masterpiece that threatens to take off into the clouds, but falls agonisingly close.

This is by no means a bad album, it will without a doubt reside in the upper echelons of the end of year top ten lists, but it is what it could've been that makes it so disappointing. A good listen that was tainted the expectations of their talent.

*Helplessness Blues*, an album by Fleet Foxes, is out now through Sub Pop Records.

## *Water Stories by Parades*

*Reviewed by Tom Grant*

In music, potential and pure talent are sometimes categorised separately. Most bands manage to satisfy at least one of these criteria, but few satisfy both. Parades are one of those bands who satisfy both. New single *Water Stories* sees the intricate fundamentals of their debut album, *Foreign Tapes*, developed further into something truly special.

Framed by Jonathan Boulet's almost unnatural how-can-he-do-that style of drumming, *Water Stories* compiles layers of intricately constructed sounds with a more simple guitar rock style. The song builds up to crescendo that seems tailor made for the live experience, despite this it is insanely obvious that it has not been made that way, with sonic detail and perfection given precedent.

While *Water Stories* won't halt the endless comparisons to the alternative greats that Parades seem to evoke, it's complex melody and subtle backdrops will more than satisfy the expectations that these similarities generate.

*Water Stories*, a new single by Parades, is available free from the Parades website.

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# Two Poems

*By Michelle Cahill*

## Sīta

She came from the chawls  
of Karnatipura,  
those ancient five-storey houses  
with their long varandas  
swanned by ladies of the night,  
who leant over banisters,  
whispering in dark alleys,  
wearing rouge and kajal.  
Keeper of beds, cheaper than  
kothi for public servants,  
for drunken men of the village,  
more outcast than dalit,  
bhangi or dhobi.  
She came from the chawls  
of Karnatipura,  
jangling her ankle bells, with  
deep-throated taunts,  
prodding me on the train to  
Andheri when I was a foreigner  
in my own country. I  
was ten years old  
on summer vacation, packed  
in the Ladies carriage,  
dressed in t-shirt and Levis, among  
the garlands, the ghagras;  
ingenuous to her chicanery,  
her occult skill;  
not knowing beneath her sari  
the unspeakable scars  
of custom and ridicule. A cultural  
fragment out of context,  
a gender beyond my Christian  
judgements, fata morgana,  
a ficto-critical anecdote. I'd  
never read the epic myths  
or studied Sanskrit. I was  
ignorant of Lord Krishna  
made incarnate as the beautiful  
Mohini and engaged  
to Aravanan. Her name was  
Sīta, once from Bihar.  
She was beaten and disowned  
by her family, assaulted  
by beggars, by police; a harridan,  
an anarchist, her blouse loose  
and gaudy, her eyes so wild  
I would not forget.  
She came from the chawls of  
Karnatipura, a bathhouse,  
where she lived with her mothers,  
her sisters and her friends.

kothi: homosexual male  
Dalit: untouchable  
bhangi: sweeper caste  
chawl: a building of 4-5 storeys,  
tenements for the middle class  
ghagra: skirt  
Mohini: Lord Krishna assumes  
the form of a beautiful woman,  
Mohini, who agrees to marry  
Aravanan, destined to be sacrificed  
to the goddess Kali. Hijras  
(transsexuals & transvestites) in  
India identify with Mohini.

## Amante De Lo Ajeno

I'm framed between Doric  
pillars in dappled,  
creamy light as peacocks  
strut. The photographer  
from Figueres embeds a  
quiver in her camera.

After the cloisters hung with  
medieval tapestries,  
dalmatics, chasubles of silver  
and gold brocade—  
Who are you ... and do you  
want to go for coffee?

Chocolat, churros y  
bouganvillea. The sky spits.  
Tourists in the Jewish quarter  
turn their maps askew.  
I can scarcely breathe for  
caffeine, the scent of sex.

We stroll courtyards,  
garrisons. I run my hands  
along the bevelled frame of  
a medieval casement,  
try to guess the distant course  
a flying arrow takes,

only to be slaughtered by her  
assassin eyes. Lipstick  
stains, no other evidence.  
It's leafy-whispery dark  
amid the ruins, a Moorish  
bath, and like a stranger's

curiosity, the bells of el  
catédral strike three times.  
Nothing heroic to chase as  
the last ride leaves town.  
Crazy boys I dodge speed  
uphill on motorbikes.

I pass tavernas, discos, drunken  
men who loiter in ruas.  
Uncertain if it's me, a fragment,  
the precise moment  
I'll cross the border to a  
turquoise lake, totems, frost,

the fading inflections. I rely  
on such desecrated things,  
my passport creased, stamped,  
close to my skin. There's  
a clamour in my throat, a  
small emergency of words.

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# Lisette the Agony Aunt

By Lisette Valdez

Dear Agony Aunt,

First they threw a shoe at me and I kept my cool. Then they threw eggs and I still kept my cool, but I'm a little worried about what may come next. I understand that some people may not like my teen pop sensation status but do they really have to throw things? I'm just a regular kid trying to launch a pop career. What do I have to do to get people to stop throwing things at me?

Justin Bieber

Dear Biebmeister,

Being in the spotlight is difficult. You will be judged left and right. According to pop trends it appears that any artist who calls out to young pre-pubescent girls is a dickhead. Just take a look at Miley Cyrus or any other Disney channel star that has tried to launch a singing career. In that case, you just have to grow up and change your demographic. Start aging faster or dressing older. Either way you don't want people to look at you and think you're some inexperienced poser.

Perhaps you could learn something from Usher's rapping friends. Rappers tend to attract an older more hardcore crowd that gets a lot of respect. Get into some fights or get arrested. The public sees these things as life experience and although they may shake their heads at first, eventually they will respect the fact that you've been through some rough times and lived to tell about it. If that doesn't work perhaps you should start walking around in a protective box or learn how to dodge items better.

Dear Agony Aunt,

I have recently lost my job due to some media scandal and I'm just so outraged! I really enjoyed my job as an AFL player manager but some teenage girl had to



screw it up. She released pictures of me in my underwear in her hotel room and now I've been suspended from being a player's agent. I also told her I'd kill her if word of our rendezvous got out but I don't think it was necessarily a death threat per say. I mean people say that kind of stuff all the time! Yeah not all people add a suicidal touch at the end by saying they'll kill themselves as well but I get a bit carried away at times. I just don't understand why she's doing this. I thought she would want

to hide this as much as I would. I don't want to have to kill anybody but this is sort of ruining my life. What should I do?

Ricky Nixon

Dear Ricky,

Eh... kill her, I guess? Or you could embrace it and give Charlie Sheen a call. He seems to handle these situations well.

Dear Agony Aunt,

I live in a pretty rough neighborhood and I need to find a way to break out. I'm tired of watching my friends grow up into drug dealers and teen parents. I want more from my life but I'm not sure how to rise above. I'm not the best student and I don't come from a family that supports my education so it's pretty difficult to see a future through schooling. It's a rough life but I need to break out somehow. Do you have any words of wisdom for someone trying to make something of them self when the odds are against them?

Anonymous (struggling)

Dear Tyrone,

You need to learn how to play ball or sing or dance or something or you ain't never getting out of the ghetto.

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](mailto:tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au), or send us a letter at PO Box 173 Kingsford NSW 2032.





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**Osman Faruqi,  
SRC President**

As we move towards the end of Semester 1, we also get closer to conference season for student activists. This year the UNSW SRC is extremely proud to be hosting the annual NOWSA (Network of Women Students Australia) conference. Our Women's Officer Kimberley Lowe and the committee supporting her have done an incredible amount of work organising the conference, booking guest speakers, setting up the website and promoting the conference. A big thanks to everyone who is helping out and I would strongly encourage everyone who is interested to attend the conference. I would also like to thank the University for their help and support.

At the end of this month I, along with the current and former Women's Officers of the SRC, will be attending the Feminist Futures conference in Melbourne. The conference is being organised by the Melbourne Feminist Collective and follows on from the highly successful F Conference held in Sydney last year which I also attended along with several other UNSW students. F Con was the first feminist conference held in Sydney for 10 years. I'm looking forward to attending and sharing with students what was discussed.

Finally, I would like to wish everyone the best in upcoming exams and assessments. Good luck!

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**Kathy Marti,  
Student with Disability Representative**

Hello from the student with disabilities Officer!

Disability Awareness Week happened this semester and was another success. Currently the disability collective meets

every Thursday in the blockhouse from 1-2. The collective is at the moment working with the Australasian Network of Students with Disabilities to run a conference around students with disabilities. We are also starting to think about ideas for mental health week in October! If anyone would like to get involved in Mental Health Week or has a workshop they would like to have run on campus around disability please send me an email or drop by during collective time!

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**Kimberley Lowe,  
Women's Collective Representative**

Hello Tharunka friends,

Another few weeks has passed in the world of women's happenings on campus and let me just say, FINALLY, the Network of Women Student's Conference website is here. If you have been living under a rock, or haven't picked up as many Tharunka's or Blitz's this year as you would have liked, the Network of Women Students Australia (NOWSA) conference is being held at UNSW this year.

With speakers who embody feminism, Eva Cox, Gabe Kavanagh, Nina Funnell, Ludo McFerran, Amity Lynch, Tish Sparkle and Zahra Stardust, to name a few, the conference promises great things.

We intend to work on actions surrounding the following campaigns: equal representation on campus, bodies, self-image and identity, equal pay, marriage equality and domestic violence. Some promising workshops that have been proposed include 'fuckability: disability

and sexuality', 'women, feminism and technology', and 'advertising and female identity'. This is an event not to be missed by any female-identifying student! Hosted, organised and, quite honestly, filled with love by the UNSW Women's department.

For more information and how to get your mitts on a hot little registration form visit [www.nowsa.com.au](http://www.nowsa.com.au) and register now!

All the sisterly love in the world,

Kimberley Lowe.

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**Raymond, Tim & Squish,  
The UNSW Queer Officers**

Hey all! It's a busy time of session, so if you need a break from assignments the Queerspace meetings are still going on, on Mondays 2-4pm and Wednesdays 4-6. It's been a busy time of session in the space, too, with a party at midsession, where we got kicked out of the space by security. So we're discussing the situation with security and will hopefully have everything sorted for another party at the end of session. And over the winter break, there's a national queer conference happening, Queer Collaborations, in WA, where you can go and chill out with other queer students and activists from around the country. It'll be mad fun, and we're really excited for it, so get in touch ASAP if you're interested. There has also been some discussion about renovating the rooms around the Queerspace in the Chemical Sciences building, and we'll keep you posted if anything develops in that regard or if the Queerspace will be unavailable for a time.

Cheers, from the UNSW Queer Officers, Squish, Ray and Tim.

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**Samantha Guo & Mike Lin,  
International Collective**

The SRC International Collective has been meeting up every Tuesday to discuss and come up with ideas about the big celebration of the international festival next semester. Meanwhile the collective members feel the needs to provide more opportunities and assistance in terms of careers and immigration to international students at UNSW.

Following the successful migration seminar, the international collective decided to hold a 'tips on IELTS class' on Tuesday 5-7pm during week 9. IELTS is an English levelling test for people who use English as a second language and it has been a requirement by the Australia government for those who are looking to migrate to Australia. After the recent changes in the migration policies that require students to achieve an almost perfect score in the IELTS test, it has become a wide concern among international students whose nature language is not English.

The workshop is primarily aimed to provide international students with advices and skills on the IELTS test and additionally provide a platform for international students to discuss and ask questions to people who are experienced in doing the test.

The collective members will continue to meet up weekly to come up with ideas and organise events in order to provide a better uni life to international students at UNSW.

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**Aidan & Ben,  
Co-representatives  
Environmental Collective**

Hiya folks,

Recycling has been the order of the last few weeks for the Enviro Collective, with work well underway for our public forum on the upcoming recycling contract. This backed by the FM assist waste management committee, so it is chance to show student support for sustainability on this hot topic. Watch this space for more details!

Recently we also held the first of hopefully many PV soc/Enviro collective combined BBQs. The start of this fruitful partnership was kicked off with beers and gourmet vegetarian fare - a great time was had by all.

Be sure to keep up to date on our newsletter for meeting locations, as they may change in the near future. If you want to be on the receiving end of a newsletter full of enviro-related news and events, just drop us an email! [enviro@arc.unsw.edu.au](mailto:enviro@arc.unsw.edu.au)

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**Sarah Frazier  
Welfare Officer**

I have just completed my submission to the Review of Student Income Support Reforms, which will be looking into Youth Allowance with a particular focus on the extra barriers faced by rural and regional students. I am hoping the review recognise the difficulties faced by students who are struggling to balance their budget with university life and added hassles of relocation. If changes arise from this review, they will be implemented at the beginning of next year.

I will also be attending this year's Education Conference run by the National Union of Students. I look forward to speaking with our national Welfare Officer on current issues, including the

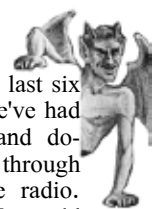
rights of students at private colleges (UNSW Village). Last year it was brought to my attention that students in other states were having difficulties with some private colleges, and with over 1000 students living at UNSW Village this is certainly something I will be following up on. I will give a full update of all of the issues raised in my next report. Feel free to email me if there's anything you'd like me raise at the conference.

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**SEND 'EM TO HELL  
Instruction Guide**

Dear Readers,  
Let's pause now and consider the last six months. Since the year began, we've had bigots and bastards, terrorists and do-gooders beamed into our brain through the tube, the computer and the radio. Now it's time we strike back. We could have just drawn a few of our favourite celebs thrown into the pit of hell, but we've decided to leave that to you. Cut out your favourites, bend over the tab and prop them beside our cover, then send us a picture, or not. Either way, feel free to make your own little people and enjoy. Play God for a day.

**THARUNKA** Editors



# SEND 'EM TO HELL

