

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS



NATALIE SEKULOVSKA

/

MANAGING EDITOR

I barely remember my first day of Kindergarten, besides the fact I turned up carrying a Barbie backpack that used to be my pride and joy. The reason for this: the uniform shop had run out of school bags. At first, I was nervous that I would be standing out. I was actually scared I wouldn't make friends, until, one by one, my new classmates started admiring my bag. (I must say, five- year old me was chuffed at the bold fashion statement she made. Present me is secretly jealous.)

When I turned up to my first O-Week, I didn't have my magical Barbie backpack to help me. Since Kindergarten, I had totally lost my sense of style, coolness and direction, something which isn't hard to do in the concrete jungle that is UNSW. To be honest, I'm still trying to figure out where Rex Vowels is.

University really is an unusual environment for a newcomer. You're meeting new people left, right and centre of the main walkway, you're pressured into finding the best coffee/ chai on campus, and you're sorely disappointed when you discover that the Quidditch team's broomsticks don't actually fly. You're kind of left to your own devices and that can be overwhelming at times.

But this feeling doesn't last too long at UNSW. You're given so many opportunities to grow, not only through the many clubs and societies on campus, but also through the services offered by Student Equity and Disabilities Unit, Nura Gili, Arc Legal and Kingsford Legal Centre, Student Development International etc. You know what they say: Help will always

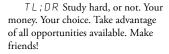
be given at Hogwarts UNSW to those who ask for it. We even have a super cool President and Vice-Chancellor, Ian Jacobs, who you'll come to see as the Albus Dumbledore of UNSW, minus the floor-length beard and half-moon glasses, but with the same sass and attitude needed to stick it to standardised admissions testing.

Now that I'm well into my university degree, I'm more than comfortable at UNSW. Maybe a little too comfortable since I almost agreed to a nude centrefold for Tharunka. That doesn't mean I'm not nervous about my role as Managing Editor of the publication. I feel like I'm in the same boat as all you newbies this year, trying to leave a good impression and actually proof-reading my work before it gets sent to the printers. But above all, I feel like I can bring to the table (at which the sub-editors and I make very, very important decisions, I promise), a sense of hope and enthusiasm, that we, as a student body, have the voice to enact change, no matter our gender, sexual orientation, ethnicity, age and preferred caffeinated and/or non-caffeinated beverage.

So, with a hearty welcome (back, for some of you) to UNSW, and with the hope you won't judge Tharunka based on my little spiel, I'll sign off and leave you to dive into the first issue of the new year.







I'm just the designer, I don't write long and deep stuff. Leave me alone.



CASSIE BELL

When I finished high school I had no idea who I was, or what I wanted to do with my life. So I ran away to Europe for a year to find out—when I returned, I had less of an idea.

It wasn't until my second year of uni, after transferring to a combined Media/Law degree, that I kind of found my thing. I began to learn what I care about, what I like and dislike, what my strengths and weaknesses are and how to use them.

So, by way of introduction, here are a few of the things I've learnt so far:

Things I can do: Bake; skim read; say the alphabet backwards.

Things I can't do: Read analogue time; find the Old Main Building; stop at one episode.

Things I will do: Finish reading Infinite Jest; exonerate Adnan Syed; order more wine.

Things I won't do: Finish reading Infinite Jest; keep tomato sauce in the fridge; vote #1 Trump.

Things I love: The coffee at Bar Navitas (lower campus); the coffee at The Whitehouse (mid-campus); the coffee at The Coffee Cart (upper campus). Things I hate: Kale; Basser Steps; drivers who don't do the "thank you wave".

Things I wish I knew before starting uni: Download an app called "Lost on Campus"—It tells you where everything is, including microwaves and secret bathrooms. Don't worry if you're five minutes late to class and don't ask permission to go to the bathroom. Do say hi to the person sitting next to you and don't be afraid to ask questions (most of your tutors are students themselves).

Finally, whether or not this is your first rodeo at UNSW, this semester I challenge you to do something different. Something weird. Something cool. Something that really floats your boat. Find your thing! And relish the brief and wonderful life of the uni student.



JAYDEN RATHSAM-HUA

I'm at an incredibly important stage of my growth and development. At age 10, after my parents inadvertently took me to the Las Vegas male strip show: *Australia: Thunder Down Under*, I suddenly realised the man I was supposed to become.

11 years after that day, I have since failed to become the man I was supposed to become. As such, I'm giving other things a shot.

Searching for answers, I found the strength to embark on a treacherous pilgrimage to where thousands, like myself, have sought answers: Yahoo Answers. Guided by the supreme tutelage of Candy_Man_37xX, I now find myself studying law and film at UNSW. If you find yourself in a similar place that is, studying at UNSW, or more broadly, being a human, don't be afraid to search for answers. Better still, skip the whole Yahoo Answers stage of life and dive right into what campus has to offer. That's what this issue is all about: 'Immersing yourself' in nitty gritty of university culture. So get out there, go down to the Roundhouse and have a bev. Or get out there, go up to the Whitehouse and have a bev. Alternatively, get out there, go further up to the Coffee Cart and have a bev.

My way of passing off as a productive member of the community is sub editing the very issue of *Tharunka* that you're holding in your hands right now. If you're new to the scene, I'm sure you'll soon find your own unique niche. Or maybe you'll take over my position next year. The possibilities are endless. If you really are interested though, you'll have to master advanced writing skills like using third and second person narration with consistency. Jayden's still working on it.

Well, that's enough from me. I really hope you enjoy reading the first 2K16 issue of *Tharunka*. It's a great time.



CARLA ZUNIGA-NAVARRO

My name is Carla and even after 4 years at UNSW, I'm pretty confident I still haven't explored every inch of it. When I first started in 2012, I was continuously late to classes and spent most of my time completely lost... not much has changed if I'm honest. It took me a while to find my feet at uni, and to find the people who I could spend every minute of the day with, both in class and outside of it, and even when I did I still didn't feel like I was in the right place.

After transferring to a double degree in my third year, I finally discovered the Art and Design campus in Paddington, and let me tell you, it was worth the wait. University can sometimes make you feel like you are a small fish, being swallowed whole by an endless stream of classes, Roundhouse parties and people walking down the main walkway to catch the 5 o'clock bus. But it can also make you feel part of a community which cares, listens and enriches you on a daily basis, if you know where to look and who to talk to. Most of the time where you see yourself at the end of your degree, compared to where you truly end up are completely different.

This issue of *Tharunka* is all about immersion - in uni life, in your passions, in a new way of looking at yourself and your world. We hope that it gives you a taste of what UNSW has to offer, and that you go on to seek new ways to immerse yourself. Find your niche, even if it takes a while - it's there.

THARUNKA

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/

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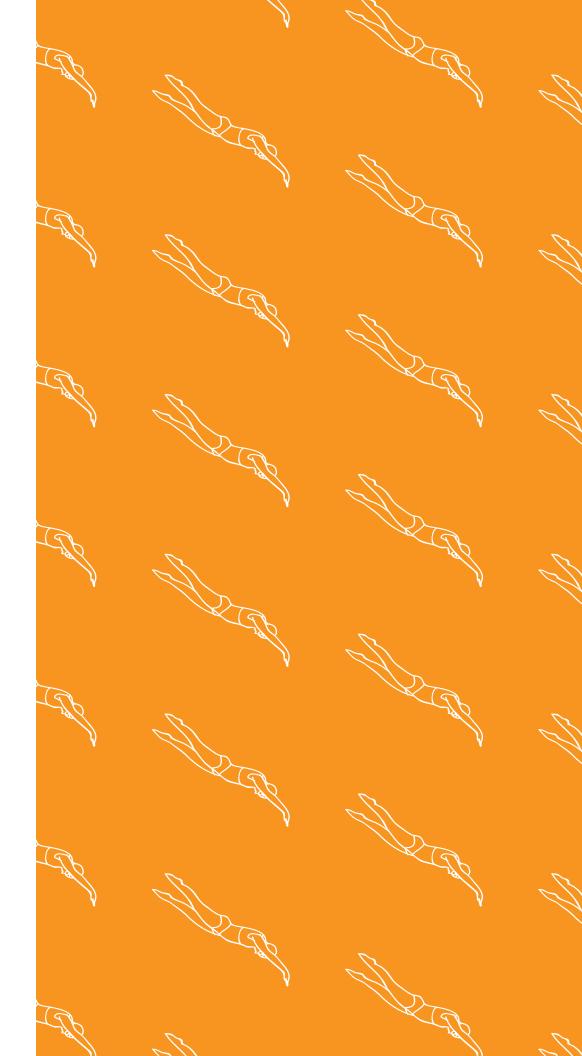
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Tharunka acknowledges the traditional custodians of this land, the Gadigal and Bedigal people of the Eora nation, on which our university now stands.

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AGONY IBIS

Dear Agony Ibis, I'm fresh out of high school. I've just started uni, and I'm excited, but also filled with trepidation. It's going to be so different. I don't know anyone, how can I make some friends and have a good time?

The theme of this year's O-week is *Immerse Yourself*. When I was told this, I was instantly reminded of when the bullies at my primary school used to sporadically drown kids if they spelled 'desert' the wrong way; immerse oneself indeed. It was better than being crucified on the oval for using the wrong 'their' (I've got the nail holes in my wings to prove it), but it still gives me chills from time-to-time.

I had problems during uni, especially when I first started. I was still using my therapy puppet at that point, I hadn't fully grown into my wings, and people used to ask me if I had a disease after they watched me walk. Then, when I did that incredibly embarrassing thing where you wave at someone you think you know and it turns out to be a complete stranger/ Japanese national, I was roped into joining the Yakuza for a good four years. Turns out, they were the best four years of my life. I was, as someone who works at Arc and recently opened a thesaurus might say; immersed into a world about which I knew nothing. As I delved deeper into the world of Japanese organised crime, I learned many important lessons about life.

I also made some amazing friends many of whom are still alive!

We had wonderfully idyllic times together: going out partying, shopping, beheading a Colombian drug lord - all because I decided to say yes to life and let myself be immersed. Although I still live in fear of retribution from neighbouring gangs, I can honestly say that they're comes no camaraderie greater than that which happens over a freshly dug grave.

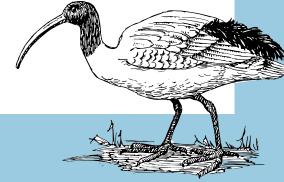
Their's no better way to have a fun time this week, as you delve into the wide and wonderful world of liberated adolescence, than to say 'yes' to life and immerse yourself in everything your new community has to offer. Remember that dream you had as a kid, about being locked in a mall and being able to have everything you ever wanted? Well, that's what your twenties will be like.

Typed with the same feathers I used in Kanye's butt,

Agony Ibis

LET THE AGONY IBIS ANSWER YOUR OUESTIONS!

Wondering
how to poison
your enemies
or sell a
hundred pounds
of hair and a
marmoset? He
has the answers!
Just yell your
question at
any ibis in
the courtyard.
They're
organised.





GETTING INTO UNI: FAIR OR FRAUDULENT?

W / CASSIE BELL

In late January, the UNSW administration came under fire when the front page of The Sydney Morning Herald (SMH) read "Revealed: the great uni entry charade".

Below the headline, a bold statistic claimed 46% of UNSW's intake for 2016 were accepted into their chosen course, despite receiving an ATAR below the advertised cut-off.

This figure was less than two of the state's other major universities Macquarie (64%) and Western Sydney (59%), yet markedly more that our long-standing rival Sydney University, who–according to the report–accepted only 27% of students with sub-standard ATARs; the lowest of the four institutions.

The disparity in percentage delivered a particularly stinging blow to UNSW officials, who recently celebrated a step forward in a tenyear strategic plan to be included in the world's top 50 universities. Just three weeks before the SMH article was published, a similar dataset from the University Admissions Centre revealed that UNSW had overtaken USYD as the number one preferred university for HSC graduates. It was also the first pick for over half of the state's top-achievers who received ATARs over 99.5.

The revelation of the "uni entry charade" threatened to overshadow this success. In response, Deputy Vice-Chancellor Iain Martin was quick to defend his administration, penning a stern opinion article that the SMH published online the same day. Professor Martin maintained that the UNSW admissions process was both transparent and fair, and denounced the use of the ATAR ranking system as a means of granting university places.

"It presents a distorted view of what is happening; UNSW has not abandoned minimum entry standards, nor is it admitting students in a deceptive manner," he said.

"Reducing six years of education to a single ranking is simplistic. We believe NSW should move away from the ATAR alone as quickly as possible.

"We need to look at measures of performance that take all relevant factors into account."

The article went on to contend that the 46% was calculated according to students' "raw" ATAR mark. In other words, the rank achieved before taking into account "HSC Plus" bonus points issued to year 12 students who achieved high marks in subjects deemed relevant to their chosen degree.

The figure also failed to reflect admission via UNSW's seven other "alternative entry schemes". These include: Portfolio Entry–for students in faculties of Art & Design and The Built Environment; ACCESS–for students who have experienced long-term educational disadvantage of financial hardship; and the UNSW Indigenous Admission Scheme.

"Professor Martin said that he was "proud of the commitment to social justice."

"We should not and will not apologise for the success of programs that are extending opportunity to students whose circumstances to this point have not enabled them to demonstrate their full potential."

Opponents are nonetheless sceptical of this cause, believing that universities are simply capitalising on the decision to the uncap the number of university places that can be offered to students; a radical change introduced by the Gillard Government in 2012.

The NSW Minister for Education, Adrian Piccoli, went so far as to say that universities are using students as "cash cows" to accumulate government funding through HECS debt, and that funding pressures are "no excuse".

Ironically, the same day Mr Piccoli's comments went to print, the office of the Federal Education Minister Simon Birmingham released a press statement lauding the Coalition for overseeing a record number of students enrolled in higher education in 2015, according to the Selected Higher Education Statistics Student Data. The numbers revealed a 7.6% growth in the Indigenous student population, a 3.8% increase in the enrolment of students from low socio-economic backgrounds and a 2.6% growth in regional student enrolments, compared to the previous year.

In line with these statistics, the New South Wales Vice Chancellors Committee (NSWVCC) released a statement rejecting claims that university procedures indicate a lowering admission standard. Committee Chair Professor Andrew Vann said that the the SMH article simply misunderstood the system and maintained, "there are educational disadvantage factors including health problems, personal and family circumstances where it is appropriate to allow for impacts on high school".

"Special access schemes recognise and allow for these kinds of diversity and are also necessary to ensure a fair and equitable admission system," he continued.

"It is unfair and unjust to suggest that any of these students are substandard, particularly when both Federal and State Governments have placed such importance on addressing educational disadvantage."

The NSWVCC pledged to work with the UAC to look at improving admission processes to increase flexibility and transparency.

Tharunka contacted the office of Vice-Chancellor Ian Jacobs for a statement about the controversy, inviting him to address his student body directly. Unfortunately, he was unavailable for comment.

PLEBISCITE BECOMING PROBLEMATIC FOR POLLIES

W / CASSIE BELL

Three Liberal senators recently announced that they would vote against the Australian public if the results of a national plebiscite favoured the legalisation of gay marriage.

Federal Employment Minister, Eric Abetz, said he would not necessarily vote with the majority, while fellow Senators Cory Bernardi and Bridget McKenzie confirmed they would definitely not vote in favour of legalising same-sex marriage, regardless of public opinion.

Liberal National MP, Warren Entsch, a political spearhead in the fight for marriage equality, said his colleagues' refusal to align themselves with the people was "rather bizarre". "It makes you wonder why we would spend millions of dollars on a plebiscite if you're not going to respect the result," he said.

"It will be a very brave individual– either in the House of Representatives or the Senate–who seeks to challenge the views of the Australian people."

The Senators' announcement to reject the public vote came just days before former Prime Minister, Tony Abbott, was booked to speak on "the importance of family" to US conservative Christian organisation Alliance Defending Freedom.

Prime Minister Malcom Turnbull said he respected a right for both his Senators and Mr Abbott to express their own personal views.

2016-2018 HESP APPOINTMENTS ANNOUNCED

W / CASSIE BELL

Federal Education Minister, Simon Birmingham, has reappointed five existing Members and introduced one new member to the Higher Education Standards Panel (HESP), to serve over the next two years.

HESP is the legislative advisory body responsible for making recommendations to the minister about university standards.

Members come from various professional backgrounds including politics, law, and business. However, in previous years the panel lacked expertise in areas of science, technology, engineering and mathematics (STEM).

New Member, Dr. Krystal Evans, is the CEO of a scientific networking

forum with over 15-years of experience in the biomedical research sector. Her appointment aims to provide greater insight into scientific industries when the Panel makes recommendations.

"We need to support innovation and encourage the take-up of STEM subjects to maintain our worldclass higher education system," Mr Birmingham said.

"Over the next two years the Panel will also work and advise me on a wide range of quality-related issues, including options for improving the transparency of student admissions policies.

"I want the Panel to explore how to ensure incoming students are 'uniready'."

ANDREW BOLT CRASHES LIKE THUNDER: SEVERAL AUSTRALIANS LEFT SHOCKED

W / NIAMH SHORT

As many as five viewers have been left shocked and confused after reports that Andrew Bolt's Sunday morning political discussion show *The Bolt Report* has been terminated. The 56-year-old journalist and commentator used the segment as a platform to discuss many important issues, such as asylum seekers, race and climate change, with a fun, conservative slant. Although Bolt has been accused of reviving outdated views, supporters defend the journalist, insisting that the quality of his work can be compared to journalism as recent as 1959.

Such news of the segment's discontinuation comes despite the program's unexpected popularity, racking up views as big as 113, 000 according to OzTam, almost comparing to Channel Ten's short—lived (but certainly memorable) 2012 series 'Being Lara Bingle', the finale of which concluded with a commendable 387,000 views. Bolt is adamant that the segment has not been 'axed', as reported by The Australian, but has in fact been ditched in pursuit of "several options". Though such options have been left unspecified, Bolt insists that, if anything, he plans to do "more TV, not less".

64-year-old Alan Bright responded to the news with a mixture of emotions, feeling both angry and perplexed. "I thought it was somewhat popular," he said. Bright, a regular viewer of *The Bolt Report*, added, "I know of at least two mates that watch the segment sometimes". Alan's wife, however, was less enraged. "Yeah, it was pretty good, but I suppose I can just read the *Telegraph* instead".

John Taylor, the neighbour of Alan and Terry Bright, commented that the cancellation of Bolt's show "represents a fickle generation, willing to progress too far forward. (...) First it's our prime minister, and now it's our journalists. Stick with Tony, stick with Bolt, and get over it". When prompted further about whether or not the change may have been in response to popular opinion, Taylor replied, "But Alan and I know of at least two people that watch it. And his wife doesn't mind it, either."

While Bolt has been criticised for near-extreme right wing views, exemplified by claims that "belief in man-made global warming will soon be laughed out of existence", commenters on Bolt's *Herald Sun* blog prove that such an argument is based on sound, accurate fact: "What [environmental] damage? The air is cleaner than it has been in several hundred years... the sea is NOT acid" one reader agrees.

However, it has become evident that even if the show was, in fact, unpopular, unsuccessful, or even just plain bad journalism, *The Bolt Report* was doomed from the beginning. Reviewers are "horrified at the very concept of a show with conservative leanings", Bolt states.

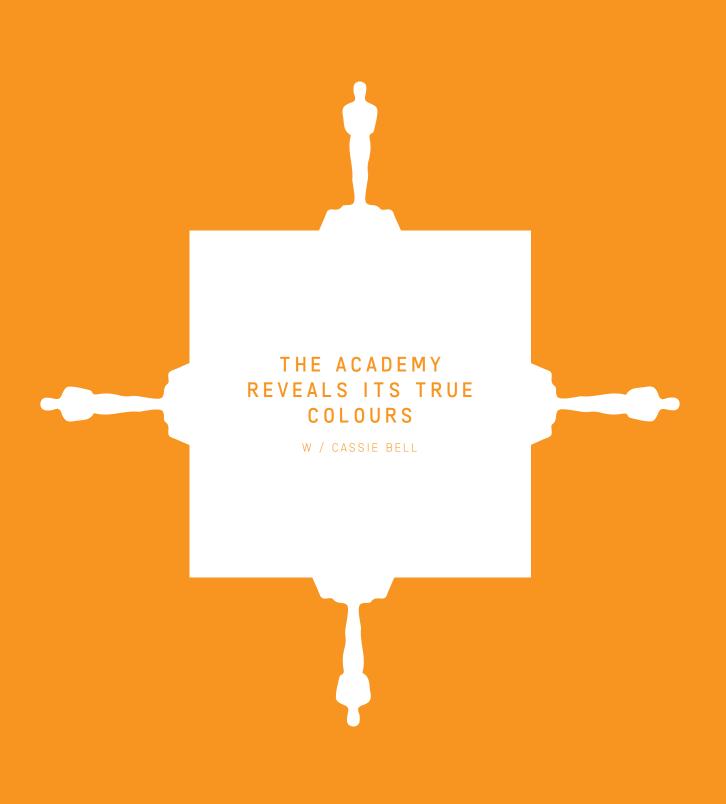
Despite such an emotional response, viewers keenly await news of Bolt's "other options" in the meantime.

FEATURES

WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON THESE STORIES?

-/

HAVE YOUR SAY BY SENDING A



We hear about 'Oscar' every year. But who is he/she really?

If you think it's the 35 centimetre, four kilogram, 24-carat gold statuette handed to winners at the Academy Awards, then you're as mistaken as Bill Murray was when he signed up to voice a fat, ginger cat, thinking *Garfield: The Movie* was written by the Coen Brothers.

Contrary to popular belief, Oscar is a wealthy, middle-aged white man in the film industry, who wears Birkenstocks and drinks Rosé, and re-does hi-fives when they're not good enough the first time. He's a little drunk and a bit lame, but his arch support is unparalleled.

Hell, he's Leonardo Di Caprio! He's Ridley Scott, John Williams, Christian Bale and Quentin Tarantino. He's Bill Murray and the Coen Brothers. He embodies many great humans who have contributed great things to the colossal glitter-spew they call Hollywood.

A problem arises when the Academy Award contenders are almost exclusively viewed, judged and voted for by guys like Oscar, resulting in an awards ceremony that looks less like a celebration of the industry's best and more like the launch party of the new Toyota Prius. Particularly when all 20 acting nominees are white... for the second year in a row.

At first, it seems remarkable that not a single person of colour is included in a list of 40 actors. When you consider the demographics of the voters and outcome of previous award ceremonies, however, this year's whitewashed candidature is suddenly more predictable than the ending of Titanic. (*Spoiler alert: The boat sinks*). In its 87-year run, the Academy has awarded gold statues to just 14 African-American actors. A grand total of 32 African-American winners out of 2,900 candidates since 1929.

While the numbers are alarming, it doesn't necessarily mean that the Academy is trying to be racist. Nor are the nominations necessarily fuelled by hatred, prejudice or intolerance to people of colour. It means that the film industry itself is too homogenous – from the scripting and casting, to the audiences, critics and the accolade gatekeepers. The Hollywood Machine churns out carbon-copy cinema, which lacks diversification at every stage of assembly, a likely consequence of a "why fix something that isn't broken" attitude of those who have it pretty cushy in the industry.

This year, there were two films in particular featuring a predominantly African-American cast that generated Oscar buzz, after gaining impressive numbers at the box office. The hip-hop biopic *Straight Outta Compton*, which follows rap group N.W.A as they navigate the pressures of the mainstream music industry, was snubbed by the Academy, receiving no nominations despite widespread critical acclaim.

The sports drama *Creed* was also tipped to be nominated and, unlike *Compton*, was actually acknowledged by the Academy. The pseudo-sequel to *Rocky Balboa* (2006) sees a young boxer try to forge his own career in the wake of his legendary father "Apollo Creed".

Michael B. Johnson (lead role), Ryan Coogler (writer and director) and Tessa Thompson (supporting actress) are all Black. Yet who secured the film's one nomination? Sylvester Stallone for Best Supporting (White) Actor. Admittedly, the ability to show emotional expression when your face is made of kinetic sand is highly impressive. Not quite as impressive, perhaps, as Johnson's precision choreography, or Coogler's ability to make audiences feel like they are pulsing in the ring. So why was Stallone lauded, while the others ignored? Was it because he was genuinely the most outstanding component in the film? Yes, quite possibly. Was it because voters empathised more with the middleaged white male character than anyone else, and thus viewed his performance as more real, more refined and more riveting? Yes, quite possibly.

Either way, as the Fresh Prince of Bel-Air-Academy Award-winner, Will Smith, explained in an interview on Good Morning America, the film industry is experiencing "a regressive slide towards separatism, towards racial and religious disharmony".

"This is about children who are going sit down and watch this show, and they're not going to see themselves represented," he said.

"That's not the Hollywood I want to leave behind."

Smith, his wife actress Jada Pinkett Smith, and acclaimed director Spike Lee, announced via social media that they would be boycotting the Oscars this year. Pressure then mounted for this year's host Chris Rock to step down from the job. He rejected the suggestion.

The Academy president, Cheryl Boone Isaacs, who is herself African American, responded to the nominations by pledging to double the number of female and minority members of the Academy by 2020, in order to "begin the process of significantly changing [the] membership composition".

Is this enough? In my opinion, no. Not even close. To truly engender change, we need to diversify every stage of the film production process, not just the demographic make-up of a single board. How? That's a big question and one that should have a starring role in public discourse. But perhaps we could start by boycotting the Birkenstock.



NO ROOM FOR COMPASSION IN WAR AGAINST PEOPLE SMUGGLERS

W / AARON TAVERNITI

The cruelty inflicted on the men, women and children seeking refuge from death and persecution, human beings who want to make our country their home, should be the object of national shame. You don't have to believe in completely open borders to agree that the indefinite detention of these vulnerable people on remote island gulags is contemptible and wrong.

The political debate is factitiously framed around putting people smugglers out of business and saving lives at sea, when the more immediate truth concerns people, coming from desperate circumstances, now being abused and neglected in the name of the Australian people.

The latest flashpoint in the debate centres on a group of 267 refugees, including 37 babies born in Australia, and 54 children, currently on the mainland seeking medical treatment. They were joined to a legal challenge that came before the High Court last year, which would resolve whether it was unlawful for them to be returned to Nauru.

The case, known as 'M68', was brought by an unauthorised maritime arrival from Bangladesh, referred to in some circles as a human being. The plaintiff's two main claims were that the Commonwealth's funding of its regional processing centres was not provided for by any legislation, and that her detention on Nauru was not within the ambit of the Constitution.

Faced with this challenge midway through last year, and sensing there was a very real case to be made against the legality of its policy of locking up asylum seekers indefinitely, first instituted by Kevin Rudd, the government sought to rush through the Migration Amendment (*Regional Processing Arrangements*) Act 2015. The amendment would insert section 198AHA into the Migration Act, retroactively legitimising Australia's past and current participation in the offshore processing of refugees.

Not only did this authorise our past involvement in establishing and maintaining the detention centres on Nauru and Manus Island, the provision was drawn so broadly as to give Australia the right to "do anything ... incidental or conducive" to restricting the freedom of those in offshore detention.

In June 2015, Bill Shorten could have decided to do anything incidental or conducive to being the leader of a functioning and robust opposition. Instead, he chose not for the first time (nor for the last) to show his unmatched lack of leadership and political nous when faced with a complex and divisive issue. Lest he live up to his title, Bill decided to join hands with his friends on the other side in extending the misery and desperation of those unfortunate enough to have found themselves caught in Australia's web of offshore detention.

"It beggars belief that our parties can't agree on whether fast download speeds are a good idea, but they can jump into bed together over this."

Less than twenty-four hours after the government's bill had been introduced to the parliament, Bill Shorten's shameless Labor Party had helped to retrospectively validate almost three years of detention of thousands of innocent people whilst in the middle of a case in our nation's highest court. It beggars belief that our parties can't agree on whether fast download speeds are a good idea, but they can jump into bed together over this.

In his second reading speech, Shorten told the parliament it took him "not more than 10 seconds" to decide what to do. One can only dream of the outcome had the leader of the opposition [sic] spent that time thinking instead about the 37 babies and 54 children he was helping to condemn to a life of uncertainty on a bleak island prison.

In the decision, handed down in the first week of February, six of the seven judges on the High Court bench found that the government's removal of unauthorised maritime arrivals to detention on Nauru did not constitute detention by the Commonwealth itself, and thus was not unlawful or unconstitutional. In doing so, the court gave the judicial tick of approval to the government's actions in relation to its offshore detention regime since late 2012. A regime, if you needed reminding, in which people can be removed immediately without processing to a country where respect for basic rights is not a prerequisite.

In a finding that signalled the court's acknowledgment that the government does not have carte blanche when it comes to the arrangements with Nauru, French CJ, Kiefel and Nettle JJ stated unequivocally that "the commonwealth may only participate in that regime if, and for so long as, it serves the purpose of processing".

Rubbing salt into the plaintiff's wounds, Justice Gageler found "the plaintiff's central claim to have been well-founded until 30 June 2015, when s 198AHA was inserted with retrospective effect," before which the plaintiff's claim would likely have been successful.

Another of the majority judges, Justice Keane, with the air of unreality usually attendant upon those on the bench, said "the plaintiffs submission that regional processing is punitive because it is designed to have a deterrent effect on the movement of asylum seekers must be rejected ... The immediate purpose of s 198AHA is the facilitation of the removal of unauthorised maritime arrivals from Australia".

Of course, we all know this to be untrue. These people are sent to Nauru precisely so that anyone attempting to make it to Australia by boat will know that the only result is indefinite detention in a squalid, tropical hellhole. The whole idea is to use these hopeless people, and their plight, to ward off

would-be seekers of freedom and safety. If that isn't punitive, I honestly don't know what is.

The lone dissenting judgement came from Justice Gordon, who provided the only glimmer of hope in what was an otherwise disheartening outcome for the asylum seekers joined to the proceedings. Opting to analyse substance rather than form, she dissected the commonwealth's legal arguments, reasoning that section 198AHA, the legal fiction designed to sink this very case, was invalid because it "impermissibly restricts or infringes" the heads of power under Chapter III of the Constitution.

Nevertheless, the government, unmoved in its moral bankruptcy, appears determined to follow through on its intention to return the 267 asylum seekers back to Nauru now that the High Court has ruled that such a move is legal.

"The scientific evidence is that detention affects the mental state of children: it's deleterious. For that reason, wherever possible children should not be in detention."

If you were hoping for some vehement condemnation from the opposition, you would have been sorely disappointed. At least it has been consistent in its hypocrisy, criticising the outcomes of government policy it unashamedly supports. In a statement released on the day of the High Court judgement, shadow minister for border protection, Richard Marles, repeated that the "Turnbull government must immediately secure proper third country settlement options for refugees", purporting to empathise with those who "have been left to languish in processing centres without any certainty for their future". Yet the languishment Marles would have us believe he laments is a direct consequence of 198AHA, which he supported.

As if to underline the human cost of the ruling, the Australian Human Rights Commission made public its report into the health and wellbeing of children in detention the very next day. The report, which makes for difficult reading, concluded that ninety-five per cent of asylum-seeker children who have lived in Nauru are at risk of developing post-traumatic stress disorder.

The researchers found that every child screened using the "Parent Evaluation of Developmental Status" was in the top two ranges for development risk, "higher than any published results for this screening tool anywhere in the world". They concluded indisputably that being locked up on Nauru is harmful to the physical and mental health of children, and recommended the immediate release of all children from detention.

Even the government's own medical officers concede how detrimental the effects are on children. "The scientific evidence is that detention affects the mental state of children: it's deleterious. For that reason, wherever possible children should not be in detention," Dr John Brayley, Chief Medical Officer at the Department of Immigration and Border Protection, told a senate estimates hearing. Yet the government is standing resolutely by its policy.

Speaking at the same hearing, the secretary of that department, Mike Pezzullo, said the policy was "tough", even "harsh", but offshore processing needed to be applied without exception, in order to deter people-smuggling operations. "It's got to be applied universally, the moment you give a chink of light ... you open the doors to people drowning at sea."

The same estimates hearing heard that there were 102 incidents of self-harm on Nauru in 2015, and 40 on Manus Island. But at least we're breaking people smugglers' business models.

As it stands, the minister of immigration and his department now have to decide whether they will destroy the lives of 267 human beings for no reason. Anyone who thinks about it for a moment will realise that if these people are allowed to remain in Australia, there is zero chance that this would trigger the return of the people-smuggling trade. But because of the illogical mindset that has consumed it, the government cannot appreciate the monstrousness of what it is proposing to do.

Until eight months ago, our immigration detention operations with Nauru and Papua New Guinea were likely unlawful. The fact that their legality is no longer in question does not relieve us of our moral responsibility to ensure the safety and wellbeing of those seeking asylum. In saying this, it is hard to see how we as a nation will come to fully appreciate that we accept a policy that locks up innocent people indefinitely, for the spuriously humane purpose of preventing drownings at sea. The impossibly rigid stance taken by the government suggests that, even if upon self-reflection we are horrified by the paradigm we have created, there is no wriggle room in the war against people smugglers, even if the lives of innocent people are at stake.





WEALTHY ELITE BRING DESTRUCTION TO THE TABLE

W / GENE BROWNLIE

Earlier this year, Oxfam released a report, *An Economy for the 1%*, which found that the richest 62 individuals in the world are collectively wealthier than the bottom 50% of the global population. Figures cited in the report also showed that wealth inequality has been accelerating rapidly. Just five years ago, 388 billionaires held the same wealth as the poorest 50%, over six times the current number of individuals.

How do the super wealthy minority feel about this situation? The likes of Gina Rinehart, one of Australia's richest women, suggested poor people need only "spend less time drinking or smoking and socialising". Failing that, Rinehart's solution to such gross economic injustice is for "poor people" to simply be sterilised. Shockingly, officers who have previously held parliamentary positions have considered similar solutions, with ex-Labor MP, Gary Johns, insolently raising the prospect of forcing welfare recipients onto birth control.

It's hardly a surprise that the wealthy will attempt to shift the blame for the existence of poverty onto those living in it - this kind of reasoning is constantly used to justify the destruction of social welfare and services for the poor. These attacks come in myriad ways, from slashing public health through increases to fees for diagnostic testing - a proposal which was pushed through parliament late last year - to cuts to unemployment support, shelters for vulnerable women and the homeless.

Meanwhile, a recent investigation carried out by the Australian Taxation Office found more than 500 of Australia's richest companies paid no tax last year. This list includes fossil fuel giant ExxonMobil, Qantas, General Motors, and Transfield Services, the company responsible for overseeing the appalling refugee prison camps on Manus Island and Nauru. The revenue of these companies last year ranged from \$2.8 billion to \$14.9 billion, according to the ATO 2013-2014 Report of Entity Tax Information.

This story doesn't even begin to look at the underside of the iceberg, which is corporate tax evasion. Tens of thousands of companies around

the world secure their wealth in offshore tax havens like the Cayman Islands, a location favoured by merchant-banker-cum-Australian-Prime-Minister Malcolm Turnbull, a fact for which he was publicly criticised in the *Sydney Morning Herald* last year.

An Economy for the 1% found almost \$8 trillion had been placed into similar offshore accounts, however estimates on this figure sit at upwards of \$30 trillion. Ironically, 90% of corporate sponsors for the World Economic Forum, the conference at which these findings were presented, have a presence in such tax havens

What exactly do the super wealthy do with their money when they're not hiding it away like dragons? Naturally, they use it to make more money and buy more control - that is the name of the game, and nothing can get in the way of that.

This game takes place on the field of unfettered financial speculation, the type that led to the 2008 economic crisis, out of which *The Guardian* estimated Wall Street ended up making billions. On the other hand, the working class in the United States bore the brunt of that crisis. The number of people living in concentrated areas of poverty in the US has risen from 7.2 million (in 2000) to over 14 million today, according to *The Atlantic*.

It also involves intimate collaboration between investors of all kinds, those with a penchant for industries of destruction, whether it is fossil fuel extraction or military research and arms manufacture. The trickle down effect, so heralded by neoliberal economists, occurs mainly in the form of acid rain and bullets.

After decades of research, a George Mason University study found 97% of environmental scientists have concluded that global temperatures are rising, with 84% believing this warming is anthropogenic. ExxonMobil has devoted millions of dollars to denying and obscuring this reality, Lenny Bernstein, climate scientist and former employee of the company, revealed last year in *The Guardian*,

and it's no surprise why. *Rolling Stone* estimated that around \$27 trillion worth of fossil fuels remain in the ground, money that oil giants and investors have booked in.

The horrifying dystopia that appears to be the future of the planet gets worse though. Numerous researchers and environmentalists, most prominently Norman Myers, have posited that by 2050, up to 250 million people could be made 'environmental refugees', fleeing rising sea levels, desertification, growing inaccessibility of clean water, and salination of farmland.

But for millions upon millions the apocalypse has already come. Military adventures, in which governments and the armaments industry work hand in hand to maim and kill, have become a routine feature of the modern world. Such destruction continues today at the hands of the West and domestic dictatorships, forcing millions to seek asylum in the very states that have played a role in their dire situation. It doesn't help that they are regularly the victims of racism in the form of government policy and outright verbal and physical abuse.

It's clear there's a divide – a Grand Canyon of division – between those with power and those without. The power of the elite is reflected by wealth, and the ownership and control of almost every pillar of society, industry and the world's resources.

But against this 0.0001% of the world's richest stands the incredible bulk of humanity, all people with no interest in upholding this rotten, unjust, horrific system. The mass discontent that exists around the world comes from these people, the working class and popular masses, who have nothing to lose in their struggles against the tyranny of this system, and everything to gain from its overthrow.

CREATIVE

FALLING

W / TOBY WALMSLEY

Allie was a man who in his youth nearly drowned in the stream by the town. It was a small but vivid stream. It was at chest height for an average man standing, but was only seven metres across. He was collecting smooth river stones to bring home. His dream was to find the roundest one in the world. He had found five pretty round ones - smooth to touch, and pleasant to hold. But this day, he saw at the bottom of the stream a small boulder, so perfect and round it seemed to be suspended in the water. He waded in eagerly. But the river was strong. It picked him up off his feet and dragged him downstream, from the rapid but smooth current, into its white splashing and violently loud jaws. Allie crushed and gnarled against the riverbed. His tender, youthful arms were broken and made old through the machinery of the river. Every time he tried to pull himself above the stream he was pushed back underneath. He was found downstream by the waterwheel, where old Wheelman Rory waded in to pull him out.

The water took the life out of Allie and let it go downstream. Rory purged the water from his lungs and set his broken bones, but nothing could ever connect Allie's soul to his body again. It was lost in the stream, and he was lost in time. When he recovered, Allie threw his stones back into the water.

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Allie rose to the sound of birds playing on the birch tree outside his window. He dressed quickly to warm against the cold. In the blue tinged air he could see his breath smoking.

"Can't wait 'til it's summer" he murmured daily.

It would be another hour or so until the sun rose thin in the air. Oil was expensive, but he'd have to bring his lamp if he was to begin work before that. Allie didn't eat in the morning, so he bundled a small quarter loaf of bread into a burlap sack for later. He knotted the top quickly, before holding it firmly over his shoulder. He left his hut as the birds began to whistle in the air, jumping from branch to branch as the morning sun gleamed off their rainbow feathers.

His hands were torn and withered from the months he spent fashioning the wood for the dam. Him and a few of the locals had found a suitable site for foretasting and felled the trees until enough was ready to complete his project.

In the summer months he promised to fix the roofs of their houses, as the rain was now dripping on their dining tables. The wood now lay near the water, where the old waterwheel used to stand. The old pullies that used to drive the wheel looked like nooses hanging the rotting wood from its sturdy beams. A few members of the town considered tearing it down, using the wood for a few things that needed fixing, but Allie refused to help, and the proposal died out. "It's what Rory would have wanted."

Edgar soon joined him. A few years back, blight had devastated his wheat, and Allie spent his afternoons racing to plant a new winter crop. The town was without bread for a year but at least they had something to stew for the coming winter.

"All thanks to Allie," Edgar joked, "We can enjoy the worst meals we've had in our lives." He was grateful, and asked if there was anything he could do to help.

"Something's been on my mind for a while," he replied.

Edgar had tended to his crops ever since he was a little boy. He had a large, rubber mouth and whispy brown hair that began to curl at his ears. His father

had gone bald young, so Edgar was proud that he still had some hair standing. Like his father, Edgar had tended wheat since he was twelve and would until the day he died.

He idolised his father. "I think I have wheat in my bones." They had buried him in the field.

They had a lot of work to do. The old wooden bridge near the waterwheel had fallen out of use, so they made a quick rope bridge across to the other side. During their foresting trip they'd bagged as much soil as possible into small sacks. They threw the dirt upstream to blunt the flow of the water.

By the time they'd thrown half the sacks of dirt into the stream, it was getting dark. They'd worked hard and in silence for the day, only talking when it came to detailing the construction or calling for help. Edgar was the first one to suggest they stop work. He wanted to walk through the woods while he could still see in the light. Allie decided to go with him, leaving his tools by the pile of materials before going to his house. He realised he hadn't eaten all day. Edgar had taken a few small breaks, and probably had something to eat in the meantime, but Allie had worked. His shoulders were sore from the soil he'd carried, and although he quickly got used to it, the quiet, dull ache reminding him of the weight he carried.

When Allie was home, he put his burlap sack by the door and rummaged until he found the bread. A few years back traders came by with some salted butter, and the villagers exchanged some goods and split the butter between them. So for a year Allie enjoyed buttered bread, which was the only time in his life he enjoyed eating. The butter was oily and silky, softening the bread when he chewed. When he was running out, he began to count his mouthfuls: at least twenty per piece of bread. He wanted to capture

the feeling of butter, frame it and hang it in his mind. As he chewed into the bread, he imagined it lathered in butter, and smiled.

That night he dreamed he was pelted with onions, as he turned and turned like a coiling rope.

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He awoke to the birds, to his clothing. To the walk, to Edgar, to the death throes of a once proud stream.

"Did you have a good night's sleep?" Edgar asked, as they lugged another sack of dirt. "Enough to keep me going."

The pace of the water was gradually receding. The dirt was in place to blunt the flow of the water, enough for them to place the timber framework, so that they could dam the whole thing without them being swept away by the current. Allie predicted the project would take a little over a week, if they worked hard.

The villagers were surprised when Allie suggested that they dam the river. It would be a lot of work. The woodwork, the construction – it would take months. Allie no longer possessed the strength of his youth. He bent slowly to pick up things from the ground. He puffed and heaved when he helped till the fields. What surprised them more was the conviction in which he embarked on this project. They thought that Allie had lost the will of his youth, too – the drive that got him to direct building the town hall, the drive that allowed him to learn to fix roofs, and work the fields with the farmers, stopping only to fall asleep.

His face hung, brown and spotty from the years in the sun, like a man condemned.

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Four key members of the town met in secret on an autumns' evening to discuss the plan with Edgar. In the cooler months, he kept stock of the food supplies. He also cooked a mean turnip stew.

"It's not something we really need," said Alma.

They warmed by the embers of Alma's fire after a pot full of chicken stew and an evening nightcap.

"We have water supplies already. It rains plenty here." He rubbed his hands, leaning forward. "And I'm not to disparage the old man. He's done lots of good, but he's building that dam for himself, not for us." The fire crackled in agreement.

"I think Alma's right," Lucy spoke. "Bless Allie. He wants what's best, but he's an old man. Would he even see the dam built? We can't be finishing something we don't need." There were murmurs of agreement now.

"If you ask me, he's a fool," Alex piped. "We can't be humouring him."

It was Edgar who spoke up.

"I don't think it'd be a disadvantage to have a dam. Besides, Allie has been selfless to this community his whole life. Does it matter if he does this one thing selfishly? I'll help him myself. We can cut the wood, instead of taking it from the stocks."

It was Lucy who had the final say. Officially, changes in the town were a matter of vote by the four. But Lucy had been on the council since she was eighteen, and she far outwitted the other members. None had raised a voice against her in years.

They agreed to let Allie do it on the condition he would organise it, and Edgar would keep close watch on the old man. A few villagers, grateful for his work over the years, volunteered to help but slowly enthusiasm for the project faded. Only Edgar remained.

At another council meeting, Lucy took him aside and asked him why he was still helping. "I can't give up on him," he said, "He's given us so much."

A few days in, the timber framework was beginning to take shape. A few villagers popped down to see them work.

"Y'know," Lucy remarked to Edgar, "That's going to be a fine looking dam."

When it was completed the town would have a full supply of fresh water and a power source to turn their mills. They could let their overworked farm animals roam.

Allie worked on. He was a skilled woodworker compared to Edgar, who needed constant supervision. They had a limited supply of nails as the town had to import its iron, so they spent much of their time fastening rope to make the structure sturdy. The water pathetically lapped underneath them. The timber had to be soaked before it was attached to the structure, so they made some pullies out of the rope suspended over the river from the trees, and then lowered it. They allowed the wood to saturate overnight, so that it wouldn't rot in the following years.

The next day they took out the wood and fastened it to the structure. Often splinters would line their hands by the end of the day, and Allie would spent much of the night removing them using a pair of tweezers his mother used to pluck her eyebrows.

He dreamed again. Time ran in the rain. The stream would carry everyone down its path eventually. Allie remembered burying Rory. They noticed that he hadn't been around for a few days, and found his body slumped in his hut by the water, beginning to rot. The town prepared one of their burial boats and fastened the body, along with Rory's most prised possessions. It contained an ivory comb, a small silver ring, and a small, smooth rock he used to keep in his pocket for luck. Allie was there when they let the body go on the water. It floated away, like everyone in the town, far away from where they'd ever been.

He hoped the villagers would line up for him one day. That they would watch his body peacefully flowing down the stream and lament his death too.

But Allie didn't dream of that. That day, by the water, the sun peaked out from the canopy surrounding the embankment. A line of sunlight warmed his face, and despite the fact it was a cold winter's day, he felt a wave of warmth wash over him, a sensation of unity. He felt that feeling in his dream, and smiled.

He woke to birds rustling outside his window, and rushed to them to scream. As soon as the words left his mouth, he felt ashamed. He sounded like his father, who would spend all evening shouting after lapping up barley moonshine. His voice became deep and hoarse, like the small rumble of fire, until one day he made a bad batch and died of ethanol poisoning.

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They cut the rope bridge as soon as the wood scaffolds were sturdy, and began to drag the wood into place. They alternated – Allie would pull the wood for half an hour and then Edgar would take

over. By midday, the sun had arced high in the sky and they decided to break.

"Let's grab some proper lunch back home," Edgar said.

The path they walked was a track now from when they moved the supplies down. Allie remembered having to cut away the leaves the first time they went back to the water.

"This dam is really coming along now," Edgar said. "I can see it being quite useful."

"I think so," Allie replied, confidently. "It's a shame they let the waterwheel fall into disarray after Rory died." He paused. "He was a great man. The building didn't deserve that."

Edgar paced behind Allie, who charged up the ridge.

"I do see why it was left behind. We had plenty of animals and plenty of ways to get water. By the end of Rory's life it was his pet project, more than anything." Edgar panted.

"I don't think you were even alive to see Rory, Edgar," Allie's voice rumbled. "How do you know all this?"

"I mean, you hear people talk about things like this. When we were discussing the project, people would bring up Rory and his waterwheel." Edgar now struggled to keep up with Allie, taking long paces up the hill.

Allie stopped, and turned. "Who've you been talking to about this?"

"Well, I mean, a few people here..." Edgar felt a sense of heaviness when he tried to look into Allie's eyes. His gaze was forced to the ground.

"I'd be better off asking – What did they talk about at the council meeting?" Allie's voice was low and calm.

Edgar shook but he looked up. "How do you know about that?"

"I've been alive as long as Lucy," Allie said. "I'm not a fool."

Edgar hung in silence for a moment. "They raised concerns about the project. They were worried you were just doing it to honour Rory's memory. They say he was close to you, but that doesn't mean we need a dam."

"I see." Allie let the words hang. "What changed their minds?"

"Well, I thought I did a good thing for you. I reminded them that you've really done a lot for us around here. Selflessly helped us for years, and you never asked anything in return. I wanted them to repay your generosity." Edgar felt emboldened by his speech. He finally caught Allie's gaze again. But instead of gratitude or understanding, he saw regret.

"A debt," Allie said.

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He was glad to get away from Edgar. The presence of the town no longer hung over him. One tightened noose cut over top his nearing grave. He watched the birds from his house. They chirped and rustled in the trees. What master could cut the chains off me?

Allie went home that night, and dreamed of the round stones he used to collect as a boy.

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It was a foul day. The water cracked like lashes and the wood of the wheel moaned.

Rory sat by the water. The canopy covered the waterway with splotches of light. It was midday, and it was hot. Allie had helped Rory all day with the mill. Grinding the wheat down into flour, then passing it into large sacks, before lugging them up to the village.

Rory just sat by the waterwheel and stared into the plashing stream. Allie returned from another trip. His clothing was soaked with sweat and rain, so he walked up to the mill and rested under the cover.

"That's enough for now, Allie. Take a seat by me." Rory called into the downpour.

Allie reluctantly changed directions and sat next to Rory's chair by the water. The grinding wheels splashed flumes of mist over them.

"You've done a good job today," Rory said. "You need a rest." He stared at the water wordlessly.

"There's a balance, boy," he continued, "A balance."

"What do you mean?" Allie asked. He saw on Rory's lap a seared fish, looked away, and began drawing lines in the wet clay.

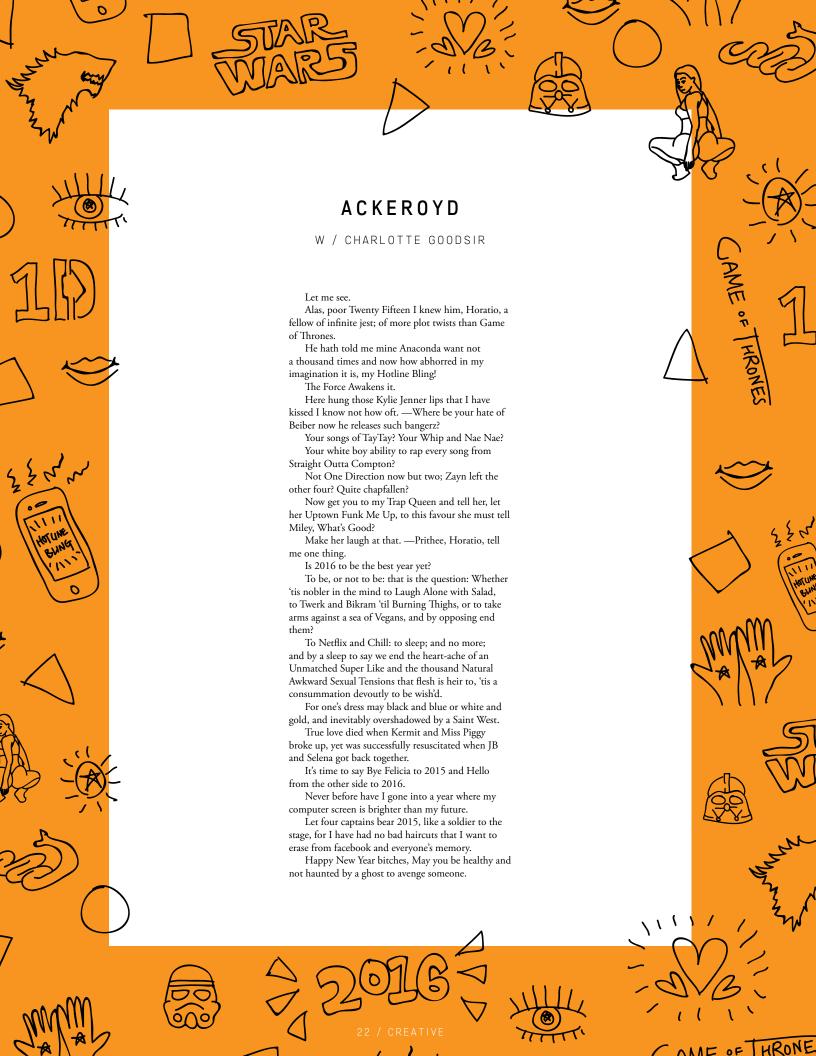
"What are you drawing?" Rory asked, picking at the fish, absent-mindedly. His eyes were on the clay. It was marred with circles. "There's a balance." He sighed. "I know I'm no example. There's an axel so deep in me, turning and turning me like I'm hung on some wheel. I've hardly stepped foot in town since you started coming around, but you have to believe me. You never let the water leave you. When you struggle with the sacks up the hill, I can see it pulling on you. Drowning you.

Rory looked at the water wheel. Turning, turning. "Take a few more sacks of flour every few days. But leave the water. You know what it feels like to be pulled under."

He paused, looking back at the water. "I love you, boy." He could see the drowning in him. "I love you, boy."

As Allie walked to the mill, he caressed a small, smooth, river rock in his hand. He'd picked it up from the clay. He looked back at Rory. He didn't see the river. Not its whole, coursing body. He saw every splash of water as a miracle from the mountains. Rolling, clear fragments of cloud. But no amount of looking would ever connect the world to his soul again. Allie looked to the wheel. It churned on.

He turned to the water and gave the round stone to the river. Back at the village, the friar rang the bell. It was a knell.



THINKING IN B&W

W / ZARA KHAN

You developed these abstract thoughts In my mind Of a life that was so divine Like a photograph, that I could not call mine

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Maybe you are right. Maybe This is the Grand Design-Eating away at walls, until one beckons Thee And everything falls.

UNTITLED

W / BRITTNEY RIGBY

Last night, it felt like you and I had come apart, like Nothing was forever and hope had tiptoed From our hearts And hidden itself

But tonight, our lips brought us back together We breathed every: "I'm sorry, I'll be better" into one another without saying a word

And when we stood out on my balcony

— looking skyward —

It was as though
every.
single.
one.
of those bright stars was gifting us each other.

It felt a lot like the promise of disappearing
Heartbreak, of fresh
Beginnings, of
Lovers being knitted back together by the universe.

It felt a lot like coming home.



LAP IT UP

BY KATA KOMLOS

/

3RD YEAR
FINE ARTS STUDENT
(PRINTMAKING)

Is there a central theme that runs through your artwork, or are you just inspired by things as they come along?

I'm inspired by experiences, things and people around me. This way my art is always fluid and fun.

Why did you choose to major in printmaking?

I tried lots and lots of ways to express myself but I was instantly drawn to the rigid technical aspects of printmaking, especially etching. I feel like a scientist who doesn't necessarily know what she's doing but ends up with something interesting at the end. It's the experimentation aspect that keeps me printmaking.

Do you ever have artists block? If yes, how do you get past it?

Yes I get artists block all the time! It's such a normal thing for me, I find that I make art from how I am feeling. Usually feelings of loneliness or sadness

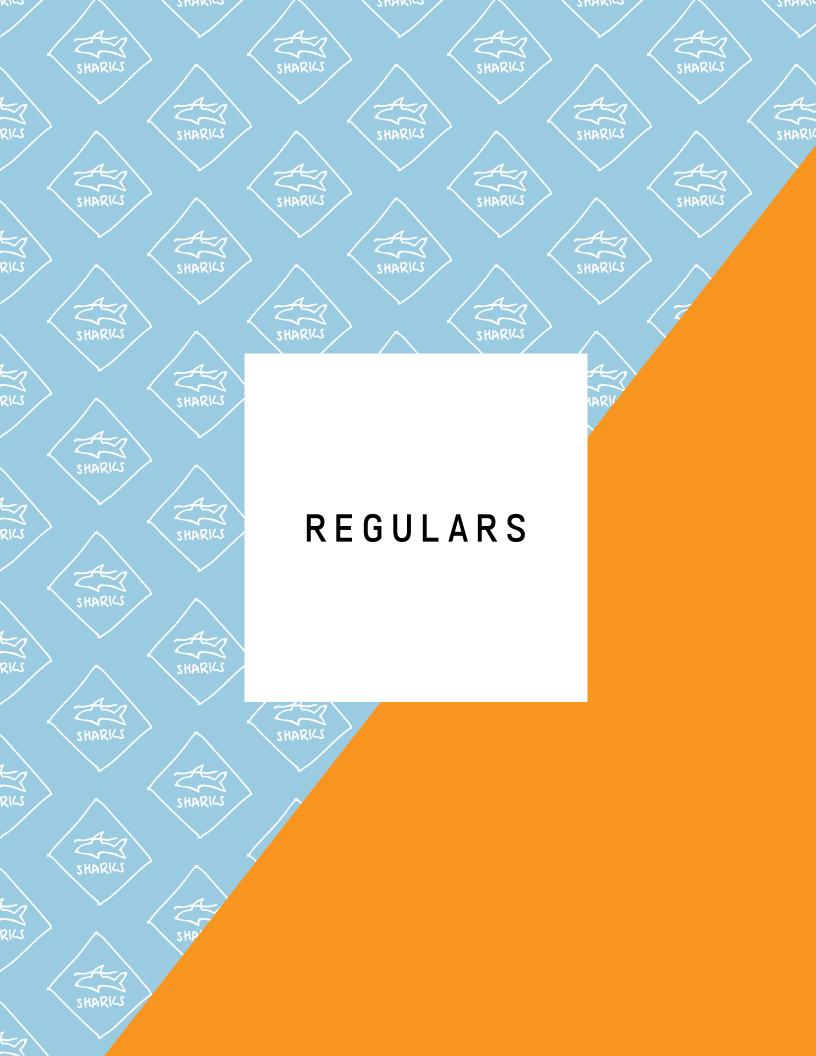
make the best art for me, so I find that when I'm good n' great, my inspiration tends to dwindle. I just make sure to push past it, read, stalk other artists, swim in the ocean and just put pen to paper until something comes to me that I like!

So what is your advice for a student starting their first year at COFA this year?

Try everything you can. Have a taste of everything, go to openings, see what you like and don't be afraid to question what it means to make art in a schooling system. Fight for what you want.

Last but not least, any upcoming exhibitions?

I'm in a photography show coming up in March and I have a few design gigs, but this year I'm going to work towards my first solo show, so I'll keep you posted on that!



H IS FOR HANS, HAROLD AND HUGO

W / GIGI V

"The odd thing about this form of communication is that you're more likely to talk about nothing than something. But I just want to say that all this nothing has meant more to me than so many somethings"

- You've Got Mail [Kathleen Kennedy (Shopgirl) to Joe Fox (NY152) in email] We were lying in bed, our limbs and the bedsheets tangled together in a giant mess. I turned to my new bearded friend, I shall call him H, who sheepishly grinned up at me.

"What?"

"Nothing. I like looking at you"

I snorted loudly with all the derision I could muster up in my tiny body.

This happened to be an enjoyable night out from Goro's Japanese Bar and Restaraunt in Surry Hills to a two story apartment tucked away between lines of dive-bars and retro clothing stores. What was unsurprising, was that I had made a real connection (it's true!) with H. He spoke of his record collection the same way I felt about my book collection - we swapped stories throughout the night, telling each other about our adventures lugging crates and boxes from one home to another; of New York Winters spent in opposite ends of Chelsea, of psychopathic and traumatising relationships. In H that night, I had found a Kindred spirit, laconically lying across his balcony, overlooking the lights and buildings of Surry Hills and steadily consuming glass after glass of white wine. Passing smoke between us, I turned to H and asked, "Do you think meeting someone online cheapens the meaningful experience the two of you may end up sharing?"

You see, the two of us had agreed, that we were usually people who found lovers and companions amongst mutual friend circles. The last person I had been with, I spied across a tutorial classroom, taking an instant dislike to that permanent smirk of his. In a month or so, he had me up against the wall of QVB, Queen Vicky, looking down on us, matronly and severely as ever. (Nora Ephron couldn't have written it better if she tried!) The foray into these dating apps were different, and a sometimes dismal experience.

H took a breath, adjusting himself and pulling me closer against him. I stretched across his chest and drummed my fingers against his forehead, inviting his response. "I don't know. I think it's interesting to talk to someone online and then meet them in person. You have a certain idea of who that person is, and then when you meet them, they can prove your estimations wrong or completely accurate, you know?"

To me, it seems that if something substantial and meaningful were really to grow out of an online repartee, all the better... But then again, the new age Internet experience seems to be a black cloud over potential romantic couplings. Are meet-cutes

something of the past? Or are they reverentially looked upon as the start of a romantic comedy of errors? Afterall, Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan did pave the way for online dating. And if anything I am, after all, the Indian Meg Ryan, waiting on my sarcastically witty and acerbic Joe Fox.

A good friend recently recommended Milan Kundera's 'The Unbearable Lightness of Being'. I had yet to indulge in the heavily inundated Nietzscheism's Tomas and Sabina had to offer. Set in the Czech Republic during the Russian Invasion, I was immediately drawn into the complex, heavily tainted world of Sabina, Tomas, Tereza and an infamous bowler hat.

Tomas, in his calculations of love and life has and will always be collecting women. He has encountered and consumed women from all walks of life. Tomas and Sabina – avid collectors of people. Not until I had read Kundera's work did I fully realize what my meticulous recording of the boys I had kissed from 18 to the young men I had shared my bed with actually meant. I had unknowingly taken my cue from Tomas and Sabina – I yearn to collect. Whether I am seeking validation or not (that is something left to my therapist and vigilant introspection), I have found myself, in the past few months to look wistfully upon my wonderful and diverse collection . Tall and short. Dark and fairhaired. Socialist Sympathizers and Hairdressers. Toms' and Nicholas'. Nicely manicured to the indulgently gruff.

My pursuit in collecting these people has been all the more incredible with the launch of "dating apps" such as Tinder and Hinge. The myriad of disgusting, witty, boring and pitiable openers, and their authors, is unimaginable. You've no doubt come across the Instagram user "Feminist Tinder" - despite my own reservations with the user account, it is scarily accurate. This column is not going to be a recounting of shameful and innocuous Tinder and Hinge propositions. Buzzfeed and Daily Mail have a wholesome and informative monopoly on that. This column will recount my more memorable trysts with Tinder and Hinge dates. Some, and one in particular has left an indelible mark on me - talk about getting back with your ex, two weeks after he demanded an exclusive arrangement. Some have left me standing alone at the lights, gobsmacked by their inability to comprehend my absurdist brand of bits. And few I remain in contact with. After all, sex is sex. Who's going to say 'No'?

CASPAR HARDAKER

1. Name, degree and favourite plant.

My name's Caspar. I'm 21. Just finished my Arts degree in Theatre and Performance Studies and Creative Writing. My favourite plants are wattles (die hard Aussie patriot clearly).

2. You're a member of the duo known as Flip the Script - How would you describe your music?

So the crew is made of two rappers—myself (Caspar), Joe B and our DJ (Benjamin aka Benjammin). If I had to describe our music I'd say it's 90's type hip-hop mixed with soul and jazz. Our vibe is old school 90's if we really HAD to define it, but we're pretty open to all influences ranging from the old school classic rappers, right toward the commercial stuff you hear like ASAP, DRAKE and Kanve.

3. Tell us about some of your greatest role models or inspirations on the music scene. Who is your musical Mr Miayagi?

As a group we all have different perspectives on who we idolise and look up to musically and on a personal level. At the moment I'd say there's a lot of great stuff happening on the Australian scene. People like Dylan Joel and Baro are musically really refreshing and innovative, and have a fresh perspective on how to remove any stigma behind Australian hip-hop as a gutter rap culture. There are so many subgenres of hip-hop in this country and we all just love the new wave of talent, killing it on the scene.

Other groups like Thundamentals and the One Day crew are examples of musicians with powerful messages, which they promote using their platform as well-known artists. These rappers have many political interests and causes such as refugee/ asylum seeker fundraising, which they address in their songs. The track ANY OTHER NAME with Horrorshow, Jimblah, Thelma Plum and Urthboy is another example of why I support Australian music and hip-hop in particular. Seeing these guys use their influence to promote indigenous rights, particularly in a time where we are in a racial turmoil towards foreigners and those of our own kin, is truly inspiring stuff. That shit really inspires Flip the Script to make music with meaning.

4. How'd you get started with your musical gig? Did you just wake up one day and think that starting a band would be a great idea?

Me and Joe literally were hungover one Sunday morning and we decided to write a track over a beat called Sunday Spittin'. We smashed it out in 45 minutes! We dropped our first mixtape months later and have dropped another two since. The second one was called crewsin' and the most recent one is called what u know about dilla, which is a tribute mixtape to the legendary beat maker J Dilla. We've all been having fun with it.

5. Apparently you're a bit of a thespian too... Tell us about some projects/films you've been involved in

It's a career path I really want to pursue. Studying full time hasn't been easy for my acting but I managed to accomplish quite a lot. I've been a part of various theatre companies like DollpArts Theatre Company and The Violent Romantics Theatre Company, and I really loved being in NUTS throughout my undergrad. It encouraged me to keep going with it all, and helped me head into the screen side of stuff with a Sydney Film Festival appearance and a recent video I did with comedian, Neel Kolhatkar, who I think is performing at O-Week coincidently. It was a great opportunity working with such a talented group of filmmakers and actors. The video went viral as well, which was really great.

I've had a few films screened at film festivals around the world, from Australia all the way to California, which is just such a humbling experience. Right now, I'm writing a screenplay I really want to put on mainstream TV within the next year and I've just started working on a new play, which I was cast in with Depot Theatre Company, so it's just pretty much making the most of these opportunities and building on them.



6. Everyone loves good highbrow cultural entertainment, but let's dive into the other side of the spectrum. What are some of your biggest cinematic guilty pleasures?

Geordie Shore is one of my absolute all time favourite shows. I can't even explain why. It's just such an entertaining insight into some people's lives. Keeping Up with the Kardashians and Made In Chelsea are also little guilty pleasures I watch on a regular basis. If you haven't already, look up the movie Sharknado featuring every actor you never knew taking on a shark apocalypse. Truly amazing and terrible at the same time.

7. What advice do you have for people who want to kickstart a musical profile and break into the industry themselves?

I think for any creative field it's just important to realise that a good work ethic is the basis for bigger and better things. You only get out what you put in. Flip the Script is in no way a household name and none of us really expect anything other than what we put into our music. Social media nowadays is such a powerful platform for any creative to get their stuff

Also, always be humble and don't be a shit. Gratitude is a virtue especially when things start to get rolling and good things happen. You can't take that stuff for granted. As an (aspiring) actor and a musician, I have constantly been trying to learn from this principle. Always believe in yourself. It's so cliché but seriously everyone knows it's the key to getting anywhere in life.

8. Can you tell us about any new music or projects you're working on at present? Can we expect new stuff from you soon?

I'm real excited for what we have planned for everyone. We're low key working on a new EP, which will be our best work to date. But that's still in its early stages. Joe B has a solo side project he's releasing as well. The dude raps fiery balls of flames and is definitely the next generation of home grown talent. I'm privileged enough to rap alongside him. But for the most part Ben, Joe and I are keeping it really close to our chests and playing those things by ear. But DEFINITELY expect new music very soon.

With the acting, I have really exciting theatre and film stuff, which will be shown this year. I couldn't be more pumped for it. It's going to be a huge year creatively!



Balmoral Beach may not be a hidden gem, but if you're looking for serenity and beach vibes close to the CBD, it tops Coogee and Maroubra on any given day.

Getting There

Balmoral Beach is a 25-45 minute drive from Kensington (*depending on traffic*), including a toll-free drive over the Harbour. Parking close to the beach is expensive and time limited, with the free parking options up steep on Military Road filling up quickly during the morning.

If you have time (and patience), there are a multitude of public transport routes you can take. The M30 will get you close enough to walk down the steep hill to the beach, and for those unwilling or unable, the 257 from Military Road will also get you to the Esplanade.

If you're lucky enough to have notched up your free travel, I'd recommend taking the Taronga Zoo Ferry across the harbour before hopping on a 238 that will drop you right at the foreshore.

Where To Eat

If you're looking to treat yourself (or a significant other), the Bathers Pavilion is the brunch spot for you. With idyllic views of Hunters Bay and Middle

Head, the pavilion that has long been an institution of Balmoral's foreshore was built in the late 1920s. For those of you that like to sleep in, you can order breakfast until midday.

There are a handful of eateries constantly buzzing with trade along the Esplanade – coffee, cakes and the more obvious fish & chips. They're reasonably priced, however if you're pinching pennies there is a little outcrop of rocks appropriately called Rocky Point, where you can easily set up a picnic overlooking Sydney Heads.

What To Do

The sheltered bay and white sandy beach make for a perfect day of swimming and sunbathing, with plenty of taps and showers to rinse off. If you want to take a break from the sun, the Esplanade is lined with trees, which you can use as shade.

If you want to learn more about the history of the area, and have some energy to spare, take a hike to Middle Head Second Gun Emplacements. The four-kilometre round trip takes about two hours to complete, including the necessary stops to takes pics that'll make your friends jealous.

GRIMES a LANEWAY

W / ERIC QIAN

BLACKSTAR

BY DAVID BOWIE

W / LILIANA OCCHIUTO

Claire Boucher is a creator of experiences. She's stated before that Grimes isn't just a musical project, but a visual one too: "It's just easier to make music more popular." This is apparent in her self-directed and acted music videos, and manga-style art accompanying each song in her latest album. She's an artist expressing her ideas in any medium she can – so it's fascinating to see the personal creative and aesthetic decisions made to reshape what is "Grimes" into a 50 minute show. At Laneway, she extends the distinctive, punchy-pop soundscape of *Art Angels* to super cool neon-guerrilla costuming, cracking songs, and a high-energy atmosphere that never lets up.

Her dancers set up a lot of that energy. The show opens with a contorting solo from one of them to a recording of "Laughing and Not Being Normal", with its phantom strings and disquieting air immediately setting a tone of pop-theatrical unreality. Throughout the show, the two dancers cut unusual and beautiful shapes, occasionally bringing out streamers, stilettos and laser pointers to somewhat comically ornament, but already perfect, choreography

As for Boucher, she's a funny and weird presence. She alternates, in a somewhat bewildering way, between possessed creature and nervous human. Her stage presence is one that exudes spontaneity and a sparky 'go with it' attitude. She yelps gibberish into the microphone in between songs; at one point she's curled up on the ground as her voice gets more and more urgent, crackling into a monstrous, distorted howl (you'd expect her to ycanthropise then and there). Minutes later she attempts to explain why she hates talking between songs before abruptly giving up and just playing the next one

And these are songs that explode into the crowd... there's the visceral "Scream", where Boucher raps in Russian and everyone on the stage opens their mouth to let out a terrifying roar come chorus-time like hard-core metal demons from the void. "Oblivion" gets the reaction it deserves, and she delivers – crunchy, throbbing beats paired with Boucher's sinuous vocals filling the venue with a more intense vibe than the more understated recording (the subject matter of a traumatic life incident wonderfully and strangely contrasts its uncontrollably dance-y treatment). She closes with the phenomenal "Kill V. Maim", a sickly sweet and unforgivingly vindictive banger (where she happens to take on the persona of a vampire Godfather). It's a thrilling end to a perfectly realised show filled with unreal, blood-pumping fun.

The Man who Sold The World, The Thin White Duke and Ziggy Stardust are some of the gifts that this artistic genius has given us. However, the greatest gift he gave us was his parting one – himself.

Bowie's last few efforts offered us an honest and touching side, sometimes hidden under the countless masks of his enigmatic musical persona. This vulnerability is felt in his album, *Blackstar*.

It's obvious that this album was intended as Bowie's swan song. Its heavy themes, centering on death and despair, are communicated within songs such as "Lazarus" and the emotionally intense, "Blackstar". Bowie collaborated with Brian Eno on this album, and created something so gripping and iconic that it introduced a new generation to a pop cultural legend. His songs go back to his roots and original charm, but are also refreshing to listen to. This is especially felt in the track, "Dollar Days", as it uses instrumentation that is familiar but lyrics that are more frank.

One of the standout tracks in this album is "Sue (*Or in a Season of Crime*)". It's upbeat and undeniably cool. The unique sound effects and catchy riff, as well as the dissonance and unusual rhythms capture the image of a musician who is completely unafraid to venture into the unknown.

My favourite song, however, is "Lazarus". It's an alluring track that explores a man's inner reflective thoughts, particularly noticeable in the lyrics, "This way or no way, you know I'll be free, just like the bluebird, now ain't that just like me...", we can't help but feel the helplessness our beloved hero endured in his moments of

Bowie's *Blackstar* is sophisticated and one that leaves a longlasting impression on the listener. It gives us an insight into the "Thin White Duke", his thoughts and feelings during his final hours. It's an album for the generation and should not be missed.

SPECTRE

BY SAM MENDES

W / MICHAEL FUNG

THE REVENANT

BY ALEJANDRO GONZÁLEZ IÑÁRRITU

W / CASSIE BELL

Daniel Craig's latest adventure as the illustrious, mysterious and charming 007 was not his finest hour. If you haven't watched it yet, it's a two-hour action-packed movie with a lost plot, poor characterisation and misuse of the amazing Christopher Waltz, Léa Seydoux, and Andrew Scott. What seemed like an attempt at revamping the 'Classic Bond' era made the film as borderline dull as *Quantum of Solace*. Notably, one majorly lacklustre aspect of the film was its theme song.

Before I get shot for saying such slanderous words, I'd like to declare that Sam Smith is an amazing vocalist. As much as I love him and his trademark falsetto, 'Writing's On The Wall' didn't quite hit that high note for me. His rises and falls seemed forced at times, as if he were doing it for the sake of variety. Sam Smith himself admitted to writing the song in 20 minutes, and it does show a little. As potentially the final film with Daniel Craig playing the iconic character, Spectre's theme misses the point of Bond's legacy. As every Bond enthusiast knows, 007 is NOT a romantic, and is barely one in this film either. Fundamentally, the song just didn't fit with the overall tone of the franchise.

It was a pleasant surprise on Boxing Day when British arthouse rockers Radiohead released a song titled "Spectre". It was revealed that they were asked to write the theme, but as frontman Thom Yorke tweeted, "It didn't work out, but became something of our own, which we love very much."

Radiohead hasn't released an album since 2011, so it was refreshing to hear their eerie Radio-esque sounds once again: the opening minor chords, synthesiser, piano on the side, and Yorke's signature falsetto. The drums, bass and strings with breaks in the vocals would have perfectly accompanied the cinematic opening credit sequence.

So did *Spectre* go with the right song? While I love what Radiohead have made, this is a movie and, like all movies, what matters most is the audience. Even though Radiohead have been around for more than 30 years, Sam Smith remains at the height of his career. When Adele brought her breathtaking vocals to *Skyfall*, we were inspired to remember the kind of power a theme song could bring to a Bond film. Songs like "Goldfinger" by Leslie Bricusse, or "Live and Let Die" by Paul McCartney made the films even more memorable. With two forgettable alt-rock songs used before Adele, going with a more ballad-like tune over a rock tune was a no-brainer. Besides, Sam Smith appeals to a wider audience while Radiohead might creep the general listener out with their eerie tunes before the movie even starts.

I think it's obvious that I prefer Radiohead's "Spectre" theme song to Sam Smith's "Writing's On The Wall". However, it would have been a commercial misstep to neglect Smith's star power. Sorry Thom Yorke, I tried my best.

For a movie that runs for an agonising 2 hours and 36 minutes, the story of *The Revenant* is remarkably dull: Mountain man is left for dead by his squad. Mountain man swears to get his vengeance. So mountain man walks...and walks some more...to hunt down treacherous squadrons.

At first, the snoozy plotline is confusing and hard to reconcile because when you buy a ticket to see a "revenge thriller", you strap yourself in for some hardcore action. Yet, after the opening sequence (an epic battle scene involving lots of arrows-to-eyeballs) there is a strange amount of quiet, and a lot of waiting-for-it-to-get-goodagain. It's dislocating and a little bit awkward.

Then somewhere in the course of the long, long, long journey, it clicks. You stop expecting action and start to realise that the periods of inaction are where the film really shines; where *The Revenant* shifts from a glorified western, to a kind of perverse analysis of the human instinct to survive. This is the watermark of Mexican dream team Alejandro Iñárritu and Emmanuel Lubezki, who last year won Academy Awards for Best Picture, Best Director and Best Cinematography respectively, for the dark comedy *Birdman*. This year, the tale of the walking mountain man sees them nominated in all three categories for the second year in a row—and they deserve it.

Having said this, there are some definite issues with the film, mainly to do with the character development; or complete lack there of. Mountain man (*Leonardo Di Caprio*) is at the centre of the story, but you don't really know anything about him. You eventually learn, through intermittent dream sequences, that he had a Native-American wife who was murdered by a white colonist. The death implies the source of his will to survive—but this is never properly developed. The lack of background info is alienating and weakens the mountain man's cause. You may find yourself, like I did, struggling to truly empathise with his hardships and his triumphs because you don't fully understand his motivation, his story, his identity.

Which brings me to Leo. Outstanding actor and love of my life, I have waited years for Hollywood to acknowledge his awesomeness and give him the damn Oscar that he deserves. But I don't want him to win for this. There, I said it. Why? The role has so little dialogue, that a vast majority of the film is pure grunting, screaming, writhing in pain and frothing at the mouth. Yes, it's emotional and yes, it's raw and savage and brilliant by any standard, but it's not quintessentially Leo. Unlike so many of his other films, you won't come out of this one and think "only Leo could have pulled that off". It's disappointing, to say in the least.

Bottom line though? If you liked that episode of *Man vs. Wild* where Bear Grylls skins a seal to make a wetsuit, you will love the tale of the mountain man. I just hope your mid-movie-pee game is hella strong.

IN COLD BLOOD

BY TRUMAN CAPOTE

W / NATALIE SEKULOVSKA

Holcomb, population 270, was a relatively quiet farming town in Finney County, Kansas, in 1959. Truman Capote himself acknowledged the fact that few Americans - in fact, few Kansans - had ever heard of Holcomb, until November of that year. And even if they had, they labelled it a "lonesome area", somewhere "out there". For this reason, it's difficult to imagine such a town would be the set of a cold-blooded murder.

Lo and behold, a murder is committed and, naturally, Capote's writer's instinct kicks in. Inspired by a short piece in the The New York Times, he spent six years researching the story of Kansas famer, Herb Clutter, his family and the two young killers who, with four gunshot blasts, rattled the city of Holcomb and left the entire state feeling the aftershocks.

Capote wasn't exactly a pioneer of the novelistic non-fiction genre, but his masterpiece, *In Cold Blood*, places the reader in the midst of all the commotion and the finger pointing with finesse. This is what makes it so frighteningly chilling. It's also the reason why I couldn't put the book down. And for those of you who silently scream at the sight of long chapters, you can rest easy. Although this novel only has four chapters, you'll be so engrossed by the action you won't even notice.

While he did receive some criticism for taking liberty with his artistic licence in recounting the Clutter family murders, he didn't do it without a sense of reverence and emotional integrity. You wouldn't be so utterly captivated by the novel if he didn't.

Capote also delves into the warped psyche of the killers who, while being described as social dropouts and disillusioned romantics, are nonetheless the embodiment of evil. He masterly builds suspense by tracking their movements across the American Midwest and western states, white-knuckled, gripping the edge of our seats, as we wait anxiously for them to be apprehended and brought to justice.

If you're a true crime enthusiast (ie. you've been glued to the screen marathoning Making a Murderer and The Jinx: The Life and Deaths of Robert Durst), this is where it all began, and is essential reading for any self-respecting buff. But if you can't stomach the depths of human nature, best to stick with Breakfast at Tiffany's.

HUNGER MAKES ME A MODERN GIRL

BY CARRIE BROWNSTEIN

W / CARLA ZUNIGA-NAVARRO

My first introduction to Carrie Brownstein was not, as expected, through her music. Although I had heard Sleater-Kinney mentioned, I guess I was just a little too late to the game to appreciate what it stood for, at the time. Instead, Brownstein seemed to pop into my consciousness everywhere and all at once, as a musician and an artist, alongside Fred Armisen in Portlandia. Her 2015 memoir, *Hunger Makes Me A Modern Girl*, is the first real glance I have had into who she is as a person and musician, finally piecing together all the fragmentary knowledge I have collected.

Although the memoir is an insight into Sleater-Kinney as an early part of the riot-grrrl music scene, in its essence it explores her thoughts and feelings as she fumbles her way through life, music and success. Brownstein is not only honest in her recounts of how she came to be who she is, but also honest about herself, her shortcomings, her actions, and about the difficulties in the process of metamorphosing from fan girl to idol.

The memoir reads like a film you have already seen – it is familiar and nostalgic. You already know the outcome for the protagonist but you hold your breath all the same, gasping at every misstep, until the final moments. It is a memoir that surprises you in how relatable Brownstein is, not how normal she appears to be, but in how transparently she draws out her story and her place within it. Fans of Sleater-Kinney would love this, but as an insight into an interesting and flawed human, it is worth reading regardless of how you know Carrie Brownstein and who you know her as.







My interest in social justice began in my unassuming hometown of Ulladulla. Unassuming, because the only school in the regional area was listed as one of the poorest, low-socioeconomic schools on the South Coast; because no-one in my family had received education past the 10th grade; because human rights and equality were distant words. I became interested in social justice in Ulladulla. But I found my passion when I came to UNSW; when I discovered the Student Representative Council.

I was quickly introduced to students, to professionals, and to activists, passionate about everything from environmental justice and sustainability to empowering queer student voices, and equal opportunities for people of colour. I met inspiring women who, despite all marks against them, have become professionals and leaders in their fields.

But I've also met students who have been homeless. I've met students who have been unable to afford food or basic hygiene needs. I've heard the stories of students struggling with mental health issues, who have struggled to access adequate support and services. And, there isn't enough sand in the ocean to count the times students have said they need better spaces to study, more affordable food options, and greater flexibility with their courses.

Enter SRC (stage left). The SRC is your student voice. We run campaigns aimed at improving UNSW for all students and advocate student issues to the 'higher ups' of the university. The SRC is a platform for you to forge your own educational journey; to develop as a forward thinking leader; and to create real change at one of Australia's leading Universities. Uni shouldn't just be about rocking up to your lecture or submitting your assignments in on time. UNSW is a place for intellectual and interpersonal growth, whether that is through academic flexibility or the numerous sporting and social opportunities on offer. If you want to discover your passions, develop as a leader, and create real change well, then, the SRC is the place for you.

Here are some dot points of some things we did last year;

- Created the first 24 hour study space in the library
- Increased funding for Counselling and Psychological Services (CAPS)
- Crisis Accommodation (temporary support for students experiencing homelessness)
 - Emergency food packs
 - \$10 Million extra funding to refurbish the
 - \$900 000 extra funding for Arc
 - More bike rakes and water bubblers

Be a part of the changes in 2016;

- Leadership opportunities for women
- On campus cinema
- Textbook lockers
- Brand new bike hub
- Greener spaces
- More 24 hour study spaces and;
- 24 hour services on campus

Shoot me an email for more info! srcpresident@arc.unsw.edu.au

QUEER









The Queer Officers used mitosis again! It was VERY effective! (If you read Tharunka regularly, LOL, that was a throwback to the opening line of last year's introductory report.)

We've gone from two officers, to three, to now four in 2016! The Gay Agenda now in full strength at UNSW, bigots beware. 2015 saw UNSW become the most Queer friendly campus in the state and second only to UQ nationally, a milestone we hope to drive further by destroying our Queensland competition in terms of how great we are!

The start of semester ushers in everyone's favourite alternative to Christmas: Mardi Gras. This year we've worked with the Kirby Institute, Facilities Management, and Ally to bring our own version of the Oxford street rainbow crossing here at UNSW: The Rainbow Basser Steps. That's right. Get your instagrams ready with #UNSWQ because the worst part of your day is now better thanks to the Queer Collective. You're welcome.

After you've enjoyed the steps, come to our meetings some free pizza and some gaytimes (the icecream).

Collective meeting times - Semester 1:

Monday 12-2PM, Queer Space



Hi, I'm Charlotte (or Charli for short) Amelia and I'm this year's Students With Disabilities Officer (SWDO) on the SRC.

I'm double majoring in International Relations and Development Studies; outside of student life I am an activist, a photographer and a volunteer member of the New South Wales State Emergency Service.

As an Aboriginal queer woman with disabilities I'm keenly aware of some of the intersectional challenges facing people with disabilities that come along with university life.

Part of my role as SWDO is to support students with disabilities in accessing services at the uni and ARC's advocacy team.

One of my goals this year is to ensure that students with disabilities get fair and equitable treatment by the university, ARC@UNSW, and in all aspects of student life. Another one of my goals this year is to promote intersectionality between the Students With Disabilities (SWD) Collective and other collectives such as the Women's, Queer, and ATSI collectives in addition to continuing the close work and support of the SWD Collective to the Welfare Collective.

The Students with Disabilities Collective itself, is a collective that represents and is comprised of students with disabilities. Collective meetings are weekly during semester and various times outside of semester. Some of this issues that the SWD Collective deals with include accessibility around UNSW, how university policy impacts on students with disabilities, campaigns around disability awareness and improving disability services available to students on campus, including working with the Welfare Collective on mental health services.

Some of the campaigns in which the Students with disabilities collective wishes to work on this year are:

- Accessibility Audit of both main campus and the COFA campus. This audit will take place during semester one and a report will be released by the SWD Collective during semester two with any requests to make the campuses more accessible to students with disabilities.
- University Policy Campaign. Recent changes to the university's policy on academic withdrawals and the removal of the pass conceded grade will negatively effect students with disabilities and other students who may face disadvantages.
- Disability Awareness Days. These days are held each year to highlight students with various kinds of disabilities that students may have.

Collective meeting times -Semester 1:

Thursday 11AM; Welfare Room



Hi UNSW! My name is Aislinn and I'm the Education Officer for 2016. In 2016, I'm really excited to get students involved in the Education Collective, which will be meeting weekly! Education in Australia, NSW, and at UNSW is facing some key challenges this year, including government and administrative attempts to cut courses and staff across the country. Education is an important pathway for so many people to change their lives and to improve society, and it's as important now just as ever to continue to protect it, which is what the Education Collective is all about.

The key goals of the Ed Collective this year will be to help students get more informed about the issues that affect them - if you've ever wondered what the deal is with trimesters, restructures, deregulation or any other education change you've heard people mention, I want the Ed Collective this year to be a space where you can find that out. You can hear from staff and people experienced in the movement about how changes not only affect students, but staff and the wider community as well. If after finding out more info, you want to get involved, the Ed Collective will also be working with the state-wide education movement to give students all the training and tools they need to be able to be active in the fight for fair and quality education. As a member of the Ed Collective, you'll be able to participate in and help plan campaigns to protect and improve education both here at UNSW, across the state and across the country, with the help of cross-campus groups and the National Union of Students.

If you're interested in the issues that affect students and want to learn more, get the tools you need to get involved, and join the fight to protect accessible and quality education, get involved with the Education Collective in 2016 by coming to collective meetings and joining UNSW Education Collective on Facebook!

Collective meeting times - Semester 1:

Thursday from 3 – 4PM; Arc

ETHNOCULTURAL

INDIGENOUS



Hi, I'm Fahad, and I'm your Ethnocultural Officer for 2016!

This year, I plan to work alongside ethnocultural societies on campus to build a fantastic and cohesive movement celebrating students from a range of different cultures and ethnicities.

Our community is stronger as a whole when we are diverse – and we know this for a fact. A brief prepared by the American Psychological Association found that "campus diversity reduces prejudice, enhances leadership skills, and better prepares students to participate in modern civic society and the contemporary workplace" – and these findings apply to all students, including those who aren't from an ethnocultural minority background. We all stand to benefit from strong ethnocultural representation on campus.

Although building our community will be a big focus of my role, I'm also going to stand up for those who are often forgotten – people from sex, gender, and sexual minorities, women, people who are differently abled, and all other intersections of identity. I'm a proud gay man myself, and a proud Palestinian Arab. I don't believe that ethnocultural students from sex, gender, and sexual minorities have to choose between their heritage and their identity.

It's a really sad state of affairs when most gay people are familiar with the term "no spice, no rice". This is why one of my first events of semester will be a panel on racism within the gay community to deconstruct and explore the notion of sexual racism, and we are lucky to be joined by Dr Denton Callander of the Kirby Institute and queer Palestinian spoken word artist Candy Royalle to explore the intersection of race and sexuality.

I'm also looking forward to advancing the debate on our perceptions of race and the origins of racism. The idea of race can be traced back to the 1400s or thereabouts, and has conceptual and political origins in colonialism – for this reason I'll

be hosting a screening of Concerning Violence early in semester, a documentary based on the writings of anti-colonial theorist Frantz Fanon, and establishing a race and decolonial theory group for students who are interested in advancing their understanding of these concepts.

This is just a very brief and incomplete snapshot of the year to come – if you're interested in getting involved, shoot me a message at; f.ali@arc.unsw.edu. au and join the Ethnocultural Collective. Together, we can build a strong and diverse community for all students, and I invite you to join me in this journey.

Collective meeting times -Semester 1: TBC



Hi, my name is Bridget Cama and I am the Indigenous Officer for 2016. I am a proud Wiradjuri Yinnah (*woman*) who also has proud Fijian heritage. I am currently in my third year at UNSW studying Arts/Law and majoring in Indigenous studies.

During 2016 the Indigenous collective will be active on campus through regular weekly collective meetings, 'Yarn and Eat' fortnightly topic sessions and special events throughout the year including Trivia and Culture Night, Reconciliation Week, Close the Gap Day, Mabo Day and more.

In 2016, the year will kick off with the Trivia and Culture Night to be held in week two of semester one. The night will be the first Indigenous collective/ Indigenous Society event for the year. This night will involve several rounds of Indigenous topic trivia ranging from art, sport to education and public figures and cultural performances. The event will be free for Indigenous Society members, so make sure that you sign up to the Indigenous society during O-Week!

The Indigenous collective and society will also be hosting regular fortnightly Yarn and Eat Nights. Each night will focus on a specific topic with a presentation by a special guest. Topics may be presented through different forms including art, film, spoken word, inspirational guest speaker, music, song or dance etc. A facilitated safe space session will then take place where conversation on the topic will be had followed by light refreshments. Stay up to date with details for Yarn and Eat nights by signing up to the Indigenous society.

This year, the aim of the Indigenous collective is to stay active by improving Indigenous student life, supporting Indigenous students, hosting educational and cultural appropriate events, making UNSW a more culturally appropriate campus and to be an active and informed voice on current issues. If you would like to get involved or have any questions regarding the Indigenous collective and society, please contact Bridget Cama on b.cama@arc.unsw.edu.au

Collective meeting times -Semester 1: Tuesdays 5PM; Nura Gili WOMENS WELFARE



Hello! My name's Jocelyn, I'm a third year Medical Science student and the SRC Women's Officer for this year. That basically means I'm here to serve as a representative voice for women students and advocate to the University and government on the issues that matter to us, like ensuring women at UNSW get fairer opportunities for a quality education, equitable access to student services and a better all-round student life experience. I'm also here to help support the welfare of women students, to be someone you can come to for advice, advocacy and support, and to facilitate the SRC Women's Collective.

The Women's Collective (or more affectionately termed 'WoCo') is a great social way of getting involved in the SRC, meeting other women students and having your say on the issues that matter to you. It's a social and political group open to all womenidentifying unsw students where we collaborate on Feminist activism, committed to fighting for women's rights and gender equality on campus and in the broader community.

Sound cool? You can get involved by coming along to our autonomous weekly meetings You're welcome to come use the room and resources any time in the day to study, chill out on the couches between classes, grab some free sanitary products and borrow a heat pack when in need, or snuggle up with a cup of tea and book off our shelf of Feminist literature. At meetings we discuss current issues, organise social activities and plan campaigns aimed at empowering women, raising awareness about gender issues and tackling societal sexism head-on, whether that's by lobbying the University, staging protests, petitioning the Government, fundraising for community groups, running awareness campaigns or hosting educational activities and events.

So what exactly have we got planned for the upcoming year? Well, we'll be kicking off with a campaign for Affirmative Action on Arc Board which means ensuring that 50% of the student reps elected to help direct Arc are women. Be sure to come along to the Arc AGM in Week 4 and vote 'Yes!' so that women's voices are equally represented in running our student organisation and we have better opportunities to engage in student life! We'll also be doing a bunch of advocacy around making your time at Uni safer for women, through promoting better sexual assault policy and reporting procedures, improving women's access to support services, fighting for reproductive rights, raising awareness about consent, and combatting a culture of sexism and victim-blaming. Plus much more! along to the rally at Town Hall on Saturday March 12th to demand action on gender equality'!

To keep up to date, join the Facebook group 'UNSW Women's Collective' or e-mail me at women@arc.unsw.edu.au.

Collective meeting times - Semester 1:

Tuesdays and Thursdays, 12-1PM; Women's



Hi my name is Michael Murdocca, and I am the Welfare Officer for 2016! I lead the Welfare Collective, which defends the interests of all students, and student issues including cheaper food options, budgeting, legal and advocacy and mental health. We are the Collective that aims to make life easier for students and our work intersects with those of many other Collectives.

The first area that we will focus on in 2016, is fighting for the everyday rights of students. We can do more to introduce emergency care packs, improve the student loans system and even make access to crisis accommodation better. Secondly, we will focus on improving cheap food options on campus.

We deserve to have ready access to general necessities that are required for university life. Our ability to succeed at university should not be dependent on financial or personal concerns. This is why we will do things like fight to make sure that Arc Legal can provide a broad range of advice to students, place more phone chargers and ponchos in the Welfare Room and lobby for the reduction of waiting times in terms of the Health Service.

Apart from all of this lobbying, we also play a critical role in fighting for better services and awareness related to mental health. We will extend Stress Less Days and play a greater role in promoting important events such as R U OK Day. We will also improve the University Mental Health Day and mindfulness workshops, establish an International Students Mental Health program and promote better exercise initiatives on campus. It's great that Arc has already extended Here to Hear to all days of the week. But we can do so much more.

So if you want to join the Collective then you can do so by getting in touch with me on 0425951711, m.murdocca@arc.unsw.edu.au or simply join our group on Facebook! We can create an awesome 2016 at UNSW together and I'm looking forward to you joining me as we begin this challenge.

Collective meeting times - Semester 1:

Wednesday 12PM; Welfare Room Additional Consultation time Thursday 2PM; Welfare Room

INTERNATIONAL



Welcome to Australia!

My name is Emma. I am the International Officer for the UNSW Student Representative Council. My mission is to help, encourage and support international students and bring together constructive student voices to cope with tangible and intangible problems. In this role, I would aim to focus on promoting information about student support services, creating multi-cultural exchange through events and helping bring out the voices of international students on the SRC.

The SRC International is the representative body for the wide and diverse community of international students studying at UNSW. There are about half a million with almost 200 nationalities of international students studying in Australia. The SRC International exists to represent, advocate for and serve the needs and interest of all international students at UNSW by providing a variety of services and activities.

My vision includes zero-tolerance for discrimination within a harmonious and diverse cultural environment for international students at UNSW.

My objectives are to advocate for the interests and needs of international students at UNSW, to represent international students at UNSW and act as a bridge of communication between the university and international students, and to provide consultation, help and support for international students at UNSW. I also aim to promote crosscultural awareness and interactions, and engage international students on campus with various events and activities.

Events/Campaigns/Projects Planned for 2016:

There are a lot of events, campaigns, and projects to ameliorate experience of international students at UNSW throughout 2016, including;

- Welcome evening night party
- International nights market
- International sport week
- IELTS master class
- Language exchange program
- Immigration and regulation seminar
- International careers supports
- Mental health education program
- International wellbeing project
- International consumer protection
- Culture Mentoring Program
- International Hub

Collective meeting times - Semester 1:

Monday 5-6PM; International Room & Wednesday 11AM-12PM; International Room

Come and join our activities or you can send your ideas to improve quality of international students' lives to:

international@arc.unsw.edu.au

ENVIRO

Hey there. I'm Emma and I have the absolute privilege of being your Environmental Officer this year on the SRC. I'm heading into my third year of Mechanical Engineering and originally hail from a cattle and mixed cropping farm in a tiny country locale called Willala in the rural North-West of NSW. I wish I could say there's no astounding, confronting, dramatic personal story that drove me to become super passionate about environmentalism- except there is. It is climate change. Its consumerism and corporate greed. Overfishing, species extinction, food safety, deforestation, fossil fuels. Global warming. These are all things that even somebody living in Willala couldn't escape from.

The year 2015 brought with it new records as one of the warmest years in history, loads of freak weather events and the Paris Climate Change conference: all of which have put our environment clearly and almost painfully back on the global public and political agenda. It doesn't take much to predict then, that 2016 will bring with it huge traction across many environmental issues as the world surfaces from a state of lethargic climate diplomacy to chase the first global climate treaty sealed in Paris that bids to limit global warming to "well under 2°C".

Surprise surprise, UNSW does not operate in isolation and we're gonna feel things shift here too. I'm so lucky to stand beside the most brilliant group of passionate, selfless students that call themselves the Environment Collective, and it is change we're chasing. You'll certainly start to recognise the Fossil Free UNSW campaign in 2016, if you don't already. UNSW's continued investment in the fossil fuel industry goes against all its claims as an innovative leader in "preparing for a low carbon, clean energy future" and is additionally financially irresponsible.

The Environment Collective will join a wave of other campuses to call loudly on our universities to divest from fossil fuels and commit to a sustainable future in 2016. We'll be there to back students on issues such as public transport, waste and facilities on campus. We'll be there to support and work with the Thoughtful Foods co-op while the Roundhouse is renovated and their shop space is under question. We'll be there to run information sessions, activities and events that keep you thinking about how you can make a difference in your day-to-day activities. And best of all, we're here for you to join.

We're looking for fresh new faces that are interested in sustainability, making a difference on campus, eating hummus or chatting big ideas. We meet weekly and we would love to meet you. Alternatively, look us up on Facebook as the UNSW Environment Collective or Fossil Free UNSW, or shoot an email to enviro@arc.unsw.edu.au

Collective meeting times - Semester 1:

Thursday 12—1 PM Arc Offices





AFFIRMATIVE ACTION FOR Arc BOARD

W / JOCELYN DRACAKIS

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SRC WOMENS OFFICER 2016

Whether this is your first O-week scrounging freebies amid a flurry of Yellow Shirts, or whether you're a jaded, sixth-year soul no longer discernible from the vintage furniture in the Whitehouse, it's fair to say that we've all learnt to love Arc pretty quickly. From romping Roundie parties to social soccer, advocacy to volunteering, and all your favourite Clubs & Societies, Arc has got you covered.

But with such a diverse array of student life opportunities on offer, and to such a diverse student population, it only makes sense that Arc's governing Board – elected by members to run the organisation – should also be as diverse as it can be.

For Arc to best serve all students, it must keep equity and diversity at its core.

The trouble is, this isn't always the case. Whilst women make up more than half of all Arc members, we are often underrepresented in it's leadership, including in Club Executives and Arc Board, thereby missing out on having all interests equally represented.

Sound unfair? Fortunately, that's where Affirmative Action comes in. In Week 3 this semester, Arc will be holding an Annual General Meeting where students can vote on a motion to implement Affirmative Action on Arc Board. In plain terms, that basically means that 50% of the student Board Directors - elected by you - must be women. This is to ensure female students have an equal say in running student life on campus.

Now I mentioned there are already so many incredible, talented women behind the awesome things Arc does - so why do we need Affirmative Action?

Almost everywhere, our society is pervaded by subconscious gender biases. Stacks of studies, facts and figures continue to roll in elucidating the insidious 'boy club' phenomenon, which allows institutionalised sexism to keep women off the higher rungs in the organisational ladder. Even at UNSW, only 23% of professors are women.

More women are needed in leadership, but despite having all the wealth of merit, skills, competencies and all-round fabulousness necessary, it's currently not a level playing field.

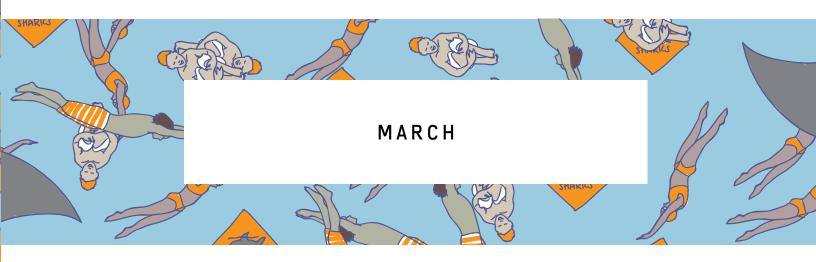
Affirmative Action means recognising this and turning it around, taking positive steps to increase opportunities for women where we've historically been excluded.

As students, I believe we should strive to be leaders on issues of equality and champion change. We should foster an inclusive culture that celebrates diversity and dispels sexist attitudes. We should set an example to the stubborn and myopic codgers of the 'real world' by cheering on our brilliant women teammates when they score, and giving them a equal shot at captaining the squad.

You can get behind your women peers by coming along to the Arc GM on Wednesday 16th March, grabbing a free sausage sizzle and voting 'Yes' to Affirmative Action for Women on Arc Board!

Contact women@arc.unsw.edu.au for more info.





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IMPORTANT DATES:

ST PATRICKS DAY
GOOD FRIDAY (PUBLIC HOLIDAY)
MID-SEMESTER BREAK
EASTER DAY
EASTER MONDAY (PUBLIC HOLIDAY)

MARCH 17TH MARCH 25TH MARCH 26TH MARCH 27TH MARCH 28TH

