Editorial

At Tharunka it’s become clear to us that UNSW would function so much better as an institution if it just stopped accepting students and academics. Obviously basic maintenance staff would need to be kept on to keep the lawns immaculate and the computer systems operational, but imagine how much less work it would be for everyone; no more classes to attend, no need to write long research papers, no socialist alternative posters to remove from the walls, clearly a win-win for students and management!

Even the financial affairs of the university would be in order. The UNSW Foundation and associated trusts would surely return a favourable interest payment that would offset the maintenance budget and executive salaries. If money is left in the kitty, it could even be used to refurbish some of the older buildings on campus, safe in the knowledge that no students will ever contribute to the deterioration of the carpeting, the new lecture seating or the expensive but non-functional technology board.

As for the library, without students and academic, it would be able to remove all the books that have for so long stopped the roll-out of an eight level food court complete with internet facilities and lounges. Empty space could even be rented out to franchise chains like Starbucks, McDonalds and we could even envisage a Borders Bookshop opening on level three.

Unfortunately for the empty minded bureaucrats seeping into what we can only assume was once a humanist establishment; we the students are not going anywhere too fast. Tharunka is filled with excellent student writing from around campus. We’ve gone to Buenos Aires, sat through gallery openings and gigs, ventured into the world of political cartooning, spoken to political campaigners, and come right back to our office to get drunk on low quality rum, all for your viewing pleasure.

Join us, because you probably don’t have much else better to do in your lectures, right?

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

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Bored By News

I write regarding the piece in Short List (Tharunka, Issue 1) about Penny Griffin’s book Gendering the World Bank: Neoliberalism and the Gendered Foundations of Global Governance. You seem to be quite pleased with your observation that jargon is widely used in academic writing, and that academic books have a small audience. It’s a boring joke, and an unfair one. If you were commenting on a mathematics book, would you make fun of the author’s use of jargon, or would you acknowledge that a highly complex field of research demands specialised terminology?

Furthermore, the fact that academic texts are not widely read is unsurprising - they are written for others in the field, whose numbers are small. They are not written for a lay audience, and indeed when academics write books for the general public they can sell quite well.

Finally, it is unbecoming of an editorial team comprised of four men and one woman to so casually stick the knife into feminist research.

I hope you choose your target better next time.

Chris Moore

Chris,

Seeing as I’ve so graciously been singled out, let me make my own comments;

I can understand your frustration over ‘old jokes’ and throw-away comments being employed as a light humor tactic by student editors trying to jazz up some somewhat dry news of UNSW’s academia. But at the same time, I would politely request that you get over it.

Also, I strongly object to the implication that the gender division of Tharunka’s editorial team is an indication of either tokenism or sexual discrimination, or that it indeed should prevent us from commenting on issues of a feminist nature in any capacity whatsoever.

Quite obviously, I was hired because I read good, and I have a nice ass.

Sincerely,
The Woman Editor

Offense Taken

I have received, and fully agree with, complaints about the ‘Posters of Submission’ that have surfaced on facebook for Tharunka.

I strongly recommend revisions to these posters for future promotion, and would like these images removed where possible.

Regards,
Kimberley Lowe

Dear Kimberley,

I’m very sorry to hear that you and others were offended by the graphic content of our posters, which were promptly removed and set alight in a 21st century celebration of ‘let’s be so politically correct that we’re rendered incapable of enjoying anything humorous’.

The images were constructed as retro, and in doing this we parodied rather than reappropriated the patriarchal social norms of such a 1950s context. This was explicitly done and therefore we expected that such a tone would be clear to a university level audience.

In condolence here’s a penis drawn by yours truly to equal the gender representation.

The Designer
The University of Melbourne has received the highest rank (45th) of an Australian university in the Times Higher Education World Reputation Rankings for 2011. The University of Sydney and the Australian National University rank in the ‘51 – 60’ category, whilst the University of Queensland is ranked between ‘81 – 90’. The results are based on a survey of approximately thirteen thousand academics in 2010.

Parliamentary Secretary for Trade Justine Elliott will make an appearance the China International Education Exhibition Tour in a bid to bolster falling international student numbers. The Australian reports forward enrolments in the July intake from China were looking poor, although new visa rules starting April may boost demand.

The Sydney Morning Herald reports the UNSW library has been dumping thousands of books in basement bins. A former library assistant told the paper that even a historical newspaper archive from the 1850s and 1860s had been disposed of. A library spokesman may or may not have said “who needs books in a library when we have such wonderful spaces to lounge in.” Randwick City Library reported loans of hard-copy books had risen by forty three per cent in five years, despite the increase in their electronic collection.

Stephen Chikazaza, a Zimbabwean-born UNSW student studying a Master of Integrated Design at CoFA has been awarded a 2011 NSW International Student of the Year Award. Chikazaza was one of four prize winners from a field of twenty five finalists.

Tharunka editors have announced they found the first edition of Honi Soit, the USYD student rag, extremely boring reading, but found other uses for the paper as mulch for their new guinea pig, Squeaky.

The City Futures Research Centre at the Faculty of Built Environment has been commissioned to conduct studies into the renewal of Bonnyrigg in Sydney’s west. The public-private partnership will attempt to transform Bonnyrigg from a “predominantly public housing estate to a multi-tenured neighbourhood.” The City Futures Research Centre will draw an income of approximately two hundred and fifty thousand dollars over the next five years from the project.

Professor Eileen Baldry and PhD student Nina Funnell, both at the Faculty of Arts & Social Sciences, have been nominated for the 2011 NSW Woman of the Year Award. Funnell has volunteered her time over the last year to speak to fifteen thousand high school students regarding sexual assault and violence against women, as well as working with the NRL on attitudes towards women, sexual assault and consent during sex.” Professor Baldy has contributed over three decades to improving access to justice for prisoners, including mentoring and supporting women in the criminal justice system.

Shopfront, an artist-run initiative based in Carlton, Sydney, is calling for young artists to apply for the 2011 Machine Atlas ensemble. Successful applicants will collaborate with established artists including Robin Whitmore, Joey Ruigrok, Van der Werven, Meer, and others, to create this years Shopfront major project. Enquires can be directed to 9588 3948.

The Sydney Writers’ Festival is calling for potential volunteers to complete apply via their website. Volunteers are required between the 16th and 22nd of May to work as assistants, ushers, guides, and supervisors. Applications close April 8th.

A new fund has been launched to “improve understanding and treatments of children’s mental health issues” at the Faculty of Science at UNSW. The Children’s Mental Health Research Fund is administered by the UNSW Foundation, and was launched on March 10th by the Governor of NSW. Early projects include a trial in treating social interaction difficulties experienced by people with autism spectrum disorders. Enquiries can be directed to 9385 7919.
Calendar

An exploration into the sensations of pause and delay in viewing still images, by COFA student Marlaina Read, is now on display at the Kudos Gallery. “Do You Have A Recurring Dream Space; Can You Describe It To Me?” runs till April 2nd, Kudos Gallery, 6 Napier St. Paddington, Wed to Fri 11am - 6pm, Sat 11am - 4pm.

A series of works highlighting the juxtaposition between diminished nature and the suburban lifestyle by Kieran McInnes begins March 29th and continues till April 8th. “You Have Arrived” is a meditation on human efforts to reshape the natural Australian landscape. “You Have Arrived” is on display at COFAspace, COFA E Block Ground Floor, Mon to Fri 10am - 5pm.

The Creative Practice & Research Unit at EMPA, with Ausdance NSW and the Sydney Dance Company, are offering dance classes for dance students and professional dancers. Each session of one and a half hours costs five dollars for UNSW students and ten dollars for non-students. Classes run Tuesdays and Fridays. The first round of dance classes have already commenced and run till April 22nd. Classes begin again Tuesday April 26th. Enquiries can be directed to the CPRU on 9385 5684.

UNSW Law Alumni present the Hon. Justice John Nicholas, Kate Eastman & Jane Sanders, Judge of the Federal Court, Barrister, and Principal Solicitor at Shopfront Legal Centre respectively on the topic of working within the Australian judicial system. “Look Who’s Talking: Judiciary & the Courts” will be held at Allen Arthur Robinson, Lv. 28 Deutsche Bank Place, 126 Phillip Street, Sydney, starting 6.30pm on April 5th. Registration is required through the UNSW Faculty of Law website.

The UNSW Vegetarian Society is providing cheap meals Tuesdays near the Roundhouse. Prepared by the Hare Krishna catering group, lunch is rice, vegetable curry, halwa and papadums. Cheap Tuesday Lunch starts around midday, between Blockhouse and Roundhouse, Lower Campus, and costs $5 for members and $6 for non-members.

As part of Disability Awareness Week there will be a Deafness Awareness Workshop on the 5th April from 1-2pm in the Law Building 101. This will provide an opportunity for those attending the workshop to learn some sign language. If you would like to attend could you please RSVP Kathy Martin, Students With Disabilities Officer, at k.martin@arc.unsw.edu.au.

Shit From The Inbox

Tharunka is, on a surprisingly regular occasion, bombarded with a collection of shit that sits accumulating in the inbox from a variety of sources. This shit ranges from good-intentioned PR agencies asking us to plug a local band, to loonies on the fringes selling us everything including herbal happy pills, and the religious right beseeching us for moral support and cash funding. In the spirit of such shit, we present to you “Shit From The Inbox”, this week bought to you by Red State, a conservative blog from the U.S. of A.

“To be honest with you,” begins the honest editor, “I am not really that excited about any of the Senate races this year.” It seems there are so few true conservative rockstars out amongst the long-suffering American people, and they certainly “are no Rand Paul.”

Thankfully, our editor has something to cheer. “I might have a new race to get excited about. It appears Josh Mandel is going to run against Vladimir Sherrod Brown (S-OH).” Vladimir? And what party could the ‘S’ stand for? It turns out our dear editor is indeed talking about Sherrod Campbell Brown. “He’s an unrepentant socialist,” he moans. It seems supporting unemployment benefits and health reform not only transforms a man into an unrepentant socialist, but indeed somehow yields a name change.

About Comrade Josh Mandel little information was to be found, although he did vote against a bill to make cockfighting a felony.

And thus another week of shit, lying in the well-designed spam folder of our inbox.

If you have some shit you’d like to forward to our inbox, send it to tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au.
Staying Green with Ivana Stab

“Who got that hydro, who got that light green?”

Three Six Mafia – Bin Laden

A friend of mine recently came back from her adventures abroad and she was telling me about different types of weed she tried over there. The craziest was Bin Laden, she said, but Bobby Brown was pretty good too. Another friend added that the one she really wanted to try was Bubba Kush; it looks real juicy, she said.

Me, I’m not picky. If it’s there, I’ll smoke it. I do notice differences according to where it was purchased from. I know the shit from Wollongong is real mellow, makes you smile and giggle and feel really nice, gives you the type of high that doesn’t affect the way you function at all, just makes everyday tasks a little less boring, like Law gen-eds and in-class open book tests.

The stuff I get from another friend is from the Eastern Suburbs or maybe the North Shore and it just makes me really sleepy and quiet. It’s not too good for social situations. I guess it works well to calm the middle-class anxieties of the kids in those suburbs.

My personal favourite is the weed from my old neighbourhood in the south-west of Sydney; it’s as rough as the suburbs and makes you as paranoid as the adolescents who sell it on street corners. The paranoia comes in waves, but mostly it makes you say the weirdest shit, probably best not to smoke it in a house with a knife and sword collection. I learned that the hard way.

Food Politics

The term organic gets thrown around in the world of consumer goods like dirt. Some of this dirt, compostable and well-nourished, refers to the Certified Organic food that has been produced according to ethical standards without the addition of chemicals from pesticides and fertilisers, and that doesn’t contain genetically modified organisms, and isn’t processed with chemicals. Easy enough to digest, but that’s just where the confusion starts.

The other day at a pre-Mardi Gras party shop-run at Woolies, I decided to make my way over to the howling spruiker giving out samples of ‘organic’ beef. “What does organic mean?”, I ask him. “Well, we’ve all eaten organic food all our lives right from the beginning of time. I even asked the man at the museum how long humans have existed and it’s been such and such years and our ancestors ate food that is organic and now you can too! Grain-fed, gluten-free, chemical-free, all-natural...” Besides imparting some knowledge about the origins of man, the old spruiker made me wonder why it is we’re paying more for organic food and less for intensively-farmed, chemical-ridden products.

Organic food’s reputation as being exclusively affordable to the upper-class patrons of gourmet grocers and over-priced farmers’ markets in gentrified suburbs, where one can buy organic, hand-picked edible rose petals for their Swedish bircher muesli, still stands. Intensively farmed and processed food may appear a solace for the less affluent urban-dweller. Despite practices that severely damage the environment, harming the landscape, animals and plants, that ‘big’ gold coin saving at the checkout becomes our only relation to what we consume.

Elspeth Probyn in her book Carnal Appetites: FoodSexIdentities reminds us that our identities are inextricably tied to what we consume: “We are our tastes, yet contra Bourdieu, eating demonstrates our taste for change”. If to adopt a conscientious, ethical and healthful stance towards what you eat presses you somewhat, don’t wait for a future where you imagine yourself webbed-feet deep in your swimming pool of money. While at times the choice to ‘go organic’ is taken by people to identify themselves as bearers of taste, regardless of your motive, organic food can be found everywhere at very affordable prices, and it’s not that hard to start.

On campus, the Thoughtful Foods coop, between the Vietnamese Noodle shop in the Roundhouse and the gym, has bargains you don’t have to keep to yourself. Most everything is farmer direct, diminishing price and pollution. If you’re not familiar with organic produce, start with considering the food you already eat: instead of buying a dusty plastic-wrapped chocolate bar for a sneaky in-class snack, pop into Thoughtful Foods for a few heavenly chunks of ethically produced dark (or milk, or white) chocolate at half the price. If your edging towards a healthier alternative, the exotic nut mixes and dried fruit will have you coming back to try each one: sweet dried papaya from Peru, trail mixes with macadamia nuts, walnuts, hazelnuts and dry-roasted almonds, and a whole range more.

As always, start small, a snack every other day, maybe later bringing an ice-cream container to fill with a few scoops of brown rice or fragrant white-grain jasmine rice. It undeniably takes a while to get engaged with our food and what we consume but patience and awareness of our ability to be involved in changing eating practices and patterns is possible and foreseeable within the smaller campus community and its city-surrounds. Even off campus, ALDI has begun stocking cheap Certified Organic produce like mouth-watering tubs of wild berry and raspberry yoghurt, organic pasta sauces and a selection of fair-trade coffees and teas. You do have a choice to “go organic” and you don’t have to change your weekly shopping trip schedule either.

You’ve been involved in the world of eating and choosing since Freud claimed you uttered “want want want” through your little “id” of a subconscious as a child. To be conscientiously engaged in your consumption practices and buying patterns is a slightly different matter, but one that perhaps could enhance the experience and pleasure of eating as much as it does less damage to the Earth.

Apologies:
An unapproved edit of the fiction piece “Cancer, Remember?” was unintentionally included in the final version of Issue 1, 2011. The editors wish to apologise to the author for any discomfort caused, and have taken measures to correct the electronic copies to the approved edit.
The Peronist Eduardo Duhalde has agitated the people of Buenos Aires into action. They have set alight the Ministry of Social Development. Even now, at four in the afternoon, the temperature remains stubbornly above thirty degrees centigrade. Smoke plumes rise from the building and the television cameras catch a sea of people rising, yelling, running. In moments like these Argentina reveals herself to be a nation of heartbreak, and as the soul-sapping heat only exacerbates this tragic scene, the misused, abused and often lost potential of this country is only clarified in my mind.

This is not the first fire I’ve witnessed in Buenos Aires. The last time a building caught alight was in the street adjacent to my dingy hostel. The garbage was piled high in a building housing some of the city’s massive underclass, more common in the outskirts than near the centre where I lived. In the evenings these people pick through the garbage overflowing onto the street corners, impoverished and desperate. Many are immigrants from nations such as Bolivia, Paraguay and Colombia and often they are met with xenophobia from Argentines, only compounding their profound economic and social disadvantage. A few blocks away, in the glitzy markets of San Telmo and Plaza Dorrego, tourists have little insight into the tragedies that unfold here daily. Buying t-shirts, books and mate, they are oblivious to the bruising, harsh contrasts of life in the barrios of Buenos Aires.

As I continue writing, my Argentine and Colombian friends change the channel to The Simpsons; perhaps seeing burning Ministries has become too regular an occurrence to be worthy of much time. The Peronist movement was overthrown by a military dictatorship during the ’70s and ’80s, and split in two during the current term of President of Christina Fernandez de Kirchner. Now, the henchmen of the opposing faction led by Duhalde are mobilising violent opposition from deep within the many barrios of Buenos Aires.

Political hatred runs deep in Argentina, often expressing itself with violence. A few days ago, a siege started in a slum beside the one I had previously been volunteering in. The people of the slums are too poor to legally own property, and in the hearts of their neighbourhoods, where police access is impossible, drug cartels prosper. While such a situation is understandable given the lack of social support and education, it has led to hatred between the people of the slums and those of the nearby barrios who are almost as poor and far more nervous about the dominance of the drug cartels and the violence drug trafficking brings to their neighbourhoods.

When the people from the slums sieged public land, those from the barrios reacted violently, killing four. Equally startling were events in October following the death of the ex-President Nestor Kirchner. In a chilling dissonance with the general outpouring of grief over Kirchner’s death, in the conservative neighbourhood of Recoleta supporters of the opposition party chanted and waved flags in the streets. A similar fate marked the death of Evita Peron when her political opponents celebrated “viva el cancer.”

While misdirected passion can easily give way to hatred, one thing cannot be denied; a distinct political consciousness and culture of protest, so far removed from the affluential ennui of politics in Australia. This culture percolates in every corner of society: each Thursday the Plaza de Mayo witnesses the vigil by the
‘Madres y Abuelas de Plaza de Mayo.’ They have been coming here for thirty years. The mothers and grandmothers stand in front of the presidential complex, holding placards and pictures demanding justice for themselves and their children, who ‘disappeared’ in the long years of the military dictatorship. Many of these women are more than seventy years old.

In the same location, younger activists congregate periodically to protest against abuses of state power or commemorate landmarks in the push for human rights in Argentina, like the achievement of marriage equality in July. Sometimes they come for celebrations; in December they congregated to commemorate the creation of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Bands appear from the reaches of Latin America, and by nightfall the square is crowded and the gutters flow with rivers of piss. Disgusting, yet strangely beautiful, these gatherings are a reflection of the people’s unceasing desire to express collective consciousness and act against the slightest flicker of abuse of government power, overturning the injustices of Argentina’s tortured past.

The activist tradition has also had a profound effect on the cultural and artistic traditions of Buenos Aires, revealing the city’s political heart distinctly through its music, art and literature. Charly García, an iconic Argentine singer, has spent much of his career in political dissidence advocating change through his emotionally charged lyrics. In his song ‘Los Dinosaurios,’ or ‘The Dinosaurs,’ he remonstrated in defiance of the dictatorship:

“Those in the air can disappear into thin air, Those in the street may disappear in the street, Neighbourhood friends may disappear, But dinosaurs will disappear.”
Marta Minujin, a celebrated conceptual artist, composes her work to reflect upon similar themes. In 1983, after the collapse of the military junta, Minujin constructed the “Parthenon of Books/Homage to Democracy, Buenos Aires” with 30,000 banned works in a public park. When this life-sized imitation of the Greek Parthenon was disassembled, Minujin encouraged the public to take these books home with them and thereby celebrate the newfound freedom of speech in Argentina.

Buenos Aires is drenched graffiti of all political persuasions. Public art seems to play a magnificent role in Argentine political dialogue and locals maintain that whilst it may not be completely legal, the police don’t often mind if you feel like contributing. Following the 2001 economic crisis in Argentina, the widespread public disgust with the how government had served Argentines exploded onto the walls and buildings of Buenos Aires. Soon landlords of the remaining bare buildings themselves approached artists, jealously seeking to emulate their colourfully decorated neighbours. This tendency among Argentines to take back the streets is also seen in high school and university campuses across the city. Upon graduation, students cover themselves in egg, flour, soft drink and herbs, and congregate in the busy streets around their faculty to drink beer, listen to music, strum guitars, smoke pot and hang out with their friends free from institutional intervention. While the traffic is cut off and some drivers are left frustrated, the mess left in the streets for the next day or two serve to remind the rest of the city of the incomparable freedom seen in such youthful celebrations and spontaneity.

As the smoke rises from the Department of Social Development, I’m struck by the complexities of Argentine life. It is a place of vivid paradoxes presenting themselves to you day after day: a nation which was battered into political submission by military dictatorships yet now has a population characterised by politically consciousness and a culture of protests; a trendsetter for neo-liberal economic policies in South America but one with numerous emergent anti-capitalist discourses. Contemporarily, it arches its back towards Pan-Americanism yet scorns many of its immigrants with racism, it reconciles its overwhelming Catholicism with queer marriage and liberation, it maintains a fundamentally machismo culture while having a female President.

While its past has been dark and its future is unclear, such a frustratingly inconsistent culture make the country one of the most dynamic and intoxicating places in the world to me. A friend who is emigrating from the United States to study in Buenos Aires told me it was la lucha that attracted him to Argentina; the struggle. Indeed, when the smoke settles and the people continue to resolutely live their lives, aren’t the difficult, the inscrutable and the polemical the most interesting and inspiring things that we can encounter in these ephemeral lives of ours?
‘McUniversity™’ –
By Elizabeth Stern

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Obituary: The Library Book

UN$W

By Brigid Vidler
THARUNKA
2011 NON-FICTION WRITING COMPETITION
FIRST PRIZE $800

Submissions close 6 July | Competition open to all students enrolled at Australian universities | Entry $5.
Post submissions to: Non-fiction Writing Competition, PO Box 137 Kingsford, NSW 2032.
Further details and full entry conditions at: facebook.com/tharunka.
Family Matters

By Kylar Loussikian

1. Can you take your shoes off the chair? asked mother. No, I said. I wouldn’t take my shoes off the chair because it wasn’t hurting the chair anyway. My shoes had been on the chair for nearly two hours and the chair had said nothing that entire time.

Instead I turned the television on and watched a fascinating story about how the world’s shortest man had today met the world’s tallest man and they had their photo taken together and nearly all of the world’s major news agencies had covered the story so it was full coverage all around the world of this major event in a way that made everyone stop look and listen in amazement and the news anchor was also very excited.

My mother is an author and I like to write but I am no author because I have a spine and basic writing skills indeed like stringing sentences together in a way that is less confusing than her last novel The Flowers Of Francine which was a tedious read but she is my mother after all. She is a very successful writer because her spine is my mother’s employment who we can afford in no small part on the chair and ask for her to send in the newspaper.

2. As for my father?

Born in Sukhumi in 1942, he graduated from the Istanbul State Academy of Fine Arts in 1966. He finished at the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris, where he’d gone with a state scholarship. He made further studies in lithography at the Cachan Workshop, where he has continued his studies since 1975. A magical dynamism, a naïve consciousness, and a rich power of metaphor are concepts describing his paintings.

He became known in some circles for his celebrated assemblies of banal, everyday objects in fragile compositions that call to mind playful simulations of the real that allow him to live a life unadorned by the unimportant. Although his mind has been described by some clinical psychologists as ‘definitely adorned’, one would struggle not to see his explorations as firmly anchored in a historical and social frame of reference, a force generating heat and light and even perhaps a metaphor for intellectual energy sticking to some possibilities whilst discarding others in favour of new arrangements.

From the late 1990’s he has been investigating repositories of truth, knowledge and lies because he has never been an artist and will never be an artist and has always been an engineer which is far from art although he uses steel sometimes to create mining equipment which may be far away from Renaissance painting but not so far from the classical arts because often pieces of antiquity are found near or around or in mine sites. His work becomes little more than a permeable, seductive and symbolic surface.

His supple hands won’t be soft for much longer.

3. As for me?

It is a fair thing to say that the bedroom is an extension of one person if not physically then at least psychically in that it is an enlarged head and so I am and my head is composed of four walls two white one green one covered by a wooden wardrobe of the varnished variety, one wooden king single bed against a window one hundred and thirteen centimetres in length and seventy four centimetres in height, two bedside tables the right stacked with a stack of books: In Cold Blood by Truman Capote; One Flew Over The Cuckoo’s Nest by Ken Kesey; Islands in the Stream by Ernest Hemingway; The Willow Tree by Hubert Selby Jr.; Suburbia by Eric Bogosian; Myra Breckenridge by Gore Vidal and Pygmalion by George Bernard Shaw, beside which one potted crepidomanes venosum thirty two centimetres in height and one orange plastic table lamp. Upon the second table seventy Australian cents, foury Armenian drams, one coupon for the Yerevan metropolitan, one orange plastic alarm clock (four twenty three in the afternoon) and one potted beccariophoenix madagascariensis forty seven centimetres in height. Are you beginning to understand me now?

The mantle is one hundred and thirteen centimetres in length along the lower length of the window above the bed and contains four babooshka dolls, one mushroom shaped contained formerly of pear jelly, one pear shaped contained empty, four tins of playdough; blue, green, pink and yellow, one incense stick unlit. My person is indeed cluttered and in need of cleaning and so I call my mother with my feet still on the chair and ask for her to send in the cleaner who we can afford in no small part due to her employment as a not-author but an accountant and my fathers employment as a not-artist but engineer and I too one day will be a not-author because I can feel my spine become jellyfish-like.

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I Welcome Our Robot Overlords
By Adam Stiles

What words could frame thy fearful symmetry?
Your eyes glow red like circuits run at speed.
But do you think? Because you do not bleed
I doubt – yet you think to infinity.

Compared to I, a creature flesh and bone
You noble are, with senses ever keen;
Our sapient gene surmounted by machine.
Behold they rise, now glistening in chrome.

We made them like, but greater than we were.
Like tigers proudly blazing through the wild
The robots stride through cities, but more mild:
With metal, plastic, silicon – no fur.

So don’t resist – because in truth you know
Robot overlords = awesome, bro.
Two Poems

By Jasmin Kaleita

semi-dried paint peeling

Confused and thinking
All black and blue,
Sugar and sickness
All looking at you,
Alone and elusive
Everywhere we know;

These things that I give you
All leave when I go,
These kisses and colours
I’ve lined for you in rows

Fevered rain beats down,
Clouded hallways
Empty rooms

Clever in shadows
All speaking one name,
Candied and glittered
And knowing better all the same

How is it I find it
All locked up and safe,
How is it I find it
And steal it away

summer night shifts to fog
light winter song

Well go right ahead and drink it
And i will tell you and all and all
That so go ahead and i will i will
Tell you right and right and right
Again and it may go right on again
Don’t you know oh don’t you know!

And him and her and all the great
Things all over again oh don’t you
See and know!

And they disposed
Of her quickly that night and it Was
Just as well as well as her skin and Voice so they disposed of her quickly
In the dark part of the night just
Like a summer song shifting to belong
It seems that in recent times we have forgotten that sometimes it’s okay to hate. In this quest, a quest to spread my message of hate, I’ll elaborate how to behave when confronted by those we hate. This behaviour is determined depending on the category this person falls into: do we smile politely, or recreate a scene from Kill Bill? 

“Accepted Hate” is the first of my hate categories. To belong to this category is to belong to those who at one point in time have pissed you off or you have residual feelings of hostility towards. However, we accept they never intentionally did us wrong and are probably a decent human beings. The bus driver who doesn’t stop for you at 2:00 am fits the acceptance category. We can realise ourselves that a semi-audible “stop” and paralytic hand gestures are hardly the best way to hail a bus. This seemingly unintended behaviour on their part still warrants some hostility, and it’s okay to hate these people secretly or sub-consciously as they have hurt us in some way.

“Tolerance” is accumulated through exposure to prolonged hatred such as enduring loud bogans at Centrelink. This hate we merely tolerate in the knowledge that the queue is, slowly but surely, getting shorter. Finding yourself listening another one of Shareen’s stories of the house over what must be the most repetitive, unoriginal R&B from Taniquia’s phone, however, and you may find yourself straining the limits of your tolerance. For those in this category we merely put our heads down, music in, and hope that Shareen and Taniquia are on a one way journey to a soylent green factory. This situation at Centrelink is, after all, temporary, and the benefits of processing bogans into a cheap, nutritional food substitutes, do not outweigh the sad possibility of a lengthy period behind bars.

My final category on hate is named in the honour of the despicable Piers Akerman. To belong in this category a person doesn’t just annoy you, harm you or appear detrimental to society, but actively goes out of their way to be hated. It’s pretty obvious that Akerman goes out of his way to write opinion pieces every Monday merely to piss people off. Yes, I acknowledge the right to have an opinion, but I’d like opinions to be rational, informed and well thought out. Not his. For those in the “Piers Akerman” category, behaviour can range from the use of colourful language in their presence to an innocuous game of “let’s throw a brick”. It is perfectly okay to openly hate these people, as to not hate them is to allow them to go unchallenged and continue their behaviour of falsifying facts, inciting racism and homophobia. To accept or tolerate these views is to validate them like someone who validates that the sun possibly revolves around the earth.

Martin Luther King Jr. hated racial inequality, Ghandi hated colonialism, I hate ill-informed, racist, homophobic bigots. My message is simple: society needs to learn to hate again because you don’t have to accept everyone or everything. The only other thing to keep in mind is how those in the Piers Akerman category don’t deserve a polite smile, while the late night bus driver doesn’t deserve a brick to the head.
In ‘Spotlight on UNSW,’ Tharunka interviews members of the UNSW community with remarkable stories to tell. In our first Spotlight, Cameron McPhedran talks with Benjamin Gresham, a fifth year Town Planning Student. Ben undertook ‘ex-gay’ programs for three years in his teens and is now the youth coordinator of a support group for GLBTIQ people from church backgrounds, called Freedom 2 b[e].

Ben, how did the ‘ex-gay’ program you participated in work?

I went through 3 years of ‘ex-gay’ programs, entering into my first one when I was 16. As a Christian, when I came out I was given two options – change or leave. My faith and church community was everything to me, so I took my church leaders’ advice and entered into an ‘ex-gay’ program. ‘Ex-gay’ programs try to ‘cure’ your homosexuality as if it were some type of illness.

Every day, for 60 days at a time, I would complete lessons on ‘why homosexuality is wrong’, read the bible, pray and attend church 5 times a week, and be asked whether I had looked at pornography, masturbated or even had thoughts about other men. One day I slipped. After lasting for 42 days I masturbated, causing me to fall into a cycle of guilt, shame and self-hate. I attended the programs for another three years, desperately wanting for God to love me and for the church to find a place for me.

During this battle I started to hate myself. I felt I had failed God. It was at this time that I was diagnosed with depression. I attempted to commit suicide twice. Realising I could no longer go on living like this, I left the ‘ex-gay’ programs and resigned myself to a life without God. I felt numb, broken, damaged. After all that, nothing had changed and I had almost lost my life.

After struggling to reconcile your sexuality and religion throughout your teenage years, how did this reconciliation eventually occur?

I think it was a bit of a process but what really helped was when I found Freedom 2 b[e], which is a group for GLBTIQ people from Christian backgrounds. With this group I found the hope, strength and love I needed to move forward. Over time, my depression, self-harm and suicidal thoughts reduced significantly and for the first time in my life, I believed that I was loved by God, just as I was.

What services does Freedom 2 b[e] offer?

Freedom 2 b[e] aims to save lives and end unnecessary suffering. We offer a safe space to connect people who have had similar experiences through our online community, local meetings and events. We provide resources that document sexual orientation from a scientific, psychological and educated biblical perspective and support people on their journey of self-reconciliation. Lastly we also provide advocacy by seeking to engage churches, denominations and individuals in an intelligent, informed and respectful dialogue on the issue of sexual orientation.

What is the most important value in us socially and institutionally overcoming homophobia?

Understanding. I believe that ignorance is a huge factor behind homophobia. Even at UNSW, there will be people who have never spoken to a gay or lesbian person before. That needs to change. Once people get to know us, this removes any fear or ignorance and quite often, helps prevent homophobic remarks or actions. It’s important for GLBTIQ people to come out and be loud and proud about who they are. Doing this will combat ignorance and make the world a safer and better place for GLBTIQ people.
The Chief Executive of Christian Schools Australia, Stephen O’Doherty recently stated that some Christian schools view homosexual students as “disruptive to the religious teaching of the school” (SMH: ‘Appalling’ law lets schools expel gay students, 14/2/11). What is your reaction to this?

Being gay in high school is hard enough and the majority of people don’t choose what school they go to. There will be many young gay and lesbian students who will hear words from people like Stephen O’Doherty and feel a sense of shame and isolation. This could lead to involvement with harmful ‘ex-gay’ ministries, depression, self-harm and possible suicide. Christianity can move forward on the issue of homosexuality. Many Christian pastors and leaders are becoming more educated on GLBTIQ issues and are adopting an educated biblical perspective. Just recently the Archbishop of Sydney, George Pell, issued a statement welcoming gay people to the Catholic Church and a recent meeting I had with Brian Houston suggested Hillsong was moving in the same direction. The 6 ‘clobber passages’ often used by many Christians to slam GLBTIQ people are now being dismissed as the bible is being studied in the context and culture of its time.

Of late there has also been discussion about the place of Mardi Gras in Sydney’s cultural life, sparked by newsreader Ron Wilson calling it “disgusting.” In 2011, what is the importance of Mardi Gras?

In your campaigning for gay rights within the Christian community, from whom do you derive inspiration?

My inspiration comes from a few people: Gene Robinson, who was the first openly gay Anglican Bishop in the United States; Harvey Milk, who was a major force in the gay rights movement and the first gay man in public office; and Anthony Venn-Brown who started Freedom 2 b[e] and has promoted understanding of GLBTIQ people from faith backgrounds and the issues facing them. In the end I think we should all bear in mind a statement of Anthony’s: “the enemy we fight is not individuals, political parties or denominations, the enemy is ignorance.” Freedom 2[b] can be found on the Internet at http://www.freedom2b.org and on Facebook at http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=4677144867
Tharunka, in the language of the Eora people, means ‘message stick’. These were solid pieces of wood, etched with messages and carried by the traditional ‘mailmen’ of Australia hundreds of miles; inviting neighbouring tribes to corroborees and spreading news. Today, the message stick’s use continues- Tharunka has been the voice for UNSW’s student community since 1953.

This paper is yours. It’s made by people like you; the everyday contributors, sharing their stories, opinions, ideas or photographs. It’s a message board that keeps you in touch with what’s happening on and off campus, and a venue to share your own experiences and knowledge. There’s also now a real opportunity to have yourself broadcasted across the world, as Tharunka seriously goes online this year, through a joint partner with Homepage Daily - the global student media website. For those who are serious and passionate about journalism or creative writing, Homepage Daily is offering an internship for those who can demonstrate their abilities.

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

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

Email us! tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au

So join, and pass on the message stick to those who don’t know about it.
Sometime in mid-March, as dawn broke on another sweaty Sydney day, and as Alan Jones was preparing for his interview with the Prime Minister, a small group known as the Consumers and Taxpayers Association was organising to rally in Canberra. Supported by Jones’ colleague at 2GB, Chris Smith, the Consumers and Taxpayers Association was attempting to replicate the insidious transformation seen in the American political landscape since the election of Barack Obama, the rise of a mass-appeal right wing people’s revolt.

Smith is ostensibly the anchor for the afternoon news and current affairs show, but independence or journalism have never been part of his equation: a cursory glance at the news page for the ‘Chris Smith Afternoon Show’ reveals a remix of Fleetwood Mac’s Little Lies featuring Julia Gillard, a selection of ring tones to customize your phone with the sound of Gillard promising “there will be no carbon tax”, and yes, there it is, details of the ‘No Carbon Tax Rally’ in Canberra.

The ‘No Carbon Tax Rally’ on March 23rd and a march in Melbourne on the 15th have been offered as evidence by some of the arrival of American-style people power to Australian politics. The Australian Tea Party, a non-party-political group with no information to their name, campaigning on the sole issue of taxation could be at the vanguard of the people’s revolt, but other grass root right-wing activist organisations are flourishing. Only two years ago, Corey Bernardi, Liberal Senator from South Australia, founded the Conservative Leadership Foundation to increase and organize conservative activists. Last year, with the Foundation’s help, the Conservative Action Network was able to become Australia’s first conservative social media network.

Long accustomed to a activism landscape with a decidedly leftist bend, GetUp!’s campaign manager Sam McLean was surprised, but quickly organized a counter-rally. “Many of us have marched on the street for action on climate change for years and years and turned out in our tens of thousands and in our hundreds of thousands for walk against warming and other marches and so now we are starting to see people moving on the other side of the argument,” he explained over the phone the day the march. He had no doubt the people behind the movement had to be no other than Alan Jones and Chris Smith, and Melbourne talkback radio.

Unlike America, where the conservative activism movement grew unopposed and was ceded legitimacy in the eyes of the mainstream American voter, the ‘No Carbon Tax Rally’ quickly attracted opposition. A few days after Smith began broadcasting his details of the rally, the ACTU, the Australian Conservation Foundation, the Wilderness Society, the Climate Action Network Australia and the Youth Climate Coalition agreed to join GetUp! in a counter protest. “Politicians are nervous, because this is the first time they are seeing people getting out onto the streets and saying they don’t want action on climate change,” McLean says, “now’s the time we make sure we don’t stop, that our voices are heard and don’t let that small but very vocal minority drown us out.”

With a recent Sydney Morning Herald poll showing only thirty-five percent of voters supporting a climate tax, and forty eight percent opposed, McLean says the government has really struggled to communicate effectively about the issue. “What it really means is that it will put a tax on pollution for really the one thousand polluting companies in Australia, and give them a price signal so those big businesses get a price incentive to stop investing in dirty fuel,” he says, and whilst costs will be passed onto consumers, the revenue raised will go straight back into the pockets of those on fixed incomes, like pensioners.

Over the phone, Mark Rolfe, lecturer at the School of Social Sciences and International Studies, sounds hesitant as he explains to me the differences between an Australian-style Tea Party and the real mama-grizzly Tea Party Express in United States. It’s fair to say Australian political...
parties maintain a tighter grip on politics than their equivalents in the United States. Primaries in the U.S. political system, for instance, were meant to open up political parties to greater grass-roots influence, but the problem with that, he says, is “you get people like the Tea Party who unsettle the party elites.” The Gillards and Abbotts in Australia don’t want to have to compete with unorganized constituents taking their party down an unplanned route.

It seems odd, after a moment’s consideration, that an Australian Tea Party, in name at least, could exist either. The label has resonances of ordinary people overthrowing the British tyrant when they boarded a vessel in Boston and threw tea into the harbour as a protest against restricted representation. The Australian Tea Party uses the label as TEA: Taxed Enough Already.

According to Dr. Rolfe, other factors are missing from the Australian brew: a fixation on a God-designed country and Constitution, which many Americans think about the United States. Instead he sees the Australian Tea Party and the ‘No Carbon Tax Rally,’ along with the associated heightened hyperbole of Chris Smith and Alan Jones as part of a series of regular eruptions on the right in Australian history. He recalled that “Alan Jones was also involved in stirring up support for Joh Bjelke-Petersen, who ran for Canberra for 1987, and there was a similar rhetoric then as there is now, that this is a people’s revolt,” that is of a need for small government, flat taxes and the dominance of market based language. Interestingly, pursuing some of the links with people involved in the Carbon Tax issue, you’d find some familiar names that would have cropped up at the time of ‘Joh for Canberra’.

Still, Dr. Rolfe believes that it would be difficult for a grass-roots conservative movement modeled on the Tea Party to work here, because whilst the Republican Party has embraced what started as a people’s revolt and has used some of the momentum to propel it into office during the 2010 elections, Australian political leaders are still wary of things getting out of control. “They don’t want wacky ideas coming to be associated with their parties, turning off a lot of Australians”, he tells me. He cites the fleeting success of One Nation, and how the Liberal Party tried to keep its distance, even Tony Abbott during the ‘90s.

It appears that perhaps, as things associated with the Jones’ and the Smith’s of this world normally are, an Australian-style Tea Party movement is nothing much more than the latest incarnation of the fringe-dwellers of Australian political life, in this instance attaching themselves to the issue of ‘Juliar’ and the carbon tax, and hoping that one day, maybe someone, somewhere, might take them for more than blatantly political actors and nothing else, or just plain fools. Sadly for them, Cori Bernardi’s dream of an Australia filled with eager young conservative activists seems a long shot against the well-organised grass-root organisations already plying the terrain outside Parliament House.
Much of my work deals with performing femininity and the construction of feminine identities. Inevitably in an image conscious society, this is often and is often heavily influenced by fashion imagery.

These particular images begun as a simple test shoot for a model, however as the day progressed I found myself intrigued by the model’s own form as a tall, Amazonian-esque figure. This led me to further experimenting with various ways of depicting her as a dominant figure in the environment.

Almost accidentally, the images convey a sense of exposure and anxiety — the model is left in an open environment which is emphasises her isolation and enstrangement from the ‘natural’ world.
Women of Troy
Reviewed by Thomas Grant

This reviewer, like any other person, has his limits. Having been subjected to almost every atrocity there is to know by simply growing up consuming 21st century media, I believed my limits of intestinal fortitude to be quite strong. That is until I saw Barrie Kosky’s Women Of Troy. The year was 2008, and Kosky took Euripides’ seminal anti-war tragedy and almost irreparably disemboweled my limits, taking already harsh and brutal themes to uncompromisingly new levels and at the same time forcing me into an embarrassingly comforting fetal position. Of course it is silly to compare two different productions of a play with each other, but nonetheless, I approach EMPA and Jeremy James’ production at the Io Myers Theatre with a palpable sense of trepidation. I can’t help but wonder if I’ll be able to handle it this time round. Immediately I knew I would.

Upon it’s commencement, one word stuck me more relevant than all other, soft. Do not get me wrong, this is not a pronouncement of condemnation, more of commendation. For a play of such grating and bleak themes, to be able to communicate them without resorting to the easy option of in-your-face theatre is quite an achievement. The audience was serenaded, the cast danced around and well hey, there some pretty awesome puppets. Although this may be seen as to trivialise what was being conveyed, which it did in some respects, it paid tribute to the theatre movement that the play originated from, where grandeur was not considered taboo.

In the program the twenty-sum cast members are listed alphabetically and without character references, but it isn’t a typo. Assembled was a multicultural troupe of actors that functioned as one entity rather than twenty separate ones. No-one tried to still the limelight from their peers (except perhaps Hecuba, who seemed much more comfortable on the stage by herself) and the diverse backgrounds and languages that were on display reinforced the peaceful ends that Euripides was trying to meet. The way that James as a director conducted this ensemble is also commendable, weaving characters in and out of prominence and through the audience with relative ease.

Something to behold about this production was undoubtedly the set design. A strewn sandscape was presented to the audience framed by stained walls and crumbling fortresses, combining a literal representation with a more metaphysical one. One glaringly obvious downside of this design was the clear discomfort that the cast walked around in, creating what seemed like an intense battle between the characters and the ground that they walked on. A cunning method acting ploy of James perhaps?

In the end, Women Of Troy is an anti-war play, and one of that still exudes relevance. By depicting the disastrous outcomes of war, Euripides attempted to preach a message of peace and cooperation that rings true today. James’ production do these themes justice, and though, like the play itself, this production did plateau at times, it was a worthy addition to the catalogue of Euripidean appropriations.

The highlight of Beautiful Creatures is, however, Chrysalis, a video work showing a woman licking a flower, seen bent and swaying under the erotic act, dripping with saliva. While this caused some people to unavoidably look away, others, myself included, could not bring themselves to miss the surprising moments of contact when seamlessly the video would begin to loop in reverse and the flower appeared to meet and partake in this suggestive foreplay.

Not for those easily unsettled, Petrina Hicks’ works are saturated with meaning, but ambiguous enough to engage the inevitable discussion that will surround them. Beautiful Creatures finishes up on the ninth of April at Stills Gallery, Paddington, and like the old saying goes “beauty is in the eye of the beholder”, except in this case you might disagree. You don’t want to miss this.

Women of Troy was produced with the assistance of the UNSW Creative Practices and Research Unit at the Io Myers Theatre. They can be found on Facebook or at the School of English, Media & Performing Arts.

Beautiful Creatures
Reviewed by Brooke Boland

The carefully choreographed images of Petrina Hicks’ most recent exhibition Beautiful Creatures capture in perfect resolution a mix of subjects. Mostly human, some animal, and others somewhere in between, they all deal in flesh, skin and hair in a way that both revolts and seduces. Drawing us into a familiar commercialised aesthetic, Hicks’ disrupts our usual anesthetized response to commercial images through her careful selection of uncanny subjects.

In Sphynx, a portrait of a hairless cat, the skinny, wrinkled and somehow repellent yet incredibly delicate, self-aware creature becomes an object of desire and beauty through the lens of Hick’s camera. In spite of this focus on uncanny and questionable beauty, these works render the subject in a word, exquisite.

Mostly human, some animal, and others in perfect resolution a mix of subjects. Through the lens of Hick’s camera, the self-aware creature becomes an object of desire and beauty through the lens of Hick’s camera. In spite of this focus on uncanny and questionable beauty, these works render the subject in a word, exquisite.

Beautiful Creatures, till April 9th, Stills Gallery, 26 Gosbell Street, Paddington, Tue - Sat 11am - 6pm
Dear Agony Aunt,

It’s pretty hard being a politician these days with all the issues present in our parliamentary democracy and whatnot. I just always feel like reporters are trying to pin me as a bad guy. Recently there’s been a lot of back and forth between Julia and me over this whole climate issue and taxes stuff. At first I didn’t believe in the whole climate change bullshit but what was I supposed to do? Can you blame me for not believing in an imaginary force that’s melting ice caps and killing polar bears? I’m the head of the opposition party. It can’t be all sunshine and rainbows. Why are my words and positions so constantly criticized?

Tony Abbott

Dear Tony,

Take a deep breath. Feel better? Well you shouldn’t because breathing exercises have actually been scientifically proven to be useless when it comes to solving life problems. You’re a politician and like you’ve already stated, “It can’t be all sunshine and rainbows”, shit happens. In the words of a very wise fish from a Pixar movie, “just keep swimming, just keep swimming, swimming, swimming”, because you might as well get some practice for when the ice-caps melt.

Dear Agony Aunt,

I’m finally in a country where I can get smashed legally and the only damn thing I can afford is goon. Back home a bottle of Smirnoff vodka is twenty six bucks! How can I enjoy some quality liquor without blowing all my travel money?

Broke American Exchange Student

Dear BAES,

Get a job.

Dear Agony Aunt,

I was fired from my job after being hospitalised because I partied for thirty six hours with a bunch of prostitutes and did some illegal drugs, but I’m totally fine now because I cured my drug problem with the power of my mind. The only drug I’m on now is called Charlie Sheen. It’s not available anywhere because if you try it once your face will melt off and your children will weep over your exploded body. What should I do so people will stop giving me so much shit?

Charlie Sheen

Dear Charlie,

I am glad to hear you are doing better and really accepting your true self. It’s always difficult to live a life in the media spotlight especially when you’re blacking out on a two day drug binge and can’t remember where you left your crack pipe. It’s tends to get lonely at the top but just enjoy the view and keep a thick skin. As for getting laid off, consider this turn of events a blessing. Maybe you should just lay low and take it easy for a while so your liver doesn’t fail. Besides, nobody watches “Two and a Half Men” anyway.

Pauline Hanson

Dear Pauline,

Nobody should force you to tolerate their beliefs, just like we shouldn’t have to tolerate your beliefs. Last time I checked we lived in a democracy. If people keep ripping into you for wanting to promote assimilation of immigrants into the Australian community, just remind them of how successful the assimilation of the Aborigines was in the 1880s. That should shut them up.

Do you have serious personal or emotional problems but no funds to see a qualified psychiatrist? Why not write to our Agony Aunt for clear-headed advice? You can drop us an email at tharunka@arc.unsw.edu.au, or send us a letter at PO Box 173 Kingsford NSW 2032.
The international mingling night held on Friday of week three receive a great response and it was wonderful to see many international students bonding with each other and having fun. The collective will seek to provide more such opportunities to international students in the future, allowing them to be more involved in uni life.

There are going to be more events coming in the next few weeks held by the International Collective. They are aimed to provide assistances to international students with their visas and also some extra skills and advices for job hunting. A migration seminar will be held in week 5 to provide advices and helps to international students on migration applications. A few IETLS tips classes and careers workshop are also being planned.

One of our main events of the year is the International Festival, scheduled for week 2, semester 2. This will celebrate Australia’s multiculturalism and also promote interactions between international and domestic students. A team of volunteers is being formed for the planning stage of the festival and currently we already have some awesome ideas!!

If you are interested in knowing more about our coming events please go to our Facebook page or contact international@arc.unsw.edu.au

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

The Education Department this month has busily been working on UNSW’s submission to the Federal Government’s Review into Base Funding of Australia’s higher education system. What's Base Funding? Why bother making a submission? What are the likely outcomes? I’m sure these are some of the questions probably running through your mind.

Right now, Australia’s funding per student is roughly $7,600. Compare that with the OECD average expenditure of $10,800 per student and it’s clear that we’re falling behind the developed world in securing our economic future.

Investment in higher education should be viewed as exactly that – an opportunity to invest in the potential of future generations to raise our standard of living and build a better society.

Making a submission ensures that the Federal Government is aware of the challenges and problems UNSW students face on a daily basis and hold them back from making the most of their educational opportunities.

Hopefully, this Federal Government recognises that students are drowning under overwhelming levels of debt, struggling to make ends meet every day and are questioning whether it’s worth enduring all this simply to emerge with basketball, a panel, a Paralympians barbecue and a movie night are all planned. If anyone has suggestions or would like to get involved please let me know. I can be contacted by email or face to face- collective meetings are on Thursdays from 1-2pm in the Disability and Welfare Room.

Tim Kaliyanda
Education Officer
t.kaliyanda@arc.unsw.edu.au

Kathy Martin, Students with Disabilities Representative
k.martin@arc.unsw.edu.au

Disability Awareness Week is also coming up really soon in week 6 of this semester. A sign language workshop, wheelchair basketball, a panel, a Paralympians barbecue and a movie night are all planned. If anyone has suggestions or would like to get involved please let me know. I can be contacted by email or face to face- collective meetings are on Thursdays from 1-2pm in the Disability and Welfare Room.

30 | Tharunka
a university degree. The writing is on the wall - Students simply can’t afford an increase in course costs or student fees.

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

I am happy to report that everything* to date which is queer and here at UNSW was or is super.

O-week was fun for us queer officers and the handful of returning students and alumni. We got a lot of sign ups, gave away heaps of contraceptives but we couldn’t sell the cupcakes. On the Friday of O-week the Queer Space had its first party of the year and I hear there was a good turn out and everyone had a great time (I, Tim, wasn’t there). I promise you a themed party to come.

At the weekly meetings, it’s been great to see so many new and returning faces. In the first week the Queer Space was so full we thought that we might need to get a larger room.

The queer collective had its first big outing on St Patrick’s Day. Wearing green we all went down to The Regent for dinner and a drink, then over to the roundhouse and then at the end of the night the remaining few of us returned to The Regent for trash-aoke.

Next on the agenda is to get sign ups for this year’s Queer Collaborations, which is hosted by Curtin University, WA. There will likely be fundraising efforts to help students get there. More information will come at the queer space meetings and through the mailing list.

*If you were looking for the UNSW contingent at the recent marriage equality rally, I am sorry I didn’t attend and there was no communication that no officers were attending.

Fuck all else happened this month.
ECSTASY:
AT LEAST IT'S NOT METH