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

Tharunka is published periodically by Arc @ UNSW. The views expressed herein are not necessarily the views of Arc, the Representative Council, or the Tharunka editing team.
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The Tharunka editors are dismayed by the news Tharunka is set to have appointed editors rather than remain elected by the student body. We note that there was a great opportunity here for consultation as to the best way forward for the paper, but regrettably that did not occur. Certainly the current system needs changing. Tharunka is starved of money and its circulation around campus increasingly dismal. Electing editors on SRC tickets provides an incentive for political hacks to nominate other hacks to run Tharunka, and as a consequence the paper can become insular and self-serving. Controversies from earlier this year cannot be allowed to be repeated. Tharunka is too important to become a political tug of war.

We favour a system like the one employed for Honi Soit elections – an individual election for Tharunka editors. This would avoid many of the problems Tharunka has experienced in the past but maintain integrity in the selection system. Decisions made by committee – regardless of who the committee is composed of, and we are yet to learn the details of this – are by their very nature risk averse. Good editors would no doubt be appointed through the committee process, but Tharunka should not be risk averse and decisions about editorial teams should not be safe decisions. Tharunka’s most influential editor, Wendy Bacon, was prosecuted for her work on the paper and student publications still have the potential to shock and question social norms. They should be allowed to do that and they should not be beholden to Arc when they do, but to those for who it is published, the students.

Just as the media environment is changing, so too is the environment for student media. The market has never been so saturated with the potential for news sources and anyone with the time and inclination can set up a news blog of their own. Tharunka must continue to define itself against the background of these developments by providing a platform for quality student journalism and opinion. The bigger budget next year will help do that and is welcome. But what defines student media and has traditionally set it apart is its total contempt for any kind of censorship. By contrast, Arc has traditionally taken a dim view of content that could prove deleterious to its own commercial interests. Only time will tell if these changes will mean Tharunka is subservient to Arc board, but let’s hope that it isn’t. Tharunka was around long before Arc and hopefully will remain long after it’s gone.
Dear Agony Ibis,

I’m considering going on “If You Are The One”, but I’m scared to do it. My mandarin is passable, and I’m moderately attractive, but possibly getting humiliated on TV looks scary, even if the opportunity is very exciting.

What should I do?

From,
Am I The One?

Dear Am I The One?

Not many people know this, but “If Are You The One?” is my favourite tv show EVER. While a lock of Jeff Goldblum’s hair remains the best gift anyone has ever given me, the ex who combined my three favourite pastimes- tinder, humiliation and gladiator sports- into a single TV show is approximately as cherished by me as whoever wrote fan fiction about me fucking a glitter canon (yes, I read it, I love it).

Of course, watching is entirely different to being (the slogan at my local sex dungeon), and so I guess the question is- would I, a bird, go on this show?

The short answer is yes. The long answer is that any endemic fears of vulnerability can be very quickly cured by getting ripped a new one on TV by girls with too much power (incidentally, how all girls should be). Or by stealing a car and driving it off a waterfall, but that’s just a whole other ball game that I feel like you’re probably not quite ready to deal with.

In the meantime, if you decide not to do it and prefer something a little more private, I’m starting my own version that I think adds some of the more exciting elements of TV back into it- that is, cage fighting, live sex, and Jerry Springer-style surprise guests***.

Reminding you once again that it’s not supposed to burn when you pee,

Agony Ibis.

***If you have a half sister that got married to your step father, or you’re just really good at pulling out extensions, let me know. We may have a hit on our hands.
UNSW WORLD-FIRST STUDY INTO ADULT SEPARATION ANXIETY

A world-first UNSW study is underway to understand an area of anxiety you might not have considered; adult separation of anxiety.

The study, which is being conducted by researchers from both UNSW and the Black Dog Institute want to better understand separation anxiety in adults, and strategise ways to treat it.

Our researches are also the first to have developed an instrument, in the form of a questionnaire, to measure the different levels of the anxiety.

Research on the disorder will be learned by participatory engagement, where adults experiencing separation anxiety will firstly take part in a cognitive therapy session as treatment.

UNSW UNVEILS AUSTRALIA-FIRST INNOVATION CENTRE

In yet another first, UNSW has officially opened the Michael Crouch Innovation Centre (MCIC), situated between the Law Building, and the UNSW Australia Business School.

MCIC is a creative space which was designed to assist future generations of innovators experiment, develop, and showcase their ideas. However, perhaps the most important offering the MCIC makes is for two-way communication between innovators and businesses.

Our Vice Chancellor, Ian Jacobs, says that this space will encourage students to develop their ideas into a physical product, something which could initiate social changes and lead to economic prosperity.

MCIC is open to all University disciplines, and will offer free workshops, events and seminars.
It is shocking to think that anyone would make a threat to come into the UNSW campus with a gun and begin indiscriminately killing people. The fact that this happened on a 4chan discussion board reveals an insidiously sick ideology that seems to tragically be gaining rather than losing currency. At a time when international attention is focused on the possible proliferation of radical Islamism, a threat much closer to home but potentially of even greater security risk to Western populaces is being almost willfully ignored. Proponents of a so-called “Beta Uprising” – whereby beta males who feel that they are ignored or hard done by in society will finally rebel is anti-feminist conservatism in its most poisonous form.

So-called “incels” – the involuntarily celibate – in this group are not only hateful but also hopelessly narcissistic. It is an indictment on our society that this thinking has been allowed to proper and its roots are multifold. Certainly gender norms have the unfortunate consequence of diminishing the self-worth of those who do not easily fit into the stereotypes that are waiting for them. Most disturbingly of all though, these threats (one of which was tragically realized recently in Oregon) confront us with the uncomfortable reality that when it comes to acts of extremist violence we don’t need to look at foreign threats or religious zealots. The most serious and credible threat to our security exists at home.
I’ve been thinking about whether Malcolm Turnbull as Australia’s latest Prime Minister would actually do a better job than his predecessor Tony Abbott. I mean, with the former Prime Minister setting such a low standard, it wouldn’t actually be that hard right?

Now, before you start yelling at me and saying that Tony Abbott deserves nothing more than to be shot over his short tenure in office, here’s some food for thought. Each election night, we often (but not always as in the case of 2010) hear a Prime Minister claiming victory at the polls. For Australians we have become too quick to assume that a particular party has won the election.

Arguably over the past decade elections have been lost and not won. Think about it, John Howard overstepped the mark with his historic lower and upper house majority with WorkChoices in the lead up to the 2007 polls. The momentum had clearly swung away from Howard to the extent that Maxine Mckew took his seat of Bennelong too. Julia Gillard ended up with a minority government in 2010 that surprisingly survived its full term but not before the revolving door of Australian politics had reinstated Kevin Rudd.

No surprises that the public were tired of the faceless men controlling the strings hence Tony Abbott whom many had written off as unelectable was “parachuted” (thrown in with ‘minimal’ effort because Labor had become so despised) from opposition leader to an even worse Prime Minister than the supposed low standards of Julia Gillard. Tony Abbott was a good opposition leader and pretty much nothing more than that. Malcolm Turnbull may have won the Liberal party ballot but it was ultimately up to Tony Abbott to lose and move out of the top job. With the exception of the Howard era (and I am using the term ‘era’ because the time between 1996 and 2007 is surprisingly unique), pretty much since Whitlam every Prime Minister has been either sacked, challenged or started as a replacement for a deposed leader.

Turnbull might do a better job than his predecessor but he remains largely in my opinion untested. His short stint as opposition leader before Abbott in which he got trolled by Godwin Grech over utegate is
maybe a bad omen? Who knows? An outright Coalition win at the next election will be a start if Malcolm Turnbull wants to show that he is capable of being a good Prime Minister. Perhaps with the more leftist (of the conservative) ideals, Malcolm Turnbull could follow in the footsteps of the other Malcolm [Fraser] that once held the top job.

Malcolm Turnbull should take pride in what his privileged position entails. It can be difficult an increasing amount of time, between the cabinet meetings, question times and the issues that Australia is dealing with, but he challenged so he better be up to the game.

So the next time you vote at the election and hear the results, take a second to think about whether the new Prime Minister is actually a winner or whether he or she is another mere replacement in the ever downward revolving motion of Australian politics.

Can Malcolm Turnbull reverse the ‘race to the bottom’ and be a better Prime Minister? Only time can tell. And he must not lose the next election first…
Stop me if you’ve heard this one...

She’s talking about some British actor I’ve never heard of, but I pretend like I have, because for once the idle chat almost seems to be flowing naturally. It’s difficult to achieve for me, so once I’ve manage to get the social ball rolling I try not to get in it’s way.

We’ve been talking about various low budget BBC show we enjoy, and she’s just got started on this actor.

“He’s almost like Tom Hiddleston,” she says, “but... different. And so hot. I mean, uunggh!”

I don’t know what it is, but she says the words with such emotion, or passion, or conviction, that I know that she does feel... this, whatever this is. All I can feel is the uncomfortable lurching in my stomach. I shift slightly, as the anxious sensation coils it’s way around my heart and sternum, making my hands tingle.

I don’t feel this, whatever this is, it’s like a language I can’t speak... no, it’s not. I could always learn a language, but I can never learn this. No, it’s more like a sound I can’t hear, as if it didn’t exist at all. To me it doesn’t. It never has. “If a tree falls in a forest...” and all that.

But the social ball is rolling, and I don’t want to get in it’s way with my this-deafness. So I nod and smile awkwardly, and then I briefly glance down and away. She doesn’t seem to notice, or if she does, she doesn’t say anything.

One part of my brain, the part that constantly monitors the behaviours of myself and those around me, the part that is constantly looking for the worst in everyone, dully reminds me that looking down and away is an expression of shame. I have nothing to be ashamed of, but I do it, all the same.

Maybe part of me feels that I’m lying, to myself more than anyone else, by saying nothing. Maybe part of me feels that I’m guilty of condoning compulsory [hetero] sexuality through my inaction.

At the same time, a different part of my mind, the part that only bothers to come up with the bright ideas in the immediate aftermath of an event, the part that likes to use said ideas to berate me, pipes up and says “Once, just once, why can’t you say “Well, I’m ace, so don’t really go in for that sort of thing, but hey, whatever floats your boat!”?” What is it about that sentence that is so fucking difficult to say? Why is it so hard?”

But the moment has passed, so I say nothing, and the social ball rolls on. I try not to get in it’s way.
He paints me with his fists. 
Shades of crimson and lilac.

Each stroke, made from my silence.

He etches his name into my skin.

Places his finger on my lips

Framed and behind glass. No one hears me scream:

I am more than a piece in his gallery.

I was never his canvas to paint.

I have my own gallery.

And I am A masterpiece

MASTERPIECE

BY CATHERINE TORRISI
“I’m not bossy, I’m the boss-shooter, not the shot.” So sings Sadie Dupois, front-woman of Speedy Ortiz, on “Raising The Skate”, a single from their critically acclaimed 2015 release, Foil Deer. The albums leads a charge of new independent releases from female artists that shy away from labels such as “role model” or “pop star”, and instead present emotions and experiences with a hard honesty that is, ironically, extremely welcoming. All Dogs, Lady Lamb, Courtney Barnett, Palehound, Carey Brownstein and Mary Timony are just a few artists and groups that have picked up the torch, only to be burnt by it. Kathleen Hanna, lead singer of Bikini Kill and Le Tigre, raised the skate high herself. Well, Kathleen Hanna’s children have grown up, and found the burden of capital-F feminism to be too much. Instead, they’re changing things in their own, unassuming ways.

While the importance of pop stars is undeniable, their brand of feminine activism is also capable of presenting an unrealistic message to their often young audiences. Not that female musicians are competing to provide life lessons to their impressionable young listeners, but these songs aren’t occurring in a vacuum, and there are definitely ideas that are being taken away from them.

What’s problematic is that while they are encouraging their audiences to be proactive in being themselves, the nature of pop music dictates a certain level of manufactured material. While the intention is no doubt genuine, how many teenagers can relate to a hyper-mega-millionaire? I’d shake anything off if my bank account ever went beyond triple digits, let alone into some intangible realm beyond.

What makes Sadie Dupois different is a lack of idealism and pretension. While she identifies as a feminist, her lyrics place this motivation as less of an ideal, and more as a reaction to a world that has tried to marginalise her. She understands that it is more difficult to simply exert your will than a throwaway lyric and a catchy beat would have us believe.

Dupois understands that the world can be a tough place, filled with stubborn people, and just generally unpleasant ones at that: “You gotta be clean and pretend like you wanna be clean, to pull through in a dark world”.

Rather than ignoring it with the perpetual wisdoms of “they’re just jealous”, and “don’t worry about it”, she insists that we should be worried about it, but as normal people, there’s not a whole lot we can do to change that.
However, we can change our outlook, and behaviour, as well as equip ourselves with tools to better move through this world. Speedy Ortiz just announced a few days ago that they had set up a hotline for their upcoming tour, that any attendee could use to contact the band if they were feeling uncomfortable at the concert. The band or security staff would then immediately move to remedy the situation. Such a simple concept belies the simple truth that exists within the music of Speedy Ortiz and their peers: bad things can happen to you because as a woman, people will target you. Kathleen Hanna used to drive her fans home after a show if they felt unsafe, and unfortunately, not much seems to have changed in 20 years. Idealism is all well and good, but in the real world, it won’t stop anything. The honesty in their music finds them as vulnerable, anxious, and at times, flawed people. It’s something a listener can relate to. It’s an idea that no matter what your circumstances are, somebody hears you, and feels just like you do.

While the success of mainstream female musicians is symbolic that a huge step forward has been taken, and their philanthropic activities are highly commendable, their reach can undermine the potency of their message. It’s less to do with her intentions, and more with the nature of pop music. Sadie Dupois, similarly, writes songs that reveal their in all her human glory, both her worst and best. Her songs also ultimately affirming in their acceptance of this. Both are presenting similar ideas that are ultimately positive influences in an industry that still retains all the hallmarks of a male-dominated boys’ club. However, the difference lies in their conclusion: For example Taylor Swift’s “Shake it off” versus Dupois’ and her peers’ “Beautiful, warts and all”, don’t ignore it, embrace it. The seemingly accidental relatability of someone like Courtney Barnett has resonated with audiences all over the world for a reason: “Put me on a pedestal and I’ll only disappoint you”. It’s emblematic of a generation for whom moving away from sexual and gender pressures is the ultimate release. It’s an ethos that has taken almost forty years to be distilled in its most simple form: things aren’t always alright, and we can’t always be fine, but that’s ok; the living reality is divorced from the ideal, and navigating between them is difficult, but it’s OK for us to fail.
Imagine explaining to your best friends, to your family, to your child that you were going to date a person who was also dating 18 other people.

Imagine telling those same close friends, those trusted advisors that it was a competition. That your struggle to be noticed would be plastered across TV screens in peoples homes, across magazines and the Internet. That your every grievance would be displayed and enjoyed like popcorn. That you, as a person, in all of your complexity, would be airbrushed into a mono-dimensional person.

Just pause for a second and imagine their response. You know it would be something equivalent to: manic laughter, hysterical sobbing, or downright disbelief (probably accompanied by a choking noise as they tried to swallow air unsuccessfully). Then when the shock had subsided they would likely try to talk you out of it. They would highlight all of the problems and they would point out that both you and this potential suitor, not to mention the 18 others, were clearly deranged. And yet, imagine you went forward anyway.

Welcome to the Bachelor.

The show’s premise is not that ludicrous when viewed in the context of shows that obsess with fat loss, building houses and the myriad of other “real-life dating tv dramas” (an oxymoron if ever there was one) that currently grace our nightly airwaves.

The obvious critique is that the above list appears to demonstrate such an overwhelming lack of imagination that we turned every day domestic matters into reality-TV shows, surely the next show is “washing wars: whose can dry faster?” But more concerning, is the insights into our modern society that the show highlights. At its basis is the notion that women must compete for a man’s attention, a man who we might note does not come off as exceptionally caring, funny or sensitive (anyone who believes any of those date ideas were his idea is downright crazy).

Even when facing the families of the “final four”, the Bachelor himself appeared bizarrely unable to conceive of these women as anything more than conquests.
He brazenly sat at each family’s table, an intruder in their inner sanctum, and reminded them that their daughter who had (inconceivably) fallen for this buffoon was only one of four.

Indeed, the Bachelor, went so far in one particularly pointed discussion to label the girls by the features he found attractive: One he claimed was his intellectual equal. Beyond whether or not this was presuming far too much intelligence on his behalf is irrelevant. In that simple statement he implied the others were not also capable of intelligent decisions.

One, he claimed, shared a kind of physical connection. This is perhaps the most ludicrous, warped way of simply saying, “she is hot”. The problem with this is not that he identified a beautiful woman as beautiful, but rather that he implicitly dismissed the other women as not beautiful and also that there is nothing more to this woman than her looks. Neither of which is the case. These simple statements are illustrative of the broader problem that is The Bachelor. Indeed, the trivialisation of women, the suggestion women are expected to fawn over men who are not required to value the women as individuals, independent of their attraction to the man.

The purpose of this is not to say we should not watch The Bachelor, I clearly have, but rather that we should not allow the show to homogenise our expectations of the relationships in modern society. It is important, especially in light of the lack of diversity on The Bachelorette, to recognise that dating is a vast and complex experience, which cannot be surmised by the experiences seen in The Bachelor.
It’s a topic of discussion that’s raised time and time again. Yet it seems as if when talks of Indigenous incarceration in Australia surface, it is often carried out haphazardly. Firstly, there’s explosion of outrage and a collective ‘gung-ho’ attitude of calling on policy makers to take action. This is followed succinctly by a lapse in attention, and a ‘sweep it under the rug’, ‘push it to the side’ attitude.

In 2004, more than ten years ago now, the Australian Bureau of Statistics (ABS) Prison Census stated that for every one non-Indigenous prisoner, there were 9.5 Indigenous prisoners across Australian prisons and detention facilities. Last year, this number increased to 12.9, raising fears that this gap will continue to rise as long as the Indigenous community of Australia is denied their basic human rights. The Australian government is currently a signatory to a number of International human rights conventions, and it is these agreements which should act as a mandate in discussions and actions regarding Indigenous incarceration, which includes many youths in Australia.

An Amnesty International report on the issue deciphered that between 2013 and 2014, young Indigenous people were 26 times more likely to be placed in detention centres compared to non-Indigenous youths. This number is better understood in relation to the 5 per cent of our population that Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander youths make up. As such, the report notes that during this time period, 59 per cent of the youth population held in detention Australia-wide was made up of that 5 per cent. What’s most upsetting is that the youth category refers to people aged between 10 and 17.

The United Nations (UN) Convention on the Rights of the Child (CRC), which Australia is a signatory to, states in Article 40 that, “Children who are accused of breaking the law should receive legal help. Prison sentences for children should only be used for the most serious offences”.

Yes, punishment where punishment is due. But more than that, it’s about rehabilitation, and getting these youths out of a system that’s displaced the generations before them.
Currently, there are fears that the number of incarcerated Indigenous people of any age is increasing faster than real solutions are being implemented. This could be relative to the fact that funding to the Legal Aid Commission, Community Legal Centres and the Aboriginal Legal Service will allegedly be cut by an estimated $10 million.

In light of this, a great new trial has been initiated which aims to utilise the once crime-riddled NSW town of Bourke into a place for juvenile rehabilitation. It’s this community-centred, prevention-based thinking that brings this issue back to its crux; these are young people who are stuck in cycle of criminal activity and bad behavior. And it’s not just about preventing them from landing themselves in juvenile detention centres, it’s a human approach to assist youths with their mental health, educational or family problems.

The bottom line is that we recognise and acknowledge the past of Aboriginal Australians as traditional owners of the land. Yet we fail to understand them presently as members of our society who are in need of help. And sadly, their future is something that’s part of a vicious cycle that needs to be broken.
The British Labour Party is currently in the throes of anxiety about whether it can win a general election under the leadership of Jeremy Corbyn. If Bernie Sanders continues to poll as well as he has been, the Democrats could soon be in a similar position. However, the concern about the political consequences of jumping to the extreme of the political spectrum doesn't seem to bother their political rivals. Did the Conservatives worry about Thatcher being too right wing? Did the Republicans worry about Reagan?

This one-sided populist anxiety has had extremely deleterious consequences for the quality of political debate across the Western liberal world. The conventional political wisdom that elections are “won at the centre” seems to imply that the political centre is static and preordained. In actuality it is being renegotiated constantly. The notion of what is considered an extreme view is always up for debate, and on many particular issues, gay marriage for example, the community consensus has become remarkably more progressive even over the last few years.

The standard of the refugee debate in Australia is conversely testament to what can happen when left-wing parties capitulate. The good news is that this capitulation is reversible, and I can’t have been the only one shocked and gratified that in the space of a week the national conversation switched from what we should to do refugees to what we can do for them. (Notwithstanding the cognitive dissonance inherent in simultaneously supporting air strikes in Syria and continuing to torture other, non-Syrian refugees offshore.)

There will be no reversal however until major political parties on the left are empowered to express their ideology and fight for it. For Australian Labor, the challenge is obvious. In the first opinion poll since Turnbull’s ascension to the leadership, Labor’s primary vote has slumped to 35.9%. In the UK’s first past the post voting system this would be a disastrous result but preferential voting means Labor can rely on The Greens’ 11% primary vote coming to them.
However, to continue to rely on that is dangerous. The Greens already hold the federal seat of Melbourne and Labor are increasingly under pressure to hold inner city seats in Sydney and Melbourne – losing the new inner-west seat of Newtown in this year’s state election despite fielding a quality candidate in Penny Sharpe.

The fact that preferential voting has keep threats to Labor’s left at bay has left them to travel further and further right in search of the elusive election-winning centre, but it’s tactic that will only work for so long. Under Malcolm Turnbull’s leadership the Liberals will be a formidable force in the 2016 election and merely not being Abbott will not cut it for Shorten any longer. It’s time for Labor, and Labour and the Democrats to tap into a genuine grassroots movement for strong leadership on the left. If left-wing leaders only want to be slightly less nasty conservative parties then they should join conservative parties instead, thereby bettering both.
Without a doubt, some kinds of pornography should be banned. Where harm is inflicted on another person during its production, it is clear that it should be illegal. Examples of this includes child pornography, real footage of sexual harassment, or rape. Such is so clear that it need not be explored any further. What this article focuses on instead, is that there are certain kinds of pornography that does not cause any physical or mental damage to anyone during its production, but yet are banned. Perhaps you cannot think of any examples right now, but after pointing out some in this article, many more examples might come to your mind.

Let me start by asking a rather personal question. Have you ever watched “rape porn”, that is, pornography that features scenes of simulated rape? If the answer is “yes” and you intend to live in Scotland, you should be more careful from now on. Under section 42 of the Criminal Justice and Licensing (Scotland) Act 2010, it is illegal to possess pornography that explicitly and realistically depicts rape. This specific provision is part of a wider legislation that also outlaws the possession of pornography that involves staged necrophilia and severe forms of sadomasochism, which finds it parallel in the rest of the United Kingdom under the Criminal Justice and Immigration Act 2008.

That is, a film showing an actor engaging in a sexual act with another actor who is pretending to be dead is banned. This law comes as a result of the murder of Jane Longhurst in 2003. She died as a result of suffocation while engaging in a breath control play with the accused, Graham Coutts. It was shown in court that Coutts was in possession of so called “extreme pornography” at the time of Longhurst’s death. After his conviction, the possible link between consumption of extreme pornography and violent behaviour fuelled the criminalisation of the former.

This argument is commonly used as a rationale to ban pornography that does not involve any harm during its production. In 2008, a man from Sydney was convicted with possessing child pornography. The pornography, however, features cartoon characters modelled on Bart, Lisa and Maggie from the Simpsons, engaging in a sex act. The judge’s reasoning was that the
production of these computer graphics could “fuel demand for material that does involve the abuse of children”, which again suggests the elusive link between viewing virtual pornography and committing harmful acts afterwards.

It is beyond the scope of this article to explore whether there is a causal relationship between the two. However, at the very least, it would be incorrect to say that there is a “definite” link based on current research findings. Even if we were to accept this reasoning as valid, it would still be inconsistent with the current censorship approach on non-pornographic films. Indeed, the Criminal Justice and Immigration Act and Criminal Justice and Licensing (Scotland) Act makes it very clear that they only apply to pornography, meaning that the material “must reasonably be assumed to have been produced solely or principally for the purpose of sexual arousal”. Using the same logic, one could easily say that viewing violence on screen would lead to violent behaviour. Yet it is perfectly fine for films or television shows to portray at times extremely repulsive images

Moreover, these behaviours are not just shown, they are also often glamorised. Ultimately, there is a complete lack of discourse around these topics. This is not surprising, given that talking about pornography or admitting one has watched pornography is rather embarrassing in our society. However, this has the opposite effect on trying to resolve those tensions.

We may joke about Singapore or Saudi Arabia banning porn in its entirety, but we should also remember that there are plenty of laws regulating porn in Western countries, which themselves do not have very good justifications.
Nothing is quite so entrenched in American culture and history as illicit drugs. From the crack epidemic of the 80s to high school teens today, from movies like Scarface to Netflix’s hit show Breaking Bad, it’s no surprise that few issues enjoy the same divide in opinion that marijuana legalisation does.

Currently four states in America – Washington, Oregon, Alaska and Colorado – have fully legalised marijuana with almost half approving its medicinal use. For now, it remains classified as a Schedule I narcotic along with PCP, heroin and LSD.

Under this label it has “no accepted medical use, a lack of accepted safety for use even under medical supervision, and a high potential for abuse”. Most people, including experts, disagree with this classification. Marijuana has widely cited medicinal benefits and a low risk of addiction and mortality.

Patrick Kennedy, Former US Representative and Chairman of Smart About Marijuana (SAM) however foresees a Doomsday scenario claiming “our country is about to go down the wrong road, in the opposite direction of sound mental health policy”. He is supported by former White House drug policy adviser Kevin Sabet and David Frum, former speechwriter for President George W. Bush who sits on the Board of SAM.


However in the process of re-examining and re-interpreting aspects of the criminal justice system they’ve created a whole other headache for patients.

While I-502 does legally allow people to possess up to an ounce of marijuana, if you’re a minor or caught possessing more than that, you’ll still come face to face with a felony charge.

This makes even less sense when we consider that the 18-29 year old subgroup are the highest users of marijuana, double the next largest subgroup of 30-49 year olds.

A marijuana conviction leaves a lifelong stigma beside your name. It follows you around when you’re applying for college loans, housing, financial aid and certain jobs, even if you have no other criminal history.

The other issue caused by I-502 is that marijuana taxes are not covered by insurance or Medicaid. With the cost of medicine expected to rise by 50-75% many patients will be forced back onto the black market.

And as soon as we legalise marijuana you can bet “Wall Street sharks” will be the first to benefit, turning the marijuana industry into the next Big tobacco.
It’s no coincidence that Altira, the parent company of Phillip Morris, just bought the domain names “AltriaCannabis.com” and “AltriaMarijuana.com.”

Legalization is about one thing: making a small number of businesspeople rich.

Other punitive measures under I-502 include the new marijuana DUI standards that operate like the alcohol DUI standard.

Driving under the influence of drugs is not acceptable. However, the problem of treating marijuana like alcohol is that marijuana is not like alcohol. It stays in the bloodstream much longer and can often rise as the body rids itself of the substance.

I-502 holds drivers who exceed the DUID limit criminally liable with no right to defend themselves even if they are a patient or all they did was inhale secondary fumes.

We can end the war on drugs without having to legalise marijuana, decriminalising the drug would send the same message without condoning the use of illicit substances but Initiative-502 is not a step forward down the right road.
FIRE AT UNSW VILLAGE

EMILY WILLIAMS
(FINE ARTS/ARTS)
As his tenure as artistic director of the Sydney Theatre Company comes to a close, Andrew Upton has delivered a cogent reminder of why he has been such an asset. Adapting Chekhov’s untitled first play, Upton has provided his excellent cast with a script that balances existentialism and whimsy in perfect measure. Transposing the action to post-Gorbachev Russia gives world-weary Mikhail something else to be ambivalent about. Richard Roxburgh embellishes his already outrageous Rake persona to play Mikhail, who, despite his aspirations, has ended up a mere school teacher. His sense of disappointment gives Mikhail’s womanising a strange sense of poignancy. Like Rake, he is simply difficult to dislike.

Roxburgh and Cate Blanchett dominate the play, the turbulent emotional arc of their characters giving structure to the play. The ensemble is also universally excellent; from spurned lovers to cuckolded husbands they are tragicomic and beautifully observed. As the play becomes more and more frenetic racing towards its thrilling denouement, there is the chance that its sheer energy will derail it entirely but Upton has a wonderful sense of dramatic tension and brings it off superbly. It is for that, and myriad other factors he will be missed from next year.

Ariel Dorfman’s play has a simple but sinister premise: in post-Pinochet Chile a man invites a good Samaritan who pulled over to help him replace a flat tire around to his house for a drink. His wife believes the man is the doctor who raped and tortured her brutally during the regime. It is a three hander and Nick Schlieper has designed and excellent but sparse set so the actors are brought inevitably to the fore. Susie Porter is understated as Paulina as is the Eugene Gilfedder as the good Samaritan/doctor. Unfortunately though, Steve Mouzakis never quite convinces as Paulina’s husband Gerardo and his sudden bursts of emotional fervour confuse the plot and add unnecessary ambiguities to those already inherent in the script. Just as the tension builds, this production wraps up abruptly in a rather unsatisfying conclusion, unaided by a frustrating postscript.
NEYTHEATRE NEWS

BY NED HIRST
The story of Szymon's posthumous release has already become ingrained into the very fabric of the album: the young songwriter sent tracks through to EMI while only 18, and the album was put on hold in 2010 due to his deteriorating mental health. Tragically, he took his own life in 2012 at the age of 23, leaving behind an album of touching beauty and imagery, with an unmistakable undercurrent of sadness.

The songs that make up Tigersapp are lush, detailed, intelligent, and alive. In their detail is an innate craftsmanship from the multi-instrumentalist, with a dedication to songwriting. Opener “Golden” is a primer of what's to come— a very pretty, compact song, tied to lyrics that open up the surge of feeling that gives the album its strength: “You came out things/ That you can never see”. And strength is undeniably the inherent quality that Tigersapp radiates.

Despite the pain and struggle that Szymon underwent, the life he presents is still full of wonderful moments, and album closer “Polen”, which is instrumental, demonstrates this in a way that he understood words couldn't. While a listener will inevitably ponder what could have been of this talented young musician after hearing Tigersapp, it ends with such quiet dignity that we don’t have to. Like the life it takes us through, Tigersapp is equal parts beautiful and tragic.

Beach House’s new release, Depression Cherry, is so calm that it is disconcerting. Throughout the spacious songs, there’s a sense of waiting for them to open up, and to either fully open up and embrace this wide leisure, or to move into its next phase to keep our interest. Instead, there is an admirable but ultimately detrimental decision to let these songs play themselves into a gentle absence of attention, until you realise the album finished half an hour ago, and has just started playing over. The ambience of these tracks, if intentional, seems to suggest that this would be a successful result. Instead, the lack of a coherent beginning and end to the album, and each song, leaves behind a distinct non-impression.

Opener “Levitation”, if opting for such a thing, instead seems to persist with its faux-string synth arrangement to a point of self-parody. The album continues in similar style without much deviation until it passes from your memory, almost immediately. Despite this, there is a solid foundation that only makes the final result so disappointing, as it shows that despite the talent of the musicians behind it, sometimes trying to be deceptively simple or lazy just comes out sounding simple or lazy.
Despite all the winking and jokes about the name of Mac Demarco’s new mini album, the final result is ultimately less of a clever joke, and simply just that: another one. An album that lacks the enthusiasm and dedication to polish that helped Salad Days and 2 make such a star out of Demarco. Lead single “The Way You’d Love Her” sound like a B-side to 2, and after the dynamic shifts in songwriting and style that made Salad Days so damn addictive, Another One plods through scrappier songs that all adhere to the formula that you’d call “a Mac Demarco song”. Jangly sounding lead guitar? Softly sung lyrics about the trials of love? The pseudo-jazz style of composition that Demarco dubbed ‘jizz-jazz’? They are all present, though when applied with a lack of attention, point to a songwriter that isn’t displaying any self-awareness or precision. While the wandering style of some of Demarco’s past work was backed by thoroughly engaging songwriting, Another One lacks any such definition. Indeed, it’ll pass by until Demarco invites the listener to his house for a cup of coffee, and while it is obvious he is feeling vulnerable and pained (if the lyrics are anything to go by), his goofy charm is less endearing here. While the cult of personality that is Mac Demarco will continue to grow, Another One is a simple illustration of an unfortunate truth: even wonderfully talented musicians can misunderstand themselves. While Demarco has always indulged his serious side in his music, on Another One, he has never sounded less serious.

BY ADRIAN PEDIC
SRC REPORTS

SRC PRESIDENT
BILLY BRUFFEY

It’s nearing the end of semester now, but the SRC has still been working hard and has some great news. We’ve got the university to agree to a Bike Hub, with showers, lockers, bike racks and tool kits for all you cyclists on campus. We’re pushing for an expanded UNSW Health Service in the 2016 UNSW Budget and we’re pretty confident. Free brekkies have been a massive hit recently, and we are having lots of usage of our Emergency Food Bank. Most importantly, we’re working with the uni to introduce the first ever scholarships for refugees to study at UNSW. This is a huge achievement for the SRC and we can’t wait to welcome our new students next year! Get involved, email srcpresident@arc.unsw.edu.au.

ENVIRONMENT OFFICER
BEA SHERWOOD

We’re drawing close to the end of semester but our work is no where near done! We’ve hit so many milestones and achieved so much in the past year and we’ve still got so much more to do, so join us! We meet in Arc upstairs from 11-1 on Thursdays. There’s a lot going on but to note is Global Climate Change Week in week 12, there will be speakers, lectures and events to keep your enviro soul alive and happy so join us if you can. The People’s Climate March is on November 29th and should not be missed. Join the Enviro collective and other activists as we march for action and let our government know that more needs to be done in the face of climate change! If you’re interested in upcoming events or want to know more, just shoot us an email at enviro@arc.unsw.edu.au

QUEER OFFICERS
JOE DEE, JEN CHEN, BRITTNEY

Pizza, knitting, alcohol, pizza, tie dyeing, pizza, chocolate, erotica, pizza, and not to mention pizza were amongst the highlights of Queer Week. If you regularly read Tharunka you know that the last edition was automatically radically fey; gay not just exotic, the answer took all week: our articles were hypnotic, our sass all up on fleek. Reworking lyrics from musicals about blondes that are legal aside, Queer Week and Queer Tharunka were overwhelming successes and we thank everyone involved in both.

Since then, we’ve had a student contingent attend the Out For Australia student panel (featuring our very own Jen Chen) along with the Google (“Gaygle”) professional workshop run for LGBTQI students in STEM fields. We’re also combining forces with the Women’s collective for a screening of Kill Bill, everyone’s favourite Feminist (and somehow Queer?) film on Wednesday October 7.

Not to mention that as per usual our meetings are on Mondays 12-2 and Thursdays 2-4 feat free pizza, so come along! (to the meetings AND Kill Bill )
ETHNO-CULTURAL OFFICER
MICHAEL MURDOCCA

The Ethno-cultural Collective has been trying to extend its engagement with the broader UNSW community while building relationships with various clubs and societies. Apart from boosting our use of information stalls, we have held discussion meetings on various issues relating to multiculturalism and faith identity. We had some of our members participate in the Omani Cultural Day at UNSW as well as the International Night Market. These days are integral to foster a sense of community at our university while also encouraging tolerance and respect among various types of people. We also attended a Racism It Stops with Me campaign event in the Michael Crouch Innovation Centre for a discussion on multicultural art and representations of diverse communities. Some of our members were also involved in the UNSW Language Exchange Program this past month which aims to promote understanding of different languages and it is something everyone should get involved in!

EDUCATION OFFICER
AISLNN STEIN-MAGEE

DEREGULATION IS DEAD! WOOHOO! - well, at least for now. While there is the possibility of university fee deregulation rearing its ugly head again in 2016, the fact that the new Turnbull government has decided to shelve it for the remainder of the year represents a significant win for the student movement and the hard work of education activists at this university and nation-wide. As well as working alongside the national campaign against deregulation and other unfair government policies that harm students, the UNSW Education Collective has also been working with other collectives to help solve important issues and improve students’ experiences at UNSW. This includes issues such as the punitive late-withdrawal procedures for courses and the under-representation and treatment faced by women who study in STEMM fields. While there is definitely more work to be done to improve education here and throughout Australia, the possible end of deregulation is definitely a reason to party – if I were you, I’d keep an eye on the Education Collective facebook page!
Hello from your new Welfare Officer! Come along to our collective meetings every Thursday at 11am in the Welfare Space on Basser stairs.

It has again been a busy month for the Welfare Collective! I’ll be brief…

Free Breakfasts: Have been a huge huge huge success and we have been feeding many hungry students whilst also getting your opinions on the ground on what the SRC should be doing for you! Thanks so much for your input and we have used all of your ideas to help formulate our plans for the rest of this year and 2016!

Mental Health: The collaboration with the Director of Student Minds trying to establish a cross-university committee to develop a unified strategy on mental health has been going extremely well. We now have a solid proposal that has been reviewed by the head of Student Life and Learning (Sandra Norris) and the Director of the Health Service – We are taking it to chancellery at the end of the month!

And after meetings with the Vice-Chancellor and pressure from multiple angles, he has instigated a review of all mental health related operations around campus to know how the university can ensure the wellbeing of all students. This is huge.

It will pave the way for UNSW to be a world leader in providing its students with the best psychological care. It’s going to be a long fight, but it’s great to celebrate the wins!

And meeting with the Director of CAPS she has been completely on board with making changes to the drop-in procedure to best suit students and to change the procedure of filling in pre-session forms to ensure optimum student privacy.

Also we had a stall and Conversation wall at Arc’s Stress Less week! It was amazing! (Well I’m actually writing this before the week (printing takes a while), but I know it’ll be amazing!

Crisis Accommodation: I’m working with David Loonam (Solicitor and Student Advocacy Manager with Arc) to ensure that vulnerable students across campus know about this service and that the service best suits their needs.

If you have anything that you think the Welfare Collective should address, then please send an email to me at e.bartolo@arc.unsw.edu.au and I will follow it up!
IN THE MEANIME...

DON’T FORGET TO VOTE IN THE SRC ELECTIONS TO BE HELD IN WEEK 12!
LET DEMOCRACY SPEAK!

THE NEXT ISSUE OF THARUNKA WILL BE RELEASED IN WEEK 12
PLEASE SEND ALL STORIES, IDEAS & SUBMISSIONS TO:
THARUNKA@ARC.UNSW.EDU.AU