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The best two articles of the edition each win a bottle of wine from our good friends at Sir John's Bar.

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Thanks

The Righteous Brothers, Harry for securing a Meredith ticket for a poor, desperate editor, all of our awesome contributors, and in particular Richard for going above and beyond, K-Pop artist PSY, and the lava lamp - our shining beacon of hope.

No thanks

Politics... in general, Youtube advertising for ruining countless moments, having to walk from free parking, dodgy road signs which cause people to almost miss planes, 60 hour working weeks, and the strange sounds emanating from the Campus Centre.

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Melinda Bladier

Bren Carruthers

Notions of self and other are an integral part of the way we define ourselves. We understand who we are, as individuals, members of particular families, students of certain universities, and citizens of specific countries, based on what we are not just as often as what we are. As Australians we are often said to be laid-back, laconic and friendly. Each of these characteristics can be observed to be true in many instances, hence the generalisation, but their truth is contingent on a comparison with the characteristics of ‘outsiders’, that is, those who are not Australian. Whilst identity based on comparison does allow an ability to easily define the self, it is also problematic in that our outlook to the other is not based primarily on shared qualities or interests, but differences.

Recent Olympic media coverage fixated on the idea of Australian success, and eventually Australian loss, rather than celebrating the success and common goal of sports people from other nations. In international relations, we frequently make decisions based on what is in our national self-interest, looking then to what is in the best interest of our region and our friends.

When our processes of self-definition are disrupted, we are often forced to reconsider our identity. According to Foreign Minister Bob Carr Australia is shifting from Anglo-centricity to reflect more of the culture of the Asia Pacific region; it is now in our interests to engage with and embrace this region, and our identity is accordingly transmuted.

In Burma, civil conflict is spurred by different ethnic groups, despite the fact that, ultimately, they have shared land and a shared humanity. In Syria, and probably any other international conflict, the impetus is the same. So whilst definitions based on differences can give us a strong sense of self, they can also lead us to actively compromise the identities of others.

For this reason it is important that sometimes we put the self aside for the sake of broader similarities. Within an understanding of a sweeping commonality differences can be celebrated, and it becomes ok to applaud Australian athletes even though they didn’t end up on pedestals as often as some expected they might.

It becomes ok to not be ‘the best’ as an individual, because sometimes what is best is far more effectively realized when the individual comes second to the whole.

As embarrassing as it is to admit, I remember the 1992 Barcelona Olympics very well. It’s disheartening that only 16 years later, the Olympic Games has devolved in my eyes into a carnival of the absurd. The excellent article written by Constantin Karavias in this edition highlights some of the myths and stark realities of Olympic politics, but I would instead like to draw from my personal experiences and address the Australian media coverage of the London Olympics.

The Olympics were always going to suffer intense media scrutiny, and as the Games wore on, there was invariably a significant wave of backlash against our perceived failures as a sporting nation. Perhaps the most significant example of this was the insistence of meeting Australia’s silver medalists with the question, “What went wrong?” rather than a warm congratulations for their fantastic achievements.

Negativity seemed destined. One tipster for the ABC’s Media Watch intercepted a pitch for a news article which, when “written correctly and displayed right... will go off. It is difficult to write but we will send a story about Leisel Jones’s size without mentioning the “fat” word.” Of course, the pitch was accepted, and was met with precisely the amount of controversy it was designed to create. An Associate Editor of one of this country’s more reputable newspapers even saw fit to decry Australian athletes for being human, stating that, “Australians pay for these athletes to compete, not to ‘have fun’ or waste their energies on Twitter and Facebook or to buckle under the pressure and then make excuses about it... hard-up families in the outer suburbs had helped [them] get to London through their taxes”.

It is a well-established notion that the public only consumes media that concern their interests – that this kind of horrifically biased and manufactured media coverage is condonable because it reflects public opinion; or to be more cynical, this shit sells. It is also very clear that gold medals are incredibly important to Australians. With this in mind, and tongue firmly in cheek, I’m very happy to award Australia the 2012 Olympic gold medal for shit-slinging. It appears to be the one thing at this year’s Olympics that we have truly excelled at, and I hope the Australian public can get behind this prestigious honour with the same fervour and pride that they felt when celebrating sailing gold medals won by Australians they have never heard of or even thought about before. Truly a proud day for all of us.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

To sing out praises, or air you complaints about Lot’s Wife and all things Monash, email msa-lotswife@monash.edu.

Dear Lot’s Wife,

I’m writing to express my disgust at the Monash Stalkerspace Facebook group. I thought I would direct my disappointment to the printed media, as any issue I could possibly raise in that forum would be only end in petty abuse.

It has become pretty clear that Stalkspace is an elite club for a select few keyboard warriors who get together and see who can be the most insulting and derogatory, usually behind pseudonyms. Anyone caught in the path of this battle will not be spared.

The content is remarkably dire. Aside from the now-famous leggings scandal which is best left alone in this letter, I’ve also seen casual racism, sexism, and queerphobia on numerous occasions. One of my personal favourite moments was when one individual proudly reported that he had threatened to fight four students in the library if they didn’t be quiet.

The content that appears in this forum not only conflicts with the idea of having basic respect for others, it also contravenes University rules.

One of the moderators of Stalkerspace recently suggested, “if you don’t like it, don’t read it.” This is a ridiculous argument. Even if students turn away from Stalkerspace, the label remains. Monash Stalkerspace is still the largest Monash online forum; it represents us as a student community. It’s a global representation of us as representatives of our supposedly “Global University”.

Quite frankly, Monash Stalkerspace makes me embarrassed to be a Monash student. We deserve better than this.

Wilhelmina Gunn

Dear Lot’s Wife,

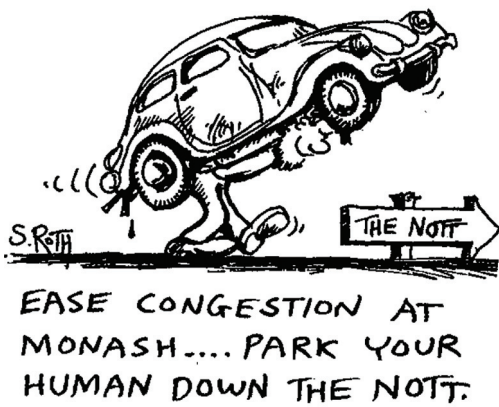
With the opening of the Microsoft Tech Lounge in the Campus Centre, then the Napoleon Perdis concept store, and with the news that a Boost Juice is on the way, I’d like to ask the powers that be: when will the Campus Centre secure a tenant that the student community really needs? Something which brings people together; a place that is both relevant and of vital importance to the student community. When will Clayton Campus finally get a bottle shop?

Jacob Tyler

Lot’s Wife now has a website!

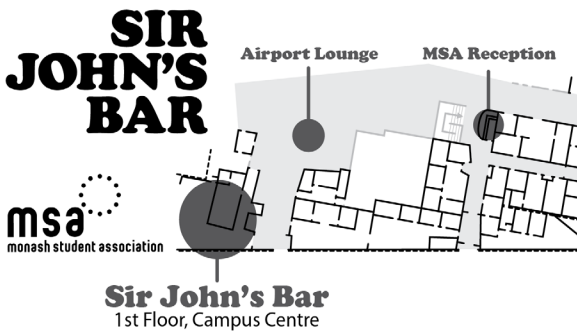
Yes, Lot’s Wife has now joined the 20th Century and has an online repository of articles just waiting for your clicking finger. There are also PDF versions of this year’s editions available, so you can relive those classic memories again and again!

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GREENS WITH ENVY

Richard Plumridge

For many young and not-so-young voters, the Greens have become a new hope in Australian politics. Before global warming became the “greatest moral challenge of our time” and was promptly superseded by the economy, stupid, the Greens made the transition from environmental protest group formed in the wilds of Tasmania to modern, progressive political party. With the 2010 federal election marking a high-point in their electoral fortunes, the Greens and their supporters aspire to become the major left-of-centre force in Australian politics. However, the party’s tenuous link with elec-

toral reality may prove to be a barrier to their future success.

In the aftermath of last month’s Melbourne by-election, federal Greens deputy leader Adam Bandt told Channel Ten’s Meet the Press that the seat of Melbourne “has turned Green for the first time ever.” Based on a comment like that, one might be forgiven for thinking that Greens’ candidate Cathy Oke swept to power on a groundswell of support, becoming the party’s first representative in the Victorian Legislative Assembly. Unfortunately for the Greens, this was far from the case. As Bandt knew when he made the comment, Oke was unlikely to wrestle the seat from Labor, but no harm in being positive, right? Wrong.

Melbourne had “turned Green”, Bandt claimed, because Oke had won the largest slice of the primary vote. Labor was ultimately only able to win the seat through a campaign “based on dirt” and preference deals with right-of-centre parties such as Family First, according to Bandt’s interpretation. Assertions like this are designed to do nothing besides cast doubt in the mind of the electorate over the legitimacy of Labor’s win in Melbourne. Bandt’s opinions demonstrate even the holier-than-thou Greens are capable of talking shit, like everyone else in Canberra. The Federal Member for Melbourne doth protest too much, methinks.

Let us cast our minds back to November 2010. Ah, those heady days when Clive Palmer dyed his hair and Andrew Bolt was confined to newsprint. At the federal election, the electorate of Melbourne returned the first Greens candidate to the House of Representatives. Following the poll, newly elected Adam Bandt smiled broadly for the cameras with Greens leader Bob Brown, the 2010 “greenslide” apparently sending a strong message to both major parties. A “greenslide”? With 12 per cent of the vote?

Hang on a second; did Bandt win the primary vote for the federal seat of Melbourne? Nope. To ensure victory, he was forced to rely on the flow of preferences from other candidates. By Bandt’s recent logic, the federal seat of Melbourne continued to be

“red” in 2010, with Labor’s Cath Bowtell securing a majority of the first preference vote. But let’s not allow facts to get in the way of a good story.

For those of you who missed Dr. Nick Economou’s PLT1020 (or read the Herald Sun on a regular basis), government is formed in the House of Representatives and members are elected by a system of preferential voting. You might know it best as the small piece of green paper you get on election day, not the large unwieldy one. This system, introduced in 1918, sometimes means that the candidate with the largest primary vote doesn’t win the seat. If this is news to you, dear reader, please consult Wikipedia’s page on the Electoral system of Australia – democracy will be the better for it.

“For Bandt to claim Melbourne had “turned Green” is not only hypocritical, but breeds an unnecessary contempt for an electoral system which has served this country well for almost a hundred years.”

Still, the Greens seem to be living in electoral lala-land. With almost 12 per cent of the primary vote in 2010, the Greens have continued their call for a new voting system that would net them a commensurate number of seats in the lower house. Essentially what they are calling for is a system of proportional representation, as used in many countries around the world. In Australia, proportional representation is used for Senate ballots, but not for the House of Representatives, or lower house, where government is formed. The lower house instead uses a system of preferential voting. This is how the Greens have been able to consistently win seats in the Senate, but not in the House of Representatives.

In short, it doesn’t matter if the Greens won the

primary vote at the Melbourne by-election; this isn’t the electoral system Australia uses. For Bandt to claim Melbourne had “turned Green” is not only hypocritical, but breeds an unnecessary contempt for an electoral system which has served this country well for almost a hundred years. If the Greens want a system that is more democratic, perhaps they should speak for a larger slice of the electorate than 12 per cent.

Of course, if the primary vote is so important to the Greens, maybe they should look at the UK’s first-past-the-post system, a system that Liberal Democrat deputy Prime Minister Nick Clegg has labelled undemocratic and illegitimate. This system has ensured candidates with as little as 26 per cent of the vote are elected. Incidentally, this “undemocratic” system is the most favoured lower house voting system among Australians, according to a 2011 Essential Media poll.

For the Greens to be a permanent fixture in the Australian political scene, they need to adapt to electoral reality. Government is formed by the party with the majority of seats in the House of Representatives. That is the system; there is little prospect of changing it. Is this fair? No, not really, but each electoral system has its drawbacks. Proportional representation

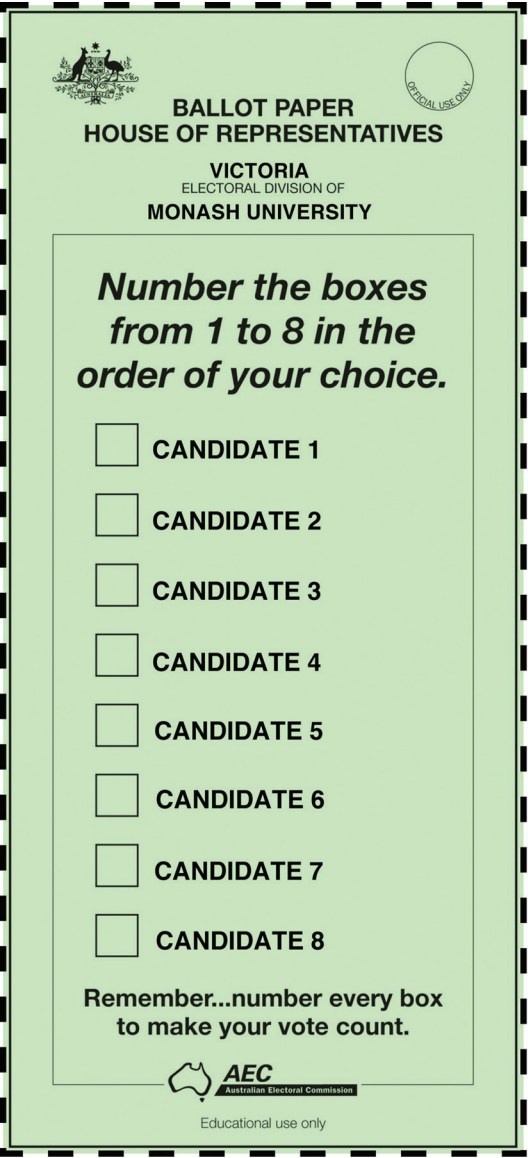


Federal Greens MP Adam Bandt

can and does result in political deadlock, necessitating the assembly of volatile coalitions. If the Australian electorate can’t handle one term of minority government, I doubt they’d take kindly to weeks of coalition building. As the Olympics has shown, we love a gold medal winner, not silver underachievers.

Not that the rest of the population cares much about the system. A recent Lowy Institute survey showed that only 39 per cent of 18 to 29 year olds view democracy as “preferable to any other kind of government”. The aforementioned publication of record, the Herald Sun, had to place this note in a story about Melbourne candidate Cathy Oke: “If elected, Dr. Oke would have to secure votes from the rest of parliament to effect...her policies because she would hold the only Greens Lower House seat.” Thank you, News Ltd. for explaining the whys and wherefores of the Westminster system.

Although their goal is ostensibly to be a force in national politics, the Greens seem completely disconnected from the real world. Our majoritarian system is not supportive of minor parties and instead of whinging about it, or supporting impossible change, the Greens should learn to deal with the system as it is. Without this dose of reality, they are unlikely to reach the lofty goals to which they aspire. The Greens’ genesis is as a protest party, but unless they adapt, it seems they may go the way of the Australian Democrats and that would be a loss for electoral diversity.



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Zineb Sedira
Gardiennes d’images 2010
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Courtesy of the artist and kamel mennour, Paris

TAFE FUNDING CUTS THREATEN VOCATIONAL EDUCATION

Andrew Day

Victoria's TAFEs have been fighting a losing battle against cuts, privatisation and market reforms to education since 2009. Their struggles have finally pushed their continued existence as non-corporate education providers into question, heralding major changes to the education landscape in Victoria. Despite the severity of the changes there is no doubt that, up until a few months ago if not now, the issue has been flying under the radar. The release of the Baillieu Government's 2012-2013 State budget finally drew some public attention to the crisis our TAFEs now find themselves in, and the consequences that we will suffer if we lose our TAFE system (as indeed we might). So why the furore?

In a word, cuts. The AEU (Australian Education Union) has claimed that \$300 million of funding and subsidies for TAFEs has been cut from this year's State budget, affecting 80% of currently available courses. This represents a massive portion of TAFE funding, and it is unlikely that any single TAFE department will be unaffected by this loss. In fact, Gippsland MP and Minister for the Teaching Profession Peter Hall has been unable to rule out the closure of TAFE institutes as a consequence of these cuts. The largest dangers are posed to the Holmesglen Institute,

Victoria's largest Trade's Vocation provider, and many regional centres. Although quick to register his shock upon receiving news of these cuts along with leading members of the larger TAFEs, Minister Hall has since retracted these comments and fallen in behind his party.

Upon the release of the budget on May 1, the University of Ballarat was first to detail how the cuts would affect its TAFE department. Receiving the largest cuts of any of the institutes, it has reported a loss of \$20 million in State funding, which is 40% of its annual budget and will result in the closure of at least a quarter of TAFE courses with voluntary redundancies being offered to staff as of June this year. The Kangan Institute has reported the closure of the state's last formally accredited AUSLAN course which, considering that skilled translators are lacking as it is, represents an enormous concern for the deaf community. Swinburne University has also blamed the closure of its Lilydale campus and the likely closure of its Prahran campus on the budget cuts, although many suspect that this is simply the University being opportunistic (or calling 'Carbon Tax' as I'm coining it) as the closure of these campuses has been on the agenda for a while, and Swinburne's TAFE institutes are usually short-changed when it comes to internal budgeting. Although increases to subsidies have been made to some apprenticeships on the part of the Baillieu Government, they will not outstrip the fee and revenue hikes that will have to be made to keep the TAFEs afloat, as reported by Branch President of the AEU Mary Bluett.

Furthermore, Federal Minister for Tertiary Education Chris Evans has warned that Victoria's TAFEs stand to lose

\$435 million of Federal funding if the State can't give assurances that the training standards these institutions provide will be unaffected.

The reasoning for the cuts on the part of the Baillieu Government seems to be fourfold. First of all, the Baillieu Government claims that this was a budget drafted in the context of a high Australian dollar and lowered GST/revenue intake, and with the intention of reigning in projected expenditure. Investing substantial amounts in public transport and infrastructure overhauls is what this Government believes to be the best investment in the face of these realities. Secondly, there were reported incidents of abuse of taxpayer funds and subsidies by institutions who either provided sub-standard education or lied about the number of students they enrolled, making the market more competitive by pitting these institutions against the big TAFEs. By the Government's logic, this trend will be corrected by the cuts. Thirdly, the Baillieu Government estimates that the larger TAFEs have amassed a surplus of \$98 million, and therefore can survive without the funds. And finally, because Labor started it. As much as it may surprise some, it was actually the Brumby Government that began the marketization of vocational education back in 2009.

The vision driving these reforms appears to be one that makes our vocational education providers look more like our public secondary. That means overcrowded, underfunded with alternatives prohibitively expensive. Life for Victoria's 365,000 TAFE students is going to get at the very least much more expensive. For many the costs will simply be too much; for many more the idea of obtaining a TAFE education for a career they want will simply become unattainable. This is not a vision we can reverse simply by voting Labor at the next State election. Get behind the AEU and demand affordable vocational education. We need these people! And besides, if we accept this precedent now, next time money becomes tight, how far behind TAFE funding do you think university funding will be?



A potential victim lies in wait: Swinburne's Prahran Campus

WHY INTERNATIONAL ARMS CONTROL IS OUT OF CONTROL

Sreten Mitrovic

International arms control is marked by overwhelming contradictions, double standards and ironies which effectively render its conventions futile and useless. The United Nations resolutions on armed conflicts have proven to be equally ineffective; the weapons trade is a lucrative worldwide business that flourishes even in times of financial crisis and austerity measures. International arms control does not have the unconditional support of major players for whom the industry generates huge profits, and as such continually fails. The 'pre-emptive' strike brand of peace often trumpeted by many of these same players is a dangerous form of peace-keeping; it is time that the international community took greater responsibility for arms control.

As an indication of the double standards rife in arms control, the permanent members of the United Nations Security Council - the USA, Russia, China, the UK and France - are trusted with the preservation of peace yet, at the same time, are the world's top five arms exporters according to the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI). We often see the leaders of these countries, especially the US and Russia, signing arms control agreements, however, despite flashy names such as New START (Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty) and the Comprehensive Nuclear-Test-Ban Treaty, these treaties are a complete farce. New START has been ratified by both the US and Russia, with the aim of reducing the number of missile launchers which the two countries possess. This would all be very promising, if not for the various loopholes in the treaty and the fact that, even at the reduced rate, the United States nuclear weapons have the capacity to destroy the planet multiple times over.

New START is not a genuine attempt to improve arms control. Conversely, it is a clever justification for reducing expenditure on something that exists in abundance, and instead channelling funds into the manufacturing of other arms with a worldwide market. The bonus is that the treaty gains positive

publicity for supposedly making progress. The Comprehensive Nuclear-Test-Ban Treaty, like countless others, has been signed but not ratified by major players such as the US, China and Israel; as such it exists only in name.

It is frequently thought that various countries' possession of nuclear weapons is the biggest threat to global security. The biggest hindrance for the peace, security and the safety of the civilian population actually comes from conventional weapons rather than nuclear ones. Non-nuclear weapons are readily available and easily accessible on a much larger scale to people who don't hesitate to use them. As long as the US, Russia and China have nuclear weapons and some sort of balance is preserved, the use of nuclear weapons is highly unlikely. The same cannot be said for smaller arms.

“The biggest hindrance for the peace, security and the safety of the civilian population actually comes from conventional weapons rather than nuclear ones.”

In his farewell speech in 1961, former US President Dwight Eisenhower warned “against the acquisition of unwarranted influence” by the military-industrial complex. Today, the United States tops military expenditure worldwide. This year, the US will spend approximately \$700 billion on military equipment - more than the combined total of the next 26 highest countries for military expenditure. In comparison, China is second placed with merely \$140 billion. In the last 13 years, the United States and NATO have been involved in 'humanitarian' and 'pre-emptive' wars in Serbia, Afghanistan, Iraq, Libya and increasingly, but not officially, in Syria. Over this period, three United States presidents have come and gone. All three have denounced human rights violations and through wars tried to export 'democracy' and

'freedom'. Through these 'pre-emptive' wars, such as in Iraq, the world has become more militarised. This has provided an impetus for even larger military budgets, and heightened disregard for the arms control treaties that exist but are largely circumvented in efforts to export 'democracy'.

For evidence of the disregard for these treaties we need only to look at the situation in Syria, where no outside powers are officially involved. There we see AK-47s on one side and M16s on the other. Until earlier this year, Russia had been supplying the government with weapons through its military base on the Syrian coast. The Syrian opposition is being supplied with arms across the border of NATO member Turkey. Weapons are distributed on one hand to create a regime that will be docile to major world powers the US and Russia, and on the other hand to further the self-interests of regional powers such as Turkey and Israel.

The export of arms is huge business for the United States and the European Union, and 2012 is set to be another record-breaking year. Most weapons from the United States are exported to Saudi Arabia, which has a horrible human rights record especially towards women, and is one of the most repressive regimes in the world.

The military-industrial complex is huge, and boasts massive political power and influence. By fueling armed conflicts in developing and third world countries, the complex ensures its ongoing profitability and longevity; because the industry is so profitable and many major players have vested interests in securing a constant supply of arms, arms control of conventional weapons on an international scale is not possible. It is up to the international community to become the arms controller and to reject the notion that 'pre-emptive' strikes are an acceptable means of achieving peace and democracy. If the UN Security Council is serious about preserving peace in the world they should start leading by example and stop making empty promises.

SLUT PRIDE

Miki McLay

When Constable Michael Sanguinetti of the Toronto Police spoke at a crime prevention forum at Osgoode Hall Law School on employing strategies to avoid victimisation as a young adult, he told those gathered there that he was “not supposed to say this – however, women should avoid dressing like sluts in order not to be victimised.” Little did he realise what his throwaway comment would come to symbolize for many across the world. SlutWalk, a grassroots movement aimed to protest the idea that the onus on preventing sexual assault rests with women emerged as a direct result of this, and quickly spread across the globe. SlutWalk also spread to Australia, with last year’s demonstration in Melbourne receiving press coverage everywhere from feminist-oriented blogs to right-wing shock jocks, as those tired of the mythology surrounding sexual assault took to the streets to protest the idea that women are responsible for preventing rape – as opposed to the rapists themselves. In light of SlutWalk’s return to Australian streets at the beginning of next month, *Lot’s Wife* spoke to Karen Pickering, prominent Australian feminist and one of the organisers of the event.

For those new to the idea of SlutWalk, the idea of appropriating such an offensive term in order to ad-

vance the rights of women may seem utterly contradictory – but as Pickering explains, it makes perfect sense. “I think it’s the right name for the demonstration, and the activists on the ground in Toronto got it absolutely right,” she asserts. “It gets us noticed and it brings people to the table for discussion of what we mean. SlutWalk has one central message and that’s to stand against victim-blaming and slut-shaming in all its forms. This is because slut-shaming (shaming women perceived as ‘too sexual’) has a lot to do with victim-blaming (blaming survivors of assault for what was done to them). The word matters in this sense. I think our use of it neutralises it and strips it of a lot of power. I know that a lot of people use the word slut in a positive sense in order to reduce its effect as a negative slur. I still think it has a lot of power to wound, even though it shouldn’t.”

Victim-blaming and slut-shaming are all symptomatic of what academics in gender studies, criminal justice, sociology and beyond refer to as a “rape culture”. Cringing? You should be. “Truthfully, I don’t think too many people outside feminist circles are across the term,” Pickering says of the concept. “It describes a culture in which rape is excused, euphemised, apologised for and even condoned. I think

we’re living in a society where these attitudes exist - and these attitudes hurt women and help rapists.”

The factors that help create this “rape culture” are varied and complex. Damaging practises run through the arms of the criminal justice system, for example; from police that put the blame on women wearing revealing clothing when they are sexually assaulted and perpetuate myths about the majority of sexual assaults being perpetrated by the dodgy stranger after dark in an alleyway, to lawyers and courts more fixated on interrogating the character of a victim rather than alleged perpetrator. The result in a shockingly low rate of convictions for the crime (less than 5%) and SlutWalk’s primary aim is to get Australians to rethink their approach to one of the most awful and damaging violations of bodily autonomy and personal security there is. “I think [last year’s event] created an opportunity to have a large-scale public discussion about sexual assault and the chance to examine a culture that apologises for rapists by blaming victims,” she says. “I think it was incredibly constructive and all of our appearances in the media (including with right-wing “shock jocks”) were congenial and advanced debate. I’m positive it’s had an impact on many people, as evidenced by references to it within popular culture but also the amount of personal feedback I’ve received from individuals.”

Pickering is particularly buoyed by the reaction SlutWalk has received from many youths. “I understand that young people need to find their own way into feminism - usually by realising that it is relevant to their lives. That’s what happened with SlutWalk, I think, and why it ignited a response and participation from much younger groups than other feminist demonstrations have. It seems real to young women and girls; they experience slut-shaming, they get called sluts for no reason and for reasons that are unclear to them, and it hurts and makes them feel worthless. I think SlutWalk tells them that that’s bullshit and that they shouldn’t stand for it and they shouldn’t say it about other girls.”

SlutWalk Toronto, 2011. Image: Anton Bielousov.



A FIELD GUIDE TO FIRST LADIES

Rebecca Irvine



Imelda Marcos – The Extravagant Hoarder

Imelda was First Lady of the Philippines for over twenty years, from 1965 until her exile in 1986. Since then she has continued to cling onto any semblance of power that she can, even now at the age of 83 and long after her husband’s death. Imelda takes extravagance and corruption to the next level. She is world famous for her collection of 2, 700 pairs of shoes, but the fun doesn’t stop there. When the family commenced their 5-year exile in 1986, they were found to have left behind 15 mink coats, over 500 gowns and 1, 000 handbags! Much later, Imelda opened a museum in Manila to showcase her footwear, an action which she called “making a subject of notoriety into an object of beauty”. You’re not fooling anyone, Imelda.



Hillary Clinton – The ‘First Lady’ Macbeth

Hillary belongs to the more power-hungry breed of First Lady, and was often compared to Lady Macbeth in the early years of her public life. During her 8-year stint as Bill Clinton’s First Lady, Hillary had her own office in the White House and played an important role in the administration. She is regarded as one of the most openly empowered presidential wives in American history. Hillary must have decided to pay Bill back for the Lewinsky scandal by becoming more important than him, because once her time as First Lady was over, Hillary wasted no time in advancing her career. She quickly became a Senator for New York before running for pre-selection as a presidential candidate in 2008 and eventually becoming the US Secretary of State in the Obama administration. Who knows what the future holds for Hillary!



Eva Perón – The Feminist

First Lady of Argentina in the late 1940s, Eva was hardly the first film actress to ensnare a successful politician. However, once her husband took office, Eva became an advocate for labour rights and women’s suffrage, pursuing charitable works and founding the nation’s first female political party, and ultimately running for Vice-President. She died young of cervical cancer, and was granted a state funeral. The national mourning that ensued demonstrated how well loved she was, as champions of the oppressed classes always are, and her life was later depicted in the musical *Evita*. The adventures of Eva did not end after death, however, as the military dictatorship that ousted her husband’s regime removed her body from its monument; it took over a decade for it to be put safely to rest in Madrid.



Carla Bruni – The Model

When ex-model and singer-songwriter Carla met a recently divorced Nicholas Sarkozy at a dinner party she apparently wasted no time, and the pair were married less than 4 months later. A gift to the media, Carla is both gorgeous and well dressed, often in Christian Dior. She also brought scandal, with nude photographs from her earlier career selling for close to \$100,000. Carla clearly has a taste for important men, and the ever reputable source of Wikipedia suggests she has been involved with Mick Jagger, Eric Clapton, and former French Prime Minister Laurent Fabius to name a few.

IN CONVERSATION WITH BOB CARR, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS

MELINDA BLADIER SPEAKS WITH THE SENATOR
AND FORMER NSW PREMIER

It is no secret that Bob Carr is a doyenne of the Labor Party. Premier of NSW from 1995 until 2005, Carr is regarded by many as one of the best premiers in Australian history, and held the NSW office for the longest continuous period to date. In March of this year, following Kevin Rudd's resignation as Foreign Minister and failed leadership challenge, and the resignation of Senator Mark Arbib, Carr was appointed as Minister of Foreign Affairs and assumed a seat in the Senate. For Carr, this marked the fulfillment of a life-long ambition to serve as Foreign Minister. For the Government, Carr's appointment was a way of bringing a highly respected intellect and long-time Labor man into a government with more than its fair share of problems. With a Labor spill widely predicted for next year's Federal Election it is unlikely that Carr's term in office will near that of his Premiership. Length, however, is not necessarily an indication of quality, and with the exception of a few early criticisms it would appear that Carr is both respected and highly competent in navigating Australia's international relationships.

On the day that I speak to Minister Carr he is furiously busy, juggling meetings with multiple Ambassadors with the demands of sitting week at Parliament. His Media Adviser comments that she can't fathom how he manages to fit as much into one day as he does; the Ministry is an incredibly intense one, and subject to rapid change with diplomatic relations ebbing and flowing on a daily basis. Despite this, Carr is alert, energetic and clearly passionate about his new role.

He describes the transition from State to Federal politics as exhilarating. "I've gone from speaking to the annual meeting of the Shires Association to addressing the general assembly of the United Nations; I enjoyed talking to the Shires Association, but it's nice after ten years of being a Premier and doing things like that to be doing things internationally."

Whilst the two roles are vastly different, Carr explains that there are some similarities, and his experience as Premier has informed his capabilities as Foreign Minister; "it's the classic theory of politics that applies at this level as it does in state

politics; reconciling differences peacefully, achieving honorable compromises, understanding different approaches... these are the quintessential and perennial challenges of politics, and it's as true at the national level as at a state level."

Since coming into office Carr has overseen a tumultuous time in international politics. He has been responsible for pushing for a cease-fire in Syria, and has publicly condemned the actions of the Syrian Government. The Syrian Chargé d'affaires Mr Jawdat Ali was expelled from Australia at the end of May following continued atrocities in Syria, and the Syrian Government's refusal to engage with the UN brokered ceasefire. He has also been part of international efforts to convince Russia to place sanctions on Syria, a move which many suggest could ease the conflict.

In June, Carr lifted sanctions on Burma which had been designed to specifically punish those responsible for the developing nation's decades long development hiatus, which was sparked by the rule of a military class which abused power and burnt diplomatic bridges. The April by-election victory of Aung San Suu Kyi, chairperson of the National League for Democracy Party, was indication to many that Burma is working towards democracy and willing to re-engage with the international community. In addition to lifting sanctions, Carr has committed to providing Burma with over \$100 million in aid in the next two years; this will be largely directed into the health and education sectors.

Official relations with Fiji were reinstated just weeks ago, meaning that Australia will have a High Commission in Suva for the first time since 2009, when the Fijian military regime expelled previous envoy James Batley on allegations of interfering



with government affairs. This restoration means that Canberra will again play host to a Fijian envoy, who was removed in retaliation for the expulsion of Batley.

Minister Carr's understanding of international affairs is thorough and complex. When asked what the main challenge facing Australia in regards to foreign policy is, he is quick to cite security; "what can we do to secure Australia and its people decades into the future, when we can't guess at the sorts of threats we'll face?". Carr explains that throughout the history of Australia as a modern nation, with the exception of World War II, we've been able to assume the dominance of Western powers to our north. This dominance has been something that, according to the Minister, Australia has encouraged: "We never left the British Empire; the British Empire left us,

and we've had a good security relationship with America since the early days of the 20th Century counterpoised to the growth of Japanese imperialist ambitions."

The Anglosphere created by these traditional security relationships is something that Carr sees as being intrinsic to Australian national identity, and often our diplomatic sympathies. However, he recognises that regional security paradigms are "changing very dramatically," and that we are entering an era where it will no longer be sufficient to assume an easy, effortless Western dominance of areas to our north. With this regional change and development comes cultural shift; Carr suggests that Australian culture is already growing to reflect diverse regional relations, and will continue to do so.

When questioned on Australia's relationship with China he is quick to say that whilst China is very important, and our relationship with China is robust, it is not the only country in the Asia Pacific region, and not the sole force behind what is popularly coined as the Asian Century. Development of the Asia Pacific region, according to Carr, is contingent on the development and cooperation of all of the countries in the region, including Russia and the United States.

In early August Carr created controversy when a comment he made to American Republic Candidate Mitt Romney was misconstrued to the media - Carr said that America was one step away from banishing talk of economic decline, intending it as a positive remark; the media ran stories saying that Carr had publicly suggested that America was a declining power. Carr's position on America is far from it being a spent force. He states that Australia's ties with the United States have traditionally been strong and healthy, and that he believes they can and should continue as such. In regards to China, and the changing relationship between the two as China's international clout grows, Carr says that he has made it clear to China that America will always have a role to play in Australian foreign policy. This is a position he believes China understands, and is not inconsistent with Australia's growing ties with the country which is increasingly important to Australian

trade and consequently economic stability.

The changing power dynamic between China and the United States is relevant not only to Australian diplomatic relations, but also to the broader Asia Pacific region. All countries must negotiate increased interest by both states in the region as it develops. China is currently engaged in a stand-off with the Philippines over possession of the Scarborough Shoal, a small pacific island located off the coast of the Philippines. International alert was also recently sparked when China stationed troops on the Paracel Islands, the ownership of which it is also contesting, this time with Vietnam. Reasons for interest in the area are clear; the South China Sea is particularly resource rich, promising economic wealth to those who can claim extraction rights. The region is also the one through which most Australian exports pass, meaning that it is highly important for the Australian state that peace in the region is maintained.

Because the region is still young and trade and diplomatic relations are still developing, the situation is delicate. Carr sees Australia's role as that of "a creative middle power and a good global citizen." Much of this creativity is perhaps consequent of the complexity which Carr assigns to the region; "there are other stories in the region other than the competition or tension, or the contrast or the cooperation, between the US and China. There's the great narrative of Indonesia, growing at 6% per annum and a very robust democracy. There's the story of India and where India will choose to express its power and its perspective in foreign relations."

Australia's relationship with Indonesia has received significant negative media coverage in the past twelve months. The Gillard Government's ban on live cattle exports, following the Four Corners expose on cattle abuse at slaughterhouses in Indonesia, drew ire from exporters whose trade it affected, and applause from animal rights activists which was dulled when exports were reinstated but with enhanced regulations. Significant tension has also arisen over refugees, and whether Australia should turn boats carrying asylum seekers back to Indonesia regardless of dangers. Carr suggests that in spite of these problems Australia's relationship with Indonesia is strong, and indeed

growing. He indicates that the Australian public is too single minded in their conception of the Australia-Indonesia relationship; "I'd challenge Australians to think about more than these transactional issues when we talk about our relationship with Indonesia."

Our connection with Indonesia, Carr states, is demonstrably positive given the fact that Australia's largest embassy is in Jakarta, our largest aid packet is given to Indonesia, and there is significant collaboration on police, counter-terrorism and disrupting people smuggling.

Carr believes that Australia is integrating effortlessly into the Asia Pacific, and is excited by the development in the region. He cites a recent trip to Singapore where "Australian business people were talking about Singapore as an economic extension of Australia, and Australia as an economic extension of Singapore." With the economic growth in the region, Asian Pacific nations are becoming increasingly integrative, according to Carr.

He believes that sufficient architecture is now in place to ensure the continued growth of the region, and constructive policy development. The East Asia Summit, a yearly forum involving the leaders of countries in the region, is one example of this architecture, in particular given the recent inclusion of the United States and Russia. Carr specifies the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN) as another important regional organisation, and key to building bi-lateral relationships.

It is clear, as our interview concludes and Carr quickly ushers in his next foreign visitor, that he has thrown himself into this new role with unalloyed delight. He openly says of his new job that he "loves all of it"; Australia's aid program, however, has been an unanticipated revelation, and something of which he is incredibly proud.

For the former New South Wales man, the Foreign Ministry is an opportunity not only to be a statesman, as his respected political history indicates, but to be a statesman at the very highest level. Bob Carr is no longer the man of an Australian state; he is now the very public face of the Australian state, and enjoying every minute of it.



TRAGEDY IN BURMA

Ronan Lee explains how an international humanitarian disaster could be fertile ground for al-Qaeda

Racing to disaster zones the way fire fighters rush to fires, Medecins Sans Frontieres (MSF) are about saving lives, offering medical care when others cannot. They have projects in more than 60 countries including Bangladesh, where much of their efforts focuses on assisting those refugees who gather near the eastern city of Cox’s Bazar close to Bangladesh’s border with Burma (also known as Myanmar). Persecution by the Burmese government and inter-ethnic conflict between Arakan Buddhists and Rohingya Muslims has created a steady flow of refugees leaving Burma for camps in Bangladesh.

Action Against Hunger (known as ACF) has been working in the Cox’s Bazar area too. ACF aims to end world hunger and ‘save the lives of malnourished children while providing communities with access to safe water’. Quite simply, without the work of these and other aid agencies in this area, many people would needlessly die.

The Rohingya are a Muslin people living mainly in the western Burmese state of Arakan (also known as Rakhine); they have been a consistent victim of Burmese government persecution but the latest crisis is because of conflict between the Rohingya and Arakan Buddhists. MSF estimates Cox’s Bazar and its surrounds are now home to around 400,000 Rohingya refugees. Of these, just 28,000 are recognised

as official refugees by the Bangladesh Government and entitled to assistance from the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR). The remainder are ‘unrecognised’ and face a daily struggle for survival against malnutrition, illness, exposure and increasingly, sectarian violence in the region.

These numbers look set to dramatically rise following the most recent outbreak of sectarian violence inside Arakan state. Religious and ethnic tensions are long-standing in Burma, but the military junta that ruled the country for much of the time since independence often manipulated these tensions, fanning the flames of sectarian conflict to bolster its own position. In June, the reported gang rape of an Arakan girl by three Muslim men resulted in violence, rioting involving both groups, and revenge killings against Muslims. Human Rights Watch’s (HRW) recent report, ‘The Government Could Have Stopped This,’ documents the sectarian violence and its humanitarian consequences.

Serious criticism is made of Burma’s security forces for “killings, rape and mass arrest against Rohingya Muslims”. HRW’s report explains how security forces failed to protect the Arakan and Rohingya from each other, and unleashed a campaign of violence and mass roundups against the Rohingya. Restrictions on humanitarian assistance for the now 100,000 Rohingya

displaced by this latest unrest is also blamed for leaving them vulnerable and in “dire need of food, shelter, and medical care.”

The Bangladesh Government sees things differently, however. Agency France Presse report that local administrators, following a directive from Bangladesh’s NGO Affairs Bureau, instructed MSF, ACF and Britain’s Muslim Aid UK to suspend services in the Cox’s Bazar area. These humanitarian groups have been ordered to stop providing food, medicine and other relief services to Rohingya fleeing persecution in Burma. Bangladesh believes the availability of food and medicine, rather than escape from the sectarian violence which has left 77 dead, is encouraging Rohingya to cross the officially closed border.

This decision is rightfully criticised by aid groups. It violates accepted standards for dealing with people fleeing persecution and danger, and makes the perspective of the Bangladesh government appear to be little different from that of Burma’s rulers.

Sadly, this kind of violence has historic precedence in a region with porous borders and frequently changing political control. While the history of the region and the background of the Rohingya themselves is contested, more often than not, changes of political control have involved significant bloodshed.

The Burmese conquest of the Arakan kingdom in the Eighteenth Century saw forebears of the current Rohingya flee to British Bengal. When Burma came under the control of the British Colonial administration in India, settlers were encouraged back to the Arakan area. Many analysts see this as a crucial part of the historic development of the Rohingya as a ‘stateless’ people, as families returned to towns and villages their forebears had fled generations before only to face resentment, and often violence, from the current inhabitants. But by most accounts the periodic violent outbreaks in the region were not one-sided.

By the time World War II came to Burma, the British were yet to resolve the Rohingya’s migration

status and they suffered considerably under the Japanese occupation. British co-operation during the war with Arakan Muslim fighters hardly seems to have helped their cause when Burma gained independence from the British after the defeat of Japan. Since then, the Burmese Government, in particular the junta, has used nationalism and religious difference to scapegoat the Rohingya who have been consistently denied citizenship.

Regional Muslim calls for an independent Muslim state hardly helped the Rohingya cause, but certainly do not justify their treatment since Burmese independence. Burma’s new, notionally civilian, government shows no signs of changing policy direction where the Rohingya are concerned. Immigration Minister Khin Yi announced the Rohingya are not to be included in the 2012 nationwide Census and the Government did not rush to investigate alleged unfair treatment of the Rohingya by security forces, waiting months before starting an official investigation.

Actions like these by Burma’s Government and security forces are far from unusual, and are increasingly common in parts of the country rich in natural resources. Arakan state has tens of billions of dollars of

verified natural gas deposits waiting to be exploited. This wealth should be an opportunity to lift all people of Arakan state out of the poverty that has so characterised life in Burma since the junta came to power. But the latest unrest fits into a familiar pattern of life in Burma whenever large scale economic projects are on the horizon. These are frequently accompanied by the involuntary removal of locals, killings and forced labour. The junta grew fat by exploiting Burma’s natural wealth while simultaneously impoverishing their people and, despite this, they stayed in power through shrewd manipulation of local people, attitudes and concerns. In the past, the junta maligned both the Rohingya and the Arakan, whose strong ethnic nationalism was seen as a threat to the central government. Now, the ‘civilian’ government appears to be supporting the Arakan against the Rohingya.

The situation for the Rohingya in Bangladesh is increasingly bleak, and in Burma increasingly dangerous. The UN describes the Rohingya as one of the world’s most persecuted minorities. The immediate challenge for the international community and especially countries like Australia, who is an aid donor to Bangladesh and recently relaxed trade

sanctions against Burma, is to ensure they work with both countries’ governments to make certain these displaced people are safe and have access to humanitarian assistance including water, food, shelter and medical care.

Sadly, the actions of the Bangladeshi and Burmese governments make their position clear to the Muslim Rohingya – look elsewhere for help. This has not gone unnoticed in the region with al-Qaeda known to be operating in the camps and Pakistani Taliban group Tehreek-e-Taliban recently making a threat against Burma announcing “we will take revenge of your blood” because of the treatment of the Rohingya. This is the first time the Taliban has publicly threatened terrorism in Burma.

The Rohingya are facing a humanitarian disaster, increasingly alienated from the administrations of Burma and Bangladesh; if the international community, including Australia, is unwilling to take immediate action to assist them, we can hardly be surprised if they feel forced to turn elsewhere for help. It looks likely that the people who may be most prepared to assist the Rohingya will be far less benign in intent than the humanitarian workers of MSF or ACF.



Images: Ronan Lee

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RIGHT TO PEACEFUL PROTEST UPHELD IN MAX BRENNER CASE

Members of Students for Palestine and Left Action

In a decisive victory for the entire progressive community of Melbourne, the substantive charges made against 16 Palestine solidarity activists, including one Monash University student, were recently dismissed by the Victorian Magistrates court.

The activists were arrested last July at a peaceful Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) rally in QV Square against the Israeli owned Max Brenner, a company which sends care packages to soldiers in the Israeli Defence Force to “sweeten their special moments.” The charges against the protestors were ‘beset’ (an anti-union law meaning to surround a building), and the outrageous ‘trespass in public place’.

The dismissal of these charges is an important victory for free speech and the right to voice political dissent in Melbourne, particularly in places that corporations previously believed they controlled.

Magistrate Simon Garnett concluded that, as a public place, QV Square must be accessible to members of the public at all times. The eviction and arrest of the protesters by the Victorian Police last July were therefore unlawful. In his judgement, Garnett drew on the Victorian Charter of Human Rights to conclude that the protesters had a legal right to enter

QV for the purpose of political demonstration, and that to evict the protesters was a breach of their human rights to “freedom of expression” and “peaceful assembly.”

Defence lawyer Rob Starry has described the outcome as a “landmark victory” which will have “very wide ramifications.”

One of the arrestees and Students for Palestine member Vashti Kenway agrees; “We feel particularly pleased that this result has been made because it leads on to affect other questions, such as Occupy Melbourne.”

Garnett also found that the protesters were conducting a legitimate form of peaceful protest by engaging in BDS, a position that Students for Palestine has always maintained. BDS is a peaceful campaign, called for from within Palestine to encourage the international community to boycott, divest and sanction governments and companies which profit from or support the illegal Israeli occupation of Palestine.

The verdict in court is not just a victory for civil liberties, but a victory for the Australian Palestine solidarity movement. In Australia, the entire political establishment is hegemonic in its support of the Apartheid state of Israel. From the Coalition to the

Greens, politicians fall over themselves to defend Israel, and denounce pro-Palestine activists as “aggressive” and “violent”. Last year, this culminated in several politicians, including ex-Prime Minister Kevin Rudd, visiting Max Brenner for a nice cup of apartheid-laced hot chocolate.

The arrest and trial of the activists represented a serious attempt by this establishment to intimidate and silence an ever-growing

pro-Palestine movement in Australia.

The extent of the collusion by those at the top of society in defence of Israel was revealed in court. Victoria Police, the management of Max Brenner, QV and Melbourne Central shopping centres and the pro-Zionist “Security Intelligence Group” (an intelligence agency which spies on countless other community and activist groups) had been meeting to discuss how to prevent the BDS rallies from taking place.

What’s more, Victoria Police had planned to arrest people at the protest on July 1st before it even began. Using photographs and videos from previous rallies, police had identified the so-called “leaders” of Students for Palestine, and sought to pluck these activists out of the peaceful demonstration, regardless of whether any crimes were being committed.

But in a fun twist, the court verdict not only cleared the activists from the ridiculous charges, but found it was the Victoria Police who were guilty of ‘besetting’ Max Brenner.

The most poetic part of the trial occurred when a note written by one of the Police Prosecutors fell slowly to the ground and landed face-up, allowing one of the activists on trial to read the words “we’re fucked.” And indeed they were.

The attempt to criminalise and vilify pro-Palestinian activists and the BDS campaign has been met with resilience and resistance. Despite the slander in the media and by politicians, attacks on peaceful protests by the Victorian Police and Zionist organisations, and the subsequent arrests and drawn out court case, Students for Palestine has been vindicated by the verdict in court.

Peaceful protest against Max Brenner is an entirely legitimate form of political expression, and Students for Palestine will continue BDS protests until the Apartheid-supporting chocolate store is off the streets of Melbourne for good.

The next BDS rally organised by Students for Palestine is on Friday October 31st, starting 6pm in Bourke St. Mall.

HAUNTED BY THE OLYMPIC SPIRIT

Constantinos Karavias

In the first week of the London Olympics, the International Olympic Committee (IOC), along with its Australian counterpart (AOC), threatened an Aboriginal athlete with disqualification for wearing a t-shirt with the Aboriginal flag on it, meanwhile endorsing a flag with a boxing kangaroo as a new emblem of the boundless human spirit. A young man was reprimanded for wearing the flag of his people while competing for the colony that killed his ancestors in the heart of the empire that stole his country.

“The boxing kangaroo means a lot to our athletes,” said AOC member John Coates. The AOC’s website states “BK (the boxing kangaroo) is not a lout, nor is he aggressive or arrogant. He is, however, assertive when it comes to defending his country’s glory.” Here we have the true spirit of the Olympic Games; one of suppression and reactionary propaganda. The Aboriginal flag is not only branded as illegal, but implied to be meaningless, while a vacuous image that fortifies blind nationalism and serves to sweep aside the past and present brutalities of Australian colonialism is glorified and broadcast to the world.

From their inception, the Olympics have been an imperialist pissing contest. Like all things imperialist, their proudest moments have been their most revisionist, as have their most shameful. Jesse Owens’ iconic string of gold medals at the 1936 Olympics now have ineluctable ties to anti-Nazism, to the gloriously advanced west’s destruction of Hitler’s credos of racial superiority. In reality, Hitler, who was not present for any events, sent Owens a congratulatory picture of himself, while in America the Jim Crow laws continued to be implemented, segregation ran rife, and Owens himself struggled to make a living on return. Owens later said ‘Hitler didn’t snub me – it was FDR (President Roosevelt) who snubbed me.’

Or take the 1968 games, which kicked off ignominiously with the slaughter of over 400

“For the 1988 games in Seoul, South Korea, 720,000 people lost their homes to make way for infrastructure as well as for a level of urbanization that made housing in the city unaffordable for ordinary people.”

protesters by the Mexican government, but are best remembered for the actions of African American athletes Tommie Smith and John Carlos. Smith and Carlos bowed their heads and raised their fists while they stood on the podium, having come first and third respectively in the 200m sprint, and were vilified for adopting a ‘Black Power salute’. Their protest was part of the Olympic Project for Human rights, organized by amateur African American athletes, which called for the restoration of Muhammad Ali’s heavyweight boxing title (stripped for his opposition to the invasion of Vietnam), the removal of Nazi-sympathiser Avery Brundage, from his position as head of the IOC, the employment of more African American coaches, and the expulsion South Africa and Rhodesia, both apartheid states at the time, from the Games. The next day, the Los Angeles Times wrote that the athletes performed a ‘Nazi-like salute’. The Chicago Tribune referred to the incident as ‘an embarrassment visited upon the country’ by ‘renegades’ who would be ‘greeted as heroes by fellow extremists’ but had performed ‘an insult to their fellow countrymen.’ The Chicago American referred to Smith and Carlos as ‘a pair of black-skinned storm troopers’. So much for the celebration of the human spirit and achievement! That Smith had broken the

world record was immaterial in the context of his willingness to expose the rampant racism throughout the US, just four months after the assassination of Martin Luther King.

The shameful legacy of the Olympics lies not only in quelling the civil dissent of its participants. For the 1988 games in Seoul, South Korea, 720,000 people lost their homes to make way for infrastructure as well as for a level of urbanization that made housing in the city unaffordable for ordinary people. In Atlanta in 1996 this number dropped to 30,000, but in 2008 the Beijing Games saw 1.5 million people displaced, with almost one in every six of the city’s inhabitants made homeless. Greece’s catastrophic spending on the 2004 Games was a major catalyst for the depth of the crisis that has created over 30% unemployment (over 50% among youth) and ravaged the healthcare system to the point of a medical regression of generations, with diseases like malaria, tuberculosis and Nile Fever re-emerging and AIDS having become 1250% more prevalent in the first ten months of 2011 alone. This year the Olympic Green Zone was planted in London’s East End. Thousands are already known to have become homeless (though western media sources are a little more reticent about reporting the inhumanity of the British Government than they are that of the Chinese) as often for rooftop missile launchers as for official infrastructure. Under changed police laws, every form of protest can be considered an act of terrorism.

The truly transcendent attitude that the Olympics breeds is one of protest and rejection. Those who have fought in the Games have not only fought against, but in spite of, the Games. They have fought in the face of an institution that not only acts to crush any political statement on the part of the oppressed, but one which seeks to whitewash the vast inequality in the world by dividing people along arbitrary geographical lines and telling them to line up against one another.



Image: Corey Oakley



The graffiti culture in Melbourne is undying and unavoidable; every street corner is covered in tags, burners, pieces and throw-ups. It’s a culture that has coined a language, fought the law and become an addiction and a lifestyle. Sound dramatic? Well, it is.

The graffiti movement began in the 1960s with writers CORNBREAD and COOL EARL in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who wrote in simple script. This quickly appealed to New Yorkers, and by the 1970s the young art form had begun to move from dominating the streets to the subways. The trend of ‘bombing’ started when writers realized they could go to a train yard and ‘tag’ multiple train cars in a small amount of time. In the morning, the trains would leave the station and the graffiti would be visible across the country. The appeal of this was overwhelming. By the 1970s there were so many writers that the heart of creativity became distinguishing yourself

from others. Wayne Roberts, or STAYHIGH149, was the first artist to do this in 1971 by incorporating ‘the smoker,’ a stick man from the TV series *The Saint*, holding a joint. STAYHIGH149, who assumed the name VOICE OF THE GHETTO after he was arrested, was admired for his style and his domination of the city.

VOICE OF THE GHETTO inspired a more unique style of graffiti, and styles quickly developed to be more complex, bigger in size, and multi-coloured. Each style developed its own name, with fonts like straight letter, Philadelphia hand-style, abstract, and wildstyle, among many others, contributing to the growing and rather convoluted scene. Different styles therefore became attached to different identities and groups of people, transforming graffiti into not only markings on walls, but a way of life for artists. The development of personal styles spawned the beginning of a new form of expression, considered as art by some, and as vandalism by others.

The domination of this new breed of street art did not go unnoticed. Hugo Martinez saw the artistic potential writers had and founded UNITED GRAFFITI ARTISTS (UGA), a crew of the most renowned writers of the time. Martinez went on to further challenge the prevalent attitude that graffiti was defacement by creating The Razor Gallery. This art gallery provided writers with the space and the opportunity to legally showcase their art and have their voices heard. As proof of Martinez’s lasting and respected influence, Melbourne today has a crew named UNITED STREET ARTISTS, or USA, no doubt a spin-off of the original American guild.

Regardless of Martinez’s efforts, the citizens of New York still considered street art a form of vandalism. By the 1980s, control of graffiti took hold as the Metropolitan Transit Authorities spent

millions on removing the markings in what became known as “The Clean Train Movement.” Writers moved to the streets and used building walls as their new medium, yet still faced the police and potential jail time if caught. At the same time, Henry Chalfant and Martha Cooper’s book *Subway Art* and the film *Style Wars* by Tony Silver served as part of a dominant pro-graffiti movement that began arousing people all over the world. While the hammer may have been coming down hard on graffiti in New York, history was only just beginning.

The rise of graffiti in Australia in the 1980s was accompanied by the emergence of hip-hop culture. The focus of graffiti moved from the significance of the message towards visual appeal. One of Australia’s earliest practitioners, the mysterious elderly man Arthur Space, had anonymously written *Eternity* in chalk in elegant copperplate almost 500,000 times throughout Sydney during the 1940s and 1950s. In 1987 and 1988, Melbourne was struck with a massive influence of new artists focused on aesthetic appeal as the marks of crews CW and DMA, among others, became visible throughout the streets.

In the late 1990s, graffiti became more political - especially with motivators like Banksy in England - as wheat-paste posters and stencils became popular in Melbourne. Artists HAHA, DLUX and VEXTA used posters soaked in political affairs. RONE and PHIBS utilised bright colours and intricate designs with paint, dazzling city dwellers and tourists alike. Writers like TAME reinvented letters and painted renowned murals while allegedly wearing 3D glasses to produce a unique effect, while crews like CAVE CLAN started their own newsletter *Il Draino*. Today, 70K crew is arguably considered public enemy number one, with affiliated writers like BONES, RENKS, MEOW, and STAN seen as ‘bombing kings,’ their tags visible across Melbourne.

There is no doubt that graffiti has taken hold of the city since its introduction in the 1980s. For some, this graffiti has grown to be a quintessential part of Melbourne, contributing significantly to the city’s unique culture. For others, graffiti is simply vandal-



ism, associated with misdemeanour, disrespect, and defacement of public and private property. As stated in the City of Melbourne’s “Graffiti Management Plan,” most graffiti is on private property, whether governmental, residential, or commercial. The cost of removal and its reflection of an “unattractive” city pose issues for the government; in November 2006, 11,300 square meters of graffiti covered the city, and approximately \$700,000 was spent on graffiti control. Subsequently, the city devised a removal plan whereby a “dedicated removal vehicle” travels the streets and removes any tags and murals that do not have the lawful consent of the property owner. In addition, the City of Melbourne has started a “Do Art Not Tags” campaign, a graffiti education program for those in Year 5 and Year 8. Students are taught the difference between graffiti, defined in the “Graffiti Management Plan” as “writing or drawing on walls without permission,” and street art, defined on their website as “larger more artistic pieces or murals in appropriate locations with the required permission.” Unfortunately for the government, it is not that simple.

To many artists, graffiti is not just about the art,

but the associated lifestyle. As stated in the documentary *Infamy*, “the egos, the beef, the jealousy, the law, the sicknesses, the injuries, the hatred, the violence... That’s graffiti.” When approaching the art, it’s easy to try and categorise it: separate the ugly tags from the beautiful murals, relate the tags to unlawful teenagers and gangs, and the murals to artists. But for many writers, graffiti is the whole package. If you don’t bomb or write your tags all over the city then you aren’t supporting your name. “Graffiti is marking your name everywhere, to let everybody know *this is me, I was here, fuck off;*” in other words, it’s about domination.

Graffiti artists are known to become so tangled in the lifestyle that violence and petty crimes become the norm. SABER, a major writer in Los Angeles, has had brain hemorrhaging, short-term memory loss, and major injuries to his knees and shoulders that cannot be repaired due to violence between the writers, and also being in the wrong place at the wrong time. In large cities, the undesirable crowd that inhabits the streets early in the morning is something most people try to stay away from, yet writers routinely

find themselves amidst this. ENEM from North Philadelphia went to jail six times in one summer, but continued painting upon release. While graffiti in the United States may be more dangerous than graffiti in this city, the mentality is the same: it is a lifestyle that becomes a sickness, is highly addictive, and happens right beneath our feet in the wee hours of the morning.

Undoubtedly, the debate about whether graffiti should be categorised as vandalism or art will continue long into our future. A survey conducted by The City of Melbourne found that citizens don’t like tagging but appreciate street art. However, tagging has been proclaimed as the “buttery essence” of graffiti to writers. With this in mind, it is arguable that despite the government’s efforts, non-endorsed murals and tagging will continue to exist, as a significant part of graffiti culture is rebellion. The street corners and fences of Melbourne will remain stained with markings which symbolise an illness, a lifestyle, and personal and political ideologies. Whether we enjoy it or are disgusted by it, graffiti is, for the time being, here to stay.

PHOTOS IN FOCUS WITH JORDANA HYAMS



I use a Canon 550D. I tend to take photos of things that wouldn't usually jump out at anyone if you were just passing by - I'm interested in the individual narrative and that's what I try and capture. Questions surrounding what people were doing in that place at that time, and where they might be going next. Everyone has an interesting story. I just try and grab a little bit of it.

CREATIVE WRITING

SEASONS OF LIFE

Karleim Kwong

Outside it is warm, outside new life is born
Little birds sing
Welcoming the arrival of spring
A baby is born to Husband and Wife
This is the beginning of their little girl's life

Outside it is hot, outside it is bright
She laughs the summer days away in delight
Adventures await her at every bend
The sun shines over her and her friends

Outside it is cool, outside the fields are gold
She finds true love in a story foretold
Autumn days mark another year
Suddenly the future becomes unclear

Outside it is cold, outside it snows
She is thinking of days from long long ago
She sits all alone
She lets out a moan
She rubs her old aching bones

Winter time, the end of a story
A time to reflect on her life glory

KEROSENE

Youlin Koh

To let the air in
She opened the door
And spread around
Newspaper on the floor
So that paint-stains wouldn't
Be left, looking like swollen sores.

Gloss paint balanced on old brush
Daubing away at a wooden bird
That probably resembled a thrush
The colour of tea in time.
Painting her thoughts into mush
And her life into the paint.

Then she washed the brush in kerosene.
Paint wasn't solvent in water,
Unlike her. Kerosene wore it thin
Until there was no more.
Only streaks of red that had once been
Used to create memories.

She scrubbed her hands with kerosene;
It left a waxy sheen.
She scrubbed her hands with kerosene;
To try and scrub it clean.
She scrubbed herself with kerosene;
And set herself aflame.
Reminded of a spurious love,
She tried to remove the pain.

FINE AGAIN

Matthew Campbell

baited breath

timid pith

quivering palms

abated with

quick glance

signed affirmation

warm smile

re-animation

fine again

MOCKINGBIRD

Michelle Li

Velvet arrows
So whole and primal
Find their way to the pulsing atrium
Of caverns filled with sound
Filled flush with the baritone
That holds me quivering—
A gargoyle fixed in grotesque state
By lyrical lies
And a hopeless heart
That heeds not
The call of wind-up birds
And finds sadistic pastime
In your company:
Fletch into me a backbone
Such that these knees don't bend
At your whistles, your inane tunes.



“I’m too serious to be a dilettante and too much a dabbler to be a professional.”

If you measure the quality of films by their cultural influence, then Federico Fellini’s *La Dolce Vita* is an unsurpassed achievement in cinema. Aptly set in Rome, the story follows the hectic hedonism of Marcello, a gossip journalist, as he schmoozes with the rich and famous. The film’s cultural outreach when it was first released was so resonant that it even provided the origins of the word ‘paparazzi’, inspired by the character Paparazzo and his intrusive work as a photographer. The winner of the Palme d’Or at the 1960 Cannes Film Festival, *La Dolce Vita* is all about the seductive power and unfulfilling distractions of indulgence. Visually stunning, Fellini gives us a portrait of the dizzying world of parties, aristocratic luxury, and a celebrity-obsessed condition which *New York Times* film critic Bosley Crowther described as the “tragedy of the over-civilised”.

The film presents a series of short episodes which culminate in a narrative about the difficult relationship between immediate pleasure and underlying happiness. Marcello’s personal troubles reflect a cultural shift in the 1950s which glamorously celebrated economic boom in the aftermath of war. The opening scene offers a sweeping aerial shot of a helicopter carrying a plaster statue of Christ across Rome. The audience is confronted with the conquering image and pulsating sound of a new Italy, hinting at a collective obsession with cultural ownership and decadence. Marcello, for his part, is not solely occupied with raw desires for sex and money – he actually wants to leave his marriage for its self-perceived “animalism” – but he places some faith in the potential for extravagant impulses to lead to a better life. He has a loving wife, a successful career, and exclusive access to the rich and famous. But he’s looking for more. He can’t get

satisfaction from life. So he allows himself to be swept away by fluctuating infatuation and the consumer lifestyle.

Mastroianni is exceptional as the afflicted protagonist. Right from the start, he commands attention with his charming smile and alluring sense of amusement. But he quickly suggests much more than a façade of self-confidence: his worried expressions reveal a pensive anxiety and inner pain about his unquenchable ambitions. By the end of the film, we see every dimension of the human condition in poor Marcello. He moves effortlessly from a quick-witted Romeo to a detached bedroom philosopher, from a painfully aggressive husband to a weary partygoer. His exhausting dabbling with delirium leaves him bereft and removed from the elusive sweet life. There are too many great scenes to adequately address here, but I will lightly touch on two important foils: Sylvia and Steiner.

Sylvia, played by Anita Ekberg, is basically Anita Ekberg: a Swedish-American movie star who swings by Rome for the press. After a day of exploration and a night of rowdy partying, Sylvia and Marcello walk aimlessly around the streets of Rome until they end up wading in the Trevi fountain. Marcello’s infatuation with Sylvia is absolute. She’s stunningly portrayed as the perfect personification of beauty. But the film’s narrative pattern, which alternates between evening and dawn, suddenly intervenes. The arrival of morning ends the night’s romantic appeal and sends Sylvia back to her hotel without experiencing the cathartic, luscious, extravagant kiss we’re waiting for. She’s interested in Marcello, but all he represents for her is a flirtatious, temporary affair. For Marcello, Sylvia is something much more meaningful, but she’s tantalisingly out of reach. She defines what his aspira-

tional lifestyle becomes: wonderfully promising, but incomplete and unsatisfying.

Fellini adds the more tragic story of Steiner, an envied worldly expert, to communicate Marcello’s worries. Steiner is kind, compassionate, all-knowing. He lives the intellectual, artistic life Marcello sincerely longs for. And it’s easy to be intoxicated by his bravado of brilliance – we see him playing Bach on a church organ and hosting an impressive party of cashed-up art aficionados – and we come to identify him as a sort of renaissance man. Yet Steiner complains of a dissatisfaction with everything. Although he’s universally admired and has a beautiful family, Steiner considers his experience of life flimsy and hollow, confessing to Marcello that peace “frightens” him. He wants to move beyond passion and desire to some otherworldly lifestyle which is difficult to grasp. The lasting tragedy of the film, Steiner’s unexpected and chilling suicide, leaves his wife at the mercy of Paparazzo and reveals his profound personal anguish. Marcello wonders whether his goals in life – everything Steiner represented – are really worth pursuing.

The final scenes show us a dreadfully dreary Marcello. Stumbling onto a beach after a clumsily executed party, he admires the glaring eyes of a stingray washed up on the Italian shore. After all of his cavorting, you might think of him as a whining, ungrateful fool, but it’s fairer to see him as a victim – a victim of a domineering culture which fails to live up to its self-raising expectations. A snippet of Steiner’s most eloquent monologue captures the film’s ideas far better than my brief appraisal, so I’ll leave you with this: “Even the most miserable life is better than a sheltered existence in an organised society where everything is calculated and perfected.”

DARKNESS, LIGHT, DARKNESS: A REVIEW OF MIFF 2012

David Heslin

If cinephilia has a distinctive virtue, it might be patience. A taste, or at least tolerance, for long silences is essential; the frustration of white subtitles on white background simply a cross to bear. In ‘real cinema’, audience gratification is seldom a priority, while music is rarely supplied as an emotional cue. The cogs of the commercial industry — convention, formula, familiarity — are reconfigured or set aside; if you wanted to be really insufferable, you might describe it as film without training wheels. It is for this kind of cinema that the Melbourne International Film Festival exists.

In the first pages of the 2012 programme, the establishment waxes lyrical — local, state and federal politicians penning odes to tourism profits and cultural capital. And yet, what of their constituents? ‘Arthouse film’, when not treated with indifference, still has a significant capacity to arouse hostility. For non-enthusiasts, events such as these can be perceived as pastimes for snobs and elitists incapable of appreciating the simple joy of popcorn and Johnny Depp in a pirate costume. The contempt, it must be said, is mutual.

There is no class war, at least, in Donaldson Lane. The queue from the Russell Street entrance to Greater Union winds into the nearby alleyway, right to the end and back up the wall of the opposing building. Here, again, patience is essential: thirty minutes or more in the frigid air is to be expected for a fully booked session, and there are plenty of those. *Amour*, the reigning French gold leaf recipient, is sold out weeks in advance; even some of the more obscure titles easily fill the smaller theatres.

In one such setting, a crowd files in for the screening of *Bestiaire*, a Québécois film about animals in captivity. It’s the sort of thing that could never screen outside a festival — good luck trying to market long, static shots of antelopes in pens — but it possesses a quiet beauty nonetheless. As much as its sequences arouse sympathy for the captive tetrapods, it’s difficult not to feel a twinge of irony — the viewers, of course, themselves stuck in a box in the dark, soon to be transported in a box on wheels to a box in the sub-

urbs. Perhaps the distinction between voluntary and involuntary imprisonment is not all that significant; or perhaps the yaks would be happier if they had a lounge suite.

The concept of captivity seems a common theme in this year’s festival. Exploitation, in particular, is central. ‘Who exploits who in the prostitution industry?’, girl hooker doco *Whores’ Glory* and boy hooker

feature *Paradise: Love* query in confronting fashion; in *Girl Model*, on the other hand, the only question is who’s exploiting the models (the answer seems to be everybody).

Almayer’s Folly, Chantal Akerman’s beautiful adaptation of the 19th century Joseph Conrad novel, addresses an older dynamic: that of the damage wrought by colonialism. Here, rather than adhere to the easy rhetoric of Oppressed and Oppressor, Akerman portrays the tragedy as a double-edged sword: a ravaging not just of enslaved natives and unwanted half-breeds, but the European overlords as well; pitiful figures trapped in a landscape they are incapable of comprehending. The final sequence, in particular, is magnificent: the protagonist, ruined and abandoned, recounts his erroneous patriarchal maxims. Thus, instead of reassuring us with a slogan, the film offers a more disturbing thesis: a path to hell paved with good intentions.

It seems unlikely that *Almayer’s Folly* will receive any kind of local distribution. Quite simply, it’s too obscure; doesn’t have any well-known actors; and, most importantly, it’s kind of slow. It seems tiresome to bemoan supposed characteristics of generation whatever, but let’s concede this much: a culture of immediate gratification is not fertile breeding ground for a more patient film consumer. Technology, as any



Luddite would tell you, has much to answer for.

The festival doesn’t shirk these developments. Its iPhone app — when it works — is nigh on indispensable. The event even provides a full pass, which enables the holder to slip in and out of sessions at their leisure without fear of financial consequences. Sacrilege? You decide! Pity any patron, though, who exercises their right to escape *Holy Motors* before its concluding scenes, which feature Kylie Minogue, a song, apes and talking cars. If this summation makes the film sound strange... well, it does, and it is.

Cinema, of course, carries on after the conclusion of the festival. A certain proportion of films will be screened again over the next 12 months; some will go straight to DVD; the rest may turn up online. Good new films will continue to compete for space with expensive, 90 minute long product endorsements, saturation advertising ensuring the dominance of the latter. And yet, perhaps we cinephiles enjoy the obscurity of our passion; appreciate the opportunity to bask outside the flash-bulb glare of the American studio system. Perhaps it is the absence of mass corporate involvement that enables ‘real cinema’ to maintain its authenticity. Whatever the case, the following seems evident: these two-and-a-half winter weeks shall never lose their allure; neither, the solace of patient anticipation.

FILM REVIEW: THE CAMPAIGN

Joshua Reinders

From the outset I'd like to make it abundantly clear that *The Campaign* is pretty much exactly what you'd expect – yet another in a long line of OK Will Ferrell comedies co-piloted by seemingly whichever other funnyman was in vogue at the time of shooting (think *Blades of Glory* with the Napoleon Dynamite guy, or the admittedly above average *Step Brothers*). Unfortunately though, *The Campaign* suffers from much the same problem that these films did – it just doesn't make you laugh as hard or as often as it ought to.

The current iteration of the now familiar formula sees Ferrell playing Cam Brady, a grossly incompetent congressman with no qualms at all about selling his influence in Washington to whichever corporate

interests are willing to pay for it. He never has to worry about re-election, simply because he's always been the only person keen on the job amongst the folks of the backwater district of North Carolina that he represents. That is until the appearance of Zach Galifianakis's character Marty Huggins, a pug-loving local eccentric whom a couple of corporate douchebags decide (for what seems to the viewer like no apparent reason) to back as their pawn in order to help engineer their dubious plans for the district's industrial future.

What makes up the rest of the film is basically just a series of ever nastier exchanges between the two would-be congressmen. Galifianakis (of *The Hangover's* wolf pack fame) shines in his role as a sweet and unassuming family man, providing one

of the few really worthwhile reasons to see this film. And yes, the sheer thoroughness with which the film demolishes and ridicules its comedic target (American-style democracy) is as satisfying as any of the countless George Bush jokes we've all heard over the years, but really, in the end, it all just feels a little played out. By now we're so used to politicians serving up enough unintentional comedy of their own through the medium of their overactive twitter accounts that the idea of writing a whole movie poking fun at them just seems a little unnecessary. And it is with that in mind that I encourage readers to either hold onto their hard-earned dollars, or, failing that, just go see the new Batman instead.

Two and a half stars out of five.

FIFTY SHADES OF CRAPPY SYNONYMS

Olivia Tolich

“This is one HOT story! It is very well written” – Amazon Reader Review

“A great well-written story that keeps you wanting more” – Amazon Reader Review

“The next person to refer to Fifty Shades of Grey as well-written gets smacked with the Complete Works of Shakespeare” – The General Consensus On The Internet



I'd like to take a moment of silence to remember the phrase “well-written”. The ailing, pallid, doomed phrase has officially been taken off life support. Cause of death: the destruction of the English language through the recent mainstream popularity of some of the worst literary garbage ever committed to print.

The latest winner in the race for banal bestsellers is E. L. James' Fifty Shades of Grey, which boasts the use of the verbs “murmur”, “mutter” and “whisper” approximately 450 times, leaving us to assume that the characters have permanent laryngitis. Welcome to the story of Anastasia Steele and the journey she takes with her two imaginary friends, “Subconscious” and “Inner Goddess”, whose favourite pastimes include doing the meringue, rolling their eyes at Anastasia's complete incompetence as a human being, and creepily perving on her while she rides her supermegafoxyawesomehot “bagillionaire” boyfriend.

The adult content aside, this is truly the story of a woefully underdeveloped heroine with a severe case of stereotypical teen-movie insecurity, mild cases of “every boy ever loves me and I don't notice” syndrome and a vocabulary limited to “Oh my!” and “Holy crap!”. She then falls for the hottest stalker ever, whose actions are apparently not worth

pressing charges over because he is hot, gorgeous, hot, rich, hot and a supposed sex god. Emphasis on the ‘hot’. They then enter into the most sexually charged, painfully awkward and emotionally abusive relationship ever, based on the premise that he can change. Good luck with that. Really.

My morbid curiosity and evident masochism led me to read this book, and whilst it is advertised as risqué and provocative, the sex is the least shocking aspect of this trilogy. How did the most appallingly repetitive and mind-numbing novel ever released sell 31 million copies worldwide? Why does it no longer matter to society whether a novel is well written? How does anyone get so attached to a book when all I can do is cringe at every “Oh my!”? Surely there are amazingly written trashy chicklit books out there, unjustly ignored over this puerile garbage. Someone please. Find or write them now!

Finally, a helpful reading tip if you, like me, are masochistic enough to pick up this “novel”: when it becomes too much to bear the repetition of the same 3 scenes (fight, lust, sex) over AND OVER, just imagine them being interrupted by the Terminator mid-“release”. Now THAT'S literature. Hasta la vista, sex addicts.

TOP 5 SONGS

...ABOUT AUSTRALIA

Pia Salvatore

In the comedown from Olympic fever, we've all returned to our apathetic attitudes to patriotism and nationalism that only flare up once every four years. Here at *Lot's Wife* we're all about national pride; the end of the Olympics is not the end of our flag wearing days! Well, that might be an over-exaggeration. Anyway, here are some songs about Australia:

Midnight Oil - Beds Are Burning

Before formally entering Federal politics, Peter Garrett actually stood for something. We're glad about that, because it means that he and Midnight Oil gave us socially aware songs like this one about land rights and ownership. Midnight Oil gave us some good things to think about, and Peter Garrett gave us some excellent moves to bust every time Midnight Oil ever comes on.

Men at Work – Down Under

Men at Work started off as a pub band; my dad even saw them when they were doing that sort of thing. Now they're lending their name to Telstra ads. Let's not allow it to destroy the essence of ‘Down Under’ though: vegemite sandwiches, glowing women, and plundering men. We should be so proud.

Rolf Harris – Tie Me Kangaroo Sport

A song about Australian wildlife spent four weeks at the top of the charts in 1960. Why? Because it's hilarious, that's why. Its main instrument is a wobble board. A wobble board. There's really not much else to say. A wobble board.



Yothu Yindi – Treaty

What happened to politically motivated lyrics? Yothu Yindi got together with Paul Kelly to write this, and it's brilliant. It has it all: political lyrics, didgeridoo, and some Aboriginal language.

GIG GUIDE



Pia Salvatore

The Beautiful Girls

The Corner Hotel
24, 25, 26 August
The Beautiful Girls are wrapping up their career together with a series of double-set shows. Best go see them if you want to celebrate the ten years they've spent as an ever-present band on the Australian music scene.

Dress code: As shaggy as you can get. Stubble is preferable.

Hunting Grounds

The Toff In Town
Saturday 25 August
Touring their long-awaited debut album, *In Hindsight*, Ballarat-born six-piece Hunting Grounds will be bringing their eclectic sounds to town.

Dress code: Skinny jeans.

Tyme X Tujiko

The Northcote Social Club
Sunday 26 August
For a night full of experimental pop electronica, Japanese-born, Paris-based artist Tujiko Noriko will deliver. Teaming up with Tyme from MAS,

an electronica, dub, and jazz band, this collaborative performance will be something special.

Dress code: Plain and simple.

Seekae

The Corner Hotel
Friday 31 August
Fresh from their Splendour In The Grass debut, Seekae have been building a support base for a long time now. No longer unheard of, the band is garnering a pretty big following. They're fun to see live too.

Dress code: BYO MacBook Pro.

Shihad

The Hi-Fi
Thursday 6 September
They played a sneaky surprise show in Northcote a few weeks ago, but this time they've given their Melbourne fans a bit more notice. Playing their retrospective collection, they'll be serving up all that is good from the last two decades.

Dress code: Black.

ALBUM REVIEW

THE IDLER WHEEL... FIONA APPLE

Pia Salvatore

The Idler Wheel Is Wiser Than The Driver Of The Screw And Whipping Cords Will Serve You More Than Ropes Will Ever Do.

Don't let that essay-length album title deter you; Fiona Apple's newest album is actually a very direct illustration of honesty, as is her penchant as a performer.

In her first album since 2005, and only her fourth since 1996, this powerful songstress continues her way of letting you into the intimacies of her life, and her ability hasn't diminished; her piano and voice still hold strong

against occassionally unconventional song structures. Do yourself a favour and listen to it from start to finish, and then over and over again.



EP REVIEW

BURN BRIGHT MOSMAN ALDER

Leigh McDonald

Upon first listening to Mosman Alder's *Burn Bright*, you could be excused for assuming that The National had written the soundtrack for *The Hobbit*. Lead singer Valdis Valodze's dark baritone, coupled with the string and brass arrangements is sweeping – but not quite enough to be considered pretentious – and when given the chance, Valodze's clever songwriting breaks out from the complex musical landscapes.

The opening track 'Jasmine' establishes him as fine lyricist and sees the emergence of his self-proclaimed Kafka influences. However, later phrases beg strange questions; was the refrain "I have never found you repulsive" a pick-up line and, more importantly, did it

work?

Other tracks, such as 'Raisin Hearts' and 'These Hands' see Mosman Alder ambitiously attempt epic walls of sound; seemingly purpose-written for their recent Splendour In The Grass performance.

Perhaps they do sound a bit too much like The National, but they do a pretty damn good job of it.



GIG REVIEW

SOUNDWWWALK

Pia Salvatore

I went to an event as part of a prelude to *Experimenta*, which is happening in September. Online, it was described as a performance of the "emerging genre of live browser-based sound performances", which to be honest, I haven't heard of before - my guess is you haven't either, probably because it's a bit shit. I had Soundwwwalk built up in my head as something else. I pictured a big space with dark lights and projections, of some advanced geek level mixing of different sounds with some equally as intriguing images to match. How very wrong one person can be. Yes, there was a projection, but that was about the only thing that matched my totally incorrect preconceived idea of what it would be. The room was bright, a computer home screen was projected on to the screen, and the

audience were organised in a way that made us feel like we were about to get a presentation on a time share offer. So began this "sonic detour through the World Wide Web", and I don't think I will be returning. Essentially, it was a "performance" of having tabs open in the browser, all with some sort of YouTube or other online sound-playing site. So we sat there and watched as the "performer" clicked play on one sound bite, then clicked play on the next few, then went back and faded out the first couple, and so on and so forth. There is actually some potential to turn what this is into something interesting. However, when it was simply a collection of Buddhist chanting, shamanic drumming, rain (yes, the most clichéd sound of them all), and some drone metal, leaving early didn't seem like such a loss. Soundwwwalk – more like soundwuh-wuh-wank, I want my \$5 back.

ALBUM REVIEW

ROYALTY CHILDISH GAMBINO

Pia Salvatore

As an actor, comedian, rapper, producer and general babe, Donald Glover is an all-around superstar who can do it all. He's back with a new mixtape under his performance moniker, Childish Gambino, and anyone who doubts that the actor behind the lovable Troy Barnes from the TV show *Community* can't hold his game should promptly stand down.

From the self-affirming "We Ain't Them" to the goofy sampling of Britney Spears' "Toxic", and all the way through to the final track "Real Estate",

Childish shows up anyone who doubts he can't have the best of both worlds as a comedic actor and a musician. Any mix that ends with a rap by Tina Fey is A-OK in our books.



SPLENDOUR IN THE GRASS 2012: BACK TO BYRON BAY



You may have heard rumours of how muddy Splendour In The Grass was this year, but I don't think you can really comprehend. I alone carried half of Byron Bay's topsoil home in my toenails. 'I don't think I need gumboots' is perhaps one of the most mistaken ideas to have ever occurred to anyone packing for a music festival. Worse yet, 'I only really need this one pair of boots with a large hole in them', a little closer to home for me, proved much more disastrous. It doesn't matter if every other festival you've ever been to was bone dry, it's always a risk. One can only assume that the festival organisers were in cahoots with the gumboot-sellers extorting \$90 a pair from poor, desperate people with lost and destroyed shoes. Despite predominantly clement weather, with the notable exception of the short rain and hailstorm that caused the tent over the main stage to leak on to **DZ Deathrays'** amp, mud persisted 'til the very end.

Even so, mud wasn't the only substance inflicted upon Splendour punters. Highlights included the bassist of **Howler** emptying half a bottle of Jack Daniels over the front row. Some excitedly licked it off their arms, while others wrinkled their nose in disgust at the whiskey smell, but combined with the sweat of moshers and the mud from the boots of crowdsurfers which coated the festival-goers. all agreed it was a waste of good alcohol.

Speaking of substances and extortion, the change of location and resulting separation of the camping and festival areas made it harder yet to avoid outrageous drink prices. Cars were searched by the most adorable sniffer dog, and other usual security measures applied. As a result, the liquor store on the road out of the campgrounds must have done a roaring trade. It was there that we purchased the obligatory goon bag and some bottles of soft drink, and a new drink "goke" (goon and vanilla Coke) was born. I swear it doesn't taste as bad as it sounds.

Of course, the most important part was, or should have been, the music. 12 hours at the barrier of the Supertop stage on the Friday yielded some amazing experiences, from **Lindsay 'The Doctor' McDougall** making an appearance on stage in a tie-dyed shirt

to play with **Kingswood**, to **Kram**'s halting and somewhat apologetic cover of Nirvana's 'Smells Like Teen Spirit'. The set from **Pond**, a West Australian psychedelic band that shares two members with Tame Impala, was a highlight. Front man Nick Allbrook drinking "cough syrup" on stage, and most certainly tripping balls, was in part responsible for a mesmerising performance. The lowlight was definitely being crushed against the barrier during **At The Drive-In**'s set, as desperately over-excited fans tried to get close to their first Australian appearance in more than ten years. However, the reward at the end of the night was a brilliant set from **Jack White**; this, for me, was worth the food, water and toilet deprivation of the preceding 12 hours.

The second day featured some of the most highly anticipated performances, **Lana Del Ray** and **Bloc Party**, both of which, I am proud to say, I succeeded in avoiding. Instead, I joined the small but devoted crowd watching Australian folky-post-rock legends

The Dirty Three. Front man Warren Ellis, also known for his roles in Grinderman and Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds, is truly entertaining when granted the spotlight. He's clearly learnt a few dance moves off Nick Cave, but one of the biggest highlights of his sets is his rambling introductions to each song. It's hard to remember exactly, but varicose veins, skinless bears, ketamine and Gina Rineheart's rectum are references that come to mind. Perhaps the biggest cheer from the crowd was elicited when Warren suggested Justin Bieber was the result of an orgy between Bono, Gina Rineheart and Paul McCartney. Warren Ellis is truly amazing.

The last day of the festival was a little bit more low-key. **Smashing Pumpkins** played, if you were willing to watch Billy Corgan vainly

attempt to recapture his relevance. An enjoyable performance from **Wolfmother**, with a good crowd and a slightly pretentious cover of Pink Floyd's 'Another Brick In The Wall', was only partially marred by lead man Andrew Stockdale's general wankery. Examples included constantly stopping before guitar solos to demand more appreciation from the crowd, or asking everyone if they were 'in tune with the elements', but despite looking like hippie gurus from another century, Wolfmother played what the punters wanted to hear and were generally well received.

Overall, Splendour's return to Byron Bay, after years of exile in Queensland, was a triumphant one. Even better, Splendour now has a permanent home at Yelgun in the North of Byron Bay, for at least five years, and a slightly larger capacity with upwards mobility. Exciting times abound for the future of Splendour In The Grass!

Photos: Rebecca Irvine



MONASH 3RD YEAR BPA REVIEW: THE FLAYED

James Cerche

I’ve seen a lot of good theatre and a lot of shit theatre. This was stunning theatre. I could count the shows I have seen which are better than this on one hand, even if I was missing two fingers. It’s hard to know where to begin with this review, because this production’s capacity for inducing speechlessness was both swift and terrible.

The concept was simple enough, and we’ve been seeing attempts to vigorously revive old, old violent stories at the Malthouse Theatre with varying degrees of success over the past 12 months, but rarely with the ferocity and poignancy that was on display here. Minimalism reigned in the stripped down space; bare lights and visible operators provided the dirty, yet clinical canvas for the typically huge Greek saga to be played out on. A bastardisation of Euripides’ Hecuba and The Women of Troy; *The Flayed* examined dehu-

manisation through a correlating series of passionate vignettes and encounters between members of a hellishly talented cast of third year actors in the Monash Bachelor of Performing Arts degree.

The universally competent cast featured a great number of finely nuanced performances, resulting in a series of powerhouse efforts from both leading and supporting roles. Kaitlyn Clare’s towering portrayal of Hecuba, who spent the entire play shackled to the roof, was suitably timeless, grounded by a low booming voice and relentless spirit. The rest of Troy’s fairer sex were on display through the toil of a devastating Tegan Harrod, as a woman forced to surrender her son, and the bat-shit crazy Sam Dowdeswell, who provided shattering bursts of energy between being stuffed in and out of various receptacles. As their chief male oppressors, Tom Molyneux’s sly realist and Nigel

Langley’s guttural masculinity shone alongside the excellently affable pairing of the devious Jack Beeby and marginally more compassionate Chris Chosich.

This production was battering and rarely relented, despite having an ample collection of laughs. Song was utilized perfectly by the singers and ensemble as a strange new mode of storytelling around the acts of violence. The stories on show here were deeply moving. I spent the whole second half of the show weeping and the next few hours wanting to continue weeping; I can’t remember the last time I have been so emotionally affected by a stage production. The directors, Robert Draffin and Anna Nalpan, deserve big shiny medals and counselling. This is the kind of show that reminds me why I love the theatre and it will stay with me as long as I have thoughts in my head. Like I said: stunning.

CREATING CALVIN:

A LOOK INTO THE CREATIVE PROCESS OF APHONIA: LOVE STORIES

Jarryd Redwood

When I first saw that I had been cast in the role of a 45-year-old man in the latest MUST production, *Aphonia: Love Stories*, I was concerned that I wasn’t up to the task. Although many of my friends had often commented on my ability to act much older than my short 20 years of existence, translating that maturity on stage would inevitably be a difficult task. Middle-aged characters are often the hardest to perform on stage as an actor in your 20s because they belong to a generation very different from our own, whilst not being old enough to fulfill an elderly person stereotype.

I still remember walking, shaking but determined, into my first rehearsal. Luckily, writer and director Hannah Aroni and assistant director Tamuz Ellazam are the kindest directors I’ve worked under and instantly calmed my nerves about the age issue. For that entire first rehearsal, all we did was talk about our characters; not just what was seen on stage or in the script, but their history, their habits, their pet peeves,

their triumphs and their lifestyles.

Suddenly my character Calvin wasn’t just a character on paper - he was a person that I was creating. Cal became a dorky architect, a kind hearted romantic who spends too much money on jewellery for his wife, who watches wrestling and reads crappy historical fiction novels and Readers Digest. Such was the level of detail in which we explored Calvin that even his stubborn attachment to an old mug became a source of analysis.

Soon enough it was time to physicalise all of these elements and see what 45-year-old Cal looked like. With terrible posture, shoulders slumped forward from years of working at a desk on architectural drawings, a deep, calm voice denoting his years of experience, and a sorrowful smile rather than a scowl to portray anger as a result of his soft heart, Cal started to come together. We even acted out significant portions of Cal’s history with his wife Delia (stunningly portrayed by Genevieve Atkins), reconstructing their

first meeting at a disco, for example, and then translated and aged that behavior as younger adults into their 45-year-old counterparts.

Then came the scrupulous line-by-line examination of motives and objectives, and suddenly our deep character analysis became directly relevant to the scene; a line about stomach ulcers suddenly made sense in the context that Cal read an article on them in Reader’s Digest, a comment about babies was given greater weight by the fact that Cal and Del couldn’t conceive, and a reference to wrestling was turned into a joke between Cal and Del.

As a result of this extreme naturalist experiment, whenever I walk onto stage as Cal I’m not walking on as an actor playing a character; I’m walking on as a 45-year-old man with a history, a life and a world surrounding him. *Aphonia: Love Stories* is not simply a play about characters - it is ultimately a play about people.

REVIEW: THE NUTCRACKER ON ICE

Carmel Wallis

“Please consider wearing warm clothing to The Nutcracker on Ice, as the air conditioning will be slightly cooler than normal in order to stabilise the temperature of the ice”

It’s not often patrons are advised to rug up for a night at the Arts Centre. Director Tony Mercer’s adaptation of *The Nutcracker on Ice* well and truly justifies the elaborate transformation of the space, however – a setting almost as enthralling as the performance itself.

To call the skating itself outstanding would be an understatement. Imperial Ice, the company touring *The Nutcracker On Ice*, brings a 26-strong cast of World, European and National Championship skaters to perform. Each of the dancers not only come from a competitive background, but have also been dancing since they were three or four years old.

It’s strange to see the State Theatre frozen over,

but even stranger to see the curtains rise and figures drop from the ceiling, gliding effortlessly to Tchaikovsky. Choreographer Maria Orlovo insists that with such extensive training, the dancing is never dangerous, only fun, but it’s hard to believe there’s no risk element here. As the story begins, the ice starts to fly, chipped away as the performers establish their credentials.

With a plot familiar to almost everybody, the challenges of staging this performance are manifold. How best to tell a tale in a way that’s interesting and new, while simultaneously retaining the authenticity of the classic? Moreover, how to balance that authenticity against the fact that each of these ballerinas comes with a razor sharp pair of skates attached to their feet, and don’t so much glide as shoot across the stage?

Mercer and Orlovo manage each of these challenges admirably. There’s little tampering with the timelessness of ‘The Nutcracker’, but additionally it’s

acknowledged that skating brings a new dimension to the piece. There’s a focus on group skating here that allows a complicated and dazzling choreography. Ropes dangled from the ceiling, with a reminder that none of these dancers are mono-faceted coming in the form of an elaborate acrobatic display. Fire twirling was both a spectacular and counter-intuitive addition to the show, raising the difficulty of the performance by heating the ice.

Orlovo notes that within a competitive world, ice skating is rigid and structured, but that “inside the theatre, you can do whatever you like.” The surreal setting and incredible performances make it all the easier to suspend disbelief and slip into this make believe world. Rugged up warmly and nestled in our seats, Hoffman’s piece unfolded before us seamlessly, and it wasn’t only the six year old girls in the audience (dressed in their best ballerina outfits) who were leaning forward with mouths gaping.

THEATRE REVIEW: THE BLUE ROOM

Michael Ciesielski

Adapted from a German play about the spread of syphilis through society, David Hare’s *The Blue Room* provides an insightful commentary on modern sexual relationships and the roles of class and power. A cycle of ten sexual encounters, with one character from each encounter appearing in the next, *The Blue Room* traverses aristocracy and the working class, tracing a sexual chain between them.

Performed by Melbourne-based theatre company 5pound Theatre, *The Blue Room* was staged in their usual home, Richmond’s The Owl and the Pussy-cat Theatre. This eclectic and cosy venue is perfect for such an intimate play. There are, however, some quirks. The street entrance opens directly onto the stage, and one must walk through the theatre itself to get to the small bar and box office behind it. This arrangement does require punctuality on the part of the theatregoer; a sign placed outside the door at show time says “Performance in progress. No late entry. Sorry.”

The distinctive venue was neatly woven into the play’s set design, from the subtle lighting of the thea-

tre’s warm brick walls to the ending’s bold embrace of the bright Richmond street. It’s these small details that gave this particular production a solid sense of place. The simple set was used to great effect. The actors display impressive stamina in moving various block objects around, all while maintaining the sense of intimacy essential for the play’s success.

The acting was solid, and the energy between the two-person cast was strong and well-maintained over an exhausting two hours and fifteen minutes. Zak Zavod brought a masculine energy to his roles, though some of the characters blurred together: there was little to differentiate the student, the politician and the playwright bar their clothes. These shortcomings were, to a large degree, mitigated by his magnificent penis, which brought a girthy realness to several scenes in the play. Kaitlyn Clare, the female lead, had no such problems. Clare brought ten distinctive characters to life on the stage, her impressive array of

accents and command of normally unconscious body movements giving each character a strong identity.

5pound Theatre ably did justice to Hare’s play. The performance leveraged potential flaws, like the small and rudimentary stage, to actually enhance the intimacy so needed for the power of *The Blue Room* to be clear.

For more information, see <http://www.5pound.com.au/whats-on.htm>



IF I COULD TURN BACK TIME...

Well, actually, according to Lewis Gurr you can!

What if there was a machine that could change the past? And what if it was built nearly twenty years ago? And what if it was the subject of this article? The more astute among you may have noticed that this is going somewhere. The machine in question is known as a Quantum Eraser. Why it does what it does isn't really important – this isn't a physics lesson and frankly I don't really know the answer myself. The exciting part is what the machine actually did, because it's pretty fucked up and you don't need to understand a textbook to appreciate said fucked up-ness.

Actually, first there are two tools we'll be taking with us on our journey into the weird. And it's not green bubbling slime, ten-year-old-boy weird. It's wow-the-world-makes-no-sense-and-any-attempt-to-understand-it-is-doomed weird. It's almost enough to lead one to think there's a higher power that doesn't want us to know certain things.

First: a photon is a packet of light energy. For our purposes, we can just think of it as a 'particle of light'. Second: light is a bit strange and is a wave as well as a particle, which means that it has a trait called 'polarisation'. Think of polarisation as the comparison between two fish swimming forwards, where one is an eel that moves side to side and one is a weird flat disc fish that undulates up and down. Both fish

are moving in the same direction, but with different polarisations.

So we have individual particles of light that can be polarised in different ways. That's the extent of the physics knowledge that we will need. So tighten those seatbelts...

In the experiment, two identical photons are sent on different paths, and get bounced back to a half see-through mirror (which they pass through half the time and bounce back the other half) called a 'Beam Splitter'. Then a detector measures where the photon ends up. In the first version of the experiment, the two photons always wind up at opposite detectors – each photon somehow knows what the other is doing. This spooky cooperation only happens if the setup is just right – if one photon has to travel a little further than the other to reach the beam splitter, it doesn't happen.*

Both the photons are identical, but researchers wanted to be able to track them throughout their journey. They did this by flipping the polarisation of one of them (using a 'tagger') so that they could tell the photons apart. This makes it possible to ask whether the tagged photon wound up at the top detector or the bottom detector. The answer? The photons stopped cooperating. Now they would turn

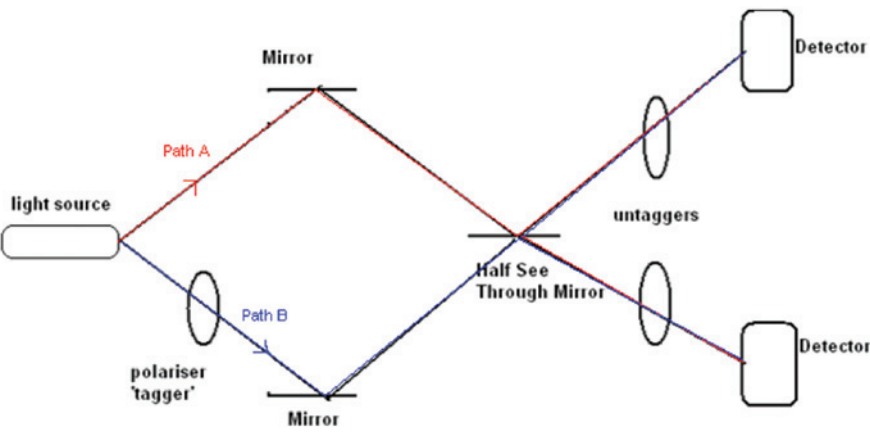
up at random detectors with no correlation between the behaviour of one photon and the behaviour of the other.

The next tweak in the experiment is where shit gets real. A reverse polariser (the 'untagger') was placed at the end of the little circuit, to realign the photons so that they were identical again. There would be no way to distinguish one photon from another by the time they reached the detectors. So what happened? The photons resumed their cooperation. Once again, they would wind up at opposite detectors. Even though the alteration to the experiment is at the end, after the shenanigans with the beam splitter are all over, it affects the path the photons take. Somehow, the photons 'know' what's coming up ahead, and 'choose' their path accordingly.

The polariser that made both photons equal again is called a quantum eraser – what it erased is information. Without knowing which photon is which, a ghostly cooperation is possible. But if you plan it so that you can tell them apart, they know. The tricky part is that they also can tell if you're going to erase the information later and then they're allowed to cooperate.

Think of two children at home alone who get up to mischief, but you never know exactly which child does what. If they know you're leaving a video camera running, they behave themselves so that you still can't catch them. But if you erase the videotape after you arrive home before watching it, you'll find the house messy and the labels on all of your canned food changed around. The same thing happens in this experiment, but with particles of light. How do they know which path to take? How does adding another polariser further down the track change what happened beforehand? Quantum Mechanics, of course, has a complete explanation for all of this weirdness, or so I'm told. But what is certain is that the world we live in is a very strange one indeed.

**although they will cooperate if the difference in distances travelled is any integer multiple of the wavelength.*



The experiment. Notice that the photon hits the untagners *after* it passes through the beam splitter (half see through mirror), and yet the placement of the untagners affects the choice of path the photon will take through the beam splitter.

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT

Lewis Gurr

Familial Fatal Insomnia is a disease where the sufferer loses the ability to sleep. It affects about 40 families worldwide, and a parent with the disease has a 50% chance of passing it on to their child. There are no symptoms until later in life, typically around the age of 50 (although there have been at least seven cases involving patients in their twenties) when the patient suffers insomnia and progressively loses the ability to sleep, which leads to delusions, hallucinations, and a phenomenon called 'Confabulation' – where they create imaginary experiences to compensate for loss of memories. The sufferer degenerates over a period ranging from 5 – 44 months with an average of just under one year.

There is no cure or prevention method, and in fact sleeping pills only speed up the deterioration of the brain. Wikipedia tells of a man who was placed in a

medically induced coma as physicians tried in vain to allow his brain to rest – but even being in a coma did not prevent the degeneration of the man's brain.

The disease is like a family curse; in fact, one Italian family has been afflicted with it for two centuries, with doctors only realising in 1990 what was causing the bizarre afflictions that had stalked the family across the generations. Their story is told in a book by DT Max, which is appropriately called "the family that couldn't sleep". As the symptoms do not onset until late in life, people with the gene live perfectly normal and healthy lives until the gene decides to kick in, and nobody can

predict when exactly that will happen. You'll know when you stop being able to sleep. The gene itself affects one single protein in the brain - just one - but it turns out to be one that is essential. So next time you go to sleep, take a minute to consider yourself lucky!



DARK MATTER: EVIL, OR JUST MISUNDERSTOOD?

Lewis Gurr

Dark matter sounds like a pretty frightening concept. In reality though, it is like a sphinx without a secret – it acts very secretly and mysteriously but it doesn't appear to be hiding too much.

The concept of dark matter was created to explain a little quirk that came about from trying to weigh galaxies. There are two methods of doing this: Firstly, by measuring the rotation speed of the stars that orbit the centre of the galaxy, and secondly, a more wacky method of trying to count the stars. The first method calculates the strength of the gravitational pull on the orbiting star, which is related to the mass of the galaxy. The trouble with this is that weighing galaxies by looking at their gravitational pulls gives values which are 10 times higher than the values obtained by counting visible matter like stars and gas clouds. This means that 90% of a given galaxy is invisible to us.

Further, we can look at the way light from distant objects is warped by the galaxy when an object passes behind it, and guess at where in the galaxy the dark matter is - it turns out that the dark matter is distrib-

uted in a spherical halo around the flat spiral of the galaxy. I like to think of it as a huge ghost bubble that keeps everything together.

As for what dark matter is, there are many ideas. It could be really faint objects like rocks, or more exotic substances like new undiscovered particles called WIMPs. There is no universally accepted idea though. A recent survey by Christian Moni Bidin attempted to map nearby dark matter, but didn't find any in the region around our solar system. If these results are confirmed, it could throw a spanner in the works of future attempts to understand dark matter.

Dark Energy, on the other hand, is an absolute fucking mystery to everybody. It arises because while the universe is expanding, the combined gravity of everything in the universe should be slowing the expansion, if only slightly. Everything we know about gravity suggests that it is an attractive force, and so there is no reason why the expansion of the universe should not slow slightly. Well, guess what, the rate of expansion of the universe is actually increasing! The mysterious energy that is driving this acceleration is

called Dark Energy because nobody knows what it is. It's as if you cut the engine on your car as you were driving up a hill, and then instead of slowing down the car sped up. We are at a loss to explain why.

The best idea is that empty space somehow carries an energy of its own; this energy is called the "Cosmological Constant", and as the universe expands there is more space and therefore more of the mysterious energy. But nobody really knows why it is there or what it actually is.

As an interesting aside, Einstein included a cosmological constant in his original field equations as a way of ensuring the universe was in a steady state, neither expanding nor contracting. Later, when the expansion was discovered, he cursed himself for being so stupid.

Today, though, the cosmological constant is used to represent dark energy, and without it the models of the universe make no sense. This all occurred after Einstein's death, but it turns out the 'greatest mistake of his life' is indispensable to modern cosmology, though certainly not in the way he had imagined.

MSA OFFICE BEARER REPORTS



President: Esther Hood

With Uni back on the MSA is launching a new campaign called ‘MRS Fix the Mess!’ We figure that given that students are paying over \$200 p/w in rent there could be some improvements made to on-campus living. We will be calling on the Government to extend the bus behind halls to Zone 1 and calling on Monash for more lighting in between halls and campus, better and more affordable food at the MRS Dining Hall, and for better quality toilet paper. To find out more check out the ‘MRS Fix the Mess’ Facebook page, and to get involved email esther.hood@monash.edu.



Treasurer: Olga Lisinska

This Month I have signed many checks and EFT remittance forms. I also sold about \$1300 worth of books in the MSA second hand book fair; I call that a success! Thanks to Luke for his amazing organising skills, MSA finance for your support and Short Courses for giving us the room.

We have recently started MSA Members Day where, to show everyone

how much we value those who support the MSA, we will provide a special treat on every Thursday. Like the Facebook page for more details.

Finally, I participated in the MSA Re-Orientation Festival and helped out with a BBQ for Monash Oakleigh legal service.



Secretary: Freya Logan

Hello all. Currently the MSA is working hard to provide services and entertainment to all students. I have been consulting with departments to try and help them hold engaging and worthwhile department weeks. I am especially looking forward to Blue-stockings Week, which is being run through the Women’s Department. I have also been representing students on several committees, ensuring that the student voice and perspective is heard! This is in addition to my general work of minutes, agendas and rosters. I was also involved with coordinating the Mid-Year festival - I hope everyone took the opportunity to grab as much free food and join as many new clubs as possible; I know that I did! I am also in the process of developing MSA Member’s Day, which will bring discounts and special offers to all MSA members on one day of every week! Don’t forget to pick up an MSA membership if you haven’t already.



Education Public Affairs: Hiba Marbfour and Liam McDonald

As always we have been oh-so-busy; at the moment we are planning the second semester of the Student Representative Network, and focusing on campaign training at both a grassroots student level and at a lobbying level. This is intended to equip students with the knowledge of how to deal with the University and other groups.

We are also launching a campaign entitled “Hey Byrne, let us learn”. This will tackle issues relating to education for Monash students, specifically the availability of online lecture recordings, textbooks in libraries, easily accessible course readers and class sizes.

Since the last issue we have also been involved in re-orientation week, getting new students involved in university life, and allowing current students to have a good time and especially to get some much needed free food.



Education Academic Affairs: Julia Ponte and Ali Majorah

Julia has been attending academic hearings and answering emails regard-

ing queries to do with exams from last semester. Julia encourages students to contact her on julia.ponte@monash.edu or 9905 1122 with any pressing issues, such as communication breakdowns between students and teachers, or any concerns they have toward their course.

Ali spent the past few weeks preparing for and inviting presidents of all faculty-based clubs to a meeting of the Academic Affairs Committee, a committee that is responsible for directing the work of the Education (Academic Affairs) officers. Unfortunately the committee does not seem to have met over the past few years, with the last archived minutes being from 2006.

The first meeting this year took place on 8 August, with presidents from nine different faculty-based clubs (or their representatives) attending. If you’d like to be involved, please do not hesitate to email ali.majokah@monash.edu or call 0411 025 358.



Indigenous Officer: Shawn Andrews

At the time of print, Shawn Andrews was attending a conference in Geneva. He looks forward to sharing his experiences on his return.



Environment and Social Justice: Laura Riccardi

Over the holidays, the ESJ department worked closely with the Monash Refugee Action Collective to organise a blockbuster forum on a humane alternative to mandatory detention featuring Greens Senator Sarah Hanson-Young, which was attended by over 115 students. This semester, MRAC’s campaign meetings will be on Wednesdays at 2pm in Wholefoods and all are welcome. The Palestine campaign also had a public victory recently when the 19 Max Brenner activists who were arrested for “trespass in a public place” were acquitted and the right to protest upheld. For those who are interested in challenging apartheid, the next rally is August 31. The fight for marriage equality will culminate in a rally to commemorate the eighth anniversary of the ban on same-sex marriage, to be held on August 11 at the State Library.



Welfare: Luke Nickbolds

Week 4 was Survival Week, and it was a great time to reflect on how things are going for you at uni and if there’s anything you can do to make things

go better. Do you need to learn to manage your money better? Do you think your boss is screwing you over at work? Are you spending too much time studying and not enough time having fun? Survival Week was a great success, I particularly enjoyed the Derelict Ball, which proved to be a fantastic night.



Male Queer: Wade Aulich

Hello again lovely people! As we all embark upon the home stretch that is semester two, it is a great time to reflect both on the achievements we have made, and plan the achievements that we will make in the not too distant future. As Queer Officer this is certainly a notion that I relish.

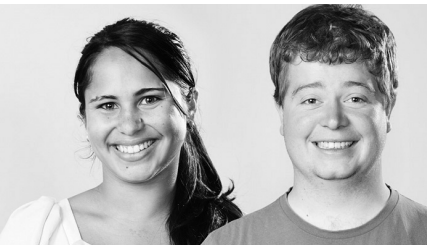
Queer Week is just around the corner, and the Monash Queer Department couldn’t be more thrilled! We are hosting a myriad of activities that aim to educate the diverse Queer community on campus. We will also be running some great social events which will be held at Sir John’s Bar, and are open to allies as well Queer identifying students.

I’d also like to mention the Cross Campus Queer Formal being hosted by Deakin’s Pride Group. This event intends to bring the various Queer Departments around Melbourne together to have a drink, and provide a grand opportunity to have a chat with some of the most amazing people that make up a portion of the lovely and diverse Queer Community in Melbourne.

Be sure to check out the MQD Facebook page for details relating to upcoming events that the department is either hosting or attending.

Female Queer: Elisabeth Griffiths

Hey all! It’s been crazy busy in the Queer Department lately; Queer Week is coming up in Week 5 and we have heaps of stuff planned! We’d really love to see lots of people getting involved - we’ll be watching some movies down in the cinema, which everyone is welcome to attend, and we’re also having a bunch of activities in the lounge; workshops and discussions, crafternoons, and an extra special Queer Tea on the Wednesday. Of course, Queer Week is nothing without the infamous Queer Ball, and it’s time to reveal the theme – Spooky! So, start planning your costumes and schedule it into your diaries for the 23rd of August! Also keep your eyes on the MQD facebook page for cross campus events.



Activities: Bernadette de Sousa and Paul Ireland

The Activities Department ran a very successful first ever Winter Sabbatical during Week 2 with all of the competitors and spectators enjoying a week full of fun and shenanigans. And despite the powerhouse that is the SOBA Seals dominating MasterMindless and the Scav Hunt, Beer Pressure managed to nudge them off the top during the week of competitions. A special mention goes out to Lord Jack-Jack Stirling, Lady Jane

Hart & the Joker Will Lucas.

We are very excited for the first ever Activities Night which is coming up soon – it will be a night of great live music and cheap drinks. It will be held on August 23rd and the headline acts will be Stonefield and Owl Eyes, with Monash band THNKR supporting.

MSA Unearthed will also be running on Wednesdays 1pm-2pm in the Airport Lounge during Semester 2. So if you are in a band or a solo act and want to play, make sure you contact us at msa-activities@monash.edu.



Women's Department: Sally-Anne Jovic

Coming back this semester as the new Women’s Officer has been exciting if a bit daunting, but as this edition comes together it’s already looking like there will be a lot to look forward to in the Women’s Department! By the time this edition is out we will have held Blue Stockings Week in support of the continuing fight for women’s equality in education. Beyond that I’ve been meeting with a lot of thoughtful ladies, and hopefully with a little planning we’ll be starting some exciting campaigns and running some crafternoons and more in the Women’s Room in the near future. If you identify as female come and visit the Women’s Room, which is upstairs near the MSA desk, or add yourself to the MSA Women’s Department Facebook page for more details about events or just to meet other lovely women from around the campus!

WHERE IS MY MIND?

MICHELLE LI TAKES AN IN-DEPTH LOOK
AT THE MENTAL HEALTH OF THE STUDENT POPULATION

University: the golden years of flexible contact hours, weekly parties and meeting more new people than you can count. Some call it the best years of our life. But for others, the pressure of academic demands—coupled with the numerous stressors of daily living—can cause their time at university to be fraught with psychological distress.

Nearly 1 in 5 Australians will experience a mental disorder in their lives, with anxiety and depression being the most common. However, amongst young adults aged 16-25, this number increases to 1 in 4. Even more alarmingly, university students in this age group are more likely than non-students to suffer from a mental illness.

Yet, even with statistics such as these, the wellbeing of young adults is often overlooked. Public health measures in Australia focus heavily on child and adolescent mental health issues, with little to no effective strategies in place within the tertiary education system. Gone are the pastoral care networks of home-room teachers, house mentors and mental health awareness campaigns; instead, support networks at universities consist of tutors that change every semester, lecturers that teach classes of up to 300 nameless faces and an on-campus counseling service that is insufficiently promoted and largely self-referred.

But why is this the case? The nature and, indeed, associated culture of university is a veritable breeding ground for precipitating factors to mental illness.

“It’s easy to become overwhelmed,” says Georgia*, a first-year medical student at Clayton. “Exams and assignments pile up one after the other and it’s like I never catch a break. And I’m not going to lie, it’s hard. I fell a week behind, and then two, and stayed like that for the rest of last semester. I was so upset because it’s not that I’m not getting great marks like I did in high school, but that I’m struggling to pass at all. I wish there was a way to measure stress... mine would be through the roof.”

Luke*, a third-year Engineering student, offers a different point of view. “It’s a whole other culture here. I lived at Farrer [one of the residential halls] in my second year and was thrown into this world of

drinking, drugs, relationships—you name it. Not everyone gets into it, but for those of us that do, things can get pretty crazy. They can get out of control. I was in a headspace that was hard to get out of.”

Financial issues also feature prominently in university life, with many students working part-time jobs whilst studying in order to pay rent, tuition, or both. Others feel daunted by the prospect of seeking employment after graduation, especially in the current economic climate.

“universities nation-wide, not only Monash, need to reinforce their emphasis on the importance of the mental health of students”

However, for students like Georgia, simply keeping on top of coursework and exams is hard enough, let alone looking after one’s health and mental wellbeing. Countless surveys and independent studies have reflected a student population that not only suffers from mild to moderate levels of stress, but also feels isolated within the university framework. This is only amplified by the inevitable changes to diet, sleep and exercise that accompany long contact hours or swotvac.

Dr. Helen Stallman, a clinical psychologist from the University of Queensland, reiterates the idea that, at some stage in their university lives, many students are unable to cope academically or socially. “A really high proportion of university students are reporting higher levels of psychological distress and significantly more than that in the general population,” she told the ABC. “We had 19% of students reporting [very high levels of distress, whereas] in the general population that’s only 3% of people.”

If left untreated, mental illness can greatly reduce a person’s overall quality of life. An underlying unhappiness and decreased enjoyment of daily activities can

manifest in family conflicts, social isolation, relationship difficulties, substance abuse, financial issues, stress, poor academic performances from missed lectures and tutorials and, in extreme cases, suicide.

Yet, the university environment itself can only be attributed to the high prevalence of mental illness to a certain degree. Short of restructuring the entire tertiary framework, very little can be changed. The fault lies with the institution’s seeming inability to support the affected population; whilst some support services do exist, they are underutilized by those who need it most, due to a lack of promotion within their respective campuses.

Monash has established a Health and Wellbeing Hub at each of its campuses in Australia. They provide free and confidential appointments with a counselor for both staff and students, with after-hours emergency contacts available. There are also several free classes on offer, teaching techniques such as mindfulness, meditation and progressive relaxation.

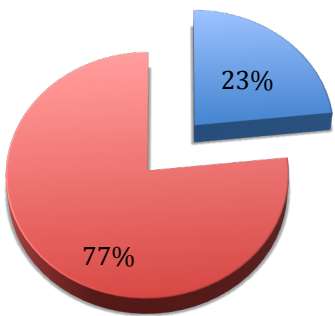
Additionally, the Monash website offers self-help resources, including advice for adjusting to university, fostering independent learning skills, battling motivation and procrastination, improving memory and concentration, managing stress, improving exam performance, nurturing general wellbeing and dealing with crises.

To maximize academic outcomes, there is also a free five-week SMART program available at the Berwick, Caulfield and Clayton campuses.

But is merely listing these services going to be enough? No. Universities nation-wide, not only Monash, need to reinforce their emphasis on the importance of the mental health of students. It has always been, and will always continue to be, an unavoidable and highly important issue—one concerning more than just low attendance and failed units. The wellbeing, careers and even lives of students are at stake.

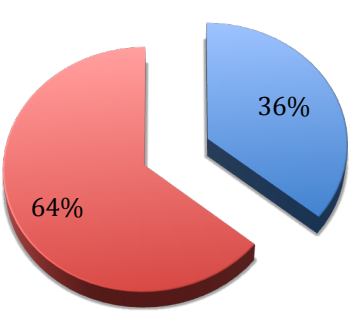
**Names have been changed for the purpose of confidentiality*

Percentage of Undergraduate Students Under High or Very High Psychological Distress



Data Sources Stallman, 2008; Stallman & Hurst, 2011.

Percentage of Students Under High or Very High Psychological Distress Who Receive Treatment



Frequent Sources of Stress for Students



DISABILITY CREATES AN EXTRA DIMENSION OF DIFFICULTY

An anonymous student shares his experiences as a Monash student with a mental health issue

When a student enters a University setting, they inevitably come up against some obstacles that they need to overcome. For me, the greatest obstacle I face is dealing with my bipolar disorder.

Bipolar disorder can be quite a bit more debilitating than a lot of people think – sometimes I need to stifle my objections when I overhear a jaffy mention that she feels “a little bipolar today”. Firstly, there’s the soaring highs and crushing lows. They can come on without warning, and sometimes they can last for weeks. The effects are different for everyone, but they can range from wanting to have sex with anything with a pulse, to not wanting to get out of bed... or even feeling like you’re able.

Sometimes I’m forced to endure mixed episodes – situations that combine elements of both high and

low, and are as difficult to explain as they are to fight through. A lot of bipolar sufferers also have related anxiety disorders, and I’m occasionally subject to bouts of social anxiety, which makes participating in the social aspect of Monash extremely difficult.

By far the most troublesome problem is broaching the issue with lecturers and tutors. Feeling incredibly depressed, depressed enough that you need extension on your assessments, is bad enough. Having to physically confront your assessor to discuss the issue and face their judgment when you are feeling emotionally fragile, particularly when you can’t even begin to articulate the problem to them, is a horrifically dire situation.

You can’t underestimate how much I appreciate having the opportunity and the ability to be on

campus, but I walk a constant tightrope in my life – even without additional obstacles, university life is a very difficult line to walk. Unfortunately, I can’t always trust that there will be a university-based safety net if and when I fall. I guess I’m very lucky because I’m still functional enough to operate in a university environment; I know a lot of other people in my position aren’t. Access Monash allowed me to pursue the degree I wanted, even though dealing with my bipolar made me fall a little below the entrance threshold. Despite this, I am in constant fear that the university system will allow me to silently fall through the cracks if I reach a point where the stress is too great. There is an uncomfortable inconsistency in the way mental health services are distributed at Monash University; it needs to be properly addressed – and soon.

THE MSA ACCOUNT

Esther Hood

A number of misleading claims have been made about the future of Wholefoods that need to be addressed. Firstly, MSA has no intention of shutting down Wholefoods, or radically changing it. What we do want to do is ensure that Wholefoods remains viable in order to protect its future. We had hoped to achieve this by ensuring our processes and policies reflect legislative requirements, and by allocating funding to resolve the OH&S and functionality issues within the space.

It is important to note that Wholefoods is a part of the MSA. MSA funds and administers Wholefoods just like the MSA runs Clubs and Societies, Lot's Wife and Activities. MSA rents the space for Wholefoods from the University. MSA hires and pays the staff at Wholefoods. MSA covers any losses the restaurant makes, and if anything untoward were to happen in that space, MSA carries the legal responsibility.

Although the Monash Student Council is the managerial body for Wholefoods, and the MSA is legally responsible for the operation of the restaurant, MSA recognises the right of a student collective to be involved in the running of the space, as per our constitution.

This year I gave a clear directive to MSA staff that the Wholefoods Collective must have the final say in everything that affects the 'look, feel and culture' of the space. This directive was given to honor the constitutional right for a collective to participate in the running of Wholefoods, while ensuring the MSA could meet its legal responsibilities.

To help contribute to the viability of Wholefoods I secured a significant amount of funding from Monash to renovate Wholefoods to ensue it met all OH&S requirements and modern food serving standards.

Aside from ensuring these requirements were met, as per my directive the collective had the right to decide on everything pertaining to the aesthetics of the restaurant. As such, the belief that MSA plans to turn Wholefoods into Meeting Point 2.0 without consultation is simply untrue.

Likewise, MSA has no intention of banning volunteering in Wholefoods. On the contrary, all we

want to do is ensure we have clear volunteer policy and procedure that protects not only our patrons, but also our volunteers. Prior to this year MSA did not know who was volunteering in Wholefoods, or when they were volunteering. We did not know if they had food safety handling certificates, or if they had completed an OH&S induction. We also received legal advice that clearly stated we could not continue giving volunteers a meal for every hour they volunteered. Simply said, the changes made this year were to ensure we were compliant with volunteer legislation.

These changes are essential because as it stands, if anything were to happen to someone in Wholefoods, e.g. if there was an OH&S incident or a breach of industrial laws, the MSA is legally liable.

Some have argued that these changes have been formulated to turn Wholefoods into a profit driven business. This is not the case. Just as the collective have a constitutional right to participate in the running of the space, Wholefoods has a constitutional obligation to break even.

Unfortunately, Wholefoods hasn't been breaking even for some time and has suffered significant financial losses.

These losses have a significant impact on the MSA budget and on the capacity of the MSA to deliver services across all of its departments, which support and assist students. These losses are unfair to the students who do not use Wholefoods but actively participate in other areas of the MSA. For example, last year Wholefoods lost \$30,000, which prevented us from allocating \$30,000 to areas like Clubs and Activities, and to representative departments that seek to lobby and campaign for a better quality university education.

The MSA is more than just Wholefoods, and it is important that we look holistically at what is best for the entirety of the organization, not just one area of it. As such, these losses need to be addressed immediately, to ensure we able to responsibly manage the MSA's finances. The proposed changes and upgrades are an important part of this process.

We are not seeking to exclude students from being

WHAT IS GOING ON IN WHOLEFOODS?

The governance of Wholefoods, the vegetarian and vegan student restaurant located in the campus centre, has recently been the subject of intense debate between the MSA Executive and student group Friends of Wholefoods (FoW). FoW is comprised of current Wholefoods staff, ex-volunteers, current and past Wholefoods Collective members and some customers. Wholefoods is for many an icon of the Monash student experience, providing not only a 'home' on campus through virtue of the community associated with it, but also, traditionally, food which students can afford. Tension between the two groups has escalated this semester, and they have as yet been unable to negotiate a compromise on not only who the managing body of the space should be, but the operational style that should be used. Lot's Wife has agreed to give both groups space to outline their contentions and explain recent events.



involved in the day to day running of Wholefoods, and we are not attempting to impose these changes on the Collective, however the MSA must bring its space, policies and procedures up-to-date with current legal obligations.

We have now invited the collective to initiate an independent mediation process with the MSA to resolve these issues. I hope that the collective engages in this process in a meaningful way, because as it stands, the way Wholefoods operates doesn't just leave the MSA open to legal exposure, it is unfair to the students who use the space and also to those who don't.

THE FRIENDS OF WHOLEFOODS ACCOUNT

Friends of Wholefoods

business managers (thus excluding student workers and volunteers) show that they believe that Wholefoods should be run according to a more conventional business structure.

Volunteering: FoW believes that Wholefoods provided the best possible services for students, and the best possible conditions for workers, when volunteers and workers were empowered and involved in the decision-making processes at all levels of operations. In exchange for an hour of volunteering, each volunteer could get a free, healthy meal. Students also developed free hospitality skills while working in a community environment.

In 2012, the MSA Executive dramatically restricted student participation in Wholefoods. They suggest that the past system of volunteering at Wholefoods, was "illegal". The MSA Operations Manager informed the Collective in February this year that "volunteer roles must be restricted to non-essential work". According to FoW's understanding, legal advice obtained by the Executive did not support this, yet to date students are still unable to volunteers in Wholefoods.

The notions of inadequate OH&S and Food Safety protocols and volunteer training seem integral to the Executive's justifications. However, under Collective, all volunteers were trained extensively, and were supervised by qualified cafe or kitchen hands. This was overseen by the Volunteer and other Coordinators. All Coordinator positions were made redundant by the 2009/10 Executive. If there are any issues today, the Executive's management model has failed, not the Collective's.

The Wholefoods Collective and FoW are keen to work with the Executive to overcome problems, but to date we believe that the Executive has failed to cite adequate, if any, specific legislation and how they think Wholefoods has been, or would be, in breach of this if run by Collective. As a result, we are left to assume they are simply using unspecified 'legal matters' as a smokescreen to justify their actions.

Responsibility for Financial Losses: FoW and the Executive agree that Wholefoods needs to be financially viable and that there is a constitutional

obligation for the restaurant to aim to "break even". Yet over recent years Wholefoods has made increasing financial losses. The Executive blames the Wholefoods Collective for the losses. However, these losses have occurred subsequent to the Executive starting to assume control from Collective in 2006. In 2005, under Collective management, Wholefoods made a surplus of \$21,011. Last year it made a loss of \$30,955.

Decisions made by Executive which we believe have contributed to these losses include: increasing prices; casualisation of staff; replacement of multiple part-time student coordinators with a single full-time manager at a significantly higher salary; and reducing, then cutting, volunteers.

Wholefoods renovations: The Executive claims that the Collective still has control over the "look, feel and culture" of Wholefoods, yet the 29th of June was the first time Collective was even told, let alone consulted, about possible refurbishments (which we now know were discussed as far back as November last year). On June 29, MSA President Esther Hood wrote in an email to the Collective "... Exec will be able to present the Collective with two different choices in overall design." We believe this was nothing more than an attempt to placate Collective by presenting an illusion of control, in light of the fact that this 'choice' was only offered after Collective found out about the proposed changes from another source.

Most recently, the President approved of the installation of security cameras without consulting the Wholefoods Collective. This is not only a violation of their own "good faith" policy (Collective and the Executive are currently undergoing mediation); it is a clear violation of the Collective's 'power' in the "look, feel and culture" of Wholefoods.

What is to be done? We believe that a Collective run Wholefoods, using consensus decision making and with involvement of student volunteers at all levels is best not only for Wholefoods - culturally, politically and financially - but also for the MSA, and Monash University at large. If you agree, or would like to find out more, visit www.savewholefoods.com, our Facebook page 'Save Wholefoods', or visit us in Wholefoods!



On Wednesday 3 June 1992, six High Court judges reached a decision that legally recognised the rights of Eddie ‘Koiki’ Mabo as a Traditional Owner of Mer (Murray Island), rejected terra nullius, and recognised the existence of native title for the first time in Australia’s common law.

Twenty years on, native title remains the only nationwide framework through which Indigenous Australians can apply for legal recognition of their traditional rights and interests to lands and waters.

In two decades, despite the finalisation of 134 determinations of native title, there are still 442 active claimant applications yet to be finalised. Not only are these figures demonstrative of the lengthy process behind each and every native title outcome, they are indicative of the amount of work yet to be done.

Today, fifteen Native Title Representative Bodies (NTRBs) across Australia are working to prepare a portion of these 442 native title applications. Though the quantity of work in this sector is monumental, the staffing remains, at best, limited.

For over half a decade, the Aurora Project has introduced high achieving Anthropology, Social Science and Law students to the native title sector, providing much needed support for representative bodies, in addition to valuable work experience for students and graduates. Extended to 62 other Indigenous affairs organisations, the Aurora Internship Program has facilitated nearly 1,000 internships to date. The 2012 winter round saw seven Monash interns placed at NTRBs and other host organisations working in the area, across Australia.

Law student Anna Gibson was placed at the NTRB for Victoria, Native Title Services Victoria (NTSV). Anna worked on a single claim under the recently enacted Traditional Owner Settlement Act (Vic), enabling her to learn about the diversity of issues that are negotiated under a settlement agreement with the State. Such matters included: defining the boundaries of the settlement area, involving

negotiations with other traditional owner groups; the drafting of a ‘statement of recognition’ of traditional ownership; developing protocols for acknowledging Traditional Owners and for conducting ‘welcomes to country’; negotiating terms for land use and management and for economic development; and identifying capacity building opportunities and group participation within the claim area. For Anna, spending time working with members of the claimant group and drafting parts of the agreement brought the law to life in a way to which her years of studying native title and related Indigenous issues cannot compare.

Kristine Tay, studying Law, Science and a Diploma in International Studies, headed to sunny Darwin for six weeks with the Northern Land Council (NLC). This NTRB represents Traditional Owners not only in native title, but also in a stronger form of land title unique to the Territory. This title, called Aboriginal Land, covers some 40% of the Territory. The internship allowed Kristine to gain insight into the legal team’s diversity (including negotiations on safari hunting, snakes and spiders, mining and joint management of parks) and offered a chance to meet Traditional Owners caring for country in remote locations.

Working in Indigenous affairs more broadly, Indigenous Studies and Anthropology student Jessica Solla was placed in the Aurora office in Sydney with the Charlie Perkins Trust for Children & Students. During her internship, Jessica was given the opportunity to travel to Darwin and the remote community of Wadeye for two weeks. There she worked alongside the Director of the Trust and the Project Officer, contributing to the development of Tooth Mob, which is a program designed to improve access to professional dental care in remote Indigenous communities. Jessica found the visit to Wadeye particularly enriching, as she was able to meet with locals and learn about the different organisations around the town. In Sydney, Jessica also attended meetings, prepared documents, and conducted a website audit. Working

with a highly professional and dedicated team, Jessica learned a great deal from her Aurora internship, and found it an invaluable opportunity to gain experience during her undergraduate degree.

Second year Anthropology and Indigenous Studies student Lilly Alexander interned with Ngaanyatjarra Pitjantjatjara Yankunytjatjara Women’s Council (NPYWC) in Alice Springs. NPYWC exists to protect and represent the interests of Indigenous women from the NPY tri-state region regarding domestic and family violence, youth, child nutrition, income management, traditional healing, retailing the women’s fibre art, reducing harms such as substance abuse, caring for the elderly, and people with a disability and those who are carer for them. Working closely with the Co-ordinator, Lilly worked to develop an initiative around encouraging the leadership capabilities of young women by finding viable strategies for employment and training in remote areas. Within this role she travelled to and conducted interviews in remote communities in South Australia, engaged with researchers and professionals at both local and federal levels of government as well as from other organisations, conducted research into welfare reform and compiled a report of her findings. The internship has sparked Lilly’s desire to contribute as a graduate to the further economic empowerment of Indigenous women in Australia.

Providing support to overworked and under-resourced Indigenous affairs and native title sectors, Aurora internships offer accessible and diverse work opportunities for students and graduates in Law and some Arts and Social Sciences. To date, 45% of full-time lawyers and 40% of full-time anthropologists employed at NTRBs are Aurora internship alumni. The mutually beneficial program between universities and Indigenous organisations is still growing, with applications for the 2012-13 summer round now open (closing 31 August 2012). For more information about the Aurora Project, or the Aurora internship program, visit www.auroraproject.com.au.



We all know that international students face a host of problems when coming to Australia. Loneliness, visa restrictions, financial difficulties and language barriers are frequent issues, all of which make the process of settling more difficult and can adversely affect a student’s university experience. There is, however, one problem which many students face that is often ignored: homestay.

For those who are unfamiliar with this concept, homestay is an arrangement where international students live with an Australian family. The host family prepares food, is responsible for cleaning, and sometimes picks the student up from school. Homestays are often considered a very effective way of replicating a nurturing home environment in a foreign country, immersing yourself in Australian culture and saving time on chores. Sounds great, doesn’t it?

Disturbingly, the average cost for this spoiled life is minimum of \$245 per week. If you are underage you must pay even more, as Education Providers require a surcharge of around 30% for organizing the homestay, as opposed to the hosts being paid directly. Underage students aren’t able to move out of homestay unless they have special permission from their parents, and even if they do, are only allowed to live alone under certain conditions.

Once students have paid a terrifying amount of money up to five weeks in advance, they are usually afforded a tiny room in the house, internet limits (as host families can be worried about downloading habits) and even food restrictions. Yes, according to the rules host families are required to supply students with food. However, there are no guidelines pertaining to exactly what is provided, so international students might get Hungry Jack’s for lunch or a sandwich for dinner. The host family can also control the amount of fruit consumed. The word ‘control’ is used literally when students are given permission to eat one or two apples a day. That also happens. Furthermore,

changes made this year mean that families are no longer required to provide students with lunch.

Host families are usually expected to improve students’ English language skills, or at the bare minimum speak to students in English in order to ease their settlement in Australia. However, there is also a chance that hosts can’t even clearly speak English, or actually use languages other than English as the sole mean of communication.

There is also a chance that students will be placed with a disgruntled host family that in extreme circumstances has keys to lock the bathroom. Did you forget that water bills are expensive in Australia? Didn’t you shower two days ago? So wait until you get another chance to wash your bloody hair! This has happened to people that I know.

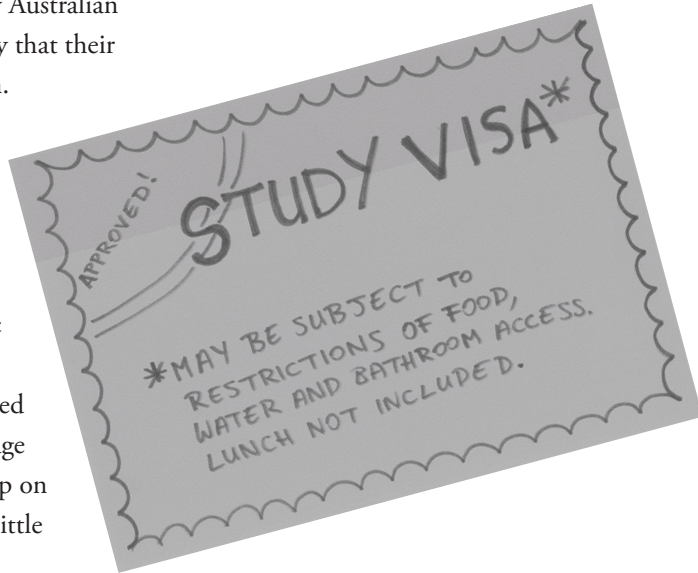
If you are a social person and you enjoy inviting friends to your house, be ready for rejection. Not because your friends will make a mess or breach someone’s privacy, but because they may eat something in the house and use the water both in the toilet and in the bathroom. Get over it. Your friends can stay outside.

If international students are not satisfied, then it is not a big concern for hosts. There will always be another bunch of kids looking for a friendly Australian family, so foreign students need not worry that their host parents will feel lonely without them.

Indeed, the system doesn’t persuade students to make complaints, comments or recommendations. They frequently arrive in Australia with their host family as the only means of support and navigating language and bureaucratic problems; when the host family is unsupportive these students feel abandoned and unsure of where to seek help. Underage students do have ‘guardians’ who check up on them intermittently, but they usually do little to help.

Vulnerable students are afraid of reporting issues to higher authorities because they risk being kicked out of home. They know little about Australian culture and don’t understand the bureaucratic process, meaning that they are easily manipulated into being silent. There are also very few channels through which complaints can be officially directed, so students are left to talk about their problems with their parents back home and their classmates, both of whom, although sympathetic, have little power over outcomes.

It would appear that no one is actually interested in solving this issue. Homestay students are scared to protest, homestay families have no incentive to improve living standards and often happily exploit the status quo, and there is no impetus for changes to legislation until complaints are made. It’s a vicious cycle. In the meantime educational institutions gladly take students’ money (full fee!) and have little further concern. Not all host families are bad; indeed, some students have very positive homestay experiences. However, homestay shouldn’t be like gambling; you shouldn’t need to rely on a lucky role of the dice to get a good environment. Welcome to Australia!





Monash Student Association (Clayton) Incorporated
ANNUAL ELECTIONS
Monday 17 September – Thursday 20 September 2012

NOTICE OF ELECTION

Nominations for the following positions will open at 9am on Wednesday 15 August 2012 and close at 5pm on Friday 24 August 2012:

Positions to be elected

Office Bearer positions:

- President
- Treasurer
- Secretary
- Education (Academic Affairs) Officer
- Education (Public Affairs) Officer
- Welfare Officer
- Women’s Officer
- Male Queer Officer
- Female Queer Officer
- Environment & Social Justice Officer
- Indigenous Officer
- Activities Officer
- Lot’s Wife Editor/s

General Council Representatives and autonomous Committees:

Monash Student Council (5 General Representatives)
Women’s Affairs Collective (5 Members)
Indigenous Affairs Committee (5 Members)
Student Affairs Committee (10 Members)

National Union of Students:

7 Delegate positions

These elections are conducted using optional preferential voting, and in accordance with other provisions as required under the MSA Election Regulations (eg. only women can vote for the Women’s Officer position).

Nomination forms will be available at the MSA office, or by telephoning or writing to MSA, or via the internet at www.msa.monash.edu.au

Nominations open at 9am on Wednesday 15 August and close at 5pm Friday 24 August 2012.

Copies of the regulations governing the election are available from the MSA office or via the internet at www.msa.monash.edu.au

Voting

Polling for the MSA elections will be 17 – 20 September 2012, with the polling times and places as follows:

The main polling place will be open in the **Campus Centre foyer**
Monday 17 September 9.30am – 5.30pm
Tuesday 18 September 9.30am – 6.30pm
Wednesday 19 September 9.30am – 5.30pm
Thursday 20 September 9.30pm – 5.30pm

Remote polling will be open in the **Andrew Hargraves Library foyer**
Monday 17 September 11.30am – 2.30pm
Wednesday 19 September 11.30am – 2.30pm
Thursday 20 September 11.30am – 2.30pm

And at the **Monash Indigenous Centre foyer**
Wednesday 19 September 11.30am-2.30pm

Postal votes are possible for those students unable to attend the election in person. Applications will be available online or at the MSA.

Chris McDermott
Returning Officer

NOMINATIONS CALLED FOR
2012/2013 MAPS ELECTIONS

Are you someone who’s:
Motivated Available Positive Sociable?

Why not consider a position on the MAPS Executive Committee for 2012/13 and help promote the interests of undergraduate mature age, part-time or distance education students. The following positions will be up for election, and results announced at the MAPS AGM on **Tuesday 2 October 2012:**

President
Vice-President
Social Secretary
Treasurer
Publicity Officer
2 x General Committee Member

Interested? Please fill in a Nomination form which can be found on the information table in the MAPS Lounge (First Floor, Campus Centre), and are available now. Please return completed forms to the MAPS office – if the office is closed just slip it under the door. Distance students please note forms must be posted in if you cannot come to campus. Many meetings are held online so don’t let ‘time’ worries or not being on campus much hold you back. Forms returned by email are NOT considered. Nominations are open now and close on **Friday 21 September at 4pm**. Any questions or assistance please contact **Sarah Keel**, Returning Officer 2012, via email: sikee1@student.monash.edu.au

LECTURER PROFILE

ELIAS
KHALIL

Florence Roney

Position:
Associate Professor, Faculty of Business and Economics

Credentials:
• BA Ohio State University
• PhD New School University

Have you always wanted to be an academic?

From a very young age I have been interested in all branches of knowledge. As a young boy growing up in Nazareth I was an incredibly voracious reader; I would read almost any book which came into my possession - a book a day, or even more!

By the age of about 9 I knew that I wanted to be an academic. I never dreamt of medicine or law, academia and thought were what I aspired to.

What motivated you to pursue economics as a discipline?

When I was young I thought philosophy was a comprehensive approach to understanding societies and change. I believed this to the extent that when I was 16 I published a small book “A collection of Es-says and Social Commentary” - in retrospect perhaps quite an audacious and idealistic thing to do, but I thought I knew enough to comment on the world!

I was quite disappointed after publishing the book when I came to the realisation that people would not just read my wild and marvelous ideas and be changed! I was introduced to the teachings of Karl Marx and for me, at that time, the ideas just clicked. The main concept being that to understand historical



change we must also understand the economy. Mate-rial forces shape our society; that is, the material ne-cessities that humans need for survival [such as food and shelter], and the ways we interact to produce these things, are fundamental to society and often the causes of great events, conflict and war. Thus I became convinced that it is these material forces which mould our society; to understand these forces I needed to understand more than philosophy.

So I went on to study economics and the effects of the economy on larger societal change. I later came to have my doubts in regards to Marxism, but it was his teachings which provided a catalyst for my interest in economic theory.

What do you teach at Monash?

I teach History of Economic Thought, the views of long dead economists, views which have been ne-glected. I impress upon my students the need to study the history of the discipline, what the great thinkers such as Adam Smith, Karl Marx and Thorstein Veblen thought before us, and the ways that their old theories impact our understandings of economic theory today.

I also teach Behavioral Economics, which is a mix-ture of economics and psychology. This is a new field, which has emerged in the last 10 years out of the idea that people are not as rational as supposed. The unit focuses on the concept of human rationality, basically

the notion that humans are sensitive to, and act in accordance with, incentives. The power of this theory and its limits are what we consider especially with regard to creativity and entrepreneurship, evolution-ary change of institutions and technology, emotions and ethical judgments and behavior.

What is your view on how Economics is taught today?

Students are introduced to economics today primarily through price theory - the supply and de-mand model. This overemphasis or focus on studying market equilibrium is problematic in many respects. It would be better to take as a starting point of en-quiry the prosperity or well-being of a society and ask something like: ‘Why is this country more wealthy than that country?’ or ‘How does a country become prosperous?’ These are the questions that motivated many of the greatest and most original economic thinkers of the past.

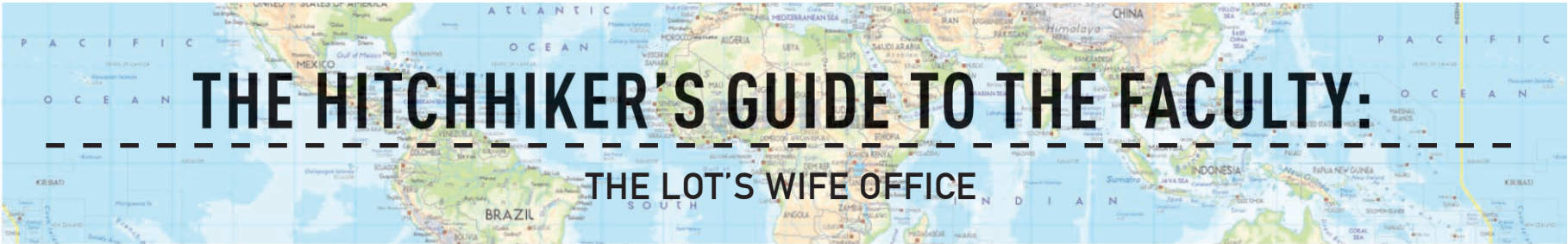
What is your approach to teaching?

I like to tell stories which relate to personal experi-ences and choices to keep my students engaged. I be-lieve the role of the philosopher or teacher is to bring expertise to the classroom or lecture theatre in order to clarify a student’s own thought, their understand-ing about the world and the issues presented by the process of learning. I believe we try to over simplify theories; my challenge in the classroom is showing the student how ‘A’ and ‘B’ are related, but how not to be too naïve and simple-minded in our understandings, to be ever-wary of being “ad-hoc.”

What has been the highlight of your academic career thus far?

As an academic having that moment of epiphany, that really is the highlight for me. They only occur once or twice a year; sometimes you may go a couple of years without one! But new realizations and new syntheses of concepts, that is the true excitement of academia!

In terms of recognition, having my articles ac-cepted for publication in journals, that is always excit-ing! Also receiving the Deans Award for Excellence and research in 2010 was a career highlight.



Good morning, evening, or wherever the sun may be wherever you are on the planet. This week, I shall take you on a very special journey to a space where no mere mortals dare tread; that Olympus-esque fortress known as: **The Lot's Wife Office.**

I venture into this dangerous region at the behest of my editor, who requested an account of my latest adventurous foray. Ordinarily I would send it by carrier pigeon, but circumstances involving a dingo and a grandfather clock prevented my faithful companion's departure. Thus, I am forced to deliver my manuscript by hand.

I approach via the stair-like structure to the south,

scaling it as best I can, despite my wounds—inflicted upon me in the jungles of Caulfield, but that is a story for another time. I peer through the portals, sighting movement inside. *Writers.* Fear takes hold of me, and for a full minute I can do nothing but quake. Eventually I regain my wits long enough to open the outer ingress. I am inside.

The door to the office lies open, a pale light filtering into the quiet hall. In the distance I spy the writers, gathered about their shrine, muttering to themselves. Thankfully, they pay my prone form no attention. I scuttle towards the editors' temple, dodging the wild volunteers who make their home here: I believe they scavenge food to survive, and I have no

intention of parting with my rations. Carefully, I peer inside the temple's entrance.

To my astonishment, the temple's sanctum is deserted. Several empty bottles shine in the computer's soft glow, and the markings of editors gone by cover the walls. There is a distinct smell of wine. I go to leave my manuscript upon the altar when there is a sudden blur: a "kthxbye" echoes in the sacred room. I look down at my hands to find the manuscript covered in red ink.

From the Journal of His Greatness, Sir Timothy Christopher Samuel Newport, PhD OB QC

STUDENT HEALTH

Cat Poiani-Cordella

It's coming to that time of the year where winter reaches to an end and we start thinking about summer, the beach and the infamous bikini/beach body. We realise that during the winter months we've gone through a hibernation period of drinking too much alcohol, eating too much junk (i.e. chocolate and McDonalds), and adopting an exercise regime which consists of walking from our front door to our car, and we start to freak out. Fear not. Put down the new fad diet, meal replacement shakes and 3hr long cardio workout you have planned for yourself; there is no need to suffer in order to shed those winter kilos.

Food accounts for 80% of the effort required to lose weight. Now, I am probably the laziest healthy person on this planet. Sounds weird right, but, like most of us students, I just don't like cooking. I always have excuses, the most used being 'I'm hungry, I'm tired and I just want food'. However, during the holidays I was given a cook book by a friend (probably a subtle message that I should learn how to cook

and I came across a gorgeous curry that is low in fat and carbs and tastes like heaven. This will satisfy even the pickiest of eaters, like my dad, whose diet mainly consists of products marked 'made in Italy'!

This recipe was originally made with chicken which is a fabulous source of protein, but lentils are a great alternative. Green lentils are high in magnesium and fibre and provide greater legume (pulse) consumption in your diet, oh and they're cheaper than meat. Bonus!

Lentil Curry

500g green lentils
4 tomatoes
2 brown onions
1 red onion
1 teaspoon cinnamon powder
1 teaspoon turmeric powder
Small chunk of fresh ginger
2 tablespoon garam masala

¼ teaspoon chilli powder
½ lemons
Oil (any will do)
Salt
½ cup water
1 ½ cup of brown rice

Soak green lentils over night. Dice brown and red onions finely and sauté in a slightly oiled pan until translucent. Add cinnamon, turmeric, diced ginger (take skin off), garam masala and chilli powder into pan and mix. Add diced tomatoes and simmer for 5 minutes. Rinse soaked lentils and place in a large pot. Add mixture to lentils and add water. Cover and let it simmer for 15-20 minutes. Season to taste and add lemon juice on top. Serve with brown rice. Serves 4.

Tip: When I cook this meal I generally make double or triple the amount listed and freeze it in small containers to bring to uni or to microwave for dinner after a long shift. Bon Appetit!

WINNING IS A HABIT. UNFORTUNATELY, SO IS LOSING.

Olivia Tolich

I like sports. My favourite is extreme butt-sitting. Being a technical sport, it requires performing a unique number of skills whilst perched successfully on a metre-wide couch. There's the front laptop-balance, the junk food double (chocolate plus ice cream) and for the highest degree of difficulty, the connecting channel leaps. In short, I only exercise to fit into my clothes. Thus, my discovery that Monash has an entire sports precinct was fairly recent. Joining the Monash Sport family as part of the obviously professional mixed netball team "The Wookies" made me question my sanity. I hadn't run for so long since forced under threat of failure in high school PE.

Social netball and competition netball are entirely different beasts. In competition netball, the team arrives early in matching uniforms before a thorough warm-up and team strategy. In social netball... we arrived ten minutes beforehand in a beautiful myriad of black t-shirts and well-worn runners and our only warm-up included a process of elimination to see who would be sacrificed as centre (not me...).

The game of the Wookies vs. the 508s started with

the teams shuffling towards their respective ends of the court (with a few confused detours for the Wookies) and it very quickly became clear the two worlds of netball had collided. Our opponents were actually good. Oh shit. They danced around us effortlessly, twirling and NEVER. BLOODY. MISSING. GOALS. Naturally, I had no time to consider this whilst bent over, gasping for air, physically incapable of moving or speaking.

The excitement built. The suspense was palpable. With the margin only a mere 25 goals, could the Wookies come back and outscore their opponents in the last quarter? No. No they could not. I wish I could say we lost with dignity and grace, but it is safe to say I lost that battle when the ball rebounded and clobbered me in the face as the two next teams filed into the stadium. And still, despite the misfire passes, the falling and the bad misses at goal, we all shook hands at the end of the game and walked

away feeling good... because we knew we would be placed in a low grade and never have to experience that again.



THE RESUME RECIPE

Amy Tanner

Having a quality resume is highly important when applying for jobs; it is an employer's first point of contact with you, and allows them to assess not only your qualifications and experience, but also your writing style and ability to cohesively present information. Particularly in the graduate market, where jobs are often highly competitive, the difference between a good resume and a poor one can result in the progression of a candidate in the application process, or them being unsuccessful.

The Employment and Careers Development Centre at Monash stresses that resumes should be concise; that is to say, they should be focused to the particular job you are applying for, addressing stated requirements and providing relevant information about yourself. For young graduates, it is usually expected that resumes will be between two and three pages in length, and should be formatted in an organised and logical fashion. The most common style of resume,

and the most recommended for recent graduates, is reverse chronological. Achievements and qualifications should be presented starting with the most recent, and it is common to split experience into sub-sections of "Professional Experience", that is roles pertaining directly to the desired job, and "General Experience", that is less relevant positions.

In regards to content, personal details should be clearly stated, making sure that any contact details or email addresses sound professional. In the case that graduates are applying for positions abroad, international codes should be included, as should citizenship and residency details. Education qualifications should be clearly stated, although the Development Centre suggests that listing all subjects should be avoided. Institutions, qualification titles, majors and minors and relevant completion dates must be stated, and if graduates have completed a number of particularly relevant subjects listing up to three is recommended.

If graduates have received any awards or scholarships, in particular at a tertiary level, they can enhance the appeal of a resume. It is not essential that awards are academic; indeed, many employers look for achievements that recognise leadership, sport or community based skills. Specification of community involvement in particular can be effective in convincing employers that graduates have strong initiative and interpersonal and organizational skills.

It is also important that applicants list what they consider to be their skills, and any professional associations or affiliations. Interests and hobbies should finally be included. Graduates should then supply the names of three individuals to act as referees, all of whom should have witnessed the applicant's capabilities in either an academic or professional context. With all of this complete, the resume should read professionally and impressively demonstrate the applicant's attributes!

LOT’S WIFE ASKS:

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION ON MONASH STALKERSPACE?



“It’s full of haters.”
– Arts 3rd Year

“There’s a lot of trolls on there. It’s
interesting to read but sometimes
it’s a bit much.”
– Arts 1st Year

“It burns my retinas.”
– Arts 4th Year

“Some people just get so butthurt
- it’s hilarious.”
– Engineering 3rd Year

“I feel really sorry for the people
who actually go on there trying to
get in contact with a cute guy or
girl they once saw. It doesn’t work
that often, and when it does it
becomes a massive public event.”
– Arts/Law 3rd Year

“I’ve heard about it, but I don’t
even have a Facebook account, so I
don’t really care.”
– Arts/Science 2nd Year

“I used to be a member, but I left
when I realised that it was just a
platform for insulting people.”
– Education 3rd Year

“Why?”
– Engineering 4th Year

“It’s just a bit of fun. If you don’t
like it, don’t read it.”
– Law 1st Year

“Who uses Facebook any more,
anyway?”
– Science 3rd Year

“It’s rarely successful but a bit of
fun. Sometimes it does work for
its intended purpose and when it
does it’s pretty good.”
– Performing Arts 2nd Year

“I think it’s a good space to
share people’s opinions that
they wouldn’t normally want to.
When people try to get it out in
public, like the campus centre, it’s
difficult.”
– IT 3rd Year

Monash Stalkerspace is a Facebook group which, at one stage, attempted to emulate mX’s *Looking At You* column for the Monash community, but has since degenerated (or evolved, depending on your perspective) into a message board where people share their experiences and frustrations at Monash, debate topics with irrelevant and misinformed opinions, and rampantly and ferociously troll each other. With controversy and outrage galore, *Lot’s Wife* thought it’d be interesting to see what students have to say about Stalkerspace when they’re not behind a keyboard.

THE FIVE STAGES OF STUDENT TRAVEL GRIEF

Bren Carruthers

I’ve had enough. I need to get out of here.

There is a passion that burns at the core of my soul; I want to break the shackles of my university existence and go travelling, and I know I’m not the only Monash student who feels this way. I need to see Italy, I need to see Japan, Russia, Zanzibar, Brazil. Even right at this moment, with deadlines looming like a sinister force, I’m daydreaming of an island somewhere – and I’m not even a beachgoing person.



The main problem with my travel plans is that something will always get in the way. Whether it’s a time barrier (“Would I like to edit *Lot’s Wife*? Sure!”), a financial barrier (“Do I want two weeks in Thailand, or a car that moves?”) or even if someone just needs to stay home and feed the cat, I can’t seem to stop myself from finding excuses. The University calendar is a particular problem - who wants to go travelling in the Northern Hemisphere during the dead of winter?

So every semester, like many others, I will inevitably revisit the Five Stages of Student Travel Grief:

Denial: “I’m a free person, damn it! I’m an adult! I’m autonomous! I have a credit card!”

Anger: “What do you mean by ‘Enrolment Census Date?’”

Bargaining: “I’ll definitely go on a trip after my degree. Or my honours. Or my PhD.”

Depression: “Maybe I’ll just buy some Vodka and Tequila, and call it a ‘world tour’”.

Acceptance: “I can’t find my fucking passport anyway.”

Seeing my friends and acquaintances go on their own trips over the winter break has only compounded my desire. So, it’s time for me to take a stand and commit myself to travelling, here in print. Watch out, world - next week I’m heading for Werribee.

THE GYM JUNKIE: OBSESSED OR FOCUSED?

Jordana Hyams

Throughout the wave of the Olympics, I was constantly reminded that I am no sporting great. Hand me a bat and a ball and I’ll hit someone by accident. Tell me to run and I’ll start walking even slower than I would usually. At school, I never volunteered for anything on Sports Day other than being the person who makes sure other people go to their events. However, in recent months I have become a self-professed gym junkie.

Admittedly, there are always a few moments before I walk into the sweat-soaked air in the gym when I seriously consider skipping out next door and grabbing a coffee instead. But there is some sort of gentle pull - or intense guilt - that draws me through

to the change rooms. And as with Pringles, once I pop, I can’t stop.

My personal workout is not so hardcore. A few sit-ups, some leg presses and some fun with a medicine ball before it’s downstairs for intervals on the cross trainer. The problem is that I’m not very good, yet I’m totally hooked. It’s like wanting a ciggie but not being able to inhale without coughing (so year nine). Watching everyone else there - the people who I see every time I go, the people who stare me, and the people who I (probably blatantly obviously) check out - I am surrounded by junkies alike.

This addiction was only really made apparent to me when I recently fell ill and was advised against

going for my workout. I freaked out and spent the day feeling sluggish and wobbly. My close friend is a personal trainer and a health freak. Everything she eats is either protein-fueled or sounds like it comes from a far away planet (seriously, what the hell is *Coenzyme Q10*?), and she told me that I have become “addicted or mentally dependent” on my workout. I guess if there’s one thing I can be addicted to, exercise is ok. I recently saw a gift card that said: “I’m not an alcoholic, they go to meetings. I’m a drunk, and they go to parties.” Perhaps then, my addiction can instead be seen as an aspiration - Rio de Janeiro 2016, anyone? I’ll be there with the weight lifters, no doubt. Now pass me my glutamine protein shake.



I’ve been hesitant so far to talk about specific clients in this column. I have this strange fear that they’ll read *Lot’s Wife*, realise I’m talking about them, and get angry at me. But to be honest, none of these guys are the kind to be reading university newspapers and it’s hard to give a good idea about what it’s like to be a hooker without talking about the clients. So in this edition I’m going to write about a few of my favourite clients; the ones I love to see when I walk into the intro room, and the ones whose company I don’t have to fake enjoying.

I don’t know the names of most of my clients. Sure, they tell me their names, but there are many of them and they all answer to “baby” or “handsome”. The first client I’m going to talk about is “misogynistic old guy”. He was my second ever client, and I saw him on the first night I worked. He’s quite an old man but he’s really gentle and quite sweet. To me at least. Every time he comes in he tells me about his wife, and how much he hates her. And how much he hates all women. And how c***s don’t know how to take care of a man. Coming from anyone else this kind of thing would make me very angry, but I feel sorry for him. He’s clearly trapped in a loveless marriage and repressing his sexuality. He also tells me about his “breakout time” (which includes his visits to me). He tells me about going to the adult cinema and watching guys whack off. He tells me about buying women’s clothing to wear. And he tells me how much he loves cock. It’s all a little sad, but he’s sweet with

me, and it’s kind of awesome to be the one who helps him get his pleasure.

“Regular clients that you have a connection with are truly great to be with. They’re not only a great source of income, but the work is much better when you’re enjoying yourself.”

I do remember this next client’s name, but he’s something of a VIP and I’m not keen on using even his first name, so we’ll just call him N. He is one of the most fun clients to be with, and would be amongst my favourites even if he didn’t book me for hours at a time and then tip almost as much as I get from the house. He likes to mess with people, and constantly makes little jokes throughout our appointments. I think I won his respect when he took his joint (he does drugs during our bookings) and said “ever seen a guy burn himself?” I just told him “Nope” and watched him move the joint to within millimetres of his nipple. What we do is just a lot of fun; we play around and joke and cuddle and whatever else we feel like. When I’m with him it doesn’t feel like work. He respects my boundaries; he wants me to enjoy myself as much as he’s enjoying

himself.

My favourite client, though, is “foreskin guy”. He drives the managers crazy. He calls the parlour half a dozen times a night (at least) to tell them he’s coming in, or that he got home safely. He’s not altogether there; he has some form of mental disability. But he’s genuine, and I can tell he loves spending time with me - there’s no pretence. He’s always been able to tell I’m not trans; he knows that I’m a boy. We just lie next to each other and talk while I stroke him off for half an hour. It’s not particularly relevant to why I like him, but I’m always impressed that even after he comes he stays hard. He got his name from his foreskin obsession; he asked all the girls if they had a foreskin. The first time we were together he told me why he picked me - he said I was the only one who didn’t laugh at him. We have a great connection, and making him happy is very satisfying.

I like all these clients for different reasons, and they all make my job much more fulfilling. One-off clients can be fun, or they can be a drag, but regular clients that you have a connection with are truly great to be with. They’re not only a great source of income, but the work is much better when you’re enjoying yourself.

Next edition I’d love to do another question and answer article. I didn’t have room to answer all of the great questions I received last time; if there are any additional questions you would like me to answer please send them to alexandrasdiary@gmail.com.

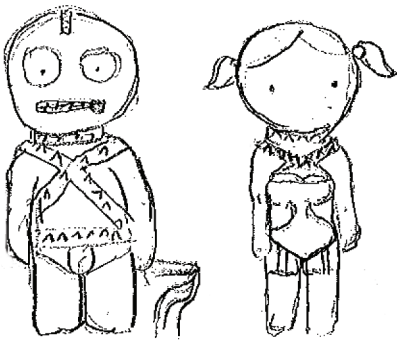


FIVE DATING RULES THAT I JUST DONT GET



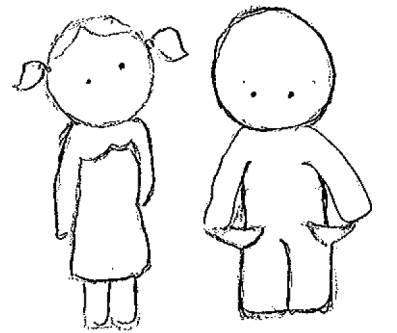
Anika Baset

My friend Alice is a master of ‘The Game’ - a set of unwritten dating rules one should follow to ensure successful romantic pursuits. I can see merit in her approach by comparing her dating history (long term relationship with great dude) to mine (A Series of Unfortunate Events), but there are certain rules I am completely incapable of following. Here are the top 5.



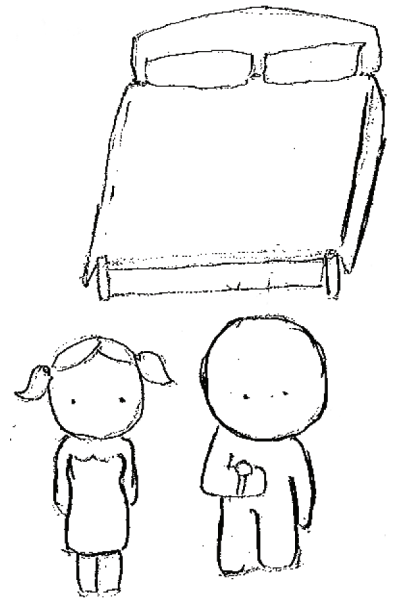
1. Treat them mean, keep them keen

Essentially, don’t let the other person know how much you like them or they’ll lose interest. It makes some sense - when was the last time you fell for someone that was too available and obsessed with you? That would be, uh, never! But intuitively, this is the exact opposite of what I want to do when I like you. You are officially The Best Person Ever. Let me bake you banana cake and give you all my time!



2. The guy should always pay

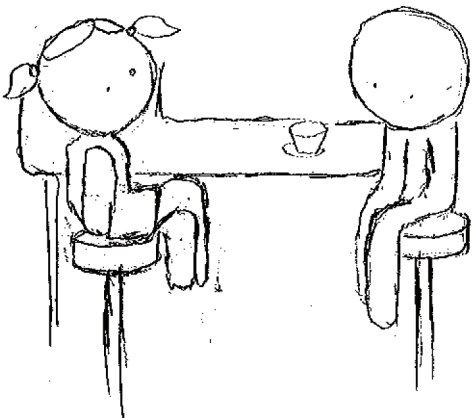
I’m certain this ‘rule’ is a hangover from the Stone Age, when Caveman hunted food to impress Cave-woman. It baffles me that I should expect someone to spend their hard earned cash on me. It seems especially unfair if it’s the first date and they’re blissfully unaware of how mental I really am. Plus, how am I meant to sing along convincingly to ‘Independent Woman’ if a guy pays every time we go out? IT WOULD ALL BE LIES.



3. Wait a certain number of dates before having sex

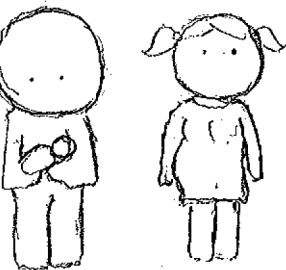
I appreciate the value of creating suspense - sex is infinitely better when you’ve had to impatiently wait for it. I just don’t get setting an arbitrary figure to quantify exactly when genitals should come into play. Sometimes 3 hours of suspense is more than enough, thank you very much. Don’t tell me I should wait a few more dates! My libido will kill you!

Illustrations: Eleanor Murray



4. Don’t have one night stands

Every time I read any kind of relationship column, there’s always a ‘one night stands will make you feel worthless and shitty’ line in there. Sure, they’re not everyone’s thing but this is definitely not universally true. After a Messy Break Up or a long dry spell or for no reason at all, excellent sex with an excellent looking stranger can make you feel rather excellent.



5. Marriage and babies are your ultimate goal

My biggest issue with The Game is that the end goal is a big wedding, cute babies and happy families. But what if this isn’t your idea of a happy ending? To me, commitment means buying matching bikes and maybe, MAYBE, adopting a tea cup pig. Someone teach me The Game to get there and this girl will happily be your padawan learner.

A NIGHT ON BRUNSWICK STREET

Dina Amin

Let’s face it. The monotonous, synthesised beats of inscrutable DJ’s have gotten old and incredibly annoying. Really, aren’t we all sick of bopping our heads repetitively to techno songs that seem to go on for exhaustive periods of time? You can go to the bath-room, have a heart to heart with a close friend whilst reapplying your makeup, exit the bathroom and the agonising song that you were so desperate to leave behind will still be reverberating across the dance floor.

Why not leave this world of faux, bland entertainment behind and explore the refreshing nightlife on Brunswick Street, Fitzroy? Start by having a chorizo, sweet corn and feta pizza at Little Creatures Dining Hall, an experimental culinary success that brings together a sweet and spicy contrast. You can even enjoy a Little Creatures beer as you watch the chefs prepare your meal in front of you.

Next, cross the road, walk about 500 metres up Brunswick Street and you will arrive at The Alchemist, an intimate venue that captures the spirit of old New York, so antiquated in its appeal that it is reminiscent of old film noir movie sets. Order a few cocktails and whisper sweet nothings to a lover in the romantic glow of another era. And if you are single, flirt shamelessly with the bartenders whose suspend-

ers and feather hats remind patrons of old Hollywood film stars.

Finally, end the evening at The Night Cat, a groovy live music bar just off Brunswick Street itself, that never fails to bring everyone onto the dance floor. The smooth sounds of Latin and reggae, along with the beats of eclectic funk, are a refreshing reprieve from the synthesised drone of Melbourne clubs. At The Night Cat, both musicians and dancers are uninhibited and impassioned, incomparable to



the impassive DJs that click a few buttons and turn a few knobs. The Night Cat refuse to charge an entry fee, ensuring that Melburnians should not have to pay to dance.

Leave techno and shuffling to the robots of Chasers and Bubble and come join the energy in Fitzroy. The nightlife on Brunswick Street is lively and authentic, why not be a part of it?

Brunswick Street. Photo: Matt Connolley

INTERESTING ETYMOLOGIES: WINTRY WEATHER

Jonathon Lum

Ah, August. In a previous edition of *Lot’s* it was pointed out that August is named after the Roman emperor Augustus Caesar. Further etymological investigations reveal that this Latin name replaced the Old English *Weodmonað* or ‘weed month’, which came before ‘shroom month’ and ‘crack month’ (OK, I made these last two up). Whatever the name, the most salient feature of August to everyone at Monash is that it’s frickin’ cold. There are of course tabloid newspapers you can burn to keep warm (Andrew Bolt columns are particularly inflammatory), and once you’re nice and snug (and smug), do take a minute to enjoy these weather-related linguistic gems:

The English idiom *to rain cats and dogs* is attested

from 1738, a variant of the earlier expression *to rain cats and polecats* which emerged in the 1650s. *To rain on someone’s parade* is relatively recent, appearing in 1941. The word *wind*, like *rain*, derives from Old English, and once rhymed with words like *kind* and *mind* before a sound change occurred in the 18th century to give us the modern pronunciation. The idiom *to get wind of something* first appeared in English a little later, and by 1883 we also get the sailing metaphor *to take the wind out of one’s sails*.

It is not just the English language that has a penchant for meteorological metaphors. Finnish has the idiom *huutaa tuuleen* (literally ‘to shout to the wind’), which means to do something that has no use. The

Swedes sometimes say that no one is perfect by saying *aven solen har fläckar* (‘even the sun has got spots’), while Czech has *snést někomu modré z nebe* (‘to bring down the blue from the sky for someone’) meaning ‘to do anything to please someone’. And if you subtly insult a Dzongkha speaker of Bhutan, they might reply *chap phar kah chap jil pa chu kha ray* (‘the rain falls yonder, but the drops strike here’), i.e., indirect remarks hit the target.

So stay warm and we’ll be back next edition *rain, hail or shine* with another segment of ‘Interesting Etymologies’.



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	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
10AM	Clinical Focus	Juggling Tunes	Available	Bad Hands	Inter - Link
11AM	Da Funk Show	Trance in Your Pants	Available	Jambo Jambo	I Can Speak Esperanto
12PM	Bea Carm and Carry On	Tenacity	The Mandogs	Lock Shock and Barrel	No Friends in the Radio Game
1PM	Lex and Carey	Watercooler Wednesdays	ChillOUT	Latin Hour	One Last Time
2PM	Available	M	Steph+Buff	Stop - Harmer Time!	Sam's Mixed Bag
3PM	Level Up	50 Shades of Cray	The Angry Gamers 2.0	Calvin, Charlie and You	Rock Doctors
4PM	Food for the FatCat	The Conversation Club	Untitled For Now	Tunes And Ramblings	Kiwi Power Hour
5PM	That MSA Show	Camp Us	Music News with Bill Murphy	Lot's Wife On The Air	Balls & All
6PM	51 Shades of Grey	Teenage Manclub	Made in Japan	The BBC	Platinum Oz
7PM	Better Than Nothing	The Karen & Son 2.0	Blackout	Folk You	CherriiPOP
8PM	The Free-man Hour	Press Play	The No Show	Kraftwerk Orange	Pre Drinks at the Gaffe
9PM	Down the Way	Triple Entendre	Purple Maine	Happy Endings with Jon Bling	Silverset DJs on the Decks

// CALENDAR //		
MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
<p>LOT’S WRITERS MEETING EVERY MONDAY 1:00PM IN THE LOT’S WIFE LOUNGE</p> <p>FREE FOOD MONDAYS EVERY MONDAY 7:30PM IN THE AIRPORT LOUNGE</p>	<p>MSA TUESDAYS EVERY TUESDAY FROM 12PM ON THE MENZIES LAWN</p>	<p>MSA UNEARTHED EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM 12:30PM IN THE AIRPORT LOUNGE</p> <p>MSA BREAKFAST EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM 8:00 - 10:30 IN THE CELLAR ROOMS, CAMPUS CENTRE</p>
SAVE THE DATE		
WEEK 5 AUGUST 20 - 24	WEEKENDS AUGUST 25/26, SEPTEMBER 8/9	WEEK 9 SEPTEMBER 17-20
QUEER WEEK	MONASH BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY TREE PLANTING WWW.BIOLOGICALSOCIETY.COM.AU	BLUE STOCKINGS WEEK
QUEER WEEK		
MONDAY AUGUST 20	WORKSHOPS & MEETINGS, QUEER LOUNGE AUGUST 21-23	THURSDAY AUGUST 23
QUEER TRIVIA (ALLY INCLUSIVE) SIR JOHN’S BAR, 6:30PM	TUES: ‘SEX TOYS AND OTHER SEXY STUFF’ WED: ‘TRANS* 101’ & NEWBIE QUEER TEA THURS: ‘POLYAMORY 101’	QUEER BALL (ALLY INCLUSIVE) SIR JOHN’S BAR, 7PM

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