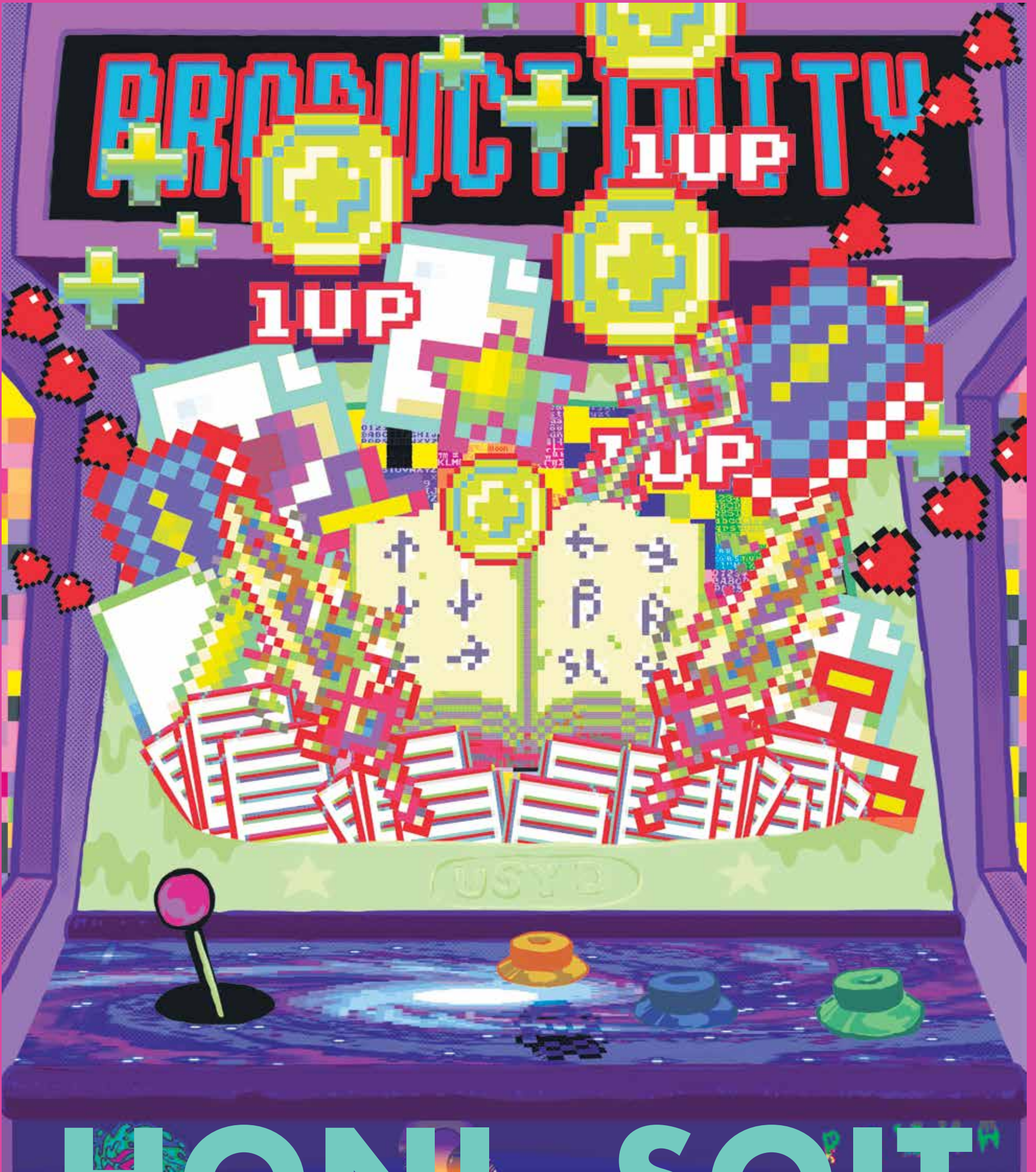


St Paul's College reverses previous stance on Broderick college culture review / p. 6

These spots might just fill the jacaranda-shaped hole in your heart / p. 12

Starting behind: How our University fails students with disabilities / p. 8



S1W1 / FIRST PUBLISHED 1929

Acknowledgement of Country

We acknowledge the traditional custodians of this land, the Gadigal people of the Eora Nation. The University of Sydney – where we write, publish and distribute *Honi Soit* – is on the sovereign land of these people. As students and journalists, we recognise our complicity in the ongoing colonisation of Indigenous land. In recognition of our privilege, we vow to not only include, but to prioritise and centre the experiences of Indigenous people, and to be reflective when we fail to. We recognise our duty to be a counterpoint to the racism that plagues the mainstream media, and to adequately represent the perspectives of Indigenous students at our University. We also wholeheartedly thank our Indigenous reporters for the continuing contribution of their labour to our learning.

Editorial

I'll be entirely frank with you: I have no idea what I am doing. I am frequently overcome by the sensation of being a child's consciousness inside a large unwieldy flesh vessel. Sometimes, I feel like I am drowning in a sea of obligations and missed calls and unwashed dishes.

I often forget that this is the default setting of the vast majority of people around me. You will, I'm sure, excuse me for the platitudes (generous as you are), but everybody hurts. Everybody is blindly feeling their way through life a little bit. Through sadness, boredom, frustration, listlessness, heartbreak, we emerge, and we find ways to make it better.

We find different things to spur ourselves on. We find creative ways out of conundrums. We seek direction from friends, parents, siblings, mentors, and we give it in equal measure. On top of that, we learn to push back against injustices; we ask for the things we deserve; we rise to challenges.

There is no real theme to this week's paper (at least not one that I can see!), but each piece has been given to us by student writers and artists (and now, videographers and podcasters) who ask nothing in return. This varied and diffuse group of souls is no doubt grappling with a multitude of their own issues, as each of us as editors is too.

So while you might sometimes feel like lying down forever, or listening to Fall Out Boy's *From Under the Cork Tree* on repeat while staring blankly at your Facebook feed, don't forget the beautiful work you do, and the beautiful people you do it with. **AD**

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What's on this week

According to Jake, that Tinder fuckboy who keeps cancelling on you



Debating Society Demo Debate
Wednesday March 8, 5PM - 8PM
Courtyard Bar

Hey, cutie. Sorry I haven't replied since last week, my phone's been dead. Super keen to hang out though, we should go see this demo debate together. I was going to go with mates but I'd rather go with you. There'll be free pizza and drinks. I've got a question. I want you to answer honestly. Imagine we're there right now. The demo debate is pumping in the background and it's just you and me. I put my hand around your waist. What would you do?

Surg Radio Welcome Drinks and Workshop
Wednesday March 8, 5PM - 8PM
Courtyard Bar

Heya, so my friend is coming back from Canada and I'm getting drinks with her around 5pm on Wednesday but I should be around uni by 7pm? If you're still keen, I could meet you at the demo debate and then we could go to the Sydney Uni Radio Group welcome drinks. I know I haven't heard your voice but I bet it's super hot so I'm sure you'd fit radio perfectly. The Surg drinks are happening at the same place as the demo debate apparently so it'll be easy access if you know what I mean.

Leave OWeek alone

Dear Editors,

I write to you in regards to your page 3 article Preaching to the Choir. You are disappointed at this year's line-up, The Preatures are good but they're not accompanied by a smorgasbord of other acts for students to revel in. Sorry to burst your bubble but I don't think you have any idea how expensive it is to book bands. If the USU chose to pump all its money into OWeek then man they'd have a banging line up, but what of Verge, Radical Sex and Consent Week, Clubs and Societies, International Week, Humanitarian Programs, revues, markets, student elections etc? The USU frankly does more with less each year than other campus entertainment providers, blowing more money on big acts at OWeek is short sighted because it will (shouldn't, but will) come at the cost of the wealth of other programs the USU provides. Finally, I didn't think I'd see the day when I'd be writing to Honi explaining that the

USU's purpose is not to turn a profit. Please don't feed that attitude. If the USU loses money hand over fist providing the best student experience in the country then I don't care (and neither should you, dear reader), as long as they spend that money wisely. Profit is not the purpose, nor should it ever be.

Yours in union,
Sophia Roberts
BA, Former OWeek Director and USU die-hard

Regs, regs, regs

Dear Honi,

The coverage of mooted SRC regulation changes should, hopefully, lead to the changes I and others have proposed for years and mean fairer and safer elections.

Which is why it disappointed me to still see hostility from certain groups last week. These are the same groups that have not only stopped reform attempts in the past, but never propose their own either. In 2016 my motion to create a Committee tasked with

looking at multi-partisan election reform was rejected by Labor and Liberal Councillors on the premise that individuals could suggest their own ideas. Not one of them did any such thing.

Now, they wish to sink genuine reform again because it suits their factional agenda, despite all of their arguments being thoroughly trashed year after year. I'll be interested to see if Labor groups actually have an argument as to why these changes aren't good enough, instead of complaining that this wasn't decided in a back-room deal.

Oh, as an aside to Adam Boidin: these changes do not "shortchange" the Returning Officer, they fix a problem created when Labor and Liberal Councillors ignored me and others that actually understand how the SRC works when we said the current regulation will lead to an increased \$30k cost to the SRC. The RO cut a deal with the SRC for a far smaller stipend last year; a future RO may not be as accommodating. So, unless you want to cut National Union of Students affiliation fees in half, I'd suggest reconsidering your position.

I'd encourage other students to attend the meeting this week, and see

what your representatives really think of a safer and fairer election for you.

Cameron Caccamo, Arts Graduand

Cryptic or bust

Dear EN,

I, Shane Arora, would like to declare my complete and utter disgust in your sheer laziness in not writing a cryptic for the O-Week edition of Honi Soit. For a keen cruciverbalist like myself, this glaring omission was the nadir of what has been an otherwise fine tradition of excellent cryptic crosswords from the Honi setters. You should be ashamed of yourself for the disappointment that you have inspired. Perhaps it is best if you leave the crossword setting to the substantially more talented Zplig, Skribblix, Sqrl and Atrus if you feel that you cannot muster up the effort to cryptic.

Shane Arora, B. Sci II

Ed's note: EN, who contributed puzzles last week, was not to blame for the lack of a cryptic. That was our bad.

Best of
the Web

Honi
Doctor

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HoniCast
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ho icas
honi cast

Print media is dead. Or so we have been told. We don't believe it, but we thought we should play it safe and try our hand at multimedia. Check it out.

Julia Gregoratto interviewed USyd students about their first times for Honi Doctor, *Honi's* sex positive sex column. Find the video on Facebook.

Learn about the process of creating a newspaper from Buzzfeed's Mark di Stefano, the Guardian's Naaman Zhou and Freudian Nip's Victoria Zerbst.

Small Trumpet Presents: Big Comedy in Little Hermann's
Wednesday March 8, 6.30PM - 12AM
Hermann's Bar

Heyyy. You up? Sorry I'm actually gonna be going drinking a bit later with my Canadian friend but I'll be done by 9 so we could still catch the comedy at Hermann's. Apparently Sydney's comedy scene is booming and I remember you said you liked comedy shows. Was that you? Anyway, it'll be a great time. You might be a bit full from all the free pizza at the other events but I'm sure we could work up a sweat a bit later ... we should play 20 questions.

UN Society Welcome Drinks
Thursday March 9, 5PM
Hermann's Bar

Hey hey! Just realised I'm actually booked in for a night session at the gym with the boys on Wednesday but I can keep Thursday free for you. We should go to the UN welcome drinks. It's one of the biggest societies, everyone's supposed to be really friendly to first years, and they have free booze. You can't say no to that. Speaking of can't say no, you should give me your Snapchat.

Welcome Back to Uni Party
Thursday March 9, 7PM - 11PM
Sidebar

Heyy, good-looking, what you doing? Wanna play truth or dare. I'll ask first. Dare? Ok, I dare you to go to the Arts Society's welcome back to uni party with me. There's \$2 tacos and \$5 vodkas. Oh I forgot to mention, I can't go to the UN drinks because I'm having dinner with someone but I'll be free at 7 for this party. PS. Nice DP change. What's the name of your brunette friend?

Christmas comes early for St Paul's croquet fanatics

JAYCE CARRANO

The November 2016 St Paul's College newsletter included big news. The all-male residential college will be undergoing significant renovations to create a new graduate house and a third quadrangle. St Paul's is currently in the process of raising the required \$60 million. The most important addition, however, will be a "championship-sized croquet lawn". Yes, you read that correctly. Championship-sized.

Honi contacted several St Paul's students to ask them how their cohort was reacting to the news. For some reason, they weren't very keen to talk to *Honi*. Did they think this innocent publication would twist their words to push the narrow-minded *Honi* agenda just as a croquet player deftly flicks his wrist to push the ball through a narrow hoop? Were these students trying to hide something? Had they been sworn to secrecy to gain some sort of competitive croquet edge?

Honi's investigations suggested their silence was a result of the latter two and certainly not the first.

What could they have been hiding? With the help of Google Maps and Photoshop, *Honi's* technical department superimposed a satellite image of the University of Sydney over the development plans provided in the newsletter. The image we used was an artistic

impression that didn't include a scale, legend, or any real details whatsoever but that's no reason why it shouldn't be considered the official blueprint.

The truth was shockingly clear. The planned croquet lawn was a mere 30.0 metres by 24.38 metres.

For the few that aren't aware, a genuine championship-sized croquet lawn is 35 yards (32 metres) by 28 yards (26.6 metres). The Paul's lawn will therefore provide nearly 120 square metres less croquet-playing space than promised. The college will be short-changing its students.

But why then had the St Paul's students been sworn to secrecy? There had to be more. Who were they keeping information from? The answer was hidden in the past.

The University of Sydney Croquet Club formed in 1902. It lasted for one resounding year before folding. During that time, Women's College was the most dominant team. That's right, St Paul's sister college wiped the (delicately maintained grass) floor with them.

Perhaps then, this new lawn is to serve as a training facility to allow the college to snatch back the croquet crown. That would explain why the St Paul's students had refused to talk to *Honi*. They couldn't let wind of their



An unscientific blueprint of the too-small lawn. Image: Jayce Carrano.

plan reach the halls of Women's College.

"We are not really building Croquet Lawns as a big thing – that's more of an incidental name," said St Paul's Warden Ivan Head when contacted for more information. "We also considered a race track for miniature camels from the Innovation Nation Clone Enterprise but rejected that." The latter comment may have been in jest but, as *Honi* does not possess a sense of

humour, we were unable to tell before this article was published.

Will St Paul's get their long-awaited vengeance? Will Women's College remain reigning champions? Watch this (slightly smaller than championship-sized) space.

The legitimacy of alternative entry

NOA ZULMAN

Every year, the release of first round offers precipitates a litany of articles in the mainstream media criticising tertiary education for one reason or another. In 2016, many NSW universities came under fire for admitting students with ATARs significantly below that of the published cut-off. This practice, which was exposed by Fairfax Media, has been roundly condemned by politicians as dishonest and non-transparent, with former NSW Education Minister Adrian Piccoli warning universities that such behaviour placed institutions' reputations at risk. In light of these events, we must ask, why are supposedly 'sub-par' students being admitted to the University of Sydney?

Overwhelmingly, the University's admission of students who have not achieved the published ATAR is through alternative entry schemes. Once we strip back the veneer of the media's moral outrage, such admissions are far from dishonest or unjust, but rather a justifiable and equitable means by which to level the playing field for disadvantaged students. USyd offers eight alternative entry schemes, including E12, for financially disadvantaged students, Broadway, for those who have experienced long-term illnesses or disabilities, and the Cadigal Program, for indigenous students. Yet, despite the huge range of schemes offered, USyd is one of the most conservative NSW universities in its acceptance of students through non-traditional pathways, with 27 per cent of admissions occurring through non-ATAR programs.

Interestingly, such programs do not dent widespread perceptions of the University's elitism. When speaking to alternative-entry students, a common sentiment emerges — recipients of non-ATAR places all saw USyd as overwhelmingly exclusive and prestigious. Seditha Chatfield, a Bachelor of Engineering (Civil) and Project Management student who was admitted to USyd via the Cadigal Program said, "I believe that I did stereotype the University to be extremely elite ... to be fully honest I still feel a bit out of my league to be studying at USyd."

While this comes as no surprise given USyd's longstanding reputation as a leading sandstone university, each alternative-entrant I spoke to also believes the University is still accessible to disadvantaged students. Beyond merely acknowledging the existence of such schemes, several of the students spoke glowingly of the University's efforts to make education more accessible. Dale Lou, a commerce and law student from the E12 program, said, "I never imagined the University to be so generous and understanding of my situation."

It is this generosity that many educational commentators and politicians are concerned about. With reports from the Fairfax Media investigation alleging students with ATARs as low as

30 are being admitted into tertiary degrees, many worry these students are ill-equipped to cope with the demands of university life and may lower the standard of their courses. But just how 'generous' is Sydney University?

When examining admission statistics, it becomes abundantly clear that such fears are misplaced; most students who gain entry into their desired courses via alternative pathways do so with an ATAR that is only slightly below the published cut-off. Take, for example, the published ATAR cut-off for admission to a Bachelor of Arts in 2016, was 82.50. The median ATAR for those admitted to the course via alternative entry was 79.75 — a gap of just 2.75 points. In the Bachelor of Engineering (Advanced), the published ATAR cut-off was 97.50, and the gap between this and the median ATAR achieved by alternative pathways students was 2.90 points.

Not only are the marks achieved by these students almost comparable, but the University's granting of alternative entry places is limited and hardly the free-for-all the mainstream media has suggested. For example, the Broadway Scheme — which is open to students from disadvantaged socio-economic backgrounds with illnesses or disabilities and financial hardship — allocates 600 places for alternative entry students across all undergraduate degrees. Moreover, many alternative pathway schemes exclude specific courses that may be particularly challenging such as medicine and combined law, thus guarding against the possibility of admitting students who are unable to satisfactorily complete difficult degrees.

When I asked alternative-entry students about the equity of admitting lower-performing high school graduates into demanding University courses, the response I received was nearly unanimous. The significant challenges and barriers many have faced on their path to tertiary education justifies adjusting entry requirements for some students. One student, Julianna Campbell, believes "Uni should be accessible to everyone, regardless of ATAR, because someone's ATAR doesn't always reflect their ambitions and goals in life."

Alternative entry schemes are not the shady, back-door mechanism they have been painted as. Rather, such pathways into university are fair, equitable and necessary to ensure everyone has the opportunity for higher education. Sometimes, going through the back door is the only entrance a student has.

University bins books

AJAY SIVANATHAN



Books in the trashcan and ready for the shredder at Fisher. Photo: Nick Bonyhady.

As an institution with roughly 60,000 students and thousands of researchers, the University of Sydney has over 2.5 million books and multimedia items in its libraries. Earlier this year, the USyd library system culled close to 25,000 of these books (about a percent of the current total) in an attempt to reduce duplicates and under-borrowed items.

Director of Library site services, Coral Black, told *Honi* earlier this year that "we need to balance the space [used] for collections and...space for student study" and that "after redeveloping, there should be space for around another 200 desks". Yet, the desk space in Fisher has remained largely unchanged. The question of when and where these new desks for students will appear is thus uncertain - if they ever do at all.

Although moving low-use books from the library seems justifiable, the action of shredding tens of thousands of these books was not received well by the University community. The library initially stated that "the sheer volume and logistics of repurposing that many books was financially impossible". Yet in response to an *Honi* article in January, the library tweeted that it was "working with the Chancellor's Book Committee, SRC and others to re-home these items".

In the time since, a Co-Education Director of the SRC, Jenna Schroder, said "the SRC has taken on around 250 of the books (particularly ones about China) to re-distribute to interested students". Moreover, the University Library has recently agreed to store almost 600 of the books originally destined for the shredder until they can be donated to the Vice-Chancellor's Book Fair, held in September every year. As only around 1000 books have been saved, it appears that well over 20,000 have been shredded.



The process of removing underused books and duplicates should, per best practice, be undertaken every year. Over the past few years, the USyd library system has culled titles from the medical, dental, architecture, veterinary and agricultural libraries. A greater proportion of those books were donated to students or repurposed than in the recent Fisher cull because there was a smaller volume of materials. However, this disposal process has not been undertaken at Fisher Library for over five years, which is why such a massive number of books have been set aside. Had the University actually conducted reviews of the Fisher library collection on a yearly basis, it seems they would have been able to avoid the logistical issues that arise from having to repurpose 25,000 books.

The library currently also has a little-known off-site, commercial storage facility used to manage low-use but unique materials. These books can be recalled for students if requested through the library's online borrowing system. *Honi* is unsure as to the capacity of the storage and whether it would have been possible to store the books destined for shredding—at least until students were able to gain access to a list of titles and perhaps request items that they were interested in — but the potential at least appears to have been there.

Honi approached the University of Sydney Library for further information about the shredding and storage process, but the Library declined to provide a response.

It is jarring for an institution that boasts of its "world class research facilities" to shred so many academic texts, all the moreso because, with better collection management, those books could have gone to a new home.

University considering shortening semesters

JUSTINE LANDIS-HANLEY

For many University of Sydney students the dream of longer holidays could soon become a reality, with the University Executive considering shortening semester teaching weeks from 13 weeks to 12.

The University Executive gave a 'general directional endorsement' for the proposed cut back in their last meeting, however this does not mean the changes are guaranteed. The endorsement gives the green light for the brains behind the proposal — Deputy Vice Chancellor (Education) Pip Pattison and Deputy Vice Chancellor (Registrar) Tyrone Carlin — to talk to stakeholders and put a final proposal to the Executive to vote on.

Carlin said the proposal was not about shortening semester lengths per se, but about "the educational outcomes that we are able to offer our students".

"Throughout Europe and North America and Asia, [Universities] run fantastic summer programs but ... at the moment, our semester break in the winter is so short that (for all practical purposes) our students are unable to participate in these activities," he said.

"Last year we started a discussion about whether the University had an appetite to review its semester arrangements to better enable our students to participate in these sorts of activities."

The decision aligns with the University's 2016-2020 Strategic Plan, which includes an aim to enable at least 50 per cent of students to undertake an international experience as part of their studies, a 30 per cent increase on the current figure. The University has also begun signing 'super-exchange partnerships' with overseas universities that will allow up to 100 students to go on exchange per year.

The Executive initially considered preserving the existing semester lengths and increasing the length of the winter break by cutting into the summer holidays.

"We could do that, but it would raise a series of profound practical challenges that would be felt on virtually every dimension of the University: limit summer break research programs, reduce summer school offerings, cause administrative carry-overs," Carlin told *Honi*.

Carlin assured *Honi* they were consulting with various stakeholders, including the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU), residential colleges, the University of Sydney Union (USU) and Sydney University Sport and Fitness (SUSF), to assess the impact of these changes.

For subjects with reading weeks, the change would mean having fewer free weeks to catch up on content. For the many subjects without reading weeks, course coordinators

would be required to either reduce or compress their content.

Carlin said "our responsibility is to put our students first by opening up the space to build richer and richer experiences", and that the move was not uncommon amongst Australia's top higher-learning institutions.

"If you look at the Group of Eight [Universities] and the practice of semester length, there are many of the top flight institutions who moved to a 12 week teaching model — Melbourne, ANU, Monash, Adelaide," he said.

"There is the opportunity for students to start practical work earlier in the semester and we have models of practice at other leading institutions that achieve the same academic outcomes."

The University of Technology Sydney (UTS) transitioned to trimesters last year, meaning their semesters were cut back from 13 teaching weeks to 11 with an extra week at the start for 'self study'.

As a UTS student told *Honi*, "they've basically had to cram an extra week of work, or just miss out on more tutorial discussion in favour of covering content."

"We basically begin work on all of our assignments from day one and there is no sort of introduction, not even like a week."

UTS Students' Association President, Beatrice Tan, said that changes to semester length can be successful,

but there have been issues in how subjects adapt to the structure.

"Some subjects didn't account for how the changes would affect assessment deadlines ... this meant that assessments were due before even having had face to face interaction with their tutors, for others this meant that they were doing assessments for one subject concurrently," she said.

The Executive will vote on the final proposal in an upcoming meeting.



Postgrad scholarship distribution questioned

MILLIE ROBERTS

Academics have raised concerns that the formula used to distribute postgraduate scholarships does not give an equal chance to students from all schools and faculties.

The scholarships in question are Research Training Program (RTP) stipends, worth \$27,000 a year for between two and three years, depending on the postgraduate study being undertaken.

In an Academic Board meeting on 28 February 2017, Professor David Emery asked the Board to consider whether the industry experience of veterinary medicine students was weighted highly enough in the single ranking system the University uses to award the scholarships.

Emery's concerns point to a wider issue in the selection process: comparing the experience of applicants in fundamentally different disciplines.

The University of Sydney has attempted to overcome this difficulty by ranking applicants on a range of metrics including academic transcripts, research, professional experience, publications and significant contribu-

tions towards art or music. However, the weighting of different factors is not public information. Sources told *Honi* that this is kept private to prevent the system being 'gamed'.

The system's opacity raises question about how the University values, for example, a spectacular performance in a music honours degree against ten years of professional experience in the workforce. The incomparable nature of these achievements suggest that qualifications in some fields could be arbitrarily valued over those from other disciplinary areas.

A University spokesperson said that "the RTP allocation process seeks to ensure the University attracts and offers scholarships to applicants with exceptional academic performance and research potential. The ranking guidelines are periodically reviewed, with input from all faculties, to ensure the changes are meeting these objectives". The current system is to be trialled for the next two years before it is assessed by an independent party.

In the interim period, a cohort of capable PhD students may miss out on

a RPT. Rejected applicants must then find alternative living allowances, apply for personal loans or internal scholarships to supplement part-time or full-time study. However, paid employment cannot interfere with internal study or research progress.

Ultimate oversight of the scholarships rests within a sub-committee of the Academic Board, the University's peak academic decision-making body.

As the scholarships are federally funded, selection processes have to align with the Higher Education Support Act (2003) and must clearly outline for applicants the processes and entitlements in a Scholarship Policy by January 1st. As the 2017 application process began around the time the changes were being introduced, the University of Sydney has not released an official RTP Scholarship Policy at this point in time. Without it, the University has no method of communicating which portfolio accomplishments are weighted higher than others.

The allocation of RTPs has been a vexed issue in other respects, too. In 2017, the Turnbull government

proposed international students be capped at 10% of total RTP recipients to increase opportunities for domestic applicants. In July 2016, the University asked the Department of Education and Training to abandon the cap in a formal submission to a departmental discussion paper. The University argued that "For example, in engineering, there are currently insufficient suitably qualified local applicants to further develop national research capacity in the field, so international recruiting is often necessary to support externally funded research with high quality candidates". If the cap were not removed, the University suggested, disciplines with higher international student numbers would be disproportionately disadvantaged.

The University of Sydney is the largest provider of research training in the country. It strives to admit the highest calibre of research candidates. However, the arrangements in place need to ensure diversity and fairness for the next round of USyd postgraduates.

Even the SBS has its VICEs

CAMERON GOOLEY



Art: Eloise Myatt

"We just picked up our brand new 1989 Jambaroo RV and we're just about to arrive back at the VICE offices, and I'm gonna grab my two co-workers Will Cooper and Martina de Alba and show them around our digs for the next month because we're about to go on a great American road trip."

This is how Abdullah Saeed, better known as That Guy That Smokes A Lot of Weed on Facebook, introduces the documentary series Vice Does America to an anticipatory millennial audience. As I stream the first episode on my computer I find myself irritated. I am irritated by the fifteen second advertisement for Bonds "panties", featuring a terrible joke about pearl lingerie. I am irritated by the flashing gif to the right of the video advertising Smiths brand potato chips as an "Aussie staple".

However what irritates me most is the fact that I am enduring aggressively commercial levels of advertising while streaming a programme about American politics on a channel run by a New York City based media conglomerate that is hosted on the SBS. Welcome to SBS: VICELAND.

xxx

The Special Broadcasting Service (SBS) was founded in 1975, primarily to cater to a linguistically diverse audience that had immigrated to Australia following the the Vietnam War. Realising that the influx of immigrants and refugees who couldn't speak English would still need access to basic public broadcasting, and that the ABC alone couldn't cater to all these people, the Whitlam government launched what would later become the SBS in 1975 during their roll out of MediBank.

This focus on accessibility has always been the primary goal of the SBS. The first section of the SBS charter states that "the principal function of SBS is to provide multilingual and multicultural radio, television and digital media services".

The reason we require a government funded public broadcaster to do these things is because commercial media outlets follow an advertising revenue based model of business. They aren't selling news to an audience; they are selling an audience to advertisers.

The SBS's goals aren't financially viable in this way. An audience watching Russian language news or French midday films aren't large enough to warrant investing in, no matter how important those programmes may be. This is why the SBS operates as a primarily publicly funded broadcaster.

Knowing the purpose of the SBS; why have they entered into a partnership with a New York City based media organisation, partially owned by Fox and Disney, whose US employees have threatened to unionise? It turns out that VICELAND is actually the second SBS channel to be owned by an American corporation. Launched in 2015 The Food Network is operated under license by Scripps Networks Interactive, the same company that runs the US Food Network.

VICELAND is a big deal; public service broadcasters have special privileges, government funding and unique audiences. Many commercial broadcasters resent public broadcasters for double dipping by receiving advertising revenue on top of their government funding. It's easy to see why, with successful examples overseas, such as the BBC, receiving funding despite being internationally recognised.

How can we trust the SBS to be independent and to fulfill its purpose when two of their channels are affiliated with American media conglomerates? With 20 per cent of their funding now sourced externally, the SBS will be increasingly subject to corporate interest.

The SBS website reads: "Advertising with SBS opens up brands and clients to the unique and high value audience SBS has to offer. Our audience is hard to reach on other networks and is diverse. SBS Media's tagline is diversity

works as the diversity of our audience, content and platforms allows clients to connect with people hard to find on other networks." The SBS is selling the minority groups they're meant to be looking after to advertisers.

When asked whether concerns regarding commercial interests in the

SBS were warranted, an SBS spokesperson told *Honi*; "SBS continues to work within its budgets to deliver unique and distinctive content across TV, radio and online", before directing us to a media release concerning VICELAND from mid 2016.

Blame for these developments is hard to pinpoint. The Coalition government has dramatically cut SBS funding, however, it would be a cop-out to blame them entirely when complaints about the increasingly commercial behaviour of SBS have been constant since the early 2000s. Too often these conversations end in finger-pointing and political dogfights, instead of legitimate investigation into SBS corporate practices.

Some people see this behaviour as a good thing; that public broadcasters should be self-sufficient if they want to be competitive. Public broadcasters, however, aren't meant to be competitive, or profitable. Public broadcasters are meant to do the important jobs that their commercial counterparts won't waste money doing.

Public broadcasters are meant to treat their audiences as people, and not as commodities.

St Paul's looking to join Broderick's college review

HONI SOIT



The Quadrangle at St Paul's College. Image: Creative Commons

St Paul's College has indicated that it will be participate in Elizabeth Broderick's review of the University of Sydney residential college culture, a reversal of its previous stance.

"We support the Broderick review, which complements our own ongoing program on cultural improvement which are standard practice in the college," Warden Ivan Head told *Honi*.

The inquiry into sexual assault and harassment has already received support from all other colleges at USyd: St John's, St. Andrew's, Women's, Sancta Sophia, and Wesley.

Vice Chancellor Michael Spence invited Elizabeth Broderick, Australia's former Sex Discrimination Commissioner, to lead a cultural review into the colleges in May last year. At the time, Head told the Sydney Morning Herald that the college was choosing to "exercise its liberty as a self-governing body" and conduct an independent and confidential review of its culture.

The inquiry was triggered after *Honi* and Pulp revealed instances of sexual assault and 'slut-shaming' at some residential colleges.

A source within St Paul's College

said that while they could not confirm whether St Paul's was yet "locked in", there had "certainly [been] positive rumblings".

"It seems like some of the larger hurdles have been cleared," they said.

The source said the college's hesitation was a result of students' concerns that the review would turn into a "witch hunt".

"The Paul's men are very distrustful of the Broderick process – the younger guys are scared that they will be sent down the river for the crimes that other people committed, that

Broderick has already made her mind up, and that the review will just take a one-size-fits-all approach," they said.

If St Paul's is joining the Broderick Review, their decision appears to be part of a wider effort to confront sexual discrimination within their college, with the first workshops of their inaugural "Good Lad Initiative" taking place for their new residents last Tuesday.

The Good Lad Initiative – originally established by a St Paul's alumnus at Oxford University – aims to teach men 'positive masculinity' and encourages them to go beyond obeying minimum legal standards and act as 'good lads' towards women.

Good Lad Initiative facilitator, Alistair Kitchen, said that teaching men to merely "obey the law and stop harming women" is unhelpful and harmful.

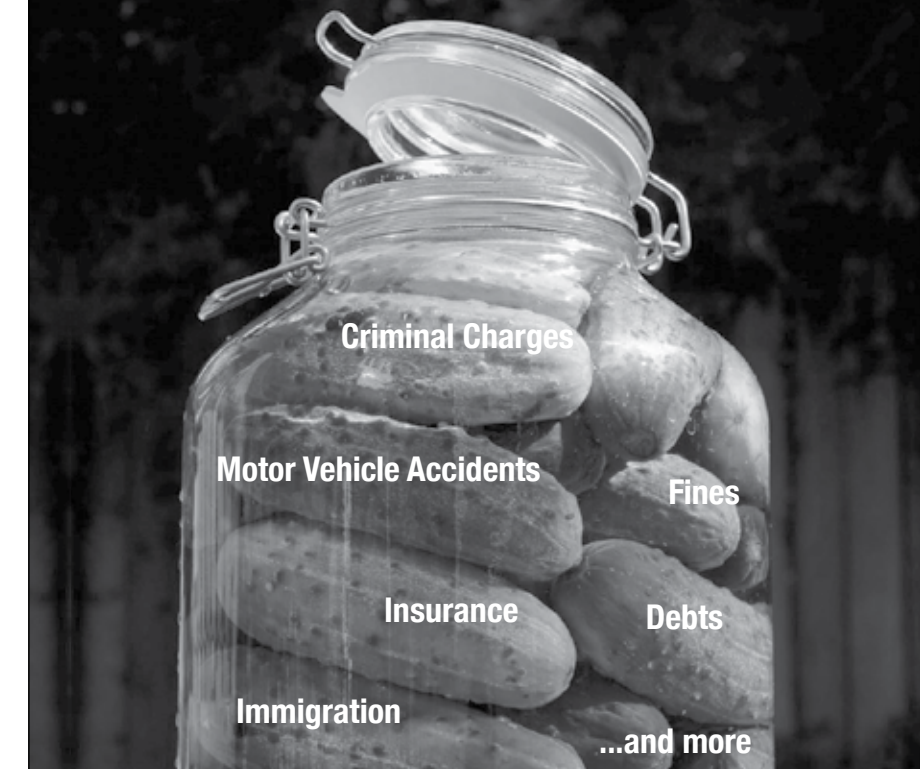
"Our current messaging tells men to think of themselves as perpetrators (which they never do), is externally imposed, and doesn't encourage an internal moral framework, and is very minimal – it sets a low bar," he said.

"So we replace [the old messaging] with 'positive masculinity', which appeals to the way men conceive their positive self-identity – as in they see themselves as good blokes."

"Our job is to ask them whether their behaviour aligns with the behaviour of a good bloke, or a bloke that just cares about minimum standards... and bring men into dialogue with issues like gender discrimination and sexual assault."

Honi reached out to the University for comment, but they did not respond before this article was published.

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Those who start behind

ZOE STAWYSKYJ / We have a long way to go until we reach a the point where those who start behind don't have to stay there

Most students will spend their first few days at university finding the right rooms, coordinating last minute timetable changes and searching Facebook groups for second-hand textbooks. I will also do these things, but not for the same reasons as most.

Figuring out the buildings is the first thing I do. You see, walking too much is hard for me. Some days too much means one-hundred metres. Knowing the building is important because if I arrive and the lift is out of order, I need to know if there is another way up or if it's time to give up and go home.

Which brings me to textbooks. I miss a lot of class. Not always because the lifts seem to break down more than they work. Sometimes it's fatigue. Sometimes it isn't safe for me to be at university. Textbooks help me catch up.

And timetable changes. Everyone hates 8am lectures. If I went to them, I wouldn't be able to get out of bed the next day.

And so all these tasks are a little bit more important. We already start behind.

For Ella*, who has dyslexia, studying is physically painful.

"I spend hours with headaches caused by just doing my basic readings and it takes me three times as long to do them," she explains.

"If I were studying full time, I wouldn't have the physical hours in the week to be able to do my readings."

I also have this problem. Severe fatigue limits me to three hours of study a day, and that's on days that I don't have to go to campus. Just going to class is often more than my energy levels allow. When I get home I am so tired that I can't do anything that requires processing more than one sensory input.

The ways we start behind are endless and the university fails to bridge the gap. Staff are often dismissive and misunderstanding about the needs of students with disabilities.

For Chris* the request was simple: "I just needed it [a reader] to be printed on coloured paper. I ran the application through disability services. They

in fact did not process that application. They contacted the printers. The printers said that they didn't carry that particular paper and instead of asking me if there was an alternate or if the printers had an alternative they messaged me back and said it couldn't be done."

In some cases, Disability Services genuinely aren't able to accommodate the request. But in this case, the student took it upon themselves to visit the same printers that Disability Services had contacted and within half an hour had organised the necessary adjustments. After three weeks of fighting with disability services.

Jumping through university hoops is harder when there are times I physically cannot jump, or even walk. And the problems don't end with Disability Services' red-tape.

It isn't just systems and processes that need changing to improve the university experience, it's the culture and attitudes of everyone from the Executives, to the teaching staff, to the students.

A Disability Services manager, who did not want to be named, counts disability awareness training for academic staff as one of the most important features of the University's Disability Action Plan. But this training isn't compulsory, and until it is there will be staff that continue to labour under common misconceptions.

Some of these misapprehensions are listed in the Disability Awareness Training Manual, which is readily available on the University's website. The first is one of the most prevalent and harmful myths for students living with disability:

Myth — Equal opportunity means that everyone should be treated the same – so students with disa-

bility are not entitled to support services.

Truth — Equal opportunity means all people should be treated in a way that enables them to achieve their potential. Support services assist students with such tasks as reading and processing information, conducting library research, preparing assignments, photocopying and performing manual procedures.

Or to put it another way:

Lecturer — If you have access to lecture recordings and other students don't that would give you an unfair advantage.

Me — Every student has the right to attend lectures for classes they are registered for. If I can't access that right because I am unable to get out of bed, then I have the right to access lecturers some other way.

"I feel like a lot of it comes down to misunderstanding," says another student. "I won't read aloud in class because my reading is so disjointed, but if I'm just talking you wouldn't know that reading can be very hard for me because I can't necessarily see the words in the right order."

Misunderstanding is another common frustration for many students living with a disability. "When I go into class, I make sure to have done readings beforehand so I am able to participate without my hardship being obvious. And often that means if I explain to anyone, 'well I have a provision, I've got an extension' there's kind of always a sigh of 'oh you're so lucky' or 'oh man I wish I had that'."

When asked what they would want the university community to know about them and their disability, one interviewee said they wanted peers to realise "I shouldn't be made to feel like I'm a bad student or faking it if I don't get things done. I have this thing, I have an extension for a reason, it's not because I'm using that to go be frivolous."

The Disability Action Plan states: "At the University of Sydney we pride ourselves on our diverse student population...The disability action plan reflects our focus on becoming a world leader in the social and economic participation of people with disability."

We have a long way to go before we reach the point where those who start behind don't have to stay there. **HS**

*NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED.

The shoe of the people

ANN DING / Complete the look by squatting near your local grocer and getting to work on a handful of unshelled peanuts

At the bus stop outside Top Ryde Shopping Centre, I survey my surroundings. To one side of me stands an elderly Chinese woman with a wheelie canvas shopping bag and a tight auburn perm. On the other side, a woman, perhaps a year or two younger than me, and a few decades more fashion-conscious, in a spaghetti-strap singlet and denim cut-offs. Curiously, both are wearing flat plastic pool slides.

I'd estimate the Chinese grandma's pair at \$4, maybe \$5, from her nearest Sakura, Tonyon or New Yen Yen supermarket. She might even be hip enough to go to Daiso (although she probably has too much of a grudge against Japanese people to do that). The young woman's I'd price at ten times that, perhaps more. I forget whether they were Adidas Original Adilettes or Nike Benassi slides, but they were black and white and really very plastic-looking.

I will admit I am very late to the slides party. They've been trending since the beginning of 2016 at least — although I hear rumours they've been around since 2013 — and only now has all the derision I felt for them coalesced into a solid enough opinion.

Once I start to think about the humble slide, I cannot stop. I read at least five (five!) guides to SS17 trends from such diverse outlets as Mamamia, Vogue, and InStyle. I scroll through pages of Neiman Marcus and Nordstrom online. Givenchy, Fendi, Ferragamo, Gucci. The infamous Fenty Puma fur slides. These foot-shaped pieces of foam — and, admittedly, sometimes more luxe materials — are retailing for anywhere from \$50 to \$1000 a pair and I think I know who they have to thank.

Now, my prerogative here is not to accuse the fashion-blog-Instagram-magazine-Twitter-machine of 'Colymbusing' the slide. I don't own the idea of the slide. My mum doesn't own the idea of the slide. (In fact, I think she rather repudiates the slide as a bit cheap and tacky. My mum is very classist.) Not even the nice lady at PK Pacific in Eastwood owns the idea of the slide.

Let me explain: I have no objection to the concept of the pool slide. What's not to love? Ease and comfort and constant retreat vibes — the appeal is clear. You can wear them here or there. You can wear them any-



Art: Ludmilla Nunell

where, I want to dispel this notion, though, that the little moment that slides are enjoying is somehow a product of the 'normcore' movement. The slide, in truth, predates us all.

Maybe this experience is less universal than I wager it to be, but the chances are that if you live in a suburb with a sizeable immigrant population, you'll have seen these rubber-soled sandals on the feet of smoking, balding, pot-bellied uncles, skinny young men at the checkout of the local fruit shop or frenetic forty-something single mums with their two loud squishy babies in tow. They're cheap (or they're meant to be). They're comfortable. They're piled up outside every Asian household, asking you to take your shoes off, please, and put a pair of these on.

So the rise of the slide finds its genealogy in working-class migrant aesthetics and the wrinkly market men with their fucked up toenails and bunches of home-grown water spinach. The slide is edgy for a bunch of reasons: it was popular in the 90s and the 90s are cool; they're sporty and minimal and ath-

leisure is cool; they're weirdly expensive, and that's ... cool, I guess. But on top of that, they're edgy because they've been the staple of migrant communities for decades. The 'ugly shoe of the summer' is actually just the shoe of the people.

Of course, all of this works in context. It would be irresponsible to ignore the fact that different things have different significances in different instances. The context of the body — the youthful, cosmopolitan body versus the ageing, non-white, unfashionable body — means the same pair of shoes can be the crowning point of cool on one person, and remarkable only in their extreme uncoolness on another.

That woman at Top Ryde was probably wearing a pair of Nike Benassis, come to think of it. The fake pair that my grandma owns back in China are pretty neat. I'd say they're pretty edgy. They're white and have the letters NKIE emblazoned in a navy over the thick squarish strap, along with the unmistakable swoosh. Subversive, unique, you know. Cool.

The death of egalitarianism

ERIN JORDAN / The writing on the digital wall is clear

If the egalitarian ideals of our ancestors were to be one day overrun, who could have predicted that it would be by the humble acai bowl and bikini?

Valencia-filter in tow, young Australia forges a new Instagram-worthy spread for itself, far distanced from the aesthetically displeasing "jolly swagman" of its past.

Half the population is currently on Facebook, but the social media site's heavy integration throughout society has the potential to ruffle more than a few opposable thumbs. Current studies conclude that narcissistic tendencies are the driving force behind many innocent "selfies", statuses and blog posts. A quick scroll through any social media feed will soon satisfy this theory. A coy smile in front of a "brekkie" bowl translates into a glimpse at a perfect lifestyle. An ad-worthy bikini shot paired with 'on-fleek' accessories exudes self-indulgent luxury. "Going for a run" no longer entails old trainers or smelly sweatshirts; it's a time to show off your latest Yeezys – brand tagging and all. These exhibitionist expressions that favour self-importance and a #treatyourself lifestyle not only seem to increasingly squeeze themselves into our everyday lives, but are also at odds with our heritage. The urge to promote oneself over another, to demon-

strate what is desirable and to filter out what is not, contradicts our unique historical tendency to reverse the underdog and get behind the 'battler'.

I grew up listening to these tales of folklore, the ones that idolised the anti-hero, or took pity on the supposedly classless criminal who stole a loaf of bread for the poor. It's been drilled into

It's been drilled into us to never ever stoop to the level of our colonial oppressors and brag about our possessions'

us to never ever stoop to the level of our colonial oppressors and brag about our possessions. Egalitarianism was born out of convict's blisters with injustice and the convenience of promoting criminals to higher ranks in a small colonial society. But this sentiment of convenience is long gone, and the writing on the digital wall of its demise is clear. A society saturated with promotions of excess cannot pretend to still uphold such bush leg-

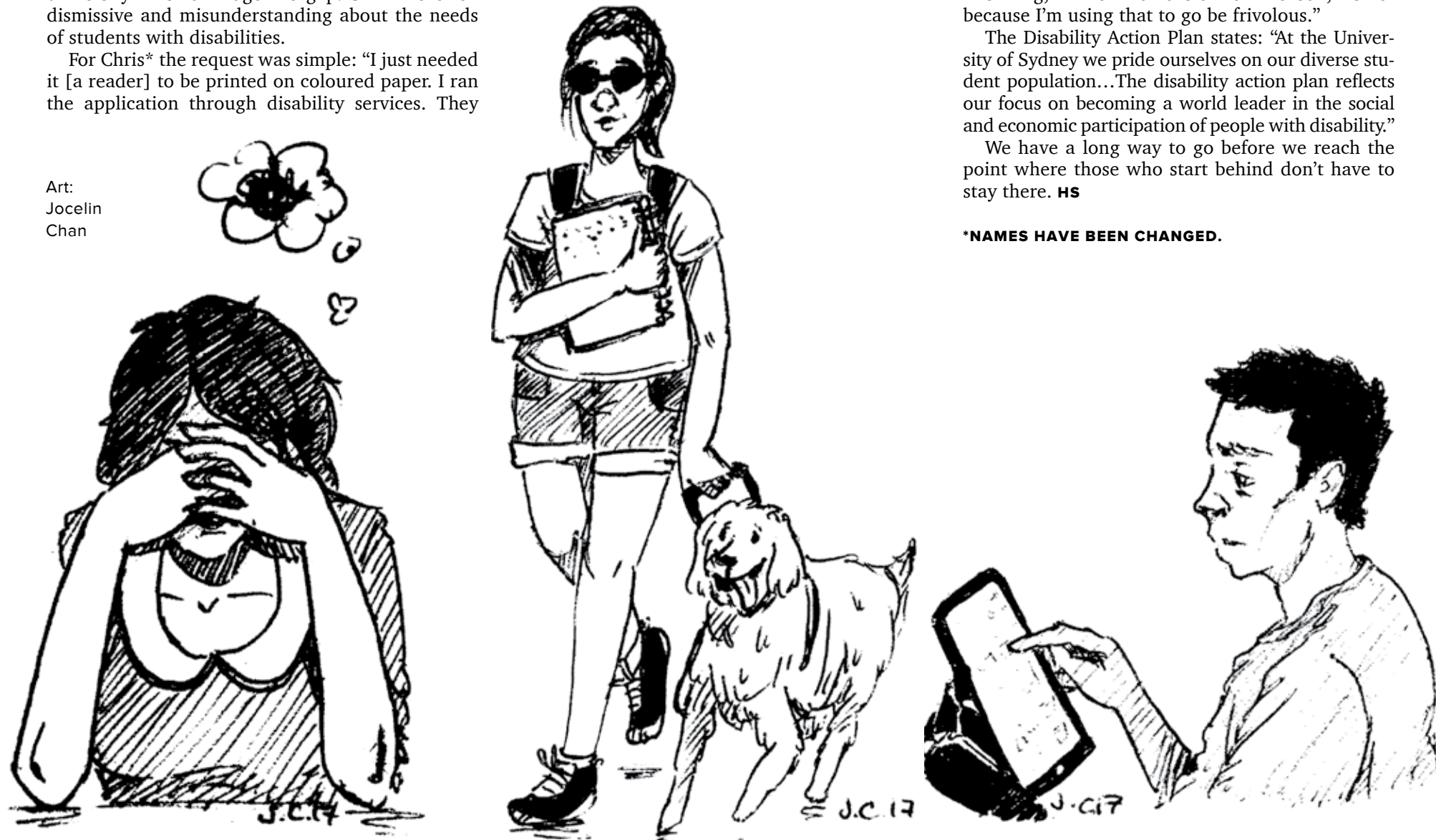
ends. The urge to advance oneself into the glossy wonderment is tempting, and there appears little resistance.

Perhaps no one can explain this better than enlightenment scholar Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Far removed from our dusty shores, Rousseau was fixated on the idea that the integration of bourgeoisie values would lead to greater inequality in society. These very same bourgeoisie values of wealth, vanity and self-promotion penetrate our social media feeds and subtly corrupt our once engrained egalitarian spirit. The desires that these lavish displays create, Rousseau theorised, would lead to greater separation within society.

Our greatest concern should be the silenced or forgotten half of these networking sites who cannot compete with the 'all white everything post'. These photo-documented (and well edited) lifestyles leave little room for imperfection and aren't forgiving to those who live on modest means. Social media isn't populated by anti-heroes who snub the rich, but rather followers who are willing to validate homogeneity and wealth with 'likes'.

The seemingly innocent 'selfie' is not merely the antithesis of our traditional Australian identity, but a weapon of ongoing cultural and social self-destruction.

Art: Jocelin Chan



An inheritance

JANE DOE / A mother's love isn't the only thing that's passed to her child

My first memory of my mother is also my first memory of me. We are in our first house together, in a room with butter yellow walls. I remember reaching up to touch her face and thinking that it was my own.

In my first memory of us as separate beings, where there is a space between where she ends and I begin, we are at the beach. It is a vignette set against the long, low light of a summer evening and the water and the wind have dried in small salt plains on her skin - they are white against her tan. My brother and I lick the pools of salt off her arms and legs, racing each other to find them. She is laughing.

Then there are endless memories of her body and mine; naked in the shower, in the changing room for the pool, mine clinging to her's in the surf. Our nakedness was so common that we may as well have been clothed. At fifteen I could trace my outline directly on top of her's - a total eclipse of our hips, and stomachs, and breasts.

It is no surprise then that, when I inherited my mother's body, I also inherited her ambivalence towards it. I was an accidental conscript to her decades-long war against herself. My own body was merely the new frontier.

We spent the greater part of my early adolescence on a carousel of diets - Atkins, Jenny Craig, Light & Easy, Weight Watchers - as my mother sought to liberate me from her own obsession.

But all that time my mother also taught me that I was smart and funny, that I was kind and full of potential. There was never a moment when I did not feel that I was loved.

I was taught in the way of new age parenting that I was not my body and that my worth was not tied

to it. It was in this discordant way that I learned to feel cold towards my body without feeling cold towards myself. Instead, I hovered above it as if it were distinct from me. I was the detached critic of the lifelong project I had been gifted.

In my first year of university I was taught that the personal is political, and my body became somebody else's project. I inherited body positivity and sex positivity and the language of autonomy and control. I learnt that to drink beer and eat fries were small acts of defiance against a world that told me how I should look, simply because I was a woman.

For a while I found this new vocabulary empowering. I became smug to what seemed like a trivial problem - weren't we too educated, too privileged, too smart for this?

But in embracing my newfound liberation, I couldn't help but feel I was betraying my mother. I was intellectualising something that for her had been so personal. How could I reclaim my body when it wasn't only mine to reclaim?

A month or so ago my brother and I, now straddling the awkward chasm between adolescence and adulthood, lay on the couch with my mother like we used to as children. We rested our heads in her lap and jostled for territory, and, just for a moment, her body felt like our's again.

x x x

x x x



Art: Marilyn Meen Yee Ooi

Between two wickets

KISHOR NAPIER-RAMAN / Test cricket is a test of loyalties

I was seven years old the first time I watched Sachin Tendulkar bat.

The nameless blur of relatives in the Hyderabad apartment who hadn't stopped screaming at each other in days fell eerily silent as the Little Master strutted onto the MCG turf. The religious experience lasted all of three minutes. Sachin chased a wide delivery down the leg-side and was caught behind first ball. The silence became painful, leaden with uncomfortable, awkward disappointment. At last, my great-grandmother — nonagenarian, bed-ridden, barely capable of speech — croaked, "Tendulkar must go". When she died, months later, I learnt that those were amongst her last words.



Cricket is a contagious obsession in India. I left Sydney utterly indifferent and came back six months later a complete tragic. At the same time, returning to Australia filled me with a strange sense of unease that every young person of colour must eventually begin to grapple with — the growing feeling that my own reality was fundamentally different to the reality of 'mainstream Australia'.

Cricket helped me pretend to inhabit that other reality, providing a convenient façade of assimilated sameness. My parents, previously worried about how their geeky child would survive in the sport-obsessed environment of an Australian primary school, were no doubt relieved. But even my love of cricket was done with a sense of difference. While other kids wanted to bowl like Brett

Lee, the tall, blonde, Weetbix-guzzling paceman, I adopted an idiosyncratic and highly subcontinental brand of left-arm spin.

The façade was well and truly shattered the moment India played. As a child, I was unapologetic in my rebellious support for India. They were, after all, the plucky underdogs standing up to the Evil Empire that was the mid-2000s Australian cricket team. However, this loyalty became more complicated during my self-conscious adolescent years. India felt so distant, and without that sense of communal connection that gives sporting fandom meaning, my support became muted.

Cricket helped me pretend to inhabit that other reality, providing a convenient façade of assimilated sameness.

After all, it was difficult to be the lone voice of misery while Michael Clarke battered an insipid Indian bowling attack with exhilarating abandon.

For many children of Indian immigrants, cricket remains a difficult test of allegiance, and a symbol of our bifurcated identities. Cricket provides Indians and Australians with a common language that can transcend our cultural dissimilarities. Yet despite this shared affinity, and decades of migration from the Subcontinent, the Australian team has remained a stubbornly Anglo institution. Until Pakistani-born Usman Khawaja's debut in 2011, nobody who looked like us had ever sported the famous baggy green.

For USyd student Pranay Jha, the overwhelming whiteness of the Australian team has always been alienating. Whilst he sees cricket as a way

of engaging with his Indian culture, he has "never felt overly patriotic about the Australian cricket team". Indeed, cricket is pretty much synonymous with the Australian summer, but often evokes a particularly exclusive and homogenous view of Australian-ness, characterised by broad accents, beachside barbecues, Southern Cross tattoos and blokey Victoria Bitter advertisements. For many Indian-Australians, this simply does not reflect our own reality.

However for others, like UNSW student Romaan Dullloo, cheering for Australia was key to developing a sense of belonging in a new country, particularly during his formative years.



Even though they looked nothing like him, Romaan saw the larger than life figures of that golden era of Australian cricket — like Hayden, Gilchrist and McGrath — as "heroes".

Cricket, then, is emblematic of the tightrope many migrants must walk in Australia. Do we celebrate and take pride in our difference, or do we seek solace in the way our quintessentially-Indian love of cricket allows us to feel more Australian?

As I've grown older, and come to terms with my own sense of divided identity, I've finally fully embraced 'Team India'. It's not that I don't feel Australian. Rather, in those particular moments I feel more Indian.

Lonely planet?

KOKO KONG / AIESEC does not deliver on marketing hype

My fascination with Vietnam began with Marguerite Duras, the French writer who grew up in colonized Saigon. Dealing purely with an imaginary Vietnam, I had naively thought of Hanoi and Saigon as one and the same until I bought a copy of Lonely Planet from Sydney airport, which informed me of the two-hour flight that separated them.

Hanoi's Old Quarter felt nothing like the Vietnam of Duras' dreamy narratives; on the contrary, Hanoi was all too real. Motorbikes roared down streets that were alive with busy markets, while the white tourists escaped the chaos to gyrate the night away in vulgar bars.

When I initially decided to spend one month volunteering with AIESEC in Vietnam, I anticipated something surreal. Instead, what I encountered was a sobering window into Hanoi, AIESEC, and the vast world of multinational not-for-profit volunteer organizations as a whole.

AIESEC describes itself as a non-political, independent not-for-profit organisation, which aims to connect young leaders from across the world. The Global Volunteer Project, which I participated in, is one of a number of AIESEC initiatives, which involves sending Australian students across the world to engage in development-related projects.

If you want to find out the basics of how any organisation operates, start with their finance. To participate in any overseas volunteer program, AIESEC Sydney asks students to pay a \$950 for an unclear purpose. A friend, working at AIESEC Sydney as a committee member was unable to shed any more light on the matter as she could not access the club's financial

statement. The answer revealed itself, however, when I chatted with AIESEC Hanoi committee members.

A typical AIESEC branch has two sections: the outgoing section, which focuses on the recruitment of university students to volunteer overseas, and the incoming section, which involves integrating foreign volunteers into a local program that the committee runs. I was involved in a project called Global Passport, which aimed to improve spoken English and develop soft skills for Vietnamese students.

The project has been run independently for ten years with the help of foreign students like me. As volunteers, we were responsible for the recruitment of attendees, and the design and implementation of weekday classes such as the 'soft-skill boost course'. For the outgoing function, AIESEC charges \$100 to each Vietnamese exchange participant. Hanoi 'AIESECers' were shocked by the money I had to pay the organisation when setting off from Sydney. I soon discovered that the fee \$950 fee goes straight to AIESEC Headquarters, where it is used to fund marketing strategies like setting up stalls at O-Week to attract eager students.

After following the money, I began to get an understanding of AIESEC's more abstract vision and ideology. AIESEC was established in Europe after the Second World War by a group of ambitious college students with the idealistic aim of preventing future catastrophic events by facilitating cross-cultural understanding. AIESEC is now guided by two slogans - 'peace' and 'fulfilment of humankind's potential'. As admirable as these sentiments are, they barely reflect the reality of AIESEC programs. The Global Passport

claims that it enhances Vietnamese students' spoken English and soft skills. But in reality, nobody can really improve such skills through six weeks of class. More importantly, a month of volunteering is hardly going bring about world peace. What AIESEC really does, is provide a sophisticated, transnational network for young people to meet friends, party, and line their CVs.

Admittedly, AIESEC is something of a 21st-century marketing phenomenon. Every year, it relocates millions of students from one city to another. From Sydney to Hanoi, committee members would repeatedly furnish us with stories of the organisation's founding. I quickly became fascinated with those pioneering European students. With a sense of pride, and with plenty of encouragement from AIESEC, I felt compelled to enlighten my friends about the organisation, and the great things I was doing over my summer. The genius of AIESEC's marketing strategy lies in its ability to make students feel as if they are part of something bigger - a global movement with a powerful history and grand ambitions for the future.

Once you get past the glossy buzzwords, however, AIESEC's shortcomings become clearer. Whilst I had fun and made great friends, I also left Vietnam \$4000 poorer. The money I spent to attend the program did not go towards development, but rather helped the organisation seduce more idealistic students like myself. Meanwhile, it is doubtful that the average Vietnamese student's spoken English or soft skills have improved significantly. Ultimately, friendship and good times do little to advance the cause of humanity or bring about world peace.

Lorde's 'Green Light' is a call to arms for apathetic youth

MICHAEL SUN / Crying on the dancefloor has never sounded so chic

When the impeccably clinical, aesthetically detached opening notes of 'Royals' first rung out across the airwaves (and then again and again and again on dance-floors and headphones and record players), critics and punters alike knew that the pop music landscape had shifted irrevocably.

When Lorde released her full-length debut *Pure Heroine* in 2013, her status was cemented as not merely a one-hit wonder, but an all-out musical prodigy.

Pure Heroine was unassuming in its glory, and apathetic in its demeanour. It meandered its way through ten achingly sombre tracks that were beautiful in their anaesthetisation, and that catalogued a uniquely suburban tableau — of driving past white picket fences at dusk, of drunken antics in midnight streets, of the innate insecurities between youth and adulthood. It captured the teenage condition, rather than the human condition. And so it was that *Pure Heroine* soon found its way into the hearts and bedrooms of woe-ridden teenagers everywhere —

teenagers obsessed with mundane tragedies that they were too apathetic to change.

In the four years since, the sixteen-year-olds who first heard *Pure Heroine* with closed eyes and rife imaginations have come of age. And so has Lorde. The newly released 'Green Light' is testament to this, dropping the subdued tone that once defined her work and replacing it with a call to arms for listeners to claim their independence and their agency.

At its crux, 'Green Light' is a track underpinned by heartbreak, by a rebellion against unfaithful ex-partners and unfulfilling sweet nothings. Lorde is simultaneously every jilted lover and every angsty adolescent. Yet instead of producing a song that wallows in self-pity, she reclaims her emotional turmoil and channels it into a piece that subversively captures her melancholy with a beat-driven instrumental and a chorus that is pure ecstasy.

Gone are her fixations on lethargic domestic woes. In their place is an unashamed maturity. On 'Green

Light', she's screaming the truth. She's waking up in different bedrooms, and she's moving on from her relationship. All of this is underscored by Jack Antonoff's rushed piano chords — a frantic coming-of-age for Lorde, for whom independence is not found at the bottom of an onerous soul-searching process, but rather on a post-heartbreak dancefloor.

"I want it," she repeats over relentless drums and handclaps that punctuate her desire to let go. None of the insecurities that plagued *Pure Heroine* are on display as she vocalises her most vulnerable self with the passion of a seasoned musician. She is aware of her own talent as a freshly minted twenty-year-old with a freshly carved niche, and she inspires us to perform the same ritual of individualism.

With millennials under siege, perhaps Lorde is our best defence. 'Green Light' is a track that doesn't shy away from millennialism — it's an embrace of youth, and a tribute to youth in revolt.

*You're invited to
Honi Soit's launch party.*

6:30PM / WEDNESDAY 15TH MARCH / 107 PROJECTS /
FREE ENTRY & DRINKS / LIVE PERFORMANCES BY ZOE STAWYSKYJ /
REAL MILK / LATIFA TEE / MERIDAN RESPONSE (DJ)

Location, location, location

In the wake of our beloved jacaranda tree’s death, a hole has been left in the hearts of many. **ANASTASIA YULE** went in search of a few underappreciated locations on campus in the hope of scouting out a new icon that will earn the affection of the masses.



EDUCATION BUILDING ROOFTOP, LEVEL 6

Conflicted between its former life as a spaceship launch pad or an altar to an unknown God, this cylindrical brick haven provides a 360-degree outlook on its surrounds. Ideal for a chill rooftop hang out, or a potench party location.



THE GREENHOUSE, LEVEL 5 CARSLAW

A greenhouse with not too much greenery — seems like someone might be keeping it free for when ‘medicinal’ marijuana is legalised. Quick USyd — better fill it up before students start to question its true purpose as a ‘medicinal’ marijuana plantation.



NANOSCIENCE BUILDING

Bridging the millennial divide — 20th-century architecture meets it’s 21st-century opposition. This space is like the peace offering that stands between. The perfect place to sit, eat and miss the first twenty minutes of your lecture, as I did all of last semester.



VICE CHANCELLOR’S GARDEN

This semi-secluded space can be found behind the Quadrangle. A quiet place to hang out, best enjoyed in the dappled light of mid-morning.



THE COUCH, THE SQUARE

A temporary set up by USyd drama students, oriented towards viewing brick stairs rather than the Square’s football field. Commenting on the ongoing battle between sport and the arts? (Also a sweet opportunity to replicate the Friends theme song.)



BEHIND FISHER TENNIS COURTS

Court-side picnic area beside what seems like the kind of secluded country club you’d find in rural NSW.



ANDERSON STUART COURTYARD

Encircled by an endless sandstone staircase, this courtyard epitomises the grandeur and pretension of Usyd architecture. The abrupt presence of palm trees and ferns at its centre allow for a zen urban jungle experience.

how to mourn your dead

ROBIN EAMES / *The Disability Day of Mourning is held annually on March 1st to commemorate disabled people murdered by their family, relatives, or caregivers. Vigils are held internationally to remember the dead, and to be reminded that disabled lives are worth living, and that disability is never a justification for violence. The 2017 Sydney vigil was held at the Red Rattler Theatre in conjunction with the Autistic Self Advocacy Network.*

gather the candles. find a flame to light them with. look deep inside your heart. fuel yourself with butane fear passion and pride. remember that you know how to burn. gather the candles.

gather the cripples. they will walk and wobble and wheel their way to you. do not worry if your halls are empty. they are full of ghosts. gather the cripples.

gather the names of the dead. the ghosts are with you but they do not know their own names. the ghosts are with you but they do not know where they are buried. the ghosts are with you but they have not been put to rest. james lloyd age 4 shot by his mother. jeni cazares age 3 months head smashed by her mother. janet cunningham age 43 hacked to death with a hatchet by her father. dorothy cunningham age 62 hacked to death with a hatchet by her husband. gather the names of the dead.

gather your breath. you will need it. there are so many names and so many deaths. fill your lungs with love and flame and fear and fury. fill your lungs with oxygen and poison and clear water and sunlight. remember that you have gone without breath before. speak the names and the deaths. hannah carroll age 6 burned with bleach by her brother. trevor horn age 8 life support disconnected by a hitman hired by his fa-

ther. tracy latimer age 12 gassed by her father. michael messenger newborn died after his father shut off his ventilator. danielle tucker age 3 pushed down a flight of stairs by her adoptive mother. gather your breath.

gather your courage. you are not afraid of ghosts. you are not afraid of the dark. look to your candles. remember that your heart is burning low and hot. do not falter. speak the names and the deaths. pierre pasquiou age 10 pushed into the sea by his mother. daniel leubner age 13 burned alive by his mother. lillian lellani gill age 4 strangled by her adoptive mother. cassandra killpack forced to drink water by her parents until she died of water poisoning. terrance cottrell jr age 8 suffocated by church leaders attempting to exorcise his autism. summer phelps age 4 drowned in dirty water by her step-mother. james many white horses age 2 abused and neglected by his mother. alex spourdalakis age 14 poisoned and stabbed by his mother and godmother. elisa manrique-lutz age 11 poisoned by her father. martin manrique-lutz age 10 poisoned by his father. gather your courage.

gather the forgotten. look to their ghosts. promise them that they will be remembered. baby doe newborn denied medical treatment by his parents. baby mckay newborn head bashed against the delivery room floor by his father. female name unknown age

33 shot by her father. baby C age 5 months smothered by her father. B. L. age 13 months shaken to death by his father. unknown baby girl age 6 months drowned by her mother. infant girl newborn buried alive by her father. yu age 16 months poisoned with pesticides smothered and thrown off a bridge by his father. unknown male age 4 stuffed into a refrigerator by his parents and frozen to death. zhang (first name unknown) age 7 thrown from a 9th storey window by his mother. gather the forgotten.

gather your joy and your grace and your heaven and your forgiveness and your harmony. remember that you are surrounded by those you love and who love you. joy martin age 69 given a lethal dose of morphine by her daughter. grace carlson age 13 poisoned by her mother. heaven woods age 5 beaten to death by her mother and her mother’s boyfriend. forgiveness sibanda age 3 beaten by his father. harmony carsey age 2 neglected and abused by her mother. gather your joy grace heaven forgiveness harmony.

gather the candles. kill the flames. gather the cripples. kiss your lover and embrace your friends. gather the names of the dead. put them to rest. gather your breath. breathe deep and keep breathing. gather your courage. gather the forgotten. do not forget. gather your joy grace heaven forgiveness harmony. this is how you mourn your dead.



Images clockwise from top:
1. the Disability Day of Mourning 2017 banner
2. a man paying his respects at the Tsukui Yamayuri En facility after the Sagami-hara massacre
3. the author and their partner at the 2017 vigil.
All images courtesy of Robin Eames



how to GAME your own mind

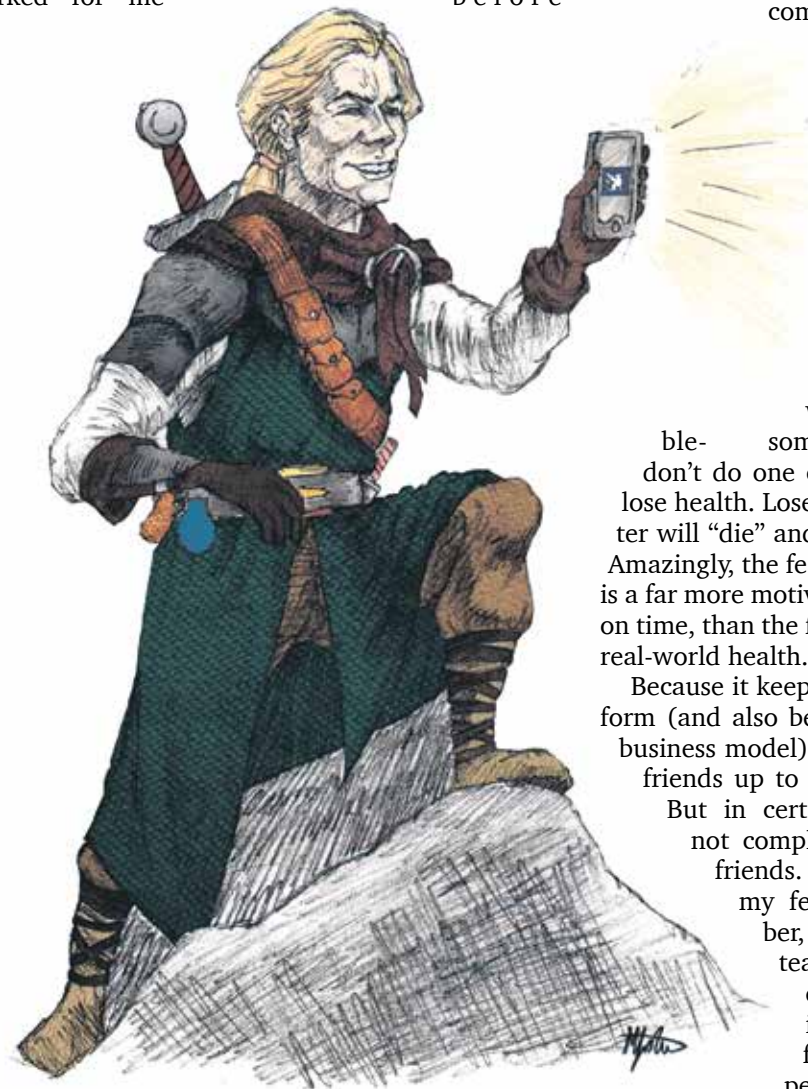
Make yourself more productive by turning your life into a video game

AIDAN MOLINS / Words
MATTHEW FISHER / Art

It's 9.15am. I wake up, swallow my meds, brush my teeth, and summarise what happened yesterday in my diary. But don't be fooled — this is about as organised and disciplined as I have ever been. My daily duties are currently getting done not because I intrinsically see the value in them, but because each time I do them I score points, on an app. On my phone there is a pixelated version of me — I'm wearing armour, wielding a sword and am able to perform magical spells. When I brush my teeth, I navigate to a tab designated for daily "to-do" tasks. I check the box marked "brush teeth". I receive one coin, eight experience points, and I deal one extra point of damage to the boss I'm currently fighting. If you're thinking it's pathetic that I am significantly better at achieving daily sustenance and hygiene when serving the needs of a fantasy version of myself than when I'm serving my actual self: you're right.

However, I am hooked on this particular app for reasons that go beyond the fact that I am a overgrown man baby who uses virtual worlds to distract me from the complications of the real one, although I am, and I do. The core reason this app is so successful is because it takes advantage of basic mechanisms in the mind that regulate motivation.

In the past, I have spent hours and hours placing to-do items into productivity programs. Google Keep, Asana, Google Tasks, Wunderlist and Apple's iOS "Reminders" app have oscillatingly worked for me before



failing spectacularly, because I, like many others, have one simple flaw that prevents me from completing most of the items I use them to perform: I don't like doing most things. I really don't. The other to-do apps would be great if I, or anyone using them, actually liked doing the most of things they need to do.

Where Habitica succeeds is in its ability to make people like doing things that they don't like doing. Funnily enough, that ability is something video game designers have been doing for decades. Fans of roleplaying games like World of Warcraft, Skyrim and Final Fantasy will often brag about the endless hours sunk into "grinding" — doing otherwise boring, menial tasks, rewarded only by coins, XP and item drops — the same motivational tools as Habitica. I figured that if game designers can motivate me to endlessly complete fake tasks in a virtual world, they should have a solid chance at making me complete actual tasks in the real one.

HABIT FORMING OR HABIT FORCING?

The positive reinforcements used by Habitica work on the condition that you're having a good day. If you wake up feeling motivated, you'll start doing your dailies (tasks one does every day), then come back and get the positive reinforcement. Then you'll start working on your more long term tasks and come back to the platform for more gratification. Challenges arise when you're feeling tired, or stressed, and the game's fun rewards fade into the background. Here, you start to see the darker side of Habitica. In addition to fantasy roleplaying games, Habitica borrows from a much more nefarious, influence: free-to-play smartphone games. It's here where the more potentially trouble-

some features come to light. If you don't do one of your assigned daily tasks, you lose health. Lose enough health, and your character will "die" and lose all their hard earned items. Amazingly, the fear of losing health in a videogame is a far more motivating reason to take my medicine on time, than the fear of risking my actual, physical, real-world health.

Because it keeps you more engaged in their platform (and also because it works stellarly for their business model) you are encouraged to sign your friends up to Habitica and start a quest team.

But in certain situations, losing health by not completing tasks will also harm your friends. It's a compelling mechanic that

my fellow in-game quest team member, Steph, compares to when your teacher would employ particularly excruciating methods, like keeping the entire class in for the first five minutes of lunch because one person flicked a paper ball at the back of his head when he was writ-

ing up the trigonometry problem on the board. It's draconian, and quite effective.

Another reason the app works is because, like Facebook and other platforms whose aim is to consume all of your time, it regulates gratification and recognition, motivating you to keep coming back throughout the day as it slowly doles you out an endless supply of small rewards. By regulating those little hits of dopamine, Habitica keeps you coming back in the same way you check Facebook when you're feeling bored so you can see those tantalising red numbers in the upper right corner of the page. Steph suggests our generation's self obsessed, constant desire for approval and gratification is why these platforms are so successful.

But I disagree.

Amazingly, the fear of losing health in a videogame is a far more motivating reason to take my medicine on time, than the fear of risking my actual, physical, real-world health.

A DREAM OF FAIRNESS

There is a deeper reason why we thirst to constantly be rewarded. Games like Habitica delve deep into the mind that our cutthroat economy has created for each one of us. But to understand this, you must first understand that video games don't aim to emulate perfect leisure. A video game doesn't aim to emulate a nice day down at the beach; instead, video games emulate perfect work.

At first, this idea seems counterintuitive — why would one of society's most popular recreational activities base itself around recreating work? The answer is that our standardized, streamlined corporate workplaces, we are unable to find satisfaction in employment, so we turn elsewhere. In Outliers, Malcolm Gladwell states that perfect work needs three requirements to be met. Firstly, the work must be autonomous, meaning that you have control over what you do, or at least how you do it. Satisfying work is secondly complex, so it does not seem meaningless. Lastly, Gladwell argues there needs to be a connection between effort and reward, a link between the labour you put in and the recognition and compensation that you receive as a result. In the constant struggle for savings, efficiency, and practicality, however, our economy rarely creates positions like these for employees. They opt rather for specialised positions that have been deskilled to such an extent that anyone can fulfil their requirements. In casualising and streamlining their businesses so that workers are insignificant agents, the private sector has locked out the large part of an entire generation from ever achieving these three goals.

This dream, unachievable as it is, is still sold to us our entire lives. From our parenting to our high schools to our media, we are constantly being sold on the idea that to that the way to success, happiness and meaning is through autonomous, fair work. In

the cruel, punishing realities of the 21st-century job market, however, there is rarely any freedom or fairness. We have been sold a dream that our economy is unable to and unwilling to deliver. This is the reason for the success of video games, and not just any games — specifically games that emulate an ersatz version of the fair work we have been told is our destiny since we were children.

The best selling games of recent years like Grand Theft Auto, Skyrim, and Pokemon have enjoyable gameplay and rich storylines, sure. But they also perfectly place you in an open landscape where you can do any task at any time. They give you a wide range of freedom in how you approach the game's challenges. They add just enough features to generate the right amount of depth so that you aren't succeeding by just pushing random buttons. And they all excel at continually rewarding you for even minor tasks, with loot, coins, power-ups and experience points. In this way, video games like these embody the perfect meritocratic vision of the world which is sold to us under capitalism. A world in which the only way to enjoy things is if they are fair and rewarding. In this way, games like these, although they are works that hold immense value, also represent the ultimate fantasy that the myth of meritocracy inspires in us. This dream, the dream that all get what we deserve, erases the moments of tragedy we all undeservedly experience in life, and this is understandable. But sadly, it also discards the grace that is inherent in the world, that we don't have to work for, that is free for anyone to experience. How can these games show you the thrilling beauty of love and nature if they operate under the strict principle that every moment of enjoyment must be earned?

Moreover, when asked whether they would still stay organised should Habitica hypothetically vanish tomorrow morning, the people I interviewed admitted, in all likelihood, they probably wouldn't. It's this addiction to fairness which is key: like it or not, the program is just another external system that tells you when you are allowed to feel satisfied, and the only way to have real discipline is to actually do that for yourself.

Our standardized, streamlined corporate workplaces, we are unable to find satisfaction in employment, so we turn elsewhere.

GAMIFICATION NATION

The Habitica users I spoke to reflected that whether you agree with or disagree with the idea of having a digital avatar dictate your life, it works. And just like other cultural products which make people feel more empowered to improve themselves, the mechanisms that make Habitica work are being used by platforms created by a new class of entrepreneurs looking to "gamify" your employment, your education, and even the way you interact with the government.

One such platform, called nGUVU, looks as if its creators grew up excited to engage in the business of video game design, and after experiencing how risky, competitive and harsh it can be, decided to try their hand at a bigger market. It's slick website and promotional Youtube videos suggest their business plan involves snatching some of the lucrative dollars offered by large management divisions eager to further alienate their workforce by purchasing complicated software solutions that sound innovative to their superiors but really end up being largely ineffectual. But nGUVU's platform is more than meets the eye.

The industry it aims to "disrupt" is one I have worked in before: call centres. These workplaces are ripe for gamification — they employ a younger demographic, which is always in flux. Over the span of a year working at one call centre, I came to see that

the average length of employment was short — was about one or two months. This is probably because it offered none of Gladwell's traits of satisfying work. Not only was there no autonomy over who we called or how, but since every call was dialled in automatically, immediately after the end of the previous call, we weren't even able to decide when we called. Each break-free three-hour shift slowly became a monotonous blur. The challenge was never to find clever ways to sell the product to people, rather, it was to have enough energy to survive until the end of the shift without completely imploding. The compensation was above minimum wage, but still insufficient to cover the amount of emotional labour necessary to make your way through dozens of calls repeating a sales script which obligates you to ask for a prospect's credit card details four times.

So people left. They left so frequently that you could tell it was a big cost for management to constantly recruit, interview, and train new staff, many of whom would often leave the company after their first shift. This is where nGUVU aims to intervene. The platform uses the data that call centres collect to create employee files, where sales, hold times, and other statistics are tracked. This information is used to create user profiles, where staff can edit their in-game avatar, view their stats and see their placement on the company leaderboard. Management is then able to create challenges based on any specific set of performance indicators. One feature the company boasts on their website is automated team challenges, which pool together workers of varying experience levels and pit the groups against each other. The point of this is supposedly that high-performers pass down "their best practices to those who may require more encouragement, thereby assisting with a task that is typically reserved for managers." It seems contradictory that a platform whose marketing exclaims that it is intended to create "happy agents" revolves around mechanisms which pass on extra managerial work to them, for no extra remuneration. It also seems contradictory that the same mechanic probably makes lower performing employees feel like they are letting down their coworkers because they aren't generating enough points for their team in an arbitrary contest.

I always thought that management could improve employee retention by paying us more and giving us more freedom to call in our own fashion. But measures like these are expensive, and a lot less scalable. My workplace's parent company, who runs thousands of call centres across the globe, would probably be a lot happier shelling out for a nifty software solution than investing the same capital into employees — even if it did produce better sales. The reality is that deskilled employees are always better from a corporate perspective: they are easier to hire, easier to manage from a macro level, and the lower output can always be covered by just lowering wages. So, rather than reverting backwards to wholesome, satisfying workplaces, systems like nGUVU are a technological band-aid over the sprawling disease of alienation that exists in 21st century service based workplaces. Eager to feed employees that are starved of actual autonomy and just rewards, nGUVU offers fake autonomy by letting workers edit their avatar how they like, or challenge whichever employee they choose, and fake rewards through points, Xbox style "achievements" and the occasional prize given to high performing employees.

What's important and surprising about systems like Habitica and nGUVU is that, despite their immature and gimmicky

appearance, they are effective. Occasionally, the call-centre management would use the whiteboard to draw up leaderboards and activities that ranked how many sales we successfully made. And even though I wasn't the most enthusiastic employee, and knew my time at the company would be short, I was unable to resist the way that the games gave me feedback and rewarded performance, even in ways that didn't materially benefit me at all.

It seems contradictory that a platform whose marketing exclaims that it is intended to create "happy agents" revolves around mechanisms which pass on extra managerial work to them, for no extra remuneration.

One person that I interviewed about Habitica indicated that although it was potentially worrying that her entire life was being dictated by an app, at least this particular app was nominally supposed to help her, as opposed to the endless digital platforms that aim to monopolise your attention for profit. Perhaps there was a time where the average person wouldn't need knowledge of video games in order to navigate their world. But with encroaching video game mechanics slowly invading our everyday lives, it is clear: that time has passed. Blogs like gamification.co show dozens of examples of corporations, governments, and other organisations around the world all looking to gamify their systems and platforms. All the subjects who I interviewed about Habitica had measured, critical perspectives on where Habitica helped and hurt them, because of their familiarity playing video games their whole lives. And as is often the case, the ones that are the most at risk of predatory practices are the ones that know the least. Serious criticism and awareness surrounding games is soon becoming a necessity. **HS**



Football's gambling problem

MATTHEW SALGO / Lessons from an inadvertent participant

In 2013, I briefly worked as a “football commentator” for one state league match. I got the job after responding to an ad on a university site. As a result, I travelled to Sydney's northern suburbs on a Wednesday night in winter to watch a Waratah Cup game in a crowd of only a few hundred.

However, my role was far from the standard image of a football commentator. I ‘commentated’ via Skype to an audience of one woman, presumably in a call centre, presumably in Asia. And rather than describing the game in detail, I used combinations of pre-determined phrases to describe where the ball was and who had possession.

My employers didn't reveal what services they actually provided. What was clear from their website was that they prided themselves on the split-second advantage their commentary provided over standard services. The job training component didn't reveal my commentary's purpose either, but it did emphasise significant penalties for incorrect commentary, or failing to follow guidelines. I had to say “home” or “away” depending on who had the ball, and “safe”, “attack”, or “danger” depending on where they were on the field. There was never meant to be a corner or goal if you hadn't noted that the team was in “danger” first.

It seems likely I was providing information to help overseas gamblers bet live on the games. The practice of live calling is more commonly seen in cricket and tennis (where commentators are often kicked out of venues). Live calling provides an advantage to gamblers by giving knowledge slightly ahead of the rest of the market. This is particularly useful in bets on what specific event will occur next, or microbetting.

It surprised me to learn not only that gambling was offered at that level — the players themselves were all only semi-professional — but there was also a significant enough market and interest to warrant this commentary for a slight edge. The games attracted only small crowds and there was no publicity regarding any markets or odds.

It's clear that gambling is gradually infiltrating non-professional football. In England last month, Sutton United goalkeeper Wayne Shaw became embroiled in gambling controversy. At 45 years old and over 100 kilograms, the “roly-poly goalie” embodied the tradition of Sunday park football and had developed a cult following. This status was cemented when he was seen eating a pie while on the bench during Sutton's Football Association Cup match against English giants Arsenal.

His wholesome image was shattered when, after the game, it was revealed Shaw had eaten the pie after seeing long odds on that very occurrence. Ironically, the odds were offered by Sun Bets, a sponsor of Sutton. It also emerged that Shaw had discussed his intention to eat the pie with friends, incriminating himself for match fixing. Shaw was forced to resign from Sutton. What had initially been a fairytale story of English lower league football instead became a sad reminder of the omnipresence of gambling.

Australia has also had its share of semi-professional match fixing in recent years. In 2013, several members of Victorian Premier League side Southern Stars were sanctioned for match fixing. The players were paid \$64,000 by anonymous overseas gamblers acting through a Malaysian national. The susceptibility of semi-professional football players to bribery is

unsurprising given the commitments made by these players for well below a living wage.

Last year, several NSW state league clubs requested Football Federation Australia (FFA) ban betting on their matches, following match fixing suspicions. The FFA receives a portion of local gambling takings on bets at all levels of the game, including state youth leagues. They are yet to take any action.

One area in which the FFA has taken a strong stance, however, is in its regulation of members' betting. Prohibition of high-level players from gambling is vital due to players' access to inside information and ability to influence results. However, the FFA Code of Conduct goes significantly further, banning all of its 1,000,000+ members from gambling on football — a ban which extends to hundreds of thousands of amateur players who may be entirely unaware.

The ban is not widely known or policed. Discovers breaches are usually penalised with suspended fines. The inconsistency of this policy's enforcement contrasts starkly to the widespread presence of gambling ads.

Like most sports, football has seen a growing presence of online gambling and its promotion in recent years. It is undeniable that the huge sums of money (legally) brought into the game through this relationship can be beneficial. However, the interaction is particularly complicated for the non-professional game. The value of the gambling industry extends well beyond local communities, with gamblers often taking more interest than the general public, and the wagers dwarfing player salaries. If this issue is not properly addressed, gambling will continue to damage the integrity of the game.

The Admin side of Uni..

Tips for keeping on top of the paperwork

Being successful at study is not the only thing you need to do to successfully complete your course. You also need to deal with the administration side of uni. Here are a few simple principles that should help you.

1. You are one of 47,000 students. It is not unheard of, or unreasonable to think that a piece of paper may go missing. Make sure that you keep copies of everything that you send the uni (or anyone else for that matter).

2. You are responsible for your student candidature. Check your enrolment at the beginning of the semester, and just before the census date (31st March and 31st August). Check your uni email account at least once a week, even during non-semester time. The uni sends all important notices here only. Read them, read all of them, even if they seem boring, and irrelevant.

3. Deal with issues sooner rather than later. Most things can be fixed with enough notice.

4. Be polite. Most people are trying to do the best they can. Being impolite will not only annoy them, but may see your access to them limited by the university. They will protect their staff if they think you are a threat.

5. If you have a telephone or face-to-face conversation ask the person for their name, and email address. Send them an email outlining what you talked about in the conversation so you have a record of what you agreed to.

6. Ask for help. The SRC has professional caseworkers, who are not employed by the University, and as such, can provide independent advice on academic, Centrelink, tenancy, and most other matters. This service is free to all University of Sydney undergraduate students.

To get advice on a matter from an SRC caseworker, email the details of your situation to help@src.usyd.edu.au.

Phone home?

LAMYA RAHMAN / Nokia brick phones are more enlightening than they seem

Mum gingerly picks up my old Nokia 2160 from its neglected vessel — a cardboard box in our garage — and hands it over to me: “here, use this until we can fix your phone.” I run my fingers over the top of the plastic handset instinctively, feeling for a sleep/wake button. There is none. “Um,” I start sheepishly. “How do I turn this on?”

My conscious self is confused but muscle memory kicks into action and before I know it I'm confronted with the sight of years-old text messages.

Laddu is the name of a yellow, South Asian, ball-shaped sweet. But for Sumaiya and I, ‘Laddu’ meant something else entirely, a covert code name for our mutual childhood crush and classmate, Rahul. My heart aches a little thinking about folded notes passed under desks and excited whispers during compulsory year six soccer practice.

I continue scrolling through the rest of our messages as the 9:10am train from Lidcombe gently pulls into Newtown. More passengers get on and the carriage is almost full when my phone rings and the opening synths of Flo Rida's Low cuts through the morning chatter.

My face is red as I answer the call from my Mum. The past is made up of equal parts sweetness and bad music taste.

Later that day my friends and I are at a concept cultural hub somewhere in Redfern. We've already ordered and wait in silence for our food to come. Like clockwork, everyone fishes out their smartphones, performing the pre-meal ritual of flicking through Facebook notifications. A few minutes later the first round of food arrives. I go to eat mine. Everyone else loads their phone cameras.

“Hey, Lamya, can you wait a bit? I want to take a picture.”

I begrudgingly agree, and let my burger and chips get manhandled into a photo shoot. Usually I'm the obnoxious one, asking everyone else to delay instant culinary gratification for my Instagram vanity. Being relegated to the side, Nokia 2610 in hand, feels like some sort of long-coming cosmic reckoning. I look down at my phone and fiddle with it, absently wondering, if a tree falls in the woods and there's no one there to Instagram it, did it really happen?

When I get home that night, I decide to take the plunge and message Sumaiya from my computer.



The Facebook messages between Lamya and Sumaiya

“Art”: Michael Sun

I frown. It's 9pm; buses aren't running now. After two days, I've reached a different plane of existence. Anyone would've felt slighted by what Sumaiya had done to me, but not me — I had reached a greater sense of being.

How odd it is that my sister and I are sitting directly opposite each other right now, perfectly polarised. My transcendental state versus her, zombie-like, phone in hand. Exactly the sort of person who would still care about being lied to about a Lidcombe bus.

The front door clicks open and in walks Dad. He shakes off his shoes and I notice my freshly repaired iPhone in his hand. The flutter of excitement in my stomach is betrayal, but I ignore it.

He passes me the iPhone and his cursory warning — “this time, be careful with it” — goes over my head as the phone flickers to life and I'm accosted with unread notifications. I read through them one by one, sending back a Snap, replying to a text, finally checking my Instagram.

I hesitate for a second and then load Sumaiya's Facebook profile.

Ask Abe

SRC caseworker HELP Q&A

Hi Abe,

I need some financial help. I already get Youth Allowance (live at home rate), but it's not really enough to cover all my textbooks and living costs. I'm worried about the pressure that I'm putting on my parents and younger brother and sister. Can you tell me if there's some other way I can get a University loan or get the higher rate from Centrelink?

Financially Challenged

Hi Financially Challenged,

I'm sorry to hear about your struggle. It is certainly not uncommon. There are a few things you can do. Look for secondhand **textbooks** starting at the SRC's secondhand bookshop Level 4, Wentworth Building. If you lecturer tells you to buy the latest edition ask what the differences are, because you may be able to get away with an older edition. Even where there are changes, you may be able to copy those from a friend or the one copy of the textbook held in the library. Most

The Ask Abe column allows you to ask whatever question you might have that affects you as a student, gaining the best advice that a very worldly mutt can give.*



tutors are quite reasonable and may lend you their copy for a few days.

There are lots of places to get free **food**. Look at the Newtown Neighbourhood Centre website: Go to “information sheets”, then “essential services”, then “meals”.

The University has a **Scholarships** office that may be able to help you. There are scholarships for a wide range of students, with an equally wide range of awards, ranging from a couple of hundred dollars to many thousands of dollars. First year students should feel particularly encouraged to apply. The interesting thing about scholarships is that most people won't apply, making them less competitive than you would think. Throughout the year there are also competitions for writing and other projects. Keep an eye out for these opportunities too.

The University also has a **Financial Assistance** Service. They can lend you money in an emergency, and also offer loans and bursaries (loans you don't have to pay back).

If you need other help dealing with your **debtors**, the SRC Legal Service can talk to them on your behalf.

Abe



The old text conversation / Art: Sam Langford

Highest cashback rate on campus!

Get 40% of retail value paid in CASH!*

* Conditions apply, see details in store



Level 4, Wentworth Building, University of Sydney (Next to the International Lounge)

p: 02 9660 4756

w: src.usyd.edu.au/src-books

President’s Report

ISABELLA BROOK

Congrats on making it through O-week and to the hallowed SRC pages of Honi Soit! The SRC had a massively successful O-Week. We talked to hundreds of students about the SRC and its incredible services as well as giving out over 1000 free SRC goodie bags! Our collectives also had a great O-Week signing up hundreds of new students and letting people know what’s in store for 2017.

The first week of uni is always pretty weird. You might find yourself sitting in a packed lecture theatre nursing a post O-week hangover or if you’re like

me you’ll be ashamedly telling people in tutorial name rounds that you’re in your fourth year of a three year degree.

Even though it’s only the first week of uni, your SRC has spent the beginning of the year being active and vocal around a number of student issues. In January the SRC joined the NSW Education Organising Group in protesting Centrelink’s automated compliance system that issued hundreds of students false debt notices.

It’s only just March and the list of attacks on the rights of students keeps growing with the Fair Work Commis-

sion’s decision to slash penalty rates being the latest addition.

These cuts to penalty rates mean that students working in retail, hospitality and fast food will have the extra money they earn for giving up their weekends drastically reduced. At the SRC we know that most students work weekends in order to balance work and study, and that many of these students rely on penalty rates to make ends meet.

If you’re worried about what these cuts will mean for you, I encourage you to join your union and get involved in the fight for your rights. You

can visit www.australianunions.org.au to join your relevant union.

The SRC will also be protesting alongside your National Union of Students on March 22 to protect your rights at Work, Uni and Home and to Make Education Free again so come join us!

If you have any questions or queries don’t hesitate to contact me at president@src.usyd.edu.au and give our Facebook page a like at [facebook.com/usydsrcc](https://www.facebook.com/usydsrcc).

Wom*n’s Officers’ Report

IMOGEN GRANT and KATIE THORBURN

O-Week was incredible for the Women’s Collective. We had 400 students sign up to get involved! This is a shocking, unprecedented number. If you were one of them, WELCOME! If you weren’t... it’s never too late to get involved in feminist organising on campus.

Unfortunately, O-Week is also the time during the university calendar when students are most likely to experience rape. The front page of the smh the Monday of O-Week detailed End Rape On Campus’ report ‘Connecting the Dots’. The report chronicles the chronic failings of universities to respond appropriately to sexual assault and to prevent the

assaults in the first place. For example, the report exposes that there have been only six expulsions in the past five years despite more than 500 official complaints. In addition to this, USyd’s own data shows that out of all students who had experienced sexual assault, only 1% of them ever made a formal report to the University.

This is why as part of O-Week, WoCo members handed out “Consent Condoms” - condoms with a sticker on the package reading “check they’re into it, before you get into it”. We did this because the university abnegated its responsibility

to prevent sexual violence by rejecting the mandatory education module for all students. The University’s stance on the consent module is ludicrous and goes against the University’s own practice of promoting several online modules from plagiarism to cultural competency.

We know that young people are far more likely than any other age bracket to experience sexual assault. And prevention through consent education is key to eradicating sexual violence on campus. We need a behavioural transformation in order to create a campus with zero tolerance for sexual violence.

Everyone has a right to an education free from sexual violence and universities have the responsibility to provide that. As tens of thousands of students return to USyd this week, we must question the University’s ability - also willingness - to ensure that these tens of thousands can study safely. If you think the uni should be doing better by you, email us at usyd womens collective@gmail.com

If you or someone you know has been impacted by sexual assault, support is available by contacting NSW Rape Crisis Centre on 1800 424 017.

Welfare Officers’ Report

LILY CAMPBELL, BELLA DEVINE-POULOS, HARRY GREGG and CAITIE MCMENAMIN

Student welfare is under attack. The Centrelink scandal enraged many, as thousands of the most vulnerable in society were charged with debts they don’t owe. The announcement that Sunday penalty rates for retail, fast food and hospitality workers will be cut greatly affects students, two thirds of whom already live in poverty.

This year, the National Union of Students Welfare Officer and Education Officer are running their campaigns in conjunction with each other, as they raise similar demands for students rights, against the Liberals’ attacks. The Welfare Depart-

ment supports the NDA on March 22 - I’ve (Lily Campbell) been mass leafleting, painting banners and creating merchandise for that event and building the Education Action Group at O week. I am a regular attendee of EAG meetings.

I have done several stalls in Newtown over the summer break petitioning for the NUS Welfare Department, demanding that the government fix Centrelink now.

I chaired a recent rally outside the Redfern Centrelink office, demanding an end to fake debt letters and the gutting of social services. It was

a lively demonstration that got significant media coverage, somewhat centred around the brilliant burning of a debt letter outside the office.

I also recently spoke at a rally against the cuts to penalty rates, outside the Fair Work Ombudsman. It is crucial that students join these rallies and join their unions today. The cuts to penalty rates will be the greatest wage cut since the Great Depression - now more than ever we need to fight back. I encourage all to join the March 9 CFMEU ‘National Rally to Defend our Jobs’.

Furthermore, a horrific wave of

racism and bigotry is sweeping the world today. The Welfare Department stands in solidarity with all oppressed peoples against the rise of the far right and recognises the need to organise against these forces.

I participated in the Women’s March, the RAC rally against the Muslim Ban, the protest against war criminal Netanyahu and the protest against genocide in Aleppo, amongst other demonstrations.

(I contacted the other welfare officers for reports - they did not wish to contribute)

Intercampus Officers’ Report

AMELIA CHAN, THANDIWE BETHUNE and PARVATHI SUBRAMANIAM

The Intercampus Officers’ did not submit their report. Instead, here is a handy recipe for scones:

Makes 6-8

You will need:

450g flour, 2 handfulls caster sugar, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 75g butter, a handful of sultanas, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons cream, 4 tablespoons milk, 1

egg, beaten.

Preheat the oven to 180°C. Put the flour, the caster sugar and the baking powder in a large bowl. Cube the butter and rub it through the flour with your fingertips to achieve a breadcrumb-like texture, then add the handful of sultanas.

In a separate bowl, whisk the first

two eggs, the cream and the milk, and gradually add this to the flour mix. I use a knife to incorporate the wet ingredients into the dry ingredients, as you don’t want to stir it together and overwork the scone mix.

Then, using your hands, bring the mix together until it is easy to shape, but not too wet.

Turn the mixture out onto a lightly floured surface and gently pat it out to about 2.5cm (1in) thick, then cut into rounds with a ring mould.

Line a tray with baking paper, brush the scones with the beaten egg, then bake for 25-30 minutes, until the scones are risen and golden.

Education Officers’ Report

APRIL HOLCOMBE and JENNA SCHRODER

Make Education Free Again is the central student campaign running across the country this year. The campaign has had a brilliant start to the year at Sydney University’s O-Week. The Education Action Group (EAG) collected hundreds of signatures and sign ups for students who want to get involved in the fight back. We brought a bunch of students to the FairWork Commission to protest against its heinous decision to cut Sunday penalty rates. The anger against FairWork and the Liberals is palpable, so it’s

important that unionists get the ball rolling by taking action right away.

Whether it’s fake Centrelink debts, rising student fees, course cuts, staff cuts, or wage cuts, students are facing attacks on all sides. That’s why the Education Department is organising action on all of these issues, with a focus on building the National Day of Action on March 22. We are regularly communicating with the university staff union, the NTEU, to help support teachers and admin workers in their fight for better working con-

ditions, which improve the quality of student learning. We are ready to support any industrial action the NTEU wishes to take against greedy university management, who are sacking hundreds of staff even as the Vice Chancellor takes in \$1.3 million a year.

The Education Action Group meets every Tuesday at 2pm on the New Law Lawns. Any student – domestic or international, science or arts, undergraduate or postgraduate – is welcome, because mass action by students and staff is the key

to success. Tell your classmates, your students, your workmates, about the National Day of Action.

1pm on the New Law Lawns, Wednesday 22 March (Week 3). See you there!

Refugee Rights Officers’ Report

KELTON MUIR, CAITIE MCMENAMIN and JESS WHITTALL

The Refugee Rights Officers also did not submit their report by deadline. Here is a recipe for a White Russian instead:

Makes 1

You will need:

30ml Kahlua, or other coffee flavoured liqueur, 30ml vodka, 1/2 cup cream, or milk.

In a mixing glass, combine the coffee flavoured liqueur, vodka and cream. Pour over ice in a highball glass.



When does your student visa run out?

It is your responsibility to ensure that you comply with all your student visa conditions, especially the length of stay allowed under your visa entitlement.

You can find out about all the applicable visa conditions and your visa expiry date using the online service (Visa Entitlement Verification Online – “VEVO”) on the Department of Immigration and Border Protection website. Use this URL: <https://online.immi.gov.au/evo/firstParty>

When accessing this online service, you will need your passport number and other identification details which can be found on the visa grant email sent by the Department.

If you are not sure how to use VEVO or have trouble with this online service, you can get FREE help from the SRC registered migration agent by contacting 9660 5222.

Make sure you put the visa expiry date in your calendar and remember to NOT overstay your visa! Overstaying leads to serious legal consequences which in some situations may require you to leave Australia immediately and you will not be able to come back again for 3 years.



Level 1, Wentworth Bldg, University of Sydney
p: 02 9660 5222 | w: src.usyd.edu.au
e: solicitor@src.usyd.edu.au
ACN 146 653 143 | MARN 1276171





DID YOU KNOW?

Withdrawing from a subject before 31st March SEM 1 avoids a FAIL on your transcript & HECS*

August SEM 2


**International students should seek advice about their fees from the International Office or the SRC.*

Need help or advice? Your SRC is here to assist you.

The service is FREE, independent and confidential.
Phone for an appointment: (02) 9660 5222

We are located at: Level 1, Wentworth Building (G01)

help@src.usyd.edu.au | src.usyd.edu.au | [fb:srchelp](https://t.me/src_help)



Doomsday seed vaults reopened



Dave’s new Tesla needs a lot of electricity and all we have is coal **P8»**



Bloke promotes female autonomy by not asking for permission to root best mate’s ex girlfriend

Ann Ding
Cultural Correspondent

A self-described “feminist ally” has taken what he has described as “important steps towards living my politics” by refraining from asking his best friend whether it is okay to hook up with his ex-girlfriend.

Third-year business student Sam McKeown, 20, had previously been contemplating the best strategy for navigating his desire to “get with” Keira Prentice, who terminated her relationship with McKeown’s close friend just two weeks ago.

“Like, I used to think of Keira as Geoffrey’s girl, you know? And just a few days ago I realised that actually, Keira doesn’t belong to Geoffrey any more. Not that she ever did, I mean.”

In the past, it has been customary for McKeown and his friendship group to run these things by involved or interested parties to ensure that there is no bad blood. This standard practice was in keeping with what they call “the bro code”.

Now, however, he feels such measures are outdated. “She should be able to make that decision for herself, you know? I respect her agency and her autonomy. She’s a grown woman. She can do whatever she wants. That’s a Beyoncé lyric.”

McKeown admitted that until this point in

Local primary school captain delivers



All bubblers at Camperdown public now steadily supplying coke **P9»**



Sam McKeown and his friend Geoffrey Evans have now shared more than just drinks.

life, he had adhered strictly to the ‘bros before hoes’ maxim.

When asked to provide insight into the attitude, he said, “It’s only now that I realise that sometimes the hoes have to come before the bros, actually.”

Sam later contacted *The Garter* to clarify that he does not, in fact, think of women as “hoes” and only used the term in the context of the idiom. Keira and Geoffrey were not available for comment.

Scientists recommend improving current decade to meet nostalgia demands of future generations

Nick Harriott
Science Reporter

What will future teenagers think of the 2010s? Not a lot, say our top scientists. The CSIRO announced today that we are currently in a deficit of cultural touchstones that can be remembered fondly.

The agency issued a stark warning of potentially dark days to come. “Only a decade ago, we used to fondly look back on times half a century ago,” said researcher Stacy Jowels. “Now, with vapor-wave, we’re already paying homage to the 2000s, while our current decade languishes leaving nothing of nostalgic value for our children’s children.”

“We need an urgent stimulus to every single industry that can make something worth remembering, lest the 2010s be doomed to obscurity. We don’t want to end up leaving absolutely no impact like the 1840s or something. Do you remember the 1840s? I didn’t think so.”

The CSIRO’s findings included statistics that suggest the current decade has had one of the lowest nostalgia yields of the last century. “This is especially disappointing following the naughties,

which was a treasure trove of fond memories,” says Professor Nick Dang. “The early 2000s were pre-Facebook, pre-smartphones, and commercial radio was playing OutKast’s ‘Hey Ya’ every day.”

It’s not all bad news. Jowels believes we can pull ourselves out of this slump. “Western culture encountered a similar problem in the 1930s. In a decade that included the Great Depression and the rise of the Nazi Party, it seemed like there was little culture people would actually want to remember,” says Dang. He says it was quick-thinking filmmakers who “saved the day” by releasing classics *The Wizard of Oz* and *King Kong* in 1939.

We can only hope for a similar saving grace in the final years of the 2010s, but given the current slate of feature film releases includes the eighth entry into the Fast and Furious franchise and six more superhero movies this year alone, we may not be able to rely on the entertainment industry.

“There’s still a chance someone will write a good song in the next three years, or maybe a politician we respect will be elected,” says Jowels. “At the very least, we might be remembered for man-buns.”

Militant anti-vaxxers resort to biological warfare by vaccinating their enemies

Jamie Weiss
Health Editor

A new anti-vaccination terrorist group, calling itself “concerned mums”, is waging a biological war across the suburbs of Sydney.

Their primary method of inciting terror is to forcibly inject their targets with common vaccines which the group believes will have devastating consequences for their victims. The naturopath group has cited academics, general practitioners, and other rational members of society as their sworn enemies.

Anonymously published videos have surfaced on LiveLeak, showing horrific footage of hostage immunisations. “Let’s see you quote peer-re-

viewed statistics once your brain is permanently damaged,” said a masked figure. In the same graphic video, two young pharmacists are inoculated for whooping cough against their will.

Dozens of victims have suffered small punctures on their upper arms with many also experiencing minor flu symptoms that disappeared within three to seven days.

Unconfirmed reports have suggested the group has strong ties to renowned paleo diet advocate Pete Evans who fed unsuspecting diners un-activated almonds during a recent taping of *My Kitchen Rules*.

In related news, incidences of the common flu are at an all time low.



A screenshot from the latest hostage video. The victim was found alive and in particularly good health the next day.

Lefties should stop picking fights with the police, says man with bushranger tattoo sleeve

Jayce Carrano
Political Correspondent

John Blackburn, a paying member of the Shooters and Fishers party, is fed up with entitled leftwing activists.

I meet John at his Bundeena home deep in the Sutherland Shire. He owns two rental properties in Darling Point but prefers the green streets and white people of what he calls ‘God’s country’.

“There’s just no respect for our boys in blue,” John says as he readjusts his Rivers-branded flannel shirt, revealing a full length sleeve of renowned thief, murderer, and cop-killer Ned Kelly.

When I ask him about Ned Kelly, he kisses his bicep where the bushranger is inked.

“We don’t have many people like the iron ranger these days. Didn’t take no for answer. He was about Aussie spirit. Going out and getting what you want.”

John tells me he blames the mainstream media. “Everyone’s telling these kids they don’t have to blame themselves for being locked out of ever owning a home or for needing to work two jobs to make ends meet. You tell them it’s not a result of their generation’s laziness and of course they start blaming the government and the police.”

“Everyone wants handouts these days. No one’s willing to work for their earnings like ol’ Ned did.” John points out the Eureka flag flying proudly behind Kelly on his arm. “The blokes at the Eureka stockade wouldn’t have put up with generation Y’s lack of respect for authority.”

John, an avid nature-lover and offroad enthusiast, shows me his two 4WDs before explain-



John Blackburn with his hero, Ned Kelly.

ing that he has to leave for the city.

“I’m heading back to the big smoke to look at a property. Used to be a venue called Bar Century or something.” John explains that he’s hoping to gut the place and put up several luxury apartments.

Two thirds of bus drivers say they get perverse pleasure out of making passengers yell ‘back door’: study

Mary Ward
Transport Reporter

It may seem like the only way to get off a bus in peak hour, but are our city’s drivers actually just sick fucks?

A new study from the University of Sydney has revealed roughly two thirds of bus drivers say they ignore passengers at the rear end of their bus, because of the overwhelming joy they feel from having someone beg, “Back door!”

While only a small amount of drivers admitted to making passengers call out before opening the back doors, many more drivers confessed to giggling silently to themselves as travellers used their rear entrance.



Is the driver on this bus sick in the head? Probably.

Why aren’t millennials donning mech suits and fighting alien monsters?

Elijah Abraham
Father



It’s a simple enough question. Why aren’t today’s youth piloting biomechanical robot suits and fighting the bug-eyed tripodic horrors which invade our city every day?

Years ago, anticipating the invasion, my generation launched a preemptive strike against the xenomorph’s mothership. We managed to steal mechanical robot suit technology that we could use to protect ourselves.

We gathered the technology and designed the robot suits, was it too much to expect these lazy millennials could pilot them?

What’s behind such insolence? The answer is simple: millennials don’t care about the survival of humanity. They don’t care if we all just die. The only thing millennials care about is Apple Pods and Bee-onsay.

My very own son is one of these millennials. We’ve always had our differences. His mother says it’s because I forced the boy to wear miniature mech suits at school, but you’re wrong, Judy. Just be quiet, Judy, god.

Kevin... please reply to my texts. Let’s have a conversation. What are you so scared of a mech suit for, you goddamn wimp? Last time I asked him that question, it didn’t go down well.

“Your generation, for absolutely no good reason, wages a neo-imperialist war on an alien species and then expects us to clean up when it goes pear-shaped?” he says to me. “Classic baby boomers.”

Maybe he’s not totally wrong. But I won’t ever give him the satisfaction of knowing that. That little grub just needs to get in the fucking robot.

Peak sharing economy? This state redistributes income via a progressive tax system!

P4»



— NO MORE — ATTACKS ON EDUCATION

NO CENTRELINK CUTS

NO CAMPUS CUTS

MAKE
EDUCATION
FREE
AGAIN

NATIONAL STUDENT PROTESTS
WED 22 MARCH

TIME & LOCATION

1PM SYDNEY UNI
NEW LAW LAWNS (EASTERN AVE)



ORGANISED BY THE
NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS
AUTHORISED BY
ANNEKE DEMANUELE
NATIONAL EDUCATION OFFICER

