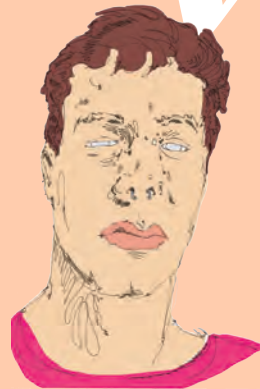


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When revolutionary youth lose their revolutionary streak — what's left? / p. 14

Get your young Tony Hawk on with our illustrated skate map of USyd / p. 19



in



revolt



HONI SOIT

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

The film *Youth in Revolt* opened in 2010 to mixed responses, featuring a typical Michael Cera as Nick Twisp in yet another role as a stunted white teenage boy on an odyssey to lose his virginity. But it was an atypical Cera as alter-ego François that garnered so cultish a following for the film in the months after its release. Twisp is achingly awkward, pining after his lollipop-licking Lolita with all the finesse (or lack thereof) of an acned adolescent; François is bold and unashamed, and saunters across screens and sheets with practiced ease. I was fourteen when I first watched these two Ceras, and in a way I still relish the wanker within me who interprets them in terms of the duality of revolt.

Revolt is a nebulous concept — one that is hard to define not for lack of understanding, but for its deeply individualistic nature. François, with his dark aviators and chain-smoking habit and European moustache, is a classic cultural rebel in every sense. But perhaps it is Twisp who is the real revolutionary in the film — after all, he’s the one who learns confidence, who emerges from his cocoon as a beautiful and angsty creature. *Youth in Revolt* is his Bildungsroman, not François’.

Perhaps all we need to revolt against a society that deems us — millennials — uninspired, incompetent, and doomed before our debuts is to enrich ourselves. Perform acts of self-kindness. Practice relationship anarchy. Kiss our best friends on the mouths. Know our beliefs, and express them clearly. Appreciate our pasts, and our futures. Sprint down suburban lanes at dusk, and spend too many nights in gutters, and burn our baggage, and reclaim our youths. **MS**

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What’s on this week

According to your friend Beth who hasn’t really figured out what her ‘thing’ is yet.



Honi Soit Launch Party

When: Wednesday, March 15, 6.30pm
Where: 107 Projects, Redfern
How much: Free

Oh my god! This looks so cool. Basically this is like, the uni newspaper. And they’re having a party. We have to go to this! It would be so cool to get in with the university elite. Maybe if we go to this they might publish my 12,000 word thinkpiece about how great it is to have freckles. Apparently there’s going to be a bar tab and free food as well. I need to go to this! If I don’t go I may as well give up my dream of working at *The Guardian* one day.

Cool Prov #4

When: Wednesday, March 15, 7pm
Where: Hermann’s Bar
How much: Access \$5 | Student \$10 | Full Price \$15

The other thing we have to go see is this improv show at Hermann’s. It’s like, that stuff that they do on *Whose Line Is It Anyway* except like, longer, and less fun. Well, I mean, it’s still fun, but... yeah. I’m not sure. Anyway they hand out plenty of drink vouchers, and more importantly, like what if that’s my thing now? Like what if I just become a really famous comedian? I would be like, the next Broad City, but instead of two women just one. That would be a really cool idea. Has no one thought of that yet?

We are all snack pack

A Halal Snack Pack (HSP) is a high-calorie meal comprised of meat, chips and sauce (of your choice) that is predominantly made by Turkish and Lebanese eateries. They can be purchased on campus at our very own UniBros and have sustained many a student through a long day of study. Due to the fact that many kebab outlets throughout Sydney are often open until late, the HSP has become a staple late night meal, typically consumed in the early hours of the morning by intoxicated revellers seeking to satisfy both physical and spiritual hunger. The HSP is often accompanied by a deep and meaningful (DnM) talk where the night’s events are dissected and where one opens up about life’s problems, usually in the presence of one’s bros.

Apart from the physical nourishment it provides and the spiritual counsel which it is helps to facilitate, the HSP is a more important multicultural symbol. It represents the union of Middle Eastern cuisine and Anglo-Australian late night eating habits. Due to the fact that many restaurants and eateries in the Sydney region are forced to close by 11 pm, late-night culinary options are often limited to big fast food conglomerates or kebabs. The kebab eatery is far often a superior choice because it is not only able to provide delicious fast-food nourishment but also a cultural experience.

...The point I am trying to make is that more of us need to have HSPs. By venturing past Croydon on the Inner West Line or by exploring South-West Sydney, we open ourselves up to a whole variety of cultural experiences that can genuinely enrich us as Sydney University students. Our surrounds of Newtown, Redfern and Glebe are certainly as equally diverse and vibrant as the areas I have mentioned but if one only spends their time in such areas,

one’s educational and cultural privilege becomes entrenched. So please: go out there, take that late night drive, find your own CKs, talk to the people you meet there, learn their story, share yours and find yourself becoming a better citizen of this great country.

Love,
Chicken Kebab with extra cheese and barbecue and garlic sauce.
We’re all going to make it, brahs

An OWeek journey

To The Honi Soit Editors,

My first week at USyd was a memorable one. I kept in mind all the advice the students shared with us on the USyd YouTube advertisement campaign, talk to people, don’t miss out on free food, join the Metal Society. Mostly, I refrained from googling less obvious stuff too often and took the trouble to ask people for help, the good old way. I actually made a few friends by directing them to the same washroom that I had a hard time finding.

I’ve come here from Mumbai. I’ve lived there all my life and this is the first time I have moved away. Music has always been my thing back home: attending live gigs, performing, recording, exploring concert photography and to some degree, music journalism. I came here with a hope of immersing my self in Sydney’s live music culture in a more profound way.

While following the O-Week events, I came across the gig at Manning Bar on the 2nd of March, the post that advertised a performance by The Preatures. I looked up their music, and before I knew it, I was already craving to see them live. The \$25 attendance fee was a bit too much for me so I tried my luck at getting it to the gig for free. I wrote to the V-Team at USU asking if they were looking for a photographer for the event. I was in luck, I got the

affirmation the following morning. I was recruited into the V-Team and my first assignment was to photograph the days events before getting to take pictures of the live event. Evening came and I hurried to Manning, skipping the meet-and-greet at my department orientation. The wait for the actual performance was quite extensive. During this time, I was, on the advice of another event photographer, able to procure a wrist band from the security team that allowed me access to the area in front of the barricade. This level of access was new for me, and intimidating as it was, shooting the gig with five other photographers, that were much more experienced than I, was on par with a competitive game of twister.

But truthfully, this isn’t the point of this letter. A lot made sense to me when I picked up a copy of *Honi Soit* this afternoon. Going through the hidden messages of the ‘Where’s Waldo’ like illustration on the cover page I found a tomb stone with, ‘Manning Bar’. My friends were all praises about it, I wondered what was wrong. The article on page 3, ‘Pretaching to the Choir’ corroborated what I assumed the illustration was trying to say... Now I am not familiar with the demographic profile of this city, but I did notice that the event in contrast to the free parties that were held at either end of O-Week was missing the mass of international students. None of my Indian peers were talking about the event, and I was the only one there, in my V-Team t-shirt, as a wolf in sheep’s clothing, making the best of the opportunity. There was a clear lack of inclusiveness at this one event and should have been outdoors to break the O-week gig at Manning tradition.

I came all this way to experience some really good live music, and if it is affordable and open to all, that’s an unbeatable deal. Yes, Ngairre was not given due attention, but also ignored was the need for the mass of international students to experience live music at a convenient and safe venue. Manning may be a decent place to hold a

show, but being inside a University, it has a bigger responsibility to make sure that it channels Australia’s music scene into the proliferating artistic culture that is supported by the university.

For me, having a bar inside an institution I study in, is pure Joy. At home, we rarely mix pleasure and work, and when we do we often goof things up beyond redemption. I want to be at more gigs, shoot at more gigs, know more about the bands that comprise of my fellow university students and alumni. I would love to learn more and talk about it through my writing and photography on a platform where people will read it.

Kind regards,
Jason Rasquinha

‘Abrasion search’ uncovered

Dear Honi,

I write in response to last week’s impassioned letter from Shane Arora, who unleashed their “complete and utter disgust” upon your O-week edition’s missing cryptic crossword.

After some careful investigation, I believe you have become the victim of a Scam Perpetrated Through The Mails.

The letter’s sign-off (“Shane Arora, B. Sci”) is an anagram of the phrase “Abrasion Search”. Clearly then - this ‘letter’ was a fake and deliberate provocation, a potentially auto-generated (?) attempt to pick a fight. I love the Honi cryptic as much as I love freedom of speech, but this time technology has gone too far.

I have really enjoyed reading your paper these past two weeks and am excited for the next one.

Best,
Naaman Zhou, Arts/Law V

Got mail?

Send your irreverent takes and reverent rants to editors@honi soit.com by 12pm each Friday for publication. Keep it under 300 words and remember to include your name, degree, year and when you intend to run for Union board.

One of these things is not like the other

DANIEL BOYLE

The University of Sydney Union (USU) has failed to produce a policy distinguishing their pro-life club from similar societies that have been denied registration.

Provided (and funded by) the (USU), LifeChoice, according to a spokesperson for the club, is a “discussion group that promotes the dignity of human life from conception to natural death”.

But the club has been criticised for being the face of anti-abortion lobbying on campus.

Arguments over the club’s constitutionality date back to its conception in 2012. LifeChoice was originally blocked by the USU Clubs and Societies (C&S) Committee on the basis of having “narrow aims”, but successfully appealed the decision with a 6-5 vote from the USU Board. In response, a STOP the LifeChoice (anti-abortion) Society at USYD Facebook group was made, and some students attempted to form a pro-choice club.

The Union had previously rejected proposals for a Nazi Germany Appreciation Society and a Marriage Between Men and Women Society.

When LifeChoice was first approved four years ago, USU President Sibella Matthews said the Union was “developing policy” that would distinguish approving a pro-life society but not

one that opposed same-sex marriage.

When *Honi* asked current USU Honorary Secretary Shannen Potter whether the policy had been written, she failed to give an answer.

OWeek brought the re-emergence of the ever-controversial LifeChoice club, whose presence and stall reignited a public war between the society and on-campus women’s groups.

Opponents of LifeChoice include the Wom*n’s Collective (WoCo), whose clashes with the group at OWeek included handing out condoms, and chalking pro-choice slogans around LifeChoice’s stall.

Witnesses told *Honi* they saw LifeChoice washing away the chalk, with assistance from people wearing Sydney University Catholic Society (SUCS) t-shirts. LifeChoice was also allegedly distributing material depicting aborted fetuses.

USU Honorary Secretary Shannen Potter assured *Honi*, “the C&S Regulations have provisions to ensure that clubs do not defame, vilify or incite violence against specific groups, and do not discriminate in allowing full participation in a club”.

However, WoCo Officer Imogen Grant told *Honi*, “anti-choice groups, such as LifeChoice, target cis-women and the choices they make regarding their reproductive health, which

constitutes intimidation and gender-based harassment.”

“This club does not enrich the student experience at university, it discriminates against women and is an affront to reproductive rights,” she said.

Over the years, LifeChoice has been accused of intimidating students, disseminating factually incorrect information about the risks of abortion, and making the campus an unsafe environment for people who access abortion services.

The issue is as complex as it is consequential, and the ultimate power and responsibility lies with the USU.

On one hand, there is the prospect of women who have previously faced or are presently facing an abortion feeling oppressed and shamed by a University-sanctioned group, which they fund through the Student Services and Amenities Fee.

On the other hand, the USU is in the undesirable position of having to determine where the line between free speech and hate speech is drawn.

Taken at face value, the existence of LifeChoice facilitates balanced discourse on an important topic that has by no means reached consensus on campus, let alone in society. Censorship of such a group could itself be seen as an act of oppression. And

if 2016 taught us anything, it was that dismissing conservative sentiment can lead to it reappearing in an uglier, fatter, and oranger form further down the line.

Many ideological USU clubs and societies that currently operate — such as the Sydney University Liberal Club, Conservatives Club, Catholic Society, and Evangelical Union — presumably have members that share a pro-life stance; in some cases, they would advocate this view to their members through citing scripture.

But Grant argues that the existence of these clubs doesn’t justify LifeChoice, and instead provides further reason as to why it should be deregistered.

“Several clubs with anti-choice views already exist on campus. Opposition to LifeChoice is about funding and giving legitimacy to a group whose sole aim is to restrict bodily autonomy and the rights of women,” she said.

Perhaps most importantly, the USU must be mindful of the door it is leaving open by allowing the existence of LifeChoice. If, as its opponents suggest, the club is a tentacle of a more far-reaching movement to suppress reproductive rights, one must wonder which other clubs would be given license to exist through this precedent.

Spinning the dark web

ALISHA BROWN / Where people go to buy drugs

“Silk Road. Circa 2013. Purchased what promised as a ‘mind-blowing’ experience. Received a Dust Buster two days later. Strangely, no complaints on my end.” — gr8head, Reddit user

I’m sitting at my desk, abandoning a lukewarm cup of tea to engage in an intense online battle with MyUni over a Friday timetable slot. A friend pops up on Facebook Messenger to confirm that she does, in fact, enjoy cooked pineapple. I search for an appropriately shocked GIF when she adds, offhandedly, “have you heard of the dark web?”

Too embarrassed to admit my ignorance, I minimise the browser and open another. A quick search on Reddit tells me that the dark web - or darknet - is not indexed by standard search engines like Google or Bing: it is a small, encrypted portion of the deep web that requires special software to operate. Wherever I search, the same terms stand out: drug dealing; money laundering; human trafficking; leaked documents.

I roll my eyes at my humble MacBook, and dismiss this online underworld as a phenomenon lying well beyond my technical capabilities. I begin closing tabs when one thread catches my attention. I pause. “DARKNET: A STEP BY STEP GUIDE”.

Curious, I do as the guide says and download Tor, a free browser originally designed by the US military before it became open source. I hesitate before dragging the logo into my applications folder: will it open up my computer to hackers? I double click the app. My MECO2603 essays aren’t worth much anyway.

A popup appears with a loading bar. The bar snakes its way across my screen and then disappears. Tor opens.

The green-and-purple homepage looks innocuous. I copy and paste a link from Reddit into the search bar. The page loads and I choke on my tea; I’m faced with a single, disturbing image of a tentacled man brandishing a pentagram. The hitman recruitment site promises “permanent solutions to common problems”.

I quickly close the window and paste another link. It lists the IP addresses of known child pornography viewers. Another link: fake citizenship certificates. Another: a PDF file of the Anarchist’s Cookbook. Classified business information, weapons, human experiments — it’s all there. It was always right there.

Harry*, a Medical Science student at the University of Sydney, stumbled across the dark web on a coding forum when he was fourteen.

“I was browsing through and was just like, oh hey, I can buy an AK-47 for \$350.”

He found himself on The Silk Road, an infamous darknet marketplace the FBI shut down in 2013. It functioned as a criminal eBay, offering everything from guns and drugs to stolen credit cards and Netflix subscriptions. He bought three cannabis seeds for \$30.

“I wasn’t really expecting to get them, but I wanted the thrill of using the dark web and seeing how it works. You’re anonymous, so you don’t have the moral boundaries that you would have while dealing with someone face to face.”

The seeds took less than three weeks to arrive from the United States — faster than most of my textbook orders from the Book Depository.

“They were packaged in a tin foil packet, like how you get tablets. You cracked it open like a Panadol. It was nicely wrapped — it looked professional,” he told me with a smirk.

A significant number of students are logging onto cryptomarkets to bypass traditional dealers and purchase drugs. We are all just one download, a quick bitcoin transfer and a few clicks away from having AusPost deliver narcotics straight to our doors.

Matt*, a Medicinal Chemistry student at UTS, was introduced to the dark web by a friend when



Art: Jessica Ottavi

he was sixteen and searching for a cheap source of acid. He bought a sheet of 20 tabs, and camped out by his parent’s mailbox waiting for the drugs to arrive.

“Having the drugs delivered to my house wasn’t my finest moment. I actually used my parents’ credit card too, and got caught on the bank statement. I told Dad I bought Halo.”

The LSD took just over a fortnight to travel from Switzerland to Matt’s home address, sealed in an envelope and sandwiched between two pieces of cardboard. Matt took a tab that same night to see if it was legitimate. It was.

The thought of purchasing opiates and stimu-

courts over a dodgy drug deal.

Sam*, a geography student, bought MDMA and LSD in bulk — up to \$7000 street worth at a time — and sold it to friends at cost price. It was an act of vigilantism against local suppliers and their generally impure products.

“We tried to minimise the risk by only buying off reputable sellers with lots of positive feedback, but we got ripped off about three times. Each instance was a few hundred dollars.”

Cyber risks aside, there is one glaringly obvious deterrent: drug possession is illegal. Students can rack up fines or face imprisonment, regardless of who their supplier is or where they conduct their business. One Engineering and Science student grew worried after making a particularly large purchase from The Silk Road.

“Despite making every effort to be safe, it’s easy to make a mistake and there are bugs everywhere,” they warned me.

“The thresholds for what is called a ‘marketable’, and worse, a ‘commercial’ quantity are surprisingly low. It certainly made me nervous when there were potentially packages linked to me sitting in a customs building somewhere full of illegal drugs.”

Before you hand over your bitcoin, put down the Guy Fawkes mask and consider the world you could be delving into. The darknet is ‘dark’ for a reason: one second you’re spinning the web, and the next it’s got you trapped.

While buying drugs off the darknet is undoubtedly exhilarating, ultimately it’s a slippery slope with no way to recover lost bitcoin and no way to undo whatever you’ve done.

I sip my tea and close the browser. Some secrets are best left hidden. **HS**

*NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED

Decoding your LMS

BIANCA FARMAKIS / If LMS blackboard was your clingy boyfriend

TUESDAY 8:03PM

STUDENT

The group assessment was a learning curve. I found most members made valid contributions. Nathaniel, however was regularly late to group meetings, barely contributed to discussion, and left me to pull his weight.

FRIDAY 12:26PM

Hey, I’ve been very ill recently with a stomach virus — I was wondering if I could apply for a simple extension on the Philosophy of Sex essay due this Monday?

LMS

I think Nathaniel is a bad influence on you. Maybe if he’d pulled his weight in this assessment, you wouldn’t have spent so much time out doing it. I really wish you’d say something, I mean, I know he’s your friend, but... what about us? Where do I fit in? Also, coffee this week? X

I honestly feel like we’re so distant these days. I mean, if it’s not a ‘stomach virus’ you’ve ‘started a full-on internship’ or you’re ‘subletting a new flat in Erskinville’. It’s like the only time we ever talk is when you need something, and it’s always late at night, like 11:59pm. Why can’t you look at me with the lights on?

THURSDAY 10:17AM

STUDENT

Why have you put all unit of study outlines on the Sydney Student website?

SUNDAY 10:10PM

Hey! Just checking in to see how your break was? Did you have a fun time in Whistler? Great skiing shots. Who was that with you in your Insta-story all the time? I mean like, I totally don’t care I’m just wondering. I was really busy anyway. I mean so much to do at summer school... Like SO much. Anyway, it’s been a while and I was hoping we could catch up soon. Coffee this week? :)

LMS

Oh... I thought you’d like it? Idk you were really into ‘saving the environment’ last sem and I just thought you’d think it was cool if... I’m so random, like whatever it’s fine I can change it back. I’m just... I mean it’s cool that you noticed. Lol!

Gaslight: a Victorian Gothic comes to life in all its horror

BRENDAN JAMES O'SHEA / Gripping, tense, and powerful

WHAT: *SUDS' Gaslight*
WHEN: 8-12 March & 15-18 March
WHERE: Cellar Theatre

Watching *SUDS'* performance of Patrick Hamilton's *Gaslight*, I'm reminded atmospherically of another story by a similar name.

The 1989 *Doctor Who* serial *Ghost Light* similarly takes place amidst Victoriana, the women of the household captured in the manipulations of a man with gentlemanly appearance yet controlling character. An investigator, an echo of *Gaslight's* Kate Rough, similarly appears to shake the household to its foundations as mystery, tension and warped reality are brought to resolution.

Of course in *Doctor Who* this investigator is the Doctor himself, but I find this comparison appropriate. Caitlyn Blackmore's performance as Kate Rough, adapted from the original *Gaslight's* male protagonist, evokes the twinkling playfulness of the best Doctors. In one moment she is rapt by the rec-

ollections of Anita Donovan's Bella Manningham; in another, Blackmore is brilliantly comedic, hyping a medicinal cure for doubt by offering Bella a hipflask.

This is but one example of *Gaslight's* penchant for playing actor against actor in a series of rotating double-acts. The pairing of Rough and Bella also provides Donovan with the opportunity to explore the psychological damage that's been inflicted upon her by husband Jack, played by an impeccable Joshua Shediak. In Rough's presence Bella feels increasingly able to explore the idiosyncrasies of her relationship and express her doubts, cycling emotionally from battered timidity through to inquisitiveness and defensiveness.

The staging of *Gaslight* perfectly represents the emotional claustrophobia of Bella. A front row audience member will find themselves sitting on the edge of a carpet — set dressing, for the stage is an isolated room in an old Victorian house lit only by modest stage lights and the orange glow of candles. This creates an eerie and gothic atmosphere. In quiet moments, the small stage appears smaller still

as characters converse by candlelight.

However, it is Joshua Shediak's portrayal of Jack that stretches the tension of an already tense production to its breaking point. Shediak's Jack comes across as physically predatory, occasionally circling the female characters on the small stage, clamping his hands onto their shoulders in acts of possessiveness. Yet he projects control in how casually he acts as well — offering to take his wife Bella to the theatre, then ringing in servants and humiliating her publicly. When seated, Shediak almost lies in the chair, maintaining a comfortable grip on his household. When Shediak shouts at Donovan's cowering Bella and slams the lid of a nearby bureau, it is genuinely disturbing in the otherwise silence of the Cellar Theatre.

Gaslight, with its themes of manipulation, reality and control is a classic Victorian gothic. Director Max Baume's understanding of this text has ultimately created a precise tension and allowed its horror to retain maximum impact in this very successful production.

On this day

ALISON XIAO / Can Facebook cure my hopeless memory?

Like many, I am deeply anxious about my memories. I'm paranoid about not being able to remember my life, about having forgotten all the moments that make me who I am — the happy triumphs, the unfortunate pitfalls, the people who made a difference. For this reason, my hard drives carry gigabytes of photos and videos, a digital memory box filled to the brim to provide comfort in my old age.

As our lives are transplanted into social media, so are our methods of memory making. It is where we share exciting experiences, meet new people and then document these moments, so that each year Facebook can tell us what happened on that day, or Google Photos can allow us to "rediscover" it. We do this for our present, for the comfort of social connectedness, but also for our future selves.

"They [Facebook] can see a commercial benefit in constructing this digital memory of ourselves, beyond a sentimental type of approach," says Dr. Jonathon Hutchinson, a lecturer in online communications. He suggests that while users are updating for the present, Facebook is looking to our future.

Each reminder of 'You and Alison have been friends for 5 years', is Facebook creating a new digitisation of remembering relationships. Facebook's ongoing plans for their mechanic prompts are yet unknown and it is still unclear what the effects of using social media as a memory tool could be.

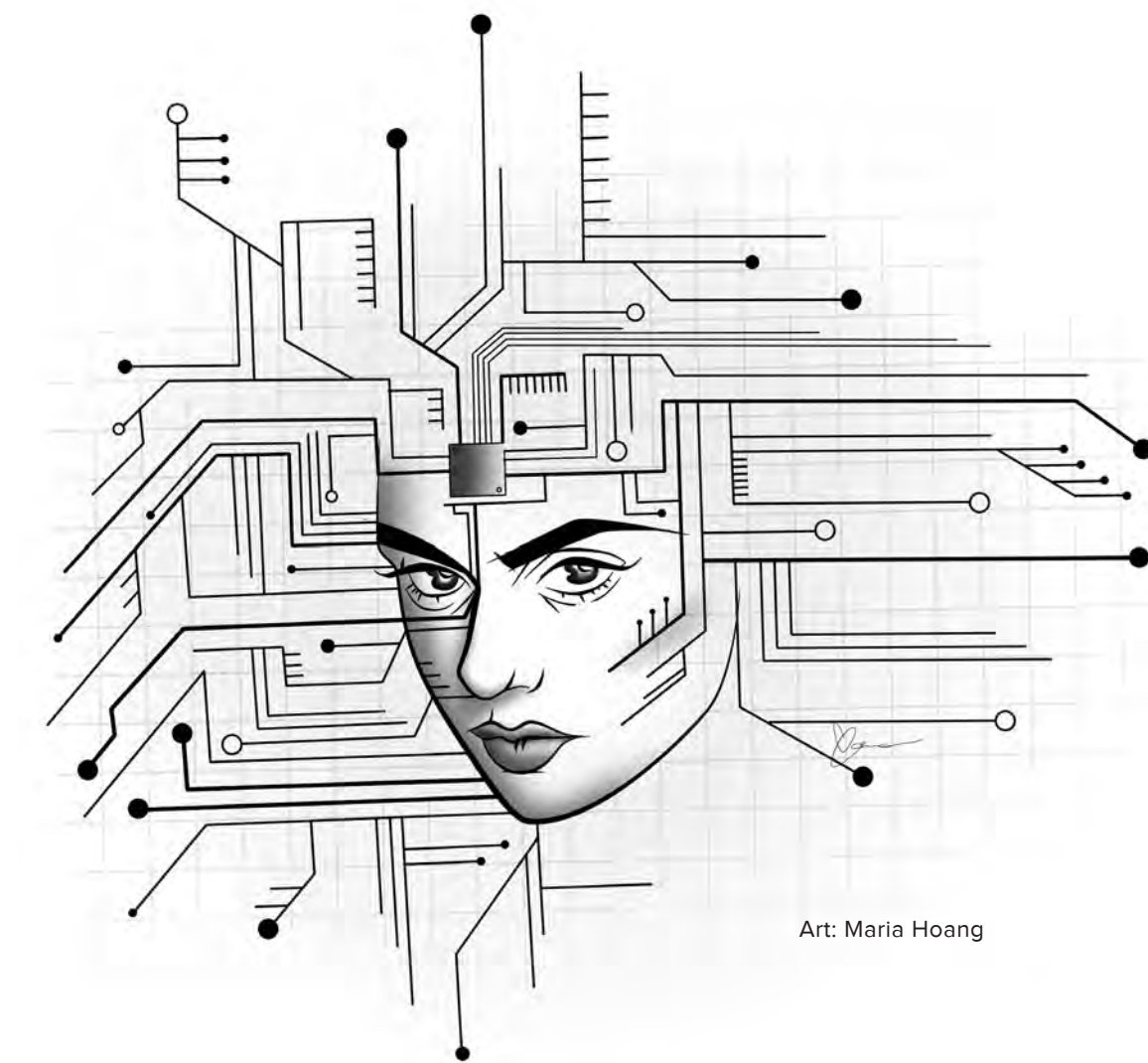
"Cognitively speaking, we may not have reduced as humans, but our reliance to Google it or search on Facebook has had an impact on how we recall information," Hutchinson says.

"Our life and history will be online so we don't really have to pay attention to a lot of the detail. But technology is not to blame for our poor memories. It's on us."

While this process reduces the amount of information we remember naturally, student Harriet Goers believes that through social media we now have access to memories that otherwise would have been lost. "Facebook acts as a giant repository of memories where you get a lot more detail than what you would be able to recall naturally," she says.

"You're able to find the specific date, everyone who was involved and you have visual references you can go back to. More information is generally better."

Despite this, Goers is still concerned about complacency, with people using online memories as a clutch



Art: Maria Hoang

tool. "If people are using it as a substitute for natural memory and becoming careless with their own memory recording, it would definitely have a negative impact on how we remember things," she says.

A growing sentiment amongst Facebook users is that the service has shifted from its original intention as an instant communication platform. Goers agrees that Facebook has been taken over by Snapchat and Twitter for instant socialisation.

"Perhaps Facebook in acting as this repository of memories is them realising they've lost their ground there and that they need to capitalise on that. I cer-

tainly don't go on it to find out what's happening right now, I go on it to celebrate what's happened before or upload a photo I can refer back to later," she says.

"There are enough people out there who care about immortalising these memories that they have made it a new norm for us to deposit memories there," says Goers.

Preserving our memories so publicly might make them more detailed, but I'm yet to see improvement in my own recollection. Since I'm addicted to technology, I'm hoping these digital memories are a good thing.

Client Liaison are a beautiful collision of auscore and the absurd

MICHAEL SUN / Harvey Miller AO talks his love of Tina Arena and Canberra breakfasts

The first time I see *Client Liaison* live, I'm soaked.

My festival companion has fumbled with her contraband plastic flask and sent a deluge of off-brand whiskey down my back. It's sticky in the height of midsummer sun, and I feel the fabric crumpling into patchy pleats. But before I can react (or wonder whether it's fair game to lick the remnants of off-brand whiskey from my fingers), a series of electronic notes thumps out from the stage and dissipates into the Domain's unseen corners and unfilled silences.

Two throbbing drum beats later, I'm entranced by the synthy siren. I'm commanded to attention by four men in pristine pastel pantsuits and momentarily, I forget about my wet back, and the light sprinkle that has just started, and my thumb, sticky from a solution of saliva and alcohol.



When I speak to Harvey Miller AO, the difference between the staged and the tangible is instantly discernible. *Client Liaison* is an act that has become notorious for their theatrics, borrowing from a pastiche of 80s Wall Street symbols and classic Australian icons in a manner that can only be described as 'niche'. But for now, those theatrics are gone.

When he's not sauntering across the stage with his partner-in-crime Monte Morgan — all leg twirls and hip gyrations — Harvey sounds almost placated and talks about his work with the finesse of a diplomat. And rightly so, after the slickly produced Dip-

lomatic Immunity — a conceptual affair that sees *Client Liaison* take on the role of hedonistic political jetsetters with white limousines and maxed out company cards, like technicolour Patrick Batmans.

"It's more the theatre of politics than it is any political ideology or cause," Harvey says of their musical personas. "We find Australian politics particularly amusing because it's a different gear to that of international politics. There's something we find much more charming about someone like Craig Thompson abusing the Diner's Club Card than Donald Trump in a diplomatic row with China."

This reference flies over my head. The only two places I have ever encountered Diner's Club are in small print under the words "CARDS ACCEPTED", stuck on the side of a petrol station bowser, and in logo form, rendered in stylised 3D and projected on a huge stage backdrop behind *Client Liaison*.

But nevertheless, Harvey's appreciation for small-time governmental scandals like Thompson's is clear. When I ask him where this fixation on the trite and kitschy elements of Australiana stems from, he's quick to deny any interpretations of his aesthetic as 'ironic'.

"Our goal is to transcend the irony," he asserts, "and return a seriousness to these themes and subjects. One element of humour that we do proudly admit to, however, is absurdity. We love absurdity, and if it makes you laugh then so be it."

When I think of this word — absurdity — I can't think of a better act to apply it to than *Client Liaison*. This is a band that samples Question Time in their tracks, and rides down city streets in slow-motion with torsos extending out of limousine sunroofs, and performs with oversized water coolers and office plants on stage. But it works, and Harvey attributes this to the shifting outlook of audiences who increasingly expect not just music, but a performance.

I ask him whether he has any surprises planned for his own performances on *Client Liaison's* upcoming national tour. "Not entirely..." he responds, before quickly backtracking. "Actually, no — this is the point where I'm meant to sell the show. We're definitely focussing on being more theatrical with choreography, stage presence, production... everything".

I smile at his momentary gaffe. Harvey is humble and soft-spoken, and it's these moments that only further the divide between man and political performer. At times, I find myself wondering how he reconciles these two identities. The man warns me against the romanticisation of song-writing, dismissing the image of musicians in "log cabins with

guitars and lutes to forge this sacred body of work", but in the same breath, the political performer recommends to me breakfast at Parliament House.

"We'll have a scramble in there. Eggs on toast," he says, with the culinary knowledge only a parliamentary connoisseur could possess. He explains his familiarity with the inner workings of the most important house in Australia with a simple gesture — "we have a few mates in parliament".



Upon re-listening to the opening track of 'Diplomatic Immunity', I'm unsure how much of the album is rooted in *Client Liaison's* lived reality, and how much is a flight of fancy into the farce of politics.

"Put the telephone on ice," Monte instructs us in the song. "Canberra won't be calling tonight."

But for all of Harvey and Monte's hyperbolic discourse surrounding Canberra breakfasts and foreign assignments, perhaps underlying both their public identities is a genuine appreciation for their craft. This is never more evident than in the passion patriotism with which Harvey describes their brief stint working with Tina Arena on *A Foreign Affair*.

"There's something to be said about her willingness to collaborate with young contemporary Australian artists. It's a testament to her character," he gushes. "She read over the lyrics and just banged it out, first take — and came up with some great harmonies which we added. She's a national treasure. She's my Beyoncé."

Client Liaison's Australian tour begins this week, stopping at the Enmore on 31 March and in Canberra on 7 April.



All art: Eloise Myatt

The Checkout

JAMES HOLLOWAY / The author swears this piece of short fiction is totally not autobiographical

It's 6:30pm when you enter the supermarket. You're dressed in thongs, rugby shorts, and an old white t-shirt with "Taree Surfing Club" on the front, pressed in faded letters. You haven't been to Taree since you were a kid, and you can't remember where you got the shirt, or why you still have it, but now you wear it for occasions like these — ordinary ones, like doing the shopping or visiting your parents; occasions that don't really require you to dress up. This one shirt does have a pretty noticeable barbecue sauce stain down the front, and it makes you a little self-conscious, but hey, it's the shopping centre, and who's judging you? You're dressed to be comfortable, not to land a date. Who's even looking, you say to yourself.

You have your shopping list written on your phone in the 'Notes' app, and every so often you get a notification from a Facebook group chat that you're a part of with some friends from high school. You start thinking about earlier today, when you searched for that girl in your economics tutorial who you spoke to last week and considered adding on Facebook but didn't, and you still haven't added her, and now you worry that it's been too long, and if you do it now it'll be obvious that

you were thinking about her — and that might come across as creepy. Your list reads like this: pasta, pasta sauce, eggs, milk, ice cream, capsicum, quinoa (for Jake), toilet paper, biscuits. Avocados are on sale, you notice, as you stroll through the aisles. It's not too busy today, and you like that; it means you don't have to do that thing when someone else is standing in front of the shelf you want to get to for an awkwardly long time and you're too polite to ask them to move so you just potter around vaguely in their peripheries, hoping they'll notice. Then, giving up, you move on, only for them to move a second later. And sometimes you'll even try to turn around, but because the trolley is so unwieldy and actually heavier than you'd ever care to admit, you end up gently ramming the side of yours into the front of hers by accident, and sheepishly expel a 'sorry' and a nervous laugh before returning to the shelf where you browse the different types of pasta sauce.

You don't need to do that today, because the supermarket is mostly empty, and besides it's a small shop so you're only carrying a basket. But as you're meandering down the snack aisle, perusing the chocolates, you notice another soul passing you in the opposite direction. It's a girl, and she looks about your age, and she's beautiful. She's so beautiful you're suddenly reminded of the stain on your t-shirt, and your thongs and your rugby shorts that probably ride a little too high. She's so pretty it makes you feel like a little boy.

You're not stoned but it reminds you of a time you were stoned at the movie theatre and the girl at the candy bar was so pretty you got distracted and forgot to pay for your Maltesers. You're not stoned this time but you're similarly incapacitated, and you wonder if those years of drug use have coloured your sober experiences to a point where you can't help but see them through a weedy lens. And you worry that you'll never see the world again the way you used to. Forever comparing it to 'that time you were stoned.'

This girl has tan brown skin, she's short but not too short and she's skinny but not too skinny. Like Goldilocks, you think. You make brief eye contact and she smiles politely as she walks past and has the most beautiful smile, it's difficult to describe but it makes you feel like smiling too. She's wearing shorts, those thin fabric ones with the elephants on them that she probably got from Bali or from someone she knows who's been to Bali. Even though her outfit is basic she looks really good in it.

You message the group chat. Just seen the most beautiful girl in the world, you say. Matt replies: fuck her

Tom: send a pic She's over by the groceries now in front of the mushrooms. You've already got your groceries but you head over anyway. Could you ask her out? That's a bit weird. You're in the supermarket and you're both in daggy clothes. She's probably not expecting to be asked out, and she's so pretty daggy guys probably ask her out all the time. You could just start up a convo, get her number or add her on facebook. You could make a joke about mushrooms. Something about fungi. You wonder if she would find that funny or cringey.

A buzz from your phone. Tom: send a pic You open up SnapChat because that doesn't make a noise when you take photos. You take a photo of her from behind, she's still looking at the mushrooms. You can't see her face in the picture but you can see her body and her body looks good. You save the picture and send it to the group chat.

The girl moves on to some other part of the grocery store. You finish your shopping. You hope you might see her at the checkout. You even consider hanging around a little longer just so you end up in line together. When you get there though she's at one checkout and there's another checkout free and you think it would look weird to take the busy one instead of the free one, so you take the free one and think in your head maybe I'll see her in the parking lot. But you don't.

And when you check your phone you see Tom's posted the picture of the girl to Facebook and tagged you in a post with the caption: Damo spotted this cutie in the Dandenong Woolies. Has a little crush on her but too shy to go up and say hi. Anyone know who she is? Your heart skips a beat. This is pretty ruthless on Tom's part. You type 'WTF' in the group chat and he responds with 'hahaha' and 'chill out mate'. You think about it a little longer, Tom's got a lot of friends so lots of people will see this. Maybe she'll see it and think it's charming. You think, this will make me look like a quirky dude, like Mac Demarco or someone like that.

The post gets 30 likes in the first few minutes and you get a notification every time. And then the post gets 100 likes and then 300 likes because people are sharing it with their friends. Someone links it to the Sunrise Facebook page. You and Tom can't believe how much attention it's getting.

The next morning you get a message from the Sunrise Facebook page saying that they saw your post and they'd like to interview you and Tom for the breakfast show. That you

could take them to the Dandenong supermarket and show them the spot the girl was standing when you took the photo.

You ask, is this a joke? And they say no, and that a lot of people have been responding positively to Tom's post and they think that their television viewers would enjoy the story too. They ask when you're free and you tell them every afternoon after five. They say they'll meet you outside the Dandenong supermarket this afternoon after five. You ask if you get paid. They tell you that they don't typically pay people for these types of stories. 'Human interest', the Facebook account calls them.

You and Tom arrive at the supermarket half an hour early just in case. You sit in the car listening to the radio, to the classic rock station — they just played the Who and now they're playing Foo Fighters. You and Tom argue over whether the Foo Fighters count as 'classic' rock since they have only been around since the late 90s and then you realise that the late 90s was almost twenty years ago.

You see a small white van with SUNRISE written on the side pull into the parking lot. You and Tom get out, eager to meet whoever steps out. There are only two people in the van, the first person is a tallish woman with blonde hair and white skin dressed in a sensible blue blouse and black pencil skirt she introduces herself as Samantha. The second person is a man who looks about forty, he's wearing a blue rugby jersey and black trousers. When he shakes your hand you feel intimidated because his hands are quite a bit bigger and his grasp firmer, but he's smiling so you don't feel intimidated but you still feel inadequate. He introduces himself as Reese.

You wonder if Reese and Samantha have fucked. You don't know why you think that - especially because the answer is most likely no. But you think it anyway.

Reese opens the back of the van and lugs out some camera equipment. He spends a little while plugging certain cords into certain holes, and testing microphones and changing lenses and things like that. You don't really understand what's going on but it looks tedious. During this time Samantha runs you and Tom through the segment, she says they'll spend some time filming interior and exterior shots of the Woolworths and then they'll ask you and Tom a few questions about your friendship and about your love life and that if you doesn't want to answer anything you can just say so. But you tell them that you're 'game' and when Reese is finished with the cameras they begin filming.

Samantha asks: "So, how did this whole thing start?" You tell her that you saw

a girl in the supermarket but were too shy to approach her so you sent a photo to Tom — and then you point to Tom, and Tom nods his head, smiling slightly and unsure what to do with his hands, or where to look — and he posted it on his Facebook page.

Samantha asks: "Were you surprised by how popular the post has become?" Tom answers this one, he says that he has a lot of Facebook friends so he wasn't too surprised. Plus everybody loves Damo and everybody is keen to know about her. He says Damo's ex-girlfriend from highschool even liked the photo.

Samantha asks: "So Davo, what is your relationship situation like?" "Well," you reply, "I'm single — obviously."

You laugh nervously. "I don't know why, I'm good looking" — you tap your belly in a way that's meant to be self-deprecating, but you're not sure if it comes across as arrogant. "And everyone says I'm a funny guy."

You laugh again. You want people to know you're joking. That you don't actually think you're that attractive or that funny.

Samantha asks: "What will you say to the girl, if you end up finding her?" "I'm not sure, I think I'd be dumbstruck" — you laugh again — "but I think I'd go for the usual, ask her for a coffee, hope something good grows from there."

Then Samantha thanks you for your time and tells you the segment will be on tomorrow morning around seven thirty.

You and Tom go home. In the car you talk about how the whole thing didn't take as long as you thought it would. You said, I wonder if I'll get lots of friend requests on Facebook after tomorrow morning. Tom says that if the girl ends up seeing it and contacting you Sunrise might ask you to be on the show again, maybe even with the girl, probably even with the girl.

You laugh at this idea. She really was very pretty, you think in your mind.

The next morning you wake up earlier than usual to watch the show. When you turn on the TV they're doing a segment on parents who refuse to vaccinate their children.

Then that segment ends and the presenter, a woman with brown hair announces: "Now, for something a little unusual, this man" — and she says it with a particular emphasis on "this man," so as to clarify that it is 'this' man and not you or me, (except in this instance it is you) — "noticed a good looking girl in the supermarket, but instead of going up and talking to her, he took this photo instead."

Then the footage you

recorded the day before plays. You see Samantha asking you about your love life, you see your response, except they've clipped it so its just "I don't know why — I'm a good looking guy" and your laughter. You think it's pretty clear that you're being self deprecating. They include some other parts, a lot of it is out of order, a lot of it was recorded after Tom and you had left.

The footage ends and they return to the panel.

The woman with the brown hair says: "So guys, what do you think, romantic or creepy?"

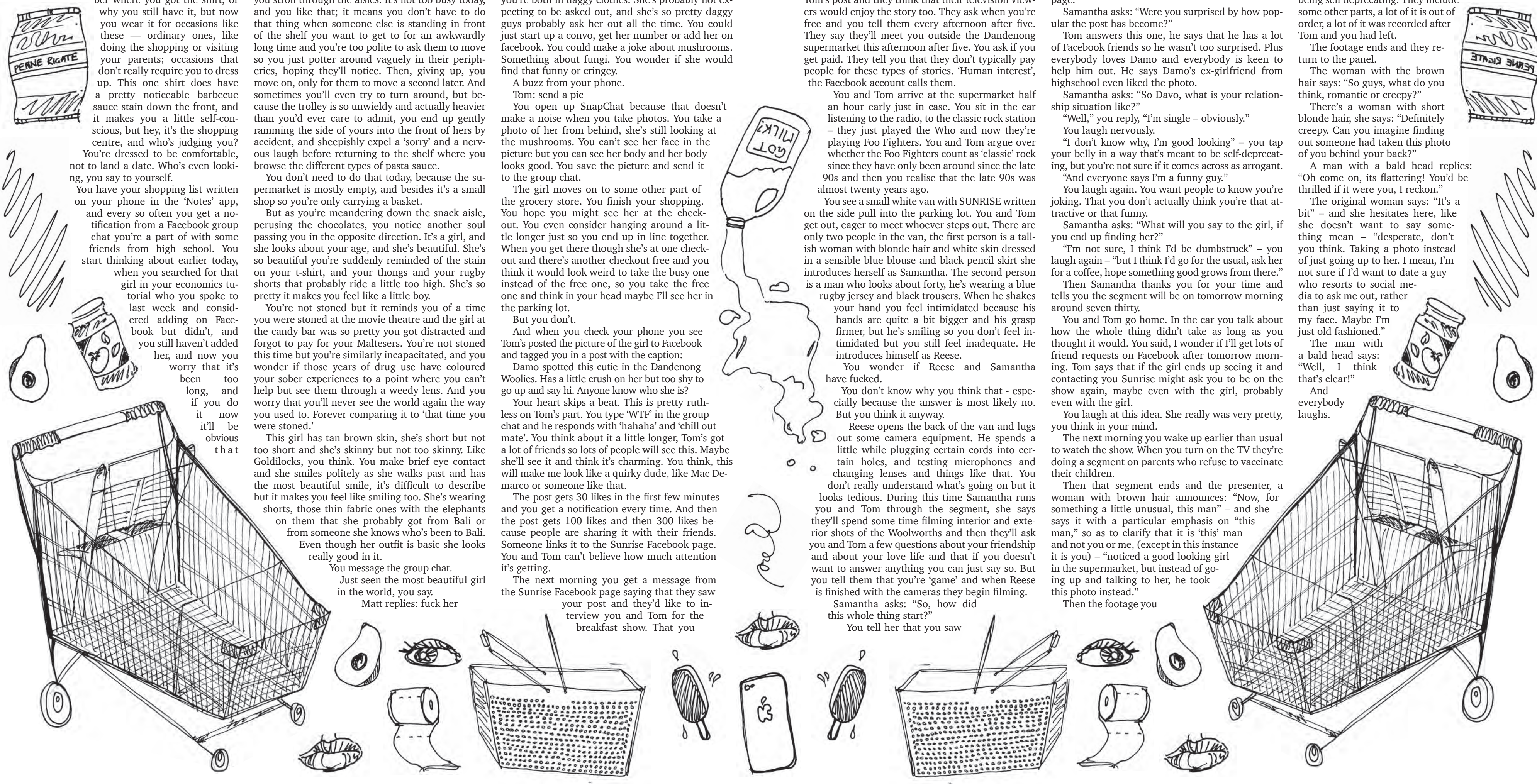
There's a woman with short blonde hair, she says: "Definitely creepy. Can you imagine finding out someone had taken this photo of you behind your back?"

A man with a bald head replies: "Oh come on, its flattering! You'd be thrilled if it were you, I reckon."

The original woman says: "It's a bit" — and she hesitates here, like she doesn't want to say something mean — "desperate, don't you think. Taking a photo instead of just going up to her. I mean, I'm not sure if I'd want to date a guy who resorts to social media to ask me out, rather than just saying it to my face. Maybe I'm just old fashioned."

The man with a bald head says: "Well, I think that's clear!"

And everybody laughs.



Ch-ch-ch-changes

KARISHMA LUTHRIA / University is going to change you, so you better get used to it

Hello, and welcome to university!

It is with great pleasure that I tell you it's about to take you by the reigns and you'd better like it. So while you're still getting over the hazy, exhilarating effects of OWeek and adjusting to classes starting, I have news for you: university changes you. And, trust me, it's for the better.

By now you're probably in your second week and this means it's all pretty easy right now: reading the bare minimum and prioritising Netflix over uni work. You have so much time until your first assessment, it's raining, and you'd rather be in bed.

I presume your high school friends are still getting your life updates; you make time in your schedule to FaceTime them or tag them in memes. But trust me, slowly your preferences will change and university life will start to take over. You have tutorials to go to, you want to hang out with your new friends and you want to sit on the Law Lawns with Campos coffee talking about the latest Manning party — I'm kidding, that never happens.

I know this because I was once this first year. I started drifting apart from the life I once knew

and was comfortable with, to the one that was slowly emerging. I was finally doing the things I had planned and dreamed for, yet I felt guilty. By default, I was giving more time to meeting new people and neglecting my friends back home. But don't worry — it's okay, neither of these experiences can exist without the other. Each new situation builds off your past experiences. They prepared you for this.

Somewhere between week six and eight you might notice that beyond meeting new people, the kind of music you like has changed. From classical and smooth rock to realising that you like metal jams because of all the intricate guitar riffs, irrespective of the screaming. The kind of people you like has also changed and they no longer know everything that has happened to you from your first day at high school to now. This is freedom, you think.

Take me, a hardened first year heading into their second semester; I didn't know how proud I was of my Indian culture until I started to host a hip hop show on our student run radio station, SURG FM. The mass of pride around people of

color at university has pushed me to a place where I am now comfortable with the fact that I'm what stereotypes call "curry scented". This was an unexpected development.

University is the time to develop both your strengths and your weaknesses. It's a time to explore yourself more than ever before — a time to enjoy the fact that we're young, reckless and ready to learn.

You are allowed to change. In fact, you should. Perhaps by the end of semester, you might even be an evolved, civilised human, after all.



Taking the 'U' out of USU

ANDY MASON / Is the corporatisation of OWeek making us stupid?

OWeek is one of the rare times when there is a sense of communal student identity beyond the classroom. Most of the time, students are struggling to get by and struggling to get through the semester. Beyond University friendship groups and the odd society drinks night, the campus can be a very alienating and lonely place — especially for those who have to spend two hours on the train each way to get there. Getting students involved in extracurricular groups is comparatively more difficult in the weeks beyond OWeek, as assessments pile up and schedules overflow.

Alongside the student groups, however, is an increasingly loud corporate presence. Banks, energy



drinks, beer, fashion retailers, newspapers and any number of other big businesses are also vying for students' time. With bigger budgets and more resources — free tampons, anyone? — they're able to easily command much more attention than many of the smaller student groups. Tsingtao seem to have set up permanent residence at Hermann's Bar, and at OWeek took up a big chunk of the quad lawns with a beer garden, chicken BBQ and a dozen brightly T-shirted young people keen to tell us why we have to drink their beer and look happy while doing it. Loud club music included.

OWeek is run by the University of Sydney Union (USU). While the USU has a board of stu-

dent directors, in reality, they have relatively little power within the organisation. Most USU decisions are made by corporate management, especially those in the marketing team. Each year, candidates promise to make the USU more democratic and transparent, alongside myriad other goodies from cheaper food on campus to a room full of puppies to help students cope with exam stress. Ultimately, the overwhelming majority of these promises fall flat when confronted with the USU's corporate imperatives.

Sometimes, the USU can be explicitly opposed to the public interest of students, as happened in 2013 when its directors voted to expel and then pursue their colleague Tom Raue for \$50,000 in court costs after he exposed collusion between the university management and police during the staff strikes in that year. The USU has also taken an increasingly hostile stance towards the SRC in recent years, deciding to charge SRC collectives

SRC, the actual student union, to expand its essential free legal and casework services, which are understaffed and overworked. It is also vital that student organisations take an explicitly political orientation and concern themselves with social issues both on campus and beyond, rather than aspire to a lowest-common-denominator culture of multicoloured bean bags and meaningless parties.

For our generation, who have grown up after the Howard-era attacks on student unionism, in a climate where the USU is the major student organisation and events like OWeek are what passes for a student culture, it is difficult to imagine alternatives. My research into the history of student activism has given me a sense of the possibilities for a more genuinely democratic and enriching student culture.

Student demonstrations in the early 1970s were vastly different to those of today. Student

For our generation, who have grown up after the Howard-era attacks on student unionism, in a climate where the USU is the major student organisation and events like OWeek are what passes for a student culture, it is difficult to imagine alternatives'

thousands of dollars for space at OWeek and in the past demanding that the SRC bookshop pay the USU \$20,000 per year in rent.

Particularly since this debacle with Raue, which cost the USU heavily both in financial and reputational terms, the organisation has put more effort into presenting itself as a facilitator of progressive student projects. The creation of an ethnocultural space, identity-based revues, and the annual Rad Sex & Consent Week are touted as key contributions to a progressive — or even radical — student culture.

In reality the USU is, at best, opportunistically profiteering from, and at worst co-opting and stifling, a genuine, socially progressive student culture. The USU receives millions of dollars of SSAF money, alongside ACCESS card sign-up income and revenue from its numerous commercial operations. This takes away from the capacity of the

activists in 2017 would be doing well to get 50 students in a contingent to attend an Aboriginal rights rally, but in the early '70s it was not uncommon for 2000 students to go along. And students would not only come out in greater numbers; they would also hold a formal student strike, refusing to attend classes in support of either campus demands or broader social issues. Some of the student strikes went for months.

All of this was achieved without a corporate entity like the USU. We don't need their soulless promotions or the corporate branding they invite onto our campus — we're capable of building a better student culture on our own. After all, it's our SSAF money and our ACCESS contributions which make the whole thing possible. Imagine what that money could do if we were really in control of it.

Close shaves with motherhood

NINA DILLON BRITTON / What is it like to face the fact you're pregnant and then realise that you're ... not?

Ask anyone with a uterus what it feels like to have their period come late and they'll tell you the same thing: It's fucking terrifying.

But what is it like to face the prospect of an unexpected pregnancy — make decisions, tell loved ones, face this most common horror — and then realise you're ... not?

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Casey* came home at 12am to find a positive pregnancy test that she'd left admittedly "a little too nonchalantly". When she had looked at it that morning, she could have sworn it was negative.

"The frustrating thing when you're Googling 'how accurate are pregnancy tests?' is the fact that all the results are just 'incredibly accurate'. Because that's not what the people who are Googling it want to know. You want to know, for example, that if you leave a used negative pregnancy test out for long enough, it can turn positive. Which would've been really useful information to have before I crawled into bed with Mum and started crying."

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Abigail* was using the contraceptive Implanon (a small plastic rod which is inserted into your upper arm) after terminating two pregnancies. Though Implanon was effective in preventing pregnancies for her, doctors didn't mention a very rare side effect: phantom pregnancies.

"It was a couple of months after the insertion and I began noticing several symptoms I had felt before. My breasts went up a cup-size. I was starving all the time, primarily for fried chicken and Mexican cuisine, which had happened in my prior pregnancies. I was crying in the shower, I was in fits of laughter before bed, I felt both hopelessly sad, hopelessly in love with everyone around me.

"I also had this overpowering desire to have children — a completely foreign feeling to me. I was walking around work picking up customers babies, applying for babysitting jobs, even spending time in



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the baby sections of department stores crying over mini socks and puzzles."

Two weeks before her boyfriend was due to move overseas, Rachel's* period was late. Very late.

"Initially, I wasn't too concerned. But when it didn't come on Tuesday, I Googled 'how much does a pregnancy test cost?' On Wednesday I had to ask myself, who would I tell? Who would take me to the clinic? Most importantly, how would my mother respond? On Thursday it still hadn't come. I arranged to meet my boyfriend.

"I knew that I probably should tell him, but I didn't want to. He was going overseas in a week and we hadn't even discussed whether we'd be going long distance or not. What if he thought I'd intentionally gotten pregnant as a way to guilt trip him into staying?"

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Casey says her Mum made great small talk with her boyfriend as they were waited for the next pregnancy test.

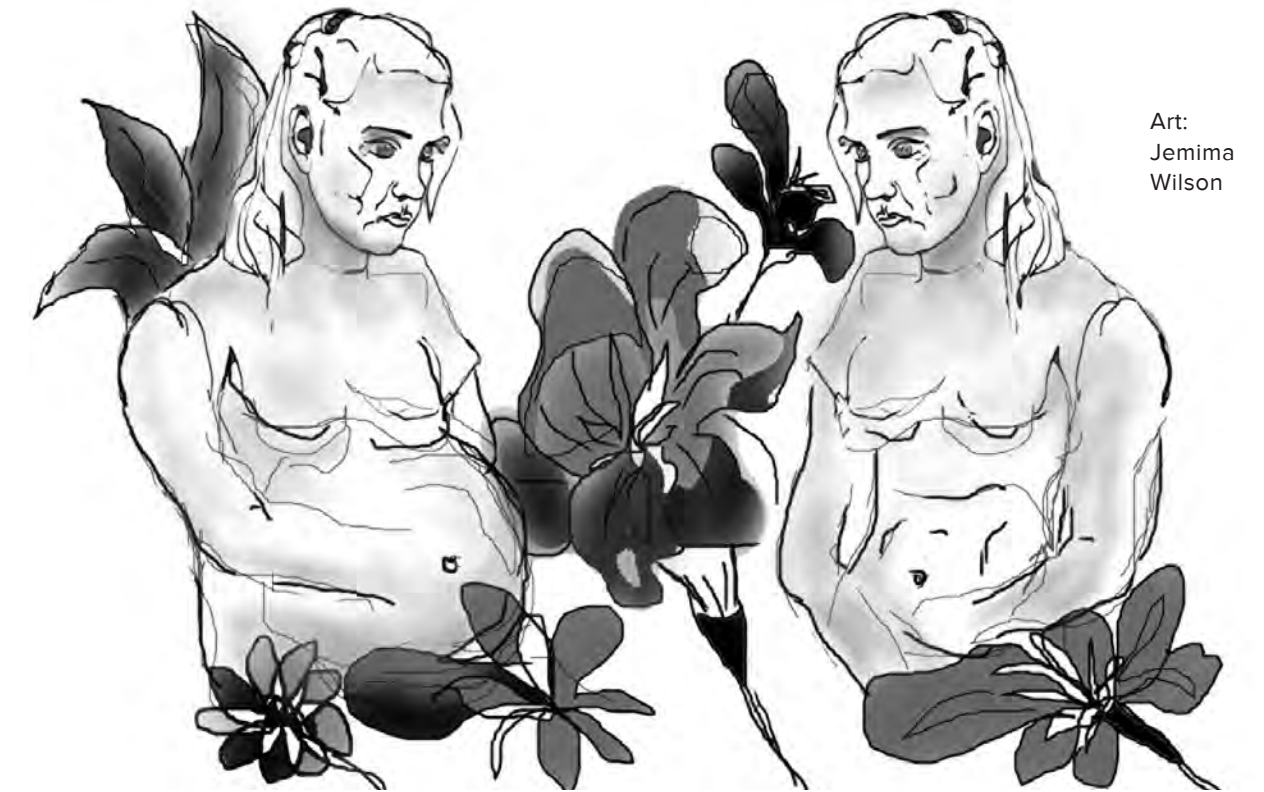
"My boyfriend and I turn up for the appointment and I go in alone, leaving Mum to sort of half joke about the situation with my boyfriend. And, maybe its policy but they told me about keeping the baby and fostering options. And I'm just here bawling my eyes out, saying; 'No, I know I want an abortion. I know I want an abortion'."

"I pee in the cup for the second pregnancy test and the doctor is a little confused. She says its negative. I was frustrated? Relieved, but frustrated. Better than the alternative; but ... really? I had to go on this emotional journey over something that hadn't actually happened.

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Abigail "threatened to sue" the family planning clinic when she thought she was of the 0.01% of cases where Implanon was not effective.

"My boyfriend at the time — 7 years my senior and not ready for a child with an 18 year old — was very concerned, occasionally checking to make sure I hadn't removed the rod to trick him into having a



Art: Jemima Wilson

child with me like a deranged soap character. "I took a pregnancy test. Peeing on a stick sucks. Positive. What the fuck."

"We went straight to the ultrasound. No heartbeat. I was... surprised? That weird mix of relief and shock. The technician — though trying to hide it — was perplexed."

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Casey now works next door to the clinic she had chosen for her would-be abortion.

"Sometimes I cry a bit about it. It's weird mourning a decision that you had to make — and then it resulting in nothing. I guess it's reassuring. That I could face pregnancy and it to not seem so bad."

The doctors put it together that Abigail was having a phantom pregnancy — exhibiting all the signs of pregnancy right down to the release of the pregnancy hormone that had made the positive test.

"I rode the wave — I felt like a special experiment, I tried to convince people that I'd been abducted by aliens — I enjoyed being big-breasted and over-eating. I enjoyed freaking my boyfriend out.

"I can't remember when it ended. It just did. I do remember feeling a little loss that my quirk was gone."

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For Rachel, the experience has shaken her deeply. "An hour before I had to meet him, my period came. It was an overwhelming sense of relief, but the confusion of how I'd respond in a situation of being pregnant didn't disappear.

"It completely made me rethink how I'd respond in a situation where I actually was. I'm actively pro-choice and thought previously I'd abort a child to fully pursue my professional pursuits. I now have no clue. I thought I'd want to tell my significant other everything, confide in my wise mother and use the support networks around me to deal with the situation. I didn't do any of these things.

"My idea of how I thought I'd respond was completely challenged over my four days of anxious agony. In the meantime, I will sip wine."

*NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED

Chasing stars

BAOPU HE / I got 99.95 problems and a list of every 99.95 achiever in the state ain't one

Every year, come mid-December, the array of voices in Australian media join in jubilant unison to celebrate some of this country's top achievers. Countless articles and TV interviews are suddenly all dedicated to them — each one probing deeper and deeper into the mindsets of these elite few. Can you tell us how you did it? What advice would you give? Where to from now?

Shockingly, it's not sporting success that is being celebrated here. These festivities are for a different kind of athlete; one who competes within the stuffy confines of the high school exam hall. This elite group is comprised of the select few students who get an ATAR of 99.95 in the HSC.

While some of these students will be found by the media and have their achievements immortalised forever, the majority of them remain anonymous. For example, in 2015 (the year I did the HSC), the only official information published by the UAC was

that there were 46 99.95ers, 25 males and 21 females, and that they came from a mix of government and independent schools.

Now a normal person would look at this rather unrevealing statistic, briefly wonder about what sort of people these 46 are, and then move on with their lives. Not me. Consumed by an unrelenting curiosity to discover, in particular, what schools these people went to, I set out on a quest to do exactly that. While others have personal projects like knitting a scarf for winter, for three weeks in 2016, mine was to make a list of every single person who got 99.95 in the year I did the HSC.

Of course, it wasn't easy. Aeon spent trawling through school websites, LinkedIn, that state ranking list BOSTES does, and every single tutoring website under the sun were often met with bitter disappointment. I'd often find myself exasperated after a lead ended up being "only" a 99.90.

Thankfully, my task was simplified immensely by three things — a) I went to a selective school, and because of that social bubble, I already knew half of the 46 people, b) I do law at USyd, where for a while it felt like every third person I met got 99.95, and c) Private schools absolutely love publishing their HSC results on social media. Ironically, it was those who came from non-selective public schools, whose achievements are probably most deserving of praise, who were hardest to track down. The last person on my list required me to go through the newsletters of every single school in a particular geographic region after I found a tutoring advertisement for a nameless 99.95er who offered to tutor in a library in that area.

Reactions to my feat (obviously on par with the difficulty of getting 99.95) were not exactly positive. "Get a life" one close friend told me. "You scare me," said another. But I had received what I wanted. And here it is.

9 from James Ruse, 4 from Baulkham Hills, 4 from North Sydney Boys, 3 from Sydney Girls, 3 from Sydney Boys, 3 from Pymble Ladies, 3 from Sydney Grammar, 2 from Knox Grammar, 2 from Masada, 2 from Kambala, 2 from St. George Girls, 1 from Cranbrook, 1 from Cherrybrook, 1 from King's, 1 from MLC, 1 from North Sydney Girls, 1 from Epping Boys, 1 from Carlingbah, 1 from Tempe, 1 from Prairiewood, and 1 from Barker — bringing the total to 47 people. But hang on, the official number was 46?

Seems like someone else was a bit more obsessed with the 99.95 than with honesty.



Art: Grace Franki

Putting down the pitchforks

LAMYA RAHMAN / Letting go of dreams is sometimes braver than holding on

On the evening of the last day of March in 1971, schools and colleges in the district of Tangail dimmed their lights and shuttered their windows for the night — and for good. The Pakistani military crackdown in the capital, a mere two hours away, shook the roots of this sleepy, stolid country town. Every inhabitant knew the army was coming, and those old enough prepared for it in any way they could — turning bamboo and hockey sticks into makeshift swords, and funnelling small firearms in from the town centre.

Only later would the state of East Pakistan realise they were facing a genocide.

A village scamp — known to his parents as Rafiqur, to his friends as Babul, and, thirty six years later, to a one-year-old me as simply 'dad' — watched the small town's bravery with morbid attention. A child born after partition, the Pakistani government was omnipresent in his everyday life, from the national anthem he sang in urdu every morning, to the stories he read in delayed newspapers of the rising, red-blooded Awami League.

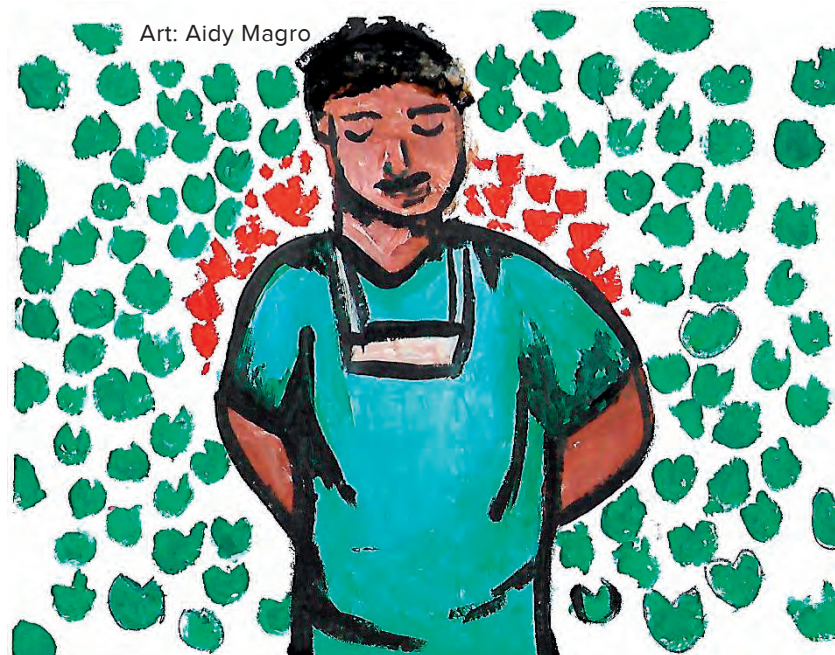
Even at the tender age of thirteen, my father knew change was on the horizon.

Yet within the confines of a town overturned, my father continued to meet his friends every afternoon on unpaved dirt roads under the shade of the same old banyan trees. They played football in the sweet, still noon. Ran on the wet ground near the river banks. Talked of liberation. Every night my father listened to the radio.

It was on one of these idyllic days — my father and his friends lying in lush, green, post-football splendour, the delicate breeze consoling their tired bodies — that it was decided. The five of them — a straggly bunch of Bengali adolescents from Mirzapur, school-mates, long-time neighbours and football rivals —

were going to India.

The plan itself was sketchy, drawn to life by fractured tales passed down from men who had left before. What my father knew was this: in a shrouded city, not far from his, revolutionaries helped recruits avoid checkpoints, pass the Indian-East Pakistan frontier, and into the rumoured training camps near Tura.



Art: Aidy Magro

These boys from small country towns with full hearts and clear eyes spent the pre-monsoon season between raids and leafy woods, gearing for something greater than they could grasp.

Unlike his friends, the chance for my father never came.

On the night they had prepared to leave, my father was pulled into his family's own escape to the deep countryside. When he returned weeks later, baffled vil-

lagers could not explain where four young boys had disappeared to in the dead of night. My father could.

In the years following my father would try to join the forces twice, and each time the winds of change would twist his fortune against him. Frustration sunk deep into his bones like an anchor chained to the bottom of his dreams.

In time, East Pakistan would win the liberation war. My father would not fight in it.

The days rolled on. My grandfather passed away from a heart attack; my father became a doctor in his memory, found himself engaged, moved to Dhaka. The chase for meaning never so much faded as it was constantly delayed. The path to security, as they say, is paved with old dreams. Later my father would tell me that worthwhile aspirations are not ones you dream of in your sleep, but the thoughts that keep you up at night.

A final chance came in the form of a letter of offer from the military; my father was in his late twenties. The kind of headstrong absolutism in his youth had become muted by a medical job, age, and a wedding in the near future. This time it was easier to say no.

Today my father and I sit in the living room of a Sydney house, 9000 kilometres away and worlds apart from his childhood town. He is arguing with my sister about a vigil she is going to attend in the city. Outside, we hear claps of thunder. "It's dangerous in this weather," he insists. My sister ignores him, feeling her coat for her car keys. "It's important," is her final response.

I imagine my father, thirteen years old. He's sitting in the back of a rickety truck looking up to a kaleidoscopic sky — swirling magic, red with blue — dreaming of a city he would never go to and a life he would never lead.

VIDEO GAMES OF THE ALT-RIGHT

JONTY KATZ / Words
LUDMILLA NUNELL
& MATTHEW FISHER / Art



Art: Matthew Fisher

As political ideologies shift dangerously towards the far right, no-one is safe: not even the historical games manufactured by Paradox Interactive.

“Sick of feminism and progressivism being shoved into all forms of media by their cultist adherents? Then this is the mod for you!”

These are some of the opening lines of the description for ‘Make Space Great Again — Play as Europeans Only’, a game modification (or mod) that players can add on to alter an original game known as *Stellaris*.

Stellaris is a strategy game, wherein various civilizations vie for control over the galaxy, and where one of the playable civilisations is humans. In the far future world of *Stellaris*, humans are represented by people of varying race, and feature male and female characters with names from varying linguistic origins.

But the ‘Make Space Great Again’ mod creator — who goes by the name *ProgenyOfEurope* — could not stand this future society where the varying cultures of humanity work in cooperation. So they created a mod that allows consumers to play as an exclusively white human race, with only male leaders. Just in case its name hasn’t given away the politics of this mod, it also includes a feature where, if you play as the White Human Race, you can have Donald Trump as the leader of your interplanetary empire. Unfortunately the mod doesn’t also include the ability to govern by erratic 2 a.m. tweets. Sad!

At the request of *Paradox Interactive*, the gaming company that published *Stellaris*, the mod was removed from Steam — a major online source of game mods — shortly after the mod was made available.

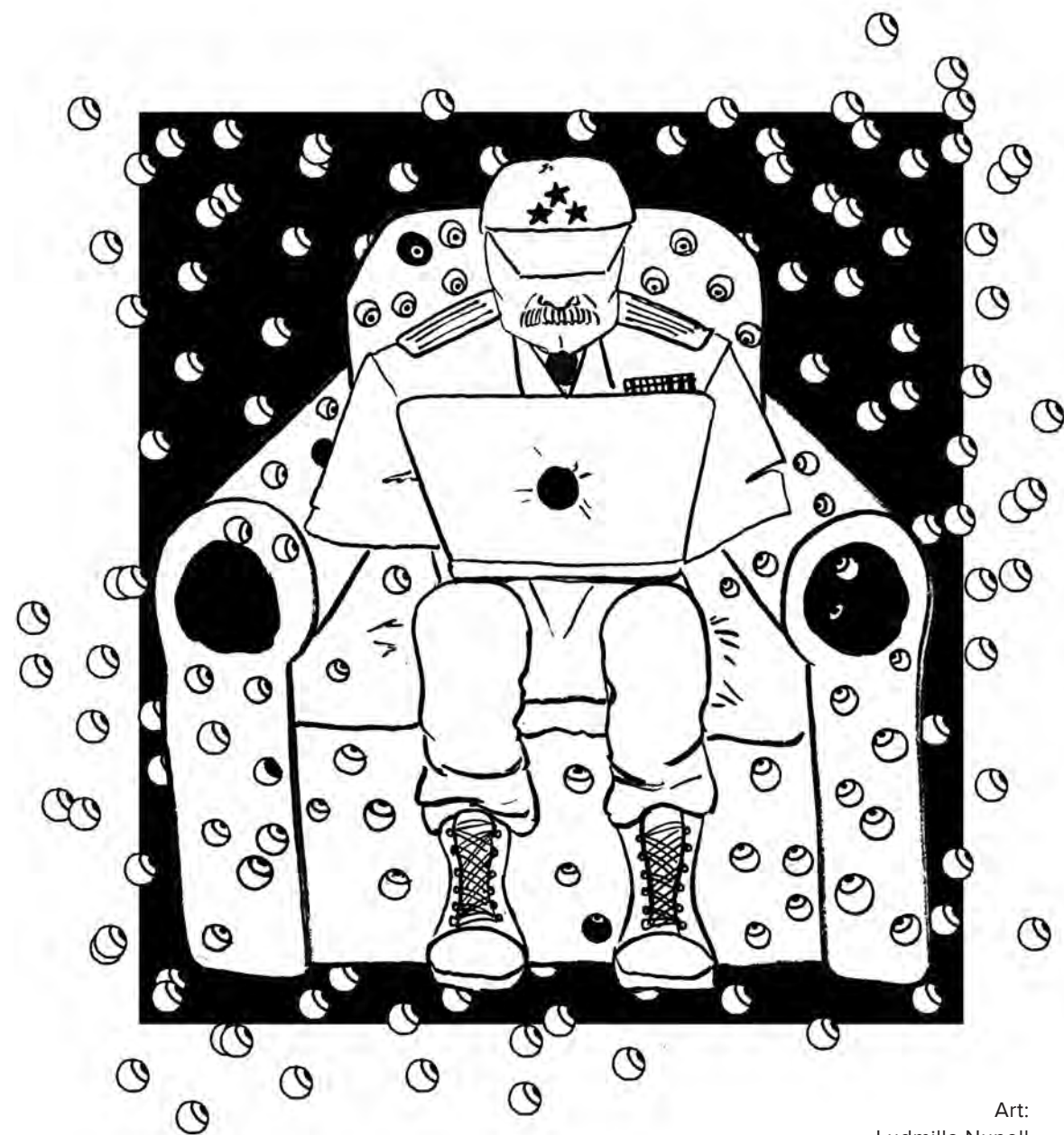
This incited a fiery response from the mod creator, who described Steam’s move as part of an “Inquisition.” Alt-Right blogger Hannibal Bateman — who proudly cites Neo-Nazi Richard Spencer as a friend — also jumped to the defense of *ProgenyOfEurope*, declaring this was an example of “Cultural Marxism” and “a war [on] White males.”

ProgenyOfEurope is also the creator of another, less ambitious mod, one that was restricted to making all humans uniformly European. This mod was originally taken down with the ‘Make Space Great Again’ mod. However, it has since been re-uploaded with permission from *Paradox*. According to *ProgenyOfEurope*’s mod description, the conditions on this mod staying online are that he moderates the comments section to prevent anything that is “EVEN REMOTELY TRIGGERING FOR SWEDES,” that he does not link to his YouTube channel, and that certain offensive language is removed. And yes, in case you were curious, his YouTube channel is exactly what you’d expect from someone with the username *ProgenyOfEurope*, Fake News allegations and all.

Are video games meant to be “designed for straight, white men” — as *ProgenyOfEurope* puts it — to the exclusion of all others?

A key element of the alt-right’s response to the banning of the mods was to point to two other mods, one which allowed you to create an exclusively African version of the human race, and the other which allowed you to pick within the game between European humanity, Asian humanity, Middle Eastern humanity and African humanity. The first of those mods has now been taken down, although it is unclear as to who is responsible for this. The second one remains online. The key distinction *Paradox* appears to have made between these mods and *ProgenyOfEurope*’s mods is that their comment sections were not incredibly racist.

This spat is merely an example of larger conflict



Art:
Ludmilla Nunell

within the gaming community, which began with what is known as the #GamerGate saga. For the uninitiated, depending on how you look at it #GamerGate was either a dispute over ethics in video game journalism, or a time when female video game writers were harassed over Twitter by what is now known as the Alt-Right. At its core, the point of contention is clear: are video games meant to be “designed for straight, white men” — as *ProgenyOfEurope* puts it — to the exclusion of all others? Or should they also be spaces for women, people of colour, and people of diverse genders and sexuality?

While much of the online community is fairly skeptical of these racially tinged mods and the Alt-Right, much of the pushback has come from *Paradox* itself — though given the fact that *Paradox* allowed the “Whites Only” mod to be re-uploaded, this seems more like the pushback of a company concerned largely with minimising negative publicity, rather than of an ideologically committed organisation. To *Paradox*’s credit, they released a free expansion for their games called ‘Women in History’ on International Women’s Day in 2015. The changes made were rather small, but tried to emphasise the various and important roles that women played in governance between 1444 and 1815. Unsurprisingly, internet commentators described this as “descent into feminist lalaland.”

To the Alt-Right, these discriminatory mods for *Stellaris* and the pushback from *Paradox* are part of a wider cultural war for control over video games, and popular media more broadly. To me, this is yet another example of the craziness that *Paradox Interactive*’s games seem to bring out in people.

While *Stellaris* may deal with a potential future of humanity, most of *Paradox Interactive*’s games pay homage to our past. Many of their best titles take the form of intricately complex grand strategy games, which require players to simulate the history of the world and spend a lot of time staring at maps.

While *Stellaris* has attracted the attention of the growing Alt-Right, *Paradox Interactive*’s other games, which focus on intensely historical simulations of medieval Europe through to World War II, have attracted the attention of a far older phenomenon: old school European nationalists.

The key feature that distinguishes *Paradox*’s games from *Age of Empires*, or *Civilization*, is that they take place on a fairly historically accurate map of the world, where the States control various pre-defined provinces. They are set during discrete historical periods, with time moving year by year. Rather than playing from the birth of civilization through to the space age, *Paradox* games have set time periods and the focus of each game is to simulate something comparable to history.

The mechanics of the games are designed to reflect the nature of the era they’re representing; *Crusader Kings* (1066 — 1444) is all about managing royal families, and feudal vassals; *Europa Universalis* (1455 — 1815) simulates trade, and colonisation; *Victoria* (1836 — 1936) pays a lot of attention to the rise of nationalism, alliances and modern political parties; and *Hearts of Iron* (1936 — 1948) is all about simulating World War II. To most people, the level of historical detail in these games is excruciating, but to their fans it’s what makes them great games.

So when you’re picking between playing as Muscovy or Lübeck in 1444, the question isn’t which one has better special abilities, but rather whether you’d like to play as an Orthodox power in Eastern Europe with the potential to unite Russia, or as a small city-state in northern Germany. The fact that the game takes place on an accurate world map means that *Paradox Interactive* has to decide what the provinces are, which country controls them at various points in history, what religion the people of that province follow, and what culture they’re a part of.

You can only discuss *Paradox*’s games on the in-

ternet for so long before people start to (very loudly and persistently) argue that *Paradox* has totally screwed up when drawing country borders, deciding which religions go where, and what cultures people follow. Some of these people arguing are massive nerds (like me), who get kicks in ensuring absolute historical accuracy. But a large portion of the rest have perceptibly less noble intentions.

Given the relatively recent history of violence over borders, religion and control in the Balkans, many of these arguments tend to fixate on that region. It’s quite common on *Paradox* forums for a user with a Croatian flag as their display picture to come up against a user with a Serbian flag picture over what a Balkan province should be called, whether it was Serbian or Croatian in 1444, and whether demographic maps from the 19th century are more reliable guides than maps from the 11th century. To my knowledge, this is the only time people under 50 get this worked up about cartography.

To the Alt-Right, these discriminatory mods for *Stellaris* and the pushback from *Paradox* are part of a wider cultural war for control over video games.

This pattern of trying to reshape *Paradox Interactive*’s telling of history to favour one’s own nationalist narrative has been taken to a bizarre extreme by *Vitosha Studios*. *Vitosha* created one of the most notorious mods for a *Paradox Interactive* game: “Steppe Wolf”. The aim of the modified game is to expand the *Paradox*’s ‘Europa Universalis III’ game from being one that covers the period of 1444 — 1815 through to one that covers all history from 11 CE to 2010 CE. This was one of the most ambitious mods of its time, and it was also one of the buggiest mods of its time. It would frequently cause the game to crash, many of its mechanics did not work, and it was incredibly slow. Yet if a player could get past flaws, the mod was apparently an incredibly fun experience...if you could deal with the fact that Bulgaria seemed to occupy an oddly central place in the game.

This mod’s skew in power dynamics was not surprising though. *Vitosha* is a Bulgarian group, and they claim that the mod is “changed in a historical way (from a Bulgarian point of view).” In practice, this meant that Bulgaria was by far the most powerful country in the game, and would frequently end up ruling much of the world. Even more bizarrely, Bulgaria would often split up into various Bulgarian successor countries that would regularly declare war on each other. To *Vitosha*, changing the games to be more historically accurate necessarily involved making Bulgaria the most powerful country in the world.

Both these intense forum arguments, and the peculiarities of *Vitosha Studios* are part of a wider issue: the large fan base that *Paradox Interactive* games have among old-style European nationalists.

The humour of the online community for *Paradox* games probably does quite a bit to normalize this type of nationalist expression. It is commonplace to joke about the atrocities that you’ve committed in the game. A lot of the time, this doesn’t have a particular political bent; the most common type of jokes are about playing *Crusader Kings* where people have murdered their character’s family members to ensure that the right people inherit their feudal titles. The behaviour is fairly commonplace in the game, and jokes about it mostly reflect on the commonality of what con-

temporary society would deem horrendous crimes.

Yet some of these jokes do take on a political tone, even if the author themselves does not hold any particular view on the matter. A common joke used within the community is that a goal they’re aiming to accomplish, or have accomplished in a game is to “Remove Kebab.” This typically refers to removing the Ottoman Empire from Europe or from existence, but it is often broadly applied to defeating Muslim states within the games.

A specific joke about targeting Muslims is notable on its own, but the history of this meme is nothing other than disturbing. Those who know their memes may be familiar with the music video “Serbia Strong,” made by Bosnian Serb soldiers as propaganda, paying patriotic tribute to convicted war criminal Radovan Karadžić. The phrase “Remove Kebab” in the video refers to the ethnic cleansing of Bosnian Muslims during the 1990s. The video became the subject of numerous parodies in the mid-2000s, and its aggressively jingoistic nature was a large part of the joke. To reference this video in part is to mock it, but also to engage with its awful origins. Jokes about “Remove Kebab” in the context of *Paradox* games have a similar tone: sure, it is so clearly ridiculous and mocking of the ethnic cleansing being referenced, but at the same time the popularity of the joke normalises the nationalist attitudes it reflects.

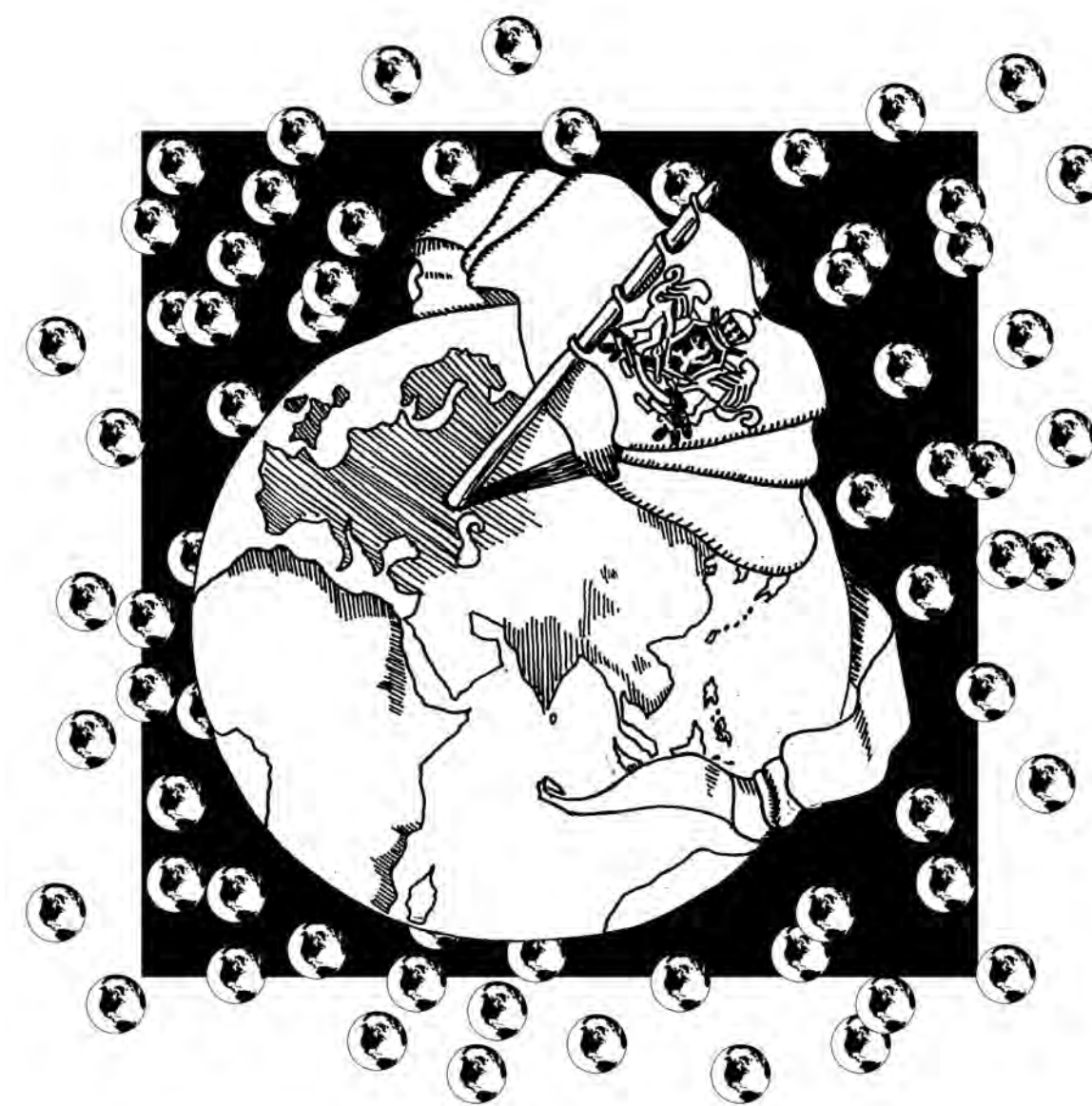
What makes the *Paradox* games unique is also what probably attracts their more problematic fan base. The ability to play as almost any country, on a realistic map, means that you can create an alternate history to your liking. To most people, this means playing games for the challenge, or because they’ll be interesting. But it also provides the option to play the game to create the “correct” version of history, where your nation assumes its rightful place in history.

To some degree I understand the urge to use the games as a form of historical wish-fulfillment. I must confess to once deciding to play as a Central Asian Steppe tribe that converted to Judaism — that bit isn’t the wish-fulfillment, it’s just delightfully obscure history. I took that character, and established a Jewish kingdom in what is now Ukraine, Russia, Georgia and Kazakhstan, before moving south to conquer Jerusalem, build the 3rd Temple and re-establish the Kingdom of Judaea. This sort of thing is the crazed fantasy of the Israeli right wing — which I certainly don’t identify with — but playing through history as a dynasty sharing identity traits with me, and seeing them succeed was an admittedly enjoyable experience.

It’s when people take this urge too far, and go beyond the confines of the game itself that it becomes problematic. The game creates the space for you to enact your idealised history, but taking it one step further to demand that the game creators reflect that nationalist narrative in their telling of history speaks to a darker, suppressive urge of humanity.

This is further driven by the fact that given that *Paradox*’s games aim to simulate history; it often means the atrocities of history are included in gameplay as well. If you’re playing as England, you can colonise North America, and extinguish the indigenous peoples and cultures there. If you’re playing as Serbia you can take control of the Balkans, forcibly convert them to Orthodoxy, and eliminate other ethnicities. So if your nationalist fantasy involves the elimination or humiliation of ‘rival nations’ these *Paradox*’s games provide a space for that, without any need for mods.

It also means that when *Paradox Interactive* takes down your mod for being racist, you can claim that they’re hypocritical “Swedish cucks pushing a Leftist political agenda.” HS



Art:
Ludmilla Nunell

WWE: White Washed Entertainment

PRANAY JHA & LIAM DONOHOE / Wrestling is merely a reflection of the racial socialisation of White America

I feel my heartbeat quicken as the Youtube clip for a World Wide Wrestling (WWE) episode starts to play. The bald-headed, goateed Goldstein pulls off an iconic 'spear' on the one and only animal, Brock Lesnar. His body is shaking, limbs twisting as Goldstein flexes his muscles and showboats to the crowd. This is what television is all about.

I began watching wrestling 'ironically', but I'll shamefully admit that I have grown to admire the sport. There is something addictive, almost satisfying, about throwing oneself into a WWE episode. It's the fury as the bad guy parades around making outrageous claims. It's the suspense as your favourite wrestler breaks out of a pin-down with just a millisecond to spare. It's a numbing escape from the often throws of university and extra-curriculars.

But there's a deeply unsettling aspect of the WWE that is difficult to ignore. Whether in the form of the Indian savage 'The Great Khali' and his 'Punjabi Peace Offering', or in the guise of Islamic terrorist 'Muhammad Hussain', pro-wrestling has always had problematic undertones. Somewhere between choreographed moves, fake emotion, and artificial plotlines, a very real narrative about entertainment in America can be found.

WWE is by far the largest pro-wrestling company in the world, with an effective monopoly on the industry. It nonetheless faces competition, operating within America's highly corporatized sports and entertainment industries. In this context, and as a publically traded corporation that deals with revenues exceeding \$650 million, WWE as a company has one clear motivation, which is clearly not the values and integrity of sportsmanship. The desire for profits motivates a quest for mass viewership — and what better way to play to the common denominator than with simple, repetitive characters, hackneyed tropes, and uninspiring narratives?

But that's only part of the story. The modern pro-wrestling apparatus grew out of a humbler 'territory' system, where family entertainment and old-fashioned American values superseded any immediate interest in profits. Even back then, in those 'innocent' times, narratives of colonial savagery were rampant and the same old clichéd gratuities adorned America's enemies.

This narrative is part of the reason why each generation has its own all-conquering, all-American hero like Hulk Hogan or John Cena, rich elite snobs like the Miz or Ric Flair, and wryly underdogs like Daniel Bryant or Bret Hart. It's also why the company indulges a culture of White American exceptionalism.

Vince McMahon, the dictatorial head of the WWE, and his chorus of yes-men in the creative department conflate Middle America with White America. By his reckoning, wrestlers of colour are, for the most part, unfit to be the face of his white company and lack the charisma and in-ring prowess to carry the division. Plus they think the story of White dominance is the one that makes the most money.

What is it, then, that makes racism both appealing and lucrative? What is it about the fetishistic savage Samoan Umaga or the deviant tomfoolery of Cryme Tyme that's appealing? There's no doubt the company attracts a racist audience — they did, after all, induct Donald Trump into their hall of fame. But as in the case of Trump, it's both simplistic and rather dubious to assume that all 15 million viewers are raging racists. More probably, the answer lies in the sub-conscious comfort viewers find in racist plotlines: a legacy of white triumph inherited from stale colonial tropes.

The WWE continues white dominance because people are used to it — that's the way it has always been in pro-wrestling. To alter the successful

formula would in all likelihood lose the company money and cause significant backlash among fans.

In a world where 'white' people perceive they're being disempowered, there is a certain comfort in the dominance of Caucasian champions. Leagues such as the NBA or MBA are emerging as channels of empowerment for athletes of colour, who would otherwise be condemned to a life of class and racial oppression. Although racism still exists, many modern sporting leagues are far better than their predecessors where athletes of colour were ostracized, abused and underpaid. In this world, where ideals of white supremacy are constantly being challenged, there is a certain comfort in the WWE's successful Caucasian champions for many of their white viewers.

Perhaps no story illustrates this more than 2003's Booker T - Triple H feud. In 2003 at Wrestlemania XIX, the WWE's largest annual event, 54,000 watched as Triple H - the conniving rich white aggressor - took on Booker T - the scrappy African-America underdog - for the World Heavyweight Championship. In an infamous promo, Triple H engaged in the usual 'bad guy' hubris, eliciting wrath from the thousands in attendance

and millions watching at home as he discredited Booker. As he gave Booker the business, Triple H let slip a true, yet devastating, truth: 'somebody like YOU... doesn't get to be a world champion.'

Of course, people didn't like Triple H - he was a bad guy after all. The storyline appeared to be building to a triumphant end. Booker T would win the world championship at Wrestlemania, conquering a privileged, evil racist who erected every possible barrier. It would be ultimate underdog success story, and Booker would be the first African-American WWE World Champion. Triple H won.

There was something awfully uncomfortable about watching Booker T withering in pain in the centre of the ring. Despite all his effort, despite his resistance to the barriers around him, despite his thick skin through all the racial taunts, Booker T lay defeated on the stage.

And there, basking in the glory of his victory, was the same man who had abused him just a few days ago.

This was no longer just a fake sport; it was a tragic mirror to the society around us. Triple H didn't really defeat Booker T, it was White America.



Art: Stephanie Barahona

An illustrated skate map of USyd

GRACE FRANKI WITH AIDAN MOLINS / Sweet spots to flick, trip, and grind

What: A Big Hill
Where: Manning Road
Good for: Bombing at top speed and carving around students at peak times

What: lots of boxes
Where: Eastern Ave
Good for: Grinding baby. These bad boys are waxy af but recommended for experienced riders due to the close proximity of grates, rubbish bins, and trees.

What: box
Where: Cadigal Green near the weird chairs
Good for: a pretty forgiving sport for learning to grind and working on nose grinds and 50-50s.

What: Box
Where: JFR plaza
Good for: Sliding and grinding but watch out for the cobblestones on the landing. Keep an eye out for picnic benches if that is your thing.

What: Steps
Where: Cadigal Green on the path down behind the Darlington School building
Good for: an intro to stairs also surrounded by smooth concrete so a good place to work on flip tricks.

What: Rail and stairs
Where: Mereweather
Good for: Railsliding and some tougher stairs, also next to a good ramp and a few other rails.

SKATING FAQ with Aidan Molins

Q: Should I wear protective equipment?
A: Yeah, probably hey.

Q: Can I be arrested by campus security for skateboarding?
A: Security guards can only use force against you in a citizen's arrest, which requires them to witness a serious crime, which skateboarding is not. If they tell you to sit and wait for police to arrive, you are not obliged to do so in any way.

Q: Can my skateboard be confiscated?
A: No. Police can confiscate contraband (drugs, guns, etc.) and evidence of crimes. A skateboard is neither of those. Almost always, confiscation of private property by police and security guards is a crime.

Q: If a police officer catches me doing something illegal on my skateboard, what am I in for?
A: Unless you are trespassing on private property, most skateboarding related offenses are a \$40-\$60 fine. You should probably just cop it and move on.

President's Report

ISABELLA BROOK

Wednesday last week marked International Women's Day and on Saturday hundreds of women in Sydney marched in solidarity with women across the globe.

The 2014 Women's Day March was actually the first SRC event I ever attended as a bright-eyed and bushy tailed first year. I remember being in awe of the sheer empowerment I felt from just being surrounded by women who were demanding that their voices be heard.

Each year on International Women's Day I'm reminded of how I felt on that day in 2014. I'm reminded of how incredibly lucky and privileged I am to

be in the position that I'm in, of all the strong women in my life and of all the women who have fought before me.

However each year I'm also reminded of just how far we have to go and how many women are still fighting to achieve equality. There are still women who face daily discrimination based on their skin colour, their sexual orientation and identity, their bodies and even the work they perform. At a local level we are facing constant cuts to women's services and shelters, abortion is still illegal and many of us still get taxed for buying essential sanitary products.

Note: These pages are given over to the office bearers of the Students' Representative Council. The reports below are not edited by the editors of *Honi Soit*.

This is why I'm so excited to see such a revived and energized women's movement on this campus and all over the world. Its up to us carry on the work of the women before us - to never remain complacent, to support our sisters and not just our CIS-ters and to smash the patriarchy.

A small thing you can do right now to support women is visit noprofit-fromrape.org and sign the petition to stop the privatisation of 1800RESPECT the national telephone and online counseling service for women, men and children experiencing domestic or sexual violence.

As always, if you have any questions, if you want to raise any important student issues with me, or if you just want to send me a cute picture of your dog (pls do) - don't hesitate to shoot me an email at president@src.usyd.edu and like our facebook page www.facebook.com/usydsrc to stay up to date!

General Secretaries' Report

ISABELLA PYTKA and DANIEL ERGAS

So, you didn't take our advice from last week, and you've found yourselves here, reading this Week 2 edition of *Honi*, alone, sipping a macchiato and contemplating your Union Board campaign. (Let's be honest about who reads this.)

Welcome to the first week of tutorials, all of which feature some sort of awkward introductory game. Therefore, we thought we would provide you with a fun fact about ourselves:

Dan: I am fake news.

Bella: An Almond Milk, Double Macchiato is my favourite coffee atm. (Yes i did make fun of myself a couple of paragraphs up.)

O-Week was a great success! We handed out all 1 000 bags to new and returning students. Each calico bag had our own Counter-Course/Orientation Handbook amalgam, a condom (thanks Hero Condoms!), tampons (thanks Moxie!), Cinema Vouchers (thanks Palace Cinemas!), an SRC calendar (thanks Mickie

and Amanda!), SRC fliers (thanks Casework team!) and an *Honi Soit* (thanks Eds!) - and biggest thanks of all to the admin staff, who have printed more handouts, leaflets and posters than we ever thought possible.

We have personally received several texts about "that funny handbook" (see: back page of handbook), so we are hopefully radicalising many youths.

For all you interested Stupol hacks, we have been working with

various 'students' (read: headkickers) on electoral reforms. This will obviously be part of a longer discussion, but we're excited to hear your thoughts here.

Got a question? Shoot us an email general.secretary@src.usyd.edu.au, we'd love to hear your ideas on how we can make our elections better.

Indigenous Officer's Report

JACKSON NEWELL

G'day to all the Indigenous mob here at the University of Sydney.

Myself, along with the Indigenous support staff and older students are so happy to welcome you! This year will see a shake up to the collective. A re-energised and re-vitalised collective focusing on community. In previous years, many students have been put off by the highly politicised nature of the collective. This has seen a decline

in engagement, which I want to see change and I will be working with all Indigenous units across our campuses to ensure this happens.

This year has seen yet another group of bright and talented Indigenous first years come through the university's successful Cadigal program. This program seeks to set up mob with all the skills to achieve their full potential - and with a drop out rate alarmingly

higher than non-Indigenous students, this program is certainly to the betterment of our first years who may come from The Block in Redfern or a remote community in Western Australia.

Stay in tune and look out for e-mails from our ATSI Student Transition and Retention team about further information and about Koori Lunches coming up soon.

If you are Indigenous and haven't

had contact with our teams, and want to be apart of the collective - shoot me an e-mail at indigenous.officers@src.usyd.edu.au.

Student Housing Officer's Report

JENNA SCHRODER

It's been a slow start to the year for the Student Housing department. We are working towards our 2017 goal of lobbying the university to introduce cheaper accommodation to students

but it's a complex issue, drenched in bureaucracy. Recent student housing news sees a slew of beds become available in Redfern with the Pemulwuy Project. This is a controversial

decision that goes against the wishes of the indigenous community of Redfern who understood the project to focus on affordable housing for indigenous people. The Student Housing

department stands in solidarity with them. It is also important to note that this newly proposed construction does nothing for students but saturate an already expensive market.

Interfaith Officers' Report

NOOR AKL, TUBA MUZAFFAR, DAVID TSOR and TIMOTHY BURNEY-GIBSON

The Interfaith officers did not submit a report this week.

Environment Officers' Report

ANDY MASON, MAUSHMI POWAR, JODIE PALL and SETH DIAS

The environment officers did not submit a report this week.

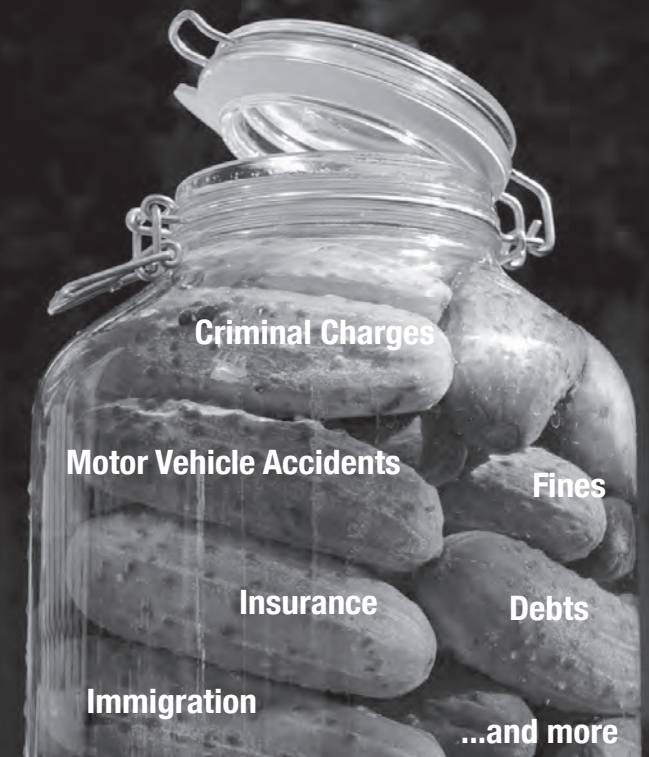
You're invited to Honi Soit's launch party.

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

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)

IN A PICKLE?



If You Have a Legal Problem, We Can Help for FREE!

SRC Legal Service
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

法律諮詢
法律アドバイス
We have a solicitor who speaks Cantonese, Mandarin & Japanese
Liability limited by a scheme approved under Professional Standards legislation.

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Living on Little Money

Many students are forced to live on very little money while they are studying. Here are some ideas that might help you get by.

LOANS, BURSARIES & SCHOLARSHIPS

University Scholarships and Financial Assistance Office: 8627 8112

Loans are interest free and bursaries do not need to be repaid. Talk to them about your situation and they'll guide you to the most suitable option.

There are a range of different ways to qualify for a scholarship. Talk to the University about which ones you're eligible for and how to apply. There are also some competitions you could enter that have cash prizes.

SRC Emergency loans up to \$50 are good to fill that gap the day before payday or if you forget your wallet. 9660 5222

MANAGING MONEY

When you don't have enough money to make little mistakes it is a good idea to have a budget plan. Write down how you are going to spend money each week, including putting some aside for unforeseen expenses if you can. Look for "leaks" that can help you to save a bit more. Check out:

www.moneyminded.com.au
www.moneysmart.gov.au/
managing-your-money
www.wesleymission.org.au/centres/
creditline "budget planner".

DEALING WITH DEBTS

The SRC Legal Service will work with you to clear your debts. This service is free to undergraduate students.

If you have a problem with gambling, free, confidential help is available at the University. Call 1800 482 482 for more information.

HAPPY HOUSING

Cheap quality accommodation is hard to get. Most of the cheap options go very quickly, so you'll have to be patient and flexible. If you are in urgent need of housing ask an SRC Caseworker about emergency accommodation.

If you are about to move into a home or if you are behind in rent and are on the lease you might be eligible for Rentstart through Housing Pathways (Housing NSW).

PHONE

Pre-paid accounts allow you to give yourself a fixed budget for phonecalls. Encourage your friends to call you or text to make a skype date. Viber and Whatsapp also allow you to make free texts or calls. However, be aware that you are using your internet/data for this.

FREE FOOD, CHEAP FOOD

There is no reason to be hungry if you live in Sydney. There are many places around Sydney that offer free meals and a few that may do food parcels. www.newtowncentre.org/_pdfs/meals.pdf

HEALTH

Bulk billing (or direct billing) doctors means that you will not be charged for the appointment. This is covered on Medicare and Overseas Student Health Cover (OSHC). eg University Health Service in the Wentworth Building.

Safer sex is important. You can pick up free condoms from the SRC office, level 1 Wentworth Building.

Clean needles and injecting packs are available from the Alcohol and Drug Information Service (ADIS). Call their 24 hour confidential telephone service on 9361 8000 or 1800 422 599. Some chemists do needle and syringe exchange. In Newtown this includes Chemist on King and Ford's Pharmacy. In Auburn there's Alpha Pharmacy and Rite Aid Pharmacy. There's also Camden Pharmacy and Adore Pharmacy Rozelle.

Dentists can be super expensive on a student budget. But your teeth are important. There are some limited services you may be able to access for free. Speak to SRC HELP caseworkers.

Australian citizens and permanent residents can apply for a Low Income Health Card if you earn \$537 a week or less, or if you are receiving a Centrelink student payment. This gives you a reduced price on prescription drugs, free ambulance cover etc. You do not need to be receiving a payment from Centrelink (eg. Austudy or Youth Allowance) to be eligible for a Health Care Card.



The Postgrad Pages

PRESENTED BY 

International Women's Day Solidarity Action

By Rachel Evans, SUPRA Co-Education Officer

The following is an edited speech that was delivered on March 8 at an International Women's Day Solidarity Action, organised by the Latin American Social Forum.

We are taking solidarity action today in Sydney with women and allies who are rising up in forty countries - heeding the call from the International Women's Strike USA who are calling for protests 'not just against Trump and his misogynist policies, but also against the conditions that produced Trump, namely the decades-long economic inequality, racial and sexual violence and imperial wars abroad.' Women and men are taking action on this coordinated day of protest on such a large scale in terms of size and diversity of organisations and countries involved. It is a bold initiative and one that resonates. IWD - March 8 - is a day ignited by socialist women in 1909 to commemorate a strike by US women garment workers. In 1917, demonstrations by women workers in Russia on IWD sparked the revolution that brought down the brutal Tsar.

Today in Australia up to 1000 child-care workers are going on strike, walking off the job at 3:20pm, to protest pay inequality and lack of funding for early education. In this woman dominated, low paid profession, the union is pushing for a 30% pay increase. Women are paid as low as \$20.61 with a certificate 3 qualification. A metal fitter and machinist with certificate 3 qualification gets \$37.89 per hour. Because raising and education children are seen as women's work, child care workers are paid less. This is unacceptable.

In Australia, capitalism is exploiting, subjugating and degrading women at intensifying rates. In the last 30 years under neoliberalism we have seen privatisations, deregulation and cuts become a staple part of the corporate government diet. Attacks on public education, health, transport, unions, students, women, queers and anyone under the pay bracket of \$80,000 a year have come thick and fast. Women's unpaid labour in the home (worth \$116,000 a year) and 17.3% lower pay rate compared to men has helped this countries rich raise their profit margins by 26% last year.

One woman a week is murdered in the home in Australia by someone who is supposed to love her. Australia has one of the highest rates of reported sexual assault in the world, at a rate of more than double the global average. Our Indigenous sisters under the yoke of the racist colonial state and its assimilationist policies suffer this violence even more. Let's also remember our

refugee sisters suffering rape and assault under the mandatory detention offshore system set up by the Labor and Liberal parties. While the rates of violence towards women increase, state and federal governments are defunding domestic violence services and they are trying to privatise the sexual assault hotline - 1800 RESPECT. They are walking away from addressing, in any serious way, the social catastrophe of 1 in 3 Australian women experiencing violence in their lifetime.

Along with an increase in violence, homelessness is rising, pay rates are decreasing, unemployment is rising, casual work is on the rise over full time employment and our governments spent billions on war and detention. We must stop this and we can. Women are rising. Our feminist movement is resurging - buoyed by young women rising up against the sexism, racism, homophobia of Trump, of Hanson, and our Liberal and Labor governments. They are taking aim at the system itself.

We need to ingest the message of Oscar Wilde, who said 'humanity's original virtue is disobedience.' We have won nothing without a fight. And a mammoth fight for people and planet we need. In this period we cannot be bystanders. History will look at us - our generation - unkindly if we do not stop capitalism's rapacious attack on Mother Earth, on women, on the global south and on workers, the oppressed.

The signs are truly good! It is inspiring to see women in the US re-forging a strong, internationalist, feminist, anti-imperialist movement. They are following in the legacy of heroic efforts of women revolutionaries across the globe - Cuban women, the women in Rojava, Kurdistan and their fight against ISIS and women of the revolutions in the 21st century revolutions in Latin America constructing anti-imperialist, women dominated governments in Venezuela, Bolivia, Ecuador, and El Salvador.

Let us pay proper tribute to these courageous revolutionary women who have fought and won against dictatorships in such desperate conditions. In one of the richest countries of the world we must pledge to follow their legacy. And rebuild the feminist movement, our union movements, and our socialist movements in solidarity with our sisters and brothers internationally fighting so hard. There is an old union adage which speaks to all our fights. Dare to struggle, dare to win, if we don't fight we lose. Comrades! Come rally!

Ask Abe

SRC caseworker HELP Q&A

TENANCY

Hi Abe,

I moved into a place in Stanmore at the beginning of February. I paid my bond and 4 weeks rent in advance. Now that I've lived there a while I really hate it and want to move out. The house itself is dark and gloomy and I don't really like my neighbourhood. I told my landlord but she said I had to stay until the end of my contract. This is a real problem because I've already signed a lease for another room in a different house. Please help me.

Doubled Up

Dear Doubled Up,

There are 2 types of renters: tenants and boarders/lodgers. If you live you're your landlord or someone who acts on behalf of your landlord you are a boarder/lodger.

Tenants are covered by the Residential Tenancy Act (2010). It sets down rules for both you and your landlord. In the situation you have described you want to "break your lease early". As a tenant you would have to pay a break fee of between 4 and 6 weeks



rent (depending on how far you are into your lease) in addition to rent up until the day you give "vacant possession" or completely move out. If you have caused any damage to your room, you should receive a refund of your bond. You may be able to convince your landlord to let you find someone else to take over your lease in exchange for no or a reduced penalty. They are under no obligation to do this, but will usually agree if you are replacing yourself with someone with a similar capacity to pay rent.

If you are a boarder/lodger, you are covered by the contract that you signed. There is usually some clause in there about how to break the contract early. Again, you may be able to convince your landlord to allow you to find someone to take over your contract. If you do not have a contract you might be able to just move out when the amount of rent you have paid runs out. Be aware that if you do not have a receipt for any bond or deposit that you have paid, it may become difficult to claim this back.

Abe

DID YOU KNOW?


Withdrawing from a

subject before 31st

March SEM 1
August SEM 2

avoids a FAIL on your transcript & HECS*

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



SRC

Elon Musk offers to fix SA power grid

Why can't he fix my struggling marriage instead? **P6»**



He died doing what he loved: Dying

Family pays tribute to a life taken just on time **P10»**



the
garter
press

Like strong leaders? One Nation is running "Mr Muscle" as their new Senate candidate



Video-Ezy used to be the place to be for movies

Aidan Molins
Political Correspondent

The right wing nationalist political party "One Nation" has announced today that their new candidate to run for the Australian Senate will be household cleaning product mas-

cot Mr Muscle.

The party's controversial leader, Pauline Hanson, announced the decision earlier today amidst rising right wing populism around the globe.

"Australia should follow the lead of Putin in Russia, Trump in the US, and Le Pen

in France. We need a strong leader to combat the ineffectual bureaucrats we have in Parliament House. We need someone who is strong, someone who has comically large muscles and a flexible spandex suit."

"This country needs someone who will eliminate our enemies at home and abroad" Hanson said.

"Now, Mr Muscle here kills 99.9% of germs. If he can do that on hard to scrub stains on tile and other bathroom surfaces, you can only imagine the success he would have with ISIS."

Hanson went on to explain Mr Muscle's numerous qualifications.

Well, as you can see, he's got a pair of safety glasses on. I mean, he's a scientist. Probably? If he can protect his eyes you know he can protect this country from radical Islamic terrorism.

"As a nation, we've had enough of politicians flip flopping on the real issues that affect regular Australians. Mr Muscle may not be a slick professional politician, but his stance on grime has always been clear: he is tough on grime. I mean, I haven't even heard Mr. Turnbull or Mr. Shorten's position on the grime issue. When are they going to acknowledge the overwhelming danger that grime and bathroom mould presents to our country?"

Report: scientists warn number of cups in Dylan's bedroom reaching dangerous levels

P12»



Rising living expenses hitting working class families with giant kids hardest



Young urban parents are finding rising prices of commodities hard to afford, especially because they must feed their huge son Jeremy fifty gallons of milk every day. Continued on page 9 »

Five things everyone did in the '90s that would be weird if you did now

Matt Salgo
Cultural Editor

1. Heading down to the shops to rent a video

It might seem like only yesterday that you'd head down to the nearest Blockbuster or Video Ezy to rent a VCR to catch up on a film. Those days are long gone. VCRs are redundant and movies are now far more easily accessible over the internet.

2. Listening to music on your Discman

At the time, the Discman seemed like an easy way to listen to music on the go. However, the invention of MP3 players and other digital music storage devices have seen the Discman relegated to a historical novelty.

3. Failing to recognise South Sudan as a sovereign nation

In the '90s, you'd have been hard-pressed to find anyone arguing that South Sudan was in fact an independent sovereign nation. That has all changed in recent years since the country's referendum and admission to the UN in 2011. Even Ecuador (hardly a trendsetter) recognised South Sudan's independence back in 2015.

4. Voting for Paul Keating

It seemed like people just couldn't get



Video-Ezy used to be the place to be for movies

enough of voting for Paul Keating in the 1990's (especially in his victorious 1993 election). Keating retired from politics in 1996 after losing the Prime Ministership. These days, even the most nostalgic of misty-eyed left wing voters would be unlikely to vote for Keating, manually adding his name and a preference box to the bottom of their ballot papers.

5. Being 20 years younger than you are today

Unless you weren't born yet, everyone these days is around twenty years older than they were in the '90s. The main exceptions are people from Hollywood-style age reversal scenarios (we're thinking Benjamin Button or 17 Again) – a very small minority.



In the '90s, you would have been made fun of for recognizing this bad boy



For music in the '90s, you used one of these

Seafood diet advocate struggles to have pescetarianism taken seriously in primary school playground

Mary Ward
Education correspondent

A prominent advocate of seafood consumption has expressed his upset after children participating in a government-funded nutrition program appeared reluctant to learn about the benefits of pescetarianism.

George Hobbes OA, president of the Pescetarians Australia foundation, told The Garter Press he had been left "disillusioned" by the response of children in Years 2 and 3 at Darlington Public School during the program, which encourages families to consider fish as a white meat alternative in their weekly meal planning.

"I am on the seafood diet," Mr Hobbes told a group of gathered children. "Would you like to know what that is?"

"Yeah, we've heard that one before," Tim, aged eight, was heard to tell Mr Hobbes, opening his mouth to reveal the half-chewed contents of a Vegemite Le Snak.

Kyle and Becca, both aged seven, also opened their mouths, displaying saliva-covered mushy banana and an Uncle Toby's mues-

li bar to the board member of the Dietitians Association of Australia.

"It isn't even a good joke," Becca remarked after Mr Hobbes' presentation. "At least photoshop a meme."

The news comes after a government health research project designed to investigate a possible link between face-to-hand ratio and likelihood of developing cancer was scrapped in November.



Darlington Public School playground

Nation's second most racist cartoonist 'ready to step up'

Peter Walsh
Senior reporter

In a press release written on—is that a Golliwog logo? Jesus!—sorry, in a press release circulated today, Mullumbimby Courier artist, Jim Peel, announced his readiness to take up the mantle as Australia's most racist cartoonist.

"What happened to Bill is terrible," wrote Peel, "and possibly a Jewish conspiracy" he continued before asking us to redact that line.

"We all have to band together to continue his work" said Peel, calling out to the nation's truthers and skeptics to "pick up a pen and draw a slur."

Peel, 56, has worked in relative obscurity since taking a post at the Courier in 1990, but gained a reputation among fans as a racist's racist, for his subversive use of colour and ardent belief in the right to punch down.



Peel, hard at work

Opinion: International "Women's" Day? Why not International "Guys Called Dave" Day?

Dave
Dave



I would first like to make clear that I am as committed a feminist as any other Dave. I celebrated International Women's Day like any good person – I made an emotional and only slightly patronizing post on Facebook, and I made a Spotify playlist with Taylor Swift and Nicki Minaj and everything. But I feel as if the feminist cause often ignores one of the most vulnerable and traditionally discriminated against groups in society – guys called Dave.

Daves have worked hard, behind the scenes, for millennia – as second-class citizens. Unrealistic naming standards by society perpetuate discrimination – I'm tired of having to put up with non-Daves calling me "Davey" or "Daveo". It's my name, not a punchline. You don't know my struggle. You don't know what I've been through.

I want to be very clear here. I'm aware of the men's rights movement. I don't agree with it, and don't want to be associated with it. Now, what I do want to be associated with is an inclusive movement for all people called Dave around the world

It is high time for Daves in Australia and around the world to be afforded the respect and equality we deserve. We deserve our own day, to highlight the valuable role Daves contribute to society. The time for action is now – don't forget the Daves.

Additional reporting by Jamie Weiss