

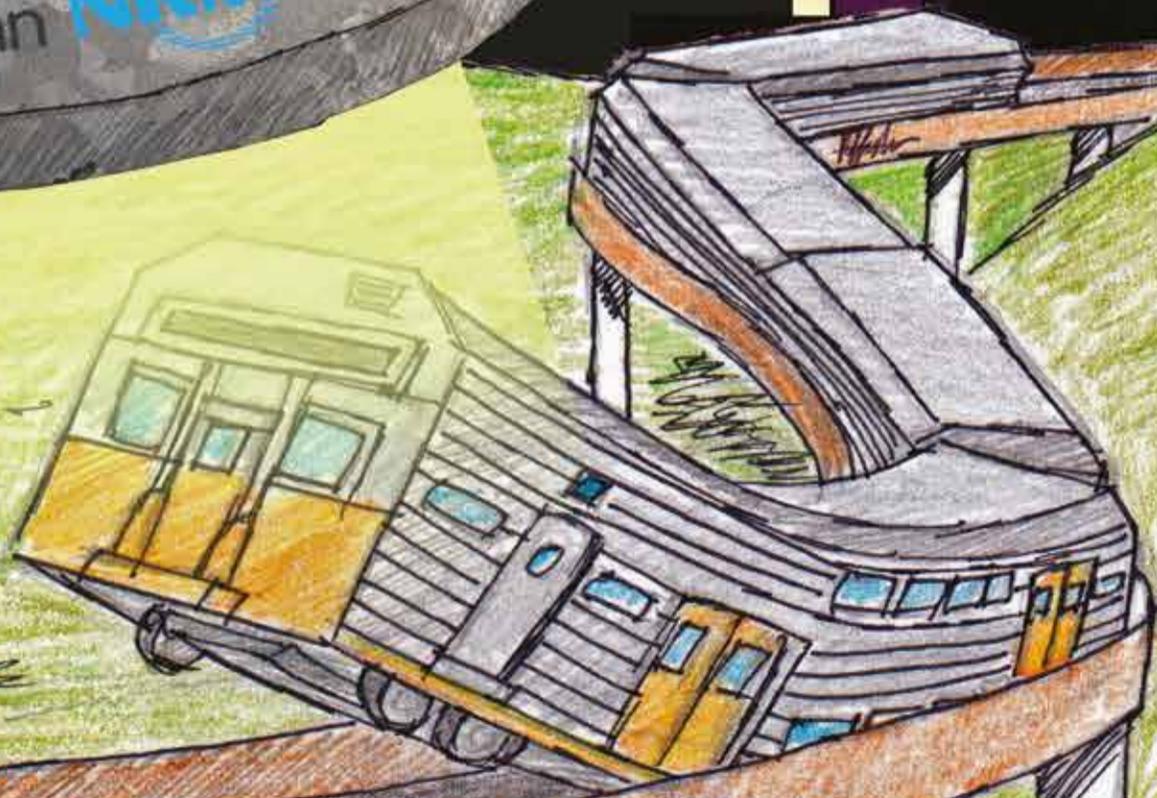
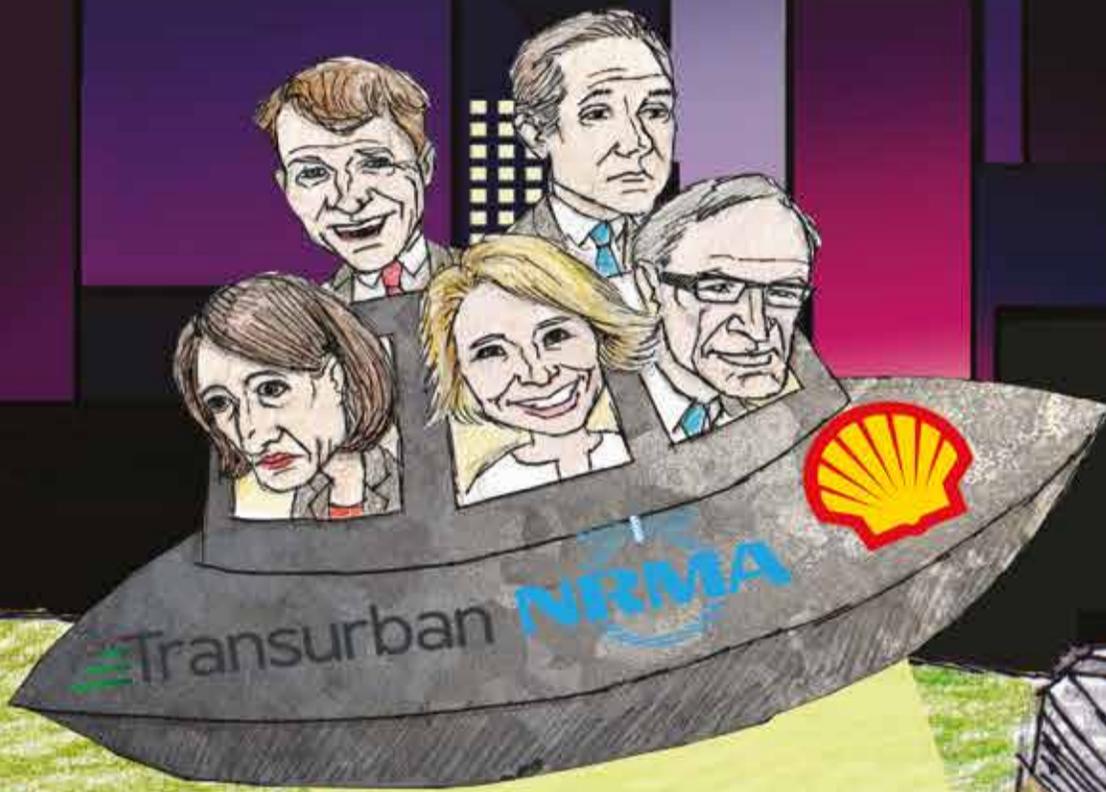
# HONI SOIT

**VOL 90 SEM 1 WEEK 1**

Why isn't weed  
legal here yet?

Why does Sydney  
traffic suck?

What does UNSW  
have to hide?



**HERE'S THE  
CONSPIRACY**

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COUNTRY

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

## EDITORIAL

I've always been fairly interested in conspiracies. Not so much conspiracies as a concept, or even any particular conspiracy, but the idea that powerful groups could work together to realise aims. It seems like they'd be just so difficult to coordinate—the details that constitute a conspiracy are rarely parsimonious, with so many parts that any conscious coordination seems unlikely.

But one need not believe in a monolithic entity pulling the strings to realise that many of the things we interact with are the interface of a scheme. What's troubling is not that the ruling class plans evil (although they may occasionally), but that they make entirely independent decisions that just happen to enhance their interests at the expense of others. This isn't surprising. Common education, social circles, and incentives combine to socialise the present and future powerful into patterns of thought that seem as if they're more an inevitable computation of fact and logic than prejudiced decision-making.

This edition will detail a few instances where diffuse decision-making arenas have converged to create questionable outcomes. I hope you enjoy the edition, but more importantly I hope it gets you thinking about the way threads might actually be more interwoven than they appear. Perhaps you will find a beautiful tapestry amongst the cookery. **LD**

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## THANKS TO

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Matthew Fisher

# The DMs Definitely NOT a known cult

Mr. Sherriff,

You may not be aware, but the Church of Scientology was determined by the High Court of Australia in 1983 to meet all requirements of a religion. That decision delineated several criteria from which one can determine what is and what is not a religion. Since then that court ruling has been the benchmark from which to judge other religions in Commonwealth countries. In other words, its analysis was so precise and workable that the highest courts of other lands have used it since.

Now you come along and call Scientology “a known cult.” Did you ever visit the Church, speak to a Scientologist, read a book on Scientology by L. Ron Hubbard, or do any of the usual things a person would do who genuinely seeks to find out about something?

I recommend you conduct your own research and not rely on such tabloid trash as the National Enquirer or Woman's Weekly.

Factual material on Scientology, its beliefs, practices and teachings, members, groups, new churches and much, much more is found at scientology.org and scientologyre-  
ligion.org.

Sincerely,  
Richard W.

(*OWeek: Join a cult*, Semester 1: *OWeek*)

## Serenade to Sam Chu

Dear Most Venerated Editors,

I do hope this message reaches you in good tidings. It is with great sorrow that I make of this letter, for I was recently left aghast by the content in your introductory edition to this most precocious student rag. As a proud student of both this fine, most reputable institution and a long-time Honi Soit scholar, I can tell you with the sureness of a well-shaven ball-sack that this edition is at least the second to feature a typographical error of such prominence. The first of course, was when Percival J. Bartholomew, in later years a brigadier in the 4th Light Horse Brigade, spilt a portion of alcoholic brew upon the printing presses causing a most noticeable crease betwixt the large portrait of Father Cornelious Dalton SJ on the front cover. Of course, in those days rations were hard to come by for the SRC, so a correction like that would command a princely sum (at least 12 straw-penny by my recollections). We certainly had no self-driving Teslas to drive us around either might I add.

To return to my initial conjecture, the lack of professionalism displayed by your front cover is startling— and I truly do mean startling. The use of a possessive apostrophe is a defining feature of the English language. I would have thought, at least, linguistic wunderkind Janek Drevikovsky would have known better (see:

<https://www.dailytelegraph.com.au/newslocal/inner-west/hsc-results-2014-janek-drevikovsky-named-first-in-course-for-a-record-five-subjects/news-story/23983ada5d-4370c36cae3e005ff8bd2a>). Despite what the editors '36 may say, an “I” is certainly no substitute for a possessive apostrophe.

However, to focus solely on my gripes of the front cover would betray my much more substantial reservation about the edition which lies somewhere between that front cover, and the back cover. Indeed, you can perhaps anticipate the direction of my scorn. For I am not, nor have I ever been, a person not likely to be the sun that melts the wax'd wings of Honi's very own Icarus; Samuel Chu. Allow me to depart from the formalities, if it pleases m'lord:

a. Imogen Grant was democratically elected and ran on a radical platform. A political scientist of Mr. Chu's stature ought recall the lessons of GOV1001— Grant has a mandate. A mandate that is, to represent left wing politics, radicalism and the views of the (majority) of students that voted for her. It is also within the powers sacrosanct founding charter, the SRC constitution. Although I'm sure a seasoned USyd student politics commentator like Mr. Chu is aware would know better than to questions constitutionally vested in Ms. Grant.

b. There is an enormous contradiction in Mr. Chu's article. On one hand he argues that Ms. Grant's post will reduce the influence and reach of the SRC but simultaneously cause more people to hate it. Far be it for me to say, you cannot have your cake and eat it Mr. Chu. Would that it were otherwise but the universal laws of logic fall very much on the opposing side. And as it happens, I have it on good authority from data analytics curves, that SRC 'Facebook' reach has only trended upward. And what of the many students who felt isolated by years of Labor incumbency and expressed their own isolation with the Liberals as the most frequently occurring third preference?

c. Communism is fucking eets. Capitalism just obviously kills so many more people. Have some nuance you rapsallion.

d. If my memory serves me correctly, Mr. Chu campaigned and marketed himself as right-wing (on Ignite branding), and betrayed his mandate to support people whomst, according to him, are in favour an ideology that he so fundamentally disagrees with. Importantly, whispers at a dinner function I was at last November, indicated that Mr. Chu himself ran to be the General Secretary of the SRC under Ms. Grant's command— hoping of course to be elected on the preferences of this group.

Whilst I could go on for days, my arthritis-ridden hand tires and my supply of quill ink is growing more scare with every word. I therefore leave you with this most fitting of aphorisms: log off Mr Chu. Log off indubitably.

Warmest Regards,  
His Eminence Abingdon Price-Amethysthurst II AM (Ph.D. CDXX) w  
(*'SRC: Such radical content*, Semester 1: *OWeek*)

*In this digital age, you can leave all manner of dirty comments on our Facebook page. But here at eternal print demon, Honi Soit, we love an old fashioned slide into the DMs. Hit us up: editors@honisoit.com*

## DID YOU KNOW?

Ever wonder when McDonald's regular menu ends and brekky menu begins? On an early morning stroll down George Street, this incensed editor discovered this open secret.

The regular menu closes at 4am: meaning for chicken nuggets, cheese-burgers or those crispy golden fries, you'll need to visit between 10:30am and 4am.

Get in quick or you won't be lovin' it. 'It' being yourself.

## Here. Have a quiz.

1. In which sport can two players be awarded an assist for scoring a goal?
2. How many stations on the Sydney Trains network begin with “St.”?
3. Which English Premier League football team has won the most UEFA Champions League titles?
4. A person who knows or is able to speak several languages is known as what, beginning with ‘p’?
5. Where was the 2002 FIFA World Cup held?
6. What is Pokemon #100?
7. Drake drunk calls an ex from whose room?
8. Hello, is this the Krusty Krab?
9. He has no style, he has no grace; this Kong has a funny face: who is he?
10. What are those?



1. Ice Hockey 2. & (St James, St Leonards, St Marys, St Peters) 3. Liverpool 4. Polyglot 5. South Korea and Japan 6. Vulture 7. Marvin's 8. No, it's Patrick 9. Lanly Kong 10. Police Shoes

# Events Near You

WED 23 ☀️  
THURS 22 ☁️  
FRI 23 ☀️

**Events Near You**

**WED, MAR 7**

- 12:00pm - 2:00pm** **FUNCH - Free HSPs**  
Eastern Avenue  
Shaggy and 2 friends are going  
✓ Going ▾ ➔ Share
- THU, MAR 8**
- 5:00pm - 6:30pm** **DEEJ: Webseries Launch**  
Hermann's Bar  
Dappy Doo invited you  
✓ Going ▾ ➔ Share
- 7:00pm - 11:59pm** **SASS x Side Bar - Welcome Back to Uni Party**  
Side Bar  
Pierodactyl Ghost invited you  
★ Interested ✓ Going ✕ Ignore ➔ Share
- 9:00pm - 3:00am** **White Party Sydney ★ Official Start of Sem Party**  
Home The Venue Sydney  
Daphne and 2 friends  
✕ NOT interested ▾ ➔ Share
- FRI, MAR 9**
- 11:00pm - 11:59pm** **Honi Soit Contributor Callout**  
editors@honisoit.com  
Honi invited you  
✓ Going ▾ ➔ Share ✎ Edit

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# Where's your identity crisis?

*Kida Lin investigates the forces shaping international students' cultural identity.*

For all of us, starting uni brings choices: what degree do we choose? Which major? How do we balance study, work and social life?

For international students, these choices can be especially tough. When we're thrust into a new environment, the extent to which we adapt or preserve our identities is a significant question.

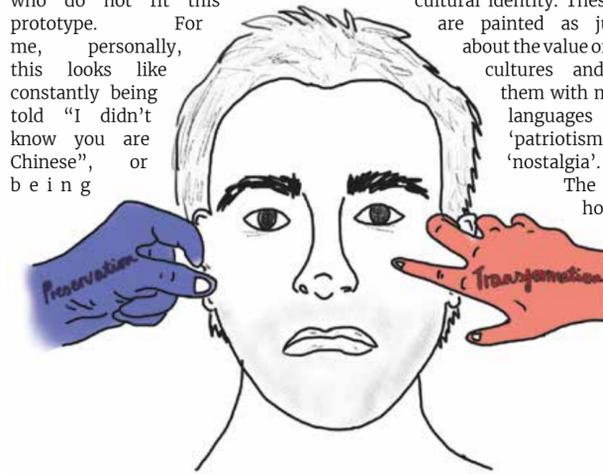
Do we invest more in maintaining current friends circle or cultivating new ones? How much time should we spend practising the new language and learning the new norms? Do we put our energy into pursuits that give us a sense of cultural solidarity, or those that would expose us to new things (think the choice between devoting time and energy to Law Society vs. Chinese/Korean/South East Asian Law Students Society).

These choices are hard because they demand self-assessment, forcing us to decide who we are and who we want to become. To an extent, all new uni students face these crises of self. What's different for international students—and for any migrant—is that there is a normative force prescribing how we

make these choices. That force dictates that we ought to feel conflicted, we ought to be troubled by our choices, and we ought ultimately to arrive at a middle point between preservation and transformation.

The normative force, in turn, exerts pressure on individuals who do not fit this prototype. For me, personally, this looks like constantly being told "I didn't know you are Chinese", or being

warned by my parents to "never forget you are Chinese". This speaks to a generalised assumption that migrants are expected to have a natural and ingrained attachment to the culture they were born into. More generally, there exists unnecessary pressure on individuals making choices about their cultural identity. These choices are painted as judgments about the value of different cultures and colours them with moralising languages such as 'patriotism' and 'nostalgia'.



The norm of how one should adjust not only shames those who are perceived to have 'transformed too much', it also punishes those who have 'transformed too little'. The idea that some immigrants have not integrated enough has long been a favourite talking point for the right. It is disheartening, but not surprising, to see many on the left pushing a counter-narrative that over-emphasises a mystified notion of how newcomers ought to act. They ought to struggle with adapting to new norms and practices; they ought to yearn for the culture left behind; and crucially, when they don't, they must have internalised cultural oppression and must be lacking confidence in their identity. This counter-narrative, originating from a misconceived cultural relativism and a well-intentioned paternalism, undermines migrants' ability to freely choose who they are and who they want to become.

Ultimately, some choices are hard. There shouldn't be external expectations and prescriptions to make them harder.

Artwork by Millie Robert

# Closing the learning environment

*Jahan Mand asks whether the new Open Learning Environment units are worth it.*

From 2018 onwards, the University of Sydney has mandated that all new students and students who have transferred between degrees will be required to complete 12 Open Learning Environment (OLE) units "to broaden and uniquely tailor their skills". Curiously, this requirement appears to restrict options for students to "tailor their skills" by effectively replacing 12 credit points of general electives with a limited list of subjects (from Table O) primarily consisting of two credit point OLE modules, most of which include significant "online-only" components.

**By restricting student choice, the university has ignored the subtleties and nuances of the thousands of individual students' unique aspirations**

This tension between the desired and likely actual outcomes of these curriculum changes raises the question: will the introduction of mandatory OLE units be of net benefit to students?

Introduced to "build novel

skill combinations and boost [your] personal and professional development" it is unclear whether the curriculum changes would be able to fulfil their purpose when compared against traditional face-to-face courses. This doubt arises from the fact that OLE units largely forgo the unique educational advantage that universities have in facilitating an interactive tutorial system for learning.

In contrast with online modules, face-to-face learning allows for engaging and diverse forms of content delivery: academics or high-achieving students can facilitate group discussions, assist with assignments and course related questions, or host quizzes and tutorial questions. While OLE units may encourage some interaction through online forums, it's unlikely that they will support and engage students the way tutorials do. This view has academic support: David Bromwich, Professor of English at Yale, argues in the *New York Review of Books* that in an well-working tutorial discussion "you learn a good deal that can't be quantified, packaged, or transmitted by an efficient impersonal medium, no matter how up-to-date, no matter how well engineered".

Moreover, the level of engagement and quality of education OLE units provide can easily be replicated by students teaching themselves topics through reading books or watching lectures on YouTube without the need

for university facilitation. The OLE unit OLET1135 *Disability Awareness and Inclusivity* is a clear example of this: it is assessed through a single 1.5-2.5 min video assignment worth 100% of the final mark, a project which, in theory, a student could complete without any guidance from the University. Further, as the majority of the OLE units occupy only two credit points, it may be the case that the modules' short duration would not provide for a thorough understanding of a topic. This could be countered by the argument that students will take six shorter courses instead of two full electives and are thus exposed to a greater variety of subjects.

Nevertheless, OLE units would likely provide some benefits to the students who take them. For example, the units may be taken as zero credit point, no-fee units allowing students to gain exposure to new areas of study whilst still taking the courses they would have ordinarily chosen. Furthermore, the University accredits these units, vouching for their quality to future employers.

The University seems to assert that OLE units would add an interdisciplinary flavour to a students' education; they are included in the *Interdisciplinary Studies Handbook*. Yet, as noted, students lose the opportunity to take 12 credits of electives from areas outside their own major. By preventing students from taking electives, the University

may restrict more avenues for future careers, personal development, as well as interest in academic disciplines, cultures and skills than it may open, thereby contradicting the interdisciplinary approach that the new curriculum changes promote. By restricting student choice, the university has ignored the subtleties and nuances of the thousands of individual students' unique aspirations and interests which lie outside their own majors. This may have meaningful consequences on the career trajectories of students arising from the various reasons as to why students take electives outside their own areas of study. An economics student might study a few units of advanced maths so that they meet the requirements for a top graduate program; a computer science student could study linguistics so that they have the knowledge to build a more sophisticated AI program; an engineering student could study commercial law to have the confidence to create a start-up.

Designating OLEs as mandatory imposes an unnecessary hindrance on students' education. Thus, it stands that though OLE units may open new opportunities for students, they may also close many more.

# Help us build a more inclusive university community

Applications are now open to join the Widening Participation and Outreach Volunteer Program.

Be part of a team building rich educational experiences with communities under-represented in higher education. Widening Participation and Outreach volunteers gain hands-on experiences and invaluable skills assisting high school students across Sydney. We provide full training and all University of Sydney students are encouraged to apply.

Applications are open until 9 March



[sydney.edu.au/wpo/volunteers](https://sydney.edu.au/wpo/volunteers)

# Poke greed every day

Liam Donohoe asks why Australia hasn't kept up with drug reform abroad.

On the first day of this year, California legalised the recreational usage of cannabis, in the process creating the largest market of its kind in the world. The move came as no surprise to anyone familiar with the decades-long effort to reverse the 'War on Drugs'—California was also the first American state to institute a medicinal marijuana program, way back in 1996. In the intervening years Australian cannabis activists and stoners alike have only watched on with envy, frustration, and perhaps a measure of sadness as other jurisdictions' laws have relaxed at a far faster rate than our own. Just this week, the NSW parliament amended their regulations of medicinal cannabis usage to improve accessibility and speed up processes, though even that update lags behind California's initial regulations in '96.

Anywhere between 7 and 10 per cent of the Australian population has smoked cannabis in the past year, and people our age (roughly 18–30) punch above their weight. And though those usage rates are actually a decline on '96, public support for legalisation has certainly increased, with polling consistently showing that more Australians support decriminalisation than not. In that context, it seems puzzling that there is not more momentum to change laws that are amongst the most punitive in the Western, neo-liberal sphere.

For Dr. Alex Wodak, the President of the Australian Drug Law Reform Foundation, it's "only a matter of time" before we catch up. "Drug law reform is a slow process... [though] we actually have strong support for the regulation of recreational cannabis." Greens Federal Senator for NSW Lee Rhiannon agrees, noting "what happens overseas will circulate down to Australia through pop culture and other mechanisms". But despite Essential Media polling data Wodak quoted, which indicates support for legalisation exceeding 50 per cent across most demographic groups, he recognises the disconnect between the electorate and the major parties. "The battle is not between the political parties anymore, but within the political parties. Each party is looking at the polling data and making careful judgments based on how many people would change their vote on this issue".

In two-party representative democracies possessing majority support for a specific change is often not enough. In Australia, key swing electorates are often especially conservative, meaning that the cost of a change in social policy is often far greater than any benefit. "Labor are terrified of moving first on the issue and being kneecapped by the Coalition" he would suggest.

There is something troubling about this. Though Dr. Wodak seems right to suggest that the "intellectual argument has been won", that proposition begs a further question: what mechanisms are interfering with the formation of opinion, especially in those electorates. For Michael Balderstone, the President of the Help End Marijuana Prohibition (HEMP) Party and Nimbin HEMP Embassy, 30 years of campaigning for drug law reform has yielded a variety of answers.

"We have no bill of rights," Mr. Balderstone began. "Australia was probably the last country the White Colonists took over and by then they worked out

to give you no freedoms at all ... we are totally in a legal corner." While the legal challenges seem obvious, supporters of reform often cite the absence of citizen-initiated referenda as inhibiting reform.

While there is no doubt that cannabis reform in America would not have been possible without citizen-initiated referenda, Ms. Rhiannon worries that this mechanism "can be distorted by the wealthy and powerful", fearing with good reason that broader structures would threaten this route to change.

But whereas Ms. Rhiannon was unsure about the role police and prison groups have played, Mr. Balderstone offered reason to believe they've been roadblocks. "The prison guard unions were the biggest opponents of changing cannabis laws in America. There's a bunch of opponents with their snouts in the trough who are powerful." He would later add that while America's Law Enforcement Action Partnership (LEAP) has "1000s of ex-cop and prison guard members", the Australian equivalent has "just four." It's not just that they are shying away from promoting progressive change, however. Mr. Balderstone alleged that WA police accosted a former Seattle police chief after a speaking engagement where he promoted reform, labelling him a traitor after initiating a private dialogue under false pretences.

The media may be as much, if not more, of a roadblock. Dr. Wodak, Ms. Rhiannon, and Mr. Balderstone all agreed that representations of drug activists and users are often unfavorable. Mr. Balderstone, who was himself called "conspiratorial" by the Sydney Morning Herald in 2007, noted the additional influence of "religious institutions" and the education system in distorting people's thinking on the issue. Of course, one need not accept that these groups are openly coordinating their efforts to recognize both that they often misrepresent facts and that they can convince a lot of people to believe those misrepresentations. Given this, the challenge of changing minds seem more like a fight against a structure that benefits from inaccurate education and the conservative thought that dominates key positions of power.

But if these institutions act as resistance to the swift bullet train of progress, then what Greens Federal Senator Lee Rhiannon calls the "objective conditions" ensure it never even comes close to full speed. "From what I see most people who are smoking marijuana don't have issues with the law. They grown their own, they've got their dealer, or they have arrangements with friends, so for most people it's not a big deal."

Mr. Balderstone is also quick to emphasise the impact of this "apathy". "We're too rich, too spoilt, and too conservative. From what I can see the rich countries have enough money to hire heaps of police and bureaucrats and bullshit to do this stuff."

[People] are scared to put their hand up. And fair enough—you lose your job, you lose your license, your family. Nimbin is full of that—casualties of the drug war."

The tension between comfort and fear on the part of users mixed with misunderstanding, misrepresentation, and party politics makes for "objective conditions" that fail to inspire the "critical mass" Ms. Rhiannon thinks necessary for change. Importantly, the absence of this "critical mass" not only reflects how far Australia is from consensus on the issue. Without a critical mass people are far less likely to commit to cannabis activism, as the probable risks do not seem worth achievable rewards, dampening resistance to dominant narratives.

It increasingly looks like firms and investors will break this political deadlock, accelerating the pace of change with ostensibly convincing economic

arguments. That conservative politicians are now talking about medicinal usage is not only likely linked to this, but is in Ms. Rhiannon's own words a "big" and often the "first step" towards broader reform.

And yet, it is easy to see the danger in integrating tools of escape with private firms and their profit motives. Mr. Balderstone suggests that this danger is already emergent, alleging that pharmaceutical representatives are "fighting tooth and nail" to influence the Therapeutic Goods Admissions' cannabis regulations to suit their interests. The timing and choice of reform, he thinks, reflects their corporate whims. Just last Wednesday, he would go onto say, "scared and confused" asbestos victims told him that they'd have to wait 7–9 months before they can access medicinal cannabis, by which time they might be dead.

Even without collusion, however, recent history warns of what can happen when you mix capitalism, alienation, and escapist substances, a fact not lost on Ms. Rhiannon. "We need to watch out for the penetration of big tobacco and pharma." That influence may well jeopardize the inclusion of essential policy details Dr. Wodak thinks critical to legalisation, including "consumer product warnings, health warnings, rehabilitation assistance", and restrictions on advertising and age of access.

But while Dr. Wodak is not bothered by "why people want to support this", an undue focus on economic arguments could also betray the social justice concerns that have animated many of the issue's most committed activists. In all American states where recreational cannabis usage has been legalised, bar California and Oregon, legalisation has not been accompanied by procedures for the commutation of cannabis-related prison sentences. There does not appear to be much utility in legalisation that maintains the disgracefully disproportionate number of, say, Indigenous and low socioeconomic status people in prison. For this and other reasons, the choice between political deadlock and putting another brick in the capitalist hegemony's wall is a tough one for many Australian stoners. Against this backdrop, left wing activist groups, especially more organised parties, seem uniquely placed to accelerate the pace of change while also securing ideal regulations.

Though 'the Left' makes its support for drugs clear, drug reform does not appear to be near the top of any agenda, and many of the more visible actions do not appear to be organized by traditional proponents of 'direct action.' This is curious – issues with drug reform neatly intersect with many of the structures the Left wants to dismantle. Campaigning around the issue has the potential to reveal how racism, alienation, classism, and behavioral controls are embedded in the apparatus of state control and the forces of Capital As such, it seems a useful issue for the promotion of consciousness and perhaps more importantly as a touchstone for recruitment purposes.

While the question of cannabis reform has become a question of 'when' rather than 'if', the focus now needs to be on accelerating the process and ensuring legalisation is done right. Securing that is, as Dr. Wodak suggests, "an issue for our generation." Too many of us will have to deal with the social costs that stem from drug use being painted as deviant. Too many of us are dealing with the legal costs that inhere a punitive system, especially those among us from historically marginalized backgrounds. And too many of us have already paid the ultimate cost in injury and death as a result of this failed approach.

So while stoners and advocates alike may not be able to make history under self-selected circumstances, a good deal more motivation will be needed if they want to make history. Perhaps they should buy some sativa next time.

# TurnItIn machine learning

Andrew Rickert would get 0/100 under Turnitin's new screening software.

TurnItIn, the anti-plagiarism essay submission system used by USyd, plans to bring out a new product called later this year to coincide with the start of the American school year.

The new software, 'Authorship Investigation', will use machine learning to monitor and learn the writing styles of individual students and flag up content which shows considerable divergence from their previous work.

The product has been developed primarily in Australia, with Deakin University, Griffith University, UNSW, the University of Queensland, and the University of Wollongong advising TurnItIn on the development of the new product, along with the University of California San Diego and the University of Northampton.

This Australian influence was spurred on following a 2014 Fairfax Media investigation that revealed up to 1000 students from 16 universities had hired the Sydney-based MyMaster company to ghost-write their assignments and sit online tests. A similar investigation by UK's The Daily Telegraph revealed that up to 20,000 students are purchasing essays from online writing services, known as 'essay mills', with some paying up to £6,500 for bespoke dissertations and PhD theses.

Last year, TurnItIn replaced its 'classic' similarity detection program with the currently used 'Feedback Studio'. It underwent a cosmetic makeover and re-branded its feedback and grading interface.

'Feedback Studio' is offered to tertiary institutions, while K-12 customers can purchase either 'Feedback Studio' or 'Revision Assistant'. It allows students to submit drafts of their work for instant assessment. Teachers assign writing prompts from a bank available in Revision Assistant. For every writing prompt in the library, TurnItIn collected about 500 samples of student writing that are scored against a 16-point rubric—covering a full breadth of writing, from weak to strong writing. The system uses machine learning to adapt to each new essay and compare it to the writing samples.

It has to be questioned if kindergarten students really need to have instant, AI-based feedback on their work. If students can get instant feedback to see which areas they are potentially 'lacking,' surely teaching and writing styles with evolve with the algorithm, changing the way students learn. The students are no longer writing for a teacher to mark their work, but trying to draft submissions that they think the AI will find acceptable.

This machine learning software, perfected on children under eighteen years old, will now be applied to create a personal profile for your writing style. In 'Revision Assistant', teachers can see student's progression over time, and this feature will surely make its way to the Authorship program. In this dystopian future, instructors could potentially compare your work to your 'best' submitted prose. Are you writing as well as you ever have? Do you deserve to be marked down if you aren't submitting your best work?

Similarly, do students write with the same profile

in-class versus when pulling an all-nighter? What about under the high-pressure of exam conditions? An ANU report noted in 2016 that the widespread use of TurnItIn is breeding a culture of "mistrust and anxiety".

This product skirts the same boundaries as the University's 2016 trial of anti-plagiarism software Cadmus that tracks students as they complete their assessments, verifying their identities using multi-factor authentication and keystroke analytics. The trial was abandoned, with Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education) Pip Pattison noting: "staff and students hated it".

TurnItIn isn't selling teachers and administrators a product. The marketing on their website frames the TurnItIn brand less as software and more as a pedagogical lifestyle brand. In fact, the word "plagiarism" is used only twice on their home page, in spite of the fact that the tool is first and foremost a plagiarism detection service.

This service, reportedly costing institutions around \$2 per year per student, allows TurnItIn to use students as unpaid labourers, writing millions of essays which they can use to refine their AI software and provide a 'better' product in future.

But will students benefit at all from this? Even official TurnItIn documents note that false positives can occur simply due to a student re-using research in multiple projects (as one would do when writing a thesis), or if the student had previously checked their work in a TurnItIn-owned student-focused 'similarity-checker'. In an ideal world, this machine learning may not pose a threat to 'honest' students, but cheater or not: you are just an unpaid guinea pig in the maze of TurnItIn.

**DIRECTLY  
PLAGIARISED  
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The Telegraph UK

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Sydney University

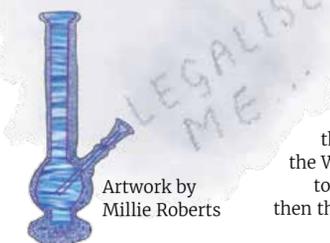
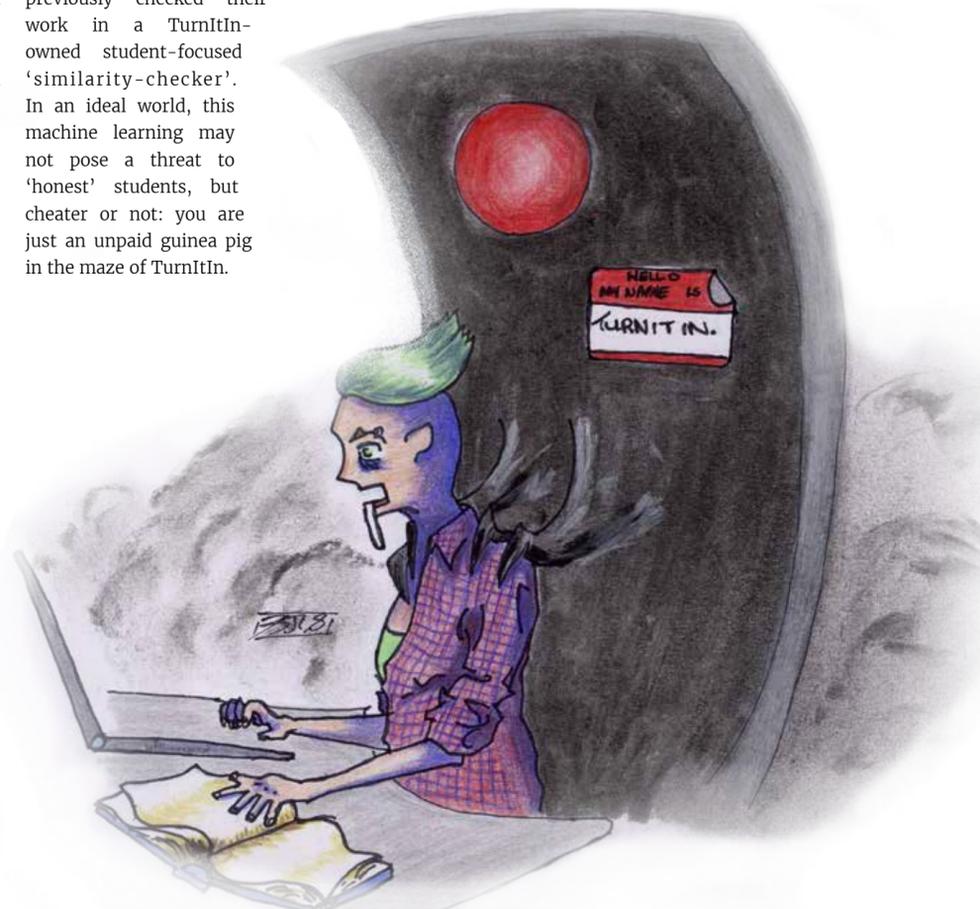
The Sydney Morning Herald

campustechnology.com

HybridPedagogy.org

Honi Soit

Artwork by  
Brendan O'Shea



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Millie Roberts

# Where are we now: fighting sexual violence on campus

Katie Thorburn assesses a history of anti sexual assault activism.



Sexual assault has been a persistent problem at the University of Sydney for decades. In 1977 a woman, Annette Morgan, was found raped and murdered on St Paul's College Oval. In 2009, students at St Paul's, an all male residential college on campus, created a 'pro-rape' Facebook group called Define Statutory: Pro-Rape, Anti-Consent. In 2014, a USyd student, Alexander Wright, took an explicit photo of a student without her consent and shared this image with other students. Despite carrying a maximum sentence of 2 years, USyd management deemed that the act was 'not serious' and did not punish Mr. Wright, who was also a Residential Leader at an on-campus residential facility.

But for as long as there has been rampant sexual assault on campus, there have also been feminist activists, most notably the Women's Collective (WoCo), fighting to eradicate violence against women on campus. And over the past couple of years the fight to make management take these issues seriously has heated up.

In early 2016, student journalist Apama Balakumar exposed a journal created by the Wesley College student club that called women "sluts" and "hoes", gave out a "best tits" award, and featured the now infamous "Rack Web", an infographic depicting a network of sexual relations between different Wesleyans. WoCo responded to this publication by staging a protest outside Wesley College, with black tape over their mouths symbolising the silence around the degradation of women.

In the later parts of 2016, WoCo organised a now infamous protest on USyd's Open Day. Protesters made and brought mattresses emblazoned with slogans such as "red tape won't cover up rape" and "don't rape". Later about 20 members and supporters of WoCo stormed a parent information session

hoisting these mattresses in an act that represented the burden faced by sexual assault survivors on campus. WoCo took control of the microphones and survivors spoke of their traumatic experience with the University after their assaults. Ironically, university management and security turned off the lights—literally putting survivors in the dark. WoCo's effective media campaign added to this, pressuring the university into yielding to demands to overhaul sexual assault reporting mechanisms and taking broader action.

The national conversation reached an apex last year when the Australian Human Rights Commission (AHRC) undertook a national report into sexual violence in university communities. This report only came about because of consistent pressure by student activists. The report's origins lie in efforts of The Hunting Ground Australia Project (THGAP), a group which was established via philanthropy to screen the eponymous documentary throughout Australia. These funds also stipulated that a report be conducted into sexual assault on campus, so THGAP approached the AHRC and Universities Australia (UA) to initiate that process. Universities Australia understood that an investigation would take place with or without them, and so co-opted the report into the 'Respect. Now. Always' campaign to make it seem as if they were taking initiative. This also allowed them to influence the report towards their interests and away from solving entrenched problems on campuses.

In the lead up to the report's release many actions were taken by USyd and other universities' women's collectives. A new group End Rape On Campus (EROC) augmented these efforts, helping the report to have maximum impact. Firstly, UA

was not going to release individual university's data sets, meaning the public and students would not see the full extent of the report. However, through campaigning, universities agreed to release their data sets. UA also attempted to release the report during the exam or holiday period, a move that would have made it difficult for campus organisers to mount an effective campaign. Moreover, releasing these likely traumatic findings during the exam period could have also induced catastrophic stress among survivors. USyd WoCo and other survivor advocates fought hard to have the date of the release pushed back and organised a highly effective rally starting at USyd and marching to UTS on the day of the release.

However, the report and AHRC came under scrutiny for not conducting the survey in the most effective and appropriate ways. For one, the survey could not be paused, meaning that survivors reliving trauma were unable to return to their submission in the event it became overwhelming. Moreover, the questions were poorly worded, stressing issues of sexual harassment more-so than sexual assault, a feature reflected in the absence of a behaviour based definition of sexual assault. It was also later revealed that UA had a hand in the creation of the survey. Given these shortcomings, it is possible that many instances were not reported. Nonetheless, the commission still received more submissions in its first month of fielding submissions than

**If students asked too many questions they were cast as aggressive and not 'team players'**

any other complete report submission ever undertaken. Furthermore the report's recommendations were disappointing, with many of them vague enough for universities to be able to pay lip service to progress while failing to implement effective and rigorous measures.

For an example of what those effective and rigorous measures would look like, one need look no further than the reports released by EROC and The Human Rights Centre (THRC) at UNSW early to mid 2017. EROC's is called the 'Connecting the Dots' report and THRC's is called 'Reaching Safe Ground: Addressing Sexual Assault and Harassment at Australian Universities'.

The demands to eradicate sexual violence are simple: Proper consequences for perpetrators safety measures for survivors, and preventative measures to ensure sexual violence does not occur in the

first place. So far management has mostly only done minor initiatives, which are merely window dressing this entrenched problem. These superficial initiatives include a poster campaign run by UA called 'Respect. Now. Always', and as of this year, the University of Sydney will have an online consent module called Consent Matters you may have already seen on MyUni consent module, the module that was chosen is not evidence based at changing behaviour, and can be skipped through. It is also not a substitute for face-to-face consent education.

Essentially, university management sees this issue as a PR issue that could affect their bottom line, not as a duty to protect their students whom they have a duty of care to. This was poignant in meetings that Women's Officers and other elected office bearers of the SRC would have with management. These meetings originated in dealing with the prevalence of sexual assault on campus in 2015. The meetings were later named Safer Community Working Group, a subtle euphemism for the issue the group was to 'work' on, yet further enough away that they—management—could deploy tactics to water down attempts for change. They would add random students to the group, meaning discussions would have to start again, or it would deflect the short time had in meetings to explain something to the newer members. They'd also bring up other important issues: trying to make us pick which one was more important to dwindle our efforts. If students asked too many questions they were cast as aggressive and not 'team players'. These meetings are largely for show and an attempt to point to a line of communication to attempt to suppress protesting which put the university in a bad light.

Despite heavily critiquing Consent Matters in these meetings and student representatives giving their disapproval, management went ahead with it anyway. It's clear they wanted a cheap and easy shield to deflect attention away from the exposed problem of sexual assault, rather than comprehensive preventative measures. I can't help but feel cynical about management's approach to this issue. I have not been shown evidence that they truly care, on the contrary I see their care being their reputation and subsequent profit. If you feel particularly passionate about this issue, one thing that's clear is getting involved into the Women's Collective is a way to make a difference. When it comes to sexual violence, student activists will not be silenced.

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# In defence of the anti-social

Alan Zhang explores the faces we put on in our professional lives.

For many students, corporate social life is a glitzy, alluring window into the unspoken excesses of our working lives. While, at its core, the workplace is a stirring ideal of well-kempt professionalism, it is often forgotten that amidst the nine-to-five grind, employees work in an artificially designed and often constraining social environment.

The intricacies of these social environments are not always physical or observable, though sometimes they can be. In a renewed shift to open-plan offices and alternative 'break-out' spaces, workplace cultures and social microcosms within large companies exist not so much as an attempt at goodwill for developing new employees but more so as a filter which greets prospective employees before they get their foot in the door.

After all, these carefully curated environments are an opportunity for employers to maintain and sell the abstract social cultures of 'excellence', 'ambition' and similar other iterations which they so precisely propagate in shiny marketing materials. In these environments, there is a minimum expectation which pressures performance in accordance with the one-sided terms of engagement and participation set by employers.

Employers have all the power and would-be employees desperately want the job. Every year, thousands of university students participate in networking events advertised across Facebook, some as part of structured events run by clubs and societies. They span all the way from the Sydney Uni Engineering Undergraduates Association's (SUEUA) industry night to Financial Management

Association of Australia's (FMAA) cocktail evenings. Other social events are mandatory and built-in to strategic recruitment programs, like the infamous cocktail nights run by Australia's big-six law firms for prospective law clerks every summer.

There is no inherent issue with students networking in these environments. Identity-based networking nights like those targeted at people of colour, migrants or women-identifying students give otherwise disadvantaged groups the opportunity to socially collectivise, form empowering professional and support networks and ascend a corporate ladder whilst gaining social mobility in broader society.

But these social environments often activate the best and worst of us. At their worst, these social environments are elitist and toxic. They insist the presentation of a face to meet other faces and demand the co-opting or drowning of a true internal self. It demands a sacrifice of facets of our identity in order to be welcomed or supported in the workplace. Suddenly, when confronted by a dream job and a desperation to 'fit in', we find ourselves competing to be the loudest voice in the room in an open-plan office, partaking in office sweepstakes when we might detest gambling or the animal cruelty of the Melbourne Cup or engaging in a corporate Australia Day celebration when we personally support a change of date or solidarity between all people of colour, alongside Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders. At the very minimum, the structuring of a workplace in accordance with an employer's terms of participation excludes introverts,

and at higher systemic levels, those who may not belong to Eurocentric or hypermasculine narratives of socialisation because of inherent features like race and class.

The construction of 'social' in the workplace becomes less about how often or enthusiastically we participate but more maliciously about how we conform to the oft narrow expressions of acceptable and selective socialisation in professional workplaces. It involves a casting aside of those who are different, as 'anti-social' outliers, when they are simply unattuned to the specific context of a social environment.

For instance, monthly drinks events may exclude people of the Muslim faith, cultural dress-up days in celebration of events like Chinese New Year may carelessly appropriate, reduce or misrepresent the culture of employees and weekly CBD runs might risk ableism. B These incidents, often sold as employee 'perks' and 'benefits', are imperative for constructing working professional relationships. The employees who aren't able to conform are presented with no other alternative to attain the same professional mobility as their more socially-aligned peers.

In a 2012 Ted Talk, Susan Cain, author of *Quiet: The Power of Introverts in a World That Can't Stop Talking*,

related studies which showed the shift to open-plan workplaces were designed for extroverts, toxifying the productivity of introverts. Workplace social environments, for all their largely good intentions, consistently run the perennial risk of defining the horizons of socialisation, thereby limiting and excluding people who socialise differently. It is a contributing factor to the isolation and underrepresentation of non-European individuals at the upper echelons of most of Australia's largest employers including ASX200 companies, Federal Parliament, Ministries, the Public Service and universities according to the Australian Human Rights Commission's 2016 Report Leading for Change: A Blueprint for Cultural Diversity and Inclusive Leadership. Luckily, the problem is not unfixable. Social life in the workplace does not exist vacuously but rather, remains irreversibly codependent with the professional facets of the workplace like collaboration, problem-solving and interpersonal skills. A socially inclusive workplace is ultimately a productive workplace and it remains commercially sensible for businesses to get this right. Employees have a right to belong, especially when we spend up to a third of our lifetime at work.

Arwork by  
Jess Zlotnick



# Small change won't make big change

Aiden Magro reflects on the insidious reality behind reverse vending machines.

Last December the New South Wales government announced the Return and Earn deposit scheme as a countermeasure to the vast amount of recyclable waste produced yearly in the state. A person returning eligible cans and bottles to a reverse vending machine will receive ten cents per container and can claim the total amount of their returns in cash, electronic transfer through Paypal, or as store credit at leading supermarkets like Woolworths.

The first of these TOMRA Reverse Vending Machines were rolled out across suburbs in the Inner West. Near my house there is one inside Addison Road Community Centre, and it is this community centre I headed to on a Saturday afternoon, with a bag full of empty bottles and cans. As I'm unloading the contents of my bag into the vending machine, I notice a woman carrying far more containers than I have. Later she would reveal

to me that she had a car full of these containers, all sourced from bins outside cafes in Marrickville. "I couldn't let myself walk pass all of this waste," she would explain. "I need to pay the bills. My husband doesn't even know I do it." I didn't know the woman, but I know her story quite well. In another encounter, despite the Return and Earn scheme being in place for less than three months, I met a man who had already built a contraption large enough to transport the 400 bottles and cans he collected from storage bins around Sydney.

The world is rapidly changing around us due to inadequate and unsustainable waste management; this is not news. What is newsworthy though is failing to recognise the way classism intersects with environmental concerns in our move towards sustainable living.

solutions have produced an average 70% return rate of recyclable containers, in some places 100%. But how much of this 70% - 100% return rate is contributed by people from low socioeconomic backgrounds? If I'm to answer this question based entirely on conversations from Addison Road, I'm inclined to think the contribution rate is high. From what I see, the program does not rely on businesses being waste conscious but rather is preying on the vulnerable who rely on these small returns to stay above the poverty line.

Even more telling, TOMRA's vision is centered on the way corporations can benefit from participating in the scheme, rather than the overall benefits recycling has on the environment. In the "Why TOMRA" section of their website they state, "Our goal is always for our reverse vending solutions to be so intuitive and reliable

that they attract customers and keep them coming back to you." Their motives are transparent. Participation in the program gives businesses environmentally consciousness points they will undoubtedly advertise, whereas poor people 'benefit' from ten cents per container.

Conflict is found when corporations get involved with waste management solutions. TOMRA Reverse Vending Machine may be a small example, but it is a lighthouse example of the faults in public-private partnerships. A public service delivered as a private function, where they still profit in the system, and it's delivered as an economic service, will always reinforce the structures that exist within our society.

TOMRA claims reverse vending



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advocacy  
representation

# THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE ANDERSON STUART BUILDING

*The (semi) true account of Erin Jordan's ghostbuster investigation into USyd's eerie Anderson Stuart building.*

The Anderson Stuart Building, the University's version of the infamous Bran Castle, is known to be haunted.

Allow me to present the facts: Thomas Peter Anderson Stuart was an unhappy man. As an only child and natural academic, he was thought to have lived a solitary life right into adulthood. When he was studying, he was labelled a recluse. His doctoral chums did not share in his enthusiasm, and dubbed the building, his pride and joy, as 'Andy's Folly'. His situation at home was equally dire. Anderson Stuart was a strict, distant father. His marriage was not a happy union and tragically ended when his wife passed in 1886. He died after discovering a tumour in his abdomen. Does his soul haunt the halls of his namesake building?

Three nights ago, I was browsing the depths of the internet, when I lost my way in a thicket of Reddit threads, and stumbled upon some shocking testimonies:

"I generally just get kinda creeped out whenever I'm in that building," one witness confessed. "I guess there could be something there, idk."

"[T]he wifi is fucked, probably haunted or some shit," another victim revealed.

"There is a ghost that gropes PhD students stuck studying in the labs at night..." said a third.

I left Reddit shaken, and emboldened, and so took it upon myself to investigate.

Patsy\*, a sidekick of sorts, accompanied me on the investigation. Patsy had long been perturbed by the "weird vibes" coming from the building. She was new to the

business of ghost hunting, but what she lacked in know-how she made up for in dedication to the cause.

Arriving at nightfall, which was technically still light because of daylight savings, we found ourselves mysteriously locked out of a high-security building. Patsy and I examined the fortifications for weaknesses; there were none to speak of, except perhaps that of our own minds.

"We have several options," I explained to Patsy as I drew a grand plan in the dirt with a fine, pointy stick. Patsy stubbornly opposed to all: the suction-cup wall climb, tunnelling with spoons, the makeshift trebuchet. We settled on simply walking into the building with a professor or student.

I took a swig of liquid courage from my Kmart water bottle and steeled myself for what was to come.

Quite suddenly, a pair of students appeared – this was our chance. We shuffled into the building after them, and Patsy and I quickly set about searching for signs of ghostly interference.

Ignoring the better judgement we had acquired from watching many ghost hunting films, we decided to explore the creepiest place first – the basement.

We descended slowly, resting at each step, craning our necks in an attempt to not actually descend further. Upon catching a glimpse of a row of refrigerators, and imagining the horrors that must

lie within, we promptly trotted back upstairs.

Next, Patsy led us upstairs. As a precaution, we took some holy water from our kit and sprinkled all over ourselves in case

a of a–

"You shouldn't be here!" a deep voice echoed throughout the corridor.

We flinched, gulped, and braced ourselves to enter the spirit world. In a bizarre turn of events, the door flung open and what can only be described as an 'angry dude with an iPod' emerged.

And so, only twenty minutes into the investigation, we found ourselves banished from the premises.

Desperate to interact with a spectre of some sort before starvation set in, Patsy and I decided to change tack. We would have to communicate with the ghosts of Anderson Stuart from outside the walls.

Against our better judgement, we attempted to construct a ouija board. After attempting to carve the alphabet on the back of a chip packet, but finding it too greasy to be workable, we ventured to Fisher Library to fashion a ouija board from scrap paper.

Upon returning, we laid out our ouija board on the steps of Anderson Stuart. We substituted the séance candle for the torch setting on my phone, and clasped our hands together, chanting something we looked up on Wikipedia. Mixed in with our chants was the oddly comforting sound of heavy metal music, wafting over from Manning Bar.

The planchette, which was made from a bottle-top, started to move. C-A-W.

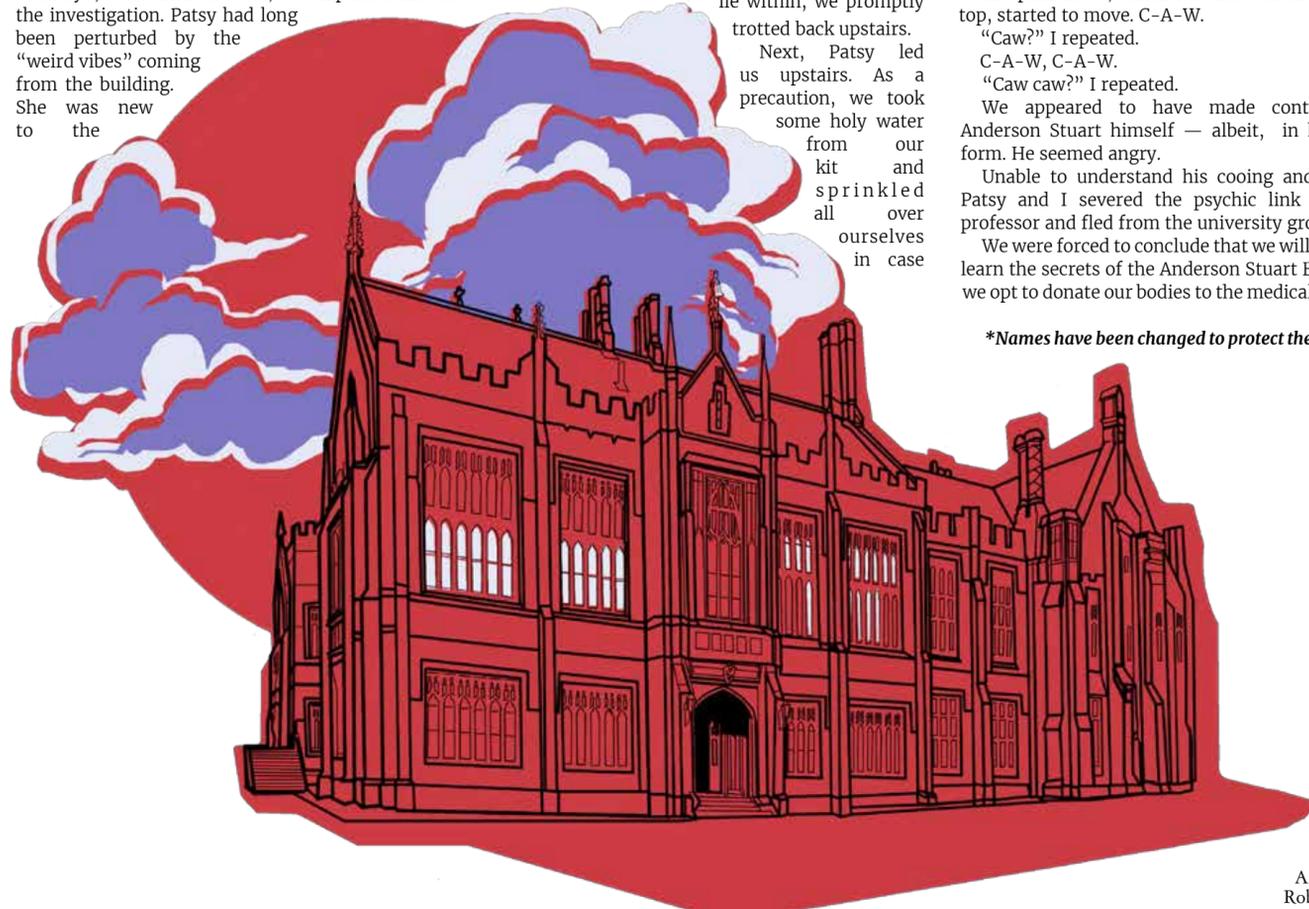
"Caw?" I repeated. C-A-W, C-A-W.

"Caw caw?" I repeated. We appeared to have made contact with Anderson Stuart himself – albeit, in his raven form. He seemed angry.

Unable to understand his cooing and cawing, Patsy and I severed the psychic link with the professor and fled from the university grounds.

We were forced to conclude that we will only ever learn the secrets of the Anderson Stuart Building if we opt to donate our bodies to the medical building.

*\*Names have been changed to protect the innocent.*



Artwork by Robin Eames

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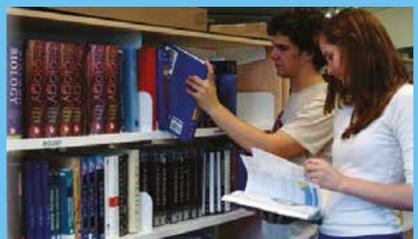
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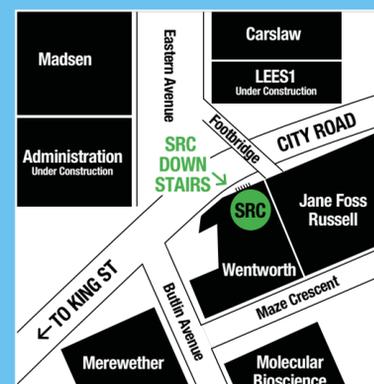
## STUDENT MEDIA

### Media for students, by students

- *Honi Soit* weekly student newspaper & website: [www.honisoit.com](http://www.honisoit.com)
- Student handbooks



## FIND THE SRC



Level 1, Wentworth Building, Darlington/Camperdown Campus, University of Sydney

### Office Hours:

Monday–Friday, 9am–5pm

### Contact:

p: 9660 5222 | f: 9660 4260

e: [help@src.usyd.edu.au](mailto:help@src.usyd.edu.au)

w: [src.usyd.edu.au](http://src.usyd.edu.au)

fb: [facebook.com/srchelp](https://facebook.com/srchelp)

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### Drop-in sessions:

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Tuesdays & Thursdays, 1–3pm

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# The last train out of Sydney's almost gone

Liam Thorne investigates the sad history of the NSW approach to infrastructure.

Sydney used to have what can only be described by public transport nerds (like me) as a truly majestic tram system. By most metrics—reach, capacity, interconnectedness—it was the bedrock of a welcoming and energetic city. Before its eventual demise at the hands of the automobile, it brought the North and South together, from Narrabeen and Willoughby down to Cronulla. It reached outwards to Ryde, Concord, Enfield, Hurlstone Park, and Earlwood. The height of its majesty, however, was found around USyd, snaking along almost every main arterial road that today finds itself clogged with cars; along Parramatta Road and King Street, up Victoria Road through Balmain and down the Princes Highway towards Tempe.

George Street featured a tram that ran from Central Station up towards the crown jewel of the network: the Harbour Bridge. A pioneering piece of engineering and city planning, the bridge was and is impressive both for the service it provides, connecting North to South, and the transport features it boasted. Sir John Bradfield, the bridge's designer, fought for 30 years for a design that would accommodate the mass population growth he correctly foresaw. The six lane design was seen as entirely unnecessary in the period prior to the rise of the automobile. Possessing two tram and two rail tracks, the system incorporated what are jargonistically called 'redundancies', essentially backup plans in the event of an emergency. This was a diversified system, one that easily handled the population growth following World War II. And while many argue that the bridge's roads nudged people toward cars, Bradfield still prioritised an urban ideology of creating a city based on an interconnected mass transport system. This ideology defined Sydney for its first 50 years following federation.

years before the tram lines were removed, the system moved 400 million people around Sydney in a year. In 2006, City Rail (affectionately termed 'Shitty Rail' by Sydney commuters) could only manage a mere 200 million, at full capacity. When trains break down now on the North Shore Line, the entire system slows to a crawl. Where cars now pile up on main arteries sprawling from the inner city, tears are often shed for the high-capacity trams of old, which could take such congestion in their stride. And of course, the Sydney Harbour Bridge trams are no more. There is, however, a pattern behind these changes. Successive Australian governments, especially NSW's, have consistently prioritised money and self-interest over the public good. There are countless, separate allegations that the NSW government is deep in the pockets of corporate interest, cutting corners when it should have been meaningfully investing in the future of an ever-growing city.

**In 1946 the tram system moved 400 million people around Sydney in a year. In 2006, City Rail could only manage a mere 200 million, at full capacity.**

The removal of Sydney's tram system was ostensibly motivated by the need to modernise, namely by making way for the automobile. Despite the many successes of Sydney's heavy-lift tram system (a type of tram system specifically able to handle high passenger volume), critics focused on the injuries caused by tram accidents, or their industrial appearance. At the centre of this debate

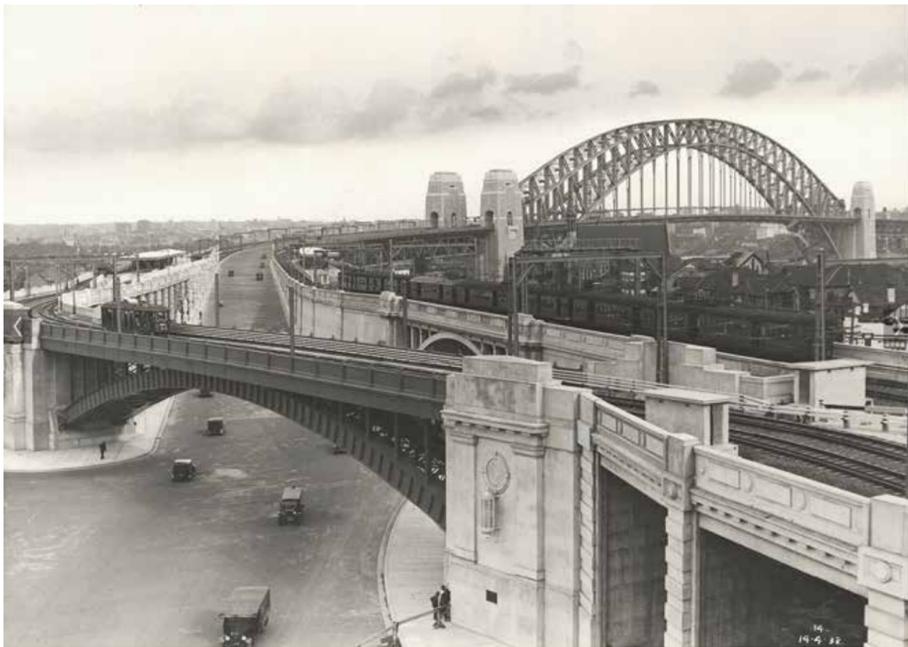


Image: the Northern Approach to the Harbour Bridge in 1932, featuring the now demolished tram bridge.

Sitting on the 370 bus now, running late as ever for class, the contrast between now and then could not be more disappointing. That the modern transport system deviates so radically from Bradfield's plan is yet another item on the ever increasing list of complaints Sydneysiders have about traffic and congestion, especially given that old network offered solutions to these modern complaints. An ABC Rear Vision report from 2006 found that in 1946, only

was the National Roads and Motorways Association, the current-day insurance giant NRMA. In its earlier days, the NRMA saw itself as a lobbying power representing the voices of, initially largely privileged, motorists. This was a global trend: in cities across the world, powerful lobbying groups were responsible for dismantling mass transport systems—in American cities like Los Angeles, General Motors and National City Lines were effectively responsible for

the removal of the streetcar system.

In Sydney, one of the earliest tramline closures, in Enfield, was met with public protest. Similar protests against the closure of the Watson's Bay and Ryde lines even resulted in their temporary reopening. But despite the NSW Government's initial policy stance—to remove some of the standalone and periphery lines while maintaining the high capacity routes closer to the inner city—the eventual result was far more drastic. By 1961, Joe Cahill and Bob Heffron's Labor Governments were finally successful in dismantling one of the largest tram systems in the world.

One need only look at the success of Melbourne's tramlines to consider what might have been. The Victorian governments of the time chose to maintain their system by upgrading its technology. It isn't hard to see how this explains, at least in part, why Melbourne is consistently considered more livable than Sydney.

The NSW government has on several occasions recognised the increasing strain their tramless system has come under. Infuriatingly, however, their proposed solutions have tended to be quickly abandoned, half-heartedly completed, or replaced by more expensive road plans. In that context, it's not surprising that many suspect that, as in the case of trams, the government is simply caving to pressure and the influence of money.

In 1968 and 1974, transportation studies by the State Planning Authority of NSW recommended the building of several rail lines to support growth in the city's outer areas. The majority of these recommendations went unfulfilled, and unsuccessfully suggested since. Notably, express lines from Parramatta to Redfern and Chatswood have been proposed frequently. The Redfern-Parramatta proposal still sits on the table over 50 years later, and the Chatswood-Parramatta Line was only half-completed as the Chatswood-Epping line in 2009. In most cases, commuters have been left to choose between the overcrowded main suburban line, or roads like the City West Link (attacked for being overly-congested only four years after completion), the similarly congested M4, or the Parramatta Road tram gravesite.

The more recent Cross City Tunnel (CCT) and WestConnex projects show that this pattern of road-obsessed development has not been lost on the new century. Even before construction began, many had suggested that the CCT was unnecessary and wasteful. Sydney traffic planner Michelle Zeibots, for example, warned that the required journeys per annum through the tunnel to turn a profit were impossible. To the surprise of virtually no one, the \$680 million tunnel became insolvent only two years after opening due to low traffic numbers. It was bought out privately by Keighton Contractors and ABN AMRO, before it again fell into voluntary receivership in 2013. More worrying than the project's lack of use to Sydneysiders, however, were the shady lengths to which the NSW Government went to secure, in vain, the project's success. In order to manufacture demand for their tolled-road, streets around and above the road, especially William Street, were treated to diversions and lane reductions. Not only were these moves explicitly motivated by the desire to increase profits for private firm Cross City Motorways, but the effort to cover up the contract detailing these facts was especially elaborate. And of course, most of the analysis shows that the move worsened, rather than improved, congestion, especially for people who do not use the tunnels.

The latest road project designed to alleviate traffic-congestion is the dubious WestConnex project. Critics, including members of the Greens such as

Mehreen Faruqi, have voiced the same criticisms that were levelled at the CCT project and the Lane Cove Tunnel: that the required tunnel usage and toll revenue will not nearly cover the construction costs. Faruqi's website claims that "by 2029, WestConnex will have lost over \$4.5 billion in taxpayers' money."

Critics also contend that big road projects only encourage higher use of cars, ensuring their role as the dominant mode of transport. The concept of induced-demand suggests that households are more likely to opt into driving when an arterial road is built. Advocates for WestConnex, including majority-owner Transurban (whose non-executive director, Peter Scott, is also a University Senate Fellow), contend that the motorway will ease the strain on Sydney's roads. But what seems more likely is that congestion levels will stay the same, just on a larger scale and in more places. The same resources could secure more public transport lines, which would make a larger difference comparatively.

Examples of the NSW government's detached priorities could fill this entire edition, but the clearest case study of recent times is a more relevant, ongoing standoff between the Rail, Tram and Bus Union (RTBU) and NSW Transport Minister Andrew Constance. Though this stoush received mainstream media attention in January when the RTBU proposed widespread industrial action, its origins date back to mid-2017. The RTBU's core demands are a wage increase beyond the 2.5 per cent public service wages cap imposed by the Liberal NSW government and improvement of unsafe, uncomfortable working conditions.

By January this year, it was clear that transit workers were under strain precisely because successive governments have focused on overburdening existing structures rather than increasing capacity. Back in November, Sydney Trains released a new timetable with 1500 additional weekly services to try and meet the burgeoning demand for public transport. There was no consultation with the RTBU regarding the likely results of such significant changes. The RTBU claims that 150 new workers would have been required to operate the new timetable, and yet no new workers were hired. This resulted in train operators being forced to work huge amounts of overtime, with some reportedly rostered on for twelve of every fourteen days.

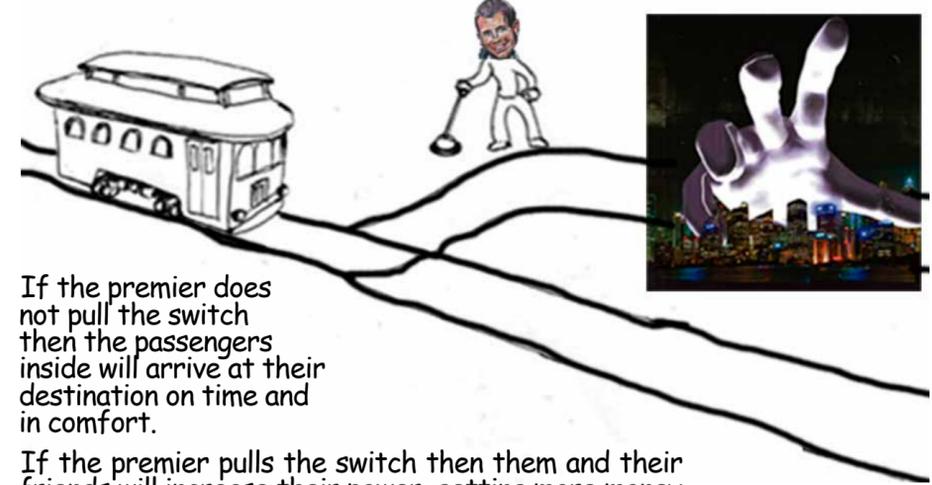


Image: commuters consumed by chaos at Central Station during the two day train meltdown.

The vulnerabilities in this system were finally exposed when lightning strikes at Penrith, Gordon, and Sefton brought the entire rail system down for two days, taking Sydney's entire transport infrastructure with it. The Government's immediate response was to blame workers for taking "excessive sick leave". The RTBU set the record straight: there had "been no abnormal spike in sick leave" and this was "another attempt by Sydney Trains to demonise their hard-working drivers".

After concluding that discussions had broken down, the RTBU democratically decided to pursue what was, in their own words, their last-resort: industrial action and strikes. But before they could, the Fair Work Commission controversially declared such an action illegal. The union fell back on negotiations, which at the time of writing are ongoing. An RTBU representative told Honi that for

## The Premier's Trolley Cart Problem



**If the premier does not pull the switch then the passengers inside will arrive at their destination on time and in comfort.**

**If the premier pulls the switch then them and their friends will increase their power, getting more money in the process.**

**What do?**

the past two weeks, Sydney Trains management has been touring workplaces across NSW in attempts to reach a new agreement. A postal ballot will be dispatched this Thursday, with counting to conclude on the March 24. Until then, Sydney Trains operators' safety while on the job, and the security of the jobs themselves, remain open questions. In any event, what seems clear is that the NSW government will continue to look for easy ways to dig itself out of this hole, regardless of the cost to the most vulnerable.

One such shortcut, and one that is always towards the top of Liberal government agendas, is privatisation. Despite Mike Baird's 2015 electoral promise to use "asset recycling" (electricity privatisation) to ensure public transport would stay public, rumours began to circulate in 2016 that parts of NSW Public Transport would soon be sold off. Indeed, in February 2017, the government announced that bus services in the Inner West would be put to private tender. A year later, in February 2018, Australian company Transit Systems was declared the successful contract bidder. Transit Systems will operate Inner West buses from July, and its contract will last for eight years. What its services will look like is still unclear. NSW Transport Minister Constance has said the company will introduce extra services and the luxury of ordering buses on demand, just "like they order an Uber". The RTBU is less enthusiastic: its press releases claim that fewer bus services and increased fares are likely.

**When public transport is shit governments find it easier to convince the public that workers do not deserve pay rises, while privatisation is more easily characterised as a panacea.**

In fact, that's exactly what happened in Newcastle. After the hurried sale of Newcastle's entire transport system in July 2017, there has been a 30% drop in on-time bus trips as well as reports of the underpaying of bus drivers. Melbourne's rail privatisation has also been criticised for similar reasons. Though it still owns the infrastructure, Victoria franchised the running of trains and trams in 1999. Despite original promises that subsidies would only be a stop-gap measurement, Hong-Kong based rail operator MTR was still receiving government support in 2013-14, to the tune of \$1.188 billion. Yet it still managed to make an after-tax profit of \$46.22 million. It's

only too likely that similar wasteful and suspicious funding arrangements will emerge from the Inner West privatisation. Ultimately, though, the biggest worry for Inner West residents is the cost increases that privatisation almost always involves, with limited improvement in efficiency or comfort. The Government, of course, will benefit from reduced costs and the redirection of complaints towards someone else.

And it's the same with projects that are currently in the planning stage. The upcoming Chatswood to Sydenham Metro line will feature driverless trains, which—along with design shortcuts like single line designs—will be effective in reducing costs and the power of workers, without any commensurate benefit for commuters.

These are design features that governments exploit to the full. When public transport is shit, people do not appreciate it fully. When that happens, governments find it easier to convince the public that workers do not deserve pay rises, while privatisation can be more easily characterised as panaceas when people are desperate for action. Throughout all of this, commuters are the victims.

Nonetheless, there are a few causes for optimism, especially ongoing light rail development like the CBD and South East Light Rail, and the Parramatta Light Rail. These projects recognise that population growth and subsequent congestion cannot just be dealt with by building roads. Ultimately, however, it seems as though far more projects of this kind are necessary to meet current, let alone future, demand, especially in light of the many high density developments that local councils have approved. Moreover, that many of the future lines will be privately owned and automated is an ominous sign for the RTBU and workers across NSW.

We are still burdened by the irresponsible and, frankly, corrupt decision making of past governments. Almost 60 years after Sydney's tram network was ripped out, and the lines tarred over to prevent their return, we are finally returning to the tramline option: hopefully, it's a move that challenges the pattern of putting the masses last. However, in order for NSW to have a majestic transport system, or even just a bearable one, voters and commuters must realise that mass public transport is the most effective solution to congestion. They must also validate the crucial role played by those workers who run our buses, trams, and rail. And yet, as the 370 pulls into USyd well behind schedule, I am reminded of the history of this issue and our broader power structures. I am not especially optimistic.

# Arc UNSW stay silent on charter review

When looking into an intransparent student organisation, Zoe Stojanovic-Hill was met with a wall of silence.

The integrity of UNSW's student newspaper, *Tharunka*, has yet again been called into question after Arc, UNSW's principal student organisation, refused to reveal whether restrictive clauses of the *Tharunka Charter* were amended in the February charter review. Last month Arc Board was set to review clauses 2.11 and 2.12, which restrict *Tharunka's* ability to report on campus elections. Arc's pointed silence gives *Honi* reason to believe that the clauses have not been changed.

The charter has been a point of contention for generations of *Tharunka* editors because the Board has invoked these clauses to prevent *Tharunka* from reporting on campus elections in the four week lead-up to the election or to push the paper into publishing uneditorialised election coverage.

2.11 states that *Tharunka* is allowed to cover Student Representative Council (SRC) and Postgraduate Council (PGC) elections, on the condition that "election coverage [is]...curated by Arc Marketing," which ultimately gives Arc Marketing editorial control.<sup>1</sup> 2.12 says: "Representations/images of candidates for any of the Arc elections shall not be included in *Tharunka* in the four weeks leading up to [the election] and shall only be included alongside Arc Marketing curated content where appropriate."<sup>2</sup>

## The Board has invoked these clauses to prevent *Tharunka* from reporting on campus elections in the four week lead up to the election.

Last May, the 2017 editorial team clashed with the Board after the acting Returning Officer deleted an article on Board election candidates from *Tharunka's* website and Facebook account.<sup>3</sup> The editors and the Board had another disagreement last October, after the Board rejected *Tharunka's* request for a temporary charter exclusion, which would have allowed the paper to report on SRC elections unencumbered.

"The charter, as an instrument, was really restrictive," Brittney Rigby, managing editor for 2017, told *Honi*. "It was really difficult to report properly for the student body, trying to get around clauses that were pretty explicit in their prohibition of any sort of political reporting on campus."

Features sub-editor Alicia D'Arcy spearheaded a challenge to the charter in late July, when she met with SRC representative Toby Walmsley to advocate for changing the problematic clauses in the upcoming

review. D'Arcy said that, on the whole, Walmsley responded positively to her recommendations.

Rigby and D'Arcy do not know if the Board considered their recommendations during the recent review.

Rigby said that Bartolo sent her an email on 18 September, promising to involve her and her team in the review, which was scheduled to occur in February.

## "I want to ensure that *Tharunka's* staff input is heavily considered in the review," Bartolo said in September.

"I want to ensure that *Tharunka's* staff input is heavily considered in the last [sic] review, which will occur over the November and February FDC meeting and be voted upon in the February board meeting," Rigby quoted Bartolo's last email.

Rigby said that Bartolo did not contact her about the review after this date. She said that she did not press the Board further because she was emotionally exhausted from "banging [her] head up the wall for weeks on end with absolutely no cooperation and no headway."

"I just cannot be bothered to just send emails that are landing on deaf ears anymore," Rigby said.

D'Arcy said that she did not pursue the issue because she is no longer an editor.

In mid-February, Lungol Wekina, managing editor for 2018, told *Honi* that the charter was currently under review but had not been finalised yet. Despite *Honi's* repeated requests for an update, Wekina was unwilling to disclose any further information about the progress of the review.

After ignoring multiple emails, messages and phone calls from *Honi*, Bartolo said that Arc UNSW declined to comment. SRC President Zack Solomon did not respond to any of *Honi's* requests for comment.<sup>4</sup>

Bartolo and Solomon are both members of National Labor Students (NLS), the left-leaning youth faction of the Labor Party.

*Honi* understands that stupol factions at UNSW have little political incentive to give *Tharunka* license to rigorously report on elections. Unlike at USyd, where the *SRC Constitution and Regulations* stipulate that *Honi* must produce a special edition of election coverage no later than nine days before the first day of polling, and candidates are generally expected to reveal what faction they are from, candidates at UNSW have been able to run without disclosing

their political affiliations. Notably, D'Arcy's May 2017 interview with Board candidates was removed from Facebook after D'Arcy posted comments highlighting each candidate's stupol faction.

*Tharunka* has had a fraught relationship with Arc for years but tension peaked in 2016, after Arc ruled that editors were to be appointed by the Board rather than elected, in response to 2015 editor Brendan Byron deleting articles that were critical of his faction.

Osman Faruqi, News and Politics editor at Junkee, who edited *Tharunka* in 2013, said that he found *Tharunka's* charter frustrating when he was an editor.

"There is no way to find out who the candidates are, what faction they come from, what their actual policies are – there is no way to filter what they are actually saying other than reading the bullshit on their Facebook pages."

Faruqi said that any given student media organisation would benefit from establishing itself as a corporation that operates independently of its university union and SRC. In this scenario, the student media corporation would receive Student Services and Amenities Fee (SSAF) funding directly from the university, rather than via its university union or SRC.

## "There is no way to filter what they are actually saying other than reading the bullshit on their Facebook pages," Faruqi said.

The ANU's student newspaper, *Woroni*, pioneered this in 2011, when it cut ties with ANUSA and established itself as ANU Student Media Inc.

"The issue to me seems to be, the [SRC] pay your wages, as shit as they are, and that they are technically able to swipe your stories," Faruqi said, in relation to both *Honi* and *Tharunka*.<sup>5</sup>

"You're never going to be able to create an entirely distinct community of student media people from the student politics people. As much as you can structurally separate the two, that seems to make sense to me."

<sup>1</sup> Clause 2.11 does not specifically mention Arc Board elections.

<sup>2</sup> Managing editor Brittney Rigby and features sub-editor Alicia D'Arcy said that the Board interpreted "representations" to mean all reporting, including publishing print and online articles.

<sup>3</sup> Amidst the controversy that ensued, Arc allowed *Tharunka* to republish the article on its website but did not let *Tharunka* repost the article on Facebook.

<sup>4</sup> *Honi* sent Bartolo and Solomon repeated emails and messages, called their office and their mobiles, and asked reception leave a note on each of their desks.

<sup>5</sup> We can't speak for *Tharunka* eds but our wages are indeed shit.

# Belly of the Beast

Jade Antcliffe



Image: Brendan O'Shea

I'm standing at the back of a straggly line of people, waiting in front of a poorly-lit doorway after nightfall. I exhale in a deep sigh, looking up at the muted stars peppering the sky above the city. They look smothered, hidden behind a curtain of smog and blinding artificial light.

Billions of tiny kindred spirits for me tonight, then.

The line shuffles up a few places, and I stifle a groan. I'm here with a friend, and I'm already regretting that I let her persuade me to come. Sure, it's an escape, a trip away from the real world for a few hours, but its precarious.

The entrance is guarded by a formidable man, who looks jaded. His mild disdain seems at odds with the youthful anticipation standing before him. Five 18-year-old girls are at the front of the line. Laughter feverishly bubbles out of them as they await the first taste of their new, semi-adult existence.

He stands aside, his expression impassive. I watch the group of girls hurriedly skitter through the entryway from my spot a few places back in the line. The club stands ready to receive them, hungry, equally eager for the long-awaited occasion.

## The club stands ready to receive them, hungry, equally eager for the long-awaited occasion.

The group disappear into the shadows beyond the doorway, happily chattering as they teeter slightly in their platform heels. Right then, a sense of gloominess suddenly abounds. It pours out through the doorway, almost stifling me. It leaves a foul taste in my mouth as it constricts my airways, like a pungent rising damp.

The club recovers from her belch, licks her lips, and laughs. Her cackling reverberates through the grimy walls as monotonous EDM. Her thudding bass-beat heart turns rapid, quickening in anticipation, as

she stands ready to devour the five girls -- ready to sustain herself on their innocence, then cough them back out when the party is over.

I move closer. A little older, arguably a little wiser, and yet here I stand, willing to sate the club's insatiable appetite.

Ghostly tendrils of mist are escaping from behind the guard now, remnants from a smoke machine inside. The smoky fingers waft towards me, swirling in translucent wisps and curls along the pavement. They dissolve a moment later, but I can almost feel their wraithlike caress. How they would have snaked up my spine, raising goose bumps along my skin as they went. How they would have tickled my neck as they slithered up towards my ear. Then the predatory voice that would have purred in my ear, Hello darling.

Lost in thought, I've already reached the front of the line. The security guard nods vaguely in my direction. I want to shake my head in response but my friend grabs my hand and tugs me straight into the mouth of the monster, and my shriek gets lost somewhere in the back of my mind.

The sensory overload is all-encompassing. I'm starting to feel the effects of my pre-drinks now, and I'm glad. This place is best viewed through a haze. Cool, cloudy vapour bursts from either side of the room, filling the space. The room is dark, but kaleidoscopic lights dance on every surface. They flash rhythmically, lighting a mass of bodies that seem to writhe in unison, eyes fluttering half-shut, hypnotised.

Another round? I nod, dumbly, and soon I've gulped down three, then four. The music seems distant, almost like I'm floating, but I can feel the bass in my chest, grounding me. The crowd moves like a technicolour wave, violently crashing into each other, only to recede, pause, and start again. It's a frenzied sort of beauty, and I want to join the throng. Blinking slowly, I vaguely register something wet and hot on my neck. It feels slimy, and I want it to go away, to leave me to this exquisite tempest.

Fuck— did someone just bite me?

I turn to see a figure, completely dwarfing me in size. Thick, meaty hands run roughly down my back, and I'm suddenly yanked against this man in a vice-like grip. I jerk away in shock, but I don't seem to get anywhere. Angered, I yell something at him, probably something garbled and slurred. It gets lost amongst the thudding music, or he simply ignores it, because suddenly there's hot breath hissing into my ear. I can't hear a word of it, but I don't think he cares about that anyway. I can hear a cackle vibrating from within the club's walls.

## I move closer. A little older, arguably a little wiser, and yet here I stand, willing to sate the club's insatiable appetite.

The guy's trying to force his mouth on me now, and I squirm away as he hitches up my skirt. Getting a nauseating sense of déjà vu, and feeling increasingly like a caged animal, I yank his hand away and dig my nails in deep enough that he jerks away in pain.

Taking advantage of his confusion, I slip back into the crowd, forcing my way through the mass of bodies. Slightly frantic, I take off towards the door, running clumsily in heels I wish I'd never bought.

The exit seems to slide further away the closer I get, like I'm racing, panic-stricken in a nightmare, but then I burst into the sharp night air, flushed and gasping for breath.

Precarious indeed. The sky is turning a lighter indigo now, greying at the edges, and I begin to numbly walk back home. I don't look back, but I can feel the club's presence behind me. She leers at my back, beaming.



Image: UNSW SRC President Zack Solomon (centre) with members of UNSW's SRC.

# 'EAST—WEST STREET': WHEN OPPOSITES COME TOGETHER

Jack Jacobs loves international relations and musicals.

Philippe Sands is an international human rights lawyer and, as it turns out, a real Leonard Cohen fan. I am a law student and, happily, a Cohen fan too.

We're having breakfast at a café next to Frankie's Pizza. Rockers in skin-tight leather and jigsaw heels are spilling out onto the street before us. Music and law. It's a thrilling and odd combination, and it's what's led me to this conversation with Sands.

Sands is the author of *East West Street*, a memoir on the origins of international law. He is also the creator of *East West Street—A Song of Good and Evil*, a musical rendition of his memoir, that he will be performing at the City Recital Hall tonight.

Right now, Sands is scrolling through his iPhone, eager to find photographs from his day with Cohen.

Sands spends a great deal of time with musicians, particularly his childhood friend, opera singer Laurent Naouri. Their performance tonight is a dramatic piece, interwoven with music relevant to the book's characters. For a Cambridge-educated Queen's Counsel involved in high profile International Court of Justice proceedings, the Rome statute, and countless other cases, this is an unorthodox side project. But then again *East West Street* is itself brilliantly unorthodox.

Focusing on the origins of international human rights law, *East West Street—A Song of Good and Evil* lyrically weaves together the four stories of Sands' grandfather, Leon Buchholz; the creator of 'crimes against humanity', Hersch Lauterpacht; the man who termed 'genocide', Raphael Lemkin; and Hans Frank, the Nazi lawyer responsible for the *Gross-Aktion Warsaw* of 1942, which led to the eventual murder of the other three men's families.

**Understatement translates into silence on the stage and it is music, beautiful and glorious, that frames this silence.**

The show further paints a historical portrait of the city of Lviv, the place of origin of Buchholz, Lauterpacht and

Lemkin.

In investigating their stories, Sands uncovered Lauterpacht and Frank, on opposite sides of the courtroom, and the poles of Good and Evil, found solace in the same piece of music: Bach's *St Matthew Passion*. Particularly its *Erbarne Dich*, a mournful song of guilt: "Have Mercy Lord, My God, for the sake of my tears." The choral piece gives voice to Peter's self-destruction in the garden, after denying Jesus thrice. There is sadness, self-betrayal, and a recognition too late of something holy and fragile.

"How is that even possible?!" wonders Sands. This moral tension is at the heart of *A Song of Good and Evil*.

"I'm very interested in what happens when we link words to music. Why is it that music transforms what happens in a space, and forms the intellectual and emotional response?"

Sands suggests there's a musicality to the courtroom. "There's something that happens, when you know the judges are with you, when you know they are listening. Something almost indescribable."

There is a silence, a degree of attention, and there is a resonance. If you do it in the right way, it takes people to a different place. Words open up the imagination, we know from speaking in court, and I now know from being on a stage with some remarkable performers, you know that moment when the words alone create something in the room."

Much of the production is spent on the Nuremberg trial itself and on Hans Frank. A scene where Sands imaginatively cross-examines the Hans Frank character is a standout, underscored by shaking strings and a stirred sympathetic confusion.

Sands makes it clear that he isn't seeking personal reconciliation through these works. He asks many questions of his family story—some that he purposely leaves unanswered, questions that linger in the performance's pulse. He seeks to let the facts of experience speak for themselves and for the audience to draw their own conclusions.

Sands says, "Understatement is more effective as a tool of advocacy. Being passionate and having strong beliefs about something doesn't win you cases. I've noticed that also now as an adjudicator, the counsel I find most effective are those who put it in the most neutral, understated, sparse way."

Understatement translates into silence on the stage and it is music, beautiful and glorious, that frames this silence.

Silence is present as a palpable thematic player, negative sound becomes a character given life by the sudden cut off of rising crescendos or the dark welling tones latent in the *Erbarne Dich*.

As dynamics build, the keys are stopped and the great absence of sound cuts at the air and leaves the audience in a grip, resonant with the silence of Sands' grandfather Leon, and the guilt-induced shamed silence of Frank.

The silence becomes a space which the performers occupy with memory. It is the understatement, the small details that matter.

Which brings me back to Cohen and those photos on Sands' phone. There's one of Sands and Cohen, smiling, side by side. Cohen's eye strays to the camera, like he's got a secret to offer, and Sands looks like he knows what it

is. There's another: Cohen's half-eaten apricot, on a coffee table. And finally, Cohen's stage hats, eight of them, neatly organised into symmetrical white boxes. Spartan. Understated.

At this point Philippe tells me that his own voice – British, and melodically honed for court and stage – can be heard on Cohen's Live in London album. He shouts out for "Famous Blue Raincoat!"

I listen for it later and, sure enough, it's there. Cohen laughs a deep familiar laugh, "I heard that": he knows who the screaming fan is. He ignores Sands' song request, and offers up *Anthem* instead. Fittingly, it's the song that closes Sands' show tonight. "Don't dwell on what has passed away, or what is yet to be ... there is a crack in everything, that's how the light gets in."

## SUPPORT DELIVERY RIDERS



- > Widespread exploitation has been uncovered involving food delivery riders
- > A survey shows 75% of riders are being paid below the minimum rate
- > When riders are racially abused and threatened their companies refuse to help them
- > Riders are being fired for no reason

**What:** Rights4Riders Rally. Riders and supporters have their views heard. There'll be bicycle repairers offering free checks.

**When:** 2.30pm-3.30pm, Wednesday 14th March 2018

**Where:** Meet at Harmony Park, the corner of Brisbane and Hunt Streets in Surry Hills, before march to Taylor Square on Oxford Street

Everyone doing food delivery work needs rights and protections. This rally will put UberEATS, Foodora, Deliveroo and other providers on notice that riders deserve a fair deal that guarantees they'll come home safely at the end of each day.

For more information email: [ondemand@twu.com.au](mailto:ondemand@twu.com.au) or follow us on Facebook: [@ondemandworkersaustralia](https://www.facebook.com/ondemandworkersaustralia)



## Let the people listen: The Necks

Liam Donohoe goes to a concert and had a ball.

On Saturday night, I had the pleasure of attending the final show of The Necks' Australian tour at the Camelot Lounge in Marrickville. Not even the annoying dining table configuration, complete with disappointing view obstructions, could dampen my experience of what the *New Yorker* once called "the greatest trio on earth".

The experimental jazz group approached their two sets as they have every other in their 21 years together: with no clear idea about what to play, guided in equal measure by their ears, technical prowess, and imagination. Last night's manifestation of this truly free jazz attitude alluded to the band's usual minimalist influences, combining subtle note addition, phase looping of ostinati, and gradual layering with the anarchy of their Jazz roots and tonal explorations of their Krautrock indulgences.

The first piece began in a way fans of The Necks have grown accustomed to; with pianist Chris Abrahams tinkering until a few motifs and melodies emerged from the improvisation. The slow drone of guitarist Lloyd Swanton's double bass eventually

gave rise to a texturally thick exploration, combining moments of dreamy euphoria with stabs of cultish, frenetic repetition. Throughout the song, I couldn't help but think back on the first time I heard about The Necks, courtesy of my Year 10 percussion teacher. Despite the Camelot's distracting assortment of kitsch decorations, I quickly found myself in the very same surreal fugue-state he had described to me, their transitions between quite distinct musical ideas so gradual as to evade notice. At times the sound was so layered that it seemed as if more than three voices were being used.

The second piece highlighted the group's musical chops. Swanton commenced with a technically demanding improvisation, his playing growing more enthused as Abrahams and drummer Tony Buck joined in accompaniment. Buck's consideration for tone was apparent in his unconventional stroke types and constant switching between felt mallet head and wooden stick butt. As Swanton started to get busier, with more runs up and down the fingerboard, Abrahams increasingly filled out the

sound with a dissonant harmonic background. In those few instances where there was a sense of pulse, Buck's polyrhythmic playing, which often involved each limb playing in different meters and tempos, ensured it was appropriately muddled. The piece would eventually culminate in a dense cacophony; motifs metastasised into fragments of Abrahams' rapid, largely chromatic arpeggiations.

Once silence had resumed there was a palpable sense that something important had just happened, the audience grappling with the performance's profundity as much as its unresolved tension. Even now, a part of me hopes that Buck will emerge somewhere in my travels to let loose with crazy fills, an act of catharsis that might purge the suspense he engendered. And while I would have liked for their improvisations to incorporate more elements from their Krautrock influences, as in my favourite album 2005's *The Chemist*, I was neither surprised nor disappointed by its absence. Nevertheless, it was a transcendent experience delivered by a group famous for providing transcendent experiences.

## A new frontier: 'God's Own Country'

Jocelin Chan reviews the latest trends in queer cinema.

Halfway into *God's Own Country* is when everything changes. After a tussle of lust on the desolate moors, Johnny and Gheorghe look certain to withdraw from each other once they are back at the farmhouse, under the watchful eye of Dad and Nan. Their love will never blossom and it's all bound to end in heartbreak.

But then, completely out of his reserved character, Johnny boots Nan out of the living room and starts smooching Gheorghe. It's at this moment that *God's Own Country* crosses a new frontier in queer filmmaking.

Directed by Francis Lee, the film tells the story of Johnny, a Yorkshire farmer who leads a repressed and self-destructive life. Eventually, he opens up emotionally and takes responsibility for the farm when he falls in love with Gheorghe, a Romanian migrant worker. The film has been praised for its honest portrayal of raw, rural life—from the physicality of birthing lambs to the parochial xenophobia that Gheorghe suffers.

### LGBT+ people deserve more films like this, which can provide both romantic escapism and realistic aspiration.

But its importance, in the scope of queer cinema, is far larger than that.

First, unlike so much queer cinema, the film isn't centred on the social struggles bound up in LGBT+ identity. Notably, it doesn't even depict homophobia. Rather, its plot is driven by Johnny's emotional growth, which develops out of his love for Gheorghe. This is different from films like *Carol* and *Brokeback Mountain* which give central treatment to issues of homophobia and the social reaction to queer sexual orientation. Queer lives are richer than sexuality alone, and queer people deserve to have stories told about them that go beyond their sexual orientation. And especially today, with all the progress we've made, queer audiences don't deserve to face homophobia on-screen any more than they do in real life.

So instead of an overt focus on questions of sexual orientation, the film celebrates unfiltered intimacy

between two people of the same gender. This is surprisingly untypical of queer cinema. Across the genre, directors still pander to straight audiences, almost consciously avoiding portraying moments that might be too 'uncomfortable' for them. Industry dynamics are to blame. Films, queer films included, need to sell tickets, so popularity is a must. It's easier to attract an audience wider than the LGBT+ community alone if a film's content is 'palatable' to straight audiences. It's also easier to clinch big accolades, and the respectability that—according to the straight-gaze—comes with them: award voting panels are still overwhelmingly heterosexual (and white, and male).

*Call Me by Your Name* is a notorious recent example, unabashed in portraying its hetero sex scenes, but coy when it came to gay ones. Practically as soon as it was released, the film embarked on a promotional quest for the Oscars. In lesbian film particularly, intimacy is often unrealistically fetishised for the straight, male gaze: take *Blue is the Warmest Colour*, which accordingly found praise with male critics and was disparaged by lesbian audiences.

*God's Own Country*, on the other hand, portrays queer intimacy with understated honesty. The sex scenes track Johnny's emotional development and the budding affection between himself and Gheorghe. The film is also unafraid to show small moments of tenderness: subtle touches, shy smiles, sweet kisses. It's a realistic portrait of falling in love to which queer audiences can relate. Indeed, *God's Own Country* is so committed to queer intimacy it doesn't even depict any heterosexual relationships.

Moreover, the director is himself gay. This seems like a rather low bar, but the director of *Moonlight*, which won

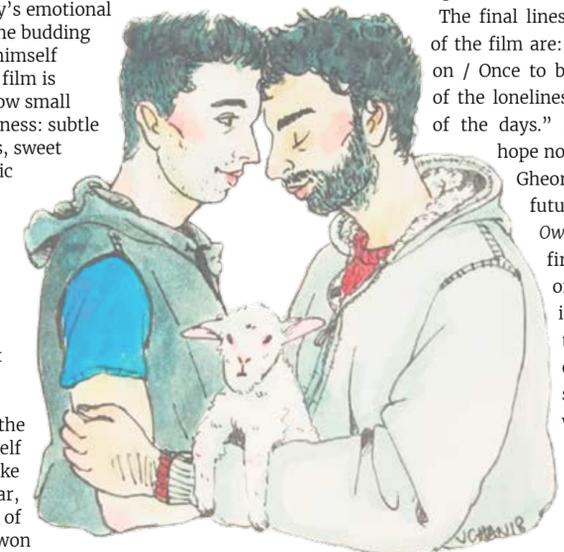
the Oscar for Best Picture last year, was straight. It's important that LGBT+ people can tell their own stories and inject their authentic worldview into them. With direct involvement in the LGBT+ community, they also understand more intuitively what kinds of stories queer audiences are seeking. Yet sadly, too many straight directors still profit from stories of marginalised, queer individuals.

Most importantly, *God's Own Country* ends not in tragedy, but hope.

E.M. Forster, writing *Maurice* in the 1910s, commented, "A happy ending was imperative... two men should fall in love and remain in it for the ever and ever that fiction allows". Still, most queer films insist on ending in despair. This association of queerness to negativity doesn't help LGBT+ people coming to terms with their identity in a hostile world.

*God's Own Country* offers an antidote to this bleak outlook. It's not the fake fairytale ending of a Disney movie, nor is it the cheap fluff of a romcom—it's genuine and powerful, hard won through Johnny's growth as a character. LGBT+ people, especially younger LGBT+ people, deserve more films like this, which can provide both romantic escapism and realistic aspiration.

The final lines of the closing track of the film are: "I long to be carried on / Once to be lifted strong / Out of the loneliness and the emptiness of the days." It's a declaration of hope not only for Johnny and Gheorghe, but also for the future of queer film. *God's Own Country* isn't the first film to have any of those elements, but it's the first to meld them all together so effectively. It's truly set a bar towards which future queer films will aspire.



Artwork by Jocelin Chan

# Somewhere only we know: Riverwood

Rhea Cai goes back home.

It's been twenty hours since I've last eaten. I have an attractive pillow crinkle on my right cheek from sleeping in an upright position for the past thirteen hours. My jet lag is so bad I feel vaguely drunk. And despite the myriads of KFCs, Pizza Huts, Subways and other Regrettable Lifestyle Choices that stare broodingly at me from the street, I'm craving something a little more specific to my hometown after being away for so long—bún bò Huế (spicy beef and pork vermicelli soup) and an icy durian milkshake.

I've lived in Riverwood for fifteen years now, a Southern Sydney suburb that used to be notorious for its violence, low-income population and general seediness. Its grotty reputation has improved substantially over time, yet it still remains a source of fascinated amusement from friends who reside in the more 'vanilla' areas of Sydney. "What's been going on in Riverwood lately?" is a remark I hear often, followed closely by "So...how is life in the South treating you?" Needless to say, it's usually a sleepytown punctuated only intermittently by delinquency.

## It's the exemplification of Southern Sydney: at first glance, a little bit unscrupulous—but full of substance, nourishment and culture.

Yet among the low-rise houses, ugly signage and abundant fast food outlets, there is an exceptional culinary hotspot that makes Riverwood an area even the Northerners will make the trek for.

Enter: Song Huang, a distinctively orange-coloured pho restaurant couched between pin-striped massage parlours and hair salons. The cutlery is the same orange hue as the décor, but



Restaurant Song Huang in Riverwood

there's something unexpectedly satisfying about how it matches the shade of their signature spicy vermicelli broth.

I'm not sure when it became mainstream for pho (pronounced "fuh" or "fur") to enter the vocabulary of millennials, but growing up, it functioned as the Asian variant of chicken noodle soup. I fondly remember a group of us banding together after tutoring, eager to inhale the comforting perfume of charred onions and lime from the nearest Vietnamese restaurant. Our adolescent worries would be gently lifted by a pearl milk tea. As an adult, Song Huang takes its place as a site of decision-making (indeed, I settled on going to USyd in the middle of a bowl of pho)—where I've eaten countless meals, cried over mung bean smoothies, sulked into my rice paper rolls, and most of all, shared the pain and joy of growing up with people I love. To me, it's the exemplification of Southern Sydney: at first glance, a little bit unscrupulous—but upon further probing, full of substance, nourishment and culture.

Your basic order at Song Huang is pho dac biet (special combination beef rice noodle soup), a fragrant, slightly sweet, but also deeply savoury beef broth with a generous portion of noodles. Your bowl can be topped with whatever you choose:

mint leaves, coriander, fresh bean sprouts, chilli sauce, thinly sliced onions. However, the meat is what distinguishes Song Huang from other pho restaurants. The beef brisket is not at all gristly and perfectly tender, both the tendon and tripe are rich and flavoursome, and the beef balls actually taste like...well, beef. For vegetarians and vegans, Song Huang also makes a delicious tofu laksa, with ample amounts of tofu (not just a couple of sad white cubes floating in an abyss of soup).

Now, the rookie error that many people make is going to the other, identically orange-coloured pho restaurant directly opposite to Song Huang. This replica eatery is a glitch in the matrix designed to prevent the unseasoned from experiencing the gastronomic glory across the road. Do not make this mistake. Yes, it may look a tiny bit more aesthetically pleasing. Yes, it may have a gorgeous fern awning that, upon further inspection, is clearly fake. But the real question is ... does it have orange chopsticks?

Whilst Strathfield is known for its Korean BBQ and Ashfield is iconic for its Shanghaiese cuisine, I am adamant that Riverwood is slowly approaching a status that belies its "hood" reputation: as the epicentre of good pho. And if not that, at least as the trendsetting suburb of the oft-neglected colour orange.

Although, perhaps, my unblemished opinion of Riverwood and its culinary treasures is tinged by nostalgia. As I got off that plane, a month had passed without any semblance of familiarity. I sought out pho, my desert-island food, with a ravenousness that encompassed both physical and emotional hunger. The first spoonful of oily, spicy soup was a visceral comfort, a reminder of home. Perhaps we all know that's not how comfort works: the truly comforting things, the things that really matter, are not as simple as a hot meal. But like Luna Lovegood, "I think I'll just go down and have some pudding (or pho!) and wait for it all to turn up.... It always does in the end."

## Deep Tea Diving

Artwork by Jess Zlotnick



### An OWeek Carol

The ghosts of stupol past descended on campus this OWeek. Groots personality Liam Carrigan haunted the stalls for the entire three day event. Despite his new gig at VICE, this mermaid has heard he remains enrolled as a sixth year law student, despite having completed zero law subjects in his 'double degree'. Eighth year poltergeist Cameron Caccamo also made his return to the mortal plane. But the real ghoul wafting down Eastern Avenue was none other than SLS heavyweight and seventh year, Harry Stratton. In a Dickensian reminder of errors long past, Stratton knocked over a

cardboard cutout of John Howard that had been set up outside the Liberal Club stall. Onlooking Libs were reported to have turned white as a sheet.

The ghosts of Christmas present made their ethereal presence felt as well. Connor Wherrett marched up to this little mermaid, brandishing a copy of your favourite student newspaper. But far from ribbing all decisions editorial, Wherrett had nothing but praise. Even his epithet 'the Ferret' found favour.

And the ghosts of Christmas future, those first year proto-hacks signing up at OWeek political stalls? We dread the day they return to walk

Eastern Avenue, Moaning Myrtles in t-shirts of ghostly hue.

### What's in a name?

Your mermaids have been accused of plagiarism: one junior Groots member claims the name 'Deep Tea Diving' was their invention. No apologies here. Just as Shakespeare spun Holinshed's dross into gossamer, so we mermaids have turned shit into gold. Lucky for one 2016 Honi ticket, we unoriginal bastards didn't swipe their proposed gossip column name, 'Stupol's Drag Race'. 'Twould have been a SIN for sure.

### RBT

It was a close shave for members of the No Pride in Detention float, who almost ended up on the Nine Network's top-rated show RBT. The day of Mardi Gras, head honcho Imogen Grant posted in a University Facebook group, desperate for drivers who hadn't "taken drugs in the last while", or would be willing to risk a random drug test. These poor "rad lefties" nearly saw their float scuttled after realising there were

no license-holding, unimpaired drivers in their friend pool. No such drug problems for the Liberal float, repped by campus Board Director Jacob Masina.

### Labor Pains

The umbilical cord has been snapped. Caitie McMenamin has officially left SLS, the stupol faction that nurtured her in the womb. By this mermaid's count, that leaves just five SLS little ones in the USyd bed: Zac Gilles-Palmer, Jesse Krause, Cian Galea, Max Loomes and Massi Milani. The low egg count doesn't bode well for SLS's fertility rate.

Labor Club, officially a USU-registered club but unofficially controlled by Labor Left factions, hasn't delivered for SLS either. Last year, SLS beat out NLS for the biggest slice of the exec. But now, with McMenamin gone, fewer members remain on the executive. Still, with access to membership lists and the power to convoke meetings, SLS still more or less control the show—for now. Just wait for this year's AGM....

# President

Imogen Grant

The SRC has had a brilliant start of the year at Orientation Week. The SRC collected hundreds of sign ups from students who want to get active in their student union. We also gave out 1,500 tote bags and spoke to thousands of students about SRC campaigns, their rights on campus, and the incredible services we offer.

Moreover, for the first time the SRC has translated our Counter Course guide into Chinese! It is critical that the SRC does more to engage with the international student community and fight on issues affecting them. I hope you enjoy reading this new edition of Counter Course, you can find it here - <https://tinyurl.com/ydghtuug>.

In Orientation Week the SRC also protested in response to EROC's 'The Red Zone Report' which exposes vile college rituals and abuse at universities across the country, along with the complete failure of colleges to address rape and misogyny within their own communities. It recounted horrific incidents of abuse including swallowing live goldfish, setting pubic hair on fire, male residents habitually masturbating into womens' shampoo bottles, locking new students in bathrooms and tipping vats of dead fish on them, and forcing residents to consume more than a dozen drinks without a bathroom stop, causing them to wet their pants. One of the case studies in the report also deals

with Stuart Kelly, who took his own life after living in St Paul's College. His parents are demanding an inquest and suspect catastrophic hazing happened to their son on the one night he stayed at St Paul's College.

The rally was a tremendous effort from the SRC Women's Collective and brought together around 200 students in opposition to abuse and sexual assault in university communities. It was also fantastic to see a strong presence of staff members from the National Tertiary Education Union. Staff have a vital stake in discussions around campus safety and it is through working in solidarity that we will see change.

During O-Week, students also mobilised in opposition to LifeChoice, the anti-abortion group on campus. Previously, the club was rejected by the USU on the grounds that it would not "enrich the student experience at university". However, eventually this decision was overturned by the board. This means that student money and spaces administered by the Union are going to a club that targets women and the choices they make regarding their reproductive health. Moreover, by continuing to include it in their C&S program, the Union is undermining the very safety and inclusivity that it seeks to promote. Anti-choicers have the right to free speech but, as a former SRC office bearer Rafi Alam said when the club was first established, "the USU is not the government and their role isn't to facilitate all forms of speech, only forms of speech that benefit students and are democratically decided by students, not the kind of violent speech this group produces". If you wish to

get involved with Women's Collective, contact the SRC Women's Officers at [womens.officers@src.usyd.edu.au](mailto:womens.officers@src.usyd.edu.au).

Finally, last Saturday marked the 40th anniversary of Mardi Gras and was also a landmark celebration after the marriage equality win. Mardi Gras has a long history of protest, having come out of a 1978 rally for queer pride that was brutally shut down by police. The slogan was "Stop police attacks on Gays, Women and Blacks!". Today's activist interventions into Mardi Gras - such as 'No Pride in Detention' and 'Department of Homo Affairs' - are critical to reigniting this tradition. Activists around the country are also fighting back against the pinkwashing of the police who have an extremely strong history of homophobia and transphobia, and are the very reason for Mardi Gras existing in the first place! Police presence in Mardi Gras is a slap in the face to every marginalised person who has ever been mistreated by the cops. Activists and community organisers are out there doing the real work to strengthen Australia's LGBTQI community and are beginning the hard work of healing the damage inflicted every day by the police.

Feel free to email me at [president@src.usyd.edu.au](mailto:president@src.usyd.edu.au) if you have any concerns or wish to get involved with the SRC. If you are experiencing any academic, personal or legal issues and wish to seek the advice of an SRC caseworker or solicitor, contact us at 9660 5222 or [help@src.usyd.edu.au](mailto:help@src.usyd.edu.au).

# Education Officers

Lara Sonnenschein and Lily Campbell

Hello all! Thanks for looking to read our first Honi Soit report of the year. My name is Lily, and my co office bearer who will write here in future is Lara. We work as the elected Office Bearers to lead and collaborate with the Education Action Group, a campus based collective affiliated to the Student Representative Council.

The EAG has a long and proud history of fighting back against government and campus cuts. In 2014, the EAG worked with the National Union of Students to organise a mass student campaign against Abbott and Pyne's plans to deregulate university fees. Just last year, the EAG organised the Students Support Staff Strikes campaign, raising awareness of the strike on campus, why students shouldn't go to class and mobilising for picket lines. If you want to join the fight to defend your education and fight for better - join us! Our next meeting is on Wednesday at 5pm in the SRC, Level 1 Wentworth.

# Wom\*n's Officers

Madeline Ward and Jessica Syed

The Red Zone report was released on the 26th of February by End Rape On Campus. It outlined historic practices of hazing within Australian residential colleges, embedded in a framework of power, wealth and sexual assault. The report was the first critical and explicit look into this endemic and age-old problem, that also offered tangible and thought out solutions to it. We are grateful for the work of EROC, particularly of 2016 Wom\*n's Officer Anna Hush alongside journalist Nina Funnell for their unpaid effort in putting the report together. We also thank all survivors who came forward to share their stories.

On Thursday of O week the EAG headed down to Turnbull's office to protest against the hypocrisy of a \$2.2billion cut to higher education, whilst Australian arms manufacturers get \$3.8 billion in handouts. It was a lively protest that blocked an intersection and the road and involved many first year students who were new to activism. We took plenty of homemade placards and an EAG banner to the event.

Our first project for semester one is building a protest on campus on March 21 under the slogan 'Books not Bombs'. Nationally, the Turnbull government has shown that its interests lie in funding weapons to destroy lives, rather than funding education, health care or welfare. On campus, courses are being cut, whole degrees slashed, units are disappearing. At the same time, the university vice chancellor maintains strong links to the fascist Trump administration and holds millions of dollars worth of investments in weapons companies. Help us spread the word about this protest! Leaflet your classes, put up posters, share the event on facebook (search 'student protest - fund books not bombs'). We also now have stickers and tshirts for this protest! Come grab some at the next meeting.

Furthermore, the EAG has decided to be a broad activist collective this year, meaning we want to also

We continued the campaign against these practices and against sexual assault on campus more broadly in O-Week primarily by holding a rally in response to the Report. We demand meaningful change from the university and college structures by asking no less than that the recommendations outlined in the Report be implemented.

It has been floated that we are alienating college students with our rhetoric in doing this. To this we say: we are open to speaking to and working with anyone so long as they are open to the critique of the institutions to which they subscribe. We work as a subsidiary of the SRC, to which we owe a lot. But we aren't afraid to come out and tell it how it is, if the student union puts a foot wrong. Let's get ourselves on the same page, and then talk. Also maybe don't rip our posters down.

LifeChoices, the anti-abortion group on campus were again with a stall during orientation week. WoCo has time and time again attempted to preclude

help build and organise around other issues. Coming up in May is a protest organised by the group that organised Invasion Day against Black Deaths in Custody, which we encourage all students to attend in solidarity.

Looking forward to a radical year - please contact myself or Lara with any questions, queries or quandaries about education activism. We can be reached on facebook, via the src and mobile phone if asked nicely.

them from participating with their archaic views on reproductive health. We staged an impromptu protest outside the stall/gave out accurate informational pamphlets and were naturally accused of, among other things, silencing free speech, studying gender studies and Marxism (both useless, of course), having had abortions, and not engaging in 'respectful discussion'. It also came into question, "who would want to pump them?". We take this opportunity to say to LifeChoices: so long as you exist we will always be protesting your views in the most outrageous and radical way possible. We're big fans of Marx and don't want to discuss your foetal fetishes. And also, we're both having huge amounts of great sex in our recreational time.

Yours truly,

M. Ward and J. Syed

# Refugee Rights Officers

Daniel Cotton and Jordi Pardoel

On Manus medical services, including mental health services have been cut, and on Nauru medical care is so bad that a deal has been struck to temporarily send refugees to Taiwan to avoid sending them to Australia for treatment.

The 'U.S. deal' has seen 230 refugees resettled in US over the last 14 months, but there are still

hundreds left in limbo. It's no solution. Moreover, due to Trump's racist 'Muslim Ban' no Iranians (the largest group on Manus) or Somalis are being resettled. We still have to fight to BRING THEM HERE.

That's why it's important that we continue to oppose the government's harsh and racist border policy and together build a mass movement, on the streets, on campus, in our unions and in our communities. Campus Refugee Action Collective had some great chats with other students during oweek who are keen to be build the movement that can dismantle the racist refugee regime.

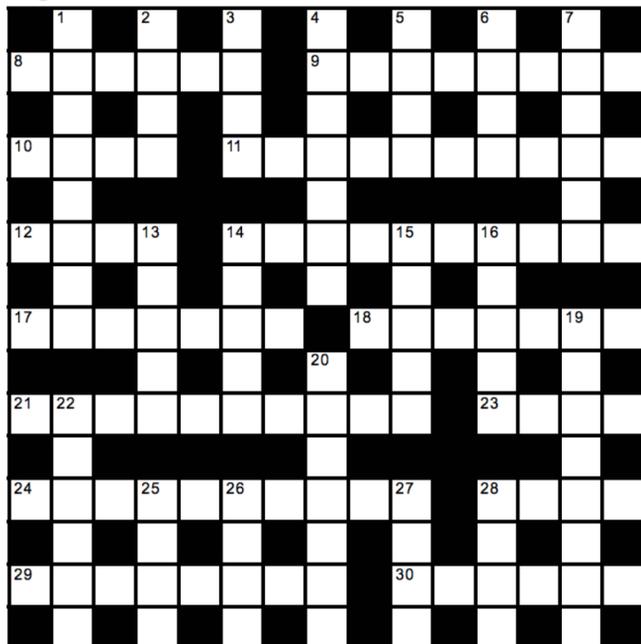
Even if you don't know much about the

government's policies but think we should be welcoming refugees, come along to our first meeting: **Intro to refugee activism 1pm Tuesday March 6 New Law 444** (upstairs from Taste Café on Eastern Avenue). Learn about what you can do to get involved, we are always keen for new members to help organize!

Also join us for **Pro-refugee crafternoon Meet 2pm Friday March 9 Outside Hermann's bar** (near Wentworth building). Both these events are leading up to the **March 25 Palm Sunday rally**. We'll be making a banner, printing T-shirts to wear o the rally and around campus. Bring your own cotton T-shirt or bring \$5 for a new one!

PUZZLES

## QUICK



## QUICK

- Across
- 8 Dorothy lives here (6)
  - 9 Not so virtuous protagonist (8)
  - 10 Potato (4)
  - 11 The number by which a given number must be multiplied to get a result of one (10)
  - 12 Improvised jazz singing (4)
  - 14 Cain committed this crime (10)
  - 17 Conflict between Britain and South Africa (4,3)
  - 18 Novice drivers display these (1-6)
  - 21 Without rest (10)
  - 23 World's first garden (4)
  - 24 Forte (6,4)
  - 28 Big mice (4)
  - 29 Seat featuring rests for the upper limbs (8)
  - 30 Pizza slices come in this shape (6)

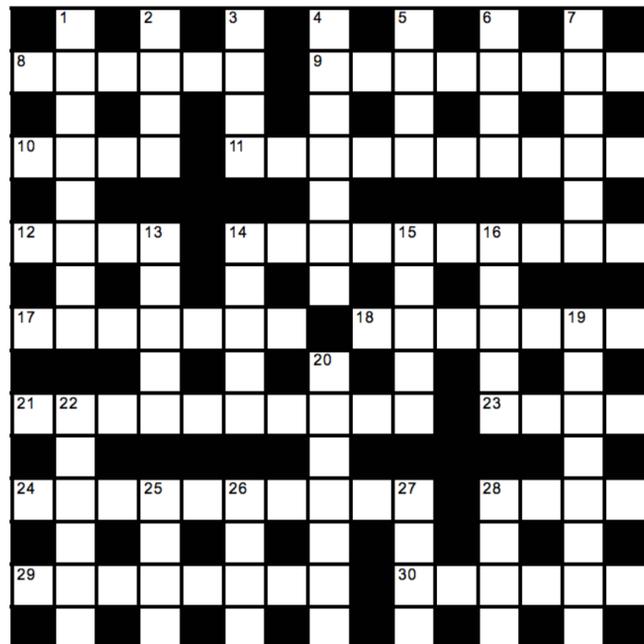
- Down
- 1 Tomato soup served ice cold (8)
  - 2 Second-hand (4)
  - 3 Russian emperor (4)
  - 4 Don't forget this if you have a science lab lesson (3,4)
  - 5 Commonly written on octagons (4)
  - 6 Columbus, Cleveland, and Cincinnati are found here (4)
  - 7 Small trip taken to accomplish a task (6)
  - 13 Using few words, sparing in the use of conversation, devoid of superfluity, etc (5)
  - 14 Cadbury chocolate bar invented in 1920 (5)
  - 15 Response (5)

- 16 Wooden case used in the transport of goods (5)
- 19 Building (8)
- 20 Title of respect, also used by lawyers (7)
- 22 Modern-day slave (6)
- 25 First word of most fairy-tales (4)
- 26 Australian greeting (1'3)
- 27 Elephant tooth (4)
- 28 Popular cereal grain (4)

## CRYPTIC

- Across
- 8 Having gone so badly, continues (4,2)
  - 9 Newt and ant are said to eat sides of ravioli for source of nourishment (8)
  - 10 Craving for burger filling (4)
  - 11 "Sadly, I'm departin'" - the disappearing medium (5,5)
  - 12 Old American empire in California (4)
  - 14 Drifting continent and edge of ocean create friction (10)
  - 17 Dr Smith unties ends of connective tissue (7)
  - 18 End of fragility provides liveliness (7)
  - 21 Athletic apparel: the beginning of Sydney Harbour curse? (10)
  - 23 More than half of exports are for convention (4)
  - 24 Fashion allocation shows restraint (10)
  - 28 Hope that White House leaders capture terror group (4)
  - 29 First half of cold, long, winding road to southwestern state (8)
  - 30 Progressively test, then check beyond uncertainty (verify), to make proposition (6)

## CRYPTIC



- Down
- 1 Crime family extorts a sponsor (8)
  - 2 I'll say, what a small bit of land! (4)
  - 3 Crack shot (4)
  - 4 Ian and I move to a midwestern state (7)
  - 5 Starts survey to acquire trustworthy piece of data (4)
  - 6 For the time being, bring back unlimited refill! (4)
  - 7 From terrain, dig out purple pigment (6)
  - 13 Despise the sound a pig makes (5)
  - 14 Type of suit used in golf (5)
  - 15 Director Hoover in unexpected garments? (5)
  - 16 Strange detail: lacking a piece of the piñata (5)
  - 19 Messed up a step on attempt to make decorative fabric (8)
  - 20 Skrillex, I confess, shows some range of vocabulary (7)
  - 22 Bit of light noodle soup to start nibbling (6)
  - 25 Rose mistaken for expression for love (4)
  - 26 Alaska doesn't have a king unfortunately (4)
  - 27 Hard-core fruit enthusiasts? (4)
  - 28 Welcomed outsiders to bud (4)

## ANSWERS

**OWEEK Edition**  
**Target: DEVIOUSLY**  
**Across:** 5 Punish, 7 Fair play, 9 Tiramisu, 10 Ninety, 11 Incompatible, 13 Ascend, 15 Refuge, 18 Dressing down, 21 Dabbed, 22 Aromatic, 23 Bean curd, 24 Leader.  
**Down:** 1 Pinafore, 2 Shrimp, 3 Cinnabar, 4 Spence, 6 Unionist, 7 Fourth, 8 Anti, 12 Egg white, 14 Dreadful, 16 Fade away, 17 Island, 18 Debunk, 19 Noodle, 20 Face.

# The 2018 SRC YEAR PLANNER Available FREE!

- Important University dates & deadlines
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- List of services and activities offered by your SRC
- Calming aquarium background!



Planners are available at the SRC O-week stall or the SRC Office Level 1 Wentworth Building, City Road



# Tips for Successfully Navigating University Administration

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

1. You are one of 61,000 students. It is not unheard of, or unreasonable to think that a piece of paper may go missing, so scan and email yourself a copy. For electronic files, make sure you have them saved on a cloud, or on more than one device. This is especially the case for assignments. Consider that if you have your assignment saved on your computer, and backed up to a USB stick, and you keep that stick in the same bag as your computer, if your bag is then stolen, you're going to wish you emailed yourself a copy.
2. You are responsible for your student candidature. Check your enrolment at the beginning of the semester, and just before the census date (31st March and 31st August). Check your University email account at least once a week, even during non-semester time. The University sends all of their important notices here only. Read them, read all of them, even if they seem boring, and irrelevant.
3. Deal with issues sooner rather than later. Most things can be fixed with enough notice.
4. Be polite. Most people are trying to do the best they can. Being impolite will not only annoy them, but may see your access to them limited by the university. The University will protect their staff if they think you are a threat.

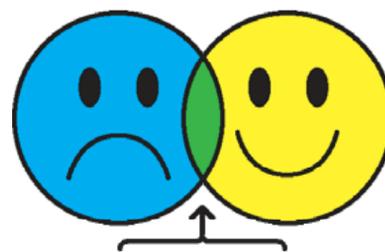
5. If you have a telephone or face-to-face conversation ask the person for their name, and email address. Send them an email outlining what you talked about in the conversation so you have a time-stamped record of what you agreed to. This is especially relevant with information you get from the Student Centre.

**The SRC has professional caseworkers, who are employed by the SRC not the University, and as such, can provide independent advice on academic, Centrelink, tenancy, and most other matters.**

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

To get advice on a matter from an SRC caseworker email the details of your situation to [help@src.usyd.edu.au](mailto:help@src.usyd.edu.au).

# SRC BOOKS CLOSING DOWN SALE



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## Ask Abe



SRC caseworker HELP Q&A

### Study, Stress and Your Health

Dear Abe,  
 Every semester I do really well in the first few weeks, then as the assignments start to come in, I get really stressed out to the point where I stop eating and have insomnia. I don't have any friends to talk to about this, and my mum just thinks I'm being a sook. I really want to do well this semester so I can graduate and get a job. What advice would you have for me?

*Determined.*

Dear Determined,  
 I'm sorry to hear that you have been so stressed for so long. It actually sounds like you suffer from anxiety. I would

urge you to see a doctor to talk about it. Some doctors aren't very good at helping people with illnesses like that, so if you need help finding a good doctor that bulk bills try the University Health Service or ask an SRC caseworker. You can also register with the Disabilities Unit if you have medical documentation. You might be able to get later deadlines for assignments and extra time in exams. Try to be realistic about what you can achieve in a semester. It is far better to enroll in 2 subjects and pass them, than to enroll in 4 subjects and fail 2 of them. Most importantly ask for help. If you are not sure where to start, make an appointment with an SRC caseworker.

Abe

*The Ask Abe column runs in every edition of Honi Soit. It allows you to ask whatever question you might have that affects you as a student, gaining the best advice that a very worldly mutt can give.*

## Please Help: I Stopped Bullet Journaling and Was Immediately Hit by a Car

Jess Zlotnick Reporter

I won't lie to you: when I first heard of bullet journaling I thought 'what the hell is this nonsense'? There's no way jotting down my goals into a folksy journaling system can up my productivity and relieve stress. But the proof was in the pudding when after only a few weeks of journaling I felt cleaner, lighter and more zen—and the second I stopped journaling I was hit by a nearby car.

The successful running of my life depended on me logging every single thing I did in a 24-hour day in my bullet journal, but I thrived on it. There was no activity too small, no task too mundane, nothing that I could not track as a series of neat little boxes on dotted paper. I was flying high.

On the morning of February 22—a cloudy morning, I recall, as indicated by my weather tracker—I went to the kitchen and drank a glass of water. In a momentary lapse of judgment, I forgot to log that glass in my journal's water intake tracker; and that's when the Honda Civic plowed through the wall of my kitchen and pinned me against my refrigerator.

Needless to say, the driver and I were both very surprised to find ourselves in a tragic car accident in my kitchen; but as soon as we took in the freshly downed glass of water in my hand and compared it to the little hydration chart that I'd neglected to colour in, it all made sense. I can't blame him: bullet journaling changed my life, and so without bullet

journaling how on earth did I expect to be able to live! I saw him and his vehicle out of my house, and while succumbing to the pain of my disintegrated femurs and collapsed lung, I started drawing up a new spread in my bullet journal: Types of Cars I've Been Fatally Struck By. I think it might be my best work yet!



Oh no!

## Turns Out a Thneed is Not the Only Thing I Need, I'm Also Critically Dependent on the Antidepressant 'Escitalopram'

Tom Waddell Reporter

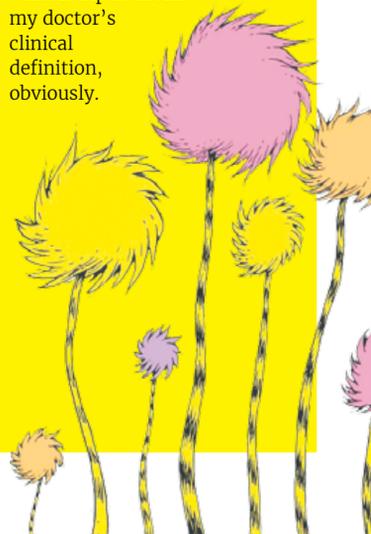


As a resident of Thneedville, I've been misled and betrayed. After I attended yesterday's town rally where it was revealed that "everybody needs a thneed", it was my understanding that a thneed—a popular and versatile item of clothing—was the only thing that I need. Yet when I recently went to see a local GP about my low mood, she diagnosed me with depression and anxiety and wrote me a prescription for Escitalopram, an antidepressant. As it turns out, while a thneed is one thing that I need, daily medication to treat my mental health is another.

When I asked my doctor if

I could use a thneed instead of Escitalopram, she told me, "no, a thneed is just a garment knitted from the leaves of the Truffula Tree. There may be many uses for it, but manipulating your brain chemistry is not one of them." I'm so confused. I've been substituting a thneed into every other facet of my life with amazing results. It has been as versatile on the dinner table as it has been in the bedroom. I have made love to my thneed countless times. It was there for me when my father died, it even followed me on Instagram when no one else would. People may tell me a thneed is not the only thing I need, but in those

times of crisis—it was. And if that's not the definition of an antidepressant, I don't know what is. Apart from my doctor's clinical definition, obviously.



## Mothers, Lock Up Your Daughters! (If You Are a Warden and They Are Prisoners)

Nick Harriott Editor



Alright, enough fooling around. Mothers, you better lock up your daughters—provided you are employed at a youth detention centre and your daughters also happen to be incarcerated there. It might not be what you want to hear but if they have had their supper, leisure time and telephone calls, it's time to

gather up your children (as well as the other inmates) for their evening roll call—and then, as I have already mentioned, you should lock them up. However, mothers, don't just follow this advice blindly. If you are not a warden, you should not be visiting

the prison at this time of night and certainly not have access to the cells, let alone the ability to manipulate their locking mechanism. Likewise, if you are a warden but your daughters are not prisoners, you are duty bound to lock up other people's daughters (if they are convicted felons) but you have little to no reason to ever lock up your own daughters. Even if they are grounded, locking up any one of your daughters could be tantamount to child abuse, in which case you yourself might end up incarcerated in a nearby prison and locked up. Not by your mother though. Unless, of course, she is also a warden. In which case, grandmothers, lock up the mothers of your granddaughters—and daughters, go visit your mum and your nan at the same time, assuming you are not locked up elsewhere.



## No Way! This Coin is From the Same Year I Was Born >> pg. 9



## From THOT to THOOT: That Home Owner Over There >> pg. 13

## Each Time You Didn't Receive Your Uber Eats That Was Because I Was Outside On Your Street Stealing It

Nick Harriott Editor

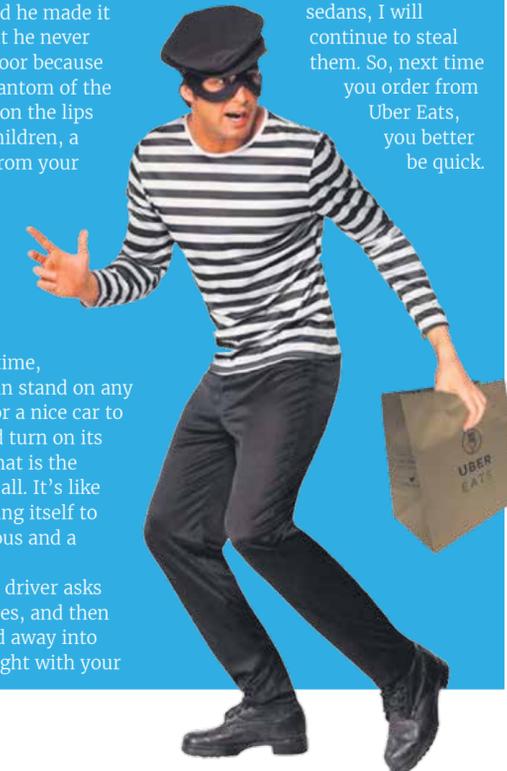
You complained, didn't you? Your food never arrived and you sent a little complaint to Uber, and they gave you your pitiful refund, didn't they? You were content thinking the driver got lost, or maybe he never showed up to the restaurant—but how wrong you were! He didn't get lost. He made it to the restaurant and he made it to your house, but he never made it to your door because I was there! A phantom of the street, a whisper on the lips of your hungry children, a shadow darting from your front gate to my 1994 Toyota Corolla.

I've never paid for an Uber meal in my life, and why should I? At any time, on any night, I can stand on any street and wait for a nice car to slow to a halt and turn on its hazards. To me that is the sweetest sight of all. It's like a gazelle presenting itself to a lion. I'm ravenous and a little aroused.

I swoop in, the driver asks if I'm you. I say yes, and then I'm gone. Spirited away into the pitch black night with your

succulent Korean meal in my trembling hands.

I've stolen more dinners than you've had hot meals and I'm not going to stop. With God as my witness, as long as these drivers continue to chauffer those little brown bags of delight in the backs of their mid-sized sedans, I will continue to steal them. So, next time you order from Uber Eats, you better be quick.



# STUDENT PROTEST



**OPPOSE \$3.8M INCREASE TO MILITARY**  
**OPPOSE \$2.2M CUTS TO HIGHER ED**  
**MAKE EDUCATION FREE AGAIN**

**WED 21 MARCH**  
**IPM NEW LAW LAWNS**