

HONI SOIT

VOL 90 SEM 2 WEEK 5



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

When I was in primary school, my friends and I would visit each other's houses at the weekend. We didn't stay for long—two or three hours, cobbling together lego spaceships and wheeling them through the imaginary galaxies of our bedrooms. Eventually, a parent would call out: it was home time in five minutes. But that was ok, I remember thinking, because five minutes was an eternity.

Now five minutes are meaningless, and whole days slip through my fingers. Entire years seem to be over before they begin, and birthdays appear like waves on the shore, rather than islands separated by oceans. As Dr Seuss asks: "How did it get so late so soon?"

This edition reflects on that question. It investigates our perception of time and its progression—how it seems to bend and distort itself. It asks how we can overcome time—whether immortality is possible, ethical or desirable. It considers how things have changed—in stupol, at USyd, and along Sydney's cycle paths.

It challenges you to make sense of time as you read. If the hours, minutes and seconds are just numbers on a clock-face, what, in the end, do they mean?

And this edition is also, in a way, exempt from time—more so than we are. The words on these pages are a record of their authors as they are now, memorialised, yellowed maybe, but unchanged.

Until USyd archives throws out all its back issues of Honi, that is. **JD**

MAILBOX

Nine days too many

Dear Honi,

On August 23, the paper published an article authored by Jay Tharappel, in which he described his recent visit to North Korea alongside USyd lecturer Tim Anderson, painting the country as a socialist utopia. Tim Anderson is known for his vigorous anti-Americanism and enthusiasm for regimes at odds with the US, no matter their leaders' human rights records and atrocities. Tharappel, who has recently been dismissed from his tutor position at USyd, seems to hold similar views, and has been in the news for verbally lashing out at an Armenian journalist on social media, referring to the "next Armenian genocide", and for wearing a Yemeni "Death to Israel" badge.

Tharappel's account is a harmful counter narrative about North Korea - not because it is controversial, but because it is false. He admits that he does not provide an 'academic' account, by which we infer to mean an analytically justified and sound one, based on good evidence and on-the-ground scholarship. By conceding that no participant of the delegation speaks Korean, he also admits that the information he received was relayed by those people explicitly chosen to guide them.

Tharappel's tour was organised by the Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, run by a Spanish arms trafficker and supporter of the Kim regime. When I visited North Korea around a year ago (on a Koryo tour), I met these people in a hotel lobby.

Every morning, they would gather in a group to sing the DPRK National Anthem. They proudly displayed Kim Jong-il and Kim Il-sung lapel pins on their Mao suits. They complained to me that they thought their Korean sounded "too Southern" and to speak with more of a North Korean accent would be better.

Tharappel only talks about what he 'saw' on his trip, without any fleeting mention of what he must know he did not see, but what has been well-documented by North Korean defectors,

refugees, and satellite imagery: multiple political prison and re-education camps that hold an estimated 120,000 people, the 20% of North Korean children who are stunted due to malnutrition (while the North Korean government has, in the past, preferred to invest into military weaponry to closing the hunger gap), and the public executions that still take place in the country.

It is appalling to think about Tharappel and his companions enjoying soju, eating "fancy Korean BBQ" and smoking shisha in Pyongyang while being aware that a few kilometres away people were locked up in camps and subjected to torture. His comments also provide an interesting perspective on how people who publicly criticise inequality in one case tend to negate or relativise its existence in another, once they're in a privileged position themselves.

For these reasons, we condemn his piece.

Sincerely,
Jacinta Keast, Bachelor of Commerce/Bachelor of Arts V
Hannah Elten, Political Economy and Asian Studies, Class of 2016

(Nine days in North Korea, Semester 2: Week 4)

It's in the dictionary

Honi Soit editors,

Publishing Jay Tharappel's "Nine Days in North Korea" article is entirely inappropriate. Firstly, to allow someone to publish an article which intentionally, and maliciously misrepresents the extent to which the North Korean people are being murdered, tortured and raped by their own regime is disgusting. For Honi to allow Tharappel's view to go unchallenged is beneath the editorial standards of which you as editors were elected to uphold. What also amazes me, is that your editorial team could be so unscrupulous as to accept the account of a person that has travelled the country on a tour organised by DPRK Committee for Cultural Relations. It's almost as if a tour run by the state would have a vested interest in presenting their country as perfect! Of course, this is not to mention that the article is presented as if Tharappel is an objective bystander that has formed a view of the DPRK

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Honiscopes: The Life of Malcolm Turnbull

Discover what's in store for you this week, through the lens of Malcolm Turnbull's turbulent life.



Aries
Uni Malcolm
You can do whatever you want without consequences this week. The campus is yours—literally. Write an impassioned letter to your student rag.



Taurus
Republican Malcolm
Nobody else understands your vision, but don't waste time worrying. There are even bigger failures on your horizon.



Gemini
Kerry Packer's BFF
A close friend will fall into hardship this week. Make sure you reach out a helping hand—especially if they have a billion dollar media company.



Cancer
Kid Malcolm
Spend today outside. See if you still fit on your tricycle. You will never be this happy again.



Leo
Goldman Sachs Malcolm
You've invested in your best traits and now you're in control. Take a break to invent the internet.



Virgo
Opposition Leader Malcolm
It's your time. Take stock of where you are and what you want. With your goals in mind, act quickly.



Libra
Spill Malcolm I
Your inability to let things go will cause interpersonal challenges. But remember, everything happens for a reason. And that reason is you, you shit-stirrer.



Scorpio
NBN Malcolm
You deserve some me-time. Let people come to you for a change. If they want to connect to your node, they'll let you know.



Sagittarius
Spill Malcolm II
Tear shit up and fuck fuck fuck. This week is your own personal Purge. You are the law. Have sex on a ferris wheel idk.



Capricorn
Prime Minister Malcolm
Your leadership is going to be complicated by everyone else's dramas. Stay true to yourself... and do whatever it takes to stay in power.



Aquarius
Spill Malcolm III
Don't let this week's existential dread get the better of you. Put your nostalgia aside and your demons will go silent. You know what you have to do.



Pisces
Washed Up Malcolm
Enjoy the chance to open up to friends and relax. You can go home early now, or even wear a bathrobe around the house. Enjoy the little things.

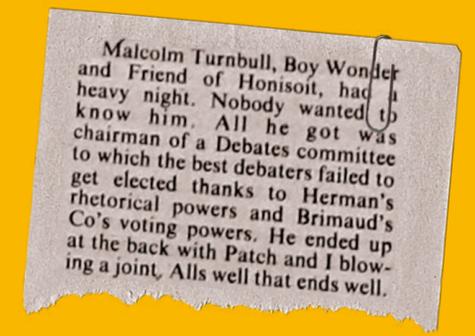
The Malcolm Turnbull Turn-Back Time Machine

This weekend **Malcolm Turnbull** busted out his homemade time machine. He was hoping to jump back to 1975 so he could convince his younger self to never become a politician and just enjoy being obscenely rich.

Unfortunately, the machine malfunctioned and instead of launching Malc backwards through time, it spat out a relic of his glory days: one of his first mentions in Honi Soit.

Perhaps the time machine was mocking him.

Who's to say.



Smashed avo at the polls

James Sheriff reflects on our sometimes bizarre microparty.

Australia is in the wake of yet another leadership crisis. What started as a few years of democratic misfortune has now become a long-term trend. Despite the chaos, one thing is clear—at the eye of this storm lies an identity crisis. The two major parties are desperately trying to figure out who they seek to represent. Changing demographics and voting patterns mean no party can rely on constant support from particular groups.

Increasingly, traditional Labor and Liberal voters are drifting towards minor or micro-parties which more accurately reflect their beliefs, and this has had repercussions for both sides of parliament.

Labor, for example, is struggling to reconcile its commitment to both the progressive causes of the political left and the concerns of its traditional working-class voter base, many of whom support the party's economic policies but hold socially conservative views. In regards to issues like marriage equality, this rift between the party's ideology and the views of its supporters is especially clear. Labor was firm in its support for marriage equality, yet nine of the seventeen electorates which voted 'no' in the plebiscite were safely held Labor seats. Embattled former Senator Sam Dastyari said this electoral split "shows the difficulty of straddling a bridge between our economic and our social policies."

The ideological divide on the Liberal party side of the chamber is similarly stark. The most recent leadership stoush has seen the Liberal Party tear itself in half, destroying the last remaining traces of a functional government in the process. 'Moderate' Liberals like Malcolm Turnbull and Julie Bishop have been forced from power by the conservative fringe, a move which has pulled the ideological centre of the party further to the right—closer to their electoral rivals One Nation.

Seemingly in response to the ideological equivocation shown by mainstream political parties, online political movements have risen in popularity. These movements exist on both sides of politics, from white nationalist forums on Reddit to Facebook page "Sassy Socialist Memes", and have in some case translated into real-world political influence. In 2015, the far-right nationalist group Reclaim Australia, which has held anti-Islam rallies across the country, even received the support of sitting politicians Pauline Hanson and George

Christensen.

On the progressive left, movements which began simply as meme pages have now become openly political. Free from party politics, online political groups like the Smashed Avocado Movement (SAM) now champion progressive causes in a refreshingly unambiguous manner. Whereas Labor and Liberal have failed to take a decisive position on climate change or the Adani coal mine, the SAM's position is clearly anti-coal. The movement is also strongly against the bipartisan mistreatment of refugees on Manus and Nauru, and supportive of diversity and inclusivity in all its various forms. These views are defended by long-form FB posts, sharply worded tweets, and screenshots of tumblr rants which outline the group's opposition to mainstream political inaction.

SAM also has their own constitution and a set of policies and principles. The admins are committed to engaging with its 5,300 followers, and polls are used to evaluate particular policy positions and major decisions. The group's website describes the movement as "a political party for people who are tired of the current political circus... the ineptitude, self-serving interests and selfish party politics that have corrupted our parliament to a point of crisis." Comments threads on Facebook posts are often used as spaces for serious political interaction between the leaders of the movement, supporters, and virtual passers-by.

In July this year, the SAM moved from a political FB meme page to an explicitly political organisation.

In an effort to channel the energies of their online electorate into a more overtly political space, the SAM allied with the Australian Progressives party, a micro-party which fielded candidates in several seats in the last election. In a FB post outlining the reasoning behind this decision, the SAM stated that "a single minor party will NEVER change the two-party system...the only way we will ever see progressive change in this country is if we have the numbers to challenge the establishment itself." As part of this arrangement, the SAM acts as the "nation-building" arm of the movement while the Australian Progressives champion the cause in parliament (despite not yet holding any seats).

For anyone who knows the difficulty of trying to influence major party policy, for example the Labor Party's asylum seeker policy, the idea of an accessible yet unashamedly progressive grassroots alternative is powerful.

It is difficult for these parties to reach parliament. Our electoral system strongly favours the two-party status quo, and people are understandably wary of taking too seriously a political party birthed online.

Embracing the micro-party is not without its dangers, but if the major players can't figure out who they represent, voters will continue their drift towards the fringes.

Students' Representative Council,
University of Sydney
Annual Elections



2018 Polling Booth Times and Places

| POLLING LOCATION | WED 19TH SEPT 2018 | THURS 20TH SEPT 2018 |
|-------------------|--------------------|----------------------|
| Fisher | 8:45 - 5.15 | 8:45 - 5.15 |
| Jane Foss Russell | 8:45 - 5.15 | 8:45 - 5.15 |
| Manning | 10:45 - 3.15 | 10:45 - 3.15 |
| PNR Building | 11:45 - 2.15 | No polling |
| Cumberland | 9:45 - 2.15 | 9:45 - 2.15 |
| Conservatorium | 9:45 - 2.15 | No polling |
| SCA | No polling | 9:45 - 2.15 |

Pre-polling will also be held outside the Jane Foss Russell Building, on Tuesday 18th September from 10am-3pm.

Authorised by K.Chau, 2018 Electoral Officer,
Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney
02 9660 5222 | www.srcusyd.net.au



Inside the Industry (and Community Project Units)

James Monaro on the units 'every student' at USyd will be completing sooner or later.

The introduction of the Industry and Community Project Units (ICPUs) in semester one this year signalled sweeping changes to the university curricula. The plans were devised to ensure that graduates adapt quickly to the 'Future of Work', a horizon all times fast-approaching.

To facilitate adjustment, Pro Vice-Chancellor Richard Miles wants "every student in this university" to take an ICPU. From only two pilot programs last year, 31 units now offer all undergraduates from 3rd year onwards the opportunity to "take on real-world industry, community and entrepreneurship projects." In fostering skills that universities have consistently overlooked, the programs take big steps in certain right directions. They require that students from different disciplines work together by providing a common goal, one that cannot be solved without cooperation. Given the revulsion that usually accompanies group work within one's own faculty, the positive reception of ICPUs in their first semester was a considerable achievement.



USyd students present the results from their ICPU

Tertiary education has been moving in this direction for some time. Miles commended "newer universities" who have provided "work-integrated learning" for "many, many decades." Swinburne University introduced the first postgraduate degree in Entrepreneurship and Innovation, and added 100 new courses this year. Over half—like 'Being Change Adaptable' and 'Principles of Leadership'—are business-related. Miles had been watching them closely, as, perhaps, were others; 'Leading and Influencing Business' and 'Future of Business' are new core Business units.

The public ranks 'high-tech skills' and 'creative approaches' to problem-solving as the lowest priorities

The Australian Department of Industry and Science recently made education "Imperative 1" to "respond to the changing nature of work." This imperative requires STEM subjects and other "21st-century" competencies like digital skills and entrepreneurialism. Given the perceived difficulty of STEM subjects, "student mindsets" are a concern, as they "have a greater impact on student performance than any other factor". Thankfully, "industry can play a significant role in demonstrating to students the career benefit of a STEM education".

Industry has played a significant role in developing these doctrines, central to which is the premise that social progress is a question of perfecting the human and non-human resources at their disposal. "The workplace and its demands are changing" claims *The Blueprint*, published by The Australian Institute for Company Directors. The fact is "Australian students need a mindset of creating a job for the future, not finding a job of the past". "Worryingly, the OECD places Australia near the bottom of global performance on industry and higher education collaboration." To fix

this, the Industry Directors will bring forth a "nexus between education and jobs"; a system "geared to producing workers with the appropriate skill set."

ANU polling shows the public do want tertiary career skilling, and for students to learn to get along with diverse individuals. Contrary to the opinions of company directors, the public ranks 'high-tech skills' and 'creative approaches' to problem-solving as the lowest priorities.

ICPUs are all group projects. Miles is sceptical of "the cult of the individual" and downplayed the entrepreneurial aspect of the programs. He sees social and technological development as a product of collective effort, telling Honi: "if you go into [the program] as an individual, you won't do well." They require you to "work with people who are different from you in a myriad of different ways."

Each ICPU involves a partnership with an external organisation—philanthropic, government or corporate. Partnerships are chosen and organised by Miles, on most occasions through professional networks. "When you first start these things," he explained, "you have to find an 'in'... And when other people see it's successful you get in through the front door." The 'in' for the AGL partnership was the Chancellor, who acquainted him with the front door: Executive General Manager, Alistair Preston.

Each organisation contributes assets and employees who, in conjunction with an academic supervisor, deliver an ICPU. Each unit touches on a "mega-trend" and partners are asked to "translate it down" to something that affects their organisation directly. Groups in AGL's project investigated aspects of 'going off the grid' for specific suburbs. Others focused on provisioning renewable energy technology to disadvantaged households.

Honi spoke to the academic supervisor for the AGL project — physicist and innovation researcher, Maryanne Large. Large asked the company what they wanted from the program. Creating graduates who could "solve complex problems" and "were comfortable working with people from different backgrounds" came into it. When asked about recruitment, "they didn't say 'no'..." But Large thought the "real reason they're involved is they're actually interested in the results."

"In general it's really expensive for companies to understand what's happening in the future." "I think if they really wanted to look at this in detail, they would have to do that themselves. But this is kind of a first pass for them, which highlights some of the issues" they "would need to look into."

The units were more than a "consultancy from students," Large thought. But "projects need to be run by the academics" to maintain accountability. Academics know their field, have connections, and can create projects that fit their expertise.

Miles said he wanted "academics involved in negotiations very early on". He sympathised with the feedback, but highlighted that organisations want to "deal with us as a university". "There's a sort of interesting balance that you need to strike... but what you don't want to do is to stifle people's individual initiative." Miles was open to changes looking forward.

Despite her reservations, Large thought "it was a successful partnership." "I had a very good relationship with the people in AGL. I found them very engaged. They were very helpful to the students; they put them in contact with people that they would not have access to otherwise." The case studies were multifaceted, with legal and political challenges that required collaborative problem-solving. Students "got a much richer experience because of the involvement of AGL. They had a genuine experience of what it might be like to work in a company. So [AGL] got something, but I think they also gave something in that respect."

Students also got the opportunity to propose ideas.



USyd Pro Vice-Chancellor, Richard Miles

"8% of Australians suffer from energy poverty, which means they actually have to make choices about paying their electricity bills or eating." The group assigned this case study suggested that the company "give or heavily subsidise some of these people who are chronically struggling."

There are no funds or donations exchanged with external partners

"That's a really nice opportunity that you have in these systems, if you have strong views about something... I can't think of another way where you'd normally be able to do that."

Honi cannot access the Unit of Study Survey results, which Miles says are "really good." Ed Henderson, a student from the City Recital Hall unit, "really liked the emphasis placed on group work", especially being "able to practice negotiation, management and cooperation skills". It was "refreshing" to "be in a group comprised of students from different faculties."

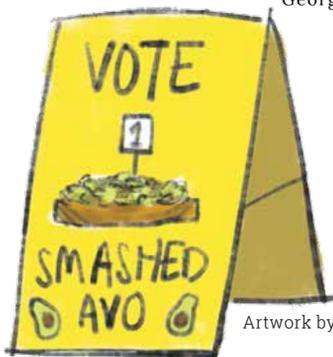
He did experience some of the potential drawbacks of 'interdisciplinarity'. Because seminars involved some "disciplines that were not that teacher's expertise", they could be "broad and vague." The same applied to assessments.

Christopher Ganora, supervisor for the Westmead unit, sought help from other academics to cover this problem. "One of the challenges for me was knowing where to pitch my teaching for students with such a diverse range of academic backgrounds. None of the students were from my faculty so I wasn't very familiar with any of their curricula. This was also good for me because the students often became the teachers!"

There are no funds or donations exchanged with external partners. "No one's ever asked us to do anything as a quid pro quo," Miles declared, "because in the end I would say no."

Miles discerned that you can't approach an organisation and ask: "Hello! Would you like to do all our teaching for us?"—it's crass, not to mention costly. Moreover, "we need to be able to control this; set the agenda. And if you want to set the agenda for something then you've got to make sure you're contributing resources towards it."

The issue comes down to whether the University can control the agenda when projects are offered to "thousands and thousands of students" conjointly with large corporations. Unless the individual company has a way of recuperating its contributions to the future workforce—difficult as the cohort gets larger and more diverse—the undertaking is unprofitable. After making their "first pass", ICPU partners will want to sure-up their investment. They will understand that "when you first start these things... you have to find an 'in'." And then "you get in through the front door."



Artwork by Jocelin Chan

The City of Sydney has plans for your cycleways

Zoe Stojanovic-Hill dissects the latest proposed updates to Sydney's pedal power network.

At the beginning of the month, the City of Sydney closed public consultation for its latest plan to fix the fragmented network of cycleways that snake through inner Sydney, starting and stopping, hard lines on a map that break off into dots.

An Eveleigh connection would provide USyd students with quick access to Alexandria and the city proper

The City's Cycling Strategy and Action Plan 2018-2030 is the sequel to—or, arguably, a remake of—its 2007-2017 plan to install basic cycling infrastructure across the Sydney LGA, from the Rocks in the north to Alexandria in the south, Moore Park in the east to USyd in the west. Both plans are designed to prompt a cultural shift in Sydney, letting drivers and passengers become Copenhagenised velophiles, or just about.

Since 2007, City council has seen some success. It constructed the first separated cycleway in 2009, along

King Street in the CBD. It's really just a short strip between Clarence Street and Sussex Street, connecting city south to the Pyrmont Bridge via a narrow, two-way pathway shared by cyclists and pedestrians. Still, in context, it was an achievement. The council built the Bourke Road cycleway shortly afterwards, and cycling in the area reportedly increased by 30 per cent straight after it opened. Its uptown other half, the Bourke Street cycleway, opened in 2011 and won a Sydney Design Award in 2012.

However, progress has been slow as a sauntering pedestrian on a shared path.

The 2007-2017 plan aimed to increase the number of bike trips made in the city by 8 per cent over 10 years, from less than 2 per cent in 2006 to 10 per cent in 2016. The 2018-2030 plan aims for 10 per cent of all trips to be bike trips by 2030, effectively pushing the 10 per cent target back by more than ten years. The City's latest report doesn't address its failure to meet target. However, it does indicate that the combined number of residents and non-residents who cycle to work will need to increase by 14.8 per cent by 2030. This could prove to be quite a challenge, given that this number only increased by 2.29 per cent from

2006 to 2016.

The 10 priority regional routes, including a USyd to UNSW route, are only 32 per cent complete. One of the council's top priorities is creating a connection across the Eveleigh railway lines. An Eveleigh connection would provide USyd students with quick access to Alexandria and the city proper, so we don't have to go via Redfern or Macdonaldtown.

The Inner Sydney Regional Bike Network, a multi-council initiative proposed in 2009, is also incomplete. The network was originally envisioned as 284 kilometres of separated cycleways and shared paths but, judging by the City's latest report, that number seems to have dropped to 191km. Either way, only 55km has been constructed, leaving 136km to go.

The City is making an effort, increasing its capital spending on cycling and walking from around 9 per cent of its total budget for 2018-19 to over 24 per cent for 2019-20. However, as the council makes clear in its latest report, its ability to meet the 10 per cent target will depend on funding from the NSW government.

It is no secret that the state government and the City council have come into conflict over Sydney's stunted cycleways

The state government pledged to spend \$62 million on cycling and walking projects in 2017-18, working with the City of Sydney and other councils across Greater Sydney. The most recent round of funding applications has closed but the arrangements have not yet been released. Bicycle Network has urged the government to invest \$260 million for 2018-19 and \$1.06 billion over the next four years in cycleways and end-of-trip facilities.

The NSW government has not followed through on a series of promises to provide bike paths: the O'Farrell

government's 2011 NSW 2021 plan, which aimed to double the relative proportion of bike trips in Greater Sydney by 2016; the two following proposals, which restated the 2011 target; and the 2012 NSW Long-Term Transport Master Plan, which contained similar promises.

It is no secret that the state government and the City council have come into conflict over Sydney's stunted cycleways. Notably, the Baird government sparked outrage by demolishing the College Street cycleway in 2015. The commuter corridor along the eastern edge of Hyde Park serviced over 2000 cyclists a day until then Minister for Roads, Duncan Gay, who once described himself as the "biggest bike-lane sceptic in the government", led the push to tear it up.

"The value of cycling in Sydney has been undermined by hysterical claims that bike riding will cripple the city's economy...and wilful ignorance of good practice overseas," Lord Mayor of the City of Sydney, Clover Moore, told The Guardian at the time.

The Mayor pointed out that the government's decision to destroy \$5 million worth of cycling infrastructure ran contrary to its own City Access Plan, announced in 2013, to reduce congestion in the city centre.

To its credit, the state government built new cycleways along Castlereagh Street and Liverpool Street to compensate. However, documents obtained by the Sydney Morning Herald reveal that the government commissioned and ignored advice from a transport consultant, when he said:

"College Street provides a better north-south connection to the proposed King Street east-west link and the gateway to the Eastern Suburbs at Whitlam Square than Castlereagh Street."

Sydney is evidently a long way off from making it onto the Copenhagenise Index, a list of the world's top bike friendly cities, which saw Copenhagen, Utrecht and Amsterdam take the top three positions in 2017. But, if NSW supports the City and other driven local councils, they might finish more than the other end of King Street by 2030.

Pianos of USyd: A review

Yihe Chen has tinkled on campus's most popular ivories so you don't have to.

Sydney University Piano Society holds its weekly meeting in the Barnard Eldershaw Room in Manning House. However, sometimes it's a bit depressing to see a bunch of people jamming around the single piano in the room. Last semester, I began an exploration. I was on the hunt for more pianos; and now I've located at least 20 pianos accessible on the main campus of USyd. A video list of their locations is available on Youtube (search for 'Piano on Campus USyd'). Also included is a rough evaluation of each piano in question. I hope this information will be useful for those who love to play the piano and are looking for places to practice their skills. Here are the top 5 on my list.

No.2

Location: USU Common Room, Holme Building LV4
Brand: Kawai
Type: Upright
Rating:
Quality ****
Condition ****
Accessibility ****☆

Comment:

This piano is ideal due to its easy accessibility. As long as the room remains vacant, you can pop in at anytime within working hours. Moreover, if your visit unfortunately clashes with the schedule sheet at the door, there are two other pianos in the same building: one is a grand piano placed in front of the HostCo Office next door, and the other is an upright Kawai in the Elliott Miller Studio on Level 3.

No.4

Location: Nicholson Museum, Quadrangle Lobby F
Brand: Steinway & Sons
Type: Concert Grand
Rating:
Quality ****
Condition ****☆
Accessibility ****☆

Comment:

Climb the stairs from the Nicholson Museum and you will find a splendid concert grand piano in front of the lecture room. This piano was acquired with funds bequeathed to the university in 1953, and is still in very good condition. This is probably due to the notice stuck to the piano cover, which reads 'NO PLAYING'. The note is most likely left by staff who work in nearby offices for noise control. You may want to try your luck here after hours, but before security locks the gate to the lobby!

No.1

Location: Barnard Eldershaw Room, Manning House LV2
Brand: Kawai Linden
Type: Upright
Rating:
Quality ****☆
Condition ***
Accessibility ****☆

Comment:

Barnard Eldershaw Room is the fixed venue for PianoSoc's weekly meeting, which makes the piano in this room quite popular. However, it's affected by the same issue that affects every piano on campus: a lack of maintenance. Normally brand and type determine the quality of a piano, but the real condition depends on how regularly technical maintenance takes place: maintenance which costs money. As a result, these instruments are left worn-out, with no plan in sight to pay the cost for upkeep.

No.5

Location: Seymour Centre LV5
Brand: Kawai
Type: Upright
Rating:
Quality ****
Condition ****
Accessibility ****☆

Comment:

The piano is made for playing, not for display. Yet an unfortunate fact is that due to noise policies, many public pianos are banned from being played. In this situation, you may want to look for options such as the practice rooms on Seymour Centre Level 5, to perform quietly. These rooms are open to conservatorium students, as well as those who need to undertake music-related activities.



Map detailing planned (broken lines) and completed (solid lines) cycleways around USyd

Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

Want some work? Polling Booth Attendants Required

The SRC is looking for people to work on the polling booths for its elections this year.

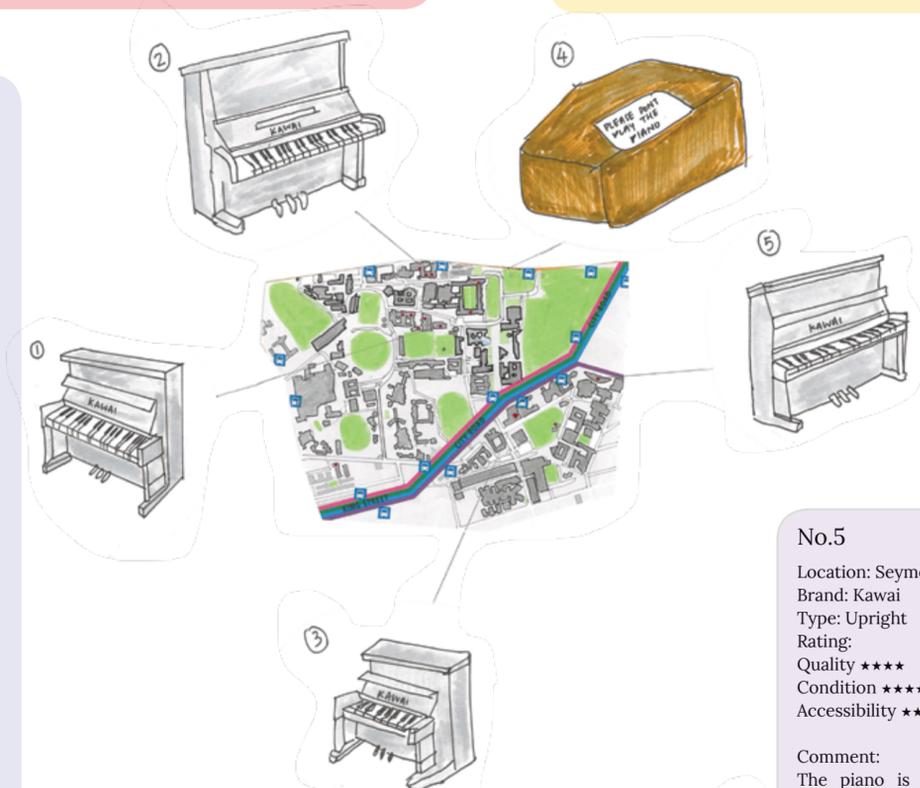
If you can work on
Wed 19th Sept and/or Thurs 20th September,
and attend training at 4pm Monday 17th September,
we want to hear from you!

\$34.87 per hour

There may also be an opportunity to undertake additional work at the vote count. Application forms are available for download at: srcusyd.net.au/about-us/src-jobs or can be obtained from the SRC front office (Level 1, Wentworth Building). For more info, call 9660 5222.

Applications close 5pm Wednesday 5th September 2018.

Authorised by K.Chau, 2018 Electoral Officer
Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney
p: 02 9660 5222 | w: srcusyd.net.au



top 5 pianos of usyd

Artwork by
Zi Hui Lie

No.3

Location: Wentworth Building LV4
Brand: Kawai
Type: Upright
Rating:
Quality ****☆
Condition ****☆
Accessibility ****☆

Comment:

This piano is very popular with students for its convenient location. It used to be in the International Student Lounge, but the staff have moved it to a nearby seminar room. If you find the room locked, go to the ISL office next door. They hold the key to that room.

WHAT IS THE SRC?

The Students' Representative Council (SRC) is a body that represents USyd undergraduates. It first opened in 1929 to "defend and advance" the interests of students. It splits its role with the University of Sydney Union (USU).

Both the SRC and the USU are student-led organisations, and both receive money from the Students Services and Amenities Fee (SSAF) you pay each semester to cover "non-academic services" and university "support programs". However, the most basic distinction between the two consists in the role they serve: the USU funds more corporate-seeming amenities like food outlets and clubs/societies, while the SRC is known for its long history of activism.

This dual union model is unique, as most other universities in the country merge both the USU and SRC's functions.

USYD DEMOCRACY?

Aside from the permanent, non-student staff who work at the SRC (think: legal advisors, admin, and caseworkers), everyone else in the building rotates annually. Each year, an election* is held in semester two to find the next president, Honi editorial team, and 33 council positions. Voting is open for all undergraduate students who bring their student ID at the polling booth. Check out next week's election edition of Honi to see a full list of 2019 contenders.

WHAT WILL I SEE?

The elections are the stomping ground of USyd's political factions—groups of students, often aligned with mainstream parties, who pool resources to win votes.

Behind the scenes, key factional organisers have already spent months rallying together every person they know in order to form a squad of campaigners. You'll then see a whole lot of Facebook DP changes on Wednesday, 5 September, when online campaigning starts. Notifications will invite you to 'like' Facebook pages at 12.01am on the dot.

That one person you met in a first year tute and literally haven't spoken to since will shoot you a message, either asking you to campaign, change your own profile pic to support their candidate's cause, or as the voting days loom near, you'll be asked to vote for a certain person or ticket.

The following Monday, on the 10th, physical campaigning starts. A-Frame stands will line Eastern Avenue, large slogans will be chalked on the pavement and clusters of people wearing the same colour will gather around campaign tables.

THE WHOLE 'AUTHORISED BY' SIGNAGE LOOKS REAL BAD

Every piece of promotional or campaigning material, be it shirts or online policies, must have the name and student ID of an individual who is responsible for each candidate or ticket. This is to ensure there is a degree of liability, so anything that goes wrong can be pinned on the single authoriser. It also verifies the candidate as legitimate and gives a port-of-call for contact.

SRC FOR DUMMIES™

Millie Roberts didn't pay attention to student politics for many years

THE NEXT FOUR PAGES WERE BROUGHT TO YOU WITH THE HELP OF STUDENT POLITICIANS PAST AND PRESENT

Key Factions

GRASSROOTS: FAR LEFT

- Non-hierarchical: there are no leaders
- Committed to education, queer and feminist activism
- Prioritises intersectional analysis
- An ideal Groots SRC would: be an activist union supporting Collectives. Organise direct action protests but also willing to advocate for the interests of the most vulnerable within the bureaucracy

CAMPAIGN NAMES: 'Grassroots', 'Switch'

SOCIALIST ALTERNATIVE: RADICAL LEFT

- Split from the International Socialist Organisation (now known as Solidarity)
- Progressive political positions on areas from raising the rate of government allowances for students to pro-Palestine support
- An ideal Left Action SRC would: push for more SRC resources towards activist campaigns and support students from oppressed minorities on campus

CAMPAIGN NAMES: 'Left Action'

LIBDEPENDENTS: MOD RIGHT

- See the SRC as historically far Left and militant
- Student money should go to student services i.e. mental health and academic support, not just activism
- Not an official Liberal organisation
- An ideal Libdependent SRC would: not spend a disproportionate amount of the SRC's budget on partisan issues that don't focus on direct student issues

CAMPAIGN NAMES: 'Ignite', 'Vision'

NLS: LABOR LEFT

- Focus on democracy, socialism, unionism, feminism and social justice
- Believe the SRC should focus on the quality education, economic justice and preventing marginalisation against minority groups
- An ideal NLS SRC would: focus on protest and lobbying, and engage with campaigns and policies regardless of which factions run them in non-partisan fashion

CAMPAIGN NAMES: 'Stand Up', 'Reboot'

PANDA: MIXED

- Focus on international students involvement, representation and security
- Started to eliminate discrimination and ensure fair treatment for all students
- Competing against two international faction brands: 'Advance' and 'Baekho'
- An ideal Panda SRC would: be diverse and open to the public with full transparency, respond to unjust situations and make all undergrads feel welcome

CAMPAIGN NAMES: 'Panda Warriors'

UNITY: CENTRE RIGHT

- Believe in the SRC's role to provide essential student services, and inclusive activism
- Describe themselves as progressive and pragmatic
- Promote the National Union of Students (NUS)
- An ideal Unity SRC would: move away from what they believe to be tokenistic signs of solidarity, such as sending pizza overseas and paying for the legal fees of radical activists

CAMPAIGN NAMES: 'Stand Up', 'Reboot'

WHY ARE GROUPS SO PETTY ABOUT TRIVIAL THINGS?

It all comes down to branding, especially colours. They normally align with precedent or national standards. For example, Liberals often go with blue (however, moderate Libs lean towards white), while Labor groups opt for red. There's been a shakeup this year though—at the time of publication, the Socialist Alternative (usually purple) and conservative 'Liberal' tickets are fighting over the colour red. They'll have to negotiate with one another to have distinct enough designs.

WILL THERE BE DRAMA?

You bet. Each candidate and ticket, unless independent, are connected to the big dogs of young political parties, factions, and alliances.

The scramble to get votes traditionally leads to verbal, online, and sometimes physical tiffs. Why? Because like all elections, the more votes you get determines how much power, influence and say you have over the SRC: whether that's in council, the president's office or even Honi. And of course, getting any leadership role in the SRC is a big deal for student politicians looking to pad out their CVs, build their profile for next year's election, or make a difference.

WHY ARE TICKETS CALLED WEIRD, UNCLEAR THINGS?

So you've got clear political factions in the ticket names like 'Grassroots for...' or 'Liberals for...' Then there are random names like 'Reboot for...', 'Switch for...' or 'Shake Up for...' Here, it's important to distinguish between factions and campaign brands, which are the names formally on the ballot. There's a few reasons for why a faction might choose a different brand name. In the SRC regulations, one brand can only have a maximum of 17 tickets. To get around this, factions resort to running on two or more different names, that are still aligned to the original brand. That's why Grassroots runs some tickets under a 'Grassroots' brand and some under 'Switch'.

But sometimes it's strategic. More conservative factions often want to avoid association with the political alignment implied by their name. By distancing themselves, voters are forced to consider their policies, not the stereotypical assumptions about their party. Which is why the Modlibs rarely run as 'Liberals'.

WTF IS REPSELECT?

If you make it to the end of election season and stupol has still got your interest, you'll start hearing about something called repselect.

Day to day, the SRC is run by elected office bearers and executive members, who are responsible for managing campaigns, collectives and even the SRC's permanent staff. Repselect is where these OBs and exec members are elected. There's the paid executive roles (general secretary), unpaid executive roles (vice president), paid office bearer positions (wom*n's officers), and unpaid office bearer positions (ACAR officers). Some of these can only be given to elected councillors (general executive member), but for others, anyone in the student body can nominate.

That said, only the 33 councillors—that's the people you elect—can vote in repselect. Before the actual vote, factions will align, deals will be done, and the roles of the SRC will be stitched up.

WHY WILL I BE HANDED WEIRD PIECES OF PAPER?

It all comes down to preference deals, which can make or break an election. Factions sit down with one another and make alliances. 'Walk and talk' campaigners then hand you a 'how to vote' card with three boxes in order: they'll recommend you vote #1 for their candidate, and then #2 and #3 for their allies.

But that's where the line is drawn with that arrangement. Let's say I take a 'how to vote' sheet from 'Party Rockers'. The sheet of paper asks me to 'VOTE [1] Party Poopers' and 'VOTE [2] Party Rockers'. I go rogue and Vote [2] 'Party Pies' because I actually like their policies more than the 'Party Rockers'.

Then, come the final count of votes, 'Party Poopers' is wiped out the competition first because they've got the least numbers. The SRC doesn't care that 'Party Poopers' wanted their votes to fall into the hands of 'Party Rockers'. My single vote trickles onto the count of 'Party Pies' instead.

Yet pre-polling data has shown students tend not to deviate from a how to vote card's suggested order: Most people, it would be seem, just want to get rid of the badgering campaigners, take the sheet to end the conversation, and follow it exactly.

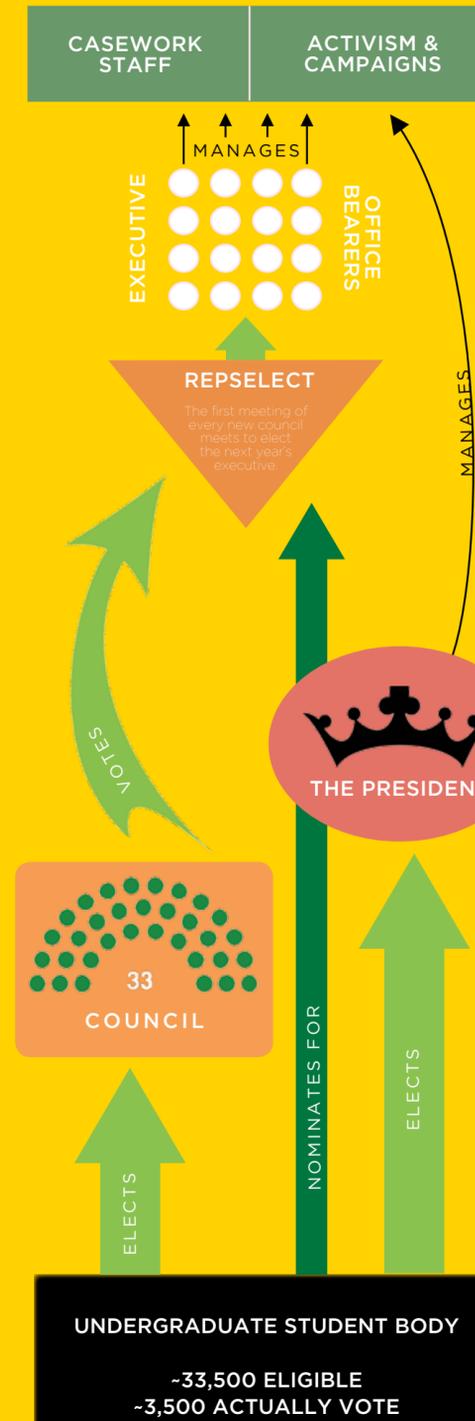
WHY SHOULD I CARE?

Beyond a swarm of strangers chasing you down Cadigal Green or following you into class to lecture bash, participation by casting your vote is vital. While the election period can seem overwhelming, taking the time to weigh up the different campaigns can ensure the administration of the SRC aligns with your beliefs and passions.

If you're like me, disillusioned and easily annoyed, it's hard to step back and see that the strangers approaching you are only doing so because they care deeply about the candidate, their policies and by extension, their political beliefs. Or they're just campaigning for their friend. You're not going to agree with every candidate's beliefs, but you will be affected by the choices of next year's president or council.

Student politics is a lot like the wider, national Australian politics, and having a firm grasp of what happens on campus helps make sense of situations like last week's Liberal leadership spill down in Canberra.

And, at best, a lot of people involved in stupol are there for long run; they're the politicians of the future and more likely than not, the names you'll hear running the country in the decades to come.



* The elections also secure the next SRC representative group in the National Union of Students (NUS), however for coherence, we have chosen to focus on USyd-exclusive positions.

A brief history of stupol

Alison Xiao dives into the archives.

The SRC has historically been a left-wing stronghold. Since the Left Alliance, a former NUS faction made up of a coalition of students to the left of Labor, ascended in the early 90s, the SRC has been controlled by progressives, who also held power in the USU. Gradually, that control dwindled and Labor set up shop, winning every single presidential election between 2000 and 2013.

Traditionally, this University has prided itself on being a microcosm of the next generation of politics. On our campus, every political grouping is represented—we have three labor factions, three liberal, Grassroots, SALT, Solidarity—and an independent student paper. The political ground is hotly contested, and will remain so for the foreseeable future.

A GENERATION BEFORE

The split in 2013 is important because it sets in motion collapse of Labor hegemony over the SRC. Labor Left split into NLS and SLS, denting their power on campus. Harry Stratton, David Pink (pictured) and Casey Thompson split from NLS, aiming to found a Labor Left faction focused on class issues and structural exploitation rather than identity politics. Nowadays, Unity is the biggest Labor grouping, with NLS growing smaller each year and SLS pretty much a joke. They all sometimes work with or against each other.

NLS IMPLODES INTO NLS & SLS



LEFT ALLIANCE: 'STUDENTS FOR EDUCATION ACTION'

The group formerly known as the Indies are long gone, dispersed to the DFATs, KPMGs, and Columbias of the world. From 2010 to 2013, it seemed the Indies had their fingers in every pie. Really, the Indies were several key personalities with a bit of a cult following, but amassed enough social clout to shake up the stupol scene. These individuals managed to use their personal brand to win Board elections but found it very difficult to win an SRC election. With a stomping ground in SASS, it was big competition to see who would be the next big thing.

The old Indies of the early 2010s, (think Tim Matthews and Astha Rajvanshi) were popular enough to bring in dozens of campaigners, but also had the political connections (usually through UN Youth or debating) to have plenty of people to run for positions and organise campaigns. When those key personalities moved on, the movements they generated fizzled. The Indies were always going to be a temporary grouping; they had no party structures, no ideological underpinnings to inspire fresh recruits, there was no forward plan and no longevity. The Indies may have been just as political as everyone else, but they traded on independence to get votes from students disgusted with factions and in-fighting.

Liam Carrigan was the last of the Indies, elected to USU Board without factional backing in 2014 before later joining Groots.

THE RULE OF THE INDEPENDENTS

After the introduction of Voluntary Student Unionism in 2006, the campus atmosphere depoliticised. Elsewhere around the country, student unions lost their independence from their universities, but USyd agreed to fund a baseline union, and so a semblance of previous union culture was retained.

CSU IS GONE

THE INDIES TAKE OVER



VOLUNTARY STUDENT UNIONISM IS INTRODUCED

NLS SPLITS

TIMELINE OF SRC ADMINISTRATIONS

2000 2006 2012 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017 2018 2019



HONI SOIT

In 2014, Heist was the only serious ticket to throw their hat in the ring, after Swag dropped out. Chris Pyne for Honi and PRAVDA, two joke tickets, remained on the ballot. Before 2014, an uncontested election for Honi was unheard of. That year, new regulations kicked in: previously you could campaign for both Honi and SRC president or council. After preferences on the how-to-votes of SEX for Honi contributed to Jennifer Light being elected in a tight race for SRC President in 2013, the SRC passed a motion prohibiting cross-promotion on campaigning material between Honi tickets and SRC/NUS/Presidential tickets.

This year, one serious ticket will compete against two joke tickets. It seems, people used to care a lot more about this old rag, reflected in consistently contested elections. From Sex onwards in 2014, Honi became prone to clique-ishness, where each editorial team passed down the torch to a team they had advised or mentored in various ways. In 2015 and 2017, the Honi elections saw clear frontrunners. The highly contested three-way race in 2016 between Time, Sin and Wet was exciting, but it was also an aberration. The decline in electoral relevance may well make the paper less dynamic. A more boring Honi means a more boring stupol scene, and a more boring campus.

BIGGEST SHITFIGHTS

If you're extra curious about any of these stories, check out the Honi Soit archives.

- 2015 was the year Repselect really got wild. Phones were chucked in bins, fuse boxes were tampered with to short out the lights, and even the police were called. NLS betrayed SLS/Unity to join Groots at the eleventh hour after the Labor bloc signed a deal with the Libs.
- The USU took their VP Tom Raue to the Supreme Court after Raue leaked information indicating police and university officials had been coordinating to quash industrial action. The case went on for two years and the USU pursued legal costs against Raue.
- 'Male Liberal staffer 'pretended to be a woman', the SMH headline read, after Alex Fitton vowed he was not a cisgender male to meet affirmative action requirements for an SRC gen sec role. He even signed a stat dec. Groots and NLS/SLS did a deal right before the second repselect that year (as the first didn't finish) to annul the results of the first and re-elect every position. Unity and the Libs didn't show, meaning the left took everything.
- In August 2013, Honi went to print with a cover featuring photographs of 18 vulvae. The newspaper was pulled from stands within hours, making national headlines.
- For 3 weeks, Kyol Blakeney campaigned on the platform of being the first Indigenous president in SRC history. On the day after election night, Honi issued a correction. It read: "Kyol Blakeney is not the first Indigenous president... An Indigenous woman named Heidi Norman held the office of president in 1994."
- At repselect 2017, the Liberals seemed poised to clinch a majority right up until the last minute: Groots got Panda to flip to them to give them a super-majority, locking the Liberals out ... again
- During USU executive elections, Director Atia Rahim voted incorrectly "by mistake", which meant VP had to be drawn out of the now infamous hat. Liam Carrigan lost to Liv Ronan.

KYOL BLAKENEY BECOMES FIRST NON-LABOR PRESIDENT IN 14 YEARS

Grassroots started with a very small SRC campaign in 2011, and boomed the following year of the back of victories for Tom Raue and Jam for Honi. Groots doesn't just rise for no reason; it grows out of a struggle on campus that intensifies during the strikes. Jam for Honi recruited activists and pushed stupol as a whole to the left, a strong show of how a left-wing student paper could ignite discussion around campus. With the election of Tony Abbott in 2013, there was an upsurge in student consciousness and radicalism, reigning an activist culture which hadn't existed prior. Today, Groots are still one of the major players today, having been in winning Reps Elect coalitions since 2013.

STAFF CUTS, GROOTS GROWS

If I started University in 2018, and sat in the Honi Soit office writing this article in 2022, my observations on the state of stupol history would be very different. Everyone looks up to senior figures of their own University experience, thinking their generation was the best and brightest. Nostalgia is a powerful thing. If you've gotten to the end of this four-page stupol bonanza, well done. If you want the campus culture to be better, get involved. It starts with you.

TAKE THIS WITH A GRAIN OF SALT

KOKO KONG IS ELECTED

The moderate Liberals have adopted the winning formula used by the Indies in the early 10s, building up personalities instead of ideologies. They have several high-profile BNOCs as candidates, focused less on policy and more on accountability. They've also taken over the Indies' traditional recruiting areas, like SASS. The Modlibs gained added legitimacy in 2016 when Labor trained the Liberals, led by Jacob Masina, on how to run a SRC. For newcomer on the scene, the Modlibs have been remarkably successful, losing the SRC presidency by only 80 or so votes in 2017.

RISE OF THE LIBS

In the few years, the USU and SRC have allowed campaigning in other languages; now, several international students are serving on the USU Board and SRC executive. Koko Kong was a trailblazer in 2016, proving that international students could run independently, and would no longer be relegated to a token role on domestic students' campaign. In 2018's election, two international students will contest the SRC president ballot alongside two more traditional faction-backed candidates.

International students have not shaped up to be a homogenous voting bloc. As it stands, there are two groups: the 'orange' group and Panda. Orange, an as yet unnamed faction, is a left-leaning set of Chinese, African, Samoan, and Malaysian students. This year, they are supporting presidential candidate Alex Yang and the Advance campaign, managed by Board Director Decheng Sun, Steven Wu and Winston Ma. Last year, Wu and Ma ran on the ticket International Students for Panda, but have ditched Panda for a fresh look. The other Panda ticket last SRC election, Panda Warriors, was led by heavyweight Hengjie Sun. It has ties to pro-Chinese Communist Party groups and the CDS, and will be running Jacky He for president.

KOKO CHANGES THE GAME

INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS RISING

The rise of international student involvement in stupol begins with the growth of the China Development Society, a club within the USU C&S program. 2016 was a big year for international students Weihong Liang and Hengjie Sun; these Liberal-adjacent operators are probably the most notable BNOCs among international students. In the quest to build their student profiles on campus, they put together an executive team to run for the leadership of the Sydney University Chinese Students' Association (CSA) in 2016, under the name 'Panda for CSA'. Panda squared off with an establishment ticket and ran on a platform of engaging CSA more with domestic students. In the heated election, the USU intervened to arbitrate, scrutinising membership lists and paying closer attention than they would to a normal C&S AGM. The Panda effort failed; Liang and Sun left the society and took a group of CSA students with them. This group founded the CDS, and would become its core.

But the CDS would need to be approved by USU Board, and it's widely rumoured this was the reason Sun became interested in running for Board. Members of CDS became Sun's voter base at the 2017 USU elections, and would later that year become a real force for the SRC election, even becoming kingmakers for Repselect. The goal was always to establish more influence on campus broadly—the initial thought was to take over CSA, then it was to run for Board, then for SRC, and then for SUPRA. Each success snowballed into the next.

Back in 2010, hard-right Liberals had put in a strong showing in SRC elections. That was the last time a Liberal held an SRC executive role, with gen sec going to Chad Sidler. Conventional wisdom in the early 10's was that Sidler and the right only succeeded because they went to international students, spoke to them in Mandarin, and threatened them with deportation if they did not vote. Myth or not (possibly propagated by a Left reluctant to admit the Liberals had actually done well), the story was believed widely enough for campaigning in languages other than English to be banned.

International students dropped off the radar, locked out of the political process but still targeted by campaigners looking for a confused voter. A lot of exhaustion and mistrust existed because these students were so mistreated during the electoral process—bullied, hectoring and herded into the polling booth. The rise of international student politicians grew out of local students' apathy, misunderstanding and neglect: people want representatives who understand their reality—that's an unsurprising fact of democracy.

So what does the future hold? In terms of their performance once in office it's not unfair to say that frustrations have been building over international student politicians willingness to pull their weight. Are international students achieving what they say they will? It seems that this isn't a priority for their voter base—for many apolitical international students at least, they are happy to simply have representation. They can see some improvements, they read articles on WeChat and don't necessarily know about their candidates' non-attendance at meetings and working groups. Most of all, they trust their representatives, believing them when they take credit for work and achievements. The truth is this is a the subject of international students' performance once elected is a sensitive one, and is difficult to broach without racist undertones. There are a huge amount of barriers that international students face at university; international students simply don't trust local students to represent them, and so they shouldn't.

WHAT'S NEXT?

Over the next four years, Groots and NLS would each hold two SRC presidencies apiece. This September, students will cast their vote for four candidates, with a smorgasbord of campaigns vying for control of the council. What we are witnessing today is a power struggle—whether a hegemonic faction can control SRC for years in a row, as Labor did in the '00s, is uncertain.

2013-NOW

The Real Riley

Nick Bonyhady sits down with the straighttalking former dean of USyd law. Art by Harriet Cronley.

Outgoing University of Sydney law school dean Joellen Riley has a split reputation.

To some, Riley is a management lackey who quit the staff union in an inflammatory Sydney Morning Herald op-ed, and led the University's enterprise bargaining team as it convinced staff to accept pay rises below projected inflation.

To others, she's a dedicated teacher and progressive labour lawyer, who collaborated with the Transport Workers Union on protections for gig workers.

The tension seems to have weighed on Riley. "One of the advantages of stepping down from this job, which I keep telling my husband, is I can be myself again soon," she says. "I can be the left-wing person with a wicked Irish sense of humour and a good sense of the ridiculous and a little bit of cheek...I don't have to be the well-behaved, moderate well-balanced dean of the law school anymore".

But the dean has not always been perfectly even-tempered during her tenure.

In 2013, USyd and the tertiary education union (NTEU) were a year into negotiations—replete with strikes, picket lines and police on campus—over the enterprise bargaining agreement (EBA) that governs staff pay and working conditions. That August, Riley, a union member who was not involved in the negotiations, entered the fray seemingly out of nowhere, criticising the union for its "destructive industrial campaign". To some staff it came across as an ambitious colleague undermining their campaign for a wage rise.

The reality, Riley says, is that she was angry at the union for ignoring her repeated requests for an explanation of its decision to give \$1 million to the Greens' 2013 federal election campaign and concerned its leadership were locking out moderating voices. In her view, the money should have gone to union members on strike, or what was then a very vulnerable Labor government. "I've got nothing against the Greens, but I was a very big Julia Gillard supporter," she tells me. Either way, she was the lack of contact as inexcusable.

NTEU National President Jeannie Rea, told *Fairfax* at the time that the union was supporting the Greens because the Gillard government had announced it would divert funds from tertiary to secondary education. Riley regrets any membership loss stemming from her critique, but otherwise stands by it.

Counterintuitively, she suspects the inflammatory op-ed may have helped secure her role as a conciliator during the next round of EBA negotiations in 2017. It showed she had distance from the union and, as a labour lawyer who professionally supported penalty rates and public holidays, she had credibility with staff.

The 2017 process was more constructive: there was only one strike and Riley and NTEU campus president Kurt Iveson have expressed mutual respect for one another. (Riley has fewer flattering things to say about the more militant faction of the NTEU, led by Nick Riemer). More importantly, the University decided not to pursue the same strategy as Murdoch University in WA, which terminated its enterprise agreement last year, leaving staff facing drastically worse pay and conditions.

"I think that was a stupid solution for Murdoch," Riley says, which "trashed" its reputation. "It might have gotten rid of the enterprise bargain and helped them drag down conditions for staff, but how do you attract good staff?"

Through the negotiations Riley gained a better appreciation of the challenges facing the University's casual staff.

"I can see how it happens. You grow a unit, you need people, you need them urgently, you think: 'let's just get some casuals in'. Then that sort of solves the problem,



“I DON’T HAVE TO BE THE WELL-BEHAVED DEAN OF THE LAW SCHOOL ANYMORE”

so you fail to address the longer-term solution of... [finding] properly trained, committed people."

She notes that the University agreed to give casual staff a path to permanent employment in the EBA, but only if they can demonstrate they are already working on a permanent basis. Overall, Riley characterises the bargain as "reasonable" but not "generous". It had pay rises in line with the wider economy and additional benefits like casual conversation and 22 weeks of paid parental leave for partners.

Yet Riley and Vice Chancellor Michael Spence had only had a couple of one-on-one meetings before Spence offered her the EBA position, despite Riley's years as dean. Spence's lack of contact with Riley smacks of a university more interested in process and projects than engaging with its academics. Whoever succeeds Riley as dean will have even less sway, as the law deanship no longer comes with membership to the University Executive, a powerful committee

that makes many of the University's big decisions. The centralisation of power at USyd is particularly evident in an admissions fiasco that erupted over the summer holidays, resulting in the largest ever crop of law students at Sydney. The University's central admissions office was concerned that too few students were enrolling in generalist degrees like arts and science, so it decided to approve more transfers into combined LLB degrees from students at other universities.

"They lowered the bar for transfer students, and they lowered it by something like five ATAR points... it's a lot for law", Riley says.

The law school was not told until after offers had been sent. Offers were not withdrawn, but some lapsed, leaving the cohort smaller than feared. It was a one-off, Riley stresses, and adds that she strongly supports offering transfers to deserving students. Nonetheless, the episode shows the limits of the dean's power.

Some challenges lie squarely within the faculty though, none more notorious than the 2013 corporations law exam, when a fire alarm interrupted the 100 per cent closed book test. Students were forced to wait outside, and despite allegations some had used the opportunity to cheat, Riley refused to schedule a replacement.

The decision was very reasonable: to most students, sitting another exam over summer would've meant an unpleasant disruption at best and costly flights at worst.

Riley's communications were another matter. In a letter to *Honi*, she compared students to "anxious and competitive" primary school children. The *Wall Street Journal* and the *Telegraph* in London picked up the story, painting her as condescending and out of touch.

Of course, the dean was right. Law students are anxious and competitive, but it's hard not to be invested in one's marks when employers won't hire below certain thresholds. Riley ought to understand. She was a prizewinning law student herself, in the 1990s, and vice president of SULLS in 1994.

Despite the mild hypocrisy, it is hard to criticise the dean's letter after speaking with her. To engage students with frankness and humour is vanishingly rare across the managerial ranks of Australian higher education. No dean has written to *Honi* since Riley.

What did she learn from the episode? "When you're dealing with situations and people you can't make any assumptions at all that people will see the funny side like you do... The best thing to do, I've learned, is nothing. Do nothing."

She is exaggerating, and is open about the disadvantages of staying silent, but her reaction helps explain why the University now largely communicates through anodyne releases from its PR team.

When Riley first came to the University, it was not as a law student. She studied English literature. She says she wasn't a "connected" student, and hasn't stayed in touch with friends from that period. It was only after a decade as a journalist that Riley came to law, hoping for a career that would be more flexible as she raised her daughters.

Had the dean not sent her letters to *Honi* or the SMH, she would not have had to grapple with a poor reputation in some quarters. Had she not returned to Sydney to study, she would likely have maintained the relative anonymity of a personal finance writer. It seems like Riley would like to go back to a lower profile. That would be a shame. She can be an angular communicator, but she has good principles, and if the University's much-maligned 'Unlearn' campaign taught us anything, it's that this institution desperately needs a better sense of the ridiculous.



HOW DID IT GET SO LATE SO SOON?

Time is not linear: We're growing older faster

Georgia Tan delves deep into the realm of mathematics to uncover how this conundrum is actually plausible.

Have you ever heard people say time speeds up as you get older? It turns out this common saying is grounded in mathematical truth. Half of our life is, in fact, lived by the time we hit 20.

To be precise, our lives actually follow a logarithmic function. Imagine you are 20. Reaching 80 will feel as long as your entire life to date. How is this possible?

Firstly, the notion that time is linear is false.

Currently, we are convinced that all our years are equal and that we are moving through time at a uniform rate. But this view is mathematically incorrect. Your life is not moving forward, like the hands of a clock, nor does it match the movement of the seasons. Ask yourselves why is it that humans find it much more difficult to remember the first few years of life compared to later years? Why do parents experience their children growing up faster than the children themselves do?

This is because time is perceived logarithmically (logtime) and accords to Gompertz Law.

Gompertz Law—life leads on an exponential function. According to the Gompertz Law of mortality, your probability of dying during any given year doubles every eight years. In other words, because your mortality rate is increasing

If you are now 25, your probability of dying during the next year is reasonably minute — about 1 in 3,000 (0.03 per cent). At 33, this will have risen to 1 in 1,500; at 42, 1 in 750. Flash forward to 100, your probability of surviving to celebrate your 101st birthday will only be around 50 per cent.

Mortality rate statistics support Gompertz Law. The two graphs on this page use 2015 US census data from the National Center for Health Statistics to plot the probability of death against age. The resulting exponential trend supports Gompertz Law.

Gompertz Law applies to all areas of human life. We can use an analogy of 'cops and criminals' inside your body to illustrate how rates of DNA degradation also observe Gompertz. This analogy requires us to ignore dangerous environmental factors, and presume that our bodies' in-built expiration date is responsible for our rapidly increasing mortality rate.

In your body, 'cops' (which represent your DNA repair enzymes) and 'criminals' (DNA damage — such as single and double strand breaks, 8-Hydroxydeoxyguanosine residues) are constantly fighting one another. In the beginning, the police win (the enzymes can correctly repair the DNA damage). They patrol and remove any criminals they catch. If the cops do not react fast enough, a criminal can construct a 'fort' (e.g. DNA damage beyond repair) so strong it is immune from police intervention. When that occurs, you (your damaged cells) die.

During youth, cops are abundant and, on average, patrol each area of the body 14 times a day (i.e. rate of DNA damage repair). The probability of cops failing to check a particular area is low, and can be represented as $t^{-14} = 8 \times 10^{-7}$, a number known as the Poisson distribution. With age, this internal police force grows weaker as its ability to repair DNA declines. They only scout each area 12 times per day (i.e. increasing unrepaired accumulation of DNA damage). The probability of missing a spot now increases to $e^{-12} = 6 \times 10^{-6}$. The drop from 14 to 12 may appear insignificant, but this increases your probability of death in any given day by more than seven times. Essentially, though it seems that the strength of your police force is falling linearly over time, in fact, your mortality rate is increasing exponentially.

Logtime —life leads on an logarithmic function. The second concept we must understand is logtime. Essentially, logtime is a mathematical model used to explain psychochronometry, the psychology of time perception.

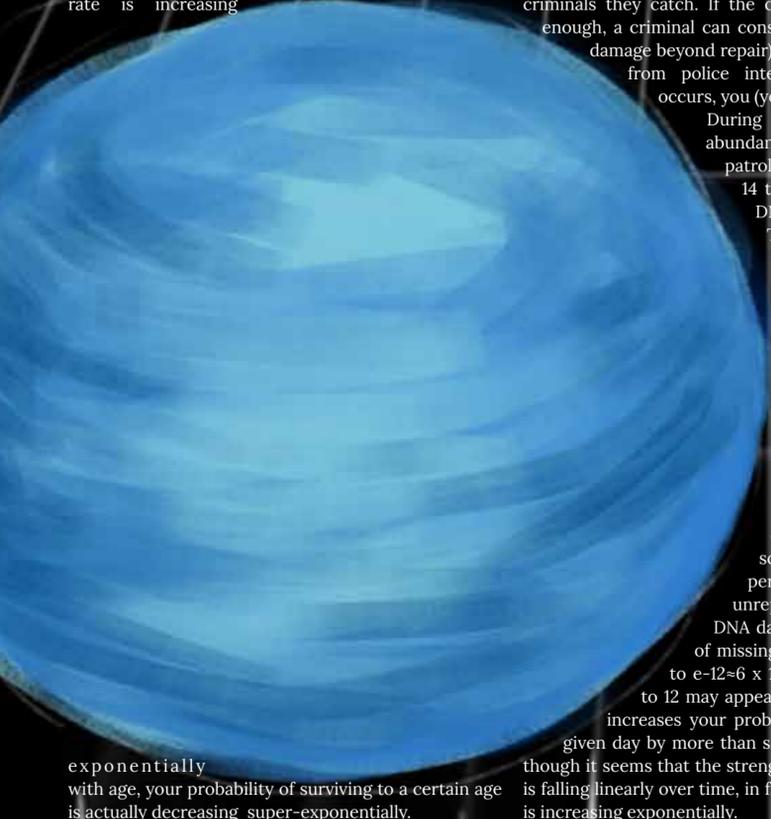
Because the human mind judges the length of a period of time by comparing it with current age, we actually perceive the length of one year as a proportion of our current age. That means the older we are, the smaller each year is as a fraction of our total time alive—and therefore seems shorter. That has sobering implications: the years from ages ten to 20 will seem to pass at the same rate as the years from 20 to 40, or 40 to 80. The starting age is arbitrary: 8 to 16, 16 to 32, and 32 to 64 are also of equal subjective duration. Thus, there is a perceived diminishing of time as we grow up. For instance, one year adds ten per cent to the life of a ten year old, but only five per cent to that of a 20 year old. For the 20 year old, two years are required to add 10 per cent.

The significance of this is that for the 20 year old, two years will seem to pass as rapidly as one year seems to the ten year old. Likewise, three years to a 30 year old and four years to a 40 year old will appear to pass equally as fast. Thus, if we view years as being of equal length, the speed with which time passes will seem to rise exponentially.

To disturb you even further, logtime does not stop at applying to just the years of your life. It applies to all time intervals, meaning that even days and hours also dwindle with age. But because life tends to become increasingly hectic and busy with age and maturity, short-term psychological factors usually overshadow and conceal the obviousness of this loss of time.

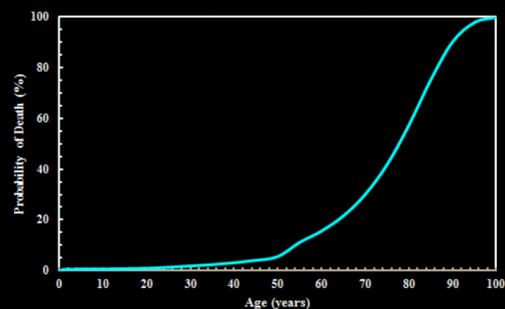
Ultimately, the truth is that our life is leading an exponential or logarithmic function, depending on which factor you use. We can dispel the myth that time is linear. If you are 20 now, 80 is going to hit you as fast as it took to arrive where you are now from when you turned 5. Depressing or not, life is shorter than you think. So make the most of it.

Artwork by Donghwan Lee



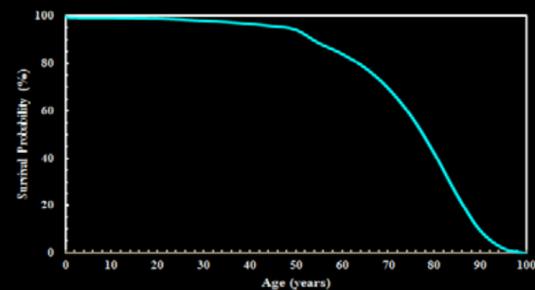
exponentially with age, your probability of surviving to a certain age is actually decreasing super-exponentially.

Probability of Death over a Lifetime



Source: National Vital Statistics Reports, Volume 66, Number 4 (2017)

Survival Probability over a Lifetime



Source: National Vital Statistics Reports, Volume 66, Number 4 (2017)

Play time is over now

Jamie Weiss reflects on how childhood interest are more than just games.



When I was younger I was obsessed with a video game—*Crash Bandicoot: the Wrath of Cortex*. I couldn't tell you exactly how many hours I spent playing it, but if I was to venture a guess, it would be in the hundreds. If you've never heard of the franchise, *Crash Bandicoot* is one of many mascot platformers: it's to Sony what Mario is to Nintendo, or Sonic to Sega. I would spend entire weekends parked in front of the TV on this game; its oversaturated cartoon visuals and bouncy soundtrack burnt into my young brain. I remember one summer, jumping around a mate's backyard pretending to be Crash, shirtless and wearing some cheap green sneakers that I thought were exactly like Crash's (ironically, Crash never wore green shoes—I'm red-green colourblind and I think my mum wanted to spare my feelings. Fair enough).

The funny thing is that I never beat *Wrath of Cortex*. I couldn't get past the second boss battle no matter how hard I tried; the rest of the game's levels just out of reach. I remember vividly imagining what levels

lay beyond 'Drain Damage'—the manual for the game teased at later bosses and levels, and I felt locked out. This dogged me for ages. Eventually I petulantly traded the game in with a bunch of others my brother and I couldn't beat for *Guitar Hero*—talk about a rage quit. But that curiosity never quite died. One of my mates got me another copy of *Wrath of Cortex* for my 21st so I could have a crack at beating the game I never could as a preteen. I dusted off my PS2...and finished the whole game in an afternoon.

Wrath of Cortex is not a good game. It's not even a good *Crash* game. The reality is that it's a short, simplistic platformer that hasn't aged well. I beat that second boss with ease. And those myriad worlds beyond it? Not worth the wait. This is what I was dying to see this whole time? Upon replaying *Crash* as an adult, it's crazy to think I was once so obsessed with such a trivial experience, and not even the full picture. Getting to the second boss in a video game is like driving to Dreamworld and sitting in the parking lot

The ride hasn't even started yet.

There's something fascinating about what obsesses us as kids: when we're young we're still struggling to define ourselves and our passions become so essential to our identities. Whether or not we're any 'good' at that hobby is irrelevant, in many ways. *Crash* was important to me, even though my understanding of, and capacity to engage with it, was limited. And there's something charming about that. As an adult, labels need to come with some sort of qualification. If you call yourself a musician, you better hope you can back that up with some actual skill. If you say you like *The Beatles*—what's your favourite album, then? But when you're a kid you don't worry about having to prove yourself in the same way.

Little Jamie liked rugby, AC/DC, *Crash Bandicoot* and the colour orange, and I didn't need to explain myself. I still do like these things.

I just don't wear green shoes any more.

Bad blood with the Red Cross

Marcus J Andersson thinks homophobia is behind the barriers gay men face when donating blood.

For five years I was in a monogamous relationship. We went to IKEA a lot, wine and dined, had to grin and bear each other's families, and had sex—nothing out of the ordinary. But because my partner and I are both men, we became men who have sex with men (MSM). And it meant that we had engaged in, unknowingly and on a continual basis, 'at risk' sex. Because of this, neither of us is permitted to give blood.

Blood is in hot demand. One in three Australians will need blood or blood products in their lifetime, but only one in 30 donates. And yet the Red Cross rejects all men who have had sex with men in the preceding 12 months. We are branded with a statistically significant risk of transmitting HIV, regardless of our safety practices or number of partners.

I am not advocating for a complete repeal of this policy. In 2016, MSM accounted for 87 per cent of newly acquired HIV cases in Australia. And it is possible that blood donated shortly after a recently acquired infection may go undetected and cause further transmission to the recipient. But this 'window period' is nowhere near 12 months—it is up to 12 weeks.

Statistics are a great way to justify discrimination

The most problematic issue however is the Red Cross' approach to monogamous relationships. To clear up all doubt, there is no risk of HIV transmission for men who are in truly monogamous sexual relationships if both partners are HIV negative. The Red Cross relies on the contention that men who have sex with men aren't truly monogamous.

One authority for this can be traced to the 2006 'Health in Men' study conducted by the Kirby Institute, UNSW's centre for the prevention and treatment of infectious diseases. It was found that in a cohort of gay Australian men, 35.6 per cent of men who said they were monogamous also had casual partners. Although the study is 12 years old, this still has the effect of rendering a gay man's testimony that his partner does not have sex with other men, void. It means that gay men in declared monogamous relationships are still associated with a 50 times greater risk of transmitting HIV than the general population.

Statistics are a great way to justify discrimination. At its advent HIV was called 'gay cancer' or the 'gay plague'

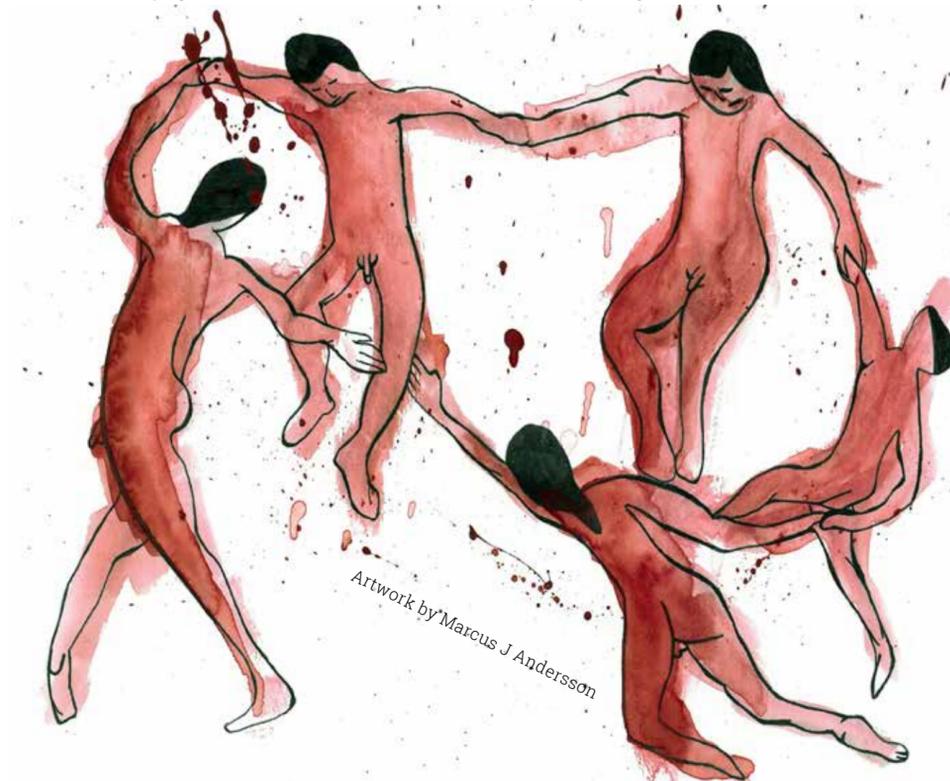
because it almost exclusively affected gay men—the data backed this up. And to many it seemed a result of the debauchorous lives that gay men led.

The blame, however does not lie entirely with the Red Cross. In an application to the Therapeutic Goods Administration (TGA) in 2012, the Red Cross sought to reduce the deferral period for MSM to six months. This was rejected but is currently under review. A lot has changed since then: screening methods have improved and pre-exposure prophylaxis (PrEP) has been added to the Pharmaceuticals Benefits Schedule making it arguably more available. A monthly prescription has been reduced from \$260.69 to \$38.50.

This is obviously not an issue just faced by Australia. After much lobbying, the National Health Service last

year reduced the deferral period for MSM to three months in the UK, excluding Northern Ireland. Other countries, such as Spain, Italy, South Africa—and, interestingly, Russia—have no deferral at all. New Zealand, Canada, and the US are similar to Australia, with a deferral period of 12 months.

In all of this, the paramount consideration should be the safe delivery of blood that is free from disease. But this does not translate to a deferral period of 12 months—a period that is inconsistent with the scientific evidence. Nor does it justify the exclusion of men in longstanding monogamous relationships. It is time to end the discourse about what it means to be a gay man—adulterous and promiscuous. Some of us are actually really boring.



Artwork by Marcus J Andersson

Painstaking measurements

Grace Johnson examines the sore points around the quantification of suffering.

Pain has long perplexed scientists and medical professionals—it is a physiological process, but still stubbornly subjective. Only you can feel your pain, but how do you describe it?

There have been many attempts to measure pain, most of them failed. In the first half of the 19th century, Marc Colombat de l'Isere, a French doctor specialising in speech and “all diseases of the voice”, studied the pitches and rhythms of patients' cries of pain. In the 1940s, doctors at Cornell University tried to find an objective measurement of pain by applying heat to the subject's forehead for three seconds at a time. By noting increases or decreases in reaction, they derived a 21-point scale measured in ‘dol’ units.

Other attempts to understand pain were based on patients' self-reporting. Such subjective reports remain the most common method of measuring pain today. The 1-10 scale can be traced back to British cardiologist Kenneth Keele, who in 1948 asked his patients to choose a score between 0, being no pain, and 3, severe pain.

In the 1950s, Canadian psychologist Ronald Melzack treated a woman suffering from phantom-limb pain, a condition where an amputated limb leaves behind vivid sensations, as though still attached. Melzack recorded how the patient described her pain, categorising these descriptions to cover all dimensions of pain.



Artwork by Sylvia Eugene Dit Rochesson

From these categories evolved the McGill Pain Questionnaire, developed by Melzack and Torgerson at McGill University in 1971. This questionnaire presented subjects with a list of 78 words divided into four categories: Sensory (throbbing, flashing, burning, etc.), Affective (suffocating, frightful, cruel), Evaluative (annoying, troublesome, miserable), and Miscellaneous (tight, numb, freezing). After the publication of the McGill Questionnaire, descriptions of phantom-limb pain changed drastically, notes sociologist Cassandra Crawford in her 2014 study, implying that the questionnaire began to influence the pain it was initially meant to measure.

Self-reported descriptions of pain can be ambiguous and difficult to understand. As essayist Elaine Scarry writes in her book *The Body in Pain*, “To have great pain is to have certainty; to hear that another person has pain is to have doubt.”

Yet the self-reporting of pain gives insight not only into an individual's own sensation, but the cultural and social influences that shape it. Some cultures may expect loud displays of shock and emotion in the face of pain. Others might value stoicism or, conversely, boasting of a higher pain thresholds.

A 1995 study by Fillingim and Maixner's suggested that women have a lower pain threshold. However, the study identified several factors contributing to the variance: the type of stimulus, the dimensions of pain measured, individual traits of the subject, as well as the gender of the researcher inflicting pain. In a 2002 study, Fillingim et al. proposed that stereotypical gender roles tend to shape a subject's preconception of their own ability to handle pain.

According to some studies, ethnicity can also affect the intensity of pain. A 2000 study by Sheffield et al. showed that African-Americans displayed more sensitivity to stimuli than Caucasians. In 2003, Carey and Garrett found that black patients recorded worse disability than white patients. These studies are doubted by more recent research, but minorities are treated differently when it comes to pain management—a 2016 study by Singhal et al. showed that black patients are half as likely to be prescribed opioid medicines than white patients for non-definitive conditions (toothache, back pain, abdominal pain). Researchers

from the University of Pennsylvania found that women are also less likely to receive opioids for pain.

A step towards a more objective measurement of pain, functional magnetic resonance imagery (fMRI) first appeared in 1991 as a grainy video of brain activity measured by changes in blood flow, translated into images. While fMRI can only objectively measure thermal pain in a controlled lab setting, not at the exact time of a broken leg on a football field, the technology highlights the location, intensity, and anxiety of pain by observing which parts of the brain ‘light up.’ fMRI results also affirm that social, cultural, and gender factors affect physiological reactions—a 2009 study by Irene Tracey, for example, found that when devout Catholics were shown an image of the Virgin Mary during periods of inflicted pain, they rated their discomfort almost a point lower than the atheists did. When shown a secular painting, their responses remained the same, suggesting that religious faith influences neurological responses.

Black patients are half as likely to be prescribed opioid medicines than white patients

Earlier this month, a team of researchers from the University of Pittsburgh developed “Painimation,” an app that uses animations to help patients assess the type, intensity, and location of pain. This allows patients to communicate their pain without the limits of language or numerical scales. The results, published in the *Journal of Medical Internet Research*, showed that 80 per cent of subjects enjoyed using the scale and would continue using it.

Pain is a demanding experience, both for the sufferer and the medical industries that try to relieve it. While there are still many developments to be made, the increasingly objective measurement of pain will hopefully begin to explain the cultural and personal factors that shape a person's experience of pain. Ultimately, this will help reduce the burden of trying to communicate pain, and ensure that the pain is properly managed.

The joys of your twenties

Stephanie Paglia explains why the decade between 20 and 30 is the best of your life.

At this liminal time in my life—the ‘twenty-somethings’—I'm often hit by waves of sentimentality. Walking through Surry Hills on my lunch break, I bump into friends from various circles who all seem to echo the same feelings as me. Feelings of powerlessness to the symptoms of adulthood in spite of the opportunities the future can hold. We're like children wearing adult clothes; working 9 to 5 but bringing home-packed lunches. Climbing the corporate ladder with shaking hands, networking semi-confidently while spilling tea onto our one good pair of work heels.

We're halfway adults, and it feels hard to reconcile how we got here. Even whilst taking joy in my achievements, I'm constantly aware of my own inexperience. It's a battle of what's next before even getting through what's now. The duality of this life period keeps me up at night.

It's common knowledge that the brain continues to grow after puberty and well into our 20s, making the biggest changes in the prefrontal cortex and cerebellum areas. Curiously, these are the regions involved in emotional control and higher-order cognitive function. If our brains are still works in progress, so too are our lives. Clinical psychologist Dr Meg Jay writes about the still-developing brain at

this age as the best opportunity to make life changes while it's still relatively easy. Her advice to twenty-somethings: don't take this decade for granted amid the fear of aging. It's a strong fear, but I'm not going to give in to it—because there's also a lot of joy in getting older too. The intense pride that comes from watching friends succeed in their chosen fields grows stronger with every story I hear.

This age is the best opportunity to make life changes while it's still relatively easy

It starts as an encouraging smile and moves to a ball of warmth in my chest, listening to a friend I've known for a decade describe the high she felt from a successful cross-examination, not yet a lawyer but ready to roar. It moves to my fingers as I respond to an exclamation heavy message from a friend building up her art business, sharing in her excitement at her newest collection. It extends to a hug with a mate I haven't seen in months, because we're just too damn

busy getting our lives on track to see each other. I'm proud of them, and they feel the same for me.

This decade feels like a soft trial at being an adult, almost a practice run. Young enough to change paths without regret while maintaining the assertion that we are travelling in the right direction. Who's going to say otherwise? No one really knows what they're doing. Which is a real joy of this decade, straight from the songbook of *High School Musical*: we're all in this together. We're all just figuring it out as we go, which is why there's so much pride when someone breaks through the barrier, gets a new job, or moves out of home. It stems from the realisation that there's so much more to life than we can ever begin to imagine.

Strolling back down the streets of Surry Hills as my lunch break comes to an end, I'm reminded of advice my nonno used to give me. He would tell me about his work on the farm, when he was around the same age as I am now. It was a lot tougher back then, with no time to spare thinking about being twenty. Instead, he and his generation would just get on with it, knowing their hard work would pay off in their future. For us in our twenties, in a world that's changing rapidly, the future feels largely uncertain. But there's a silver lining to not knowing what's next: the best may well be yet to come.

*A neverending story:
what if you
could live
forever?*

WORDS / Liam Donohoe & Lena Wang

A. Mon / ART



NOTHING MAKES PEOPLE FEEL MORE INSIGNIFICANT THAN THE PROSPECT THAT THEY MIGHT FADE INTO COMPLETE NOTHINGNESS, CONDEMNED TO BE FORGOTTEN BY AN INDIFFERENT UNIVERSE. IMMORTALITY ALLAYS THIS FEAR.

DEFLATION

You get foil balloons for your 21st birthday. Someone thought it was a good idea. You take them home with you. An even better idea. At home, they come to rest, scraping the ceiling of your bedroom, resisting gravity's downward force.

Everyday, you come home and they're buoyed lower and lower down the windowsill, as you always knew they'd end up. Much like the balloons, you find yourself feeling a little, well, deflated.

One day, they are flat against the carpet. You did not expect to feel sad at the passing of your shiny companions. Dramatic as this may seem, death, ever a source of background angst, has now come sharply into view, along with its corollaries: change, aging, and a search for exponentially lost time.

As you put the formless plastic corpse in the bin you think it a cosmic injustice that, in a universe so vast in time and space you, and the people you, love have such a small window with which to experience it.

What if, instead, you lived forever?



THE MODEL

Immortality is a literary trope, imbuing those creatures that possess it with envious qualities. Tolkien's elves age until 100, though their physical appearance remains static from 25, and their health does not deteriorate unless under stress. In one *Black Mirror* episode, 'San Junipero', the protagonists live happily ever after as their consciousnesses are uploaded into a simulation. The talking heads of *Futurama* float in portable aquariums and bob about for fish flakes.

There are many models of immortality, and each appeals to different people in accordance with their preferences. We need to consider how we want to age, who has access to immortality, how our appearance and health morphs over time, whether injury will still affect us the same way, and whether we can still have children.

Imagine the following model: immortality, when it arrives, will

combine technology that halts aging with medical breakthroughs that provides relief for people with ailments. This may involve surgery, potent potions, genetic modification or advanced preventative and restorative healthcare. It's probable that most people will choose to age until their physical peak, whenever that may be. Interventions like genetic modification will necessarily have to be made by parents before birth. But even those without genetic modification will likely be able to live just as long, with other opt-in mechanisms available to people at any age. We will retain the immune system and appearance we have at that point, although this immune system would be susceptible to illness. Of course, the body still faces serious threats from the outside—even Elves can be slain in battle, so no one would be truly incapable of death.

As such, euthanasia will still remain a possibility for those hoping to shuffle off their mortal coil. It would also seem less ethically contentious. Euthanasia currently raises the possibility that people who don't really want to die might be pressured to do so; but immortals, gifted a large range of life experiences, seem well-placed to decide to end their life. This is especially so if people's unique biological circumstances are well-respected and aided.

We expect people will have less children, especially because they have less need for support in old age. Broader problems with overpopulation, should they arise, might be solved by separate technological developments and space exploration.

This model is brief, and skims the practical challenges of immortality. We have not, for example, considered the lives of animals, especially those species whose intelligence (from an anthropic perspective) rivals that of young children's. We have also not defined the social structure of an immortal society: the fact of immortality may itself radically reshape our society.



PROGRESS

In an effort to stave off death, 70-year-old Ray Kurzweil, Director of Engineering at Google and author of *Fantastic Voyage: Live Long Enough to Live Forever*, is reported to take 150 vitamin supplements a day. Should he not live forever, he will have wasted a large part of his life trying to do so. Fortunately for him, he believes that improvements in life extension technology will outpace aging within 15 years, making all the pill popping worth it.

A society stratified into the immortal rich and the mortal poor would be nothing short of dystopic

There are many companies racing to achieve immortality, including Google's parent company Alphabet. Much of the research so far has focused

on finding ways to maintain telomeres, which cap off the ends of chromosomes. Telomeres shorten during cell division, a process that ends once telomeres get too short. When cells can no longer divide, they have no way to regenerate, and the body breaks down as more and more cells die. In other words: aging. One path to immortality is counteracting this process and extending cell reproduction indefinitely.

In place of "what if" people will ask "what now"

Another area of interest is cryogenic freezing. This process draws a distinction between two types of death: clinical death, where the heart has stopped, and information death, where the brain has degenerated beyond salvageability. Someone who is clinically dead, but not yet informationally dead, can be legally frozen and stored for reanimation at some point in the future—once technology has advanced far enough to bring them back to life. Gruesomely, patients can choose whether they want to be frozen as a whole body or as simply a head (more palatably called "neurosuspension patients"). There are already companies in Australia offering the service: the Cryonics association of Australia, based in Victoria, has a membership fee of only \$1000 (though payment for transport, treatment, and indefinite storing may substantially add to that). That said, for cryogenics to deliver endless life, people in the future will need medical sciences to deliver.

On current trajectories, though, medical technology is advancing: as nanotechnology, personalised medicine, and stem cells cross our horizons, life expectancy will only increase.



SOCIAL IMPACTS

But are these immortalists too hasty in their pursuit of eternal life?

Our model addresses some people's concerns with immortality. The fear that you might end up lonely and without family or friends won't be realised if everyone else has the option to share eternity. Equally, avoiding aging will allow people to avoid the physical decline that might otherwise make continued existence intolerable.

But there may be real issues when it comes to the distribution of the technology. It's easy to envision a world where a few actors control the technology behind immortality, and so could exclude others from using it by setting a price on access. The powerful could manipulate access in a way that would entrench hierarchical social structures. Without a radical change to existing patterns of ownership, such iniquitous control over life extension is likely. It doesn't augur well that leading research in the field is already being undertaken by for-profit companies run by and catering to the world's mega rich.

A society stratified into the immortal rich and the mortal poor would be nothing short of dystopic, recalling Justin Timberlake's struggles in *In Time*. We would prefer no immortality at all to such a world. Therefore, it's important that research into such technology be scrutinised and distributed by democratically-organised collectives, who could ensure equal access to all. We can only hope that a society scientifically enlightened enough to achieve immortality would be morally enlightened enough to share its benefits. And, ultimately, such problems are not inherent to immortality anyway; they are a reflection of the society that enjoys it.

Because it is certain, and because it is bad, and because humans are looking for ways to escape pain that is meaningless, we have sanctified death

It's likely that the inhabitants of a post-immortality world would have a higher regard for the future of the planet, as they themselves will need to occupy it. In a similar vein, one might also question whether there can be space for new cultural zeitgeists and political attitudes in a world where older generations stick around ad infinitum. But while the pace of change may slow, new generations will continue to be born. Moreover, immortality should mean people experience change differently—often due to factors outside direct human control, like environmental change—and so reconcile with it more.



EXISTENTIAL WORRIES

The strongest challenge to the prospect of immortality comes from those who think death itself is valuable. For many religious people, death is an important and even desirable event. This is not only true of those who already believe an eternal life awaits them after physical death, but also for religions that believe in reincarnation. Even euthanasia might be problematic for some of these people, where their religion forbids it and doing so would jeopardise their post-life outcomes.

"IT IS BAD TODAY, AND IT WILL BE WORSE TOMORROW; AND SO ON TILL THE WORST OF ALL." — ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

But it's important to remember that our model of immortality will be opt-in—humans won't suddenly be born free of our natural limitations. Those who identify strongly with a religion won't genetically alter their spawn to guarantee immortality, though their children will still have the ability to prolong their life through other technologies should they take an atheistic turn. In any case, many of the more substantial life-prolonging tools will require individuals to consent to surgery at some point. Of course, in a world where the majority live for a while, people could well feel coerced to do the same. But those who value death so much that immortality threatens their sense of meaning will not be required to succumb to such pressures.

It's not just religious people that might have cause to worry about immortality though. More broadly,

life could become utterly meaningless without death. Death, for all of human existence, has been a certainty. Death is natural—anything that lives seems to die. Around this certainty, we have built normative ethical frameworks on how to live *A Good Life*, *How to Be Happy*, and *Find Our Passions*.

Immortalists push back against this account of death's existential significance by framing it as a status quo bias. Death is bad. Our friends and family die, and we feel sad. We fear it for ourselves. But because it is certain, and because it is bad, and because humans are looking for ways to escape pain that is meaningless, we have sanctified death—constructing meaning around it where in fact there is none. In other words, life can be understood just as richly without the threat of its end.

"People say, oh, I don't want to live past 100," Kurzweil begins. "And I say, OK, I would like to hear you say that when you're 100." To reject this belief is a paradigm-shifting perspective, one that some say trivialises death. But we funnel billions of dollars into medical research in an attempt to combat cancer—the cure for cancer is regarded as a medical miracle—and yet we have not tried to fix the origins of that problem, which is harmful cell mutation over time as we age. This is like injecting anesthesia to numb a bone fracture, without ever setting it, while rationalising the bone fracture as an existential blessing.

Removing the deadline would alleviate much of the dread accompanying the certainty of our own demise

Immortality might not just call into question the value of death, but also combat some of the thoughts that make life seem rationally depressing. Though it is not the only factor, a sense of purposelessness and depression often arises because of death. Nothing makes people feel more insignificant than the prospect that they might fade into complete nothingness, condemned to be forgotten by an indifferent universe. Immortality allays this fear.

But perhaps it is the fear of death, that the rocket above our heads might explode at any instant, that gives us the impetus to do anything at all. Life is short. *Carpe diem*. You Only Live Once, we hear, so make hay while the sun shines.

This cuts both ways: angst can just as easily stultify as energise. Remember how long you procrastinated in the face of an upcoming assignment? Removing the 80-year deadline most of us have would alleviate much of the existential dread accompanying the certainty of our own demise, and perhaps open our lives up to

philosopher, however, infinite time may in fact threaten our identity. Immortality would mean that we either complete or grow bored with the very projects that give our lives meaning. Want to shape the world around you by making art? You did that when you were 150! Want to find 'the one' and raise children? Recall your 400s! And don't even think about finding answers to the deeper questions—you did that only last century, if indeed any still linger without death.

To this, we say: fucking amateur. Williams need only wrack his imagination to think up some pretty compelling ways to live out the end of days.



REVELATIONS

You call an Uber, it picks you up from your 21st birthday party. Screw the balloons. It drives you to the airport. You board a plane, you fly anywhere in the world. You traipse through museums, the countryside, along the coast. You eat lunch with a new person every day. Years pass.

You learn to paint, first mastering realism then moving to impressionism. You see culture and counterculture evolve, new art forms spring into existence, new modes of thought and criticism. You learn Arabic and Mandarin, you read books from thousands of years before and the endless books that have emerged since. You sit, devouring new shows and media, new movies, and learn to make your own. You write essays and treatises, diary entries, blog posts. You almost finish *In Search of Lost Time*.

You see holograms in shop display windows. You walk imagined worlds in virtual reality, you relive the Trojan war, you follow Moses through the Red Sea, you explore Hogwarts.

You cross country borders, you cross continents. You walk. You take the train, you sail, you fly. You take a submarine to the bottom of the Mariana trench, and see glowing sea creatures in the dark. You witness the rise and fall of political kingdoms, you witness revolutions.

You embark on a shining, sleek, silver capsule that shoots through the atmosphere of the Earth, you see the Moon arc beneath its windows, you sift the red sands of Mars through your gloved fingers. You fly past the rings of Jupiter. On a space station, you sip cocktails and watch the orbits of binary stars in Alpha Centauri.

You come home. It's different. Sheets of ice cover your house, your favourite cafe is submerged in water. You sit on the edge of a continent, and watch as the shore of another continent across the sea drifts closer and closer; you watch the edges of the land kiss.

You see the Sun engulf a small ball of blue. You hover at the edge

One man’s trash

Dominic Bui-Viet tells the secret story of waste.

Artwork by Grace Franki



Empty bottle of coke: plastic. Soggy remnants of an egg carton: paper. Half-empty bag of white bread: organic.



Nothing but grass clippings. The familiar smell provides a respite from everything around me, an olfactory oasis. I wonder how big, or overgrown, the lawn must have been for this bag to end up here.



There are three buckets beneath my table. The one on the left I’ve designated for glass, the middle for metals and the final for scraps of food. The pile in front of me is the contents of roughly two large household rubbish bags, delivered fresh from red-lidded bins via garbage trucks and straight onto the fold-out table before me. There are several more buckets placed strategically to my sides, fanning outwards from where I’m standing. The buckets are positioned strategically, with the closest buckets those I use the most, to minimise how much I will have to turn.

The cathedrals of refuse... strips back the theatrical facade of our products

Buckets containing paper and plastic touch the outsides of my steel-capped boots, those with batteries and ceramics sit in my periphery. When a bucket is filled, I record its weight and throw it onto a pile on the floor to be removed and sent to the factory line, disposed like everything else. Over the course of five weeks, I will catalogue roughly a tonne of trash. But don’t worry, I’m wearing gloves.



Three empty cans of Lynx Africa in the same bag. A family with three teenagers, perhaps? Or just the one with perspiration issues and an irregular cleaning schedule?

The numerically minded might be able to recite concerning statistics cataloguing the huge amounts of waste thrown away each year. The origins of those neat numbers are here. It’s my job to determine the statistical profile of waste at this facility—this data will then be used in figuring out where to prioritise treatment options. I work in advanced waste treatment. Here, degradables are turned into compost, to be sent to council parks and used in land restoration for open-cut mines. Waste that doesn’t degrade goes to landfill, out of sight and mind. To many, this may sound like an unusually primitive way of tackling recycling. But dealing with waste remains one of the pre-eminent problems of our society for a reason: it’s hard. There is no magnet for plastics, glass or food that can easily separate everything that passes through here. Even the most waste-conscious among us have little idea what happens after trash gets sent through the black

Even the most waste-conscious among us have little idea what happens after trash gets sent through the black hole of our bins

Don’t get me wrong though, sorting isn’t romantic—it’s disgusting. Each bag is like an amniotic sac containing everything unloved or purposeless. The mask I was given prevents me from inhaling dust, but it does nothing for the smell. Right now, it’s not too bad; all this garbage is relatively fresh. But in a week when the maggots take hold, I’ll have to work faster.

I ask if I can take home the Chinese lady I once called Queen Elizabeth. Mum calls dibs. I accept that as the grandchild I get second priority. The lady stood, same as always, on the right-hand side of my nana’s cabinet, a two-foot statue in a red hood, her white dress swaying in the imaginary wind, and her dainty hands holding a gold vase. As a child I called her Queen Elizabeth because she looked like royalty. Titles like ‘Chinese Empress’ weren’t in in my vocabulary back then. How did my nana respond to my incorrect labelling? Did she correct me, or did she just smile and find it endearing? Did she play along? I have memories of all three reactions. Maybe they all happened. Maybe none of them did.

My nana, aged 79, recently diagnosed with Alzheimer’s disease, later with lung cancer, undergoing radiotherapy a couple of months back, felt pain in her chest on Monday. On Thursday afternoon before the long-weekend she went to hospital. She died the following Tuesday.

That was five months ago now. This is the first time I’ve been back in her flat. We’re here to divvy up the furniture, the art, the décor, and the household appliances. Everything has to go so the place can be rented out. We get the couches, the coffee table, I ask for the printer, my sister can have the double bed. My uncle will take my great grandmother’s sewing machine, and most of the art and the rugs. The tacky Picasso prints will be donated, along with cutlery and crockery, non-perishables, the bedroom drawers, the dining table and chairs.

The old colonial curtains won’t go to any of our houses, and will have to be thrown away or donated. The real estate agent doesn’t think renters like that kind of thing.

The rest is up for grabs. I idealise minimalism. After spending years hoarding birthday cards, I recently discovered the magic of throwing away stuff, of clearing my space and thus clearing my head. The little things I don’t know what to do with I hide away in drawers, never to be reopened. Yet I look around my nana’s flat and I want to keep all the useless stuff. The old man and old lady nutcrackers, the little fiddler, the succession of wooden elephants, the abacus, the multiple sets of coasters, her books and pens and birthday cards and tacky Picasso prints.

My mum and uncle discuss how the coffee table will fit into our house, my sister browses the books, classics piled into the bookshelf. I stand in the kitchen, leaning on the counter, and flick through my nana’s old address book, set next to the push-button phone, connected to the wall by a cord. It still works.

She used the same address-book for years. I flick through the pages of phone numbers. What a waste of time it seems, to write down phone numbers with pen and paper, scrounging for someone’s contact details before dialling their number digit by digit.

But there’s something nice about the feel of her handwriting, where her pen pressed into the page. I don’t believe in returning spirits, but her writing reminds me that she was once alive and I knew her personally.

I decide to take home a framed photograph of my parents at their wedding surrounded by our close family, most of them alive, some not anymore. I pack a bag of scented candles that were meant for birthday gifts. I also take the little fiddler statue. Everything else can wait for next time.

In the car, my mum entrusts me with the Chinese lady I once called Queen Elizabeth. It balances in my lap and I clutch at it, trying not to imagine it smashing to pieces. It takes me a while to notice the little note stuck to the bottom.

It’s like she knew that we were going to be divvying up her stuff one day, and wanted to be clear about certain assets.

Written in her handwriting, it stated the statue belonged to me, signed by my nana. “Look,” I show it to mum. “I think I get dibs.”



Artwork by Jess Zlotnick

If you’re sitting across from me at the pub as I pull out my tarot cards there’s is one thing I can predict know without the help of the cards: and that is that you won’t be are not the first person to say, half-jokingly, “I hope I don’t get Death!”

It’s a joke, but it’s also not. People don’t like the idea of death and, in my experience, they like the idea of knowing about their own death even less. Despite this snap judgment, I’m of the opinion that of all the cards Death is definitely the best one. Death is the raddest of the characters in the Major Arcana. Death rocks up in a black cloak, sometimes skeletal, usually riding a horse, and casually asks you to join them come with on a ride. Death is like an older sibling who after a long life of being too cool to hang out with you finally says, “okay, fine, you can ride passenger side in my Honda Civic.”

I don’t have anything you could call a ‘party trick’, so my coping mechanism for this lack of fun is to pull out a deck of tarot cards and just start doing readings; me, sitting across from you, the cards between us. It’s my way of entertaining myself if I’m sober at a party, because there’s nothing better when you’re the only one not drinking than watching a drunk person quite seriously think through what the cards are saying.

I don’t know many people who harbour much faith in higher powers, let alone an Arts student with a pack of tarot cards. I consider myself a very healthy skeptic, and I preface every single reading with that fact: that I do not believe that pulling three random cards from a deck will somehow predict your future. I figure if I’m upfront about it I can surprise both of us if, by some chance, it’s spookily accurate.

There are 78 cards in a standard tarot deck, 22 in the Major arcana, and only one of them is literally called ‘Death’. It’s a 1/78 chance, but I’m always a little surprised by how often Death comes up. Every time I flip it and see that it’s Death I have to preface the following with, “Now don’t freak out, but...”

People tend to take it well. “Oh, haha, Death, does that mean I’m going to die?”

In short: no. Death in your spread does not mean you’re going to die. Death means change, rebirth, the end of something old and the beginning of something new. Every time I turn it over in someone’s spread I tell them that it’s one of my favourite cards. I don’t really have favourite cards, but I think it’s reassuring to hear that when you’re staring death in the face.

What I’ve realized is that hearing that death means change is often the opposite of reassuring. It kind of sucks to have a spread in front of you that’s saying “‘stop doing the degree you’ve been working at for the last four years and go pursue acting.’”. Cool as that sounds in a spread, it’s a little harder to action. I’ve made friends tear up during readings before. One time I turned over Death, quickly gave the spiel about Death meaning change to make my friend feel better, and accidentally made it worse. That evening I found out, when he called me drunk, that he’d very recently gone through a tough breakup. Sometimes people don’t want Death to mean change, they’d much rather it meant death.

I’d like to advocate for the rehabilitation of Death’s image, to let you in on a practitioner’s secret: the cards don’t mean anything except what you project from your own life onto them, and I cannot predict your future or even your present (although if I could use the cards to predict the date and circumstances of my own death you damn well know I would).

One of my friends is a little too smart for me; in the three years we’ve known each other he’s yet to let me do a tarot reading for him, because he knows that there is nothing mystical going on, and me pulling out a stack of tarot cards and slapping Death in front of you is a not so subtle nudge to get your shit together and do something wild. Take Death by the bony hand and quit your job, change your degree, marry that person you’ve been dating for a while. It’s like being a therapist but with no commitment and more decks of cards than you’ll ever have the chance to use.



Somewhere only we know: Balmain breakup

Charlotte Lim reflects on the suburb of her first romance.

As the ocean stretches out past Darling Harbour, I am calm. More often than I'd like, a slow walker or late bus can ignite me with uncontrollable rage. But, here, by the water, there's something that lets me slow down, stop; and simply be. I look out and slip into my mind's version of an acid trip: my eyes dance with rippling lights, an enigmatic mass of a refracted, soaking city. The water draws me in, entangling me in certain memories.

In my mind, my ex-boyfriend is tied inextricably to water. For a start, you could say water drew us together—or more accurately, water turned into tea, over which we bonded at a UNSW society meetup. In those early days, his charm, the bullshit gallantry he used to impress me, gave me the same feeling as watching the flickering lights on the water at Circular Quay.

And then there's his home suburb—basically aquatic. My ex grew up in Balmain, a waterfront suburb about a 30 minute bus ride from Town Hall. It's a kind of village: bourgeois, white-washed and notorious for its narrow roads and lack of parking. The main boulevard, Darling St, is a patchwork of heritage antique and modern architecture, of eateries and fashion outlets. The very first Zumbo patisserie was established here: my ex told me that, his hand in mine, the very first time I visited.

My ex lives with his parents, and their house is situated just at the water's edge. Their backyard ends with a slippery, sandy boundary between land and sea—and a pier. And from inside, three large windows capture a harbour scene: in the foreground, a small square pool frames the pier, buttressed on either side by yachts, before the Harbour Bridge greets you, sitting comfortably on the skyline. Light glints from the water at all times of day.



no longer a safe space, where I could purge the remnants of a long and awful day. I hurt on the inside, and water hurt me on the outside—salty tears that inflamed my tired, puffy eyes.

Almost a week after the break up, my sister, her boyfriend, my ex and I hung out in Balmain again. We still talked, laughed, and looked at the water. The memories of the relationship are those that I carry like a secret talisman; those happy days a snippet of something bigger, brighter and better in my future.

My favourite memory of Balmain isn't of my ex's house, but of a spot on the suburb's eastern side. I don't remember too much of the surroundings, only that my ex and I had left his sister's house party for ice-cream. We somehow reached the water again. I'm not sure if it was a sandstone block or wooden seat, only that we held each other—talking, sharing our ice-cream, thinking of the future. We looked out towards the harbour lights and they seemed to metamorphose into something bigger—before flickering out of existence as a ferry steamed by. And just like that, as we sat close to each other, a small fireworks display started. Every time I tell this story, I feel like I cheapen it. Language just can't contain the sheer spontaneity of being in the right place at the right time, feeling invincible, like I'd beaten all the odds. The clarity of that memory, being transported back inside the mind of the person I was at that very moment is the definition of magical. I like to think that those lights danced just for us.

And just like that, as we sat close to each other, a small fireworks display started

Part of why the water fascinates me is my own aversion to it. In school, I was plagued by nightmares of drowning before every swimming carnival. This past summer, my ex took me swimming on a day so hot it seared our skin. While his younger brother and friend dived off the pier into the ocean, I managed to sit in their pool. My ex helped me swim again that day, my first time in three years. I was empowered, accomplished and most of all, safe.

We broke up after realising our life trajectories were different, the future too big a burden for us to bear. Each not wanting the other to be unhappy, we broke up.

Hot water used to be a source of comfort. During the first week following our breakup, I cried several times every day, but most often in the shower. Showers were

Deep Tea Diving



You wish you did law

Libs and non-libs across the country squirmed their way through the leadership spill this week. Students sat in lectures watching muted Sky News while flicking through four tabs of live-blogs. But for a star-struck few, politics appeared, flesh and blood, in the Seymour Centre itself.

That's right, disgraced former Labor Senator Sam Dastyari showed up to Thursday night of Law Revue. After hearing Dastyari was in the audience, a cast member ad-libbed a special welcome. "We hope you enjoyed that last number [a song about the South China Sea], but not too much. We wanted to say welcome in the best way we know how. 你好, 欢迎. 谢谢"

[Hello, Welcome. Thank you]". Word on the street is that Dastyari, himself a Sydney Law dropout, was brought as a guest by none other than Director Lucy Lester's uncle.

Or maybe Dastyari was there to get inspo for his own wannabe variety show, *Disgrace!*, which aired its on Channel 10 last week.

Charles Firth, a member of *The Chaser*, also graced Law Revue with his presence. And although annual spectator former High Court Justice Michael Kirby was unable to make it this year, he sent his apologies, saying he was booked out every evening last week. Med Revue, which played concurrently this week, had no notable names to boast.

It's a jump to the right ...

Worldwide, we're in the midst of a right-wing renaissance: Donald Trump, Front National, Peter Dutton (close call) and now—USyd? This year's SRC race will see the debut of two Conservatives for SRC tickets. Normally, the campus right disguises its connection with right-wing politics, which are thought to be stupid electoral poison.

But upfront though they might be, it's not clear who the Conservatives actually are. Though they use the name "Conservative", they're not members of the USyd Conservative Club. George Bishop, president of the USyd Conservative Club, had this to say: "I wish to distance myself and the club from these people in strong and clear terms."

Bishop is a key player in the Moderate Liberals on campus, and his disavowal of the Conservative tickets seems a clear sign they're not moderates either. Word is, in fact, that they're hard-right members of the Sydney University Liberal Club.

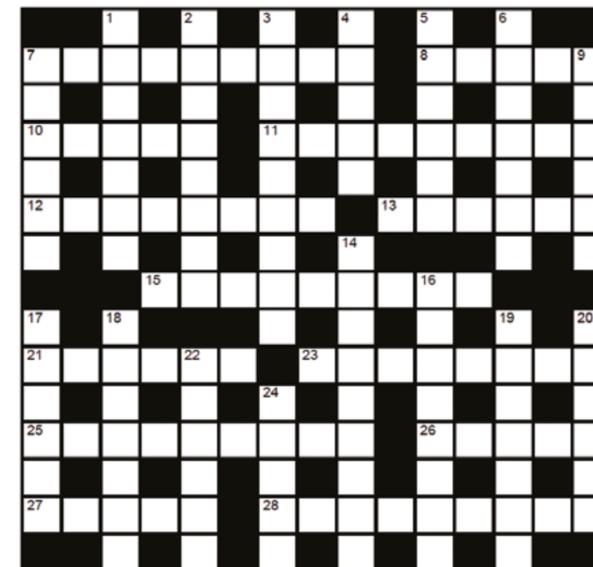
It's far from clear what the Conservative tickets stand for. This little mermaid's idea of conservatism is Robert Menzies by the fireside, the

last bulwark around tradition, family values and the status quo. Which makes 'Conservatives for Change', one of this year's SRC tickets, sound like a contradiction. And there are similar semantic question marks over one Conservative ticket's promise to "radically reduce the Student Services Amenities Fee".

Actually, "reactionary right" might be a better descriptor for these groupings than good old-fashioned conservatism. All three tickets share typical anti-left concerns, like protecting "free speech" on campus, opening up left-wing "echo chambers" and ending "undermining of conservatives just because they are conservatives".

As for the Modlibs, they've been guided by their standard playbook, and taken pains to distance themselves from anything identifiably right-wing. According to Bishop, they've "decided to team up with the new independent 'Shake-up' group". Which makes Shake Up sound like an already existing, electorally eager bunch which the Modlibs just happened to stumble across and definitely not a set of tickets that the Modlibs created, organised and found candidates for...

Cryptic



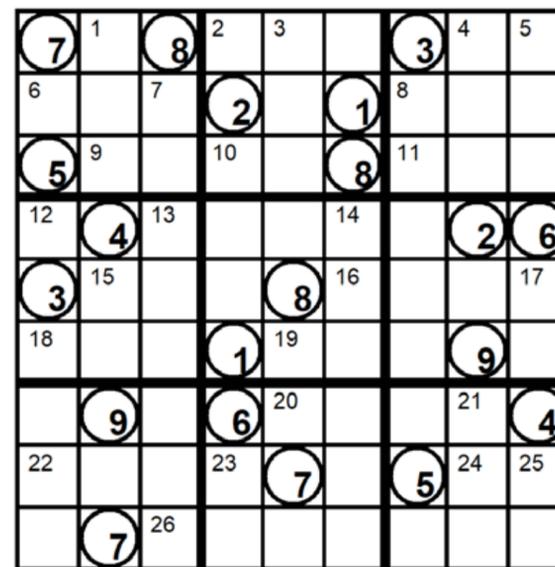
Across

- 7 Agents unsuccessfully court exes (9)
- 8 Love Sake? Leave England for a city in Japan! (5)
- 10 First class intelligence organisation watch company (5)
- 11 Senator (South Australia) unusually into feeling (9)
- 12 Funny pals and jerks make polymers (8)
- 13 Some Belgian beer? It's Marlon's shout! (6)
- 15 Virginia religious group says "Oh my" to genital procedure (9)
- 21 Even Pope subverted body of work (6)
- 23 Creepy guys in vans? (8)
- 25 Ha, Coco ill. Perhaps she drinks too much alcohol (9)
- 26 Progressively learn Kili, Tungusic language, without the slang (5)
- 27 Elliott, American bounty hunter (5)
- 28 Additional skateboard ramp for outgoing dude (9)

Down

- 1 She aims to become like Jesus (7)
- 2 Rudely face up to Earl Grey (3,2,3)
- 3 Classified 'S' (3-6)
- 4 They say you sing by employing... (5)
- 5 ...Austrian writer Tom and RZA to produce (6)
- 6 Orchestra violinist shows off Italian speciality (7)
- 7 Excluding former partner, now a personal trainer (6)
- 9 Roman hero whips, nae naes without heart (6)
- 14 Race frantically in the city (9)
- 16 Baked beef dish made of tamale (4,4)
- 17 Wanderers' negative response to crazy start of season (6)
- 18 Result of breakout comedian's show (7)
- 19 Me and a Cockney girl follow a winding course (7)
- 20 Sex worker in revealing corset (6)
- 22 Keep using drug after beginning of rehab (6)
- 24 Spaniards top the French record with a siesta (5)

Crossudoku



If you want to do the sudoku, disregard the crossword clues and fill in the empty spaces with numbers. If you want to do the crossword, treat the sudoku numbers as shaded blocks and fill in the empty spaces with letters.

If you are interested in either letters or numbers, be sure to come to CrossSoc and SUMS' Letters & Numbers event, on Tuesday Week 6 at 5pm in the ISL.

Across

- 2. Animal
- 4. Kanye's latest album
- 6. You presumably study here
- 8. Body of water
- 9. First word of most fairy tales
- 11. Good for absolutely nothin'
- 12. 1,000
- 13. Twisty body part
- 15. American fuel
- 16. Craving
- 18. Scam
- 19. Figure
- 20. Blatantly overpriced stereo equipment
- 22. There are two of them in this grid
- 24. You have to be 15 to watch this
- 26. It's a maths thing

Down

- 1. One of a kind producer
- 3. Six balls
- 4. Indeed
- 5. Listener
- 7. How the two parts of this puzzle work
- 8. Cross words, not these!
- 10. Type of lettuce
- 12. James Bond's boss
- 14. What this puzzle could have been if you wanted
- 15. Chinese board game
- 17. The length of this punctuation mark: —
- 18. How you might describe this puzzle
- 19. You should have at least one on your 13
- Across
- 21. Nice bird
- 23. To such an extent
- 25. While

Puzzles by Cloud Runner

There she is!

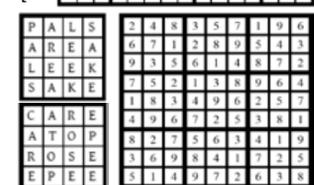
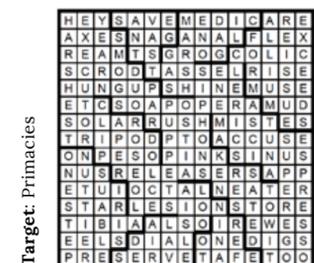


by Yasodara Puhule-Gamayalage

Quiz

- 1. What is the former currency of Italy?
- 2. What is it called when a player scores two goals in a game of soccer?
- 3. What is the name of the smallest unit of measurement in the universe?
- 4. What species in the Jim Henson universe are characters like Big Bird and Miss Piggy?
- 5. Dendrophobia is the fear of what?
- 6. Sn is the chemical symbol for what element?
- 7. Quito is the capital of what South American country?
- 8. What Greek mathematician is considered the founder of geometry?
- 9. Name all stations on the T5 Cumberland Line ending with 'L'?
- 10. Which U.S. state has the highest number of colleges and universities?

Solutions



1. Lire 2. brace 3. The Planck length 4. Mappes 5. Trees 6. Tin 7. Ecuador 8. Euclid 9. Liverpool, Pendle Hill, Quakers Hill 10. California

President

Imogen Grant

On Sunday the Students' Representative Council, along with the National Union of Students, hosted a rally against the new Scott Morrison prime ministership which I had the honour of speaking at. The right wing coup in the Liberal Party brought down Malcolm Turnbull. But it has failed to elevate its number one candidate, former home affairs minister Peter Dutton, to the prime minister's office.

We are now seeing the bourgeois media pitch Morrison's victory as a great triumph of "moderation". But Morrison built his brand and popularity on the back of years of torturing refugees. During his time as immigration minister, was the architect of the government's inhuman Sovereign Borders boat turnback policy, and presided over the deaths of Reza Barati and Hamid Khazaei on Manus Island in 2014.

He also led the "It's okay to say No" brigade in the marriage equality plebiscite and led the push for a "religious freedoms" bill to undercut the result.

The political legacy of Morrison's term as immigration minister is particularly striking when one remembers the leadership challenge came as a 12 year old girl on Nauru tried to set herself on fire, and another 17 year old girl is in a critical condition after refusing food and water.

Morrison's far right politics are no better than Dutton or Turnbull's. The Liberals continue to cut penalty rates, privatise education, screw up our public transport, slash Medicare funding, destroy the climate and give tax cuts to their rich mates, while driving racism to distract us. It's not refugees or migrants cutting our penalty rates and living standards.

Workers in Australia need a decent living wage and a future we can be proud of, not a far-right fearmonger whose policies gain the support of Trump and Hanson. The far right MPs in the Liberal Party are buoyed by the success of Trump and the far right in Europe. They too want a party that is openly bigoted, sexist, racist and shows a complete contempt for science.

The connections between Trump & Morrison are clear - Morrison famously refused to criticise Trump's travel ban, instead encouraging countries to "catch up"

Education Officer

Lily Campbell and Lara Sonnenschein

The Education Action Group held a protest on campus on August 15th against the Ramsay Centre for Western Civilisation and Spence's attempts to strike a deal with the centre. The rally was a success, with speakers from the NTEU, the international student community and Greens MP David Shoebriidge. We staged a die in half way through the rally, a somewhat neglected technique of campus protests, which worked really well as a stunt to draw attention to our action from passers by.

The week prior to the protest we held a forum on the Ramsay Centre in conjunction with the NTEU, the first joint SRC-NTEU event in some years. The forum was also a success, with over 80 attendees and an excellent keynote speech by renowned Sociologist, Raewyn Connell. We, along with the NTEU will be keeping up the

with Australia's racism. And just yesterday, the US president, Donald Trump, has tweeted his congratulations to the new Australian prime minister, Scott Morrison. And we shouldn't forget that, for many in the hard right of politics, US president Donald Trump's against-the-odds success, driven by unashamed bigotry and take-no-prisoners approach, is considered a model to be emulated.

The solution is not to vote our way out of this, but to reignite the refugee rights movement. Social change happens from action - we cannot vote our way out of it. Just like the way we did in after Abbott's 2014 budget - calling protests, strikes, direct actions and working with unions is something to be replicated today. We must stand up for ourselves because we cannot rely on the Shorton Government to end offshore processing.

We need to kick out the Liberal Government - yes - but we also need to kick the racist policies out & build a movement based on attacking state racism such that such policies become untenable for any party to enact. We have more in common with the workers, activists and unionists locked up in detention than we do with the parasitic Australian ruling class torturing people indefinitely in camps.

Reflecting on this, we don't want a "stable" Liberal Party. The dominant party of the Australian capitalist class is now in deep crisis because of this factional schism and we want to see the party topple - along with the far-right policies within it!

And there is a role the student movement can play here. There's a long history of students - no matter their colour - standing up and mobilising against the state's racism, see the 1965 Freedom Rides. And I am going to make sure that we build we build this movement against the Liberal Government at the University of Sydney and across campuses in this state.

Feel free to email me at 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.

pressure to keep Ramsay Out of USyd.

On a broader political level, last week saw Scott Morrison become Prime Minister following a Liberal spill motion. Whilst many have celebrated Morrison's triumph over Peter Dutton, we believe the two to be cut from the same ideological cloth. Morrison is no moderate and as the former Immigration Minister was the architect of the cruel Operation Sovereign borders policy, where he was responsible for more children in detention than any other government. He also famously brought a lump of coal into parliament and voted no to same sex marriage despite the public issuing a resounding 'yes' on the issue during the plebiscite last year. The EAG and the student movement more broadly should take to the streets and oppose ScoMo/Scummo and kick the Liberals out!

General Secretary

Nina Dillon Britton and Yuxuan Yang

Last week I was incredibly proud to organise, along with our President, Radical Education Week: a week of free workshops accessible to all that covered everything from drug law reform in Australia to the history of political economy movement to legal skills for activists.

Community leaders, academics, politicians and students themselves led these workshops, breaking down the usual constraints around education and its accessible and providing a vision for education free, accessible and liberating. It is only through these peoples' generosity in their time, resources and knowledge that we were able to organise this at all, and we saw more than 250 students attend workshops that ranged from intimate chats to packed panel discussions throughout the week. If you're interested in being involved with organising Radical Education Week next year, please either shoot me a message at general.secretary@src.usyd.edu.au or message the Radical

Education Week 2018 Facebook page.

Last weekend we also organised the SRC's presence at Open Day, letting incoming students know about the SRC's services, opportunities to become involved in collectives and the Council's work and some of the campaigns we are working on at the moment. We also were able to distribute several hundred copies of the Counter-Course I edited at the beginning of the year. Hopefully this will be able to provide a useful insight to people considering attending Sydney University from students attending University themselves, counter-balancing the University's slick advertising.

Good luck to everyone going with their upcoming assignments, and please feel free to shoot me an email with any questions about the SRC or this report at general.secretary@src.usyd.edu.au.

Ask Abe

SRC caseworker HELP Q&A

CENSUS DATE - AUGUST 31ST
- Last day to Withdraw.(W)

Dear Abe,

I can't decide whether or not to drop a subject. I haven't done any of the readings, but I can watch the lectures online. If I withdraw from it on or before 31 August, can I rejoin the class if I catch up?

Undecided.

Dear Undecided,

If you have missed more than a couple of weeks worth of lectures it is unlikely that you will ever catch up. By dropping a subject now you do not have a fail on your transcript, you do not have to pay for the subject, and you can spend all of your time focusing on your other subjects.



If you are unsure if you can catch up, you could wait until the end of week 7 (14 September) to apply for a Discontinue not Fail (DC). You will have to pay for the subject, but you will not have a fail on your transcript. Bear in mind that if you forget and miss this deadline you will have a Discontinue Fail (DF) recorded on your transcript.

If you drop a subject, you may be in breach of visa regulations (international students), or you may become a part time student (12 credit points or fewer), which would mean you cannot use a concession Opal Card, or receive a Centrelink payment. Seek advice from an SRC Caseworker before dropping.

Abe

How to Appeal a Grade



Appeals should be started within 15 working days of an academic decision or result.

1. Start with an informal appeal.

Attend the exam review session or email the subject coordinator to ask for the breakdown of your final mark, or clarify why you received that mark. They may be able to provide you with a marking rubric.

2. If you're still unhappy with the mark make a formal appeal to the faculty.

You have 20 working days to submit this to your faculty. If you are not successful you should receive an email with a letter explaining why the faculty believes they gave you a correct mark.

3. If you're still unhappy with the mark make an appeal to the Student Appeals Body (SAB).

You have 15 working days from the Faculty response to submit this appeal online. You will need to identify areas of procedural unfairness or breach of policy with the Faculty's decision. This may include faults in the formal appeal outcome, or that the Faculty did not fully consider all of the information provided to them. If the Student Affairs Unit (SAU) considers that your appeal satisfies this criteria they will set a meeting date with the SAB. You will be invited to attend this meeting, together with the Faculty, to determine whether your appeal is successful or not.

Be clear about your appeal.

Address the reasons for an academic decision. Clearly identify the point of your appeal and write a well-structured argument. It is advisable to question an Academic's assessment judgement. Working hard and then unexpectedly failing is not grounds for appeal. An appeal also cannot be based on someone else passing when you did not.

Know your desired outcome.

Have a realistic idea of what outcome you want before you start the appeal

process. For example, a second academic opinion, a remark, an extra assessment, a different type of assessment or a change of weighting towards a particular piece of work. Not all of these options are available for every situation, but it is helpful if you know what you want.

Be informed.

Familiarise yourself with relevant information such as course outlines, marking criteria, University assessment policies and the appeals process. Remember that at each stage the decision maker must provide you with reasons for their decision. SRC Caseworkers may be able to help you with your appeal.

Be realistic.

The appeal process can be a long one. Be sure that you can spend that time and emotional energy.

The University was wrong.

If you have exhausted the appeals procedures within the University and feel that the University has still not followed its policies or there is procedural unfairness you can lodge a complaint with the NSW Ombudsman. Note: this is not just another level of appeal that you can use if you are unhappy with the decision. You will need to show that the University has not followed its policy or has procedurally unfair.

Other Appeal Hints

Keep and refer to any documents, emails or notes of meetings relevant to your appeal. Were you provided with clear guidelines or marking criteria for the assessment task? If you received a late or word count penalty, check if your faculty has an approved policy for this, and that the penalties have been applied correctly. If you are unhappy with the course delivery, teaching or treatment you received, rather than an academic decision, you may find the University's complaints process a more appropriate avenue to raise your concerns.

Notice of Council Meeting

90th Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

DATE: Wed September 5th

TIME: 6–8pm

LOCATION:

New Law Annex, Seminar Room 340



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“I’m Going to Fix Politics In This Country” Says SRC Candidate Incapable of Fixing a Broken A-Frame

Nick Harriott Stupol Watchdog

“There is no problem so deeply ingrained in Australian politics that I will not be able to solve,” proclaimed student politician Pete Flax, who has previously struggled to reassemble a single A-frame after mild wind tore it apart.

Flax is running to be president of the SRC and purports that his leadership “will be the sort to reunite our divided country,” despite lacking the numbers to even get one friend to help him tie two planks of wood back together during last year’s election.

“Auspol will take decades to recover from last week’s leadership crisis, but when I’m in federal parliament, my

constituents will benefit from my firm hand and steady grip.” Unfortunately Flax possesses neither. His hands and grip are often described as ‘wet’ and ‘sickly’, respectively.

“I don’t know if Pete has the organisational skills to run anything,” said a rival campaigner. “When he submitted his candidacy to the SRC, his photo was upside down. When we asked why him why it was like that he said his camera was upside down when he took the photo and he didn’t know how to fix it.”

Another student on Eastern Ave claimed that they “once saw that guy pour lots of little Yakult bottles into a big bottle and then drink all

the Yakults at once.” That student wasn’t part of any other political campaign but had been, “holding onto that info for, like, two years,” and was glad to finally get it off their chest.

Whether Flax has the clout to make his political ambitions a reality remains to be seen. He is not well liked, nor does he possess any discernible skills. The obstacles in the way of his SRC campaign, let alone his federal one, are near insurmountable. He is stubborn, moralistic and lacks the simple social graces many of us take for granted. In short, he can’t fix shit—but maybe if this country stays broken, he’ll fit right in.



Nobel Prize Awarded to Local DJ for Seamless Transition from “Hollaback Girl” to “American Boy”

Nick Harriott Cultural Aficionado



Sydney’s Side Bar last Saturday night, it was witnessing local disc jockey Big Taffy execute a flawless transition from Gwen Stefani’s Hollaback Girl to Estelle’s American Boy.

“Yeah, like, people seemed to like it, which was sick,” said Taffy, “And then, you know, these dudes from Norway called and told me I’d won a Nobel Prize. And I was like, this is also sick.”

The “dudes” that Taffy mentioned were senior members of the Norwegian Nobel Committee, including Dr. Hilde Hansen, who are tasked with nominating and selecting the recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize.

“His work is unprecedented,” said Hansen, explaining why she chose to nominate Taffy for the award. “His use of juxtaposition is just incredible. You can see from his song choice that he noticed one song had the word ‘girl’ in it, and another

had the word ‘boy’ in it. It’s truly magnificent stuff.”

“We thought about referring Mr. Taffy to the Swedish Academy so that he might be awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature, which is clearly the discipline most befitting his achievement,” Hansen continued, “but the Academy is limited in their scope as they can only nominate laureates, not decide who is the final recipient. As such, we awarded Mr. Taffy the Peace Prize since it was within our power to award it to him overnight; which was the only timeframe befitting such an achievement.”

Taffy has been relatively tight-lipped about what his next project might be, but he did offer one breadcrumb to tide over his fans. “I’m working on a set right now that has, like, lots of good songs so that people can, like...dance.”

These are exciting times.

There are some creative achievements that are so revolutionary, they reframe the very way we experience reality. For some, it may be the deliberate and masterful cinematic works of Akira Kurosawa. For others, it is the deeply personal and dangerous performance art of Marina Abramovic. But for a lucky few in

AROUND THE WORLD



Brighton Beach, England

They say traveling helps you find yourself. That’s good news for someone with as many abandonment issues as Jacinta Gregory.

So many cities have been known to be cities of love, friendship and joy—but where are the best places to go when you have none of those things? In this travel column I’ll show you all the places I’ve been to which will make you the least sad and the MOST over your ex! (That’ll show you, Tim.)

Brighton! A coastal English city known for its beach, its boardwalk and its theme park rides—but what about its ability to make you feel less like strangling Tim with your bare hands? You’ll want to make sure you take a trip into the main part of town and discover its winding streets as well as cafes and stores. But be warned, Brighton is a tourist hotspot that will be as hard on your pocketbook as Tim was on your sense of self-worth. It will also be a stark reminder of how much cheaper food was when it was split. No-one ever said finding yourself was cheap.

One of my favourite places to visit was Brighton’s comedy club! With pricey wines and comedians preparing for Edinburgh Fringe, it’s a great place to have a good laugh and forget your troubles. Unless one of the comedians makes a joke about being married or having kids, reminding you of Tim’s total aversion to commitment. I recommend a few more glasses of £7 wine, that way when you cry yourself to sleep—it’s justified!



I’m giving Brighton three out of five stars on my travel scale. The beach and boardwalk settings make for excellent backgrounds for your Instagram posts, but I’ve deducted two stars for its attraction to families being too much for you at this time.

**SloMo
ScoMo
NoNo**
PM Scott Morrison Caught Picking Nose in 240fps Slow Motion
>> pg. 9



DOON & ANDY'S HOT BOX ANDY'S HOTTER BOX

DON'T CALL IT A SCHISM

Ahead of the SRC Election season, we’ve been doing some deep thinking here at the ‘Box. It’s new for us, and a bit tiring if we’re honest, but it bore fruit.

To avoid any accusations of ‘conflicted interest’, only Doon will be allowed to report on SRC matters.

Wait, no, fuck—Doon WON’T be reporting on SRC matters. And I guess I won’t be reporting on certain recent USU matters which have been STOLEN from our coverage by another local gossip column. Confidence instilled?

WHAT'S IN A COLOUR

The games just don’t stop with the SRC Election! A dispute

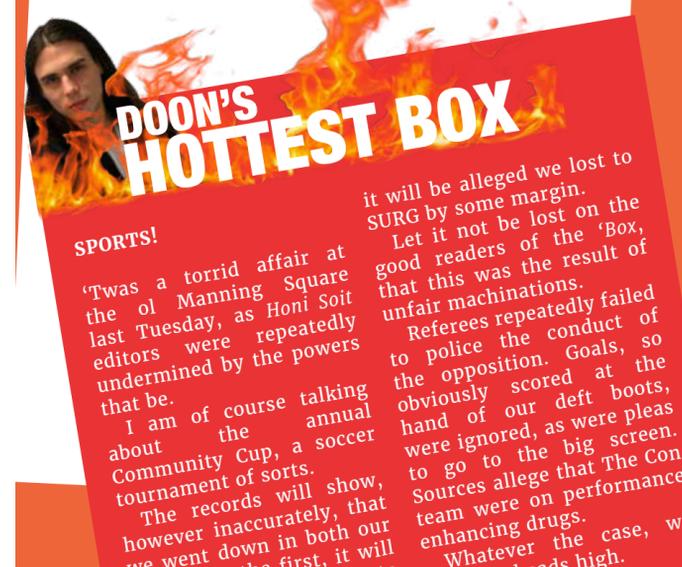
has broken out over the use of the colour ‘red’ between Socialist Alternative’s ‘LEFT ACTION’ brand and campus Liberal Dimitry Palmer’s ‘What’s the deal with Airplane Food?’ ticket.

Who cares, really.

WHAT DO WORDS MEAN ANYWAY

Your man Dimitry has certainly struggled in preparations for this election. First losing his planned ‘Liberals for SRC’ branding, now contesting the colour red. Palmer has also failed in updating key campaign materials to reflect the new ticket name, with the ‘Box sneaking a peek at a key document which still names the cohort as ‘Liberals.’

Riveting.



DOON'S HOTTEST BOX

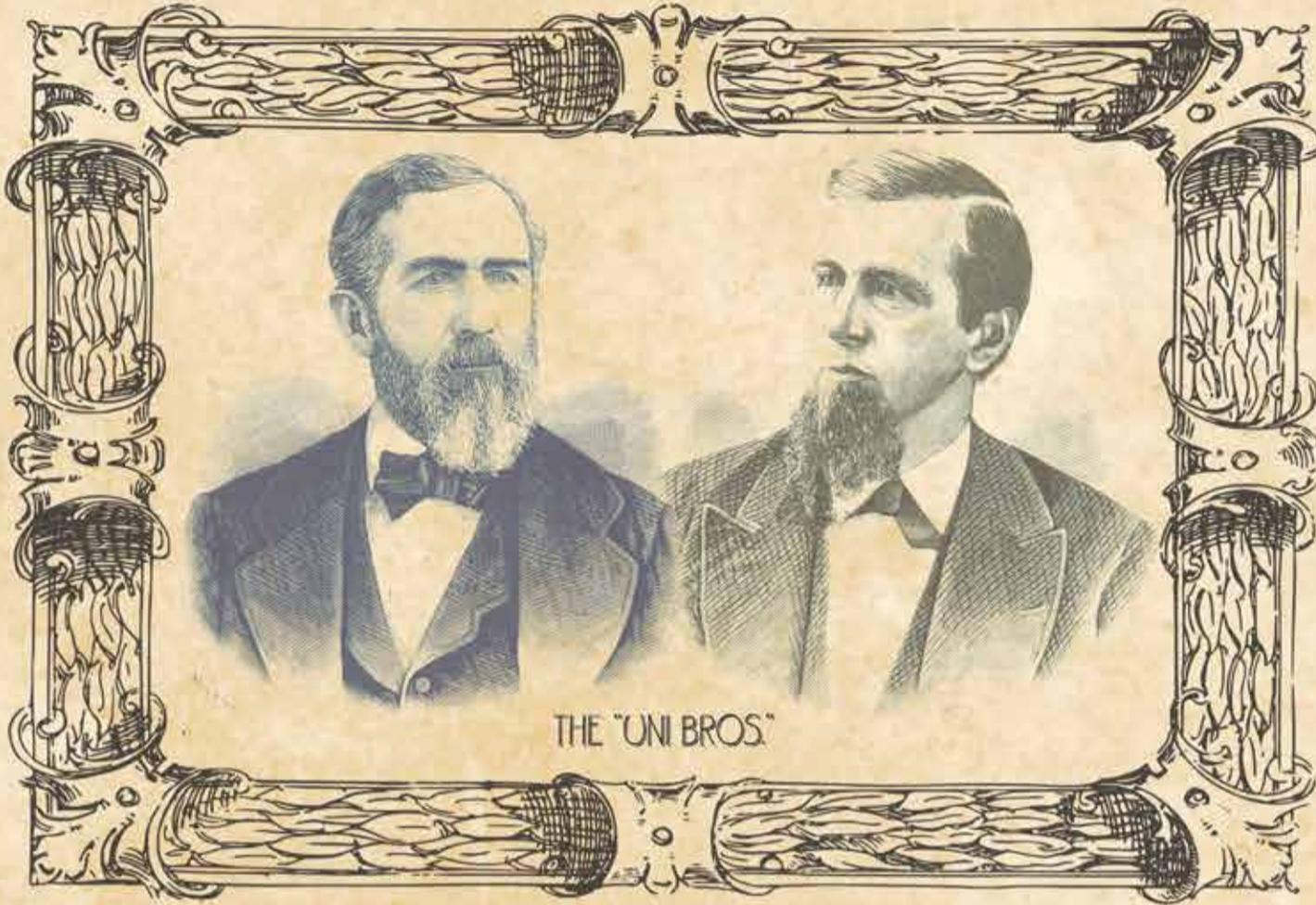
SPORTS!

‘Twas a torrid affair at the ol Manning Square last Tuesday, as Honi Soit editors were repeatedly undermined by the powers that be. I am of course talking about the annual Community Cup, a soccer tournament of sorts. The records will show, however inaccurately, that we went down in both our rounds. In the first, it will be alleged that we lost to the Con 8-0. In the second,

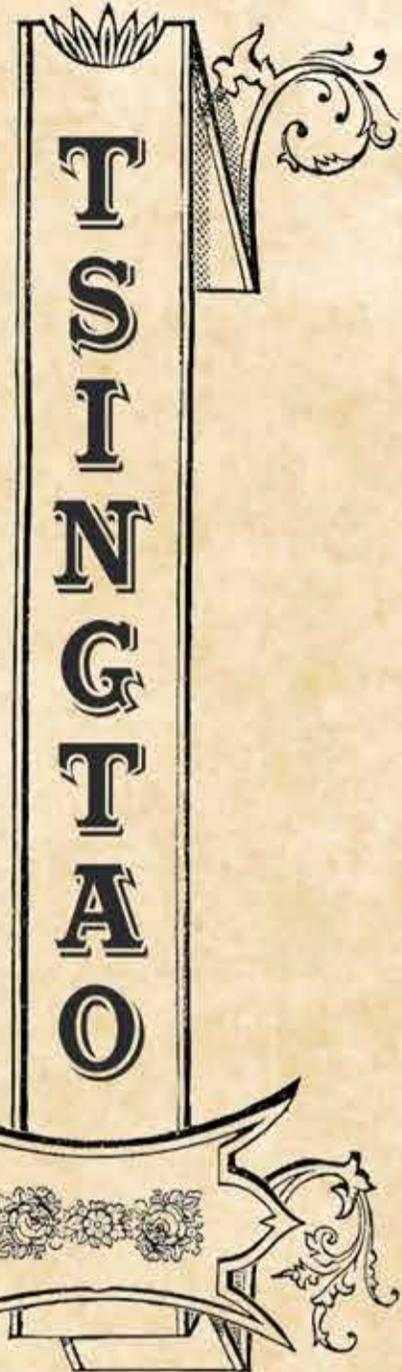
it will be alleged we lost to SURG by some margin. Let it not be lost on the good readers of the ‘Box, that this was the result of unfair machinations. Referees repeatedly failed to police the conduct of the opposition. Goals, so obviously scored at the hand of our deft boots, were ignored, as were pleas to go to the big screen. Sources allege that The Con team were on performance enhancing drugs.

Whatever the case, we hold our heads high.

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