

HONI SOIT

VOL 90 SEM 2 WEEK 11



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logjam

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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

We are meant to be living the best years of our lives, as students in this sandstone university. Most of us are in our twenties, and the challenges that come with growing up, along with the dreams we still cling onto from our teenage years, make for a young adult life that is as interesting as it is endlessly confusing. We may not admit it, but we hold carefully guarded fantasies about university life—the success of our degrees, the bonding with our friends, and the romanticised excitement of the unknown.

This edition is a homage to not only our unspoken expectations, but also to the unravelling of these perfect, constructed fantasies. On page eight, we see accepting queerness does not necessarily mean accepting our queer bodies in their final, imperfect form. Page nine is an expose of racism lurking within the glitz and glam of a European summer abroad. On page 14 and 15, we have a special photo series dedicated to sentimental locations on campus, a place we all spend so much time in, whether or not by choice. And we have a feature about loneliness on campus, about spending the ‘best years of our lives’ feeling miserable and stuck (page 12 and 13).

The ‘best years of your life’ is a title, and really, an expectation, that is always handed down; nobody can know for sure that they are living through the best times. But a few years into my twenties, and I know that ‘best’ does not have to mean ‘happy’—rather ‘meaningful’. And that ‘years’ does not need to be the fixed space between our twenties and full time work, but can constitute the feelings of limitless possibility and hope we hold in our everyday.

In that sense, I can say that I have had the ‘best years of my life’. And I hope this edition makes others think they have as well, as imperfect and off-route as their years may have been.

LR

MAILBOX

Another Challenger Arrives

Dear Honi,
I thoroughly enjoyed Ms Zlotnick’s pair of articles regarding campus exploration.

I have enjoyed some campus exploration myself, and it was encouraging to see that there are certain subjects amongst the student body who are keeping traditions alive.

To Mesers L and X: I believe I there is a location missing from both of your charts. It is a high-risk location (I am yet to figure out how not to be spotted), but I am willing to share.

I will leave a note in a place untouched since 1988.

Regards,
R

(‘X marks the Spot on USyd’s Marauder’s Map’ Semester 2: Week 10)

Byline Beef

Hi,

Just some thoughts on the recent article about the SALS electoral system, and, more specifically, the by-line attached to said article on Facebook. Full disclosure, I’m currently the sports director for SALS, but will have no part in SALS next year, whether on a sub-committee or as a member of the executive.

Thanks,
Isaac Morgan
Science/Law III

(‘SALS’ election system is broken’ Semester 2: Week 9)

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Participation Award

Dear Honi,

Coming to the end of almost six years at uni, it is with great pleasure that I look back on the emergence of Liberal-aligned students on campus as an electoral force to be reckoned with.

During my early years it was sad to see the Liberals barely put up a fight during USU or SRC elections, while when I served on the SRC in 2016, I did so a only one of four Liberals— a far cry from anything close to a majority.

2016 and beyond in particular have seen a dramatic turn of events— with everyday students reaping the benefits of sensible policies and decision making advocated by Liberals in student leadership positions. There are now not only a number of Liberals on USU Board (and almost as 2018 president), but also on the SRC and potentially on the SRC Executive for 2019, while the Sydney University Liberal Club continues to go from strength to strength.

No longer do the radical left roam unchallenged and no longer can they take students for granted at election time. I am proud that Liberals have reasserted themselves at an institution that has produced the likes of Prime Ministers John Howard, Malcolm Turnbull and Tony Abbott. Mainstream students deserve a sensible voice on their representative student bodies and I am thrilled to depart uni knowing that students and the Liberal cause are in good hands.

Fingers crossed for #reselect!

David Hogan

Vice President— Sydney University Liberal Club 2016–2018.

Exchange nightmares: credit where credit’s due

Kristi Cheng shines a light on the administrative difficulties students face on exchange.

Under the heading “How the exchange program works”, the university’s Study Abroad website explains in one of three short dot points: “You will study faculty-approved units of study overseas which are credited towards your degree. This means you shouldn’t have to delay your graduation by studying overseas.”

The reality for many students is much more complicated.

Third year Arts student Courtney went on exchange to Tokyo’s Aoyama Gakuin University earlier this year. During what was supposed to be the most exciting time of her studies, she endured over a month’s wait for news on whether the subjects she had chosen were approved for credit, despite regular follow up emails and costly international calls.

With time running out, she was forced to take extra classes in case certain choices were not approved. Another student who went on exchange to Geneva was taking seven subjects at one point due to similar concerns. Courtney did not get her courses approved until after she had returned from exchange and commenced the new semester in Sydney.

And Courtney was one of the lucky ones. Another student returned from Hong Kong University, to be told just one of her four units would be credited. The decision was reversed after numerous emails requesting the office reconsider, but not before a reply telling her the follow up emails were “disrespectful”, that she held “an unreasonable expectation”, and that she not try to follow them up within ten business days.

Despite decades of students going on exchange, it seems fundamental processes still cripple the system

To obtain credit for their courses, students going on exchange—or participating in the university’s ‘international mobility’ program—must submit subject selections from their host university to USyd academics who ultimately approve it. Rather than contact the relevant academics themselves, outbound students instead submit their subject choices and the related UoS outline through a centralised admin office.

The office behind handling these academic approvals is Faculty Services. A branch of the Student Administrative Services (SAS), it was created in December 2016 as part of the university’s centralisation.

In addition to exchange-related academic matters, administrative processes like unit of study permissions, progression, and credit also fall under the responsibility of Faculty Services. The team of around 50 staff handled over 122,000 emails from December 2017 to September 2018, with ‘international mobility’-related enquiries totalling over 35,000.

There is currently no available data on resolution rates for exchange-specific matters, but Sarah Jones, the head of Faculty Services, maintains that 83 per cent of cases are resolved within ten days. The statistic is at odds with anecdotal evidence, and Jones acknowledges that many students have experienced difficulties. Given the university’s goal of having 50 per cent of students undertake a mobility program by 2020, “current practices simply cannot continue,” she says.

This year there has been a 624 per cent increase in the volume load of short term study abroad applications in 2018 in the business faculty, though there are just two staff who manage mobility in the business portfolio.

Jones believes the need to do a full degree progression check for each applicant is one reason to blame for the protracted processing time.

But not all students are lucky enough to benefit from the “full degree progression check”. After confirming his exchange to Waseda University in Tokyo would

be for a full year, one student was told he was only enrolled for a single semester and that his law degree would be terminated if he continued for the full year. The Faculty Services office then told him they couldn’t “advise on academic progression”.

The same story has plagued countless students—conflicting information from administrative staff, long waits for email replies, and a process that causes unnecessary stress.

INGS/Law student Isobel, was told a year after her short term exchange in Aarhus that she had “reached [her] credit point limit” but was “ineligible to graduate”. Despite writing a 2000 word appeal to the Student Appeals Board, the matter was dismissed on procedural grounds and Isobel was unable to graduate on time.

Jones suggests the nature of overseas subjects can also delay processing, as subject content often changes or is updated after students arrive, necessitating re-approval within a short time frame. Beyond this, she also blames long waits on “core depend[er]s”, such as waiting for an academic to make a decision.

It appears the university’s process relies on many factors coming together perfectly; there is no contingency plan for students going to countries where UoS outlines are not available in English, or are only available once students are enrolled in the unit, by which time it’s usually too late to unenrol should USyd academics fail to grant approval.

Despite decades of students going on exchange, it seems processes fundamental to enrolment—such as subjects liable to change or responses from academic staff—still cripple the system.

When something goes wrong, the student is the one forced to shoulder the risk. Any small misstep could potentially mean a delayed graduation, or having to take extra units back home. This entails all the associated living costs and study expenses, as well as rearrangement of employment plans.

Isobel’s exchange unit in Denmark was rejected for credit the day before the course started, meaning she had to do a unit that didn’t count towards her degree but that she was not allowed to remove from her transcript.

When she asked if she needed to unenrol in another subject to avoid exceeding the maximum credits allowed, she was given a link on “how to unenrol”. She was told over the phone she would be allowed to reduce her study load.

Yet Director of Academic Appeals and Progression Professor Mark Melatos determined in her initial FASS appeal, that there was no evidence the faculty confirmed she could reduce her study load. He dismissed telephone conversations she had with Faculty Services staff as inadmissible as they were not

in writing and constituted “informal communication”.

“The Faculty is taking advantage of their own failure in a way that is deeply unjust,” says Isobel.

The average wait time for some has ranged from three days to three months

For students with a time-sensitive matter in need of a quick resolution, the facelessness arguably endemic to university admin exacerbates the problem.

Isobel says, “[...] even though it may be clear internally, for students there is quite literally no way to tell who is responsible for resolving an issue.”

Other students *Honi* spoke to have described emailing as “extremely unhelpful” and “get[ting them] nowhere.” The average wait time for these students to get an online response has ranged from three days to three months. Students are rewarded for hyper-persistence, in their struggle to “talk to a real person”.

According to Faculty Services, improvements to the system are on their way.

Jones says that a new mobility-dedicated team was added three weeks ago, by reshuffling staff, in an effort to increase efficiency and consistency. An upcoming report plans to quantifiably measure process improvements.

Technology looks to play a large role in the planned improvements. From the end of October, SAS will roll out a new client management system called ServiceNow, which collates enquiries made by a student and will allow students to track the progress of their enquiries.

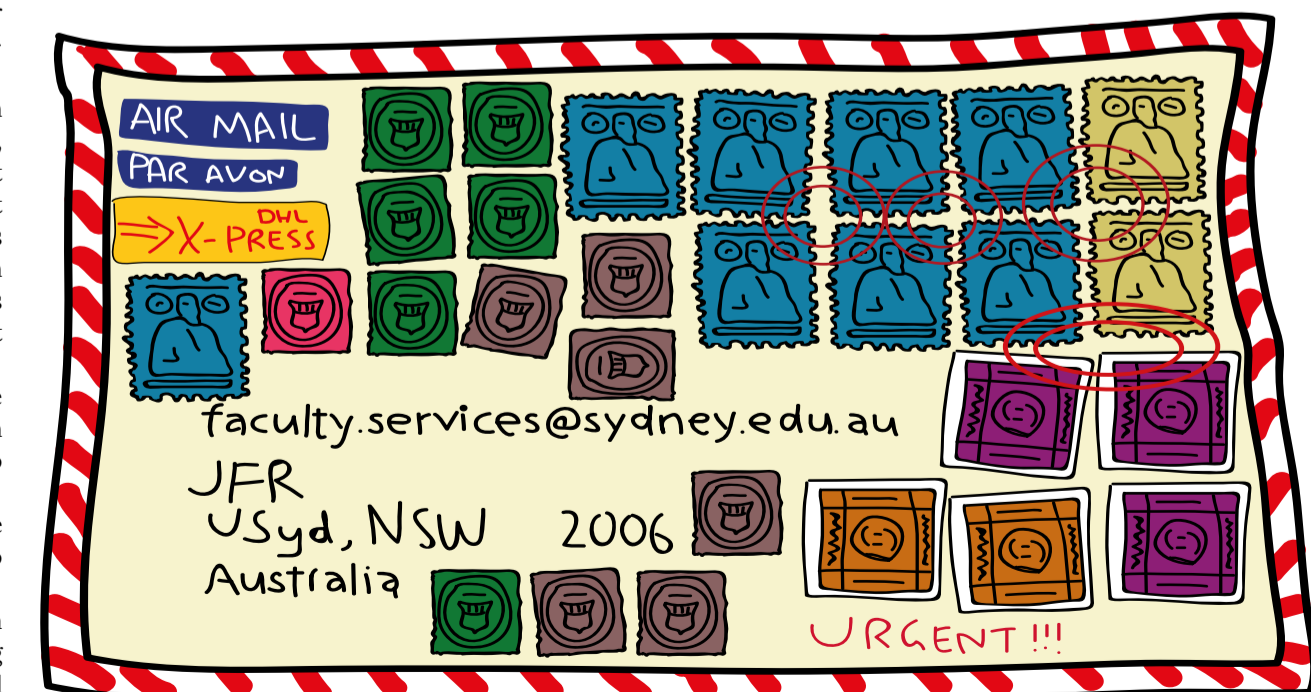
Jones says Faculty Services is also working with the Sydney Operating Model (SOM) team, an—automation and innovation team—to try to introduce “smarts” into the technology. Deliverables will be provided in 2019.

On a larger scale, the university has proposed an Outbound Mobility Policy for 2018 with changes that include creating a “database of conditional credit approval decisions”. Credits have a three-year expiry date, and Faculty Services may award approval without contacting an academic again.

According to the 2017 annual report, 29 per cent of all students have been on either long- or short-term exchange.

With over 60,000 students enrolled, it remains to be seen whether the new measures will be enough to lessen the administrative nightmare for the 50 per cent of students that will go ‘mobile’ should the university have its way.

Artwork by Andrew Rickert



Wading through the rugby club's success

Liam Donohoe investigates the role students play in building an elite sport program.

The University of Sydney Football Club (SUFC) is the oldest Rugby Union club outside of the British and Irish Isles. For most of its 155 year history, the men's team has played in the Shute Shield competition, the highest grade of non-professional rugby in Sydney, and arguably the most competitive in Australia. Through the years the University has viewed the club with the same reverence elite private schools award their 1st XV rugby union team. This reverence, however, largely evades campus fanfare, with students playing no active role in sustaining it. Despite being so deeply embedded in USyd's structure and self-image, students are generally unaware of the role they've played in the club's meteoric rise.

For a large part of its existence, SUFC was weak. In the 80s and early 90s, when Randwick dominated, USyd would regularly suffer defeats by margins more becoming of Cricket games than Rugby matches. Things were so dire that in the mid-90s the New South Wales Rugby Union threatened to relegate the club to a lower division.

The majority of students are unaware that at least \$1 million goes towards supporting elite athletes

The club mobilised to avoid this possibility. A powerful "mentoring group" called the Friends of SUFC was formed in 1996, an all-star roster of powerful business people forming its core.

Now over 50 people are part of the group, and its members' donations and lobbying help make the club among the best resourced in the country. These days world class gyms, high quality coaching, and a controversial scholarship program ensure the best emerging talent walks through SUFC's door and emerge even better.

In sporting terms, the payoff has been huge. SUFC's first grade team has won the Shute Shield in over half the seasons since 2001, including this year, in addition to sustained dominance in lower and Colts (under-20s) divisions. In fact, other Shute Shield clubs have complained about SUFC's dominance, introducing a salary cap and points system SUFC believe was designed to limit their success.

The University has been essential to this ascent, inheriting a historic legacy of regard for SUFC, a respect inculcated in the psyche of USyd's decision-makers from early days.

Rugby was probably the first sport played at USyd. Back then there was no distinction between union, league, or even Australian rules, making the club arguably Australia's first in all those sports. The first recorded game of formal schoolboy rugby in what came to be called Australia occurred between Sydney University and Newington College in 1869. But after the 20th century saw a decline in results, USyd implemented an

array of programs in the early 2000s to buck the trend.

With the University's support SUSF introduced the Elite Athlete Program in 1990, a package of initiatives designed to attract student athletes to USyd and support those already there. In its current form, the scheme provides up to \$1,500 in grants for international travel, free private tuition, access to SUSF's world-class facilities, career-support, training support, sports psychology and chaplaincy services, and access to dietitians. Elite athletes are also given financial assistance to help pay for course fees and expenses like textbooks. While the amount varies, it begins at \$1,000 and can be enough for students to avoid HECS entirely. These attractive measures go hand in hand with related scholarships offered by the residential colleges and the separate elite athletes and performers scheme, which lets successful applicants enrol in their preferred course even if their ATAR is up to 5 points below the cutoff.

These schemes are run by SUSF, but the University and its funds are never far away. After the introduction of Voluntary Student Unionism in 2006, SUSF lost \$3.2 million in annual income streams, meaning it had to turn to philanthropy and University subsidies to survive.

As part of this move, the University gave \$200,000 towards SUSF's scholarship program in March 2008. When the Student Support and Amenity (SSAF) fee was established in 2011, student money again started to flow to SUSF, complementing their now effective business model. And yet SUSF still regularly receives direct support for scholarships and infrastructure.

SUSF confirmed to *Honi* that the Elite Athlete Program is funded, at least in part, by SSAF—in addition to membership fees, the university's scholarship budget, and profits from SUSF's revenue-raising activities. Every student contributes to SSAF, which means the money of non-athletes goes a long way to supporting this generous package.

This package explains why there are roughly 290 students on "general" sports scholarships at USyd, and at least another 50 receiving "donor and perpetual named" scholarships. SUSF's 2017 Financial Report discloses that its total scholarship outlay for that year was \$942,991. And this is to say nothing of the investment in coaches, personnel, and equipment, nor of the tens of millions spent on infrastructure in order to manufacture a quasi-professional club.

Out of these 290 students, 41 are on men's rugby union scholarships and five are on women's rugby union scholarships.

No other sport has more scholarship holders than the men's side of club. Most of those sportspeople, necessarily, come from elite private schools, which, given the ongoing decline of rugby in public schools and grassroots clubs, produce the absolute bulk of the best union players. Among the SUFC scholars are also several professionals playing for the NSW Waratahs, Australian men's Sevens, and, in the case of Nick Phipps and Tom Robertson, the Australian national team, the Wallabies.

There are some who see tremendous value in SUFC's success. The support of the University has certainly

enriched the club's culture, providing a meaningful community for those who form part of it. There can be no doubt that the club produces great rugby teams and players, nor that their efforts have helped Australian union retain junior rugby stars tempted by lucrative contracts in Europe or rugby league. And it's certainly impossible to overstate the role SUFC has played in advancing women's rugby union in Australia, crucial as they are to recent progressive steps in the sport.

Giving so much support to the sport risks seeming meaningless to those outside

But to say students are unaware of these achievements would be an understatement. This is not some sad reflection on the quality of their marketing and communications strategy—interest in sport generally seems low among USyd students, but seems especially limited when it comes to both campus-related fare and rugby union. Indeed, across the inner west rugby union is a minor sport, with SUFC attracting players away from the junior clubs in regional NSW, Sydney's north shore, and the eastern suburbs.

More significant than students' ignorance to these ends, though, is their ignorance to the means: the majority of students are unaware that at least \$1 million goes towards supporting elite athletes, nor that much more has been spent on infrastructure and other amenities the bulk of us will never be able to access.

It's hard not to be disappointed by this outlay in a context where the Students' Representative Council, another party to SSAF negotiations, can't find the funds for a specialist sexual assault lawyer. And given most men's rugby union scholars graduated from elite private schools, who often could have attended USyd anyway, giving so much formal and informal support to the sport risks seeming meaningless to those outside the elite SUFC-SUSF bubble.

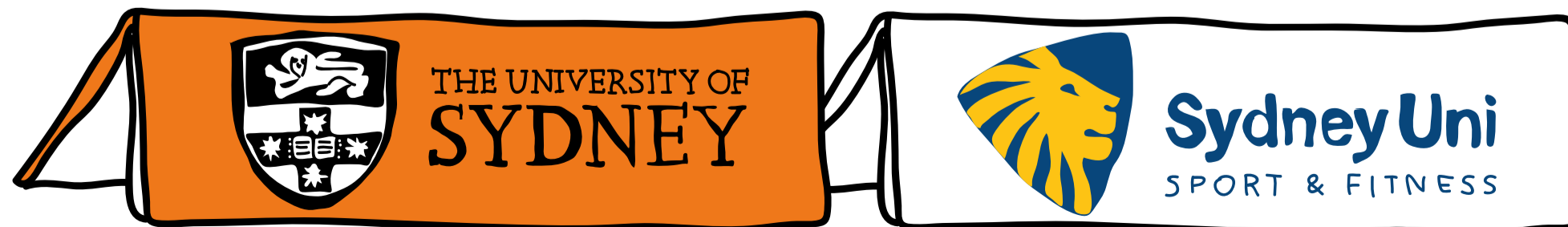
While students may consent to their role in SUFC's success, they first need to know the scheme exists, so they can judge for themselves whether the club's achievements are worth their money. But with the scheme unlikely to increase demand for courses at the university beyond a small group of athletes who don't end up paying fees anyway.

What's clear is that the University has a general interest in projecting the image that it excels in all fields, wanting to point at students that exemplify the renaissance image, even if that does nothing tangible to improve the education of the majority. What's also clear is that SUSF and talented private schoolboys benefit immensely from the existence of quasi-professional rugby club sustained largely by the fees of unconsenting and unaware students.

What's unclear is just what would happen if people pushed to pare this support back, particularly by means-testing all scholarships and removing those awarded solely on the basis of athletic merit. One could imagine great resistance to such an initiative.

So while some may swim about SUFC's deepening pool, the rest of us are left to tread water in the shallows, unaware of the games being played in the elite lanes of USyd's murky swamp.

Artwork by Andrew Rickert



Encoding literacy

Sameer Murthy explores the new frontier of education for the next generation.

If anything indicates that children growing up in the 21st century are having a fundamentally different childhood to previous generations, it's the rise of coding camps for kids.

Having recently just scraped through USyd's infamous COMP2017 course, I was curious about how the abstract concepts of programming are taught to children as young as six. And so I decided to put myself through the same lessons as my eight-year-old cousin, who participates in an after school coding program.

My cousin is learning through a game called Coding Monkey, where students write instructions to make a monkey collect a certain number of bananas. The game reveals that coding is simply a set of written instructions, executed by a computer. It teaches children the importance of syntax before introducing them to problem solving.

For the first task, students use an online ruler to measure the distance between the monkey and the banana, and then instruct the monkey to 'step' that distance. As the game progresses, the kids consider new directions and angles, which in turn requires them to write more code. For instance, students have to make the monkey 'turn' around to face specific objects.

The game introduces children to computer science terminology. Early on, they learn about libraries, which are collections of built-in commands and functions like 'SUM' and 'MEAN' that execute specific instructions. As many computer science students would know, the hardest part isn't learning all available libraries, but rather, how to apply the libraries to achieve a set goal.

Familiarity with coding will become as second nature as writing

And that's where problem-solving skills kick in. Students can't rely on being able to watch the monkey follow their code, and then continue on the next stage. Instead, their instructions must work one step at a time, carefully thought out ahead of time. Students have to visualise how the monkey can reach the banana—measuring angles, distances and directions—before they can write any code.

The program also gets students to rewrite sample code with incorrect logic, challenging them to think about the problem in more depth.

Rather than getting students to rote learn a concept, I was impressed with Coding Monkey's ability to contextualise the mathematics and science involved in programming.

There are a number of other reported platforms that have been successful in introducing coding to beginners. Some coding camps involve programming robots out of Lego kits, while the Apple-based application 'Swift' is targeted towards adults and guides users to design their own apps.

Whatever the method used, we can be sure that we are at an interesting stage of the history of coding literacy. Annette Vee, assistant professor of English at the University of Pittsburgh, predicts that familiarity with coding will become as second nature as writing in her book *Coding Literacy: How Computer Programming is Changing Writing*. She argues that coding will become a mainstream phenomenon, in the same way mass literacy developed in the late 19th century, and will one day become a mainstream subject taught outside Computer Science departments.

While current economical constraints and logistical hurdles make it difficult for the government to introduce coding programs in state-run schools at the moment, platforms like Coding Monkey are going a long way in democratising coding knowledge.

Vaping: clearing the air

Garnet Chan is not writing a puff piece.

Vaping is the act of inhaling vapour produced by a vaporiser or e-cigarette. Over the last few years this alternative to smoking tobacco cigarettes has transitioned from a niche practice among sciencebro early adopters, to a widely memed neckbeard indulgence, to, more recently, the basis for an extensive subculture. These days more people than ever have heard about vaping, but when it comes to the details many still have their heads in the clouds.

Like any favoured past-time, experts can taxonomise the art of "ripping the fattest vape". Beginners are often introduced to the form via an 'e-cigarette' (or ciglike) or 'pen' device. Pens are long, thin tubes that resemble elaborate fountain pens, while 'cigalike' devices are smaller and often look like a futuristic version of their heavily taxed counterpart. Popular e-cigarettes include JUUL, which has recently come under fire for promoting their products to teenagers.

Each vaporiser is powered by a battery that converts e-liquid (or e-juice) into inhalable droplets using an 'atomiser'. E-liquids are conveniently stored in either a refillable tank (in the case of pens) or cartridge (in the case of e-cigarettes). But for those who fancy themselves somewhat of a connoisseur of the cloud, or who perhaps just don't get enough of a kick from the cig or pen variety, the 'mod' vape might be more enticing. Mods are generally bulkier than their pen counterparts with higher battery, tank, and heating capacities. Users can customise the intensity of its mechanism; for example, one could achieve a more potent cloud by amping up the voltage of the battery. But just as the chariot is secondary to the rider, so too is the vaper's technique more important than their hardware. A slow and steady draw from the mouthpiece packs a stronger hit, much like a cigarette. But it is the exhale that separates the weak from the strong: vape tricks have attracted hobbyists who blow "dope". Some tricks include the 'dragon' where one exhales out the nose, the 'bull ring', the 'jellyfish' and smoke rings.



Artwork by Risako Katsumata

draw a straight line and follow it

POSEIDON SCARAMOUCHE

The purple night knocks against the windows. Murmurs chorus, a polyphony of melodies exchanged in anticipation, anxiety, and farewell. Farewell, and fear.

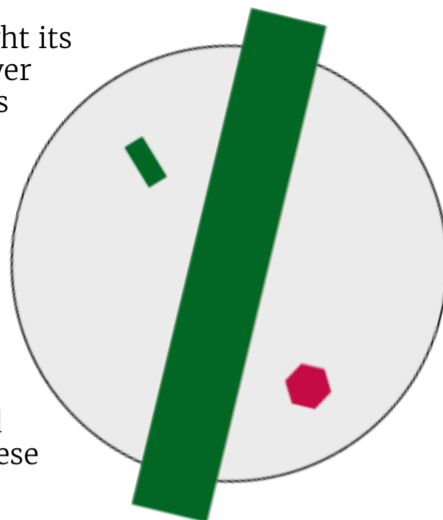
He fumbled with the brown paper package as they stared at the departures screen. For a moment he thought its clock had stopped, or maybe even ticked downward. They sat suspended above the moment, feet dangling over its ceaseless successions. Its length would eventually come to be known, assessed in terms of upward ticks as yet unaccounted. But for now, as they kicked at the void, it would continue its secret passage.

An arpeggio. The screen blinks QF1. He withdraws the package from his pocket and takes a bite. Soon their backs would have to turn; the numbers on the screen were, predictably, approaching their limit.

It wasn't the best image to depart on, was it? Pause a sec, love, I'm just a bit peckish; I've got me a craving, that I can't be craving, for 23 hours or more. So I best be ingesting, that cake so arresting, we made on your dormitory floor. Was probably how he'd write a song about it, he thought as their backs turned.

Did I smile? How wide did I open my mouth? Cocoa remnants no doubt embedded in my molars. Do I smell? Does it smell? Who could smell it? Can he? Can they? Does she just not, like, register its smell anymore? Why's he looking at me like that? Was she looking at me like that? No beep. (What about the weird metal rivets that sit atop my jean pockets?) And what is capable of smelling it? Surely not these scanners, these blasted synesthetic scanners?

Is she ... smelling it through the screen? Do those red and blue intensity marks sense the miasma? They've noticed. They've definitely noticed.



Sometimes dreams have a strange way of appropriating phenomena from the non-dream world into their silly plots. In those moments, the subconscious lets slip that it's poking around in consciousness territory, raiding the pantry of sensory experience for a midnight snack. Stranger yet, at times, the process seems to work the opposite way: the non-dreamworld inserts itself into the dream's intricate narrative, explaining the life that leaks into our passive husks. The dream predicts or even foreknows of this non-dream mise-en-scène, even before physical mechanisms can materialise them.

The turbulence had thus presented itself to him in dreamland without the slightest of disturbance to ordinary programming or chronology; this phantasm was decidedly Romantic. It had begun by the Thames, along Victoria Road and among things somehow more colonial than cliché. Green trees silently protest the grey firmament. You blink repeatedly as you trace along Heathrow's bourgeois Feng Shui, seeing a different image on the other side of each closed eye. You fumble at the package as you take your seat and sleep, wondering whether they've noticed.

And then there was the mandatory nightmare sketch: an incident on the tube. The sunrise becomes a lens flare, and the frame jumps abruptly. Interior shot: carriage, where he stutters and frets, and people look at him not with sympathy, as he childishly craves, but with revulsion. He knows they can smell it; that they can smell him. How does it smell to them? He wipes his face and picks his nose.

And he realises then that he is a warning, not only to them, but also to himself. Achtung! The ennui zone is for loading and unloading only! And then he cannot sleep because he dwells on the fact he's a warning. And then he cannot sleep because it's a dream and it seems to run counter to the very function of dreaming to sleep in one. So he instead counts the numbers upwards. He surrounds himself with the moment between each tick, buoying about their constant self-destruction. He feels each number. They only push forward.

Then somehow he finds himself waking up without even having gone to sleep, in defiance of most assumptions about the sleep process. Music plays as the plane rises above the reticulated orange sprawl.

What will face him when he lands? Who awaits? And what will they smell? What odours? Could he come to feel something more than numbers? And was it the nightmare, the smell, or the final farewell, that had him bouncing around?

The crinkled flam of the brown paper package followed each of his heartbeats.

And so in that way the plane's fraught motion entwined about his sleeping affairs. But perhaps, I wonder now looking back on it, whether the dream hinted at a grander clairvoyance: they would never turn their backs that way again.

His body was unprepared for the rising morning light. He clutched the package as he ambled in accordance with DXB's labyrinthine Feng Shui, averting security gaze and suspicious parental double take. No one could know what he was doing—they would see, they had stipulated in the fine print. He loses himself in the screen.

Each number collapses into the next, to be eliminated or preserved depending on the outlook and memory of the observer. Not for the first time, he found himself caught in the grand conspiracy of their forward ticking numbers. They pulled the future over his eyes to ensure the present went unseen. Unremembered. Unpreserved.

Why hadn't she stopped him? What was he crinkling around for in his pocket? Would it be deep enough to hold what he needed?

He peeled the last trace of the hangnail on his left thumb. It had bothered him for a while.

Sometimes I wish that they'd peered inside my pocket. I imagine myself behind their bars, discussed on their news, inculcated with their guilt. Life reenters the domain of experience as the ticks approach a known limit.

When sleep eventually comes to clarify matters, you don't think of it all as a sad indictment on the integrity of the Great Security Performance. You realise instead, the process was never designed to end. The checkpoints were but the first stage, the metal detectors a warning; the glances, threats. You dreamt they transported you to their bunk beds, smelling your nervous funk, and when you awoke you found that life had reconfigured itself to reflect that particular delusion.

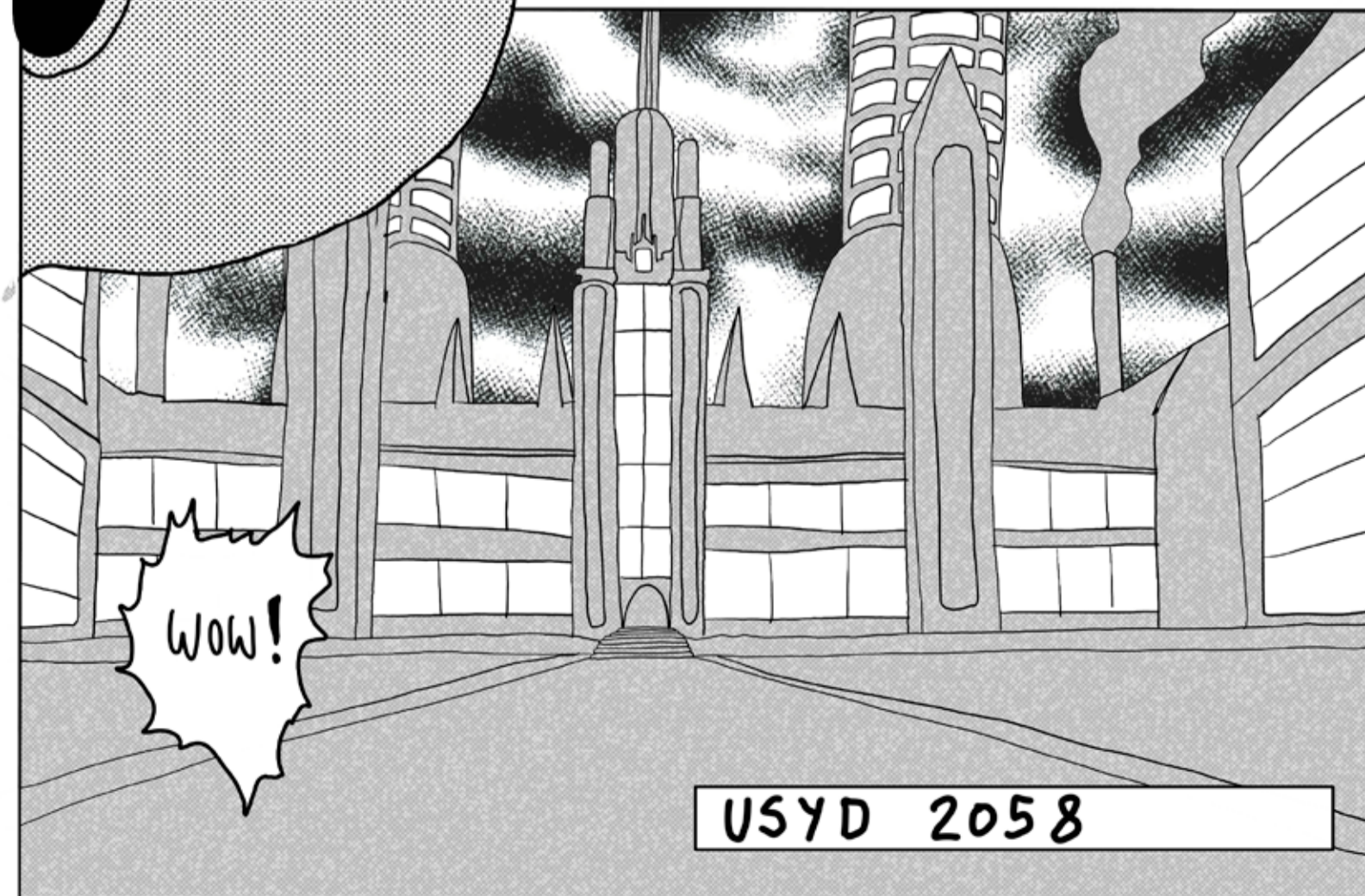
And every day they remind you you're a warning. You see it in the scenes they stage on the streets, in the ensemble's lines and blocks, in the horror movie that unfolds around you as you clench your whitened fists and beat against the Perspex. God oh why me let me out of here let me off the ride, give me back the North Atlantic wind. And you realise as you put your head upon the pillow in what could well be a dream, (you're not so sure anymore) that you are not just the subject of their plot. You direct it.

I called out as their plane turned its back on her: don't let me hit the limit.

And inside their Perspex container I can only count upwards. I feel each number. They only push forward.

大学生生活

UNIVERSITY LIFE



TO BE CONTINUED...

Backchat with the bachelorette

Alison Xiao chats to *Bachelor* contestant and former USU President Alisha Aitken-Radburn.

When Alisha Aitken-Radburn found out she would be a contestant on *The Bachelor*, she told one person—her housemate, Hannah Smith. Just a few years ago, when Alisha was USU President and Hannah was NUS Education Officer, they workshopped together what they would say on conference floor. This year, when Alisha came to prepare her opening lines to the bachelor, she naturally turned to her good friend and confidante.

"I honestly didn't have too many strategies going into the show," she tells me. In that sense, *The Bachelor* is a world away from the cauldron of student politics and federal elections, where Alisha first cut her teeth in tense negotiations and campaign planning.

"Walking from one end of Eastern Avenue to the other, and giving [a Socialist Alternative member] a hug, and then catching up with someone from the Liberal Club," helped prepare her for the interesting characters in the *Bachelor* house, she says.

But building a connection with someone is not something easily strategised or prepared for. Alisha made it halfway through the show—not a bad effort for a contestant, who in her own words, "struggled to hold a conversation" with Nick 'Honey Badger' Cummins.

Cummins has faced huge backlash after refusing to pick a winner in the finale, and further escalated tension by offering to "buy the girls a drink" if they were hurt.

Alisha doubts whether the Honey Badger's feelings for the girls were actually genuine. "I felt like he was going through the motions to make this TV show, rather than actually wanting to ... know somebody and find that connection."

She compared it to girls being led on in the outside world. "A lot of these women had sacrificed a lot to be there ... I think maybe that was a bit lost on him."

She counts herself "incredibly lucky" that she didn't have substantial feelings for him.

"I'm a really emotional person, I would really spiral [on the show] if I had those feelings."

Four months after leaving the *Bachelor* mansion,

Alisha says that though she knew finding love on the show was a long-shot, she was still disappointed that she "didn't have those butterflies in [her] stomach".

Instead of being a frontrunner, Alisha took on the role of house commentator (arguably with more charisma than host, Osher Gunsberg). She was also portrayed as a villainous 'mean girl', in a trio with Bali designer Cat Henesey and photoshoot director Romy Poulier.



Artwork by Matthew Fisher

Going into the show, Alisha was "acutely aware" she might be painted as a villain.

"I know myself and I know that I don't tend to hold my tongue."

That frankness cost her some fans. "I had a lot of direct messages on Instagram telling me I needed a nose job, that I needed to throw myself in front of a bus," she says. In her tenure as a student politician, Alisha received a fair share of criticism, but never on this scale.

After serving as USU president in 2015, Alisha went on to work as an 'advancer' in Opposition Leader Bill Shorten's office, working behind the scenes to organise his appearances.

Her decision to go on *The Bachelor* sparked judgement from friends and strangers alike. As *Pulp* put it, rather harshly, "she chose reality TV over using her degree and working for a politician".

She admits it was difficult to "put aside everybody's opinions" about whether she was endangering her future career prospects.

Although she had "a bit of a bumpy road" after leaving the *Bachelor* mansion, she's landed on her feet, now working as Director of Events and Fundraising for NSW Labor.

"I sat around ... tried to exercise and tried to fill my hours," she says. "I wouldn't be completely genuine if [I said] I wasn't a little worried for a while there."

But Alisha has no regrets. Her experience on the show made her have "a real proper think about what [her] priorities are in life." She remembers sitting in her first Media and Communications tute, wanting to become a news reporter for Channel 7. Going on *The Bachelor* and back into the media industry gave her an opportunity to crystallise her thoughts.

A self-professed "hopeless romantic", the show also helped her to reflect on the ideal qualities she would want in a partner.

"If I had to do it again I'd prefer to be in the action rather than commenting on the action."

The art of scraping by

Rebecca Chu has learnt a lot about therapy, through therapy.

As I sit dead centre on the couch, wedged between multi-coloured cushions, I realise that the woman opposite me is the sixth therapist I have seen in two years. I go through the motions, repeating my now well-rehearsed story of how I came to be the anxious mess of a person I am today. A familiar sense of futility overcomes me but I continue to talk.

The next session she repeats the same things previous psychologists have said to me. "When someone has low self-esteem, they tend to respond to situations with aversive thoughts and behaviours," she says.

"Particularly given the experiences you've been through, it makes sense that you would feel socially anxious."

That's why I'm here, I think to myself.

No one ever told me what a frustrating and never-ending process treating my social anxiety would be. They never told me how the 50 minutes of in-person sessions would be nothing compared to the 118 waking hours spent with my internal pathological critic. Its voice soothes my fears and anxieties, then turns around and beats me down with the same caresses it just comforted me with.

It is a constant battle between me and my therapists, as they push the boundaries of my self-defence

mechanisms while I cry, argue and beg to stay in.

I remember my second therapist warning me that most people tend to get worse in the beginning, but not to worry, because it will get better. No indication of when that would be, but it would eventually. And if I gave up early...?

A study published by US researchers Joshua Swift and Roger Greenberg in 2012 found that one in five clients drop out of therapy. Never mind the bureaucratic complexities that prevent you from seeking help in the first place—therapy itself is an uphill battle.

For me, therapy is a process of trial-and-error, with a lingering fear that maybe there isn't a solution. It is countless sessions spent on a couch that I will never be comfortable on, paying for someone to talk to me because there is no one else.

It is a roulette of therapists who sometimes slip up and reveal their frustration. It is the number of different cognitive therapies that you try, hoping to God one of them will help you feel sane.

So why do I keep going back?

Therapy is also the success of being able to spend time with strangers, co-workers and classmates without anxiety consuming my entire body.

It is the triumph of the one time I was able to approach an acquaintance, and gain a friendship that I

had worked for. It is the one less day I wake up without the foreboding feeling of why?

Asking for help and getting it is not always as straightforward as everyone envisions. The inconsistencies and other inadequacies of the system perpetuate a conversation that prioritises superficial awareness over real action.

There are over 50 different types of therapies, none of which hold a magical key to unlock the secret of being 'normal'

Therapy, like everything in life, is flawed. There are over 50 different types of therapies, none of which hold a magical key to unlock the secret of being 'normal'. It can be a tedious and ongoing process that yields disappointing results, but results nonetheless.

The past two years have made me realise that treatment is not about eradication. Instead, it's about learning to navigate a complex, imperfect world by celebrating improvements—no matter how small or insignificant they may seem.

What people don't tell you about European exchange

William Tandany reflects on racism while studying abroad.

When people ask about my exchange in Barcelona I find it hard to give an answer that is both concise and honest. On the one hand, I realised my travel dreams and actualised everything the brochure promised. I cherish the friendships formed from shared wanderlust, the personal growth earned through daring sojourns into the unknown, and emancipation from Australia's restrictive alcohol and tobacco taxes. But on the other hand, homesickness and loneliness became infrequent but sobering acquaintances, while routinised drudgery would eventually occasion back into the everyday.

What I ultimately tell people is that my exchange experience was profoundly positive, and that is the truth, although a shallow one. I confide to closer friends about the troubles I had during exchange and the difficulty I've had in articulating these experiences. The most difficult to speak about, in particular, was my experience of racism and identity abroad.

As an Asian-born Australian, it is hard to detach from the perennial anxieties of race and identity, which, as with many other first-generation Australians, constantly shape my experience.

By now, I've developed a standard protocol for dealing with the customary "Where do you (really) come from?" and its attendant secondary interrogations of my identity.

When I'm feeling irate and combative I double down ("did I stutter?"), when I'm petty I tend to mock ("I escaped from North Korea actually...") or sometimes flat out invent a country ("My parents came from Chionmay... it's an island off the coast of Malaysia...") but occasionally I'm accommodating and truthful.

"Chino, Chino, Chino..." was the first racial slur I heard... It took me by surprise

Obviously, in Europe, these questions, as well as potential for cultural misunderstanding, are par for the course amongst a cohort of diverse cultural backgrounds. The prudent POC would have by now, discerned between cultural misunderstandings and intentional microaggressions, lest they wish to be constantly exhausted. But if the frequent questioning of one's identity grows tiring, then the belittlement of one's race becomes downright frustrating. To my dismay, experiences of racism I had not encountered since primary school where I was the lone Asian soon followed me around the socially liberal cities of modern Europe.

"Chino, Chino, Chino..." was the first racial slur I heard, on the bustling open plazas of Barcelona's Raval precinct. It took me by surprise. Amidst busy foot-traffic, I caught sight of the vulgar rhetorician: a slightly framed man in his early 20s smugly basking in my confusion. Oafishly he gestured to his eyes, then pulled them into narrow slits just to leave no room for misunderstanding his intentions. He took off on a rusty bicycle before I could collect myself enough to respond.

These types of incidents happened dozens of times throughout my exchange, in Barcelona and other places in Europe. As my friends and I travelled through various countries, the 'Asian-ness' of our physicalities seemed to invite all manner of bizarre modifications to the hospitality of the people we met. In an unexpected shift in conversation, a pleasant but rather inebriated man in his early fifties casually queried during a chat at a Barcelona street festival, "¿A qué sabe la sopa de perro?" ("what does dog soup taste like?"). Stunned and ill-equipped for a witty response in Spanish, I politely explained that no one eats that.

However, where my personal experiences of racism could at least be distilled to cultural ignorance, other friends experienced more dangerous and violent

iterations.

Stephanie*, an Australian of Bruneian-Laotian heritage, who decided to undertake her compulsory exchange in the stridently liberal city of Copenhagen in Denmark, recounts the numerous times she and her friends dealt with the threat of racial violence.

International students, by virtue of their otherness, are perceived as part of the problem

When Stephanie first arrived at her host university, she was taken aback at several posts on the student Facebook group which warned of a pattern of racially charged confrontations.

Like myself, Stephanie had taken for granted the extent to which racism would be prevalent in her exchange life. She soon found herself consoling another friend, Miguel, a Singaporean national with mixed South Asian heritage, who had been racially abused and physically assaulted.

The altercation, Miguel recalled, seemed to be provoked by the brownness of him and his friend. Both were wandering around the whimsical anarchist municipality of Christiania at 2am when they were accosted by a gang of four inebriated and presumably 'coked up' Danes.

When I met Miguel in Copenhagen on the last leg of my European tour, he told me his assailants had spat vague nationalist epithets such as "Denmark for Danes", a slogan frequently used by leaders of the burgeoning far-right Danish People's Party (Dansk Folkeparti). Miguel told me that incident, although the most physically violent, was not the only racialised confrontation that he or his friend group experienced whilst in Denmark.



Artwork by Simone Cheuanghane

That racial abuse has become a common, nearly routine experience for international students of colour exchanging in member countries of the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD), is jarring but unsurprising and unfortunately not widely reported. A combination of unfamiliarity with their host country's law enforcement system, or a distrust of it altogether, discourages students like Miguel from reporting these incidents to the authorities.

The popular expectation of Europe as a socially liberal and tolerant continent, in conjunction with its image of cosmopolitan sophistication, is what makes Europe such an appealing exchange destination. In this light, it is easy to view these spontaneous incidents of physical and verbal xenophobia as deeply disappointing aberrations of the progressive European norm.

But in reality, we can not divorce incidents of xenophobia and racism from the political and structural developments across the continent that are now inciting nationalist populist fervour.

A banner strewn over the side of a main overpass in the provincial Catalan town of Girona read "pisos per a residents, no estudiants" (flats for residents, not students) and urban graffiti reading "barcelona no per als turistes" (Barcelona not for tourists) can be found all around the city. Whilst radical left-anarchism and secular progressivism has shaped the political history of Spain's Catalonia region, it has similarly been unified by an uneasy concoction of historic provincialism and soft ethnic nationalism.

So in the frenetic context of hyper-gentrification, high rent, and unemployment, foreigners and international students, by virtue of their otherness, are perceived as part of the problem.

These problems are not unique to Europe. At home, an international student from Pakistan studying at Newcastle University was recently bashed by a group of locals on account of his nationality. This incident, the most physically violent in recent memory, follows a deeply disturbing trend of hostility and abuse lobbied against international students studying in Australia.

With the volume of international students studying in Australia, and abroad elsewhere, only set to increase next year, it is easy to misconstrue these students as additional 'competition' and burdens on countries beset with socio-economic anxiety. In such circumstances, race and identity once again come to the fore, as facile and intuitive instruments to sort the 'good' foreigners from the bad. Having experienced both sides of the domestic-international student binary, my exchange in Europe has highlighted how despite their fragility and vacuity, nationalised identities are still powerful proxies that set the boundaries between inclusion and exclusion and, at times, violence and nonviolence.

Rethinking paediatric palliative care

Jeffrey Khoo questions the way young people with terminal illnesses are viewed and treated.

Our childhood and teenage years are meant to be the best years of our life. Or so we are told—unburdened by responsibility and empowered by fearlessness, we explore all the world has to offer, taking it in through all our senses for the first time. We live in the present. The future can wait.

But when we talk about young people who have a terminal illness, we are forced to reconsider. Faced with the devastating, perplexing incongruity between a young patient's innocence and the stark reality of death, we falter. How is this fair? How are we meant to respond to this?

"By the time you get to the palliative stage, the outcome is, unfortunately, certain," says Jason*, a Sydney-based paediatrician. At that stage, the medical team's focus shifts from prolonging life to "making the patient comfortable". That approach is unique among medical specialisations, and one that families often struggle with, mistaking it for giving up on their child's chance for survival.

"There's some [parents] that are still begging, negotiating with us, asking 'Can't you do more?' It's heartbreaking," Jason admits.

"But you just try and answer as many of their questions as possible without giving them false hope."

We form a particular image of the 'sick kid', similar to that portrayed in the media and through charity campaigns: helpless, precious, bedridden, pitied. It's an image primarily framed around their illness, rather than their youth; an image of the potential which has and will be

ripped away from them, rather than their individual potential for growth and exploration now.

I asked Jason what the word "comfortable" means in this difficult context. Often, "it just means being pain-free," he replies. When pain is a constant physical reminder of the threat of this enigmatic illness, being stripped of pain can be liberating. Your mind goes elsewhere. For a brief moment, you're able to dream of things outside your present reality, maybe even getting to experience "a comfortable day, if not strictly normal."

The question is not how we should prepare for death, but how we can live fully until our final moments

In Jason's experience, and that of many other paediatricians, that sense of stability and comfort is what their young patients wish for the most while in the middle of this confronting process.

To them, the best days or years of their life are ones which are strikingly normal. Going down to the shops, meeting up with friends, sleeping in their own room

Transformative movements in end-of-life care are being spearheaded most notably by BJ Miller, a physician and triple amputee who formerly ran Zen Hospice in San Francisco. Zen Hospice had the appearance of a New York townhouse, much more homely than the sanitised pale halls of a hospital or aged care facility. Residents could come and go as they pleased, supported by a squadron of medical staff, social workers and volunteers who connected with

residents. Zen Hospice has closed its doors, but Miller remains active in public life, advocating for innovative models of care which enable people from diverse walks of life to reclaim death as a personal, rather than medical, experience in which the patient retains their agency.

Miller's philosophy of care draws on Atul Gawande's *Being Mortal*, about how a medical practitioner's job is more than to ensure survival. "It is to enable well-being. And well-being is about the reasons one wishes to be alive."

The question, then, is not how we should prepare for death, but how we can live fully until our final moments.

It should be a priority that young people with a terminal illness, in addition to world-class medical treatment, are afforded psychological and emotional support so they can have a chance to construct an identity separate to their illness.

Their representation should acknowledge the breadth of their experiences, ordinary and extraordinary.

When we consider how very normal the desires of young patients in palliative care are, and how we can easily fulfil them with a small shift in mindset, we come one step closer to enabling sick kids to experience what are supposed to be the best years of their life, to provide moments which are dignified and beautiful in their simplicity.

* Names have been changed



Artwork by Natasha Op't Land

Crumbling under the weight of queer bodies

Nick Forbutt on the intersection of weight and love.

Like many stories about weight and queerness, the battle over my body started at an early age. I have been chubby since I can remember, but it was not until middle school that weight became an issue. I began to weigh myself daily. I would sneak into my parents bathroom, strip naked, step on their battery-operated antique and zealously wait for the numbers to appear. This happened for years—complete with yo-yo dieting, body dysmorphia and chronic probes of my full-length mirror. Then I left high school, moved out of home, accepted myself for who I am, and came out as gay. Briefly arrested by the idea that coming out would invariably lead to romantic and personal fulfilment, a new pressure to inhabit a certain archetype consumed me.

As a community founded on inclusion, the irony of pervasive fat and femme shaming is not lost

Coming out entices immediate interest (even fetishisation) within the LGBTIQ+ community. The more I immersed myself, the more I felt a crippling desire to conform to a certain lean and muscular physique to achieve the 'ideal' body. Queer people are often sexually objectified, with much more attention paid to our appearances in the media and society.

This puts a lot of pressure on how we view our bodies—biceps, jawlines, cheekbones, body hair, physique definition, waist size, abs—everything is placed under an erotic and microscopic gaze. With this sexual objectification comes dangerous coping

mechanisms for queer men: bingeing, purging, bulimia and obsessive body checking. Marginalised via social exclusion and homophobia in broader society, the rigid ideals of beauty and attractiveness within my own subculture made me revert to the mirror; not in vanity, but in sadness. If you are overweight in our community, you become invisible.

Not being able to love and accept yourself personally, especially in your own relationships, is an additional and arduous challenge. Until recently, there has been very little research into the intersection between body issues, diverse sexualities and relationships—even less so for non-binary and transgender people, who face unique challenges around image and weight anxieties, and deserve more attention.

Alex Day, a psychology honours student at UNSW, found that both homosexual and heterosexual men receive more negative weight commentary than lesbian and heterosexual women. The study researched the connection between relationship dissatisfaction and body perception, sampling homosexual and heterosexual men and women.

Measuring on a 'never to always' scale, the questionnaire asked participants to identify with statements such as "I'm preoccupied with a desire to be thinner" and "I wish I was muscular".

In calculating the pressure to be thinner, the study found that men prefer slender and more attractive partners. Women did not have as much of a preference on their partners' appearance, and received less negative weight commentary than men, particularly in the lesbian sample.

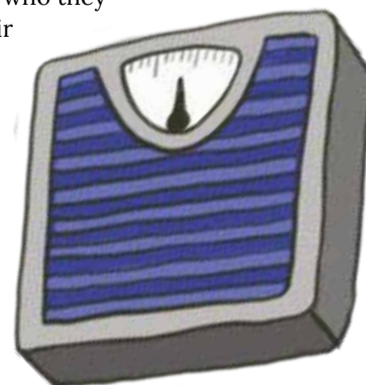
In the responses of homosexual men, their partner's muscularity, weight and appearance were pivotal to their relationship satisfaction. This reflects the very

internalisation of socio-cultural ideas around the ideal body shape within the gay community. While concerns about body image have traditionally been associated with women, the study reflects that gay men are also at risk for body dissatisfaction and the development of disordered eating.

My first relationships, both casual and long-term, were sources of self-esteem. They were healing, therapeutic and an explicit reclamation of a sexuality and a body I was now ready to express. Yet, weight perception is regrettably associated with partner preference.

In my experience, the sharing of queer bodies and experiences through same-gender comparisons can cause subtle competition and self-consciousness. Working out together, sharing clothes and styling each other all offer arenas for commentary.

As a community founded on inclusion, the irony of pervasive fat and femme shaming is not lost on me. The assumption that the safety of coming out is assured in the post-plebiscite world is wishful thinking, and queer teenagers deserve spaces where they can unashamedly embrace who they are, regardless of their bodies. In our bars, on our apps and in our relationships, we must realise that perfect bodies do not exist, and we are all so much more than the skin we occupy.



Artwork by Sasha McCarthy



*lonely students
lost in the crowd*

WORDS / ELIJAH ABRAHAM
ART / JULIETTE AMIES
& ELOISE MYATT



WHAT BECOMES MORE AND MORE APPARENT IS THAT THE MYTHICAL STUDENT EXPERIENCE USYD IS RENOWNED FOR IS, AND PROBABLY WAS ALWAYS, OUT OF REACH FOR A CERTAIN KIND OF STUDENT

The best time to use the microwaves in Fisher Library kitchen during the day is 2:40pm. It's enough time after the lunchtime spike but right before the afternoon rush. That's when the line is shortest and you can get in quickly. I know this because I spent almost all of my first year of uni hanging out in Fisher kitchen on my own.

When I started at USyd, I didn't know anyone in Sydney. My social life in first year was non-existent. I didn't talk to anyone outside of classes. I joined one club but never went to any events or parties. When class ended, I would hop straight onto a packed train leaving Redfern.

At the time, it worked for me. I lived at home but I wasn't working and I didn't want to spend too much money eating out, so I'd buy cup noodles in bulk and bring them to uni each day. In between classes, I'd warm up a cup at Fisher kitchen, sit down by myself and watch anime on my laptop.

I thought getting a part time job might change things, but I quickly learnt that working and having an income wouldn't improve my university social life. I had much less time to spend at uni. I started to meet new people at work; people I was much more easily able to form social connections with than anyone I'd met at USyd. I found fewer and fewer reasons to leave my house in Liverpool and come all the way into campus.

* * *

University is sold as an enjoyable, socially prosperous time in the lives of young adults. But for some, it's a time of confronting and disappointing realisations about university life. Loneliness is difficult to quantify but not hard to spot.

Going into a Bachelor of Health Science at Sydney Uni, Sangeetha was very excited. "I just thought that I was gonna love life if I went to USyd." Despite not knowing anyone taking the course, she was optimistic: "At first I was like 'oh, it will force me to make friends' so then I'm like 'yeah this is a good thing.'" At the end of her first year, however, Sangeetha says she made only one good friend.

It's the case for many students: a three or four-year degree ends up being a solitary venture and university, a cold and unfriendly place.

"We know that it's good for students to not just come to class and then disappear and we know that it's good for students not to study just virtually," says Dr. Petr Matous, a senior engineering academic at USyd who

Loneliness might push some students to transfer, but the majority of people who feel lonely at uni probably don't do anything. They're just stuck, resigned to disappointment

studies social networks. "A large part of the university life is meeting other people, creating relationships and learning how to socialise with others."

Meeting people is not so simple, however. At a structural level, there are a number of economic

problems which prevent students from engaging with campus culture at USyd. Unlike in other cities, students from Sydney often don't move out of home and live together on campus, which means that campus life is less vibrant. In an expensive city, where work is especially insecure for young people, students have less time and reason to socialise on campus: when you are working to support yourself throughout uni, or trying to rush through your degree to get a good grad job, hanging out around campus is financially unviable.

Lily* moved from Queensland to USyd to study Media & Communications without knowing anyone. She wanted to join some of the clubs and societies during OWeek—the Japanese Society, because she was majoring in Japanese, and the Society for Creative Anachronism, whatever that meant. It would be a good way to meet people at a new university, she thought. Her dreams were shot down when she saw the \$70 price tag of the ACCESS card, which lets you participate in the C&S program. "At the time I literally didn't have seventy dollars in my bank account so I was like, cool, can't do any of these."

"A lot of students now don't spend as much time on campus as in the past and that's because of things [...] like remote learning, [...] people need to work, people live far away," USU President, Liliana Tai, tells me. "We're trying to make sure that we kind of adapt what we can offer to students."

The USU reduced the price of ACCESS renewals this semester, and Tai says they're currently looking into options like extended operating hours and delivery services to cater to changing student needs. "But it's definitely a big problem for us because we're obviously a very student focused organisation and a lot of our activities are on campus," she adds.

Making USyd's social scene more accessible is certainly a noble aim, but for people like Sangeetha, building friendships is still the first step to feeling less isolated at uni. "Even if I wanted to join a society, there was no one to join it with and so I just never ended up doing it," she says.

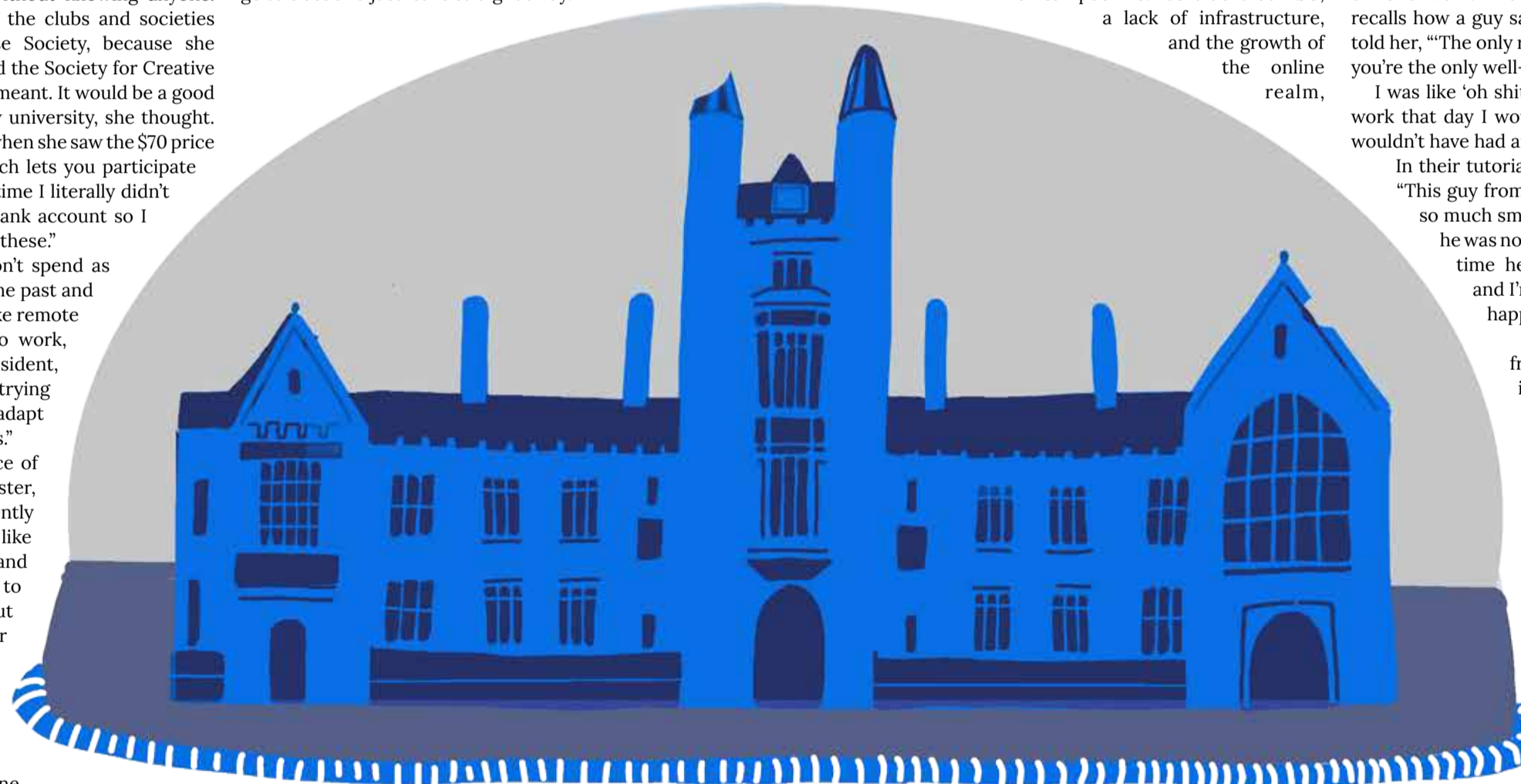
When Sarah started a Bachelor of Psychology at

USyd, she hoped to live the kind of lifestyle you hear about. But, dropped into a large cohort with constantly shifting classes, she quickly realised how difficult it would be to make good friends. Sarah says the tutorial setting is one of the biggest structural impediments to

healthy socialising at uni.

"There's this heavy air in tutorial rooms, which didn't let you do anything. There was no lightness about it, you walked in and everyone was silent. And you just awkwardly sat next to the person and you didn't say anything to them."

Each semester, she'd walk into tutorials thinking, this time around she might meet someone new. "And then you'd maybe make an effort the first few lessons and then realise that nothing would actually flourish, then you just be like, fuck it, okay, I'm just going to go to class and just leave straight away."



* * *

It seems as though most socialising at USyd takes place outside of lecture theatres and tutorial rooms or, at least, in inner city areas like Newtown. Therein lies a big problem: for students who live far from uni, quite often from Western Sydney, and from diverse cultural and economic backgrounds, these venues for socialisation are typically inaccessible.

In Sarah's case, living in Merrylands and coming from a Lebanese background, attending uni events wasn't very feasible.

"Most people go out at uni on like a Wednesday or Thursday night. And if you've got ethnic parents and you live 40 minutes out from where the parties are, it's not very easy or convenient ... or, you just don't end up

engaging in any of that."

Students in Sarah's position can go through their entire degrees without having the kind of university experience you see in movies, or even hear about from friends at interstate universities. Instead, they experience something more similar to the oft quoted 'in and out' models seen at universities like Macquarie and WSU, where students go solely for classes then immediately return home.

USyd is different to these universities though. It is not bereft of social scene. In fact, USyd is renowned for its student experience.

It's the case for many students: a three or four-year degree ends up being a solitary venture and university, a cold and unfriendly place

"I don't think there's any other university in Australia that parallels Sydney Uni's offerings when it comes to campus activities and student societies," says Tom Joyner, a former Honi editor. In 2016, Joyner wrote a feature about Manning Bar for Honi: once the centre of campus life in the 90s and early 2000s, Manning fell into decline following the introduction of Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) in 2005.

"These days where do you go?" Joyner asks.

Many people point to VSU as the reason for the death of campus life. It's true that VSU, a lack of infrastructure, and the growth of the online realm,

have had a considerable impact on the nature of universities, but it's not quite accurate to draw a straight line between the decline in campus life with student loneliness.

What becomes more and more apparent is that the mythical student experience USyd is renowned for is, and probably was always, out of reach for a certain kind of students. USyd's social scene is typically a bubble of private and selective school students, many of whom know each other well in advance of coming to uni.

This is something Lily saw from the periphery. "I did feel like you could really tell the private school kids, like

the ones who still lived with their parents and hadn't really lived outside of Sydney." For people outside of the bubble, it's difficult. You're already an outsider. To break in it takes far more effort and you have no indication of whether it's even worth it."

Sometimes, people can't break in no matter what, as USyd seems to be dominated by an insidious socioeconomic bias. Classism is rife across campus.

When Sangeetha landed a corporate job, she needed to start wearing business attire, so as to travel between uni and work. In a tutorial for a business class, she recalls how a guy sat next to her on the first day and told her, "The only reason I'm talking to you is because you're the only well-dressed person here."

I was like 'oh shit', if I happened to not be going to work that day I wouldn't have dressed up and then I wouldn't have had anyone to talk to."

In their tutorial, they sat behind a Lebanese guy. "This guy from the Northern Suburbs would talk so much smack about this Lebanese guy when he was not there. He would roll his eyes every time he said something in conversation and I'm like, oh gosh, I don't want that to happen to me."

I'd just never mention that I was from Campbelltown. Can you imagine if I did? I would have lost my only friend."

It was much the same for Sarah. "I remember feeling embarrassed to say sometimes that I live in Merrylands. It's horrible. People don't even know where it is and if they do know where it is, they don't know anything good about it."

Having friends outside of uni was an important buffer for Sarah. Though her time on campus was isolating, she had a social group so she never felt completely alone.

Sarah is now towards the end of her degree and apportsions some of the blame to herself.

"I knew people by face because you'd attend class for twelve weeks in a row, but you would've never met them or you'd never introduce yourself to each other."

But then I always think is it me or is it them, like they could probably be thinking the same thing about me, like why aren't they speaking? And it's like well why aren't I speaking?"

* * *

Too much time alone leads to heavy introspection. These are questions that almost everyone in this situation asks themselves, and they're difficult to resolve. For people who are lonely at USyd, what can they actually do?

In extreme cases, students may feel so isolated they end up leaving the university.

"Certain types of students that we would like to get more of, especially students who come from maybe more remote areas and maybe less privileged backgrounds, come here and they don't know anyone in Sydney," Dr. Matous says. "They come here and they feel homesick. They feel lonely," he continues, "and we've had some students who went back home because they just didn't feel well here."

Likewise, Sangeetha tells me, "my mates that I started uni with that went to my high school all left to UNSW or UWS within the first two years. I was the only one that stayed."

Loneliness might push some students to transfer, but the majority of people who feel lonely at uni probably don't do anything. They're just stuck, resigned to disappointment. It's fine, you say, you'll just go through your degree just not having made friends at uni. Without a buffer, without a bunch of friends from a different social circle, loneliness can be painful.

When you're a second year and you're mustering up the courage to go to your first university party, where you know almost no one, only to spend two hours in the bathroom on your phone, beating yourself up for not being as good at conversation as first years, it's depressing.

* * *

As uni progressed, my personal circumstances have changed. By my fourth year, I've managed to slip into university life. I still feel lonely, at times, but I can't really attest to being isolated on campus anymore.

I still think about it though, about barriers to partaking in university life. It's sad to think that kind and interesting people are often denied the opportunity to build friendships at university and instead fall prey to the anxious, draining experience of isolation.

It's difficult to forget the feeling.

Walking down Eastern Avenue, watching people walk alongside their friends, while I walked with a knot in my stomach that I didn't have anyone to tell about.



UNIVERSITY IS SOLD AS AN ENJOYABLE, SOCIALLY PROSPEROUS TIME IN THE LIVES OF YOUNG ADULTS. BUT FOR SOME, IT'S A TIME OF CONFRONTING AND DISAPPOINTING REALISATIONS



My ex managed to score a Slot 7 show after being rejected time and time again by the SUDS heads. He was determined to establish himself within the society, always preparing and rehearsing, even putting off one of his essays by 2 weeks. The night his family and I had gathered to finally see it, an Investment Agency had booked out the floor above the Cellar Theatre for a networking event, littering the entire show with the sound of loud footsteps and shuffling chairs. You'd think it was the investment bankers who ruined the show, but if anything it offered a reprieve from 3 HRs of self indulgent drudgery. ZJ

The night is young and despondent. We're too old to be refused entry to an o-week manning party, and too poor to be guilty of the accusation that my friend's coked up to the heavens. A show of nepotism from the o-week directors only reinforces the refusal, so we wander around, turned away at every entrance, until: we follow a gang of tsingtao workers into a backdoor and, carrying random debris (chairs, speaker stands, empty kegs) found backstage, we manage to maintain the employee facade just long enough to escape detection and blend into the sweaty 17-year-old crowd. MS

CAMPUS

University students statistically spend most of their time on campus, whether by choice or not.



STORIES

We asked our reporters to describe their most memorable moments. Photos by Zachary Jones.

I used to cry a lot at the RC Mill oval when I was first coming to terms about my sexuality. That is, until a staff member got me in trouble for smoking. SMS

In first year, a friend and I would always go down to the colleges in the evening because we knew they threw parties around the grandstand. We would crash them and blend in with the crowd and pocket drinks, take them back up to the carslaw rooftop across campus and drank until the sun came up. My mate dropped out of university and I haven't seen her since second year and everytime I walk through carslaw I think of those nights of debauchery. WT

My friend is ordering a HSP and I am crying over a silly French essay that needs to be done in two hours. He passes me a handful of tissues so I can wipe my sticky cheeks. We eat the HSP together on a bench in the sun, ibises darting between our legs. AZ

This year I started doing aerial silks and trapeze with SURCAS at the Ledge. From sore feet to tried arms, I have never felt so much pain from something meant to be so much fun. But I love it! WH

Walking into my Torts & Contracts lecture on Monday mornings was never quite the same after my lecturer caught my boyfriend and I making out in the law school foyer and told us "they need to get some furniture in here for you guys". XL

Censoring Western Sydney: when to use youse

Lama Rahman talks about changing your vernacular to fit in.

The first time someone told me I wasn't speaking properly, I was 13 years old, and knee deep in hot, steamy water. Sydney Girls High School was having its Wednesday morning swimming classes at Randwick pool, and my instructor had asked how many minutes we had until our bus came to pick us up. I said, "I fink five?"

"You think?" he responded, "Or you fink?"

No one had pulled me up on my pronunciation at home, a leafy suburb 24 kilometres west of this pool. Until that moment, I didn't even know it was an issue, but now I felt exposed and ashamed.

"USyd knows nothing about the West and the West hates them for it."

We aren't taught to speak in the same way we are taught to read and write. Spoken 'errors' usually aren't corrected, especially not if your teachers speak the same way as you. For many students who grew up in the West, the realisation we are speaking the 'wrong' way is unexpected. I learned late, but some students who have been educated in Western Sydney their whole lives learn even later: many of them unintentionally fall into the habit of 'code switching'.

Code switching refers to a person changing their language according to their audience. We subtly code switch all the time. But for Western Sydney students, it can begin to demarcate parts of their lives.

Victor Ye, an undergrad from Casula,

has studied economics at USyd for three years. With graduation looming large, Victor describes his time at USyd as neither bad nor good, but, "interesting".

"People [at USyd] are a lot more uptight and sensitive than the West with regards to language," Victor says. He went to an unremarkable public school in southwest Sydney, and he receives Youth Allowance from Centrelink. The same cannot be said for many of his peers in finance, who either come from academically successful schools, or had a wealthy upbringing.

"I personally change my way of speaking with them," he confides. When Victor is at USyd, his accent is smooth: he takes care to enunciate every word, and exaggerates the rises and falls in his voice. But in his one-storey house in Casula, where he lives with his immigrant parents and his younger sister, the facade is gone.

For these students, it's not just the fear of ridicule that leads them to code switch, although that certainly is a part of it. The motivating factor is the fear of being misunderstood: fear that our word choice could be perceived incorrectly when divorced from its context—when our listeners aren't familiar with our 'code'.

"The way I speak, unironically, is what they do when they're sort of having fun imitating people from my area," says X, a business major. X is a non-practising Muslim who lives in Lakemba, a suburb 15km southwest of the CBD. Searching 'Lakemba' on Google turns up articles on crime rates, anti-terror raids and a 'crudely Islamified' mannequin.

"My friends at USyd went through a phase of saying 'say wallah'. It was really

weird. I knew if I said it, they wouldn't really get it," X said.

It's a disconnect many students from the West can empathise with: to have our vernacular, accent or word choice become the punchline of a playground joke. It creates a sense of unease, like we've accidentally overheard a conversation we weren't meant to be privy to.

It doesn't end at how we speak, but also what we say. Abbey Lenton, a fourth year media and communications student, is from Greenfield Park, a suburb close to the city of Fairfield, one of the most diverse regions in Sydney.

"Because the West is a melting pot of every type of person, nothing's off the table," Abbey said. "USyd's not like that."

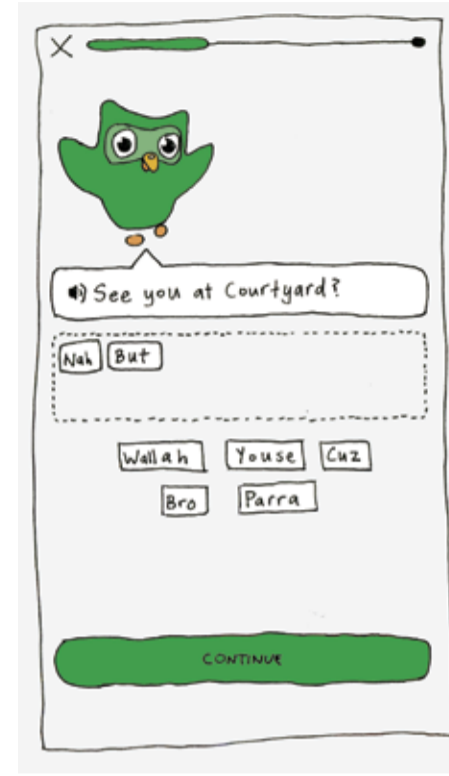
"I remember chatting to new friends about the day of our Drama HSC. I said something like, 'Yeah, someone got stabbed before in the park next to my school, so it was a super tense day'. They did not like that one bit."

Victor's clique in Casula give each other nicknames that are, to be blunt, socially unacceptable.

"I was called Ching Lee," Victor adds. He is a man of Chinese heritage, but slurs do not bother him, if they come from other Westies. It would be different if they came from someone on King Street.

It's risky to over-intellectualise, but perhaps the West, because it is so diverse, can unite around a shared experience of the stereotypes the elite thrusts on them, making these slurs more familiar than isolating.

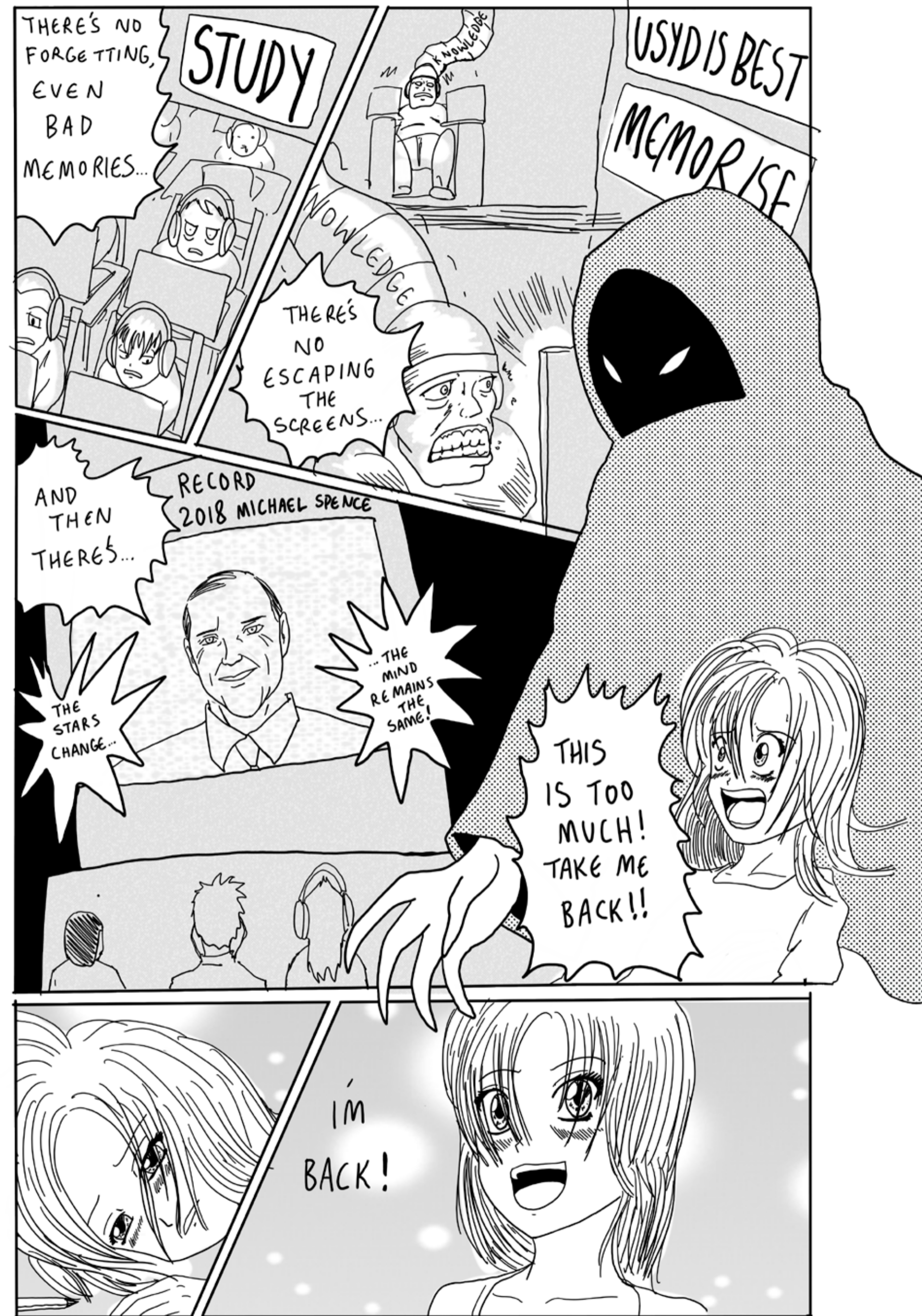
"Whenever I run into someone from the West, I immediately 'code switch' to communicate with them. I feel we have a shared experience predicated on



ignorance [about USyd]," Victor says.

"USyd knows nothing about the West and the West hates them for it," Abbey says. "I've always been very forthcoming about being from the West, but there were certainly parts I would keep on the low. People would tell me they spent their summers ... in Europe. I had no idea how to tell them I spent mine in a caravan park."

Students from Western Sydney head eastwards for a 'better' education and more opportunities. A large part of the lesson is unconscious—behaviours forced onto them by stereotypes of class and geography. Through code switching and other social techniques, Westies learn how to be 'presentable' to their peers, but not without sacrifice.



Exploring the space between the real and the ideal

Deandre Espejo deconstructs the constructed self.

My life is not idyllic—at least not to the extent I make it out to be. Over brunch with a friend, I catch myself reciting an elaborate script. I detail how exciting my new job has been, how perfect my Jervis Bay getaway with my boyfriend was, and how 'conceptually interesting' I'm finding Week 10's criminal law content.

As I speak, I create an alternate version

of myself. An exuberant character never weighted by the torments of university life. But the person I've conjured isolates me from reality.

There is a far more accurate response when she asks how I am.

"I've been stuck in an interminable wheel of monotony." She would pause mid-sip of her gunpowder tea as I continue. "I'm neglecting my passions. I feel distant from my loved ones. I'm diverting my attention to things I don't enjoy for the sake of a future career." Psychologist Carl Rogers believes that our self-worth is at its highest when our "ideal self", or who we would like to be, is most consistent with our "actual self", or who we perceive ourselves to be.

But when our ideal self is so distant from what we can realistically attain, we end up falling into an extreme state of incongruence.

Jacob, a second year commerce student says he often struggles with not wanting to be his "actual self". Though

he strives to appear driven and goal oriented, he says, like many university students, he has no idea what he's doing.

"There are times where I literally just crack. I have no immediate desires or ambitions for the future."

As a defence mechanism, people like Jacob and I create a "constructed" self. This is the person we convince ourselves we are in order to mimic a feeling of actualisation. It's the person who drinks a tad too much vodka raspberry at the end-of-semester party to appear extroverted and eschew their crippling social anxiety. It's the person who ignores their qualms about completing a five-year law degree because they seek certainty in their chosen career path.

The pressure placed on a person to present themselves as confident, well-networked and academically gifted is all the more palpable in a university setting.

"I surround myself with motivated high achievers. But with that, I feel like there's a need ... to be, or at least appear to be, a high achiever myself," says Jacob.

In an attempt to believe that we are that ideal person, we end up presenting the constructed version of ourselves to the people around us. The new version of ourselves that we've created blurs the boundary between our actual and ideal selves, and when this happens, we begin to lose sight of our own reality. Our identities become performative in nature; the thoughts and hopes we have before we go to sleep at night, the type of person we want to be and the actions we want to undertake, are different from the way we behave.

As Jacob put it: "I'm actually more content pretending to be content".

In the end, it becomes a battle to conquer our inflated expectations and try our best to live as we are. If one day we all caught up with our self-ideal, there would be no incentive for us to grow as human beings. As Carl Rogers himself stated, "The good life ... is a direction not a destination." Once we accept this, there may no longer be a need for the constructed self.



Artwork by Jess Zlotnick

Somewhere only we know: The road to Perisher

Janek Drevikovsky has driven this way before.

Most years, in late July or August, my family drives to the snow. My first trip down was as a two-year-old, which I don't remember. There is a picture of me from this early ski holiday, taken outside our ski lodge: I am balancing on a wall, a puffy faux-fur bundle gripping my mother's hand. It's snowing and you can see Perisher's ski slopes in the background, grey rather than white.

I have made the drive down nearly every year since. It takes five-and-a-half hours, six if we stop for breaks. We promise ourselves we'll leave early, but 6.00 am usually turns into 7 or 8. Out of Sydney, down the Princes Highway. Sometimes, we stop at Sutton Forest—a highway-side McDonald's. Soon after, Lake George looms up by the side of the road—a swathe of grass, usually empty of water. It was last full in 1988, one of my parents will remark.

We pass through Queanbeyan, detouring around Canberra. The Princes Highway's dual carriageway gives way to two narrow lanes, one in each direction. We pass more farmland, more side-of-the-road fruit sellers.

Soon, the speed limit drops and the highway reinvents itself as Cooma's main street: each shop awning is crowned with a smiling snowman, a plywood cut-out. They are an alpine guard of honour, watching over this liminal town. There is a mountain chill in the air, snowgums by the side of the road. A sense of anticipation.

We drive out of Cooma, and crest a small hill. There is a petrol station on the right—and, in the distance, as sharp as if they were windshield stickers, are the mountains.

My mother sometimes tears up when they come into view. The road winds through a field of boulders, granite deposits left by a glacier during the last ice age. From there, it traces the outline of Lake Jindabyne, which covers the remains of an old town, also called Jindabyne. Old Jindabyne was flooded when the Snowy River was dammed. Sometimes, its church steeple pokes out above the water line.

We drive through new Jindabyne, relocated to a hillside high above the floodplain; then, along a serpentine road, past horse paddocks and alpine gin distilleries. Finally, we leave the car at Bullocks Flat. An underground funicular railway carries us through the mountain and into Perisher itself.

Of course, this isn't always how it happens. I've scripted out the drive in my head, a distillation of the 18 or 19 times I have made this trip. When things depart from the script, it's jarring. But it also lets me reflect: the script becomes a standard against which I can measure other changes in my life.

The first change was the passengers in the car. There are three of us in my household—my two mothers, Claud and Ching, and me. For the first seven or eight years of my life, all three of us would drive to the slopes. Then Ching tore a ligament

in her knee. She stopped skiing, so Claud and I would do the drive alone.

Those twelve hours, an annual there and back, have traced our relationship. At first, Claud was the responsible adult—navigator, driver and decision-maker. Then, one year, she told me it was my job to keep her awake: I offered her snacks, and what I thought was riveting conversation. Over time, my share of the responsibility increased: I started operating the pump when we stopped for petrol, and choosing where to have a pit stop. Then, as a 16-year-old L-plater, I took the wheel myself. Claud sat in the passenger seat, supervising me the whole way down.

This year for the first time, I left Claud behind in Sydney, driving down with a friend instead. We reached Cooma late and a fierce rain had set in by the time we left town. There was an inky light, and the road had a treacherous gleam. I tried to remember how Claud handled these corners, and what speed she used for this stretch of road.

And I have changed as well. The drive is shorter now. Six hours used to seem so vast, full of books to read, CDs to play, the inevitable McDonald's breakfast. Now it's just a stretch of time to traverse, as quickly as possible. Increasingly, it is a necessary road, the only way to the slopes and the ski lodge my grandfather founded and the snow.

Until climate change melts it all, that is.



Deep Tea Diving



Everyone's "in talks"

Repelect is fast approaching (it's the day after Halloween in fact), and all camps are staying mum on what the tricks and treats will be.

Honi previously speculated a Panda/Liberal coalition might command a majority with 18 votes: but that presumes the two hard-right Liberals, Hartley Dhyon and Zac O'Farrell, will vote with the Mod Libs, who ran on Shake Up. Historically, the hard-right has been at odds with their moderate counterparts, with some going rogue, like Alex Fitton voting with Grassroots at Repelect 2016. Without these two, Panda/Shake Up will only have 16 votes, not enough to secure key positions.

All factions are adamant they are a long way from signing a deal. Shake Up's preference is to "work with [their

close friends Panda". President-elect and Panda candidate, Jacky He, said his team is still "open to everyone for conversation" and has met with every major faction at least once so far, adding he has "no political affiliations". Grassroots says He has proposed a Panda-Libs-Grassroots alliance, to which they said: no fucking way we will not work with Libs ever.

Shake Up have denied they are looking to nominate James Ardouin, who headed the Colleges for SRC ticket, or Dane Luo, an independent who ran on Shake Up for Mental Health, for general secretary. Rumours are also swirling that there is dissatisfaction within the Mod Libs about Gabi Stricker-Phelps' desire to nominate for Women's Officer. There are sure to be more Repelect developments in the coming weeks, so watch this space.

Deader and deader: The unlucky case of Manning

Manning Bar has been at death's door for years, but now, one more of its life support systems looks set to be switched off. Lucky's, the bar's burger and fried chicken joint, has featured a \$5 burger special since early last year. On basically all metrics of food quality, these burgers are deeply problematic: this little mermaid tried one once and hasn't been back to Manning Bar since. The burger, which tastes its price tag, is set to be scrapped. The deal is said to be unprofitable, something staff are allegedly unhappy about.

NLS—Best with less!

Harry Gregg has left NLS, this little mermaid has heard, and in circumstances none too pleasant. Gregg, who was once a luminary of the Labor Left faction, is the subject of a large number of internal complaints. Many of these accusations are vague; some are serious; and the grievances are flying in both directions.

The most detailed allegation we've heard is that Gregg described Adriana

Malavisi, NLS and Unity's joint SRC presidential candidate, as a "fascist", a "Nazi" and "homophobic". Gregg had initially been interested in running as NLS's presidential candidate, but missed out on the role when his faction signed a deal with Unity, and accepted Unity's Malavisi as the Labor nominee.

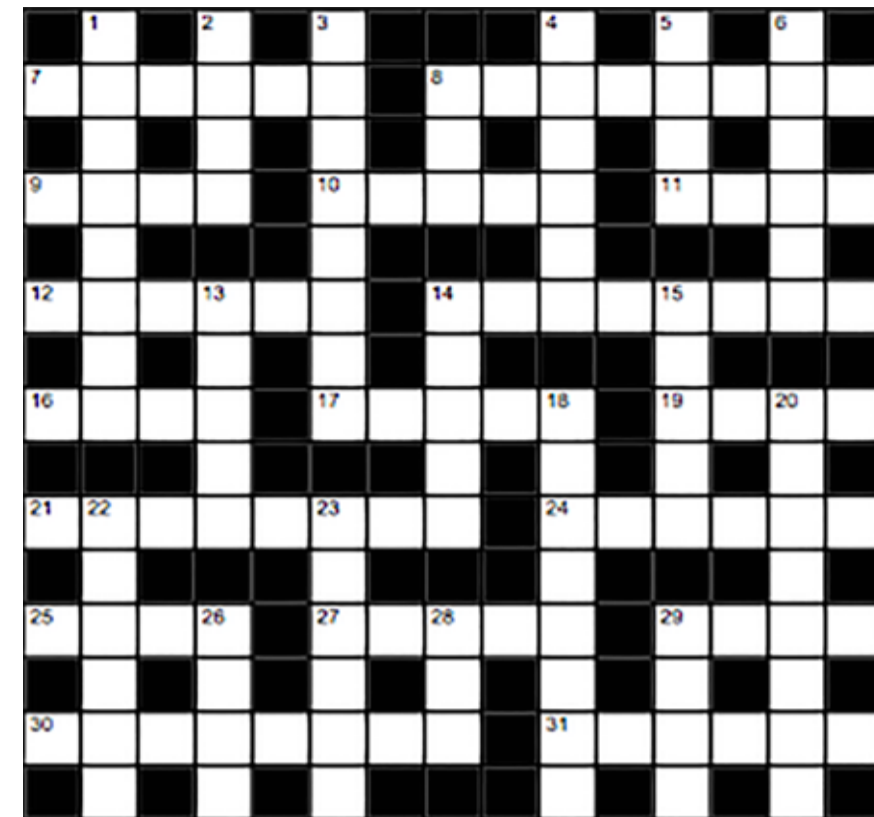
Gregg says he wasn't attacking Malavisi personally, but instead was describing Unity's policies on offshore detention. He also maintains he made the comments while at a nightclub, so the NLS thought police must be good at eavesdropping over loud music. In any case, he apologises for the comments.

NLS took its complaints to the faction's national grievance committee, which allegedly banned Gregg from any involvement in USyd's SRC elections. Then, NLS' USyd caucus decided it wanted Gregg gone for good: but word is he jumped before he was pushed, resigning from caucus of his own accord.

On the final day of the SRC polling, Gregg was spotted in a Grassroots campaign shirt, and showed up at the far-left faction's afterparty. You'd have to be pretty committed to making new friends before showing up at that depressing commiseration fest.

Cryptic

Cryptic, Sudoku, TWAT and Target by CloudRunner. Quick by Some Hack.



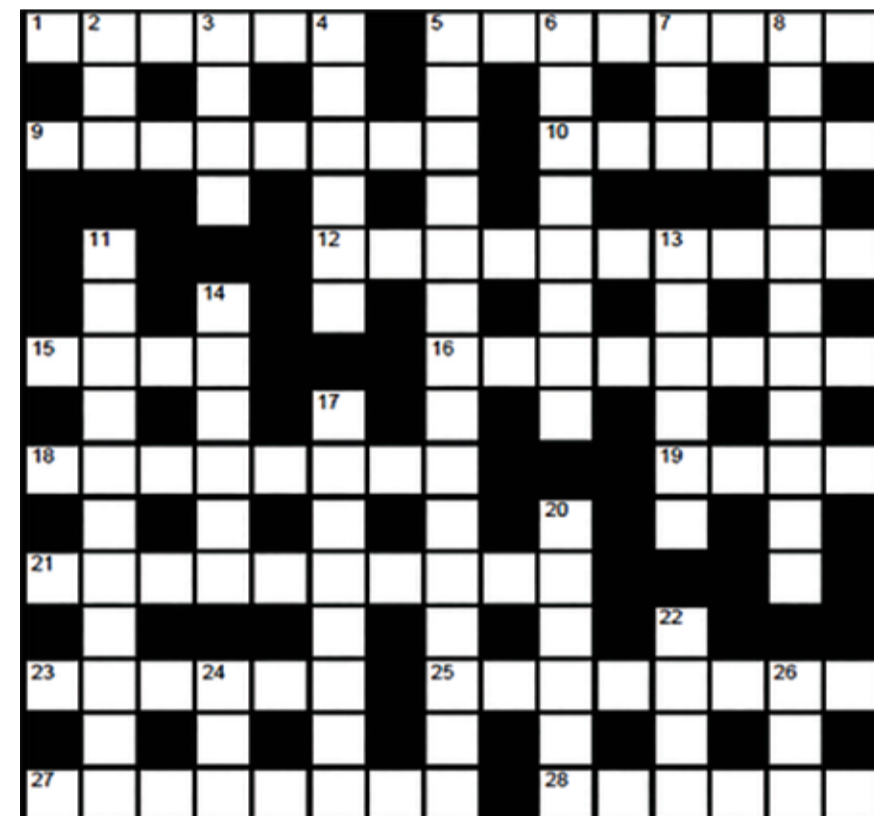
Across

- 7 A Cd ion becomes positive (6)
- 8 Waterside bird can perhaps see algae (3,5)
- 9 Cook soup for a job (4)
- 10 Type of musical love begins Pirate Era (5)
- 11 Start knock-off licences for underage people (4)
- 12 Malaysians state the best kind of curry (6)
- 14 Editor, after weapons case, was shook (8)
- 16 Greek cheese consists of iron and sides of tuna (4)
- 17 Tides affected my eating habits (5)
- 19 Return e-tag at the portal (4)
- 21 Doctor made pets dash in a panic (8)
- 24 Response to a wren's flight (6)
- 25 Bans Poles and sheep noises from 5-Down, 6-Down, 27-Across, 29-Across, and 30-Across? (4)
- 27 Roy and Al become mates at the one near ABS (5)
- 29 Type of wine available at the one near the Seymour Centre (4)
- 30 Mrs Hann takes ecstasy and gets fucked up at the one near Wentworth (8)
- 31 Run, eat correctly—it's organic (6)

Down

- 1 Anime reportedly was victorious with non-violence (3,5)
- 2 Figures notice portable console (4)
- 3 Maker of CatDog was an uncontrollable phenomenon (3,2,3)
- 4 The newest state, Western Australia 2.0, is just under a hectare (6)
- 5 Prohibit 1,000 from the one near Newtown Station (4)
- 6 Dog and Elf get wasted at the one near Footbridge (6)
- 8 Look at the Pope's seat? (3)
- 13 Siren makes Lamar go crazy (5)
- 14 File for Bond's inventor, reportedly (5)
- 15 Creeps to the boundaries (5)
- 18 Darling loses face, has a tin and is growling aggressively (8)
- 20 Start thinking about a certain beloved thing (such as 1-Down) (8)
- 22 Make fun of model crockery (6)
- 23 Queen rants without end about deviant (6)
- 26 A great society for unloved sumos (4)
- 28 Start yawning every second with this prog band (3)
- 29 Give a review of tear-jerker (4)

Quick



Across

- 1 An airplane that has lost 3 out of 4 of its engines will have only this (3,3)
- 5 Idiom: ___ in the ___ Mold (4,4)
- 9 Alakazam, Drowzee, Mewtwo (8)
- 10 Female Mythological Spirit concerned with nature (6)
- 12 Fat Boy was one (6,4)
- 15 Superhero: ____ Cage (4)
- 16 8 Down was one of these in 1960 (8)
- 18 19th Century British Prime Minister: Benjamin... (8)
- 19 Dutch football team and hero in Greek mythology (4)
- 21 Someone who runs for office (1,9)
- 23 Catherine the Great was a leader of this country (6)
- 25 Very quick or immediate (2,1,5)
- 27 Eighties Television Show with characters like John Hannibal Smith and B.A. Baracus (8)
- 28 A Roman and Shakespearean Mark (6)

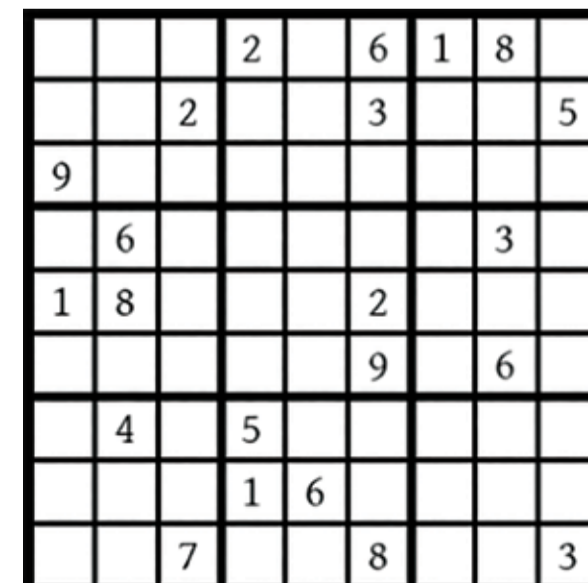
Down

- 2 The 17 Down of the UK (3)
- 3 What Barbossa calls his monkey but not the main protagonist in Pirates of the Caribbean (4)
- 4 Venomous Snake (6)
- 5 Ideology that believes everyone belongs to a single community (15)
- 6 Movie: A Dame to Kill For is this (3,5,1)
- 7 Spade, Shepard, Smith (3)
- 8 Cassius Clay (8,3)
- 11 Sofa bed (6,5)
- 13 Secondary or subsidiary action or involvement in a play (6)
- 14 Largest Middle Eastern city entirely in Asia (6)
- 17 We should save this necessary government system (8)
- 20 Las Vegas state (6)
- 22 Foolish people believe the earth is this (4)
- 24 Red, Dead, Black (3)
- 26 The only one who could ever reach me was the ___ of a preacher man (3)

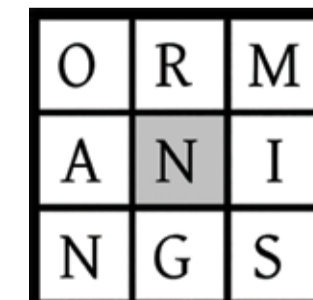
Solutions



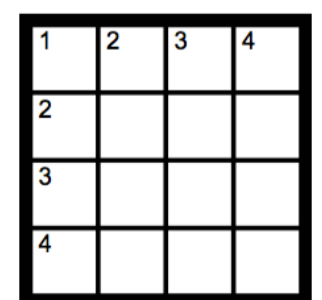
Sudoku



Target / This Way & That



Target Rules: Minimum 4 letters per word.
10 words: You belong behind bars.
15 words: Bar sinister.
20 words: Raising the bar.
30 words: Bar star!



Answers across and down are the same

- 1 Struts (4)
- 2 Big place (4)
- 3 Finger (4)
- 4 Wise (4)

President

Imogen Grant

This Wednesday staff and students at Sydney University will join a national day of action across campuses to call on the Morrison government to end offshore detention.

In recent weeks the mental health crisis on Nauru has exploded. Around 20 children still on Nauru have been consumed by despair and are refusing food and water. The situation is growing more and more urgent and the pressure on the government is building. The doctors' peak body, the AMA, has called for all children to be immediately brought to Australia for medical care.

At Sydney University, outside Fisher Library on Wednesday 17 October, staff and students will hold a public reading 11am-1pm of Behrouz's book written from Manus; and at 1pm hold a group photo action with placards reading #NoMoreHarm, #BringThemHere and

#EducationNotDetention.

The USYD action will coincide with actions being organised across the country by Academics for Refugees. The USYD action is endorsed and being co-organised by Campus Refugee Action Collective and the National Tertiary Education Union

Secondly, on Saturday 1pm Community Action Against Homophobia (CAAH) and USYD Queer Action Collective (QuAC) will protest against Scott Morrison's homophobia. The SRC will be attending protest and stand alongside the queer community in their calls for an end to the homophobic rhetoric that has been spurred on by the so called leader of this country.

We demand an end to gay conversion therapy. This is an ongoing practice in Australia that our new PM has described as simply "not an issue for me". We call

bullshit on this. Conversion therapy has been deemed as 'torture' by the United Nations. Morrison's response shows a deep lack of respect and is just one example of his incessant homophobia and contempt for LGBT+ Australians. Even when the postal vote returned an overwhelming Yes for marriage equality he left the room in parliament instead of voting for equality. Now since becoming PM he has re-raised the issue of religious discrimination in an attempt to roll back our rights post marriage equality.

He has also joined the train of inflammatory comments directed at trans young people and the schools who support them. As he tweets "let kids be kids" and "we don't need gender whisperers in schools" these are genuine statements that we direct back at him, conversion therapists and the government-funded school chaplains

that have interfered with trans kids lives. No person should be put through mental torture because of someone else's bigotry.

Join us to say No to ScoMo. Come protest on the day of the Wentworth by election and march to Oxford Street within their electorate. This protest will be held in conjunction with another taking place in the heart of Canberra that day.

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.

Can't complete an assessment because life or sickness got in the way? ...Apply for Special Consideration

You can apply for special consideration if you are unable to complete an assessment or exam because you, or someone you are the primary carer for, is affected by short term illness (mental or physical) or misadventure, or an exacerbation of a disability, that is outside of your control, unexpected, and affects you severely. Long term illness is considered a disability and should be addressed through the University's Disability Service.

You must submit your application within three working days of the assessment, together with documentation to support your claim. This might be a Professional Practitioner's Certificate (PPC), police report, death notice, etc. While a statutory declaration might support your other documents, usually it is not considered helpful as a document on its own.

Don't focus on the event itself, but rather the severity of the impact that you experienced. So, for something like the death of a family member, you will need to show that the person died (e.g. funeral service leaflet), as well as a PPC to show that you were severely affected by grief. Be aware that in most cases the University's Counselling and Psychology Service will not give you a PPC, and you will need to gain a PPC from another treating psychologist or doctor.

If you are successful in your application you might be given an extension, a supplementary exam (that usually occurs in week 18), or in some limited cases, a re-weighting of assessments. They cannot give you extra marks. If you continue to be affected by illness or misadventure, you can apply for special consideration for these alternative assessments. Where the faculty is unable to provide an



additional supplementary assessment, you should be given a Discontinue Not Fail (DC) grade.

Something less severe

A Unit of Study Coordinator is able to grant a two-working day extension for a non-examination task. Note that this does not change any conditions for special consideration.

Late applications

The University will consider late special consideration applications only if you can provide evidence that it was absolutely not possible for you to submit your application within the three working days.

Supporting documentation

A PPC should be dated on or before the date of the assessment, with the range of dates you are affected including the date of the assessment. It is likely that you will need to be very severely affected or totally unable to study. If you are the primary carer for someone who is sick, get a PPC to show that they were sick, and that you were very severely affected by having to care for them. It will need to be in English or accompanied by a certified English translation. If you are too unwell to go to the doctor, search the internet for a home visit GP. If you submit a false medical certificate you risk severe penalties, including being excluded from university.

Special arrangements

If your study is affected by an event that is not sickness or misadventure, you

can apply for 'special arrangements'. This includes, but is not limited to, jury duty, court summons, armed service, birth or adoption of a child, an essential religious commitment, sporting or cultural commitments where you are representing the University, state or country, and in some cases essential employment. This does not include attending a wedding. You will need to provide supporting documentation and apply using the Special Consideration portal. For final exams, this must be lodged no more than 14 days after the exam timetable is published.

Disability

If you have a long term or pre-existing medical condition you can apply for disability support. Disability Services can help you to create an academic plan to successfully complete your degree with any reasonable accommodations, so contact them as soon as possible.

Unsuccessful?

You can appeal a rejected special consideration application. Address the issues they have raised, and submit it within 15 working days of the original decision.

Need help?

For help with special consideration applications email an SRC Caseworker at help@src.usyd.edu.au. We are happy to give you advice.



Ever wondered how academics protest?

The answer is by reading.

In public.

Join Academics for Refugees, professional staff and students across the country in a National Day of Action calling for an end to offshore processing and the mandatory detention of people seeking asylum.

Wednesday 17 October 2018

11am-1pm: A public reading of Behrouz Boochani's *No Friend but the Mountains*

1pm: Group photo

Outside the Fisher Library, University of Sydney main campus

Details: facebook.com/events/388491635021818

Endorsed by the Campus Refugee Action Collective and the National Tertiary Education Union.

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法律諮詢
法律アドバイス
We have a solicitor who speaks Cantonese, Mandarin & Japanese

*This service is provided by the Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney and is available to USYD undergraduate students.

Ask Abe

SRC caseworker HELP Q&A



CENTRELINK: Overpayment

Dear Abe,

I think Centrelink has overpaid me. I really need the money, so I don't want to give it back. I've done nothing wrong, so is this something I would get away with?

Broke

Dear Broke,

Centrelink frequently make mistakes. They have a very large client base, and their workers are treated badly, have high workloads, and are not well trained.

If you have given Centrelink information that is completely true and accurate, and they have still made a mistake, and you have had the money for 5 weeks or more, you can keep it. Not surprisingly, Centrelink will not tell you that, so seek SRC Caseworker advice if this happens.

However, if this overpayment is the result of you giving false or inaccurate information, they will not only seek repayment, but will impose a penalty to your existing payments. Always be honest and upfront with Centrelink.

Abe.

The Golden Years

Since 1850, the University of Sydney has been home to generations of undergraduates with the same dreams, fears and ambitions. Although separated by time, we are connected by a greater force—the joys of youth. We reached out to some USyd alums from as far back as we could find and asked them to share their favourite memories from the campus we call home. Their responses are illuminating, casting light on how far we've come and also how little we have changed.



Manning Bar

Every day, the boys and I would meet at Manning. It was the place to meet new people and have an exchange of ideas. There was no shortage of lively debate I'll tell you that for sure! Did we ever pay for our beers with sexual favours? Yes, of course. But you have to remember it was the seventies. **RM**



The Pleasance

There used to be a beautiful garden in the Union Building, which I think you call the Holme building now. I guess it was something like your Courtyard Cafe! Sometimes the more adventurous students would smuggle in contraband. Did we ever pay for our beers with sexual favours? Yes, of course. But you have to remember it was the sixties. **TW**



Wentworth

Because I lived in Redfern I would always have to cross the Wentworth footbridge to get into uni. One morning I was en route to a lecture with some friends and we spied a classmate of ours crossing the bridge from the other direction. We weren't very fond of her so when she approached us we gave her a quick push over the edge onto City Rd. I wonder where she is now. **LR**



Radio Skid Row

I fingered a lot of people here. **BO**



ANDY & NOT DOON'S HOT BOX

THE KRUSCHIBLE

Dear reader, we have quite the story for you. Last Sunday night, as our print partner *Honi Soit* hit the presses, all was well. By all reports the editors had enjoyed a pleasant evening, featuring a team dinner at the Sushi Train in Newtown. A fine establishment, they say. The ten editors dispersed over the course of the night, having completed their requisite duties. One by one their number decreased, until the Editor-in-Chief saw fit to submit the paper for legal verification from the SRC's Directors of Student Publications. A thankless role, the DSPs rarely make reveille, and thus the job falls to the SRC President.

Still, all remained well. The paper, scrutinised, and approved, was packaged as a PDF and sent via electronic carriage to Spotpress, their printers. Spotpress, located in Marrickville, adjoins Sydney Water's Sydenham Pit & Drainage Pumping Station Number 001. Marrickville was established upon a floodplain, and the need for the pit became clear after flooding decimated the suburb. The pump collected excesses of rainwaters and pumped it downstream to nearby Cooks River. The engineering feat proved quite efficient and the pit and pump are rarely required today. Of special interest was an article, on page 16, titled 'The Good Boys Guide to Attending University and Avoiding Crime'. We're told Mr. Donohoe and Thorne, SID: 725319036, slaved over the hot type for hours on Saturday and Sunday preparing the guide, designed precisely to cultivate virtuous piety among the students at large. When your editors received the paper on Tuesday afternoon, something was amiss, however.

No longer was the 'Good Boys Guide' present in the paper. Instead, a wretched, villainous journalistic exercise, entitled 'This is definitely not how to fare evade' sat in its place. We see no reason to further describe the contents.

An investigation was launched immediately. How could such scurrilous material pass such rigid scrutineering? A supply-chain misadventure had sullied the good name of *Honi Soit*. We at the 'Box are not the type to cast wide aspersions, but we can detail our immediate suspicions. Promptly after being printed, we received contact from Derrick Krusche, the famed 2015 Walkley Young Journalist of the Year nominee. Master Krusche was relentless in his contact—via group and individual electronic carriage services, before contacting editors via mobile telephony. He requested comment about the "article on Page 16" which, to our knowledge, was a delightful piece by Mr. Donohoe and Thorne that had also included a scrumptious pumpkin scone recipe. Krusche displayed all the nous becoming of a Walkley nominee in his relentless pursuit of the truth. He wanted answers. So did we. Though we're well-aware of its stylistic inelegance, we will here pause from our usual rhetorical sensitivities to indulge some repetition: we are not the type to cast wide aspersions and we would never seek to sully 'Corp with any allegations. We do believe that it was sheer coincidence that Master Krusche was aware of the piece almost quite before the editorial troupe.

Has the Marrickville fortress, the Press of Spot, been infiltrated? Why does Master Krusche pursue the story with such relent? And why did it happen in the only week there was no 'Box in *Honi*? A curious case indeed.



NICK'S STERNLY WORDED BOX

SUB(PAR)WAY

In my previous *Sternly Worded Box*, I recounted a story about a time I went to the USyd Subway and was informed that there was no bread. I won't go into the details. It was traumatic enough explaining it the first time. In any case, that story ended with me buying a wrap instead of a sub. That's all you really need to know. Flash forward to this week and wouldn't you know, I actually feel like a Subway wrap. I was as surprised as you are—trust me. Now as nice as that first wrap was, it was a little on the small side. (To be fair, when the Sandwich Artist told me there was no bread to create my footlong sub, they did offer to create a longer wrap using two overlapped wraps. I turned down the offer, such was

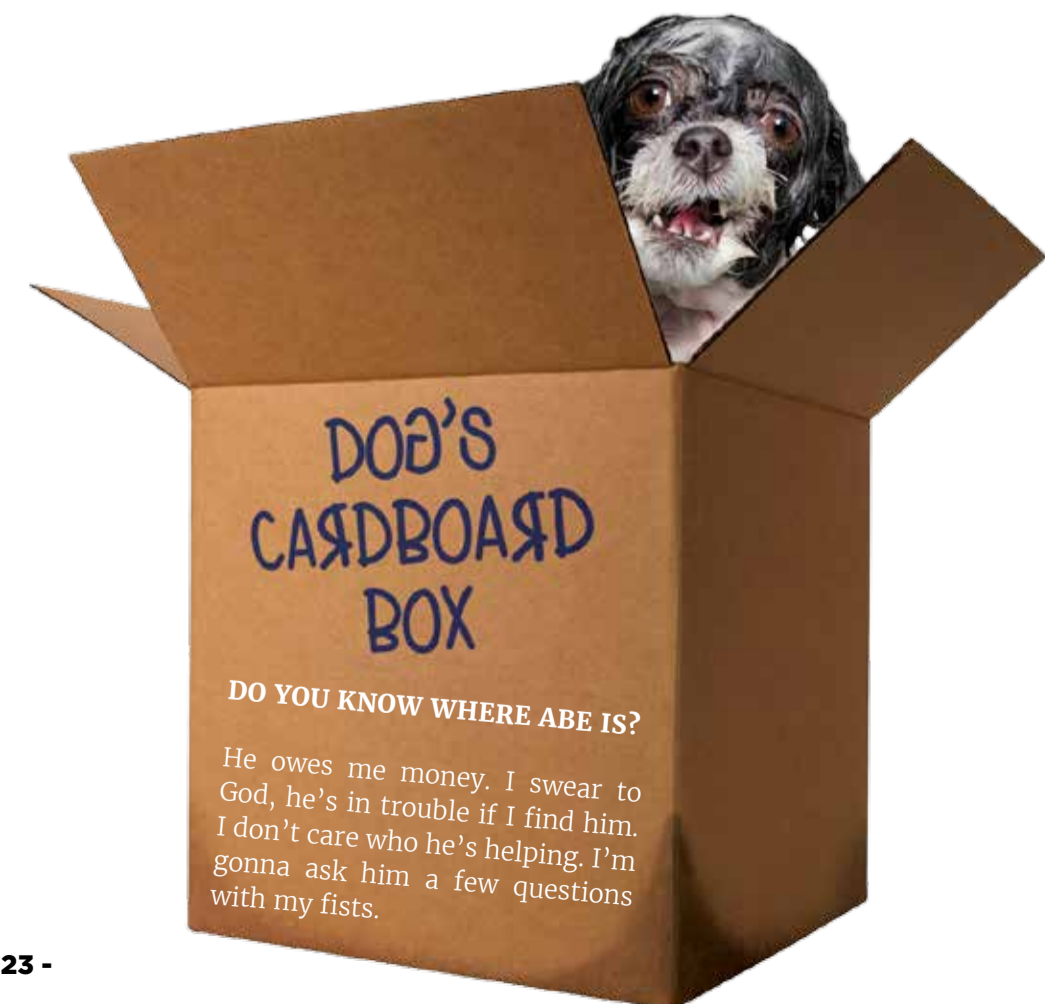
my folly.)

So, yesterday, when I went to intentionally order a wrap, I figured that I would purchase two to make up for the difference in size.

Boy was that a mistake! While the two wraps certainly satiated my hunger in a comparable fashion to a typical footlong, it did not compare in price. I was severely overcharged, to the tune of twenty dollars.

That's right. Two wraps and a bottle of water cost about six dollars more than a footlong meal—with a drink and two cookies.

I would like to say that I will never be visiting that particular establishment ever again, but in my heart I know I will. I'll need a footlong again in the near future. So, Subway, get the bread ready.



A white plate with a blue floral border is shown against a dark blue background. The plate contains a few small orange crumbs and a green leaf. In the center of the plate, the text reads:

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companies responsible
for seventy-one per cent
of emissions**

BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE