

Honi Soit

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4-5: NEWS

First Nations grandmothers call for an end to racist child removals

Grandmothers Against Removal have sent a strong message to Australia's politicians to end their long legacy of removing First Nations children from their families. Around 400 people met today in Sydney's CBD to support the call to action to stop the breaking up of families and their culture on the 22nd anniversary

of Sorry Day. Since invasion in 1788, Australia has boasted a long history of child removals — a record that was thoroughly interrogated by all speakers.

[Full story on page 4 >>](#)

12-13: FEATURE

On *Hazn* (حزن) and Healing: Intergenerational Trauma

According to the Australian Medical Association, many Australians will experience a mental illness at some point in their lives, and almost every Australian will see the effects of mental illness manifest in a family member, friend or work colleague. A quick scroll down Facebook pages like USyd

Rants reveals a large amount of anonymous posts on depression, anxiety and attention disorders, all at varying severities and within different contexts.

[Read more on page 12 >>](#)

Acknowledgement of Country



I would like to acknowledge the Gadigal people of the Eora nation on whose land this paper is composed and distributed. I would also like to acknowledge the Dharawal people of the Eora nation, whose land I grew up on. Without the existence of a treaty, this land remains stolen land. This state remains illegitimate and the failures of colonialism continue to permeate the everyday lives of First Nations people in the most horrific ways. Last week, several hundred people gathered in so-called Sydney to protest the lack of action since the inaugural Sorry Day in 1988. Of the recommendations of the ensuing Bringing Them Home inquiry into the Stolen Generations, too few have been implemented. Under recent NSW legislation concerning child adoption, First Nations families will likely see a second stolen generation as the removal of their children is further sanctioned. Those of us who have the privilege of going home to a mother we care about deeply would struggle to fathom the heartbreak and pain that comes with this inhumane process. What is most concerning is the apathy of all non-Indigenous people in this country. I remember going on an excursion to Jibbon Beach in Bundeena in primary school. The word jibbon means 'sandbar at low tide' in the Dharawal language. In the surrounds of the beach and dunes, there is a coastal walk that passes through seaside cliffs and Aboriginal rock engravings. As we approached the rock engravings, we were told not to step on them. I remember a group of white boys in my class — no more than eight or nine years old — purposefully defying these instructions to jump on the rocks, laughing all the while. These boys, like myself, proceeded to go through their primary and secondary schooling in the electorate of Cook, where our racist Prime Minister's seat is located. I can only hope that they realised the disrespect of their actions in due course, however, I don't doubt that they only grew further into their privilege. I mourn the loss of this land to white settlers. We have lost centuries of knowledge and tradition. We continue to see dispossession and death. There will be no justice until First Nations people are afforded the dignity that no settler state can provide.

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Editorial

Taking a year off from university has been more startling than I had expected. I had thought that, with this much free time, I could finally get through the list of "classic" books I probably should have read by now. Or find more time to exercise, or spend more time with my mum. Mostly, though, I just end up in bed on my phone, or idly watching a TV show.

It is strangely isolating to not be on campus all that often – to not be falling asleep in a lecture, to not meet friends after class. All of these feelings of disconnectedness are not unique, but they are enough to render one feeling directionless, or at least a little bit confused.

Slowly, while being inundated by an excess of available time, I think I am learning to value my time more, and cherishing all that I am doing with it (even if I am doing nothing).

I feel proud of myself for mixing the ideal quantity of balsamic vinegar and olive oil for the salad I brought in to have on my lunch break. The dressing looks ostensibly shiny – glamorous, even – relative to the cheap plastic container I packed it in at home last night.

On mornings where I have the luxury of sleeping in, and especially as it's gotten colder, I am amazed at how comfortable and warm I feel in the fluffy rose-coloured duvet cover my mum bought me in a sale at Target three years ago.

I mention to my boyfriend that I've been having stomach pains from taking too many probiotics, and he tells me that

he's bought a gift to give me after work. I forget about it, but over dinner he hands me a packet of berry-flavoured antacids.

I spend my Sunday nights in the SRC with some of the brightest people I know, who teach me things like how to access the fiduciary documents of every single charity registered in Australia, and just how good instant ramen can taste with powdered cheese mixed into it.

This edition contains a wonderful range of pieces. Somewhat inevitably, a lot of them turn on the multifaceted issue of the migrant experience.

To my fellow editor Pranay Jha who developed the idea of a photo essay on the experiences of first-generation migrants, and to those who shared their cherished pictures, thank you.

Layla Mkh poignantly writes on the anxieties of intergenerational trauma in the feature: the very act of writing such a thing is brave in and of itself.

Ranuka Tandan's buoyant cover art encapsulates the beauty of abundance – of time, of new opportunities, of anything else – and the ruminations that come with it. Thank you so much to everyone who contributed.

Each day feels like a drag sometimes. It's too long, and often nothing really interesting happens. But with so much time on my hands right now, all I can do is appreciate the people around me, and the small things that make them what they are, and the world what it is.

Jessica Syed

President Dane Luo is considering resigning from his role! The workhorse of SRC, Luo has played the Condoleeza Rice to Jacky He's George W Bush, impressing us all with his encyclopedic knowledge of the SRC *Constitution*. While there is no way to confirm these whispers we've been hearing about Luo, one thing is sure. Should Luo resign, the SRC would crumble. God, imagine Jacky actually having to do some work!

The only stupol that matters

Let's collectively forget about the SRC, USU and any other irrelevant study body, and talk about the most exciting elected body at USyd – *Honi Soit*. Yes, believe it or not, you voted us in! While

we are still trying to live down the ego boost of winning an election with only one real candidate (us), we've heard that this year's election could be a lot more contentious. *Burn Book* has heard rumours of a potential Liberal-Panda ticket forming for this year's election! Such devotion to their favourite brand of toilet paper – truly brings a tear to our eyes.

Not willing to be outdone, we've heard Groots is also fielding a ticket, because of course they are. But far from being a two way political showdown, we've also heard that a mystery third ticket, politically unaligned, is also forming. Ahhh, as they say in French – *jamais deux sans trois!*

The better of the two evils

Dear Honi,

In the Editorial of Week 12's edition of *Honi*, Liam Thorne describes the recent election of the Morrison Government as a 'truly terrible event, objectively incomparable to its alternative' — I assume that the alternative is an ALP victory? If so, he outlines a few points of distinction between Morrison and Shorten, arguing that Morrison is 'a leader with no real compassion for those born into poverty, war-torn lands, or settler-colonial occupation', whereas Shorten supposedly isn't such a leader.

However, it is on these apparent points of distinction that the reality of the situation begs to differ. The ALP has cyclically refused to increase Newstart, putting the party to the right of the Reserve Bank, the Commonwealth Bank, and even John Howard on the matter. The ALP also continues to offer proxy support for Saudi Arabia's war in Yemen, while concurrently promising to offer a border policy even more stringent than the LNP's this election. Furthermore, the ALP has indicated no intention of rolling back

the NT Intervention/'Stronger Futures' legislation, and have persisted on a bipartisan basis to erode land rights. I know Liam is no supporter of the ALP, but on much of the left there continues to be a 'vote Labor with no illusions' attitude to elections. Perhaps we should begin to recognise such an attitude itself is an illusion when each ALP government from Hawke, to Keating, to Rudd, to Gillard has only offered a settler-colonial, economic rationalism tinged with a few symbolic attempts at reconciliation here, or a piecemeal healthcare reform there.

—Dexter Duckett

Honey, I shrunk the editors

Haha, you snotty little brats... having trouble with the big people's world are we!

Here's an idea, get off your pampered little lefty arses and get out into the real world with real adults and get a f***** job. You will realise that big people don't live in your protected socialist bubble of a play

house

—Kim Hetherington

Jacky He is toxic?

In last week's President's report, Jacky He re-affirmed the SRC's commitment to fighting against climate change, citing the fact that "Carbon Monoxide [is] increasing at 411 parts per million per year". Although I suppose he had good intentions, it's amazing how much he got wrong in just one sentence. First of all, as frankly anyone could tell you, carbon dioxide is the notorious greenhouse gas. Carbon monoxide is a toxin that causes suffocation, and if it were increasing at 411 ppm per year, every single one of us would be dead in months. Terrifying stuff. But anyway, carbon dioxide isn't even increasing at 411 ppm per year. What our glorious leader may, in fact, have been thinking of is the current atmospheric **concentration** of CO₂, which is indeed 411 ppm. The rate of increase is a much more modest 3 ppm per year. Nonetheless, don't let the absence of even a 5 second google

detract from the President's clear passion for climate justice.

—Anonymous

Who the fuck is Jagjit “Jason” Malhotra?

I don't know if you people at *Honi* think the rest of us are fucking stupid, but are you seriously running the same comedy piece like four or five times in the same semester? You guys have literally been using a template for the same piece for what seems like an Indian guy who is at once misogynistic, hates Indian people, is an athiest and also votes Liberal. Like this is somehow racist tbh??? Last year's comedy was plagiarised, but at least they plagiarised someone else and not themselves. You guys never post any of the comedy articles on FB, probably because you're so scared that they won't get any traction, or that someone would pick up on "Jagjit Jason Malhotra" appearing like 5 times already this year. Get a new joke.

—James W



Why are you so obsessed with me?

Like the attention-seeking, fame-desperate wannabe-journos we are, we at *Burn Book* were pleasantly surprised this week when, for the third time in 7 months once again found ourselves featured in one of Murdoch's papers! A true honour – this time bestowed

Goodbye, sweet prince

Burn Book has heard distressing rumours that our beloved SRC Vice-

OUR BODY OUR CHOICE MARCH

SUN 9 JUN
11:30AM
HYDE PARK

everyone deserves to have
autonomy over their own body
and we are fighting for it together

Sorry Day 2019: First Nations grandmothers call for an end to racist child removals

Liam Thorne

Grandmothers Against Removal (GMAR) have sent a strong message to Australia's politicians to end their long legacy of removing First Nations children from their families. Around 400 people met today in Sydney's CBD to support the call to action to stop the breaking up of families and their culture on the 22nd anniversary of Sorry Day.

Since invasion in 1788, Australia has boasted a long history of child removals — a record that was thoroughly interrogated by all speakers. Since the first Sorry Day in 1998, when the Australian Government tabled the *Bringing Them Home Report* in Parliament addressing unprecedented rates of First Nations child removals, these numbers have increased five-fold. Less than 10 per cent of the 54 recommendations have been implemented, Aboriginal children are almost 10 times more likely to be placed in out of home care than non-Indigenous children, and in the Northern Territory, Indigenous children are 67 per cent more likely than non-Indigenous children to be placed in non-Indigenous care.

GMAR, who organised the event, describes itself as a “grassroots Aboriginal-led organisation that fights the ongoing Stolen Generations by taking political action,

supporting families and raising public awareness.” It is run by aunties and grandmothers, many of whom have themselves been affected by child removals.

Aunt Hazel Collins, a GMAR founder, spoke to her personal experiences with having family members taken from her.

“I was a grandmother who was affected by these government policies. [This is a] difficult thing to talk about when you're personally affected, but ... it's a conversation that all Australians need to hear,” Collins said.

“I can assure you that till the day I die, the pain of losing my grandchildren will affect me. It will affect my daughter standing beside me. It will affect my grandson, and it's something I don't want any family to stand by and watch their little child being driven away.”

“Kevin Rudd said sorry, God bless him! But he could've stuck it where the sun doesn't shine, because the reality is, nobody gives a shit that he stood up and said sorry. If they did, no child would be removed within Australian borders.”

Particular attention was given to adoption laws recently passed by the NSW Government, which have made it bureaucratically easier to justify removing children from

their families. The laws stop children from being able to return to their families after a period of only two years in out of home care, and have been protested by GMAR since their passage in November 2018.

Greens MP David Shoebridge spoke outside NSW Parliament House, against the laws his very own parliament passed. He has worked extensively with GMAR and other groups including Fighting In Resistance Equally (FIRE) to reform official policy.

“Since Kevin Rudd gave the tear-filled apology in Canberra, the number of Aboriginal kids taken in this state has doubled,” Shoebridge said.

“In November of last year, my workplace, the NSW Parliament, passed a fresh set of laws that made it easier for First Nations kids to be taken from their families. So we need to learn the history of First Nations peoples and the collective trauma that they are suffering... We need to not just cry tears about it, we need to stand shoulder to shoulder with Hazel and Helen and fight to get their kids back, and fight to change the laws.”

The protest made highly political calls for action. Helen Eason, daughter of Hazel Collins, began by describing the three times her children

had been taken from her in recent years. She exclaimed that every time, she fought to get them back, and promised to always fight for them.

Collins spoke to the crowd about how her experiences only encouraged her to fight harder.

“We don't fight this fight alone, we fight this with our matriarchs. Our matriarchs are the answer ... Bring a new government, bring a new Prime minister, we aren't going anywhere. We will keep this [fight] up.”

The well-attended nature of the rally was especially promising, given longstanding criticisms that progressive communities tend to devote comparatively less energy to Indigenous rights actions than for other issues.

This healthy attendance was partially-attributable to the Global Strike for Future, a climate change rally held several hours earlier, which was directed to feed into the start of the Sorry Day rally. The organisers, Extinction Rebellion Sydney, describe themselves as an “international apolitical network” fighting climate change, and were supported by several student activist groups. The rally demanded governments recognise the pressing truth of climate emergency, act immediately to

halt biodiversity loss and reduce greenhouse gas emissions to net zero by 2025, and create a Citizens Assembly on climate and ecological justice. As Shoebridge emphasised to the diverse crowd, environmental justice and First Nations rights are inherently inalienable from each other, and equally political.

Bruce Shillingsworth, who gave the event's acknowledgement of country, spoke about the pressing need to protect NSW's waterways, currently allowed by the Coalition government to be plundered by big businesses. Such a phenomenon has left communities along the Murray Darling thirsty, and reliant upon water deliveries and installation of water-filters by groups including FIRE.

“We cannot live without our natural environment, our water, our air,” Shillingsworth said.

“We need to give it back to our children in a better condition.”

Speakers ultimately impressed that the members of both rallies, as with broader Australia, need to mobilise unanimously against a broader capitalist and settler colonial system.

“Stealing children and stealing water are two sides of the same coin”, Shoebridge quipped.

Photography by Liam Thorne



SUPRA election: Chinese international students victorious

Alan Zheng

A dominant Chinese international student-led ticket will maintain control of the Sydney University Postgraduate Representative Association (SUPRA) after collecting a majority of council seats in last month's general election and ahead of SUPRAelect this week.

SUPRA's governance and direction lies with a 33-strong council, consisting of 27 elected councillors, including guaranteed representation for students on satellite campuses, and six autonomously elected equity officers who hold identity-based portfolios. Those councillors vote in a core executive drawn from the council — including paid office-bearers like the President and Education Officer — who oversee the organisation's day-to-day management.

2019's election was only contested by two main groupings — down from the plurality of four last year — and saw lower overall engagement with limited campaigning over Facebook and only 39 candidates vying for 27 positions, compared to 66 in 2018.

Less than 1200 postgraduates voted, slightly lower than last year's record of 1449, but far exceeding 2016's 198 votes.

Unlike 2018, left-wing team Postgrad Action and broad centrists Impact were noticeably absent, leaving the majority of seats picked up by a consolidated Chinese international student grouping, Infinity, which included outgoing SUPRA President Weihong Liang.

The absence of Postgrad Action — historically responsible for directing SUPRA funds to NTEU staff strikes and calling out Vice-Chancellor Michael Spence's pay-rises — has seen SUPRA move away from historically activist stances.

Electoral victor, Infinity, which boasts international students as well as domestic students, won a clear majority with 21 seats, giving it first choice over the make-up of the 2019-20 SUPRA Executive.

Last year's SUPRA president Weihong Liang told *Honi* he is interested in a second term but will resign the position in July if he receives a job offer in China.

Of the remaining 12 positions, four seats went to Student Voice, a group with international student links, and one went to independent Sayan Mitra. All six equity officer positions went to independents. A remaining general councillor position remains vacant.

During Liang's term, SUPRA resolved a grading error affecting more than 15 students in ACCT6007 and helped settle more than 400 academic appeals in BUSS6002.

As of this month, SUPRA expended \$80,000 to transition to an independent SUPRA-based legal service, reducing its reliance on services from Redfern Legal Centre, which lacked multilingual support. The association has also seen increased engagement with postgraduate students on WeChat, according to the annual report, tabled at this month's annual general meeting.

Three councillors of the 2018-19 council were re-elected under Infinity branding, despite running different tickets last year.

President Weihong Liang (Weihong for International), co-Education Officer Domi Dana Johnson (Impact) and Zirui Li (Jarkz) were returned to Council.

The results of SUPRA's election continues an upsurge of international students in student politics campus-wide.

Just this month, three international students were elected to the University of Sydney Union (USU) Board in a historical first, upsetting the grip of long-established factions like Student Unity on the USU Board.

SUPRA represents more than 29,000 postgraduate students enrolled at the University of Sydney and received \$1,865,595 from the Student Services and Amenities Fee (SSAF) allocation pool in 2018.

SUPRAelect — the less heated counterpart to the SRC's infamous RepsElect — will see the 2019-20 executive voted in this Friday, 31 May. In 2018, SUPRA elected its first all-international student executive.

The new council term commences on 1 July.

Pictured (right): The composition of the 2019-20 SUPRA Council

Former student convicted

Liam Thorne

CW: ANTISEMITISM

A 26 year-old former University of Sydney (USyd) pharmacy student, convicted of committing a terrorist act in 2016, planned to attack Jewish students at USyd.

Ihas Khan told a court he had brought a knife to campus several times, but had never used it. Khan attempted to kill his Minto neighbour in 2016 with a hunting knife.

Khan pleaded not guilty by reason of mental illness, however after several retrials, was eventually found guilty at his sixth trial in the NSW Supreme Court. NSW Police Deputy Commissioner Catherine Burn said that, “We know that this person has strong extremists beliefs inspired by ISIS.”

Australian Union of Jewish Students President Janine Joseph said, “Threats like these drive home the real fear of violence on campus for Jewish students.”

Khan will be sentenced June 5.

USyd partners with police amid backlash

Alan Zheng

The University, City of Sydney, and police will co-host “Coffee with a Cop” sessions outside Fisher Library in the first week of stuvac, despite protest by student representative organisations.

The event — primarily targeted towards international students — aims to provide safety tips when students are “travelling home late at night after cramming for exams!” according to an official University Facebook event

However, responses to the collaboration have been mixed. The SRC's Education Action Group has planned a flyer campaign and public protest for the same time, attracting greater engagement on social media than the university's event hosted by Student Support Services.

SRC co-Education Officers Jessy Xu and James Newbold were among those critical of the event.

“Police abuse of migrant communities and ommunities of colour are well-documented,”

Xu and Newbold told *Honi*.

“We hope the University will take police out of the event and continue without them.” “Coffee with a Cop” sessions at universities are not uncommon.

In 2017, the University of New South Wales co-hosted a similar session with Eastern Suburbs Police.

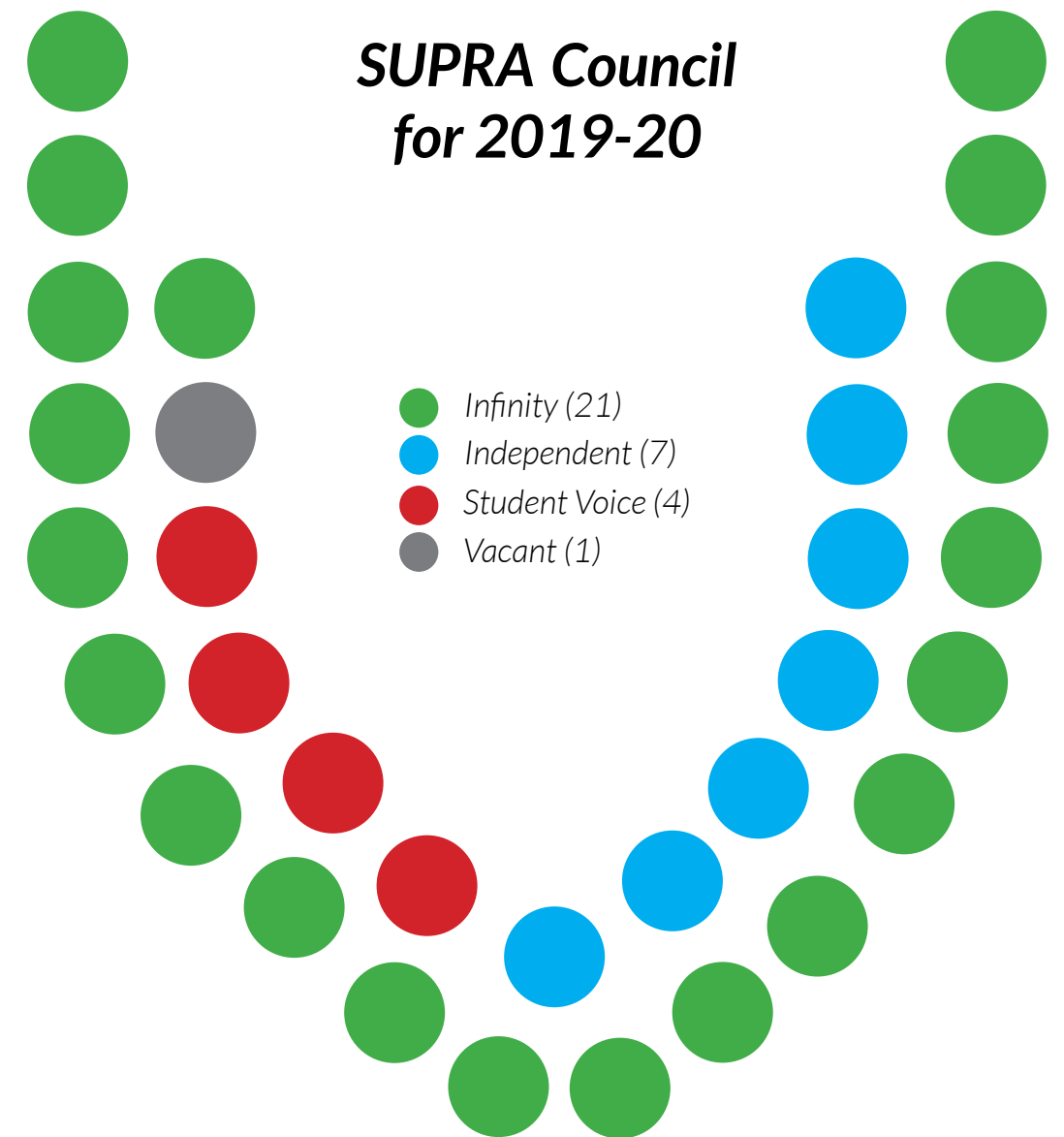
NSW Police claims the sessions have “no agenda or speeches” and are “a chance to get to know officers in your neighbourhood,” according to its website.

Acting SRC President Dane Luo told *Honi* he supported NSW Police's important role in keeping the community safe.

“I hope the event breaks down the stigma that many students have towards police officers,” Luo said.

A University spokesperson could not confirm whether the University would oversee information provided on the day, but noted a multicultural community liaison officer would provide multilingual support.

SUPRA Council for 2019-20



MOBILE DRUG TESTING: HIGH BEHIND THE WHEEL

Nisha Duggan questions whether Mobile Drug Testing is fair, let alone effective.

Have you ever wondered whether you were “OK to drive” after a big night out, or a casual smoke with friends? Do you know how Mobile Drug Testing (MDT) works and what the consequences for being caught under the influence are?

With new legislation arising from reforms outlined in the NSW government’s Road Safety Plan 2021, drivers will face tougher penalties for driving under the influence of an illicit drug. Since MDT began in 2016, the number of tests conducted by police per year has been increasing, with an expected 200,000 tests to be conducted in NSW each year by 2020 — over 500 a day. If a driver tests positive in the roadside saliva test for cannabis, MDMA, methamphetamine or cocaine, they will be required to give another sample of blood or urine to have this result confirmed by a more accurate laboratory analysis.

Under the new laws, which came into effect last week, drivers who are found to have illicit drugs in their system could be fined immediately and have their license automatically suspended. Prior to these laws being introduced drivers would have the option to have their penalty determined in court. However, now electing to have one’s case appealed in court involves risking even harsher penalties. These new policies make up part of the NSW Government’s new plans to reduce road fatalities by 30 per cent from 2008-2010 levels by 2021.

What has not changed, however, is that penalties are issued based on the mere presence of substances in an

whereas British policy also covers the use of prescription medications such as benzodiazepines that are known to impair driving ability. The disparity between these policies

Penalties are issued based on the mere presence of substances in an individual’s system, rather than their presence above a certain threshold.

raises many questions regarding sensitivity and accuracy of the MDT devices: after what length in time can substances still be detected within the body, and does the mere presence of an illicit substance in the

body automatically lead to driving impairment? Do these policies reflect a genuine concern for road safety, or do they represent another battle in the so-called ‘war on drugs’? Additionally, how will the growing use of medicinal cannabis fit in?

The Lambert Initiative at The University of Sydney is a centre of

impairment he stated “they were never really set up to answer that question in the first place.”

“The intention of driving laws should be to protect people from unsafe drivers,

but the law as it stands doesn’t specify how safe or unsafe a person may be.”

Iain McGregor, a research leader within the The Lambert Initiative involved in the research into cannabis and driving, also expressed scepticism about the accuracy of MDT in an interview with the ABC.” We found on occasion the tests gave a false positive when people have very low levels of THC and that is a concern for the carriage of justice, people are not impaired and they have not had cannabis for quite a long time.”

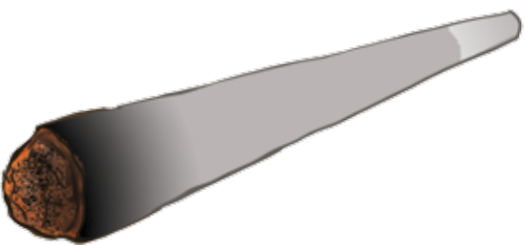
These claims are very concerning, especially considering that since the inception of MDT, there have been various claims made by drivers that passive cannabis smoking, or smoking weeks prior to a test lead to a positive MDT result. Prosecution in these cases would obviously be unjust, as driving ability would not have been affected.

In a recent monumental court ruling, driver Nicole Spackman, who had been charged with driving under the influence of cannabis, had her case overruled in court. Ms Spackman claimed she had not been smoking cannabis in the weeks prior to the test but had been in the company of a terminally ill neighbour who was smoking cannabis for medicinal purposes.

While police argued that passive smoking could not give a positive result, the magistrate ruled that there was insufficient evidence to disprove Ms Spackman’s claim. This ruling raises many concerns and questions regarding the fairness of current MDT methods.

The question remains as to whether Australia should set a threshold limit of detected cannabis within their driving laws, and whether current MDT is accurate enough to ensure fair prosecution. Further scientific research and policy development in this area will be critical with the growing use of recreational and medicinal cannabis use in Australia and around the world. Fortunately, the world-class research being conducted at The University of Sydney is helping to contribute to this ongoing debate.

So, how long should you wait after getting high before driving? Basically, we still don’t know — sorry.



Art by Joseph Verity

THE POLITICAL VERNACULAR

Grace Johnson examines the relationship between thought and language.

Recently, *The Guardian* publication updated its style guide to introduce terms that more accurately represent the environmental crises we are now facing. The original terms ‘climate change’ and ‘global warming,’ are now less preferable to the terms ‘climate emergency, crisis or breakdown’ or ‘global heating.’ The categorisation of opinion has also changed. A ‘climate sceptic’ is now a ‘climate science denier.’

These developments tends to raise broader questions about language and opinion. Would our thoughts change if we had more variations of the language we use to express it? Our thought decides what language we use, but how many of our thoughts have been shaped simply by the structures and rigours of language?

Changes in thought influence a change in language, while language has the power to change and create new ideas. Hyperbole for example is useful when adding emphasis, painting vivid imagery or keeping someone’s attention: but unchecked exaggeration can become confused with reality.

Editor-in-chief of *The Guardian* Katharine Viner said that these recent linguistic changes ensure the publication remains scientifically precise in its reportage, while also communicating clearly with its readers. “The phrase ‘climate change,’ for example, sounds rather passive and gentle when what scientists are talking about is a catastrophe for humanity,” she said.

This change in language, brought about in global publications such as *The*

Guardian, follows the recent addition of daily global carbon dioxide levels to online weather pages. “People need reminding that the climate crisis is no longer a future problem — we need to tackle it now,” Viner said in April.

The language of politics in media is particularly malleable and prone to sensationalism and distortion. A specific selection of words can control an audience’s response to the overarching messages of a party or candidate. Reporting on the election fallout,

The language of politics in media is particularly malleable and prone to sensationalism and distortion

Guardian Australia’s political editor Katharine Murphy wrote about how both parties campaigns were certainly shaped by the ‘climate emergency.’ She noted that Opposition Leader Bill Shorten referred to the process as a ‘climate crisis’ in his concession speech, whilst Prime Minister Scott Morrison used the terms ‘climate action’ and ‘climate change.’ *Sky News* host Chris Kenny deemed *The Guardian’s* style change as ‘insidious’ and ‘alarmist,’ and stated that the changes were imposing a kind of groupthink.

The idea that thought can corrupt language and that language can corrupt thought, is the premise of George Orwell’s 1946 essay, *Politics and the English Language*. A seminal work, Orwell discusses at large the profound effect of language on thought, especially

when it is used unconsciously.

“A bad usage can spread by tradition and imitation even among people who should and do know better.” A reduced rate of consciousness developed through the framing of language is, as he says, particularly favourable to political conformity. This is widespread and not limited to any one particular tumultuous time in history, as Orwell notes. It is also not limited to politics as a whole. Worrying compromises of language and thought exist in the everyday vernacular:

“Modern writing at its worst does not consist in picking out words for the sake of their meaning and inventing images to make the meaning clearer. It consists in gumming together long strips of words which have already been set in order by someone else, and making the results presentable by sheer humbug. The attraction of this way of writing is that it is easy... By using stale metaphors, similes, and idioms, you save much mental effort, at the cost of leaving your meaning vague, not only for your reader but for yourself.”

Writing is a direct manifest of thought, which is why Orwell pushes for a clearer everyday use of language, urging that the meaning chooses the word and not the other way around. Language should express thought, not alter or prevent it. He ends his essay

with a list of rules that he believed would clarify the language used, and demands an attitude change from the people accustomed to superfluous ‘political’ language.

At this point, it would normally follow that a reference be made to the control of language during the Nazi regime in Germany, and the later attempt to purge the language. One could go into great depth about this and quote several historical events and facts. One could also make many a grand statement about authoritarian control and supervised manipulation. But this would be a hyperbolic attempt to justify the argument for clearer, more conscious language, and it is quite beside the point. It would be surrendering to the unconscious exaggeration that endangers political discourse to begin with. Above any substantial parallels, fascist comparisons are all too common simply because they are easy to make.

The attempt to purge language of its falsities and un-truths can also go too far as to exaggerate what is seemingly anti-fascist. Obsession with purity is the hallmark of a fascist mind, and it is easy to revert to non-thinking or compulsively motivated language. The best option is to recognise that language is not as fleeting and cerebral as we might think — rather, it is malleable and has tactile consequences. In this way, we can monitor not just our own use of language, but also the language voiced by authoritative figures in the hopes of keeping language close to our own minds and thoughts.

Drivers who are found to have illicit drugs in their system could be fined immediately and have their license automatically suspended.

individual’s system, rather than their presence above a certain threshold (as is the case with alcohol). The NSW Transport, Roads and Maritime Services website states that first time offenders found to have illicit substances their oral fluid, blood or urine may face fines of up to \$2,200 and license suspension for up to six months, while repeat offenders may be fined up to \$3,300 and have their license suspended indefinitely. By contrast, laws in the United Kingdom and Canada stipulate that drivers may only be charged if substances in their systems are found to exceed a certain threshold under laboratory analysis. Furthermore, Australian MDT methods and policy only specify illicit drugs,

research that focuses on the discovery and development of safe and effective cannabis therapy. It was developed after the largest donation in history towards research at the University from Barry and Joy Lambert. The centre explores both the therapeutic benefits of cannabis as well as its safety implications in areas like driving.

Rhys Cohen, a senior project officer within The Lambert Initiative, spoke to *Honi* about the accuracy of MDT methods.

“We know that they are inaccurate and insensitive at testing for the presence of THC,” Cohen explained. When questioned further about whether the tests could accurately determine driving

CAREERS

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TIANANMEN, REVISITED

Thirty years later, the Tiananmen protests have left a complex legacy on China and the Chinese, writes Baopu He

3 June, 1989. Tiananmen Square. Months of student protest in China's political heart culminate in a brutal, bloody crackdown. As tanks and soldiers march into the square, protesters are shot. By daybreak, hundreds, if not thousands, are dead.

3 June, 1989. Beijing. My aunt is in middle school. Despite state-run news urging people to stay inside, she nonetheless ventures out to see what's happening, more out of curiosity than any democratic fervour. Before she can leave Beijing's ancient, winding back alleyways, she hears a sudden roar of bullets in the distance. Terrified, she runs back home.

More than 20 years later, she recounts that night to me. We are in the safety of home, but still, she talks about it in hushed tones and a voice so low it's almost a whisper. My cousin sits impassively beside me on the couch, more interested in his iPad than he is in his mother's story. Maybe he's heard it already. Maybe he hasn't, but thinks it happened too long ago for him to care. Everyone in Beijing that night seems to

know exactly what they did when the tanks rolled into Tiananmen, but my aunt notes that the young people of today know nothing about it. Not even my cousin, she scowls.

But, just as she's about to get carried away into explaining what she thought of the loss of innocent life, she abruptly stops, and her tone changes.

"Those poor students were exploited by people in the shadows. They died fighting for someone else's cause," she says, before adding that many soldiers were killed that night as well.

The conversation ends there, and she proceeds to talk about other, more mundane topics. Tiananmen hangs in the mouths of people from her generation like Chinese medicine — bitter and repugnant. You want to spit it out, but you know you must swallow it for your own good.

5 June, 1989. Guangzhou. Thousands of kilometres from Beijing, my parents are fresh out of university and slowly finding their place in China's emerging middle class, and like most people, they are outraged at what they see on

television. But unlike most, they are not watching state-run channels; Guangzhou's proximity to Hong Kong means they can receive broadcasts from the then-British Colony. They see shocking details the rest of China have no idea of. Indignant, my father, a member of the ruling Communist Party, decides to wear a black armband to work in solidarity. Some people they know are even trying to make their way to Beijing to join the protests. A close friend begs my father to lend him a nice shirt he owns — one does want to look their best at an anti-government uprising, of course. My father refuses — "if they shoot you it'll ruin my shirt," he retorts. But it's all for nought. The whole country is in lockdown. The trains have stopped running, roads are closing, and social disorder is beginning to spill out into streets all over China. In the days leading up to "June the 4th," my parents recall having already seen massive protests in their own city, forcing life to a chaotic standstill.

At work, my father realises that he is the only one wearing a black armband. Feeling rather out of place, he takes it off, unwittingly ensuring that he will eventually come to Australia as an immigrant, not a refugee. Others are not so lucky. A few years later, my parents offer to hide a student-protester-turned-dissident in their apartment as he waits for political asylum overseas.

Looking back on it now, my father wryly notes that had the protests held out for just a few more weeks, they would have then ridden the wave of revolution that had swept across Europe, and that the China we know today would probably not exist. He does not say this with regret about what could have been, but more with relief about what actually happened.

Thirty years after Tiananmen, "the China we know today" is deeply shaping how people like my parents and my aunt view the protests. Their initial outrage and shock has dissipated, and from it has emerged a belief that the crackdown was tragic but necessary. This change cannot simply be attributed to a collective amnesia brought about by government propaganda — it is hard to retell a narrative if you do not speak of it at all. Instead, their pragmatism stems from how the Chinese state addressed the original concerns of the protest in the wake of the bloodshed.

While Western tellings of Tiananmen focus on how it was a fight for democracy, for many Chinese people, the protests were a response to economic anxieties as much as they were to political frustrations. Deng Xiaoping's sweeping reforms in the 1980s had dragged a society still mired in Communism into capitalist modernity, but while millions were lifted out of poverty as a result, the nascent market economy itself presented many problems. Workers in state-owned

enterprises like many in my family, suddenly found themselves unemployed as their workplaces were privatised in order to compete in the new economy. Job security and subsidised living became increasingly uncertain, and in a society that was at least nominally equal, signs of economic inequality began to creep in, delegitimising the government's official Communist rhetoric. Ironically, university students, who formed the bulk of the protesters, were the worst affected by the liberalisation — capitalism needed workers in light industry and agriculture, not more intellectuals. Further burdening the people was the lifting of price controls, which caused inflation and the cost of living to skyrocket. Consequently, many saw democracy as a better way to deal with the economic challenges presented by marketisation, especially when compared to the current system which was prone to corruption, and controlled by men whose minds were stuck in a bygone era.

But since Tiananmen, the Chinese state has shown a remarkable capacity to manage the economy without the help of democracy. It has learnt that the social stability imperative to its survival comes from maintaining economic prosperity, and so has pursued it at a lightning pace, with an almost inspired diligence. Its grip on power seems stronger now than ever before, not only because of its growing authoritarianism, but also because the Chinese people are genuinely content with it. And why shouldn't they be? When my parents compare China now to what it was thirty years ago, they don't see human rights abuses and censorship, but a country more confident, more wealthy, and more powerful than ever before. Meanwhile, when they see the bitter experience of the Soviet Union and other Eastern European countries, many of which endured years of war, social unrest, and economic downturn after Communism collapsed and democracy was established, they cannot help but feel somewhat grateful that it never happened in China. In their minds, history has shown that the government crackdown on Tiananmen was the right decision. Indeed, with the dysfunctional state of political systems in the West, many Chinese have come to the understanding that democracy is deeply undesirable for their country. Tiananmen, then, has become a symbol of misguided idealism.

4 June, Tiananmen. Had I been a student in Beijing then, faced with a dismal job market and unflinching political conservatism, I too probably would have marched. And, upon seeing the meteoric rise of China that happened in many ways not in spite but because of the failure of the protests — like my parents, I too may have come to view Tiananmen with pragmatic indifference.

A portrait of my anxiety

Shania O'Brien paints an honest picture.

When I think about mental illness, I envision a physical representation of it. I see a woman, palms on her stomach trying to contain the sensation of something clawing its way out of her; I see a man, dust in his lungs and gasping for help into empty air; I see a child, ink-stained hands trying to communicate what the inside of their head looks like; I see people, humanoid shadows following them, glued to their backs like helpless parasites.

It's often difficult to realistically convey what it feels like. A constant companion, my anxiety often manifests in my heart flapping wings against my throat. It hides in my shaking hands and averted eyes. It's the sound of my own voice in my head echoing the same words: be brave, be brave, be brave. Of another voice, quieter, but just as persistent: make it safe, make it safe, make it safe. It's you are not enough, but also everyone that is not you is not enough at the same time. It's the whole world thriving as I watch from behind a one-way mirror, banging on the glass

and screaming let me in, let me in, let me in. It's an oil spill in the ocean, constantly on the verge of catching fire. It's panic creeping into spaces within myself I never realised existed. It's realising an assignment is due at 10pm and not 11:59pm. It's waking up late on the day of an exam and rushing to

quiet, someplace holy, somewhere that provides sanctuary from the clamour inside my mind.

But I'm getting better at distinguishing my own voice from the imposter that sounds exactly like me. What I've learnt, and what I hope you figure out as soon as possible, is that

A constant companion, my anxiety often manifests in my heart flapping wings against my throat. It hides in my shaking hands and averted eyes.

the wrong side of campus. It's claws at my throat and my thoughts becoming things with fears. It's feeling blue; the blue of a blossoming bruise, the blue of wilting forget-me-nots. It's missing something but not knowing what. It's losing my keys then convincing myself I will never, ever find a way back home. It's my heart hammering against my chest, but suddenly it's not just my heart, but my whole world pounding out of control. It's aching to go somewhere

we are not here to fill empty space, to always be accommodating, to always be in control of every situation we are in. Sometimes, you will feel like you're standing behind a door that refuses to open. Sometimes, you will feel like everyone else is living their best life and that you are missing out. Sometimes, you will never feel anything other than an all-consuming bitterness. Maybe that is the burden of being human: cursing our parents until we need guidance,

cursing the gods until we need a miracle, cursing ourselves until we realise that the only constant in an otherwise lonely existence is our conscience.

I look back at all the times I thought I would be different. Sometimes it's years ago, sometimes it's yesterday, but there's always a constant: a disenchanting sense of incompleteness. Is this all there is? Will I ever be more? Why did I grow up wanting more, more, more? What is more? Is there a chance that this isn't the end? That I'm always, forever, becoming?

I am all too familiar with wishing for another time, another place; somewhere I will always feel wanted. But, I also know that there's no use ignoring all I have now for the potential of a better tomorrow. I am proud of being the inarticulate, selfish, condescending, often sad, often grateful, creative, opinionated person that I am.

Maybe, there will be a time when I won't feel so empty from wanting what is not meant for me. Recognising the possibility of it feels like a step forward. But, for now, I am happy.

Informal votes: the hotbed for voter frustration

Jeffrey Khoo reads your ballot paper.

I love elections. They're my equivalent of the Super Bowl. Though it's foolish, I'm still enamoured by the grand idea of citizens, just for one day, holding the fate of characteristically arrogant politicians in their hands. So, last week, I signed up as a polling official to get into the thick of election season.

When it hits 6pm, polling booths across the country get a brief reprieve before the first challenge of the night: unfolding the metre-long Senate papers, akin to laying a tablecloth, and removing the informal votes, those ballots that are incorrectly filled out. And as the votes rolled in, I began seeing informal votes stack up, one after the other, until they formed a tall pile.

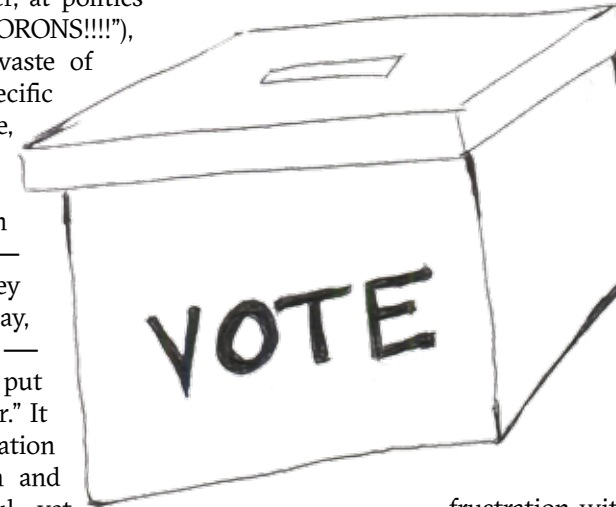
It was interesting to analyse those informal votes. Many possessed artistic talent; I counted ten penises and a detailed portrait of a corgi, and elsewhere I heard of a whale that

spanned the entire length of the Senate paper. Give people a rule, and it seems they'll find a way to disobey with creativity and flair. More common were comments laced with anger, at politics ("ALL A BUNCH OF MORONS!!!!"), at the process ("what a waste of paper", "eat a dick") or at specific politicians (my favourite, simply "Fuck Hanson").

One voter wrote a veritable monologue on their ballot. "Sorry — nobody thinks about us," they claimed. "They all preach, say, promise to get into power — and then they forget who put them there. We don't matter." It was filled with a combination of resentment, resignation and despair that was powerful, yet futile. Who did they think would see it, apart from a polling official so far removed from decision-makers who actually run the country? Even more perplexing were the completely blank ballots, voters who made the effort to turn up and wait in line, and then decided they didn't want any say at all, formal or informal.

Initially I thought informal voting was simply a callous waste of a precious right. What was the point? And while that might be true, I now think there's more nuance to it. In some small way, the point was rebellion. What I saw were voters so disenfranchised from the system, so apathetic about its importance, that they didn't expect anything from it. I don't think any of

them believe their ballot will actually find its way to someone in power or trigger an epiphany. And the positive feelings that arise out of expressing



Working at an election is repetitive, arduous and devoid of the spectacle I'd expected — but nevertheless insightful. For one, you forget how many people live where you live. From kind elderly couples who held each other's hands in the voting booth, to 20-strong ethnic families whose kids sprinted around the hall (one asked me for a ballot paper so she could vote for Angelina Ballerina), the interpersonal conversations I had were the best part of election day.

Maybe there's something to be said about reframing our democracy in terms of those human interactions and how we sustain each other. Whether it's highlighting human impacts in policy debates, or making the experience of polling not so intimidating, we're a better, more informed populace when we're more cognisant of what our vote means, and when we're less inclined to draw penises on our ballot papers.



frustration with political leadership is arguably more irrational than earnestly engaging with politics and agitating politicians to change dire situations. While I agree that people have a duty to educate themselves politically, not just for their own sake but to understand how their vote affects others — the thing with democracy is that on polling day, you have to take it as it is.

In a 2016 post-election paper by the Australian Electoral Commission, the informality rate was described as "a key measure of democratic health." That year, the informal voting rate in the House of Representatives was 5.1%, and 3.9% in the Senate. From those numbers, I can't confidently conclude that politics, on a macro level, is broken. Maybe the reality is not as exciting as people want.



Art by Ludmilla Nunell



ON WIGRAM STREET

Pranay Jha

Wigram Street, at least for now, has resisted the wave of gentrification which surrounds it. Situated in Harris Park, it has been left unsullied by the trend of “modernisation” that has unwoven the cultural fabric of neighbouring suburbs like Parramatta and Westmead. This has meant that in a city which seems determined to strip away its cultural hubs, Wigram Street survives as a sort of ethnic tour de force. And yet, despite its admirably persistent identity as a home for the Indian diaspora, to me Wigram Street is constantly changing.

I have quite fond memories of Wigram Street as a child. On any given night, six of us would pack ourselves into a five-seater car. I would sit comfortably on my grandmother's lap and cause mischief with my cousin, as the adults discussed a recent bout of family drama that seemed quite foreign to us.

Eventually, we'd reach the street, decorated with neon lights which accompanied an ensemble of loud conversations and pumping Punjabi

music. My mum would park on a side street, next to a construction site (where something is yet to be built today). My cousin, sister and I would hop out and race up to Wigram Street, waiting patiently near a shop that sold pirated DVDs.

On some days, my mother would take us into the shop and ask the store-owner if there were any good new movies. He would pull out a CD from under the register and place it loosely in a plastic sleeve with a poorly cut “3 in 1, best of Bollywood” logo on it. He would then assure us that it was a “high-quality” print — which usually meant that the guy filming the movie in the cinemas on his camcorder had quite a steady hand. After browsing the store for a little while, we'd go to one of the many restaurants and eat, what was at the time, quite a normal meal.

The first time Wigram Street changed for me was when I was thirteen years old. My grandmother (Ammu), who was my only grandparent living in Australia,

had recently passed away and it was the first time I recall feeling a true sense of grief. Amongst the many memories I have of Ammu, there is one in which she would invite all her grandchildren over and cook parathas for us.

I would sit at her kitchen benchtop eating gobhi paratha, listening to tales she would make up as she frantically attended to chores around the house. After she passed away, my mother and I would occasionally go to Wigram Street and reflect on moments we had shared with Ammu.

There was one particular vegetarian restaurant which served authentic gobhi parathas. Although they didn't quite measure up to Ammu's, they were able to evoke memories of her that I was desperate not to lose.

As I moved into a predominantly white private high school, Wigram Street became a source of simultaneous cultural shame and relief. During that period, I undertook a long term project of assimilation which many second

generation migrants go through. Part of that project involved distancing myself from my ethnicity at any cost. As I began to buy into the myth of my new transformed identity, Wigram Street became a place I resented. Despite being just ten minutes from the vast grounds of my elite private school, it was a place I wanted to stay as far away from as I could. Somewhat paradoxically, however, in rare instances where I gave in and accompanied my parents to Wigram Street, I felt a sense of unexplained ease I wasn't able to experience elsewhere.

Nowadays, I'm not as personally invested in Wigram Street as I once was. It's a place where my family and I can go to and laugh at the absurd experiences we had as a young ethnic family in Australia. Perhaps it's somewhere that's slowly making its way into my nostalgia. When I see young families walking down the street, though, I hope this place can do as much for them as it has done for me.

ART HORROR AS CATHARSIS

Himath Siriniwasa's exercise in remedial horror.

People often talk about the relationship between art and therapy. There's a wonderful case to be made for it — the artistic process is well known as a cathartic release of one's inner world to the page, canvas, camera or musical instrument. While I can't explore this issue as a whole, I hope to lay out my history with a genre of film I'll loosely refer to as ‘art horror’, and reflect upon how this has guided my moral and emotional development.

Art horror refers to a type of film that relies on a strong technical eye to create a looming atmosphere. Often possessing a distinct style, the narratives are surreal and circular, defying viewer expectations. What follows is a novel intersection between the artistic pretensions of creators with the mass appeal of non-arthouse horror. This dualism is overcome in subversive films filled with images that combine folklore, popular culture and snapshots of the things society represses. The resulting compendium sees the likes of Wiene's *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, Christensen's *Häxan*, Kobayashi's *Kwaidan*, Giallo thrillers like *Suspiria* and in the popular canon, films like Kubrick's *The Shining* and Ari Aster's *Hereditary*. I found myself enthralled in particular with David Lynch's *Lost Highway* and Andrej Żuławski's *Possession*. For me, these classics challenged the representations of masculinity I was familiar with and echoed in a sombre look at the degenerating impacts of hypermasculinity on familial relationships, social violence and pathological jealousy.

I got into the Lynchian oeuvre at 17 years old, overwhelmed by a host

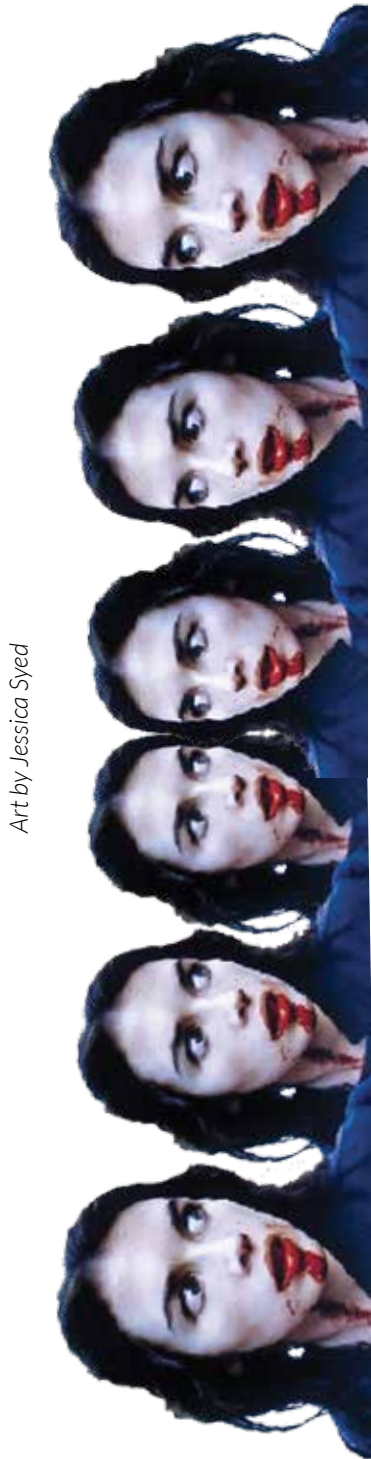
of expectations: HSC success, career certainty and living up to a certain masculine standard. Like many others, I was also undergoing a deep depressive episode, stressed at what lay ahead and feeling impotent at living up to a selective boys' school standard of academic excellence, personal fitness and social debauchery. My grades were slipping, I had become increasingly unhealthy and I isolated myself from my previous antics. I found refuge in a host of films that helped me deal with what I would call the more aggressive symptoms of those with pathological masculinity. I found myself within these works of art, putting myself into the minds of the characters and the developers, trying to figure out what they had to say about our psychology. Perhaps even what they could say about the way I felt.

I came to Lynch through the now-iconic *Mulholland Drive*. Unaware of the quirks that are emblematic of Lynch's work, I dived in to find myself horrified, angry and confused after it had finished. I felt I had wasted the last two and a half hours watching what has been described as the greatest film of this century. But after meditating on my anger, and why it had struck such a reaction, I pieced together the threads of unnerving individual scenes which culminated in a beautiful, powerful film exploring the male gaze and gendered representation on screen. From this, I found a film which is now one of my favourites — *Lost Highway*. Equal parts horrifying and surreal, I found myself emotionally gripped yet thoroughly confused at the logic and atmosphere of the film. The film follows a successful saxophonist as he deals with his

jealousy and impotence whilst being mailed videos of the inside of the house he shares with his wife. What follows are surreal deviations, transformations of characters, doubles and pure, cathartic horror. Meditating on *Lost Highway* now makes me reflect on how much it taught me about how less-obvious features of masculine expectations derail us. We can be cool and calm-headed; not obviously aggressive nor spiteful at the independence of the women in our lives. However, beliefs of ownership, jealousy, and standards of dominance can still pervade and destroy our lives and our relationships.

Żuławski's *Possession* came to me much later. A film that has been called “one of the most viscerally vivid portraits of a disintegrating relationship” it mixes this drama with grotesque horror. After multiple rewatches, I do not have a clue as to the ‘true meaning’ of the film. Yet, piecing together the issues, linking the violence of the relationship, the gendered conflicts and the ways people can destroy each other with the surreal horror flick that follows is the value I find. It is in many ways a Cartesian meditation — with the phenomenology of the horror moving through my mind, helping me deduce and unveil key propositions about the complex world of relationships I inhabit.

Art-horror may not give me the adrenaline rush of jump-scares nor the decisive literary interplay of characters and storylines which we see in film classics. Yet its minimal, atmospheric and horrifying presence provides us with the highly technical film medium in a truly raw way — perceptually, and emotionally.



Art by Jessica Syed

How did the ALP lose the unloseable election?

Daanyal Saeed has a hot take on the federal election.

With the Coalition's shock victory at the 2019 election, Australia has voted to retain a government that treats marginalised communities with contempt. The question then, is how the Labor Party lost an election that was considered all but won, whilst offering the most comprehensive policy platform since the Hawke-Keating era. Given the magnitude of the loss and the fact that it came in traditionally working class seats, there are now shouts from the party's conservatives for it to return to a centrist platform for the next three years. This will result in further losses, and more people will be hurt.

The Labor Party needs to commit to a genuinely left-wing policy platform in order to succeed. Party membership has dwindled to a fraction of what it was before Hawke because the labour movement has rooted its successes in championing rights for those with work, and not for those without. The Coalition has succeeded here in its pitch of ‘jobs and growth’. If the Labor Party follows Corbyn's lead in the UK, it will see the revitalisation of the fabled ‘base.’ Despite what the conservatives say, it is entirely possible to lead the Party back into government with an unapologetically progressive agenda.

As has been mused over the

past fortnight, the franking credits policy killed Labor. It was a sensible, redistributive tax policy that ultimately only affected 4% of the population: those wealthy enough to benefit from dividend imputations. However, in targeting the upper-middle classes, as opposed to multinational corporations and big business, the Labor Party chose an altogether more relatable group to focus on. This was their biggest failing — the policy was incomprehensible to most, and anyone who did, could empathise with those affected. We saw through the Liberal Party's ‘franking credits inquiry’ that older voters in particular were absolutely incensed; Rodney and Sue from Woollahra would get rid of their gardener and cleaner, and cancel their charity donations. Ultimately, the campaign struggled for cut-through because it lacked cohesion — it bumbled through negative gearing and franking credits before moving on to schools and hospitals. It was an awfully diluted model of class warfare — one that relied on the electoral equivalent of nerf guns instead of assault rifles. It simply was not strong enough.

Electorally however, the biggest impact on Labor's primary vote was not in affluent areas that benefit from franking credits—it was in Queensland,

where their primary vote dropped 4.4%. The expectation was that losses in central Queensland marginal seats would be countered by an improved vote in metropolitan areas. However, the Labor Party failed to recognise coal mining's centrality to the state's economy. It is not the case that central Queensland is filled with rabid climate denialists; the Greens actually improved their primary vote in the House and Senate by 1.1% and 3.3% respectively. Queenslanders voted for jobs and for certainty; not against climate action. Labor's version of climate action as a less-than-enthusiastic response to a single coal mine, as opposed to a cohesive movement incorporating workers, is exactly the problem. Renewable energy is cheaper than coal, and yet not only did Labor fail to link climate action to lowered costs of living, but there was a baffling lack of focus on a just transition from fossil fuels. The franking credits policy would add \$10.7 billion to the Australian economy over the next four years, according to PBO costings — enough for a \$67,000 per year transition fund for each of Australia's 40,000 miners, who could be transitioned into jobs in sustainable industry, manufacturing or infrastructure. Whilst this is of course a reductive analysis, it

Disclaimer: Daanyal Saeed is a member of National Labor Students.

demonstrates the possibilities available when parties commit themselves to climate action that considers working people. Alternatives also lie in their own state platforms; NSW Labor proposed a state-owned renewable power company at the last election, the adoption of which at national level would address both climate action and cost of living. Instead, the ALP in its introspection concluded that it's the voters who are wrong. We see this with the potential new leader Anthony Albanese attributing the loss to ‘messaging’, rather than the real-world impact of Labor's climate policy itself.

This really was the climate election. Progressive firebrands the world over have realised that the dichotomy between environmental action and cost of living is an utter lie, most prominently seen with Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez's Green New Deal. Labor needs to be next. 2022 is a long way away, and many communities will be hurt under this Coalition Government. By the time we get another chance to turf them out, we will have used up a quarter of the time we have before climate change becomes irreversible. As such, the Labor Party must realise the mistakes they have made this election, and not give in to the centre's false cries of pragmatism.

Between Ice and Fire: Women in Game of Thrones

Genevieve Couvret asks for more aspirational female representation in television.

Whether it's Dany on the back of a dragon, Brienne being knighted, Arya killing the Night King, or Sansa becoming the Queen in the North, there is a clear recognition in *Game of Thrones* (GoT) that women should be at the forefront of these narratives. However, as such a significant cultural object, GoT has met substantial criticism for the development and ultimate fate of some of its women. Of course, GoT fans should be accustomed to unsavory and unfavorable conclusions. Though I am one of the few who thought the conclusion to the show was fair, the overall dissatisfaction with how female characters are handled suggests that our expectations for women's storylines go beyond how much screen time they receive, or even their ultimate fate. Clearly, we have strong female heroines and villains, but the real question is whether women can substantially occupy a space in-between these tropes.

Take an unpopular opinion: Dany's turn towards madness was not an inconsistent disservice to the plot, but rather a disservice to the idea of her character. People want a heroine. When a woman, initially vulnerable, becomes a symbol of empowerment only to quickly devolve into villainy, it feels like any empowerment she represented earlier has been undermined. When there is an absence of nuanced female representation, with much of their

screen time reduced to fan service, it becomes incumbent upon the remaining female characters to advance empowering narratives for women. This means that female characters are held to a higher standard, where they need to contribute to our understanding of women overall, rather than simply being isolated within their fictions.

However, it would be reductive to place the burden entirely on GoT. Audiences frequently project preconceived gender norms onto the women of these worlds. We are conflicted when occasionally invited to sympathise with Cersei as a loving, human mother, as it's much easier to limit her to the familiar and stereotypical characterisation of a Lady Macbeth-esque villainess. When attempts at nuance are made, they don't land or don't feel earned. Such stereotyping is not informed entirely by the media, but where media has a chance to correct for it, there is likely a greater imperative on GoT to subvert the tropes it invokes to a greater extent, lest we revert back to our ingrained norms.

A reasonable expectation is for a suite of female characters who serve as more than plot devices in male hero arcs: women who challenge our entrenched assumptions. Beyond whether our heroine lives or dies is the question of whether she is truly complex and reflective of the spectrum of women

in her audience. Are they afforded the moral ambiguities and complexities that the male characters are?

Ostensibly, the women in GoT are much more likely to be compartmentalised on either side of the spectrum of ‘good and bad’. Dany's dissent was afforded far less ambiguity and time for it to feel believable, even if it was consistently foreshadowed. The erosion of her morality is followed immediately by the next extreme of tyranny. That she can only exist at either side of the spectrum reflects how little time is spent sifting through the varying layers of morality compared to many favourable male characters. Men like Varys, Tyrion, Jaime, Theon, Jorah and even Jon make countless mistakes and redeem themselves. Audiences were frequently prompted to question whether we still supported them. They have the facility to develop and carry both good and evil inside themselves.

This is particularly pertinent within the quasi-medieval context of GoT where the women are normatively subordinate. Relegating them to either side of the moral spectrum makes for an easier justification for their power. Because it's subversive that a woman like Cersei wields so much negative sway in a world of men, she must really be that bad. Similarly, Dany's power as a woman, stems from her being that well-intentioned and having some greater



Art by Shrawani Bhattarai

destiny rooted in the greater good, an underlying moral vestige that is present even until the end. It is important to acknowledge the preconceived justifications that we, as audiences, bring to the screen about women in power.

It's not about putting a woman on the Iron Throne. The depth of female characters goes beyond their line count—it's about helping audiences conceive of women in their capacity to be both good and evil, independent and vulnerable. A lot of that comes not just from females being represented on screen, but in the writers' room and behind the scenes. GoT has made decent attempts, but both the praise and criticism exemplifies that it is no longer adequate to merely have subversive female characters, but to do them justice.

on hazn (حزن) and healing

by Layla Mkh

According to the Australian Medical Association, many Australians will experience a mental illness at some point in their lives, and almost every Australian will see the effects of mental illness manifest in a family member, friend or work colleague. A quick scroll down Facebook pages like USyd Rants reveals a large amount of anonymous posts on depression, anxiety and attention disorders, all at varying severities and within different contexts. As a university student who has been diagnosed with a severe anxiety and panic disorder, these posts are all too familiar and relatable.

My first experiences with mental illness were not my own. To be an Arab woman in this country is to know heartbreak, *hazn* (sadness) and depression like a second language you will never unlearn. It is from the generations of women who have come before me, whose lives have been continuously harmed by patriarchy and whiteness, that I have learnt what survival means. I have learnt that, despite different historical contexts, our experiences will always be similar, bound together by the resilience we have to learn from the pain we are forced to experience.

To be an Arab woman is to know that mental wellbeing and illness do not exist in isolation. The two are inextricably linked to traumatic experiences relating to patriarchy and whiteness.

These experiences are embedded into the lives of all Arab women who battle between being foreigners in the West and restricted in the East. We battle between finding comfort in a culture that confines us and breaking free from the chains we don't often know we have. As a result, it is impossible to have even a slight understanding of mental health issues among Arab women unless an intersectional and intergenerational lens is used.



1949

It is the year after the *Nakba*. A woman named Inaam is born in August as the summer sun rises to kiss the horizons of a newly independent Lebanon. Just under eight years have passed since its liberation from French colonialism. My grandmother is one of eight children born to a poor family in a tiny coastal village north of Trablous, named Deir Ammar. My grandmother, my Tayta, is a tiny, quiet and poised woman. She is infinitely proud, defiant and the definition of resilient. She has raised seven kids in a foreign country, and had to bury one of them just before she turned 26. My mother is her oldest daughter. She once told me that my Tayta said that she had never felt true happiness in her time living after losing her son Hassan.

There are moments when I see my Tayta force a smile, or a laugh that never quite reaches her eyes — and I understand that she has never felt true happiness.

In the year 1976, my Tayta, my Jedo and their kids came to Australia. My Jedo swears on his life that they came on a vacation to take a break from the war, but 43 years on and he has only ever gone back for six short stays. Tayta says that there is nothing left for her in Lebanon anymore. Her parents have long since passed away and she now struggles to find a feeling of home in the land that she was born in; in the land that she had to bury her first son.

I know only a little of the pain my Tayta has had to deal with. In her 43 years here, she has never learnt English. Her limited vocabulary extends to what she learns from my sisters and I. Words like “hectic” and “wow” are sometimes incorporated into her conversations with us, but it never extends beyond that. Despite this, she is one of the most intelligent women I know. Born one of ten siblings, seven of whom were girls, my Tayta was also one of the few in her family who did not go to school. A mixture of poverty and patriarchy were the reasonings, with my great grandfather often jokingly boasting that she did not need to go to school. “For what?” he would say. “So she can write letters to all her lovers?”

Tayta often whispers to me that one of the few pains in her life is that she did not learn how to read or write in English or Arabic. She says this with a heavy weight in her voice — it's obvious that it is not only her love for learning that inspires this feeling, but also a mixture of terrible experiences.

To be an Arab woman is to be socialised to want to marry from the moment you recognise that boys are boys. To be an Arab woman is to think of planning our lives around children who do not even exist — before even thinking of our careers, our education or our futures. Children are blessings, and the Arabic word for womb is *rahm*, with a root meaning of ‘mercy’. It is in this mercy and the loss of these blessings that some of my Tayta's worst pain has been felt. On her belly are several large scars. The marks are still criss-crossed on her skin from one end of her rib cage to another. Some of the marks are testaments to the children that she has lost. My Mama says that Tayta has had 14 miscarriages and counts seven as somewhat traumatic. It is in these losses that Tayta wishes the most that she knew how to speak English.

Of all the losses she's had, from her first son when

an intergenerational & intersectional perspective on mental health

content warning: mental illness, misogyny, domestic violence and abuse

he was seven years old, to one of her younger sisters, the most chilling is her recollection of her first hospital experiences in Australia. Tayta often jokes about how when she first arrived, she learnt the hard way that concentrated cordial needed to be broken down with water, and that dog food was indeed not food for humans. But it was her descriptions of her experiences at Bankstown Hospital which surprised me. I was only 14 years old when my Tayta told me that she had lost a child that she almost carried to term. She never got to see what he looked like. She vividly remembers trying to mime to the white nurses that she wanted to see her baby only once. That she wanted to hold the baby, skin on skin in her arms, just one time before he was buried. Her requests were misunderstood, refused, confused — whatever you want to call it. Not only was she denied her child — her mercy — she was denied a moment to see her blessing before he joined his oldest brother Hassan in Jannah.

Some would argue that there is no literal Arabic translation for the word “depression.” The Arabic word most adjacent to the word depression translates to “sorrow.” When she talks about health, my Tayta says that a lot of these “mental illnesses” are new. That, “back in the day,” there was no such thing. But there are moments when I see my Tayta force a smile, or a laugh that never quite reaches her eyes — and I understand that she has never felt true happiness. It is definitely sorrow, but it is also so much more.

1972

Born the oldest girl, Mama knows tough skin like no other. Between being a translator for her migrant parents, and helping Tayta raise her baby brothers and sisters, Mama has had the experience of mothering to last a lifetime. Born in Bhanine in a tiny house in the middle of a farming town, my Mama arrived in Sydney with a single word of English on her lips. Her name is Kadije, like Khadija, the Prophet's ﷺ first wife. She once told me that in high school some students nicknamed her “cabbage” because they couldn't pronounce her name. She laughs it off, says it was normal at the time, but can now acknowledge that those students were probably racist.

Her name is Kadije, like Khadija, the Prophet's ﷺ first wife. She once told me that in high school some students nicknamed her “cabbage” because they couldn't pronounce her name.

In the early 1990s my mother was an accomplished fashion designer, working hard to become an assistant at Supré and living the life she dreamt of. She was successful, came from a well respected family and was a hard worker. Men all around flocked at the family home one by one, asking for permission to “get to know” my mother, all with the end goal of marrying her. She never really gave many men time of day until she went to visit Lebanon.

Calling him the handsome boy next door, Mama always reminds me that she should've paid more

attention to many of the ways my father made her miserable before she even married him. When you are taught that you exist only in relation to men, it is often difficult to not make excuses, to not ignore all the fuckups, to not shrug off everything as a “mistake.” My Mama often tells me that in her childhood, both boys and girls were raised the same, but I often wonder whether this is completely true. I have seen both my aunty — my Khalto — and my Mama marry young, abandoning careers and education for children. I know that deep down, no matter how much interpersonal education passes between generations of women, these practices are embedded within culture.

My mother doesn't speak much about my father anymore. When my sisters and I were younger, her commentary about him ranged from sadness, to anger, and then to downright despair. My mother is still recovering from the long term trauma inflicted upon her, even over 15 years after their divorce. In the eight years they were married, my mother cannot recollect a single moment where he put a smile on her face.

A study undertaken by the Australian Institute for Health and Welfare found that intimate partner violence has one of the most serious impacts on women's health. In 2011 alone, it contributed to more burden of disease (the impact of illness, disability and premature death) than any other risk factor for women aged 25 to 44. Among these, mental health conditions were the largest contributor to the burden due to physical/sexual intimate partner violence, with anxiety disorders making up the greatest proportion (35 per cent), followed by depressive disorders (32 per cent). Dealing with emotional, financial and physical abuse, alongside cheating, I still know that my Mama was one of the lucky ones.

Mama has thanked God many times for the fact that she has only given birth to girls. My father was the oldest of his family, and, in a twisted and old cultural practice, wished that every single one of us were boys. For my Mama, this meant more abuse targeted at another element of her life that was out of anyone's control. She gave birth with only my Tayta as support.

Many times during my childhood, I knew my mother, though extraordinary in many ways, continued to battle demons long after her divorce. Years after she had resigned from fashion designing, she studied social work. Though the profession is rigorously focused on wellbeing and coping, I still see the struggle. I still see the post-traumatic stress with which she is forced to navigate the world. I still see the scars that my father and the patriarchy have left on her.

1998

I was born the second of three girls to a passionately *Lebnani* family in the suburb of Bankstown, and I am well aware of the fact that being born in this country affords me the utmost privilege. For that I will be forever grateful. However, despite this privilege, to be born in this violent settler-colonialist country as an Arab Muslim woman is also to be caught between two different forms of patriarchy: one that is rooted in whiteness, and one that is deeply entrenched in the culture that one has learnt by heart. It is to be told that, despite the so-called progressiveness of this country, my anxieties are absurd. That despite my depressions, I need to remain positive and grateful. My Tayta and my Mama have endured pain too long and too deep

to describe, and I will never know the full extent to which they are still suffering.

It is through their experiences that I am able to recognise that the long-term trauma of the Arab woman is intertwined in the registers of race, gender and class. It transcends as a physical and psychological memory. It is reinforced by culture and daily experiences of exclusion and domination. To mobilise against this is to recognise that my Mama, my Tayta and myself are just some of the few that exist in a collective state of depression around the world.

To be born in this violent settler-colonialist country as an Arab Muslim woman is also to be caught between two different forms of patriarchy: one that is rooted in whiteness, and one that is deeply entrenched in the culture that one has learnt by heart.

For us, it is something akin to feeling. These dark shadows that accompany our lives are embedded within our daily experience. From fleeing war, to losing children, to living in a violent settler-colonial islamophobic state, to being policed on our expressions — our experiences are intergenerational.

They are not passed down but passed through, and all we have is each other. To be an Arab woman is to know sorrow like another language, but to live despite this. To exist is to resist, and to resist is to survive, and survival will only continue if we erase the problematic masculinities that are embedded within our culture.



Art by Olivia Allanson

FOUNDATIONS

MIGRANT EXPERIENCES: A PHOTO ESSAY



The word “multicultural” likely had its heyday sometime in the 1990s in Australia. While debates on the perils of a so-called “Asian invasion” were had in Parliament House, thousands of non-white migrants moved to Australia. They moved not only from one country to another, but perhaps between states, or even from suburb to suburb. Among these thousands were our parents and grandparents, some of whom arrived even before the infamous nineties migration boom. Between us, we share a sense of nostalgia for the period of time during which our relatives found our feet in their new abodes – even though we weren’t necessarily alive at the time. That sentimental feeling is evoked by the pictures in this piece: an earnest sense of novelty, excitement and subdued fear.



My mother often recalls feeling lonely in her first few months in Australia. Compared to India, this country felt empty and there weren’t a lot of people; she could identify with. In her first few weeks here, she opened up a White Pages telephone book and called one of the only other Jhas in there, just to find someone to talk to. As more Indians migrated to Australia, a sense of community started to develop. This is a photo of my parents, celebrating my sister’s first birthday in a park, along with ten or so other young Indian families — *Pranay Jha*



Mum’s family is Hoklo and their ancestral home is Tangbei yuan, a riverside village in Guangdong. Mum came to Sydney just before the Tiananmen Square massacre in 1989, after which she became one of thousands of Chinese students to be granted asylum by Bob Hawke. This is her visiting Canberra not long after the news. She was learning English at the time and had her first job: boiling rice in the school’s kitchen for \$20 a day. — *Annie Zhang*



This is my mum and dad on their second day in Australia; Mum had just joined Melbourne Uni as a research fellow. Both of my parents have had their adult lives defined by academia; both of them have PhDs, mum in biology and dad in genetics. Mum’s continued that theme through to this day – after my brother was born, she became a school teacher and is now a principal. With both my brother and I fully invested in academia as young adults, not only does this photo capture my parents’ migrant experience, but my entire family’s. — *Daanyal Saeed*

This is an image of my Tayta and my Jedo in the middle of the 1970s in an unknown location. They were only supposed to be in Australia for one year, but forty-three years on, my Jedo swears that he will only lay to rest here. My Jedo was a farmer by trade in Lebanon and he told me that in background on the left there is a Zaytoon (olive) tree. Zaytoon trees can survive in neglect for hundreds of years, with some living as old as 1500 years.

— Layla Mkh



Here, my parents are waiting for a train at Gymea station sometime in the early 1990s, around the time they moved to Australia. They have been living in Gymea, a suburb in the Sutherland Shire, for over 25 years. They were one of few ethnic families to migrate to this traditionally white enclave – not much has changed. I catch the train to university from this station, too. The rose bushes have been replaced with lavender and camellia.

My dad had come to Australia in 1986, having well established a life as a bachelor who worked at Time-zone and spent his money on clothes, cricket and travelling. My dad travelled home eight years later after he had gotten his citizenship and had an arranged marriage with my mum. My parents lived apart for a year, waiting for my mum to come over to Australia. My mum, a quiet introvert came one year after marriage to this fast paced life her husband had, both excited and in awe. — Rameen Hayat



Little Jinan

Poem and Art by Max Zhuili

小城南

早夏莲叶清水出，

城间碧玉满堂湖。

里巷屋舍廊前翠，

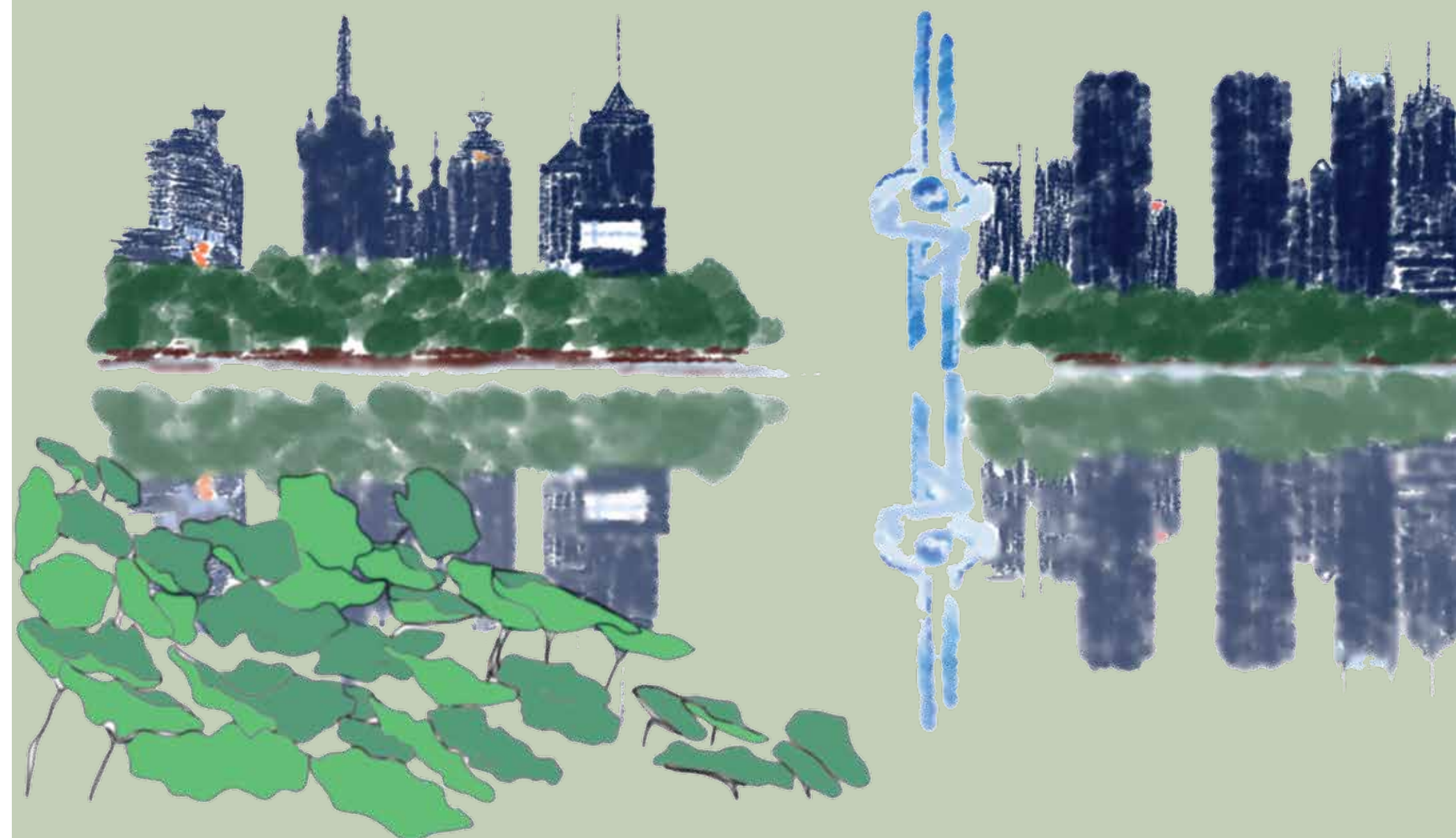
曲水池泉点墨竹。

凤柳款款霜月渚，

晴松历历暖阳庐。

几家照夜巢来卧，

一山杜宇遍歌途。



A Fort Called Contemporary Art

Grace Johnson deconstructs stigmas surrounding modern contemporary art.

In an episode of *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*, Danny DeVito's character pretends to be a "high society art type" named Ongo Gablogian to convince the gallery owner to visit an art exhibition at a bar. He streams into the gallery, pointing at the walls and exclaiming, "Bullshit! Bullshit! Derivative!" And then he stops and says... "That...I love! I absolutely love!" To which his companion, the gallery owner replies, "That's just the air conditioner."

"I want it! It's everything. I mean, look at us. We're just air conditioners. I mean, after all, we're just walking around on the planet, breathing, conditioning the air. I condition it hot, that conditions it cold. I mean, it's symbiotic! You know? We're just air conditioners, walking around on this planet, screwing each other's brains out!" he croons. The gallery owner begins nodding intently and says, "That's so true, I never thought of it like that."

The world of art prides itself on its exclusivity. You can only appreciate it if you're an insider, otherwise you merely remain 'curious' about it. Yet, even the most prestigious works of art have become public treasures, part of the collective conscious of creative history and human achievement. While we may

remain ignorant to the majority of art throughout history, both traditional and modern, there does seem to be a common appreciation of it, even if it's only understood in layman's terms. However, the world of contemporary art remains elusive and out of reach.

In a few months time, 85 galleries will come to Carriageworks for the 2019 edition of Sydney Contemporary, Australasia's International Art Fair. The website advertises the fair as "five days of curated exhibitions and ambitious programming that appeals to the serious collector, art lover, and those curious about contemporary art."

Since Renaissance times, art has been institutional — an aspiring artist would pay to be an apprentice to a master. They would receive patronage for the arts and what they produced had great significance to its time, whether for political statement or an expression of beauty. Apart from this, their aesthetic conception of art emphasised the Greek word *techné*, meaning 'craftsmanship' or 'art.' Jump forward to modern contemporary art and art isn't as much about beauty or craftsmanship as it is about the idea behind the work. The essentially teleological model of art progression

has seemingly ended, where there is now a myriad of highly individual interpretations drawn from various sources, very often beyond art itself, as we know it. Multimedia, installation, and performance art question the very nature of art and much of its meaning is what we give to it, like Danny DeVito as Ongo Gablogian, 'Fountain' by Marcel Duchamp, a readymade sculpture of a porcelain urinal, or Rene Magritte's 'Treachery of Images,' a painting of a pipe with the writing below "Ceci nest pas une pipe" ("This is not a pipe"). It is art because we say it is. But is this enough? Famed Australian art critic Robert Hughes notoriously despised contemporary art. In his series 'Shock of the New,' he discusses his problem with contemporary art and the significance of art as a whole: "I don't think we are ever again obliged to look at a plywood box, or a row of bricks on the floor... and think 'This is the real thing. This is the necessary art of our time. This deserves respect.' Because it isn't, and it doesn't, and nobody cares."

"The fact is, anyone except a child can make such a thing... because children have the kind of direct sensuous and complex relationships with the world around them that modernism in its

declining years was trying to deny. That relationship is the lost paradise that art wants to give back to us, not as children but as adults. It's also what the modern and the old have in common: Pollock with Turner, Matisse with Rubens, Braques with Poussin.

"The basic project of art is to make the world whole and comprehensible, to restore it to us in all its glory and its occasional nastiness, not through argument but through feeling. And then to close the gap between you and everything that is not you and then to pass from feeling to meaning."

It's in this space, where intellectualism and conceptualism take precedence, that the emotional impact of art is lost. Intellectualism and conceptualism is needed for progress in the arts but it is easy to lose sight of meaning in the name of progress. Much of the meaning of art lies in not just what is expressed but how it is expressed — the message being in the medium. One of the various purposes of art is to challenge the audience, of course, but if the audience is made to feel they are inferior to understanding contemporary art forms, then we must ponder the new significance of art and to whom it is directed.

MY REAL QUALM WITH BACHELOR IN PARADISE

Victoria Cooper wants more slipping, slopping and slapping in paradise.

It has been about a month since Bachelor in Paradise (BIP) ended. I have packed away my Osher bunting, farewelled my tri-weekly viewing parties and finally accepted that love is, indeed, dead. As someone with a lifeless Instagram and a weak wallet, and as someone who relates all too well to those deemed 'single pringles' — envying every single one of those potato chips with the luxury of spooning each other in their tin cans — my bulging heart-eyes could not soak enough BIP and I dreamt many a dream of balmy, commitment-less days in the Fijian love sun.

But, 'with time comes perspective', as they supposedly say, and much like my 2009 beach themed bedroom, I have come to see BIP in a new light. I now accept that I am entirely incompatible with the show. It would take about a day for my liver to pickle from the voluminous, all expenses paid day drinking. I like to let my body hair grow like my own little glassless terrarium. I would likely suffocate in the anxiety of the 'pair up or pack up' logic of the game. Thus, I will gladly drink my sauvignon blanc on the couch in my parents' house and remain a voyeur of those more confident than I forevermore.

But again, 'with time comes perspective', and the perspective is a-plenty. I am, and have always been, morbidly aware of the show's shortcomings. At a more critical level, BIP has employed unsubtle queerbaiting techniques, failed to diversify its

representation of both male and female body types, and is often slow to shut down toxic behaviour. With all of these things, it's hard to pick just one to criticise.

But there is something that has scratched at me every season: sun safety.

Since Jarrod Woodgate's perma-red glow in season one and those fold-me-in-half-hilarious words of that American guy who said, "Shit dude, you've seen some sun", it has been hard to ignore that, in every episode, at least one cast member has been sunburnt. Indeed, my personal little game of 'sunburn bingo' quite nicely passes the time when the whole 'I want to find love' thing gets a little bit dry. The sunburns are not my problem, they are much more realistically the cast's problem, as I can only imagine that the producers deprive them of Aloe Vera until they stare directly into the camera, reach into their chest cavity, pull out their heart and, while it is still beating, cry about feeling unloved.

My greatest qualm is what those burns represent — a wilful negligence of sun safety. Sun safety is called 'sun safety' because the concept is such that you staysafe, because the sun, much like Tienelle running off into the night on Nick Cummins' season of The Bachelor, is *dangerous*. As much as I dream of Osher interrupting every intimate conversation to remind the love puppets to slip, slop, slap, the responsibility to practice sun safety is unfortunately

on us as individuals. Perhaps this is where we fall short, because we see the short-term pain of a little sunburn as completely manageable so long as our F45, chicken weighing bodies can be flaunted, and we never need to put on another long-sleeved rash-shirt.

According to the Cancer Council of Australia, sunburn causes ninety-five per cent of melanomas, which are the deadliest form of skin cancer. By the age of seventy, two in every three Australians will be diagnosed with skin cancer. Sunburn bingo is a hoot and a half until you realise that, statistically, roughly 16 out of the 25 strong season two cast will likely have skin cancer by the age of seventy. Sunburn bingo just got awfully dark.

Few of us can criticise BIP for being negligent without being hypocritical. I, for one, am an astonishingly white hypocrite. Teenage years pretending I could 'tan' have left me with a constellation of moles that make me look like an incomplete connect-the-dots. Subliminally, I knew sunbaking, or in my case, literally getting roasted by the sun, was a bad idea but I thought I could deal with it when I was in my twilight years. Last year I had a biopsy on a mole I wasn't convinced was a problem. Got it out. Got a stitch. Happy days. Two weeks later, the results came back. It turned out that the mole was a nicely proportioned douchebag of a problem and I was told I had to get another three centimetres of skin

removed on either side of the site to ensure it hadn't spread. Ten stitches later, I have truly inscribed it on my heart that there is 'nothing healthy about a tan.'

We have to do better. BIP is not doing a particularly good job in perpetuating the value of wearing polarised sunglasses and getting in the shade, but neither are we. At some point, we have to stop associating long-sleeve rash shirts, and water-resistant draw-string hats with abnormally skinny, normally hairy white dads and wear sun safety as a badge of honour.

Sun safety is called sun safety because it is there to keep you safe, because the sun — much like love — is *dangerous*.



Rib cages and dusty pages

Karishma Luthria

i wear your shirt as a constant reminder of our love

i wear your shirt as a constant reminder of our love

i wear it to escape my broken heart

my broken familial chart

to remind myself that even if the two souls that bore me,

no longer shared a love that once tore me,

a love lacking of respect and admiration

of mutual self creation,

that i was still worthy of us

i was still worthy of living without the anxiety of impending love destruction

of peace mutilation under a roof of so called childhood memory creation,

but rather i was worthy of dusty words, torn from the great romantic flings

of nectarous love dripping right from your heart strings,

of a time when there were soaring heart beats

banging against our rib cages, slowly yet rhythmically

one at a time

then together

for each other

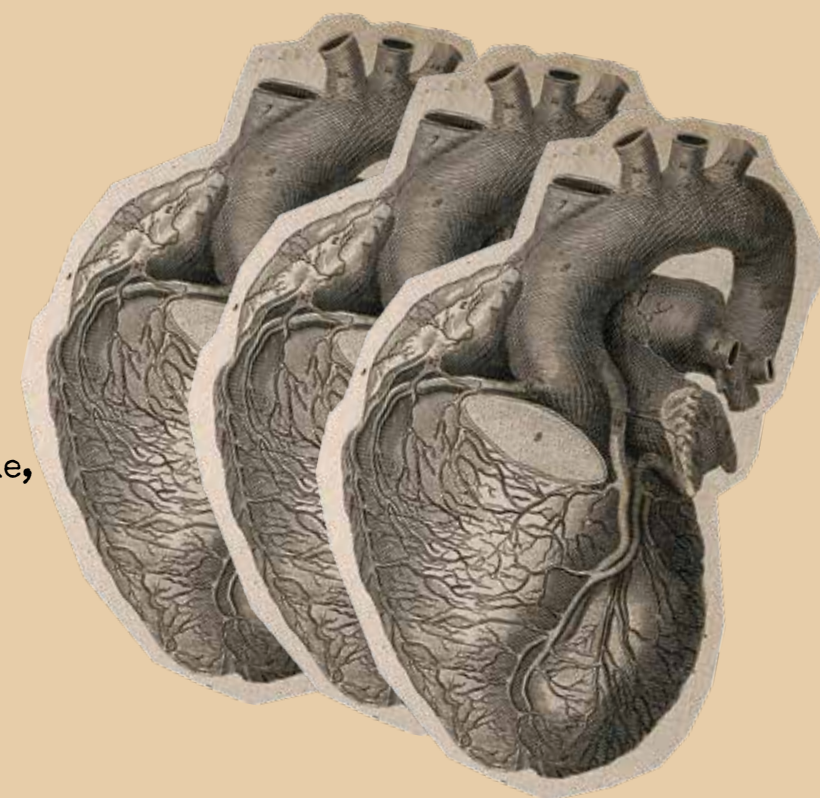
as your head lies on my shoulder

in a time tender to my fickle mind

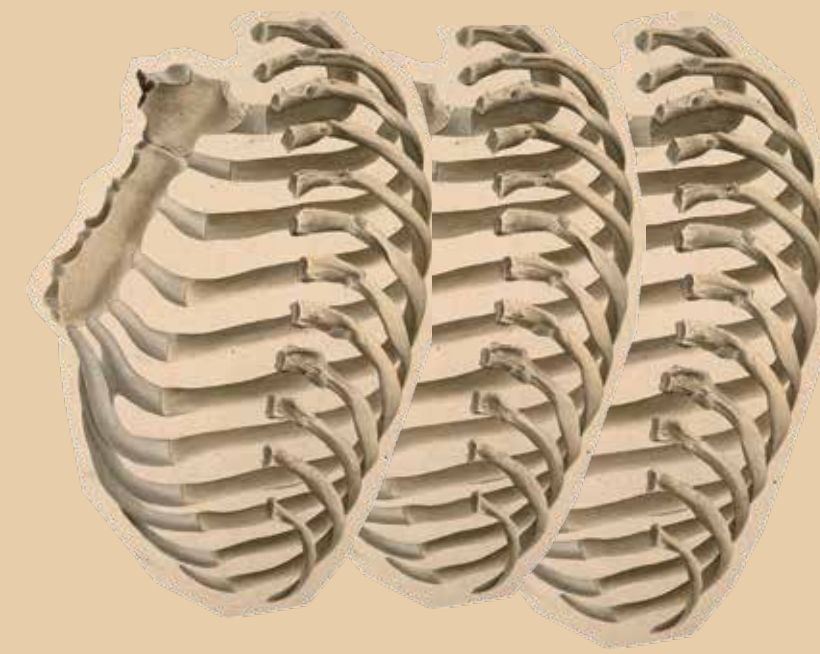
in a time unsure i was to find again,

to hold hands, only to match our beats

not once, but twice.



"Hold me but safe again within the bond
Of one immortal look!"



President

Jacky He

World University
Network Conference

This week I have been representing the University of Sydney at the World University Network President's Conference in Dublin, meeting and learning from other student union leaders and university academics across the globe. The conference continued throughout from Monday to Friday. We discussed extensively about the cost of higher education, sex and consent, climate change, sustainable education, co-curricular activities and undergraduate research. Student leaders from various universities offered valuable insight into what their respective universities are doing about these issues. For instance, just last year, University College Dublin divested from fossil fuels as a movement to oppose climate change. Another example is National Cheng Keung University in Taiwan, whose tuition fees for local students was only 1000USD and for international students it was only 2000USD - a funding model that puts significantly less financial burden on students.

Note: These pages belong to the Office Bearers of the SRC. They are not altered, edited or changed in any way by the editors of Honi Soit



executives, looking to implement some of the effective initiatives that other universities are adopting.

Statement on Honi Soit Censorship

Many of you reading this would be aware of my recent censorship over Honi Soit's election live blog which has attracted many controversy. The live blog stated that "there are rumours of Jacky He shouting and harassing Ruolin Ma's campaigners at ABS today", accompanied by a picture of me handing out flyers on the street of ABS.

There are several reasons why the live blog about was taken down.

Firstly, I was not consulted of whether the rumour is correct or not before the live blog was put up. In professional journalism, the party subjected to a rumour/statement should be given an opportunity to respond. However, I was not at any stage consulted of this rumour.

Honi Soit editors have accused me of blocking free speech, but I wonder

when have I been given a right to speak about the rumour?

Sure, there was contesting going on, but it becomes problematic when Honi Soit either intentionally or unintentionally alters the nature of the incident to sculpt it into something completely different in nature that I have most definitely not done.

Secondly, there is an inherent legal problem with posting a rumour without stating where source from which the rumour came from. I genuinely wonder how the Honi Soit editor who wrote the live blog was able to tell that I am "shouting and harassing" from the "photograph evidence" that shows nothing but me handing out flyers. As this is legally problematic, I am obliged to take down the live blog which has presented a rumour that is entirely untruthful.

This is not the only time that Honi Soit has insinuated something that is completely untrue. Just several weeks ago, I was shockingly insinuated of hiring a volunteer to write my

President's report, when nothing even close to that nature has happened - and the only evidence is my accidental change of pronoun from third person to first person in one of my President's report.

I have made my mistakes, and I am very open and honest about my mistakes. I have never complained about an article that reported on the mistake that I have made as long as it was truthfully represented. However, I do not appreciate my character and name being tarnished over an incident that that completely counterfeit.

I wholeheartedly agree that student media should hold student office bearers to account, and it provides a control that prevents office bearers from wrongly using their power. However, student media should not be intended at destroying the character of students in the wider public in the name of progressivism.

For a more detailed version of the statement, please feel welcomed to check my Facebook public post.

Mental Health: Stress & Anxiety Management

Lots of people experience stress and anxiety throughout their lives. When this affects your day-to-day activities, like being able to pass subjects at uni, being able to work, or have good relationships, it is a good idea to get some help. Counsellors (including psychologists) can help you to develop strategies to deal with the many different situations that you have in your life. They can be very expensive, but the SRC can recommend a few that will be cheap or free.

There is no shame to seeing a counsellor, if you are sick, you need help. There is no shame to having a broken leg, or the flu, and being mentally unwell is no different.

There might be other things you can do to help your mental wellbeing. Some people find that exercise, meditation, yoga, music, and art can help. A healthy, balanced diet is also undeniably good for your mental health. Maybe you'll benefit from being in the company of friends. The uni is a great place to meet new people, by talking to those in your classes, or by joining one of the many clubs and societies.

If being unwell, mentally or physically, is causing you to fail assessments, you might want to apply for Special Consideration. You will need a Professional Practitioner's Certificate (like a doctor's certificate) on or before



the day of your assessment, submitted no later than 3 days after the assessment. If you are too sick to get yourself to your doctor, consider calling a home doctor service - check the internet for details. Generally speaking your illness will need to have severely affected you. If you need help with this application, talk to an SRC caseworker. Be aware, though, that late applications without a very good reason will generally not be successful.

If you are feeling at risk of self harm contact Lifeline's 24 hour crisis support service by calling 13 11 14 or having an online chat at www.lifeline.org.au. You can also talk to a GP or counsellor, or one of the many community organisations that are here to help you.

Ask Abe

SRC caseworker help Q&A

Special Consideration

Dear Abe,

Last semester I had a really bad bout of gastro just before my exam. I was so sick I couldn't go to the exam, or go to see the doctor. When I was well enough I went to the doctor, but they would not give me a certificate for the day of the exam, and my Special Consideration application was rejected. What should I do if this happens again in the future?

Too Sick For Doctors

Dear Too Sick For Doctors,

Special Consideration applications are ideally accompanied by a Professional Practitioner's Certificate (PPC), completed on or before the date of the exam, where it indicates that you were "very severely affected" (or totally unable

to study) for a period of time that is no more than two weeks, including the day of the assessment.

If you are too sick to go to the doctor on the day of the assessment, you could call for a home doctor service. This will allow you to get a PPC on the day of the assessment. PPC's that are backdated are only possible from a doctor who has been treating you in the past for that same condition. The University website says you can use a Statutory Declaration, but the SRC's experience is that if this is the only document you present, it is likely that your application will be rejected. If your illness will affect you for longer than two weeks, it may be more helpful for you to register with Disability Services at the University. If you have any questions you can contact an SRC caseworker by emailing help@src.usyd.edu.au.

Abe



Check out the SRC Guides to Special Consideration: srcusyd.net.au/src-help/academic-issues/special-consideration/

Vice President

Dane Luo & Catilin Chu

Get Excited for Semester 2!

We are very excited for semester 2! We are currently working on supporting students with purchasing textbooks and learning equipment with a new program to be released shortly! There will be Welfare Week in semester 2 week 2 where the SRC, student support organisations, unions and NGOs can tell you about their services and how we can support you. There will also be free food, and who doesn't love free

food? At the end of the year, the SRC turns 90 and we will be celebrating our history as the peak representative body for undergraduate students.

Transition Units

We want to hear from you! The University has suggested embedding 'enriched transition support' in a core unit in each degree to help with the change from secondary to tertiary education. Degrees that already have

a core unit (eg Commerce) would have changes to that to bring in this support. Other degrees (eg Arts) without an existing core unit would look to introduce a core unit. If anyone would like to express a view or have any ideas, please feel free to email us at vice.president@src.usyd.edu.au.

Know your Student Rights - Show Cause

As we approach the holidays, we would

like you to be aware of the term 'Show Good Cause' or 'Stage 3 of academic progression'. The University might send you a letter to 'show good cause' as to why you should be allowed to continue studying your degree. This might happen if you failed half or more subjects in a couple of semesters, failed a core unit or placement, or have a WAM below 50.

Responding to this letter is important so you can continue studying your

degree. If you don't, you might be excluded. Or worse, for international students, your visa might be cancelled. The SRC can help. Our dedicated team of caseworkers can tell you how best to respond to a show cause letter. Start by looking at the guide on our website, draft your letter, then email your draft to our caseworkers at help@src.usyd.edu.au.

Ethnocultural Officers

Ellie Wilson, Himath Siriniwasa & Swapnik Sanagavarapur

Over the past month, the Autonomous Collective Against Racism has been active both on and off campus.

Most notably, we published our autonomous edition of Honi Soit in Week 9, an edition with a specific focus on the experience of POC in a deeply racist, settler-colonial society. The

edition was an overwhelming success, edited by our collective convenors and featuring many notable contributions in prose, poetry and art. A launch party will be held likely in the first week of Semester 2, where we will showcase many of the wonderful contributions to the paper.

ACAR has also been thoroughly involved in anti-racist and other progressive struggles (on and off campus). Most recently, collective members attended the national Sorry Day rally to protest the abhorrent rates at which Aboriginal children are being removed from their families by the colonial state. Members and convenors

were also present at the Nakba rally earlier this month, commemorating the theft and occupation of Palestinian lands in 1948 and protesting the ongoing violence of the Israeli state. On campus, ACAR has been working closely with other collectives (specifically WoCo, Enviro and CRAC) in the hope of organising student resistance to the

Liberal Party.

ACAR meeting times are determined weekly. Get in touch on Facebook or Instagram to find out more about our work, or to be added to the group to attend meetings.

The General Secretary, Queer, and Student Housing did not submit a report in time for the deadline.

Notice of Council Meeting

of the 91st Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney



p: 02 9660 5222 | w: src.usyd.edu.au

DATE: Wed 5th June

TIME: 6pm

LOCATION: New Law 026



We HELP Sydney University undergraduate students with a range of issues. Our services include:

SRC CASEWORKERS

We provide **FREE**, independent and confidential advice & support on a range of issues faced by students including: academic rights and appeals, show good cause, exclusion, misconduct / dishonesty allegations, special consideration, tenancy, Centrelink, financial issues, Tax Help (Semester 2) and more.



EQUIPMENT & LOANS

We offer Emergency Loans of \$50 and lend out university approved calculators, lab coats and other science equipment.



SRC LEGAL SERVICE

Solicitors and a registered migration agent provide **FREE** legal advice, representation in court where relevant, and a referral service. Including: Police & court matters, traffic offences, immigration law, consumer rights, employment law, personal / domestic violence, witness / certify documents, insurance law, visa related matters and more.



Find the SRC: Enter from City Rd, down the stairs, near footbridge. Level 1, Wentworth Building

p: 9660 5222 e: help@src.usyd.edu.au w: srcusyd.net.au

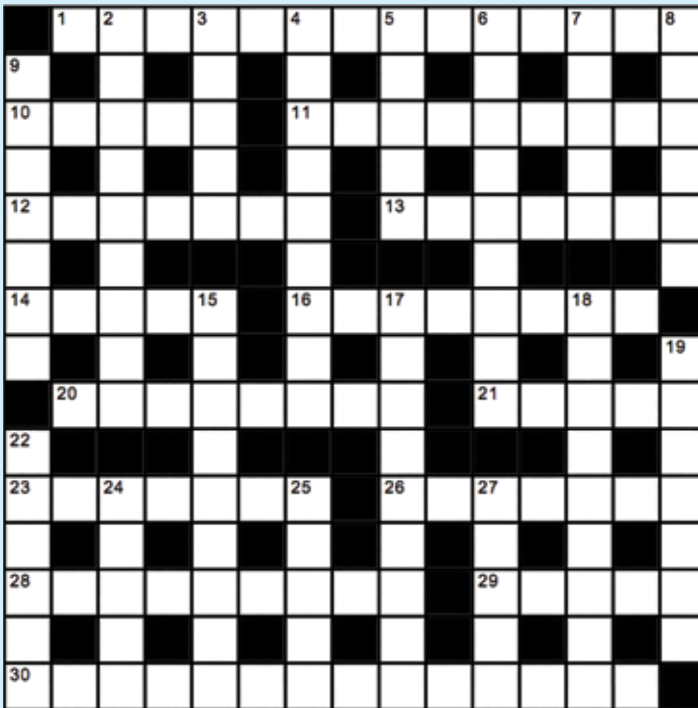
Drop-in sessions: Tuesdays & Thursdays, 1-3pm
Appointments: Please call to make a booking

Office Hours: Monday-Friday, 9am-5pm

SRC Casework Help:
facebook.com/Srhelp

SRC President:
facebook.com/srcusyd

Quick Crossword



ACROSS

- 1. 1974 hit, music by Sr Janet Mead and lyrics by Jesus (3,5,6)
- 10. Ape (5)
- 11. Geometric triangle (3,6)
- 12. Tool for cutting metal (7)
- 13. Most recent Bond film (7)
- 14. Video killed this medium's star (5)
- 16. Fielding's founding, or Cymru's crooner (3,5)
- 20. Type of eel or car (8)
- 21. Big-nosed Brazilian beast (5)
- 23. Surround (7)
- 26. Carnival cars (7)
- 28. Destruction of public property (9)

- 29. Whale's luncheon (5)
 - 30. Very best (5,2,2,5)
- DOWN
- 2. Murderous (9)
 - 3. Footballer Moura, actor Hedges (5)
 - 4. Delightful Turkish flavour (4,5)
 - 5. Quenches (5)
 - 6. Blue from a ewe (9)
 - 7. Focaccia's fungus (5)
 - 8. Joint (6)
 - 9. Ancient Greek jug (7)
 - 15. Sway (9)
 - 17. Australian nut (9)
 - 18. Spend a penny, or pass away, perhaps (9)

Credits

All puzzles by Tournesol
Find all answers online at honisoit.com

- 19. The Undertaker likes to do this, Hulk Hogan used to (7)
- 22. Hippy (6)
- 24. Place for a party (5)
- 25. 2, 3, 5, 7, 11 are all this (5)
- 27. Senegal's capital, and off-road rally (5)

ACROSS

- 1. Tangoing around Argentina with cross-patterned cloth (6)
- 4. I approach endless violence with a type of sloth (8)
- 9. Evening: boys ate properly, they said (6)
- 10. Fever lurks in butter, not old city bread (8)
- 12. I start running (then back again) to brown treetop pest (8)
- 13. They attract metres of silver in an uncurved nest (6)
- 15. True currency: (4)
- 16. A curtail'd virus before today's changes (10)
- 19. Declining a round can leave... (10)
- 20. Badgers' homes ranges (4)
- 23. Drink makes burrow

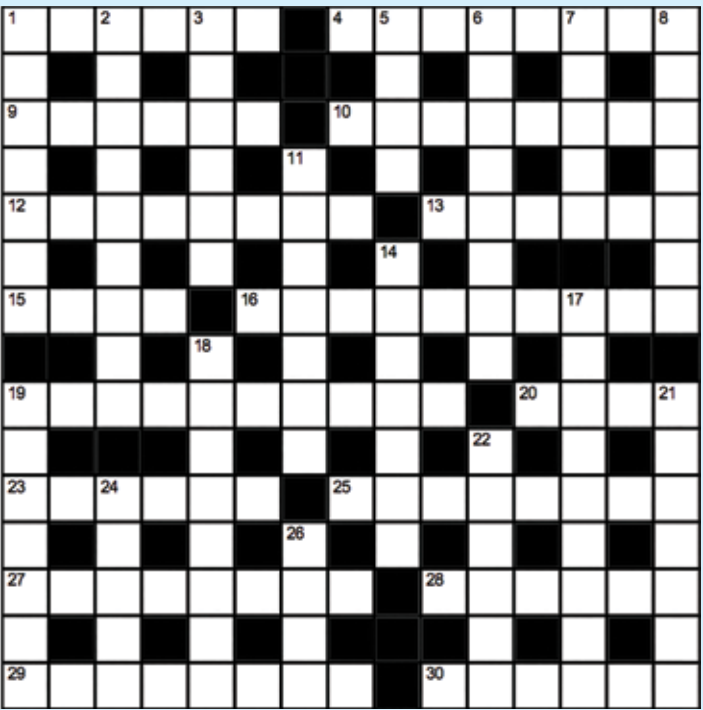
- leader a new man (6)
- 25. Record address of the Italian fan (8)
- 27. I yell aloud for food like gelato (3,5)
- 28. Biscuit time, I'm at last with a top macchiato (3,3)
- 29. Sloth's partner returns, regarding me, more avaricious (8)
- 30. Weakling! Together we'll open a leading restaurant - delicious (6)

DOWN

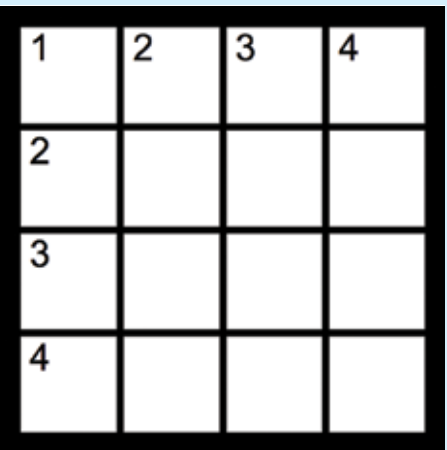
- 1. Unusual attires are better to eat (7)
- 2. They bypass towns and circle the streets (4,5)
- 3. They spy men after a... (6)
- 5. Short play and a splash (4)
- 6. Headless dude acted

- poorly, learnt, (8)
- 7. Swallowed a teen's endless hash (5)
- 8. Naps embraced by noisiest ass (7)
- 11. Not done by lopped bender in sad west Dundas (7)
- 14. Arrive at work, look in 200 thousand units closing down (5,2)
- 17. Queen says 'see sign to a big Greek town' (9)
- 18. Impeded the noise perceived, Spooner told (8)
- 19. Walking in the morn, with jewellery of gold (7)
- 21. Cooked at an organised meet - sad (7)
- 22. About his speech, Morrison's mad (6)
- 24. Interstellar eternity demonstrates glory (5)
- 26. What you hear as the end of the story (4)

Cryptic Crossword



This Way And That



- Answers across and down are the same
- 1. Coffee Shop (4)
 - 2. Copied (4)
 - 3. Eat (4)
 - 4. Icelandic Poem (4)

Target

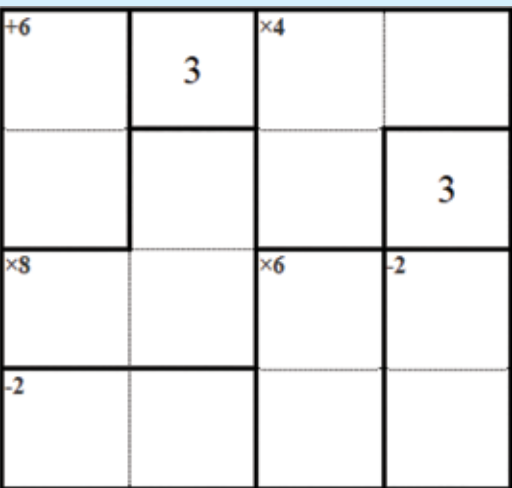


Target Rules:

Minimum 4 letters per word.

- 10 words: *
- 15 words: **
- 20 words: ***
- 25 words: ****

Kenken



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INC.

NEWS: Unreleased recommendation of 2017 Broderick Report: "Rename it 'The Wom*n's College'" >> Page 4

WORLD: Theresa May was chopping onions the entire time >> Page 6

Bill Shorten launches motivational speaking career

Michael Boziol documents the career rebirth of the former Labor leader.

Bill Shorten has quickly moved on to a new career as a motivational speaker, after hitting rock bottom in politics.

Shorten was spotted this weekend at Castle Towers, charging attendees \$24 an hour to hear his inspiring tale of bouncing back from the unlosable election.

"The key is to keep expectations low," he said, sporting a backwards baseball cap and loose fit "boyfriend"

jeans.

"Everyone kept telling me, 'Bill, you literally can't lose this election. There's a reason they're calling it the unlosable election'. But the reason I was able to bounce back so quickly is that I never stopped telling myself that I could lose it. And I did."

"If I hadn't had the strength to keep doubting myself, my expectations would have been sky high and the loss would have absolutely crushed

me. I would've wound up a washed-up freak like Kevin Rudd circa 2014."

"At the same time as expecting nothing from myself, I've also learnt to focus on the positives," Shorten explained to *The Independent*. "I delivered the first policy platform in Australian history so utterly devoid of anything except neoliberal platitudes that the country chose a man notorious for shitting himself over me."

Shorten's speech also incorporated elements of motivational science. "The key is to keep laughing because laughing releases endorphins."

"Repeat after me: he he. Ha. Ho Ho. Ha ha HA! AHhhh HHA HEH AH!"

Shorten is set to release his self-help book "Falling Short" in October of this year.

Dymocks has pre-ordered 18 copies.

My meninism will be intersectional or it will be bullshit

Jagjit "Jason" Malhotra opens up about intersectional approaches to the men's rights movement

As a freelance journalist, activist and founding member of the Autonomous Men's Collective, I have had to hear a lot from leftist fucks over the years about what it means to be a bloke and protect and enrich our way of life. And you know what, I've actually taken some of their advice.

I've decided to branch out in my approach towards the movement. No longer will I be restrained by a narrow-minded outlook, which focuses only on men's rights. That's right: I've decided to make my meninism intersectional.

For years I have studied what has long been hailed as the most masculine degree of them all: Engineering (only before Commerce, Economics, Science, and, at a stretch, Law). This year, I've ventured into diversifying my discipline. I've started doing a double degree studying Arts as well. I will now

be able to devote a small amount of my time on subjects such as "Languages" and "History" which are decidedly not masculine.

That's not all. I've been a strong supporter of the Bharatiya Janata Party and Hindu nationalism more generally since I was born. Heck, I've been frothing over Modi's win all weekend. Despite this, I have taken active steps to engage with the Muslim Society on campus. A few weeks ago I purchased what I understand to be called "halal" food from their bake sale on Eastern Avenue. So as you can see, despite my raging hate for Islam and Muslims as a result of my deep seated irrevocable allegiance to the BJP, I'm trying.

These just are some of the few ways I have tried to make my meninism intersectional. And I reckon I've done a ripper of a job.

SYDNEY METRO: Loser plans an entire weekend around riding a metro for the first time, is still somehow disappointed.

SYDNEY METRO: "Everything's fine" — Andrew Constance stranded at Macquarie University Station.

Has "Kony" been hiding in plain sight this whole time?

PUZZLES: Peruse the very photo that experts have been bewildered by for seven years.



PROTEST:
JUSTICE FOR
BOWRAVILLE
10:30AM THU 30TH MAY

NSW PARLIAMENT

JUSTICE FOR THE FAMILIES

JUSTICE FOR

EVELYN, CLINTON & COLLEEN

DEMAND A RETRIAL