

Honi Soit

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4-5: NEWS

Protesters clash with CPAC attendees and police

Student protesters have organised a snap rally against the Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC), resulting in clashes between the two groups and police intervention.

CPAC was jointly organised by Australian group Liberty Works and the American Conservative

Union. Its speaking list includes former Prime Minister Tony Abbott, leader of the Brexit Party Nigel Farage, as well as a host of other inflammatory right-wing commentators.

[Read more on page 4 >>](#)

14-15: FEATURE

Omagoor: The Quest for the Asian-Australian Accent

When I was twelve, my mum brought a video I'd made for a school assignment to work, and showed it to her colleagues during lunch. She was obviously proud of the cinematic masterpiece I had whipped up on Windows Movie Maker during the school holidays, and like any

proud parent, wanted to share it with everyone she knew. But instead of gushing praise, her colleagues, most of them white, seemed to only comment on only one thing—my accent.

[Read more on page 14 >>](#)



Acknowledgement of Country



I would like to acknowledge the land that Honi publishes on was never ceded but stolen from the Gadigal people of the Eora nation. As an international student, who was not familiar with Australia's Aboriginal history before, I thought the brutality and violence only existed in history. However, it is important to recognise the ongoing unfair treatment and voicelessness of First Nations' people still happening today. There are too many fellow international students using the fact that they are also a vulnerable group in Australia as an excuse to avoid knowing more about this colonial history. However, as a foreign student from overseas, who benefits from Australia's high-quality education, comfortable housing and other privileges, we should all be aware of this ongoing inhuman treatment and recognize the real owners of this land.

Honi Soit stands in solidarity with First Nations communities, prioritising their voices, respecting elders past, present and future.

原本是，永远都是，原住民的土地。

Contents

3	LETTERS	Editors
4	NEWS	Baopu He, Pranay Jha, Amelia Mertha, Jessica Syed, Liam Thorne, Nell O'Grady, Carrie Wen, Joe Verity, Annie Zhang and Alan Zheng
6	ANALYSIS	Writers
8	PERSPECTIVE	Vivienne Guo, Robbie Mason, Grace Johnson, Max Shanahan, Ben Hines, Shania O'Brien, Alice Trenoweth, Anh Nguyen, Michelle Lam
11	MULTILINGUAL	Artists
12	PERSPECTIVE	Olivia Allanson, Grace Fu, Amelia Mertha, Lauren Moore, Nhatminh Vu, Mei Zheng
13	FEATURE	Photographers
16	CULTURE	Ieong Meng Seng, Lindsay Rui
18	CREATIVE	Cover Artist: Annie Zhang
20	PHOTOGRAPHY	
22	WRITING COMP	
26	PUZZLES	
27	COMEDY	

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Editorial

I feel lost recently. There are so many roads in front of me but I don't know which one to choose.

It is my last semester of undergraduate study, and I can't see my future at all. Should I continue to pursue higher education or should I immediately start working after graduation? Should I try to get permanent residency in Australia or should I go back to my country and stay with my family? I can't decide at all. On the one hand, I am tired of leading a wandering life all by myself in a foreign country; on the other hand, I can feel my eagerness for an adventurous life. Everything bothers me, and I have been sleepless for multiple nights. These feelings of anxiety haunted me until I saw this week's cover art by Annie Zhang. The girl in the art is just like me.

There is an unknown place with tall buildings hidden in the forest in front of the girl. Just like the unsure, potentially adventurous future in front of me. What should I do; should I approach or should I leave? I ask myself again and again. The glow of fireflies are above the girl's head, lighting up the darkness of the forest and cold buildings.

In front of you are tall buildings, trees, a mysterious place, an unknown future, and endless possibilities. Yes, there is no need to worry because you have infinite possibilities in the future. I feel kind of relieved, even though I still haven't decided anything. I decide to leave everything behind just

for a while and concentrate on what is most important in the present — how to make a wonderful newspaper in my second editor-in-chief week. To be honest I wasn't worried too much. This paper is the product of talented reporters, photographers and artists, working together.

I am very proud of our amazing news coverage over the past week: we have covered the 'Lennon Wall' removal on Eastern Avenue; the University of Queensland signing a deal with the Ramsay Centre; a Chinese student was punched and spat on in the racist campus attack, and so many more important rallies and news.

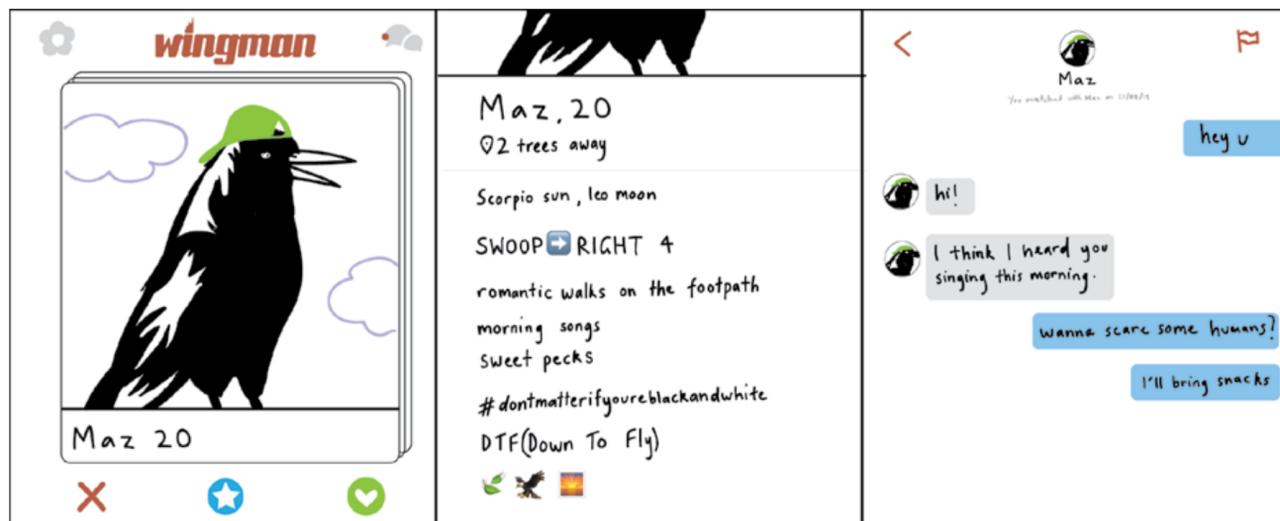
We have an insightful investigative piece about the Conservative Political Action Conference by Joe Verity. Robbie Mason's long form analysis give us insight of the voices of subversive researchers in the field of psychedelic medicine. Also many thanks to Baopu He for doing this edition's feature article about the Asian-Australian accent. There is a spread of photos of Macau and Japan this week. They are taken by two wonderful student photographers, Leong Meng Seng and Lindsay Rui.

At last, it is my wish that all the people who see themselves on the front cover and standing in front of the uncertain future can finally make the right decision. 山重水复疑无路，柳暗花明又一村。

Carrie Wen

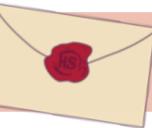
Swoop Right

Amelia Mertha



Letters

嗨假期又又又结束了，当代恶臭年轻人离开了他们睡了一个假期的沙发，端正的坐到图书馆一开始玩起了手机。假装繁忙之际，一定别忘了给我们写信。要么给我们写信要么进来挨打！ Write to us: editors@honiisoit.com



Mr Spence! Do not tear down this wall!

Dear Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor,

I am deeply disturbed at the attack on free speech by Chinese students who tore down the 'Lennon Wall' at the USYD campus.

This attack on the freedom of speech by Chinese students against students who support Hong Kong's citizens, including many students and academics, is unacceptable and attacks the core values of the university in civic society. Astonishingly, it appears from the article below that even SRC co-Education officers and student group members on the SRC are actively involved in these public attacks against students.

I trust the University will demonstrate its resolute support for free speech and make its response public, and also demonstrate its support for the democratic aspirations of the HK community, including its university students and academics, at this important moment in time.

Sincerely,
Nicholas Strobbe

Thank you for your concerns

Dear Nicholas

Thank you for your raising these concerns with us. I can assure you that the University does not condone the removal of the "Lennon Wall" and is committed to ensuring freedom of speech and enquiry on our campus. Promoting the capacity to disagree well – described by Professor David Schlosberg as "an ethic of agonistic respect across difference" – in relation to even the most complex and emotive issues is a responsibility which the University takes extremely seriously. We will not tolerate violence or harassment on our campus.

I have recently formed a consultation group, which includes student representatives, to determine how best to implement the recommendations of the Independent Review of Freedom of Speech in Australian Higher Education Providers ("the French Review"). We will be issuing a call for input from students in Student News on Monday, and I encourage you to consider providing feedback on freedom of speech on campus to this process.

Yours,
Michael

Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

Notice of 2019 SRC Annual Election



Authorised by C.Lu, Electoral Officer 2019,
Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

Nominations are called for the following elections/positions and open on the 31st July 2019 at 4:30pm:

- The election of the Representatives to the 92nd SRC (35 positions)
- The election of the President of the 92nd SRC
- The election of the Editor(s) of *Honi Soit* for the 92nd SRC
- The election of National Union of Students delegates for the 92nd SRC (7 positions)

Nomination forms can be downloaded from the SRC website: src.usyd.net.au/elections

Original signed nomination forms and a printed copy of your online nomination must be received no later than 4:30pm on Wednesday 21st August, either at the SRC front office (Level 1, Wentworth Building), OR at the following postal address: PO Box 794, Broadway NSW 2007.



Hon-way road to heaven

Humbled are we, Ô LORD – we were wrong about last week's Liberal party aligned-ticket, running to edit that godforsaken paper *Honi Soit*! There were not four, but FIVE men on the ticket! And only ONE of them is NOT in the Liberal party! Blessed be thou, our priestly brother Anthony Segart, present on Lib-ticket, and whose involvement with *Honi Soit* does not extend beyond occasionally tweeting ambivalently about the paper! Forgive us for we have probably sinned! Forgive

Our lies are sending us right to hell!

We repent in the face of GOD the Almighty. We bow down to those honourable saints paying visits to the Mount Sinai of student journalism, the *Honi Soit* Anonymous Tip-line Google Form, and informing us of God's prophecies: "Josie Jakovac is a moderate liberal not soft-right dudes. Soft-right is like Zac and Hartley. Ur burn book needs to be burned." So burn it! Burn it we say! Condemn it to the everlasting flames of hell! Though Josie publicly boasts of the fact that she interned

Anthony's sins as well! Forgive, that on his blog with the newly registered domain name of www.anthonysagart.com he has linked his piece, "Why More Indigenous History In The Curriculum Isn't Necessarily Better." Ô LORD, forgive JP Baladi, the head honcho of this lib-ticket, for buying into this drive! We are all but sinning lambs, dear LORD! Sacrifice us!

for US Senator Jim Inhofe, whose Wikipedia article proclaims him to be "the most conservative member of both the House and Senate, according to the 2017 GovTrack report card" we must repent! How dare we sin, and name her to be right of the moderates. Burn us at the stake!

Have mercy on the constitution, dear Father!

The very fabric that ties our society together (apart from the Book of Revelations) is at stake... an SRC constitutional crisis looms... the end is nigh... the fear renders us even more God-fearing than usual! Answer our prayers, ô LORD of Standing Legal, Xiaoman Zhu! Let it be known that section 3(a) of the SRC's Constitution requires that Council be comprised of one councillor for every 1000 students enrolled in an undergraduate degree. According to current USyd enrolment figures, campus has 37,146 undergraduate students. The 2019

council nomination form specifies only 35 councillors (an increase from 33 in 2018) but not enough to constitute compliance with the Constitution... the pits of fire are opening! Repent!

Revelation 5: The Scroll and the Lamb

Then I saw a Lamb, looking as if it had been slain, standing at the center of the throne, encircled by the four living creatures and the elders. The Lamb had seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God sent out into all the earth. 7 He went and took the scroll from the right hand of him who sat on the throne. 8 And when he had taken it, the four living creatures and the twenty-four elders fell down before the Lamb. Each one had a harp and they were holding golden bowls full of incense, which are the prayers of God's people. 9 And they sang a new song, saying: "You are worthy."

UNSW Law exams no longer available for collection

Kiran Gupta

The University of New South Wales (UNSW) Law School released a statement on Thursday announcing that law students will no longer be able to collect their exam papers after being marked.

In an email obtained by *Honi* that was sent on behalf of the Deputy Dean of UNSW Law, Professor Andrew Lynch, the faculty announced, "in accordance with the practice of other faculties ... examination papers will no longer be available for your collection." The faculty will instead request that course convenors release general guides to the final examination on Moodle, an open-source learning management system.

The timing of this move is interesting given UNSW's transition to a trimester model at the beginning of 2019. Both staff and students have met the introduction of trimesters with widespread criticism and condemnation. According to UNSW student newspaper, *Tharunka* over 90% of the responses to a student survey in May 2016 were critical of

the move. Reasons for such criticality, included less face-to-face contact between staff and students, and more concentrated and difficult term times. *Honi* recently reported that the firing of 400 staff and the significant cuts made to student services were made in preparation for the restructure. Multiple student protests opposing the move have followed. Consequently, staff have widely reported having significantly less time to mark assessments. Not returning papers could allow markers to spend less time on each script, as feedback would only need to be recorded and provided when requested, or be substantiated verbally.

While many have criticised the policy change given its possible implications for staff cuts and the additional difficulty for students to appeal marks, some UNSW law students have embraced the change. They note that traditionally the law school has been one of the last faculties to change policy and a move to digitise general exam reports in a timely fashion is potentially a

relatively progressive step. Some students told *Honi* that UNSW law seminars rarely exceed 30 people and that the move to restrict access to exam papers, even if to decrease staff hours, is a reasonable concession to make when considering the small legal seminar sizes that UNSW prides itself on. In addition, *Honi* revealed last year that only 3.1 per cent of marks available in a UNSW Law degree stem from closed book examinations, compared to 19.1 per cent at USyd, which further reflects what the UNSW Law School market as a "progressive and rigorous legal education."

The Faculty has assured students that "the retention of papers does not prevent students who wish to seek a review of results from doing so ... if a student makes an appointment with their teacher to discuss their exam paper, the teacher will request the paper from Student Services for this purpose and will then return it after the consultation with the student." The UNSW LawSoc declined to comment on the policy change.

Pro-Choice protest outside Parliament

Vivienne Guo

At 8 am on Tuesday morning, masses of protesters flocked to the gates of New South Wales (NSW) Parliament, as politicians readied themselves for a debate regarding the Reproductive Health Reform Bill 2019.

The bill, proposed by Independent MP Alex Greenwich, seeks to decriminalise abortion in NSW. Two separate rallies from both sides of the abortion debate – pro-life and pro-choice – were face to face, exchanging counter-chants and heated words back and forth.

The initially mild confrontations escalated into yelling matches and bouts of physical intimidation on both sides, leading police to intervene as they attempted to separate the two rallies using orange traffic cones.

The bill proposes to allow abortion upon request up until 22 weeks of gestation. Thereafter, abortions would require the approval of two doctors, based on criteria assessing long-term physical, social and mental factors.

Greens MP Jenny Leong

gave a fervent speech praising the trailblazers of the pro-choice movement.

"We will go inside and we will attempt to deliver what you started all those decades ago," Leong pledged. "We will stand with regional women, with rural women, with women from non-English speaking backgrounds, Aboriginal women, and women from [all other] disadvantaged backgrounds."

Leong drew attention to the often-neglected issue of trans and nonbinary erasure in the fight for women's reproductive rights, "I am sorry that your voices, and your views, and your bodies have been somewhat erased by this. But please know that there are many of us that realise the struggles that continue for you. Please know that it is not acceptable you are erased in the struggle that we have for our freedoms and our rights, and we will stand with you every step of the way."

The bill passed the lower house on Thursday night. If enacted, it will overturn the 119-year-long criminalisation of abortion.

'Lennon Wall' dismantled on Eastern Avenue

Alan Zheng

Geopolitical schisms are coming to the University of Sydney after a mural established by Hong Kong students on the poster boards of Eastern Avenue was dismantled by Chinese students yesterday afternoon, according to video footage obtained by *Honi*. It comes three weeks after pro-Hong Kong and pro-Beijing students clashed in the Great Court of the University of Queensland (UQ).

The mural, inspired by the 'Lennon Wall' — a mosaic of sticky notes also used during the 2014 Umbrella Movement — contained messages, some of which read "No extradition bill", "We need Freedom", "Free Hong Kong", and "Hong Kong is home". Peace signs and love hearts also adorned the mural. A similar Lennon Wall in the Graffiti Tunnel also went missing this week.

Individual sticky notes were first removed from the board, before the placard itself was dismantled by a group of Mandarin-speaking Chinese students on Tuesday afternoon.

The identities of one of those students is known to *Honi* as

Jingrui (Jesse) Xu, current SRC co-Education Officer, who is paid close to \$13,000 by the SRC for mobilising student protests and movements.

Xu and another yet unidentified student are both involved with Panda — a faction loosely grounded in the China Development Society (CDS) — who are also part of the SRC's majority bloc.

Founding President of the CDS Ye Xue told *Honi* that the CDS does not endorse any political activities which its members participate in.

"CDS had no role in the dismantling of the Lennon Wall," Xue said.

The move echoes the actions of pro-Beijing students at UQ who dismantled a 'Lennon Wall' set up by the Hong Kong Students Association before interrupting a sit-in protest by Hong Kong activists with intimidation tactics and the Chinese National Anthem.

This morning, the Lennon Wall at the University of Queensland was destroyed by masked men.

A university spokesperson

told *Honi* that the University "strongly supports the right of students to protest and express opinions and political views."

"The safety of all our students is a top priority and we will continue to monitor the situation," the spokesperson said.

Vice-Chancellor Michael Spence told *Honi* the "University does not condone the removal of the 'Lennon Wall' and is committed to ensuring freedom of speech and enquiry on our campus."

Advance, a Pan-Asian student coalition which contested the USU and SRC elections in 2018, proposed a motion for a peaceful student protest and strike in solidarity with Hong Kong at last week's SRC council meeting.

That motion was not heard after the meeting was cancelled following controversy with regulation changes proposed by the majority bloc.

The Hong Kong Students Association (HKSA) did not respond to *Honi's* request for comment in time for publication.

Usyd sponsors Saudi Symposium

Nell O'Grady

The University of Sydney was the principal sponsor of the fifth annual Saudi Arabian scientific Symposium, an event occurring annually that attempts to forge ties between the scientific and educational communities of Australia and Saudi Arabia.

The event was managed by the Saudi student club in Sydney, an organisation sponsored by the Saudi Arabian Cultural Mission which is facilitated by the Ministry of Education of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia.

The event was booked and fully catered by the University of Sydney for an attendance of 150 guests, though the University of Sydney denied any connection with the Saudi Arabian Cultural Mission. "To the best of our knowledge, the university has not supplied any funds to the Saudi Arabian Cultural Mission, we provided the 'Saudi Student Club in Sydney' with the venue and catering to the around 150 guests who are mostly students who attended the event," a University of Sydney

spokesperson told *Honi*. The Saudi Arabian Cultural Mission is a cornerstone of the Crown Prince's Vision 2030 plan that attempt to modernise the country when it comes to women's rights, science and education.

Honi has found that in supporting the efforts of the Saudi Sydney Student club, the have by association, supported a student organisation operating under the supervision of the Saudi Arabian Cultural Mission and thus directly facilitated by the Saudi Ministry for Education. In recent months, the Saudi Arabian government has sought to promote a liberal vision of itself in a globalised world. This has emerged at a time when Crown Prince Muhammad Bin Salman maintains many aspects of its guardian system.

The Australian Government's direct exposure to the Saudi Arabian government remains limited, yet is largely dependent on student sponsorships and academic networks.

Protesters clash with CPAC attendees and police

Pranay Jha and Joseph Verity

Student protesters have organised snap rally against the Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC), resulting in clashes between the two groups and police intervention.

CPAC was jointly organised by Australian group Liberty Works and the American Conservative Union. Its speaking list includes former Prime Minister Tony Abbott, leader of the Brexit Party Nigel Farage, as well as a host of other inflammatory right-wing commentators and politicians from Australia, the US, and the UK. The event attracted around 400 attendees on each of its two main days on Friday and Saturday.

A few hours after Farage gave his speech, approximately 30 protesters gathered on the street outside Rydges World Square, where the event is being hosted, chanting a raft of anti-conservative slogans.

A heavy police presence of close to 20 officers prevented the protest from reaching the conference. However, numerous attendees of the

conference, some dressed in MAGA hats, attempted to move into the crowd of protesters. One attendee had a coffee thrown on them, leading to the thrower of the coffee being handcuffed and arrested by police.

Hersha Kadkol, principal organiser of the protest and Ethnocultural Officer of the National Union of Students, gave a statement to *Honi*.

"The worrying rise of the far right all around the world must be resisted. Every time they get organised, we must protest and stand in solidarity with the victims of their attacks," she said.

Official organisers of CPAC declined *Honi's* request for comment.

The conference has not been short of controversial moments. Yesterday, the crowd launched into chants of "send her back" when Kristina Keneally became a topic of discussion. Keneally lobbied to have speaker Raheem Kassam barred from entering the country, citing misogynistic comments he had made in the

past. Tony Abbott also attracted attention by using his time of the stage yesterday to decry the recently passed NSW abortion bill as "death on demand" and a "fundamentally inhuman position".

Organisers have divulged their intention to turn CPAC, which currently attracts crowds of 10,000 in the US, into a permanent fixture of the Australian political calendar in the future.

Below: protesters gathering outside the Rydges World Square



Rally: 'ScoMo is a coal fonder'

Matthew Forbes

Hundreds of protesters shut down streets in Sydney's CBD on Friday evening calling for immediate climate action. The rally was part of a series of nation-wide demonstrations hosted by the National Union of Students (NUS) and Uni Students for Climate Justice, in conjunction with other groups including Extinction Rebellion.

2018 University of Sydney SRC Education Officer, Lily Rosebell, chaired the event which commenced at Town Hall. The rally was one of many to take place over the last few months, with international strikes organised by school students occurring on the 15th of March and 24th of May earlier this year.

Daisy Jeffrey, a 16-year-old representative from School's Strike for Climate, labelled Prime Minister Scott Morrison a "coal fonder". Jeffrey also outlined the movement's three demands: the abandonment of new coal, oil and gas projects, sole nation-wide use of renewable energy by 2030 and job creation and sustainment

for fossil-fuel industry workers. Back in June, the City of Sydney declared a climate emergency and promised to use 100 per cent renewable energy by next year. Gumbayngirr activist Gavin Stanbrook provided an acknowledgement of country before expressing his support for the movement. He tied the environmental movement to the fight for Indigenous land rights and native title — specifically in regards to the Adani coal mine.

Bruce Shillingsworth, an artist and member of the Budjiti and Muruwarri Nations, spoke outside NSW Parliament, calling the rally a "gathering of the true warriors of the future" and repeating "we don't inherit the Earth from our ancestors, we borrow it from our children".

A United Nations report released on Thursday warned of the devastating effects to food supplies climate change will cause through extreme weather conditions. A third student-led global climate strike takes place on 20 September.

UQ signs deal with Ramsay Centre for Western Civilisation

Liam Thorne

On Wednesday, the University of Queensland (UQ) signed a Memorandum of Understanding (MOU) with the Ramsay Centre for Western Civilisation to launch a major in Western Civilisation in 2020.

30 students each year will receive scholarships funded by the Ramsay Centre, and will take either a Bachelor of Advanced Humanities (Honours) (Western Civilisation), or a Bachelor of Humanities (Western Civilisation) / Bachelor of Laws (Honours).

These students will be selected by the 'Ramsay Scholarship Selection Panel,' which will be chaired by a member of UQ senior management and will include either the Ramsay Centre's CEO or Academic Executive Officer. The panel will also include the Executive Dean of Humanities and Social Sciences (HASS), Professor Heather Zwicker, who earlier this year bypassed the advisory HASS Academic Board to approve the program, even after the HASS Board rejected proposals for Ramsay

curricula three times. The HASS Board only holds an advisory power at the University.

There are outstanding concerns that the curriculum is likely incompatible with UQ's commitments to reconciliation with First Nations peoples. The fact that the course curriculum signed off by the VC was never approved by the HASS Board will likely present further concerns for many. In the announcement of the MoU, UQ stated that they "acknowledge the historical fact that violent colonisation was undertaken by western countries that believed themselves to be 'civilised'."

The program will be taught by ten full-time equivalent academic staff. Notably, although UQ will have the final say in who these staff will be, UQ will invite either the Ramsay Centre's CEO or Academic Executive Officer to be on the staff selection panel. Moreover, although current UQ staff may apply to teach the program, UQ has also committed to "recruiting, through an open and competitive process, at

least 6 new staff."

The involvement of the Ramsay Centre in the selection of the program's staff and students comes as particularly worrying news. As the Ramsay Centre has made bids to fund similar programs at other Australian universities — including the University of Wollongong, USyd, and University of Western Australia — significant concern has been raised about how such funding might erode academic autonomy and university independence from partisan financial interest.

At UQ alone, there has been resounding backlash to the program's introduction. In May, over 500 students met in the first general meeting since 1971 to vote down the Ramsay Centre's program. A potential deal was also rejected by the National Tertiary Education Union and the student UQ Union.

The status of negotiations between the Ramsay Centre and the University of Sydney has remained largely unknown for most of 2019.

Student punched in racist campus attack

Liam Thorne and Alan Zheng

A Chinese international post-graduate student was attacked on campus today by a 30 to 40-year-old man wearing a grey hoodie-jacket. The student was likely one of several Asian students targeted by the man today.

The student was spat on, and punched multiple times, including being jabbed in the eye with a key at around 4:45 pm this afternoon.

Today was his first day at the University of Sydney, and fortunately, he was able to walk away with just a swollen eye without an ambulance being called.

Honi spoke to the attacked student and his friend, both of whom preferred to remain anonymous.

The alleged assailant had been shouting and swearing loudly, and spitting on people as they were using the stairs leading from Wentworth building to the City Road bridge.

The pair recounted that the man seemed to be spitting only on those of Asian appearance. He reportedly smelled of alcohol, and was yelling with a slur.

When the man spat on one

of them, the student asked him "What are you doing?" and pushed the man away from him. Following this, the student was punched in the face, and after retaliating with a punch himself, he was then punched a second time. This second punch came with a key held in between the attacker's fingers, connecting with the student's left eye.

The student had completed a 4-year undergraduate degree at the University of New South Wales, in which he said he never felt racially victimised.

The student said that he was "quite disappointed" that both Campus Security and the police were slow to respond, telling *Honi* that a Campus Security officer arrived at the scene 10 minutes after being called, and two police officers arrived 40 minutes after called.

The University disputed these figures, suggesting Campus Security arrived in 4 minutes and Police within 10.

"Any behaviour that is intimidating, abusive or threatening is not welcome on campus," a spokesperson said.

For Farage and Latham, what establishment is there left to rail against?

Joseph Verity reflects on Australia's first Conservative Political Action Conference.

"Now that I'm no longer an MP, I don't have to solve problems anymore," Tony Abbott declared midway through his interview with former Deputy Prime Minister John Anderson at the inaugural Australian Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC) on Friday. "It's enough just to point at them."

Abbott, like many of the other speakers at the conference, spent his time on stage meandering aimlessly through a vague and nostalgic ode to conservatism. John Howard quotes took centre stage as the retired Member for Warringah extolled the virtues of pragmatism, traditionalism, and the family unit.

In his allotted half an hour, however, that was about all Abbott said. In fact, with a few exceptions, that was about all anybody said at CPAC. The 'A' in Conservative Political Action Conference was noticeably redundant throughout.

Like most components of Australian conservative culture, CPAC was imported from the US. Familiar and foreign faces alike from Sky and Fox News adorned its speaking list; book signings and photo opportunities were conveniently included in the conference's pricey ticket packages (named, apparently unironically, the 'Reagan VIP Pass' and the 'Iron Lady Pass'). But a cursory glance at the history of CPAC, which was founded in 1973 by the American Conservative Union (ACU), suggests that the institution that graced Australia's shores for the first time this year has only recently undergone a

radical reimagining of identity.

Matt Schlapp, chairman of the ACU, spent a considerable amount of time interviewing Republican Congressman Matt Meadows (with whom Schlapp shared a number of similarities extending far beyond name) about Trump. Meadows, relying on North Carolinian folksy charm alone to pad out his numerous speaking slots, delivered an extended sermon of anecdotes about his interaction with the President and painted him as a model conservative leader.

It was only a few years ago, however, that the well-entrenched American

The 'A' in Conservative Political Action Conference was noticeably redundant throughout.

CPAC welcomed a patronage that was far more fond of Republican presidential candidates Ted Cruz and Marco Rubio. An internal poll of attendees in 2016 reflected precisely this result. Fast forward to Sydney in 2019, and both are the butts of numerous jokes. Alongside Jeb Bush, the pair are dismissed as failed emissaries of the establishment, trampled and cast into irrelevance by the same populist fervour that ushered 400 attendees from around the country into the room on a weekday.

Organisers were keen to bill the event as a catalyst for grassroots conservative action. From Mark Latham to Nigel Farage, the speakers were avowed

subscribers of Trumpian populism (with the exception, perhaps, of speakers such as Senator Amanda Stoker, whose half an hour speech on industrial relations law reform failed to rile the crowd up as much as the thinly veiled dogwhistling of Ross Cameron). A resounding theme of anti-establishmentarianism percolated the 14 or so hours of oratory, and attendees were convinced that action against the establishment is urgently needed if the country is to stand a chance.

Janet Albrechtsen dedicated her time in the spotlight to evangelising about free speech, inventing the conveniently reductive equation "anger plus disgust equals contempt" to explain the mindset of the broad left, which she argued is inherently unwilling to engage in a dialogue. Raheem Kassam, former advisor to Nigel Farage, spent most of his time mocking Kristina Keneally and the ALP for their attempts to convince the Home Affairs Minister to bar him from entering the country due to his suggestion that Scottish politician Nicola Sturgeon have her legs "taped shut [...] so she can't reproduce."

The arrival of a small band of student protesters only served to vindicate the hive of conservatives at Rydges World Square. They seemed not to appreciate the glowing irony underlying their encouragement of direct anti-establishment action coupled with a simultaneous condemnation of the efforts of those protesting two former leaders of the largest parliamentary parties in the country. This irony also slipped by apparently unnoticed on Friday when, speaking directly to the

media junket at the back of the room, Meadows lamented that journalists were no longer unbiased, shortly before introducing Fox News host Jeanine Pirro to the stage. It was the same again when disgraced columnist and serial plagiarist Tanveer Ahmed boasted of his ability to bring a "different angle" to popular issues during a speech which, if actually written by Ahmed, offered evidence as to why he felt the need to obscure his intellectual efforts with the work of others in the first place.

To a large extent, it was this lack of self-awareness coupled with Abbott's confession of retirement-induced apathy that defined the conference. Attendees were convinced wholesale of the evils of several different supposed bogeymen — the government, according to entrepreneur and free marketeer Steve Baxter; global free markets, according to nationalist Farage — without stopping to consider the inherent contradictions in the messages delivered to them. It was enough for everyone to simply point to a problem, without stopping to think too much about whether it really was the fault of elites or migrants, Boris Johnson or Teresea May, Malcolm Turnbull or the supposed rabble chanting outside. The only speaker to actually propose any kind of pragmatic solution to anything, Senator Amanda Stoker, was met with sterile indifference and impatience. The reality was that everyone in the room was just as much guilty of the indolent contempt Albrechtsen had so thoroughly accused the left of.

It would be cynical to call CPAC a simple money grab, though it certainly was. It would also be disingenuous, to suggest that 'action' played any major role in the conference's purpose. What became clear after two days at CPAC was that it's very difficult to stir anybody into anti-establishment 'action' when, in fact, you *are* the establishment. Many of the speakers spent a good deal of time recounting a highlights reel of 2016, and with good reason: what else is there to discuss now? It became clear after fielding a question about Boris Johnson's prime ministership that Farage would prefer to avoid the topic because it involves admitting that there isn't really anyone left to rail against. Similarly, Latham seems to have had the wind taken out of his sails to some extent following his election to NSW Parliament, unable to countenance his 'outsider' identity with the inside of a chamber offering parliamentary privilege amongst a raft of other benefits.

CPAC was a study in inertia. A group of people who never quite thought they were going to win, whether it was June and November 2016 or March and May 2019, are now struggling to shift gears; scrambling to imagine a world in which they have become the very thing they railed against. We can only hope they don't notice the 'A' in CPAC anytime soon.

The not so international language of music

Grace Johnson explores the linguistic differences inherent in music education.

It is well established in the media that international students face certain disadvantages in Western universities, especially to do with language. This is an obvious drawback in situations where students are required to participate in class, give marked presentations, and submit academic essays. But how does this go in a music degree, where most international students are admitted on a performance basis? Despite most students being talented performers, and with the university generally having a high English requirement (IELTS 6.5), there is still a dis-advantageous gap of understanding for some students, even when studying the so-called universal language of music.

Recently, teachers across the Conservatorium created a new

which make up the majority of the piano cohort, at least. There is less emphasis on holistic learning about music and more about striving to achieve the end result — playing, rather than complete understanding. This is doubly difficult for international students not yet fluent in English, since they are able to perform the piece flawlessly, yet they are unable to introduce their piece at a level the teachers/markers find acceptable, let alone eloquently express their interpretation of the piece's meaning.

Tertiary education often comes as a shock. We leave the guided instruction of our secondary teachers and we are suddenly expected to engage in discourse and independent research. At the Conservatorium, it first comes

I spoke to Wendy Chen, a student from Hainan in the Music Studies degree, majoring in classical piano. She talked to me about overcoming such difficulties.

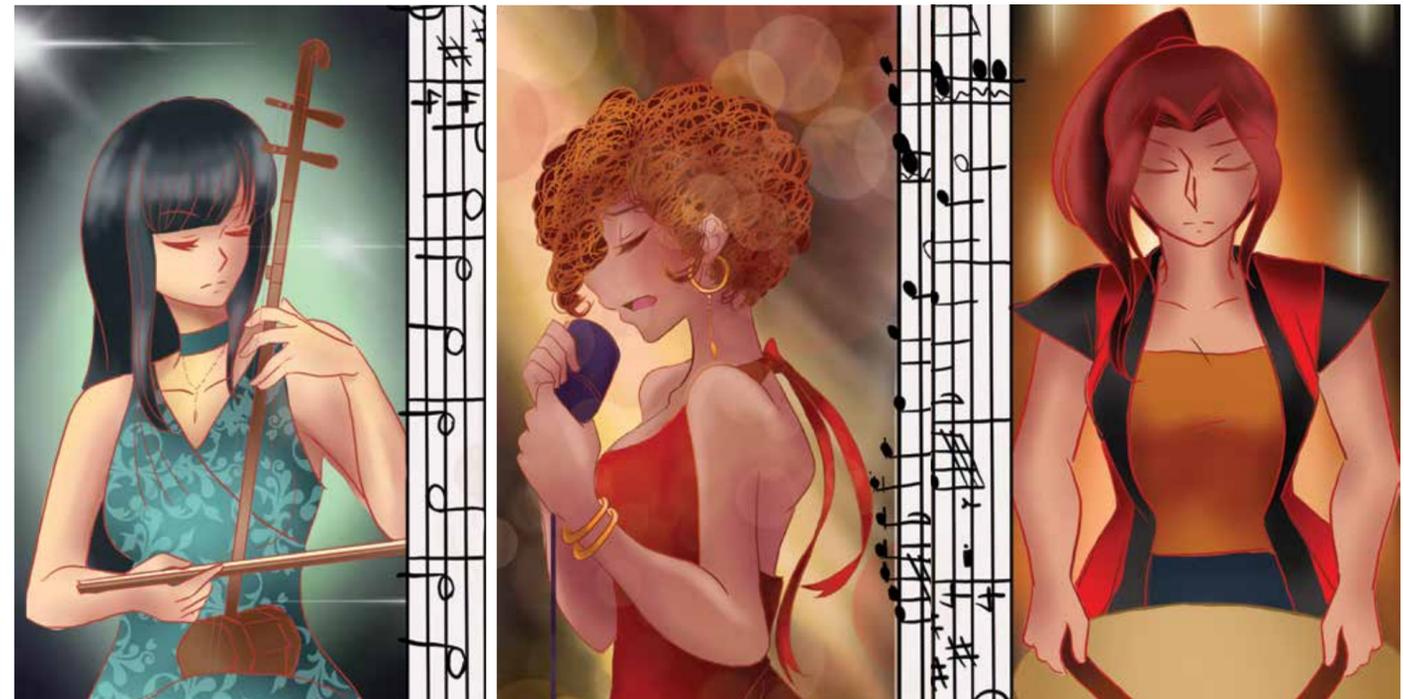
"The main problem is as a Chinese, the way I think is different to Western people and those academic words that appeared in the class. We have totally different ways to think and express."

Wendy described the different styles of teaching she encountered: in Hainan, teachers would typically explain their meaning through playing any particular passage or instructing the student to play louder or softer here. But coming to the Sydney Conservatorium, and learning from a European teacher, she said, "You need to have a good understanding of English, he always uses metaphors.

music?"

This is a completely mindset to those trained to believe that only diligence and academic rigour leads to success. On this, I spoke to Ryan Tu, an international student in his fourth year of the Horn Performance degree.

"So, back in my hometown, I had a pretty straight forward music education. It is like, do whatever the teachers tell you. Like the teacher tells me to learn a piece, I learn a piece. You kind of rely on the teachers a lot. But after coming here, the teachers would actually ask, why do you want to learn that piece? How do the different notes/phrases function in the music? Like how all the little details fit into each other. I think it gave me a more in-depth insight into music and more freedom to learn."



expectation for students to address their audience before they perform, including introducing the work and the composer. Previously, students would simply walk on stage, perform, bow, then leave. The new expectation was introduced to keep in line with current practices in concert halls and chamber settings.

Briefly discussing the work prior to performance benefits the audience in the way that it offers some history, context, understanding, and perhaps key things to listen out for, such as structural diversions or interesting tonalities. But playing to professors and fellow students in a class setting, this practice compels performer to understand, at least partially, the background of any given musical work. This is extremely different to the way most East Asian students were taught,

in doses, perhaps which edition of the score you choose. Shortly into your degree however, alongside theoretical and historical study, you are confronted with a huge responsibility of the choices you are expected to make within your performances. You are expected to interpret the piece according to historical convention but also to justify your choices, like bringing out certain melodies over others or choosing a particular tempo.

This is encouraged by teachers predominantly through descriptive or metaphorical language, and you are also expected to express independent thought. While there are obvious limitations between English-speakers and international students, this goes beyond language barriers and into the very conception of learning, practice, and the music itself.

I was super confused about what he was trying to teach me, when he asked me to stay in the garden and think. I didn't know what he said, he just wrote down all he wanted me to know and I used Google to translate after class."

I learnt from the same teacher for some time, who often told me to not over-practise and instead to watch the grass grow—"That will do more for you than another hour of practice." This seems to stem from a well-known quote attributed to concert pianist Arthur Schnitzi:

"Never practice more than three or four hours a day. No one can concentrate longer than that, and you must spend the rest of your time learning about life and love and art and all the other wonderful things in the world. If a young person sits in the practice room all day, what could he possibly have to express in his

"The history of different composers and their pieces were one of my biggest difficulties when I started studying in Sydney. Back in Hong Kong, I only learned the surface of their backgrounds. After coming here, there is a lot to learn."

Unlike a mathematics or engineering degree, where there is less reference to meaning and language, the way we learn, play, and perceive music, is heavily informed by our language and culture. While there are increasing numbers of international students in Australian universities and more Western teachers, and even institutions, being established in Asian countries, there remains a divide in communication that not even music can always make up for.

Art by Olivia Allanson

Medicalising psychedelics: alternative approaches to mental health care in Australia

Robbie Mason investigates antidepressants, psychedelics and the neoliberalisation of mental health.

The wind extinguishes the 42 degree Wollombi morning, leaving silver streaks like a mesh frame. It shrouds me in a wispy exo-skeleton. The grass only grows in tufts but the drought-stricken bush glows yellow and green under the acid glare. The endless horizon fizzes blue.

Chatter bubbles from within the shed-cum-living space behind me. A bee settles on my pinkie. I allow it to explore the grooves in my hand. The grass feels like curly hair beneath my fingers. Red gums and wattles rustle where the afternoon breeze caresses them.

(My insides tingle and my throat begins to fill with pressure.)

I know I can move inside and I'll have internet connection. I know I can move inside and talk to my friends.

(My cheeks are wet.)

I roll another Champion Ruby cigarette. I lean into the earth, splashing beer across myself. The bottle lolls at a precarious angle, leaking. I don't care.

(The wind whips across my face and scatters my tears like a farmer throwing seeds.)

I don't know how long I sit there crying but it must be a while because, by the time Henry and Caleb join me on the grass, the sun is setting already. They have also taken acid. They don't say a word. They have heard snippets.

(I float in a pool of tears.)

They pass me a cigarette. Someone plays Smoko by The Chats. The kitsch song draws a twisted, masochistic smile on my face.

More friends sit down around us. I don't feel ashamed for one moment, despite my puffy eyes. Someone suggests a walk before the world goes dark on us. Maybe it's me. I'm both there and not there, leading the conversation and following it.

We set off so eagerly I don't find time to put on a shirt.

When darkness begins to engulf the land, the others are keen to return to the shed.

I linger behind them. Hunter Valley hills unfold in the twilight. In the dust and the heat, my mind expands to fill the space around me, bending and rolling into itself. I feel like I am the sole inhabitant of the planet. What if, what if, what if...

In recent years there has been talk—not in hushed voices but in loud, confident shouts—of a “psychedelic renaissance.” In June, a panel on psychedelic research forged a space within the very walls of NSW Parliament for the inaugural Science in the House.

Psychedelic drugs (read: medicines) such as LSD and psilocybin, the active ingredient in magic mushrooms, have significantly helped people with treatment-resistant disorders including depression, addiction and end-of-life anxiety.

Scientists theorise that these medicines have therapeutic effects for psychiatric disorders because they “reset”

or “rewire” brain networks, allowing the brain to return to a predisease state. When taken in significant enough quantities, they can induce ego dissolution and mystical or transcendent experiences. They also present us with radically new ways to tackle mental health issues.

So often we are told that, when we are down, the problem exists within us. Perhaps our suffering is due to a chemical imbalance in the brain and to feel better we need only swallow a pill. Perhaps we need to practice mindfulness—to keep our mind centred in the present and non-judgemental. Both are necessary for short-term stabilisation. But they are only band aid solutions.

Last year, like one in eight Australians, I was given an antidepressant prescription. Along with the prescription came diagnoses—a passport that allowed me to jump over a threshold of acknowledgment into, I anticipated, a new realm of recovery and self-awareness.

Antidepressants took me away from the edge of a cliff but then left me stranded in no man's land without adequate supplies. They provided some stability but they also numbed my senses, interfered with my sleep pattern and left my body playing catch up as I adjusted to the medication. For a long time I felt more ghost than human, and I was only on a low dosage. Only after many psychologist sessions, cognitive behavioural therapy (CBT) and several acid trips did I begin to perceive a more familiar landscape.

I am not alone in my awareness of the limits of antidepressants. A raft of studies show that antidepressants have almost no more meaningful impact on improving mental health than a placebo except, some argue, in cases of very severe depression. Unlike placebos, antidepressants present numerous worrying side-effects, withdrawal symptoms and vicious dependency cycles.

A growing movement of disparate voices are calling for medical practitioners, researchers and policy-makers to focus on the root causes of depression—environment and disconnection—rather than a chemical imbalance in the brain. Johann Hari and Irving Kirsch, in *Lost Connections* and *The Emperor's New Drugs* respectively, foreground their own conversion from antidepressant believers to antidepressant heretics, speaking to a profound sense of betrayal among those who have taken antidepressants for many years (Hari) and those who have prescribed them (Irving).

Dr Stephen Bright, a psychologist and academic at Edith Cowan University, explained to me on the phone, “An antidepressant is like putting training wheels on your bike. It's going to help you learn how to ride the bike but eventually you need to learn how to ride it on your own. You need to make lifestyle changes

so you can eventually take the training wheels off, go off the antidepressants and not relapse into anxiety or depression.”

More sinisterly, popular tools for combating depression—antidepressants and mindfulness—reinforce the neoliberal doctrine of self-control, boundless agency and free-market logic because they fail to address the societal causes of personal distress.

In his polemical tome *McMindfulness*, Ronald Purser coins the term “mindful capitalists” to emphasise that the recent commodification of mindfulness by companies such as Google and Apple has depoliticised the practice and unmoored mindfulness from its ethical and Buddhist origins. Used in this way, mindfulness becomes a tool to make us accepting of power imbalances and resilient within precarious, uncertain economies. This privatisation of depression and anxiety threatens to support the status quo.

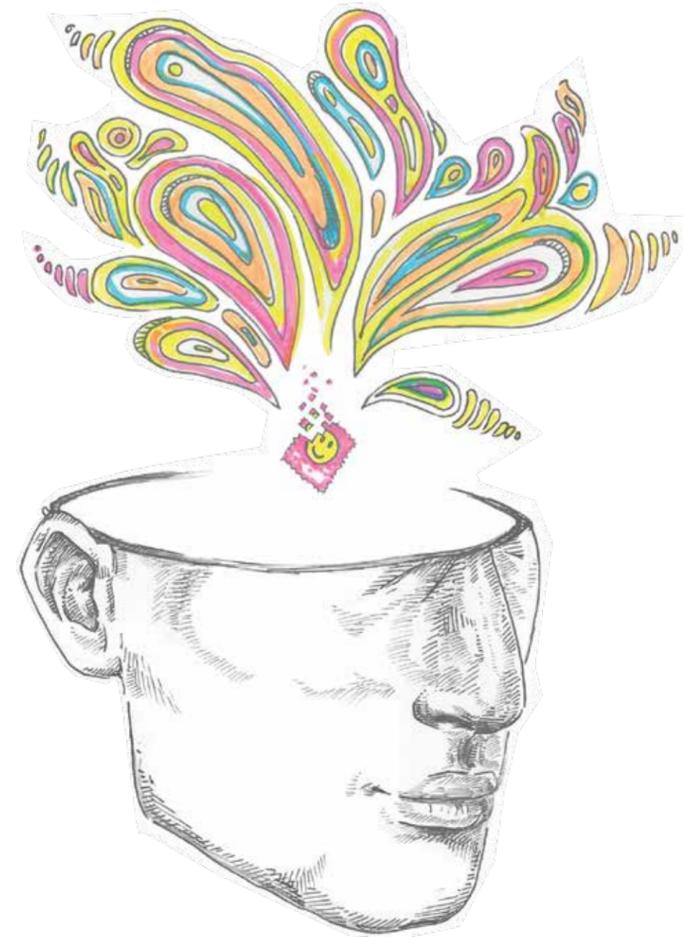
When antidepressants are effective—sometimes this involves changing dosages and medicines multiple times—they can make us thriving members of society. However, they can also bulldoze motivation and emotions—both positive and negative—leaving us flat and potentially more susceptible to

accepting business as usual.

I'm not saying we should toss antidepressant bottles into landfill or abandon mindfulness. Many antidepressant sceptics believe the drugs should be used (in the short-term) alongside therapies that treat the social causes of depression. But are there other options?

While the stigma attached to psychedelic drugs is dissipating, Dr Bright suggests academics and health professionals often remain less supportive of psychedelic research and drug law reform than the average Australian. “Even people who are really conservative in Australian culture are open to the idea of the medical use of illegal drugs,” said Dr Bright. “Alan Jones, for example, supports medicinal cannabis. They can see that A: there is a difference [between medical and recreational use] and B: there is a need.”

Dr Bright and Dr Martin Williams, co-founders of the non-profit organisation Psychedelic Research in Science & Medicine (PRISM), have written and publicly spoken about entrenched conservatism and risk-aversion in Australian research communities and universities.



According to Dr Bright, Australia is “conservative” regarding psychedelic research because individual disciplines are “so insulated” here. “The best way to fast track a career in academia in Australia is to jump on board what everyone else in your lab is doing and get on those papers. The most difficult way to work your way up is to do something different, to challenge the paradigm. This is also not very Australian because you become a tall poppy and people want to cut you down. Up until very recently, no senior academics in Australia would stand up in support of these [psychedelic] treatments. Still, the Australian Centre for Posttraumatic Mental Health has not come out supporting MDMA-assisted psychotherapy.”

Dr Bright laments Australia's history as a disinterested follower, rather than a leader, in psychedelic research. Since Australia is “so far behind ... clinicians and patients are becoming increasingly frustrated by the lack of movement in the research space. There have been a number of media reports – one by Jenny Valentish for the ABC, and another by Jesse Noakes for Meanjin – on the underground, psychedelic therapy scene where people are accessing psychedelic therapy in an unregulated environment because they're sick of waiting for trials to happen in Australia.”

Besides the obvious risks of tapping into an unregulated drug market, Dr Bright warns, “if you're working in an unregulated environment and something goes wrong with the patient, the threshold before you bring in paramedical services is probably going to be a lot higher than it would be in a regulated, sanctioned environment.”

Similarly to the NSW government's draconian stance on drug use and pill-testing at music festivals, excessive legal and bureaucratic obstacles to psychedelic use and research may harm Australian adults intent on making their own decisions more than it helps them.

Government regulation is not the only potential obstacle to the fair distribution and use of psychedelic medicines.

The possibility that multinational corporations and profit-driven venture capitalists could co-opt and misuse psychedelic research exacerbates its already precarious position in society. Concerns have arisen surrounding the funding for Compass Pathways, a for-profit corporation that has undertaken psychedelic research, and recently made a patent application for the psilocybin production process. Intellectual property rights have long been a weapon in the arsenal of ‘Big Pharma’, attracting criticism from experts such as Nobel Prize winning economist Joseph Stiglitz. Since psychedelic drug treatments centre on consumption within clinical settings with trained professionals, market monopolisation may make an already expensive treatment inaccessible.

By framing the micro-dosing of psychedelics in terms of productivity and innovation for tech entrepreneurs, rather than in terms of the therapeutic effects, media coverage meanwhile has cemented the phenomenon as a Parthenon in the Silicon Valley landscape, resplendent in marble. Micro-dosing—taking small doses of a drug for cognitive benefits

— does not slide smoothly into a medicalisation mould but it has received widespread support where it supports the capitalist model.

Psychedelic culture has also become synonymous with whiteness and findings suggest white people use psychedelic drugs, like many other drugs, more than any other race. It is hard to discard the images of (predominantly white) Silicon Valley techies micro-dosing, obscene wealth and comfort at faux-hippy festivals such as Burning Man, a war on drugs that has targeted

Antidepressants took me away from the edge of a cliff but then left me stranded in no man's land without adequate supplies.

racial minorities and the racialisation of schizophrenia as a black disease from the 1950s. Perhaps this explains why over 80% of participants in research-related, psychedelic-assisted psychotherapy are white.

Arguably, psychedelic research has been conducted by white people for white people, although the American organisation Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies (MAPS) has very recently taken steps to address race within psychedelic debates and fund studies on trauma within minority communities.

Dr Bright suggests that the paucity of people of colour in psychedelic research is a direct result of the society within which we all live. “When you're accessing research therapy, there is no cost associated with it... You're the guinea pig... The reason minority groups have been somewhat excluded thus far is not about cost. It's about how you access a clinical trial. You need to [already] be accessing a well-connected psychiatrist or psychologist who can refer you into it.”

“With the St Vincent's [psilocybin] trial in Australia, for example, there is nothing that would lead to minority groups being excluded in any way other than the people they're seeing prior, who would need to refer them in. These professionals may not be as well connected as others. Better connected professionals are difficult to access in the first place unless you have private health insurance.”

As the all-pervading force of neoliberalism surreptitiously scouts mental health as a new frontier, research suggests there are empirical barriers to the capitalist exploitation of psychedelics.

A recent preliminary study on micro-dosing by staff at Macquarie University, has shown that the actual effects of micro-dosing differ from the expected effects. According to Dr Vince Polito, one of the study's authors, they began the research precisely because “the claims that people were making [about micro-dosing in the media] were pretty wild considering the doses that were being reported... It seemed like there was at least the potential that some of these effects

may be exaggerated or that they could be explained in terms of expectations from people reading the media.”

Unlike media reports and research on high-dose psychedelics, this study found no significant change in creativity and open-mindedness among the 98 participants over a six week period and a small increase in neuroticism. But micro-dosing did increase feelings of personal well-being, reduce stress, anxiety and depression and improve absorption in activities. The investigation suggests a note of caution due to the capacity of the experience to create unease. The authors assert that regarding its “potential as a business tool... micro-dosing may not be universally beneficial.”

Furthermore, the benefit of psychedelic drug treatments—and the reason Big Pharma has generally steered clear—is that their administration bumps up against our current reality of prescribing antidepressants indefinitely. Research suggests that participants only need one intense spiritual experience to feel continued benefits for months afterwards.

In a randomised, placebo-controlled study with patients with life-threatening cancer at Johns Hopkins University in 2016, 80% of participants stated, six months after their psilocybin experience, that the experience increased well-being or life satisfaction moderately or very much. While there is little effective pharmacotherapy for drug dependency, another recent study on psilocybin-assisted psychotherapy for tobacco addiction has shown that, one year after taking psilocybin, 10 of 15 participants were abstinent from smoking tobacco. 13 ranked their participation as one of the five most meaningful events in their lives.

If psychedelic drug production is indeed a playground for profit-seeking venture capitalists—this is highly questionable—it will likely be culpable

for many broken bones and a scarcity of thrills.

Dr Bright understands the scepticism of Compass among psychonauts: “The psychedelic experience is one of unity with the cosmos and connection with Mother Nature—things that are quite inconsistent with the capitalist model.” But Compass' recent emergence in psychedelic spaces does not alarm him. Rather, he sees this progression as a reflection of the need to work within the dominant capitalist model. In his eyes, Compass simply offers something different from non-profit organisations like MAPS and PRISM.

In many ways, psychedelics offer a promising alternative for treating depression and anxiety. While I am ambivalent about micro-dosing—something I have never tried, mind you—my own experiences with higher dose psychedelics align with the research. Taking acid while I was on antidepressants and after I stopped taking them helped me to engage my pain in empowering and progressive ways, and to reconnect with friends, nature and a meaningful future.

Our current approach to depression, which centres on the neat checklists of psychiatrists, prescription antidepressants and self-help, encourages individual disconnection from the world and, sometimes, from the pain necessary to growth and future happiness.

I genuinely believe my trips (and CBT) helped me more than any antidepressant. But this is my story, and my story alone.

I told this belief to my psychiatrist when I explained to her why I wasn't taking Zoloft anymore. She shifted into a condescending tone and scribbled down a list of drug counsellors, shooing me out to the door. I don't expect everyone to understand.



Art by Lauren Moore

What USyd's Draft Alcohol Policy doesn't achieve

Liam Thorne does some digging into the policy undergoing consultation.

CONTENT WARNING: MENTION OF SEXUAL ASSAULT

Throughout 2019, the University of Sydney (USyd) has been working on a draft update to its current *Alcohol Policy* (AP). First created in 1992, and last updated ten years ago, the policy leaves much to be desired. Declaring an intent "to minimise alcohol-related harm to the individual [and to] property," and to "preserve the reputation of the University in the community," it has very poor enforceability.

The draft released to the USyd community for consultation thus comes as a necessary change. Yet there are good reasons to mistrust the proposed changes. Despite espousing to better secure student safety, many of the details appear paternalistic in their restrictions of what adults can drink at university, and come without the support of much needed broader and more rigorous attempts to attack cultures of sexual assault. In prioritising alcohol consumption as a means to make campuses safer, policy discussions continue to err away from deeper sexual assault cultures.

The draft's core recognises alcohol as creating risks in university-environments. This makes sense; even over the past four years, Australian universities and their residential colleges have been lambasted for their structural failings to prevent sexual violence in their premises. The 2017 AHRC National Report on Sexual Assault and Harassment surveyed over 30,000 students, and found that "a number of students described alcohol being used by the perpetrator to commit sexual assault or sexual harassment ... A deeply concerning picture emerged about the role of alcohol in college and university residences."

On the face of it, the draft policy seems to make positive inroads into making campuses safer. Unlike the previous policy,

a misconduct process is explicitly engaged should the AP be breached. It, for example, specifically prescribes disciplinary action for "any action intended to impede an individual's right to choose not to consume alcohol." The draft also aligns USyd policy with NSW criminal law, establishing that, "Intoxication will not be considered as a defense or as a mitigating factor in any disciplinary action against a student or staff member." Moreover, the draft provides definitions for the specific obligations of members of staff, be it university staff, or bar managers and senior managers, regarding their responsibility for students' welfare.

Beyond these initiatives, however, the efficacy of the draft in making campuses safer for students falls into significant doubt. The foremost actionable policy resulting from the draft is a possibly paternalistic ban on the sale of more 'dangerous' forms of alcohol: shots, pre-mixed spirits with more than 5 per cent alcohol, and mixed drinks with more than 30ml of spirits. Events would no longer provide more than one free drink to any student outside of a meal, which if enforced, would likely significantly impose upon clubs and societies' weekly drinks.

Honi spoke to End Rape On Campus (EROC), Australia co-director Nina Funnell regarding this element of the policy. While also welcoming some of the draft's initiatives, Funnell posed questions for the core of the draft's policies. "It is important to realise that alcohol doesn't rape people, people rape people," Funnell said. "If we want to reduce sexual violence, we must tackle the factors driving it: gender inequality, a need for proper consent training, and tackling the power and

entitlement of those who perpetrate sexual violence." Funnell posited that the draft did not go far enough in its requirements for staff or student training in consent, or in requiring staff to be useful bystanders: training staff to be first-responders to sexual assault, and in how to interfere in moments of drink-spiking.

More broadly, while USyd did implement a compulsory 'Consent Matters Module' for students to complete in 2017, it has been met with significant criticism over how effective its design is: while compulsory, the module can be opted-out-of; not being a face-to-face training, there is no way to guarantee active engagement with its content; and it is neither evidence based nor specific to Australian contexts. Funnell stressed that in approaching alcohol-related sexual misconduct, or violence, blanket bans make no change to deeper cultural problems.

The insufficiencies of the policy in its impact on deeper cultural reform are no more stark than in the absence of any policy pertaining towards residential colleges. While a University spokesperson explained that "we consulted closely with the residential colleges in developing the draft and invited all colleges to take up the policy in full," the fact that colleges like St Pauls' or St Johns' do not legally exist on 'university lands' — the AP has no influence over them.

While USyd attempted to assuage Honi's concerns by stressing that "all residential colleges are signatories to the Liquor Accord, which governs the sale and consumption of alcohol on our lands," existing research suggests such a stance is insufficient. In 2018, Funnell and 2016 USyd SRC Women's Officer and current

PhD candidate Anna Hush authored the Red Zone Report into Australian residential colleges, detailing a long history of students suffering at colleges. Importantly, the report stresses that, whereas other reports like Elizabeth Broderick's review of cultural change at St Pauls' have an "overarching focus on alcohol and binge drinking culture, rather than rape culture or toxic masculinity," we must remember that, "alcohol is not a cause of sexual assault, although it may often be a contributing factor, or a 'tool,' used by perpetrators."

This year alone, despite St Pauls' having espoused in its Cultural Reform Review to have largely removed hazing rituals from its halls, Honi reported that St Johns' College held Anzac Day hazing rituals still occurred, encouraging drinking-till-vomiting, and consuming spirits from a live squid. "If you really want to address sexual assault, when you have students with pro-rape groups [like St Pauls' College in 2009], you can have the best AP in the world but it won't change the attitudes of problematic men. [That requires] reforming how individuals are educated and target[ing] their leadership."

The draft is positive in attempting to fill the current policy's dire inadequacies. And yet, it remains unable to move beyond alcohol as a primary explanation for negative campus behaviours. USyd's draft AP makes no firm commitment to impose cultural reform regarding alcohol on residential colleges, or broader universities.

The University told Honi that it was currently working on a "toolkit" to help students and staff implement the policy. How impactful a few workshops can be on ingrained patterns of male-privilege and alcohol-abuse remains to be seen.

Forget hustling: have a beer at Manning instead

Max Shanahan wants you to skip your lectures and take a trip to Manning.

The travails of Manning Bar have been well covered previously in *Honi*. The demise of compulsory student unionism (CSU) and the unattainable cost of renting close to campus have correctly been given as reasons behind the decline of the bar. However, it has been over a decade since the abolition of CSU and rental affordability has been an ongoing issue, and yet Manning Bar continues to fade further into irrelevance.

Manning and Hermann's recently reported a loss of \$245,000 over 2018. In response to questions from *Honi*, the USU attributed some blame for the poor performance of the bars to a "significantly changed drinking culture on campus."

What, then, is this new culture, and why have students so rapidly abandoned the haunts of previous generations? Bertrand Russell argued that "modern technique (technology) has made it possible for leisure, within limits, to be not the prerogative of small privileged classes, but a right evenly distributed throughout the community." Education, in only the past decade, has become remarkably more efficient. The wonders of the Google search, online library databases, Computer Aided Design software and the wildly underappreciated command-F function have, among countless other tools,

combined to trim hours off the learning process. It should follow, then, that this efficiency dividend has furnished students with unprecedented amounts of leisure time. It is clear, however, that this dividend is not being spent socialising at uni.

The strangely positive connotations of 'grind' or 'hustle' are a puzzling recent addition to the student lexicon. When one is hunched over a laptop in the small hours of the morning, fermenting in one's own stress-induced sweat and the entrenched odour of Fisher, the self-congratulatory refrain of 'on the grind' emerges in stark contrast to the depressing reality.

In the *New York Times*, Erin Griffiths wrote of 'hustle culture' as "obsessed with striving, relentlessly positive, devoid of humour..." For those who binge on corporate office dramas and devote more time to their LinkedIn profiles than their social lives, a simple beer at Manning is incompatible with the unending competition which marks their university philosophy. To indulge, even briefly, at Manning would be to fall behind in the rat race for an unpaid, unvalued internship at a nondescript corporate body. Griffiths again: "spending time on anything that's nonwork related has become reason to feel guilty." While ambition should not be discouraged,

its elevation above all other considerations while at university leaves one with a sense of waste. Not until retirement will we again have so few obligations. The companies which so many seem so willing to submit themselves to are unlikely to look favourably upon a weekday afternoon spent at the pub with friends. So venture out of Fisher, patronise Manning — a misspent hour won't derail a whole career.

According to Russell's theory, we should be invested with an excess of leisure time. And perhaps that is so. But, it can be argued that the efficiencies gained in university in the last decade have acted to discourage leisure on campus. Online lectures, the emergence of almost entirely online subjects, and the digitisation of research have all acted to reduce physical presence on campus to something of a nuisance. Cramming uni into two days is an achievement to be lauded and leaves little space for on-campus leisure time. The days, often long and with few breaks between classes, become chores to be dispensed of in the most efficient manner possible. Success in tutorials is marked by achieving the minimum amount of social interaction with classmates. The efficiencies which have revolutionised tertiary education in the last decade have,

for many, reduced the university experience to a utilitarian and transactional one. When uni becomes transactional — I turn up to tutes, you give me a degree — leisure time becomes irrelevant. Spending time at the bars is incompatible with this increasingly utilitarian attitude of students to their education.

While there are myriad generational and economic reasons behind the decline of Manning, the increasingly dour and stoic attitude of many students should not be ignored.

Despite living in an era of unprecedented social and sexual liberalism, young people today are drinking, drug-taking and love-making at lower rates than at any time since the sexual revolution. We consume more sport, yet participation declines further every year. The sun shines warmer and more often, and yet we recoil from it. While the corollary of this is not necessarily that our leisure time is now spent in bed with the curtains drawn, drinking kombucha and masturbating, it is perhaps not so foreign an image. To sit under the sun on the terrace at Manning with a beer and a friend, with the quadrangle and jacarandas in the background, is one of the great remedial pleasures afforded only by Sydney Uni.

Angus McDonald and Perfect Snogging

Alice Trenoweth-Creswell is flummoxed by doctors still thinking everything can be solved with a positive attitude and a teenage heartbreak.

When my grandmother was 16 she was misdiagnosed with a brain tumour. She would lie on her bedroom floor, listening to 'La Mer' by Charles Tebet over and over, crying about her crush on Angus McDonald, the boy next door. She'd climb the oak tree in her leafy Gordon backyard to spy through his bedroom window. Naturally, her parents called the doctor. She was rushed to hospital and poked and prodded. A lumbar puncture left her bedridden for weeks. In retrospect, she attributes her symptoms to the lethal combination of PMS and a teenage crush.

Sixty-five years later, I'm sitting opposite my GP in her dishevelled Potts Point surgery. I'm listing my symptoms. I have splitting headaches, my period cramps are unbearable and my mental health is at an all time low. I've always been a bit of a worrier but in the past 18 months I'm as anxious as a turkey in December. I ask whether the pill could be to blame but am immediately shut down — not a chance! My cramps should be better

now that I'm taking my new best friend Estelle and, most crucially, there's no way that the pill could affect my mental health.

Weeks later, after conversations with many female friends about their (usually similar) experiences on the same pill, I book an appointment with my aunty's GP. Her practice is in Newtown so I think maybe she's open minded. I enlist my mum for moral support and climb the rickety stairs to her terrace-house surgery, but I am once again dismissed. This doctor, who has never met me, insists that my anxiety makes me irrational — it's all in my head — but to humour me, she prescribes a different pill.

It's been 65 years since French pop music sent my grandmother to hospital, and still doctors are notoriously misdiagnosing women and dismissing their problems. A Breast Cancer Network Australia study found, in 2018, that doctors' dismissal of young women's health concerns leads to substantial delays in diagnosis. There remains an enormous

misconception within the medical community about female 'hysteria', and a belief that women are more likely to see doctors unnecessarily. A 1999 UK study proved this undeniably false.

Further studies found that 30-50% of women diagnosed with depression were misdiagnosed and that the underlying disease often remained undetected. Once a psychological disorder was in a patient's medical history, future issues would often be dismissed, creating a never-ending cycle of misdiagnosis.

Where my grandmother and I are fortunate that our misdiagnoses caused no long-term harm, this isn't always the case. Misdiagnosis can be extremely dangerous — in the US, 40,000 to 80,000 deaths per year are due to delayed or inaccurate diagnosis — and women are disproportionately affected. A 2014 study found it took significantly longer for women to be seen in the emergency department, and that they were rarely classified as an urgent case.

Attitudes within the medical profession clearly need to change. For many women, the solution is seeing a female physician. A 2018 study linked male doctors to worse outcomes for women suffering heart attacks. It's a good sign that the numbers of female medical graduates are vastly increasing, however they are not reaching the same positions of power as their male counterparts, and many believe that real systemic attitudinal change will need to come both from the bottom and from the top. Ultimately, however, doctors of all genders simply need to listen to their patients with an open mind.

I finally call a friend's mum. She's a gynaecologist. I give her the same spiel I've given to the two doctors prior, except this time there isn't a doubt in her mind that my symptoms are caused by Estelle. I've now stopped taking the pill and I've never felt better. But perhaps most importantly, for the first time in months, I feel heard.

切尔诺贝利事件与HBO剧：浅谈历史与当下

Iris (Lei) Yao

在1986年的4月26日，历史上最严重的核事故发生，被国际核事故分级表评定为最高等级第七级事故。这一声炸响将永远地改变乌克兰和苏联的命运，而当晚人们还处于睡梦朦胧中毫不知情。大厦将倾。切尔诺贝利“弗拉基米尔·列宁”核电站，仿佛是苏联这个当时超级大国名称的缩写。也貌似是苏联崩塌的起点。人性的好与坏，脆弱与坚强，单纯与复杂，交织在这个工人和无产阶级主导的国度里。核辐射不仅造成了巨大的经济损失约两千亿美元，更是

造成接近10万的伤亡人数以及数十年之后被影响的20万人额外死亡。

在事故发生多年后的今天，这个事件被HBO拍成一部迷你美剧，引起了各国观众在重大核事故面前作为命运共同体共鸣的共鸣。但同时，这部剧也受到了一些质疑，在篡改了一些与真实历史有出入的细节之后，被指这部剧作为文化输出，强调了资本主义在制度上的优越性，贬低了社会主义制度下的军民。根据bbc乌克兰语科前切尔诺贝利核电站幸存的操作员的采访，这部剧有几

处被不合理地添加或者夸大。

其中一幕是，剧中有一群矿工在反应堆下方掘坑道的镜头，掘坑道是为了保护核电站周围的居民。他们需要为热交换器清出一片场地，这样可以防止反应堆核心的熔液渗出，进入地表水。如果地表水受到核辐射污染，那就危及千百万人的生命和健康。矿工们都脱得精光，裸体上阵，因为地下温度奇高。而事实上矿工们是脱了衣服，但不是那么赤条条的。这幕被认为是剧中矿工被刻意抹黑和被侮辱，从而贬低社会主义人权不完善的证明。确实，矿工的这场戏属于多余，没有必要。

但从另一方面看，这部剧作为导演主体意识的反映，已经极大程度还原了核反应堆的问题和辐射症状的细节，作为艺术创作，在拍摄的某部分上有缺陷是情有可原的。一千个读者一千个哈姆雷特。在当下有些反美情绪较为严重的观众眼中，任何来自美国的文化输出都是极为敏感并且应该受到舆论鞭策的。基于历史，美国作为二战以后资本主义的主要代表国家，以及冷战的胜利者，去拍摄这部前苏联灾难剧，也不乏让人产生歧义。仿佛日本拍摄中国的清朝甲午战争抑或是还原韩国的慰安妇问题的现状。在俄罗斯，这部剧的视频被官方删减和部分禁止。但仅从历史的还原度和这部剧的细节而言，对于矿工脱光衣服的解读可以有多种。在剧中给予的情景下，脱光衣服也可以是因为炎热，表现了一群

矿工不拘小节的形象。如果说这是资本主义对社会主义的攻击，不免有矫枉过正的倾向。

虽切尔诺贝利的防止辐射外漏的石棺在十万苏联青年的努力下已建成，但遗留的问题使得悲鸣之声犹在。切尔诺贝利发生了操作失误，推卸责任等问题，其实并不只是苏联的特色。苏联腐败和各自为政的官僚体系值得批判，但在任何有迹可循的核电站事故中，例如日本福岛和美国宾州发生过事故，这些问题事实上都存在。这可以看作是复杂的官僚体制所制造的必然结果。

我们需要思考的不仅事这部剧背后意识形态的倾轧，也是现有制度下如何应对危机，以及个人命运与国家命运孰轻孰重的价值取向。毫无疑问，制度需要不断变革和完善，而不是固步自封。当任何一个国家机器上的螺丝钉论落到替罪羊的地步去掩盖制度的问题，那么机器会在一个个螺丝钉的离开中分崩离析。切尔诺贝利事件发生以后，苏联政府把核电站的负责人放到审判席上，令他们成为千夫所指，而上级领导人的决策失误与隐瞒事实造成的严重后果被刻意忽视。

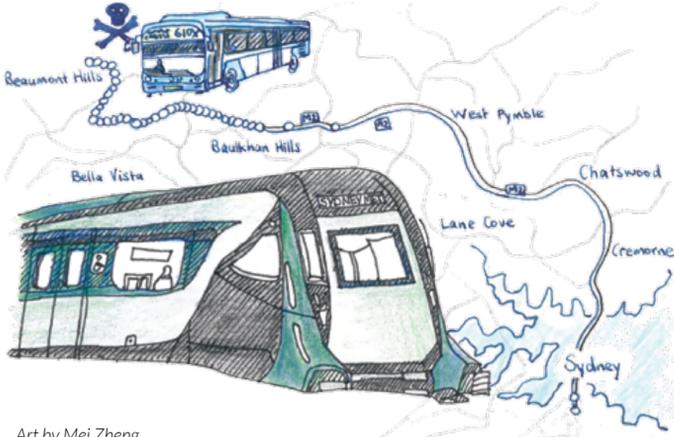
正如俄国作家恰达耶夫（1794—1856）曾在1829年所预见的俄国的命运：“我们的国家和其它一些国家一样，似乎不是人类种族不可或缺的一部分，而只是为了让世界记取一些严重的教训而存在。当然，这些注定要有的教训不会白白经受，但是谁又知道，我们什么时候应当重新回到人类当中去，而在完成我们的定数之前，还要遭受多少灾难呢？”



Art by Amelia Mertha

The death of the 610X

Ben Hines mourns the loss of familiar transport to a city of change.



Art by Mei Zheng

The Great Barrier Reef. The old Sydney tram network. The 610X to Rouse Hill. Three seemingly strange bedfellows united by one transcendental quality of solidarity: being decimated and reduced by human activity to shells of their former selves.

To the uninitiated observer, it may seem strange to be sentimental over a bus and bus route. Yet in the same way that people grow attached to their cars, a bus route can develop into a major feature of one's life. The bus itself takes on all the hallmarks of an automotive symbol. It becomes a finished portrait of past memories, and a sketch of future adventures. The silent third through sixth wheels throughout many of life's iconic moments.

Your bus was there when you were unable to drive home having had a drink or two (or twenty). It was

Who raised you?

Shania O'Brien is crossing out her checklist and making her own choices.

I have always, essentially, been waiting. In my mind, I have a checklist of things I have to accomplish before I turn 30, before I get married, before I graduate. There is a clear mental space dedicated to all of those colour-coordinated milestones that will get me one step closer to having my ideal life.

Or so I was led to believe. Only later — much later — did I realise that the list was not my own, but one constructed for me based on who I was supposed to be, and where I was meant to fit in within my society. Growing up in an Indian household, it was understood that my accomplishments and shortcomings were not merely my own, but also reflective of my family. It was very easy to construct seemingly logical arguments like, "I am my own person" and "I can make my own decisions," but every mistake was met with questions of "who raised you?", and "what will people think of me?" from my mother. After all, most of my choices were not the ones she would have made for me.

I was immensely grateful that my

present when you were feeling elated, or disappointed, after a first date. There is, of course, that time you admittedly can't quite remember getting on the bus, but you remember just enough missing your stop and waking up somewhere slightly familiar, before frantically pushing the stop button. Your bus was there throughout all the laughs, the sadness, the angry staring out the back window, and the jovial fighting over your favourite seat with your favourite people. Throughout it all, there was always one constant. Your bus was there.

The spectre of change haunts public transport. It always has. Yet the qualms with Transport NSW's new arrangements run deeper than mere sentimentality over the death of familiar transport. We must ask whether, amid the major upheaval inherent in the

mother always gave me freedoms, be it picking what books I wanted to read growing up, my subjects in high school, or what major I wanted to study in university. She would say that my life would be a result of what I decided, and not what was decided for me.

The list was not my own, but one constructed for me.

But how much autonomy could I really exercise in a collectivist society deadset on fitting me into a mould crafted by preconceived beliefs? Would I really be allowed to change my mind again in a world where I should have known what I wanted for the rest of my life at the crisp age of 16? Why would one assume I was fit to make a decision when I was too scared to tell my legal mentor that the air conditioning was too cold for two weeks, and wore a shawl in the middle of New Delhi's worst heatwave?

supposed progress of the metro, if what we are losing are merely memories, or more perniciously, convenient and accessible transport options.

The noble Rouse Hill variant of the 610X was brutally cut down in the middle of its prime, but the metro as it stands now is a youth on the precipice of its peak, a mere portion of its possibly glory, reaching only from Tallawong to Chatswood. The changes did not wait until the city link was finished to connect the west to the city without transferring to train lines. Transport NSW is not merely encouraging people to use the new (unfinished) metro, but in many cases actively forcing them by dramatically reducing the reach and frequency of certain services. Surely the benefits of new, convenient, and most notably additional modes of transport are lost if they fail to add flexibility as an alternative, and instead become a necessity denigrating the quality of the trip for travellers.

Buses to certain areas, especially between the city and the Hills, now inexplicably start later and finish earlier, harming the potential for those relying on them to enjoy Sydney's nightlife. This is compounded by the fact the Metro services currently finish earlier than buses previously did. Even when the Metro is an option, it again relies on numerous changes. Commuters previously blessed with a direct line to the city now face having to change modes of transport multiple times, worsened by often late — or sometimes mysteriously missing — buses or trains, resulting in missed connections and further delays. For example, one of the Transport NSW TripPlanner website's suggested means of travelling from QVB to Kellyville in the very early hours of Sunday morning after a Saturday night in the city — previously a single trip on the blessed 610X — now involves waiting for close to an hour to transfer to a different bus. Even if nominal transit

time is reduced, recent changes pose numerous safety issues for vulnerable people, especially people travelling alone, young people, or those somewhat intoxicated. Those safety issues can only really be circumvented by those who can afford an expensive Uber.

The reduction in peak time direct bus services — the only slot where buses like the 610X are temporarily restored to their former glory — also guarantee crowding on certain services, dictating access to the bus by means of a lucky draw for commuters at the right stop at the right time. This adds unforeseen delays rippling through the rest of the bus schedule, hampering the ability for people living in the West to travel to work in the city. The changes to routes on top of times also mean that many commuters may not have an easy way to actually access Metro stations, especially if they are unaware of the new "On Demand" public transport trial, or unable to use it unless they walk substantial distances. This poses serious problems for those less mobile and those simply without the time to do so.

More than mere sentimental dismay, these changes have had the effect of increasing commute time, confusion and cost. The nature of these harms are likely to be disproportionately felt by those who can afford them least: The parents that combine their career with their caretaking now have less time at home, those who face an uphill struggle in constantly changing transport, and those in unforeseen circumstances at now inconvenient times needing transport quickly and directly.

The Rouse Hill 610X is dead, at least when measured to its former heights and frequency. It has gone where many buses like it have gone, to the waste bin of convenience, nostalgia, and simpler times. Those who will be unduly hindered by the changes to public transport will forget the 610X one day, but not soon enough.

said "Yes! The world needs you to write!"

Hence, I wanted to know I wasn't alone, that there were other people out there who were meant to be somebody else. And once I found them — and it wasn't difficult — I found that the one thing all of us had in common was a crippling sense of dissatisfaction and a lot of repressed rage.

All of a sudden, my mind went blank. The checklist blurred and disappeared, leaving an uncertain path and unsteady legs to tread on. But I knew I was blessed for the choice I had been given, and would forever mourn the lost creations of those less fortunate than me.

I learnt that you become so many other people before you find yourself, and no Europe trip or mountain trek can speed the process up. I recall being seventeen and scared, clutching onto the blossoming ideas of a fiction novel and newspaper article in my mind, going to my mother, and saying, "I want to write."

I remember her smile, her determined eyebrow raise, and her saying, "then write."

OMAGGOOR



WORDS: BAOPU HE

ART: GRACE FU

When I was twelve, my mum brought a video I'd made for a school assignment to work, and showed it to her colleagues during lunch. She was obviously proud of the cinematic masterpiece I had whipped up on Windows Movie Maker during the school holidays, and like any proud parent, wanted to share it with everyone she knew. But instead of gushing praise, her colleagues, most of them white, seemed to only comment on only one thing — my accent. Despite having grown up in Sydney and having done all my schooling in English, I apparently spoke with an "Asian" accent that her workmates decided was a Hong Kong one. "Don't worry," they reassured her, "it's only very slight! He still sounds pretty Aussie."

Of course I reacted with indignation when my mum told me. I'm not sure what angered me the most — the fact that she showed my school assignment to her colleagues, or the fact that they proceeded to say that I had an accent, and not just any accent, but an Asian accent. "Are you sure you didn't misunderstand them and they actually meant I sounded British?" I asked, trying to make sense of the ridiculousness of it all (Hong Kong, after all, was a former British colony, and sounding British would be acceptable — a compliment even). Back then, the hyphen that linked my Chinese and Australian identities together was in a volatile state of flux, and finding out that someone I'd never met before thought I sounded "Asian," and therefore different to the mainstream, shattered some of the confidence I had haphazardly built up in being Australian. At the same time, it didn't make me feel any prouder of being Chinese either. To me, sounding Asian meant sounding like my parents, or worse, sounding like one of those late 2000s Asian Youtubers when they impersonated their parents. I'd laugh at these videos before, especially at the crazy accents, but the joke didn't seem so funny anymore now that I was the punchline. Even if I didn't look "Australian," I thought I could at least sound the part.

Unsurprisingly, I angrily dismissed my mum's colleagues as a pack of racists and refused to speak on the topic anymore. In my head, however, I was redoubling efforts to make sure I sounded more "Australian" in the future, so that no one would ever throw such an "accusation" at me ever again.

But people did. Not frequently, but over the next few years, every now and then I'd get comments about my "accent." Each time it was raised, I'd vehemently shut it down. If they pressed any further, I would bring out the R-word, more out of frustration than anything else.

And then I noticed it myself. Towards the end of Year 10, I saw a video that was going semi-viral on Facebook of the Indian-Australian comedian Neel Kolhatkar. The premise was quite simple — a mock interview comparing the different studying habits of a White girl and an Asian girl (both of whom were played by Kolhatkar.) Whilst I found the content itself very funny, what intrigued me the most were the accents Kolhatkar adopted to act out the two characters. While Kolhatkar's white girl sounded like she had stepped right out of the set of *Home and Away*, the accent he used to play the Asian girl was one I initially thought I'd never heard before. It definitely wasn't one of those stereotypical "herro I'm yerrow" accents I'd come to expect from online Asian comedians, and was very different to the one he had used for the white girl. Strikingly so. It sounded harsh, almost aggressive, and absolutely different from any mainstream "Australian" accent I had heard before. Speaking to Kolhatkar many years later, he describes the accent as "very fast paced, almost like a variation of the w*g accent" adding that the vowel in "no" is particularly elongated. After hearing it multiple times, its features become clearer. Clusters of words dramatically slurred together, some syllables cut off abruptly, others extended for unusually long, and the catchphrase "Oh my god" sounding more like "omagoor." And yet, despite these stark differences, it all sounded strangely familiar, as if I had actually heard it in the past. But where? Before long, it hits me.

That was my accent.

Not only that, it was the accent of pretty much everyone I knew at the overwhelmingly Asian selective school I attended. Suddenly, all those comments about

my accent, and my complete denial of them, started to make sense. I had an accent because I existed in a bubble where everyone my age spoke like that. And because everyone around me spoke like that, I lacked any meaningful points of reference, so I had never realised that I spoke any differently to the rest of society.

And just like that, I went from thinking that comments about my accent were racist fabrications designed to attack my Australianness, to firmly believing that I, along with many other people like me, speak with a unique accent that is not purely Australian or Asian, but a true mixture and compromise of both.

Naturally, I chose to study linguistics at university, and I was lucky enough to conduct my own research project looking into whether an Asian-Australian ethnolect had developed in Sydney. While doing a preliminary literature review for it, it seemed like virtually no Australian had ever done any research into this. Even in America, a country arguably more abundant in academic literature about race, there were only marginally more research papers on Asian-Americans, which was surprising given how extensively other American ethnolects had been studied. Thinking about it more, I couldn't help but find the scarcity rather amusing. *Not only are Asians underrepresented in Hollywood, I thought to myself, they're also underrepresented in sociolinguistics research.*

There is the argument, however, that Asians have not lived in the West long enough, or in large enough communities for them to have developed their own unique ethnolect. Whilst this is true in many instances, the unique social topography of Sydney makes it an ideal location for ethnolect formation. For starters, using the broadest definition of "Asian," Sydney is one of the most "Asian" cities outside of Asia, with almost 30% of the population having Asian heritage according to the 2016 census. Even more striking are the demographics of certain suburbs of Sydney, such as Eastwood, Hurstville and Cabramatta, which are majority Asian, suggesting that there is cohesive geographic structure to the community. But while Asian enclaves exist in almost any Western city (though perhaps not to the scale of Sydney's), what is not as common is having so many schools which are overwhelmingly attended by second-generation Asian students like Sydney's selective school system. Disregarding for a moment the intense debate about their social value, the 16 selective schools in Sydney, where the percentage of Asian students generally hovers at 80% but can be high as 97%, have unintentionally provided the perfect environment for the formation of a unique Asian-Australian diaspora culture and ethnolect. Due to the geographic closeness of the community, second-generation Asians who attend their local public high school are also likely to be surrounded by students from similar cultural backgrounds. Consequently, while we often hear stories in the Asian diaspora of people trying to become more "white" in order to fit in with those around them, this may not be as common in Sydney. And so, in the period of their life where they are most susceptible to change, many if not most young Asian-Australians in Sydney are in an environment where there is little racial pressure to conform to the mainstream because, in their social bubble, they are the mainstream. If they speak differently to the rest of society, it's because no one is telling them *not* to. "As such, it would be highly unlikely that a Sydney-wide ethnolect *hasn't* arisen among Asian-Australian youths," my introduction concludes.

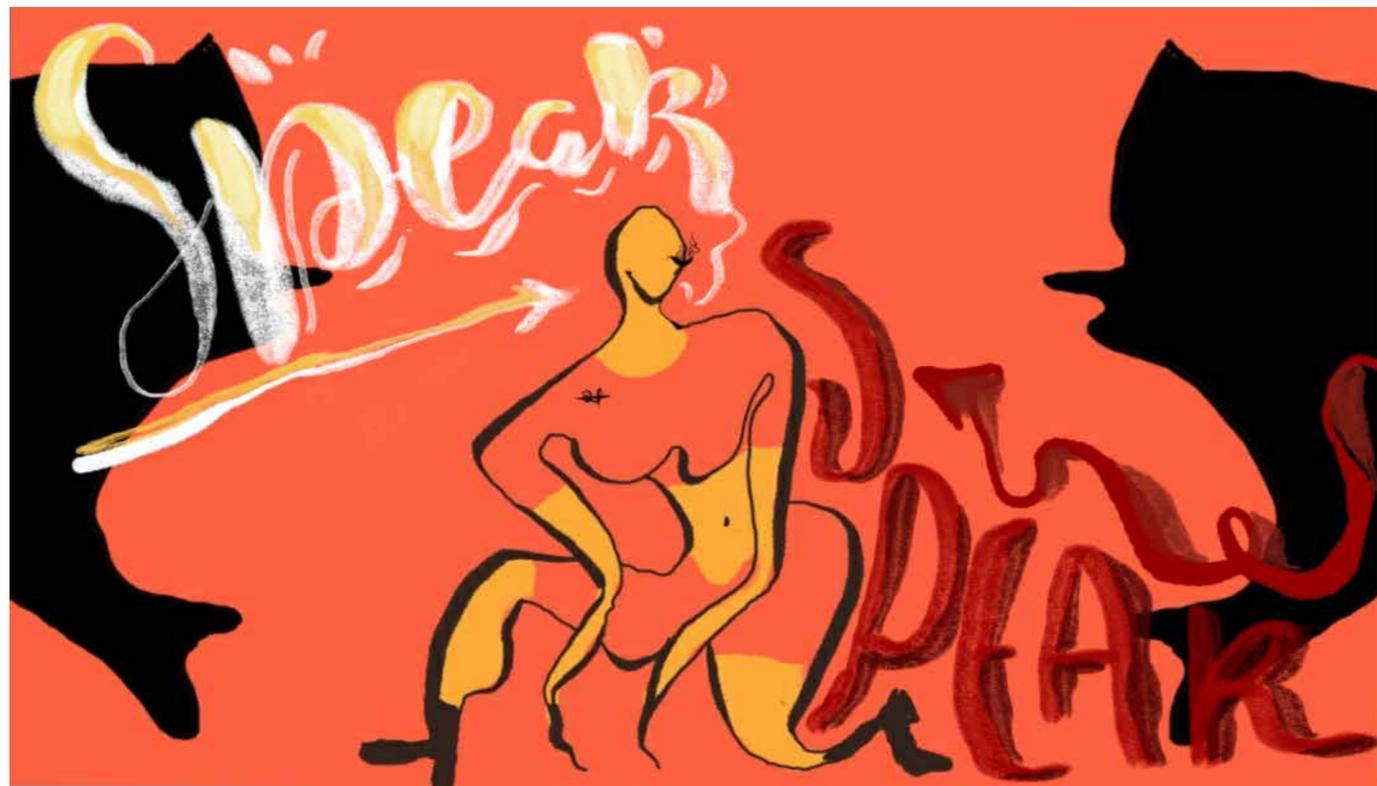
But an accent only exists if people can actually hear it, and so I decided to conduct a perception study where I compiled a list of 12 short voice clips from YouTube videos of young people from Sydney, six featuring Asian-Australians, and 6 featuring white Australians. All of the voice clips had been made since 2010 and were carefully chosen to exclude any possible markers of ethnic identity in what was being said (which meant even references to studying couldn't be used). Then by means of an online survey, I asked respondents to give each voice recording a score from one to five — one being the most "white Australian" and 5 being the most

"Asian-Australian".

Just as I had hypothesised, the respondents, regardless of background, were able to tell with remarkable accuracy the ethnicity of the speaker just from listening to their voice. In the end, Asian and white voices averaged a score of around 3.7 and 2.2 respectively. Of course, this was not to say that ethnicity can uniformly dictate a speaker's speech patterns, and there were instances where respondent's *couldn't* accurately tell the ethnic identity of the speaker. One case featured the voice recording of an Asian-Australian who attended a majority white private school, who most respondents thought sounded "white." This is to be expected as other social factors, such as class or degree of identification with one's heritage culture, play an equally important role in shaping the way we speak. More interesting was the case of a clip featuring a white Australian who attended a majority Asian selective school, who many respondents thought sounded very "Asian-Australian," leading to an average score markedly higher than the other white speakers. Whilst it could ultimately be statistically insignificant, this seeming subversion of linguistic power dynamics suggests a degree of panethnicity to the hypothesised ethnolect, and that there is enough cultural cohesion and capital in Sydney's second-generation Asian community that they can *lead* language change as opposed to being mere passive recipients of it. This level of panethnicity can help explain how second-generation South Asians fit into this sociolinguistics puzzle. Wary of how the nebulous nature of "Asian" can make it meaningless as a demographic label, I limited "Asian" to East and Southeast Asian for the sake of reducing the variables. However, given that the South Asian community and other Asian groups are in very close proximity to one another in Sydney, living in the same suburbs and going to the same schools (some selective schools in Sydney are majority "Asian" due to the large population of South Asian background students attending them), it could very well be that they are also leading the unified linguistic change together with their East and Southeast Asian peers. Kolhatkar, who first observed the accent in his peers at the selective school he attended, believes the different Asian groups share many features in their speech patterns, but notes that there is a vague difference he puts down to South Asians speaking with "less of a twang."

Of course, the study above was still limited by the constraints of it being an undergraduate research project (glaring methodological problems and all), and did not conclusively prove the existence of an Asian-Australian ethnolect, but rather pointed to the possibility of it existing. Just as it's difficult to tell what individual paints form a colour after they've been mixed, it's equally hard to disentangle the various social factors that ultimately go into an accent, so perceived variations can ultimately relate to something else entirely. And even if it exists, the actual features of the ethnolect still eluded me. From my own intuition, I can point out a couple of phonetic details, but none of these can be said to be cohesive changes, or uniquely "Asian" either. I also couldn't find any widespread use of slang by Asian-Australians. After much research, the only words that I found that could truly be said to be Asian-Australian were LG (an acronym for little girl which denotes a member of a subculture revolving around raves), and caps (if an Asian-Australian tells you they took a lot of caps in Year 7, they probably don't mean the drug but rather Japanese sticker photos which, for a while, you could only take at Capital Square — hence the name.)

But while I struggled to find any unique features, some professional linguists are currently working on doing just that. There is currently a government funded research project being conducted by the Australian National University called "Sydney Speaks", which is seeking "to document and explore Australian English, as spoken in Australia's largest and most ethnically and linguistically diverse city." The project is led by Dr Catherine Travis, an Australian linguist who previously spent 10 years at the University of New Mexico studying Spanish-English bilingualism in the US. Talking to me over Skype, she tells me with an obvious, effervescent



passion about the increasing attention that ethnolects are receiving from the academic community — a result of more and more people finding themselves in "diverse urban centres across the globe."

"London, Berlin, Toronto — people have talked a lot about ethnic groups drawing on their ethnic background to mark their identity."

What inspired her to undertake the project in Sydney was a pioneering study from the 1970s by linguist Barbara Horvath, which looked into Australian English as spoken by "Anglos, Italians and Greeks" in Sydney.

"I just thought how wonderful it would be to replicate that study and see what has happened now forty years on," she says, adding that the new study now includes Chinese-Australians in their twenties as a way Asian-Australian ethnolect, but rather pointed to the possibility of it existing. Just as it's difficult to tell what individual paints form a colour after they've been mixed, it's equally hard to disentangle the various social factors that ultimately go into an accent, so perceived variations can ultimately relate to something else entirely. And even if it exists, the actual features of the ethnolect still eluded me. From my own intuition, I can point out a couple of phonetic details, but none of these can be said to be cohesive changes, or uniquely "Asian" either. I also couldn't find any widespread use of slang by Asian-Australians. After much research, the only words that I found that could truly be said to be Asian-Australian were LG (an acronym for little girl which denotes a member of a subculture revolving around raves), and caps (if an Asian-Australian tells you they took a lot of caps in Year 7, they probably don't mean the drug but rather Japanese sticker photos which, for a while, you could only take at Capital Square — hence the name.)

While they are looking at everything, of particular interest to Travis and her team are the way Chinese-Australians produce vowels. Through analysing spontaneous speech gathered from specially recorded interviews, they have found that Chinese-Australians do produce vowels of a different shape to their Anglo counterparts. However, these differences seem less to do with their Chinese ethnicity and more to do with their social standing in Australia, and Chinese-Australians produce vowels associated with the Australian middle class even more so than Anglo-Australians.

"One way to interpret this that, rather than marking their ethnicity, they are marking their Australianness in their realisations of vowels." Travis says, noting that this seems to contradict much of the literature on ethnolects, and indeed, my own intuition on the subject. However, she explains that this seeming lack of ethnolectal formation is more complicated than it first seems. In the initial stages of the project, Travis was able to get in contact with Barbara Horvath and discovered she still had cassette tapes of the recordings she did in the 1970s stored in her garage, all in "fantastic" condition. Tapping into this treasure trove of sociolinguistic information, Sydney Speaks has been able to contextualise their

findings with broader shifts in Australian English — something most studies cannot do. Viewed simply at a single point in time, it does appear that Chinese-Australians are producing ethnically distinct vowels, but when they are compared not only with their Anglo contemporaries, but also with Anglo-Australians from forty years ago, Travis found that Chinese-Australians seemed to be at the forefront of wider changes happening in Australia. I see this almost immediately when she shows me a diagram comparing where in the mouth the three groups produce the diphthong (a sound comprising of two vowels) in "speak." In the past forty years, it seems the diphthong has gradually shifted to somewhere more to the front and top of our mouths, with this change being even more pronounced in Chinese-Australians. So when Travis says Chinese-Australians sound "more Anglo than the Anglos," that's not necessarily to mean that they sound exactly "Anglo," but more that their vowels are the logical "next step" in an ongoing language change. From one perspective, the way Chinese-Australians sound today could be the way Anglo-Australians sound in another ten years.

Travis' work is far from complete, and while her team have not observed ethnolectal variation in the vowels, they remain open to the idea that they may find it in prosodic features — not in the sounds of speech, but in its rhythms.

"Languages differ in whether they are stress timed or syllable timed Mandarin and Cantonese are syllable timed while English is stress timed, and some people have proposed that Chinese heritage people might have more syllable timed English."

Towards the end of our conversation, Travis notes that as young Chinese-Australians enter the workplace, they may feel a strong pressure to conform to Anglo norms, and so any ethnolectal variation developed before then could be wiped out. Languages, after all, change all the time. It's both strange and sad to think that the way I and so many of my peers speak could be, like sound itself, something transient — doomed to fade with time. What a relief, then, that someone is studying and chronicling it while it's still invigorated with youth and confidence.

I've told most people I've met about this passion project of mine, and the responses have been overwhelmingly positive. However, there was one

particular moment where I questioned the social utility of what I was investigating. A respondent to the survey I made, a white university student, refused to answer any of the questions and instead wrote an impassioned critique in the "additional comments" section about how he "objected" to the research because it was "problematic," adding that he "honestly does not and cannot judge" people based on the way they speak. At first I was furious, and dismissed him as coming from a long lineage of white liberals who think it's their duty to lecture people of colour on what they should and should not be offended by.

However, I couldn't shake off the feeling that he might be right. Indeed, when people of colour in Australia are confronted with racist assaults on their right to be in this country, what they often brandish as a weapon in defence is their accent. How many times have we angrily retorted to people that we speak English as well as they do, that our vowels and our inflections should be enough evidence for our right to call ourselves Australian? More than a sport or a mythic set of values, the thread that binds Australia together is our accent. And by trying to show that perhaps there isn't just one, but several interlocking threads that form our nation's linguistic tapestry, maybe I was leaving people like myself open to division and attack. But then I remembered a line from one of the only linguistic papers I found on the second-generation Asian diaspora, which talks about how Asians in Western countries are pigeonholed as either "forever foreigners" or "honorary whites." In this dichotomy, Asians are considered either so "exotic" to Western society that no amount of integration can change foreignness, or that they are so successfully aspirational that there is virtually no difference between them and the mainstream white population after a generation. And sometimes it does feel like there's no in between. With the rise of *Subtle Asian Traits*, the Asian diaspora is currently soul-searching for their own identity, one more meaningful than bubble tea, and more exciting than good grades. With it has come a deepening realisation of the sometimes painful, sometimes hilarious confusion that comes with being an Asian who grew up in a Western country. But if we are to live in our society on our own terms and not that of our Asian families or of our white surroundings, we must forge a cultural identity that is unique to us alone. And perhaps an ethnolect isn't so bad a place to start looking.

The crazy poor Asians of *Parasite*



ANH NGUYEN / WORDS
NHATMINH VU / ART

As a single door stares deridingly downwards at each of its coming guests, the message evoked could not be more clear. To enter it— you'll need to *ascend*.

Slabs of sleek concrete shield part of a beautiful mansion. Its modernist sophistication sits airily on top of a high slope within the city of Seoul. The house's entrance boasts a flight of stairs that leads to a tight set of security systems. As a single door stares deridingly downwards at each of its coming guests, the message evoked could not be more clear. To enter it— you'll need to ascend.

Thankfully, it is not here that *Parasite* begins. Instead, it begins underground, in a basement-turned-house where a zero-income family is living, leeching a few bars of Wi-Fi from their local businesses. Consisting of the kind-natured patriarch Ki-taek (Song Kang-ho), whose life advice is well-respected by his son Ki-woo (Choi Woo-shik) and cunning daughter Ki-jung (Park So-dam). Alongside their mother, Chung-sook (Jang Hyea-jin), the family earns a living by folding a restaurant's cardboard pizza boxes in their bug-infested, ramshackle home.

It is the exploration of this family's absurd and exploitative rise to economic stability that has earned South Korean auteur Bong Joon-ho this year's Palme d'Or. The film, despite being labeled by Bong as a "tragicomedy," flouts the narrow conventions of genre to present a narrative too preposterous to be real, too stained in satire to be sad. And yet, eliciting both a harrowing sense of social-realism and tragedy, it is all of these things. Like Bong's previous work, *The Host*, which carefully critiqued the conditions of South Korean society, *Parasite* abandons allegorical hints for a straight slap in the face about the detrimental consequences of economic insecurity. As Bong describes, it is "a comedy without clowns, a tragedy without villains."

The tragedy's focus on an impoverished family unit demonstrates a thematic similarity to Hirokazu Kore-eda's stirring Japanese drama, *Shoplifters*, which also happens to be last year's winner of the Palm d'Or. Both *Shoplifters* and *Parasite* belong to a rising surge of films representing those in the socially and economically marginal slates of East Asian society. Their significance resides in their exposition of the underground space—a metaphorical space exhibiting the hidden ugliness

that lies beneath the false façade of globalisation. In *Shoplifters*, these secrets are literally buried underground in the space of a shabby home, hushed between the cracks of a middle-class suburban jungle. Meanwhile, *Parasite* slowly unveils the underground spaces in which filthy masses of contradictions begin to accumulate, and inevitably (like the monster from *The Host*) emerge to the surface. This allegory is established by Bong early in the film, with the family staring up from their sunken home into a society that may not even realise they exist, and even urinates onto their windows.

However, it is this same invisibility that became the catalyst for much of *Parasite's* plot. When Ki-woo's higher-class friend goes to study overseas and asks him to take over his job tutoring the teenage daughter of a wealthy businessman, the underqualified Ki-woo vehemently agrees. After the forgery of some documents, he is now pushed into the world of a marvelous concrete mansion located on the high hills of Seoul.

Winning over the confidence of the naive lady of the house, Mrs Park (Cho Ye-jeoung), the opportunistic Ki-woo quickly concocts a plan for his entire family to con their way into employment at the same mansion. Eliminating the unneeded chauffeur and nifty housekeeper, the wily ménage inserts themselves into the secured space of their money-provider, the Parks. They live in symbiosis with their hosts, and in some ways, even begin to transform into a knock-off version of them.

Throughout the film, Bong does not let us forget that it is the things hidden in the depths, unexposed to the surface, that control the story. For when all seems to be well for the clan, having found stability in a marvellous space, what ugliness could this wide-open home and its transparent rows of glass possibly harbour?

With careful steps like that of a chessmaster's, Bong unveils the layers of dirtiness that both classes possess in an indictment of the country's broken socio-economic system.

Portrayed also is South Korea's ambivalent

relationship with the United States. There are repeated motifs throughout *Parasite* which associate the US with validity and prestige—it is through emphasising a US-based education that Ki-woo and Ki-jung both earn their respective jobs at the mansion. Whenever questioned about the reliability of an item, Mrs Park absently replies "Don't worry, we got it from the US." There is also the use of English phrases by the upper class as a means of demonstrating their prestige, and the appropriation of a Native American headdress. Bong once identified his stylistic use and subversion of Hollywood conventions as a sense of "schizophrenia." This reflects South Korea's half-respectful, half-cynical attitude towards the US, whose occupation during the 1960's to early 1990's is often linked to South Korea's rapid modernisation. This close alliance (critiqued by some as almost neocolonial) underpins South Korea's current position as a developed, capitalist state. But as portrayed by Bong, though the system seems grand, it offers no support to those who've been kicked down to the bottom of the stairs.

The Kim family, having successfully gained a precarious sense of economic security, then find themselves having to maintain their social position through the most gruesome of means. This hanging anxiety about security can also serve as a reference to the threat of invasion by North Korea. It is these unresolved tensions that underpin the film's foreboding atmosphere. For perhaps, what we fear most is the disruption of order, as well as its seeming fallibility.

In *Parasite*, a powerful final shot points to an inescapable cycle of oppression, tragically unrecognised by its main protagonists. Here, Bong's comedy becomes a bitter reminder of our wretched reality. Intricately crafted, *Parasite* evinces a distant dream of social equality that eventually batters you awake. Its raw depiction of Korean society in all of its absurdities spills powerfully onto each frame of the screen. Its hilarity masks a face of anger—one that rejects the fickle sentiment expressed by a character: "Money is an iron, it smooths out all the wrinkles." After the rain, the wrinkles will just appear again.



Name: Cassie
Photo by: Carrie Wen

I own the most adorable one-year-old cat named Cassie. She's the warm, trusting, and easygoing angel in my life. She's always there for me no matter how frustrating my day has been and through whatever stressful situation I've put myself through. She can magically heal me, calm me merely by licking my finger and looking into my eyes. After having been through many difficult experiences and countless dark days together, she is more than just a pet to me.

Owning a pet to keep you company is an easily achievable choice for many. These furry friends bring countless joy into your life. They improve your own mental wellbeing, ease feelings of loneliness, and improve your chance of meeting new friends.

For international students living away from home for the first time, owning a pet can be a crucial source of support. In Australia, many international students own cats and dogs to ward off feelings of loneliness and to lower their stress levels.

However, the decision for an international student to purchase a pet can be a controversial one. Most international students leave the country after years of studying in Australia. When they go back home, their pets often remain here. It is an international student's responsibility to ensure that this pet is rehomed. In some cases, particularly in the rush to return to their home countries, an international student's pet is left abandoned.

The process of bringing in a pet outside of Australia is expensive and exhausting. People are required to meet requirements of pet export regulations in Australia and pet import regulations in their own country at the same time. Different countries have different regulations, which also seem to change very often and can differ by point of entry. For instance, if people wish to bring pets into China, the pets need a rabies vaccination, a microchip, blood test, and a rabies

Name: Inno
Photo by: Iris Yao



THE NINE LIVES OF INTERNATIONAL PETS

Carrie Wen

titer test to meet the requirements. The huge amount of paperwork includes health certificates, China pet passports and more. People who apply will have to pay all of the fees themselves and prepare all the documents over the course of a few months. Moreover, bigger dogs and 41 specific breeds that are deemed violent are banned from China.

The RSPCA, an animal welfare organisation, refuses to allow international students to adopt pets because they do not believe that international students can "provide for the needs of the animal during their lifetime." This guideline partially stems from widespread public incidents like one in 2016, when footage of a stray dog, later confirmed to have been abandoned by a Chinese international student, went viral. In that same year, many Australians demanded a ban preventing foreign students and others with temporary visas from owning pets.

This story is an isolated incident, however. Most students willing to adopt pets ensure that they are rehomed or are attempting to have them flown to their home country when they leave.

Olivia Wang, a third year arts student at Usyd, owns a one-year-old Japanese Spitz named Milky. She enjoys Milky's company and treats her like a member of her own family. Milky has provided Olivia with the support and comfort sought by many international students. "I'll try everything to bring her back to China, we are inseparable," she said.

Iris Yao, another pet owner, is a second year arts student. She has a ten-month-old Blue British Shorthair named Inno. She rehomed Inno two weeks ago to a lovely local couple. "As an international student, my life is changing constantly. My future is still undecided. I am busy with study, work and building networks while I am here," she said. "I gave Inno to other people. It was a tough choice to make but I believe they can give Inno



Name: Milky
Photo by: Olivia Wang

a better life." Fortunately, Iris has a good relationship with the family looking after Inno, and frequently visits them. Yao says she treated Inno as a "son" rather than just a cute animal. "Inno is a symbolic sentimental object for me to maintain a good state of mind, and meanwhile relieve myself of feelings of loneliness."

Due to the unavailability of pet adoption services for international students in Australia, and a steadily increasing demand for these pets, access to pet purchasing services are very limited and the price of purchasing a pet is incredibly high. Both Iris and Olivia spent more than 2000 dollars on purchasing their pet.

Wang told *Honi* that she has spent thousands of dollars on Milky since purchasing her last year.

"She vomited a lot for no reason, I brought her more than ten times to the veterinary clinic but they still couldn't figure out what was wrong with her." She didn't believe there was anything wrong with the online pet shop where she brought Milky.

"We don't really have much information about local pet shops and we aren't allowed to adopt one. So, we normally purchase pets from online pet shops that we find through WeChat. But the price of these online pet shops are very expensive and many of them sell ill animals," Wang said.

Although International students often face doubt from the Australian community on whether they have the time and energy to take care of their pets, the love and care they provide to them cannot be denied.

As for me, Cassie is a beam of light and she will always make me happy no matter what happens. She is home to me when I am far away from my own home. Most other international students who own a pet in a foreign country feel the same way as me. I believe international students will do everything they can to give their pet a new home before they leave, as they understand those same hard feelings of being alone.

Name: Maggie
Photo by: Carrie Wu



"As for me, Cassie is a beam of light and she will always make me happy no matter what happens. She is home to me when I am far away from my own home."



Facebook took my memories and won't give them back. He marched into my room in the darkness as I slept. He was a beautiful man in a hazelnut cable knit with a face one might expect of a model, a few years before their prime. He was wearing a chiselled frown with cheeks that curved like sickles. Smoke bellowed out of his ears, from which the earlobes dangled, large and seductive. When he opened his mouth, partially digested chicken feet fell onto my eyes. It was raw and bloodied. He got on top of me. "Download data?" he said, nonchalant. It was not a request. I nodded anyway before I realised my mistake and screamed. "Stop!" The beautiful man halted. My twelfth friendiversary with Corinna. The blue glow on the side of my bed welcomed me back into its embrace, I typed a short post for her wall. She'd see it in the morning. "Shall we continue?" I asked.

The transaction took a little less than four hours in total. I gave him the goofy ones first: The photos from graduation, the night of my 23rd, and all the fads I had picked up in high school. There were a few precious ones too: the date at Dinkies and my last talk with dad around when mum moved back to Forster. "You'll want these too" I stated.

"They are part of the contract," the beautiful man squeaked back. And the deed was done. "You'll feel a little light-headed for a few days," he said, and then added as an afterthought, "Maybe rest. You're entitled to a refund during the next 30 days." His voice sounded like a thin man trying to suck air from behind a thick, oily paste.

I slept until the house was empty of his scent, and dreamt of nothing. The next day was not unkind to me. The damage to the cottage was obvious in the daylight even to a person who could not recall its previous grandeur. There were scrape marks left on the walls and flooring where things had been forcibly ripped. The lights were not working, and the skeletal remains of furniture sat in the largest room—a collapsed table, supporting a mouldy teapot and a few unbranded teabags. I boiled the tea and sipped only a little amount before spitting out the concoction. I wasn't a tea person. The other end of the bargain took two weeks to be delivered. Through the front door it came on a rainy afternoon, a brown box the size of a small car, with "Fragile" and "Reconstruction" marked upon it in auspicious red text. Finally.

Inside were the ingredients of a first home: a sofa bed,

coffee table, indoor plants, the lot. Some of it needed assembly so I set aside the afternoon. Nothing was in my calendar anyway. As the lounge room took shape, I drifted back into the bedroom. The blue glow in the corner was humming with excitement. "Did you like your Home Brand Green Tea?" It prompted me with a pop-up and a picture. The same tea I had steeped earlier. I responded. A box of Chinese Tieguanyin arrived the next day, along with a curated collection of coffee capsules and the latest model of the Nespresso Delonghi.

As I fell asleep one night—my belly stuffed with the sashimi I had prepared earlier—the beautiful man paid me a visit. He sat in the massage chair which had arrived that morning, glaring at me for a while without saying anything. I yawned. "Are you satisfied with our service?" he eventually asked. I got out of bed gently. "I could do with a few more samples of the Tieguanyin," I responded before putting a knife into his neck, and he slumped over in shock.

The blue glow whirred into life in a flurry of action. "Did you like your Stainless Steel Santoku Knife?"

Facebook took my memories, and I didn't care.

a busman's holiday

by Frank Pear



Everyone else is
at the District Court.

Alone in chambers
Analysing blood test:
deficient
mildly deficient
lack of sun exposure

thinking of days strewn
across the pea-green grass
of the Law Lawns

drenched in buttery light, and
trying to
catch your eye



WELFARE WEEK

Eastern Avenue
Week 2

Tuesday 13th
FREE HOT DOGS



Wednesday 14th
SUBWAY ROLLS AND USU MARKETS



Thursday 15th
DONUT DAY



- SRC and SUPRA
- National Union of Students
- Public Service Association of NSW
- Unions NSW
- Sydney University Muslim Students Association
- Council of International Students Australia
- headspace
- White Ribbon
- Lou's Place
- Disability Services
- Financial Services
- Accommodation Services



Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

2019 SRC Elections Postal Voting Application Form

POSTAL VOTING

If you wish to vote in the 2019 SRC elections but are unable to vote EITHER on polling days Wednesday 25th or Thursday 26th September at any of the advertised locations, OR on pre-polling day (on main campus) Tuesday 24th September, then you may apply for a postal vote.

Fill in this form and send it to:

Electoral Officer
Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney
PO Box 794, Broadway NSW 2007.

PLEASE NOTE: postal vote application **MUST BE RECEIVED AND IN OUR PO BOX by Wednesday 11th of September** at 4.30pm or it will not be considered. **No exceptions.**

You may use a photocopy of this form.

Name of applicant: _____

Student card number: _____

Faculty/year: _____

Phone number: () _____

Email: _____

Mobile #: _____

I hereby apply for a postal vote for the 2019 SRC elections. I declare that I am unable to attend a polling booth on any of the polling days, OR on the pre-polling day, for the following reason:
(Please be specific. Vague or facetious reasons will not be accepted. The Electoral Officer must under section 20(a) of the Election Regulations consider whether the stated reason justifies the issuing of a postal vote.)

Signature: _____

Please send voting papers to the following address:

State: _____ Postcode: _____

For more information, contact:
Casper Lu, Electoral Officer 2019
p: 02 9660 5222 | e: elections@src.usyd.edu.au

Authorised by C. Lu, Electoral Officer 2019,
Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney
p: 02 9660 5222 | w: srcusyd.net.au





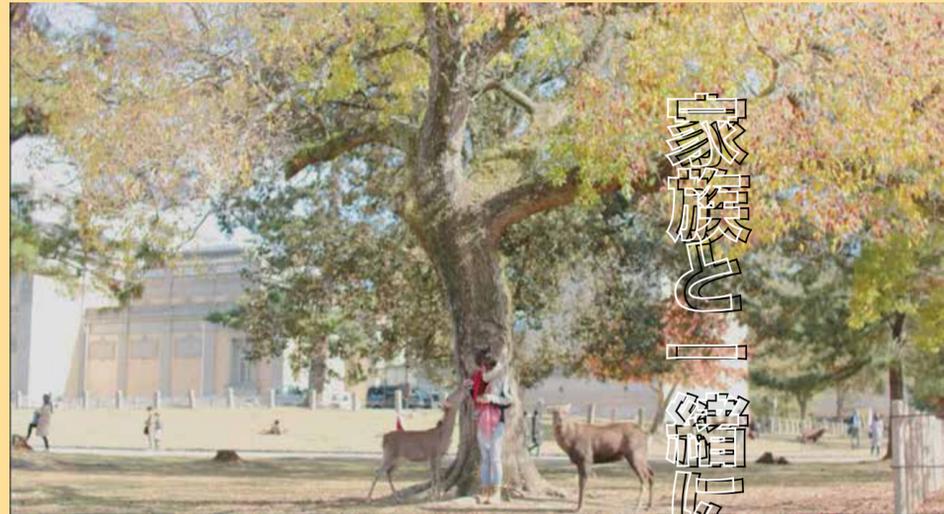
Macau
Macau
Macau
Macau
Macau

「得益於五百年黎嘅無戰亂紛爭，來自各個時代嘅建築物得以完整咁保存落黎。你可以睇一棟八十年代嘅茶樓隔離搵到二十年代建成嘅市場；亦可以睇九十年代落成嘅商業廣場周邊，睇到一座明朝企好嘅教堂。呢個自五百年前就已經成為咗中國第一個東西交流嘅港口，融合咗來自唔同時代、唔同國家、唔同風格嘅建築。佢哋之間互不相擾，自由生長，從而變成咗澳門而家呢種獨特嘅城市風貌。」

Photos and words by leong Meng Seng



澳門
澳門
澳門
澳門
澳門



家族と一緒に
帰暮れを見た

鎌倉の夕方
鎌倉の夕方
鎌倉の夕方
鎌倉の夕方
鎌倉の夕方

Photos by Lindsay Rui

THIS IS THE 2019 HONT SOIT
 REVOLUTION OR EVOLUTION
 WRITING COMPETITION

MESSENGER

Michelle Lam // First place fiction

It's quiet. Tense. With none of the peace and respite promised by prayer. Heat simmers in the air. The forced upbeat singing of Tiếng Gọi Thanh Niên finally ends. The news, what the people were really waiting for, plays.

"Vietnam is independent. Vietnam is Free. Ho Chi Minh, through his bravery and sacrifice for the country, has driven off the French! We now stand as equals to the world."

A small contemptuous snort. The man drifts off, knowing far better than the superficial cheer of red surrounding him. Face wrinkled and haggard, his eyes are empty. A spectator, not a narrator. His back is hunched with a permanent limp, weighed down by the years of wars.

He checks the clock on the garage wall and curses, hurriedly dragging an odd-looking trailer from a corner of the shelter and attaching it to the back of his beat-up motorcycle. Last but not least — his wrangled left leg straining — he hauls a sturdy, metal box onto the trailer and hops onto the bike. The engine sputters. He growls, gives it a few kicks — for a minute it trembles, one kick away from falling apart. Then it roars to life.

#

In the dim light of dawn, tropical heat clings to skin, the taste of metal on the tip of the tongue a reminder of yesterday. The motorcycle flies past old

buildings slowly being rebuilt, scaffolding fresh and bricks a different colour, dozens of posters detailing Vietnam's bright new future — an 'Independent Nation' — plastered like a bandaid over glaring wounds. He used to pause and admire them, tracing its shadows with his memory. Now he barely glances as he roars past.

The buildings become more sparse, eventually fading away as his lone, ant-like figure crawls along the lush fronds of the jungle. A horizon of mottled green, dotted with husks of tanks like trophies past. He slows to a stop at an empty expanse of land. Waits.

He revels in the silence, a respite from the reminders of... The cold prickling brushes against his skin, the caress of a familiar friend he embraces with both comfort and dread.

From the grass emerges a small group of people, each lugging a package, metal detectors whimpering softly on their backs. He stares at them expressionlessly. The leader of the group tentatively steps forward, wipes his hands before offering a greeting.

"About a hundred piastre today?" His smile strains under the lurking animosity of the group. The motorcyclist shrugs, loads the packages into his bulletproof box, ready to ride off.

"Look Uncle, we might as well make the most of our victory." Their images waver in the heat. One of the members of group one wipes his brow with his

sleeve. The small motion sets off a ripple of unease. Furtive glances are exchanged. Although there was no longer any need, they wore their various armbands as declarations of allegiance to change, though the sincerity of the gesture was questionable.

The motorcyclist sighs, knows not to tip the fragile balance.

"It's not my place to decide. I'm just the messenger."

The leader dodges just in time as he soars away with his cargo — nearly running him over.

#

His path is much different to when he first started. It's significantly slower. In fact, he carefully slows and avoids each pothole as much as possible. Crawls over road bumps. He shudders as the rattle of the trailer becomes deafeningly loud, fighting the temptation to glance back, back at that precariously bouncing metal box latched onto his bike — onto him.

He finally ends his journey at an out-of-sight, old army base. Few officers are stationed there anymore. The bloodstains, however, have yet to be cleaned from its walls. A young soldier greets him with a warm, hopeful smile — it was obvious he didn't question complexities. The old man returns his greeting with a cold stare. The poor boy fidgets, stripped bare before his aged scrutiny.

The motorcyclist lets him off, turns to the metal box and opens it. Bends down and lifts the packages out. Painfully slow. Careful. The soldier hurries to take the job, as the young should do for the elderly; the old man lets him, amused as the recruit happily jostles the packages to show off his youth. The old man smiles wryly — almost envious.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you." The young soldier sends him a questioning glance.

"Open it."

The recruit hesitates, glances at his superiors — they're dealing cards and exchanging cigarettes, one of them sends him a lazy wave. The recruit turns back to the old man. For a brief moment, a silence descends over them. The recruit's fingers tremor slightly as he—

Opens it.

Colour drains from his face.

Landmines.

The old man watches the recruit as he scrambles away from the package.

"Don't piss your pants. Take them to recycle."

The youth doesn't move. Frozen. The old man grunts, averting his eyes. The pain of rebirth still fresh.

"They're faulty," pauses, "I think."

The recruit hurriedly nods, noticeably gentler with his handling of the package. Still white. He takes a while to return with the cash, his eyes darting back and forth nervously.

The motorcyclist counts it with expertise, takes his cut. His eyes pierce into the recruit's soul, well-honed instinct detecting the scent of unease. The recruit fidgets, hiding a crumpled something in his pocket. It hisses into the old man's ear, beckoning his suspicion. The motorcyclist pauses, scrutinises the recruit for any sign of a red arm band — none. He lets breathe a quiet sigh of relief, disappearing down the track.

#

The evening is cool, dark, with a complete absence of sound. Complete absence of light. The heavy presence of Its shadow still lingers in the tangled wilderness, where leaves rot and persons were burned into their next life. The people in Tonkin tread lightly, already used to the dark. In fact, light scares them. It flashes — like a burst of gunpowder.

The old man hesitates to turn off his headlight. Leaves it on dim, an indecisive neutral caught between hope and pessimism. It scatters the residents nearby, who relax upon seeing his face. A few disgruntled insults are hurled his way but he just breezes past it all. It's to be expected. Ever since the rumours of the Viet Minh selling secrets to the French, everyone felt It breathing down their delicate necks, again.

A rough bump jostles his bag from his grip, he pauses. The motorcyclist eyes his bags — currently in the university student's hands. The student tentatively offers it to him, although mild disgust swims beneath the surface of his expression.

"Brother, you dropped thi—"

"Uncle." Venomous. The uncle stares down the university student, prickling with indignation at the impertinence of this brat.

Visibly affronted, the student almost looks to toss it at the uncle's feet, but he stops himself. Smiles a

smile that's more like a snarl.

"Cadre—"

"Don't. I'm not one of you." The uncle spits. The university student flinches, growls. "... Sorry." That you love your country so much you would betray what we fought for.

The uncle quells his outburst, pastes on a smile as he tentatively retrieves his bag from the student's clenched fist.

The air is suffocating. The crowd's silence an elastic stretched uncomfortably tight.

The youths red armbands, bright, burning blood.

#

Buzzing. It's unclear if it's the radio or the flies. A familiar leathery hand squashes a slow one. Wipes it on his shirt, its blood stains alongside grease streaks. He listens to the winds howl over the land, grateful for the rain amidst the cloistering heat.

"Vietnam is independent. Vietnam is Free. We must fight to make it stay that way. Ho Chi Minh is out in Paris, working for our country. We at home must protect Liberated Vietnam. We who truly love our country."

Smashes his thigh, pain jolting the doubt from his mind. The revolution had succeeded, now it was just deciding who would deal with the rest. Glances around him nervously, he can feel It watching.

Waiting

Shakes himself out of his reverie.

He focuses on the group approaching him. The invisible presence purrs, whispering dread into his mind, calling back unwanted memories of the prices paid.

In denial, he calls out 'jokingly', "hurry up if you want to avoid your wife's wrath."

A few chuckles. For a split second — they're human. Then it's back again, seeping into their bones, stiffening their muscles. They each lay down their share gingerly, almost treating the landmines with reverence.

A young man from group one's hands tremble as he plops in his share. Every eye is pinned on him. The last guy. He darts back into the crowd — eager to be forgotten. A flash of red? The old man's stare lingers on him. Something prickles at his neck, that familiar feeling that followed him home. He swats at it. Just a fly.

He races down the track without looking back.

Ignorant to the soft

Beep... Beep... Beep...

Snatched away by the wind.

He does his usual routine. Inching over the road bumps. Slowing over every pothole. Eyes squinted behind his goggles. Raindrops slash his skin. The dark dragon in the sky rumbles ominously. It stalks at his heels, revelling his ignorance to the soft sounds emitting from the metal box.

Suddenly the engine sputters out. He curses. Hops off his bike and pushes it, lame leg stumbling through thick mud. Coughs. Icy rain forced down his throat. Flickers of the army base against the looming storm. A cold phantom grip pulls him back, anchoring his ankles.

A soft, wicked chuckle, like a sniper leveling his crosshairs onto the target's forehead, iciness creeping into the darkest recesses of the human mind that consumes the whole and shreds, disassembles the existing beaten into submission of a new form.

He shudders. Fear grips him. His legs falter — tires skid — a very rough bump jolts the whole machine. Every limb in his body freezes. Nothing but the whistling wind. Gingerly inches forward. Places his foot ahead of the bike, feeling out the terrain. He can sense Its jagged maws, looming.

Narrowly avoids a pothole...

Scrapes by a bump..

Almost there...

The young recruit clutches onto his hat, ushering him to the shelter as they both cough their lungs out. The recruit yells over the din.

"Did you bump anything?"

"What?"

"Did you BUMP anything?"

The old man hesitates. Shakes his head no. They finally make it into the encampment, clothes askew, handkerchief dangling from the recruit's pocket. It's stiflingly hot. All officers are crammed into this tight space, sitting on crates, playing cards, smoking. Even so, the borders between each group are drawn very clearly. The same uniform, all Vietnamese faces, yet there's the subtle suspicious glances cast at each other, the sneer of disdain as if proclaiming 'I know what you are.' Former brothers-in-arms now jackals vying over 'freedom'.

They all look up as they enter, hands on their rifles.

Relaxes.

The old man wipes off his sweat. Smiles tiredly at them. They smile back. He turns to the new recruit, "Can I borrow your handkerchief?"

"Sure."

The old man gratefully takes the fabric.

Freezes.

It's red.

Beep... Beep... Beep...

The noise is terrifyingly clear. Piercing. One by one, heads turn.

The old man's eyes widen. He turns — the recruit is gone. The commanding officer rises, eyes grim. Condemning. He stalks towards the metal box. Heaves it open.

The small flashing light from a DIY bomb hidden beneath a Viet Minh banner..

Whimpers crescendo into a desperate wail. Legs scramble. Hands claw. Squeals of terror. The old man's frozen. Lame leg crumbles. It finally rears its terrible head, inescapable.

Too late.

Outside, the storm howls. There is a dull THUD. Concrete crumbles. Debris and body parts fly. Blood stains the rain.

But nothing is heard over the wind.

#

President

Jacky He

Malicious Attack on Ethnocultural Student on 8 August

Last Thursday, on the 8th of August, *Honi Soit* has reported an incident where a 30-40 years old man spat on and physically attacked a Chinese identifying students on campus. This is a severe safety concern and I have raised this with the University, seeking for a meeting with them to protect the safety of

all ethnocultural students on campus to prevent cases like this happening in the future.

We strongly condemn the person who has decided to take such extremist and abusive action against our students - especially a student who has come from a minority background. This kind of behaviour is absolute appalling and nowhere near acceptable. We call on the University to act on this issue, send consolation to the

injured student and make sure his rights to remain safe on campus is protected, and condemn the person who has not only entered University premise without former notice, but also carried out such an obscene action of violence.

If any student feels threatened by this incident and is mentally distressed, please contact the University of Sydney Counselling and Psychology Services (CAPS) on 8627 8433. If you encounter

any situation where you feel you are placed under danger, please call 9351 3333 to contact campus security and inform them about your location and situation.

French Model Review Implementation Group

The University is currently in the process of examining the French Model Code and its implementation in the University of Sydney campus - following a



recently finished investigation into speech freedom issues at Higher Education Institutions. The University is also looking for feedbacks from students on the French Model Code and any comments relating to speech freedom and academic freedom on campus. If you have any thoughts, please E-mail them to president@src.usyd.edu.au. We strongly appreciate your feedbacks.

Disabilities Officers

Wilson Huang and Hayden Moon

Hello and a warm welcome into Semester 2 from the Disabilities Officers.

Disabled Honi 2019

We are excited to announce that we have an autonomous edition of *Honi Soit* in week 4. We are currently looking for submissions and pitches for opinion pieces, short fiction, feature articles, art and comedy.

Written submissions should be approximately 500-800 words; however, we can accommodate shorter pieces and features of up to 1200 words. We will be preferencing USyd students or staff who have a disability in accordance with the United Nations Convention on the Rights of Persons with Disabilities. It recognises "that disability is an evolving concept and...results from the interaction between

persons with impairments and attitudinal and environmental barriers that hinders their full and effective participation in society on an equal basis with others." This includes but is not limited to people with mental, chronic, or terminal illnesses; people who are neurodivergent; people who are blind or partially sighted; and people who are D/deaf or hard of hearing. We will also consider

submissions from non-USyd students and staff and non-disabled people, however, please specify it in your email as we prioritise submissions from marginalised voices. You do not have to disclose details of your disability in order to submit work. We may also consider submissions in French and Chinese, but it is advisable to pitch first.

If you're increased in

illustrating specific pieces, need some advice, or have a submission or pitch, please send an email to disabilities.officers@src.usyd.edu.au. Submissions are due on Saturday 17 August at 9 pm. If you use a pen name or want to be published anonymously, that is fine, just let us know.

Autonomous Collective Against Racism Officers

Ellie Wilson, Himath Siriniwasa and Swapnik Sanagavarapu

Last week, a USyd student of colour was punched, spat-on and keyed in the eye as part of a string of racially motivated attacks perpetrated by a 30 to 40 year old man. With anti-China protests happening in UQ, Sinophobic and racist sentiments are increasingly occurring nation-wide in universities. ACAR condemns these actions wholeheartedly, and stands in solidarity with the victims of the

attacks. Attacks like these dispel the white-liberal myth that we are living in a post-racial society. Anti-Chinese sentiment in particular, is on the rise, with the Australian state and news media doubling down on racist caricatures in the midst of an offensive trade war. We must all be cognisant of the concerted effort to sow seeds of division in hopes to justify a future attack.

ACAR, as a collective that

represents POC, also expresses solidarity with movements across the Global South struggling for democratic rights and against brutal authoritarianism. In particular, we condemn the Modi regime's revocation of Section 370 of the Indian Constitution, which gave special status to Jammu and Kashmir. The fascist Indian state has intensified the occupation of Kashmir, detaining opposition

leaders, imposing an information blackout and mobilising thousands from the local population. In a similar vein, we express solidarity with the pro-democracy movement in Hong Kong and their struggle against CCP authoritarianism. However, we reject any attempts to utilise the struggle for Hong Kong's autonomy as a pretext for war against China, or for Sinophobic, yellow-peril attacks

against Chinese people in Australia. ACAR is co-hosting a student contingent to the upcoming State Wide protest for Black Lives Matter. The protest is being organised by family members of Indigenous people who have been victims of police brutality. The event will be held at 12:30 pm on the 21st of August at Town Hall. Please come along if you can, and contact us if you want to help promote the rally.

Wom*n's Officers

Gabi Stricker-Phelps and Crystal Xu did not submit their report this week. They are paid close to \$12,000 of student money.

Education Officers

James Newbold and Jingrui (Jesse) Xu did not submit their report this week. They are paid close to \$12,000 of student money.

Queer Officers

The Queer Officers did not submit their report this week. They are unpaid office bearers of the SRC.

Textbook Help!

The SRC is helping students with the cost of buying textbooks.

Apply online: srcusyd.net.au/textbooksubsidy

Apply for Textbook Help online: <http://srcusyd.net.au/textbooksubsidy>
 Level 1, Wentworth Building (G01), University of Sydney
 (02) 9660 5222 | help@src.usyd.edu.au
facebook.com/srchelp | [Instagram: @SRC_USyd](https://instagram.com/SRC_USyd)

Need help with your tax?

Get FREE help with your tax return from a Tax Help volunteer on campus!

Available to USyd undergraduate students through the Students' Representative Council (SRC) until the end of semester 2

To book an appointment call: 9660 5222

Australian Government Australian Taxation Office SRC

Pay Day Loans - Getting Cash Fast. What are the risks?



Payday loans or **Small Amount Loans** are a quick way to get cash, especially for those without a good credit rating. For the vast majority of situations they are absolutely horrendous, and should be completely avoided. The lure of getting cash as quickly as an hour after you apply should be considered in the sobering light of the interest rates or charges. Different loans have different conditions. Some promote that they have no charges, but charge an interest rate of up to 48%. Others do not charge interest, but instead charge an account management fee that is the equivalent of at least 48%. Why 48%? Because that is the maximum they are allowed to charge you. I'm sure it would be more if it were possible.

been known to sign people into an **act of bankruptcy**, which can have profound effects on your financial health for many years.

There are better alternatives. You could negotiate with your utility provider (electricity, gas, telephone) to give you a hardship plan that will allow you to pay in installments. In some situations you may also be able to get some vouchers to pay some of the bill. You might be able to get an interest free loan through the University's Financial Assistance Unit. If you are on a Centrelink payment you might be able to get an advance payment.

There may also be ways to spend less money each week. For example, there are many services around the University that provides cheap or free food, medical services, and other similar types of services. Talk to an SRC caseworker about what options you might have.

Debt consolidation loans are almost always financially treacherous. There are many fees and charges that are imposed, with little opportunity for your repayments to actually reduce your loan. Debt consolidation companies have

Check out the SRC Guide to Living on Little Money: srcusyd.net.au/src-help/money/guide-to-living-on-little-money/



Ask Abe

SRC caseworker help Q&A

TAX HELP

Dear Abe,

This is the first year that I have to do a tax return in Australia and I'm not sure what I need to do. Can you help please?

Sincerely,
First Tax

Dear First Tax,

If you have a "simple tax return", which means you earn \$50,000 or less, and have a job (as opposed to being self employed) you might be able to get advice from the SRC's TaxHelp program,

where Australian Taxation Office trained volunteers can help you to complete your tax returns, including ones from previous years. As with all programs at the SRC this is a free service.

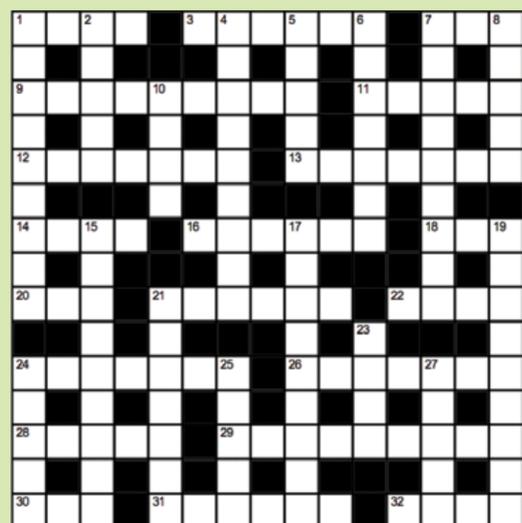
If you are self employed (e.g., musician, tutor, food delivery, ride share driver), you will need to consult with an accountant or tax agent.

To make an appointment for TaxHelp call the the SRC office on 9660 5222.

Sincerely,
Abe



cryptic crossword



ACROSS

- 1 Teachers are filled with pain (4)
- 3 Ireland, apparently or truly (6)
- 7 Madam avoids speaking (3)
- 9 How a dribbler might enjoy themselves? (4,1,4)
- 11 Goat who cares for kids (5)
- 12 Some ricy soft food! (7)
- 13 Violent American lodgings (7)
- 14 Conference held in former post office (4)
- 16 Apparently strong fish food (6)
- 18 Regular globe - tops seven pounds (3)
- 20 Article on French tea (3)
- 21/24 Drink about street dance (6,7)

- 22 I'll say 'Britain' for example (4)
- 24 See 21
- 26 Spinney hides fat alien (7)
- 28 Ray Romano loses head, and circles trap unevenly (5)
- 29 Perspective on battle with Spike (9)
- 30 May Day starts Spring off smashingly (3)
- 31 Put in theatre's nighttime display backwards (6)
- 32 Shakespeare's King Edward (4)

- 5 God is everything, primarily all-powerful, heavenly (5)
- 6 Dendy ends cruel dominion (7)
- 7 Man dies around by Long Heads in JAWS (9)
- 8 Web chat from risky pensiones (5)
- 10 Before counter-speech (4)
- 15 Game about primarily hating the poor (9)
- 17 Gay Hitler screwed Buzz (9)
- 19 Haphazardly protects a voyeur (9)
- 21 Folding artfully round Latvian capital? I'm coming up (7)
- 23 Hobble a long way in China with a politician (4)
- 24 May dean cook? (5)
- 25 The King lives dangerously (5)
- 27 Spilled ink on iron blade (5)

ACROSS

- 1 Cochonnet (4)
- 3 Knitting tool (6)
- 7 Feline (3)
- 9 Dutch port (9)
- 11 Cricketer's cap: ... green (5)
- 12 Strut (7)
- 13 Watch closely (7)
- 14 Have a squiz (4)
- 16 Stephen Hawking biopic: ... of Everything (6)
- 18 US President 1963 to 1969 (3)
- 20 Springfield's barman (3)
- 21 Yolngu territory: ... Land (6)
- 22 Null and ... (4)
- 24 Apprentice (7)
- 26 French bread (7)

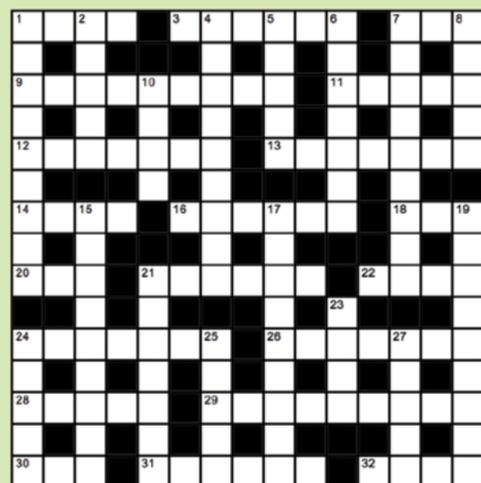
DOWN

- 15 Surgical or mathematical procedure (9)
- 17 Call of nautical distress: man ...! (9)
- 19 Magistrate's ruling (9)
- 21 Blonde ABBA member (7)
- 23 Sad longing (4)
- 24 Roman robes (5)
- 25 Merman, Barrymore, or Waters (5)
- 27 Fad (5)

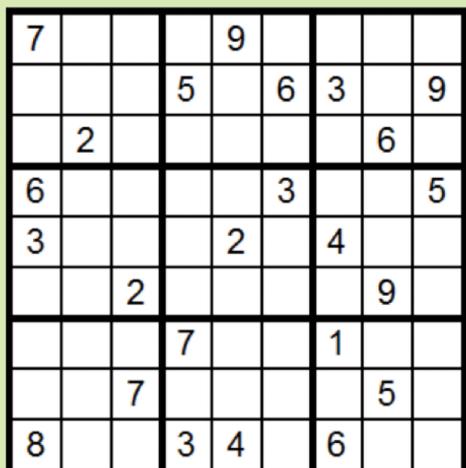
credits

All puzzles by **Tournesol**

quick crossword



sudoku



target



10 words: eh / 20 words: uh
30 words: oh / 40 words: ah

find-a-word

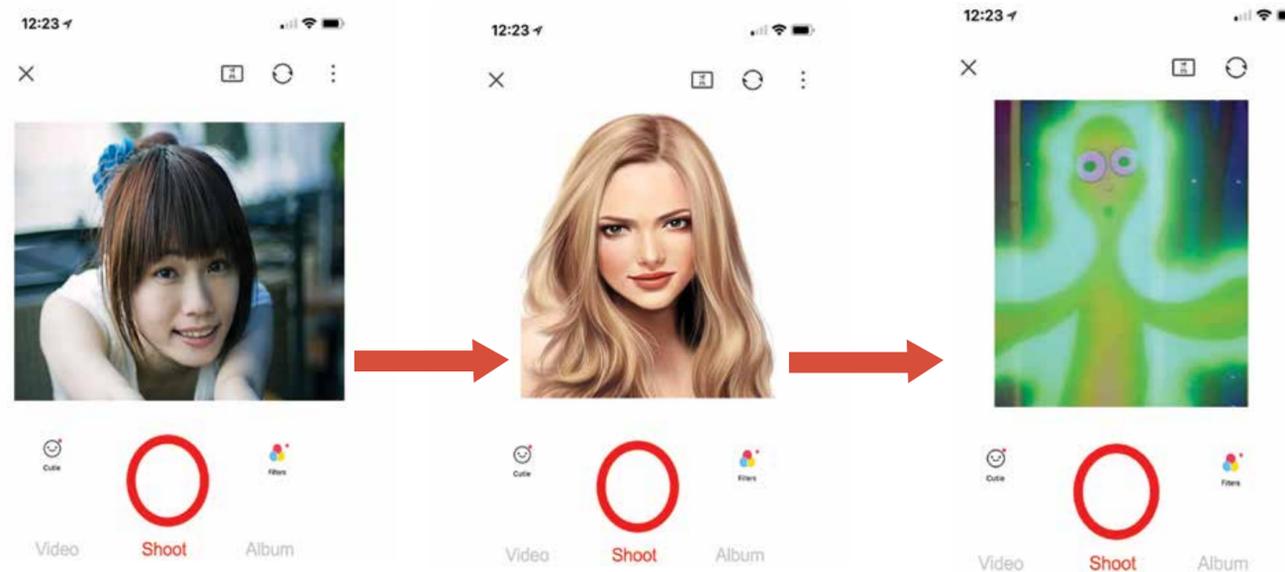


THE DEPENDENT BRINGS YOU NEWS EACH WEEK COURTESY OF OUR SPONSORS. THIS WEEK, THEY ARE:

Meitu & Shitposting weeb

GEOPOLITICS: UwU vs OwO

TELEVISION: Meet the Bachelor contestant who will only accept this rosé



ADVERTISEMENT: White not good enough? Want even bigger eyes, a sharper chin, and even more glowing skin? Try Meitu!

广告: 想比白人更美? 要更大的眼睛, 更尖的下巴, 更光滑的皮肤? 用美图吧!

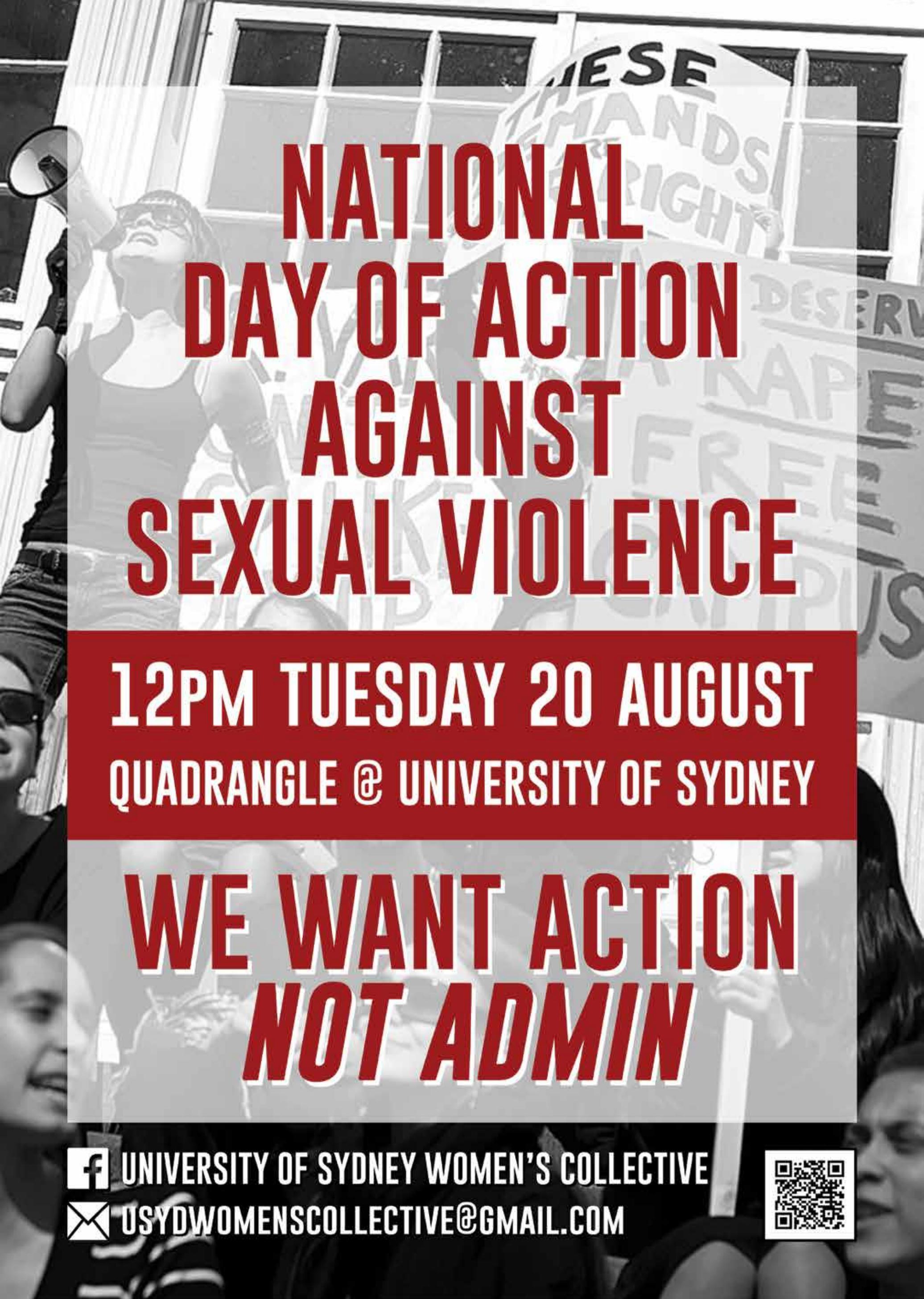
Twade waw betOwOen sUwUper-pOwOrs esOwOtes

Michael BOwOziOwOl investuwugates the rising tensiowons



Even before the twade waw, Xi Jinping's pwan to twun China into onye of the wowwd's most advanced economies by 2050 was ambitious. His gwand vision is nyow wooking mowe aspiwationyaw by the day. As mounting pwessuwe fwom Donyawd Twump adds to a swew of stwuctuwaw chawwenges facing China's \$14 twiwwion economy -- incwuding wecwod debt wewews, wampant powwution, and an aging popuwation -- the wisk is that the countwy gets stuck in a "middwe-income twap," stagnating before it weaches wich-wowwd wewews of devepment. Economists say Xi's gwvnmnt can avoid that fate by boosting domestic consumption, wibewawizing mawkets and incweasing the countwy's technyowogicaw pwowess. But it won't be easy. Onwy five devepwing countwies have made the twansition to advanced-nyation status whiwe maintaining high wewews of gwowth since 1960, according to Nyobew wawuweate Michaew Spence, a pwofessow at Nyew York Unywvrsity's Stewn Schoow of Businuess. "China twying to do this with active opposition fwom the U.S. makes the huwdwe that much highew to jump uwv," said Andrew Powk, co-foundew of wesearch firm Twivium China in Beijing. "But the U.S. has cweawwy wit a fiwe."

Article continues page 6



NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION AGAINST SEXUAL VIOLENCE

12PM TUESDAY 20 AUGUST

QUADRANGLE @ UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

**WE WANT ACTION
*NOT ADMIN***

 **UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY WOMEN'S COLLECTIVE**

 **USYDWOMENSCOLLECTIVE@GMAIL.COM**

