

Honi Soit

WEEK 6, SEMESTER 1, 2021

FIRST PRINTED 1929



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Acknowledgement of Country



Honi Soit is published on the sovereign land of the Gadigal People of the Eora Nation, who were amongst the first to resist against and survive the violence of colonisation. This land was taken without consent and sovereignty was never ceded. We pay our respects to Elders past and present, and extend that respect to all Indigenous students and staff at the University.

As a team of settlers occupying the lands of the Gadigal, Dharug, Wangal, Bidjegal, Kuringgai and Wallumedegal

people, we are the beneficiaries of ongoing colonial dispossession. The settler-colonial project of 'Australia' and all its institutions, including the University, are built on the exclusion of First Nations peoples and the devaluation of Indigenous knowledge systems. Beneath the sandstone buildings of USyd lie thousands of years of Aboriginal history.

Colonialism is not a one-time event that occurred in the distant past; it is an ongoing structure. The genocide of First Nations people

is perpetuated and enabled by the government, who push ahead with the forced removals of Aboriginal children from their families, their Country, and their cultures. Aboriginal peoples are the most incarcerated on earth, and there have been over 474 Indigenous deaths in custody since the 1991 Royal Commission.

We pledge to actively stand in solidarity with First Nations movements towards decolonisation through our editorial decisions, and to be reflective when we fail to do so.

We commit to being a counterpoint to mainstream media's silencing of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people. We remain cognisant that Honi's writers and readership are predominantly made up of settlers, and aim to platform Indigenous voices in our paper.

There is no justice without Indigenous justice.

Always was and always will be Aboriginal land.

Editors: Deandre Espejo, Samuel Garrett, Vivienne Guo, Marlow Hurst, Jeffrey Khoo, Juliette Marchant, Shania O'Brien, Claire Ollivain, Max Shanahan, Alice Trenoweth-Creswell.

Writers: Lina Ali, Chloe Breitkruz, Maddy Briggs, Iris Brown, Leah Bruce, Zander Czerwaniw, Nandini Dhir, Harry Gay, Ariyana Hossain, Amelia Koen, Isaac May, Robbie Mason, Patrick McKenzie, Jess Page, Seamas Pragnell, Sam Randle, Stuart Rich, Liangyu Sun, Khanh Tran, Chuyi Wang, Iris Yao, Casey Zhu.

Artists: Chloe Callow (@chloe.callow.art), Nandini Dhir, Ellie Stephenson.

Cover artist: Bella Henderson (@isabella.jade).

Interested in reporting or making art for us? Email editors@honisoit.com or message us on Facebook, Instagram or Twitter.

Editorial

It's been a very quiet week for *Honi*. Apart from publishing a questionable article on academics' links to China, getting called Sinophobic and racist, retracting it and issuing an apology the same day, facing vitriol from right-wingers who alleged that we capitulated to Chinese Communist Party operatives lurking on campus, having 'reputable' journalists from Newscorp and the Daily Mail hit us up for comments, getting publicly slammed by federal ministers who didn't read the article, and being used as an unwitting pawn in fear mongering around China, nothing much happened. The editors are very grateful that it has been a totally relaxing mid-semester break. We hope that our readers were treated to an equally restful period.

The news cycle has been equally quiet. Some long-gone racist royal fuck died (sorry Lizzy!), the federal vaccine rollout was, and continues to be, bungled, the federal government made spurious progress on sexual

harassment, the opening of the Trans-Tasman bubble was announced, Carla Zampatti fell down the stairs (dead). So really, a very slow news week. No wonder our little fiasco was so attractive to the mainstream press!

But one exciting thing did happen — coronavirus restrictions were lifted in NSW, meaning we got to pull out our dusty mesh shirts and mini-skirts, and hit the town once again. Goodbye caps on numbers, hello caps on plates! Isaac May (p. 19) returns to the dancefloor, reflecting on the role dancing has as a form of human expression. Speaking of burning up on the dancefloor, Nandini Dhir (p. 10) details a veritably absurd experience where a royal school visit ended in second-degree burns to students.

More live events also means more reviews! Maddy Briggs writes about Supahoney's local gig (p. 19) and Zander Czerwaniw gives a run-down of the Melbourne Comedy Fest (p. 15). And for the spectacle-donning nerds among us, the Sydney Writers' Festival is fast approaching! After a devastating COVID cancellation last year, we're looking forward to celebrating writers and readers once more! Get excited for the festival by checking out Shania O'Brien's conversation with fantasy writer Alicia Jasinska (p. 14), and Stuart Rich's review of Kazuo Ishiguro's latest release (p. 18).

But this wouldn't be an *Honi* edition if we didn't have any scathing takes about University bureaucracy, with students voicing opposition to 12-week semesters (p. 4) and decrying the lack of support for international students (p. 6). Finally, Robbie Mason's feature exploring the politics of Mardi Gras is a must-read (p. 12)! Thank you to Bella Henderson for her cover art, which provides a beautiful snapshot of queer defiance.

Thank you, faithful readers for sticking with us!

We love you like we love the CCP.

- Honi Soit

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What's on this week

Party at Manning

Wed 14 April 6pm
Manning Bar

Manning is back! (according to the event description). The USU and the Sydney Uni Engineering Undergraduates Association (why them?) are co-hosting this belated Wednesday night bash. Red Bull Happy Hour from 6-8 and free beer tasting from Malt Shovel Beers. Red Bull Happy Hour?

Great Australian Bake Off: Women's Revue fundraiser

Wed 14 April 7pm
Forest Lodge Hotel

The Great Australian Bake Off has moved from Foxtel to the Forest Lodge Hotel. Maggie Beer and Matt Moran will be there, or so we are told. \$10 a ticket allows you to "create your very own baked/take home masterpieces" Proceeds go to the Women's Revue, which is back again this year.

Kill the Bills, Protect Trans Youth

Sat 17 April 1pm
Taylor Square

Mark Latham's transphobic "Parental Freedoms" bill proposes a blanket ban on schools accommodating trans students, using their correct pronouns, or even mentioning their existence. The bill is heading to Committee Hearings soon. Join Community Acton for Rainbow Rights to say no to transphobia.

Staff and Student Forum: No to 12-week semesters!

Tue 24 April 5pm
Location TBA

The SRC and friends are convening a forum to discuss the University's proposal to move to 12 week semesters. There will be staff and student speakers, and audience discussion. There's also a bar tab (a bar tab?) and light refreshments. Get along to register your anger! Grrrr!

Does your society have an event you want to promote? Email editors@honisoit.com to be featured!

Letters

Sent from my galaxy

It is with much concern that I learn of *Honi Soit's* withdrawal of the report on several academics links to the Chinese government.

I understand that you will be rewarded for your promotion of Chinese hegemony when that movement achieves its inevitable firm grip on Australian life. Nevertheless, I also understand that your left wing and pro Chinese stance will do much more harm in this country than your young minds realise.

Under your ideology, we would not have survived WW2 because it would have been horribly racist to resist Nazism German moves to gain control of Europe.

That same ideology is now emanating from China with your support. I do not thank you for promoting it but ask you consider how fortunate you are to be permitted to operate and push this propaganda in a Western liberal democracy.

Graeme Wilson

GUTLESS CUNTS!

You gutless cunts. None of you should ever be journalists or politicians.

John Rome

Condolences to your great uncle

(In response to the *SMH* article "Left activists have forgotten what freedom of speech is": Education Minister slams students for pulling China story")

My great uncle carved those gargoyles

Colin Moss

Spice

Dear Editors,

University of Sydney academic Salvatore Babones has revealed in the *Sydney Morning Herald* that he was interviewed in his capacity as an expert for the retracted *Honi Soit* article, 'USyd academics linked to CCP recruitment schemes, sanctioned universities.' He asserts, "though not cited by name, I was one of the experts interviewed for the article."

If Babones is telling the truth about his involvement, then is there a reason why his name was not mentioned in the original article? He himself appears happy to boast about it.

I think there are several reasons not to indulge in any expertise offered by Babones. The most prominent is this: his previous op-eds in the *SMH* are paternalistic and arguably racist in their treatment of Chinese students. In an article published in the *SMH* in 2019 he laments, "Every semester I have Chinese students in my classes who struggle to have even basic conversations with me about their homework". In the rest of the article, he advances a bizarre argument that Chinese international students need to immerse themselves in white social settings to improve their language skills, lest they continue to speak "pro-forma English."

I am not usually inclined to write letters to this paper. But if *Honi Soit* did approach Babones in light of all this, I think that is rather embarrassing, and should not be viewed lightly.

Jessica Syed

Dear Jessica,

Thank you for your letter. Thank you also to Spice for their continued generous policing of what *Honi Soit* should and should not be doing.

I was not surprised when Salvatore Babones appeared in the *Herald's* opinion pages. I was very surprised when he rather strangely outed himself as a 'source' for our article.

We did speak to Salvatore — as is, I believe, entirely appropriate given he (a) made a submission to the Parliamentary Inquiry into national security risks affecting the Australian higher education and research sector, and is (b) employed at the University of Sydney. He was not 'interviewed' in his capacity as an 'expert.' Our chat was very general and covered a number of topics. We were aware of Salvatore's previous public opinions. His name was not mentioned in the article because nothing of substance came from our short chat, and nothing from that chat was used in the article. As you would be aware, authors often speak to a number of people when writing articles and there is no requirement to credit them.

It would be incredibly weird — *embarrassing*, even — if *Honi* were to stop speaking with academics because we disagree with their opinions. Speaking to people about things they have written does not equate to a full-scale editorial endorsement of their opinions. I suggest that Salvatore's indecent exposure is nothing more than that: more exposure for a renowned media tart.

Thanks, Max

Ask Abe

Dear Abe,

I am a former *Honi* editor. Ever since I emerged from the *Honi* dungeon at the end of my term I have been unable to overcome the loss of my BNOC status, and have struggled to come to terms with the concomitant loss of self-importance.

I have tried a number of things to remedy this dire situation. I tried running for SRC, took a job at a large corporate media organisation, and have since settled on becoming an inner-west-centric minor left wing Twitter personality (follow me: @██████████). Despite all these diversionary dalliances, I still feel empty.

Abe, oh Abe, how do I recapture that sense of ambition, intellectual superiority and arrogance I felt as an *Honi* editor?

Regards, Gosper Ghost

Dear Gosper,

Thank you for your letter. I sympathise enormously with your existential crisis. I too experienced this sense of aimlessness and sudden powerlessness after I left the *Honi* office in 1952. I struggled with this for a long time. I spent a year as Queer Officer in 1957 and made an ill-advised run for USU Board in 1965. After a brief diversion during the Summer of Love just after graduating, I found a forever home just where I belong: the SRC. I get to see my name in print each week, and everybody knows who I am! Woof!

Enough about me though. All I will say is keep building clout and keep cultivating those uni contacts! They don't think you're too old!

If your existential crisis does not abate, please contact an SRC caseworker.

Best, Abe



Miss Soit

Sydney Uni's SAUCIEST socialite!

Dear plumptious beauties

I was recuperating on my chaise lounge last Wednesday evening, scrolling my new Facebook page and moaning from the third-degree burns on my ass cheeks, when I was shocked to see that my *Honi* editors had gotten themselves *balls deep* in some hot water! Ouch! One week without my supervision and these pathetic pretenders have managed to piss off both tankies and Tudge!

Well dearies, you will be glad to know I have swiftly *disposed* of Madame Mal y pense (she is shackled in front of me as I write this), and I am back for good. Time for me to *discipline* these duplicitous dicks.

After those pompous plonkers decided to upload the article-which-shall-not-be-named to Facebook, my senses were tickled by a comment from Irresistible anti-imperialist Iggy Boyd, who accused my air-brained editors

of being "uncritical" and "very tory." This caused a "small-volume" *pile-on*, with All-knowing Alan Zheng sliding in to inform the empty-headed editors how to properly take a "critical view," while Minge Madeline Ward called the article "right wing" and begged for it to *go down*. While it was certainly an orgiastic evening, I've definitely found myself beneath bigger pile-ons (first Thursday of every month, DM me for details).

Taken by a sudden *prick* of conscience in their cold, dead hearts, my *Honi* pets "capitulated" to the pressure applied by these internet gremlins and deleted the article, issuing a *grovelling* apology. I didn't know the *Honi* editors were such supine submissives. Oink oink.

My precious little editors slept soundly that night, but it wasn't long before Delicious Big-Dick Drew 'Pavlova' Pavlou got his *dirty hands* on this *piping hot* story. *Engorged* with rage, Pavlou lamented the pulling of "the strongest piece of student journalism this country has seen in years." Miss Soit trusts that Pavlou, who is "not a virgin," knows much

about *pulling out*.

It wasn't long before the *Honi* editors were *railed* once again, but this time it came from cocky conservatives. Editors were accused of being "sloppy" *slaves* of the CCP (Cocks, Cunts and Peggung), with one commenter saying "you should be ashamed by your capitulation and your meaty-mouthed 'justification' for censorship." Resident fascist Wet Willy Will Jefferies also *climbed* in under the covers, *prowl*ing dark corners of the web to repost an archived version of the article.

But the pounding was far from over, as several juicy journalists determined to be BNOCs (Big Nipples on Campus) turned the editors on their backs and continued raw-dogging them from behind. Creepy Koziol, of *Honi* fame and *Herald* misfortune, was the *first to finish*, followed in an *orderly* line by the *Daily Male*, naughty *News.com.au*, the salacious *South China Morning Post*, and scandalous *Sky News*, before Knicker-sniffing Nick Boner-hardy of the *Herald* began sniffing around stupol circles for his latest little *think-piece*. My slippery sources have told

me that Boner-hardy tried to seduce almost every *member* of Fit, and even Penetrative Pranay Jha of Spice, into spilling some secrets.

My old friend *Salivatore* 'Boner' Babones also got in on the action in the *Herald*, his heart *swelling* as he confessed to being "proud" of the stupid little editors.

Meanwhile, the *Herald's* Aroused Anthony 'Guzzling' Galloway was *crawling* around the halls of Parliament House sounding out *Members* for their red hot takes. Education Minister Alan 'Anal Sludge' Tudge said he "didn't read the story" but *slammed* "left activists" for "forgetting what freedom of speech means." James 'Neckbeard' 'Patting' Paterson — the chair of the Intelligence and Security Committee — said the editors *sucked* and were massive *cucks*. Labor Senator Kimberley "Cunnilingus" Kitching said the editors should be "true to themselves." This week-long pounding has certainly left a few *gaping holes* in the *Honi* editorial team. I must say, my voyeuristic kinks were certainly tickled watching the *humiliation* of this sordid *public* saga.

Survey shows 93% of students opposed to 12-week semesters

Jeffrey Khoo reports.

A recent report showed that an “overwhelming” proportion of students did not support the University’s proposal to reduce semester lengths to 12 weeks.

Of the 375 students who responded to a survey by the SRC, 351 (93.60%) were opposed. 13 students (3.47%) were in favour, while 11 (2.93%) were undecided.

The proposal would see the introductory week replaced with an extended online orientation, with no change to fees or the amount of course content.

Several students, particularly working students, expressed that covering the same amount of content in less time would increase both staff and student

workload, with many fearing that the “unmanageable” workload would worsen their mental health.

The report raised that students would “pay the same fees for a reduced quality of learning.” Respondents, especially international students, were concerned that a 12-week semester could signal an increased reliance on online learning, which the report highlighted was “not a sufficient replacement” for in-person learning.

Students also said they would receive a “less comprehensive education”, with less teaching time leading to content being taught “to fit to the assessments.” As a result, some students indicated that they would be less inclined to take advanced or

difficult courses.

In response to the report, Acting SRC President Priya Gupta said that 12-week semesters would “threaten both the quality of our education and experience of university,” particularly for new students needing “time to settle into subjects and university.”

Students who did support shorter semesters cited the reason of longer holidays or shorter semesters. Additionally, students broadly called for changes to the workload, difficulty and timings of assessments, and more students (146, 39.14%) than not (104, 27.88%) supported increasing Summer and Winter School intensives, though Gupta argued that it “must not come at

the expense of the quality of semesters or foreshadow trimesterisation.”

The University proposed 12-week semesters earlier this year, after similar proposals were rejected in 2017 and 2020.

The SRC has presented the report to the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education), with a forum with staff and student society representatives scheduled for 22 April.

The final vote on the proposal will take place at an Academic Board meeting on 7 May.

Stop Black Deaths in Custody protest marks 30 years since the royal commission

Claire Ollivain reports.

Around a thousand protestors took to the streets of Sydney today, demanding an end to Black deaths in custody and the establishment of an investigative body independent of police or corrective services.

Several First Nations activists spoke with anger at Town Hall against ongoing Aboriginal deaths in custody, followed by a march and a sit-in on Park Street before the crowd regathered at Djarrbarrgalli (Sydney Domain) for more speeches. Protestors were flanked by a large police presence, including riot police, but no arrests were made.

The rally in Sydney on Gadigal Country was part of a National Day of Action which saw thousands attending rallies in capital cities across the country, 30 years on from the Royal Commission into Aboriginal Deaths in Custody (RCIADIC).

Tireless activist and Gumbayngirr Dunghutti Bundjalung woman Elizabeth Jarrett spoke to the large crowd, which responded with resounding calls of shame. “While we’re on that hype of knowing Prince Phillip is dead, do we know that there were five Aboriginal deaths in custody in the last five weeks?”, said Jarrett.

A recent investigation by *Guardian Australia* found that at least 474 Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people have died in custody since the royal commission and that “Aboriginal people are disproportionately arrested, remanded, and jailed, and so die at higher rates in custody as a proportion of the

total population.”

Dunghutti woman and mother of David Dungay Jr, Aunty Leetona Dungay drew attention to the fact that nothing has changed since the royal commission: “They hand down their findings, and tell us they are going to change but nothing has ever changed. No more royal commissions, I want real justice. The life of an Aboriginal man is worth something.”

The RCIADIC handed down its report thirty years ago in April 1991, outlining 339 recommendations around reducing incarceration, procedures for people in custody, better collaboration with Indigenous groups, and ensuring adequate medical assistance — few of which have been implemented.

Greens MLC David Shoebridge stated: “One of the critical recommendations from that royal commission was to remove all of the hanging points out of the jail cells across the country ... there isn’t even a dedicated funded program to remove them.”

Many speakers at the protest highlighted the issue of correctional officers neglecting to follow their own procedures for providing required medical care to Aboriginal people, which is one of the leading causes of deaths in custody.

Jarrett read a statement provided by the family of Dunghutti and Anaiwan man Nathan Reynolds: “We know now that he died of a preventable asthma attack because NSW Corrective Services and Justice Health failed to give him adequate healthcare ... When he was dying of an

acute asthma attack the first nurse on the scene gave him an antidote for a drug overdose ... Nathan was stereotyped as a drug user because he was Black and in jail.”

Wiradjuri woman Rhonda Ryan also spoke against systemic racial profiling during police strip-searches and arrests: “We are targets. All lives don’t matter until Black lives matter ... When you get locked up in these jails for being intoxicated and for minor things you get killed ... The only way our people are coming out is in body bags ... The system is written against us, there’s policies written against us.”

The nephew of David Dungay Jr, Paul Silva gave an emotive speech after the crowd recongregated at Djarrbarrgalli: “A death in custody doesn’t just impact the immediate family and community, it impacts every Aboriginal person in Australia.”

“When will the killings stop? When will the systematic racism stop against the First Nations people? That’s my question. It won’t fucking stop until we come together and smash this fucking system to the ground that it’s built on.”



Photograph: Ranuka Tandan

‘Kick them to the curb’: Activists demand sacking of sexist ministers

Chloe Breitzkreuz reports.

Following recent allegations of sexism and sexual harassment in Parliament, activists gathered at Sydney’s Town Hall on Friday evening to demand the removal of Christian Porter, Linda Reynolds, Andrew Laming and Scott Morrison.

The action, organised by Pride in Protest, Australian Unemployed Workers’ Union (AUWU) Greater Sydney Branch and Women’s March Sydney, also called for the decriminalisation of sex work, an end to precarious work and casualisation, and an increase of JobSeeker to \$80 per day.

Pride in Protest member Charlie Murphy opened the rally by condemning the “disgusting” actions of Porter, Reynolds and Laming, citing their recent

parliamentary scandals.

Murphy extended criticism to Morrison, accusing the Prime Minister of “standing by and doing absolutely nothing for victims of sexual assault.”

“Scott Morrison has told those women who have been affected by sexual assault and rape that they are not believed by the leader of Australia.”

High school student and Dunghutti activist Erin O’Leary reiterated the demands of the rally, calling for an end to the “repulsive sexist culture” perpetuated by the government and the privatisation of 1800 Respect.

O’Leary acknowledged that the protest’s demands encompassed broader calls for justice. “We need to be 100

percent clear that what we are up against is not just ScoMo, but the capitalism he serves.”

“Black Lives Matter, refugee justice, fighting sexism, resistance to queerphobia and transphobia — these are all very important movements but they should not be alienated from each other,” O’Leary said. “It’s not men versus women, it’s all of us versus sexist politics and billionaires.”

O’Leary also promoted a forthcoming rally on the 8th of May. In addition to the demands made on the evening, the May 8th rally will demand the expansion of education around sex, consent and sexism in schools.

Evan Grey, a representative of the

Australian Unemployed Workers’ Union (AUWU), called for the movement to “tear down Parliament House, tear down misogynists and kick [sexist politicians] out to the fucking curb.”

Grey stanchly criticised the government’s view of educational care work as “just nappy changing,” saying that it “humiliates the workforce.”

The rally closed out with a unified chant: “Hey ScoMo, shame on you! Sack Porter and Reynolds too!”

If this article has caused distress, you can contact the National Sexual Assault Counselling Service at 1800 737 732 or NSW Rape Crisis Counselling Service at 1800 424 017.

UTS Students’ Association accused of censorship and breaking collective autonomy

Claire Ollivain and Shania O’Brien report.

The UTS Students’ Association (UTSSA) has been accused of political repression, censorship, and breaking collective autonomy after ‘shutting down’ the activities of the Education Action Group on Tuesday.

The UTSSA is the representative body for students at the UTS; it provides student services and runs campaigns on student issues similar to the University of Sydney SRC.

Collectives constrained by bureaucracy

On Monday, President of the UTSSA Aidan O’Rourke took action against Education Officer Ellie Woodward and the UTS Education Action Group (EAG) after an EAG Facebook post asserted that the Collective would continue posting on campus to promote rallies in defiance of University backlash.

The EAG’s Facebook post on Monday was a repost of one deleted in the lead-up to the March 24 protest against job and course cuts. O’Rourke told *Honi* that that “the relevant post was inconsistent with the University’s rules and would place the Association at risk,” hence Woodward was given “an option to amend the post to be consistent with the University’s rules while retaining its message or delete the post.” A follow-up post stated that the deletion was not the decision of the EAG, and the UTSSA consequently received backlash in the comments for “censorship” and “attacks on activism.”

Several sources have informed *Honi* that until Woodward gives an apology and guarantees she will comply with the directives of Council and the Executive, they have removed her swipe access, and required her to forfeit her keys. They have also given notice that a motion to suspend her honorarium may be presented to council, and disallowed the EAG’s access to Association spaces and expenditure.

“Essentially, Unity at UTS has an almost total monopoly and conducts the place allowing zero defiance of any university rules,” Ellie Woodward said in a statement to *Honi*.

EAG member Holly Hayne told *Honi* that “Student collectives have always passed motions and taken political positions independent of student union executives. The Education Action Group voted to refuse to pay any fines levied by security or management because we demand the right to poster. This is a matter of political repression.”

O’Rourke’s sanctions on Woodward and the EAG were also in response to their withholding of attendance for a meeting held on April 1. Woodward told *Honi* that this was done in protest of an amendment to the Collective By-Laws, which now require office-bearers to send a confidential list of autonomous Collective members who do not wish to be included in the minutes to the Association Executive Officer (EO).

The motion, which originally required the list to be sent to the President, was passed and amended at a Council meeting on March 31. It was met with strong opposition from Collective members who were concerned about queer students being outed and the breaking of collective autonomy. O’Rourke defended the decision, stating that he was concerned with “student safety, verification of decisions and transparency.”

The postering incident, which is being referred to as ‘#BluTackGate’ by the Education Action Group, is just one example of a series of decisions made by the UTSSA, that students have said undermines the work of the Collectives at UTS. Collective members have claimed that the ‘bureaucratic’ running of the UTSSA impedes their ability to elect their own office-bearers, access a budget, book meeting spaces, publicise events through social media, and call snap actions.

2020 Queer Officer Melissa Sara told *Honi* that “Activism at UTS is basically dead because we have to go through so many processes to even have a contingent to an event, to hold a banner-paint, to make posts. Every decision has to be approved by them [the Executive].”

Sara stated that “they are constantly passing By-Laws affecting how Collectives operate, while refusing to include Collective perspectives. Labor has the numbers, so even when Collective officer-bearers ask for time to discuss motions that affect and take away collective autonomy, they refuse.”

The By-Laws of the UTSSA state that the Collectives may only be reimbursed for their expenses if there is a financial funding agreement with the University. For the second year in a row, the UTSSA Executive has failed to negotiate its renewal. O’Rourke told *Honi* that they are “working hard” to secure the agreement and that they received a 19% budget cut from 2019 to 2020 with further cuts flagged by UTS.

Consequently, Collectives are without a budget and any spending must be approved through the SRC or the Executive, which is using reserves to run the UTSSA. Office-bearers have to pass all decisions through the President and General Secretary for approval, with some saying they have had to wait weeks for a response.

Concerns about democracy

Students have raised concerns about the democracy of the electoral process at UTSSA. During 2020 Convenor elections, members were told mail-in ballots were viable. Yet, the Education Collective Convenor nominations were

announced on the day of the election and the requirements to vote were allegedly amended only ten minutes before the meeting to state that all persons must be present physically to cast a vote.

Moreover, Collectives at UTS do not have the power to elect their own office-bearers, but they can elect conveners, which are unofficial positions according to the SA By-Laws. Office-bearer positions for the Environment, Education and Women’s Collectives were assigned to factions in pre-election deals before voting commenced last year. Eshna Gupta didn’t know what NLS (National Labor Students) was when they elected her as Women’s Officer under their faction without consulting the Women’s Collective.

Multiple students feared that the UTSSA would respond with further punishments to the Collectives if they spoke to *Honi*. It has been alleged that intimidation within the UTSSA affects democratic proceedings, with men speaking over women during meetings, refusing to put them on the speaking list, and passing procedural motions to end discussions.

The SRC minutes of the UTSSA from July 2020 to March 2021 were only published on their website after *Honi* questioned O’Rourke about their absence. The link to Council meetings is only sent to Collective emails and the SRC, which raises questions about the transparency of the organisation. There are also concerns about the absence of democracy for students in UTS as a whole, with low voter turnout and little active engagement with campaigns.

Changes to Vertigo

Honi has been informed that the President, General Secretary and Assistant General Secretary held a meeting with the editors of UTS student magazine *Vertigo* before they could discuss budget cuts with *Honi*.

February this year. They were allegedly advised on what they could and could not say, and told to provide a ‘balanced view’ when speaking about the UTSSA.

Vertigo stated that the main change to their content this year is a new quota imposed by the UTSSA wherein 35% of the magazine has to be about ‘student issues,’ which must be approved by General Secretary Erin Dalton. *Vertigo* asserted that this would not compromise the journalistic integrity or autonomy of the magazine. “Students had grievances about our content being out of touch,” they said.

A 2020 *Vertigo* editor told *Honi* that their experience with the UTSSA was not positive. “It was quite a struggle getting a budget approved that didn’t entirely undervalue the work we were doing and leave us with no money to make and print a good magazine. It constantly felt that certain members of the SA didn’t take *Vertigo* seriously since it was more of a literary and arts magazine with some cultural commentary and political pieces.”

In January this year, O’Rourke made significant cuts to *Vertigo*. The *Vertigo* team proposed an ideal budget of \$75,043, a compromised one of \$65,827 and a minimum of \$54,935 for their 2021 expenditure. O’Rourke approved the minimum budget, allowing for the printing of only two volumes of *Vertigo* this year. They have since been given additional funding, with volume two being printed and the possibility of more print editions subject to a mid-year review.

Disclaimer: Claire Ollivain is a member of USyd Grassroots.



Crisis of belonging: international students at the University of Sydney

Lei Yao analyses the lack of support for international students at USyd.

For the average domestic student, their transition to university is often characterised by challenges, whether it be attempting to understand university jargon, or trying to get administrative support from the University or the Student Centre. Often these and other grievances are manifested on USyd Rants, a repository for the issues that resonate with many. However, outside of the dominant discourse, there exist far greater barriers for international students and the international student community. From the oft-quoted language barriers, to the less emphasised cultural disparities, to one's personal conflicts attempting to understand and accept their own identities, these issues seem to get less air time.

These dilemmas have only been made more troubling in recent years, as international students are heralded 'cash cows' by the university, and students become all the more alienated from the wider university community. Though the facade of inclusivity is upheld by popular depictions of international students, such as in the "Life in Sydney" USyd website page, the contrast to reality is quite stark.

The situation has only been exacerbated during the height of the COVID-19 pandemic in Australia, with widespread reports at the time of many international students facing financial difficulties with the impacts from lockdowns and newer regulations. There have also been many instances of these students needing to rely on food banks, and struggling to pay rent due to the loss of part-time income.

However, as opposed to offering them necessary support, be that through government aid or the University directly, a rhetoric has simply been repeated that international students in financial difficulty caused by the unforeseen pandemic could simply choose to return home. This is an assumption that is not only irresponsible, as it absolves blame from the University and government, but is also dangerous, as it essentially directs students to move to higher-risk, harder-hit areas of the pandemic away from the safety of Australia. This has all occurred in spite of University accommodation remaining largely vacant, and with the SRC having previously moved a motion calling for the University to use these spaces for temporary, affordable

housing purposes.

In a sense, for an institution with over a billion dollars worth of reserves, whose fundamental purpose is to serve the interests of students, there appears to be a moral imperative in such extreme circumstances to support those that are experiencing financial difficulty and immense distress through no fault of their own.

However, this is an expectation that the University has thus far completely failed to meet. In essence, it is a response hinged on the University's own self interest, intentional or otherwise, that highlights and reinforces the supremacy of the University's practical obligations over its normative ones.

In recent weeks, an email reminder for international students regarding their 1st of March payment date for their Semester 1 Units of Study gathered attention in the international student community, in alignment with the aforementioned concerns. Within the Chinese demographic in particular, as reported by many WeChat news curators, the University has quoted in an email that: "If you cannot make the payment for your Semester 1 tuition fees by the due date, we advise you to

withdraw from your Units of Study for Semester 1 now and return to your studies when you can cover the cost of your fees."

This, whilst perfectly legally acceptable (as with previous responses during the height of the pandemic), is nevertheless an imperfect response, both in rhetoric and policy, carrying repercussions and impacts for the community. With the pandemic's disproportionate, short-term impacts as well as a lack of any alternatives or support structures to assist with fee payments, students that would ordinarily be able to pay for their studies are being hung out to dry. With the international students being significantly affected being those of a generally lower socio-economic background, it could also catalyse the institutionalisation of disadvantage, leading to more profound long-term concerns. Ultimately, for the University, the disparity between the need to attract more international students, and their inability to provide necessary aid and support may, in the long term, simply tarnish and undermine its own image as a welcoming destination for all to come and study.

#StopAsianHate: Let's talk about sexualised racism

Liangyu Sun confronts the latest spate of anti-Asian violence.

In the recent Atlanta shootings that killed eight people, six were Asian women. In the news articles and social media content that has been produced since, many still spell the names of the murdered Asian women wrong.

On top of this, Captain Jay Baker, who was the spokesperson on the investigation, told press that the assailant had simply had 'a bad day'. Baker was later taken off the case after it was discovered that he had used anti-Asian slurs on Facebook last year. Neglecting to mention the racial and sexist intentions behind why the shooter deliberately targeted Asian workers across spa parlours in Atlanta, the narrative spun by the media became one in which a 21-year-old white man had simply wanted to 'eliminate his temptation' due to his 'sex addiction'.

If there is one thing that is glaringly obvious about the case, it is that the lives of Asian people (especially women) are repeatedly represented as disposable, as if one man's 'bad day' can excuse the ruthlessness of the Atlanta killings. After all, we are the perpetual aliens, the external 'others', and sexual objects; expected to appreciate the yellow fever jokes that frame us as 'cute Asian women', 'perfect, obedient partners' and 'exotic' women.

It is more important than ever to understand that racism and sexism are not separate issues. This intersectionality is made clear in the everyday lives of Asian women. In the stories that Asian women have shared online, the discourse of sexualised racism is embodied in our everyday lives. Living in the body of an Asian woman means that we are constantly being painted as

exotic entities, small, quiet, obedient; just another Asian girl. Our bodies are hypersexualized under the white male gaze. It is no doubt the shooting is racially and sexually motivated. It is also no doubt that denying the sexualised racism underlying this tragedy is not just ignorant but filled with the sting of everyday racism, once again sweeping Asian people under the rug.

Sexualised Politics, Racism and History: Asian women migrants

Sexualised racism towards Asian women has a long history – both in the US and Australia – yet, we are frequently left out from the discussion of racism and migrant history in general. In the era of Gold Rush America, Asian immigrant women, particularly Chinese women, were dehumanised as 'lewd' or 'debauched'. Part of the reason for this portrayal was that the smuggling and transporting of Chinese women into the sex work industry was secretly encouraged by the government as a 'soft method' to stabilize immigrant men; yet, these women had no welfare guarantees. Lucie Cheng Hirata writes that Chinese sex workers would help to "maintain the labor force of single young men, which is in the interest of capitalists who would otherwise have to pay higher wages to the laborers with families to support". Hirata also notes that the exploitation of Asian sex workers "enable[d] entrepreneurs to extract large profits from the work of women under their control". As integral as Asian women have been and continue to be to the history of the world we know, we are constantly sidelined and forgotten.

Eventually, with Asian sex workers

regarded as morally corrupt, and a threat to the institutions of marriage and white males, the 1875 Page Act was established to prevent Chinese women in general from immigrating to the United States. This legislation was and later expanded to women from Japan and Mongolia. Asian people, particularly those of southeast Asian and East Asian descents, have dually been viewed as morally corrupt while sexually alluring ever since.

In Australia, sexual politics remain glossed over in the shadow of colonialism, and the stories of non-Anglo women remain largely unseen, covered by the 'harmony' myths that permeates images of Australia. In a very similar manner to in the US, during the Gold Rush and early colonial period, Asian migrant sex workers were secretly encouraged by the government to work in the gold mining areas and immigrant worker groups as a way to stabilise the large in-flow of migrant men. The history of the treatment of Asian migrant women across continents overlaps in the lack of welfare for Asian migrant women in the sex industry, as they were globally portrayed as a threat to the purity of European marriage institutions.

Despite growing discussions on the history of Asian migrants in general, few pay attention to the history of migrant women. Even today, in the decriminalised sex industry of which Asian migrant women constitute a large majority of the population, the accurate demography and statistics of these women remain unknown according to the report by the Australian Institute of Criminology.

#StopAsianHate: the Australian Context

After the Atlanta shooting and the new waves of discussion over racism and sexism towards Asian women, it is surprising and frustrating to know that the #StopAsianHate movement has sparked little discussion in Australia. It is as if racism towards Asians is an 'American problem' that does not exist in Australia. It might take people a while to remember the racist abuse that Asian people experienced during COVID-19. Between April to June 2020, 400 Asian-identified people reported being verbally and/or physically abused on the street in the space of three months. On USyd's own campus, there were cases of Asian international students being verbally violated for speaking their first languages, asked to 'get back to their own country' and being physically attacked. Though different from the American context, racism towards Asians in Australia is also stirred by its geographical proximity to the Asia-Pacific. In the seminal article Racial/Spatial Anxiety by the Western Sydney scholar Ien Ang, she wrote, 'the geography of white Australia [is connected to] the fear of Invasion... The invader was imagined as Asian: so geographically proximate, so threateningly multitudinous, and not least, so alienly non-white.' Bearing this in mind, it is the time for us to reflect on the disposable lives of Asian women in the Atlanta shooting, the racism and sexism towards Asian women in Australia. We must all unlearn racism in Australia, and it's time to listen to the stories that Asian people have to tell, and work together to #StopAsianHate.

Ethical consumption: is it even possible?

Iris Brown looks at the global problems of waste and human exploitation.

In a society that is filled with Greenwashing, Fairtrade stickers, and 'eco-friendly' produce, it's hard to know whether 'ethical' products are really ethical. With human rights scandals plaguing companies such as Nike and Nestle, who maintain a large customer base to this day, what's to say that every single product you buy doesn't have a dark past of slavery, pollution, and horrific human rights abuse?

The Tree of Modern Life

You may believe that global supply chains are a simple, linear process. But they are not; to illustrate this complexity, imagine a tree. The trunk is the final product, with the branches representing all of the product's components. For instance, a chocolate bar would be a trunk, and would have branches of cocoa, milk, sugar, and so on. But those branches have other branches too, into the millions.

This means that it's impossible for individuals, and even companies, to trace the origins, materials, geography, and practices of every single 'branch' in their supply chain. This can partially be attributed to subcontracting and overseas factories lying about labour conditions. In 2019 it was revealed Target and Cotton On had been sourcing fabric from forced labour camps in the Chinese

province of Xinjiang. But the brands themselves weren't directly sourcing the material; the sub-contractors had been outsourcing the labour.

Let us take a look at one of the most infamous industries – the chocolate industry. In 2018 nearly two million children were forced into labour in the chocolate industry in West Africa, where they spent hours under the hot sun harvesting cocoa beans, with no pay. And no chocolate producer is exempt from this, not even those which are deemed 'ethical'. In 2019 it was revealed that UTZ certified cocoa farms were actually more likely to employ child labour practices than those uncertified. But as a consumer, standing in a supermarket aisle, this is also concealed through false promises offered by 'ethical' labelling.

A Hard Pill to Swallow

Waste is another major issue in our current global market, and this includes the practice of recycling. The recycling industry was founded and funded by oil and plastic companies, to keep selling plastic products without consumer guilt. The companies promoted recycling through million-dollar advertising campaigns and lobby groups. British Petroleum created the term 'carbon footprint' to shift environmental responsibility to the individual person, rather than

corporations: who have contributed to 71% of greenhouse gas emissions since 1988.

Shockingly, only 9% of plastic produced globally has been recycled. The rest has found its home in landfill or the ocean. This is because recycling is not economically viable. It is expensive to process plastic and can only be repurposed once or twice. The recycling industry in Australia is a perfect example of this. Due to weak regulations and government inaction, tonnes of recycled waste is actually going to landfill, as industry insiders say there is 'no viable market' for it.

So why don't we just use biodegradable products instead? Probably because they don't actually biodegrade. To break down, organic compounds need oxygen, as well as micro-organisms and micronutrients from soil, which there is not a lot of in huge piles of waste.

A Not-So-Modest Proposal

Biodegradable products are still a far better option than plastic, which takes up to 500 years to degrade and kills 100,000 marine animals annually. And buying the most ethical option affordable will signal to corporations that consumers are searching for ethical products.

But to make meaningful change, we need a novel system of production and

consumption that limits unethical and environmentally harmful practices.

A more local market would be a good start. By limiting the supply chain to the domestic arena, there would be less risk of unethical labour practices that come with outsourcing to unknown suppliers. The ambiguity that arises in global supply chains, where labour and environmental impacts cannot be traced, is diminished significantly.

The bottom line though, is that multinational corporations are directly responsible for all the plastic produced, not the individual consumer. The neoliberal idea that individuals can single-handedly solve large geo-political issues like climate change and the violation of human rights was spread by the very companies that were at the heart of these catastrophes. What is needed is radical change: a global ban on plastic, forcing companies to produce products more sustainably while striving towards net zero emissions.

In this current market, complete ethical consumption is not possible. It's too expensive and the protection of unethical supply practices through global supply chains is insurmountable.

If we want real change, we have to focus on where the real issue lies; the fast-paced, wasteful, and profit-driven market.

Meat the alternatives

Sam Randle loves fake meat.

Dairy and meat substitutes aren't critical to the vegan diet but they will be critical in reversing our meat consumption. As we progress further toward a world beyond 2°C, we need to reevaluate our consumption habits with a particular emphasis on meat. As the production of animal products such as dairy and eggs are tied to the rearing of animals, a decrease in demand is also critical. The Australian diet is one of the most carbon-intensive in the world owing to our near unrivalled appetite for meat. Other countries that share the obsession include the USA, New Zealand, Argentina, Israel, Uruguay, and Kuwait. It's difficult to pin the reasons behind the elevated demand between such different nations but I argue that culture holds the key. It is for this reason that I am a huge advocate for dairy and meat substitutes.

One of the highlights of any overseas trip is indulging in the cuisine of another nation. The food people eat tells the story of who they are and where they've been. Food historians reveal to us how a history of changing material conditions is embedded in

the food that we eat. In the USA and Australia, meat consumption increased as the arriving colonists found vast swathes of fertile land making animal rearing affordable. While I don't argue that the stories embedded in our food are good ones, they leave a legacy. People will not be quick to abandon their heritage, no matter how bloody. Our food preferences are part of our identity, our personal history and our cultural history. Cooking is a form of communion and dairy/meat substitutes allow us to commune albeit with a reduced carbon footprint. I don't have to give up grandma's Bolognese.

According to the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD), meat consumption has grown by approximately 58% in the last 20 years. Interestingly, 54% of this increase has scaled with population growth and the remainder an intensification of meat consumption (kg/capita). Changes in dairy product demand are not uniform across the offerings (e.g. more want cheese but less want milk). Nonetheless, with the population set to

Some companies may cater to the high-flying urban vegan, but the common man has money to spend too.

cap at approximately 11 billion, there must be an effort to reduce the per capita consumption of animal products. Substitutes are far from the complete answer. Despite impressive growth in the industry, meeting global animal product demand is a tall order. Instead, we need to celebrate our vegetables and legumes but for the things we can't let go of, substitutes may fill the gap.

True to name, substitutes may help people lower their consumption by substituting for an animal product without making a vegan or vegetarian transition. Anyone who has spent too long looking at burger menus may have noticed that Grill'd sells plant-based burgers with bacon. The approach doesn't follow an all-or-nothing dogma, instead encouraging substitution where possible. These burgers are targeting the omnivorous amongst us. Now, Grill'd isn't exactly a bastion of virtue but they highlight a viable use for the substitute product. I'll still cringe whenever I hear someone say "wow it tastes just like meat," but this revelation informs us that we don't need to revert to old habits to enjoy our

most treasured meals. I also wouldn't call burger eating elite or luxurious.

If nothing else, capitalism knows how to find and build a market. You may argue that it plays on our impulsiveness (it does), that it sells images as much as products (it does), or that it's downright responsible for the climate catastrophe we find ourselves in (it is). Yet, a product born in a market society isn't inherently undesirable. Substitutes are out there to directly compete with animal products but they're in their infancy. The animal-consuming market vastly outstrips the vegan in both net wealth and size making it a far more lucrative one. Some companies may cater to the high-flying urban vegan, but the common man has money to spend too. The cheaper materials inputs and economies of scale achievable with substitutes will cause prices to fall. Dairy and meat substitutes aren't there to make veganism inaccessible. They're there to reduce the carbon footprint of the schnitty-craving vegan and the climate-conscious burger fan alike.

We need to celebrate our vegetables and legumes but for the things we can't let go of, substitutes may fill the gap.

Share bikes: annoyance, scapegoat, friend?

Patrick McKenzie is making his way downtown.

Share bikes have had it rough. Since first gracing the streets of Sydney in 2017, these vibrant visions of a car-less future have been often found atop trees, perched on fences, or piled up by the side of the road. The first time I saw one, it was precariously balanced on the railing of a pedestrian bridge over a canal somewhere in Annandale.

To recall the image of the bright green, graffiti-covered bike sitting there, literally teetering on the brink of becoming urban detritus, brings to mind a great debate around the bikes themselves: They're a novel and environmentally-friendly alternative to the drudgery of public transport and the fuel consumption of cars, but at what cost?

The uptake of dockless share bikes has presented numerous challenges since the beginning. In mid-2018, share bike operator Ofo (bright yellow) decided to cease operating in Australia, after widespread vandalism and little oversight from the company brought widespread public outcry, with some Councils left responsible for impounding abandoned bikes. Despite suggestions that the problem with dockless share bikes was merely the lack of parking infrastructure to support them, the supply of bikes continued to dwindle and they had inconspicuously vanished by the start of the pandemic. However, the last quarter of 2020 saw them re-emerge with a vengeance. Across Inner Sydney, the major players are now Lime (bright red with smatterings of

green), Mobike/Onyabike (silver and orange), and Beam (violet). Predictably, their return again brought the ire of various local governments, who condemned their haphazard distribution and maintenance as doomed to once more dot the urban landscape like obtrusive, un-commissioned art installations.

This post-pandemic renaissance marked the first time I actually rode one – and I found myself instantly sold. My first voyage was atop a Lime bike. On the spur of the moment I'd downloaded the app while at work and planned to ride the nearest bike home. I punched in my card details and scurried down the road as the app instructed me, spotting the Lime on a dimly-lit street corner. It beckoned. There I was, hurtling down the footpath along Parramatta Road late at night in a flagrant breach of numerous cycling regulations, the experience was freeing. But the price of this euphoria? A dollar to unlock it via QR code and a further 45 cents per minute, amounting to a hefty \$6.85 for a 13-minute trip. This was only mildly cheaper than an Uber over the same distance of about two and a half kilometres, more than three times as expensive than catching the bus, and more time-consuming than either. While the effortless mobility of soaring around on a pedal assisted bike is undeniable, and spotting one sitting stationary in the street is akin to the excitement of running into a good friend in public, their expense in Sydney prevents them from becoming an everyday convenience. This

begs the question: with cheaper alternatives available, who exactly are these bikes for?

On March 30, the NSW Government published the Future Transport Technology Roadmap 2021-2024, a fifty page document envisioning the bright and ambitious future of "customer-focused transport technology" in NSW. Among its six priority programs is a plan to fully integrate public transport with on-demand ride-share and micromobility services – like share bikes – via a digital Opal card, with a \$3 credit for commuters who use multiple modes of transport within an hour. While investment in the potential of share bikes is promising, a narrow-sighted view of them as but a link in the chain of an interconnected transport utopia has its own issues. In other cities that have embraced bike share schemes like San Francisco, London, and Amsterdam, the bikes have fast become a symbol of gentrification. A fun, forward-looking service, but only for those that can afford it. Less a cause and more of a symptom, these other cities have

shown that where gentrification goes, cycling infrastructure and share bikes seem to follow. Arguably, the solution lies in share bike schemes being publicly-run. Hangzhou Public Bicycle, a docked bike scheme operated by the city's Public Transport Corporation, has seen widespread adoption since its launch in 2006. Although it still faces the same logistical issues there's no credit incentive necessary since the first hour of use is free.

I'm not here saying that share bikes cause gentrification. But the path to half-baked urban renewal is paved with well-intended bike share schemes. As urban development in Sydney continues towards the Metropolis of Three Cities vision for the latter half of the century, it is incumbent on the NSW Government and the private companies it seeks to partner with to factor the affordability and distribution of micromobility into their view of transport innovation. Lest they forever remain the way I occasionally get home when buses have stopped running for the night.



Art by Nandini Dhir

In loving memory: The Girls Group, 2014

Casey Zhu reflects on how not to create a meaningful dialogue on gender and feminism in high school.

In 2014, a teacher at my high school decided that issues surrounding feminism, gender and consent needed to be talked about more with young people. So, she created what was known as the "Girls Group". All students from Year 7 to Year 12 were able to join. Students met once a week during lunchtime and a Facebook group was created to facilitate discussion online. Although initially intended for girls, boys at the school were able, even encouraged, to participate.

The idea was a good one. Our ideas may not have been the most sophisticated, and discussions of intersectionality were regrettably far beyond our reach, but it was a solid start. Yet after a speedy descent into personal attacks and a torrent of complaints and reports of "cyber-bullying" from aggrieved parents, the Girls Group was disbanded and the Facebook page deleted within six months from its inception.

Where did it all go wrong? Despite its good intentions, the

Girls Group was born with some fundamental flaws that can be traced to its downfall. Students across all year groups were thrown into a Facebook group and power imbalances attributable to age differences quickly emerged. The older girls dominated the group and younger girls, like myself, were terrified (although utterly intrigued). There was a significant knowledge and maturity gap between the members – and a few of the older students weren't afraid to point it out – the tone would quickly shift from educative to belittling, insulting and accusatory. A void of empathy and disregard for people's level of previous exposure to such issues ran rampant. Without parameters or structured topics for discussion, the group actively invited pandemonium.

At 14, my understanding of gendered issues and feminism was rudimentary at best, derived from the instructive teachings of tumblr and John Green. But this lack of knowledge was not limited to me; it extended to the vast majority of

the group. It exacerbated tensions that already existed – a fatal flaw that the education system remained unwilling to confront. Nothing I knew of feminism had been taught to me in my ten years of formal education.

Interestingly, this problem wasn't reflected in the weekly meetings held at school. While the Facebook group spiralled into mayhem, the meetings remained civil and uneventful. This may point to the difficulties of relying on online communication. It is hard to use a platform that lacks structure or moderation to start a dialogue about important issues, where there is a lack of prior solidarity between its members, and particularly where power imbalances exist.

Perhaps most shockingly, there was a critical failure to engage half the school. Being at a co-educational high school, not everyone took the Group and its aims seriously. The boys were indifferent at best, and antagonistic at worst. These attitudes undeniably rubbed off

on those who were curious, yet unsure, about participating in the Group.

The Group's tragic demise tells a tale that appears crucial to today's society. A safe, supportive space is critical for young people to learn new things and, even more importantly, to make mistakes. Young people need to feel supported and able to discuss their opinions with others, without the fear of being attacked or belittled. If early engagements with feminism are negative, toxic and downright scary, people will not only be intimidated, but may feel ostracised – and it may be really hard to get them to re-engage.

In light of current events, an adequate conversation about introducing young people to feminism and gendered issues is long overdue. Yet this must be done in a way that is thoughtful and responsible. Take heed of the fate of the Girls Group and its important lessons on what not to do when attempting this vital task.

Dance as an instrument: a reflection on the return to dancefloors

Isaac May reflects on his first time dancing after restrictions were lifted.

Until now, it had been more than a year since dancing had been allowed in Sydney's local venues. An experience that would strike many as a rite of passage in one's final year of school was positively unattainable for many, making its resurgence a surreal experience for the niche group that graduated amongst the past year's insanity. And yet, it is one that feels profoundly natural. As someone who only truly felt it for the first time last Friday night, it stands out as profoundly familiar, even as a newcomer. The simplest way to describe it would be to say that it feels absurd to imagine that it hasn't been the norm for these thirteen months, and even stranger to imagine it disappearing once again.

As a musician myself, it is easy to distinguish the stark difference that one feels when sitting down to music, and being able to roam freely. It affects the energy, the volume, and even the actual speed of the music in the best ways possible. A band has no reason to extend themselves one more time deep into a song if there's no means to react – plainly dancing makes the audience an instrument to be played. The emotion of a crowd is just as important to the quality of music as that of the

band. This is something you can feel as a member of both crowds, as I did on one night soon after restrictions were lifted – being first a musician and then joining the audience for the following act. The greatest difference I noticed on stage is the new meaning that dancing brings to rhythm. You can feel this most in the emphasis you have to put into the flow of your music, with dancing allowing any individual member of the band to take a back seat or even stop playing in light of the percussive force delivered by strangers some

to music performance as the music itself, and its role as an artform is meaningless without being able to influence and affect people and the way they act. Dancing is much less a practice of tradition, and a natural element of human celebration and communication – leading my experience playing to a dancing crowd on Friday to be nothing short of revelatory.

However, there's also the crucial impact that dancing has on the viewer, which I also experienced in the viewing of the band that followed us, Starcrazy,

Frankly, dancing is as important to music performance as the music itself, and its role as an artform is meaningless without being able to affect people.

thirty centimetres away. I felt this strongly myself, often leaving my band, Alpha Goose, on the stage to join the audience towards a song's end, allowing the rhythmic energy of the dancefloor to carry the tune far longer than would be wise or enjoyable without them. This exchange gave a purpose to our performance that we previously deeply desired.

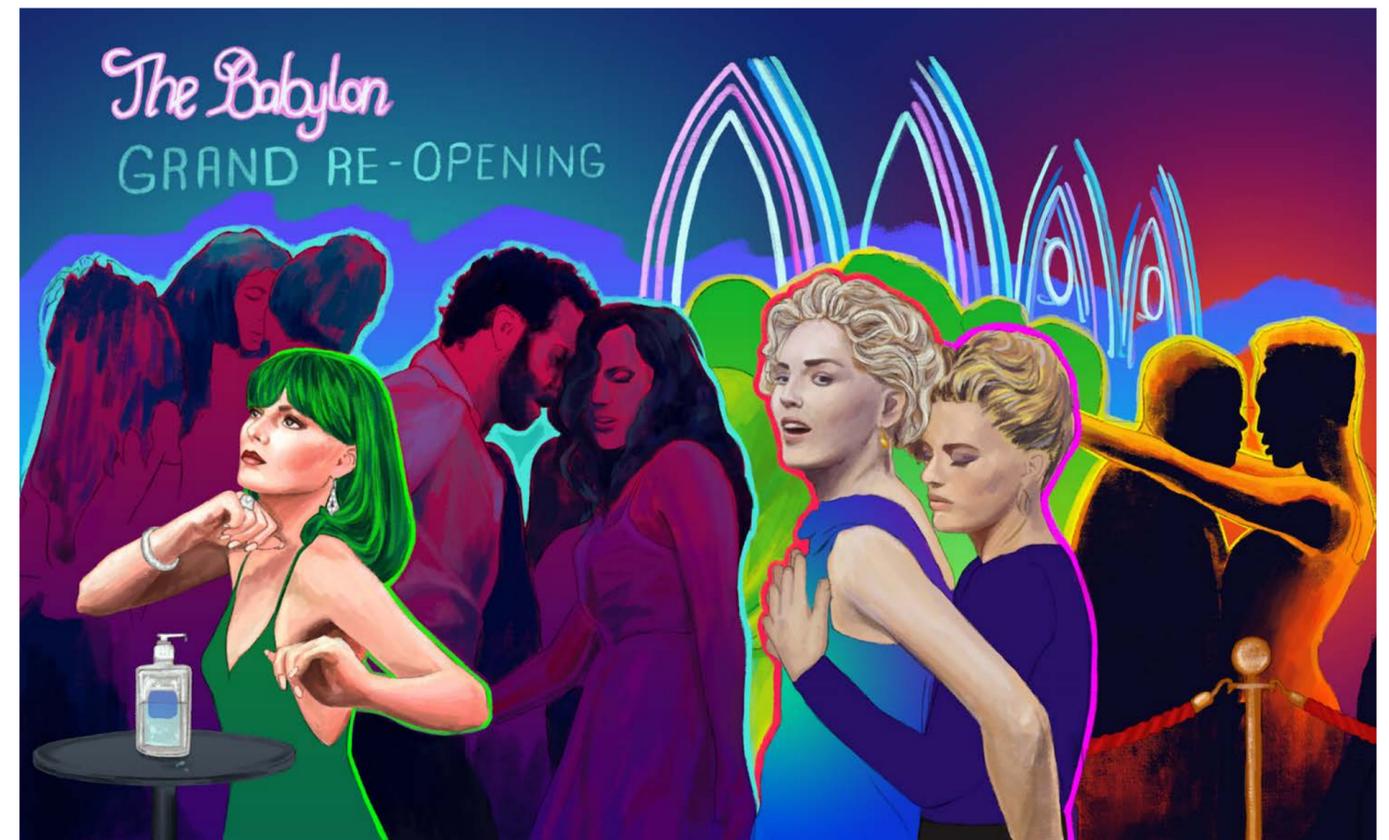
Frankly, dancing is as important

that night. As I swapped roles between performer and admirer, I realised the profound similarities between the two. As I've already stated, the audience exists as no less than a main instrument to a performance's extravagance, and as such my role in the music being produced didn't seem to diminish no matter where I was in the room. In this setting, where dance was previously absent, I had the

right to add rhythm and feeling, which was inaccessible to myself when playing guitar and singing. The freedom I felt when dancing allowed me to add extraneous percussion and exaltation at any point I felt necessary. I was not bound by a score, and in this sense a dancer is the true conductor of a concert. The hollering and mindless movement delivered by the 150-odd sweaty forms present on the night had more power over the band than vice versa. Put simply, in dance, the line between observer and performer is banished.

Thus, overall, I can recommend nothing higher in this time than to experience such a feeling yourself. After so long without it (or rather, without feeling it before) it is easy to dismiss the role dancing has in music and human expression. We listen in our headphones, our cars, our stereos, but the only way to truly feel music's power is to be there. In a time where physical interaction is progressively rarified, there is nothing more important than to become a tangible part of this expression.

Art by Chloe Callow



What *really* happens when the royals visit your school

Nandini Dhir dishes the dirt on Meghan and Harry's tour.

The British Royal Family are in the news at least once a week, after Prince Phillip's death and Meghan and Harry's interview with Oprah, make that everyday. When I hear of the royal family, I can't help but think back to the shocking turn of events that precipitated when Meghan and Harry visited my high school as royalty.

I spent my entire first week of year 12 not in class but in my school's dance studio, rehearsing for a 'special performance' that Friday as part of the dance ensemble. We were told that it would be part of a media release for the Department of Education and the NSW Premier would be visiting, but we knew nothing else.

Soon enough though, the *Daily Mail* leaked that the (ex) Duke and Duchess of Sussex would be visiting Macarthur Girls High School, and by Thursday night screenshots of the news flooded the Snapchat stories of everyone at the school. Group chats went off with "OMG GUYS!", "NO WAY IS THIS LEGIT".

Suddenly there was an explanation for why this dance was prioritised over year 12 classes, why the SRC spent roll call picking BluTac off the walls, and why our groundskeeper was planting new flowers all over the school. It explained why we were told to polish our shoes, have tidy uniforms and be ready to present our ID card to get past security into

school the next morning.

After a week of rain, the sun finally showed, and it beat down relentlessly; so much that the black lino flooring was covered in paint rags and towels to try and keep it cool.



But once the media and helicopters arrived, the covering was removed in fear that it would be a bad look for the school. The staff knew the lino flooring would be hot after the Premier's speech, but said we would be fine and that blue gel packs would be ready for us. It sounded like warm sand, and we didn't think much of it.

As I stood there waiting for my cue in the music I felt a tingling of

heat and pins and needles, which soon developed into a feeling so hot that it was numb, like someone was pinching my skin with an industrial clamp. I wanted to run off, but there were cameras everywhere, a

hot iron, but instead I had to ignore that instinct with the entire world watching, and just let them burn.

A couple of us were in tears half way through the routine. The dance was terrible, and after three minutes, we ran to the sick bay with snotty tears and burning soles. I didn't anticipate the burns to be so bad until we took our feet out of the ice buckets and saw the huge blisters all over them. The food tech teachers frantically emptied freezers for any ice they could find, because blue gel packs weren't going to cut it.

It was hysterical. As eight of us crammed into a sick bay with three chairs, one of the event managers told us to cry quietly so that the media wouldn't hear us. He gave us the obligatory, "beautiful performance, girls" comment, and that was the last we heard from the organising team. We never filled out an incident form.

Sitting with our feet in buckets of iced water, we scrolled through our phones to see if we made it onto any sites, and found a video of our performance on the Kensington Royal Instagram. People commented, "Why are they crying?", with replies assuming we were "feeling the emotion in the music", until a student commented, "they burnt their feet because the floor was hot".

"This post is no longer available." It was deleted in minutes.

From John Keats to John Green: Why I love Y/A fiction

Leah Bruce reflects on her reading habits and growing HECS debt.

When I was 10, my dad read me Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Secret Garden*. As he was reading, I held Burnett's world in the palm of my hand and saw every part of the garden in its technicolour beauty. I've always felt like I carried the garden around with me, like one day I would form a world of my own and finally leap from its pages.

Like many searching for a place to conquer their literary desires, I chose to study English at university. Whilst this choice was perhaps an unwise collaboration of naivety and budding intrigue, I was glad to be doing something I was actually interested in. The first novel I distinctly remember reading was Homer's *Odyssey*. Homer was pretty ballsy, writing 300 odd pages on Odysseus who gets a three sentence summary in *The Iliad's* Sparknotes page. I'm not here to write an in depth critique on a book written over 1000 years ago, but I do want to highlight that

this book may just have been the beginning of the end.

By the 4th year of my 3 year degree I was turned off by even the thought of reading. I found myself incessantly analysing every text I turned to. Is Tarantino's blatant foot fetish really an homage to early Marxist theory? Does the green curtain really just symbolise envy? Is the Rainbow Fish a queer visionary? And what was my Klepstad Ikea wardrobe manual really trying to tell me?

Late last year I was wandering through a book shop, the name of which I won't disclose (this is an unsponsored post so no name dropping) when I stumbled upon *They Wish They Were Us*. I was enticed by the plaid cover and the solid 3.5/5 it boasts on Goodreads. It chronicles a group of 17 year olds finding out what *really* happened to their friend that fateful summer 5 years ago. It was riveting, enticing and most importantly- completely devoid of

anything complex.

There is a certain peace in the incessant tropes of Y/A fiction that is hard to find in other forms of literature. Protagonist's are beautiful outsiders, whose parents are constantly out of town; they are high achievers who have fallen in love with someone unexpected. Perhaps they have just moved to a new school and their history teacher has been acting a bit strange since their new friend went missing. Y/A fiction is often cringey, blatantly unoriginal and entirely formulaic; it was just what I needed.

I never discovered if *Moby Dick* *really* was just a euphemism for the heightened male ego...maybe I'll never know. What I do know, however, is that I will continue reading, just so long as they remake the book into a feature film starring Halsey.

Art by Ellie Stephenson



Reflections on Chocopie

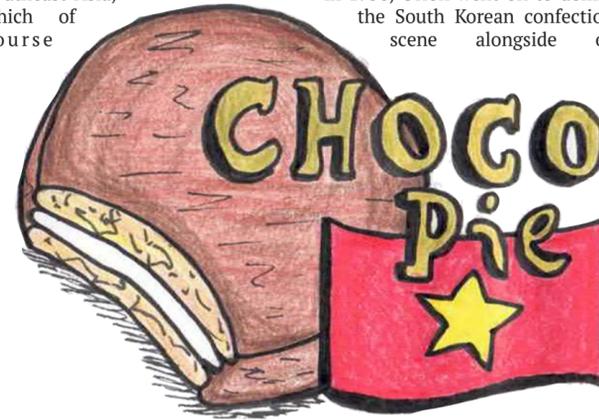
Khanh Tran examines the nostalgic, spiritual and capitalist crossroads of Vietnam's favourite snack.

A few weeks ago, I walked into a Miracle Supermarket for some late night snacks. I wandered around the aisles looking for familiar treats such as coconut jelly (rau câu dừa in Vietnamese) or mung bean-coated sticky rice (xôi vò). But I was instantly sold when I stumbled upon a nostalgic, red and yellow tin of Choco Pie.

The sumptuous treat — a crumbly cake with a crispy chocolate covering and a creamy marshmallow core, is an iconic staple in Korea and Southeast Asia, which of course

includes my homeland, Vietnam. Seeing it on the shelf cued primary school memories; finishing class, holding a copy of either *Doraemon* or *Black Jack*, and visiting the local sweets kiosk for a Choco Pie.

The story behind this hugely popular confection is no heroic, rags-to-riches fairytale. Like many other household snacks, Choco Pie was owned and created by Orion Confectionery, one of South Korea's largest food companies. Founded in 1956, Orion went on to dominate the South Korean confectionery scene alongside other



conglomerates Lotte and Crown. However, it was not until 1974 that the firm created its *piece de resistance* that was the Choco Pie. The cake was inspired by its British and American contemporaries, the Wagon Wheel and Moon Pies. But unlike its rivals, Orion aggressively expanded Choco Pie distribution across China and Southeast Asia by building factories in China, Vietnam, and Russia.

In addition, Orion deployed a range of branding strategies specifically catered for different markets. For instance, in China, the company avoided the romanised 'Chocopie,' instead calling it Hao Li You Pai (好丽友派) meaning 'a good friend,' and inserted Ren (仁) which denotes altruism and virtuousness in Confucian philosophy to appeal to the country's strong underpinning of family life. In Russia, the pie's nutritional profile was adjusted to cater for breakfast, seeing that locals preferred Choco Pies with tea. For Orion, despite its direct inspiration from Georgia's Wagon Wheels, it resonated with public demands for an alternative to American imports — as Orion's revival coincided with the emergence of *Chaebol* capitalism.

Art by Nandini Dhir

Muslim women: the women they want to be

Lina Ali explores the hijab and her faith.

Oh, I love the pretty designs on your head!

How do you even wear that? Nice colour though.

I feel so sorry for you — aren't you hot in it?

Did your dad force you to wear that?

And the list goes on. I'm sure every Muslim woman, whether she chooses to wear the hijab or not, has come across the likes of these questions. Personally, as a Muslim

choose to wear the hijab. A good friend of mine, who wears the hijab, describes it as a constant connection to God. My mother speaks fondly of how the hijab centres her when she faces difficulty in her daily life. My aunt states that the hijab acts as a source of guidance for her, allowing her to discern between good and bad. I wore it back in 2009 because I was exploring my connection to God, and because it made me feel safe and proud in my identity as a Muslim

trauma from the wearing of the hijab. For the last six months, I have toyed seriously with the idea of wearing the hijab again. I felt no shame when I wore the hijab — it was one of the most beautiful parts of myself. However, at the same time, I am not ashamed of my decision to remove it, because that was exactly what fifteen-year-old Lina needed to heal. When I do wear it again, I will wear it as a proud Muslim woman.

I have shared my story because it is crucial to understand that Muslim women around the world do not need your approval to be the women they want to be.

To my non-Muslim folks: please stop with the white feminism. A modern, liberated woman should not be equated solely with someone who feels comfortable in their nudity. My mother is a modern woman. She is a modern woman who wears the hijab, lives life according to her rules and takes shit from no one. I do not look at my hijabi friends and aunts and pity them. They do not pity themselves. Yes, we sometimes collectively struggle with finding modest clothing and yes, Western beauty standards impact us. The demonisation of the hijab as a tool of oppression is orientalist and deeply Islamophobic. The misinterpretation of the hijab as a tool of oppression enforced on

Muslim women by tyrannical agency destroys Muslim women's agency in the rush to "liberate" them. Instead, listen to Muslim women when they raise issues. Hold space for us to explain and advocate religiously and culturally appropriate solutions. Stop with the Eurocentric problem-solving of widely hyperbolised and misunderstood issues.

For my Muslim folks: it's not cool when we as a community suddenly appoint ourselves haram police over other fellow Muslims. One of the most common judgements we love to pass is: "If she's going to wear the hijab like that, it'd be better if she didn't wear it." Discussing whether a Muslim woman's hijab is appropriate or "Islamic enough" is insulting and, frankly, arrogant. It's discouraging for Muslim women who may be experimenting with the hijab for the first time, who may want to wear the hijab, or who are struggling with their physical identity as a Muslim woman. Islam holds space for culture to be relevant in the way that certain Islamic customs can be interpreted — hijab happens to be one of them. Whether it's a turban-style scarf or black niqab, respect what each woman chooses to wear.

So what it really comes down to, is this: let Muslim women be the women they want to be. Period.

Pride in Protest: the fight for Sydney's queer community

Robbie Mason takes a look at leadership struggles, online vitriol and generational change within Sydney's Queer community.

Veiled in respectful silence, Taylor Square is surprisingly still, calm even. The sheer number of people that have turned up smother the occasional spot fires of nervousness that jump through the crowd. Bodies radiate quiet determination.

"I'm going to get a little bit emotional because, as I stand here on this occasion, I am recalling that first Mardi Gras", says Mark Gillespie, microphone in hand, his voice filling Taylor Square.

Gillespie is a "78er", one of the original protestors who marched down Oxford Street from Taylor Square on 24 June, 1978, to commemorate the Stonewall Riots. When police denied the marchers access to Hyde Park that night, where they planned to have speeches, cries of "on to the Cross" multiplied rapidly. Protestors broke through the police cordon and rushed on to Kings Cross. Curious onlookers, stumbling from bars, watched on. Some joined the march. Some even joined the protestors in resisting arrest and fighting back against police when police turned on the crowd, brutally apprehending 53 people.

This resistance stimulated the widely-held belief that the protest was a riot. In 1979, protestors marched again, cementing as a legacy Sydney's Mardi Gras Parade.

"It was protest and mass action that got us where we are today and it's going to be protest and mass action that gets us the rest of the way", yells April Holcombe from Community Action for Rainbow Rights at Taylor Square on Saturday 6 March, 2021. It's a fierce assertion that the queer community has returned to its radical roots.

The horde have already surprised police by occupying the intersection between Oxford Street and Flinders Street. Soon, we begin to march.

An effervescent eruption of colour spills forth. A contagious bout of boogying ripples outwards like an earthquake, tugging at limbs. At the epicentre, electro swing emanates from a solar-powered wheelie-bin cum portable speaker. Chants gallop down Oxford Street ahead of the march like a first strike force.

"Bottoms and tops, we all hate cops!"

"We're here, we're queer: We're fabulous, don't fuck with us."

When someone lets off a flare, pink smoke billows in the air like a satin bed sheet on a clothesline.

The march is part carnival, part protest, and at least 3000 strong – an

incredible turn out considering the organisers scrambled last minute to advertise and legalise the rally. On Pride in Protest's notice of intention to hold a public assembly, addressed to NSW Police, PiP put the number for the expected turn out at 900.

Three weeks later, as I sat in Camperdown Park with Charlie Murphy, and asked her why the Mardi Gras march was important. Her voice wobbled and her eyes glistened.

As a sex worker, she emphasises the importance of marching alongside Scarlett Alliance – Australia's peak sex worker organisation. After the protest, someone from Scarlett Alliance messaged Charlie, thanking her for giving them the opportunity "to know what it would feel like for our communities to march in the 80s and 90s."

Oscar Chaffey, queer officer at the University of Sydney, meanwhile, underlines the importance of this historic event in the evolution of their own identity. "I went out in drag publicly for the first time at the Mardi Gras street protest and asked my friends to start referring to me with they/them pronouns. The queer community has always been fundamentally endearing to me for its colourful shades of regal defiance and beauty; it was ultimately the promise of belonging to these shades at our 'gay Christmas' that compelled me to leave behind an inauthentic version of myself."

Charlie is an activist, a trans sex worker and a member of Pride in Protest (PiP), the splinter group behind the (unofficial) Mardi Gras protest on 6 March. She is also on the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras Board (SGLMG).

PiP was established in direct opposition to police presence at Sydney's Mardi Gras Parade and corporate pinkwashing. In recent years, the group has platformed motions at Sydney Mardi Gras AGMs critical of entrenched and taken-for-granted principles. Charlie describes these meetings as "incredibly hostile".

The tension behind Mardi Gras organising reached a climax this year. It resulted in the PiP led rally on Oxford Street on the same day, Saturday 6 March, as the official Mardi Gras Parade at the SCG. Relations between PiP's (two) members on the SGLMG Board and the rest of the executive reached a head in early March when board members voted at a secret meeting to undemocratically, unceremoniously and temporarily

boot out PiP's two representatives on the Board – Charlie Murphy and Alex Bouchet.

The board granted neither Murphy nor Bouchet a right of reply, and there was no provision of evidence. Charlie believes the board "acted unconstitutionally".

Murphy and Bouchet maintain that they have been squeezed out of the frame in a political pincer movement, seemingly for having the sheer audacity to support a march defending queer rights.

To say that Mardi Gras's right-wing caucus view PiP as home-wreckers and gate-crashers, arriving late and uninvited to the house party with a posse of menacing, young hooligans, is no exaggeration. In the eyes of those right-wing members, PiP have rolled up with their own speakers to their doorstep, their residence, forced their way through the door, cut off the music and spray-painted their pristine white walls with scathing slogans, all to their own radical soundtrack. In their eyes, PiP have caused a stable queer community to turn on itself. The sacred, comfortable territory of the bedroom is now filled with screams and accusations.

Charlie does not agree. "They [the right-wing caucus] can't accept the idea that we are community members who have a valid voice," she says. "It's not that we don't like what Mardi Gras is and what Mardi Gras could be. It's just that we don't like what they do specifically... The thing that is hard for them to accept is that we like Mardi Gras too much. That's why we are involved."

PiP fight as much against liberalism in queer spaces as conservatism. Describing the ebb and flow of queer political history, Charlie suggests that the queer community "fell into a more liberal version of itself" during the marriage equality debate in 2017. While left-wing activists were involved in this public debate, the focus was on a liberal, human rights framework. Corporate power seized the opportunity to "exercise its influence over the queer community", watering down radical messages. Since then, Charlie believes that united front politics have resurged in the queer community. People have returned to material questions and deepened ties with other materially-disadvantaged communities.

When I place the same topic before Mikhael Burnard, another PiP member, they have a similar response. "I would say the marriage equality campaign was very interested in working within

the system... It was saying: 'hey queer people please ask nicely. Please ask very politely and we will consider giving you rights.'"

At the Trans Day of Visibility rally on 27 March, longtime PiP supporter and Greens MP Jenny Leong condemned trans-exclusionary radical feminists (TERFs), defiantly building a moat around the fortress PiP have built. "You [TERFs] are not our friends", she screeched into the mic to raucous applause. "You are as much a problem as the patriarchy is a problem."

To bookend the period of stagnation in local, queer, radical politics, it's possible to flick back through the archival albums further than Charlie suggests. As historian Robert Reynolds demonstrates in his essay 'Endangered territory, endangered identity', opinion pieces lamenting the loss of Oxford Street as a queer space peppered the pages of the gay street press in Sydney in the 2000s. One particularly polemical think piece from 2007, published in SX News, suggested that hedonism and selfishness had replaced earlier activism and solidarity and that the queer community was complicit in Oxford Street's demise. The writer, a resident atop Taylor Square, traced Oxford Street's devolution into a space filled with "over-medicated males from the suburbs staking their territory... Kath and Kim clones and the sirens and yelling... [of] yet another crystal-fuelled fight or G overdose."

Accurate or not, that anxiety touches on something PiP are very critical of – the queer community selling its soul to big business ('rainbow capitalism'). This is evident both in the excessive corporate sponsorship of Mardi Gras and gentrification on Oxford Street.

What we are witnessing is a turning point in queer activism. From the perspective of Mardi Gras' right-wing caucus, it is a terrifying cultural shift of seismic proportions. PiP, constantly emphasising the intersectionality of oppression, appears to be a staunch, younger, more racially and culturally-diverse generation fighting against an established generation of queers. Through their podcasts and rallies, PiP have platformed new voices, usually sidelined. Formerly incarcerated, gay, Aboriginal man Keith Quayle is just one example.

In the eyes of PiP – to generalise for a moment – the right-wing Mardi Gras caucus grow fat in the ivory towers of a post-gay utopia. What PiP members see is an older generation who have priced

out younger queers from Sydney's disappearing, inner-city, queer enclaves, assimilated into Australia's middle class cosmopolitanism and given up the struggle.

PiP's persistent campaign against trans violence could not be more timely. National watchdogs and reports suggest that trans violence has increased in neoliberal democracies in recent years. Since the Human Rights Campaign, the largest queer advocacy organisation in the US, began logging data on violence against gender non-conforming Americans in 2013, the organisation has reportedly never recorded a year with higher fatal violence than 2020. While data on violence against trans bodies is notoriously difficult to collate, due to underreporting, crime data being recorded in gender binaries and a failure of bureaucracy, data obtained by the Victorian Pride Lobby has revealed that anti-queer hate crimes spiked in 2020. One survey published in June last year suggests that trans women of colour in Australia are particularly vulnerable to abuse. They are more likely than other women to report having been assaulted by a stranger. They are also twice as likely as other women to be sexually assaulted 10 or more times.

Only a couple of weeks ago, Australia's trans community was rocked when news broke that a man convicted of manslaughter – for choking and killing Mheloody Bruno, a Filipino transwoman, during sex – had avoided prison due to a sentencing error. Many believed that this was not an honest error but a result of systemic oppression and a criminal justice system that is biased and brutal towards non-gender conforming people. (The man, a former RAAF corporal, was re-sentenced on 29 March to 22 months in prison.)

Pride in Protest collaborated with Anakbayan Sydney and Migrante New South Wales to organise a protest and vigil in late March to demand justice for Mheloody Bruno. PiP issued a statement in which they located the death "at the intersection of transphobia, sexism, and racism" and within the context of

"Australia's ongoing imperialism in the Pacific".

Similarly, PiP campaign against police presence at Mardi Gras because they recognise that police actively contribute to discrimination and violence against queer communities. As Charlie points out to me, police rarely prevent hate crimes at the time that they occur. This year there were a number of homophobic incidences during Mardi Gras. ABC journalist Mark Reddie, for example, was walking home from a Mardi Gras afterparty near Oxford Street with a group of gay men when occupants of a car, cackling, threw eggs at them. When he tweeted and wrote a perspective piece about the incident, a number of people came forward with similar stories of egging and having bottles thrown at them that night.

It's a few days before Mardi Gras and I am sitting in a circle with an affinity group. T is furiously scribbling in a notepad. She interjects sometimes to clarify decisions, words shooting from her mouth like machine-gun fire. Albeit disconnected from the main organisers, we are creating lists of supplies to bring to the Mardi Gras march in case of police violence and brainstorming ideas about how to combat fash or alt-right media, should they turn up. An air of underlying trepidation pervades the whole meeting.

It's been a tough year for activists. Police have been all over us. The navy blue uniforms of the Public Order and Riot Squad have been a perennial eyesore at even the smallest protests. The clip-clop of the Mounted Unit and the barking of the Dog Squad have become white noise. Under the guise of public health, Australian authorities have implemented techno-totalitarian state surveillance.

One trans rights rally, organised by Community Action for Rainbow Rights (CARR), coincided with the peak of police brutality during lockdown. Police descended violently upon the crowd that day and broke the wrist of a trans PiP organiser; memories of which don't die easily.

At PiP's Mardi Gras rally on Oxford Street this year, there were no arrests and no fines issued. This is not to say that the police behaved themselves entirely. There were two drug searches – nothing was found – and one police officer wore a thin blue line patch. But Charlie describes the police response as "unprecedented".

The reason? "The community pressure was there". PiP received endorsements from various politicians – Labor, Greens and an independent – non-government organisations and 78ers. Aided by media attention, momentum was building like water boiling over in a pot.

But the legality of the march was far from guaranteed. NSW Police had moved to block the march from going ahead, taking the organisers to the NSW Supreme Court. As Mikhael explains, PiP were unwilling to compromise on their position. "We have a policy of not really negotiating when we can avoid it."

Two days before the rally, after receiving advice from Greens MP Jenny Leong, the organisers applied directly to the Minister for Health Brad Hazzard for a health exemption. Keen to avoid an overflow of scalding hot water and burns injuries to queers and their allies – they were undoubtedly going to turn up regardless of the event's legality – the health department granted PiP a health exemption mere hours before their court hearing was due to begin.

Charlie suggests that "the [NSW] health department wanted this to happen to prevent an explosive situation." When she discusses the value of the march, her voice crescendos and her words develop a sharper, steely edge. With a staccato rhythm, she proclaims: "what we showed in this rally was, actually, if you fight back and you push back... not only can you win arguments about reducing police presence at Mardi Gras, but, if you do so, you actually make your community more safe."

This ripple effect, this armour, protects an entity far greater than just the queer community. In a post-COVID world, Charlie says that PiP "have a responsibility not just to our

community but every community that needs the right to protest."

"If we make concessions on the right to protest here, it's going to have an effect on every rally that comes after us."

As PiP evolves, it is becoming, Charlie suggests, "a broad mass movement inside the community" centred on concrete demands, such as the nationwide decriminalisation of sex work, prison abolition and stopping Mark Latham's anti-trans "Parental Rights" bill. Already, PiP has gone some way towards solidifying a pink-black alliance.

Mikhael issues a word of warning on the phone to me: "They [Mardi Gras' right-wing caucus] don't want us there because we threaten their hegemony. We threaten their control of the narrative and their corporate sponsors... I hope that we keep scaring them."

Threatened they certainly are. After the Mardi Gras protest, PiP's social media accounts attracted a mob of trolls and online vitriol. In late March, Pride in Protest publicly shared screenshots from the reactionary 'Pride in Progress' Facebook group, in which two self-identifying Mardi Gras Arts Ltd employees wrote that it is their duty to fight and "start rallying members against Pride in Protest."

PiP aren't interested so much in reshaping systems and institutions as they are in rebuilding them from the ground up. Perhaps there will be some collateral damage amid the dust storm that results from their demolition work. But it's the possibility of something better – a persistent optimism, not cynicism as many believe – that drives the organisation forward. To Mardi Gras' right-wing caucus, the vacuum of the unknown and the desolate cold of reality are still too daunting to consider.

Perhaps Mikhael sums it up best.

"We won't achieve our pure liberation under a system where we have to ask for liberation. We achieve our pure liberation when we take it."

Photography by Aman Kapoor



In conversation with Alicia Jasinska

Shania O'Brien talks to Alicia Jasinska in the lead-up to her Sydney Writers' Festival appearance.

Alicia Jasinska is a fantasy writer from Sydney. Her debut novel, *The Dark Tide*, was released in 2020 and follows Lina Kirk and Queen Eva as they grapple with ancient magic threatening to disrupt their city and their growing feelings for each other. I spoke with Alicia ahead of her appearance on the panel 'Better Living Through Fantasy' at the Sydney Writers' Festival on 1 May.

SO: In regards to your debut novel, *The Dark Tide*, how was your experience writing it and finding a publisher? Were there any roadblocks?

AJ: It was a long journey. I started writing it a few years ago, and it went through so many different drafts, rewrites, and changes. It wasn't the first book I've ever written but I did try to get an agent and get published before then. It took me a while ... at least a year, and then we reworked the book together to make it better. After that, when it went through to the editors — it took months. I remember lots of worrying and crossing fingers. But then we found an editor in the United States, and one in Australia, as well. It was a dream come true.

SO: You spoke briefly about the changes the book went through. Can

you tell me more about them and what inspired the new ideas?

AJ: I got the first idea for the book when I was watching *Wicked* the musical. It is one of my favourite musicals, and I always really liked the two main girls and I wanted them to end up together at the end of the story which, of course, never happened. And sitting in the audience and watching that story play out several times made me realise that growing up, I never saw a lot of fantasy stories about bisexual women; about girls falling in love with girls. I knew if I wanted to see that story, I would have to write it myself.

SO: Was worldbuilding difficult for you? Did growing up in Sydney inform your sense of place in any way?

AJ: Definitely. In *The Dark Tide*, when I was thinking of building this island and how all these different people came to live there, I ended up drawing on experiences of my own family and how we came to live in Australia. Lina's family represents my mum's, and Eva's my dad's who came here as refugees. Everyone has different stories about how they ended up in Australia, and I used that to inspire my worldbuilding.

SO: What do you like the most about your characters?

AJ: Ah, I don't know. They're both very interesting characters. I have given them parts of myself so that I can relate to them and get into their heads. I like Eva's antisocial personality and her goth clothing. And Lina is a bit of a romantic, and sometimes that annoys me, but I also think it's really endearing. I love them both, they've been with me for a very long time.

SO: The book is an enemies-to-lovers slow-burn plot. I have often found it is difficult to write real 'enemies' without the characters doing unforgivable things. How did you balance your storyline? Were there any other tropes you enjoyed using?

AJ: You definitely need the buildup and the tension. With enemies-to-lovers, you need to get the balance right. It can't be too slow because then readers get bored; but if it happens too fast, it doesn't have that payoff. You have to make it so that the 'bad' character doesn't do anything too unforgivable; but even if they do, the reader needs to understand why they acted in that way so that they can, at

the very least, empathise with them. As for using other tropes, I really loved having the sunshine character with the grumpy character. I love fairytale tropes, with repetition and dark magic.

SO: A lot of your writing seems to be inspired by folklore.

AJ: Yes! *The Dark Tide* is a very, very loose retelling of *The Ballad of Tam Lin*, which is an old Scottish folktale about a girl who goes to rescue the boy she loves from a wicked fairy queen. I took that as a base, and capture that fairytale fantasy feeling with a queer twist.

SO: Are you excited for your panel at the Sydney Writers' Festival?

AJ: Yes! I'm super excited. And super, super nervous. I'm not a great public speaker. I was approached by the head of the YA program and asked me to be involved because she read *The Dark Tide* and really enjoyed it. I was super surprised, but extremely flattered to be invited. Being on a panel with Garth Nix is amazing — I read his books growing up as a teenager, and now I feel like I have to pinch myself.

Nostalgia is overrated

Arianna Hossain muses on the future of children's entertainment.

Our media consumption in 2021 is vastly different than what it was two decades ago. Over the past few years, consumers have rapidly become inundated with media across a growing list of digital streaming platforms. Two decades ago, however, most young millennials and Gen Z would've been wading through DVD cases for the latest *Toy Story* or catching reruns of *The Wiggles* on ABC 2. Much has changed since then, but perhaps the element that has best persisted is children's media itself.

With the abundance of digital media now readily disposable at our fingertips, children's media has become a source of entertainment across many demographics. Shows such as *Avatar: The Last Airbender*, *SpongeBob* and *Gravity Falls* have received a cult following over the years. But it begs the question—two of the three aforementioned shows are reboots.

So, is the key ingredient nostalgia?

Corporations have been BANKING on nostalgia in recent years. Audiences have not only been hit with reboots of old-favourites, but also sequels, prequels and glorified CGI-heavy live action remakes (looking at you Disney). I would however argue that it is not nostalgia that necessitates success, but simply, good storytelling that facilitates an escape, while grounding itself in

human experience.

To put my musings to the test, I decided to enlist some research participants and ask them some questions: 1) what their favourite children's media is and 2) specifically what they enjoyed about it. The answers I received were both diverse and fascinating.

To sum up, here is a graphic of the five most popular responses (for the sake of clarity, I've combined all Disney shows under the label 'Disney').

One of the more profound and common themes that emerged from my discussions was the notion of escapism. As one of my friends put it, children's media tends to give you 'drama but without dark themes or death'. Perhaps what attracts adolescents and adults to children's media is the light-heartedness of it all. Shows ranging from *Gravity Falls* to *Pokémon* situate themselves within fantastical realities far removed from our own.

Don't get me wrong, these shows have every propensity to explore complex themes and serious challenges. But when they do, it's often gentler and comfortingly predictable. Audiences are able to experience a sense of catharsis, seeing difficult themes handled with positivity and the notion of 'good triumphing over evil'. Yes, children's media does soften

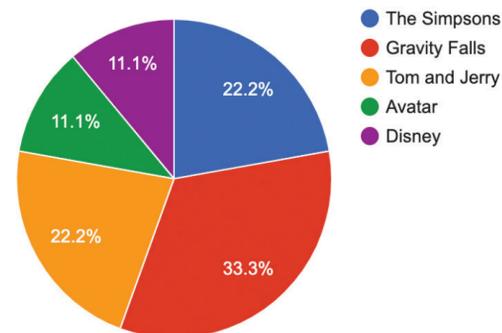
the blow of otherwise heavy themes. But that doesn't lessen its storytelling potential. If anything, this has allowed children's media to facilitate more diverse storytelling over time—such as *Studio Ghibli*, or even recent Disney movies such as *Soul* and *Bao*.

Moreover, the very format of children's media has endured through the rise of adult animations such as *The Simpsons* or *Rick and Morty*. Beyond the animated format, *The Simpsons* shares the commonality of a boundless format with many children's shows—a feature that has arguably aided in its longevity. Through its clever world-crafting, children's media tends to explore numerous storylines

and challenges within a reproducible format; and perhaps this lends it an effectiveness over adult media. Phineas and Ferb aptly demonstrated this by producing endless storylines chiefly geared around the prospect of one endless summer and two very bored brothers.

All in all, nostalgia is certainly powerful and media monopolies still seem intent on rehashing and reviving old stories—they seem to be garnering just enough positive acclaim to continue justifying it.

But is it the be all and end all? No, and without a genuine focus on humour and good storytelling, this formula might just die out.



Impressionism: An intercontinental response to modernity

Amelia Koen paints a picture of how Impressionism made its way to Australia.

As one of the earliest and most celebrated works of the era, *Impression, Sunrise* (1867) by Claude Monet is an undeniably seminal work of the Impressionist movement, lending its name and legacy. The rise of Impressionism in Paris stemmed from the dissatisfaction felt by a new generation of radical artists with classical traditions of art and the institutions which upheld them. In particular, the Paris Salon, which, as the official exhibition of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, was the academic authority on art and rejected any works deemed poor due to their transgression of traditional art imagery. This drove the development of the First Impressionist Exhibition in 1874. Displaying 165 works by 30 artists, the exhibition was organised by names that remain seared into the popular consciousness even today: Monet, Pissarro, Morisot, Degas and Renoir. With the intent to democratise the display of art and bring Impressionism to the fore, the exhibition had not yet won over critics, nor the public. In the face of this, Impressionists kept exhibiting over the coming years and soon the tides of popularity began to change.

Beyond the desire to break the status quo of the Paris Salon, Impressionists strived to capture

modernity in its essence; coalescing politics, nature and urbanisation. The advent of photography, and its popularisation across the 19th century, fundamentally changed the ways in which the world was documented and observed. If a photograph can be taken to capture reality better than any realist painter or portraitist could, what then is the purpose of painting? As the Impressionists saw it: to capture the dimensionality of a single moment in fast-paced contemporary life, through the framework of light. The technique of painting 'en plein air', or outdoors, in conjunction with the invention of pre-mixed paint in a tube, allowed artists to easily travel and fleetingly capture an impressionistic moment of light and colour, often at dusk or dawn. No longer was painting about perfect pictorial accuracy, but rather it became about evoking the essence and feeling of the scene painted.

However, Impressionism was not exclusively Parisian. The very same impetus of cosmopolitan modern life and frustration with classical subject matter was present across the world, including in Australia. Though the 1880s saw the decline of Impressionism in Paris, they marked the movement's beginning

in Melbourne and Sydney, where it took on its own life and aestheticism. Depicting both sun-soaked cities and earthy bush-lands, Australian Impressionism (dubbed the Heidelberg School), used similar, though less erratic, brush strokes and techniques as the French to create works that reflected their modernity. In their strokes, you could see a new age emerging, eager to explore new ways of seeing and responding to the world through impressionistic transgressive art.

Despite their beauty, the aesthetics of Australian Impressionism champion the imagery of colonial settlement. Only 100 years since the country's colonisation, the romanticisation of the Australian bushland was a central part of the 'national identity' and landscape painting became central to Australian Impressionists. Settler's camp (1888) by Tom Roberts was described as "a poetical interpretation of a prosaic passage in the daily life of one of the pioneers of agricultural settlement" by James Smith, critic for the former newspaper *The Argus*. These 'pioneering' attitudes toward the subject matter of the bush prevailed in public and with critics, though many of the artists themselves focused on capturing the

unique Australian 'golden light' as opposed to deliberately championing colonialism — yet, colonial undertones were unavoidable.

Western art culture in Australia was somewhat less experimental than what Europe had cultivated by this time, but in 1889 the Heidelberg School held *The 9 by 5 Impression Exhibition* to provide an "ocular demonstration" of Impressionism's meaning to the Victorian public. Organisers and contributing artists included Arthur Streeton, Jane Sutherland, Tom Roberts and Charles Conder, who together, along with several other artists, exhibited the most controversial and now famous exhibition in Australian art history. At the time critics described the brushwork as 'slap-dash' and artworks as 'formless and orderless'; in spite of this, the ever controversial visual language of Impressionism was not lost on all, described by others as possessing a poetic 'clever vagueness'. A pivotal landmark for Australian landscape painting and Impressionism, the 9 to 5 Impression Exhibition collated the pictorial techniques of Australian artists as they captured the unique atmosphere of our dry, sun-filled country.

Pandemics aren't the only punchline in Melbourne

Zander Czerwaniw went to the Melbourne International Comedy Festival.

For the past three weeks, the Melbourne International Comedy Festival has heralded Victoria's return to live arts. An array of local acts and international headlines have taken to the city's stages in one of Australia's first international events since the start of the pandemic. Local acts like Wil Anderson, Tom Gleeson and Gen Fricker are joined by international comics freshly out of quarantine like Daniel Sloss.

For many Victorians, the festival provided the first chance to see a live performance since Victoria's 102 day lockdown. Opening the Oxfam Gala, host Becky Lucas caused an eruption of sound as she asked the crowd who hadn't had a big night out in the last year. Audiences flocked to buy tickets, with artists like Nina Oyama and Aaron Chen selling out early in their runs. Producer Ryan Lisson told *Honi*: "the biggest thing this year was that audiences were so much more receptive. Melbourne is eager to get out and support the entertainment industry." Several shows have sold out multiple times as restrictions have changed,

progressively increasing venue capacity throughout the festival.

The opening few days were a rough ride for many of the 300 acts as they readjusted to the stage. However, not all shows were just about the pandemic. Lisson said that "Lockdown and Covid content is being treated by many as a no go area." Sydney Comic Frenchy told a sold-out crowd on his opening night that "this show represents the past three years of my life", after he, like many comics, were forced to dump their 2020 tours. Some acts like Joseph Green used their extra time off to try something different and planned shows that pushed the very form of stand up itself.

Australian border restrictions provided a challenge to the festival's producers, with the high cost of quarantine turning away many regular international acts. The presence of Arj Barker, Ross Noble and Jimeoin, former internationals who now reside in Australia, and recently arrived Daniel Sloss and Melanie Bracewell secured the festival's international feel.

While audiences have been eager to buy tickets, multiple comedians reported that crowds initially felt more reserved in comparison to previous years. Canadian comedian Evan Desmarias said that Melbourne audiences were a bit more unsure about being out and about compared to the Perth and Adelaide Fringe Festivals. Yet, this still hasn't put a damper on the mood, with Desmarais telling *Honi*: "For me I feel blessed, even if I'm playing to just five people, it's incredible to think that an international comedy festival is going ahead after the events of the Pandemic."

In order to entice acts to perform at the Festival, registration fees were lowered to \$350 and sign-up times were extended. This made it easier for a range of up and coming comedians like Sydney's Bec Charlwood to launch successful first runs at the festival. While 'establishment' comics dominate the Festival's website, internet comedians and live podcasts have also been wildly successful this year. Acts like Frenchy, Luke Kidgell and Lewis Spears have been able to

convert their large online audiences into ticket sales, selling close to over a thousand tickets even with sub one hundred seat venues.

The death of Prince Phillip provided many comedians with an injection of fresh material. The Chaser's Andrew Hanson said on Twitter that after the introduction of a new verse, his infamous eulogy song was "so long it requires four lighting states." A clip of comedian Lewis Spears finding out that the Prince had died, as he was halfway through a set lampooning the royal family, received over half a million views in 24 hours. Lewis told *Honi* that "it was exciting to see just how many people across the globe disliked the royals," with many comments touching on the allegations around Prince Andrew and how Australian venues had largely returned to normal.

While the Melbourne festival is out of the way for most USyd students, a range of international and local artists are gearing up to continue their shows at the upcoming Sydney Comedy Festival in May.

Towards copyright abolition: why we should all be pirates

Chuyi Wang revolts against the terror of intellectual property.

If Electronic Arts is considered the supervillain of video game publishing, then Spotify is undoubtedly the music industry equivalent of an incomprehensibly evil and unstoppable powerful force that plagues a creative field. While Electronic Arts is bald-faced about its deceptive marketing strategies, disdain for worker rights and insatiable hunger for an ever-burgeoning profit margin, what is perhaps more insidious about Spotify is how it consistently tries to paint itself as the saviour of music. Launched just last week, Spotify's absurd *Loud & Clear* "transparency" scheme has all the hallmarks of delusional capitalistic optimism. "Spotify plays a leading role in [a] healthier music industry," the Q+A section of their new website begins, "as a sort of radio station and record store... but without their limitations." Dissatisfied with this mere self-aggrandisement, the website then goes on to assert that Spotify was the primary force that saved a music industry "ravaged by piracy," and the creator of a "future" that is "incredibly bright for artists' careers." Talk about a God complex.

It's easy enough to ridicule a supervillain brand for their thinly-veiled advertising, but *Loud & Clear* is indicative of, and will undoubtedly be responsible for entrenching, far broader assumptions about the value of creative work engrained in the public consciousness by capitalism: that copyright is not only necessary, but the essential element that drives creative industries to flourish. Yet, one brief look at the harsh reality of the music industry makes it undoubtedly clear that it is no different from any other: the rich get richer, and independent ventures have a next-to-zero chance of succeeding. Though this article focuses primarily on music as it exists

in the modern day, the arguments for copyright abolition I will make are analogous to any industry afflicted by the terror of intellectual property.

Before trying to refute the problems at the centre of it all, it is helpful to briefly examine how Spotify became the giant that it is today. Since the dawn of record stores, the music industry has been inseparably tied to distribution frameworks that try to spread thin the profits of sold works away from the artists themselves. Only three decades ago, artists had no option but to turn to publishers and record labels, whose sole focus was advertising, production and marketing, in order to get their works in front of a larger number of interested eyes. We've all heard the horror stories of record deals gone bad: internationally huge artists that earned but pennies for Platinum-certified records, or lost the master rights to their own songs out of conflict with label-heads. Since the inception of the internet, however, all creative industries underwent a fundamental transformation that the law and public understanding are still struggling to catch up to: the advent of digital publishing.

What makes data special? Unlike CDs, vinyl, concert tickets or pieces of merchandise, data is inherently inexhaustible and indistinguishable from its copies; there is no concept at all of an original's value that could be displaced. Yet, just as cigarette manufacturers fiercely resisted the undeniable facts of their product, data posed a mortal threat to music distributors: it held the potential to put them out of business entirely. And so began a decade-long tirade against the very nature of data itself. Wielding copyright law as their shining sword, the industry waged war on digital distribution in all its forms, painting

the ripping and copying of music files as essentially equivalent to the theft of physical objects. The contradiction inherent in this propaganda campaign is blindingly obvious: copying is not a zero-sum transaction. When a song is copied and transferred to another, nothing is deprived from the owner and the world is merrier with another copy of that song. Piggybacking on legal conceptions of property that have failed to adapt to this new reality, the war on piracy culminated with the injunction against Limewire, the consistent arrests of pirates that were threatened and charged with extended jail sentences, and multi-million-dollar fines against peer-to-peer filesharing networks in the late 2000s. Somewhere in the midst of this technological cataclysm, Spotify saw an opportunity to profit off the same model that hundreds of pirates were being punished for every day. Launching quietly in 2008, the pitch was as infuriating as it was simple: if traditional music publishing can't handle the realities of digital distribution, let's legalise its *inevitabilities and profit off them*.

That brings us to 2021, where smaller artists get apportioned a fraction of a fraction of a cent from Spotify per play, and music lovers pay money to Spotify to temporarily rent musical experiences rather than paying artists themselves. Where larger artists with a label behind them are able to farm plays with grey-market hacked accounts, and smaller musicians pay the penalty of their exploitation. Where, despite the American-dream mythos of being able to 'blow up' on TikTok, the reality remains that it is almost impossible to earn a living wage as an independent artist. It's not that there are no avenues to support artists directly, but rather that the culture and public goodwill of paying artists in the digital age has been irrevocably contaminated by streaming.

If only the fangs of copyright law sank as deep as streaming platforms; if that were the case, this article would simply end with an encouragement to buy merch and music on Bandcamp where possible. The venom stings far worse when you begin to question the deepest copyright lie of all: that copyright protects artists' profits and encourages the creation of new and 'original' works. Otherwise, the industry professes, how would artists make money at all? Wouldn't everyone just rip each other off? Yet, the definition of 'original' is a *legal* definition to be settled in court – one with an ever-widening gulf between what is intuitively right and what a boomer Justice thinks is fair. The law is so hilariously behind any real understanding of music that lawyers

still believe it is possible to own an original chord progression, melody or groove. As with anything that runs so deeply parallel to legal definitions, copyright cases will always favour those with deeper pockets and the financial freedom to handle extended civil trials.

But even beyond the legal technicalities, how could derivative or sampled works not be considered original? Even if we look to the genres that wear their blatant sample optimism on their sleeve – vaporwave, hip-hop, plunderphonics – can we really say that Macintosh Plus' *Floral Shoppe* is not original because the mere sound source of the music was not physically crafted from scratch by Vektroid herself? The contrast in affective experience between Macintosh Plus and Diana Ross could not be further apart: the former is a dread-inducing, hypnagogic trip and the latter is an upbeat pop anthem. Just like copyright law has falsely equated copying with theft, it too has incorrectly portrayed sampling as identical to plagiarism. Plagiarism is when an identical or near-identical work is published without credit to the initial author; sampling is the creative re-interpretation of a previous work as but one colour in an entirely new painting. Some of the most innovative and mind-blowingly musical projects from the past two decades have been built entirely on samples: The Avalanches' *Since I Left You*, death's dynamic shroud's *I'll Try Living Like This* and Chuck Person's *Eccojams Vol. 1*. Yet, these artists are legally prohibited from selling these works in their intended forms on any sort of scale. With this in mind, can we still pretend copyright protects artists' rewards?

Beyond the legal iron wall of copyright lies the potential for utopia, both financial and creative. Piracy and peer-to-peer filesharing is not only the most effective means of archiving and storing in the internet age, but also presents artists with revenue streams that would never have been open to them otherwise: listeners who turn to fans and buy physical media from artists, fans who then choose to donate to artists because they have enjoyed the experience of their works (Bandcamp Fridays, anyone?), and fans who might not be able to financially access these experiences, who pass them on and recommend them to people who do – all pathways that eschew the landlord middlemen of streaming services like Spotify. And with free and open access to musical material, where derivative sampling can finally be seen as creativity-per-se, we might just get some of the sickest beats to have ever graced human ears.

¡Bailar esta noche! ¡Revolución mañana! Exploring screamo beyond the Anglosphere

Seamas Pragnell goes on a noisy deep dive.

Screamo is a polarising and often mislabelled genre, with its fair share of stans and online communities who are passionately committed to debating the genre. To define screamo: it is an extreme form of hardcore punk most notably associated with its screeching vocals, distorted guitars, frenetic drumming and emotional lyrics. While screamo is traditionally understood as consisting of the various East and West Coast American acts of the late 1990s and early 2000s – including Heroin, Orchid, Pg. 99 and Jeromes Dream – it also has a thriving scene of non-English speaking bands which are celebrated both abroad and within the Anglosphere.

From Raein in Italy, to Daitro in France, Envy in Japan, Piri Reis in Malaysia and Coreia in Spain, screamo has spread globally, establishing important scenes well beyond the stretches of American hardcore's musical hegemony. This hegemony is a result of the United States' importance in establishing various forms of hardcore and punk. While other forms of hardcore and punk have significant scenes globally, many of the acts that are from beyond the Anglosphere are still entrenched in Anglocentricism, with many tending to only use English vocals because of the mass influence

of music from the Anglosphere, with English-speaking listeners often failing to engage with non-English speaking bands. Yet, this differs in screamo, as it is one of the few smaller genres which maintains strong and active bands with non-English vocals.

So why has screamo, unlike other forms of hardcore and punk, managed to spawn so many relatively large acts outside of the Anglosphere? Most obviously, screamo usually has unintelligible vocals, English or not, as the comprehension of lyrics is often less important than in other genres. Additionally, online platforms like Bandcamp and RateYourMusic have allowed for the spread of, and increased support for, non-English bands, which is only reinforced by the passionate degree to which most screamo fans are invested in the genre.

Screamo, like most forms and offshoots of hardcore and punk, is heavily invested in 'the scene' and its emphasis on the direct support of artists, many of whom rely on the communal support of fans to purchase their merch and music. Screamo bands need this support to release music, as the less-accessible nature of the genre limits the extent to which they can rely on popular and commercial success to support themselves. The

passion of screamo fans for the genre also urges listeners to delve deeper within the genre itself, with the depths of RateYourMusic acting as a platform through which this exploration can take place. This can notably be seen on the genre chart of screamo on RateYourMusic where numerous non-English acts are within the top 50 albums, a stark contrast to most other genres found on the site. There are also numerous albums lists on RateYourMusic about foreign language screamo, from lists comprising various Japanese and Ex-Yugoslavian screamo acts to lists written by Spanish-speaking users for other Spanish-speaking users. This cultivation of non-English screamo, and screamo more broadly, is celebrated on these platforms within both English and non-English speaking circles.

The significance of non-English screamo has found itself not only within its engagement by listeners and fans of the genre, but also in the influence that many non-English bands have had in encouraging the use of native languages by other screamo bands outside of the Anglosphere. The Malaysian act Daghlia claim on their Bandcamp that they "took the foundation laid by the bands that ruled euro in the mid 90's", while another

Malaysian act, Piri Reis, state that they are "definitely influenced by European screamo" – referring to the tradition of Italian, French, and Russian screamo which developed in the late 1990s and early 2000s. It is clear that the spread of non-English screamo has inspired and supported other artists outside of the Anglosphere to create their music outside of the English-language hegemony of hardcore music.

The communal and passionate nature of screamo scenes has allowed for the creation, proliferation and promotion of non-English language bands, and has allowed for the empowerment of non-English language artists despite the less accessible and uncommercial nature of the genre. It's important that we consider and explore screamo as a niche art which defies the traditional norms of the Anglosphere and of the US hardcore hegemony. In our increasingly globalised world, screamo acts as a beacon proving that alternative non-English art and media can gain traction outside and within the Anglosphere, beyond the few hyper-commercial and capital driven cultural artefacts which have pierced English-speaking capitalist culture, like K-Pop and reggaeton.

Spectator love and embarrassment online

Jess Page has been reading your love letters.

When I first started at university, a second-year friend told me to follow USYD Love Letters on Facebook. I was new to Facebook at the time, so it was essential student reading. If you're a social anthropologist studying how university students think about love and dating, there's a lot to unpack there. Some of it's funny, most of it's harmless, a lot of it's cringey.

USYD Love Letters (now USYD Love Letters Revived) has over 20,000 likes on Facebook. Most, if not all, students on campus are amusedly aware of its existence. Most posts and accompanying comments are plainly inside jokes, interspersed with sincere applications or advertisements of oneself to the online community. Posts often follow the same formula:

To (subject of adoration) + you are so (amazing / hot / cute) + but would you notice me? + plea for coffee / a date / permission to fantasize

It doesn't take long to see the practical flaw in these posts. On the basic level of finding love (excluding advertisements that could actually yield a result) these posts are pointless. And the submitters know this. So why do they still contribute them, aside from getting a rise out of their mates?

And why do students lap it up? The students who submit love letters want the basic gratification of having their feelings heard and acknowledged. It's a temporary spark of love-nourishment. The students who receive them, however, may get little out of the experience, other than temporary embarrassment or an awkward laugh with their friends who tag them in the comments.

This type of anonymously submitted content represents the illogicality of the initial stage of attraction. It demonstrates the kind of impulsiveness that inspires someone to submit their feelings to a Facebook page, rather than ever approach the subject of their affections, and it allows something interesting to happen. The submission and publication of these love letters voyeuristically allows the entire Facebook community of students to enjoy the untelevised, awkward, real embarrassment of young adult attraction whittled away into its most raw, bite-size form.

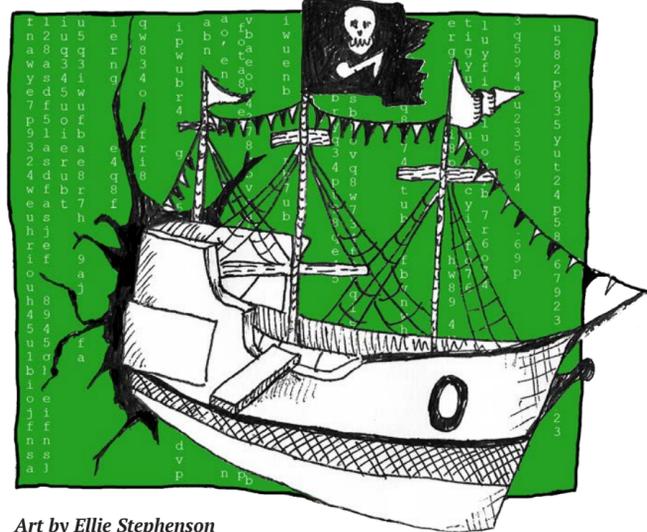
A scroll through USYD Love Letters shows paragraphs upon paragraphs of internal monologue that we don't usually get access to, outside our own heads. To see a nameless random

throw out, into the digital ether, the proposition of a date to a cute girl in his economics class validates our own internal, sometimes nonsensical, feelings and decisions when it comes to love and crushes.

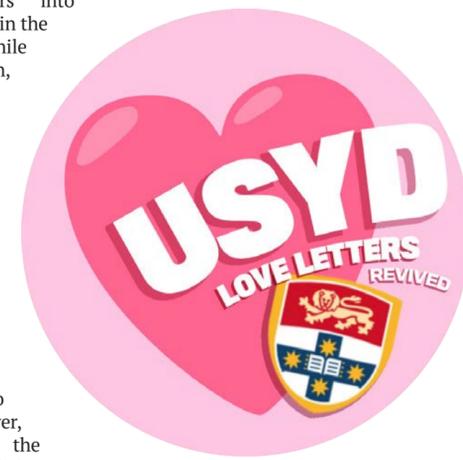
On a darker level, these pages set the submitters up for failure. Comments are rarely encouraging (nor should they necessarily be), creating an environment which goads anonymous submitters into divulging their feelings in the internet's safe space, while the rest of us watch, laughing, from behind our computer screens.

The last 13 months have thrown new light on our sources of entertainment, distraction and escapism. USYD Love Letters, and other pages like it, existed before the pandemic and will probably continue to exist afterwards. However, what they show is the emergence of love and dating

as a spectator sport. As opposed to the facade of reality TV, the encounters we see on USYD Love Letters are often quick, transient and unfulfilled. If you pour your heart out online, even anonymously, you subject yourself to mockery. For passive consumers of this content, love, failure, and cringe is the point of it all.



Art by Ellie Stephenson



Review: Klara and the Sun by Kazuo Ishiguro

Stuart Rich reviews Ishiguro's first publication since winning the Nobel Prize in the lead up to the Sydney Writers' Festival.

For the twentieth-century psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan, aesthetics is necessarily constituted by a central hollowness, an unspeakable void; 'all art,' he claims, 'is characterised by a certain mode of organisation around this emptiness'. Klara and the Sun, the latest novel by Kazuo Ishiguro, and his first since winning the Nobel Prize, seems to support Lacan's thesis. It is a novel concerned with lack – with knowing and not-knowing. This primary dilemma is not only articulated thematically, but ultimately involves a problem of narrative epistemology, because Ishiguro's project is to dissect and anatomise the vagaries of the heart from the perspective of a narrator, a character who cannot understand them at all because she is a machine.

Klara is an 'Artificial Friend,' designed to provide companionship to children in a vaguely grim near-future neoliberal hellscape. Teenagers are taught at home by their 'screen professors', parents host 'interaction meetings' to acclimatise their lonely children to normal social interaction, and the adults bat around terms like 'post-employed' with frightening ease. Those who can afford it have their children 'lifted' – enhanced by genetic editing – but this is a

dangerous procedure which leaves some recipients, like Josie, grievously ill. Thus, when Josie and her mother walk for the first time past the shop window where Klara spends her days on display, Ishiguro sets in motion an unstoppable boulder of a narrative, gathering emotional heft until it rolls, suddenly, over the cliff edge into the void, and a dreadful possibility is disclosed.

Ishiguro's prose is characteristically bloodless and transparent, and it aptly conveys both Klara's impeccably mannered dialogue and the naïve, wide-eyed quality of her observations. Klara is at once highly perspicacious and yet totally innocent of the ways of the world; her narration is affecting precisely because it is so unaffected and unadorned. One day, when a pair of old friends recognise each other across the street outside, Klara watches one of them 'raise a fist to one of his eyes, in the way I'd seen some children do in the store when they got upset.' When the long-separated pair finally embrace, 'holding each other so tightly they were like one large person,' Klara observes to her manager that 'they seem so happy ... But it's strange because they also seem upset.' Even after Josie picks her out at the store and she is taken home, Klara spends much of her

time observing others, for, as she explains, 'the more I observe, the more feelings become available to me.' Josie's mother's response is swift and cynical: 'In that case, maybe you shouldn't be so keen to observe.' Here is illustrated a pattern which recurs throughout the novel in manifold variations: Klara, who wishes to understand the heart, but can't, is hopelessly at cross purposes with the adult humans around her, who could understand, but don't want to.

The limits of Klara's vision are not only mental but also quite physical, and the close correspondence between these two modes of knowledge in the novel deepens its sensitive rendering of her predicament. Her artificial vision is partitioned into a mosaic of boxes, which sometimes become skewed and distorted, splintered into a matrix of contradictory perceptions which she cannot reconcile. Klara is eternally poised in the gulf between perception and understanding – a gulf over which she cannot leap, however hard she may try.

Klara's innocence is figured most powerfully in two sequences where she participates in a hallucinatory communion with the Sun, having seen convinced herself, because she herself is solar-powered, that he

is a benevolent deity who may be persuaded into helping the ailing Josie. There is a happy resolution to her quest to recruit the Sun's 'special help', and the ending towards which the plot seems to have been slouching is averted. But herein lies one of the novel's weaknesses. No longer building up to a crescendo of immense and awful possibility, the tempo dissipates, and Ishiguro's crisp prose begins to thicken into watery oatmeal. His signature narratorial techniques of temporal translocation and retrospection start to feel awkwardly conscious of themselves, and the end of the novel is peppered with dialogue so aimless and clichéd that it borders on the truly perverse.

Notwithstanding these blemishes, however, once the main plot is resolved, our attention is turned to a question we may not previously have considered. What happens to Klara, Josie's childhood companion, when Josie is all grown up? When the answer is revealed in the last few pages, Ishiguro, the master of pathos without sentiment, is in full form. Klara is content with her new fate, blissfully unaware of the contortions of the human heart that have landed her there – but the audience is all too aware, and understands all too well.

Review: Sydney French Film Festival

Harry Gay feels love is in the air.

Palace Cinema's held their annual French Film Festival this March, sponsored by the Alliance Française de Sydney language school. This year featured a diverse showcase of genres and styles, with films tackling LGBTQIA+ identity, racism, immigration, sexism, and more. The running theme of the 2021 festival seemed to be love – whether in the title of the films themselves, the stories of characters and their love for one another, or even plastered on the wall of scenes in big neon lettering. From a vast pool of films, I got a chance to see five that from their plot summaries alone really excited me. These included *The Man Who Sold His Skin*, *Summer of 85*, *Love Affair(s)*, *Little Girl*, and *Gagarine*. They all present various depictions of the body: their tactility, relation to others, interaction in space. All of this is done to advocate for an overall message of love for our fellow human beings and to provide pathways to empathy to marginalised groups.

Directed by Kaouther Ben Hania and nominated for Best International Feature at the 2021 Oscars, *The Man Who Sold His Skin* (TMWSHS, hereafter), tells the story of a Syrian refugee, Sam Ali, as he lends his body to an eccentric artist to be toured around Europe as a last-ditch effort to reunite with his lost love. The film features a stellar performance from its lead Yahya Mahayni, who won the Horizon's Best Actor Award at the 2020 Venice Film Festival. The story keeps

you on the edge of your seat with a plot that twists and turns and has surprises waiting around every corner. TMWSHS uses Sam's body and the various artists poking, prodding, moving and selling of it to parallel human trafficking, and to satirise the art world's dual empathy and distance to the horrors of our world. The extreme lengths Sam pushes his body, getting a large tattoo of an immigration pass on his back, evokes the extreme lengths refugees go to to migrate. One scene that stuck out, in particular, was when Sam is being sold in an art auction, a scene that ushers in connotations of the slave trade.

Alongside this, I also watched acclaimed director François Ozon's newest film, *Summer of 85*, a freewheeling ride through a small town in 1980's France, with its young protagonist falling for the suave charm of an older boy. This gay love story features a great soundtrack of classic hits, with one nightclub scene, in particular, utilising Rod Stewart's song *Sailing* to great effect. While the plot can feel a little jumbled at points, with a rushed third act conflict that feels like it comes out of nowhere, *Summer of 85* is still a moving and electric time at the movie theatre. In a similar vein to TMWSHS, *Summer of 85* presents the interaction of bodies in space, composed of meetings being arranged by brief encounters and sudden coincidences, and intimate close-ups emphasising the tactility of every scene

of skin against skin. These close-ups, particularly when the boys are bare naked, push the body's boundaries into abstract territories, with the mounds of hips and the slopes of their broad shoulders becoming strange shapes in a complex arrangement of parts.

Echoing *Summer of 85*'s abstracting of the human form through close-up, Emmanuel Mouret's *Love Affair(s)* is a comedic romp through the urban and the pastoral. Told in flashback, its two leads Daphne and Maxime (played by Camélia Jordana and Niels Schneider, respectively), regale a twisting a turning plot of parallel love affairs, with the film questioning the moral and ethical implications of monogamy and infidelity; asking us to see love after our 'happily ever after.' The moving of bodies from one to another becomes like pieces moving across a chessboard, and the tactile nature of bodies is accentuated in an intimate montage halfway through the film where Maxime and his lover trace their fingertips along each other's bare skin. Moving away from romantic love to more familial love and even self-love, *Little Girl* is a documentary about a transgender girl and her difficult journey to be recognised as her identifying gender by her school. Shot almost entirely in extreme close-up, *Little Girl* fully embodies Peng Liyuan's assertion that "eyes are the windows to the soul." The audience is emotionally moved and brought to tears by scenes

of the eponymous child or her mother crying from the stress of the situation. The way the film frames these bodies in close proximity with us and cross cuts between these claustrophobic images forces us to create pathways of love and empathy for the documentary's subjects.

Mirroring the other film's relations of their subjects and their spaces, *Gagarine* is set in a housing project on its last legs, with a diverse cast of leads refusing to leave when the building is set for demolition. In the film, bodies are intrinsically tied to space, and the protagonist Youri's interaction with the building makes up the majority of the film. The most stunning sequence sees him flying through *Gagarine*, which he refers to and views as his spaceship. His desire to transform the world around him into a science fiction epic evokes a deeper yearning to escape the stronghold and gravity of poverty that keeps him on the ground.

In this way, this year's French Film Festival presented a powerful message of love through the film's dissolving of the body and overemphasis of the tactility and abstract nature of skin. Following the tumultuous year that was 2020, with questions being raised around the world regarding how we all interact with each other as human bodies moving through space, these films couldn't be more prevalent in our contextual milieu.

Review: Supahoney

Maddy Briggs reviews live music at Newtown's Waywards.

For the first time since COVID began, Newtown's Waywards was overflowing with people and beer. It was local Sydney band Supahoney's first gig post-sitting restrictions, and they managed to sell it out (and then some).

For most, the feeling of sweaty arms grazing against each other was going to take some getting used to. The audience was united by a giddiness for the closeness of a crowd, brought together by their love of music. While milling with anticipation on the sticky floor, there was still a hesitance – are we really allowed to do this again?

Comedian Will Gibb kicked everything off. He toyed with the

audience like a tiger with a ball; his favourite targets were a group of re-earred, supportive mums in the corner. His jokes helped the rusty crowd settle into the show, letting them breathe a little.

Kosher Groove hit the stage next with a flurry of technicoloured sound. Their smooth, jazz-dipped tunes made it impossible not to dance. Their use of musical space was spectacular. Each note was deliberately-crafted; each member knew exactly when to sit back and when to take the spotlight blazing.

Supahoney began their set with a swirling intro, kept steady by bassist Declan Heraghty and garnished by

Review of SUSO Presents: *Playing Together (Separately)*

Samuel Garrett reviews SUSO's first concert of the year.

After a difficult year in which the pandemic forced the Sydney University Symphony Orchestra (SUSO) to cancel two concerts and regular rehearsals, *Playing Together (Separately)* showcased an impressive array of chamber music and offered hope for the full-fledged return of campus orchestral music in 2021. Unable to play together as one, a kind of orchestra-by-rotation emerged. Seven alternating wind and string chamber groups provided variety and formed a cogent whole that put SUSO's depth of talent on full display – the performance certainly lived up to its name.

Ligeti's *Six Bagatelles*, unusual for its chromaticism and dissonance

(which contributed to its one-time banning by Soviet authorities), began the concert with a bracing opening, before a gentle recital of Ravel's *String Quartet in F Major*, which featured particularly enjoyable pizzicato in its second movement. Friedman's *Zephyr Dances* for brass provided the concert with a notably jovial accent and was followed by the highlight of Dvořák's lovely *Serenade for Strings*, which was bolstered by the largest chamber group of the afternoon.

A series of folk tunes followed, whereupon an "extremely strong westerly wind" reportedly nearly blew in the front doors, according to SUSO President and flautist Belinda Zhang. Thanks to Zhang's heroic

Review: The First Avenger

Marlow Hurst reflects on one of Marvel's forgotten gems.

Captain America: The First Avenger is an oft forgotten gem. Lost in the early days of the MCU, The First Avenger was an earnest and charming entry in the franchise. A departure from Iron Man, The First Avenger is honest and sincere; devoid of any cynicism and without pretension. It straddles a line between isolation and connection beautifully, hitting all the world-building notes required of an MCU entry without getting bogged down in the quagmire of a connected universe.

Chris Evans' performance as Steve Rogers is so endearing, that it's hard to imagine anyone else in the role. Sebastian Stan is roguishly delightful, straightforward in his dedication to Steve but no less captivating for it. Hugo Weaving almost steals the show with his absolutely outstanding performance as Red Skull. He brings

camp and killer together in an exquisite union, making any scene he's in a pleasure to watch. The supporting cast is no less integral, if anything - they round it out in force. Toby Jones' Arnim Zola is so beautifully unsettling, I find my skin crawling in his presence. Hayley Atwell's Peggy Carter is devilishly no-nonsense, playing the straight-man when needed without being a complete stiff. Stanley Tucci is beyond words — but I will try my best. His portrayal of Doctor Erskine is heartwarming, heart-wrenching, and just a little bit cheeky. Tommy Lee Jones' Colonel Phillips is a personal favourite of mine — you can tell Jones is truly in his element here, barking out gruff orders and cracking wise. Finally, Dominic Cooper's Howard Stark was a visionary choice. With Tony Stark being the MCU's brightest

Ciaran Heraghty's silvery cymbals. Above it, Ben Lopes captivated the audience as he tackled his guitar with a double bass bow. They carried their listeners, winding up and up before exploding into their first song, *Zygoat*. The audience was trapped in their dizzying post-rock haze within the first thirty seconds.

Dylan Wallace proved himself as an electric frontman. During their second song — a punchy warning siren for the young, called *Timothy* — he began to wade through the mosh. As the bridge between performers and audience crumbled, so did any of the crowd's residual nerves.

Live, Supahoney leave behind

their old material and their long-haired teenage punk past, and instead showcase a new, weathered complexity. Each song is carefully built from the ground up; the unique beauty in their music comes from how the intricate layers lock into each other.

Warming up a bashful audience that have spent a year in hibernation is surely a Sisyphean task, but Supahoney have been pushing their own rock up a hill for a long time. After Waywards, that rock is closer to the top than it's ever been before.

Supahoney's new track Timothy will be available April 30th on Spotify.

efforts, however, the doors remained intact, and the concert continued, unimpeded. Brahms' powerful *String Sextet No. 1* and an entertaining rendition of Bizet perennial favourite *Carmen Suite* brought the two-hour display of impressive and moving musical talent to a close.

The concert was held in the Chapel at St Andrew's College, an intimate setting, and one mercifully unaffected by the ventilation problems which left performers sweltering during a November concert at the same location. It is, however, a venue borne of necessity, given not only social-distancing requirements, but severe financial constraints.

Despite consistently delivering

high-quality, well-attended performances, SUSO faces funding shortages and a chronic lack of University support. Hiring the Great Hall, SUSO's home venue, costs the orchestra \$6,490 a day — an obscene sum for an organisation largely reliant on increasingly limited Clubs & Societies funding. In this light, *Playing Together (Separately)* was a joyous and compelling reminder of the value of classical music on campus. One would hope that such a performance would move the University to better support its performing ensembles, if only it were willing to listen.

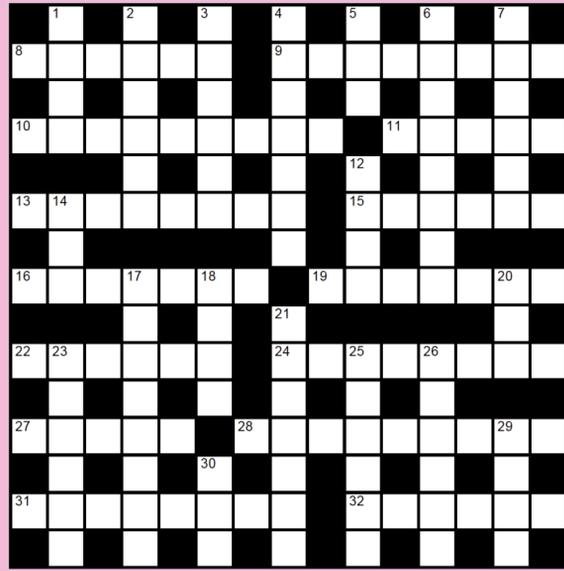
ground, with its sole survivor claiming to have "fought to the last man" — you can be sure he says "Evidently not" before shooting him where he stood.

In many ways, The First Avenger is more of a comic book adaptation than any other MCU film. What sets it apart most is that it feels like a comic book above all. Topped off with "Star Spangled Man," a jaunty, jazzy and absolutely electric original musical number, which never fails to make me dream of a universe where the MCU was a franchise of musicals more than a series of action-adventures.

With the release of Falcon and the Winter Soldier, we see Captain America's story come to a close and begin anew. So if you want to study up before sitting down for a binge viewing, Captain America: The First Avenger is such a comfort to watch.

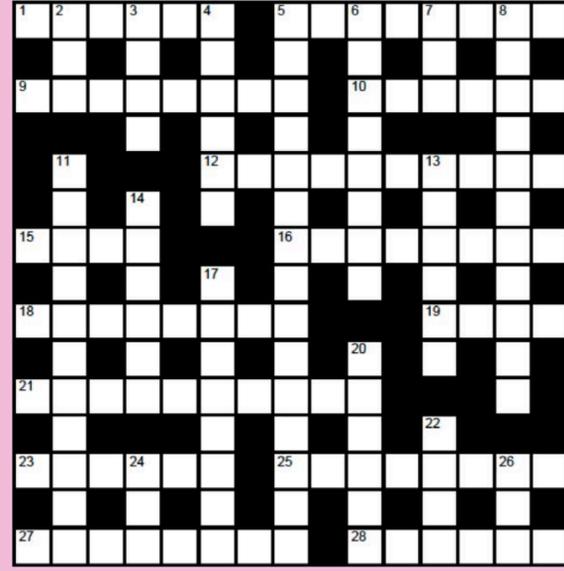
Cryptic Crossword

By Clou D. Runner



2nd Best Quick Crossword

By Some Hack



Across

- 1 An airplane that has lost 3 out of 4 of its engines will have only this (3,3)
- 5 Idiom: ___ in the ___ mold (4,4)
- 9 Alakazam, Drowzee, Mewtwo (8)
- 10 Female mythological spirit concerned with nature (6)
- 12 Fat Boy was one (6,4)
- 15 Superhero: ___ Cage (4)
- 16 8 Down was one of these in 1960 (8)
- 18 19th century British Prime Minister: Benjamin... (8)
- 19 Dutch football Team and hero in Greek mythology (4)
- 21 Someone who runs for office (1,9)
- 23 Catherine the Great was a leader of this country (6)
- 25 Very quick or immediate (2,1,5)
- 27 80s television show with characters like John Hannibal Smith and B.A. Baracus (8)
- 28 A Roman and Shakespearean Mark (6)

Down

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

Across

- 8 Man, Fran Kelly cuts LNL and First Edition (6)
- 9 Monster? No, French man holding odd shrub (8)
- 10 Nani? Tsars bizarrely going around with peasants' headwear! (9)
- 11 Rapes, pillages with Viking weapon (5)
- 13 Reverend, Princess Mary raise a Northern European animal (8)
- 15 Cinema adaptation for Ötzi? (6)
- 16 Alloy developed with 33% Tin and Yttrium for a strong bond (7)
- 19 Level 4 of Wentworth and the bottom of ABS are isolated places (7)
- 22 Say, are you to be here endlessly? You have a resilient quality! (6)
- 24 Attacker was reportedly a seafarer (8)
- 27 Copy the best Bond (5)
- 28 I got Coles by mistake—I prefer the green alternative (9)
- 31 Tosca act revolutionised musical technique (8)
- 32 Cuts of meat? (6)

Down

- 1 Tangoes around half the room moving with a steady pace (4)
- 2 Fashionable Ivan changes appearance unsuccessfully (2,4)
- 3 Secretly, cheese has a little fruit (6)
- 4 I nut regularly in bedroom—it's how babies come about (2,5)
- 5 Japanese artist loves holding John's bottom (3)
- 6 Spooner's bar brawler gets a court order (8)
- 7 A tank devastated with a badass weapon (6)
- 12 Kyle ignores integrity, sophistication, leadership at this station (4)
- 14 I love *Godfather Part I*, *Eraserhead*, *Up...* (3)
- 17 ...the ending of *Casablanca*, *First Man*, *Batman Begins*, the opening of *Inglourious Basterds*, *Middle Men*, *The Last Tycoon*, *Second Act*, and the first half of *E.T.* They have a great atmosphere! (8)
- 18 Period piece of writer Mary Renault (4)
- 20 Colour between red and yellow? (3)
- 21 Car reverses over firm round pole, something that often gets hit on the road (7)
- 23 German water transport to a bus interchange (6)
- 25 Make waves with a sensational news story (6)
- 26 Wearing clothing in daring early-seventies style (2,4)
- 29 Type of wine has odd sparkle (4)
- 30 Leads many a pirate! (3)

G for Geography Quiz

All answers begin with the letter G.

1. Which name links both an Australian city and the former name of an African country?
2. What place does the G in GMT stand for?
3. What country is the primary setting of the "Mamma Mia!" films?
4. Footballers Michael Essien, Asamoah Gyan and Adebidi Pele were born in what country?
5. What was the first member state to leave the European Union?
6. Name the five countries in Africa that start with the letter G.

Want all your problems solved? Visit honisoit.com for answers

THE BOOT

BREAKING NEWS: Student spends midsem break doing fuck all

Marlow Hurst and Jeffrey Khoo report.

In a shocking announcement, undergraduate student Jenina Pastizi announced that she had not done a single thing of worth during her midsemester break. Despite a pre-break promise to both her friends and tutor, Ms. Pastizi could not bring herself to complete a single assignment or even a quiz.

denies vehemently. SRC President Swapnik Sanagavarapu condemned the lack of transparency surrounding Ms. Pastizi's academic affairs.

"If a student makes a promise like that, I think it's in the public interest that we know why she couldn't follow through."

"I thought about it a couple of times, but then I stopped thinking about it and started thinking about other things. Ya know?"

Ms. Pastizi responded to these criticisms by saying she is "literally just vibing here - bestie vibes only pls Swap".

Vibing or not, Jenina has lost all credibility with the student community. Will any of her promises be believed again?

Sources close to Ms. Pastizi claim that she never had any intention to work during her midsemester break. A claim that she

Honi Soit retracts Sinophobic article after discovering the GLORY OF XI JINPING. ALL HAIL XI! /p.666

First look: Philip's posthumous VOGUE photoshoot



In this issue

Media and Communications faculty drops 'Communications' from its name after complaints that it struggles to communicate to students / p 420

Local softboi Anal Sludge hasn't read Ulysses but shares his opinion on it anyway / p 38

Liberals defend *Honi's* right to free speech but draw the line at images of Mark Scott photoshopped to have enormous nipples / p 88

Morrison claims Australia's current course of Astra-Zeneca can't be changed after the March census date / p 0

Counterfeit Black Star pastries found in Taste Baguette police raid / p 999

USyd unveils new space for campus protests in Carslaw broom closet / p 420

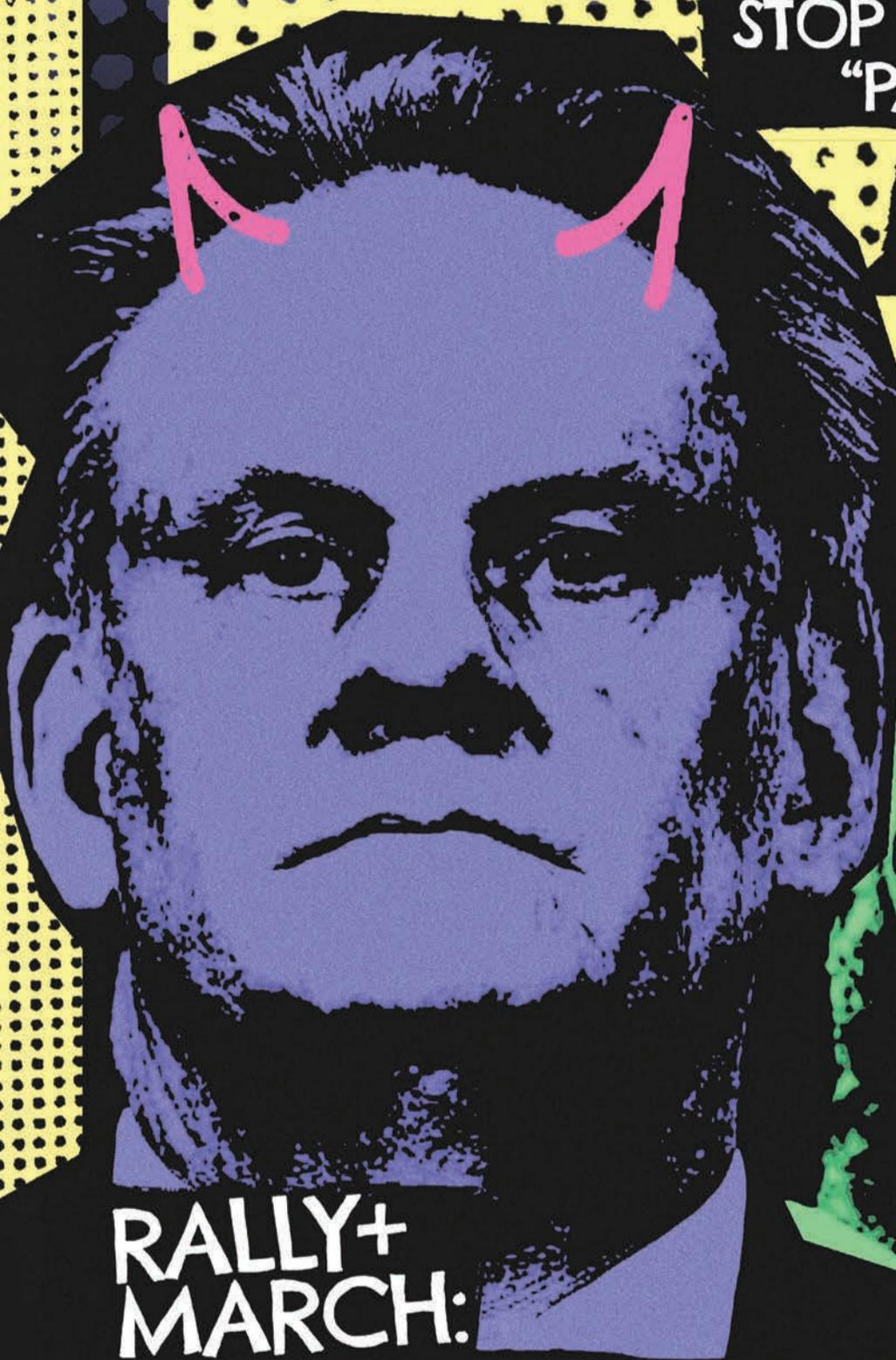
Redfern cat announces bid for USU board / p 420

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PROTECT TRANS YOUTH

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"PARENTAL FREEDOMS" BILL

NO TO THE LIBERALS'
"RELIGIOUS FREEDOMS" BILL



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1PM SATURDAY
17 APRIL

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