

Honi Soit

WEEK 8, 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 documented Indigenous deaths in custody since the 1991 Royal Commision.

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.

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Janina Osinsao.

Editorial

Honi Soit editors are insufferable. After a week of sitting in the depths of the Wentworth Building, on Saturday we relocated to — yet another confined space — Deandre’s bedroom. The party raged on outside and yet we spent most of our time sitting on the floor with each other — as if we don’t already waste the rest of the week circling each other’s orbits.

Nevertheless, one of my favourite parts of editing this paper is holding it in my hands on Wednesdays. I flick through its coloured pages and hear Juliette’s dissent. Deandre’s writing always reminds me of his insistence that he’s more sincere over text, but Shania’s formal complaints to the grievance officers say otherwise. There’s barely a standfirst in this paper that hasn’t been conjured up by Marlow or a spread that hasn’t been saved by Vivienne. As I sit here in the OB room and write this, Claire and Max are cackling about [CENSORED]. There really is no soundproofing in the SRC offices. Jeffrey’s organisation

and Sam’s perpetual cool get us through many a lay up, mid week zoom, and crisis meeting. I couldn’t imagine a Sunday without them. God they’re good!

This edition celebrates the buildings we’ll mourn and the furry faces we hope to see more of on campus. Leah Bruce memorialises Bosch Commons on page 10 — home of the first year English lecture and the hungover college student churning out their ENGO1001 essay after a long night at the Sals. I will miss their withering stares as I refill my water bottle one too many times. Maxim Adams infamously drew fantastic animals in Kindergarten we attended. I’m pleased to confirm all these years later he still lives up to the hype (page 7).

There is also an unprecedented amount of music-related content. Maybe now my parents will forgive me for never reading *1001 Songs*, or for the years of my early childhood

that I dismissed Bob Dylan. Maddy Briggs calls her father to discuss the avant-garde on page 17. It reminds me of long tense discussions with my own father about the new Olivia Rodrigo track or Radio Birdman. I think our parents would get along, so long as Gary Briggs doesn’t mention *The Gravy Song*. On page 16 Tasia Kuznichenko extols the virtues of Miike Snow. I’ve been lucky enough to spend the past four years listening to her musings on contemporary pop, so I’m glad she’s finally sharing them with all of you. And thank you to Janina Osinsao for the beautiful cover.

Thank you all for writing in this edition.

Next round’s on me.
Alice Trenoweth-Creswell

Letters

Former President Puzzled

Dear *Honi Soit* editors,

You bullies should spend more time on your crosswords and less time making my life misery.

Liam Donohoe

Bitchy Baroness

Dear Honi Soit,

For a paper that has no integrity worth compromising, I sure do have a bone to pick with you. As a devout monarchist, I am extremely offended by the article and pictures you have published in ‘THE BOOT.’ I only took the slander to dear Prince Phillip lightly because he has passed on into the land of our lord and saviour Jesus Christ, but what you did last week amounts to blasphemy of the highest order and I hope all of you scabs enjoy burning in hell.

Unkindly,

Beverly Winchester,
Baroness of Kent

For whom the bell tolls

Dear University of Sydney,

As I went to go to sleep last night (as I work on Sundays - yes, we exist!) I was interrupted by clanging chime of your famous bells. You might not know this, having not lived in the inner west before, but noise travels very easily. As a mole person living in the sewers under the quad, let me tell you that the noise of those travels very far. Me and my mole family were kept up all night because a couple of hooligan carillonners decided they’d have a joy ride on the pedalboard. I am DISGUSTED, I am DISGRACED, and above all - I WAS LATE TO MOLE WORK! I didn’t

call the police because they don’t understand mole language, but if they did, I would have told them all about your evening racket. There are laws against this sort of thing you know! I am not an unreasonable mole person and given some proper limitations, I don’t see why our mole colony and your bell tower can’t co-exist.

Regards,

Chester Moleman

Ask Abe

Dear Abe,

I am an employee of the Student Centre here at the University. When COVID struck, all staff were required to work from home. As my colleagues and I are horrendously underpaid and overworked, none of us had a reliable internet connection at home, so we all began coming into Fisher Library to do work. We set up shop in a quiet corner of the storage stacks. Overburdened by a brutal cost-cutting corporate management structure, my colleagues and I began spending days on end in the library, hunching further and further over our keyboards as we tried our best to keep up with the piles of special considerations applications, transfer requests and ID card printing.

In our dingy windowless dungeon, the days blended into one under Fisher’s fluorescent lights. One night, exhausted, I collapsed into a deep sleep in front of my desktop. Waking the next morning, I found myself and my colleagues transformed into gigantic insects, with shiny brown exoskeletons and a profusion of limbs. Shocked by this sudden transformation, we applied to management for medical leave, but were rebuffed, instead receiving profuse praise for our increased

efficiency — extra limbs do wonders for your typing speed.

I have recently uncovered some GIPA documents which suggest that Stephen Garton is aware of our plight, and has commissioned research into “end-uses of entomological administration solutions.”

Abe, is uni management trying to breed an underground network of insectoid admin workers to avoid paying workers and reopening the student centre?

Grateful your advice.

Cheers,

Greg Samuels

Insect incident

Hi Greg,

Thanks for your letter. You are certainly in a sticky situation. As a prominent campus canine, hopefully I can provide some solutions. My advice is to unionise. Unfortunately, the CUPUW, NTEU and CPSU are all notoriously anthropocentric. However, I am presently in talks with a high profile baboon in the Department of Medicine down near Prince Alfred to form a new union representing the uni’s inhuman employees. Woof! Please let me know if you are interested — though stay away from that old union-busting thug, Redfern Cat. As to whether the uni is assembling an army of insectoid admin workers to undercut, outsource and centralise existing structures, it wouldn’t surprise me.

Best,

Abe.



Miss Soit

Sydney Uni’s SAUCIEST socialite!

Dear plumptious beauties,

Tingling ticket

It looks like there are a few more prickly panthers ready to pounce on next year’s Honi editorship! My sex-slaves-turned-spies have informed me that Lauren ‘Look At Me’ Lancaster and Zara ‘Zaddy’ Zadro’s tiny ticket is getting bigger, with Amelia ‘Ravishing’ Raines, Kisser Khanh Tran, Perky Patrick McKenzie, Rhea ‘Taskmaster’ Thomas, and Joker Joe Fi(d)ler entering their sweaty *playpen*. For the sake of this (cum) rag, let’s hope they don’t find themselves in some dirty drama or elected uncontested like our current *Honi* sexpests were!

Useless fucks

What’s going on with USyd’s prized and perverted power couple? I received a *tasty tip* that in the most recent Senate meeting, Guzzling Gabi Stricker-Phallus-Phelps and Lubricated-and-Latexed Lachlan Finch voted to cut staff budgets and renew the uni’s ProctorU contract! Have our self-pleasuring student reps been getting too *snuggly* with our saggy scrotumed Senate? When they asked to have a *little peek* of the meeting minutes, editors were mercilessly *edged* and told to wait a month. I presume there was too much moaning to transcribe.

Rugby romp

Something *fishy* is going on in the shit-filled St Andrews College. Macho Max the Packing Pussycat (not our one!) has told me the Drews Rugby Team were *reprimanded* — perhaps even suspended — for some *dirty deeds* done in a college room. Don’t you worry, my dearies. I promise to get to the bottom of this sinful scandal.

Milked dry

While my plotting pets always keep me *satiated* with gossip, sometimes I need to *summon* the husky hotties in the University’s Media Department. But after a *scorching hot* news week, our *eager* editors have been *disciplined* in *unimaginable positions* for seeking too many requests for comment and setting “unreasonable” deadlines. Perhaps I have *milked* our ‘University Spokesperson’ dry? Or maybe Stephen ‘Gangbang’ Garton should consider hiring some more hunks to do PR (Penetrative Rimming)?

What’s on this week

Queer Revue

Thursday 29 April to 1 May
The Seymour

Queer Revue presents Cirque du So-Gay! This cabaret of queer fun features the best talent on campus and jumps through hoops to entertain. Directed by Charlie Hollands and Jess Snelleman, Cirque du So-Gay is sure to blow your thigh-high socks off.

12 Week Semester Protest

Thursday 29 April, 1pm
Fisher Library

Do you wanna fight the university’s proposal to cut the semester down to 12 weeks? Well this protest is for you! Come along to Fisher Library on April 29 to push back against the Uni’s encroaching neo-liberal regime.

Pokemon League AGM

Thursday 29 April, 7pm

If you’re a member of the Pokemon League, then come along and vote or nominate in the upcoming AGM. Even if you’re not seeking to legitimately engage with the society, you can come along and stack the society for your faction!

The end of the world

Unknown

Scientists speculate that the world will end one day - they’re not sure when, but they’re certain it’ll happen at some point. On the off chance that the world does end shortly after this edition goes to print, here’s your advance warning!

Write, create and produce for Honi Soit

Forever and ever

Interested in reporting or making art for Australia’s largest, oldest and best student newspaper? Email us at editors@honsoit.com or message us over on our Facebook, Twitter or Instagram pages.

Write to us!!



Tired of waiting a month for USyd rants to post your submission? Want to have a go at one of our articles or declare your love for Miss Soit?

Email your letters to editors@honisoit.com, use the anonymous tip form on our page, or send mail to:

Honi Soit Editors
PO Box 794 Broadway NSW 2007



Art by Chloe Callow

Forum held against 12 week semesters

Claire Ollivain and Vivienne Guo report.

Students and staff held a forum at the Royal Hotel on 22 April where a panel of speakers discussed their concerns about the University's proposed change to 12 week semesters.

The forum was moderated by SRC Education Officers Madeleine Clark and Tom Williams, and discussed the University's reasons for the proposal, its potential impact on staff in the Student Centre, loss of wages for teaching staff, and adverse impacts on international students, STEM students, law students, and students with structural disadvantages.

Opening the forum, Clark noted that the proposal to move to 12 week semesters is situated within a wider context of decades of cuts to staff and courses in the name of austerity.

The University has said that the change would create more opportunities for intensive teaching between semesters including internships and placements, but SRC President Swapnik Sanagavarapu believes that "the fundamental reason at the end of the day is cost-cutting."

"I've pressed University management on this a couple of times, and they've conceded to me that there's no reason why intensive learning and teaching is necessarily mutually exclusive with maintaining the current semester length," he said.

Grant Wheeler of the Community & Public Sector Union NSW (CPSU) highlighted how the shift to more intensive units would cause "massive problems" for staff at the Student Centre and adversely affect their mental wellbeing over the Christmas period when they are unable to take leave.

Wheeler explained that, because intensives begin as early as 6 January, there is not enough time for Student Centre staff to process results from the year before, causing a "scramble" to seek authorisations for earlier enrolments, often from teaching staff who are

themselves on leave.

"The people at the top don't deal with the direct consequences of that problem; it is the people at the coalface who bear the burden of the consequences of bad decisions," Wheeler said, arguing that the University's consultation process has been unsatisfactory.

Panelists also refuted the claim that the proposal would allow more opportunities for placements, suggesting that it showed the University's fundamental disconnect from the student experience.

Vice President of Women in Engineering and Junior Vice President of SUEUA, Bella Anderssen, said that students who require placement periods will be forced to do them over the summer.

"I think for a student who may be supporting themselves financially or just need a break, that is disastrous... [the University's] justification that there will be more placements is ridiculous," she said.

Moreover, Anderssen said that for STEM students who do labs on a weekly rotation, a 12 week semester would mean that "one group has to do their lab in week one when they've learnt absolutely no content and can't familiarise themselves, or that they cut the lab altogether."

Sydney University Law Society Education Officer Sinem Kirk also echoed concerns that the proposal would degrade learning conditions for students: "Law is very reading intensive — that one extra week is very important for students to catch up on their content," she said.

President of the Sydney University Postgraduate Association (SUPRA), Minran Liu, highlighted how cuts to academic staff and the length of the semester would damage the University's international reputation and draw in less students.

"International students pay a large amount of money for their education and the survey has already demonstrated that most of them prefer 13 weeks — 12 weeks

makes the education quality worse," he said.

Wheeler echoed that the change would cause problems for international students, particularly due to enrolment issues around intensives. "The last thing we want to see is student visas jeopardised because intensives have been moved forward and the administration getting them ready to start those intensives is not up to scratch," he said.

Sanagavarapu said that "the 12 week semester proposal betrays such a fundamental ignorance on the part of University management about what it's like to be a student in 2021, and what it's like to be a member of staff, particularly a casual in 2021".

Sanagavarapu noted that the reduction in semester length would impose a 'trilemma' on staff, who will be forced to choose between maintaining the level of assessments, workload and course content. Under the proposed 12 week semester calendar, it would be impossible to maintain all three, he argued.

"Management believes that they can do these things without increasing the workload of staff and students, not taking into account the fact that most students these days do not live on campus, they don't spend all of their time studying, most of them work jobs, pay rent and have to support themselves."

"God help you if you're first in family, or Indigenous or from a working class background or have a disability or face whatever other structural restraints to education that may exist, and God help you if you're a casual," he said.

The proposal will be voted on in the Academic Board on 4 May. Sanagavarapu and Liu, who both have seats on the board, said that they would voice significant opposition to it.

Staff representatives called on students to protest the "latest in a long line of cuts" and join them at the picket line when they go on strike this year.

USyd QuAC speak out against transphobic bill

Vivienne Guo reports.

USyd's Queer Action Collective gathered for a speak-out on Thursday, to stand against a motion introduced to the Upper House by One Nation Senator Malcolm Roberts that seeks to ban the use of gender-neutral language at a federal level. The motion was passed last week.

Queer Officer Oscar Chaffey denounced the motion as "transphobic" and "bioessentialist nonsense," saying that gender-neutral language, including the use of singular 'they' pronouns, has existed in the English language for centuries.

"This motion says that medical institutions and the government are prepared to go out of their way to fuck over trans people and say that their bodies are other and invalid. It will actively discriminate and exclude trans and gender non-conforming people from seeking medical care and being referred to in a way that validates their lived realities," said Chaffey.

Ken, a representative from Community Action for Rainbow Rights, pointed out a pattern of transphobic bills in Parliament, citing Mark Latham's Education Legislation Amendment (Parental Rights) Bill 2020 which seeks to prohibit mentions of gender fluidity in schools.

Ken also spoke about the Religious Discrimination Bill, saying that 80% of people are opposed to the Bill. "Activists need to turn majority opinion and sentiment into mass action," said Ken. "That is our key task: people power hitting the streets."

Mya, a representative from Pride in Protest, mentioned the recent conviction of Derek Chauvin for the murder of George Floyd in Minneapolis, drawing connections between civil rights movements in the United States and the moral panic surrounding gender and bathrooms today.

"Starting in the 1960s in the United States, the right-wing built moral panic around the desegregation of bathrooms, talking about the violence of black communities," said Mya. "We can see that exact same moral panic whipped up against trans people today."

Mya also encouraged the gathered crowd to continue fighting for queer justice. "Despite the fact that we've won that fantastic victory [of marriage equality], we have to beat back these attacks and we have to win more."

The motion introduced by Senator Malcolm Roberts was passed in the Senate last week, by a majority vote of 33 to 31, after gaining support from Coalition senators. The motion called on the federal government to "reject the use of distorted language" and reduce the range of language to binary terms such as man and woman, mother and father.

Student petition for lecturer's compassionate exemption successful

Jeffrey Khoo reports.

A student petition has helped convince the University of Sydney to allow a maths lecturer to travel overseas on compassionate grounds.

Dr Emily Cliff, the lecturer for MATH1002 Linear Algebra, approached the School of Mathematics in February, saying she would need to travel to the US for family reasons.

However, in March, the University denied the School's request for a compassionate exemption to the University's prohibition on international travel, stating that the COVID-19 situation in the US remained dangerous.

Cliff told *Honi* on Wednesday that the University initially asked if she was

willing to resign, despite the fact that all her work for the course could be done remotely.

The University confirmed that Cliff was granted the exemption on Thursday morning after reconsidering her case.

Cliff said she was "grateful" for the exemption, but that "the uncertainty has affected my students, my colleagues, and me."

Cliff will leave the University in July for "a new employment opportunity."

Gabrielle King, a student in Cliff's course, was motivated to start the petition, which had garnered over 480 signatures as of Thursday evening.

"As most of my family and my boyfriend lives overseas, I know how

difficult it can be to be separated for a long time with no definite end in sight," said King.

"As many students are given the option to study online from overseas, I find it is unfair that the same option is not extended to lecturers ... these are exceptional circumstances which call for exceptional measures."

The University does not allow work-related international travel due to austerity measures introduced in 2020.

According to information on the staff intranet, staff seeking an exemption to the prohibition need to write a letter to the Vice-Chancellor, including a travel approval form, a risk assessment and an airfare quote. The prohibition does not

provide for compassionate reasons as a basis for exemption.

The University does not have a policy that governs how they decide on exemptions to the prohibition. A University spokesperson said they are "considering requests to work remotely from overseas on a case-by-case basis," saying that various employment, tax and visa laws "pose additional complexities ... which can take time."

Cliff sent requests for further information about the University's exemption which were never answered. "This may well be because the policies are still being worked out, but the lack of transparency has been troubling," Cliff said.

University considers 'mitigating' 12 week semesters with alternative proposal

Claire Ollivain reports.

Professor Pip Pattison, Deputy Vice Chancellor (Education) has proposed that the University retain 13 contact weeks a semester, but that Week 13 become a revision week and that non-examination assessments be due during STUVAC.

Pattison will recommend to the Academic Board that for the 2022-2026 academic calendar, they choose between the new proposal (Option B) and the 12 week semester one (Option A), which has been met with overwhelming opposition from students and staff. An option to keep the existing structure is not included.

SRC President Swapnik Sanagavarapu told *Honi* that the new proposal was "unwarranted and unnecessary," saying that it did not receive the same level of consultation as the initial one. "A proposal of this kind should not be introduced at the eleventh hour, in a limited number of working groups and at

the University Executive (where there is no student representation)."

"As students and staff have pointed out ad nauseam, the status quo is perfectly acceptable ... We are also particularly worried about the prospect that students will now have a diminished stuvac, and [will be] forced to spend the time reserved for completing exams on time-consuming assessments."

Framed as a mitigation in response to negative feedback about 12 week semesters, Pattison has also proposed that if the Option A 12 week semester proposal is approved, the University will offer up to three hours of "relevant, funded professional learning" prior to the semester in place of lost classes for casual academic staff whose income will be hit by the change.

Robert Boncardo of the USyd Casuals Network told *Honi* that there was no

consultation with casual staff in the drafting of the recommendation, which would see the exploitation of casuals "exacerbated" while further "degrading education opportunities."

"It's a completely unsatisfactory response. These three hours of funded professional learning would not be paid at the same rate as teaching a tutorial or lecture; they would be paid at the administration pay rate which is about a third. It would not be compensation at that level."

"We would still be having to prepare the same amount of material in those 12 weeks. Where the most exploitation takes place is in that preparation."

Moreover, Boncardo said that Option B, the 13 week proposal, "shows something of the level of management's ignorance of what goes on in the classrooms. We already use week 13 to

consolidate and integrate learning."

A University spokesperson told *Honi* that they "would not expect to see a great deal of change" if Option B was adopted, claiming that "spreading assessment and revision across Weeks 13 and 14 affords more flexibility in use of time by students for assessment and revision."

The University has contradicted claims that staff and students were not consulted for the new proposal, stating that consultation had been "undertaken via the Semester Advisory Group which includes the leadership of staff unions and student organisations as well as representation from different units across the University."

The spokesperson also said that "the details will need to be worked out" when asked what rate casual staff will be paid for funded professional learning if the 12 week semester is adopted.

Students slam 'useless' Okta Verify rollout

Jeffrey Khoo reports.

USyd students have criticised the University's new two-factor authentication (2FA) system, Okta Verify, which was rolled out earlier this year.

Some students have reported being locked out of critical University systems, including Canvas and Sydney Student, after changing phones or keeping an older phone.

Because Okta Verify does not allow students to change their second device on which they verify their identity, it means a student cannot access their University account if their phone is lost, broken or sold - or simply runs out of battery.

One student told *Honi* that they could not submit an assignment due on a long weekend, as the University's ICT hotline was unavailable to switch their device.

Another student similarly said they had resorted to carrying their old phone around with them solely to log into Canvas, while a third said that while they were "lucky" their old phone hadn't been sold, the University-provided information regarding switching devices was "convoluted"; they ultimately solved the issue by turning to Reddit for advice.

In addition, as Okta Verify is

incompatible with Apple operating systems older than iOS 13, some students were unable to download the app in the first place, leaving them without access.

One student said that as their iPhone was unable to upgrade to iOS 13, they were directed to an instructional page to an alternative authenticator such as Google Verify, which requires calling the ICT hotline.

"It felt very weird to have to wait on hold for something that should have just been a simple matter," they said. "[It was] not the first (and definitely not the last) example of the uni complicating a simple process."

Another student said that as Okta Verify had not whitelisted a particular site that they needed to access through their University account, they were unable to download a letter of offer for a tutoring position at the University.

A University spokesperson told *Honi* they were "aware that some of our students have reported issues with signing in," and that the University would be "providing support on a case-by-case basis," including a troubleshooting guide.

Several Australian universities are

rolling out Okta Verify, including the University of Adelaide, the University of Newcastle and Monash University, who implemented 2FA after suffering cyber attacks.

The University said that 2FA was a "proactive measure to increase the University's resilience to cyber threats".

Despite students generally supporting increased security, several students expressed that using 2FA for Canvas was "useless" and inconvenient, with the option to not "challenge" the user on a device not working if the user wanted to sign in on their phone.

One student described Okta Verify as like "an insecure partner who needs affirmation every single time."

More broadly, students criticised how 2FA created distractions while studying, with some questioning how they could log into Canvas using their phone if they needed to take a supervised exam.

"I need to retrieve [my phone] from its hiding place every time I want to log in," said one student, with another saying that "needing to pull [my phone] out whilst I'm trying to concentrate is really frustrating."

Student General Meetings: Then and now

Lauren Lancaster examines the role of student unionism in political action.

The wind is well and truly back in the sails of the student climate movement. On 28 April, at 4pm, USyd Enviro Collective members and President Swapnik Sanagavarapu will convene the third Student General Meeting in USyd's history and the first, as *Honi* reported, to focus on environmental demands.

The notion of a Student General Meeting (SGM) goes to the core of student democracy and unionism, and this year it presents a powerful opportunity to fight back against the University's complacency in climate destruction. It marries the sometimes staid bureaucracy of student unions with the very pressing climate catastrophe. A formal motion passed at this meeting has the potential to achieve the University's support for an unconditional student and staff strike on 21 May, for Strike 4 Climate's Global Climate Strike. With students mobilised by the announcement of the upcoming global action, USyd's SGM petition from the Enviro Collective has already amassed more than 1000 signatures supporting a campus-wide walk-off from classes and a staff strike. Only a few weeks ago, this triggered an SRC constitutional provision mandating the meeting of the student body to discuss the climate crisis.

To grasp the value of this SGM, we must understand from where contemporary student unionism and activism emerged in Australia.

The anti-Vietnam War student protests and the Freedom Rides for Indigenous rights of the late 1960s spearheaded the left radicalisation of university campuses across the country, and proved the potential for students to lead significant political

campaigns against the government and in support of radical socio-political causes.

The first SGM at USyd was called in 1971 in response to the Australian tour by the national rugby team of then-apartheid South Africa, the Springboks (from which Black South African players were explicitly excluded). The tour was heavily protested across Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane and Melbourne — led largely by university activists. Ahead of the Queensland leg of the Springboks tour, conservative Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen announced a month-long state of emergency in response to the fervour of anti-apartheid student organising. A 3000-strong SGM at the University of Queensland (UQ) voted to strike for the duration of the Queensland tour and UQ activists staged a 4500-strong sit-in in their Union building. In Victoria, 5000 protestors, many students among them, gathered on the streets of Melbourne to march on the game's venue at Olympic Park. Then-USyd SRC Vice-President Bernard Coles wrote in *Honi* in 1971 that "we should show our strongest political opposition to countries whose corrupt political system injects a perverted and blatant form of racism even into their sporting activities." The SGM condemned the Springboks and advocated for a student strike and ongoing protests at USyd in opposition to the racist regime they represented. It was a great success, with the Springboks chased out of Australia by student activists, not to return until after the end of apartheid in the early 1990s.

Student unions on the campus level (like the SRC) played a crucial

role in cohering and supporting these political campaigns, and many others, throughout the latter half of the 20th century to now. This meant, of course, that they drew the ire of the governments they criticised and held to account, triggering an ongoing legislative campaign of austerity to repress student activism on Australian campuses.

Student unions have been the target of both state and federal laws aiming to restrict their political functions, usually by choking them of funding (collected from students through mechanisms like SSAF). Prior to 2005, students were made compulsory members of their university union upon enrolment and paid small annual fees directly to the union, allowing them to flourish and bolster student life through well-funded activist collectives, leadership opportunities and publications like *Honi Soit*. However, the compulsory contributions lifeline was cut during the Howard Government's 'war against unions' with the passage of the Higher Education Support Amendment (Abolition of Compulsory Up-front Student Union Fees) Bill 2005, which banned university unions from compelling students to pay.

This triggered the next SGM at USyd in 2006. Now-UTS academic Paddy Gibson, known for his roles as an organiser of the Stop Indigenous Deaths in Custody and Workers for Climate Action campaigns, was involved in the USyd Education Action Group's grassroots campaigning against voluntary student unionism (VSU) from 2003-2007 as an undergraduate arts student. Gibson and the EAG organised a public SGM that was held to pass changes to the

SRC's constitution in response to the austerity imposed by the Howard government.

In the wake of the lost fight against the passage of the VSU bill, Gibson said that the SGM was the moment in which activists turned to "focus on how [VSU] was going to roll out on our campus." It represented "a commitment to mobilising large numbers of students, encouraging discussion about the huge attack on student organising that had come from the Howard government" and encouraged a "sharpened focus on our own administration... [to further cohere] the movement at the University." Gibson emphasised the principled power of the SGM across the years as "the highest decision making mechanism available to students, showing real collective power and having the practical benefit of... binding the SRC."

The parallels with our upcoming climate strike SGM are clear; both are a fightback against political leaders pursuing specific agendas that would have extreme material effects on the lives of students into the future, and a university latent and uninterested in supporting radical protest action.

The Coalition continues to push their 'gas-led recovery', a collection of commercially unviable projects to expand gas exploration in the Hunter, North-West NSW and Queensland. These projects will desecrate the unceded lands of First Nations peoples, including that of the Gamilaraay Next Generation activists in the Pilliga, and, if allowed to continue, will emit greenhouse gases equivalent to 30 new coal-fired power stations. The University of Sydney remains complicit in environmental degradation, with continuing capital investments in coal and gas-fired power, and an unambitious Sustainability Strategy failing to prioritise a just and immediate transition to public renewable power on and off campus.

Gibson believes the upcoming Enviro SGM is a singular opportunity to "organise large-scale walkouts from class [on 21 May]... pointing us in the right direction of mass disruptive collective action" that must be taken to force our leaders to listen. "Student activism shouldn't be a spectator sport," he reflected, "if we are going to win we need everyone's brain turned on, everyone thinking about the best strategy going forward and taking responsibility for our future."

We should see the SGM as symbolic of the zeitgeist of student climate activism. It is an opportunity for us to come together and acknowledge that we are fast running out of time to make a tangible difference for our future. To sit and let it slide by would be not just disappointing, but irresponsible. And with that in mind, I'll see you on Wednesday, 28 April.



Sydney University student and anti-apartheid protestor Meredith Burgmann dragged along the ground by police at the Sydney Cricket Ground during the 1971 South African Springboks rugby union tour of Australia. Photograph: News Ltd/NewsPix

Fantastic campus beasts and where to find them

Maxim Adams brings you a field guide to non-human life at the University of Sydney.

Strolling down Eastern Avenue, the University is abuzz with life. Seagulls assail students for chips and baguettes, while ibises pilfer the scraps. These are familiar friends, and we welcome them. Yet, if you look closer, there is so much more to be found among the cloisters and courtyards. Over one day, a keen urban biologist could fill a whole notebook with observations. Here are my highlights.

9 am: waterfowl, eels and turtles

We start in Victoria Park. The mighty Lake Northam, Camperdown's drain, supports a delicate ecosystem among its discarded trolleys and beer cans. I walk straight past the ducks and swamphens, directly to the eels. As a kid, there was nothing better than hand-feeding them with strips of bread, making them lunge for their meal, mouths agape. Sometimes they'd miss. The inside of an eel's mouth is lined with tiny, needle-like teeth, and they make light work of a 5-year-old's fingers.

If I'm lucky, I'll also glimpse a turtle. In this fetid urban swamp, there are not only native snake-necked turtles, but also a highly invasive Mexican red-eared slider. Morning is the best time to see them, when they come out of the water to sunbathe and energise for the day. I sip my iced coffee and do the same.

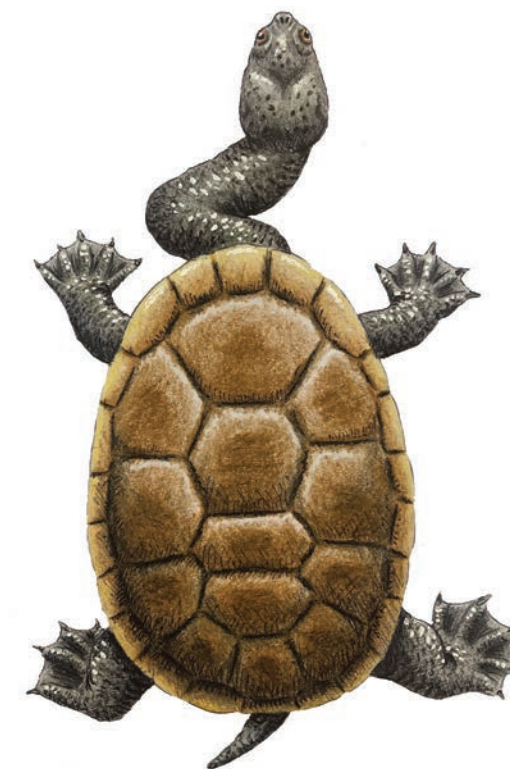


Fig. 1: Dorsal view of an Eastern snake-necked turtle

Midday: black cockatoos, brush turkeys and bugs

In the full sun, out come the birds. One of my favourite things about Sydney is its parrots. Rainbow lorikeets and galahs are classics, but my heart belongs to the black cockatoo. These problem-solving birds are masters of cracking seed pods, and from their perch over Parramatta Road, they drop the husks onto unsuspecting pedestrians.

What I find most remarkable about parrots is their close pair bonds, each couple with a unique and complex love language. Lorikeets, I've discovered, have specific calls for "hello there," "come here," and "go away!" I even managed to record and play these from my phone, summoning the most confused



Fig. 2: Yellow-tailed black cockatoo

bird of all time. I'd love to do the same for the black cockatoos, but they flee before I get the chance.

However, in the Sydney birdwatching scene, the watercooler topic is the southward spread of brush turkeys. A wily enemy, they are advancing on fronts from Strathfield to Bondi, and our scouts have spotted a beachhead right on campus. Opinions are certainly mixed on this mighty beast — something about the wrinkled head and dangling throat sack brings out strong feelings. Personally, I find them delightful. Their mounds, splayed across many a walking track, are pillars of defiance against humankind, symbols of the supremacy of nature. As the leaves decompose, the male turkey uses his beak as a thermometer, and keeps the nest at a toasty 33-35 °C. Entirely unrelatedly, the ideal temperature for a sensory deprivation tank is apparently 34 °C. I'll leave those dots unconnected.

No field guide would be complete without mentioning our glorious insects. Camperdown is home to many species of bee: blue-banded, masked and European honey, to name a few. The cricket oval is actually a well-documented honey bee mating site. Every spring, without fail, males gather here to mate with young queens, evert their penis and killing themselves in a final, ecstatic burst. Everyone knows that, so let's instead talk about harlequin bugs! About the size of a ten-cent coin, the males are a metallic blue, while females range from pure yellow to brilliant orange. Right now, it's their breeding season, and if you check the branches of the Illawarra flame trees on Eastern Avenue, you're sure to find a cluster, shining like expensive jewels.

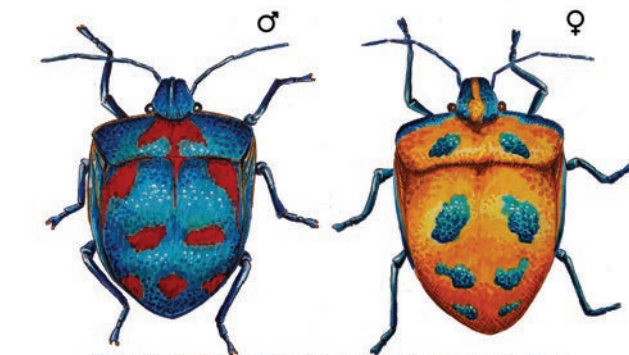


Fig. 3: Comparison of male and female harlequin bugs

Dusk: microbats

Ah, sunset, the most romantic time of day. Couples come to the Quad laws to watch the sky turn purple, or to snuggle by the fairy lights in Botany Garden. I often stand there, alone, to watch the microbats come out. These guys have earned their name: they would fit comfortably in the palm of your hand! On a good day, the sky around the Great Hall throngs with bats, each a zig-zagging

black speck. With thrilling accuracy, they pluck insects out of mid-air and chase each other in tight spirals.

Night-time: frogs and frogmouths

Back in Victoria Park, the pond is now still. The ducks have nestled among the lilies to sleep, and the water is oily and black. Periodically, a microbat strikes the surface, managing a quick gulp before spiralling away. The pond is still, but it's not silent. Throughout the warmer months, there is an omnipresent chorus of Peron's tree frogs. From the bridge, with bullrush on both sides, their song is surround-sound, and you can usually find a soloist sitting on the handrails. For me, their cackle-like call is the true start of Summer, wherever it may land.



Fig. 4: Facial anatomy of a Chalinolobus bat (in a good mood)

We finish with a favourite, the tawny frogmouth. A pedant will tell you that they're not actually owls, but rather come from a related sub-family called nightjars. That pedant is me: they're not actually owls, but rather come from a related sub-family called nightjars. If you ever see one take flight, you'll be struck by the silence of its wings cutting through the air without the slightest rustle. On campus, you can spot them sitting in the crooks of gum trees as they wait for hapless frogs and rats to cross their path. Even if you haven't seen one, you may well have heard it! Their call is a very rhythmic "woop - woop - woop - woop," a bass forever waiting to drop.

Inner Sydney is far from wild. And yet, all these creatures have managed to find a niche in the urban jungle. We owe them a great deal, because in doing so, they have transformed mere brick and concrete into something dynamic and alive.



Fig. 5: Tawny frogmouth perched in a Eucalypt

‘Healing Country’: It’s time to rethink national parks

Deaundre Espejo on the need for First Nations land ownership and management.

The creation of national parks has often been described as the cornerstone of biodiversity conservation in Australia. Today, the National Parks and Wildlife Service manages 870 national parks in NSW alone, covering over 7 million hectares of protected land.

Yet, our ecosystems are hanging by a thread. Despite being home to one of the most diverse range of plants and animals in the world, Australia has one of the highest rates of species loss, with over a thousand on the verge of extinction.

While urbanisation, the climate crisis and expansion of industry are amongst the biggest culprits, failures in the way national parks are currently being managed play a large role in environmental degradation.



“The work of managing the landscape is enormous in scale,” Paddy O’Leary, Executive Director of Country Needs People, an organisation which supports Indigenous rangers, tells me.

“Much more work is needed if we want to maintain biodiversity and cultural heritage.”

Towards active land management

Australia’s early national parks, established in the late 19th and 20th centuries, were influenced by the US Yellowstone model. Central to this model was a colonial concept of ‘wilderness,’ which had a focus on ‘preserving’ the natural landscape and minimising human interference.

Accordingly, land management throughout the past century has been sparse, predominantly focused on activities such as eradicating invasive weeds and pests, as well as restoring threatened species.

However, Paddy believes that approaches to management must go

beyond aiming to ‘preserve’ the land, and instead return to what First Nations people had been doing for tens of thousands of years prior.

“The Australian landscape needs active management, day in day out, year round.”

Indigenous knowledge says that just like growing crops, land must not only be restored or protected from threats, but actively looked after so it can grow and flourish. This is what Andy White, of the Bateman’s Bay Aboriginal Land Council, has been doing for over fifteen years on Walbunja Country.

One of Andy’s main jobs is cultural burning. In drier seasons, his team ignites cool fires in small, targeted areas, which are much less intense than large-

In NSW, only \$1.1 billion is currently allocated annually to national parks, which is less than a quarter of the NSW police budget.

Even less funding goes to Indigenous ranger and land management programs. “We might get dribs and drabs of small grants and funding opportunities,” Andy tells me. “But nothing more than \$30,000, and that doesn’t take us far.”

Paddy believes that we need to start thinking of land management as an essential service, much like health or education, and fund it accordingly.

“Active land management benefits the entire public, and helps protect and enhance the values that we all treasure,” he says. “The demand for it never really goes away.”

Secondly, the current national parks model should be replaced in favour of community-based models.

Given the pervasiveness of state-owned parks today, it is easy to forget that First Nations people were forcibly removed from these areas. While people still reside in these areas today, surviving cultural sites remind us of a world before boardwalk trails and public campgrounds.

The Blue Mountains region, for example, was home to Dharug, Gundungurra, Wanaruah, Wiradjuri, Darkinjung and Tharawal people. But populations declined rapidly with colonisation, as many were killed in frontier massacres and forced into reserves.

Returning ownership to Traditional Owners would be a small reparation for ongoing dispossession.

“It would be unwise to rock up in some place assuming you know what works, without significant dialogue with local Traditional Owners,” says Paddy, recognising that local communities are best equipped to make management decisions about their land.

Some communities may be able to manage their land autonomously. In other communities where there are few people or a severe shortage of infrastructure, it might be more viable for them to co-manage the land with a local parks agency.

Regardless of what pathway is taken, the goal would be to provide Indigenous communities with self-determination over the land they have long cared for.

The link between Country and people

There are many challenges in the path towards community-based land management. One of these is that decision-makers often seek Western

scientific evidence when considering land management practices.

Andy says that this is something many communities just can’t provide — going to university to conduct research is expensive, and much knowledge is passed down from Elders and must go through proper cultural protocols.

“Everyone’s sceptical about whether cultural burning is useful. There’s no certificate that can show that we can lead this country to a better position.”

Instead, he tells us to look at First Nations peoples’ proven ability to manage the land.

“A lot of our knowledge is gained from looking at Country and learning. And these practices have worked for over 70,000 years.”

Additionally, the value of the land and nature is often understated. Since their inception, national parks have been recognised primarily as spaces of public enjoyment.

The Royal National Park — the first in Australia — was established in 1879 as a tourist spot, a ‘national domain for rest and recreation.’ Today, visitor spending at national parks injects around \$40 billion into the economy per year.

But Andy tells me that these protected areas provide more than just social or economic benefits, as the health of the land is deeply connected to the overall strength of communities.

“A lot of Indigenous people are getting out of school feeling lost, including myself at one point,” he says. But for him and many others, being able to manage their land provides a chance to get back on Country and utilise their unique skills.

“Working on Country really does give us a feeling that we’re a part of something; that we’re using our knowledge to do something good for our Country and for our ancestors.”

These positive impacts are having a ripple effect — Indigenous ranger programs have often resulted in safer communities, improved health outcomes and strengthened language in the local area.

As Andy puts it, “land management is about healing Country, healing the community, and healing people’s souls.”

We must abandon colonial ideas of the ‘national park’ as untouchable stretches of wilderness belonging to the state. These landscapes have long been owned and cared for by First Nations people; they must be actively managed, and they are the lifeblood of local communities.

Photo Courtesy: Russell Ord

and second-hand book store finds.

For a man who has never drunk a cup of chai in his life, Peter had mastered the recipe. His wife, Priscilla, could be spotted carting tray upon tray of Sydney’s best carrot cake and traditional Greek desserts from their home down the road (Nigella Lawson once stopped by to try the muffins).

My parents ate at Cafe Ella almost every day for the last seven years. They joined the gang of locals perpetually sitting at street-side tables in the sun. Cafe Ella offered my family comfort and an excellent cup of coffee through thick and thin — meals when the money ran out, a chai before a deadline day.

But ours were not the only lives

made better by this homely place. Over the years, Peter and Priscilla collected an eclectic gang of waiters and waitresses. Denise’s warmth and Fred’s quick wit pepped up the mornings of Darlington residents. Local sculptor Stella paid her way through art school there. Peter and Priscilla’s son, the trombone-playing Hugo, recently joined the Cafe Ella team.

Cafe Ella was no nonsense. It was one of the last genuinely affordable, friendly, family-run cafes, that will be missed in an increasingly shallow cafe culture.

The cafe shuts its doors at the end of May and will reopen under new owners. Priscilla hopes they’ll be able to boil a good bagel.

Art by Eleanor Curran

(Un)civil discourse

Casualised, Unemployed & Precarious Uni Workers respond to management accusations of ‘bullying.’

Troy Heffernan and Lynn Bosetti’s ‘Incivility: the new type of bullying in higher education’ in the *Cambridge Journal of Education* (2021) is an excellent example of bad scholarship. For this self-serving article to have progressed through peer-review is not just disappointing but dangerous to higher education. More frustrating is the fact that Anna Patty of the *Sydney Morning Herald* provided the authors a greater platform than they deserve by publishing ‘Smart bullies’ emerge in universities in new workplace trend’ on 19 April.

Confusion lies at the heart of Heffernan and Bosetti’s article. The authors open with the false equivalence that ‘incivility is bullying’. Confusingly, however, the authors and interviewees move on later in the article to discuss bullying and incivility as separate behaviours. This conceptual confusion is never resolved, and the authors’ contention seems to be that bullying and incivility could be considered the same because they make recipients feel bad. The key difference is intent. Bullying

is intended to cause harm. Incivility is behaviour that does not conform to certain norms.

Besides the article’s flawed conceptual foundation, there are many other problems. The methodology employed is not really a methodology at all. Rather than striving for a representative sample (the bare minimum for social science research), they drew on connections to solicit twenty participants. Bosetti herself is also a dean, one of the many conflicts of interest ingrained across the article. Indeed, the authors take the interviewees at their word, demonstrating an alarming lack of critical distance. Having assisted in the dismissal of thousands of university workers, deans have something to gain by claiming victimhood.

Gallingly, the authors fail to acknowledge the grossly unequal power structures within universities, placing ‘top down’ bullying at the same level as so-called ‘upward’ incivility. In fact, the authors suggest upward incivility is worse because it is allegedly more common and harder to identify. These are bold claims

for a study that rests on interviews exclusively with university executives and a misunderstanding of what bullying is. Even if we accept deans’ claims that they have been victims of incivility, it is not the case that employees who disagree with them are bullies. One also has to wonder how widespread this ‘crisis’ of incivility really is given the considerable power that university executives have over their subordinates’ careers.

In the workplace, policing of incivility is a method to redirect workers’ frustrations into ‘proper’ channels, which are often bureaucratic cul-de-sacs. Confronted with ‘civilised’ processes that tend to bury complainants’ issues instead of resolving them, it is unsurprising that employees become uncivil when confronted with poor working conditions. Incivility might get better results than a meeting with HR and line managers. (As an aside, anyone who has dealt with HR departments during disputes will find Heffernan and Bosetti’s recommendation that HR departments need to be better equipped to detect and police uncivil

behavior amusing.)

Crucially, the civil/uncivil dichotomy carries racist baggage that Heffernan and Bosetti seem resistant to address. Colonial logic rests on the racist assumption that the ‘uncivilised’ can be denied rights that the ‘civilised’ take for granted. Not contained to a grim, distant past, this logic still finds expression in many modern institutions, including universities. Bryan Mukandi and Chelsea Bond, in particular, have provided powerful insights into the many ways (including notions of civilised academic discourse) the Australian academy disciplines Black thought and behavior.

‘Incivility: the new type of bullying in higher education’ is not newsworthy and remarkable only for its weakness as a piece of scholarship and the troubling managerial attitudes that it highlights. The suggestion that incivility and insubordination in universities must be more strictly policed is troubling for those with the least power within these institutions.

Farewell, Bosch

Leah Bruce says “bish, bash, Bosch” to a Usyd classic.

On the first day of semester I wandered to my usual study spot, Bosch Commons only to find its lights off, door shut and a sign that read ‘Permanently Closed’. I quickly went onto the library website to try and find its opening hours and was sorely disappointed to discover nothing: no update, no answers. What I did notice was a new library had just opened less than 500 meters away: the new Susan Wakil Health Building Library. This was Bosch’s replacement, a new, lavish building that boasted ‘state-of-the-art technologies.’ My disappointment turned to hope — maybe a Bosch 2.0 was on the horizon. Maybe I could still study until 2am with a table full of bubble tea and muffin crumbs. I was gravely disappointed when I stepped into the Susan Wakil Library, not because it wasn’t fresher than Bosch, or that it wasn’t well equipped, but because it had absolutely none of the charm that Bosch once held. There’s far too much airflow in Susan Wakil, too much natural light and the carpet isn’t even slightly mouldy. I was also surprised to see much of the library is only open 10-5 and is not open on weekends, while Bosch boasted 24 hour service.

Sure, Bosch had its pitfalls. It was often unbearably cold and the constantly overflowing pile of used hand towels was mildly disgusting, but nevertheless I will miss it. It was a place where worlds collided, from college kids in their pajamas armed with just their laptop and charger, to Stucco residents like myself who spent many a late night in Bosch using their far superior internet to illegally download movies. Sometimes, you might even see an actual medical student. And when all three came together, it was truly spectacular. So farewell Bosch! You’ll live on forever in the heart of my first degree.

It’s been an Ella–va run

Alice Trenoweth-Creswell will miss Cafe Ella.



Historicising ‘Horrible Histories’

Zander Czerwaniw has been tuning in to the past. Art by Grace Pennock.

Twitter recently came together to celebrate the 12th anniversary of the iconic CBBC series *Horrible Histories*. Found on ABC 3 in its heyday, *Horrible Histories* originally ran between 2009 and 2014, shaping a generation of young Australians’ views of the past. Structured as a variety show, each week featured a range of catchy songs and sketches that covered everything from Henry VIII’s wives to the Suffragettes. The writing was watertight, the jokes were funny, and its charming cast of comedians like Mathew Baynton (whose portrayal of Charles II was a viral fan favourite) and Martha Howe-Douglas were incredibly talented.

Based upon the series of 23 books by British author Terry Deary, *Horrible Histories* explored the details of history deemed too gory or disgusting for the classroom. Deary always viewed his texts as anti-establishment, worried that children would stop reading them if they were used as a tool in schools. Ironically, for books touted as a rebellion against the system, Deary notes that the book topics were chosen

on their marketability by Scholastic. The successful masquerade of Deary’s books as ‘edgy’ and ‘dangerous’ successfully caught the attention of rebellious children in libraries and scholastic catalogues worldwide.

Producer Caroline Norris was first asked to develop *Horrible Histories* into a television series for CBBC with Dominic Brigstocke in 2007. Over email Norris told me: “I’d spent 10 years in and out of children’s TV at the BBC and had moved onto adult programming, so I was reluctant to go back... However when I read Terry’s books, I knew I couldn’t let anyone else get their hands on them!”

Wanting to carry over Deary’s tone and humour to the screen, Norris and Brigstocke devised the sketch format, putting together a mood reel of ‘Some Python stuff, Do Not Adjust Your Set sketches and Blackadder’. The show’s writers’ room was an ensemble of Brigstocke and Norris’ favourite writers, blending the worlds of BBC’s prime time and children’s comedy. Writer/Producer Giles Pilbrow created the popular ‘Stupid Deaths’ segment,

the iconic host Rattus Rattus, and guided the production on how to transform the book’s original art into animation.

Many of the show’s greatest successes came from portraying history through parody of other media. Segments made fun of prominent reality TV shows with ‘historical wife swap’ and aped the mopey lyrics of Morrissey in a song about Charles Dickens.

The show’s run was not without its fair share of controversies. The writers were accused of being anti-British after a skit pointed out that all England’s cultural cornerstones are stolen from former colonies. Another episode was pulled after it inaccurately represented Florence Nightingale as racist for comedic effect. Yet, the original all-white troupe’s portrayal of historical figures of colour can make for an awkward, even objectionable watch. While historical moments like the civil rights movement were played by a diverse cast, events like the First World War are represented as exclusively caucasian affairs. A song that dealt

with the British colonies of Australia happily described the conditions of convict quarters, while only giving Indigenous people a passing mention for their killing of labourers. As a series that promotes contrarianism and radicalism in the presentation of history to children, future iterations should embrace a non-eurocentric perspective and casting a more diverse range of voices.

Despite its flaws, *Horrible Histories* continues to be a global triumph in government-funded broadcasting, acting as a catalyst for a generation’s interest in history. The cast and crew of the original show, which ended in 2013, have continued to collaborate on a range of projects. “The troupe went off and starred together in the film *Bill* and the series *Yonderland* and now *Ghosts*.” As for herself, Norris said “Martha has just been a guest in *Motherland* which I produced and several of the gang pop up in *Tracey Ullman’s Show*.” However, for fans who want more Rattus Rattus, they will just have to tune back into the original *Horrible Histories*.

Being ‘Hardcore Happy’: in conversation with ‘The Blossom’

Zara Zadro speaks with Lily Lizotte about their latest EP.

The things that move us the most have duality,” says Lily Lizotte. “Lately I’ve been treating joy and pain as the same thing.”

97 Blossom, the EP by 23-year-old American-Australian artist Lily Lizotte affirms just that. Released in early April, the EP marries elements of indie pop, hip-hop and 90s grunge in a smoky, steel-edged daydream. Formerly known as ‘Lila Gold’, Lizotte now goes by ‘The Blossom’, an artist identity they describe as an “genderless and expansive space.” Their prior singles have amassed praise from triple-j, Milk, and i-D, amongst others. The Blossom’s six new tracks are lucid fragments of introspection, windows into the artist which splinter the closer you look. “As a POC non-binary person... I definitely struggle with projection of my insecurities or [the] anger that I have,” they say. “I guess [the EP] is really an amalgamation of all these different facets of my past.” ‘Shapeshifter’, the third track on *97 Blossom*, begins: “I can be anything, no matter who’s around, the fire burning at my feet ain’t burning me out. I can be they, I can be so gay, I can be anywhere any kind of way.” Lizotte’s sweet, punky tone rides above muted electric guitar and drums, reminiscent of early 2000s Avril Lavigne or Hailey Williams. “That track is definitely about me,” Lizotte says. “It’s definitely talking about my gender, my sexuality, about... how I feel like I’m always evolving. And sometimes that can be really painful and really uncomfortable.” In contrast, ‘Hardcore Happy’ explores coming to terms with yearning, desire,

and “the anxiety of just wanting to be happy.” The song opens with a warm, electro-acoustic soundscape and heavy vocal reverb. “All I want, yeah, I want hardcore (hardcore happy),” sings Lizotte. Lizotte also doesn’t shy away from writing about where it hurts: the song ‘Black Eye’ alludes to violence, abuse and insecurity. Just after Lizotte moved to Los Angeles a year and a half ago, COVID-19 hit. Lizotte was stuck in a new city just as borders closed, and they had to decide whether to return home or stay. “Obviously it was a hard decision to make, because I missed my family. But it was the best decision I made,” they say. During 2020, Lizotte wrote songs with various LA musicians while in lockdown, eventually developing a friendship with the group Brockhampton over 2020. In fact, members Kevin Abstract, Matt Champion, Romil and Jabari all participated in the creation of *97 Blossom*, and Lizotte has lent a hand in their individual projects (BH’s new album, *Roadrunner*, was recorded before Lizotte met them). “We got connected through a common friend,” Lizotte explains. “Romil pulled up the beat and we just like started riding on it. Then they said, ‘we don’t want to pressure you into anything, but we really want to be a part of this.’ And I couldn’t say no, because I just felt like that was such a natural connection between us.” Beyond the feat of working with Brockhampton, each track on *97 Blossom* already has well over 100,000 plays on Spotify. For an artist who’s oeuvre last year consisted of just a few singles, Lizotte has the

sonic vision of someone far more experienced — but perhaps that’s not surprising. After all, the music industry is nothing new for them. Their father, Mark Lizotte, is better known as singer-songwriter Johnny Diesel, and their uncle is Jimmy Barnes, former frontman of the Australian band Cold Chisel. Diesel actually recorded all the guitar parts in Lizotte’s EP in Australia and sent them over to LA during the pandemic, they tell me. “[Dad’s] work life and his career and his music was symbiotic with our family life.” “I think from three to four, I remember just listening to my dad record and write from his home studio... So I really grew up with it as like, okay, that’s what you do. You make music. And then you go on tour, you record in the studio. I was fortunate enough to see that as a career and a life choice really early on.” In fact, when I call them to chat, it is 11:00pm in LA, and they have just returned from a full day in the studio. “Growing up, I used to always play in my dad’s band and do BVS [backing vocals]... like my cousin would be like: ‘All right, it’s your turn, now get up.’” Apart from their family, Lizotte’s sonic and aesthetic influences are diverse. When I ask who they’re most inspired by, they mention rap/trap artists like Baby Keem, Young Thug, and Playboi Carti, as well as Indie-pop, rock, and older bands like the Smashing Pumpkins, the Pixies, and the Smiths. “I listen to everything, but I do listen to certain stuff when I’m working on my project, because I’m trying to pull those influences and references out and then re-imagine them and recontextualize [them].”

One glimpse at their Instagram feed also reveals a collage of different aesthetics, the dominant one right now being high-saturation, a red-and-blue palette, graffiti letters, fairy-floss streaks, and formal-wear paired with street style. This is similarly potent in the Shapeshifter MV. “[My style] is a mish-mash of everything, where it’s kind of like this harmonious chaos. I have a lot of influence from different subcultures, like skate culture and street culture. I’m really inspired by Japanese street fashion mags or Fruits Magazine... I love a lot of vintage streetwear stuff [too]... brands like Vivienne Westwood and Jean Paul Gaultier.”

So what is next for Lily Lizotte, aka The Blossom? Lizotte explains they have a couple of singles coming out “here and there”, followed by a new project collaborating with their artist-friends including Brockhampton. They’re also keen to tour if it’s possible, but right now they’re happy to not have the pressure of preparing for shows. Pushing the envelope for Asian-American pop artists is also important to them, as a half-Thai individual. “I can maybe name three or four Asian music artists in the Western industry that I like, that I guess are revered on a commercial wider scale.” “I feel really lucky generationally that I have a community of younger artists [like myself]... that we get to just be ourselves.”

The Blossom’s new EP 97 Blossom is available on Spotify, Apple Music and iTunes now.

Cut With the Kitchen Knife Through the Patriarchy

Isabella Nicoletti explores German artist Hannah Höch’s contributions to Dada. Art by Bonnie Huang.

Life hasn’t been what you were promised. The people are angry, the government can’t get a grip, and fascism is on the rise. Sound familiar? It’s Germany in the 1910s. You are not a reader of *Honi Soit*; you are German Dada artist Hannah Höch, and you’ve got one meaty bone to pick with the Weimar Republic of Germany.

One crisp autumn morning during my senior years of high school in 2019, my art teacher (bless them, they had no idea what they were getting me into) introduced me to the fantastical, wild world of Hannah Höch. I was hooked. Höch’s work wasn’t at all what I was used to — no striking portraits of wealthy toffs with exquisite flowing silks and gleaming jewellery, no striking landscapes of jagged cliffs or raging storms, each stroke painstakingly placed. Instead, there were chaotic arrangements, an abundance of clipped images stuffed into frames, impossible figures hastily constructed with mismatched parts, as

if Höch was playing Frankenstein.

I distinctly remember seeing Höch’s 1919 photomontage ‘Cut with the Kitchen Knife Dada Through the Beer Belly of the Weimar Republic’. The photomontage is an explosive array of symbols, and one of her most famous works today; a bold critique on the failings of the Weimar Republic following the First World War, and of the male dominion of Germany’s politics and art. Höch was one of the pioneers of the photomontage technique, using it to explore her ideas on gender, the ‘New Woman’, androgyny and politics, the disorderly stylisation expressing her feelings of discontent and frustration.

Höch’s contributions to the Dada movement in its founding years should not be understated. She worked alongside Hausmann, Richter and other key figures of Berlin Dada. She collaborated, protested through art, brought forth new ideas to Weimar’s public, and developed

the photomontage form. Though, being one of the few women within the elite group, Höch was heavily scrutinised. For a movement that aimed to reject tradition in all senses of the word, Dada was a fundamentally sexist movement. Höch recalled in an interview that “Most of our male colleagues continued for a long while to look upon us as charming and gifted amateurs; denying us implicitly any real professional status.” Not only was it rare for a woman to be so heavily involved within creating avant-garde art, but Höch’s bold feminist themes also made her fellow artists hesitant to accept Höch and her practice.

I admire Höch for her perseverance in the art world, even when those in her inner circle would not respect her. We can learn a lot from Höch’s art, and herself; her unapologetic exploration is something to be admired. Höch’s artistic themes still resonate today, particularly in a political climate where hateful ideologies constantly

make headlines. Her exploration of gender fluidity and sexuality were before her time, and are topics that are only recently becoming (somewhat) accepted in Western culture. Höch is certainly not the only female artist within Dada who has been overlooked by the history books. We know the names Duchamp, Ray, and Ernst; but Clara Tice, Beatrice Wood and Sophie Taeuber-Arp are mostly erased from the Dada chapter.

This is, of course, an issue not limited to the Dada movement. Throughout the entirety of Art History, women artists have been diminished and even completely erased, but perhaps these artists’ calls for equality can finally be heard on a larger scale. Artists such as the Baroque painter Artemisia Gentileschi, who was once relatively unknown, have been rediscovered. There is a lot that these forgotten female artists have to offer, and I think we can all learn from their fierce, unyielding calls for equality.

Sexmission: Impossible

Harry Gay reassess the Polish cult classic film.

Sexmission is a 1984 Polish science fiction film directed by Juliusz Machulski, and starring Olgierd Łukaszewicz and Jerzy Stuhr. Panned by critics at the time, the film has since garnered a cult following for its satirisation of the Communist government. Some have come to recognise its more sexist and even transphobic elements over time, however. One must wonder, then, if these issues are endemic of the film itself, its genre, or perhaps its contextual milieu of contemporary Poland.

The film follows its two protagonists, Albert and Maks, two schlubby and arrogant working class men in the 20th century who abandon their families and are placed in hibernation. Intended to be thawed out after only three years, the men are instead woken up fifty years in the future, discovering the Earth has been ravaged by an apocalyptic WWII and that the world is populated only by women. Seemingly utopian at first, this matriarchy soon reveals itself to be anything but the paradise they imagined, and it’s from this that they hatch a plan to escape.

From the opening moments of the film, Albert and Maks seem as though they are the villains of the piece. Abandoning their wives and children with little regard as to how they will live without them, before waking up in this future society dominated by the opposite gender, only to treat them with little respect, ogling them any chance they get — it is hard to believe that the framing of the film shifts to their perspective, and we are meant

to side with them as the plot moves along. What seems like a satire of toxic masculinity at first, eventually becomes an endorsement of their behaviour. Women strip nude, with their naked flesh and genitals are on full display; delirious, unconscious and confused women are sexually assaulted by the two men and it is treated as either a moment of comedy or climactic achievement at the end of the film. The populace fawns over the protagonists, and the men are similarly thrown into wild sex driven frenzies at the mere sight of a boob.

In the climax, the head matriarch of the society is revealed to have been a man in disguise, only able to survive by dressing as the opposite gender. One could read this as the reason why the society was so dystopian in the first place, as it was run by a man and not a woman, but the film treats it more as a joke at his expense that he wore a dress. No attempt is made to try and probe deeper into questions surrounding their gender, and it seems that in this utopian society driven by women, there are no transgender men.

At the same time, the climactic reveal spreads harmful mistruths and myths about people using transgender identity as a ploy to invade women’s spaces. This misinformation is still running rampant today, with bathroom laws being a prolonged topic of debate. I could lie and say that transgender people were not considered during the filmmaking process. However, it was there, but only for the purpose of mockery and defacement. Are these issues endemic to the film itself or a product of the genre it inhabits?

As speculative fiction, Sci-Fi seems primed to tackle an evolving notion like gender. Many texts explore the liberation of the human form from the traditional limitations of the past, including the binaries of gender. Robert Heinlein’s *All You Zombies* is a 1950s short story blurring the lines between male and female as the protagonist transitions between genders through various time travel adventures, eventually giving birth to himself and ensuring the creation of their own life.

Feminist Sci-Fi has been especially popular of late, with television shows such as *The Handmaid’s Tale*, based on Margaret Atwood’s book of the same name, presenting a dystopian future ruled by an authoritarian patriarchy where women are subordinate and their bodies are merely vessels for birth. Many Sci-Fi texts, however, have not been so concerned with these issues. The image of the birthing machine, or the artificially created human — a recurring motif in Sci-Fi from Aldous Huxley’s *Brave New World*, to Andrew Niccol’s *Gattaca*, and even *Sexmission* — is always presented as a sign of the dystopian, as if society has moved away from a more natural way of producing life. But if the genre is about the liberation of humanity, why is this not afforded to women? Astronaut Dave Bowman can evolve into a giant space baby at the end of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and Iron Man can survive explosive blasts in his metallic suit, but god forbid a woman is relieved of the stress, pain and anxiety of childbirth.

The issues and questions around childbirth are especially prescient

for contemporary abortion laws in Poland. Right now, the government’s stranglehold on abortion laws is being increasingly strained, with the Constitutional Tribunal in 2020 labelling it ‘unconstitutional’ for women to abort a foetus showing signs of fetal defects. Female bodily autonomy is being policed to greater and greater extremes, and with protests by activists being met with brutal, state sanctioned violence, it is an inexorably hostile time to be a woman in modern day Poland.

The state of LGBTQIA+ rights is no better, with Poland, according to ILGA-Europe’s 2020 report, ranking as the worst country in the European Union. This is mostly due to the inseparable relationship between the Church and the State. For a transgender person, attempting to get gender reassignment surgery is made nearly impossible by an obstructive bureaucracy and hostile regulations. A proposal to make the process of transitioning easier was, unfortunately, vetoed by President Andrzej Duda.

As it stands, it is difficult to determine the toxicity that drives *Sexmission*, whether it be the sexist tropes that have dominated the Sci-Fi genre since its inception or Poland’s strict, dogmatic rule over sex and gender. This issue, however, runs deeper than one mere genre or country. There is a deep infection that runs through the veins of the entire planet, a stronghold that is choking the life out of the world: the patriarchal umbrella we all live under. If *Sexmission* truly wanted to imagine a dystopia, it need only depict our current world as is.

Inside Glebe Markets: History, Community, and the Inner-West

Alice Trenoweth-Creswell and Shania O'Brien go to Glebe Markets.

Nestled in the inner-city, a world away from the polished lawns of suburbia, the early days of Glebe Markets were a hubbub of young adults seeking out the latest cultural trends. Students roamed the avenues, thriving in an atmosphere fuelled by dissent and alternative culture. Vitality sprung from every corner, and whispered its way through the streets.

In the time immediately after its conception, Glebe Markets was the young person's market, the place to be. "I worked there in my early twenties, and the culture was different then," said owner David McCumstie as he sipped his morning coffee. "But it has always belonged to young people. Glebe's culture has always evolved to fit the whims of newer generations, and I think that is spectacular."

David is a tall, chatty man with salt and pepper hair, usually dressed head to toe in vintage finds. He sits up the back of the market, coffee in hand, watching the passing parade. Gaggles of teenage girls walk by, clutching bags overflowing with bargains. Young mothers scout for bohemian baby clothes and a group of musicians make their way to the grass. David reflects on the trends of recent years, with the Markets now selling vegan and cruelty-free products, upcycled and recycled clothing. Blending bargains that you can't walk away from with collectables that you could cherish forever, Glebe Markets has it all.

Glebe Markets was born of a middle-class dream to do more, started by Bob and Judy McCumstie in 1992. The pair owned a coffee shop over the road and spent their Saturdays peering across at the empty schoolyard. "It was unlike anything they'd ever done before," said David. "My mother was a high school teacher, my father was an agricultural economist and a farmer. It was an exciting adventure."

Judy could spin a great yarn. In those early days it was her tough exterior and gift of the gab that got the markets going. She rallied 40 stallholders from the competing Sunday market down the road, chatting to different artisans around town and encouraging them to pack up their goods and head to Glebe Public School. "She has an

amazing ability to be feisty and stand up to people," David gushes. "She's incredibly intelligent and determined."

On the other side of the coin, Bob was the strong, silent type. He was the financial brains behind the operation. "She's the vocal one and he's the quieter, more thought-through side of things," said David. "He brings the maths and the business, and a more peaceful and gentle energy. I've always really appreciated that about him."

Together, the duo were a force to be reckoned with. "When it came to dealing with the stallholders they were a unified force — you couldn't lie to them and get away with it," said David. "It's nice to see a husband and wife team working so well together ... that's what marriage is all about."

Glebe Markets was more than just a business for the McCumsties. "The markets are about family, they're my parents' legacy," said David. "Even before I owned the markets I was invested. It was their creation, it was ours." When David is out of town, his niece manages the markets, fielding calls and chatting to stallholders. "My daughter jokes about how she may own Glebe Markets one day," he laughs. "I give her complete freedom not to, but who knows what the future will hold."

Over the years, the McCumsties have watched on as Glebe erupted with youth and life, bringing new people and new stories to their doorstep. In the early 1990s, Glebe was populated with, in the affectionate words of David, "wild and crazy people." Glebe was a hub of youth counterculture in Sydney. University students flocked to Badde Manors for late night coffees and Nirvana played the Phoenician Club on the corner of Mountain Street and Broadway. Twenty-somethings in flannel shirts flooded out of overcrowded share houses into the markets every Saturday morning. Anarchists drove cars filled to the brim with punk paraphernalia. They would tear through the lawn, doing donuts in the parking lot with no care for those in the vicinity. There was even a time when the market was overrun by groups of young people who would set up tables and declare themselves a religion, attempting to convert passers-by to pray to newly-

minted gods.

"That was the time of a different generation of people, of those unburdened by the precarious future we face now. They did not have to worry about HECS, or the job market or climate change," David mused.

Though Glebe has since evolved, caught up in the flow of a changing world, it has always been a place for people to sit on the grass with their friends, an alternative metropolis and escape from suburban mundanity. Author and academic Vanessa Berry would religiously catch the train to Central Station almost every weekend as a teenager and walk up the hill to the corner of Glebe Point Road. "Being in Glebe and absorbing the culture surrounding the markets and the records stores and book shops, I always felt like I was a part of something," she said. "My friends and I would buy petticoats from the markets and dye them in the backyard. You could buy cheap clothes and play around with them," she adds, "discovering what worked for you and what didn't."

If you have ever been to Glebe Markets, you will surely find that the main attraction of community markets is the sense of anticipation — not knowing what you will find. When people go to Portobello Road and The Grand Bazaar, when they go op-shopping, they go for the thrill of discovery. Perhaps there is room for a decorative oil lamp that summons out a genie, or a rare collectible, waiting to be found under a giant pile of clothes.

That feeling of discovery and wonder can be felt in Glebe today; the stall-holders have made sure of it, ensuring that the past is not lost as it has been in many other pockets of the city. "There was a symbolic aspect to the place as well," Vanessa reflects. "It was going somewhere which collected all these interesting people and objects. It seemed to suggest a lot of possibilities."

It's this air of possibility and a sense of romance that nourishes the market, more so than the handmade emerald sweaters and butterfly hairpins. Indeed, for some the Markets are a place of love. Sitting at a nearby coffee shop, rumours swirl about the early days of the market, and Bella and Robert, whose

A feeling of discovery and wonder can still be felt in Glebe today, ensuring that the past is not lost as it has been in many other pockets of the city.

fairytale starts at Glebe Markets — or so legend claims.

The story starts in the early 90s, on the corner where the Four Friends coffee shop now stands. Bella was sitting at her stall when she met a very flustered Robert, who had been tasked with finding a last-minute gift for his mother's birthday. He happened upon the sweet smell of the candles, and the sweet face that sold them, and left with two tealight holders, a coconut candle, and a little strip of paper with a phone number. Their child told us the story excitedly before rushing off with her friends, their canvas totes filled with wonderful wares.

So you see, there is a rich history to be unravelled here, if one would only take the time to listen. As we wove through the market, we found ourselves at the stall of Jacki Pateman, who has been selling clothes at Glebe Markets since the very beginning. "I came from the Northern Beaches, so to be amongst it in Glebe, which was just such a happening place at the time. It was hugely instrumental in informing who I became as a young adult."

Her stall, Jacky LeStrange Vintage, is a treasure trove of 1950s and '60s lingerie and white cheesecloth dresses. For Jacki, the 9-to-5 life that most people are content with wasn't an option. When she was nineteen, she sold all of the vintage clothes she had gathered out of the boot of her car. "I had been op-shopping for years at that point," she said. "After that, I quit my office job. I had decided that this was what I was going to do for a living, and I have never looked back."

But the thrill of the buy isn't the only thing that has kept Jacki in the business. "The people around me have kept me going like nothing else.

I mean, people come and go. There are people from the very beginning that aren't around anymore. They've moved on or passed away. But there's just a camaraderie between stallholders. There's rarely any anger or animosity or jealousy or backbiting. It really is just a community of people who are all in the same boat," she said. "While the COVID lockdown was on, there were a bunch of us that were very in touch and checking in on each other. People seeing if anyone was able to get JobKeeper and seeing how everyone was staying afloat. It comforted me to know I had these people in times of crisis as well."

The community at Glebe Markets has been a constant pillar in Jess Pisanelli's life. As a loyal customer for many years, she was welcomed in with open arms when she started Marlow Vintage about a decade ago. "There are some people at the market that have been there since it started, and there are people who have been there for two years," she said. "You get to know their family, you get to know when someone gets married or has a baby. It does have a really beautiful community."

Jess told *Honi* that the community doesn't only share celebrations, they mourn together in times of grief. "When my dad passed away, I was away for a few weeks. I only told one

friend at the market but by the time I came back, word had got around. The outpouring of love and condolences and really lovely kind words was so beautiful."

As we reach the top of the main aisle, we come across the tree community, a group of stallholders bound together by their prime location and love of a good puzzle. It took years of hard work and dedication to get in this prime position and now they reap the benefits of the steady flow of foot traffic and perpetual shade. Every Saturday morning, Liz Sledge, a loyal member of the tree community, parks herself under the large, leafy tree with the Good Weekend Quiz. Fellow stallholders make their way up to her shop, Sappo Trading, to lend a hand. First, Peter joined from his t-shirt stall across the aisle. His knowledge of Oz Rock has become indispensable to the operation. William and Chai, renowned for their cookies and cakes, began to contribute, and now Karen, purveyor of sugarcane juice, wanders up from the food aisle to help out.

It becomes clear as we talk to stall-holders across that market that David is a beloved icon within the community. David bought the business from his parents about a decade ago. The sense of community cultivated by Bob and Judy still forges on, with stall-holders praising David's commitment and spirit. Every weekend before Christmas, David braves the sweltering heat and delivers fruit cake to all the permanent stallholders. Multiple people told *Honi* that he is the true heart of the community.

"David has let the market evolve organically," Jacki said. "Some markets stipulate you have to have excellent presentation. And David encourages it — but doesn't require

you to have a slick operation. It keeps us homespun."

Because of the ways community markets have evolved, mainstream brands have filtered in and co-opted stalls from small business owners who sell authentic vintage clothes. Kara Otter looks like she just stepped out of an early Britney Spears music video. She's been attending Glebe Markets for over a decade, and sells authentic early 2000s pieces under her brand Karamelon. Kara airs her grievances about the mass-produced brands infiltrating community markets and selling lesser-quality products for cheaper. "It is hard to compete with clothes that are sold for \$1," said Kara. "When something is so cheap, you can't help but wonder what sort of profit one could possibly make."

While other markets have strict rules for stall holders — stipulating presentation and the products sold — Glebe keeps its stallholders at front of mind, giving them a sense of creative liberty and freedom over how their stall appears and what they sell. "It allows for a more vibrant way of being, and we've always been like that," David told *Honi*. "You can end up with exploring and finding a new thing in every nook and cranny."

From the outside, Glebe Markets looks almost identical to how it did in 1992. While the carloads of anarchists, cult leaders and punk-rockers blasting Smashing Pumpkins are all long gone, the air of vitality and wonder remains; it lingers in the brickwork, carried on in the chattering voices of the market-goers. If David (and even one day, maybe his daughter) has his way, Glebe Markets will continue to shape-shift and reflect the culture of future generations for decades to come.

Art by Nandini Dhir

Art by Janina Osinsao

Where is Miike Snow? I miss them

Tasia Kuznichenko is snowed by the sounds of this intercontinental band.

In my final year of high school, a good friend of mine started driving me to school. In a year where you were inches away from a freedom that seems so close yet so vastly far, the fact your friend had their P's and could save you an hour's bus ride was a small venture into so-called adulthood. In the early years of our friendship (pre-Toyota Camry), she would show me new music on our bus rides. She introduced me to Pandora's 'Indie-Pop' Radio in Year Ten. It was a gateway to leave behind Top-40 radio and explore the sounds of 2000s indie; the Kooks, the Naked and Famous and Phoenix, to name a few.

One morning as she drove me to school, navigating one of the many thousands of roundabouts on the Central Coast with a McDonald's iced-frappe in hand, my friend played me a song. It was relatively new at the time and from the first listen I was addicted. It was the kind of song that would be a crime to not turn up in the car as its electronic, synth saturated, pop sound needed to be played super loud. Miike Snow, a band I had never heard of before, had managed to make a despotic Mongolian Emperor into the namesake for an upbeat yet slightly dark bop – Genghis Khan was well and truly stuck in my head and I wanted to hear more.

Miike Snow is the amalgamation of a Swedish producing duo; Christian Karlsson and Pontus Winnberg, and American songwriter, Andrew Wyatt. They came together in 2007. All successful in their own right, Karlsson and Winnberg had produced hit-after-hit for many popular artists, such as Kylie Minogue, Madonna and Sky Ferreira. More notably, they co-wrote and produced Britney Spears' Toxic in 2003. The pair sampled and pitched up strings from a Bollywood movie to create arguably one of the most unique pop productions of the 2000s; a fact I only discovered recently thanks to the wonderful world of TikTok. Wyatt himself has written and produced songs for Liam Gallagher, Lady Gaga and Lorde and had a relatively successful music career as a bassist in New York.

When the three finally came together after meeting in a recording studio in Sweden, they milked their shadow for all it had – obscuring their faces for months in 2009 before they performed live in New York for the very first time. The band has always been elusive, hiding behind the hits they wrote or produced for pop royalty, and still to this day many know little about the band's own music.

Their name, Miike Snow, appears to be a moniker for one man and not a whole band, and their album covers always feature a folkloric, mythical creature called a Jackalope, which is a

jackrabbit mixed with antelope horns. I have no idea what it represents but potentially it is symbolic of their blend of musical interests, their style transforming from song to song. I think those quirks encapsulate the point they're going for -- Miike Snow focuses on the music above all else; celebrity status or an intricate brand image means nothing to them.

Often their songs have no clear meaning. They leave the interpretation in the listener's hands. I'd listen to one of their best songs, God Help This Divorce when studying for the HSC. I was transported away from my economics practice paper into an expansive, bleak soundscape. The song always reminded me of a black and white, old fashioned Western. I could visualise two figures engaged in a standoff, their black felt hats tipped forward to hide their identities.

It didn't matter that the song had no bearing on my current life as a seventeen-year-old; being neither married nor divorced. It was the way they were able to create a palpable sense of melancholia interspersed with glimmers of hope that made the song so memorable – nostalgia for something I didn't even know I understood.

After a four year break, the band achieved commercial success in 2016 with the release of their album iii. After this, I waited and waited for something new from the band. Miike Snow seemed to have completely disappeared off the radar and this stint between albums is now longer than ever before. There was a period where I tried searching for their older music on Spotify, but it was removed. Whether due to copyright or a personal choice by the musicians I'm not sure, but it definitely added to the mystique of Miike Snow.

As I researched more for this piece, their disappearance began to make sense. Miike Snow's tendency to vanish from the scene was due to the band member's other pursuits, seeming to be of greater importance than the passion project that has become Miike Snow.

Karlsson still works as one half of Galantis, a bubble-gum electronic outfit that penned Runaway (U & I), an annoyingly catchy song that takes me back to awkwardly fist-pumping at school discos. Wyatt continues to produce for an array of music's big names including Flume, Mark Ronson and Bruno Mars – a testament to the respect they've fostered from peers in the industry. Miike Snow also established a record label along with other Swedish Indie darlings such as Lykke Li and Peter Bjorn and John (of 'Young Folks' fame) in 2011.

I rediscovered Miike Snow in my first year of university. I was sitting outside at Courtyard Café (as a media



student it's a precondition) and the song they were playing caught my attention. It was the perfect song to listen to in the winter sun, chilling with an eerie melody; the piano-based house blend has Wyatt's voice soaring over the top in Auto-Tune.e. The descriptor sounds strange if you haven't heard it, however, that's where the beauty in Miike Snow lies – they can blend a range of musical capacities into something you've never heard before, yet it still feels familiar. To dip back into Miike Snow almost felt like the soundtrack to my own movie as cheesy as it sounds. Their music was a constant at a time of much change.

My least favourite memory of listening to the band was on a train home from a friend's bon voyage party in the Blue Mountains. The Mark Ronson remix of Heart is Full is sultry and solemn. It's a begging appeal from one lover to another to be considerate of their love. I self-indulgently and non-ashamedly sobbed to the song in the early hours of the morning on the T3 Bankstown line. Partly due to my own impending six-month exchange and the long-distance relationship I was about to enter into (as well as the copious number of Absolut Botanik's I had consumed that evening), the song seemed to summarise all the mixed emotions I was feeling.

As much as I'd love new music from the band, it's made difficult by the fact that its members are scattered around the world. From Sweden to Bangkok to Los Angeles, their lives and music are segmented across the continents. Two of the three are now fathers, so it's clear that Miike Snow's priorities have changed.

The importance of family and

searching for an earthier ground was encapsulated by Wyatt and Winnberg's most recent project together with Lykke Li and Bjorn Yttling. The Swedish based supergroup, liv, injected a psychedelic soul into harmonious folk. Their numerous singles released in 2016 and 2017 never eventuated into a full album but had a lot of potential as a new-age Fleetwood Mac. Earlier in March, Miike Snow tweeted that it was still possible for the group of them to perform – which I would absolutely love to see

In a not-so-distant past, Miike Snow's lives were a blur of festival after festival. COVID-19 brought a further pause for reflection and a political call to action for the band during the US election by way of their Twitter (the only social media they are ever active on). Last November the band also tweeted that they do have a bunch of new music coming out in 2021, "b/c 2020 was kind of a bust... good time to make stuff not necessarily put stuff out".

With 2021 well and truly here, there has still been no update on the new music. Miike Snow may very well be on the backburner for Karlsson, Winnberg and Wyatt. They have said that "Miike Snow [is] this funny, strange, slightly awkward UFO that we all three get on and take a ride in, and then we get off it and do our own things". In the meantime, a rediscovery of their work, personal and together is still highly satiating. But I can't deny that I am looking forward to new Miike Snow songs to punctuate my continuing foray into the unknown world of adulthood.

Art by Ella Kennedy

Old dogs and new tricks

Maddy Briggs explores the impact of the avant-garde.

I called my dad today to get his opinion on some things about music.

Yes, he's Gary Briggs of Briggsy Boys fame; part of the highly lauded duo that play dim Sutherland Shire pubs and clubs about twice a year. Their setlist is a tapestry of 70s and 80s hits that set the sticky dance floor alight with the wayward legs and arms of forty-somethings. One such gem is Stone Temple Pilot's *Plush*, which my dad thinks isn't popular enough to perform but my uncle likes too much to take off rotation. Uncle Mark is two years older so he wins.

"What do you think about 4'33? The silence piece?" I'd asked him. John Cage's 4'33 is a one of avant-garde's biggest hits – a piece made entirely of rests, or silence, so that the everyday sound of the performance space form the music made.

The answer was unexpected. 'Aw, it's not music. Silence isn't music.'

I was thrown. I panicked. I weaponised the only example I could think of on my feet, to make him feel a bit silly.

"What do you think about MC Hammer, then?" "Huh?"

"Stop."

"Wh-"

"Hammertime."

My dad stuck to his guns.

"Well, it's a pause. The music happens around it. It's not the music."

I'd found here maybe our sole musical point of contention, besides the 'offensive' timing of Radiohead's *Pyramid Song* – the value of the avant-garde, with a disregard of convention in favour of the conceptual.

Avant-garde, by nature, is in complete opposition to popular music genres. It thrives on subversion; it looks at the status quo and ruins it. As a result, it's not widely embraced outside its community.

But it doesn't lack value' because of its limited appeal, as my dad would suggest. His case was that 4'33 is purposeless, because the sounds would exist whether they are framed by a score or not. They're not music. And he doesn't like it.

However, I'd argue that my dad is somewhat already an unwitting fan of avant garde. He loves the introductory laugh in The Police's *Roxanne*. The laugh isn't music per-se, but it's a fundamental part of experiencing the song. Without John Cage, we wouldn't as readily hear it as musically vital. 4'33 shows us musicality in the mundane.

Artists that create within more popular fields of music – rock, pop, and indie – engage with the avant-garde to spur innovation and

momentum. They take a specific element of avant-garde music and repurpose it; becoming a way to powerfully reshape genre as it's recontextualised. Often popular genres water down the avant garde for mass appeal, but nevertheless the song is imbued with genre-pushing, boundary-shattering potential. Every artist said to revolutionise their genre does so with the tools presented to them by the avant-garde.

Exhibit A is Sufjan Stevens. With the release of his 2005 album *Illinoise*, he revolutionised contemporary folk. With wonderfully rich orchestration and lyrics about longing that tear at your heart, it's easy to see why. Folk has never been heard like this before.

But minimalism has!

Sufjan's complex instrumental layering violently evokes (or 'blatantly rips off', as users on the Progressive Rock Music Forum argue) composer Steve Reich's 1976 piece *Music for 18 Musicians* – an hour-long venture where gossamer chords unfold gradually across time. Yes, it's long, but absolutely decadent. Across that time, you feel like you're swimming through the rich textural tapestry Reich has created for you.

Now, *Music for 18 Musicians* isn't quite avant-garde itself – it wades in the water of contemporary classicism and minimalism. We must make one more leap before Sufjan connects with real avant-garde.

We're lucky! Reich does the leap himself.

Reich's early work begins with tape experimentation. The 1965 piece It's Gonna Rain uses these words played in unison on two separate tape recorders. They slip out of sync as a result of the imperfections between the two machines; in the piece, you hear all of the possibilities in the combination between the two tracks before they fall back into unison with one another – something known as phasing.

Reich translates this into a more traditional musical format with Clapping Music, which lends its rhythm to the main musical phrase in *18 Musicians*. Phasing is done texturally here – each chord in this piece is held for two breath cycles. The texture shifts and wavers, each chord feels alive as different layers are drawn in and out of the aural space. The elements at play in Reich's early tape works remain resolute in his pièce de résistance: the work unravels slowly. We find ourselves in a new section before we're really able to recognise it, pointing at the tape desyncing that gradually transports us to a completely new sonic world.

Stevens' *Out of Egypt* shimmers with the subtle textural shifts behind its melody. Instruments weave in and out of prominence, emulating Reich's

sound in 18 Musicians almost to a T.

Illinoise was undeniably influential – it ranked first in Pitchfork's Top 50 Albums of 2005 – and with it, Sufjan Stevens has earned himself a throne on the court of indie folk music. Even his latest release, *Convocations*, waves at Brian Eno and early computer music. Sufjan owes his debts to the avant-garde for his position as an innovator of the folk genre.

Avant-garde's grip is so strong it extends prominently into greater pop culture. Remember that massive SNL video, *Dear Sister?* Where Andy Samberg, Bill Hader and Shia LaBeouf shoot each other in a cutting parody of the The O.C? The crux of this video falls on the repetition of Imogen Heap's *Hide and Seek*, which has cemented its place in comedy history.

It's strangely wonderful to hear such harsh sounds from an instrument lauded for mellow clarity – this is the instrument upon which Claire de Lune was written.

Heap takes her cues in digital vocal harmony from Laurie Anderson and her unexpected hit, *O Superman*. Where Andreson felt the track demanded a 'greek chorus', her vocoder creates harmony that adds a grandeur to her lyrics in contrast to the simple, solo looped background vocalisation.

Heap uses this harmonising for similar effect – the acappella style forges a remarkable rawness as the harmonies interplay with her main vocal line. With Anderson's first foray into popular music as an influence, Heap is able to create an intensely striking piece. Infamously, Jason Derulo's debut single *Whatcha Say* samples Heap's track, connecting a singer known for singing his own name with the rich and complex history of the avant-garde. Wild.

Laurie Anderson married Lou Reed, the frontman of 60s art rock band The Velvet Underground – who are also deeply enmeshed in the history of the avant-garde. Their manager was Andy Warhol, who joins the avant-garde's rejection of preconceptions about high art.

The Velvet Underground takes John Cage's concept of the prepared piano and gives it a unique flavour. The piano in their song *All Tomorrow's Parties* is prepared with paperclips so every chord glitters. Sufjan also borrows this in his track, *Futile Devices*. A short tape-muted note from the piano sparks notions of something not fully realised – it sounds like a piano but isn't quite there yet; musically granting him the sense of yearning he's so famous for

stirring lyrically.

Cage's original construction of the prepared piano isn't quite as sensitive as his descendants. Required listening here is *Sonata V*: it sounds like when you accidentally try to force a second DVD into your DVD player. It's strangely wonderful to hear such harsh sounds from an instrument lauded for mellow clarity – this is the instrument upon which *Claire De Lune* was written. With Cage's innovation, he breaks the idea of the piano. It becomes its own rhythm section, and produces sounds that are utterly unique.

Both of these artists water down elements of the avant-garde. They sparingly selected a single way of piano preparation so that the original sound of the piano isn't totally eclipsed. It delicately pushes

the boundaries of their respective genres, subtly immersing themselves within popular music while also firing innovation in them with their masterful presentation of the new sounds.

Tori Amos uses prepared piano, sampling in hip-hop has roots embedded in Pierre' Schaeffer's musique concrète. The whole genre of lo-fi; where aural imperfections arising from production is vital to its sound, owes some kind of debt to 4'33.

I texted my dad again when I began to write, to give him a fair hearing about 4'33. He clarified he could see some 'mindfulness' value in sitting and reflecting on the silence, but that was it.

I fought back. Looking at just 'silence' overshadowed the essence of 4'33; where everyday noise and chatter is elevated to the status of music.

In my final wave of assault I called on the very songs he had given to me in order to make my point. The laugh in Duran Duran's *Hungry Like the Wolf*, the city noises the Pet Shop Boys spliced into *West End Girls*. I'm using his own weapons against him.

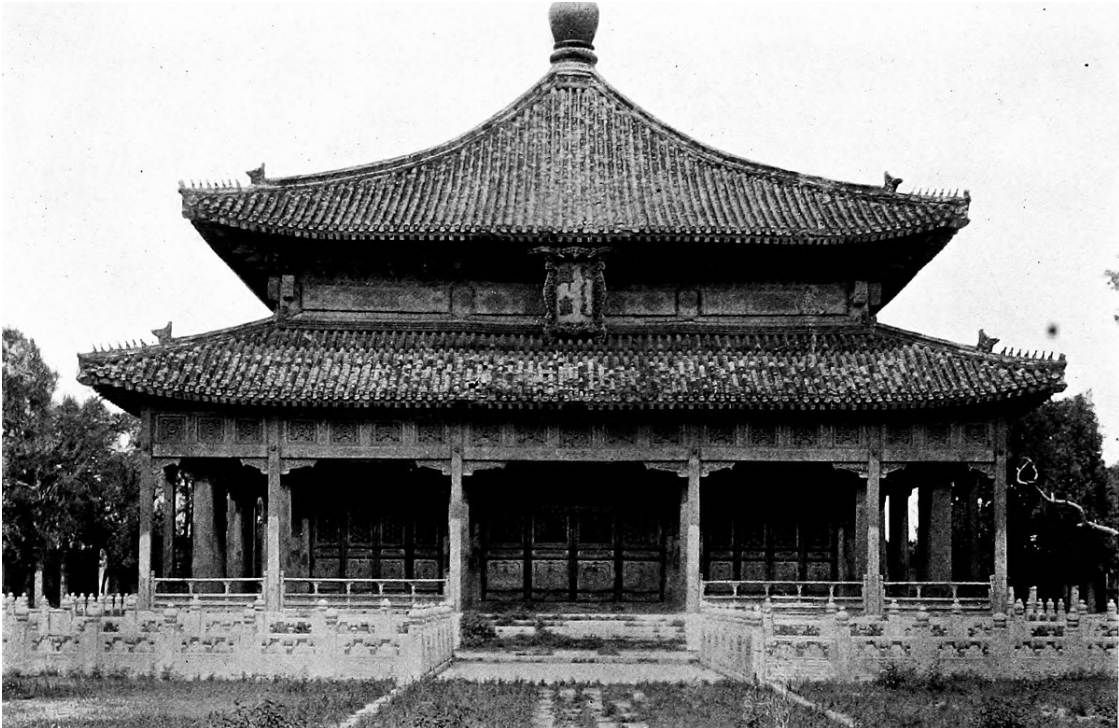
He began to consider this.

'There's a Cold Chisel song called *Saturday Night* which has a whole lot of background noise, It's a fundamental part of the song. Whenever I picture that song in my head, all the background noise is in it.'

I think that's the furthest he'll budge.

Confucian education in the Sinosphere

Khanh Tran looks into the history of higher education in China, Vietnam, Korea, and Japan.



who would serve generations of the next; the sovereign is the least
Biyong, the imperial lecture hall in Beijing Guozijian
Source: *The awakening of China* by WAP Martin (1907)

Before the emergence of higher education in the West, older institutions were already teaching across the globe. Amongst them were the Confucian academies within the Sinosphere, which inherited the ideals of China's Guozijian and were scattered across Vietnam, Japan and the two Koreas. These ancient temples of learning offer both an alternative to Western conceptions of scientific education, and a cautionary tale for meritocratic reforms elsewhere.

China's Guozijian and the Imperial civil service exams

Founded in the 12th century during the Yuan Dynasty, the first Guozijian (北京國子監) in Beijing continues to stand amidst the hustle of city life. Unlike the Western conception of a self-contained campus university, China's Guozijians were an apparatus of the state, serving as incubators for future bureaucrats



Imperial service exam cells surrounding Jiangnan's Guozijian
Source: Charles Poolton

emperors and a literati class that would dominate cultural life.

In contrast to the liberal curriculum that emerged in Europe following the early modern period, the Guozijians revolved around recitation and meticulous textual and political analysis of the four Great Books of Confucianism: *Analects*, *Doctrine of the Mean*, *Great Learning* and *Mencius*, amongst a host of other works. These books, despite their emphasis on constructing a harmonious political system, occasionally provoked heated controversies. For example, The Ming Dynasty's inaugural monarch attempted to prohibit all use of *Mencius*, deeming anyone who celebrated the philosopher guilty of *lese-majeste* (an offence against the state). This ended in a compromise, where ministers removed a passage that challenged absolute sovereignty of the government: "The people are the most important element; the spirits of the land and grain are

important."

Within the Guozijians' curriculum lies a notoriously demanding testing system — China's imperial civil service exams. Men from any social class were eligible to sit in the lowest tier of exams in their respective province. If they succeeded, they were allowed to enter metropolitan rounds in Beijing and subsequently, the elusive imperial paper. The last of these exams were often supervised by the Emperor himself. This cultivated a literary elite that could administer local, prefectural and metropolitan governments.

Life as an aspiring scholar-official was arduous. Candidates contended with constant pressure from their family, and the high-stake exams exerted a price on students' mental health. Indeed, an account by Shang Yanliu, the last tertius (third-ranking scholar) in a prestigious round held in 1904 Beijing, detailed the tolls the system exerted on students:

"In 1891 at the age of twenty, my brilliant cousin passed the provincial examination and became a provincial graduate. However, upon his return the following year to Guangzhou, from the metropolitan examination in Peking, he fell ill and died soon after. My mother said to me, "Too much intelligence shortens one's life — better be a bit stupid like you."

According to Benjamin Elman, the civil service examination system, despite its brutishness and gruelling nature, marked a radical change from purely political appointments towards a more meritocratic social order. But, despite its aims, this system entrenched class inequality

as privately tutored students from wealthy landed gentries could prepare far more than the peasantry.

Following the collapse of the Qing Dynasty after the 1911 Revolution, the Guozijians were rendered obsolete. Today, the legacy of Beijing's Guozijian lives on in the form of Peking University, an institution set up by Emperor Zaitian. Its premises include former imperial gardens and buildings of its predecessor.

Vietnam's Quốc Tử Giám and the literati class

Established in a similar fashion to China's Guozijians, Vietnam's first Quốc Tử Giám — or the Temple of Literature — was founded in modern day Hanoi in 1076. The Temple did not commence formalised, regular instructions until 1272 following a royal petition for a substantial endowment. In keeping with its Chinese predecessor, Vietnam's imperial academies taught the Great Books and Classics alike, and utilised a combination of Sino-Vietnamese and traditional



Gates leading to the Imperial Academy in Hanoi.
Source: Vietnam National Museum of History

Chinese (these institutions predated Alexandre de Rhodes' reform of the Vietnamese language towards the Latin alphabet).

The grueling humanistic training that scholars received in Vietnam's academies was not limited to rote recitation, but also the expert use of prose. One example is Mạc Đĩnh Chi, who became a national household name after securing the highest honours in his imperial exams at age 24. This was a rare achievement, given the vast majority of scholar-officials only passed provincial exams at a similar age and even then, these early rounds were intensely competitive. During a royal tour of Beijing at the behest of Külüg Khan of the Yuan Dynasty, the monarch challenged the scholar with a poetry challenge, writing:

*Nhật hỏa vân yên, bạch dân
thiều tàn ngọc thô*

*The Sun lights aflame, the
clouds above are smoke, by
day they sear the Moon Rabbit
asunder.*

In response to the Emperor's boastful comparison of his kingdom to celestial objects, Mạc responded:

*Nguyệt cung linh đạn, hoàng
hôn xạ lạc kim ô.*

*The moon is a bow, the stars are
arrows, by twilight they pierce
the Sun until her fall.*

In recognition of Mạc's prodigy and sharp wit, it was said that Emperor Külüg Khan bestowed upon Mạc the title of *lưỡng quốc trạng nguyên* or bilateral zhangyuan, meaning the highest-ranking scholar across both kingdoms. As such, its civil service exam deployed prose and poetry to political effect, rather than as mere preparation for administrative duties.



Gates leading to the Imperial Academy in Hanoi.
Source: Vietnam National Museum of History

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becoming a museum. Following reforms introduced by French colonists towards a European university system, all academics ceased operations, despite partial efforts at restoration by the French School of the Far East.

The two Koreas' Sungkyunkwan

North and South Korea's institutions originated from the Gukjagam (국자감) in modern day Kaesong during the Goryeo dynasty, which was an integral parcel of Kaesong's royal palace. This single institution would go on to experience several name changes, one of which was Sungkyunkwan (성균관) when a dedicated complex was constructed in Seoul in 1398.

Korea's version of imperial civil service examinations was known as the gwaego. Since there was a very strict selection process, success in passing these tests entailed automatic employment in state administration. Each round of exams were separated by 3 years and limited to 25-30 examinees per session. The government also examined family history and ties of successful candidates — should students' names or family ties indicate a less prestigious upbringing, they would likely fail even if they passed the exam. This represented a marked departure from the theoretically meritorious nature of neighbouring states' approach. Hence, Sungkyunkwan acted both as a cultivator of the literati class and a protector of the feudal hierarchy.

Sungkyunkwan, however, did not wield a monopoly on Confucian education due to other institutions known as Seowons (서원). Unlike its sisters, Seowons were never founded under the direct auspice of any dynastic powers and were, instead, private neo-Confucian schools. The first Seowon — Sosu Seowon — opened in Yeongju in 1593. As



Examination book for forensic expert from 1796
Source: The National Library

per UNESCO' heritage listing of Seowons, there are nine scattered across South Korea; the majority located next to rivers, mountains and other landscapes. Even though Seowons may have partaken in civil service exams, they tended to be local literati and intellectual hubs for the administration and enrichment of non-metropolitan cities.

Over the latter half of their existence, Seoul and Kaesong's Sungkyunkwan witnessed mixed fortunes as Korea wrestled with political struggles against neighbouring Japan and then split when partition occurred. In 1592, for instance, Seoul's Munmyo, a Confucian shrine at the heart of the campus, was destroyed during the Imjin War fought between Hideyoshi Toyotomi's forces and King Seonjo. Subsequent years saw repeated revivals of Sungkyunkwan. Today, Seoul's Sungkyunkwan has survived through its namesake 3-year university — Sungkyunkwan University — and its North Korean

a primary school in 1868.

Unsurprisingly, the institution focused on studying the Chinese Great Books and Classics alongside Confucian ethics and philosophy. In contrast to continental East Asia, however, Confucian education in Japan wrestled with additional costs in the expense of imported classical Chinese texts from either China or Korea, which, according to Tsujimoto, were largely illegible to all but the founding Confucian scholars of Yushima Seido.

By 1797, Yushima came under the endorsement of the Tokugawa Shogunate. It transformed its role from a private Confucian

Another benefit of such a policy was to present Confucianism as an ideological bulwark against Christian evangelisation which accompanied Jesuit and Western missions to the country.

However, two key distinctions lie between Yushima and its East Asian counterparts: its leadership was hereditary rather than appointed through merits or a streamlined exam system. Thus, an unbroken chain of Hayashi descendants spanning over 200 years, starting with Razan and ending with Gakusai, governed the school until the emergence of the Japanese imperial university system. The other difference is

reforms in 1870, continues to play a role in the cultural and educational elite of Tokyo. Today, it acts as a place where students can come to pray for luck and pay respect to an imposing statue of Confucius. Even if the classrooms of Yushima no longer witness throngs of scholars reciting the Analects or Mencius, its edifice is a constant reminder of Confucian influence.

The Sinosphere's Confucian institutions are imperfect, with the majority of them adopting



Staff of the Yushima Seido Exposition in Meiji.
Source: Yokoyama Matsusaburō

incarnation is preserved in Koryo Songgyungwan University alongside time-worn Confucian shrines at both schools. These institutions no longer offer regular instructions in the Chinese and Confucian classics.

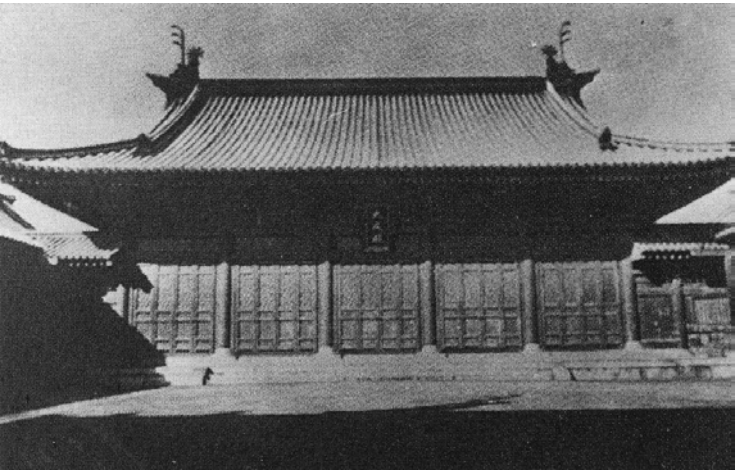
Ashikaga's Ashikaga Gakko and Tokyo's Yushima Seido — Japan

Unlike royal patronage offered to Chinese, Vietnamese and the Korean institutions, Japan's Yushima Seido (湯島聖堂) was a private Confucian academy established by Hayashi Razan in 1630 in Ueno Park, Tokyo. Since the 19th century, the academy has been located in Yushima, within the precincts of Tokyo Medical and Dental University.

Although an earlier private academy, Ashikaga Gakko (足利学校) (circa 9th century, refounded 1432), predates Yushima, its relative isolation from Tokyo and the fall of its namesake Ashikaga clan resulted in terminal decline until it was converted into

Temple to a state institution that trained bureaucrats and diplomats for the Shogun. This change emerged following the issuance of the Kansei Edict by Tokugawa Ienari, which established neo-Confucianism as Japan's official

that Yushima and the Shogunate never fully implemented China's civil service exam system. Instead, depending on one's social status, men could enter one or two out of four possible exams. Success would reward the successful candidate with a suitable court



The inner courtyard of Tokyo's Yushima-Seido.
Source: Tokyo National Museum

state ideology. Such a drastic measure, Peter Nosco argues, was triggered by social problems exacerbated by poor crops, famine and natural disasters.

rank.

Yushima Seido, despite having lost its authority to teach Confucianism and Classical Chinese after Meiji Restoration

discriminatory policies against working-class students and a punitive examination system. This system survives today in the form of China's notoriously difficult Gaokao (university entrance exam). However, they offer a glimpse into the political value of higher education from a non-Western context. This is especially important in the English-speaking world where tensions arise between the humanistic, socially-oriented inclinations of university education against the increasing corporatisation of higher education. Other jurisdictions, such as France, must heed the Guozijians' cautionary tales of punitive exam systems, as the country's tertiary sector is hindered by an elitist division between the grande ecoles and universities — the latter featuring first-year fail rates averaging 50%. Whilst the Sinosphere's example exemplifies an outdated, feudal model of learning, it is clear that higher education is inherently political and indivisible from a state's view of the human condition.

Review: *The Symphony Orchestra*

Matthew Carter goes to the orchestra.

The Sydney Conservatorium of Music Symphony Orchestra returned to the concert hall this year in full force. 85 aspiring musicians assembled to perform to a sold-out and tangibly excited Verbrugghen Hall. Clarinetist Olivia Hans-Rosenbaum remarked on “how exciting it is to finally play to a full house.” A powerful brass fanfare heralded the opening of Mendelssohn’s Ruy Blas Overture. Even from the back of the hall, the audience could feel the energy on stage as the orchestra, from first desk to last, weaved through the many themes melded together in this highly descriptive work.

Moving back to create room for one

of the Conservatorium’s highly coveted Faziolis, the Orchestra prepared itself for Chopin’s 2nd Piano Concerto in F minor. Soloist Annie Ma, winner of the 2020 Piano Department concerto competition, took to the stage for the highlight of the night. Ma navigated the supreme technical challenges of the concerto with elegance and an astounding musicality. With every gesture, she directed the ensemble, working in tandem with the conductor, Roger Benedict, to command every moment of rubato in perfect unison with the orchestra. The final movement, a show piece that highlighted the composer’s Polish heritage, began with a delightful rondo which saw

Ma literally dancing off her stool with interjections of col legno from the strings. Her performance, in its astounding virtuosity, was met with two curtain calls and back-to-back standing ovations.

The orchestra returned in force after intermission with Brahms’s rapturous second symphony. Having taken a back seat in the Chopin, the orchestra more than made up for any lost spotlight with this powerful performance. The symphony concluded with an extraordinarily powerful ending. D Major rang out through the hall as all 85 musicians gave absolutely everything they had in the final phrases, bow hairs

frayed, trumpets called and drums pounded as the concert drew to a dramatic close. Principal Horn Simon Jones remarked after the concert that he “got to the last movement and was like, fucking go for it.” Evidently, they fucking went for it.

As far as opening concerts go, the SCM Symphony Orchestra’s first program of 2021 was a huge success. The combination of a sold-out hall and a stage overflowing with musicians conjured memories from a pre-COVID era. This energy fed the orchestra as they spared no effort in creating what will be remembered as one of the most exciting concerts of the year.



This is not to say that the show was bereft of quality — there were bright sparks that served as the highlight of the show and demonstrated the potential in this new guard of creatives. Niranjanan Sriganeshwaran’s confidence shone through along with Alina Haque in their whitewashed caricature of a Bollywood lover’s fight. Haque herself is a highlight, returning periodically through the show as ‘Kupi Raur,’ running with the now-popular parodies of Rupri Kaur’s *Milk and Honey*, and personifying them. A skit riffing off the cutesy and absurd player characters in Animal Crossing was particularly

well-written as well, and Marie-Jo Orbase’s commitment to the bit was a breath of fresh air in a production that for the most part, was present but not all there.

The challenges of having to cast, write, produce and rehearse a show within the span of just over a month shouldn’t be lost on anyone, and that the PoC Revue team have managed to put together a show that almost sold out through its run should be commended. That said, I wish they had more time together — PoC Revue is one of the highlights of the creative calendar, and it deserves more than it got in 2021.

The production oscillates between the rosy, Beatle-maniacal past, and the dour present, as they come ever closer together. The smoothness of these constant transitions is both a credit to Paris’ direction as well as the work of the production team, whose craft fluid sound, set, and lighting design allows the space to flourish as recording studio, home, bathroom, and more with plenty of mid-century flair — especially impressive considering the production’s mere five-week turnaround. Of the performances, Bryant and Danta are particular highlights, serving the play’s most moving and humorous moments respectively.

Equally as important as The Beatles’ personalities is their music.

Ghost Species: In Conversation with James Bradley

Leo Su talks to writer James Bradley about his writing process and the power of speculation in storytelling.

The resurrection of the extinct gives James Bradley’s latest novel *Ghost Species* its title. An introspective tale of connection and loss, the novel ruminates on man’s relationship with nature after scientist Kate Larkin is caught up in a covert project to bring back the Neanderthals in the midst of climate catastrophe.

James Bradley is an award-winning author and critic. An Honorary Associate of the Sydney Environment Institute, he is also a prominent voice in our current climate change discourse, having written various non-fiction articles and essays about the issue.

I had the pleasure of speaking with James ahead of his two appearances at the Sydney Writers’ Festival on 29 April and 1 May.

LS: What was your experience like writing *Ghost Species*? How did you first conceptualise the novel?

JB: When I first came up with the idea, I’d been thinking a lot about a series of questions about climate and collapse and our kind of inability to visualise or imagine disaster, that sense that we find it very hard to think forward into worlds that are radically unlike our own.

I began writing *Ghost Species* just about the time my dad died. And

then I kind of floated through the next couple of years. I was doing the editing for it while the bushfires were burning through the east coast and the city filled with smoke and then my mum died just as it came out. I mean, it was very much framed by that kind of personal loss and hastening environmental disaster.

It’s very difficult to think about climate change; it’s some kind of overwhelming environmental crisis you can’t get your head around. One the things I think fiction does effectively is that it gives us those frameworks, it gives us a way of imagining our way into that kind of loss by exploring it at a human scale.

LS: On that note, speculative fiction is very broad as a genre but obviously there’s been a developing body of work which is specifically engaged with questions about our current environmental crisis. What are your thoughts on the term ‘climate fiction’ or ‘cli-fi’?

JB: I think one interesting thing that’s very exciting over the last five years is watching more and more kind of fiction that’s explicitly engaged with climate change coming out.

I’m not particularly convinced by the idea of climate fiction as a genre. I mean, the climate crisis touches

everything in our lives and culture. It seems to me more like a condition such as modernity—it’s something that is everywhere.

And it seems to me that all fiction now is kind of climate fiction because it’s part of our world, it’s the inescapable fact that’s going to shape our lives over the next century. Some work is more explicitly engaged with it than others, but the climate crisis touches everything. In a weird kind of way, even not writing about it is a way of writing about it since you’re obscuring it.

LS: Speaking of the climate, you’ve written very-well informed essays like ‘*Unearthed: Last Days of the Anthropocene*’ but you’ve mentioned in the past that you consider yourself to be an “educated layman” as opposed to an expert. What’s your approach with translating science and technical information in your novels? How much research do they involve?

JB: When I’m writing fiction, I take a fairly free and easy attitude to science in regards to what I want it to do for the book rather than to be accurate. But certainly in all of my books, I do a lot of research. In fiction, you want to do enough research to

feel and look as if you know what you’re doing. You want to get yourself to a point where in a sense you don’t have to show your working. You do the research so that it’s there in the background and you know you have it under control but you don’t want it on the page, you don’t want to be throwing it at people or showing off all the detail all the time.

In a weird way, it’s slightly the opposite process to non-fiction where you really want to depend on knowing everything accurately and being very clear and methodical.

LS: You’re appearing on two events at this year’s Sydney Writers’ Festival including one where you’ll be speaking in conversation with Kim Stanley Robinson. How are you feeling?

JB: I’m really excited about it. I think Stan is one of the most important writers working today. He’s someone who has spent particularly the last 10 or 15 years thinking really deeply about questions of climate crisis and the connections between capitalism and the future.

But yeah, I’m really excited for the Festival. It was very sad when last year’s got cancelled so I think there’s a real hunger for people to get out and engage with each other again.

Review: *Schapelle, Schapelle*

Alana Ramshaw reviews the musical saga from the Sydney Comedy Festival.

Seemingly against all odds, *Schapelle* Corby remains one of the most enduring and polarising cultural icons of Australian history. *Schapelle, Schapelle* takes audiences back to an early 2000s Australia in which Mark Latham was still a Labor minister, Missy Higgins topped charts, and I was watching the Wiggles.

Whether or not Corby knowingly committed the crime for which she spent nine years in Kerobokan prison remains a point of contention within public discourse. *Schapelle, Schapelle* does not take a position on the question of Corby’s guilt, and focuses instead on the public perspective on the story.

Through its fictionalised ‘Channel 19’ news outlet, the show casts the Australian news media as its antagonists, placing heavy emphasis on their invasive treatment and dehumanising representations of the Corby family. In between sharp one-liners comparing the ABC to the Kremlin and musical numbers likening journalistic success to a Faustian bargain, *Schapelle, Schapelle* makes a statement about the lack of journalistic integrity with which the case was met.

The concept of a *Schapelle* Corby musical is one familiar to Manning

Bar, which was also the home of *Schapelle! The Musical*’s three-night run in 2014, starring Vic Zerbst, Lane Sainty, and Alisha Aitken-Radburn. The notion of a musical about a Queensland-born beauty school dropout imprisoned in Bali on drug trafficking charges sounds like it has infinite comedic potential. In spite of this potential, I wondered at times if *Schapelle, Schapelle* was chasing a comedic concept it didn’t know how to deliver. The show exists within a duality of pointing the finger at the media for their handling of the Corby family, while simultaneously relying on an oft-uncharitable representation of the family for laughs.

A three-foot wall of XXXX Gold cans lined the Manning Bar stage, with the band set up behind.

The set was filled with humorous nods to the story including a weed throne (yeah, a weed throne), and an abundance of boogie boards. The musical numbers were delivered through impressive performances by the cast and band. *Schapelle, Schapelle*, in its strong technical and musical execution, is not a production which leaves punters boogie bored.

The first half of *Schapelle, Schapelle* paints, with very broad strokes, the Corbys as an archetypal ocker ‘bogan’

family - the sex-pest brother, the diva sister, the settled, divorced parents, and Schapelle. The eponymous character, played by Kelsi Boyden, was perhaps the subject of the least caricature and mockery. The show’s comedic treatment of the Corbys rarely extends beyond jabs punching down at a working class family, their working class-ness often forming the butt and entirety of the joke.

In spite of its occasionally repetitive and one-tone satirical style, *Schapelle, Schapelle*, is not an unfunny production by any

means. There is delight to be found in watching the squabbles and blundering incompetence of the Channel 19 journalists. A hallucinatory sequence involving Julia Gillard and Lindy Chamberlain providing an incarcerated Schapelle with emotional support is as hilarious as it is absurd.

On the whole, to take *Schapelle, Schapelle* too seriously is to do oneself a disservice. It is lively, self-aware in its low-brow, hip-thrusting humour, and a thoroughly enjoyable affair if you choose to embrace it as such.



President

Swapnik Sanagavarapu

Oftentimes, being in this job desensitises you to the ways in which students at this University are treated as commodities, and staff are treated as utterly disposable. This week was a cold reminder of that reality. As ever, the SRC and I were there to advocate for the interests of students and to stand in solidarity with staff.

As was reported in the Honi Soit article entitled "Honours students to be relocated after security incident", Honours students in the School of Medical Science have been arbitrarily and cruelly excluded from the Medical Foundation Building since the 15th of April. These students have been intimidated and forced to abandon their research projects and have been forced

to find new supervisors. The ostensible justification for this decision has been to protect students from a "toxic workplace culture" in the School. In many cases, management have told students that their supervisors are directly responsible for this culture. Since this initial exclusion, the NTEU has been able to establish that these claims of a toxic workplace culture have been unfounded, or at the very least based on a scant number of testimonies. School management has attempted to use these WHS protocols to prosecute their agenda against dissenting members of staff. I've been working with a group of brave students affected by this issue over the past week. The SRC has repeatedly attempted to convey the wishes of students to stay in their building and

continue their research, but these have been repeatedly ignored. These students have been disrespected, condescended to, and treated as pawns of disgruntled staff members. I'm going to continue standing in solidarity with them and organising to achieve a just resolution to this issue.

This week, we also held our Staff and Students Forum for 12 Week Semesters at the Royal. Our panel, consisting of yours truly, Grant Wheeler of the CPSU, Sinem Kirk of SULS, Bella Anderssen of SUEUA, Minran Liu of SUPRA and moderated by the SRC's Education Officers.

I'm sure you're sick of hearing about 12 week sems at this point, but the proposal does not appear to be going away. The newest iteration of this proposal has

been a change from the current 13 week semester to a "12+1 model" which will cut teaching in Week 13 and allow assessments to be due halfway through STUVAC (as opposed to not having any assessments). Our forum discussed both the original 12 week proposal and the new 12+1 model, concluding that the status quo is ultimately preferable. Many thanks to everyone who attended and to all the panelists.

As always, you can contact me about any pressing issues via my email or through the SRC Facebook page.

Until next time,
Swapnik

Apart from education organizing we've been involved in supporting the actions of other collectives. Students are affected by social justice issues and it's important that we engage the student body in a whole swathe of activism. There's lots to organise around and we'll be having our next collective meeting in Week 9.

Education Officers

Maddie Clark and Tom Williams

This fortnight we've been focusing on the "No to 12 week semester" campaign. After the SRC survey showed how many students (out of 400 surveyed, 93%) were against it we decided that it had enough groundswell to organise a rally. Turning our semester to 12 weeks will be detrimental for the students and staff. It represents a massive pay cut for staff and will mean more stress as they adapt content to a reduced time period.

For students it also means more stress, a higher rate of drop outs and a decrease in student uni satisfaction. Importantly, it is one step closer to the neoliberal trimester model that is notoriously bad. To build awareness for the 12 week issue, we helped organise and moderate a forum about this issue. This forum had a wide range of panelists from across the uni and was really well attended.

We also talked to NTEU staff members organised in the Casuals Network who are highly active and keen to organise going in to strikes next semester. They said they would support our actions and we are working with them to organise a student and staff rally in Week 10. We've also been organizing a zine about strikes that will be published next week which will hopefully build support for strikes well before they happen.

Women's Officers

Kimberley Dibben and Amelia Mertha

This week we have shared our criticism on the Liberal government's ridiculous attempt at consent education called the Good Society. The main videos under scrutiny were three which aimed to cover the topics of consent, STI prevention, and sexual violence. Notably, no explicit mention of these terms was to be heard. Instead, these videos were heavily censored, using confusing examples and silly euphemisms that failed to clearly explain the topics at hand and

trivialised sexual violence. Trivialising and censoring these conversations only further stigmatises sexual violence and survivors

Once again, we see how crucial Radical Sex and Consent Week is when students do not get proper sex and consent education from experienced, informed and well-resourced teachers. Look out for us early next semester for actually nuanced and interesting conversations about sex, sexuality, consent, gender, and more!

In preparation for Radical Sex and Consent Week, the Women's Collective will be working on a zine inspired by the sealed section "Dolly Doctor" that we all used to read in secret from our mum. It will include information on lesbian sex, whether virginity is real, sex toy reviews, what to do if you need an abortion, and more.

Next month, we have a rally for 'Sorry Day' with Grandmothers Against Removals to fight for the end of the Stolen

Generation, which continues through the racist foster care system and the criminalisation of First Nations children. Kids belong on Country with community!

To help write our sexy zine, organise Radical Sex and Consent Week, or to get involved in our other feminist activist projects: join the Women's Collective! Just join the Facebook group USYD WOCO 2021 and answer the few questions.

Ethno-Cultural Officers

Aziza Mumin, Bonnie Huang and Kritika Rathore

ACAR has been busy and in the process of putting together our annual autonomous edition of ACAR Honi which will be out in Week 12 of this semester. We are still looking for people who want to contribute content which can be art, written pieces, multimedia pieces, or all of the above. Please get in contact with the conveners to learn more about how you can contribute. We look forward to producing an amazing publication, and can't wait to see what our contributors come up with!

During our cross-collective film screening of 'In My Blood It Runs', we handed out our zine that follows the themes of abolition, decolonisation and

anti-racism. It was created to serve as a basic guide to what these themes mean and create a platform for communication, knowledge-sharing and dissemination. ACAR is excited to work on more zines throughout the year with fresh content, to create a sense of community-building for our members.

In the meantime, our members have attended the Stop Black Deaths in Custody rally on the 10th of April. There have been more than 440 Indigenous deaths in custody since the royal commission, with 13,000 Indigenous people in prison on any given night - the highest rate of incarceration of any group of people on the planet. This rally marked 30

years since the royal commission made recommendations regarding Aboriginal deaths in custody.

On Friday of Week 7, we had an inter-uni lunch meetup in collaboration with the UTS Ethnocultural Collective in Chinatown. This was organised to discuss anti-Asian racism and rhetoric, and how we could build together -- keeping in mind the rising xenophobia and covid-based racism against Asian businesses. We express solidarity with and support Asian businesses, especially those who have been hit hard by the pandemic.

We are also keen to connect with more

to bolster their forces so we need to be equally prepared. Make sure to come along to the next protest on June 5th!

In addition, I've been heavily involved with Students for Palestine on campus. I'll be attending and promoting the Nakba protest on May 15th. The Nakba commemorates the beginning of

apartheid and oppression in Palestine, but also is a symbol of resistance for many Palestinians. Students for Palestine will be holding a number of events soon, including film screenings, stalls and forums, so make sure to get involved and come along to Sydney's Nakba solidarity protest on May 15th.

Ask Abe

SRC caseworker help Q&A

Centrelink: Dropping a Subject



Dear Abe,
I dropped a subject before the Census date, but Centrelink did not have that in their record and now they are saying I should have told them and I owe them some money. Are they allowed to do that?

I Want to Drop Centrelink

Dear I Want to Drop Centrelink,
Centrelink are an incredibly frustrating institution to deal with. You should not need to tell them about subjects you drop before the Census date, but you definitely need to tell them any subjects

you drop after that. This is even if dropping the subject does not change you to a part time student. In fact, you need to tell them about lots of things, like if you get a new housemate, or you move house, or you change bank accounts, or you are going overseas (not really likely to happen right now though). To deal with the "overpayment", book an appointment with an SRC Caseworker so you can make an appeal.

As general good practice, always ask them for receipt numbers for any conversations that you have over the phone or in person.

Abe.

Did you know you can get FREE Dine & Discover vouchers valued at \$100? See:

service.nsw.gov.au/campaign/dine-discover-nsw



Do you need help with CENTRELINK?

Ask the SRC!

The SRC has qualified caseworkers who can assist Sydney University undergraduates with Centrelink questions and issues, including: your income, parents' income, qualifying as independent, relationships, over-payments and more.

Check out the Centelink articles on our website or book an appointment if you need more help.

srcusyd.net.au/src-help

Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

Level 1, Wentworth Building (G01),
University of Sydney NSW 2006
PO Box 794 Broadway NSW 2007

p: 02 9660 5222
e: help@src.usyd.edu.au
w: srcusyd.net.au

[f /usydsrc](#)
[t @src_usyd](#)
[i @src_sydneyuni](#)

HOUSE RULES: Occupancy Principles for Borders and Lodgers

Taken from the Tenants Union NSW information sheet

If your landlord (or their agent) lives in your home, it is likely that you are considered a boarder or lodger. There are some "principles" that outline your rights and responsibilities.

1. State of premises

Your home should be clean, in good repair, and be reasonably secure.

2. Rules

There may be rule, e.g., how much notice you have to give to move out, when you can have visitors, or how noisy you're allowed to be. You should know what the rules are before you move in. Consider these carefully when you decide if you want to live there.

3. Penalties prohibited

You cannot be fined for breaching the rules of the house. This does not mean you do not have to pay to repair something you have broken.

4. Quiet enjoyment of the premises

The landlord cannot stop you from occupying and "enjoying" your room, or using the common areas of the house as long as you do not interfere with the same rights of others. This does not mean that others in the house cannot make noise.

5. Inspections and repairs

The landlord has to maintain the home in good repair, which includes being able to inspect your room. This can only happen at a "reasonable" time. For example, they cannot clean your room at 3am. However, if the landlord thought your room might be on fire, e.g., they could see smoke or feel heat, the landlord can enter your room without notice.

6. Notice of increase of occupancy fee

The landlord can increase the cost of your room if they give you at least four weeks' notice.

7. Utility charges

The landlord can charge you for utilities (electricity, gas, water and oil), if you were told when you moved in that you would be charged, and the charge is based on the actual cost with a "reasonable" approximation of your share of the bill. For example, if the bill for your four person apartment was \$200,

you should not be charge \$150. Be aware that running an electric fan or bar heater uses a lot more electricity than an oil or gas heater.

8. Payment of security deposit

The landlord can ask for a security deposit, sometimes called a bond, of not more than the equivalent of two weeks occupancy fee (rent). Make sure you get a written receipt, even if you paid by bank transfer. When you move out they must return this deposit, minus the cost of repairing any damage you or your guests caused, within 14 days. To avoid paying for someone else's damage, make sure that you take photos of any damage present when you move in, and lots of photos of the room in good repair when you move out.

9. Information about termination

You should know how much notice they need to give you to ask you to move out. They must also give you a reason to leave.

10. Notice of eviction

The landlord cannot evict you without "reasonable" notice, in writing. Reasonable notice can be different amounts of time depending on why you are being evicted. For example, if you are a threat to the wellbeing of the other residents you might only get a couple of days notice, but if you are being evicted because the landlord wants to renovate your room, that notice period should be much longer.

11. Use of alternative dispute resolution

If you have a dispute with your landlord you both should use a "reasonable" dispute resolution mechanism, e.g., a Community Justice Centre or the NSW Civil and Administrative Tribunal.

12. Written receipts

The landlord must give you written receipts for any money you pay, including occupancy fees (rent), security deposit (bond), or bills. Get this in addition to any record you get from your bank for electronic bank transfers. Take a photo of each receipt and email it to yourself, so you always have a copy.

If you have any questions about your rights and responsibilities as a boarder/lodger or tenant, please contact an SRC Caseworker by emailing help@src.usyd.edu.au.

Quiz!

All answers begin with the letter I.

- 1. What word can refer to a Greek god, a flower, and part of the eye?
- 2. Which Australian football player had his contract with Rugby Australia terminated in 2019 after posting homophobic content on social media?
- 3. Pennywise the Dancing Clown torments the residents of Derry, Maine in which 1986 Stephen King novel?
- 4. What term is given to real numbers that cannot be expressed as the ratio of two integers?
- 5. Liz Gilbert documents her travels to which three countries in her 2006 memoir, Eat, Pray, Love?
- 6. An East-meets-West culture clash is the subject of Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1951 musical, The King and I?

This Way or That

1	2	3	4
2			
3			
4			

- 1 Wildebeest
- 2 Part of the status quo
- 3 Pakistani language
- 4 Up oneself

Sudoku

7			9				
			5		6	3	9
	2						6
6				3			5
3				2	4		
		2					9
			7			1	
		7					5
8			3	4		6	

Visit honisoit.com for answers to these puzzles (and the meaning of life)

Bard Crossword

By Cloudrunner

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15					16			17	18			19	20	
	21			22				23	24					
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71			72	73			74				75			
76				77	78	79								80
81		82			83	84			85			86		
87			88				89		90					

Across

- 1 My kingdom for this! (6)
- 6A, 20A, 55A, 27A, 64A, 41A That is the question (2)
- 8 Cereal goes in here (4)
- 12 First-person shot (3)
- 15 Storehouse (5)
- 16 Danish physicist who developed the model of the atom (4)
- 18 Stylish (4)
- 20 See 6 Across (2)
- 21 An appropriate time for a night's dream (9)
- 24 Being broadcast (5)
- 25 Not yours (4)
- 26 Spheres (4)
- 27 See 6 Across (3)
- 29 Eight in Italian (4)
- 30 Uno in English (3)
- 31 Liquids containing dyes or pigments (4)
- 32 Shakespeare often broke this wall (6)
- 34 Symbol for tin (2)
- 35 Not bad (2)
- 36 Princess Karenina's first name (4)
- 37 Liam Donohoe was elected president of this organisation (3)
- 39 Shylock presumably read this book (5)
- 41 See 6 Across (2)
- 42 Originally named (2)
- 43 Disorder (5)
- 45 The type of wheat in pasta (5)
- 47 More of these licence plates are needed in the gift shop (4)
- 49 Beware this day in March! (3, 4)
- 51 Mountain in Sicily (4)
- 52 Deliverer of babies (5)
- 54 A controversial lever-action shotgun (5)
- 55 See 6 Across (2)
- 57 1986 Stephen King horror novel (2)
- 60 Used up (5)
- 62 Syphilis is an example of this (3)
- 63 Sir — Guinness, 20th Century Shakespearean actor (4)

- 64 See 6 Across (2)
- 65 you like it (2)
- 67 Wiggle room (6)
- 69 What Hamlet does in Act V (4)
- 70 What a piece of work is this! (3)
- 71 An unfortunate King (4)
- 73 You can do this lyrical (3)
- 74 The creature that eats you when you die (4)
- 75 Note, often in an office setting (4)
- 76 Common fabric for a bed cover (5)
- 78 Pseudonym used by an actor (5, 4)
- 81 Indefinite article (2)
- 82 Mark Antony wants to be lent these (4)
- 84 Things you may take against a sea of troubles (4)
- 85 Opposite of ingest (5)
- 87 A lion lives in this (3)
- 88 Cleopatra's lover after Julius (4)
- 89 Steven Marshall is Premier of this state (2)
- 90 Jail (6)

Down

- 1 Much of this about nothing (3)
- 2 Not she (2)
- 3 State one's opinion (5)
- 4 Travelled on 1 Across (4)
- 5 Mary MacKillop's title (2)
- 6 Enclosures for the dead (5)
- 7 Units of resistance (5)
- 9 Orange County (2)
- 10 Which or what person? (3)
- 11 Common kitchen floor covering (4)
- 13 Death notices (5)
- 14 Where the scene of Romeo and Juliet is laid (6)
- 16 Islamic garment (5)
- 17 Concerning (2)
- 19 Many of Shakespeare's plays have this quality (9)
- 21 Small mammal farmed for its fur (4)
- 22 Type of poem that Shakespeare wrote 154 of (6)
- 23 A disorderly retreat of defeated troops (4)
- 25 Othello was this ethnicity (4)
- 27 Another way to say nay (2)
- 28 Past tense of tread (2)
- 31 Hotel (3)
- 32 Thy name is woman! (7)
- 33 To thine own self be this (4)
- 36 Flying mode of transport (9)
- 37 Outdoor storage structures (5)
- 38 Conveying a secret meaning (5)
- 40 Some men do this for sport, others for food (4)
- 41 Applications that perform repetitive tasks (4)
- 43 Type of tea (3)
- 44 Title of Gregor Clegane (3)
- 46 Mother (2)
- 47 Nonsense (2)
- 48 Woody perennial plant (4)
- 50 Formal and dignified (6)
- 53 Had knowledge of (4)
- 56 Resolution, for short (3)
- 58 Not stereo (4)
- 59 Shakespeare wrote this sort of poem too (6)
- 61 It was said by Shakespeare (4)
- 63 March star sign (5)
- 64 What you might do to a shrew (4)
- 66 A 777km long river in France (5)
- 68 Cutting-edge technology? (2)
- 69 A set of unquestionable principles established by an authority (5)
- 70 Images or texts propagated throughout the internet with humorous variation (5)
- 72 A stack of papers (4)
- 74 Armed conflicts between nations (4)
- 75 These guys visited Jesus on Christmas (4)
- 77 American gun lobbying association (3)
- 79 Thank you (2)
- 80 Boring ABC news program shown in schools (3)
- 83 Senior abbreviation (2)
- 85 Hesitation (2)
- 86 To such an extent (2)

THE BOOT



okta

Verify to access special visual comedy



Send Push?

Campus cafes raided after they refuse to bake ANZAC biscuits: manhunt ongoing

Marlow Hurst is crawling through a sewer tunnel.

The Australian Federal Police raided seven campus cafes over the weekend, after they declined to bake ANZAC biscuits.

“We recieved intel that unpatriotic elements had siezed control of the the University of Sydney’s campus cafes and acted swiftly to prevent further damage to national unity” Temporary Deputy Vice Under Chief Assistant Commissioner Jeremiah Pastizi told Honi through a hedge.

A special taskforce dedicated to investigating and disrupting anti-Australian sentiment breached the kitchen of Courtyard Cafe at 05:00 on Sunday morning. A group of 25 elite AFP officers (accompanied by four heavy armoured vehicles and

10 mounted divison members) used thermal charges to detonate the reinforced doors.

A number of Courtyard staff fled the scene holding bags of oats and flour, as well as multiple bottles of golden syrup.

Honi spoke to a member of campus cafe staff on the condition of anonymity.

“It’s not a political thing, we just really hate making AZNAC biscuits...they’re a war time desperation bake — they aren’t supposed to taste good.”

The AFP are currently tracking the fugitive Courtyard staff through the local bushland using bloodhounds.

In this issue...

Student who regularly uses campus microwaves concerned about what’s in the vaccine / p 61

Thrown graduation caps interrupt migratory birds / p 38

Academic board reclassifies the Great Hall as the Good Hall / p 48

Fisher Coffee Cart shut down after investigators discover it doesn’t have wheels / p. 25

Law students shocked when out of faculty students introduce themselves with their pronouns, not their ATAR / p 88

Tina Lee discovered wearing a fake moustache and glasses at society AGM / p 0

5 students hospitalised after philosophy tutorial punch up / p \$%&

Dilapidated inner-west terrace immediately transformed by \$15 worth of fairy lights / p 999

**VOTE TO SUPPORT
MAY 21 CLIMATE
STRIKE**

STUDENT GENERAL MEETING

**WEDNESDAY APRIL 28
4PM NEW LAW LAWNS**



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